

conception of life is cleverly exposed. But "The Merchant of Venice" is a very poor attempt at essay-writing. It is merely a summary of the play, without one original or even borrowed comment. Nor is the sentence construction it displays of the best.

"A Concert" is an amusing description of a type of those not uncommon entertainments furnished by local amateurs.

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"La Cravate Rouge" in the *McMaster University Monthly* is a strange, pathetic sketch of French-Canadian life, the best by a long way we have seen in some time. In "The White Man's Burden," a prize oration, the writer claims that Great Britain alone of all white nations has solved "the world-problem" and rightly sustains the burden of colonization. Which statement, we think, is at least questionable. Referring to the natives of other European colonies he says: "Steeped in ignorance and habituated to vice, Kipling correctly describes them as half devil and half child." But it always was our opinion that the poet meant to apply this description of "new-caught sullen peoples" to some of the colonial races of his own country particularly, as indeed another quotation from the same poem, a little further on in the article, bears out. Strange, this discrepancy! It also struck us, when the writer was pointing out what Great Britain has done for her various colonies, that he might have looked nearer home and asked, what has she done for Ireland. If Anglo-Saxon civilization is so good to lift burdens, why does it not raise the weight which is crushing the life out of the sister-isle? Of all white men's burdens that of the Irishman is the heaviest and most unjust. Besides we think the writer does his subject an injustice in his all too brief reference to the more important "home-problem." The social question especially is a burden which should not be overlooked merely because "familiarity has bred contempt for it." It is a millstone around the white man's neck, and this very feeling of contempt is the greatest danger of the future. The oration on the whole is manifestly too unfair, one-sided, and incomplete to be considered a masterpiece, even if it did win a prize.

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The exchange man of the *Acadia Athenaeum* is not entirely