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Davray. mdian Literature. By Archibald MacMurchy, M.A. Woman in the Rain. By Arthur Stringer. ngs of a Sourdough. By Robert W. Service. OMEWHERE there exists a map of the State of Indiana, in which the birthplaces

Tuesday, August 18, 1903

of indigenous poets are indicated by means of dots, says the London Times, It was as hard to count these significant black marks as it would be to enumerate the geese flying south over the same state in October, when the snow begins to fall in the lands beyond the Lauren-

tan wall of boulders in the high North of the Conent. But there must have been nearly three hun-din all; and one thought of Indiana as an openary of wingless songsters-till a few specimens ieir songs had been read. In point of fact every ibutor to a "poets' corner" in the many journals the State had been included, and the work of the of the sacred band was not merely without nction, but as indistinguishable as the husband lia Dora Forey. Today Canada is passing out of stage when the writer of prose, much more the t by profession, is regarded as a suspicious character by his neighbors, who are "developing' the re-sources of the country;" and it is highly probable that some literary busybody is even now producing a poetic map of the Dominion of the kind described. Indeed, Canada is thronged with nightingales, to Judge by what one reads in the literary causeries of is Press; and hardly a day goes by but the new song a new singer arises in one or other of the wide rings which extend from the Atlantic to the Pa-c. Unfortunately, these are nearly all "Canadian nightingales", who unlike the poets of Quebec have no rradition of technique and are not saved from discor-dant errors of taste by any probity of their language. Let us hear what M. Davray, who speaks from the standpoint of a contemporaneous posterity, has to say on the subject of a certain Canadian anthology:

A la fin du XIXe siecle, une antholgie canadienne donnait des specimens d'oeuvres de cent trente-cinq poetes. Il en est naturellement, dans ce nombre, qui n'ont d'autre merite que d'etre Canadiens et l'on peut a la qualite. Laissant de cote les versificateurs insignificants, nous nous bornerons a mentionner lques personnalities interessantes."

M. Davray then proceeds to give very brief notes on the work of Suzannah Moodie (1803-85). Charles Heavysege (1816-76), Isabella Valency Crawford (1851-1887), George Frederick Cameron (1854-1885), William Henry Drummond, who died last year, C. G. Roberts, Archibald Lampman (1861-1899), William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Wil-liam Bliss Carman: It is an incomplete list, but it as the great merit of containing only two of the names of mere rhymesters.

The making of anthologies is a form of criticism, and it is much to be regretted that Canada has not yet found an anthologist who bears in mind that the yet found an anthologist who bears in mind that the marner as well as the matter of verse must be con-sidered by the critic. A graceless novelist, leaving his last, has said that Canadian literature is ruined "by criticism and rye whisky." In point of fact the lack of sound criticism—with the exception of Profes-sor Pelham Edgar, Canada, possesses no critic of mark—is one of the chief obstacles to the growth in profession constants of the constants who mark-is one of the unter obstational literature such English-speaking Canada of a national literature such as unquestionably exists in Quebec. Mr. MacMurchy's book, which is an unhappy combination of an anhology of prose and verse passages and a scholastic -but by no means scholarly—guide-book to Canadian writers, is a specimen of the criticism which darkens

ounsel. The critic who quotes the lines-As a coiled cane, when suddenly unloosed

ounding, quivers, throbs my heart with joy, as an example of a well-wrought and appropriate si-

faults of Canadian criticism are seen in high relief in Mr. MacMurchy's comments. In the first place, his perfervid patriotism leads him to include a quantity of rubbish merely because it happens to be part of the of rubbish merely because it happens to be part of the "output" (hateful word!) of some Canadian-born writer. Secondly, he snubs people because their prose or verse is not "Canadian," meaning that it avoids allusions to maple leaves, golden-rod, birch-bark canoes, and other home decorations. Thirdly, he is under the impression that the utterance of conven

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under the impression that the utterance of conven-tionally blameless sentiments compensates for an ig norance of prosody, to say nothing of the more deli cate necessities. His conception of a lyric is a hymn; every true poet, in his opinion, should remember that it is his business to make his readers more virtuous

It is his business to make his readers more virtubus rather than happier. M. Davray's list must be amended before it is taken as a basis of objective criticism. One is puzzled to explain, how he came to include the names of the impeccable Mrs. Moodie or the forcible-feeble Cam-eron. Can it be that he has taken an unfair advan-tage of the present writer by refusing to read their blameless works? Mrs. Moodie dispensed this kind of thing in her day:

> The air is still, the night is dark, No ripple breaks the dusky tide; rom 1sle to 1sle the fisher's bark, Like fairy meteor seems to glide,

And Cameron was a well-oiled machine for turn-ing out such rhymed platitudes as the following:

You ask for fame or power? Then up and take for text; This is my hour, And not the next, nor next! Oh, wander not in ways Of ease or indolence! Swift come the days, And swift the days go hence.

It is true that each of them has dozens of livin It is true that each of them has dozens of living disciples—authors of the crudest domesticities and hackneyed moralizings. They do these things better in the United States, where Longfellow and Whittler are the sources of second-hand inspiration. In place of Mrs. Moodie it is as well to take Charles . Mair, of Mrs. Moodie it is as well to take Charles . Mair, whose Tecumseh is an excellent specimen of the closet-drama in blank verse—indeed, it might be pos-sible to cut and reconstruct the play, so that it would come to life on the stage—and to trade Cameron for Nicholas Flood Davin, the first and still the foremost of the prairie poets. The latter's "Epic of the Dawn," a vision of the illimitable Dominion from the car of the rosy-fingered goddess, is a work of unquestion-able merit, and there was the lyric sign in many of his shorter poems, not all of which have been pubable merit, and there was the tyric sign in many of his shorter poems, not all of which have been pub-lished. Of Isabella Crawford, whose death was due to disappointment at the cold welcome given to her little books of verse, it is not easy to speak with as-surance. But her "Old Spookses's Pass," the story of a midnight stampede of cattle in a gateway of the Albertan foothills, is a vigorous and picturesque nar-beting. Much of her verse is too highly charged with

Albertan foothills, is a vigorous and picturesque nar-rative. Much of her verse is too highly charged with thought, and she did not live long enough to beat her music out. Here is her description, convincing to all who know the Far West, of a typical cowboy's ir-reverent reverence for the power of "blue-eyed Hughie"—to give the western equivalent of the "Jani-cod" of the Satan's Sabbaths of the Middle Ages. Savs the man with the colled lariat, halting on horseback among the stark brooding peaks of the Rockles:

Yer bound tew listen, an' hear it talk Es yer mustang crunches the dry bald s Fur I reckon the hills an' stars an' crick held sod. Are all uv 'em preachers sent by God. An' them mountains talk to a chap this way: "Climb, if ye can, ye degenerate cuss!" An' the stars smile down on a man, an' say: "Come higher, poor critter, cum up tew

An' I reckon, pard, thar' is One above The highest old star that a chap can see An' He sez, in a solid eternal way: "Ye never can stop till ye get tew Me!" Good for Him tew! Fur I calculate He aint the one tew dodge an' tew shirk, Or waste a mite uv the things He's made, Or knock off till He's finished His great day's work.

VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

The power of psychical mimicry shown in this curis poem is astonishing, and it will be remembered Canadians until there are no more wild cattle in the West and the last cowboy has joined a church choir. It was written long before the gale of the Kipling afflatus was felt in Canada.

In Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Wilfred Campbell we come to poets of a larger mould and wider range than any of those to whom reference has been made above. They may be collec-tively defined as the Ontario poets—the lesser school of the greater lakes of the Dominion. None of the three is comparable with Wordsworth in any essen-tial poetic quality; yet all of them are nearer to that wise worshipper in the open-air shrines of Nature than to any other English poet of the first or second magnitude. They have the gravitas of their great magnitude. They have the gravitas of their great master without a touch of this boyishness, which so often causes him to forget duty for beauty and break into a clear upspringing song. Altogether, apart from all he achieved as the first of Canada's professed poets—a small Government place was found for him, on the he might have a scowe liveling and all so that he might have a secure livelihood-and all that he might have achieved if his life had been pro-longed beyond the years of apprenticeship to his art, Lampman was a personality of controlled force and pensive sincerity. Without a thought of turning his observations to account, he would intently observe a landscape, a flower, or a bird, until its inward spirit was revealed to him. Long afterwards this garhered knowledge would be realized—perhaps in a single epi-thet as inevitable as those which give character to a sea-flower in the poems of Lord de Tabley. And yet at the cradle of this poets' poet an evil fairy stood uninvited and gave him the fatal gift of fluency. He had a weatness for the making of somets—the in had a weakness for the making of sonnets—the in-vertebrate kind—and to read one is to read all, and to read all is to wonder what in the world, save inexor-able death, could have dammed these ever-recurring able death, could have dammed these ever-recurring ripples of pellucid, monotonous verse, so imperfect in its perfection. Yet the grave charm of his nature-pieces, even when they are little more than cata-logues of natural phenomena, can be felt even by those who have never dreamed away the summer hours in the wider landscapes under the loftier skies of On-tario. Here, taken at random by the method of Vir-gilian lots, are stanzas from his picture of a meadow in Ontario. in Ontario.

Here, when the murmurous May-day is half gone, The watchful lark before my feet takes flight, And wheeling to some lonelier field far on, Drops with obstreperous cry; and here at night When the first star precedes the great red moon, The shore-lark tinkles from the darkening field, Somewhere we know not in the durk concepted. Somewhere, we know not, in the dusk concealed, His little creakling and continuous tune.

Here, too, the robins, lusty as of old. Here, too, the rooms, havy as of old, Hunt the waste grass for forage, or prolong From every quarter of these fields the bold, Blithe phrases of their never-finished song. The white-throat's distant descant with slow stress Note after note upon the foonday falls, Filing the leisured air at intervals With bis own mood of plareting pengineness With his own mood of piercing pensiveness

Duncan Campbell Scot As a link between Lampman and Wilfred Campbell, Much of his verse is written in the high-columned dusk of the Ontario forests— so that a certain tense obscurity troubles the reader— which so he would be believe to be reader. which, so he would have us believe, is his city of refuge from the remembrance of unrequited love. But it would be wearisome to quote any more of these

Ontario nature-pictures. They are as subtly monoto-nous as the Ontario landscape itself, of which a petu-lant traveller from the cunningly-wrought varied as-pects of England, the world's garden, said irrelevantly, "I do wish I could be free of the sight of these ever-lasting pine-tops!" But Scott's lines on a village churchyard in Ontario (though it might be any acre of the dead anywhere) deserve quotation, perhaps:

This is the paradise of common things, The scourged and trampled here find beace to grow, The frost to furrow and the wind to sow, The mighty sun to time their blossomings; And now they keep

Who earned their triumph and have claimed their

There is more, but that will suffice. Many a page of the works of Wilfrid Campbell, the deepest thinker and the least in artistry of the three, might be called perplexed but never vacant. His nature verse is inferior to Lampman's. In his "Poems of the Affec-tions" (how delightful to read such a description in hese latter days!) the obsession of his dour morality. that of a cold-welded Shorter Catechist-passes away, and he is as human as his fellow-Canadians, a race, as a rule, capable of joie de vivre, hasty in love-making, arranging assignations not with the gift of a rose, but through the nearest telephone. Here are the last two stanzas of a poem on the girl-lover in Pompeii:

Her head, face downward on her bended arm, Her single robe that showed her shapely form. Her wondrous fate love keeps divinely warm Over the centuries, past the slaving storm; The heart can read in writings time hath left, That linger still through death's oblivion; nd in his waste of life and light bereft, She brings again a beauty that had gone.

And if there be a day when all shall wake, As dreams the hopeful, doubting human heart, The dim forgetfulness of death will break For her as one who sleeps with lips apart; And did God call her suddenly, I know She'd wake as morning wakened by the thrush, Feel thet rad kies across the contunies flow Feel that red kiss across the centuries glow And make all heaven rosier with her blush.

But Lampman, and perhaps also the least of th three, would have known that nowhere in the world is the thrush—an indolent time-serving fowl, a courtly singer-the harbinger of the morning, and would have been at the pains to find another rhyme, an ear-lier bird.

Ontario stands between the steep forest glooms of the North and the Great Lakes, pallid ghosts of the the North and the Great Lakes, pailed gnosts of the far-off seas. In the Maritime Provinces the breath of the ocean, its salt savor and sighing charm, is over all as it is also in London, the creature of the sea. It follows that what is sometimes facetiously styled the "Birch-bark school" of Canadian poets, which has its home in New Brunswick, differs from the Ontario school as the sea differs from the forest. Both are nature worshingers but they serve altors a theorem school as the sea differs from the forest. Both are nature-worshippers, but they serve altars a thousand miles apart and they serve with a difference. C. Gr. D. Roberts and his cousin, Bliss Carman, both well known to readers in this country, are the chief singers of this school of poetry in the shadow of Blomidon, that mighty mysterious hill for ever seen by the wayfarer in New Brunswick as though through the blue mists of time. The former might have been the Crashaw of Canadian poetry, but for the necessity of

much journalistic work (including the making of novels of Acadia, which is not, and never was, an Arcady), and his best verse has passion without fret-fulness. Two of his brothers and a sister have also written verse with a touch of mystical distinction. Indeed, these New Brunswick poets, who are sup-posed to use strips of birch-bark either as stuff to scribble on or for the building of concers are a family

Indeed, these New Brunswick poets, who are sup-posed to use strips of birch-bark either as stuff to scribble on or for the building of cances, are a family rather than a school. Far and away the greatest of them is Bliss Carman, and with the possible excep-tions of Louis Frechette and, in minor modes, the unhappy Emile Nelligan—he is the best of the Cana-dian poets. His poetry, says M. Davray, "Revele une des plus vigoureuses personnolites de l'heure actuelles un poete de langue anglaise qu' on peut sans temerite mettre au meme rang que W. B. Yeats, Stephen Phillips, Arthur Symons, Laurence Binyon, &c. Il se peut meme que la posterite le classe plus favorablement encore." Several of the younger Canadian poets may in time assert their right to be included in a list such as M. Davray's. Indeed, Pauline Johnson (Tekahion-wake), who is the daughter of a head chief of the Mohawk Indians, has all but earned inclusion. Of the many hative poetasters Ethelwyn Wetherall is the strongest of two or three imitators of Christina Ros-setti. Otherwise there are two main streams of Cana-dian verse. There are the bookish versifiers and the followers of Rudyard Kinling. strongest of two or three imitators of Christina Ros-setti. Otherwise there are two main streams of Cana-dian verse. There are the bookish versifiers and the followers of Rudyard Kipling—at a distance. Arthur Stringer is one of those Transatlantic minor poets who gravitate to the Boston that is for the sake of the Boston that was. He is at times a lesser Aldrich, and at times a milder and more pompous Stephen Phillips. His drama of Sappho in Leucadia has merit. But he never gets further than kissing his (blue-stocking) Muse on the cheek. Of the Canadian disciples of Kipling, who wax in number daily, the majority mistake rowdiness for strength and can imi-tate only their master's mannerisms. By far the best is R. W. Service, a very young Englishman who is a bank clerk at White Pass, one of the gateways into the Yukon territory. His "Songs of a Sourdough" have run through many editions. Much of his verse has a touch of real originality, conveying as it does a just impression of the Yukon" can never be left out of any anthology of Canadian verse, since it says what every old-timer has been thinking ever since the fack over the stupendous snow-piled Passes about twenty years ago. Here are two stanzas: The summer—no sweeter was ever;

The summer-no sweeter was ever; The subshiny woods all athrill; The greyling aleap in the river, The bighorn asleep on the hill, The strong life that never knows harness, The wratter where the corribut call; The strong life that never knows nature. The wastes where the caribou call; The freshness, the freedom, the farness-O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter—the brightness that blinds you, The white land locked tight as a drum, The cold fear that follows and finds you. The silence that bludgeons you dumb. The snows that are older than history, The woods where the weird shadows slant; The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery, I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't!

The homely metaphors give an impression of rude force entirely in keeping with the character of a retired "free miner," home-sick to get away from home to the wilds, and the Stevensonian cunning with which the dialect and intonation of the actual Weswhich the dialect and intonation of the actual Wes-terner is suggested shows that the author is a true literary artist. To have written these things at the age of twenty is an achievement which permits us to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will add something of lasting value to hope that he will be accurate the bar of the source with how laurels, ever-green like the old.

Imperialistic Speeches

posed the toast of the premiers of the other provinces and extended to them a hearty welcome to the birth-place of Canada, at the same time thanking them heartily for the aid which the various provinces had

crown reflowering on the tombs of kings The poor forgets that he was ever poor, The priest has lost his science of the truth, The maid her beauty, and the youth his youth. The statesman has forgot his subtle lure, The old his age, The sick his suffering, and the leech his cure, The poet his perplexed and vacant page.

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n attended a y's home. He evening, as eminiscences he early days ras a famous e was leaving t that he felt l, "I'm burn cold as ice." nd to you in nard. Sir Leonard's Waddington's rested on the and threw up s composure

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arnard, while lative council ded this telewa, Feb. 13. e last night of

alizing how enormously Canada has prospered dur-is recent years, thanks to the fostering care of suc-ssive governments and the wonderful enterprise of people.'

His concluding remarks were: "In this celebration Canada undertook a magnificent work. Success could not have been achieved without considerablo

NE of the most notable gatherings of the forcentenary celebration was that at the checked at Quebec when Earl Grey tendered at linner to the representatives of the various British dominions representative data the celebration of the tercentenary. About the table were grouped envoys of the various provinces. The guests were presented to be wall as a representative gathering of the superb dining-room of the viceregal apartments of the superb dining vicer of the three friendly nations.

One of the features of the evening was the hand-ing over to Earl Grey of £1,000 as New Zealand's contribution to the battlefields' fund.

At the dessert Earl Grey gave the Royal 'toast: "Gentlemen, I drink to the health of His Majesty the King," which was the signal for the rendering of the National Anthem by the band while the toast was drunk after cheers for the King.

He then proposed the health of H. R. 'H. the Prince of Wales, remarking: "I have the privilege and honor to propose the toast, which I know will sur in your hearts, as it does in mine, feeling of deep and grateful emotion. I give you the toast of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Everyone will agree that the remarkable manifestations of enthusiasm evoked by Your Royal Highness's presence and speeches will never be forgotten by anyone who has been so for-tunate as to be in Quebec during the present week."

Later, in the course of his speech, Earl Grey said the motto which has decorated this city by day and illuminated it by night, "Si nous nous conaissons misux, nous nous aimerons plus," represents a great truth of which this week has been an eloquent illus-tration and which ought to be carved in imperishable letters on the doorstep of every Briton. The toast was received with the playing of "God Save the King" by the band, followed by three hearty British cheers and a tiger twice repeated as H. R. H. arose. When

the cheers subsided the Prince spoke in part as fol-The Prince of Wales

"Your Excellency, Lords and Gentlemen,—I thank u all most sincerely. Your Excellency for propos-s this toast, and my other friends here for the man-r in which they have received it. Your Excellency Canada. referred to the fact that this is my sixth visit to Can-ada. I cannot, I regret to say, hope to rival the hero of these celebrations, the founder of Quebec, who Tossed the Aflantic no less than twenty times in the interests of his infant settlement, and even made. Something like a record passage for those times, pass-ing from Honfleur to Tadousac in 18 days. There is one difference, however, on which I cannot but con-gratulate myself and my companions on the voyage. amplain's vessels were from 60 to 80 tons, our ship ble." Continuing, the Prince said "On each

ion when I have been to Canada I have found and de friends, friends whom neither I nor the Princess Wales, who accompanied me on the last occasion, lever forget. (Cheers.) I delight to see old friends gain and to n and to make new ones; but, apart from such onal feelings, there is the wider satisfaction of

land."

self-sacrifice. If, as Your Excellency suggests, my coming here to take part in these ceremonies may stimulate that true spirit of citizenship, then indeed I shall look back with pride and satisfaction upon m shall look back with pride and satisfaction upon my association with events so unique and memorable in the history of Canada. Once more, Your Excellency, I thank you for your kind words in proposing my health, and I thank you, my lords and gentlemen, for the kind manner in which you received the toast." As the Prince resumed his seat, the audience rose, and once more three hearty cheers and a tiger re-sounded through the room. sounded through the room.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was greated with cheers when he arose to give the next toast, "The Self-Governing Colonies." He referred at length to the fact that the inferiority which may be implied in the word colony no longer exists, that the colonies acknowledged the authority of the British Crown, but no other au-thority, and, after reference to the friendly relations between Great Britain, and the United States, and between Great Britain and the Onited States, and Great Britain and France, the Premier spoke briefly of Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. He read a letter from General Botha, who deeply regretted his inability to be present as a rep-resentative with Sir Henry de Villiers. The Earl of Dudley, governor-general of Australia.

followed in a brief speech, complimenting Canada on the successful celebration of her 300th birthday and expressing the kindly feelings of Australia.

South Africa Sir Henry de Villiers, responding for Cape Colony, regetted that none of the prime ministers of the self-governing colonies of South Africa could be present, as all their parliaments were in session. He had been particularly requested to express the regret fett by General Botha at his inability to renew his old considered and the series of the series of the friendship with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, begun at the Colonial conference at London.

Sir Henry remarked that he was sorry he could not speak for a federated South Africa, since they had four self-governing colonies, whose sole bond of union was their membership in the British Empire. union was their membership in the British Empire. This problem of federation, however, had already been tackled, and would be dealt with at a general confer-ence next October, when men of all nationalities, who had fought on both sides during the recent war, would meet as loyal British subjects to discuss the terms of South African union under the British flag. (Ap-

In this Sir Henry said the South Africans would able to profit by the great example furnished by

Canada. With regard to present conditions in South Africa, Sir Henry said that the policy of trust adopted by the British Government had transformed a sullen and discontented people into a loyal and law-abiding populace, and that if in the future any foreign power should attempt to wrest South Africa from Great Britain, history would repeat itself, and as the French Canadians had fought to keep Canada British, so the South African Dutch would fight to keep their coun-try under the folds of the Union Jack. (Loud ap-plause.) plause.) Section 2.

New Zealand

New Zealand The Earl of Ranfurly, formerly governor-general of New Zealand, was called upon, and, in the course of a short speech, remarked that New Zealand was ready to give liberally of her sons when their active services were needed. In an equally practical man-ner, when famine and fire caused distress and disas-ter, she sent large contributions, in the first case to India, and in the second case to Ottawa. "Now, today, as their representative, I have the great honor of handing to His Excellency the Governor-General a cheque for £1,000 as a small contribution, showing practically the sympathy of the people of New Zea-land."

Quebec

Sir Lomer Gouin, premier of Quebec, then pro-

given to the tercentenary celebration. The hearty way

in which the citizens of all the Canadian provinces had joined in this celebration, he said, proved to the people of this province that all citizens of Canada took a common pride in the herces of Canadian his-tory, irrespective of their racial origin. Nothing, in his opinion, presaged more for the future of the Do-minion than the whole-souled people of all racial ex-tractions had joined in the present celebration, and the loyal French-Canadian subjects of the King were deeply touched by the merner in which their hercie deeply touched by the manner in which their heroic ancestors had been honored.

Ontario

Sir James Whitney was first to reply, and said that the people of Ontario were glad to join in the present celebration, realizing that they were joint beneficiaries in the great heritage of civil and re-ligious liberty and civil government, which came as a result of the events which brought Canada under the Baltish day While Consider for there had the British flag. While Canadian federation had naturally been followed by some little friction he considered that the Canadian provinces were separate considered that the Canadian provinces were separate as the billows of the ocean were separate, yet, one, as are the seas. (Applause.) He recalled the words of Sir George Etienne Cartier that "the last shot to be fired in Canada in defence of the British connec-tion would be fired by a French-Canadian," and de-clared that the people of the other provinces would never forget them nor forget to revere the memories

never forget them nor forget to revere the memories of such great and loyal French-Canadians. Health of Earl Grey

Health of Earl Grey. His Royal Highness then proposed the health of the Governor-General in a brief speech, in which he warmly eulogized the work done by His Excellency as the presiding genius of the present celebration. Earl Grey made a brief speech of thanks. In which he also took occasion to express his pleasure at the great success of the tercentenary celebration. His Royal Highness, having handed to the Gover-nor-General a cheque for £10,000, representing the contributions from England to the battlefields' fund, His Excellency thanked the Prince for this additional proof of the interest he had shown in the redemption of the battlefields. He said that he would send a cable in the name of all present, thanking Lord Mid-leton, chairman of the English committee, for their contributions and for their action in affording the peocontributions and for their action in affording the neople of England in all sections and classes an oppor-tunity of associating themselves with the gift to Can-ada on her 300th birthday, through the hands of the Prince of Wales. He also expressed his gratitude to Britain for sending the Atlantic fleet.

FRANCE LOSING GROUND

In 1907, says a Paris letter in the New York Post, of deaths in France exceeded the the number of deaths in France exceeded the births by nearly 20,000. This is all the more remarkable in yiew of the different showing made by the marriage statistics of that country. In proportion, with the population the number of marriages in France has been increasing steadily for some years. Last year 160 Frenchmen and women were married for every 10,000 inhabitants, as high as the rate of England, higher than Scotland, and 50 higher than Ireland; higher, too, than for any other European countries

higher, too, than for any other European countries except Hungary, Bulgaria, Servia, Luxemburg, and Germany. In France, however, few men in cities at least, marry before 30, and many hold off until 40. The falling off in births is mainly confined to the cities. In 29 departments, including those in which the primitive Corsicans, old-fashioned Bretons, Savoyards, half-Flemings of the North, and what is left to France of the Lorgeine Alexian north, and what is left to France of the Lorraine-Alsatian people, and in the sober cen-tral Limousin region, and even in drinking, up-to-date Normandy, births continue in excess of deaths date Normandy, biths obtained in excess of dealms, sometimes heavily. In these deartments the births exceeded deaths by 50,585. The 58 other departments --cities and factory towns leading-wiped out this happy balance by an excess of 70,455 deaths over births. It is this which sets the total balance to the bad for all France at 19,920 more deaths than births.

HE following letter appeared in a recent is-sue of the London Times: Sir—During the last two or three years inquisitive persons have been busy with the questions whether the Japanese might

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not go to war with America or invade Australia or covet the Phillippine Islands. A few words from some one who has lived in Japan may be useful in helping to remove misapprehension

I may say at the outset that, while in the Western

newspapers there have been rumors of such things, which, of course, were reproduced more or less in Japanese newspapers, we in Japan have never had the slightest fear of a disturbance of the public peace from any of these causes.

As regards the American question, the Japanese Government has been so perfectly steady, has dis-tinguished so clearly throughout between the local labor troubles of the west coast and the unmistak-able attitude of President Roosevelt and his Govern-ment, that I should really have thought it quite need-less to say anything had I not personally met with less to say anything, had I not personally met with the Governor of the Bank of England, who was seri-ously anxious and full of questions on the subject. When this was the case, it is obvious that such rum-ors of wars must have had some financial influence detrimental to Japan and indirectly to the world. The one thing about which lange cares in this matter so one thing about which Japan cares in this matter, so one thing about which sapan cares in this matter, so far as I can see, is not that the Japanese should be able to go and settle in America—indeed, it would be much better for Japan that they should settle else-where—but simply that the Japanese should not be differentiated against, as a nation on a lower level than other nations of the world. If their exclusion pests on arincipals and include a sil other nations or rests on principles applicable to all other nations, or if Japan is recognized as entirely at liberty to do ex-actly the same to America, England, or any other na-tion as is done to her, no dangerous situation would arise. Suffice it to say that though there are, of course, some hotbloods in Japan as elsewhere, there never has been even an infinitesimal way rativ on the never has been even an infinitesimal war party on the subject. One reads the anxieties of the yellow Press in the West with nothing but amusement.

Still more absolute has been the calm of the Ja-panese mind on the subject of Australia. Not a ripple has appeared to disturb it. Whence then come the forebodings, that certainly Japan does want Aus-tralia, which have appeared largely in the Australian papers and have been echoed to some extent else-where? I think the answer is more or less complex. The Japanese a randly increasing mation with an papers and have been echoed to some extent else-where? I think the answer is more or less complex. The Japanese are a rapidly increasing nation with an island empire; the Australians are a small white people, less than two to the square mile of the land which they occupy, not rapidly increasing, but bent on keeping to themselves a whole conlinent of which a large part cannot be turned to account with white labor. Now recent wars in the East have not 'in-frequently been made on the theory, which may be right or wrong, that even a densely peopled country like China has no right to exclude altogether those who would still further develop its resources in a progressive manner. A fortiori, advancing nations cannot be excluded from the countries of barbarous tribes, where the wealth of the world is quite unde-veloped, and Maori or North American Indian races cannot claim all that as nomads they might like to spread over in the districts where they live. Still more plain is it that, if vast tracts of land are almost wholy unoccupied, the people that occupy other dis-tricts of the same country cannot claim to keep them so. So far as I can see the rumors of Japanese de-signs on Australia rest on absolutely nothing but the rather uneasy consciences of those who are keeping them out of lands which they cannot use themselves. In Japan itself there is not a thought upon the sub-ject, but no doubt it is desirable, if the Australians wish to keep Australia to themselves, its that they should be as quick as they can in making it useful to the world. Lands cannot remain unoccupied for ever be as quick as they can in making it useful to world. Lands cannot remain unoccupied for

when many nations are requiring an outlet for their surplus population. The Australian conscience will be comforted and their fears allayed when they are using their continent in such a way as to be entitled to say that it is to the good of the world that it should be left to them.

to say that it is to the good of the world that it should be left to them. There has, of course, been more talk in regard to the Philippines, which has originated chiefly, it would seem, from the party in America that is opposed to annexation of anything beyond the continent of America, or at most the continent and its adjacent islands. Here again, I have never met with any ex-pression of desire on the part of the Japanese for the possession of the Philippines. That has been a mat-ter of the imagination, but under certain circum-stances it is obviously more likely to arise than any desire for Australia. I feel quite sure that at least for many years to come the Japanese sincerely hope that America will keep tight hold of the Islands. The financial situation is not such as to lead Japan to desire fresh burdens and responsibilities. What with rallway nationalization at home and developments in Korea and Manchuria, there is enough to do to last for a good many years. Yet I suppose that, if Ameri-a were to give up the islands, Japan would rather take the burden than see any European Power estab-lished there which might hereafter be hostile and would involve the necessity of a great increase in the Japanese fleet for the protection of its interests in the Pacific. I write this, not as having any special political knowledge, but simply from the point of view of common sense, coupled with the perfect quige. It hink that a good deal of harm has probably been minustly done to Japanese interests, especially in financial matters, by the constant recurrence in the newspapers of the West of these subjects, which are to account for it. count for it.

to account for it. In conclusion, I would suggest to those who are making difficulties for Japan that there is a very great danger ahead if the policy of exclusiveness is carried far enough really to stir the nation. With Japan already powerful and China likely rapidly to become so, mose who insist on a policy of mutual exclusion, whether on the ground of race or otherwise --Australia for the Australians, America for the white races, and the like-are certain to make effective the cry of "The Far East for the Far Easterns," and as the Far Eastern nations advance, and develop the re-rources of their own countries, the old idea that "we white men may penetrate you, but you may not "we white men may penetrate you, but you may no penetrate us," will be too palpably immoral to be tolerated: I am yours faithfully,

WM. AWDRY, Bishop of South Tokio,

A lawyer tells of a trial in a court of that city, wherein an Irishman named Casey was obliged to give certain testimony against the defendant, a friend

Casey's ordinarily rich brogue had lately been ren-dered more than usually unintelligible by reason of an accident to which he feelingly referred in the course of his testimony.

of his testimony. Now, Casey had been frequently called upon to repeat his answers—evidently made under protest— which requests of the court soon confused the Irish-man and so awakened his anger, which steadily in creased as the taking of the testimony proceeded. "Don't prevaricate," sternly admonished the judge as the witness seemingly returned an incoherent answer to one of the questions. "Prevaricate!" passionately soluttered the Celt. "Sure. I'm thinkin' it's yourself wouldn't be able to hilp prevaricating with three of yer honor's frent tathe knocked out of yer honor's head!"