

future. There are too many people in the British Empire who believe that instead of having one religion and one language the more languages a man or an Empire has, the more the man is a man and the stronger the Empire. He is now swamped in the British Empire and in the American Republic by other races and he is a great improvement in consequence on the original stock in the great principles of liberty. The great Republic to the South of us is now developing nicely along humanitarian lines by the assimilation of blood and ideas from other races. The pure German, like the pure Celtic, is an absolute failure by himself. When the German and the Celt and the Norseman amalgamate as they have done in France and the British Isles and the great Republic to the South of us, they turn out a highly civilized people, but pure unadulterated German kulture is pure brutality, and the less we have of it the better.

OUR OWN SMALL POTATOES

Blood is thicker than water, and possibly being of Norman-Celtic blood, accounts for my warm sympathy for things Celtic and Slav in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Russia, Canada and France, but I must confess that we have also very small potatoes of the Bourassa, Keir Hardie, Bernard Shaw and Sinn Fein type. These small minded people should all be bagged up together and dealt with by the Celtic people themselves and not leave it to others to discipline them. These kind of people have always been like barnacles on a great ship.

To me it is a cause of great rejoicing that the Highlanders with their Kilts and Bagpipes that I love so dearly, though small in numbers, have still in many instances a place of honor in holding up the honor of our Empire. The military classes have always been friendly to the Highlands and when the day of repeopling the Highlands with men instead of deer will come—as it will surely come some day—we can point with pride to our record in the past. The same Fraser Highlanders who fought against Wolfe at Cullodan won the Plains of Abraham for him afterwards. There was a story told at that time that Cumberland whose memory no Highlander loves, no matter whether his ancestors were Jacobites or anti-Jacobites