

are those of Louis Fréchette, the most brilliant poet of his people, Sir James Le Moine, the cultured historical student and writer who dwells on the banks of the St. Lawrence, not far from the Heights of Abraham, M. Faillon, L'Abbé Gosselin, Mgr. C. Tanguay and H. R. Casgrain. Poets of taste and beauty of expression French Canada has produced, in a greater degree of numerical excellence than has been possible elsewhere in the Dominion.

Journalism in Canada can hardly be said to have kept pace with literature in its development. Whatever the faults of the latter, and in a young country they must always be sufficiently numerous, it has at least aimed high and has tried to follow the best English models. But the papers of Canada have fallen, to some extent, into beaten paths of American style and taste and manner without being possessed of the immense backing of wealth and energy which makes even the most wretchedly sensational New York sheet a somewhat marvellous creation. There are exceptions, of course, and at least half a dozen great dailies in the Dominion maintain a curious balance between English solidity and accuracy and American sensational and "slap-dash" journalism. And there is also, beneath the surface, a very saving grace of honour and self-respect which, in spite of appearances and exaggerations and political personalities, is steadily growing stronger. It is greatly to the credit of Canada that the more distinct these qualities are the more influential has been the paper.

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