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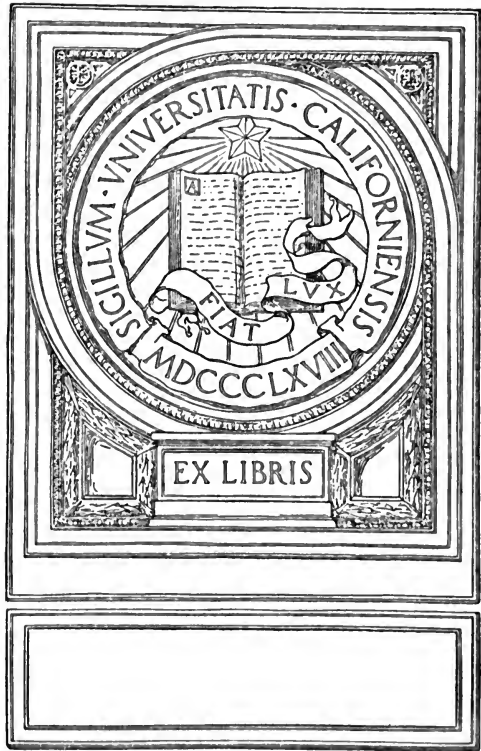


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THE BIRTHRIGHT

A
SEARCH
FOR THE
CANADIAN
CANADIAN
AND THE
LARGER
LOYALTY

ARTHUR HAWKES





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THE BIRTHRIGHT

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

None will deny the strain of the times. Conflicting interests are strenuously asserting their respective claims, and sometimes present them as bare demands. The public must decide the issues, but has not knowledge of the facts upon which to make its decision. The publishers present to the public "The Birthright" by Arthur Hawkes, believing it to be a valuable contribution to that knowledge. Canada assumed national responsibility in the Great War and cannot evade it in the days of reconstruction. The newspapers and magazines are giving us leadership, but their treatment of the great national questions is necessarily fragmentary. Only within the covers of a book may the complete argument on a great national case be presented; and only by such a presentation will the country become informed in a manner befitting its national responsibility. It is needless to remind the public that Mr. Hawkes invariably presents his case in an illuminating way; the public must for itself decide as to the merit of his argument.

The name of J. M. Dent and Sons has always been associated with books that have for their object the diffusion of enlightenment, which after all is essential to true education. "Everyman's Library" illustrates admirably this high mission. Mr. J. M. Dent, our Principal, convinced that Democracy is still on trial, believes it to be the publisher's duty to embrace every opportunity of presenting the differing aspects of the economic and social questions which Democracy must ultimately determine for itself. In striving to maintain this tradition of the House, we hope to win the sympathetic appreciation of the general public. The generous reception accorded Mr. Moore's book "The Clash" in all parts of the world, but especially in Canada, has been a source of much encouragement to our Principal in this respect. We believe ourselves free from prejudice; we have no preconceived theories to exploit; we are not propagandists; we are publishers seeking to extend the broadening advantages of education into every period and activity of life.

THE BIRTHRIGHT

A SEARCH FOR THE CANADIAN CANADIAN
AND THE LARGER LOYALTY

By
ARTHUR HAWKES

With Introductions by Lt.-Col. J. Z. Fraser
and Mrs. G. A. Brodie.



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INTRODUCTIONS

I

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL FRASER

(2nd Dragoons)

When one is invited to introduce a book to the public, he wonders whether he is to speak as a farmer, as a military man of forty years' standing, as a Conservative, or simply as a Canadian. The Canadian has it, because every day's experience makes one more of a Canadian and causes him to wish that his fellow-citizens would realize how great their heritage is, and how much they can do to hand it down to their children with its lustre increased.

It is not necessary to say very much about the book itself, because the reader will be his own judge. Nothing more timely or stimulating could issue from the press at this grave juncture of our affairs. I know of no book which gives such a comprehensive insight into the fundamental conditions of our national life as "The Birthright" does. It is a courageous book; and I am sure many will find it so interesting that they will need to read parts of it a second time before they realize how deeply it probes conditions with which we have all been dissatisfied, but which only a small minority

have thoroughly appreciated. The subjects it deals with ought to be discussed by organizations in town and country which aim at social, intellectual and patriotic improvement; and I make bold to say that preachers will find much more reality in the way great questions that are essentially religious are handled in these pages than sometimes gets into their discourses.

Arbitrary power, which war, to some extent, inevitably gives to those in authority, only makes the old partisan methods more blundering than they were when some restraint had to be exercised in the promulgation of orders-in-council. Perhaps the politicians in office did not know how despotic they became, or how patiently the people endured their autocracy, while remembering that another day is coming.

Those who are in touch with public opinion are aware that there is in Canada a final repudiation of the old style of politics and a deep distrust of the counsels of a press that clings to partisan habits. This feeling will become more and more manifest in our political life. The revolt of the Ontario farmers, which has cost the Government three seats in the Legislature within six months; and the assertion of its power by Labour, are only the beginnings of the demonstration that government has passed from the classes which went to the revolutionary lengths described in this book.

Confidence in the sincerity and justice of the

forms and practices of our system of government has been undermined. My old friend, Colonel McCrea, author of "In Flanders Fields," wrote magnificently on the sacred duty of keeping faith. In the business world no person is so despicable as the man who fails to keep his word. For the nation that breaks its pledges there is nothing but loathing and contempt. In my judgment no nation has more humiliated itself than the Canadian nation did through the War Times Election Act. So far as I can learn, the nearest parallel to it in modern history was furnished by the Diaz regime in Mexico.

More than five million men laid down their lives, and millions more have suffered untold agony, worse than death itself, to resist Prussianism in Europe; and still the world is not yet safe for democracy. I fear that as ruthless and determined an enemy as that personified by the Kaiser is in evidence in Canada to-day. I say this advisedly, because the men who are responsible are not bad men, but weak men, who have failed to understand the true perspective of the State. The war has shewn that they have been altogether unequal to their job; it has also shewn that, with wise and far-seeing leadership the common people of this and other countries are equal to any occasion.

To the great land-owning class of Canada this book will prove both instructive and inter-

esting. With their shrewdness and natural ability, and an instinct for nationality for which they seldom receive credit, they are recognized by all the leading men of business as the class who must save the country. All thoughtful eyes are turned to them. They are the only hope. As a leading financial man in Toronto said, "If agriculture fails, I do not know what will happen." Knowing them intimately, as I have for a lifetime, I am sure they will, if given half a chance, rise superior to any emergency.

To the mothers of the Native-Born we must lift our hats. I do not mean the childless, flitting butterflies of fashion with the much-perfumed kerchiefs and the cigarette-laden breath, but the plain, kind, patient mothers, who, with aching hearts, have borne their grief uncomplainingly. What their influence on Canadian reconstruction will be it is impossible to estimate. But it is through their example that we must learn how to establish the freedom of the world; and especially freedom from that class in our midst who have made, and intend to keep, untold wealth and social prestige out of a conflict that has stained the earth with the blood and tears of millions.

We have got to make a fresh start in Canada. Before the people can become really and constitutionally self-governing, they need instruction. They have lost all confidence in politicians. They see little hope in new parties made out of

old materials. They are afraid to trust the influences which they believe control most of the daily press. They are nervous about the pulpit, which, they fear, has followed too much the line of least resistance. Happily, some pulpits are awake to the new conditions, and here and there voices are raised against the blindness of the past and the stupidity of the present. And the religious press is becoming less creed-bound, more human, and therefore more Christian. From what one reads and is told, there is a strong response in the cities whenever a preacher deals boldly with the problems of the day. This shows that unrest is not the work merely of labour "agitators," and that the farmers are not alone in their deep dissatisfaction with the present situation.

I do not believe social unrest is unhealthy, or that it is possible to relapse into economic conditions similar to what they were five years ago. We cannot escape the worldwide disturbances of the war; and we must face our own special troubles, the chief of which have only been made more acute by the war. I allude to our peculiar racial composition and the task of welding all the elements of the population into a united nation. This situation is more perilous than it should be, because, before and during the war, the politicians permitted, if they did not encourage, misunderstanding and ill-feeling to grow.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say that I am as proud of my name and ancestry as any Fraser can be; but that feeling only makes me more respectful to the pride of others, and more anxious to find with them a common pride in the Canadian patriotism of our children. It is not necessary to sacrifice any gratitude to my Scottish forbears in order to be a Canadian, through and through. Nor is it necessary to ask my brother-Canadian to forget the people from whom he came. Respecting each other we can be equally devoted to our common country.

We need and we must have national unity in Canada, on a Canadian basis. From that point of view I am especially grateful that "The Birthright" has been written. No fair-minded man can read the chapters on the French without receiving new and invaluable light on the position of our good friends "down below." The book will have its critics, and possibly its bitter assailants. But that it will promote the desire for national unity; and a better understanding of Canadians by Canadians there can be no doubt; and unless I misread the evidences of what is passing in the minds of true Canadians everywhere, when they have read "The Birthright" they will ask for more.

J. Z. FRASER.

Burford, Ontario,
May, 1919.

II

THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY MRS. G. A. BRODIE.

(President, United Farm Women of Ontario.)

Four years of war, with its social and economic tragedies, have accomplished more for democratic freedom than centuries of slow evolution. As of old, sacrifice has purchased liberty, and re-established our citizenship, especially in the recognition of the status of woman-kind. Civilization, throughout the ages, has developed and kept pace with the spirituality and mentality of its motherhood; and therefore, with full appreciation of their equality of citizenship, the mothers will not only more happily mould the character of the child, but will more rapidly elevate the character of the nation.

With three generations of my forbears under Canadian sod, and my own family stepping into manhood and womanhood, I feel more keenly than ever the necessity for a Canadian nationality such as the world does not yet recognize, and about which far too little is said by Canadians. Our national patriotism has been starved; but, in future, when it asks for bread, it will not accept a stone. I can fully sympathize with the homeless native-born, who are

being denied their birthright, and would like to see kindlier hands held out to them.

Love and loyalty to Canada are indelibly written in the hearts of all our democratic citizens, who will cordially welcome "The Birthright" because it reflects the aspirations they have long cherished, and will lead them to regard their privileges from higher planes than those upon which the politicians have misconducted our national affairs. Its appearance at this time is most opportune, particularly for women who desire to meet their new responsibilities with knowledge of their country, and sympathy for those who, like themselves, are eager for better things in their children's land; and I am sure the book will be greatly appreciated by all who value the justice, equality and freedom for which our own boys have died.

(MRS.) G. A. BRODIE.

NEWMARKET, ONT.,
May, 1919.

FOREFRONT

The primary object of this book is to support the aspiration that Canada shall receive from all her children, of whatever origin, as intense a devotion as that which any other country inspires in its citizens. In so far as it is a confession of faith, attained after a Canadian pilgrimage covering a third of a century, it is thankfully made, and humbly commended to those to whom Canada, as yet, is but a secondary love. It is commended, also, with much diffidence, to those who, as yet, do not realize that men may unreservedly give their hearts to the country of their own choice and of their children's nativity.

Certain friends have urged suppression of this book because they say it will be criticized—such is the grounded fear in a free country of the consequences of free speech. It is difficult to refer with restraint to the dread of discussion which haunts many excellent men and women, who did not hesitate to urge boys to die for a country for the magnification of which they themselves are afraid to speak. The test of the propriety of what is here written is not “Is it agreeable to old notions?” but “*Is it true?*”

The future of Canada is surely big enough to lift critics out of the sloughs of suspicion, and to warn them that attacks on individuals whose

expressions they do not like have never succeeded in destroying ideas. The author would rather be judged by what he has written than by what others may suppose he should have said.*

The feasibility of closer organic union with other parts of the Empire, and the disadvantages of any fusion with the United States demand a more extended discussion than is possible here. Very much is held over in connection with the ominous progress of organized and unorganized Labour. The decisive factors in future national fiscal policy are too complicated and enormous for brief exposition. What we must do with our capitalists is a question which they cannot answer for a free people, but which free minds must examine without fear of their shaken power. The place of the zealous churchman in the twentieth century must be

* Because of the genius for misrepresentation which has pervaded partisan life, and which still lies in wait, two references to former writings of the author may be permitted.

In 1911 his pamphlet, "An Appeal to the British-Born," was fiercely assailed on the ground that it set the Old-Countryman against the native Canadian. Nothing could have been wider of the truth, for normal fathers do not provoke discord in their own homes. The title of the pamphlet is "An Appeal to the British-Born to Promote the Sense of Canadian Nationality as an Increasing Power within the British Empire." Nothing in it is discordant with this book, or is repugnant to a lengthy article printed in *The Monetary Times* of May 18th, 1907—twelve years ago—whose central sentiment is in this paragraph, which is the author's creed to-day:—

"Primarily, fundamentally, finally, Canada must be first in whatever we say, and think, and perform. The dweller within these borders whose affections are set on any other place, people, or polity, is an alien here, whatever documents he holds. To the newly arrived immigrant this may be a hard saying. For him, there is the excuse of the homesick, which soon dies down. But, if there is health and growth in him, he will come, not to love the land of his fathers less, but the home of his ambition more."

discussed largely before it can be estimated even approximately.

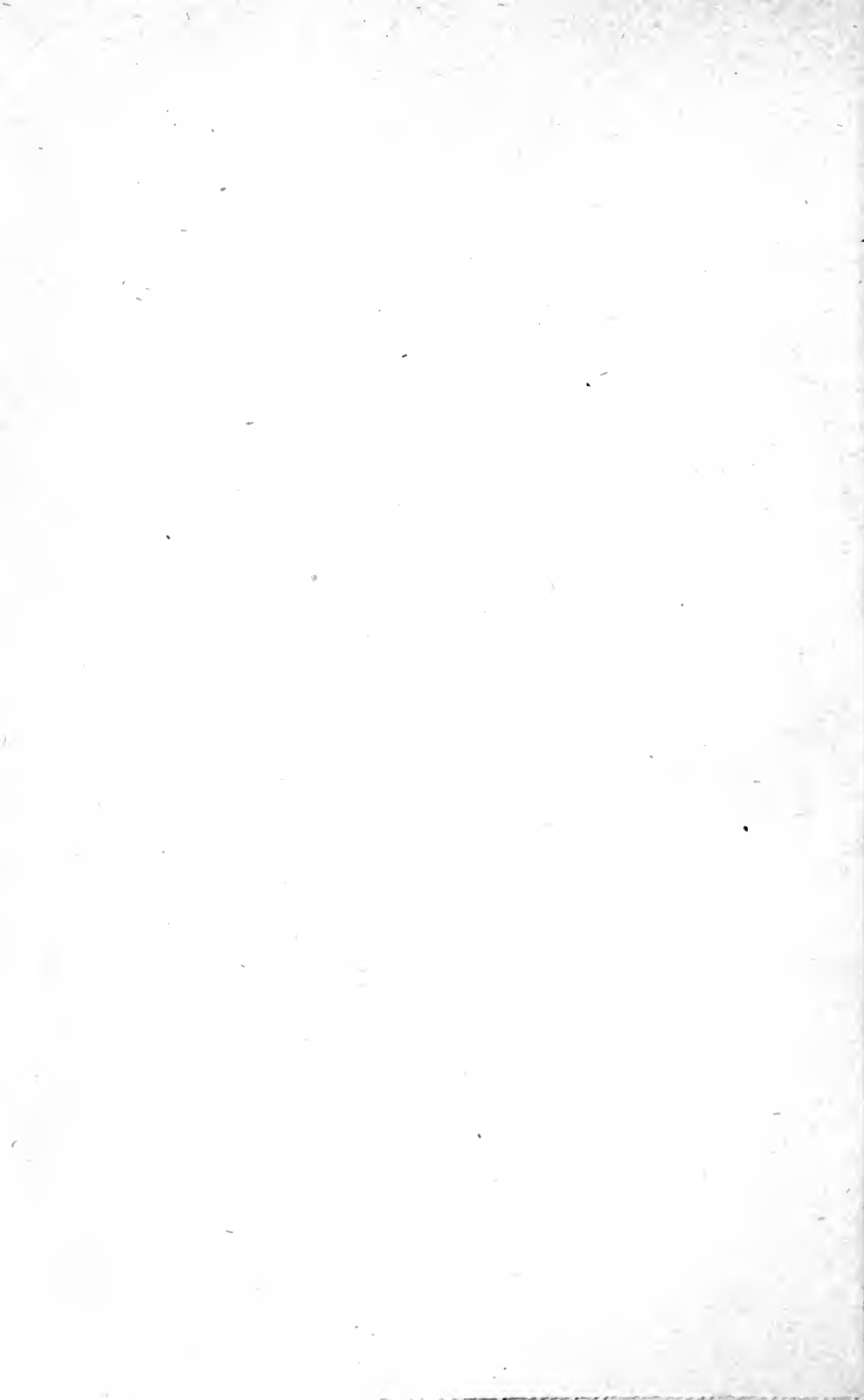
Those who think that any treatment of the French question is unsatisfactory unless it includes a valuation of the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church, may be reminded that a British subject's civil standing is not determined by his acceptance of any form of the faith once delivered to the saints.

No solutions of the religious, racial, social, economic, industrial and international crises that are approaching with such avalanchic speed are adumbrated here. There is little wisdom in members of a family proposing to fill the house with elegant furniture, if they stimulate ill-fellowship in the home. The chief confidence that is beneath, above, and all through this work is that the people who are building Canada, being God's children, are good; and that a broad, timeous, far-seeing statesmanship will enable them to consolidate the worthiest nation in the reconstructed world.

These, indeed, are perilous times. An effort is made in these pages to gauge some of the humanities, regard for which is essential to our national salvation. Those who suppose that dangers can be overcome by prophesying smooth things concerning them will find no lullabies here. If we daren't be frank we had better be dead.

A. H.

TORONTO, May, 1919.



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THE BIRTHRIGHT

CHAPTER I

HANDICAP AND GLOVE

Stating that a *Times* specialist found Canada's Imperialism disappointing, her army undisciplined, and her problems insignificant; that Press and Parliament feared to discuss national issues of the war, while the Round Table asserted the inferiority of Dominion citizenship and the necessity for a Government centralized in London, and taxing Canada in blood and treasure; and that only a quickened national spirit can defeat this disruptive doctrine.

During the third winter of the war a foremost Canadian newspaper received from a trusted member of the staff an account of his conversation in Winnipeg with a special correspondent of *The Times*, and with a colonel lately returned from England, who was also a member of Parliament. The contribution did not appear.

The Northcliffean emissary had discovered that Canada's participation in the war was not due to her Imperialism, but to her loyalty—the Canadians he had met did not seem to understand the nature of true Imperialism. He announced that the initiative, team play, and impatience of rigid discipline, which distin-

4 BALKAN PATTERN FOR CANADA

guished the Canadian soldiers, had caused them to be "no good" in England. Though these qualities were advantageous in the fighting hour, they still interfered with military efficiency, which was primarily a matter of unquestioning discipline.

The distance of this comprehension of the Imperial side of Canadian nationality from Canadian sentiment may be gauged from his assurance that difficulties like bi-lingualism and the assimilation of immigrated racial groups into Canadian life would solve themselves if only our political existence would revolve around an Imperial Government in London. Canada would then develop like the Balkans—an aggregation of peoples speaking as many languages as they chose, free to develop as many racial characteristics as seemed good to them; happy in a common devotion to a Central Providence, throned in London, and impartially dispensing its more glorious wisdom to British subjects throughout the world.

On the military side, *The Times'* representative was peculiarly grieved by the Parliamentary colonel's account of how, on the plains of Manitoba, he had ventured to supersede a regulation which forbade a private to approach a commanding officer except in the presence of a sergeant, and of his own resentment at being separated from his battalion as soon as it reached England.

The third party to the conversation was an Englishman, with much Canadian experience. He told the admirer of the Balkans that Englishmen, domiciled in their native county, and especially bachelors like himself, could never grasp the fundamentals of British Imperial unity until they knew what it was to leave England and beget children in one of the newer countries of the Empire.

This was the most rustic contribution to the solution of a political problem *The Times'* correspondent had ever met. But the Canadianised Englishman persisted in his argument with so much certitude and passion, born of blessed experience, that at last the other said, "Oh! well, you are going down to the bed-rock of things. I was talking of the difference between British Imperialism and Canadian loyalty."

The article which uncovered these conflicting ideas was suppressed by the judicious editor, not because it failed to mirror two divergent mentalities, nor because he sympathised with *The Times'* representative: but because it would agitate those excellent newspaper readers who become very fidgetty when a robust Canadianism is expressed in their hearing; and because discussion of the domestic realities of Canada's warfare, while the conflict raged, was too great an adventure into intellectual sovereignty for a constituency that had been reared in an atmos-

6 KITCHENER DEFEATED HUGHES

phere of contentment that somebody else should be willing to think Imperially and internationally for it.

There was a mighty fear of Canadians discussing their country's status during the war. But there was welcome for those who came from abroad with the most disturbing assurances that Canada must agree to a revolution in her status within the Empire, or be prepared to isolate herself from the congeries of Britannic nations.

It is useless to assail the press for an unreadiness to expound boldly the nobler attributes of a self-reliant, unconquerable Canadianism that is willing to carry all its own responsibilities within the Empire. We have the press and the Governments we deserve. That no English daily newspaper in Canada made itself the interpreter and champion of a militant assertion of Canadian nationality during a war in which the future of our peace was vitally involved, was regrettable but not surprising. It conformed to the silences within Parliament which the historian will note as the strangest of Canadian phenomena during the Great War.

It was known, for instance, that the Canadian War Minister fought strenuously for Canadian control of the Canadian army while it was in England; and that the Government refused to support him. It had accepted Lord Kitchener's dictum that when the Canadians reached Eng-

land they passed automatically under the control of the War Office—just as any vassal army might have done. No question was ever asked in the Canadian Parliament about such a degrading development in self-government.

Similarly, no reports, implying an admission of military responsibility to the Canadian people, were ever laid before Parliament of the battles in which thousands of Canadian lives were lost. At Passchendaele, the Canadian casualties exceeded by more than 2,500 the total casualties of the Allies at the battle of Waterloo. The only information that reached Parliament about such a sacrifice of Canadian life was included in a general enumeration of casualties, five months later, when an unusual procedure for obtaining more soldiers was being urged upon the Houses.

What is the explanation of the almost unanimous refusal, in press and Parliament, to explore our most crucial and most tragical affairs, while there is still time to decide their course? Something is wrong with the national articulation. Are we tongue-tied? or brain-stuck? or don't we care? Are we indifferent about the present because some unrecognised, ingrowing defect in the past makes us half-blind and imperceptive about the future? Has everything been so satisfactorily done for us that we need not trouble about doing great things for ourselves? Are we just drifting now

8 ROUND TABLE PHENOMENA

because we had drifted for so long that, even when we did cross a bloody sea, it was because somebody else was making the pace? Who will say exactly what we are? Who dares proclaim what we ought to be?

Are we a nation? Are we a state? Are we altogether self-governing, or are we a dependent people? For fifty terrible months we waged an unexampled war. Beyond the ocean sixty thousand of our soldiers sleep in foreign soil. We led the Americas in the amazing fulfilment of Canning's great saying that the New World had come into existence to redress the balance of the Old. But we wait for those who have neither past, present nor future in this land to tell us what we are, and what we must become. We receive meekly from them language which we fear to use among ourselves. We seem to be afraid to challenge their propositions. We conspire to stop the mouth of Canadian courage. We collect the multitude to hearken to speech from strangers who are brought to discourse to us of our own place and deeds among the nations.

A thousand Canadians have for years regularly assembled in groups to ponder the future of their country, especially in its relation to the Empire. For the most part deep silence has followed their nocturnal broodings. From the Round Table in Canada the only notable public deliverance has come through a public meeting

in Toronto in 1917. Similar meetings in other cities were promised, but never held. It was as though an infant had been prematurely exposed to the public gaze.

But the Round Table in London has published "The Problem of the Commonwealth," by Lionel Curtis (printed in Canada), and "The Commonwealth of Nations," edited by Mr. Curtis. The books predicate a central, Imperial Government in London (answerable to the Canadian people to about the same extent as the Canadian Government is answerable to the electorate of New Brunswick), which may make peace and war for Canada, and may forcibly collect taxes in Canada for foreign services and for war. The only alternative to this, it is boldly asserted, is that Canada shall become an independent republic. The choice between the two *must* be made soon after the war. The thousand circumtabular knights have neither repudiated this alternative nor suggested another.

Both the Round Table books are worthy of the momentous questions they discuss. For the first Mr. Curtis assumes all responsibility, but as it is in no conflict with the second, it may fairly be taken as a Round Table Deliverance—as authoritative for the Group as a Prime Minister's exposition of policy usually is for the Cabinet. Mr. Curtis's great ability and intense patriotism are unquestionable. To many

10 SECOND-CLASS RESPONSIBILITY

nothing is easier than to admire him, nothing more difficult than to follow him.

Nothing like these books has ever been placed at the disposal of Britannic citizenship. Their literary form is faultless. All publicists may well emulate their candour and fidelity to historical facts. The range of their outlook and the sincerity of their spirit will no doubt induce in those who agree with their aims, a glad conviction that the necessary momentum for attaining a dazzling Imperial ideal is assured.

The Round Table books give a somewhat new and disquieting appreciation of the noble word which described the Cromwellian republic. They deepen, also, the sense of responsibility with which those whose love for Canada dominates their love for any other country, as a man's love for his wife precedes his love for his mother, will turn from their immediate teaching and will accept the challenges which are explicitly and impliedly thrust upon them. How urgent, one had almost said how threatening, those challenges are, only becomes apparent when they are lifted from their literary trenches, and severally arrayed in the cold, morning light.

What must the answers be to such assertions as these following, that are pressed upon us by learned, responsible, earnest and wealthy men even while the blood was splashing upon our domestic and national shrines?

WE ARE SIMPLY A DEPENDENCY 11

We *know* now that the British Commonwealth has and must always have one Government which can commit every one of its citizens, and therefore, every part of the Commonwealth, to war.

* * * * *

Ministerial responsibility to Parliament and the people in the first, last and greatest of public interests exists only in the British Isles and has yet to be attained by the people of the Dominions.

* * * * *

In matters of peace and war, the first, greatest and most comprehensive of all public interests, Canadians are subject, in fact as well as in law, to a Government which exists, not in Ottawa, but in London.

* * * * *

The people of Britain and those of the Dominions have yet, by some solemn and irrevocable act, to decide whether it is to this mighty Commonwealth as a whole, or merely to the territory in which they live, that their final allegiance is due.

* * * * *

This, at any rate, can be prophesied with absolute certainty, that the British Empire, as at present established, cannot endure, unless it can realize its character as a Commonwealth in time, by extending the burden and control of its extreme functions to every community which it recognizes as fit for responsible government. Unless that is done the self-governing dominions must inevitably follow to the bitter end the path trodden by the first American colonies.

* * * * *

The institution of a hereditary president . . . will work only so long as their (the Dominions') governments recognize that the Dominion, though a nation, is not a state, but only a part of one wider Commonwealth, to the general government of which, rather than to themselves, their peoples are amenable in questions of peace and war. They may . . . do anything they please, short of handling for themselves the ultimate issues of national life or death. . . . They are simply dependencies.

12 WEAKNESS PITILESSLY BARED

A state is a community claiming an unlimited devotion on the part of each and all of its members to the interest of all its other members, living and yet to live. One person cannot recognize two such claims, because, sooner or later, they are bound to conflict. A Canadian ("South African" is the word used in the text), for instance, cannot allow a concurrent right of deciding whether he, individually is at peace or war, to exist both in the Government of Canada and in that of the British Commonwealth.

The Round Table has rendered an extremely valuable service in devoting 275 pages of the first part of "The Commonwealth of Nations" to an exposition of the American War of Independence, and the effects of what it calls the schism in the Commonwealth. The conditions of the latter-eighteenth and the early-twentieth centuries on this continent are vastly different. But the fundamentals of government are as enduring as human nature itself.

The history of the Thirteen Colonies and the United States is expounded for our present behoof. For Canadians it is more illuminating than its authors may have apprehended. In exhibiting the basic defect in the governance of the Thirteen Colonies the writers have laid bare with pitiless vividness, the weakness that has afflicted Canadian national statesmanship. It is written:

It is true to say that self-government has never been realized for any portion of this vast Commonwealth other than the United Kingdom itself.

In the light of that statement, consider this paragraph:

Citizens who have actually developed the capacity for government will tend to lose it unless it is developed to the full. Their knowledge and sense of responsibility will not only be wasted, but will languish for want of exercise. They will not be brought into touch with the ultimate facts of political life, nor made to feel that they suffer for political decisions in which they themselves have shared.

There is only one meaning to this. It is that, politically, the Canadian people are backward—the victims and examples of an arrested development—how backward the writers of the Round Table very plainly, though inferentially, disclose. Again, conditions are not what they were a hundred and fifty years ago, but the fundamentals of government are the same. The symptoms may vary, but the malady is essentially what it was.

What the authors of the Commonwealth books say about Canadian political experience and its resultant capacity to-day is remarkably like what they say of the Americans' political capacity when George the Third thought it was safe to tax them. The Americans did not thoroughly realize that making peace and war was the first, greatest and most comprehensive of public interests, because the Imperial doctrine then was that their defence should be directed from London. Read:

Life in the colonies was calculated to produce a race remarkable for courage, straight shooting and readiness to take up a quarrel. But the colonists had never been answerable for the safety of the commonwealth as a whole. . . . They had never known what it was to feel that it was they who must pay the price of national existence. They had never, in a word, come into contact with the iron facts of national life and death, the ultimate anvil where alone commonwealths can be wrought to their true temper and shape. Hence they had failed to develop the spirit as well as the organization which enables a community to call out its full fighting strength and keep them in the field as long as the public interest required their service. Such, at any rate, is the conclusion to which the most judicious and careful historian (Lecky) was led by his study of contemporary records.

* * * * *

Washington saw, from the outset, that the local resistance of the colonial militia might prolong, but could never end the war, unless he succeeded in creating an American army strong enough to face the British army and crush them, *and in so doing his greatest difficulty arose from the fact that the colonial system had done nothing to create an American spirit.* . . . In seven years he created the continental army which ended the war at Yorktown. But its ranks were recruited less from the native-born than from the immigrants.

* * * * *

Till the close of the eighteenth century the whole standard of public life in America had been poisoned by the system under which it had been developed. . . . By nature the colonists were just as capable of such responsibility as their kinsmen in Britain, but, except in provincial affairs, they had never been subjected to the discipline of freedom. That discipline was never really experienced until after 1778, when a Commonwealth was established from whose primary responsibilities no class of citizens were ever to be excluded, irrespective of their fitness and merely by reason of the particular locality in which they dwelt.

Here, then, is a remarkable background upon which Canadians are counselled to indite a perpetual promissory note, solemnly and irrevocably pledging those who are living and yet to live upon half a continent. They must decide, and decide quickly, what the writing is to be. See:

The Commonwealth cannot continue as it was. Changed it must be, and woe betide us if those changes are not conceived in accordance with the principle for which the Commonwealth stands.

* * * * *

Imperial ministers will be forced to confess that they cannot, in future, preserve the Commonwealth inviolate unless the cost is distributed on some principle of equality through all the communities whose freedom is involved.

* * * * *

The claim which a Commonwealth makes on its citizens is, in its nature, as absolute as that which a despotism makes on its subjects, and allegiance can no more be rendered by one citizen to two commonwealths than homage can be paid by one subject to two kings.

Could there be more ringing, one had almost written, more minatory challenges to Canadian self-determination than these grave deliverances? One could wish that they had been delivered in some other fashion—that the Tables of the Law had not been so deeply engraved before they were brought down from the Mountain. With the honesty of George the Third a doctrine of consolidation is preached, which can only lead to a disruption that would be calamitous for the world. Its defect is that it misunderstands the Canadian genius. The

people who are so plainly told that they are backward in self-government have shown themselves to be very forward in war.

Press and Parliament may be singularly reluctant to promote as brave discussions as the Round Table so manfully demands. But the Canadian people have too many inherent greatnesses to remain much longer where the Round Table has set them down. The issue is indubitably here. It cannot be evaded. It is better to march boldly up to it than to linger around its fringes.

A key to its settlement must be sought. It can be found without a tiresome search on some remote Sinai. It is lying on the Canadian hearth, beside the cradle of the Canadian child. It is waiting to be picked up, and inserted into the heart of the Canadian people. It is called the Canadian birthright.

The larger salvation for Canada within the Empire must be achieved through the exaltation of the Canadian spirit, its permeation of the Britannic Alliance of free and equal nations, and its untrammelled operation within the League of Nations, where the lustre of ten millions may be as splendid as the magnitude of ninety millions more.

This is the first incumbency upon Canadians who desire to see, who are willing to think, who are not afraid to speak, and who are prepared to act.

CHAPTER II

FATHERS, AND—

Shewing how Sir Robert Borden's dismissal of King George as creator of Canadian birthrights calls for an examination of the bases of citizenship; detailing how an electioneering exclusionist provoked an immigrant to expound a new equality of patriotism between parents of Canadian children who understand that birthright derives its glory from the future because sons and daughters are more important than grandfathers.

The War begot many revolutions, whose harvests have not yet been gathered. None of them was more surprising than the revolution which the Canadian Government, without waiting for the authority of Parliament, perpetrated upon King George. By Order-in-Council His Majesty was told, in extraordinary language, that he had offended the Canadian people by conferring hereditary titles of honour on sundry of their fellow-citizens; that he had better withdraw the rights he had guaranteed; that if any Canadians desired openly to acknowledge His Majesty's right to ennoble their heirs, they must endure banishment from their native land; and that if any baronets or peers of the realm proposed to settle in Canada, and to maintain the dignity they enjoyed everywhere else in the Empire, they would be treated as undesirables. They could not become Canadians unless they

18 KING GEORGE MUST REVOKE

accepted a denial of the most distinguished birthright that had been secured to them by letters patent of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Dominions Beyond the Seas, and Emperor of India.

No such revolutionary assault upon the royal prerogative had been committed by the servants of a British monarch since the Stuarts were deposed. It was a repudiation of the theory of birthright on which the whole political structure of the British Empire has been builded for a thousand years. It was literally a Canadian revolution on the birthright plane—a bold interference with the most impressive of the rights of the Crown. It not only said “Never again,” but it overthrew the venerable doctrine that the king can do no wrong.

King George was bidden by his servants to take away what he had solemnly, and in perpetuity, bestowed. He was requested to publish to the world that the very principle on which he held the first place in the state could safely be set at naught by those who had sworn to maintain it.

A responsible Government, newly come to power, with a staid constitutionalist like Sir Robert Borden at its head, and containing five knights whose titles were all thankfully received within the preceding five years, would not make such an astounding raid upon the most absolute of the regal powers, and violate the innermost

shrine of the British system, unless it were confident that public opinion would endorse its unexampled daring.

This Declaration of Independence in Canadian birthright, can only mean that something new, something vital has entered into the growth of Canadian citizenship. The King having been deprived of his power to give to Canadians their choicest claims to natal honour, what takes the place of the rejected monarchical function?

As to birthright, the King is dead. Long live the King. But what and where is his crown?

.

“What business have you to talk to Canadians about their affairs?” an indignant partisan demanded of a participant in an Ontario bye-election. “You aren’t a Canadian; you weren’t born here; what do you know about Canada, anyway?”

“Have you ever been in the West?” was the unexpected answer.

“No.”

“Visited the Maritime Provinces?”

“No.”

“Are you familiar with Quebec?”

“I was in Montreal once.”

“Have you ever seen Lake Huron or been to Cobalt?”

“Not yet.”

“You ask what I know about Canada,”

the immigrated citizen went on. "Not as much as I ought. But, beginning with the year of the second Riel rebellion, I lived several years in the West, and went through the troubles of the pioneer prairie farmer. Later I used to travel thirty thousand miles a year in Canada between Yarmouth and Victoria. Probably I know the Maritime Provinces better than you know Ontario. I have tried to understand something about Quebec, by spending weeks at a time there, and talking with all sorts of French Canadians. Do you mind telling what you have learnt about Canada, with your own eyes and ears?"

"Gee!" was the answer, "I guess you've got me there: I haven't been round a great deal, I'll admit."

"Did you ever live for days in Doukhobor houses?"

"Never saw one, and don't want to."

"Ever been through a German settlement in your own province—where the people have been settled anywhere from fifty to a hundred years?"

"No."

"Or talked with Acadians who have been in Canada two hundred years?"

"What are they?"

"They are French people in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick."

"Say, are the French away down there, too?"

BRITISH AND ENGLISH-SPEAKING 21

“ Oh, yes, and very interesting people they are; native-born Canadians for many generations. They never saw any other country, and don't want to—they are just Canadians.”

“ Are there many of them?”

“ Fifty thousand in Nova Scotia, th—”

“ What's that?”

“ Fifty-one thousand in Nova Scotia; thir—”

“ You must be mistaken; I don't believe there's fifty-one hundred.”

“ The census figures say that in 1911 there were fifty-one thousand in Nova Scotia, thirteen thousand in Prince Edward Island, and ninety-eight thousand in New Brunswick.”

“ Bless my soul, I wouldn't have believed it. Are you *sure*?”

“ Quite. I know some of them. Canada's a remarkable country, isn't it? These fellows down by the sea, whose existence seems to astonish you, talk French and think French. Suppose one of them were to ask me why I dared to say anything about Canadian affairs, and what did I know about Canada, because he was born in Canada and I wasn't, and he had lived all his life in his birthplace, while I had only gained a first-hand knowledge of all nine provinces, what would you advise me to tell him?”

“ I'd mighty soon tell him that this is a British and an English-speaking country, and I wouldn't let him or any other Frenchman say where I get off at—no, siree-ee.”

“But I never find it necessary to talk like that with the French, either in Nova Scotia or Quebec. They treat me as if I’m just as good a Canadian as they are. We get along fine, by taking another tack.”

“And what tack’s that?”

“Do you mind if I ask two or three personal questions?”

“All right, as long as you don’t get *too* darned personal.”

“How many children have you?”

“Two.”

“You expect them to spend their lives in Canada?”

“Sure thing.”

“You and I are just alike, except that my wife and I have four children whom we want to leave in Canada along with yours. You see, we’ve thrown four live anchors into the future of this country.”

“And you want me to understand that I’ve thrown only two? Don’t rub it in too hard.”

“My dear fellow, I don’t want to rub it in. All I want is that both of us try to think it out.”

“I get you. What next?”

“How many children had your mother?”

“Three.”

“All born in Canada?”

“Yes, about six miles up the river from here. I’d like you to come out and see the place.”

"Thanks. Name the time, and we'll go. Mother and father dead?"

"Yes."

"How many grandchildren did they leave?"

"Let me see. My two; Jane has four; and Will one—seven at present, I guess."

"So your mother gave three children and seven grandchildren to Canada? Don't you think she has done more for Canada than the man who has taken a million dollars out of Canada and hasn't given a single child to his country?"

"You bet I do."

"And would you say that as a citizen you want to be worthy of what your mother has done for Canada by giving her children and grandchildren to your country?"

"You're hitting the nail there, all right."

"Because I'm in the same boat with you again. In all I do as a Canadian citizen I want to honour what my mother has done for Canada."

"You don't say! I didn't know your mother was a Canadian."

"She never saw Canada, and though she's still alive she never will. But, by the standard of people rather than of money, she's a great Canadian, all the same. There are forty-eight people in Canada this afternoon who wouldn't have been here but for her—three sons and their children and grandchildren, and the children

and grandchildren of her two other sons and two daughters who remain in England. I am responsible for twelve of the forty-eight being in Canada. Am I not entitled to say something about the present and future conditions under which my mother's descendants and mine must live? Would you tell my Canadian children they have no business to speak about Canadian affairs? No, because they were born here. But have they Canadian rights, privileges, and duties which do not belong to their father and mother who gave them being? Would you tell them that their father should hold his tongue about their future?"

"Say, but you sure are putting it all over me. I wish I hadn't spoken."

"But I'm very glad you did speak, because it has given us a chance to do some thinking together. Would you care to hear a little more?"

"You just go ahead, as long as you've a mind to. I wish I'd heard this sort of stuff before. Where do you get these ideas, anyway?"

"Where do they come from? They come from where you and I are on exactly level terms—the cradle-side of our Canadian-born children. That is the place to find out that parentage, and politics, and religion, and Canadianism are the same things. Parliament is the place where the law is made. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and it should therefore be the mainspring,

the foundation and the structure of the law. What love is like a mother's for her child? You go to church?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, in the New Testament there is a great story of how Christ showed a crowd of average people like you and me what the Kingdom of Heaven is. He began by taking a little child, and setting him in the midst. He told them that unless they became like the child they couldn't inherit the Kingdom. He also said, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' You know as well as I do that you didn't really begin to understand what was within yourself—deep down, high up, and all over—until your child began to govern your home, and you saw what a miserable, starved, inconsequential thing an old bachelor is. The Nation is only the home multiplied. It is the child that makes them both precious, and may make them glorious."

"I guess that's true, too."

"I *know* it's true. Let me tell you why. You say you have never seen a Doukhobor. But you have seen plenty of Italians and other people from Europe?"

"Foreigners? Oh, yes; lots of them."

"Do you think 'foreigners' is the best word to apply to them? Is it quite like Canadian hospitality to urge these people to come here and then always call them 'foreigners'?"

"What other word is there?"

“There is none so easy, but if we use it freely we may encourage a dangerous levity in Canadian children. You’ve heard of the Irishman, immigrated to Philadelphia, who married, and had a son. When the boy was five years old he displayed excessive capacity for bringing up his father. At last the father revolted, and began to chastise the boy.

“‘Leave me alone; let me be!’ the youngster bawled. ‘Don’t you dare! I’ll have no cussed foreigner laying his hands on me.’

“You see what I’m driving at. Because you are Canadian-born, you claimed something special for yourself which you felt like denying to me. The children of the so-called foreigners are Canadian children, born as you were. Every right and privilege, that you and your children enjoy is theirs, by the same birthright. When you speak of an Italian as a Dago, or of a Jew as a Sheeney, you are speaking disdainfully of the ancestors of generations of Canadians—citizens who may some day rise up and confound your descendants with a superior kind of ability.

“Your mother, by giving living people to Canada did more for Canada than the richest bachelor or sonless, daughterless millionaire or Cabinet Minister has ever done. By the same token, these men and women have given to Canada what has been denied to those of the native-born who are like your childless million-

aire. The poorest of them can look down the vista of the future and see the heirs of their new-found freedom building the prosperity of Canada. They can say, with pure and undefiled exultation: 'I shall live again.' "

"I guess you're right."

"I *know* I'm right, because, thank the good Lord, I have found out by experience that the cot of my child in Canada is infinitely more splendid for me than the tomb of my grandfather in England. I have discovered that there are two birthrights, and that the one we have supposed to be the inferior makes the Canadian temple harmonious in all its parts, and solid on its foundations—a noble dwelling for the Canadian spirit.

"We had no choice in our own birth, and therefore the rights of citizenship that it brought, noble and indefeasible as they are, must be second to those which belong to our having brought other Canadian citizens to birth, and sustained them into manhood and womanhood. There is more responsibility and glory in being a father than in being a son, in being a mother than in being a daughter. So, when you ask what I know about Canada, and why I venture to speak about Canada, the answer is that I have received the sacramental birthright of a father of the native-born."

CHAPTER III

MOTHERS OF THE NATIVE-BORN

Beginning with a bishop and several knights, who dreaded the feminine advance; pays homage to the pioneering maternity, indicates similarities between some modern notions about women and the creed of Chief Matonabee, who said, "They do everything, and are maintained at trifling expense;" and, through a sketch of a Doukhobor community in Saskatchewan, pleads for recognition of the value of the "foreign" mothers of the native-born.

An eloquent Bishop declared to an Empire Club that the suffragettes who were throwing stones in London should be deluged with the hose or bitten by rats.

Shortly before the war Sir Wilfrid Laurier answered a friend who urged him to champion women's full advent to citizenship, that the proper place for women was in the home.

In the midst of the war, when women had received the vote in several western provinces, a publicist told a company of leading Quebec citizens of what he had found in Winnipeg and beyond, and enquired how soon feminine suffrage would reach the Plains of Abraham. Two knights earnestly assured him that he would not live to see women in Quebec degraded from the holy estate of motherhood to the ignobility of electioneering.

The Bishop, who forgot his Lord's example, died before his advice was taken. Sir Wilfrid Laurier saw Parliament pass a Dominion-wide enfranchisement of women without a division.

In less than a year after they had said the innovation would never afflict their province, the knights in Quebec saw their feminine neighbours going to the polls.

So do revolutions come and stay, to confound the wise, and to elevate those who had no strength to the seats of the mighty. Two women are members of the Alberta Legislature. One of them was elected by soldiers overseas. When Mr. Ralph Smith, the Provincial Treasurer of British Columbia, died, his place in the Assembly was taken by his most able widow.

There will soon be women in every place where laws are made. They will appear in the Senate—if the Senate is not marked for speedy death. No woman would ever bring decrepitude into the Parliamentary sphere—wherein is a fore-ordained revolution in senatorial nerve. When women come, doddering old men will go.

It is an impertinence to say that women earned the franchise by war-working—as impertinent as it would be to say that the soldier earned the vote by fighting. To every preceding war women made the same greatest contribution which they gave to this war. They bore every soldier. If they “earned” their citizenship

in this war time they earned it in preceding wars. If they did not receive it then they were kept out of a right. If women are not entitled to full citizenship by virtue of their humanity they cannot acquire it by knitting socks. The right to citizenship has always been part of the right to bring forth citizens. That this war had to occur before men could recognize it only shows how much tragedy is necessary to enable some of us to identify the elementary justices of human partnership.

It is not universally apprehended that the franchise is a right. Sir James Whitney told a suffragist deputation that the vote was not a right, even for men. It was a privilege. He did not say from whom one man acquired the right to order another man's life, or decree his death. Sir James was not a conspicuously profound or original thinker. He was akin to the Toronto broker who avowed with immense confidence that it was the millionaires who had made Canada. Asked what had made the millionaires, he said the weather was turning cold.

In the discussions of the Dominion Women's Suffrage Bill Sir Wilfrid Laurier was disposed to retain the right of the provinces to settle the Dominion franchise. There was an echo of Sir James Whitney in what he said—and Sir James was neither a Liberal nor a Catholic:—"In most of the provinces they have universal manhood suffrage. Every man has a vote who is

twenty-one years of age. In the province of Quebec the franchise is not given as a right; but it is made accessible to everybody. Every man in Quebec is a voter who is a landowner. The lessee of property of a value of \$2 a month in cities is also a voter. In practice it amounts to manhood suffrage; but it is not claimed as a right."

Parliament handed women the vote because they are women. In Quebec the vote does not come to a man because he is a man, but because he is the voice of property. An organized demand for women's suffrage was successful in the five provinces west of the Ottawa River before the Dominion Parliament created the feminine vote. There was no demand such as would impel the Provincial Government to propose similar legislation in Quebec. The women of other provinces achieved civic greatness; the women of Quebec have had the franchise thrust upon them. Provincially, the Quebec women are inferior to the men; nationally they are more free than the men. If John Knox, and myriads of other Presbyterians and Methodists—John Wesley, for instance, whose wife dragged him around the room by his hair—had been told that this would occur in a territory where the celibate priesthood is more powerful than in any other part of the British Empire, they would have said that such an age of revolution would surely portend the Last Things.

32 WHERE BRIBERY MUST HALT

One does not mention electoral machineries because they are conclusive of anything more than that something has moved. Nor can it be assumed that, because women now have the vote they may be regarded as a separate entity in the state. If equal franchise makes a difference to women, it will make a very much greater difference to men, however characteristically blind some of us are to what is happening to ourselves. Much may be said about the unpreparedness of women for the vote. The *Mail and Empire* has facetiously suggested that candidates who spend much time looking after the feminine voter will lose their deposits.

It is not seriously contended that, after generations of the suffrage, all men are thoroughly qualified to decide the national and provincial fates. Women are an incalculable factor in politics, whether they go feebly or furiously to the polls. The unfixity of their attitude—whether they will be as blindly devoted to partisan fetishes as the men have been—already makes the old-time politician more careful, more amusingly clumsy, in his ways. In constituencies which have been notoriously corrupt, practitioners of the bribing art are in a bewildered posture. They fear to try the old games of purchase on women. Money may still talk, but it is becoming incoherent. It is a little difficult about insulting women who can hit back.

Gradually the silly misrepresentations, per-

sonal bitternesses, and moral indignities which have been associated with the most serious function of citizenship, will disappear. Veteran experts of the platform find that their traditional fulminations are out-of-date. Their fawning upon the woman voter will wear away.

They will learn how many superior women, and how many inferior men, are in the public arena. They will also learn that many questions occupy new places in the order of public importance. In time, they will understand that women are of inestimable service in public life, not because they are becoming like men, but because they will always be blessedly different. It will be an overpowering discovery for many that politics are more manly when they become more womanly. It is the sense of women's equality that causes men to grow. The spirit of proprietorial condescension depresses when it seems to exalt. A man is never more foolish than when he imagines that cowardly Adam was Eve's superior.

Leaving Yorkton, to visit remote Doukhobor villages, one passed the farm of a man whose wife, the driver said, had lately died. Her grief-stricken husband remarked to a consoling neighbour, "I would rather have lost a hundred and fifty dollars than that woman."

In an eastern province the favourite son of an honest father died, just as he was old enough to attend school. "It will take me an awful

long time to get over it," the father wailed. "It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been his mother: I could have replaced her."

The equal franchise hastens the revision of values that was proceeding, not only among those in whom the Indian tradition was daily exemplified. Men with eyes were seeing that women's wits are as essential in settling modern affairs of state as they were to the success of Samuel Hearne's three-year journey from Fort Churchill to the Coppermine a hundred and fifty years ago. Twice he failed. He only succeeded when Chief Matonabbee took the management, and insisted that women were essential to the great trip.

"Women," said Matonabbee, "were made for labour. One of them can carry or haul as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance, or for any length of time, in this country, without their assistance. Though they do everything, they are maintained at a trifling expense; for, as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers, in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence."

Of Matonabbee Hearne says—and he might have been describing many a modern husband and father who still dislikes the feminine franchise:

“It was impossible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promise than he was. His scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian, while his benevolence and universal humanity to all the human race, according to his manner of life, could not be exceeded by the most illustrious personage now on record. He was the only Indian I ever saw, except one, who was not guilty of backbiting and slandering his neighbours.”

Matonabee gave a remarkable final proof of greatness of soul—and of his inappreciation of the higher value of women. The last warfare between the French and English in Canada was not in the year following the capture of Quebec, but in the year before peace was made with the revolted colonies. Hearne surrendered Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill river, to the French Admiral La Perouse, who destroyed it and carried off Hearne and the rest of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants. When Matonabee heard of this disgrace of his old colleague he hanged himself, leaving six wives and several children to die of starvation in the succeeding winter.

A re-incarnated Matonabee would hold the modern view of the indispensability of women to the state. In a white skin he might have evolved into the typical Canadian, and shown

how futile it is to imagine that we can travel any distance on the road to progress without women's fullest co-operation. He would pay constant tribute to their unnumbered services in transforming solitudes into communities, and in creating a nation in whose dignities there is neither male superiority nor female servitude. He would accord their rightful place to the mothers of the native-born.

In truth, if we learn most of what is noble at the maternal knee, we may acquire there also the most splendid and tenacious attributes of patriotism. What is the birthplace to a father compared with what it means to a mother? The fashion of bringing forth children in hospitals has its recommendations for those who are willing to enter the Valley through the abode of the stranger; and who are glad that their child's first cries will hallow an unfamiliar chamber. But there is a sublimity which the most perfect hygiene cannot attain. "All my children were born here"—that matronly claim in homes which are veritable bulwarks of the state is exceeding good to hear.

Intense love of country may flourish among those to whom the joys of home have been denied; but the completest devotion to country abounds where there has been the closest attachment to the hearth. General Hertzog told me in Bloemfontein that a remarkable feature of his three years' campaigning in the Boer war was

the frequency with which burghers, on the interminable trek to escape or to entrap the British, would ask for a few days' leave, promising to rejoin the commando at some distant place. They would ride off alone, and after two or three days, would find a ruined homestead, brood awhile amid its desolation, on the women and children taken away to a concentration camp, and then cheerfully return to the commando and the war. What was there in such a covenant of solitude, but the devotion of a man to what his womenkind had been and still were, in making homes and perpetuating humanity on the boundless veldt?

The tongue of an angel could not describe the treasures of toil, and sacrifice, and courageous love with which motherhood has consecrated Canada.

The pioneer woman still occupies more than half the front line of our civilization. Life for her may have become less isolated than it was, because the printed word abounds; and almost everywhere the telephone is within reach for desperate occasions. But, for many, the frequency of their contact with the world makes their geographical isolation harder to bear. Loneliness has taken its awful toll in the insanity of women who would have adorned complex society. They have left heirs who were in rude health long before the maternal breakdown came, and who will presently furnish the

brains and character and driving force for the communities their mothers may not see. It is good, indeed, that the children remain. It is a shame that the mothers' tragedy should have been. It lies at the masculine door.

When there were no highly organized governments, and no well equipped centres of population; and when the possibilities of social politics were not glimpsed even by the farthest-sighted, there was some excuse for leaving the domestic frontiers exposed, with so little support from the crowded centres of ease. That time has passed. The city becomes rich because the bush and the prairie are subdued. The soldiers of colonization are as deserving of support as the soldiers of devastation. In their warfare the women perforce are in the midst of action. In the re-arranging of civic values they must be moved up; their voices must be welcomed into civic expression; their counsel must be heeded; their children must be honoured.

That is peculiarly true of those who came to Canada little enough instructed in the lore of their native lands, and knowing neither the speech nor the thought of their children's country. You have seen them passing through Winnipeg, and have stayed in their houses on the plain. It is foolishly easy to dismiss them with the epithet of "foreigner"—as we might have dismissed a Madonna and her Child. But to look beyond the Dawn of To-morrow, and to

behold their progeny to the third and fourth generation of the native-born, is to wonder whether you and your kind are qualified to transform the centuries of middle Europe into the future of Canada; and to make generations yet unbegotten glad that their forbears braved the unknown, formidable Canada.

In the women who have come, with kerchiefed heads, uncorseted bodies, and high, heavy boots, there are strange possibilities of leadership in what we are pleased to call Anglo-Saxon civilization, but which is merely humanity, written upon as the Lord has permitted us to write in a country which may be independent of the past, but is quivering with obligation to the future. No mothers are despicable, least of all those whose poverty tells you that they are of a peasantry which may be ignorant, but is certainly virile, and waits only opportunity to climb from its ancient servilities into intellectual, social and political freedom.

Not long ago there was talk of drastically limiting immigration to the United States. An opponent of the severest restrictions was Senator Nelson, who had represented Minnesota at Washington for thirty years. "If this restriction had been in force sixty years ago," he said, "my widowed mother and I would have been refused admittance to the United States."

This is not a plea for an unrestricted immigration, but for making the best of what the

40 MINOR BETHLEHEMS AROUND

Government knowingly brought hither, and to regard wisely the asset of the women who have given life to thousands of Canadian children. Motherhood is the same through the wide, wide world. Always from the humble the great have sprung. The earth is full of minor Bethlehems. Mary, of whom it was charitably said that she was found to be with child, had not a sublimer love than that which, this very day, redeems many a Canadian seclusion from despair.

An earnest Englishman in Vancouver was discoursing on the evils of "foreign" immigration in general, and Doukhobor immigration in particular.

"Have you ever been in a Doukhobor settlement?" was asked of him.

"No," was the answer; "but I have been in Canada sixteen years, and you must be here a long time to understand conditions."

"Well," said the recipient of the Englishman's urgent representations, "I have just come from several Doukhobor villages in Saskatchewan. There has been some weird religious fanaticism in a few places; but perhaps it was not more weird than you thought the zeal of some of our countrywomen was when you first saw the Salvation Army bonnet, and heard sweet-faced English girls playing tambourines in the street. You think it will take a hundred years to assimilate these people to Canadian

civilization. They are not so slow; and Canadian civilization is not so impotent. You think they are the most backward of all the people who have come to us?"

"I certainly do, from what I read in the papers."

"Ah! but have you only read in the papers things that were to their discredit?"

"That's so, too."

"There is a minority of our own people of whom we read nothing in the papers, except when they are in the police court. But, if you were satisfied that, in some things, the Doukhobors are our equals; and in others they are our superiors, could you think that Canada need not be punished for a hundred years, unless she wants to be, for bringing these Russians here?"

"If the hundred years can be reduced, yes."

"The Doukhobors are great workers. They came to Canada with nothing, and were dumped on the bare prairie at great distances from the railway. They detailed a contingent to work on railroads, while others built houses and prepared against the winter. In a few years they have made relatively more progress than any other people who have come here, not excluding the Americans. They are fine farmers, marvellously good to their beasts. They are not very literate, and their women are backward from some points of view—the same point of view from which our own women were backward

in our fathers' time, compared with what they are now. Their learning may have been weak, but their characters were strong.

“ But there is a Doukhobor trait which promises as swift a social emergence as there has been an economic emergence—and that is the exquisite politeness they practise towards their women; and which their women practise towards the stranger. Until you have seen the average Doukhobor remove his hat in greeting to his fellows, women and men alike, you have not learned to what heights courtesy in the country may attain. In that respect, I think they are almost as far ahead of the French as the French are ahead of us. Until you have received the hospitality of a Doukhobor housewife, in a scrupulously clean house, with a garnished floor of clay and a roof of sod, you have not learnt how splendid the amenities of entertainment, in severely simple surroundings, may be.

“ In her bare feet, and with her head covered, she sets the table, boils the eggs, fries raw, sliced potatoes in butter, and waits upon you with silent assiduity, anxious that you shall enjoy the best she has. When you have drunk the last glass of milkless tea, you have not well finished the meal if you do not rise, bow to her, and say something neat and sincere in gratitude for the service. She will bow to you, in return, and say she is glad to have had the pleasure of

entertaining you. She has as much good will, and more gravity than you perceive in Connaught; and about the house there is nothing to remind you of the gintleman that pays the rint.

“What is wrong with models of industry, hospitality, cleanliness, politeness, and physical strength like these? They know little of the Caucasia they have left. We have taken little care that they shall know more of the Canada to which they have come.

“I have often seen a Doukhobor village which overlooks the North Saskatchewan river, near the Canadian Northern bridge at Elbow. Every time I behold the panorama of that valley, I see also the first French explorers, forcing their way to the Rocky Mountains; and Alexander Mackenzie, who went this route to the Arctic and Pacific Oceans. I see David Thompson, of whom J. B. Tyrrell justly says that he was the greatest land geographer of all time, passing up and down, on journeys which took him from Montreal to where the Columbia reaches the Pacific in Oregon, and from Churchill to the villages of the Mandans, in the Missouri valley. I watch Butler with his dogs on the ice, making for Fort Garry, after visiting Edmonton and Fort Macleod, and getting the material for his fascinating ‘Great Lone Land’; and I wonder whether he camped on the first island below the bridge, where wood and shelter abound.

“To me the view from the Russo-Canadian

village is full of romance and history. The cattle lazily coming up the path from the river remind me of the vast herds of buffalo single-filing the innumerable furrows that still mark the grassy slope. Close to the track I observe a gigantic rubbing stone, with the ground worn away from its lower side, where they sought relief from the summer torments; and around which they made the wallows that remain like saucers in the soil. These trails and signs bring back to me the Indian age, the invasions of the hunters with powder and ball, the strange extinction of the myriads of beasts whose bones I used to see whitening the knoll-tops past thirty years ago.

“ But what do the Doukhobors know of things like these? Who has told them that the Past has provided, on their homesteads, lore that is more enduring than a stand of wheat, and more precious than a herd of kine? Canadian boys and girls are born in this village, and in fifty others, whose mothers know nothing of the great story with which their children’s early and latter days may be nobly infected. The loss is theirs; but it is infinitely ours. We brought these wealth creators here. Before we damn them, it is well to examine ourselves. If we have made a mistake it is for us to rectify it, but not at their expense—that wouldn’t be British fair play. If we have not made a mistake; if the good God has made us of one blood, if ‘ all ye

are brethren,' then let us make the most of the fortune that resides in the people whose men have so many admirable qualities, and whose women are so unspotted from the world. That's what I have learned from contact with the Doukhobors."

"You surprise me," the Englishman replied.

"The Doukhobors surprised me," was the response. "Talk about water-powers being allowed to run to waste in Canadian woods. It is nothing to the woman-powers that we are turning to waste in Canadian homes—all kinds of homes, of all kinds of immigrations. I have talked about the Doukhobors because they seemed to be your pet aversion. For excellences in character, and potentialities of increase, the other mothers of the school-going generation who must learn English from their Canadian children, are just as invaluable to the economy of God. If we don't know how to make enthusiastic, informed and everlasting Canadians of them we are not half as divinely gifted as we think we are."

CHAPTER IV

HO! FOR A CHRISTENING!

Surveying the Provinces in quest of the Typical Canadian, and finding him not—the Maritimes connect with New England; Quebec is driven in on herself; the Ontario at home is decried by the Ontario in the West; the prairie country is recent in settlement and heterogeneous in race; British Columbia is isolated, Pacific and cosmopolitan—there is no Typical Canadian, because a unifying, compelling ideal has not been preached to all the people.

Ten thousand dollars is offered the discoverer of the typical Canadian.

There is no Roosevelt on this side of the line. Of him it was said, "He was *the* American—the express image, the dynamic embodiment of the Republic." There cannot be such a man in Canada as yet. Nobody will venture to describe Canada herself. Much less can the person who most resembles her be pictured.

If a jury from the ten Governments and the twenty leading universities and colleges of Canada, were asked to compound a typical Canadian citizen from the ingredients of the voters' lists, they could not produce a generally acceptable specimen. Nobody is to blame for this monumental indeterminism. A youth is not to be condemned because he has no certitude about his vocation. His elders are to blame if

they refuse him opportunities for discovering what he is fitted for.

Only a Kaiser, more foolish than Kaisers usually are, would dream of denying to a people the right to live and grow harmoniously with their birthright. Only a people that has not appreciated its own greatness would fail to claim all that its birthright implies. It is essential to know what that birthright is. Behind that question is another—Is there one Canadian people, or are there many Canadian peoples? Who are we? Whence do we come? Whither shall we go? Are we a rope of many sands, or are we being solidified into a nation by a pure and durable cement? Survey Canada, and what do you discern between sea and sea?

Where the Atlantic rolls upon Canadian shores there is as great variation in the Canadians as there is between the tides which, in the Bay of Fundy, sometimes rise and fall ten feet an hour, and on the other side of the peninsula do not exceed ten feet a day.

For hundreds of miles along the Nova Scotian coast there is hardly a square block of a hundred arable acres. In parts of the interior, before the war, the farmer was flourishing who handled three hundred dollars of real money in a year.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the whole country was Acadia. French people have been in isolated fishing villages and on

quiet farms nearly three centuries. In Lunenburg county there are thousands of Germans whose forbears came because, when Wolfe was besieging Quebec, George the Second placarded his kingdom of Hanover with advertisements about Nova Scotia. The German accent survives, as the German style of yoking oxen does through the province—even in Halifax, most English of Canadian capitals. Here is a county predominantly of the Baptist faith. There is one almost as Scotch as Kirkcaldy, and more Catholic than Montreal.

In Nova Scotia the last census period saw considerable increase of population only in the steel and coal areas. The Nova Scotia French increased at double the rate of the English. In Prince Edward Island the French declined only half as fast as the English-speaking natives. In New Brunswick the English lost eight thousand, the French gained nineteen thousand, and became twenty-five per cent. of the whole. If the English had done as well as the French they would have increased sixty thousand.

What is the governing principle of the life of Maritime Canada, which travellers sometimes call the dead provinces? Dr. Chisholm, Member of Parliament for Inverness—the north-western county of Cape Breton Island—speaks English, Gaelic and French to his patients. The Canada that Dr. Chisholm meets at Ottawa is indeed a distant country to his constituents. It has little

relation to the traditions which surround the early settlement of the island—French or Scotch.

The Maritimes' sense of unity with Canada is growing. But for several decades their sons and daughters emigrated numerously to New England, and do so still, though Western Canada contains many of them. In no Canadian city is there a counterpart of the Intercolonial Club, of Boston, the capacious social home of the folk who have left the three provinces.

The exodus from the Maritime Provinces to the United States has been the barometer of a declining agriculture, only now being arrested, of the depletion of many virile elements of the population, and of the handicap in Canadianism which is a partial consequence of the opposition to Confederation. People down by the sea still talk of going to Canada. The American market having been opened to Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick potatoes, the always abundant trade relations between Maritime Canada and New England will become more abundant still.

The maritime Canadians are as fine a people as those of any similar country. They have a singularly intense devotion to their own communities, and an equally intense faith in the quality of their public men. A rare old senator said to me, "There isn't any question but that the eighteen ablest men in the House of

Commons are the eighteen from Nova Scotia." Another senator offered this admonition: "I'll tell you what's the matter with you. You have lived so long in Ontario and so far from salt water that you have become narrow, and provincial. You ought to come to New Brunswick, by the sea, and get broadened out." Obviously, the big province has much to learn before it agrees with the small province as to which is producing the typical Canadian.

If the typical Canadian is in Quebec, does he belong to a county like Bellechasse, or is he like the member for Dorchester who lives in Quebec? The most unanimously Canadian county in Canada is Bellechasse, judged by the birth test. It contains 21,114 French, four English, four Scotch and ten Irish.

The French in Quebec always call themselves Canadians. They were so described by the governing classes imported from Paris during the old regime. Nowhere in Canada is there a community so wholly and so long rooted in the soil as the people of Bellechasse. But are they the typical Canadians? Thousands, perhaps millions of their native-born countrymen gravely doubt whether they are Canadians at all. "Why can't the French become good Canadians?" is frequently asked by Ontario and other people who ardently desire to be patriotic and who believe they are never more patriotic than when they ask a question like that.

Can Dorchester supply the typical Canadian? In a bye-election in January, 1917, it returned a member of the War Government. In December, 1917, it elected a candidate who was denounced all over the country as a disloyalist. Dorchester is as predominantly French as 23,627 is more than 1,470. Of the 1,470 English-speaking people in the county 1,193 are of Irish origin. In 1911 there was not a Methodist in the county, and but one Presbyterian. The components of a specimen Canadian are scarcely varied enough here.

What sort of a Parliamentarian does Dorchester send to Ottawa? He says: "I almost believe I am the only Canadian in the House of Commons. I have Irish, French, English and Scotch blood in me. Two of my great-grandfathers were in the first Parliament of the United Provinces nearly eighty years ago—one on the French and one on the English side. This country is good enough for me. I want to be a Canadian, and I don't want to be anything else."

If Mr. Lucien Cannon were of the United States and gave this description of himself, using the word "American" instead of "Canadian," he would be noticed as a worthy Rooseveltian. How does he express his Canadianism in political terms?

"It takes at least a hundred years to make a Canadian," he says. "The country is full of people who, though their ancestors have been

here a century, aren't Canadians yet. They call themselves English, or Irish, or Scotch. Some of them think more of countries which they never saw, than they do of that in which they have spent all their lives. As it is so difficult to develop Canadians I think we should prohibit immigration for fifty years, to give these people a chance to become Canadians and to leave no doubt in the future immigrant's mind as to what a Canadian is. Meantime, I would give the vote to women, just as I would admit women to the bar in Quebec. My resolution on that in the Legislature would have carried but for clerical interference. If women want to join the bar we should welcome them. The law is not sexual; it is intellectual. I am for women's suffrage, though it might at first strengthen clerical influence in our province. But justice is justice; as I want it for myself I want it for others."

Can you make anything typically Canadian of this assortment of views? Quebec is not Canada. The French have necessarily, and for so long, regarded themselves as compelled to keep ceaseless watch on the St. Lawrence, that, though they are for Canada first, last, and all the time, they feel they have not received the sympathy from their English fellow-countrymen which alone can enable them unreservedly to show how deep and abiding, and developmental their all-Canadian patriotism is.

Is the specimen Canadian among the English

of Quebec? The only increases in English-speaking people are in Montreal and certain manufacturing centres. You must always get close to the soil if you want to discover the genius of a pre-eminently agricultural country. A generation ago the population of the Eastern townships, where the English yeomanry were mainly planted as a barrier between the Canadian French and the Republican Yankees, was two-thirds English and one-third French. Now there are two-thirds French and one-third English, with the English proportion steadily diminishing. The Quebec English are more friendly to the French than the English elsewhere, who do not know the French. Their contribution to the sum of the representative Canadian will be weighty; but they are not numerous enough to be *the* representative Canadians.

Ontario is the wealthiest and most populous province. Its citizens have more plentifully scattered to the West than the citizens of any other province, and have done more than others to stamp their character on Western institutions. Ontario has not overflowed eastwards, though it has received immigration extensively from Quebec, and lightly from the Maritime Provinces. Ontario thinks Ontario is more of Canada than the other provinces will concede. Ontario is not popular outside her boundaries. The last man to accept the Ontarion as the

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specimen Canadian is the Ontarion who lives in the West. He knows he has grown since he left Ontario. He sometimes feels towards those he has left behind, much as the expanded English farm labourer does when, after a few years in Canada, he visits his old home and tells his ancient comrades that they are dead and don't know it. This is not pleasant talking in Ontario, but Ontario is big enough to receive as well as dispense truth.

The explanation is simple enough. In the main, the present Ontario generation dwells where its fathers and grandfathers dwelt. In a county like Peterborough you hear that all the farmers have been there so long that their families are inter-related, and that, until the war, they had little or no contact with the outside world. A letter from the editor of a Buffalo paper to a colleague in Detroit, in which he discusses the methods of sustaining the circulation of their respective journals across the Canadian border, says: "We have to be very careful what sort of Canadian news we give them, for our Ontario constituency is extraordinarily provincial."

Even if that be true, it does not affect the essential worth of the population. There has been a disquieting decline in the rural population of Ontario, due partly to refusal to stay on the farm and partly to refusal to breed as large families as formerly. The quality of the rural

population of Ontario, except in a few poverty-stricken areas which should never have been deforested, is unexcelled in any country in the world.

To attend one of the farmers' picnics which are becoming an inspiring feature of the rural revolution, is to receive a baptism in goodwill and a partial disclosure of the illimitable wealth of body and mind that abounds in the well-dressed automobilists who encompass the platform. They are Canadians. They own the soil which their fathers transformed from forest to farm. All things are possible to them. But they are short of the indefinable, unmistakable something which belongs to a fully developed national consciousness. They feel its strivings within them, but no one in authority has shewn them how magnificent it shall be. They are advancing to light and strength.

The more you delve into the psychology of Eastern Canada, and particularly of Ontario, the more you sense the deprivations that belong to a strange reluctance in public men to face what the Round Table calls "the iron facts of national life and death, the ultimate anvil where alone commonwealths can be wrought to their true temper and shape." The Ontario Westerner, in contact with people from many countries, and impelled to look farther into the future than he used to look in the East, does not draw from the East the example which he may

commend to his neighbour from Europe who wants to become as truly Canadian as he knows his Canadian-born children's children will be. "Why," says the Western ex-Ontarion, "we had to send somebody down to help the Ontario farmers to organize, and we had to help finance the job as well. And their farms were cleared when our's were buffalo trails."

Is the indubitable Canadian a plainsman, then? Is his vision being widened as he sweeps the endless horizons somewhere between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains? When I first lived on the watershed of the Qu'Appelle there were only sixty thousand white people where almost two millions now draw their wealth from the responsive soil. Over seventy per cent. of the population of Canada remains east of the Great Lakes. The Canada which was established while Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were the private domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, must surely be the chief stamp of their character, and the parent of their most distinctive Man. But is it? Could it be, when it was itself so colonially indeterminate?

In 1911 there were in the three prairie provinces 282,684 natives of the five eastern provinces, including those who migrated as children. From them the earlier Legislatures were mainly drawn, and political life of the West took its colour from the East. Southern

Manitoba, particularly, was chiefly settled by Ontarions.

During this century an immense change has come over the West. A hundred and twenty thousand organized farmers have their own big businesses. They control, broadly, all the provincial governments. Together, they are the most remarkable portents that have appeared in the Canadian national sky. What is the greatest common measure of their political consciousness? How does it tally with the greatest common denominator of all the East or of either of the three sections of the East—Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces? If, as between East and West, the note is one of difference more than it is of identity, is it possible to find, in either half of the country, a man who is the embodiment of both?

Authorities like Mr. Dafoe, the able editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, have always asserted that the defeat of reciprocity in 1911 accentuated the cleavage between East and West, which was already developing with disquieting speed. The feeling in the West that the East regards it as a financial vassal, paying tribute through an inequitable tariff, has not been dissipated by the war. Free trade with Britain is proclaimed as a close-up objective; free trade with the States a more or less handy goal.

The organized farmers of Ontario, less than fifteen per cent. of the whole, support the

Western demand. But with an enormously enlarged necessity for Dominion revenue, because of the war, the tariff is preached by the manufacturers as the one bulwark against economic disaster. There seems little likelihood of agreement, on national fiscal policy, between East and West.

The racial composition of the West, with its lively infusion of American republicanism; the exclusion of a large section of the naturalized electorate from the franchise during the war; the acerbity with which, partly through Eastern influence, the language question has been thrown into the political arena, also make it evident that the talisman of an all-embracing Canadianism is not yet a Western jewel.

A sea of mountains must be crossed before you can adjust your vision to the question whether the Canadian spirit is yet ideally incarnate among those to whom the Pacific is merely the portal to the ominous Orient, and whose daily reading is coloured by the prism of Seattle and the Pacific littoral of the United States. Victoria is the most English city of this West which faces the East. It was the capital of a colony which, a century ago, was more English than eastern Canada because it was more remote from England. In the Okanagan Valley and on Vancouver Island there are English communities where the Canadian idea is as strange as it used to be in Pall Mall.

In 1911 there were in the province seventy thousand natives of Eastern Canada, of whom nine thousand were French. There were only eighty-four thousand natives of the province, of whom twenty thousand were Flatheads and Siwashes. Only one-third of the total population was Canadian-born, exclusive of the Indians. One hundred and seven thousand came from the British Isles; thirty-seven thousand derived from the United States; nineteen thousand from China; sixteen thousand from Scandinavia; twelve thousand from Germany; ten thousand from Italy; eight thousand from Japan; seven thousand each from Austria and Russia, and twenty-two hundred from India.

What sort of a composite Canadian could a jury of statesmen and pedagogues resolve from this polyglot, parti-coloured host? During the summer preceding the outbreak of war the people of Vancouver were occupied in keeping a shipload of British subjects, many of whom had fought for the Empire, from landing on British soil. Their member of Parliament was reported as leading an effort to employ Japanese cruisers to drive them out of the harbour—most singular of all attempted abdications of both Britannic and Canadian responsibility. When they left, their vessel, the luckless *Komagata Maru*, was covered by the trained guns of the first ship of His Majesty's Canadian Navy to be stationed in Pacific waters.

British Columbia is in Canada. Who can say how far it is of Canada when, as the Round Table avers, Canada has never realized self-government, and has not been brought into touch with the ultimate facts of political life? What is the fervid Canadian patriot in British Columbia to tell the Americans, the Chinese, the Russians, the Japanese, the Scandinavians, the Italians, and the Sikhs, when they ask to whom their first and final allegiance is due? How shall he direct them to the high altar of Canadian patriotism?

Is there a Canadian people, or only a string of peoples whose minds are stayed on other countries? Whence is our pillar of cloud by day, and our pillar of fire by night? When these, seeking to journey with us, ask where the heavenly beacons are, some may say "Here" and some may announce "There." No man can serve two masters. No citizen can give two allegiances, When a man marries he vows to forsake all others, and cleave only unto her. When the Scandinavian, the Belgian comes to us, willing to leave his ancestral past because he sees in the cradle of his Canadian child the symbol and guarantee of his own future in Canada, what are we to proffer for his unlimited devotion? In what manner shall he be endued with the Canadian spirit? How shall the patriotism he absorbed in his father's house be born again?

CHAPTER V

THE OWNER AND HIS BOUT WITH NATURE

Explaining why Parliament Buildings differ from other business headquarters; the private equation in public magnificence; the defiance of geography, climate and natural economics, and the political ambition which inspires the attempt to create a Canadian nation, the success of which is imperilled by reckless railway building, and by the war which has compelled vast financial changes.

You remember going through the Parliament Buildings for the first time? Spacious corridors, imposing portraits, frigid statuary, lofty Chamber, and confident attendants conspired to bewilder your imagination. You marvelled that mortal men could be at home in such surroundings. You almost expected to hear a voice from the vaulted ceiling directing that the shoes be removed from off your feet. When you saw men who hitherto had been names, speeches, pictures in the paper, and discussions down town, they appeared to you as trees walking. You were astonished that ordinary beings should hold familiar converse with them, and even call them by their given names. The gentleman at the portal of the House was particularly impressive. He seemed to own the place, and recalled the Scripture which says, "I had

rather be a doorkeeper." If you became courageous enough to ask him a question, you felt as though he owned you, in spite of his courtesy.

Suppose one of these strange beings had said: "Come, and I will show you the owner and the title deeds of all this magnificence, if you will be respectful to him." Probably you would have expected to visit the Prime Minister, and would certainly have buttoned your coat and felt your hair. Suppose he had led you down to the basement, into a little room with a big tapestry on the wall, and had pulled it aside, and revealed a full-length mirror. What would you have said, as you gazed at the startled image in the glass?

Could anybody have been taken to the Owners' Room who had a clearer right in the title-deeds than yourself, the youth from Coboconk or Gaspé?

Thinking on these things, a peculiar question comes tapping at your mental door. Why are Parliament Buildings different from all other buildings? Why are they in a park, and not on a street? Before you have answered that question, this comes after it, in almost shocking haste, "Why am I, who live in a poor little mortgaged house in the country, told that I am the owner of the finest building in the land?"

Why do magnitude and magnificence distinguish the Parliament Buildings? They are offices for the transaction of business. The

heads of departments write letters about things that have to do with the every-day life of average people, exactly as the managers of offices down town do. It would be more convenient for those who have business with the Ontario Government, for instance, if, instead of having to go to Queen's Park, and walking some distance from the street-car, they could find everybody they wanted in a compact, twelve-story building at the corner of King and Yonge. The legislative chamber is supposed to require a spacious setting; but it would serve its purpose with a little less area and a great deal less display than now distinguish it. Government is a business proposition, the critics say, and should be conducted in a business-like fashion.

But there we make the big blunder. Government is not a business proposition, any more than religion is. The affairs of government must be handled with business-like honesty, accuracy and forethought, just as the affairs of a church must. But government is very much more than a business proposition, because all business propositions are affairs of property-right; and government is pre-eminently an affair of birthright.

Every child has an equal right with every other child to the dignities of citizenship, all the way from the defence of its infancy against cruelty and disease, to the exercise of its manhood in the exalted offices of the State. Parlia-

ment Buildings are more imposing than ordinary business buildings, because millions of men and women and children have a birthright in them, in all that they represent of the past, in all they may do in the present, and in all that they may provide for the future. They are built with architectural amplitude because the humblest citizen, the least endowed with the properties which perish, may come to them and see himself, not at his lowest, as a worker among mean things, but at his highest as a citizen of a noble state, in which those who bear his name may come to imperishable honour. He sees the Temple of his and of his children's citizenship, not as though he had already attained to the larger glories of his birthright, and theirs, but in order that he may press on towards the mark of his high calling. If, in that spirit, men could be taken before the Owner's Mirror in the Parliament Buildings, the little room would become a chapel of Transfiguration, and they would cease to behold their Canadian birthright as through a glass darkly.

It is most uncomfortably true that where there is no vision the people perish. They may be saved if only a few have the vision. But in a world that has been redeemed for democracy there cannot be too many seers. Even when a people have builded better than they knew, they should learn all that is to be known about the structure into which their fathers' and mothers'

toil has gone and upon which their own moral wealth is being spent.

Canadian nationality has been founded on a unique challenge to the forces of nature, and a unique opportunity to achieve a unique place in the comity of nations which, with infinite travail, has been written in the mingled sacrificial blood of millions of men of diverse kinds and tribes and tongues. Neither challenge nor opportunity has yet been fully implemented, and cannot be until all on whom the tasks are laid can find the motive of a common action in a common birthright; for in no other way can they conquer the ultimate facts of political life, and achieve the self-government which has been denied them.

What, then, is the perspective through which the native-born, and the parents of the native-born, may look at the past of their country, as a preparation for helping to shape its future?

Through the story of Canada an increasing purpose runs. Men and women found themselves pitted against a hard climate, a forbidding wilderness, and an economic impossibility, without experience to guide them or certainty of success to sustain them. Often they did things not knowing why they did them, or what the consequences would be. Themselves greater than they knew, they therefore accomplished greater deeds than they supposed. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

This element in Canadian history gives it the sublime quality which is in all histories of noble peoples, and which inspires those who inherit the works of their predecessors with the passionate patriotism which first creates nations out of diverse and sometimes mutually hostile elements, and then insures their endurance through perilous centuries. Only as nations that are so brought into being remain faithful to the genius that is embedded in their evolution do they deserve to attain lasting honour in the international roll.

Modern Canada began as a Gallic country. From the Straits of Belle Isle to the Rocky Mountains the first explorers were all French. The French settled in what are now the Maritime Provinces, and the basin of the St. Lawrence, as subjects of the king of France. They were ruled from Paris, by officials who regarded the colony as primarily a source of tribute for the monarchy, and the people as its vassals. When generations of French-speaking people had been born in Canada they were contemptuously spoken of by their rulers as the *Canadiens*, the inhabitants of a country the governors of which regarded themselves as suffering exiles.

There was a long contest between the French and the English for the control of North America. The French, in possession of all the northern waterways, and of the lower Mississippi,

tried to head the English off from expanding in what are now western New York, Ohio, and the territory west and south. They built a great fort where now Pittsburg stands, and others at Niagara (on what is now the New York extremity of Lake Ontario), at Detroit, and at the junction of Lakes Huron and Michigan.

While the French regarded Canada as an appendage of the Crown of France, a similar attitude towards the English colonies was maintained by the King and Government in England. The two European nations were traditional enemies. Their offshoots in America kept up the rivalry. There was fighting between them for many years, with London and Paris finally directing the campaigns, as being chiefly European and not North American affairs.

The French hold declined, and was finally broken in 1759 by the capture of Quebec, which led to the disappearance of French dominion from this part of the world. Sixty thousand French-speaking natives of Canada chose to remain in their native country, as British subjects, rather than to go to a European country which they had never seen, and with which they had no personal contact, except through a governing class they had every reason to dislike.

A few years after the fear of European domination was removed from the thirteen English colonies, all of which abutted on the Atlantic

ocean, they fulfilled the prediction that had been often made, and became independent of the British Empire. Thirteen years later than the first Declaration of Independence, and seven years after the war which ended in the British acknowledgment of defeat, they formed the Republic of the United States of America, which has become the most populous democratic nation in the world.

During the fight for independence the English-speaking colonies endeavoured, first by blandishments and then by bayonets, to separate the Canadians from the Crown. But the British-French refused to break their allegiance, and because they refused, Canada is British and not republican to-day. That truth should be graven on every British heart, and commended to every believer that the Canadian Constitution's guarantee of a duality in official language should go the way of a German guarantee to Belgium.

In those days there was practically no English-speaking settlement in what is now Ontario. The West was unknown. British authority remained only in the inhospitable north. For a long time it was exercised from London as an overlordship of the Canadian people. Even when Parliaments were set up it was decreed that they should be subservient to the representatives of the monarch, sent from England. It was an established, inviolate prin-

ciple of English government that the King should in all matters be subservient to the Parliament. In Canada the servant of the Crown was given power which the King himself did not wield in the British Isles. Downing Street set the servant above his lord.

But the right to govern their governors was gradually won by the people in Canada, though not until rebellions occurred in Ontario and Quebec. In good time the territory in the West which had been owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, because Charles II "gave" it to them, was handed over to the Canadian people, and the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific hinterland also came into their confederation of provinces. There was then a Canadian country from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Mere sections of this territory were occupied by toiling people, who were separated by vast, barren, or mountainous areas. The unchangeable truths of geography and weather, and the swifter growth of population in the republic, where the climate was more genial, conspired to establish north-and-south trade—the Maritime Provinces with New England, Quebec and Ontario with their neighbours on the other side of the St. Lawrence valley; the prairie country with the fast-filling prairies below parallel forty-nine, and the Canadian Pacific slope with the American Pacific littoral. But, as the French had saved Canada for the British Crown,

so the French and the British in 1867 confederated to maintain the connection, now that the Canada of Wolfe and Montcalm's time had spread from ocean to ocean, and to construct a nation united with the British Empire, but in its fiscal policy independent alike of the Empire and the Republic. This involved the discouragement of trade from its natural channels, and the building of railways to carry traffic east and west, across unprofitable stretches of country, and to maintain an interprovincial commerce in preference to an international freedom of exchange.

So bold a challenge was never made to the forces of nature by a few people occupying half a continent, as this challenge of the Canadians. It was not sustained by the unanimous confidence of all the people. There were giants in those days, but all public men are not gigantic in grasp, courage or resource. Canada had more than her share of fearful saints. The East for many years lost a goodly proportion of its bolder children to the more flourishing republic. After the prairies began to be settled there was a long period of doubt as to whether the plainsman could prosper against frost, and drought, and distance. Private poverty was reflected in a chronically straitened public treasury. Investors looked askance at enterprise in a climate so cool and among a people so sparse.

Occasional outbursts of expansion on inflated

prices were followed by depressions which frightened those who had lost their money, and, at times, even the optimists doubted whether Canada could ever prosper.

Still, the challenge remained; and population increased, against every handicap. The Canadian Pacific Railway was built, and though for years it was a languishing adventure, it has become the premier transportation system of the world. Its example produced a characteristically wise-and-reckless cycle of railway building, of which the discriminating historian will say that the financiers were daring, the politicians were prodigal, and the people were confiding.

In spite of themselves the Canadian people now own and operate their own railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific side. If only one-fourth of that railway were laid in Europe, it could start in Spain, invade France, Italy, Austria, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, South Russia, Hungary, Poland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, have its own car ferry across the Channel from Calais to Dover, and make its terminus in Scotland.

But what looks like a stupendous implementing of the challenge is not yet a final insurance of perpetual glory. So much enterprise has made Canada a debtor country. There are subtle senses in which the borrower becomes the

servant of the lender. No country has so few people to support so many railways. Thirty years ago, when she was poor and her revenue with difficulty balanced her expenditure, there were three hundred and forty people to create the traffic and revenue for each mile of railway. There are now scarcely more than two hundred to perform that service—about half as many as in the United States.

The people carry the railways more than the railways carry the people. The challenge to geography and climate demanded that the fundamental industries of the country be maintained at the highest possible prosperity. But Canadians developed manufacturing at the expense of agriculture. Though they built many thousands of miles of road in the first ten years of the century, with the avowed object of extending agriculture, the city population grew nearly four times as fast as the rural population, until the Great War came. The country was staggering under a burden of interest for money borrowed abroad which, in connection with much railway financing, it could not meet, and was faced with the terrors which follow the loss of employment by thousands of men in the industrial centres.

The Great War threw into lurid relief the dependence of Canada upon the United States, not only for essential raw materials for its manufactures, but also for the finances with

which to prosecute private and public enterprises, the London market having been temporarily destroyed through British obligations as a borrower herself from the United States. It cannot be denied that leading men have privately expressed much fear that the whole basis on which the structure of Canadian economic and fiscal independence has been reared may prove to be unstable, and that a political fusion with the United States may be involved in the adjustments which may be postponed, but cannot be prevented.

But the challenge to the forces of nature remains, as a part of the aspiration to make, in this northern half of North America, a nation which shall have a character of its own, while it remains within the British Empire and preserves its absolute independence of the United States. To make it good demands the unity of all the people who are within Canada, and particularly of the English and French who established the Confederation on which the hopes of nationality are stayed.

CHAPTER VI

GREAT "CANDLE" ON THE SEE-SAW

Asserting that Destiny offered Canadian Nationality a unique splendour as the decisive factor in the Imperial-Republican alliance. Having ceased to be regarded as a colony of England, and as a poor relation of the United States, Canada led this hemisphere into the fight which called upon the New World to redress the balance of the Old; but the Adventure has rendered her future uncertain.

The unpleasant truths which Canadians have received from the Round Table were formulated with so much skill, and communicated in so soothing a bedside manner, that their value has been almost entirely missed—as the worth of taunts often is.

Canadians have not realized self-government. The powers of a state have been denied them. They have not touched the ultimate facts of political life. Their half-developed capacity for government has tended to disappear. Their knowledge and sense of responsibility have not only wasted, but have languished for want of exercise. They have not been made to feel that they suffer for their own political decisions.

Canada is simply a dependency. Her equipment is minus the anvil whereon alone commonwealths are wrought to their true temper and shape. It would not have been surprising if so unfortunate a people had been recommended to

secure a duly certified political guardian, and to bother no more about the larger realities to which they have hitherto been strangers.

There is a certain compensation for the melancholy deliverances of the Round Table on the deadly irresponsibility, the withered immaturity of Canadian national life. The Round Table prophet has said:

Canadians, Australians and South Africans will, whatever happens, develop distinctive characteristics in their peoples. Their several individualities will conform increasingly to their several environments. Different, and clearly marked nationalities will develop, and, happily, no power on earth can now stop the process. . . . The spread of the British Commonwealth over so large a share of the vacant territories of the world has not meant, and cannot mean, the spread of the British nation.

Every sharer in the Canadian birthright may answer "Amen and Amen;" and may venture momentarily to forget the Littlefaiths among his neighbours who think they are greatly upholding the British idea when they shiver at the prospect of a Canadian talking about the destiny of his own country with the candour and confidence which citizens of other countries display when they discuss their station in the world.

It will not always be counted as a proof of disloyal tendencies when a Canadian boldly faces the ultimate facts of his political life; announces that he will not allow his knowledge and sense of responsibility to run to waste, or

languish for want of exercise; and resolves that his fellow-Britisher shall no longer truthfully tell him that, in elemental political experience he is inferior to the immigrated Devonian who drives his team, and that, though there may be a Canadian nation, there is no Canadian state, in the sense that there is a Haytian and a Montenegrin state.

The Canadian, instead of walking the international cloisters as timorously as he once trod his own Parliamentary corridors, will take his place on the dais of the International Court. He will at last appropriate the glory that belongs to the transformation of half a continent from vacancy into a nation from which the darker woes of an Old World are excluded, and in which the citizens reign over themselves in the knowledge and liberty of unquestionable democracy.

What would he have seen if, from the Owner's Mirror, he had been led into a high mountain, and shewn his country as it is; and had then been given a vision of the Canada That Might Have Been, and the Canada That Still May Be?

There was prepared for Canada a place among the nations which the people of any other land might envy; a place unique among those for whom the tongue of Shakespeare is the most capacious vehicle of their thought, and among whom freedom is embattled behind the ramparts of Magna Charta, the Petition of

Right, the Declaration of Right and the Declaration of Independence; a place unique, also, in the reconstruction of the fellowship between Occident and Orient, which is the supreme complexity of the Twentieth Century, pre-empted by her most distinguished son as Canada's own.

Canada for several thousand miles borders the United States, which were taken from the side of the Mother of Nations. Her eastern shores front the islands of the Northern Sea, whence have gone into the uttermost parts of the earth, the bagmen of unfettered commerce and the artificers of the liberty that breathes in the accountability of the ruler to the ruled. From her western ports her ships sail straight to that East in which the British power, more potent and extensive than the ancient conquerors knew, has been cast by the Great War into a fateful and increasing jeopardy.

Into Canada have come, since this century began, greater multitudes of more various origins and tongues than have ever sought to share the heritage of an equal number of Britannic citizens. It was for her to shew that a democracy, which survived the tempest of the Great Schism of the eighteenth century could combine, in the twentieth, the loveliest features of the Old World with the masculine freshness of the New, and could be more democratic than a republic which vaunted itself in an unceasing repudiation of the Old.

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She could have proved that the people who fronted the Eastern Pacific might serve and be served by those who for untold centuries had looked upon the Western Pacific. She was commissioned to demonstrate to the European victims of autocratic militarism who sought her welcome that the more excellent way is in the goodwill and understanding and civic equality which belong to the brotherhood of man. She might, by now, have been crowned with many crowns; but, because her outlook only embraced the foothills, she did not climb the Delectable Mountains, and she still lingers, bewildered, at the door of fate, and fears to knock, lest many should hearken to her self-assertion.

The whole is greater than its part. What, for lack of a more cosmopolitan word, we must call the English-minded world, is infinitely more valuable to civilization than any segment of it. Long ago two potentialities were vouchsafed to all whose imaginations could respond to the vibrations of impending events. A readjustment in the larger governances of the British Empire was proceeding which would soon confide the decisive word to the nations which but yesterday were colonies, only half aware of their approaching maturity. That change would be the precursor of a proclaimed entente of all the Anglo-Celtic commonwealths, of which the United States was the most populous and flourishing.

It could not be foreseen that Armageddon itself would engulf mankind, and bring these things to pass. But it was indubitable that something mighty was quickening in the womb of our time. None could predict whether the inevitable travail, without which there can be no precious birth, would come soon or late, would be easy or severe. But in the bones of Canadians who regarded their destiny with fearless solicitude this was persistently assertive—that theirs would be a splendid and imperishable part in this blessed re-fashioning, if only they would play it like men in whom courage and vision and progress were enduring attributes.

If Canada were an Atlantic island her influence within the British Empire would have increased more rapidly than her population could have enlarged. The addition of one to her citizenry would have counted more than the addition of three to the British Islanders. The Old Land was burdened by an excess of population. Before the war, John Burns, who as President of the Local Government Board, was more intimate with the social condition of Britain than any other expert, wrote that four hundred thousand was the fitting quantity of those who should annually leave the United Kingdom. A survey of Norwich, the capital of East Anglia, where the problem of the unemployed each winter compelled a special provision

of public works, produced a report that a hundred and twenty thousand people were trying to exist on an economic base that should carry only a hundred thousand.

The poverty of millions of the inhabitants of the Imperial City was a by-word and an endless tragedy. The average physique of the English people was so poor, through the massing of industrialists in overcrowded towns and cities, that the heavy proportion of rejections of candidates for military service gravely distressed every student of the Imperial fabric. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman became Prime Minister as the result of a campaign in which his antagonists declared that Britain's commercial salvation could not be wrought unless food were taxed, and in which he asserted, without being seriously contradicted, that one-third of the forty-five British millions lived on the verge of want, while an increasing proportion of the people joined the deceptive tiers of those who spent their days in luxury.

In contrast with this awful pressure of population Canada was scouring Europe for workers to occupy her vacant lands, and to justify her commitments in railway and industrial expansion. While England spent public money to emigrate her sons and daughters, Canada, like Rachel, cried, "Give me children or I die." Her own offspring were more vigorous, and the children of her immigrants became

more self-reliant, than those from whom they sprang. When her Ministers attended the Imperial Conference there was more anxiety in Britain lest they should exhibit a tendency to independence than there was in Canada lest the statesmen of the Old Land should bewray any remnants of the ancient superiority to "the colonies."

Parliamentarians, at Westminster, speaking freely among themselves, asked what could be done to "hold Canada." They knew that Canada could flourish more easily without Britain than Britain could carry on without Canada and her sister Dominions. They were therefore anxious to make the political ties more binding. They desired naval and military contributions; and acquiesced in defensive autonomy because nothing else was possible.

Two illuminating sentences with regard to this situation are embedded in "The Problem of the Commonwealth." The first refers to the assertion of independence in the control of immigration; the second to one aspect of "the first, greatest and most comprehensive of all public interests"—defence:

The line which divided Imperial from Dominion functions has now been clearly and firmly drawn by virtue of the principle which Durham inaugurated, of leaving self-governing colonies to assume whatever powers they might finally insist on taking.

The demand of Australia and Canada to create and control navies of their own was expressly granted.

So, then, the re-distribution of power within the Empire was on the side of "the colonies." The balance was just as heavy on Canada's side as she chose to make it. That would have been of prime significance if Canada were a detached island, like Australia. Canada is less autonomous than Australia, which is much more English than Canada can ever be. Australia's assertion of her legislative autonomy was exceedingly unpleasant to Mr. Chamberlain when the Commonwealth was inaugurated nearly twenty years ago. But her representatives in London finally insisted on cancelling the right of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to hear appeals from Australian courts, except on constitutional questions, and the Colonial Secretary, recognizing the virtue of necessity, made the best face he could.

The naval self-government of Canada and Australia had to be finally insisted on, as examination of the proceedings of the Imperial Conference shows. For years Australia was induced to make a monetary contribution to the Admiralty, when Canada declined so to do. At last Australia played the part of national manhood. She fought Germany with her own ships. The Round Table says these two nations, including nearly twelve millions of free citizens, were "expressly granted" the right to build ships of their own. A right "expressly granted" means that the grantor had the right to refuse. Up to

ten years ago, then, Canada had no "right" to have a navy of her own. The spirit of vassalage could not be more ingenuously expressed. A self-governing nation does not wait for another to say what its "rights" are within the realm of its own defence.

The essential puissance of Canada is magnified because Canada is not an island, but frontiers the United States from the Bay of Fundy to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and because Canadians and their interests are more intimately mingled with Americans and their interests than is the case with any two Britannic countries. Canadian relations with the United States are conducted with expanding freedom from Foreign Office direction. The change in disposition as between the United States and Canada before the war was as remarkable as the transition from the status of a shepherded colony to a nation which takes whatever it insists on taking.

The American notion that Canada was a frigid wilderness, lighted by the aurora borealis, had been dissipated by the migration of scores of thousands of American farmers to the beneficent West, and by the setting up of American branch factories in Quebec and Ontario, which employ hundreds of millions of capital and tens of thousands of operatives. It became known that railways were being built at a rate which outstripped anything that had been attempted

in any similarly distributed population south of the line. These phenomena were becoming somewhat familiar to a section of the United States public; but it was to the interest of Canadians to make them known to all America as evidence that a nation was at hand; for the tradition of Canadian inconsequence was as natural to the American mentality as the popular supposition that no British statesmen opposed George the Third.

Ottawa used to go to Washington, supplicating for commercial blessings, and every time received a cup of cold water and a few kind words. The Dominion was regarded as the very poor relation of the Republic. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was abrogated in 1866 in the belief that closing the door of a market would open the gate of annexation. Americans generally have assumed that Canada was bound to fall to them as the unpicked apple drops to the ground.

The other day an American paper counselled its readers not to worry about the necessity for an American naval superiority to Britain, because, if trouble arose, Canada could easily be appropriated by the United States.

Ten years ago a Kansas editor asked his hosts in surprise if we really had elections in Canada. He thought all Canadian officials were appointed in London. Myriads of people in the United States believed that Canada went to war

because she was compelled to do so by her English owners.

Washington has long known better. President Taft coveted Canada for an adjunct, and told his people that a treaty with her was the most desirable boon they could secure. J. J. Hill was never tired of pointing out that Canada was the third biggest customer of the United States. The war shewed that there was a virility in the Dominion which might be copied but could not be excelled by republicans who assumed that they were the chiefest democratic example for mankind.

The truthful historian will remark that Canada led the New World in the fight to make America safe for its republics; and that the Canadian lives offered upon that altar exceeded by thousands those which the United States spent, though their population was fourteen times as big, and their outpouring of treasure scarcely exceeded what they had received from a Europe which was bleeding to death so that the light of their democracy might not be extinguished.

But the balances of war are determined more by the positions of the belligerents at the finish than by the heroisms of the beginning. Four years of European slaughter have made the American republic, which entered the bloody theatre forty-three months behind the original champions of American freedom, almost the

arbiter of the world's future. Its President, who, while the conflict was raging, said he was too proud to fight, was the chief figure in the making of peace. He suddenly acquired more influence in England than the King. His position was likened by candid friends to that of a virtual protector of the British Commonwealth.

Whatever happens, the United States, having become an overshadowing creditor nation, and the most evil vestiges of the Schism of 1776 having vanished; is the heavy end of the English-speakers' Alliance. Canada is midway between the United Kingdom and the United States. She is not precisely like either country. In celerity she outdoes the kingdom. In ordered freedom she excels the republic. Her station is that of "candle" on the see-saw—the operator who determines the equilibrium of the entente on the happy plank.

That situation is not as comfortable as it was when last our commercial relations were under national advisement. Though Canada led the democracies of the Western Hemisphere in the stupendous fight, she was driven to Washington for credits and accommodations, which depressed her exchange to such a degree that it is no secret that some of the American financiers expect that what the cancelling of reciprocity failed to do in 1866, and the offer of reciprocity in 1911 could not assure, will be attained through the commercial exigencies of a com-

radeship in arms. The newspapers report a speech in the Saskatchewan Legislature by the Minister of Municipalities, in which he declared that only one-tenth of the 1918 wheat crop had been moved out of the country because, when the Dominion Government obtained financial help through Washington in order to redress temporarily a heavy balance of trade against Canada, it was obliged to pledge the use of Canadian transportation channels to move American wheat to the seaboard—a species of commercial annexation not easily explained away, and objected to by wakeful Mr. Langley.

The economic war-cloud upon the relations of Canada with the United States overcasts the prospect of a more highly exalted dignity in the relationship of Canada to the United States of which President Taft's offer in 1911 was the promise, and the rejection of the offer the apparent seal. Whatever the event, it is clear that the character of Canada, as a fiscally independent nation—as independent of the United States as, in the making of tariffs, the most vehement Imperialist confesses she must always be of Great Britain—must be upheld by the exercise of the most sturdy Canadian spirit, rooted and grounded and sustained in a birth-right that will let nothing slip that has so far been attained, and will fight against any and all to whom pottage is the principal thing.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT GALLANT GENTLEMEN HEARD

Recording a conversation in which a colonel, who fell at St. Julien, was told how his fellow-Englishman grows when he finds his place in Canada; how England set the example of political corruption; how Canada has improved on English conditions: and repeating another conversation in which a certain aspect of sovereignty was commended to a United Empire Loyalist by a Canadian who stepped from sovereignty to subordination.

A gallant gentleman died as he was leading the Fourth Battalion in a counter-attack at St. Julien, where his men and their fellow-Canadians saved Calais and the Allies. Colonel Birchall was an Englishman, and he fell on St. George's Day.

Two years before, at a St. George's Day banquet in Prince Albert, Colonel Birchall had advised Englishmen to cling to their traditional standards. He was followed by another Englishman who said that, Canada having become their country, the way of life was to magnify what they had learned in Canada; and to think more of the future of their children than of the past of their grandparents. The Englishman who knew Canada and England, he said, was a bigger man than when he knew only a corner of his native county. Indeed, he

must go back to England to get his first real view of England, and to learn how much the new country had done for him in self-reliance, in financial well-doing, and in Imperial outlook.

This was something new to Colonel Birchall, who was on a tour of inspection, as one of the six officers sent to Canada by the British War Office, to aid in the military evolution of Canada, and to balance the sending of half a dozen Canadian officers to Britain on similar duty. Next day he sought an exchange of views with his Canadianized compatriot who had learned to place Canada first in his mind, and heart, and political thinking. With excellent spirit—for he was a sincere, unassuming and generous man—Colonel Birchall deplored the prevalence of graft and littleness in Canadian public life, as he had come to know of it, at Ottawa and elsewhere. He mourned over the prospective continuance of that degradation, and enquired if there was hope that the level of national service would be raised.

Again the Canadianized Englishman saw things differently from the Englishman who looked forward to returning home. He admitted that Canadian public life was marred by deplorable features, against which it was the imperative duty of all patriotic men to protest by word and act. But there was an explanation which might mitigate the good colonel's suffering.

Canadian politics largely concerned the de-

velopment of the public domain, the resources of which were ceded to private individuals or incorporated companies, on principles which were imported from England. There was no wealthy class in Canada corresponding to that which represented the accumulation of riches and social privilege in the Old Land. Political power depended on elections. Political parties spent money on elections. The exploitation of natural resources afforded tempting opportunities for replenishing campaign funds, and public contracts became a second source of this kind of levying the sinews of war.

This was very shocking to Colonel Birchall, who contrasted it with what he regarded as the higher tone of English public life. Again his fellow-countryman drew on a somewhat extensive experience of both countries. The king, he said, was the fountain of honour, from which nothing turbid could flow. Knighthood was a royal recognition of chivalry. Baronetcy was perpetual knighthood, and should therefore assure a perpetuation of chivalry. The peerage was a hereditary birthright only less dignified than the monarchy itself, and was supposed to be founded upon the inviolable patriotism of *noblesse oblige*.

But did not the Colonel know that many knighthoods, baronetcies and peerages issued from the Fountain of Honour because the recipients made heavy contributions to campaign

funds? Was he not aware that confession of the origin and destiny of some of the funds would leave an exceedingly bad taste in the public mouth?

“Yes,” answered the honest soldier, “what you say is undoubtedly true; but there is some excuse for it.”

“Quite so,” was the reply; “the parties in England need the money, just as they do in Canada, and they take the easiest way of getting it, even if their honour is rooted in dishonour. I am willing to make a compact with you, to go on doing everything one man can do in Canada to assail corruption in high places and bribery in low, if, when you go back to England, you will attack the kindred evils there.

“When you tell your friends of the blots on public life in Canada will you describe some other things that are not evil. Will you tell them that we know nothing of barmaids here; that in a province like Ontario, where whiskey was only fifty cents a gallon within living memory, more than half the municipalities are clear of the liquor traffic; that Toronto, which had four hundred licenses when its population was fifty thousand, now has only a hundred and ten with a population of four hundred thousand?

“Will you tell them we have had no social or religious disabilities in our public seats of learning, and that it is as natural for the farmer’s son to attend a university in Canada as

it is for a duke's son to enter Balliol? Will you tell them that more than half of our Cabinet Ministers began life as manual workers, and that their conquest of circumstances, so far from being held as a reproach against them, is regarded as proof that they have passed through an undefiled fountain of honour?

“ Will you tell them that Englishmen have found in Canada a liberty of initiative, and a readiness to employ their capacities to which they were strangers in the land of their birth? And will you say that, though many of them have returned to what they used to speak of as ‘home,’ they could not endure the conditions they forsook, and have found that they must forever dwell in the New Country, and give to it their most willing devotion?

“ The truth is, Colonel, that, from some points of view, the Englishman travelling in a Britanic country is less able to judge the country than he is to judge a foreign country. In Italy we don't expect the Italians to be like ourselves. They are different because they are Italians, and we don't wish them to become English. In Canada, when the Englishman finds something new, he instinctively feels that, somehow, it isn't right, and he straightway wants an English improvement. Canada should set her mental, social and political clock by Greenwich time. That is strictly according to the “colonial” Cocker. But it is not according to Canadian

experience. It is a larger thing to become a Canadian in Canada than to remain an Englishman. That is the larger loyalty, which enables you to get inside the surface defects to the core of a developing nationality, and to know that, for you, Canada Future is more glorious than England Past."

Colonel Birchall did not return to England. He commanded a Canadian regiment in an immortal battle in Flanders. His blood was shed on an altar that was no less Canadian than it was British, within two years and a day of this conversation in Saskatchewan. The other participant in the St. George's banquet, and in its immediate sequel, remains to do what he can to translate into action the spirit which says: "Not that we love England less, but that we love Canada more."

The evils that afflict government and elections in Canada are the attenuated heirs of sins that were gross and unashamed in the government and elections to which the wealthier and more cultured settlers in Canada had been accustomed in Britain, and which were presumed to be as natural to the functioning of the body politic as a sewer is to the economy of a city. The political literature of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries portrays a corruption such as the worst raiders of the Canadian public treasury and resources might have wished to emulate, but could never have approached.

Certain undesirabilities remained in Canadian politics after they were extirpated from their original habitat. Others have developed because the soil and temperature of public life were congenial to them, and because leaders did not recognize, or were indifferent to, processes which derived from the system through which our social and political progress has painfully been achieved.

The Round Table indictment of the colonial system, which disrupted the Empire, is that it did not create an American spirit, and that it poisoned the public life which developed within it, and kept the colonists from the final responsibilities of political existence. Probe Canadian conditions in any sector you choose, and you will meet this ever-recurring menace to the national health—that a virile people, splendidly endowed, have been fenced off from the ultimate facts of political life. The wonder is, not that public affairs have gone so ill, but that they have run so well.

A colonial system is imposed from without. It is bound to develop a temperamental incompatibility between those to whom it is an instrument of superiority, and those who accept its yoke. The difference between the West Indian Crown colony which submits a municipal ordinance to London for sanction, and the Dominion which submits to London the judgments of its courts, is a difference only of degree. It is

essentially the difference between the Canadian Canadian and the English Canadian.

The Englishman in Canada has been unpopular because he was for ever talking about the Old Country, and the way they do things "at home." The workman who is said to have remarked during the unemployment of the winter of 1907-8 that it was quite right that the Canadians should give the out-of-works substantial succour because "We owns 'em," was only reflecting a sentiment which has been occasionally emitted from better educated, more reserved, immigrated Britishers. "As owners of the country," was the phrase with which a reverend Welshman expressed the right of his countrymen to attention on a Canadian political question in 1911. He was sharply admonished then; he has since observed the growth of his Canadian-born children, and has himself been born again.

But there is something beneath this thoughtless and pitiable arrogance which, if it be pondered in frank goodwill, opens the door to better understanding and whole-hearted co-operation in promoting a magnificent union in Canadian citizenship. It is the difference between the Old Countryman's accustomed exercise of direct responsibility towards the ultimate facts of political life, and his fellow-citizen's unfamiliarity with that decisive function.

Two friends, between whom there is cordial

agreement about Canadian nationality, were discussing the basis and future of their citizenship, from the point of view of the question, "Who is the typical Canadian?" Said the First, as gallant a gentleman as the colonel who has paid:

"I think I am the typical Canadian, because I am of the third generation born here. My great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist, who was a civil engineer on the Rideau Canal. Our family came to this continent in 1659. But I think this country has lost a great deal through the United Empire Loyalist idea, all the same. If it hadn't been for the sentiments they brought with them from the United States—I mean the spirit of submission to everything that came from across the sea—this country would have joined the United States, and would have been much more prosperous than it is now."

"Do you want to go into the United States?" asked the Second.

"Not by a jugful," was the quick reply, "though I suppose I should have become just like the people over the border, if things had gone that way. But when I've seen the conglomeration of nationalities that swarm in cities like New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis and Seattle, I've always been mighty glad I was a Canadian."

"The U. E. Loyalists did something for you, after all, then?"

"I suppose they did. But I can't make out why so many of them even now knuckle down to the idea that there's bound to be something second-rate and subordinate about Canada. Aren't we good enough in this country to stand on our own feet and do things in our own way, without saying 'By your leave' to anybody, never mind how good they are?"

"Aren't we standing on our own feet now, then?" queried the Second.

"Well, we are and we aren't. The truth is, we really don't know where we are, or what we are doing."

"And you are the typical Canadian because you have been here for three generations?"

"Yes."

"And don't know where you are?"

"Yes."

"Is the man who has been here four generations so much more of a Canadian than you are?"

"I should say so—yes."

"And the longer people are in Canada the more Canadian they become?"

"Certainly."

"Maybe you're right. Down in Quebec, in North Ontario, in Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, in Prince Edward Island, and in the West there are over two millions of Canadians who have been here six, and seven, and some of them

ten generations. They must be the truly typical Canadians?"

"The French, you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Oh, no; they aren't the typical Canadians."

"Who are, then? You, who want Canada to stand on her own feet more than she does now? your fellow U. E. Loyalists who want to stand on England's feet? the French, who want you to get off their feet? the people who, like me, were brought up in England, where we knew we stood on our own feet? or the fellows who come from the less free countries of Europe, and don't care about any other country than this?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. Have you found a typical Canadian?"

"Not yet. He is a very dark, and very elusive horse. Will you be offended if I say why you aren't the sort of Canadian I should like my boy to be?"

"Let's have it."

"Because, so far, you are content to be something less than my boy's father was in England; and something less than the Norwegian was in Norway. If I accept the standard you have always lived under, I must ask my children to be something less than their father was, and their cousins are, in England. So long as we ask men and women to step down in the realm of citizenship in order to become Cana-

dians, we will never produce a typical Canadian whom the new-comer will be ambitious to live up to."

"Pretty hard doctrine, brother."

"It is, and it's harder for me to swallow it than it is for you."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because it is always harder for a spirited man to step down than it is to step up. Twenty-five years ago I was voting for a member of a sovereign Parliament, and I knew my vote would have an effect all over the world. Neither you, nor your father, nor your father's father, nor your father's father's father, has ever voted for a member of a sovereign Parliament. Unless your ancestors who came to America were well-to-do in England, the chances are that during the thousand years since the Witanegemote was set up in Saxon England, not one of your people has ever cast a vote for a Parliament member who had a word to say about a declaration of war.

"Tell me now, haven't you been quite content with that status, which is inferior to that of a naturalized Chinaman in Buffalo? As far as I know, you have never asked to vote for a sovereign Parliament. You have seemed content to act as if your native rights never carried you into that freedom, as the Norwegian's birth-right, in Norway, did. You don't even say, 'With a great price obtained I this freedom.'

The immigrated Norwegian can say ' I was born free.'

"The hardness of the doctrine for me is that I have found out that I must say ' I have stepped down from the freedom in which I was born. I am less than I was, less than my brother, and less than my nephew.' "

The First Canadian stared quietly at his friend, who presently resumed: " If you're not mad at me, George, I'll make a confession to you. I immigrated to Canada three times, so that I have had the advantage of looking back at Canada, during two periods, from the vantage ground of English life. Once, during the second period I was able to regard Canada from the meridian of South Africa, just after what was really a civil war as well as an Imperial war. In South Africa there is a bi-racial, bi-lingual problem, in some respects like the bi-racial and bi-lingual problem which is cited in Quebec. Down there I learned a few things about racial and linguistic difficulties, as they present themselves after clamours for war have been successful, which make me mighty careful not to be among those who delight to feed their minds on strife and racial prejudice in Canada.

"Twenty years ago I began to preach that the real Empire builder was not the consequential person who stayed in Downing Street, but the man who invaded an Ontario forest, or a

Saskatchewan prairie, and created a community out of a waste. Eleven years ago I wrote that he who, in Canada, puts any other country, or entity, before his love for Canada is an alien in Canada, whatever his origin, or faith, or political credentials.

“Time and experience, and watching my children grow up, confirm that conviction, and impart to it a more glowing passion. You have heard me express it a hundred times. You know I have not been backward in telling it wherever the opportunity arose. I have often been puzzled at the obvious resentment of some of my friends like yourself when I have been as strong in declaring my convictions as I would have been in England. You have seemed to distrust my sincerity, and to have few definite convictions of your own. I couldn't understand why you appeared to be so timid in asserting the inherent prerogatives of Britannic citizenship. If you don't mind my saying so, I have puzzled over and over again why you seemed so blind to your own essential dignity, and to the poverty of our public life and party issues, and why there has been so little elevation in the discussion of public affairs.

“It has taken me nearly thirty years to find a solution of the mystery. The man who never votes for a sovereign Parliament does not think in terms of political self-reliance. How can he? How can he tell what he has missed when

he has been shut out from the prime function of political manhood? He has political anæmia and doesn't know it.

"With that discovery has come another. I lived through my physical and intellectual maturity until I am a grandfather, without realizing that, unless there is a change, I shall go down to my grave less of a citizen of the world than I was thirty years ago.

"As a man Canada has enlarged me, elevated me. As a citizen Canada has crippled me. Nobody is to blame except myself for being so slow in grasping the truth. Never having tasted whiskey, I am sometimes pitied for not knowing the glories I have missed. Never having been accustomed to thinking of your Parliament as the final arbiter of your political fate, you don't know what you've missed. Both of us must wake up, for the boys' sake.

"When our Parliament wanted to extend its own life so that it might more thoroughly serve the cause for which it was sending thousands of its electors to destruction, it had to go to the brothers and nephews I left behind me for sanction. The judges over whom it is supreme are held to be incapable of finally interpreting the laws it enacts. The most dignified office in the land is not open to its tried statesmen; and the prime qualification for filling it is a birthright which the Government has declared to be incongruous to the Canadian people.

“The command of its dauntless army is conferred by an extraneous authority to which it has surrendered its control. When its casualties in a single battle exceed those incurred in the fights which have in former times changed the face of Europe, no report on them is laid upon its tables. Its soldiers are condemned to death by courts-martial into whose findings it has not the right to inquire.”

“Suppose you are right,” said the First Canadian, “what must we do to step up instead of stepping down? You have diagnosed the disease. Now provide the remedy.”

“The medical analogy is imperfect,” said the Second Canadian. “The victim of a political disease must learn everything about it, because nobody but himself can furnish the remedy. If you and I read the symptoms alike, you will find the cure fast enough.”

CHAPTER VIII

FALLEN PARTISANSHIP: NEGLECTED WARDS

Recounting that war reveals some of the evils political partisanship forces on those whose capacity for self-government has been harmed by the Colonial System; and that neglect, before the war, to promote an all-Canadian patriotism, becomes woefully apparent when the distribution of people from Continental Europe is examined, and the opportunities thrown away by Government and Opposition are considered.

The old, deformed partisanship has broken down; and nothing shapely has yet replaced it. The ruin deserves the closest examination, because it must furnish much of the material for a new edifice. If you do not investigate the causes of the smash you cannot appraise the reconstructive worth of the tangled material. To avoid repeating the blunders of the past you must know what they were and why they were.

The war was nearly three years old before many Parliamentarians apprehended that it would damage the machines on which they had clattered into fame.

“The war,” they said, “is tearing Europe to pieces. Whoever wins, the world will see great changes—in Europe. Nothing can disturb the accustomed channels of our politics. Thrones may disappear, and democracies be re-fashioned, across the seas; but Ward Five Association never shall be moved.”

Early in the session of 1917 shrewd members of the Ottawa Press Gallery laughed to scorn a prediction that within six months Sir Robert Borden would be forming a bi-partisan government. The party revolution came, not merely because the Prime Minister had been to London and had learned once more how desperate the Allied cause was; but because the Canadian people had long understood that no party was sufficient for the responsibilities of the immediate future.

One distinction of Sir Robert Borden's Cabinet reconstruction has never been paralleled in British history. The Fates will not be unkind enough to apportion a repetition of it to a democracy which has not forgotten the difference between the quick and the dead. Five months were consumed in remaking the Cabinet, during four of which Parliament was in session. Only a Parliament without the instinct of sovereignty could permit such a derogation from responsible government. Only a people unaccustomed to facing the ultimate facts of political life could have meekly watched while such an agony was prolonged.

For a whole summer Ministers walked through the Parliamentary corridors wearing fast-soiling shrouds. None was sure whether the ghostly garment would be taken from him. None had the boldness to end such a spectacle. Cabinet posts were practically hawked about

for any reasonably presentable member of the Opposition who would choose one for himself. Several times it was apparent to the public that the candle of union was so nearly extinguished that its flame could not have scorched a gossamer wing. Government could exercise little moral authority while such uncertainty permeated national affairs.

A condition so astonishing to a student of British constitutional history could only have been produced by many antecedent circumstances. Parliament was so habituated to petty partisanship that it refused to direct its own Committee. Partisanship, being immune from the more intense responsibilities of warfare, had worked its evil will upon the morale of Parliament while the war proceeded, as it had done during so many years of peace.

At the outbreak of war there were soldiers in Canada who had commanded Canadian regiments in the South African war, and were as well trained in military technique as British officers whose experience of the field had also been limited to campaigns on the veldt. But the Canadian army left Canada without a commander. It was never given a chief, on the responsibility of the Government of Canada. Sir Arthur Currie was appointed by the British War Office, and was congratulated by his own Government. There could not be a plainer confession of military vassalage.

It was not a vassal army in the ancient sense. But so many men had never been raised in any country and sent to war under such a condition, except by a vassal people.

The war came suddenly in the holiday season. The Government was scattered. The Prime Minister was in Muskoka. His Minister of Elections was in Manitoba. Sir Robert Borden hastened to the capital, and acted with promptitude and dignity. He committed his country to participation in whatever the British Government might undertake. As soon as the need was evident he summoned Parliament.

His most potent lieutenant hastened to the capital to give out an interview in which he savagely attacked the former Prime Minister as a disloyal statesman. The most faithful of the Government organs predicted that the Opposition would be presented with the Naval Bill that had been rejected by the Senate eighteen months before, and that if they did not accept it, an election would be called, when, of course, the Opposition would be destroyed and a party Government assured for four years more—three years and six months longer than the Minister of Elections expected the war to last.

In every other belligerent country the first blast of war brought political opponents into concert. It was reserved for Canadian partisanship to demonstrate how far unpatriotism

may be carried by a Minister of the Crown, in a crisis which threatens the national life. It was a true adumbration of a succession of events which a mocking Providence might have designed to reinforce the Round Table view that the experience of a Dominion which is not a self-governing state cannot qualify its statesmen to handle the great issues of peace and war.

The Opposition gave the Government *carte blanche* during the brief session of 1914. When Parliament reassembled during the following winter the appalling character of the war was beginning to be suspected. It was proposed that the Address should be moved by the Prime Minister and seconded by the Leader of the Opposition, so that national unity might be strikingly demonstrated. The suggestion was spurned by the Government. In England all political parties had co-operated from the beginning to promote the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer frankly asked the advice and co-operation of his predecessor and opponent. At Ottawa no counsel was taken of the former Prime Minister as to the financial or other provisions for the war.

In different sections of the country war measures were boldly exploited for party advantage. In Britain a Parliamentary Recruiting Committee was formed, which men of all parties joined. In Canada many members of Parliament were deliberately excluded from patriotic

campaigns in their own ridings. In places where the organization was most mechanical this sort of service was placed under the direction of party organizers. One member of Parliament was caught nefariously horse-dealing, and another lost his seat when he was found profiteering under a drug-clerk's cloak.

Elaborate preparations were made for an election, while Parliament had yet a year and a half of life, and although it had unanimously voted every credit the Government asked for. A deaf ear was turned to every plea that avowed co-operation between the Government and Opposition was the righteous way to meet the crises which were bound to occur and recur. When an extension of the term of Parliament was sought, the Opposition was asked to ensure the life of a party Government for at least a year after the war.

In Quebec the backwardness of recruiting was not offset by any apostolic leadership from the French members of the Government. Two Quebec vacancies in the Cabinet were filled by the advancement of one of the most vehement opponents of participation in British wars which the election of 1911 had thrown into the Commons; and by the selection of a politician who was not a member of Parliament, who had no eminence in the province, and whose sole claim to preferment was that he was a party organizer.

In 1916, supporters of the Government in Quebec proposed a joint recruiting campaign with the Opposition. No answer was given for several months. The request was then refused, because, as it was privately intimated, the prevailing Quebec situation would materially help in the general election which those who believed they decided such things, intended shortly to bring on.

The war brought the munitions industry to Canada. For its beginnings Sir Sam Hughes is entitled to credit, as he is for trying to retain Canadian control of the Canadian army in England. The munitions industry outgrew the capabilities of the Shell Committee, through which Sir Sam Hughes established it. Contracts were placed by the British Government through Sir Sam Hughes. In appointing the Shell Committee, the War Office believed Sir Sam was acting in his capacity as a Minister of the Crown, amenable to his colleagues, and responsible to Parliament. Sir Sam considered he was as independent of the Canadian Cabinet as Lord Kitchener asserted that he, as British War Minister, was superior to the Canadian people and Parliament.

Sir Sam defied the Premier and Cabinet. To resolve the difficulties of the Committee, the British Minister of Munitions sent representatives to Canada. The situation demanded intervention by the Dominion Government,

which, having mobilized Canadian manhood, should also have mobilized Canadian manufactures for the war, and have dealt with a refractory minister on the well-established principles of responsible government.

The Cabinet fled from its responsibilities. It did not even respect the prescribed channels of communication between the Canadian and the British Governments. Mr. Lionel Hichens, who came from London to revise the methods of securing munitions in Canada, was only the representative of a department of a department of a Government. But the Prime Minister of Canada wrote him a letter, asking the British Government to relieve the Canadian Government of all responsibility for mobilizing Canadian industries to produce the shells which Canadian soldiers would use in a Canadian war.

There was consequently established in the Canadian capital a department of an extraneous government, with more than a thousand employees over whose operations the Canadian Government had no more legal control than it had over a Government department in Washington. Sir Joseph Flavelle, the marvellously efficient Canadian who directed it was not an officer of the Canadian Government. When the heads of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada desired to affect the standard of wages in several hundred Canadian factories, employing hundreds of thousands of Canadian work-

people, they were told by the Canadian Prime Minister that the matter must be referred to the British Minister of Munitions.

It was in keeping with these abdications of the elementals of self-government that, when Canadians were enrolled for aerial service in support of the Canadian army, they were not a Canadian but a British force, controlled in Canada by British officers, and the industry of manufacturing aeroplanes was placed under the direction of Canadians who had absolutely no responsibility to their own Government and of whose proceedings—the same is true, of the Imperial Munitions Board—no report was ever made to the Canadian Parliament. The British War Office had its own Post Office waggon on the streets of Toronto—strange commentary on the government of a country that raised an army of half a million men.

The failure of the Cabinet to act like the Government of a conscious nation represented something more than the laches of a political organization which mistook a partisan machine for a national soul. An Opposition, vigilant for the national repute, both for the present and for that future in which the historian is judge, would have compelled the Government to live up to the qualities of its soldiers at the front. But the Opposition, not having been trained in the school of sovereignty, was as defective in vision, as lacking in courage, and as timid in leader-

ship as the Government. It assailed the Shell Committee solely on the ground of improprieties about cash which were exposed in the manner of the police court rather than of the national forum. Nothing was said about the abdication of self-government, or the incapacity of the Cabinet to assert itself against a headstrong member.

The practised observer of Parliamentary temper recognized more animation of the partisan than grief of the patriot in the assaults to which the Government was subjected.

There was as marked a lack of courage and penetration in regard to four other matters of special interest which should have been discussed in Parliament, but of which nothing rememberable was heard. The first was the position of the foreign-born in Canada; the second was the relation of Canada to the American attitude to the war; the third was the flouting of Parliament in the pledging of forces for the war; the fourth was the question of Canadian participation in the peace negotiations.

Assuming that the population on the outbreak of war was the same as at the census of 1911—and it is the only available method of comparison—there were 393,320 people of German origin in Canada, and 129,103 of Austro-Hungarian nativity and descent. Those of English-speaking origin totalled 3,896,985; and of French (almost entirely Canadian),

2,054,890. For every ten persons of British origin, and for every five French Canadians, therefore, there was one of enemy derivation,—including those of the second, third, fourth and fifth generations of the Canadian-born. That is equivalent to five millions in the United Kingdom and ten millions in the United States. In Ontario, the most British of all the provinces, there were 85 Dominion constituencies. In 56 there were more than a thousand inhabitants of German and Austrian origin, divided like this:

25	constituencies	between	1,000	and	2,000
14	“	“	2,000	and	3,000
7	“	“	3,000	and	4,000
2	“	“	4,000	and	5,000
1	“	“	5,000	and	6,000
1	“	“	6,000	and	7,000
1	“	“	7,000	and	8,000
2	“	“	8,000	and	9,000
1	“	“	11,000	and	12,000
1	“	“	12,000	and	13,000
1	“	“	25,000	and	26,000

In Manitoba there were ten Dominion constituencies. Every one of them had over a thousand Germans and Austrians. Three contained between one and two thousand, one between two and three thousand; one between six and seven thousand; one between ten and eleven thousand; two between eleven and twelve thousand; one between thirteen and fourteen

thousand, and one between fourteen and fifteen thousand.

In Saskatchewan there were also ten constituencies. The smallest number of Germans and Austrians in any of them was 3,547 in Prince Albert; and the largest, 17,601 in Mackenzie. Between these extremes the distribution was: Assiniboia, 4,706; Battleford, 8,301; Humboldt, 11,870; Moose Jaw, 14,913; Qu'Appelle, 6,600; Regina, 12,660; Saltcoats, 10,464; Saskatoon, 17,402.

Alberta was divided into seven constituencies; and the range of inhabitants of enemy origin was from 4,051 in Macleod to 16,449 in Victoria, with these intermediate totals: Calgary, 5,343; Edmonton, 7,674; Red Deer, 9,553; Strathcona, 9,558, and Victoria, 16,449.

Only two of seven ridings in British Columbia each held less than a thousand Germans and Austrians, and of these Nanaimo was only 33 short. There were 1,973 in Comox-Atlin, 2,357 in New Westminster, 3,634 in Yale-Cariboo, 4,158 in Vancouver and 5,167 in Kootenay.

In old Ontario, then, fifty-two out of eighty-one constituencies contained at least a thousand Germans and Austrians. Between Lake Temiskaming, on the Quebec border, and the Pacific Ocean there were thirty-eight Dominion constituencies—four in Ontario, ten in Manitoba, ten in Saskatchewan, seven in Alberta and seven in British Columbia. In only one—Victoria city

in British Columbia—were there appreciably fewer than a thousand (the figure there was 639) people of enemy derivation. In thirty-three constituencies these elements of the population varied from two thousand to seventeen thousand.

That was not all. When the war came Italy was still with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance, and the 45,441 Italians were our possible enemies. Their provincial distribution was: Nova Scotia 960, New Brunswick 384, Prince Edward Island 23, Quebec 9,576, Ontario 21,265, Manitoba 972, Saskatchewan 310, Alberta 2,139, and British Columbia 9,721.

Leaving aside 5,875 Bulgarians, whose country joined the enemy in 1915, there were 58,639 Russians, including Finns, 33,365 Poles, and 107,535 Scandinavians (not divided in the census between Swedes, Norwegians and Danes). The Russians were our Allies; but the end of the war evoked a deep feeling against Russians and Finns because they were alleged to be fomenters of Bolshevism, which also was asserted to be eruptive among the Poles. At different times during the war it appeared as though Sweden might join the Central powers. In that event this section of the population, mainly resident in the prairie provinces, would have been denounced as enemies, whatever their individual dispositions, and regardless of the raising of a Scandinavian battalion in the West.

With such a racial composition, and with the certainty of a long and world-shaking war, what was the clear dictate to statesmen who understood the elementary condition of their vocation—that to govern is to foresee? It was that all these people, some of them native-born, and all of them potential fathers and mothers of the native-born, should be regarded as a solemn charge upon a wise Canadian patriotism, which must minimize the risk that they would regard themselves as enemies of the country to which they had immigrated in quest of a more abundant life than they had known in the lands of their fathers.

The Germans and Austrians in the United Kingdom were in a vitally different situation from their kinsmen in Canada. The British Government had not spent a part of its revenues to induce them to leave the Continent. They were not given lands to induce them to settle on the Thames and the Clyde. Nor were they told that transference to British soil would give them a freer citizenship and protect them from the militarism which they abhorred where they were born.

If before the war you had broken bread in the houses of Galicians, Doukhobors and Finns in the West, and had discussed their future with Scandinavians who are the best of settlers, you will know that they wanted to become Canadians, for the very reasons which have been

inadequately given in these pages—that their children's future was their future, and that they were willing to undergo any toil, and endure the disabilities which strangeness of speech might inflict upon them, if haply their descendants might live more freely than their ancestors, in bodily comfort and social self-reliance.

Some of these folk communicated their faith to you with inspiring clarity. Others conveyed it dimly, because they perceived it dimly, though surely. Their unremitting labour was the promise that what they saw darkly their children might achieve in fulness of light. Some, like the Englishman who has not yet pieced together the fabric of his past and future, thought more of their Old Land than they apprehended of the New.

Our Governments had given no worthy instruction in citizenship to these people. It was enough that they should produce from the ground, so that railway cars might be filled and factories saved from idleness. They were deliberately incorporated into Canadian life, by a generous naturalization law which conscienceless politicians calling themselves British had often basely prostituted. It was evident that they might become like so many festers in the body politic if they were not treated during the war with wisdom and foresight, and the constructive humanity without which statesman-

ship becomes a farce and politics an abomination. This was so clearly grasped, in some quarters, that, before war was declared, the Government was urged to father a propaganda to offset the harmful tendencies which slaughter was bound to unloose, among them and among us.

The Prime Minister was too busy to consider such a matter. The appeal was carried to the Leader of the Opposition, who promised, but did not perform. In Parliament, where, if anywhere, the internal condition of the country should have been debated with patriotic courage and political insight, nothing was said about preserving internal harmony from which inspiration could be drawn, or on which hope for the future might be grounded. If the Government failed the Opposition should not have failed—not His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, which could have given intellectual leadership to the country. The neglect to recognize the duty to the foreign-born fathers of the native-born had its sequel in the War Times Election Act, a partisan measure which put a premium on disunion, which was opposed in the old-time partisan way, and which has raised more devils than it could have laid.

It is futile to attack men because they could not see, however much they may be blamed because they would not listen. Everybody knows the disadvantage of the Opposition. It was led

by a French-Canadian. Its most numerous contingent was from the province which was placed under suspicion from the first by those for whom discord is the mother of political success.

If the Opposition criticized the Government it was itself disloyal. If it spoke kindly for the so-called foreigner, it was vote-hunting among the disaffected at the expense of the loyal. But the numerical strength of the French should not have paralyzed the tongues of the English Liberals. Leadership is to those who will lead. If the Government played the partizan, nobody else was compelled to follow its lead. Fear paralyzed good men in the place where it is their paramount duty to declare the Truth as they see it. That fear was the fruit of the old partisanship. The old partisanship maintained its unholy strength because the Canadian Parliament, from its beginning, had been shut off from the iron facts of national life and death—the ultimate anvil where alone commonwealths can be wrought to their true temper and shape.

CHAPTER IX

NEW WORLD LEADERSHIP THAT BAULKED

Regretting that the trusteeship for the Allied cause in the United States was declined by Canada because the Foreign Office could not speak to the Republic in the accent of North America; that an unexampled autocracy deprived Parliament of its right to increase the army; and that Parliament turned a blind eye and deaf ear to proposals affecting the resources of Canada and her appearance at the Peace Conference.

The ancient colonial subordination explains the second failure on the high political side of the war—the refusal to demonstrate the essential dignities of Canada's relationship to the United States, and the inability of the Opposition to originate redemptive action through debate in the Houses.

No power on earth, as the Round Table concedes, can now stop the development of a Canadian nationality as clearly marked and distinct from English nationalism as it is from the American type, and with an individuality that will conform increasingly to its own environment. The environment of Canadian nationality is North American. Its mental texture and genius will differ from the English as definitely as the flesh and wool of a Southdown reared at Dover, on Lake Erie, differ from the flesh and wool of its cousin fed on the Dover cliffs that overlook the English Channel.

Canada entered the war as a North American democracy more than as an English dependency. Her contact with the United States was intimate and multifarious. Several hundred thousand sons and daughters of the United States live in Canada. Nearly three millions of the people in the United States derived from Canada. The accent of Canada is like that of the United States. The travel of Canada is in the style of the United States. The periodical most widely circulated in Canada is printed in the United States. The amusements of Canada are imported from the United States. The currency of Canada is similar in denomination to the currency of the United States.

If Canada entered a European war because it was an absolutely free North American democracy it was evident that Canada was better qualified than any other country to interpret the war to the principal democracy of the New World, whose frontier was her own for several thousand miles.

This was apprehended by Canadians who were governed neither by the partisanship of the politician nor the subserviency of the "colonial." But it was not appreciated by a Government or an Opposition whose leaders had not been trained in the full practice of political self-reliance.

The vast importance of American goodwill to the Allied cause was reasonably well understood

in England. The right way to secure it was not. Sundry emissaries from Britain appeared in the United States to proclaim the justice of resistance to Germany and Austria. They were not conspicuously successful. The prevailing English accent does not enchant the American ear. The American friend of the Allies found that the English presentation of the case sometimes aided more pro-Germanism than it hindered. The propaganda was frowned upon by the Foreign Office, and withdrawn.

There were friends of the Allies in the United States who were also friends of Canada. Some of them, before the war, were promoting a celebration of the hundred years of peace between the Republic and the Empire, especially with relation to Canada. They besought the Canadian Government to send speakers into their country to take up the work which the English from England could not adequately perform.

The Foreign Office, which is proverbially ignorant of the Britannic world, had decided that it was not well for Englishmen to present the English case to the American people. Where Englishmen had failed the Foreign Office was quite sure Canadians could not succeed. Therefore the Canadian Government decided that it was not desirable to arrange to present the Canadian case to the American people. When the war was nearly four years old an effort was made; but it followed the English campaign,

which was appropriate enough, when the republic had entered the war, and the former prejudices were allayed.

No question could more patriotically have been raised than this, in the Canadian Parliament. If the Opposition had exposed the stupidity of putting the Canadian arc under a bushel because the Foreign Office candles had sputtered out, the Government would have been compelled to recognize that the friends of Canada in New York were better judges than the Foreign Office of the service to be rendered the Allies by Canada—the Foreign Office which knew Canada chiefly through Canadian complaints of its lack of understanding of Britannic expansion. Canada was the natural Trustee for the Allied Cause on this continent. Her Government, not having been accustomed to deal with the ultimate facts of political life, turned aside from the duty. For the same reason, the Opposition did not turn the Government to the duty.

It is characteristic of a democracy which, to quote the Round Table once more, has not developed to the full its capacity for government, that it permits the most astounding exercise of autocracy in spheres where democracy should be most zealously asserted. A monumental example of this was furnished in the seventeenth month of the war. The very talisman of the British constitutional

defence against military autocracy is the military provision enshrined in the statutes of the Glorious Revolution, which is celebrated with undiminished fervour by Canadians on every twelfth of July. In time of peace there is no standing British army, because a bill authorizing the army's maintenance must be brought to Parliament every year. Only Parliament, in regular session, can increase the military forces of the Crown by a single drummer.

The monarch's irresponsibility was curbed by limiting the monetary provision for himself to a yearly grant. Military impotence against his people was secured by a similar limitation. Never, since the Stuarts were driven from the throne, was an army raised in the British Empire, or increase of it directed, except by the immediate authority of an Act of Parliament—until it was done in Canada. It was done at Ottawa without a resulting murmur in Parliament that the citizenry could hear.

When Parliament rose at Easter, 1915, after the second war session, authority had been given to increase the army to 150,000 men. That was so enormously in excess of anything that had ever been dreamed by statesmen before the war, that, despite the extraordinary powers conferred on the Cabinet by the War Measures Act, it would have been thought that Parliament would certainly be called together to authorize, rather than to ratify, any further

increase. But, as Parliament had not come into contact with the ultimate facts of political life, and members of the Government, visiting Europe, had, it was boldly assumed there was no need to tell Parliament the facts before its honour was committed to finding the money.

In October the authorized army was increased from 150,000 to 250,000. That may have been done without summoning Parliament because of fear of objections by French members, some of whose constituents were against unlimited participation. Even so, it was a novel use of the Constitution to decree that because a member of Parliament might disagree with the Government, he should be given no opportunity to say so in the place which the constitution guarantees to him, as the guardian of his constituents' freedom. The raise to a quarter of a million was put through, under cover of the War Measures Act; and recruiting was correspondingly hastened.

At the end of the year the quarter million was about 30,000 short. Parliament had been summoned for the twelfth of January. On New Year's Eve the Prime Minister, on his individual authority, announced that the Canadian army would thenceforth be 500,000 men, and the country felt that it had been committed beyond possibility of revision.

The monarchical character of the act was scarcely more astonishing than the silence with

which the Opposition accepted the affront to Parliament. In ten weeks the army had been more than trebled, without a word being said to Parliament. The magnitude of the coup is partially realized by those who know what it is to elect a sovereign Parliament, when they ask themselves what would have happened in Britain, if Mr. Asquith, who was then Prime Minister, in a personal announcement, on the eve of the assembling of Parliament, had told the British taxpayer that he had added two millions of soldiers to the army. What would occur in the United States if the President (who has larger powers than any British monarch has been permitted to exercise since the Revolution), on his own initiative, and twelve days before Congress was to convene, had undertaken to levy four million men for an army which would be commanded in the field by a general selected and appointed by some other government than that of the United States?

There was murmuring among Government supporters; but the discipline of partisanship triumphed over Parliamentary responsibility. On the Opposition side there was a paralysis of the democratic nerve, by the continual fear of what would be said if the French made a fuss—a tribute to the domination of sectionalism, and the bedevilling of national solidarity which cannot be avoided when the major functions of nationality are atrophied.

One must live in Ottawa, and mingle daily with members of Parliament, to realize how much has been lost, and how little most of the members apprehend the loss, through the limitation of Parliamentary functions by the colonial system. Representatives of great cities believe that their paramount duty is to secure the spending of money in their constituencies, in salaries for jobs, and sums for contracts—the value of services rendered being secondary to the value of the prospective votes, which for them are the ultimate facts of political life. The party manipulators have often dictated the election of men in rural constituencies entirely because they knew many electors, and had offended none, either by opinion or activity.

One of these, who bears a very great English name, and who had been several years in Parliament, was at the Speaker's reception, at the opening of the session of 1916. The Minister of Finance had just been knighted, and was with his wife in the throng.

"Who is that with Sir Thomas White?" asked the member with the historic name.

"Lady White," answered his friend.

"Is that so?" replied the Parliamentarian.

"Did she get a title, too?"

An Ontario member, who is invincible in one of the best counties of the western peninsula, expatiating on the relative merits of government in Canada and the United States, was

astonished to learn that members of the Cabinet may not sit in either House of Congress, and may hold their offices regardless of Congressional confidence.

A Cabinet Minister, who was believed to be the most powerful man in his party, was reading a letter from a British Cabinet Minister, which one of his officials had included in a departmental report.

“Have you got this right?” he asked. “John Burns isn’t a ‘Right Honourable,’ is he?”

These trivial things are merely so many illustrations of what accompanies a political life which has become tremendously intense in its local pulling and hauling because it has been without training in the ampler region of sovereignty. They are inseparable from a system which encourages politicians to promise at home what they know can never be fulfilled at Ottawa, because their main concern is holding jobs, and they have been taught to believe that the Government’s main concern is to see that there are jobs to hold.

And so it has been a rarity to hear from the Government side critical discussion of large affairs. Premiers return from Imperial Conferences, in which efforts are made to mortgage the future of Canada, but there is little or no illuminative debate of the affairs they have handled there. London is the place of Decision, even in lawsuits which plaintiff or defendant

chooses to carry thither; London gives the last word in such things as the increase of senators, and the extension of Parliamentary life; so members of Parliament refrain from discussing what its own servants do in London. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to say "Ay! Ay!"

During the war the chance of peace-making by Canada was discussed in sundry places, but not where it should have been. There is more elucidation of the Dominions' relation to this most vital concern in the excellent quarterlies of the Round Table than in all the volumes of the Canadian Hansard. It was given out in London that when the time for making peace arrived the Prime Minister of Canada would be consulted, "if possible, personally."

Never had a country which raised hundreds of thousands of soldiers been told that when its sacrifices came to be implemented among the nations, it would have a secondary representation at the settlement. The question was never deliberated in the House of Commons. When an effort was made to bring it home to the national consciousness, it was objected that such things could not be discussed while blood was being shed. But if it was proper for London to say that there would be "consultation," and if it was permissible for publicists there to write about it, was it not proper for Ottawa to say what it thought about the "concession?"

About the time London was saying "If pos-

sible" to Canada, London was saying "Certainly" to Roumania. Article six of the secret treaty under which Roumania joined the Allies provided specially for Roumania's appearance at the Peace Conference, in the full panoply of national sovereignty.

In London, and in the voluminous pages of the Round Table, various corollaries of peace were also discussed. At home Canadians were supposed to be so absorbed in the fighting four thousand miles from the heart of their country, that its consequences to themselves could only be fittingly canvassed by men who were not Canadians, and who were almost within hearing of the guns. Even when two Canadians attended the Economic Conference of the Allies—one of them was the Minister of Commerce—there was no Parliamentary exposition of what had been said and done in the Canadian name.

Elaborate plans were mooted in England for the withdrawal of Canadian natural resources from Canadian control, so that future wars in Europe might be more efficiently conducted. The Canadian Parliament took no notice of such revolutionary propositions, to support of which, for all it knew, its creatures might have committed it.

Some consequences of war must be preempted while the war proceeds, if the maximum of self-respect is to be preserved. Bismarck precipitated the Franco-Prussian war to make

France the anvil on which he could beat out Germanic unity. He did not wait till after the war to implement his design. While the war was on the King of Prussia was crowned German Emperor, at Versailles.

A member of the Canadian Union Government has said that ninety per cent. of political genius consists in the ability to create situations which the other fellow must meet. During a war the Opposition is just as powerful as its will chooses, and its brain contrives. If it has larger vision, higher courage, and more convincing articulation than the Government, it can compel the Government to do anything it finally insists upon.

If, when London was discussing what the position of Canada at the peace would be, and how the resources of Canada should be Imperially pooled, the Opposition had proposed a resolution declaring that at the Peace Conference Canada would take a place commensurate with the services of the Canadian soldiery, and conformable to the Canadian leadership of the Western Hemisphere in saving its own democracy; and that no tittle of control of Canadian resources would ever be surrendered to any authority not exclusively responsible to the Canadian people, the Government would not have dared to ask its supporters to vote it down. It would have tried to ward off criticism by an order-in-council. Word would have been sent

to the Allied Governments that Canada (having honoured her soldiers by assuming a belligerent identity in their behalf) would appear at the Peace Conference as a nation that had won its spurs; and we should have been spared the unseemly scramble at the door which robbed our arrival of its dignity.

Where there is no vision Oppositions stumble. Where there is no courage Oppositions fall—and fail to convince the nation that there is an alternative Government worthy of the tremendous times.

One who was in the Cabinet when the war began has confessed that it was a capital blunder not to form then a Union Administration. A Parliamentarian who held responsible office after he had seen the war at close range, has admitted that it was an egregious mistake to ask the Opposition to extend the life of Parliament without inviting it to share the responsibility for administration. Every suggestion for organic unity that was made privately in Parliamentary circles, in the press, or at public meetings, was disregarded, until conscription was inevitable. Why? Because the old partisanship was stronger in its trenches than the new patriotism was in its temples, and because, in relation to the sentiment that was growing among the people against the game that was being played there, Ottawa had become a vast Internment Camp.

The underlying reason for this partisan ignominy was that our share of the war had been undertaken by statesmen who, not having been accustomed to dealing with the ultimate facts of political life, could not estimate the responsibilities which Armageddon thrust upon them. Canada alone of British countries entered the fourth year of the war with the same party Government with which it began the conflict. Canada was pre-eminently the British country in which potentialities of disunion abounded.

If formal declarations of war against Germany, against Austria, against Turkey, against Bulgaria, had been made; if the control of the lives of hundreds of thousands of Canadians had been vested in the Canadian Parliament as directly as control of the lives of their citizens was vested in the Parliaments of Britain and of France, the electioneering manœuvres which disgraced Ottawa, while casualty lists were pouring in, could not have been persisted in.

Could the Quebec situation have become what it was, to the indefinite affliction of the future, if the unanimity with which the war was undertaken had been solidified by placing direction of affairs in Quebec upon the shoulders that were most qualified to carry it? The only way to do that was to have a Union Government at the time it was first urged upon the party Government. It was not done because there had for so many decades been only a partial exercise of

the functions of political manhood by the Dominion Parliament, and the potentialities of our belligerent example to the New World had been woefully misappreciated. The arrested development was bound to display itself even when a Union Government did come into being, as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER X

AUTOCRACY'S FOOL TUESDAY

Discussing strange manifestations of War Governments that were fighting for Democracy, such as denying Parliamentary representation to many constituencies, threatening Parliament with censorship by its servants, and preparing for a secret session of both Houses by a series of dramatic blunders hitherto unknown to representative government.

The starving of Parliamentary democracy, which is inevitable where knowledge, capacity and responsibility are under-exercised, is not wholly imputable to the party system. Parties respond to their environment. The leader who insists on travelling far ahead of his followers soon ceases to lead, unless he combines a wizard's genius in statesmanship with an apostle's fervour in propaganda.

The party spirit, chiefly nourished on the husks of preferment, will intensify its narrowness so long as nothing happens to cleanse it so as by fire. The pettier the issues on which it is fed, the more will its devotees try to maintain their position by charging opponents with all manner of improprieties, and by intimidating friends with the penalties of ostracism if they venture to exhibit an independence of mind within the party councils, and to disclose an originality of expression in the public arena.

For one to criticise a party which he has been known to support on a special issue has long been an unpardonable sin. Those who call most piously for political independence are often foremost in spreading distrust of men who are bold enough to walk alone. They cannot believe that their country produces citizens who are courageous enough to be unpopular because they have some capacity to foresee, and therefore declare what they know to be true. To say "Ditto" to the party leader, if he is in office, or was once in office, is the high sign of political fidelity. Those who leave him are traitors, and can never really have been anything else.

The more evidently a man sacrifices the assurance of partisan prosperity, the more certain is it that some dark, selfish and perilous design is in the back of his head. There is none righteous, no not one. Service of his country cannot make a compelling appeal to anybody who has ability enough to earn five thousand a year in business. Find a man who has produced political results, in the spirit of service, and who has given years to studying the road to his country's progress, and you have found one who deserves only to be reviled. Nobody is willing to live for the State—in Canada.

"Oh! for a Lloyd George!" cry the abhorrrers of "politics," who would not express an unpopular opinion if they feared it would cost them a rich man's smile or a poor man's custom. If

a statesman were to appear, as Lloyd George appeared, attacking the existing order, and daring to say and do things that are disliked by the party pussyfooters, and the wealthy and powerful, they would call him a demagogue, and consign him, without benefit of clergy, to ignominious political sepulture, via the press. The fact that he stood up under calumny, because he surely anticipated the coming of a day when a man's good will not be evil spoken of, would be proof enough that he was a "faker." There are only sordid motives in public life, and nobody touches it except for what he can get out of it for himself.

It is this spirit which makes men shrink from criticising a Government they have independently supported, or an Opposition with which they may, in general, sympathize. If there is a deep-seated disease in the body politic, a condition which prevents the realization of better public service, the first requisite is fearless informed, penetrating diagnosis. If all Governments are vitiated by disabilities which have long been common to all parties and rejected by none, the disabilities must be understood before they can be overcome. This applies to a Union Government as well as to a single-party Government.

The Union which receives so much absent treatment from its chieftain, has many apologists and several friends. Its life is thought to

be precarious, but nobody nominates its successor. Though there is much unrest in the land, no trumpet wakes the vale; no beacon flares upon the hill. How can the Government be worthily superseded if there is a helpless misunderstanding of its ailment? If Parliamentary democracy has become anæmic it must find something to invigorate the blood, before it embarks on a policy of decapitating its servants who are doing their best, however clumsily.

Let suggestions of base impropriety in the formation of the Union Government be dismissed as unworthy of the crisis which brought it forth. It isn't worth while to play the silly old game of professing that everything that is done with which you disagree is wickedly inspired; and that whatever happens on your side of the fence is dictated by the loftiest self-sacrifice. There was a national crisis. If it was not magnificently met it still may have been honestly faced. To give credit for so much virtue in others is to preserve one's own honesty, which is good policy.

Sir Robert Borden never could be an inspiring party or national leader. He has little political instinct. He lacks the imagination and glow which lift men to their own best heights. He is neither swift in conception nor decisive in execution. He would adorn the Bench; he puzzles the Council. When he does what he

believes to be the strongest thing he frequently develops more trouble than he dissipates.

For seventeen years he led the Conservative party. For seven years he had been Prime Minister, when a company of Liberals enabled him to reconstruct his Cabinet. Nobody who negotiated with him during the summer of 1917 could doubt the sincerity of his desire to break the shackles of the ancient partyism. He was willing to retire. All he asked was an honourable discharge. There was nobody to take his place.

Equal tribute may be paid to those who joined him. They knew that the position of the country, actually and potentially, was graver than the multitude understood. Some of them feared they were committing political suicide in leaving Sir Wilfrid Laurier. They believed he was destroying the Liberal party by refusing to resign the leadership. They took their course; and it is decent to give them credit for going over the top. If they have not enough ability for the rare crises in which they live, it is not necessary to treat them as rogues. The most honest man will do incredible things when he is out of his depth. As a rule, the more mistaken his vigour the more honest his intention. The worst persecutors have been certain they were rendering to God the most acceptable service. Oppressors often think they are kind.

Goodwill is also owing to those who, without hope of personal advantage, earnestly sup-

ported the change to a Union Government. They believed that, whatever else was risked, the hidebound devotion to the old partisanship must be overthrown, if Canadians in Canada were to serve the State as honourably as it was being served by Canadians in Flanders.

The Borden Government had failed, as it was bound to fail. The new Government could only succeed through the refreshing strength that came into it. The essential requirement of the New Phase was that leaders should be evolved who would know how to magnify democracy here while their fellow citizens were dying for democracy yonder. If there has been a second failure, which much good work cannot conceal, it is highly necessary to find out why.

The Union Government was formed on the thirteenth of October, 1917. Parliament had expired a few days before, by the effluxion of time. Of the eight Liberal members of the re-built Cabinet, only two had experience of the House of Commons—Mr. Carvell and Mr. Maclean. Three had been in provincial legislatures—Mr. Sifton, Mr. Calder, and Mr. Rowell. Three were strangers to public life—General Mewburn, Mr. Crerar, and Mr. Ballantyne.

The surviving members of the Conservative Government had been accustomed to exercising a virtual Cabinet autocracy over Parliament. For three years they had violated the primary right of constituencies to be represented in Par-

liament. More than twenty seats in the House of Commons were vacant during its last session. Every war-time vacancy which occurred in the British House of Commons was filled promptly in the constitutional way. For three years the only vacancies in the Canadian House of Commons that were filled were those which involved the acceptance of Cabinet offices by Mr. Casgrain, Mr. Patenaude, and Mr. Kemp. Hamilton was deprived of a member for three years. Regina had been unrepresented for two years. For two sessions London had been without a member.

If the British House of Commons had been similarly depleted, more than sixty constituencies would have been dumb in the national council. Such a negation of Parliamentary government would never have been attempted by the most powerful Prime Minister since the days of Pitt. The denial of Parliamentary identity to ten per cent. of the Canadian electorates was equivalent to wiping Saskatchewan and Alberta out of the war, as far as Parliamentary check on a truly autocratic Government was concerned. The situation was accepted without a protest by the Opposition. The country, never accustomed to the full exercise of political rights, as meekly acquiesced in a suspension of constitutional guarantees which nothing could have induced British citizens to endure.

Was it surprising that a Government, inheriting such an example, boldly emulated it, especially when it found the new Parliament as submissive to its own creatures as the old had been? The Union came into power in early October. The writs for the general election were not returnable till early March. For five months, therefore the Cabinet could receive no visit from a legally elected member of the House of Commons. It seemed to forget that there would be a House of Commons. Its unexampled support in the press offered it scarcely an admonitory word. It was tempted to regard itself as Chanticleer who roused the sun.

Ministers who had never exercised more authority than belonged to the service of clients and the direction of clerks, found themselves at an altitude of power which might have disarranged more seasoned heads. When they wanted to do something for which the statutes afforded no warrant, they made a statute of their own by requesting the Governor-General to sign an order-in-council. Zealous for the war, they wished to marshal more effectively than had hitherto been done, the forces of voluntary devotion to it. So they summoned several unofficial Parliaments to Ottawa. Labour men and organized women were taken into open counsel; their advice solicited, their co-operation accepted, and news of their deliberations published.

In the country there were over two hundred men, unofficially known to have been chosen by the people to control the Cabinet through the House of Commons, and nearly a hundred others who had been appointed for life to discharge a similar duty through the Senate. There is no record that any of these representative men were summoned to Ottawa for consultation: Theirs was the consolation that they also serve who only stand and wait.

Commissions for this and Committees for that were formed, some of whose members despised the checks of popular representation. Autocracy grows with what it feeds on. There was a minimum of speech to the country. To discerning observers it became apparent that the altars of democracy were being served with a declining care.

Parliament assembled on the eighteenth of March. It soon learned how little it counted for in the New Control. The country had carte-blanché a Cabinet rather than chosen a Parliament. The Debate on the Address proceeded until an ex-Cabinet minister had made a damaging attack on the President of the Privy Council, who was not in the House. His colleagues allowed the debate to end, rather than move the adjournment in order that he might be heard. While an answer on the floor was waited for daily, the House learned, not by a communication to itself, but through the press,

that the Cabinet did not think it worth while to notice the charges that had been made. As a witty correspondent of a paper supporting the Government said, "The accused Minister has pleaded, 'On the advice of counsel I reserve my defence.'" He seemed unconcerned to be the guardian of his own honour.

Ten days later there were serious riots in the city of Quebec. Military suppression was utilized. Machine-guns were set up in a British city for use against the populace. A group of members of the House of Commons exercised their right to demand a discussion of the riots. They were asked to defer the motion for a day. A few moments before the debate began the Prime Minister produced an order-in-council intended to deter the House from using its privilege.

"We have dealt with this matter," said the Cabinet, in effect, "and why should the House of Commons bother with it?" The order broke the table of the ancient law, and transferred to commanding officers everywhere the right which for centuries had been vested in the civil power, of determining when armed suppression of a popular disorder was desirable.

From time to time there were kindred manifestations of the New Control. An order-in-council was passed, under the nose of Parliament, creating new offences and adding unusual punishments to the criminal code for such shortcomings as failing to register particulars of

yourself for purposes to be disclosed some time in the future. Unusual punishments are expressly prohibited to executive authority by the Constitution; but what was the Constitution between Kaiserets-in-council?

The House discussed an order of the Finance Minister to provincial governments that they must not raise loans without his consent—an order which was promulgated without consultation with the Provinces, all of whom had protested against being treated as though they were irresponsible children. A fair summary of a defending minister's answer is: "Well, it was more convenient to do it that way and let them protest afterwards." After all, the nine provincial Governments are Governments of the King, invested with the dignity and authority and deserving the respect which all the Governments of the Empire receive from Majesty. They are entitled to treatment that is accorded responsible beings. The archives of the modern empire will be searched in vain for anything that equals, the irresponsible scorn for their position that was poured upon all the provinces in the speech of the Minister of Customs.*

* The arrogance of "What are you going to do about it" could not be more nakedly expressed than in these two sentences:—

"I must differ from the Right Honourable the Leader of the Opposition in regard to what the proper course was, because not one of those provinces would have felt they would have been justified, if they had been asked previously, in giving up one jot or tittle of their provincial authority to the Federal Government. But, it being an accomplished fact, every one of those provinces, I believe, is prepared to join in, heart and soul, and assist the Minister of Finance in the getting of the money."—Hon. A. L. Sifton, Hansard, Session 1918, Vol. I, p. 128.

The German offensive of the twenty-first of March, with its disastrous sequences, determined the Government upon drastic measures to overtake the slow operation of the Military Service Act. It was proposed to cancel exemptions that had been guaranteed as a means of winning the election four months previously, and beginning with the class which included the largest number of farm workers. A secret session of both Houses was decided on to ensure sanction of the order-in-council with which it was intended to revoke the King's certificates. The manner of accomplishing this design constituted one of the strangest episodes in British Parliamentary history.

The Hun had been thundering at the inner gate for three appalling weeks when the Cabinet, on Saturday, April the fifteenth, decided to call the joint, secret session on the following Wednesday. In view of the emergency it was to be expected that the Government would have instantly ascertained how many legislators were in the capital, and how many could be brought in, by telegraph, for a Monday sitting. But Wednesday was fixed, for reasons which events were to disclose. It was as if one should come running to you, saying, "I passed your house this morning, and saw an awful tragedy happening inside. I'll tell you all about it next week."

The Houses had never before deliberated

together. They were to receive the most momentous communications. For once the Canadian Parliament was to function as though parties had never existed. A caucus of a whole Parliament could only be summoned because Parliament was required to authorize action which might not be sustained through the customary procedure. The prospect of so unique an innovation moved the *Toronto Globe* to an allocution which blended the exaltation of the Song of Miriam with the solemnity of *Nunc Dimittis*. The country was bidden to stand still and see an inspiring deliverance from faction, a suppression of ignoble strife, a salvation to better things. The Red Sea was to be crossed; Egypt was to be left for ever behind.

The *Globe* appeared to think that a Parliament so newly from the people, and placed by public opinion so far above the tactics of mere party warfare, could be left to its own instinctive regard for the historicity of its position and the engulfing peril of the year. But Wisdom proposes and Government disposes. The Cabinet succumbed to a superfluous temptation to play the old game, in the old way, and to mock the dignity it desired to display.

To some who lived through it, the day before the secret session of Parliament is remembered as Fool Tuesday. A series of movements was executed which for originality in Parliamentary

tact surely have no parallels except in the repeated follies with which the French Court destroyed the chances of an honourable survival of the monarchy as the colleague of the National Assembly.

At eleven o'clock there was a Government party caucus. It was given in detail the measure to which it was hoped the meeting of Government and Opposition supporters would assent on the morrow. If a more provocative challenge could have been thrown to the Opposition, no member of the Government was fertile enough to conceive it.

At three in the afternoon the Opposition found on the order paper of the Commons a resolution by the Prime Minister, the effect of which was to abolish that supremacy of the House of Commons, for the inviolability of which Speaker Lenthall defied King Charles in the most memorable scene in Parliamentary history, when he refused to answer the King, saying, "I have neither eyes to see nor a tongue to speak, except as this House shall command me."

The Canadian Speaker was to be given unchecked authority to expunge from the record any speech which did not please him; and, in order to prevent the public from learning what might have been said against the Government the press censor was set over the Commons—the censor being none other than the Gentleman

Usher of the Black Rod, who comes to the House and with lowly reverence informs it that His Excellency waits in another place. If a more daring offensive on the privileges of the House of Commons, at a more inopportune time, had been planned, the most ingenious enemy of Parliamentary freedom could not have devised it.

At six o'clock the press was summoned to the Prime Minister to receive the order-in-council which had passed the party caucus, and which was to be the fruit and justification of the impending secret session. Readers of every newspaper in the land were to know every detail of the measure, hours before a word of it was to be communicated to scores of Parliamentarians whose authority for it was to be implored in the gravest assembly in Canadian history. If a heavier discount could have been put upon the value of an impending appeal to the dignity of Parliament and of public respect for the greatest of all our institutions, no friend of the Government was competent to strike it.

At seven o'clock the press was again summoned—this time to the Minister of Justice—to hear an order-in-council that was an appropriate concomitant to the threat against candid speech in the Commons—a new and unprecedented attack upon their own freedom. There had been no impotence under the censorship of the Conservative Government. A rigorous control of news channels had been enforced, news-

papers had been confiscated and plants shut down; but something more draconian was possible to an administration several of whose members were fresh to the manufacture of decrees, and were believed to have been born in the wedlock of Liberalism and Freedom.

The very citadel of liberty itself having been threatened with an unparalleled censorship, perhaps it was natural to extend the process to the Fourth Estate of the Realm. The Minister of Justice read to the Press Gallery an order-in-council which made it a criminal offence to refer to any secret session of Parliament except in the terms handed out by the Government. If fifty members of either House thought it necessary to inform the country of what was happening, their voices were to be entombed in the Commons, and their words stifled in the country. To make the seizure of plants more easy the warrant of the Secretary of State was rendered specially available. It was the general warrant of the Secretary of State which was used to overawe the press after the Star Chamber was extinguished, under which the persecution of Wilkes was instituted, and which, as the final proof that the Crown had been worsted in its fight to prevent the people from learning what took place in Parliament, was formally abolished by the House of Commons in the year American Independence was declared.

Stringent lines were set beyond which criticism of the Government might not lawfully be uttered; and the penalties against printed publication were extended to the spoken word. To question the infallibility of the Administration was to apply a new sort of criminality to oneself. For any of the new offences, the punishment, without trial by jury, might be a fine of five thousand dollars AND five years' imprisonment. Petty magistrates, little learned in the law, were given powers to which judges of the High Court are strangers.

One of the astonished members of the press gallery asked if no warning would be given of the operation of such a surprising decree. "This is the warning," said the Minister of Justice, flourishing the order. If a more clumsy expedient could have been devised to chill the whole-hearted support of the Government by the press, it must have been imported from Russia.*

It was under the inspiration of these follies of an eight-hour day that the secret session of the Houses took place. It had been so heavily discounted beforehand that Sir Sam Hughes, who had never been accused of unpatriotism, bluntly told the Prime Minister that he had given the Houses nothing that could not have

* The head of an Ottawa daily newspaper declined to print a protest against this order-in-council, with the remark, "We are only a colony here, and we don't criticize government action as they are accustomed to do in England."

been found in the newspapers, and that the session was unnecessary.

The order-in-council that had been submitted to the party caucus was acquiesced in by both Houses on the following day; but the manner of its passing, as well as the commentary on the value of election pledges which it furnished, produced a revulsion of feeling against the Government whose consequences will be felt after many years.

It had become obvious to its best friends that something was wrong with the New Control. Power which was divorced from the ultimate responsibilities of making war vaunted itself upon the institutions which the war was waged to defend. The influence of the Government over its supporters waned until the last week of the session brought a more dramatic and more astounding maladroitness than the worst foe of the Cabinet could have asked.

Immediately on the assembling of Parliament motions appeared on the order paper in the name of Mr. McMaster, of Brome, and Mr. Nickle, of Kingston, respectfully desiring His Majesty to confer no more hereditary titles on Canadians. This was scarcely an urgent measure for the prosecution of the war; and would hardly have been thought serious enough to divert the Government's attention from the German offensive, which began on the fourth day of the session. At least the subject might

have been left to the untrammelled debate of the Commons, or of the Opposition, who had no direct responsibility for devising military measures. But, while the whole country was engrossed in the sickening tidings of the destruction of Gough's army, and the rush to the Channel ports, the Cabinet found time to anticipate the distant debate and pass an order-in-council demanding the most remarkable limitation of the King's prerogative which has been exacted since the Revolutionary Convention of 1688-9. When once the order-in-council habit has been acquired it seems to become as fascinating as a snake's eye is to a rabbit. Abnormal power in hands that were born for smaller things breeds a desire to display itself.

"Who's t' maister here?" a Yorkshireman asked his wife, as he came home one night.

"Why, tha art, for sure," she replied, taking his temper's measure.

"Then I think I'll break a two or three pots, to show tha," said he, and began a raid on the kitchen dresser.

He was drunk, with a spirit that made him play the fool with his destructive authority.

The debate on titles was reached in April. No word of the Cabinet's attack on the prerogative was breathed until it was seen that the House was practically unanimous against all civil titles of honour, including those which

almost half the lately superseded Cabinet had obtained. Then it was disclosed that the Cabinet had demanded of the King, not only that he give no more baronetcies or peerages to Canadians, but that he disentail those which he had already bestowed, and that he create no more knights except on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. Hitherto most Canadian knighthoods had been conferred as the result of a list submitted to the Cabinet by the Governor-General, who permitted the suggestion of additions—as to which amusing stories tell of the distribution of certain honours which never gratified the public, however wondrously they glorified their recipients.

A Western amendment, intended to destroy all knighthoods, led the Premier to ask for an adjournment with a view to reaching an agreement. The Cabinet was understood to hope that the matter was shelved, but the democrats on both sides declined to be soothed.

In May, when the debate was resumed, the Government asked that its order be accepted, in preference to the proposals before the House, which were manifestly agreeable to it. An amazed audience heard the Prime Minister, whose Government was sustaining the most awful crisis of the most awful war, and might have disregarded the minor mishaps of the closet, declare that, unless it endorsed his claim to continue to direct the Crown as to the be-

stowal of knighthoods, the Government would forthwith resign.

The Government supporters, except Mr. Nickle, Mr. Fielding, and Mr. Thomas Foster, succumbed to the threat; and autocracy once more received humble obeisance in the temple of its foe.*

* The question raised here is not the desirability or otherwise of a semi-annual crop of titular honours, but the unnecessary anticipation of Parliamentary action by a presumptuous attack on the prerogative; and the Premier's threat to destroy the Government, during the most critical period of the war, if he were not vested with part of the King's prerogative to create knights. It is not necessary, therefore, to discuss the revised situation with regard to titles, which arose while this page was in the press, through the appointment of a House of Commons Committee, following a second debate on the titles nuisance, in which the temper of 1917 has been re-exhibited and reinforced.

CHAPTER XI

SMITING THE ROCK

Reviewing the practices of autocracy during recess, mainly with relation to certain Habeas Corpus proceedings, in Calgary and Ottawa, during which one Supreme Court was met with armed resistance by His Majesty's Government, all courts were threatened with military defiance, and two judgments were rendered which politicians have forgotten, and historians will remember.

All preceding blunders in the competition in historical ineptitude were dwarfed by a declaration of war upon a province, by the Dominion Government, as an incident of the most astounding intimidation of the courts that has been attempted in any British country since James the Second failed to secure the conviction of the Seven Bishops. The spectacle of the Crown being invoked to order military resistance to the duly constituted courts of the realm was offered the Empire at the moment when the Allies began to turn the tide against the militarism which had threatened to subjugate free democracy in two hemispheres. While Foch prepared to hurl the enemy from the Marne the Dominion Government was ordering its soldiers on the Bow to treat the Supreme Court of Alberta as an enemy of the King, and to make a scrap of paper of a sacred page of the Constitution.

The citizen's right of Habeas Corpus is written in the British constitution as surely as the divine right of kings is written out of it. The eminent Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, discussing it in the judgment to which reference is to be made, quoted with approval the saying in Maitland's Constitutional History of England that it is "unquestionably the first security of civil liberty." No subject of the Crown may be detained without due process of law. A court which has reason to believe that one is so held issues its writ, which compels the parties detaining him to produce him in court. At the Government caucus which preceded the secret session, Mr. Fielding and others vainly opposed the cancelling by order-in-council of exemptions granted under the Military Service Act, instead of by a repealing statute. Now was the time of all times, said Mr. Fielding, to proceed constitutionally. The event proved the soundness of this derided advice.

One Lewis, who had been exempted from military service, was taken, and held at Calgary, under the order-in-council. The wholesale reversal of the King's pledged word inflicted so much discredit upon the major institutions of government in a province where naturalized Americans abounded, that Mr. R. B. Bennett took up Lewis's case as a test. Mr. Bennett had been Conservative member for Calgary. He was a stalwart supporter of the war.

He had visited its theatres with the Prime Minister. He had been Director-General of National Service. He had crossed the continent with Sir Robert Borden, preaching the gospel of unlimited devotion to the cause. He took up the Lewis case, not as a lawyer, but as a patriot. He could see that it was possible, by the suspension of constitutional guarantees, to inflict more injury on democracy at home than on autocracy in Germany.

A majority of the Court, to whom Mr. Bennett applied for a writ of habeas corpus ordering Lewis's delivery by the military, granted the application, on the ground that the order-in-council, to which Mr. Fielding in caucus had objected, and which the Opposition in the Commons had opposed, was *ultra vires*. Lewis, it was held, was entitled to his discharge from military custody. But, so as not to be unreasonable, the issuance of the order was withheld for two weeks, in order to facilitate an appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada.

About twenty other soldiers then applied to the Court under the Habeas Corpus Act, on grounds similar to those which Mr. Bennett had urged in behalf of Lewis. The Court issued an order to Colonel Moore, the local commanding officer, to produce these men, so that their cases might be enquired into. He treated the order with contempt, and refused to appear before the Court, on instructions from Ottawa.

The Government at Ottawa was not satisfied with instructing Colonel Moore to defy the Crown at Calgary, nor with discouraging the peaceful resort to the highest tribunal in the land. The Cabinet passed an additional order-in-council directing the general and other officers commanding all military districts in Canada, to retain, on their own conditions, all the men they already held, "notwithstanding ANY judgment, or ANY order that may be made by ANY court."

The delay in issuing the order for Lewis's discharge, to allow of an appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, had brought to the Ottawa mind the possibility that the highest court in Canada might uphold the highest court in Alberta. So the Supreme Court of Canada was plainly told that if it should presume to uphold the Supreme Court of Alberta, or any other court which should decide that the Constitution was the superior of the Cabinet, the soldiers all over the country would resist its judgment with bayonets.

This threat is unique in modern constitutional history. Charles the First tried something equally daring upon the Commons in 1642, when, with soldiers at the door, he demanded that the Five Members be given up to him. He was refused, in the scene wherein the Speaker refused to speak without direction of the House. He tried personally to intimidate

the City of London, whose protection the Five had sought. He was refused again. He fled next day from the capital, and returned seven years later, a captive, to lay his head upon the block.

How far Ottawa was prepared to go in its attempt to overawe the courts was shown by what happened at Calgary. The Supreme Court was the highest tribunal in a province as big as the German Empire. There was no superior civil authority within two thousand miles. Ottawa is farther from Calgary than London is from Constantinople. In the administration of justice the Supreme Court was as truly the province and people of Alberta as the Lieutenant-Governor was the representative of the King.

It was defied; and the defiance was persisted in, on orders from Ottawa. It became known that the Court had the power to send its officers to the barracks to take the disobedient colonel into custody; and to call upon all loyal citizens to assist them in the King's name. The barracks were prepared for offensive defence against the officers of the law. The citizens were informed that they might expect to be called upon to support the civil against the military power.

In the Court itself, where great patience was exercised, and adjournments were granted, to give time for reasonable counsels to succeed at

Ottawa, two incidents took place which will furnish the historian with his most dramatic proof of the extremity of the crisis.

While the order-in-council of July 5th was under discussion by the lawyers, Mr. Justice Beck intervened to say, "The order has abolished the Supreme Court"; on which the Chief Justice remarked, "All the courts"; and Mr. Justice Stuart added, "And the Privy Council."

While the conflict between Ottawa and Alberta was proceeding, Ottawa refused to permit the military officers at Calgary to promise not to remove from the province the conscripts in whose behalf writs had been granted, without giving the Court twenty-four hours' notice. Some of them were removed from the province. Major Carson, with obvious distaste for his task, was representing to the Court the seriousness of the situation. He spoke openly of the likelihood of citizens and soldiers being called upon to slay one another in a peaceful city. So affected was the gallant officer by the gravity of the prospect that he broke down, and could not proceed with his speech.

Failing to secure anything from Ottawa but orders to the soldiers to defy the Courts, the Supreme Court of Alberta delivered a judgment, ordering the sheriff to secure the men whom it had ordered Col. Moore to bring to the Court.*

* So that there may be no question as to what happened at Calgary the judgment of the Alberta Supreme Court is given in Appendix A.

In the end, the military officer on the spot undertook to do what his Ottawa superiors had forbidden; the local crisis was passed, and the issue was transferred to the Supreme Court of Canada—the threatened Supreme Court, which, if it had dared to justify the Alberta Court, would have seen the military all over Canada turned like Goths upon the ark and covenant of civil liberty; and a new example of Bolshevism set the world, under the sign manual of King George.

Though the deep issue that was first taken to the Alberta tribunal was carried to the Supreme Court at Ottawa, the Lewis case was not; and the intimidation of all the Courts was not officially brought to the attention of the Supreme Court. The case on which judgment was given was that of one Gray, of Nipissing. Gray, a farmer, had been exempted under the Military Service Act. The exemption was appealed against by the military authorities to the Central Judge; and the appeal was pending, when Gray was drafted under the order-in-council of April 20th. Holding himself unlawfully detained, he refused to wear uniform; and applied for a writ of habeas corpus. His case became the test; and, as the essential matter was the validity of the order-in-council, it covered that portion of the Calgary issue also.

The Calgary case could have reached the Supreme Court at Ottawa without the sem-

blance of a threat of bloodshed in that city, or of military defiance to the courts throughout Canada; and the Supreme Court judgment would have been respected by all. But when a court has once been threatened with military resistance by the Executive Power, the virtue is gone out of it as soon as its judgment is seen to accord with the threats promulgated against it. For a Government to threaten any court is to cast an aspersion on all courts. It is a profanation of the innermost of our civic altars. When the guardians of Justice defile Justice, then is she undone indeed. The Supreme Court of Canada, by three judges to two, decided that the Cabinet had full authority, under the War Measures Act of 1914, to pass the order-in-council, cancelling exemptions, and that, therefore, Gray and Lewis and all other draftees who had been exempted by due process of law, and whose exemption was not cancelled through an Act of Parliament, had no claim to immunity from military service.

No case so vital as this to civil liberty had ever come before a Canadian court since Confederation. In its peculiar ramifications it was as important as the suit against John Hampden to recover twenty shillings' Ship Money, demanded by King Charles, during the period that he governed without a Parliament and was raising money by orders-in-council. The claim of Charles to levy taxes regardless of Parlia-

ment has been made in Canada by a collection of Charleses, and they have been upheld, as their prototype was. The arbitrary king brought his influence to bear upon the twelve judges of the Exchequer Court who tried the historic cause. It is of interest just now to recall that one of the twelve was emboldened to brave the assured royal displeasure by deciding against taxation by orders-in-council, because his wife urged him to answer his conscience and let regal vindictiveness take its course. Hampden was condemned to pay by seven judges to five. History has vindicated the five. The Ottawa order-in-council of April 20th was upheld by three judges to two, after the threat of military interference with the courts. History will vindicate the minority, when the day of final reckoning comes.

It will be denied that Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Justices Duff and Anglin were influenced by the threat, against which the Alberta judges so manfully fought. Possibly they were not; but that does not make the threat any the less heinous an offence against every canon of Canadian law, statesmanship and justice. Judges must be above suspicion. No more effective method of placing them under suspicion could be invented than for the King's advisers to threaten them with bayonets if they should dare to judge disagreeably to the Government.

The honest observer can only see the facts in

their inevitable relation to each other; and remember that judges are neither gods that they are infallible, nor salamanders that they are impervious to the assaults of Unrestrained Autocracy.

The first strange fact about this trial is that, though it was so superlatively important, the Government, whose Deputy Minister of Justice argued its case, did not provide for a stenographic report of the proceedings. Public knowledge of the arguments is, therefore, incomplete. Those who have watched Government stenographers work on matters of public importance know that often a small discussion will produce a big note. But from this great cause the impeccable notebook was missing. The official report of the judgments, even, is more condensed than what purported to be verbatim extracts in the press on the morrow of their delivery. Already we are in almost as much uncertainty as to many important details of this issue as we are about what happened in the Hampden trial—as far as the nuances of the arguments are concerned. But there is no shadow of doubt about certain crucial aspects of the case, and of the judgments delivered.

The apparent issue was whether the order-in-council cancelling exemptions was valid, under the War Measures Act of 1914, which authorized the Governor-General-in-Council to make regulations to meet the war-time conditions.

The decisive section of the War Measures Act is 6, which, while conferring wide powers, enumerates, "for greater certainty," the classes of subjects on which regulations by orders-in-council may be made.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Chief Justice, set in the forefront of his judgment this governing declaration: "Parliament cannot abdicate its functions; but within reasonable limits it can delegate its powers to the Executive Government."

If Parliament cannot abdicate its functions, it is to be presumed that, when it delegates its powers to the Cabinet, it will give clear indication as to where it draws the line between delegation, which it may reasonably accomplish, and abdication, which it dare not perform. There must be some things which it cannot give up, and which are so essential to its existence that it will not even have to mention what they are. When it hands powers over to the Council which is its servant, it distinguishes them.

Take a conceivable example. It was possible that the Speaker of the House of Commons might come to think that the liberties of the House and of the people were so imperilled by orders-in-council, that he should openly protest, and assert that the Cabinet was helping the enemy, by its folly. His objection might be reported in Germany as showing Canadian hostility to further participation in the war.

Would the Cabinet undertake to dismiss the Speaker? Of course not. It would be understood that, Parliament not having expressly authorized the Cabinet to deal with so remote a contingency, it would not and could not abdicate its function of dealing with its officer. The fact that the contingency was not mentioned would be proof enough to a sane mind, with any knowledge of the genius of Parliamentary Government, that the subject, not being included in a list of matters covered by delegated powers, was one of those very subjects on which Parliament, to use the Chief Justice's phrase, "cannot abdicate its functions."

In August, 1914, could anything have been more remote from the mind of Parliament than that the conscription of Canadians to fight in Europe, after they had once been guaranteed immunity from military service, should be at the disposal of an order-in-council, regardless of whether Parliament were sitting? If there is one thing magnificently clear in the Constitution it is that the power of raising an army is reserved absolutely for Parliamentary enactment. To get behind that, on the plea that it was included in a blanket delegation of powers from Parliament to a committee of the Privy Council, operating through orders-in-council, is surely the grossest possible travesty of the Constitution.

Surely, when the Chief Justice of Canada

lays down principles governing the delegation of powers, he is in duty bound to elucidate those principles so thoroughly in his judgment that there can be no doubt as to the inspirations from which the judgment is derived. If it should appear that, despite his declaration that Parliament cannot abdicate, the Cabinet has boldly asserted that, in fact, the Parliament HAS abdicated; and that these claims were advanced after the Chief Justice's Court has been informed by the Cabinet that if it delivers a judgment which denies that, in regard to "the first security of civil liberty," absolute power has passed to the Cabinet, the judgment will be set aside by bayonets—in these circumstances, what value can be attached to a judgment which is in every letter agreeable to such an intimidation, and does not mention the overhanging threat which discredits the entire judiciary?

The Chief Justice plainly conceded unlimited power to the Cabinet—which means that if the Cabinet has unlimited power, Parliament must have abdicated—the very thing the Chief Justice says it CANNOT DO. This sentence in the Chief Justice's decision makes this astonishingly clear. He says, "It is said that the enumeration of several matters in Section 6 of the War Measures Act limits the effect of the power conferred. The answer to this objection, as urged by Mr. Newcombe, would appear to be that the statute itself expressly provides otherwise."

How far the majority of the judges kept from dealing with the real gravamen of the case, as they themselves set it forth, is further illustrated by the judgment written by Justice Anglin. As to whether Parliamentary Government was brought into danger by the Government's methods of administration, he says, "With such a matter of policy we are not concerned. At all events, all we, as a Court of Justice, are concerned with is to satisfy ourselves what powers Parliament intended to confer; and that it possessed the legislative jurisdiction requisite to confer them."

How can you determine what Parliament intended without touching the question of the policy which dictated Parliament's action? While it would be unfair to say the majority judges baulked their duty because of the Government's threat, it is fair to say they acted like fearful judges, when they refrained from asking the first and governing question which occurs to an observant man who reads their judgments.

Section 6 of the War Measures Act, in giving powers to the Governor-in-Council to deal with war conditions mentions, in some detail, these six fields of extra-statutory activity: (1) censorship, (2) arrest, (3) control of harbours and shipping, (4) transportation by land, water and air, (5) exportation, importation, production, manufacture of goods, (6) appropriation, forfeiture and disposition of property.

Justice Anglin's judgment says the Court "must satisfy itself what powers Parliament intended to confer." He decides that Parliament intended to confer on the Cabinet the power to conscript soldiers, regardless of what may have been clearly laid down in any Act of Parliament. Neither he nor Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, nor Justice Duff, so far as the official reports show, asked whether in 1914 it had been Parliament's intention to surrender to the Cabinet an authority to repeal its own Acts, passed subsequent to the War Measures Act, governing military service—the life and death of citizens—when that function was not even remotely covered in the lengthy enumeration of affairs in which discretion was clearly vested in the Cabinet?

Any plain man, who understands something of the fundamentals of Parliament, and who had not been threatened with military punishment if he dared to maintain a view that inconvenienced the Government, would ask, not only why enlistment was omitted from the subjects to which the War Measures Act was intended to apply, but what would Parliament's answer have been if, when the Act was passing through the Houses, the question had been asked: "Does this Act empower the Cabinet to conscript men already exempted by Act of Parliament?"

There could be only one reply to the question. Neither of the majority judges thought fit to

ask the question, which is glaringly insistent upon any mind charged, as Justice Anglin says the Supreme Court was charged, with the duty of satisfying itself what powers Parliament intended to confer. They agreed that this most vital of all war measures was included in a general blanketing of measures which might be deemed to be necessary as a consequence of a state of war, while such things as the moving of lumber were specifically mentioned in the Act. Parliament, it seems, intended the less to include the greater!!

Justice Beck, of Alberta, had stated the contrary in Calgary; but his view was set aside in Ottawa. The intention of Parliament in 1914 was held, by a majority of judges to have covered the over-riding of the Military Service Act of 1917 by order-in-council in 1918.

The majority, deciding that it had nothing to do with the revolutionary policy of quashing Parliamentary by arbitrary authority, proceeded to endorse that policy, not only by specifically upholding the order-in-council which most flagrantly embodied it, but by tacitly accepting the arguments with which it was buttressed.

Reports of the argument assert that Government counsel expressly claimed that the War Measures Act authorized the Cabinet to impose war taxation, whether Parliament was sitting or not. No such boldly revolutionary claim as

this would, under any conceivable circumstances, be advanced before any Imperial court. It would be assumed in London that Parliament could not descend so low as to abdicate the most vital of all its functions—the function for whose preservation Parliament had for centuries fought with a race of arrogant kings, one of whom lost his head because of his opposition to the principle of Parliamentary taxation, and another of whom, for a cognate reason, lost the most valuable portion of his Empire.

What can be said when a Cabinet comes into court and brazenly claims the unlimited autocracy mentioned by the Chief Justice, and the Chief Justice admits the claim? If the Cabinet had authority to upset the Constitution, in the matter of habeas corpus, said by the Chief Justice to be “unquestionably the first security of civil liberty,” and to impose taxation regardless of Parliament, which is the very heart and soul of tyranny; what, except its own untrammelled will, was to prevent it from accomplishing any other revolution it pleased? It might have deposed the King entirely, instead of merely telling him to cancel the hereditary birthrights he had guaranteed. It might have passed on to the Government in London its own right, under the War Measures Act, to impose taxation on the Canadian people for the war, in blood or treasure.

According to the majority of the Supreme

Court, not only would those usurpations have received Parliamentary sanction in advance, but the Supreme Court would be unconcerned with such proceedings. The Cabinet would be absolutely unfettered for a year less a day (during which Parliament need not meet). If, after the manner of refusing to consult the Provincial Governments about the abrogation of their right to raise money in their own way, it chose to turn everything upside down, no legal power could restrain it. Having authorized the military to defy the courts, what could the people do, short of armed resistance? And where could they obtain arms? Oh! Liberty!

These are not fanciful reflections. They are as inherent in the claims pressed upon the Supreme Court, by direction of the Minister of Justice, and expressly accepted by a majority of its members, as surely as the bird is in the fertilized egg. Can any student of the history of the freedom wherewith we are free contemplate these things without marvelling at the effrontery with which they have been advanced, and at the seeming indifference with which they have been accepted? Again, it is not seemly to charge the Supreme Court with turning its face from the great issue because it feared, to use the expression of the Alberta Supreme Court, that the consequences of the Government's threats must be little less than anarchy. But a threatened court which evades taking

notice of the threat, and also evades what a minority of its members perceive to be a transcendent issue, so obviously fails to rise to its rightful exaltation that a shadow is cast upon the will of justice to repel tyranny.

Happily, the overmastering issue was faced by two courageous judges, in studiously moderate language. Justice Idington wrote the minority judgment, with which Justice Brodeur concurred. It is a plea for constitutional government, fully recognizing that, for the war, every energy of the people should be made subservient to the success of our endeavours. But "the several measures required to produce such results must be enacted by the Parliament of Canada in a due and lawful method, according to our constitution and its entire powers."

But the powers of Parliament "cannot be by a single stroke of the pen surrendered or transferred to any body. The delegation of legislation in the way of regulations may be very well resorted to in such a way as to be clearly understood as such; but the wholesale surrender of the will of the people to any autocratic power is exactly what we are fighting against.

"Not only as a matter of constitutional law, sanctified by all the past history of our ancestors, and prevalent in the legislative enactments of the Mother Country, but as a matter of expediency, I venture to submit such a view should be our guide.

“Test the matter of the question raised by supposing for a moment the quite conceivable case of a change of Government having taken place after the Military Service Act had been passed; and the new Government had desired to repeal it, but possibly found the Senate barred the way. Would the new men have dared to repeal it by order-in-council, under the War Measures Act of 1914? And suppose, further, they tried to do so, and asked us, by a reference, for a judgment maintaining such an order-in-council, what could we have said? I should, in such a case, answer, just as I do now, that the War Measures Act could not be so stretched, nor our Constitution stand such a strain as the repeal of a single line of the Military Service Act by any such methods.”

Nothing is easier than to fall into thorough-going denunciation of members of the Government for the outrages on Parliamentary and civil liberty that have been recounted. But their failure could not have been so magnitudinous if there were not a large body of opinion consenting to their deeds. It was the duty of every member of Parliament who understood what was going on to protest to his constituents. That Parliamentarians were silent is evidence that they were uninformed, or indifferent, or incourageous, and that enlightened sentiment about civic liberty is dead or dying, or is waiting to be born.

The Government which, above every Government that has served the King since James the Second, has been distinguished by its assaults on the King's courts, is composed of men who stood equally high in both political parties. Though fourteen of them were lawyers, they reflect with reasonable fidelity the prevailing temper of the traditional political schools. Whether their behaviour is to be regarded as an admonition against allowing lawyers to become a law unto themselves is a problem half in law and half in morals which the curious may wish to solve.

Governments do what they believe peoples will stand. Poor vision and defective sense of responsibility were disclosed in war because they had been so grievously attenuated in peace. Governmental authority that totters when it should be vigorous, vigilant, and valiant—as in controlling the army, and in preserving the freedom of Parliament—inevitably turns to excess when it should practise restraint. That is the incurable tendency of incurable weakness. This negation of statesmanship has been the prime distinction of our war-time administration. The most pertinent prayer for officers of the law who endeavour to cancel the law is that they may be forgiven, for they know not what they do.

In the instances that have been cited the violence to things that should have been inviolate

brought the immediate results that were desired. But power to desecrate freedom, even on the profession that thereby freedom is saved, is too dangerous a license to be long entrusted to more massive and more angelic statesmen than those who remain upon our stage. A tiger that has once tasted blood is no more to be distrusted than a politician who has once revelled in arbitrary authority.

A great lawgiver who disregarded an injunction to speak with restraint in the presence of a distressed people, smote the rock. The waters gushed forth, and his object was momentarily achieved. But when the urgent crisis was past he learned that he could not lead his nation into the Promised Land; and the place of his burial was not marked.

Instead of speaking to the Canadian people, the leaders smote the rock of civil defence. It was their most Mosaic deed. It will ensure for them a Mosaic exclusion from the place where they fain would dwell.

CHAPTER XII

ENGLISH-FRENCH MARRIAGE AND NATIONAL MANHOOD

Telling of a Scotch foreignphobe's conversion, which suggests that something better than a *mariage de convenance* is possible between the French and English of Canada; and discussing the attitude of several Quebec leaders, including a Nationalist professor of Laval, who wrote a pamphlet supporting conscription, in spite of what he calls a "provincial war where our French culture and language are at stake."

Dr. Miller, the accomplished Principal of Ridley College, wrote that the first object of "The New Era in Canada," which he edited, was "To awaken the interest of Canadians in problems which confront us as we emerge from the adolescence of past years into the full manhood of national life." Though it might have been more comforting if he had said "deepen" the interest of Canadians instead of "awaken," he was but reflecting the Curtisian judgment about the sense of responsibility which languishes for want of contact with the ultimate facts of political life. It is worth noting that all the sixteen essays in the book were contributed by English writers. Not one discussed French nationality in the New Era.

Individual emergence from adolescence to full manhood means marriage and fatherhood—

no bachelor enters his ordained kingdom. No diversified people can emerge from international adolescence except through certain of the disciplinary processes of marriage between their component bodies. They must partake of a common fatherhood and common motherhood of the Future. From this point of view the relations of French and English Canadians have sadly failed of the goodly content without which prosperity cannot be. They have kept apart. They must learn to enjoy the larger communion of the birthright whose crown of rejoicing must finally be discovered in a full national manhood.

You have observed marriages between persons of different racial origin and speech. Properly understood, they are the opening chapters of Revelation—in Canada, the Apocalypse of a national virility that is nearer than it often seems. Mr. Thomas MacNutt, originally of New Brunswick, a surveyor and farmer of the plains, first Speaker of the Saskatchewan Legislature, and since 1908 M.P. for Saltcoats, tells stories about the pending unity in diversity of the illimitable West. Here is one of them:

“While I was a member of the Assembly, and coroner of the district, there was a lively newspaper correspondence on the Foreign Peril. One fellow was always on edge about it. He was a Scotchman, and you would think he could scarcely sleep at night for the danger the country was in, particularly from the Galicians.

After awhile the agitation against the people the Government had brought in died down, and I lost track of the wrathful Scotchman. Somebody said he had gone to British Columbia, where, I supposed, the name of the province suited him better.

“A boy was killed in a peculiar accident in a Galician settlement, and it was necessary to hold an inquest. I drove out there, and was met by the doctor, who said everything was ready for us.

“‘How will we handle the witnesses?’ I asked him.

“‘Oh! that’s all right,’ said he, ‘I have got a first-class interpreter. She won’t miss anything.’

“Sure enough, he was right. A smart young woman came to the book to be sworn, and said her name was Mary McTavish. ‘Goodness,’ thinks I, ‘you must be pretty clever to pick up these people’s tongue; I suppose you’ve been a school teacher.’

“Well, sir, she went through the business like a house afire. I didn’t know which to admire most—her quick grasp of every shade of the story the Galician witnesses told, or the speed with which she translated it into English that might have been spoken by the Governor-General. I complimented her afterwards, and asked where she had got her knowledge of the language.

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“ ‘In Galicia,’ she said; and you could have knocked me down with a feather.

“Then she said, ‘I should like to introduce you to my husband. He’s rather in a hurry to get home because the baby isn’t very well—teething, you know.’

“So she took me to Mr. McTavish. He was the Scotchman who used to write to the papers warning us against the Galician peril.”

“How’ll that suit Toryonto?” asked Mr. MacNutt, as he finished the story.

The marriage contract between French and English is given a Scotch-Galician introduction, not because the French in any wise come after the Scotch; or because the English are second to the Galicians; but because the Scotsman, having through a Galician girl, conquered his old prejudices and ignorances, and entered into his predestinated holy estate of full manhood, can the more wisely consider his relation to the French. He may learn much, as he contemplates the advent of full national citizenship of his son, born of a Highland father and a Galician mother. His Scotch-Galician-Canadian child and the French-Canadian child are members one of another.

The humanities are as far beyond the legalities as the stars are above the mist. Unless there were respect for treaties, and anchorages in the law, domestic war would never be far removed from us. But respect is not slavery to a

word. It is the letter that killeth. You may be able to interpret perfectly what the authors of the Quebec Act, of 1774, and of the Constitutional Act of 1791, intended, from the point of view of conquerors, legislating for the "conquered," three thousand miles away. You may possess all the mind of the Fathers of Confederation. But you will not then have disposed of two millions of native-born Canadians, who are no more prepared to worship solely the dead hands of their ancestors than you are to accept guidance from your ancestors who never saw Canada, and were terrified at the apparitions of Democracy, Reform Bills, and the Ten Pound Householder.

To-day is a far greater day than Yesterday. To-morrow will be nobler than both. No conquest was ever permanent. The Almighty has never yet confided everlasting domination over their brethren to any collection of His children. He disintegrates empires when they have served His turn. Always, sooner or later, that which is won by the sword cannot be held by the sword, despite the fire-eating followers of the Nazarene who now abound. There must be some political elasticity in men who interpret the Sermon on the Mount in the light of their own experience, and who make the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession fit their minds, consciences and experience more than they force their reason into moulds that were cast by

divines who believed in physical torture as an antidote to spiritual unrest, and in mutilation as a corrective of spiritual deformity.

As subjugation was understood during the eighteenth century, the English conquerors in Canada were more humane than the successive destroyers of the Palatinate had been. It is not a crime now to be very far in advance of the humanity of the destroyers of Belgium four years ago, any more than it was an offence against God, in the second half of the eighteenth century, for the English to be kinder to the French on the St. Lawrence than the French had been to the peasantry on the Rhine, when devastation was the black bulwark of the autocracy of profligate Louises.

The French-Canadians may have much to learn about us—and they are anxious to learn. We have very much to learn about them—and too few of us are willing to begin. Our notions of superiority have cost us dear. We are not as skilled in the art of extracting profit from loss as we think we are. Many of us are as afraid of the French as a gawky youth is afraid of a girl. We vow that we will never enter into full national manhood on level terms with them. We are like the honest, but marvellously incomplete young man who says, “I’m always going to stay with you, mother.”

We can never attain full national manhood if we refuse to arrive. Nobody can grow up

nationally in Canada who forgets two millions of his fellow-countrymen. They were here before him, and, unless he mends his birthrate, they may be here after him. In the prime of civic manhood it is well not to emulate the gentleman who kicks his daughter's suitor down the stairs, not because he knows him, or anything against him, or because his daughter dislikes him, but because he objects to suitors on general principles, at that stage of his parental authority, and especially to one with a little French in him—and that's all there is to it.

There is as much reason to be afraid of the French as there is to be afraid of ourselves. Did you ever hear a company of French-Canadians sing "O! Canada"? Did you ever observe the effect of asking a company of English-Canadians to sing "The Maple Leaf"? The sentiment of "O! Canada" may not be all-embracing enough, possibly because it has too much of the Cross in it. But it is Canada that the verses laud. The words may be sung by any Canadian who venerates the Cross without feeling that he is a stranger to their throbbing soul. In Quebec the children and old people sing it with equal fervour. They know every syllable of it. To hear them is to receive a kindred thrill to that which comes when the sons of Wales, among their immemorial hills, wake the echoes with "Land of my Fathers," and when the daughters of Alsace exult in "The Marseillaise."

What congregation of English-Canadians can spontaneously, unanimously, sing all of "The Maple Leaf"? It is the best we have; but its lines are not known to the English as "O! Canāda" is known to the French. It alludes to the senior Canadians only in a boastful reference to the conquest. It forgets that Wolfe appropriated what others had begun. The shamrock, thistle and rose entwine; but there is no historical implication which Canadians who are neither Irish, Scotch nor English can equally acclaim. It is a colonial song. It can never be the truly national anthem for the typical Canadian, when he is announced to his international brethren.

There, indeed, lies the difference between the French and English of Canada. While the English wonder how long they must wait for a Canadian nationality to which all of their speech will give unqualified allegiance, the French proclaim that for many generations they have had a nationality that is dearer to them than all else in the world. It was won by the most honourable of conquests—the victory of toil over suffering. It is consecrated and renewed again and again by the most sacred of travails—the pangs of birth and the sorrows of death.

"My interest in the Canadian soil?" says a member of Parliament. "Come home with me, and I will shew you the graves of nine generations of my ancestors in our parish churchyard.

What is that other fellow's claim to Canadian citizenship, who wants to tear French out of Hansard? He took an oath so as to get the deed of a hundred and sixty acres of prairie, and if he could sell at a big profit and clear out to the United States to-morrow, he would go. He may have sworn allegiance, but he hasn't become a Canadian. It hits me on the raw when I hear a man like that say that the language of the Canadian Parliament and Courts is a foreign language in his province, and he will never let it come there."

The first humanity of the French position in Canada which touches most sharply the optic nerve of the student who wishes for light, even if at first it hurts, is that the French-Canadian is made to feel like an alien when he leaves Quebec. He sometimes meets antagonism in one of his own cities. It is not impossible to hear in a Montreal street car remarks about "These damned French." It is foolish to condemn the French because they are too attached to Quebec, and then compel them to feel like foreigners when they remove to Algoma. What stone can be thrown at a man who says "Quebec is my mother country," who has known no other country for three hundred years, and whose compatriots make it difficult for him to know another province?

A former Cabinet Minister, whose speeches in English display a fulness of study and a perfec-

tion of form which no English-speaking Parliamentarian excels, and who has represented his country at capitals as far apart as Tokio and Capetown, said one day, about the attitude of some of his countrymen to their fellows: "My dear sir, they think we are Indians. They cry to us, 'Back to the reserve! back to the blanket and the wigwam! Enjoy your dance among yourselves, and speak your barbarous language—they are good for you. The Governor-General may speak with you in your own tongue, but we never will. You must think yourselves lucky if, in our country, your children can learn it for an hour a day. You will get your treaty rights, as the other Indians do; but more than British justice you shall not have.'

"British justice," quoth the statesman, half to himself; "Ah-h-h! British justice, and spell it with a capital J!"

Another, learned in the law, and with a literary gift that John Morley might envy, asked, during an illuminating, and—it is superfluous to say it—exquisitely courteous explanation of his position: "What is this British fair play we hear so much about?"

One of the most effective speakers in English in the House of Commons is Mr. Ernest Lapointe, who could use nothing but French when first elected in 1904. He tells, with Homeric laughter—in which also he is generously gifted—of parting with an Ontario

lawyer, with whom he had spent an evening after a day's professional business.

"Good-bye, Mr. Lapointe," said his new friend, "It has been a great pleasure to meet you. I have enjoyed myself very much—very much indeed. Do you know, you are the first decent Frenchman I have ever met."

It is easy to dismiss *contretemps* like this with the remark that they only occur with a small number of English-speaking people whose education cannot conceal their ignorance; and that such a question as bi-lingualism is not to be settled by generous feelings, or appeals to sentiment. Sentiment is good to make war with, but is inferior rubble on which to build a peaceful state—the reasoning is common, if stupid.

Sentiment makes sentiment. When a country discovers that a large section of the people is cold towards its war, it is worth inquiring whether there is not some predisposing cause, some sentimental reason, which has been flouted because it was not understood. He is not wise who rubs a boil on another's neck; and when objection is made, answers, "What are you complaining about? It doesn't hurt me. You have altogether too much feeling about a little thing like that."

It doesn't cure another man's inflammation to tell him he ought to be without it. If he says you have caused the anger in his flesh, you can at least inquire into his complaint. If you don't

he will be the more certain that you are to blame. If the French complaints about the quality of their freedom were confined to those who find it advantageous to intensify racial resentment in Quebec, they might perhaps be negligible. But there is more than demagoguery in Quebec.

There was published in 1917, and translated into English in 1918, a remarkable pamphlet, "The Call to Arms and the French-Canadian Reply," by Professor Ferdinand Roy, a distinguished jurist of Laval University, Quebec. Mr. Roy has been regarded as a Nationalist. He appealed to his people not only to accept but to welcome conscription. The pamphlet is worth deep study. It is a veritable transcript from the mind and heart of a highly cultured, deeply patriotic Canadian. The preface to the English edition was written in February, 1918. It does not soothe those who suppose there is no double problem in Canadian nationality. Its concluding sentence opens a door which Mr. Roy's general attitude seemed not to leave ajar. It is:

The writer is most happy to say that he has among his English-speaking countrymen many valued friends. Nothing would be more agreeable to him than to co-operate with them, and with others of similar liberality, in a sustained effort to dissolve the misunderstanding which now beclouds the Canadian outlook.

A few flashing revelations of the basic French position are given in a review of the scope of the

original pamphlet, which precedes this proffer of goodwill:—

The main causes of the failure of so-called voluntary enlistment in Quebec:

(a) The race-hatred which, by making the school question in Ontario more irritating than ever, has created, in our minds, the impression that we are actually carrying the burden of two wars, where our French language and culture are at stake.

(b) Politics, or rather politicians who, in both parties, for a score of years enslaved by Imperialism, have spread the conviction that Canada's interests must be sacrificed for the benefit of the British Empire, and have utilized the war to promote their imperialistic object.

* * * *

Plain speaking—not always devoid of passion—having been used towards the English fanatics who detract from the general good by presuming upon their numerical strength—plain speaking was also used towards Quebec agitators who, under pretence of combatting English Imperialism or Prussianism, not only desired to drop the association between Canadians and their mother countries, but also to isolate Canada from the rest of the civilized world.

* * * *

The basis of the appeal to French-Canadians is the uncontested fact that Canada entered this war with the unanimous assent and enthusiasm of *both nationalities*, and of all religions and political parties or groups.

* * * *

The conclusion of the appeal to the French-Canadian race, therefore, was, whatever might be its grievances against the other race, not to forget its mission in this continent, but to realize its true duty, and to make for the cause the required sacrifices, to cease a useless agitation that might lead to civil war, and to shew no inferiority to the other race in the answer to the country's call to arms.

* * * *

The writer knows his views reflect a deep feeling among his compatriots, with regard to our partici-

pation in the war, while maintaining their convictions upon the right of the French, in their native land, to equality of treatment with the English-speaking races. Some of his kindest critics think his estimate of the incompatibility of the two main races in Canada is too pessimistic; and that it is a mistake to believe that, though there is, and must remain for some time to come, one political confederation, there cannot be an identical English-French-Canadian sense of nationality. He would fain hope that they are right; but he cannot conceive the possibility of such a unity as they appear to anticipate, until there is a much larger recognition of the French place in it than the English at present seem disposed to welcome.

The pivot of these deliverances, surely, is in the view that we are two nationalities, and in the author's somewhat lugubrious belief that there is an essential and enduring incompatibility between them. The hope in these sentences is that a working unity may be achieved, pessimistic as Professor Roy is about its prospects.

On the English side it would seem that little advance can be made until it is recognized that the French in Canada have outdistanced their English brethren in developing a deep and abiding sense of nationality; that it has been done within the machineries and genius of British institutions; and that they base their claim to equality of treatment in their native land—not in their native province, be it observed—on what they believe to be the principles of the justice which was guaranteed to their fathers, and must not be withheld from their sons.

They see a birthright written in the marriage settlements. They have graven it upon their hearts. They will not permit it to be removed from their politics. Compared with it the tariff is a transitory, sordid thing; railway nationalization is a matter of account; and the organization of labour a question of time.

This problem in self-determination is more vital and permanent in Canada than those which have vexed Canadian statesmen in Paris. It is too momentous to be met by a policy of splutter and fume. It may be settled by statesmen. It cannot be by unscrupulous politicians who have been allowed to play with it too long, and upon whose feeble knees an honest country dare not cast its future.

CHAPTER XIII

ONTARIO SPEAKS FRENCH IN THE COMMONS

Admitting that the French predominate in a territory into which several European countries could be deposited; that their disappearance would be a national calamity; that while a Provincial Legislature is supreme educationally it is only a portion of its province; and shewing that amusing events could happen if the Ontario French were to exercise all their rights in the Commons.

The French are a national entity in Canada—not a chain of provincial woes. They are not distant relations by marriage—they are the marriage itself. If it has hitherto been a *mariage de convenance*, there is no insuperable impediment to its becoming a *mariage d'affection*. When you have been making an everlasting alliance with your wife's relations in Europe it is not a wild project to try to develop more geniality by the home fireside. It will help the beginning if you discover that your wife is better off than you thought she was, in her own right, as well as by consanguineous dower.

It is very hard for some honest souls to realize that her French children are precious to Canada. It would be a stricken country if they were to abandon their mother, and take their belongings with them. Little would be left between Cochrane, in North Ontario, and the Straits of Northumberland—a stretch of country in

which you could lay traverses of France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Roumania, and southern Russia.

If Divine Wisdom selected the St. Lawrence Valley as the scene of His Great Mistake, and if He chose Us to be His Great Correction, we might appropriately affect a punitive regard for the victims of Divine Error, and seek for a speedy method of divesting the earth of so much encumbrance. But we have for so long been assuring the Almighty that He doeth all things well, that a more considerate demeanour is due to our own spiritual perceptions. It may be better to try to believe that the Father of All is not displeased by the speech in which millions of His children daily pray, and that Christian discretion may be shewn in a forbearing attempt to live cheerfully with the partners whom He has permitted to sojourn under the same sky with us; and who, for all we know, may be destined for a quiet corner in our Heaven.

If the French are neither the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday, but are one of the deep-founded walls of the Canadian House, how shall they be esteemed in the expanding fabric of our citizenship? Some nervous persons like to think of them as incurably aggressive, and bent on submerging a choicer stock; forgetting that the cradle is as handy to us as it is to them.

Watching us, the French have come to believe

that they are on the defensive, as they were when French was prohibited in the United Parliament of 1840. They want to preserve a tongue and culture which they believe to be very good, but which their neighbours are unwilling to appreciate. Some of those neighbours, who do not pay the French the high compliment of being afraid of them, have begun to read facts as they are—often enough a disquieting discipline. They cannot refuse to like the French-Canadians whom they know, unless they wish to dislike themselves.

Your French friends wish nothing better than to share with you the country which their ancestors explored, their clergy Christianized, and their kindred saved to the Empire. Most of them came originally from Normandy. They think that Norman blood, which is so distinguished in the British peerage, cannot be so very repugnant to the society of Ontario. If it be a sin to multiply human production in the land of their fathers—a land whose rulers send to all the corners of the earth for people who will follow the French example—they can but plead that Holy Scripture with them is still a guide of domestic conduct. Having life, they desire it more abundantly. They think that in Canada there should be room for all Canadians who believe, with the Psalmist, that children are from the Lord, and blessed is he whose quiver is full of them.

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If the French are a mistake the census figures for eastern Canada proclaim a very apotheosis of blundering. If they are not a mistake, an admonition to think kindly of Providence is deducible from the statistics. In the ten years preceding 1911 the French increase from the Atlantic coast to the Lake of the Woods was more rapid than the English, despite the unprecedented influx from the British Isles—the difference was between 21.8 and 8.3 per cent. The total population of British origin was 2,930,657, and of French 1,971,255. The French distribution was:—Nova Scotia, 51,746; New Brunswick, 98,611; Prince Edward Island, 13,117; Quebec, 1,605,339; Ontario, 202,422.

The French question is much more national than provincial. It is an adult problem, and not a child asking inconvenient questions, who can be told to run away and play. National questions are infinitely more complex than the teaching of the three R's in provincial schools. Things are sometimes bigger than they seem. What many comfortably-minded people desire to regard as a school affair in Ontario, is a dominant question in the future of Canada.

Education, it is said, is expressly reserved to the provinces by the British North America Act. The Provincial Legislatures are, therefore, supreme in the teaching of languages, as in every other subject. It is presumptuous in the Dominion Parliament to proffer advice on any

scholastic question. The French language has absolutely no official status in Ontario. If it is permitted at all in the public schools it is to meet the limitations of scholars towards English. Its use in instruction is a privilege conferred, not a right confessed.

As a language, the mother tongue of the French-Canadians had no greater inherent right in Ontario schools than the language of the Bolsheviki. The demand for one language in provincial schools, which is being raised in some quarters, including political associations which believe they inherit the wisdom of Sir John Macdonald, is perfectly within the Ontario constitution, as it is within the constitution of every other province except Quebec, wherein alone bi-lingualism has a valid claim.

For the present one avoids discussion of the French reply to these contentions. It is admitted, following the 1916 judgment of the Privy Council, that the Provincial Legislature is unquestionable in educational affairs. The French base their case against the "persecution" of the language on certain guarantees as inalienable as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and firmly embedded in several statutes, beginning with the Quebec Act of 1774 and concluding with the British North America Act of 1867. Those who hold that there would have been no trouble about the teaching of French in Ontario if English had

not been entirely excluded from many schools, may be reminded that the Lapointe resolution proposed to the House of Commons in May, 1916, clearly condemned the ultra-French, anti-English attitude:—

It has long been the settled policy of Great Britain, whenever a country passed under the sovereignty of the Crown, by treaty or otherwise, to respect the religion, usages and language of the inhabitants who thus became British subjects;

That His Majesty's subjects of French origin in the Province of Ontario complain that by recent legislation they have been to a large extent deprived of the privilege they and their fathers have always enjoyed since Canada passed under the sovereignty of the British Crown, of having their children taught in French;

That this House, especially at this time of universal sacrifice and anxiety, when all energies should be concentrated on the winning of the war, would, while fully recognizing the principle of provincial rights, *and the necessity of every child being given a thorough English education*, respectfully suggest to the Legislative Assembly the wisdom of making it clear that the privilege of the children of French parentage of being taught in their mother tongue be not interfered with.

We are here concerned not so much with the Quebec contention as with a view of the question which will satisfy what the Quebec savant calls "this British fair-play we hear so much about." We owe justice to our own sense of justice. "To thyself be true."

Once more the Round Table furnishes a jumping-off place for careful feet. In "The Problem of the Commonwealth" it is written,

“No people can realize nationhood unless they achieve national institutions, and achieve them in time.” What is a national institution? It is a house not made with hands. It is a spirit more than a substance, even though it may dwell in a physical frame. It may be merely a celebration—a eucharist of patriotism, as Dingaan’s Day has been with the Boers, as the Fourth of July is to the United States, and as St. Jean Baptiste Day is for the French-Canadians. It may be an engine of government, or it may be the government itself—the monarchy, the presidency, or the system which king or president incarnates.

That is the greatest national institution for which the greatest number of citizens have the greatest regard, and in which they have the greatest common right. There is one such in Canada. It is the Dominion Parliament. Parliament has been the most generally distrusted of the national institutions; but it is the only one that periodically gathers all the citizens together at the ballot box, and brings men from all over the country face to face with common duties, to be discharged in a common manner, for a common end.

An Ontarion, therefore, expresses his Canadian citizenship at its highest, not in the provincial legislature, in which his fellow-Canadians from Chebucto and Nanaimo are strangers, but in the Dominion Parliament, where Chebucto

is the equal of Toronto and Montreal, and Nanaimo is the equal of either. A citizen is not fully equipped in patriotism until he is fully efficient to serve in the chief national institution. The less efficiency that belongs to that institution the more will it fall short of its function in leading the citizens to realize Dr. Miller's ideal of full national manhood. If Parliament is defective the nation is defective.

How can a member of Parliament be truly efficient if he cannot understand all that takes place in Parliament? In law, the Parliament of Canada is as bi-lingual as Sir Wilfrid Laurier was. In capacity to reach intimately all the people, ninety per cent. of the members of both houses from eight provinces were as far behind Sir Wilfrid as they are ahead of their own children at school. It is impossible to root bi-lingualism out of Ontario until the Parliament of Canada is overturned. The single-tongued Bolsheviki of the Constitution have not yet proposed to do that as an aid to the "One flag, one language" ideal.

The bi-lingualism of the Senate, the House of Commons, all the Departments of the Government, the Supreme Court, the Exchequer Court, and of every tribunal established by the Dominion with the status of a court—this bi-lingualism is not a mischance, to be outgrown like an infantile cast of the eye. Nor is it a cancer that can neither be destroyed nor out-

lived. It is in the warp and woof of the Constitution. As long as Canadian statesmen retain their sanity, and the Canadian electorate can remember the eighth commandment, it will remain to prove that constitutions do not honourably become scraps of paper, except by consent of their inheritors.

Has the French language a legal status, in Ontario, then? If one bears in mind that the Ontario Legislature is only part of Ontario—and it is the second part—he cannot truthfully answer that French has no legal status in the province. Only one Ontario member of the House of Commons—Mr. Proulx—is a French-Canadian. He sits for Prescott. Russell, the adjoining county, where the French are as three to two, compared with all the other ethnical groups, might elect a French-Canadian, but shews that it has no hard feelings against the Irish by choosing Mr. Murphy.

According to population, and under proportional representation, the French of Ontario would be entitled to seven or eight members of the House of Commons. Assume that, instead of the solitary Mr. Proulx, there were seven native sons of Ontario in the Commons, with French names and French tongues—a frightful calamity, perhaps, in view of the responsibilities of a Great Correction; but a perfectly constitutional calamity all the same, which Providence seems in no hurry to prevent. Having assumed

so much, it may not be difficult to believe you are now reading the *Toronto News* of uncertain future date—say during the first session of the Parliament after the next:

“Ottawa, Wednesday.—The corridors are buzzing with talk this morning about the singular occurrences of yesterday. It is said that the adjournment will be moved from the Government side to consider the bi-lingual situation that has so unexpectedly developed, and that the motion will declare that speeches in French should be permissible only to members from Quebec. If this proposal is made it is likely to cause complications. A Cabinet Minister is understood to have remarked that it will raise more trouble than it can abate.

“The Minister of External Affairs, who represents an Alberta constituency, is the only member of the Government, from outside Quebec, who speaks French fluently. He conducts some of the business of his department in French, and has occasionally been requisitioned by his colleagues to reply in French to speeches and inquiries from the Opposition side. To limit speeches in French to Quebec members would tie the tongue of the Foreign Minister, just when his colleagues had found it most useful in getting over difficult places. But the one-flag, one-language brigade say the time for camouflage has gone by, and that henceforth they are going to be pro-English intransigents.

“Yesterday’s game was carefully planned by the Ontario French, who deliberately kept their Quebec and New Brunswick compatriots out of it, except as spectators. It will almost certainly be played, with variations, from time to time during the session. Some Government stalwarts call it obstruction; but if so, it is a very novel sort of Parliamentary hold-up. It is said the Speaker has privately given his decided opinion that nothing more can be done against it than was done yesterday—which was nothing.

“Nobody caught on to what was afoot when Dansereau, the new man from Temiskaming, arose, just before the orders of the day were called, and beginning, ‘Monsieur L’Orateur,’ asked the Minister of Agriculture if an answer had been given to the Black River Agricultural Society’s request for a pedigree bull to be sent into the district next summer. The Minister, not understanding the question, asked the Minister of External Affairs to translate it. He began his answer:

“‘Mr. Speaker, I’m sorry I couldn’t personally follow the honourable gentleman, but—’

“That was as far as he got, for Dansereau was on his feet, saying in French, ‘Mr. Speaker, would the honourable Minister kindly reply in French? I do not follow him.’

“‘What does he say?’ said the Minister of Agriculture to the Minister of External Affairs.

“The Foreign Minister told him, and added,

sotto voce, 'You had better tell me what you want to answer.'

"So the Minister of External Affairs, having translated the member for Temiskaming to the Minister of Agriculture, translated the Minister of Agriculture to the member for Temiskaming. Most of the men on the Government side did not realize what was going on, for Dansereau, being a comparative stranger, they supposed he was asking something about Quebec.

"No sooner was Dansereau satisfied than Robitaille of North Essex sailed across the Speaker's bows, and held up the orders of the day. In French, he asked the Minister of Labour to explain the delay in announcing the award of the Strike Board on the demand of the Border Cities Radial Railway's employees for more wages. The Minister of Labour also had to resort to the Foreign Minister for knowledge of the question, and also for an answer that Robitaille would accept. This took considerable time, and the Speaker was getting fidgetty; but he was still kept on the hook, and found it expedient to send for the Deputy, not feeling sure of his own French, and wondering how far this paralyzing innovation would go.

"Robitaille had scarcely finished with the Minister of Labour before Pressensé of Russell threw a French conundrum at the Minister of Militia. It was about a Pensions Scandal. These matters are always given especially

respectful hearing by the Government since the latest Toronto disturbances. The Minister of Militia is as innocent of *la belle langue* as his other colleagues. When Pressensé appeared the Minister of External Affairs had left his chair, intending to forsake the Chamber.

“As soon as the questioner said ‘*Ministre de Milice,*’ the War Minister whispered loudly to the Minister of External Affairs:

“‘For God’s sake, Billy, don’t leave me *now.*’

“The Minister of External Affairs was heard to reply, as he wearily resumed his seat:

“‘Yes, but what do I get for making up for your neglected education, you helpless slob’—not very diplomatic language, but it betrayed a habit which affectionate colleagues develop towards one another.

“Naturally these unofficial courtesies encouraged the Opposition to a malicious ribaldry, which did not abate as the farce played itself through, till each of the seven Ontario French members had asked a professedly urgent question, and had extracted a reply, in French, through the interpretation of the Minister of External Affairs.

“There was much gay laughter in the corridors and wherever the French encountered their friends—for they have more friends than is generally known. The episode was thought to be a flash in the pan; but there was an enlargement of it at the evening sitting, when the Min-

ister of Agriculture brought in his estimates. As was almost invariably the case in previous years, Quebec members who wanted information as to what had been done in their ridings since the last session asked their questions and made their speeches in English, for which the Minister thanked them sincerely. Personally he is very popular with the French. He goes down to Quebec as often as possible, and the best of good feeling obtains between them.

“As soon as the Quebec English turn was over the Ontario French turn was renewed. Each of the seven members wanted to know something of importance to his farming voters. Nothing would do but that his speech should be made and his questions asked and answered in French. At first the Minister was amused, but afterwards betrayed some irritation.

“While this was going on, other Ontario members flitted in and out of the chamber, hearing a little Ontario French, and then returning to the lobby and exploding a great deal of Ontario English. It was understood that so many Ontario members sought the Prime Minister in his room that an informal Cabinet Council was held after the House rose; but everybody went home with no plan of action decided on.

“Later.—It is understood that the Ontario One-Tonguers put a committee to work on the resolution with which it was intended to move

the adjournment of the House this afternoon. But the committee has itself adjourned, without settling upon a course. One of its leading members, who wishes not to be personally quoted, said to your correspondent:

“ ‘ When we got right down to it, we found they were as safe as a Grand Master behind a tyled door. The British North America Act permits ANY member to use either language in the House. There is no limit, whether you come from Quebec or British Columbia.

“ ‘ It doesn't say that any member may compel any other to speak so that he can understand him. So, possibly, if a Minister refused to answer one of the Ontario Frenchmen in French, the aggrieved man might have to wait for an official translation in Hansard. Right there the element of courtesy comes in. Our fellows cannot afford everlastingly to offend the French. But it got my goat hearing Ontario business transacted in French. I was that mad I could have blown my head off with my own steam. But what can you do? What can you do?’

“ It is said that despite the failure of the One-Tonguers' Committee to take up the wampum to-day, other conferences will be held—and possibly a special Government caucus—if there is a renewal of the use of French by Ontario members. But whether anything startling happens in the House or not, we have run into a new and

totally unexpected phase of the Ontario language question.

“I have also seen Mr. Robitaille, who was very affable, and at last consented to make a statement. He said:

“‘The last thing in our minds is a desire to show up the good English Ministers’ ignorance of the languages of their own Parliament. If they are getting a little more light on the advantages of bi-lingualism, we do not think we should be blamed. We are so happy as to know both Parliamentary languages. Is it a great hardship that Ministers of the Crown should be invited to become as accomplished as the poor habitants? We have simply shown that the French language has a standing in Ontario. If you will not allow it to be thoroughly taught to the children in the public schools, we must do what we can to teach it in Parliament, the biggest public school of all. Do you condemn us?’

“Pressed as to whether any future plan of campaign had been decided on by the Ontario French, Mr. Robitaille could not say. ‘But,’ he added, smiling, ‘if we can be of any service to our fellow members by giving them an hour’s private instruction every day in French we will be most happy to do it, without asking for any more English instruction in return than we are gladly getting now. Perhaps you will let me know if any of your friends would like to take advantage of this offer.’

“Altogether a strange and perplexing situation. It throws an illuminating light upon the past, and is causing old Parliamentarians to inquire why something like it never developed before.”

Indeed, the moderation with which the right to use French in Parliament has been exercised is a remarkable feature of post-Confederation history. There is a greater desire to insist on it now than there has been—a natural desire, for it is world-wide experience that the more you try to rub a language out, the more you rub it in. The French believe their language is persecuted. They cling to it the more tenaciously, and who is foolish enough to be astonished?

In one of the Parliamentary rooms occupied by a group of brilliant Quebec members, the use of French in the Commons was being discussed, and a visitor said he was somewhat surprised that more had not been heard of it.

“Yes,” said a keen lawyer and constitutionalist. “Perhaps you don’t know that there would have been many a row but for the old gentleman downstairs.”

Sir Wilfrid is still his country’s creditor.

CHAPTER XIV

WHERE STATUS ISN'T—

Uncovering two interesting situations, as to the use of French—when a law suit is carried from one court in Ontario to another, and when it becomes apparent that French is both a domestic and a foreign language in the same city—and exposing the very human aspect of French-English relations while a Quebec father talks of his only son who was killed in France.

It is morally impossible to maintain that a language has no legal status in Ontario when the Federal business of any or of all Ontario constituencies may be conducted in it. There is nothing in the British North America Act specifically compelling the business of the Departments with the French to be carried on in French; but some things are so simple that the law, ass though it be, can comprehend them. The unlimited right to use French in debate, the compulsion to print all statutes in it, the use of both languages by the Governor-General in opening and proroguing Parliament, and the bi-lingual constitution of all federal courts—these things imply the transaction of Departmental affairs in French as well as in English.

It could not be otherwise with the federal business of Quebec. No statesman, no politician even, would advocate a denial of the same facil-

ity to French-speaking citizens who live west of the Ottawa River. If their representative is free to use French in the Commons, who will say that they must receive everything in English in the county? A French Hansard is sent to such Ontarions as desire it. It is said that if you write in English from Toronto for a copy of Hansard you are likely to receive the French revised version.

The line between provincial right and federal discretion cannot be so rigidly drawn as some delimiters of frontiers suppose. What is safe and prudent for the Dominion will be utterly foolish and harmful for the Province—as soon as twice two are five.

Can anything be learned from the courses of jurisprudence? If French has no legal status in Ontario it surely can have no status in legal proceedings in Ontario. A French Canadian who tried to address the fiery magistrates of Toronto Police Court in French would be extinguished with the celerity that is acquired by passing long-term sentences without the foolish formality of trial by jury.

If counsel for a Russell County suitor were to try his French upon judges in Osgoode Hall, he would be reminded that he was in an Ontario Court, and asked to speak in the official language of the province. His photograph would adorn the papers as that of a full brother of the man who toyed with a buzz-saw.

If this daring lawyer, having failed in the Ontario Court, appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada, would his case lose its Ontario character? It would have become a federal, without ceasing to be an Ontario affair. Would he be told that, because he came from Ontario, the Supreme Court could not hear his argument in French? Not at all. The Supreme Court is a bi-lingual court. Its own credit demands that it show no dread of a language which the law itself speaks every day in the year.

The Supreme Court of Canada is somewhat higher than the Police Court of Toronto. It is above the High Court of Ontario. Before it French is as respectable as it is in the Governor-General's mouth.

French has no status in Toronto Police Court. The Police Court is not Ontario, no, not even though the magistrate feels like a combination of the Judgment Day in trousers and the British Empire in a monocle.

French has no status in the Ontario High Court. The High Court is only a part of Ontario. Another part of Ontario is the Supreme Court of Canada. Until it loses its status in the Supreme Court of Canada, how can the French tongue be without an official status in Ontario?

What is an official language? Is it a language that is commonly used for the transaction of official business? Is official business in

Ontario confined to the debates of a Legislature and the correspondence of its Departments? The population of Hawkesbury, in Prescott County, is about 4,300, of whom 3,600 are French. Rockford, in Russell County, contains 3,030 French people, and only 377 English, Irish and Scotch. Is all the official business of those Ontario towns conducted in the only official language of Ontario? If some of it is conducted in French, can it be said that French is without official recognition in provincial spheres of government? The provincial government oversees the municipal government. If the greater includes the less, and the less uses French, does not the greater use French too, in the strictly legal sense?*

Admirable public servants, like the *Toronto Globe*, think the French-English trouble in Ontario is primarily a feud between the French

* Mr. Edmond Proulx, M.P. for Prescott, writes:—I am a member of the County Council of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell, which is composed of twenty members. This year there are only two English speaking members. Both languages are used in the discussion, but the minutes are written in English.

I believe there are a few municipal councils which keep their minutes in the French language, but most of the municipal councils keep their minutes in the English language. Both languages are taught in most of the schools of Prescott County.

Election proclamations are issued only in English. French is used on most of the school boards, but I am not sure whether the minutes are kept in French or English.

The evidence given in the French language in the Courts is interpreted in English by an official interpreter, except in the Magistrates' Courts, or in the Division Courts, when all parties interested and their solicitors speak French. To save time the evidence is not interpreted, as both the County Judges have a good knowledge of French, and some of the English-speaking lawyers practising in the County have also a knowledge of French.

and Irish of Ottawa. Heaven forefend that a peaceable observer should venture a single remark about religious rivalries which do not vex a placid soul. There is more in Ottawa bi-lingualism than the aftermath of the gradual disappearance of the Irish from a college, or the merits of a dispute between the Separate School Board and the Ontario Education Department. In Ottawa the issue is peculiarly national.

Ottawa is in Ontario; but it is the capital of the Confederation. Its local administration has this difference from the administration of all other Ontario cities—that a considerable proportion of its population is there entirely because it is in the national service.

The State goes to a worthy citizen in the Gaspé peninsula, lays its hand on his shoulder and says:

“I require your services in my capital, which is in the neighbouring province of Ontario. You must remove thither, with your family, because I need you all the year. There is much business to do for your compatriots, and no one is so well fitted as you to transact it.”

“Shall I be allowed to speak my mother’s tongue in Ontario?” the Gaspéan asks.

“My son,” replies the State, “I want you because you are French. You will speak and write French for me every day. You can speak English, also, and that will be an advantage to you.”

The Gaspéan comes to Ottawa, Ontario, because he is a French bi-lingualist. He finds a Parliament Building wherein French and English are twin tongues. He enters Department after Department where English and French are equally indispensable. He visits the Supreme Court, and there, too, he hears the familiar cadences of the Gulf. He sends his child to school. He is told that he is in Ontario, and, though French is not excluded, it still has no inherent right in the classrooms—it cannot be freely taught in the schools of the same city in which it is freely spoken in Parliament, Department and Court.

“ Ah!” he says, “ that is very strange. I am brought here to speak and write French because it is a Canadian language, with equal rights to the English language in the Federal Government. But my child must not be taught to speak and write it as a Canadian language, in the same way that he is taught to speak and write English. It is a foreign language in the schools. That is more than I can understand. Can a man be a citizen and a stranger in the same place and at the same moment? There must be some reason for this which I was not told in Gaspé. I will find out what it is.”

And so the leaven of ill-will begins to work. Who can wonder that it spreads when it is nourished in the nerve-centre of the State? An inheritance of prejudice clings to Anglo-French

relations in Canada which will never be sunk in oblivion until it has first been squarely inventoried. Then it will only be got rid of by slow, painful, and often disappointing courses.

Prejudice is not entirely one-sided. Misunderstanding does not all lie against the English account. The roots of this trouble are long, deep and wide-running. They stretch beyond the Atlantic. They have impregnated Canadian soil which as yet knows little of English or French. They thicken and tangle because strange ideas of Canadian unity have long been propagated. People who come to this land to find happier livelihoods, and amenities which submerge the memories of their less spacious days, find also ancient feuds which they are invited to adopt, like step-children, for themselves, their heirs and assigns for ever. They marvel why these things should be, and the riddle is not read for them.

These troubles have become grievous because energies which, in other countries, have been expended upon the ultimate issues of political life have here been left free to cut gaping chasms in the national garden, into which pestiferous antagonisms are poured, and stirred by lovers of polluted air.

When the major responsibilities of national manhood are withholden from the people, they magnify their fears of one another. The smaller the co-operation, the larger the suspicion.

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The hostile currents which, during uncounted centuries, made of the English Channel a Sea of Provocation have become a Gulf Stream of goodwill and mutual understanding. In Canada their counterparts were worsened as the Fight in Europe proceeded, until cleaning up Quebec was spoken of as a necessary aftermath of clearing out the German.

In these days men must be too big to waste time in nicely apportioning censure for an irrecoverable past. The Canadian history of the war is written in honour rolls which tell their own imperishable story. Those who lost most are the last to say they paid too great a price for freedom. Those who lost least must live with their own praise or regret. There will be room to rage at the French who did not go when all the defaulters of other breeds have been counted, and an honest reckoning has been attempted with the French who went, and with those who gladly sustained them.

What respect and hearing are owing a French-Canadian patriot whose only son lies in a Flanders field? If you cannot find a common Canadian sentiment with him, is it worth while trying to force a hundred other French-Canadians to stand on ground which he declines? Listen to such an one. He talks only when the confidence has been established which comes from the desire to understand:

“I do not want to speak of my son, but, if it

be possible, I would like him to speak through me, as he can never more speak for himself. I was glad when he went into the army. He did not have to be urged. Our views about the war and our country were very much alike—Honoré's and mine. Canada was at war; Canadians were going to the war—and what was there to do but stand with our country?

“Some said, ‘See, it is the English from England who enlist.’ When we raised our first companies here—one English and one French—eighty per cent. of the English were young men from the Old Country, who would visit their mothers on the way to the front. In Honoré's company every man was a Canadian, of at least the sixth generation. There were certain differences in the treatment of the two companies; but, we said, ‘What does that matter? Our country is at war, and our duty is clear.’

“It is quite true that we soon felt that something was wrong, under the surface. There were strange variations in the estimations that were placed upon Canadians of different origins. At some places in Quebec volunteers were asked if they spoke English, and when they said ‘No’ they were told, ‘We don't want you.’

“I could prove to you many things like that. You may think they were not important, but they did much harm.

“Honoré did not let them change his mind,

though they burdened his heart. But everybody did not see things as we saw them. Our people were already sore when the war came. They thought their compatriots in Ontario were not being fairly treated, and we thought so, too. They had been taught to believe that under no circumstances could a war in Europe be their war, unless it threatened to invade their own country. Can you wonder that the idea spread that this was not really Canada's war, but a war in which the English fought for their mother country more than they fought for Canada?

"We are not Imperialists here. Do you blame us for that? We have been British for a hundred and sixty years, but we have never been invited to share in the government of any country but Canada. Sometimes—you don't mind my telling it?—we have felt that we have been begrudged living room in our native land. We occasionally read of our fellow-Canadians saying that our rights are precisely the rights of any conquered nation.

"Do they claim that we belong to them by right of conquest? When did those who have been here three years conquer us who have been here three hundred years? It seems to me your compatriot was a true Canadian who said he had ceased to trade on the reputations of Wolfe and Pitt.

"Well, as I said, things did not go agreeably, in French enlistment or in French feeling.

Honoré used to write to me from camp about it, in much grief. But he kept to his work, and did all he could to win others to his way of thinking. In France things were much better. In his last letter he said, 'Perhaps they will listen when I come home.' But he has not returned, and I sometimes wonder what I should say if anybody from Ontario would talk to me about 'cleaning up Quebec.' I should have to consider what would Honoré say and do. I think he would stand with his own people—yes, I am quite sure he would.

"What, then, would become of the camaraderie he enjoyed so much with his English friends in the army and in civilian life? What would be the use of Ontario's and Quebec's sons fighting together in France, if they were to fight against one another in Canada? Surely that must not be.

"But, my friend, if there is such shocking talk on men's lips, it must be because it is first welcomed in their hearts. We can never be right unless our hearts beat alike in love for our dear country. Do you not agree with me?"

If you will have the patience to explore the reflections of a professional man like this, three main conclusions will force themselves into recognition. The first is that there is a deep, patriotic, all-Canadian sentiment among the French which, somehow, the English do not fully comprehend. The second is that it is

folly to determine your attitude towards Quebec and the French until you have at least tried to understand the mind of those who have made the supremest sacrifices for the war. The third is that, in looking for a standard of loyalty, the disposition towards Imperialism of the French-Canadian who has lost his son in the war cannot longer be treated as a negligible factor in the national future. The French stake in Canada has ceased to be merely a permissive quantity. It is an equation whose weight cannot be finally appraised in any other scale than that of Canadian interest. If we cannot unite about Canada, in which we live, it is waste of time to attempt to agree about the Empire, of which we hear.

The French will never be understood by the English so long as the English appear to take it for granted that the French feel as strange towards Canada as the English feel towards the French. Glaring at one another across the currents of the Ottawa River is no preparation for acquiring a steady, humane and elevating vision of Canada. We English have a confident reliance upon Divine Favour, and a high respect for our capacity to rise superior to besetting circumstances—especially to the ideas of the people who happened to be on the spot before us. We can never entirely lose the belief that less fortunate beings than ourselves are sorry because they are not even as we are. If

Providence ever made as fine a people as ourselves we have never been permitted to inspect them.

A charming girl who has lived seven years in Toronto, recently said, with irrepressible conviction, “It must be AWFUL not to be English.”

An influential business man in a foremost Ontario city was discussing sympathetically the French problem—an honest, liberal-minded English Catholic, who constantly regrets that he did not assure to all his children a colloquial knowledge of French.

“Of course, I think we should try to meet them, in every possible way,” he remarked; “but when all’s said and done, I can’t see why they should make so much fuss about so intangible a thing as speech.”

French was not important to him: why should it be regarded as vital by those who could not remember when they first heard it? He was asked how he would feel if Germany won the war and the Germans should require him to substitute German for his maternal English. Would he then be careless about so intangible a thing as speech? He replied that the situation had never struck him that way.

In a province where an Anglican Synod all but passed a resolution demanding that only one language should henceforth be official in the Dominion of Canada, a Forum speaker was asked whether he did not think French should

be removed from Hansard; and why the French were not willing to become Canadians in a British country. He inquired in reply whether the interrogator would agree with the Toronto divine who said the rights of the French in Canada were the rights of a conquered nation.

“Certainly,” was the answer.

“You think the French-Canadians haven’t done their duty in this war?”

“I certainly do.”

“And you believe it has been a mistake to allow two languages to be spoken in the Canadian Parliament?”

“Yes, that’s my opinion.”

“You are English?”

“Yes, and proud of it.”

“Do you mind telling the audience whether you would rush to fight for your conqueror, especially if he had just told you that your language ought to be officially extinguished in the country where your ancestors had spoken it for three hundred years?”

The French in Quebec and all over Canada know perfectly well that the “one language” propaganda goes on, and that politicians who ought to know better, encourage it, because they thrive on disunion, on the suppression of historical truth, and on intensifying popular prejudices. But when you have met French-Canadians who go, or encourage the flesh and blood to go, into the Valley, because Canada is at war,

when you know that there are thousands of French-Canadians like these, what is to be the attitude of their English brethren towards them and their national views? Surely they must strive to show as much largeness of vision, and as much restraint under provocation, as they find among their friends of the Lower St. Lawrence, whose love for Canada has offered its oblations with the sublimest self-denial. To fail to win their whole-hearted co-operation after proffering them your own, in fashioning a new Canada, is to fail in all.

CHAPTER XV

— AND LOYALTY IS

Offering a French view of the choice between Imperial partnership and Independence, in which the census is cited as a preface to a senator's remarks on the problem of being equally loyal to different countries, the candour and logic of which disturb a Commoner; with sundry observations on a broken endeavour to promote better understanding between the two races, in which the French were not to blame.

The French-Canadians are not Imperialists—as they understand Imperialism. It is not unpatriotic to disagree with a correspondent of *The Times*, or to think that Lord Beaverbrook might be improved upon as a self-sacrificing Canadian. If, as the Round Table avers, implacable fate is now forcing Canada to choose between Imperial partnership and domestic self-reliance, it cannot be disgraceful to face the crisis. Who is to declare in advance that it is disloyal to espouse one of the alternatives which Fate offers to free agents? It is dangerous to guess at minorities. To place a stigma on a preference before it is declared is to offer, not a choice, but an intimidation, which is tyranny, as the Supreme Court ought to know.

Foolish persons like to rule out of court witnesses who can tell more than they are willing to hear. The nation consists of all the citizens; and not the few who pronounce judgment

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oftener than they weigh the facts. Suppose a referendum were taken on the Round Table initiative, and 2,000,000 Canadians voted for Imperial Partnership, involving ultimately the collection of war taxes at the point of bayonets directed from London, and 1,750,000 Canadians voted for bayonet control to be lodged in Ottawa, would the 1,750,000 be disloyal? Suppose 2,000,000 Canadians voted for unrestricted self-determination, and 1,750,000 declared for centralized Imperialism, would the Imperialists be disloyal?

Choice means liberty—and liberty without penalties. Anything else would be intolerable despotism and inevitable destruction of a democratic state. A few figures shew the sanity of eliminating stigmas and penalties from Round Table ramifications. The 1911 census divides the population, according to origin, into—

English	1,823,150
Irish	1,050,384
Scotch	997,880
Other British	25,571
French	2,054,890
Others	1,254,768

If accentuation of “superiorities” be persisted in, after the manner of Anglophiles who believe they are the only Imperialists, it will drive the “foreigners” into active sympathy with the French. The political battle array would then be:—

English, Irish and Scotch	3,896,985
French, and others	3,309,658

This proportion of 39 to 33 is equivalent to 127 to 108 in a House of 235—a majority of 19. There is no likelihood of such a House being elected, and the comparison is made solely to attract attention to the distribution of population, and its possible effect on electoral alignments if racial antagonisms continue to be provoked.

Is it not evident that at least a considerable minority of the English-speaking people would make sympathetic cause with the other non-Imperialists? All the Irish are not implacable Orangemen. A transfer of one vote counts two on a division. Where the divergence is between 39 and 33, a change of five makes the balance 34 to 38. Therefore, if two in fifteen of the English-speaking people are non-Imperialists, and were to agree with the French and their allies, there would be no Imperial Partnership such as the Round Table declares to be the only salvation of the Empire.

It is folly not to heed these potentialities. To deal with them by stimulating animosities, through franchise gerrymanders, or other equally delusive means, is to accumulate trouble and to multiply Irelands and Alsace-Lorraines in provinces which merit better fortune.

From the Britannic point of view the French are an indispensable asset against the very tendencies which vehement critics attribute to them. They are not Imperialists, but they are

almost pathetically pro-British, paradoxical as that may sound.

There is no hostility to England in Quebec—the sort of hostility that was nourished in the United States by the provocative recital of the Declaration of Independence; by the inculcation of the idea that an oppressive monarchy had survived George the Third; and by the recurrent twisting of the Lion's tail. London is much more regarded as a shield and buckler by the French-Canadian than by the English-Canadian. He is willing to leave his case with the Imperialist in London. He is afraid to trust it to the Imperialist in Toronto. There is more than romance in the saying that the last shot in defence of British connection in Canada will be fired by a French-Canadian.

Though the Quebec sentiment towards England is the sentiment of the protected, it is without a semblance of vassalage. You owe nothing to a man who is simply keeping his contract. Nothing in the relation of French Canada to English England implies an obligation to military servitude for European or Asiatic ends. Defence must be pre-eminently a Canadian responsibility. Canada does not share in the government of a square yard of territory outside Canada. Why should she needlessly undertake to defend soil upon which her Parliament has no shadow of authority? It is a very childlike mistake to suppose that only French-

Canadians hold this view. Those who believed that Ontario was unanimous for conscription are unsafe guides when matters like these are in question. They did not understand Ontario. They cannot understand Quebec.

When England is at war Canada is at war—that is an axiom which the cleverest lawyer would not dispute. But the British Empire has always been a concourse of technical anomalies. Some years ago there was a war with the Chitralis, a tribe on the north-west frontier of India. Every resource of England was pledged to the success of that war; and every part of the Empire was technically engaged. But the situation, imperially, was that of a man whose nape is bothered by a mosquito. His hand is at war with the insect, and may destroy it without the slightest movement of his foot. But the mosquito might have carried the bacillus of yellow fever, and soon the whole body might have been in a fight for life.

Canada was technically at war, but not in conflict, with the Chitralis. But if the Chitralis' revolt had spread down the Indus, eastward to Bengal, southward to the Deccan, and endangered every might and prestige of the Empire, a capital question of Canada's military responsibility might have arisen for the Canadian Parliament and people to settle. The question might have presented itself like this—Is Canada's interest in the Empire, in the gov-

ernance of which she has had no share, large enough to induce her to pour out blood and treasure, in order that British dominion over Asiatic peoples may be unimpaired? Those who said "No" would have been branded as disloyal by some who would shed blood on every London call.

Armageddon, so far, leaves Canada where she was when Armageddon began.* Canada plunged into a war, wherein her Parliament did not so much as discuss whether she should command her own army. If the war had been lost Germany would have dictated peace to her, not as to a nation that had raised half a million men in defence of its own liberty, but as a vassal which might be governed as a vassal.

As Canada never declared war against Germany, Germany would not have acknowledged her belligerent identity. There is no shadow of doubt as to the status which defeat would have inflicted upon the Dominion. During the war the status of Canada, so vitally affected by it, was never considered by the Canadian Parliament. Canadian soldiers were placed at the disposal of the British war machine with as little direct regard for the Canadian Parliament as if their lives had been forfeit to the Duchy of Cornwall. Battles in which thousands of Canadians fell were not recounted to the Senate or Commons—and nobody seemed to care. There was a peculiar apathy in Parliament towards

* The war has not yet changed the British North America Act, as to Canadian subordination.

the ultimate political facts of the war—a manifestation of the colonial system, the subjects of which had never enjoyed the larger British freedom in either its trans-Atlantic or trans-Canadian aspects.

While thousands of French-Canadians joined in the fight in Europe, there was no slackening of what they believed to be the persecution of their countrymen at home. According to the census figures the Old Countrymen in Ontario, during two years of war, enlisted proportionately about ten times as many as the Canadian-born. Yet there were members of Parliament from Ontario who, without qualification, attacked the French-Canadians of Quebec because they did not, in proportion to the population enlist as many as the native and immigrated English in Ontario put together. The threat to “clean up Quebec” arose from this gross misrepresentation of the disparity.

See where the humanities lead, when you inquire into the French attitude to a Canadian war, for which Canada refuses to take more than subsidiary responsibilities in the international region—she does not come into contact with the ultimate facts of political life. Her capacity for self-government having been allowed to languish, she governs herself like the dependency the Round Table says she is. How does this secondary responsibility work? Take an individual case. A Quebec Senator, and

chairman of a great recruiting committee is speaking to a group of Parliamentarians. Observe how he strikes the same note as the private man, and how appropriately, from his point of view, he might have based it on the Round Table text: "Allegiance can no more be rendered by one citizen to two commonwealths than homage can be paid by one subject to two kings"—

"I have no son, so I cannot tell you about the situation from the point of view of a bereaved father. Perhaps I may be more calm on that account, and may reflect not less clearly what is moving in the hearts and minds of our people. I have a nephew, who was rejected for military service; and in the third winter of the war he spent several months in New York. He is a graduate of McGill University, and a very bright, though not exactly a brilliant fellow. When he had been home from New York about a month he came to me one Sunday afternoon, evidently with something on his mind. He told me he was thinking of leaving Canada for the United States, and he was afraid I would be offended.

"He said he had found the atmosphere of New York so much more agreeable than the atmosphere of his native city that he wanted to return to it. When I said I supposed there was some feminine attraction, he added that there was something worse—it was a Canadian repulsion. There was no woman in the case—and

he proved it soon after by becoming engaged to one of our own charming girls.

“ In New York, he said, he had been treated exactly as if he had been there all his life. Of course he speaks English fluently; but he speaks it just as fluently in Montreal as he does in the United States. He has a very French name; and everybody he met in New York knew that he was a French-Canadian. But it made not a particle of difference with people who know that the world is bigger than a province.

“ While he was conscious of the change in New York, he only fully realized how great it was when he returned home. Somehow he felt as though he ought to be explaining why, being French, he was in Canada at all. In New York he felt perfectly free. In Montreal he was repressed. He wanted to live where he could be rid of that feeling, and did I think he was wrong?

“ So much for my nephew: now for his uncle. The other day I was a few minutes late for a directors' meeting. My friends were waiting for me, and as I entered the room, a perfect buzz of conversation ceased as suddenly as if a cloud of poison gas had blown in.

“ ‘Hello!’ I said, ‘what were you talking about?’

“ None of them answered, and I said, ‘Out with it, for I can see it was something about the French and the war.’

“So they laughed and one of them told me they were discussing how it was the French-Canadians in Canada were so reluctant to go to the war, and had bitterly opposed conscription, while the French-Canadians in the United States went as willingly as any other sections of the population.

“The answer to that was very simple. The French-Canadians in the United States joined the army of a sovereign state—their own country had gone into a war because its honour had been assaulted. There was no question of where their loyalty was due, or how much of it. The United States had all their devotion. Their country was as much at war with Germany as Quebec would be at war if an invader were destroying St. Lawrence towns, and shelling St. Lawrence farms.

“In the United States every citizen could feel as the little Londoner felt of whom Sir Thomas White likes to tell. Sir Thomas saw the man, with his wife who was heavy with child. He wanted to know where he could enlist.

“‘Why,’ Sir Thomas said to him, ‘you don’t look very strong, and your wife is in no shape for you to leave her. Why don’t you go back to your work, and leave the fighting to those who ought to take it up?’

“The little man was impatient with the big one. He said, ‘Haven’t you heard, sir, that England’s at war?’

“I asked my friends whether among the Canadian-born English of the fifth or sixth generation there was the same feeling as the Englishman fresh from England shewed to Sir Thomas White. I asked them whether we were on the same footing as the United States; and whether they were astounded at the difference between the French-Canadian at home and his relative who had become an American citizen? Then I asked them what they proposed to do in Canada so that French-Canadians would not have to go to a foreign country to be baptised into a fighting patriotism.

“ ‘Will you gentlemen tell me,’ I said, ‘how to vary the responses to the demands for loyalty that are made upon us? You tell us to be loyal to the Empire. You are vexed with us because we don’t put the Empire first. But, as we are never tired of reminding you, though we have been in the Empire since 1759, we have no part in its government. The Empire cannot make the appeal to our racial pride that it makes to yours. So far, the Empire only tends to divide rather than to unite Canadians. We are as proud to be French as you are to be English. Do you expect us to equal you in glorification of the Empire, when so much of it was gained at the expense of the France from which we derive?’

“ ‘In Jacques Cartier Square is the Nelson monument, put there only fifty years after the

conquest, and covered with chiselled representations of his victories over the French. One might think that Jacques Cartier himself might have inspired the monument in the place that bears his name. Possibly you who see the conquest a little differently from us do not realize as keenly as we do that there is such a thing as 'rubbing it in.'

“ ‘ We haven't the least feeling of animosity towards you on account of what your ancestors did and ours didn't. Only you can't expect us to feel precisely as you do. How can we partake of the conquering spirit in relation to India, for instance, so long as we are expected to exhibit some of the symptoms of the conquered on our native soil?

“ ‘ We are assailed on the score of disloyalty because we did not flock to the aid of France in the same way that the immigrated English in Canada flew to the aid of England. On that point I ask you to leave with us the account between us and France. It surely can only concern you so far as it relates to affairs within your own knowledge and action. Did you blame the Americans of English descent—not only those who were in America before the War of Independence, but those who have come to America in your own lifetime—did you blame them because they didn't rush in millions to the aid of England on the fourth of August, 1914? I never heard that you did.

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“ ‘ Is it for you, then, to tell us that we should have hastened to the succour of France? Let us see. Was it not a frequent complaint against us before the war that we were too French? Is it for our benefit that we have since been told that we are not French enough? We are urged to be British, through and through, because this is a British country. And yet I heard the other day that the head of the Imperialists in one of our biggest cities said that the great mistake that had been made with regard to Quebec was that fifty thousand dollars had not been spent on bringing priests from France to exhort the French-Canadians to fight for France. In other words, the Canadian Government and the Canadian Imperialists having utterly failed to learn how to co-operate with the French on a Canadian basis, would spend public money to convert them to European Francification, and make them less British than ever.

“ ‘ Suppose this had been done—that two hundred thousand men had gone from Quebec to fight for France; and that in ten years’ time England and France had a dispute that threatened to eventuate in war. On which side would the French-Canadians be told their support must be given, on pain of being branded as disloyal to their native country?

“ ‘ I do not say we ought not to have helped France, our Mother; but only that you, my English friends, may wisely be careful how far

you push the argument of loyalty to French interests abroad; because it might become a two-edged sword, cleaving into a certain duality of interests at home.

“‘So, you see, we are to be loyal to the Empire; loyal to France; and somewhere after the two, loyal to Canada. Now, I cannot help it, but I am loyal first, last, and all the time to Canada; and I resent being told that because I put my own country before some other man’s country, I am not only disloyal to his country but to my own as well. On this rock I stand; and, say what you like, I believe that on that rock Providence means the future of our dear country to be built, and sooner than you think you will find yourselves standing with me.’”

Among the listeners to this discourse was an Ontario member of the Commons, whose traditions, for three generations have been grounded in Canadian autonomy. Intently he watched the distinguished Canadian as he rehearsed the scene in a great corporation’s board-room. An hour later he confided to a friend that he was “completely flabbergasted” by what he had heard; and was afraid the outlook was becoming hopeless. He had been told of such ideas, but had not realized that they could be expressed with a passion so deep and a logic so clear. Reading in the newspapers of an attitude of mind was strangely different from meeting it in the vibrant flesh. He could not agree with

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the senator. He could not feel antagonistic to him. He did not know where to turn for guidance and light.

Nothing in our present psychology is more suggestive than the astonishment with which men and women of culture, experience and goodwill receive authentic information about their fellow-citizens of the old province. The tendency of some is to cover their eyes and stop their ears. The desire of most is to increase their knowledge and enlarge their sympathy. They marvel that they could have lived so long beside neighbours of whom they learned so little. They look for help towards a unifying understanding between the two races which, working with fraternal forbearance, may achieve for their country an enviable place in the court of nations, but, acting with fratricidal distrust, will bequeath only wormwood and gall to their luckless children.

It may be permissible to diverge shortly from the course marked out at the beginning of this task. This book aims to portray conditions, without propounding remedies, except so far as diagnosis of a malady indicates the cure.

In Quebec, more than in Ontario, it is generally known that the writer had a certain responsibility for the public efforts that were made in 1916 and 1917 to improve relations between English and French. That particular work appears to have ceased. Unhappily the

seeming causes of its cessation have revived, if they have not deepened distrust, in Quebec, of Ontario professions, to which the phrase "organized hypocrisy" has been applied.

The inner story of so regrettable a failure is not suitable for these pages. Nothing more of it need be said than that, while the belief of the French that they were culpably deceived is only too well founded, the responsibility for that calamity does not rest upon that proportion of Ontario people, whose goodwill, having anteceded the war, is sincere and indestructible.

To the French, perhaps, a word may be said in a spirit which their natural liberality will appreciate. It is sometimes asked in Quebec, "What are you going to do to stop the persecution of our language in Ontario?" and disappointment is evident when nothing is promised. One sometimes thinks the French scarcely grasp the immense distance of the prevailing Ontario and English point of view from their own. They are not blameworthy for this. To them it is incomprehensible that what they feel is persecution their opponents think is benevolence. Where there is such a chasmal divergence the first requirement is an improvement in temper—a new readiness to appreciate the other party's point of view. Till that is gained nothing is gained, and controversial proposals from those whose paramount duty it is to reduce inflammation would be inopportune.

It may also be said without impropriety that if the French question is national rather than provincial, as so many of these pages endeavour to show, those who strive to cause it to be understood must not allow their effort to be diverted into provincial feuds. In that connection the writer may be pardoned for saying that he sought to have the National Unity and Win-the-War Convention at Montreal, in May, 1917, discuss the problem, and to establish a bi-racial Commission to deal with it on broad, comprehensive, informative and far-seeing lines. How the language question was prevented from reaching a National Unity Convention, at which Quebec delegates expected that it would be frankly discussed, has long been a matter of record, and would become a matter of disclosure if the public interest so commanded.*

The English-speaking reader may not resent an observation, founded on experience, and designed to facilitate his readiness to advance the cause of national unity. In all their relations with the English, for the furtherance of a better understanding, the good faith of the French was as transparently unquestionable as their courtesy and accessibility were unailing. Candour forces the admission that the same cannot be said of elements with which they were induced to co-operate. Had the French been without a grievance against Ontario before

* It has been thought well to give in Appendix B certain of the evidence here alluded to.

1917, the events of that year furnished one—I do not refer to the Military Service Act, but to the treatment accorded the pledges and implications of the Bonne Entente and the National Unity League (which latter was born at Montreal and strangled with its swaddling clothes). Perhaps the facts of these ill-starred episodes should have been given the public, but they have been withheld on Quebec as well as on Ontario advice. At all events, a wrong has been committed upon the French, and British fair play dictates that the fact be known, lest similar wrongs be attempted and the road to permanent amity be not only obstructed, as it is now, but totally estopped.

Let there be no mistaken reading of the signals. New political alignments may be effected; but they will promise more than they can perform, if they are founded on the idea that economic adjustments are the most fundamental ingredients of national unity. What has happened in Europe demonstrates that though outward manifestation of nationality may be repressed, it will persist from decade to decade, until an opportunity comes to burst its bonds and breathe the air of freedom.

To bungle our relations with the French is to bungle the future of Canada. The war has taught us nothing if it has not taught us that the old narrownesses are pitifully impossible for the new standards by which nationalities,

democracies, liberalities and justices must be measured. We must take stock, not so much because we care for the French as because we love Canada as children love their mother and as fathers love their children.

The pessimists have much to justify them; but the optimists have more. Before it was proposed in 1916 to try to bring the peoples together, most people thought the idea was impracticable. The advance that was made exceeded all expectations. The failure that followed was not inherent in the advance. Men and women of goodwill are much more numerous to-day than they were supposed to be. Ways of mutual discovery will be found—they are being found, as the experience of the Ontario farmers indicates.

CHAPTER XVI

PIONEER GLORY—AND PART OF THE PRICE

Paying tribute to the noble company of the pioneers; intimating that unnecessary disabilities have attached to their descendants, as evidenced by the comments of a Westerner upon an Eastern Farmers' Convention, and by the strange experience of several journalists at a county picnic; and that a new rural self-determination is proceeding which city folk cannot ignore.

It is a sharp turn in the social road when the landed proprietor threatens to lock his barn. It was reached last summer when Mr. Morrison, the Secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario warned the public that the farmers might strike if the acute antagonisms between town and country did not abate.

If no produce came to market for a couple of weeks, where would the supercilious city man be? If the harvest were secured in barns, how could it be commandeered? That the mouth-piece of twenty-five thousand Ontario farmers should mention a strike was evidence enough that a rural revolution was afoot. What is it? Whence comes it? How far is it likely to go?

It is no easier to find the typical Canadian farmer than to name the province in which the Canadian spirit most eminently dwells.

Ontario is still the greatest agricultural province, in quantity of farmers and value of produce. But, if organization is a test of leadership, and of ability to mould the community and direct national life, the wealthiest province lags behind the youngest.

Ontario agriculture accepted financial help from the West, to launch its organization. In political programme-making it has followed its juniors. But, as it was in Ontario that the first talk of a farmers' strike was heard; and as reactions that are slow in beginning are sometimes swift in results, perhaps the surest signs of to-morrow's Weather may be read in Ontario.

Though the typical Canadian farmer is undiscoverable, there is a double distinction in Canadian agriculture which applies generally to all the provinces; and which furnishes a valuable clue to an appreciation of the farmer and his industry in the present transition period, and to their probable consequence in the reconstruction which may involve an overturn. Speaking broadly, the Canada we know has been transformed from wilderness to farms within living memory, and the producing land is owned by those who crop it. On these two distinctions hang most of the Canadian law and prophecy.

The epic of the forest pioneers has never been adequately written. Who, indeed, could render into the prose of the tractor and movie the quenchless courage, the incredible labour, the

tragic privation, the unconquerable hope of the men and women who answered the impulse which qualifies our kind to subdue the earth—the impulse that brought the ancient herdsman from Ur of the Chaldees to the Jordan Valley, and turned men from comfort in the Old World to acquire a competence in the New. They were called emigrants and immigrants, as they are to-day, and were regarded as half foolish and half unfortunate. This inspiration might have been written of their toil:

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke;
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield,
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
 Or woke to ecstasy the living lyre.

There you have the achievement and the deprivation of the pioneer—the achievement in labour to be honoured, the deprivation in statesmanship and culture to be overcome, by those who inherit what the pioneers wrought.

In the main, the men who hewed farms out of forests had one abiding ambition. To some who have found that riches come quickest to him who gathers most from other men's sweat, it seems too circumscribed an ambition; but, in truth, it includes all ambitions. To wish to be a master

of soil is to aspire to be master of all that comes from the soil—and what besides can kings command?

While the pioneers lived in France, England, Scotland, Ireland or Germany, they did not theorize about the land—they were sure they wanted to possess some of it, and knew no way of satisfying their hunger. There is multitudinous romance in their coming to the unpeopled hinterlands of the Great River and the Great Lakes, if it could be searched for with vision and sympathy. Some of it is so splendid that, like the choicest fruits of genius, it was unnoticed by those who lived beside it. In Middlesex and Perth there sleep farmers who were labourers in Dorset at the period of the first Reform Bill, and receiving wages of seven shillings a week. A trade union movement among their class began in England. The employers of Tolpuddle took a shilling off the seven. Led by George Loveless, six of their "hands" formed a union, in the hope that it would afford a partial escape from slavery.

They were betrayed by a cleric who professed sympathy; and were each sentenced to seven years' transportation under an Act passed to deal with mutiny at the Nore. They sailed away in convict ships and were farmed out to squatters in Van Diemen's Land.

An agitation arose for their release, and after a year they received their pardons. Returning

they were welcomed by two hundred thousand people on Kennington Common, and were set up on little farms in Essex. But they wanted a larger freedom, and four of them emigrated to Ontario, where their heroism and their breed have passed into the common life.

They warned their children to conceal from the neighbours that they had been "convicts," lest unkindly stigma be cast upon them all. It was as if Paul had been frightened from telling that he had been in the stocks. They feared that what brought honour in London might bring disgrace in Ontario. Only within the last seven years, in places where they were known, has public homage been paid to these pioneers, for their part in the great fight for emancipation which has always been carried on by people who greatly dared to kick against the pricks, and to suffer, and who have always been despited by neighbours who were not courageous enough to do either.

Wherein is, indeed, a parable, with many teachings. Here were Ontario settlements in which all were toiling to create free, independent, self-governing communities with axe and plough for their material weapons, but with limitations and repressions on the civic side, which were not recognized as such at the time—the achievement in labour, the deprivation in statesmanship. Labour and statesmanship are coming to be understood as interchangeable

terms. There can be no statesmanship without labour. A statesmanship which undervalues labour dwarfs itself, and inflicts injustice upon labour.

If the neighbours of the Lovelesses in London township, and of the Briens, in Blanshard, three miles out of St. Mary's, had known that the farmers who worked so steadily, and did their duty in local affairs so unobtrusively, had been first the culprits, and then the heroes of as noble a warfare for freedom as any that adorn the annals of Liberty, a blessed infection could have pervaded the countryside. Fear, and the sense of humiliation would have been banished from several most worthy families. The people roundabout would have understood what excellent qualities were being incorporated into their own existence. But there was something lacking in the general apprehension of social and public values. There was abundance of labour, there was paucity of statesmanship. The achievement remains, and the deprivation also. Some great thing has been lacking in the teaching of the countryside.

There is a strange pathos about a great convention of Ontario farmers, which no social psychologist seems to have taken the pains to investigate and expound. It is different from the distinctions of western conventions only a minority of whose members have been twenty years in that region.

A western leader, who forsook the Huron bush for the Manitoba prairie nearly forty years ago, was watching a big Ontario meeting of his fellow craftsmen.

“What do you think of this crowd?” he was asked.

“It’s all right,” he replied; “but, My! what a difference from the crowd I saw here eight years ago. Very few attended then—a couple of hundred, I should say. Now look at them—there must be over a thousand. At that time they were afraid to open their mouths—a more timid lot of fellows you never saw. They made me wonder if I was like them when I lived down here. Their main anxiety seemed to be to get the railroad certificates for the free ride home. They wouldn’t talk back at you; but just looked, and looked, as if they were trying to decide whether you had travelled fifteen hundred miles to tell them fairy tales. To come among Ontario farmers was like coming to another world—in those days.

“See now what they are like. They are different men. There isn’t quite as much freedom here as there is in the West. On the whole, I don’t think their prominent men are as experienced as ours are. But they are past the stage when many of their best friends doubted whether the Ontario farmers would ever learn to combine and stay combined. Believe me, this thing can never go back. It hasn’t fairly got

into its stride yet; but it's making speed very fast."

The association of diffidence with vehemence is one of the most striking characteristics of an Ontario farmers' assembly. You hear the president beseeching his auditors to come inside:—"Don't hang about the door: come right in. Farmers are always too ready to stay round the mat instead of coming to the front where they belong." Another leader tells of his difficulties in getting a simple motion proposed to a meeting—a motion that everybody was in favour of, and nobody had the nerve to propose, from sheer dread of making a blunder.

When an unkind editorial in a city paper is mentioned a shout arises with resentment, defiance, and punishment in it, and demand for the ejection of an unoffending reporter for the offending paper who happens to be in the meeting. He is told he is no gentleman if he stays. He would be a coward if he fled.

Something is said about the tariff. As long as the discourse is on theoretical ground there is quietude, restraint, and evident desire to seize the speaker's points. But let him refer to manufacturers, as a collection of individuals who are out to rob the farmer, and a fierce, approving tornado sweeps over the audience, with a whooping accompaniment which shews that far down in the agricultural consciousness passionate feelings are smouldering and heaving

which are feebly understood by those who imagine that the farmer is as willing to-day to accept what is given him as for many decades he was presumed to be.

The truth is, of course, that the farmers have become acutely class-conscious, and their self-recognition is expressing itself as pugnaciously as that of the urban workers who range themselves in trade unions and socialist organizations in which ferment is the normal state. If the feeling seems to carry undue hostility to other classes, the manifestation is not surprising to those who have been through the farmers' mill. There is something very persistent about the chill that emanates from personalities who assume that, because they live in town, they are superior to those in the country whose industry alone affords them the opportunity of securing bread and automobiles.

Those who have left the farm, and would as readily go to jail as they would return to it, must sometimes ask why people as intelligent as themselves continue to live a life which they abandoned. Farmers and their wives do not stay on the farm because they are not smart enough to appreciate an existence where there are no chores, and Sunday is a perfect dream. Let farmers cease to farm, and everything ceases. They are the first order in the Divine Scheme. Theirs is the indispensable social service. Prudence holds them to it, even

though they believe they have worked more than they have been paid. They will not return to the financial helotage in which they were so long confined. As they emerge from it they may be distrustful, but that is a phase, and it will pass.

Causes of rural distrust are often remote from the occasion which exhibits it. It was understood by the promoters of a county farmers' picnic in Western Ontario that the daily papers of the nearest city would each send a reporter, and it was arranged to meet them at the station. From the train three men and a woman alighted. They told the farmer who had brought his automobile, that three of them represented one paper—a man reporter, a woman reporter, and a photographer with a big camera.

The good farmer was astonished. Would a daily paper, even one that was championing the farmers' cause, send *three* reporters to a farmers' picnic? Impossible. These people must be spies. He drove them to the picnic ground. Members of the Committee were also sure that they were spies. No others appeared to claim representation of the papers with which the arrangement was made to meet the train; but the four strangers must certainly be spies, probably sent out by the Food Board, to see that the picnickers didn't consume too much.

Even spies must eat; and they were proffered

a lunch in the farmhouse. The hostess was instructed to serve them scantily, and to charge them fully. The newspaper representatives knew they were under suspicion, but could not divine why. If they had asked for an explanation they would not have been told that they were spies, because that would have put them on their guard. So the disquieting suspicion was nourished for three mortal hours, until a gentleman arrived who knew one of the reporters. The picnic was reported as no farmers' organization picnic had been reported before—or has been reported since.

This happened during the period of cancellation of exemptions, when rural feeling was aroused, and a few days after Farmer Cross, of Brant County, had been fined five hundred dollars for telephoning a neighbour that recent orders-in-council wore a Prussian look. It was rumoured that another farmer, who unwittingly fixed a barn-raising for a porkless day, had been fined two hundred dollars because ham was served to the workers, two spotters having sought the hospitality of the event.

The extreme suspicion of four dutiful reporters was symptomatic of something very much deeper than a passing irritation at an emergency war measure, operated in some places with a clumsy excess of zeal. It was the expression of a mentality that has been fostered by prevailing conditions of farm development, and

of political under-development. It was the consequence of the partial use of the capacity for government, the ill effects of which, in Canada, the Round Table would fain believe can be cured in London.

The special situation in which his ownership of the land has placed the Ontario farmer does not seem to have been fully analyzed by him, or by his candid or his sugar-candied friends. He appraises himself for what he is and what he has always been, in the environment he has always known. He has been given no literature that tries to explain himself to himself, as the keel of the ship of Canadian state. His civic thinking has largely centred in an economic controversy in which he is primarily represented as the victim of soulless, implacable, wealthy robbers who handle his stuff.

He has worked hard and long for precious little return. And now, as soon as prices give him some chance of raising his head above the ground on which he spends his time, he is spoken to as if he has become the robber, and should go back to the old status, and carry the back-breaking old load in the old poverty-stricken way. He will not accept that reversion on any account. He doesn't quite know what he wants, but things aren't right—he knows THAT.

The Ontario farmer is very willing to try to look at himself through other eyes, if he can be satisfied they are honest eyes. He admits that

he is suspicious. When he asks you if he has not had plenteous cause to be distrustful only one answer is possible. He will candidly discuss the bribery evil in elections, and will avow an unquestionable desire to end it. He wants to know whether there isn't something more in that evil than the readiness of a few farmers to make a little money for once, without sweating for it. Perhaps nothing more simply opens up the problem of the new rural self-determination than a farmer's son's portrayal of this aspect of social and political life.

CHAPTER XVII

LANDOWNER OR LABOURER AT THE BALLOT

Containing a comparison between British and Canadian land-owning and land-labouring, by a farmer's son, who asserts that the Ontario farmer has allowed the politician to treat him as if he were much nearer the English labourer than land-owner; and that the degradations of bribery must be cleaned out of country life; followed by remarks of Sir Robert Falconer, who attended one Scotch, one English and two German universities, on the inferiority of our intellectual liberty.

At a county seat, in west-central Ontario, two thousand farmers and their wives were listening to addresses on their rightful place in the State, and how to secure it. One speaker frankly discussed the sale of votes; and another—a farmer's son who had been a traveller as well as a student—handled with almost brutal candour the local electoral situation. He first asked whether the audience wished to hear some mighty plain talk about the county's reputation. "Sure!" was cried from all over the crowd. But before the local disease was probed, the general situation of the farmers was expounded after this fashion:

"The agitation amongst the farmers this summer is not merely a protest against boys being conscripted for the war. To a large extent it is a revolt against the inferior position which the politicians think the farmer will

accept, whenever an important affair of state is being decided.

“A pledge was given that farmers’ sons would be exempted. It was signed in the king’s name. But it was arbitrarily cancelled, without any preparation of the minds of those who were expected to consent tamely to the revolution. The farmers, when they saw what was happening said, ‘Are we of no account?’ This is the year in which the tillers of the soil have at last realized something of their key position in the State. They will assert their importance, and will do it for themselves, by themselves, and not as haulers of wood and water for political taskmasters who have hitherto presumed to rule over them.

“Farmers sometimes talk bitterly of the Big Interests that are arrayed against them. It is opportune to inquire what the Big Interest of Canada is, and how it might exert itself. Sometimes you get a line on your own position by taking a look at it from a distance.

“What was the Big Interest during the long fight for British liberty, about which we hear so much and learn so little? For centuries it was the Landed Interest. The foundation of economic, social, political and military power was the possession of land. The House of Lords used to be called the House of Landlords.

“The lords not only owned vast estates in the country; but many of the towns as well. They

used to decide who would represent these towns in the House of Commons. It was to solidify their power that seats in the Commons were allotted to all sorts of little places—Old Sarum, for instance, only had seven voters. Landlords owned and sold seats in the Commons just as openly as you own the seats on your mowing machines and sell the hay the machines cut.

“Owning the land in the country and the houses in the towns, the lords had great power in the county representation, because they rented their lands to tenants who were expected to vote as their landlords desired. The tenant farmer had a vote, but until thirty-three years ago this fall the men who did the work on the farm had no vote. They were not citizens in the full sense of the word, though they had to provide the soldiers when the country must be defended. They were welcome to die for their country but they were not permitted to vote for it. They were political serfs.

“The man who ploughed and sowed and reaped and mowed was regarded as the meanest in the mental and social scale. It was not thought worth while to teach him to read. His wages were so small that he was not expected to get through the winter without receiving ‘charity.’ The ‘charity’ was usually given in the form of a little coal or a blanket, or a coat for his child, the style of which told everybody that it was a ‘charity’ coat. The ‘charity’ came

from the great house, where the lord lived in luxury out of the rents of the land which didn't earn a shilling until the recipient of the 'charity' had worked on it. What the labourer received in 'charity' he had really earned in wages—and more also.

"When it was proposed to give the tiller of the soil a vote, it was said he wouldn't know how to use it. Lord Salisbury told the House of Landlords that what the ploughman and cowman wanted was not the franchise but a circus. It was said, too, that the farm worker would be victimized by every trickster who came along; and the country would go to the dogs through wild and wicked legislation, sanctioned by the ignorant and envious poor. The man who owned the land was the man who had a real stake in the country. He should decide national policy. The place of the waggoner, the harvester and the stockman was to go to the Established Church (if he became a Methodist or a Baptist, he was liable to get no 'charity'), and repeat the catechism which says that it is part of one's duty 'To order myself lowly and reverently before my betters,' and to pray

God bless the squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

"The landowner, then, was the great man in the state; the landworker was his dependent, his serf—lowly, reverent, ignorant, and poor. The owners of the soil governed all that was on

it. They lived sumptuously upon what grew on the land. They despised the cultivator of the soil because he cultivated it. Measures were taken so that he would never raise his mind from the furrows in which his brain was expected to be buried.

“That was in the Old World, from which our fathers and some of us came. How does our share in the New World differ from the share of our fathers in the Old? In this—that the man who owns the soil tills it. It was to acquire land that our fathers came here. For all generations their fathers had only been allowed to sojourn on the land of their birth. It used to be counted a fine exercise in piety to sing:

No foot of land do I possess.

“To own a hundred acres of land—ah! that was an ambition indeed. You know how they strove to satisfy it; and how many of them went down to their graves wracked and crippled by excessive toil. For them life had been a continual labour, because they wanted to be more independent than their forbears were. It was better to own than to be owned. They were almost happy to live with a mortgage if only their sons and daughters might be enabled to live without one.

“While this was going on, what else happened? The pioneers were also citizens. Having come to a colony, they accepted the colonial

condition. Their situation developed politics of its own—often narrow, blind, bitter, vindictive. You inherited the politics just as you inherited the land. You have had the franchise ever since you were old enough to vote. How have the other interests in the country regarded you? Have they looked upon you as the landowner has been regarded in the older country—the natural governor of the state—or have they treated you as the labourer on the soil—the man whom they were best qualified to govern, and who should do as he was told, and receive with meekness what he was given?

“Have you treated yourself as a landowner or as a labourer, when it came to voting, and determining your place in the state? Have you regarded money given for a vote more or less as the Old Country labourer was expected to regard a blanket and a hundredweight of coal at Christmas? It is time to think this out.

“Your grandfather, who first cleared the farm, may not have realized how great a thing he was doing, every time he felled a tree or pulled a stump. Though he didn't realize it, he was making a new kind of state within the British Empire—a state in which the tiller of the soil could be supreme, and could set the pace of progress for the remainder of the world—if he cared to do it. But nobody came along to show him the noble politics of his creative work. Nobody has come along to make it clear to his

children's children. It is up to us to show that it is not too late to translate the truth into action.

“What have we been doing for ourselves? What have we allowed other people to do for us? Not having a high ideal of our duty to the State instilled into us, something else has grown up as the permissible and not disgraceful thing in citizenship. A former Parliamentary candidate in a county not far from this freely says that with one exception, this is the most corrupt riding in Ontario.

“The price of farmers' votes has gone up from two to twenty dollars apiece in this century. In a district west of here it is said that in 1911 every elector received twenty dollars for his vote, except the preacher, who only got fifteen. The victor in that election is the head of an important Missionary Movement. It is generally understood at Ottawa that he won the election because he stacked up thirty thousand dollars against his opponent's twenty thousand.

“Things like these are notorious. They are not confined to one county or province. They are evil legacies of a time when men did not see as clearly as they do now that as sacred a trust belongs to the ownership of a ten-acre field of wheat as belongs to tending ten rods of graveyard. The resting-place of the dead is no more God's acre than the dwelling-place of the living.

“We have fallen into evil ways because we

haven't learned what the more excellent ways should be. When we find out what we have missed we may recover what we should never have lost; and we may learn how to hold fast to what our fathers secured for us, even though they could not have told us exactly what it was."

A veracious landowner in the county where this frank speech was made, tells of meeting the right-hand man of the unsuccessful candidate in the last hotly-contested election for the Commons—the candidate was an official pillar of the church.

"I hear," he said, "that you have got things arranged over in ——" and he mentioned a polling sub-division.

"Oh, yes. We think we know how it's going over there, all right."

"Prices about the same as before?"

"Maybe."

"Say, Duncan, can you tell me how your man squares this business with his religion? I should like to know his justification for holding the plate on Sunday and buying votes on Monday. How does he reconcile the two?"

"That's easy. A man has a right to sell his coat, hasn't he? Sure he has, because it's his own. His vote's his own, isn't it? He can put it where he likes on the ballot, can't he? Well, then, if his vote is his own as much as his coat is his own, he can sell his vote the same as he can sell his coat. Isn't that right?"

This story faithfully represents a condition—not a fancy. The explanation given by a Cabinet Minister is not satisfying—that there is bound to be corruption in new countries, and that the evil will cure itself in good time. If that were so, the newer the country the more rampant would be the corruption; and the older it grew the less corrupt it would become. In this Ontario county the price of votes has multiplied by ten in the last twenty years. Neither is it satisfying to recall that in the Old Country there was far worse corruption not so long ago. That was the case in boroughs where there were bad old traditions such as do not obtain in a young country. The new English constituencies are very large, and vote-buying is virtually unknown in them.

So long as men compete for office the temptation to venality will appear. But when a whole multitude of well-reputed landowners make a business of selling their votes there is a callousness to civic refinement that must be explained by some poison long established in the public life which it so ruthlessly drags down.

Is not the explanation to be sought in the bequests of the colonial system?—the system whose defective genius made Washington's chief difficulty in maintaining recruits for the American army, because it had poisoned the public life which it developed. Observe the Ontario landowner as citizen, and see.

Owning land either turns him within himself or gives him a wider conception of his civic duty than he would otherwise be likely to have. Left to himself he will become narrower and narrower. There is political wisdom beneath the Scriptural injunction not to look on your own things, but on the things of others. Intensive love of possession drives a man to law about the minute location of a line fence. A sense of responsibility helps him to love his neighbour rather than covet his field, and directs him into public service.

One cannot become bigger than the biggest things he thinks about. That is why so many who are rich in cash are poor in spirit. The principle is as unailing in citizenship as it is in personal interests. Magnify small things into big importances, and you will have small politics conducted in a furiously small way. Give small things big names and teach people to venerate them, and you will presently throw everything into a distorted perspective. That was what the colonial system did, and is still doing, wherever its remaining institutions dominate private thinking and direct public doing. Those who have lived many years among the remains of the English feudal system have unforgettable reasons for knowing that the subordinations of the colonial system were so many suckers from that venerable tree.

Why are there ten Prime Ministers, and nine

Governors appointed by the Dominion Government, as there were when the population was less than half its present magnitude. Prince Edward Island has had a Prime Minister and Cabinet for many decades, and never a population of one hundred and ten thousand. British Columbia had a Premier when less than fifty thousand people were within her borders, and half of them were Indians. Who decided that there should be Prime Ministers for such populations? The Colonial Office. But why should there be a Prime Minister of British Columbia when the highest dignity that comes to the chief administrator in an English county with a population of two millions is that of chairman of the county council? Why should the title of Prime Minister—equal in sound with that of the Parliamentary chieftain of the Empire—be given, and yet, when a score of Prime Ministers were photographed with the Colonial Secretary, a subordinate member of a Government, they should all stand and he should sit, in token of his superior dignity? Mr. Chamberlain was a powerful statesman; but it does not delight you to see him sitting in a group of statesmen all of whom, including the Prime Minister of Canada, stand like servitors about him.

The colonial system assumed that "the colonies" were subject communities, which should be given as much of the show of government as they wanted, and as little of its substance as

they would accept. The history of responsible government is the history of a constant fight against the Downing Street delusion, which is not yet defunct, that for a "colony" to govern itself as finally as England governed herself would mean the break-up of the Empire. In 1895 Lord Kimberley, a Liberal Foreign Secretary, wrote a despatch stating that if Canada's claim to make her own commercial treaties were allowed, it "would be equivalent to breaking up the Empire into a number of independent states."

Premierships, and all that goes with them, were given to the provinces as comforters. They helped to keep the baby quiet; they might prevent the boy from learning that he was growing up and would soon need a shave. So, when you vote for a Legislature which sustains a Prime Minister and a Government, you help to operate a certain camouflage of sovereignty, you are adorned with sundry appurtenances of dignity, and you are periodically occupied with an election which is intended to satisfy your aspiration to handle great affairs.

How well guarded the salients of the old system are can be understood from an enumeration of the Cabinet Offices and the titles that go with them. In seven provinces out of nine, about one seventh of the members of the legislature are Ministers of the Crown. If the average strength of the Government party is sixty per

cent. of the Legislature—three to two—the “Honourables” become a pretty heavy percentage of the party in power.

The distribution of honours was a cleverly designed feature of the colonial system; but it was the device of a European superiority, as it is now. The revolt of the House of Commons against hereditary and all other titles of honour is striking proof of that. If the life-long and family-long honour conferred by the King has become incongruous in Canada, the title of “Honourable” that has gone with a Cabinet position in The Island, worth eighteen hundred dollars a year, must be still more superfluous.

There is only one Prime Minister for England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Dependencies and Crown Colonies. How does that limitation affect the mentality of the average citizen of the United Kingdom? Does he wish he were able to elect two Prime Ministers—or ten, if his property were widely enough distributed—as his relative in Canada does? Not at all: he elects **THE** Prime Minister; and he is rather amused at the idea of “colonials” electing Prime Ministers for provinces, and then Prime Ministers for the Dominions, all of which, he says to himself, are really **OUR** provinces. The fellows overseas are doing very well with such Governments as they have; but they really don't amount to very much, because, as they don't utilize to the full their ability for government,

the capacity languishes for want of exercise, they remain dependencies, and we can still speak of "our" Colonial Empire.

That is the situation. The Canadian land-owner of the third and fourth generation has never voted for a member of Parliament who could call to account a Minister who might sign away Canada's interest in the Behring Sea, or disregard her wishes in registering the consequences of a war in which half a million Canadian troops were engaged. But he has always had a couple of Prime Ministers on his list whom he could dismiss, but neither of whom exercised anything like the conclusive functions of the third Prime Minister, to whom he has only a submissive relation. The Canadian interest in the British Prime Ministry is as different from that of the English elector as the control of a child over his father is different from the father's control over his office staff. On the anvil where commonwealths are wrought to their true temper and shape, Sir Robert Borden, at Ottawa, rings with an uncertain sound. In the nature of things he is a half-way Premier, until Parliament insists that he become something more.

The humblest English elector is free to heckle his Prime Minister about any department of home, "colonial" or foreign affairs. He may assail the Government of the day for failures in foreign policy—he can say they were culp-

ably sacrificing British interests; he can call upon them to reverse their conduct or be consigned to ignominious oblivion. He can do all this, and nobody dreams of charging him with unpatriotism. It is his duty, as well as his right, to say what he thinks, at his own time and in his own way.

Contrast this with his position when he transfers his British citizenship to Canada. If, during an election he believes the Government has sacrificed Canadian interests, or has too perfunctorily upheld them, as against the assertiveness of Downing Street, he fears to say so. If he uses half as strong language in criticism of Downing Street as he used in the British Isles, in common with half or more than half of his fellows, he is liable to bring upon himself the stigma of disloyalty. So he holds his tongue, and reads in the paper that Canada is the freest country in the world.

The effect of such constrictions of freedom as this is to make sectional antagonisms more antagonistic. As they say in Nova Scotia, the smaller the pit the fiercer the fight. The constitutional limitation of the citizen's responsibility for government always breeds limitations in the minds of those who accept deprivations of which their distant kindred know nothing. This is true, not only of politics, but of the whole range of public service. A judge who knows that his decisions may be taken to some other

country for revised decisions in which he and his brethren may bear no part, cannot have the same sense of responsibility as judges to whom finality is accorded. Educationalists cannot impart to students the same confidence in their country which students in self-reliant countries receive from their mentors.

On the day that this is written the newspapers summarize an admirable lecture on Reconstruction by the President of Toronto University. Sir Robert Falconer is a brilliant honour graduate of both Edinburgh and London, and a student of Leipzig, Berlin and Marburg Universities. He has been in Europe during the last year. He knows whereof he speaks. Read a few of his reported sentences, and see whether they support the tenor of what is argued here:

No one henceforth would question Canada's ability to organize on a large scale. . . .

It could not be doubted that the Canadian people are able to hold their own with others in what was called efficiency. . . .

We had the intelligence and the will power . . . and Canada would move forward, and the people in this country would enjoy the wealth and comfort they should enjoy. . . .

There was less intellectual liberty in America than in Europe. . . .

Some people were afraid to think because they did not know enough to think for themselves. . . .

In Canada we must find a larger place for contemplative activities. . . .

The average citizen must think more for himself. . . .

Two of Sir Robert's implications are especially illuminative. "No one would henceforth question Canada's ability," "It could not be doubted that the Canadian people are able to hold their own"—what do these delusively bold phrases suggest? That Canada's ability has been questioned, and the Canadian people have been doubted. By whom? By themselves.

Why should there ever have been questionings and doubts and fears? Does anybody assure an English audience that it could not henceforth be doubted that the English people could organize things on a large scale, and that no one would now question that the English people were able to hold their own? They would be insulted by such assurances, as a man would be by a solemn adjuration to clothe himself before going outdoors. Are the Canadian people insulted when they are informed that they are as good as their kinsfolk? They have accepted for so long the disabilities which the high priests of the colonial system, in their pinnacled simplicity, conferred upon those who were creating Britannic communities out of appalling obstacles, that they receive without displeasure the assurance that they are not inferior.

Is it only now that a people who have occupied half a continent, who have connected the two oceans by three railways, and who have done more original, creative work than those who have remained in the Britannic cradle—is it

only now that they begin to understand that they can do things on a large scale?

There are a million more people in Canada than there were in England during the Seven Years' War, which brought Canada into the British Empire, and won control of India. Of that time, John Richard Green, whose *Short History of the English People* should be studied afresh by all who would finally establish the safety of democracy, wrote:

Never had England played so great a part in the history of mankind as in the year 1759. It was a year of triumphs in every quarter of the globe. . . . With the victory of Plassey the influence of Europe told for the first time since the days of Alexander on the nations of the East. The world, in Burke's gorgeous phrase, "saw one of the races of the north-west cast into the heart of Asia new manners, new doctrines, new institutions." . . . The Seven Years' War is a turning point in our national history, as it is a turning point in the history of the world. Till now the relative weight of the European states had been drawn from their possessions within Europe itself. But from the close of the war it mattered little whether England counted for less or more with the nations round her. . . . Britain suddenly towered high above the nations whose position in a single continent doomed them to comparative insignificance in the after history of the world. . . . Statesmen and people alike felt the change in their country's attitude. In the words of Burke, the Parliament of Britain claimed "an imperial character in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all, without annihilating any."

That was accomplished a hundred and sixty years ago by a few millions of people, three-fourths of whom could neither read nor write, and the other fourth of whom were infected by a social, religious and political corruption from which the intimate literature of the period conducts a miasma which sickens every cleanly reader of it to this day. They never needed assurance that they were capable of organizing things on a large scale. They have never waited for another people to declare their status at the closing exercises of their own wars.

There are in Canada three-quarters of a million people who themselves have shared in the sovereign government which inherits all that Pitt did, and appropriates all that Green wrote. They find their kinsmen of the New World generally ahead of themselves in physical prowess, in natural initiative, in the assertion of social equality, in readiness to meet emergency. But in the public realm they listen with astonishment to deliverances like that of the President of the great university. They meet honest, able, timid compatriots whose motto seems to be "Any country but our own," even while they herald themselves as heirs of an Empire in which manly self-reliance in mind and person have written its title to enduring fame. It takes years to discover an explanation of the anomaly, and more years to acquire the courage to tell what they discover.

CHAPTER XVIII

INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY: COLONIAL SYSTEM: ORANGE TIE

Connecting the Colonial System with the strange unwillingness of Parliamentary candidates to discuss frankly with farmers and others the larger public affairs; and analysing the influence of an Irish feud on Canadian political life, and its possible continued effect, though the Orangemen who fought for Canada are more numerous than both armies at the battle of the Boyne, which has been out-ranked.

“ There is less intellectual liberty in America than in Europe,” says Sir Robert Falconer. He speaks most authoritatively of the country and the educational standards he knows best. If he is right, why is he right? There is no law against freedom of reflection in a province like Ontario, where the population is largely of landed proprietors. If there is less liberty in Canada than in England and France for original thinking and frank expression, it must be because there has been inferior exercise of the liberty to think and speak—or, to put it another way, there is more punishment for those who, as they cannot help thinking, are not frightened from speaking. How is greater intellectual liberty to be attained? First by finding out why it has been crippled; and then by discovering the engine by which the path to the new

liberty may be cleared, and widened, and widened, and then widened once more.

It will quickly be shewn whether the Canadian landowners, who have toiled harder and missed more than their town relatives, will be the re-creating class, or whether, as is happening in Europe now, massed, wage-earning Labour will determine our political courses.

When the penultimate epoch of English feudalism was about to close, through the enfranchisement of the manufacturing cities, and the substitution of commercial for land-owning power, the middle class became the balance-wheel of the State, though the territorial aristocracy continued for many years to monopolize the great offices of power, whichever party was in office. That stage has finally passed. The wage-earners are in control. They do not wait to be informed that they are capable of organizing on a large scale; that their ability will not be questioned; or that they are defective in intellectual liberty.

In our own favoured country the capitalistic class has until recently decided the national policies as surely as the feudal classes did in England before the Reform Bill of 1832. The most casual glance over railway legislation establishes that fact beyond dispute. That the promoter-capitalists were delusive guides is obvious when the National and Grand Trunk Railways are mentioned. Political parties

seemed as eager to endorse what the money-changers put before them, as the member for a pocket borough was to do his patron's will. A Liberal leader who was remonstrated with by a supporter because the party so frequently belied its name, said it could not be helped, because elections were not won by prayers, and money came from railway companies. The cynic who knows says the custom was for the railways to give two dollars to the Opposition campaign fund and three to the Government managers.

As there are no more transcontinental programmes in sight, in which the private promoter says to the Government, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," it should soon be determined whether the middle section of the business world—the most numerous, and, in essentials, the wealthiest section—will secure its rightful recognition from the state. The farming class in the West has become all but all-powerful. In the East it is like an old man seeking a new incarnation—though Nicodemus scarcely seems its fitting name. Can it be born again, and the national spirit re-born within it? Or must there be a re-fashioning of the economic fabric through an organized, artisan force, deriving its predominating impulse from its European origin, and the European examples which now inflame the world?

It is no exaggeration to say that often enough

the landowner in Canada has been treated by the politician as contemptuously as the land-labourer was by the Marquis of Salisbury—and not by the politicians only. On the way to a county demonstration a traveller fell in with the manager of a company which flourishes by canning tomatoes, peas and corn.

“If you want to make a good speech,” he said, “you must tell the farmers they are the most downtrodden class in the country; everybody is robbing them; nobody wants to give them a square deal—and guff like that. Give them plenty of that kind of provender, and they’ll be tickled to death, and think you are the greatest orator that ever came down the line.”

Of another order of contempt is the attitude of a member of Parliament for a rural constituency. Probably his farming electors are worth on an average fifteen thousand dollars apiece. He is a great business man, with a manufacturer’s mind and the economic creed of those who have never been against organized labour, but have done their best to keep “agitators” out of unorganized shops.

While he was a candidate, he was discussing national conditions with a friend who was neither a manufacturer nor a farmer. He had perceived, before 1914, in time to unload certain western holdings, that the excessive railway building of the first dozen years of the century was leading to an absurd expansion of cities,

regardless of agricultural production in the country around them, and a consequent slump in manufactures as soon as the flood of borrowed money subsided—the condition that arrived in 1914, months before the war.

He saw, also, that when the war was over the disparity between the manufacturing and distributing plants provided to meet boom conditions, and the volume of production from the soil, would once more become apparent. He understood that, as the locomotive had run ahead of the plough before the war, the plough would have to overtake the locomotive after the war, especially when the then anticipated fall in prices came to pass. Government and Parliament, he said, should prepare against these times, and not be guilty of ladling out money as recklessly as they did between 1904 and 1914.

He talked like a patriot and a statesman, and his friend asked him:—

“Have you laid this situation before the electors of your riding?”

“Bless your heart, no. Why should I?” he replied, laughing.

“Well,” answered the friend, “you are wealthy, independent and far-seeing, and not the creature of a party organization. You are a Parliamentary candidate because of your outstanding capacity. Nothing would please your future constituents better than to know you were saying things to them that other men were

not big enough to say; and that you were telling more than the other fellow because you knew more. The country has been going the wrong way, from the point of view of making both ends meet. I suppose you tell your audiences that what the country needs is business administration?"

"We all say that."

"Of course. Then why not talk business to your people?"

"You mean the way you and I are talking here?"

"Why not?"

"Gee! it wouldn't be popular. Besides, what would be the use of speaking like that publicly? You surely don't suppose the farmers would understand it? If you do, I don't."

"Have you ever tried talking to farmers about the country's business in the way we've been talking to-night?"

"Oh, no."

"Then how do you know they wouldn't understand you until you have tried and failed? If they are intelligent enough to vote for men who spend the national money and resources, don't you think they are intelligent enough to receive an honest account of how their authority and credit have been used? If the farmers of your county had spent fifty thousand dollars on a creamery that only did enough business to earn half the interest on the cost of the building, do

you think they wouldn't be capable of understanding where the business was falling down?"

"Do you mean to say it would make you unpopular with the farmers if you shewed them that the National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific can't pay for years to come because, in the first place, too much money per mile was spent on their construction; and in the second place the population they serve is too scanty to create the traffic they require to pay operating expenses, cost of maintenance and interest on the capital expenditure? Would it not be a good experiment to find out whether the prosperous farmers in your county are not more intellectual than you have taken them to be? How can you expect the tone of public life to be raised if you don't raise the tone of your own speeches? Why not try playing up, instead of playing down?"

Could there be a more convincing proof that the colonial system has given the people the shows of government and has tended to befool them of its best substances, than the common assumption by politicians that the electorate is gullibly deficient in penetrative intelligence—and the free and independent landowners most gullible of all?

It is in the nature of national affairs that they carry men's minds beyond the borders of their own country. A nation that has not become international is like a man who is afraid to spend

his own money. It is contact with the big world which enables men to give breadth, and elevation and dignity to their domestic concerns.

Go through a factory, learn that the goods you see changing from raw material to finished article will soon be deposited on some oriental shore, and the whole operation immediately has a touch of romance it lacked before.

There is a corresponding faculty in public affairs—subtle and unmistakable; and sometimes only appreciated when you look for it, and find something else. Denied contact with the ultimate facts of political life, the capacity for full self-government will find outlets in directions which produce no advantages abroad, and intensify difficulties at home. With many of our people, particularly in Ontario, the place of foreign affairs is occupied by the Orange Order.

It is not necessary to attack the Orange Order; but it is desirable to consider its potency in a North American democracy. Many miles from town, and in lonely isolation, you may find an Orange Hall. A body of zealous men believed that their most urgent duty was to celebrate an epoch in Irish history, as the guide and inspiration of their Canadian citizenship. They did not erect their temple for the magnification of Ireland, as the St. Andrew's Society commemorates the genius of Scotland; or as the St. George's Society celebrates the hegemony of England; but to commemorate a phase of a

phase of a revolution. If they were taught to forget the revolution in the phase, they were not to blame.

An Ontario agricultural leader, who has been an ardent Orangeman for thirty-five years, was asked whether the Glorious Revolution was brought about by the battle of the Boyne.

“Sure,” he replied.

“Don’t you know that the revolution that put James the Second off the English and Scottish thrones took place more than eighteen months before the battle of the Boyne?”

“Never heard of it,” he said.

“What do you think of King William marrying the daughter of a Catholic?” the fervent Orangeman was asked.

“Never heard of it,” he repeated. “Who was she?”

“James the Second’s daughter.”

“Never heard of her,” he said again.

“Would King William, because of his wife, be denied membership in an Orange lodge?”

“That’s a secret.”

The Orange Order stands for civil and religious liberty. Those who have not been admitted to its mysteries can only judge from what they read and hear and see. They understand the Orangeman is sworn to support Orange candidates for public office. The most potent of the organized influences exerted upon the city government of Toronto is the Orange Order.

On George the Third's principle that any man was good enough for any job he could get, no complaint can be made of that. But a robust Canadianism may ask, in all good fellowship, whether the divisions of Ulster are natural to the Valley of the St. Lawrence.

One may have the best will in the world towards the stout Presbyterians of Antrim; the highest admiration for the heroic and immortal defence of Londonderry; the utmost recognition of the decisiveness of the battle of the Boyne; and the keenest detestation for the proscriptions of the Dublin Parliament during the perfidious James's sojourn there; and may still believe that in the great capital of Ontario some Canadian event might annually evoke the best pageantry the city can afford. Cannot loyalty to Canada become sufficiently inspiring without deriving its major picturesqueness from something that happened in Ireland two hundred and twenty-nine years ago? It is a friendly question.

The Orange Order became powerful in Ontario and other provinces when pride in Canadian history was not generously cultivated. The champions of the colonial system were pleased to think that Canada was without a history. No Canadian history was taught in Upper Canada College when the editor of the *Orange Sentinel* went to school. Canadian patriotism was expected to look backward in time and eastward in geography. Men were supposed to think

more of the old ties they had broken than of the new relationships they had formed. There has been a vast change since then; though it has not revolutionized the Orange Order.

More, and farther-reaching changes are at hand. Elements of history that Canada was supposed to lack when the English and Irish and Scotch in Canada were expected to be more English and Irish and Scotch than they had been in England, Ireland and Scotland, have been fused into the Canadian entity by four years of appalling war.

The 1914-18 fight for civil liberty (which includes religious liberty), does not extinguish the importance of the battle of the Boyne. But it makes the Boyne less conspicuous in the international range of the Canadian mind.

To the most excellent, most lasting honour of the Order, fifty thousand Orangemen joined the Canadian army. Henceforth they will parade on the Twelfth of July, as the most worshipful brethren in all the long defile. Khaki has become more lustrous than orange and true blue. The banners with Dutch William on his white charger; the slogan of "Derry Walls" emblazoned in purple and gold; and "Enniskillen" set forth in simple reverence to men who were the bravest of the brave—these streaming memorials of 1690 will dip in homage to the marching veterans of Ypres, and Vimy, and Passchendaele, and Valenciennes, and the crowning

mercy of Mons. The glory of the Boyne will bow to a mightier, more immediate fame, a more homelike and more tremendous valour; because what Canadians have done for Canada is more than Ulster can ever do for them, or they can do for Ulster.

Events are becoming too strong for the most venerable sectionalisms; too swift for the tides which lap the ancient landmarks more than they fertilize the intervalles of to-day. The New Tide is running in the hearts of men. In the great farming class of Canada its surge is as obvious as in any other quarter of the globe; and in the steadfast province of Ontario as plainly as in the effervescent West.

Farmers who went to the war will be a new and potent leaven in all the awakened countryside. Because they have seen the world in travail they will not be content nor will they permit their kindred to be content with the old, deadening complacencies. Neither will they allow super-patriots to cast stones because fewer soldiers came from the farms than from the factories.

Going to Europe, they have had an experience somewhat like that of the Englishman who returns to England from Canada. They have inspected their country from afar. As they fought, and as they mused, they became Canadians in a larger sense than they were when they only Canada knew. They have appreciated

their birthright afresh. They have seen how much more precious it may become to them, if only they will have it so.

The Parliamentary colonel whose unpalatable discourse to a *Times* correspondent is mentioned on an early page of this book, tells of a meeting of Canadian colonels with one who was sent from London by the War Office, to admonish them because their men on leave were failing to salute British officers. The offence was becoming notorious. It was subversive of discipline. Its continuation should be prevented. Would Canadian commanders see to the matter?

The commander with the Parliamentary seat spoke back. The salute, he said, is a mutual courtesy, and is so established in the king's regulations. It is no more the duty of the private to salute the colonel than it is the colonel's duty to salute the private. The reproof of the gentleman from the War Office should have first been addressed to a meeting of British officers, who forgot the king's regulations. The Canadian soldiers were not serfs but citizens. Most of his own battalion were farmers who knew what was due to themselves. They saluted officers who saluted them. They would always give courtesy for courtesy.

The spirit of national assertiveness which the war intensified in the Canadian soldiery while they were in Europe will produce abundant fruit when they have returned to Canada. If

another war should draw Canada into its vortex, will the War Office in London appoint the Canadian commander? Never again.

What will have wrought the change? Something that will occur then, or something that has happened now? What we will do next time is already determined by what we have done this time. The psychology for to-day is to anticipate our psychology if Armageddon should recur. We must be governed now by what we foresee.

It is this perception which gives the only sound guidance to the changes that will rapidly develop in rural Canada, and particularly in Ontario. The Ontario farmer and his soldier son, whether he was a volunteer or a draftee, are not as ready as some of their fellow Ontarians to hurl stones at Quebec for slowness in enlisting. They know that if there is to be a division into classes, it must be confessed that, speaking generally, the nearer a man's connection was with Europe, the readier he was to go to the war—except in cases where the family tradition was more British than Canadian, through some regard for public office in days gone by.

As soon as the Ontario landowner, his wife and their soldier son think things out they realize that the slowness of rural Ontario to apprehend how much the war was Canada's war was due to the cause which the Round Table

drags into the light with such merciless candour. Rural Eastern Canada had never been brought into contact with the ultimate facts of its own political life.

When farmers have travelled so far, they begin to examine what their political life has been. They see that a revolution is proceeding—a revolt against the trammels which an outworn colonialism devised, and which an unworthy partisanship perpetuated. They perceive that in civil government at home the landowners have accepted the sort of limitations which the Canadian Government compelled the Canadian army to accept abroad. They understand that, just as the military subordination of Canada to the War Office will never be repeated, the civil subordinations which have hampered their own intellectual and political expansion will also have to be discarded. They will insist on being Canadians at home as well as abroad.

When that happens questions of tariff, of the control of education, of the use of languages, of the relation of provincial to dominion government, will be elevated into an ampler perspective. For in that day the splendour of the Canadian birthright will be honoured in the land.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN FARMER FINDS FARMER

Recognizing that the new class consciousness of farmers is marshalling their economic power, terminating the aloofness of the solitary worker, and bringing into united action men of differing origins, creeds and political allegiances; and reproducing the testimony of a leader who, meeting Quebec *cultivateurs* at Ottawa, obtained a larger view of his citizenship, which he commends to all his fellow-countrymen.

The campaign against "foreigners" is one of the most natural aftermaths of the war, if it is also one of the most natural things in life for people to be afraid to think. Being of full age and sound mind, you go to enormous expense to add from twenty countries twenty hazardous factors to a national problem that was already difficult enough. You turn them loose, caring little what happens to them, so long as they increase dividends and maintain the flow of watered stock.

One day you discover that while thinking only of profits you created a conundrum you are almost disqualified to answer. Instead of meeting the difficulty you whistle for the policeman, and try to dismiss as a menace the work of your own hands. You may flatter yourself that you are thinking Imperially, and that ambitious moneymakers ought not always to reap what

they have sown. Problems are never solved by calling names. Wisdom does not come by refusing to learn what other people are thinking. It is not possible to become more British by shouting "foreigner" at the father of Canadian children.

Arguments are not met by banning the book in which they are printed. The magi of the seventeenth century did not halt the earth when they denied Galileo's assertion that the sun did not glide under this planet every night.

Before considering what the "foreigner" is and what he may have to say about the Canadian birthright which kingly authority begged him to assume, glance at a certain aspect of the class-consciousness that is expressing itself in Canada, and will express itself more. Some good souls who are afraid to think, mourn inconsolably over the very inconvenient development of class consciousness among the people who work with their hands. They forget that the most colossal class consciousness that has ever afflicted long-suffering humanity has been the class consciousness of the people who don't work, never intend to work, and despise those who do.

Class consciousness? In a western city some sparks survive who used to go in moccasins to the New Year's receptions of the lieutenant-governor. One governor's widow also is a survival of those times. She never liked moccasins,

especially after her husband was knighted. She never allows anyone to forget that she supports the title still. Some years ago a transportation manager of that city received a knighthood. A few days afterwards his wife met the relict of the late Sir Somebody Some.

“Oh! Lady Rale,” said the widow of the governor, with boundless cordiality, “I am so glad to see you. It is so nice to know that you are now one of us.”

The Canadian farmer is coming into his class consciousness at a speed which outpaces the crooks of his political shepherds. In a different spirit he says to the attacker-in-general of the “foreigner,” “Be careful what you say, for he is one of us.”

Nothing is easier than to assume that the problem of Canada is an urban problem, mainly because the city people say most about it. South Africa was plunged into a war which cost the British people twenty-five thousand lives, and the British treasury twelve hundred million dollars, because high steppers of the Colonial Office and their henchmen in Capetown supposed that the South African question was an urban affair. When incompetent Horse Guards generals were futilely chasing Botha, and Smuts, De Wet and DelaRey over the illimitable veldt, Downing Street began to understand that South Africa was very much of a rural proposition.

In differing degree that is the Canadian case. It is not prudent to swear at "foreigners" in town, before learning something about "foreigners" in the country. If you do not discriminate between what is uttered about the "foreigner" on the street, and what is accomplished by the "foreigner" on the farm, how can you expect the "foreigner" on the farm to distinguish between what you say about his countryman in the street, and what you don't say about himself, toiling away at the industry which keeps the towns alive? Is it astonishing that, when the derogatory epithet is so freely used, the Canadian of French, German or Scandinavian descent feels that the blast is directed towards himself, and that he is moved to make common cause with others to whom a racial unpopularity is fastened?

Do we want the "foreigner" to become a Canadian—the father of the native-born? What has been done to make him feel like a Canadian? If nothing has been done, is he to blame—or are we? Here is a Canadian of the fourth generation. He has never seen any other country. He has lived all his life within two hours' ride of the most British city in the western world. He says he wants to call himself a Canadian because he wants Canada to be to him all that his ancestors' country was to them. But he sees that the other Canadians have delighted to call themselves English, and Scotch, and Irish, more than

they have rejoiced to call themselves Canadians. Applying their own yardstick to others, they called their fellow-native a German, and didn't even honour him with a hyphen.

Here is another Canadian of the seventh generation, whose ancestors two hundred years ago were called Canadians. Formerly he never called himself anything else. But within the last forty years he has fallen into the habit of speaking of himself as a French-Canadian. Why? Because the English-Canadians called him so. He believes they regard him as a foreigner, more than they think of him as a brother; and so——?

Is it not a marvel of patriotic practice that we call our fellow citizens "foreigners" and then are surprised that they don't feel the same regard for us that we feel for ourselves? That breakdown in mutual admiration began long before the war. If it is not to continue for generations after the war some bases of our pride must surely be broadened.

The farmer is beginning to see that his mutual interest with his fellow-farmer of French and German and Scandinavian and Austrian origin is an economic and civic concern—a class consciousness which is more potent than an interest in the price of wheat. It is a birthright interest that began with the clearing of the bush by English and French and German neighbours, and will not end until some new glacial period

arrives. Let a witness be heard, from Paris, Ontario:

“My grandfather settled on the farm where I was born, and still reside. He and my grandmother endured all the hardships of clearing the bush. He was also teacher in the first school that was started in the settlement, close by where our lane leaves the concession line. I went to school there, and all my children, and in a very few years my grandchildren will be sitting in the old familiar place. We have always been Methodists, and tried to do our little bit for the church that is close to the school. We have four hundred acres of land and specialize somewhat in pure bred Belgian horses and Shropshire sheep. I have been several times to the Old Country on business, and know something of the West by personal observation. I mention these things so you will know what sort of people we are—keeping our end up, as best we know, and trying to do our duty in the community where we have always lived.

“Every time I went to England I saw immense wealth alongside degradation and poverty such as we never want to see in our country; and my respect increased for those who made it possible for us to live on the good farms we now enjoy. I always came back to Canada feeling more of a Canadian than when staying on the farm. That was so with the men and women one met going there and coming home, with a

few exceptions—I mean people with social ambitions and such-like, who were so much in love with the English aristocracy that they couldn't see the poverty. It always seemed to me that the poor were keeping the rich, though they were taught to believe that it was the other way about.

“ I have always taken an interest in politics, believing that it is every man's duty to do the share of public work that comes to him, and to put the public interest before personal advantage. But it was only during the last year that I began really to understand what Canadian politics means.

“ Possibly I imagined that all Canadians were like myself, and all Canada was similar to our district. I hadn't come in contact with very many Canadians who were different from my own neighbours, and maybe should never have got bigger ideas if I had not gone to Ottawa in connection with the big deputation on the cancelled exemptions of farmers' sons. Whether we were right or wrong in making a protest does not affect the permanent results that are assured from the visit.

“ Until that time I had never met any French-Canadians, and, in fact, had thought very little about them. I supposed that scarcely any of them spoke English, and that they were somehow very different from the rest of us. With Mr. St. Clair Fisher, of Niagara-on-the-Lake,

and others I spent several days at Ottawa preparing for the delegation. We tried to get help from Ontario members, but they were afraid to help us. Government men who said they sympathized with our position would not venture to displease the Government. The Opposition men told us that if they took up our case, it would be said we were only playing a party game.

“ At last we were taken by an Ontario member to Mr. Vien, a French-Canadian who was willing to help us. He was a surprise. He was as much at home speaking English as French, and a great deal better posted about constitutional government and the history of Canada than many of our own members. Through him we got an insight into the real political situation; and we decided to make a remonstrance to the House of Commons itself. The farmers may fairly claim to have rendered a real national service by this action. We met others from Quebec, and found them to be very similar to Mr. Vien. It was a side of Canadian life that was quite new to us, and it is not too much to say that it broadened us all.

“ When the day of the delegation came there were about three thousand farmers from Ontario and as many from Quebec. Scarcely any of us had ever seen so many French-speaking men together at one time. Certainly we had never seen so many farmers. We met with them all day, in the meetings and privately.

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“ At the Arena, in the afternoon and evening, the French and English were all mixed together, and nobody could have picked them out one from the other, except when a French speech was being made, and the applause could only come from those who understood it. All the French speakers were fluent in English. That was a great eye-opener for our people. Everybody came away with his prejudice against our fellow-Canadians removed, altogether or in great part.

“ A committee was left at Ottawa, one of whose duties it was to get our Remonstrance placed before the House of Commons. We had gone in a procession of several thousand to the Parliament Buildings, to ask that two of our men be allowed to present personally to the House our complaint against the way in which Parliament was being pushed aside by the Cabinet. We were refused admittance, and went back to the Arena, where the Remonstrance was adopted with remarkable enthusiasm by just about four thousand farmers.

“ Those who stayed to see the thing through had the satisfaction of getting our protest and appeal to Parliament, and our report to the Governor-General, who himself gave our Remonstrance to the Cabinet, on the Hansards of both Houses.* We learned once more how much alike the English and French are. We found

* The Remonstrance and letter to the Governor-General are in the addenda.

out that great strides are being made in agricultural co-operation in Quebec; and we came to the conclusion that there are many more things to agree about than to fight over.

“That experience has given me a higher and broader outlook on Canada. For one thing, it set me thinking about my relation to the so-called German farmer in Ontario. From the Canadian of German descent I got to thinking about other farmers from other countries, whose interests are the same as ours, and I saw clearly that it is no use keeping apart from these people. We must get together, in a united Canadian spirit.

“Going a little further into this question, I was surprised at the distances Canadians have kept from one another. It doesn't matter very much whose fault it has been; though it seems to me that we who have been here longest are the most to blame, for we have always thought of ourselves as the real leaders of the country, and it was our duty to lead before we reviled our fellow-citizens. If there are differences between our Canadian ideas and the ideas of the other Canadians, we ought to know what they are, and try to find the basis for common action. We don't know how it will be done; but we do know it ought to be tried; and the work can't begin too soon.”

If this witness represents a growing disposition of Ontario farmers towards those of their

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fellow-citizens who do not derive from the British Isles, what may be expected from agricultural statesmanship? The United Farmers of Ontario at their last convention appointed an Inter-Provincial Committee whose primary duty it is to promote better relations between Ontario and Quebec.

Political parties are in confusion, with the farmers commanding as many strategical passes as they choose to occupy. Theirs is the one interest in which thousands and thousands of Canadian citizens of differing origins are on level, proprietorial terms. The landowner's class consciousness is already bringing them together.

It is insistently asked whether there will be a Farmers' Party. Perhaps some Cincinnatus will appear, who will create a Canadian Party, as broad-based as the territory the farmers own, and as inclusive as the multitudes who could not live in Canada unless the farmers had been here before them, and who can only continue to manufacture so long as the farmers continue to produce.

The majority of the Germans and the "foreigners" in Canada, including those who, though naturalized, are frequently spoken of as aliens, are farmers. In Ontario there were, in 1911, more than 192,000 persons of German origin. The eleven counties where the Germanic element is strongest are Waterloo, Welland, Bruce,

Renfrew, Lincoln, Perth, Grey, Haldimand, Essex, Huron and Norfolk. Together they contained 119,037 Germans, of whom 110,115 were Canadian-born.

One in fifteen of the whole were born in Germany—including those who came as children, and such old people as the father of Mr. Weichel, M.P. for North Waterloo during the 1911-17 Parliament, whose pro-war speeches delighted all those who heard them. Leaving out Renfrew and Waterloo, the other nine counties contained 3,739 German Germans, to 73,017 Canadian Germans—or one in twenty.

The Western situation is of intense interest; but, as the "foreigners" are so widespread, an elaborate analysis of their numerical strength would involve a bewildering mass of statistics. But, in view of much that has been written and spoken, one fact about Saskatchewan, which is often called the foreign province of Canada, is specially inducive of reflection. Most of the Germans brought to the province an experience of republican institutions, and of freedom from military autocracy.

The census reported 68,628 Germans in the province in 1911. Of these only 8,300 were born in Germany—again including those who left Germany as children, and as adults, many years ago. The difference between German Germans in Saskatchewan and those who were born elsewhere, is due to the heavy immigration from the

United States, some aspects of which will be examined later.

Nova Scotia, after all, furnishes the most admonitory sample of the German problem in Canada. The county of Lunenburg, in 1911 contained 33,260 inhabitants, of whom 22,837 were Germans. Of these only nine were born in Germany. A fair proportion of the remainder have been longer in Canada than the United Empire Loyalists.

The moral of these disparities between the German-born Germans and the North American-born Germans is that if the native-born German-Canadians are not happily assimilating with their fellow Canadians, the fault cannot be theirs alone, unless it be shewn that they have been hostile to sympathetic advances. If it be contended that the late Imperial German Government plotted and spent to make native-born Canadians as eager for The Day as the Kaiser himself, the responsibility for ensuring the failure of that deep design, by a more excellent patriotism, was and is all the heavier upon those who believe in Canada for the Canadians.

World-wide German military imperialism has been killed. If native-born Canadians, like those in Nova Scotia whose ancestors came to Canada from Hanover when the King of Hanover was also King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of Nova Scotia—if these Canadians of the sixth generation were ever enamoured of the possi-

bility of being junkered over, they can scarcely be in love with that ideal now. Nobody who knows them will suspect them of being Socialists, Spartacides, or Bolsheviks. Now is the time of times to consolidate their affections for the only country they know.

The hardiest Hun hater does not propose to exterminate his fellow-natives of Canada who happen to speak German as well as English. A country that suffers from a decreasing population of farmers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Ontario will scarcely propose to deport tens of thousands of the thriftiest, most prosperous farmers who do not forsake the land. A ward association can find some other occupation than cutting off a nose to spite a face.

If the native-born German-Canadians are beyond the goodwill of the native-born English-Canadians who assail them in the newspapers, and at political meetings which it is impossible for them to attend, might it not be worth while to try other means of promoting an identity of interest between all the children of this spacious land? Only fools imagine that the best way to promote peace is to stimulate a quarrel.

The fable of the competition between the Sun and the North Wind to remove the traveller's coat, was written by Aesop for twentieth century Canadians who are willing to consider the essentials of national unity.

CHAPTER XX

FRANCHISE FACTS AND FOLLIES

Contending that it is unstatesmanlike to disfranchise a small minority of immigrants for a partizan purpose, which encourages disunion among natural-born citizens; that it is unfair to punish, without specific cause, those whom we have failed to educate in Canadian patriotism; and that it is folly to stigmatize American citizenship, and to degrade the Canadianism of unoffending new-comers when it was most essential to strengthen it.

One who is sure that in Eden there was enough original sin to ensure the total depravity of mankind and womankind till the earth is consumed with fervent heat, can readily understand the itch of so many mortals to throw stones at folks whom they never met, and do not wish to know. Nineteen centuries of the Gospel of Love that casts out fear have not thoroughly taught us that the natural disposition of a normal man is friendly to his kind. The champions of hatred, envy, malice and all uncharitableness have always been in a minority; but they have frequently bamboozled the majority.

There could be no more eloquent evidence of that than a film picture of a batch of Hun prisoners newly brought within the Canadian lines. Jack Canuck is invariably seen offering his late antagonist a cigarette. Philip Gibbs, describing the advance into Germany, told of flaxen-haired

little girls smiling at the victorious soldiers, and he added this remark, which those who think it is a Christian virtue to out-hate the haters would do well to ponder: "It is hard to keep up your hate towards a little child."

Indeed, and indeed, the immemorial birth-right of all human beings is there. Men may disfigure the image in which they were made; but there is always fresh hope in the cradle.

"At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them."

There are stalwart, sincere, and able lovers of their country who think the child is too simple a force to be a factor in the defence of Canada against disruption. The truth is the child is too profound a subject for their political meditation. It is so much easier to attack the father than to understand the child.

Here is an Austrian—go for him, expel him. Here is a wee Canadian—take no notice of him; he is the Austrian's brat. Turn his Canadian birthright into gall and bitterness, so that when he grows up he will feel like a man without a country, and that he is allowed to remain on sufferance where he was born. In Austria his father may have been too ignorant to have political opinions. He is not too ignorant to be ambitious to achieve in Canada more independence

than Hapsburg oppression permitted to him. He may have developed too many opinions to suit some of those who coaxed him to settle in Canada. In either case he was a foreigner; his wife is a foreigner. Their child must be a foreigner, except for the misfortune of his birth-place, which gives him Canadian citizenship.

In the factory where the young Canadian's father worked they considered he was no white man. The ward association saw to it that he was enfranchised and sweetened for polling day. When the war came the only safe thing to do was to cancel his vote. Instead of using the war to help him understand that his Canadian child was more important to him than the Austrian count who used to tyrannize over him, it was decided to make him more of an Austrian than ever, without enquiring if he was of those who wished to overthrow the Hapsburgs and set up republics in place of the Dual Empire.

Don't think about the man—get after him. Don't trouble about his youngsters—forget that he has any. Don't ask whether ill-feeling could have been avoided—it might hurt the party. Don't peer into the future with spectacles borrowed from the past—you might become too Christlike. These people should not have been allowed to come here. Never mind who is responsible for bringing them. Get rid of them, kids and all; get rid of them.

Enlightened Canadian self-interest owes it to

itself to protest against that temper, which is worthy the culpable father who disowns his offspring, and spurns the woman he has disgraced. It is utterly unworthy the statesmanship of a country which has won high place among the cosmopolitan mentors of the world; and which must now demonstrate its capacity to carry the responsibility it eagerly assumed—a responsibility which no other country is seeking to take from it, and of which it cannot divest itself.

The editor of a Toronto daily newspaper assured a worker for the Union Government that he could not be sincere unless he supported the War Times Election Act. He was perfectly, blindly honest in that belief. He would have been outraged if he had been told that the War Times Election Act was the product of the colonial spirit which he likes to think has been eliminated from Canadian national life. But it is true as the multiplication table that such a measure was only possible to politicians who had sacrificed so much to the party that they had lost the true perspective of a dignified, self-governing, far-seeing state.

So many immigrated Austrians and Germans during the war created a real difficulty. Let it be assumed that some individuals demand the repeal of the Act for purely partisan reasons. Let it be conceded, for the argument's sake, that the Act was passed entirely to keep faith

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with the dead, and not at all in order to retain office for the living. Admit all these things, and you have no more justified the Act than a doctor is justified because he unselfishly ordered a patient to the smallpox hospital when his only malady was prickly heat. A magistrate who sent a child to jail for throwing snowballs at a policeman might be a very honest man, but he would be very much more of a fool.

It is a prerogative of stupidity to try to retrieve a small mistake by making a big one. The "foreign" elements of the West had for a generation been abandoned by the state to the party heeler, who practised the most nefarious arts upon them—arts which were called "politics," in ghastly defamation of that fateful science. Neither party has monopolized this wickedness. The Government believed the war would be over in six months—this was admitted in the House of Commons by the Hon. Mr. Reid. A powerful section of the Cabinet intended it to be an electioneering war. The "foreigners" were at first regarded as a negligible factor in that promising situation. The Government was asked to win these people for the war. It sent more Mounted Police into certain districts.

Before the war was three years old the party Government confessed itself unequal to its task. A Union Government was proposed. One series of negotiations after another failed. It was apparent that the life of Parliament could not

be further lengthened beyond the ensuing October. In view of an election it was proposed to disfranchise the naturalized Germans and Austrians. But no bill was introduced, pro-union influences against it being assertive from time to time.

In August it was understood that certain Western Liberals, who had been summoned to Ottawa, were willing to make the Union, on terms. They were known to be against the disfranchisement of Canadian citizens, for electioneering purposes, and without specific cause. Their views were respected. When they declared against the continuation of Sir Robert Borden in the Premiership, negotiations again failed, because, though Sir Robert was willing that Sir George Foster should succeed, his party was not.

It cannot be denied that if the Union Government had been constructed then, there would have been no disfranchisement. If the disfranchisement was imperative as a just war measure, it was as imperative in August, when the Western Liberals were willing to join a Government under Sir George Foster, as it was in September, when the Act was passed.

For some weeks it seemed unlikely that a Union Government could be formed. The Conservative party was expecting to go to the country on the record of the Conservative Government—the only party Government that had

remained in power in the Allied countries during the whole war period. The War Times Election Act was passed by a party majority, to secure a party victory.

Its champions say, perhaps with some truth, that certain Liberals entered the Union Government because the Act destroyed the chances of a Liberal return to power. We are not here concerned with party interests, or with the arguments against the Bill which were offered in the House by Mr. Carvell and others who are in the Government or in the House of Commons as a sequel to the Act. We are inquiring whether a condition in the body politic is good or evil; and, if it be found to be evil, whether its worsening may be prevented.

The man who has been taught that he can sell his vote as Christianly as he can barter his coat, may think it a trivial affair to revoke a franchise. But, to those who have forsworn their native allegiance a new citizenship, conferred by royal authority has a vital significance. If they valued it lightly at first they would value it highly as soon as it was to be taken from them. To those who took it away, the deprivation was a passing incident—as sending a man to jail for three years is an incident in the life of a magistrate. To those from whom it is taken it is an abiding event, with lifelong consequences, as the three years' imprisonment is to the man on whom it is so cheerfully bestowed.

We are not considering this pivotal episode of the war from the point of view of the deprivée. A political blunder is worse than a crime because the blunder inflicts more damage upon those who commit it than the expected advantage could ever be worth. Crimes can be wiped from the record sometimes—blunders never.

Having neglected to provide for the pre-war education of the Canadians of enemy origin, a party majority set about its self-continuation by measures that were repudiated at the seat of war, and which put a fresh premium on the very evils to which the Government, from the beginning of the war, had compelled the country to submit—the evils of partisanship, and the refusal to play up to the international opportunities of the time.

Why did not the British Parliament practise disfranchisement in Ireland during the war? Earnest democrats who would have given the Kaiser *carte blanche*, if they could have imported him to Ottawa and given him a Canadian name, would have refused to allow Irish constituencies to fill vacancies as soon as it was known that the Sinn Fein was becoming powerful. The British Government which is sometimes stupid enough, in spite of its continual contact with the ultimate facts of political life, did not try disfranchisement in Ireland because the freedom of elections is embedded in the Con-

stitution, and because statesmen do not willingly act as though two wrongs make a right. There are some brands of suppressive statecraft which are sacred only to colonial system traditions, and are used by spurious statesmen.

Nobody who knows the truth, and has not lost his capacity for telling it, denies that the War Times Election Act was passed when it was feared that the Liberal Party would hold together. In order to make the course safe for disunion as between the partisans whom three years of war had failed to bring together, as they were brought together in every other British country, naturalized Germans and Austrians of less than fifteen years' standing, who had no sons in the war, were to be deprived of their civic right.

“In order that we may be free to accuse one another, you shall not be allowed to vote.” If that position was inevitable, it was because of the refusal to seek unity and ensure it, when the war was young. For that monumental folly, inexorable Time will exact its price, however long the payment is deferred.

Examine the situation, and see what the menace of the German and Austrian vote was. A nation that is really at war should not mistake a bogey for a brigade. Figures may not count for much when passions are aroused; but they have a knack of speaking when passions have died. The census figures of 1911 are not

a complete guide to the Western racial situation in 1917. But the balances of 1911 would hold, roughly, in 1917. Saskatchewan, the "worst" province, is taken as the example.

Of the total population of 492,000, in 1911, 20.68 per cent. were born in the province, 29.83 per cent. in the other Canadian provinces, 16.47 per cent. in distant parts of the British Empire—66.98 per cent., therefore, were British-born. Only 33.02 per cent. were foreign-born, inclusive of Americans. That looked pretty safe for native-born Canadianism to-morrow, if the situation were wisely fore-handled.

But, from an election point of view, the situation is not as good as the 33 per cent. of foreign born suggests. The proportion of foreign to British-born males of over 21 is higher. The fact to bear in mind about the small proportion of the foreign born to the whole population is that the 20 per cent. of the total who were born in the province includes thousands of children of foreign-born parents.

For example, one saw a considerable settlement of Hungarians passing through White-wood over thirty years ago, on the way to a colony to the north of the Qu'Appelle river. If the children, and now the children's children, born in the Esterhazy district have not become good Canadians by this time, the fault can only be placed after it is learned what steps the Governments concerned have taken to Canadianize

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them. It is the business of statesmen to see that children born in Canada have a good chance of being intelligently pro-Canadian when their native country is at war. If you don't think it worth while to impart your patriotism it is hardly fair to expect an alien to imbibe it from the air of his isolated farm.

The Saskatchewan statistics for men over twenty-one are illuminating. Those born into British citizenship totalled 112,148; those of foreign origin were 65,345. Of the foreign-born 34,502 were naturalized, and 30,834 were still aliens. In one riding out of ten—MacKenzie—the foreign-born, naturalized and un-naturalized, were more numerous than the men of native British citizenship. In all the others the foreign-born, both naturalized and un-naturalized, were in a minority, Saltcoats, with 632, being the smallest, Humboldt next with 722, and the other seven minorities ranging from 4,332 in Prince Albert to 10,563 in Moose Jaw.

No comparison is possible as to the distribution by constituencies of those foreign-born men, naturalized and un-naturalized—whether they are Americans or Austrians, Germans or Swedes. But the more general returns reveal some interesting groupings. There were in 1911, in Saskatchewan, 69,628 persons born in the United States. The increase in ten years was 66,870. The increase during the same

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period of all the European foreign-born was only 68,473. The Europeans were 22,631 in 1901—which means that thousands of families registered as Austrians, Germans, etc., in 1911, included Canadian-born children. “Foreign” totals included 68,628 Germans, 41,651 Austrians, 33,991 Scandinavians, and 18,413 Russians.

The German figure looks more formidable than it truthfully is. Only 8,300 men, women and children, out of 68,628, were born in Germany. Where did the other 60,328 come from? Moose Jaw, for example, gives 13,373 Germans, but only 1,266 born in Germany. Some, no doubt, removed from Ontario. They would be practically all native Canadians, most of them of the third or fourth generation. The great majority of the Germans in Saskatchewan immigrated from the United States. Become acquainted with two in whose houses one has received generous hospitality.

The first is a native of Indiana, but of pure German stock. There is not a suggestion of any country but North America about him. His wife and children are as German in blood and as North American in spirit as himself. They came to Saskatchewan with three thousand dollars. In ten years they were worth fifty thousand. He is well known in the Grain Growers' movement, and has been a candidate for Parliament.

The second man left Germany more than forty years ago. He lived in Minnesota twenty-five years; became naturalized, was elected to the State Senate, and moved to Canada, where he is in a large way of business. He has been naturalized twelve years, and has held important provincial office.

What happened to these two neighbours? The first retained his citizenship, under the War Times Election Act. The second lost his, because he had been a Canadian citizen less than fifteen years. What is the effect of the Act on the first man? Does it make him rejoice that he retains his vote while his friend loses his? He was a Canadian, wealthier than he was in Indiana, and gladly incorporating his family into Canadian life and character. The penalizing of his friend merely because he was a native of Germany chills his Canadianism, as an icy blast through the broken pane of a conservatory in mid-February damages the hardiest plant.

The second man reminds himself that what he brought to Canada was not a German but an American citizenship; and that if he had stayed in the United States he would not have been shorn of his vote because he was cradled in Germany. He says that for him Canadian freedom has become a farce. Parliament robbed him of his incentive to preach Canadianism to his fellows. Henceforth when his thoughts turn to

the future they will take on a republican tinge. Is it surprising?

The outcome has clearly shewn that the non-German Austrians were never strong for the Hun. The United States knew this; and when war was declared on the Dual Empire the Austrians in the republic were not treated as alien enemies. It is true that in Manitoba there had been agitation for a Ukrainian republic, fostered by minions of the late Manitoba Government, whose debauching of the Austrians was as shameful as anything which has disgraced the worst autocracies of modern times. If the Austrians had been treated with the educational sanity the situation demanded—if the Dominion Government had heeded the appeal that was made to it at the beginning of the war—immense good could have been accomplished, and much evil have been prevented. But, the Government having failed in its elementary duty, the consequences of the failure were visited upon citizens who were entitled to instruction, and received neglect.

There were others whose position statesmen endowed with insight would have appreciated. Russians, Finns, Scandinavians and other neutrals were not disfranchised. If the spirit of the War Times Election Act were to be operative now, the Russians and Finns would probably be deprived of the franchise.

At different periods Sweden seemed on the

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verge of entering the war in support of Germany. If she had supported Germany, the naturalized Swedes in Canada would have been treated as enemies. Whether a naturalized Swede were to be listed as a Canadian or as an enemy would depend, not on what he had done in Canada, but on what a Government which he had forsworn did in Sweden.

The governing classes in Sweden were pro-German. If they had joined Germany during the summer of 1916, even the Duke of Connaught might have been put under suspicion, because his daughter was Crown Princess of Sweden. That would have been several degrees more foolish than stigmatizing every Swede in Canada as an enemy, if the aristocrats of Sweden had had their way. The general election of 1917 proved beyond a peradventure that the Swedish people were with the allies. But the contest might have gone the other way; and, though ninety per cent. of the Swedes in Canada would have sympathized with the anti-Kaiser party in Sweden, they would have been treated as enemies of Canada, without cause shewn.

They are a very admirable people. Most of them have relatives in the United States. They knew that if Sweden had joined the Central Powers the naturalized Swedes in the United States would not have been penalized, except for definite, individual cause. Their hearts were turned from Canada by the disfranchisement of

their neighbours. Instead of stimulating their Canadianism we attacked it.

What of the former citizens of the United States, without European ties, who have come into our Britannic Commonwealth? They perceived that there was something less magnanimous about Canadian government than there was about British government, and about American administration. They felt that they had entered a little colony rather than a big nation. Imperialists are not made that way.

Behind the whole policy of disfranchisement were certain assumptions which, if they were justified, cast an odious reflection upon the quality of Canadian citizenship; and, if they were not justified, they cast the most damning reflection upon the quality of Canadian party politics. In either case the facts were humiliating, in view of the unanimous support of Parliament for every war measure until the Military Service Act, and in view of the Government's discouragement of responsible co-operation, except from its partisan friends.

The first assumption was not only that there were enough sympathizers with Germany to decide the election, but that candidates would be found to pander to their hostility to Canada. No German-born German, or other diluted German, could become a candidate in the West with the least hope of success. It was assumed, therefore, that Canadian candidates would be base

322 DISAFFECTION NOT SO CURED

enough to betray their country; and that though the electors of British birth were in a vast majority over the "enemy aliens," enough of them would vote disloyally to jeopardise Canada's continuance in the war, and to dishonour the sacrifices she had already made.

If there was justification for that fear, it not only throws a strange light upon the professions with which we entered the war; but renders our future hopeless on any basis that is consonant with the position taken during the last five years. For nothing is more certain than that, if this presumed disaffection was real, it could not be cured by the War Times Election Act. It could only be driven in, to become more virulent; and less resistible when the next crisis arrived.

If this assumption of the depravity of a majority of Canadian citizens is delusive, the other assumption remains—that a party in power is justified in violating solemn covenants, and passing special laws, if it will only declare that the safety of the State depends upon its retention of office—a silly pretension, indeed.

The virus of partyism blinds intentionally honest men, even when they are surrounded by the graves of thousands of the slain. After all, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was pledged to a vigorous war policy, exclusive of conscription, which Australia had overwhelmingly rejected. He was pledged also to form a Government that would be superior to the party complexion of his

majority, and that must have ignored those of his few supporters in Quebec who professed that they would not spend another man or dollar on the war.

If the Unionists had been defeated they would not have been helpless. The Canadians in Flanders never thought a repulse was an annihilation. The Unionists would not have dared to stand idly by, like inferior children, sulking when the game has gone against them. They would have been bound to act as an insistent, driving force behind the Government, which some of them would have been asked to join.

An Opposition can compel a Government to heed its desires, if the Opposition is abler at creating public opinion than the Government is. A Unionist Opposition could have been as powerful as a Laurier Government, by acting on the axiom of one of its ablest members—already cited—that ninety per cent. of political genius consists in the ability to create situations which your opponents must meet.

An example of prevision and magnanimity is found in an episode of Lincoln's second candidature for the Presidency. During the August preceding the election in November, Lincoln, like everybody else, became certain that he would be beaten. He wrote a paper, setting forth his conviction, and pledging himself to use all his power during the four months between the election and Inauguration day, in co-opera-

324 DECISIVE PRINCIPLE AT STAKE

tion, with his victorious opponent, to save the country. He pasted the ends of the paper together, asked every member of his Cabinet to sign his name on the back, and did not reveal the contents until after the victory which his opponents blundered into giving him.

Lincoln was incomparably more responsible than the Ottawa Cabinet was for the conduct of a great war. He was in contact with the ultimate facts of political life, and he faced what promised to be a disastrous election, like a patriot, and not like a partisan. If there was a Lincoln at Ottawa, he was marvellously concealed.

All this may be said to be unnecessarily speculative, too long after the event. But everywhere it is demanded that the War Times Election Act be maintained, and the policy behind it extended. A fundamental, decisive and everlasting principle is at stake. The hazard must not be left to a decision by default.

When we determine what the franchise is we determine what Canada is going to be. On the one side are freedom and co-operation, strengthened by knowledge, insight and confidence. On the other side are domination and repression, qualified by fear, prejudice and interest. The side on which men stand is determined by what they believe to be the inalienable Canadian birthright.

CHAPTER XXI *

VETERAN TAKES UP BONDS AND RAILS

Revealing something of what is in the Returned Soldier's mind, about the National Debt he is asked to carry, and the National Railways he is expected to finance: he baulks at paying interest on the cost of the shells he fired, the clothes he wore, and the food he ate; wonders why he should furnish dividends for water; and talks curiously about going over the economic top.

The good folk who are bored when they are invited to think about something Sir John Macdonald never mentioned, and George Brown did not expound, have been revelling in misery since the armistice began.

A near-panic is said to have occurred on a Toronto street car, when a passenger, who was ghoulishly hoarse from a cold, whispered loudly to his *vis-a-vis*, "The Bolshevik will get you if you don't watch out."

It is enough to say of a devout clergyman that he is half a Socialist to convince some blameless Christians that Beelzebub and Anti-Christ are holding a committee in the vestry, probably with Jimmy Simpson taking the minutes.

The only ready relief for this woe is to mutter "Foreigner" seven times; put your blinkers on; run to the corner to make sure the bank is still intact, and buy the right paper.

* This chapter was written in early February. It has not been changed. The strikes of May more than justify it.

Probably more terror and more comfort have been vouchsafed to timorous souls when they have read that at a meeting where several original things have been said, eighty per cent. of the audience were foreigners, than has been given them since the guns ceased to roar.

How a serious person can allow his sense of humour to live in the midst of weird excursions and alarums is more than some heads of the best regulated families can understand. If an excuse for a momentary levity is offered, it must be that The Better 'Ole came straight from the trenches; and that we are not yet as beset by perils at home as the boys were abroad. They fought. We are asked to think.

It isn't necessary to retire into an intellectual dugout if you want to talk about affairs of state. After all, a season of previsionary conversation about our relations to one another is not treason, though an earnest minority amongst us would dearly love to have it so ordered-by-council.

The Universities have discussed what a ferment there is in England, and how much good it is likely to do over there. To transfer some of the intellectual liberty of Europe to Canada may not be too perilous an enterprise. A tentative beginning may be made with a few questions.

If there is more intellectual liberty in Europe than in Canada, as Sir Robert Falconer says, does the dreaded "foreigner" bring some of it to Canada?

If the mental liberty he has brought here has been developed in spite of all sorts of tyranny, what does that phenomenon mean to Canadians who exercise less liberty than the "foreigners" who have endured more oppression?

What mean the newspaper reports of meetings where three-quarters of the audience are said to be "foreigners"?

A few years ago you never read of a "foreigner" being at a meeting. Occasionally it was said he had been at a murder—and the impression that policemen were specially necessary for Poles took root in your mind—notwithstanding the glammers of Paderewski. But now—here is a meeting of Trade Unionists at Massey Hall, said to be nearly all "foreigners," who cheer for the Social Revolution. If we could only shut up, or shut out the "foreigners," we shouldn't hear anything about Revolution, except in Russia, and Germany, and Hungary and a few other countries where such things naturally belong.

Wherein we most lavishly deceive ourselves. Whoso deceiveth himself is not wise. One recalls the first profound reflection of a five-year-old mind—that if only the roadside trees were cut down there would be no howling wind. For once may the poor "foreigner" be left alone. Let us see what is going on in the mind and heart of the world; and then try to decide whether Canada is in the world. The "for-

eigner " may be an alarm clock. When he goes off it is time for the rest of us to wake up.

The proper study of Canadians is Canada. "Beginning at Jerusalem" is a phrase which the colonial system interprets in a different sense from that which governs real self-government. In the Colonial system London is Jerusalem. In the Canadian system all Canada is Jerusalem. We must not be frightened of words, or refuse to consider our own condition because one man says we are worse than we think, and another avers that the woes of distant countries will not afflict us, and therefore the remedies that apply to them need not disturb our peace. We can get along without the theories of the Old World; why bother about Socialisms, and Syndicalisms, and Bolshevisms?

Not long ago there was as much strafing of Lloyd-Georgism among some classes in Canada as there are now denunciations of other isms. They now think that disturbers of Complacency should be squelched immediately and once for all. These inconvenient persons will be squelched as soon as a way of prohibiting human reflection is discovered. They are mostly people who work. They insist on asking what becomes of their labour.

The working people have supplied the millions of men who have risked their lives in order to save the lives and freedom of their children, already born, and to be born; and to save the

material things which sustain life. They are going to have all the say they want as to how the material things they have preserved will henceforth be handled. After this, the rights of people will come before the rights of property. Property is like the Sabbath. It was made for people, and not people for property.

Some of the questions these men in Canada as well as in Europe are putting to those whose possessions their comrades died to save are as inconvenient as the questions children ask. Under which gooseberry tree did you find little brother? If you got him in the night, how did you manage not to hurt him? Weren't you afraid somebody else would find him first?

The difference between the returned soldier who inquires and the child who puzzles is that you cannot tell the veteran to go and play with his gun. He wants to *know*, and he will not be satisfied till he does know. When he knows he will act, having first chosen his commanding officer.

In Johannesburg, a year after the Peace of Vereeniging, I talked much with a merchant who was bitterly opposed to the importation of Chinese labour for the gold mines. He said the Government which had succeeded the Boer republic had become the creature of the capitalists, and he was determined to get the British Government out of the Transvaal—Milner and his whole bag of tricks.

“That’s very interesting, Mr. Clark,” I said; “but if you were to say that in London, it would be called treason.”

“Treason!” he said, thumping the table, “By God, I have a right to talk treason: I fought all through the war.”

We have to face not a theory of Socialism, but a condition of economic revolution, which neither governments, newspapers, politicians, wise men, nor fools will long be able to camouflage. One aspect of it is this—that the people who have long foreseen it, and have considered methods of meeting it are those who openly court revolution. It is no more use becoming furious about these things than it is to get mad at the weather.

Lately a great English manufacturer, from Manchester, was guest at a dinner of capitalists and employers, including the younger Rockefeller, in New York. He told of the revolution of methods in his own works—of committees of his employees which deal, not only with social recreations and the hourly conditions of their work, but also with management policies, and the markets in which their products are sold. He said, among other wise things:

“In Germany the war became a race with revolution; and revolution won. In England we recognize that reconstruction is a race with revolution. You cannot win a race by running in the opposite direction to your competitor.”

It is quite appropriate, indeed it is very conservative, to listen awhile to one of the many returned soldiers who did his bit of economic thinking before he became a warrior, and is prepared to do his bit of economic acting now that he has played a lively part upon the international stage, and has found out what it is to have his own way with an opponent.

“I am not a Socialist,” he says, “and the things I want to know come to me through the common sense I have inherited and the fiery furnace I have gone through. So please don’t pretend you can answer me unless you are prepared to deal with my questions on their merits. I won’t play the old soldier on you; and please don’t try to play the old soldier on me. Old-fashioned talk about what capital has done, and the concessions that are being made to labour, and all that kind of thing, are not enough; and I’ll tell you why.

“In this war I have been born again, in several different ways. I can’t tell you how many times I went right into the jaws of death, or how many men I have seen destroyed. But every time I escaped, when other fellows, just as good as I, were killed, I said to myself, ‘That’s another fresh start for you, old man. Now you’ve got another clean slate, see that you write the proper kind of stuff on it.’

“I don’t see why the soldier should be the only one who has had to make one fresh start after

332 TEXT FROM SIR HARRY LAUDER

another because of the war. I've been looking around, and can see plenty of room for fresh starts by people who are mighty smug and comfortable just now.

“Harry Lauder came to our camp and told us his brother was worrying about the national debt. He never spoke a truer word in jest. There's going to be a lot of worrying about the national debt. This is the way it looks to me. I am a taxpayer who was a soldier. While I was fighting for a dollar ten a day and board, and furnishing my own dugout, my present employer was getting rich out of war contracts in clothing and leather; and his brother was getting rich out of the high markets for farm produce on account of the war. They both had shares in munition works which paid hundred per cent. dividends before the profits tax was put on, and very fat dividends afterwards.

“Between them they have put two hundred and fifty thousand dollars into Victory Bonds. At five and a half per cent. interest that means an income of thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year from the war. Whether the bonds are paid off by the Government or not, that money, made out of the war, is expected to yield to all generations of these men's descendants, that amount of income every year. There's no dispute about *that*.

“There is no denying, either, that the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were made

WHO PAYS THE NATIONAL DEBT? 333

because of the war. Some of it was made out of shells which I myself fired, and in firing which I was a thousand times within an ace of being killed. Some of it was made out of the food I ate to keep alive and fire the shells. Some of it was made out of the shells that my Scotch comrades fired, and the food my English comrades ate. Some of it was made out of France, some out of Italy, and some out of Russia. But all of the two hundred and fifty thousand has been added to the Canadian National Debt. There's no dispute about *that*.

“What I want to know is, What is the National Debt? Who are the debtors that have got to pay it? And to whom must they pay? I have seen one of these Victory Bonds. It says, ‘The Dominion of Canada will pay to the bearer.’ What *is* the Dominion of Canada? Is it the Minister of Finance whose name appears on the bond? Oh, no. He doesn't pay because he signed his name. He was paid for signing his name. The Dominion of Canada is the people of Canada. I am the Dominion of Canada—just as much as the Minister of Finance, or either of the two clever gentlemen who put up the two hundred and fifty thousand. When we were in the firing line they told us we were the whole Canadian cheese, because if it were not for us there wouldn't be any Dominion of Canada—only a German possession. There's no dispute about *that*.

“ So, when it says ‘ The Dominion of Canada will pay,’ it means that my comrades, my neighbours and I, will pay. To whom will we pay? To the men who put up the two hundred and fifty thousand that they got because they made the shells and sold the food with which we saved the Dominion of Canada. Then riches came to them because sixty thousand of our comrades lost their lives and because we went on fighting in the midst of pouring blood, and mutilated flesh, and smashed bones, and the cries of the wounded and the stench of the dead. The Minister of Finance has undertaken that my old comrades and I shall contribute towards this thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars every year for so many years; and that the two hundred and fifty thousand will still be owing to our bosses. We haven’t got that much money. But the Minister of Finance has given a pledge that we will have it. How are we going to get it? The Minister of Finance is absolutely certain that we are going to keep on working for it. There’s no dispute about *that*.

“ We are getting on. The security of the Dominion of Canada, which is said to be the best security in the world, is a confiding faith that the men in the Dominion of Canada will go on working, everlastingly working, to provide thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for two men and their families, who won’t need to work, because they can fare

sumptuously on what we are going to earn for them, having first made for them the "capital" it represents. There's no dispute about *that*.

"Hold on a minute. This interest on the national debt is taxes. The debt was incurred to carry on the war. I fought in the war, and couldn't possibly get rich at the job. Then I fought for the privilege of paying taxes to those who did not fight, and to their children and heirs for heaven knows how many years. I have got to pay interest all my life on the cost of the khaki I wore, the shells I fired, and the bread I ate. The Victory Bond says *there's no dispute about that*.

"I'm not so sure I shall accept the obligation somebody else entered into for me. Maybe I shall have something to do besides hearing my bosses say, as they clip their coupons for thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, free of income tax: 'Thanks be to God and the soldiers who gave us the Victory Bonds, and are paying us the interest on the same? There's no dispute about *that*.'

"In dugouts we used to read of brave demands that were being made at home for the conscription of wealth. They looked good to me. Nothing seemed fairer than that the Government which came to a young man and said, 'We take your life for your country,' should go to a middle-aged luxurist and say, 'We take your wealth for your country.' But it doesn't seem

336 CONSCRIPTION'S DOUBLE TAX

to have worked out that way. The fellow that had his life conscripted to save his country is now to have his labour conscripted to save the other fellow's riches that came from the conscription of his own life. Tax-paying is conscription. If you have to work hard for every nickel you get, it's conscription of your labour. If a thousand other fellows are working hard, and you are taking toll of their labour, you think it's your own wealth that's being conscripted. Maybe. But if your wealth comes from the other fellow's labour, he's being taxed twice and you only once. I don't know what doctrine you call that, and don't care. I call it the truth. There's no dispute about *that*.

“While I have been turning this situation over in my half military, half civilian mind, I have looked into another that has developed while we were in France. While away I became a great railway proprietor, in pretty much the same way as I own the National Debt. The Government, which is my comrades and myself multiplied, has taken over the Canadian Northern Railways, the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and will soon take over the old Grand Trunk. Some of these roads failed to meet their interest obligations, and the Government, which is me, under another name, had guaranteed to pay certain interest if the railroad magnates couldn't pay it. What the Capitalist Colonels failed to do the plugging

privates have *got* to do. There's no dispute about *that*.

“Those railroads were built with the sanction of Parliament; and most of them under Government guarantees—that the interest up to many thousands of dollars a mile would be paid, so that the magnates might get money to build *their* roads at four per cent. instead of five. The public guaranteed the cost, and a few men ‘owned’ the road. Parliament undertook to pay the four per cent. if the magnates couldn’t, or wouldn’t. What Parliament was pledging, then, was labour—it guaranteed that the farmers and factory men would go on working, working, and carrying the risk, while the magnates carried the power and the glory. A few years ago there was the greatest outcry you ever heard against the public ownership of railways from the magnates and their friends—the gentlemen who had arranged for the public ownership of the risks which their personal ambitions incurred, while they secured the profits. The public is now paying interest which the magnates assured the public it would never have to pay. There can be no dispute about *that*.

“This bit of thinking about my obligations as a Railway Owner, piled on my obligations as a National Debt Proprietor, makes me more curious than I was before the war, about the way these great enterprises are worked. I know everything was done according to Act of Parlia-

ment; that Parliament was just one spendthrift session after another; and that, so long as Parliament is willing to throw away the national interest for a campaign fund, or from sheer ignorance of a few economic facts, selfish men will take everything that Parliament hands out. What Parliament doesn't know about handing out, capitalists soon teach it. Parliament is crazy because the people are crazy—that means me and the other boys who went over the top. Now we're back we find there's another top or two to go over if we want fair play. I've an idea we'll go over. There will soon be no dispute about *that*.

“ Before the war I used to get a little inquisitive about some of these financial matters, but was always told it was none of my business to worry about interest on railway securities and things like that. The railroads were meeting their obligations, and it would be time for other people to worry when they failed to do it. I had an idea then that some of them were paying interest out of capital, and wondered how long you can feed a dog on his tail without the dog finding out he will soon be at his stomach.

“ The annual reports of some of the railways used to puzzle me. They don't puzzle me now, and perhaps I can make clear to you what has become clear to me, by putting on a sheet of paper the assets and liabilities of a railway in a very condensed form, with round figures that

are easily handled, and covering two years. If you take it to the President of the Canadian National Railways, he will tell you, on the score of principle, that there can be no dispute about *that*.

YEAR 1910—ANNUAL REPORT.

Liabilities.

Capital stock	\$50,000,000
4 per cent. debenture stock	25,000,000
4½ per cent, guaranteed preference stock	25,000,000

Assets.

Cost of railway	\$100,000,000
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YEAR 1913—ANNUAL REPORT.

Liabilities.

Capital stock	\$100,000,000
4 per cent. debenture stock	50,000,000
4½ per cent. guaranteed preference stock	50,000,000

Assets.

Cost of railway	\$200,000,000
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“What is the difference between these two years? The liabilities are shewn to have doubled, and the cost of the railway has doubled also. But have they? The debenture stock and the preferred stock represent the securities on which interest must be paid, or the road become bankrupt. Where the rate of interest is given in the report, it is guaranteed. No interest is guaranteed on the “capital stock” for a reason I will come to presently.

“ If the magnates can't pay the interest, the guarantors must—the Government, that is, the taxpayer (you and I), must pay it. These two stocks are the securities—and all of the securities—which the British investors hold, in return for the cash with which the railway built thousands of miles of line, and stations and equipment.

“ The ordinary man, who earns money and doesn't “make” it, supposes that the cost of the railway means the money that has been spent on it, just as the cost of his coat was what he paid for it. So, if the debentures and the guaranteed stock have increased fifty million dollars, and no other money has been spent on the road, its actual cost has increased fifty million dollars.

“ But look at the item, ‘ Cost of Railway.’ It has gone up to a hundred million dollars—twice the amount of guaranteed securities that were sold to get the money to build the line. On the assets side this increase in ‘ cost ’—which is the sheerest financial camouflage—is balanced by an increase in fifty millions of ‘ capital stock.’ What is this ‘ capital stock?’ I'll tell you; and there will be no dispute about *that*.

“ ‘ Capital stock ’ is a security created by authority of Act of Parliament, which represents no money put into the railway, but is Parliament's innocent little way of creating a claim to keep freight and passenger rates up to a point where dividends can be paid on ‘ capital ’

that was only paper. If the road earns more than the interest on the money actually spent on it, the extra money is turned into dividends on the 'capital stock.' It represents the 'profit' of the promoter, for being clever enough to induce Parliament to make the public pay him tribute to all generations, if he succeeds, and relieve him of responsibility if he fails.

"This created 'money' is commonly called watered stock, because it enables the clever promoter, under Parliamentary authority, to float into a fortune in cash, and usurp a throne of political power. The total amount authorized is put into 'cost of railway,'—by a stroke of the pen—so that, whenever freight and passenger rates come up for readjustment, it may be contended that the railway has an inherent right to pay interest on its 'capital'; and when the 'cost of railway' is given in the reports *and is published by the Government as 'Funded Debt'*—well, the vested right is there; it is found to have been sold to widows and orphans; and what must the public—you and I—do about it but pay, pay, pay. There's no dispute about *that*.

"Another operation in railway building has been given the sanction of one Parliament after another. Most railways have received subsidies from the Government. Some have been at the rate of \$12,000 per mile, and some at \$6,000. The Government has handed cash to the builders of the railway. While we were in France, it has

been found that a road in New Brunswick cost just about what the Government subsidy amounted to; but it was owned by the promoters, whose 'equity' for fooling the Government is represented by 'stock' which the Parliament created for them, and which they expected would be worth a fortune to them—a found fortune. There's no dispute about *that*.

“What I want to get over to you is this—that subsidies go into the 'cost of railway.' They can be neatly covered up by the 'capital stock.' They go into the printed cost of the road, just the same; and they are included in the 'capital' outlay on which freight and passenger earnings are expected to pay interest. You would think Parliament would earmark its subsidies, so that, when dividends come to be reckoned, and the rates the public must pay for railway service are fixed, the public contribution to the railway would be safeguarded. But Capital doesn't do it that way. Parliament gave the subsidy to the railway; *and at the same time gave the railway the right in perpetuity to make the public pay interest on its own money.* Believe me, there can be no dispute about *that*.

“So, here's what we returned soldiers are up against. We risked our lives in order that we may pay taxes for the rest of our lives to those who stayed at home and got rich out of the perils which we survived, but which put sixty thousand of our comrades where poppies blow. That's

our share of the National Debt. There's no dispute about *that*.

“ We return to find ourselves loaded up with thousands of miles of railways into which hundreds of millions of dollars of public money have gone, on which the public gets no interest, but which are used to make the public pay interest to those who borrowed its credit. That's our share of the National Railway. There's no dispute about *that*.

“ What are we going to do about it? Frankly, I can't tell you. But this is very clear—the net effect of the way the capitalists have induced Parliament to handle the national resources and our credit is that we are in a frightful mess—all through taking the advice of capitalists who passed for far-seeing patriots. If we don't quickly bring about some great changes, the four years' war we have gone through won't have done as much good to Canada as it has done to Germany. The Germans have got rid of some of their most expensive follies. Before we agree to keep all of ours we'd better learn vastly more than we know now. When I am absolutely sure about what I want, and see a pretty clear way of getting it, I won't be scared to act. And scores of thousands of veterans are like me. There's no dispute about *that*.

“ No, my friend, I'm not talking about revolution; I am merely using a little common sense on the indisputable facts. We've been camou-

flaged long enough. We're not going to be camouflaged by the old devices any more. Not being a Socialist myself, I'm not going to be frightened by hearing other men called Socialists. When I hear a man yelling names at the top of his voice I suspect him. There were Socialists in the army. They were a mighty sight better fighters than the fellows who expect us soldiers to pay them interest because they got rich while we got shot. I'm going to concentrate on the few things that I do know about the way capital works labour, and works politics, and works social advancement. I will be just as fair to capital as it is fair to me. If it presumes to guarantee that I will work and work, so as to pay it interest, I will decide how I will work, and for whom, and for how long. And there's no dispute about *that*."

This summary of a Returned Soldier's exposition of his place in the National Scheme of Reconstruction was transcribed on February 10th. One turned from it to read that the Hon. J. A. Calder had said that, unless people who made money during the war and tucked it away in Victory Bonds loosened some of it—well, unpleasant things would happen.

Verily, a New Era has been born. It has a heart in its body, and a brain in its skull. It has a tongue, and not a silver spoon in its mouth.

CHAPTER XXI

JEOPARDOUS AND DAZZLING

Enumerating a few of the perils and possibilities on which the Future hinges; beginning with a two-edged contemplation of civil war, pointing a moral from the Carson insurrection, referring to Lord Shaughnessy and Independence, to Senator Beaubien and Annexation; and prospecting the national renown that may belong to all who own Canada their Mother.

A divine, converted into a man of affairs, and transferred from the extreme East to the Middle West, was talking in Winnipeg with an Ontario friend.

“On the way from Ottawa, last week,” he said, “I met a couple of French-Canadians on the train. They were very nice fellows, though one could not agree with the views which they frankly expressed. They argued for bilingualism. Of course, I was as strongly against it. They said the French language had rights all over Canada. I denied it. Then they said there would have been no Confederation if that had not been distinctly understood; and that if their contention were finally denied by the other provinces, they would have to consider withdrawing from Confederation.

“‘All right,’ I said; ‘if you wish to pull out of Confederation, you get your gun, and I’ll get

mine; and we'll see who can shoot the straightest.' "

Two mornings afterwards the militant gentleman breakfasted with his friend, and discoursed on another national question, apropos an address to the Winnipeg Canadian Club by former Governor Brown, of Saskatchewan, which was full of lamentation over the oppression of the western farmer by the eastern financier and manufacturer. The ex-divine was as bitter as the ex-governor against the East and its pecuniary ways.

"What I want the West to do," he said, vehemently, "is to pull out of this darned Confederation."

"All right," replied his friend; "when you are ready to pull, you get your gun and I'll get mine, and we'll see who can shoot the straightest."

Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Unity is not so much an agreement about measures to be placed on statute books, as a harmony of spirit about the objects to be attained through statute books. If men want to agree they can agree. If they don't want to agree they can draw on centuries of partisan political practice for devices warranted to prevent unity. Unhappily, the present perils of Canadian disunion, against which the preachers fervently pray and the statesmen meticulously bleat, are what they

are because men have abused politics, and godly citizens have come to believe that if their fellows shew a devotion to politics they should be shunned, as heathens and publicans. They imagined that the politics of the war and the patriotism of the war were different concerns. When they discuss the problems which can only be dealt with through Parliamentary enactment, they speak as though Parliament should be quarantined, and Parliament men shorn of the right which it should be their most religious duty to exercise.

That is a left-over of the colonial system—a consequence of keeping the ultimate facts of political life away from the popular consciousness; and of erecting the highest altar of your patriotic devotion in a place far removed from the people, and encompassing it by honours and dignities which are alien to the democracy which is expected to pay homage to them.

If you could gather together daughters of the Nova Scotia Scottish-Canadian, daughters of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Acadian-Canadian, daughters of the Quebec French-Canadian, daughters of the Ontario English-Canadian and German-Canadian, daughters of the Manitoba Austrian-Canadian, daughters of the Saskatchewan Scandinavian-Canadian and Russian-Canadian, daughters of the Alberta American-Canadian, and daughters of the British Columbia Asian-Canadian—what

would you ask of them, as a sign of their united love for the country in which they were born, and in which they will bear children? If you could find a Matron for these mothers of Canada, would she not urge them to teach their children to sing something as simple as this:—

Of all the lands, in East and West,
I love my native land the best;
I seek her good, her glory.
I honour every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame;
But I love the Land that bore me;
But I love the Land that bore me.

What is the test of loyalty in Canada? It is no easier to define than it is to discover the typical Canadian. A few months before the war, a resident of Toronto dropped into a meeting that was held to promote the collection of money with which to buy rifles and ammunition from Germany for use against the forces of King George in Ireland. Among the speakers was an Anglican clergyman, the nature of whose vows bound him to honour King and Parliament. The visitor was a consistent upholder of Parliamentary authority, and for thirty years a believer in the political wisdom of Home Rule.

To his astonishment he was asked to speak. Candidly, but with such tact as he could engage, and without chiding his hearers for supporting incipient rebellion three thousand miles away, he made what was perhaps the first Home Rule speech ever ventured in a Toronto Orange

assembly. When he had finished, the chairman, a doughty politician in that ward, almost shed tears, as he admitted that though the audience could not agree with the speaker, they knew he was loyal.

Could there be a more perfect illustration of the piebald quality of loyalty in Canada? The admirable loyalist was raising Canadian money for a rebellion in Ireland. In his honest opinion his fellow Canadians would have been disloyal if, when that rebellion came, they had opposed Sir Edward Carson and supported the King. If another sort of rebellion arose in Ireland a Canadian sympathizer with it would be charged with disloyalty, and would run risks of political and social degradation therefor. To thousands of Canadians, loyalty to Canada involves loyalty to a party in Ireland. United States citizens may express what views they please about Ireland without imperilling their patriotic reputations.

We assume more burdens in Canada. We ask the infant Canadianism of those who come to us to carry more loads than they bore when the patriotism of their native lands sustained their manhood, and more than they would be expected to assume if they joined the United States.

A war in South Africa was followed, in a few years, by responsible government in what were called the conquered territories. When the war with Germany broke out, that confidence proved

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to be the most profitable Imperial assurance premium of our time. The only British Prime Minister who, while holding that office, led British armies in the field, and the first British general to take vast territories from the Germans by land operations was General Botha, who twelve years before was fighting against British armies. A most valued member of the Imperial War Cabinet was General Smuts, who was also a Transvaal general in 1902. Responsible Government in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was instituted on the strong advice of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—the full story of which ought now to be told.

But this wise course was opposed by a British party, and by the present Colonial Secretary. It might have led to fierce controversy. Indeed, Canadian papers like the *Toronto News* declared it to be dangerous to the Empire. The many thousands of Daughters of the Empire, if they had been polled, would no doubt have supported Lord Milner's opposition to responsible government being given so soon as five years after the war. The loyalty of statesmen who proclaimed their faith in Botha and Smuts was dubiously regarded by some of their compatriots, whose fears of freedom jingo psalms cannot allay.

Canadian loyalty is liable to be confronted at any moment by severer tests than obtain in England. Over there men are not afraid of

expressing their views about matters concerning their own Government lest they be called disloyal. H. G. Wells, for example, is a republican. He is not accused of disloyalty to England. Members of the Privy Council gladly work with him. His books are not banned by extreme Canadian Imperialists. They reserve their literary penalties for writers in Canada who are anti-republican and pro-Canadian.

Good men constantly refrain from expressing their convictions, because they may find themselves, as well as their views, tabooed by those who appear to imagine that they are to Canadian loyalty what Worth was to Parisian fashion. The itch for branding people who dare to think is one of the explanations of Sir Robert Falconer's lament that there is less intellectual liberty in Canada than there is in a Europe which includes Petrograd, Berlin and the Vatican. To mistake originality for depravity, and vision for darkness, is one of the privileges of opulent and learned littleness.

Timid personal thinking begets a double timidity in public affairs—such is the law of deleterious increase. Men fear to speak frankly what they think about "Imperial" proceedings in relation to Canada; and they fear to speak courageously of distinctly Canadian affairs in relation to "Imperial" affairs.

Lord Kitchener decides that Canadians become British soldiers the moment they land in

England. The Canadian Government acquiesces, and the matter is never discussed in Parliament—for fear of upsetting the nerves of well-meaning lovers of the Past who are the political heirs of the patriotic saints who found deadly disloyalty in Thackeray's lectures on The Four Georges. Free discussion about Ireland or India is checked—lest somebody across the seas won't like it, or because it may cause talk of "disloyalty" at home.

Two generations ago, when British provincial cities began to have their own daily press, the editors uttered no opinions on political events until they had seen the London editorials. Such an absurd deference could not last. Birmingham and Manchester found out that no magic wisdom was derived from proximity to the Thames. That intellectual flunkeyism has its counterparts in too many who imagine themselves to be Imperialists when they are only copyists.

It will be denied that Canada depends on London. But the Round Table is right. Canada is a dependency, and frequently waits on London rather than relies upon herself. That is an attribute of the colonial mentality which must be discarded, little as the truth may be admitted, and much as it may be resented. An illustration? Here is a letter from one who knows:—

"Let any titled Englishman visit us, and he

is listened to by Canadian Clubs with profound deference. He is lionized, feted, reported and editorialized. He can confess—as a newly created peer did in Vancouver a few years ago—that he is much touched by the loyalty of Canada, and we will clasp his kindness to our souls. He would never talk like that if he made a journey from London to Cornwall, because, over there none but the King himself presumes to speak of the loyalty of subjects in that tone. The visitor is a little surprised at the homage paid him, and his impression of the Imperiality of his own Imperialism is enhanced. But let our eminent Englishman settle in Canada, and be he never so good a Canadian, be he never so learned, never so familiar with spacious affairs, and never so modest in expressing himself, we will place him under suspicion, because we have not learned how to make the most of the material that comes our way, and we are afraid to give our confidence.”

“Just what was the status given to the overseas Dominions of Britain at the Peace Conference it was difficult to determine, but Canada was now standing as a recognizable unit alongside of Britain.” The speaker is Sir Robert Falconer; and again he is reflecting the uncertainty of the position of a nation which raised an army of half a million men and led the New World in the fight for self-preservation. We don't know what our position is, but we have

been "given" the status of a "unit." It may be magnificent to inherit a birthright far greater than you realize, but it is not war, or the fruits of war, to depend on some other power to tell you how much or how little your inheritance amounts to. There are spheres in which the beneficent fruitage of war is gathered by those who, to use once more the Round Table phrase, insist on taking—and by them only.

Self-determination—which is not permission—must come to Canada sooner or later. It will come in accordance with what the birthright of her peoples really is. No suprema duty is upon those peoples than to find out what they are, and where their destiny must lead them, and to proclaim what they have found.

Lord Shaughnessy said, two years ago, that the war, instead of ensuring a closer attachment of Canada to the Empire, was trending towards independence.

Sir George Perley, the High Commissioner in London, in the earliest months of the war, announced that, henceforth, Canada would claim a share in all the governances of the Empire. Many in Canada thought that was the utterance of a statesman. One such, asked whether he wished to take responsibility for ruling India, said he had not thought of that.

Senator Beaubien, in a speech in Toronto during the last year of the war, said that leading western public men had told him that there

was a marked drift of western opinion in the direction of fusion with the United States. He told also of a Quebec judge who, after twenty years' representation of his county in Parliament, testified that an overwhelming sentiment for British connection had changed to a desire of ninety per cent. of the electorate for annexation.

What are these variations in tendency but the signs that the hour of free and equal nationhood is at hand? Alliance is the only basis on which such nationhoods can fitly express themselves and serve each other. Its form cannot yet be sharply descried, for peace is a laggard.

A four years' war did not scourge the continents merely because one nation prepared for it, and several other nations did not. Armageddon has occurred because there were incalculable forces working for it, as liberators other incalculable forces which our little machinations cannot leash or loose.

The inter-racial balances of mankind have been changed from what we, in arrogant complacency, imagined to be as fixed as the stars. We must accommodate ourselves to other ideas than that we alone were destined to drive the chariot of the sun. Nine hundred millions of Asiatics will not for ever sit under the hand of a few score thousand Europeans. India will come into self-governance when India decides that her hour has struck. The Pacific Ocean,

and not some broom held by Occidental hands, will determine the coast lines that are laved from its immeasurable depths. Canada will perforce take her station among the Pacific powers. She will not remain a passive appendage when inter-Pacific spheres are delimited. In the Western Hemisphere Canada must assume her natural place among Pan-American democracies.

Canada is not merely the unobserved neighbour of the Republic which now, by a rare combination of force and humanity, promises like a new Colossus to bestride the world. She has summoned within her gates a more varied concourse of kindreds and tribes and tongues than have ever been assembled in any country within the Britannic pale. She has promised them freedom, and prosperity, and love. She must give them all that the Republic can give—and more also. She cannot do it unless she draws them to herself, and, in giving to them, she must know how to take of them. They are not evil, but good. To say otherwise is to be self-condemned for having brought them in. If we will have eyes to see, it will appear that diversity may be the anchorage of strength. Two thousand years' evolution in the Islands of the Northern Sea have shewn how greatly it may be so.

If there has been great store of genius in the race which came to be called Anglo-Saxon, it

was because of a mingling of Briton and Pict, Celt and Roman, Viking and Scot, Angle and Dane, Saxon and Norman. Fate may long ago have decreed that the face of Britannic civilization is to be transformed by the renewing of its blood in this vast theatre of the Northern Zone. If that be so, the hegemony of our associated Commonwealths is to-day in process of transference to a half-ready land.

As surely as the genius for self-government, and for all that goes into the noble sum of human freedom, was British in its unfolding texture, so certainly will the genius that declares itself here be a Canadian genius, in spirit, in substance, and in truth. It may be stifled presently, if enough dullards be exalted who mistake repression for statesmanship, and suppose that intolerance is the mark of size. But it will strive, without remission, for its elemental right. If it be baulked awhile of the mastery of its own, it will utterly destroy those who would deform its hand, starve its mind, and wither its heart.

The road to glory is the straight and hilly road to national union; not the easy, sinuous descent into internecine strife. All that England may give; all that Scotland may impart; every dower that comes from Ireland, whose riches are glinted with laughter even when they seem most to be overcast with gloom; all that Wales can bestow of poetry and eloquence and

song; everything that immortalizes France the heroic, the fraternal, and the free; all the good that was in Germany, and that was brought hither in abundant measure by men and women whom the faith of Luther impelled to unremitting toil; all that has made the people of Sweden and Norway congenial with their invigorating climate, noble lakes and majestic fjords; all that is good-willing and ambitious on the Carpathian slopes where Austrians and Russians have lived and contended, and Autocracy has been overthrown; all that has ripened in culture and music under Italian that once were Roman skies; all, too, that has been wrought by inventive skill and by unconquerable optimism within the Republic which Washington made and Lincoln saved—all, all are ours, richly to enjoy, and wisely to incorporate into the nationality which preserves the best that Wolfe and Montcalm knew; which honours the labours of those who made dwelling-places in the wilderness; which magnifies the bequests of unexampled war; and which inscribes the title deeds of an imperishable concord and prosperity for those who henceforth will call this Canada their Mother.

There is a birthright indeed—and, in these mysterious times, as jeopardous as it is dazzling.

THE END.

ADDENDA

THE FARMERS' REMONSTRANCE

A week before the invasion of Ottawa by Ontario farmers, to request a modification, in accordance with the Government's election pledges, of the order-in-council cancelling exemptions, a paragraph in the *London Advertiser* intimated that the farmers might ask to be heard by the House of Commons on the question of maintaining Parliamentary control of the Cabinet. No importance was accorded the forecast by public leaders.

On the evening of May 14th, four thousand farmers, mainly from Ontario and Quebec, marched to the House of Commons, to request that their spokesmen be heard at the bar. All but a handful were refused admittance to the building, the request having been denied.

The farmers returned to the Arena, where the Remonstrance their representatives would have read to the Commons was unanimously adopted and steps taken to bring it before both Houses of Parliament.

The episode was one of the most remarkable and dramatic in modern Parliamentary history, though its significance was strangely missed by the newspapers. In its warning against arbitrary incompetence it was singularly prophetic, as a perusal of the judgment of the Supreme Court of Alberta strikingly shews.

What was the Farmers' Remonstrance, which was so little heeded at the time, which was soon to be amazingly justified, and which should be a warning beacon to Governments that are tempted to forget that they are the servants of a democratic people?

The Remonstrance is printed here, as well as certain correspondence, notably a letter to the Governor-General,

which marks a new stage in the relations of the viceroy to the people as well as to the Cabinet.

The Prime Minister, with the Ministers of Agriculture and Militia, agreed to receive, on May 14th, delegations of farmers from Ontario, Quebec, and other provinces, in connection with the wholesale cancellations of exemptions from military service. On behalf of the Ontario farmers, Mr. C. W. Gurney, of Paris, and Mr. St. Clair Fisher, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, were at Ottawa preparing the way for the conference.

They found that a unique situation had developed as between the Cabinet and the House of Commons, which, though the absolute master of the Cabinet, had allowed itself, under our system of party government to become practically the obedient servant of the servants whom it exalts, and casts down at its pleasure. The Union Government and the House were drawn from both the old political parties. Under stress of the war the Cabinet was excessively using its arbitrary powers, and clearly regarded the presence of members of Parliament at Ottawa as inconvenient, and, so far, undesirable.

The Farmers' Envoys saw that the breach of faith which caused the agitation that was sweeping rural Canada, was only a part of the breakdown of the partisan system which, under the guise of democracy, had developed a Cabinet autocracy before which the House of Commons was as dumb as it seemed to be insensitive.

The announcement in the London *Advertiser* was the first intimation that the people of Canada were at last beginning to realize that the Cabinet and the Commons are not synonymous terms; and that, when the world was in dissolution it was time to show that the curses under which democratic, Parliamentary Government had long been mocked at Ottawa were known for their real importance; and that they would be irresistibly assaulted.

Mr. Gurney and Mr. Fisher, of Ontario, and Mr. Masson, the advance representative of the Quebec delegation, assumed the responsibility of proposing that a request be made for a hearing at the bar of the Commons, in order that the House might be remonstrated with

against further abdication of the essentials of Parliamentary control over its own affairs. They knew it was a departure from modern practice to endeavour to address the House of Commons. But the turning over of arbitrary power to the Cabinet, which could rain orders-in-council like fire and brimstone, was something new in modern Parliamentary practice, and only a few days before the Houses had heard a foreign labour leader.

They feared that so novel a request would be disregarded; but for once, touching a prime matter of Canadian statesmanship, men were available who knew that their righteous objective was more important than the obstacles that might be raised against its attainment, and did not fear criticisms of a seeming inability to reach their goal. Afterwards, some who reviewed the Parliamentary session, laughed at the "failure" of the farmers, and their Remonstrance. Their laughter has long been forgotten. The Remonstrance will be held in enduring remembrance by the people for whose self-government it was conceived, was spoken in both Houses, and was recorded in the archives for the behoof of citizens whose names are not yet on the national roll.

A meeting of English and French-speaking farmers which out-crowded the Russell Theatre on the morning of May 14th, adopted Mr. Gurney's resolution directing request to be made to the House of Commons, through the Speaker, for a hearing at the bar. The request was embodied in a letter of President Halbert, of the United Farmers of Ontario, and chairman of the meeting, and was handed to the Speaker immediately on the meeting of the House for its morning sitting. He would have ignored it, but for an inquiry by Mr. Vien, which led him to read it to the House.

The Prime Minister was absent, receiving the farmers, and Sir George Foster, the Acting Leader, while manifestly against granting the request, asked for decision to be held over till the afternoon. In the afternoon the Prime Minister, answering Mr. Vien, said there was no need to receive the farmers at the bar, as he had already received them in the theatre, but the farmers might

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speak to members in the Chamber during recess for dinner. His speech shewed that he had not sensed the truth that the farmers were differentiating between the House, which is the true master, and the Cabinet, which is only its servant, and that something new and vivid was happening in Canadian politics.

News of the refusal was carried to the Arena, where several thousand farmers were holding the meeting described in chapter nineteen. To the suggestion that they appoint two of their number to ask to be heard in the evening, and that the whole body should accompany them in procession, there was enthusiastic response.

Before the evening sitting of the Commons the Prime Minister was again asked to aid the project. He referred the matter to Mr. Sifton, who would lead the House.

The march of the farmers to the Victoria Museum was a memorable sight. Habitues of the Legislative corridors were heard to say that "these farmers" would never hold together long enough to walk the mile from the Arena to the Museum. But when the host came down the avenue and gathered before the entrance, a different face of things was seen.

Meantime Mr. Sifton had made it plain that it would be useless to press the request for a hearing; and though, as certain papers said next day, policemen were at the doors to resist any effort of the citizens to force an entrance, nothing of the kind was ever contemplated; and the concourse returned in good order to the Arena, where the Remonstrance was adopted in the form which appears here; and a Committee appointed to get it before both Houses—Mr. Gurney, Mr. Kernighan, and Mr. J. J. Morrison, the Secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario, and Mr. Masson, secretary of *Le Comptoir Co-operatif*.

It was not easy to do this in the House of Commons. The Remonstrance was not a petition within the rules of the House, and petitions are not allowed to be read or placed on Hansard. While means were being considered another step was taken by letter to the Governor-General, which speaks for itself.

The Farmers' Committee did not approach the Duke of Devonshire as the administrative superior of the Cabinet or the House of Commons. They recognized his constitutional limitations as well as his potentialities. The Cabinet might refuse to permit its obedient majority in the House to listen to the farmers' complaint against its own Kaiserism, but it could not refuse to receive the same complaint from the hand of the King's representative, who might ignominiously dismiss them.

The farmers were also aware that the Duke of Devonshire, receiving such a communication from thousands of landowners who represented that grave dissatisfaction with his advisers was developing in the country, could not do other than officially inform his Ministers of what was going on.

The farmers were too wise to request His Excellency to take any action—not even so much as to speak with his Ministers. They gave no possible opportunity for a reply which might tell them they were asking the Governor-General to exceed the constitutional proprieties. The Duke received the farmers' letter, and not merely acknowledged its receipt, but promised that he would give it to the Cabinet.

The significance of the farmers' handling of a rebuff is not lost upon the observer of the difference, from the point of view of diplomatic superiority, between the Cabinet's refusal and the Viceroy's compliance.

Senatorial rules of procedure are about as elastic as those of the House of Lords, so that it was not difficult for Senator Cloran to place on the Senate Hansard the Remonstrance and its concomitant correspondence. In the Commons, it was not till the last hour of the session—after midnight on May 23rd—that Mr. Vien was able to read the Remonstrance to an astonished House, as the result of intimating to Sir George Foster that the House would be kept sitting, and the Governor-General, who had come from Rideau Hall for the prorogation, would be kept waiting till the farmers' wish was complied with.

THE REQUEST

(Hansard, p. 1912.)

RUSSELL THEATRE, OTTAWA,
May 14th, 1918.

THE HON. E. N. RHODES,
Speaker of the House of Commons.

SIR,—

On behalf of several thousand Ontario farmers I beg to transmit to you the following resolution just passed, and to say that, encouraged by the reception recently accorded the President of the American Federation of Labour, we are confident the request will be granted.

“That this meeting instructs the chairman respectfully to ask the House of Commons to receive him, and two delegates he shall name, at the sitting of the House this afternoon, to hear their address upon the situation in the country, and asking that democracy be honoured in the prosecution of the war, and all other matters of government.”

The messenger who brings this will respectfully await an answer.

(Signed) R. H. HALBERT,
Chairman.

THE REFUSAL

(Hansard, p. 1937.)

SIR ROBERT BORDEN: Under the circumstances, I do not feel that the House ought to interrupt its proceedings for the purpose referred to. If these gentlemen would like, between the hours of six and eight o'clock, to address any members of the House who would wish to be present to hear them, there is not the slightest objection to it.

THE REMONSTRANCE *

(Hansard, p. 2551.)

To the Honourable the Speaker
and Members of the House of Commons
of Canada, in Parliament assembled.

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons:—

“On behalf of thousands of farmers assembled in this city to-day, we warmly thank the House for the proof it has given that it desires to keep in sympathetic touch with the citizens from whom it derives its dignity and authority. We believe we express the sentiments of all thoughtful citizens when we say that this departure in Canadian Parliamentary practice, following so closely upon the speech to this House and the Senate, of the President of the American Federation of Labour, is an agreeable recognition of the new relationships which the war is producing, as between those who govern and those who are governed by consent.

“The portion of Canadian labour which is so vital to the prosecution of the war, and which we represent, appreciates to the full the evidence of loyalty which the House of Commons gave in August, 1914, to the democracies of the western hemisphere in its instant support of the Motherland in her hour of need. We trust that the spontaneous action then taken will be justified by a continuation of those habits of freedom which it has long been the particular privilege of Canadians to maintain. These privileges are all the more appreciated in view of the long struggle for responsible government which was undertaken against the opposition of those who exercised arbitrary authority, and who feared the free expression of opinion, in the press and by the spoken word.

“We are sure the House will permit us to say also, that the citizens generally have observed with gratitude that the House has shown a larger independence of thought and speech than has been customary under the system of partisan government. We should fail in the duty of being candid which is cast upon us by the readiness of the House to hear us, if we did not point out a tendency that has been observed in the House, where the public will is believed to be supreme. The increasing frankness of discussion so noticeable here, has been accompanied by a tendency to silence on the part of members of the Cabinet, who

* The document is printed as prepared. The event proved that there was nothing to thank the House for.

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in reality are, as one of your distinguished members has said, 'Only a Committee of this House.'

"The unrest in the country which has brought about the unexampled spectacle of thousands of farmers leaving the important work of planting their crops, to come to the capital to remonstrate with the Government, is known to every member of the House of Commons. We beg leave to intimate that this unrest is not related merely to the special matter which was discussed with the Premier and members of his Cabinet to-day.

"We cannot disguise from the House an apprehension that the liberties, of which the popularly elected branch of the Legislature is the bulwark, may be dangerously curtailed during the period that the House is not sitting. In proof that this dread is not illusory, we would venture to inform the House that, in common with our fellow-citizens, here and throughout the country, we have observed certain innovations, the continuation of which, we believe, would be fraught with serious results to the confidence which the subjects of His Majesty have hitherto reposed in the working of that responsible government for whose unimpaired preservation forty thousand Canadian soldiers have laid down their lives.

"Will the House permit us to speak more plainly what is in our minds? We have never believed that the conditions produced by the war demanded flagrant departures from the honoured processes of the law enjoined by the Constitution, while Parliament is in session or is near assembling. We believe that reliance upon Parliament, instead of upon arbitrary authority, most effectively honours the guarantees of freedom which are embedded in the Constitution. One considerable departure from sound practice may be accepted, but repetitions of it may be exceedingly dangerous, especially under such circumstances as now beset the State.

"We, therefore, beg leave to remind the House of several instances in which, it seems to us, the liberties of the people, and of their representatives, have not been given sufficient consideration.

"Twelve days before the meeting of Parliament in January, 1916, the authorized Canadian Army was doubled from 250,000 to 500,000 men. No British Army had ever been doubled without recourse to Parliament. That it was done in Canada caused students of British history to enquire whether anything had occurred to warrant such a disregard of Parliament.

"Though this House of Commons has inherited some of the consequences of such an innovation, we desire to confine our respectful remonstrances to more recent events.

"During this session there were riots in the City of Quebec. The House desired to discuss the serious situation thus created, and was entitled to declare what measures might be taken to prevent a renewal of such unhappy occurrences. It did not

escape the notice of the country that, immediately before the House proceeded to discharge its duty, there was put upon the Table a completed law, in the form of an Order-in-Council, which arbitrarily took out of its control the very question which the House of Commons was about to discuss.

"Later, there were other departures from the traditional practice of British law, by equally astonishing proceedings. An Order-in-Council was given to the House, as a matter of information, providing for the registration of the human power of the country, and setting up an entirely new criminal code in connection therewith, by creating several methods of punishment hitherto unknown to Canadian civilization. Surely such a departure should not have been attempted in such a manner. Punishments created without the assent of Parliament naturally tend to provoke hostility. We feel we are performing a national duty in respectfully calling attention to such conditions.

"The Order-in-Council, endorsed by both Houses on April 18th, virtually sweeps away the Military Service Act. The resentment it has created is known to this House, members of which are known to regret that the elements of the Constitution were ignored in this proceeding; and that the method of presenting a practically executed decree, while withholding disclosure of the facts on which it was based, cannot easily be justified to the constituents of a newly-elected Parliament.

"The curtailment of the liberty of written and spoken speech, contained in the Order-in-Council, given to the public on April 16th, has caused especial concern to all who are aware of the history of free discussion in Canada and other parts of the British Empire. We are sure we need not beg the House to examine its provisions, in order to appreciate how a doctrine of the essential infallibility of the Government may be forced upon a free people, on pain of a fine of five thousand dollars and five years' imprisonment.

"The House, to our extreme regret, has been faced with a notification of the intended curtailment of the privilege of a member of Parliament to declare his mind, and the right of his constituents to know what he has uttered. That this unique warning to a freely-elected British assembly was halted for several weeks on the order paper, we venture respectfully to attribute to you, Mr. Speaker, as the appointed guardian of the liberties of the House, and also of the people. It has been noted that the Prime Minister, in withdrawing the measure, viewed with so much apprehension from outside the House, announced that it is likely to be re-introduced next session.

"Perhaps the House may not be offended to learn that cognizance has also been taken of a notice issued to it, within the last week, to the effect that it must curtail its discussion of vital national affairs, and withdraw from its precincts within

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a few days, or be summoned hither during the hottest and most inconvenient month of the year. That such a direction should be issued without recourse to the judgment of the House causes reflective citizens to wonder what has happened to the freedom Canadian institutions have hitherto enjoyed.

“Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—The disquiet of the country, of which we are the humble and inadequate exponents, and which demonstrates sadly the increasing dangers to our national unity, which, if we lose it, we shall have lost all indeed, cannot be allayed by a persistence in the courses we have so imperfectly sketched.

“Will the House permit us, with much deference, but much earnestness, also, to repeat the reminder of one of its members, that the Government is a Committee of the House vested with the executive powers of Parliament? The responsibility of government, therefore, is ultimately upon this House. Nothing appears to have been done to make the position of members of Parliament, with regard to the carrying out of the war policy, correspond to the status which they enjoyed before the practice crept in of making them subservient to those whom they created, and whom they may destroy.

“In this prolonged crisis of the national fate, the hour has arrived to re-establish the inherent freedom of the House of Commons. We are certain that in that restoration the people of Canada will sustain you, and that the sacrifices of war will be justified and honoured in the blessings and progress of peace.”

INFORMING HIS EXCELLENCY

(Hansard, p. 2550.)

WINDSOR HOTEL, OTTAWA,
May 25th, 1918.

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire,
Governor-General of Canada.

“Your Excellency:—

“The undersigned, in exercising the immemorial privilege of British subjects, are confident that Your Excellency will honour the ancient practice of the highest authority of the realm, of hearing sympathetically the representations of citizens upon matters affecting the good government of Canada.

“We are encouraged to transmit to you certain information, by the knowledge that those who have preceded you as a repre-

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sentative of the Crown in the working of responsible Government in Canada, have been swift to regard any endeavours to depart from the constitutional usages by which the freedom of Parliament, and of the individual citizen, has been established.

"Since Your Excellency's arrival among us, we have had every reason to be assured that Your Excellency is imbued with the conciliatory, far-seeing and statesmanlike spirit which animated Lord Elgin, to whom Canada and the Empire will ever be indebted for a wise and courageous guidance within the powers confided to him.

"We believe, therefore, that you will welcome this expression of our trust during the period of unprecedented difficulty through which the Dominion of Canada is passing.

"It is in harmony with Lord Elgin's reply to an address from the County of Glengarry, dealing with the unrest at that time, regarding the administration of public affairs, that we submit for Your Excellency's consideration the attached correspondence with the Speaker of the House of Commons. Perhaps Your Excellency will allow us to repeat what Lord Elgin said to the men of Glengarry, in reply to their address: 'I recognize in it evidence of that vigorous understanding which enables men of the stock to which you belong, to prize, as they ought to be prized, the blessings of well-ordered freedom, and of that keen sense of principle which prompts them to recoil from no sacrifice which duty enjoins.'

"Your Excellency will observe that those citizens whom we represent, are striving to ensure the continuance of what Lord Elgin described as 'well-ordered freedom.'

"We do not ask that Your Excellency will take action outside the lines of constitutional practice. At present we desire only to keep you informed of the increasing difficulties which appear to affect injuriously the privileges which belong to the citizens, through the House of Commons.

"We beg to state to Your Excellency that we are aware that certain objections in connection with prescribed forms of approach may be cited against the course we have taken. But we are also well assured that in times like these, it is good counsel rather than appeals to form which should prevail.

"We beg respectfully to add that, in conveying with all convenient speed to those who have authorized us to act, the information of our reliance upon Your Excellency's beneficent intentions to all the loyal people of Canada, we are rendering a service to the unquestionable stability of Parliamentary freedom which all British citizens must desire to be maintained at home while it is being defended abroad."

(Signed) C. W. GURNEY,
J. N. KERNIGHAN.

APPENDIX A

JUDGMENT OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ALBERTA

Following is the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court of Alberta delivered on July 13th, 1918, by Chief Justice Harvey, under circumstances described in Chapter XII:—

This court is the highest court of this province. It is duly and legally constituted for the purpose of protecting the legal rights of all persons who may come before it. It has all the powers substantive and incidental of all the Common Law Courts of England. Those Courts grew up and acquired their powers not merely by legislation, but through exercise for centuries. During these centuries, these powers have had to be exercised in times of turmoil, and in times of stress, as well as in times of peace and quiet, and more than once in the past, although happily not in recent years, these courts have had to exercise those powers in the face of hostile opposition and even as against hostile force. It would be surprising, then, if machinery did not exist for such emergency. Such machinery does exist. The court's officers in carrying out the decrees of the court have the legal right and authority to call upon all able-bodied men within their jurisdiction to assist in the execution of the court's orders, and it is not merely the right, but the duty of everyone so called to furnish such assistance, and what he does in giving such assistance is legal and justifiable, while any opposition to the court's officers and those assisting is illegal and punishable, no matter from whom it comes.

This court is now confronted by a situation which is most astounding, arising as it does in this twentieth cen-

ture. Orders have been issued out of the court directed to one Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, a military officer, which orders have been disobeyed: an order for a writ of attachment against the said Lieutenant-Colonel Moore has been granted and a writ issued and the sheriff has been met by armed military resistance in his effort to execute the writ. Counsel for the military authorities of Canada has appeared before us and stated that Lieutenant-Colonel Moore has disobeyed the orders of the court, and is prepared to use force to resist arrest under the direct orders of the highest military officer in Canada; and it appears that these orders have been issued with the approval of the executive government of Canada. This seems to me that the military authorities and the executive government of Canada have set at defiance the highest court in this province.

The circumstances out of which this situation arises are due to a decision of the court given two weeks ago *in re Lewis*, 1918, 2 W, W, R, 687, in which it was held by a majority that a certain Canadian order-in-council was invalid and that the applicant in that case was entitled to be discharged from military custody and control. The court stayed the issuance of the order in that case for two weeks, pending the consideration of whether an appeal would be taken. Since that decision several other persons, about twenty in all, claiming to be in the same position as Lewis, have applied by habeas corpus proceedings for their discharge. It is the refusal to obey an order directed to the said Lieutenant-Colonel Moore to produce the applicants, so that if so entitled they may be discharged, that has caused the writ of attachment to issue against him for his contempt in such refusal.

Since the issue of the order which has been disobeyed, counsel for the military authorities has produced to us what purports to be an order-in-council passed by the Governor-General on the 5th inst., which after reciting the judgment *in re Lewis* and the orders-in-council, orders and directs "that men whose exemptions were cancelled pursuant to the provisions of the orders-in-council of April 20th, 1918, above referred to, be dealt with in all

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respects as provided by the said orders-in-council notwithstanding the judgment, and notwithstanding any judgment or any order that may be made by any court, and that instructions be sent accordingly to the general and other officers commanding military districts in Canada."

It is apparent that if, as was held *in re Lewis*, the Governor-in-council has not authority to cancel the exemptions by order-in-council, this order-in-council can have no greater effect than the earlier ones, and that it, therefore, can be deemed only a notice that the decision of the courts of Canada are to be ignored and treated with contempt, and that the military authorities are to be so instructed.

Upon this situation two courses are open to this court. It can either abdicate its authority and functions and advise applicants to it for a redress of their wrongs and the protection of their legal rights that it is powerless, which, of course, means there is no power except that of force which can protect their rights, the consequence of which could scarcely mean anything less than anarchy; or it may decide to continue to perform the duties with which it is entrusted for the purpose of guarding the rights of the subject and not prove false to the oath of office which each member of it took when he "solemnly and sincerely promised and swore that he would duly and faithfully, and to the best of his skill and knowledge, exercise the powers and trusts reposed in him as a judge of the said court."

There can be only one answer to the question, Which way will this court act? It will continue to perform its duties as it sees them, and will endeavour, in so far as lies in its power, to furnish protection to persons who apply to it to be permitted to exercise their legal rights.

It is apparent that the refusal by Lieutenant-Colonel Moore and the order against him are only incidents in this application, and that the substance of the application is to obtain the release of the applicants. If the persons ordered to produce them will not do so, then, unless the court is to confess impotence, it must send

some one to obtain and produce them. It is apparent that putting Lieutenant-Colonel Moore in jail would be of no service to the applicants unless it served to cause him to do what he has been ordered to do, and it is for that purpose primarily, and not because anything he has done has offended the dignity of the court, that a writ of attachment was issued against him. But if he were in jail under the writ it would still be necessary to obtain the applicants and have them brought before the court in order that they might be discharged, if so entitled. The evidence before the court shows that they are so entitled if the decision *in re* Lewis be right, and so long as it remains unreversed it must be deemed to be the proper expression of the law in this province. It is admitted by counsel for the military authorities that he has been informed that some of the applicants have been removed from the province by the military authorities, since the applications were launched, in defiance of the order of the court that they should not be so removed.

This is confirmed by counsel for the applicants.

This court can now exercise no jurisdiction in respect of these applicants, though in due time it may possibly be able to punish those persons who disobeyed its orders. It is stated that the decision *in re* Lewis will be reviewed by the Supreme Court of Canada very promptly, and under such circumstances it would be right and proper to allow the applications to stand until after such review, but from what has been said it is apparent that then it may be too late to protect any of the applicants who may be removed from its jurisdiction. The order should therefore go directing the sheriff to obtain the persons of the applicants, or such of them as may be within the jurisdiction of the court, and to bring them before the court, and that then they be discharged from military custody and control without further order. They will then be in the province where they can be obtained if it is held that they are subject to military duty.

In deciding to pursue its proper functions this court is not unmindful of the fact which the Minister of Justice desires to press on us, that the need of Canada for

soldiers is very great and urgent, but it is apparent that to allow such a consideration to be our guiding principle would be to substitute expediency for law as a basis of judicial decision. It is also apparent to us that without doubt there is enough might, though not right, behind the military authorities to prevent the court's officers from performing their duty, and even to destroy both the members of the court and its officers, but while the court remains it must endeavour to perform its duty as it sees it.

The court has shown every desire to do nothing that might hinder the military and executive officers, so far as could be done consistently with its duty to those applying to it for a redress of grievances, but has met with little success. After the applications had been ignored and the orders disobeyed, counsel for the Minister of Justice yesterday, in the person of Mr. Muir, appeared for the first time, when the court was about to deal finally with the applications, and formally applied for a stay of all proceedings. The court intimated that it would be quite ready to grant the stay if its orders were obeyed and proper provisions made for the protection of the applicants in the event of the decision *in re Lewis* being sustained, and adjourned further consideration until this morning. This morning, no word having been received from the Minister of Justice, at Mr. Muir's request a further adjournment was made till this afternoon, at four p.m., and now, after more than twenty-four hours, Mr. Muir states that he has just received instructions from the Minister of Justice to refuse to consent to any conditions.

Under these circumstances there seems no other proper course than to make the order as above mentioned.

APPENDIX B

AN ONTARIO DEALING WITH QUEBEC

The following is from a pamphlet issued for the visit of Quebec Bonne Entente delegates to Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls in January, 1917, following the pilgrimage through Quebec, in the preceding October, of an Ontario party:—

During the summer of 1916 it was keenly realized by several gentlemen in Ontario that unless something were done to improve the drift of feeling between the two principal races in Canada, as affected especially by the relations of the two largest provinces, national unity in the Dominion might become endangered and the good feeling which the opening of the war brought into action might disappear. . . .

It was clearly recognized that it was no part of Ontario's function to seek in any way to influence recruiting or any war work in Quebec—that responsibility remaining absolutely with the citizens there, and the duty of Ontario being limited to avoiding, as far as possible, embarrassment of their patriotic efforts.

At the Sherbrooke banquet, during the Quebec visit, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

That Sir George Garneau and Mr. John M. Godfrey be requested to appoint a committee to make arrangements for the return visit to Ontario, and for a permanent organization to promote racial good-will along lines of interchange of public speaking on topics of common concern, the dissemination of printed matter, and the spread of inter-provincial information through educative institutions.

After the Quebec visit to Ontario it was expected by those who had most closely come into contact with the French that the Sherbrooke resolution, directing that educational work be undertaken would be carried into

effect. But meetings of the Ontario Bonne Entente, to this end, were steadily refused, until January, 1918, by which time the usefulness of the organization had been dissipated.

Meanwhile a Win-the-War and National Unity Convention was held in Montreal in May, 1917, control of which was assumed by the most visible members of the Executive of the Ontario Bonne Entente. Co-operation in Quebec was secured on the strength of the following resolution, submitted to a Montreal gathering by the Ontario chairman, who was also called Organizing Director of the Convention:—

Attendu qu'il est proposé de tenir prochainement une Convention d'Unité Nationale dans la ville de Montréal, à laquelle toutes les Provinces du Canada seront représentées, et,

Attendu que l'objet de cette Convention est de promouvoir l'Unité Nationale et discuter les problèmes nationaux et économiques issus de la guerre,

Il est résolu que cette réunion se forme en Comité dans le but de co-opérer avec d'autres groupes de citoyens dans cette Province afin de voir à ce que la Province de Québec soit, comme le seront les autres Provinces, pleinement représentées à ce prochain Congrès National.

TRANSLATION.

Whereas it is proposed to hold, in the near future, a National Unity Convention in the City of Montreal, at which all the Provinces of Canada will be represented, and

Whereas the object of this Convention is to promote national unity and to discuss the national and economical problems arising out of the war,

It is resolved that this meeting do form itself into a Committee with the purpose of co-operating with other groups of citizens in this Province, in order to see that the Province of Quebec shall, as the other Provinces will, be fully represented at this forthcoming National Congress.

When this resolution was presented to representative men in Quebec, the resolution on which the Win-the-War movement had been launched in Ontario and seven other provinces was withheld. The Montreal resolution was

not communicated by the responsible parties to their committees in Toronto and other cities. The difference in scope, motif and tone is apparent as soon as the resolution originally passed in Toronto and adopted elsewhere, is read:—

Whereas this meeting is convinced that the patriotism of Canada needs only to be organized, united and expressed to become the greatest moving force of the country for the prosecution of the war; Therefore be it resolved that in the opinion of this meeting, this purpose can be effectively promoted by calling a National Win-the-War Convention, which shall be wholly free from party or political complexion; that such a Convention should represent all classes and interests, and should meet to consider what each part, class and interest can contribute towards winning this war.

During the preceding summer Quebec had been led to invite an Ontario delegation to tour that province, as the result of a journalist's visits to Sherbrooke, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec and Beauceville, where he was cordially received. In Quebec city the initiative for a committee was unofficially taken by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Evariste LeBlanc, and Sir George Garneau, Chairman of the National Battlefields Commission, became the Quebec chairman.

This Ontario member of the Bonne Entente was requested to commend the Win-the-War Convention to meetings in Three Rivers, Sherbrooke and Quebec. He found a different situation from that which prevailed in other Win-the-War centres. Returning to Toronto he reported that candid action was necessary to keep faith with Quebec in accordance with the resolution on which delegates were being procured in that province. The facts pertaining to the effort thus made are embodied in documents which would fill fifty pages of "The Birth-right." If doubt should arise whether responsibility for a miserable failure rests upon English or French shoulders, they can be published as a warning to those who may imagine that keeping faith with the French can be negligently observed and as information for those who

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sometimes wonder why Quebec suffers from wounds which they cannot discern.

At present it is sufficient to say that efforts to cause the Convention to be informed of the real situation were unavailing. The main facts could only be communicated to a small body of Ontario delegates in face of the implacable hostility of those who had become responsible for the movement, and who prevented the following resolution being considered:—

That this Convention, recognizing that a feeling of disquiet, with regard to the position of the French language in Canada, has contributed to a certain unrest in connection with the war, and realizing that the elimination of controversy from the relations of the two principal foundation stocks of the nation would promote the unity which is essential to the most effective prosecution of the war, and the future contentment and prosperity of our country, requests the joint Chairmen to nominate a Commission whose duty it shall be to make a thorough survey of the historical and actual conditions surrounding the question, and to present to the country at large, suggestions looking to the solution of the national problem inherent in the duality of language, which distinguishes the proceedings of both Houses of Parliament and the Federal Courts.

Why was this resolution of faith-keeping with Quebec destroyed? Responsibility has since been taken for it on the ground that, because Quebec was opposed to conscription, her views about the language aspect of national unity must be ruled out of consideration. Nothing on this matter was discussed by an English-speaking delegate in the Convention.

A history of what followed the Montreal Convention would show that though the Montreal Convention was believed to have founded a permanent organization to promote national unity, faith was again broken in Ontario, whence, indeed, the device arose which produced the spectacle, during the general election of December, 1917, of soldiers from other provinces being induced to vote in Quebec on the pretence that they could not say where they had formerly lived. It would show that when an appeal was made for action against the impend-

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ing avalanche of vituperation against Quebec, on the basis laid down by the Bonne Entente, which came into being for the very purpose of holding far-seeing men together, it was replied that it was a good thing to have the racial and religious fight out! It would show that what single-minded men entered as a purely patriotic movement, became the victim of a peculiarly odious form of machine politics.

Unhappily, when individuals touch the relations of communities, their failings and culpabilities are apt to be attributed to the communities to which they belong. In Quebec, the treacheries that are indicated in these pages have by some been charged against Ontario as a whole, and have been added to what is felt to be a long tale of political perfidies. This is a mistake, but, in the circumstances, not a fault. There is a plenitude of good-will on both sides of the Ottawa River, waiting for constructive expression.

It is useless for sane men and women to allow ill-will to develop in provincial masses, without regard to the attitudes of men and women who have learnt to understand each other, and who understand, also, that the harmony of the State must be founded on the good-will of the individuals composing it. When men of whose sincerity, breadth and patriotism you have had abundant proof take a gloomy view of present conditions, their views must be heeded.

None of those who had most to do with the French side of the Bonne Entente has been known to say that he has lost confidence in the leaders of Quebec—it could not be said justifiably. But letters from different cities in Quebec contain expressions which it is impossible to ignore, and of which well-disposed citizens in Ontario and other provinces should know. Here are three extracts:—

“The leaders of the movement in Quebec had lost confidence in the Ontario people, and the only thing we could do was to let matters drop. . . . Quebec feels she was bluffed by the Ontario movement.”

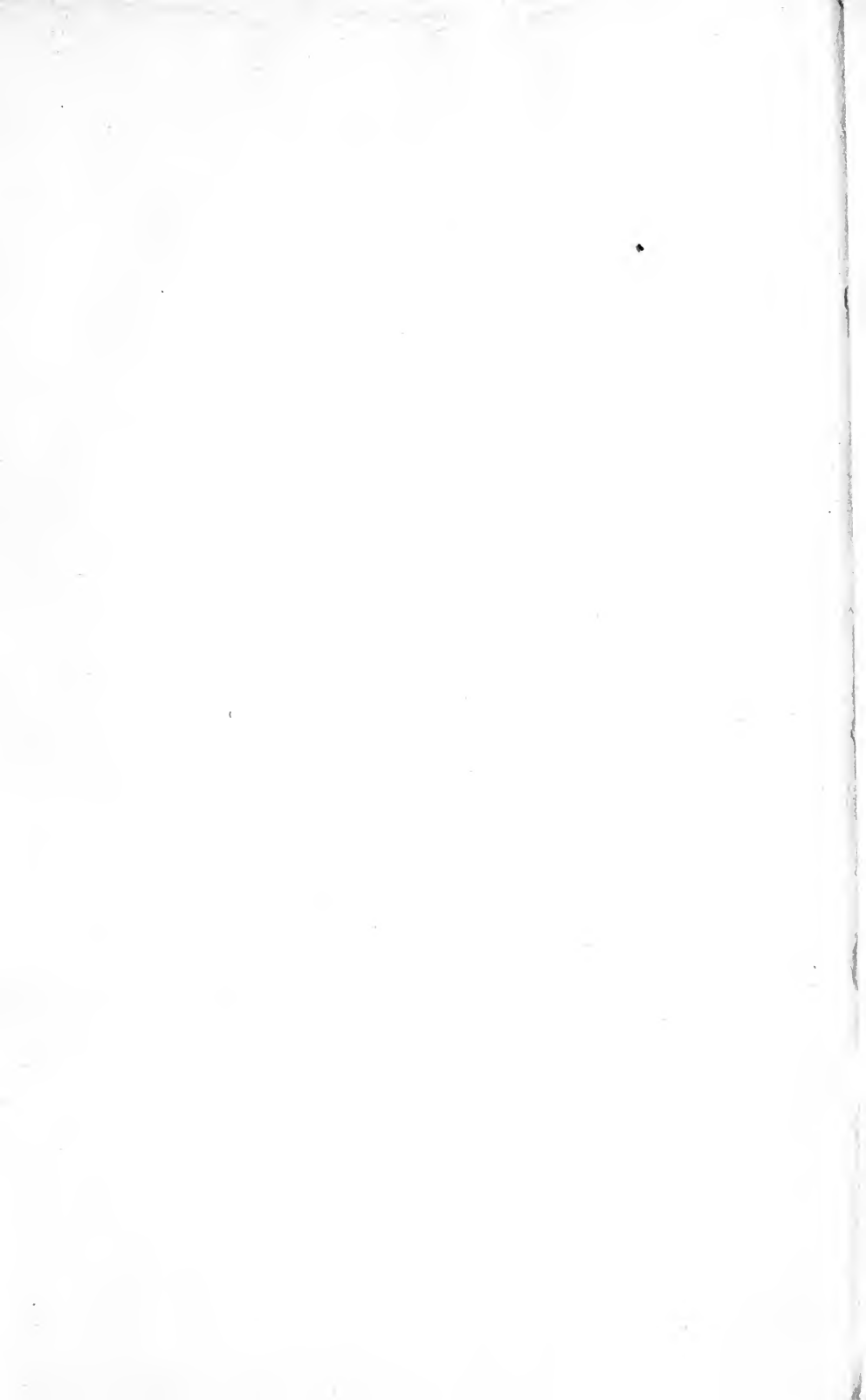
“We have been so badly deceived by Ontario that

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those of us who had believed in the sincerity and honesty of the Bonne Entente movement felt humiliated at the fact that we had been caught like a lot of schoolboys."

"It would be impossible to revive the Bonne Entente; and if something is to be done it will have to be in some other way. . . . If a *rapprochement* is to take place, Ontario will have to do something special. It would be idle to think that the French people of Quebec, as a whole, will ever consent or agree to any movement, unless Ontario gives absolute evidence of conciliation and consideration in a most tangible form."

It will be observed, again, that no conclusions as to the dispute about the educational administration of Ontario are attempted in this book; and that no definite proposals are offered for mending the broken arch of concord which it was hoped the Bonne Entente might erect. The extent to which disclosures are made here is governed absolutely by the necessity that good-willing people should learn that the French leaders are free from blame, and that any future effort at co-operation must take gravely into account the causes of the breakdown of the first concerted attempt to promote better relations between the races. The French were fooled. It is for the English to prove whether they also were fooled, and whether the former offences can be purged and a repetition of them avoided.



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