

hedgerows, palaces and slums ever known among the builders of mankind. England is not a mere nation. She is an old forest of people, customs, laws, traditions, hopes. Her roots strike deep into the bed-rock of humanity. Her gnarled old limbs send out green shoots. You cannot kill her, defame her, discourage her. She is more than any other nation perhaps immortal, having written her life on more parts of earth than any other people ever did; shaken to the core by the winds of democracy, but still with singing birds in her boughs she goes on to strike for the freedom of the world long before she has established her own. The humanest land in all the world, that's England, whom we call, not Fatherland, but Motherland, with a deeper affection; and never may we thrill less at the name. For no people ever had such a parent.

Here are 40,000,000 people whose Parliament, Lords and King control the world-flung empire of which Dr. Domino is still speaking. Of these 7,000,000 inhabit London which 20,000,000 of the other inhabitants have never seen. Of the population of London probably 4,000,000 never so much as saw the coast of France whose guns they have heard across the Channel since the war began.

We refer to John Bull whose children are supposed to know all about the elephant of the Ganges and the musk-ox of the coppermine. Bluntly speaking, we refer to the much-chided Little Englander who is a fact, and let us never forget him; the man who supposes the Empire is run by a cataract somewhere and that "England, my England," is for him the all in all. We have him in Canada. Along with the British-born and descended our first hope, along with the French-Canadian our second, we have this insular, home-going Little Englander who regards the Empire as a bore and will never be happy till he is tucked away again among the people of his forefathers whose ashes are beneath the crumbling grave stones of yonder church yard. I say we have him here, though he is a small minority. England has him. And of him let us remind ourselves that before war shook him out of his customary boots this Little Englander had never even seen the land of his birth outside his own bailiwick, never the coast of Europe from which his forbears adventurously came, and only shuddered with visions of "mal ue mer" when he thought of the sea.

LET him pass. The war has begun to give him a bigger human grip on the world than his money-kings had in their interest on bonds the world over. We have more immediately to do with the first cousin of this Little Englander in Canada. And here we stumble over a contradiction in terms. When we come to inquire, What is a Little Canadian, we need to revise our ideas by the aid of Dr. Domino.

Here is the paradox. The Little Englander is he who worships England most of which he has never seen and endures the Empire because it fetches him food and takes his surplus of population. The Little Canadian or Canada-ite is both similar and different. Much. He is perhaps twins. There are two of him.

First the Little Canadian who never lets his vision travel beyond the boundaries of his own province, and regards the Empire as a political and military affliction. We have him; millions of him—but his number is waning. Time and national development may expand him out of his shell. The Canada of the future will grab this parochial Canadian and make of him a national figure. At present, with all his limitations, he is a real Canadian.

There is a much more puzzling element among us. It is the Canadian who might as well be an inhabitant of Tasmania or the Orange Free State for all the difference it would make to his Imperial sentiments. So long as he could find Tories and Grits, Orange lodges and Sons of England and of Ireland and Scotland, he would be about as well off in one part of the Empire as another.

DR. DOMINO is in many respects such a man. He is one of the originators of the idea that unless you consolidate this marvellous Empire as you would merge factories or cement plants or banks you cannot compete in patriotic production with the rest of the world. There must be to this Little Canadian one head office for the Imperial business—for the present at London. Branch offices in Ottawa, Melbourne, Capetown, Calcutta, etc., all denoted on the letterheads.

Why do we call such a man who, like John Wesley, has practically the world for his parish, a Little Canadian? Merely because he makes himself such by being a plain human being. It is respectfully submitted that there is at present in Canada no one man wise, experienced, visional and long-lived enough to make such a consuming hobby of the Empire, and at the same time to comprehend in all its dimensions and its potentialities the colossal country known as Canada. Of course, he will retort that the way to understand any part is first to study the whole. But we have been doing that for two or three hundred years. Maps are all very well. But we do not live on a map. I remarked to an Australian the other day:

"You are a long way from home."

He replied genially, "I am at home anywhere in Canada," and added, "After all, it is only twenty-seven days' journey from Melbourne to Montreal."

I think he was a bit ironical. The mean average distance of the capitals of the overseas dominions from one another and from London is something for the higher mathematicians to work out. Cable, wireless and steam have something to do with that. And, of course, no good Canadian should quarrel with distance. There are M.P.'s in Ottawa who travel six days to get to Parliament. But life is just so long and a man can do just about so much. And this country called Canada is too big to be passed over on any flying trip from Melbourne to London.

There are those among us to whom the Empire is a great adventure. Let them undertake a few adventures in their own country, several hundred thousand square miles of which they have never seen. There are men paeaning about the Empire who have never seen any city further from the centre of Can-

ada than Montreal or Toronto. The fact that Halifax is as close to Liverpool as to Vancouver should not deter these people from finding out all they possibly can about the problems that both unite and divide this country. We have problems here that will tax all the brain power of all the men who can be spared for the purpose. We have five areas of settlement all differing in problems, as much as in natural resources and geography. The Maritime Provinces have as much in common as the three prairie provinces. The two groups are as different as chalk is from cheese, and they each differ from British Columbia, which nature separated from the rest of us by the Rockies till man bridged them with railways. Ontario and Quebec are more unlike each other than they are unlike any other province in the Dominion. If the head-office-at-London crowd could work awhile at the problem of getting these two to pull together on the national wagon, they might do something to merge into a great national unity the most populous and at present most influential provinces of Canada. With those two in concert the rest might be less difficult.

No poet has arisen to sing the glories of greater Canada. Historians have thrown dry dust in its eyes. Geographers have made maps and the maps are unknown. We have a country of more square miles than all Europe, and less people than any but the pigmy nations in the Balkans. We have tried various ways to unify Canada; by Confederation, by railways, by inter-settlement, by tariffs, by immigration, by branch banks, by news services and newspapers—finally, by the war, which so far has proven the wisdom of all other attempts to consolidate the country. After the war we shall have more problems in a week than the Canada of 1867 had in a year.

Here at once we are confronted by the Little-Canada man's trump argument. The war has shown that all Canada is burning with enthusiasm for the Empire—except a great part of Quebec. Has it? Leaving out the British-born part of the Canadian army, has the war not rather proved that Canadians are enthusiastic about themselves as part of the Empire, that we are more enthusiastic about England than about South Africa or India; finally that as a self-governing nation within the Empire we have infinitely more to do with ourselves than we have with any other part of the Empire, including England?

ANZACS and South Africans we know: they are kith of our kin. Sikhs and Gurkhas we do not know very well as yet. When the Sikhs came to us before the war we treated them in a class with the Chinese and the Japs. War has made them more comprehensible, more welcome, but not more brotherly. We do not propose to instruct Australia on her duties to the Empire nor to counsel South Africa. Not long ago the union of two races in the South African commonwealth was pointed to Canada for example. Events of the past few months do not prove that the example was a good one. We have

(Concluded on page 21.)

How the Northumberland Fusiliers looked after taking some German trenches in the Somme district. Some day next summer—30 years from now (Hindenburg)—the German line may break. And when trench tactics change to open fighting there will be a bigger percentage of captured German helmets than appears in this picture.

