

EDITORIAL

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED that many Englishmen might differ with our view of the Englishman in Canada. It was not to be expected that they would interpret the editorials in question as attacks upon all Englishmen and upon England. Let us make clear that point at once.

In spite of George Meredith, who wrote, in effect, "An Englishman travels only in order to discover the abortions of his Creator," in spite of Haldane and Lord Lansdowne, in spite of Ireland and—often—of the Englishman himself, we Canadians cherish a profound affection and admiration for the Englishman. The ancestors of many of us were English. Some of us were ourselves English by birth. The Englishman of to-day becomes the Canadian of to-morrow. And the Englishman's virtues are far more numerous than his faults. His tranquillity in the face of danger may be crudely stoical, but it is admirable. His detestation of emotion may be lack of sympathetic understanding, but it is net gain, not loss. His inborn sanity and common-sense may be mere phlegm, but it is an example to all mankind. These are only a few of many reasons why we are glad to call an Englishman our brother and happy to welcome him to Canada.

BUT WE HAVE IN THIS COUNTRY a state in embryo. Its material wealth can scarcely be estimated. Its possibilities as a supporter of a glorious community of happy, healthy and, above all, state-loving people, are infinite. In short, while England has achieved her glory and wears her crown, Canada's glory lies all in the future. It depends upon the will and the devotion of Canadians to Canada whether the future millions in this country are to be counted only in terms of population, or by the high standard of citizenship and the wise and useful institutions which the Canadian people evolve out of the special conditions in which they live.

One Englishman, writing us from Montreal, asks how he can be expected to prefer Canada to England, when in England he can hear Wagnerian operas, see excellent plays, hear famous presses turning out scholarly books, and rub elbows with great men and the scions of illustrious houses in the Mall? His complaint is unanswerable. We are indeed starved for opera, deluged with poor books and surrounded by men who are, alas, too often only common clay like ourselves. We go with him still farther: we have no charming hedges. We have no really good servants. Our politics are not clean. Our workmen are too often wasteful. Our public servants are seldom competent and often dishonest. Public spirit is so rare a thing that the parties are forced to recruit their ranks with demagogues and exploiters. All-Canadian sentiment is so weak that we have sponged our sea defence instead of taking it over ourselves and Haligonians to-day feel closer in heart to Boston than to Toronto, and incomparably closer to London than, say, to Vancouver.

THESE CONDITIONS WEAKEN not only Canada, but the Empire. To remove them is to strengthen both. The airing of ultra-English loyalty by men who are outwardly Canadian citizens does not help achieve this end. Talk of Empire centralization, making Canada a suburb of London, is still worse, for strange as it may seem, there are far too many native Canadians who, by such talk as this, can be worked into frantic patriotic feeling for a country they have never seen, while they remain ignorant of and indifferent to whatever parts of Canada lie outside their immediate ken. A sound Canadianism, so essential to a strong Canada and a staunch Empire, is hard to build up. Englishmen in Canada, knowing as they should the great value of patriotism, might well in the interests of the Empire they prize, help promote a sound Canadian spirit. That is the first step toward building up those "new centres of strength" of which no less a Centralist than Lord Milner, so often speaks.

MR. RICKARDS, OF STRATHCONA, Alberta, whose clear and thoughtful letters we are unable to publish for lack of space, tells us that there is no need to draw the distinction between Englishmen and Canadians. That an Englishman, like a Canadian, is at home in whatever part of the Empire he may be. This is true in the sense that the heirs of a great tradition are brothers and therefore not strangers in one another's homes. But

there the truth ends. We do not all live in one house, nor all in one climate. We have separate homes and separate problems, and it behooves those who leave the old home for a new one to join heart and soul in making the new home strong. It may not have the finish and comfort of the old one, but to men of hope, faith and vision it has more! It is like a great heap of richest materials from which, if we are true to ourselves, a state can be built nobler and happier than the greatest of to-day.

EVERY NEW ALLY TEACHES us something. Roumania has probably a more advanced system for encouraging industry than even the Germans. By a law passed in 1887 the State of Roumania provides that anyone undertaking to start an industrial establishment with a capital of at least \$10,000, or employing at least twenty-five workmen, of whom, be it noted, two-thirds must be Roumanians, is granted "twelve acres of State land, exemption for a term of years from all direct taxes, freedom from customs dues on machinery and raw material imported, exemption from road taxes, reduction in cost of the carriage of materials on State railways and preferential rights to the sale of manufactured articles to the Government."

This is up-to-date State-craft, and makes our Canadian system, or lack of system, look very antiquated indeed. As a result of this policy Roumania's factories have been prospering. Instead of selling her raw materials, she sells finished products. And at the same time her agriculture does not flag, but benefits by a wise industrial policy. Her exports rose from fifty million dollars in 1904 to ninety-five million in 1906.

It is worthy of note that German investors in Roumania are likely to be more than a little uneasy now that Roumania is fighting the Teutons. The bulk of the public debt of Roumania is owed to German banks. How sure Roumania must have been that victory lies with the Entente may be guessed from the fact that she had to overcome great German influence within. The General Bank of Roumania belonged to a syndicate of Germans.

HOW IS CANADA TO COMPETE for Russian trade if at least a few Canadians do not speak Russian? Are we to leave the negotiation of orders to Englishmen and Americans? Or are we to expect the Russians to learn English in order to have the privilege of buying our goods. Few, if any, Canadian universities teach the Russian language. There are lacking even private schools where this difficult language may be acquired. Something should be done to remedy the defect.

Our neglect of the Russian language has an excellent precedent. Oxford and Cambridge are only now giving this study the attention it merits. Our centres of learning should not hesitate to equip the schools promptly.

The Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa has rendered great service to the cause of greater trade between this country and Russia. The reports of Mr. Just, the special commissioner, have not only shown that the opening is there for Canadian goods, but have indicated lines of procedure for our would-be exporters to Russia. It is for the universities now to do their part.

Germany's Last Trump

YOU MAY NOT KNOW THIS MAN. He is not a Canadian—thank heaven!—and yet if he were, or if somewhere we could scare up such a man of brains, tact and suavity outside of mere party politics, the land we so smugly tinkle with the Maple Leaf might have a fighting chance of a place in the world's work according to her size.

The man concerned in this article has been for two years the most secretly studious man in all Europe. He is not an Englishman. He is not a Frenchman. No doubt in both France and England there are men of as much brains and of as much passionate devotion to their respective countries. But none of them look out on the world with the calm cocksure poise of this suave man. He is not a Russian. Russia also has patriots of the passionate kind; men who would as lief as not die for their country and leave worlds of thought behind them. And he is not an Italian—though he married an Italian wife, and from the precepts of Machiavelli the Italian learned a good deal

of the business of world statecraft.

Now you are guessing—who he is. And even if you had never read Imperial Germany you would at once say Prince von Buelow. That is the man. He has recently revised his Imperial Germany which was originally part of a huge collective book and was published afterwards under that title with von Buelow's name on it so that the German people might be able to read it. The author's revision of this book since the war is a revelation.

Ordinarily if one of us were asked to say how von Buelow would come at that problem of Imperial Germany now we should say that he would write Mene, Mene Tekel and so forth all over it. Does he? Rather not. Von Buelow is not such a man. In the present plight of his country of which he was Chancellor for years till he disagreed with William he sees no cause to pull a long face. Deep down in his marrow-bones Buelow knows that the Empire, for which he wrote the original book, now exists only in the imagination. He knows and practically admits that somebody blundered. One of those somebodies is the present German Chancellor. There are others. And it was not so in the days of old, when Bismarck and von Moltke and von Roon engineered the Franco-Prussian War. No, in those days there was a wise man at the helm, and his name was Bismarck. Von Buelow regards him as the greatest of all masters of modern statecraft. He as good as says so all over his book. He still thinks so. He knows that had Bismarck lived this particular war would never have happened. There would have been no scrap of paper, no German atrocities, no defected Italy, no Roumania declaring war on Austria, no England with a huge land army in Europe. No, none of these things. And if Buelow had stayed at the helm neither would these things have happened. He does not say so; but in his amended book, as well as in the original, you can see it.

Buelow believes in himself—and in the German people. He may have his doubts about the war lords and the junkers and the bungling diplomats of Germany. But he believes that there is one man in Germany who has had nothing to do with the war except to try keeping Italy out of it—and that man is Buelow. The Kaiser may put down Falkenhayn and put up Hindenburg; he may reorganize his whole war machine on land, water and air; but he will do nothing that Buelow does not see behind or that in Buelow's mind compares to what such a man as himself on behalf of the German people could and would do if he had the chance.

Or rather will do when he gets it. Buelow expects that Germany will yet need him for bigger purposes than writing books. He is waiting for the day. When the peace terms of Germany are under consideration it will be Buelow that holds the German cards. He is the only man with whom the Allies can transact business, because he has taken no part in the war, does not believe that it should have happened, knows a bigger and wiser game than any such a war and is ready to prove it the moment the belligerents consent to lay down their arms.

And what is the game that this crafty, smooth-spoken Machiavellian knows so well? Is he a promoter of universal and perpetual peace? Not so. He believes in war as profoundly as Bernhardt. But not this war. No, this was not the occasion. The war came too soon for Buelow. He was framing up for a condition of perpetual war, not of armies and navies merely, but of tariffs and trade treaties with a great German navy and an invincible German army behind them, to make that country master of the world. He admits that the war came too soon, because he expected to make the German navy so formidable before war actually broke that England would be forced into an alliance—of vassalage—with Germany. With England as an allied henchman, Germany would have had no trouble dominating the world, providing that England could have been a party to that kind of domination. That dream of Imperial Germany was all shattered by the war that came too soon for Buelow. Somebody blundered. The blunder was the salvation of Europe. Buelow knows it. But he has poise enough to stand in the midst of a crumbling Germany and tell the world what Germany expects from peace terms when they come. Admirable poise! Von Buelow, you are a marvel of psychology. You are the only big trump card the Kaiser has left—but you never can take the trick.