CANADA'S HISTORIC CAMPAIGN.

The Dominion Hung in the Balance.

From every Province in Canada, from all parts of the United States and from the British Isles there is an ever-increasing demand for copies of The Montreal Star containing the celebrated campaign editorials. It is impossible to supply the demand. We publish to-day two more of those articles from The Montreal Star which attracted such world-wide attention. The articles concluded with one entitled "The Case now goes to the Jury." The verdict rendered constitutes an epoch-making event.

HEARST---THE TROUBLE MAKER!

(From Montreal Star before the election.)

Hearst has plunged into the Canadian campaign.

He has begun the issue of a special "Canadian Edition" of his Boston "American," and has sent a special staff of distributors into the different Canadian provinces.

His own American newsboys, forwarded to Montreal for that purpose, have been crying his "Canadian Edition" on our streets. Other Hearst agents have been distributing free copies of this "Campaign edition" throughout the city, leaving them on the door-steps where they could not get into the houses.

This same system is being employed in other Canadian centres. Despatches from all parts of the Maritime Provinces report this identical campaign in progress there.

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This "Canadian Edition" of a Hearst paper is thoroughly Hearstian It is loud, frothy, inconsequential and reckless. It contains the usual Hearst proportion of vulgarity and sensational "news" verging on the lewd.

It is chiefly important as an evidence that **Hearst—the most dangerous, the most reckless, the most anti-British, the most revolutionary journalist who ever stained the annals of American journalism**—has "taken off his coat" in this last deliberate endeavor on the part of ambitious American statesmen and hungry American interests to conquer Canada by piecemeal.

And Hearst is not an enemy to be despised. No other man can play upon the ignorant and inflammable portions of the mixed masses who now fill the United States, and out-vote the "old stock," with half his skill. He is an adept at setting class against class and race against race. He will carry his torch into a powder magazine with the utmost recklessness if he thinks that the explosion will blow him a little nearer the Presidency—the goal of his sublimely ridiculous ambition.

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His work in the past is history. **He boasted that he made the Spanish War**—made it by the fevered circulation of a charge which is now known to have been false—and so sent thousands of men to death and plundered the proud Spanish people of their Colonial possessions. But what would Hearst care for these things if they carried him nearer the prize?—if they added to his notoriety and broadened his journalistic influence?

He has brought his fellow countrymen—people living in a free Republic—to the verge of class war. It was the inspiration of his infamous campaign against McKinley which—in the opinion of most—winged the assassin's bullet that cut short his life. When Hearst was running for Governor of New York, President Roosevelt sent Secretary Root out to make a special exposure of "the real Hearst" which was as biting and contemptuous as anything ever written in English. And as a result, the decent people of New York would have none of the Reckless Revolutionary.

This is the sort of man Hearst is. Already in this Canadian campaign—which is none of his business——he has intervened with a malignant mendacity before which the poor efforts of our own paid press pale into insignificance. **He shouted openly for Annexation** until President Taft sent out the word that this sort of talk was dangerous—that it would be heard in Canada. Then the Hearst papers took a milder key. They could keep Annexation in cold storage until the Canadian people had voted.

Next, Hearst sent his agents to Canada. At the same time that he was attacking Canadian papers for "stirring up ill-feeling between Canada and the United States," his representative in Montreal sent an absolutely untrue story of an ugly "flag incident" in a Montreal theatre in which it was alleged that an American flag had been hissed. The management of the theatre promptly stated that no flag had been hissed in their theatre this season. **But the Hearst lie had done its work—it had poisoned the minds of his readers against the British people of Canada.**

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Then he started his wildly improbable lie about American Trusts sending a campaign fund into Canada to help the fight—not for—but against Reciprocity. It was a pure fabrication, and had not even plausibiilty to commend it. Yet our paid press swallowed it—the Hearst end was accomplished. The American Trusts are probably sending money into Canada to influence this election; but they will spend it to help the bill they put through the American Senate—their own "kept" House—and not to defeat that bill. The American Trusts are not fools.

The Hearst campaign is to go on. Now he has reached the pitch of a special "Canadian Edition" to be discontinued after the elections. He proposes to tell our people, directly how they should vote. **It is to be a great Hearst victory** when Reciprocity is carried—if it is carried—on the 21st.

But who imagines that Hearst will stop short there! **Hearst still wants to be President.** Why should he not run for President as the Man who carried Reciprocity and the Man who will now carry—Annexation?

It would be very like Hearst to say to the American people, in effect——**Make me President, and I will get you Canada.** On such an errand, what would he not do? The invention of "flag incidents" would be a mild affair. **Would the next "Maine" be blown up in a Canadian harbor?**

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It will be a perilous thing for Canada to permit Hearst to win an initial victory. The smell of blood will but whet his appetite. If our people were made of the stuff of their fathers, they would soon show impertinent interlopers, like Hearst what they thought of them. His papers would not find very ready acceptance from the men who founded Canada and fought to keep it free from American domination. They would take some steps which would make it clear to even the pachydermatous hero of the Bowery, that we can settle our domestic questions in this country without his assistance.

President Taft may call him an "evangelist" of Reciprocity; but his own papers have proven him, time and again, to be the Advance Agent of Annexation and the bitter foe of everything British.—*Montreal Star.*

THE CASE GOES TO THE JURY.

(From The Montreal Star, 20th Sept., 1911.)

The great debate has closed, and the case now goes to the jury.

For nearly eight months, the country has had the Taft offer of Reciprocity under consideration. No other single question has been so thoroughly discussed by our people since the adoption of the National Policy. To-morrow they deliver their decision.

And in sober truth, the decision rendered to-morrow will affect the development of this Continent—and possibly of the world—for all time. **This will be one of the decisive battles of history.**

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It will decide whether Canada is to remain a distinct nation, or is to become an appendage of the American Republic.

It will decide whether the leadership of the English-speaking peoples is to remain in British hands, or is to pass into the keeping of Washington politicians.

It will decide whether the magnificent industrial development of Canada, which has grown up under the shelter of a Canadian tariff, supported by a high Canadian spirit, is to be exposed to early overthrow by the powerful and aggressive American manufacturing interests **which are already being urged by a confidential circular from Washington to see that the growing Canadian market is "absolutely controlled by American manufacturers."**

It will decide whether the hundreds of millions we have spent in building our canals and laying our railways to render the trade of the Dominion wholly independent of the foreign nation which bounds us on the South, shall be worse than wasted.

It will decide whether our unparalleled inland water routes shall be emptied into the Erie ditch—whether the project to build the Georgian Bay Canal shall be forever vetoed in the interests of the Hudson River valley—whether our ports shall be stripped of their shipping for the fattening of New York and Boston.

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It will decide whether our natural resources shall be kept for the enrichment of a Greater Canada, to be worked by Canadian capital and Canadian labor; or whether they shall pass into the ruthless grasp of the destructive American people who have already levelled their own forests and exhausted their own mining camps.

It will decide whether the Home Market of both the Canadian farmer and the Canadian manufacturer shall be made a common highway for the world, traversed not only by ninety million competitors from the United States, but by thrice that number from the British Empire and the twelve "most-favored-nations."

It will decide whether our farmers shall be thus impoverished, so that they can no longer buy Canadian manufactured goods; and whether the workingmen in our cities shall be deprived of their "jobs" and compelled to accept lower wages, so that they can no longer buy the farm produce they now consume.

It will decide whether our cities will continue to grow as the West fills up; or whether the magnetism of that growth will be transferred to American cities who will manufacture for the new Grain Growers, whose merchants will gain what our merchants will lose, whose clerkships will become valuable as ours become few and poorly paid.

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It will decide whether Canada will be a rich reservoir of raw materials, exploited for the benefit of American cities; or whether we shall develop our own raw materials, sell the finished products to the world, and continue to build up our own cities.

It will decide whether Winnipeg will be absorbed in Chicago or become another and greater Chicago—whether Toronto will continue to lead Buffalo or fall into the position of Buffalo's "half-way house" to the markets of Ontario—**whether Montreal shall become one of the great cities of the world with a nation behind it, or only a northern out-post for the mighty metropolis of the Greatest New York.**

It will decide whether we will continue to create a matchless Canada, standing on its own feet and enjoying its own prosperity, or if we will "pool" our interests with those of the American people and take what usually falls to the lot of the outer fringe of a great nation. **Will we be—in two words—what Ireland would be with a separate Parliament and a Protective tariff, or what Ireland is to-day?**

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It will decide many other things which we have neither time to consider in these last hours, nor the wit to foresee the mists of the future. It will decide questions which it is not in human nature for some of us, whose family names are upon the moss-grown tombstones of the martyrs of 1776-90, to regard as open to dispute at all.

Nor are we, the descendants of the men who made no question as to whether there should be two flags on this Continent—who carried their pioneer's axe into the primeval forest—who built their rude mills by the riverside and starved when the grain ran short—who took down the old "flint-lock" from over the fireplace and fought at Queenston Heights and Chateauguay—nor are we the only ones who feel that questions are being raised to-day which should have slumbered forever.

There are countless others who came to Canada because Canada was British—who desired to rear their children under British institutions. Then there are the stalwart Canadians who have resisted for years the lure of the "bigger nation" and the greater opportunities, and have kept their fealty to the land of their love, believing always that she must finally come into her own. **Those who found Canada—those who made Canada—those who stayed with Canada—come up for judgment to-morrow.**

What do we think of them?

Do we vote them heroes; or do we vote them fools?

For nothing is surer than that, if, in the day of our prosperity, when the sea is smooth and the sky is fair—when the winds blow us toward assured and permanent success—we decided that it is a mistake to maintain the boundary line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, we will by that act write "Folly" across the lives of our heroic dead and reproach the parents who bore us for having kept us outside "the great and glorious American Republic."—*Montreal Star.*