

of their fathers' fathers and the haunted magic of a great and fabulous land that made these redskins go mad against law, redcoats and confederation. Let us not blame those men for the love they had. Time was backing up; time and the railway and the strange settler with his buckboard and his prairie schooner. The land was changing.

"No, sir," deposed Eli, squinting down a stone axe-handle. "That railroad wasn't built without a bigger reason than makin' a rebellion to split Canada. Jawn A. built that road. He bought that country. He made it part of Canada. He sent the Mounted Police out to keep order. And he'll never let it secede. No, sir!"

BUT things have happened bigger than even Macdonald knew when he said, in 1867:

I am satisfied that great as has been our progress in the last twenty-five years since the Union between Upper and Lower Canada, our future progress during the next twenty-five years will be vastly greater. And when by reason of this increase we become a nation of eight or nine millions, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth.

Had there been no great war the Canada of 1917, at the rate of immigration before the war, would have been nine millions at least. We are now citizenizing a country that Macdonald and his colleagues only dreamed about.

There is no part of Canada that has not at some time either tried or threatened to break the Confederation. Nova Scotia organized to repeal the B. N. A. Act. Quebec refused to come in without guarantees and a compromise; and irresponsible non-patriots have since talked of seceding. Ontario, after the agitation over the hanging of Riel, talked of a breakup of Confederation. The Toronto Globe said in the campaign of 1887:

"The paramount issue is not whether Liberals or Conservatives shall administer Canada's affairs for the next five years, but whether the Dominion shall continue in existence. That the breakup of Confederation would ensue from the government's success is as certain as the breakup of winter."

On the other hand, the Toronto Mail, Conservative organ, said that rather than submit to dictation by French-Canadians in such a matter as the execution of Riel,

"Ontario would smash Confederation into its original fragments, preferring that the dream of a united Canada should be shattered forever than that unity should be purchased at the price of equity."

The great West had its disruption period in the Rebellion.

Before the completion of the C. P. R., British Columbia, which had come in only at the price of that railway binding the Pacific to Eastern Canada,

threatened to secede to the United States unless the road were completed in the specified time.

And British Columbia had as good a reason as any. Out on the far edge of the country, clean off the great lines of immigration and traffic, isolated by two ranges of mountains, this land of Vancouver and Captain Cook, of great explorers and gold-trailers and English colonists might have lost less at that time by secession than any other part of the country. But B. C. did not secede. Loyalty to Confederation to-day is as high on the Pacific as on the Atlantic or the great lakes.

The unity of this land to-day does not now, and never can again, depend upon Canada's attachment to Great Britain or our connection with the rest of the Empire. The old flag policy is no longer the exclusive policy of this united people. We of to-day share with Macdonald and Joseph Howe their absolute fealty to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain and their unfaltering objection to any scheme or suggestion of annexment to the United States. Constitutionally this land is first Canadian, then British. In 1867 we were first British, then Canadian. The impact of 50 years of political unity has reversed the order.

Fifty years more of such union—can any prophet forecast? None that we have yet heard. We
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BROKEN UP

A War Story of United Canada

By CARLTON McNAUGHT

IRAN across Bob Tempest one pleasant July afternoon cycling along a hedge-bordered road in Surrey. I had last seen him in Canada, where his battalion, some weeks junior to my own, was cherishing the fond ambition of an early call over-

seas. We had received our call first, however, and I had already been six weeks in England. I was not aware Bob had arrived, such things being done with a maximum of military secrecy.

He was ambling along, like myself, on what the English people are pleased to call a "push-bike," in contradistinction to its more dynamic relative the motor-cycle, a vehicle much in vogue with Canadian officers whose "free" Sunday afternoons enable them to explore the England adjacent to their camps. As he turned in the saddle he presented to me a face that was the picture of dejection. Seldom have I seen a more woe-begone and dispirited expression on the countenance of a fellow-mortal. It seemed to say to the world at large, "You, poor fools, may have your innocent joys and hopes, and retain a trusting faith in man and the universe; for me all is over. I have lost all illusions, surrendered all ambitions. Henceforth I go the dull round as a matter of duty, and regard only with pity your pathetic belief in the ultimate goodness of things."

I took this in before he recognized me, for then his face brightened, somewhat wanly.

"I've been looking for you, old top," he said, as we dismounted and shook hands. "But I couldn't find out what bally camp you're in. Nobody seemed to know anything about your moth-eaten old battalion."

"I was not aware that the rabble of alleged soldiers with which you have the misfortune to be associated had arrived in England," I replied, "or I would have taken steps to find out where they had buried you."

Having exchanged these expressions of mutual regard, we moved into the shade of some great trees by the roadside, and sat down on a mossy log for further converse.

"When did you land, where are you stationed, what have you been doing, and how do you like the war?" I asked by way of a modest beginning.

Even as I spoke the air of exaggerated misanthropy had been resuming possession of my friend's face.

"I know that you intend no cruelty," said he. "Yet there are topics that cannot be touched on without pain. These memories that bless and burn—" I thought, so pensive was his eye, that he was about to brush away a manly tear.

I besought him to tell me what had blighted his young life.

"Listen, my son," said he, bracing himself with

an effort, "and I will unfold to you a tale that should curdle the generous currents of your heart—if you have such a thing after a year in the military game. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You can sympathize with me or not as you like. But hear my story."

And this is the story.

You will possibly remember, began Bob, blowing cigarette smoke sadly through his nose, that the dear old Nth was counted the best battalion in our Division back in Canada. I will do you the justice of saying that your own unit was pretty generally acknowledged to be second best—wait, don't argue about it now. How we slaved to get that battalion up to strength! It was some pull getting the last hundred, with every battalion in the field on the trail of the still undecided eligibles, with open-air meetings, recruiting sergeants on the principal downtown corners, special posters, display ads in the evening papers, and daily parades with a bugle band and banners. The M. O. worked overtime. The C. O. insisted on absolute adherence to the highest physical standards. When we marched into camp at last, we considered that we had a picked battalion. You remember, yourself, after our first inspection at camp, when we'd only been in training as a complete unit for a week, the G. O. C. said he'd never seen a better set-up lot of men, nor better discipline for a green unit.

MOST of the men had been recruited from the C. O.'s own militia regiment, and they already knew and liked him. They turned in and worked like beavers. We had a splendid lot of sergeants, most of them chaps who'd had experience in the Imperials, and many of them had seen active service in India or Egypt or South Africa. We began the instructional work with these and we were soon able to pick out a bunch of younger Canadian N. C. O.'s—bright chaps, quick learners and as keen as razors to make good. With the officers we had it wasn't hard to get the administration and training started on a sound basis. Our Adjutant had been in one of the crack English regiments. Several of the company officers had been through South Africa, and one or two were R. M. C. graduates. We had a crack Machine Gun Officer and a crack Signalling Officer right from the start—specialists both, filled to the brim with pride in their own particular work.

We soon had the men hard as nails with physical drill, route marches, bayonet fighting and so on. I don't know how you found it in the Umpty-Umpty, but I never saw a lot of men, most of them, mind you, right out of factories and offices and jobs like that,

take to a new way of life so thoroughly. There were mighty few of those men who'd got into the game because of the money, and mighty few who hadn't made some sort of sacrifice, financial or otherwise, to enlist. To them training was just a means of getting to the front and doing their bit, not a pleasant kind of outdoor employment. And very soon they began to work for the honour of the old Nth. They got to know each other, friendships grew up. They had their dreams—of individual glory on the field of battle, of daring exploits that would win the D. C. M. or the V. C., but most of all of splendid united efforts that would bring honour and renown to the dear old Nth. That sort of spirit springs up in any body of men thrown together for any length of time in the pursuit of a common objective. In the army we call it esprit de corps. The C. O. used to lecture us on esprit de corps. "Foster it as much as you can," he would say in the early days of our training. "Encourage your men to have confidence in each other and in you, to strive for the good of the battalion and its honour. It is one of the most valuable factors in war."

YOU couldn't work with a bunch of men like that without getting to like them, you know that. Some of them were pretty crude specimens, not much brains, not much education, not very—well, refined. But, by gad, they were men. I got to know every man in my company personally, just as if he'd been my own brother—where he'd been brought up, what his home surroundings had been, what he'd worked at, how many children he had if he was married, what had been his ambitions in civil life, and what he dreamed of doing after the war. They'd come to me with their smallest troubles. Many's the hot argument on some fine point of military usage I've had to arbitrate! I was even called upon to lend a sympathetic ear to tales of unrequited love. I had to deal out punishments, of course—and there were a few that were bad at the core and we had to get rid of them. But even those who'd done C. B. and extra guards and smarted under some pretty stiff jawings never bore any grudge. There wasn't a man of them that wouldn't have followed me into the muzzle of a Howitzer. . . . Do you know, I got to love those men.

Well, after about ten months of training, when everyone was getting so fed up with deferred hopes