

# THE COURIER

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## PLAYING THE NATIONAL GAME

**D**R. DOMINO could draw the map of the whole world without looking in a book. What he didn't know about the coast line of Patagonia was not a fit subject for any German spy to investigate. The world to him was a vast system of parallels of latitude and meridians, zones and isothermals. He had as much interest in Baffin



*With absolute consideration for Dr. Domino's Views of the Empire*

By  
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Dr. Domino: "As I was saying, boys, the British Empire is so complicated with protectorates, dependencies, colonies and overseas dominions, that it needs to be consolidated. You boys may live to see the day when the seat of Empire will be in Canada."

Ontario: "Please, sir, we ain't very well acquainted in this class. Can't we all go out and play lacrosse?"

Land as in the South Sea Islands. And they all looked alike to him. Woe betide any of his advanced scholars who could not name all the rivers of Europe in threes beginning on the west slope with Petchorn and ending with Guadalquivir.

But of all parts of the earth Dr. Domino could best see in his sleep that nebulous, spiritual and political aggregation the British Empire thrusting itself over the globe and the seven seas like the Milky Way among the stars. We must admire the dominie for this. No worth-considering citizen of that Empire, no matter whether he lives in an igloo or a South Sea hut or a millionaire's mansion in Montreal could fail to be thrilled by its grandeur. No Canadian worth the right to become a voter ever could refuse to admit that of all empires ever known, Greek, Roman, old German, Spanish—clear down to our own time, the British Empire is incomparably the greatest. Let no critic of Dr. Domino consider himself a true Canadian unless he regards that Empire with the reverence and the awe-stricken regard which the poor Keats expressed on first looking into Chapman's translation of Homer.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet rises to his ken,  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Words of no Kipling, no Dilke, no Schreiner, no Parker, ever could visualize to the Anglo-Saxon that Empire. It is unthinkable. It has about it evermore the spell and the freshness of the Elizabethan age. In the far-away crags of the furthest mountain peaks, Himalayas or the Rockies, men are finding new epics that make the Valhalla crowd look like pigmies. The marvellous riverways and the fat

plains of the five continents are a Columbus-land of discovery. Strange people look down upon mankind. Temples glint in the sun that never sets. Mystic bells chime forth. The cart creaks down the trail. The ship swings up from the Southern Cross to the Great Bear. The sheep are on a hundred hills of the kangaroo. The musk-ox cow pushes her newborn calf into a June snow drift. And we are tempted to sum it all up in singing aloud that great and impossible song of Kipling:

"What is the Flag of England?"

**P**RAY let no man suspect that we are not in accord with Dr. Domino on this theme. Nay, like Hamlet, we shall go him one better. No such skyborn epic ever flashed on the world as the Empire; no such sociological enigma; never such an outlandishly impossible task for an Atlas; never such a feat for cable and wireless and steam. We simply have to have the Suez, must tunnel the Rockies, were compelled to get overland from Capetown to Cairo; couldn't possibly get along as a world people without sending Saskatchewan wheat to the famine zones of India. We fetched forth our Chamberlain, our Cecil Rhodes, our Kipling, our Lord Milner and our Van Horne—casually mentioning these as builders of Empire. Ah! we have also Col. Denison, Dr. Parkin, Sir William Peterson, Sir John Willison and Sir Hugh Graham.

Not for us in Canada to lag behind in the daily ritual of this never-sunsetting world Midway of "peoples and realms of every tongue." Never so long as the missionary endures along with the pack-trail. No, we must visualize this gorgeous dream that makes us akin to half the world and that takes in all the languages of Europe and Asia. The Athenian empire could have been put into our

Imperial vest pocket. The Roman empire was a splotch of ink on our blotter. The terrains of Charlemagne, and the battlefields of Napoleon were the dooryard to our farm. We only, the scions of an adventurous race cousin to the Vikings of old, have fared forth in the spirit of Cabot and of Drake from the "precious stone set in a silver sea," the island of Shakespeare, to fling the flag of England over all meridians and all the five zones of human habitation.

Thus again do we support Dr. Domino in other worlds than his. We can't help it. The Empire lifts us into the light that never dies, "the light that never was on sea or land," even while it shone upon five continents and seven seas. And then because we had greater human respect for the little islands that created such an Empire, the island where many of us were born, from which many of our forefathers came—we turned our gaze upon England. France we knew, not because of Napoleon, but because one of our greatest peoples came from France in the days of old. Thus we are racially a part of continental Europe, and this also is something to fear in mind because one of our peoples seem to have forgotten it.

Considering England—including Scotland, Ireland and Wales—we observe much that Dr. Domino misses. Why this genial old gentleman never took a trip to the land of his grandfather is unexplained. He always speaks well of the English. But he never seemed to sparkle with passion for England. Because he had never seen the most remarkable "country" in Europe. Centuries ago bards began to rhapsodize about England; and they are doing it still. Masfield, Noyes, Brooke, have done what ten centuries ago Chaucer began. It's the same old England; mother of parliaments and nations and paradoxes, the most compact assemblage of big men, vitalizing political liberty, wonderful homes, lovely