

IN EXILE — — HERE AT HOME

The Plight of a Misguided Canadian and a Conversation With a Real Englishman, Transcribed by

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MY dear good man—since you ask me—yes; I am an Imperialist. Since you really cannot restrain your somewhat vulgar curiosity I assure you at once I am an Englishman first; I am a Canadian second. I am Imperial! And I am the only true kind of Imperialist. Those who are not with me—are against me! There is only one Imperialism. It is the kind I believe in.

Eh, what? Where was I born? I was born in a beastly little hole up near London—London, Ontario. You know the place? Of course by birth I'm a Canadian, but it was really accidental,

you understand. You see, my people came to Canada a generation or two before-hand. . . . Oh, no! They weren't immigrants. Quite not! I think, as a matter of fact, they came over on account of my—er—my great-grandmother's health. They took up a bit of land near London, as I said before, and my great-grandfather farmed it—but purely for his health, you understand. Yes, he liked messing about with ploughs and things.

So, you see, I'm not really Canadian. I even learned, when I was in England, to overcome my Canadian accent. At least, I hope I have. My great-great-grandfather was closely related to the Duke of Buckingham. At all events, my grandfather used to mumble something to that effect—when he got old. They say I look quite like the famous Duke. . . . Aha! Flattery, of course. He was a bit of a dog, the old Duke. Yes. . . . that is the crest on my ring. I had it looked up by the jewellers. Awfully obliging chaps, jewellers.

So, of course, I've made it quite clear, haven't I—I'm not really a Canadian. Living?

Do I make my living here? Why, of course—my father made a fairly decent little fortune out West, in real estate, and then there was a bit left us by my grandfather,

a trifle he made out of farming (only for his health, of course) about the time of the Crimean War. Yet what's my living got to do with my being a Canadian? My money may be Canadian, but I tell you—I am an Englishman. As I told you, it was only an accident of birth that I was born in this country. I love—England! Canada? Oh—y'know—very crude! Very crude! Between ourselves. . . . man t' man. . . . I was never so bored as that first summer after I got back from Oxford. It was really rather dreadful just mucking around. . . . with Canadians. Y'know, even one's own people get to be—er—a bit crude. My father always called himself a Canadian, but then—he hadn't been to Oxford! I never noticed our crudities till I got back from Oxford. . . . Knew such a lot of decent people there. Awf'ly good sorts. . . .

WHAT am I doing now? . . . The university, of course. Yes. Lecturing on economics. . . . One has to do it. Keeps one from thinking about the war too much. You see, I couldn't go myself on account of my eye-sight. Anyhow, I'm not a soldiering sort. I'm a bit bookish. I never could abide mucking about with a lot of sweaty men. But it would be glorious to die for one's country. Ah! What is it the poet says: "England, my England—" How I wish I were there! I love poetry—don't you? Oh, of course, I forget. . . . Canadians seem to find so little time for the delicate and exquisite side of life! Take for example "The Maple Leaf" and "O Canada!" Frightfully bad lyrics. Jolly rotten, I call them. But we were talking about Imperialism. It is really the only decent doctrine to subscribe to. All the good people are in it in England, y'know. All

the people really worth while.

"Monied people chiefly?"

Well, I suppose it is true that they are mostly persons of means. But then, of course, it is only that kind of person and educated persons who can appreciate the real meaning of Empire. My dear fellow—do you realize what Empire is! Empire! Empire. . . . Or will you never have a larger vision than a vision of Canada! . . . Horribilu dictu! . . . I assure you it is Canada's glorious

colony, not an ally. If we were to try any judging-for-ourselves business we should be jolly well rebuked for it! And smartly, too!

"You speak more like a Prussian than a Britisher. There are other Imperialisms."

WHO said there was another kind of Imperialism? Whoever says that . . . is quite in error. Some ignorant person. Centralization of the Empire is the only salvation of the British Empire. Whoever says it means the end of the British Empire is thoroughly wrong. By pooling its resources the

Empire will be so strong—

"So strong it will be a lasting temptation to ambitious rulers to use it aggressively?"

Never!

"So strong it will be a perpetual menace to other nations and will practically compel them to build great defences against it."

Preposterous!

"So strong, lofty, and remote that the common voters will feel out of touch and out of sympathy with that central government, so remote and controlled by so many scattered constituencies that the meaning of responsible government will be empty."

Impudent twaddle!

"To preserve real harmony in the debates of such a central parliament the trade interests of various sections of the Empire—bound to conflict—must be compromised. And such compromises will lead ultimately to discontent and friction—and the disruption of the Empire."

My dear good sir—you are hopelessly lost—muddled. You don't understand how glorious is our project of Imperial Federation. Why—who, what could you have in place of it?

"Self-contained colonies, linked by sentiment."

But how could we be sure—how could we be sure they would stand by the old coun-

try? They might break off.

"Were they bound to join this war?" . . . N—no. . . . "Yet they joined?" . . . Y—yes.

"So that by your own argument Imperial Federation is a scheme of coercion to force the loyalty of the colonies in the face of the independent spirit the so-called Imperialists fear will grow up."

But how will Canada share in Egypt?

CANADA has problems bigger than the problems of Egypt or India, and quite as important in the development of world conditions.

You—you are a traitor!

"No. Only a new-ish Canadian."

But my dear sir, the word Canadian means nothing. It is a mere geographical term.

"It means—when applied to a man (not a sentimentalist)—that that man, by his own act in accepting the enlarged opportunities which Canada offers him, has accepted also a duty to that country: the duty to share in its responsibilities to help solve its problems, to ensure that here, as no where else, manhood (and therefore statehood) can ultimately reach its highest fruition. And this duty of his means that he will stand by that country through the crude stages that are bound to last many generations, and that through all its evil times and wrong conditions he will continue to see the ideal ahead, the ideal toward which Canadians must strive to lift their state."

I say—who are you, anyway?

"An Englishman in Canada—discharged from the army after Ypres but fit enough to know that true Imperialism depends on true Nationalism, and that your so-called Imperialism by killing Nationalism menaces the Empire. It is a disease."



WHY GERMANY AVOIDS WAR WITH ITALY.

No declaration of war has been issued between Germany and Italy because, on the Italian side, public opinion has been skillfully moulded by German agents, and because, on Germany's side, such a declaration would result in the placing of Italian troops on the west front in France, while a purely defensive war would be waged against Austria on the present Italian front. This picture, from the Italian War Exhibition in London indicates why, though the Italians make good progress, a really decisive result cannot be achieved on this front except at prohibitive cost.

duty to take her share of the burden of the backward races! To tackle the problems of India! And our position in Persia! And Egypt!

Eh, what? Local Canadian problems! Oh, yes, I suppose there are such things, though one loathes the thought. Dirty game, Canadian politics! Poor lot of men in 'em, but when the Imperial Parliament is formed the better class of men will have to turn out at election time. We'll send really top-hole people to London. It would never do to send people to London who weren't top-hole.

"But what class would be left for politics in Ottawa?"

Ottawa! I really don't know. Ottawa wouldn't really matter so much then. But London. . . . my word, wouldn't it be ripping to be sent there as a member of the Imperial Parliament. That would be playing the BIG game of politics. No fussing around with mere Canadian local problems.

"But must a Canadian accept centralization of the Empire? Is it the only salvation for the Empire? Plenty of people don't believe in it."

Eh? What? You mean they don't believe in Imperial centralization! They would actually decline representation in an Imperial Parliament! Good heavens, that is treachery! That is treachery, not only to England, but to Canada. For Imperial centralization is to be Canada's reward for her services to the Empire! . . . You—you say Canada doesn't want any reward! Well, of course, of course, of course—ahem—but she must be fighting for something! And as she is fighting just for love of old England, why she should allow old England to reward her. . . . You say she is fighting for CANADA. Fighting for what Canada believes to be right. . . . My word! This is indeed treachery. Canada is a