

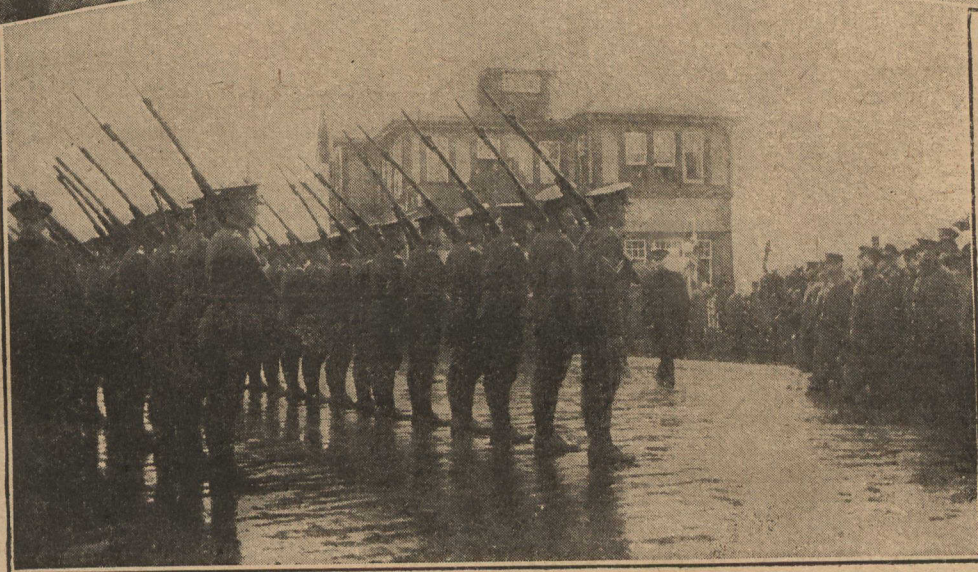


ON board s.s. Princess Adelaide en route to Victoria the Premier converses with Chief Justice Hon. J. A. Macdonald (centre), and G. H. Barnard, M.P. for Victoria.



(right)—so the camera man tells us; which accounts for the sheen on the pavement. But even in the rain the snapshots are delightfully sharp and crisp.

THE two Vancouver street pictures shown are two of the most descriptive in Canada. It happened to be raining on Hastings St. (left), and also on Granville St.



ARRIVED at Victoria—also a dull day—there was a military guard drawn up to receive the National Service party at the station.

be an accurate accounting of the man-power of the Dominion. The Director-General of National Service is known in the West as an electrifying and resourceful speaker, entirely at home upon the party platform. Naturally much interest centred round his deportment upon a stage superior to party strife, and nowhere more than in his home city of Calgary. "R. B. was never in better form, more in earnest, more convincing, nor commanded, by reason of his intense conviction, a more appreciative hearing than

he did this night," remarked an old supporter to the writer after that meeting. Indeed, his intense earnestness, his devotion to the cause he has made his own, his passionate promulgation of it as his own direct contribution to the common cause, was apparent on every hand, and impressed the trained and even sceptical observation of the newspaper men representing both sides of politics who had accompanied the party from the East.

From the point of view of those same newspaper

men there could not have been a more charmed excursion. A private car is a house, a house is a castle, and a castle is an Englishman's home. But with that reservation it may be said that seldom has an official party travelled across the continent with less ostentation; with, in fact, greater simplicity; nor, where the relationship is temporary and even accidental, with a greater comradeship; where official position was sunk and the guest of the occasion made to feel so perfectly at home.

DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

Chapter III—The Pledge Justified

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

THE gentle art of "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs," has long been the favourite pastime of many Canadians. Peter McArthur, the author of the "Red Mill," once wrote an essay on the subject, which obtained favour in England. Of the many adepts at the game, there are none more keen than a friend of mine, whom I shall introduce as Mr. Blank. Canadian-born, English-speaking, he loves to dwell upon what he calls "the blundering stupidity of British statesmen," and when I read over with him the speeches delivered in the British Parliament in the debate over the Quebec Bill, he fairly gloated.

"What lack of vision those stupid old Englishmen had in the days of the foundation of British rule in Canada!" he exclaimed. "It was the same story with the Maine and Alaska boundaries, the Behring Sea fisheries, and every other great question which Englishmen have been called upon to decide for Canada."

"What would you have done with the French-Canadians after the conquest?" I asked.

"Anglicise them," was the terse reply. "Introduce the English language, English laws, English customs, and the Protestant religion."

"That would have been a violation of the Golden Rule," was the reply.

"What has the Golden Rule to do with politics?" he asked indignantly.

"You suggested introducing the Protestant religion, and surely the Golden Rule is its measuring stick of conduct," I argued.

"Nonsense," he retorted. "The Golden Rule is all right in its place, a good, a necessary thing to be preached, but quite impossible in practice, at least in state practice," and dismissing the subject as definitely settled, Blank wandered back to his criticism of the historical misunderstanding and mismanagement of Canadian affairs by Imperial statesmen.

It was within my heart to follow the argument as to the practicability of the Golden Rule in politics, but Blank had too good a start on his favourite topic; it was impossible to check the flow of criticism directed against the "muddling Britishers." Later on I read over the debates to my friend and associate, Price Green, an Oxford-born Englishman.

"Vision!" was his exclamation. "Wonderful vision!" he repeated.

"Vision of what?" I asked, mindful of my talk with Blank.

"Vision of the American Revolution," was Green's reply. "It followed the Quebec Act by a few months, you will remember, and the Empire leaders had scented its coming. Truly, Englishmen," he argued,

"are born with an intuitive understanding of colonial administration. They recognized the impossibility of making-over the French-Canadians into Englishmen and, instead, they deliberately set out to make them French-speaking Britishers, by a pledge ensuring the security of their property, customs, and religion."

"But would it not have been better to have dis-frenchised the new subjects then, while they were few in numbers, and laid the foundation for racial homogeneity in Canada?" I asked, with Blank's words still in my memory.

"The genius of the Englishman as the builder of Empire, consists in his recognition of the right of a people coming within the British Empire to develop along racial lines," replied Mr. Green. "Nearly one-third of the earth's inhabitants are Britishers, and I defy anyone to produce a single instance in which Great Britain has deprived a race of either its language or its religion. I remember having read somewhere a statement to the effect that if humanity were a layer-cake, every layer would contain British citizens. To have attempted the Anglicisation of the races within the Empire would have meant inevitable disintegration; but the recognition of the rights of peoples has resulted in the world's greatest and most-enduring Empire."

My two friends were plainly in disagreement as to the wisdom of the Quebec Act and, needless to say, their views are representative of contemporary