

*Gets Material
from
Everywhere in Canada*

CANADIAN COURIER

*Goes to
Canadians
all over Canada*

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THE COUNTRY'S CLEAR CALL

CANADA has never, as a nation, of its own free will, undertaken such a problem as what we hope may be our Last Hundred Thousand. Go back over all the big issues that have caused either elections or referendums in this country and you find none so tremendous and nation-making as the Selective Draft. Going to war in 1914 was no such national action. We went to war because England did. We chose to do so. But we did not make it a full expression of our national life. There were those who did not hear the call of Empire and of England so clearly as some others did. Millions of people born in Canada, speaking one language, did not see eye to eye with the authorities on the subject of voluntary enlistment. These men, as the Canadian Courier has shown in more than half a dozen articles during the past few months, came of brave ancestors who did their share to get, to keep and to defend Canada for future Canadians. But the call to take up arms, to go to France and Flanders, to fight in the trenches of Europe, to place themselves and what they had at the disposal of the State was no clear call for these people. They had their own historic or other reasons for not heeding the call; just as other Canadians had their instinctive reasons for regarding it as imperative.

Nearly three years of the great war have passed over Canada. We are still fighting. The voluntary enthusiasm of three and two years ago worked itself out, was succeeded by a period of national inertia, and that is now pushed aside by the clear call of the nation, TO TAKE UP ARMS FOR CANADA.

Not since Confederation has there been such an issue placed before the whole Canadian people. Confederation itself was not in a strictly Canadian sense so important. The B.N.A. Act created a political union of Canada; it defined the relations of the various provinces to the Federal Union; it established Canada's place as a politically united self-governing body within the British Empire. In this the Golden Jubilee of that memorable event, the reasons for it and the minority of reasons against it are seen in the perspective of 50 years. It was a great thing, take it all in all, to have

A POLITICALLY UNITED CANADA.

It is a greater thing for Canadians all over Canada to have,

A SPIRITUALLY UNITED CANADA.

CONFEDERATION achieved the one. Time has been working fifty years on the other. But time has been slow. As in the case of many other great reforms, too much time gave contending parties too much leisure to dangle the issue. Prohibition, woman suffrage, back-to-the-land, thrift, united industry and national service have all been flung almost ready-made on the stage by the war. It is

*All True Sons of Canada Obey the Law. All True Nationalists Will Listen to the Voice of the Country—
Which is the Law*



By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE
Illustrated by T. W. McLean

found that in a great conflict a nation must get rid of its weaknesses, its petty discords, its disunions and its half measures.

But the war did not on the voluntary enlistment basis rid this country of all its disunion. So long as the voluntary system remained there was room for difference of opinion as to Canada's place in the world of nations.

Give Quebec this one clear-sounding credit:

She has always put the accent of patriotic service upon Canada. Organized-Empire movements have had no supporters among French-Canadians. There was something else, that which made possible Scott's fine old line,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

That was said peculiarly of little Scotland. It is as true of illimitable Canada. It is and always has been peculiarly, vividly true of that part of Canada directly threaded by the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. That great land which to some hampered imaginations seemed to begin and end with the St. Lawrence was also not mainly a place for peoples to come to. It was and is and must still more become

A PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO BE
BORN IN.

No spiritual unity and no spiritual character of Canada can be complete without paying fundamental respect to the passion which a people have for their native land. To safeguard that country, to keep it for children's children, to develop it, to open it up, to fling new settlements upon its map, to keep alive its traditions of brave men of two races, has been and is the business of all true Canadians. It may become the privilege of millions of Canadians who come here from other lands. It is the inalienable right of Canadians who were born here, who learned their native crafts in a young country, learned to lisp its accents, to feel the spell of its great history and its wonderful hills, rivers, mountains and valleys inhabited by a strangely diversified but politically united people.

MILLIONS of men and women would give their lives for Canada, just as they have given their lives to Canada. These millions begin at the eastward edge of the great eastern gulf and stretch out beyond the second range of its marvelous mountains to the western sea. Always, since birth, since childhood, these native-borns of two root languages, along with those who came after them, have felt the lines of national life east and west—the east going to the west, the west coming back to the east and the east again passing out as the trainloads of immi-

grants had gone in, out by the great river to the seaport, on and out to the war—that the land beloved by Canadians should take her place beside those engaged in the battles for freedom upon the earth.

As the peoples went into the country by choice, so by hundreds of thousands they went out, not from compulsion, not by law, but by the prompting of some impulse that seemed to focus in Europe. The choice to leave home, job, business, friends, life itself in order to interpret their Canadianism in the trenches of Europe was the national sentiment of these armies. It was more. It was the desire to enter the bigger life of all nations upon earth, the life that becomes the most profoundly patriotic, right on the border of No-Man's Land, on the edge of death, of victory, of the triumph of free-men over tyrannies.

But the call to these men came from half round the world. It was the voice of Europe, of England, of