

CANADA'S ATTITUDE EXPLAINED.

English and American newspapers and public men seem anxious to know the secret of Canada's stand against Reciprocity. To answer these enquiries a universal demand has sprung up all over Canada for the reproduction of samples of the famous editorial articles of The Montreal Star, which engrossed the Canadian public during the whole campaign period. There were fifty of these articles in The Star, of which we publish the following as types:

THE MEN WHO STAYED.

IN EVERY CORNER OF CANADA ARE MEN whose proudest boast it is that they "stayed with the game."

When they were young, there was probably a time at which they weighed in their minds the advisability of leaving the home land and allowing the hypnotic magnetism of the larger cities, the larger industries, the larger people and the larger opportunities of the American Republic to lure them finally away from the then struggling Canadian Provinces. In thousands of cases, better financial offers reached them from the South; and it takes a resolute patriotism to push aside the temptation that promises better pay.

In practically all cases, the prospects at home were not alluring. Until we were well into the eighties, it was possible to say that an independent Canada was itself an experiment. Our large cities were few and were not growing with any assuring rapidity. The West was empty. Winnipeg was a venturesome outpost on the shores of "an inland sea" of prairie almost as trackless and unfathomable as the wandering ocean it resembled. British Columbia might as well have been in another hemisphere.

Yet these men "stayed with the game." They deliberately cast in their lot with Canada, and decided to fall or succeed as they and the others who stayed with them were able to make failure or success for the land they loved. They saw many of their old companions go to "the States," and heard the golden reports that came back of their marvellous good fortune in that vast land of opportunity. They witnessed Canadians climbing high in New York, in Chicago, in Boston, in Washington itself; and were often told what fools they were to forego the advantages that might come to them quite as surely as to these others if they would but "venture" upon the wider stream and into the fiercer competition. "Venture!" In their hearts, they knew that they were the true adventurers who had embarked their fortunes on an untried craft which must buffet northern seas and sail by reef and headland with little enough sympathy from the Mother Country itself and many a hostile wind from the very quarter to which their old school-mates and fellow townsmen had gone.

But they "stayed with the game." They believed in Canada; or, if they did not always quite believe, they hoped. They said—we will open up the West and bring to it the choice of the human race. And they sent out pioneer expeditions to explore that country; and men are reading these lines who can remember when they first heard of Brandon and Qu'Appelle and Pile o' Bones and the incredible story that wheat could grow much farther north in the West than we ever dreamed of here in the frozen East.

As Confederation found itself, and we began to feel the shoulder touch of brothers on all sides, and the ever-victorious swing of the steel swept over the prairies and climbed the Rockies, and we were at last banded together in one nation, we told each other with mounting hopes to "thank God and take courage," for Canada was a reality and not a dream, and we had succeeded in making an independent nation out of the string of scattered provinces which the Britisher of the early Victorian age thought a burden and the American of '66 had tried to crush.

Then the men who "stayed with the game" worked all the harder. You could not now have bought them to surrender their nationality at any price. The days of hesitation were over. It is true that the "exodus" still went on; for magnetism is a quality of large bodies and there were many of little faith. But there was no question now of having the ship sink under us. If we would stick, the ship would go on. Prosperity began to smile on the land. The home-hungry world became aware of us; and the streams of home-seekers who flowed in through our ports and sought their level on the wide and fertile prairies increased. Industries grew and trade flourished. We convinced the always tardy United Kingdom that both our products and our custom were worth having. We saw the cities of Canada, which we had loved and believed in when they were small, quicken with new life and round out in a magical growth which we had hitherto only associated with those boastful American cities that had seemed so great a lure.

The time came when those who "stayed with the game" were sorry for the faint hearts who had given it up and gone where success seemed cheaper and more common. Then the "exodus" turned. We found that the tide of emigration on this Continent was toward Canada, and that our country had become the magnet of the hemisphere. People began to say that the twentieth century was to be Canada's; and all over the world men of vision realized that the fate of the immediate future was being brewed in the

Canadian crucible. John Bull took a fresh look at us, and decided that we were "a likely lad" of which he could well be proud. Then he began to think of the matter a little more deeply; and he discovered that this Dominion which had been saved to the Empire by the men of unshaken faith who "stayed with the game," was to-day the sole hope of the Empire. If Canada was lost, everything was lost; and from that time nothing has been too good "at home" for the progeny of the men who "stayed with the game."

Then in the year of grace 1911, our next-door neighbor woke up. He is not usually so slow; but he has been so long accustomed to ignoring his little country cousin to the North that it took time for him to appreciate the fact that Canada held the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race in her hands. It may be said to his credit, however, that the moment he woke up, he began to move. He reached for Canada at once—and only regretted that it could not be "sooner." He began by making us a present. He sent us a Trojan Horse. We are now considering whether we will take it or not. It we can once get that inside the walls and start our trade flowing into his markets and commence the obliteration of all evidences of so stupid and inconvenient a thing as a boundary line, he may yet make up for the time lost when he was asleep and we were growing. He may yet be in time to reap the golden crop which the men "who stayed with the game" sowed in hardship, in neglect, in bitter sweat and in a fierce determination that there should be a Canada for all time.

But what about the men "who stayed with the game"? Are they now to lose everything for which they have sacrificed and labored and dared and hoped? Did they "stay in vain"? Is all their effort only to result in preparing a fat land which the nation that slighted us, are now to come in and enjoy? Did we make Canada to give it away? Is it to be said that we only took a round-about and arduous path to the same goal as that reached by our friends who took their departure, twenty, thirty, forty years ago for better pay and an "American job"? If so, was it worth while to "stay with the game"? There are those to-day who tell us that the United Empire Loyalists were "fools." Perhaps they were; but were they any more foolish than we who "stayed with the game" will be if we now sell our birthright for a mess of pottage?

The men who "stayed with the game" are thinking of these things. They are wondering if the bribe which failed to buy them from the nation will buy the nation from them.—*Montreal Star before the election.*

THE AMERICAN MOTIVE FOR RECIPROCITY PACT IS DISCLOSED IN CONGRESS.

"WE ARE PREPARING TO ANNEX CANADA!"

In last night's session of Congress, which passed the Reciprocity pact, Congressman Clark, leader of the triumphant party, said: "We are preparing to annex Canada!"

That is the plainest statement of policy this Continent has heard since Montgomery started for Quebec.

"We are preparing to annex Canada!"

The declaration could not have come to us more impressively. It was not made by an irresponsible American "jingo" ranting in a bar-room or boasting in a country store. It was not even made by an obscure Member of Congress—important as that might have been—nor was it the chance revelation in private of the hidden hope of a great man.

On the contrary, it was the deliberate statement, uttered on the floor of Congress in the course of an important debate, of the official leader of a triumphant party which swept the Republic at a general election held no longer ago than last November.

If any man has a mandate to speak for the American people to-day, it is Clark of Missouri. He is the Democratic Congressional leader; and the Democratic Congressional party has, as we have said, just returned from the polls with the endorsement of the American people.

Nor is it a divided party. After Mr. Clark's pointed declaration of policy, the Democrats in the present House, whose course may be said to have been endorsed by the electors, voted with what is in Washington a rare unanimity for the proposal thus endorsed by their leader. Only three Democrats—and those strongly affected by local interests—bolted, and this in spite of the fact that the Bill was a Republican Bill, implementing a Republican agreement whose success would redound to the credit of a Republican President.

Thus Clark of Missouri, speaks for the majority of the American people much more certainly than Mr. Asquith can speak to-day for the majority of the British people. Asquith's support is divided. Clark's support is united. And yet if Mr. Asquith were to say, for instance, "We are preparing for the annexation of Holland!"—what a tremendous excitement would break out at The Hague, and in all the capitals of Europe.

"We are preparing to annex Canada!"

We are told that Mr. Clark said this three times in the course of his speech in favor of the Taft-Fielding Reciprocity pact; and that it was greeted with rapturous applause by his supporters in the House. Annexation of Canada was the keynote of his rallying address; and it rallied his doubting followers like a trumpet call. They might have some hesitation over voting an agreement which possibly hit a local interest here and there; but they could have none over the launching of a programme whose purpose was to carry the Stars and Stripes to the Arctic Circle.

Protectionism in the Republican ranks dies hard. Their discredited party in Congress, already massacred by the American people at the polls, is divided on the question. But President Taft,

who intends to go to the polls again next year, is straining every nerve to push through a scheme which he knows the people want. He has not been so outspoken as Mr. Clark; for he is a more practiced diplomat. He knows the effect that such words must have at Ottawa. So he leaves them to be inferred. But he fights night and day, and sends his Cabinet Ministers out on the stump to fight for this policy which his partner in pressing it through Congress confesses to be a preparation for the annexation of Canada.

Who doubts that this is at the bottom of the whole movement? Why have the Americans suddenly awakened to the importance—not, mark you, of the Canadian market, for they get precious little of that—but of diverting Canadian trade to the American market? Why have they, all in a moment, determined to press upon our acceptance the key to their market in natural produce. Is it because of any sudden and unselfish love for us; or is it because they realize that Canada stands to-day at the parting of the ways, and that if they are not turned definitely toward a commercial union with the United States during the next few years, it will be everlastingly too late to decoy us into the surrender of our national identity?

"We are preparing to annex Canada!"

Well, what has Canada to say about it? Are we preparing to be annexed?

Have we decided to surrender?

We have had a long fight against Annexation—we and our fathers. Some of us can recall sitting at the feet of our grandfathers and hearing them tell how their fathers left comfortable homes in New England and New York to "trek" into the Canadian wilderness and establish here a new nation. They did not want to be annexed. They faced hardship and suffering and even death to avoid it. They came north and built their log houses and starved through many a "black winter" to found Canada.

Shall we stand by their graves to-day and pull down the flag they so hardily and heroically nailed to the rough-hewn pole that rose from the thatched roof of their pioneer's cabin?

Still the fight went on.

"Freedom's battle once begun,

Is handed on from sire to son!"

Those were hard years that followed the "trek" of the United Empire Loyalists; but they were endured. There was an Annexation Movement in 1812; and we mean no unfriendliness to our neighbors in recalling the fact that the men of the day gave their answer at Queenston Heights and Chateaugay.

But that is ancient history. Most of us to-day are more interested in Peace Missions and celebrations of a century which has not heard a hostile shot. There is no danger to-day that our neighbors would march against us. We are not recalling the old times to suggest such a thing. *Friendship between the two great Anglo-Saxon unions of nations is at this hour the best international asset of both. We hold up both hands for friendship. We are glad that the old days are dead. But we are no more ready to give up to-day that for which our fathers were eager to

die than were they when Canadian Independence had to be defended with bullets and not ballots.

But has the fight against Annexation ever ceased?

What did the denunciation of the Elgin Treaty mean if it did not mean the serving of notice on us that we must become American if we would share the American market? Later, James G. Blaine said the same thing in plain words. He declared that Canada could only get access to the American market by casting in her lot with the American people. That was frank; and Mr. Clark has shown us that the race of frank statesmen across the border is not extinct.

The McKinley tariff and the Dingley tariff preached the same doctrine. They meant to hit us; and they did hit us. There never was a moment when their blows were falling on us that we could not have purchased immunity by hoisting the white flag. If we had said that all our efforts for a long, hard and trying century had been in vain, and that we were ready to give up everything for which three generations of Canadians had suffered and struggled, that hostile tariff wall would have fallen as miraculously as did the walls of Jericho, and we could have entered the Promised Land.

But we fought steadily on against Annexation. We built our mighty transcontinental railway systems from the Pacific to the Atlantic; we dug our canals, and are to-day in the act of digging them deeper and planning new ones; we duplicated the American canal at the Sault; we maintained a tariff which enabled industries to grow up here and flourish under the very shadow of the powerful "trusts" and crushing combinations of the United States.

We pioneered and opened up the West. We equipped it for farming, ranching and trade. We conquered the Rocky Mountains and bridged the wilderness between Manitoba and arable Ontario. We made a nation of Canada; and we applauded Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he definitely shook that fact in the face of Europe. We succeeded in defending the land our fathers planted with the sacred graves of their dear ones. We have kept the faith. We have conquered. And now all that remains for us to do is to reap the harvest, so hard and costly and long in the sowing.

But there are gentlemen to the South who fancy themselves as reapers. They like harvests. They know a fat mineral country when they see it. They can tell a standing forest right across the boundary line. And there is very little in the way to obstruct their view; for they have cut down all their own forests and swept their land clean of much of its wealth.

All their arable land is gone. They depend on irrigation now for expansion. But as their eyes stray across the prairie boundary, they see an Empire of free and fertile country which is bound soon to support a population rivaling their own. Naturally, they want it. And, with them, to want is to reach out. We are not blaming them. Land hunger is common to all progressive peoples. The British have it; and so have the Germans.

The only question is—Do we want their hands to go back full? Will we still defend the citadel; or, will it begin to surrender piece-meal?

Are we, too, preparing for Annexation?—*Montreal Star before the election.*