

and the lights turned down, the beautiful thing called Canadian loyalty would be found to be merely fustian. I found a strongly developed anti-American feeling ; but the feeling of Canadians toward Great Britain was somewhat mixed. Canada at that time was anti-American (that was before an Anglo-American alliance had been suggested), because, in the minds of Canadians, America was supposed to be anti-British. Hence, one would say, Canada must be intensely loyal to the mother-country : it has almost the merit and force of a syllogism. This is all very pleasing on the surface ; but it is misleading. Members of a family will stand together against an outsider ; but between themselves they fight and resort to every expedient to gain their own selfish purposes. I do not mean to intimate that the Dominion has a grievance against England ; but I do assert that Canada is a great deal more loyal to Canada than she is to Great Britain, that Canadian statesmen consider Canada first and England afterward.

Of course, one must understand that, when I talk of Canadian loyalty to England, I refer to the Canada of the middle zone, which, unfortunately, is the only part of the Dominion the average American or Englishman knows ; and that knowledge is extremely superficial. He does not go to Quebec, and he rarely goes to the Far West ; consequently, he does not understand that there are three Canadas. The Western Canadian, as I have said, is loyal to the mother-country,—generally a little more loyal and ardent in his attachment to British institutions than he was when he lived in England. In the Province of Quebec, with the exception of the very small percentage of the English-speaking population, the people neither care nor know what loyalty means. Why should they be more loyal to England than to France ? In fact, speaking the language of France, professing the religion of that country, Gallic in habits, in thought, and in traditions, what more natural than that, in their secret hearts, they should loyally cherish the country of their forefathers ? And yet, curious as it may seem, France means, to the average Quebecker, nothing except a language and a religion, not even an emotion. I probed as deeply as I could to ascertain this. I found no habitant of the Province of Quebec who entertained a sentimental affection for *la belle France*, whose pulses were stirred by the recollection of Montcalm and the White Lilies, or who regarded England as the despot whose iron heel was on his neck, or to whom the blood-red cross of St. George was the symbol of the conqueror. No :