

this knowledge: that the good citizen owes his first duty to the State.

Such men can rid our Canada of the spoils politicians, the party heelers, the whole gang of those that do the thing that is expedient in preference to the thing that is right.

They do not need to be paragons. Let them remember that "the best men are moulded out of faults." But they must be remorseless enemies of mere expediency, self-seeking, self-seekers and party advantage. The man that is guided by "what will it do for the party," is but a time server. He preserves that which is the curse, the dry rot of any party.

Now is the time in Canada to cut the bonds of blind partizanship. The man seeking the suffrage of his fellows should be applauded to the echo when he declares: "I shall be of this party so long as it is good and not one instant longer"; "I am and will be for the decent against the selfish and indecent who will not act squarely, and this will hold true of men or parties, capital or labour, corporations or consumers." Such men in public service would give honest citizens splendid spinal shivers as they read of their character, their cool courage, their fearless fight with the wrong, their superb contempt of mere expediency. They would go far toward ushering in a society of the best men working for the best ends according to the best methods. They would show Canadians that the work of a representative citizen, leader or follower, in our land is not, and cannot be, that of an opportunist or parish politician. While he must look after the affairs, the interests, the welfare of his own particular district, his work is in the great heaving sea of a national and imperial life, that, like the tide, is rising higher and higher, and he should see that the immediate problems are not even those of policy, but of character, in men and conduct in action. Canada to-day is a living example of a land with big things to do, and too often without the right men in the right places to do them, and this is as true of one party as the other.

Our Tory-Imperialists

No. 2 in Canadian Nationalism

BY LT. W. J. H. MUSTARD.

THERE are, one might believe, three main classes of Canadians: Imperialists, indifferent Canadians and Canadians, their numerical strength being greatest in the order named.

There has existed in Canada since years prior to Confederation, what Thomas Paine called the Tory; and the Tory of Canada is much the same individual as Thomas Paine described in his day. Our Tory is in Canada in body only, his spirit is elsewhere. He came here originally with the intention of making himself sufficiently opulent to permit of his spending his last years "at home." Force of circumstances caused him to spend them here, but his children inherited his spiritual overseas domicile and neither became Canadians.

Remembering that the tory was of this mind, there is little difficulty in understanding why it was that he was quite content that these British American Provinces should not become autonomous, but should be governed from Downing Street. He was not only content with the then existing conditions, but insisted on them and bitterly opposed any effort on the part of the Canadians of that day to limit the powers of the British Governor and his irresponsible advisors; in fact, he termed the individual, who was sufficiently misguided to suggest autonomy in local affairs a traitor, and efforts treasonable.

These Tories and their descendants are not necessarily, in party politics, Conservatives, but form a considerable portion of the Liberal party as well; they are no longer called Tories, but are included in the general term "Imperialists." By no means are all Imperialists Tories, though all Tories are now Imperialists. For want of a better name we may term them "Tory-imperialists!"

It is the Tory-imperialist who has ever been ready to decry anything that tended to inspire Canadians with Canadian sentiment. He is afraid that it will produce a Canadian nationality and he believes that a Canadian nationality means separation. Therefore, in order that Canada shall remain a part of the British Empire, Canadian sentiment must be tabooed.

If Canadians must think nationally, then let them think of the British nation; let them content their feelings of pride in those things which are fit subjects for national pride, to those of the British nation or the Empire as a whole. These Tory-imperialists conceive that all suggestions of a navy, a flag or a supreme and final court of appeal, purely Canadian, are fraught with danger and aim destruction at the very foundations of the British race and tend to foster a nationality detrimental to Great Britain and the British Empire.

Hon. John McCall, Agent General for Tasmania, reading a paper at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, in London, in June, 1915, prefaced his paper by saying that he was shocked because an Australian friend of his—and to his greater horror a man of unquestionable loyalty to the Empire—spoke of Australia as a nation. At most it could not be more than a sub-nation, so he prepared a paper; such ambitions must be put down and the way to put them down is

to denounce them as dangerous and disloyal.

The Tory-imperialist will tell you, as his father in the past replied to all suggestions of Canadian autonomy, that you might just as well say that you want Canada to separate from the Empire and be done with it. No argument, however logical, can move him, and he will probably close the conversation by telling you that there is something grander in being a citizen of a great Empire than one of a humble nation—and probably there is, if you happen to live at the fountain head. What the T. I. forgets is that such fantastic ideals do not appeal to the masses with force equal to that produced by something less remote and more real; and overlooking that we are not citizens in the proper sense of the great Empire because we have absolutely no control over the government which alone has power to represent the Empire in International matters and to decide for us the greatest of all issues, that of peace or war.

Living up to the Literature

How a Nova Scotia farmer convinced an American visitor that he had something right at home worth working to keep up. The man behind the man who makes the literature.

By RICHARD S. BOND



DURING the month of October the Wentworth Valley, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, is without doubt the most beautiful spot in the Maritime Provinces. Dashing along on the "Intercolonial" the tourist catches a glimpse of carefully cultivated acres, neat fences, well-kept homes, and a background of miles upon miles of colour—for colour is the most suitable word to be found. Beech, birch, and dog-wood strive frantically to outdo each other, while all voluntarily give way to the maple—Canada's national tree—as if to admit that her fantastic colouring is impossible to equal. The Wentworth Valley is a "riot" of colour—craving pardon for the use of "riot"—well worth the visit of any tourist to the Land of Evangeline.

Benjamin J. Cove—old Ben Cove the natives call him—has passed seventy-eight years in the valley, and his rapid stride and straight spine are living advertisements for the climate. His farm—larger than most—had attracted me for years on account of its modern improvements and general appearance of prosperity.

The fence adjoining the railroad was always snowy white. Not a board was ever broken; not a post out of plumb. Each tree in the orchard was pruned; each outhouse painted—white with green shutters, of course; each path was graveled; each roadway hedged. The farm was always dressed for company and seemed too good to be true.

This year was my twenty-third through the Wentworth Valley, and as the old familiar farm—or should I call it garden—hove in sight, curiosity got the better of me and I left the train at the next stop. A rig was easily procured.

"Ben" was at home.

"He always is," said my driver, "unless there's a meeting over to the church. Next to his Maker, Ben loves his farm, and can't stay 'way from it. Guess he's scared a squirrel might chip some paint off his fence if he ain't home to watch."

Ben was glad to meet a stranger and to talk of the outside world without leaving his own little kingdom.

With the eagerness of a child he hitched a pair of shining blacks to a light "buggy" and for hours we drove along well-kept roads, through pastures, meadows, grain fields, gardens, orchards and woodlands. It was wonderful. Not even in "Heart's Delight" the twenty thousand acre farm of Mr. Miner—which I am told furnishes the tables of our largest

hotels—had I seen such a farm.

"Why do you do it, Mr. Cove?" I asked, when at last we had returned to the house. "Why spend so much time on a little thing like smoothing a fence board or straightening a stake?"

The old man stiffened proudly. Reaching into a cubby-hole of a home-made cabinet he brought forth a handful of finger-worn booklets. An Intercolonial Railway folder was there; a book of Cook's Tours; a volume of "Where to Spend Your Vacation"; half a dozen folders of American railroads connecting with the Intercolonial or Canadian Pacific Railway of Canada.

He pointed his gnarled old finger at passage after passage couched in the extravagant phraseology of "ye advertising man," picturing the wonders of the Wentworth Valley in language such as only an advertiser can produce.

"We got to live up to it, we has," the old man said. "There ain't nothing in these books that equals my farm. When you Americans come up to the valley to see the leaves and grass and farms and houses you don't go away disappointed if you see old Ben's place."

"I'm living up to the literature, mister," he added, "because I love this old valley and want to see it loved by every visitor."

"It's part of Canada; part of my native land; part of the country I'm proud of. I just can't let no one go back to the States without learning to love the valley."

"And straightening a stake ain't such a little thing neither," he added. "Many straight stakes make a neat fence and many neat fences make a neat farm. Nothing ain't little that goes to help make people appreciate Canada."

I looked at the old man and let my mind wonder back to Jersey, where many acres belonged to me—acres that did not begin to show the care of Ben's farm. I thought I was a good American. Old Glory floated from my flag-staff on every holiday; the town's Fourth of July speech always fell to my lot; two of my sons were yet on the Mexican border and the other was not long back from Plattsburgh. Certainly I was patriotic.

But as I shook hands with old Ben, hopped into the waiting waggon, and glanced again over that marvelous farm, I dropped my chin on my chest and said, "Well, here's a man that lives up to the literature, anyhow."