



The "Americanization" Bug-a-Boo

ARE you afraid that American immigration will eventually "Americanize" Canada? By "Americanize," of course, I mean finally kidnap this young country into the American Union. And do you think that the only way to prevent this is to induce enough British Island settlers to come out here to offset—not only American immigration—but all foreign immigration as well? This is not a question as to whether we want British immigration. I assume that we are all agreed that this is emphatically the very best sort of immigration we can get. I had rather have one man from the British Isles come and settle in Canada than have two men come from any other land. But the question I put is—Must we scare the mother country out of ten years' growth by insisting that she send us, at all costs, an army of immigrants as a life-saving measure? Must we make the flesh of Britain creep by whispering that if a garrison of settlers is not promptly flung into this beleaguered Dominion, it will be "rushed" by the invading Americans?

IF you are scared in this fashion, it seems to me that you make two foolish admissions—one of them absolutely fatal to British connection. The first admission is that we cannot make "Canadians" of the people who come to us. The Americans boast that they can and do make "Americans" of the most diverse and perverse material in two or three generations. Do we lack a similar alchemy? Do we fail where they succeed? Are we devoid of the virile force which enables most peoples to digest the newcomers they swallow? Yet, if our future destiny in this country is to be settled by the lands-of-origin of the people who come to us, and not by purely Canadian influences born in the breasts of the out-and-out Canadians into which we will hope to have re-made the descendants of these immigrants, then it is obvious that, in one very important respect, we will not have succeeded in making them Canadians.

THE second admission, made by those who are affrighted by "the American invasion"—and this is the fatal one—is that it will be a bad thing, from a purely Canadian point of view, for Canada to remain permanently a member of the British Empire. I am sure you see at a glance how this admission is deduced from an unwillingness to trust to the judgment of future generations of Canadians, no matter whether they be of British origin or not. If we must have British-born or descendant sentiment plus Canadian self-interest, to keep us British, then is it not clear that we think Canadian self-interest insufficient? And does this not mean that Canadian self-interest, standing alone, would not maintain British connection?

WELL, the first comment I have to make on this admission, is that, if it be true that Canadian self-interest would not impel us to remain British, then it is absolutely certain—despite all the sentiment in the world—that we will not remain British. When we take a long view of things, there is nothing which can permanently war against self-interest. If it does not "pay" Canada—commercially, financially, socially, governmentally—to retain her membership in the British Empire, the day will come when Canada will send in her resignation. Of course, I am quite confident that it does "pay" Canada, and will "pay" Canada, to remain British. That is chiefly why I am for British connection. But what I am pointing out is that those who fear that the absence of British-born sentiment in the breasts of a large number of our settlers and their descendants, will result in this country cutting the tie which binds us to the Empire, are really saying that they do not believe that Canadians, as such, would elect to remain British for their own sakes.

WHEN we think of the future of this country, we should face toward the future, and not the past. It is a splendid thing to have a great ancestry. But it is a more practical thing—and the finest fruit of a great ancestral tree—to have a great posterity. My great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist. Sentiment—largely—brought him into what was then the Canadian wilderness. And, although I stand at the third generation from him, that sentiment is with me yet. I confess to you that I still think the Empire worth preserving, quite apart from Canada. But I am very conscious as well of a very strong Canadian sentiment; and, if you could show me that it would work to the injury of Canada

to keep her within the British Empire, I would—reluctantly, I confess, but, nevertheless, resolutely—advocate the severance of British connection. We have no right—we with our British sentiment—to seek to bind, with the faded wreaths lovingly preserved from the graves of a glorious past, the lusty limbs of a young national giant stretching over a half-continent.

BUT, happily, my British sentiment and my Canadian patriotism are close yoke-fellows, pulling in the same direction. We must remain British if we are to remain Canadian—there is the whole

Canadian question in a sentence. In these days of huge national aggregations, when the smaller nations are either being swallowed by their larger neighbours or permitted to enjoy a timorous and limited "independence" by grace of some international balance of power, there is no place for a virile and self-respecting people except in one of these large aggregations. Canadian independence would not be distinguishable—in the long run—from Mexican independence or even Cuban independence. It is my opinion that we would find such a position intolerable, and would seek equal citizenship with the people of New York State by securing full admission to the American Union. But that, again, would mean the loss of many of the things which we cherish as "Canadian." The very name of "Canada" would become one of those historic and romantic memories which tell of an older day, now long dead, such as Brittany, Lombardy or East Anglia. I am confident that Canadian sentiment will always be strong enough in Canada to prevent this catastrophe, no matter how dilute British Island sentiment may become in our stream of immigration.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

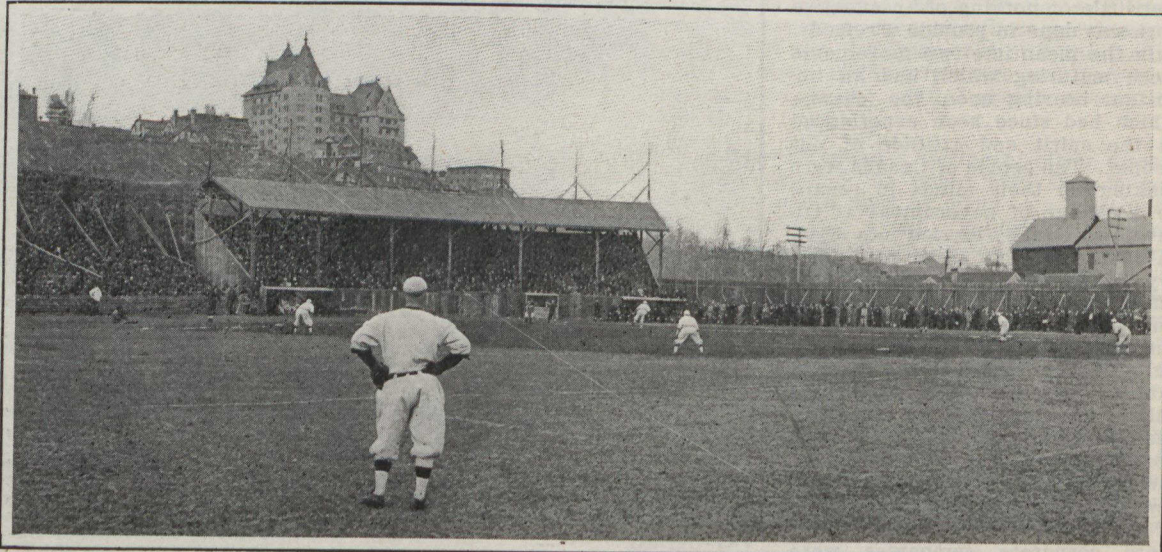
Twilight on the Bleachers

FOURTH of May in the balmy of weather, down on the flats near the old Hudson's Bay trading post the Twilight League opened the baseball season at Edmonton with five thousand fans on the grandstand and a grand motor parade on the streets before the game began. The game was called after dinner, when everybody was off work. All western baseball games are played after dinner, which is one sure way of guaranteeing a crowd. And the Twilight League is as full of enthusiasm for real baseball as any of the leagues down south, or down east. It has a brand of baseball all its own. The game usually ends just as the sun goes down on those long, long days of the far north. In this opening game Edmonton went up against Regina, when Regina won by a score of 5-3. Notice, too, that the score was not anything resembling 13-23, that used to characterize amateur baseball. They have real experts in the Twilight League, and they buy them just as eastern leagues do, where they can get the best men for the money they have to spend. Westerners demand the

best in baseball just as they do in business and music and ways of living. They usually get it. The Edmonton team is called the Eskimos, because Edmonton is the farthest north city in the world to have a professional baseball team; just as a few years ago it was the farthest north city in America to have an opera house and an electric light system and telephones and pink teas. But the players don't dress in caribou skins or eat seal meat. They are the kind of base-running experts that you could set down on any diamond in Eastern Canada and expect to play good twentieth century ball of the 1914 model. And wherever the Eskimos go up against the Reginas or the Cowboys of Calgary—if that is the name of the Calgary team, and it should be—there is just the same cosmopolitan enthusiasm that there used to be when Edmonton hockeyites went out against the fire-eaters of Strathcona, or when the old-time lacrosse sluggers went after the scalps of Calgary. Inter-civic enthusiasm in sport abounds in the West. It includes hockey, cricket, lacrosse, baseball and music.



All the Motors in Edmonton Took Part in the Grand Baseball Parade on May 4 Before the Reginas Beat the Eskimos by a score of 5-3.



Along towards 9 p.m. the scoreboard showed 4-3 in favour of Regina.