

circus. The old ditch seemed to begin nowhere and end everywhere. All he knew about the bigger Canada was the journey up river to Quebec, the train trip from there to Montreal and beyond. He understood that was about half the length of Canada.

Suddenly along came a mutton-chop-whiskery man with calfskin leg boots, brown duck overalls and a clean print shirt buttoned behind.

"Good-day, M r. Broadburn!" said the lad.

"Good day, sonny. Well, to-morra's the great day."

There was to be a celebration. This old Eli intended to go. But he had something he yearned to tell somebody, because he was a great reader of current history; because he knew much about Gladstone, Disraeli, Bismarck, Abe Lincoln, and a certain other personage whom he called "Jawn A." Nobody but the school teacher and the minister in that saw-mill village could talk to Eli on these topics, and he was much better informed about these great men than either of them. Eli dangled his calfskin boots over the slab culvert and talked to the lad in a wondrous monologue about politics, especially about Confederation.

"Yes," he wound up, meditatively. "I'm a clear Grit enough. So wuz my father and his. We've took the Globe in our family since George Brown started it. But the night I druv twenty mile to town to hear Jawn A. in the operry house I clean forgot I was anything but a 'Canadian.'"

For the space of three minutes the man leaned back on his hands and drew a picture of Macdonald.

"Never wuz a man I ever saw that seemed to be hangin' round me fer days afterwards like he did," he wound up. "I swan he wuz like an old toon or the time I started courtin' my wife. I tell you, sonny, Jawn A. Macdonald is a great man. I'll vote agin him till he's dead; but I'll never deny that he's one o' the greatest statesmen I ever read anything about, and I'd drive further to hear him agin than I would to anything I know about."

MANY a time the enthusiasm of Eli recurred to the lad as he grew up. He also read about Macdonald; studied history at school and memorized the great speeches of famous statesmen. He also fell a victim to the magic of Macdonald. Criticize him as he might the lean, crafty-looking ambassador for all Canada made him feel like becoming a statesman himself. He knew there were other fathers of Confederation. But without John A. none of them ever could have done the great deed.

Macdonald was born to politics as a duck to water, and to statesmanship as Shakespeare to poetry. The first great political juggler and colonial patriot of his time performed the unparalleled feat of making the country bigger than all its parts, factions or parties with one hand, while with the other he sometimes made his own party bigger than the country. He succeeded where a mere statesman would have failed. Had Macdonald been a Joseph Howe, even with his passion for the new Canada, he would never have carried Confederation.

The greatest opportunist we ever had, the most astute picker and manipulator of men, the most adroit performer on the passions of parish or public, Protestant or Catholic, Gentile or Jew; doing in Rome as the Romans did, all things to all men for the sake of the greatest good to the greatest number, Macdonald must be niched in our political history as a more enduring builder than Bismarck and as a more far-seeing patriot than Disraeli. He was a living contradiction and he knew it. When Joseph

Howe preached against prohibition by naming all the great men of history who had kept the wine bottle at their elbow, Macdonald ignored the great men and clung to the wine. When the Toronto Globe, organ of George Brown, attacked him for insobriety, he replied, in a political meeting, that the electors would prefer John A. drunk to George Brown sober. When Principal Grant told Sir John that he always supported him when he thought he was right, Macdonald retorted that he had no use for that kind of friendship. He wanted his friends to stand up for him when he was wrong; and he was wrong a good deal of the time—but in the great business of giving a federal constitution to Canada and making it work out for the good of the country he was one of the rightest men we ever had.

A TORY in Toronto once had a parrot which, on the morning after John A. swept the country with the N. P., shouted "Hooray for John A.!" That parrot was a Canadian. He caught the spirit of the man which was that of a political warrior either defeated or victorious, but never happy at peace, never forgetting a name or a face; as cynical as a vinegar bottle and as warm-hearted as a boy; the man who could use the old flag and the whole British Empire to keep his country together; the man who believed in the unity of Canada as much as he did in the solar system or the rights of man; a patriot who could become a politician the moment he shut the door, but was everlastingly a patriot with a vision of Canada that he worked to realize as no man ever did to build a transcontinental railway. He was a great sporting gentleman of politics, to whom the country was more than the State and the State more than the Province. But he knew the province and the parish and the village and the cross-roads, and he could laugh his way

into the crannies of men's souls as he dared them along the hard ways—because he loved the country, the whole country and nothing but the country. And if John A. Macdonald were alive in 1917 he would go to Gehenna with peas in his boots to keep this country from splitting asunder.

TWO weeks after Joseph Howe took his first seat in the Assembly of Nova Scotia he made one of his greatest speeches. That was in 1837, the year of rebellions against Family Compacts from the great lakes to the Atlantic. Joe Howe was a democrat. The Council of Nova Scotia was a Compact, meeting behind closed doors. Howe seconded a resolution to have the meetings open to the public. His speech contained this burst of Imperializing eloquence:

Centuries hence, perhaps, when nations exist where now but a few thousands are thinly scattered, these colonies may become independent states. But as there is now no occasion, so have I no wish for republican institutions, no desire to desert the mighty mother for the great daughter who has sprung from her loins. I wish to live and die a British subject, but not a Briton only in the name. Give me—give to my country the blessed privilege of her constitution and her laws, and as our earliest thoughts are trained to reverence the great principles of freedom and responsibility which have made her the wonder of the world, let us be contented with nothing less.

That speech took the place of a rebellion. It was Howe's method of getting responsible government in Nova Scotia. He wanted the people to rule. He got what he wanted. In doing so he finally asked the Queen to remove Sir Colin Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor, and send somebody else who would

do the will of the people as represented by Joe Howe. Sir Colin went.

We all know what happened to the Family Compacts in the two Canadas when William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau got done with those Tories. A chain of responsible governments was established from Toronto to Halifax. Howe got his without armed rebellion. He was the democrat who held to the great trump card of Imperialism. Observe that the "British subject I was born" slogan credited to the Imperializing and Canadianizing Tory Macdonald, in 1891, originated with Joe Howe in 1837. Howe was not a Canadian. He was a Nova Scotian. In those days there was a vast difference that lasted thirty years down to 1867 and afterwards. Some of it has not quite died out yet. Much of the reason for its persistence is Joe Howe, the patriotizing tribune of the people who had a tremendous vision of Empire of which the North American colonies were better in his mind to be individual dependencies.

Howe was born on the North-west Arm. He attended little old St. Paul's, in Halifax, where Premier Borden used to be a choir boy. He was the head and front of his country in the fight to get democracy, railways, freedom of the press—he was himself an editor—equality in religion and trade reciprocity with the United States.

In connection with his railway activities he made a speech that came near being a Canadian utterance:

With such a territory as this to overrun, organize and improve, think you we shall stop at the western bounds of Canada? or even at the shores of the Pacific? Vancouver's Island with its coal measures lies beyond. The beautiful islands of the Pacific are beyond. Populous China and the rich East are beyond; and the sails of our children's children will reflect as familiarly the sunbeams of the South as they now brave the angry tempests of the North. The Maritime Provinces which I now address are but the Atlantic frontage of this boundless and prolific region, the wharves upon which its business will be transacted and beside which its rich argosies are to lie. Nova Scotia is one of these. . . I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I will predict that in five years we shall make the journey hence to Quebec and Montreal and home through Portland and St. John by rail; and I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days.

That was said in 1850. Two years later Howe first met Dr. Charles Tupper, at a bye-election meeting in Cumberland. Tupper asked to be allowed to reply to Howe.

"Let us hear the little doctor by all means," said Howe. "I would not be any more affected by what he might say than by the mewling of yonder kitten."

The cat was on the fence.

Three years later it jumped. Tupper defeated Howe. After this it was Howe vs. Tupper in Nova Scotia. And it was a great invigorating fight between two political giants, each as patriotic as the other. In 1859 the Howe forces came to the front again. In 1860 Howe became Premier by a fluke. From that time on his career swung chiefly around the fight he made against Tupper and Confederation. Howe did not attend the first conference called by Tupper in Charlottetown, proposing a union of the Maritime Provinces. But he was invited. He was no Unionist. His unionism was Imperial.

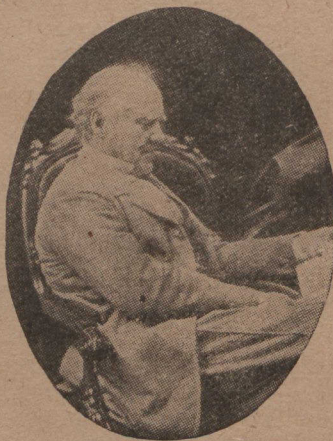
How this gladiator of anti confederation was ultimately defeated by the Macdonald-Tupper combination and afterwards won over is one of the big chapters in home diplomacy. Howe might have beaten either Tupper or Macdonald. He was no match for both. He attended the great Quebec Conference in 1865. He afterwards fought it. When the B. N. A. Act was passed by the British Parliament he was still fighting it.



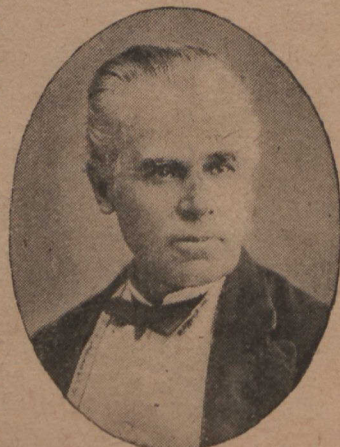
SIR LEONARD TILLEY.  
New Brunswick Confederator.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER.  
Champion of Unity.



JOSEPH HOWE.  
Nova Scotia Democrat.



SIR GEORGE CARTIER.  
Statesman and Patriot.