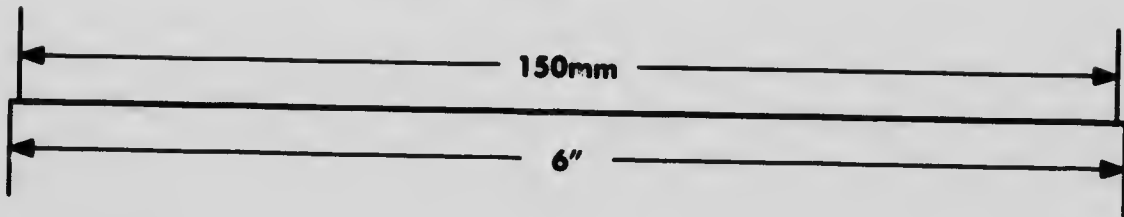
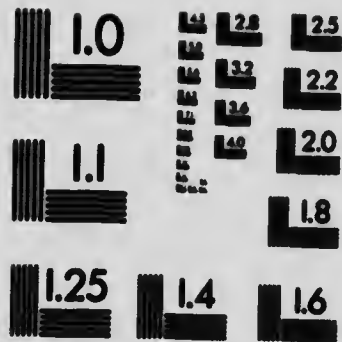
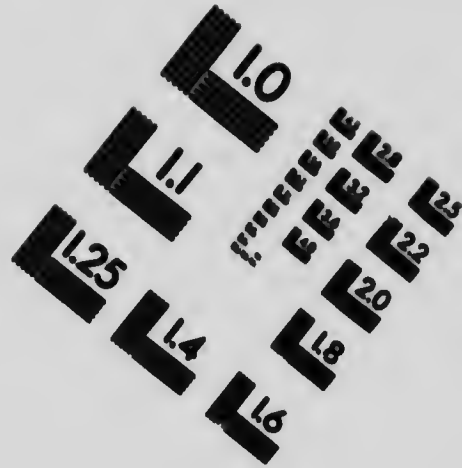
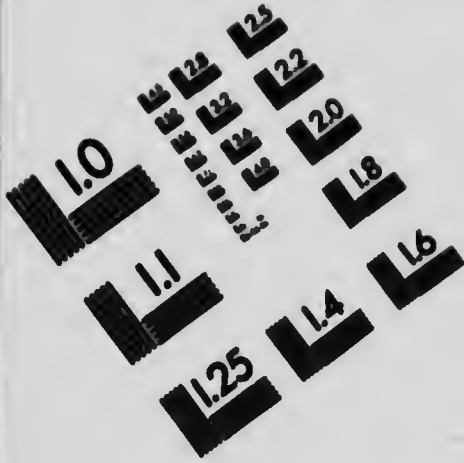


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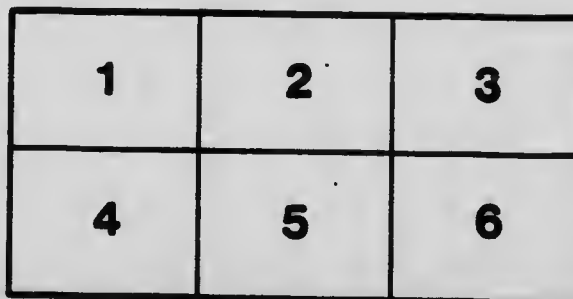
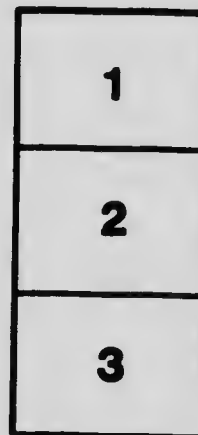
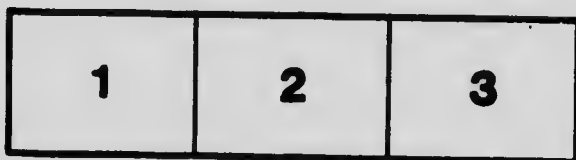
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JOHN BULL'S LAND

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BIG DOG: "Aren't they hogs?"

BIG HEREDITARY PEERAGE HOG: "He is a criminal who stirs up class against class, isn't he, doggies? You can trust us, can't you?"

JOHN BULL'S LAND

(THROUGH A TELESCOPE)

FROM A CANADIAN POINT OF VIEW

BY

A CANADIAN



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To

My Dear Ancestors, the Heads of
our Family, who once contained, in
themselves, all

the "Blood"

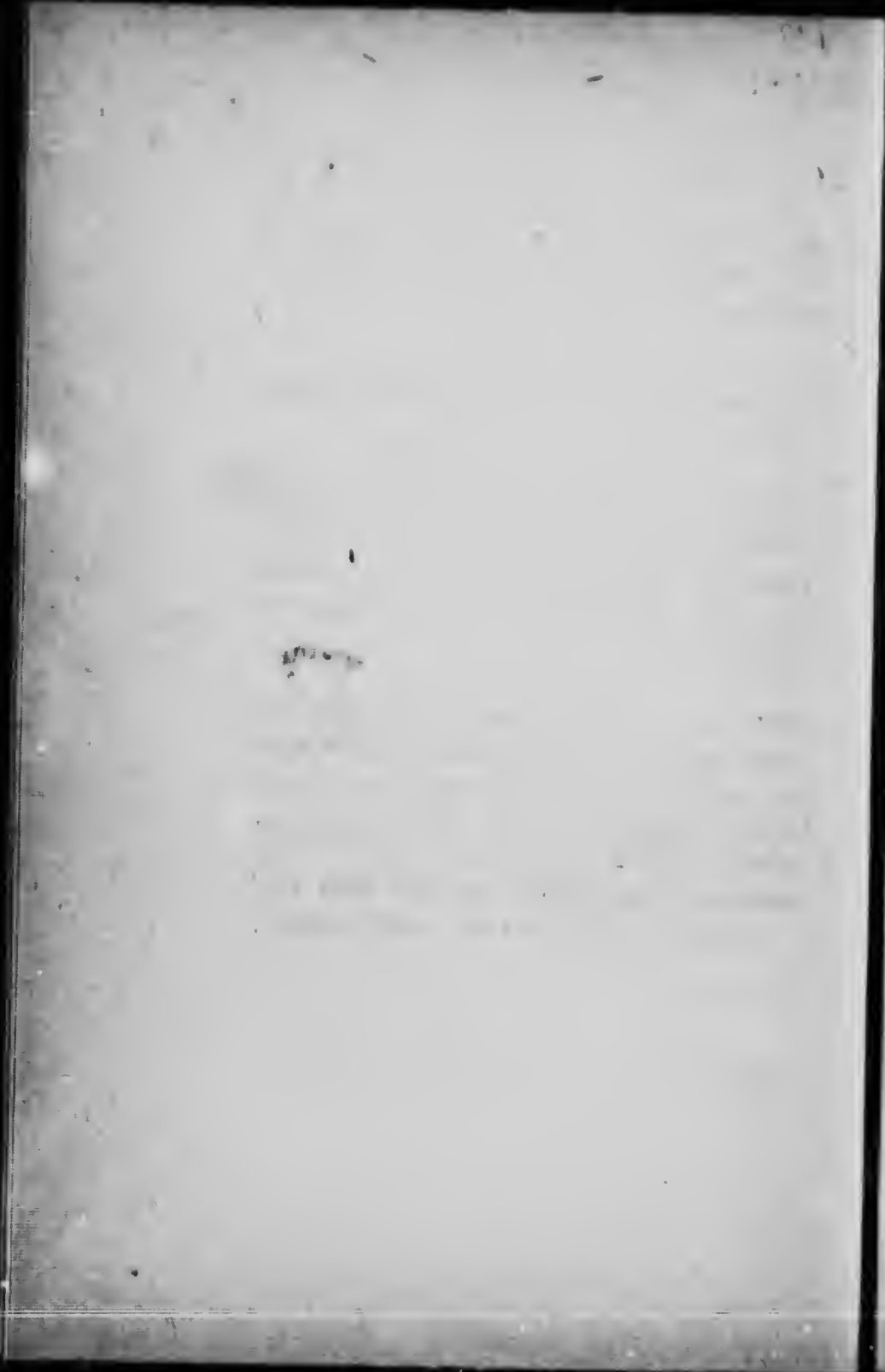
of their time, who ruled long ages
before

William the Conqueror,

and without whom the said William
would have been less than small
potatoes, and could never have become
the big Bully-boy of the English
aristocracy:

To

My Very Great Grandfather and
Grandmother, from away back, their
Majesties Adam and Eve, and as a
fitting rebuke to those vulgar upstarts
whose "blood" only goes back to the
Conquest, and frequently not that far,
I modestly dedicate this little volume.



PREFACE

A few weeks ago I stood in the reserve room of the Bank of England, in the midst of forty-seven million pounds sterling. One of the officials, in a kindly way, put some Bank notes into my hand, with the very pleasant remark, "You can now say that a million pounds sterling passed through your hands to-day." But as I stood there I was impressed with the fact that, while money has its high use, the mere accumulation of it will not save the nation.

I stood again, this time in St. Paul's. I was thrilled in the presence of the mighty dead. But I said, "Neither in these do we find a national Saviour."

A day later I sat as a worshipper in Westminster Abbey. I partook of the Communion of the Lord's Supper. But this time I was not thrilled by the thought of Britain's great ones: their splendour faded away into obscurity in the presence of the Divine-human light of **THE MAN** of Galilee—Carpenter, Redeemer, Eternal Lord.

Enlightened thereby let us be brave to teach the people of Britain to break their shackles, and to stand forth in the true liberty of the Christ manhood. Noble men are engaged in this noble work. If this little book, written in the free, unconventional spirit of the prairie, but contribute anything to that end, it will have served the purpose of

THE AUTHOR.

JOHN BULL'S LAND

CHAPTER I

CANADA is the greatest discovery of recent times. But occasionally when I think I have said a good thing, or coined a fine phrase, I find that some other yahoo has said it before me. That may be the way now. Did the Lord Bishop of London first say it? Or our own placid Sir Wilfred? It could not have been our friend Carnegie, for he is too busily engaged letting his left hand know what his right hand is doing. But no matter: I'll be honest about it, though maybe if I would hold my tongue about the

other fellow, and yell like all-possessed on my own score, I might finally come to get at least a certain amount of credit. And in this I might only be following the example of persons who are more widely known.

However, I will say this, that the statement, "Canada is the greatest discovery of recent times," is just as true as if I myself had first said it.

Some prominent Englishmen, including, I believe, the aforesaid Bishop, tell us that Canada will yet be the greatest part of the combination that goes to make up the British Empire, and probably the greatest nation in the whole wide world. We Canadians have no doubt of it. They even tell us that the seat of government may yet be removed from London to Ottawa. As a native Canadian I would look upon

THROUGH A TELESCOPE II

that as too mean for us to consider. I have always had too much love and respect for my father, after all he has done for me, too much of the spirit of fair play, to take the crown from his head because I have grown to be bigger than he. However, in the very nature of things, the father's ideas will yet be greatly modified by the opinion of his grown-up boys, while they will be helped by his greater experience. The necessity for such friendly expressions of opinion may serve as my apology for this little volume. If sometimes it may seem too frank, my only excuse is that the writer's forebears were nurtured in John Bull's Land,

"Where men are bold (a few of them)
And strongly say their say."

Looking over the great mountain

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ranges, over the vast prairie, over the older provinces, over 3,000 miles of ocean, to John Bull's Land, we Canadians have high regard for the independence of its great newspapers, largely because—we see so little of them. These papers do certainly deserve credit for correct reports of meetings held by political opponents. Here in Canada (with noble exceptions) one class of papers might be expected to say, "The meeting was large and enthusiastic." The papers on the other side would probably have it: "The meeting was rather a failure in numbers and enthusiasm." But British papers do not hesitate to say of an opponent's meeting, "Filled to the doors! Crowds were refused admittance! Meeting wildly enthusiastic!" And then they will

give, word for word, their opponent's speech, with all the cheers thrown in, no matter how damaging to their own cause. But Canadians suppose that the editorials of these British papers are written in the same noble strain: most conscientiously, especially the political editorials. Of course! Of course! Ask L. G. Chiozza-Money, Esq.! He will tell you (hem!) that, at any rate, the large Tory papers are not (hem!) controlled by selfish capitalists and landlords, and that (hem!) the writers on these never sell their honest convictions, they never tell a lie. I cannot say, however, that we admire their humour, for we have a conviction, erroneous no doubt, that such a commodity does not exist. Our ideas of such remind me of a story told me, by the premier of one of our

older provinces, regarding Edward Blake, the Irish Home Ruler. Blake was once leader of the Liberal party in the Canadian House of Commons. One day somebody said to him, "You are an able man and a fine speaker, but you lack that humorous, sparkling element that makes Sir John A. so popular."

"I deplore that fact," said Blake, "but I cannot help it."

"Cultivate it," said his friend. "Commence, for instance, on a pun, and work up."

"Right," replied the Liberal leader, hopefully. "Give me one to start with."

"Well, some day when it is snowing, you may meet a man who will say, 'It is stormy to-day, sir.' And you can reply, 'Oh, it's snow matter.'"

Blake thought it was all right, and promised to keep it in mind. Not long after that, during a snowstorm, a gentleman accosted him: "Good morning, Mr. Blake, it is quite stormy to-day."

"Oh, it's no concern of mine," said the statesman; and he passed on wondering, I suppose, why the other fellow did not laugh.

However, Englishmen tell us that our Canadian press has much to learn from its British contemporaries. But in justice let me say there is many a fellow in Canada, proprietor and editor of some weekly paper, who may or may not have difficulty in making ends meet, whose clothes may or may not be frequently shabby, whose food may be none of the best, but who cannot be paid to put in his journal

a liquor advertisement. He would sooner go out of business altogether and live from hand to mouth, than countenance that giant evil which is doing so much to debase his fellow man and to bring a curse upon his country and the world at large. He cannot be bought to pollute his columns with nasty divorce proceedings, and such like, which breed nasty thoughts in the mind of the reader, and tend to make the soul nasty, and the life nasty, and the nation nasty. See? He does not believe in dumping filth into our homes because such exists in the community, in spreading among the people the contagious germs of moral corruption.

But coming back to John Bull, we admire the way he administers the affairs of the outlying portions of the empire that are under his immediate

direction. Over a hundred years ago brother Sam gave our old Dad one or two educational pointers that have never been forgotten. Lord Morley's attitude in respect to India appeals to us—it is decidedly British. As we understand it over here it means: *We have been entrusted with the task of ennobling India. That duty is plain. We must not therefore be turned aside by any difficulties that may present themselves.* But, my lord, let me give you a hint: call home the snobs. These chaps will generate trouble in India no matter how good the laws may be. We know them. I have before me a letter I received some months ago from the secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board of that large and important body, the Presbyterian Church of Canada. After referring to

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his own feelings of loyalty to Britain and the benefits conferred on India through British administration, he says: "I found in India intense bitterness against British rule, and especially among the student classes." They "disliked the British intensely, and longed for the day when India would enjoy self-control. As one put it who had business in London, 'I like the Englishman in England—he is honourable in business; but I hate him in India—he has left his manners behind him.' I conversed with a prominent chaplain, who is not a native but a loyal Britisher, and he acknowledged that the complaints were well founded. As he put it, 'There is much dissatisfaction, but we have the matter in our own hands. We have not learned to win the respect

of the natives.' Another man, a native of the province of Rajpatana, answered a question as to unrest in the negative. 'We have no unrest in our section,' he said, 'because our agent is a gentleman, and treats everybody courteously.' . . . How far these remote sections are affected by the discontent of men who have had their discontent excited through personal relationships, it is, of course, not possible for me to say. One thing is certain, if you or some other could bring those in authority in Britain to modify their social bearing, one large contribution would be made to the solution of the problem."

If we would keep India loyal we must, as far as possible, keep her from feeling the inferiority of her position. It is hard enough for a people to know that they are a conquered race, but to have that

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rubbed in by overbearing officialism is galling. When, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen (if the big comet does not change the programme), Germany conquers Great Britain, should she appoint such insolent officials, even you, my lord, in the spirit of patriotism, might be tempted to turn your great mind to bombs.

And, my lord, call home any who are living an impure life. If Britain is to hold her grip on the outlying portions of the Empire she must be respected and loved. But the great mass of the people, of some of these places, know her only as she is represented by her officials.

But the way John Bull treated the Boers, after the war, appeals especially to our imagination. If there is a difference of opinion, even among



"Even you, my lord, in the spirit of patriotism, might be tempted to turn your great mind to bombs."

—Page 20.

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Englishmen themselves, in respect to the justice of the war itself, there should only be one sentiment, at home and abroad, in respect to Britain's treatment of the conquered ones. To compensate them for losses sustained, to give them the ballot though they had the majority of votes, to take them by the hand, and say, "Let us be brothers," to permit the rebel commander to become, in a few months, the premier of that country, and to make them all feel that they have been bettered through defeat, such treatment stands alone in the history of the world. It forms an epoch. The United States of America, with so much to be admired, has no record like this. Indeed, after the great Civil War, when brother had fought brother, the treatment meted out to the South was such

as to cause the wound to rankle in the breast for years. Is it any wonder that the Boer veterans vie with each other in their expressions of loyalty to the Empire, that they are willing again, if need be, to face bullet and shell, but this time not against the flag, but for it? And what especially appeals to us is the conviction that John Bull did not do this because it was the wise thing—I think he had grave doubts about that—but because it was right. And the right thing is always the wise thing.

Hats off, boys, to the Old Man!

But, John, why not work on this principle in respect to the opium traffic in China? We Canadians blush for your record there—we do not like to speak about it. Is this the same John Bull? Try and wipe that nasty stain off the flag, your flag and ours,

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now. You cannot afford to do it? Can you afford not to do it? God is not dead!

We also admire John Bull for the modest way he does big things in every department. I wonder if there was a time when he was different. Our own boys went out to South Africa, and took part in a little bob-tailed affair at Paardeburg (this is not intended as a pun on "Bobs"), and we have not stopped crowing about it yet. We have been reminding the mother-country continually about the way we shed our blood out there. We think that ought to influence the whole imperial policy—some of us do. Funny? John Bull may thank his stars we did not capture Botha. Our lads, indeed, are among the best; but we have not yet done very big things,

and therefore if we cut up boyish antics we hope to be forgiven. We will do the big things some day, and say less about them.

But wait a bit! What, after all, are really big things? Is it not a bigger thing for this young country of ours to build its fine system of canals, and its great transcontinental railways with their numerous branch lines, by which we open up this great country to feed other countries of the world, than to build Dreadnoughts to kill our fellow men and overtax our own people? To live side by side, for three thousand miles, in peace with our neighbour, than to win bloody victories and bring unutterable distress to thousands of homes? To maintain such a policy as enables us to utilise our young men in building up the nation, instead of

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drawing away the strongest and bravest for the useless and degrading purposes of war? To make character the test of our national manhood, and not a large bank account nor a lordly title?

CANADA HAS ALREADY DONE GREAT THINGS.

CHAPTER II



UT looking over the sea to John Bull's Land, one is naturally reminded of the thin silken cord that binds the family together. This brings up the question as to whether Canada will always remain a part of the Empire.

My imperialistic friend points to the sentimental advantages of British connection. To us belongs everything Great Britain has done for freedom; her great victories on land and sea are ours; ours are her splendid array of *litterati*, her noble army of preachers, statesmen, inventors, explorers, heroes, saints and martyrs—

"And the brightest the whole wide world can
give

To that little land belong."

Ours her exalted position among the nations of the earth, and her imperial hopes of the future. Ours, too, are the safeguards that surround the Briton, no matter in what clime. Ours while we are a part of the Empire. And sentiment like this means something.

But if these be ours then ours also are the dark things that stain the pages of British history: the baseness of the great majority of her rulers, and the unworthy spirit of the bulk of the people who so long submitted tamely to such; her unjust wars; the unjust laws which, until a few decades ago, put her on a par in some respects with barbarous Russia of to-day; the great evils of drink, and landlordism, and

"sweating," and social caste. We admire the great heroic spirits who stood alone and played the man; but these few do not make up the history of the nation. And we are not blind to the present contest.

Sentiment leads both ways. Who can tell, in the final making up of Canadian opinion, which influence will be the most potent?

"But it is the land of your fathers and mothers!" Ah, that thought stirs up British blood. The bones of our ancestors speak with great potency. But we are not all British. There are bones that lie elsewhere.

What about the Americans who are filling up large parts of our North-west, and who will make their influence greatly felt? The people of Britain wish to know if that influence will be

exerted to bring about annexation to the United States. Annexation is out of the question. Generally speaking, the American will make an enthusiastically loyal Canadian—loyal to Canada. He admires the superior way law is here enforced, and life and property made more secure. Into our Dominion Day celebrations he brings all his old-time Fourth-of-July enthusiasm. But, mark you, it is Dominion Day he celebrates, not Empire Day. Will he become a loyal imperialist? This is a harder question to answer. There is no present sentiment to bind him to the rest of the Empire as in the case of the British born. If an agitation were ever started for Canadian independence it would appeal strongly to the American idea of things. Should there be a large rush of Americans to this country, as

will likely be the case, it might prove serious, under existing conditions, for British connection. Then Canada has in rough numbers about two millions of French Canadians. Some of them favour independence whenever Canada is able to protect herself. With the great majority of them the British tie is not strong. They do not assimilate with the English-speaking people. They are almost entirely ignorant of things British. Frenchmen they are in blood and in sentiment. They would strongly sympathise with France against Great Britain were these two countries to engage in war. When a plebiscite was taken throughout the Dominion, in regard to Prohibition, the government of Sir Wilfred Laurier was afraid, in the event of an affirmative vote, of political embarrassment; and the

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Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, opposed it in the Province of Quebec, evidently with the consent of Sir Wilfred; and the point is this that the leading rallying cry against it was that it was Protestant and English.

Among our English-speaking Canadians there are a limited number who would favour independence. Even the Chief Justice of one of our great western provinces said to me, one day, that the ties that had bound us to the mother country were almost all broken, and he looked upon our ultimate destiny, and apparently with satisfaction, as national independence. How may we change this feeling to enthusiastic imperialism? Would the preference advocated by the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain do it? No. And besides it is too artificial, too unnatural. If

Mr. Chamberlain could but go through the Canadian North-West, and see the fine farms, ranging from a quarter section (160 acres) to several whole sections, if he could see the fine houses the farmers, who are worth their salt, are able after a few years to build, if he could see their stock and costly farm implements, if he could go into the village stores and see the high-priced goods farmers' wives and daughters are able to purchase, if he could see many farmers, with their wives, on a holiday trip of a thousand or two thousand miles, I am sure he would hesitate before again advising that, for the benefit of these farmers, the multitudes of poor people in Britain, who live from hand to mouth, should be compelled to pay a tax on every loaf of bread they manage to buy. It

would not serve as compensation to lower the tax on tea. Tea they can do without—are better without; but bread they must have. If anybody should say that this preferential policy would not increase the price of wheat to the British consumer, then I would ask, what is the use of it to Canadians? It would not give us the British Market. We have that already. We can sell there all the wheat we have, and much more if we had it. The only good in the preference to Canada would be an increase in the price of wheat. But that increase would cause a tax in Britain upon the poor man's bread. And if we exact this price for our loyalty then that loyalty is of a very base order.

I presume many persons in Great Britain believe that the Canadian

farmers are loud in their agitation for a preference on wheat. For some years I have lived and travelled in Alberta and Manitoba, studying the condition of things, sometimes with the farmer, with the merchant, with the artisan, as well as in the hotels, and never have I heard a desire expressed for preference by any one of them. Many of them take such little interest in the question that they do not just understand what it means. I recently asked a citizen of Vancouver, an ex-farmer, who, two years ago, finished a period of over twenty years in Southern Manitoba, if he had ever heard the question discussed in private or in public, and he replied, "No." I asked him if he himself had ever given it any consideration, and again he replied, "No." I myself have been knocking

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around for years between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast, and never, during that time, have I even heard the preference mentioned by a Canadian except on a few occasions when I, myself, brought up the subject in private conversation.

There is yet another element I would ask you, John, to consider. Though the western farmer does not now want it, though it sometimes seems unreasonable to him, yet should the preference be given it would be a different thing to remove it. Once in possession of it the Canadian farmer might look upon it as his right. The British people would have to pay that tax on bread for all time, or run the risk of touching Canadian susceptibilities—just what they want not to do. And, if a preference is granted to us on wheat, every other outside part of the empire will

want its preference also, some even on raw cotton, and if not given just as desired there will be a grievance. Partiality to one part of the empire might be charged against Great Britain by other parts. Instead of holding the empire together it might hasten its dissolution.

The manufacturer in Eastern Canada asks for this preference. Why? We now give the mother country a preference of 33 per cent., and our manufacturers are willing to have that increased, if Great Britain will but give us a preference on wheat. But under such circumstances we would have to raise our average tariff against the preference we give to Great Britain, in order to protect the manufacturers. The secret of the whole thing lies in the fact that the great bulk of our imports

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comes from the United States and other nations outside of the empire, and the manufacturers wish greater protection against these in order to draw from us a little more blood. And the politicians, for their influence, are playing into their hands. Therefore, John, do not regard these resolutions, which come from Canadian boards of trade, as representing the feeling of the Canadian farmer.

While I speak thus of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, I do not forget that, when he first advocated it, the condition of things on our western prairies was vastly different from what it is to-day. Neither do I wish to detract from the great work he himself has done for the empire. The people of Great Britain had simply regarded us as "*blawsted colonials, don't ye know.*"

Mr. Chamberlain's great work was the recognition of the people of the outside portions of the empire, not as colonials but as citizens of a Greater Britain, who in brawn and brain are worthy to take a foremost place. The empire owes him something, for he has done much to bring its different individual parts to a proper recognition of each other. If we would cement the empire let us carry on that work. Let each voter in Canada (and equally in the self-governing sister States), be led to feel that he has a voice, in its government, equal to the voter in Great Britain. Give him the franchise in respect to matters pertaining to the Empire at large. Give him a chance to get interested, sometimes excited; to argue red-hot with his neighbour on the opposite side of some imperial

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question which his vote will have a hand in settling ; to attend political meetings, and to take part in the debates ; to walk in torchlight processions, and to whoop-'em-up for "our side." Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Great Britain and Ireland would in a sense be his, just as Alberta belongs to the Nova Scotian, and Ontario to the British Columbian. Let each separate country have its parliament for its own local affairs, but let there be an imperial parliament to which each shall also send its representatives elected by the popular vote of the people. Then there will be less danger of breaking away from the empire, for it will belong to each one of us, to live for, to pay for, and if need be to die for.

Another element to be considered, in the binding or breaking of imperial

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WILLIAM BECKFORD ESQ
TWICE LORD MAYOR HIS SPEECH
to HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE III



"Say, John, tear down that tablet and spit on it."

-Page 55.

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ties, is the British character as manifested,

1st. In the rulers.

2nd. In the Governors-General.

3rd. In the Briton at home.

4th. In the British immigrant.

1st. In the Rulers.

Queen Victoria, in her day, was one of the most powerful factors in the strengthening, throughout Canada, of imperial sentiment. Our sympathies do not go out to the Prince Hal type of ruler, ancient or modern, who forgetting, as Prince, the great influence he possesses for good, and that "righteousness exalteth a nation," forgetting his obligations to the country at large, turns his face towards self-indulgence, and goes the limit. With high position and brilliant gifts, throwing himself into the work of uplifting

the character of the British people, the results might be stupendous. The failure to do this is most criminal. Such was not Victoria. The Canadian people delighted in speaking of her beautiful qualities as princess and queen, as wife and mother. They were conversant with many of her noble deeds, of her womanly way of doing things; and when they sang the National Anthem, which they did much more frequently than is done in the home-land, they meant it.

Speaking of the National Anthem, I witnessed a very touching incident, in a Scotch Presbyterian Church, in Pictou County, Nova Scotia. It was at that period in the Boer war when the British arms were meeting with reverses, and it was reported that the Queen was depressed over the loss of

her soldiers. The communion of the Lord's Supper had just been observed, and the minds of the worshipping people were devoutly centred upon the Divine Sufferer on the Cross. They had sung the parting hymn,

"Father of peace and God of love,
We own Thy power to save."

But ere the minister pronounced the benediction, they stood, and sang most reverently the National Anthem, a prayer for Queen and empire rising to God in song, blending in the hearts of the worshippers with the thought of God's wonderful love to man. Any one present that morning would appreciate the influence Victoria had in binding together the outlying portions of the empire to the old land.

But a conviction that the ruler or prince was mentally or morally inferior

would exert an influence in the opposite direction ; a strong argument, indeed, in favour of Parliament considering the merits and demerits of the heir to the throne, with power, for good and sufficient reason, to change the succession. Since a certain *Visité* was made to us there have been whisperings amongst us, I know not how extended, that the present time is opportune for such. Times have changed since the days of the Georges.

2nd. In the Governors-General.

Lord Dufferin did a great work here for imperialism. His name is still fondly cherished. None of his successors have been so well thought of. Great Britain has been sending us men too small for this important position—who, even up to the present time, do things that alienate imperial

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sentiment rather than foster it. There seems to be an idea, in British official circles, that nobody will do us except a lord, and that any lord will do. But we are not ignorant Orientals that are tickled with a title. We Canadians do not care one red cent for a mere lord. What we want is a MAN, one that respects us and that we can respect, of outstanding ability and moral worth, of tact, of common-sense, of great, generous heart, who can reach the people. What we need is not a governor who stays around Ottawa, or, if he takes a trip, runs hastily through the cities. We want him to go among the settlers of the west, and inspire them with lofty imperial ideas, with love for the old flag. Let him attend the agricultural fairs in the new provinces. Let him get in touch with the

American element and with the foreigners in general. Marvellous things could be done by a man of sense and push. We pay him as much as the United States pays its President, and it is about time he got on to his job. And we want a man of high Christian ideals, for we are a Christian people—we want a big man. Send one of those men who occupy the post of ambassador. What about Bryce? It is foolish to reserve the best men for stations abroad or at home, and run the risk of alienating the affections and respect of the great self-governing nations of the empire, that are soon to play such an important part. It might be a good plan for the nations of the Greater Britain to exchange men. Let Laurier, Fielding, R. L. Borden, Tupper, D. C. Fraser, or

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some other leading Canadian go to Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, and some one from one of these places go to Canada. This would impress upon the outside portions of the Empire a feeling of equality and solidarity. But no more cheap lords! And why should all the fat jobs go to them at any rate?

I have read, in respect to Lord Grey's successor, that Lord A. had a good chance of getting the position, because he was the son-in-law of Lord B.; but Lord C. belonged to a certain influential family, and therefore, with additional influence from royalty, the plum might fall to him. Is this the way you do things, John? Are we simply a something for some mutton-headed "blue blood" to exploit? Many Canadians are disgusted with

this sort of thing, and are saying to themselves, "We have better men at home." Therefore, John, do please be careful.

3rd. In the Briton at home.

Great Britain has a fairly large highly cultured class—Canada has not, though our average is higher. Most of our prosperous business men were once comparatively poor boys, and had little chance for superior culture. The manly, cultured Briton we greatly respect—when we get through his outside crust we learn to love him. Were he the average representative Briton our respect for him would be one of the strongest possible ties in imperial federation. Unfortunately he is not.

On the other hand we are careful in the selection of our immigrants. The

majority of our people are working on the land. In our towns, for the most part, the houses are so built that the people can have plenty of sunshine and fresh air. The temperance sentiment is strong. We have very few poor—we know nothing of that thing so familiar to Britishers, *Poor rates*. Our people are well fed, well educated.

But Britain is losing much of her best blood by emigration. In return she is getting in a very undesirable class, thanks to poor immigration laws and the poor enforcement of these laws—thanks also to some unpatriotic employers who hire these people at a wage on which the average Briton cannot thrive, and thus help to drive many of their own people to other countries. Many of the country people have also been driven into the cities

by the policy of the landlords, so that Britain is faced with the alarming fact that only about one-eighth of the population remain on the land. London and other British towns are producing "a degenerate race, morally and physically enfeebled." And no wonder. For to the poor, especially, (and notwithstanding Britain's abounding wealth, a great number of the people are poor) the condition of things is bad. They are poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly housed. Whisky, beer, boiled tea, cigarettes, and other forms of vice are also working out their pernicious effects.

The result is, Englishmen at home, as a whole, are decidedly inferior to the people of Canada. With glowing pride I had thought of the Englishman in the home land. I had pictured him

tall, manly, daring, honourable. With this idea I had frequently spoken and written for the strengthening of imperial ties. But my imperialism received the greatest shock it ever experienced when, but lately, I walked the streets of London and saw, even in its best thoroughfares, great masses of human deterioration as compared with the Canadian standard. The same is true of other towns in Great Britain. This seemed to be the way it impressed that keen observer, the Editor of the *Toronto Globe*. This is the way it will surely impress every observant Canadian. And evidently the contrast will become greater. For we Canadians are doing something to curtail strong drink and other evils, while in Britain the House of Landlords, for selfish reasons, is making temperance reform

and better housing of the poor as difficult as possible.

The question is a serious one from an imperialistic standpoint. For though the number of Canadians who visit Britain are few compared with those who do not, they frequently are persons who have more or less influence in moulding public opinion in their own country. Now in the union of nations, as of individuals, there must be mutual respect. Therefore the great necessity of giving more time to the building up of British manhood if we would have the vigorous young nations, that constitute the Greater Britain, bound to the old land by the strong imperial tie of personal admiration.

Speaking of Bro. MacDonald, the Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, I have

been wondering, John, if you showed him, Graham, Nichol, Dafoe and the other journalists of the Greater Britain, whom you recently and so kindly entertained, that tablet in the Guildhall, opposite Nelson's tablet, containing the speech of William Beckford (then Lord Mayor of London) to George III. I hope, John, that you hurried these noble scribes past it. Or, if they stopped, I hope you said, truthfully of course, *We are not able to hang up Beckford himself, and so we just have his speech here, between earth and heaven, to show what we would do with the wretch if we only had him.* For, really, I do not see what other object you possibly can have in erecting a slab like that, to be read by coming generations and by your liberty-loving kinsmen from

beyond the seas. But would it not be well to put up an explanation to that effect that everybody may know? For really, John, between you and me and the coal scuttle, it is the most servile, contemptible, lickspittle stuff I have seen come from a free people, except, of course, as everybody knows, the dedication of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures to that superlatively miserable creature, King "James the first and sixth."

Say, John, tear down that tablet and spit on it!

Let Britons respect their own manhood, and be worthy of the respect of others, and such will do more towards cementing the empire than any preferential scheme that can possibly be proposed.

4th. In the British Immigrant.

Many, who do not travel, get their impressions of national qualities from the character of persons, belonging to that nation, with whom they come in contact. We have many very worthy Englishmen in this country. But a large number to be met with in our Canadian West are inferior. There is "the remittance man," who is sent out here because his people at home are ashamed of him, or because they hope he will straighten up and do better. Calgary and its vicinity is a favourite place for this person. As a rule he despises work, is useless and sporty, and he lives, and gets drunk, on his regular allowance from England. He is despised, laughed at, while the honest, industrious labourer is respected. If you wealthy English people wish to send your useless boys to

Canada, my advice is, come out with them, buy them a farm, stock it fairly well with agricultural implements, give them a few pounds to pay present expenses, and say, "Now root, hog, or die." Of course, we Canadians would rather be clear of them altogether.

Then we have the poor Englishman, who has probably been brought up in some city. If he strikes the prairie he hires out on a farm; but he knows nothing about farming, and he is frequently so stupid that he takes a long time to learn. Now is it to be wondered at that our quick, resourceful farmer on the prairie, especially the Canadian and American, should consider the Englishman his inferior, and form impressions unfavourable to Great Britain? I delivered a patriotic address one evening in a prairie town;

but when I quoted Eliza Cook's poem, *The Englishman*, I was really afraid it would provoke a smile. Some of the English papers have been scoring us because we have been insisting on a higher grade of British immigrants. Apart from our own interests, this is necessary from an imperial standpoint. We want no men but those who in due time will be able to hold their own, that the name of Britain may be honoured, and imperial sentiments strengthened.

I mention this also to explain away the charge that from time to time is made against the Canadian treatment of Englishmen. British papers and, more recently, the Bishop of London, have complained bitterly against such statements as "No Englishman need apply," in newspaper advertise-

ments for help. This is inserted, not through hatred of Britain or the competent English workman, but because the employer has found Englishman after Englishman so useless that he will not be bothered with any more. But yesterday I spoke to an Englishman, a level-headed looking fellow. He proved to be an ex-non-commissioned army officer. "I have had no trouble in getting work," he said, "and holding on to it too. I have been working a year at my present job." He and others of English birth have told me that, on account of many of their fellow-countrymen that were floating around, they were sometimes ashamed to let their nationality be known.

Now, let it be understood that we want people here from the old land in

preference to all others. The real first-class Briton is the finest all-round man we can get. But it is the first class that we want. Canada is not the dumping-ground for the weaklings of any nation.

It is worth noting that very few Britishers, who have been in Canada two or three years, wish to go back to reside in the old land. I have met two or three who have said they would not care to live in England unless they had plenty of money, but the general answer is, "I could not be paid to go."

"Why?" You ask. And they tell you, "Canada is a free country. It is not cursed with the caste spirit like the home land. One has not to stand with hat in hand before those who occupy a higher position. Jack is as good as his master."

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ere was an ocean pilot, and his eldest son was blind
d deaf and dumb from childhood, likewise vacant in his mind ;
t of course he was a pilot when his daddy's course was run,
d he navigated vessels as his father's eldest son."

—Page 80.

"The pride of this country and the envy of other nations."—Lord Curzon.

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Yes, if his manhood is as good, and better if his manhood is better.

And in Canada one may be Jack to-day and master to-morrow.

But suppose that Canada and the other outside portions of the empire remain with the mother land, what then? There must be equality in proportion as these assume imperial responsibilities. Even as to the form of government that shall be adopted, there must be equal voice. What will that form be? Limited monarchy as we now have it? Republicanism as they have it in France or in the United States, without the "big stick"? Or a life ruler, without the hereditary principle, drawn from all the white people of the empire, and subject to deposition, by a vote of the imperial house, for unworthy conduct

or mental weakness? Why should not a Canadian be eligible for the throne? Oliver Cromwell was a better man than King Charles, by a long way.

That Canada will be in a position, at no very distant date, to assume her full share of responsibility, there is no doubt. Some years ago, when Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., said that Manitoba was capable of raising 60,000,000 bushels of wheat, he was met in many quarters with jeers. Sir Charles was long-headed, and I suppose he was like an Orkney man I met in Manitoba, who said, "I would not tell them at home how well I have done out here, for they would say I was just lying." If Sir Charles had put the figures of all grain, for the whole Canadian North-west, at three thousand million bushels, nobody would jeer at

him now. And that may yet be found to be a very modest estimate. We know we are capable of raising more than that; but how much more we know not, as the country to the north is so vast, and so much of it untried, untrod. Thompson-Seton says that one hundred thousand square miles of hitherto supposed barren lands are not barren at all: that the fauna there is the same as in Manitoba. Can a very considerable portion of that land be utilized for grain? If so—but the thought takes away our breath. Our mineral wealth is very great; and in the east and west are vast coal deposits. Alberta, one of the Western provinces, about three times as large as Great Britain, is what the Yankees call "double-decked." Its soil is

exceedingly rich, and underneath the surface coal is very abundant. Some traveller has recently said that the Smoky river district has coal enough to last Canada through all eternity. Our inland and sea fisheries, and the resources of our forests, are simply immense. And in the great fairs of the world our fruits are carrying off high honours. We have a country so large, 3,750,000 square miles, that if England, Scotland, and Ireland should come to us, and play hide-and-seek, they might not be able to find each other for—oh, I know not how long. There is even a danger they might lose their way and get drowned in our great lakes. A great rush of settlers has begun, but these are chiefly of the farming class. But, with the increase of our farming population, great manufactur-

ing industries will be created, and artisans and others will come to us in vast numbers. And our Canadian blend of manhood, if we be but true to God, will be the best the world has yet seen, for it will be chiefly composed of British, American, German, French, Scandinavian. Our northern climate, so long a hindrance to immigration, will do much in keeping out undesirables such as hitherto have crowded into the United States. It will also make the hardy people, who come here, hardier still; while the difficulties that have to be overcome, the rigours that have to be faced, will make them still more self-reliant and strong-willed. Then our churches and school houses are everywhere, and that means so much. Lord Strathcona says we will have a,

population of 80,000,000 by the end of this century. All things considered the estimate is a modest one. Some day we will be the foremost power on this continent, and, if some prominent Englishmen are correct, the leading power in the world. Then the little document, called "The Munro Doctrine," will be transferred from the little safe at Washington to Ottawa; and, should any outside combination dare to touch our dear brother Sam, the roar of the young Canadian lion will make the whole earth tremble. There now, Sammie dear, don't cry! That's a good boy!

So it is very evident there need be no hindrance in the way of Canada assuming full imperial responsibility. We are at present doing a great work in opening up this vast country, thus

saving British blood to the empire. We will yet do much more in other directions.

No, no! You must not pass around the hat, gentlemen! Rudyard Kipling and others come out here, and talk about things of which they absolutely know nothing, and give cartloads of advice we do not ask for, without charge, and I will not be outdone in generosity. So there now!

CHAPTER III



LOOKING over the old mill pond to John Bull's Land, we Canadians wonder at the English caste system, just as the English do at the caste system in India.

Take first the social caste. I understand that, generally speaking, "blood" has the preference. Now "blood," bless you! or "blue blood," call it what you please, does not mean that under chemical analysis it is different from other blood except, incidentally, it is frequently dirtier. The brain cells, whether pertaining to intellect or to moral habits, are by no means superior. "Blood" means

that some time away back, and the farther back the better, though why better I do not just understand, somebody came into marked favour with "the powers that be." He himself, perhaps, had no "blood" at all, or not enough to speak about. But he might have done some service to the country in arms or in statemanship, or have been a political "heeler," or the profligate companion of a profligate king, or the son of the King's mistress, or have given what was considered a money equivalent, to the ruler, in direct purchase, or to one of the political parties for campaign funds. As a result he is made a lord. He might have been patriotic; or he might have been some distiller or brewer whose business had led to individual and [national debasement.

Now, as I understand it, the children of those people have "blood." No matter how disreputable the character of the originator might have been, nor how silly and unworthy the character of his wife, the children have "blood." Mark that!!! And with each succeeding generation the "blood" gets a deeper tinge of blue. Why? Search *me!** I am not supposed to understand. Only the 200 year "blood" looks with disdain on the 20 year "blood;" and "blood," that has come down all the way from William the Conqueror looks with the same disdain upon the 200 year class. And this notwithstanding that in the direct line there may be drunkards, gamblers, profligates, betrayers of women and

* A Western expression, with a strong emphasis on "me," meaning complete ignorance in respect to the information asked for.

traitors to their country, or bloodless actresses and daughters of plebeian millionaires. Moreover, even at the present time, some of these lords may have figured, in no uncertain way, in the divorce court, or they may not have enough brains to last them over night, nor enough manhood to raise them to the moral level of a decent chimney sweep, yet the "blood" is there. And because of that they look down with contempt, even upon persons of marked ability and worth, who have not "blood." Premier Asquith, bless you, and John Burns, and Lloyd George, and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, these only belong to the vulgar herd. And even Chamberlain!

In this "blood," too, there is commercial value. The possessor of it may be "dead broke," he may be a

selfish, cruel blackguard, but he can generally find out some silly American heiress who wishes to have "countess" or "duchess" before her name, and whose father is more than willing to trade off a cold million or so of his dollars for a "blood" son-in-law (character not enquired into), and to throw in his daughter, body and soul, to boot. And (excuse the pun) frequently the poor girl is actually booted until she seeks relief through the courts.*

I am told that in parliamentary debate these peers refer to each other

* No reference is here made to the large number of marriages contracted between Englishmen and American women through feelings of affection. Neither do I suggest that the Briton, of even the highest social rank, condescends in the slightest degree by contracting such a marriage. The opposite may often be true. Indeed if hereditary monarchy in Britain is going to exist for any length of time, and if we wish to save the Royal family from weakness of mind and self-indulgence, it would be a good thing, in due time, to advise the young princes to fall in love with, and marry, American, Canadian, or Australasian girls that, physically, mentally, and morally, are strong and healthy, and thus to enrich the blood.

as "the noble lord." Aren't they sarcastic beggars?

To most of these "blue bloods" honest work is a disgrace. "They toil not, neither do they spin."

To sponge off a wealthy, though despised, wife is all right; but to work is really vulgar. If Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth, and Paul the tent-maker, and Peter, Andrew, James and John, the fishermen, were living in London, they would not be allowed into "good" society.

I came across in one of our western provinces (I will not be too explicit as to places and individuals, for Lady——, mentioned later, may be very nice, and I have no desire to hurt her feelings) a rancher who, with his wife, has stoutly resisted the free democratic spirit of the prairie, and puts on airs without

sense or limit, because one or both are somewhat distantly connected with some lordly house, which lordly house, by the way, would be as much ashamed to acknowledge them as was General Dashwood, in the story of *Charles O'Malley*, to acknowledge his Irish sister-in-law, Miss Judith Macan. Now there came out within very recent years a young married couple. He was the son of an English farmer, she a daughter of (it is enough to say) a British military officer somewhere above the rank of major. They secured employment with the aforesaid rancher. When meal time came they were told they had to eat in the kitchen (very dirty it was, too,) with the cowboys. The bride protested. She thought, according to the spirit of the prairie, that she ought to eat with the rancher's family.

The rancher's wife was shocked. "Your blood is not as good as ours. We are connected with——."

"My blood is better than yours," replied the bride. "My father was ——, and my sister is Lady ——, the wife of Lord ——."

And then she explained who Lord —— is, and that, moreover, he is closely connected with some big fellow who, in turn, is closely connected with the biggest of the whole bunch. But the rancher's wife would not admit any equality until she herself had received word from England verifying the statement.

In all this, you see, neither intellectual nor moral worth was taken into account.

Funny, is it not?

Another funny thing, to us Cana-

dians, is that this sort of thing seems to go through the great body of the English people at home. There are grades in society, just like the steps of a stair, that are not founded on individual worth. The person who is on a higher social step looks down upon me; and, in turn, I am supposed to look down upon the man who, on these artificial stairs, is lower than I. The English caste system might be called *The Game of Looking down*. It is considered quite a thing to be able to trace connection with the house of Lord Rowdyboy, even though his Lordship be a highly immoral cuss; but there is no honour, but rather shame, in being connected with Smith the butcher, or Jones the baker, or Brown the grocer, even though, for true manhood, Smith and Jones and

Brown are worth as many lords and kings, of a certa' class, as could be placed in line from the Isle of Wight to the Orkneys. Moreover, should Lord Rowdyboy become a respectable man, and instead of lounging around the clubs, drinking and card playing, personally conduct a first-class fish store, it would be considered shocking. Lord Rowdyboy a fishmonger! How disgraceful! A thousand times worse than Lord Rowdyboy the polished libertine, and drinker, and gambler. I wonder if king or lord would be offended if I should say, you are only better than the tradesmen you despise if your manhood is better, only as good if your manhood is as good, and inferior if your manhood is inferior. And so with you, my dear lady duchess, in

comparison with your cook or scullery maid.

But this same system of caste also enters into the political life of the nation. There is a House of Lords, most of whose members belong to the "blood" class of which I have spoken, and who have come into this political position by virtue of their birth. There are some good men among them, who could grace any elective chamber; but the great majority of them, were they commoners, without the aid of wealth or rank, could never be elected by the vote of the people. Many of them are far below the average in brains and in morals. But because, perhaps hundreds of years ago, some person, deservedly or undeservedly, was elevated to this position, his son, grandson, great grandson, and so on

while the breed holds out, must have the right to legislate for the nation, to confirm or reject the voice of the House of Commons, even though he may not have enough brains to run a fish wagon, nor enough morals to permit one to invite him into decent society. Moreover, the bulk of these peers who have come into this position by birth, do not think for themselves. Many of them are not capable of thinking. They are party tools, used too often, as we have ourselves lately seen, by an unprincipled leader, to perplex and defeat his opponents, or to protect his own worldly interests, at the expense of the nation at large. Oh,

“There was an ocean pilot, and his
eldest son was blind
And deaf and dumb from childhood,
likewise vacant in his mind ;

But of course he was a pilot when his daddy's course was run,
And he navigated vessels as his father's eldest son."

But even though they were all moral, independent, level-headed men, the principle at the bottom is bad, as we view it from a Canadian point of view. In the Houses of Parliament, at least, there should be "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Anything short of this is rather rough on the intelligence of Britons, and their capacity to rule. An adroit move has recently been made to fasten more firmly upon the nation the hereditary House of Lords, under the guise of reform. Seeing it is apt to fall through the incompetency and open depravity of many of its members, the scheme plans to

strengthen the old, worn-out system by removing this obnoxious element. But the whole principle is obnoxious. An Upper House may be necessary. But if so, let it be one whose members are appointed for life or for a number of years, some by the universities, by boards of trade, by the press, by "the learned professions," by labour associations; and those who, in the different walks of life, have been of signal service to their country or to mankind at large. The Greater Britain should not be represented, as this second chamber should be altogether for matters pertaining to the United Kingdom, leaving Imperial matters to be considered in an Imperial Parliament. And let the members forswear all party allegiance, let them deliberate on the measures that come before

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AS SEEN BY FUTURE HISTORIANS.

This is a picture of a director, and part owner, of two liquor concerns, who is supposed to have lived about the time of Lloyd George.

This is a "noble" marquis, probably of the same period, who at the head of a gang of ruffians, in the House of Lords, murdered a License Bill which had been passed by the Commons for the alleviation of the awful curse of strong drink.

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them as would an intelligent and conscientious jury upon a case in court.

As we see it from a Canadian point of view the present House of Lords has been unfaithful to the people. An Upper House should be strictly non-partisan, else its usefulness is largely curtailed; it may be, positively injurious. The House of Lords is very partisan. A large majority of its members is always ready to move as one man, and under one man influence, to thwart and embarrass a Liberal Government, but never to interfere with Conservative measures. As Lord Rosebery expressed it: "What I complain of in the House of Lords is this, that during the tenure of one Government it is a Second Chamber of an inexorable kind, but while another

Government is in, it is no Second Chamber at all. In one case it acts as a court of appeal, and a *packed court* of appeal, against the Liberal party, while in another case, the case of a Conservative Government, it acts not as a Second Chamber at all. . . .

Therefore I say we are face to face with a great danger, a great peril to the State." And on another occasion he said: "It is a permanent party organization, controlled for party purposes and by party managers." And Chamberlain called it "a mere branch of the Tory caucus—a mere instrument of the Tory organization."

An Upper House should not represent one general class alone, lest the members should put their own material interests against those of the nation.

As the late Lord Salisbury said of the House of Lords, " We belong too much to one class, and the consequence is that, with respect to a large number of questions *we are too much of one mind.*" The majority of these men will sacrifice the country at any time for selfish interests. Take the liquor question as one case out of many.

I have not any full British Government report of the drink evil from a monetary point of view. But I will ask that there be placed in evidence the minority report of the Royal Commission appointed by Sir John A. MacDonald, not long before his death. According to this report the yearly monetary loss to Canada at that time, through drink, was as follows :—

THROUGH A TELESCOPE 87

" Amount paid for liquor by con- sumer	\$39,879,854
Amount of grain, etc. destroyed	\$1,888,765
Cost of proportion of pauperism, disease, insanity, and crime chargeable to the liquor traffic	\$3,014,097
Loss of productive labour	\$76,288,000
Loss through mor- tality caused by drink	\$14,304,000
Misdirected labour	\$7,748,000
	<hr/>
	\$143,122,716

The population of Great Britain and Ireland is about seven times as great as Canada's was then. There, also,

the amount of liquor drunk *per capita* is much greater than here. Moreover, as Britain is a great manufacturing country and Canada, as yet, is chiefly agricultural, the proportion of artisans, and others of the labouring class, (in connection with whom the greatest monetary loss occurs) is there much greater. What is a fair statement, then, of the annual loss to Great Britain through the liquor traffic? Shall we estimate the loss resulting from drinking in proportion to "the amount paid for liquor by the consumer"? For Canada, in round numbers, the report says 40,000,000 dollars. In Great Britain the consumer pays about 800,000,000 dollars—twenty times as much. The associated loss accruing to Canada was over 103,242,000 dollars. Multiply that by twenty, and we

have 2,064,840,000 dollars or over 445,000,000 pounds sterling. Add to this the amount paid for liquor by the British consumer, and there is an annual loss of about 585,000,000 pounds sterling. This, in the nature of things, is but a rough approximation—some may think too rough. But even if the associated loss be reduced by one half there is still left the appalling amount of 372,500,000 pounds—I should say a very moderate estimate, everything considered. The depreciation, by drink, of the home market for British manufactured goods and food stuffs must, in itself, be enormous. And this year by year. What war could be compared with this? Is it to be wondered at that Great Britain has hard times? We recall Gladstone's statement to the effect that, if liquor were out of the country, he

would have no difficulty in raising the needed revenue.

Now let me call up witnesses to prove what a curse strong drink is in respect to the nation's manhood. I would summon Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Archdeacon Farrar, and General Booth. Let them give answer, in the order named, to the following :

Question : What have you to say in respect to the effect of strong drink upon the nation ?

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge : " There is scarcely a crime before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink."

Archdeacon Farrar : " What makes these slums of London so horrible ? I answer with certainty, and with confidence of one who knows—drink. I tell the nation with conviction,

founded on experience, there will be no remedy until you save these outcasts from the temptation of drink."

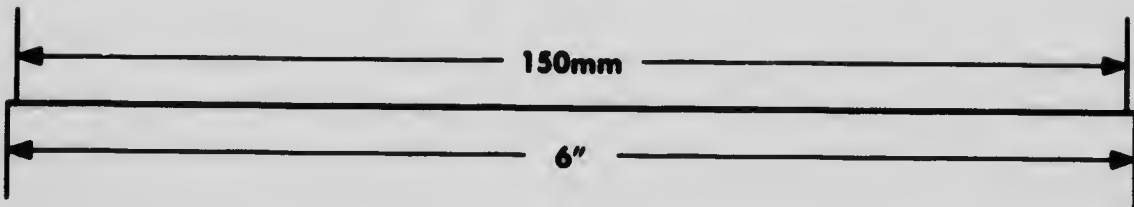
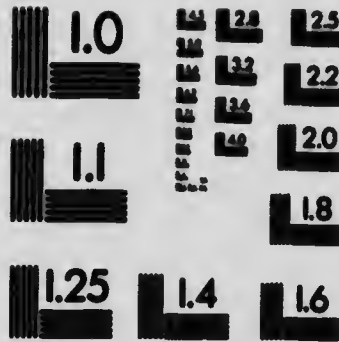
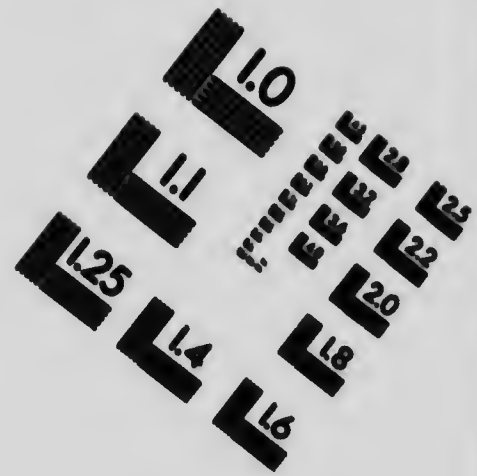
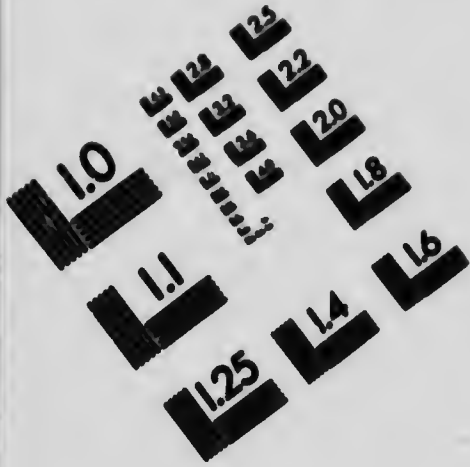
General Booth: "Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root. Society, by its habits, customs, and laws, has greased the slope down which these poor creatures slide to perdition."

These gentlemen may retire. Now let me call Mr. Charles Burton, a one-time leading English brewer and M.P., the Rt. Honourables W. E. Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery, and Archbishop Ireland. I ask them the same question.

Mr. Burton: "Startling as it may appear, it is the truth, that the destruction of human life, and the waste of national wealth, which must arise from



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this tremendous Russian War, are outrun every year by the devastation caused by national drunkenness. Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those which spring from this one calamity."

Mr. Gladstone: "It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges, war, pestilence, and famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

Mr. Chamberlain: "If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England, what changes we should see. We should see our taxes reduced by millions sterling a year; we should see our

jails and workhouses empty; we should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter and savage warfare; we should transfigure and transform the face of the whole country."

Lord Rosebery: "I go so far as to say this, that if the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State. . . . I see the danger coming nearer and nearer that owing to the enormous influence wielded, directly and indirectly, by those who are concerned in upholding the drink traffic, we are approaching a condition of things perilously near the corruption of our political system."

Archbishop Ireland: "The great cause of social crime is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, and ask the

cause: Drink. If I go to the gallows, and ask its victim the cause, the answer is 'Drink.' Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, Why do not men put a stop to this thing?"

Now let me call up as evidence the vast army of those who, in Great Britain, die annually, directly or indirectly, through drink. I call up many legions of paupers. I call up the great multitudes of degenerates, and those who are degenerating, through this evil. I call up other gross evils that are being fostered by drink.

I call up also the indescribable agony of parents, of wives, and of children through drink, the wrecked homes, the blasted hopes, the broken hearts, the lost souls, and that awful, agonizing cry that is going up to an

avenging God: "Oh, Lord! how long? How long?"

I rest this point here. I plead that the witnesses prove beyond a doubt that strong drink is a most dangerous, most fatal enemy. I submit that it is far more to be feared, because of its ravages, than Germany with a thousand Dreadnoughts and backed up by the rest of Europe.

Now let me call up Lord Lansdowne.

His lordship takes the stand.

Question: Under your lead did the House of Lords reject the recent license Bill, which was intended to alleviate the effects of this awful curse?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Your reason?

Answer: The Bill would depreciate the value of property. Arthur and

I agreed that it would be a case of robbery.

Question : Will you please explain ?

Answer : A license greatly inflates the value of the property that holds it, because much money is made by the sale of liquor.

Question : This same liquor that is damning the country with hard times, tremendous monetary loss, and still greater loss in England's manhood, and by multiplying England's woes ?

Answer : I am shocked at the rude way you put things. You are really vulgar. I said "liquor," and that is sufficient.

Question : Who are the property owners ?

Answer : Chiefly ourselves.

Question : Would this measure also

tend to lower the dividends on liquor interests ?

Answer : Any measure that would lessen the amount of drinking would affect the dividends.

Question : Are many members of the House of Lords, which threw out this licence Bill, shareholders in breweries, distilleries, and other liquor interests.

Answer : (With great hesitancy) Yes, largely so.*

Question : And now, my lord, let me appeal to your conscience, if a little bit of that concern, even, is in working order, do you frequently see, in the looking-glass, a man who reminds

* How farcical when his lordship professes, in relation to the Budget or any other question, to be interested in the welfare of the people when his own worldly interests lie in the opposite direction. With him the largest number is evidently and always number one.

you of General Benedict Arnold?
Just answer me frankly, my lord.

• • • •

You do not answer—

Then you may retire, my lord.

Who was it that hissed when I said
"treason"?

And this is but a sample of the selfish, treasonable nature of legislation in the House of Lords. No Bill in the interests of the people can pass through this Chamber of Horribles, if it in any way interferes with the prejudices of its members, unless backed up by great popular feeling. John Bright says: "At least since 1690, or thereabouts, when the peers became the dominant power in this country, I am scarcely able to discover one single measure, important to human or English freedom,

which has come from the voluntary consent and goodwill of their House." They have thrown out Bills in favour of moral, social, and political reform, of equality in education, of personal freedom, of religious toleration, of individual rights, of the amelioration of distress. Even a Bill for the alleviation of "absolutely hideous" suffering of children, who had to work in mines, was destroyed by them, so that the truly noble Lord Shaftesbury wrote: "Never have I seen such a display of selfishness and frigidity to every human sentiment." In pigeon shooting cruelty is displayed by some of these ignoble peers of which one could scarcely believe a tough from the White-chapel district would be guilty. Yet Bills for the amelioration of such have been rejected by these low-toned

fellows.* As the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain said, "During the last hundred years the House of Lords has never contributed one iota to popular liberties or popular freedom, or done anything to advance the common weal; and during that time it has protected every abuse and sheltered every privilege. It has denied justice and delayed reform. It is irresponsible without independence, obstinate without courage, arbitrary without

* In 1883 a "Cruelty to Animals" Bill, largely for the protection of pigeons, was passed through the Commons. The mover, Mr. Anderson, Member for Glasgow, said: "Some of the pigeons are so tame they refuse to rise, and it is necessary to use a spur. The trapper wrenches out the tail, and frequently touches it with pepper or turpentine. Sometimes the trapper sticks a pin into the rump of the bird. If a trapper wants a bird to fly to the right he destroys with a pin its left eye, or gouges it out with his fingernail, knowing the bird will fly to the side it can see. If he wants to utterly confuse the bird he puts out both eyes or bends the upper mandible and sticks it through the lower." The Bill was rejected in the Lords by two to one. Last year it also defeated the Bishop of Hereford's "Spurious Sports Bill," of a similar nature, by a vote of 62 to 25.

judgment, and arrogant without knowledge."

Even the late Duke of Marlborough, a Tory peer, in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, said: "It is certainly discouraging to an admirer of the hereditary system to take note of the mental calibre, not to say physical appearance, of certain noble lords who on great occasions are dug up from their graves of dignified oblivion to assist in defeating a measure which is distasteful to the hereditary chamber. It is certainly hard on a people who spend their time and their energy in sending members to Parliament, that a parcel of incapable and ignorant gentlemen should have a right to come down, when they choose, to the Upper Chamber, and obstruct indefinitely the progress of a measure which is for the

benefit of the nation. . . . The House of Lords has used its direct and indirect influence for eighty years to impede and stave off all reform, until it has endangered not only its own just rights of property but also the very integrity of the empire."

No wonder that John Bright should have said, "If the freedom of our people is not a pretence or a sham, some limit must be placed upon a power which is chiefly manifested in, or by, its hostility to the true interests of the nation."

As individual landlords, and as legislators, they have cast their blight upon Ireland, upon Scotland, upon England. The degenerating manhood, that is so much in evidence even in the Strand and Fleet Street, not to mention the poorer districts of London, may to



**"A merciful providence fashioned us hollow,
In order that we might our principles swallow."**

—See page 104.

a great extent be attributed directly and indirectly to them.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the talented editor of *The Daily News*, puts the case in a nutshell when in his introductory to "50 points against the Peers," he says: "No consideration of public welfare weighs against their fanatical pride, their determination to keep the country a solitude for themselves and the towns a slum for the people. . . . Their record is one long denial of justice to the people, one changeless assertion of the selfish interests of the few."

As Joseph Chamberlain, in his better days, said, "THE CUP IS NEARLY FULL. THEIR CAREER OF HIGH-HANDED WRONG IS COMING TO AN END."

What should be done?

In a certain part of the State of

Ohio there were a man and four sons, Beaver by name, who were hard pets, who laughed to scorn the admonitions of the faithful but somewhat eccentric Methodist parson, and in some respects, at least, were almost as ignoble as some of the British peers, a rather hard thing to say of any man. But one day Jim was bitten by a rattlesnake. In haste they sent for the parson. The reverend gentleman found Jim very repentant and desirous of the benefits of prayer. So he knelt down, closed his eyes, and prayed: "Lord, we thank Thee for rattlesnakes. We thank Thee that a rattlesnake bit Jim. Lord, send another one to bite Sam. Send another to bite Bill. Send another to bite John. And, oh Lord, send the biggest kind of rattlesnake to bite the old man; for nothing but

rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

Moreover, the general character of the average peer, who has inherited the position, is not high enough, his blood is not sufficiently manly, to rule. As Lord Beauchamp said, on the 23rd of November, in the famous Budget debate in the House of Lords: *"This House, with its past record and its present constitution, is unworthy and incapable of guiding the destinies of a great and mighty empire."*

There are, of course, worthy men among them—Kinnaird, Balfour of Burleigh, and others. But it seems that, in Britain, the higher one is in the social caste the lower is the standard of morals that is set for him. What would damn a man of the middle class is only considered a weakness, an

eccentricity, when done by a lord. More is expected of a swineherd than of a prince, if he would hold his position and his good name. Even the Nonconformist Conscience can "swallow a camel"—provided that camel be big enough. But it is a goodly conscience, and therefore must that camel be much bigger than even Dilke or Parnell. Moreover it is a notable fact that, when the bishops and other great religious leaders speak of the moral and religious condition of England, and its outlook for the future, their hopes lie on the great middle class. The upper class (generally speaking) and the very lowest class are associated together. The four P's.: the prince, the peer, the pub., and the prostitute, are put in the same boat. If any or all of these P's. object

to this classification, let them go for the bishops.

Many Britishers hesitate to do away with hereditary peerage because of an impression that, even though the majority of its present representatives are not qualified to hold their position, they in some way connect the country with past greatness—that if we should trace back the muddy river of our English aristocracy to its head, we would find that it took its rise in purity and grandeur. Generally speaking, such is a huge mistake. Professor Goldwin Smith, in his *Three English Statesmen*, page 151, (Macmillan & Co.), says :—“ Pitt created or promoted in the peerage one hundred and forty peers. The great mass of these creations and promotions were not for merit of any kind, but for political support.

If the peerage of England intends . . . to set up a divine right against the nation, it had better not look into its own annals : for taking those annals from the days of Henry VIII. and his minions, the real commencement of our present nobility (the feudal nobility having been destroyed in the Wars of the Roses), it would perhaps be difficult to find a group of families whose ennoblement had less to do with honour. The Stuarts sold peerages for money ; later peer-makers have sold them for votes. . . . And their descendants to the end of time, even though they might degenerate from the littleness of their sires, were to have a sacred and indefeasible right to legislate for a great nation."

Lord Beaconsfield says in his novel, *Coningsby* : " I never heard of a peer

with an ancient lineage. . . . We owe the English peerage to three sources, the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of its honours by the elder Stuarts, and the borough-mongering of our own times."

Speaking of the creation of peers by George III., Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, writes: "The creations he made were numerous beyond all precedent; their object evidently being to neutralize the liberal spirit hitherto prevailing, and thus turn the House of Lords into an engine for resisting the popular wishes and stopping the progress of reform. . . . No great thinkers, no great writers, no great orators, no great statesmen, none of the true nobility of the land, were found among these spurious nobles created by George III."

Lecky says, "The majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honour, but of shame." If "Cap" Sullivan, Preston, and certain other Canadian worthies of election fame, had lived in Great Britain at this time, they would surely have been made dukes. Stead says, "The hereditary House of Lords has been often recruited by men whose deserts would have been more justly rewarded by incarceration in a convict prison. The progenitors of some of our noble legislators may have been men distinguished above their fellows by virtue and genius. But the progenitors of so many of the others were scamps and scoundrels that it is impossible to say, without looking up Debrett, whether a man is a hereditary legislator because his forefather was pre-

eminent for rascality or for public spirit. Probably, as a rule, he belonged to the majority—he was pre-eminent for nothing, but belonged to the great army of wealthy, respectable mediocrities who rendered yeomen's service to their party, and who received the partisan's reward."

So, generally speaking, the heads of our so-called "noble" houses were, as the darkies would say, "Not folks, but just ordinary white trash." O Israel, behold thy gods!

But to the Canadian the wonder is that you people of Great Britain put up with this sort of thing, that you do not tell this unworthy system and the unworthy men who make up the system, to be gone. You have the power to put away the whole thing, and to bring in a better. Yet

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these lords, who appeal to your allegiance, despise you as belonging to the bloodless, vulgar herd; and they would no more think of associating, or eating, with any of the great bulk of you than would a gentleman of the Southern States with a nigger. But perhaps you are accustomed to this sort of thing, like Paddy with hanging. Perhaps you like it. There is no accounting for taste.

PS.—Canadians are expectantly waiting until the new M.P. for East St. Pancras, the Hon. Joseph Martin, gets in touch with the lords. Then, if never before, there should be wigs on the green.

CHAPTER IV



LOOKING over to John Bull's Land we Canadians are somewhat attracted by quite an upheaval among the dear fair sex. Generally speaking when a woman goes around with a mop handle in her hand, and scalding water in her eye, I make myself scarce. No, thank you, I would rather not. "Experience teaches fools." But this case is so interesting that I will make an exception.

A word in respect to the *militant* suffragist, as she is called. My friend says a monkey show is all right, at the commencement, to draw a crowd ;

but if it be kept up exclusively and eternally, persons who have come to buy your patent medicine will go away disgusted. If the Home Secretary was really in earnest in respect to putting down this silly monkey performance, the said performance having gone too far already, he shewed very little knowledge of human nature. I wonder if he is married. If so, why did he not consult his wife on the matter? The man who does not consult his wife, when he has to deal with other women, is a dough-head. If his wife were consulted she would say, Gladdy dear, do not imprison her. This militant suffragist is a kind of biped that fattens on "persecution." Just turn the fire hose on her, and forbid any public or private conveyance to take her up until, with

her bedraggled skirts and water-soaked bonnet and frizzes, she has walked five blocks. That, Gladdy darling, would cure her. These women glory in martyrdom, they can make themselves ridiculous, but they cannot stand being made ridiculous. See?

I am sure that, being a sensible woman, such is the advice his wife would give. So says my friend.

But wait. Let me think. Perhaps there is a reason for the militant suffragist. Do some of the women of England realize that John Bull is like the fat boy in Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, continually falling asleep, and needs continually to be wakened up? That is true in military and certain other matters. If you do not believe me, ask Bobs. Would the question of granting the franchise to women fall

unheeded at the sleepy boy's side, if somebody did not "pinch him"? So what may seem foolish, looked at through a telescope, may be really different in view of the condition of things—if kept within proper bounds. Unfortunately some foolish women have exceeded the limit and are bringing the cause into contempt.

As to the merits of the case: why should not woman have the right to vote? Do you Englishmen think your wives have not as much sense as tens of thousands of brainless people you allow to vote now? Do you not think they have as good brains as yourselves, saving your presence? When a man wants advice, if he himself is not a fool, he goes to his wife. Every well-ordered house is conjointly ruled by the husband and wife. On the

other hand, one of the great reasons why so many marriages are failures is because the husband is a selfish brute who thinks his wife has no rights except as he grants them. Now, if your wife has sense enough to rule the house with you, and to be consulted regarding your most important affairs, has she not sense enough to vote?

We are told that the franchise would unsex women. That is contrary to experience. I do not see how the depositing of a ballot could unsex one any more than the dropping of a letter into the box at the post-office. Rest assured women can take care of themselves. Your wife and sister have as high a sense of the proprieties as you have, and a bit higher. The ballot would not unsex women, but it might help to sex men: it would not

make women less womanly, but their presence, even for a moment, at the polls, might tend to make men more manly : more *gentle-manly*.

We are also told it would make dissensions in the family. Come now ! Because the slave driver at home might not get his own way, eh ? It is time some men were taught that wives are not bond-servants, that they have a conscience of their own. Some men need a little education like this. But on a man, worthy of the name, the effect would be to make him less bitter towards the other party for his wife's sake. It would, in the long run, cultivate more kindly feelings, more charity, towards those of different opinions.

Some of you old fogies who know a great deal about science, but pre-

cious little about anything else, tell us that the country would all go wrong if women were granted the franchise. But it was old moss-backs like you who used to refuse women higher education, and admittance to the learned professions; and about the same kind of fool-talk was used then as now. If you were in Persia you would object to women having the privilege of mixing in society because they might become too brazen; and if you were in China you would object to the abolition of foot-binding on the plea that women, as a result, would be gallivanting around the streets, and their husbands would have nothing to eat when they came home to dinner. When will some of you learn that woman has a conscience and common sense, and that she has a finer concep-

tion of the eternal fitness of things than you have? You poor, doddling, drivelling fools, come in out of the wet! You men have had the sole use of the franchise for hundreds of years, and what have you done, by your ballots, to uplift humanity? In common decency let the women now try.

Let me mention some of the results that would come from the enfranchisement of women. (1) Fewer men, with smirched characters, would enter Parliament. (2) It would sound the death-knell of the rum traffic. (3) The manufacture, importation and sale of cigarettes would be prohibited. (4) More humanizing influences would be launched upon the nation and the world at large. Men have had the ballot, as their sole possession, for

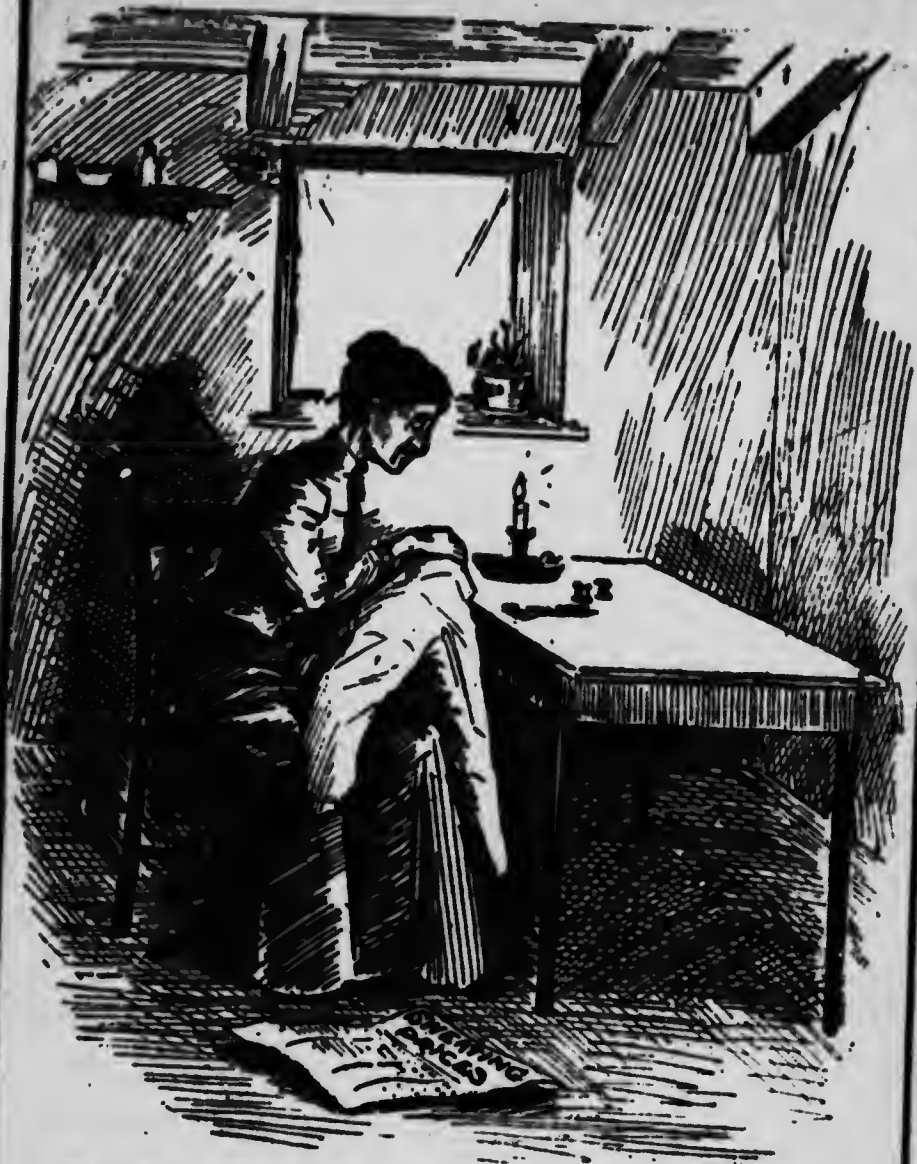
centuries, and to-day the condition of things is such that Christian nations are exhausting their energies in their preparations to murder each other. Much of our national life is simply veneered savagery. Give the franchise to the women of Great Britain, who are qualified, and of the European continent, and these energies would be directed towards a moral uplift at home. The debasing elements that are corrupting and weakening the nation would be warred against. The problem of saving the great army of outcasts to a higher life would be seriously considered. Prisoners would be treated differently. The prison, instead of being a road to hell, would be changed to a high grade moral hospital, with high grade officials, where moral sickness might be diagnosed and cured,

and men and women be restored to nobler character.

Judge John Lindsey, the philanthropist, of Colorado, says: "I have never observed one evil as the result of woman suffrage. Certainly it has not made women any the less womanly or any the less motherly. We have in Colorado the most advanced laws of any State in the Union, for the care and protection of the home and the children, the very foundation of the republic. We owe this more to woman suffrage than to any other cause. It does not take any mother from her home duties to spend ten minutes in casting her vote; but in that ten minutes she wields a power which is doing more to protect her home, and all other homes, than any other power or influence in Colorado."

(5) The rights of women, and they include half the population, would be properly and intelligently considered. Tom Hood's "*Song of the Shirt*" is not yet out of date. Then, if I am rightly informed, in Great Britain, up to very recent years, a woman, upon her marriage, forfeited all her property to her husband, and, subject only to his caprice, could she get a shilling of her own money. Here, in at least two of our Canadian provinces, a woman may slave the greater part of her life in helping her husband to make a home, but he can dispose of it at any time without her consent, and if he should die before her he can will it away to some one else, leaving her homeless and penniless. This law was made in early days to suit low-toned Britishers who were married to squaws. (For

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Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is not yet out of date.

the man who would marry a squaw, and deliberately plan to cut off any legal provision for her in view of his death, is worthy of being called "low toned.") And so indifferent are our male legislators to the rights of women that the law has never been changed.

By all means give women the privilege of voting. If Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and some other women, think themselves too refined to cast a ballot, let them stay at home. But they have no right to hinder those, just as refined as they are, who would benefit society by exercising the franchise.

I am in favour of granting the franchise to women because, everywhere, those interested in the liquor traffic, and in other evils, are opposed to it; and as the Great Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, "It is gener-

ally safe to do what your opponent does not wish you to do."

So keep up the fight, my pretty maids. Down at heart the average Englishman is fair, even though a little slow to catch on. By and bye that man will be looked upon as an old "has-been" who would think of denying you your rights. But all reforms have taken time and perseverance in their accomplishment. So use common sense, be patient, and keep busy—especially the common sense. And be comforted by Mahoney's schnail. My friend was lecturing on Noah's ark: "The aigle it flew in, and the iliphunt it walked in, and the schnail it crawled in. It did not arrive as soon as the others, me frinds, but it got there just the same."

Again I put my eye to the telescope,

and I see another great upheaval. John Bull has been suffering, to some extent, from keen competition of other nations, and quite a few persons are out of employment. The nation is divided into two camps, with the respective rallying cries, "Free Trade" and "Protection."

Now while many questions affecting one part of the empire are open for discussion by the people of other parts, I think the fiscal policy of each should be an exception in this respect. I remember how some of the British people and press used to annoy us by their sage counsels on the Canadian tariff. One case was also quite amusing. A delegation of Scottish farmers came over to spy out the land in respect to immigration, and to take back a report. The leader of these

hayseeds took upon himself to expound to us the proper fiscal policy for Canada, (we were only colonials, you know), accompanied by the awful threat that, unless we adopted his ideas, no Scottish farmers would come to us. We were audacious enough to reject his advice—and we still live. So the Premier of a certain sister State went through England two or three years ago, I forget the exact date, and stormed and raved because Great Britain would not grant the outside portions of the empire a preferential tariff. What a lucky thing for some that the fool-killer is dead, but it is awfully rough on the general community. The conditions of the various parts of the empire are so diversified that the fiscal policy of each had better be left to its own people. They understand better than others

their own requirements. However, this need not keep me from voicing the sentiments of the Canadian people, by saying to you, John, that we are exceedingly sorry things are not booming with you. Something, of course, is wrong. IF Protection is going to help you I hope you will hurry up and get it. But I write the "if" in big letters. You know, pard, that we are under the reign of law. In morals, in agriculture, in physical health, in commerce, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There is a railway track, and on it is the railway train. If one steps on board one of the coaches he will be carried to his destination. That is going with law. But if he steps on the track, and butts his head with the locomotive as it comes thundering along—well, that is going against law.

Now, John, you have been going against the laws of trade. A gentleman who held, for years, an important position in South America said to me, and his words have a world-wide application, "The British manufacturer sends goods there of a certain class—well made, very serviceable. To the people who want a different class of goods he practically says, 'I know better than you what you should buy. Here it is, take it or leave it.' But the German manufacturer caters to the wishes of the people, and they buy from him. The German Consular agent is everywhere, with a keen eye to the interests of German trade, and the manufacturer is ready to follow his suggestions."

Persons have been telling you, John, that Germany is beating you because

she has Protection while you have Free Trade. That is not it. Germany has been obeying the laws of commerce: you have been violating these laws.

We have in Canada men and women who go against the laws of health, and think they can overcome the evil effects of such by a liberal use of patent medicine. It stimulates, but frequently it leaves the general condition of the system worse than before. This may be the way with the patent medicine called "Protection." Trusts are formed. Manufacturers enter into agreement with each other in relation to the price of goods. Healthy rivalry is interfered with. And while the cost of living increases, the great bulk of the profits goes into the pockets of the manufacturer and not of the workingmen. Workmen from the Continent

are now driving out the British workmen. To our standard, wages are low. With present immigration laws, Protection, with its increased price of living, would prove a great curse. Be sure of this, John, if you would bring back your trade you must look elsewhere for a remedy: you must obey the laws of commercial health. **AIM AT HAVING THE BEST TECHNICAL SCHOOLS IN THE WORLD.** Appoint competent commercial agents everywhere, as Germany does. Find out what the people want, and supply such at the lowest paying price. And push your goods. Do not wait for the people to come to you: go you to them. We are sorry that the United States occupies the place you should occupy in the Canadian market . . . very sorry. But it is your own fault. Swift steamships have brought us to

your very door: why then do you not push your goods? Get a few hundred rustling Canadian drummers, pay them a salary and commission, and they will do the trick for you. In a short time they should be able to double your exports to this Dominion. I have seen those fellows arrive in a town or village, make appointments with the merchants, open up their samples, book their orders, rush to another place, sometimes hire a horse and wagon and drive, with their samples, two or three score of miles, often put up at miserable hotels and face all sorts of inconveniences. Sometimes they are away from home for months. They are the heroes in the commercial battle. And they get there. If you had pushed your goods in that way, John, you would have no cry to-day for Protection.

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And do you not think it is only fair for the British people to say to the manufacturers: *It is time enough to ask for a change in our fiscal policy, time enough to experiment with this risky patent medicine labelled "Protection," when you have faithfully complied with twentieth century business principles, and have failed.* However, that is something you have to settle for yourself without any outside interference.

CHAPTER V



LOOKING over to John Bull's Land there are certain things in connection with the British people we Canadians do not just understand.

Why do you use the "pounds, shillings, and pence" monetary system instead of dollars and cents? The only way I can account for it is that a pound is bigger than a dollar. Let me explain to the readers of *Punch* that this last sentence is a joke, though, to save my soul, I do not know whether it is original or not.

Why do you drop the "h" when you should keep it on, and stick it on when you should keep it off? If you

always dropped it, or always added it, I would say you could not help it, that you were like the Ephraimites who, when they had to say "Shibboleth," could only say "Sibboleth." Now one has sympathy for a poor fellow like that. But if old Squire Ephraim should have insisted upon saying "Shibboleth" when he should have said "Sibboleth," and "Sibboleth" when he should have said "Shibboleth," we would almost think, not knowing the gentlemen very well, at this late date, that he was a little batty. When you make a "heel" an "eel," and an "eel" a "heel," and "hell" an "ell" and an "ell" "hell," why I confess we Canadians are puzzled. Say, Daddy dear, don't you sometimes forget, and get puzzled yourself? Would it not be nice if you would think

before you speak, and try to talk like a white man? Won't you do it just to please me? I do hate to hear brother Sam laugh at your Royal "ighness" and his "hinqurities."

Neither can we understand our ignorance of each other. We do not mind that, in the past, persons in England used to write enquiring if it were dangerous, on account of the Indians, to send children to school in Nova Scotia. Neither did we lose sleep over the idea some used to have regarding our cold and storms. Perhaps we were partly to blame for this ourselves. Some anti-prohibitionists, I suppose, filled Kipling up, when he was out here, with something warmer than cold water, and in the morning, when the chills were coming on, he wrote "Our Lady of the Snows." But it was not

the snows at all. At least I suppose, in ignorance of the facts, that that must have been the way. We used to build ice palaces in Montreal, by some natural process, and send fur robes to royalty ; and some got into their heads the notion that we wore furs all the year round, and that a trip to Canada was equivalent to cold storage. As an Englishman said to me in Manitoba, while he wiped the perspiration from his brow, " They hused to tell hus, in hold Hengland, 'ow cold hit was hout 'ere, but they never said a bloomin' word about hit being so 'ot." They did not stop to consider that Canada is larger than Continental Europe, nor the great diversity of climate that must be found over such an area. If in Winnipeg the thermometer should occasionally fall to forty degrees below zero, that meant,

to the average unimaginative Englishman, forty below from Sydney to the city of Vancouver; for he never travelled it to know that it takes seven days for the C.P.R. trains to go from one to the other, and that further on we have numerous islands, one of them, Vancouver, embracing about 17,000 square miles. Neither did he know that ten degrees above zero in Britain is worse than twenty degrees below in Winnipeg, because of the dryness of the climate on our great prairies. The cold does not go through one, it does not chill him to the marrow, as in a moist atmosphere. "It is cold, but you can't feel it," used to be a saying in Manitoba.

I say, we did not mind these things very much. We said, "Some day we will be understood, and we can afford

to wait." But when at a recent date a leading star of the British Cabinet, in all seriousness, tells a Liverpool audience that "we cannot export to Canada for four months in the year," we smite our breasts at our own ignorance, for we always thought it was necessary for Rt. Hon. members of the Imperial Government to be able to read, write, and cipher. How little we know of each other after all.

Would it not be advisable to have, in British schools, up-to-date text-books on Canadian history and geography, written by some good common-sense Canadian, and to open up a night school for the special benefit of benighted British Cabinets in general?

Neither can we understand why the King, who has been credited with working in the interests of peace, should

wear, on great occasions, the uniform of a first-class fighting man. A plain black suit, such as Abraham Lincoln wore, would be an object-lesson that would impress the world.

We cannot understand what has recently come over the lords that they have all at once become so interested in the working man and the price of his beer.

We do not fully understand the English Organized Charity problem. Canadians naturally think of these organizations as being impelled by love and nothing else, except, incidentally, common sense. This is true of the Barnardo Homes and some other similar enterprises. But well-informed Englishmen tell us that on many organized charity boards there are poor and proud country baronets and

squires, with all that such involves in the way of adjournments and fees. If the English people are satisfied with that, there is, of course, no kick a-coming from us. But what we would like to know is, when these charities were organized were they for the express purpose of helping the Lord's poor or the poor devils?

Neither do we understand the temper of the English people, or rather the want of temper, regarding the land question. Canada is a country larger than the continent of Europe, and here there is land and to spare, for every one who comes. But in England it is different; and the law in respect to land is different. Speaking of English land, Froude says: "Under the feudal system the proprietor was the Crown, as representing the nation; while the

subordinate tenures were held with duties attached to them, and were liable, on non-fulfilment, to forfeiture."

"Land never was private property in that personal sense in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please."

"It is commonly supposed," says Sir Frederick Pollock, "that land belongs to its owner in the same sense as money or a watch; this is not the theory of English law since the Norman Conquest, nor has it been so in its full significance at any time. No absolute ownership of land is recognized in our law books, except in the Crown. All lands are supposed to be held immediately or mediately of the Crown, though no rent or services may be payable and no grant from the Crown on record."

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So also says Blackstone, so says Coke, so says Williams, so say others. They tell us, without reserve, that the land of England at this present time, belongs to the Crown—the Crown (Froude), "as representing the nation." In other words it belongs to the people—the whole English people, not a part. These gentlemen are quite sure of that, it is as plain to them as the average militant suffragette. And what statement could be stronger!

Look at another point. The land of England is practically held by a comparatively few persons, amongst whom the peers are pre-eminent. They hold on to that land as if they had received a complete title of it from Heaven; they frequently administer it as if they were acting under instructions from the opposite point. The

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railroads, when they desired land, were "held up" by them to the extent of over fifty millions sterling, to the great detriment of British trade and commerce for all time. On coal, which does not cost them a penny, and which also belongs to the nation, these landlords draw a large tax, thus increasing the price of living, and adding, as in the case of the railroads, a handicap to the manufacturers in their keen fight with foreign competition. When land is desired for schools or any other public service, the people are made to pay most exorbitant prices, fabulous rates sometimes being demanded for land which hitherto had been regarded as almost valueless. In London and other cities persons have to pay to these landlords a high ground rent, erect costly buildings, keep these in

repair, and when the lease expires these buildings go to the landlord without any compensation. Take the case of a mercantile firm. Along with other firms, after years of strenuous effort, they have built up a fine business on a certain street. But the lease runs out. If they wish to renew the lease they have to pay additional rent for the buildings they themselves erected under the former lease, and sometimes a large bonus for the goodwill of a business they themselves took long years to build up, and to which the landlord contributed nothing. English people are familiar with the Gorringe case, cited by Mr. Lloyd George. The yearly rent was something over £300. When the lease expired the landlord demanded a rent of over £4,000, and made it conditional

U. W. O. DRAWING



CONVENTION FOR THE PROTESTANTS OF ROME
PERGIA 1855

"We cannot do without God."

JOHN BULL'S LAND

that the tenant should erect a building worth £50,000. For two or three small buildings the tenant wished to erect on the property, he had to pay an additional yearly rent of £1,200. And in addition to all this he had to pay a bonus (a "fine" the English people call it) of £50,000. The landlord who would do a thing like that, be he a Duke of Westminster or somebody else, deserves to be tarred and feathered, and ridden out of town on a fence rail. But why do the British people put up with such things? This we Canadians cannot understand. Yet they sing,

"Britons *never*, NEVER, NEVER will be slaves."

Not only this, but by Enclosure Acts, passed when the Lords controlled Parliament, these Lords have robbed

"We cannot do without God."

the people of commons land to a vast extent. But this is not all. The way many of these landlords treat their poorer tenants is simply disgraceful. Many of the buildings in which these people herd are altogether unfit for human habitation. Take great areas in London and other cities. They are a menace to the nation, a curse to civilization. Look, too, at some of the buildings on the estate of the Duke of Northumberland! And on the Hatfield estate, of the Marquis of Salisbury — owned by one of his larger tenants! And on other estates! Mr. A. G. Gardiner, editor of that true friend of the people, *The Daily News*, says, "Every student of the social problem knows how much the moral and physical stamina of the people is being undermined by the

herding of the poor in the rookeries of the cities. The children born there are doomed from their birth. They have no room to play, no room to live. They are poisoned by the contagion of the public-house and the squalor of the rabbit warrens that are their 'homes.' To redress this cruel wrong is not merely a duty dictated by justice: it is the first essential of national safety; for a healthy, sober, instructed people is the bed-rock of the State."

Yet by the power these landlords have through the system of hereditary peerage they veto or mutilate every effort of the House of Commons to improve this condition of things. They know the land is really not their own, and therefore, for very apparent reasons, they will not allow

any interference. Some of these landlords have driven the people from the land, the people's own land, to make room for sheep pastures and deer forests; so that more than three-quarters of the population are in the cities, very many of them under most unfavourable conditions physical, mental, and moral.

Cardinal Manning has said: "The land question means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labour spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the misery, sickness, deaths of parents, children, wives, the despair and wildness which spring up in the hearts of the poor, when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital right of mankind. All this is contained in the land question."

What we Canadians cannot understand is this: If Blackstone, Coke, Pollock, Williams, and several others tell us that the land belongs to the whole English people and not to a part thereof, and if there are such injustice and hardships under the present condition of things, why do the people put up with it? Perhaps some of the fault lies with the Liberal party. It has not hitherto struck the right note. It has too often hunted with the hounds and run with the hare; for while it has denounced the wrong, yet by refusing to take a square stand at the polls against the wrong it has partly condoned it. But a brighter day seems to be dawning. Asquith, Lloyd George and Company do not hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. And evidently they have in mind a great

scheme for the redemption of the British people.

And we Canadians cannot understand why Great Britain and the other nations of Europe should persist in having such hard feelings towards each other. Here the Britisher, the American, the German, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Scandinavian meet, and are good friends. There is no thought among them of bad feelings. That shows what is possible, and what should be.

Why, for instance, is there between you Britishers and the Germans such bad blood? We Canadians have a right to ask this, and to get an answer, for we are being asked to contribute to the Navy, and if war broke out thousands of our young men would be supposed to go to the front. Now

"War is hell," and should be resorted to only when it is impossible to avoid it. You lay the blame upon the Germans; they lay the blame upon you. Since they licked the French they think they are the big toad in the puddle, and that does not tend to concord. And Emperor William II., unfortunately, is credited with having ambitious dreams. Do they include Belgium, Holland, and Denmark? But do they stop there?

Is he not the oldest son of the eldest child of Queen Victoria? Has he visions of a second Senlac, with himself as William the Conqueror? Does he also see the German flag waving over Canada and the other outlying portions of the empire? Is he planning, while Britain is asleep, to gain supremacy of the air, and, by dropping

down explosives, to destroy enough British warships to give his great fleet command of the sea? So, many seem to think. Personally, I know nothing about it. Billy and I do not speak now, and therefore I am not in his confidence. But suppose it is true. Then he would never have been able to attempt to carry out his schemes without the aid of the German people. And you have been playing into his hands, John, for you have been hating them like poison; and hate begets hate. As a result he has been able to convert them to a strong naval policy which, together with his airships, is striking alarm through the once supposed invincible island.

Englishmen have given me, as one reason for their hatred, that Germans come into Britain and, owing to their

superior education, get positions to which the native Briton feels he is entitled. Now while that is hard on the Briton, who loses his job, it is good for the country at large, because of the infusion of new blood, without which a country is in danger of retrograding. Besides, it will stimulate the aforesaid Briton to educate himself, and to cut out beer and cigarettes; and that will be to the nation's advantage.

The British and German nations are composed of men, not brutes: men who can feel, and suffer, and appreciate. They are both professedly Christian. Each land is dotted with churches where Jehovah is worshipped, and where the principles Christ taught are proclaimed. Why then do they not apply these principles in their national

dealings with each other? Thirty years ago the feeling in the United States, among the people in general, was deeply rooted against Great Britain. But British editors, and statesmen, and people returned love for hate, and such has had a marked effect on American sentiment. At that time the German feeling against Great Britain was not so strong. But these statesmen and editors have been dipping their pens in hate instead of love, and the German hatred toward us has been thereby greatly increased. After the Jamieson raid, Emperor William sent a telegram of congratulation to Oom Paul. That was ill-advised. But it was the impulsive, personal act of an individual, even though emperor, and not of the German people. Great Britain at once replied by sending out a flying squad-

ron. That was a threat of nation against nation. It was doubly foolish—and worse. It was criminal. It was a threat, It was an uncalled for declaration of Britain's naval supremacy, and thus a painful humiliation to the German people. It would not have been done if Germany's fleet had been equal to our own. Then came the manoeuvres of the British warships in the Baltic—at Germany's very door—sent there in the face of strong German feeling, sent in the vaunted spirit of

"There was ne'er a gosscon in the village
Dared thread on the tail o' me coat."

And do you not think, John, that you have been too spectacular at the expense of discretion: that too great an effort has been made to show off the king, as a great diplomat, at the sacrifice of some of the first principles

of diplomacy? How would you have felt if Germany's openly avowed object had been to isolate you in Europe, if the Emperor had gone from court to court with that purpose in view, and if German newspapers had openly boasted of his success? You have also failed to distinguish between the great body of the German people and an ambitious ruler surrounded and controlled by ambitious flatterers. Put yourself in your neighbour's place, John. How would you like to be treated in that fashion? Would you not also start in to build up a fleet to maintain your own dignity? When you are so sensitive yourself, you should not forget that other people also have feelings. And we of Greater Britain are also to blame. The old lion growled, and showed his teeth, and his young whelps, around the world, howled

for joy. But in view of what has followed, the growl and the howls sound like the braying of asses ; for to-day Germany is pressing very closely for the supremacy of the sea, and Britain is taxing herself heavily to build warships, and feverishly calling to arms to repel German invasion. As they say out here in the West, you're up against it. Of course we must stand together to guard the flag, let come who will ; the whole empire must assist to maintain a matchless fleet ; at once we should become mistress of the air if we would keep our possession of the sea ; but I hope we will profit by the lesson of to-day. Our Sir John A. McDonald once said, "Honesty is the best policy : I have tried both ways." Great Britain should soon be able to say this in respect to love.

And think, John, what a vast amount could be done in the way of bettering the condition of the masses if the enormous sums could be used for that purpose that are spent on armaments.

Europe, in this twentieth century of the era of the Prince of Peace, is armed as never before. It is disgraceful. Asia, whom we should have taught better things, has at last learned from us this art of hell; she is beginning to arm her countless hordes; and soon she may impress upon us the lesson, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Within the next fifty years Christendom may learn, by bitter experience, that Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest political economist and the wisest of the ages, and that it would have been immeasurably to our advantage if we had cultivated

more earnestly the principles of righteousness and peace taught by Him.

Another great factor in bringing about the present condition of things is France. Incited by a Jesuitical empress she went to war with Prussia. She thought she could wipe the floor with old Von Moltke, without any trouble. She got whipped, and lost certain territory. Although I feel sorry for France it served her right. But she wants that territory back. For years she has had a large army, thoroughly drilled, and furnished with the most destructive weapons, ready to spring at Germany's throat the first good opportunity. That is the first plank in the French national policy. She has been waiting patiently, persistently, to accomplish her purpose. She has thus become the great silent

DISTURBER OF EUROPE. For it is evident that Germany is forced to arm to defend herself. This has set the pace for other nations. And our sympathies are with France, the lier-in-wait.

How long is this condition of things to go on? Can a compromise between the two countries be effected? This might be made easier by the fact that each will soon have spent more upon armaments than the whole blooming disputed territory is worth. Could Germany be induced to restore to France part of this territory for a monetary consideration? Could France be induced to accept such as a final settlement? Perhaps not. But could not some arrangement be arrived at, on the give-and-take principle, by which the strain could be eased? I do not lose sight of other disturbing

causes in Europe that are associated with vast armaments ; but if this cause could be removed it might open the way for the removal of others, and for the reduction of these armaments themselves.

Here is a nice bit of work for some clever statesman. Let him accomplish this, and he will ever occupy a most conspicuous place in the history of Europe.

But, my dear British editors, do please remember that "love is the greatest thing in the world," and that, when you stir up bad blood, others have to do the fighting. And say, don't you think much could be accomplished if you would all get better acquainted with each other ? Let the editors and statesmen of Europe and America try fishing excursions. Get old

Geordy Ham, the great gloom-killer, of the C.P.R. laughing gang, to take charge. Some of you remember him. Stay out one or two weeks, every six months, and do your own cooking, and tell fish stories. Let those who are Christians sit down together on a log, with their old clothes on, and tell their religious experiences, their personal strivings after nobler living. Get up hockey, cricket, and football matches for your own exclusive benefit. Finish up with a big dinner where every one present would have to tell a story, sing a song, or give a comic speech. Run over often, and play in each other's backyard. Anything to break that crust which, in the case of each, is keeping the others from seeing what a really good fellow you are when your liver is in good working order. I hope

the time will come when statesmen will be such warm personal friends that State communications will run like this —if not exactly in these words, in this frank, kind spirit :—

The Foreign Office,
London.

My very dear old Beth:

This Eastern question has come to the top again. What do you say about taking a holiday in the Alps, and having a friendly chat over the matter? If you can do this, the pleasure of your company will enable me to more than forgive these turbulent fellows. Name any day that suits you. And say, have you any of that sauer kraut on hand? My wife and family send love to your frau and the children. Please let me hear from you soon. If a letter would not reach me in time you can telegraph, at my

expense. Best wishes, my dear old boy. Shake!

Your friend,
GREY.

The Foreign Office,
Berlin.

Mine dear, dear Grey,

I shust begun to kick myself mit much joy whenever I gets your kind note, undt I am not through mit it yet. Go? Why sure thing, ole pal! Shake again! I schpeaks to mine frau undt she says, "I go, too. Undt you tell him, be sure to brings de ole woman mit you." Mine stars, what talk they have! We leave to Monday undt de sauer kraut.

Mit love undt more joy,

BETHMAN-HOLLWEG.

P.S. Egscuse spelling. I has not been so long mit this shob.

Unfortunately the happy condition of things just mentioned has not yet

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BRIMSTONE
BRIGADE



THE LATEST THING IN CONScription.

“Don't you think, my gallant and worthy Lord, that the Men is really charming—
that it is just too cute for anything?” —Page 170.

come, and in the meantime Lord Roberts says there is urgent danger from the German quarter, and advocates conscription if a sufficient force cannot otherwise be obtained. If you would permit me to give advice I would say, adopt conscription. You will find it most excellent: that is, **LIMITED CONSCRIPTION**. Do not take honest, industrious, hard working men who are supporting mothers and wives and children, men who are the real backbone of the country. But take all the sporting "blue bloods," whether they be princes, dukes, or earls or sons of the same, who are doing nothing to help the nation. Take "the remittance men" who are out here, and their twin brothers at home. Make a round-up of all the clubs, race-grounds, et cetera, et cetera, and corral

all the idlers to be found there; take the able-bodied loafers of all classes, the wharf-rats and other toughs, who are of no present good to society at large. Take your belligerent financiers, statesmen and editors who have brought war within a reasonable distance, and put them in the very forefront. Drill them all into shape. If war should not come the discipline would do them good. If it does come and they should die most heroically, with their back to the foe, their hurried departure would be regarded as among the extenuating circumstances. Either way the country would stand to gain. It would be a clear case of "heads I win, tails you lose." Don't you think, my gallant and worthy Lord, that the idea is really charming—that it is just too cute for anything?

CHAPTER VI



AND lastly, we Canadians, as we look over to John Bull's Land, ask ourselves the question, ask it with a feeling of solicitude, "Will Great Britain fall like the once powerful nations of the past?" Some point at her commerce, at her wealth, at her colonial possessions, at her armaments, and in chorus they say "No." And millions of persons, around the globe, lay their hands on their rifles, and with a strong, resolute spirit repeat, "No." But these persons only live their little day; they die and are buried; and the question will still assert itself,

will Great Britain also be entombed with the once great nations that in their day made the earth tremble, were marts of commerce, and seats of learning ?

Do we stop to consider that a country's chief danger lies, not without, but within ? The oak that is sound, whose every fibre is nourished by life-giving sap, can laugh at the tempest. Such only deepens and strengthens its roots. But let decay enter that tree, and it will fall a victim to its own weakness. So with a nation in respect to its morals.

We are apt to speak of worldly prosperity as constituting national stability and greatness. But every student of history knows that such prosperity brings its own peculiar dangers : temptations to such self-

indulgence as undermines the individual manhood. Of course, according as these temptations are resisted, the separate individual in the nation, and therefore the nation itself, becomes stronger; but to listen to the voice of the siren means individual, and therefore national, debasement. It was after the great conquering nations of the past had become wealthy that they fell by self-indulgence and vice. A writer in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* says, "Assur-bani-pal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, was the 'Grand Monarque' of ancient Assyria. The empire on his accession was at the height of its glory and magnitude; the treasure and products of the world flowed into Nineveh, and its name was feared from the frontiers of India to the shores of the Aegean." Then

after stating that constant wars asserted the superiority of the Assyrian troops, though they drained the empire of money and men, there follows the significant statement, "and the luxury, which had come in like a flood, was sapping the foundations of the nation's strength." When Rome was poor and thrifty, her people were virtuous and strong. For 520 years before 234 B.C. divorce was unknown. But when the rest of the world lay prostrate at her feet, and the wealth of the world filled her coffers, she became unspeakably base. As one of her own writers has said, "Women married in order to be divorced, and were divorced in order to marry; and noble Roman matrons counted the years, not by the consuls, but by their discarded or discarding husbands." Every known vice was

indulged in to the limit. We speak of Rome as having been overcome by the semi-barbarous hordes of the north. It would be more correct to say she destroyed herself by her own vices.

Great Britain has attained to wealth of which Rome never dreamed. Will she also give way to vice, and fall? Is it possible that Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand may yet, "in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's?" The final answer to that question lies, as in the case of Rome, in the individual character of her people. For no matter how large her population, how extended her trade, how great her armaments, how brilliant her statesmen, how much she may be feared, unless a nation has the strength which belongs to a

noble, virtuous people she carries within her the elements of her own decay and ruin.

Is there any cause for present alarm ? It is a psychological fact that morally we are all weak and need support from union with the Great Source of life and strength. True religion is an individual and national necessity. **WE CANNOT DO WITHOUT GOD.**

According as we do away with the Lord's Day, so the reading of the Bible, meditation and prayer, religious home training, and public religious services, things which tend to fortify us for the daily fight, will go too, and the varied temptations of life will find us morally weak, frequently unable and unwilling to make effectual resistance. Gladstone well said, "Sunday is the main prop of the religious charac-

ter of our country. . . . From a moral, social, and physical point of view the observance of the Sabbath is a duty of absolute consequence." Lord Beaconsfield, in opposing the opening of museums on Sunday, said, "Of all divine institutions the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilization, and its fracture might even affect the health of the people." Dr. Philip Schaff, who rivals Neander for first place among Church historians, says : "The Church of God, the Book of God, and the day of God are a sacred trinity on earth, the chief pillars of Christian society and national prosperity. Without them Europe would soon relapse into heathenism and barbarism."

Emerson says, "The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society." The late Lord Shaftesbury said, "Sunday is a day so sacred, so important, so indispensable to man, that it ought to be hedged round with every form of reverence." John Bright, Lord Cairns, and others of our own great men spoke in the same way. And in a great debate in the German Reichstag, in 1885, when it was urged that certain proposed legislation against Sabbath work should be deferred in order that the consequences to employer and employed might be considered, Windthorst, the German leader, with the true wisdom of a statesman, urged that the divine command to sanctify the Sab-

bath was the only thing they needed to keep in mind.

Such testimony is incontrovertible.

In answering then the above questions as to present cause for alarm, look at the down grade in Britain in respect to Sabbath observance. The bishops and other religious leaders tell us that the aristocratic class, which has such social influence, and which, through feelings of patriotism, if nothing else, should set a noble example before the people, make of Sunday a day of dinner parties, card playing, golf and other sports; and as a result the religious life of Britain is on the decline. The so-called ruling class is known more as the labour-despising, sporting, immoral class. With many English women, too, bridge-whist is more popular than home duties. Should this

spirit take possession of the great middle class the results will be very serious. And look at the awful ravages of drink, cigarettes, and other vices in the nation at large. As a result a spirit of degeneration is at work in the manhood of Great Britain, notwithstanding she has so many clever, worthy persons. Recruiting sergeants see that. It was seen in the Boer War, when many British officers, supposedly so brave, stayed at Cape Town, under the pretext of sickness, until Lord Kitchener rooted them out. It was seen in the numerous surrenders of officers and men to the Boers, so numerous as to make Britain's friends blush and her enemies sneer.

We Canadians have also seen it in many of the immigrants who have been coming to us. So serious a matter

was this that our Government recently ordered that only persons of a certain standard should be accepted. That the number of English immigrants greatly fell, as a result, furnishes food for sober reflection. Under date of August 10, 1909, our daily papers had a press dispatch that Premier Moore, of West Australia, had stated to a deputation of English settlers, "I have had more trouble with English immigrants than any other class of settler, and I am going to tell the agent-general in London not to send out any more immigrants, no matter how much capital they have, unless he is thoroughly satisfied that they are men who can make a success on the land." All this, to us, has been a rude awakening. We had the idea that to be an Englishman was recommenda-

tion enough. We had thought of Tennyson's words :—

“ There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.”

Even the Scotsmen, generally speaking, who are now coming to Canada, are not equal to the settlers of two generations ago.

HAS THE DECLINE SET IN ?

Look, too, at Britain's great army of degenerates and semi-degenerates : manhood in the last stages of decay. Look at the vast multitudes of poor persons. That recognized authority, Dr. T. S. Clouston, President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, says : “ One of the most vivid, instructive, and practical lay sermons I have lately read on the mental and physical effects of their conditions of life on the bodies and minds of a city

population, was contained in the account of his recent investigations into the social and economic state of the wage-earning classes, in the city of York, by Mr. B. Seebohn Rowntree. I cannot go into details, but some of his most striking results are, that about ONE-THIRD OF THE POPULATION are living in 'poverty' as tested by any scientific standard of food and warmth and clothing; that the death-rate among the children under 5 is double that of the average for the city; that at 13 the boys are $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches less in height and 11 pounds less in weight. Their mental and moral state largely corresponds to their low physical development." (From *Life and Work*, March, 1903.)

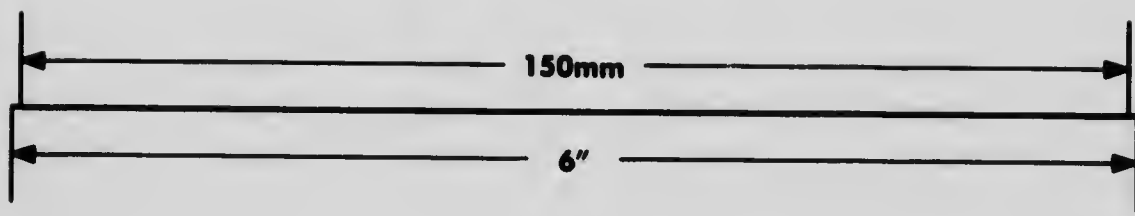
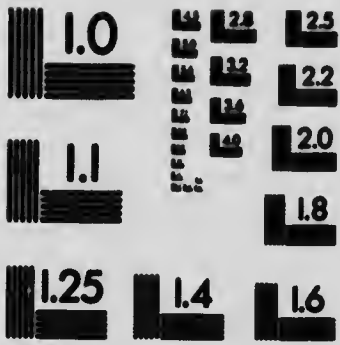
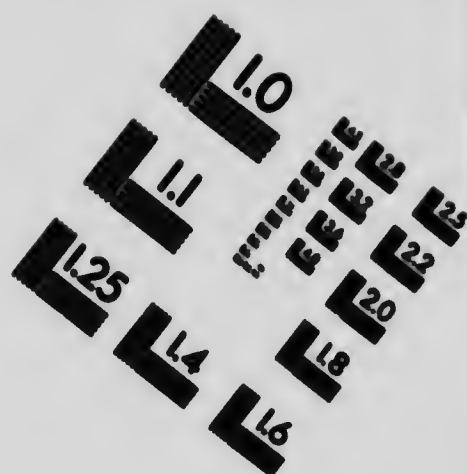
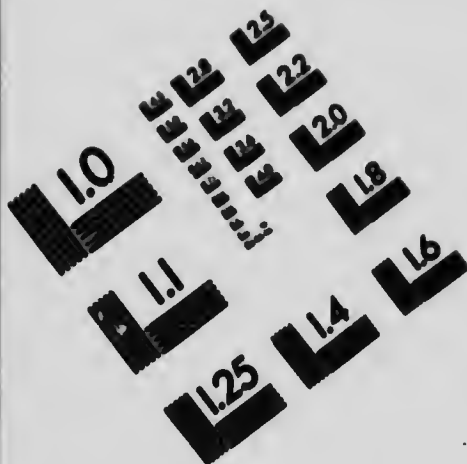
The Royal Commission which, for the last three years, has been studying

the condition of the English poor under existing laws, has lately issued a most voluminous report. According to a press dispatch, Lord George Hamilton, the chairman of the Commission, said in an interview : " The serious feature of the report is the deliberate statement that the conditions of life in London and other big towns are such as to produce a degenerate race, morally and physically enfeebled." And, as we have seen, only one-eighth of the people are on the land, thanks to the selfish and unpatriotic action of the landlords.

The *Standard of Empire*, of July 9, 1909, referring to " A memorandum issued by the National Service League," says, " The number of lads reaching the age of eighteen each year, in the United Kingdom, is put down as 416,000."



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Of these there are "Medical rejections 200,000."

Do not the poverty and degeneracy so manifest in Great Britain, and the abundant wealth of the upper classes with their idle, sporting ways and selfish, and too often immoral, living, with the spectacle of the king, when feasting with kings, dining off a pure gold dinner service, worth £2,000,000, while millions of his people are on the verge of starvation, and great numbers are absolutely in want, remind one of the condition of things in ancient Rome as she hastened to her ruin. Some may reply to this by pointing to Britain's immense trade. But I am speaking about the actual condition of the people. They make up the nation. And when one sees certain parts of the theatres resplendent with

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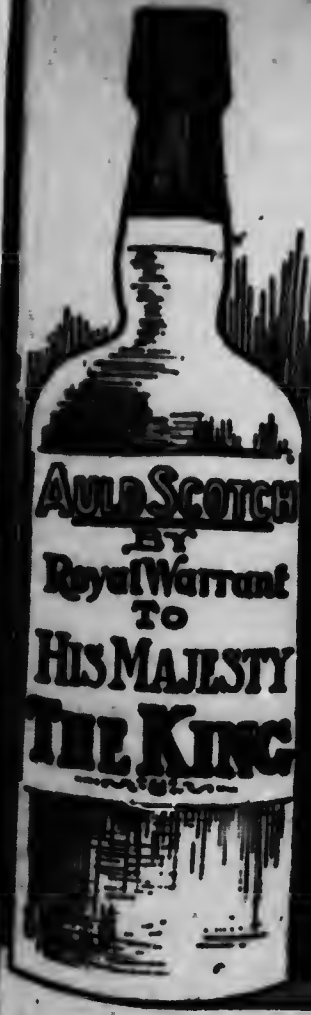
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**It has been said
that greater calamities
are inflicted on mankind
by intemperance than by
the three great historical
scourges war, pestilence
and famine.
This is true for us, and
it is the measure of our
discredit and disgrace.
Wm E Gladstone.**

"When the foundations of a country's greatness and stability lie chiefly in the individual character of the people, the King should be foremost in every good. Because there are multitudes who are weak he should practise self-denial for the welfare of his people. He should be kingly."

diamonds, and outside are many lacking work and clothing and bread, when one visits the sections of the "common people," and then goes to the mansions of the rich, he feels that the upper and wealthy classes of Britain are selfishly untrue to their great trust, and he is not surprised to find Socialism and anarchy; the wonder is that there is not blood-red revolution.

One reason that may be assigned for this poverty is that the land is in the hands of the few—large tracts of it being reserved for sport, large tracts also for raising sheep instead of raising men. Then there is the selfishness of many of the employers of labour, who are sweating their employees; the selfishness, too, of the wealthier people in general, who are making little

practical, sustained effort, to what might be done, to lift up the poor to a better condition of things. Another and still stronger reason may be seen in the effects of strong drink. Canada, the United States, and some other countries are grappling with this evil in order to save their people from ruin. Great Britain is having this curse more firmly riveted upon her by what is called the "nobility," headed by Lord Lansdowne, for their own personal aggrandizement. These also set a pernicious example to the people in their drinking habits. And I regret to have to add that the King even allows his name to be used as an advertisement on whiskey bottles: "BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING." There can be no doubt that, if present conditions

continue, in the race for national manhood and supremacy, the British people as a whole will soon be very manifestly falling behind. For "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin." Indeed that may be said just now. For a nation's manhood cannot be judged by the character or brilliancy of a part, but by the moral standing of the people in general.

What should be done? I believe in hedging the Throne with honour due to its high position. But when one considers the social influence of the King, the idea that things which would be wrong in others are beyond rebuke in him is exceedingly dangerous. His should be the highest possible standard, not a lower. When the foundations of a country's greatness and stability lie

chiefly in the individual character of the people, the King should be foremost in every good. Because there are multitudes who are weak he should practise self-denial for the welfare of his people. He should be kingly. In a marked degree he should exemplify, in his life, all those individual virtues which go to make up a splendid manhood. His record as Prince and King should be such that history may be able to say of him: "Who stood four-square to all the winds that blew!" Who led his people to a higher life! Otherwise he has no justification in holding on to his position.

A ruler may be very active and successful in forming alliances among the nations. But we all know how fickle, how untrustworthy these alli-

ances are. At any time some question may come up that will change the diplomatic groupings, and send our present friends to the camp of the enemy. But the work of forming individual character, and therefore the character of the nation, is going on steadily, in accordance with inviolable natural law. We are living not merely for ourselves, but for future generations. When the question is asked if England may yet fall into decay like the nations of the past, some may think of her downfall as taking place at once, and smile at the question. But the apple with a speck of rottenness will not be the same some time hence. The rot will have gradually spread over the apple. The rotten spot in Great Britain has already become very large. If present de-

teriorating influences are not checked what will the character, what will the strength, of the nation be one hundred years from now, two hundred years, five hundred years, a thousand years? Certain gentlemen have been warning us against Germany. In the race for supremacy among the nations the final test will not be the number of Dreadnoughts each can build, nor the size of the army that can be maintained, but the manhood of the people. Maintain that and we do not need alliances.

In this work the Leader should lead. Theseus risked his life to destroy the horrible Minotaur. Yet it only demanded yearly the lives of seven youths and seven maidens. But strong drink and other vices are claiming their victims by hundreds of thousands,

they are sapping the national strength ; and what is the attitude of our Theseus ?

It is time, too, that the medieval idea of king and court gave place to practical, twentieth-century, common-sense principles. Such trivial things as court dresses, and the emphasis laid upon them, *and the spirit they represent*, are distasteful at least to the thinking, independent men of the Greater Britain—to those who realize the critical nature of the times. These things are too cheap for earnest souls, they have too much of the tawdry tinsel of the moral circus clown. The Royal decree forbidding the ladies of the nobility, while they are engaged in trade, to attend court is a direct and nasty insult to labour, and to multitudes of the *really best* people in the

empire:—the working people. It is time such silly child's play became a thing of the past, and that the King, as a thinking, earnest man, took his proper place at the head of those who are trying to save the country from ruin. The Canadian people are deeply impressed with the thought that the wonderful opportunities, of half a century, have been worse than frittered away. How much nobler the manhood of Great Britain would now be if, added to splendid natural gifts, there had been a princely character that burned with high moral purpose to uplift the people.

In the work of reform the titled aristocracy, which have cursed Britain, which are now fiddling while Rome is burning, should be deprived of their legislative powers. Until this is done no great enactments for the good of

the people can be passed. The land question should be fully settled in the interests of the nation as a whole. Idle land such as deer forests, and land that was stolen from the people, should be confiscated at once without compensation. The overburdened railways should be compensated by those who swindled them in the matter of land purchases. Laws should be passed for the relief of those who occupy land in London and other towns, who have been "held up" by the robber dukes.

The Government should give very earnest and urgent thought to the work of stemming the tide of poverty and vice. The poor should be rescued from a low life. They should be properly housed, the streets in which they live should be widened, and made more attractive by greater cleanliness and

shade trees; parks, playgrounds and public baths should be within easy reach. And, **BACK TO THE LAND!**

The press, regardless of party ties, should assail most vigorously and persistently the evils that are dragging the people down—it must use its great ability and influence for the ennoblement of Britain's manhood.

Physicians should instruct the youth on the debasing influence of strong drink, cigarettes, secret vice, and such like. Nobody should be able to say in this twentieth century, I came under the power of evil because I was never warned.

The clergy should live in closer fellowship with the Unseen, and deliver the message God would have them deliver, whether to king or to peasant, without fear or favour or apology.

These are times when the strong voice of the prophet is needed, when Nathan should not hesitate to say to David, "Thou art the man." Let these ministers put under the nation the lever of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by which society can be lifted up to a higher level. Be in dead earnest, gentlemen. You are our leaders here. So much depends upon you. Remember that one man or woman, one boy or girl, saved from vice and selfishness, and established on the road that leads to true manhood, true womanhood, means more toward a permanent national uplift than is obtainable through a thousand battleships. I am not speaking now from the standpoint of getting the people to heaven, but of saving the country by first saving the individual.

The Christian people of the nation should help according to their ability. Let those ladies on whose hands time hangs heavily, or who spend that time at the card table, seek to emulate the spirit of the noble Lady Somerset. Each should at least try to save one sister woman from the way of vice. Let the clever women of Great Britain consider the problem of the outcast woman, the causes that lead thereto, and how they may be remedied. And let them save the children: the men and women of to-morrow. This work should commence at once, because the *work of decay is going on.*

John Bull, give me your hand! I sucked, at my mother's breast, the milk of loyalty to the old flag. My father inspired my youth with patriotic fervour. I have advocated, by tongue

and pen, uncompromising loyalty to the empire. I say this because you may not like my plain words. But we Canadians are a plain, practical people. You have been brought up to reverence things that are ancient, no matter how ridiculous they may be. To interfere with the Guy Fawkes search, conducted in such and such a way, when Parliament opens, would be sacrilege; and the silly old carriage, in which the sovereign rides to his coronation, is almost as sacred in your eyes as the Gospel according to St. John. Our fathers came to a land where they had to cut out their fortunes under new conditions and amidst great difficulties. In such surroundings we have learned to choose only those things that are of practical value and to cast the tinsel away. We take off our hats to a boot-

black when he takes off his hat to us, but to the highest nobleman in the realm we give only those courtesies we receive. We are ardent hero worshippers, but we want the genuine hero: the mere title we account as trash. We honour the man of noble manhood; but we laugh at the poor fool who bases his manhood on a genealogical tree. We Canadians, had our family tree been kept, could have traced back our descent to Eden before the Fall. We take off our hats to the ruling sovereign not through slavish adherence to his person or to a certain established form of government, but because he represents the flag. We regard him as king, not by divine right but through political expediency; to be treated with great respect, but not above being spoken to, nor severely censured when he deserves

it. We regard him as a high salaried servant of the people; and as any servant we expect him to be worthy of his position, to be true to his duties. And, John Bull, you might as well know, that when Canada, and the other great self-governing nations of the Greater Britain, are ready to assume their full obligations, and take their places at the imperial council board, this practical spirit will assert itself in respect to your most sacred institutions, in so far as these affect the whole empire. Young, vigorous nations, each with a population of 20 millions, 60 millions, 100 millions, or more, will not be tied down by the old spirit of the past. Not, What is? But, What is best? The question of the throne itself, which will then be an imperial question, will be treated as hard-headed,

practical men treat any important business matter. The ruler is only a man like ourselves. The great majority of British rulers were not nearly as good as the people over whom they ruled. They were a curse to the country, not a benefit. So we Canadians read history. Should this state of things repeat itself when the nations of Greater Britain come of age, even should the Prince be unprincely, there could only be one outcome if the empire is to remain intact. We must aim at true greatness ; AND ANYBODY WHO IS IN THE ROAD, NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, MUST STAND ASIDE. This may jar you a little at the first, old pard, but when you get used to our ways you will see they are all right.

We must seek to give the old empire new life, a higher national life than has

been, not by a policy of Jingoism, but by cutting out the moral gangrene spots that eventually may cause national death, and placing it on the health-giving uplands of splendid individual character. We have no desire to save the old order of things, except such parts as stand the test ; but we wish to save the empire by saving the people.

In conclusion, John, let me direct your attention to the last verses of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's magnificent jubilee hymn :

" Stand, ye sons of England, in the centre of your
story,
' Twixt the golden glow of eventide, that gilds the
British throne,
And the misty morning haze of the yet unnumbered
days,
And declare if even Englishmen shall dare to stand
alone.

" It were wise if ye made answer, Not to us shall be the
glory,
Not to us shall be the honour or the triumph of a king,
But to Him in whom we trust, though the nations be
as dust,
And who taketh up the islands as a very little thing.

THROUGH A TELESCOPE 205

"Swear, ye English people, that His word shall light
and guide you,
That His Kingdom and His righteousness shall be the
ends ye seek:
Ye shall spread from shore to shore, till the sea shall
be no more,
As destroyers of the wicked and defenders of the weak.

"If ye scorn to sell your birthright, whatsoever may
betide you,
If ye follow in full daylight where at dawn your
fathers trod,
Ye shall go from strength to strength, till it comes to
pass, at length,
That the whole world honours England because
England honours God."

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