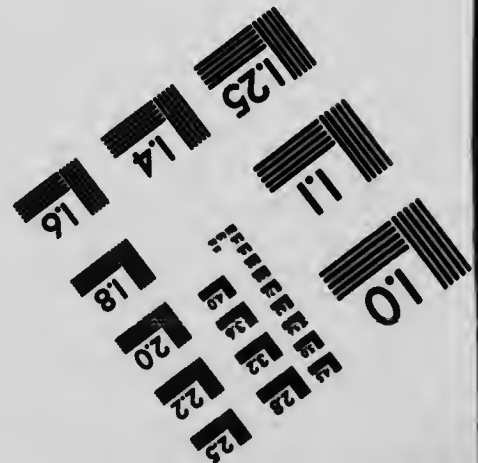
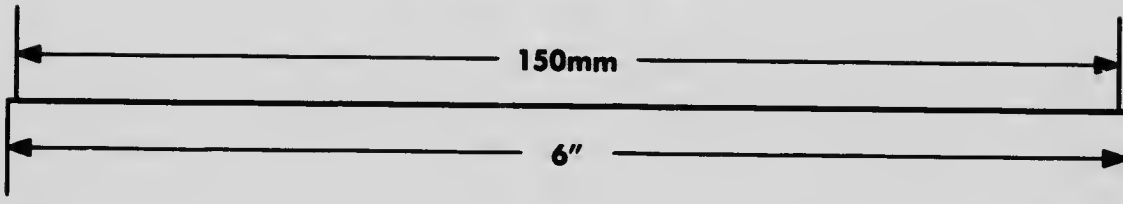
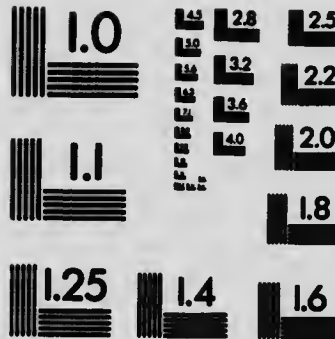
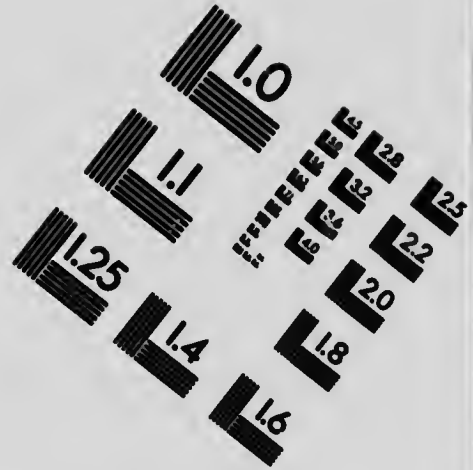
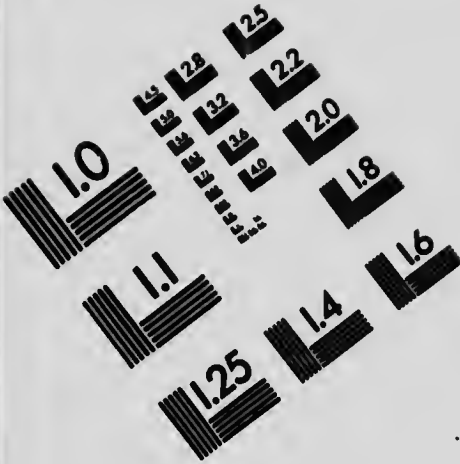


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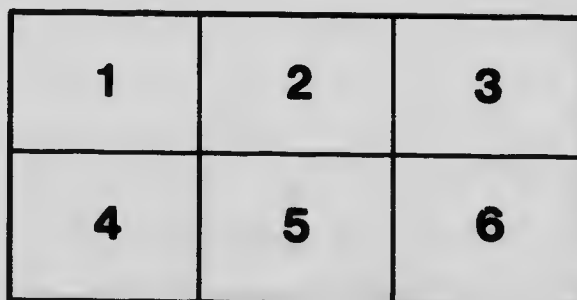
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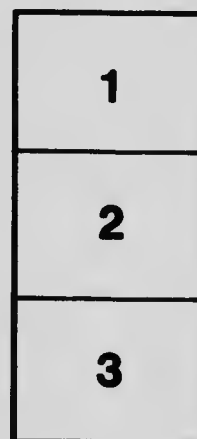
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Hawkes, Arthur

[Handwritten signature]

An Appeal to the British-Born.

TO PROMOTE THE SENSE OF
CANADIAN NATIONALITY, AS
AN INCREASING POWER WITH-
IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND
TO PRESERVE UNIMPAIRED
THE CANADIAN AND BRITISH
CHANNELS OF COMMERCE ON
WHICH THE PROSPERITY OF
THE DOMINION HAS BEEN
* * * * * FOUNDED. * * * * *

*Reprinted from "The British News of Canada."
Issued by the Canadian National League,
314 McKinnon Building,
TORONTO.*

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no. 1983

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THE APPEAL, AND WHY.

"An Appeal to the British-Born" was published in "The British News of Canada" before The Canadian National League came into existence. It is republished because it is thought that it expresses with some cogency, as it certainly does with sincere conviction, the natural attitude of a British-born citizen of Canada towards a critical period in Canadian-British history.

Everything that has happened since the Appeal was written in February has confirmed the views expressed in it. President Taft has clearly indicated the strength of the desire in the United States that the Reciprocity Agreement shall destroy all possibility of a commercial unity within the British Empire. In the United States there is no illusion as to the extent to which commercial and political control may be interchangeable terms. There is nothing in the condition of Canada to warrant the slightest acquiescence in that design. There is everything to encourage a development of the policy of inter-Canadian and inter-Imperial trade which Sir Wilfrid Laurier unanswerably advocated during the debates on the National Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Legislation in 1903.

The forces which make or mar those political movements that are greater than the profoundest party machinations are always to be found far below the surface of clauses and schedules, and the written exchanges of bargaining emissaries. To me the Agreement proves that the time has come for Canada to choose, perhaps finally, between remaining in the orbit of the Empire and achieving first renown in the constellation of kindred British nations, and gravitating to the lesser glories of the Republic. That is a challenge to Canadian citizenship which merits an unmistakable answer.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

TORONTO, June, 1911.

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AN APPEAL TO THE BRITISH-BORN.

I am going to appeal to the patriotism of every man, woman, and family of British birth in Canada—to demonstrate the depth and strength, the intelligence and endurance of our belief in the two countries to which we belong by parentage and by choice.

No great company of people on the globe to-day are situated as we are. By the hundred thousand we have crossed the ocean, changed our habit of life, enlarged our experience, widened our outlook, increased our possessions, and seen our children's feet set in wider places than our own ever knew—and we have done it without bating one jot or tittle of our tie with the Old Land; without sacrificing a single worthy sentiment which prevailed our youth. We have broken nothing in order to build anew.

EASY WAS THE CHANGE.

We have come from the islands of the sea to this continent and have flourished in Provinces as widely spread as the babel-tongued countries of Europe. We have done it with as little violence to our inmost traditions as would have distinguished a move from the North to the South of England—not as far as from Montreal to Toronto, or from Winnipeg to Regina.

We have followed the citizenship of the Kingdom with the citizenship of the Dominion more easily than you can transfer a vote from Glasgow to Greenock. We have seen Justice, the hallmark of a free and enlightened people, wearing the same aspect here as it wears in the Old Home. We have found many things better than they were in the days of our childhood.

Some of us have once turned back, thinking the Old was better, but we have returned to the Younger Fold of the Flock from whence we came, glad and thankful to be again partakers of the Newness of Life which doth here much more abound.

And with it all there is no diminution of your affection or mine for the Land We Left. It takes on a different, a clearer, quality—it must do so when we have enlarged our own quality. It is like a mature, reflective family man's love for his parents, which makes him glad to visit his Old Folks, and more glad to get back home among his Young Folks.

And yet again, how little most of us know about the Land We Left or the Land We Live In! When I started for Canada over twenty-five years ago I had never been north of London. The look of Sheffield, the aspect of the rugged country of Longdendale, with its immense reservoirs; the cotton mills of the

Irwell Valley ; the peat moss between Manchester and Liverpool; were as strange to me as Saskatchewan is to the Prince Edward Islander. I was dropped off a train in the heart of Assiniboia one night ; and for years I saw nothing but prairie. I used to read about Nova Scotia and Ontario and British Columbia, but did not know them.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That must be the case with most of us. But the limitations of creating a livelihood and founding a family in an entirely new country only intensify one's love for the country where so many great things are being done by just average, everyday, honest, people ; and make us want to know more about it, and be deeper partners of its genius, of its present honor, and its future splendour. If we may love Canada so much, knowing her so little, how should we love her if we knew her from sea to sea ?

The Land We Live In Bears knowing—why, do you think ? Because of its unmeasured Geography ? Because of its natural appearance in the middle of February ? Not at all; not at all. Get somebody to dump you down in the bush, or on the bald prairie, with enough food to last you to the next meal but one, and you won't break out into song about the country as you are left with only blue sky to keep you warm.

It is her People that have made Canada. And—think well on this—it is people just like you and me who have done it. Out of solitude—a community. Out of wealthless toil—prosperity. Out of vacancy—a nation. Out of a lone frontier—the bulwark of an Empire, the Envy of a Republic.

And how was it done by just such people as we are ? They could scarcely tell. Most of them didn't comfort themselves with the reflection that they were laying a foundation for a virile, British nationhood. They were doing it just the same.

A COUNSEL OF DESPAIR.

But, even to those who did walk by faith, what time they wielded the axe, and zig-zagged their plough among the stumps, the horizon was bounded by the Lakes. Afar off, inaccessible, dangerous, were vast plains, buffalo-covered, Indian-haunted, unexplored, save by a few traders. It was hard enough toiling to keep a British Province in health alongside a Republic that tried to tempt allegiance by placing savory messes of pottage out of reach. In 1849 public and private men in Montreal openly, sorrowfully, besought their fellow-Canadians to ask to be annexed to the United States. It was a counsel of despair, for which it is easy to blame them until you know how hopeless the fight for prosperity seemed.

The cry for annexation, for a friendly wiping of Britain out of the heart of North America, failed, and the scroll that was prepared for the story of a nation's birth was saved so as by fire. It was saved not because of Britain's love for Upper Canada and Lower Canada, but because of the love of men in the Canadas

for Britain. They knew, deep down in their souls, that Canada possessed Britain in a far more magnificent sense than Britain possessed Canada, and that out of their tribulation rich fruits would spring. That is even more splendidly true to-day.

NATION WAS BORN.

But look—there was coming to birth a nation within a nation, such as no epoch had yet produced. Like many other births, it wasn't a very pleasant experience. Some of the mid-wives of Downing Street were more bother than use. But it came out all right. The Republic that had counted on the disjointed fragments of British North America falling into its hand, saw the disjointed fragments unite into a confederated Dominion. And, in a few years, the Republic noticed the Dominion spread from the Atlantic even to the Pacific; and behold something had happened in the history of Empires which nobody had predicted. There was a great access of affection for the distant Mother State.

More unpredicted things happened. Again a few years and it was possible to take a train alongside Atlantic tidal water and stay in it until the heaving bosom of the Pacific lay beneath the car window—a thing which the Republic has not accomplished to this day. Canada had "arrived."

To traverse fertile plains was comparatively simple; but this British people, this handful who could not be put outside the Empire by the supercilious indifference of Downing Street or by the calculated coolness of Washington, bridged a wilderness of a thousand miles, such as had never been crossed with rails. It was an insurance against the political strangulation of Canada; a guarantee by Canada that British dominion and British trade routes should be unbroken between Europe and Australia and Asia.

CANADA WAS TRANSFORMED.

Wisdom was justified of her children. Canada this day is not the Canada I first saw in 1885, either in mind, body or estate. Then they were wondering whether it really was a country. Then it was permissible to think of it as a poor relation of the United States. Then it was little observed by the Empire of which it was the most noteworthy portent.

What was the matter with it? Lack of people—that's all—plus a lack of faith that People would come and Capital would come; and Fertility would come into its own.

But all things come—faith comes if it is giving the least chance. Did it ever strike you how amazingly true it is that whatsoever a people soweth, that shall it also reap, and that the nation reaps from the sowings of men of faith who back their faith with works?

Remember those who heralded a United Canada that would stretch from shore to shore; remember those who risked everything of their own, and of as many others as they could lay hands on, because they were impelled by a faith that overcame

wildernesses; remember the thousands who chose to suffer the afflictions of the backwoods rather than remain in luxury with those who had foresworn the Flag; count, however incompletely, the elements of privation, of courage, of foresight, of unconquerable enterprise, that men like you and me threw into the crucible wherein the mould of Canada has taken its shape, and you will see that they were bound to produce two effects outside the Dominion—one on the United Kingdom, the other on the United States.

FAMOUS POLITICAL SENTENCE.

In the United Kingdom there was a Great Indifference to Canada. Statesmen who were Statesmen unflinchingly believed that her destiny was with the Republic—which is a fine encouragement for the rest of us to be statesmen by right of our own thinking. The indifference disappeared—wonderfully disappeared. You might be cynical and say it was purely a matter of advertising. You would be wrong. There is more behind the advertising than the lure of a hundred and sixty acres of land, miles away from the railroad.

There is the integrity of British Institutions, the appeal of the British Character, the guarantee of the British Flag—the things that were secured by the devotion of men long since dead, thousands and thousands of whom lived in obscurity and died in little clearings encumbered with debt. Sir John Macdonald wrote the most famous sentence in Canadian politics, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." He only wrote what thousands of men and women had lived and clung to and hallowed in backwoods that have been transformed into landscapes worthy of the Weald of Kent. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church. The devotion of the pioneers cemented the foundation on which has been reared the structure under which you and I have found shelter, and a good content; and to which we came veritably as to a second and a better home.

TARIFF WALL THAT WORKED.

The effect of the rise of Canada on the United States has been, in a way, more remarkable than the result produced in Great Britain. The people "down there" regarded Canada generally with indifference, and often with amusement; until the physical works which were the outward and visible expression of the inner spirit of the Canadian people, were seen to afford great opportunities for trade and agriculture.

One method of increasing the young nation's chance of success had been to answer the United States tariff with a tariff which compelled the building of branch factories on the Canadian side of the border. It was remarkably successful. In the West there was illimitable land, fertile and cheap, to which farmers from the United States were welcomed. They settled on it in thousands. They found the Canadian-British exposition of justice, of civic administration, of the best amenities of life, more pleasing than in the States they had left, and tens of thousands of them

took the oath of allegiance to the King. A further miracle had happened—men who came under the British Flag, vowing that the Stars and Stripes would ever be the all and in all of their patriotism, found a new and larger patriotism where the Canadian-British method was at work.

The increase of agriculture and manufactures brought increase in the channels of trade—the blood which keeps communities in life and health. More railways were built and more were undertaken. Every citizen of the United States who came to see us marvelled at what he saw, and went and told others. At last those who had held Canada of no account understood that there was a new Power in the North. They coveted what they had before disdained. "Why," they said "three hundred millions of capital has gone from the United States into Canadian factories, and hundreds of thousands of our people have gone to Canadian farms. A great trade is growing by leaps and bounds up there. We must get after it."

DEMAND FROM THE STATES.

There began a demand for exchange of products which Canada, when faith in her destiny was small, had tried vainly to secure, and had mercifully been preserved from obtaining. The indifference was on the other side of the line now. A President had lost ground in the Republic, and was beset by rebellion in his own household. He was minded to try on Canada—the Canada of 1910; the Canada which had become the most flourishing, the best-regarded partner in the peerless Empire—to try the commercial fixings that would have suited her infancy, but which offer nothing comely for her self-reliant prime.

A few Canadians thought of commercial union, but it was a long time ago. The sacrificial heroism of those who had gone through the long travail of the backwoods would not be denied. Capital came, people came, from across the seas, the East had become the West, and the West had become the East. Commercial independence was achieved and a distinct nationality had come to pass. It may rest with you and me, the British-born, more than with any other element in modern Canadianism, to decide whether that nationality has come to stay in face of the scarcely disguised aspiration of our neighbors that their Flag and not ours shall float above our heads.

LIKE GETTING TERRITORY.

For our neighbors have prospered and we are asked to accept a compact which reverses their former conduct towards us; which would destroy the artery through which East and West live a common, national life. We, who have grown independent of Reciprocity, are to become enamoured of the word and the thing we have outgrown.

Let me cite two out of innumerable evidences of their ultimate idea. Asked by the President to win their farmers to the scheme, the Secretary of Agriculture wrote, "These considerations lead me to the conclusion that the adoption of the Reci-

procuity Treaty would, from the national standpoint, be as much an act of wisdom as was the adoption of treaties in the past that have added to our own country more than half its present area."

And here is the aspiration for trade domination over Canada and Britain expressed typically in one of the most respected papers of the Republic, the "Minneapolis Journal."

"The path of reciprocity leads to practical, if not political union with Canada. The other path leads to a closer relation between Canada and Great Britain. It means the carrying out of a dream of British Imperial Federation, bound together no less by trade than by sentiment, with Canada taking the place of the United States as chief purveyor of food products and manufactured articles to Great Britain.

KEEP DISTINCT INDIVIDUALITY.

"To-day England is our best customer, and Canada is our third best customer. But our foreign trade wanes, and that of Canada grows. If we push Canada into England's arms, the trade arrangements between the two will tend more and more to shut us out.

"How long will our trade with these two customers last if reciprocity fails? Our Canadian trade must fall off, as the East and West channels of her commerce are scoured by use. And Canada will more and more supply English needs in our stead."

They must increase, we must decrease. That is the direction of their ambition. I know the United States, whose people have no warmer admirer than I. In the blemishes of their Government they have no keener sympathizer. Their way is not our way—it is neither Canadian nor British. We are neither of the United States, nor exactly of Britain. We have a distinct individuality which we believe is better than either. We are free from the woes that spring from the United States sowing its wild oats. We are not encumbered by those handicaps which the long centuries have placed upon the land of our nativity.

CAESAR IS OURSELVES.

We have complete command of ourselves. Uniquely we possess the Old Land as well as the New. Its traditions, its story, its achievements in widely-sundered parts of the world—these things are ours richly to enjoy without the faintest sense of alienation. According to the speed of history, the last decade has produced an amazing readjustment in the inter-imperial influences which, more than the mere mechanics of Parliaments, Conferences and Courts, are re-creating the Empire in which we were born and of which we are a motive part. We are fast coming into the front rank of the inter-dependent States. I can conceive of no calling more noble, more full of the dignity of the fruitful years than this calling to create a new nation while we help to re-fashion a venerable and glorious Empire.

Once the thrilling appeal was to Caesar. The appeal is to Caesar now. And Caesar is ourselves.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

