

(January 31st.)

Canada and Her Great West.

BY ARTHUR HAWKES.

ADDRESSING the Canadian Club on the subject: "Canada and her Great West," Mr. Arthur Hawkes, who spoke in the place of the Rev. John McDougall, D.D., said:—

Mr. President, Fathers and Brethren,—Now that's about as far as I can go in imitation of a Methodist Doctor of Divinity—

A voice—You might say "Christian Friends."

Mr. Hawkes—I will, if you like that better. I confess to a feeling of serious responsibility in endeavoring to take Dr. McDougall's place. I can take his text; but I cannot preach his sermon. The only guarantee of respectability that I can offer you is the fact that I have been permitted to live in this city.

You have missed a rare treat to-day. Dr. McDougall is eminent throughout Canada. He has lived in the West since childhood and knows it as few men do. He was a famous hunter and trapper when the Indians were still at war with the whites. He is now acting for the Government in inspecting and valuing the Indian reserves in British Columbia. He is an all-round man. As preacher, hunter, traveller, home-builder, he has proved himself one of the best kind of pioneers. This Club did itself more honor than it did the Doctor when it invited him to speak here to-day. Now, I am much less than the least of all saints, but I have been called upon to play the part of a great man and I hope the members of the Club will be merciful in their disappointment.

It is twenty-five years since I first went to live in Western Canada. At that time there was only one Canadian Railway

Mr. Arthur Hawkes, Superintendent of Publicity for the Canadian Northern Railways, spent some years in the Canadian West before entering journalism in England. He was on the staffs of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mail* and subsequently was travelling correspondent for the *Review of Reviews* and the *Morning Post*. He became managing editor of the *Toronto World*, going later to the *Monetary Times*, and in 1907 he entered the service of the Canadian Northern Railway. He writes for the leading British and United States magazines, and frequently addresses American audiences, especially on Canadian topics

between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. In Eastern Assiniboia, now South-eastern Saskatchewan, there was no steel south of the first trans-continental until about seventy-five miles beyond the international boundary. There were no trains between us and the Saskatchewan River, and the North Pole. Nowadays there are five lines between the Canadian Pacific main line and the boundary, and five north of that railway and the main stream of the Saskatchewan. Four of the ten are lines of the Canadian Northern, which has only been in existence a dozen years.

Changes in Western Canada have not been limited to the West. It is not unkind to congratulate the East upon achieving a great prosperity as a result of the opening up of the West. The falsification of prophecy has been one of the most delightful exercises of this Dominion for the last two decades. Contrary to expectation, there are no unpaid bills for axle grease in the archives of the railway companies doing business in the West. An eminent ornament of the state who dispenses wisdom in this city, discoursing years ago to a friend of mine on the madness of the first trans-continental enterprise, said "I would not trust my life on the north shore of Lake Superior in winter." That prophet has become a millionaire through the development of the West since those days.

He was not singular in his antagonism to the West. The first time I came through the Straits of Belle Isle, I overheard an energetic gentleman describing Newfoundland to two English ladies.

"There" said he, pointing south-ward to the low-lying coast "is where they get two crops a year."

"Indeed" said one of the ladies "isn't that Newfoundland?"

"Yes, ma'am" was the reply.

"But I thought Newfoundland was a barren country. What can the crops be?"

"One of snow, and the other of stones" came the answer.

Later in the day, I heard this same gentleman trying to dissuade a family from going West.

"Why" he said "around Winnipeg people who work in the fields have to wear little boxes to save their noses from being frozen; and in the winter time their breath is frozen solid immediately it leaves their mouths, and they are kept busy knocking away the ice with their hands.

The veracious opponent of the West was a citizen of Toronto. In this year of grace Toronto business men tell visitors from over-seas that they must go West in order to appreciate the expansion of our glorious country.

The West is beneficent to the East in more ways than in affording homes for adventurous, ambitious people, and in providing work for Ontario factories. At this moment, there is under construction between Toronto and Trenton the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, which will give Toronto and Buffalo a new connection with Montreal and Ottawa, and will give Montreal, Ottawa and Buffalo a new connection with the West. That railway will be of great benefit to the country through which it passes. But, if the Canadian Northern had not been built in the West, the Canadian Northern Ontario would not have been built in the East; for the underlying motive of this piece of expansion is connection with the West.

Again, it is the multiplication of farms in the prairie country that has given to this province practically all the population which brings revenue to the Government from the vast country between the head of Lake Superior and Manitoba. It is the prosperity of the West which makes Port Arthur flourish and Fort William jealous; and which sometimes inspires politicians up there with the dream of a new province taken from the side of the old.

Sometimes those of us whose main business is directly connected with Western Canada are admonished that we make too much of the new provinces and too little of their seniors. The truth is that, with a decrease in the rural population of Ontario and a vast increase of such works as the Massey-Harris and International Harvester Companies, the time for appreciating the West is only just beginning.

It is not wrong to suggest to you, as one frequently suggests to the Britisher who is not so quick to understand Canadian conditions as we would like him to be, that in a competitive market the customer is king; and that if you are to retain your eminence in a competitive market, you must study your customer from every point of view. Just as the Englishman has to learn that England cannot be reproduced in Canada, so we here must understand that the Western Provinces are not, and cannot be facsimiles of the Eastern Provinces, either in their material development, their intellectual progress, or their political evolution. Their movement in each of these directions is such that the closest, broadest-minded attention must be given to them, if the future is to produce for the East the measure of profit and dignity which we think it deserves.

There is being reproduced in the prairie provinces that amalgamation of races, which, centuries ago, gave to the Anglo-Saxon blood its peculiarly virile quality; and which

has already, with the aid of Almighty God and a wonderful climate, given to the people of the United States the remarkable strength, which, in the opinion of many, will shortly secure to them, for centuries to come, the acknowledged leadership of the world.

My friend, S. S. McClure, of a magazine which I need not name, glories in the statistics which prove that the foundation strength of the people of the United States is the Anglo-Saxon element which has dominated their best thinking, and their most righteous doing. The same is, broadly, true of our own West; where the foundation of great citizenship was well and truly laid by those who, having been baptised into the life and strength of the forest pioneer, and having been endowed with the rigid training of old fashioned churches, mostly Presbyterian, made it possible to keep the expansion of the western provinces in channels that are in the main agreeable to the British ideals of liberty and justice, and that make them the wonder and envy of those who come into them from the south.

Do not be afraid when you occasionally hear a lone Jeremiah lament the incursion of non-English speaking people to the West, and regret that the Upper Canada Bible Society prints the Scriptures in about seventy languages. There is nothing alarming in that, either to lovers of the higher criticism, or to those who prefer no criticism at all. The Bible is the greatest instrument we have for the spread of English, pure and undefiled; through it thousands are learning to speak the tongue which Shakespeare spake. Thank Heaven, they are learning to speak it with a Canadian accent.

Let me try to give you one or two glimpses of how this re-creation of peoples in a Canadian mould, is going on. The largest assembly hall in Port Arthur in this province, has been built and is owned by Icelanders, who are also an admirable element in the religious and civic life of Winnipeg. You, Fathers and Brethren, who believe in the water-waggon as a sort of sacramental engine, must rejoice at the advent among us of so many people from an island where no intoxicants are manufactured, and where jails and policemen exist only in story books.

I never spent a more delightful hour than in visiting the New Finland colony, near the Qu'Appelle River, where I found farmers who had come to the country with nothing, enjoying a prosperity that many of us would have envied not very long ago. I went to a schoolhouse, and found a Nova Scotian medical student, who could not speak Finnish,

teaching a crowd of lusty looking youngsters, who could not speak English. He, himself, was "baching" in a twelve by nine log shack and I had the pleasure of taking his photograph as he read a profound medical work, with fry-pan and porringer, dipper and pail, lamp and stove for an extremely un-medical background. There is twentieth century Canada in the making, if you like.

Again, the year before last, in order that a party of English journalists might see something of the people and the products of the open prairie, a train was held at Vonda, the town a little east of the South Saskatchewan River which distinguished itself by shipping half a million bushels of wheat eighteen months after the town-site was surveyed. There was more oratory in ten minutes on Vonda station platform than I have ever enjoyed in an hour of great political excitement. It was wound up by a big prosperous looking fellow, who smote himself on the chest and cried "Me, Galician man."

West of Vonda on both sides of the river are settlements of Mennonites and Ruthenians. The last town before you cross the river is Aberdeen. Every time a superior officer of mine passes through that place, he, being of the Lord's anointed, waxes wroth, and exclaims:—"What right have those people to call their toon 'Aber-r-r-deen.' I'll have the name changed."

And, in truth, the names on the stores as you pass through the town are not Scotch, except so far as south-eastern Europe, like the rest of the world, belongs to the Scotch. But this apparent usurpation of divine right is really an evidence of a most delightful and innocent Canadianism. Years ago the Viceroy and his wife took some kindly interest in the poor Mennonites, who migrated to the Saskatchewan Valley as the Scotch migrate to London. When they were going to have a town and railway station on the edge of their settlement, they went to the chief christener of the Canadian Northern and begged that the place might be called Aberdeen. The chief christener, being a Christian, and blessed with the saving grace of humour, although he belongs to the Hebrides, hearkened unto their cry, and Aberdeen it is.

I dare say that most of you think of the Doukhobors as a very deleterious ingredient in our national make-up, largely because you have been fed on stories which suggest that the Doukhobor has carried to altogether unfashionable excess the emancipation from clothes, which, I understand is distinctive in summer time of Atlantic City and other highly intellectual centres. There have been fanatics among the Doukhobors;

but it is not fair to judge them by occasional extremes, any more than it would be to judge the moral quality of Toronto by the procession which passes daily before Colonel Denison.

Some people, who think they are charitable, believe that the Doukhobors will be assimilated, perhaps, in a couple of centuries. If we here present were as far ahead of our reputations as the Doukhobors are as essentially in advance of theirs, we should be too good to live. The Doukhobor is the politest man on this continent—as deferential to the women of his own household as to those who belong elsewhere. Cruelty has no place in his habitation. He lives the simple life in a house that is scrupulously clean. He has proven in a way which none of our most exalted altruists have demonstrated that it is possible for whole communities to dwell together in unity, having the fruits of the earth in common.

The Doukhobor is merciful to his beast. You cannot fool him on a horse trade—in which he is fit to be a deacon among the elect. His word is his bond. I do not think our police records show a case against him, except on the score of religious excess. The true point of view from which to regard the Doukhobor is not by comparison with ourselves, but by comparison with the peoples from whence he came. If he was a superior man in Caucasia, the chances are that he will become superior here. I have driven all day with Doukhobors who endured ten years exile to the Siberian Mines because they believed it is a sin for man to bear arms against his fellow-man. He who will sacrifice his worldly goods for the sake of a principle has a moral strength about him which is admired in Ottawa, even though it may be ignored in Toronto.

Saskatchewan contains no more splendid example of the way in which adverse circumstances have been overcome than in the Doukhobor villages. Last month I spent a couple of days with Dr. McDougall in southern British Columbia. The Doctor had been quoted to me as a minatory critic of the Doukhobors. I found him their sincerest admirer. He described to me, with great satisfaction, his visit to the fruit lands they have bought in British Columbia, and gave me remarkable examples of their industry, thrift, and business acumen. The Doukhobor will come out all right.

The most ubiquitous of the new citizens of the West is the American—I use the word "American" in the same sense as the New York papers use it when a Canadian has won a great race. Nearly half a million people have come from the

United States to Western Canada during this century. The Americans, more than any other people, know how to farm prairie soil. They come to conditions very similar to, only better than, those of the middle Western States. I will not tell you stories as to the speed with which the American immigrant strikes his plough into the soil, lest I should make the American who sits at my right think more highly of his country than he ought to think.

The American comes to us to better his material condition. He gets what he wants, although he seldom believes he receives all he deserves. So great is his ambition. There are more valuable things than money. One of them is a just pride in citizenship. Above everything else, the American in the Canadian West learns that with all our shortcomings, we have turned to account more excellently than his native country has the lessons of the Declaration of Independence.

I have had the happiness of journeying across Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta with train-loads of American editors. It has been a great delight to hear one after another of these Children of Observation express high gratification at the orderliness of the infant communities up there. They contrast the outposts of civilization in Montana, for instance, with the new towns in the Saskatchewan Valley. They are not overwhelmed with surprise, because they have heard that with us, law and order have preceded settlement. They and especially their womenkind, are anxious to see members of the Royal North West Mounted Police—the nearest thing to royalty that most of them will ever see.

The American settler at the beginning is disquieted at the idea of leaving the land of the free. He has vague notions that he will be taxed by the King of England; and that, perhaps, the hat will be passed around to help to pay the Prince of Wales' debts. On the first Fourth of July he organizes a celebration, discharges his fire works, and in the quietude of his own home conjures up the ghost of George the Third. The second Fourth of July he dispenses with the fireworks, but lets his team rest. On the next July Fourth he thinks he had better work because he has been into town on Dominion Day, and has felt the stirring of a strange new patriotism within him. On the fourth Fourth of July he has taken the oath of allegiance to the King of England, because he has learned that he does not have to love the United States less because he loves Saskatchewan more. He has become a man with two countries, which is greater than to be an immovable dweller in one country.

I met one of our brethren on the train between Saskatoon and Regina last fall. Seven years ago he came from a job in an Indiana coal mine. Now he was absolute owner of a thousand acres of land, and had harvested a crop which enabled him to send twelve carloads of wheat to Port Arthur which netted him ninety cents a bushel. He said "I am a Canadian, an Indiana Canadian if you like. I have done well in this country and it has done well by me." Although he was not a Methodist, he used a phrase which Dr. Allan and his colleagues who swarm round this table will know, "I have given my heart to Canada." There, sir, is the kind of American who becomes glorified into a Canadian.

Mr. President, to attempt to deal with Canada and her Great West in half an hour reminds me of a feat a young newspaper friend of mine tried to accomplish when he wrote his first editorial to the heading "Stray Thoughts on the Universe." I have no time, even if I had the inclination, to predict what the next ten, twenty or fifty years will bring forth. All that I can hope to do is to assist some of you to realize that in Western Canada there is growing up a more cosmopolitan people than has hitherto been reared in Canada, that with the increase of population and wealth beyond Lake Superior there must come a gradual readjustment in the Eastern way of looking at national and imperial affairs, and that only by the wisest correlation of Eastern and Western interests can the strength of our country be established in a splendid and imperishable renown.