*(December 14, 1914.)*

# War—The Neglected Factor in Canadian Problems for a Hundred Years

By Lieutenant-Colonel William Wood.*

AT a regular luncheon of the Canadian Club, held on the 14th of December, Lieutenant-Colonel William Wood said:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen,*—First, sir, let me thank you for the kind—or, perhaps I should say, the very indulgent—way in which you have introduced me to this meeting. I consider it, as I am sure all other speakers have considered it, a special honor to address the Canadian Club in Toronto; for though there are now many Canadian Clubs there can never be but one which is first among its peers by right of prior foundation. In using the word peers I make a supposition, not a statement; for I am naturally bound to profess an ignorance on this point which exceeds even that which I don't invariably confess on many others. (Laughter.) One distinction, however, I will make bold to draw from—shall I say?—the Derby. There are many races but only one Derby. And just as it is something for a horse to have been an "also ran" in that particular race on Epsom Downs so it is something for a speaker to have been an "also ran" before this audience in Toronto. (Laughter.)

Away back in the tranquil part of last July your Secretary and I had arranged that I should speak on man and beast and life afloat along the Canadian Labrador. But when circumstances changed my subject changed with them. From a subject connected with my recreation I turned to one connected with my work. For many years past I have been investigating the naval and military history of Canada directly from original sources. I have also made a special study of the problems of defence to-day. And so, simply by force of circumstances, and not from any merit of my own, I happen to be in touch

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with the main factor of the problem now before us. Pray let me repeat the word factor. The full influence of this factor on our immensely complex problems is something for wiser heads than mine. All I attempt here is to show, from undeniable data, that we have failed to reckon with it for a hundred years and that our present naval and military shortcomings are the inevitable result of our own neglect.

Might I venture to intrude a personal word of explanation, to say that I approach this burning question not as a critical outsider but as a Canadian through and through? I propose to tell the disconcerting truth with a plainness of speech which would be impossible for a professional soldier, for an Old-Countryman, or, perhaps, for a man who had no French blood in his veins. And, gentlemen, I think you will acquit me of personal prejudice in the selection and presentation of my facts when I tell you that, far from being a professional soldier or sailor, I am a professional author and a Canadian ex-militiaman; that, far from being an Old-Countryman, I am Canadian-born, of the third generation, and with half my blood entirely foreign—one-quarter Yankee and one-quarter French; and that, in all questions of defence, I don't care one snap for any kind of party politics. (Laughter and cheers.)

"War! the Neglected Factor in Canadian Problems for a Hundred Years." The neglect of it is my proper theme to-day. But we Canadians have grown so unaccustomed to think about the nature of it that we might begin by reminding ourselves of those elementary things which have always made war a great determining factor in the world. We might go on to discriminate between warriors and war, and learn that warriors are to war as doctors to disease.

War is part of that natural struggle for existence and for a favoring environment which not only goes back to the very origin of life but persists to the present day among all successive forms of it, from the single plant or animal to the greatest empires and republics of the human race. No immemorial and universal factor which is still in operation is likely to come to a full stop within one short human generation. Yet we went on as if this stop was coming, though the greatest war the world has ever seen was being brought about by a certain specific natural cause which has never once failed to bring war in the past. The Germans, newly formed into a powerful empire, and growing fast in population, wealth, ambition, and the natural desire for a favoring environment, could hardly be expected to resign themselves to an ever-dwindling future by remaining pent up within the narrow limits of their European lands. They had no place in the

whole wide world, outside of their own narrow country, where they could bring up German children under the German flag. The Russian and British Empires, on the other hand, have enormous lands for whites to grow in. The Russians still seek the sea instinctively, as any one can observe by watching the centre of gravity of their population moving steadily south to the sea and the sun, for generation after generation. The British have land, sea, and sun, all together. The Germans have narrow lands and narrow seas at home, with no "place in the sun" elsewhere. Now, there is no instance known to history in which such different conditions have long existed side by side without a war. The war simply had to come, sooner or later. Fortunately for us the Germans have forced it on us with a sheer stupidity of statecraft that is enough to make Bismarck turn in his grave, as well as with a fiendishness of action that has put them beyond the pale of civilized respect. If they had been less stupid and more humane our own case might well have been much worse than it is. Say what we will, our Empire is the greatest of all barriers to German growth—and no living thing on earth has ever yet been stunted by a rival without a fight.

Does this inevitable rivalry make us wrong? Not at all. We have grown as the Germans wish to grow, and we must be judged, not by our mere growth in itself, any more than they should be by theirs, but rather by the use we make of it. We, like them, are body, soul, and spirit in our imperial life. We both have religion and morality to reckon with. We both were born a natural body. We both should strive towards being raised a spiritual body. We both live in one eternal flux between co-operation and competition. And, the world being what it is, we both have a perfect right to be as patriotic as we choose. Only, patriotism ought to be the most nearly perfect blend of the national body, soul, and spirit—that is, of the struggle for existence touched to higher ends by religion and morality—and the Germans do not regard the higher ends in their attacks; while we do in our defence. (Loud applause.)

The best nations have always been the most patriotic; and a patriot nation must always draw the sword whenever its honor is involved, as our Empire's honor is in maintaining Belgian independence. (Loud applause.) Force in itself is a neutral thing. Only the use to which man puts it makes it right or wrong. And we, of late, in this New World, have been so attentive to certain pacifistic sophistries that we sometimes forget that those who fail to use force in the service of right are, of necessity, by their mere abstention, sharing the sin of



those who use it in the service of wrong. (Loud applause.) We were becoming apt to think that this New World was a particularly righteous place, and that we, of course, were a particularly righteous people, because we had no great standing armies and no great recent wars. But we forgot that this imaginary righteousness came simply from several cogent facts; that there was still plenty of room to grow in the New World, that this room was won by war, that every New World state has been involved in war repeatedly, in spite of having room to grow, and that the two Americas have no great standing armies simply because they are not at present within the area of intensest competition. You can't make morality out of mere geography. (Hear, hear.)

Yes, any way we put it, the best nations are the patriotic nations (loud applause), those who neither exaggerate the factor of war in the world's problems nor yet neglect it, but simply face it bravely and well (loud applause), not like the bully, to whom force is a god, nor like the pacifist, to whom force is a devil, but like all greatest men to whom force is an instrument of right or wrong. (Loud applause.) And if this be true of nations, what praise can be too high for the actual defenders of a righteous cause, for men whose discipline is founded on self-sacrifice, whose training makes them fittest for the service of the rest, and whose whole ideal exalts the profession of arms—body, soul, and spirit—into a true vocation of unsurpassable nobility. (Loud applause.) Those who would wrest Holy Writ to our country's sure destruction forget, with singular convenience, that Christ Himself used force to scourge the temple money lenders and overthrow their tables, and that neither He nor His disciples ever condemned the soldier for being a soldier—quite the contrary. They also most conveniently forget that all civilized justice rests on a foundation of force, and that criminals would defy it if it was not enforced by the police, behind whom stand the army, navy, and militia. Moreover, they forget that the greater arts have never flourished in any nation that was not great in arms, and that the trite quotation, "the pen is mightier than the sword," seeks to establish an opposition which does not exist in fact. It would be far truer to say that mighty pens praise righteous swords (loud applause), as Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" has shown so excellently well. (Hear, hear.) Take the eight chief literatures, those of the Hebrews, of Greece, Rome, Italy, England, Spain, France, Germany; choose out their very greatest writers, with whom we New World people have no one to compare—the authors of the Bible, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Goethe—and

you will find no single word in contradiction of the convincing and exalting truth that mighty pens praise righteous swords. (Loud applause.)

And now, gentlemen, let us leave the consideration of war in general for its particular application as the neglected factor in our Canadian problems for a hundred years. I choose this precise lapse of time because it is only during the last hundred years that war has been a really Canadian problem at all. Up to the close of the War of 1812 Canada had no wars of her own and she played no Canadian part in wars elsewhere. She was merely an object of contention between French, American, and British rivals.

The final possession of Canada having been settled in a way which is, I believe, more or less satisfactory to Toronto (laughter and applause) an absolutely different war period began with the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and ended with the North-West Rebellion of 1885. These little wars, like the first Riel Rebellion and the two Fenian Raids, were purely internal and not much more than glorified police work on a national scale. All but the last, moreover, were fought with the help of Imperial forces. The South African war constituted a third period, which was quite as distinct from the second as the second from the first. It meant that Canada was taking her first step, as a self-governing Dominion, on to the scene of Imperial action oversea. A fourth period, completely different from the other three, has now begun with the sending of Canadian contingents to join the other British and allied forces in any part of the belligerent world. Thus, by four successive steps, Canada has grown up, first, from being a mere pawn in the game of war between three great outside powers to, secondly, taking over the management of her own internal wars, thirdly, to playing her part with the rest in the Empire oversea, and, fourthly, to being one of the British belligerents in the Great World War of to-day. (Applause.)

Now, in view of the constant progress which those four steps imply, and of the many acts of patriotic service done, how is it that war must still be called the neglected factor in our problems for a hundred years? Well, to understand how this strange thing can be we must consider something even stranger—our unique position as a self-governing Dominion within an Empire whose Mother Country gives her children the maximum enjoyment of all the freedom that is possible in combination with the absolute minimum of freedom's responsibilities and risks. So far as defence is concerned we could not possibly get more or be obliged to give less. (Applause.)



We Canadians are so free that we ourselves hardly understand how free we are. Our freedom is certainly greater than the average American thinks possible. How many people across the line fully realize that, in this stupendous war, where all things British are at stake, we need not arm one single man except of our own free will? More than this, we could claim, and we would receive, full protection as British subjects everywhere, even if we did not arm one single man at home —let alone our sending contingents to the front. Moreover, we are so free that we could change our destiny to-morrow, if we wished to. And this question of our destiny brings us straight to the point. We can have annexation, independence, or two kinds of British partnership, just as we please. There seems to be only one real objection to annexation, that it means the complete obliteration of Canadian life—the rest are not worth mentioning. (Laughter and applause.) Again, there is one purely practical objection to perfect independence—the difficulty of holding the area of Europe with the population of London in face of a land-hungry world of eighteen hundred million people. (Applause.)

Well, sir, I see that the meeting considers both annexation and independence out of court for the present; so I will deal with the two different kinds of British partnership. (Applause.) Now, which kind of partnership are we to have—that of the patriot or that of the parasite? (Cries of "Patriot.") Or must we compromise between the two. (Shouts of "No!") Well, gentlemen, I quite agree with you. (Hear! hear!) But, at the same time, I am here to lay the —shall I call them "compromising"?—facts before you. On the other hand, let us be fair to ourselves by bearing constantly in mind that no other people in the world has ever been more insidiously tempted to drift down to ultimate destruction with the parasitic stream. With the British Navy on one side and the Monroe Doctrine on the other, we could go on talking for a few years yet. The Monroe Doctrine is a particularly fascinating topic for the parasitic mind. But great, good, and friendly as the United States may be, they are a foreign power and would be perfectly right to refuse protection except on their own terms. How foreign they are now is something we hardly realize. A hundred years ago the British and the Americans were nearly of the same blood. Now they are not. More than half of all American citizens now have at least one-half or more foreign blood in their veins. And the only foreign blood they have not got is French, which we in Canada have in every member of more than a quarter of our total population.

There's plenty to talk about. But let us confine ourselves to one topic of quite exceptional appeal. Just as the New World congratulates itself that it is not as Old Worlds are, so we Canadians constantly proclaim that we are living the natural life of man in this free land of ours, where the cardinal virtues grow from seed of our own planting, especially virtues of the anti-military type. Then, in sharp, unfavorable contrast, we look, half in pity, half contempt, at the wretchedly artificial life led by the antiquated fossils of naval and military Europe. But the exact, unpleasant, disconcerting, and—I must insist on adding—patriotic truth is quite the reverse of this. It is the European British who are living the natural life, amid the ceaseless struggle for existence; and it is we Canadians who, in this particular question of defence, have been living the sheltered artificial life so long that we have come to take it as the just reward of our anti-military virtues. Of course I do not mean to say that the present audience shares this common view, or even that we, as a whole people, ever consciously give it this precise and antithetical form. But I do maintain that the general idea of it is subconsciously abroad in the popular mind and that many of our public men "voice the sentiments" of many a public meeting in this perverting way when they certainly ought to know better. (Hear, hear.)

Sir, to prevent any misconception, I must beg your leave to say that, though I am dealing only with the question of defence, I am by no means forgetting the many other questions which are held to account for things as they are. The Mother Country has made plenty of mistakes—what country has not? We Canadians find our own histories most exasperating reading whenever they refer to boundary lines—nor is our exasperation to be wondered at so long as our histories continue to be written without full knowledge of the treaties and other circumstances determining the action of the Mother Country. I don't forget the errors of a Colonial Office that has somehow contrived to manage the greatest colonial empire ever known. I very well remember sundry untoward dispatches and all the stings that ingenuity can extract from the private letters of certain public men; also that Disraeli once referred to "our wretched colonies"; also that the young Queen Victoria fell a little short of King Solomon in some of her earlier remarks on Canadian affairs; also that the question has been asked whether so-and-so was a "real" bishop, colonel, or "Honorable," as the case might be, or "only a colonial what-you-may-call-it"; also that we have no class of Canadians corresponding to the "fool Englishman"; also that Englishmen do



speak English with an English accent; etc., etc., etc. Moreover, sir, I quite agree that the development of our resources really is a very imperative affair for us, when our population is the same as Greater London's and our area equals that of Europe. And I would be among the last to yield one inch on questions of Canadian rights, Canadian glories, or Canadian love of country. But it is because a truly patriotic audience must always want to see things as they really are that I lay before you certain facts which are not generally known and which are still less generally understood.

Let us take one searching glance at the Navy, another at the Army, a third at our own Militia, and the last at the present war.

First, the Navy. From the day Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham to the day when Canada first recognized that naval affairs of any kind were worth at least a debate was exactly a hundred and fifty years. During that time the Americans twice tried to conquer Canada; and they would assuredly have done so if it had not been for British sea-power, which had to face nearly all the naval world in arms on the first occasion, and fight Napoleon as well as the States on the second. During that time there were several foreign wars which would have involved the British Empire if there had been no irresistible British Navy. During that time there actually was a great European war which never spread to the oversea Dominions because of the British Navy. During that time Canada rose to the fourth place among all the shipping countries in the world. And during the whole of that same time Canada neither did anything for her own defence at sea nor gave anything to the Mother Country for it—not a ship, not a dollar, not a man.

I do not wish, sir, even to hint at which naval policy is the right one. There is a good deal to be said on both sides. But I do wish to point out that, among all the self-governing Dominions, Canada is last, and a very long way last, in actual achievement. The real trouble is not that one party or policy is right and the other wrong, but that no effective policy of any kind was ever put in force. Who's to blame? Why, all of us! (Hear, hear.) No party government in a free country can go far beyond the mass-sense of its party. Nor, in the same way, can the Government and Opposition together go far beyond the mass-sense of the whole electorate. And in 1909 the whole electorate were not in earnest, not really interested, not anything like even half-educated on this vital question. That is why our national education on naval defence

has to begin in the middle of a war. That is why we are so lamentably last. Newfoundland gave men, though the Navy paid for them. South Africa gave money. New Zealand contributed a Dreadnought. Australia had a Navy of her own. We, halting between two opinions, behind which there was no compelling national desire, have produced a next-to-nothing navy after five years' talk; while during the hundred and fifty years before, we produced nothing at all—not a ship, not a dollar, not a man.

Secondly, the Army. Let us begin by remembering that British wars are all amphibious, and that the Army and Navy are only two parts of one whole. (Hear, hear.) Let us go on by adding up the sums spent by the Imperial Government on fortifying Canada. They amount to a good deal over five hundred million dollars. A point worth noticing is that at the end of most final reports there is a note saying that the Royal Engineer officer-in-charge takes pleasure in reporting that, owing to economies effected in construction, there would be a saving to the public of so many thousand pounds. These economies were not effected at the expense of efficiency; nor did they mean that Colonel Smith, R.E., would be given a bonus, or praised in the press, as he would have been had he been something in civic, provincial, or Dominion politics. No, it was all in the common day's work for him to be more careful of public money than his own. (Loud applause.)

Do we think quite enough of what the British soldier means to Canada? Of later years we have paid much more attention to his real and supposed defects than to his solid virtues. The "Ha! Ha! Hussars!" are quite too absurd, of course, for this practical New World of ours—that is, till we remember that Sir John French is one of them, and that there are many other Cavalry officers now carrying on, with consummate ability, a "business proposition" requiring more skill, and implying infinitely greater personal self-sacrifice, than is required from many a real, live, hustling, smart Canadian. And here, sir, we might also remember that this hussar, like practically all great fighting men, wields the pen to good effect as well as the sword. A classic instance of the same truth—and one that is apter still for Canada—is furnished by Wolfe. When his dispatches were first published Charles Townshend declared that Wolfe himself could not have written them (a very common form of declaration, made about most great commanders, from Julius Cæsar down). "Of course my brother wrote them. He's in public life at home." But when Wolfe died, and George Townshend's own dispatches were found to be far inferior, a well-known wag went



up to Charles and said, "Look here, Charles, if your brother wrote Wolfe's dispatches who the Devil wrote your brother's?" (Laughter and applause.) Of course, gentlemen, I knew, before I told you this story, that all of you agreed with Thackeray: "Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the Army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language." But a point of more concern to us is that most of the Viceroys throughout the British Empire have been soldiers, and that most of these soldiers have been successful viceroys in peace as well as war. (Hear, hear.) Murray and Carleton are only two out of many more; and the fact that both of these are held in peculiar honor by the French-Canadians to the present day is, in itself, an instructive item from several points of view. Perhaps the mere fact that Murray and Carleton were soldiers appealed to French-Canadian confidence; for the French soldiers had nearly always been conspicuously better men than the civilian officials of New France. Montcalm, for instance, was as different from a guardian of the public purse like Bigot as any Colonel Smith, R.E., from any Canadian counterpart of the notorious Mr. Boodle. (Applause.) Then, again, the French-Canadians had a good deal of soldier blood in their own veins; which reminds us that the early Anglo-Canadians were often soldiers, too, that the U. E. Loyalists were also famous as a fighting stock, and that these three stocks together helped to save the country in the War of 'Twelve. (Applause.)

The fact is, gentlemen, that we owe far more than we commonly recognize to the United Service of the British arms by land and sea. (Applause.) Let us put the debt into dollars. There is the fortification item of five hundred millions to begin with—and I beg to assure you, gentlemen, that I am not giving these figures in any loose general way, but with full warrant from the original expense accounts now in the Dominion Archives. The next item is the Imperial garrison in peace and war. That means a force varying from as low as fifteen hundred to as much as nearly thirty thousand, but with a normal average, for many years, of over five thousand. The third item is the cost of that part of the Navy which more especially guarded Canada in peace and war—though the whole Navy has always been on perpetual guard at all times, a thing we often forget. Taking the same period, from 1759 to 1909, the total cost of all three items together amounts to very much more than two thousand millions. (Loud applause.)

"Well, what of it," say the carping critics, "the Mother Country did it to please herself, and aggrandize her Empire, and get her money back in trade," and so on, and so on. Perhaps she did. (Cries of No!) Perhaps she didn't. It does seem a little strange that the greatest, freest, and most successful Empire the world has ever seen should have been built up by a purely selfish, domineering Mother Country. But what a satisfaction it must be to those who take this view to gloat over the adverse balance still standing against the Mother Country on every item of her long expenditure—men, money, ships, forts, tariffs, and the toll of human lives. However, this is not the point. The point is that we could not be sitting here as Anglo-Canadians to-day, and the French-Canadians could not now be living a French-Canadian life, unless the Mother Country's strong right arm had been protecting us all through. (Loud and continued applause.)

But how about the Canadian Militia? That is something of our very own. (Hear, hear.) Well, this brings us to my third point just when I ought to be at the end of my fourth, and last—the present war: (Cries of "Go on!") but as these two final points are both important I shall go on to give the gist of them. (Applause.)

Our Militia is a force to which all its members ought to be proud to belong, for it has always done as well as the country allowed it to do. (Hear, hear.) I wish I could say that the country, as a whole, took a proper pride in it. I am afraid that I can prove with mathematical exactitude that the country, as a whole, never has taken any really consistent pride in it at all. Remember that, for the last hundred years, the Militia has been the one armed force we have maintained, that the permanent part of it is only a little more than forty years old, that it took thirty years for this permanent force to exceed a single thousand men, and that, even with the very recent addition of the Naval Service, the total regular Army and Navy of Canada has never had an established strength equal to one-tenth of one per cent. of our population. Now let us return to the Active Militia, pure and simple. What, exactly, is the unit of Canadian national effort put forth on behalf of this Militia? The result will, I think, astonish everyone except those who have made such things a study. The average strength of the Militia has generally been about one per cent. of the population, more or less—usually less. That means less than one-twentieth of the able-bodied males within the militia limits of age. The drill period is twelve days; and though it is longer for mounted corps, and though it is lengthened by individual enthusiasts, it is so much shortened,



for all practical purposes, in the case of country corps, by Sundays, by bad weather, and by marching in and out of camp, that the twelve-day average will stand fair. Now, here's the sum. If you train one-twentieth of your manhood for one-thirtieth of the year what national effort do you put forth? The answer is, of course, one-six-hundredth part of the national year's work, which, allowing for Sundays and holidays, comes to one, single, half-time day out of the whole three hundred and sixty-five. (A voice, "That's right," and applause.)

This fact alone is quite enough to explain all the militia shortcomings that are so freely criticized by our general public whenever it is suddenly wakened out of sleep on one of the three hundred and sixty-four non-militia days of our Canadian year. Whose fault is it? Our own. (Applause.) Just as in the other cases mentioned, so here: no government in a free country can go much beyond the electorate, and no public service, however patriotic its individual members may be, can be much better, as a whole, than the electorate allows it to be. The Militia has improved, especially in developing the auxiliary branches of an army. But it is not, and under anything like present conditions it can not, be anything like what it ought to be—an army always in the making. Even an infantry private requires several months of steady training before he is altogether battle-worthy. Then, as the unit becomes more complex—from the individual man to the company, battalion, brigade, and division—the time and trouble of preparation must correspondingly increase. When artillery, cavalry, engineers, aircraft, army service corps, and all the other indispensable parts of a practical army are added in the difficulties naturally go on increasing, too. The greatest difficulty of all is the officers. When we remember that even after a cadet has passed triumphantly through a three-year course at the Royal Military College he still requires further training with whatever corps he joins, we can begin to understand how it is that brigades and divisions—let alone army corps—cannot take the field for a long time if even a part of their officers are untrained. And where is the ordinary militia officer to get his practical training? Even if he passes through the regular courses with flying colors how is he to apply his knowledge, especially if he belongs to a country battalion? Each unit, from a section under a sergeant to an army under a Field Marshal commanding-in-chief, must be organized and trained together as such. No separate parts, however good in themselves, will make such a marvellously interdependent whole as an army is unless they have been put

together with infinite care and worked together with consummate skill. You can't get much more out of your work than you have put into it. And, as a free people, we have been putting no more than half-a-day's work a year into our Militia for three generations past. Now, when the crisis is upon us, we wonder why the men whose business it was didn't do better! But we forget that it is one of the glories and safeguards of freedom that defence is a part of everybody's business, and that the saying, "everybody's business is nobody's business," cannot be applied without disaster.

Nevertheless, whenever we get the chance, instead of setting our own time, money, and—above all—intelligent attention to work, we attack the Militia as if it had suddenly swallowed a double dose of acquired and original sin, and we hug to our bosoms the same old delusions about the untrained patriots who fly to arms and victory together that have been invariably exploded on every possible occasion since the first trained army smashed the first armed mob. Sir, I do not forget the many instances so often cited by way of contradiction —the English yeomen, the American Rangers, and our own Canadian Militia; the Spanish Guerrillas, Garibaldi's Thousand, Hofer's Tyrolese, and the Francs-tireurs; the Bashi-Bazouks, the Boers, and a hundred more. As a matter of fact, every one of these instances tells in favor of discipline and training. The Boers, for example, were highly trained riders, raiders, skirmishers, and rifle shots. But, by the testimony of their own commanders, they failed egregiously in the higher forms of discipline, training, and organization; and they were beaten in consequence. On the other hand, it is commonly forgotten, especially by arm-chair critics, that the British Army has had to fight under a greater variety of conditions than any other force in the world—the British Navy by no means excepted—and nearly always against enemies who were necessarily more accustomed to the peculiar local conditions of each particular campaign. (Hear, hear.)

Let us take a concrete instance from our own Canadian history. There is a general impression that Militiamen of the kind we have in time of peace to-day did wonders at the front on both sides in the War of 1812. Ridiculous as this must appear to the present audience, or to any other composed of men who have their country's real interests at heart, it certainly is a general impression, of the usual baseless, intangible, and dangerously subtle kind. Now, sir, I hope you will forgive me for making one more personal statement. But I should like to say that, after five years' work on the original documents of that war, I am in a position to state positively



that no such militiamen ever affected the issue of a single battle, except, indeed, against their own side; and that no appreciable body of such militiamen ever fought in any battle at all, except on the American side. The Imperial regulars were the best force, all round, on either side, as a complete army. Then, on our side, came the Canadian regulars, six battalions of them. Next to these came the Select Embodied Militia, who were almost the same as regulars, consisting, as they did, either of men continuously under arms or of those who formed a trained reserve after service with the colors. Even the non-select Embodied Militia had often been trained as long as Kitchener's Army before they came under fire; while the Sedentary Militia, very few of whom got near the firing line, had mostly put in more training before and during the war than our peace Militia is allowed to do in a lifetime. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

If you want examples on the other side, take the American naval forces in general first, and then their military forces at Chippawa and Washington. The American Government, like many Canadians now, believed in waiting till the time came and then flying to arms and victory, in accordance with the best traditions of pseudo-patriotic bunkum. They raised what was in those days the enormous total of 700,000 men, for all naval and military services put together. Yet they never got 10,000 men into any one engagement. Their tiny regular navy won undying fame in several frigate duels out at sea as well as in two annihilating flotilla actions on the Lakes. But this was in spite of governmental incapacity. The American seamen had excellent ships and highly trained crews, and they fought far away from political headquarters. When the *Shannon* fought the *Chesapeake* the tables were turned because Broke was the best gunnery expert in the British Navy, and because he had brought his crew to the utmost perfection of discipline and training after a continuous commission of seven years. The tables were also turned in the final campaign at sea simply because the well co-ordinated operations of the British Navy made it impossible for any vessel, naval or mercantile, to sail the sea under the Stars and Stripes, precisely in the same way as now, a hundred years later, the sea remains open to British—including Canadian—commerce, while it is absolutely closed to every craft that flies the German flag. We might also remember that the more than five hundred American privateers did next to nothing for their own side compared with what was done by the less than fifty vessels of the Navy. But then, as now, a few dramatic

episodes on one side distracted popular attention from the overwhelming advantages on the other. More is talked about the splendidly gallant and enterprising German *Emden* and her brilliant raids in one small corner of the world than about the British universal network of attack and defence through which German seaborne commerce cannot force a single ship.

Now for the Americans ashore. Throughout the campaigns of 1812 and '13 the American militia had scattered like a flock of sheep at every point of contact; so there was no surprise on either side when they broke and fled in the usual way at Chippawa in 1814, as they were still being marched from civil life to glory without the intervening worries of discipline and training. But a real surprise was sprung on the British regulars when they were beaten back by American regulars who only outnumbered them three against two. Nor was the mystery explained until it was discovered that these American regulars were the ones who had been the least subjected to political interference and the most carefully trained by professional leaders. The very next month the same lesson was driven home at Washington itself, though in a converse way. Washington was then the capital of a country with eight million inhabitants—exactly the same as our own population now. The surrounding military districts had 93,527 militiamen on paper. But of these only 15,000 appeared in arms to resist the advance of 4,000 British regulars. Of the 15,000 who did turn out only 5,000 actually came into action; and not one single man stayed there after the first exchange of fire. The British general was in a hurry; so he sent 1,500 men straight at the 5,000. When the small advance guard of only 500 British regulars fired a preliminary volley the 5,000 American militiamen lost 8 killed and 11 wounded, and then ran for dear life in a way which gained this battle an immortality of ridicule under the appropriate name of the Bladensburg Races. Meanwhile, in another part of the field, 800 well trained Americans—half of them soldiers, half of them sailors—were making as gallant a fight against the British odds as any one would like to see. After the battle the 4,000 British burnt the whole of the exclusively governmental part of Washington—in justifiable retaliation for the indiscriminate destruction of the old and new capitals of Upper Canada—and then marched back to the fleet, through a district inhabited by 93,527 militiamen, without having so much as a single musket fired at them. It is only fair to add that the outrageous destruction of Newark, when 400 women and children were turned out into the bitter December cold,



was the work of the American militia, not of their regulars; and that the regular American Commodore on Lake Ontario did all he could to repair the wanton damage done at York. The long and the short of the whole vexed question of militia and regular is this:—that there would never have been any regulars in any army if they hadn't been as much better than militia as any other professionals are better than mere amateurs. We must have amateurs. But the nearer they approximate to regulars the better. Man is so naturally inclined to take the cheap and easy way that he would never have become a professional in anything unless the necessity had been plain.

I am afraid, sir, that I have gone rather fully into corroborative details. But the point is worth some elaboration. (Hear, hear.) So, indeed, are many others. But time fails me; and I shall mention a very few before dealing with the final one of all—the present war. I shall confine myself to points of misconception and take only five of these.

First, there is a widespread misconception about the nature of Canadian and Imperial defence, and even about defence itself. Some people go so far as to think—perhaps honestly—that if Canada looks after herself locally she will have done her duty both to the Empire and herself. Of course I need not explain to this audience that, as all the seas in the world are one so the defence of the Empire in a great world-war is also one, and that Canada is no more separable from the rest than Wales from England or Ontario from Quebec. "Each for all, and all for each" is the motto. (Applause.) "United we stand, divided we fall" is the warning. (Renewed applause.) As for the misconception about defence itself, it is almost too absurd for serious discussion. Who ever heard of any man's defending himself by remaining eternally on guard? The best way to meet attack is to destroy your enemy's means of destroying you. (Hear, hear.) Secondly, it is fondly supposed that the "race of armaments" can be stopped by the slackening off of one competitor. That was tried six years ago; but it only encouraged the Germans to make an extra spurt against the British Navy. Sir Edward Grey's recent explanation is the true one: if the leading horse is held back all the others who are in the running will only strain every nerve to overtake him. Thirdly, it is equally supposed that people who are not "groaning under the burden of armaments" either won't fight at all or won't fight much. But how about filibustering in pacific China? How about the South American republics? And how about the wars of the United States? Immediate readiness to fight is ab-

solutely essential when your prospective enemy is ready. It certainly was so in the present war. If the British Navy had not been completely ready, before the war broke out at all, the British Empire would have been smashed to atoms. (Hear, hear.) Moreover, it is only because the Navy is always ready that new forces like Kitchener's Army can be trained at all. (Hear, hear.) Fourthly, it is often assumed that armies and navies must be dangerous to liberty. What nonsense! as if a man's hands were a danger to his head and heart! Soldiers and sailors refer to, and think of, their calling as "the Service"; and they actually are "the Service" in every country with a free government in which the electors take a real interest. Little politicians may be jealous enough. But war requires the fittest at the top; and winning nations see that the fittest get there. Abraham Lincoln and the elder Pitt, each in his own day, were the personification of free government; and both knew how to make fleets and armies the living instruments of a people's will. (Loud applause.) Fifthly, it is often assumed by those who live outside the area of armed competition that war is about to disappear as a factor in the problems of the world. The F rays, the newest explosive—annihilite is the latest, just at present—and other "horrors of war," on the one hand, and pacifist ideas of "modern progress" on the other, are supposed to be killing out war. Perhaps they will. But, in the meantime, we might as well remember one or two facts to the contrary. The phase of evolution in which war is a determining factor has lasted for many thousands of years; no one can deny that we are passing through it still; and such persistent universal forces do not generally come to a sudden full stop. Again, there is no instance known to history in which a pent-up, growing, and ambitious people have ever lived beside another people which had plenty of expansion room without there being war between them. Lastly, there were expert warnings in plenty. But those who didn't wish to hear them simply stopped their ears.

And now, sir, I come to my last point, to the burning question of the present war; and I propose to speak as plainly about our part in it as I have about our long neglect of preparation. (Hear, hear.)

Let us analyze the First Contingent, regardless of timid warnings about invidious distinctions, odious comparisons, or any unworthy fear of laying ourselves open to the aspersion that it is an ill bird which fouls its own nest. Counting out a million foreign-born, we have seven million people in Canada to-day—one million Mother-Country born, two millions



French-Canadians, and four millions who may be roughly classified as Anglo-Canadians. There were 35,000 in the First Contingent, and in the little Naval Service we managed to get afloat. In proportion to population 5,000 of these should have been Mother-Country born, 10,000 French-Canadian, and 20,000 Anglo-Canadian. The real numbers are very different: —well over 20,000 Mother-Country born, barely 10,000 Anglo-Canadians, and probably some 1,250 French-Canadians. The proportional representation is, therefore, as follows: French-Canadians 1, Anglo-Canadians 4, Mother-Country born 32, Various more or less satisfactory reasons are given for this state of things—a state of things, by the way, that is not being reversed by the Second and Third Contingents. Many of the Mother-Country born have not yet taken root out here. They have the highest percentage of able-bodied males within the age-limits of enlistment. Many of them are out of a job. Most of them naturally feel the call of the Motherland more quickly than we do, etc., etc., etc. But the fact remains that twelve per cent. of our total population have produced more men for the front than the other eighty—eight per cent., and that the proportional representation is this: Mother-Country born 32, Anglo-Canadians 4, French-Canadians 1.

What is the real reason? The real reason is, of course, too vastly complex for explanation at full length here. But, in general, it may be epitomized into the title of the present address—War: The Neglected Factor in Canadian Problems for a Hundred Years. Now, at last, the country is beginning to stir. But the neglect of a century is not to be made good in one campaign. Millions of men are fighting for one of the most vital issues in the whole world's history. They have been fighting incessantly for three seasons—Summer, Fall, and Winter. But no combatant Canadian units reached the firing line in 1914. Why? Because, however good the men are, as men, they are not yet, and can not yet be, parts of one military whole. "A man is not a soldier" is Napoleon's way of putting it. The officers form the most serious problem, not through their own fault, but through the fault of a country that never gave them a chance to learn in peace what they have to practice in war.

"But this is perfectly impossible," objectors will say, "in our young and growing country, with all its natural resources to develop, its enormous transportation problems to solve, etc., etc." The answer, the unanswerable answer, is that we must make our choice between the four alternatives. We must either leave the Empire, to be independent or annexed, and to take all the risks of whichever destiny we choose, or else

we must remain within the Empire and make our choice between its patriots and its parasites. Hitherto we have been busy about every great national concern except defence. On that momentous question we have simply drifted along the line of least resistance, without any consistent national policy, and without the equivalent of a single, half-time, national-defence day the whole year round. We should, of course, be wrong to overstrain our young and growing strength. But who can maintain that patriotism would be either beyond our strength or too dear at the price if we put one man in arms for every ten we kept employed in civil life during this supreme ordeal? We have over two million men in Canada. We ought to have two hundred thousand men in arms. More than this, we ought to have had a naval and military system for mobilizing the first hundred thousand within three months, and the second within six. The British Navy gives us the chance of taking our time, in a way denied to other nations; and, with the British Army, it gives us the chance of not mobilizing at all—a chance, in fact, to play the perfect parasite. Afloat we should have had our own part of the Royal Navy or else a navy of our own, in either case with a trained reserve, trained on a sound "militia" basis, behind that again. Ashore we should have had our own little army of regulars and instructors. We require a thorough cadet system to begin with; then a short instructional course with the regulars for every militiaman before he joins his corps; then five annual trainings of twenty days each, or their equivalent; and then removal to the reserve, with obligation to rejoin up to the age of forty—and a similar, but much more elastic system in the case of officers, many of whom would be required to stay on till they had reached the higher ranks. With any working system of this kind we should be safely off the parasitic and safely on the patriotic side. Ten thousand regulars and a hundred thousand militiamen—afloat and ashore, put together —would do. This, allowing for men undergoing courses of instruction—and reservist courses, too—would be barely equivalent to twenty thousand men in permanence; and this again, in its turn, means that a hundred men would be in civil life for every one in naval and military service, since there are two million men in Canada. A people who cannot train a hundredth of its manhood in peace and put a tenth of its manhood under arms in war had better give up altogether.

But for even a hundred men in civil life to train a single one to arms in time of peace, and for ten men in civil life to keep one man under arms in time of war, an enlightened public opinion is required—an opinion, moreover, that is enlightened



enough to be above the meaner side of party politics and above all sundering appeals to racial anl religious prejudices. Here, sir, I am very close to dangerous ground. But I assure you that I have no desire to tread on it. Quite the contrary. I propose to end this already overlong address by taking you safely past the quagmires and straight to the firm foundation of the inner truth. There is nothing to fear from the truth. (Hear, hear.)

The outer truth looks bad as regards the whole Dominion. But the Mother-Country born are responding to the full already; and the Anglo-Canadians are gradually awakening to the four alternatives and deciding for the best. The crux of the question is the French-Canadians. Here the outer truth is at its worst; but the inner, on the contrary, is good. Let us consider both: the blackness of the outer first, the brightness of the inner next. With your kind permission, sir, I should like to say that I speak as one who knows the French-Canadians well, who admires their good points exceedingly, and who would not change a single word out of the many thousand he has written in their praise.

The great outstanding general fact is that—as some of their own best men and papers have plainly pointed out—the French-Canadians are conspicuously last of all in furthering the Allied cause. In proportion to their numbers they have supplied the fewest recruits for the Oversea Contingents, the smallest sum total in subscriptions, and the least practical enthusiasm in every way. The small English-speaking minority in the Province of Quebec has supplied more men, money, and practical enthusiasm than the large French-speaking majority. Nor is there at present any sign that this disproportion is undergoing any change for the better. The other day a leading French-Canadian said most of his compatriots looked on the war as if it was a purely foreign one in which they took a merely sentimental or "moving-picture-sort-of interest." And the worst of this is that it is one of the chief causes why Canada as a whole is last. Such a dead-weight of indifference on the part of most French-Canadians is a very serious drag on the rest of the Dominion. And what makes matters seem worse still is that Quebec, the French-Canadian city, *par-excellence*, is the very place whose French-Canadian population is getting most by the war. The fortifications, the garrison, the Dominion Arsenal, and the Ross Rifle Factory are great sources of revenue for Quebec and corresponding sources of expenditure for the rest of Canada at all times. Since the war began this revenue and this expenditure have increased by leaps and bounds, and are increasing still. Moreover, the

balance in favor of Quebec has been weighed down much further by the camp at Valcartier, with its 35,000 men, and by the fact that Quebec is losing nothing in the way of minor concentrations, war contracts of various kinds, and sundry unconsidered trifles. No wonder other Canadians, growing impatient and not going down to the root of the trouble, have been saying that Quebec was getting everything and giving nothing.

But, before coming to any conclusion on these lamentably true facts, we must view the French-Canadian question as a whole and with all the sympathetic understanding that we can bring to bear. (Applause.) Viewed in this way the French-Canadians will be seen to consist not of one great reprehensible mass but of three parties, which, in relation to the present war, may be called the patriots, the neutrals, and the parasites. The patriots and parasites form small minorities. The neutrals form the great majority. But the neutrals, if not at present very active practical friends to the cause, are at least potential friends; so that the black, malignant parasites, who are a far greater curse to their own people than to any others, really form only a small, though dangerous, proportion of the whole. The patriots need no explanation; but, other things being equal, they certainly are entitled to far higher praise than their Anglo-Canadian counterparts, for they have to make their way through a double set of difficulties, as we shall presently see.

The neutrals, however, do need explanation, and the most sympathetic understanding, too. (Applause.) How is it that they form the bulk of the French-Canadians in a war like this, where everything French and British is at stake, and into which the British Empire entered to uphold the sanctity of treaties and to defend the Belgians, who are overwhelmingly Roman Catholic in religion and mostly French in speech? How is it that the descendants of the martial French are now so slow in answering the call to arms, so deaf, apparently, to its appeal, even in this great cause, which seems made to be their own? How is it their leaders in Church and State don't sound the trumpet in their ears? The great French-Canadian churchmen did a century ago. When the news arrived of Nelson at the Nile the French-Canadian Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec ordained a special thanksgiving for the just laws and protecting arms of the Imperial British Crown. (Applause.) It is not so much a disquisition on the rights of our side and the wrongs committed by the Germans that is wanted now, though even that is needed still, but a direct personal appeal to French-Canadians to enlist. No one can make



such an appeal effectual except their own leaders. Why don't these leaders make it? Are they afraid of getting no response from that race whose well-trained regulars, led by a French-Canadian officer in the Imperial Army, won so gallantly against such odds at Chateauguay? Can they not rise above the petty strife between the Ins and Outs in party politics? Or do they repent—at this most inappropriate time of our supreme ordeal—do they repent of all they have professed in time of peace—that, under the ægis of the Union Jack, they have enjoyed such liberties and advantages as they could not find elsewhere in all the world? No: their true leaders, like all other true Canadian leaders, know perfectly well that the choice for Canada lies between those four alternatives—impossible independence, obliterating annexation, and either the parastic or the patriotic life within the British Empire. (Applause.) A fifth alternative—dangled by knaves for fools to play with—would be utterly beneath notice if it was not part of the stock-in-trade of the parasites we're coming to. It is that of a separate French-Canadian republic, governed by demagogues and warmed by hot air. (Loud laughter.) We may well laugh at such an absurdity, for how could such a state maintain its real independence when the whole Dominion could not; and would the Dominion itself consent to being cut in two? (Applause.)

But, if all these things are so, what is the real trouble? I venture to think, sir, that it can only be explained, in the very few overtime words now at my disposal, if I may borrow the word *enclave,* dissociate it from its ordinary meaning, and apply it both to our Dominion as a whole and to the French-Canadians in particular. As we all know, an *enclave* properly means an independent state wholly enclosed by the territory of another independent state. Now, suppose we give it, for this once, a purely British meaning, and suppose we use it only with reference to the question of defence. Then I would say that just as Canada has been a sort of *enclave* within the Empire so the French-Canadians have been a sort of inner *enclave* within the Dominion.

The rest of Canada has flowed round and has enisled them on the soil into which they were deeply rooted before there were Canadians of any other kind at all. Thus the average French-Canadian voter has never come into direct personal contact with the really crucial questions of defence—at all events, not for a hundred years. He thinks even less about the needs of the Militia than his Anglo-Canadian fellow-subject does—and that, by the bye, is another reason why it will be so hard to get trained French-Canadian officers to command

large numbers of French-Canadian men. He sees no connection whatever between his own livelihood and the British Command of the Sea; and he would think it an election dodge if you were to point out that his lumbering and dairying compatriots were dependent on the Navy. As for international affairs and the world-wide struggle for existence, well, they may be all right for those who like them, or for those whose special penitence it is to bear them; but, for himself and his own people, that's none of their business, and "on est bi'n icitte," so let well enough alone—just what a good many Anglo-Canadians have long been saying, and with less excuse. It is, by the way, a great mistake to suppose that there is a sort of general Pan-Gallic point of contact with the outside world, and that Frenchmen, Belgians, French-speaking Swiss, and French-Canadians all get on together as if they were one. They don't, as a general rule, except on ceremonial occasions. The French-Canadian has developed into a distinct type; and he is, in certain ways, more British than he knows. This, however, does not imply that, because he is French-with-a-difference, he is not essentially French in race, thought, word, and deed, and that any other conceivable war could make a higher or more intimate appeal to his own better self.

The knotty, the very knotty, problem is this. First, to break down the wholly false frontiers of the general *enclave,* which have so long surrounded the Dominion, and, next, to break down the equally false frontiers of the special inner *enclave,* which surround the mass of French-Canadians. This can be done only by force from without or by persuasion from within. Force from without is not to be thought of, so far as inter-British relations are concerned. But, it certainly would be an effectual means of bursting these bonds if applied by a foreign power, say, in the form of a naval raid on the lower St. Lawrence. Persuasion from within remains. But it bristles with difficulties. Just as no government of any free country in the world can go too far ahead of the mass-sense of its own electorate, so no French-Canadian patriots can lead the mass of French-Canadians out of that inner *enclave* by waving encouragement from beyond the frontiers of the outer one. They must go inside, there defeat the parasites, and then lead their people forth. The line of cleavage in the mass inside will leave very few among the parasites if the work is properly done. But the parasites must be defeated first.

Who are the parasites? They are, ironically enough, the very men who are always using the word themselves about their political opponents. They have, it is true, some right to use it about a good many men of all parties in civic, provincial, and Dominion politics. But, on the question of defence, the beam is in their own eye and the mote in other peoples'. Ah! politics, like murder, will out. (Loud laughter.) But, sir, only in the mere word "political." (Applause.) It is because these parasites are the worst enemies of Canada and of their own great race, it is because I love my native city of Quebec and her proud history, it is because she has borne witness to that "Entente Cordiale d'honneur" which united both races in defence of one country under Carleton and now unites the whole French and British world in defence of general liberty, that I believe our parasites—of whatever race or tongue—should be smashed for ever now. There is nothing to fear from the truth. Therefore let the truth be told. (Hear, hear.) Therefore let the choice be given straightforwardly to the mass of French-Canadians, the choice between the patriot and parasite, and given by their own leaders, just as ours should be to us. (Hear, hear.) Patriotism means a new way of life for the Dominion, full of hardship and self-sacrifice, but also full of promise for the future. I do not for one moment deny that the parasites—and by no means all parasites are French-Canadians (hear, hear)—I do not for one moment deny that the parasites not only promise the pleasures of sin for a season but know they can make the promise good—for a season. But are the wages of sin worth the loss of our national soul! Then let us give our whole-hearted sympathy to those French-Canadian fellow-subjects of our own (applause) who are not only on the patriotic side themselves but ready to fight the parasites for the national soul of the great mass of their compatriots—compatriots in the fullest sense of that glorious word. Nothing more is needed than to get the real truth inside the frontiers of that inner *enclave.* There is nothing to fear from the truth, once it is really understood by an admirably "compatriotic" people whose greater leaders have always shown equal bravery in bearing the Cross and wielding the sword.

But there is a good deal to fear from parasitic falsehood. No one knows better than the parasites how to take every insidious advantage of the ideas that can be most easily perverted inside of that inner *enclave.* The cry of Anglicisation will be raised at once. It might be raised after an address like this, though I would not Anglicize the French-Canadians if I could. Race, religion, politics, education—all will be perverted to ignoble ends for parasitic purposes. But, if the truth is fearlessly told, this perversion will be in vain; for the French-Canadians have their French-Canadian life preserved for them inside the British Empire in a way that would be

utterly impossible outside of it. (Hear, hear.) Let us respect, in the spirit as well as in the letter, this French-Canadian life of theirs. Only, let them do their share, as we, I hope, shall ours (hear, hear) in this great crisis. French-Canadians volunteering for the front, in numbers proportioned to their strength at home, fighting for all things French and British in the world, and against a tyranny that would blot them out in no time (hear, hear), these men, carrying the French-Canadian atmosphere about with them, would be welcome and honored wherever they went. (Loud applause.)

What have the parasites to offer in exchange for this? They have, indeed, one new invention of their own—the parasitic patriot. "The way to be a French-Canadian patriot is to be a British parasite. Get all you can. Give nothing in return." That, in short, is the practical outcome of all their teaching. It is no exaggeration to say that every teacher graduating from their school for parasites starts out on his tour of perversion with some such confidential stock of precepts as the following:—"Remember that British patriots of all kinds—French-Canadian patriots included—will let us go pretty far, without bringing us openly to book, for the sake of showing a united Canadian front to all their enemies—including ourselves. Explain privately that ultimate British victory is really desirable, because it means safety for parasites, and that the war really does some good by killing off patriots at the front and giving parasites an extra chance of supplanting them in Canada. Confuse all the real issues as much as you can. Mix up educational issues between members of the same communion, though of different tongues, with Dominion, Imperial, and international affairs, and throw so much mud over the whole that some of it is sure to stick. Proclaim aloud that you will die for the faith that is in you. But remember how much pleasanter it is to live for the falsehood instead. Stab Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the back for starting a Canadian Navy, and Sir Robert Borden for trying to add Dreadnoughts to the Navy of the Mother Country. Accuse this most distinguished French-Canadian of selling his compatriots to the British enemy as 'conscripts' for a navy to be used in Africa and other bogey places; and forget—as hard as you can—that in the great world-war of to-day there are no 'conscripts' whatever, even for garrison service at home. Accuse this most distinguished Anglo-Canadian of trying to sell the whole Dominion for three Dreadnoughts, cash; and forget—as hard as you can—that the German menace you decried one year became the German Fury of the next. Remember that sheep are more easily managed than men, that



the double *enclave* gives you an unusually good chance of proving that fighting men are not required inside of it, and that the guard outside will be provided gratis by others 'whose business it is.' Don't let the people learn the Russian proverb—'Make yourself a sheep, and you'll find no lack of wolves'—because that might be a reflection on the leading parasites, from at least two incriminating points of view. Say your heart can't be in any foreign war unless the French are on the British side; and then find out that, when the French actually are on the same side as the British, you can't fight beside them cause they have been cruel to their priests. Ignore, of course, the fact that twenty thousand priests are themselves fighting for France, that this war promises to see the regeneration of religion in France, and that the British are not really fighting for France but Belgium, where the French language is very strong and the Roman Catholic religion almost universal. Always profess your readiness to fight under 'other conditions'; and take good care that these other conditions change quickly enough to suit the circumstances. Be true to no constitution save that of La Belle Bourassie, a country which cannot conscientiously support 'Great Britain' because Canada is an 'irresponsible dependency'; but which, of course, must never become 'responsible' if responsibility means any kind of risk. Remember that the word Canadian means only French-Canadian, and that all the other present inhabitants of Canada form an army of occupation. (Any allusion to this should always be followed by some reference to the Germans in Belgium.) Forget that the French-Canadians have increased fortyfold while living within the brutal British Empire. Don't go too far in time of danger or your leaders might have to leave you." [This does happen to be true; for it is the way of demagogues when braver followers "go too far." Papineau, for instance, like Lyon Mackenzie, ran away; while the habitants fought to admiration at St. Denis and elsewhere.] "Remember that mountebank heroics are pretty safe beneath the Union Jack, where occasional license is part of the price the stupid British pay for general liberty. Lastly, remember that it is always better to be a snake in the grass behind than a lion in the path in front. Then you will, indeed, be fit to practice the nice black art of Bourassassination." (Loud laughter and long applause.)

Have so many pseudo-patriotic virtues ever been more shamelessly combined with so many genuine parasitic vices? And the worst of it is that this poisoned dish is compounded by men whose betters are being shot every day for far less hateful actions. Every German spy takes his life in his hands,

and often loses it. The Boer rebels broke their oath; but they at least risked their all to do it. Our parasites remain snug and smug inside their own charmed circle of snivelling virtue and snivelling vice.

A sympathetic stranger would certainly think that such a degraded and degrading appeal to all the lower side of human nature would be instantly resented as a deadly insult by people whose blood is French, whose liberty is British, and whose honor is derived from both these noble races. "What," he would say, "how can any man dare to make such an appeal, however artfully disguised, to a people who have produced British leaders as loyal as General Botha is to-day, to a people who have produced the *voyageurs*, the *coureurs de bois*, the defenders of Quebec in 1775, and of the frontier in 1812, who venerate the memory of Montcalm and Frontenac, of la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and the Jesuit Missionaries, whose devoted clergy have always professed loyalty to the British Crown, and whose statesmen never tire of lauding the glories of the British Constitution?" Yes, this stranger is right, on the whole. But the two *enclaves* must first be reckoned with: the outer *enclave*, comprising the whole Dominion on questions of defence, and the inner *enclave*, comprising the French-Canadians. Each *enclave* is itself surrounded by a frontier of darkness. Perversion is in the very air of each. And it cannot be till after the outer barrier is down, and the outer air is cleared, that the French-Canadian patriots will be able to fill the inner *enclave* of French-Canadian neutrals with the light of patriotic truth. (Loud applause.)