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Why Shouldn't English Farmers Come to Canada?

Mr. C. G. Blades, of Lincolnshire, and His Family of Eleven, are Some Answer to the Question



Thrifty home on the Manor Farm that the Blades family left in Lincolnshire.



The flock of Lincolnshire sheep that Mr. Blades sold to come to Canada.

NOT long ago at a public dinner in the town of Exeter, Eng., the question was asked by a speaker—"What is Canada going to do for England?" A Canadian in reply said: "That depends upon just how much Great Britain is prepared to do for Canada. If you send us the right kind of people we want and as many as you can spare for the purpose of keeping the balance of Anglo-Saxondom and at the same time becoming producers of wealth on the land and in our factories, there need never be any question raised as to where Canada may stand when England needs her, or what is to become of the British solidarity in that part of the Empire."

Canadians are fond of jibing at the wrong kind of English immigrant; and sometimes we miss appreciating the kind of Englishmen we really need in this country. About one-third of our annual immigration is from the British Isles; and of these probably less than half are fit to go on the land to become the best kind of producers of wealth and creators of citizenship. Twenty-five per cent. of our annual immigrants are unable to speak English and do not care to learn, except for the purpose of doing business in an English-speaking Dominion. The importation of British farmers with or without cash capital is much lower than it might be. British farmers have been advised to come and settle on the unoccupied lands in the Maritimes and to take up semi-abandoned farms in Ontario. The movement



Mr. and Mrs. Blades, ten boys and one girl, now citizens of sunny Alberta.



The kind of sheep farming that Mr. Blades will become familiar with in Alberta. This particular picture was taken on a well-known sheep ranch near Lethbridge.

has got a fair beginning. In the West the settlement of the British farmer has gone along at a less rapid rate than that of the American farmer.

BUT it is doubtful if in the whole Canadian West there is such a hopeful family of English farmers as that of Mr. C. G. Blades, of Glouceby, Lincolnshire, who a few days ago arrived at Bawlf, Alberta, in the sheep country just north of Calgary, with his wife and eleven children. Mr. Blades was a comfortable tenant farmer in Lincolnshire. Above are the pictures of the home he left and of the flock of sheep that he sold to come to Canada. He was farming 250 acres known as the "Manor Farm." There was no reason why he shouldn't have stayed on the Manor, except that in his family of eleven he had ten boys, and he was not mathematical enough to figure out where all these lads would be able to get English land when they grew up. So after reading about the C. P. R. Loan Farm scheme and becoming convinced that Canada is not a Siberia, he sold out, packed his household goods, gathered his huge family of potential wage-earners and boarded a liner at Liverpool. The family landed at St. John, N.B. They went straight West to Bawlf on a 320-acre farm. The oldest boy, eighteen, is already as able as his father. The other lads are all vigorous youngsters who will soon learn to get along in the West a hundred times better than they did in Lincolnshire, England.