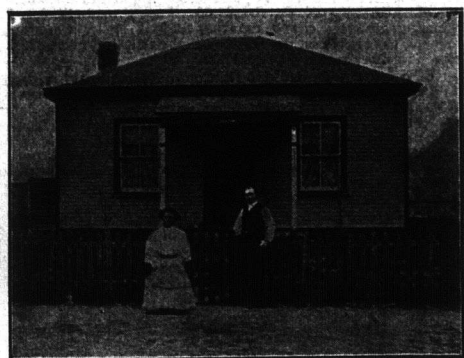


Loving the Old Land and Living in the New.

The old story of the Immigrant retold. By John Richardson.

DO you remember the feeling you had when you bought your first piece of land? If it's years ago and today you are a prosperous farmer, just reflect—it does us good sometimes to look back. Just call to memory the time you first became conscious that you were a landowner, and that the land you stood on was your very own.

I have just made my first land purchase. I am one of the three-quarters of a million Imperial emigrants who left Great Britain because they saw the chances for advancement here were better than in the Old Land. Yes, I am a landowner, but still a worker; a capitalist, but still a wage earner. And I am the only member of my family, all of them in Great Britain, who can boast of owning a piece of the earth. To become a landowner I had to cross the sea. Thousands of other fellows, who carried the same English atmosphere as I did, with just as strong a local accent as mine, have done the same thing, only done it better. They are good Canadians



"Hopeland" Built by the above couple two years after arriving in Toronto.

in more senses than one; they deserve the title of the Imperial emigrant.

One of these is a friend of mine from Kent. At 30 years of age he studied for a B.A. degree, and the doctor told him he had only six weeks to live. He packed up his outfit—a little outfit it was in those days, he tells me—and came to this country. If Canada was good enough for him, it was good enough for his wife, and the ship that brought him brought her as well.

They had a buffetting in their early days here which some of us escaped. The husband started work in Toronto at eight dollars a week, doing some sort of work at Eatons—the place where so many Old Country folks settle until they feel their legs. Then he joined the staff of a cycle store at ten dollars a week. Mind you, the man who carried out orders was ten times more intelligent than the man who gave them.

"I only meant to stay there a month" were his words to me, "but they would not let me go, and after a while I was made manager."

And instead of running after the doctor who gave him six weeks to live, he breathed in as much of God's air from Toronto Bay as any mortal could, and at the end of two years the lung which the doctor had described as a daisy on his grave, was as strong as the best you and I have today.

He is now earning \$3000 a year in Montreal, and he's still going up. Like the country he's in, he'll keep on growing. He's the sort of Imperial emigrant this country wants.

When he related his early experiences he refers, without malice but with a sense of humor, to the time when he was called an English "sparrow." Today, some of the men who called him a "greenhorn" are running after him for jobs. One fellow stopped him on the streets of Toronto last week, and asked him to remember a former pal. The \$2000 a year man, good sympathetic

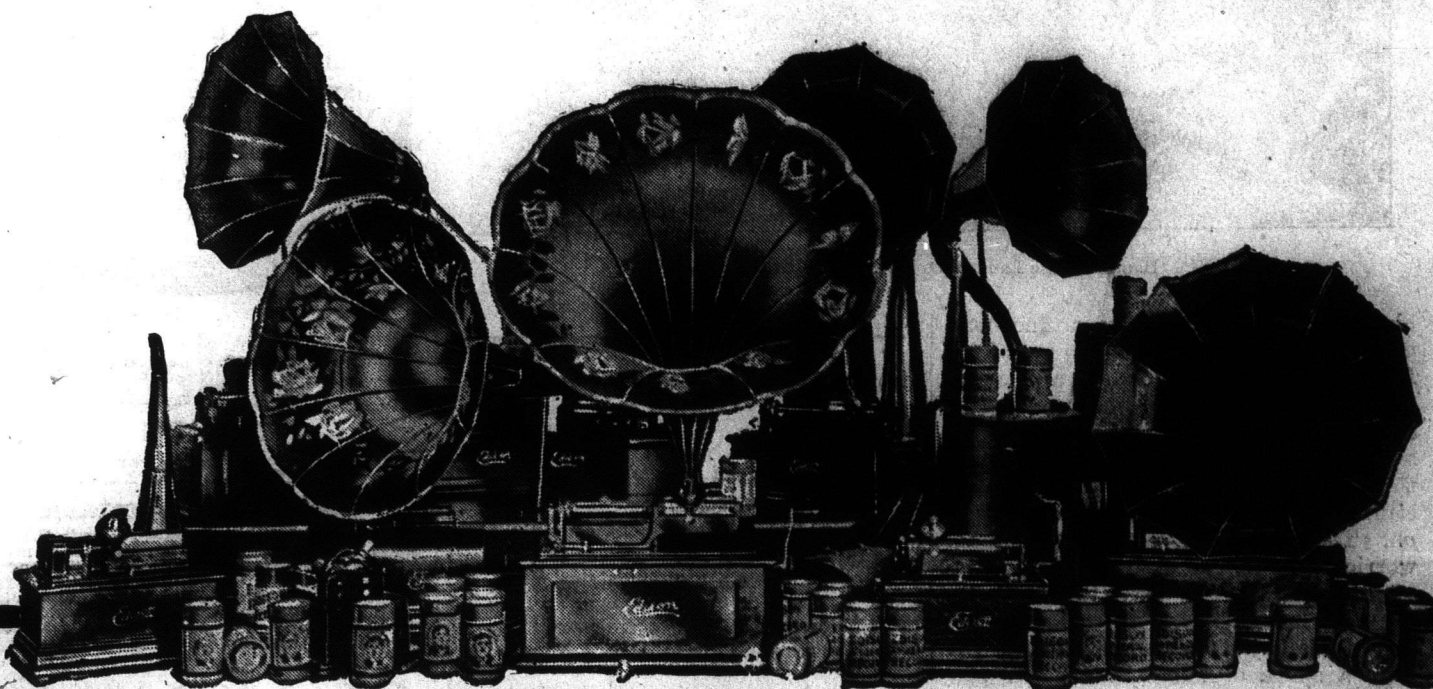
soul, took him to the best hotel in town and gave him a good meal. People in the hotel cast inquiring glances at the two—one well dressed, with a prosperous look about him, and the other just the opposite. Both were Imperial emigrants. One had made good. The other—well, he was still battling.

I often walk down to the docks at Montreal to see the immigrants arrive from the Old Land. It's like looking into a mirror, for I can see myself in those new comers, and it seems as though I only landed yesterday. I like to hear them talk as they pick out their baggage, and I picture the change that will come over many of them within two or three years. Sometimes a fellow will pass smoking a Woodbine cigarette (they were five a penny when I was in England, and they were called "Coffin nails"). He looks crude to the man who likes polish, for in his rough and tumble existence he has never had a chance to learn the meaning of polish. But he has saved \$30 to travel steamer to Canada,

and instead of looking down he is just beginning to look up.

I once heard a Methodist preacher declare that when he was battling against any difficulty he always made a point of keeping his head high. "It's the man who looks down who gets dizzy," he said. And this immigrant is looking into the future of the prairies. Perhaps he's never been on a farm in his life, and could not hitch a horse up to save his soul, but he's got the notion that he can do better here. "I'll sink or swim" is his view, and that sort of fellow generally swims.

Then there's the middle aged man who brings his wife and family. Perhaps there's a baby in arms, who will never know the worry the parents had to get



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