

mother as well. You come to Canada and find many problems embodied in our political progress that cover much wider ground than those which traditionally belong to the historic politics of Great Britain. For instance, there are now two million Canadian descendants of the French who first settled in the St. Lawrence valley. They are British subjects, as we are. Some of their characteristics differ from ours, but they are whole-hearted lovers of the Dominion. We have got to get along with them in concord, and must, therefore, avoid those things which tend to exasperate rather than conciliate feelings which in times past have provoked calamitous discords.

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The British-born have a peculiar relation to another considerable proportion of Canada's inhabitants, who do not speak what a Detroit man once called "God Almighty's own language." Most of you derive your livelihood from the factories of this town. It is within the mark to say that half of your product is sold in the West. What does that mean? It means that your livelihood is in the West, in the same sense that many of our Christian brethren tell us our citizenship is in Heaven. As residents of this town you are geographical accidents. The West is the motive power of your Canadian existence; and you will learn to look at Canadian internal affairs to that extent, from a Western point of view.

The real crucible of Canadian nationality is in the West, where a decreasing proportion of a rapidly growing population is familiar with the conditions, history, temperament and tendencies of Eastern Canada—the people for whom the Upper Canada Bible Society prints the Scriptures in seventy different tongues.

Why did these aliens to this commonwealth come into the Prairie Provinces? Because they wished to be Canadians, or desired to support Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. Borden or because they wanted to read the Liberal newspapers? No, sir. They came to Canada because they thought they could better their physical and financial position. Where they flourish materially they find it comparatively easy to become Canadian. But Canada is a British country with a wonderful prospective future within the Empire. When these gentlemen are told that Canada is British, and that they have a political relationship with London and Calcutta, with Dublin and Melbourne, with Edinburgh and Cape Town, they marvel how these things can be.

Now, suppose you, Mr. Britisher, were to find yourself, as many of your countrymen have done, in the midst of a community in which you were the only man who had been born under the Union Jack—your first neighbor on the north an American, who hangs the Stars and Stripes over his domes-