

Thames included, would scarcely fill the channel of the St. Lawrence. There is a grandeur in the mountain ranges, and a voice in the noble cataracts, which elevate the spirit above the ignorance and the passions of the past and the perplexities of the present, and make us feel that the great Creator of the universe never meant such a country to be the scene of perpetual discord, but will yet inspire the people with the union,

the virtue, and the true patriotism by which alone its political and social condition shall be made to move nearly than it does now the impress of its natural features. Canada is a country to be proud of; to inspire high thoughts; to cherish a love for the sublime and beautiful; and to take its stand among the nations of the earth in spite of all the circumstances which have hitherto retarded its progress.

AWAKE my country!

The hour is great with change.

The Lure of the Better West

By Aubrey Fullerton

AWAKE my country!

The hour of dreams is done.

—CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

THERE are two things, of very different proportions, that are eloquent of a country's growth and the power to attract. The double-railed line that stretches straight across the prairie, an iron pathway that took courage to build, is one; and the other is such a simple thing as I saw by a roadside in southern Minnesota. A family of six—man, wife and four children—at dinner, with a charcoal stove to cook on, and greensward for a table; their wagon drawn up a bit from the road, and the horses feeding in a patch of clover. That seemed to be all, and at first sight it indicated nothing more than a noonday picnic. But when I found that this was an immigrant family on its way to Canada, the picnic assumed a national interest. A dinner by the roadside was quite an unimportant thing in itself, but as an incident in an overland journey from Iowa to Manitoba, by way of Minnesota and Dakota, it was immensely significant. A long moving was this, with a wagon-load of goods and chattels that included many heirlooms but must have left many more behind; and all for the sake of a new home in Canada. Here was evidence of Canada's power to attract.

That was five years ago when more people moved by wagon, and fewer by rail than to-day. In that same year another family of six drove from Kentucky to the Prince Albert district, a journey of 2,000 miles. There have been not many longer, though a family of Scotch gypsies, whom I saw at Kingston a few years ago, claimed to have once driven from Kansas to Montreal, spending six months on the road. Gypsies, however, are not immigrants.

By prairie schooner or by steam train, the people are still going, and in larger numbers. The movement from the American West to the Canadian West has, indeed, become one of the most significant phases of the immigration situation in Canada.

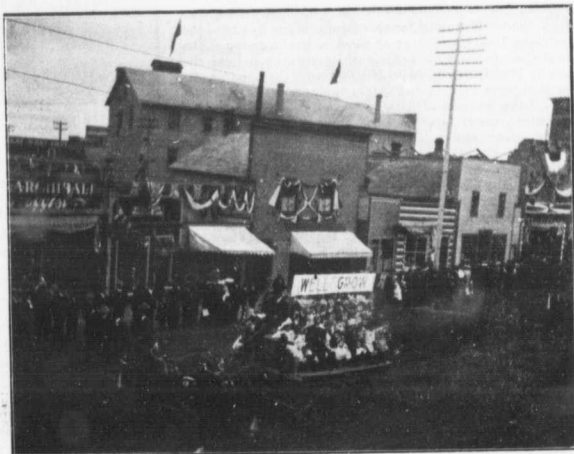
One-third of the total number of immigrants last year were from the United States, a round total of 45,000; and the number will be equally large, or larger, this year, though the proportions may not be the same. If the front door to Canada means the nearest entrance to her treasure-house, it is not at the ocean ports, but at some point along the international boundary.

In common with other race or class movements to the new West, the coming of these American land settlers has an interest beyond that of the census returns. There is a dramatic side to it, a deep and compelling human interest. It is one of the things that after reaching a certain stage can be more graphically described not in figures but in figure. The house-mistress who has only an occasional visitor speaks of her guests as "company," but when they come in perplexing numbers she is "deluged;" company-day for Canada is past, and the new arrivals are now spoken of, in the press and out

of it, as an inflowing tide. That means more, because it not only expresses something of the size of the movement but hints at the eagerness which prompts it. In other words it lets in the personal element.

The coming of the people and their settling down to the rights and duties of Canadian citizenship, is now a common enough picture in the West. As seen from the other side of the border, however, the picture has quite a different face. It is still that of a tide, apparently irresistible, but a tide that is going, not coming. From that point of view, the process of Canadian colonization has certain unique features and an interest which perhaps equals that of its nearer aspect.

Speaking generally the farmers of the Western States move north because they can sell their own farms at a high figure and buy at a considerably lower figure, or take up free homesteads in Canada. But that does not tell it all. There is a certain level of dissatisfaction at work. Not all the men



PROVINCIAL INAUGURATION

A Feature of the Children's Parade at Edmonton.

who move are owners of their farms, but rent them at four or five dollars an acre, paying all working expenses in addition to their rentals; these renters yield readily to the attractive prospect of farms of their own across the line, and many of them are able to move with considerable ready money. A still stronger magnet with all classes is the superior fertility of the Canadian soil; Minnesota's average is twelve bushels an acre, Manitoba's twenty-one. The difference makes it worth while moving.

How these people from the Western States are converted to the Canadian idea is a process as ingenious as it is effective. In theory and practice it is essentially missionary work, on a business basis. For several years Canada has been carrying