

houses leaning against one another you will feel like taking by the scruff of the neck, and scattering them around so that the people who live in them will have room to breathe, that the damp walls may be dried, and the cold brick floors done away with. The parson, the squire, the churchwarden and the doctor won't seem nearly as mighty as you thought they were. What you thought were enormous fields and meadows will look like paddocks and gardens.

Your friends will see great changes in you. They will observe that you wear better clothes, you spend money more freely, you stand up more independently, you have discovered the letter H. Canada has made you over again, and you will get a new perspective of Britain and of Canada. Your experience will be like mine. for every time I return to England I love the Old Country more, and I am more glad to leave it.

It is a great thing to have chosen to live, and to leave your family in Canada—sometimes I think it is even greater than to be born in Canada. He who knows two countries is a wiser man than he who knows only one—which is true even in either country circumstances may have tied you down to a spot.

But is the case of the British-born in Canada any different from that of other people who immigrate to the Dominion? "Why?" it has been asked in print and on the platform, "Why should an appeal be made to the British-born in any way differing from the appeal to the American-born, the German-born, the Belgian-born, or any other people from outside Canadian territory? There are several reasons.

The Britisher does not have to sacrifice one tittle of his affection for the land of his birth in order to appreciate the land of his adoption. Of all those who come, he is the only one who is endowed with all rights of Canadian citizenship the moment he sets foot on Canadian soil. No American millionaire, who has bought half a township; no German manufacturer who has set up a great industrial concern since the last general election, has a right to vote in this election. But every Britisher of full age, who has lived a year in the province, and the last three months in one constituency is entitled to vote without taking any oath of allegiance, or, by implication, forswearing his native land.

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That is a remarkable situation for a man who has only seen one small corner of this half continent. He is expected to give a vote in an election which our opponents deem to be the most important in Canadian history—he is expected to be a first-class statesman, as far as his own vote is concerned. He has as much responsibility for that vote, according to his capacity and opportunity, as the Prime Minister has for his vote. It is a pretty large order to expect him, inside of a year, to