

West, were entirely congenial. They were products of the same school. When Jackson became a Canadian the change was political merely. He had little to learn otherwise, and what was just as important nothing to unlearn. His previous experience was in direct line with his new surroundings. Nor could he teach Haggarty any lessons in democracy, because the latter held the thoroughly Canadian belief that the Governor-General is as good as a farmer if he behaves himself, and he spoke of his then-reigning sovereign familiarly as "Eddie," and affectionately as "a good, old sport." If you had asked him what he thought of royalty generally he would have said that in his humble opinion "the king racket was played out."

HAD Haggarty gone to Iowa he would have made a good American citizen. There is no reason why Jackson should not make just as good a Canadian. This holds true of the majority of American immigrants. They become Canadians without wrench or splash. It is the easiest and best thing they do. As a matter of fact they have more in common with us than any other people on earth.

Coming to the case of our fellow-subject John Tomkins of somewhere in England we find it differs materially from either of the foregoing. He speaks our language—or at least he speaks what we cannot deny is *prima facie* English, unless, indeed, he comes from Yorkshire or some similar dialect-belt when we simply throw up our hands and even his fellow-Britons have to watch his lips—and by a strong effort of intelligence he is able to gather the general meaning of what we think is English as she should be spoke. Unlike Prokopetz and Jackson he does not have to be naturalized; but unlike both he is in all probability the victim of preconceived notions of Canada and Canadians. And if Hades is paved with good intentions preconceived notions are its mosaic.

For, whatever may be the case in the future, English ideas of Canada in the past have been marked by extraordinary misconception when they have missed profound ignorance. English press comments on Canadian affairs have been marvels of wrong-angled obliquity. They simply can't get the right slant at us. English journalistic and other writers have formed the habit of popping over, spending three or four weeks—if they are big enough men, in the hands of genial and professional entertainers in the pay of some railway—and popping off home again to write a series of articles or even a book on Canada. They see a right-of-way and eat many luncheons, but they don't see Canada. And so, to paraphrase the dictum of the celebrated Mr. Fitzsimmons, the bigger they are the harder they fall—down. English fiction dealing with Canada is simply awful. Nor are we entirely guiltless, for we have furnished the United Kingdom with certain writers who have utterly lost what slight touch they ever had with Canada and its spirit. Again, certain Canadian corporations dealing among other things in land, have issued much advertising matter for English consumption, apparently as a severe working-test of the theory that figures and photographs can't lie. It is exactly that sort of thing which is responsible for a certain proportion of the disgruntled Englishmen who have written to "John Bull," in effect suggesting "Caveat Emptor" as a good, useful motto to go with the Maple Leaf. But however we split the responsibility the fact remains that the average Englishman doesn't know beans about this country. Nevertheless he is apt to have some very fixed ideas concerning it.

One of the oldest and most firmly rooted of these advance ideas is that Canada is a British Colony. To him "British" is synonymous with "English." "Colony" he understands in its primary and obsolete sense. If you dug down among the root ideas of his mind you would find the theory that Canada is English property and that every Englishman is a shareholder therein. Even if he does not hold that idea consciously he is very apt to think of and prevision Canada as a bit of England transplanted. He knows that many Englishmen have done well there. He may even think they have done well because they are English, and that he will do likewise for the same reason, which is a fine tribute to his national self-respect but a woefully mistaken deduction. Coupled with these notions, if he has them, is in all probability the idea that a real Englishman has something on all "colonials."

Do not blame him too much for this. It is precisely the mental attitude of the city to the country mouse, of the city man toward his rural brother. It is perfectly natural, and we have the converse of it ourselves. Another notion he may have which he isn't in the least to blame for, is that success may be attained in Canada without much work. This is one of the first to blow up with a bang. But it is the direct result of carefully compiled figures of acre-



Welcomed by gentlemen who desire to sell him land.

age yield, nice nursery stories of easy success, and pretty pictures of a rancher sitting on a well-groomed horse watching things grow. All of which resemble the real thing about as much as a seed catalogue.

Suggestion does much, even when we know better. We see pictures of grain in the field and the stook, and of apples bending down the limbs. They are real pictures, too. Eternal pictorial chorus of happy ranchers. But nobody ever saw a picture of a rancher grubbing out winter-killed fruit trees or contemplating his fields after a full-grown hailstorm. Nobody wants to see such things. They are mere incidents, the reverse of the medal. It is right to stress the better—especially if you want to sell land.



The little Pottses, born in Canada.

But the result is that the stranger expects to find things better and easier than they are.

ONE point more and most important. When an American comes to Canada he keeps on doing the work he has done all his life; but a vast number of our English immigrants come to work at something they have never done in their lives. This is especially true of those who go on the land. It is doubtful that fifty per cent. of them know anything whatever from practical experience of agriculture or horticulture.

It is well to bear that in mind. A man in a strange land on a strange job has a hard row to hoe. If he makes good he deserves all sorts of credit; if he fails he may not deserve sympathy; but meanwhile



Their ancestry may include some very famous robbers.

he is entitled to a suspension of judgment. On the whole, then, Mr. Tomkins, prior to his advent, has quite a bunch of notions about Canada, some inbred and some produced, and all more or less wrong.

I am devoting considerable space to John Tomkins, because he is worth it. He has come to Canada

by thousands and has made good, and he will come by tens of thousands. He is good stuff at bottom and improves on acquaintance. Let us be frank about him and ourselves and admit that we have a good deal to learn about each other.

Now, when Mr. Tomkins reaches Canada he finds himself a stranger in a strange land. The old flag is there, and that is about all. He goes West, where he is welcomed enthusiastically by gentlemen who desire to sell him land.

At this point he will be well advised to look around carefully before purchasing. We may as well admit that somebody will sell anything that somebody else will buy; further, that more worthless land has been unloaded on green Englishmen—very often by Englishmen more sophisticated—than on all other classes of immigrants put together. In certain circles there is a prevailing impression that an Englishman was created for that purpose. You can't fool a man from Iowa or Dakota on wheat land; nor a man from Washington or Oregon on fruit land. But not one Englishman in a thousand knows either when he sees it, nor can he reasonably be expected to. He has to take somebody else's say-so for it. Wherefore it behooves Mr. Tomkins to go slow and obtain disinterested advice if he can.

Unfortunately he does not know where to get it. As nobody whose advice is worth having ever volunteers it in matters of this kind, he is left to kill his own snakes. On the whole, Mr. Tomkins while endeavouring to place himself deserves sympathy—and doesn't get it.

ASSUME that the providence popularly supposed to watch over people who need it attends him and leads him to acquire average land in an average district; then it is right up to him. The answer and his future depends mainly on one thing—adaptability.

Now, it may be stated as a cold fact that the English as a people are not adaptable. Their attitude is that of Mr. Dooley to the Filipinos: "Tis aiser to larn ye our ways than to larn ourselves yours." The ways of the English are largely a product of custom, the custom continuing long after the original reason for it is lost. Nobody wants to find fault with them in England. Possibly they are excellent there. They meet English conditions; but they do not meet all conditions, and they do not meet Canadian conditions at all. One of the first and hardest things an Englishman in Canada has to do is to realize that. He has to learn the short cuts. He has to learn the value of time. He has to learn to speed up. He has to learn that you can't pay a man to do boy's work and make ends meet. He has to learn that permanence and thoroughness, the twin fetishes of the Briton, are mighty small gods in the new land. In other words, he has to learn that there is a short limit to the time and labour that may profitably be spent on any job. If he oversteps that limit his profit goes to glory—or elsewhere. Observe that in these details he is handicapped as compared with Prokopetz and Jackson. For the former came frankly ignorant, and the latter had lived all his life under conditions almost identical with Canadian. It is hard to unlearn the lessons that have been drilled in from boyhood. Again, Mr. Tomkins deserves sympathy—and once more he doesn't get it.

Mr. Tomkins, though he does not know it, is now at the parting of the ways. He may adapt himself to the country, to its newness and rawness and crudeness in some respects, to the amazingly queer views and outlandish idiom of Canadians and make friends among his neighbours; or he may join a little circle of others like himself and put in his spare time—and much time that isn't or shouldn't be spare—in reminiscing of "home" and panning the country and its natives to a rich brown.

If he takes the former course he will find the average Canadian very willing to help him not only with advice, but with practical demonstration, a team if he needs it or any machinery. But if he adopts the attitude of an exile nobody will thrust advice upon him, he will be left to paddle his own canoe, and he will spin out his probation indefinitely.

In fact during this period of novitiate he is exactly in the position of a new boy at a public school. He is a freshman and he gets what goes with it. The fact that his mother originally founded the