

We have come to look alike, to think alike, and often to act alike in any given contingency.

We have the same general divisions of population within our own borders, for we both possess tremendous stretches of land and water, forests and streams, mountains and plains, and the rockbound or gentle coasts which give individuality of character to the people who may be cast into the varying environments that are ours.

There was a time when many of our people were looking toward the United States as a permanent home; in fact, in one thirty-year period before the war, more than three and a half million of them actually migrated across the border to become residents and citizens of the Republic.

At the same time Americans, in lesser numbers, were crossing the line to Canada to take up land, and to engage in many other activities, political and otherwise, as good British Subjects.

For many years the scenic attractions of the two countries proved a magnet which annually took hundreds of thousands of people across the border for brief periods. Canadians, touring the United States, found relatives and friends in many out-of-the-way corners of the forty-eight States. Americans, traversing the 49th parallel northward, driving the same kind of cars we drove, wearing the same kind of clothes, using the same kind of money (a little more of it, I'm afraid), found friends and kin in our country, and the close liaison of peoples grew apace.

The President, who, before he became President, spent his summers at Montibello, N.B., came and spent the first week of last August at Birch Island on the shores of the Georgian Bay, to have a well-earned rest and brief fishing holiday.

I know that many anglers among you will want to know first of all if he caught any fish. I can assure you he did, and out-fished his whole party, taking his legal limit, to which he strictly confined himself each day. I can further

assure/