



THE STEP-CHILDREN

By GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

THE CONSIDERATION OF THE COMPLEX NATURE OF PRESENT IMMIGRATION IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING AT THIS TIME, WHEN THE GOVERNMENT POLICY IN THE MATTER IS BEING RIGIDLY REVIEWED AND INVESTIGATED



ONLY two score years ago few people outside of Canada knew such a country existed. There was little to know about it. It comprised four jealous little colonies attached to the eastern end of a buffalo pasture, north of which was an immense fur preserve. In the colonies was a population of three and one-half millions; to the west lived the Indians, who were born there, the fur-traders who were hired to stay there and a few hundred Scotchmen at Red River (Winnipeg), who could not get away—they were sent out by an alleged benefactor, Lord Selkirk. There arose a statesman, named Macdonald, who united the colonies and then Canada became ambitious. She bought the big pasture as well as the fur preserve from the Hudson's Bay Company, who had owned it more than two centuries. The price was one-twentieth of the Fertile Belt and an I.O.U. for \$1,500,000. An accident disclosed the fact that the new purchase was not eternally snowbound and that green grass grew there in summer. Another accident revealed a great wheat field—rich and boundless. There was no one to grow wheat and if grown it could not be carried out by canoe nor dog train. Canada paid a company \$25,000,000 to build the Canadian Pacific Railway and then bet the company 25,000,000 acres of wheat land against nothing that the railroad would not pay. The company still hold the railroad and the land—both pay.

To prove that the C.P.R. was not merely "two streaks of rust through the grass to provide iron tonic for the buffaloes," wheat growers were needed. Canada sent out her photograph on alluring printed invitations begging the wide world to come and live with her. Few of the invited guests ever heard of the hostess and her gifts and few came to the feast. She then sent her servants, even to the by-ways, and urged the gathering. Then every species of the human genus came, attacked the soil and brought forth wheat. The railroad became busy and prosperous and Canada grew popular.

As the human tide from the old world washed

across to Canadian shores it looked good in the distance. It was good. That tide has ceaselessly ebbed and flowed—mostly flowed—for twenty years and Canada is again reviewing her step-children. She finds Englishmen of two classes have come to her feast. There is the ordinary brand, comprising the larger class and the extraordinary brand. The latter may be divided into the indispensable and the useless. Part of the Englishmen bothered Canada's digestive organs for a time. Remittances fail and

There was and is no danger from that source.

Then there are the fair-haired Scandinavians, from the home of Jennie Lind. They are leaven to any land, as are their children from the rocks and hills of Iceland. Generations of frugality have trained them for industry and content in a land of plenty. Their brilliant native intellect develops as at home. Teutons brought their business sagacity, their love for beer and the soil. Danes and Holland Dutch are teaching Canadians the art of butter and cheese, known better to them than to others. From the land of wine and music, Italians have come as navvies to build Canadian railroads, as restaurateurs and fruit vendors in large cities. The agile Swiss are guiding tourists through Canadian Rockies and some are growing wheat. Turks are selling their wondrous wares for the homes of the rich. The Jews are on hand with all their commercial instincts alive and are raking in the shekels with a vim born of ages. Occasionally some of them enter the professions. Straggling East and West Indians, Assyrians, Greeks and Spaniards are also attending the feast. Belgium and France have sent a goodly delegation. All these came from homes they loved in a land where justice rules. Great traditions are theirs, but land free and rich for themselves and their children cannot be resisted. Canada still has the latch-string out for the brothers they have left in their homes across the sea.

Russian and Austro-Hungarian civilisation is a different product from that of the Anglo-Saxon. Canadians have a splendid opinion of themselves and judge others by their own approved standards.

From the Old World these people have come to Canada one hundred thousand strong. Freedom is a strange thing to those who have lived generations in oppression or imprisonment. When might has ruled for ages the scales of justice seem unevenly balanced and governments are distrusted. The power of education is not patent nor its charms apparent. Proud Poland once had Ruthenian serfs; their children meet in Canada where neither is conqueror nor conquered, but the feeling of the



"Galicians Washed Across to Canadian Shores."

national prestige is discounted in a new world. When Englishmen have learned this—and they learn it slowly—they are the salt of which the Scriptures speak. The Scotch and Irish light on their feet everywhere.

Thousands came from the sister republic to the south. Canada once thought they wanted her West and was afraid. Soon she saw they were twins to her own children and she opened her arms in heartfelt welcome. The welcome is still extended.



At a Winnipeg Missionary Picnic—A Group of Children who Speak Many Tongues, and who must be taught the Canadian Ideals of Life.