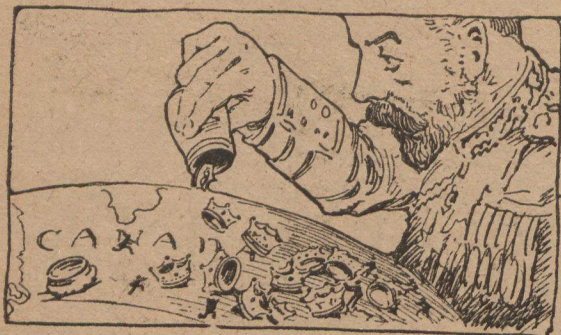


West. But there being nothing else for it, we turned everything loose of the far-flung, fenceless and defenceless prairie and put the future up to Providence and the Mounted Police.

Among our acquisitions of those careless days was an aggregation of what would now be termed conscientious objectors. We had imported holus bolus a set of pseudo-religious cranks guaranteed to possess a plethora of economic and other virtues. There was much cheerful prattle about them, and a tendency to regard them as blessed on account of sundry alleged persecutions. Their sheepskin gar-



The top must have come off the shaker.

ments created quite a stir. Later, the lack of the garments created more, for they uncovered themselves and a penchant for tribal pilgrimages in the altogether, quite without regard for Canadian climate—and modesty. The scandalized police had a tough job to keep them from freezing to death. It was a blushful round-up, and the average Canadian inclined to the opinion that while as September Morns these importations might be all to the good, as Canadian citizens they were probably a total loss.

Now the importance of these people is to furnish an example of an undigested lump. They have not become Canadians. They have abandoned their airy pilgrimages and they are industrious; but that lets them out. In an estimate of national power in national crisis they count for little or nothing. They adhere to the community system, which is directly calculated to keep the immigrant a foreigner indefinitely and has been the stronghold of religious, economic and temperamental cranks in America since its discovery. There be communities and communities. But most of them, in a white man's country at any rate, are selfish, ingrowing concerns, the refuge of the weakling and the narrow-minded. In many cases they are a species of voluntary asylum, an emasculation of citizenship. Their sole redeeming feature is that while they bar out the rude world from their dwellers they also segregate their dwellers from the world. Which is usually a winner thereby.

BUT the thing to remember is that instead of the community being an influence because of its solidarity, that very fact prevents it from exerting any influence at all. The stream of national life flows by careless and undeflected. So that in an estimate of the influences of classes of immigrants we may discard as useless for our purposes communities, sects, cranks, and generally all manner of clannish peoples who hold aloof, foolishly regarding themselves as holier or of better birth or caste than their neighbours; and we may confine our consideration to those who mingle and fight the battle of life and national progress shoulder to shoulder with us as comrades on an equal footing. Theirs is the influence which counts. We are going to make Canadians of them, or they are going to make something else of us, Providence, as usual, favouring the heaviest battalions.

Our immigration so far has chiefly concerned the Western Provinces. It brings with it its own ideas, more or less fixed, its own ideals, often its own language, and in the majority of cases whether it comes from Bulgaria or Birmingham much ignorance of Canada and its affairs; for a conviction that so many bushels of wheat may be grown or that good wages and plenty of work may be had is not knowledge of the country.

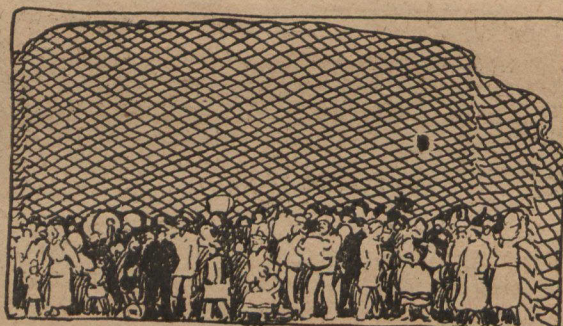
Now, if we set out unaided, man to man, to impose our own ideas on these newcomers, we should find ourselves up against a hard proposition. What saves the situation is that the majority are more or less anxious to learn the ways of the country. Nor can the influence of the country itself be overlooked. It

operates on the newcomer as it has operated on us. Like conditions make for like viewpoint as to material things. The spiritual end of it, in the sense of national aspirations, is another matter. To all peoples these are dim, sought gropingly. No prophets arise to reveal them exactly, and it follows that their working out is more or less blind.

It is a fair deduction, then, that Canada and its conditions are operative on the individual immigrant in proportion to his adaptability. If a man wants to sit in and play the game he will become a Canadian with comparative ease; but naturally if he prefers to regard himself as an exile from his God's country of origin and merely a pilgrim and a stranger here, he is apt to remain one indefinitely. A great deal, then, depends upon adaptability; and the paradoxical thing about it is that very often immigrants who are political aliens are the most adaptable, and those who are our fellow British subjects are the least. Which may be providential. And we should not forget, in the inevitable clash of ideas and viewpoint, that we ourselves, being of British blood, are apt to cling to our own notions with some tenacity.

YOU may make any amount of divisions of the streams of immigrants, but for the present purpose they may be divided into three: Political aliens of foreign tongue; political aliens of English tongue; British subjects. These correspond to immigrants from Europe other than the British Isles; Americans; and our cousins from the old homestead.

Consider for a passing moment the case of Wasy! Prokopetz, of somewhere in Europe, which does not differ materially from that of Swan Swanson, save that Wasy! has had a harder deal at home for centuries and is less inclined to trust his luck. Wasy!, then, by virtue of his toad-beneath-the-harrow family history, comes to Canada more or less humble, more or less fearful and nervous, with at best very few words of English. He does not know what he is up against. From the very first his attitude is receptive. He is anxious to learn because he has to. Probably the best he hopes for and the top notch of his early



Paid a flat rate for sprats and herrings.

ambition is work and pay and three meals per diem, and in time perhaps the ownership of a small farm. Modest lodgings, easy of fulfilment. In due course he is naturalized and is a Canadian citizen. As a political and economic unit he cuts just as much nominal ice as his neighbour Jack Haggarty, who was born on an Ontario farm. The point, however, is that being immeasurably better off than he ever hoped to be, he is apt to appreciate it. He casts no longing eyes backward. He wants to be considered a Canadian and he imitates his neighbours. Possibly he finds "Wasy! Prokopetz" top-heavy, and following the example of John B. Waterhole, of immortal memory, he becomes Walter Potts.

It is likely that during his natural life Mr. Potts never quite graduates from the idea that he is a citizen by sufferance. But he has the friendliest feelings toward the country of his adoption and thinks it the best in the world. Proof of the sound sense of Mr. Potts—also of his Canadianism. You could always tell that he was a foreigner born, and possibly the little Potts, though born in Canada, show traces of a foreign strain. But how about Potts' grandchildren, native Canadians for two generations? How many of us can show Canadian great-grandfathers?

On the whole, it seems reasonable to conclude that the descendants of Mr. Potts will be good Canadians. The effect of the admixture of foreign blood is another thing entirely. For that matter, we are a wondrous mixture ourselves. Indian blood is in some of our best-known Canadian families. As for blue

blood, those of us who can point with pride to some stirring ancestral gentleman who rustled his neighbour's cattle and burned their haystacks. Let us give Mr. Potts' descendants the benefit of the doubt. For all we know their ancestry may include some very famous robbers. It is possible that in this country of opportunity they may become manufacturers, wholesalers, potato potentates, or even leading politicians of the party to which we do not belong.

For the sake of contrast let us next examine the case of Lem Jackson. Jackson was an American, a Yankee if you prefer. He had a farm in Iowa which he could sell for a hundred dollars an acre. In Canada he could get equally good land for from ten to twenty dollars. It looked like a good business proposition to Jackson, who belonged to the Clan of the Wandering Foot, his ancestors having moved westward from New York State by degrees, the journey covering a century. Jackson sold to a neighbour who had already wanted his farm, and came to Canada, where he bought three or four times as much land as he had owned in Iowa, and went to work on it. Note that this gave him a real, live interest in the country. Note also that he didn't have to learn the language, and he was already a practical western farmer. He did well with his farm and it increased in value. He began to put down home roots.

Now Jackson was a good American. He liked the Stars and Stripes, and in his youth he had been fed on the good, old Bunker Hill stuff which stands unrivalled in American fiction, and he really thought that the States had whipped Great Britain. His boyhood memories included the old squirrel rifle with which the Jackson of that day had helped to do it. As a boy he thought that a Britisher made an excellent stranger and a better target, and that Canada was groaning 'neath the tyrant's heel. It was all in the books, and youthful impressions stick. However, his residence in Canada knocked these theories galley-west. He was just as free as in Iowa, and considerably better policed and protected. He liked the country, he liked his neighbours, who differed little from his folks, he was prosperous, and after a while he admitted to himself that he had no intention of going back to Iowa. Also the desire to have a voice in the affairs of the country was in his blood, and that desire is the hallmark of citizenship. He desired to be on a par in all respects with his friend Jack Haggarty from Ontario, who owned the ranch next him. So he took the oath of allegiance and became a Canadian citizen.

IF Western Canada is to be Americanized at all it must be by Jacksons. But observe that his migration involved no change in his habits, occupation, or mode of life. At first glance this might seem to support the Americanization theory; but on the contrary it explodes it. There is very little difference between the Canadian and American westerner. Either is at home in the other's country. So Jackson couldn't Americanize anything, even if he had wanted to. There was nothing for him to work on. It was too much like home.

Some people insist that there is a mysterious essential difference between simon-pure Americans and equally straight-bred Canadians. But is there? Take Jackson and his neighbour Haggarty examples—and the characters are fairly typical:

The original Canadian Haggarty was a Loyalist from western New York, and hence his descendant, according to all accepted standards, was clear-strain Canadian. But the Jacksons in those early days also lived in New York. The Haggartys went to Ontario, and some years later the Jacksons moved to Michigan. The two families wrestled with and overcame identical problems of life in a new country. Their personal experiences and family history were almost the same. Haggarty and Jackson, side by side in the



As September Morns they might be all to the good.