C. M. Harvey

OPPORTUNITY IN CANADA

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G. R. Swalwell, T.P.A.,
Canadian Pacific (Ocean Traffic)
C. P. R. Building
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FOREWORD

CANADA'S greatest need to-day is population. Canada, with an area of nearly four million square miles, is but little smaller than the entire European continent, thirty-one times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, while her population —approximating only nine millions—is less than three persons to every square mile. According to estimate, there are in the Western Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—commonly called "The Prairie Provinces" on account of the sweeping expanse of fertile land within their borders—some two hundred million acres of good farming land of which only a small fraction is under cultivation.

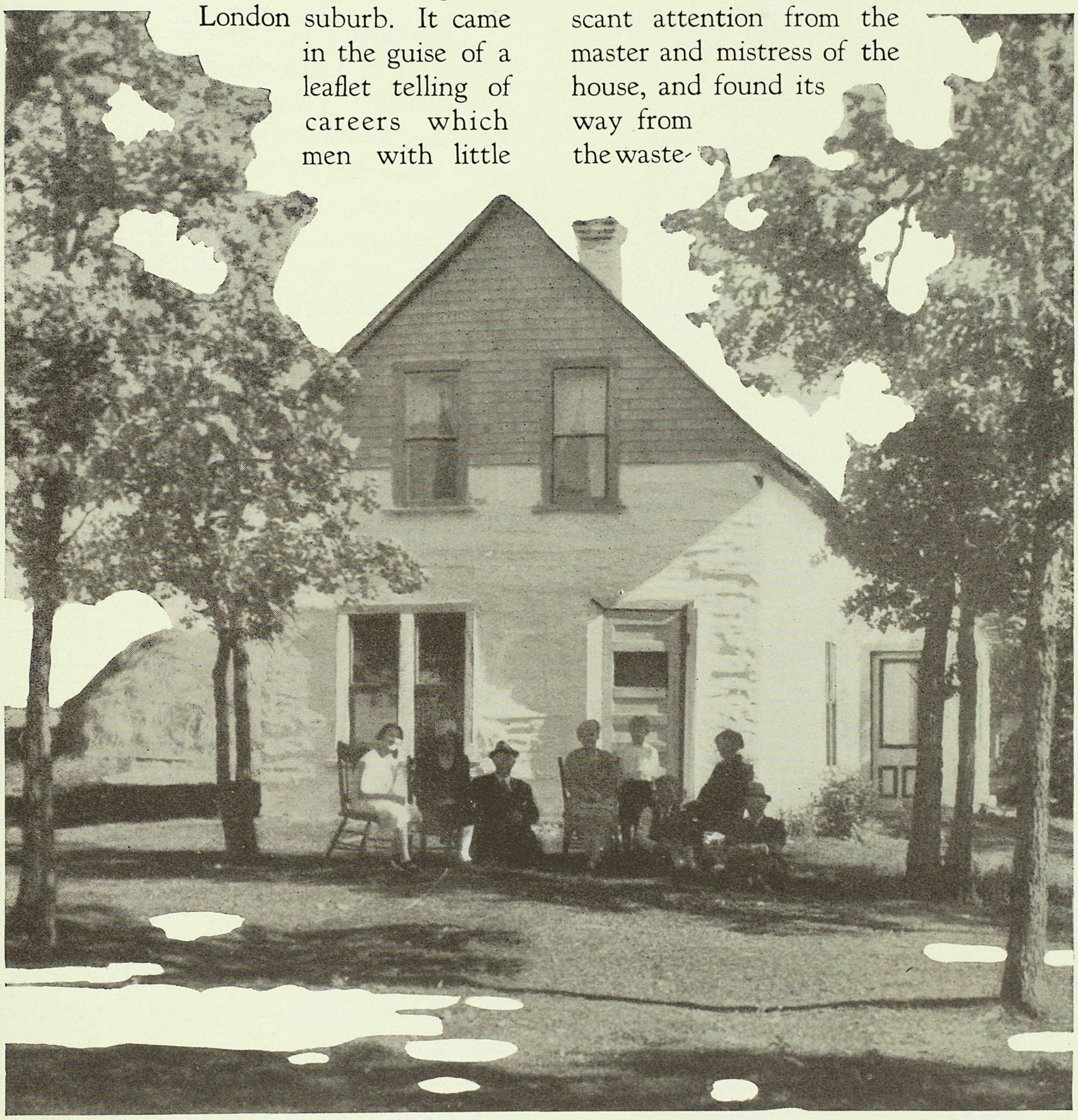
To settle these great open spaces; to bring them to production; to develop the vast natural resources; to extend commerce and industry, the Dominion has need of people—of all desirable, physically and mentally fit people—who are anxious to make a new start in life in a country where opportunity to succeed and become independent is but limited to the courage, energy and enterprise of the individual.

Though Canada is anxious, as part of the British Empire, to obtain the greatest possible number of British settlers, she—like England to the Flemish weavers and the 100,000 Huguenot exiles from France in the 16th and 17th centuries, and like the United States, when her need for population was great—holds out the hand of welcome to newcomers from many lands.

A distinguished journalist and author—a frequent visitor to Canada for the past twenty years —tells in this book, as a result of a recent four months' tour of Western Canada, during which he personally visited and photographed many settlers of many nationalities, how some of them are succeeding—actual life stories which, though reading like romances, yet are the authentic records of men and women living to-day. With stout hearts and strong bodies, with determination and perseverance, and practically no capital, they have won independence, broad usefulness—success.

They substantiate the claim—and with reason—that Canada is the Land of Opportunity.

OPPORTUNITY knocked at the front door of a middle-class dwelling in a London suburb. It came in the guise of a leaflet telling of careers which men with little or no means, but possessing the will to work, could carve in Canada. It received scant attention from the master and mistress of the house, and found its way from the waste-



A Sunday Afternoon on a Prairie Farm

George Allan, formerly of Twickenham, and now of Cluny, Alberta

paper basket into which it was carelessly thrown, out through the back door and into the dust-bin.

The same leaflet chanced to fall into the hands of a petty employee of the local Municipal Council, George Allan, by name. Desirous of bettering his position ever since he had returned from across the sea, where he had fought as a soldier of the King in the great war, he was on the look-out for opportunity. He took the pamphlet to his humble home in Twickenham.

Allan and his wife read and re-read the leaflet, slept over it, read it again, and decided to make enquiries, in their cautious English way. The information they elicited about opportunity in Canada whetted their desire to better their prospects. They found that for a very small sum of money they could cross the ocean comfortably—and that sum would be advanced to them under a Government scheme. On a winter's day they, with their six-year old son, set forth on their great adventure.

CANADA, at the time of the arrival of the little family from Twickenham, lay like a huge giant, wrapped in a sheet of shimmering snow—a sheet glorified into a mantle of gleaming gems by the glare of the sun beating upon it. Signs indicating that the sleeper was about to awaken were visible at every mile-post as the Canadian Pacific Railway

bore them across the vast continent in a carriage provided with arrangements to permit them to cook their own food as they went along, and to rest at night.

As the train sped across Canada, a country of diversified scenery and resources was disclosed. First came a long stretch of land generously wooded or cut up into fruit orchards or prim little farms, with the mighty St. Lawrence flowing alongside the railway. Later they passed through a mountainous tract, with lovely lakes and pools lying in the hollows of the hills—a tract richly dowered with mineral resources of every description. Later still, after they had left the city of Winnipeg behind, they found the land as level as a chess-board, with hardly a tree or bush growing upon it except those planted close to human habitations to provide shelter and shade for man and beast.

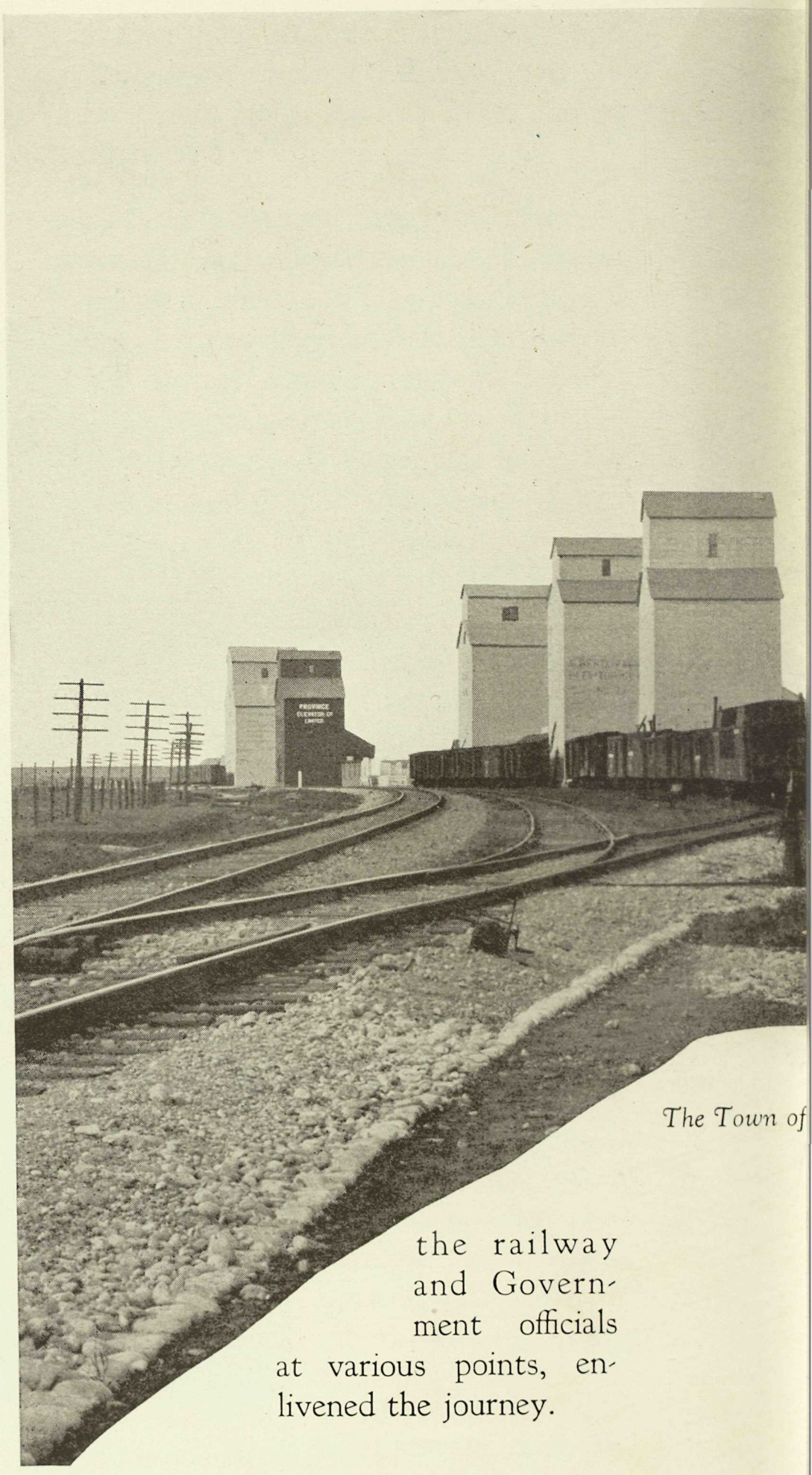
The Western plain —which stretches a thousand miles from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountain foothills — was covered with tall grass when the French explorers discovered it

Mrs. George Allan and son

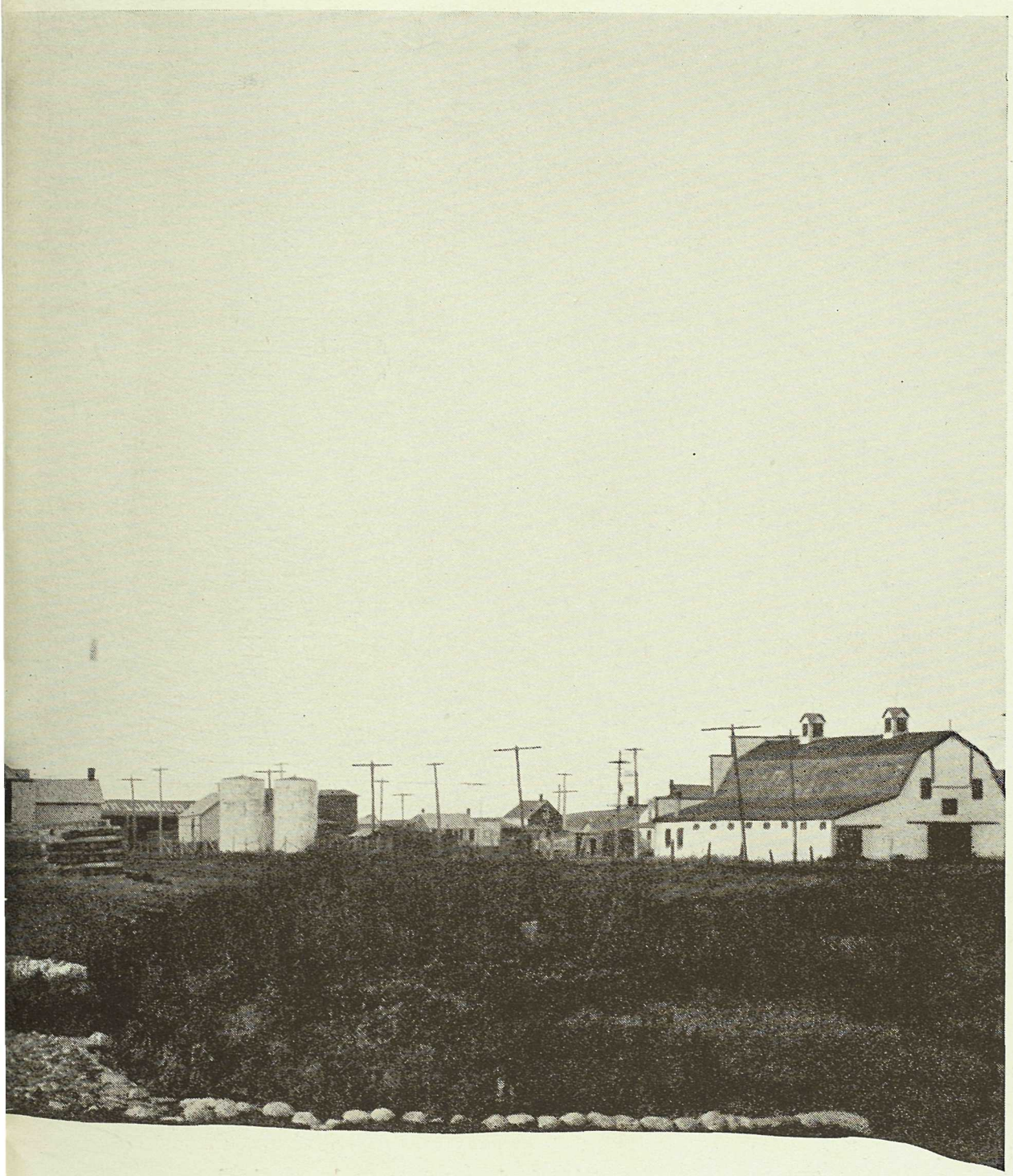
long ago, and has ever since been known as the prairie, which in French means grass. In less than a generation a goodly portion of it has been settled by men of courage and determination, and has already been turned into a vast wheat-field, yet leaving millions of equally fertile acres to be exploited.

SOME 3,000 miles from Saint John, the Atlantic winter terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway liners, lies Cluny, in the Province of Alberta. Five high, gaunt-looking buildings standing alongside the steel rails which link the Atlantic and the Pacific proclaim the prosperity of the little rural settlement almost at the foot of the Rockies. Millions of bushels of wheat grown in the vicinity are brought annually by the farmers to these grain "elevators," as they are called, and from them are shipped either to Vancouver, the gateway to the Orient, or to Fort William and Port Arthur, at the head of the Great Lakes, for transhipment to Europe and Asia, to provide sustenance for hungry people in every quarter of the globe.

About four miles from Cluny the Allans found the farm of their dreams. The flame of ambition burning in their breasts, the interest awakened by the ever-shifting scene outside the car window, the warmth and comfort on board the train, and the cheery counsel and camaraderie of the railway and Government officials at various points, enlivened the journey.



The Town of



Cluny, Alberta

In Canadian phraseology, the farm on which the Allans were to make their new home was a "quarter section" in extent—that is to say, it was a quarter of a square mile. A small frame house stood in one corner of it, a short distance from the road. Behind it was a shed, and beyond that a barn. The buildings were in good repair, but there was not a tree or a bush to break the monotony of the flat prairie stretching around them in every direction, as far as the eye could see. The next-door neighbour was nearly a mile away.

What a contrast the new home must have presented compared with the picture of the little villa they had occupied in Twickenham! To people who had always lived in a tree-shaded terrace with nothing but a thin wall separating them from their neighbours on either side, with aspidistras flourishing in pots in the drawing-room and hardy plants growing in window-boxes even during the winter, the Canadian prairie on a March day could hardly have presented an alluring vista.

The gaze of the Allans was, however, fixed on the future—not on the past. In their mind's eye the unpainted frame buildings changed into a snug little home. Annuals and perennials flaunted a glory of green, pink, purple and yellow behind rows of tall poplars. And beyond the trees wheat gleamed like spun gold as the sun shot its rays over their little farm. With their own capable hands, directed by God-given intelligence, they vowed they would make that vision real—create the home of their dreams.

George Allan's new home in the Canadian West

The husband had been a gardener before he had turned soldier for the duration of the war, and had worked on a farm for a year after being "demobbed." The wife was a farmer's daughter and had lived in the country until she had gone into domestic service. Her experience fitted her to do anything that needed to be done.

The Allans bought some pigs and chickens, a "fresh" cow, and a horse and "buggy" with the money they had brought with them—a little more than fifty pounds—or that had been advanced to them by the Government. A little later they added a team and wagon and some implements to their equipment.

The man found work on a neighbouring farm, coming home to sleep every night. His object was to learn Canadian methods of cultivation. Incidentally he earned six pounds a month, and as his experience grew he drew higher wages.

The woman milked the cow and tended the chickens and livestock. She built an addition to the shed, to serve as a hen-coop, and painted all the buildings a gay red and white. She also dug up a plot for the kitchen garden, and prepared ground to plant a "wind-break" of trees around the place.

The little boy consumed quantities of

milk warm from the cow, fresh eggs and other home produce which he could have had no opportunity of getting had his parents remained in a London suburb; and grew strong and sturdy as he played about in the stimulating Canadian air.

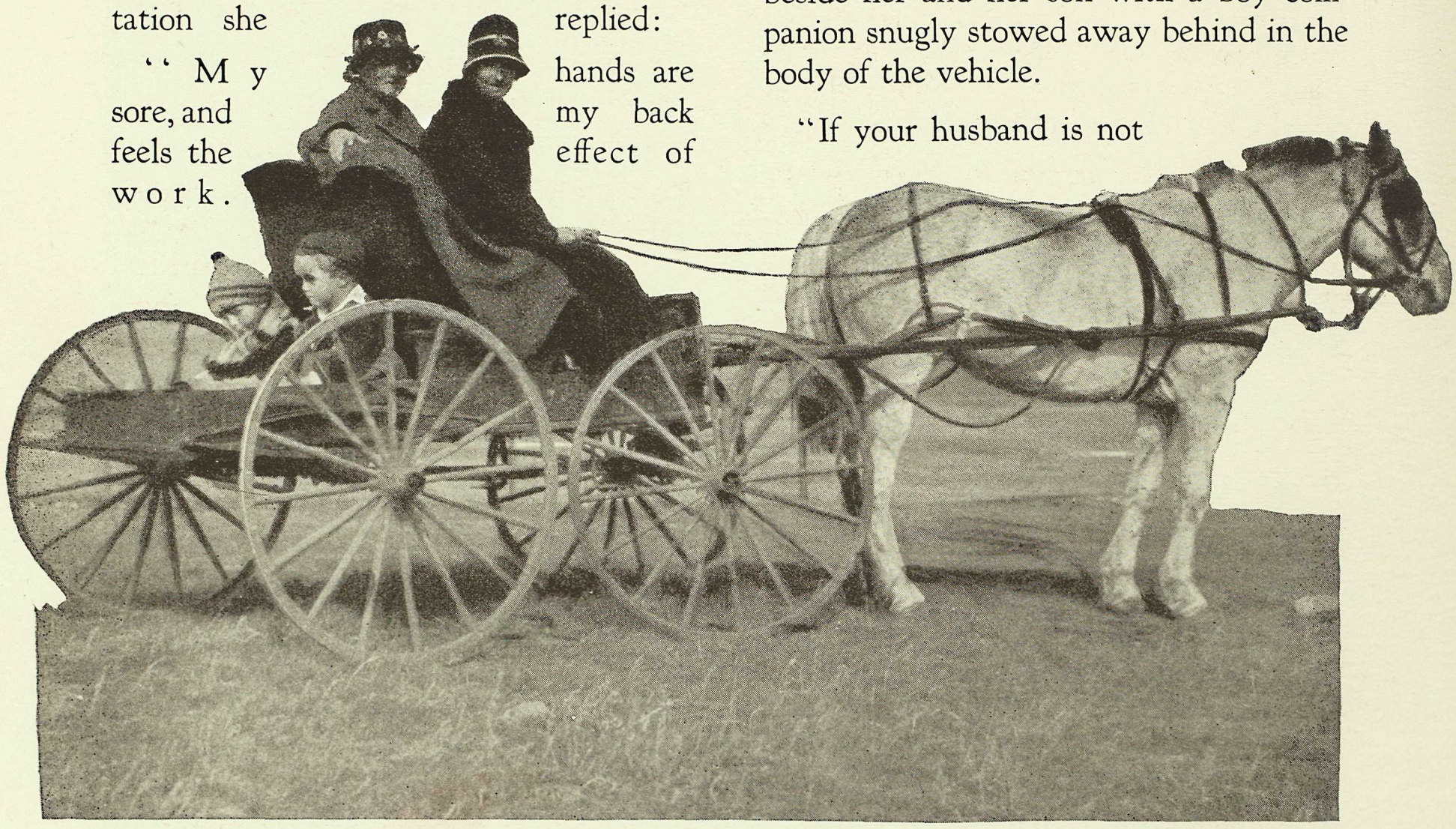
Just when the mellow summer was turning into crimson autumn, and the prairie air, always exhilarating, was acquiring a tang that set the blood tingling through the veins, I visited the Allan home in the course of an extended tour through Canada. The sun, a huge ball of fire, was almost touching the horizon, as if balancing itself to spring over the edge of beyond into infinity. Stooks of wheat neatly stacked up in the field alongside the road added a splash of gold to set off the red and white buildings, separated from them by a series of furrows ready to receive saplings which, in years to come, would stand stately sentinels guarding the happy home.

Mrs. Allan sat on the doorstep chatting with a neighbour—an Englishwoman from Hampton Court. Her son was playing with a little friend in a corner of the yard. The husband was away harvesting.

Grain ready to be converted into gold

"How are you getting on in your new venture?" I asked Mrs. Allan, after explaining to her that I was a writer from the old country gathering information as to how settlers newly arrived in Canada were faring. In a tone vibrant with exultation she replied:

"My hands are sore, and my back feels the effect of work.



Mrs. George Allan out for a drive

Every evening I go to bed very tired. But what a grand garden we will have next summer! How pretty the place will look when the trees have grown tall! The wind blowing across the prairie will have no terrors for us. And you don't mind a backache when you are working for yourself—when all you make is your own!"

The next afternoon I encountered Mrs. Allan on the road, driving her horse and "buggy" to town, with a friend seated beside her and her son with a boy companion snugly stowed away behind in the body of the vehicle.

"If your husband is not working too far from here," I said, "I should like to meet him." She put her hand over her forehead to shield her eyes from the dazzling sun, and pointing south, said:

"If you take that road and drive down

it two miles, then turn to your right and go on for another mile, you will see smoke rising from a threshing machine and men at work. My husband is there with his wagon and team."

I followed those directions and found the man. He was hauling wheat from a neighbouring field to the threshing machine. Its appetite was prodigious. As fast as he could stuff the sheaves on a pitchfork into its gaping maw, they were swallowed and chewed to bits, and he had to scurry for the next lot while some one else would be feeding the machine. Perspiration poured down his face. His hands were rough and grimy.

I waited until Allan had thrust into the greedy jaws of that modern monster all the sheaves he had brought in his wagon, and then went up to him, shook hands with him, and squared off for a talk. Before I had got started his "boss," in blue overalls and a cap to match, rushed up to us and said:

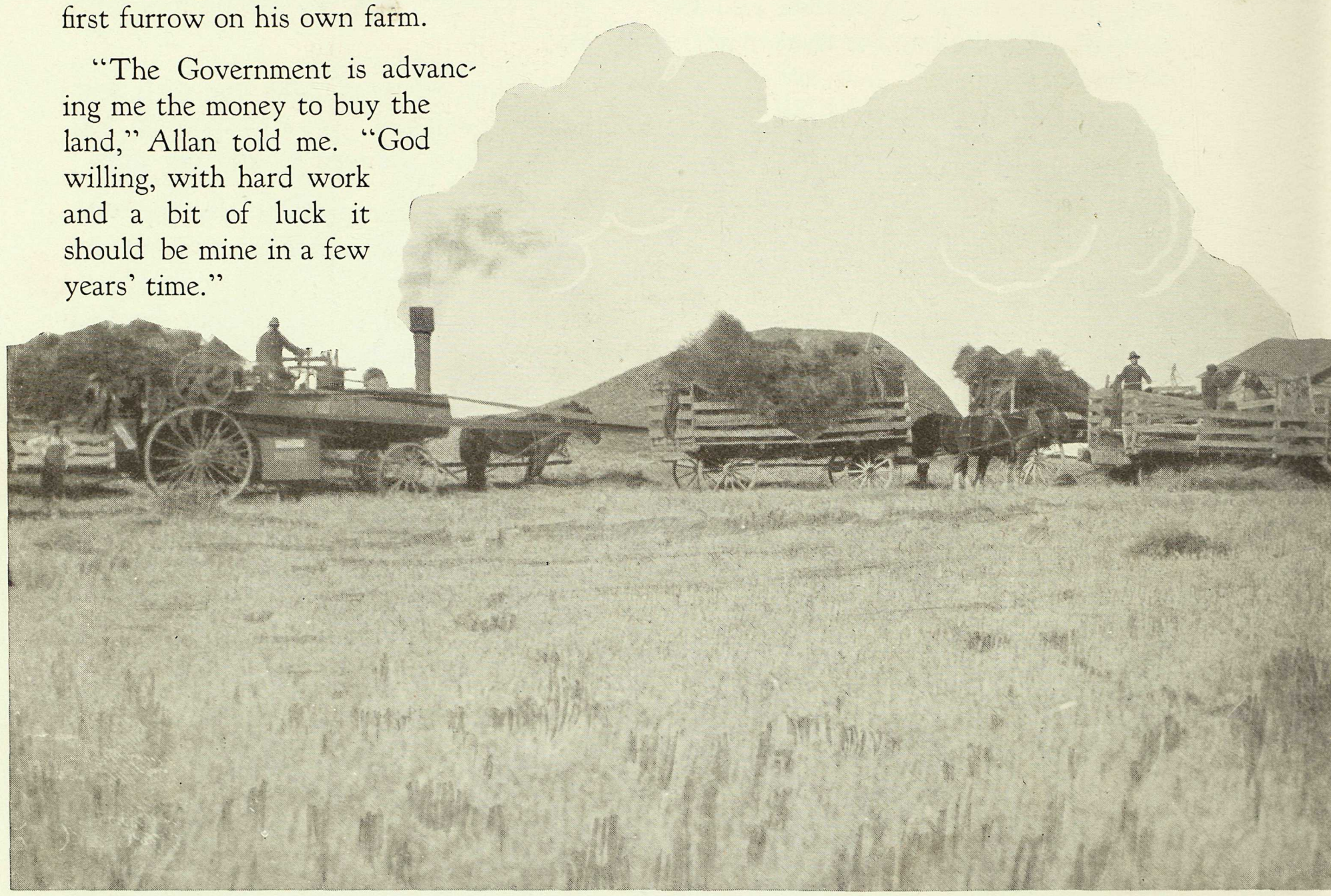
"Mister, you won't take long with your business, will you? We are threshing, and I don't want the men to lose any time."

Allan told me proudly that he was earning twenty-four shillings a day at the job—his wages in Twickenham had been two-pound ten a week. When he had finished it he expected to have twenty pounds to add to the nest-egg he had laid aside against the winter, when there would be plenty of time for him to rest. In addition to the money he had made he had gained a good foundation knowledge of farming as it is carried on in Canada. And he looked forward

Earning twenty-four shillings a day

with keen anticipation to the day in the early spring when he would turn over the first furrow on his own farm.

"The Government is advancing me the money to buy the land," Allan told me. "God willing, with hard work and a bit of luck it should be mine in a few years' time."



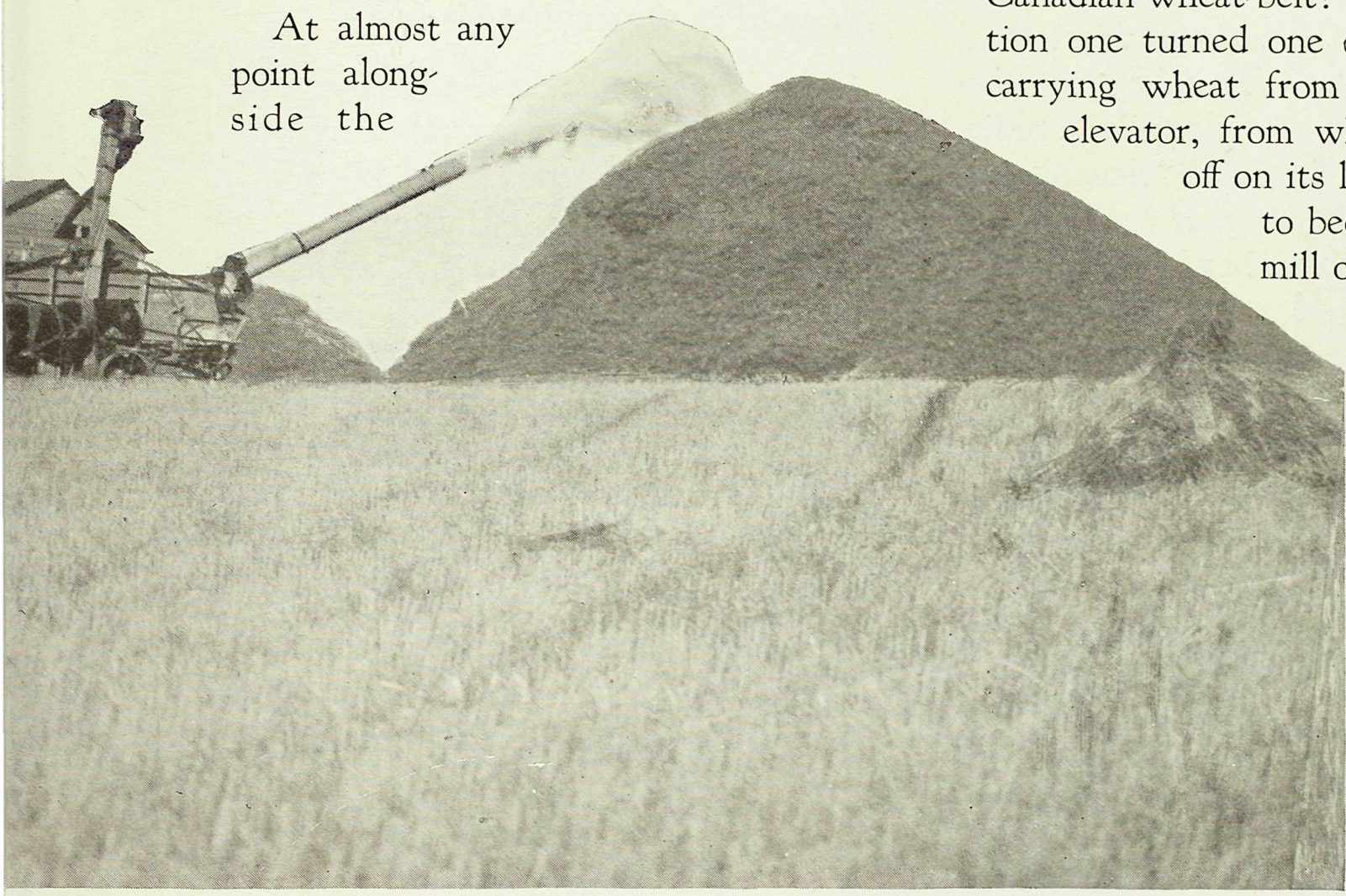
Harvesting in Western

THIS hurried conversation took place on an islet of stubble surrounded by a sea of wheat sheaves. Every few feet stood a stook, forming, as it were, the golden crest of a wave. The illusion was strengthened by the smoke which rose skywards here and there from the steam threshers at work tearing the precious heads from the straw and pouring them into granaries standing near by, spewing out the fine-cut stalks in a huge pile at one side—smoke for all the world like that rising from the funnels of steamers ploughing their way across the ocean.

The level land afforded an unobstructed

view for miles and miles. Everywhere the eye rested upon stooks, some in process of being carted to the thresher, others waiting their turn. With wheat running 30 to 40 bushels an acre, a single glance must have comprehended thousands of tons of grain.

At almost any point alongside the railway track as it runs from Winnipeg to Calgary, a distance of over 800 miles, one can stop in the sure knowledge of beholding exactly the same scene. Already the wheat belt of Canada extends over so large a portion of the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta that a fast train takes nearly two full days to cross it. Yet only a fraction of the land fit for cultivation has been brought under tillage.



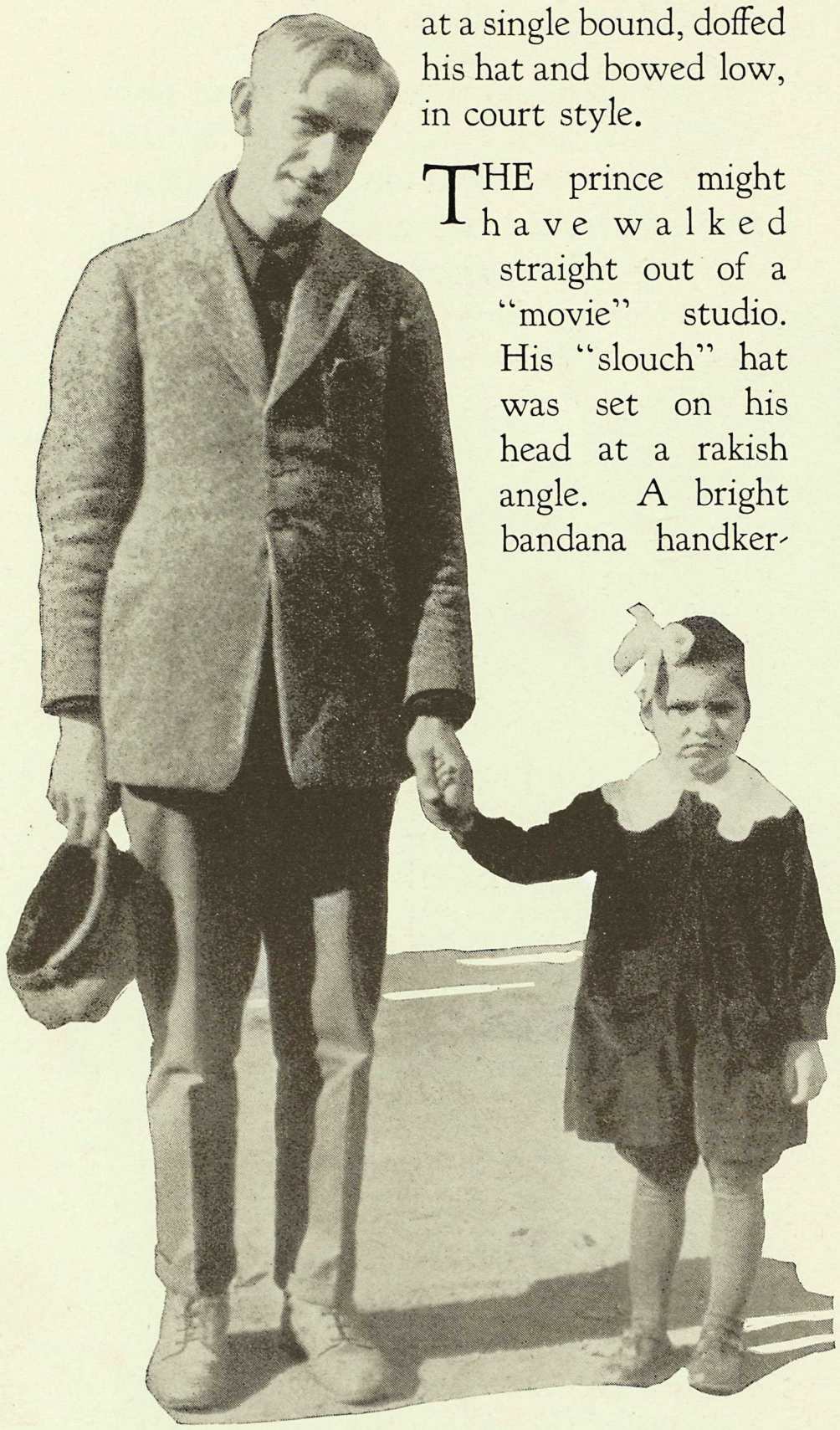
Canada

How deep-rutted were the roads over which the motor car travelled in this Canadian wheat-belt! In whatever direction one turned one came upon wagons carrying wheat from the fields to the elevator, from where it would start off on its long journey finally to become grist for some mill on the other side of the world. They were drawn by teams of two, four, six and sometimes even eight horses.

An inconspicuous looking wagon came rumbling by as my motor car stood at the roadside while the driver went to bring water from a farm house to slake the thirst of the dry radiator.

"You would never imagine," said my companion, who knew the district round about Cluny intimately, "that the man

perched up on that wagon is a Russian prince." Saying that, he hailed the passer-by, who jumped down from his high seat at a single bound, doffed his hat and bowed low, in court style.



Formerly manager of a large bank, N. F. Rubakin is now farming in Alberta

THE prince might have walked straight out of a "movie" studio. His "slouch" hat was set on his head at a rakish angle. A bright bandana handkerchief, tied round his neck, heightened the effect of his coloured shirt tucked into brown corduroy trousers, which in turn were tucked into high boots reaching to the knees. He held a whip at a jaunty angle, and a graceful white Russian hound, that had been trotting beside the wagon, sprawled in the road at his feet.

The Prince came from a family which, in days gone by, had owned many broad acres in the land of the Czars. His parents saw that the days of autocracy were numbered, and left in time, with what they could salvage of their large fortune, for Paris. Suddenly, however, they disappeared. Since proof of death was not forthcoming, it was impossible for their heirs to secure the estate, and they found themselves penniless.

After many vicissitudes in strange lands the Prince managed to work his way to Alberta. At the time I encountered him he was working as a farm hand.

MR. N. F. Rubakin, for whom he was, at the moment, hauling wheat to town, had, it turned out, been a bank manager in Russia. Just before the crash came he managed to get out of the country and to bring some of his money with him. He is now growing wheat, and raising pigs and chickens, on a farm that he bought in Alberta, just outside Brooks.

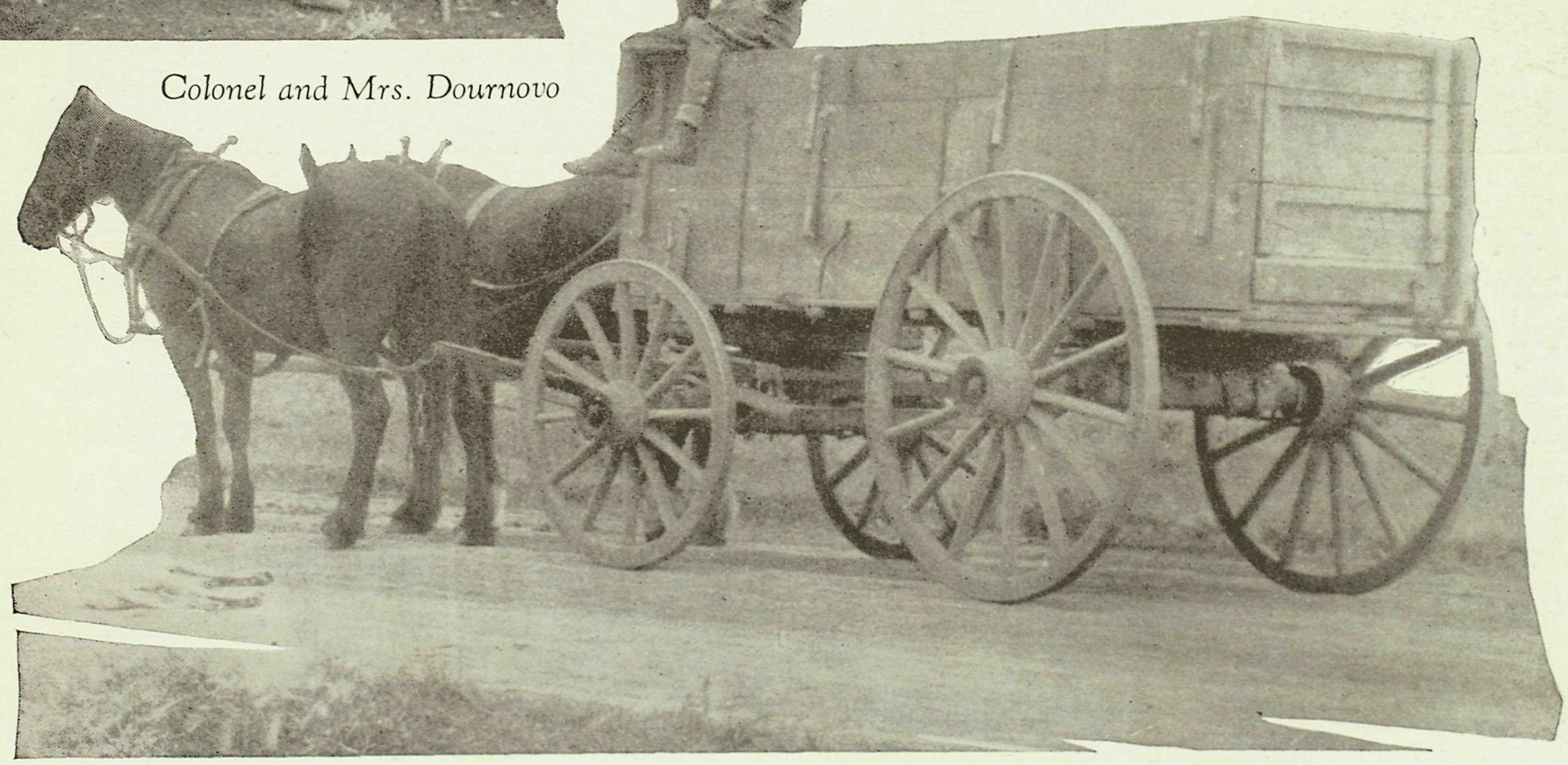
When I met Rubakin a little later he

told me that the thing he missed most of all was a piano. A fine musician, he has at present to content himself with an organ, and wait for the time when a bumper crop will enable him to instal a grand piano in the parlour of his prairie home. Despite his artistic leanings, he is intensely practical. So he will have his wish before very long.

Scores of Russians have found peace and plenty in Canada. Included among these refugees are many persons of high degree—counts and barons, generals and scholars—all glad to be left alone to work out their salvation by the sweat of their brows. Some of them are already well on the way to prosperity.

Colonel Orest Dimitrievich Dournovo, a former officer of the Guards and a large estate owner in Russia, who has shepherded many of his country-people to Canada, is a philosopher by nature. While serving under the Czar he wrote a commentary on the Bible which was designed to free Christianity from dogma and restore it to its original simplicity. The priests saw in it danger to the power that they enjoyed at the time, and the book was banned. In Alberta he is continuing his studies and his writing

Colonel and Mrs. Dournovo



A Russian prince hauling wheat

Canadianized Mennonites

unhampered, while his large family is engaged in tilling the land. The eldest daughter has already married, and has a child. Another is at present contemplating matrimony.

It is indeed difficult to tell off-hand, the antecedents of a man whom one may find at work in a field in the Canadian west. He may be driving the gasoline engine, or hauling sheaves to the thresher on week-days, and be preaching on Sunday.

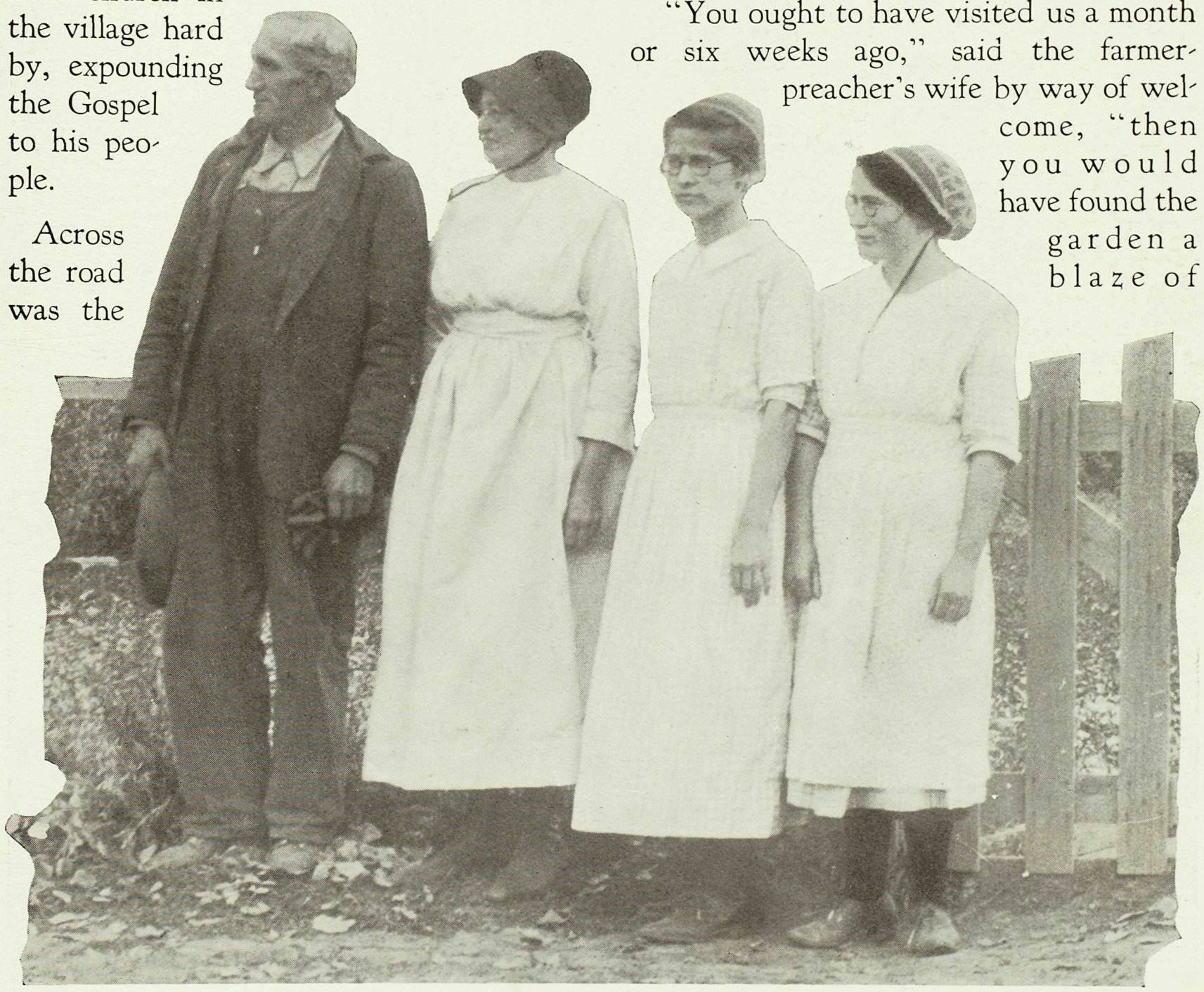
Western Canada is the great democracy where men of all classes and callings are elevated to a common standing in the following of the first and greatest industry of the world. The land knows no rank or distinction, but gives returns to its subjects in proportion to the effort exerted.

AN hour or two after falling in with the Russian prince I came upon just such an instance, which taught me to be

wary in jumping to conclusions. A Mennonite of mature age, who, in cap and overalls, was gathering sheaves in a corner of his field and loading them into a wagon to take to the threshing machine, turned out to be the preacher of his little community. Two or three days later he would be standing in the pulpit in the little church in the village hard by, expounding the Gospel to his people.

Across the road was the pastor's home. Set in the midst of a plantation of trees, with the farm buildings built round it, it fronted an ample, trim lawn. The madeira vine which clambered all over the front of the house had dropped many of its leaves, and was hanging in long yellow festoons over the verandah.

"You ought to have visited us a month or six weeks ago," said the farmer-preacher's wife by way of welcome, "then you would have found the garden a blaze of



The Mennonite preacher, his wife, daughter-in-law and daughter

bloom. Now the glory is all gone. But we have the memory of its beauty to keep with us until next summer brings fresh flowers—and vegetables—and fruit.

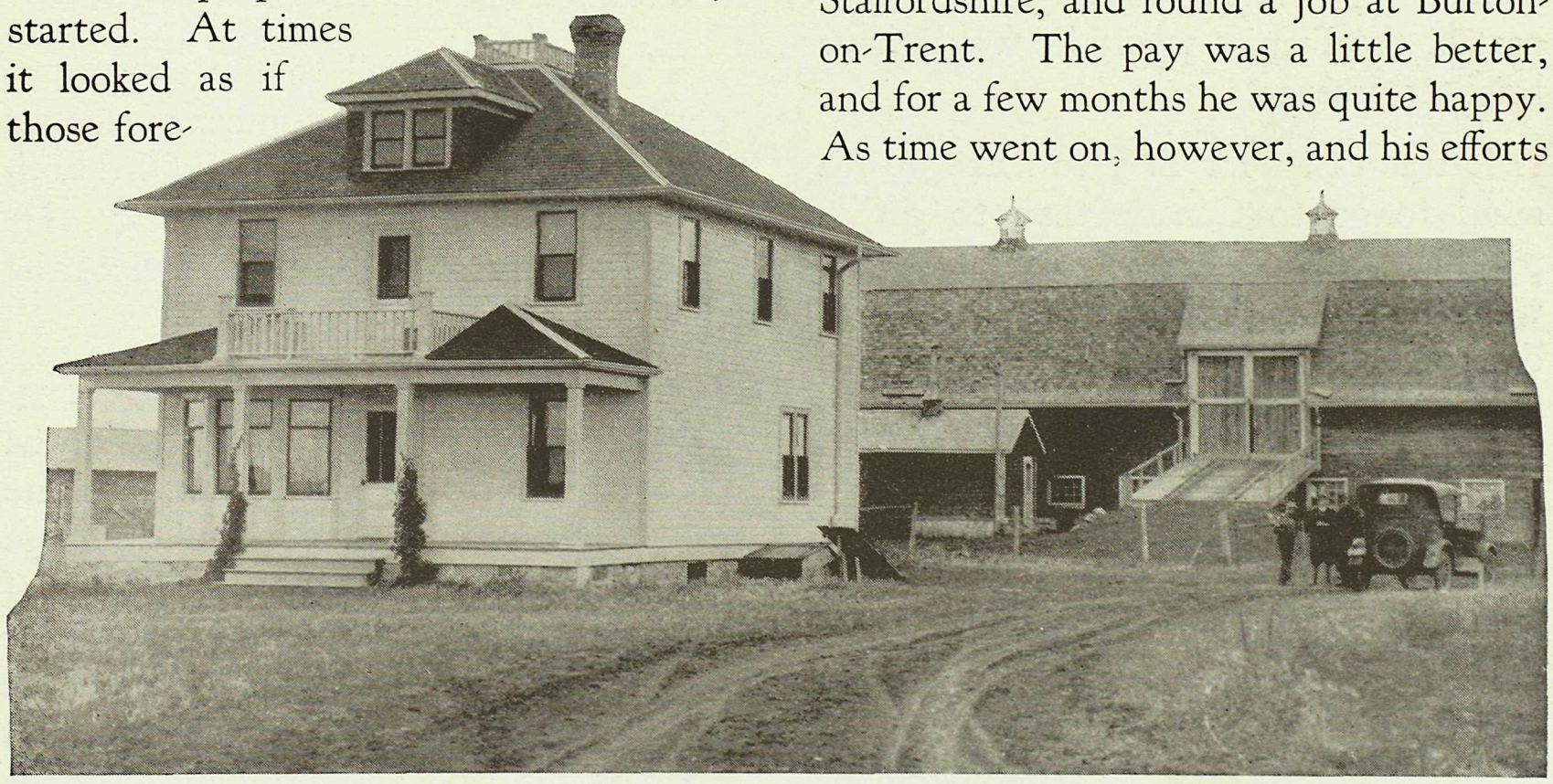
"Just look at the size of those cabbages and cauliflowers, and see how firm they are. And look at the sturdy stalks of the celery in the trench over there. You can tell from the appearance of the strawberry patch and the raspberry canes what a splendid crop of fruit we must have had. The work in the garden in this Alberta air has made a new woman of me," the Mennonite lady continued. "I used to be sickly in Pennsylvania, where we came from—unable to digest any food or to do much work even about the house. This climate suits me better, and we are all very happy here, and getting on well."

Joseph Eley and family

IF the Canadian prairie could talk there are not many square miles of it that could not unfold thrilling tales of effort and achievement that would rival the romantic adventures of the imaginary heroes of fiction. Thousands upon thousands of men who have brought with them little else but their native intelligence, the will to work, and the determination to succeed, have picked at random one locality or another as the field of their operations, and have acquired a competence and many of them even wealth. Some of these men began to grow wheat without a single day's farming experience. They came from desks in business offices or trades in towns, and had no great love for the country. Pessimists prophesied failure when they started. At times it looked as if those forebodings would come true. They stuck to their job even when the fates seemed to be against them; and in an astonishingly short time they had their reward.

TAKE the case of Joseph Eley, for example. Born in Derbyshire some 48 years ago, he went to work in a paint factory when he was a lad just entering his 'teens. In the course of years, when he was deemed fit to have two boys working under him, he was paid the munificent salary of sixteen shillings a week. That was all that the employer could afford to give him—all that he was worth. At least that was the tale he was told.

Unable to secure a rise, Eley moved to Staffordshire, and found a job at Burton-on-Trent. The pay was a little better, and for a few months he was quite happy. As time went on, however, and his efforts



The Eley home and barn

Cows of various breeds on a Manitoba pasture

to better his position proved unavailing, he made up his mind to emigrate to some part of the Empire where he would have brighter prospects.

It was easier for Eley to make up his mind to go to Canada than to gather together the money to pay his fare—that was long before "assisted passages" were dreamed of. It took him ten long, hard years of skimping and scraping to save up forty pounds. With that as his sole capital, and without any farming experience, he fared forth in 1904 to try out his luck in the Dominion.

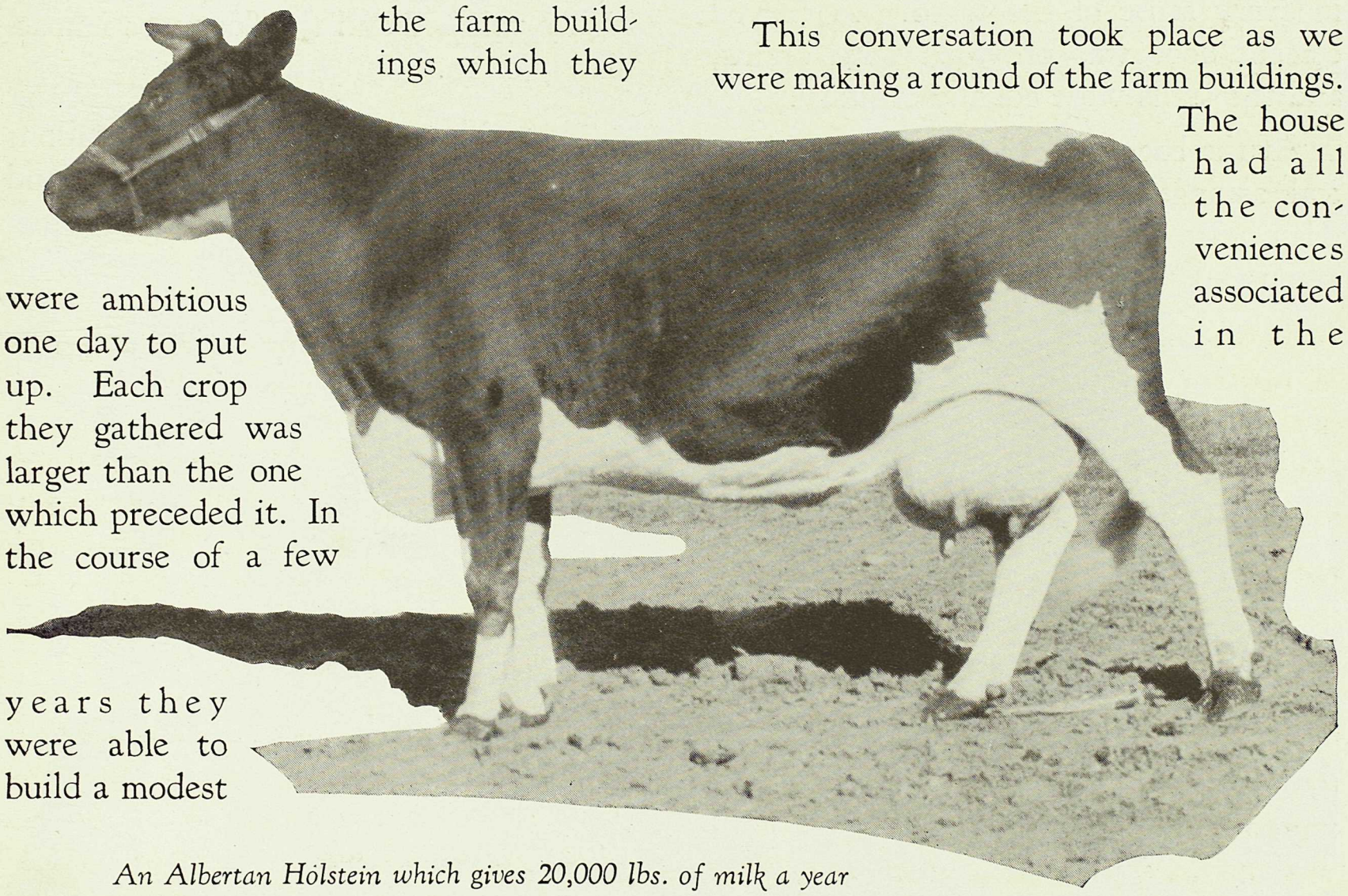
Upon arrival in Canada, Eley found that if he went out to Saskatchewan he could homestead land. The Government would give him a quarter-section free on condition that he would tame the prairie and bring it under cultivation.

The farm that fell to the ex-painter-potter's lot had on it a number of sloughs —depressions of varying depth filled with rain water during the whole year. He would have to drain them before he could do much with the land.

No timber was available on the holding. Eley had but a few dollars left by the time he got to Saskatchewan, and no money to buy lumber. He built a house of sod, laying the grass-covered clods of earth one over the other. With only that frail shelter from wind and weather he took in hand the work of levelling and draining his land and bringing it under the plough as rapidly as possible.

The man who was homesteading the adjoining quarter-section laboured under similar disadvantages, but was so fortunate as to have a team of oxen. Eley formed a close friendship with him which in a short time ripened into partnership.

By little and little the two men ploughed every inch of their half-section that was fit for cultivation and was not needed for the farm buildings which they were ambitious one day to put up. Each crop they gathered was larger than the one which preceded it. In the course of a few years they were able to build a modest wooden dwelling to replace the sod house, and to buy stock and implements. Being young and ambitious they did not mind roughing it. They knew that all the hard work they put in—all the privations they suffered—would, before long, bring them success.



An Albertan Holstein which gives 20,000 lbs. of milk a year

In talking with me, Eley declared that he dated his good fortune from the day he married his partner's sister. "She has been a wonderful wife," he said; "without her aid we would not have had that modern barn and fine house, or the herd of cows that you see off in the pasture there."

This conversation took place as we were making a round of the farm buildings. The house had all the conveniences associated in the popular mind with the city. Running hot and cold water was available in the bedrooms and bath room, as well as in the kitchen, where a Mennonite woman, fresh from Russia, and just learning to

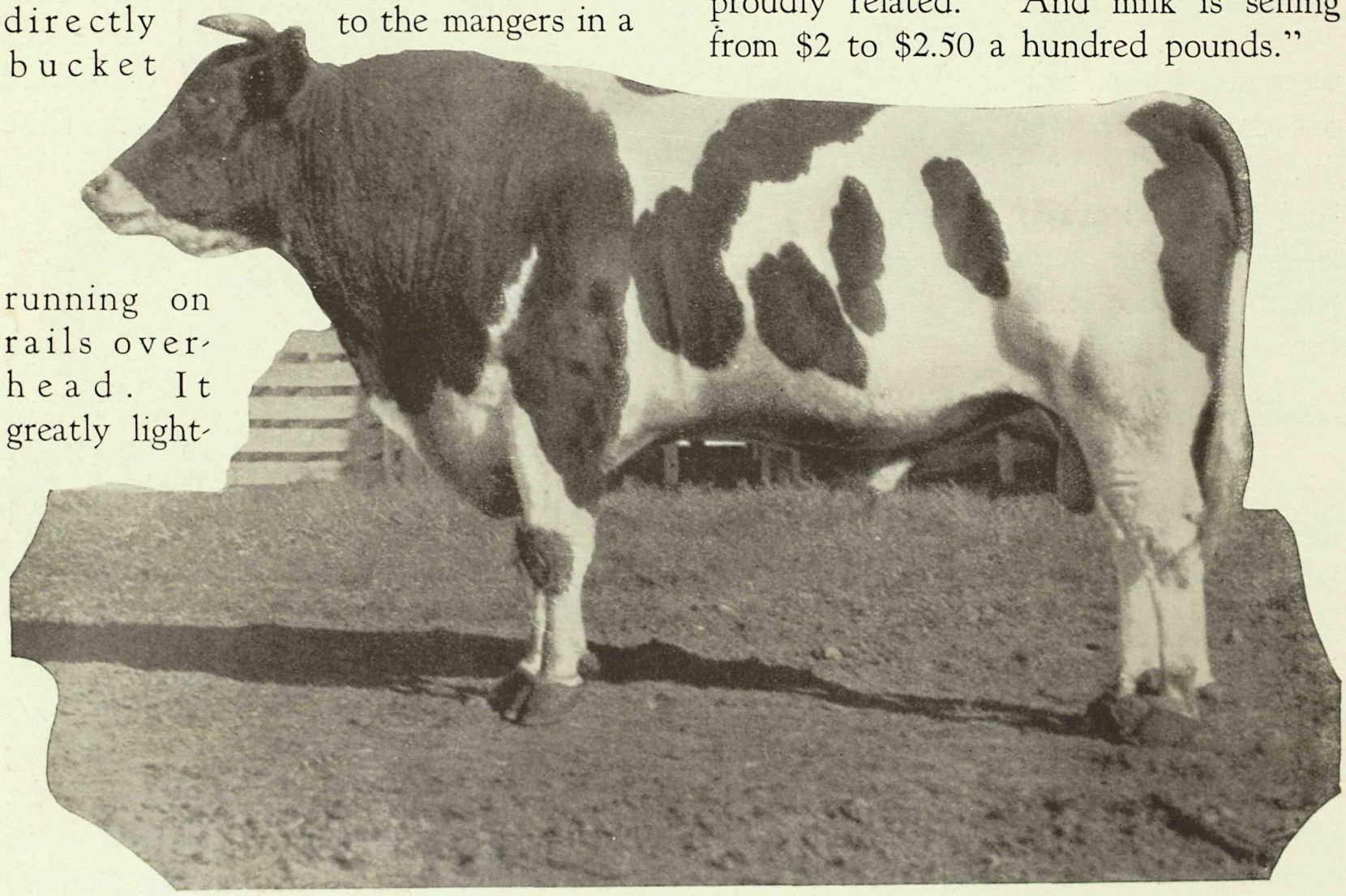
speak English, was at work peeling potatoes. The parlour was furnished with a comfortable sofa and easy chairs. On the piano was a radio (wireless outfit), with a loud speaker.

The barn in which the herd of 35 thoroughbred cows was kept was larger than the house, and must have cost even more money to construct. It was modern in every sense of the word. A curved cement floor was provided with drains, and the stalls were equally sanitary.

At the back of the barn was a mechanical arrangement for carrying the feed directly to the mangers in a bucket running on rails overhead. It greatly lightened the toil. The Eleys were particularly proud of it.

Almost midway between the barn and the house was a substantial frame building specially erected to serve as a dairy. Water from a spring ran through it, enabling the Eleys to cool their milk and cream without the use of ice summer and winter. The cans and separator were highly polished and the floor was immaculately clean.

"Mrs. Eley sends forty or fifty gallons of milk to town every day," the husband proudly related. "And milk is selling from $2 to $2.50 a hundred pounds."



A pedigree Holstein bull on an Alberta farm

A modern dairy farm in Western Canada

"What help have you to run your 640-acre farm and dairy?" I asked, and hazarded the guess: "It must take an army of men."

"Me and one hired man look after the farm," said Mr. Eley. "The Missus milks the cows with the aid of our son, who is turned fourteen years old. She generally has a 'hired girl' for the housework. We had a Canadian girl working for us at $35 a month and her keep, but she packed up and left us, just at harvest time when we needed her most. It was hard on us; but her parents needed her, and, being neighbours, we did not mind. Not that

we could have helped matters, had we felt differently about it.

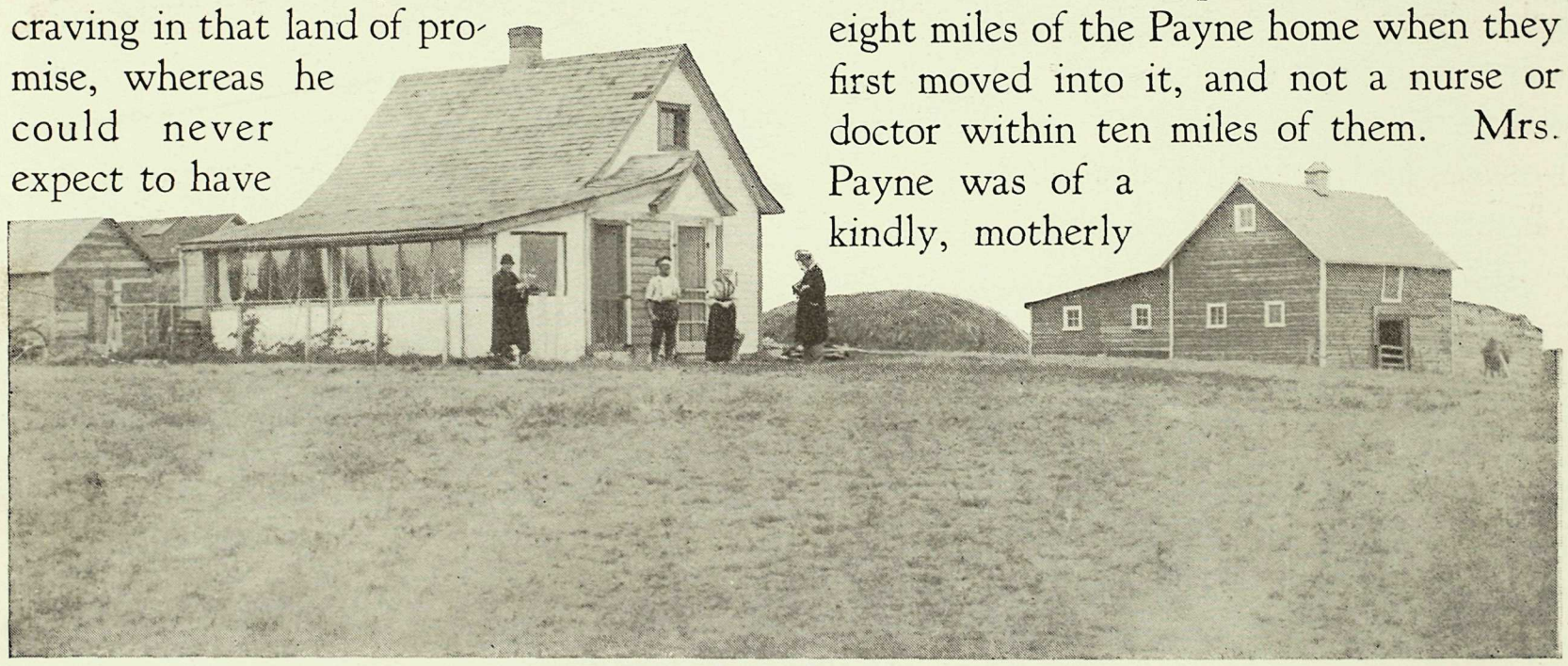
Now we have a Mennonite woman. She has two kiddies of her own and we let her keep them with her. But they are no bother, and they play with our own children as if they belonged to the family. That is all the 'army' we employ."

SUCCESS is not necessarily contingent upon youth. When Dave Payne retired from the gas engine that he had been minding at Hendon for what is now the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, in order to emigrate to Canada, he was 52 years old. He had been born on a farm at Orton Head, near Hitchen, and all the years he had lived in the city he had yearned to get back to the land. The tales written back home by his son, who had gone out to Saskatchewan, made him feel that he might satisfy his soul's craving in that land of promise, whereas he could never expect to have his heart's desire if he remained in England. So with his wife, about the same age as himself, he turned his face in the direction of the setting sun in the summer of 1906.

Most men of Payne's age would have been satisfied merely to live with the son on his Canadian farm. And his son would have been only too happy to have his parents do so.

Payne and his wife were, however, built of different stuff. So they settled down as homesteaders on a quarter-section about forty miles from the flourishing town of Saskatoon. With everybody in the district engaged in the same calling, and possessed of intelligence and grit, they had no difficulty in mastering farming. The land, being virgin soil, gave them a quick, handsome return.

There was not a person living within eight miles of the Payne home when they first moved into it, and not a nurse or doctor within ten miles of them. Mrs. Payne was of a kindly, motherly



Mr. and Mrs. David Payne talking to visitors

A Roumanian woman cutting wheat by sickle in Saskatchewan

disposition, and the people of the country-side, quickly sensing her goodness of heart, came to her when they were in need of help or encouragement, and asked her to act as doctor and nurse when a visit was expected from the stork.

"I am 'Granny' to a hundred children I helped to bring into the world," the little old lady, now turned 70, told me as she stood chatting with me outside her home in the gloaming.

ON the way to the Payne farm I noticed a woman in the field, a red handkerchief tied around her head, cutting wheat with a sickle. Behind her was a little, white-painted house with a high-peaked red roof. Beyond that, in the distance, was a glint of water where a pond had collected in a hollow, its surface almost hidden by the tall bulrushes that grew round its edge. The sky was overcast with clouds, but the sun, almost

ready to set back of them, gave them a golden lining which shimmered around their grey edges and spread out over the heavens in an after-glow that lit up and glorified the landscape.

The figure looked so incongruous in that setting that I asked the driver to halt so that I might learn the woman's story. On closer approach I found that the wind and rain had beaten and blown down the grain so that a modern reaping machine could not cut it. Determined not to lose the crop, the 80-year-old Widow Sodick had come out to deal with it by the old-fashioned methods she had used as a girl in Roumania, and was cutting it with a sickle, tying the sheaves by hand, and gathering them up into stooks.

Mrs. Sodick's son, who owned the quarter-section next to the one on which she lived, was cutting the crop in his field with a modern harvesting machine. My companion told me that he had made good—that he was reputed to have $12,000 on deposit in the local bank.

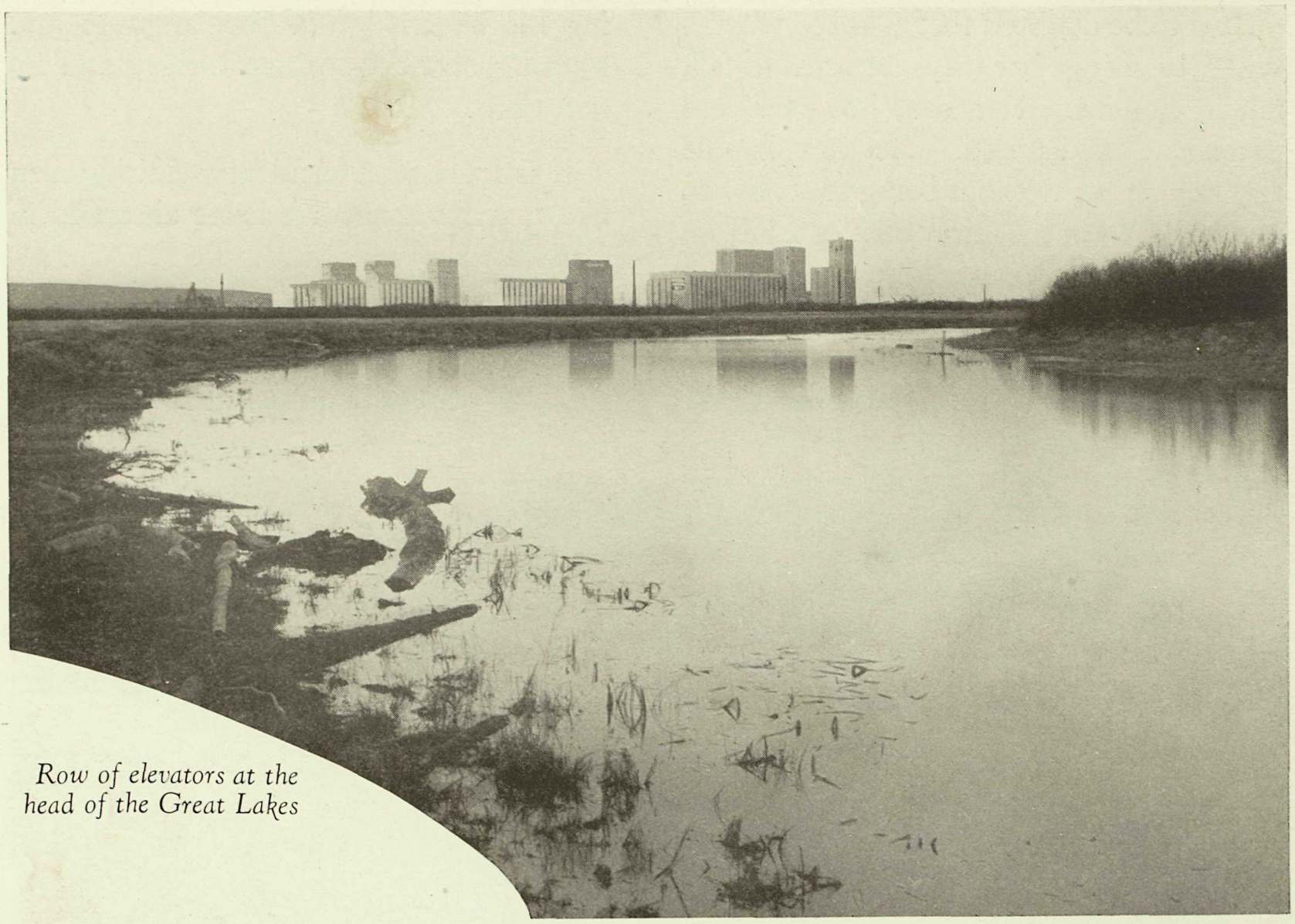
Reaping in the Canadian West

It is to be doubted that that old woman will ever change her ways, or learn to talk much English. Her son, however, has become Canadianized. He can handle any implement without being told how to use it. Of a mechanical turn of mind, he can effect most repairs which would cost considerable money to many a native-born Canadian. His equipment of English is sufficient to enable him to carry on all his dealings with his neighbours without an interpreter. Having determined to make Canada his home-land, he spends the long winter evenings improving his knowledge of the language and learning about Canadian history and institutions.

It is truly wonderful how quickly men like that Roumanian become absorbed in Canada.

The boys and girls of school age who come with these foreigners, and the children who are born to them after they arrive, learn the new ways even better than do the grown-ups. In the school and playfield the Canadian spirit is instilled in them through text-books and the precepts taught them by the teacher.

Ploughing on the Canadian prairie



Row of elevators at the head of the Great Lakes

THE Canadianization of the younger generation was dramatically demonstrated to me when, on an autumn afternoon, I visited a farm belonging to a Checko-Slovak who had been in the country for some fifteen years. It was situated a few minutes' motor drive from Viscount in the province of Saskatchewan —exceedingly well served by railway and other communications.

The old mother, who had accompanied her son and daughter-in-law when they emigrated, was the peasant type familiar to anyone who knows central and southern Europe. She was hard-working and thrifty and quite set in her ways. She had not troubled to learn English. She was, however, of a pleasant disposition, and beamed smiles by way of welcome.

The daughter-in-law was an entirely different type of woman. She knew that the only way she could succeed in the country of her adoption was to learn the language and methods of the land. Help was difficult to obtain, and, in any case, expensive. She must, therefore, use

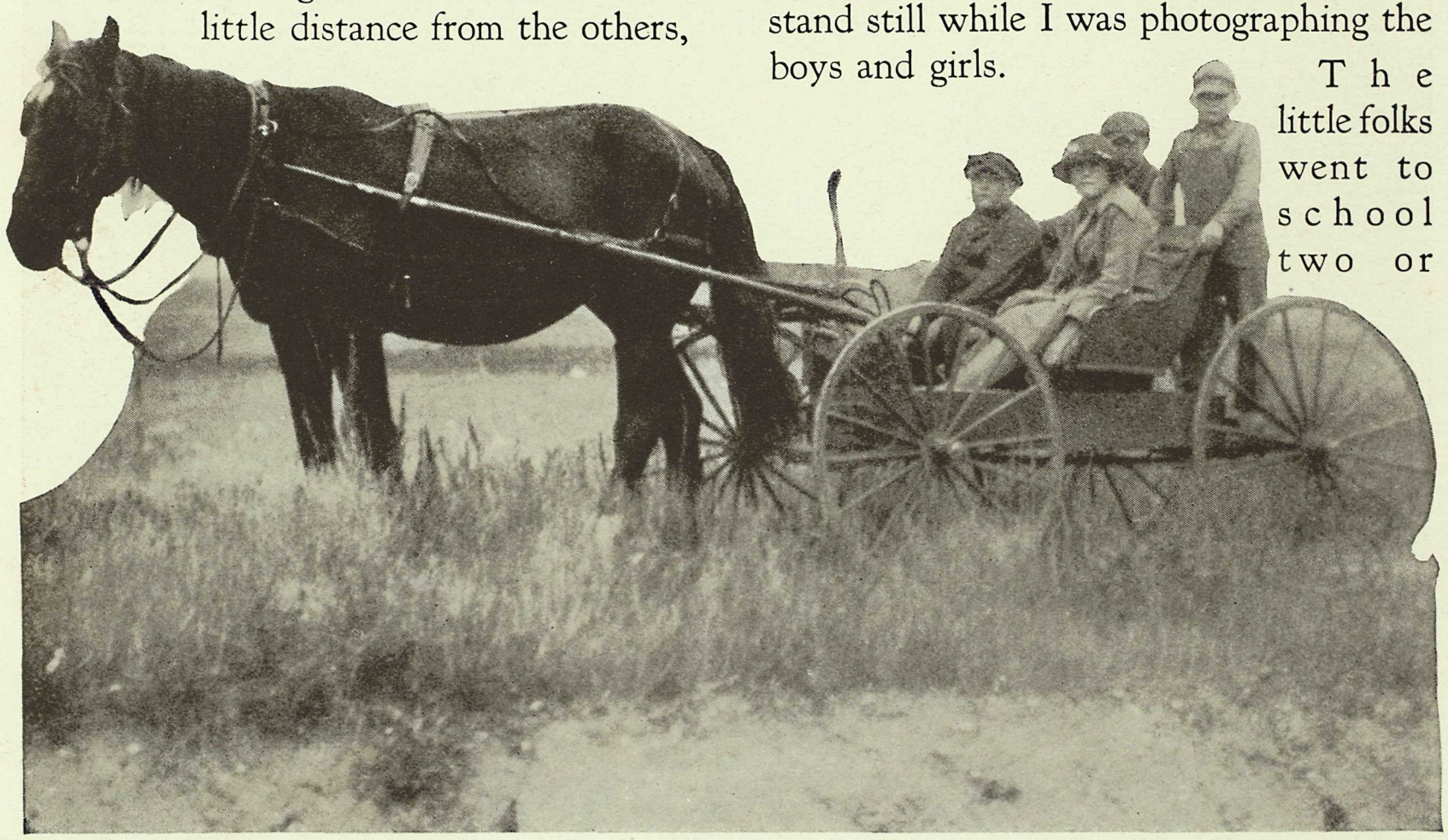
An agent of the Dominion Government checking the weight of a carload of wheat, in elevator at Fort William

labour-saving apparatus which would lighten her work and enable her to get the utmost cream out of her milk.

The eldest daughter of the owner of the farm had been through a Canadian school. The merest glance at her showed that she was different from her mother and her grandmother. She showed taste in her dress; spoke good English; and kept herself informed as to what was happening in the world. She was, in fact, an exceedingly alert, capable young woman.

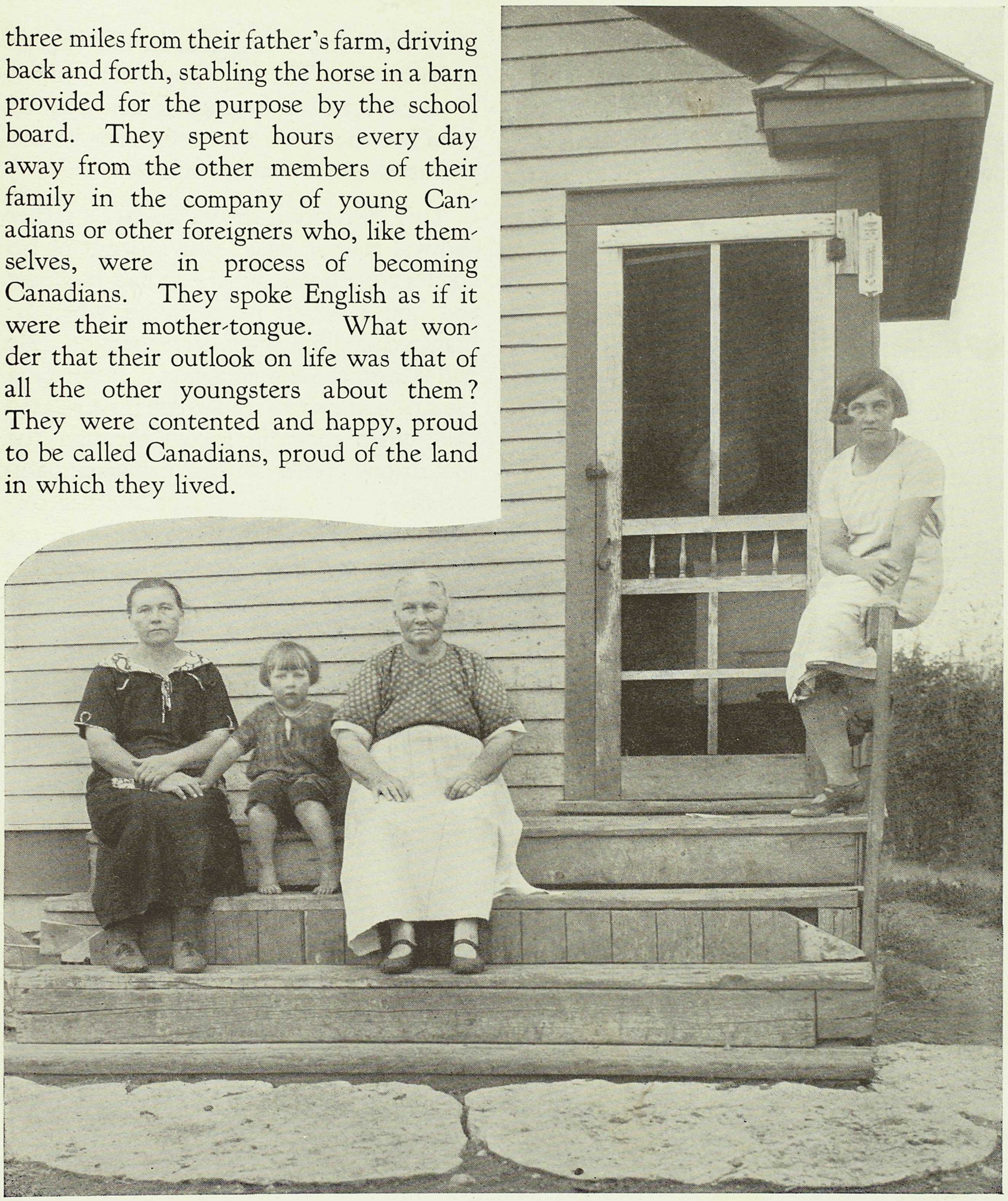
When I got ready to take a group photograph of the three generations, she sat on the railing of the verandah at a little distance from the others, as if she were determined to keep her entity strictly separate from them. The little girl sat between the mother and grandmother; but would no doubt grow up more like her elder sister than either of them. She was wonderfully self-possessed—put out her hand as soon as she saw me—and chirruped away all the time.

I was still more impressed with the difference between the older and younger generations when, not far from the farm, I came upon the children of the family on their way home from school. They were riding in a "buggy" drawn by a steady-going pony, which was only too glad to stand still while I was photographing the boys and girls. The little folks went to school two or



Czecho-Slovak children returning home from their Saskatchewan school

three miles from their father's farm, driving back and forth, stabling the horse in a barn provided for the purpose by the school board. They spent hours every day away from the other members of their family in the company of young Canadians or other foreigners who, like themselves, were in process of becoming Canadians. They spoke English as if it were their mother-tongue. What wonder that their outlook on life was that of all the other youngsters about them? They were contented and happy, proud to be called Canadians, proud of the land in which they lived.



Three generations of Czecho-Slovak settlers

A HUNGARIAN girl whom I met in the same neighbourhood not long afterwards received a salary of $1,000 a year teaching school near her Saskatchewan home. Barely out of her 'teens, she had come to Canada as a baby.

"I had not the least difficulty in learning English," the young lady said, without the slightest accent. "There is no discrimination against me because I am foreign born. My pupils belong to various races, and do not all go to one church. They get on splendidly, however, and I greatly enjoy teaching them."

This girl's outlook upon life was optimistic—as, indeed, is the case with nearly everyone born, or settled, in this land of opportunity. The boys and girls who sit at her feet will unconsciously acquire from her the spirit that refuses to be discouraged—that downs difficulty.

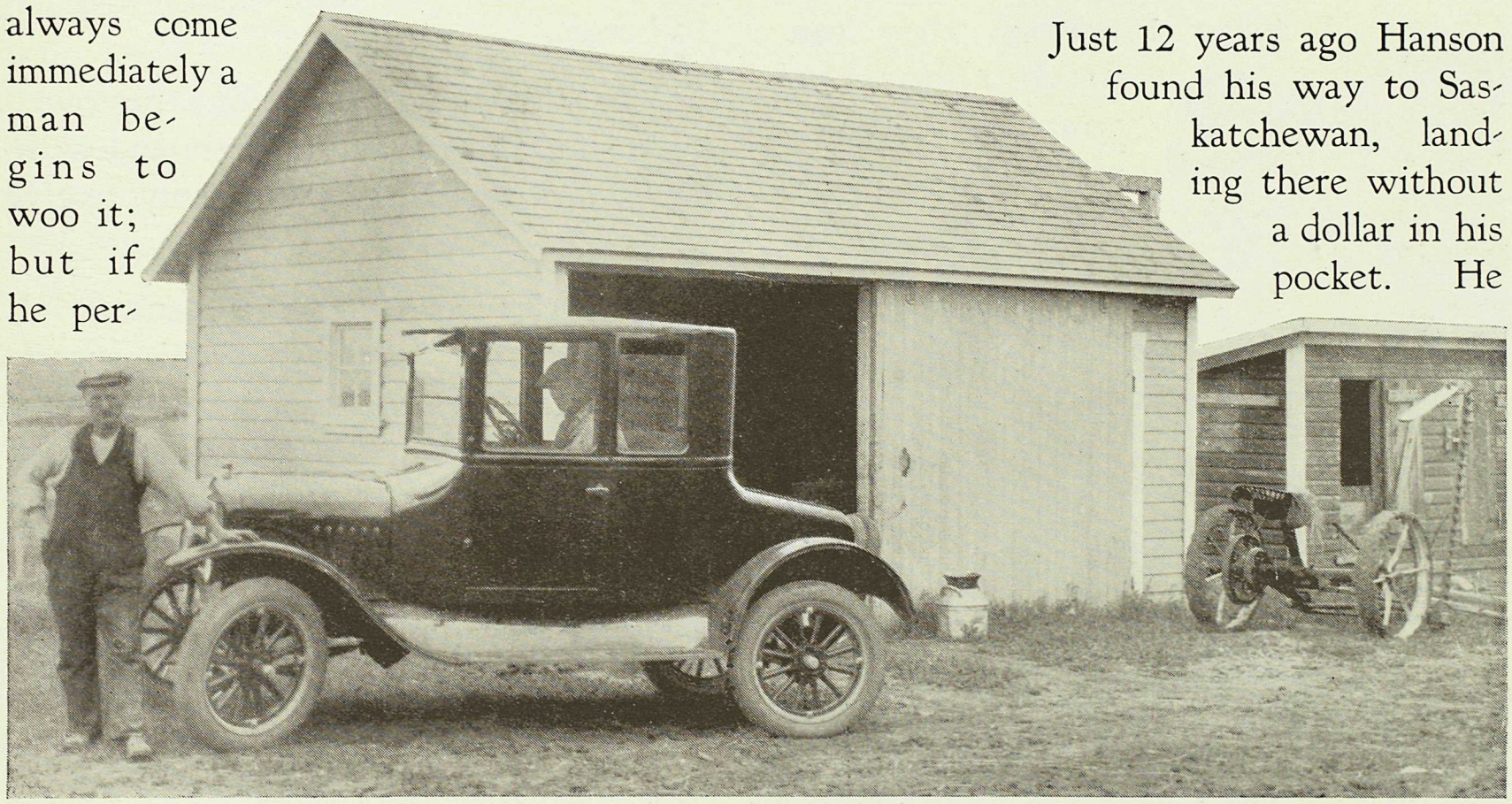
This Hungarian school-teacher's father showed me the place, just in front of his comfortable home, where he had built the sod house which he occupied when he homesteaded his first quarter-section. He had a keen sense of humour. Describing his tribulations of those days, he related that when the rain leaked through the roof in one corner of their primitive habitation they moved into another corner. When that spot began to get damp they moved over to the other side, hoping that by the time they

Canadianized Hungarians

had finished shifting about the weather would change.

It was quite natural that this resourceful man should prosper. To-day he owns many broad acres, and is constantly adding to his farm holdings.

EVEN in the Canadian West, so rich in opportunity, success does not always come immediately a man begins to woo it; but if he persevères, sooner or later he wins out. That was the experience of Hans M. Hanson, who came 24 years ago from Drammen, Norway, to try his luck in Western Canada.



The Hansons—father and son

For some twelve years Hanson drifted about without managing to get the kind of opportunity he had hoped to find in the Dominion. Harness-making, which trade he had learned in the old country, stood him in good stead at times. He was, however, not over-particular what he did so long as he could keep his family fed and provide a roof over their heads. He painted houses, repaired barns and fences, or did any odd job that came his way.

Just 12 years ago Hanson found his way to Saskatchewan, landing there without a dollar in his pocket. He rented a farm on the basis of sharing the crop with the owner, and hit upon the plan of saving practically all that he made out of the main crop and paying his expenses from "side lines" such as milk, eggs, and pigs. So well did the experiment succeed that he is now building himself a house in the town of Colonsey,

to which he intends to retire. His son will rent the farm from him, and will pay him enough to enable him to live in comfort without being compelled to dip into his savings in the bank. The daughter, his only other child, is working for herself, so the Hansons find themselves today without a care in the world, and the proud possessors of a Ford coupe in which they can drive about the country as they please.

Hanson's son is a lucky man. He is starting in life with a farm of 480 acres which would bring $40 an acre in the market any day his father chose to sell it. He will have a modern house to live in, and equally modern barns filled with up-to-date machinery of every description, including a threshing machine. He will be the owner of 21 pigs, 100 chickens, 10 head of cattle and 16 horses.

Miss Hanson doing the family laundry

And this is the patrimony bestowed upon the son of a man who started without a cent in Saskatchewan only twelve years ago!

Prosperity has not spoiled Hanson. If you ask him for the secret of his success he will more likely than not attribute it to the good quality of the prairie land. If he takes any credit to himself, he will only say that he preferred to go in for "mixed farming" instead of exclusively growing wheat. He is a firm believer in a settler keeping a few cows, pigs and chickens in addition to raising a staple crop.

The thoughts of some of Hanson's neighbours are beginning to tend in the same direction; and slowly the character of Canadian agriculture is changing in consequence, these "side lines" are bringing new prosperity to the farmers—and also to the country. More diversified farming, greater variety of production, is leading to steadier, regular income through expanding markets.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of the Hanson home a recently planted settlement of Mennonites is already well advanced on the road to independence. There are eleven families in this particular colony, each having its own house.

The dwellings have been so designed as to form a little village, instead of being placed cheek by jowl, in a terrace. The huge space round which they are built provides the 64 children belonging to the settlement with a splendid playground, while it enables the adults to retain the rural atmosphere.

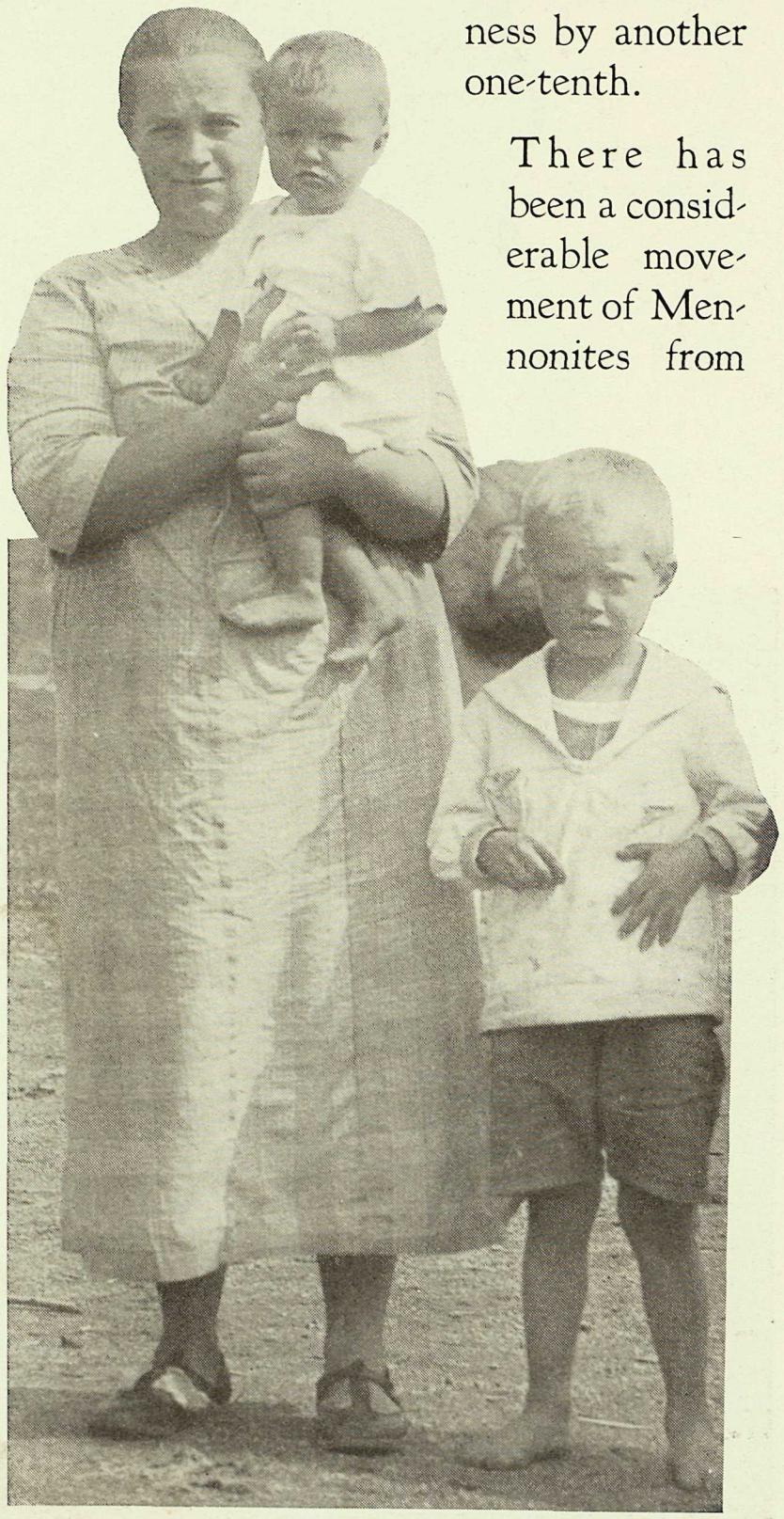
The farm at the edge of which these houses have been built extends over 3,269 acres. With 22 able-bodied men and women, each willing to devote himself or herself to the allotted task every day, and with modern equipment of every description, not to speak of 60 horses, 42 cows, 200 chickens and 80 hogs, the little colony finds it easy enough to manage that acreage and to live well and prosper.

Such aptitude in mastering Canadian ways have these Mennonites shown that out of the first year's crop they were able to pay the man from whom they bought the land $18,000, this representing $15,000 principal and $3,000 interest. The original owner of the land sold to the colony for $55 an acre, provided the seed, feed, horses and machinery, and in addition built the houses necessary to accommodate the eleven families.

A newly arrived Mennonite settler

The 1926 crop waiting to be threshed at the time of my visit promised to give an equally good yield, which meant that the second payment would probably reduce the indebtedness by another one-tenth.

There has been a considerable movement of Mennonites from Russia to Canada in recent years, and similar successful groups of settlers are to be found all over the Canadian West. They are a hardworking and thrifty people and have a peculiar place in the country's workaday life. Frequently they occupy land, upon which other less labourious people would be disinclined to settle, and engage in occupations for which they are not adapted. They keenly appreciate the political and religious freedom Canada affords them, and their children, through attendance at the schools of the settlement, absorb Canadian ideas and ideals and carry them home. The agricultural production of the territory is swelled substantially each year through the contributions of these Mennonite colonies.



Mennonite children and their mother

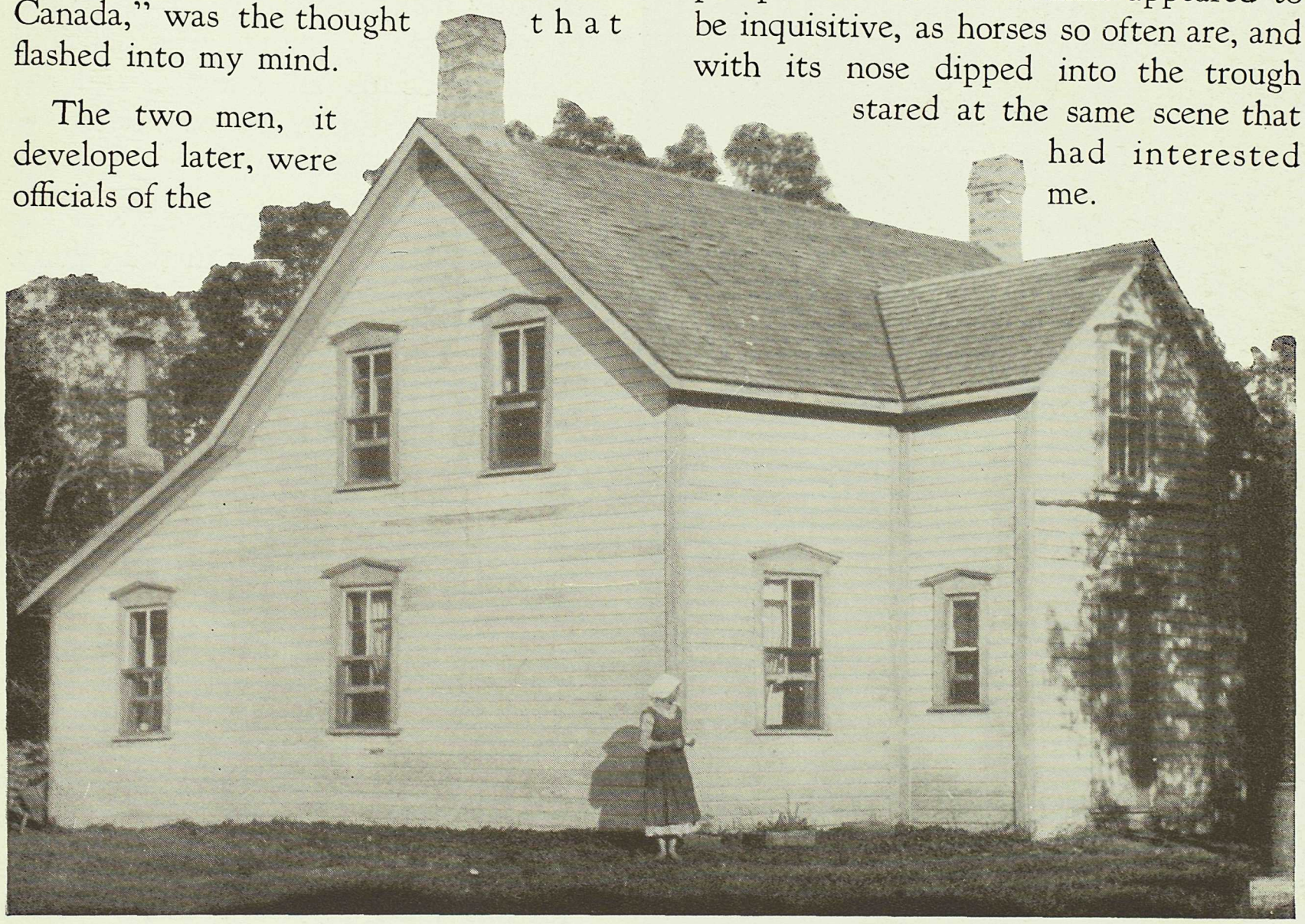
According to colonization authorities the newcoming Mennonites have been highly successful in Western Canada. Numerous cases of outstanding individual successes might be instanced. One Saskatchewan farm of 3,200 acres was sold to a group of Mennonites for $50.00 an acre, and during the first two years, the families thereon paid off nearly 50% of their indebtedness. Such cases might be multiplied to illustrate the rapid progress being made in a material way by these new Mennonite settlers and the manner in which they are contributing to the cultivation of the land and the swelling of agricultural revenue in the Western provinces.

OF late years Italians have started a settlement not far from Lorette in Manitoba, about two hours' motor ride from Winnipeg. People with ideals, yet both hardy and practical, they are making a success of the venture.

I beheld a curious scene as I entered the gate. A woman with a scarf tied over her head stood beside a handsome motor car talking to two men who were busy mending a punctured tyre. "Pastoral Europe in juxtaposition with modern Canada," was the thought that flashed into my mind.

The two men, it developed later, were officials of the settlement society who had come out from Winnipeg to see how affairs were going on. They knew little English; but the acquisition of languages comes easy to Italians—and, in a few years, they will need no interpreter to act for them when transacting business with Canadians.

Presently a man in shirt sleeves, driving two horses in front of him as he walked, entered the yard, and began filling the trough with water by working a hand pump. One of the animals appeared to be inquisitive, as horses so often are, and with its nose dipped into the trough stared at the same scene that had interested me.



House on the Italian settlement, Lorette, Manitoba

The housekeeper of the colony

The woman with the handkerchief over her head had the manners of a queen. With a graceful bow she welcomed us and invited us into the house in musical Italian. We sat beside the table at which the members of the colony ate their meals. The dining room opened off the kitchen, which was fitted with every conceivable device which a modern housewife might wish to have. On the cook stove, which looked as if it might have just left the shop, so brightly polished was it, a huge kettle of soup was bubbling. The delicious odour made us all hungry, and we wished that we might be invited to stop and partake of it.

The woman, we learned, was the only member of her sex in the colony, though others were on their way. She did all the housework and home-making, while the men, one of whom was her brother, attended to the farm work, which was assigned to them each day by their leader.

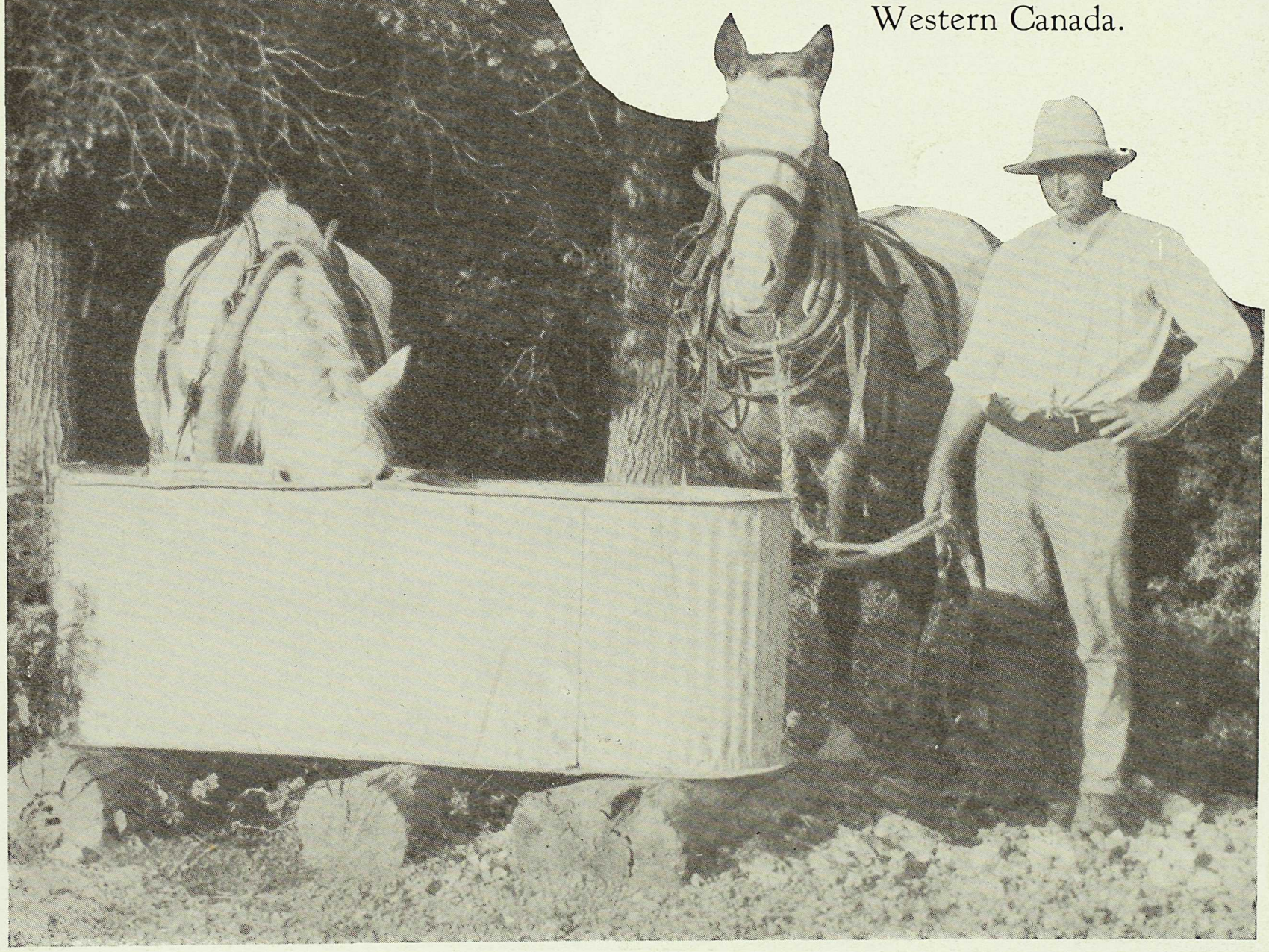
In front of the settlement house was a garden filled with vegetables of every description. All around were the fields tilled by the members, producing wheat, oats and other crops.

At some distance from the house was a cheese factory, only recently acquired. I found four powerfully-built Italians hard at work there. They told me that the plant had come into

their possession only a little while ago, and needed much attention—and was having it, too.

The house, the fields, and the factory were permeated by an atmosphere of joy—of happiness in the lovely surroundings, reminiscent in the warm summer sun of their beloved Italy.

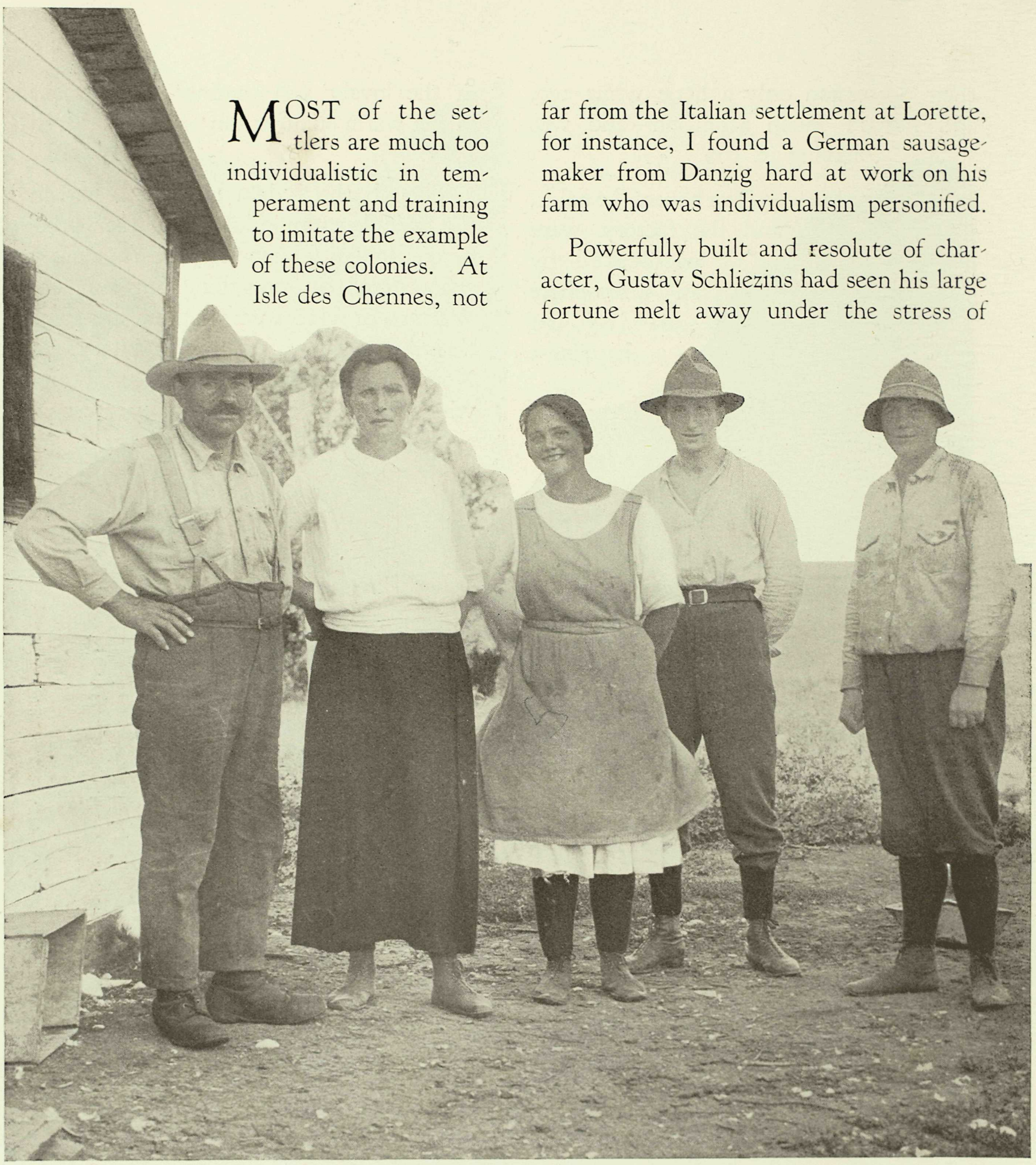
Though the Italian in Canada has, in the main, been an industrial worker, prosperous Italian farmers may be frequently encountered in travelling through the Western provinces where there are some thriving colonies. The inhabitants of Northern Italy are fine agriculturists, for whom there is room for many more in Western Canada.



Italian settler watering horses

MOST of the settlers are much too individualistic in temperament and training to imitate the example of these colonies. At Isle des Chennes, not far from the Italian settlement at Lorette, for instance, I found a German sausage-maker from Danzig hard at work on his farm who was individualism personified.

Powerfully built and resolute of character, Gustav Schliezins had seen his large fortune melt away under the stress of



The Schliezins family and hired man

war, in which he figured as a soldier in the German army. Instead of repining over what he had lost, he gathered together all that was left of his money and sold his house—practically a palace in size and magnificence—and his factory, and everything else that could be converted into cash, for anything they would fetch. With the $4,000 thus obtained he set his face towards the New World.

Schliezins landed at Halifax in May, 1925, and less than a week later arrived at Winnipeg, where he presented a letter of introduction to the Commissioner of Immigration and asked for advice as to what was best for him to do. In view of his experience he would have had no difficulty in establishing himself in sausage-making or some other branch of the meat trade; but he had had enough of

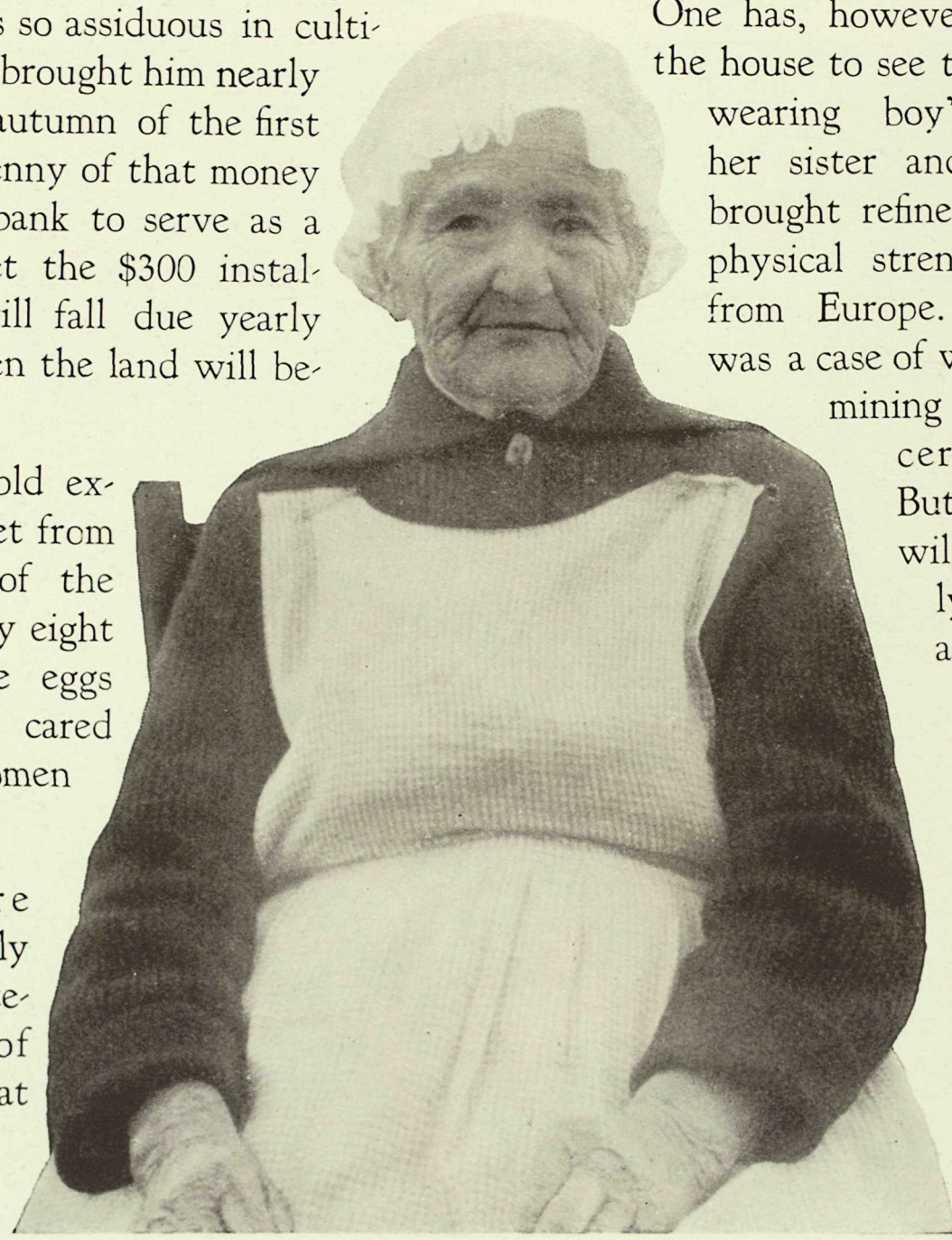
A bedroom in Schliezins' home

city life, and insisted upon going to the country.

In less than two years Schliezins, aided by a family composed of his wife and two grown-up daughters, all sturdy, hard-working individuals, has shown what a man with intelligence and determination can do on the land. He planted 45 out of the 226 acres of land that he bought to flax, and was so assiduous in cultivating it that it brought him nearly $1,200 in the autumn of the first year. Every penny of that money went into the bank to serve as a reserve to meet the $300 instalment which will fall due yearly until 1932, when the land will become his own.

The household expenses were met from the proceeds of the milk yielded by eight cows, and the eggs from 60 hens, cared for by the women of the family.

The entire Schliezins family was so completely ignorant of farm work that they had to be taught how to hitch the horses, and how to handle the plough, the harrow, the cream separator, and other farm machinery. He even had to be shown, in minutest detail, how to harvest the various crops.



Mrs. Heim, senior

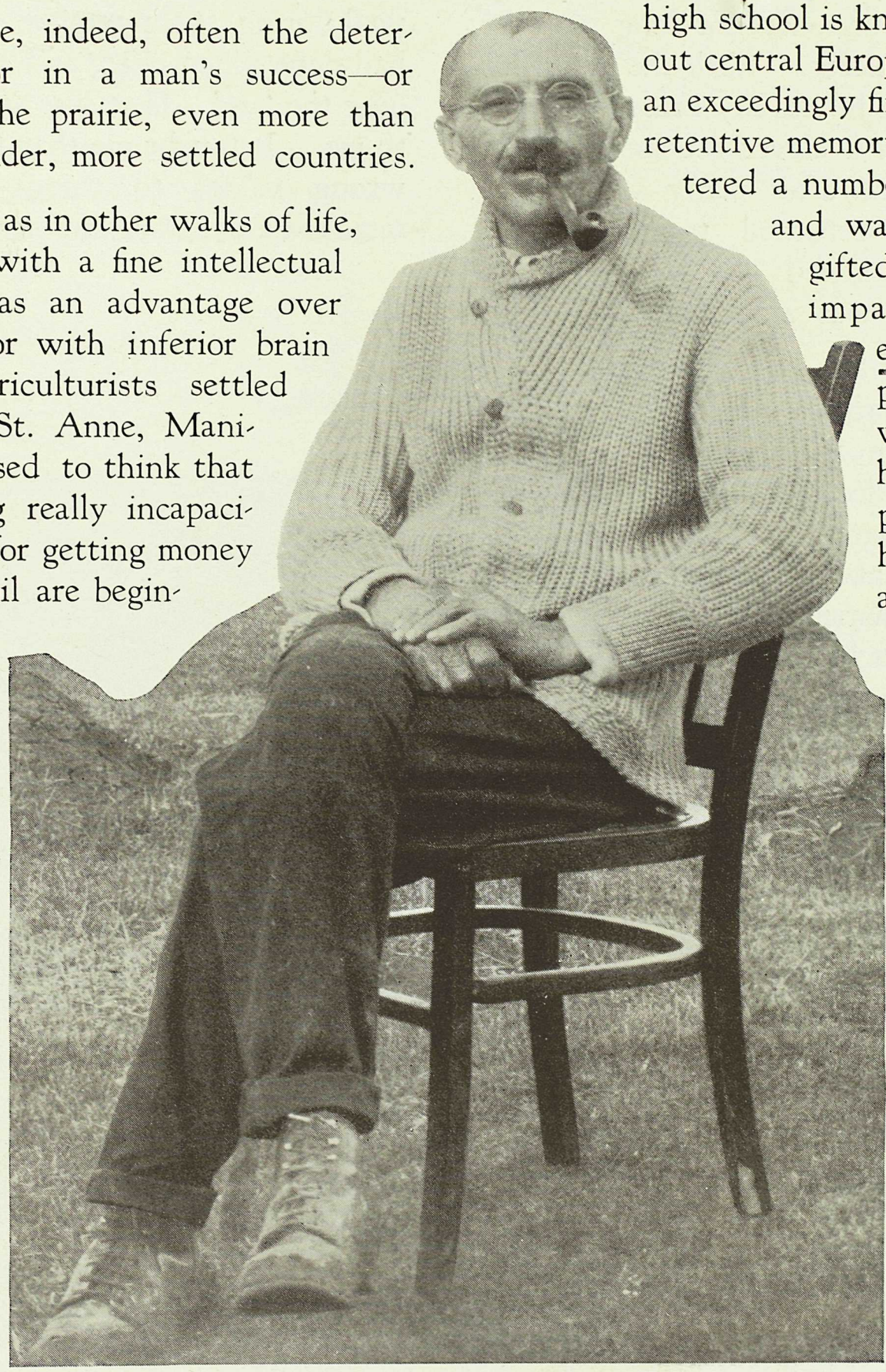
The eldest Schliezins girl is as strong as a man and undertakes any and every job on the farm. Nothing about her dress when she is at work suggests femininity. One has, however, only to enter the house to see that she, though wearing boy's clothes, and her sister and mother, have brought refinement as well as physical strength with them from Europe. If there ever was a case of will-power determining success, this certainly is one. But it is not the will-power of merely the husband and father that is making the transition from a sausage factory in Danzig to a Manitoba farm easy and pleasant to accomplish. If the wife and daughters had not done their "bit" and, perhaps, sulked

and sighed for home, there might have been a different tale to tell.

Women are, indeed, often the determining factor in a man's success—or failure—on the prairie, even more than they are in older, more settled countries.

IN farming, as in other walks of life, the man with a fine intellectual equipment has an advantage over his competitor with inferior brain power. Agriculturists settled round about St. Anne, Manitoba, who used to think that book learning really incapacitated a man for getting money out of the soil are beginning to change their views as they watch a Hungarian professor who has acquired a holding in their neighbourhood, carry on farming operations in his fields.

Before the European order was entirely upset by the war, Adam Heim used to teach languages at a gymnasium, as the high school is known throughout central Europe. Possessing an exceedingly fine mind and a retentive memory, he had mastered a number of tongues, and was particularly gifted in the art of imparting knowledge to other people. He was gentle in his ways, the pupils took to him kindly, and, as a result, he was in the good books of his superiors.



Her son, formerly High School teacher in Austria-Hungary

To no one did the war come as a greater shock than it did to Heim. He was so happy at his work that he had no desire to leave the schoolmaster's

desk for the trenches, but he had no option in the matter. To his misfortune he was taken prisoner not long after he had turned soldier. With the aid of his keepers, whom he heavily bribed, he put into execution a clever scheme to effect his escape, and after many vicissitudes unexpectedly returned to his family, which had believed him to be dead and was mourning his loss.

"The privations that I endured while a prisoner," the Professor declared, "were nothing compared with the sufferings we had to undergo after the Armistice was signed. The exchanges went crazy. Prices rose so high as to place the commonest necessities of life beyond the reach of men like myself. The only persons round about us in the city who had enough to eat belonged to the enormously wealthy classes. Middle class salaried people like us had to starve."

The Professor puffed reflectively at his pipe for a minute or so, then continued:

"I noticed that people in the country were not so badly off as the townsmen were. The farmers managed, in spite of the crisis, to produce enough food for themselves, and lived almost as well during those terrible years as they had done when peace and plenty reigned over the land. That was an object lesson to me. It taught me that I had assigned wrong values to things—that I had attached a fictitious importance to culture and science, and had wrongly under-rated the production of food and the men engaged in industries without which civilization could not exist for a day.

"As soon as that realization came to me I began immediately to make arrangements to go to the New World to start life over again. Leaving my family behind in Hungary, I reached the United States, and soon discovered an opportunity which promised to give me the start that I needed. Unfortunately, however, the quota law stood in the way of my getting my wife and children to join me."

The Heim family

Professor Heim with his wife and five children arrived in Canada in August, 1925, and found a warm welcome awaiting them in the Dominion. With the help of the Immigration Department in Winnipeg he found the farm at St. Anne, on which he is now living.

"It has been uphill work," Heim told me. "I knew nothing about farming, nor did I know anything about the land upon which I had settled. It was in none too good condition, having been sadly neglected. It was a period of difficulty and disappointment for us. The little store of money I had brought with me kept dwindling and dwindling, and nothing was coming in. Everything looked black at one time."

Heim, however, was learning farming by watching his neighbours at work, and by poring over Government bulletins. What was even more important, he was making a study of his land—finding out what to do and what not to do—which part of it should be sown to wheat, and which to oats, which left to pasture, and which converted into a garden patch.

At the same time the Professor was buying cows, pigs and chickens. These side-lines have already begun to pay. A little is beginning to come in from the sale of milk and eggs. The farm, in any case, is keeping the family. It is in no danger of starving—a danger which was very real in the old country.

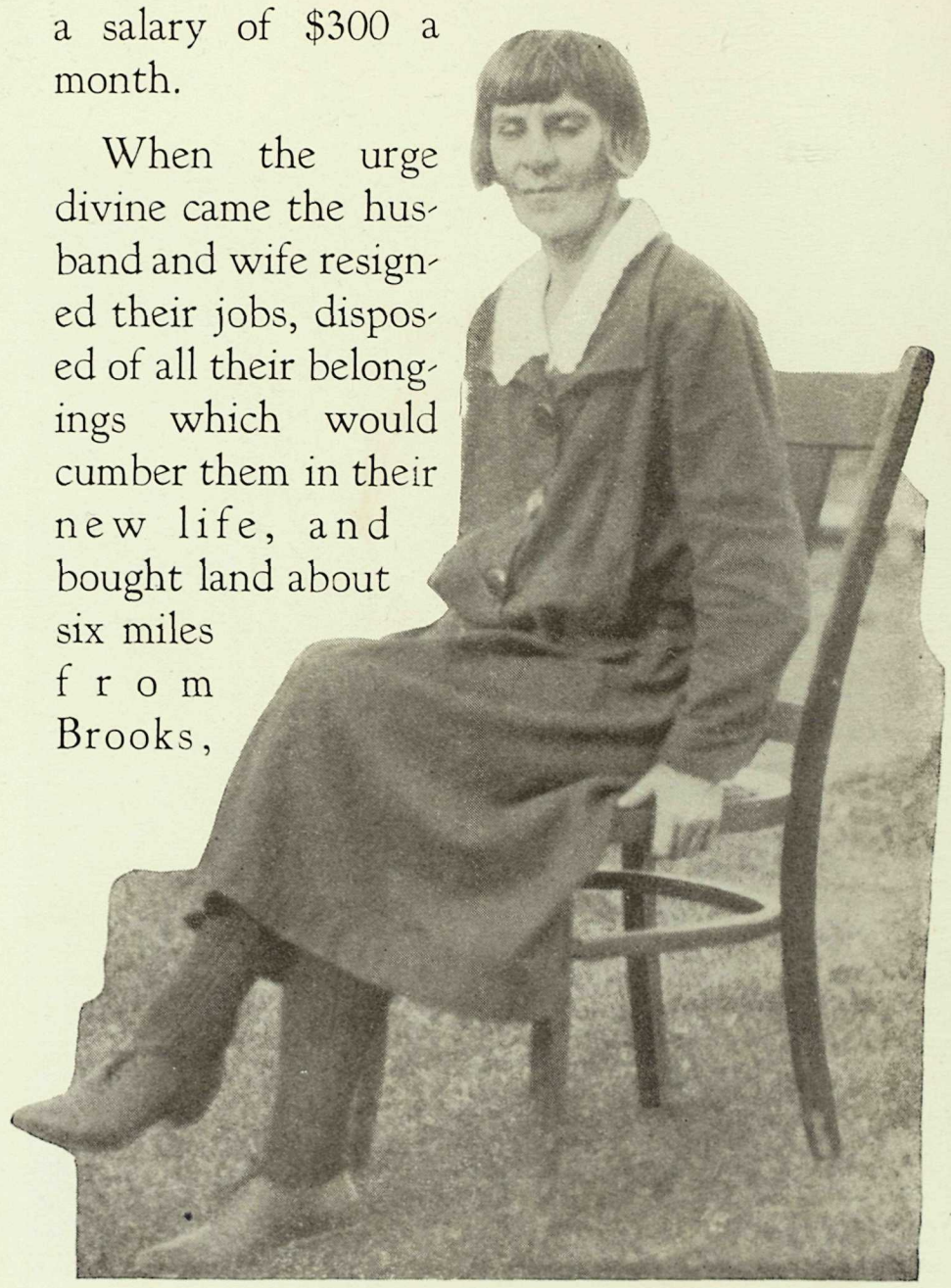
"When we have had a few crops off the farm and have sold some pigs and quantities of milk and eggs and the cockerels that we do not want," said Heim, "we shall be fairly comfortable."

The Professor's neighbours have to acknowledge that in a few months' time he has acquired a better grip over farming than they have secured after years of practical experience. They marvel not only at his ability to find the right use for the various portions of his farm, but also at his judicious purchases of stock and equipment, and the bargains he is able to drive for hiring out his tractor and other mechanical equipment, and for the sale of his produce. They have, in consequence, ceased to think that book-learning is a handicap to a farmer.

LIFE led in the strait-jacket of convention palls upon a thoughtful man or woman. Poring over ledgers in a cubicle in a sky-scraper makes a freedom-loving person chafe at the weary routine and long for the limitless prairie. The soul pines for the open country, where the air is charged with ozone and there are no dusty, deep-set windows to shut out the light of heaven.

The call of the wild came to a husband and wife in the United States, both graduates of the University of Kansas, both engaged in avocations which the world regarded as profitable. The husband was a salesman for a motor car company and made $400 a month. The wife was chief accountant in a large concern at a salary of $300 a month.

When the urge divine came the husband and wife resigned their jobs, disposed of all their belongings which would cumber them in their new life, and bought land about six miles from Brooks,

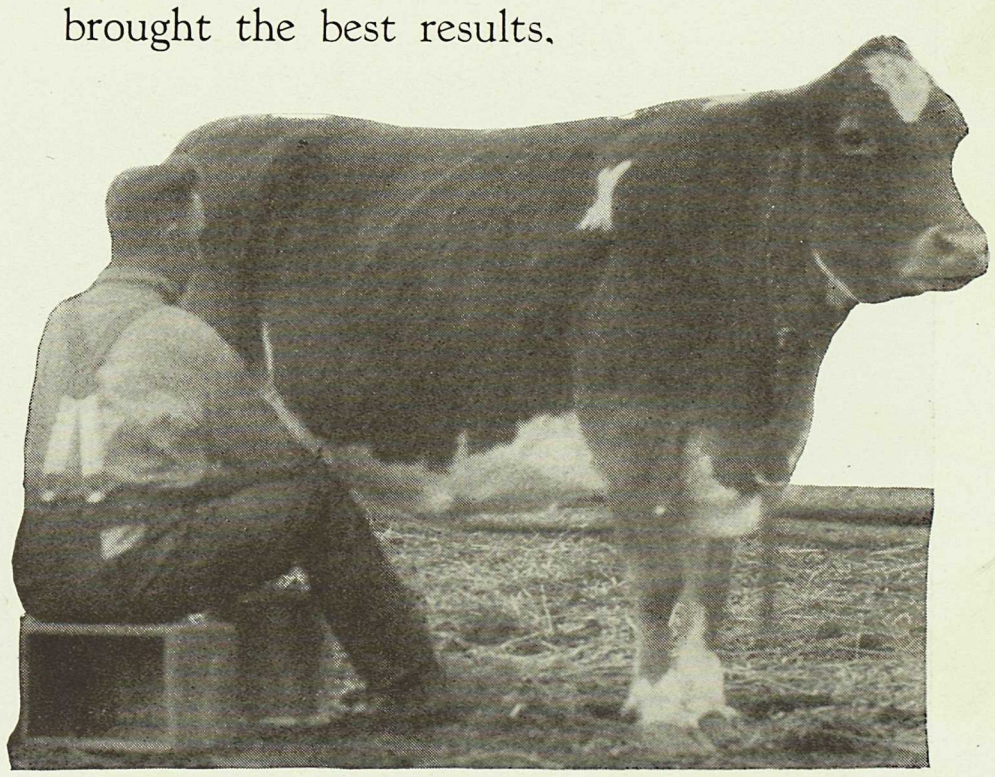


Mrs. Heim, junior

the heart of the Canadian Pacific Railway irrigation system in Alberta. Possessing minds trained at College and later in the business world, they realized the wastefulness of growing on irrigated land, crops that could just as well be raised on "dry" soil, and decided to go in for breeding high-grade cattle and pigs, and raising the food-stuffs they required for them.

The husband and wife had plenty of land, and so they decided to divide the farm into halves, each taking a part and running it independently of the other. They really made a game of farming, stocking their respective holdings with the particular breeds of cattle and pigs which appealed to them most, carrying on operations in a spirit of friendly rivalry, trying to see which could make the most out of the business, and whose methods brought the best results.

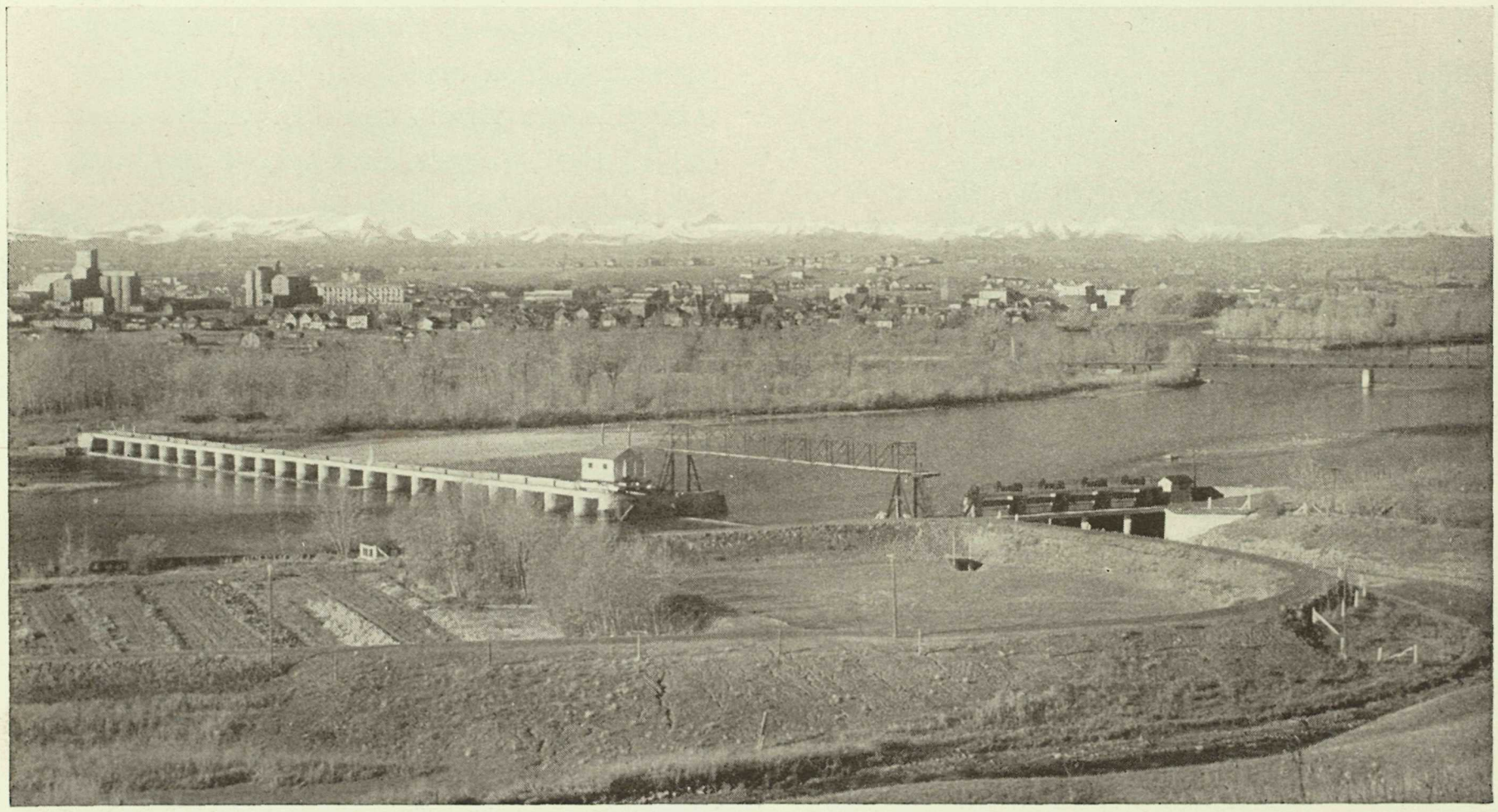
Mrs. W. C. Fleming



Mr. W. C. Fleming

Near to Nature's heart the two are leading an ideal life, doing anything and everything about the place that needs to be done without question as to whether it is a man's or a woman's work. The city-bred wife does not hesitate to slash her shoes with a knife to make them more comfortable. She scorns dresses of a feminine type when engaged in farmwork, finding that they interfere with efficiency, and wears instead a jacket and trousers tucked into high boots. Her greatest delight is her herd of Guernsey cows, every one of which answers to its name and comes and goes as its mistress bids. She owns a thoroughbred Guernsey bull to keep her herd pure. She has the finest herd of Yorkshire pigs in the district, and has built a piggery of the most modern type to keep them in prime condition during the long, cold winter.

A LANCASHIRE man, Bethel by name, who took to farming in Canada, was of a mathematical turn of mind. He figured that if he raised oats and sold them in the market, he would seldom get more than 40 cents a bushel for them. If, instead of selling the grain that he grew, he would feed it to pigs, he reckoned he could make two and a half times as much out of it.



The headworks of the irrigation system which is bringing prosperity to Eastern Alberta

Had Bethel been the ordinary type of man, he would not have worried to make such calculations. He had, however, taken the trouble, in the first instance, to acquire irrigated land, and thereby insure his water-supply. What was the good of paying water-rate, he thought, and yet growing the same kind of crops that persons who did not incur such expenditure were raising on farms in other parts of the country which did not need to be irrigated.

Being a practical man, the Lancashire settler tested out his theories. He divided his farm into a number of plots and fenced them in to make them pig-tight. Upon the largest he planted oats. Upon the others he planted alfalfa and root crops, or left them under grass, to provide food for the hogs that he began to raise.

His theories proved well founded for the very first year his calculations justified themselves and he extended his operations. Greater success attended his efforts each succeeding year. His pigs have been increasing just as rapidly as they are reputed to do. Last year he had actually to buy grain to feed them, in addition to that which he grew himself, and he realized a profit of $2,000 from them.

Who knows? Bethel may yet become the largest pig-rancher in the Dominion! There is nothing to stop him barring lack of energy on his own part. The land upon which he is settled is virgin soil, prolific in its fertility when water is properly applied. An irrigation service put through and maintained by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company supplies him all the water he can profitably use whenever he wants it. The altitude and the climate is ideally suited to pig-raising. Everything, in fact, is in favour of Bethel getting on.

A few of the pigs which a Lancashire man is raising on an irrigated Alberta farm

IN this land inhabited by people possessed of the pioneer spirit, new avocations are born with a rapidity which startles a new-comer. Some one notices the need for something, starts supplying it, and makes so much money out of it that men and women begin to imitate him, first by the score, then by the hundred, and later by the thousand or even tens of thousands. And in a few years what was a departure becomes an established practice. Several new industries have thus grown up in many parts of Canada.

Frank Kruszylincki

The breeding of animals for their fur is an instance in point. The quest for pelts lured the original settlers, centuries ago, from Europe to North America, and made some of them fabulously rich. It was left, however, to the pioneers of our day to breed, in their back yards and on farms, foxes and other wild animals as Europeans are used to keeping chickens, thereby doing away with the necessity of trapping them in the forest fastness.

A person who merely speculates instead of finding out facts for himself or seeking information from some authoritative source, is likely to think that fox-breeding must inevitably lack the halo of romance surrounding trapping, which caught the imagination of adventurous individuals. In reality there are few owners of these fox farms whose success in life does not constitute a romance. Only the other day I listened to the story of a Galician barely thirty years of age, who started when he was thirteen years old as a scullery boy in a restaurant in Winnipeg at fifteen dollars a month, and who now owns a silver-fox farm which must be worth something like $20,000.

"My father and mother came to this country when I was two years old," said this enterprising young man, Frank Kruszylincki by name. "They had no money, and therefore could not buy anything. Placed on a homestead at Yorkton, they stayed there only six weeks, and then my father went to Winnipeg and found work. But the wages were low, and he found it almost impossible to support the family on them.

"One day after I had started to work he came to me and asked me how much money I had. I told him I had saved fifteen dollars. He said that he had

heard of a farm of a hundred acres of land a little way out of the city that could be bought for four dollars an acre. I took my fifteen dollars. The man for whom I worked was good. He had trust in me. He let me draw another fifteen dollars in advance. With that amount, my father and I made the initial payment, and the family moved onto the place. I kept on at my job in the restaurant until the whole $400 had been paid up. Father worked for other people in the winter to earn money to keep the family, and farmed in the summer.

"Our farm had a frontage on the Red River, and stretched over a length of four miles. By the time you went one length of the field it was time to come home for dinner."

The father and son put their backs into farming; but they encountered hard luck. There were many mouths in the family to feed. It was, therefore, necessary to find a way to supplement the income yielded by the land. Young Kruszylincki and his brother Michael went to work on a fox farm that had been started in the neighbourhood by a company. Their joint earnings amounted to about $160 a month. They decided to lay by every penny they could, and their parents helped them in that endeavour.

By 1921 the two brothers had succeeded in saving, between them, $2,000. They decided that the time had come for them to start raising foxes for themselves, and paid all the money they had for a pair of breeding pups.

The two boys continued working for the company, using all their spare time and the money they earned to put up cages and build a tower from which to watch the animals during the mating season, all the time preparing to go into business for themselves in right earnest.

"We passed through anxious times," the young man said. "We hesitated a long time before investing every cent we had in the world on a pair of fox pups that might die overnight. But we have gone steadily forward, and to-day, only about four years later, we own 38 foxes, and besides are boarding 22 foxes for people who bought them from us and pay us to look after them. The third year after we started we had

Mike Kruszylincki

an income of $2,600 from the business. Last year it had risen to $3,850, and it is steadily increasing.

"We get from $85 to $100 for a pelt. We only kill those foxes, however, which the Government inspector refuses to register. All the others we sell for breeding purposes, receiving up to $1,200 a pair for them. We put all our money back into the business, building more cages so that the farm can expand from year to year."

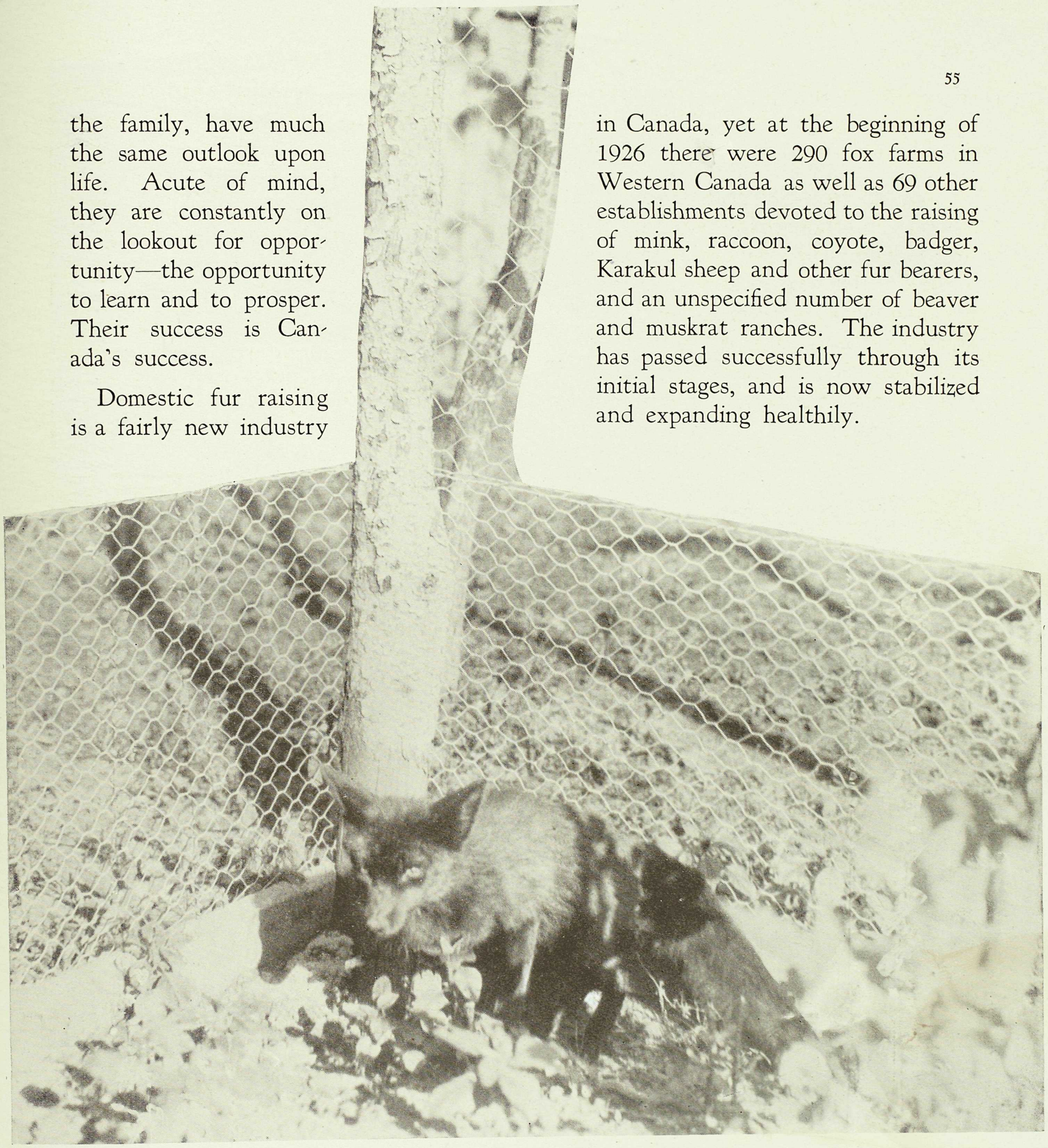
Frank speaks English with a little accent, but he is never at a loss for a word. His gaze is not turned towards the past—filled with poverty—but towards the future—full of promise. Success has not undermined the heritage of hard work and thrift which he owes to his old country. Education in Canada has given him a spirit of doing and daring which he is candid enough to admit, he otherwise would have lacked.

Michael, and the younger members of

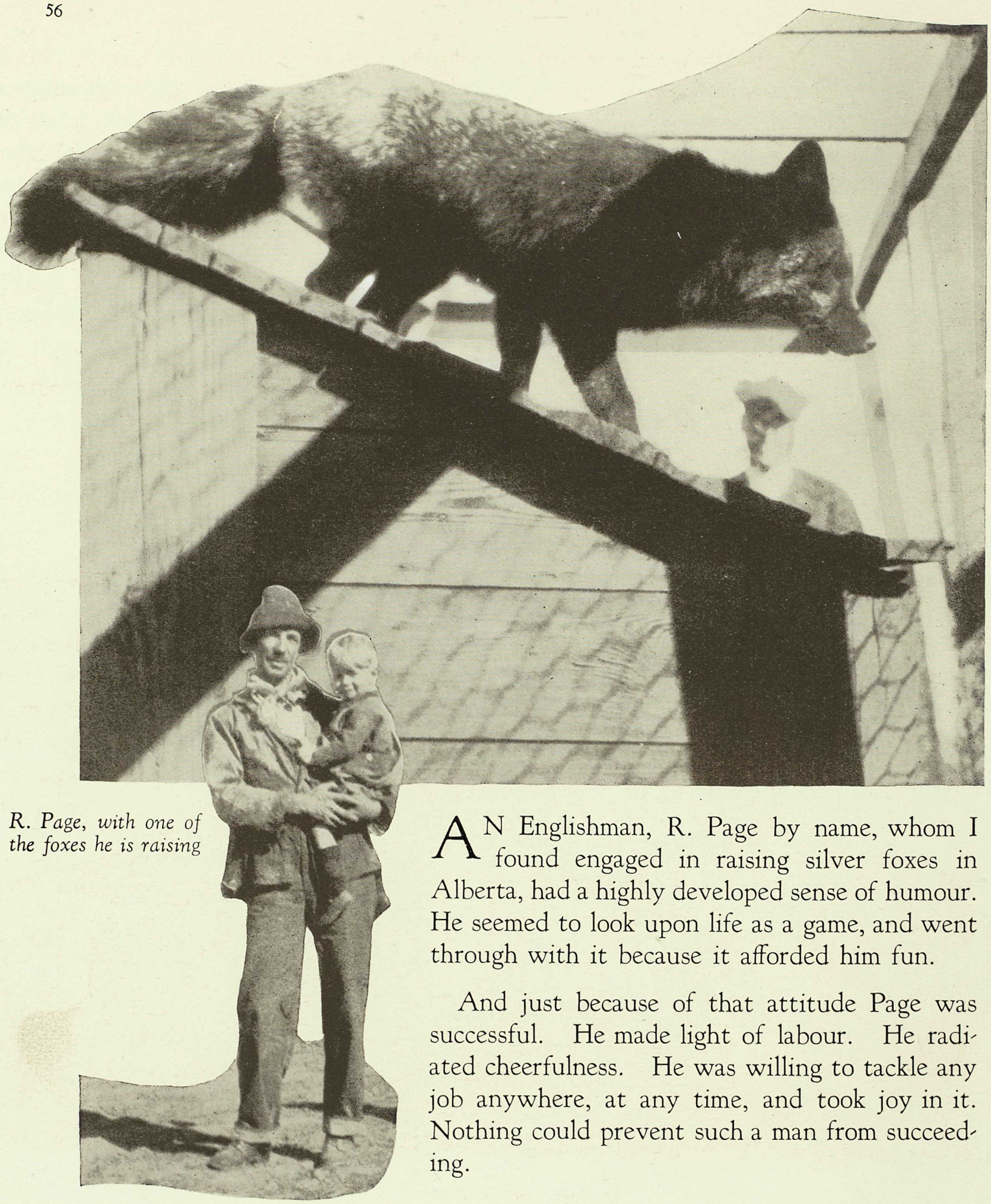
The Kruszylincki family

the family, have much the same outlook upon life. Acute of mind, they are constantly on the lookout for opportunity—the opportunity to learn and to prosper. Their success is Canada's success.

Domestic fur raising is a fairly new industry in Canada, yet at the beginning of 1926 there were 290 fox farms in Western Canada as well as 69 other establishments devoted to the raising of mink, raccoon, coyote, badger, Karakul sheep and other fur bearers, and an unspecified number of beaver and muskrat ranches. The industry has passed successfully through its initial stages, and is now stabilized and expanding healthily.



The fox watches the camera man



R. Page, with one of the foxes he is raising

AN Englishman, R. Page by name, whom I found engaged in raising silver foxes in Alberta, had a highly developed sense of humour. He seemed to look upon life as a game, and went through with it because it afforded him fun.

And just because of that attitude Page was successful. He made light of labour. He radiated cheerfulness. He was willing to tackle any job anywhere, at any time, and took joy in it. Nothing could prevent such a man from succeeding.

"I came here in the first place to fish," Page said to me in reply to my query as to what brought him to Canada in the first place. "Then," he continued, "I became interested in this business, bought a piece of land, made some money out of it, and settled down to make some more money."

Across the road, in front of Page's large, artistically designed, comfortable looking residence, where this conversation took place, a number of horses were grazing in the pasture. They were fine looking animals, as they stood gazing over the fence as if to enquire what was going on.

"Do you go in for horse breeding?" I asked.

"At one time I used to," Page replied. "Now I do not raise many. Growing alfalfa and other crops suited to irrigated land is much more profitable. Besides, I go in for breeding foxes. There is a lot more money in them than in horses. In fact, every winter I cut up a horse or two to feed to them. It's the cheapest kind of food, and the foxes like it."

The barn, standing some distance from the house, was spacious and solidly built. It must have cost its owner perhaps as much money as his residence. Its equipment was modern.

Page had, indeed, transplanted all that he could from the old country to his estate in Alberta.

CANADA continues to provide scope for persons within whose breast surges the call of the wild—the call which refuses to be satisfied by farm life even on the spacious prairie. Ranchers ride unchecked by fence or

The Page home in Eastern Alberta

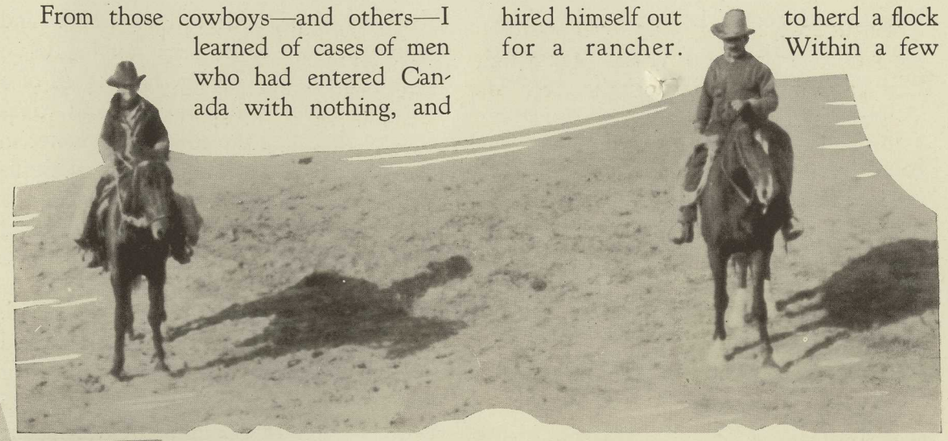
obstruction of any kind over parts of Alberta and other provinces. Their right to graze horses, beef on the hoof and sheep no one contests.

One day as I was motoring in eastern Alberta the road suddenly took a dip and off to the right in the hollow I saw a great mass of cattle huddled together on the plain. Above them towered the sombrero-covered heads of two men on horseback. There was a wagon in the background, in the shadow of which food was being cooked for the mid-day meal.

Alighting, I went up to the cowboys to have a chat with them. It developed that the taller of the two was a Russian. He had come to Canada years and years ago, and found ranching to his taste and conducive to prosperity. The younger man was a Swede, Ole by name. He had not been long in the Dominion, but spoke English sufficiently well to make it plain to me that he liked the life, and no inducement could tempt him to give it up.

Cattle being driven to market

From those cowboys—and others—I learned of cases of men who had entered Canada with nothing, and through ranching had made fortunes.



Swedish and Russian cowboys

"Why," said one of my informants, "the man who owns the largest packing business in Calgary had hardly a cent to his name when he started life in Alberta. Now it would be impossible to guess how large a cheque he could draw any time he wanted to."

A young German whom I found herding sheep some 50 miles from the point where I met the cowboys had been penniless when he hired himself out for a rancher. Within a few years he had worked so diligently and saved to such purpose that to-day he owns a flock of over 2,000 head.

As I talked with this man his sheep were spread out covering fully a quarter of a square mile of the prairie as they browsed. A brown and a black dog lay at his feet, now their gaze turned adoringly upon their master, who returned it with equal affection, and again directed towards their charges nibbling at the grass as they slowly moved about.

"You see that man," said the proprietor of the little hotel where I rested that night, "he is a Scotchman—started with nothing. Now he has hundreds of sheep of his own and don't have to work for anyone. If you stayed here long enough I could show you at least half a dozen

English and Scotch boys who, like him, came to this district eight or ten years ago with no capital. They worked as herders or farm hands and gradually accumulated a small flock, and to-day own their own bands of 2,000 or more sheep and are independent."

It is estimated that the flocks of these and other herders on a single range twelve miles square would number over 60,000 head. The sheep have been carefully bred to the climate, and consequently thrive.

WHETHER one is riding in the train or motoring across the prairie, every now and again one passes through country swarming with animal life. Horses graze untrammelled by harness or hitching strap over the flat land or on the hills or in the shadows of peaceful valleys. Now and again they are to be seen ranging in an exquisite setting—along the reaches of a winding river with bushes and trees coming almost to the edge of the water so clear and still as to reproduce the surroundings as in a looking glass—or on the top of a rise, their bodies silhouetted against the sunlit sky.

Prairie ponies, these animals are called. Until recently they were little prized because they were not heavy enough for draught purposes in Canada. In 1925 it occurred to the Dominion Government that if they were too light for use on the Canadian farms, they might serve an admirable purpose in other countries where heavy horses were not required A steamer was chartered and a trial shipment of them sent to Europe. The

Sheep on an Alberta farm

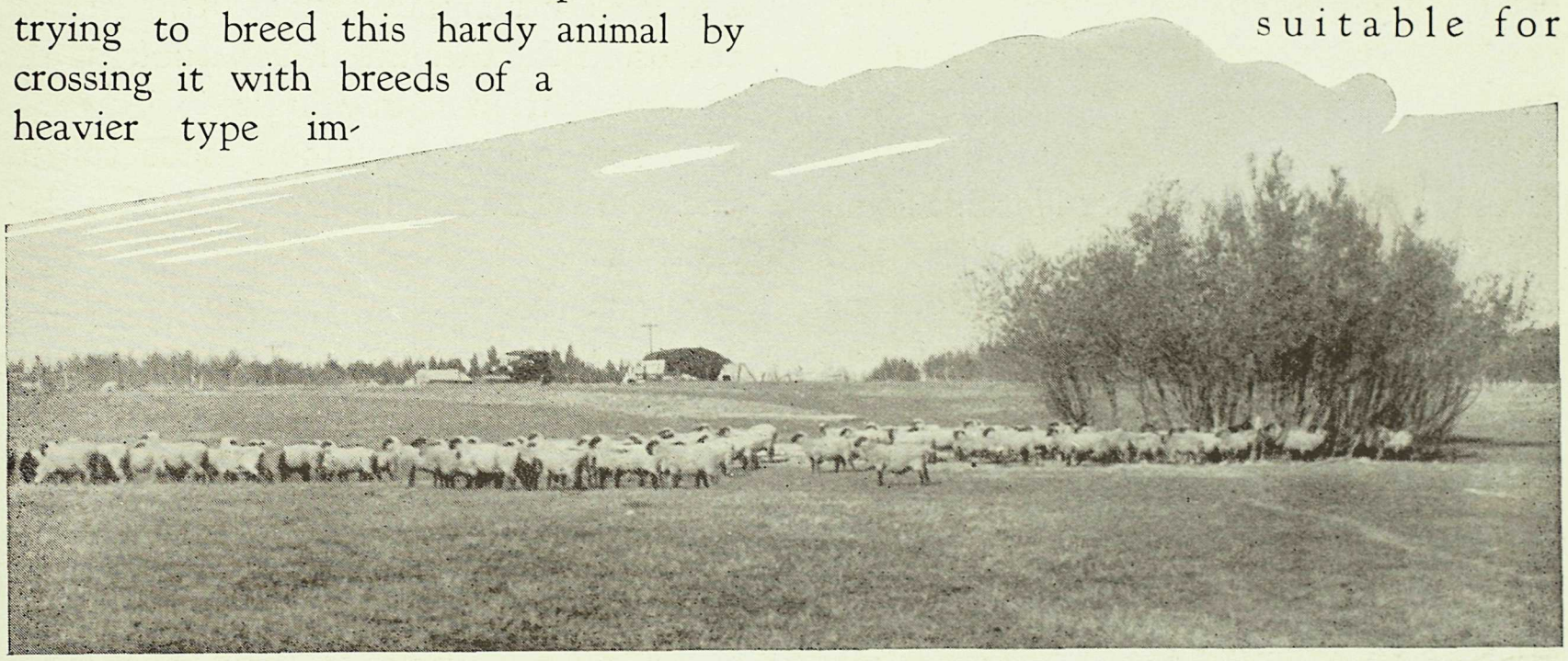
venture proved so profitable that a new market has been opened up for them in Russia and other continental countries.

Wonderfully sturdy are these ponies, capable of withstanding extreme rigours of climate and doing without food and water for long periods. Few of them succumb even to the blizzards which rage on the prairies during the winter.

Much effort has been expended in trying to breed this hardy animal by crossing it with breeds of a heavier type imported from abroad—particularly with Percherons, Clydesdales, Belgian horses. The four corners of the globe have, indeed, been scoured for the right type of sires.

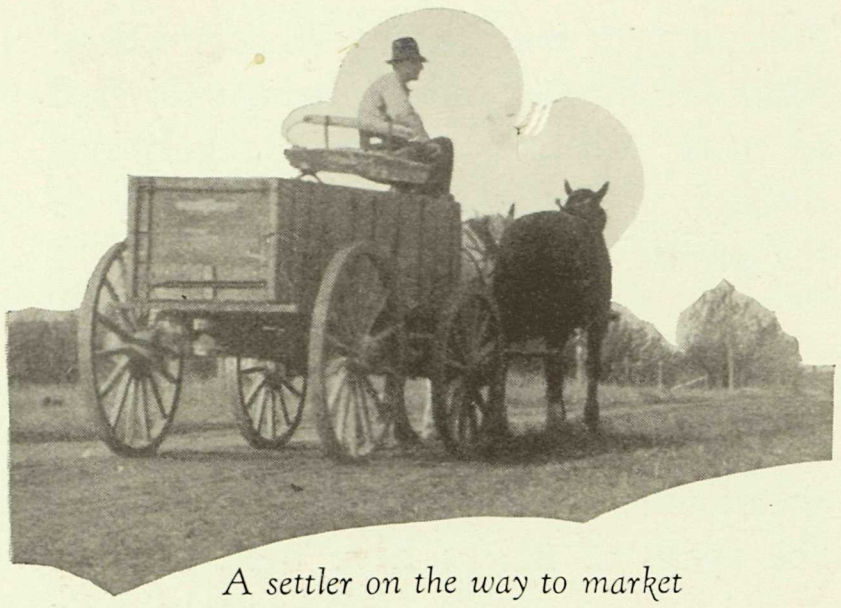
The various provincial Governments have also done much useful work in the same direction either by engaging in similar experiments through the agricultural colleges maintained by them, or offering premiums to enterprising stock-breeders. Stock-breeding is, indeed, being subjected to more and more rigorous regulations throughout the country, particularly in the prairie provinces.

As the result of the experience thus gained, and the great expenditure of energy and money incurred upon these experiments during recent years, several fine types of horses have been evolved suitable for ploughing and cultivating the land and for transport. Canada's needs are being more than fully met by the animals bred within her borders. Every year the surplus available for export grows larger and more money comes into the Dominion through that source.



Sheep on the prairie

The world has paid tribute to Canada's efforts in this direction by bestowing prizes and unstinted praise upon horses



A settler on the way to market

bred in the Dominion. Again and again championships have been won at the Chicago show and other international exhibitions by dams and stallions and colts raised in one or another of the Canadian provinces.

THE degree to which a settler shows ingenuity and will power to conquer the difficulties which beset him on all sides during the initial period determines his success or failure in Canada. He has to put his brain and not merely his brawn into the task of removing obstacles.

Take a man, for instance, who has decided to start an orchard in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia. The soil and climate are admirably suited to horticulture, and the Provincial Government has shown great enterprise in providing facilities for irrigation. Good roads thread the country and make hauling to the railhead easy.

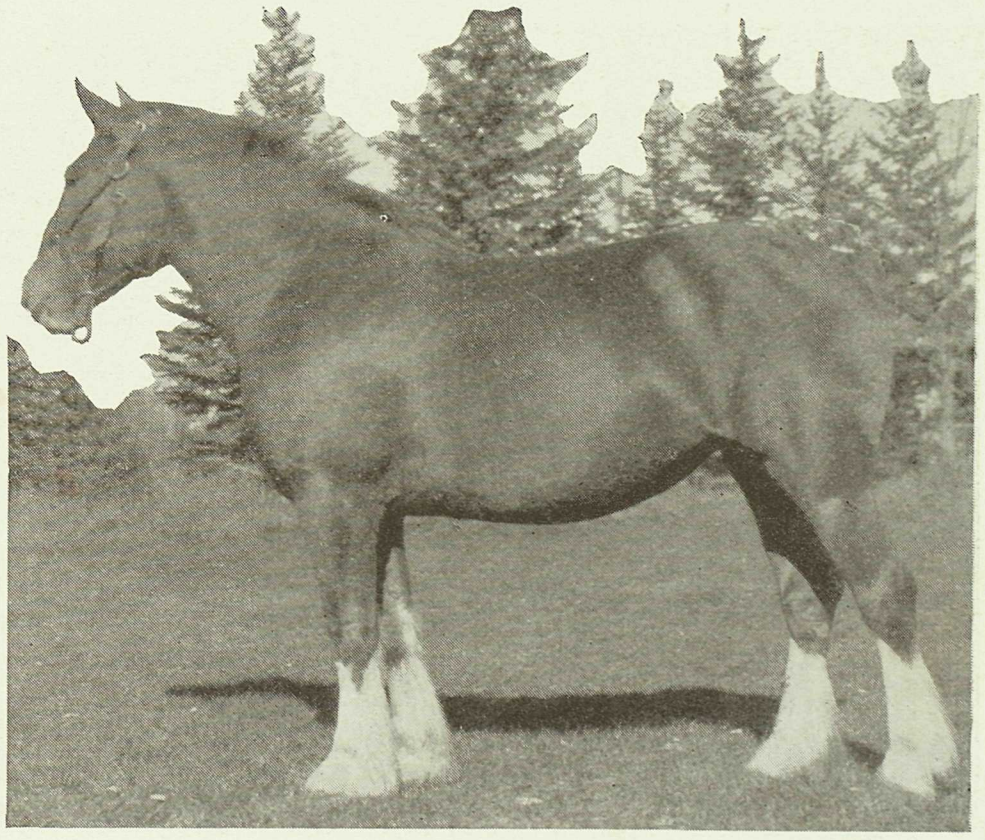
While the newly planted trees are coming into bearing, however, the settler

Horses on the Duke of Sutherland's estate in Alberta

Horses on an Alberta farm

has to live; and unless he has financial resources that will carry him past the stage of watching and waiting, he will have to devise some scheme to keep his head above water. Even if he has obtained a loan from the Government under one scheme or another, he will wish to do something towards paying his way and, if possible, lightening his financial responsibilities.

Given the will, there is a way out of the difficulty. Many a settler who has gone to the Okanagan Valley and planted an orchard has hit upon the plan of growing onions as a catch crop while the trees are maturing. With hard work and proper treatment the soil will produce from six to fifteen



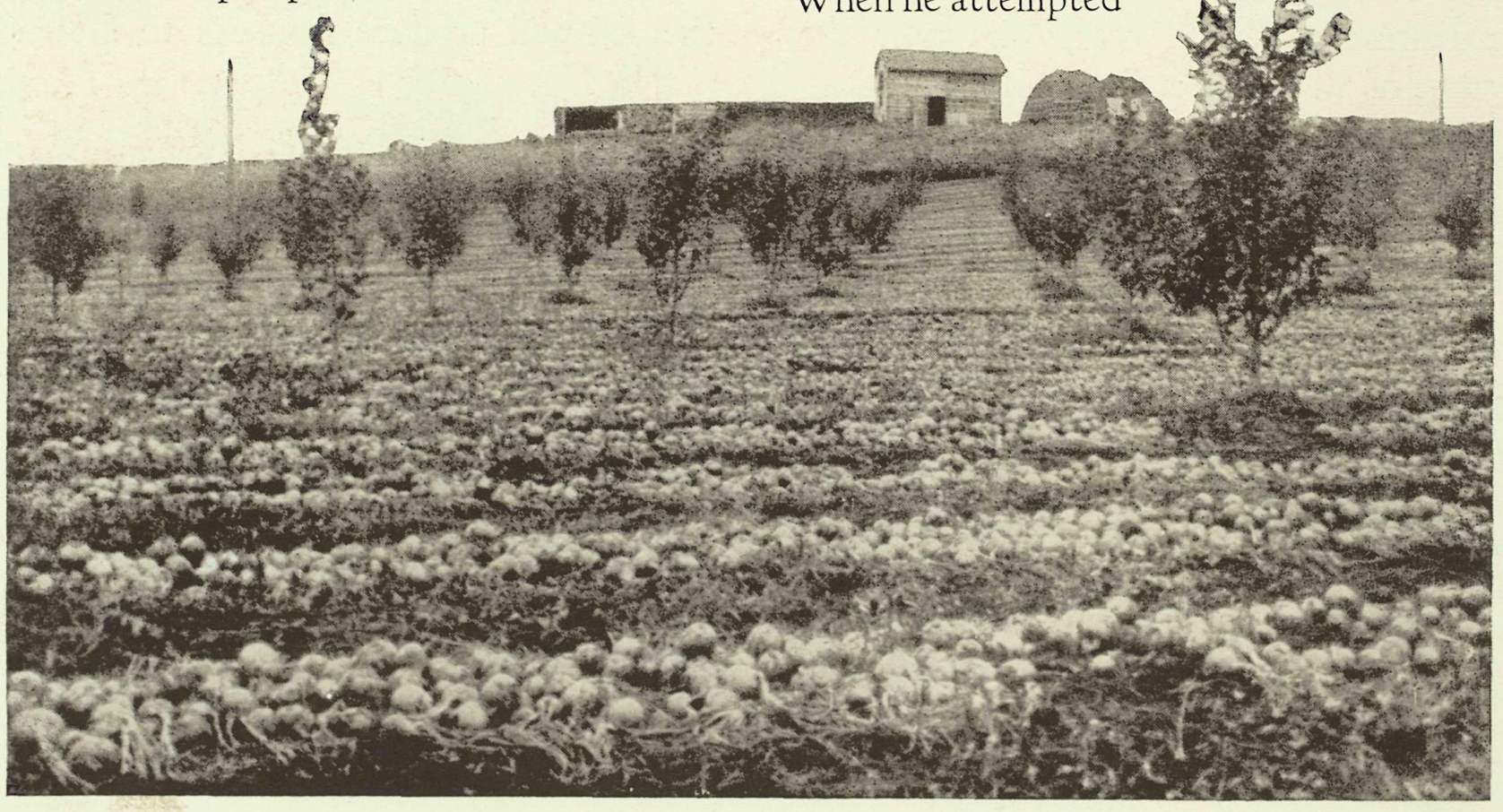
One of the stallions used for improving the breed in Canada

tons of onions to the acre, and one man can take care of three acres of them.

If the owner does not care to engage in truck farming himself, he can easily lease his land to Chinese gardeners, who are able to pay a high rent for the ground and still make enormous profits from the sale of their produce. Onions, for example, bring not less than $15 a ton. A settler in this region who owns a 40-acre holding, I was told, was able to realise $560 by renting seven acres of it. Two or three crops of celery can be grown on the same land each year, and fetch from $25 to $100 a ton, according to the quality and the season. Many Chinese in and around Armstrong, B.C., specialize in it, and become prosperous.

THE case of R. Stockton, of Vernon, B.C., shows, however, that all problems cannot be conquered by routine methods. The 30-acre farm which he is buying under the "3,000 family settlement scheme" belonged to a soldier settler who had permitted weeds to smother it, and had been, in consequence, choked out of it himself.

Stockton had serious handicaps. Born and brought up in Aberdeen, he had worked as a clerk until the European crisis turned him into a soldier for the duration of the war. He returned from the field of action so badly wounded that the Government had to give him a pension of a pound a week for life. When he attempted



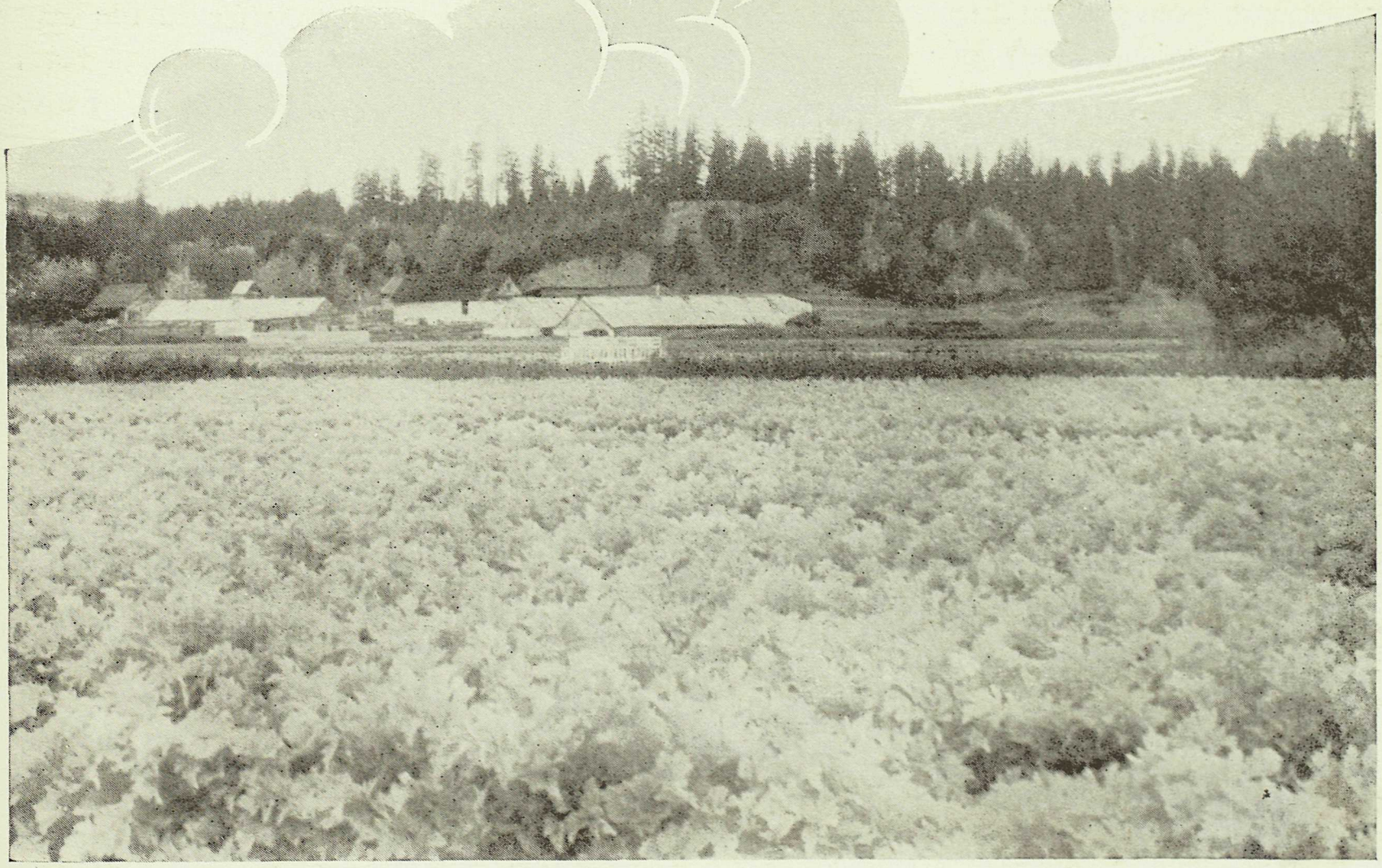
A catch crop in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia

to resume his pre-war occupation his health would not permit him to stand the strain, and the doctor advised him to seek his fortune in some land where he could be out of doors most of the time.

Mrs. Stockton, like her husband, was an Aberdonian, and was a qualified chemist by profession. They had managed to save $250 by careful living. By the time they got to the farm in British Columbia which, according to all accounts, would be most suitable for them, their capital was half exhausted.

Knowing nothing of fruit growing, or any other type of agriculture for that matter, Stockton had to depend upon advice given to him by officers of the Land Settlement Board. They told him that it would take several years of hard work to free his holding of weeds and put it into good bearing condition.

On the lookout for some means with which to support his family during the period of waiting, Stockton learned of a dairy herd that was to be sold. Its owner supplied milk to customers in the town. Upon examining the



A celery farm, near Armstrong, British Columbia

proposition he found that it was just the sort of business that would tide him over. With the outfit and the herd of ten cows that he acquired, and with the work that his wife and he put into the undertaking, they are already able to pay their way and even to save something out of the $180 a month which they realize from the sale of milk.

Another man might have objected to getting up an hour or two before sunrise, cleaning out the barns while his wife was milking the cows, bottling the milk, then driving to town, three miles away, and going from door to door delivering it in all kinds of weather. That man, however, would not have succeeded as Stockton is doing.

EARLY in 1910 two young men sailed from Scotland across the Atlantic. It was their intention to work their way across the North American Continent and push on to Honolulu—their Eldorado. By the time they reached Vancouver, B.C., their slender resources became exhausted, and they were driven to turn their hands to the first job they could get.

William S. Wood, one of the lads, finally found his way to a farm a few

The Coldstream fruit ranch, near Vernon, British Columbia

miles north of the International Boundary between the United States and Canada. Endowed by nature with a hardy physique and quick intelligence, and trained in habits of Scotch thrift, he little by little improved his position until he felt that the time had come for him to work for himself.

The war came as an interlude: but he returned from it unharmed. It, moreover, entitled him to a gratuity, and also to obtain loans under the Soldier Settlement scheme. Presently a lassie whom he had known back in his home-town in Aberdeenshire joined him, and the two put their joint-effort into the task of building up the family fortune.

Cloverdale, near which town the Woods now live, is only about 25 miles south of Vancouver. With that thriving city in such close proximity, they thought they should have no difficulty in making money out of milk and poultry.

Ambitious by nature, the husband and wife decided to collect a herd in which they could take pride. They figured that it did not cost any more to feed thoroughbred animals than scrub cattle. Each cow and heifer was subjected to the closest scrutiny before it was bought. The care and expense were justified when, a short time ago, Wood won the championship for the best small herd in the district, his seventeen cows having averaged 385.5 pounds of butterfat each during the year. So determined is he to keep up his record that he has bought a pedigreed Holstein bull for breeding purposes.

A Scottish settler with immigration officers

Already Wood's busi- busy devel oping the
ness has so increased that poultry busi ness. She
he finds him self with in- has 250 fowls, all
sufficient land to proper- told, laying on the av-
ly care for hisrapidly erage 110 eggs a day.

Mrs. Wood

William Wood

growing business—is unable to raise on his own holding all the fodder he requires for his herd. He has rented a farm across the road and will no doubt buy it as opportunity offers.

In the meantime Mrs. Wood has been

These eggs bring a high price in the Vancouver market, averaging round about $9 a crate after paying the freight.

Mrs. Wood has found the time from her avocations to give her home an atmosphere of cosiness and culture. Her

sitting room is comfortably and tastefully furnished. Her kitchen and laundry are fitted with labour-saving devices which many a housewife in Britain may well envy. She and her husband are keenly interested in the co-operative dairying movement; and through that and other means are contributing to the welfare of the community among whom they have chosen to settle.

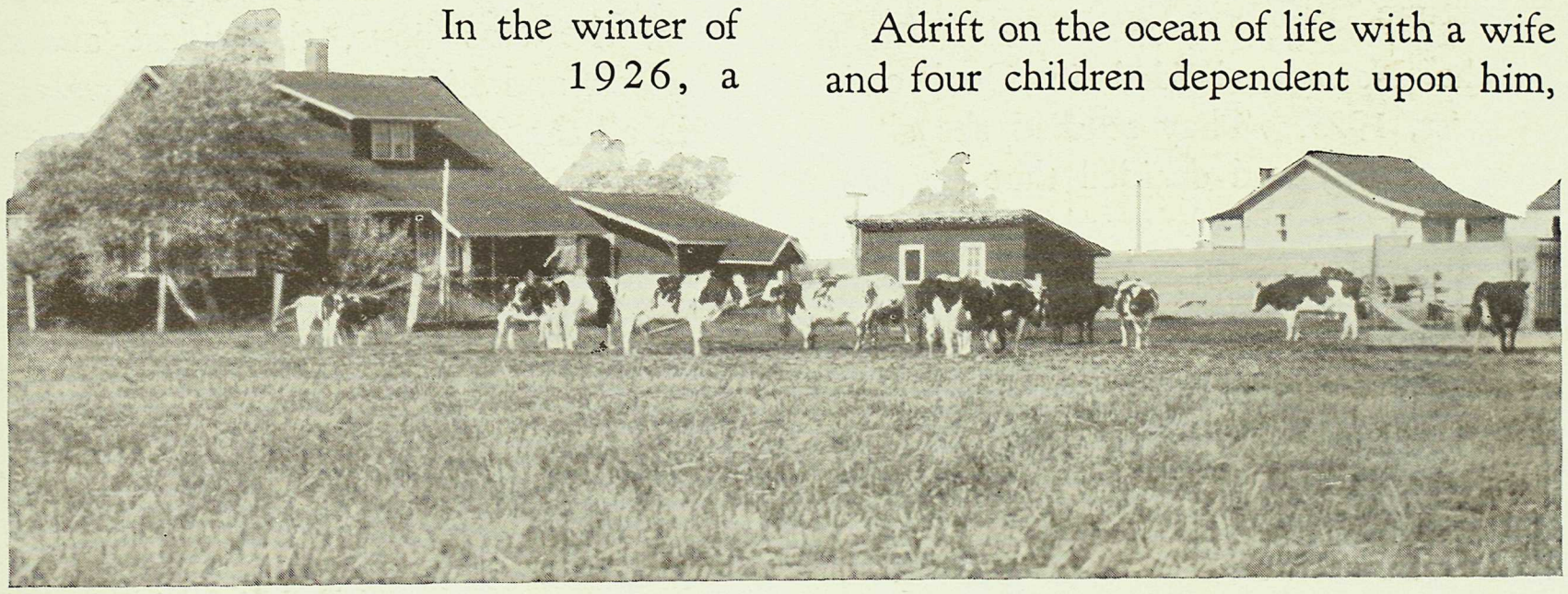
AS the mighty Fraser river, on its way from the Rockies to the Pacific, nears the coast, it becomes broken up into several streams. In the crook of two of its arms lies Lulu Island, with the city limits of Vancouver rapidly extending towards it. The alluvial soil brought down by the fast flowing waters through the centuries has given great fertility to this area. Much of it is being utilized for growing vegetables and small fruit.

In the winter of 1926, a young man who had never been able to recover from the ill effects of a gas attack he had endured while fighting in Flanders, came to this island. Nansen by name, he was a Norwegian by birth and parentage, but was only six months old when his parents decided to emigrate to Australia. His boyhood had, in consequence, been spent in the bush.

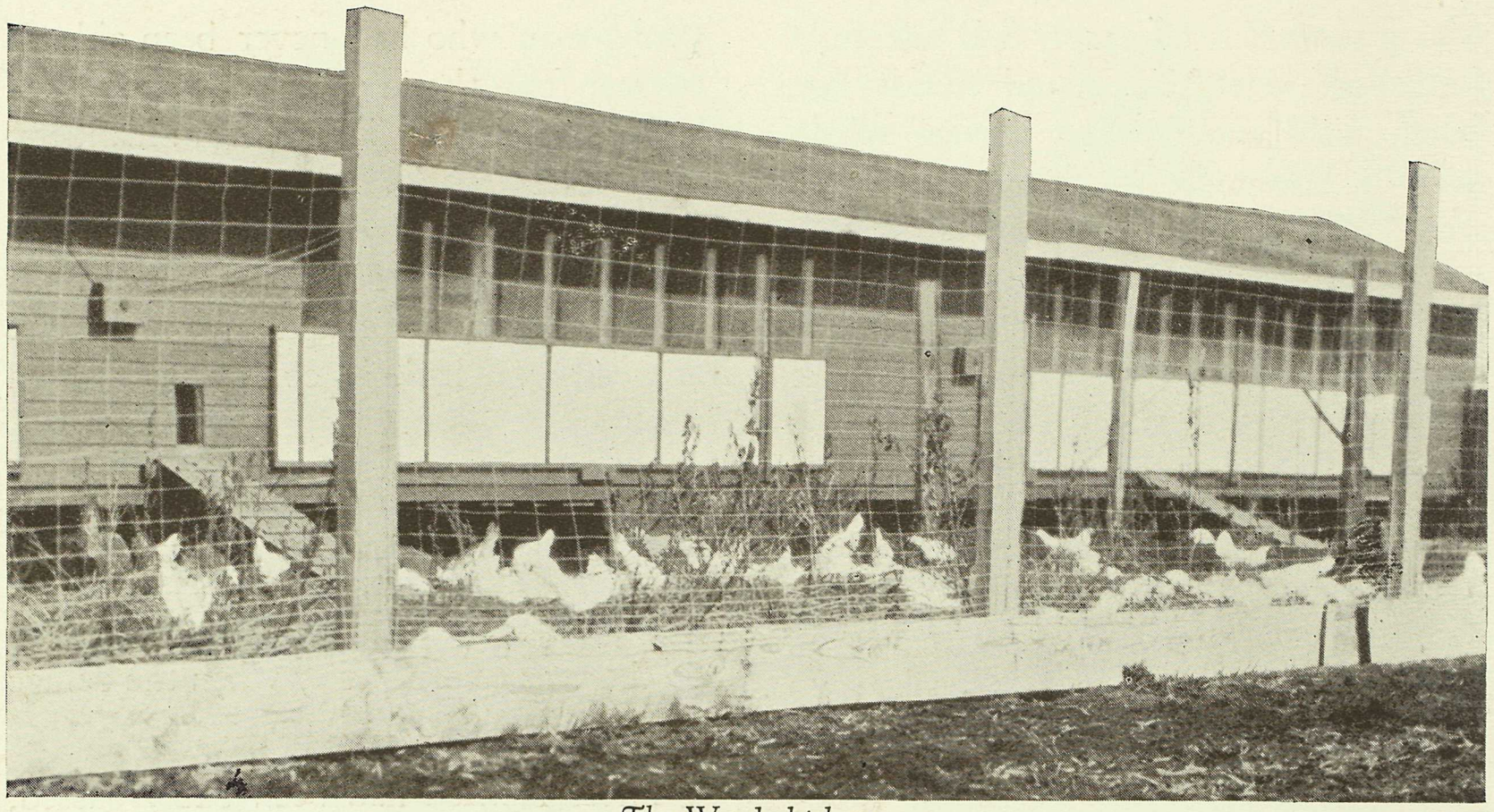
When Nansen reached marrying age, he wooed and won a Yorkshire girl, whose parents, like his, were immigrants. Both hard-working and thrifty, they were on the way to prosperity when the deluge of blood broke over Europe.

After Nansen had been badly gassed, and was of no more use as a soldier, he returned to the only homeland he had known. His lacerated lungs, however, made it impossible for him to live in Australia, and under doctor's orders he moved to a more temperate clime.

Adrift on the ocean of life with a wife and four children dependent upon him,



The Wood Cattle



The Wood chickens

he managed to make his way to London, where he started a rooming house. It did not take him long to realize that the Old Country held no future for him, and he decided to emigrate to Canada in quest of fortune.

The Nansens landed in Quebec in August, 1925. They studied the situation carefully and decided that the best move they could make would be to secure a small holding with rich soil near a large city, and go in for fruit and poultry raising. Their choice finally fell upon Lulu Island, in British Columbia. With the help of the Government they bought a little over fourteen acres of land with a house and barn on it, and moved onto it in February, 1926.

The whole family entered into the spirit of the adventure, and did everything they possibly could to make a success of it. While the husband was preparing the soil for planting strawberries and other small fruit, the two boys, the eldest about fourteen and his brother about twelve, built all the fences after school hours and on Saturdays and holidays. Mrs. Nansen started a poultry farm, and in the course of a few weeks had over 200 fowls—Wyandottes and Leghorns—laying eggs industriously. She told me, at the time of my visit, that a neighbour had promised to give her 1,000 day-old chicks to bring up, in return for which she was to give him 200 pullets at the end of two months, keeping all the others for her trouble.

She expected to get 200 pullets for herself out of the lot, and looked forward to making something in addition from the sale of the cockerels.

A resourceful woman, Mrs. Nansen later hit upon another scheme to keep the family pot boiling while the strawberry vines, raspberry canes and current busnes were maturing. She bought spawn, prepared a part of the cellar for its reception, and set out upon a career of mushroom growing. What she lacked in experience she made up in vigilance. Fortune crowned her efforts with success, and within a few weeks her capital outlay of

The Nansen family

ten dollars was returned to her fifteen-fold.

Upon the products of the poultry yard and the mushroom beds in the cellar the Nansens are living comfortably while the money made from the strawberry patch goes into the improvement of the soil. If they wished, they could already get twice as much for the farm as they paid for it; but needless to say they have no intention of giving up such a profitable proposition as their little holding promises to be.

The Nansen home on Lulu Island, British Columbia

G. R. Swalwell, T.P.A.,
Canadian Pacific (Ocean Traffic)
C. P. R. Building
SASK[illegible], Sask.

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