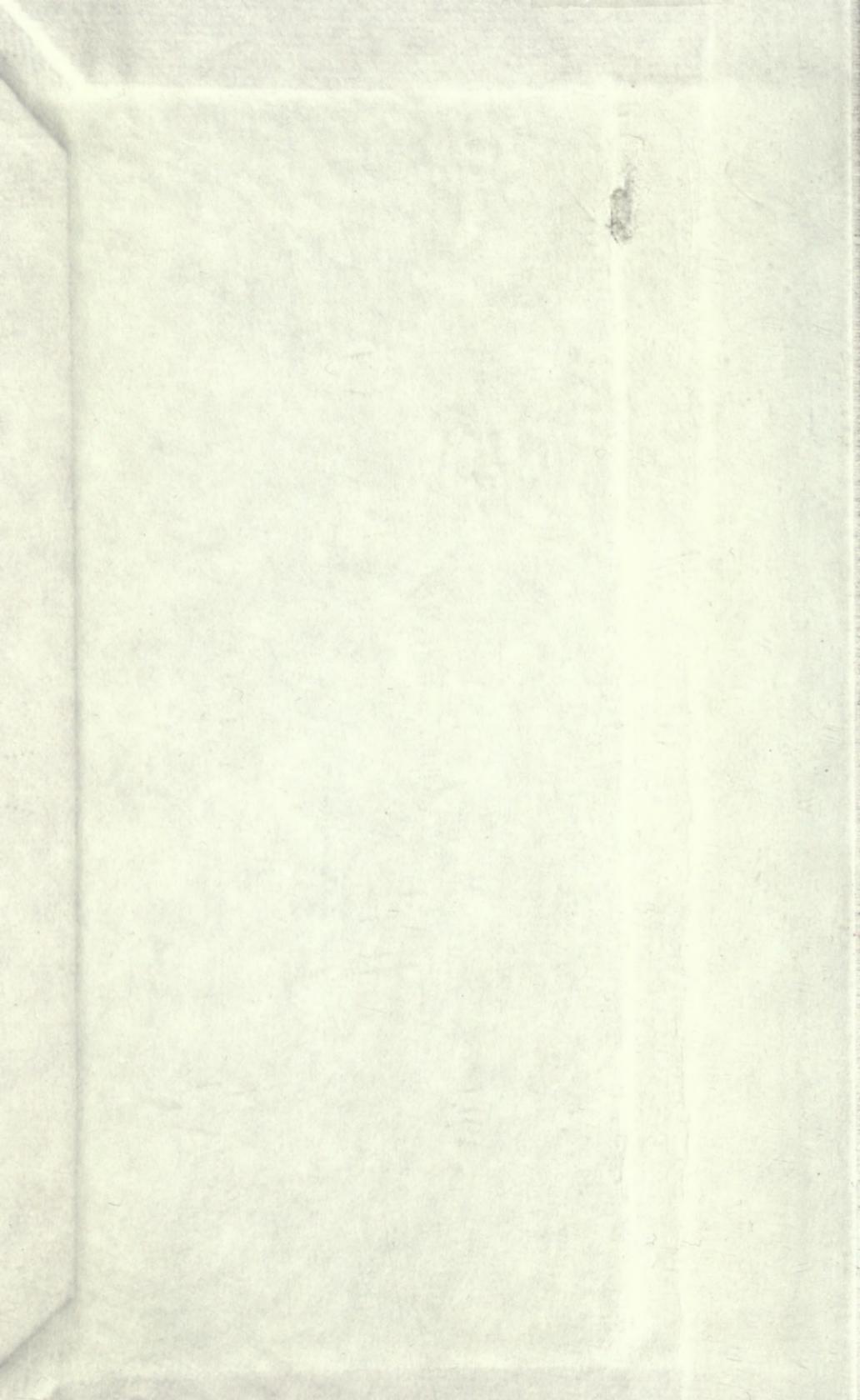
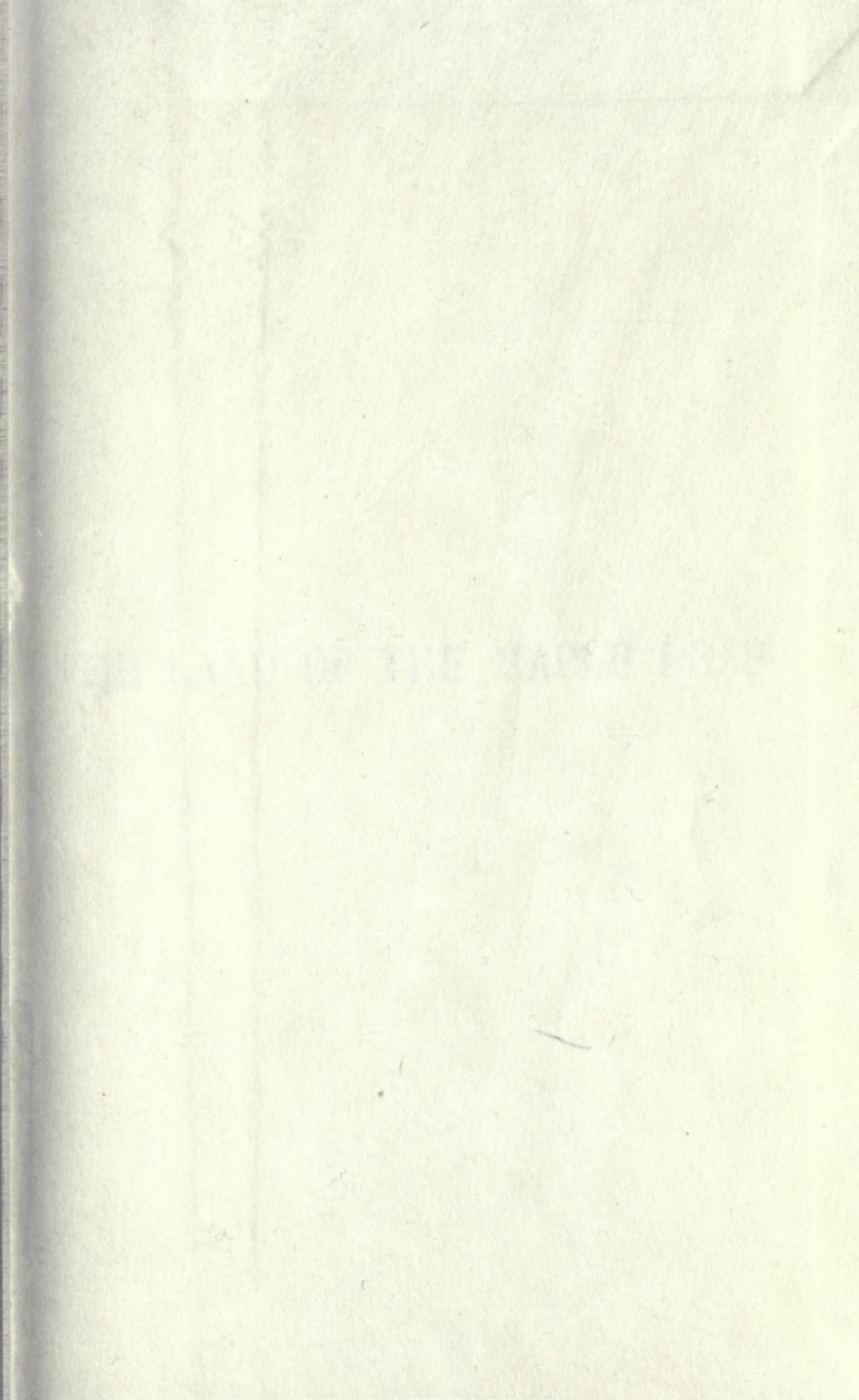


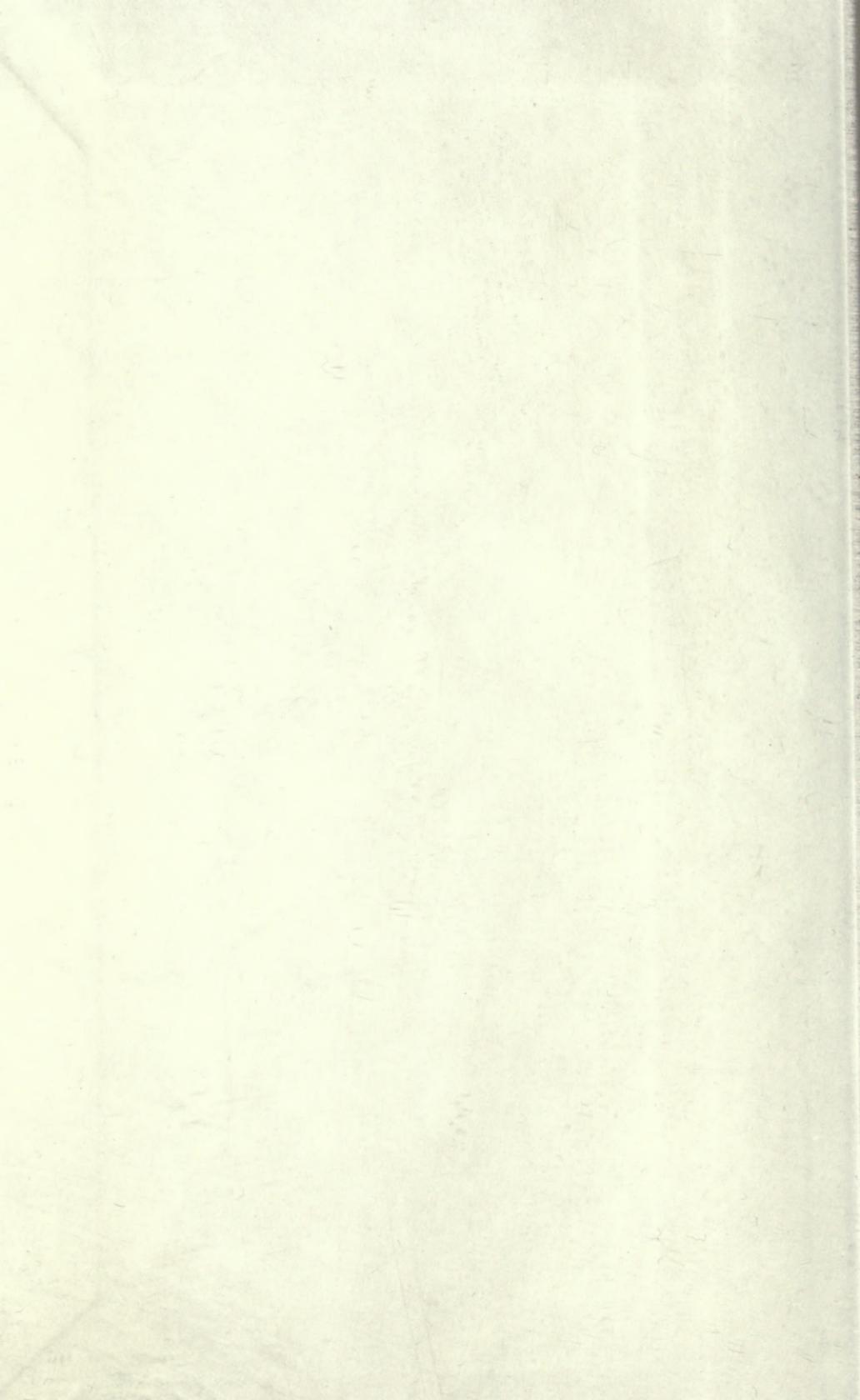
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THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Profusely Illustrated from 50 Photographs by
the Author.*

MY EXPERIENCES OF CYPRUS.

“The remarkable series of photographs illustrating the traveller’s record, should alone inspire readers with the desire to visit Cyprus. The book is, altogether, thoroughly worth reading.”—*Westminster Gazette.*

“A very interesting account of the life on the island, its history, and the cities which adorn it. Full of interest to the archæologist and the historian. . . . Indeed the book is most interesting, and the numerous photographs are admirable.”—*Daily Telegraph.*

“Mr Stewart has written an interesting book on Cyprus, and indeed no mind with a sense for history and legend could fail to be inspired by an island whose annals incarnate all the romance of the Crusades.”—*Tribune.*

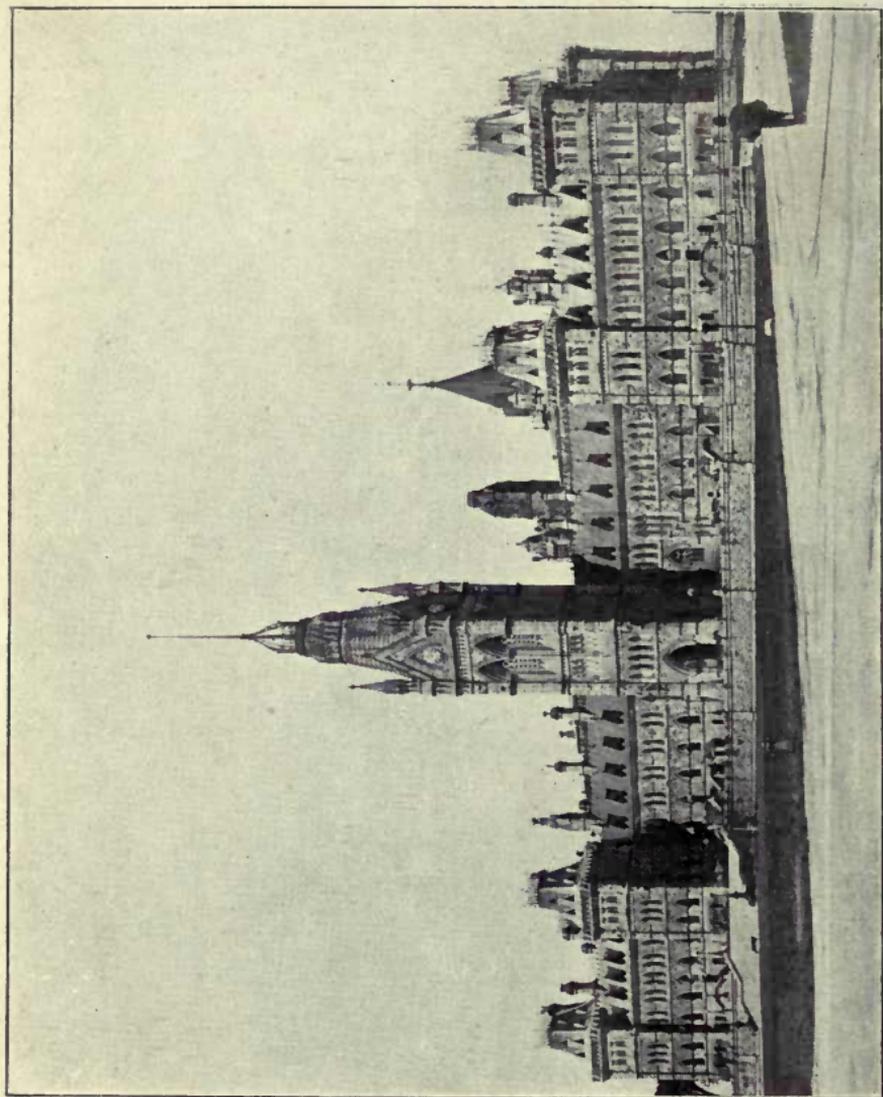


PLATE I: PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF

OR, CANADA AS I SAW IT

BY

B. STEWART

AUTHOR OF "MY EXPERIENCES IN CYPRUS,"
"RAILWAY SURVEYING"

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



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PREFACE.

THE following pages have not been written to gratify the Immigration Department of the Dominion Government, nor the various transportation companies, both land and sea, nor land companies, to whose great advantage it is to entice a population into Canada.

The journey to Canada is cheap; with the result that all sorts and conditions of men and women find their way to it, lured on by the highly-coloured pictures of a land flowing with milk and honey, assiduously propagated by emigration and steamship companies' agents.*

They reach for a mere song—considering the great distance covered—Winnipeg, the distributing centre of the immigration trade, and—disillusion.

To show whence this disillusion arises, and to give some account of conditions of life as they really are in the Dominion to-day, is the object—*inter alia*—of the following chapters.

* The following excerpt from the *Times* of the 18th December 1907 is instructive, and fully bears out my remarks in Chapter XIII. upon the "booming" of Canada. The italics are the author's.

"EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—A correspondent has sent us a number of cuttings from Canadian newspapers showing the state of distress to which many of the emigrants to Canada are reduced owing to the present scarcity of employment. Most of the cuttings consist of anonymous letters, the writers of which seem *unable for one reason or another to make a decent living in the Dominion, and complain that they were deceived by emigration agents as to their chances in the new country.*"

Certain opinions therein expressed may be deemed pessimistic; but to decide the momentous question of emigration, a person should know beforehand what kind of life and what conditions he may expect to find.

I have also attempted to point out the danger to the Empire arising from the indiscriminate immigration into Canada of Russian and Galician Jews, Greeks, Germans, Dutch, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and even Syrians and Turks, and other people who, estimable as they may be in the land of their birth, are *not* the kind of material from which the British Empire has been made in the past, nor of which it should be built in the future.

Where are the thirteen millions of this country which, on the authority of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, are continually on the verge of starvation?

Are they not as good material as the hordes from Europe who pour in thousands every year into Canada; as it is not, as a rule, the well-to-do individuals of any country who seek relief by emigration?

That such is the case is chiefly because, as a State, we have no organisation to transplant our poor from overcrowded Britain to people the vast spaces of our Empire which cry out for population, but leave this duty to private individuals and societies.

This country is still governed too much as if England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales constituted the British Empire.

IN THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF



CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

It is with some considerable diffidence that I venture to launch another book on Canada into the sea of literature already dealing with this subject.

But I hope to put before the reader, perhaps, some points not often touched upon, and also to give him some idea of pioneer railroading in a new and practically unexplored country, which, in these days of universal travel, I venture to think would be of interest.

Few people, I think, are in a position to realise, as they are whirled along in a comfortable railway train, what labour, difficulties, and sometimes hardships, had to be faced and overcome before those bands of steel which carry them across swamps, deserts, mountains and valleys, could be laid. At the present

day Canada is, besides adding to her already existing railroads, building a new line completely across the continent from Moncton, New Brunswick, on the Atlantic Coast to Port Rupert, British Columbia, on the Pacific Coast, a distance of over 3,500 miles.

It runs through hitherto unknown and unexplored regions for practically its whole length, considerably north of the existing Canadian Pacific Railway.

Few people, probably, are aware of what a narrow strip of this vast Dominion of Canada is at present inhabited and developed. This new railway, to be known as the Grand Trunk Pacific, an offshoot of the older Grand Trunk Railway, which operates chiefly in the Province of Ontario, and which was the pioneer railway of Canada, will very considerably widen this strip, which will in its turn be increased gradually by branch lines if people find out that the country to the north is not the barren, ice-bound region it has long been supposed to be.

Considering that Manitoba, with a winter temperature which falls to 50° and 55°, and sometimes 60° *below* zero (Fahrenheit), receives a very large proportion of the numerous immigrants every year, and that Winnipeg which enjoys, with Dawson City in the Yukon territory, the distinction of being the coldest city in the British Empire, is well on its way to being the second largest city in Canada, its population to-day being nearly 110,000, it cannot be mere climate or cold which has prevented the

increasing population from spreading away from the comparatively narrow southern strip along the international boundary. In a new country, where the railways are the pioneers, the populace naturally sets up its homes within easy distance of its means of communication with the outer world.

The present line of the Canadian Pacific Railway has the strategic disadvantage of running throughout its whole length across the continent very close to the international boundary. This disadvantage will be considerably lessened by the new trans-continental line as it runs at a distance in some places of over 100 miles further north of the Canadian Pacific.

Those whose business it is to attract new-comers to the country, and so increase potential customers, will tell you that Canada is building three trans-continental railways, besides numerous branches to existing lines.

The actual facts are, that she is building *one* trans-continental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific; the Canadian Northern, which starts at Winnipeg half-way across the continent, runs between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway towards the Rockies, but not across them, so this can hardly be described as a trans-continental line, though it may in the future have running powers through the Yellow Head Pass in the Rockies over the Grand Trunk lines.

While on the subject of means of communication, it

may not be out of place to draw the reader's attention to the feasibility, or otherwise, of the utilisation of the Hudson's Strait and Bay; a problem which is, at the present day, attracting considerable attention in Canada.

From the time when, in 1517, Sebastian Cabot, while searching for a north-west passage to the Indies, sailed into Hudson Bay, the navigability of the Bay and Straits has been discussed at various intervals, and more recently the feasibility of utilising the waters of the Bay as a means of communication between Europe and the west and central portions of Canada. For upwards of two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company has sent its ships to the numerous trading ports on the shores of Hudson and James Bays; and they continue to send ships every year.

For the last fifty years or so, whalers and seal-hunters have annually made profitable voyages to Hudson Bay. Supporters of the Hudson Bay route say that while the St Lawrence River, Hudson River, and Great Lakes drain about one-tenth of the continent, Hudson Bay receives the waters of the rivers draining half of the vast wheat area of central and north-west Canada. What the farmers and stock raisers of the prairies and north-west territories require is not so much the improvement of existing avenues to tidal waters, which only tends to congest the outlet of the St Lawrence, as a new route which will shorten land transport, and so reduce the high

railway freights, and give a direct line of communication to European markets.

Various railways, amongst them the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern, are contemplating extensions of their lines to Hudson Bay, and the Quebec and Lake St John are building to James Bay, the most southerly part of Hudson Bay.

Though these lines are being projected to the shores of Hudson Bay, they will be practically useless unless shipping can be induced to come to the ports which the railways establish.

Though the Bay itself, and perhaps the Straits, are navigable, say, for five months in the year, which is the most they can be under favourable circumstances, the *entrance* to the Straits is not open for that period by any means, and all the year round is more or less blocked with Arctic ice.

Because an occasional ship, generally a Government survey boat, makes a successful trip through the Straits and into the Bay, it is no proof that it could be done by a fleet of ships, and at the same time be commercially profitable.

Special steamers would have to be built to enable them to enter the Straits, and the season would be so short that they could not possibly be made to pay, as for the remainder of the year they would be practically useless.

The St Lawrence route is dangerous enough from icebergs and fogs *outside* the Belle Isle Straits, how

much more than would such be the case several hundred miles further north?

This is one of the principal reasons which act against the establishment of fast steamships to Canadian ports, and the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be congratulated on being the first to run steamships to a Canadian port which can favourably compare in point of speed with those running to New York.

The building of ports and railway lines to Hudson Bay would have much the same result as befell Diamond Harbour at the mouth of the Hugli River, 40 miles below Calcutta, where a million or two was spent on its construction; but, owing to the dangers of navigation to reach it through quicksands, shipping now gives it a wide berth, and to-day there is not even a village at the spot.

Shipping will go to the port which offers the best facilities to navigation and the handling of freight, and this is the reason why Montreal has become a much larger port than Quebec.

It may be, and probably is, quite true that the waters of the Bay itself are navigable all the year round, as the supporters of this route affirm; that it never freezes except along the shores where fresh water enters it; that its temperature is 14° F. warmer than that of Lake Superior. But all this is of no avail if the waters leading to the Bay at the entrance to the Straits are always blocked with Arctic ice.

In point of distance San Francisco is 1,300 miles nearer Liverpool *vid* Fort Churchill on the Hudson Bay than by the St Lawrence route, and 1,000 miles nearer than by New York, and this saving is chiefly made on the land portion of the journey.

Of course this would reduce the cost of freight and passage by lessening the land haul; in point of time occupied it would probably be considerably greater than by existing routes, owing to the longer sea-voyage and delay from fogs and ice *outside* the Straits.

A favourite argument put forward by the supporters of a Hudson Bay route is that for two hundred years or so the Hudson Bay Company has regularly sent ships to ports on its shores. Yes; but how many were they, and how often did they go? Two or three ships once a year at the most, which is hardly convincing proof that its waters would be open for a sufficiently long period to enable enough trade to be done to make the venture profitable.

Only specially constructed steamers, which would be useless for any other trade, and therefore laid up for seven or eight months in the year, could be used in the Hudson Bay trade, and the insurance on them, owing to the great risks run, would probably be from twenty to thirty per cent., which would be a further handicap only met by very high freight rates.

The experience of Russia in her northern harbours, which are largely utilised during the four months they are open, and which mostly lie within the Arctic

circle, is also put forward as an argument in favour of the Hudson Bay Scheme. But the ice in these harbours is harbour ice, through which steamers can easily break a passage, and is very different to the Arctic icebergs and glacier ice which would be encountered *all the year round* off the entrance to the Hudson Straits, and which is so hard that it is more dangerous to shipping than the worst rocks, and a steamer once caught in it would be crushed like an egg-shell.

CHAPTER II

MODERN EMPIRE BUILDING

AN article in an American magazine (*Success Magazine* of New York) under the above heading pays a remarkable tribute to the wonderful development now taking place in the Dominion of Canada, especially with regard to railway construction.

It also draws the attention of its readers to the fact that thousands of Americans from the States are yearly pouring over the boundary to make their homes anew under the Union Jack, thus reversing the condition of affairs between twenty and thirty years ago, when the prospects of Canada were hardly what they are to-day, and the stream set in the opposite direction.

These settlers from the States chiefly take up farming in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. So large has this immigration of Americans into Canada become of recent years that their Government is becoming somewhat uneasy at this exodus northwards, and efforts are being made in the States chiefly affected by it, by claiming equal

advantages in their own country for farming, to retain their citizens under the Stars and Stripes.

But, ask any of these same Americans why they prefer to come north and cross the border, and they will reply, "Things are run rather better here, justice is administered much more satisfactorily; we have no desire to go back again into the States."

And any fair-minded American will admit the force of this argument. Recently an American was describing to me a scene which, he said, was of all too frequent an occurrence in the town he hailed from in one of the southern States, and which he, in common with all right-minded Americans, deplored.

He described how a mob of men, thinking the ordinary course of justice too slow, would go to the sheriff and demand the keys of the prison, and if refused, would forcibly break into the prison and drag out some unfortunate negro awaiting trial, and either shoot him or lynch him on the nearest tree.

My informant considered that one of the principal causes of the very lax way in which the law was upheld in some of the states, was due to the fact that the judges are elected by popular vote and not by the State, and consequently they are governed to a certain extent by the passions of the people.

To any one accustomed to the law and order everywhere enjoyed under the British Flag it seems extraordinary that such lawlessness exists, as it undoubtedly does, in certain parts of the United States.

San Francisco is almost daily witnessing (autumn, 1906) scenes of violence and bank robberies, and its citizens are obliged to go about armed to protect themselves from the roughs, whose favourite weapon is a length of gas-pipe.

Such a state of affairs must mean a very lax police force, and it is alleged that in some cases the police are openly in sympathy with these felons and robbers, and draw no inconsiderable income therefrom. Owing to the enormous destruction of property at San Francisco from the earthquake and subsequent fire, and its still being (at time of writing) in a more or less chaotic state, conditions are favourable for the profitable pursuit of their nefarious designs by these "bad-men" with which that city is at present infested.

The murders, crimes, and lynchings which almost daily occur in one State or another, and go unpunished, are more worthy of Darkest Africa and the early ages of primitive justice, than of a country which prides itself on its up-to-dateness. One has only to pick up an American paper almost any day of the week and he will be pretty certain to come across some example of mob-law with its accompanying violence. I have only to remind the reader of the recent outbreak of racial war and mob violence in the city of Atlanta, which had to be suppressed by troops.

On the occasion of the recent landing of United States troops to quell the Cuban insurrection, a cartoon appeared in some of the American papers representing

the Cuban rebels, a very fierce and miscellaneous rabble, landing from a very dilapidated wooden tug-boat on the shores of the State of Georgia, with the city of Atlanta in the background, from which battle murder and sudden death were issuing forth to the accompaniment of large volumes of smoke and fire; the rebel leader urging them on in the name of freedom and civilisation, or words to that effect.

A correspondent to an American newspaper who had been travelling along the boundary between British Columbia and Alaska, particularly draws attention to the law and order which prevails on the Canadian side of the boundary, and the lack of it on the other. He says: "I have travelled along the Canadian frontier in the baby towns of the Wild West, and have gone unarmed through some of the least settled parts of the country. The conditions here are far different from those which prevailed in our western States when they were first opened up to emigration. There are no cow-boys dashing through the streets, 'shooting up' the town, no 'hold-ups' on the railways, and the 'bad-man' is conspicuous by his absence." For such a state of security credit is due to that admirable force, the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, who, though barely numbering a total muster of a thousand strong, yet keep order throughout a territory about half as large as the United States.

Another correspondent (*Vancouver World*) commenting on the above adds: "Once a man crosses the

border" (that is, from the United States into Canada), "he leaves behind him a government which needs to be supported by lynch law; a country whose banks are mere traps to catch his money, where corruption is getting worse, and where mobs shoot down innocent men."

This correspondent writes to point out that in this good government and security of life and property, as compared with what passes for such in the United States, Canada has a most valuable asset of which she might make a great deal more when setting forth her resources and prospects to the intending settler.

"But," he adds, "with the finest country under the sun, and the best government, Canada has made little or no progress in the century and a half of its existence. For this Canadians (and I am a Canadian) are to blame. They lack self-respect, enterprise, knowledge of the world, and business capacity."

When we compare the population of, and progress made, in Canada and the United States within this same period, we are forced to the conclusion that there must be a good deal of truth in this correspondent's statements, and as far as my own observation goes, enterprise and business capacity, especially in extending development of the country in its mines, forests, and railways, is very largely represented by American brains and capital. One is constantly hearing of fresh deals being concluded in the purchase of large tracts of forest areas and mines by American companies and syndicates.

The latest of these deals is the purchase of the timber rights in Queen Charlotte Island, and the erection there of what is to be the largest lumber-mill, if not on the Pacific coast, at least in British Columbia, by an American syndicate, the least representative of which is reputed to be a millionaire.

J. Hill, one of the railway magnates of America, is pushing branches of his Great Northern Railway in all directions into British Columbia and Alberta. Another point which I have noticed, and which is borne out by the above correspondent's statements, is that Canadians, while making every effort to induce American and British capital into their country (in fact they sometimes complain that British capital is inclined to fight shy of things Canadian), do not seem over-disposed to invest their *own* money in industrial and land companies, leaving the more enterprising American to do this for them, while their own money lies at the bank to make a paltry two and a half per cent. In proportion to its population Canada seems better supplied with banks than almost any other country. The first building to go up in a new settlement is generally a bank, followed by a church and schoolhouse.

But, on the other hand, when we compare the progress made relatively by the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America, we must not forget that Canada, up to within quite recent times, say twenty to thirty years ago, laboured under a

handicap. It had then the reputation (still more or less true to-day), of being frost-bound for the greater part of the year, and as being a country quite unfit to live in. It was, as a whole, poor and crushed with debt, and the Government made practically no efforts to attract immigrants, while hundreds of Canadians crossed over the border into the States.

The result was that practically the whole tide of immigration from Europe and Great Britain flowed into the States, and even now the greatest number still find their way into the New World *via* New York, though this is to a certain extent nullified by the movement of Americans into Canada.

A very instructive article, which shows what opinions were held about Canada and its future twenty-five years ago, appeared in *Truth* of 1st September 1881, under the heading of "The Canadian Dominion Bubble," and was recently reprinted in the *Daily News Advertiser* of Vancouver under the sub-heading of "A Prophecy that Failed." This article was written at the time when the Canadian Pacific Railway was issuing bonds to the value of ten million dollars, to enable it to undertake the construction of its line across the Continent.

Truth seemed very sceptical at the time of the Canadian Pacific Railway being able to raise the necessary capital even in New York, and added: "The New Yorkers are keen enough gamblers and reckless enough at times, and yet it is impossible to

believe that they are such fools as to put their money into this mad project. I would as soon credit them with a willingness to subscribe hard cash in support of a scheme for the utilisation of icebergs."

Continuing, the writer says: "The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if it be ever finished, through a country frost-bound for seven or eight months in the year, and will connect with the eastern part of the Dominion a province which embraces about as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth."

Such was the opinion held of British Columbia twenty-five years ago, a country which is proving itself one of the richest in natural resources in the world, and which carried off prizes at the recent Horticultural Show in London for its fruit, an achievement which "as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth" might well be proud of. In fact, I should unhesitatingly say that the province of British Columbia, thanks to its vast extent of forests, its wealth of minerals and, on the coast and in its rivers, its enormous fisheries, will, in time, turn out to be as valuable an asset as all the other provinces put together. It has a further advantage in having a climate much less severe than the central and eastern provinces. The only other province which can at all compete with British Columbia in natural resources is Ontario.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is branded as "a

scheme which they (Canadians) must know is never likely to yield a single red cent of interest on the money sunk into it." Yet the Canadian Pacific Railway to-day is one of the best railway investments that can be made (thanks to a large extent to its monopoly of transportation throughout Canada), and is constantly adding to its mileage so that it now probably owns more lines of track than any other company under one management. All the rest of the article was written in a similar vein.

The city of Winnipeg, with a population to-day of nearly 110,000, was described by "a friend who knew what he was talking about" "as a much-touted settlement, which he did not believe would hold out many years. The people who have gone there cannot stand the coldness of the winters. Men and cattle are frozen to death in numbers that would rather astonish the intending settler if he knew; and those who are not killed outright are often maimed for life by frost-bites. Its street nuisances kill the people with malaria, and drive them mad with plagues of insects, and to keep themselves alive during the long winter they have to imitate the habits of the Esquimaux."

Its present population seems to prove that the people do somehow manage to keep themselves alive during the long winters, even though they may have to imitate the habits of the Esquimaux to do so. But I can quite understand from my own experiences of Manitoba in the summer that in its youthful days of

1881, when the swamps came right up to the settlement before the country round was drained and cultivated as it is to-day, the inhabitants were plagued with malaria and driven wild with insects and mosquitoes.

The conviction is expressed in the article under notice that there was nothing before the country but bankruptcy, and that in the end the Dominion will have to go into liquidation.

“One of these days when the load gets too heavy, Ontario (which, in the writer’s opinion, was the only province in which any faith could be put) is pretty certain to go over to the States into which it dovetails, and where its best trade-outlet is. When that day comes the ‘Dominion’ will disappear.”

Fortunately the day has not yet arrived, nor, let us hope, is ever likely to, when the province of Ontario is to go over into the States, dragging with it the rest of Canada.

The writer sums up: “This Dominion is, in short, a ‘fraud’ all through, and is destined to ‘bust up’ like any other fraud.” The writer of the twentieth century can happily say this was indeed a prophecy which failed, and proves the truth of the adage, “Don’t prophesy before you know.”

If this article faithfully represents the popular idea of the day when it was written, it is not surprising that Canada was so severely left out in the cold as far as attracting population, and consequently has fallen behind the States in relative progress, as no country

can progress without the necessary labour to develop it, though at the present day I consider—and many people in Canada have expressed this opinion to me—the immigration policy of the present Government has run to the other extreme, and is being over-done.

The article to which I referred in the opening sentence of this chapter is as follows, and my excuse for quoting it somewhat at length must be its appropriateness to my subject. It reads: "If you have ever felt . . . that it is in you to explore strange new countries for yourself; that you would not hesitate very long between going into the 'dry-goods' way and into the empire-building way, you will do well to open the atlas at the map of North America, and let loose your imagination on the splendidly romantic conquest of that far North-West of which we know very little now, but which we shall learn a good deal about before the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Dominion Government get through with it.

"They are building—while you wait—an empire, with which we of the States shall very shortly have to reckon.

"It is the first time an empire was built in just this way. The rifle has no place in the undertaking. Thanks to the century-long influence of the Hudson Bay Company, the Indians and half-breeds are docile. Thanks to the Anglo-Saxon sense of order, and to the Royal North-West Mounted Police, there are few or none of those 'bad-men' who infest our borders.

"The conquering army is made up of farmers, cows and sheep, horses, ploughs, and harvesting-machines.

"The advance skirmishers, if you could see them at work, are hardy young men, in rough clothes, who carry transits, and levels, and travel with pack-horses, or in the depth of winter with dogs and sleighs. It is these daring and hardy young men of the transit in whom we are interested here. . . .

"In small parties for reconnaissance work, in large parties for survey work, scattered over 3,000 miles for construction, the engineers are blazing the steel trails across the prairies, swamps, and through the wilderness. Before many of them lies hardship, perhaps starvation.

"For the larger survey parties provisions are freighted out by Indians and 'cached' (stored) where expert woodmen can find them. But the small reconnaissance parties plunging into the north-western mountains for six months at a time can carry only a few staples. When gun and rod fail they must eat dog.

"In winter—and winter *is* winter in these regions—they must sleep under the stars, rolled up in a blanket or two.

"A Canadian Pacific engineer was frozen to death west of Battleford (Alberta) two winters ago.

"I know an engineer who has slept under canvas when the thermometer registered 56° F. *below zero*.¹

¹ I know several who have undergone this experience, though I have not done so myself.—B. S.

“In summer this same country is in a sweltering heat, and the insect pests are almost unbearable.

“The minute and tedious work of surveying . . . is only relieved by the intervals of shifting camp, pushing through rough country, building rafts in order to ferry instruments and supplies across rivers; cutting a way for horses and men through thick, tangled bush, or in winter ‘breaking’ trail for the sleigh dogs.¹

“By way of recompense for this work, the engineer, equipped with high technical training, and with years of hard experience, shares with the college professor the distinction of being the most highly underpaid of brain workers. A fat travelling salesman with a grin, a good story or two, and a fund of questionable grammar, will draw from twice to six times the salary.”

The foregoing gives, I think, a very good idea of what railway pioneering work means in a vast, new, and unexplored country like British North America where a small party of engineers and their staff may be, perhaps, hundreds of miles away from the nearest log shanty, and whose supplies have to be transported these great distances (in canoes if possible) by Indians and half-breeds, which may take months to reach them.

By the time the rivers and lakes are free of ice,

¹ Through country of this nature where there are no trails or rivers for freighting by canoes, horses or mules cannot be used, and everything has to be packed on the backs of the men composing the party. “Breaking trail” means preceding the sleigh-dogs and making a trail for them through the soft snow.—B. S.

transportation is greatly facilitated by the use of canoes, hundreds of miles being covered in this way. Where rapids occur up which canoes are unable to pass, the canoes are unloaded and everything carried round by the shore until navigable waters are again reached.

During the preliminary surveys for the Grand Trunk Pacific, which were carried through hitherto unexplored regions, many engineers lost their lives by drowning, partly through carelessness; through overloading the canoes, or through getting into danger when separated from one another; through getting too far away from the river bank, or coming unexpectedly to a rapid, and being upset before an accident could be averted or assistance rendered by the other members of the party.

Some, again, lost their lives through being unable to guide their way back to camp, and have wandered aimlessly about in the bush until, overcome with fatigue and hunger, they have fallen asleep and been frozen to death.

Only those who have tried it can realise how easy it is to get lost in the bush, even when they think they know the way perfectly. In another case, an engineer wandered away from camp, and on his non-return at nightfall, search parties were sent out at daylight the following morning, and though his tracks were found by one party in the snow for a considerable distance towards a lake, his body was never found, and it was supposed he lost his life by drowning.

I could instance other cases with the same unfortunate results, but I refrain, as I have given enough to show the dangers and risks which such work entails.

The most unpleasant and most trying work on preliminary surveys in such country in winter is "striking" camp and moving on to fresh ground, pitching camp again at nightfall, often on most unsuitable ground, but the best that could be found at the moment, no time—besides being much too tired—to shovel away the snow. All this, too, with the thermometer often away below zero! Owing to the nature of the country, everything has to be carried by the men composing the survey party, as horses or sleigh dogs cannot be always used, and every one from the chief of the party down has to take his share of the load, and often every step of the way has to be cleared through the bush.

In fact, taking everything into consideration, the terribly hard winters, being frequently on short rations—and often bad at that—the dangers and risks to be faced, I was not at all surprised to hear on all sides that if similar work had to be gone through again for a railway through such rough and unexplored country, it would be very difficult to get engineers again to undertake it, and the necessary supply would have to come from those who would be ignorant of what was before them.

I do not say this in disparagement of engineers, Canadian or otherwise, who have helped to build this

new trans-continental railway, but I form this opinion from what those with whom I have been in contact, and who have been through it all, have told me, and from what I have seen of it myself.

I know of more than one survey party which, if it had not been a hundred miles or so from the nearest post of civilisation, and faced by the risks of starvation, would have gone on strike (and I don't blame them), but had to stay where they were or starve; and when they did return to civilisation had finished the last crust.

The authorities are always delightfully vague as to where you are likely to be sent, or what is to happen to you during your six months' banishment.

Of course, great precautions were taken at the time by the responsible authorities to keep out of the papers any news of the fatal accidents and deaths which occurred during the early reconnaissance work—and several such were never reported at all.

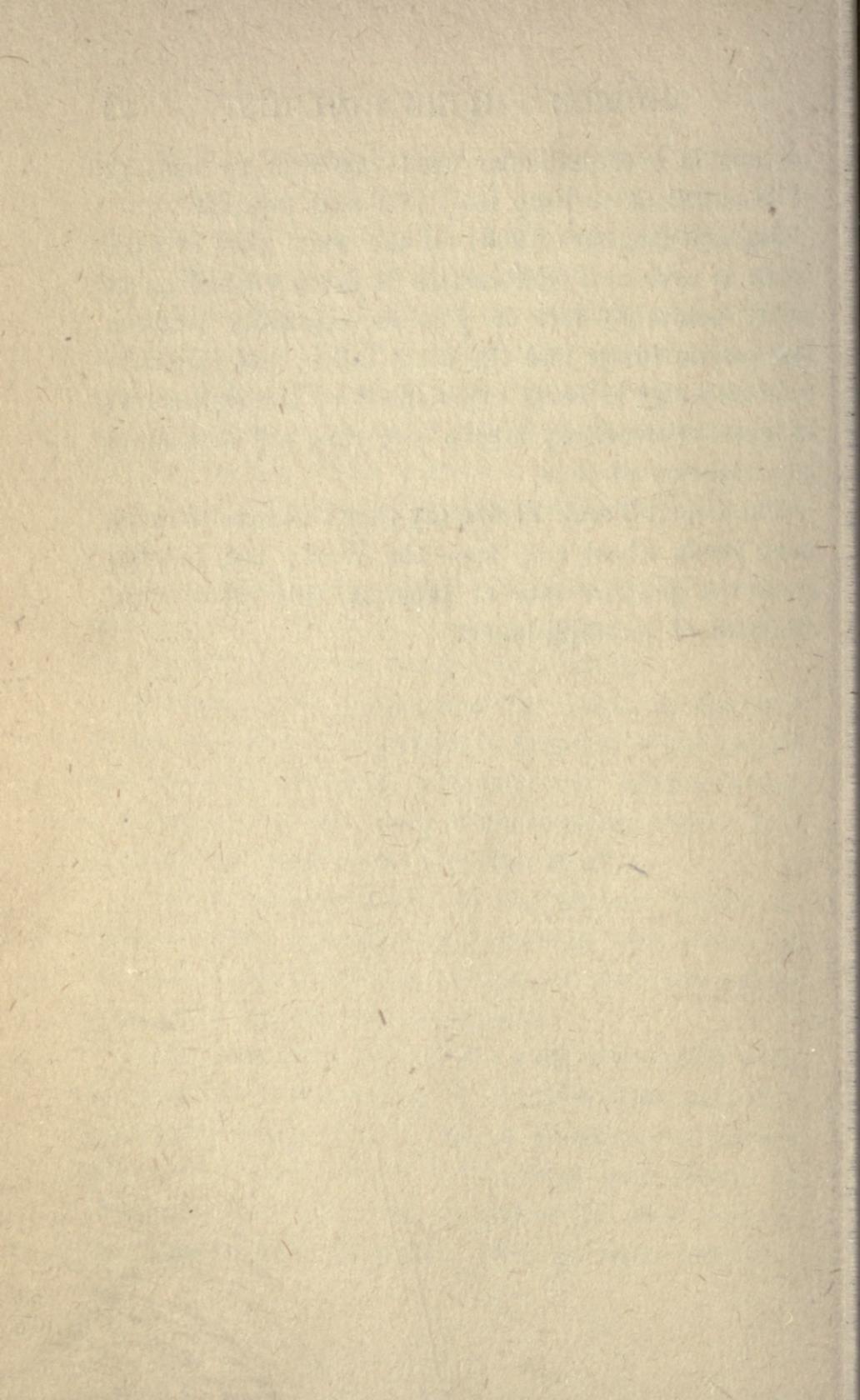
I doubt whether many of the general public in Canada itself, not directly concerned, are aware of the cost in life which the building of their new trans-continental railway has occasioned.

During the early part of the work complaints were frequent about the quality of the provisions supplied, everything being tinned; and as many survey parties were often hundreds of miles from any means of communication with the outside world, they had to eat unsound food, or starve. But on such occasions

no one is over-particular what one eats, so long as it is sufficient to keep body and soul together.

By now (summer, 1906), all the worst part of such work is over, and construction is being pushed on at many points as fast as possible, especially between the prairie towns and the great lakes; but considerable difficulty is being experienced by the contractors to get the necessary labour, and they are requesting an extension of time.

The Grand Trunk Pacific say they will help to carry next year's wheat crop from the West; but, judging from the present rate of progress, this seems very doubtful of accomplishment.



CHAPTER III

WESTWARD BOUND

IN this and the two following chapters I will take the reader with me across the Atlantic and the continent of British North America, to the Pacific coast, describing briefly the scenery and principal cities passed through *en route*, and mentioning a few historical facts connected with their early days.

Our journey across the Atlantic was uneventful, with moderate and calm seas, and the usual sunless days of the North Atlantic, until we were about half-way across.

About 1 A.M. on a certain Tuesday morning in May, many of the passengers were roused from sleep by the engines stopping, and an unusual commotion on deck. The cause of our stopping was our having sighted a derelict Norwegian barque, whose last rocket went up just as we were passing in sight of it. A boat was launched, and sent off to see what help she required, when it was discovered that she had lost both her masts, and had been drifting about helpless for ten days.

The steamer stood by till daybreak, when the captain and crew of the barque were taken off, and the ship set on fire, oil having been first poured over her decks and fittings, so that she should not become that menace to shipping—a half-sunken derelict.

Truly a melancholy spectacle is a mastless ship rolling heavily on an Atlantic swell in that waste of waters in the cheerless grey light of early dawn.

This vessel was on her way from Norway to Nova Scotia for lumber, in ballast, and had been thirty days out, but became dismasted in a heavy gale, and had been drifting helplessly about for ten days or so, by which time she had come to the last of her rockets, when the ss. *Ionian* fortunately hove in sight. And none too soon, as she was leaking badly and would have kept afloat but a few hours longer, the pumps having become choked with the sand ballast.

After loosing her masts in a gale, she rolled so heavily that the stone ballast strained her timbers and opened her seams, so that she began to leak badly, while the sand mixing with the water got into the pumps, and rendered them useless.

The captain, a Norwegian, and part owner of the ship, related a very curious incident in connection with the commencement of the voyage which was to be her last. On every other voyage that he had made in her, that barque had always been infested with rats; when she left Norway this last time there was not a single rat on board, thus proving the truth of the

saying that rats will always desert a sinking ship. Sailors being, as a class, very superstitious, I wonder they did not see anything suspicious in the ship leaving port without her usual complement of rats on board. The captain and crew lost everything but the clothes they stood up in. A subscription was got up on board for them, and on the steamer's arrival at Quebec, the Norwegian Consul took charge of them, and made arrangements for their return to Europe.

The captain stated that he had sighted several steamers as they passed, but they either disregarded, or did not see, his signals of distress. When he was eventually picked up, his ship had almost drifted out of the track of steamers on the Canadian route, as we had to go considerably out of our course to rescue her, and the track of the New York boats was far to the south.

On reaching Montreal I was much amused on reading in the papers the exaggerated accounts which appeared in them describing the occurrence. A two-masted barque of a couple of hundred tons or so had grown into a large steamer of four and five times the tonnage, and a moderate sea into a very rough one; all other particulars being likewise embellished according to the fancy of the reporter. One paper, however, did give an account which was more or less in accordance with the facts.

As the Belle Isle Straits were still at this time of the year blocked by ice-floes, we entered the Gulf of St Lawrence through the Cabot Straits *via* Cape Race,

though this route round the south of Newfoundland adds about 200 miles to the total distance between Liverpool and Montreal.

In the daytime we only sighted three small icebergs, as it was still rather early in the season for them to have drifted so far south, though we were probably in the neighbourhood of several large bergs the night we approached Cape Race, as it became frightfully cold, and we were compelled to lie-to all night on account of dense fog, which lifted sufficiently the following morning to allow us to proceed—Cape Race being passed about 9 A.M.

By the time we got well into the Gulf, the weather became worthy of that in the Mediterranean, though the sea was far calmer than I have ever known it to be in the latter locality. My experience of the Mediterranean both in winter and summer has, on the whole, been anything but that state of tranquillity in which most people are apt, or perhaps I should say love, to paint it. Storms in the Mediterranean get up so suddenly and so violently that one has no time to get one's sea legs.

The route through the Belle Isle Straits is much more interesting from a scenic point of view than that *via* Cape Race, as one gets a glimpse of the high rock cliffs of Belle Isle itself, and the inhospitable-looking rock-bound Coast of Labrador, and also, if the weather is clear, of the large but desolate and uninhabited island of Anticosti, formerly called Naticousti.

Entering the Gulf by the Cabot Straits, Gaspè Promontory, which marks the actual mouth of the river where it loses itself in the waters of the Gulf, is the first point of the mainland of Canada that is sighted, except under very favourable circumstances, when Nova Scotia may be seen from the Cabot Straits. The name Gaspè may be taken from that of a certain Portuguese navigator, Gaspar Cortereal, who, early in the sixteenth century, made several voyages to these regions, visiting the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador; or it may be only an Indian name.

This Portuguese navigator, Gaspar Cortereal, brought back with him to Europe several of the natives from the Coast of Labrador, and their sturdy appearance gave Europeans the idea that they would make good *labourers*, and it was this idea—it is generally thought—which gave the name of Labrador to that rugged, storm-beaten coast which extends from the Belle Isle Straits to the Hudson Strait, leading into the bay of the same name.

If the trip down the St Lawrence is made later in the season, in July or August, *via* the Belle Isle Straits, one will be greeted with the wonderful sight of, perhaps, hundreds of icebergs in the neighbourhood of Belle Isle and the Gulf; some of them enormous cliffs of ice, sixty and more feet high, towering out of the water.

The enormous bulk of the icebergs may be gathered from the fact that the part above water represents

only *one-ninth* of the total mass. It often happens that as melting advances under water more rapidly when meeting a warm current of water than it does above, the centre of gravity may become so altered that the berg turns completely over. Many a ship has been struck in the dark and been sent to the bottom by one of these icebergs.

It is these icebergs which give rise to the fogs which infest these waters, owing to their chilling of the air around them, and which render navigation so dangerous, steamships being delayed as much, sometimes, as thirty-six hours in the vicinity of the Straits waiting for the fog to lift.

Often, after lying-to perhaps all day in a fog waiting for an opportunity to proceed, the fog will lift with a suddenness almost magical, and the ship will be surrounded on all sides with icebergs, and the passengers will congratulate one another on the fortunate circumstance that they did not bump into her.

A scheme has recently been mooted for damming the Straits at the narrowest point where they are about 7 miles wide, so as to prevent icebergs coming down from the Arctic Ocean with the Labrador current drifting into the Gulf, which, the promoters say, will greatly influence the climate of eastern Canada and the maritime provinces by tempering the severe winter, and keeping the Gulf open to navigation. It might have some effect in this respect to the east and south-east coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island ;

but, as the St Lawrence itself is ice-bound in winter, and the ports serving eastern Canada, namely, Halifax in Nova Scotia, and St Johns, New Brunswick, are always open, the Gulf might be left to look after itself.

The general trend of the current flowing down the Labrador Coast is to carry icebergs south-east away from the land past the east coast of Newfoundland. A native of Nova Scotia told me they never had icebergs off that coast, and whether the Straits were dammed or not, I do not think it would make any noticeable difference to the climate of the maritime provinces, which is influenced more by the enormous mass of cold land lying westward of them, than by the Atlantic.

Besides which the various shipping interests would probably oppose any scheme interfering with the passage of the Belle Isle Straits, as during the months that navigation is open in the Gulf and river, most, if not all, of the steamship lines prefer this route as soon as it is free of ice to that round Cape Race and through the Cabot Straits, as it is over 200 miles shorter than the latter.

Another scheme, however, which is in a fair way of being realised—the promoters having received a charter and a subsidy from the Dominion and Newfoundland Governments—is the construction of a tunnel under the Straits (a feat which would present no unusual difficulties) to connect the island of Newfoundland by rail with the mainland.

A group of American capitalists, assisted by the Russian Government, has recently been formed, and an engineer appointed, who has drawn up complete plans to connect the Eastern and Western Hemispheres by a tunnel under the Bering Straits joining Siberia and Alaska; a much greater scheme than that to connect Newfoundland and Canada, though what they propose to do with their tunnel and railway under the Bering Straits when they have got it, is at present rather problematical. It will connect two of the most desolate pieces of country to be found anywhere, and the attractions of a sixteen day, or perhaps longer, railway journey more than half-way round the world from Paris to New York, seem doubtful.¹

This scheme for tunnelling the Belle Isle Straits is only one of several which are put forward from time to time to reduce the time required for transport of passengers and freight between Canada and Europe, by shortening the sea-voyage, as a large percentage of Canadian trade at present goes *via* New York, owing to its much quicker steamship service with the old world. But, except for a certain class of passengers who feel obliged to travel by the quickest possible route, most people prefer to travel by water once they are aboard as far as navigation will allow them, especially as, in this case, the water from Montreal

¹ Since the above was written, it has been announced that this Bering tunnel scheme has been abandoned by the Russian Government.

to Belle Isle is as smooth as a river; and freight will always, except in special circumstances, such as perishable goods, travel by water conveyance as far as possible.

It is for this reason that Montreal has become the biggest city and sea-port in the Dominion, notwithstanding the disadvantages of being approached for a distance of 140 miles by a narrow and tortuous channel, and also being open to navigation only for six and a half to seven months in the year. Of course it is only natural that the maritime provinces and the Island of Newfoundland should try and attract the trade which they consider should, by right of their being nearer to Europe, and their ports being open all the year round, be theirs.

Where entrance is made to the river proper at Gaspè it is between 80 and 90 miles wide, and it is not until one reaches Rimouski or Father Point—where mails are landed—and approaches the Saguenay River on the north bank, that the opposite shore is seen.

On the north shore appears the bold outline of the Laurentian Mountains, which here are seen at their best, as further west they diminish in size. They stretch from the Coast of Labrador to the north-west of the Great Lakes, and are of much greater antiquity than the higher ranges of the Andes or Alps.

In geology size counts for very little; the comparatively low ranges of the Welsh and Scottish mountains being of far greater antiquity than the

giants composing the Swiss Alps or the Himalayas. Between Rimouski and Quebec, about twelve hours sail, several islands are passed, one of the largest—a few miles below Quebec—being the Isle of Orleans, so named by Jacques Cartier in 1535 after one of the French Royal Princes.

After passing Quebec the river banks gradually become lower, and the country round on either side a dead flat, until on approaching Montreal a few feet rise in the water-level would appear to flood the country for miles.

The city of Quebec has been well termed the Gibraltar of North America, and the citadel on the summit of Cape Diamond, 330 feet above the St Lawrence, at once calls to mind the rocky stronghold which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Quebec (an Indian name) was founded by Champlain in the summer of 1607, who erected buildings on the ground that is now the lower town of the present city. One of its principal buildings is the Jesuit College, founded by M. Laval in 1633, the first Roman Catholic Bishop in French Canada.

The view from the wide terrace named after Lord Dufferin, a former governor-general, on the summit of the cliffs, is very fine and impressive, especially at night when the opposite bank on which stands the town of Lèvis—named after the Chevalier de Lèvis, one of Montcalm's generals—is dotted about with hundreds of lights.

As on both occasions on which I passed Quebec on the way to Montreal was either early in the morning or late at night, I was unable to explore the old town and penetrate its quaint streets like some old town in Normandy or Brittany. Quebec is about the only interesting city in North America which has preserved anything of its old-world quaintness, apart from its historical associations.

All other towns and cities, at least in Canada, and most likely in the States also, are either glaringly new and modern, or else, if on the side of an old settlement, nothing is allowed to remind you of the fact.

The French-Canadians, not being of the same hustling spirit which pervades their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, prefer to lead their lives more after the fashion of their forefathers who first settled on the banks of the St Lawrence; and, indeed, in some districts away from the large towns, the inhabitants retain the French language—though without the accent of the country of their origin—as it was spoken two centuries ago. I have been told, also, that in the villages along the banks of the St Lawrence the hand-loom is still to be found at work.

The French language is officially recognised in the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, but I think the only argument in its favour is that of sentiment, and that all business should be transacted in only one language, that of the country generally.

In no country where two different languages have

been officially recognised in the transaction of public business has the experiment had any effect other than to clog and hinder the work of administration; and it is worthy of note that the province of Quebec is the most backward of any of the provinces of Canada, and does not share in the wave of prosperity and development which is so rapidly spreading over the rest of the Dominion. Besides which the official use of two different languages must add considerably to the cost of administration.

The Plains of Abraham—named after Abraham Martin, a royal pilot, who, in early times, owned this now historic tract—on which was lost and won that battle which decided the fate of a continent, giving it for all time to the Anglo-Saxon race, lie west of the city, and rather behind it.

The numerous sieges and battles which Quebec witnessed will be treated of in a later chapter.

About 6 miles above Quebec is passed the site of the bridge now under construction, which will carry the Grand Trunk Pacific and other railways over the St Lawrence. The river at this point is about 2,000 feet wide at low water.

When completed, which it is expected to be next summer (1907), it will be the longest single-span bridge in the world, even exceeding the famous Forth Bridge, which has hitherto held that proud position, by about 92 feet.¹

¹ The above was written sometime before the disastrous accident to this bridge, September 1907.

Whilst all credit is due to the designers and builders for thus erecting a bridge of this span which will allow Atlantic liners to pass under it, we must not forget that it was the building of the Forth Bridge, the pioneer of the cantilever system, which made such a feat possible, as it is constructed on the same principle.

Some idea of its great size may be gathered from the following data: The clear central span is 1,800 feet; the height of the bottom boom above high-water level, 150 feet; while the top of the steel towers carrying the cantilever will be 350 feet above water-level.

Besides two railway tracks, provision is made for tramway and road tracks, as is the case with many bridges of this kind in America.

Almost exactly half-way between Quebec and Montreal is situated the town of Three Rivers on the north bank at the mouth of the St Maurice River, which here runs into the St Lawrence.

Champlain, the French lieutenant-governor in 1634, only one year before his death, built a fort here as a protection against the Iroquois Indians, which eventually blossomed into the present city of Three Rivers. Before reaching Montreal the river widens out, and forms St Peter's Lake, after which it narrows again very considerably till the banks seem only a stone's throw from the ship's deck.

Montreal is the head of ocean-going navigation on the St Lawrence, a distance of about 1,000 miles

from the open Atlantic, or a third of the total distance between Liverpool and Montreal, which is covered in perfectly calm water, and past scenery which is a moving panorama the whole way.

For those who dread being suddenly launched upon the swell of the Atlantic Ocean, this is by far the most pleasant way of travelling from America to Europe, as one crosses the ocean at its narrowest point, and has been nearly three days on board before the open sea is reached, by which time every one has got settled down for the voyage and found their sea-legs.

In 1809 the first steam vessel appeared on the St Lawrence, and ran between Montreal and Quebec. It had accommodation for twenty passengers. Compare this with the size of steamships which tie up at the wharf of Montreal to-day, or those which will do so in two years' time, in 1909, representing a century of progress in navigation. In Cartier's day ships of 30 tons or thereabouts were unable to ascend the St Lawrence further than Lake St Peter, which is the farthest limit of tide-waters.

Montreal City is built on an island at the conflux of the Ottawa and St Lawrence Rivers. This island is about 30 miles long by 7 miles wide. It derives its name from a corruption of Mont Royal, which rises 700 feet behind the city, which name (Mont Royal) was bestowed on the mountain by Jacques Cartier in 1535, the first European to visit the site on which was then an Indian settlement.

CHAPTER IV

FROM MONTREAL TO THE ROCKIES

MONTREAL was founded by a small party of about fifty or sixty French colonists, who came up the St Lawrence River from Quebec on the 17th May 1642, under the leadership of Maisonneuve, accompanied by Montmagny, Governor of Quebec.

The site of this first European settlement of French colonists is now the Custom-House Square, marked by an obelisk.

The principal ecclesiastical building in Montreal is the Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame. This church is, I believe, the largest edifice of its kind in English-speaking America, and can accommodate between 10,000 and 12,000 people, while as many as 14,000 have been within its walls at the same time. It is only exceeded in size in North America by the Cathedral Church of the city of Mexico.

Another notable building amongst the churches of Montreal is the Church of St James, also Roman Catholic. It is sometimes called St Peter's because

42 FROM MONTREAL TO THE ROCKIES

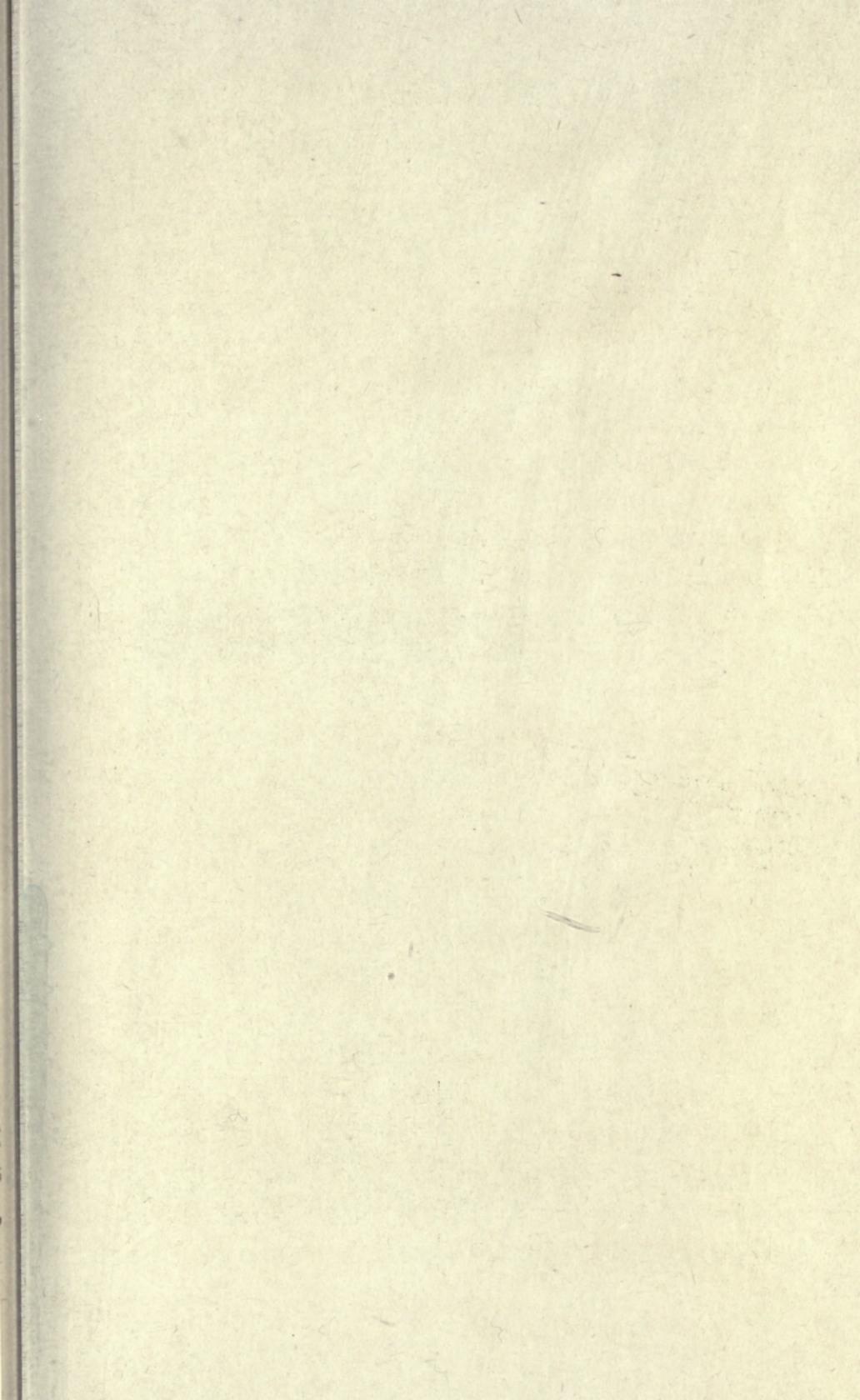
it is a copy of St Peter's, Rome, being of about half dimensions.

Mount Royal is the principal residential quarter of Montreal, its summit being laid out as a park from parts of which beautiful views of the surrounding country and the valleys of the St Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers may be had in clear weather. The park covers about 460 acres.

Continuing our journey westwards, Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, 120 miles by rail from Montreal, is the next city of importance. Ottawa can also be reached by the Ottawa River, a delightful trip, when the thrill of shooting the Lachine Rapids in a steamer can be experienced; which rapids proved in the days of the early explorers a very serious obstacle to further progress, as we read that Champlain, in 1603, attempted to pass up these rapids, but was obliged to give up such a perilous venture.

Ottawa was founded in 1827, incorporated as a city under its present name twenty-seven years later, in 1854, and four years later, on the advice of our late Queen Victoria—to whom the matter was referred for decision—was selected as the capital of Canada.

Previous to this date, Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto had each in turn been the seat of the Dominion Government, but in consequence of a political mob burning the Parliament Buildings at Montreal, the Government moved to Quebec, subsequently to Toronto, and finally, as stated above, to Ottawa.



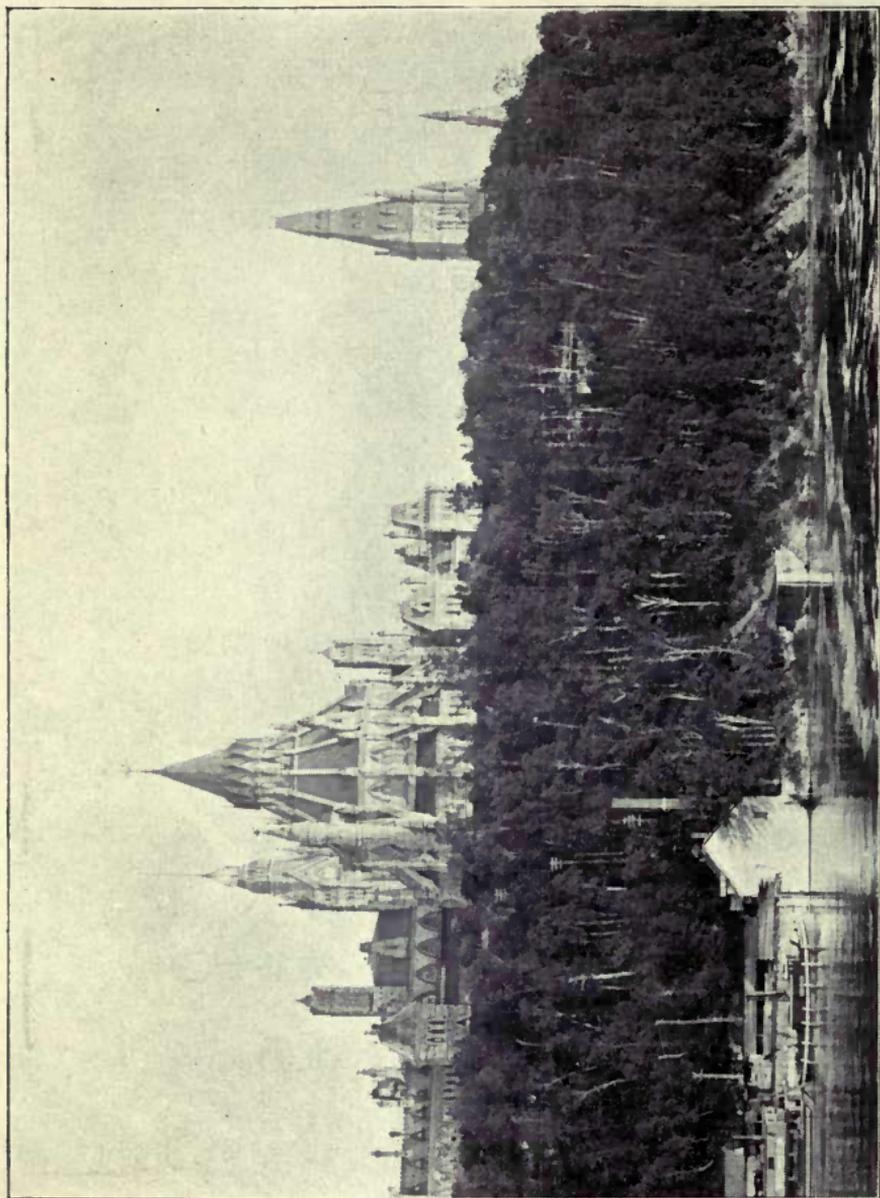


PLATE II: PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS FROM THE OTTAWA RIVER.

In 1852 a great fire broke out at Montreal, doing damage to the extent of a million dollars.

Practically every large city in Canada has been virtually wiped out by fire at one time of its existence. Not many years ago Toronto, the second largest city in Canada, suffered enormous damage from a fire which broke out in the depth of winter. These fires have borne good fruit in the cities being rebuilt as much as possible in the more substantial materials of brick and stone. The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa (see frontispiece) are built in the Italian Gothic style, and are considered the finest public buildings in Canada. They were completed in 1867, the foundation stone having been laid by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, seven years previously.

The library is considered the gem of the buildings, being a semi-detached polygonal hall about 90 feet in diameter. It stands behind the main building overlooking the Ottawa River.

Like one of the towers of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the central tower is named after Queen Victoria, and marks the entrance to the Parliament Houses, the Commons being on the left and the Senate on the right.

The site is a very fine one, being on the summit of a cliff clothed with trees overlooking the Ottawa River, commanding an extensive view of that river and also of the Gatineau, another river which here flows into the Ottawa from the north, and the country round,

with the Laurentian Hills 12 miles to the north-west as a background.

The Rideau River also flows into the Ottawa River at Ottawa on the south bank by a beautiful fall which, owing to its great resemblance to a white curtain, is called the Rideau Fall, a name first given to it by Champlain, and which was eventually transferred to the whole river.

Champlain was the first European to ascend the Ottawa River, when he was accompanied by a few other Frenchmen and an Indian guide.

These falls are much spoilt at the present day by being shut in by lumber-mills on both sides, which abstract a good deal of the water above, which feeds the falls, for power purposes.

The Chaudière Falls, so called from the seething water, giving one the impression of a boiling cauldron, which are in the shape of a horse-shoe, about a mile higher up the Ottawa River, are likewise much reduced and confined by encroaching saw- and lumber-mills, electric generating stations, and other factories.

On the outskirts of Ottawa, in a south-westerly direction, are the grounds of the Government Experimental Farm. There are other farms of the same nature at various points throughout the country, to serve the farmers in their respective localities.

Experiments dealing with all kinds of farm produce, and their treatment to ensure the best results, are carried on here for the benefit of the farming interests,

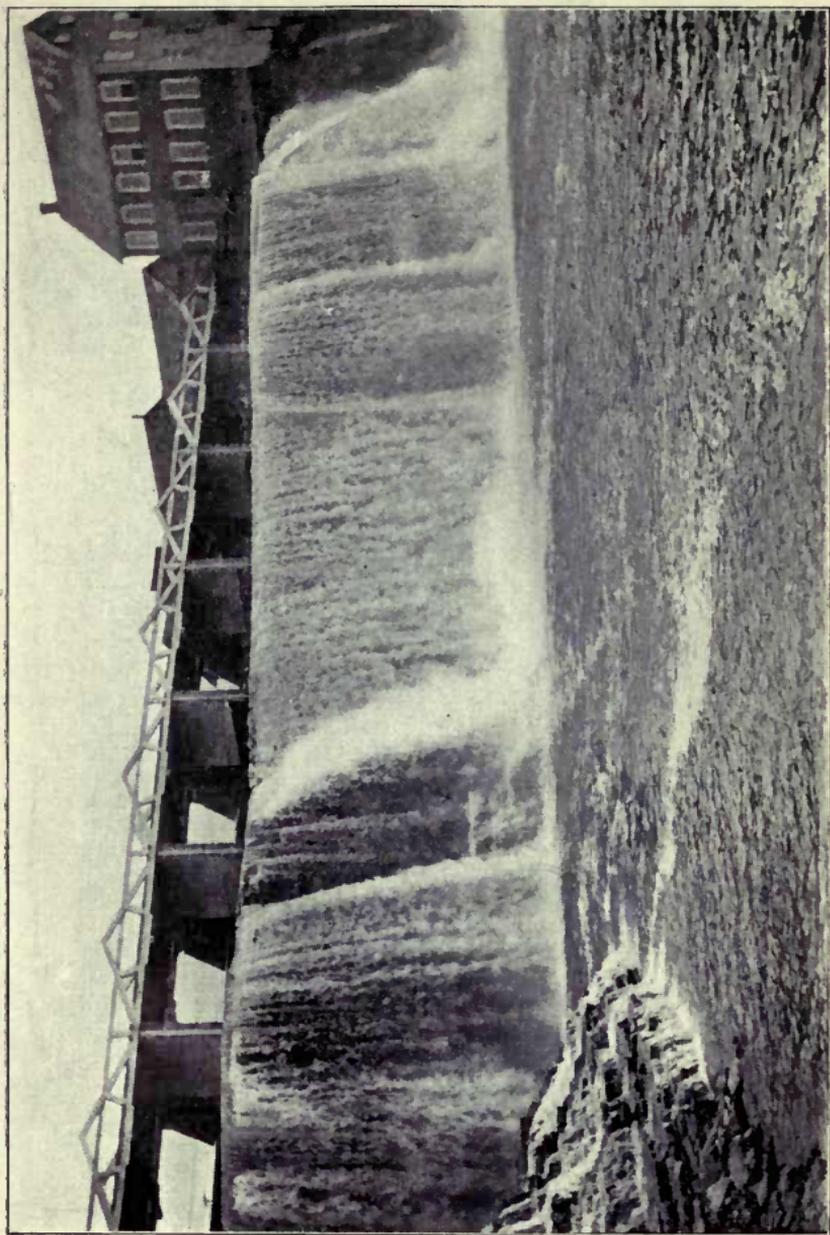
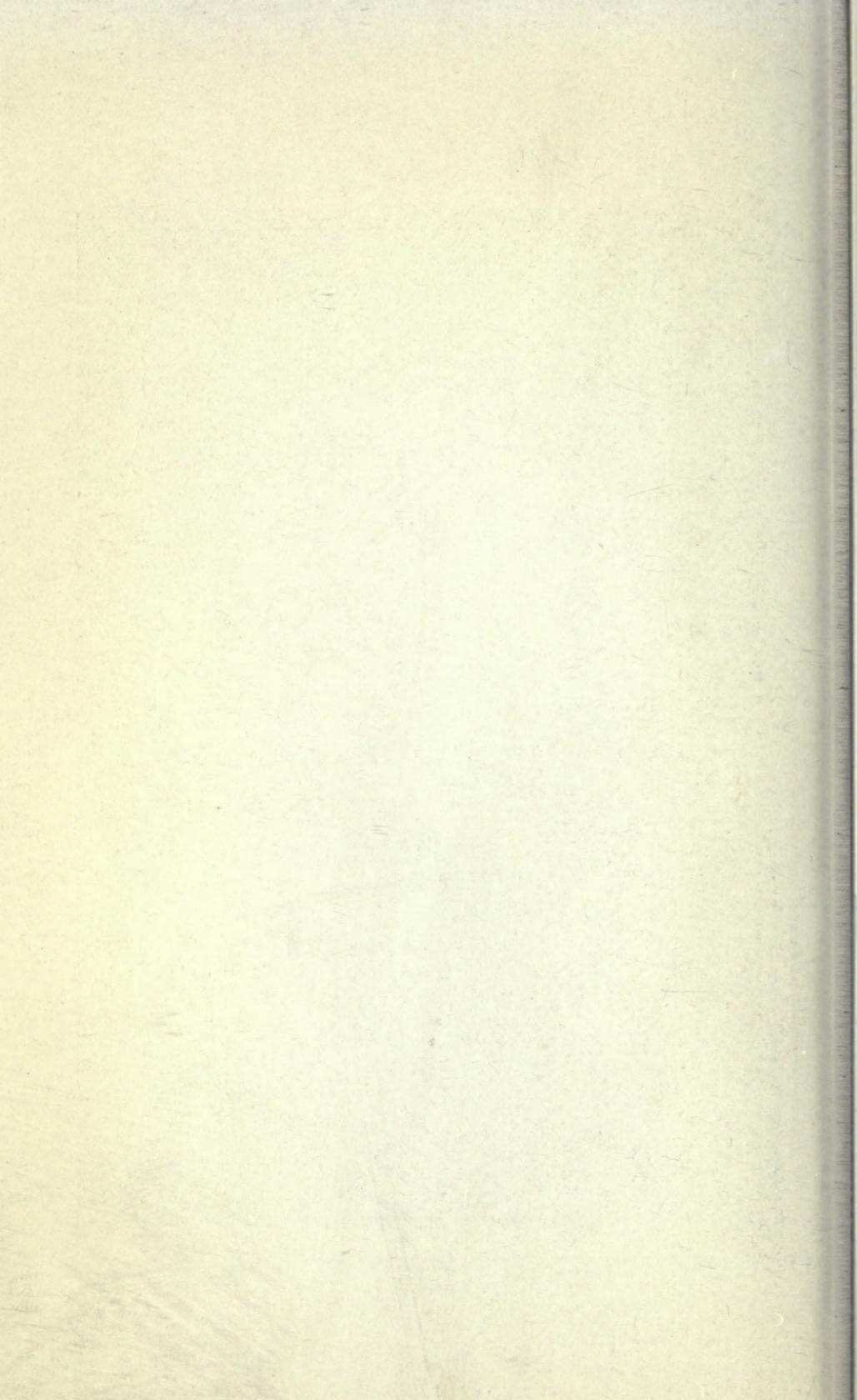


PLATE III: RIDEAU FALLS, OTTAWA RIVER.



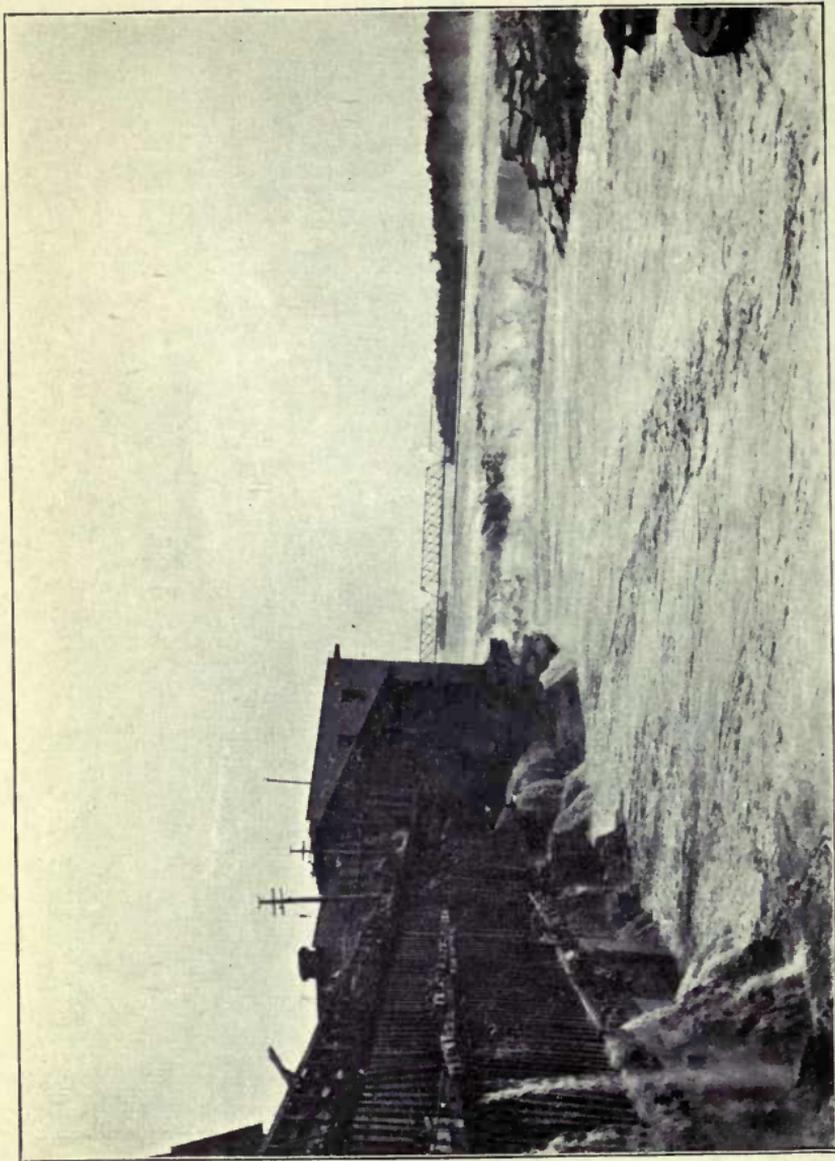


PLATE IV: CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, OTTAWA RIVER.

such as testing the results of various manures and fertilisers on different soils; the productive qualities of various soils, the feeding of cattle, sheep and pigs, and so forth.

Though Ottawa is in the Province of Ontario and is the capital of the Dominion, it is not the seat of the Provincial Parliament, that position being held by the city of Toronto.

The Province of Ontario though not the first to be settled, is the most populous and wealthy of the provinces of Canada.

Proceeding westwards up the beautiful valley of the Ottawa River, backed by the Laurentian Hills, then through very monotonous country, flat and densely timbered with pine, poplar, and tamarack, most of it rotting in swamps, we come, after skirting the north shore of Lake Superior, to Port Arthur and Fort William, two cities almost grown into one, the chief points for shipment of grain from the wheat fields of Manitoba, and finally reach Winnipeg, after passing through Kenora, formerly called Rat Portage, very prettily situated on the northern shore of the Lake-of-the-Woods at the point where the Rainy River issues from it.

The journey all the way from Montreal is through very flat and uninteresting country, covered for the most part with rotting forests of fir, poplar, and tamarack, which gradually thin out when within 20 miles or so of Winnipeg, the swamps or "muskegs,"

as they are called, gradually becoming dry until the open, treeless prairie is reached. In the neighbourhood of Winnipeg this prairie lies at an average altitude of 850 feet above sea-level, and from Winnipeg gradually ascends to the foothills of the Rockies.

Manitoba is the principal wheat-growing province of Canada; further west the prairie becomes so dry and barren that crops can only be raised by means of artificial irrigation, and the farms in Saskatchewan and Alberta are given over principally to horse- and cattle-raising.

According to geologists this great prairie, now rich in alluvial deposits, was originally the bed of a great sea which extended from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico, and I was much struck by the almost exact counterpart of this enormous plain in the dryness of its soil, the richness of the alluvial deposit, and in other ways, to the great Messaoria Plain in the Island of Cyprus, where evidence is numerous of its emergence at some remote period from the bed of the sea.

Winnipeggers love to call their city the Metropolis of the West, but as Winnipeg is only half-way across the continent, this is hardly a correct geographical term to apply to their city, Vancouver, British Columbia, having a prior right to this claim.

Few cities in Canada have of recent years given such remarkable evidence of the wonderful growth in population and trade as Winnipeg. Less than forty

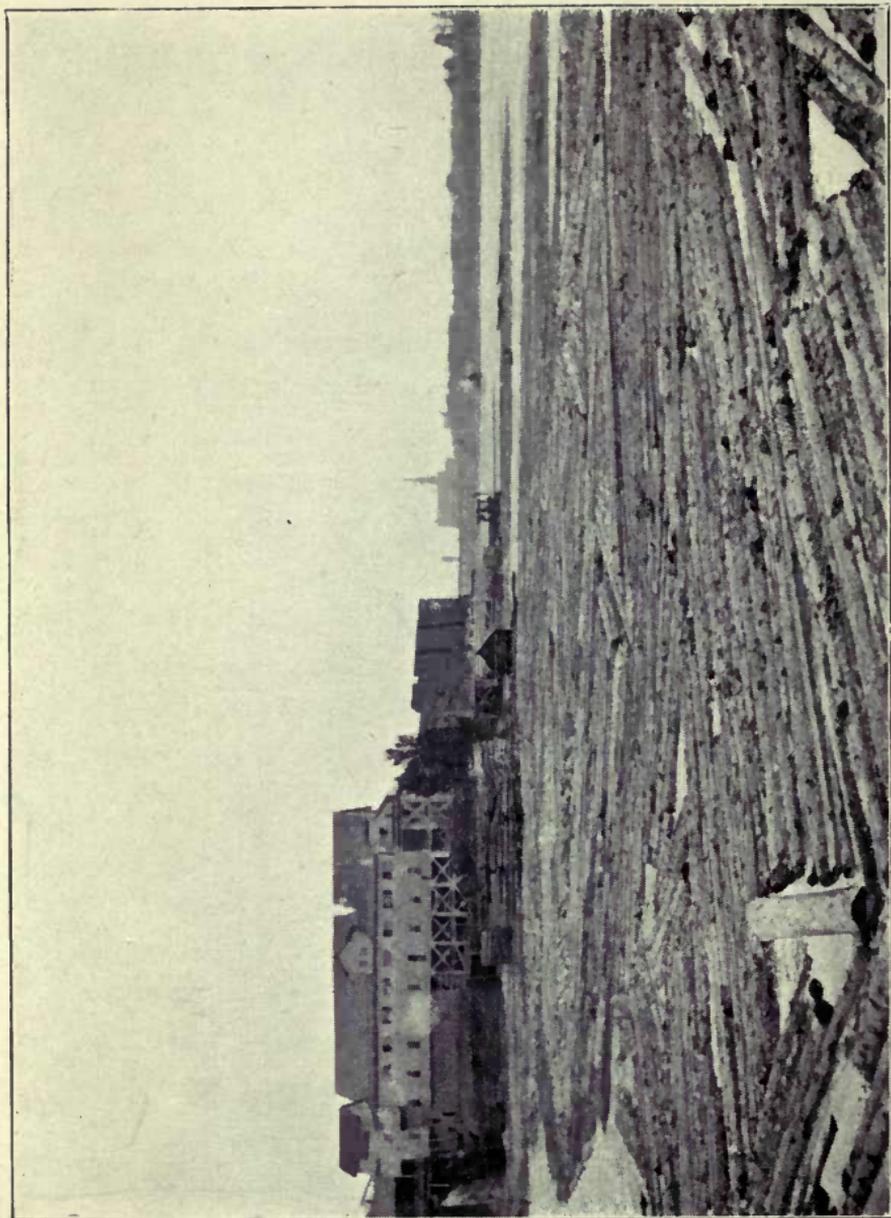


PLATE V: LUMBER MILL ON OTTAWA RIVER.

years ago Winnipeg was but a trading port of the Hudson Bay Company, who have had a station here for a hundred years, while herds of buffalo roamed at large over the prairie where now the city stands. At the present day its population has run into six figures, being over a hundred thousand.

Its two principal streets, Main Street and Portage Avenue, running at right angles to one another, are laid out on a very liberal scale, being about 100 feet wide, while the buildings are, as a rule, kept within three or four stories in height.

Canadian cities are not disfigured with the enormous sky-scrappers and "cloud-breakers" which adorn American cities.

There is at present in course of erection in New York, a building which is to be termed a "cloud-breaker," and which will be 612 feet high, the highest masonry structure in the world, a record hitherto held by the Washington Monument at Washington, an obelisk 592 feet high, begun in 1848, finished in 1888.

The result is that the heat in summer is never so oppressive to the inhabitants of a Canadian city like Winnipeg, which is about the hottest as well as the coldest of any, as to those of an American city like Chicago or New York, and one rarely hears of the prostrations, and even deaths, from the heat, which happen every summer in the latter places occurring in Canadian cities.

Winnipeg shares with Dawson City in the Yukon

Territory, the distinction of being the coldest city in the British Empire when, during the months of January and February the temperature falls below zero as much as 55° and 60° F.

During this period, generally about six to eight weeks, only such of the inhabitants as are forced to do so in the transaction of their business go out of doors, the others living a regular hothouse existence till this intense cold moderates.

To this fact is due, I think, the general pallid and washed-out appearance of the inhabitants, especially the children, who never have that healthy, rosy look that English children have, which comes of a healthy life in the open air.

To make up for this intense cold in Manitoba in winter, the months of June to middle of September are sometimes almost semi-tropical, the *shade* temperature mounting up to anything between 80° and 100°.

I should think it would be very difficult to find any other place with such an enormous range of temperature, from the coldest in winter to the hottest in summer, as Winnipeg can show.

Winnipeg is built on what was formerly—and still is below the surface—a swamp at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, on the site of a fort built about 1735 by a certain French adventurer, by name La Vérendrye, and his two sons, who were prospecting in competition with the Hudson Bay Company, and which they called Fort Rouge, a fragment of which

is standing to-day. Fort Garry, built by the Hudson Bay Company in 1835, stands on the banks of the Red River, a short distance outside the city of Winnipeg, and is, I believe, almost as complete to-day as when it was built, though I myself have not seen it.

Both the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers rise in the state of the neighbouring Republic contiguous to the Province of Manitoba, viz., North Dakota, the former due south of Winnipeg, and the latter south-west. Both rivers join at Winnipeg, and thence flow together into Lake Winnipeg about 40 miles north of the city. The mention of Red River will immediately call to mind the so-called Red River Expedition, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, to suppress the insurrection of the half-breeds in 1869-1870.

This insurrection broke out at the time when the Canadian Government took over this territory from the Hudson Bay Company, and the half-breeds, little versed in matters pertaining to Government, saw in the appearance of the surveying parties sent out by the Government insidious attempts to deprive them of their land. History, however, lays part of the blame for the insurrection on the Canadian Government in being too precipitant in taking over the country from the Hudson Bay Company, and in allowing the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr Macdougall, to proceed at once to the scene of the new Government before ascertaining the wishes of the small but independent

population with regard to the government of their own country.

The insurgents seized Fort Garry, and put themselves under the leadership of a certain Louis Riel, a French half-breed. They made prisoners of several British settlers, and the Lieutenant-Governor, after issuing a proclamation which led to nothing, and then returning to Ottawa, the authorities entered into negotiations with a view to a settlement of the dispute.

These negotiations might have terminated satisfactorily to both parties, had not Riel, in a moment of rashness and anger, had a certain Thomas Scott, on account of some strong language he had used against the rebels, shot outside the fort. This murderous action — for such it was — put a very different complexion on the state of affairs, and the Canadian Government determined to act with promptitude.

In the spring of 1870, an expedition under (then) Colonel Garnet Wolseley, consisting of both regulars and volunteers, set out for Fort Garry, and after a very long and very arduous journey of three months *via* Thunder Bay on Lake Superior and the Rainy River, reached their destination, only to find Riel had fled to the United States. After this bloodless victory this new territory was formed into the Province of Manitoba.

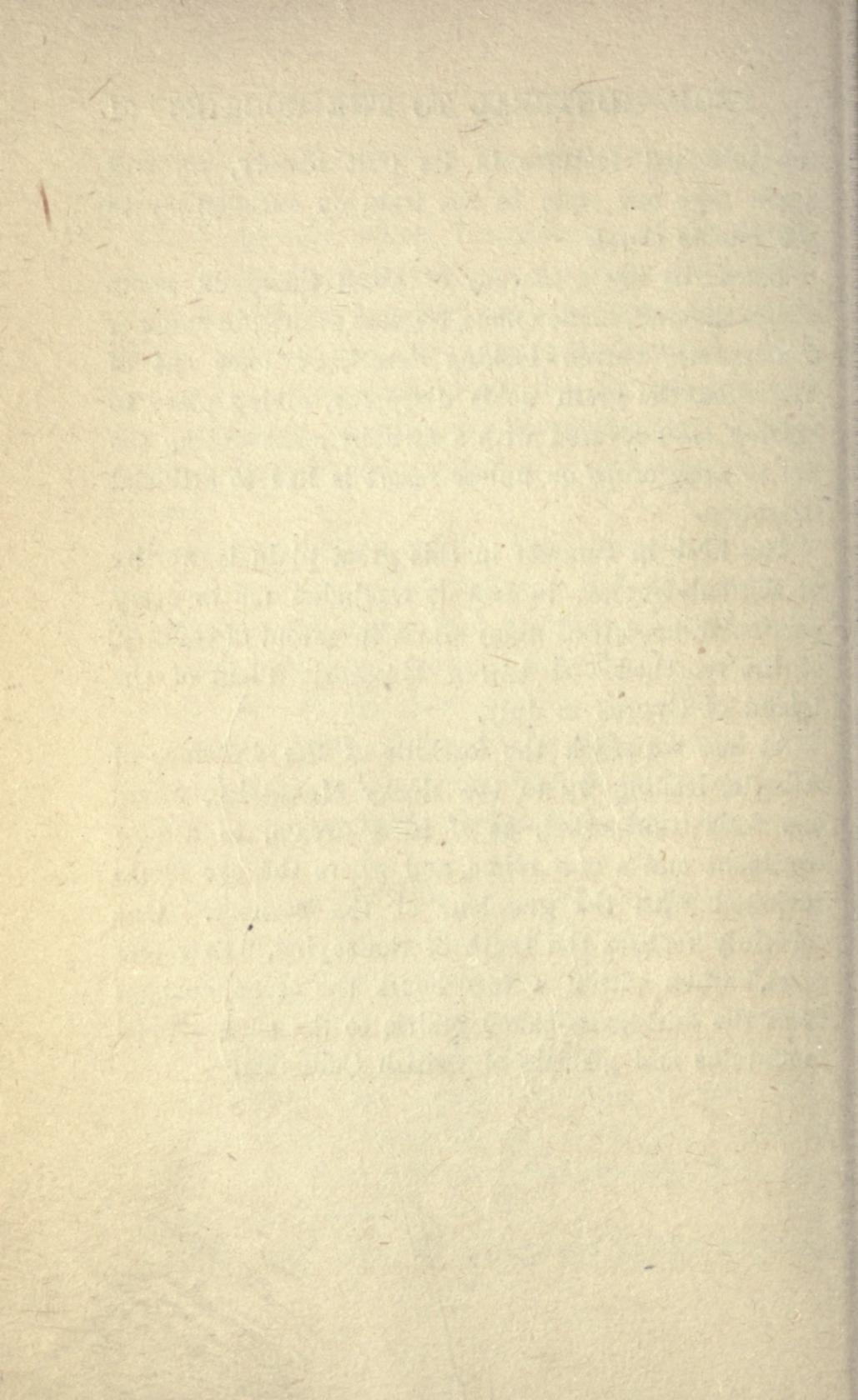
Having now seen Winnipeg, and briefly reviewed

the principal features in its past history, we will again take our seats in the train on our journey to the Pacific Coast.

Before us lies a journey of about thirty-six hours across the dull, monotonous, treeless prairie, in summer a burnt-up, barren-looking desert, as, once out of Manitoba, the grain fields disappear, giving place to grazing land covered with a scrubby grass—being too dry to raise crops on unless resort is had to artificial irrigation.

The heat in summer in this great plain is worthy of the sub-tropics; in fact it reminded me in every particular, magnified many times in extent of country, of the scorched and barren Messaoria Plain of the Island of Cyprus in July.

At last we reach the foothills of the Province of Alberta, leading up to the Rocky Mountains, where one feels transported, as if in a dream, to a new continent and a new clime, and where the eye seems surfeited with the grandeur of the scenery. One certainly realises the truth of the saying, "Extremes meet," when within a few hours the scene changes from the dusty, sun-baked prairie to the snow-capped mountains and glaciers of British Columbia.



CHAPTER V

BRITISH COLUMBIA

AFTER climbing up about 5,000 feet, we reach the summit of the pass through which runs the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia, and begin to descend into the heart of the latter province, well called the Switzerland of Canada, and the largest of all the provinces.

British Columbia in its scenery certainly makes up for the utter lack of it elsewhere in Canada. Once out of the valleys of the St Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, all scenery disappears till the Rockies are reached, the intervening country being a dead level covered with swamps and forests in the east, and a treeless prairie in the centre and west.

The journey through British Columbia to the Pacific Coast can be made by two different routes from Dunmore Junction in Alberta; one, the more northerly, by the main line through Banff and Lagan, which passes through the finest mountain scenery; the other, by a more southerly route, by the Kootenay River and Lake and the Arrow Lakes—the latter formed by the

widening out of the Columbia River—*via* the Crow's Nest Pass, joining the main line again at Revelstoke. This second route gives you a choice of both mountain and lake scenery, and a welcome change from the train to a steamer; but the mountains are smaller and less imposing than those passed on the main line.

In its journey across British Columbia, the railway crosses three mountain ranges, the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Cascade or Coast Range, and during the last portion follows the north bank of the Fraser River for a considerable distance.

This river, which flows into the Pacific about 12 miles to the south of Vancouver, owes its name to a Scotch fur trader, a certain Simon Fraser, who, towards the close of the eighteenth century, first ventured down its waters to the sea.

The Columbia River, which gives its name to the province which, previous to 1858 was known as New Caledonia—when it was formed into a Crown Colony under its present name,—is the largest in North America flowing into the Pacific Ocean, and has its source in the mountains of British Columbia, but enters the sea between the States of Washington and Oregon.

These mountain ranges of British Columbia are the northern extension of the Cordilleras, and, owing to their much more recent formation than the Laurentian Mountains in the east, attain to far greater altitudes, varying from 10,000 to 15,000 feet high, and more,

the latter range having been ground down to their relatively smaller size by being longer exposed to the forces of Nature.

The coast of British Columbia is very much broken up into inlets and islands, with virgin forests stretching down to the water's edge, chiefly consisting of giant pines and cedars.

Vancouver City is situated on the south shore of an arm of the sea called Burrard Inlet, which runs inland for a distance of about 15 miles, and forms a splendid natural harbour, it being connected with the open sea by a very narrow channel, through which the rising and falling tides rush with great force at a speed of about 10 knots. This channel is called the "Narrows." About 5 miles further up the inlet is another "Narrows," over which it is proposed to build a swing-bridge, to give access to the town of North Vancouver on the opposite shore of Burrard Inlet. North Vancouver is at present served by a ferry, but it is not sufficient for traffic requirements across the Inlet.

North Vancouver will bear to Vancouver City the same relation as Birkenhead does to Liverpool, and it is the ambition of the citizens of Vancouver that she should become the Liverpool of the Pacific—at least as far as Canadian trade is concerned.

Vancouver, however, missed its great opportunity during the Klondyke boom some years ago, with the result that Seattle and San Francisco have benefited

by the trade brought about by the gold discoveries in that region.

Since San Francisco was ruined by the earthquake and subsequent fire, the city of Seattle in Washington has made great strides towards being the first port in North America on the Pacific, its population being now a quarter of a million.

Until May 1886, the site of Vancouver was covered with a dense forest, of which an area of 950 acres, called Stanley Park, lying about 2 miles west of the city, forming the south shore of the "Narrows," has been left intact—except for a carriage road round its circumference, and a few paths through it—in all the grandeur and wildness of the virgin forest.

Some of its trees are enormous, particularly the cedars, one of which, though now dead and only a portion of it standing, measures 50 feet in circumference at a height of 6 feet from the ground. This tree is hollow, and a carriage or motor car can easily stand inside it. This is the largest tree in the forest; but there are many others 30 and 40 feet in circumference.

The trees of the eastern provinces are mere reeds and saplings in comparison with those of British Columbia, and even these giants are exceeded by the forests of California.

When Vancouver was but two months old, every building, but one, which had been put up in that

time was destroyed by a fire which spread from the surrounding forest.

The forests of British Columbia have suffered tremendous loss from fires ever since the earliest days of the settlement of the coast, and it has been calculated that the combined efforts of the beaver, the porcupine, and a mysterious blight, have together caused at least as much destruction, if not more, as the element of fire.

The porcupine destroys trees by eating the bark, while the beaver, by building his dams, changes the water-courses, thus causing large areas of land to become flooded, making swamps which have destroyed thousands of acres of timber land.

It is well known that timber rapidly decays when its roots are saturated with water, as can well be seen in the swamps of Eastern and Central Canada.

Fires of more or less extent occur every year towards the end of summer, their intensity depending on the dryness of the season.

When I arrived on the coast in the autumn, all the country round was shrouded in dense smoke from bush fires, and was so thick that it was impossible to see the mountains on the north side of Burrard Inlet only a few miles distant; and the navigation of ships in the Straits of Georgia was greatly impeded, especially if making for Vancouver Harbour, as the channel through the "Narrows" is very restricted, owing to its tendency to be filled up by silt brought down by

the Capilano River which flows into the "Narrows" on the north shore.

It was rather an irony of fate that one of the first steamers, a small Hudson Bay Company vessel, to make for Vancouver round Cape Horn from England, should safely navigate that passage which most sailors—particularly in those days—dread, only to be wrecked in the "Narrows"—and her remains were there till quite recently. This occurred about forty years ago.

Even after three days and four nights continuous rain, these bush fires were still smouldering. They are often started by careless campers who do not put out their fires properly before leaving their camping ground, and sometimes by the Indians who are often—so I was told—amongst the worst offenders in this respect, as they like to clear the thick, tangled bush off the ground to aid them in their hunting.

The most destructive fire on record¹ is that which occurred in the summer of the year 1868. The whole country, from the State of Oregon to Alaska, was on fire. There was a great drought this year which began in April, and lasted till November. The summer was very hot, and the trade winds which blow on this coast, charged with the heat of the sun, dried the timber into a very inflammable condition which, from the natural rosin or pitch in the trees, became easily ignited.

¹ "Report on British Columbia Forests to Department of Forests and Mines. Ottawa, W. Shannon."

About the middle of the summer the fire started in Oregon and spread through the State of Washington, and through British Columbia as far north as Alaska.

The smoke from such a vast conflagration was so dense that the sun was never seen for two months, and artificial light had to be resorted to, while all shipping was brought to a standstill.

As the coast enjoys a milder but damper climate than the country further inland, it is on the coast that the largest trees are to be found, particularly the further south one proceeds.

The country between the Coast Range and the Selkirk Mountains comprises what is known as the "dry-belt," and is to a great extent open prairie. By counting the annular rings in the section of a tree, some trees have been calculated to be from eight hundred to one thousand years old.

Under the roots of a tree, estimated to be a thousand years old, which was growing out of a mound, bones and stone implements have been found, thus proving that this part of the Pacific Coast was inhabited over fifteen hundred years ago.

These mounds are found all along the coast, especially in Queen Charlotte Islands. This fact is taken as evidence that this coast was peopled from the Orient, and it is noticeable that the North American Indians, in their physical qualities, bear a close approximation to the Mongolian type. This is particularly the case with the Aleut Indians of the

North-West in Alaska, and the Aleutian Islands, whose language is said to be Asiatic in its origin.

Cedar trees have been found on Queen Charlotte Island, their ages estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand years old—the heart decayed, but the outer part still healthy. Trees of this great age are exceptional, the average may be taken at from five hundred to six hundred years, varying in height from 100 to 350 feet.

From early times there has been an ancient custom amongst the Indian tribes of firing the forest to drive away evil spirits.

One evening, early in October of last year (1906), a big fire broke out at one of the principal lumber- and saw-mills on the water front, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of the centre of the city. Owing to the buildings being almost entirely of wood, and the nature of the business carried on in them, coupled with the fact that the mill was on the extreme outskirts of the city, and therefore some distance from the nearest fire-station, the fire spread with extraordinary rapidity, and by the time the fire-engines arrived on the scene, nothing could be done except to prevent the fire spreading to adjacent buildings.

Thanks to the fact that what slight wind there was blowing towards the water, the fire was practically confined to the mill, which was completely gutted, though a Japanese boarding-house on the opposite

side of the railway track took fire from the sparks and the heat, and was burnt to the ground.

If a strong wind had been blowing, it is impossible to say how far the fire might have spread; certainly all the wooden frame buildings in the neighbourhood would have been destroyed. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but one or two firemen met with accidents from falling timbers.

The fire had practically burnt itself out by the following morning, the mill, with its large stock of lumber and machinery being completely burnt out, two brick chimneys on the outskirts of the fire area being the only remnants of the mill left standing. A large iron chimney-stack fell and was crumpled up as if it had been made of biscuit tins, while heavy shafting and machinery were contorted into the most fantastic shapes.

The Canadian Pacific Railway track, which forms one boundary of the mill-yard, was warped from the heat, which was so intense that telegraph poles and wooden fences took fire, solely from the reflected heat, though standing at a considerable distance from the actual conflagration. Trains were held up for a few hours until the warped rails could be straightened again, and the fierceness of the fire had somewhat abated; to say nothing of the enormous crowds which blocked the line and all available vantage spots from which the fire could be viewed in safety.

I really believe many people thought the fire had

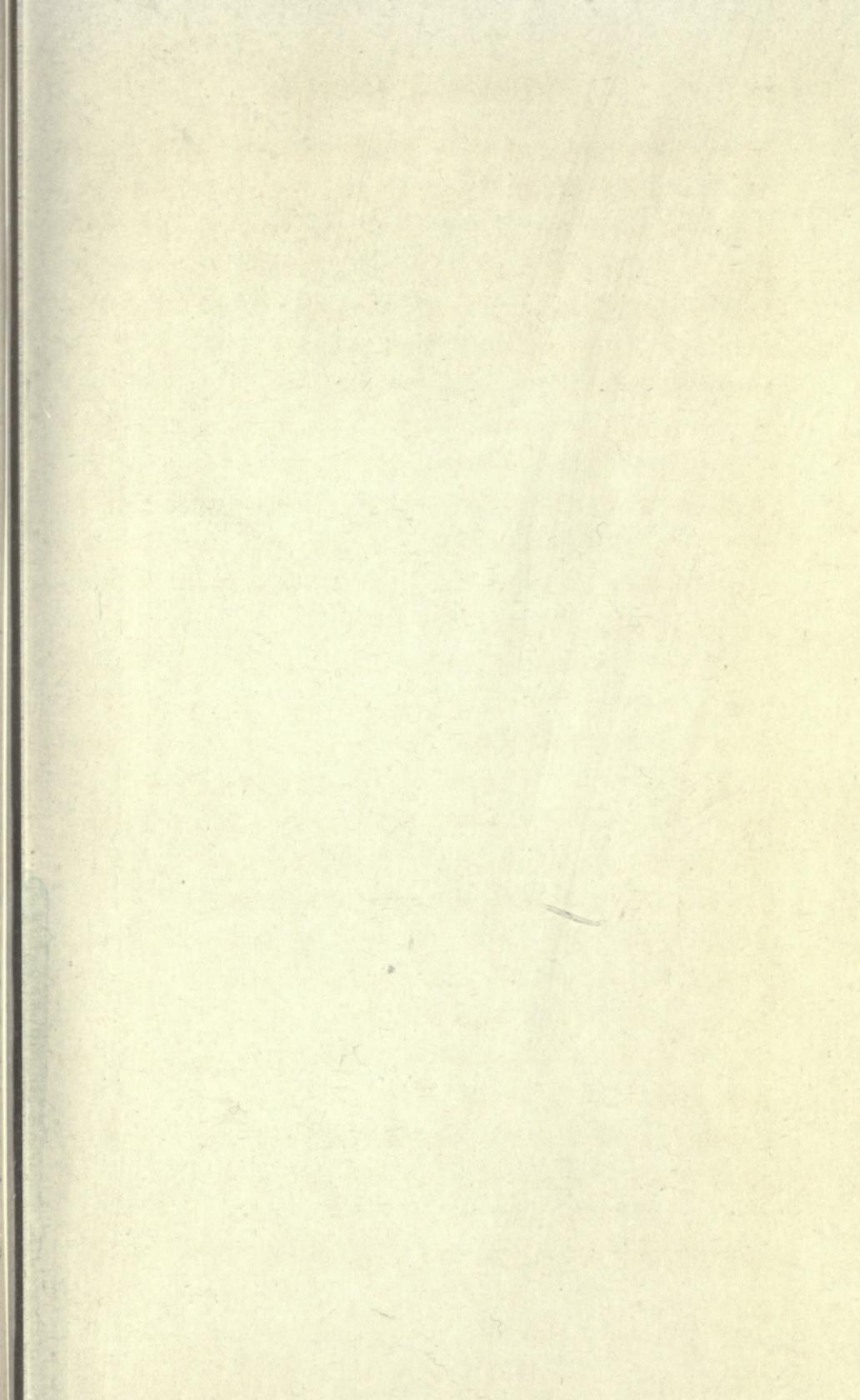
been specially arranged for their benefit (as it broke out on a Saturday evening), judging from some of the remarks I happened to overhear, such as—"Isn't this fine, now?" "Beats the band, this does" (Anglice, "Takes the cake"), "Ain't that just lovely?" and so forth, as if it was a "Brock's Benefit" night at the Crystal Palace.

Whatever losses the owners of the mill may have suffered, it certainly turned out a good thing for the Street Car Company, who ran as many cars from the city to the site of the fire as the line could accommodate, which were filled to overflowing, and could have been filled ten times over.

By a strange irony, many of these extra cars had been running during the week as extra service to New Westminster—situated about 12 miles south-east of Vancouver on the Fraser River—where the annual Agricultural Exhibition had been held, and this Saturday happening to be the closing day of the show they still bore the temporary legend, "To the Exhibition!"

All the following Sunday large crowds collected round the blackened ruins, to the considerable profit of the Street Car Company, who might well say on this occasion, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," as no one in an American or Canadian town thinks of walking half a mile if they can get an electric car instead.

It is this universal use of street cars for even the



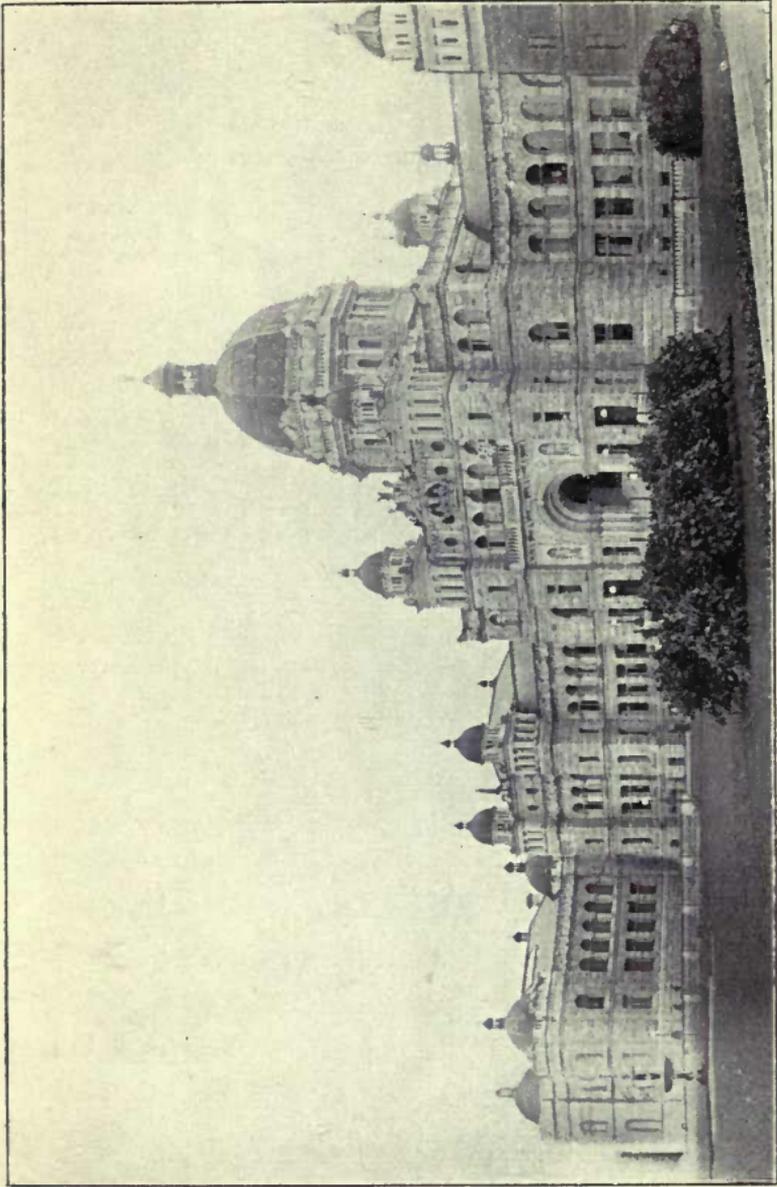


PLATE VI: PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

shortest distance that is one of the first things any one from this side of the herring-pond notices, especially as there is only one fare of 5 cents ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for any distance—the longest in Vancouver being about 4 miles.

Considering that in this country one can travel nearly double this distance for the same fare, and that the average distance works out at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles for 5 cents in a Canadian town, street-car travelling seems rather an expensive amusement. But as 5 cents is the smallest coin in use in Central and Western Canada, and as every one is supposed to be so well off, that amount is looked upon as of no more value than what we attach to a half-penny.

It is a delightful trip of about five hours from Vancouver to Victoria on Vancouver Island (named after the explorer of that name, a contemporary of the more famous navigator, Cook), as the steamer wends its way amongst the numerous islands which fringe the coast of Vancouver Island, through a land-locked sea like a miniature Mediterranean, just as blue, but which, except sometimes in winter, is rarely rough.

Victoria is the seat of the Provincial Parliament of British Columbia, with a population of about twenty to twenty-five thousand.

Its Parliament Buildings are very fine, and rank with the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa as the finest public buildings in Canada. The situation of Victoria is beautiful, surrounded with lovely spots whence charming views of land and sea can be

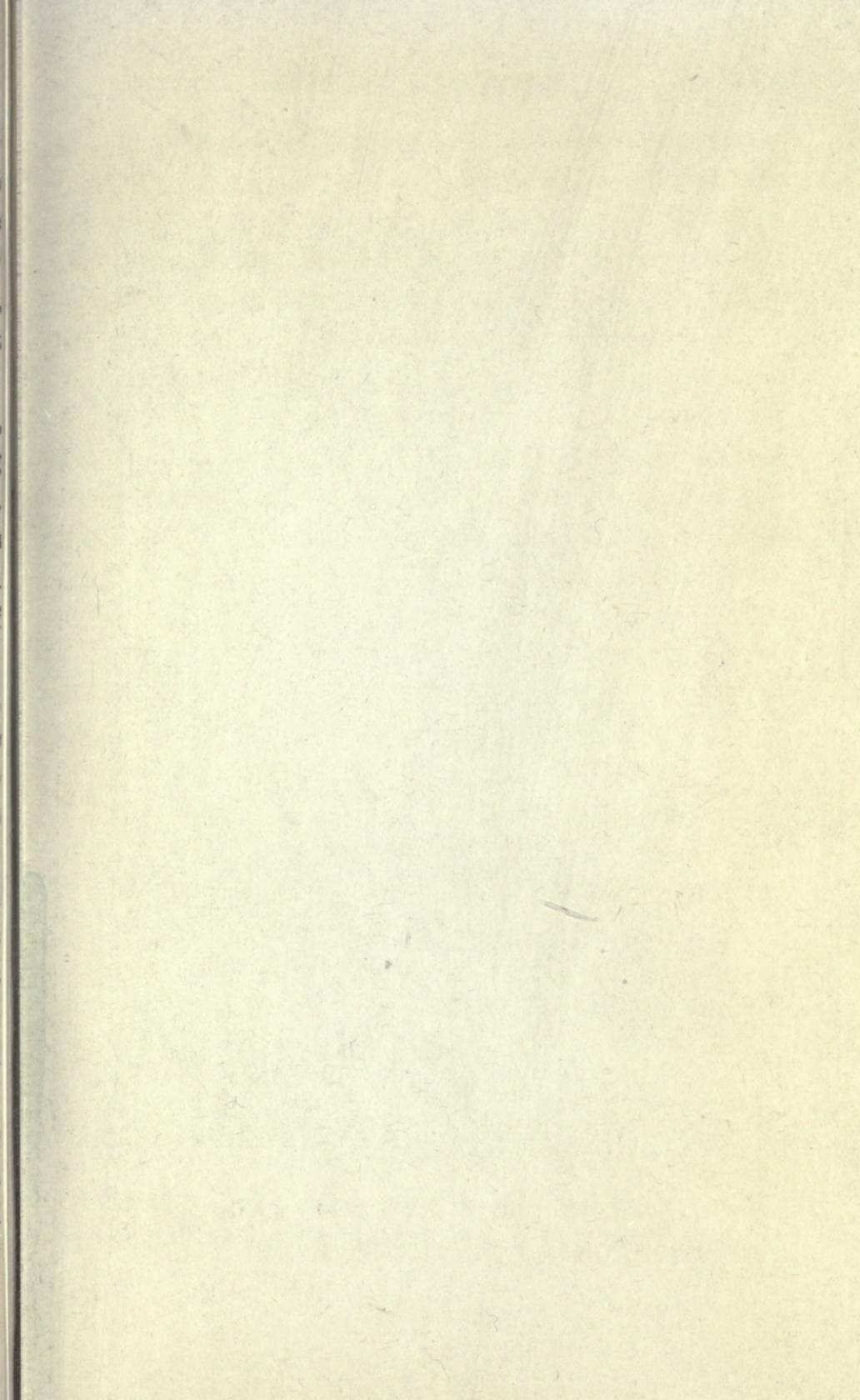
obtained, especially of the Olympic range of mountains in the State of Washington on the opposite side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and in the north-east the towering form of Mount Baker, 11,500 feet high, which can also be seen from Vancouver, with its cap of eternal snow glittering in the bright sun.

Victoria is the most English town in Canada, being peculiarly so in all its characteristics, and being also more of a residential than a manufacturing city. Owing to its splendid climate and mild winters, it is chiefly inhabited by those who have retired from business, and have gone there to spend the rest of their days.

One of the chief incentives to people in Winnipeg, and other eastern towns in Canada, is to make sufficient money as quickly as possible to be able to retire from business, and go and live at Victoria to escape the frightful cold of their winters.

The result is that Victoria, though a small city in comparison to Winnipeg, Montreal, or Toronto, is relatively richer, and its shops in Government Street would be the envy of many a city with twice, or even three times, its population, while some of them would not be out of place in Bond Street.

On the occasion of the official visit of the Governor-General, Earl Grey, to Victoria this last summer (1906), the city was be-decked with flags and arches erected across the principal streets.



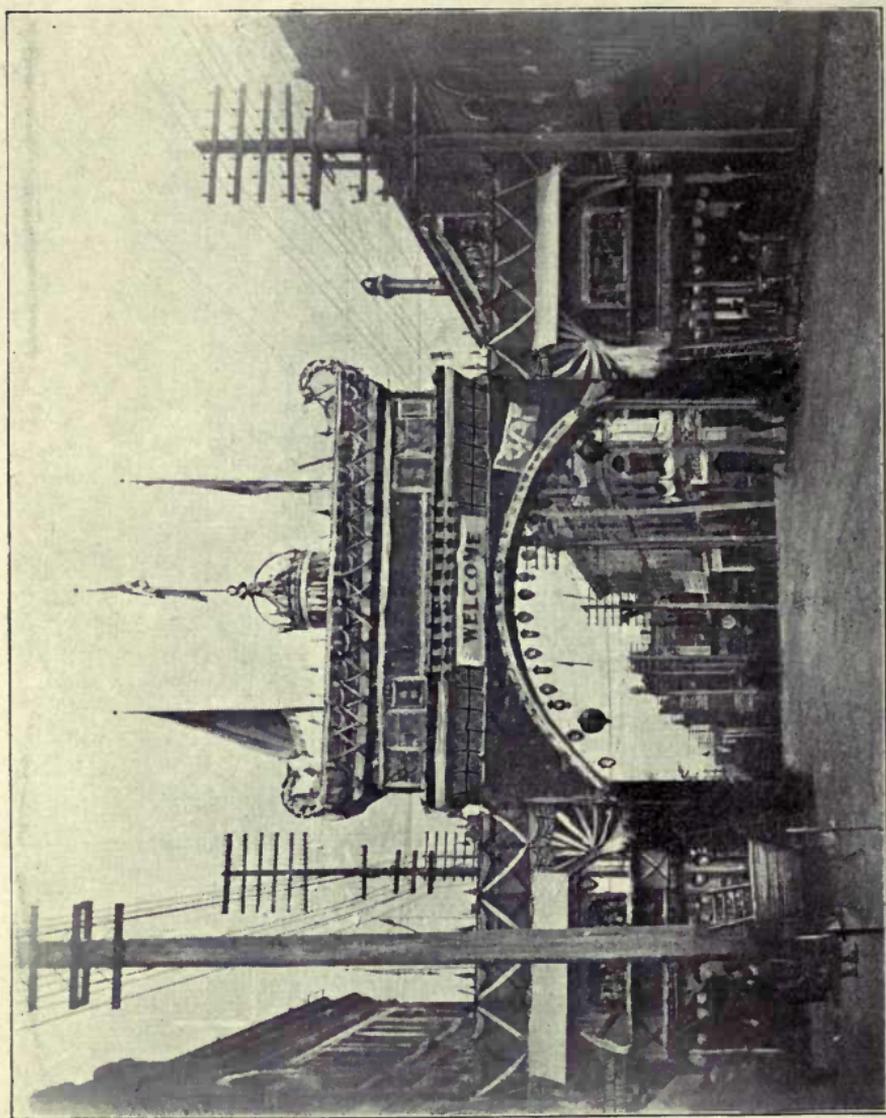


PLATE VII: CHINESE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, VICTORIA. VISIT OF EARL GREY.

The Chinese community, who number between two and three thousand persons, put up a magnificent arch across Government Street. Over the side-arches across the pavements were representations of the interior of a Chinese joss-house, with figures dressed in the richest purple and silk.

The Chinese also presented a loyal address to Earl Grey at the foot of their arch which, together with the expense they must have been put to in decorating and illuminating their arch, and considering they are only allowed on sufferance into the country on payment of a head tax of £100, was, I think, greatly to their credit.

At night the arches and the Parliament Buildings, overlooking the harbour, were outlined with thousands of electric lights, producing an effect worthy of a scene from fairyland, or a pantomime at Drury Lane.

The Japanese in Victoria also erected a triumphal arch across another street, but, being a smaller community than the Chinese, they contented themselves with a less elaborate structure.

When Earl Grey visited Vancouver after Victoria the Japanese colony gave a fine firework display one evening and a lantern parade another, which were much appreciated by the people of Vancouver—especially by the rising generation.

Another interesting feature was Joe Capilano, the Indian chief, who came over to England last summer to see the "Great White King," and had just returned

to British Columbia, with his following of Indian "braves" in full war paint.

He was most persistent in following Earl Grey in order to present a loyal address, but owing to a mistake in the official programme no allowance had been made for this item, and, as Earl Grey was so occupied with receiving addresses and deputations and "speechifying," it was not till after two or three attempts, and much marching and counter-marching about the streets of Vancouver, on the part of Joe and his followers, that his patience was rewarded.

CHAPTER VI

HISTORICAL¹

HAVING now taken the reader with me across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in this chapter I will outline the chief points in the history of the country through which we have passed, from the time when Jacques Cartier first entered the waters of the Gulf of St Lawrence in 1534, until the Confederation of the various provinces into the Dominion of Canada by the British North America Act of 1867.

British Columbia, however, did not join the Confederation till 1871, nor did Prince Edward Island till two years later, in 1873.

Provision was made in the Act for the admission of the colony of Newfoundland—to whom belongs the Coast of Labrador—but that island is still independent, though recent events have brought forward prominently the question of its joining the Confederation. This

¹ This chapter has been compiled from Bourinot's "Canada," which see for full details.

move, however, seems at present to be more popular in Canada than in Newfoundland itself.

History in connection with the discovery of Canada, previous to 1543, is very vague and uncertain, and in some cases is purely legendary, though John Cabot, who sailed on a voyage of discovery from the port of Bristol in 1497, is credited with having sighted a headland of Cape Breton Island or the Island of Newfoundland.

Legendary history says that Labrador was sighted by a Norse sailor, by name Ericson, who sailed from Greenland in the first year of the eleventh century. This Ericson is credited by the Icelandic sagas or poets of his day with having discovered three countries. The first land, after leaving Greenland, that he sighted he named Helluland, on account of its rocks, and we may safely assume that this rocky coast was Labrador.

Next, he came to a flat land with white beaches of sand and covered with woods. This he called Markland.

Voyaging further south he reached a coast where vines grew, and appropriately named it Vinland.

Markland was probably—though of course this can only be conjecture, as we have no records other than the vague sagas or poets to guide us—part of Cape Breton or Nova Scotia, while Vinland may have been part of New England.

So much for legendary history; the real history in connection with the discovery of Canada commences

with the voyages of Jacques Cartier between the years 1534 and 1542. He was a Breton sailor from the port of St Malo. His first voyage was restricted to the Gulf of St Lawrence, which he entered and left by way of the Belle Isle Straits.

In his second voyage, made in the year 1535, he was accompanied by a fleet of three ships, the largest of which had a tonnage of 120—a great improvement on the vessel of 60 tons in which he made his first venture.

It seems wonderful to us in these days of ships of 20,000, and even 30,000 tons, how these early mariners could venture out into unknown seas for thousands of miles in such cockle-shells of boats as they did. Sailing ships with ten times their tonnage, and more, find a watery grave in the Atlantic, and even the huge modern Atlantic liner sometimes has its decks swept from one end to the other. People have crossed the Atlantic in even smaller boats, but these ventures are more or less of the foolhardy type, undertaken more with the object of self-advertisement than to accomplish any useful purpose.

Jacques Cartier with his little fleet of three ships, which gave Canada to France for over two hundred years, came up the St Lawrence River nearly as far as the site of Quebec.

The name Canada comes to us from a dialect of the Iroquois Indians, meaning a large village or town, and was applied in the first half of the sixteenth century

to the district round the site of the present city of Quebec. It gradually spread eastwards as the country was opened up by explorers from the Gulf of St Lawrence to the head of the great lakes, and was finally adopted for the whole continent of British North America on the formation of the Dominion in 1867.

Jacques Cartier's fleet on its way up the river, which he entered *viâ* the Belle Isle Straits, anchored in a bay on the north shore of the present Province of Quebec, then part of Labrador—a name now given to but a narrow strip of the coast—to which he gave the name of St Laurent, in honour of the saint on whose festival day he arrived.

The name which Cartier gave to this bay was transferred gradually to the whole river and gulf, and also to the range of mountains which stretch from the Coast of Labrador to the north of Lake Superior.

From their anchorage near the Isle of Orleans, Cartier set out to explore the higher reaches of the river, with one of the smaller ships of his fleet and two large boats.

The former had to be abandoned on Lake St Peter, the furthest point to which the tide rises, owing to the shallowness of the water, and Cartier eventually made his way with the two boats up to the Island of Mount Royal (Montreal), where he found an Indian settlement.

He afterwards returned to his encampment near Quebec, and spent the winter there, the crews of

his ships suffering much from the intense cold, and from scurvy.

The following spring Cartier returned to France, passing this time round the south end of Newfoundland through the Cabot Straits and past Cape Race, being obliged, however, to leave behind him one of his ships, the crews having been weakened by their privations during the previous winter. He eventually reached St Malo again in the summer of 1536.

Early in the sixteenth century, sailors from the coasts of Devon and Cornwall were fishing in the Gulf of St Lawrence, making the port of St John's, Newfoundland, their headquarters and, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, took possession of Newfoundland.

In 1603 Champlain, a fisherman from the Bay of Biscay, ascended the St Lawrence River as far as Montreal Island, but was debarred further progress by the Lachine Rapids.

In the summer of 1608 he made a second voyage to the St Lawrence, and founded the city of Quebec.

In 1629 Quebec suffered its first bombardment and capture by an English fleet under Admiral Kirk, one of the pioneers in the new colony of Newfoundland.

On the return of the fleet to Plymouth with Champlain a prisoner on board, Admiral Kirk was astonished to hear that peace had been declared four months previously between England and France, consequently the taking and holding of Quebec was illegal.

Three years later, in 1632, by the treaty of St Germain-en-Laye, Quebec, together with Port Royal in Arcadia, now the Province of Nova Scotia, was restored to France, though Charles I. delayed the negotiations as long as possible, and every effort was made by Admiral Kirk and his associates to prevent their restitution; and Charles, who was then commencing his quarrels with his Commons which were to end in his execution, being hard up for money and ready to get it from wherever he could, only consented when the French king, to whose sister he, Charles, was married, agreed to pay the large sum of money still owing to the latter as her dower.

When Quebec was restored to France, Champlain was reinstated as Governor, and on Christmas Day, 1635, he died in the fort which he had erected on Cape Diamond twenty-seven years previously, and which has since developed into the Gibraltar of North America.

Charles de Montmagny succeeded Champlain as Governor of Quebec, and it was during his term of office that the city of Montreal was founded in the spring of 1642 by Maisonneuve.

It was during this period in Canadian history that the colonists suffered so severely at the hands of the native Indian tribes, particularly the Iroquois, who in 1648 swept the Hurons, allies of the French, out of existence as an independent nation, and at whose hands so many French priests and missionaries suffered frightful tortures and martyrdom.

Again, in 1660, the Iroquois planned an attack on all the various French settlements, which, if it had been successful, would have practically exterminated the colonists, and might have very considerably changed the future history of Canada.

The defeat of this project was due to the heroism shown by a certain Adam Dollard and his band of sixteen followers, who entrenched themselves behind an old log palisade—a wretched protection at the best.

Day after day they repulsed the attacks of the Iroquois, but the latter on being reinforced by a band of five hundred Indians, made a general assault in which Dollard himself was killed, and, when the Indians finally fought their way into the enclosure, they found no one left to dispute the ground with them.

So amazed were the Iroquois at the resistance shown by a mere handful of men, that they gave up their project of making any further attack on the French settlers.

Under these circumstances fervent appeals were made for help to the King of France, Louis XIV., who decided to make Canada—or New France as it was then called—a Royal Province, and to this end over two thousand persons, both soldiers and civilians, were sent out.

These forces carried the war into the enemies' camp, and for twenty years the country had peace from the marauding attacks of the Indians.

Canada, during the period it was administered as

a Royal Province, enjoyed a very autocratic *régime*, and parishioners could not assemble in public even to consider the cost of a new church, without the special permission of the Governor or Finance Minister.

Count Frontenac, on his arrival in Quebec as Governor in 1672, endeavoured to form an assembly of the different classes of the community, but he was promptly "hauled over the coals" by the French king for attempting to establish any semblance of popular government.

The closing years of the seventeenth century was a period of exploration and discovery. Jolliet, in 1673, with six companions, one of whom was a missionary, Father Marquette, discovered the Mississippi River, and explored it for a considerable distance.

It remained, however, for Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, a native of Rouen, to follow that river to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico, nine years later, in 1682.

The following years saw the increasing difficulties which the French settlers had on account of the rapidly growing influence of the English colonies, and in 1690 Count Frontenac, during his second term of office as Governor of French Canada, organised three expeditions against the English, which were chiefly characterised by ruthless cruelties on the part of the French and their Indian allies.

In retaliation, the English seized Port Royal in Acadia—the present Nova Scotia—and expeditions were organised against Montreal and Quebec in the

autumn of 1690, both of which, however, failed—that against Quebec chiefly through the incapacity of the English commander, Admiral Phips.

It was owing to Admiral Phips' success in taking Port Royal that he was given the command of this more important expedition against Quebec, where, however, he failed hopelessly, while Port Royal was soon afterwards retaken by the French.

In 1693, Frontenac gained a complete victory over the Mohawk Indians, and three years later over the Onondagas. He died in the closing weeks of the year 1698.

In the early years of the eighteenth century there broke out in Europe the war of the Spanish Succession, but it was known in America by the name of the reigning sovereign, Queen Anne.

In 1710 Port Royal surrendered to the English under Colonel Nicholson, and its name changed to Annapolis.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, England gained possession of Acadia, Hudson Bay, and Newfoundland.

During the war of the Austrian Succession, the French fort of Louisberg fell before the attacks of four thousand colonists from New England in 1745, assisted by a small English fleet under Captain Warren. Before the end of the war in 1748, France made two efforts to regain the Island of Cape Breton, and to this end a fine fleet set out from France to undertake the re-capture of Annapolis, but its career was as disastrous as that of the Spanish Armada

in Queen Elizabeth's reign. It suffered so from storms and pestilence, the French Admiral dying from an apoplectic seizure, while his successor committed suicide, that the remnant returned to France without ever having attempted the capture of the half-ruined fort of Annapolis. A second fleet sent out from France in 1747 was even more unfortunate, it being defeated off Cape Finisterre by a superior English fleet under Admirals Anson and Warren.

On peace being declared by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, Cape Breton was restored to France, though England at the same time acquired the port of Madras in exchange, a piece of diplomacy which, though at first sight appearing to be a forerunner of that which has been exemplified in the more modern instances of the Maine and Alaskan boundary questions in giving up to our opponents what we formerly possessed, proved wise, as France was bound to lose Cape Breton in time in our growing empire, while the fate of Madras—and even India—was at the time very doubtful, and our foothold was thus made secure at least at one place in India.

However, the English soon found out that a mistake had been made in restoring Cape Breton Island to France in such haste, and, as the best means of counterbalancing it, they sent out a large English population into Nova Scotia. The immediate result of this step was the founding of the city of Halifax in 1749.

It was then decided as a matter of necessity to bring the Acadians entirely under the control of England, and they were given a year to choose between leaving the country or submitting to the British Government, and becoming its subjects.

It was eventually decided to secure the peace of the province by the expulsion of all French Acadians.

It would be too long an account to give here the details which finally decided the British authorities to take this—to us—very harsh and unjust step; I must refer the reader to Bourinot's "Canada" (pp. 231-235), for full information on this point, from which he will gather the fact that in those days British statesmen treated the Colonies very much on a par with the attitude certain politicians hold towards them to-day.

We now come to the year 1756, when both England and France were fully engaged in that war which ended in the famous victory of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham on the night of the 12th and 13th September 1759, which gave a whole continent to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The first two years of this war were a series of disasters for the English, both by land and sea, but, when Pitt was recalled to office in 1757, her fortunes began to mend.

In the month of June 1758, Louisberg, the French fortress of the island of Cape Breton was captured, and five years later razed to the ground.

The following year Quebec was taken and Montreal capitulated, and by the Treaty of Paris, 1763, France ceded to Great Britain Canada with its dependencies and the island of Cape Breton; France being allowed to retain the barren islands of St Pierre and Miquelon, and certain fishing rights off Newfoundland.

What a thorn in her side these fishing rights since turned out to be to Newfoundland, and no sooner are these finally settled and justice is at last done to her, than another and even, perhaps, grosser injustice is done to her in order to retain the good-will of another country, as the American claims are far more shadowy than were those of France.

The loyalty of no colony has been so strained as has that of Newfoundland, that "sea-girt Devon," the greatest nursery of seamen in this sea-encircled Empire, our oldest colony; yet how patiently has she borne it all for the sake of that Empire, strengthened by the knowledge that she has the whole Empire at her back, and that these acts of injustice are the deeds, not of the British people, but of cringing, weak-kneed Little Englanders, who stop at nothing to gain their own selfish party ends.

At the closing years of the eighteenth century we enter upon the American War of Independence, the result of which was eventually assured by the alliance of France with the States.

The Treaty of Peace was signed in 1783, acknowledging the independence of the old English colonies,

and fixing the boundaries of the New Republic and Canada—a source of much controversy in later years.

After this occurred an event in the history of Canada as the result of the late war. This was the influx into Canada of the United Empire Loyalists who left their old homes in the thirteen colonies; and for many years they and their descendants were stirred with bitter feelings of animosity against the States.

By 1792 provincial governments had been established in Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

The next great event in the history of Canada is the war of 1812-1815, which did so much to prove the loyalty of Canadians, both French and English-speaking, to Great Britain. The principal causes of this war—with which Canada was in no way concerned—were as follows:

Great Britain was engaged in a great conflict, not only for her own safety, but also for that of Europe, against the overweening ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To ensure her superiority at sea, Great Britain was compelled to seize and condemn neutral American vessels whenever there was conclusive evidence that their cargoes had been bought in an enemy's colony, and were on their way to the Mother Country.

Not only this, but American vessels were stopped on the high seas, and the crews, who were claimed

as British subjects, forcibly impressed even though they had been naturalised in the States.

Then orders were issued which forbade American trade with any country from which the British flag was excluded, and permitting American trade with Europe only on condition of touching at British ports and paying duty.

Napoleon retaliated with decrees which were practically useless, while Great Britain's Navy was victorious, but which at the same time further paralysed the commerce of the United States.

These and other causes, such as the continued occupation by Great Britain of western posts and territory, since the Treaty of Peace after the War of Independence in 1783, for thirteen years created an intense feeling against England, and Madison, on condition of his being re-elected to the Presidency, was forced to agree to a declaration of war. The consequence of this bargain was the passage of a war measure by congress on Madison taking his seat as President, and the formal declaration of hostilities on the 18th of June 1812, though Great Britain had the previous day repealed the above obnoxious orders[!]; but it was then too late to induce the war party in the States to stop the progress of the forces which were already near the Canadian frontier.

Though Canada was in no way concerned in the causes which led to the declaration of war by the United States, yet the one idea which animated her

was loyalty to Great Britain, and the result showed that the people of the United States had very much mistaken the character of Canadians, whom they expected to fall an easy prey, and held until the end of the war to be used as a lever against Great Britain to extract more favourable terms, or else unite them to the Republic.

Perhaps one of the most memorable battles in this campaign was the famous battle of Lundy's Lane, where, on the 25th July 1814, the English regulars and Canadian militia, led by General Drummond, fought from six in the evening till midnight, and by their undaunted courage defeated an American force of overwhelming numbers.

A very fine monument marks the site of this, the last great fight in the war. It takes the form of an obelisk on a pedestal, on which is inscribed the date 1812-1814 and the name of the battle, the whole resting on a base approached by a flight of steps.

Peace was signed by the Treaty of Ghent on 24th December 1814, when not an inch of Canadian territory was held by American troops, while, on the other hand, Great Britain occupied the greater part of the coast of Maine, and had our statesmen seized this opportunity of finally settling the boundary between Canada and the States on the east, the State of Maine would not now be pressing like a great wedge between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick.

The next twenty-five years was a period of internal

political strife and rebellion, chiefly marked by the attempt of Louis Papineau to establish a Republic, *une nation Canadienne*, on the banks of the St Lawrence.

By the year 1848 the provinces of Canada, *i.e.*, Quebec and Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and by 1851 Prince Edward Island, enjoyed a full measure of self-government, and in the early part of 1867 the British Parliament passed the "British North America Act, 1867," which united the Province of Canada with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and made provision for the future entrance into the Dominion of Prince Edward Island, the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and Newfoundland.

In 1842 the boundary question between Maine and New Brunswick was settled, generally known in Canada as the "Ashburton Capitulation."

As a result of this settlement American territory now nearly reaches the banks of the St Lawrence, and a Canadian railway, the Canadian Pacific, is obliged to traverse foreign soil, unless it followed a very circuitous route along the bank of the St Lawrence, as the intercolonial railway is obliged to do to keep within Canadian territory.

In 1846 Great Britain agreed to accept the forty-ninth parallel west of the Great Lakes as the international boundary and Vancouver Island, though this latter very nearly followed the fate of Oregon and became American territory, while the Island of San

Juan in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, between the mainland and the Island of Vancouver, which is mainly valuable as a base of operations in time of war, was, in later years, made over to the States.

Ever since the declaration of peace on the termination of the American War of Independence, Great Britain's policy has been, wherever Canada is concerned, a continuous submission to the United States, and recent events seem to show a persistence in this policy.

How Americans must laugh at us up their sleeves!

CHAPTER VII

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

Now that we have travelled across the continent of British North America and reviewed its history, and are now in one of the principal districts of the domains of the North American Indian, I will, before going east again to introduce the reader to a typical railway camp, here say a few words about the wonderful basket-work and other crafts of the American Indians.

I have collected my information on this subject, partly from watching Indian women at work, and partly from the following publications: "Report of the United States National Museum," Washington, and "Indian Basketry," by G. W. Jones.

Much of this Indian basket work is woven in three thicknesses, that is to say, first a foundation made from the very fine trailing roots of the cedar, then on either side of this foundation is woven the bleached and coloured grasses, these latter being introduced as a pattern. These coloured grasses are of the most

brilliant hues, and being made from vegetable dyes are practically everlasting.

So versatile are these Indian women that they will never repeat the same pattern twice, and it will be impossible to find two baskets alike.

The illustration opposite this page shows examples of some very fine basket-work made by the Attu Indians, and as this tribe is rapidly becoming extinct—only eleven families being now alive—they will in time become very valuable.

The pattern on the larger basket in the illustration on the left is done in wool, and on the smaller in silk and wool.

Though these baskets are only woven in a single thickness, the wool is so cleverly interwoven with the grass that it does not come through to the back.

The Attu Indians or, more properly speaking, the Aleuts of Attu Island, live in the most westerly point of Alaska. Attu Island is situated in the extreme west of the Aleutian Islands in the Bering Sea, longitude 175° W. of Greenwich, and latitude 53° N.

Of this tribe and their products, the above-mentioned "Report of the United States National Museum," says:

"Perhaps the finest and most delicate weaving of the North American Indians is that done by the Aleuts of Attu Island. . . .

"Their homes, or 'barabas,' are built of sod, and in these dreary places, which the long winters make

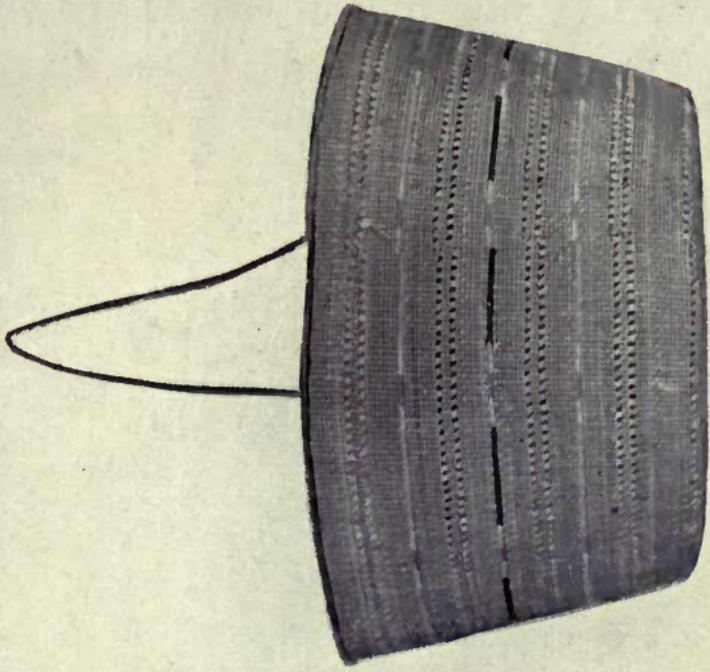
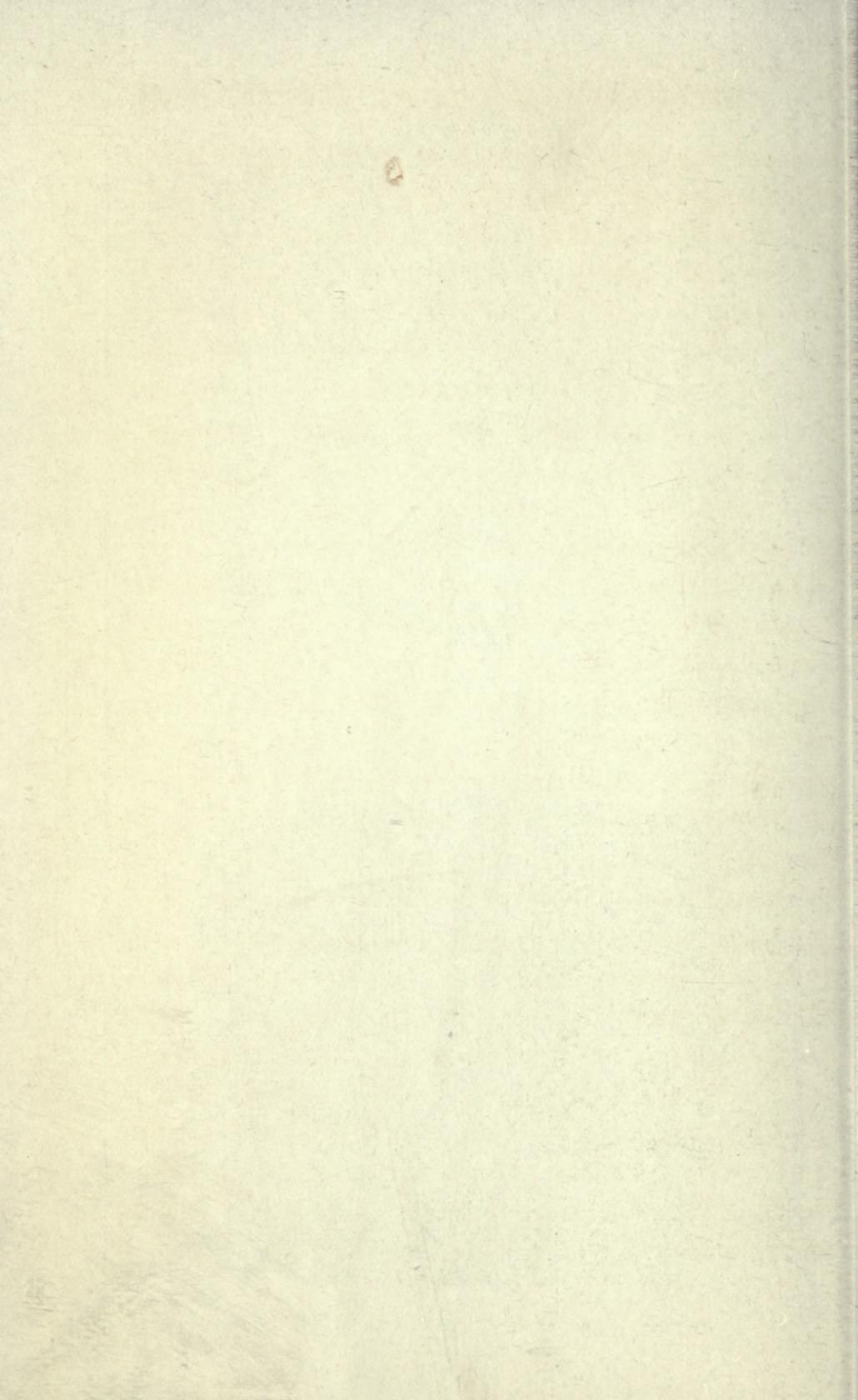


PLATE VIII: ATTU INDIAN BASKETS. ALASKA.



inconceivably dark and desolate, they work at their interesting basketry, singing and crooning to themselves to help the weary days pass along.

“The Attu weaver uses a kind of twined weaving like hem-stitching. They use for their warp stems of wild rye or other grasses in which the straws are split, or a pair used, and the two halves pass upward in zig-zag form. Each half of a warp is caught alternately with the other half of the same straw, and with a half of the adjoining straw, thus making a series of triangular instead of rectangular spaces.”

The larger of the two Attu baskets illustrated on a previous page is woven in this fashion.

The Attu weaver weaves upwards, upside down, as one might at first sight say. The bottom of the basket is suspended from a pole, a most primitive warping beam, stuck into the roof of their “baraba.”

When the grass used in weaving these baskets is required to be white, it is cut in the month of November, and the whole stalk, wild rye, bleached by being hung downwards, out of doors, to dry.

If, on the other hand, the grass is to be yellow—as in the baskets illustrated—the common colour, it is cut in July, and the two youngest blades of grass that are full grown are then cut and split into three pieces, the middle one being thrown away. The other pieces are then tied into bunches about 2 inches in diameter, and hung up to dry with the points down.

If the grass is to be cured green, it is prepared as when it is required to be yellow, but the first two weeks of the curing are carried out in the shade of the dense growth of grass and weeds that is found in their villages. Afterwards, it is taken out and dried in the house.

Under no circumstances during this process of curing, which takes a month or more, is the sun allowed to shine on any of the grass.

The small trailing cedar roots which form the foundation of these baskets, are dug up with an ordinary root digger, and suitable pieces in length and thickness having been selected, they are then buried in the ground to keep fresh.

When required they are taken out of the ground, peeled and scraped with a sharp stone or knife. They are then hung up to dry till ready for use. Next, they are split into long strips by means of an awl made from the bone of a deer.

The pieces which are of uniform width and thickness throughout their entire length are used for stitching purposes, while others which are split irregularly, or are too thin or short for that purpose, are put together in bundles to form the foundation of the coils. In the sewing, these foundations are kept continuous and of uniform thickness by adding fresh pieces as required.

While an Indian woman is weaving, the working strands are kept constantly damped, either by dipping

the fingers into a basket of water close at hand, or by drawing the grass between the lips, and *not*, as is often supposed (in the manufacture of "Panama" hats for example, which are not, by the way, made in Panama) by working with the fingers under water all the time.

All the tools an Indian woman requires to produce her wonderful basketry are, a rough knife, a pointed bone like an awl, and her own deft fingers.

One is astonished as one watches her at work, herself frequently unkempt and her garments of the coarsest, her surroundings in her own village suggestive of anything but beauty, how she can produce such exquisite work and high artistic effects with such primitive tools.

To give some idea of the patience required to produce the finest class of this basket-work, I have seen a small basket being made by an Indian woman of the Nootka tribe (Vancouver Island), about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches only in diameter, which when finished, would have taken her about twenty days to make, and was so exquisitely finely woven that it was almost as smooth as paper to the touch.

The Indians use baskets for cooking purposes and for storing water, so tightly are they woven, though unfortunately this will, I fear, become a lost art as they come more and more into touch with the white man, and will find it less troublesome to buy his metal pots and pans for a few cents, than spend weeks making a single basket.

Basketry is the parent of all loom work, and differs only from the latter in the material which is more pliable, and in the workmanship which, in the loom, is mechanical.

Think how dependent the civilised world is to-day on the art of weaving. What, without the loom, would it do for its clothes and blankets, its carpets, curtains, and linen? Yet civilised man owes all these things to the work of primitive, aboriginal woman.

“For there is not a weave of any kind, how intricate or involved, which the finest looms produce to-day, that was not handed down to us, not in a crude form, but as perfect as we now find it, by our savage ancestry in their basketry and similar ware.” (“Indian Basketry.” G. Jones).

The basketry of the North American Indians is primitive in the extreme, and as far as is known, has changed but little since its original conception, and its products in some form or other are used in every function of the Indian's daily life from the cradle to the grave.

It is astonishing to see the wonderful art which primitive and savage people of all races display in their domestic appliances, and this wonder increases when one considers what these people are, the lives they lead, and the consequent narrowness of their horizon.

Compare, for example, any of the wonderful basketry

of these Indian women with the artistic productions of the white man's daughter. All things considered, the advantages in education, travel, etc., the comparison is hardly flattering to the latter.

The white man is not endowed with the patience to spend the time necessary to produce art purely for art's sake, or for the love of the thing, nor does the world in which he lives allow him to do so even if he would. It is with him, unfortunately, too much of a question of £ s. d.

One could hardly compare the beautiful work, design, and colour of the product of the Indian woman's skill with the useful, but as a rule, ugly baskets produced by the civilised white man, without saying to himself, "What a falling off there is."

How difficult it is, nowadays, to reconcile art—that is, real art and not the machine-made variety which is so blantant everywhere—with utility; yet these primitive races have solved the problem.

To find examples of the white man's art which is a joy to behold, and which was produced by men who really loved their work, and did it for the pleasure of doing it, yet, like these Indians, used only the simplest tools, we must go back to the Middle Ages, to the wonderful carving done by the monks of old on the "misere" seats in the choirs of the churches and chapels of their monasteries. Malvern Priory and Winchester Cathedral are two churches which have some fine examples of their work.

While much of the beautiful and fantastic carving done by these monks was unhappily destroyed or defaced during the Reformation, yet, on the other hand, much has survived the troubled periods through which our cathedrals and abbeys passed, to be a source of envy at the skill of those who wrought it, and the admiration of a generation which lives in an age of machinery and machine-made goods from the clothes it wears, and the chairs it sits on, to the decorations that embellish (?) its homes, and the very bread it eats.

Like these North American Indians of the present day, the monks in days gone by gave free play to their imagination and inventive genius in producing weird and curious objects, and both stamp their work with the word individuality, yet Nature is, and was, the only model from which they worked.

In the stone carvings of the Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Island, I have often been struck with the great resemblance of some of their representations of animals, sometimes compounded of fish, flesh, and fowl, with the grotesque carvings on stall and pew in some of our old English cathedrals and abbeys.

The art of basketry is previous to that of pottery, as the Indians used their baskets as moulds for pottery, that is those tribes who lived in a country where clay was abundant, as, for example, the Havasupai Indians in Arizona (G. Jones), and clay-lined their baskets to render them water-tight for cooking purposes.

It is easily apparent that the constant heating would

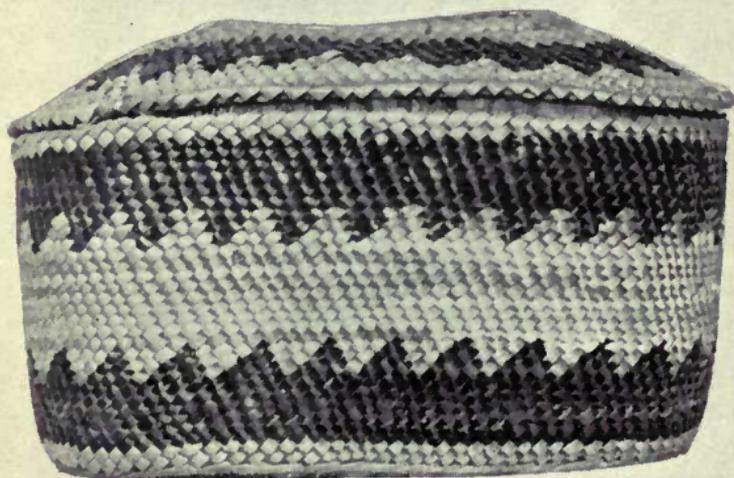


PLATE IX: THUNDER BAY (UPPER) AND NOOTKA (LOWER)
INDIAN BASKETS.

(Author's collection.)

face p. 93.

cause the clay to harden, and eventually become detached, and thus the distinct clay vessel was evolved.

Those Indians who lived in a country where clay did not exist, *e.g.*, in British Columbia, rendered their baskets water-tight by weaving them very tightly and closely.

The upper basket illustrated opposite, is made by a gipsy tribe of Indians from Lake Superior district, called Thunder-Bay Indians. It is made of the bark of trees, birch and pine, and decorated with porcupine quills.

Shams of this kind of work are, I believe, made by the white man to sell as genuine Indian work. The genuine can be detected by the use of real naturally coloured quills, while the white man uses coloured straws, and the work is evidently inferior.

Fortunately no white man could possibly imitate Indian weaving with any hope of successfully palming it off.

The lower basket is a specimen of weaving done by the Nit-Nat or Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island.

This is done in three thicknesses, bleached and coloured grasses being woven back and front over a foundation of cedar-tree roots.

We will now devote our attention to a tribe of Indians who, while they weave baskets like those we have already mentioned, are seen at their best in their carvings, both in wood and slate—the latter a material only found in their neighbourhood.

I speak of the Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands, perhaps one of the most interesting of the North American Indian tribes. Captain Dixon, who had formerly been with Vancouver on his voyages to the Pacific Coast of North America, in his ship *Queen Charlotte*—named after the wife of George III.—in the year 1786 was the first Englishman to visit these islands. The first white men to appear on these coasts were Spaniards, of whom Don Francisco Maurelle was one of the best known. Dixon and other explorers of his day treat the discoveries of the Spaniards with the utmost contempt, and Dixon himself even goes so far as to assert that Maurelle was never even near the coast, though the Spanish maps made a good deal earlier were far more accurate than those made by later English explorers.¹

Captain Dixon treats Don Maurelle's statements about his discoveries in these regions as lies and absurdities—though some of them (*i.e.*, Maurelle's) were certainly exaggerations—but, at the same time Dixon and his contemporaries were careful not to publish much of what they knew. Perhaps, also, they did not like to admit that they had been forestalled by the Spaniards in the exploration of this coast.

“Though the Spaniards,” says Dixon, “did not find

¹ Thanks to the kindness of Dr Newcombe (of Victoria, British Columbia) I was able to see copies of these maps, and those of Don Maurelle conformed much more accurately—making due allowance for the time when they were done—to the maps of to-day, than did those of Dixon and his contemporaries.

these islands" (Queen Charlotte), "they discovered land which we found to be imaginary." Dixon then gives the names of those islands, and says of them: "We looked in vain for these islands, and to use Maurelle's own words, 'it may be pronounced that no such islands exist,' so that their intention has uniformly been to mislead rather than be of service to future navigators. To expiate on the absurdity, not to call it by a worse name, of such conduct, would be painful, let us then turn from so disagreeable a subject and say a few words respecting the discoveries of our immortal countryman, the late Captain Cook."

Thus wrote Captain Dixon at the close of the eighteenth century.

The Haida Indian tribe or stock is divided into two clans, the Eagle and the Raven, the significance, however, of this division into two separate clans being merely social. A man of the Raven clan is compelled to marry an Eagle woman and *vice versa*, while the children always belong to the clan of the woman.

These clans are again subdivided into groups or families, and usually take their names from towns or camping places, and each family has usually its own chief, and often its own town. Each family has certain prerogatives which are jealously guarded, such as the right to use certain personal names, to represent certain objects upon their clothing or blankets, and carve them upon their houses and poles. Although

these poles are generally referred to as totem-poles, they have not always a totemic significance, they being to the Indians what coats-of-arms and crests are to us, to mark the social position of their owners.

If a family cannot show a long line of crests, or what we should refer to as a shield with many quarterings, they put up a totem-pole representing a flood or other story, with their crest at the summit, and thus make a fine show.

Like us and other races, these Indians have a flood-story, which shows how wide spread is this belief in a former inundation of the world. The Egyptians, to whom a flood was an annual and beneficent occurrence, are about the only people who have no flood-story with its attendant destruction of life. What was to other people a disaster, to the Egyptians spelt life.

To the Haida Indians the earth is flat with a circular outline like a plate. Originally there were no house-poles, but the front of the house itself was carved, or a carved plank or block of wood was fixed to the front of the house. This plank was, in course of time, increased in height and evolved into the house-pole. Some of these poles merely bore crests, others illustrated a story.

In the former case, crests of the house-owner and his wife were usually placed together on the pole, though sometimes all the crests were taken from one family.

Amongst the principal objects representing crests

are: the grizzly bear, often shown in the act of swallowing a man, because they killed many people; the dog-fish, with its tail standing up straight on end, and the head brought forward in full face; the killer-whale, raven, eagle, beaver, and cormorant. Besides these there were mythical beasts—compounds of birds and beasts.

The "thunder-bird," so-called because it made a noise like thunder with its wings, is another form of crest, and is sometimes shown in conjunction with the whale, because thunder-birds were supposed to live upon whales.

Besides the outside house-pole, big chiefs had an inside one as well. Next to these house-poles, the most important were poles erected to the memory of the dead. These are divided into two classes.

First, grave-posts, in or upon which are deposited the remains of the dead; and, secondly, memorial posts erected in their honour.

The most elaborate of the former class were those which consisted of a box, corresponding to our coffin, capable of holding more than one body, with a carved front representing the family crest, supported on two posts.

If more than two bodies were put in—both, of course, belonging to the same clan—each was first put into a separate box.

In the second class of grave-posts, the box, or coffin, was placed on the top of a single post, or let into the post itself.

Dr Newcombe, to whom I am much indebted for information regarding the Haida Indians, showed me a photograph of a grave-post which had belonged to an old chief who weighed some seventeen stone, and they had the utmost difficulty in setting it up in position, having to lighten the post by hollowing it out and such like devices.

The memorial posts generally consist of the crest of the departed one at the bottom, a long shaft above, and another figure at the top.

Besides being raised upon posts, remains of the dead were often put into elaborately carved boxes, which were placed on carved figures of animals resting on the ground.

The grizzly bear commonly figures in the designs on these boxes, with the head in the centre, while the body is supposed to be split down the back, like one might split a herring, and half shown one side and half the other of the face, the fore-legs at the bottom and the hind-legs above. The Haidas decorate their canoes and paddles in a similar fashion, in fact they put their crest on everything as a mark of ownership.

Their spoons are most beautifully carved, the small ones made in one piece from goat-horn, the larger ones being a horn handle riveted to a bowl made from the horn of a mountain sheep or other animal.

Sometimes these carvings are purely fanciful, sometimes the crest of the owner, and sometimes they



PLATE X: HAIDAH INDIAN CARVED SLATE DISH.
(*Author's collection.*)

illustrate a story. I have also seen spoons hammered out in one piece from a two-dollar coin, and afterwards richly engraved.

The Haida Indians use what are called "gambling" sticks covered with designs of animals like their crests, when they play games as we do cards. These designs are traced round the circumference of the sticks which are about 8 to 10 inches long. The Haidas execute the finest carving of any of the North American Indians.

Of the various animals which they use as crests on their house-poles, grave-posts, and other possessions, the killer-whale occurs most frequently, followed, rather a bad second and third, by the grizzly bear and the rainbow, amongst families of the Raven clan; while, amongst those of the Eagle clan, the eagle and beaver are the most frequent.

Opposite is illustrated a very fine slate dish, 12 inches across at the widest part, the rim inlaid with bone. This black stone is a true slate, and is peculiar in North America to Queen Charlotte Island. The other illustrations (over leaf) are a slate model of a totem or crest-pole, and a carved slate opium pipe, only the carved portion being shown.

The crests on the former, reading from the top downwards, are:—a raven, a "chemoose" (Indian Tsemūs) surcharged with a halibut, and a grizzly bear in the act of devouring a cormorant. The grizzly bear is generally represented either in the act of swallowing a man or other animal or bird, or with its tongue

protruding from its mouth. The "chemoose" can be distinguished from the bear by its row of teeth, and generally, though not always, by having a hat of state.

Other animals compounded with the head of a bear, but limbs and bodies of other beasts, are: The sea-bear, with the head of a bear, the body, fins, and tail of a whale, and the claws of a crab. The frog, with a head like that of a bear adorned with a hat of state, no body, and the fore limbs of a frog. The "grizzly horte," with a bear's head, no body, fore limbs terminating in the claws of a crab. The sculpin, the American equivalent of the dragonet or English bull-head, a fish with spines down its back.

This is represented by the Haida Indians with the head of a bear, and body and tail of a fish. The figures on the opium pipe represent an Indian story or legend, which only an Indian could interpret. They are: a raven attacking a man, a winged frog, and an Indian mask, the mouth of which forms the bowl of the pipe.

The device on the dish is a typical Haida Indian crest, a five-finned killer-whale. How this whale came to be possessed of five fins will be explained later in this chapter.

In order to show the five fins the carver has taken an artistic licence, and has depicted the fins turned down, instead of projecting upwards from the whale's back. The same licence has been taken to depict the



PLATE XI: HAIDAH INDIAN CREST POLE AND OPIUM PIPE.

(Author's collection.)

(See p. 100.)

right-hand flipper, which has been brought to the left-hand side behind the other flipper, which is shown in its proper place. Round the edge are shown conventionalised waves.

When an Indian is drawing an animal on a flat surface, he will show great ingenuity and considerable licence in getting in all its component parts.

The following are some stories current in the mythology of the Haida Indians:

THE RAVEN AND THE CRAB.

The Raven taunted the Crab that he was a useless being, as he was neither a fish nor an animal, and could neither swim like the former nor walk like the latter. The Crab withstood this teasing for a certain time, and then determined to be revenged on the Raven. So, when the Raven next time approached him, and began to tease him as usual, the Crab pretended to be asleep. Thereupon, the Raven becoming bolder, began hopping round the Crab, getting nearer and nearer, till he suddenly found himself seized by the leg and held tight; the rising tide threatening to drown him, the Crab very considerably released his victim.

This story is often represented in their carvings and paintings, and is also used as a tattoo mark.

RAVEN AND CORMORANT.

On some totem-poles, the Raven is represented with an enormously long tongue. This illustrates the following story:

Raven told Cormorant that he could fish better if he laid on his back, and put his tongue out. Cormorant, believing Raven, did so; whereupon Raven seized his tongue and pulled it out.

To this legend the Indians attribute the fact that the Raven is such a noisy, chattering bird, while the Cormorant, on the other hand, is such a silent one.

Another version of this same story is, that Raven told Cormorant it was easier to fish by putting his head down and his tongue out. Raven thereupon seized the Cormorant's tongue and bit it off.

Another story of the Raven and Cormorant is as follows:

Raven and Cormorant went out fishing; Cormorant alone made any catches. Raven caught only a small halibut. Then Raven went towards the bow of the boat to Cormorant and said to him: "Let me see what is on your tongue?" When Cormorant put out his tongue, Raven seized it and bit it off.

So Cormorant lost his voice, and that is why, the Haidas say, the Cormorant is a dumb bird.

Raven saw two Cormorants fishing, and started a quarrel between them by saying to one, that the other was calling him names and *vice versa*. While

the two Cormorants were fighting, they vomited up the fish they had caught, which Raven seized and ate.

RAVEN AND SEA ANEMONE.

(from Swanton's "Haida Indians").

Raven became fascinated with a Sea Anemone and said, "Cousin, come, let me kiss you." The Sea Anemone, being suspicious of Raven, replied: "Go away, I know you too well, Raven," which made Raven angry. Thereupon Raven scattered the stones round the Sea Anemone, and steamed it in the ground.

When it was cooked he ate it while it was yet hot, whereupon his heart burst with the hot Sea Anemone. That is why Ravens do not eat Sea Anemones.

In some Haida Indian crests, the whale is represented with the head of a raven projecting from its back instead of the usual fin.

This illustrates the following legend of the Raven and the Whale.

When the former for certain misdeeds—the recital of which would be rather long and, for a book intended for general reading, perhaps better omitted — was captured and thrown out to sea, he was swallowed by a Whale and his beak grew out of the Whale's back like a fin. The Whale was afterwards washed ashore, and on being cut open the Raven flew out and escaped, like Jonah, from his captivity.

Where the whale is represented with four and

sometimes five fins, he is supposed to have made war on the other whales and defeated them, taking their fins as trophies, like an Indian does the scalps of his enemies.

The circular plate here illustrated is an old Haida Indian plate. By comparison with that on page 99 the difference will be at once noticed. The former is a typical Haida Indian design, representing one of their crests, and is incised. The design in the plate under notice is in relief. It is not typical Haida work, though carved by a native of Queen Charlotte Island, but is in imitation of the white man's work. The floral design on the back is essentially borrowed from the white man. The two figures are an Indian's idea of a white man and his dress, as shown by the "pot hat" and "pants" of the one on the left, and the cummerband and turban of the figure on the right. The latter was probably suggested to the carver by having seen a Greek (*i.e.*, Russian) priest in Alaska. The animal below is probably an Indian representation of a dog.

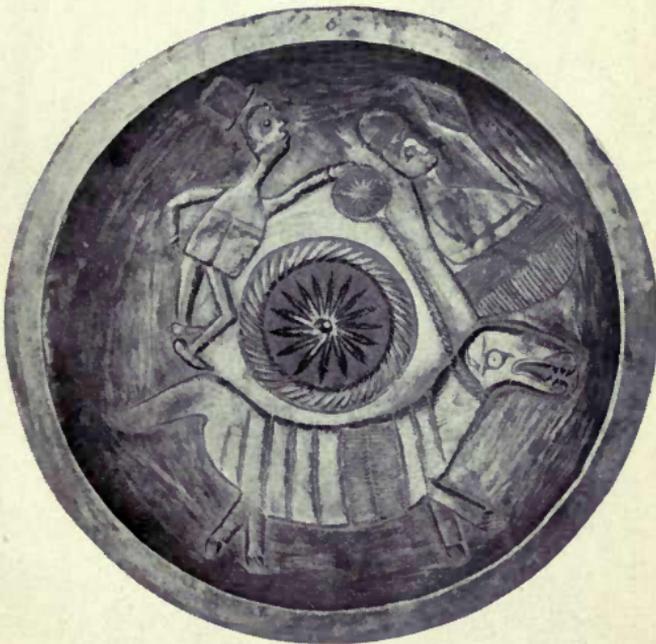
The white man is often represented like a crest on their totem-poles, complete from "pants" to "plug" hat, often put up as a mark of derision.

The coiled circle in the centre of the plate is a representation of their coiled ropes made of cedar-tree roots.

The illustration opposite (p. 105) is an example of bead-work done by a tribe of the Blackfeet nation. It

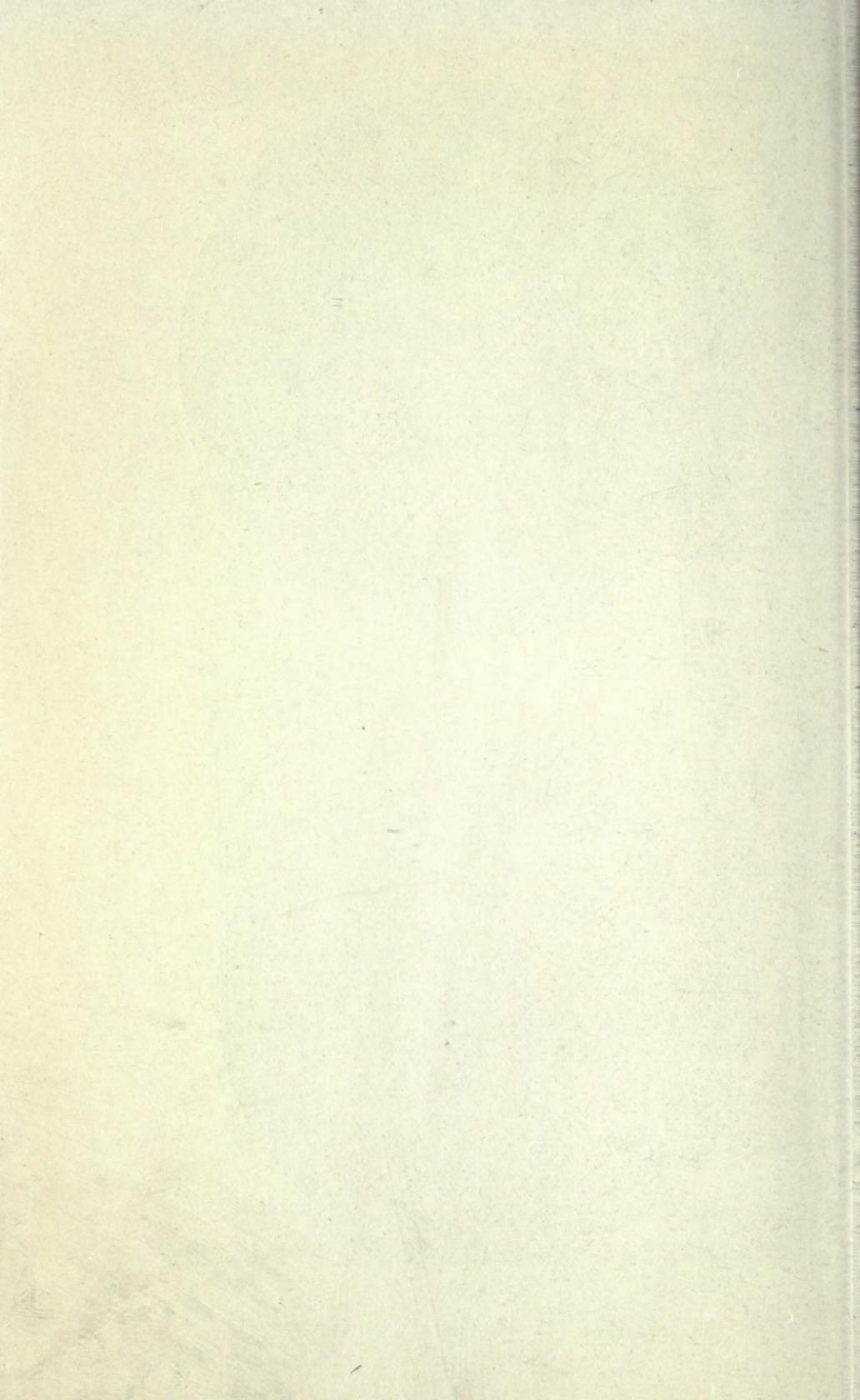


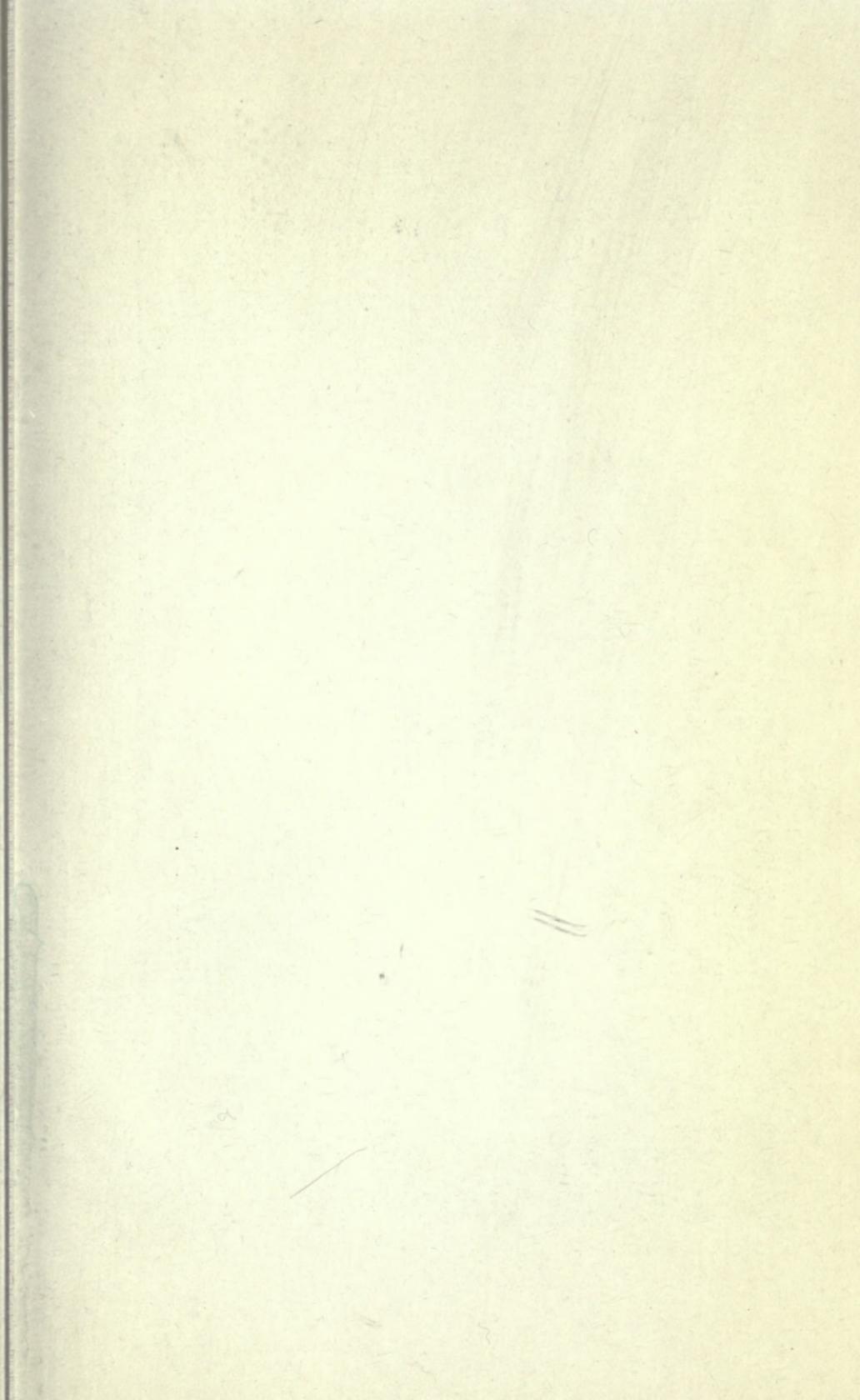
(BACK.)



(FRONT.)

PLATE XII: HAIDAH INDIAN SLATE DISH.





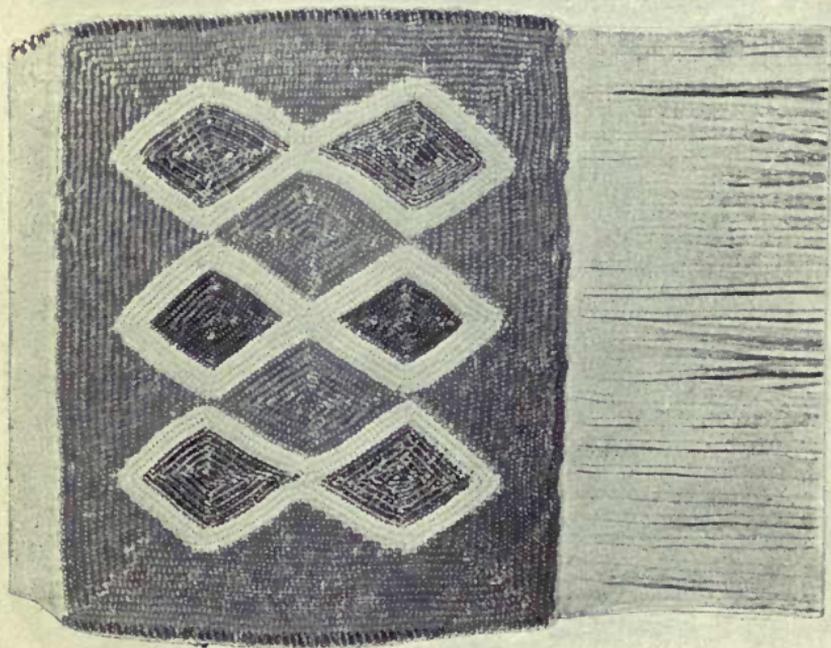
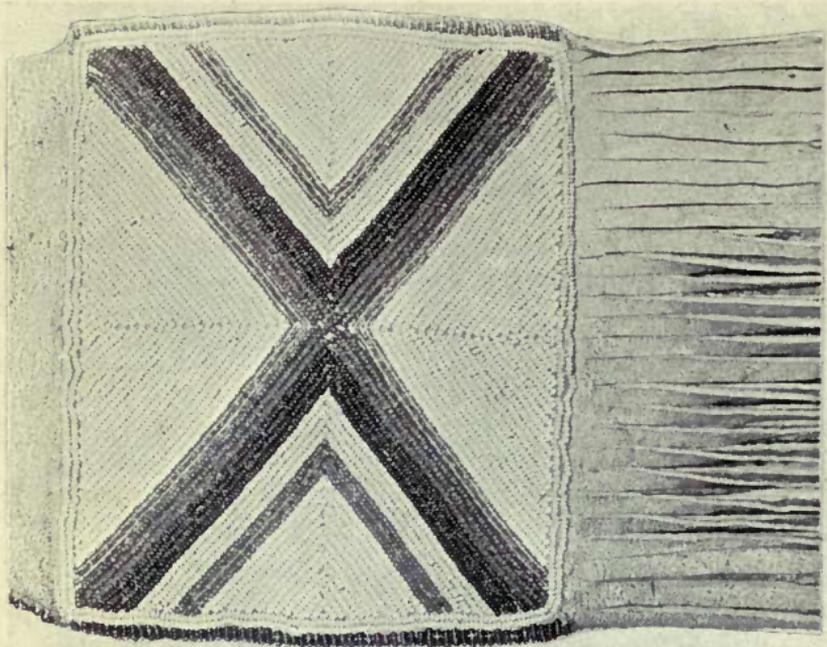


PLATE XIII: BLACKFEET INDIAN BEAD-WORK ON BUCKSKIN "FIRE-BAG."

(Author's collection.)

forms the decoration on a "fire-bag" or pouch made of buckskin for carrying a pipe and tobacco.

The Blackfeet nation consisted originally of three different tribes — Blackfeet, Bloods, and Pi-kun-i, all speaking the same language, and having the same customs and religious observances. They were at one time a very powerful nation, the Pi-kun-i tribe alone numbering forty thousand persons.

They originally inhabited the wooded country between the Peace and Saskatchewan Rivers, but gradually moved westwards till they reached the Rocky Mountains. Here they found game in plenty, and remained until they obtained horses, which are said to have come into their possession at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this, their condition of life changed, and they began to venture out into the plains, and make war on their neighbours in the south. They met with such success that in a few years they were in possession of the whole country between the Saskatchewan and Yellowstone Rivers. They rapidly rose to wealth and power, conquering the Crees in the north, Crows in the south, the Assiniboines on the east, and the Kootenais on the west.

At the present day they are living on reservations in a small corner of the country they once possessed, greatly reduced in numbers.

At the present day the population of the North American Indians in Canada is barely one hundred thousand, and of this number about a quarter live

in British Columbia—and these are rapidly dying out.

It will not be very long before their wonderful art of basketry and other handicrafts becomes also extinct as the rising generation is not, unfortunately, taught to do it, except in a few rare instances. Such work of this kind as is still done, is undertaken only by the older womenfolk.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE IN A RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP

ON a certain evening of a day in spring, the Canadian Pacific Railway deposited me and my belongings at a small wayside station in the Province of Manitoba, 30 miles east of Winnipeg, with the high-sounding name of Beausèjour, a name which was apt to mislead as to the real nature and character of the place and country round about.

The flies, mosquitoes, heat, and in wet weather—which during May to July was the more normal condition—the mud, could have held their own against anything which Egypt could have produced in its palmiest days of the twelve plagues.

The cause of my arrival at this enchanting spot on the outskirts of some of the most frightful country in Canada was that I had orders to find my way next day to one of the trans-continental railway camps, about 18 to 20 miles distant, to which Beausèjour was the nearest railway station.

Starting next morning after breakfast in a one-horse

“buggy” or “rig,” we eventually found the camp, or, to be more accurate, the driver did, after a frightfully rough and muddy journey through bush and swamps, and across rivers by the roughest of trails, not improved by recent heavy rains.

How the driver found his way was a wonder to me; in fact he was about the only man in Beausèjour who did know the way, without getting hopelessly bogged in the swamps.

A teamster who was bringing out supplies to one of the contractor's camps lost his way, and attempted to cross the Brockenhead River at a dangerous place. His waggon was upset, the horses badly hurt, and he himself had some bones broken.

I never passed through 20 miles of such dismal country in my life except in the island of Cyprus, where the dreariness was of an exactly opposite nature, there a parched-up desert without a tree or blade of grass, here interminable bush and swamp. A little dry desert sand here, and a few trees and water there, would be a good exchange.

Before we got very far from Beausèjour we did pass a few farms, which gave a touch of life to an otherwise dreary and depressing landscape, but on the whole it was a struggle through interminable “muskeg” and rotting forests of poplar, pine, and tamarack trees, miserable sticks which three or four blows with an axe would bring to the ground.

As a fitting introduction to camp-life in the swamps

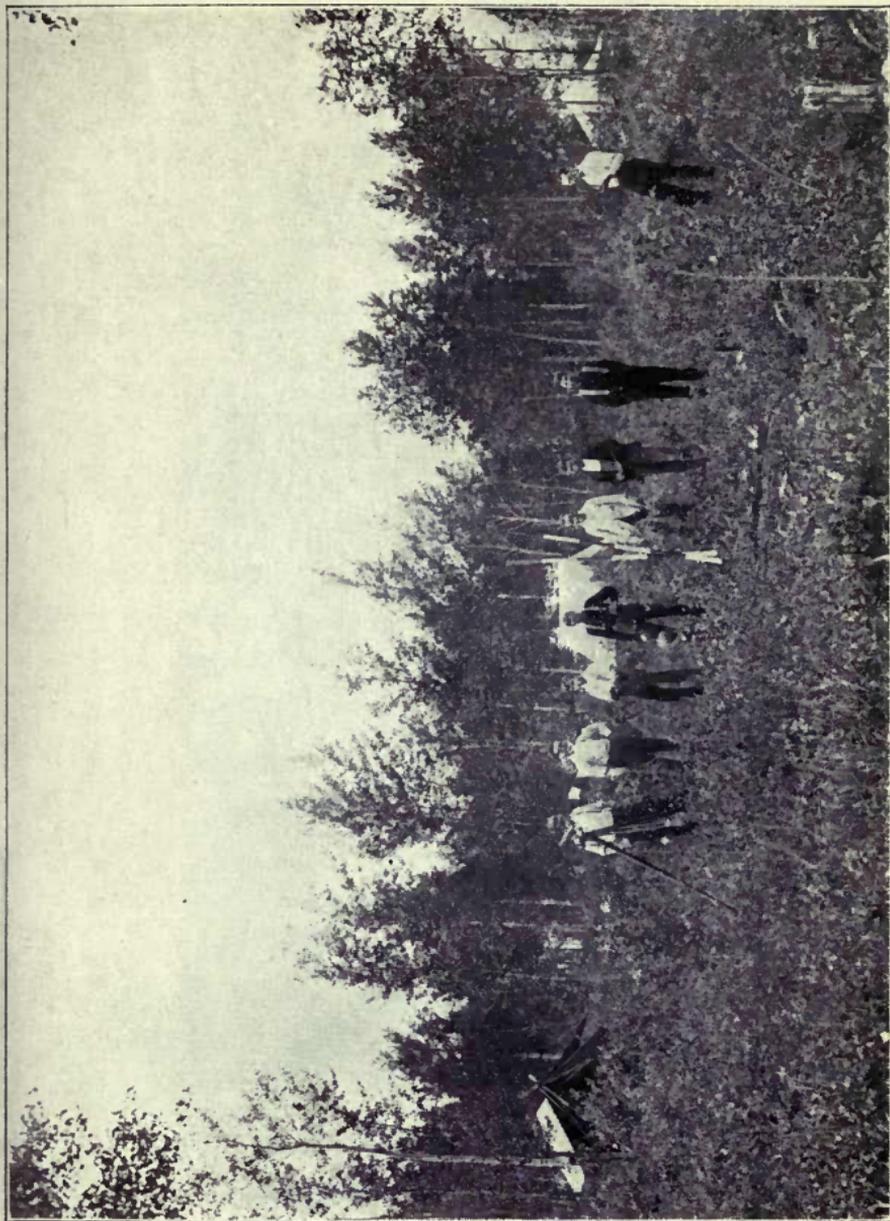
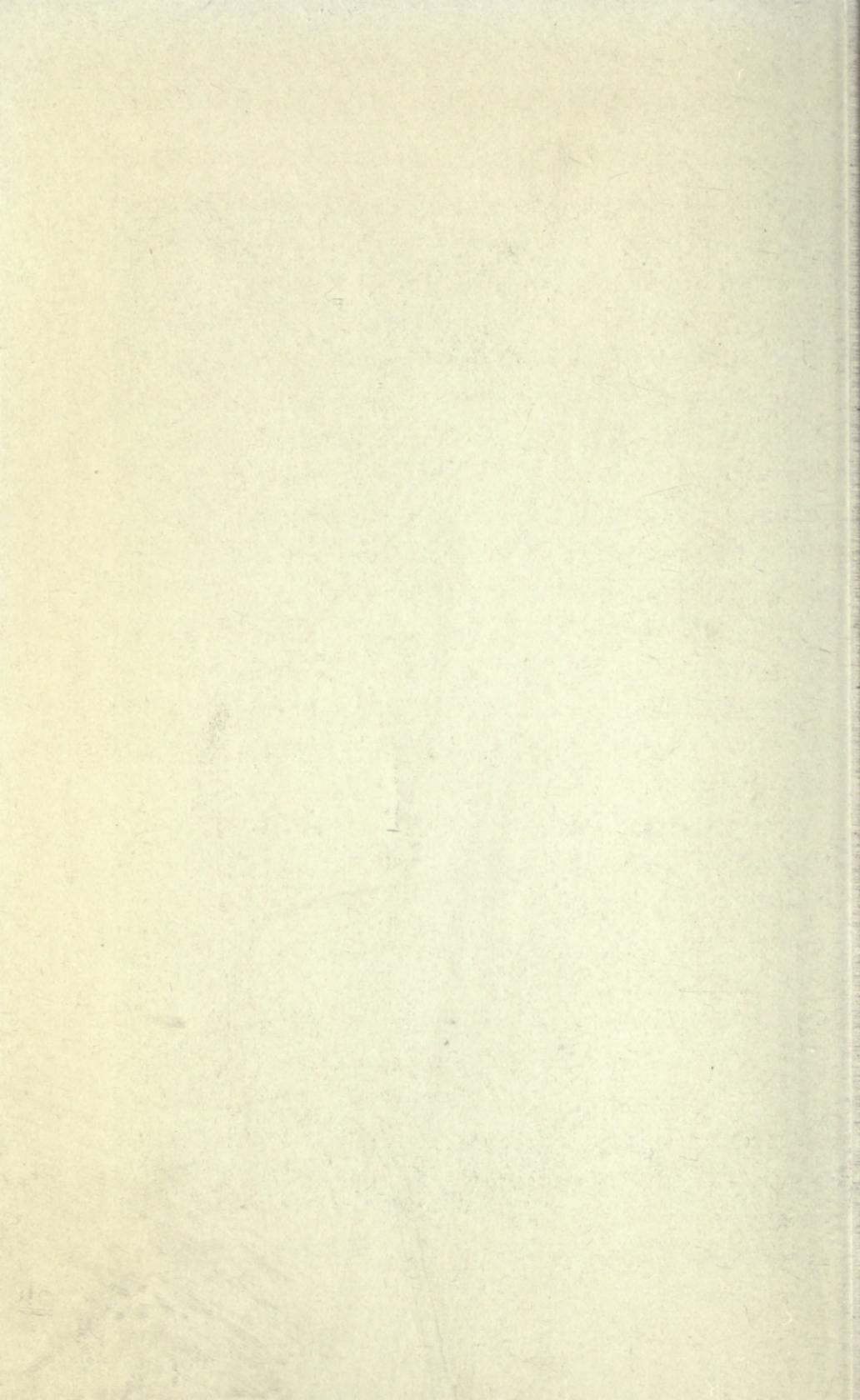


PLATE XIV: RAILWAY CAMP AT QUEEN'S VALLEY, MANITOBA.



of Manitoba, that evening, about six o'clock, a violent thunderstorm arose, and continued without intermission till five the next morning. The thunder-claps were terrific, and the lightning blinding; one expected any moment to see the whole camp swept off the face of the earth, but thanks to our sheltered position with trees behind to break the force of the wind and rain, no tents were blown down or washed away, though the rain came down with tropical violence.

After walking 7 miles next morning through a rain-sodden country before reaching the scene of operations, we had our trouble for nothing, as the rain which had stopped at 5 A.M. had started again about half-past nine, and we had to tramp back to camp again, frequently half up to our knees in mud, and reached there very wet and dirty. The weather played us the same trick the next day.

After tempting us out and starting work, we had to "knock off" and wade back to camp again through 6 miles of "muskeg," I losing my way once in the bush, through following a wrong trail, and not getting back till some time after the others.

In the bush one often comes to a point where two trails still running in the same general—say westerly—direction branch off, and it is not easy till you have been over the ground several times to recognise the trail down which you came in the morning—one trail being exactly like another.

Our average routine every day, except, of course,

Sundays, was up at six, the bugle-call being the camp cook's clarion voice—in a minor key—from the cook-tent, "All—l—l up!"

Breakfast 6.15, leave camp about seven, tramp to work, a distance which of course varied as the work progressed from one end of the section to the centre—where the camp was situated—and then to the other end, a total distance of 16 miles, more than half of it, the eastern section, being in soft, treacherous, filthy "muskeg" in which one would sometimes sink up to the knees, and to walk through a mile of it entailed more exertion and was more exhausting than 15 or 20 miles on a dry road, besides carrying the instruments necessary for setting out the work.

For lunch we took what we could stuff into our pockets, generally two or three slabs of bread and butter, which got as dry and unappetising in the almost tropical sun, when it came to the time to devour it, as a piece of leather, washed down with a very strong brew of tea made in a tin can with "muskeg" water.

On some occasions we had to go without even this cheering drink, as there were some parts where even "muskeg" water was not obtainable, and we could not get anything to drink till our return to camp about six in the evening, practically twelve hours since breakfast, having been all day in a scorching sun at very trying and exhausting work. To go twelve hours without drinking is not a very great hardship; but that depends

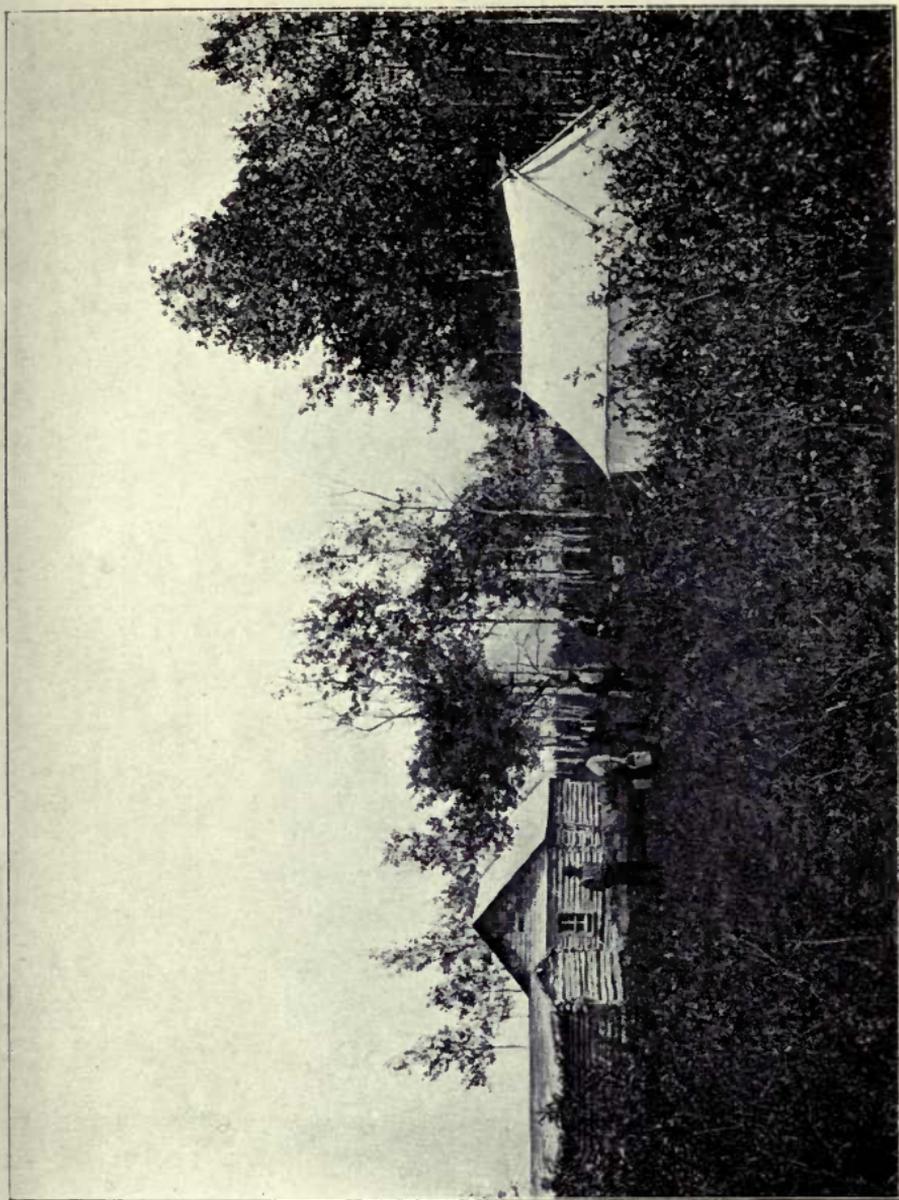
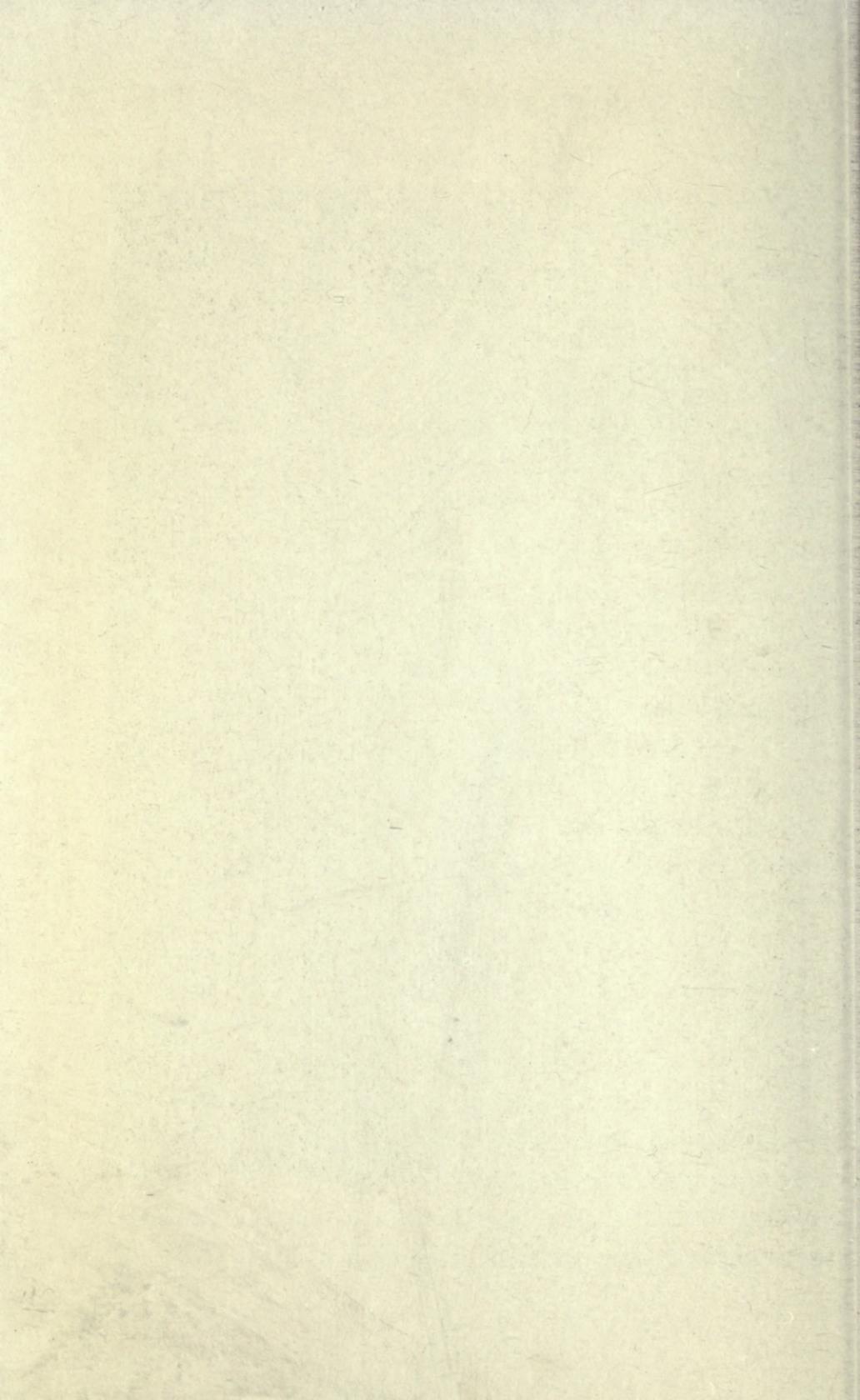


PLATE XV : ANOTHER VIEW OF SAME RAILWAY CAMP.



chiefly upon how those twelve hours have been spent, and the prevailing conditions, climatic and otherwise.

Though we all of us drank fairly freely of this muskeg water—and in a temperature of 120° F. or perhaps more in the sun, any liquid is a godsend—we never had any ill-effects from it, principally because we led a very healthy, if hard and rough, life, being in the open air all day long, and did not worry ourselves as to whether it was safe or not to drink.

Late in the autumn, however, typhoid broke out in many of the railway camps owing to living in these unhealthy swamps and drinking "muskeg" water, and the hospitals both at Kenora and Winnipeg became full of patients.

Typhoid also occasionally breaks out in Winnipeg, as it did last summer (1906), and enteric also sometimes visits it.

The site of Winnipeg City has been badly chosen. A more undesirable place would be difficult to find. It is literally built over a swamp, and the winds blowing over it from across thousands of miles of continent have lost that health-giving property which they possessed when they first arose over the waters of the ocean.

A much better site would have been on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, some 40 miles to the north, and if the reader will examine a fairly large scale map of Canada he will notice that the Canadian Pacific Railway from Fort William heads straight for a point

on the south shore of the lake until within about 30 miles of Winnipeg, when it suddenly turns sharp to the south.

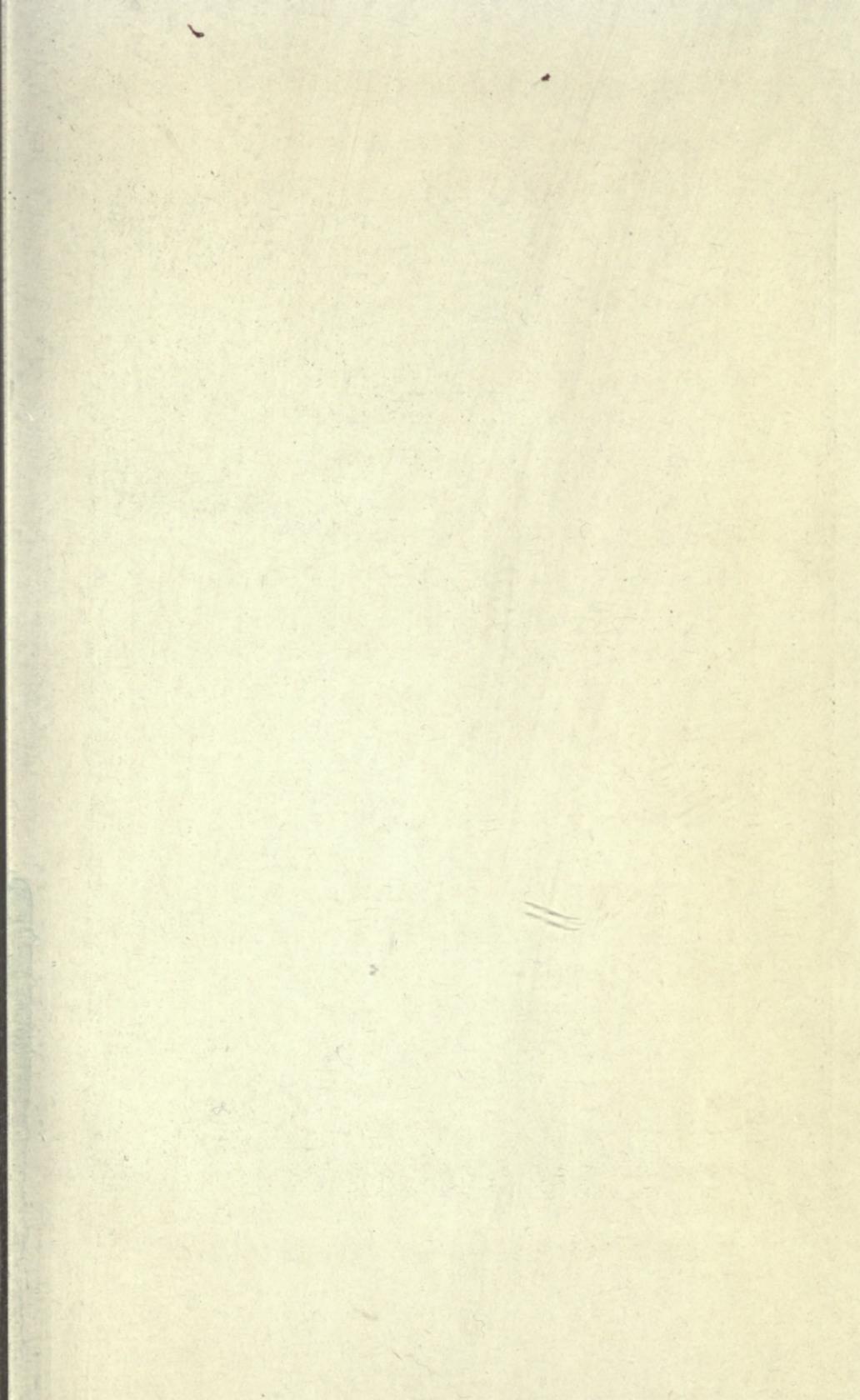
This seems to point to the fact that when the line was being built, the chief city in Manitoba was intended to be on the south shore of the lake, but at the last moment was moved to its present site. But to return to our camp.

We finished up the day about six in the evening, tired and very dirty, and nearly driven to distraction by the mosquitoes, which towards evening would become extra fierce, after a slight cessation of hostilities during the heat of the day which was too much even for them. Then followed supper, the chief staple of which and other meals consisted of bacon and ham, only varied by ham and bacon, and sometimes tinned "bully beef."

It would not be easy, I think, to find any place where the mosquitoes were worse in point of numbers, size, and power to torment than in the swamps and bush of Eastern Manitoba, as they flourished all day as well as at night.

It will be some time before I forget the agonies and sleepless nights we all underwent on an occasion when we shifted our camp temporarily to a point nearer the eastern end of our section so as to avoid the long tramps of 8 miles each way through the swamps from our main camp.

Mere description on my part can convey but little



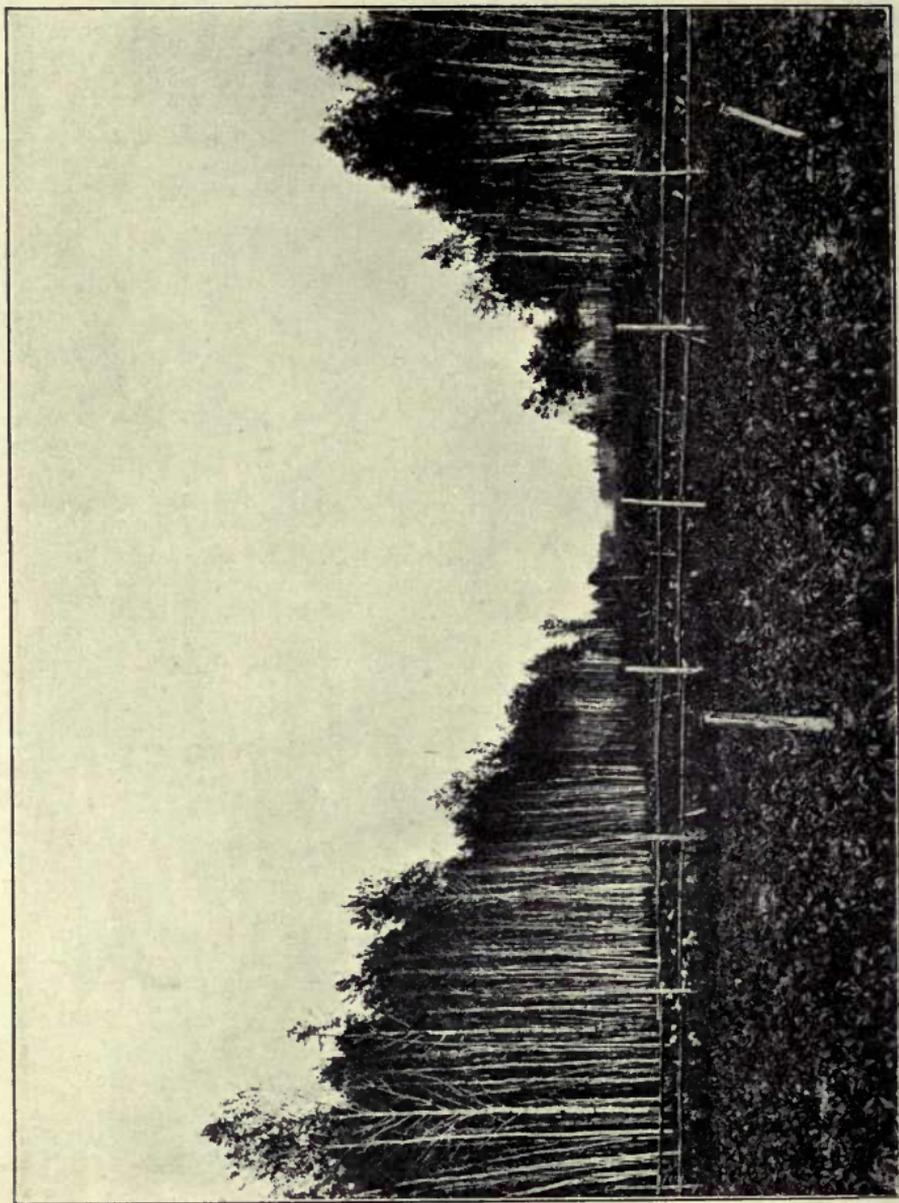


PLATE XVI: RAILWAY CLEARING THROUGH SWAMP AND FOREST, MANITOBA.

to the uninitiated what walking and working in this frightful muskeg entailed; and an almost tropical sun—to say nothing of insects—did not tend to make things easier. Only personal experience can make one appreciate the utter discomfort and physical weariness of it.

Charles Dickens' description of the "thriving city of Eden" as it actually was in "Martin Chuzzlewit" answers very well the state of the country in the forests and swamps of this part of Canada. There was the same moisture everywhere; the same rotting and decaying vegetation; the same dank, thick undergrowth; the same fever—though, thanks to modern science and reasonable care of oneself, it did not have the same disastrous effects on us as it did on the inhabitants of Eden; the same plagues of insects and mosquitoes.

According to surveyors who had been engaged on surveying for this railway in other parts still further east, this muskeg country covers an enormous area of Eastern Canada. As one looks out of the window of a carriage on the Canadian Pacific Railway, one will see this same kind of country all along the line from Montreal till near Winnipeg, except, of course, near big towns where it has been drained.

In order to be able to set up a level or theodolite at all, long stakes had to be driven in, sometimes as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet long, to afford a foundation for the legs of the instrument. Even with this precaution

the slightest movement on the part of the person using the instrument disturbed its adjustment.

In order to be nearer our work at the further end of the section, we shifted a tent and sufficient necessities for three or four days' existence to the only dry spot—relatively speaking—about 5 miles down the line from our main camp—a gravel ridge which cropped up through the swamp.

As we had been having dry and very hot weather just about this time, the swamp was getting slightly drier, so that we did not sink into it quite so far as formerly. But we found that, as a result of the hot and dry weather, our well, which we had made here on an earlier occasion, only supplied the merest trickle of water, which was much too precious to use for any purposes but drinking.

Enough water would filter in during the night to enable us to boil our porridge and tea for breakfast; washing up afterwards could not be done in the orthodox manner, though a good deal can be accomplished with a clod of damp earth. A different couple took turns each morning to get up earlier than the others in order to start the old iron stove—cooking on an open fire uses a great deal of fuel, and takes much longer—and prepare a breakfast.

During this week in July we were enjoying, as was indeed all Central and Eastern Canada and the States, a spell of almost tropical weather, when the thermometer in the shade soared up to 100° F., and

sometimes over, while the mosquitoes and flies were extra lively. At sunset they came out in their millions, and the inside of the tent was literally black with them; while the noise of their "singing" was like that of a countless swarm of angry bees, and was alone sufficient to drive away sleep.

Sleep was impossible for any of us: we were suffocated with the heat when we sought refuge under the blankets, and when we lit a "smudge" inside the tent to try and drive them out or stupefy them, we only succeeded in suffocating ourselves, without inconveniencing the mosquitoes in the slightest.

The next night one of the party hit upon the plan of each sleeping in his own improvised tent, made by stretching a blanket over a pole supported about 2 feet off the ground, just high enough to lie under, fixed down all round at the bottom.

We tried this, and for an hour or two were fairly successful, but the extremely limited space and the constrained attitude of having to lie like a corpse in a coffin for fear the least movement of foot or arm would make an opening through which the mosquitoes would pour in their thousands, suffocated and cramped us so that we had to abandon this project. Besides, the mosquitoes did find their way in, with a result best imagined by lying in a coffin with the lid on, and having your feet tickled with a feather.

There was nothing for it but to get up and dress, as our clothes were the only protection, and sit huddled

round a big "smudge" trying to imagine that perhaps a few of our tormentors were stupefied by it—we certainly were—and long for daylight.

If ever time seemed eternity, it was the six long, sleepless hours of that night, lying in the dense smoke, in a clearing through the swamps and forests of Central Canada, in one of its most desolate and dreary districts; the dead and gaunt trees pointing to the starlit heavens like the spectres of another world. The whole thing seems like a horrid nightmare. I can see the scene before me now, even as I write, as plainly as if it were being enacted anew. I call to mind the weird and uncanny effect produced by the hundreds of fireflies flitting through the bush like some evil spirits from below, or glittering across the sky-line like a shower of falling stars; while away to the north, like the rays of a gigantic lighthouse, the bright beams of the northern lights shot across the vault of heaven.

We were all very thankful when we finished our work at this end of the section the day after, and were able to return to our main camp again, where we had a good supply of ice-cold water, and could retire at night behind mosquito-nets.

All through the summer months, but particularly during June, we had frequent thunderstorms, sometimes very severe, when the rainfall was very heavy, as much as 3 or 4 inches falling in the night. An empty wash basin left outside during the night would

often be full to the brim after a heavy fall of rain in the morning, and we would wake up to find the swamps with an extra foot or so of water over them. During the months of June and July it seemed to rain incessantly, and we were always in a chronic state of damp, while even under cover of the tent one's clothes would be quite damp in the morning, the only way to dry them being to put them on.

This all-pervading dampness made the nights seem—at least to me—sometimes frightfully cold; probably because the days were so hot, though on the occasion mentioned above we had about ten days equally tropical throughout the twenty-four hours.

On more than one occasion have I nearly lost my way in the bush when returning alone to camp in the evening, when it was getting dark, by taking a wrong trail, or following one too far where I should have turned off it. One trail being exactly like another, and one's vision being limited by the bush and forest on either side, one's instinct or sense of direction is the only guide, or the sun or stars, if shining.

Once when riding back to camp in the evening in pouring rain by a trail over which I had only once before been, it was thanks in no small measure to a collie dog which was with me, that I did not lose my way—and to lose one's way in the Canadian bush may be a serious matter—as when by mistake I took a wrong turning which might, for all I knew,

have landed me in Beausèjour, 18 miles away, the dog began whining and barking and running back; so I concluded I was on the wrong trail and turning back, kept straight on by the previous one till I came to the Brockenhead River, when I at once knew my whereabouts, reaching camp just as it was getting too dark to see any trail at all, tired out and wet through to the skin.

Two branches of the Brockenhead River crossed our section of the line, about 6 miles apart from one another. The westernmost branch, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the camp, was not very wide, and was easily bridged by a tree trunk thrown across it, or could be waded, as it had a firm gravel bottom.

The eastern branch was considerably wider, and its bed was covered with thick weeds, and a layer of mud about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. Some former provincial land surveyors had knocked together a rough kind of punt, which they had very considerately left on the right side of the river for us. If it had been on the opposite side, I don't know how we would have got across, as wading was impossible from the mud and weeds, and we had nothing with which to fix together a raft, though there were plenty of trees handy to make one.

This punt was a most rickety contrivance, and would turn over at the slightest provocation or involuntary movement of its occupants; while it leaked so quickly that one felt like certain characters

of Edward Lear's, who "went to sea in a sieve they did; in a sieve they went to sea," when making the passage of the Brockenhead.

One of the men, who acted the part of Charon, taking the punt back to fetch over another of the party (it would only hold two at a time), essayed to make the return journey without first emptying it of the water, with the result that it sunk under him when in mid-stream. Shouting out to him to stick to his craft and not attempt to wade ashore, as he would have got stuck fast in the mud, we threw him the steel measuring tape as a life-line, and hauled him to land.

While working on the right-of-way clearing we used often to see bears and deer come out of the bush, cross over, and disappear into the forest again on the other side. Towards sunset the barking of wolves would often be heard in the depths of the forest.

The bears would not molest any one so long as they, in their turn, were not interfered with; in fact they seemed rather scared of human beings, as on one occasion, when returning to camp in the late evening down the line, a bear came out of the bush about 100 yards ahead of me as if to cross over to the other side, but on catching sight of me, immediately scurried back again into the bush. I don't suppose my appearance was very prepossessing. However, bears were not nice customers to meet alone unarmed, and I felt relieved when this one quietly disappeared amongst the trees.

Such was our average daily routine in a railway construction camp in the wastes and swamps of Central Canada.

Altogether we numbered nine persons, and for so few represented several nationalities, there being three Canadians, two English, and one each from Scotland, Nova Scotia, Norway, and Sweden.

Sundays were passed in washing and mending clothes, the latter a frequent operation, as the bush soon reduced one to rags and tatters; writing letters, and other sundry personal occupations.

Some of the super-energetic ones of the party, who thought they did not get enough exercise during the week, would tramp off 6 miles to church and back again, which was sometimes held in the schoolhouse at a place called Queen's Valley, by an itinerant parson from Winnipeg who used to visit outlying villages from time to time, for the purpose of enabling the farmers and their families to attend church at least occasionally.

Queen's Valley was our nearest post office, which had communication twice a week by road with Winnipeg, nearly 30 miles distant.

I had occasion once to go into Winnipeg from the camp. I drove into Beausèjour one evening, and thence by freight train into town the next day, a proceeding which took over three hours to cover 30 miles. Returning I came by road—or what passes for such in Canada—all the way from Winnipeg.

The mail carrier to Queen's Valley already having a passenger, I had to take my chance of getting a lift from some one else. At last I was picked up by an old farmer with a load of lumber, who took me as far as Dugald, a village rather more than a third of the way.

As there had been a heavy thunderstorm early in the morning, the road—or rather track, which would be more descriptive—was in a fearful state, being a series of “chasms and crags,” and we consequently made very slow progress.

If any one wishes to experience two modes of travelling, let him first ride in a well-sprung motor car over an asphalt road, and afterwards lie on his back in a hot sun on the top of a load of lumber on a springless waggon, at imminent peril of being pitched off on to his head at any moment, over a road which imparted a motion to the waggon only comparable to that of a ship in a heavy sea.

From Dugald I got another lift, after waiting a couple of hours, as far as Queen's Valley, and as we were returning empty, and the road was better, we made faster progress.

At Queen's Valley I collected the mail for our camp, and was fortunate in getting there just as a farmer, who lived near our camp, was leaving to return home; so he took me the remainder of my journey, and dropped me within 100 yards of my destination towards eleven o'clock at night.

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The country for about 12 to 15 miles out of Winnipeg was fairly well cultivated, and we passed several farms dotted over the landscape, which was now bright with patches of ripening corn.

After this distance out of Winnipeg the open, treeless prairie gradually changes into thick bush, and finally, further east, into forests and tamarack swamps, which, if left alone to Nature, would in thousands of years gradually become changed into coalfields.

There was an old farmer (he appeared to be nearly eighty, though perhaps the rough life and confined existence during the terribly hard winters may have made him look older than he actually was) who had a small homestead close to the line, and with whom we would shelter from the rain when in the neighbourhood and partake of our midday meal. He was a most hospitable old fellow, as indeed all the farmers round about were, and used to give us freely of his supply of milk. He used to wax very eloquent about the exposure of the Chicago packing-houses and the risks attendant on eating tinned foods generally, which, as we subsisted largely on such—though they did not emanate from Chicago—was cheerful for us.

The chief commodities of this farm seemed to be a few cows and a small patch of grain, and a young pet bear chained up in the yard. Judging from the appearances of this and other farms, farming did not seem a very paying proposition in this part of

Manitoba. In fact, it would be the very last place in which I should elect to start farming, in thick bush which requires immense labour to clear, and amongst swamps.

There was another farm about a quarter of a mile from our camp, but a few cows—which invariably got lost in the bush for days at a time, necessitating a long search for them on the part of the owner and other farm hands—a team of horses and a waggon, and a small potato patch, which supplied the camp, seemed to be all the stock-in-trade.

While we were out on the line we were constantly being asked by farmers—some of them coming from long distances—to look out for stray cattle and horses. Animals generally have such a wonderful instinct in finding their way home, but this bush country seems to bewilder them as much as human beings. The only person at home in it is the American Indian.

I think the owner of this farm made more money in taking a sub-contract at clearing the right-of-way for the line through the bush, than he ever did at farming.

Considering so much better land for farming existed west of Winnipeg, I was surprised to see any farms at all in such wretched country; but I expect the Provincial Government had induced the owners when they first arrived in the country to embark their little capital by judicious advertising and flagrant

“boosting,” such as is the method in vogue throughout the Dominion, where utter wastes will be transformed into most desirable properties by those whose only idea is to rake in the dollars.

This universal “boosting” and self-glorification is one of the things which makes an onlooker disgusted with the country and the people, and their efforts to “do” both you and one another. What an Englishman would regard as decidedly shady, if not sometimes downright dishonest, in America passes for smartness.

I do not wish to infer that this country enjoys a monopoly in fair dealing and honesty; but in this respect Canada might certainly, with advantage to herself and intending settlers, learn something from the Old Country.

CHAPTER IX

THE LABOUR PROBLEM

ONE of the most burning questions of the hour in Canada, and more particularly in the west, is that of unskilled and semi-skilled labour to work in her lumber-mills, farms, mines, and on the construction of her railways.

She does not want highly-skilled professional men, such as lawyers, doctors, architects, electrical, mechanical, or even civil engineers, notwithstanding the amount of railway construction going on at the present day, the demand for such being fully met by the local supply. When the present railway boom is over in, say, four or five years' time, the thousands of engineers being turned out from her colleges and in the field to-day, will be hard put to it to find employment.

I personally know six young engineers who are already looking around for some other occupation in the future, and two of them are going to take up farming, while there must be scores of others in the same position.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway prides itself on the fact that, with but few exceptions, all its engineers are Canadian-born.

As one travels west, the problem of labour-supply gets more acute, and British Columbia is using Asiatic labour in default of being able to procure white, though the question here is more complicated for reasons which will be explained later.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, for some reasons best known to itself, does not assist immigrants by means of cheap fares to travel west further than Calgary, in the Province of Alberta. The result is that only a small proportion of the number of yearly immigrants ever get as far west as British Columbia, but are absorbed in the prairie provinces.

Another point which unfairly acts against British Columbia is the fact that the Dominion Government hardly advertise it at all in Great Britain or Europe as a country for settlers, compared to the blatant and, to my mind, vulgar methods they adopt with regard to Manitoba and other provinces of Central and Eastern Canada.

The people of British Columbia consequently feel aggrieved in this respect against the Government, particularly in Vancouver and Victoria, in that their claims and needs for a population should be so much overlooked.

Considering that British Columbia enjoys a climate, especially on the coast, far more suited to immigrants

from Great Britain, and is also much more richly endowed by Nature in her mines, forests, and fisheries than Central Canada, which is only fit for raising wheat, and only a comparatively small portion of it at that, the greater part of it being some of the most God-forsaken-looking country man ever saw, consisting, as it does, of rotting pine and tamarack forests, bush and swamps east of Winnipeg, and a bleak, saline, and barren prairie west of Manitoba, which can only be made productive by extensive artificial irrigation, it would be only fair to her and intending settlers to make her equally well known.

I undertake to say, that was Canada to attract settlers solely on the merits of the country and its climate, instead of by the blatant "boosting" and generally over-exaggerated accounts assiduously propagated by Government and immigration agents whose one idea is the commission they obtain, British Columbia would receive a proportionately greater number than Manitoba or the other prairie provinces. The one idea of Winnipeggers is to get rich enough as soon as possible to enable them to go and live on the Pacific Coast. As a result, British Columbia, while it would rather keep itself a white man's country, is obliged to hire Oriental labour for lack of anything better; though there are some who prefer this cheaper coloured labour, and at the same time Asiatics undertake work which the white man either will not, or cannot, do.

A head-tax of five hundred dollars (£100) is imposed on Chinese, and in consequence the immigration of such has of late been very small, and since the recent inrush of Indians—chiefly Punjabis and Sikhs—legislation is being sought to restrict their movement into British Columbia. The head-tax does not apply to Japanese, as it was withdrawn in their favour at the request of the Home Government in consideration of the Japanese alliance.

In dealing with this question of labour in Canada, I will, in the following pages, chiefly confine myself to the problem as it affects British Columbia, as it is due to her geographical position facing the Asiatic continent, her being shut off from the east by barriers of mountains, and her milder climate, that this province is confronted with a special aspect of it.

British Columbia requires domestic and farm help, and help in those employments which only require a modicum of skill to execute; but at the same time she wishes to keep the country a white man's country and not to be over-run with the races of the Orient. During the last two years, but more particularly this last autumn and winter, there has been a great and steady influx of Punjabis, who have been told by unscrupulous agents that the land of promise awaits them in the east—namely, British Columbia. Money-lenders in their own country have also waxed rich at their expense by inducing them to mortgage their property and small possessions in order to secure a

passage to Vancouver. They have also to pay these money-lenders interest at the rate of a pound a month till the principle is repaid.

This rush of Punjabis was originally brought about by the return to India of one who, some couple of years or so ago, came over to Vancouver purely as a speculation. He obtained employment in one of the lumber-mills, and, owing to the high wages he received, and his frugal mode of living, quickly amassed, what was to him, a big fortune.

He returned to India and told the story of how much wealth was to be obtained in the land of the Sahib away to the East. The good news spread from bazaar to town, from town to city, from city broadcast with proverbial swiftness.

The first comers were found employment which they could undertake, but latterly they have been arriving in such numbers that there is not sufficient work to go round, as towards the end of autumn the season closes for the lumber camps, harvesting, and canning industries.

One meets dozens of these wretched Punjabis (British Columbians class them all as Hindoos, not realising that Hindooism is a religion and not a race, some of them being Sikhs and Pathans) wandering aimlessly about the streets of Vancouver in twos and threes, half starved and insufficiently clad for the damp climate of the coast.

They have probably been told before leaving India

that they were coming to a climate like their own whereas, except perhaps in Victoria and Vancouver the province of British Columbia is quite unsuited for them. Their own country is a warm one, where ice very rarely forms in the winter.

A damp climate also is fatal to these people, as is proved by the ravages of pneumonia which breaks out amongst the Indians employed by the P. & O. Company when their ships are in port in England in the winter.

Of course there are certain people in British Columbia who welcome this influx of Oriental labour as being cheaper than white, which enables them to get rich quicker. Others there are, fortunately, who look further ahead, and see in this swarm of yellow and brown humanity which lands in hundreds by every steamer from the Orient, a danger to future generations, and would willingly pay increased wages to keep the country a white man's country if white labour was to be procured, which, in its turn, is kept away by the thought of being asked to work alongside Chinese and Asiatics, and by the lower wages which these latter naturally cause.

If British Columbia would face this problem with the same determination that Australia has shown, and prohibit the importation of any but white labour into the province, she would not only benefit herself in the long run—at the cost, perhaps, of some temporary inconvenience at first—but also Canada, and the Empire at large.

The majority of the people of British Columbia are, I think, looking at the problem from this point of view, and are demanding legislation to this effect, though at present they cannot prevent these swarms of Asiatics landing on their shores.

But, on the other hand, I think the press, people, and particularly the civic authorities of Vancouver, have heaped a great deal of unwarranted abuse upon these unfortunate Punjabis.

On one occasion the Mayor stationed a force of police at the landing-stage to prevent, if necessary, any of them landing from the steamer, though, if the immigration doctor allows them to land, he had no legal right to do so. His high-handed action on this and other occasions towards these Indians was simply pandering to the labour vote, which in Canada is everything.

At another time ninety Hindoos on one of the bitterest cold nights of last winter were forcibly ejected from a house in Vancouver, to which they had the same right as any other citizen who had paid his rent for the house he occupies.

To turn men out of their shelter on such a night was, under any circumstances, cruel; but to do so to these Indians under the prevailing conditions was downright inhuman and contrary to all law, and an infringement of the rights of *any* man who lands on Canadian soil.

Complaint was made by other residents against them on no stronger grounds than that they were Indians.

The whole affair was as unsavoury as any eviction on which an Irish orator, afire with indignation over the wrongs of his countrymen, ever dilated.

The Indians went peaceably, which is a great deal more than what many a white man would have done under like circumstances, and credit is due to them for so doing ; but they must have had a severe shock as to the interpretation of British law and fair-play, as exemplified in Vancouver, British Columbia.

This high-handed action on the part of the civic authorities would never have succeeded but for that respect for British law which they had learned in their own country.

At a public meeting convened in Vancouver to discuss this influx of East Indians, one of the aldermen of Vancouver is reported to have said that these Punjabis should be left to wander in the streets day and night until they perished of cold and hunger, in order that their experiences might deter others from landing in British Columbia. A more unchristian sentiment it would be difficult to utter. The worthy who thus expounded the tenets of Christianity towards his fellow-men, had probably never known what it was to be cold or hungry, had always had of the good things of this earth, and had never known what it was to be a stranger in a foreign land.

If the people of Vancouver would only try and put themselves in their position and treat them with a certain amount of sympathy, instead of looking upon

them as little better than criminals before they have hardly landed from the steamer, they would find the solution of the problem much easier, and at the same time preserve their own equanimity, instead of flying into a heated discussion at the bare mention of the word "Hindoo."

At the same time it is quite possible a serious emergency may arise, and something will have to be done to help these people who cannot help themselves; and also some means should be found of preventing further immigration of this sort, which is undoubtedly undesirable, at its source of supply, and not by inhuman treatment in British Columbia.

When the local authorities are asked to draw the attention of the Dominion Government to the matter, they say they have no power to do so, as the matter rests entirely with the authorities at Ottawa, who are unrepresented at Victoria.

It has been suggested that if the attention of Lord Minto, who was Governor-General of Canada, and is now Viceroy of India, was drawn to the matter, he might take an active interest towards preventing further numbers leaving India.

It has also been suggested that Hongkong, where they all embark, should be declared a plague port; but this would have results affecting other interests. This was the policy adopted by Australia during the period between the passing of the law excluding Orientals from that country and its coming into force.

Though I can quite understand the desire of the people of Vancouver to prevent the immigration of these Orientals, yet that is no excuse for the wholesale abuse which has been ignorantly heaped upon them.

I daresay the reader is aware of the anti-British movement which is being fomented in India, and which had its origin during the recent disturbances and boycott of British goods over the partition of Bengal, coupled with the cry of, "Asia for the Asiatics!" a movement which is being assiduously encouraged by Japan. The Hindoo students in Tokio have issued an address in which they appeal to India to heed this cry and cast off the British yoke. The Japanese, taking advantage of this anti-British movement, are endeavouring to supplant British goods by those of their own manufacture, and are meeting with considerable success.

If these Punjabis write home to their friends in India and say that they are being abused and badly treated, it will create a bad impression, and encourage the spread of the anti-British movement. I am sure no one wishes to see the horrors of the Indian Mutiny repeated, which a general uprising against our rule would mean.

One cause of British Columbia's difficulties in the solution of the labour problem as it affects her, is that practically none of the thousands—or, at least, only a very small proportion—of immigrants who enter Canada at the eastern ports from Great Britain

and Europe, find their way beyond the Rockies. Winnipeg is the principal centre of the immigration business, and from there they are distributed throughout the prairie provinces.

This is due to the fact that these provinces—Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan—have been assiduously exploited by the Dominion Government through their agents in Europe and Great Britain, while British Columbia has been almost entirely left out in the cold in this respect. She needs a better organised system of exploitation, and the Dominion Government might well give some of the attention to this province which has, almost exclusively, been hitherto paid to the others; particularly in Great Britain, as the climate of British Columbia, especially on the coast, is much better suited to the people of this country, being similar to what they have been accustomed to at home.

Canada has, since the disclosures of the North Atlantic Trading swindle, at last come to the conclusion that she can render better services to the Empire than by importing hordes of Russians, Poles, Galicians, Italians, Doukhobors, Hungarians, etc., namely, by relieving overcrowded England of her teeming millions, and peopling her vast expanse of country with people of her own race, her own aspirations, her own language; brought up to acknowledge the same law, same King, and the same flag.

This is as it should be, and in future more attention

is to be paid to immigration from Great Britain, and less to that from Europe. It is only natural that people of our own race should be the first to benefit from that which has been bought with their own exertions.

Unfortunately, the average British workman has a rooted objection to emigrating, which he looks upon as only next to being sent into exile or penal servitude. He much prefers, if unemployed, to march about the streets of London in gangs, and, headed by a banner or two and a brass band, to air his grievances in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, and indulge in such choice phrases as, "D—m your charity! Curse your emigration!" He seems quite unable to realise (thanks to his inveterate obstinacy) that if he cannot get work in one part of the Empire, he can easily do so in another part, if only he makes up his mind to do so, and at the same time live in much healthier and happier surroundings.

This apathy of the British working-class towards the Empire generally, and their ignorance of its possibilities in affording them better prospects in life, is principally due to the fact that, as a rule, this is a subject which is practically omitted from their school curriculum. They are taught, as children, how many wives Henry VIII. had, not who discovered Australia for the British nation; who William the Conqueror was, not who won Canada for us.

Several Members of Parliament, while on their

campaign through their districts during the last general election, noticed this deficiency, and have drawn attention on the platform and in the Press to the lack of teaching of Imperial matters in the schools, and to the extraordinary fact that there was never a map of the British Empire to be seen anywhere in the schoolrooms! Many of them at their own expense have patriotically supplied "Navy League" maps to the schools in their districts.

But it is far from right—in fact it is little short of a national disgrace—that this should be left to private enterprise, and that a subject of supreme importance to a country with an empire like ours should be considered of so little moment that it is kept practically a closed book to the rising generation.

How differently does Germany, the most practical nation on earth, set to work! Imagine what she would do with an empire such as ours. See what she has already done, late in the field as she is, with her comparatively worthless colonies, with the exception, perhaps, of those in South-West Africa. Unemployment would be a word practically unknown to her if she possessed the vast estates which make up the British Empire. Whereas Germany is governed by brains, we are content to be governed by amateurs, intent only on petty Party triumphs rather than on a constructive Imperialism.

We require more men of Mr Chamberlain's vigour and far-sightedness before we can hope to reap the

full benefit — of which almost any other country would have taken fuller advantage than we have — of our vast share of this planet. So long as we are content to muddle along anyhow and leave the solution of emigration and unemployment to private enterprise, for so long will this problem be ever with us, growing more and more acute as time passes.

If a portion of the large sum of money recently given to Mr John Burns to be spent on the unemployed in England were utilised to emigrate and assist them to start afresh in Canada or Australia, it would do far more permanent good than by establishing relief works which can only, at the best, afford temporary relief, as these works, useful as they probably are, cannot give occupation for ever, and when they are finished the unemployed will be again crying out.

This objection on the part of the British workman to emigration is, I think, chiefly due to the fact that as a class, he is strangely ignorant of everything outside England; and not only that, he is perplexed and filled with distrust by private emigration agents, who send any number of men anywhere just for the sake of their commission, without paying much heed to the prospects of employment, or whether the intending emigrant is suitable to the country and work to which he is being sent. The result is that many meet with disappointment, which naturally discourages them and their friends.

To rectify this condition of affairs, a Labour Bureau, under the auspices of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, is to be established in London to supply skilled labour. It will serve a purpose which a Government agency could hardly be expected to undertake, while, at the same time, it will bear the status and authority usually associated with a Government department. It will prevent the misdirection and indiscriminate emigration of incapable men, which has been the cause of so much prejudice on the part of the British workman, and which is due to his lack of information on the subject from a reliable source.

An amendment has been made to the new Merchant Shipping Act, making it a penal offence to assist immigration of the wrong kind. The Canadian Government was chiefly instrumental in introducing this amendment for the purpose of punishing those individuals who, by false representation, induce many people to go out to the colonies who are quite unfitted for the new conditions of life and work there prevalent. Many people are thus induced to throw up their work at home on the strength of promises of better employment in the colonies, only to find that on arrival these promises do not materialise.

This is certainly a step in the right direction, and is a sign that the authorities are beginning at last to realise that Canada is *not* the land flowing with milk and honey for all and sundry to come and partake of, that certain interested individuals represent it to be.

A correspondent to the *Victoria Daily Colonist* of 14th October 1906, in the course of a long and instructive article on the "Remedy for the Scarcity of Labour in British Columbia," gives utterance to the following very sensible arguments for British labour, not only in British Columbia (to replace Orientals), but in Canada generally. He says:

"If we want Imperial unity, it is best to import our own people, who will naturally unite with us and the Mother Country more readily than aliens; if we want a Christian, law-abiding people, we are more likely to get such people from a country of Christian faith and British law. If we want to control eventually the sea-borne trade of the ocean at our feet, our best chance lies in importing those who make natural shipwrights, seamen, and traders. If we want to become the strongest of the young nations of the world, it is surely wise to breed from the best stock. . . . If we wish to keep out the Chinaman, the easiest way to do this is by filling this country with white men; and we can best do this by helping to empty London's slums into the wide, sunlit spaces of this our heritage."

This correspondent concludes by expressing the same opinion that I have previously in this chapter anent the employment of a portion of the large sum of money handed over to Mr Burns for the relief of the unemployed, namely, that it "would pay Great Britain as a matter of pure business to defray the

shipment of these people to the new lands, and to maintain them there until such time as they had learnt to shift for themselves, instead of maintaining them for life as paupers."

The question of maintaining settlers in a new country like Canada until such time as they are able to shift for themselves is one which must not be lost sight of (though in practice it is often ignored altogether) when assisting large numbers to emigrate.

Only a few of the thousands, broadly speaking, who yearly land in Canada can get employment all the year round until they have acquired property of their own, or are engaged in shops and offices in the cities and towns, as human productiveness is of necessity limited to six or, at the most, seven months in the year.

The force of this argument is proved by the thousands of unemployed in the big cities like Toronto and Winnipeg during the winter months, large numbers of them being in receipt of Government and municipal aid to enable them to tide over the period until the returning warmth of spring releases the earth from the iron-bound grip of winter.

Wages, too, speaking generally, are no higher, nor is employment more continuous or certain than in England. On paper they do appear higher, but as artisans and labourers can only exercise their callings for about half the year, they must divide their wages by half to reach an estimate of their yearly earnings;

and also remember that, thanks to the Protectionist policy of Canadian manufactures, clothing, food, and other expenses are much higher.

The most successful type of immigrant to Canada is one who can save a little money with which to become independent and secure a homestead, ranch, or other property on his own account.

I have in this chapter attempted to show that the climatic conditions have a very important bearing on the question of emigration and labour, and this is a point which is not, as a rule, made clear to intending settlers, and is the frequent cause of much disappointment.

CHAPTER X

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE

THE Farmers' Association of Ontario and Manitoba towards the close of last year, just before the new Budget was introduced, issued a memorial to the Finance Minister regarding the Tariff Reform Question, expressing the views, through their executive, of organised agriculture throughout Canada.

They say that the farmers of Canada have become genuinely alarmed at the aggressive campaign carried on by the Manufacturers' Association with a view to having the tariff made even more protective than it already is.

"When Protection," they say, "was first asked for we were assured it would be required for a short time only in order to enable our manufacturing industries to secure a fair footing."

The rate on dutiable goods in 1878 was, on the average, twenty-one and a half per cent.; increased in 1880 to about twenty-six per cent. By 1904 the average had again risen to twenty-seven and a half per cent., or one and a half per cent. greater than

it was intended to be when it was first imposed. Yet the cry is still for more. "The more there is given and the less the requirement for giving, the greater are the demands made. If a halt is not soon called, we shall find conditions in this country similar to those prevailing in parts of Europe, with a small class of wealthy barons at the top and serfs at the bottom, manufacturers being the barons and the farmers the serfs."

The Farmers' Association point out that agriculture has a capital investment *four* times that of manufactures, and the effect of the protective tariff has been to foster and stimulate the latter at the expense of the former.

In Manitoba, pre-eminently an agricultural province, the increase of the rural population for the ten years ending 1900 was five per cent. less than the increase of the urban population.

In Ontario, the chief manufacturing province of Canada, the rural population decreased in the same period by nearly four per cent., while the urban population increased by nearly fourteen per cent.

At the present day the urban increase of population is still more pronounced, and in Canada as a whole the rural increase has only been one and a half per cent. against an urban increase of thirty per cent.

The farmers say that this aggrandisement of the urban at the expense of the rural population is almost solely due to the high protective tariff.

The protection thus afforded to Canadian manufacturers of agricultural machinery enables them to overcharge their customers, the farmers, to the extent of twenty-five per cent. more than the value of the articles supplied, and in the case of woollen goods, an overcharge of from forty to fifty per cent., owing to the very poor material manufactured.

The average rate of taxation on dutiable goods in 1904 was twenty-seven and a half per cent., and to that amount, roughly speaking, Canadian manufacturers are enabled to overcharge their customers.

Also farmers cannot secure any compensation in return for all this by any tariff which can be devised, the price of their produce being controlled by the foreign market price for their surplus exported.

A protective tariff naturally enhances the price of the goods they have to buy, while it cannot, on the other hand, affect the goods they have to sell. They therefore desire a tariff which is for revenue purposes only, in which Protection is wholly eliminated; that revenue based on honest and economical expenditure of the public money, which is certainly not the case to-day, as a late Deputy Minister of Finance recently reminded the country.

These are the arguments of Free Traders in Canada; and as Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and as the western and north-western provinces are being opened up and thus further extending its agricultural interests, they are bound to carry more

weight in the future with the Finance Minister when he prepares his Budget.

Also, there is a large population besides farmers, such as professional men, and those employed in offices and stores in the big towns, who are beginning to cry out against the high price of commodities, particularly such as clothing and wearing apparel, which is at least double the price asked for in England, when value for money is taken into consideration. Many people, on this account, prefer to send for such articles to England and pay the duty thereon in Canada, as they find it cheaper in the long run than buying off their own manufacturers.

Thus the manufacturers, by continuing to ask for increased protection in order to proportionately raise their prices to the consumer, may finally defeat their own ends and drive more customers to purchase abroad in Great Britain, which enjoys a preferential rebate.

We have heard the arguments of consumers on behalf of Free Trade; let us now turn to the manufacturers as representing Protection.

The aim of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is to secure a custom's tariff for Canada which will not only encourage those industries already established, but also induce investors to start new enterprises. They complain that the new tariff will not do either, and they expected to see higher duties imposed on articles coming into Canada from those countries which maintain high duties against Canadian goods.

They agree, in theory, with the preferential duty in favour of Great Britain, but say that under the present schedule, they are at a disadvantage when compared with British manufacturers.

The new intermediate tariff they dislike even more, as it is lower than the old general tariff which, they say, was even insufficient for their purposes, and opens the way for those countries which seek to benefit by it, to "dump" their products into Canada at prices with which Canadian manufacturers cannot hope to compete.

It is naturally impossible to frame a tariff which will be acceptable to both Free Traders and Protectionists; a compromise is the only possible alternative.

The farmers in the west require cheap necessities of life, such as clothing and lumber for their dwellings, and agricultural implements. The manufacturers of the east are anxious to supply the west with these necessities, but at the same time they require to be protected from outside competitors, more particularly from manufactures in the United States. The new tariff is an attempt on the part of the Finance Minister to reconcile the conflicting interests of the farmers and manufacturers. It has not been in force sufficiently long to form any opinion as to its merits under these circumstances; but the manufacturers, at all events, seem displeased and disappointed with it.

This Manufacturers' Association is one of the most "class-conscious" concerns in existence, and is organised

to bring pressure to bear upon the Government in the interests of its members. While it endeavours to get duties raised against foreign manufacturers, and *particularly against those of Great Britain*, it has agents in Great Britain asking us to grant special preference to Canadian manufacturers in our own home markets. Colonial preference is much to the fore at the present day, but I think the people of this country would find it a very one-sided affair, as the colonies would benefit from it much more than we should. They are quite ready to raise a tariff wall as high as you like against foreign countries, but while giving us a preference in theory, in practice they would keep that tariff sufficiently high against us to protect their own manufacturers.

To be fair to both parties we must play the same game, and so long as our imports so enormously exceed our exports, a policy of preference is bound to benefit the colonies to a greater extent than Great Britain. The fairest all round is Free Trade within the Empire, and keep out the foreigner. In other words, let the British Empire be entirely self-contained and independent as far as possible of foreign countries.

The policy of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, however, goes beyond protection, and actually pays bonuses to certain industries, particularly to the iron and steel industries, with the result that the capital of these concerns is unduly swollen, and development is in consequence retarded.

The net result of this policy is, that Canada is becoming one of the most expensive countries in the world to live in. At the present rate of progress soon only millionaires will be able to land in Canada.

I think the country will, for these reasons, tend towards, if not Free Trade, at least a policy less protectionist than at present prevails. Canada is pre-eminently an agricultural country, and the farmers are all Free Traders. The manufacturers who represent Protection are after all only a small proportion of the total community.

The bye-election in North Bruce (Ontario) last October (1906), where a Liberal was returned to Parliament in spite of the recent London (Ontario) election scandals which were discreditable to all concerned, and which were expected to become a serious embarrassment to the Laurier Government in future bye-elections, was regarded as a proof that, in the opinion of the voters of North Bruce, the tariff was already high enough, and a few more such verdicts would warrant the Liberal Government resisting the demands of the manufacturers for more protection.

Mr J. M. Courtney, ex-Deputy Minister of Finance, made a very interesting and instructive speech last November at Toronto before the Canadian Club, which attracted considerable attention.

He reminded his audience that in the space of ten short years the Canadian budget had doubled itself, and that the revenue last year (*i.e.*, 1905) was eighty

million dollars, while the expenditure was eighty-one million. If in ten years, he asks, the figures have doubled, what will the next ten years bring forth?

Mr Courtney has served under every Prime Minister, and therefore his words and warnings carry considerable weight. He attributes the present excessive national expenditure to the indifference of the electors to questions of finance, and the resultant failure of Members of Parliament to oppose appropriations for public works.

"But there is no sign," he says,¹ "at Ottawa of any anxiety or of any disposition to retrench or even watch the payment of money. On the contrary, the want of vigilance, and the raids on the Treasury, which were revealed in last session's Parliament, are still being exhibited."

He then went on to contrast the methods and composition of the Public Accounts Committee of the British Parliament with that of the Dominion Parliament. Whereas the former is more of a judicial nature, and its chairman always a member of the opposition, at Ottawa, on the other hand, the committee is made up of more than a third of the House, while its business is apparently to exploit scandals. An illustration of its methods was recently furnished by the suspension of five officers of the Immigration Department who sent in bogus accounts

¹ Quoted from speech reported in *Daily News Advertiser of Vancouver, British Columbia.*

of expenses, which were so absurd on the face of them that they were obviously fraudulent. Yet these were duly paid by the Department of the Interior, and were discovered by the Auditor General's Department, which is independent of Government control, and which is not supposed to be familiar with the methods of the Immigration Department.

This, however, was a small matter compared with the North Atlantic Trading Company swindle, one of the chief offenders in which, though relieved of his post in one place was transferred to another, where he could, if he wished, carry on his old tactics.

The promised enquiry into this gigantic swindle has never been held. This fictitious trading company has already received three hundred thousand dollars from the Canadian Treasury for no very definite services; chiefly in the form of bonuses for dumping the scum of Europe into Canada, probably half this sum being paid for "paper" immigrants.

Though the reader may object to the word "scum" being applied to Canadian immigrants, I tell him candidly he *will* find the scum of the earth in Canada, though I do not say he will not find some good material as well.

But what is otherwise to be expected when Russians, Poles, Galicians, Hungarians, Doukhobors, Memnonites, Chinese (in British Columbia) and other "dagos" are drawn upon so largely to supply labour for Canada? It is only the destitute—or nearly so—of such peoples

that leave their own country to seek a living elsewhere.

But I am glad to say less encouragement is to be given in future to the importation of such, and greater efforts are to be made to fill Canada with people from our own country. Which is as it should be.

Why should aliens benefit from what has been bought by British blood and money, who probably in their own country hate us?

A favourite retort to this question is that we are too slow to take advantage of our conquests, and allow foreigners to step into our shoes; but if the same encouragement had been given in the past by the Dominion Government to attract immigrants from Great Britain as has been extended to those from Europe, the returns for this country would not cut such a poor figure against those from the continent. Though the greatest number embark in this country for Canada, at least half in every shipload consists of Scandinavians, Finns, Dutch, Russians, and Germans, and they all figure in the returns as immigrants from British ports. Great Britain could supply nearly ten millions of her population to Canada, and still have plenty of workers for her own needs.

It is notorious that during the reign of the North Atlantic Trading Company, the Government of Canada offered *five times* the bonus on immigrants from Europe that they did on those from Great Britain.

One of the principal reasons why foreigners are

preferred is because a "dago" (as they are called in Canada) will work for practically nothing, and put up with food and lodging which an Englishman would only tolerate when *in extremis*, and also an Englishman will stick to his price.

Speaking at a meeting held last March in Ottawa under the auspices of the Salvation Army, Mr Oliver, Minister of the Interior, said that there was a prejudice in Canada against Englishmen, because Canada did not always have the best class of English immigrants, and urged "General" Booth to send to Canada only the best classes.

Which put in other words means, "We will gladly welcome the scum of Europe because they will accept (or starve) any wages we choose to offer, whereas an Englishman being brought up to something better, demands a decent wage and the treatment of a civilised being. The only Englishman we require is one who has plenty of money to spare, as we want money above everything else. It is difficult to reconcile the assertion that the average English immigrant is an inferior being to the heterogeneous collection of nationalities which yearly swarm into Canada, and who in their own country live in a condition almost unknown even amongst our poorest, with the actual facts.

That there is a prejudice in Canada against Englishmen is, I regret to say, perfectly true. This is partly due to a certain class of Englishmen who make themselves objectionable wherever they go (the reader will

understand what type I refer to) for which others, not of their stamp, have to suffer. There is also another type which gets his country into bad odour with strangers, the "remittance" man—of which Canada has unfortunately a big share. This latter is almost a curse to certain colonies, particularly to Canada and Australia.

These two classes manage to render themselves so obtrusive that the people of the country which they grace with their presence are apt in consequence to take a strong dislike to all Englishmen. But to return to Mr Courtney's speech.

While he approved of money spent in bringing into the country a *good* class of immigrant to assist development, yet he considered that there had been too much swagger and extravagance, and was afraid Canada was spending too much.

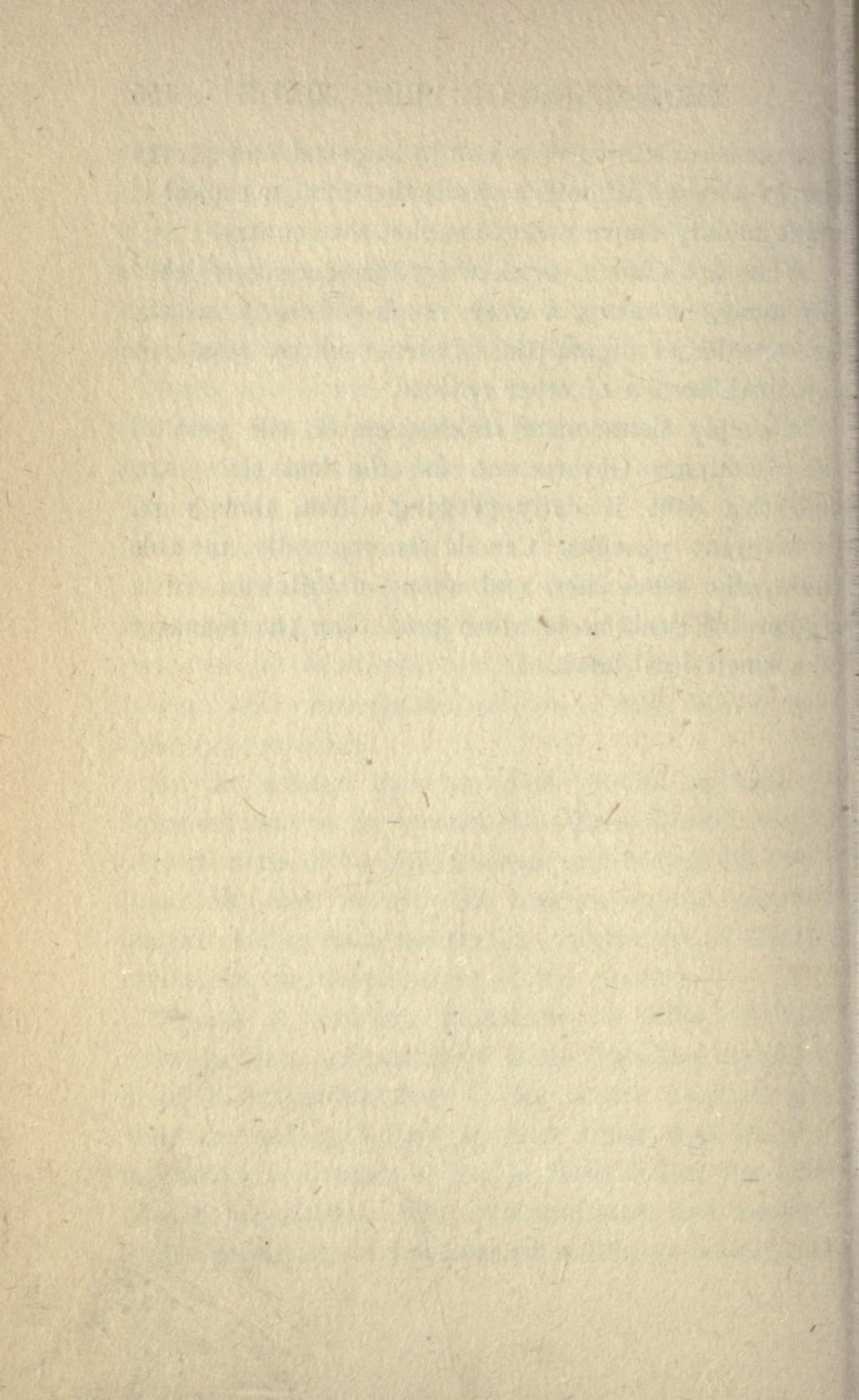
At the present time an effort should be made to save, and out of its present abundance Canada might redeem some of its indebtedness and reduce its taxation. He also warned his hearers against possible danger arising from the undue exploitation of foreign capital in the development of the country.

Canada is building thousands of miles of new railways; but comparatively little Canadian capital is doing it. Canada's debt to-day is two hundred and sixty-six million dollars, or four times that at confederation, equivalent to five hundred dollars per head of male population. For an almost quite new country, with a population of but some six millions, a debt of this

amount is something of which to be proud, and proves the ex-Deputy Minister's words that foreign capital is being unduly drawn upon to exploit the country.

What has Canada to show for this enormous debt? No army, no navy, a very rough-and-ready militia, no consular or diplomatic services such as form the principal burden of other nations.

It simply shows utter recklessness on the part of the Dominion Government for the last ten years, and this debt is daily growing. Yet, though an extravagant spender, Canada is niggardly towards those who serve her, and many a Minister in a responsible position is worse paid than the manager of a small local bank.



CHAPTER XI

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE

JUDGING from the expressed opinions of Canadians, and from the views set forth in their Press on the topic of Canada's contribution towards Imperial defence, I do not think they realise how completely dependent they are upon Great Britain for defence from foreign attack, and the fact that they have, since the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, great difficulty in finding sufficient men to even garrison the two naval forts at Halifax and Esquimault, should impress this point upon them. In fact, so distasteful is military service to the average Canadian that, owing to the difficulty of obtaining volunteers to serve in their militia, it is rumoured that recruits are to be sought for in England.

Why cannot Canada follow the example of the colonies of New Zealand, Australia, Natal, and Cape Colony, and make a direct contribution towards the Royal Navy?

Do Canadians, as a body, appreciate the fact that in conjunction with their increasing wealth and

prosperity, they have done practically nothing to safeguard the interests to which this development gives rise; that they have no navy or army, and only the very roughest of militia forces? It would pay Canada to keep a few cruisers, especially on the Pacific Coast, to safeguard her fishing industries, which at present suffer considerably from poaching on the part of American vessels.

When the question of direct contribution towards Imperial defence is brought forward in Canada, the two principal excuses made are, firstly, on constitutional grounds, that Canadian money would be spent on an object over which they had no control; and, secondly, that Canada needs every penny of her money for the development of the Dominion.

With regard to the first objection, those colonies who do contribute by an annual grant of a sum of money (and, in proportion to their means and resources, do so very handsomely), appear to have solved it to their satisfaction. Surely Canada which, so it is said, is richer in proportion to its population than the neighbouring Republic, could do likewise, and hand over a sum annually to the Admiralty to be spent on Imperial defence, the amount and purposes to which it was to be put to be determined by their Parliament.

Coming now to the second objection, namely, that all their money is required for development of their country, this is hardly a sufficient excuse when one looks into the matter closely, seeing that very large

sums are wasted annually in "graft" and political jobbery (the recent London, Ontario, election scandals being a case in point) which might well be put to better uses.

As I have stated in the previous chapter, there must be something wrong with a country with a debt like that of Canada, and practically nothing to show for it. Besides which British, and to a greater extent, American, capital is very largely assisting in the development of the country, especially in the construction of new railways.

It is gratifying to notice that there are Canadians who are beginning to realise that Canada must, sooner or later, bear a larger share of the enormous expense entailed by the defence of an Empire of the world-embracing expanse such as ours is to-day, and of which she, in size at least, forms so important a part, and that the whole cost should not fall entirely on the shoulders of the inhabitants of those small islands in the north-east Atlantic. The development of the country should go hand in hand with the formation of a naval and military force to safeguard that development, in proportion as her wealth and resources increase.

During the South African war, a league was formed in Canada styled the "Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire," with the object of promoting patriotism amongst the women, not only of Canada, but also of the Empire generally. This organisation has estab-

lished within the short five years of its existence ninety-three branches, and amongst other patriotic aims endeavours to urge upon the Press and people of Canada the vital necessity of a supreme navy, and *the responsibility of Canadians towards its support.*

Recently, the local branch of the Navy League at Toronto passed the following resolution:¹

“That it is not consistent with the true interests of Canada, from the political or economical point of view, that she should continue to neglect all preparation for taking part in the naval defence of the Empire. It is a duty we owe to ourselves and the floating commerce of the Empire to lay the foundations of a broad, national, maritime policy, under which naval preparation will go hand in hand with the development of a Canadian mercantile marine, and the encouragement of the Canadian shipbuilding industry, thus securing to Canada a fair share in the world’s maritime transport trade.”

The aims and ideas of the above order are very largely educational. “Teach your sons and daughters to be true men and women, and you promote the highest kind of patriotism which will never fail in the hour of need,” said Dr Parkin at the preliminary meeting which called this society into being. Its motto is, one Flag, one Throne, one Empire. It is non-political and non-sectarian, and all women and children in the British Empire are eligible for membership.

¹ Quoted from the *Times*.

While the immediate cause of the formation of this society was the South African War, some such organisation is needed to counteract the influences unceasingly at work to undermine British sentiment. The close proximity of the United States with different ideals though speaking the same language and the enormous yet ever-growing influence of American settlers into Canada, is having, and will continue to have, an increasing effect against the spread of a true British sentiment throughout the Dominion.

Of recent years the immigration into Canada has very largely consisted of Galicians, Doukhobors, Memnonites, Hungarians, Mormons, Swedes, Germans, Poles, Russians, and others.

Between the years 1902 and 1906—the latter year inclusive—the number of foreigners arrived in Canada have been, in round figures, 65,000 Galicians, 20,000 Memnonites, 20,000 Hungarians, 20,000 Chinese, 8,500 Doukhobors, also Swedes, Poles, Russians, Norwegians, Germans, and Italians, or in all, over fifty per cent. of the total immigration being foreigners.

It is amongst this horde of aliens that United States literature has such a large circulation and so anti-British an influence. Most people at home imagine that Americans almost love Great Britain, and form their opinions thereon from the newspaper reports of bland, after-dinner speeches, when people, brimming over with good-nature and champagne, and standing under a crossed Union Jack and Stars and Stripes

vie with each other in expressions of friendship and goodwill. All this is merely outward form and sentiment. Down in the depth of his heart he hates us. He has not forgotten, and never will, the War of Independence or the "Alabama," and he sees to it that his children at school will not forget it either. They are taught that we are America's greatest rivals, and have far too much of this world's possessions.

If the American had that regard for us which we profess to have for him, and fondly imagine he reciprocates, would he celebrate "Independence Day" with that unbounded enthusiasm and riot which he displays on the 4th of July every year?

If matters were reversed, I have not the slightest doubt that this supersensitive country would forbid any celebrations to be held for fear of giving offence to another country.

For purely sentimental reasons we forbid a harmless, mirth-provoking play written years ago, and which has been acted hundreds of times without any one finding cause for giving offence. Does any one really imagine that the characters in the *Mikado* are supposed to represent Japan as it is, or that the play professes to be anything but a comedy? On the same grounds certain of Shakespeare's plays might just as well be banned.

We seem to have no objection to flouting our own kith and kin in the colonies, but where foreign countries are concerned, we go out of our way to

make ourselves (in their eyes) ridiculous, and fondly imagine at the same time that we are ingratiating ourselves into their favour by so doing.

It only needs a few steps further and we shall graciously ask the Kaiser's permission to sanction the building of another torpedo-boat, or the completion of the naval dock on the Firth of Forth. That sturdy independence and self-reliance which we used to boast as our heritage is almost a thing of the past, and we are rapidly degenerating into nervous, hysterical, washy sentimentalists.

That the American has a certain contempt for us is proved by the recent Jamaican incident, when an American admiral landed an armed force ostensibly to protect property and assist in the distress occasioned by the earthquake and fire, without so much as "by your leave."

The Governor of Jamaica, Sir A. Swettenham, was freely and adversely criticised for his action in requesting the American admiral to withdraw his armed marines and sailors. But his critics, sitting comfortably at home in arm-chairs, overlooked the fact that in view of the mistake of Admiral Davis in landing an armed force in a country under a flag other than his own without first asking leave, Sir A. Swettenham was bound to vindicate the dignity of the country he represents.

Then, again, we must remember that a large white population exists in Jamaica which desires union

with the States, and such would be impressed by the sight of an American admiral exercising authority amongst the ruins of Kingston. Besides which it is an open secret that the American eagle is as ready to fasten its claws upon our possessions in the West Indies as much as on Canada.

The Governor of Jamaica understands Uncle Sam and his little ways better than many people at home who were so ready with their advice and criticism.

It seems to be the fashion to-day in this country to take it for granted that the representatives of Uncle Sam are always in the right, and that their opinions and views must always be acceded to in order to retain his goodwill and friendship.

Our diplomatists seem to forget when dealing with the United States that Americans are past masters at the game of bluff. They cannot have a very high opinion of a country which has not only never got the better of them in a question of diplomacy, but even goes out of its way to settle disputes according to the American point of view in order to keep on good terms with them. Instances are too fresh and numerous to need recording here.

The cry in the States to-day is "on to Canada" (and also the British West Indies) as it was in 1812, and will be until the Stars and Stripes float over the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa.

Pray such a calamity to the British Empire will never happen, and every Canadian will fight to the

utmost to avert it, but Canada must not leave all preparation for such an eventuality till the eleventh hour, though it is a question of six millions *versus* eighty millions.

Canadian laws on Americans taking up their land are not as strict as they might be, and enable them to obtain undue control without any check on their schemes of Americanising Canada.

It is to counteract this undue American influence that is one of the principal aims of this "Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire," and it deserves the widest support.

The Hamilton, Ontario, branch has undertaken to present a flag to any school, on request, with a view to encouraging patriotism and love of country amongst its scholars; and in a country filled with the progeny of aliens this is one of the best ways of teaching its rising generation the meaning of British institutions, and imbuing it with Imperial ideas to make them loyal members of the British Empire. Canada, more particularly in the west, is, sentiment apart, already more American than English.

This is perhaps only to be expected when one country is separated by 3,000 miles of sea, while the other is divided from it only by an imaginary line, on one side of it a population of only six millions, and on the other one of eighty millions.

Canadians lead the same lives, are brought up much the same way, talk the same language, and conduct

their business much like Americans. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that Canada should prefer American to English immigrants. The Englishman differs from them in almost every particular; in ideas, in upbringing, in education, in associations, in fact, in all circumstances of his life.

The reduction in postal rates recently introduced on English periodicals is a step in the right direction, but it is hopeless to expect it will ever seriously diminish the sale of Yankee magazines and newspapers. American papers are full of words and expressions quite foreign to the average Englishman, which he can hardly understand even when seen with the context, and quite unintelligible alone.

But a Canadian or an immigrant after a year or so understands them perfectly, and probably uses these same words and expressions himself daily. The fact is they speak and think in Canada in American, which is very different to English, and it is not very likely that a Canadian is going to give up his American magazine or paper which he understands for an English one which informs him of the doings of Society in London, or the progress of football-league, and cricket matches, and so forth, which do not interest him in the slightest, just out of sentiment. So the anti-British influence of Yankee journals in Canada must be met in some other way. But I have digressed somewhat from the original subject of this chapter.

What share is Canada taking to-day in the military defence of her country? The armed force of Canada consists of a permanent force of, at present, 2,000 men which may be raised under the Canadian Militia Act to 5,000, and an active militia of about 38,000 officers and men. The permanent force always remains under arms, while the militia is only called out for sixteen days' training in the year.

To provide for the effective defence of her enormous land frontier would, under existing circumstances, be an impossibility, though I do not think it shows the right spirit to congratulate themselves, as I notice they do, on the fact that there is not a single fort of any kind along the international boundary.

This condition of public opinion is probably brought about by the fact that there has been no threat of attack on the part of the United States since the war of 1812. But relative positions in wealth and numbers have changed since then, and Canada is now a much richer prize than she was in the early days of the nineteenth century.

Canadians are not lacking in individual military spirit, as was amply proved in the late South African War, and by the existence in Canada of numerous rifle associations and cadet corps. It is when taken collectively that they do not seem to realise the necessity of more adequate defence.

Canadians naturally and rightly resent the idea of absorption by the neighbouring republic; but it is a

contingency to be provided against on their own account, as they cannot expect this country, already over-burdened by calls upon her military forces, to permanently keep an army corps in Canada. She cannot for ever remain dependent on the goodwill of a powerful nation only separated from her by an imaginary line.

No statesman has proved himself more loyal to Canada and the Empire than the present Prime Minister, Sir Wilfréd Laurier.

Whenever he speaks he proclaims the blessings of peace, and himself the messenger thereof; but at the same time he might go a step further and remind his audiences that the best guarantee of peace is the strong man armed.

Canada has undertaken as her contribution at present to Imperial defence the garrisoning of the naval stations of Halifax and Esquimault.

Large sums of money have been spent by the Imperial Government in making Halifax the most powerful maritime fortress on the Atlantic coast, but under the redistribution of the Navy and the reduction of the North Atlantic Squadron, under Sir John Fisher's *régime*, it has lost, in consequence, much of its former importance.

Since the withdrawal of the Squadron at Esquimault, that fort has been more or less dismantled, and the dockyard there is now in the hands of a private marine company.

The original *raison d'être* of the fortifications of Esquimault was the naval strength of Russia on the Pacific; but though this has been temporarily destroyed, there is that of the United States to reckon with. I have heard the opinion expressed that Canada's contributions to Imperial defence by relieving the Imperial Government of the expense of maintaining troops at Halifax and Esquimault, and dispensing with the services of the North Pacific Squadron, was simply a nice way of giving a gentle hint that she wished to make a step towards the future development of an independent army and navy, and that meanwhile it simply meant another strand in the painter cut which has already been sorely frayed by disputes with the States being always settled by Great Britain overruling the claims of Canada.

There is peace at present between Canada and America; but no love is lost between Canadians and Americans.

Canada is doing her utmost to improve communication with the east in the interests of British trade, as is shown by the recent decision of the Canadian Pacific Railway to put two new steamers on their Vancouver-Hongkong route, in addition to their present "Empress" boats, which shall equal their two "Empress" boats on the Atlantic in size and speed, and by subsidised steamers to Australia, New Zealand, and Mexico.

Though Canada is doing so much to assist British trade on the Pacific in competition with the United

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States, yet at the same time she should not, in her own interests, utterly neglect taking any precautions for its defence.

Commerce cannot flourish except under naval protection, and in the future struggle for trade supremacy on the Pacific, circumstances might arise which necessitated adequate naval power on the part of Great Britain.

Though at present Japanese harbours are open to our warships, this is only so long as Japan believes our navy supreme, and is no reason why we should not have an adequate naval base on the opposite coast of the Pacific.

Esquimault is an easily defended natural harbour about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of the city of Victoria on Vancouver Island. A fort was built and batteries constructed there which command the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in 1885, when the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the Pacific Coast.

At that time the arrangements made were that the Dominion Government should construct the batteries and the Home Government provide the barracks and armament, while the expense of maintenance should be equally shared by the two Governments.

At the Colonial Conference in 1902, the Dominion Government offered to provide garrisons at Esquimault and Halifax as a contribution to Imperial defence, and since then the whole of the Imperial troops have been withdrawn, with the exception of a few officers

lent to the Canadian Government for a period of two years, and the Dominion Government have now taken full responsibility for their defence, which, as far as Esquimault is concerned, seems to take the form of more or less dismantling the batteries.¹

¹ *Apropos* of the remarks in the foregoing chapter on Canada's contribution to Imperial defence, the statements of Mr Brodeur, Dominion Minister of Marine, at the Empire Club at Toronto, on 14th November 1907 (as reported in the *Times*), are of interest. He states that Canada has spent only £600,000 since 1856 (about half the cost of a first-class battleship in twenty years), and £100,000 this year; a total of £700,000 in twenty-one years, or an average, in round numbers, of £33,300 per annum. Compare this ludicrously inadequate sum—taking into consideration the interests involved—with the *direct cash* contributions of the other self-governing colonies *to the Navg alone*, while most of Canada's contribution goes towards the protection of the ocean and lake fisheries, which only concern her.

COLONY.	CONTRIBUTION.	POPULATION.	REVENUE (1905).
AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH	£200,000	5,000,000	£11,882,000
NEW ZEALAND	40,000	888,600 (whites)	7,347,000
CAPE COLONY	50,000	580,000 (whites)	8,500,000
NATAL	35,000	97,000 (whites)	3,385,000
NEWFOUNDLAND	3,000	228,000	515,000
CANADA	33,000	6,000,000 (est'd.)	14,000,000
	(average 21 years)		

—(From *Returns published in "Whittaker."*)

As Canada makes no direct contribution, I have taken the average for twenty-one years of the amount she herself spent; while, even taking the amount spent this financial year (£100,000), as stated by Mr Brodeur, she still cuts a very poor figure against Australia, with a less population and less revenue; and, if her average is taken, it amounts to less even than what the small colony of Natal, with less than 100,000 whites and a revenue of less than £3,500,000, can afford.

Thus Canada, the richest and most populous of all the self-governing colonies, does the least of any, by long odds, in her share of Imperial defence.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

"THE annexation of Canada tentatively and the establishment of reciprocal trade relations with a removal of all tariff duties with the British Dominion specifically, is the purpose of an organisation to be known as the British Association of Illinois." (Chicago, 23rd November 1906).

Thus an American newspaper.

Most Canadians affect to smile at such statements, and regard them as an empty dream, but Americans do not consider it a dream by any means. It may become—I do not say in the lifetime of the present generation—a very real danger, when one comes to compare the relative resources and population of the two countries.

On the table, as I write, lies a copy of the *Times* Engineering Supplement. Glancing at the column headed "Industrial Notes," the first paragraph which catches my eye is the following:

"Graphite in Quebec. Rich deposits of graphite have, it is stated by the *Toronto Globe*, been dis-

covered in the Province of Quebec . . . and these are to be worked by a *New York Company*." The italics are mine. This is but an instance of what is taking place every week, one might almost say every day.

An American Syndicate, the least member of which is reputed to be a millionaire, has recently purchased the whole of the timber rights on Queen Charlotte Island, British Columbia, a territory 5,100 square miles in extent. Americans are getting control of Canadian lands, forests, and mines all over the country; American dollars are pouring into it, and American settlers are coming into Canada in numbers at least as great as, if not greater than, all other immigrants combined.¹

Of course Canadians prefer an American immigrant to one from Europe because he understands the condition of things there better than the latter would. If you suggest that the fear of this American movement will act as a deterrent to immigration from Great Britain, they will pooh-pooh the idea.

¹ The latest returns available at the time of going to press give the number of homesteads taken up in Western Canada during the one month of July 1907, as follows:—Americans, 1,032; English, 583; Scotch, 93; Irish, 28; Austro-Hungarian, 386; Russians, 121; French, 39; Germans, 66; and 58 Canadians returned from the United States. These figures (taken from returns published in the *Times*) give seventy-five per cent. Americans to all other nationalities combined and—what is more important—nearly a proportion (omitting fractions) of three Americans to two British and Canadians. These returns are for a period when the immigration from Great Britain and Europe is at a maximum, and consequently more likely to equal that from the States than at other periods.

The first consideration of Canadians is to fill up the country with potential customers, every one having something to sell, be it real estate or cigars; with the ultimate consequences they are but at present little concerned.

If also you ask them whether they do not see a future danger arising from this swamping of Canada with American dollars and American settlers, profitable though it may be to-day, they will reply that these are former Canadians returning to Canada who, in the early years, went over into the States when the tide set in that direction, and that now the tide is turning in the other direction and they are coming with it.

This may be quite true as far as it goes, but if the whole population of Canada formerly immigrated *en masse* to the States, it would not account for the enormous numbers now pouring into Canada.

The annual immigration from the United States into Canada has increased enormously within the last ten years. A movement of the kind cannot but have consequences of far-reaching effects, let people say what they will to try and prove the contrary.

Geographically considered Canada is in just the same position to the United States as Scotland is to England, and its final political union is no more improbable to-day than was that of England and Scotland, say, two hundred and fifty years ago.

Another and perhaps stronger factor is the financial and commercial one.

Mr Hill, one of America's railway magnates, recently told an audience in Chicago that Canadian reciprocity is still possible because of the downfall of the Chamberlain policy in this country, and this is followed by an intermediate tariff in Canada which opens the way to destroy the existing preference to Great Britain by transferring it to the States.

Canada still offers us reciprocal preferential trade, and the various self-governing colonies are arranging preferential trade amongst themselves. It is only this country which still clings to methods which may have been well enough in the middle of the nineteenth century, but out of date to-day, and refuses to bind together the widespread portions of this vast Empire of ours with the Mother Country with bonds which will be proof against outside influences to tear them asunder. Perhaps this country will some day wake up to this fact; when it is too late.

Notwithstanding Canada's preference to Great Britain, our share of her market is increasing at a much slower rate than that of the United States, and with the net result of the new preferential duty recently introduced into the Dominion Budget much the same as it was formerly, and an intermediate tariff of which the States can take advantage, our share of the Canadian market will probably continue to grow proportionately less, though it may actually increase in amount.

So with a preference practically the same as formerly, and an intermediate tariff which opens the way to

improving trade with her Republican neighbour, and thus neutralising the preference still further, Imperialists may well see with dismay overt measures to unite the destiny of the whole of North America under one flag—the Stars and Stripes.

All these fears may be groundless, I hope they are, but the contingencies which give rise to them are not impossible. Supposing annexation by the States in the future is a possibility, there is also an alternative possibility, namely an independent Canada.

That Canadians kept their thoughts to themselves and accepted the decisions of the Alverstone award in the spirit they did, speaks volumes for their loyalty towards the Mother Country; but in future they will take good care to see that no opportunity, if they can possibly prevent it, is again given for the American Eagle to fasten its claws on Canadian soil.

Apropos of this subject, the following editorial article appeared last September in the *Guardian* newspaper of Vancouver, British Columbia. The article in question was headed "Great Britain and her Colonies," and was to the following effect:

"An instance like the surrender to the United States in connection with the Alaskan boundary dispute, does more than any failure to give us something additional to what we are already getting (*i.e.*, preferential treatment) to forward a separation movement in Canada.

"Canadians believe that Lord Alverstone, with the tacit consent of the Government who appointed him

(one of whose members was the Hon. J. Chamberlain) deliberately disregarded the interests of Canada in order to placate the United States. A very few instances of this kind of thing would develop in Canada a feeling of hostility towards Great Britain, which it would take years to eradicate, and which might, if pressed too far, develop into a desire for separation."

The foregoing, I think, expresses fairly accurately the trend of public opinion in Canada generally on the question of the decisions arrived at by Great Britain in boundary and other disputes between the Dominion and the States, and the results to which the policy hitherto pursued by Great Britain may lead if carried to extremes. Of course, under the rules of the Constitution, disputes between any colony and a foreign country must be referred to Downing Street so long as the responsibilities for treaty-making are borne by Great Britain; but that is no reason for treating that colony practically as a nonentity, and when she discovers that such is a very one-sided method of doing business, it is only natural she should desire to settle her own disputes without the interference of a third party.

The British sentiment at present prevailing will naturally grow weaker as time goes on, especially as foreign, *i.e.*, American and European immigration is enormously in excess of that from Great Britain.

The feeling in Canada that she should make her

own treaties and settle her own disputes with foreign countries has been growing more and more prominent in view of the way in which her claims have been treated by British Ministers in the past; though this will necessitate the establishment of an adequate naval and military force if she wishes to undertake the responsibilities of making treaties with foreign countries on her own account.

Whatever the future may have in store, one thing is fairly certain, and that is the present stage is only evolutionary and cannot last for ever, and Canada may, within perhaps two generations from now, acknowledge neither the Union Jack nor the Stars and Stripes, but an independent flag of her own. And if Canada does so in the betterment of her interests, what is to prevent the other self-governing colonies, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa from following her example?

The question has been asked, "Will the Empire, which has just celebrated the centenary of Trafalgar, survive to celebrate the next?" Let us all hope it will, and it remains with us to so consolidate the scattered portions of our Empire that it will celebrate not only the next centenary, but for all time. The Empire has been aptly compared to a mass of materials which awaits the architect.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has been our only statesman who has hitherto attempted to handle these materials and suggest any practical methods of

building them up. He has laid good seeds, and that they have not yet brought forth more abundantly is due partly to the gross misrepresentation of his enemies, and partly because he was before his time, and the country was not sufficiently educated to give his proposals their due value. The Empire in the future will need something stronger than mere sentiment to hold it together, especially as its component parts grow older and become more independent, and this quality has recently received some severe shocks.

The colonies rallied splendidly to the Mother Country in the last Boer War, but we must not take too much for granted, and we might find ourselves alone in the next great struggle, so it behoves us in the meantime to render such an occurrence impossible.

This, then, is the task for our statesmen to solve, and no doubt the result of the colonial conference will be a step towards its solution. At all events, this twentieth century will witness the making or breaking of the British Empire. Will history repeat itself, and will this Empire, the greatest that has been, follow the path trodden by those of Greece and Rome?

Certain individuals are never tired of warning us that the same vices and faults, inordinate love of luxury, selfishness, over-indulgence, which spelt the ruin of former Empires are at work to-day in our own, and that the crash is as sure to follow as it did in their case. Nearly every one will admit that

there is such a class of people, unfortunately, in our midst; but because a small branch, I might say a twig, of a tree is withered, would the whole trunk be condemned as unsound? For every one person who leads a life of waste and uselessness, are there not thousands who are hard-working members of the State?

If there was any foundation for the warnings of these alarmists, the Empire would have fallen long ere now. If it does fall in ruins (and pray God such a calamity may never happen), it will be from causes other than those which spelt disaster to the former Empires of the world.

The solution of this problem (the consolidation of the Empire) would be made much easier if there was greater sympathy between the working-classes—who compose the majority of the population of the country—and their kinsmen in the colonies, and *vice-versa*. It is to be regretted that the masses of this country, workmen, artisans, labourers, take very little practical interest in our colonies, unless, for the moment, there is some dispute or diplomatic question to draw their attention to them.

On the general idea and aims of Imperial confederation, there is probably not much difference of opinion between the Colonial Office and the representatives of the respective colonies. It is the people they represent who require to be more sympathetic.

Mr Chamberlain's efforts in this country to arouse more interest in our colonies, and help forward his

ideal of Imperial Federation, would not have fallen so flat if the mass of the people were not so ignorant of and apathetic to the enormous possibilities which the British Empire affords. If it had not been for his power of commanding attention by his great personality, his efforts would have produced even less results than they have.

The unpleasant incidents which have occurred under the present Liberal Government's *régime* in their handling of the Newfoundland, Natal, and New Hebrides questions, would probably never have happened if there had been an Imperial Council where constant interchange of views could be made between the Home and Colonial Governments. Under existing circumstances the Colonial Governments are often kept in the dark as to the progress of negotiations, and when matters have been practically settled, more as a matter of form, they are then asked to state their views.

The present Government has proved itself thoroughly anti-Imperialist, but at the same time it has shown in a way which, perhaps an opposite policy would not have done, the necessity of radically altering our present methods of dealing with questions of Imperial moment if the unity of the Empire is not to be severely shaken. The question of an Imperial Council is bound to come up for discussion at the forthcoming¹ Colonial Conference this year, and with these glaring instances of the settlement of the New Hebrides and

¹ Written April 1907.

Newfoundland questions before them, it is to be hoped that the assembled representatives of the Colonies will insist on steps being taken to form such a council without delay. Then perhaps we shall see no more of that cringing attitude towards the United States which seems so much the fashion with the authorities at home.

The defensive weakness of 4,000 miles of Canadian frontier is probably a reason why the Home Government never dares to press its claims or those of Canada too far, though the settlement of the disputes in question would hardly have warranted ever being made a pretext for attack.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

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CHAPTER XIII

THE TRUTH ABOUT CANADA

IN my humble opinion, I consider that the boom and prosperity in Canada at the present day can only be adjudged far-reaching and widespread when compared with the comparative utter stagnation of twenty or thirty years ago.

It has been brought about by the present Liberal Government spending enormous sums in their endeavours to attract settlers and in general "boosting" the country in terms which can only be compared to the average house agent's methods of advertising, who describes residences in such glowing terms that their own owners are deceived by them.

If Canada is the earthly paradise immigration agents and others make it out to be, why is it that within approximately the same period, say a hundred years, the United States have been able to attract settlers such as to-day have given her a population of eighty millions without the adventitious aid of advertising beyond that given by her own citizens, while Canada, on the other hand, has only to-day a population of

six millions, the greater part of it, so to speak, artificial?

The answer to this question is, I think, that Canada, except for the province of British Columbia, has not the natural resources that the States have. She has nothing, for example, to compare with the enormous iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania; what iron and steel industries she has are confined to the Atlantic maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and these have to be bolstered up by the payment of large subsidies which the manufacturers are still asking to be increased.

The timber forests are being rapidly cut down as more country is opened up, to say nothing of the enormous annual destruction from forest and bush fires.

The staple product of Canada is wheat, and I have heard the opinion freely expressed that Winnipeg, the centre of the wheat industry will, in a few years attain its maximum population if, indeed, it has not already reached that point. A city almost entirely dependent on the produce of the land, such as grain, cannot in the nature of things, go on increasing indefinitely.

Another factor which handicaps the development of Canada is the terribly hard and long winter, when everything is bound in a grip of iron, with the result that practically all the year's work has to be crowded into about six or seven months, and for the rest of the year everything is shut down.

Many people in Canada are agreed that the country can never become populated at all proportionate to its area, owing to the very great extremes of its climate.

Central Canada is a great grain-growing country and nothing else. It is its cold winter which produces such fine hard wheat; but it is impossible for people to live in it for any length of time. The only course to pursue, which all and sundry in Canada make their principal aim, is to get rich quick and then quit; and this applies with even more force to the country further north which will always remain practically a wilderness, land speculators and real estate touts to the contrary notwithstanding.

I do not, in making these remarks, wish to disparage Canada or its inhabitants. These are opinions held by business people in Canada itself, and express a point of view not as a rule put forward by immigration agents or others, whose sole interest is to attract a population which will become potential customers.

If you ask the opinion of any one about conditions in Canada to-day, or the prospects for any one settling there, they will naturally paint everything in the most glowing colours, as their bias is in favour of what will increase the number and purchasing power of these customers, as every one in Canada has something to sell you, from railways, real estate, and mines, to dry goods and cigars.

This is one side of the picture. I am trying to show the other side, even though I may be called a pessimist in doing so, but I am convinced that there

are many people in Canada to-day (and I have come across several such myself) who, before they settled in Canada, wish they had been shown something of its drawbacks as well as its advantages before they came out to it.

An account which appeared in the London *Leader* from the pen of Miss Darlington on farm life in Canada, was quoted at some length in the Canadian papers, and adversely criticised because, though it was a true account of what she herself was acquainted with, it would create a bad impression on intending settlers, and prevent them coming to Canada.

Personally, I think the two instances quoted were perhaps rather extreme cases, though they were nearer the truth than the reports and accounts assiduously circulated by transportation companies and immigration offices. I remember seeing a photograph much used for advertisement purposes. It represented what it was pleased to call a "typical Canadian farm." It was a very superior two-storied wooden frame building with four or six rooms, such as one, as a rule, only sees in the better residential parts of the big towns; but to say it was typical of farmhouses in Canada was drawing a very long bow indeed.

A one, or perhaps two-roomed, "shack" would be a more truthful description. But I suppose this photograph better served the purpose of advertisement. In the course of my railway surveying in Manitoba, I never saw a farmhouse which boasted more than a living and kitchen room in one on the ground floor,

and either a portion at one end partitioned off for a bedroom, or an attic above, and containing nothing beyond the barest necessities.

It is, away from the large towns, the lack of all comfort, social intercourse, pleasures, or refinement, which makes the country so irksome to people from England. Things which even a labourer in this country would consider necessities are often lacking, how much more irksome, then, would life be to one accustomed to a certain amount of refinement? The only compensation to such is, that they hope to be able to accumulate enough money to enable them to return home—and stay there. Canadians rave so about their country and its glorious climate and so forth, but it is to be noticed that they never stay there a moment longer than necessary when once they have made their little pile, their one aim in life is to get out of their glorious (*sic*) climate, and either return to England, or go to the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, which is merely England on the Pacific.

Miss Darlington says: "Some time ago I read in an article in the *Morning Leader*, the dictum that 'useful training for colonial life amounted to this—that you became a first-class general servant.' And I exclaimed, 'How remarkably this understakes the case as regards Canada! for no English "general" would stop a day in a situation where such work was required of her as the Canadian farmer requires of his wife.' She then gives details of two Canadian acquaintances of hers who were born in the country

and 'have been taught to expect nothing from the position of wife, but to be drudges, money earners, and raisers of large families.' 'They have no remotest conception of the meaning of chivalry, companionship, love, or politeness from their husbands.' So a young English girl who comes to Canada and goes into a farmhouse as help with a Canadian husband, knows what to expect."

She then details the duties of the wife of a prosperous farmer of her acquaintance, who was in a larger way of business than the average farmer.

Of their sons, two were on farms of their own, the other at home. One daughter was married, while the other had rebelled at farm work and had gone to the city as hotel waitress. So the wife had everything to do herself, though her husband could well afford fifteen dollars a month for a hired girl, but this he would consider wanton extravagance.

I cannot here enter into the manifold duties which Mrs Smith had to perform from sunrise to sunset; drudgery is almost too mild a term for a description of them.

An account is also given of the life of a bush settler's wife in Ontario, and her case is worse if anything than that of Mrs Smith, as she was very delicate owing to the results of neglect at the birth of her first child, as the expense of a doctor who was some distance, 20 miles, away was considered too much for her thrifty Canadian husband. She only did three times as much work as the average general

servant does in England. Her home is described as a one-roomed log "shack," lacking all comforts and most necessities, and I have seen more than one so-called Canadian home which exactly answered this description. But, as I mentioned above, I think these two cases are, perhaps, rather extreme, though it is quite true that the average Canadian wife has to do a great deal more work than what an English servant would ever be called upon to do.

At the same time I do not think Canadian husbands are so void of chivalry, love, or politeness towards their wives as the above instances would lead us to believe; but from the appearance of their homes, one would imagine that either they are stingy by nature or else that farming does not pay.

I should be inclined to give the latter reason, as I have been told by those in a position to know that, unless done on a fairly large scale, farming does not pay; that is to say, the margin of profit, if any, is very small in proportion to the outlay, while I have found the farmers hospitality itself.

Mr Smith, in the above instance, may have been too stingy to try and get a help for his wife at her multifarious duties; but even if he had been willing to pay her thirty dollars a month, I don't suppose Mrs Smith would have been any better off, as help of any kind is almost non-existent.

Those intending to start anew in Canada are always assured before they leave England that they will be received with open arms by Canadians. This is not

strictly true; it is only the shipping companies and immigration agents that open their arms to them and tell them what a magnificent country Canada is. Though personally I have nothing to say against Canadians on this score, and was always on the best of terms with those I met, yet I am convinced they do not want—or love—Englishmen. In fact, Canadians have told me themselves they do *not* want Englishmen in Canada; though they are quite prepared to take his money, the general impression being—which nearly all colonials and foreigners have—that *all* Englishmen are burdened with superfluous cash.

They are also very fond of telling you that So-and-so came out to Canada from England a few years ago and invested a few dollars, say, in real estate, and is to-day worth thousands.

But people, as a rule, go out to Canada or other colonies, not to invest their capital which they can do just as well by staying in England, but to get employment and earn more than they did at home. I do not advise any one if they already have a job in England to throw it up on the off-chance of obtaining a better one in Canada; the one they are sure of, the other is very problematical, unless they have plenty of influence when they arrive there.

I should also warn people about trusting to so-called philanthropic societies and immigration agents who say they will find work for the intending immigrant. They will do nothing of the sort. What they want is his passage money. When they have got that they wash

their hands of him. They get a percentage on all able-bodied men they can dump into Canada.

Also don't believe their stories about "free farms." *There are no such things.* My authority for this statement is an unfortunate individual who was induced to take a so-called free farm. You pay for the farm out of your labour and the produce from it. After some years, when you gradually pay off your debt, you may begin to be able to call the farm your own and at length make a little money out of it, but not more than to make ends meet. If an immigrant does land with sufficient capital to purchase a site for a farm from the Government, he will most likely be put on to a timbered patch which requires clearing, and the timber cut down is taxed by them so that the wretched owner makes nothing out of it, and if a certain amount is not cultivated within a given time, the farm is seized and confiscated.

To further handicap the farmer starting business, owing to the richness of the soil, his first crop generally comes up "black." Another point often ignored is that though wages may be higher in Canada, a dollar there goes but little further than eighteenpence in England, thanks to Canada being a Protectionist country; and high wages only apply to labourers and servants, professional men having to be content with much the same as they get in England, while their living and other expenses are considerably higher. At least this is my experience as a civil

engineer, and from what I have gathered from men in other professions whom I have met.

The civil engineer whose work is of a high technical order and much responsibility, often done under most adverse and trying conditions, is far worse paid in proportion to services rendered than a driver in a street car or a workman in a lumber-mill, and ten times worse than a Chinese servant or cook in an hotel.

The Englishman in Canada is constantly being reproached for not making sufficient allowances for the different conditions of life out there by the very man who *habitually* forgets that an Englishman's view of life must of necessity be influenced by the different circumstances of his birth, education, and upbringing. One of the chief obstacles to a complete understanding between colonials and Englishmen, and *vice-versâ*, is the existence of a cultured and leisured class in the Old Country, whom the colonial looks down upon with a certain amount of contempt, not untinged with slight envy for the superior culture which the latter have been able to acquire.

I have often heard the opinion expressed in Canada that the policy of the present Government in encouraging immigration is being over-done, for the simple reason that the country cannot absorb the enormous numbers of new settlers who annually reach its shores, and also because many hundreds, if not thousands, are thrown out of work during the terrible long Canadian winter. The distress in the big towns from this cause is very great, the Government having to support large

numbers of people who are thrown out of employment.

You are told there is no such thing as poverty and distress in Canada; that every one has plenty; and trade returns are thrown at you in proof of the increasing prosperity of the country, whereas there are far more people living literally from hand to mouth than one would perhaps at first imagine. The mere sum total of a country's trade is not at all a true criterion of its prosperity.

On this basis Great Britain should be a paradise for every working man and labourer in the country, but distress and unemployment get not one whit less acute from one year to another; in fact, in proportion to increase of trade it gets worse, and the year just closed has been a "boom" year, not only for this country but for the world generally.

I have called this chapter "The Truth about Canada." Doubtless many worthy people will disagree with me on this point. To such I can only answer that I have not invented, and that I have formed the opinions therein expressed from what I have myself seen and heard, and I think that, prosperous as the country is, we might ask ourselves how has this been brought about, and that, after all, prosperity is only comparative, and that there are always two sides to a picture.

Bright as one side may be, that is no reason why we should omit to sometimes glance at the other, and it is this other side which I have endeavoured to put before the reader, and I think I may claim that it is as much

the truth as many of the descriptions which are given of the former.

Also I think many of the glowing accounts which people send home to their relatives in England are so written because they do not wish to disappoint them, and because, having told them before they started how well they should do in Canada, their pride—or pluck—prevents them from giving the actual facts.

It is impossible to form a true opinion when only one side of a question is continually thrust at you, while the other is carefully kept concealed. It requires two things to make a balance.

I have not written these chapters with a view to discouraging my own countrymen from making new homes in British North America, but simply to give them some idea—a very superficial one perhaps, as I am only too well aware—of what life really means in a new and strange country where Nature has to be tamed to enable the earth to yield its fruits, and of what he may have to put up with if he leaves his own home for another in Canada. By knowing this he will be best able to judge for himself whether he will benefit by taking such a step.

There are so many people in Canada to-day who would return to England if they had the means to do so because, having formed an entirely wrong impression of the country from the glowing accounts which interested persons gave them,¹ they have, when too late, been sadly disillusioned.

¹ See note to Preface.

CHAPTER XIV

WHY THE ENGLISHMAN IS DESPISED IN CANADA¹

THE critic of Canada and the Canadians had best tread warily nowadays. Pitfalls surround him. To mere denunciation of his myopic judgment is added the terror of the law. I take the following from the *Toronto Globe*, one of the leading papers of Canada, and by no means an unfriendly, if a rather ruthless, critic of Great Britain and things British :

“The Department of Immigration is anxious to put a stop, if possible, to the frequent statements sent out from Canada by disgruntled immigrants, unreliable Press correspondents and others, to the Press of Great Britain, the United States, and other countries, libelling Canada in respect to climate, the hardships of immigrants, etc. Some of these stories, particularly those sent out last spring, as to conditions prevailing in the Canadian west were weirdly sensational, and were of the ‘wild and woolly’ variety. They were almost totally unsubstantiated by facts, and were calculated to seriously injure Canada’s reputation abroad.

“The first prosecution to punish these wilful slanderers of the Dominion has been reported to the Department. In January last G. A. Hoagland of Tabor, Alberta, had printed in the United States circulars and fraudulent advertisements warning Americans that labourers were not wanted in Canada. The

¹ Reprinted from the *National Review* (November 1907), by kind permission of the Editor, and of the Author, Charles Watney.

matter was taken up by Immigration Commissioner J. O. Smith of Winnipeg and the Lethbridge Board of Trade, and a prosecution was begun by the Attorney-General of Alberta. As a result, Hoagland has been fined \$200 'for occasioning injury to a public interest.' The matter will be further looked into by the Minister of Justice, and legislation may be introduced at the next session of Parliament to impose a substantial penalty on any one who wilfully and publicly slanders Canada."

This was a prosecution for "moral effect." A victim was selected, the legal machinery was put in motion, a conviction was secured, and with that advertising dexterity which makes the student of Canadian matters marvel and wonder, it was spread abroad to the far ends of the English-using world, if not further, that evil speaking of "Our Lady of the Snows" was doomed for evermore. The lesson has produced its effect. What has been one immediate result? It is that the steady inflow of critical letters into the offices of British papers has suddenly and remarkably subsided. Some, it is true, still arrive, but the writers, inspired by a sort of Inquisition terror, adjure secrecy and implore anonymity. They show a pitiful timidity for people who have a real grievance. Every journalist in touch with Canada is aware of this, and I, personally, speak of what I know. There is no need to invent or exaggerate. I take a typical letter written last autumn which recently came into my hands from a Lancashire immigrant in LeGNore, Manitoba, and I quote some phrases :

"The working men are threatened through the Press, that if they send any reports to England or elsewhere, which the Immigration authorities consider to be disadvantageous to Canada, criminal proceedings will be taken against them. In support of this statement I quote the following report from a local journal :

“‘FREAK LIBEL DECISIONS.

“‘Some interesting [styles of libel have been discovered in Canada, says the *Fourth Estate*. Not long ago, as readers of the *Fourth Estate* will recall, the *Winnipeg Free Press* was successfully prosecuted because a humorous story of a haunted house was held to have injured the landlord. Last week we had occasion to notice an odd suit in Vancouver caused by a dispute over circulation between two local papers. A case still more odd was lately tried in Alberta. It appears that an unpatriotic resident of that province scattered through the United States circulars warning people against immigration to Canada, where, it was said, working men from this country could find no employment.

“‘The Attorney-General of Alberta prosecuted the author of the circular “for occasioning an injury to the public interest,” and the court imposed a fine of \$200. If this is good law, there can be no free press where it is applied. Under such ruling a “free” government could have almost as much power to squelch newspaper opposition as the most brutal despotism has. Does an editor attack dominant parties and their policies? Does he go after grafters and boodlers with a sharp stick? Does he denounce corruption and blundering incompetency all along the line? Clap him into jail as a foe to “the general interest,” and, of course, give up the canting pretence of a free press.

“‘This is surely high-handedness with a vengeance, interfering as it does with the liberty and freedom of British subjects, and I certainly think ought to receive the consideration of the British authorities.’”

I have quoted from this letter because I think that it is not in the true interests of Canada or the Canadians to stifle criticism. There is really no need for exceptional legislation. If I were asked to give a candid opinion, I would emphatically say that the editors of newspapers in this country have treated the Dominion with the utmost fairness and courtesy. They are deluged with complaints from all classes of immigrants from Great Britain, as much from the labouring man as from the middle-class worker. Perhaps the class which “grouses” least is composed

of persons of good breeding and of once easy circumstances who are now, from one cause or another, under a cloud and obliged to seek the shelter and charity of a new land. I do not assert that all these complaints are well founded. Many of them are not. Some have no foundation at all. But the public can rest assured that they often do contain more than a substratum of truth, and the charges they bring against the shipping company, the railway management, the land speculator, and the labour employer are frequently only too accurate and just. As a rule, these letters do not see the light. There is a general newspaper wish to be scrupulously fair—even kind—to a young country under our own flag, and a people in development. But when there is an evident indication on the part of the Canadian authorities to suppress the critic—the grumbler, if you will—then, I think, a protest should be made. This is no personal question. I defy any man to go to Canada and fail to return with any other feelings than those of sheer amazement at its all-round possibilities and potentialities, and of undiluted admiration for the courageous and sterling folk who have already accomplished so much. Therefore set aside the allegation of hostility.

These critics are often British—especially English—born. I know it is said the Briton is a born grumbler. Possibly, but we owe many a reform, many an innovation to grumbling, and the mere fact that, so far as can be gathered, he alone, of the very heterogeneous races entering Canada, is denounced for his criticisms, insensibly leads the thoughtful man to ask himself if

there be any special reason for a tendency which is admittedly so pronounced. In other words, what is the real position of the Britisher—the Englishman—in Canada? Now here again one is on very thorny ground. Before I proceed to express views embodying the results of my own personal investigation I would like to quote from a leading article published in the *Manitoba Free Press* of Winnipeg, on 18th June 1907. No one will accuse this able and enthusiastic mouth-piece of the Evangel of Canadian prosperity of any unbecoming partiality to the Britisher, but really it is less outspoken in cold print than the average man is in private discourse. Yet listen to this:

“Many a British immigrant comes to Canada with the antique notion that he is coming to a country owned by Great Britain. Quite unconsciously he assumes the airs of a conqueror among the conquered, and while our very best Canadian citizens are to be found among the British settlers who have been some years in the country, there is no ignoring the fact that the newly-arrived man is sometimes a trial to his cousins and kinsmen this side the herring-pond during his first few months in the country.

“Sometimes in the first fever of disillusionment he writes home letters knocking the country, which cause a great deal of ill-feeling. Often he sees fit in a short time to modify his first impressions, but the publicity given to his earlier views do harm that cannot be overtaken. Then, again, he is sometimes genuinely mistaken about certain matters, and too easily believes that because he has come to a country under the same flag and speaking the same language, that he knows it all from the start.

“Finally, he is sometimes a sufferer from his own credulity. He endures wrong at the hands of sharpers or unscrupulous agents. These things might easily happen to him at home, but they are more liable to happen here where things are all stranger to him than he thinks, and when he raises a protest and registers a kick against being thus treated, the very truth of his allegations is suspected by those who have seen so many unfounded complaints.

“Then, too, there is an ignorance about conditions and facts in Canada in British Government offices which is positively amazing, but easily explainable. The British Foreign Office is

the only branch of the Civil Service which makes geography a subject of its entrance examinations. The Colonial Office civil servant may be quite ignorant of the commonest knowledge about Canadian geography.

“If the Colonial Office and the Board of Trade of the British Government were represented in the West by a man who understood local conditions, and who was in friendly touch with Canadian officials, while possessing some knowledge of the British point of view, there would be less misunderstanding, British settlers would have genuine grievances investigated on the spot, and the man who is simply a ne'er-do-well with a disposition to grumble would no longer be able to raise a sensation by his hard luck stories in the British newspapers.”

This extract should be sufficient to prove that the Canadians themselves are thoroughly aroused to the existence of this dissatisfaction on the part of the British immigrant, but it is easy to adduce others.

This anxiety is pervading the whole Canadian Press. Indeed the *Toronto Globe*, stirred to action by the charges brought against its compatriots, recently invited correspondence from Englishmen, and from the mass of letters received it was unmistakably clear that the writers felt “they were regarded with a certain measure of dislike in the Dominion.” An enthusiastic Canadian discussing the correspondence with an essentially analytical mind in the *National Review* of September, takes a rather depreciatory attitude on the numerical proportion of the English born residents in Canada to the bulk of the very mixed population, and delicately insinuates that they make a wholly incommensurate discord of dissatisfaction. Indeed he practically limits this dissatisfaction to one province—Ontario—in which, so he declares, without, however, much real ground for his assertion, “the outcry has arisen of the dislike felt by the

Canadians to Englishmen; Ontario has exercised the most powerful influence over the three prairie provinces." To the mind of this writer the Englishman is disillusioned in not finding "the New England" which he expects; he resents in Canada "the unsatisfactory position of the Imperial Defence," he dislikes the Colony's "independence of England in financial and business matters," in short, he fails to appreciate those sound and salient characteristics which make for her reputation and prosperity, but which recur, at every step, to his mind with an unaccustomed and jarring note. Really I think this is exaggerated argument. It presupposes that the fateful causes are all in the newcomer, are due less to objective influences on his mental disposition than to the inherent attributes of his temperament and constitution. Least of all does it suggest that the Canadian is himself in any way responsible, either by direct or indirect influence. This is really to too great an extent a reproduction of the arguments of counsel for the prosecution.

At the same time you will seldom find a Canadian who will take any other view. I noticed recently a very thoughtful article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* by a "globe-trotting journalist" of whom there are now so many who visit Canada mostly on the invitation of the Government or some provincial authority, and who only see and hear those things they are intended to see and hear. This writer thoroughly endorses my view. He gathered the impression that the Englishman is, to use his own expressive word, regarded in Canada as "pigheaded."

“Every one in Canada speaks regretfully or testily of the Englishman’s lack of adaptability. From Winnipeg westward a situation will be given to a Scot, an Irishman, a Canadian, or an American, rather than to the Englishman who is not mentally and morally acclimatised. The latter is denounced as insufferable in his peculiar blend of ignorance, obstinancy, and conceit. That there are exceptions goes without saying, but the type awakens more intemperance of feeling than anything else you can discuss with a Canadian citizen. Those who put the comforts of life before everything else are obviously out of place in a new country ; and the same applies to the men who are inseparably wedded to the habits and rules of life and standards of behaviour which they bring from home. The preference for a steady routine of definite work is no disgrace, and those who have no greater disqualification than that will get the hang of things in time. But the more useless the immigrant is, the greater is his consciousness of conferring a favour on Canada by coming to live in it.”

Now let us make a sober examination of the facts. I will leave declamation aside and I will dismiss petty insinuations such as are directed against the sort of clothes which the unlucky English immigrant often misguidedly chooses. “Canadian opinion is intensely suspicious of the cloth cap and knickerbockers, and above all of leggings,” says one writer. “The Immigration Officer at Calgary delivers himself caustically on the subject of Cockneys who walk about Western towns in knickerbockers and with canes in their hands,” remarks another. These, however, are surface matters. The whole question resolves itself into this assertion, broadly stated, “No English need apply in Canada.”

Now there are various ways of approaching this thesis. They may be set forth interrogatively.

Is it true? Is it untrue? Is it partially—more or less—true?

It is quite true.

Nevertheless it is a topic on which views widely differ, on which different views are possible and inevitable, yet I have never met a man, never spoken with a man, who did not admit there was a solid foundation of truth in the charge that the Englishman *as an ordinary immigrant* is less considered than a member of almost any other nationality. I will even go further and repeat an assertion which was made to me in the West by many people who knew what they were talking about, namely, that as a rule a Galician—a rather nondescript appellation of the low type immigrant coming from Eastern Austria-Hungary and still further East—is preferred on the land to the Englishman. I do not substantiate this: it is painful enough that the statement should be made.

At the same time it is no good burking the facts. It is not a shadow of use airily to dismiss the assertion by pointing out that thousands of British subjects—thousands of Englishmen—enter Canada every year, and are somehow absorbed without leaving much trace of bitterness or destitution behind. It is quite true—they are. But Canada is a country which could and would easily absorb anybody. In labour matters half a loaf is better than no bread, and the farmer who sees his crop perishing for want of men to garner it will stick at nothing. He sticks at nothing now. He boards the immigrant trains, and by lavish terms entices—I had almost said compels—the newcomer to go off with him, and this despite the fact that the man may be already on his way to fill an agreed-on place.

But there are jobs and jobs. There is the lowest form of day labour during the summer, which only needs muscle and no brain; there are the positions of trust, at first humble, then greater, and lastly unqualified, which are only won by those fit to hold them; there are the innumerable openings for enterprise, ambition, talent, energy, and resourcefulness. Where will the Englishman be in this great field of labour? At the bottom. It is no good pointing to the exceptions—mostly notorious because they are being used to point the moral and adorn the tale. I know there are successful English bank managers, English heads of firms, English ranchers, English captains of industry. I also know there are not many of them. The Englishman, if he “wins out,” “wins out” with everything against him at the start. It even pleases many people in the West to mention his name with a sneer.

And often he deserves it. This is no sudden impulse—the more or less open boycott of the English in Canada. It is the resultant feeling of a slow and almost imperceptible growth. Why then has it come so suddenly to a head? It is because many people in Canada, particularly in the cities, are beginning to select their workmen, to choose their labour. Once they took anybody, now they scrutinise. It was this scrutiny which prompted the now well-known suffix to an advertisement in a Winnipeg paper asking for road labourers—“No English need apply.” The authorities in charge of the Immigration Bureau were astute enough to realise that this was hardly conducive to fostering their business, so they investigated the

matter. The advertiser "explained" that he excluded English because those who were capable were too good for the work, and would soon throw it up and go elsewhere to better themselves; the others would too soon give in. A little "thin" it seems, but it will serve to show that the existence of the sentiment is now officially recognised.

An exceptional incident, it may be said. Not at all! I do not want to discuss the matter too subjectively, to make allegations which are difficult to substantiate, and therefore easy to refute. Let me, even at the risk of wearying the reader, quote another instance.

It is not only on the land that the Englishman stands in poor repute; it is almost as bad in the cities and towns. The newcomer from the Mother Country always gravitates to the centres of population if he has lived and worked in them before. In some towns he will fare better than in others. Toronto has the reputation of possessing a warm heart, and offering—to use the American euphemism—the "glad hand" to the Anglo-Saxon visitor; but Toronto is rather Scotch in sympathy. It is not easy for an Englishman to get a job, and if possessed of any capital at all he had far better start as his own master, as did one Devonshire labourer immigrant I knew who has now worked up a flourishing milk trade. But the Englishman as shop employé or clerk stands but a poor chance in any town. I found this to be so, and, oddly enough, there appeared the other day the following correspondence in the standard organ of the dry goods trade, the *Drapers' Record* of London. It tells its own story, so let me quote it without comment.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Drapers' Record*.—SIR,—I am writing this to let you know what Canadian employers in the drapery trade think of Englishmen; also to serve as a warning to other Englishmen who contemplate coming out to this country to better themselves. I came out here twelve months ago, and went to Toronto, which city I was told was a good city for the dry goods trade. After repeatedly being told by employers that they could not engage me because I was an Englishman, I got a berth at last with a house, where I remained until I heard of a better situation with an English house of repute, having a branch in Montreal. This situation I managed to secure. Since being here I was recommended by a gentleman of good business standing (who has known me since my residence in this city and can vouch for my business abilities, etc.) to the house whose letters I enclose, as they were looking for a smart man to manage some of their departments, and who I believe advertised in the *Drapers' Record* a few weeks ago for a man. After interviewing one of the partners of the firm in question, and the matter of salary, experience, and references having been gone into and settled satisfactorily, he told me that the only thing against me was that *I was an Englishman*, but that they would go into the matter and let me know definitely in a few days. The enclosed letters are the result.

"I thought perhaps that as I am not the only Englishman by a long way who has experienced the same thing, a word in your columns might serve as a warning to others in the drapery and kindred trades who contemplate coming out here.

"I should esteem it a favour if you would publish the above—
Yours very truly, AN ENGLISHMAN.

MONTREAL, CANADA, 16th May 1907."

The following are copies of letters to which our correspondent refers.—[Editor of the *Drapers' Record*.]

"TORONTO, 6th May 1907.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking over our conversation in Montreal, and cannot decide at the moment. As I told you the objection to yourself would be that you had not a Canadian training, and that we had been rather unfortunate with our English department men. I may write you very shortly definitely, but in the meantime, as I said I would write you to-day, I beg to say that I cannot write definitely.—I am, etc."

"TORONTO, 15th May 1907.

"DEAR SIR,—On further thinking over the proposition of our offering you a position in the warehouse, I have decided that in

consideration of the unfortunate experience that we have had any one other than a Canadian would be working under a disadvantage and not have the confidence of the men. I regret that this is the position, but after having two or three men who were, unfortunately, failures, and these men were Englishmen, confidence is somewhat shaky.

“Regretting that such is the case.—I am, etc.”

It is not often I find myself in full accord with the views of Mr Keir Hardie, M.P., but his remarks in the *Labour Leader* of 4th October 1907 are perfectly true, even if they do not go far enough :

“I was not long in the country [Canada] before I ran up against a fact which surprised and startled me : *The English immigrant is not popular in Canada.* This remark applies in a special degree to the Londoner. Professor Mavor has an advertisement cut from a local paper asking for workmen, and which states that no English need apply. Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, and Scandinavians are the favourites, pretty much in the order given. The reason, so far as I could make out, for this strange fact is the Englishman’s inveterate habit of grumbling, and his unwillingness to adapt himself to new conditions. He reaches Canada with the notion that, being from the Mother Country, he knows all there is to be learned. He wants the same kind of house as he had in Seven Dials, and where the method of work or the arrangement of the workshop differs from what he has been used to, he sets that down to the ignorance of the colonist, whom he has come to instruct. For him there is only one standard of perfection, to which he is always referring, and the consequence is that by workmates and employers alike he is generally voted a nuisance. Needless to say, there are many exceptions to this generalisation, and amongst farmers the Yorkshireman or the Cumberland dalesman is as welcome as the Scotchman ; but of the existence of the fact in a strongly marked form there is no manner of doubt whatever.”

Personally, I never found much disinclination to admit the truth in Canada. I have the greatest admiration for the average Canadian who lives on the land. He is a very fine type of man, and he is candid and outspoken. The truth is that the English-

man who goes to Canada is often not much good. The younger men are, in many cases, of small credit to any one; the family type is sound, but it will not prosper in this generation. In England we have lost the "habit" of the land—why, there are few labourers who know how to turn an allotment to profit—and most of our aid or philanthropic societies are handling dwellers in the towns. These, when once in Canada, will doubtless go under, or "clem" out the rest of their weary days; their children and their children's children will be good Canadians and prosperous.

"Ah!" said to me a leading Canadian at Brandon, "no one knows the misery in many of the immigrant homes. I myself saw early this year the home of a family who came out last spring from England and settled well up towards the north. The man was a boot-finisher or something of the kind at home, and knew nothing about the soil. He only broke up some 2 acres of his 160 in the year, and had no crop at all. Throughout the winter, he, his wife, and four children had been simply living on what the man could shoot around him. They had no money to purchase other supplies. No wonder they all looked starved and despondent."

This crystallises one aspect of the matter. English immigrants know little—mostly nothing—about the cultivation of the land. Yet this is hardly the class responsible for originating the byword, "No English need apply." It may have emphasised the soundness of the underlying view, but it did not evoke it. The originators were the remittance man, the ne'er-do-weel, the hopeless younger son, the dumped criminal, the

"not-wanted-at-home" individual, the know-nothing-in-particular drifter, the innumerable pursuers after wealth where neither exertion nor aptitude is required.

Remittance men still swarm in Canada, and are a curse to themselves and everybody. Personally, they are often popular; collectively, they are heartily despised. They know nothing, and intend to learn nothing. The saloons get their remittances, and their existence consists of little more than loafing about a ranch, and loafing round a bar. As to the ne'er-do-weels, they abound in Canada because it is near to the Mother Country, and the wage rate seems high, while for this reason the younger son can often be induced to try his luck away from home. It still seems common for people of shady antecedents to be quietly exported to Canada from home—and not always quietly, for there was a recent very bad case when a foreigner, doubtless a naturalised "Britisher," was openly sent to Montreal under the Home Secretary's order of deportation as an undesirable character. As to the "not-wanted-at-home" class, there must be armies in Canada. I recollect seeing a fine-looking military man of about fifty in the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel at Winnipeg. Later the same day I saw him seeking a job at the Immigration Bureau. What did he know? He knew "something about horses"—it was what he had learned in his old cavalry days—so, as he came with a high letter of introduction, he was found a job on a ranch, and hesitatingly he took it. One of the "lost legion."

Still I think Canada would have accepted all these

and said little, had it not been for the inability of many English to adapt themselves. "You ask any Englishman," said a Canadian to me, "what he can do on a farm, for instance, and he will say 'everything.' He lets you find out that he can't do anything. He isn't likely to admit the ignorance which he always possesses, and he doesn't like to be taught. Often he takes up the attitude, 'that's how we do it at home,' and nothing will move him. Few Englishmen have been really taught to earn their living by the labour of their hands. I recollect one who applied to me for a job, said he was an accountant and could 'keep the books' of my 160-acre farm, while another who credited himself with an expert knowledge of carpentry, so roofed a shack (shed) in my absence that I had to take every plank off again. One or two of these people in a village soon create a bad impression, and now the bad impression is general. I don't want any Englishmen about my place. Are you English? Well I'm sorry, but you asked me for it, didn't you? and got it. Now a Scotchman is quite different. He'll learn, and what's more, the American farmers from Dakota, who are now flocking in, are teaching us many things, so it isn't that we Canadians won't learn. You English want to go home, and preach practical education, and greater adaptability to new conditions. Then you wouldn't hear unpleasant truths about yourselves."

"The statements of one man?" Yes, but sentiments shared by all in a varying degree.

I was speaking to a very highly placed immigration official at Winnipeg. "We cannot half fill our applica-

tions for workmen," said he; "yet if I were to go now on to the streets of this city and hold up my hand for a man to fill the poorest paid job of clerical or inside work, I would have one hundred Englishmen, now loafing about the streets, run up, and beg for it."

And what about the Canadian? one may ask. Is he not at all to blame for the treatment which so many Englishmen experience? Candidly I think he is. The Canadian now has assumed a particular preconceived mental attribution. He seldom makes allowances. His rampant materialism reminds him all day and every day that "he is not in business for his health." Tolerant towards the Scotch, and in a lesser degree towards the Irish, he has no use for the Englishman in the bulk, and he shows his feelings in his dealings with the individual. He is not always tolerant, not always patient, not always fair. He likes the Englishman in theory—in his native island; in Canada he prefers the Galician as farm labourer. I know these assertions will not please every one. I am sorry, but they are not intended to. I do nevertheless assert that while there are many—very many—English immigrants who merit all they experience, who deserve the hard things said about them, there is a large and growing number that need better treatment. I do not make any charge against specific organisations. I have the most unbounded admiration for the Immigration Department, but I repeat that from the time the British immigrant sets foot in the country he feels that latent hostility and indifference are his certain prospect. No one can travel in Canada without

more than a touch of sympathy for the hapless English. The papers are full of his troubles, even papers which have every reason to burke the facts. Let me quote from the *Free Press* of London (Ontario), 30th July 1907; it is merely one instance of numbers:

“CHATHAM, 29th July.—A trainload of forty British immigrants, homeless, friendless, penniless, discontented, and prematurely soured on the land they had dreamed of prospering in, was dumped into this city last night. This is the second trainload of paupers with which Chatham has been favoured in the past two weeks. Recently another trainload of twenty families were brought here and unceremoniously left at the station to shift for themselves. They had been without food or sleep for thirty-six hours.

“Those who arrived last night spent the night in the station. Had it not been for charitable local people they would also have been without food. The farmers do not care a great deal about hiring them, because they know from experience that these immigrants from the large English cities are practically useless on the farm. They know nothing about the work.

“Those who arrived to-day were very indignant about the treatment they had received since they came to Canada.

“The condition of things, however, is certainly disgraceful, and it is quite evident that these people have been treated more like swine than like human beings. Some of them had not had an opportunity to change their clothing or wash themselves in thirty-six hours, and they were nearly starved when they got here. Proprietor Miles, of the Miles' Hotel, took compassion on the hungry strangers this morning and brought them all down to his house and gave them their breakfast.

“The problem which faces this city is what to do with these people when the winter season sets in.

“Nearly all the immigrants are married men with surprisingly large families of small children.”

And yet there is a keen complaint of insufficient British immigration. How can one expect anything else? Sir Rivers Wilson, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, recently lamented that most of those employed on the lines of his company were Italians.

They are. And with very good reason, for Italians get better treatment in many cases than Britishers.

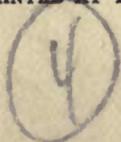
Surely it is about time that the Canadian Immigration authorities faced the truth, and preached greater tolerance at home. Well might the Bishop of London, speaking recently at Aylmer, on Lake Erie, appeal to the Canadian farmers "to be good to the English immigrants that come out." Let the Canadian try to tone down *his* air of superiority, and recollect that, whatever we have done in the past, we do now send out some of our best material. Only the other day I was perusing correspondence passing on the new and most praiseworthy scheme of settling English public-school boys in the Dominion, and frankly the Canadian tone of calm assumption of inferiority on the part of these lads was mortifying; and, be it recollected, the writers were men holding high ministerial and educational posts. Here are two extracts:

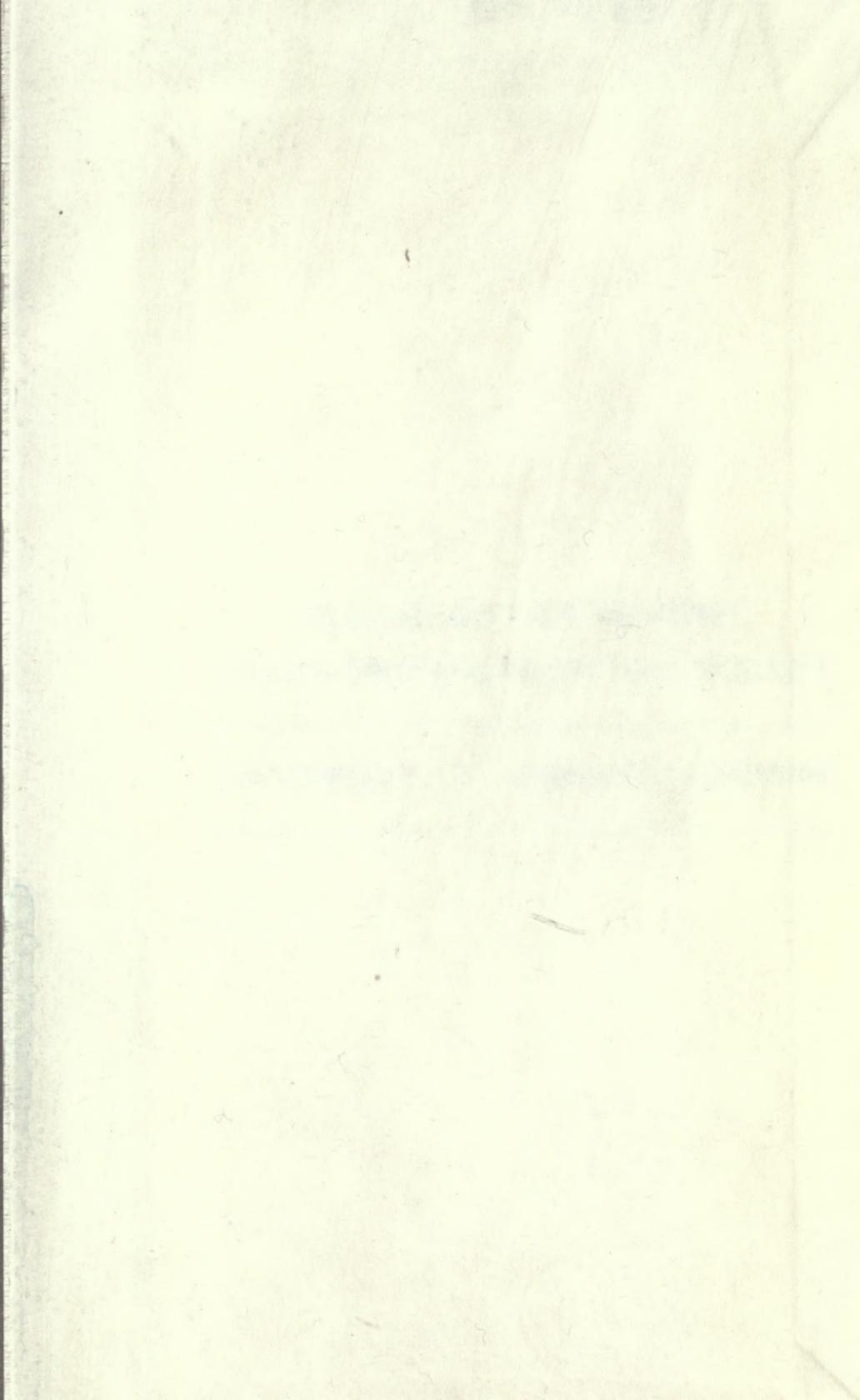
"Past experience with young men who have come out to Canada 'to learn to farm' has not been the most encouraging, not because of any fault in the idea or in any principle involved, but because the men we have had in the past as farm students have in too many instances belonged to the 'molly-coddle' class. When 'Mamma's pet' comes out to Canada to learn to farm he is usually a source of more annoyance than satisfaction to the farmer and his wife on whom he inflicts himself.

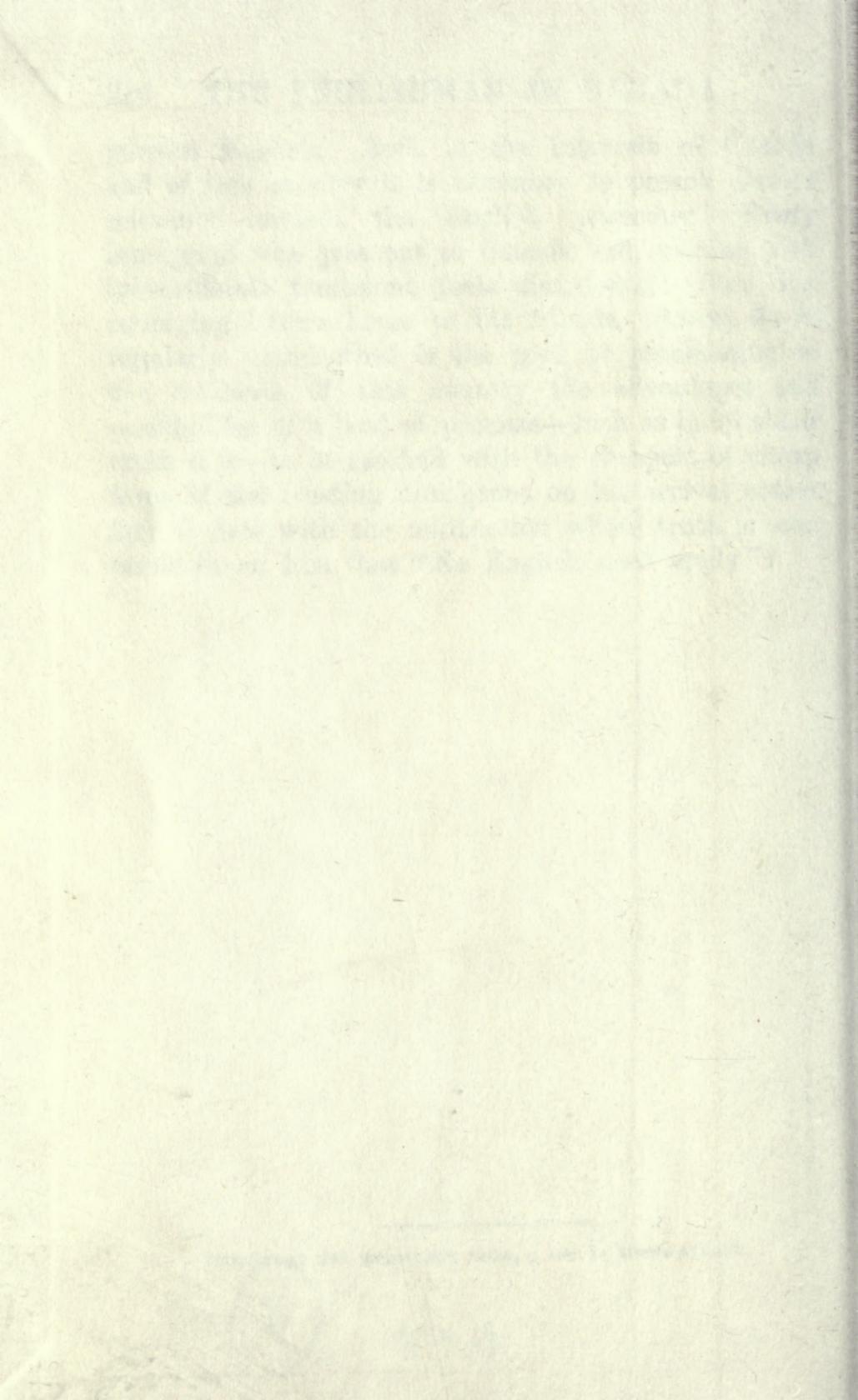
"The headmasters must understand that they also on their side must exercise discretion in selecting the right materials, and must not send us out remittance-men and similar persons, but boys who mean to work and who have come out here for their own good rather than for England's."

These writers, who give the general idea of the scheme cordial support, clearly could hardly avoid assuming the Canadian frame of mind on things and

persons English. Both in the interests of Canada and of this country it is necessary to preach greater tolerance towards the English newcomer. Every immigrant who goes out to Canada and, meeting with inconsiderate treatment, feels dissatisfied, writes discouraging letters home to his friends. Scores do it regularly. And what is the good of proclaiming to the residents of this country the advantages and possibilities of a land of promise—such as in all sober truth it is—to be reached with the cheapest of cheap fares, if the trusting immigrant on his arrival comes face to face with the notification whose truth is soon borne in on him that “No English need apply”?







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