

poet. Tugged as a miner with a pick and a lantern; trigged as a cow-boy with shaganappi and shaps; or perked up in the elegant severity of swallowtail and bulging dickie at a British banquet; he would still be more or less plain "Dick McBride," able to fetch thrills by his oratory, or to yank off his coat and up with his shirtsleeves and win an election in the name of a progressive British Columbia.

And he has music in his voice; the softest lyric of smooth rhythmical expression; smiles easily, but can look as grave as Home Rule. And such a boy's face; the kind of man that is neither young nor old nor middle-aged, but just at the prime—though he's only forty years of age or so. He never will be properly old. He has the perennial freshness—Selah.

There's no use trying to illustrate Richard McBride in the language of plain, personal prose.

"On the navy question," he said, seeming to glide in curves about the room, "we're united in British Columbia."

"Both political parties—?"

He smiled.

"There's only one party out there—on a basis of efficiency," he said. "But in that country you never can tell what may happen over-night. We're ready for anything. All I have to say about the navy I gave out in Ottawa. They've printed it"—mentioning the papers. "Yes, I came at it from all sides—

East and West."

In this connection what he was summarized as saying in the CANADIAN COURIER last week is worth repeating in brief:

"At Revelstoke he declared: 'Let us shortly be able to lay claim to a regular Canadian army and navy second to none in the world.'

"Sir Richard is not against an emergency contribution. But he would also build up a Canadian navy and a Canadian army. Moreover the British Columbia Conservative Association endorsed his attitude by a special resolution."

This is the pith and the marrow of what he gave out *in extenso* to the Ottawa interviewers, and a summary of which appears at the end of this article.

And by this time the lost man was at the door.

"Come right in. Through in a moment. Uh—?"

"As to the labour question, Sir Richard?"

"Well, we're settling down comfortably. We're as busy as beavers building up but not merely booming the Pacific. We're building in a way that we won't have to tear down in the future—so we hope; doing the best we can by such light as we have."

"But what are you doing with the I. W. W.—the new knights of labour that don't want to work more than three hours a day and aim to tie up all your industries if you don't do thus and so?"

He shrugged with eloquent significance.

"Pff! That has been immensely exaggerated. It is good for yellow copy in some journals. There was a small strike in a railway camp. It is over. I tell you we are too busy to be—"

And Sir Richard was personally quite too busy to be further corraled.

"Come out West and see me," he said at the door. "It's a great country. It really is. Glad to have met you. So long."

SIR RICHARD AND THE NAVY.

(Condensed from his syndicate interview.)

"Nothing that the Prime Minister will evolve in the way of a strong policy of naval defence will be too much to satisfy our province.

"We owe a duty to the State to see that our enormous assets in railways, terminals and ports should have the protection that common decency demands.

"The Pacific Coast is practically defenceless."

"There can be no question of the emergent position that naval affairs have assumed.

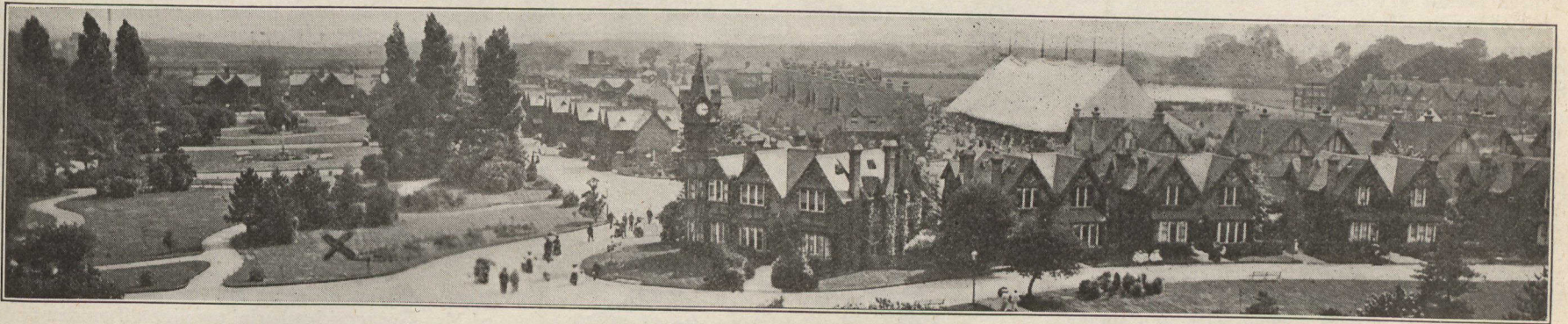
"There can be no question of the stand taken by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons.

"There can be no question but that the Canadian people are beginning to appreciate the situation.

"We are leaning almost entirely on the Mother-

(Concluded on page 23.)

Barnardo Boys and the Immigration Department



One of the Celebrated Barnardo Village Homes in England, Containing the Grave of the Famous Guardian of the Immigrant Boy.

FOR a good many years it has been the fashion among newspapers when political news and other sensations were running low, to knock the Barnardo boy by giving the particulars of something some Barnardo boy did that he should not have done, wherever fate might have placed him in Canada. However, in spite of criticism and all other sorts of discouragement there are in Canada now about 20,000 boys from the Barnardo homes; boys who were orphans by either death, desertion or incompetency of parents, and who had to go somewhere in the world to find something to do for a living. The story of Dr. Barnardo and his boys' homes is too well known to need repeating. There is nothing new about poverty as it comes to this country from England; nothing particularly new about poor boys of non-Canadian birth becoming successful in a new country. There is, however, something of a novelty in the fact that the Immigration Department of the Government of Canada is taking practical interest in these boys. It is worth noting and remembering that the influx of these youngsters with all sorts of handicaps of birth is not regarded as more of a menace to the citizenship of Canada than the incoming of people whose bad tendencies are just about ineradicable because of experience; that the Barnardo boy movement is not any longer a mere philanthropy, but a serious factor in immigration in a country that professedly wants people; and that the Barnardo boy movement may after all be just about as important to this country as the Boy Scout movement concerning which a good deal of palaver is now and then made in public print. The pictures on this page give a feeble illustration of a few phases in this movement. One concerns the musical side of the enterprise—always a strong factor in orphanage work; and the concerts which a corps of boys under the direction of Rev. J. W. Mayers, Senior Deputation Secretary of the institution, are now giving in Canada for the benefit of the fund which cannot always be kept up merely by prayer.

The first concerts were given in Massey Hall on November 10, 11 and 12. The Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier of Ontario and the leader of the Opposition were expected to preside, each in his turn, at one of these meetings. Which need not be alluded to as a phase of Imperialism or any other "ism," but just an example of the interest taken by prominent political people in—Boys.



King Edward House in the New Barnardo Boys' Garden City at Woodford, in Essex.



Band of Musical Barnardo Boys Touring Canada to Raise Funds for the New Canada Dining Hall at Woodford.