

THE STEP-CHILDREN OF CANADA

(Canadian Courier)



GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

gives the following view of Canada's immigration problems, under the Kipling-like heading of "The Stepchildren." Incidentally, it may be noted that some of the opinions expressed, particularly those referring to British Columbia, are from the point of view of the East.

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

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

As the human tide from the old world washed across to Canadian shores it looked good in the distance. It was good. That tide has ceaselessly ebbed and flowed—mostly flowed—for twenty years and Canada is again reviewing her step-children. She finds Englishmen of two classes have come to her feast. There is the ordinary brand, comprising the larger class and the extraordinary brand. The latter may be divided into the indispensable and the useless. Part of the Englishmen bothered Canada's digestive organs for a time. Remittances fail and national prestige is discounted in a new world. When Englishmen have learned this—and they learn it slowly—they are the salt of which the Scriptures speak. The Scotch and Irish light on their feet everywhere.

Thousands came from the sister republic to the south. Canada once thought they wanted her West and was afraid. Soon she saw they were twins to her own children and she opened her arms in heartfelt welcome. The welcome is still extended. There was and is no danger from that source.

Then there are the fair-haired Scandinavians, from the home of Jennie Lind. They are leaven to any land, as are their children from the rocks and hills of Iceland. Generations of frugality have trained them for indus-

rich. The Jews are on hand with all their commercial instincts alive and are raking in the shekels with a vim born of ages. Occasionally some of them enter the professions. Straggling East and West Indians, Assyrians, Greeks and Spaniards are also attending the feast. Belgium and France have sent a goodly delegation. All these came from homes they loved in a land where justice rules. Great traditions are theirs, but land free and rich for themselves and their children cannot be resisted. Canada still has the latch-string out

power of education is not patent nor its charms apparent. Proud Poland once had Ruthenian serfs; their children meet in Canada where neither is conqueror nor conquered, but the feeling of the past has not disappeared. The term 'Galician'—as vulgarly applied to all these peoples in Canada—has come to be significant. Their blood runs hot at times and they are decidedly naughty, while the spell is on. Steady, patient care and education will be the chief factor in Anglicising this largest addition to the Canadian family.

Their community habits and private schools are not conducive to progress. Union Jacks flying over their public schools brought terror to their hearts and they strenuously fought against them. A Manitoba Mennonite was induced to visit a modernized kinsman in Dakota. The sight of a piano in his relative's home drove him trembling back to Canada with prayers on his lips for the soul of his relative.

On the Pacific coast the civilizations of the Orient and the Occident have met. There has been one upheaval. The whites don't want another. British Columbia is having growing pains. The Chinese, Japs and Hindoos are there to stay. They love their homelands but also love foreign currency. The little brown men from the Flowery Kingdom are commercial successes and wonderfully progressive, but their civilization clashes with the Canadian at close quarters. They engage familiarly in any toil with the advantages of industry and sobriety. Chinamen have come to sell their wares, wash dirty linen and cater to transients. Hindoos slide quietly into the life at the coast. They are British subjects and feel their rights to British soil. Few of these peoples have crossed the Rockies to the prairies. The coast climate is more tempting. British Columbia does not want them but Canada has too great gifts to offer; so they come. Canada now has a proviso in her invitation to the Japs that only a certain number may come each year. Not many are now allowed to enter. Chinamen contributing five hundred dollars to the public treasury are tolerated. Hindoos must have two hundred dollars with them if they would land on Canadian soil.

Three years Canada asks all her children to stay with her and then takes them to her bosom as naturalized members of her family. British Columbia said to the Japs: "Stay out." Canada said: "Come." They came. But British Columbia will not give her ballots to Japs, Chinese or Hindoos. This is some satisfaction. Manitoba once said foreigners could not vote until seven years' residence unless they could read and write in one of six prescribed languages. This made voters somewhat scarce and four years ago it was abolished. "Ability to read and write" is now the qualification for public office but language is not specified. Manitoba teaches her school children in five different languages. What will result from it, time alone can tell, but many fear. Polish and Ruthenian young men are being trained by the government to carry education to their own people in the province.

Canada has a great task to rear her cosmopolitan family and inculcate Canadian ideals of life. Immigrants are now sifted before landing and the "undesirables" are continually culled out and sent to the land whence they came. Canada's most complex problem now confronts her and its treatment must be essentially practical. From her sister republic to the south she has learned much and has that experience as a guide. Firmness and patience guided by a high standard of patriotism will be the only successful method of building a harmonious nation from such varying elements.

And the lack of money makes the mare go—hungry.



try and content in a land of plenty. Their brilliant native intellect develops as at home. Teutons brought their business sagacity, their love for beer and the soil. Danes and Holland Dutch are teaching Canadians the art of butter and cheese, known better to them than to others. From the land of wine and music, Italians have come as navvies to build Canadian railroads, as restaurateurs and fruit vendors in large cities. The agile Swiss are guiding tourists through Canadian Rockies and some are growing wheat. Turks are selling their wondrous wares for the homes of the

for the brothers they have left in their homes across the sea.

Russian and Austro-Hungarian civilization is a different product from that of the Anglo-Saxon. Canadians have a splendid opinion of themselves and judge others by their own approved standards. From the Old World these people have come to Canada one hundred thousand strong. Freedom is a strange thing to those who have lived generations in oppression or imprisonment. When might has ruled for ages the scales of justice seem unevenly balanced and governments are distrusted. The

Horrible stories of persecuted Doukhobors drew tears of sympathy and Canada offered them asylum. Douks get less sympathy in Canada now. Naked Douks hunting the Messiah on the prairie and repudiating ownership of their land were not popular. Their lands have been cancelled, their naked are in gaol (to see if they can be trained) and Peter Veregin has led his flock to a secluded valley in British Columbia where he has paid for the land. There they hope for much.

The quiet, steady, Mennonites, a century behind the times, are old-timers in Manitoba.

The Habit of Memory

A LITTLE while ago, in connection with Prof. J. J. Thomson's book on Heredity we discussed whether acquired faculties were inherited—whether we can hand on to our children the qualities we may acquire, good or ill, says Public Opinion.

Darwin contended that we could, and his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, as President of the British Association, assembled last week in Dublin, in pleading for the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired faculties, anticipated that he might be described as championing a lost cause.

"Darwinism on the defensive" may best briefly summarize the substance of the Presidential address," says the Scotsman. "In a long and learned treatise, Dr. Francis Darwin sought to establish the position that, despite the persistence of certain ingenious counter-hypotheses, his father's theory of natural selection still, after fifty years, holds the field as the explanation of the origin of species.

"The hostility of certain scientists, based on the enormous accumulation of special investigations into the subject of living organism and its changes and developments is an interesting phenomenon. It is impossible here to explain in any detail the particular import of the challenges offered to Darwinism by the Neo-Lamarckists, the Mutationists, and the Mendelists.

"The first school, led by the American paleontologist Cope, argue that variations of species may be wholly explained by the development of the organs of the individual and the influence of environment; the Mutation theory, of which Dr. Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam, is the protagonist, is that a new species is developed, not by slow degrees, but at a bound, by means of some exceptional freak of production; Mendelism is briefly an argument that new species may result from hybridisation, in short, from what are known

as 'sports' and 'freaks' in nature, through the operation of successive generations. In all these directions there is a tendency to pick a quarrel with the details rather than the principle of evolution as laid down by Darwin.

"Dr. Darwin's address to the British Association was in the main an answer to the acute criticisms of Weismann. August Weismann's attack on Darwinism is not an affair of outposts; it goes to the centre of the theory, the transmission by heredity of acquired characters." Darwin laid it down that under the influence of certain environments, the fittest survive, the unfit tend to be eliminated, and the survival is due to new conditions which, when shared by a sufficient number of individuals, constitutes through the sheer 'accumulative power of natural selection' a new species. Weismann demands proof for the assertion that 'acquired characters' are capable of hereditary transmission. In popular phrase he might be represented as asking whether the Irishman was justified in asserting that his wooden leg 'ran in the family.'

"He holds that 'ontogeny,' the development of the individual germ, can only be changed by an alteration in the original germ-cell, the first stage of being. He denies the somatic inheritance, or bodily transmission of personal peculiarities. Mr. Darwin's answer serves to emphasize a hypothesis that is not wholly new, but that has evidently been carefully developed by him in his special investigations in the more recent aspects of botanic science, and applied inferentially to biology generally. He pleads that habit or memory exists in the most elementary forms of living matter, in plants and the lowest forms of animal life. 'The fact that plants must be classed with animals as regards their manner of reaction to stimuli has now become almost a commonplace of physiology,' he said.

"It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious," added Dr. Darwin; "but

it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves."

"This story," says the Scotsman, "has been developed by himself and by Professor Semon. It starts with the plain fact that all organism is responsive to stimulus; it proceeds on the proof that the same stimulus, frequently applied, leaves a sort of record—an engraving, in the phrase of Dr. Semon—on the organism, and this trace or record is emphasized by repetition until it becomes characteristic."

"The mnemonic theory is absolutely consistent with Darwinism; it is an effort to meet Weismann on his own ground, that is in the vague region of germ cells, and their relations to ontogeny and phylogeny, the continuation of the individual and the race. It assumes a means of sympathetic communication between the soma and the germ cells. 'Some such telegraphy,' says Dr. Darwin, 'is possible.' The mnemonic theory takes the long view; and it rests on the main Darwinian hypothesis that somatic inheritance lies at the root of all evolution. If accepted, it will add a new chapter to the long story of evolution."

Of Dr. Darwin's paper the Times truly says: "It is of plants, infusoria, otifers, unicellular alga, the behavior of bees, and the tricks of dogs that botanists and physiologists are debating. But their conclusions concern the highest and the lowest creations. Battles decisive as to much that is of gravest import to us all may be fought out over obscure organisms, the 'majestas cognita rerum' disclosed in the smallest things. Underneath the technicalities of botany and biology are issues which touch the deepest, though unseen, interests of men; and we get glimpses of a unity and order comprehending all, and of one process of modification, seen alike in the temporary and the permanent changes of organisms."

Herr Bebel Talks War

A VERY important letter has been addressed by the distinguished German Socialist Herr Bebel to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., secretary of the Labor party, says Public Opinion. It is a striking declaration on the attitude of German democracy as to a war with this country, and what he says should be regarded very seriously in the coming months and years by all.

"We have," says Bebel, "taken up the standpoint that there exist no grounds on which a war between the two highly civilized peoples, Englishmen and Germans, could be justified. We shall continue to act from this standpoint, and should our rulers exhibit any tendency to provoke a war, we shall leave nothing undone that may be in our power to prevent such a war."

"In spite of the war clamors of certain elements in Germany and England, I cannot admit that the opposition between the ruling classes of the two countries has reached so tense a point as to foreshadow an early outbreak of war."

"That such a war may break out in the course of time I hold to be quite possible. Preparations for war are carried on with such vehemence, and they claim such an immense part of the resources of the nations, that this state of things cannot last very long. It is provoking the catastrophe which it is meant to prevent. I think, therefore, that we should calmly and carefully follow the development of things, enlightening the people, and especially the working classes, upon the possible consequences."

"In proof of the spirit in which we desire to work, we shall on the occasion of the approaching meeting of our party in Nurnberg, fixed for about the middle of September, demonstrate publicly in what light we stand concerning war, and especially with regard to England and the English people. Moreover, there will be a session of the International Bureau in Brussels in

October. This may likewise be productive of a similar view. The principal thing is that England should be also well represented there."

The semi-official Cologne Gazette criticises Herr Bebel's letter thus:

"We know that the Socialist party in Germany will never be in a position to exercise its influence against the warlike intentions of the German government, because no such intentions exist. By such remarks the view largely held in some quarters with regard to the aggressive aims of Germany can only be strengthened."

Mr. H. M. Hyndman, addressing a crowded gathering of Socialists at Nottingham, referred to the deliberate organization of forces in Germany for an attack upon a more advanced country.

"I am no Jingo," he declared, amid enthusiastic cheers. "I have risked life and limb against Jingoism, but I will tell you what I am afraid of—panic; and I do not want to see the people of this country in a sudden panic. It is childish to talk of me, Blatchford, and Quelch as scaremongers, ridiculous to speak of us as Jingos."

"If the present enormous expenditure on building up the means of butchery on both sides of the North sea goes on, war is bound to come."

Four-year-old Joe is very fond of Bible stories, and evidently follows the example of his best-beloved hero as to meditation "in the night watches."

He waked his mother one night, after midnight, with the question—"Mama, where is David now?"

"In heaven, I guess, Joe."

"Will I go to heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, Joe."

"Mama," (the little voice was very eager now), "d'ou s'pose when I get there David will just let me hold his sling-shot a little while?"

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