

PUBLIC OPINION

Exclude the Chinese

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir: A solid wall of exclusion should be raised against the Chinese immigrant along every inch of every confine of the Dominion. No matter where he comes from, whether from China, the British Empire, or the United States, he should be made to stay outside Canada. There must be exceptions to this rule, provided for the temporary sojourn of statesmen, scholars, merchants and others bearing an Imperial commission, but the common herd must be driven back.

Experience has proved that the Chinaman is of no value as a dweller in a land of western civilisation. He comes, a rusty horde of male animals. He brings no women with him. His only aim is to amass a miserable pittance which will enable him to go back home and spend his declining years in that which to him spells plenty. He lives his own life of devious narcotic debauchery. Even if he dies, his bones, a couple of thousand of him at a time, are shipped to the Flowery Kingdom to find a final resting place in his ancestral burial place. His point of view never changes. His disgusting habits remain the same. To the end he is the same old slant-eyed, felt-soled, opium-smoking, rat-eating Chink.

If he is the same, dead or alive, to the end of his stay with us, what was he before he left the Chinese shore? Reminds us of the historic couplet concerning the felon in Australia:

"True patriot he, for he it understood

He left his country for his country's good."

He may not have fled from the avenging arm of an outraged law, but there are a thousand agents of Chinese vengeance of which the law wots not or winks at. And yet we let this fleeing Chink invade us on payment of a tax which he must grovel many years to repay, and generally does repay, to some far away Celestial Shylock. We do not get the money he earns while with us.

Living on a mere nothing, he takes the bread out of white workers' mouths whenever he gets the chance. He cannot do a real man's labour, but he can and does force to accept low wages both men, women and girls in many lines of work. A white man can defend himself, but the women can not—often true in more ways than one. Your Chinaman is a fruit-picker, a washerman, a cook—the same old gum-shoe Chink, no matter whether in British Columbia or Ontario. We need, in this twentieth century, all the work, at living wages, we can get for our own girls and women, let alone our men. Must we allow the Chink to underbid them? Australia bars him. South Africa will have none of him. Uncle Sam drives him back with a club if no other weapon is handy. Yet for a few dollars we welcome him. Verily Canada is as great an asylum as Rome ever was.

Heathen from the dawn of history, despite the beautiful teachings of Confucius—teachings breathing the true spirit of religion which makes men good—heathen he remains, wedded to his disgusting

habits, sucking up our substance; a perjurer who reckons not the value of an oath save as the red axe of vengeance may bring it home to him; a suborner of perjury; a defiler of white women—in short, a Chink first, last and all the time, citizen never, a menace ever.

From New York comes the story of the diabolical murder of Elsie Sigel. In Toronto we find the same mistaken effort to proselyte the Chink. A young, perhaps romantic girl detailed to Christianise

The King of the West

By ALBERT S. BATEMAN.

HO! I am King of the wide-cast West,
And a glorious empire mine!
From the southern line where the prairies roll
To the lands where the trapper takes his toll,
And the north-lights dance and shine.

From the mountain pass of the Yellowhead
To the shores of the Hudson Bay,
Afar from the Crow's Nest to the Red
I hold my court—my sceptre spread
Where a thousand currents stray.

With a regal touch my hand reveals
A town where wild prairie lay.
I see where the hungry coyote steals
From the crack of whip and the stir of wheels
And the sound of children's play.

I ride on the Chinook o'er the plains
At the first fresh dawn of spring.
I watch where the sturdy ploughshare strains,
And frees the earth from cold winter's chains.
Hark! how the seeders sing!

On the ripening crests I oft careen
As they surge in yellow seas;
And I laugh as the gold grows o'er the green,
While the weary wheat ears earthward lean
And bow beneath the breeze.

I list 'neath the fall sun's slanting rays,
To the binder's ceaseless song;
With a monarch's pride o'er the plains I gaze,
For a golden harvest well repays
The toil of the reapers strong.

From the waters where the Red runs out
To the slopes where the foothills rise,
I watch where the separators spout
The straw-smoke from each sky-thrust snout,
And the chaff to windward flies.

Ho! I am King of the youthful West
And I rule an empire grand;
Where the golden grain does well attest
The fruitful soil that yields her best
For I give with lavish hand.

a Chinaman, essentially of a much lower order of humanity, is a mighty poor way to inculcate virtue in the average Mongolian. Elsie Sigel's case is not the first. No doubt, speaking plainly, such a method of obtaining salvation is deliciously attractive to the rusty coolie. Churches and Sunday Schools could be filled to overflowing with Caucasians under a similar dispensation. If the essence of good government is the consent of the governed, the essence of Christianity's spread is the sincere desire of the heathen to be Christianised. When a Chinaman is Christianised he ceases to be a Chinaman, and that is the last thing most Chinamen seek to achieve. The benevolent assimilation advocated by the late President McKinley was accomplished by the Gatling gun. Chinamen never have been assimilated. They have been made to be good and stay good, but never by the saccharine route with young and pretty girls as the sugar-plum bait.

Bar the Chinaman absolutely. He has brought no women with him. His race must die out in a few years. Make miscegenation a crime and enforce the law against it. Withdraw the pretty teachers, and if the Chink must be converted allee samee, place his conversion in the hands of men of strength, courage and determination enough to teach him Christianity with a baseball bat if he will absorb it in no other way.

J. H. S. JOHNSTONE.

A Different Version

Editor Canadian Courier.

Sir:— In a recent issue (May 22nd) under the heading "At the Sign of the Maple," is a paragraph on old china, at the end of which are some lines purporting to be the poetic description of the willow pattern plate. I learned the lines from my mother, who in her young days was in the crockery trade, in the following form:—

Two birds flying high,
A little ship sailing by,
Wooden bridge with willow o'er,
Three men on it, if not four;
Chinese temple with a gong,
Orange tree with oranges on,
Wooden pailings: I have done.

Yours truly,

WILL H. KIDNER.

Banff, May 26th.

Civil Service Reform

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir: I have not seen much about Civil Service Reform in your recent issues. Don't grow weary in well doing. Many of your readers appreciate the good work you have done in advocating the abolition of the spoils system and we want you to persevere. Never mind the politicians. Those who oppose Civil Service Reform at every provincial capital and in the Outside Service of the Dominion will not long hold out against the growing public opinion. Canada is getting too big to be ruled by these little fellows.

Yours sincerely,

ONE INTERESTED.

TWO INTERESTING VIEWS IN TORONTO PUBLIC SCHOOLS



The Kindergarten which is playing a larger part in the modern public school. Designing clocks with seeds.



A crowded School-room, in spite of many new schools. This teacher had 157 on the roll, and on April 23rd. when this photograph was taken there were 114 present.