

Truth's Contributors.

THE CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY NATH SHAKESPEARE, M. P., VICTORIA.

We have now in the Province of British Columbia a Chinese population of between eighteen and twenty thousand, with an annual arrival averaging nearly three thousand, though probably nearly as large a number leave again every year for their native country. It is a well known fact that, among the white population of the Province, the feeling against the "Heathen Chinese" is intense, and it is evidently growing stronger, so that unless some remedy is provided before long the consequences will be of the most serious character. Wherever the same people have gone in large numbers to other countries the same hostile feeling has been roused against them. They do not leave China as actual emigrants, expecting to make their homes among the people with whom they go, and intending to help build up the country; they go in ship loads expecting to accumulate as much as they can in a few years and then return to their own land again, taking with them their entire earnings if possible, and enjoy for the remainder of their days the fruits of their foreign earnings.

There are now probably two or three thousand each year leaving the shores of this Province, each one taking with him some hundreds or thousands of dollars, thus bearing away from us a considerable share of our wealth, while as many more are arriving, expecting some years hence to go back laden in the same way. A yearly outflow of this kind tends most seriously to impoverish our country.

In Australia a similar state of affairs took place for some time until stringent laws were enacted against it. In California the Chinese had a similar experience, until public opinion became so much roused that the laws of that country now practically prohibit their landing. British Columbia tried to protect its own interests by enacting a law against Chinese immigration, but the law was disallowed by the Dominion Government, and we are now in that position that we cannot enact a Provincial law against them, nor can we, as yet, get redress by the enactment of a Dominion law. How long the present state of things may last remains to be seen, but surely the earnest appeals of the people ought not much longer to remain unheard.

Now that California is closed against the Chinese, and British Columbia, in spite of its own wishes, is open to them, our province is becoming the dumping ground of all who may come. It is not an unusual thing for a ship load of from four hundred to eight hundred to arrive at Victoria—of men sent out in conignment to the Chinese merchants here—as regularly consigned as would be a cargo of slaves. The merchant receives his invoice and goes and gets his men, providing for them in Chinese quarters of the city. They are then regularly contracted for to the highest bidder among the employers of labor, the emigrants having nothing to do directly with the employer, either in regard to the terms of their labor, or in regard to their payment. In this way an actual slavery is to-day in existence in British Columbia, and that, too, of the most debasing and demoralizing class.

The Chinese do not come to stay, and of course they do not bring their families with them. Often females of the most degraded class arrive and remain as prostitutes, much

to the disgust and demoralization of our own inhabitants.

These men are huddled together in the most objectionable manner. A room large enough for a dining room for a respectable family often contains dozens, if not scores of these degraded people. The sides of the room are shelved all round, like so many large shelves in a shop, and on these the men have their mat and blanket, and so lodge. Even their food and clothing is hardly purchased among us. Their food consists principally of rice, imported direct from China, and a quantity of fish, and their clothing is also all, or nearly all, imported.

A number of men thus living, huddled together like so many herrings in a barrel, and living on such food, having no families to sustain, and bearing the smallest possible share of the burdens of the country, with no voluntary contributions to sustain our churches and other religious or benevolent institutions, can, of course, afford to live and labor at such rates as ordinary citizens cannot afford to do, who have wives and children to sustain, and who expect to bear such a share of the burdens of society as are expected in every civilized and Christian community. No wonder then that the honest laboring men are crying out for redress and justice against such demoralization and slavery.

The immoral tendency of huddling together such large numbers of men, away from all the restraints of home and family and native country, may well be imagined. It is like a moral leprosy in a community where it exists to any considerable extent. The sanitary condition is not better. Men huddled, as they too often are, in a filthy state, without any much respect to the laws of ventilation and health, are apt to have among them diseases dangerous not only to themselves, but dangerous to the whole surrounding community because of their infectious character. It is dangerous, as well as unpleasant, for others to remain in anything like close proximity. How the industrial, the social, and the moral interests of the people of British Columbia, where the Chinese are numerous, are to be properly guarded and respected, is now one of the important questions agitating our people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CANADIAN HOME OF ROBERT DE LA SALLE.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.
NO. X.

There are few now of the earlier landmarks of French Canada remaining. Those in the towns and cities are, one by one, fast disappearing before the march of modern improvement. It appears to be the rage now-a-days to tear or smash down every relic that reminds us that Canada has a history, and that she had pioneers centuries ago, outstrippers of all in tracing the outlines of trackless western wilds and the shores of then unknown rivers, to whose almost romantic exploits the historian, Parkman, has devoted nearly a lifetime, by writing volume after volume, to instruct the Canadian reader in the history and lives of our early explorers.

La Salle needs no monument along our mountain slope! "No storied urn nor animated bust," to perpetuate or to transmit to future generations the great deeds of his purely unselfish life! This whole northern continent, boundless and vast, bears unmistakable traces of his footsteps.

His life was devoted to and finally sacrificed in the endeavor to extend the boundaries of his native land—old France! His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interest of the land of his birth, the

country he loved; therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seaward, and our vast inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and these lake shores—if all also were mute—will ever silently testify to the memory of that youthful explorer, who first trod or traced their far western or southern shores.

Even over one hundred years ago, when those two cumbersome boats or rafts, as pictured by Longfellow, were floating upon the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, laden with the wrecks of a nation—the Acadians—one bearing Evangeline, with her guide, the Father Felician, in full pursuit of the fleeing and wandering Gabriel! Even a full century before that time, the youthful La Salle had traced those shores and marked the course of that great river. Wonderful man! Truly, he has left his footprints on the sands of time!

Carriages full of American and other tourists, every day during the summer travelling season, roll along that splendid turnpike, the Lower Lachine Road, pausing and admiring the grandeur of the Lachine Rapids—the old Sault St. Louis—and reaching the quiet waters above; then passing the unknown and almost forgotten and now totally neglected home of the most remarkable explorer recorded in Canadian or American history—the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle, which still stands at the foot of the "Fraser Hill," two miles above the Lachine Rapids.

Imagination carries me back through the dim mists of over two centuries. A scene is pictured before me. It is the primeval beauty of that now historic spot selected by La Salle for his home, which I fail in words to paint. Take that part of the road from the foot of the Fraser Hill, along the river bank westward two miles, to the present wind-mill point. The river bank is about two hundred feet high between these two points. How often, methinks, perhaps thousands of times, had the young—the learned La Salle—learned in all the deep and sacred learning of the Jesuit Fathers—walked or paced, companionless and alone, in deep meditation, over these two short miles of road, during his four years' sojourn there?

Directly opposite to the wind-mill point, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of Lake St. Louis, stands the old Indian town of Caughnawaga, a relic of the past. This is truly "storied ground;" La Salle lived there some twenty years before the "Massacre at Lachine," on the night of the 4th of August, 1689, when, within the space of one hour, over two hundred persons were put to death in the neighborhood of Lachine.

To his home at the foot of the Fraser Hill, the first greeting borne on the early morning air would be to him the familiar sounds from the roar of the rapids two miles below. Then we may infer that his daily stroll would be westward to the wind-mill point. What a magnificent view there presents itself! It was there, and there only, where La Salle could have had the first full view presented to him of the broad, smooth surface of Lake St. Louis, stretching far to the west; pointing the road for some daring spirit like himself to lead the way in search of a water channel to China through Canada—hence the name Lachine.

The question now is: What ought to be done with this historic old building? It has been in the writer's family for four generations, and not one stone has been disturbed during the past four score years. It is the intention of the writer to set apart

3,500 square feet—say 70 feet fronting on the Lower Lachine Road, and 50 feet in depth, to enclose the old building, as sacred to the memory of La Salle. Therefore, we may ask, is there not patriotism enough remaining in Canadians to come forward and assist in having this old building restored and to preserve the home of Robert de la Salle from falling into decay, or from being blotted out of existence?

It is due to La Salle's memory that something should be done, and that speedily, by his admiring thousands on this continent. They have now a fitting opportunity to show their respect by giving him a "local habitation," as well as a name, and where can be found a more suitable place than the home in which he lived during the four years of his early Canadian life?

The place can never be disturbed, being eight miles above Montreal, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and would be sacred for all time, free from the calls or the encroachments of modern improvements. Three of the La Salle elm trees, venerable with years, still stand on the river bank, at the head of the old stone wall, as silent sentinels of a by-gone age!

Besides being the home of Robert de la Salle, we recall the long list of noblemen—representatives of Old France—who, from time to time, had slept within its venerable—yes, sacred walls! Such as Champlain, Maisonneuve, Marquette, Frontenac, Joliette, and a host of others who would, of necessity, have started from this place on their religious pilgrimages or warlike expeditions westward.

Just picture that it was in this old building where Frontenac and La Salle traced out the course of those explorations and discoveries to extend the boundaries of Old France, and to see that young man, La Salle, starting from that place on his expedition, westward and southward, in the spring time of 1672, never again, we believe, to return to it.

Now that we have discovered the place, and what remains of his home, it is the bounden duty of Canadians to pay a fitting tribute of respect to his memory. Let us, then, join heart and hand and build Robert de la Salle a monument by restoring or rebuilding his old Canadian home.

THE ONTARIO EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

DEPOSITORY FOR SALE OF MAPS AND APPARATUS.

BY DR. S. F. MAY, C. L. H.

Up to 1850 there were only 1,813 wall maps in all the schools of Upper Canada, and only 168 schools had globes and apparatus.

In 1851 the chief superintendent presented each county council with specimen maps, but even this did not awaken a spirit of emulation among the trustees to provide the necessary equipments for their schools, therefore he applied to the Legislature for a grant so that maps and apparatus might be supplied on the same terms as books. An act to make further provision for the grammar and common schools of Upper Canada which received royal assent in 1855, enacted that a special grant of "a sum not exceeding \$2500 per annum be expended in providing schools with maps and apparatus upon the same terms as books are provided for public school libraries." In 1859 this grant was increased to \$36,000.

During the next twenty years from 1855 to 1875, the Department supplied to the High and Public schools of Ontario 7,450 maps of the world, 20,488 maps of the continents and 23,017 other maps and charts, also 3,004