

WANTED in 1911

A collection of opinions from various standpoints by Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia; Ernest McGaffey, Secretary of the Vancouver Island Development League; H. Goulding Wilson, President of the Victoria Board of Trade; C. H. Lugin, Editor of the Colonist; Helen G. Stewart, of the Victoria Carnegie Library; Maria Lawson, of the Colonist Staff.

The Province

By Hon. Richard McBride
What does British Columbia want in 1911? That is a very large subject, for British Columbia is growing like a young giant, and the only way of providing for good, healthy expansion is to minister adequately to its needs.

First and foremost, what is wanted is a continuous and solid growth; and to keep up with unabated vigor the splendid Western push and energy that has already done so much to advance the Province. We must all work together with the one end in view—the general good.

The immense area of British Columbia and its vast stores of still undeveloped wealth at once suggest the necessity for more population. We need to secure more settlers, people who will be of real benefit to the country, and who are willing to do their share in development and general progress.

To induce settlement, there is another want: means of communication, roads and railways. The success that has attended the advent of railways already in existence has done so much for the southern part of the Province, that it takes no prophet to predict the wonderful results that must come from the completion of the Canadian Pacific extensions, as well as from the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Kettle River Valley roads now in process of construction. In addition, by surveys, and the building of roads, the Government is trying to give as large measure of communication as possible in the various districts of the Province.

Another want is an increase in agriculture and fruit-growing (which has already in a few years become a most important industry), poultry-raising and dairying.

We want more industries, more capital to develop our resources, and all those things which make for general progress.

And along with the material needs, the people of the Province must keep in mind the higher ideals of life, and by their example prove to the new-comers from other lands that here we possess true citizenship and patriotism, that we are proud of the part we play as Canadians and partners in the Empire, a law-abiding, good-living community, striving to play our part honestly and temperately, with the end in view to build up a great, a strong, a happy and a contented country.

Ernest McGaffey

Vancouver Island

By Ernest McGaffey
To go into detail as to what Vancouver Island needs in 1911, would be to take up too many matters in a brief resume of conditions. To emphasize just one salient necessity, it may be said that the Island needs unity of spirit as much as anything.

A great deal has already been accomplished in this direction; much more can be done in the future by hearty co-operation and enthusiasm. The Island is a compact district, cut away from other districts in the Province, even though in general interest a part and parcel of British Columbia and Canada and the British Empire.

It might seem geographically almost like a house surrounded by a moat. This being the case, the problem is "to keep our house in order." To do this, the occupants must dwell in hearty accord and helpfulness, each with the other. Whatever concerns the furthest remote settler concerns the merchants of the Island cities; whatever concerns the merchants, should be of vital interest to the settlers.

The launching of a new tramway system in an Island city ought to be a matter of general rejoicing; the installation of a new road or trail leading to agricultural or mining districts should be good news for all districts; something that augurs well for the future of other districts needing roads and trails, and something to aid in the betterment of the Island as a whole.

Nothing can keep Vancouver Island back from steady progress. The enterprising and wide-awake portion of her population realize this. The doubters are being slowly but surely pressed to the rear. Unity of purpose and a spirit of steady optimism in the future of the Island, and of every district in it, is something which will be of the greatest possible advantage to all.

Irrespective of natural rivalries which will come, despite differences political and personal, there should be a broad, high ground, where all can meet; and that is, the advancement of the Island for itself, for the Province, and for the Empire. Nothing can so surely build this up than a generous and enthusiastic interest among all the districts, both rural and civic, of Vancouver Island, one for the other. Nothing can so certainly make for progress as a unity of spirit among all the districts. Back of the movement for the settling of the land now unoccupied—back of every effort put forth by the Governments, both Provincial and Dominion—back of the ventures made by the railway and steamship companies in the way of improving Island conditions, must be the feeling and appreciation of the people themselves.

This rises, at its height, to a patriotic and cordial support of those who are doing their best for the Island. A steady and persistent approval of all measures looking towards improvements in the country, and the cities, aids materially in bringing about desired results.

Vancouver Island is already in a situation to become a world-force. Its position makes it Britain's Pacific outpost for offence or defence. Its vast natural riches, slowly unfolding, herald it as a commercial unit of almost untold value. Its soil and climate will make of it in time a great food-producing centre. Grant its drawbacks, and it still is a land favored among the continents.

Time lost in criticising is time doubly lost. It cannot mar the Island's worth, nor can it stay the tide of development. What is needed vitally is the spirit of that unity which has been splendidly shown in the past few years—a continuation and strengthening of that spirit, so that everywhere on Vancouver Island the twin-forces of the new year may be Comradeship and Optimism.

Ernest McGaffey

Trade and Commerce

By H. G. Wilson
It affords me much pleasure, and I thank you for your kind invitation, to state briefly my opinion in respect to some of the principal requirements for the expansion of the trade and commerce of Victoria.

Nothing, to my mind, is more urgently required than that the business men of Victoria should more fully realize the possibilities along those lines. Business, in all branches, during 1910 has greatly increased in volume, and is now in a more healthy condition than ever before. The result has been that at meetings called for the consideration of public affairs, such as railway and steamer connections, freight rates, mail services, etc., attendances have been small, with the invariable excuse, "Too busy in the office." While such a condition may be very encouraging, from one point of view, looked upon from another and the proper aspect, it is highly dangerous, as, with the keen manner in which all business is now competed for, indifference to public affairs will assuredly result in a restriction of the business territory. The situation demands a comprehensive outlook and concerted action by every member of the community. The position today is excellent, and if a more aggressive spirit is developed, together with a determination not to rest until greatly improved facilities are provided for doing business in this city, the future is even brighter.

Population is most essential to increase trade and commerce, and to acquire this it becomes the duty of each citizen to assist public bodies in their endeavor to obtain improved steamer, railway and mail services to place Victoria in a position to compete with her neighbors in the export and local trade, or, in other words, to make Victoria a distributing point for the Pacific Coast. How can this be brought about? First, by inducing one of the railway companies now operating, or about to operate in Victoria, to acquire ocean docks and connect them with their rail system, to enable through freight destined to and from the East or West to be transhipped in this city without any additional cost to the shipper or consignee.

Second. Arrangement should be made with one of the railway companies to establish a wholesale and manufacturing district, or districts, the same as are established in most other railway centres; where freight cars can be unloaded for warehouses or loaded with goods for shipment to interior points, without

the breaking of bulk. Besides the great convenience to the shipper and consignee, the saving in the cost of re-handling would be considerable. Before Victoria can expect to successfully compete for new industries, and wholesale merchants establishing themselves here, these railway improvements are a necessity.

Third. We want an improvement in the mail services. With the opening up of Northern British Columbia and more frequent steamer connections, it is necessary that the present system of giving subsidies to particular steamship lines should be modified to enable all operating competitive steamship companies to carry mails to and from Victoria; with adequate payment for the services rendered. The time is not far distant when it should be possible, with the extension of railways to the northern end of Vancouver Island, to have all mails to and from Victoria for Northern ports of British Columbia transferred at the northern railway terminus, thus effecting a considerable saving of time.

All these are points which would be embodied in the first enquiries of manufacturers and jobbers contemplating establishments in this city, and everything suggested is within reach if the citizens of Victoria will rise to the occasion.

Why not on this New Year's morning resolve to: Think comprehensively and act accordingly? I would recommend the Board of Trade as the standard under which to rally, and thanking you again for this privilege of expressing my views in your influential paper.

H. G. Wilson

The City

By C. H. Lugin

In response to the request that I should state what in my judgment Victoria as a city needs most during the year 1911, I must say, in the first place, that I claim no right to speak



Bouquet Picked on Work Estate Christmas Week

with authority on such matters, but some things seem obvious.

The city needs: Greater unity of action among its citizens on municipal questions. There is too much complaining because of alleged mismanagement, and too little united effort to improve conditions.

A municipal administration that will aim solely at the promotion of the public welfare, with the personal element wholly subordinated to the advancement of the city.

The inauguration of an era of municipal tidiness so that streets and vacant lots will no longer be eyesores.

The demolition of old buildings that are a menace to property near them and to the whole city.

The institution of a modern hygienic milk supply.

The enforced use, by bakers in delivering bread of paper envelopes for loaves.

Of course, more water under more pressure.

The adoption of a more efficient method of street-making than the use of soft stone for macadam.

A reduction in the number of saloons. The prevention of loitering by men on street corners.

Permanent carriage ways on the trunk roads leading out of the city.

Such are some of the things which it occurs to me might with advantage be considered by the citizens and the municipal administration during the year 1911. Speaking in general terms, what Victoria seems to require at once is the development of a public spirit in keeping with her needs and opportunities. Great progress has been made during the past four or five years, and I do not wish to pose as a critic of those who have the responsibility of administering the affairs of the city. I hope I appreciate that it is much easier to say what others ought to do than it is to do it. Nevertheless, I feel it is within the province of every citizen to make public his views on public questions. No city in Canada has fairer

prospects than Victoria, and we ought, one and all to show ourselves equal to our unsurpassed natural advantages.

Chas. H. Lugin

The Children

By Helen G. Stewart

WANTED—For 1911 and after, a Children's Library—a children's room, stocked with children's books selected with infinite care, and a children's librarian who knows the books and the young folks, and how to fit the two together; a room with open shelves to browse in and a chance to find the thing that strikes the right chord—where you can dip into a fascinating "story" about electricity, or find how to make a rabbit house, or what kind of a bird lays blue eggs with brown spots, or that Robinson Crusoe had a man Friday and a parrot; a juvenile reference department which will in some measure, answer the eternal "Why" given to make boys wise, but so often capped with an "Oh, I don't know; do be quiet!"

WANTED—For work and for play—as part of the educational plant that develops brain and brawn—and just for fun, clean, delicious recreation of the mind, where the kiddies can joust with the knights and follow trails with the Red Men, try on Cinderella's slipper, and listen to the Little Princess "Once upon a time"—a special appropriation for this specific branch of Library activity.

The city spends much money on pavements and drainage. It finds poor lights, poor sanitation, poor fire appliances, incompatible with the best interests of the community and realizes that the only way to save is to spend. It is slowly learning, too, that there is a best everywhere, and anything else is poor economy. But how is the best to be realized and obtained? In any social aggregation each one is more or less dependent upon every other, and the ultimate progress and happiness of any city is based upon the highest development of each individual. "A human being is worth to himself just what he is capable of enjoying, and to the community he is worth what he is capable of imparting." Multiply his capability for enjoying, his capacity for imparting, and what is the result? Economy and efficiency, every time—citizens that think, civic problems that are solved—men and women that live full. Why not try it? Start early, start surely—give the best to create the best—supplement and round out the narrow 5.4 years of average school life and stretch it to a continuous education. Let the school begin, but give the library a chance to say to every boy and girl, however poor, "There is no end."

A Children's Library helps to equalize chances, helps to take away handicaps and allows every one an even start. It stimulates healthy appetites and satisfies them; it suggests higher ambitions, it supplies standards, and by-and-by it will do much, very much, to make a city and a nation which will "stand four-square to all the winds that blow." Is that worth while? Then let 1911 begin.

Helen G. Stewart

The Women

By Maria Lawson

1. A plentiful supply of pure water.
2. Clean streets, clean yards and well-kept lawns or gardens.
3. Law, rigidly enforced, against the adulteration or pollution of milk.
4. Better protection of fruits, sweets and vegetables from the dust of the street.
5. Spaces set aside in growing parts of the city for small parks or playgrounds.
6. Facilities for wholesome recreation for working girls.
7. Greater care and control on the part of parents of their older children, especially their girls.
8. A place where homeless men of moderate means may meet their friends, obtain refreshment, play games or read, without the temptation offered by the saloon.
9. Amendments to the municipal laws which will allow women to share in civic housekeeping and the election of school trustees.
10. A new Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital.
11. More teachers, smaller classes and more new buildings with larger playgrounds for Victoria schools.
12. Such a spirit of civic pride as would induce the best men in Victoria to offer themselves as candidates for the public positions, and citizens wise enough to elect them.

Maria Lawson

Vicar's Daughter—"I suppose the rain kept you from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Blogg?"
Mrs. Blogg—"Well, partly, miss; but, to

speak true, wot with the rheumatiz and doin' away with the 'am and the cake afterward, funerals ain't the jaunts they used to be for me!"—London Opinion.

THE MAN AND THE BABY

He looked at her and she gazed at him. Not very sure as to what effect his presence would have on her, and positively dreading lest he should see the corners of her little mouth droop—the forerunner of a wholehearted yell—he cautiously made a grimace at her and grunted, hoping to be rewarded with a baby's smile to him alone; quite unmoved in that direction, she still gazes at him, but without the faintest suggestion of a sneer or any scorn. The self-consciousness that he felt rising disappears. He makes another effort to win that smile. She gives her little bald head a curious side twist and her eyes dilate a trifle, and so openly sincere and interested does she appear that if she had put a question to him he would not have been surprised. He, too, is interested now, for the baby, has taken him into her confidence and reads the man as he is, not what all the rest of the world might think him to be at that moment. Here is someone who will see him as he is—will read the emotions of his heart, one to whom self-consciousness is an absolute stranger, and who things he is the same as herself. In the whole of his career the man has never met such a companion before, and joy and pleasure rise from his soul as he gazes on the baby. Quick to see it, the baby's mouth broadens, her little chin and cheeks dimple up, her eyes disappear, all except two merry sparkles in them, and her little face is wreathed in a broad smile. Genuinely—from his soul—the man smiles at the baby. God has given him a new revelation of Love. The man loves the baby.

A POET'S LINE

A recent news despatch from San Francisco supplies food for thought to those who know and care for Edgar Allan Poe. It reads: "Johnny" Poe, great nephew of Edgar Allan Poe, has found his niche. Having football, filibustered and gold-mined his way thus far in life, he has become a roustabout in the Bakersfield oil fields.

"It's great," said Mr. Poe. "It's just the job I've been looking for all these years. There's so much variety. One day you're pulling pipes and cleaning out the muck. Next day you're putting the pipes back into the ground. The next day you're making steam connections. And so it goes."

Mr. Poe began his career of adventure by butting his way through the football eleven that lined up against Princeton. He was the hardest line hitting half back Old Nassau ever knew. Then he turned to butting his way through the armies of Central America, where he went to have a part in the teapot rebellions of the Hondurans.

Afterwards Mr. Poe went to Alaska, where he ran surveying lines over the tundra and dug the gold out from under it. Then that grew tame, and Mr. Poe went to Nevada, where he worked with a pick and drill in the gold mines.

"I get \$2.50 a day and found at Bakersfield," Mr. Poe said. "That beats working for \$4 a day in Nevada and buying your own grub."

AN ECHO OF TRAFALGAR

An interesting ceremony took place in Portsmouth Harbor recently on board Nelson's old flagship Victory, a number of contributions for the vessel's museum being handed to Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon Howe by a deputation from the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The gifts included the sea chest which belonged to Nelson's secretary, Mr. John Scott, who was killed at Trafalgar shortly before the great admiral was fatally wounded; the ship's ledgers, giving the names of all officers and men who fought on board at the battle; and a number of Fleet orders issued during the campaign which terminated in 1805.

The gifts were handed over to Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon Howe, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, by Lady and Miss Dinsdale, Mr. Thomas Mason (chairman of the board of the society), and others, in the presence of a large representative gathering of naval officers and men of past and present Victories. The topsail hoisted at Trafalgar and riddled with ninety shot-holes was specially on view.

Rest assured that our happiness, our dignity, and our welfare, here and hereafter, depend not on what our ancestors were thousands of years ago, not on the construction of our outward frames—nor even on those high mental gifts of intellect, mind, and genius—no, not on any of these things, wonderful as they are, and greatly as they contribute to our happiness, does the real destiny of man or of nations rest; but on our moral nature itself, on what we are, on what we do, on what we admire, on what we detest, on what we love, on what we hate.—Dean Stanley.

"You will be glad to hear, Henry, dear," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that my new dress does not button up the back." "Hurray!" cried Willoughby, turning a somersault on the divan. "How does it button, my dear?" "Down the back," said Mrs. Willoughby.—Judge.

"Did Tom have any luck hunting tigers in India?"
"Yes; great luck."
"How?"
"He didn't meet any tigers."—Tit-Bits.

Lord Derby has presented new bushes to the Fifth Liverpool Territorials in fulfillment of his promise if Swynford won the St. Leger.

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