

Then, a few years later, we heard about a Chinese agitation on the coast. As to what was wanted there was no clear understanding. Most of us had never seen a "Chineser" and our impressions of his appearance was largely gathered from the picture atlas of our early school days, and from tea boxes; but it appeared that John Chinaman was an objectionable factor of the community. Up to that time even Lovell's Geography had failed to inform us that British Columbia was originally part of the Chinese Empire, and had been peopled with Chinese. It looked at first sight somewhat unreasonable that a lot of mining adventurers in search of gold dust should want to drive out the native population, or tax them \$50 a head, which was suggested as a compromise. A man named Bunster, and one Shakespeare, and one or two other representatives of British Columbia were observed by the proceedings of the House of Commons to have spoken at divers intervals regarding the matter; but it was not until the political phraseology of Eastern Canada had been established by the oft repeated and celebrated mandate of the *Mail*, that "Mowat must go," that it was definitely understood what was wanted. By reversing the proposition the gravamen of the dispute was rendered in "Chinamen can't come."

The turning of the first sod at Victoria of the Vancouver Island Railway by Sir John and Lady Macdonald, and the driving of the final spike in the C. P. R., the great fire of Vancouver, and the Behring Sea seizures of British Columbia sealers, formed intermittent news items that reminded us out of school that there was a part of Canada called British Columbia—because we had long ago forgotten the mining excitement—and that it was one of the Provinces entering Confederation in 1871.

A railroad, telegraphic communication and a daily mail service have to a large extent removed the bane of isolation under which this Province rested. They have made Canada one, have harmonized sectional aspirations, have familiarized the Provinces with the character, resources and institutions of each of the other. But, as I have already remarked, the political *status* and claims of British

Columbia have not generally been fully, or even partially, understood.

There still remains that feeling in the older Provinces that their interests have been sacrificed for the West, that they have been taxed to give this Province and the North-West a railway, that they heavily mortgaged their future in a doubtful asset in the other side of the Rockies, that 4,700,000 odd, men, women and children have accepted a responsibility of about \$25 ahead with interest, for the benefit of a population not exceeding 100,000 men, women and children—Whites, Indians, and Chinese. We have heard of the Ontario cow that has been milked for the other provinces and then undergone the process of "stripping" for the country lying west of the Height of Land.

I would like to consider to what extent this prejudice, may I call it, has been justified; but, first let me go back a little. My object is not altogether pasquinade.

Politics is a system of wheels within a wheel, the lesser being but miniatures of the larger cycloid. British Columbia has stood very much in the same relation to the rest of Canada as Canada did a few years ago to Great Britain. British statesmen then, whose factotum was the Colonial Secretary and whose mouth-piece was the *London Times*, regarded Canada, in common with the other colonies, as an incubus. We can, they said, do much better without the colonies than the colonies can do without us, and they discussed the advisability in an unofficial way of casting them off. They were restrained from such action, undoubtedly, out of compassion for the helpless infant colonies, who would thus be left in a cold ruthless world, without support. The responsibilities of defence and constitutional care were borne with a sacrificing and paternal fortitude worthy of a great nation. These responsibilities rested however, all too lightly on imperial shoulders, for this indifference and supineness lost to Canada and the Empire a slice of territory which makes every Canadian, upon reflection, tingle to the toes with shame and indignation. John Bright, intoxicated with the glories of Free Trade, could afford to picture a