

Atlantic, but he has not given us a fast line yet. There is one M. V. McInnes, at Detroit, with a salary of \$1,500. Then there is Mr. Swanson and W. G. White at good salaries. We had this matter up in the committee, but no satisfactory explanation whatever was given. It will be remembered that one of the most eloquent members of the Liberal party was dissatisfied with the settlement of the Manitoba school question and had to be provided for. Mr. Devlin was sent to Ireland. In England the staff has been changed. In Scotland also the staff has been changed, and even from the Governor General's home an agent has been sent to Scotland. The Scotch are the best immigrants, they are not surpassed and rarely equalled.

The MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.
Next to the Irish.

Mr. DAVIN. No, I will not put them next to the Irish. I consider the Scotch among the very best immigrants that can be brought into this country. What has been the result of these efforts? We have had a total number of immigrants from England of 1,519. The total number from Ireland was 69. This was the beggarly result of taking one of the most eloquent members from this House, but one who might prove dangerous, and sending him to Ireland. Of Scotch there were 205. Of Germans, who are also among the best class of immigrants, 520; Scandinavians, 474; immigrants from the United States, 712. The Galicians number 4,363. Can the Minister of the Interior tell the committee how much Kaleslaw, the Austrian agent, is paid?

The MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.
There is no such agent in the service. The only agent in Austria is Prof. Austeroff, who receives \$600 a year and some allowances.

Mr. DAVIN. We are told by Mr. Smart that he receives \$2,500 a year and allowances. If the Galician immigration is a deportation, and these people are being excluded from Galicia, why should we pay to bring them here? The result of the immigration efforts in the United States was only 712 immigrants, and this was the result of giving large salaries to brothers of Ministers and others. Mr. Jury has sent over 1,000 immigrants from England, while the great bulk of our immigration came from Galicia, the number being 4,363. I saw in a paper the other day that an immense cargo of these people were bound for Canada, and I may say that the people of this country consider it a very serious matter, if these people, who are certainly not ideal immigrants, are to be swarmed over the entire North-west.

Mr. SPROULE. I noticed with a good deal of interest the account given of the Galicians who were brought to Canada, and especially did it attract my attention

after reading an article regarding the very destitute condition of these people of the North-west. And, when I heard the hon. member for Alberta (Mr. Oliver) give a description of the class of people who reach this country from Galicia, I could well understand how it was they were in such a destitute condition. It occurred to me that they were not by any means the right class of people to bring to Canada. We have enough indigents of our own to draw upon the charity of the people of this country for their support, without bringing in these people from the eastern countries. I have here a newspaper which gives a description of some of these Galicians, and now that we are voting money for emigration it is, I believe, well that I should read it. This quotation is from a Winnipeg paper who had a correspondent at Yorkton, and it is dated 9th February:

Yorkton, Feb. 9.—Having heard that the people of the Galician colony at the Beaver Hills, west of Yorkton, were in a most desperate condition, your correspondent obtained the services of an interpreter and left town for the colony in order to ascertain for himself the facts of the case, which are as follows:—

At noon on Sunday, the 6th instant, I came to the first of the Galician hovels, 32 miles out from Yorkton. This was a dug-out, about 9 x 11 feet, and from floor to ridge pole about six feet. In this wretched abode—which resembled a rabbit burrow more than anything else—lived, or rather existed, for some five weeks in fearful agony poor Stifan Panchuik with both feet and one hand rotting off—yes, literally rotting off—from the effects of frostbite. There is not the slightest exaggeration in the statement. The men who lifted him off his rude couch of hay laid on poles to bring him to Yorkton can testify to the truth of it. One of them told me that he could never forget the sight he saw when he entered the hovel and discovered Panchuik lying upon his elbows and stomach with his feet elevated, and seemingly wearing a pair of black slippers; but upon a closer examination he found that what he took to be slippers were really Panchuik's feet, the line of demarcation between the living and dead flesh consisted of a rather deep furrow of about a third of an inch in width of a pinkish hue and exuding pus and putrid matter, the stench of which was unbearable. This gentleman also told me that Mrs. Panchuik insisted upon accompanying her husband to Yorkton, and upon arrival of the party at Theodora, the lady of the house discovered Mrs. Panchuik to be in a most pitiable condition, as she was clad on this night—which was one of the coldest this winter—in only a sheepskin coat, chemise, serge rug, and long boots without stockings. The coat had no buttons, and the front of the coarse linen chemise was open. How the woman escaped being frozen coming that eight miles passes comprehension. That her state was not discovered by the gentlemen who were moving Panchuik was due to the darkness of the night. Before proceeding further on the journey she was supplied by kind willing hands with sufficient clothing. If this case had been attended to in time, this "poor victim of misplaced confidence" might possibly not be in the position he is to-day, viz., a cripple, who is without means of support. Mrs. Panchuik told me, through the interpreter, that having baked the last flour in the house her husband