

Sir James Whitney on Canadian Clubs

IT is becoming more than a habit of thought for Sir James Whitney; it has become, one might conclude, a part of his nature to measure up all questions that concern Canada, in their larger relation to the whole Empire, says the Toronto News, in a recent issue.

He did this in his address a few weeks ago to the Whitney Club; he followed this line before the Canadian Club. It was from the fact that Canadian clubs lent themselves readily to associate with this standard that Sir James freely pronounced them a good to the community, second only in magnitude to that of the press.

In dealing with his subject, "The Relation of the Canadian Club to the Future of Canada," he laid down the general proposition that all associations of men that resulted in free discussions redounded to the good of the community. They provided "raw material from which wise conclusions might be drawn."

He noticed also in Canadian clubs a common meeting place for men of both political opinions. Party, he remarked, was an absolute necessity under the present system of government in the British Empire, and the man who derided it as unnecessary failed to understand his position, and was unworthy of the franchise.

But there were many momentous questions involving the relations of Canada and the Empire—questions that must soon be settled—in which it would be crime and jeopardy to the Empire to interject party feeling. At these times the Canadian clubs would realize their purpose in standing out against this influence and forcing a decision in accordance with the highest duty to Canada and the Empire.

The address of the Premier, his first before a Canadian Club, was received with strong marks of appreciation. The meeting was one of the largest the club has had in many months, and over one hundred crowded in after the luncheon was over.

Among those at the head table were the president, Mr. R. Home Smith, Sir James Whitney, Mayor Oliver, Messrs. M. J. Haney, George Wilkie, Daniel McGillicuddy (Calgary), Mr. Cooper (Winnipeg), J. S. Willison, Controller Geary, Dr. Gilmour, I. B. Lucas, M.P.P., and Mr. J. F. McKay.

"Canada for many years past has been in a position of gradual development, but this is now becoming more rapid," began Sir James, after a humorous reference to his "sin" in not identifying himself more closely with the Canadian Club before.

"Great and important events dominate the Imperial point of view. They are looming up on the horizon of the country and calling for careful consideration by the people. They almost jostle each other in the public view. Questions are arising of a nature that cannot be hastily dealt with, and which certainly cannot permit being dismissed idly or carelessly."

One of the first of these was the relations that existed between the different scattered groups which composed the British Empire.

"The public of Canada is alive to the point of view that a change in these relations is near at hand. The present system which exists is simply no benefit, and therefore the people are beginning to realize and understand that changes must be brought about to take the place of the present loose and indeterminate system.

"There are five or six or seven groups scattered over the world," went on Sir James, amplifying his previous words; "all determined to do what they can for the continuance and permanency of the British Empire, and at the same time the system or means of communication, the threads that unite them, are not fulfilling their object."

Difficulties would soon loom up, said the speaker, in the way of endeavoring to bring about any change in these relations. A tariff arrangement between the Old Country and Canada was one of the "enormous difficulties" that would have to be considered, but formidable as this and other obstacles would be found to be, their serious character and momentous nature and results on the future of the British Empire rendered it desirable that Canadians

should not stop because the difficulties seemed almost insurmountable. The rather should they take courage from the fact that the difficulties have to be surmounted.

"Should we adopt the proper psychological moment at which these great questions should be launched, or follow the policy of the past and let them drift, with all the results that that policy may be said to imply? I only allude to these questions, not to discuss them, but to show that when the time comes the consideration of these questions will call for the greatest amount of ability and patriotism that can be found in Canada.

Sir James passed now to the Canadian clubs themselves and their relations to these questions.

It is far from being infallible (laughter), but the press of Canada is having, on the whole, a good and beneficial effect on the people of Canada. (Applause.) The influence of clubs like the Canadian Clubs is confined to the cities and towns and large villages, and the constituency it serves must necessarily be much smaller than that served by the press."

"Sir James referred briefly to the more intelligent and independent view now taken of public questions in Canada.

"Twenty years ago people cheered because their leaders cheered, but if a balloon passed over a Province and dropped a man at every cross-road, and a wagon went along to pick him up, in nine cases out of ten these men

But there were questions that must be dealt with from a "larger and broader standpoint;" questions concerning the future of the British race on the continent of America, when party considerations must be put aside.

"Should the time ever come, when the future relation of Canada to the Empire is up for consideration, and—which God forbid—an attempt is made from any source to interject party feeling, or it is interjected by accident, such organizations as this must ground and steady men so as to make it impossible."

In conclusion Sir James said he had the strongest possible belief that the Canadian Club, of Toronto, and the Clubs all through Canada, would be found to be permeated with British ideas, and in any emergency which they might be called on to face would be gov-

erned exclusively with the present and future. In Saskatchewan a quarter of a century ago is ancient history.

The dusty trail wound across wheat fields, over raw prairie, and past clumps of sad willow. Homesteaders of alien tongue were met, and they looked as deliberate and contented as their oxen. Now and then we journeyed by a house—the walls whitewashed, the roof thatched, and one felt moved to stop and see what lay beyond the threshold. At the foot of the high banks of Fish Creek stood a taciturn half-breed. He was more of a ferryman than a conversationalist. On the other side he accepted the toll with meditative mien, and the last I saw of him he was leaning against the rail of the ferry and gazing out over the brown swirl of the Saskatchewan.

We were no longer in a prairie country. Northward wooded hills melted into the blue distance, with never a hint of settlement. The trail followed the river bank. It curved along between poplars and spruce, now dipping into grassy valleys, now mounting to rounded summits, where through the foliage the shining links of the Saskatchewan could be traced as it coursed into what is still a region of mystery, of appalling loneliness, and of fascination.

I was on the battlefield ere I knew it. I didn't expect to find a house on what had once been a firing line. A companion, however, drew rein before a weather-beaten little structure—half shack and half cottage—and proclaimed that we had arrived on the ground where twenty-three years ago thousands of men were doing their best to kill one another.

A half-breed woman stood in the doorway, her face crinkled into what looked like a smile of welcome. She was old and bowed, and a red kerchief covered her venerable head. Her smile expanded and she said something we could not understand. She stretched forth her hands, as if imploring us to recognize her hospitality.

"Batoche"—we were smiling back at her.

"Ya, Batoche, Batoche," and she nodded vehemently.

Hitching the horses we investigated a small wheatfield in the rear of the house. Beyond the field were patches of wood, then open spaces, and another fringe of trees. We were wandering more or less aimlessly about—truth to tell, we did not expect to meet the shades of Dumont or Riél—when we noted a circular depression in the ground. It was the first of many. They were the old rifle pits and the line zigzagged through the brush. It was difficult to associate with such a place scenes of sudden death, big odds and agony. All about were quiet fields. At our elbows, so to speak, was the home of a kindly old woman, and on the surrounding boughs birds fluttered and twittered. Yet on this very soil men had written and died, from these pits leaden messengers had sped, and across this area volunteers had charged.

We drove on. A Catholic church, a mile or so beyond, was the next building, and near a secluded little cemetery a white-haired priest was engaged in gardening. His benign salutation we were careful to return.

About the home of Batoche, the trader, many tales have been told. Even today it is a pretentious building. What must it have been like twenty-three years ago? He must have been a man of means—friend Batoche. If one were to judge of the house as it stands today, overlooking the solitudes, Batoche was a man of good taste and ample ideas, the place was besieged for a while during the rebellion. A member of the government forces was shot dead in a certain room upstairs. Rebels lurked along the forest-robbed river bank and one of them, perceiving the soldier near a window, fired a bullet which found its target.

We wandered through the house, went upstairs and saw marks of the siege, danced in what we supposed was the dining-room, climbed down cellar and virtually explored from dungeon to battlement, gave loose rein to the imagination, and heard sounds of wassail and the tread of moccasined feet through the empty halls.

More profound than before was the silence of the half-breed Charon as we re-crossed the Saskatchewan. The trail was dim and the western sky glowing as we drove away from Batoche.—William J. Raymond.

The Roster of the "Fifty-Eighters" in the Province



The following is a list of those who remain of the Twenty Thousand people who arrived in Victoria from San Francisco in 1858, the first year of the Gold Excitement:

Anderson, James R.	November	Steamer Cortez from San Francisco	Arrived with sister, retired Deputy Minister of Agriculture
Brown, Frank	July	Steamer Pacific from San Francisco	Arrived young with father and mother; now with firm of J.B. McQuade and Company
Allard, Frederick	August 12	Steamer John A. Stephens from San Francisco	Arrived young with father and mother; now carpenter and contractor
Lawrence, Charles	March	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived with wife and son
Boyd, Mrs. John	April	Steamer America from San Francisco	Arrived with husband and son (Branch)
Boyd, August	April	Steamer America from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother; now Municipal Water Rates Collector
Boyd, Samuel	September	Steamer Cortez from San Francisco	Arrived with father
North, Samuel	July 7	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived single, hotel keeper
North, Ralph	May 11	Steamer Commodore from San Francisco	Arrived single, hotel keeper, now Customs Officer; was prominent fireman in early days
Burns, Thomas	May 16	Steamer Commodore from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Craig, Joseph	August	Ship Oracle from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Craig, Walter	August	Ship Oracle from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Craig, Mrs. George	June 18	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived single, Clerk and tailor
Allen, Henry	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with wife and son; then engaged in retail business
Almon, Alexander	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Allen, George	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and sister, now Judge
Anderson, Mrs. E. S.	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and sister
Anderson, E. J.	August	Ship Oracle from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and sister
Hastings, Mrs. Susan C.	July 4	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived single, Gold miner; now in Customs
Belgeon, James	July 19	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived single, prominent fireman in early days
Belgeon, David W.	September 28	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother; now in the optical business
Belgeon, William	April 19	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belgeon, Edward	May 11	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, Charles	May 11	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, Mrs. Edward	July 20	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, Mrs. E. J.	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, Captain William	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with wife and two sons. Master mariner and ship owner.
Belgeon, Mrs. Captain William	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, John	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, William	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father, mother and brother
Belgeon, James	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived single, Gold miner
Belgeon, Mrs. Alexander	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with husband and son
Belgeon, Philip A.	July	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belgeon, Mrs. Edward	August	Ship Oracle from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belgeon, Mrs. William	June	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with husband and son
Belgeon, Thomas W.	June 21	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with husband and son
Belgeon, John B.	June 21	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with husband and son
Belgeon, Charles Mack	June 28	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with wife and son; was prominent hotel keeper
Belgeon, Stephen A.	May 17	Steamer Republic from San Francisco	Arrived with wife and son; was prominent hotel keeper
Belly, George	August	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belly, Frank	August	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belly, Mrs. Julia	August	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother
Belly, Mrs. R. H.	August	Steamer Oregon from San Francisco	Arrived with father and mother

This list and statement has been compiled with the greatest care by the undersigned who has lived in this City continuously since February 18 1858, when he arrived with his mother and three brothers on the Steamer Bostonian from San Francisco, Cal., his father, Thomas Dea Swaine, having preceded the previous year, July 1858.

The undersigned who has lived in this City since July 1858, certifies to the correctness of this statement.

D. W. Higgins

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