

"surveyors," who month after month have labored incessantly, will present their report, pointing out how our great educational machinery can become more effective and yield results still more satisfactory. Our University will at last move out to its noble home at Point Grey. And, not least, after ten years of cramped activity, our School Board has received its long sought mandate, to go forward and provide worthy housing for those who are the hope of the future, the children in our public schools. Surely in our forward view we have the best of reasons to thank God and take courage.

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The other day the Canadian Club was addressed by two outstanding Canadians, Sir Campbell Stuart, managing director of the London Times, and one of his colleagues, Mr. Beverley Baxter, managing editor of the London Daily Express. Both are intimately associated with that other great Canadian publicist, Lord Beaverbrook.

That these three sons of Canada should have captured these intellectual citadels in the heart of the Empire, and should virtually control and guide the leading streams of public opinion in this Commonwealth of Nations, is matter for pride, and no less for satisfaction, on the part of every one of us. What better augury of unity and stability could be found? To such men as these, as well as to many illustrious contemporaries and predecessors, we are indebted not only for their direct contribution to the public life and welfare of the Mother Country, but even more perhaps for the yeoman service they are rendering by interpreting Canada and the colonies generally, to our brothers in the homeland. Inter-empire travel, inter-empire trade, inter-empire migration, inter-empire conferences, inter-empire exchange of teachers, from classroom instructors to distinguished publicists—these are agencies that powerfully tend to make us one, for our own advancement and the peaceful progress of the world.

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In a recent speech that eminent Canadian, Sir John Willison, stressed the importance of the teaching of French in the schools of Canada. He would make the study of French compulsory in our universities, in our high schools, and perhaps even in our public schools. He has his mind's eye fixed immovably on the fact that the mother tongue of one in every three of our Canadian-born is French.

A great French territory, with more than the area of an Old World empire, lies between the English-speaking Maritime Provinces on the Atlantic and the English-speaking provinces west of the Ottawa. Shall we treat its rapidly increasing millions as an element exercising a disintegrating influence on our national life, destined ultimately to rend and destroy it, or shall we regard these as brothers laboring with us to produce a new national type, with qualities superior to any that could possibly result from either element left to itself? This latter was a consummation for which men like Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfred Laurier, and many another noble and gifted Canadian lived and dreamed, and, amid good report and evil report, poured out the treasure of their minds and hearts.

Every educated French-Canadian speaks the English tongue. Should not every English-speaking Canadian, educated in university or high school, be able to converse freely in the language of La Belle France? If English poetry is the flower of linguistic production in modern times, French prose stands with it, glorious in its precision, lucidity and beauty. Every

patriot who aspires to do his part in his country's life should be ambitious to find himself a gentleman at large in either speech.

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Canada, we believe, has all but entered upon a period of expansion such as a generation ago we scarcely dreamed of. Our leaders are crying out that Canada needs population; that our waste places must be filled up; that immigration on a great scale must be set on foot. The Old World is, comparatively speaking, overcrowded. Multitudes of many races and of many tongues look with longing eyes to this land of promise, a land in which the ravages of war have been an experience unknown. When these multitudes seek our shores, shall we welcome them as brothers, or shall we regard them as economic pawns to be exploited, so that we may pile up for ourselves much goods in store, and bid our souls eat, drink and be merry?

To take any such course would be to tread the primrose path to national destruction. For a time we may treat these strangers as a lesser breed, to whom we owe no duty, for whose well-being we have no responsibility. This means the development in our midst of a vast community foreign to our national life, with no impelling reason to seek our good. But their presence will have become necessary to our economic existence: on them we shall have become really dependent. A blending of races will take place—after national leadership shall have passed to the stranger.

But, to revert to the alternative, we have no right to ask these strangers to make homes for themselves under our flag—we have no right to permit them to land on our shores—unless we are prepared to treat them as brothers, seeking their welfare and advancement equally with our own. If we embrace this alternative the national type will change perforce, but it should prove to be a type displaying the finest characteristics of all the blending races. Strongest and most important of the beneficent forces playing upon the various race elements to make them one, to make them Canadian in the truest and highest sense, should be found the Church and the School, and all the myriad agencies usually thought of as apart from these, but in reality born of these and deriving from these their inspiration and their ideals.

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