

Winnipeg to the Coast.

(Concluded.)

To the Editor of The Colonist.

Sir,—Pardon me for dropping you at the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, and leaving you so long, but had you employed your time looking about, you would have noticed a few things which would amply repay an observer. Just at this point, you are on the south shore of Burrard Inlet, which is, in width about three miles, and over twenty miles long. On the opposite side, nestling at the very base of a fine range of mountains—not altogether unlike, in outline, some of our Scottish Grampians, but perfectly wooded,—is an Indian Mission, to the left is the Narrows, where the tide in its flood and ebb, forms a rapid, that vies with the Long Sault, of the St. Lawrence.

Stanley Park is a peninsular piece of land with a bold rocky bluff on the north side, and we are forced to say that in no city in Canada, is there such a magnificent natural park. The drive around it is about four miles, and within itself it has almost everything to make a park, giant trees, fifty feet in circumference, a lake, recreation grounds, foliage of the richest kind, and "Bracken" to charm a Highlander. On the bosom of the inlet are already to be seen, shipping from the old world, and here and there the full-rigged ships, and barques for timber and lumber, lazily riding at anchor, waiting for their cargo. The modern and latest improved ocean greyhounds pay regular visits to our Canadian San Francisco. But let us have a look at the city itself. Consider yourself at the Hotel Vancouver, and behold the city, founded in 1886, and if you do not say that there has been phenomenal growth, or in the words of my first letter, that it is an overgrown city, it will be because you are too much struck to speak at all. I am not writing for advertisement, but simply as I was impressed, and when I looked upon a solidly built city, perfectly laid out—with fine drainage, a grand water system, carried from ten miles in the mountains, across the inlet. With gas lighting and electric cars, and in fact all the "modern improvements" and this in the short period of six years, in a place where giant timber, had for ages waved their lofty plumes, I can safely say, that it is an achievement of modern times. Some critical friend may say that the definition of "overgrown" is but vague, we will try to make the meaning plainer as we proceed.

When we turn our attention to the city as a point of business we are again struck with the possibilities for the future, but for some time it is apparent that its capacity is greater than required, with no cultivation to speak of the volume of business must be in handling goods, if we except the few industries that are in existence within the corporation. It is also apparent that the burden of indebtedness must be great which will tend to force values high, so that until the amount of business is done to balance the investment, we must believe it overgrown. And yet it is a good fault; it is like a fine house waiting for the family. Our stay in Vancouver came to a close

sooner than we wished and as the "Islander" steamed from the wharf, we had another splendid view of the city, we thought it a perfect site to build on. As the staunch vessel plowed through the heavy current of the narrows the old wreck of the Beaver appeared on the rocks at the base of Stanley Park. The gallant little vessel, the first steamer round the "Horn," the pioneer of navigation. To think that her bare ribs should bleach in the sun and be lashed by the angry waves, just here, seems a reproach to British navigators. But I am told that her historic frame will yet adorn the Columbia Exhibition at the World's Fair, and the gaze of the curious wonder seeker, become a recompense for her eventful career.

A run of about 80 miles over a picturesque route, among islands and surrounded by cloud and snow topped mountains, brought us in the dusk of night to the Royal city—Victoria; with one of the keenest appetites we have had since our last salt water "experience." In the morning we walked down from the "Dallas" to Beacon Hill Park, and for the next few days did nothing else but "take in" this unique city. It has been reported that the early gold miners of Cariboo after having "struck it lucky" looked about for a desirable location to live in and this place was the favorite. We agree with them in their choice. Victoria is most beautifully situated, and has a fine climate, but we hardly think the early settlers ever thought their little settlement would ever develop into a large city, in fact we think they never wanted it to grow big. But, "the best laid plans, etc." "aft gang aglie" as they have here, for Victoria is fast growing, and in a few years will hardly be recognized. It has the vested capital, it has the vantage position of the Island, it has, perhaps, the finest climate of the Canadian coast, it has a neat little harbor, too small for ocean giants, but handy for all sorts of coasters, it is the headquarters of government of military and naval depots, and must hold supremacy. It has been said that Victoria is a slow town. That will not be true much longer. A city that will spend a quarter of a million on drainage in one year, which is equipped with electric car service and electric lighting, can hardly be termed slow. But it has ever transpired that when a community spends its own wealth, it looks carefully for investment. Whereas a corporation in a new place, stimulated by speculators and imbibing speculative theories, often rushes to the neck in debt, in hopes of booming property. It is also true, that a people that are slow to move, generally move in dead earnest when they start. Vancouver, from its situation, will command the ocean traffic and will doubtless become a great city, but Victoria will be the financial centre; the home of affluence, with all its blessings and evils. It has been said that the island is not large enough to develop a metropolis. That is nonsense. It only requires cheap labor to build up the finest of manufactories.

And now we will make this reference to cheap labor the excuse for saying a few words on the Chinese question, one of the most knotty problems before the people of our Pacific province to-day. There is a natural repugnance

in all British minds against restriction, and justly so, because it is against common justice and against God's great law. This idea, this essentially selfish idea, which expects that our people will be allowed to go freely into another country while it shuts our door to that other nation, that gets and gives not, is the most narrow minded policy imaginable. A country so corrupt as to traffic in human flesh, can never expect to be a lasting credit to the name of nation. A nation so politically bigoted as to keep out a laboring community, where labor is about the first essential, is not fit for self-government. It has yet to learn the a, b, c's of political economy. We hear all kinds of queer arguments why the Chinese should not enter Canada. That they are heathens, that they do not live like white men, that they only come to earn enough of money to go back to China with to start in business, that they compete with all kinds of labor, and undersell all competitors. Now this may all be true and be the best argument in their favor. They are heathen; civilize them. How can our missionaries in China accomplish their great work, while we are undoing it in our own land? They do not live like white men; its to their credit they don't live like some white men we know of. Yet why not have a law regulating the principle of living right? It is so in Britain only so many can live in a house. If they only come to earn enough money to go back to China again, do they not leave their labor as an equivalent, and what more does any man do? And if they undersell all other labor; is that not what is just wanted? Labor is too dear at the coast for progress, and when a cheap labor market is opened up, we howl like starved wolves against what is a blessing in disguise. I endeavored to study the Chinese character for the short time it was my privilege to be in Victoria, and was received as courteously by them as by the white-people. I found them orderly when brought into contact with our own kind. On the boats crossing to Victoria it was noticed that when they lay down on the couches they took their boots off. On remarking how well they behaved to one of the boat hands, he answered: "They are a damned sight cleaner than white men squirting tobacco juice all over the place." This may not have been the most elegant rhetoric, but certainly a hard comparison on our countrymen.

To close, sir, we think it would also be true policy to be the friend of China. It is a nation of clever people, and a powerful country. We may resort to artificial means for a time to keep them out, but like their own great wall, it will crumble and die. We should not be imitators, but leaders. We profess to be a Christian people, and yet disregard the first principles of Christianity. "To do unto others as we would have them do to us." Let us rant no more about the brotherhood of man, until we learn the rudiments of common justice.

C. N. M.

A parcel post system has been established between Canada and Iceland. The rate is the same as charged on parcels to Denmark.

The *Mianodosa Tribune* says: "Settlers make a mistake that go to Lake Dauphin hoping to be able to make entries there for their homesteads. No agent has been appointed there yet, so that entries have to be made at the Dominion Lands office here."