

## **FORTY HINDUS WILL RETURN TO INDIA**

### **CANNOT ENTER CANADA**

**New Immigrants Are Dirty and Many Are Sick--  
Peculiar Traits of Men Who Refuse to Eat European  
Food--Are Getting Jobs in Sawmills.**

Forced from the Promised Land by an iron railing, six feet of water and an immigration department, a hundred Hindus are casting longing eyes at the city of Vancouver this morning.

Down in the detention hospital eighty-five in far worse plight are trying to deceive the Government officials into the belief that their diseases are mere trifles after all. Some seventy more or less have come ashore, and are citizens of British Columbia on probation. From the present outlook all those now on board the boat will be allowed to land, forty of the men detained in the hospital will be released, and forty will go back to that dear India. In all about two hundred are here to stay as a result of the Empress' last trip.

### **Cook Their Own Food.**

Down on the boat the new arrivals are wondering what to make of it all. The Elysium with its glod[Sic] paved streets is a hard place to get into. The man who shipped them here did not tell them about this holdup just at the journey's end. They are wandering restlessly about on the after deck and in the steerage way, talking in little groups or sitting on the rail of the vessel, looking at the funny-looking Canadians who have come down to the wharf to gaze at the funny-looking Hindus.

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Last night the strangers lived on the deck around the fires they had lighted. The weather was cold, and they sat close together to keep warm. This morning the fires served to cook their food, as they have all throughout the voyage. They insist upon cooking their own victuals, lest some foreign dirt get into it. They are very particular what dirt they eat, these Hindus.

Mohammed Khan, who is an immigrant of long standing, is making trips down to the boat at intervals and taking off his compatriots in detachments as he finds work and lodgings for them. Yesterday he placed a large number. This morning he got another dozen into remunerative positions, and this afternoon he proposes to put forty of them where they can get the wherewithal to feed. And to-morrow----

### **THEY NEED BATHS.**

"There will be work for more of my people in your big railroads and your sawmills. But they are dirty," he says with infinite disgust. "They do not know how to live in your houses. They do not know how to take a bath. They have no nice clothes to wear like your white people. And some of them are sick. I wish some person would publish it wide across my land that my people cannot come here if they have not three suits of clothes and three pairs of boots, and six white shirts and a clean turban. And they should learn to take a bath. Ah, they are dirty!"

Mohammed Khan is right. They are very dirty. There is a thick, heavy odor flowing shoreward from the afterdeck of the Empress, and those who know say it will continue to flow until the steerage is swabbed out with chloride of lime.

### **Others Yet to Come.**

Mohammed Khan, however, is sanguine. He says he will soon have them all at work. Moreover, he will have them all take correspondence-school courses in the art of taking a bath.

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In the meantime the hundred odd on the boat are looking shoreward talking to more fortunate countrymen who have succeeded in landing, and patiently waiting for the time when they will be able to come down to the wharf and sympathize with Hindu immigrants yet to come.