

Additional laborers were to be brought here during the next five years. These are extremely important facts; they are not only important in themselves, important as proving the importation of Japanese labor, but as indicating the dimensions which that traffic might have attained had not public attention been directed to it, as a consequence of the disturbances in this city in September last. If a single company such as the Canadian-Nippon could bring in and distribute fourteen hundred laborers, we may rest assured that such a lucrative field would not be left entirely to one business concern. And we have every reason for presuming that other companies were as actively, though perhaps not so extensively engaged, as the Canadian-Nippon Company. The rewards were too great for the traffic to be confined to one company of operators. We are not in a position, therefore, to say, how many Japanese laborers have been brought over during the past year, under arrangement with corporations doing business in British Columbia, but the presumption is not unfair that they have been in excess of two thousand. Nor is it an unfair deduction to draw that had the traffic gone on unchecked, it would have increased and we should have discovered in a few years that we actually had a Japanese population which made it impossible for white labor to exist in this province. With the amount of railway construction in prospect during the next seven years, and with the many other enterprises existing and about to be launched, all of which naturally will seek the cheapest labor obtainable there would have been a large and increasing field for the operation of these importing agencies. Let us, however, confine our attention to the facts which were brought out in Mr. Gotoh's evidence. We find from that evidence that the company which he represented and of which he was manager, had contracts with two large corporations: a coal company, doing an immense business not only in British Columbia, but in the United States, and a railway company; and that these contracts called for the supply of labor as it was required. During the period for which the contracts ran, had there been no interference with their operation, five thousand or six thousand men might have been demanded. We know, at any rate, that during the past year fourteen hundred men were required and were supplied. One of these companies was the Wellington Colliery Company, of which Hon. James Dunsmuir, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, is the president, and in which he is the largest shareholder. We know from past experience that Mr. Dunsmuir is not averse to Oriental labor in his mines, but his signature attached to the contract with the Canadian-Nippon Company would almost lead us to the conclusion that his intention was to employ, for the future, more of this labor than he has employed in the past, that, in fact, he was disposed to employ it very largely to the exclusion of white labor. Now such a disposition, on the part of one occupying the prominent position Mr. Dunsmuir does in this province, is not commendable. But when we consider that it was Mr. Dunsmuir, who as Lieutenant-Governor of the province vetoed the bill for the limitation of the Japanese influx, we are confronted with a situation which, as far as he is concerned, is extremely unpleasant. We do not mean to suggest that Mr. Dunsmuir, the Lieutenant-Governor, annulled provincial legislation in order

turning to the public mind. Absolute confidence in the British Navy is an article of faith in all of us from our cradle. The British Navy is from England, first and only line of defence from invasion. It possesses the most splendid traditions, both in peace and war, of any service in the world. It had been a fond belief that the relations between its members of every degree were, still the same as those which had bound Nelson's captains together as a "band of brothers." The paragraphs in the newspapers administered a shock which was all the more painful because they appeared side by side with the buoyant and optimistic sentences contained in Sir John Fisher's Mansion House speech. Both Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, bear a well deserved reputation for very distinguished services to the State, and a feeling of sincere sorrow that they should be at such serious variance has permeated the whole of the navy, both forward and aft. Although the two Admirals referred to are the only ones concerned in the recent incident, it is an open secret that there is no love lost between either of them, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Fisher, whose exceedingly, autocratic control of the navy has frequently irritated not only these two Admirals, but a number of other officers. As a matter of fact, all three of them are exceedingly masterful men, and they appear to be as indisposed to recognize authority in anybody else, as three roosters in a farmyard. When Lord Charles Beresford, reprimanded Admiral Scott for his impertinent reply to an order, Scott is reported to have said that Beresford "never obeyed an order in his life. Freedom of speech has never been a characteristic of the British sailor; he has had from time immemorial license to grumble and 'grouse' and to proclaim to all and sundry that 'the navy is going to the devil.' It is a species of good-humored exaggeration which no one takes seriously. But we are confronted to-day with a far less excusable and a far more dangerous development. By opinions openly expressed in the presence of their juniors and subordinates, by speeches at public dinners, by pamphlets, by letters to the press signed or under a transparent pseudonym, the boasters of some of the most honored names in the navy have descended into the arena and have set on foot nothing short of a definite propaganda directed for and against institutions, and individuals. The mischief which this habit of publicly ventilating has done, and is doing, to the morale and to the discipline of the navy, is a serious matter. Ten years ago such an incident as that which we are now deploring would have been absolutely unthinkable. That degeneration should have spread so rapidly and so far, is a warning which we trust will be taken to heart in all quarters concerned. This "incontinence of tongue," if persisted in, must be fatal to the discipline as well as to the traditions of the navy. It is no consolation to us to learn that gallant Admirals are as great with the pen as with the sword, if that pen is invoked in stirring up a spirit of criticism which is not far removed from insubordination. What the Empire desires is that British naval officers of every rank shall be less reckless of speech and less ready to plunge into print, and to remember that their duty to that noble service of which they are ornaments can only be properly carried out by the strictest adherence in the spirit, as well as in the letter, to discipline.

Woman when he hesitated. "That it is going to rain." "It might. It certainly looks a little threatening. It might be going to snow, though. Will you excuse me a little?" The young man coughed. "Tell me why—what the other reasons are," he begged. "The reasons why don't think that you will marry." "There might be many reasons," replied the young woman, "but I'm sure I won't unless somebody I like asks me." By Richard La Gallienne. This English writer has been already mentioned in this series. He belongs to the profession of letters and is the author of several volumes of prose and verse. The year grows still again, the surging Of full-sailed summer folds its furrows up. As after passing of an argosy, Old Silence settles back upon the sea, and ocean grows as placid as a cup. Spring, the young morn, and summer, the strong noon. Have dreamed and done and died for autumn's sake; Autumn that finds not for a loss so late a day. Solace in stock and garner hers too soon— Autumn, the faithful widow of the year. Autumn, a poet once so full of song, Wise in all rhymes of blossom and of bud. Hath lost the early magic of his tongue, And hath no passion in his falling blood. Hear ye no sound of sobbing in the air? 'Tis his. Low bending in a secret lane, Late blooms of second childhood in his hair. He tries old magic, like a dotard mage; Trides spell and spell, to weep and try again: Yet not a daisy hears, and everywhere The hedgerow rattles like an empty cage. He hath no pleasure in his alien skies, Nor delicate orders of the yellow land; Yea, dead, for all its gold, the woodland lies. And all the throats of music filled with woe and. Neither to him across the stubble field May stack nor garner any comfort bring. Who loveth more this jasmine he hath made. The little tender rhyme he yet can sing. Than yesterday with all its pompous yield, Or all its shaken laurels on his head. Teacher—Here in our copy books to-day we find the sentence: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Tommy Jones, do you know what that means? Tommy—Sure! Pa got a communication this mornin' from ma's dressmaker that made him swear. Wives of "squatters," or farmers in Australia are often left alone at the farmhouse, and are more or less subjected to danger in consequence. A traveler writes: "I know of a squatter's wife who was left to her own devices in this way while all the men of the station were mustering cattle—a business which on large open plains takes weeks to complete. One morning a party of natives arrived, and finding her alone, demanded food, threatening death if she failed to bring it. 'Oh, yes,' answered the lady, coolly, speaking in their own dialect, 'I'll feed you well, very well, now master away. You come along a kitchen. You sit down all the same white man. I got you budgerie tuckut (splendid food). In no time a score of blacks were squatting round the kitchen, while the lady produced all the food available. Then she fixed all the pots, kettles and bullies she could find and put them on to boil—for tea, as doubtless her guests thought—while they robbled and loitered, growing more and more uproarious. Presently the water boiled; and then my lady—her natural compassion slain by her desperate need—seized a quart pot in either hand and dashed the boiling water along each row of naked heads. This she did again and again, shrieking, 'I give you budgerie tuckut!' while the blacks yelled in pain and terror, tumbling over each other to get out of the house, screaming that she was no white woman at all but a diabolical devil. Neither could they ever be induced to return to that station, inhibited, as they were convinced, by a dangerous devil." When Benjamin wed Annie, oh! They both were kindly tied; It Bennie-fied him, you know, While she was Annie-mated. —Saturday Evening Post. Dialect Stories. According to an American editor, the following method of writing dialect stories cannot be improved on: "(1) Take some sheets of paper. Write a story on them. Any story will do. (2) Get your double barreled gun and load it with fine bird shot. (3) Pin your story against the wall, aim carefully, and knock off both barrels. (4) If you haven't knocked enough vowels out, repeat the operation."

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