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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1927

MAKING CANADIANS.

THAT care should be taken against the settlement in any part of Canada of persons who are in ill-health or have bad records, is admitted by all sensible Canadians. We need a population of healthy, honest and industrious men, women and children. But it is doubtful if persons should be debarred from coming to Canada or making their abode in this country simply because they belong to an alien race. True, experience has proved that the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English and other northern peoples are better fitted for successful life in this northern country than the Chinese, Japanese, East Indians and others who are different in race and come from warmer climates.

Yet the wisdom and Christianity of drawing a line and legislating to the end that they shall not be admitted, or admitted only in very small numbers, and when admitted that they shall be denied the privileges of the country enjoyed by others, only because they belong to a different race is to be doubted. We have good authority for the statement that all the natives of the earth are of one blood. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man is an accepted fact. A great writer has stated that "Nations are the citizens of humanity as individuals are the citizens of the nation"; and we are also told that "a nation is a thing that lives and acts like a man; and men are the particles of which it is composed." We sing with gusto: "The earth is the Lord's," and "all that dwell therein." Is it consistent with these accepted truths to deny to good men and women of other races the privilege of living in this part of the earth except in very small numbers; and to deny to those small numbers the privileges enjoyed by "the great majority" in this country? This is a question which broad-minded Canadians are asking. Professor Boggs, writing for the International Forum Review and referring to the Oriental people in Canada, asks: "Will these citizens of ours fit into our scheme of life and co-operate as we would wish them to do, if we continue to give them cause to nurse a rankling sense of injustice? If the presence in our midst of several thousand Canadian citizens of Oriental origin be deemed a grave mistake, can we hope to undo that mistake by continuing to deny them full citizenship privileges? On the contrary, is this action not likely to make the mistake more grave?"

Another writer remarks: "Now that our gates are to a very great extent closed against immigration from the Orient, the rights of those admitted and legally resident here ought to be recognized. Let us not forget that the responsibility for their presence with us rests upon our shoulders; and we have, therefore, obligations towards them that we cannot honorably repudiate."

Americans in the West are, it is true, hostile to the Orientals resident there. But the conduct of the United States Government has not always been in strict accord with the fine sentiments set forth in "the Declaration of Independence," and the example of the Western States in respect to the Orientals is of doubtful authority in view of the higher laws of "Equal Freedom" and "Christian Tolerance." At any rate the severe winter climate of Canada renders it unlikely that men and women born and bred in the tropics will, in large numbers, make of Canada a permanent place of residence. Consequently it is unlikely that the people of Canada will ever be, in large measure, interfered with by Orientals. At any rate, let those Orientals who come to live in Canada have fair play and justice in equality with the people who come from Great Britain and Europe.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

ACCORDING to our recent news despatches, a noted astronomer informs us that the sun may explode and that, if it does, the result will mean death to every living thing in the world.

That the result would be as stated no one will doubt for a moment. If the sun even became perceptibly smaller than it is, the result would be more than calamitous. It would so throw the whole solar system out of balance that nothing could ever again be as it is today; there would be a different movement of all the planets, such a different movement that our little solar system would have to begin all over again, and in the course of thousands, probably millions of years, acquire new adjustments and probably a new order of life, animal and plant.

How absurd such speculations are! We have a record covering some ten thousand years of authentic history, and the old machine has not deviated by a hair's breadth from its accustomed movements in all that time. The sun and the moon come into human sight at exactly the same minutes day after day, year after year. The tide rises and falls the same number of inches day after day and year after year without varying an inch except through an occasional disturbance which is easily accounted for. Planets move with unerring precision along the well defined orbits which they have traversed for thousands, perhaps millions of years, and our relation to the fixed stars outside of our little solar system has remained unmoved and immoveable throughout the ages.

What folly then to speculate on possibilities of universal catastrophe! Certainly something might happen. The slightest hitch in the great machine would send a wave of ocean around the earth which would destroy everything on it. But why speculate on it. There is little probability of a monkey-wrench being thrown into this wonderful machine whose movements, so unerringly guided, have been regarded with awe and reverence throughout countless ages. Let us look reverently at what has been and is rather than speculate idly, even if wisely, on what may be.

ANOTHER MILLION SAVED!

IT is announced from Ottawa that the Government has saved the country a million dollars in interest and maintenance on the Hudson's Bay Railway by selecting Churchill instead of Nelson as the terminal. This is something like the little boy's reasoning in his essay on Pins. He had been warned that pins, if swallowed, would cause death. The brilliant idea struck him that pins saved the lives of thousands. When asked by the teacher for an explanation, he answered promptly, "by not swallowing them."

Had the Government, instead of selecting Churchill, rejected both Nelson and Churchill they would have saved Canada many millions.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Only the balance of this week for the happy school children, then to work. May they all come back refreshed by their holidays and prepared for good, hard, honest work.

Harvest is now general throughout the province and the prospects are that there will be a good average all round crop. Haymaking and harvest overlapped somewhat, but neither of them seems to have suffered.

Looking backward over the summer which is now slowly merging into Autumn, the record will probably show more beautiful days and more rainy days than any summer in recent years. It might also be said of the weather that "when it was good it was very, very good, but when it was bad it was horrid."

Notes by the Way

THESE provinces by the sea have had no monopoly of moist cool weather during the past two months, although we have had enough of it to satisfy any reasonable demand. A New York paper intimates that residents of that city and its vicinity are wondering how a world deluge could be produced by a rain of forty days and forty nights. "The days of sunshine," it remarks, "since the first of June, have been so few that they stand out like islands in the sea. There was a time when the residents of the metropolis swarmed forth to the East and North during the month of August to escape the heat of the sultry city. This year they departed to escape cold and wet. The shops which vend summer wear have had far fewer customers than usual, but they have to some extent made up for this lack by the sale of umbrellas, rain coats and mufflers."

We are further told that the moving picture palaces after heavy investments in cooling devices, have had to turn off the costly chill and turn on the equally costly heat in order to lure any customers to attend. Not since early June have the roof gardens advertised their resorts as especially cool. Meanwhile the coal trucks are blocking New York streets as in the days of autumn and winter and this unusually early demand for fuel has led many to fear that there may be a coal shortage when winter really comes.

When Lord Willingdon came to Canada a few months ago, one of the places he first visited was Kingsley in Quebec Province. In this connection the Boston Transcript mentions that the comment of Peter Bruneau, proprietor of Kingsley's only hotel is pertinent. We quote it here:

"When hees train come in I walk down to station an' he see me an' he say good morning. He talk pretty good French an' I tell him good morning. He wants to know eef I leev round here an' I say 'Yes, feefty year.' He say you must be ver' proud to leev in such fine country, an' proud to be French Canadian. I tink," concluded Peter, "he know something. I tink he good man for Canada."

The Boston Transcript believes also that Peter Bruneau was right in his conclusion and that it is endorsed by the people of Canada. Moreover that usually well-informed journal forecasts that Lord Willingdon, the thirteenth Governor-General of the Dominion, will be the last to bear that title. This would be rather startling were it not for the explanation that the title is to be changed to the higher one of Viceroy and thus on par with the Viceroy of India. This, if it should come about, will be the result of the last Imperial Conference which decided that the future Governors-General of the Dominions would officially represent the King and not, as heretofore, represent the British Government.

That the official functions of the Governor-General have been changed and somewhat circumscribed and that Lord Willingdon has accepted the new order of things with the best possible grace is The Transcript's opinion. It also notes that Lord Willingdon as representative of His Majesty the King has shown a disposition to re-establish a degree of formality at Rideau Hall which had fallen into some disuse. Thus at the only levee that has been held at Rideau Hall the etiquette of dress was strictly prescribed. Windsor uniforms or military regalia were ordered for those entitled to wear them and formal morning dress for all others.

The police reports in Great Britain show a steady decrease in drunkenness during the past few years. Lord Askwith, who is recognized as an authority, is quoted as saying that "justices are inclined to attribute this improvement mainly to the temperate habits of the people. The wave of soberness has advanced nowhere more rapidly than in Wales, and there are many wide areas in both England and Wales where no case of drunkenness has come under the notice of a vigilant police for years." The British method of emancipation from the drink evil seems to be quite as effectual as the American plan of prohibition and, apart from legal regulations, education and common sense are teaching all civilized peoples the virtue of sobriety.

Lady Astor was the first woman to be elected to the British Parliament and has been a somewhat conspicuous member of that great assembly. But now it is reported that a most determined effort will be made to compass her defeat at the next election. She sits for the Sutton division of Plymouth. Not only have the Liberal and Labor parties there nominated candidates for that division, but the Imperial Conservative Association has announced that they have secured a powerful candidate to oppose Lady Astor. She has held the seat since 1919.

Surely the great swimming Marathon at Toronto resulted in a surprise to the aquatic sportsmen of Canada as well as others. We had been justly proud of George Young's famous victory at Catalina some months ago, but he failed on his home water at Toronto. And to think that Vierkoetter should lead all his many competitors by two miles——well, he can swim all right. And he has fairly won the big prize of $50,000 by a few hours' exertion in the water. A Frenchman was second, although far behind the German. These men of the Old World beat all competitors from America, too—something altogether unexpected.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D

KEEP MOVING

Whilst a long parade was in progress in a large city, a parade that took nearly two hours to pass a given point, it was noted that one of the spectators at the road side was constantly raising his body on his toes, first on the right, then on the left, then on both.

Sometimes when he got a little more room, he bent his knees in a half squatting position, and straightened up again.

These movements amused his neighbors, but he explained to those near him that he wanted to see the parade, and he might faint if he didn't keep his blood moving.

What about this matter of standing in the one position for any length of time?

Any military man will tell you that if a number of men are standing at "attention" for a long period, that some will faint and drop to the ground.

It is for this reason that a watchful officer when the inspecting officer is not near at hand, will give the command "stand at ease," or "stand easy," the men will relax their bodies, and shift about on their feet.

What happens when we stand too long in the one position?

Dr. A. H. Turner of Harvard has been able to show that the output of the heart is largest when the individual is lying down, is somewhat less when sitting, and still less when standing on the feet.

Just think of that for a minute. Less blood being pumped when standing, that is standing quietly.

He points out that this accounts for the fainting of West Point Cadets at inspection, and the fainting of women whose clothes are being fitted.

What is the underlying cause?

In quiet standing the blood has to climb all the way back upwards to the heart.

If however the muscles of the legs could be exercised by raising on toes, squatting, or walking, the working of these muscles, would help to pump the blood upwards.

The whole point then is that while quiet standing is harder work than sitting or lying, nevertheless the inactivity of the muscles so interferes with the circulation, that the upper part of body and brain, do not get a sufficient quantity of purified blood.

The lesson is plain enough. You and I should "keep moving."

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

Sewing Hint

After threading the needle, tie a knot in the end of the thread that was last broken from the spool and the thread will not kink.

Match Economy

Keep a small tin box on the gas range to hold burnt matches. Use these burnt sticks to light other burners instead of using a fresh match every time.

Blood Stains

Soak over night in cold water. Then wash in soap and water, to which is added one teaspoonful of kerosene oil.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "Pair" is plural if preceded by a number, otherwise "pairs." "Three pair of stockings," "many pairs of stockings."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: calcimine. Pronounce kal-sim-in, a as in "at," first i as in "it," and last i as in "time," is preferred.

OFTEN MISSPELLED: wave (undulation), waive (to forego.)

SYNONYMS: repetition, iteration, reiteration, recurrence, succession, tautology.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: ECSTASY; excessive joy; exultation. "Her voice betrayed the ecstasy in her heart."

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

FRIDAY, SEPT. 2nd.

THE PATHFINDERS.

They have rest forever, the pathfinders—
They whose trails were the first furrows
And whose lives the first harvest.
The anchors are down in still waters,
And the sails furled in the harbours of Golconda.
The Seven Cities of Cibola have opened wide their gates,
Whose gold is the gold of eternity,
Cancelled not as in the fading of sunset
Nor in the farewell of the star of evening,
The pathfinders have peace forever,
Having found the ports of infinity.

Their bones rest in the dusk of cathedrals,
And are strewn in the villages of the prairie-dog.
The pine-needles of the sierra thatch their graves.
Hudson sleeps below the Northern lights
And Balboa near to the ocean he discovered.
Da Gama has weathered a stormier Cape
And Franklin won through to the Great Sea.
Fremont has gone from the Gabilan Hills
And Pizarro from the court of the Incas.
The footprints of Carson are vanished
No less than the smoke of De Soto's camp-fire,
And the foam-wake of Magellan.
The halberds of Coronado are rusted
And the shadow of Boone long gone from the war-trail of the Iroquois.
The cairns have crumbled;
The keels of Drake are sunken
And the five great emeralds of Cortez.

Peace to the dust of the conquerors,
Envoys to mystery
From Newfoundland to Singapore,
From the Peconics to Tasmania,
From the keys of Florida to the Alaskan tundras!
Peace to all who slept at the trail-ends,
From the blood of Marquette and Cartier
To the flown breath of Scott and Shackleton!
They that felt the arrows of obsidian
Have no more need of shield or helmet.
They that saw the smoke of strange altars on new heavens
Shall hear no more the conchs of the barbarian,
Nor the long trumpets of ivory,
Nor the throbbing of the war-drums.
Peace to all who lie famed or forgotten—
The last igloo built,
The last keel stranded.
Peace to the renowned few, to the innumerable unknown,
To the tomb of bronze and the grave in the desert!
They are hushed who dared Leviathan
And the dragons of Hesperia.
The frontiers of wonder are dissolved,
The purple kingdoms of the old mirage.
Leif Ericson sleeps, and the fire that was Columbus,
But Time has new Atlantics.
The stars they followed still go over;
Their voices are on the wind from the Northeast,
And their flags in the sunset.

—George Sterling.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

September 2, 1927

THE RIGHT APPROACH:—Let us come before God's presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms. Psalm 95:2.

PRAYER:—I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

THE YESTERYEARS

Where have they gone, the yesteryears,
With the dreams we used to know,
Golden memories of joys and tears,
From the days of long ago?

Youth swing high on the garden gate,
That knew not care in the flying hours,
Days unhampered by chain or weight,
In a world redolent of birds and flowers.

What has become of the glad refrains
We sang so gay in our barefoot days,
Through sunshine, shadows, or April rains,
Down the scented paths of our rose-strewn ways?

The vows we made in our carefree youth,
As we lingered there in the moon-drenched night,
Peer once again from the veil of truth,
And we thrill anew to an old delight.

The lilacs bloom as they did of yore,
In the cherished garden of memory,
And the roses twine round the garden door
As they did in the Summer of use-to-be.

But the years speed on in their eager way,
And swiftly the final milestone nears.
Where the Promise born, of a dawning day,
Is the old-time joys of the yesteryears.

—C. A. Remely.

Sample of Maritime Speeches

AT QUEBEC CONFERENCE, 1864

The speeches which have been published from time to time of the delegates to the Quebec Conference, 1864, have been confined for the most part to a few of the leaders of the respective parties, while many eloquent speeches of men from the different Provinces who were not called upon for want of time, were left to the mercy of the future. As stated many of them were gems of eloquence both as regards historical style and literary polish, and were deserving of a foremost place. We have one of those before us presently and must not fail to do it justice. It was delivered by a delegate McCully of Nova Scotia, and is reported in Prof. Harvey's Reprint as follows:—He responded to the toast to "Maritime Delegates."

"the toast was drunk with three times three cheers."

Band—Auld Lang Syne."

Hon. Mr. McCully of Nova Scotia. He said:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen—The reception that has been given to the delegates from the Lower Provinces, and the enthusiastic manner in which you have responded to the toast which has just been given, quite overwhelemed me. I was prepared to some extent for meeting a cordial reception in this part of Canada, and I must say that since we first set our feet on the shores of this noble Province we have been received with one continuous ovation; it has been one carnival from the beginning until now. Indeed, language fails me to express the emotion which at this moment inspires my bosom, and you will forgive me, therefore, if I should pass by various subjects which I might speak upon, in order to address myself briefly and move immediately to the important matters which has called us together in this future capital of Upper Canada. (Cheers) Gentlemen, we of the Maritime Provinces were engaged a short time ago, endeavoring to make such arrangements as would enlarge the sphere of our commercial operations, accomplish a legislative union, and secure future prosperity. We had learned that while commerce knew no bounds, and our sails whiten the shores of every sea, our merchants, entering into large commercial enterprises, were cramped in their energies, and our trade encumbered with hostile tariffs. While we were so engaged there tapped at our door one fine morning a delegation from Canada—seven of your most intelligent, active and enterprising statesmen whom we invited to seats in our councils. They gave us to understand that they had a more excellent way. We sat down listening to them day after day. First we had our friend from Lower Canada, Mr. Cartier, (cheers) who in a graphic manner gave us to understand that what was required to make a great nation was the Maritime element. "Canada," he said, possesses the territorial and the popular element but it requires the Maritime element (Cheers). He invited us gentlemen of the lower provinces to assist him and those who were with him is preparing a larger scheme than that in which we were engaged. Next followed your attorney-general, Hon. Mr. MacDonald (Loud cheers). In that pleasing, chaste and classic style for which he is distinguished, he spoke to us half a day on the subject of governments and governmental institutions. He enlarged on the failure of the institutions which had been adopted in the neighboring Republic and advocated a system which he contended would build up a great empire of these Provinces. Close upon him came Mr. Galt, mighty in finance, great in statistics, and word expert in political skill—cheers—he charmed us for another half day. Following close upon him came Hon. Mr. McGee—cheers—with his agricultural statics—laughter—and charming us once again. Last but not least, followed my honorable friend from Upper Canada, Mr. Brown—cheers—enlightening us and producing sensations so overwhelming that we almost forgot where we were—great cheering and laughter. I suppose you will hardly believe me when I tell you that the representatives of the Maritime Provinces, who had been cornered for the purpose of securing a particular constitution for themselves having heard your delegates adjourned with their work unfinished, rather, if I may perhaps coin a word unbegun—cheers. We adjourned to Nova Scotia and asked the gentlemen from Canada to come to see our Province. They had seen the fair little Island of Prince Edward;—we asked them to come and see the mines and minerals, the forests and fisheries of Nova Scotia. We first took them to Pictou, a great storehouse of the world's motive power and we asked them to take a trip down one of the shafts with us; but we found them gentlemen of opposite proclivities, aspiring upwards, and not one of them could be induced to descend to look at our coal. We next took them to Halifax and, while on the way, stopped the cars for half an hour to show them our gold mines. You would have been pleased to see how the eyes of Mr. Galt glistened as he gazed upon the precious metal—Great Laughter. Why, he said, there was a specific for all the commercial and financial crises that ever could befall the Confederation. Laughter. They were satisfied that Nova Scotia was a land that, after all, had some attractions about it. Cheers. Before parting from our guests we received an invitation to Canada and to Canada we came. They took us to Quebec, where they kept us for sixteen mortal days. Though they treated us well, they, however worked us well too. Cheers and laughter. We sat down to frame a constitution for this great Confederation—cheers. There we dug deep, and laid strong and broad foundations, as we hope, of an Empire, and it will be for you, hereafter, when the proper time comes to pass a fitting verdict upon our labors. Though circumstances render it impossible for me to give you more than you have seen already with regard to that constitution which we have been framing, I do trust that in all hopefulness that it will meet your approval. Deal kindly by it. It has been the work of men of some experience, and I am free to say it has been to a great extent with us a labor of love. Our dimensions have been characterized by the most friendly intercourse.

We have expended our best energies upon the scheme which we have wrought out, and when it comes to be unfolded to you, men of Canada, men of Toronto, I trust you will deal fairly with it. Let no savage hostile criticism attack it, until it has been ready weighed and duly considered. Cheers. And if after so weighing and considering it, you have anything to say against it, let it be in a spirit of moderation. Cheers. I ask it with the more confidence because as a member of the opposition of Nova Scotia, invited to take my share in this task, have been content that party feeling and party action should, for the moment be hushed and stilled in presence of so great a question. Cheers. And I ask it, too, of the members of the Governments of all the Provinces if they desire that the interprise should be successful, that there be no attempt to make out of it any local political capital. Hear, hear and cheers—loud and long.) Nothing in my opinion could be more fatal to the measure. Therefore, as we of the opposition have laid aside our feelings and prejudices to work out this scheme, then I say in all confidence, we have a right to expect of the governments of these provinces that they will cooperate with us, and so attempt to combine the sympathies of all the people of the provinces, in such a way as to secure from them for the measure that consideration from their hands which it merits. (He Mr. McCully enumerated part of the terms which we need not repeat—after which he concluded by returning the thanks of the Nova Scotia delegates who had, on the present occasion for the kindness shown; and when a federation of the Provinces was an accomplished fact, he, for one, should never envy the feelings of him who could not heartily and proudly exclaim—

"This is my own, my native land."

PRESS CONFERENCE PASSES RESOLUTIONS

GENEVA, Sept. 1.—A resolution was adopted by the International Press Conference yesterday insisting that all facilities should be granted to journalists in order to permit them to fulfil their task as purveyors of knowledge to the public more thoroughly and more rapidly. It carries a stipulation, however, that newspapermen want no favors which infringe the independence of the press or interfere with the freedom and judgment of writers.

Another resolution advocated collective travel tours of journalists in foreign countries, but urges that to avoid abuse the organization of such tours should be closely supervised. Still another decision was for the establishment or maintenance of university institutions for journalists, with the warning that such institutions should not constitute a means of influencing young journalists or giving them deliberately a definite political orientation.

Additional resolutions recommended scholarships for journalists in order to study conditions in foreign lands, and favored a system of issuance of international identity cards for journalists either by the League of Nations of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the country of which the writer is a citizen.

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The Land We Love

By Frank Yeigh

VANCOUVER'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Q. When did Vancouver's Birthday Celebration take place?

A. Vancouver's Birthday celebration was observed this year, on the occasion of its century anniversary. It was in July, 1827 that the Hudson's Bay Co., established Fort Langley as a trading post on the Fraser River, thus laying not only the foundations of British Columbia but of the Vancouver to be, and which was incorporated as a city in 1886 when the C. P. R. was built. The original population of 2000 has grown to 270,000 in greater Vancouver.

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