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For Sale by

G. W. HODGE

How the Doukhobors are Making Good in the West

(By Agnes C. Laut in the Financial Post.)

A pretty story is told of a recent Governor-General in Canada being shown through the village schools of North Winnipeg and requesting that instead of being conducted from grade to grade, the children should be divided according to race and seated in separate rooms, the Poles in one room, the Galicians in another, the Russian Hebrews in another, and so on. Dr. McIntyre, the superintendent, with his assistant, found the division almost an impossible task. When the little Poles were asked what they were, they answered proudly, "I am Canadian." When the little Russians were asked their nationality, they also answered: "Canadian." Likewise of the Galicians and Italians and Hebrews. Earl Grey was deeply touched, the school people, amused and gratified.

This did not seem to sustain the charge that the Slav races would not absorb into Canadian life and that the second generation were failing to become good Canadians. Yet when the Slavs came to Winnipeg twenty years ago, we did not like them. We did not like their cow-hide boots half-way to the waist. We did not like their shawls on the women's heads; and we did not like their failure to pick up our language in about six months and adopt our Canadian customs in a year. Ten years later (when I canoed down Saskatchewan river), I passed sections where not a word of English was being spoken among the settlers for three hundred miles; and that did not seem to bode well for Canadian nationalism. Yet when we broke camp at four in the morning, we heard the Doukhobors and Galicians out getting their self-binders in order for the warmer sunlight, that would dry the dew off the wheat, and where we could see over the tops of the river bank, far as eye could reach were fields of golden wheat—raw lands converted into productive lands by the brains and brawn of the foreign settler.

On Red river and the Saskatchewan there are now spick and span houses and barns, and little towns of from a few hundreds to a thousand, where ten years ago lay raw unfenced prairie.

Much Misunderstood.

Probably no foreigner in Canada has come in for more abuse than the fanatically religious Doukhobor. His ignorance, his pilgrimages, his weird and (to us) foolish religious parades, his pilgrimages inherited from an age when our own ancestors took unctious to their souls from pilgrimages, his frantic desire to be martyred—all made him an easy mark for the cartoonist, the little Englander, the editorial critic. We might have a half dozen weak brains go off at half cock in a religious revival of our own; but if a Doukhobor persisted in refusing to bury his dead, or camped on town hall steps as Socialistic agitators have been known to do—it was heralded from one end of the land to the other, as the "crime of our immigration department in encouraging such people to come to Canada."

Yet what have they done, and are they doing for Canada? Leaving out of consideration the transformation of raw lands to wheat lands, of spots on the prairie to thriving little towns, come with me to one of the rough timber worked-out copper belts of British Columbia! I had been trying to buy some photographs of the Doukhobor settlements.

"We don't carry them," returned the bookstore clerk, testily.

"Why not?"

"We know them too well." The proprietor of the store came bustling in from his grocery store adjoining the book store.

"You don't mean to say you approve of Doukhobor settlers?" he charged. "Why, they don't buy 6c a day in our stores. They don't spend 6c a day on their living expenses."

A Thrifty People.

That didn't strike me as a particularly criminal thing in an era, when thrift was the cardinal need of the world.

"Still, they are clean and healthy, aren't they?" I asked.

"Yes, but how can white labor stand up against the competition of people who don't spend 6c a day on their food? How can storekeepers stand up against a community?"

There it was. The fat was out of the bag. The man was not thinking of what was good for Canada as a whole. He was thinking of what was

good for his own cash till; and he wasn't thinking very deeply at that. They had just blown out the last charge of dynamite in a petered out copper vein in the big mine, that had created the town. The smelter was to be dismantled and moved with six or eight hundred of the workers and their families; and the town was wondering how much town would be left when the miners and smelter people moved out. Ten years ago, the rough timber land of this valley had not been worth \$1 an acre. It had been logged off under lease from the government. It was bought and home-steaded by Doukhobors.

I drove up through the fruit lands cleared by the Doukhobors near the town, which was being abandoned by the miners and had no possible future ahead of it, but the centre of a farming and fruit community. No white labor except Russian could be induced to tackle clearing this section. For ten miles the valley between the abandoned mountains lay like a garden. The orchards are now some seven years old and beginning to bear. They are clean cultured below and in some places irrigated. The big community houses are of brick, or freshly painted frame. Naturally, people who live from a community kitchen where the work is done at no cost and the food is all raised on the farm can live at a less cost than people where each individual family has an individual kitchen and money is paid for labor in the kitchen as well as for all food bought at the store. The point that drove into my consciousness was—the Doukhobors had increased the value of these lands from \$1 to \$1,000, and if they had not converted this raw timber land into fruit orchards, this town would be in exactly the position of an adjoining mining town whose population dwindled to two when the smelters moved away.

SYDNEY MAN SHOT HIMSELF

Sydney, Jan. 1.—George A. Libbey, a widely known Sydney merchant who has been missing since Tuesday was found dead at noon today in a barn on Langan Road, with a bullet hole through his head, and a .38 revolver lying nearby. The Police express the opinion that Libbey shot himself in a fit of despondency.

Last Monday the general store of George A. Libbey and son, Victoria Road was destroyed by fire with a loss of \$25,000 fairly well covered by insurance. Shortly afterward Mr. Libbey expressed the conviction that the fire had been set by burglars to cover their work.

On Tuesday he disappeared and numerous search parties were unable to locate him although a substantial reward was offered by his son. Meanwhile the police had arrested Admiral Kilpatrick a colored man and Dan McNeil both charged with stealing goods from the Libbey store. At noon today Alex. McAuley, a young man chance to come upon the body in the old barn near the Marnell Farm on Langan Road, just outside the City limits. According to Police and medical authorities all the evidence points to suicide.

It is a curious coincidence that on Christmas Eve 1919 almost two years to a day Jimmy Marnell, an Italian was brutally murdered on the same spot, and his slayers were never discovered.

COFFEE SPONGE DELICIOUS.

One ounce of gelatine, three ounces of freshly ground coffee, one pint of cold milk, one quarter pound of sugar, one pint of boiling water, two eggs. Put the coffee into a warmed jug and pour the boiling water over, stir well, cover and leave for ten minutes. Soak the gelatine in a pint of cold milk. Beat the yolks of the eggs and whisk the whites. Strain the coffee into the basin containing the dissolved gelatine stir and strain into a saucepan. Simmer gently for a few minutes, but do not let the mixture boil. When cool add the sugar and beaten yolks, and put aside till it begins to set, then whisk in the frothed whites, beat vigorously for ten minutes. Turn into a wet mold and stand in a very cold place until required.

Lima Beane says the fellow who resolves to go along through the New Year about the same as he has been going will come near keeping his resolution.

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