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# "WHITE CANADA"

THE SLOGAN OF VANCOUVER WHICH CRIES  
REVOLT AGAINST THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

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The Street Front of a Japanese Shop the Morning after the Riots

**C**ANADA, unlike the United States, is hopelessly divided against herself on the Oriental question. Vancouver, rioter and spokesman for the Pacific Coast, represents one extreme view; the Federal Government at Ottawa, with command of immigration affairs and a wholesome respect for Britain's imperial policy, the opposite view. For Vancouver, let every one know, with one-seventh of her population yellow, cares not a fig for the fact that Britain and Japan are allies in the Far East. If Vancouver had her choice about it, England would have no friends at all east of the Suez Canal. It is a far cry for a city of any land to carry her troubles half-way around the world and back again, but Vancouver has had a riot, and, if you are to believe popular sentiment, fears not who knows about it.

Uncle Sam had, in many quarters, at least a show of sympathy for San Francisco, when the separate-school agitation there almost caused a rupture with Japan: but Vancouver is tilting practically alone against all the rest of Canada, in trying to exclude Asiatics. Eastern Canada looks with disgust on the disgraceful exhibitions of temper in Vancouver. Horrified, Ministers of the Crown demand to know by what right a western city, and a young one at that, should attempt to dictate the whole immigration policy of the Government. But Vancouver people, when the stranger asks for an explanation of the riot and the burning of the effigy of the Governor of British Columbia, merely take refuge in that time-worn but eminently practical excuse that if the excitement of the moment carried the crowd to fight and burn, it is a fine lesson for the Government, and if the destruction of a few thousand dollars' worth of plate glass will solve the question, the money will have been well expended.

Vancouver has been fighting the question at long range and passing resolutions to be sent to the Government for ten years: the

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riot, disgraceful as it undoubtedly was, became the smashing blow that brought the matter to the attention of the world. Three thousand people turned themselves loose upon the streets at ten o'clock at night. The crowd was the overflow of a meeting called to pass resolutions against the Japanese and the policy of the Government. The one official overt act—and a remarkable one it was—of the labor demonstration of the early evening, was the burning of Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir in effigy. This occurred on the pavement in front of the City Hall, a block from the police station, and under the noses of the entire police force of the city.

With the light of the burning figure of straw still reflecting against their backs, the mob started for Chinatown, which lay two blocks distant. A small boy, mischievous and unruly, threw a stone against a pane of glass. Instantly a Chinese, gesticulating and angry, appeared in the doorway and swore copiously in Chinese. He was the last Chinaman seen by the mob that evening. All the others got out of the way. The entire front of his store went in with one smash. The mob then cleaned up “Chinatown” from top to bottom, and from one end to the other. Nineteen out of every twenty plate-glass windows were smashed in with bricks and stones: the twentieth escaped simply by accident. Three thousand Chinamen were put to flight. The police force was openly defied. Whenever an officer laid hold of a man to arrest him, his comrades, by overpowering numbers, set him free, and the exciting work of the night continued. Two attempts to fire the district were made. The mob carried out its work with an eye single to its purpose, and did it thoroughly.

In “Japtown,” the pleasing work of the night was continued, but the subjects of the Mikado are fighters and they gave the mob the worst of it. Broken heads, and cuts from long Japanese knives, made their impression on the crowd. At daylight, the mob went home and to bed. Never since has there been the slightest indication of a riot. Citizens of Vancouver dislike to dwell on the story unduly; for, aside from the disgrace that usually attends a riot, this one is regarded as a rather successful means to an end. There are plenty of bigger questions to discuss now.

When four drunken teamsters broke in the front of a single Japanese restaurant in San Francisco, the Japanese government nearly turned upside down with an overheated desire to obtain diplomatic reparation and apologies, besides huge damages. No stone was left unturned to magnify the so-called “grave international complications” that might eventuate. They were hideous red glasses that Japan looked through when she turned her official gaze on San Francisco.

But she is going to pardon Vancouver. True, says Mr. Ishii, the special delegate of the Foreign Office of Japan, who happened to be in Vancouver at the time, the Japanese of Vancouver will present bills of damage incurred, but really this was but the work of a few rowdies and Britain is our ally and—well, we will forget all about last Saturday evening's little occurrence and let the whole matter drop. As soon as Consul-General Nosse, at Ottawa, could get a cable from Japan, he announced that His Imperial Highness, the Emperor, had decided to overlook the unpleasant little incident. All of which caused a sigh of disgust to go up from Vancouver. What is the use of having a riot if the governments will not sit up and take notice?

“White Canada!” is now the city's slogan. A gay ribbon, carrying these words, flutters in everybody's buttonhole. The labor-unions have taken it up and a month's notice has been given to every employer of Chinese and Japanese cooks and waiters in the city that all must be replaced by white labor, which will be furnished by the union.

The civic authorities are indirectly supporting the labor people. Three days after the riot nearly a thousand Hindus arrived by the steamer *Monteagle*. The Mayor wired to Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier pointedly asking that the government drill-hall be granted to house them at the government's expense, as Vancouver had no room for them. The Premier did not grant the request and the Hindus are now living in tents or the open air.

The unsophisticated Hindu—dirty and gaunt and with a roll of pagan dry-goods wrapped around his head, but still a British subject—is regarded with complacency alongside the Japanese. Five thousand of the latter—insolent and aggressive—live and trade and prosper in Vancouver. They are in every business, from brokerage to sawmilling and fishing and tailoring. Everywhere they compete in a finished style with every white man. A Chinaman's word in business is as good as the money in the national bank, but the Japanese is a slippery individual, who drives a hard bargain and never pays his debts if he can avoid it. In a few years he will be demanding the right to vote, and will insist on a share in the civic and provincial administration. But he does not assimilate and never will. His sons and daughters will never be Canadians. They will always, in reality, owe allegiance to the Mikado.

[Since the foregoing was written, despatches from Ottawa have announced that, after the most exciting debate on record in any Canadian labor meeting, the Dominion Labor Congress, in session at Winnipeg, called upon Premier Laurier to obtain the abrogation of the British-Japanese treaty within six months.—EDITOR.]