Sinclair Canyon on the Banff-Windermere Highway
# JOINT COUNCILS

**Imperial Oil Limited**

Elected and Selected Representatives for the Year

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## MARKETING DIVISIONS

### Calgary
- A. A. Young
- J. M. L. McTavish
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Edmonton
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Toronto (Providence St.)
- J. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Montreal
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Winnipeg
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### St. John, N.B.
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Quebec
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Ontario
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### British Columbia
- J. A. W. Wood
- A. A. McDonald
- W. B. Edwards
- D. B. McMillan
- W. B. McMillan

### Imperial Oil Review

**July, 1923**

**A Motor Road Through a Mountain Fairyland**

The Banff-Windermere Highway Transcends Canada's Greatest Scenic Wonders

For a dream vision with a multitude of business.

---Edwards, G. S.

OUT of the dreams of a few far-visions men have come the national parks and highways of this fair Dominion of Canada, and thus have been provided the playgrounds for a nation. But until this year the greatest scenic wonderland of the continent lay virtually unapproachable save by railway, and its varied beauties were available only to him who sat in a Pullman chair and viewed and envisaged from afar.

Now, as a result of years of effort and determination by a few who realized its import, there was opened the end of last month the Banff-Windermere Highway, a road which finds its way through what is perhaps the most impossibly vast and awe-inspiring portion of the Great Canadian Rockies, and which is characterized as the world's most spectacular motor route.

This map printed on another page traces the course of the road from Calgary westward through the national parks of Banff and Kootenay to Lake Louise, and thence on to Cranbrook. From this point it proceeds across the international border to Spokane and Portland, then to Vancouver, and from that city to Los Angeles, in the far-off sunny California.

The existence of such an international highway for motor traffic which conducts the tourist through the heart of the Canadian Rockies, where lie on every hand the greatest scenic wonders of the Dominion, and then through the best portions of Washington, Oregon, and California with their ever-changing vistas of mountain, forest, and plain.

There is indeed no more than the possibility by an entirely different route, from Los Angeles out through the desert to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, thence northward and through the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks on to Marleau and so to Calgary, thus taking in the other great natural wonders of the western half of the continent.

This grand 6,000-mile system of highways is known as the "Grand Circle Tour," and it adds a novel and romantic touch to the art of road engineering. The Banff-Windermere section is the connecting link, and its opening the end of last month promises to bring a vast tourist traffic.

In 1888 Sir James Hector, geologist to the Palliser Expedition visualized this road, but he could not, of course, foresee thousands of automobiles doing the 6,000-mile round trip in less time than it took him to traverse the mountains from the foothills to the mouth of the Kootenay River. Nor could he foresee that this marvellous scenery and wonderful region of grandeur and loveliness would one day be set aside for the common people as great public playgrounds where, also, wild life would be preserved. This road opens up a way through a wall of mountains separating the Prairies from the Rockies. The project was suggested by the action of the Government in 1911 and preliminary surveys undertaken, and Hector's observations were recalled at that time.

The Province of Alberta built the road from Calgary to the Banff National Park, and the Province of British Columbia its section from Windermere to the west side of the park. The connecting link was built by the Dominion Government. At the outbreak of the Great War the work was stopped, but commenced again in 1919. The agreement to locate the road for the road to be completed by January 1923.

The Province of British Columbia convoyed to the Dominion an area of 600 square miles of Crown lands and this block, known as the Banff National Park, is, perhaps, unsurpassed for scenic grandeur in the world. Nature has carved her own portal to the western entrance of this new highway and it is in keeping with the picturesque scene. This is the magnificent Gap at the start of the Sinclair Canyon. There is a narrow opening and the towering walls of rock several hundred feet in height, the tops of which almost meet over the road. Sinclair Creek flows parallel with the road but nearly 100 feet below, very narrow and deep making a deafening roar in its incredible narrowness.

There are mineral hot springs at several points notably Banff, Sinclair, Radburn and Fairmont. Further on there is a second magnificent natural portal, known as "Iron Gates," formed of splendid towers of red rock on either side of the
valley. There are several side trips, such as the 17 mile turn off to “Lake Louise,” the most beautiful of all lakes in the Rockies, and its almost equally wonderful neighbor, “Maligne Lake,” in the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

Banff, the headquarters of the National Park, and situated on the Bow River, is the show place of Canada. It is a charming little town, surrounded by high mountains, and has broad well-paved streets, large stores, hotels and garages. There is a fine golf course, hot sulphur baths and a magnificent hotel operated by the C.P.R., situated near the famous Bow Falls. The Government Fish Hatchery for stocking the streams of western Canada with fish is situated here.

In 1910 there was no accurate map of this mountainous region and no surveys had been made, but the construction men drew their supplies from the railroad, 73 miles away, and overcame the greatest difficulties aggravated by the considerable snowfall in winter. The road now stands carved from the virgin wilderness—many of the topographical features do not bear a name. History has scarcely touched this section of the mountains; for centuries the silence of the Vermilion and Kootenay Valleys was unbroken by the sound of a human voice. Then, some two or three hundred years ago, the Vermilion Pass probably became a route for Indians visiting from the Kootenay to the Bow.

In 1841 Sir George Simpson crossed the mountains by way of Simpson’s Pass and went on to the Sinclair, but till the visit of Hector there is no record of any white man travelling the Vermilion route, and the history of this section of the Rockies will be said to date from June 30, 1923.

From the eastern wall of the Rockies, the Columbia Valley there is a little more than 125 miles of National Park and every turn in the road is a surprise and glory. It is an enchanted world of magnificent mountain ranges, of an inexhaustible scale of immensity. The camera cannot do justice to the scene—only the eye can gather a sense of the height and vastness: the infinite serenity and majesty of the Canadian Rockies.

The endless ranges bow down into the distance as far as eye can see—the peaks rear their glorious bulk more than a mile into the radiant blue—the opulence of the sunshine and the shifting play of light and shade with its inexhaustible variation of color are a joy and a revelation.

Wild life is seen here in its own surroundings—deer, mountain sheep, bears, lynx—and in this sanctuary, freed from the haunting enmity of man, they are no longer afraid—their gracefulness and dignity can be seen and appreciated. These protected animals are no longer “feared as enemies, hated as rivals or needed as slaves”, as H. G. Wells so ably puts it.

Doubtless there will be motorists on the route whose ambition will be to do the 125 miles in less than a day, but what a criminal neglect of the wonders of the universe. There will be countless invitations to linger—gardens of mountain wild flowers, the song of concealed birds, or the sudden beauty of a vista, which starts to breathless wonder. There is no lack of impressiveness throughout the whole way. Peaks, torrents, trees, lakes, canyons and glaciers are on both sides, while birds and animals supply the touch of life and give variety to the scene.

Motorists, the continent over, have been waiting for the completion of this connecting link in the “Grand Circle Tour,” and one can readily visualize what an impetus will be given to tourist traffic in this portion of the Dominion. Already merchants are counting on a decided boost to business from the influx of touring visitors. Meanwhile, Imperial Oil, Limited, is in a splendid position to take care of gasoline and oil requirements of the multitude of cars which will invade the West, Carleton, Macleod, Calgary, Banff, Invermere and Cranbrook are all right on the line, besides we have numerous smaller agencies every few miles in Alberta, as shown on the map herewith. The Automobile Club of Calgary figures that ten thousand visiting cars will reach that city this summer—the result of this to Canadian business life may be left to the imagination. The opening of the new road is an event fraught with great consequences. More than all, it will demonstrate to the world that here in the Canadian far-west we have a scenic granadear which is not exceeded, and perhaps not seriously rivalled, by the far-famed beauties of the Swiss Alps, which for centuries have been the mountainous playground for a large part of the Old World.
Oil Development in the Flowery Empire

Japan Has Become a Consistent Producer of Petroleum. Modern Methods Adopted

Some one has said that the history of the petroleum industry runs almost line by line with the modern history of civilization, and while this may not be strictly accurate, it is undeniable that all the great powers of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries have spared no efforts to develop the production of crude oil, the magic substance which plays so important a part in the business world of today.

The island empire of Japan has made remarkable strides in the past fifty years, so much so that it is a truism to say that history provides no parallel for such outstanding material growth. It is only a comparatively short time since Mikado Meiji the rebuilder called his country—was as much a "Forbidden Land" to the foreigner as Thibet today. Now, however, as a result of the rapid adoption of Occidental civilizing ways, Japan is a very modern country. A few years ago her cities were crowded rabble warruns, with no pavements or conveniences—today the tourist is almost as much impressed with Japanese prospection as he is with the sacred mountain of Fuji Yama, and his interest in Shinto temple and Buddhist shrine gives way before his astonishment at finding in this Flowery land somewhat of a replica of an up-to-date portion of the Western World.

The history of petroleum in Japan is, like the rest of the early record of the islands, shrouded in darkness until comparatively recent years. It is known, however, that as far back as the year 668, oil had been discovered and utilized in the Province of Echigo. The investigaor, however, can add nothing to any development of an oil field till the nineteenth century, and, indeed, until the early "nineties" there was no petroleum industry worthy of the name.

It was in 1888 that Japan first inaugurated modern methods in conjunction with the obtaining and utilization of crude oil. In that year Western equipment and workmen were brought in by the Nippon Oil Company. The first well was a 1000-barrel producer at 1,000 feet, and this provided sufficient stimulus to the hard-headed Jap to lead to the development of an industry of considerable importance. The small well proved a forerunner of better production. The field was extended, and today the annual output of crude oil of the Empire is around 2,500,000 barrels.

The industry is pretty much in the hands of the Haden Petroleum Company, which practically controls over seventy per cent of the country's production, its best fields being at Higashiyama, Nishiyo and Nitai. (Concluded on page 15)

Romance and Color in Iquique

You get your first whiff of Iquique at about two thousand fathoms off shore! From that point forward, it is searching, pervading, continuous. Canadian and "United Slaters," who have been there forty years or more, say it was there when they came, though many admit that during the last ten years or so they have not noticed it so much. From which some rough estimate may be compiled of how long it takes the North American to grow accustomed to the South American smell.

But aside from the aroma, which is really not unique inasmuch as it prevails in all Latin-American towns, Iquique has many characteristics of intriguing interest and topaz-curry contradictoriness.

You web-footed folk of British Columbia, who regard with equanimity a fifteen-inch rainfall in the month of January, imagine, if you can, a country where it never rains; not this month nor last month, nor this year, nor any year—where it has never rained in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Where it has never rained in history.

You folk of the prairie provinces, whose vistas are filled to the horizon with brush grass and wild roses and waving fields of grain, visualize, if you can, a land where there is no vegetation. None whatever! Not a shrub, nor flower, nor speck of green; nothing but rounded mountains of crumbling slate, dusted and swept by the winds of aridity until their bases lie buried in aridness.

And you folk of Ontario, who build your summer houses on the borders of the Great Lakes, where you splash and swim and wade in water unsoiled by human footsteps, try to imagine a country where there is not a brook, stream, rivulet, lake or swamp! Where there is not an acre of fresh water in an area of thousands of square miles!

And you of the Maritimes, whose picture of a safe harbor is a land-locked pool barred from the ocean's sweep, with wharves and warehouses and cranes and all the equipments of modern commerce, try to realize your mental focus to see a shipping port that has never a dock nor steamer landing, and where ships land alongside a coast that is wide open to seven thousand miles of sea!

And to climax the antithesis, call this a world-important trading center, with an export of fabulous annual value; the desert a storehouse of unbelievable natural wealth—and that is Iquique.

One of the Nippon Oil Company's gasoline plants at Nishiyo.
gardens of irrigated plenty where millions must have lived through centuries of content. But
Pizarro found these docile aborigines supping from
streams of gold, and the devil's dance of rapacity
launched by his pinched hand knew no succener
until the iron civilization had been wrested by
plunder and Spain had been debauched to in
nocuousness by the harvest of gold ground out
of the innocents by predatory legions.
After that, for generations the salt plains lay
almost tenacious. Then came the nitrate dis
covery.
Iquique is the great nitrate port. The extent of
the nitrate deposits is uncertain. As the world's
demand increases, the output expands to meet it.

From Iquique to Pasqua, to the north, the
distance by sea is 58 miles. By rail, paralleling the
coast, but inside the coast range of hills, it is
90 miles. By road along this track and sidelines
are 100 properties producing nitrate.

Five hundred ships a year load at Iquique. The
annual output of the port is something like three
million tons and the average value on shipboard
something like $60.00 a ton. British, German,
French, Norwegian and American capital are all
represented. A stranger, speaking any language,
could find an interpreter within a block of the
landing, but two languages are almost uni
versal—Spanish and English. A glance at the
waterfront signs explains. Thus, one sees H.
Warson and Company; Buchanan Jones and
Company; Gibbs and Company; Macdonald and
Company; Harrington, Morrison and Company,
etc. These are the active people. The folk lan
guage is the language of Spain; the business
language is the language of Britain.

The city of Iquique nectles at the foot of the
dry hills on a tongue of sand that sticks out into
the ocean in crescent form. Ships moor at buoys
that bob about in the tides. The open sea glister
away to the north and west. Pelicans in millions
float and flutter about the city front. Lighters,
reminiscent of the Noah's Arks of our childhood
days, bear unwieldy freights of nitrate in 300
completed, opening up the nitrate region from
north to south. It is the new railroad to the Andes.

Oil is the fuel, both for the railway and for the
nitrate plants in the hills, where the raw ore is
treated by boiling out the nitrate, after which it
congeals and crystallizes to the appearance of salt.

The International Petroleum Company's oil sta
tion at Iquique is one of the big institutions of the
place. Through a pipe line laid to sea the crude is
delivered to immense tanks on shore and thence pumped to the top of the hill where it is delivered by rail to
nitrate plants in the valley beyond.

What is nitrate? Or rather, what is the
secret of its deposition? On this the scientists are
disagreed, so why hazard a layman's guess. But
it is found, invariably, on the sidehill on the edge
of the great salt plains just beyond the crest of the
range that parallels the coast, and a rough guess
would be that some chemical reaction induced by
the meeting of the vapor laden sephrys from the
sea with the dry atmosphere of the salt plains
precipitated it from the air in microscopic quantities which, through centuries, have built
up the deposits. The process is probably going
on even now. In Norway they are taking nitro
gen from the air by a process which appears to be
doing something similar in a synthetic way.

And the city itself? Well, Iquique is certainly
picturesque. Manifestly the townsite consists of
an old and a new section, just like New York or
Edmonton. In the old section the streets are
narrow, winding and apparently aimless, as below
Ninth Avenue on Manhattan Island. The new
section is composed of streets. The city has never had
a real estate boom. There are no scattered
subdivisions. It is built intact. It appears that
residential realty has no value. The next
man who wants to build goes beyond the last who
built, and then proceeds to erect. Street after
street of the residence districts are built with each
house adjoining the next. There are no yards—but
what is the use, for grass does not grow? Notwithstanding that the thermometer dances around 90 to 100 most of the year, the
houses look cool and comfortable. Superimposed
on nearly every flat roof is a roof-garden, open on all four sides and with a covering of
lumber or rushes. Not expecting any rain, these
are not necessarily weather proof. The pur
pose is to get shade and a breeze. The architect
ure in many cases is artistic and strikingly pret
ty, and the nearest for instance, is a triumph of
Moorsch art, both in its exterior and interior.

Automobiles are unknown. The usual convey
ance is a two-wheeled cart for which a dimunitive
donkey is the motive power. To the North
American the European is a scream. The street
railway in Iquique is donkey power. Cars do not
stop for passengers to get on or off. If you want a
desk trolley go on and on till you reach your destination, step off. It will never be going too fast. The con
ductor is a boy, ten or twelve years of age. If you
feel a little faint, wake him up. The system
belongs to the municipality. The water supply
is secured from a system of wells drilled away back
in the salt plains to catch the sub-surface trick
lings from the Andes water-shed. Water is always
scarce. It sells by the bucket and there are
members of the body politic to whom it appears
that the application of a ton or two would not
hurt much. A genuine sewage system could be
had for two or three miles and is a thing of
genuine beauty. The Chalet Suisse, the principal
restaurant, built on the rocks between high
and low tide, with an open air ocean-view dining
room and the waves dashing underneath, would
be a mint if located in any eastern city. The
racecourse would appeal to any visitor with a
dash of sporting blood. And the universal
goodness of the people of Iquique is so striking that one
just naturally surmises the invidiousness of any comparisons with peoples of
more northern climes.

An Imperial Oil Scion

The young hopeful pictured below mounted on
his more-or-less unruly steed is Lloyd James
Grueter, a son of Mr. James L. Grueter of
the Vander Veen Refineries. In forwarding his
photograph as an exhibit of what the balmy atmos
phere of the "Far West" will do, his father states
that the lad plans to succeed his paternal an
cestor in rolling oil barrels in the Imperial Oil
Limited, organization.

A man who dies, leaving his wife and family
without life insurance, doesn't die,—he merely absconds.

Never buy on credit unless the means of re
deeming the obligation are in sight.
Professor Stephen Leacock on Canada’s Needs

Text of an Address on “The Organization of Prosperity in Canada,” Given Before the Canadian Club of New York

Professor Stephen Leacock, the well-known Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, recently paid an address before the Canadian Club of New York, Inc., on several pages of the newspaper in the Dominion. The Review, although only an address, however printed a portion of the text, which has been transcribed here:

"In Canada we are today in a difficult and critical situation. I will not call it bad, but things are not altogether well. Our country, that used to be one of the cheapest places in the world in which to live, has become one of the dearest. We used to boast of the number of immigrants. Now the stream of immigration has been checked in response to the mistaken policy of the labor people and has dwindled to a trickle. Emigrants are going out at a far faster rate. We could not go on consuming, not those who go out, but if we accept the view of the United States Government and other places, at the present time people are leaving Canada faster than they are coming in. When you add to that the fact that we are burdened with a rate of taxation which almost seems to try the extreme of tolerance, and the fact that dividends have been cut off from every enterprise, you must realize that Canada is in a very critical position today."

"I am not talking about our assets. Assets are nothing without a wise public policy. The central trouble is that we have come to rely too much upon operations of government and too little upon operations of individual enterprises. We are looking on government as though it must be the support of the nation. We have been so infected with the collectivist ideas of our day that we have been cast upon the huge fortunes that used to fall to the organizers of industry. The people of the older world used to look upon it as the duty of the young man to look out for himself. He had to get his education for himself. Now it seems to me that the college and study seems to give a man a peculiar moral fiber that is not easily reproduced in these days of spoilt education."

"The best and firmest foundation of the education of Scotland was through the inspiring example of one individual boy. In generations past efforts of that sort were crowned with peculiar reward. In the past we were grateful for men like Strachan and Mount Stephen. We called them 'Empire-makers' and economic men. Now I am trying to explain what the nation-makers of today have all to do today to sit still and keep out of the political farce."

"It is times have changed, not the man. As to his money, the man he can do with it is to buy a Government bond and watch the Government waste his principal and tax the community to death to pay the interest."

Stephen Leacock

I do not mean to say that private gain is never extreme, that all millionaires are angels, and that concession companies are hands of patriots. But I do say that they represent the only basis on which it has yet proved possible to develop the assets of a country. We must let go of the treasuries of government activity. It is a blight which is spreading all over the world."

"We know in Canada that the moment government steps out of its proper field into productive enterprise, it fails absolutely and completely."

We are losing enough millions every year over our government railways to turn possible prosperity into hard times. In the old days, when we had only the Intercolonial Railway on our hands we looked upon it rather as a form of special philanthropy. We could afford it then. It was a pleasure to ride on an I.C. railcar, smoking cigars with the conductor. We had even a feeling of something like pride in the annual deficit it was able to present each year."

"That takes the case of that vast, midwestern and struggling creation called the Canadian National Railways. They go nowhere and lend nowhere. They are run fast, fast and foremost.

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on a political basis. They were conceived in draft and fashioned in ignorance. Sir Henry Thorsing is the author of this book. It will not be possible to remove the terrible deficit of the Canadian National Railways, as long as the Government and they are subjected to all forms of political control. This is the thing the workmen are fighting. Once the war is over, the Government may be admirable for defence or for collective emergency, but when it comes to ordinary Government and to economic production, Government management is nowhere. I am not talking about the efficiency of the Canadian Government. It inherited this problem from the Coalition, which took it from the Conservatives, who took it from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and so on back to the time of the Confederation. Here is no party battle, but a Canadian question.

"The only way to deal with it is to scrap the lot of it and be done. The deficit of the C.N.R. is the one to be tried out in the test of war. We have seen how soon at the Canadian Income Tax, that Income Tax which is supposed to be the equal of that of individual enterprise.

"The thing to do with the railways is to give them away. The Chinese are said to need rail- ways. Let them come and take them out. Or if the Chinese refuse to take them, close them up. Put a gate at each end and turn the cows in. It is whispered, I know, that six families have now settled along the Quebec to Winnipe- g and the whole of the National Railway System. If this rumor is true, these people represent a vested interest which cannot be disregarded. I propose that we raise them all to the peerage and give them a million dollars each on condition that they give up all rights to railway service—and we would be getting out of it cheap at that.

"The problem is the same case of the Hudson Bay Railway, which is almost completed, but earning nothing. The farmers are anxious that we build the railroad, that we spend money and complete the railway. In one sense it is a project that must appeal to every man in Canada. All our life history and romance are reflected in the idea of a sea route through the Northwest. And it is quite possible that the project might be enormously profitable. But in the present condition of things, the thing to do with the Hudson Bay Railway and any similar project of development is to offer it to the capital of the country or to some subsidiary company. Let us have a new Canadian Pacific Railway, a new railroad, a new road, for the use of men such as those who opened up the Northwest. Let them make a handsome fortune out of it, but do not put it at the mercy of the farmer's and politician's voice.

"Look at our assets. The basis of the Mackenzie Basin is the north of the forest resources of our country. We have a vast amount of undeveloped land that can be opened up. We can go into the country and open it up and take the risks involved as men civil servants of the Cana- dian Government. The method necessary for the further development of all our resources is the method of private enterprise. We must not be afraid to give the people the full telling of the story."

"The moment we embark on such a policy, capital will pour in from all over the world. The man with the land and the labor will find the money, and the more fortunate man. There is plenty of money hidden away from the financial centers and the banks. I believe the Soviet in the rocks of the French and behind the chinny pieces of the Scots. Lots of it. But I believe we have it. We have it and we are fighting it. We have got the opportunity and to some extent the brains. We have not got the capital. We must adopt a policy to draw capital from all over the world.

"With capital, we need men. There are floods of immigration that are not as yet doing the job. We have let down the bars. Some people are afraid that the immigrant will take away the job of the man already here. He will not. He brings a job with him. This is not so of Great Britain, because the latter assets are not there but it is true of us. We need more people and still more people.

"But for immigration in my opinion we have got to make an entire change of policy. In former times it was policy to draw up and down the immigrants. In the present system, the immi- grant, therefore, had to have money enough to pay his way. He had to cover the expense of building buildings. He must supply some sort of rudimentary machinery. Eventually, if he was strong and savings enough, he would turn into a prosperous farmer.

"At that point, not now. If we mean anything we want most are those who speak our own tongue and live under our own flag. They are the men who are today standing idle about the streets of Leeds and Birmingham, who have nothing, or nothing but men in service to our country, an honorable discharge, and unemployment. It is a mockery to say to such men, "You don't go to Canada." They have the money for it. They are not their fault that they are out of work, that their unemployment lies absolutely outside the control of the individual person. He cannot find the job. In England there are now one in three million men who are out of work. In Canada, this is the situation."

"What has been done with the great wealth made in our country? Is it not been used for selfish motives? Our forest parks are wonderful assets. Our farms are waiting to be developed. The money of the stockholders has not been used to develop these assets."

"No, we must today bring the immigrant out at our cost, and when he comes how to make him a farmer, for which he is not qualified, but a job. He can work for the Canadian companies of which he will grow and make individual self-suffi- ciency, if in seeking its own end it carries with it the proper reasons and the prosperity of the Domin- ion of Canada.

"It looks now as though our great North- west would be depleted and empty homes would stand. We must give our people the smiling homesteads we would like to buy the foundation stone of Canadian prosperity, if we could only bring him to—it him and his family to a happy home, and make him better. Children are the best immigrants, children are the one thing we are short of."

"I have heard of plans being formulated under the name of Empire Settlement, plans that the colonies and Great Britain pool their resources and go into combination together for the settlement and prosperity of the Empire. I regret that that kind of plan is no sooner pro- posed than some small, sneaking voice of jealousy is lifted against it saying Britain is trying to run Canada. We are nothing afraid of the interfer- ence of Britain. We need Britishers in Canada, not to be run by the Britishers.

"We have had enough of turning our country into a polygamy grain factory for the surplus population of all the hard-lucks of Europe. I do not say that I would shut such people out. But I would not aid them to come in. There are plenty of British people willing and anxious to come to us. But the way they would come, it will be our own."

"It is up to Canada to act. No use to sit and wait until the French have left the Valley of the Rhine. They never will—" I hope. I am pro- French in all my sympathies. No use to wait until the present war is over. It never will. Kick it and beat it as you like. It is only a war that will never stand. Yes, on its kind of legs. We need not wait till Mustang Kerna Pasha dies.

"We must get busy ourselves. We are a young country. We are a young community. We are in the making of the future. It is up to us to take the first steps of restoration policy. We must give the Canadianer the profits and the gain that will come to the individual man.

"What has been done with the great wealth made in our country? Has it not been used for selfish motives? Look at the Royal Victoria Hospital, a monument of princely generosity. Look at the halls of the university where I preach, the gifts of men who made money in Canada and were not unqualified by public obligations."

"We must get away from the tax collector, the long-haired reformer, and the Balschev, who sees the work of individual selfishness, if in seeking its own end it carries with it the proper reasons and the prosperity of the Domin- ion of Canada.

"The accompanying photograph of one of the "Farthest West!" service stations of Imperial Oil, Limited, located at Victoria, shows that it is possible to combine true beauty with utility. It is a simple but an effective en- courage—! when big corporations pay regard to the personal attributes of the man. With the heart of every man and woman a vast, unquenchable love for the beautiful in nature, in the fine articles of daily living. With this in mind, it is not difficult to appreciate and to understand that "The daily round of irritating concerns and duties" passes much more pleas- antly when one's surroundings are in good taste.
The Assiniboine on the Rampage

By G. Howdle, Salesman, Winnipeg Division.

T’l l have a usually well-behaved and quiet river grow turbulent with the spring flood, overflow its banks and invade a neighboring city—until warehouses and cellars are inundated with water and householders have to be rescued in canoes and rowboats—this is the recent unforgettable experience of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.

The accompanying photographs depict the flood at its crest, and the eye of the reader will grasp the significance of the event much more rapidly than the writer could express in words the havoc and damage which were brought about by the rising of the waters.

The streets were under water to a depth of at least four feet, and naturally there were many incidents, some thrilling and serious, others nothing more than mishap-provoking, which kept the inhabitants on the qui vive until the flood passed and the flood subsided.

One poor woman, confined to her bed through illness, was rescued by the two boys shown in the canoo in one of the pictures. She had been confined to her room on the ground floor of the house, and at the time of the rescue the water was just lapping the underside of the mattress on her bed. Her experience might have had serious results in view of her condition, but fortunately she did not suffer any bad effects from what must have been a thrilling event in her life.

An incident of a lighter vein was the finding and Rescuing of a woman, who was found sitting in a rocking chair, which was balanced on the top of a table. She held a cat in her lap and had a crayon in a cage in one hand, her feet meanwhile being comfortably supported on a footstool which also rested on the table. She was waiting patiently for help to arrive and was evidently sufficiently at ease to keep comfortable while she waited.

The most alarming part of the situation was the fact that the flood occurred at “three o’clock in the morning,” while we worked in the dark and hoped for daylight. As Wellington looked for “Night or Blanche” at Waterloo, there was no means of telling whether or not the waters would continue to rise.

Fortunately the inundation proceeded slowly, although around eight o’clock in the morning the water rose three inches in less than half an hour and at that time the situation looked very serious. But eleven o’clock found the high mark was reached, however, and from then on conditions began to improve.

One of the results of the flood was the deposit of silt left by the receding waters. At the Imperial Oil plant the basement floor was covered with a good inch of paint-like substance, which even now is not thoroughly dried up. Sluicing will not remove this and it appears necessary to

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Necessity for Accident Prevention

By G. L. Thompson, Toronto

DESPITE the favorable results of "Safety First" campaigns and of the many safety appliances installed, the executive heads of Imperial Oil, Limited, still find themselves appalled at the number of accidents which occur. The record for last year, for instance, is not one to be proud of from any standpoint. Think of it, in 1922 there were 761 accidents in our organization. The workmen, which 844 resulted in approximately 8,875 days lost time. How much pain and suffering must have been entailed, how much permanent injury, cannot be estimated, but the figures in themselves speak volumes and cry out that there should be warranted substantial improvement for the future.

According to competent authorities, no less than 75% of the accidents which occur in industrial plants and business offices could be entirely eliminated were proper care exercised at all times.

With this fact in mind, it is not too much to ask that all employees be on their guard to ensure that our casualty records are considerably reduced for the balance of this year.

We illustrate on this page a diagram showing the portion of the body where injuries were incurred as a result of these accidents. It will be noted that the bulk of injuries were to the eyes, no less than 31% of the total being to this part of the anatomy. The lesson to be drawn is, presumably, that goggles are not being worn to the extent they should be, and that they are being put on the cap instead of being properly placed on the face. It is noted that the use of goggles take these figures to heart, for, be it remembered "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The chart further shows that one-quarter of all injuries sustained were to the hands, 15% were to the feet and 10% to the legs.

The most common cause of injury was dust, consequent to some other foreign substance entering the eye. Falling tools and other objects, crushing of hands or fingers by falling, were among the leading causes of trouble. A little foresight would have prevented many accidents of this nature.

It is well for everyone to remember that the wife of a careless man is almost a widow and consequently has to play the role of a wife and mother. Safety and efficiency go hand in hand, provided always that the workman takes care of the hand.

At the present time, for instance, is not a holiday, a buffet dinner, a sump- tuous dinner, was well attended, and while the attendance attending the observance of the eighth anniversary of the Second Battle of Ypres was not at all times noticeable, the spirit of good cheer and fellowship was evident.

The menu card bore the historic comment of Field Marshal General French, contained in his official report on the engagement: "The Canadians saved the day," and not a few graphic reminiscences of the mighty struggle were expressed by those present.

The poster calling attention to the re-union was reproduced herewith.

The chair was taken by Mr. E. H. Wickham. The writer acted as toastmaster and the toast list was as follows:

3. "Our Lady of the Snows," by Comrade F. E. Howard, 43rd Battery, C.P.A.

The Assiniboine on the Rampage

(Continued from page 13)

Oil Development in the Flowery Empire

(Continued from page 6)

A glance at the map will show what comparatively little territory is embraced in the Empire of Japan, and the prospects for an extension of the purely Japanese oil territory is, therefore, not thought to be bright. Consequently, the petroleum interests and the authorities are looking far afield for new sources of production. Already concessions have been obtained and are being worked in Sakhalin, an island on the eastern coast of Siberia in the Okhotsk Sea, and others are now being exploited in certain potential oil fields in the Dutch East Indies.

The Government of Japan has established a special department to conduct an exhaustive investigation into the fuel oil possibilities within the Empire, as the authorities recognize that an island power must maintain an extensive navy, and consequently do not intend to be caught mapping with respect to continued fuel supplies in time of possible war.
Brandon on Top

By J. S. Thom

The Review has frequently published details of the exploits of various Imperial Oil Limited, teams in the realm of sport of all kinds. Herewith we pay homage to the football and hockey enthusiasts of the Brandon Division, who secured the championship of both leagues in that city during the past season.

Although readers of The Review have not heard much from the Brandon Division in the line of Sport for some considerable time, the various teams in the vicinity of the Wheat City of the West have been hearing from them almost too frequently, as can be judged from the brilliant achievements gained by them during the past football and hockey seasons.

The group photograph on the opposite page shows the Brandon Imperial Oil Limited, football team, winners of the City League cup for last year. This record, perhaps, the more remarkable when it is considered that this was the first occasion that the plant entered a team in the league.

It is usually found that it takes several seasons before a new eleven develops that spirit of cooperation and esprit de corps which enables them to hold a high place. However, in this instance, the boys worked together in fine spirit, and under the able leadership of F. H. Johnson (captain), F. J. Barton (vice-captain) and R. J. Jamieson (manager), they made a name for themselves right from the start.

The stamina of the team, both as a unit and as individuals, is clearly shown in the fact that they did not lose a single game of the twelve contests, nine were won by them, and the remainder were drawn. Can any other Imperial Oil Limited, football eleven equal this record?

For the present season the backers of the team are confidently anticipating further consistent victories and looking forward to their stalwarts again taking first place in the league.

Hockey Team Also On Top

The hockey team of the Brandon Division also made a name for itself last season, winning the championship of the Commercial League, with five wins, one draw and only one defeat. Their stick-handling ability, coupled with that “Go Get It” spirit, which was as much evident with them as with the football eleven, created much favourable comment in Western sporting circles.

What’s in a Name?

Everyone knows the difficulty which is experienced in deciphering some people’s signatures, but it is not often that one finds a real wealth of variety in the way outsiders spell the name of a town.

One of the officials at the Ioco plant happened to note a number of widely divergent methods adopted in addressing mail to that refinery, and made a collection of some of the most interesting. A few pertinent examples follow:

Ioco, Cancoiler, B.C.
Imperial Oil, Limited,
Tofte, B.C.
Imperial Oil Company,
Toca, B.C.

Imperial Oil Co., Limited,
Toca, B.C.
The Superintendent,
Toca, B.C.
Imperial Oil Limited,
Oilsme, B.C.
J. E. Nedryman,
1,000 Northway,
Ioco, B.C.
Imperial Oil Company,
Lula Island,
Ioco, B.C.

Another rather unique address was as follows:
Imperial Oil Limited,
Ioco, B.C.
United States, America.
"A wise man will make more opportunity than he finds."

—Bacon