

moment; two big "black-fish," one of the lesser whale, an animal that grows to about thirty-five feet in length, came, love-making, up the channel; down they would roll to bottom some fifty fathoms—up-up they would pop, and, oh, such a big POP it was too—making a tremendous eruption of water and foam and spray, and exhaust and big black bodies. Always when Fritz and I are "paddling our own canoe" we run her ashore out of the course of these great mammals, but O'poots

rapidly blew it up and brought it down on his palm with a resounding "thwack." In the recesses of the great silent forest the bag exploded with a really loud noise and the big cowardly beast shambled off as though we had a ten-pounder with us. We examined the torn trunk of the tree—craven-hearted brute that she was, she could have torn us to pieces quite easily if her timid nature had allowed her. I have photographed them as close as this, once while the bear was calmly seated on a



Victoria Peak and Avalanche Path, Vancouver

paddled on as if two minnows were disporting ahead. We saw the "Slick" where last they sounded about three hundred yards in front and instantly I saw the new one appearing dead ahead—the "slick" or smooth water shows both before and after the dive in currentless water with only small waves—with a quick twist of the paddle by O'poots, several frantic digs and draws by Fritz and I we drew our craft out of the immediate spot where the huge black back was coming up—on either side the immense animals rose and rolled—not more than a canoe length from port or starboard gunwales—I knew they dreaded touching anything for fear of tearing their delicate skin (this is as fine as paper but lies on a mass of blubber) slowly up-up-up! went the great flukes of the tails and down they cut through the water—swiftly, noiselessly, almost without a splash and left us breathless in the tossing circles of their rise. I secured one picture but I fear for the tossing boat and the flying water.

We camped that night at the foot of a little valley beneath a gigantic natural growth—the forest primeval, between fern and sallow, salmon and flannel berry it was almost impossible to force your way through the underbrush, finally we found a black bear's trail—you could tell it by the bones of the salmon it had caught and partly devoured at the ocean end. Did you ever see an old bear squatted on the rocks intently fishing—as silent and immovable seemingly, as the rocks themselves—along come the spawning salmon, tails and fins protruding, there is a quick flash of a black paw and the next thing that salmon knows it is gasping its life out thirty to fifty feet up the bank—epicure that he is, he throws out many fish but only eats the tiny hearts, the shoulders, the eyes and tid bits that please him. It was intensely interesting pursuing this path—the underbrush was higher than our heads and, of course we had no weapons, in fact, we rarely carry them—no oceanwards footmarks showed fresh, so the beast had not been down the trail that day at least. "Whoof, Whoof," sounded out as we came around a bend in the trail and there sat her ladyship tearing up the rotten heart of a hemlock to get out the little acid tasting ants that had made their home there. She growled again and raised her head—would she run away as usual or would she attack, a thing they have never done in our experience. I felt, rather than saw, Fritz kneel down behind me and fuss with something—when he rose beside me he had our big paper specimen bag, empty, in his hands, with fat cheeks puffed to the bursting he

fallen log, but today, or tonight, the light had failed as the sun was long behind the range so perforce we lost a good snap.

I want to show you the gigantic girth of some of the great Douglas Firs we have slept under (but the underbrush prevented me getting as excellent a picture as this. See the ineffectual axe in the young man's hands; methinks the tree is safe, it carried enough board measure to make a good ten-room house, barns, stable and fencing. I know of the tip of one of these trees towering almost 300 feet from the giant roots that held it. It is a truly remarkable sight to see a man and his wife on some lonely tiny clearing cross-cutting for firewood a tree of six to eight feet diameter, when they get down near the great base of the felled tree fire or blasting powder is the only hope, but it always seemed a shame to me to be obliged to cut these magnificent, clear, straight-grained trees into firewood when the lumber was worth \$15 per M. Alas! distance from rail or water caused this destruction—they alone, these giant trees, are dangerous to man of all things that live or move upon this huge island. During the great gale of '08 (I think it was) we were on the north end of the island where a remarkable growth of hemlock and fir and cedar stood. Right in the very midst of this belt some Icelandic fishermen had chosen a location. The fury of the storm increased from daylight until noon, lashing the sea into a perfect cauldron, throwing the spume of the surf onto our tent fully a mile inland along the fiord. The outer part of the forest began to go, giving warning to the settlers. The immense trees struck the earth and rocks with booming notes heard even above the gale. All night long the wind swept over us in its fury, sucking down even into the tiny sheltered valley we had carried the canoe and tent to, and time after time tearing the canvas from its holdings, leaving us uncovered in the blackness of the night. At daylight the wind fell, the glorious sun arose, the surf went down, all was as peaceful as if Nature was never subject to these violent rages. Alas! where was the clearing and the tiny cabins of the fishermen? Even with ladders it would have been impossible to get over some of the obstructions. The mighty trees were torn from their roots and hurled together and on top of one another into the most desperate tangle—imagine hundreds of trees, each over 200 feet long blown crisscross upon another over a space of several miles in length—luckily the hardy settlers had crouched all night long in the crevices of the shore gullies so no lives were lost; but the confusion was the most gigantic I have ever seen.

Love or Money

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert.

"AND are you really going to be married on Thursday, Monica? It seems too odd to be believed," exclaimed Monica's best girl friend as she glanced round the little bed-room which was crammed full of boxes and parcels, enshrining the trousseau which Monica, the bride of two days' time, had been showing to her, and to her two other chums.

"It seems only the other day," put in her second best girl friend, "that we heard the news that you were engaged to be married to Mr. Messenger."

"Well, it is only the other day," returned Monica with a half smile on her face. "I have only been engaged six weeks."

"I should have thought it would seem more like six years!" screamed Monica's third best girl friend, a candid young person of seventeen years, who had the reputation of always putting her foot into it, and saying the wrong thing.

She had said it now. For the bride-to-be turned aside abruptly, and the other girls frowned heavily at her, of the indiscreet tongue. Not that frowning at Frances ever had the slightest effect: she invariably rushed into the breach again, and made it far worse than before.

"I only mean that your's hasn't been like an ordinary engagement, has it?" she tried to explain. "I mean not an engagement where you are frightfully in love with the man, like Carrie and—"

Here Monica's second best girl friend tried to avert what was coming, by treading heavily on the speaker's toe.

"Oh keep your old golf boots to yourself, can't you?" remonstrated the younger girl. "I was just saying Monica, it isn't as if you are as much in love with young Mr. Messenger as Carrie is with Dick. You don't pretend to be, do you?"

"No," admitted Monica quietly; and the other two girls felt as if they could have slain their friend for her mention of Dick's name.

Everybody knew how much Dick and Monica had seen of each other last summer before Mr. Messenger's wealthy people had taken The Hall, that had stood empty so long. Monica's best girl friend intervened with what she thought was a word of consolation, "Well, anyhow, you will be off for your honeymoon

have exchanged for such a honeymoon with a bridegroom she wasn't considered to have chosen for herself. The young man who was going to marry Monica was, all the same, a bridegroom whom some maidens might have been glad enough to choose.

But these things go by favor, as they all knew. So none of her friends chose to discuss him or his good looks—for he was handsome enough!—or flattered the bride-to-be with compliments about his obvious devotion to her.

They had decided that his unwonted devotion must be merely "a worry to Monica." None of them teased her either about "what she saw in him," as is the wont of girls, with a popular engaged comrade. These girls considered that they knew only too well what Monica—and her family—"saw" in the wealthy retired shop-keeper.

"Well, you'll get accustomed to it in time," concluded the one who was always putting her foot in it, "and you'll feel as if you'd never been anybody but Mrs. Billy Messenger. I suppose you won't feel nervous in church on Thursday, Monica, will you?" Carrie trampled like a leaf the whole time, but I expect it was only with excitement and joy.

"And, of course you're having a much more 'sensible' kind of wedding so—"

"Oh, Frances!" muttered one of the others. "Do shut up."

"Why should she?" asked Monica, looking straight before her. "You know you're all thinking the same thing in your hearts. And if I were—if a girl is getting married for money, why should she mind hearing it said? Some people get married for one reason—here her little pale face grew tender, and her friends felt lumps in their throats, for they made up their minds she was thinking of Dick—"some for another."

"Well, Monica, I think the pink tulle frock alone is worth getting married for, myself," suggested the second best girl friend, scarlet in the face with her well meant effort to turn the conversation into a lighter vein. "I have enjoyed looking at your things so much!"

"So have I! And, oh, Monica, do tell me!" burst in the irrepressible one. "Who paid for the trousseau? Did he?"



Plunging Blackfish (Whale)

in two days' time, and it will be lovely to get out of all this hot weather, and be off to the beauties of good old Devonshire, with violets and things all over the place." She chattered on, "And all new clothes to wear, while we are ploughing through the wind in our old serges. Really, Monica, I do envy you!" "Do you?" echoed Monica with a trace of irony in her girlish voice, for she knew that not one of the girls there would

"I didn't know it was the custom for the bridegroom ever to do that," returned Monica with a proud lift of her little brown head.

"I paid for all the things myself, Frances, out of my own money."

"Oh, I see, I only wondered," explained Frances hastily. "I knew you have never been able to afford such pretty clothes and things before. You didn't mind my asking, did you?"