

Don't Give Up!

If you tired and have not won,
Never stop for crying
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying

Though young birds in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger,
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
Taller and prouder.

If by easy work you beat
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

—Phoebe Cary.

From Belleville to Vancouver.

MRS TEMPLETON DESCRIBES HER DELIGHTFUL VACATION TRIP TO THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Having spent the vacation with my brother, Mayor Templeton of Vancouver, B. C., I will endeavor to give the readers of the CANADIAN MITE a description of the delightful trip I had, and a little idea of the wonderful resources of this new country which is attracting so much attention at the present time. By the kind permission of the Superintendent I left a few days previous to the formal closing so as to be able to celebrate the Jubilee on the Pacific Coast. Accompanied by a friend, also en route for Vancouver, the G. T. R. was taken to Toronto early in the morning of June 12th, then C. P. R. to Owen Sound, where we boarded the commodious steamer "Alberta," bound for Fort William. The excellence of the table, comfort of the saloon, state-rooms and entire appointments of the boat, together with the courtesy of all connected therewith, rendered the trip up the lakes most enjoyable, and, as the weather was calm, none of the passengers paid tribute to Neptune, so ample justice was done to the viands prepared. Fort William was reached the morning of the 14th, and as we had to wait until 10 p. m. for the train there was plenty of time to view the place. The Kaministiquia River here enters Lake Superior and affords a fine harbor. Several very large grain elevators have been built and this place has grown rapidly the last few years, to the detriment of Port Arthur, the former terminus of the C. P. R. steamers. There is, consequently, a great jealousy between the two places, which are connected by an electric road on which we took a trip and called to see a former resident of Belleville, Mrs. Mitchell, who has a very pleasant home in Port Arthur. Nothing could be more cordial than the greeting we received and the hospitality extended us. From Fort William to Winnipeg the railway traverses a wild region, skirting many rivers and lakes, the principal one being Lake of the Woods, the largest body of water touched between Lake Superior and the Pacific. This lake is the water route to the new gold fields of the Rainy River district and is also the summer resort of Winnipeg. A fair view of Rat Portage is afforded from the train and we were astonished at the number of men around the station who had evidently come to seek their fortune and whose disconsolate mien forced home the old familiar saying, "Far off fields are green." Winnipeg was reached at 3.35 p. m. on Tuesday, where a stop of about an hour and a half was made. A pleasant chat was enjoyed with Principal and Mrs. McDermid, Mr. J. Cook, Dr. George Mathison who had preceded us here by a week, and several others who came down to wish us "Bon voyage." The heat had been oppressive all day but shortly after leaving Winnipeg the rain came down in torrents and the farther we went the heavier it became. We traversed the prairie the rest of that day and also the next and saw the promise of an abundant harvest which has been fully realized. At Regina, the capital of the North West Territories, the lieutenant governor's residence, offices and exhibition grounds were seen on the right and a little further on the head quarters of the Mounted Police. At Moose Jaw and Swift Current several squaws importuned the passengers to purchase buffalo horns, and at the latter place a great deal of amusement was afforded by a Kodak stand endeavoring to take a snap shot of the vendors. On awaking Thursday morning we found ourselves fairly in the mountains and at Canmore the observation car was attached. The rain had been so heavy at this place that the

streets resembled rivers and quite a delay was caused by water on the track but on being tried it was found to be sound as yet and we proceeded on our journey. Language fails to portray the sublime and terrible grandeur of the trip through the mountains. Tunnels and snow-slides are passed through in rapid succession and the numerous torrents pouring down the mountain gorges send a shudder through one as the idea of what a land or snow-slide must be, crosses the mind. On arriving at Revelstoke, where connection is made with the now famous Kootenay district, the corpses of four men who had been killed the day previous by a land slide at Illecilliwaet, (a great silver district) were taken off the train while a fifth was carried further on. Still we moved steadily onward through gorges and canyons, enormous cliffs, apparently closing together, often seeming to entirely block our way. On arriving at Hope the canyon widened out and a broad level valley with rich soil and heavy timber succeeded it. Finely cultivated fields were now to be seen and vegetation became very luxuriant as we neared the Pacific.

We arrived at Vancouver about 2 p. m. on June 18th, (there is a difference of three hours in the time) where our friends awaited us and we were accorded a hearty welcome. We also heard there had been a cloudburst at Canmore, washing away seven railway bridges and several miles of the track, and ours was the last through train for a week. Having taken this trip ten years ago the growth of the prairie and mountain towns surprised, but the change in Vancouver fairly staggered me. Situated on a peninsula with Burrard Inlet on one side and False Creek, an arm of English Bay, on the other, the Cascade Mountains across the inlet at the north, the mountains of Vancouver Island at the west, the Olympics at the southwest and Mount Baker (always covered with snow) visible on clear days at the southeast, a combination of scenery unsurpassed on the face of the earth lies before one. The population is about 20,000. The principal business streets are of asphalt. An abundant supply of pure water is provided from a mountain stream opposite by means of pipes laid under the inlet; a splendid system of sewerage has been laid down and wide alleys run between the streets. Stanley Park, said to be one of the finest natural parks in the world, is a magnificent public resort. A beautiful smooth road of about eight miles around is the Elysium of bicyclists and the drive of all tourists, while numerous paths intersecting the park afford a delightful ramble. Here many of the gigantic trees have escaped the ruthless axe and one hollow trunk is always visited which would easily afford shelter for a span of horses and a carriage. The timber, cedar and pine, is enormous and ferns growing on the moss covered trunks at a great height are to be seen all through the park. Fine recreation grounds have been cleared, also picnic grounds near the entrance and a band concert is given twice a week during the summer. The electric cars afford ample conveyance thither and are liberally patronized by all classes. The banks, schools and stores generally are of stone, brick and granite, but the dwelling-houses are nearly all of wood and quite American in style. Vegetation is very luxuriant and the maple leaf often measures about eighteen inches across. One revels in the flowers, particularly roses, and the honey-suckle and English ivy twine around almost every veranda and cover the fences. Steamers run from here to China, Japan, Australia and along the coast, consequently this is a very cosmopolitan city. One is particularly struck with the number of children and the rarity of old people to be seen here. There is a Chinese quarter to the city, many of whom are employed as servants but there is a growing feeling of hostility towards them as they do nothing to benefit the city but cheapen labor, and, as soon as possible, take their earnings back to China. English Bay is a great camping place during the summer months, being lined with tents and cottages and sea-bathing is much indulged in. Quite a number of people from Belleville reside here and nearly all seem to be doing well. Almost every one has invested in mines, and, of course, all hope to realize a fortune. Just now the Klondike is drawing public attention from Kootenay and other districts, and whilst these mines are yet in their infancy, they, in time, cannot fail to prove a great industry and wealth to

this fair country. Jubilee Day was celebrated in Victoria, which was reached by a delightful sail of about six hours. At noon on that day I was one of a party on board the British flag-ship, "Imperieuse" at Esquimaux when the Royal Salute of sixty guns was fired. There were four other British war-vessels in the harbor and also the American battleship, "Oregon." It was amusing to hear the comments of the British tars—"A good target" being often heard. The new Parliament buildings at Victoria are magnificent, and, illuminated at night, were the cynosure of all eyes. After three days of sight-seeing here, I was glad to return to Vancouver and take things quietly for a time. The next place visited was Seattle in Washington Territory—a city of about 60,000. It is a succession of terraced hills with Puget Sound on one side and Lake Washington on the other. Along this lake are several beautiful parks and on its water ply several pleasure steamers. There is an excellent system of cable-cars in the city similar to that of San Francisco. The Klondike fever had just broken out and, whilst here, nothing else was spoken of. The shop windows nearly all advertised Klondike outfits, the people congregated in groups on the street corners discussing Klondike and many policemen, clerks and others throw up their situations and rushed off to seek their fortunes. The throng and excitement on the wharf to see the steamer "Portland" off, on July 25th, was a sight never to be forgotten.

The week following, a trip was taken to Nanaimo, the great coal centre, situated on Vancouver Island, about seventy miles northeast of Victoria, and reached by a delightful sail of about three and a half hours—our eyes feasting all the way on the wild and rugged scenery of the coast. Here arrangements had been made for the visiting a coal mine and, accompanied by the manager and Mayor of the city (being first provided with water-proofs) we went down a shaft of 650 feet. Ladders were furnished us and we were then shown the mule stables where thirty-eight mules were kept for hauling the coal. There are electric cars through the mine and our party was seated in several which had been carpeted with straw and furnished with bags of straw for seats. We went about four miles in these cars, got out and walked to where the miners were at work and each dug a dusky diamond, then returned to the cars and, having gone under the harbor, came up the other shaft, 750 feet deep, on Protection Island. The current of air through the mine at times almost blew off our caps and was a mystery to us. We also visited the power-house and air shaft and saw the large fan which supplied the air to the mine. Then we took the steamer, "Mermaid" across the harbor to Nanaimo. Ten years ago an explosion took place in this mine and one hundred and fifty-two men (all who were in the mine) were killed. This place was the home of several who had returned from the Klondike laden with gold nuggets and the excitement was intense. About fifty men were leaving their families and rushing off to seek their fortune and nearly everybody in the town sat up all night (I with the others) to see them off on the steamer "Islander." It was a sight to see their little stores, (like those used in fishing-shaules), food, blankets and clothing—all packed, mostly in large canvas sacks, but looking no light burden to "pack" over the pass.

On returning from Nanaimo the salmon fishing was just in its height and going up the harbor the fish were seen leaping in all directions. This is a great time here and the Indians come down the coast hundreds of miles for it. The Chinese servants nearly all rush to work in the canneries and hundreds of fishing-boats are to be seen on the Fraser. The canneries are situated chiefly on Lulu Island, which is in the mouth of the Fraser River, and is perfectly level and the greatest stretch of agricultural land along the coast in British Columbia. There has been the greatest run of salmon this season for twenty five years and the canneries could not handle nearly all the fish caught, causing thousands to be thrown back into the river, dead salmon being seen floating in all directions as a consequence. The number of fish purchased from each boat was limited to one hundred so as to give all the fishermen a fair chance. One fisherman told me that he caught 210 fish in twenty minutes and that he had to throw about 1,100

back into the water, and it was estimated that about 100,000 salmon were turned to their element in one day. The men do not fish on Sunday, but to give the fish a chance to run the river, but at 6 p. m. the fishing starts out and is viewed by hundreds there being always an excursion during the afternoon to witness it. Several canneries were visited and the process of canning the fish carefully noted. Seveston on Lulu Island is the great packing centre, and consists principally of shacks of almost every description divided into rooms like pens, occupied by Chinese, Shwashes, Klutchas (squaws), etc., during the fishing season. Quite a number of booths selling necessary things are also here, but when the season, which lasts about six weeks closes, the whole place is vacated. Going up through the mountains to see the salmon in one shallow stream, numerous that one could have walked across on them. Two of our former pupils now live in Vancouver, Emma Evans, formerly of London, whose parents reside here, and Thomas Green, who is in poor health and in the city hospital. Both wished to be remembered to the Superintendent and all our friends at the Institution. An electric road of about twelve miles runs to New Westminster and affords one a good view of the far famed tall trees. This is a great fruit growing district, especially of berries, cherries, plums and pears. The summer in British Columbia is an ideal one and only draw to a close quickly.

August the 25th I had to adhere to my brother and family and started en route for home. Pleasant acquaintances were formed and the trip through the mountains enjoyed even more possible, than when going. At Revelstoke Dr. Robert Mathison, who is doing well here, was seen and greetings were exchanged. Crossing the prairie the wheat was all cut and stacked and everyone spoke of the grand harvest that had been. A week was spent very pleasantly at Winnipeg at the Deaf and Dumb Institution with our old friends, Principal and Mrs. McDermid. Three of our graduates are located in this city, Mr. Joseph Cook (one of the teachers in the Institution) and Mr. and Mrs. William Liddy (nee Miss L'Hercault) who have two lovely little boys. All spoke very gratefully of the care and instruction received at the Belleville Institution and wished to be remembered to old friends there. Quite a number of Belleville people are living here and all appear to be doing well. Dr. George Mathison seems quite at home and has a very fine office with every modern equipment—which is being well patronized. Winnipeg is a good sized place with a brisk business air but the scenery is very flat compared to the mountains and coast. The trip down the lakes was a delightful rest, and, a few days having been spent in Toronto with old friends, the train was boarded for home. It was hard to realize that three months had passed so quickly, but gratifying to return full of renewed health and vigor and ready for the resumption of work.

SARAH TEMPLETON.

A Curious Superstition.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians there was one most beautiful one: When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song; and then, loading it with carcases and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wing nor close its eye until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.—From October St. Nicholas

Zeal without knowledge is like haste to a man who is walking in the dark.—John Newton.

The story comes from Nova Scotia of a deaf man whose life was saved by his dog, which pushed him from the railway track in front of an on-coming train. A few more dogs of that breed would reduce the "back-walking" mortality among the deaf.

A certain worthy old gentleman was once speaking to a friend about his son. Said he, "When Jake was twenty years old, he knew twice as much as I did. When he was thirty, he knew as much. And I have hopes that, by the time he is forty-five, he will admit that the old man does know a little something after all."