

# HOMES SECURE AST THE BURGLAR

Primes. Have Caused  
Local Stocks of  
cks and Bolts

m Sunday's Daily.)  
a to make their homes  
security and safe-  
of burglars, score of Vic-  
holders have been letting  
in adding to their house-  
the precautions and safe-  
hardware dealers state  
the last week there has  
ar run on their stocks of  
and bolts. The sale of  
within the past few days,  
it for the previous several  
fact such has been the  
one merchant laughingly  
he could now almost tell  
stones after a look at some  
The man who would  
home from the crook has  
a look about him which  
The burglar who gets  
will have to be a sharp

styles and patterns of  
only ones wanted and in  
protect his property and,  
possibly his life, he  
takes the best. Window  
are also much in demand  
sity sold would seem to  
hereafter the demand  
ow will be decidedly con-  
its absence.

chew Firearms.  
er hand the average Vic-  
to be a peace-lover,  
le anxious to protect his  
person, is not prepared  
length of breaking the  
ew revolvers have been  
merchants dealing in such  
is true that several wea-  
sold, but the demand is  
ent than at other times.  
ears to have been a con-  
ning up of old weapons  
r shops have, the past  
lled upon to oil and re-  
ber of revolvers of the  
enty-five years ago which  
ght serve as a deterrent  
majority of burglars would  
their owners more harm  
ok should they be fired.  
ve also been in good de-  
persons apparently being  
of firearms but lacking  
ammunition. Everything  
of ammunition from the  
re and various sizes for  
been asked for.

l this preparation will  
ed is very doubtful but  
re are many who do not  
caught napping. Doubt-  
ll sleep more easily now  
a firearm in the house,  
who own it possess no  
its use. In the mean-  
a law against carrying  
h those who have pro-  
ves with guns, might do  
ber. A stiff fine can be  
se who, not possessing a  
t, carry concealed wea-

re-Kept Busy.  
are no doubt a consid-  
er of suspicious charac-  
ty despite the efforts of  
immigration department  
ny tough-looking individ-  
uen turned back at the  
used a landing, the ex-  
der is determined that  
cters must be located in  
s or her particular resi-  
dence. Telephone com-  
have been made to police  
who are sure suspicious  
e lurking about their  
ly surprising, and some  
s which have occurred  
the nervousness of the  
older, furnish the amus-  
otherwise serious situ-

noon of the burglary  
s home on Government  
residing nearby, on her  
ome about 5 o'clock, was  
robbery before she had  
sidence. Greatly alarmed  
constable who was pa-  
r, and insisted that he  
ed her home the blue-  
st search the house. It  
r the officer had made  
ere were no burglars in  
the lady mustered up  
to enter her own door,  
avenue near the house  
ries Freedman met his  
side two ladies lately  
They heard the constable  
experience of that night  
it was only when a  
of one of the ladies com-  
in the house that they  
nervous dread. For  
the gentleman slept on  
or but finally the know-  
constable had been as-  
district for patrol duty  
dist relieved the situ-  
watcher was allowed to  
own home and more  
quarters.

Gone, Thank You."  
t a telephone message  
by Jailer Allen. The  
man and apparently a  
ne. It was with diffi-  
culty the officer could understand  
the matter, but finally  
he words, "There were  
s men hanging around  
have gone now, thank  
phone at the other end  
was hung up. Where  
ere and who was speak-  
erie to the police off-  
however, very much de-  
w that the suspicious  
seen fit to take them-  
ever they were.

waier Tyse, owned by  
ord & Co., will leave  
esday, according to in-  
elved here yesterday,  
whaling station estab-  
at Admiralty Island, Alaska. Capt. Graham, a  
J. G. Cox of this city,  
mand of the ship Hen-  
take charge of the  
The Tyse, which was  
bran yards at Seattle, is  
el to the steam whalers  
Lawrence, both of which  
Christiana, Norway. She  
in the autumn of last  
unting from the Admir-  
ity, but took few  
ise being more of the  
extended trip. The  
opened on her arrival,  
cted she will commence  
ork as soon as weather

# Victoria City and the Island of Vancouver



IN the opinion of many who have made a close study of the subject, there is no point on Vancouver Island which is likely to assume ultimately a position of greater importance than Quatsino Sound. It is of course natural that those who have been far-seeing enough to secure property interests there should be prone to advance arguments tending to demonstrate that in that vicinity there will one day be established a large city, born of the recognition of its advantages by the transportation companies who will come to utilize it as a terminal point, but it must be said that the views of such are endorsed by the opinion of independent but nevertheless competent observers. He would be bold who would take the position that such hopeful expectations are not justified, in the face of the evidence that the solution of many transportation problems is now engaging the attention of several of the big railway companies who are turning their eyes towards Vancouver Island. But be that as it may, it will prove of general interest at this time to reproduce a very interesting article dealing with that section of the island which appears in the March number of the Western Field, from the pen of F. M. Kelly. It is as follows:

One becomes enamored of Quatsino, has no alternative. Outside of British Columbia, how many people have heard of it? But few. Of provincial residents, how many have visited it? Less than the few. Off the beaten track it is, yet only twelve dollars' worth of distance from Victoria. True, it takes three days to get there, but from the captain down the officials of the Tees, are splendid folk, and do their very best to make the trip enjoyable. For natural beauties the route is unexcelled, there being an ever-changing panorama from dawn till dark. Why, as the vessel emerges from Kyuquot Sound on a clear summer evening, it is alone worth the money to see the sun drop into the great ocean to the westward of Cape Cook, which looms lazily, a mass of soft blending colors, thirty miles away.

Early next morning you will wake up in Quatsino Sound, very likely at Winter Harbor. As the boat leaves her floating dock there, you will if wise get up, for the settlement is twenty miles away, and you are about to be borne along a waterway, destined at some future time to be a great factor in the commerce of the world. Just now you will see no evidence of any move being made to make it so, but it will appeal to you as a great possibility nevertheless, and you will ask yourself why it has been so long neglected. The navies of the world could, in truth, float on this vast sheltered sound, and yet you will not anywhere see the dirty white sail of a fishing boat, not even the rough-cut wing of a native canoe. The picture is as it was centuries ago, and so it is good to look upon.

On Quatsino Sound there are no awe-inspiring mountains covered with perpetual snow and ice, the hills are timbered from water's edge to their very summits, but you know that through the valleys between them wind silvery rivers, and that there must be almost virgin lakes behind them. These are where the trout have not as yet been wooed with an artificial lure, where the angler can pass a little time and be supremely happy. And as you stand there on the bridge of the steamer, with the wine of the morning air working through your veins, if you have but the smallest germs of the wild in your blood, they must gather strength and multiply rapidly, and you will crave for nothing else than to be miles away in the heart of the great woods. But the blood of the hunter, he who remembers many days spent where the wild things roam, how does it leap as his eyes take in the vista of the rolling hills? How will his heart beat when the black-tail goes crashing away from before him on the morrow, when the gaunt timber wolf lifts its voice to the black night, when he meets bruin front to front in the berry swamp or a little later by the salmon pool? And how, oh, how will that same heart of his jump when he comes on the wapiti bull, superb in its bearing, the most magnificent of our wild creatures, the monarch of our island forests.

Along the wooded ways we let our thoughts wander as the vessel plowed along. My friend and I grew to forget that a commercialism existed, and which would eventually reach out and change the work of nature. We almost wished that it could not be so, that the vast woods would be always for the people and that the denizens of the wild would ever have a sanctuary there. Our dreams were shattered when the siren shrieked its greeting to the folk of the settlement and bade us prepare to disembark.

Situated near the Narrows, on the northern shore of the sound, is the settlement, about twenty families. Nearby, in the Hecate Cove, is an Indian village, a remnant of a once strong tribe, now fast succumbing to the civilization of the white man. Possibly a hundred souls, white and red, dwell on the shores of Quatsino Sound, which, with its three arms, West, Rupert and Southeast, follows the broken line of the land for more than a hundred and thirty miles.

We followed this shore line by easy stages in a dug-out. When we grew tired of paddling we would make camp; when we grew

## A Description of the District Adjacent to Quatsino Sound, West Coast of Vancouver Island, and Its Attractions From a Sportsman's Standpoint

tired of the big water we would take several day excursions through the timber, often exploring some little river to its source, which would generally be a beautiful mountain lake, sparkling in a rich setting of many greens.

We found that the waters, salt and fresh, teemed with fish; that the forests sheltered much game. Often we beheld deer swimming in the water, and one day I counted no less than eighty of the pretty creatures on the south shore of the West Arm as we paddled by. It was no sport to shoot them, the killing was too easy, and we had plenty of provisions. Here is another incident, illustrating how numerous the deer are. We camped one night in a small deserted cabin on Limestone Island. It had been raining part of the day, and we were glad to reach such good shelter about four in the afternoon. We made a big fire, and by dusk were pretty well dried out. As we had been making considerable noise, splitting wood and so on, I did not expect to see anything out of the ordinary when I stepped outside the cabin door to see what the sky pro-

tide is an exciting experience. A great body of water pours between the limestone walls, and when running strong there are many whirlpools to watch. Many other things of interest there were, too. We learned the Indian story of the natural arch. Close by this arch is the site of an old village, which was wiped out in years past by a marauding tribe from the east coast. As the story of the arch goes, however, it seems that ages ago an attack by a hostile band was planned against the village. Having overheard the plottings of the would-be destroyers, a good spirit decided to warn the people of the village to be on the alert. From the mountains behind the head of the West Arm it flew, and rushing down with the wind did not stop to circle around the projecting stone, but went right through it, so great was its zeal to deliver the warning. Just in time, too, for shortly after the hostile warriors were seen approaching, but finding that their plans were known they abandoned the premeditated assault and paddled back from whence they came.

### THE FERTILE COWICHAN DISTRICT

Cowichan Valley, situated about 40 miles from Victoria, is one of the most beautiful and fertile spots on the American continent. Cowichan, including the districts of Comiaken, Quamichan, Somenos, Sahtlam, Seymour and Shawnigan, is a flourishing settlement.

The soil is of peculiar richness, being strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, with usually a depth of two to three feet and a subsoil of blue clay and gravel. The soil is suited to all kinds of crops, but is particularly adapted to fruit, which grows in great abundance and of excellent quality and flavor. The roads throughout the district are the best on Vancouver Island, where bad roads are almost unknown, thanks to the efforts of the local municipal council. Very little wheat is grown, the area under cultivation being too limited, but oats are a principal crop, yielding 60 bushels to the acre. Peas produce between 30 and 40 bushels per acre, potatoes from 400 to 600 bushels, hay from two to three tons. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, and small fruits give

and the trolling during this period is unsurpassed. Duck and grouse shooting also afford excellent sport in the fall of the year. The Cowichan Bay hotel, an up-to-date and first class hostelry, is situated on the shore of the bay, and visitors to this resort will find all conveniences at hand, such as fishing tackle, motor boats, sail, rowboats, etc.

Duncan is an English Western settlement, and is the leading town in the district. It is forty miles from Victoria. In the Cowichan Valley are some of the finest and best cultivated farms that exist in British Columbia. This city is beautifully and delightfully located. In the Cowichan Valley are some of the most exquisite scenes that man could desire, where amidst evergreen trees the placid and lazy waters of the pretty river flow down with glassy surface to the nearby ocean. Throughout the river's length abundant trout are found.

In this district is located the Mt. Sicker mining district, which is widely known for the Tyee mine, which has proven a successful mining property of copper carrying gold. Adjoining this claim is the Richard III., which is shipping ore to the Tyee smelter at Ladysmith, and is promising large profits to its shareholders. The Vancouver Island Development company is also operating in this district, and upon numerous other claims assessment work is being done. Coal in this vicinity is abundant.

Duncan is a lively and progressive place. During the past year considerable building has been going on, and in the year to come much is expected. The place is the court-holding centre of the district, and supports excellent graded schools. The newspaper of the valley is "The Cowichan Leader," edited and published by Martin Smith. To the publisher of this paper the writer is indebted for several of the attractive illustrations of the Cowichan valley.

The commodious and excellent hotels of the town are a source of pride to the citizens. The Quamichan hotel, a fine large structure with wide, capacious porch surrounding it and a homelike air within, makes it a pleasant place at which to stop.

The Alderlea hotel, situated on high ground, commands an excellent view of the town and surrounding country.

Duncan has a good waterworks system, and many of the farm houses in the district have water laid on from the numerous springs and creeks.

Somenos and Quamichan Lakes, lying one and two miles respectively from the town, are favorite resorts for trout fishers, while Cowichan Lake lies 22 miles distant, and can be reached by stage coach controlled by Mr. H. Keast, who operates one of the most up-to-date livery stables to be seen anywhere.

Crofton, situated on Osborne bay, about 40 miles north of Victoria, is the site of a large copper smelting plant, owned and operated by the Britannia Mining company. A narrow gauge railway connects the town with the Mount Sicker mines, and a stage line runs to Duncans. Crofton has two good hotels, and several general stores and other business establishments. Like all the towns along the line of the E. & N. railway, it is connected by telephone with Nanaimo and Victoria.

Chemainus, a good farming district, very heavily timbered, with soil and other conditions almost identical with Cowichan, is the seat of a great lumbering industry. The mill of the Victoria Lumbering & Manufacturing company, with a daily capacity of 500,000 feet of lumber, is situated here and, with the company's logging railway and lumber camps, gives employment to a large number of men. Chemainus has a well-equipped hospital and good hotels.

The beautiful and fertile district of Cowichan is situated on the southeast coast of Vancouver Island. It is connected by rail with Victoria and Nanaimo, being thirty-five miles from each city. The C. P. R. company have a daily train service, so that the district might soon become the suburban country residential part of Victoria and Nanaimo.

The railroad company run summer suburban trains daily to Shawnigan Lake, in this district. Cowichan has also a splendid sheltered bay or harbor, where steamers and other ships ply their trade.

The industries of Cowichan are agricultural, lumbering, mining, etc.—From booklet compiled by George A. Beattie.

Clive Phillips-Wolley, the famous author, tells the following story of an Englishman who took the job of "man" on the former's place—a pretty farm just outside Victoria.

"Can you milk?" asked the author, of the new man.

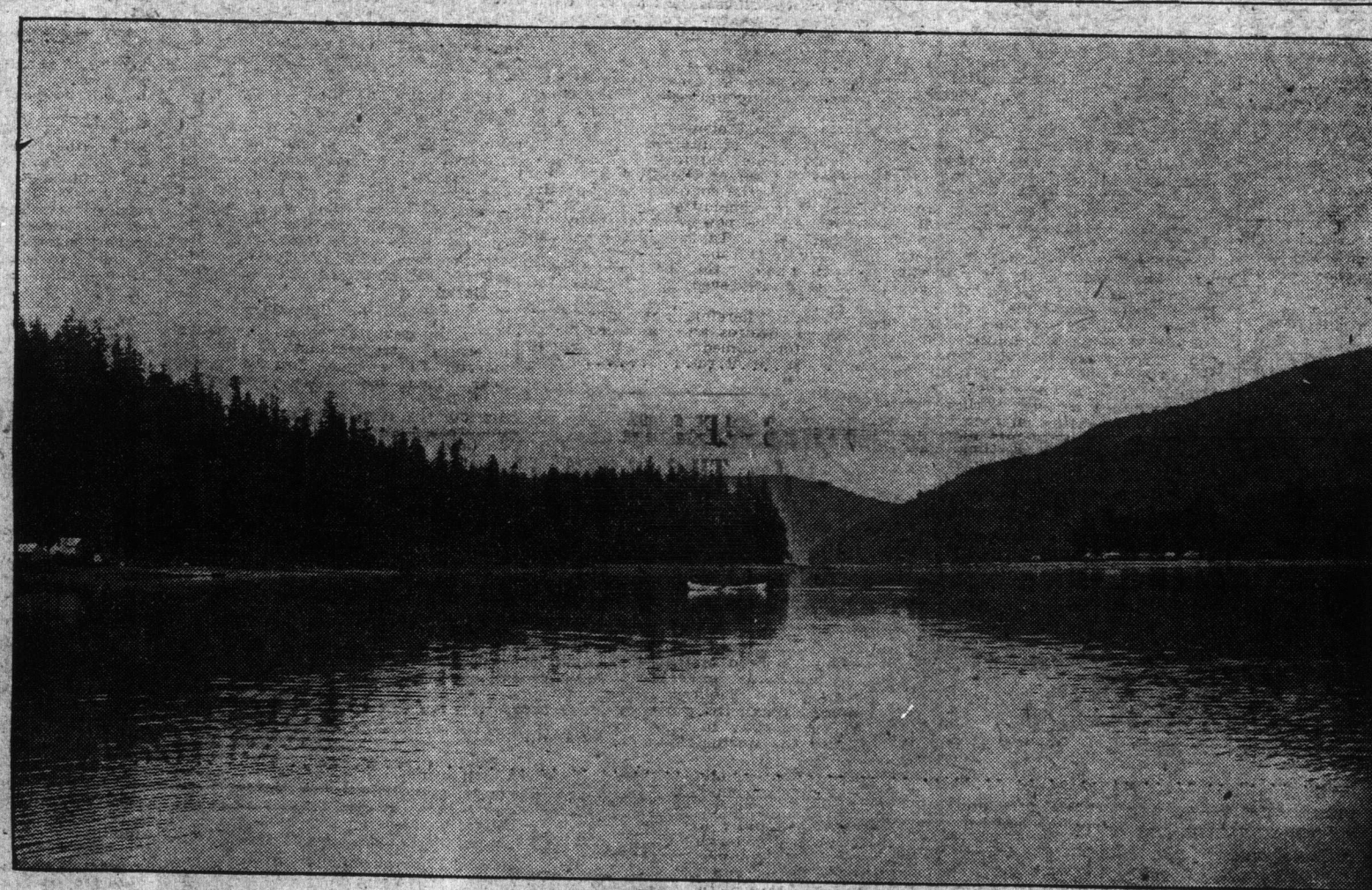
"Well, no; but I guess I can try," said the "hand."

"Here's the milking pail and the milking stool," said Mr. Wolley, "you'll find the cow in the paddock yonder."

A dreadful commotion outside brought the farm owner to the door, to see the "hired hand," pail and stool in hand, in hot chase of the cow in excited lead around the paddock.

"Hello there, what are you doing?" he shouted.

"I—I could milk her, all right," panted the perspiring "hand," giving up the chase, "but the—the darned cow won't sit down!"



A View on Quatsino Sound—Looking Down the Southeast Arm.

### A REMINISCENCE.

We have been much interested by Dr. Dobson's pioneer experiences, reported in the Colonist of Sunday, March 8, 1908, and would like to add that forty-eight years ago we landed at Esquimalt harbor, with Dr. Robson's fiancée, Miss Ellen Hall, whom we brought to Victoria to be married to him.

The Rev. Dr. T. Clarke was sent to start a Congregational mission here, and Miss Hall and his oldest daughter were cabin-mates on the voyage, which was full of interest to them. They surprised the good doctor last year by their vivid recollections of their experiences, after forty-seven years of separation, during which time the two ladies had lived their lives far away from each other, brought up children and grandchildren, mourned for those gone before and grown old; but at last met, and renewed their youth, with many a hearty laugh over that memorable voyage.

Esquimalt was a very primitive harbor in comparison with its present high degree of efficiency, and to reach Victoria we jolted over twelve miles of rough stony road in a many-seated stage, that left much to be desired in the way of springs. It was a hot day, and the dust rose in clouds through which we peered vainly, in the hope of meeting the Rev. Ebenezer Robson.

Mr. Clarke took his family to the Colonial hotel, looking just as it does in the Colonist of Sunday, and then took the young lady to the home of the Rev. Dr. Evans, where the next day the wedding was solemnized.

We cannot close without a tribute to Miss Hall's worth. Her sweet, faithful, quiet Christianity shone like a beacon through that long voyage, and brightened and influenced the ensuing years.

Her unselfish endurance of much that was trying will never be forgotten.

JOHN H. BERNARD.

A ride through Quatsino Narrows on the