

still stands where the signal man was once ensconced. The broad walk that leads from the "Imperieuse Gate" to the messroom is laid with discarded boiler pipes. The mess house is nearly a ruin. The spirit of destruction that dwells in the boy has caused the breaking of every window, the hacking of every bit of light woodwork. The heavy southeaster that sweeps this sand hook each winter has torn off the shingles. Some vandal has uprooted the tall flagstaff. But the main point of interest lies in the little graveyard that contains the bodies of the pets of the Navy Jacks. "Gone but not forgotten" was the favourite phrase that finished each inscription. Poor little bears and squirrels and goats and monkeys! Fritz with loving hands re-erected the tossed and broken headboards. These very inscriptions and rude boards tell of the loneliness of the human Jackie and the outcropping of that almost paternal spirit of love that makes us cherish the least of our pets.

It was a long row over to the first sand spit on Denman's Island. Here we had the good fortune to meet an itinerant artist photographer and under his guidance we had a good opportunity to learn the ground. The first spit, at the extreme end of the island, was patted into numerous smooth depressions by the daily visit from the herd of hair seals. The next spit bore a few coast Indians' fishing shacks, rude huts built almost without the aid of nails. The third and largest spit—Sandy Island—is the one with the broken-topped grove of red firs on it. Here we can see the terrific force of the projectiles, that after ripping their mark in the canvass and board target had decapitated and dismantled this grove as if it had been formed of

grass instead of the tallest, stoutest vegetable that grows on this continent.

Our kind guide showed us the eagles' nests in the uninjured trees; they must have been some-



The "Pets" Graveyard at Denman's Island.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

what alarmed when the screeching, whizzing projectiles swept in. The artist and a friend were out here one day in the autumn duck shooting. Above the mimic reports of some rival hunters' guns they heard a deep, loud bang that fairly shook the earth.

Knowing that a warship had arrived on the range they dropped instantly into a sand-furrow—too late had the six-inch shell been directly on their line, for they heard it tear through a fir-tree trunk and smash a huge boulder on the tide flats beyond. He says it was his first experience of actually being under fire. The big, grey warship fired all her secondary port battery—kicking up a tumult of sand and broken branch, shell and splintered rock; then she wheeled and pumped all her starboard shots right at the sandy island which so poorly sheltered them.

The scream of a nice new six or eight-inch within two thousand yards of the gun is nerve-wracking—boom, whizz, screech, bump and then a thousand whirrs. We had been industriously digging into the hollow until we were fairly well hidden, but no sooner did the grim-looking man-of-war circle for another battery than we scampered for the back of the island and crouched down behind the big sea-piled bank. Here the full force of the impact of the projectiles was visible. The great boulders went up in the air like fountain jets of rock and the shot bounded and ricocheted along the water, throwing up englinted streams whenever it encountered an incoming surf.

We wandered out to the edge of low tide, looking for, and finding, the broken-ended projectiles; some we found almost intact. We marvelled at the terrific force that had readily wrenched apart rocks as big as modern locomotives. Then the tide, mightier even than these engines of man, warned us to begone, and we went back past the targetless sand spits, past the deserted rifle ranges, wondering when Canada would recreate so mighty a fleet.



General Room—Camrose Canadian Club.



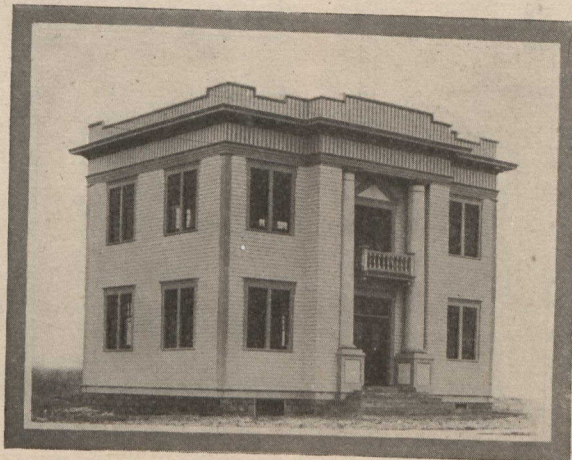
Billiard Room—Camrose Canadian Club.

## A Canadian Club Home

A CANADIAN CLUB with a home is unique. The Hamilton Canadian Club some fifteen years ago attempted to maintain permanent quarters, but after several years of experiment changed its plan. It is now merely an organised society, as are all the other large Canadian Clubs throughout the country. It seems strange that only one of the twenty-odd Canadian Clubs, with memberships ranging from 100 to 1,700, has permanent quarters. In Camrose, which is a new town in the Province of Alberta, the circumstances were exceptional. The town had no club and those who favoured a Canadian Club similar to those in other cities and those who desired a club owning a club-house were able to unite. The constitution contains the customary statement as to the aim of the club, viz., that it shall "foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and the resources of Canada," and it then adds "for the development of the social life among our members." The latter clause is unusual.

The club is open every day from noon to midnight. Every Friday evening the members have an address from some prominent man, a debate, a mock parliament, a musical evening or a smoker. Ladies have the privileges of the club every Wed-

nesday and are also invited to the Friday meetings. It will thus be seen that the club is the centre of the town's social activity.



Home of the Camrose Canadian Club.

Mr. F. Pike, of the Merchants Bank, is the first president of the club and is the person who has

been mainly responsible for its existence. He was chairman of the finance committee and bore the brunt of the building troubles. The lot on which the building is erected cost \$600; the building itself cost \$4,000, the billiard tables \$700 and the furniture \$800. To meet these expenditures, debentures to the extent of \$4,000 were issued and the remainder paid out of the current revenue. If the present rate of progress continues the club will have more than enough money on hand to meet the debentures when they are due.

The photographs which are published herewith give some idea of the style of the building and of its furnishings. Any person interested in the details of this unique experiment can get fuller information by writing to the secretary of the club.

Judging from the enthusiasm of the Camroseites the club has performed a most important function with manifest success. There is, therefore, no reason why a number of the newer towns throughout Canada should not emulate the example which Camrose has set in the Canadian Club world. The ordinary town club is apt to be a place where men go for pleasure and relaxation rather than for social and civic improvement. A Canadian Club with a double function may provide the amusement and the meeting place, and at the same time cater to the intellectual requirements of the better class of citizens. It may also be a rendezvous for the keener and more ambitious young men of the town who have no desire to spend all their spare moments in idle pleasures.