

Mr. Wells, of Chilliwack, informed me that when he first came to that place, a branch of the Fraser that he was obliged to ford was so filled with fish, at a certain season, that his horses could not put down their feet without stepping on them. This reference to the fisheries recalls an incident that occurred at New Westminster. I was honored by a call from the Hon. G. E. Foster, then Minister of Fisheries; he was up there on a professional tour, to see that the fish were properly protected. As we had always talked temperance in former days when we met, I ventured to broach the subject again, notwithstanding the great disparity in our positions, he at just about the head of the Government and I only a humble citizen.

I ventured to inquire when we would have a prohibitory law. His response was that there were serious obstacles in the way, that it was a question very difficult for legislators to handle. I referred to my recent visit to Chilliwack, and inquired if the whole country could not be put under Indian reserve law. That would answer our purpose admirably. "*What,*" responded the hon. gentleman, "*would you have Canadians turned into Indians?*" I replied, "Yes, better be Indians than drunkards." Adieu to British Columbia, one of the brightest gems in our Dominion.