

Gratitude

Russian War

tion—whose pet I was. I liked walk with her better than the other children, because she to press me against her skirt put her thin, hot hand on my But at twelve, after my first communion, the wretchedness began. Administration had put me out to apprenticeship at a chair-seater's of Faubourg St. Jacques. It's at all, you know—out of the to make one's living at it; proof of that is that usually the on could secure as apprentices on the poor wretches from the Blind school. There is where I began to live. The master and his wife were afterwards murdered—were miserably and the bread—you a bit cut off for you at each meal lay under lock and key at night the time. And in the evening, at der, you should have seen the is, in her frosty black cap, serv- out the soup to us and heating the every time she dipped the ladle the stream. The two other ap- strant from the Blind Asylum, a miserable than I; they got more than I, but, at least, they don't see the reproachful glare of old which she held out my plate me—and the worst was I already a huge appetite. Was it any of mine? I starved there as for three years—three years—you can learn the trade in a th, but the administration can't everything are being exploited and you are surprised to see me pick up out of the mud! Alas! I'm to it. I've picked many a crust of the garbage heaps, and when were too dry, I let them soak all in my wash bowl. Sometimes were finds, to be sure, half a bun from school boys' baskets—sed to hang around the schools on errands. And then when the rentlessness was over, there was the that, as I told you, doesn't halt its man. Oh, I tried other things, arant you I put my heart into work. I've been shop-boy, na boy, floor-pollisher—God knows! Bah! One day the work would out, the next I'd lose my place, short, I never ate my fill—thunder! tortures I've felt passing a bak- Luckily for me at such moments ways remembered the good side, the Hospice who so often told me to honest, and I thought I felt her hand on my forehead. Finally, eighteen, you know, as I the trooper gets barely en- Now—it's almost laughable— come alone and famished! You I wasn't lying just now when I you I'd always been hungry. The young duke was good-hearted, terrible confession, made by a w man, by a soldier whose uni- made him his equal, moved him ly. Fortunately, for his club- reputation for sang-froid, he threatened to dismiss them. "Jean or," he said, "if we both survive terrible war, we shall meet again, I hope to be of some use to you. For the present, as there is no for the outposts but the corporal, as my ration of bread is twice that of my appetite, you as comrade share with me. That's settled." he two men shook hands like old friends. As night was falling, and as the worn out by long hours and con- ern, where a dozen soldiers were g on straw; throwing themselves side by side, they sank into a ward midnight, Jean Victor awoke hungry, probably. The wind had put away the clouds, and a moon- in, slipping through a hole in the lay on the fair hair of the young e, slumbering like Endymion. Still come at his comrade's kindness, n Victor was gazing at him with admiration, when the sergeant end the door and called the five a whose turn it was to relieve the tins of the outpost. The duke among them, but he did not wake in his name was called. "Hardmont!" repeated the sergeant. If you've no objection, sergeant," Jean Victor, rising, "I'll take his ce; he is sleeping so well, and he's As you please." and when the five men were gone, snoring began again. Half an hour later, shots hasty and r at hand were heard. In a second my man was on his feet; the sol- left the tavern, stepping cau- cally, their fingers on their trig- s, peering down the road, white in moonlight. But what time is it? I was on duty ight," said the duke. Some one replied, "Jean Victor went your place." At this moment a soldier was seen ning down the road toward them. ell?" they asked him, when he halt- eadless. The Prussians are making an at- k; we are to fall back on the re- bit." And the other sentinels? They are coming—al except Jean tor." What?" cried the duke. A bullet, in the head. He didn't n groan. Toward two o'clock one night last er the duke left the club with his ghbor, the Comte de Sauness; he lost a few hundred louis, and had leache. If you have no objection, Andre, we if you home; the air will do me d." As you like, old fellow, but the ets are horrible." They ordered their coupes home- ed up their overcoat collars, and ed toward the Madeline. Sudden- the duke struck something and in the toe of his boot—a big piece bread, coated with mud. To his utter amazement, M. de ines saw the Duke de Hardmont e the piece of bread up, wipe it fully with his crested handkerchief lace it on one of the benches of boulevard. In the full glare of a et lamp, What in the world are you up to?" the count, laughing, "are you d?" It's in memory of a poor fellow who d for me," returned the duke in a shy shaken voice. "Don't laugh, re, if you want to oblige me." Un- lated for the San Francisco Ar- ant from the French of Franco's pes.

CHRIST CHURCH

its History and Progress—By Rev. Canon Beanlands

As early as the year 1837 the Hud- son's Bay company had provided for the religious needs of their employees on the Pacific coast, by securing the services of a chaplain. The Rev. Her- bert Beaver, whose name is sugges- tive of a sense of humour in the mem- ory of the council, which selected him, arrived upon the coast in the spring of 1837, and took up his residence in the fort at Vancouver on the Colum- bia. He brought with him the vol- um bound register books still in use at the cathedral. His life as chaplain does not seem, however, to have been a particularly happy one, as is said, on account of the partiality shown by the chief factor, McLaughlin, to his co-religionists, the Roman Catholics, to whom he gave a site for a church and mission, while insisting that the chaplain should be content with holding service in a room of the fort. After about two years the post was vacated, Mr. Beaver returning to England, where he appears to have taken clerical duty for some considerable time, but without obtain- ing any preferment. A successor was not appointed until the change of the Hudson's Bay headquarters to Victo- ria in 1849, when Mr. Robert John Staines, B.A., of Trinity Hall, Cam- bridge, was selected and came out in his wife, the same autumn. He remained as chaplain, conducting ser- vices in the fort until 1854, his wife at the same time holding a girls' school at which this early generation of Vic- toria's daughters received an excellent education. Returning to England in that year, Mr. Staines was crowded out after a short interval his place was supplied by Mr. Edward Cridge, B.A., of Peterhouse, Cambridge, a college which had also, the honor of educating the first chief justice of the colony, Sir Matthew Begby. Mr. Cridge, who was appointed by the Hud- son's Bay Co. on special terms, includ- ing a grant of 100 acres of land, which were subsequently repudiated by the first colonial legislature under hardly creditable circumstances, arrived in Victoria, as enlisted, you know, at that time only two internments had been made in the then new cemetery on Quadra street; Christ Church was yet unbuilt, the services still being conducted in the fort. But the new appointment was that of Colonial chaplain as well as to the Hud- son's Bay company, and it was as act- ing in this dual capacity that Mr. Cridge first signed his name in the register. The venerable Father in God, who still is able in his 80th year, to preach to his congrega- tion, and to play upon his favorite in- struments, the violin and the harp, was the first regularly appointed clergyman of the colony of Vancouver Island. A church was soon built upon the site of the cathedral, which it will be noticed stands partly upon the roadway of Burdett avenue. This is due to a curious circumstance generally known as the "Burdett Avenue Incident." The whole of Christ Hill from Douglas street to Vancouver and be- tween McClure street and Rae street was then reserved by the Hudson's Bay company as a church estate. When it came to making roads through this property the Bishop, who was then acting trustee of the estate, signed Burdett avenue as extending from Vancouver to Blenheim and in width 100 feet from his gate across. The street was therefore laid down and ap- propriated on these lines by the civic authorities, in ignorance of the fact that the Bishop's gate was some 20 feet to the north of the south wall of the church. In fact this mistake was not recognized until after the second cathedral had been erected on the ground of the first one, and the fence was put round the site, when purchas- ers of property upon the opposite side of the street complained of the con- traction of the roadway.

In 1859 British Columbia was con- stituted a diocese, and Bishop Hills, who had made a name for him- self as Vicar of Yarmouth, the largest parish church in England, was ap- pointed by the Crown to the See. He arrived in 1860 and chose Victoria as his seat, when Christ Church became his cathedral and the rector was made dean. In 1869 the old church was burned down, the work, as was sup- posed at the time, of some incendiary. An effort was made to replace it in brick, a fine design being obtained from an English architect, Mr. Perry, a friend of Bishop Hills. But times were bad and the population had de- creased after the gold excitement, so that the scheme proved impracticable. It was therefore decided to put up a frame building, and this was com- pleted and consecrated in 1874. Un- fortunately about this time relations became strained between the Bishop and the Dean. An opportunity present- ing itself in connection with some re- marks made by the latter, after the sermon preached at the consecration service, for the Bishop to cite him before his ecclesiastical court. A sen- tence of deprivation was pronounced, the legality of which was subsequently upheld by the civil authority. Dean Cridge, extruded from his benefice, joined the Reformed Episcopal church of America and was consecrated a Bishop of that church. For many years the church suffered from the conse- quences of this sad event, and it is only comparatively recently that it has been said that time has healed the wound. No other rector of the cathedral was instituted until the resignation of Bishop Hills in 1882, the services up to that time being taken by various clergymen with temporary appoint- ments, the Bishop himself being com- mitted, though erroneously, regard- ing as holding the benefice. The present incumbent, who had served eight years as curate, was instituted by the Bishop just before his resignation of the see and departure for England, where he spent the last years of his life as Vicar of Parham in Suffolk. In 1891 an attempt was made to erect a cathedral more worthy of the splendid site and after an open competition for designs, Sir Arthur Bloomfield, the em- inent English architect, chose that of Mr. J. C. M. Keith, now practising as an architect in Victoria. Although among his many merits this enjoyed the singular one of being able to be built for about the sum stipulated in the conditions. It was found impossible to raise the money (\$160,000) at the time, when after the boom of 1891 had be- come one of financial stringency. Nor have circumstances since justified a re- newal of the attempt. Outside Victoria the church is a poor one, requiring con-

Christ Church Cathedral—Its Early History, Expansion and Progress Up to the Present Day—Handsome Edifice Which Will Replace Present Structure

tinuous efforts on behalf of the city congregations to maintain its work. There are besides five other city churches, each self-supporting. The total Church of England membership is at the most about 4,500. Unless, therefore, some wealthy individual is moved to associate his name with the undertaking, it is to be feared that years must elapse before Christ Hill is crowned with the noble structure foreshadowed by Mr. Keith's design.

Meanwhile it must not be imagined that the congregation have been content to remain idle. Fairly a year has passed since the present in- cubent's appointment without some sub- stantial improvement to the interior having been effected. For these ef- forts may seem by the side of the great work which has still to be done, but they are at any rate an earnest of the desire which animates the congregation which in due time will meet with their fullest realization. The historic position of the church is even more striking than its physical. For regis- ters far antedating all the civil re- cords of the province, and a status de- rived not from any casual connection with the government, but from its ministering in the earliest days to all members of the community irrespective of their denominations, it is, and will remain, the Old Church of Victoria, representative of an order which is ever changing "giving place to new," yet which preserves within itself those ele- ments of permanence that make change possible without destruction.

WHY CITY CHARMS

Climatic Conditions Unsurpassed Anywhere in World

The most striking feature about Victoria, to the minds of a majority of the tourist visitors, is the remarkable evenness of the climate. People from the Prairie Provinces, Eastern Canada and the United States, say Victorians are living in a blessed land—no undue heat in summer, nor no severe cold in winter.

Year in, year out, Victoria enjoys an ideal climate. The mean annual tem- perature of Victoria is 48.3, that of the province, 45.3. The average rain and snowfall is 29.9 inches, from sta- tistics covering 32 years, while the province averages 40 per cent more, or 48.32 inches.

Contrasting the hours of bright sun- shine with London, the hub of the world, in the current number of the "The Wanderer," the editor has this to say in an article on "Canada by the Pacific":

"From May to September is usually a period of small rainfall and bright skies at Victoria, while in London the summer and winter rainfall is not very different, and the percentage of bright sunshine from May to August at Vic- toria that it almost seems as if

Victoria is largely in excess of that of London."

It would be uncharitable to quote the same authority regarding the tropic blaze of the sun at Winnipeg or the almost sub-aquous atmosphere that hangs like a pall of Scotch mist on other coast cities at certain per- iods of the year.

And who would ever get tired of growing enthusiastic over the natural

"We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

"The only vessel we saw was a large timber laden Norwegian bark. To one unaccustomed to seafaring it is a great surprise to see, a full-rigged ship apparently swallowed up by the sea and then heaved high in a huge wave. The view of the bold shore and serrated rocky peaks of the mainland

of Vancouver Island. Though the month was October, the air was balmy, the sun was warm, the foliage green and the roses, pinks and dahlias were in full bloom in the gardens. "The chief glory of Victoria is the delightful drives in its vicinity. There does not appear to be the same fever- ish rush of business as in the East, if one might judge from the large turn-out of carriages at an open-air

Victoria boasts the oldest choral as- sociation in the West, the Arion club that has seen many years of a suc- cessful existence. Even the high standard of efficiency maintained in the public schools evidences the de- sire of all classes for a proper ground- work to education.

But Victoria's commercial star is also in the ascendant. From week to week new facts are recorded and not a single one of them brings aught but cause for congratulation.

Victoria has a population of 30,000, owns its own lighting plant and water works, and in every way a modern city, and the leading tourist resort and residential city on the North Pa- cific coast. It has an excellent sewer- age system (separate) which trav- ells to the beach, the outlet being well out at sea. It is one of the healthiest cities in the world, the deaths from syphilitic diseases, typhoid and scarlet fever included, being only six for the entire city for 1906. There are few cities in the West that can boast of finer business houses than Victoria, her retail stores being equal to those of any city three times her size.

"One Saturday, an ideal day, we cruised the live long day on the placid waters of the Strait of Georgia, in and out among the many islands, until when night came we had covered over a hundred miles. Night! What a charming night and what scenery! As the sun was going to rest back of the mighty Olympics, the moon made its appearance from the back of the rug- ged Cascades, as if these two great orbs were playing hide and seek with each other, and as we were still gaz- ing from the deck of the beauty of the scene was greatly en- hanced by the lordly Mount Baker ap- pearing in full view, covered with its snowy mantle. The picture, painted so vividly upon the soul's canvas, will never be effaced."—Mrs. Warman, in the Okeanos Saturday Globe, Iowa.

"I never saw anything anywhere to equal the view of the approach to Vic- toria harbor on the evening of one of the most perfect days in my memory."—Member of British Editors' Delegation. Interview Winnipeg Free Press.

The city has every reason to be proud of her public buildings. There is a church of almost every denomina- tion in the city. The public schools, law courts, banks, government and library buildings are all of the highest class. The parliament buildings are unexcelled; on the confined site in these buildings the government maintains three excellent museums, one of which Mr. Grant Balfour has the following to say in the Toronto Globe: "We spent many hours above were gorgeous with purple, rose pink, silver-gray and glowing gold, while the far-shimmering sunset with the exceedingly bland atmos- phere of Victoria? From sea to sea her charms are being chartered by visi- tors. In the current number of the "The Wanderer," the editor has this to say in an article on "Canada by the Pacific":

"The sail across the noble Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver Island was very exhilarating. So solitary was the voyage that it almost seems as if



Christ Church Cathedral—Exterior View of Proposed New Edifice.

is very impressive. As we thread a maze of islands the cheerful signs of habitation are seen, and as we enter in the distance, beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the far-reaching electric lights, quivering off the water, give evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this western Ultima Thule.

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Christ Church Cathedral—Interior View of Present Edifice.

concert on Beacon Hill. "The varied view of sea and land, obtained from a lofty knoll, with in the distance, beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the far-reaching electric lights, quivering off the water, give evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this western Ultima Thule."

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Christ Church Cathedral—Interior View of Proposed New Edifice.

tinged mountain peaks, seemed too ethereal for earth, surely were surely like the gates of pearls and walls of precious stones of the New Jerusalem. In the southeast, rises Mount Baker in a beautiful isolated cone to the height of thirteen thousand feet. This is only the same old story told in a brilliant manner. Everyone who visits Victoria is a missionary who heralds forth the city's beauties.

Of its opportunities for recreation for those of a cultured mind Victoria needs no sponsor. The chosen home of such men as Col. Haggard and Cap- tain Woolley is able to stand clear- eyed before the world. Its educational advantages and musical societies show the generally high mark of cul- tivation apparent throughout the city.

"Never in the environs of any other city have I seen such a glory of flow- ers as surrounded each of these lovely homes."—E. F. Knight, in the London Morning Post.

"I cannot tell you what they gave me to eat, because I was always staring out of the window at the view. There may be lovelier cities than Victoria in the world, but I have never been my luck to see them."—Charles Hanbury-Williams, in Black- wood's Magazine.

NATIVE SPORTS

By Bonnycastle Dale in June Can- adian Courier.

Sitting here on the rocky shores of the Gorge this bright May day where all is peace and beauty, it seems im- possible to believe that the fathers of these same Indians we are now watch- ing prepare for the races, were a short fifty years ago untamed aborigines. My host tells me that in the days when Victoria had not a stockade and a Hudson's Bay post, he had seen these Indians, swift, cedar-war canoes attack the American sailing vessels in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and that he was thankful they did so for he feared the vessels would enter the little arm of the ocean on the rocky shores of which a tiny hamlet was gradually conquering the tangled mazes of the forest and the inhospitable hillsides. He told me how when they entered this harbor of Victoria, Governor Doug- lass, meeting red man's deceit with white man's wiles, gave them a show- cum paper—a strong paper—to carry to Fort Simpson. Always proud to carry "King George has skookum pa- pers," the Indians hurried off on its journey up the Straits of Georgia, and by the time they returned the Gov- ernor had "hyas skookum" gunboats

Today all is changed. The Indians are clothed after white man's style, the clutchen (squaws) are blotches of brilliant red and blue yellow and green. "Kla-how-ya" they call to one another in greeting as they gather around their really wonderful war ca- noes forty and fifty feet long—and some of the far northern tribes have them seventy feet long—canoes as true as flint and level had marked and built them instead of a common axo and a rude home-made adze. Here was a cedar beauty marked Valdez clear un- painted cedar in the body, a black rowing adze and grey painted in- side, as straight as an arrow, as clear of knots as cedar grows, over forty feet long, a thing to conquer even the

Now through the throng of white men's boats these long swift craft creep, ten paddles and a big Siwash in each. The men are dressed in these silent shoremen, but the West Saanich men knew that the Valdez men had been victors of late and tribe feel- ing loudly upon the soul's canvas, will never be effaced."—Mrs. Warman, in the Okeanos Saturday Globe, Iowa.

Away up the crowded course they go gliding—on another like two great centipedes afloat, the rhythm of rise and fall, the increasing but steady stride, the rhythmic motion. Now they are behind the rocky bend, now they appear returning, side by side like catamarans, each fringe of paddles rising and falling as the wind-beaten, a bird, as splashless as swift padding in heavy canoes can be done. Now the Valdez let out a bit. The Saanich spurt. This time they hold the lead and working like demons, keep it, crossing the line in a mad rush a scant gangue ahead. Little talk is there, but the steersman is very soon ashore and has gathered in the prize money.

Again the canoes gather at the flag- ged-line. Saanich, Valdez, Klem Klem- ault and Quamichan, the last in new shapely canoes. Off they all leaped at the signal, steering a straight course up the narrow salt arm. Again the rhythm of rise and fall, now from four canoes none less than forty feet, a glittering fringe of rising and falling paddles. Again on the return the Val- dez draw ahead, but with red man's courtesy they slowed their stroke and allowed the Saanichmen to take the victory. How is that for true sport, fellow white men? Now the long craft are filled with clutchen. They go at their work in true Indian style, as many strokes as you can get in without too much smother. Up and down the long, winding line they strug- gle. North Saanich wins this time, Valdez right behind and West Saanich a good third. Now our hand plays "God Save the King" and the sports are ended.

The roads around Victoria are un- surpassed in the West for motoring and driving the park of course always coming in for special attention. "Bea- con Hill park is a fine thing, a fine pleasure ground of 300 acres, wood and meadow, with artificial lakes and a collection of beasts and birds. Like Old Home, when we walked through that park in the afternoon and down to and along the beach be- side the strait, it was so much like an English scene that, considering also the equable climate, we felt if we ever made a change we should wish our home to be in Victoria."—Grant Bal- four, in the Toronto Globe.

Fruit culture in and around Victoria is a most profitable as well as a most interesting and pleasant occupation. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, straw- berries, raspberries, blackberries, log- an berries and all such fruits grow to the utmost perfection in the districts tributary to the city, and there is a good market for five times as much as can be produced at good prices. There is no more ideal life than to own an orchard or even a poultry farm in the neighborhood of this beautiful city. There are most excellent opportunities of making a splendid income from either and there is no chance at pres- ent of too much competition.

The most important consideration in selecting a place of residence or a re- sort for a vacation, no matter what other attractions a city may have, is undoubtedly weather conditions. There is not a climate in the world to sur- pass that of Victoria. Never enervat- ing, always invigorating, an average daily sunshine of seven hours for six months in the year, with a temper- ature rarely over 80 degrees in sum- mer, an average of 38 degrees in win- ter, long and delightful evenings just cool enough for a light covert coat, the air always charged with ozone from the sea, which almost sur- rounds us, and the magnificent sun- tains opposite, it is, indeed, as near perfect as possible.