

DITH

like sad and patient men, who seem to bear up against the world as they describe. Novels are written in prose, and writers think that the chief virtue of prose is prosaic. Meredith, we may say, wrote prose novels because that happened to be the narrative form of his age. We know, if he had lived in the time of the novel, he would have exulted in the poetic construction, but they could not have been more than some of Shakespeare's, and he had made a new thing of the novel. That drama would have been as well as any conceivable form of novel, but it was not so well suited to the novel, and he was nothing in it to restrain his rich imagination or to control and direct his thought.

We may believe that if Shakespeare had written novels—he could hardly have done so—he would play just as many of his narrative as Meredith played. He was a practical playwright, whose business was to make plays that would act, he avoided the obscurity that comes of complicated processes of thought, and for the greater part of his life, was a practical novelist—that is to say, his novels were not self—and we cannot believe that he wrote them with the idea of selling them, no doubt, he was right. But if Shakespeare had had to write for an audience, whom poetry was one of the ordinary disciplines of life, it would have been a discipline for him. He had no such discipline, and therefore he wrote to please himself, to say whatever his story might suggest to his wonderful mind. Once again we find that he could tell a story magnificently. The "Vittoria" is as fine and effective of narrative as ever was written. He liked he could create living men, and he could set them acting as if they were novelists. But their action roused him to such intellectual activity that he ceased to be a novelist in the midst of his work, and he became a poet or a wit.

All his defects come from excess of invention, emotion, and speculation. He is sometimes obscure because he is a storyteller and poet and wit all at once. The very structure of his sentences is the result of this attempt, and bewilders like a juggler playing with balls at once. It has been said that he is an easy explanation of anything; and it is a word as vague as it is true. Only a very little man would apply so great a name to Meredith. Yet we may say that his wit, like Shakespeare's, is not witty. Sometimes he seems to have a wit that cannot leave off. He will make a remark about Sir Wilfrid Paterne's leg, and work it out as if composing a fable on it, persisting even when his invention is exhausted. But as all in the attempt to surmount some kind of difficulty, to say a rude thing politely, or to do something properly, so his wit arises usually to say three different things at once, and he is forced to attempt this because, all that he wanted to say at length, would never come to an end. He is difficult because his ideas are confused or uncertain. He knew as well as we himself what he valued in life, and meant to him. At bottom his character and his situations are usually quite simple, and complexity is only of process, of the way he tells a story, to express the emotions by it, and to comment upon them, all the time. Like all great writers he is of piercing simplicity when he chooses, and extreme and scattering bright. And he tells the more, like Shakespeare's, it is so rare, and because, when it is the result, not of pure emotion like Schubert's, but of emotion for the mastering all the restless play of his mind and forcing it into concord, as a great singer in a symphony will seem suddenly to play all the instruments that have just been quarrelling and to sweep them all into its own impetus.

It must be confessed that his novels but produce the illusion of reality, and last for long at a time. But must we as at the first business of a novel, any man of a picture, is to convey the illusion of reality? Pictures vary infinitely in the kind of their illusion; and so no doubt of kind of representative art, even prose. If his novels are not like life itself, are the pictures of Tintoret. Life is heightened and explained in them like reality. We can always see the master and feel the power and the process of creation. He shows us a man, a factory of life rather than life, in which the god is for ever making experiments and expressing with godlike his own delight in them. Meredith like Tolstoy, tells a story as if he, the writer, were a mere man. He seems to think that it all means better than any man and to all his characters he seems to give his own divine energy and splendor of life. Thus he acts upon us directly, which cannot convey any illusion, than indirectly through the illusion of all kinds of drama and narrative are set to do. But the fact remains that he set upon us as only the greatest artists, giving us a heightened sense of the glory and of the beauty and significance both of human laughter and of human tears.

A Visit to the West Coast

An Interesting Trip to Clayoquot and Ucluelet

The good ship Tees outbound sailed from Victoria harbor on a June night with sundry souls aboard "one of whom I was which." Her destination at her furthest limit was the Clayoquot district, including stops at Tofino Inlet and Clayoquot. The Tees carried a large list of passengers and much freight and we were promised a fair voyage by one of my fellow-passengers who was en route to Great Central Lake, Alberni District, on trout-fishing intent. "A fair voyage" indeed! He said: "Get up early in the morning and get a good breakfast, and keep in the centre of the boat and you will be all right."

I awoke about 1 a.m. to the accompaniment of moans and groans from all sides, and heart-felt exclamations of distress. The vessel was pitching like a bucking broncho. She would rear up on one swell, and then dive down into the trough of the sea and bury her bow in the foam. The waves kept up a sound something like "AH-H WOOF, AH-HH WOOF." I heard a sufferer who darted past my window say something that I fancied was "Cape Beale," and judged we were "rounding" some point or other. The thought of "breakfast" did not have any alluring charms for me. I lay snug in my berth and tried to make myself believe I was swinging in an old-fashioned swing. A steward or boatswain or powder-monkey stuck his head in and said "Breakfast, sir?" I replied, "No, brother. If I can hold on to the supper I ate last night I shall do marvelously well." Finally the long swells subsided, the churn of the ship grew less fierce, and the Tees slid around into comparatively smooth water. When I at last sat down to eat I had an appetite like an alligator.

We touched at New Alberni as our first port where I ventured to land, and there I met Richard J. Burde, the able editor of The Alberni Pioneer; C. A. McNaughton, R. F. Blandy, secretary-treasurer of the New Alberni Board of Trade; A. D. MacIntyre, president of the New Alberni Board of Trade; Mr. A. E. Waterhouse, Mr. C. M. Cooper, and a number of citizens of New Alberni. The Tees leaving for her trip further north, I went on board again, not having had time to do more than barely catch a glimpse of the beauties and commercial possibilities of the justly noted Alberni district. My trip there afterwards—but I reserve that for a separate article.

We ploughed up the Alberni canal and out into open sea water again, and once more the Tees began to "feel her oats," and kick back at the waves and lift her bow and cavort over the bounding billows. But I weathered the rough weather without donating any provisions to "Davy Jones locker," and as morning dawned we hoisted anchor at Tofino Inlet. Here I went ashore and was met a little later at the landing by Dr. Melbourne Raynor, president of the Clayoquot Development League, and certainly one of the most hospitable men who ever wore hair. The doctor took me in his sea-going launch across the bay, to his residence on a little island commanding a magnificent view of salt water, and mountains, distant forests and receding shore-lines, while an Indian village, or "rancho," to the right, afforded a study of the Siwash in his native habitat.

The Clayoquot district is one of great undeveloped resources. Minerals, fisheries and timber are the principal advantages which the locality affords, and it will be a rich field for the capitalist to explore and develop. Copper, coal and other minerals abound, and some considerable work has been done in locating them. But the labor of bringing these deposits to a dividend-paying basis must in the last analysis depend on transportation. The railroad from Wellington to Alberni District will inevitably be of immense advantage in opening up a very large portion of the Clayoquot and Ucluelet country, even though the terminus will be in the Alberni district. Agriculture in the Clayoquot country is still in the embryo stage, although such beautiful gardens as those of Mr. Grice, at Tofino Inlet, with its profusion of flowers, vegetables and fruit trees, shows what can be done by intelligent industry. Mr. Grice, by the way, is one of the early settlers in the Clayoquot district, and his home and surroundings were a perfect bower of roses and blossoms on the occasion of my visit there.

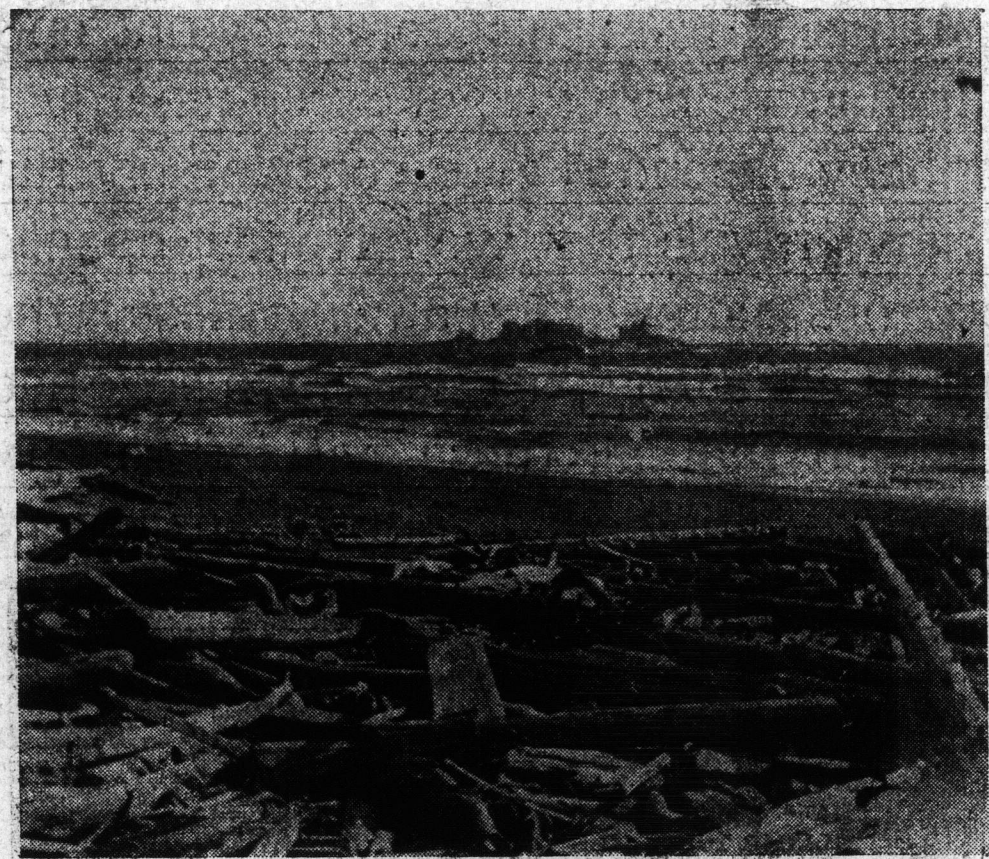
Close to Dr. Raynor's home there is a hospital which he has charge of, and which was started to afford an opportunity for surgery and medical attendance to mill men, miners, prospectors, Indians or anyone in the surrounding area as well as nearby country, needing medical or surgical aid. The doctor has charge of this institution, and it is the only one for many miles around. I took a trip with the doctor in his launch in and about the islands and inlets of the main bay, and called on Captain C. D. Jones, the secretary of the Clayoquot Development League. The Captain lives on a separate island where the hotel is located, and where there are several stores. The Clayoquot District is divided into a number of islands as well as the mainland settlement, and will in time be a very thriving community.

One of the main industries followed by the Indians is halibut fishing. At the one small village close to Doctor Raynor's, in one day, the inhabitants caught 21,000 pounds of halibut, ten tons and a half of sea fish of excellent quality. The possibilities of a halibut curing industry at this point, with a box factory, to pack the cured fish in combination with the fish-curing plant, are so obvious that they do not require discussion. The salmon canneries at Clayoquot are too well-known to necessitate introduction, but they do an immense business in the season and their supply of raw material

is not nearly so reliable as the halibut fisheries. At Clayoquot we held a meeting of the Development League in the new Town Hall, and a very enthusiastic audience, including nearly every woman in the district, attended. President Raynor made the opening speech, congratulating the district on its interest in the welfare of the league; and dwelling on the resources of the district, and the advisability of a close working combination with the other branches of the league throughout the island. He reminded his hearers that they could do much by co-operation, and little by occasional individual

effort. Fortunately we could both swim, and the worst we could expect was a ducking, or possibly a drowning.

Finally a Tofino Inlet man saw us tossing about and got in his launch and came out and picked us up. Never again for my money! No more Siwash canoes for me in rough weather! I was bundled up with a lot of stuff that was heavy enough to sink a life-preserver, and I did not relish the idea of a "dip" in cold water and a half mile swim to "Deadman's Island." Arriving at the wharf, I found Mr. Riley there with his launch, and after a run across to



Wreck Bay, West Coast

Wreck Bay, West Coast. He pointed out the dependability of the district and neighboring districts with other portions of the island, and predicted a decided impetus when the railroad from Wellington reached the Alberni country. Doctor Raynor's address was listened to carefully and the approval it had brought forth.

Mr. Grice made an eloquent and hearty speech, telling of the improvements which had been installed since his coming to the district, and emphasized the fact that the present need for development required capital, and the introduction of large industries. Captain Jones followed with an address on the resources and needs of the district, emphasizing the desirability of capital to develop the country.

The question of a road from the Alberni District through to Elk river and by way of Kennedy Lake to Ucluelet and Clayoquot was then brought forward, and quite a long discussion followed, taken part in by Messrs. Chesterton, Jones, McKenna, Havilogue, Stone, Raynor, Grice and others, and a plan of action was determined on as regarded the proposed road. It was agreed that the three districts, Clayoquot, Ucluelet and the Alberni District would be immeasurably improved by the road in question and that all three districts were entirely in accord with the route of the proposed road. Resolutions, which were afterwards approved by the Ucluelet League were drafted and have since been sent in to Hon. Thomas Taylor, with an urgent request from the Island League as a body to push the completion of the road.

Secretary McGaffey, of the Victoria Branch, explained the objects and hopes of the League, and its desire to bind all the districts into a solid force for the welfare of each district. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the various speakers, and the unanimous opinion that the gathering had been a pronounced success.

The next morning I started for the Tofino Inlet wharf, with Dr. Raynor in his launch, after breakfasting with the doctor and his wife, and their charming but bashful daughter, Edna May, aged 15 months. We got into the bay with a tippy Siwash canoe attached to the launch, and after pounding around in the white-caps while the launch "laid down in the harness," the doctor gave "first aid to the wounded" but the engine would simply gasp and refuse to go. So we climbed into the tippy canoe to row over to the wharf. I was a trifle skeptical as we went over the side, but when a friendly wave came into the canoe and drenched me from the knees down, I was even more skeptical. Or, perhaps, "scared" would be a better word. We bumped along for awhile, and pretty soon another inquiring billow hopped into the canoe. "Doc," said I, "that launch looks pretty good to me." We had anchored the launch in deep water, and I rather fancied getting back on her. "Oh! we'll get along all right," said the doctor, so we went on. By keeping the canoe head on to the waves, we could keep from swamping, and that was all we could do. But that was not taking us an inch nearer to our destination. Just back of us was "Deadman's Island," an Indian burial ground, with a number of plain white crosses sticking up to show the location of the graves. It was a pleasing situation, and

all along this stretch of splendid beach at high tide with irresistible force against the outer islands, leaping up into fountain-like jets and hissing down again as the succeeding waves break against the rocks.

Here the storm-birds crouch and cry, and here the eagles swing out from the tops of lofty trees, crossing and recrossing in their flight, twin-etched along the changing canvas of ocean and land.

The shadow of an eagle on the sea. Streams rippling by, the constant leap of rising trout coming down into the salt water, and tremendous amphitheatres of sand, hollowed out by the winds, are sometimes found between the heights beyond, and the outer edge of foam-lined lands. At the edges of these sandy depths a slight covering of grass has sprung up, and there I found wild strawberries growing profusely, and various flaming blossoms.

I have never known so wild, and so splendid a panoramic stretch of beauty as that walk afforded. From Harvey's to Ucluelet Arm—that is a jaunt which would inspire wonder and delight in the breast of the most jaded cynic. A highway of the gods, a wind-blown terrace of shining sands, a marvel of beauty and freedom, bathed in the sunlight, crossed by occasional bands of flying shadow, framed by forest and sea, painted by the brush of the Almighty, so rests Long Beach, a picture never to be forgotten by the eyes that once beheld it.

Men pay thousands to hang on the walls of art galleries the conceptions and dreams of famous artists of by-gone days. The canvases of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Rubens, Tintoretto, Millet, Turner, and scores of other painters, command fabulous prices, and draw wondering and admiring crowds. Look now! on this west coast of Vancouver Island, along wild shores and deserted, where the seal lifts his black muzzle and disappears, where black sands hint of hidden gold and gleaming, where the charging squadrons of Triton's cavalry dash in on curving shores—here are noble canvases drawn with broad strokes and firm, here are the art galleries whose perspective is the far horizon and the domed Heavens. Here is something to travel a million miles to see.

At Ucluelet Arm we found Hillier's launch awaiting us, and by means of another slim Siwash-skiff we got aboard. Arriving at Ucluelet, we sat down to supper, not a whit the worse for our sixteen mile trip over the sands of Long Beach and Wreck Bay. I had taken a camera with me, and with Mr. Hillier's knowledge of the Siwash vernacular, had induced some of the natives to "sit for their pictures." We had found them catching and curing halibut, and making canoes from the driftwood washed ashore. No one not acquainted with them can possibly get their confidence from a photographic standpoint.

At Ucluelet I met George W. Grant, the talented and genial secretary of the Ucluelet

count of the organization of the Ucluelet Development League, the selection of officers and the gradual advancement of the idea among the settlers of the Ucluelet District. Mr. Grant's speech was received with audible marks of approval. Mr. George Fraser and Mr. A. H. Lyche made brief talks, and Mr. McGaffey outlined the work of the Vancouver Island Development League as a body, and its dependence upon the auxiliary Leagues and their officials in the work, and the necessity of all the districts uniting in one closely-cemented association in order to exert weight and influence.

The meeting closed with expressions of thanks to the speakers, and a general feeling of confidence in the League's work, and prospects for the future.

The next morning, before starting for the Alberni District, I made a visit to some of the homes of the residents of the District. Land clearing is what the Ucluelet people want, and transportation. There is plenty of rich land available, but clearing is very hard work. I have never seen in my travels a more beautiful home than George Fraser's. He had 250,000 rhododendrons growing on his acreage, and many varieties of pine, birch, cedar and other trees. His apple trees were snowy with blossoms, and his strawberry beds heavy with green fruit. His entire place was loaded with perfume and flowers. Bees drowsed over the roses, and pansies, honey-suckles, and a wilderness of color and fragrance was everywhere. He showed me the variegated broom, yellow, with blood-red markings, and three varieties of Scotch heather. I brought home with me one spray of the heather.

Surely, if ever a man was to be blessed, Mr. Fraser is one. His place is a veritable garden of Eden, with neither snake nor lady to disturb its perfect serenity. I left it with reluctance, and shall always remember its luxuriance and beauty. Land clearing by hand is going on in the district, and people are coming in longed for by the richness of the soil. I saw another farm, owned by Mr. J. H. Kvanon, where the growth of the grass was really remarkable, and where gooseberries, so big that I do not dare to give their dimensions, were to be found. This place, too, was literally framed in flowers, and was surrounded with growing and bearing orchards. I also visited Mr. Lyche's farm, James Fraser's, and G. W. Grant's places, all of which are thriving.

Ucluelet district is another part of the country which will forge ahead rapidly when transportation is provided, and is a district bound to be benefited by the railroad to the Alberni District. My visit to Clayoquot and Ucluelet Districts was marked by the utmost kindness and hospitality on the part of those I met, and by the fact of a sincere and evident interest in League matters and plans. It was a most pleasant and interesting trip, and while at times a trifle strenuous, I only hope I may some time take it again. Maybe I can stop at Sand Creek or Lost Shoe Creek and interview those two-pounders with a rod and reel, and at least I shall see Long Beach again and hear the report of the green Pacific rollers, as they break against the bare rocks and shoot cloudward like liquid rockets.

Thought her spirit entered lizard in at head, out at feet. An extraordinary story comes from Youngstown, Ohio, says the San Francisco Chronicle, to the effect that a bullet which lodged in the head of a young woman fourteen years ago has just been extracted from one of her feet. During the many years that she carried about the leaden projectile she never suffered any inconvenience from its presence. Several kinds of affidavits and a full description of the route taken by the missile in its travels from head to foot will have to be furnished before the average reader will be inclined to accept the yarn.

Missouri in now. Realizing that the Exposition is an assured success, the State of Missouri has just applied for ground space, informing the management that \$20,000 is available for a "show-me" exhibit. Director General Nadeau wired back to Gov. Hadley that it was too late to start any more buildings. Then word came that Missouri must get in on the big show and arrangements were made for space in the Agricultural building. This is probably the first time in the history of expositions that there has been such an experience after the gates have opened.



Building Canoes on the West Coast

have been invented, not even by Nature herself. The beach is singularly clean and firm, and from a quarter to a third of a mile wide at low tide. Occasional small islands off-shore add to the picturesqueness of the outlook; and just back of it are moderately high bluffs covered with a splendid growth of timber. To walk along the sand is like treading the asphalt streets of a great city. For an automobile speeding course and race track the beach is ideal. By cutting through one small sand dune, and building a road of about two miles through the trail from Long Beach to Wreck Bay, about twenty miles of magnificent beach could be utilized for a race-course. The Pacific comes in,

THOUGHT HER SPIRIT ENTERED LIZARD

An old Cingalese woman who lived in an ordinary native hut by herself died and was buried, says the Java Times. On the following day a large iguana (a species of lizard which attains great size) entered the compound of a gentleman living close by and attacked his poultry. Hearing the noise and commotion, he came out and on ascertaining the cause got his gun and shot the iguana. No sooner had he done this than there arose a great uproar from the relatives of the old woman, who declared that he had killed her, because her spirit had passed into the lizard, in proof of which they pointed triumphantly to the fact that it had never before been seen in the vicinity and only appeared after her death. Rupes finally appeased the outraged feelings of the old woman's descendants.

IN AT HEAD, OUT AT FEET

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