



### The Canadian Press Association Trip to the Northwest, 1899.

(Continued from page 531.)

Now that some of us have had time to breathe, we can say a little about Vancouver. This wonderful young city—this sapling, and truly a sturdy young sapling is she—and judging from her rapid growth and present appearances, the term “sapling” will be turned into “gigantic tree.” It seems like vain repetition, but again and again we can only marvel at the stupendous growth of these far-off places. Only the most indomitable industry and determination could have achieved such results. Until May, 1886, Vancouver's site was one dense forest. Fancy this, only 13 years ago! In a few months the town grew rapidly, then was destroyed by a disastrous fire, which swept away all but one house, which still remains. The population is now 25,000; but what may it be in a few more years? Impossible to guess. We give it up, for these places that one can almost see growing are beyond our feeble calculation. Some people think that if Rip Van Winkle had put off his famous long sleep for about 150 years, and had, instead of the Catskills, hailed from the little hamlet of Granville (on Burrard Inlet), and had met his goblin friends at Grouse Mountain, his astonishment when waking would have well-nigh killed old Rip! In these days, however, it seems nothing to go to sleep (figuratively) and wake up after only a little while and find cities in place of villages—well-built houses in place of huts—cultivated parks in place of howling wildernesses. In short, we are in these days prepared for anything, and it's not good form, don't you know, to be surprised; but we can't help it sometimes, so we own up at once—we are surprised!

In the early eighties people cracked jokes about the C. P. R. project. A railroad across those mountains? Impossible! They knew better, and as for gold, why, there wasn't enough for Chinamen to wash out. There were others who went steadily on, and soon the apparently idle boast was carried out, and the great line accomplished its work—and the gold, too, was the el!

Although so short a time has elapsed since this fair city of Vancouver was a vast jungle, there was no sudden leap (how could there be?). Things had to be gradual; but the graduality was very rapid! There were days when men converted boggy trails into rough wagon roads, and thought they had indeed worked wonders. Then single-plank walks became two-plank walks, and this meant that progress was well on. Now these same men wait at the corner of a well-paved street and grumble because the electric car is one minute late! From the date of the fire above mentioned, it has been one scene of steady progress. It may be stated that the fine Vancouver Hotel was originally thought to be built too far out. We see it now, centrally located at the corner of Hastings and Granville streets, and in another few years will it be in a suburb, we wonder!

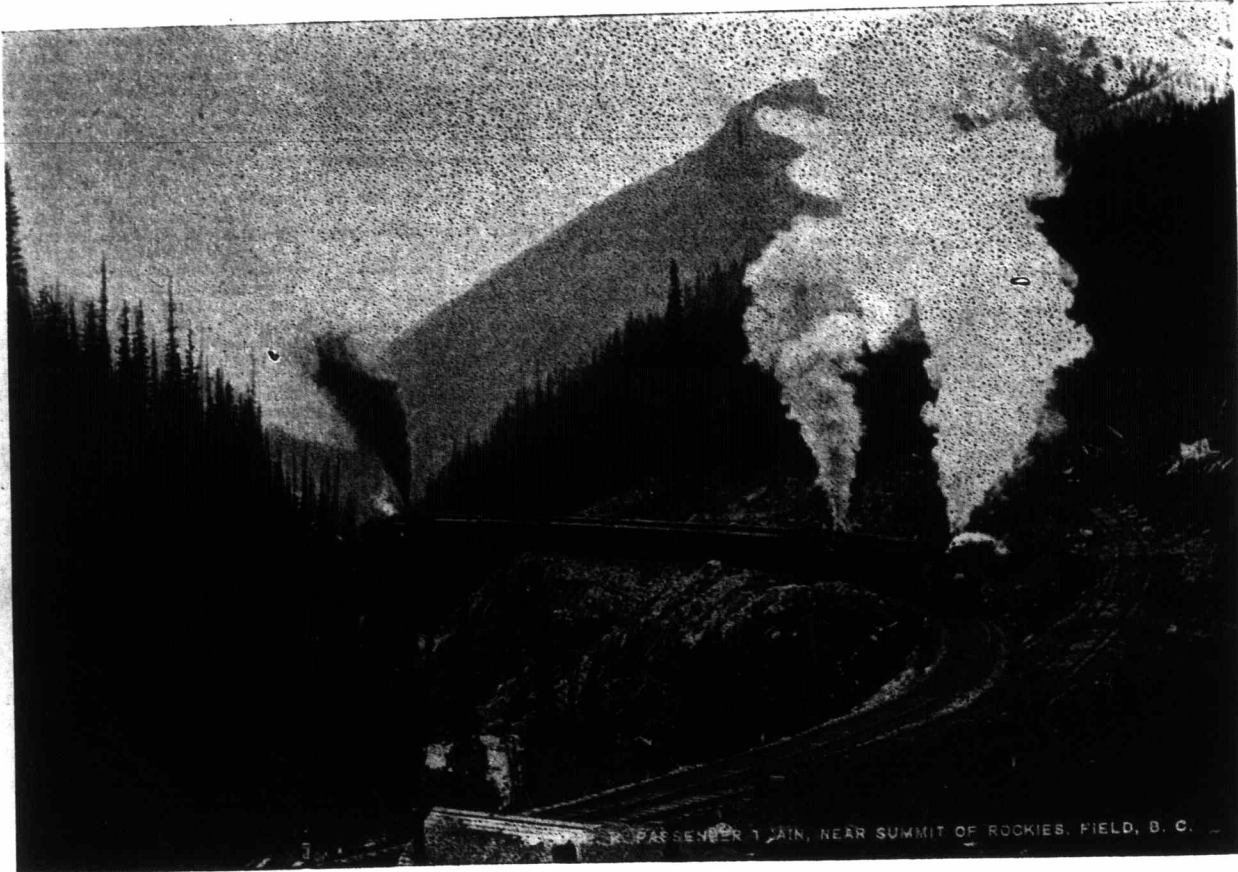
Victoria is called the capital of British Columbia; but that was before Vancouver's day. The real capital is where stands the western terminus of the greatest railroad in the world, from whose port steamers are laden for Australia, China, Japan, etc., etc., and whose progress and enterprise will surely make it the metropolis in fact, if not in name.

As a picturesque city, Vancouver is singularly fortunate. It is only in these far-off regions that we can find these matchless advantages of perfect scenery combined with the work of civilization. The climate is most beautiful. Some people imagine that constant rain is the privilege enjoyed by the Vancouverite. True, there is the rainy season; but how totally different is a rainy season with salt in the air to the rainy season without salt!

One cannot compare the two, but those who have lived near the sea will readily understand.

We begin to feel something like a guide-book, so will conclude this little article by describing a curious incident it was our privilege to come across.

It was a Chinese funeral—and was certainly the queerest funeral on record (as far as we are concerned, anyway). To quote a few lines from a paper: “The funeral of Jam Mau, a Tyee Chinaman, was celebrated with all due formalities and rites—roasting of pig, burning of paper money, etc. . . . The Chinese Masons performed their ceremonies, and by the aid of bribes, magic, etc., etc., persuaded the blue devils to leave Jam Mau's body alone and let his spirit rest in peace till it can be removed from Vancouver cemetery to the Celestial Land of its birth.” The hearse stood on one side of the street, and in front of it were several tables, reaching across the street and, of course, impeding all traffic for more than an hour! They spread covers on the tables and then different kinds of ornaments—paper flowers—candles—cakes and all sorts of colored rice arrangements—two big pigs, roasted whole—roast chicken, etc. Certainly it was not an inviting spectacle. Any number of cups of tea were in order, too. When all these things were arranged, a procession was formed—priests and Masons circled round each table in rotation, singing and reciting a sad wail. Then before each table knelt a man, and seemed to bless every article passed to him, and continually bowing his face to the ground; whilst a number of others, dressed in white, with sashes of blue and white around their heads and waists, lined up on each side right across the street. Then, as we stretched our necks to see, there was placed near, a big brass—well, we don't quite know what he was—he looked like a demon of some sort—but we'll enquire—and his great eyes were turned onto all the good things on the tables. Then they kept lighting and burning tapers and sending up burnt paper



“NEAR SUMMIT OF ROCKIES, FIELD, B. C.”

(we must look up our Chinese lore, for we don't quite know what this paper was, but we think it was prayers). The band performed some atrocious music (or rather sound), and was in a cab! There was, however, one fluty sort of a thing which was piped all through this most unfunereal funeral. They seemed to think nothing of chattering during the prayers, about the proper placing of various articles, etc. Some in the procession were evidently very superior to others—clean, sleek, and very clever-looking. The procession moved off (so did we), and they left all those piggies and other dainty morsels in the street, and whether they afterwards ate them, or buried them, or what, we must again refer ourselves to “others”; and we think we've given our readers enough for this time. Yet, no! not quite enough, for to close this article without an allusion to our Vancouver welcome would be ungracious indeed. Mayor Garden was all that a mayor could possibly be. We were on the old string once more—welcome—welcome—welcome—everywhere! Once at Vancouver, the party somewhat dispersed. Some went over to Victoria, some to New Westminster, others stayed in Vancouver, and one and all were of one mind as to the delightful trip out and the spontaneous hospitality and kindness of every one we came in contact with. Further details later on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Illinois boy was recently asked to define the word “goblin,” and solemnly responded: “A goblin is the ghost of a turkey.”

### “Near Summit of Rockies, Field, B. C.”

This is a most realistic picture, which will especially interest our readers, who have, doubtless, followed the graphic account of the Canadian Press Association trip, which commenced in our last issue. One can realize at a glance, although perhaps but faintly, the grandeur of that unequalled mountain scenery through which the travellers passed. We see the train and the winding rails amongst those lofty giants, and it seems to bring it all very close to us. This is indeed a most appropriate picture, and we are fortunate in securing so fine an illustration at this special time.

The allusion in our last issue to the ride on the cowcatcher taken by eight gentlemen and one lady, from Summit to Field, can now be better imagined, for surely this must have been the very place.

### UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

As almost every year brings some change in our educational regulations, an old-timer, like your venerable uncle, has some difficulty in finding his bearings. Perhaps the latest departure in this line is the study of agriculture, which has now become compulsory in our schools. Many of the teachers term it “a nonsensical innovation, from which a little or no benefit can arise”; others hold quite a contrary opinion. With the latter I fully coincide.

That portion of the subject made obligatory for young pupils treats largely of the development of plant life from the time the tiny seed is deposited in its earthy bed until the perfect plant has reproduced many seeds similar to the one planted. Can the study of such a magical process be dry or distasteful? In itself it is interesting to grown people, while to the young—if properly taught—it is a veritable fairy-tale.

Children who have always lived in the country know much of what is embraced in this study; yet even they, perhaps, have given but little thought to the wonderful ways in which nature provides for the continual propagation of her various productions. The average child's mind is inquisitive and receptive, but it requires a mature guide to direct it into proper channels. This should be the aim of a true teacher.

The knowledge gained from books is a valuable possession, and when supplemented by that learned from practical observation its value is doubled. I believe this new study will be an admirable incentive to the cultivation of the habit of observation, which is in itself a liberal education. The American poet, Lowell, writes thus to a boy friend: “Knowledge is power

in this noblest sense, that it enables us to benefit others, and pay our way honorably in life by being of use. . . . While you are in the country, you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth. . . . I should be quite willing that you should think me a bore, if I could only impress upon you the importance of observing. . . . The faculty once acquired, becomes at length another sense which works mechanically.”

Many who will have to teach the subject of agriculture in our rural schools have never spent any length of time in the country, and will thus be obliged to depend solely on the text-book; in such cases, the elder pupils—whose good fortune it has been to live “far from the madding crowd”—should be able to render valuable assistance by their general knowledge of the subject.

It is said that he lives best and longest who lives nearest to nature, and few can remain away when once they have seen the charms she wears to draw us near to her. See now how she has scattered the fair, blue-eyed asters and the sunny golden-rod in every nook along this quiet lane, to gently lure us on to the peaceful woodland, where the maples—queens of our Canadian forests—stand arrayed in crimson robes of royalty—fitting emblem of a country ever beautiful. The temptation to take a stroll in this wonderland is irresistible, and so I lay aside my pen and say good-bye for another month.

Hoping you have all spent a few days pleasantly and profitably at some of the fairs, I am,  
Your loving—  
UNCLE TOM.