

illumination by electricity is a wonderful help in bringing out the iridescence of the pendant icicles, for such they seem to be. In some places the drippings which make the stalagmites have mounted up, joining their respective stalactites and solid columns are the result. We were told that it took one hundred years to add one inch to the height of these formations. At that rate the astounding age of the caves is apparent. In some places there is limpid water forty feet deep in the caves, and it is by means of little bridges that one crosses over and under the calcite formations to view these enchanted grottos. In some places the ceiling is forty feet high and the reflections in the water below are entrancing. It was interesting to learn that the tide rises and falls three feet daily in the caves. Had it not been for two little native boys who saw these shining phantoms in the dark while seeking for a lost ball, these marvelous sea caves might not yet have been discovered.

Early one morning during our stay a tropical storm burst upon us, winds blowing, trees swaying, rain from all directions being swirled into regular fountains. Oleander trees were stripped of their flowers and leaves from the top branches were whipped off by the fury of the winds. All electric current was cut off and as it was very dark at the breakfast hour an ancient kerosene lamp was pressed into service. However, except a broken down fence, little damage seemed to have been done.

Suddenly, without warning, the winds abated, the rain stopped and the sun shone. How strange, we thought, the storm is over. But a representative of the Carnegie Institute in Washington, D.C., had a barometer with him, and though he did not disclose his knowledge, he was well aware that all was not over yet. These tropical hurricanes travel circle within circle over a given area, and then they are sucked back by the lower atmospheric pressure in their wake, so that the most dangerous part of the storm is the last in coming. That was what occurred this time. As suddenly as the storm had abated its terrible return trip was upon us. Those were never to be forgotten hours! Wind, rain in torrents, wind! Crash! Plaster had fallen in the hall—a hole made in the stone roof was the cause of this. We were ordered to the kitchen, the oldest part of the building. The air was filled with bits of stone from roofs, branches of trees were held in mid air, all of the fence was laid low, trees were uprooted in our sight. Fortunately it was not until the worst was over that I recognized the posts in the back yard to be those of the front verandah, which had actually been carried over the roof-top, the force of the landing planting two of the pillars upright in the ground. The roof was afterwards found hundreds of feet away from the house, in pieces of all sizes and shapes. Bits of the roof of the main part of the house were also taken off by the wind. Words fail to describe our feelings: it was the most harrowing experience I ever had. Fortunately no one was injured (it is a peculiar thing about these storms that there is very rarely loss of life) but the devastation was terrific. Newspapers record this as one of the worst hurricanes in the history of the Bermuda Islands: a real tropical storm, while usually Bermuda has but the tail-end of those which visit Cuba. In retrospect it is consoling to reflect that we had really the "worst" storm! Telephone communication was lacking for days throughout the islands as all wires were down and the roads were obstructed with uprooted trees which had to be cleared away.

When it was possible to go out without being in too much danger from fallen wires, we walked down the hill to the Hotel Inverurie to see the damage done there. To our surprise we found that they had suffered much more than we had up on the hill. Water had been standing in the first floor rooms to the height of three feet, and the waves from the harbour dashed up to the second floor smashing the windows and flooding the rooms. Even the massive concrete pier had

been demolished and the ferry boats that plied between Paget and Hamilton had been dashed to atoms against the rocks. The instrument for gauging the wind velocity at Prospect Observatory recorded a range of speed between 90 and 150 miles an hour during this storm.

After a few days reports came from St. George and other parts of the island relative to the damage done, and in each case it was unprecedented. It was claimed that it would be years before the general appearance of the islands would be as before the storm. Banana groves were entirely laid low, and much of the planting which had been done was uprooted, or entirely spoiled by the salt spray which was mixed with the rain. To such fury had the ocean waves been whipped that there was a tidal wave of twelve feet. Many home owners found their water tanks filled with salt water, and of course this was a serious situation, for as previously stated the rainfall forms the total water supply, there being no water on the islands which are entirely of coral formation.

We had left the excursion by boat to the coral reefs for a treat on the day before our departure for home, and this certainly is a trip to be included in everybody's itinerary. We went about five miles by steamer, twisting in and out between a multitude of tiny isles. We towed two glass-bottomed boats and changed to them after we had arrived at the reefs, which are entirely submerged. We sat around a sort of well in which was a glass bottom and were able to watch the marine life to a depth of thirty feet as natives slowly propelled the boat over the reefs. We saw fish of all colors of the rainbow, marine ferns, coral, sponges—a veritable fairyland under the water.

Early on the following morning we started on our return journey. Even the elements seemed to regret our leaving, for a gentle shower came up as we loosed from the moorings. Everybody was on deck having a last look as the steamer wended its way through the maze of tiny islands: again we saw the white stone houses nestled in the dark green junipers on the shore, then the islands faded in the distance and Bermuda, Nature's Fairyland, was just an exquisite memory.

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