Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1887.

INTERVIEW THEM.

It is hoped that those journals in the east which so generally copied the remarks of Messrs. Johnston and Goodeham discrediting the morality of this city will do the right thing by interviewing Messrs. Trow and Paterson on their return to Ontario. We are willing to hang our case upon their views. They had a better opportunity while here of becoming minutely acquainted with the city and its people than the former, and we are quite curious to know just what their thoughts will be when they reach their homes. Anyway we are ready to abide by their verdict and hope to see it in print.

THE SEALERS TO BE RELEASED.

A special from London last night states that the British sealing vessels seized for fishing in Behring's Sea will be released, pending a settlement of the matters in dispute. It is assumed that the skins will be returned with the vessels. This action on the part of the American Government is evidence that Mr. Bayard is of opinion that a grievous wrong has been committed on unoffending British subjects who in fishing in Behring's Sea were clearly within their rights. The U. S. Government will have a large bill for damages to pay several Victorian's whose vessels were taken possession of in a highhanded manner, and will have to compensate the relatives of the late Capt. Ogilvie for his death which was brought about by the cruelty of the cutter's officers.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT SUPPLY.

Mr. J. R. Dodge, statistician of the U. S. department of agriculture, says:—"The official record of imports of wheat into the United Kingdom for the first half of the present year shows a large increase in the proportion furnished by the United States—65 per cent. against 54 per cent. in the first six months of 1886 and 1885. Counting flour as wheat, the proportion is 73.5 per cent. against 60.8 in a similar period of 1886, and 60.6 in 1885. There is a great reduction in receipts from Russia, a decrease from India of 20 per cent. as compared with the first half of last year, and a decrease from Australia. The value of wheat from the United States is 8 cents per bushel more than from India and 5 cents more than Russian wheat. It is higher than that of any non-European country, and yet the quantity furnished is twice as much as that supplied by all other countries. India is the principal competitor of the United States in the world's markets." Present indications point to a more than average European crop. It was late nearly everywhere perhaps two weeks on an average at the beginning of June, but in growing condition, and its advancement since has been rapid. Russian and Austrian crops especially are of fine promise. That of Spain is mediocre. In Germany, France and England reports are generally favorable. The Indian crop will be 20,000,000 bushels less than the preceding, say 238,000,000 bushels. Australasia will produce probably 15,000,000 more than in 1885-6, or 37,000,000 bushels. The product of the world on the whole promises to be quite as much as for each of the two preceding harvests.

THE ORIENTAL CAPITULATION.

The interview which a representative of THE COLONIST had with Mr. Everett Frazar, of New York city, on the subject of the China steamers touching at Victoria or Esquimalt on the inward and outward trips to land mails, freight and passengers, is in the main satisfactory. More than eighteen months ago the agitation, which has brought about pleasing results, was begun by the B. C. board of trade. It was kept alive by the action of the city council of 1886, in a series of resolutions on the subject. The local legislature at its late session unanimously passed a resolution urging on the Dominion and Imperial governments the importance of inserting in any contract that might be made with the C. P. R. company a clause requiring the China steamers to constitute Victoria or Esquimalt the practical terminus of the line. This has at last been done. The objections urged to the calling of the boats here have been all shown to be untenable. "Increased rates of insurance," "insufficiency of water at the docks," and "several hours' detention" have been proved to be mere phantasys of the brain of the company's local agent and town-lot boomsters on Burrard Inlet. Until arrangements have been completed heavy freight destined for Victoria will be carried on to Vancouver and lightered back; but light freight will be landed and received at the Esquimalt wharf with the mails and passengers. It is not pretended that the capitulation of the company meets all the extingiencies of the case. No arrangement that does not include the landing of Victoria and Esquimalt freight immediately on arrival here of the steamer from China will satisfy the people. But a great point has been gained. A valuable concession is made to Victoria influence and commerce and the *prestige* which has rested with Vancouver is transferred to Esquimalt and the outer wharf. In a little while the company will find it to their interest to discharge *all* their freight at these ports and lighter it to Vancouver. It will never do to allow the political capital, the centre of population, the chief commercial mart and the finest harbor on the Northwest coast to play "second fiddle" in the C. P. R. orchestra to an inland town with little local freight and few passengers. Much has already been accomplished by the earnest efforts of a few men in our midst; much remains to be done. There is no good reason why the China ships should not discharge here when they are being coaled. Existing arrangements are so defective that the Parthia was four days and the Abyssinia one day behind time in sailing. As winter approaches fogs and storms will largely increase the liability of these great ships to detention if not disaster while threading their way through the intricate channels that lie between the island and the mainland and it will shortly be found cheaper, safer and more expeditious to land everything and to coal here. It will be the duty of our public and commercial men and of the local papers to point this out to the company. The measure of success so far reached is large; but the agitation cannot cease until the last point in dispute shall have been conceded. The future of the island towns seems brighter than ever; but none should rest on his oars. As eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so continual agitation is the price of the China steamship terminus.

THE BEHRING'S SEA QUESTION.

In reply to the Toronto *Mail's* comment upon his recent letter to that paper on the subject of the Behring's Sea question Mr. Henry W. Elliott of the Smithsonian Institute, writes as follows:

To the Editor of the Mail.

"SIR,—Absent from the city, the sickness and death of the lamented Professor Baird has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of your courtesy in the *Mail*, 4th inst. Permit me, however, to call your attention to the fact that the Adams-Middleton correspondence of 1822-23, which you quote, relates who by to the claim then made by Russia to an absolute Dominion of the North Pacific Ocean as far south as lat. 51°. This protest of Adams was specified in declaring its aim, and Great Britain followed in the same line; then the treaties of 1824 with the United States and 1825 with Great Britain settled the controversy and defined the Pacific Ocean in consequence.

"It is pure inference, far from the fact, when Behring's Sea is called into question as being included in that protest which you cite. Even if such a protest had been made in 1822-'24 then the treaties of 1824 and 1825 show that both the United States and Great Britain surrendered that claim which you declare they made! The facts in such a discussion as this one should not be obscured—they cannot be in the long run; but, naturally, opinions as to what these facts warrant will vary—that is inevitable.

"Yours, etc.,
"HENRY W. ELLIOTT."

The journal to which the letter is addressed proceeds to say that Mr. Elliott's contention, as understood from his letters, is that the protest of 1822 was against Russia's claim to exclusive sovereignty over a portion of the North Pacific Ocean, as distinguished from the Behring's Sea; and that the right and title to dominion over the latter was never questioned by any power on earth while it was claimed by Russia. It appears to us that official documents, as we have previously stated, clearly prove the contrary, and that with all due respect to Mr. Elliott's opinion, there is no necessity for interference in the matter. The Russian Imperial Ukase of September, 1821, regulated commerce, whaling and fishing along the eastern coast of Siberia, the north-western coast of North America and the Aleutian and other islands, and prohibited all foreign vessels from landing on the coast and islands belonging to Russia, or approaching them within less than 100 Italian miles. It was against this claim that Mr. John Quincy Adams protested, and on February 25, 1822, M. Poletica, the Russian minister at Washington, said in a dispatch: "The extent of sea of which these possessions form the limits comprehends all the conditions which are ordinarily attached to closed seas (*mers fermees*), etc." This is plain enough evidence that the claim against which Mr. Adams had protested was to sovereignty over the Behring's Sea. Proof of the fact also that when Russia spoke of the "Pacific Ocean" she included the Behring's Sea is found in the following words in M. Poletica's dispatch: "The Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean extend on the northwest coast of America from Behring's Strait to the fifty-first degree of north latitude, and on the opposite side of Asia to the islands adjacent from the same strait to the forty-fifth degree." The words "Pacific Ocean," therefore, in the treaties of 1824 and 1825 can only be interpreted as including the Behring's Sea, and Mr. Elliott's contention thus falls to the ground. In addition his attention is called to the answer made in 1872 by the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Boutwell, to a request that a revenue cutter should be sent to prevent Australian and Hawaiian vessels from taking seals on their annual migration to the Islands of St. Paul and St. George. Mr. Boutwell declined to grant the request, and said: "In addition, I do not see that the United States would have jurisdiction or power to drive off parties going up there for that purpose unless they made such attempts within a marine league of the shore." Moreover, Mr. Elliott's attention is directed to the following views on the subject, expressed by the Brooklyn *Eagle* last year: "Unless we are greatly in error there are copies of dispatches on the files of the state department, written prior to 1867, in which the Russian claim is distinctly repudiated and denied. Circumstances may have changed since then as to our attitude toward the subject, but the principle has not. And we doubt greatly whether the United States would ever have admitted such a claim if made by another nation. What would be said, for instance, if the British undertook to prevent an American whaler from entering Hudson's Bay or traversing the western half of that arm of the Atlantic Ocean which leads to it? Maritime law and international are the same whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific, and there is certainly something grotesque in the sight of hundreds of American fishermen hovering on the Canadian Atlantic coast, just beyond the three-mile Limit, and claiming to enter all bays more than three miles wide at the mouth and fish; while on the Pacific Canadian vessels are captured three hundred miles from the mainland, and the claim is made that a bay more than one thousand miles wide at the mouth shall be a closed sea to them." If anything else were wanting to show the weakness of this claim it is the fact that the United States government is so reluctant to put it in black and white, and to make known its arguments to support it. The seizures have been continued, it is true, in the face of Mr. Bayard's assurance that all such proceeding would cease pending the settlement of the controversy; but every effort of the British government for a year past to obtain an official statement of the United States' side of the case from Washington has failed.

FRENCH "ARTFUL DODGERS."

Paris rascals have a knack of christening each other with high-sounding appellations, which at the first blush would seem to have been borrowed from the pages of Eugene Sue or his numerous imitators. Two night prowlers, recently arrested for garrotting and robbery, were known among their friends as "the Rampart of Villette" and the "Hart's Beauty." Another ruffian, who was arrested about twelve months ago for a horrible outrage on a girl whom he murdered afterwards, was known as "the Pasha of the Glaciere," while the locality near the Arc de Triomphe was at one time the scene of the exploits of a redoubtable malefactor who called himself "the Terror of the Ternes." The arrest of "Hart's Beauty" and his friend have given rise to a few curious reminiscences which are published by a writer who was imprisoned for some weeks in the Conciergerie with a board of villains. His offence was that he wounded somebody in a duel, and while undergoing his term he was brought into temporary contact with the hardened criminals who were detained in the Conciergerie while awaiting transfer to more penal establishments. Among his passing acquaintances were the "Turco du Troue," a bandit of the *barriere* of that name; "Lark of Belleville," "Auguste de Montparnasse," "Bolivar de Ménilmontant," and "the Chapeau de la Porte St. Denis." In their peculiar *argot*, or thieves' slang, called by themselves *pegre*, these worthies spoke of months as *marquets*, of years as *berges*, and burglary as *fric-a-frac*. Some of them while in prison write brief memoirs, notably, "Chapeau of the Porte St. Denis," who regretted his condemnation to seventeen years' penal servitude because it deprived him of his beloved Paris, where he used to eat oysters and sup with Sophie Citron, pass his days and nights with love and wine and in opulence, and take his drives in the Bois like any of the dandies. In another effusion the thief regretted that he was unworthy of his noble profession, because he had allowed himself to be caught.

BULGARIA'S DANGER.

Whether Prince Ferdinand succeeds or fails, his enterprise must have a disturbing influence upon Europe. Suppose his own or his friends' wildest dreams were to be realized, and he were, within a reasonable time, to surmount all the difficulties that lie in his way, and so exhibit to the world the spectacle of a contented and orderly Bulgaria, united under his leadership, and asking only the sanction of the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin to pursue an honourable and beneficent national career, there can be no questions as to the influence of such a spectacle on the majority of the powers. There is no logic so convincing as that of accomplished facts. Whatever irregularity might be supposed to attach to the early proceedings of Prince Ferdinand in Bulgaria would be forgotten and forgiven in the presence of his success. But the very principles that would tend to conciliate the powers generally would serve only to further exasperate and alarm Russia, unless, indeed, by some political miracle, the traditions of her policy in the east and towards Bulgaria were abandoned. On the other hand, there is the possibility, which in the meantime is a probability, that Prince Ferdinand's expedition will end in a failure of some sort. He may abandon it on realizing the magnitude of the obstacles in his path, or the Bulgarian leaders may find him unequal to his position; or he may succumb to Russian influence and fall a victim to the unpopularity which such weakness would bring upon him. Should any one of these events occur, the more extreme Bulgarian faction might prevail over the comparative moderation of M. Stambouloff and his friends, and Bulgaria be declared independent, either as a monarchy under the Prince of Battenberg, or as a republic. It is quite unnecessary to say what would happen after such a revolution; the local Bulgarian crisis would, of necessity, assume Europe n dimensions. Such a crisis is, perhaps, inevitable in any case. But the precipitation of it at an early period, which may be involved in Prince Ferdinand's experiment in Bulgaria, is calculated to destroy, not to encourage, the hope of a diplomatic *cordon sanitaire* being in time drawn around Bulgaria.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Somebody has blundered over the arrangements for the holding of the annual provincial exhibition. It is nevertheless hoped that even at such short notice our agriculturists will assist in making it a success. It will take place at Chilliwhack on the 26th, 29th and 30th instants, and should be well attended. Last year's fair was most creditable to the farmers generally, all sections of the province being well represented. There happened to be a great many visitors in Victoria at the time, and their eyes were opened, as they could not otherwise have been, to the great advantages which this province offers to settlers. They were particularly delighted with the display of fruit, roots and cereals which were a credit to British Columbia. On the present occasion it is hoped the same commendable zeal will be shown and that, though taken somewhat unawares, farmers generally will send exhibits and take a lively interest in the three days' proceedings.

AT THE BAYONET'S POINT.

Again blood has been shed in Ireland. Human life has been sacrificed and defenceless people shot down. That such action has not tended to subjugate the Irish the history of that unfortunate Isle tells. In the face of the weapons of the British soldiers all the wildness of their blood surges to the surface and they go on to deeds of outrage which only injure the cause they hope to serve. Are they now being goaded on to the commission of acts of violence on the lines of the same policy on the part of the government which culminated in the murder of Cavendish and Burke? Can it only be proved that Ireland reeks with crime by inciting her people into its commission at the point of the bayonet? Must some excuse be given for the proclamation of the Irish National Land League and the repression of the liberties of a nation? Upon no other hypothesis can we account for the action of the police at Mitchellstown on Friday. It is very fortunate that Mr. Labouchere and other members of the Imperial parliament were present to witness the affray. We shall hear from their lips and pens an unprejudiced account of the affair, and will probably learn that the men who were shot down were as ignorant of wrong doing as their island home is free from crime.

THE FISHERIES' COMMISSION.

The proposed Fishery Commission will, of course, deal with the Behring's Sea seizures. The British members will have little difficulty in combatting the arguments of those of the United States as to the illegality of the outrages inflicted upon British Columbia sealers. The case is so very clear that but one conclusion can be arrived at, *viz:* That the action of the American authorities was most unwarrantable, in defiance of the law, and opposed to all treaty rights. They will have little difficulty in proving these facts and demanding compensation. This should be on a scale commensurate with the damage done; nothing less will satisfy our traders who have suffered by the high-handed action of the U. S. authorities in Alaskan waters. The bill of rights of our people who are interested is a very long one, and they should lose no time in properly representing the matter to the Dominion Government. It is doubtful yet which of the members of the cabinet will represent Canada in the commission but the choice will probably lie between the Premier, the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. It is more than probable, however, that the Minister of Justice will be selected, since his profound knowledge of the law would stand him in good stead in the discussion of knotty points. In any event we can feel assured that our case will be in safe hands.

THE ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP SUBSIDY.

The dispatch stating that the Imperial government has granted a subsidy to the C. P. R. China steamers for carrying the mails bears the impress of authority. The concession has been expected for many months, but it was not until Sir Arthur Blackwood had gone over the railway and personally inspected its capabilities for expeditiously handling the mails, that a favorable decision was arrived at. Sir Arthur, while in this city, was in daily communication with the home authorities on the subject. His report was favorable to a subsidy, if it was coupled with a stipulation that Victoria or Esquimalt should be made the terminus of the route and that the steamers should land and receive mails, passengers and light freight at the wharf here on the inward as well as the outward trip. The company have assented to this stipulation and the incoming steamer will be the first to enter Esquimalt harbor in accordance with the agreement. As in a recent issue we took occasion to express contempt for the China mail service so long as it was used for lot-booming purposes; now that it has become in the highest sense of the term a *national* undertaking we have no hesitation in saying that it is entitled to every consideration and encouragement from this the commercial centre of the British Pacific. Because the company reluctantly came to terms with Victoria merchants after the application of severe pressure by the Imperial authorities is no reason why the people of this part of the province should continue to stand aloof and refuse to patronize the line. It is said that men cannot be made moral by act of parliament; but here we have a giant monopoly that has been forced to treat justly a people, whom they aimed to crush, by an act of the British postal authorities. Vancouver, and many similar towns like her, may spring up and flourish like green bay trees so long as their prosperity is not built up on the ruins of established cities, like Victoria or New Westminster, by illegitimate means. The effort to divert the oriental traffic from Victoria to Burrard Inlet was promptly and effectually resented, and the company who control the steamships have been taught that

"The good old rule—the simple plan—
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

does not obtain in these enlightened days. If the company are content to allow every tub, every town, to stand on its own bottom—that is, work out its own salvation, they will find no truer or better friends than the Island people. But should they again resort to questionable manœuvers to work off their real estate, they will presently find that the recent agitation was but a cupful of wind when compared with the storm that will then rage about their ears. All in all, we are glad that the subsidy has been granted and earnestly hope that the company will in the future adopt a policy that will be the surest passport to Imperial and popular favor.

THE latest development in the McDougall-Logie failure is the return of their former Scottish supporters, Fergusson, Alexander & Co., to Montreal as manufacturers of paints, colors, varnishes. The purchase by this firm of the stock and debts gives hope of a dividend to the sufferers by this discreditable failure. While the entrance of a firm of so high repute is to the trade a guarantee of legitimate business competition, instead of the methods revealed in the recent examinations, consumers of these goods are to be congratulated upon being able to deal with a firm who are themselves makers of these goods from the very foundation.

A correspondent of the Toronto *Telegram* writes as follows: Much boasting has been indulged in of late over the morality of our 'Fair City (?)' A walk through York street and neighborhood will convince any person of ordinary perception that those who labor under such a delusion are much to be pitied—or envied—I am not quite sure as to which term is the fitter. No doubt a number of our good citizens are not cognizant of these bad neighborhoods (there are others besides York street), and judge the moral tone of the city by their own particular surroundings. But what must be the opinion of strangers, who are lumped from the train into one of the most disreputable streets that ever existed in any city—York street—the noble street that has a fame greater than Toronto itself, and a street talked of as one to be avoided by all respectable people. It is full of dives of the lowest description—places that are well known to the police, and yet they are allowed to stand, to the detriment of legitimate trade. These places have been used for illicit trade in one shape or another for years. The police have made numerous descents on them, and invariably the keepers have been fined and allowed to go back again to their old calling. Now, such a neighborhood as this is a blot on the good name of any city, and especially one that can boast of the church accommodation that Toronto has. The authorities seem impotent in the matter. The places are raided, the keepers fined or imprisoned, and that is an end of the matter.

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Home Government Grants a Subsidy of £45,000 to the C. P. R. Steamers.

MONTREAL, Sept. 9th.—A cable from London says:—The British Government has granted a subsidy of £45,000 sterling per annum to the Canadian Pacific Steamers.

LATE CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO.

The great fair was opened at Toronto on Wednesday by His Excellency the Governor-General. There was an immense attendance. The fair is a magnificent exhibition.

A Toronto *Globe* special says: A report is current in parliamentary lobbies that the Fisheries Commission will consider all outstanding questions between Canada and the United States. This view seems to be generally held in the best informed circles. It is believed that public opinion in the United States favors a speedy and friendly conclusion to the whole dispute. This is unquestionably the tendency in British public feeling.

Serious bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Aylmer. The people are greatly excited and it is feared that the village will be burned. The villagers are fighting fire with buckets.

At a disastrous fire on Rideau and Friel streets, Ottawa, nine tenement houses were completely destroyed, and five families rendered destitute. The origin is supposed to be incendiarism.

Fire broke out in the dressing room of the Grand opera house, Toronto, but was extinguished before much damage was done. The Hanlon's had just opened a week's engagement.

The steam yacht Juno, on which the prisoners escaped to Oswego, has been returned to Kingston. No trace of the convicts has been obtained.

S. R. Briggs, the well known manager of the Willard tract depository, Toronto, died of typhoid fever, aged 45 years.

QUEBEC.

Premier Mercier formally opened the Provincial Exhibition at Quebec on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The Premier made a political speech, and attacked Sir John for not having appointed an administrator for the province, during the absence of Governor Masson and went on to appeal for support.

The Montreal city council appointed a committee of new members to enquire into the *Star's* charges of boodling against certain aldermen, thus giving the Mercier government a bad slap in the face, as the latter had appointed a partizan royal commission of enquiry, which the council refused to pay for, preferring their own method of proceeding.

The commissioners appointed by Archbishop Fabre to enquire into the way in which the national colonization lottery, started by Father Labelle, was run, have made a report which exonerates the priest of any taint of dishonesty, but recommends that the lottery be abandoned owing to its non-success

A kitten was born in St. Roch's having two heads, three eyes and two mouths. When it mews the sound appears to proceed from a couple of young cats.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Mrs. John Faulds, who died at River Herbert recently, left 56 grandchildren and 36 great grandchildren. She was born at Ayr, and came to this country fifty years ago with her grandfather, who was a Burns and a cousin of Robert Burns.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Catholic clergy of Prince Edward Island recently celebrated their 27th anniversary of Bishop McIntyre's consecration with great *eclat* at Charlottetown. His lordship gave a dinner in the palace in honor of the occasion.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

Dr. Miller was found dead in his room at Battleford with his brains blown out. Deceased was a medical officer in the Northwest Mounted Police. No particulars have been learned.

Haultain's Majority in Macleod was 139.

MANITOBA.

A special from St. Thomas, Dakota on Wednesday says:—"The threshing engine of Robt. McAdams exploded here to-day killing Frank Stevenson; of Winnipeg, and fatally injuring Haloor B. Johnson and tearing an arm from James McAdam."

Threshing has commenced. John A. Flock, of Clearwater, has 45½ bushels to the acre off ten acres. Farmers are jubilant over the prospect of the yield.

The Flesherton post office has been burglarized, the safe being blown open. The building was badly wrecked; $400 was taken.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The schooner Candid has been seized at St. Peter's by Collector Boyd for violation of the Customs Laws.

IN A TERRITORIAL COURT.

Attorney for defendant—I will now ask the witness what he was doing on the evening of January the 12th.

Counsel for plaintiff—Objected to as incompetent, inoxcusable, irrelevant and incomprehensible.

A. for D.—Your honor, I insist upon the witness answering this question.

The court—Come, gentlemen, no quarreling, let us proceed with the case—the objection is sustained.

A. for D.—Very good; now then, Mr. Plucken, on the evening of January the 12th you were seen—

C. for P.—You miserable old shyster, the court rules that question out!

A. for D.—You pettifogging final proof thief, if it wasn't for his honor's presence I'd sweep the courtroom with your contemptible carcass. Withdraw your objection, you white-livered cur, or arm yourself.

C. for P.—I throw myself on the protection of the court.

The court here produces a forty-four self-cocker; the attorney for the defendant yields the point and harmony is again restored.—*Dakota Bell.*

Mrs. Mary Tuttle, an old lady 70 years of age, in a fit of despondency jumped off a San Francisco wharf, but was rescued. She had been stopping at a hotel and had contracted a bill for board and lodging, which her son had promised to pay. He paid part of it, but as the balance was due forthcoming Saturday, she was forced to leave the place.

Greenway, Smith & Greenway's bank at Warwick, England, has failed. The bank had been established for a century, and had the highest reputation for soundness. It is feared that the failure will cause widespread ruin.

GRANDEUR OF THE ROCKIES.

In the camp at the Head of the Passes.

Mount Lefroy—Five Thousand Feet Above the Sea—Frost in July—Abundance of Lakes—Good Fishing—Ascending the Steep Grades on the Railway.

Mr. H. P. Dwight of Toronto has received the following letter from Mr. L. R. O'Brien president of the Royal Canadian Academy, who is camping and sketching in the Rocky Mountains:

MY DEAR DWIGHT.—This a very different place from Banff. There the mountains beam a welcome to the visitor and the valley looks pleasant and festive. Here we are on the crest of the great range, 5,000 feet above the sea, up upon the shoulders of the mountains, which are entrenched behind scragy and bristling foothills, above which from the railway track little is visible but the tops of the peaks glistening with caps of perpetual ice and snow. Thus they look low at first sight, and in passing by the railway, but they are solemn and grim. To see them in their majesty we must go back a little and ascend the opposite slope, then they seem to rise up from their lairs, standing upon the foot-hills instead of crouching behind them. Mount Lefroy, the highest peak, is about 7,000 feet above the pass, and is capped with a creamy mass of snow and ice, showing perpendicular and overhanging faces of the most delicate green. One of these ice cliffs, looking like a delicate brush mark across the snow, when tested by a theodolite proved to be over three hundred feet in height. The Bow River, which at Banff has grown into a broad river, is here

A TURBULENT MOUNTAIN STREAM,

curling crisply over its gravely bed. When we arrived it was rising rapidly from the effect of the melting snow, and we had to shift our tents for fear of being overflowed; now it is subsiding, and as the water clears the trout are beginning to show themselves. They are unsophisticated and practical fish, and prefer a bit of beef to the most artistic fly. Midsummer is the time to sojourn on the mountains, especially here, where we are 5,000 feet above the sea, and where all the winds going east and west across the range whistle through the pass. Westerly winds prevail and bring the showers which fall in snow upon the peaks and whiten their summits. Once in July snow fell in the valley, and we often have frosty mornings. At the time you had the thermometer in Toronto at 100° in the shade we woke up to find the ground white with hoar frost and ice in a tin dish outside the tents more than half an inch thick. Mosquitos are unusually bad this summer everywhere, and here there are plenty, but the cool nights subdue their energies. They go to bed punctually at nine o'clock, and they have little of the vigor and ferocity of their kinsmen in the valleys.

All the mountain ranges abound in lakes. One in particular, named after the Princess Louise, attracted our attention. It lies in a hollow between two mountains, one of which rises above it in a perpendicular wall of gorgeously-tinted cliff fully two thousand feet above the water, which has a wonderful tint of green, from *aqua marine* to emerald. The opposite side rises with a more gradual slope but to a greater height, terminating in

A ROW OF RAGGED PEAKS

which are never free from snow and seldom from cloud and mist. The outlet is a good-sized stream flowing through winding channels among spruce trees feathered to the ground and hoary with hanging moss.

The lake is about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and the western end, opposite the outlet, is closed by a glacier and snow-crowned range of unbroken white, gleaming against the sky. Near the lake this western slope is partially bare, but even at the water's edge the ice is ten feet thick, intersected by channels, through which the glacier streams find their way to the lake.

During the construction of the railway Laggan was a mountain town of importance, and the lake was often visited. Now the town of tents and shanties has vanished, and the lake is almost forgotten; the workmen on the railway have no time for mountaineering and tourists will go only to the hotels. In five years' time, probably, one of the most lovely and impressive scenes that can be conceived of will be sealed again in oblivion and left to the bears and the chipmunk. The lake is full of trout, seventeen being the produce of less than an hour's fishing, but access is difficult, there is no regular trail and it takes an hour and a half of rough walking and climbing to reach it.

From our tents, which we pitch where we please, we look with pity upon the tourists. The latter, indeed, have all that civilized man can look for; comfort, convenience and luxury in Pullman car and palace hotel; scenery, varied and magnificent beyond description; but we are free, free to rough it and be at home with nature; attuned, in our life and surroundings, to her wildest mood, and yet not without the

COMFORTS OF SAVAGE LIFE

and what we care to have of the resources of civilization. Our canvas roofs are weather-proof; our mosquito bars are bisect-proof; our fragrant beds of spruce and hemlock are soft and springy; our lullaby of rushing river is more musical than the roll of wheels on pavement; and our roaring camp fire in the chill night air is at least as cheery as a sultry night in town. Then we have books and papers, choice companionship, a drawing-room tent in which a lady presides and finds ample compensation in the freshness and adventure of camp life from its trifling hardships. Fresh air, cold water, keen mountain breezes and plenty of exercise, give healthy appetites which are appeased by wholesome and abundant food. Our kitchen is not to be despised. A tent 8 feet square gives room for a small sheet-iron cooking stove, light and portable, but large enough for our purpose; we have nothing superfluous, and everything is at hand. We camp usually within a convenient distance of a railway station, where there is always a section house to accommodate the men in charge of the track, and there we can procure excellent bread and fresh meat, trusting to our stores or the railway for everything else.

stream, flashing white through the treetops hundreds of feet below. The sides of the pass are dominated by the highest mountains on the line, Mount Stephen and Cathedral Mountain being seven thousand feet above the track. The grade of the railway is extraordinarily steep, making the bare possibility of a runaway train or carriage frightful to contemplate. But every possible precaution is taken and one feels that the risks are controlled and the line is practically safe; still enough is left for pleasing excitement and a stirring of the nerves. Safety switches are continually open, at intervals, up which the train must run and stop should any accident take it from under control, and large engines of three times the ordinary power are stationed at the top and bottom of the grade, one being always attached to the down-hill end of the train to push it up, or to hold it back in descending, as the case may be.

If, by special favor, one is permitted to go on the front of the forward engine, the grandeur of the pass and the forces of nature overcome and controlled by the hand of man, are fully realized. There can be but few things in the way of locomotion to compare with the sensation of a spin down the Kicking Horse on the front of the engine. L. R. O'BRIEN.

MOUNT YO.

A Hunting Trip in the Mountains of Burrard Inlet.

Following is a communication to the *Forest and Stream*, from its Victoria correspondent:

Mount Yo, a bare rugged peak of some five thousand feet in height, is situated on the right shore of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, ten miles from the mouth and fifteen miles from the village of Hastings, the nearest hotel, from which point the trip to the foot of the mountain is made by water. The broken nature of its summit offers ample cover for the different kinds of game found there; and although at first glance the extent of country to be hunted may appear very limited, still one will require at least three or four days to thoroughly explore the many nooks and corners of this snow-covered peak. There is no trail leading to the summit, and one must pick his way through the tangle of undergrowth and broken rocks. Still there is nothing difficult or dangerous in the ascent, which can generally be made in from seven to ten hours. Mountain goats, black-tailed deer and black bear are among the game found here, and of the smaller mammals, a few wolverines, the Douglas marmot and little chief hare are sometimes met. Mount Yo was the scene of that photograph "One Day's Hunt in British Columbia," which has been so unceremoniously appropriated by some half dozen authors, and which, after going the rounds of the civilized world, has at last found its way into the school books of the Dominion; it was on the occasion of that hunt the mountain was named Yo, after the correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, whose talented pen has so often delighted its readers with sketches of camp life in the mountains. With this bit of introduction, I will relate my last trip to Yo.

Three hundred feet below us the creek scethed and foamed over its rocky bed, and as its sound reached us, or some turn in our course brought us nearer the almost vertical sides of the canyon, my companion would look down with greedy eyes at the cool gurgling waters, a mouthful of which would have been so much to his parched lips, and ask, "Is there no way of getting down to that stream?" At last the summit is reached; and after quenching our thirst at one of the many springs found in the locality, the spirits of my companion began to revive, and in a moment all the troubles experienced during his ten-hour tramp were forgotten. He took off his hat and strutting around over the heather-covered sward delivered himself after the following fashion: "Here we are at last. Behold, oh rugged peak, a new form of life has appeared before you. For the first time these gloomy canyons are echoing back the voice of civilized man, for the first time this sod is pressed by—"

He stopped short as if struck by the fangs of a rattler. His foot had come in contact with something which, as it rolled on in front of him, gave out a hollow clinking sound. Both eyes starting from their sockets he watched it till it came to rest against a clump of juniper, and then, as if drawn by some irresistible force, he moved slowly toward it and picked it up, and from the partially faded label on its side read out the following:

Pure Ground Coffee, Fell & Co., Victoria, B. C.

There was a moment of silence, the thing dropped from his hand, then he straightened himself up and fairly bursting with indignation turned and faced me.

Now, after complying with my companion's request to accompany him to the summit of some one of the mountains of the Inlet, it never occured to me that he was ignorant of the fact that Mount Yo was an old camp ground of mine, nor that I was deceiving him in leading him up here. But the true meaning of his remarks repeated to me a half dozen times on the way up, that "the pleasure of exploring some unknown land, to pitch his tent where no white man had ever hunted, had always been the height of his ambition," just began to dawn on me, and I felt guilty. But what he intended to say then will probably never be known, for just at that particular moment something occurred which not only absorbed his attention for the rest of the evening, but completely drove the relic of the old camp ground out of his head. This is what happened. About 500 yds. from where we were standing the summit proper of Mount Yo shoots into the clouds three or four hundred feet above the surrounding ridges. The side of this peak facing us is steep and rugged, broken up with great blocks of granite, with here and there a clump of stunted pines and juniper bushes. I have never attempted the ascent from this side, though my Indian on one occasion followed an old goat and its kid to the top. On the opposite side the ascent is quite easy. As my companion turned to face me, his eye caught sight of something on the side of this peak, and uttering an exclamation, he picked up his rifle and started in that direction, followed by the Indian. A hasty glance revealed the cause of his excitement; a white goat was running down the side of the mountain, closely followed by a black bear. Neither appeared to be going very fast; indeed, the nature of the ground was not at all favorable for a test of speed, and this was more a game of hide and seek, and the goat had the best of it. Doubling round among the granite blocks, he kept the distance between him and his black pursuer about the same; and once when on top of a huge rock he stopped and looked back at the bear. From my position I had a good view of the race, and with my glass watched it eagerly. I believe that the noble red man of the forest is accredited with holding in his composition a more than average share of stoicism, but in this respect, and under all circumstances, a mountain goat can discount him. Whether scrambling away from danger or chewing his cud on the sunny side of a rock, the same mopish indifference to passing events is stamped on every feature of his long and shapeless face. I do not wish it to be understood that I entertain any feeling of contempt for the mountain goat, for, on the contrary, I consider it one of the most interesting animals in the mountains; and the sportsman who has a desire to know something of the life history of our mammals, and who has never encountered a white goat in its *habitat*, has missed a very important chapter in natural history.

A puff of white smoke and the report of my companion's rifle recalls me to the chase. The goat moves off to the left and disappears among the bushes in that direction, while the bear, followed by my companion and the Indian, who fire two more shots apparently without effect, rushes off to the right, and is soon lost to view beyond the angle of the mountain.

I have not fully made up my mind as to what would have been the result of that race had it not been interfered with by my companion. There is nothing in my experience with the white goat to stamp it as an animal of more than average speed. I have also had, on more than one occasion, ample proof that a black bear will get through the woods about as fast as any animal I know of. But as before stated, the present case was not one where speed could have been made the winning card; and in the matter of staying powers, patience and cunning, the goat was probably the superior animal. The Indians have more than once told me that the goat sometimes become the prey of the black bear, the latter lying in wait and springing upon his victim from an ambush.

It was dark when my companion returned. He had the usual story: "The bear was literally shot to pieces, but it was too dark to follow the trail; they would find him easy enough in the morning" (a prediction not verified by facts). The evening wore on and I fell asleep, to be wakened some time in the night by a punch from my companion, and "How in thunder did that old can get here?" But I feigned sleep, and so the thing was forgotten.

The next day resulted in the killing of three goats, which, however, I had no hand in, as I occupied my time in searching for specimens of the little chief hare (*Lagomys princeps*).

When the chase is over, on the approach of night, in the rugged surroundings and deathlike stillness always pervading the summit of these mountains, there is something conducive to gloomy reflections; and with the presentiment forcing itself upon me, that probably this would be my last trip to Yo, I must admit that my spirits were not of a very buoyant nature, nor did the cheerful blaze of the camp-fire impress me with any desire to listen to "Indian lore" or "camp-fire ticketings." My companion appeared to be fully engaged in looking after his goat skins; and strolling along down the ridge to a point overlooking the waters of the Inlet and commanding a view far to south and west, I sat down for a quiet smoke. The sun had already dipped behind the long wooded ridge which marked the boundary between Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound, but his light still rested on the tops of the tall fir, which skirted the southern shore of the South Arm. Port Moody, fifteen miles away, buried in the shadows of its forest surroundings, looks sullen and gloomy, while its successful rival, Vancouver, twelve miles to the west, looms up in all the gaudiness of freshly painted walls and glittering roofs, reflecting back the rays of the fading day. In the matter of these two cities it is shadow and sunshine in very truth.

A long line of black smoke is twisting its way like a huge serpent down the shore of the South Arm. It is the express train of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the far away east. What a chain of thought that line of smoke calls up. Twenty-five years ago, when after footing it across the great plains of the Northwest, I stood upon the summit of the Rockies and looked down over this sea of mountains stretching away to the Pacific, I imagined I had found a land into which civilization would be slow to follow, and my wildest dreams then could never picture these two iron bands stretching from the east to the west. But the granite breastworks of nature, which stud the country from the western border of the plains to the Pacific, have proved but puny barriers to the march of progress and conquest towards the setting sun; and the journey which then took the writer five months to accomplish can now be made in about as many days.

A mountain goat which has been slowly working its way up the side of the canyon opposite me, has reached the top and now stands, his white shaggy form sharply outlined against the darkening sky beyond. This solitary old chap is also taking a survey of his surroundings, and if possessed with the power of reasoning may, in contemplating these two i