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# A VISITOR'S VIEWS

## Testimony of a Yorkshireman as to Opportunities

W. G. Winterburn, M.N.A., who was for many years the general manager of the firm of George Fenwick & Co., Ltd., engineers and shipbuilders, Hamilton, and who contributed an excellent series of letters to the *Whitby Gazette* on the Far East, writes to that paper from Victoria, British Columbia, giving such information as I have acquired during a residence of several months in this fair province.

It is from a somewhat different standpoint that I shall have to write (says Mr. Winterburn) my reasons for emigrating were different from those which induce most people who change their location in middle life. After spending many years in tropical climates the time arrived when deemed it desirable to move to a temperate latitude. The Old Country would have been preferred, but I believe in the wider horizon and greater scope which the colonies offer to the young, so, on the colonies' account, I decided to bring them up colonial.

New Zealand would have appealed to me, but I knew little of the country, had never visited it, and the distance from the motherland was great. Amongst all the British possessions, none appeared to offer so many advantages as British Columbia, and, as I already knew North America pretty well, the die was cast; and, with two staterooms full of family, and twenty tons of furniture, I shook the dust of the Orient off my feet, and became a settler in the furthest West.

Victoria is a charmingly-situated city of about 30,000 inhabitants, on the southern end of Vancouver Island. It is an outpost of Empire, being the westernmost port of Canada, the broad Pacific lapping its shores whence one looks out over 4,000 miles of ocean towards far Cathay. The climate resembles that of the South of England, roses bloom in the gardens on Christmas day; as I write, primroses are showing buds bursting forth, and nature preparing to welcome the spring. The principal streets of the city are well paved, shops contain high-class goods; in all directions are beautiful residences surrounded by well-kept gardens, and, generally, the tone of the place is that of well-to-do gentility. Victoria is a residential city, and the home of an increasing number of wealthy persons who have made fortunes in the Northwest, and who desire to spend the evening of their days in a less rigorous climate than that of the prairies.

My intention had been to settle in Vancouver. I found, on arrival, that it was almost impossible to rent a house; the hotel rates were prohibitive for a family, and the boarding houses would not take children. In this dilemma, I decided to buy a house which was approaching completion, and returned to Victoria to have a further look round there under the house was finished.

By this time I had changed my mind. Having come across inducements to settle in Victoria, I rented my Vancouver house the first day it was on the market at a rate which nets 5 per cent per annum, and today I could sell it for \$1,000 more than I gave; and I paid full market value when I bought. This fact indicates the rate at which the city of Vancouver is growing.

Abundance of houses were to let in Victoria, and rents were low for this country. I, however, bought a property, and fortunately so, for a month or two later a "boom" spread over the real estate business, and value jumped enormously. There seems to be no particular reason for the increase, for vacant sites are plentiful quite near to the centre of the city. An influx of capitalists from the Eastern provinces, however, caused a considerable demand for property, and, as most of it was held by people who had been waiting for a rise and others were able to sell their residences at a good figure and move into places more to their liking, a considerable spurt in business resulted.

Acres within easy distance of the city has been, and still is, a great source of speculation. The soil is wonderfully fertile, and the scenery lovely, but the difficulty is lack of labor. One can purchase a fine estate for a comparatively modest sum, but it is almost impossible to get help to develop it. Farm laborers are wanted everywhere, if only some of the tollers on our inhospitable moor-edge farms could transport themselves and families here, they would not know themselves. Wages are high, food good and cheap, climate superb, and Jack as good as his master.

It is certainly difficult for sons of the soil to translate themselves to other environments. Having lived all their lives on one spot, and their forebears before them, they are not the most adaptable of colonists; consequently they often with all the advantages of the new country, pine for the old. This is natural, and, therefore, it is advisable for the younger men to emigrate in preference to those more advanced in life. Here there is everything to appeal to the countryman; game abundant, from the lordly elk to the grouse and pheasant, which are plentiful and free to all to shoot, fishing in every lake and stream; good roads on the Island for riding or driving; boating and yachting on lake and bay; and society, though scattered, is sufficient, and thoroughly British, so that new-comers never need feel that they are in a foreign country, on amongst an unsympathetic people, as may occur on the other side of the line.

Since the imposition of the \$500 poll tax on Chinese, those useful laborers are shut out of the country, consequently fruit rot for want of help to pick it, farmers cannot reap their full complement of grain, wood is scarce and dear because there are no lumbermen to handle it, and the same can be said for many other things. The country puts up with all this in order to preserve the land for the white man, and to the Anglo-Saxon in particular Canada holds out her hands in welcome.

Skilled labor is not so much wanted at present, though wages are high, and those in steady employment are exceedingly well off. The industries, however, are too few to guarantee regular work all the year round to ordinary artisans, and it is difficult for a man to get into a good position, how-

# A Visitor's View of Our City—Modern Homes Where Beauty and Elegance Delight the Eye—Fishing In the Gulf Provides Pleasant Pastime.

ever well qualified he may be, without local influence, which, of course, a new-comer cannot have.

Domestic servants are wanted everywhere. No useful girl need be a day waiting for a place; wages in this branch are better than in any other, because the girl only has clothes to buy, and thus the greater part of her earnings are available for the "bottom drawer." Nothing less than \$3. and up to \$5. per month, has to be paid for one. Good mechanics get

street, and the while look across the sound where the Olympian ranges rise in marble like splendor under a mantle of the ever melting yet never melting snow, the air is laden with cooling draughts, which, in eventide, blends the day into perfect night.

"There are homes in shaded dells," "Where all is peace, and plenty dwells," wrote of Portugal; "It is a goodly

clal creations. They are in the perspective of the horticulturist's grandest conception. They are so decorated that the picture blends into one harmonious whole and then the rainfall and the sunshine are so proportioned, by a kindly disposed providence, as to produce the best results in garden, lawn and field.

A feature of Victorian home life is the absence of squalid huts and uninviting and unsanitary slums; there is great disparity of course, between the homes of the affluent and the lowly, but there is an air of tidiness and neatness about all the homes, that at once places its people on a plane of civilization above and beyond the citizenship of many of the world's cities of equal size.

In the great variety in the character of home sites, the city lends itself to an equally great variety of architectural design and diversity in coloring, that the fusing of house and surroundings may be harmonized. One striking characteristic of Victorian homes is the profusion of climbing roses and honeysuckles trained over verandahs bay windows and casements, not indeed, however, without much care and labor and continuing attention, which can only be pursued by the lovers of the beautiful in nature, by those who can appreciate the marvelous coloring and painting of nature's artist, the like of which the masters fail to approach.

The untold mystery in the beauties of the flowers, has served the purpose intended by a loving Providence in their creation, if they are appreciated and adorned by its greatest created creature, man. They are God's decorations of earth, and look at them as we may, under whatever circumstances

## FISHING IN GULF

### Interesting Article on Popular Pastime

By Clive Philipps-Wolley.

It is difficult to tell the English of a new field sport, and yet I believe that a few of us who are living on the islands in the Gulf of Georgia amuse

title I know is Sebastichthys pinniger, but his intimate friends in this country christened him rock cod, and rock cod he will be to the end of time to the islanders.

The first piece of water we pass over, moving almost imperceptibly, and watching like herons from the bow, contains no cod. It is not likely to, the bottom is smooth and sandy, and the cod wants rocks. Yes! That was something. That cloud of submarine dust which you saw rise, as if a small shell had exploded, meant the flounder went away; and there goes another, flitting over the ocean floor like a big butterfly. It will be a long time before you learn to hit one of those quick travelers on the wing, but there is one you ought to get. What? You don't see him? The boat is right over him, the water is still and clear as crystal, and full of cool green light from the bright spring sun.

Well, you see him now; and I forgive you to explain to you, while the information would have been useful that I could see of him was a faint outline of a flounder on the sand. He was below it, and lay there so long because he saw through the sand that you were not used to his little games. As a matter of fact, had he been better eating, I would have told you sooner; but I hate to kill what I can't use.

Now we are into the sea grass, the pastures of the brant, which left for the north last week, and if you don't mind we will go through it at once, because, though I have seen two cod in it already, and an Indian or my friend H. would have seen half a dozen, I can't expect you to "spot" them in such thick cover as yet.

In the young kelp which is beyond it you should be able to do better. It looks like a nursery of sea-babies, doesn't it—sea-babies with shiny bald heads and long, thin bodies, which are continued beyond our sight. They are merry orphans, dancing in the tide, though all their great parents—some of them 100 feet long—were torn from their homes and destroyed in the severe gales of the past winter.

Of them, in the old days, the Indians made fishing lines, strong enough to play a 50-lb. halibut, and some six inches in circumference, with which one canoe called to another in the fog.

There, at last, is a cod you can get, lying just alongside that broad stream of kelp, the biggest stream of the lot. Oh, yes, you must see him; he is dead still, with his tail towards you. There! Look! We shall be over him in a minute.

Never mind! You missed him by feet; but if I had not held on to your coat-tails you would have frightened him badly. Remember another time that you must keep your weight in the boat; if you do, the boat will go backwards from under your feet, and you will have the pleasure of swimming ashore—quite an experience. I can assure you, in a blizzard, that fellow who darted into the rocks has turned round and but his head-out. Let him have it. That time you hit the rocks, but the barbs are made of old flies, so you haven't done much harm. Give me the spear a minute; there is another fellow lying right against the rock ahead of us. Put your spear into the water gently, like this; push it up then close to him as you can, and then thrust, and (Lord, how he kicked) bring your spear back like a paddle, stroke and drop him into the boat behind you like that. If you try to lift him out straight, you will pull him off against the water.

That fellow is a good four pound; but keep your hands off him, his barbs are shockingly sharp, and slightly poisonous. Did you ever hear a fish growl like that before? Talker, like a ferrier than a fish, doesn't he?

When we have killed enough rock cod to feel certain about our supper, we adjourn to the rocks at the point, where sheer walls go down into the water beyond the reach of eyesight, or else to the edge of the great kelp bed some distance from shore, and in either case we take the qwakop, and the big spear, twenty-two feet long as the water.

Let your boat go with the tide, put the qwakop, a great shuttlecock made of cedar with white wings cut from dogwood, between the three lines of your spear, and lower it into the water as far as spear and arm will reach, give a sharp jerk to disengage the qwakop, and let your spear shaft (also of cedar) come up through your hand as quickly as possible, and watch.

By and by you will see a star far below you, coming up and up towards you, and "pop!" the qwakop is on the surface on its side, and nothing has happened. Spear it, and bring it up for another plunge; plucking it up is good practice at first, and you do not "raise" a big cod (Ophiodon elongatus) every time, any more than you raise a trout at every cast of your fly.

That time, however, you did, try again, and watch more closely. There he is! don't you see him? That great ghost of a fish far down, circling like a hawk about to stoop, coming into and vanishing from the small area in which he is visible to you, and growing bigger and plainer as he approaches the top.

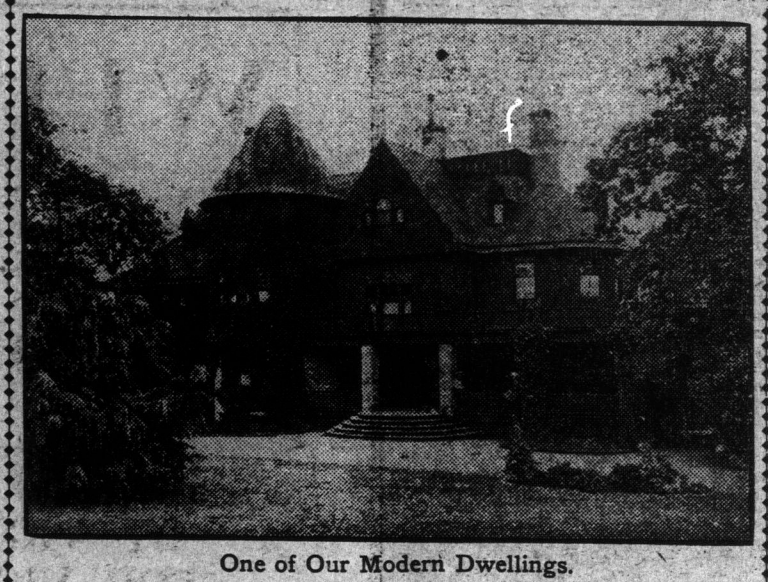
It was all over almost before you saw him, and he never came quite to the top. I know, but he very seldom will, although I have known him actually seize the wooden lure on the top of the water and make off with it for a yard or two, until he realized that it was not a wounded herring whose white sides had brought him from his rock ledge far below.

It was more than a year before I ever got one of these big fellows myself, though I have known my neighbor H. (who is better at the game than any Indian), to kill eight in a little over an hour.

Going back, we put out the troll, and in drawing in the first fish we take, give the newcomer a chance.

Just as the fish is being lifted into the boat a great, ugly, shark-like head breaks the water, and gliding all about the boat is a pack of those hungry seal-wolves, the dog fish.

We drop our capture, still on the line, back into the water, and as they strike at him spear one after another of the ugly brutes, who seem sometimes almost bold enough to attack a man. It would be cruel sport but that they are the worst pest from which the sea-fishermen suffer in this country, and we on the ranches can find a use for the oil which we strain from their livers.



One of Our Modern Dwellings.

from \$3 to \$4 per day, and as a man with two or three children can live in comfort on \$50 per month, a very good margin is left to provide for a rainy day.

Workmen mostly own their houses, but, whether they do or not, they always have a garden, bathroom, hot and cold water, electric light, and such other conveniences which a generation ago were obtainable only by the wealthy.

## MODERN HOMES

### Palatial Interiors Furnishings Are Features Here

Dryden says: "Home is the sacred refuge of our life." Show me the homes of a city and I will read its social life, and so can any man or woman of the world who has a vivid character and its fruits. It is an old adage hoary with age, certainly inelegant, but not musty, for it is called into frequent use. "You can't make a silk purse from a pig's ear," but it is just as possible as it is for an unlettered, uncouth, unpolished, unlearned people, to concern and create artistic homes, nor would such a people have a desire for the artistic, nor a taste for the beautiful. Were one to go through the residential area of beautiful Victoria, there would be disclosed such evidences of culture and refinement as may seldom be seen in any other city. The homes of Victoria are an index to the character of its people. They mutually testify to the refinement within—and such homes, and such locations for homes. Nature has been prodigal in its gifts of fine sites to the people of this fair city, and charming environment invites creations somewhat akin to contiguous surroundings. But home is not only a place to live in, it is the abiding place of the affections,

that may surround us, they fall sweetly upon the eye, there are no incongruities of coloring, there are no harsh lines in the picture.

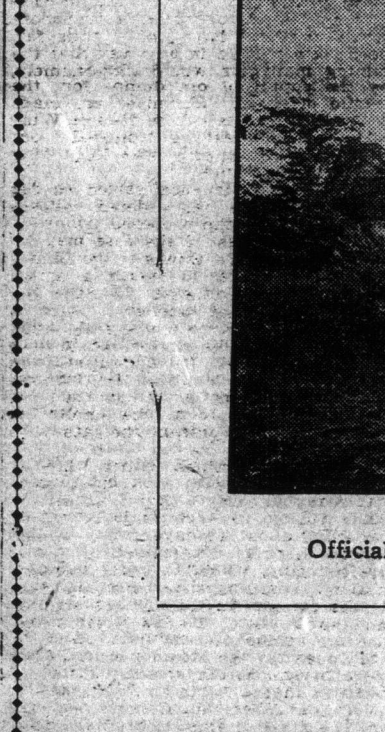
The interior of Victorian homes is no less attractive than the exterior suggests. There are not only the modern conveniences evolved from the experience of house building through all the years, but in the furnishings and decorations the sensible housewife and the professional decorator have joined forces and have produced marvelous effects in furnishings, wall decorations, and floor coverings. There are the richest Axminsters from that historic little English town in Devon, which has transmitted the name of the river Axe, through the town, to its chief product, there is a wealth of Persian rugs, exquisite tapestries, rich and delicate wall decorations and draperies not only suggestive of wealth, but of a cultivated taste, which latter applies to the humblest homes in their modest furnishings.

It is not every house that is a home. That immortal song of J. Howard Payne,

"Home, home, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

may well apply to the castle and the cottage in this westernmost city of the Empire, and on passing how cruel the destiny of life. The author of this sonnet in his later years fell from his prominent position as U.S. Consul to Egypt, through the influence of drink; he became a confirmed drunkard and outcast, and it is related, that when in the city of Berlin in Germany, hungry, penniless, homeless, and friendless he stood before the great window of a palatial drawing-room, at night, the lights within disclosed a fashionable throng, being entertained by some "Queen of song," and she sang as he had never heard it sung before, the song he and writers are he became an intellectual deformity.

But I have digressed; referring back to my theme. My greatest admiration lives of denizens of the greater cities. There are homes of choicest coloring in settings of the splendors of artful



Official Residence of Lieut.-Governor Dunsmuir.

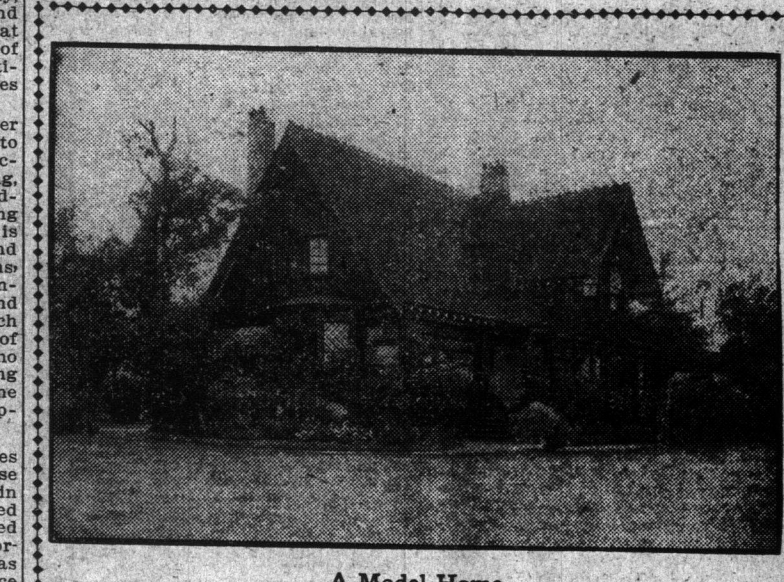


A Study in Cosy Corners.

and the more beautiful its appointments the more likely will there be had little to inspire his pen compared to Victoria. Olympian range, and peaceful sea, and fertile plains, and bursting mines, and wooded hillsides, and rose decked gardens, and magnificent homes. What would have been his composition had he written of Victoria? Its homes nestle beneath the protecting branches of the old forest trees, in lawns reaching down to the water's edge where in eventide there are myriads of craft loaded with pleasure seekers whose laughter fills the air with the music of voices, willing and perplexities which harrow the lives of denizens of the greater cities. There are homes of choicest coloring in settings of the splendors of artful

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A Model Home.

ourselves and fill our fish kettles, by the practice of an art little known in our unknown, in England, an art which makes as great a demand upon hand and eye as covert shooting.

During the winter, with its wild sou'-wester, which give even our Douglas pines a lilt to the northeast, the Indians have been lying snug in their bays and coves, their long canoes drawn high upon the beaches, and covered over with mats woven from the inner fibre of the cedar bark; but the ducks have gone to the water, and the geese have been nesting on the wings of the last March wind, the mats have been withdrawn, and the graceful orats are on the fishing grounds again.

If you watch them carefully you will learn, as we did, how to catch fish with a spear. That is the sport of the islander in summer.

In the old days, before the white man came, there were sea otter in plenty round Camosun (Victoria); fur seals bred round Cape Flattery; and the more daring of the Indians, leaving these, used to hunt the leviathan himself, although they never expected to retrieve him until his decomposing body floated with their buoyed lances attached to it. Then there was a free fight between the tribe which found the whale and the tribe which killed it, and either in a vendetta, or an intertribal "blow-out" on the blubber. Today, of course, the sea otter has been killed out, and would not be worth while to look for one nearer than the Behring Sea, and even there they are not plentiful; the fur seal seldom if ever breeds now round Flattery, and a very successful whaling company upon the west coast is doing its best to exterminate the whales.

So the Indians are reduced to trolling for spring salmon, digging for cod, or if the cod have come in from the deep waters, spearing them as they hang poised over the sea gardens or the with their fierce and ugly heads protruding from some submarine hole

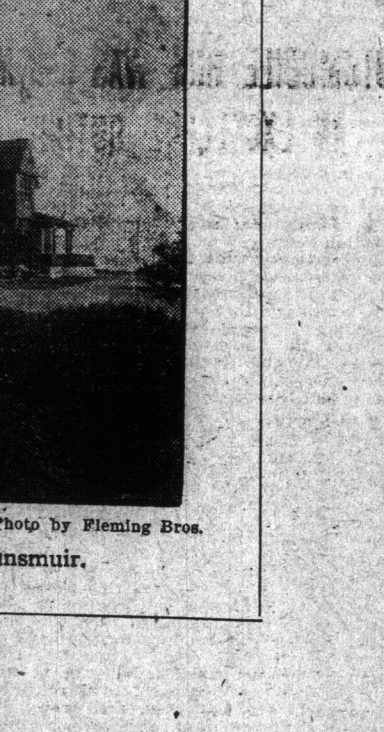


Photo by Fleming Bros.



A Model Drawing Room.

stir the distant reader to a desire to see and know for himself the beauties of the Victorian home, I will not have written in vain, and my reader will live to repeat "The half has not been told."

"Does your maid object to being called a servant?"

"I don't know. We've only had her two weeks and she hasn't really permitted us to get on speaking terms with her yet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anticipating tomorrow and regretting yesterday is a foolish way for a man to spend his time.

In the rocks, or to their favorite sport (and ours) with the "he he" or "qwakop." Let me take you out into the bay with the little spear first; it is only sixteen feet long, and light almost as a fishing rod. You ought really to begin by spearing crabs, but it always seems to me such an abominable shame to stab these honest citizens as they stand, arms akimbo, at the entrance to their houses, that I would rather use the spear upon the rock cod, who look as vicious as a grizzly, and growl when you hit them. Besides, if you have any nerves at all, you won't like the sound of the crabs crawling about amongst your legs in the bottom of the boat.

The fish we are after is not, I believe, a true cod; indeed, his proper