



### CHOLLY'S OPINION OF B.C.

I've been in this wretched country faw yeahs—it seems like faw centuries. The guv'naw gave me two thousand pounds to start a milk ranch out heah in Bwitsch Columbia, but I met an old chum at Winnipeg on my way out—an awfully good ewristian—and he was flat bwoke. He said the guv'naw was "dotty" to think of going into the milk ranch business in Bwitsch Columbia because there was no population. He knew of a watling good pwoposition in Southern Manitoba—a stawch factory—it would pay surprising dividends—so I decided to go into it and took Tom in pawtnership. But befaw starting to see the place Tom insisted on showing me aound Winnipeg, and you know what that means. By jove, we had a scorching time, and we met lots of awfully jolly chappies (all Old Country fellahs, you know) and they all had splendid schemes for making lots of dollahs but the twouble was they were all flat bwoke, and you know a fellah can't start any kind of enterprise without capital. But befaw we left town we met a fwend of Tom's, an awfully good sort, and he stwongly advised us not to buy the stawch factory—said the last man lost ewvery dollah he had in the world in it. He knew of a chawnee to buy an interest in a coal mine near Moosejaw or some such beastly place, for three thousand dollahs—there was a fortune in it almost immediately, so we decided to go in and win. But a fellah named Smithers—I daresay you know him—he's awfully well up in geology and that sort of thing. This Smithers begged us not to touch the coal mine with a barge pole. He said it wasn't coal at all, only lignite or something of that kind, a fwend o' his knew all about it. He knew of a bettaw scheme—to start a steamboat on the Red River and carry freight. But on the first twip the engineer got beastly dwunk, and while Tom and Smithers and I were unload-

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ing the fweight—beastly hard work, by the way—the whole thing blew up and came pweicious neah killing the lot of us. The engineer got three fingaws blown off in the explosion—wish it had been his bloomin' head—and then sued us faw damages. So you see we lost the whole bag of twicks, and had to pay the engineer two hundred dollahs faw blowing off his own fingaws besides. So at last I got jolly sick of Manitoba and came out heah to Bwitsch Columbia. And mind you all this time I had a lot of twouble to keep the guv'naw in the dark, dating letters ahead and having them mailed at Vancouver. He thought I was running the milk ranch—and, by jove, how the boys did laugh to heah the letters I wote home about the numbah of cows I had, and my new system of making buttaw. And the old gentleman's letters to me would simply paralyze you—just listen to this:—

Willow Grange, Diddlesbury,  
23rd August, 1897.

My Dear Son:—I am highly gratified to hear by your last letter (just received by this morning's post) that you are doing so splendidly with the Dairy Farm. Though I was confident it would prove a successful venture, if economically managed, I frankly admit that I did not think it was in you o make it pay so handsomely from the tart as you have done.

I send you enclosed bank draft for two hundred pounds, making in all six hundred and fifty pounds since you went away; and while on the subject I would earnestly counsel you against "spreading out" two quickly. While I do not doubt you have invested the money judiciously, and that it will increase the profits immensely, as you show by your figures, yet it is safe to pursue a cautious course in any branch of business, and the sooner your "ranch" (as you call it) pays its own expenses the better. By the way, old Tom White (who is an authority on Jersey cattle) says you will have to exercise great care in the winter or you will lose your whole herd. He thinks it would have been safe to get some hardier breed, better adapted to the climate, even though inferior as butter producers.

I have not time to write you at length, as I must catch the mail in a few moments.

Your mother and the girls send love and best wishes for your success. All are in good health.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN JENKINS.

P.S.—I have written to Leishman, Smith & Weston, solicitors, etc., of Vancouver, to help you with suggestions at any time and to advance money should you require it for prompt investment.

But that postscript did the business. Of course I called on Leishman, Smith & Weston and gave them a song and dawnee, but young Weston had been helping me to paint the town wed for months and he let the cat out of the bag—said I had not yet purchased the ranch or something of that kind. By jove, the guv'naw was hopping—wouldn't send me another pound if I starved to death. Then a tailor fellah I owed a bill to commenced to dun me at my boarding house, and that got the landlady down on me. When I told her I expected a remittance from