

NOW FOR PHEASANTS

Hunters Preparing for Opening of the Season—Over Three Hundred Birds Are Reported Plentiful

Herewith is reproduced a remarkably excellent photograph of a pretty "bag" which fell to the gun of a local sportsman at the opening of the pheasant season last year. The picture was taken specially for the Colonist by Messrs. Fleming Bros. The season for quail and pheasants opens on Tuesday next, October 1st and as the fields in the vicinity of Victoria and adjacent points are famed for the sport they afford with these birds, a considerable number of hunters have assembled from outside points preparatory to an outing with dog and gun. Farmers and ranchers from outside points say that the pheasants have been never more plentiful, and some excellent sport is therefore promised.

In 1882 C. W. R. Thompson, of Victoria, imported twenty pheasants from England. These birds were of great care and attention after arrival and died before they were strong enough to be turned out.

In 1888 Mr. Thompson imported between twenty and twenty-five birds from China (Phasianus torquatus), which were kept in confinement, the eggs being hatched out under game fowl, and when the chicks were able to look after themselves they were set at liberty in the vicinity of the property known as the Admiral's House, at Esquimalt.

In 1888 three male and nine hen birds were imported from China by Edward Musgrave, of Salt Spring Island. Two of the hens died and the remainder were turned out on the south end of the island; most of the birds in the Cowichan Valley are descended from this stock. The birds are now very numerous and have spread all up on the island as far as Comox, and north even of that.

In 1889 some forty-four birds were put down in the vicinity of the Magee and McClary ranches, on the north bank of the Fraser river, about five or six miles south of Vancouver. These birds quickly spread over Sea Island, Lulu Island and the lower Delta. Four years later twenty birds were put down at Ladner, thus giving fresh blood. At Harrison river, in 1898, about fifteen or twenty imported birds were turned out. At Chilliwack a few birds, probably six or eight were given freedom in the vicinity of Hope Slough, about 1895. In the Squamish Valley, in 1900 three birds and in the following year four more, were put down.

The lower valley of the Fraser and the country for several miles on each side of the river, now carry a good stock of pheasants and the birds afford good sport. They have made their way as far east as Hope.

Several shipments of the Bob-white variety of quail have been imported and put down on Vancouver Island and the Lower Mainland of British Columbia during the last twenty years, but with only indifferent success. There are still some left, but in spite of their being protected, they do not seem to increase in numbers. On one farm, where they were said to be doing exceptionally well, they were now reported to have entirely disappeared. Some people are of the opinion that they were shot off illegally, but it is not probable that this was the case, it being much more likely that they have migrated elsewhere, as this species is well known to be "partially migratory."

In the spring of this year some gentlemen of Vancouver imported about five dozen birds from Kansas, and put down three dozen of them on Mr. Shaw's ranch at Shuswap, and two dozen on the Harper ranch on the South Thompson river, a few miles above Kamloops. They are reported to have done well.

ESAU'S DREAM OF HOME

Harold Begbie Tells of Loyalty to King as He Found It During Recent Visit to This City

In the issue of the London Chronicle just to hand appears an article from the pen of Mr. Begbie, reminiscent of the banquet given in honor of the British editors while in Victoria.

When I was a child and knelt on a big hassock in the rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I used to wonder, while files draped against the green-tinted diamond-paned windows and the crowing of roosters came with drowsy sunshine through the open door, whether the dear, sad-faced old lady in a widow's cap, whose picture hung in our nursery above the grey rocking-horse, knew that my father was praying for her good health.

I used to wonder, too, whether she ever reflected how at that particular moment from one end of England to the other men were breathing her woman's name into the hearing of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of princes. How wonderful for that little lady to think of this universal supplication—how humbling, how uplifting! Did she bow her head very low, I wondered, as the choric prayer of England rose in the hush of those Sabbath mornas from city and town, from village and hamlet—the voice of her great Britain England approaching the confidence of God on her behalf?

How heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria; and so replenish her with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endus, her piteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies; and finally, after this life she may obtain everlasting joy and felicity.

The innocent wonder of childhood lies far behind me on the dusty road of life. He who prayed and she for whom he prayed have both outlived the shadow of our night. Other children play in that Suffolk glebe, a different voice wakes the Sabbath echoes in that village church, and another inhabits the majestic splendor of the throne of England.

"The King—God Bless Him." But, here in Canada, not in a church, but at the disordered table of a banquet far away in West, with the crown of the Pacific ocean in my ears and the scent of a deep, cool pine forest stealing in, the candles through the opening of a tent, I find my wonderment following the ancient trail of

Hunters Preparing for the Opening of the Pheasant Shooting Season—Harold Begbie's Eloquent Tribute to Loyalty of Colonials at Outpost of Empire

a far-away childhood. Does Edward the Seventh, I ask myself, ever reflect that in all the zones of the world, night after night, year in, year out, at the old familiar call, "Gentlemen, the King"—men of Shakespeare's blood and Alfred's lineage spring to their feet, as at the sound of a trumpet and the local welkin rings with the anthem of the British race? Is he conscious, whenever he be at this moment, of the low, strong rumbling Amen of our anthem, which rolls through the tent as we set down our glasses, and resume our chairs—"The King—God bless him?" Does he feel the magic of this world-wide loyalty? Does it

on the table in front of him, rises to propose another toast.

Canadian Loyalty

But my thoughts cling to the ancient trail. In the midst of tobacco smoke, which hangs like a gauze veil above the fruits and flowers of the table, I see a vision of Windsor Castle, with the Royal Standard streaming out against a sky of summer turquoise, exactly as it shone for my boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The fragrance of England's May-breathing hedgerows and the deep earthy scent of her glimmering woods of oak and elm come to me from the fields of memory.

the gates of the past, and shows again the pleasant vision of childhood. At the name of the King rises the vision of England, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey—all the crowded historic greatness of free and glorious England—this memory, with the swirl of craft under the Thames bridges, leaps in one fond yearning affection to the exiled heart at the toast of the King. All that men learned of England at the knees of their mothers comes like a vision at the call of the King. At that name Esau dreams his dream of home.

ing his lesson the concordant affirmation, "The King—God bless him." But here, separated by a continent and an ocean from the shores of England, what significance there is in the voices of those who stand to drink! Here in the Island of Vancouver, all formality slips from the proceeding, and our toast is sacred, like a religious service. We are men seeking to express communion. We are free people uttering the ritual of our unity. The flag which drapes the table enfolds an empire. The name of the King knits us into a common family. With what a proud challenge it rings out: "The King—

brains beats still the life of England's song. "Gentlemen—the King!" For that moment we are all gentlemen. For that moment Esau wears the European livery of his brother Jacob.

It is thus throughout the vast Dominion of Canada. It is thus in the mighty Empire of India. It is thus in ancient Egypt. It is thus in South Africa. It is thus in Australia. The shore calls to shore the ancient pledge, and the ships that sail between link voice to voice. Hark, how it rings across the world, that cry, "The King—God bless him!"—from one whole continent, from a hundred peninsulas, from five hundred promontories, from a thousand

and green lanterns of a schooner burn in the space between two islands. The sigh of the pines drifts out to sea like a lover's whisper.

Above our heads hangs Charles's stand and look upward at the grinding splendor of the firmament there comes a friend in the gloom of the garden.

"When I caught sight of her," mutters, "I felt my jaw grow stiff, and my heart stop beating. I shall never breathe. Good Lord, I shall never get it. I believe I cried. She looked so little and crumpled up in her big carriage. Her face was like old ivory. She didn't bob to the people, but she bowed. All around her were kings and princes and soldiers. And she was playing, and the flags were waving, and the streets were ringing with hurrahs. And there I was—the little old lady in a big bonnet. It was great. My God, it was great."

THE THREE VOICES

An Imperial Poet Sings a Masterpiece of Prose of His Impressions of a Trip Through Canada

Mr. Harold Begbie is contributing a brilliant series of articles to the Daily Chronicle on Canada. On Sept. 2, he writes of "The Three Voices," the Voice of the People, the Voice of the Politicians, and the Voice of the Land.

The Voice of the People

"First, because it is so strange to European ears, and because it is so full of the hues of dawn, the glad freshness of mountain air, and the dance of summer sunlight on re-joicing waters, give ear to the language of the people. It is the language of hope, the language of a youthful people setting forth with songs to adventure, discovery, and with the barefoot mudlarking boy, fishing on the river bank, the deep-cheated lumber jack singing in the forest, the girl laughing in the scented orchard, and the bearded Scots settler driving his plough across the virgin prairie, speak to their souls in this comfortable language of hope. There is scarce a man breathing Canadian air who does not dream of fortune. Certainly, for no man here is life ruled and grooved and hedged about as in England. He can throw down a sack today to eat good fare with other tools tomorrow. His strong arms are the desire of capital; he serves capital only to lay up for himself treasure enough to become himself a master man."

"In this high-hearted young world of old age, the monotony of a life's servitude, tyranny and fright no strong-tongued woman's son. From every province comes the despairful cry of capital, for the broad back-land-swinging arm of labor. The proud literature of every province is the story of men who begin with nothing and live presently with the flourish of prosperity. Every morning the nation opens its windows to the surprise of a new dawn and a fuller horizon, here is no well across the face of speculation, and no embargo laid on dreams. The driver of a rig, by a lucky deal in real estate, may become a millionaire."

The Voice of the Politicians

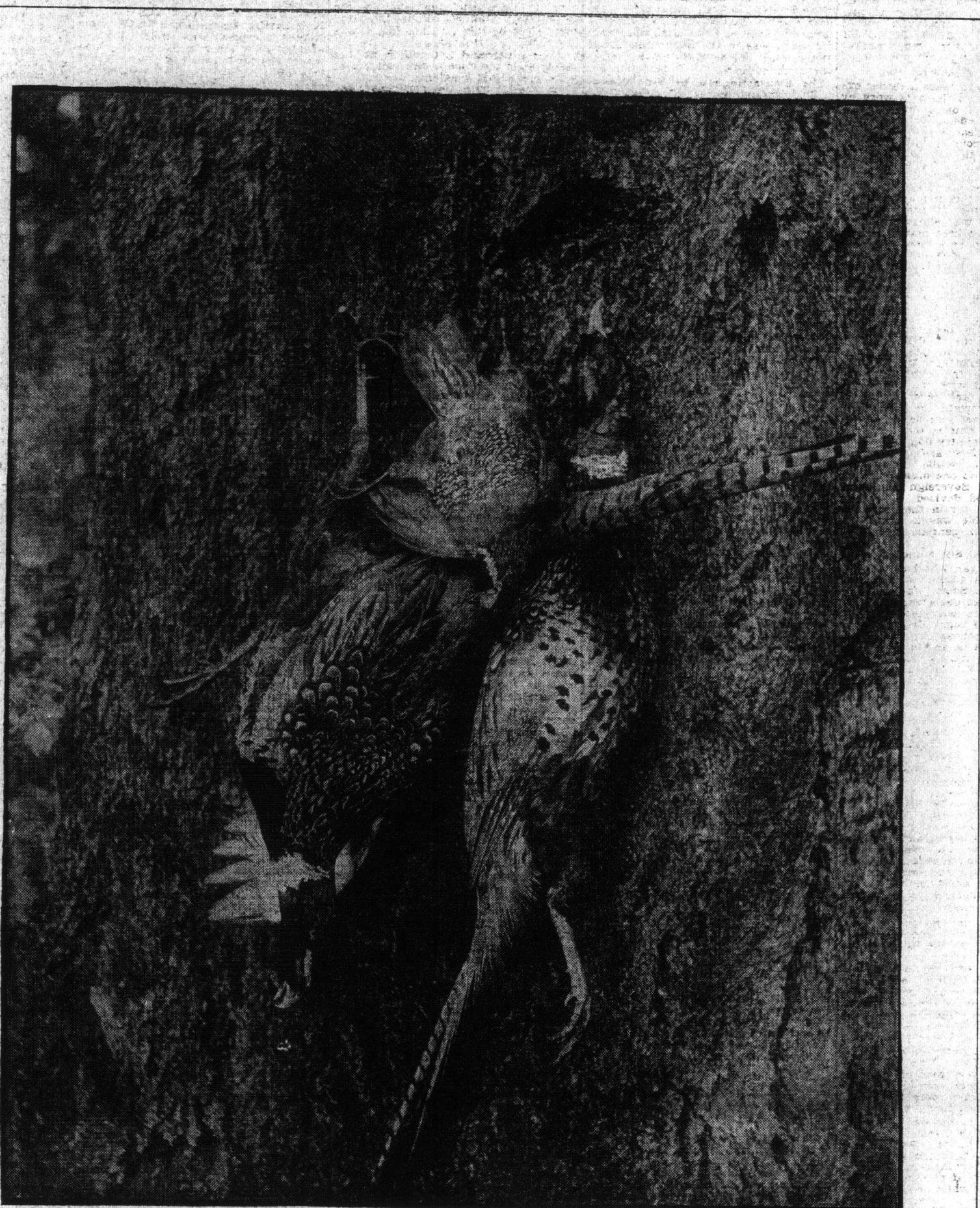
"The language of the politicians is the language of problems. Here, as in the Mother Country, there are no lemons big and threatening. Here, as in the Old Country, the threat comes not from the dreary of an unemployable mass, but from an aristocracy of labor, from hard-thinking and resolute workmen, determined to control the nation's policy. The language of the politician is not always a wise one, and seldom is it beautiful with sweetness and light. It is often the language of a hectoring and godless selfishness, the language of men who care nothing for refinement and learning, and who measure all existence by the standard of a workman's wage. They oppose the coming to their boundless shores of good and workless men from that Mother Country whose sword not for us all the good land of Canada, and whose navy protects the present denizens from an instant destruction. It is the language of Dives in coriunry, of narrowness, of a loud and an irreligious selfishness; but it is the language of which capital itself has spelled the lexicon. A brutal and a selfish capital is the enemy of society."

"The industrial population in this country—unfortunately, and to the shame of British finance, employed largely by American capital—are fighting a natural battle for high wages against employers whom they cannot trust. Tell them that Canada pleads, from the St. Lawrence to the islands round about Vancouver, for the salvation of development, and they retort that the capitalist is not clamoring for labor, but for cheap labor. The capitalist they regard as their enemy. And yet, with Protection to help them, here is a population little more than that of London scattered over a territory only a little less vast than the whole of Europe, showing with all its might its shoulder against the sea-gates of this new and all but empty continent, to keep out not only Asiatic labor, but the poor little overplus of labor from the protecting Mother Country."

The Voice of the Land

"Last of all, and most enduring of all, is the language of the land itself. This Dominion of nearly four million square miles, this cathedral country of enormous forests, immeasurable plains, gigantic waters, and Olympian mountains declares, as no other land I have visited, the majesty and power of the earth's Creator. It appals the human soul with the sense of eternity. In the huddled cities dotting this enormous vast men are dreaming golden dreams of fortune and success, or standing clinging webs of political materialism, and as they dream and as they weave round about the tiresome midge-like fret of their feverish standards, the Creator's earth is entering the eternal robe of its Maker. "What shall it reprobate a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

"It is the lonely leap of her saffron-colored waters from the violet mists of the (Continued on Page 11.)



A Pretty "Bag"

thrill his being, as it thrills ours six thousand miles away from the lights of London? Is he made aware, through the ether which carries all longings and all prayers, of the masculine affection and the manifold emotion which inspires his Britons beyond the seas? The cry is deep enough, the sentiment is true enough, to bridge the grey Atlantic. "The King—God bless him."

Every night, in every quarter of the globe, as constant as the stars, as strong as the mountains, this pledge of loyalty, this profession of faith by the clean-hearted British—"The King—God bless him."

We light our cigars; coffee comes circling round the tables; the buzz of conversation fills the room; and only the chairman, tossing his napkin

All that makes England demi-Paradise—her rose-hung hedges, her green woods, her creeping rivers, her April orchards, and her March-blown hills—all this gracious pagantry rises in a green and tender mirage to the eyes of my musings. And as I feel the spell and magic of "this other Eden," I feel also the pomp and splendor of the British throne. I understand how it is that whithersoever I go in Canada, men stand up like soldiers at the toast of the King, and though but a moment hence they were laughing over a light story, sing with exaltation the anthem of the British: "The King—God bless him." He is to these dwellers in a far land, these English Esaus, who "tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue sky," the magic name which opens for them

How great and good a thing to be the head and fountain of a world-wandering people. What a sublime reflection for a single individual, that men and women, scattered across the great globe, and sundered from each other by every sea that rolls beneath the stars, regard his name as a bond binding them in a great communion. To be the captain of the British people—is there higher office on the earth? To feel oneself the symbol and the wider freedom—is there nobler inspiration under heaven?

Ritual of Unity

How often I have raised my glass in London to the toast of his Majesty, and murmured like a schoolboy repeat-

the King!" And then, quietly, under the breath, the short emphatic prayer: "God bless him."

My thoughts go back over the long journey from Quebec to the city of Victoria. Scarce has a day passed but in some city or village we have stood to drink the loyal and ancient toast. Not only in the proud club houses and hotels of prosperous cities, but in the little lakeside hamlets, in new-built prairie towns, and in the midst of the Rocky mountains. And not only have we been called upon to drink that toast by the millionaire, the politician, and the university professor, but by broken men, who drift from land to land, from city to city, who drink the toast of the King, and who live too madly, but in whose tempestuous and all but lawless

lakes, from two thousand rivers, from ten thousand islands, and from seventy out of every hundred ships at sea, what pride, what pomp, what honor, what responsibility—to be the inspiration of that prayer.

The speeches are over. We have sung with crossed arms "Auld Lang Syne." We have given and received many cards. We are to meet, I know not how many good fellows in London—some day, another year, or two, but some day. The candles are fluttering under their shades; the flowers are withering on the table. It is time to be gone. We rise and make our way out of the big tent into the cool garden. The lawn shelves to the sea. Across the water sparkle the tangled lights of Victoria. The red

Some So
Prepa

Great as

of money,

Carlo Blanc

knows that

would beco

King and a

Queen of E

the fact, f

part of, lo

the first p

Gotha, has

Prins Geo

Emperor of

hairs never

mother of a

relation, fo

and Prince

chose to co

romantic

touch of r

the great

our quest

Princess Ge

quiet, retir

father, Pr

most learn

savants. H

Blanc, died

fant and

been estima

million pou

cumulating

over twenty

cess, who is

a good deal

will of her

be ultimate

Edmond H

that million

honored W

King, has i

Princess M

speaks Eng

well as Fre

Where Que

The Roy

said to hav

King of De

daddy plac

stranger, i

but be awa

for the pal

sparkling

fact that N

craft come

her King

very gorge

ous rooms—

has just ha

ing and

mother—are

delightful,

beautiful f

Queen Mau

sunny, sou

settled, to

comprise a

teen rooms

color has a

bedroom is

int, while t

colt, Ford

eldest, sist

Queen Mau

her over

the little C

three lofty

mother's dr

Two li

When the

entertaining

Alexandra,

of a fine

family por

most peculi

meeting hu

suggested b

In this apa

"The Quee

mother and

the high N

Queen Alex

an audient

a rather so

with a lar

table and

indication

of music is

a harmonio

Queen often

King H

King Hal

his new kl

his mind t

he should

stead of ch

the ease w

eterns, som

ing country

final idea

of hunting

way are fu

who is ver

ertaining i

of narrow

ous royal

closely cor

have accus

household

freely amor

Maud's lad

amongst th

—there is

though an

ing an Eng

she is most

national su

stains by a

her sympath

The Earl

water Trust

a new form

barge gaily

in it along

the vicinity

where the

esque. Cor

than passed

tally cann

originality

by the way

the reputa

human skul

still be seen

case. Lord

tain lavish

do at Stet

market, Ma

thampton

in town.

Bridgewa

few years

a footman

in turn

It is one

don, and

treasures

of. Lady

with Rapha

Treasures

of a con

Tales," "a