

In Hospital in Fairyland

BY OLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

HAD a little difference the other day with my disreputable acquaintance the devil.

I was away in a yawl, fishing, camping, and loafing along that marine wonder way which leads from the Gulf of Georgia, through a maze of islets under the west coast of the mainland of British Columbia to the superb hunting grounds of Alaska, and, for an old man, I was, I suppose, too happy.

Who would not be? The sea was a living sapphire, there was just enough breeze to fill the white sails, the sun baked the rheumatism out of my bones, and the oldest and best of my comrades told the old stories, which are so much better than the new, bringing back with them the days that were.

When night came, we sought out such a beach as you can only find in the Gulf, and curled up in our blankets behind a great drift cedar log, just above high water mark, the corners of us comfortable in the accommodating shingle, and our senses lulled by the lap of the sea, the quiet call of the blue grouse, and that sense of deep calm which dwells in the pine woods at night.

The sun went, and left behind him a wake of crimson fire, not color but flame, unearthly in its brilliance and its sharp contrast with the vivid azure of the sea. After a while, the eyes were glad to rest on the quiet darkness of the pine forest. Slowly the colors died, the stars came out, and only the splash of the salmon or the bark of the sea broke the peace of midnight. The breath of the pines got into our lungs, the dear old earth took us into her arms, and put her strength into us; there were no windows or doors or draughts, or business worries, and when a passing steamer sent her wash so high that a splash of it came over the log behind which we were lying, we only laughed. It was only sea water, and that never did an Englishman any harm.

Day after day we sailed lazily northward, amongst sea Edens which few men know, slipping through narrow entries into such places as Buccaneer Bay, and Gerrans Cove, employing our little motor boat to tow us where the tides fought against us, the throb of her coming back to us like the music of a great string band, the crowding pines on the near shore serving for the strings.

Each night we spent half an hour trolling for salmon, taking only enough for our needs; but, though the salmon are not running yet, the riot of sea life in Gerrans Cove was almost enough to astonish even a British Columbian.

We had pushed through a narrow opening looking barely wide enough for the yawl, and had wound through narrow but deep waters, towards the feet of the densely wooded mountains of the coast range, until at last we came to a round pool a few hundred yards in length, beyond which the waterway still crept.

Above it was an osprey's nest; tracks of deer and black bear led down to the edges of it, but there was no sign of man.

Of life there was abundance. The pool's surface, darkly bright in the starlight, was so thickly dimpled with rises that there were no unbroken spaces in it. The rush of dog fish or rock cod, trout or salmon, cut it into silver furrows, or cast it up in sprays of diamond-dust, whilst the rush of the hunted shoals of little herrings made the body of the water seem to move.

Until we slept the noise of the battle continued, a sound as of the abundance of life struggling, as always, against inevitable death.

We have so much here for the sportsman and holiday-maker, and so many bigger things to hunt than deer, to fish for than salmon and cod, that these sea fairylands will, I think, long remain inviolate; but I should like to read what some pen of the future will write when its owner has found his way into them in a little yacht with auxiliary power (gasoline), and for crew his best friend and their two young wives. William Black might have written the story of it, but it would have left him empty of superlatives for the rest of his life.

But, as I suggested at first, my acquaintance the devil and I fell out and at Van Anda, towards the north end of Texada island, after a short, sharp bout, he sent me to the ropes with a heavy blow in the ribs, which the umpire called intercostal rheumatism.

I am writing this article by way of a counter to the devil, because, if it won't hurt him it may possibly benefit his enemies, which is nearly the same thing.

Van Anda is a little mining village, some distance from the Well Known, and Accessible, and already some way upon that road which, though always beautiful, grows sterner and less civilized as it goes north.

But Van Anda deserves the name of village since its wooden houses are quaintly irregular and picturesque, its mining operations are hidden in cup-like hollows, its roads wander off at will by devious curves to little lakes covered with water-lilies, and especially because some of these wonderful people, having found crannies amongst their rocks, have planted gardens, so that in Van Anda half a dozen cottages are as completely smothered in roses as the old rectory at Leclade was in the seventies.

Van Anda is not a typical mining town. Its people, largely American, are married and settled down. There is little excitement, no poverty and no great wealth in it. It is, indeed, a mining town which does everything as other mining towns do not.

An American company, from Tacoma (a

town whose inhabitants are said to be Philadelphians and gardeners) bought the mine and employed a Scotch-Australian to run it for them. He was not an expert, and therefore when they showed him their narrow streak of ore, he did not drive expensive drifts at lower levels to find the ore where it ought to be. Instead of this, he just struck to the ore until it had led him into a big body of borinite at a depth at which local experts assured him such ore could not be found. You may theorise as to where ore should be, but no fellow can tell to what success the proper pig-head-

go in a boat. Westward it is bounded by Vancouver island, the breakwater between the mainland of British Columbia and the Pacific. It is a world of islands and waterways, bays and inlets, down to and around which the mountain forests close, forests which contain many hundreds of white men, though these are as much lost to the eye as ants in a wheat field.

It is the land of the logger, and it is also "the limit," to use a lumberer's phrase, which the Reverend Mr. Antle has staked off in his Master's name as his own special field of labor.

her so added to the number of these loggers that practical Christianity, which is the best fruit of our modern civilization, could not leave the district any longer to the devil and his roaring gin mills, or the men to the mercy of every clumsy forest giant, or of the hundred accidents and illnesses which come of glancing axes, mountain climate, rain water, sea water, and fire water.

This Doctor Antle (whom I have not had the luck to meet), described as an Eastern Canadian, born seaman, half parson, half doctor, and, the boys say, all man, stepped into

At each of the hospitals there is a doctor and a nurse, accommodation for at least a dozen patients, and all that is really necessary for the man who seeks rest, repairs, or a peaceful death. Neither are the doctors and nurses such as can find work nowhere else, but brilliant young men fresh from McGill and thoroughly skilled nurses with their hearts in the right places.

Perhaps my readers may think it a rough life for gently nurtured women. Lying in the verandah of the Van Anda hospital looking over one of the fairest scenes in the world, this is what I heard one of the nurses say:

"Rough! Well, I would rather nurse them than any other patients. They are the most gentle and long-suffering of human beings. These big fellows will lie here broken all to pieces, and never say a word for days, except to thank you for some little thing you have done for them, or to ask if they may not help; and, as soon as they can stand, they want to do something for the hospital. One of them sawed that cordwood on one leg, and the man who pulled up the rocks and made our rose garden did it with his left hand. The other was in a sling. There is no whimpering when they suffer, no worrying when they die. Why, Mr. W., did you hear about ——— last fall? He was a hand-logger, and whilst he was away from camp a big white pine fell on him and crushed his leg off above the knee. There was some flesh and sinews left, and this he cut through with his jackknife. The awful weight of the blow seems to have closed the arteries, so that he did not bleed much; and this man worked his way down the ravine, for nearly two miles to his camp, throwing the severed leg in front of him all the way. No! I don't know why he wouldn't part with the leg, but he did not, and when they found him two hours later on his bed in the shack he had the leg with him. The boys brought him here in an open boat, and he lived for five days, but the shock killed him. It was too much even for one of them."

I know what she meant by that emphasis on "one of them." It is true that too much of their wages goes in whisky, but the world offered them no other relief from work: It is true that though they are giants sometimes, they are sometimes rough and foolish children, but they are the strong male stuff out of which Canada is much more likely to manufacture a fine national type, than from her city plutocracies or her funny little aristocracy of lawyer politicians.

The main support of the mission comes from the men themselves, who pay ten dollars a year by way of subscription, which entitles them to free treatment and the use of the hospital for a twelve-month if they are so unfortunate as to need it. Of course, the mission requires more funds, and there are few similar organizations which deserve them more, and few parsons more likely to gain a hearing for the beautiful old story on which our national life is based, than the skipper who brings healing in one hand and the Bible in the other. I hope that at the Pan-Anglican Congress the C. C. Mission was not forgotten.—Canada (London).

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INDOMITABLE

The Prince of Wales arrived at Cowes recently aboard the new cruiser Indomitable, having, as Commander Fisher told Mr. Stead in the Mail "run 1684 knots in sixty-seven hours (from land to land, from Belle Isle to the Fastnets), making an average of 25.13 knots an hour, the Lusitania's record being 25.01." This means only three days from shore to shore. "One day we did 26.4 knots."

"Discussing the voyage with the officers in the wardroom," says Mr. Stead, "there was only one opinion: 'The Indomitable sails like a perfect witch.' Notwithstanding the high speed at which she was driven, there was no vibration. In mid-Atlantic they declared there was as little motion to be felt as when they were lying at anchor at Cowes."

"I interviewed Engineer-Commander Ayres, on whom fell the burden of driving the ship on this her record trip. 'It is an amazing performance,' he said, 'for a maiden trip. The turbines worked perfectly from first to last. It is a splendid tribute to Parsons; their inventor, and to Fairfield, who built the engines. There was not a hitch anywhere.'"

Mr. Stead goes on to point out the exact significance of the Indomitable and what she and her sister ships are for.

"The Indomitable," he says, "is one of a set of four swift battleship cruisers, only one degree less important than the eight Dreadnoughts, of which they form the indispensable complement."

"The Indomitable and the Dreadnought are the greyhound and the bulldog of true Nelson breed. They are the latest and at present the supreme types of the swift and the strong. But the swift is not weak, nor is the strong slow. The Dreadnought, with her 20 knot average, could outpace most of the ocean greyhounds of the world. And the Indomitable, with her 17,250 tons displacement and her armament of eight 12 inch guns, can hit as hard and at as long a range as the Dreadnought herself."

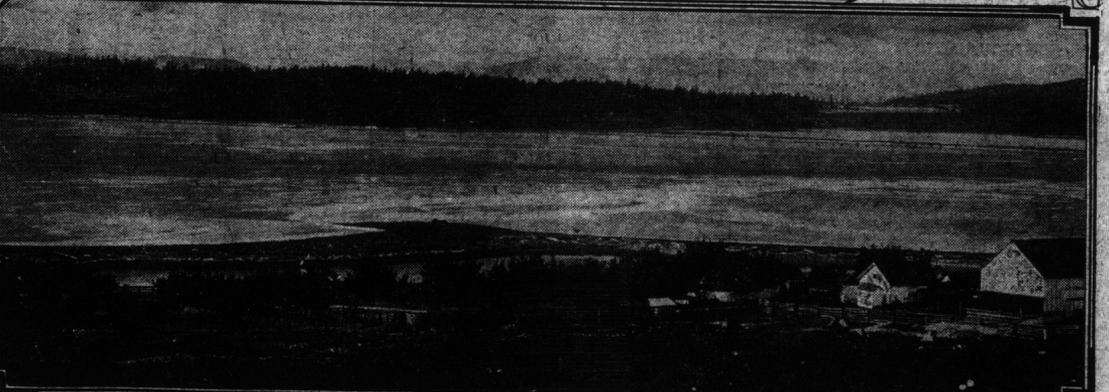
"It is difficult to say which ship is the most effective instrument of naval war. Who can estimate the comparative value of speed and endurance, or check off so many inches thickness of armour belt against so many knots of speed? But there is much more that appeals to the imagination and the love of adventure in the Indomitable than there is in the Dreadnought.—Public Opinion.



A PRETTY SPOT ON JAMES ISLAND



OLD CABIN ON JAMES ISLAND



THE SEAS AMONGST THE GULF ISLANDS

edness of a colonial Scot may lead. Therefore, he succeeded, and his unadvertised mine goes on paying modest dividends and the workmen's wages, whilst Van Anda has become the head centre of that institution about which I want to write.

From Van Anda northwards stretches a district about two hundred miles in length and of widely varying width. Some of the straits are five or six miles wide, whilst some of the fiords and arms run far up into the interior of the mainland towards Lilloet and Caribou. Eastwards it stretches as far as a man may

There have been loggers here, perhaps, for thirty years, but they were originally only in very small parties, working without machinery, dying as they felt inclined to, and brought down in boxes whenever a kindly tug-boat owner happened to hear that they were ready for shipment. Those were hard days, and many a good man has lain day after day and night after weary night, in the bottom of an open boat, whilst his mates tried to row his mangled limbs to Vancouver or Nanaimo to be patched up or buried.

But the enormous rise in the value of lumber, obtained a good friend in our kindly bishop, Dr. Perrin, funds from some of the many church organizations and the pockets of the charitably disposed, a site and house for his hospital from the mine of which I spoke above, and bought himself a mission boat with which to visit the district.

In it there are forty-two camps, and for these there are now two cottage hospitals built, and one more in contemplation, whilst the mission-boat Columbia itself carries a surgeon, an operating table, and all the necessaries for dealing with cases of accident.