

Pilgrims of French Creek

The Stowes, the Gregorys, the Springers, the Fosters, the Parkers and others are the Pilgrim Fathers of French Creek.

In itself this is not a statement to startle the world, nor does it convey a great deal to the average reader. Hence, to elucidate, be it

There is one thing about these new farms: the men who clear them, who struggle with that wall of immense timber and hew it down and stir the warm earth into bloom, will not be men of weak wills nor weak bodies. They will be strong men—the kind of men the West



Cottages the New Settlers Live In

said that French Creek is a clearing in the magnificent timber belt skirting the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railroad Company's right of way a few miles beyond Wellington, on the new extension which is reaching out to tickle Alberni. The names mentioned are those of the British families which have already taken up the task of living beneath the vines and fig trees established for them by the railroad company.

It is an experiment this making of farms and planting for settlers. It had never been done before in British Columbia. So far it is a success and there is every indication that it will continue to be so increasingly.

In the matter of transformations it is quite a change from a crowded London street, or a provincial hamlet, or a Scottish coast village, to a clearing in the British Columbia forest.

A few weeks ago the writer dropped into one of the neat cottages to have a chat. The cottage was built of the best material, it was freshly painted and flowers grew about the door-step. Beyond a generous patch of garden truck a wire fence was stretched separating the place from a duplicate of itself, and beyond that again was another and another stretching far away and fronting on the road.

Two women and several children occupied the kitchen as I entered, and beyond the steam rising from a washtub I saw a good-looking girl of about sixteen. The women greeted me frankly, and when I told them the nature of my errand, they responded quickly, with the readiness of city-bred people. Their accents differed noticeably. One referred to her husband, who was absent, as "The Master." The other complained of the loneliness, but admitted that she expected to become accustomed to it. "If it weren't for the children," she said, "I'd have gone back the first day we landed here. But now I'm getting to like it."

It was characteristic of the city training of these women, that neither of them knew the names of their neighbors, although the latter were their companions in an adventure which, to them, must have been a complete departure from anything they had ever known.

The men of the families, I learned, worked on the railroad line and, between whistles, cleared some of their land. The girl whom I had seen beyond the washing's steam, was sixteen years old, her mother told me, and every day since their arrival there had been excellent offers for her services in good families. This wealth of work pleased the mother apparently.

Taken as a whole, I found the new settlers satisfied. Little by little they are becoming acquainted with one another, and the process of forming a definite community is unconsciously under way. At present the place is isolated and lonely, but when the railroad begins to operate trains, conditions will rapidly change, and in any event there could be no sane comparison of the position of these settlers here—as to their future and their children's future—and their positions on the other side of the Atlantic.

The families at French Creek were selected by the Salvation Army in the Old Land and brought out by that wonderful organization. The E. & N.'s contractors built the cottages, cleared the gardens and planted crops. When the newcomers arrived they found homes carved out and waiting for them in the verdant wilderness.

At present there are twelve ready-made farms prepared, five acres of each of which have been worked. Of these five acres two acres have been plowed and three acres slashed. The farms vary from twenty to forty acres, and are to be paid for by the settlers on easy terms. More carefully selected families are on the way here now, and, mothered by the Army and fathered by the E. & N., there is every reason why they should develop into a prosperous, healthful, desirable settlement.

needs. The land clearing necessary at French Creek isn't nice work for dainty hands or flabby muscles. The pictures of some of the timber cleaned up by the E. & N. outfits will give an idea of its size. Thus, perhaps, the railroad company and the Army have selected the best



The Mess They Made Clearing Up

possible school in which to help these newcomers to help themselves.

The photographs accompanying which illustrate the character of the timber at French Creek were made by Leonard Frank of Alberni.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PROPOSE

The despair of the mother with daughters to marry, the thorn in the flesh to their fathers, the very real tragedy to the girl whose heart he has won with no official title to have done so, the man who won't propose is a blot upon the face of creation, a being to be as speedily and sternly crushed out of existence as may be, for procrastination—his own besetting sin—must never be exhibited in dealing with him.

The man who won't propose is one of the strikingly bad products of modern fashions. He was an absolute impossibility in the days when papa's consent had to be gained ere a gallant dare proceed to seriously court a lass.

More than two dances in an evening, an offered bouquet, the most casual homage, would arouse a watchful father, and "What are your intentions, young man?" utterly annihilated the impossible gentleman who might not have proposed.

Other times other fashions. Today a careless world permits a man to monopolize a girl's society; to make her conspicuous by his attentions, and stand between her and all other possible suitors, and yet leave a lurking doubt in her mind as to whether he really means anything after all, the while she is shrinkingly conscious of the shoulder-shrugs of all her dearest friends.

For almost every sin of omission or commission there is some excuse. "To know all is to pardon all" is the truest, as it is the most charitable, of proverbs; but for the man who won't propose there is no apology to be offered.

In Germany twenty thousand foxes are killed every year.

PROVERBS OF THE IRISH PEOPLE

The ancient kings, brehons, and filices of the Milesian Irish were men of great intelligence and wisdom, and the sayings of "Alamh feohla," Fethil the Wise, and Cormac Mac-Standard; but it may be information to the majority of the Irish public of the present day to state that many of our proverbs in present use are merely paraphrases of the old Milesian sayings. Annexed we give a list of genuine Irish proverbs, principally translated, and literally, from Hardman's "Irish Minstrelsy," which show the similarity between them and modern proverbs.

A blind man is no judge of colors.
When the cat is out the mice will dance.
Even a fool has luck.
Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.
There is often anger in a laugh.
A good dress often hides a deceiver.
Fame is more lasting than life.
A foolish word is folly.
Mild to the meek.
Cat after kind.
Hope consoles the persecuted.
The satisfied forget the hungry.
Long sleep renders a child inert.
Hurry without waste.
Drunkenness is the brother of robbery.
Hope is the physician of each misery.
It is difficult to tame the proud.
Idleness is the desire of a fool.
Look before you leap.
The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a quarrel.

A wren in the hand is better than a crane out of it.
He who is out, his supper cools.
The memory of an old child is long.
Everything is revealed by time.
A cat can look at a king.
Learning is the desire of the wise.
Character is better than wealth.

Without treasure, without friends.
A hungry man is angry.
No man is wise at all times.
Every dear article is woman's desire.
Wisdom exceeds strength.
Wine is sweet; to pay for it bitter.
Sleep is the image of death.
Enough is a feast.
Death is the physician of the poor.
Not every flatterer is a friend.

Canada and Sir J. French

General Sir John French, Inspector-General of the Forces, returned to this country on Saturday morning, having completed the military tour of inspection he was invited to make throughout the Dominion by the Canadian Government. Sir John French arrived in Quebec on May 20 last, and for two months spent his time in both Western and Eastern Canada in as thorough an examination of the present military efficiency of the Dominion Forces as was possible in the time. He now returns at the height of our own training season to carry out the arduous work that falls to the lot of the Inspector-General of the Forces in August and September.

It was said of an English judge who was engaged in a foreign case of arbitration, when one side were dissatisfied with the award, that he remarked, "If you do not want a just award do not invite English judges." The same sentence might well be adapted in the case of Sir John French. If the Dominion Government were not anxious to have a just report upon their military efficiency, they were foolish to invite Sir John French to report upon their Militia. But I do not believe that the Dominion Government or Canadians in general wished for anything but the truth. They are too much alive to the military obligations that their geographical and economic circumstances place upon them to wish for less than the bald truth. I understand that if Sir John French's report is published it will disclose a state of military inefficiency in the Dominion that will probably be a revelation to most Canadians.

But Sir John French is ever a constructive critic, and although he may ruthlessly condemn much that the Canadians themselves may have thought good, yet he will have furnished them with a model upon which to build in the future, and a model upon which with the intelligence, earnestness, and material of Canada, it will be possible to build quickly and surely. I believe that it will be found that Sir John French, in the first place, condemns the whole existing conception of the strategic requirements of the Canadian Militia. This, coupled with the non-existence of a sound peace organization and an effective staff, suggests that from the very outset the Dominion defence forces are in a bad way. If such staff as exists does not understand the first principles in the strategic distribution of its forces, then it is impossible for it to have a sound peace organization.

I do not believe that Sir John French objects to the present Militia system in force in Canada; he certainly would not consider himself called upon to advise the Dominion on the question of universal service unless he were directly invited to do so. But it must occur to him that the least to be expected from a voluntary system, is that the Volunteers shall carry out the obligations which they undertake. This, apparently, they fail to do.

There is no doubt that Sir John French is highly impressed by the material, intelligence, and robust earnestness of the Canadian Forces. He has expressed himself as well satisfied with the Kingston Military College. In fact, I believe he said that it was as good as Woolwich and Sandhurst. But here, again, the Dominion Government does not receive a full return for the trouble and expense it is put to. Only a small proportion of the cadets pass into a military profession. The majority, although they are officers of Reserve, are so only in name. An attempt is made to oblige them to come up periodically for training. It would seem that taking the standard of the Militia at 100,000 men, which is what is considered necessary to meet the present requirements of the Dominion, the military establishments fall short of the required conditions. Further, the organization is entirely faulty, and it would be almost impossible to produce rapid mobilization and intelligent co-operation. The annual training

Militia obligations. The administrative services, though conceived on the right lines and possessing ample material, fail through the absence of systematic peace organization. The collective organization and distribution of the units is unsatisfactory, and in many districts quite unworkable for purposes of mobilization. In fact, the military forces of the Dominion are in need of thorough reform.

There is, however, throughout the Dominion a great national sentiment with regard to the military obligations of citizenship. And with the sense of this obligation so strong and material so fitted for military training, there is no reason for Canadians to resent criticism that is sincere, well-meant, and altogether informing and constructive. Sir John French has had the opportunity of seeing much of the cadet movement in Canada. It is a real movement, and has been fostered and encouraged by both the clergy and the schoolmasters with a patriotic zeal that can read the Mother Country with a rude and trenchant lesson.

If the Dominion Government and the people of Canada will profit by the great experience of the general officer whose untiring efforts have entirely remodelled the training and efficiency of the British Army, the result of which the King has just seen at Aldershot, Sir John French will have rendered another service to the Empire as great as any that have preceded it.—London Times.

A PLANT 2,000 YEARS OLD

One of the most useful plants in existence is the sugar cane, and the youngest of its species which is now alive is said to be at least 2,000 years old.

"A plant as old as that?" you cry. "Why, it would be quite worn out, and good for nothing."

But this is not so with sugar cane, or you would have to look to some other source for the sparkling lumps you see on the table at breakfast and tea time.

The reason that sugar canes are so very old is this: Most plants, as you know, reproduce or "propagate" themselves in various ways, and if left to itself the sugar cane would do this by seeding. Sugar planters, however, did not care to wait until the seed grew up into strong plants, so for all the 2,000 years that it has been under cultivation they have grown it by means of "suckers" that spring from the original stem. Thus every "new" plant is in reality an old one. The poor sugar cane has become so weakened by this time through not having been allowed to grow as nature intended, that it is very difficult now to get it to seed at all. If this could not be done it would in time die out altogether, and most likely the beet-root would have to supply us with the sugar we cannot do without.

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY

A certain king once made a proclamation that he would give a golden ball to any one of his subjects who would tell him the most wonderful story, but it must be quite impossible for the story to be true, or the prize would not be given.

From all parts of the kingdom people came to him with remarkable stories, but the king declared that it was quite possible for one and all of them to be true, and the prize was not awarded.

At last there came an old man, followed by two servants, bearing an immense jar between them.

"May it please Your Majesty," said the old man, "your most excellent father, borrowed from my father this jar full of gold, promising that Your Majesty would pay the same amount back to me."

"Oh," that is absurd and impossible," said the astonished king, as he looked at the huge jar.



A Few Toothpicks Dumped to One Side

camp, as they exist, are without sufficient system. Regimental officers, though keen and earnest, are insufficiently instructed, but would be efficient if the tests were insisted upon, while non-commissioned officers and men in a large number of cases do not carry out their

"Then, if it is impossible," said the old man, "I have fairly won the golden ball, but if my story be true, Your Majesty ought to pay your father's debt."

Thus the king was obliged to declare that the old man had won the prize.

Field

THE ART OF SHOOTING

When did English sportsmen begin their game on the wing? Hand-guns used for sporting purposes by the nobles of the necessary property during the earlier decades of the sixteenth century, as witness various statutes. VILL, wherein, by the way, cross-hand-guns are generally dealt with, there is nothing extant to show that shot on the wing, and, indeed, that period, by reason of their excessiveness, were not adapted to the "wing flying." The Act of 1541 (33 & 34 Edw. VI., c. 14) supplies evidence, which, in the interests of the prohibition of the making of guns less than a quarter of a yard long, contains a clause that no shot birds of any kind were to be shot with "shot" or other creatures that might and the clause, which gave special privileges to the coast and broads that they might "exercise and use" in the interests of national defence, forbade them from shooting any "deer, heron, shoveler (i.e., the sp. the shoveler duck), pheasant, partridge, swine, or wild elk" (i.e., wild swan).

That curious statute of 1548 (21 & 22 Edw. VI., c. 14) supplies evidence, which, in the interests of the prohibition of the making of guns less than a quarter of a yard long, contains a clause that no shot birds of any kind were to be shot with "shot" or other creatures that might and the clause, which gave special privileges to the coast and broads that they might "exercise and use" in the interests of national defence, forbade them from shooting any "deer, heron, shoveler (i.e., the sp. the shoveler duck), pheasant, partridge, swine, or wild elk" (i.e., wild swan).

In 1603-4, 1 Jac., c. 27, s. 2, forbade the shooting of partridges and pheasants, with either cross-bow or gun, and a total prohibition was relaxed a few years later (7 Jac., c. 11, s. 6) in favor of persons who had attained certain qualifications in the land or income. We do not, however, much light on the point at issue from the book. The old writers on sport co-aid in the later decades of the seventeenth century. I have never been fortunate enough to see a copy of Robert Howlett's "Shooting" which Mr. J. E. Harting tells me was published in 1684; but Nicholas's "Gentleman's Recreation" first saw light in 1686, no doubt is an equally reliable source for that period. The author gives advice about shooting, which then involved a stalking horse, or a substitute (a bush with a spike to stick it in for example), and all he says points to the possibility of shooting a flying bird. Throughout the course of his Cox has withdrawn in view. His advice "under the horse's neck" or belly is incompatible with a flying shot; equals use of a bush as cover, which is into the ground before the sportsman "level" (i.e., aim). This clearly indicates at birds on the ground. Nowhere does the possibility of shooting a flying bird offer reasons for believing that Cox little behind his time, and that advanced men were beginning at this time to shoot the wing; but the 1697 edition of Cox's is silent on the subject. He still approves best fowling-piece that which has the barrel, being 5 1/2 ft. or 6 ft. long, with ferret bore under Harquebus, which means of bore whose calibre was held in portance provided it were less than the "Harquebus."

"The Experienced Fowler," by J. which was published in 1700, contains instructions for shooting birds on the wing and Sprint's advice refers to wildfowl we have the beginnings of shooting the wing, as shown in print, though, as I have said, there is reason to think that both Sprint were behind the times. The author followed a plan which required two men. The pair crept within range, game, and he who was to take the fly levelled his gun, with his 5 ft. 6 in. barrel did not approve of a barrel over 6 ft. "three yards from the ground, a little to the way you see their heads stand other man fired at the sitting or standing fowl, and the marksman who was to fly shot pulled trigger as soon as the flash in the pan, or, if his companion very near, as soon as he heard the report method partakes too much of letting "fly into it" to be true shooting on the wing but Sprint redeems himself by giving directions for a more sporting shot to be the birds could be met "in the face the