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WELCOME TO ALL.

Bill Nye Writes of Ticktown as a Summer Resort—Some Piscatorial Observations.

The Home and Haunts of the Red Bug—How Ticktown Looks and is Reached.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

TICKTOWN, N. C.

Ticktown, N. C., fifty years ago had never been thought of as a summer resort, yet even then it was considered remarkably healthy, and the vital statistics showed that no one had ever died there except poor people, and death can hardly be regarded as a calamity to people who have no means.

Forty-eight years ago Colonel (now General) West, of Cane Creek, this state, visited Ticktown while on an equestrian trip aboard his justly celebrated trick mule Mary, and was delighted to notice how hungry he was on arriving there, and also how much more so he was when he came away.

He also detected what the other citizens had not before noticed, as there were no scientists then living in Ticktown, that the place had a mean annual rainfall and a view of Pisgah and the Rat. These facts, together with the appetite he acquired while there, led him to consider the feasibility of making Ticktown a Mecca for the invalid. Here, said he, wealthy men who have no appetite may come and get mighty hungry, if they stay long enough.

NYE LANDS A CARP.

That was only forty-eight years ago, or near that. In fact, last Christmas they tell me was forty-eight years ago. The governor, in speaking of it to me the other day, said that it struck him that was a good while between Christmasses, but we will let that pass.

The altitude of Pisgah, which may be seen from the hill just back of Ticktown, is 5,757 feet.

Craggy mountain, which may be seen from the top of Pisgah, is 6,000 feet high. From the top of this mountain one may see Mount Mitchell, which is 6,717 feet high, and from the top of Mount Mitchell one may see Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's magnificent place with a powerful glass; also what his idea was in building same.

The best way to visit Ticktown is by diligence from Asheville, N. C. You will arrive there about noon. Then by the time you can gather your strawberries and catch a cow you will be right hungry. No place can furnish such an appetite with so few facilities for quenching it as Ticktown.

The French Broad river is only a short drive from Ticktown, and furnishes rare sport during the fishing season. All sorts of game fish, such as the red horse, the hog sucker, the stone toter and the maltese catfish are abundant in the French Broad, and are caught with a club or dynamited when the grand jury is not in session. These fish are all rich and nourishing, especially when put on a cucumber bed.

The German carp is also to be found here in great abundance, and seven of the mamma carp on a pleasant summer night will easily lay eggs enough to stop navigation. With them it seems to be a sort of gift.

The sportsman during the carp season provides himself with a twig with which to scare her off the nest and then a sled stake with which to take her life. It is very exciting. You also take along a small colored boy. It is his duty every time you land a fish to burn a rag.

The hog sucker, or stone toter, as it is also called by ornithologists, is so called because it has a flat place on the head on which to carry stones for the purpose of building wing dams for a nest. Some call him the free and accepted mason, because he lays such a beautiful wall around his nest. The stone toter makes good eating, but does not resist arrest like the trout or the bass. I have caught everything most, but nothing that reminds me of the stone toter. Catching him reminds me more of catching the mumps than anything else.

The hog sucker is so called because he has been very often fed to the hog. But the native or Sarah Bernhardt hog will not eat the hog sucker. Only the northern hog does it. He says: "Oh, how lovely! Isn't it nice to look at Mount Pisgah and eat hog suckers? And it makes one feel so all fired well and so vigorous too. I could live here forever if I could just smell the magnolia and eat the hog sucker."

But the native or Goldsmith Maid hog says nothing, but saws wood. He fills himself up on acorns and such things, takes a turn or two around a kite shaped track, sleeps an hour, eats a bushel of corn on the ear, goes over to the depot and eats the packing out of a couple of sleeping cars, trains an hour or two to keep his flesh down and then goes to bed.

In this way he becomes a favorite with the life insurance companies while the northern hog dies soon of heart failure, and early in November you will see him with a chip in his mouth and another holding his chest open so that you can see the nice hard finish on the inside of his thorax.

There is another fish that one finds in the French Broad river, called the Pride of Perdition, I think. It has legs on it, and when a man catches one he throws down his pole, gives two blood curdling shrieks and hunts for a Keeley institute.

The superintendent of my farm told me about it. He caught one a few weeks ago and didn't feel like working for two or three days after that. The mouth was made at a time when it was thought there was going to be more material than there really was, and so the body is slight and the legs are badly bowed from trying to carry the mouth around in search of more things to eat.

What Ticktown needs is a good hotel. At present it is sadly deficient in hotels; also everything else. But a good hotel is needed first. Also a large, powerful, urbane man to stop people who unconsciously pass through the town and never come back.

It is quiet. It is only two miles from the main road and only fourteen miles from Plum Levi's View. Good neighbors can always be found by coming to my place. Street cars are contemplated also by a man who has been that way ever since he fell out of a hammock that was hung on his piazza in the fall of 1871 by a son-in-law who then lived in Michigan, but who has since moved to Oakland, Cal., to open a dental office, according to a local paper published in the interests of the trade at $3.50 per year, with the understanding that it is to be paid for in advance or as soon thereafter as may be, though this is no way to publish a paper, as Isaiah so truly said, for the laborer is indeed worthy of his hire, and this is found to be the case especially among workingmen, and in the language of Dr. Bartle, speaking of the Alliance itself, and especially of Euripides, where he tells of Antisthenes, who was one day working in the new lot back of the M. E. church with a pair of restless steers and a quarterly meeting going on at the time, so that he could not address the steers as he would have liked, and the place being a trifle rocky, as also was Antisthenes, and the briers having swathed his bare legs below the toga, which did not amount to much anyhow. "And what are you driving at?" says Euripides, who had just got a poem into a Greek magazine with the understanding that it was to be paid for as soon as it was published, if nothing happened, and to be used anyway in case of his death, so he was feeling pretty well. "Driving at?" says Antisthenes; "I am driving at these peaky steers and doing a little more work to get a little more money to buy a little more food to give me a little more strength so that I can do a little more work and get a little more money to get me a little more food to give me a little more strength so that I"——

Dr. Bartle says that he and Euripides both came away and left the old man sitting on the plow beam vaselining his brier beswatted limbs and going over and over in the midst of his quaking beard with this same old, old grievance, which is bothering every workingman to-day, dear reader, you and I and all of us, and no member of congress can help us out of it. No Republican or Democratic platform or hoarse campaign resolvers can take this mighty burden from our aching shoulders. Only God's kindly hand, when the day is done and the drowsy crickets review the beautiful torchlight procession of flies, can with gentle touch take off the heavy, galling burden that he put there when the world began, when every man was told to eat with one hand and wipe his brow with the other.

Is it not so?

THE RED BUGS.

And yet Ticktown, as I was saying, is free from malaria. Sewer gas and civilization are unknown here except among the better classes, and as the promoters have removed all fatal cases to another county early the death rate is low. Capital and a bag of flour are all that we need here now to make things lively. Buckwheat flour would be best.

Ticktown is the home of the red bug, which has recently become such an industry here. If time should be hanging heavily on your hands this summer, sit down on an old log at the corner of Soudan and Coon streets, where the site for the new opera house is patiently waiting for the capitalist, and after an hour or so of gentle thought you will think of something, and it will not be what you came there to think of. It will be something else. It will jog your memory, and you will find when it is too late that memory is not where you thought it was at.

The red bug was the very first white child born in Ticktown. He could tell us some strange tales, I wot, if he would, of northern people with whom he has associated—the young, the fair, the aged and the venerable—but he has spared none of them. The young, the joyous and the gay, the crumbling wreck of former grandeur, he has speckled them all.

He lives in old logs that are a little soggy and still have the bark on them, but he does not live on the same. He lives on the health seeker from Boston, Charleston and Tompkinsville, S. I. He buries all past differences and every day is Decoration Day with him. I wish you could have seen me yesterday evening, but possibly you might not care to. I was as spotted as a trout, and I felt like leaning up against a tree and rubbing the bark off the tree by means of myself.

The red bug was made for a purpose, but I wish I had a dollar for every time I have wondered what that purpose was. Still I suppose that the finite should not seek to sneak under the great tent to learn the purposes of creation or get into the infinite, as Sam Jones was so truly saying the other day when he saved quite a number of souls and turned away money besides.

Times are a little quiet at Ticktown this season, owing to low prices in both cotton and cods' heads and fins. Yankees are many of them going to Bar Harbor, hoping to see Mr. Blaine's place, while the guests from the south have not yet arrived for the summer at any of the mountain resorts.

What we need at Ticktown is really capital and a sack of flour. There is no race feeling here at all. Though the town is entirely settled by colored people, the white race is cordially invited to come and settle here. A hotel with a poste cochere and printed menu is very much needed here; also a horse team to do odd jobs about town.

A good live paper could be started here in connection with the regular bill of fare at the hotel.

Most any one around here can tell you where Ticktown is. It is a pleasant ride from Ebenezer to Ticktown past Potato Hill. It is also pleasant to ride back again. Ebenezer consists of an old church with a thrifty graveyard annex. It is a quiet place.

Possibly the reader has doubts about the existence of Ebenezer and Ticktown, but if he had faith like a mustard plaster or would drive out here for a day he would find that they are to be seen with no great difficulty, together with some hound dogs who will betray considerable pleasurable emotion when he heaves in sight.

Last year a man talked of starting an ox yoke industry at Ticktown, but he had to go home to Fort Dodge, Ia., and is doing time now in that state.

There was some agitation here also eight years ago about having the county seat at this place, but owing to the red bugs the legislature said it would hurt the place as a county seat, so it was abandoned.

Corn is looking a little pallid, but root crops are doing very well, and with good growing weather in July and a couple of boarders I shall make my farm almost self sustaining this year. I am trying a little patch of cotton this year—three-quarters of an acre. You have doubtless heard of the cotton belt. I want to have one myself, if possible, raised right here on the place. I haven't worn one since I was a child.

The Richmond and Danville runs near my place, and is a good road. I have been trying to sell it the right of way over my farm so that I could tell one of my boarders to pack his stuff and go elsewhere, but the road says that a right of way over my place would lengthen the line eight miles, and it is feared also that I would drive my feeblest stock on the track to get killed.

A good steady boarder with lung difficulty and a couple of blankets of his own could find a pleasant home at my house, with meat on the table whenever we butcher.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—The climate here is like that of Turin. People who have them sleep under blankets the year round. In that way they get a good deal of rest.

B. N.

"SHOT THE ALBATROSS."

Narrow Escape of the U.S. Fishery Steamer—Cause, Seattle Coal.

POINT TOWNSEND, June 25.—During her trip down the from Copper Island, via Unalaska, the United States fish commission's steamer Albatross had a narrow escape from serious injury, and perhaps total destruction, the cause of which was the poor quality of the coal which she had been consuming during her six weeks' cruise in the North. The best coal so far found on this coast is Departure Bay or Wellington Sound, B. C., and the Albatross has always used that until her last voyage North, when she was ordered to take Seattle coal, which burns quickly and generates much gas and soot. The soot clogged the flues and smokestack, and there is no provision for the superheated steam. All at once the gas and soot took fire, and created as sudden and as intense heat as a flash of lightning, melting the solder in the joints of the steam pipe, heating the smokestack red-hot, blowing out the grating and doors of the boiler, and setting fire to the coal in the bunkers.

Capt. Tanner says this was as close a call as he has had in a long time, and he does not care to go shipmate with Seattle coal again until the boilers have been repaired and fitted for using quick burning fuel. The Captain notified the department at Washington City of the accident and its cause immediately upon his arrival here, and is now awaiting orders, which will probably be to proceed to Nanaimo for coal preparatory to returning North.

This kind of weather stimulates social ambition—everybody feels like being "in the swim."

Vancouver people dont give a smallpox patient the benefit of any doubts—they send him to Deadman's Island at once.

Capt. Whitelaw is in receipt of just 16,428 valuable suggestions on how to raise the San Pedro. The latest idea is to fill her up with yeast cakes.

The sawmill scene is one of the great features of Blue Jeans. And yet they say there are no "sticks or dead lumber" in the company.

Special to THE COLONIST.]

REDFERN FASHIONS.

The Forced Egotism of Prominent Men—The Public Decks them with Wreaths Before Death.

The Fashionable Girl is Gracefully Gowned—Blouses a Real Need—Other Fashion Hints.

NEW YORK, June, 25, 1892.—Egotism—although it has been denounced as the sign of a small mind, is a very prominent characteristic of what we are pleased to recognize as the great minds of our time. It is not altogether the fault of the great minds—in fact to do them justice it is not until an adoring public, by a flood of earnest curiosity, and fulsome flattery, force them to, that they begin to sound that trumpet whose blast somewhat cheapens the ware it advertises. Nowadays people don't have to wait for applause until they are dead—or rather—for that last was a distinct Irishism, they don't have to blush unseen during life, while their friends and relatives read flattering obituary notices of their talents and engaging qualities when the active minds whose eulogies are thus sounded are dulled and silent—at least to us. No, the public appreciates anything that is worthy of appreciation, provided it comes under it's notice, and it shows it's appreciation by exhibiting an inquiring mind and trying to get it's inquiring mind satisfied. It wants to "see the wheels go round". It's not enough for it to see the lovely painting, to read the clever novel, to watch the realistic acting, it wants to know how it's done. "The process, the process," it cries, and the artist, wearied and yet flattered by the cry, pulls the curtain of mystery aside and shows them behind the scenes. Shows them the drudgery, waiting, plodding, persistent work, in place of what they imagined was simply inspiration and genius. A species of disillusionment this, but we are always crying to be disillusioned, and we don't quite like it when we are.

Everyone knows Du Maurier,—Of course here we are inclined to think Gibson, our great "Life" artist superior in many ways; but that English Society is statirized by George Du Maurier as by no one else, that his clever thorough careless pen depicts high bred beauty and long legged childhood, in a way that is his own way and no one else's and yet natural withal, all must admit. Well now a great many people will know him better than ever, seeing that he has turned lecturer as well as artist and novelist.

It is said that Mr. Du Maurier's modesty on his own conceptions robbed the lecture of a good deal of it's interest. Bravo, versatile cosmopolitan, you had no deep laid plot for increasing public interest and admiration, but know this, that the surest way to do it is to hint that you've done something good but that you'd rather not tell about it yourself.

Mr. Du Maurier has shown one thing that interests me,—he has shown that fashionable young women can look graceful, and that there is no need of dress reform.

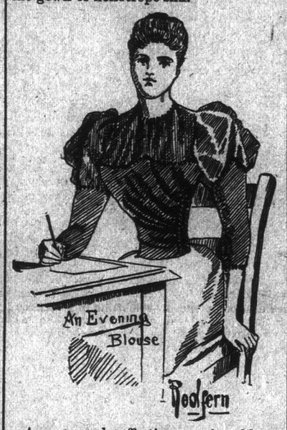
People abuse the blouse,—very inconsistent of them this weather, but Du Maurier dresses his girls in them with great success. And in reality when they are made as they are this year, there is nothing to complain of. Redfern says that those with the Empire band terminating in a sash at the side, are the most stylish. They are made in plaid silk, and are considered quite correct for walking. Those of organdie or delaine are charmingly pretty but more suitable for the house than for the street. They are generally made with a finely pleated frill round the throat and down the front. A new batiste blouse with an Eton collar and cuffs is a recent introduction.

We give here an elegant visiting costume of silver grey faced cloth, made up with figured crepon of a soft heliotrope shade.

This hot weather the trained skirt is losing all its charms. It is hot, and requires extra exertion in the duty of holding up. It makes a lining a necessity, and a pretty petticoat an actual want. And this in a climate where an extra thread makes one perspire. Shot moire petticoats, made on the same principle as the skirts themselves with stripes of color on them are the latest thing to wear under these trained skirts.

Sleeves and sashes of plaid silk are being worn with plain colored gowns. Two little frills are still the recognized trimming for skirts and these match the bodice trimming in all cases.

It is made on the corsage plan fastening at the side, a wide sash being worn at the throat. Heliotrope lacings secure the gores of the skirt, while a foundation of the crepon just shows through the openings. There is a fine ruche at the foot of the gown of heliotrope silk.



An extremely effective evening blouse is shown here, made of black satin merveilleux, crepe de chine and jet. The yoke and tops of the sleeves are transparent, the other portion made on a tight foundation. The folds are all drawn to the left side and secured with a large jet buckle.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

The Term at Corrig and the Midsummer Examinations at an End.

Closing Exercises at Tolmie's—Promotion List, Prize Roll and Programme.

The annual examinations of Corrig College, which have been in progress since the 14th instant, were completed, yesterday, and a list of the subjects, special periods and books is appended:

GROUP I.—ENGLISH.

English Language—Knowledge of the origin and history of the language, and general grammar. Parsing from "Milton;" analysis from "Wordsworth" and "Browning."
English, Colonial and Foreign History—Special period, 1715 1837.
English Literature—Early literature, Chaucer to Surrey, 1300 to 1550; modern literature, 1715-1837
Writing, spelling and dictation.
Geography—Special subject, "Asia."
English Composition—"Chaucer," "Wordsworth," "Moore," and "Scott."
Mathematics—Arithmetic, general; special subjects, stocks, discounts, partnerships, limited liability companies, etc.; algebra, up to simultaneous and quadratic equations; Euclid, books I. to IV., inclusive.
Languages—Latin: prose, Cæsar De Bell. Gall.; poetry, Virgil Aeneid; French: Histoire de Charles XII par Voltaire, Oeuvres Selects par Alexandre Dumas; Greek: exercises, Zenophon Gospels.
Sciences—Physiography, physiology (elementary human).
Art—Map drawing, India; free-hand drawing, "South Kensington Designs of XVI. Century;" model drawing, "Inter-Collegiate Championship Vase, 1892;" mechanical drawing, "Parts and mechanism of Stationery Steam Engine;" human figure drawing, "Poynter's Designs from Michael Angelo."
Commercial—Correspondence, "Commercial Resources of B. C;" geography, special subject, "Commerce of India, Further India, China and Japan;" history, "Trade and Inventions, 1715-1837;" book-keeping, double entry; shorthand, Pitman's.

The results with Principal Church's report will be issued toward the end of this week.

TOLMIE SCHOOL—MISS WILLIAMS.

The summer vacation was inaugurated at the above school on Friday last, the 24th June, when a large number of parents and friends assembled to hear a programme of recitations, readings and songs by the pupils under the direction of Miss Williams, who has this rapidly increasing school under her charge, and also to see the distribution of the large number of prizes provided.

Hon. Theodore Davie and Messrs. D. M. Eberts, M.P.P., John Tolmie and Speed were among those who kindly gave prizes. The following was the programme of the entertainment:

Recitation.....“Welcome.”.....
.....Henrietta Castleton
Reading.....IV Reader
Recitation..“Two Little Speeches.”.....
.....Alice Coughlan
Song.....Etta and Florence Casleton
Recitation.....“Not So Easy.”..Willie Corbett
Dialogue.....“May Queen.”
.....Milly Williams, Florence and Etta Casleton
Recitation..“Brown's Mistake”.Blanche Cook
Reading.....III Reader
Recitation..“Wreck of the Hesperus.”...
.....Florence Casleton
Dialogue....“Choice of Occupation.”.....
Recitation.....Amelia Jobson
Spelling Match, won by Amelia Jobson.....
Dialogue.....Emma Ridge and Bertie Graham
Song.....“Sunbeams.”.....

PRIZE LIST.

The following received prizes:
Amelia Jobson—For first girl in proficiency.
Millie Williams—For second girl in proficiency.
William Russell—For first boy in proficiency.
Florence Casleton—First rank in 4th class.
Charles Hancock—First rank in 3rd class.
Annie Ridge—First rank in 2nd class.
Annie Jobson—First rank in 2nd primer.
Ada Driver—First rank in 1st primer.
Aden Mycock—For grammar.
Blanche Cook—For writing.
Henrietta Casleton—For general progress.

ROLLS OF HONOR.

Proficiency—Amelia Jobson.
Punctuality and Regularity—Blanche Cook.
Deportment—Elizabeth Nicholson.

PROMOTIONS.

The following are the promotions:
From 1st Primer to 2nd Primer—Ada Driver, Louisa Walton, Emma Ridge, Freddie Harrap and Elizabeth Russell.
From 2nd Primer to 2nd Reader—Annie Jobson, Stanley Coughlan, Louisa Carto.
From 2nd Reader to 3rd Reader—Annie Ridge.
From 3rd Reader to 4th Reader—Chas. Hancock.
From 4th Class to 5th Class—Florence Casleton, Elizabeth Nicholson, Aden Mycock and William Russell.
From 5th Class—Amelia Jobson, Millie Williams.

The number of scholars in this school is now upwards of 40, and the progress of the pupils and their proficiency speak very highly for the care and assiduity of Miss Williams.

They Have Arrived

The complete stock of Butterick's patterns has just arrived at the White House.

VISIT TO NANAIMO.

The Beauties of an Inland Railway Trip—Its Towns Steadily Growing.

The Prosperity of the "Diamond City"—A Very Bright Future Before It.

(Special Correspondence.)

A large number of your readers are doubtless familiar with the trip by rail from Victoria to Nanaimo, but as it may be interesting to some, especially visitors to this city, I take the liberty of sending you a short description.

The train leaves the station of the E. & N. railway each morning sharp at 8 o'clock, and consists of comfortable first class carriages, smoker, baggage car, etc. The passenger cars on this road are kept scrupulously clean and neat and the employes are civil and obliging. I also observed that there was an absence of rowdyism, profanity and loud talking among the passengers in the smoker, which is so noticeable in the trains on the other side of the line, especially along the Sound.

Crossing the railway bridge just beyond the station a fine view of Victoria harbor is obtained, and it at once strikes the observer that it would not be a bad idea if the many old hulks lying rotting along the shore were broken up and used for firewood or put out of the way in some other manner. Most of these old hulks are utterly useless, except, perhaps, for the old iron they contain, and they most assuredly mar the appearance of the harbor and give to the stranger the idea of decay and lack of prosperity in Victoria.

As the train swings round toward Russell's, the outer wharf is seen, and at the time we passed one of the large San Francisco steamers was lying there unloading. At Russell's the works of the British Columbia Pottery Co. are seen, and the rows of sewer pipe piled up there have every appearance of being equal to any of the imported article from England or Scotland. It seems to me as if a very extensive business in sewer pipe would yet be done by the pottery company with the various cities and towns along this coast, there being no pipe made, so far as I have seen, equal to that turned out in Victoria.

After passing Russell's, the passengers obtain a glance at Esquimalt harbor, and a beautiful bit of scenery it is; but on the day we saw it we had not the pleasure of witnessing the interesting sight of a number of men-of-war lying at anchor, the Warspite being the only vessel in the harbor. A much better view of Esquimalt might be obtained from the car windows if the trees were cut down here and there, and the suggestion may be deemed worthy of consideration by the railway company.

From Esquimalt the road commences to take a winding course through the mountains, but before the grand scenery of this part of the trip is enjoyed I may mention that we passed a number of brick yards and lime kilns in active operation and great quantities of cordwood alongside the track, all of which no doubt contribute to swell the freight traffic of the railway and at the same time the trade of Victoria.

From Esquimalt to Goldstream, where there is a pretty summer hotel and excellent fishing, the scenery is grand, and as the train climbs the numerous passes through the solid rock, or skirts along precipitous mountain sides or glides across great trestles, spanning canyons and deep gulches with mountain streams rushing and foaming over the rocks below, it is one unbroken and entrancing panoramic view of beauty and grandeur.

The locating of the line through these mountains shows evidence of no mean engineering skill and the cost of construction must have been great, but when it is considered that the line is likely to become in the near future the connecting link which will make Victoria the terminus of a great trans-continental railway, the memory of the man who conceived and carried through the undertaking should not be forgotten by Victorians.

It seems to me that it would be only a fitting tribute to the memory of that man, the late Hon. Robert Dunsmuir, on the part of the citizens of Victoria, to erect a monument to his name in that beautiful park, Beacon Hill, of which the Queen City is so proud. I trust this suggestion from one who is almost a stranger in Victoria will not be taken amiss.

The view from the car window as we skirt the Saanich Arm is very fine, and soon after the train pulls up at the edge of that beautiful body of water, Shawnigan Lake. Here is a most comfortable hotel and a number of summer cottages, where residents of Victoria love to come during the summer months to enjoy the fresh country air and excellent boating and fishing to be found on the lake. Numerous pleasure boats are kept for the use of visitors, and one enterprising resident indulges in the pleasure of a steam launch. While we remained at Shawnigan station, our conductor, who was evidently a disciple of Isaak Walton, procured a fishing rod and line, and in a few minutes had landed his trout, which, no doubt, was afterwards enjoyed by one of the guests of the hotel. But Nanaimo had to be reached, and so our sporting conductor, as soon as he had captured his fish, sounded "all aboard!" and once more we were moving northward.

After passing Shawnigan Lake the country becomes more level, and although generally heavily timbered, here and there patches of clearing and well kept farms can be seen. The train now moves rapidly, making only short stops at Cobble Hill, McPherson's and Koksilah, the latter place having a neat and comfortable hotel close to the station. At each of these places farmers' wagons could be seen waiting for supplies or loaded with farm produce, showing that Vancouver Island is not altogether devoted to mining and lumbering. At Duncan's, which appears to be a thriving village, with stores and a large summer hotel, we passed the south bound train from Nanaimo. At the station stood the four-horse stage which runs between Duncan's and Cowichan Lake, where splendid fishing is to be obtained. Cowichan Lake is one of the most beautiful spots in British Columbia and a favorite summer resort for tourists and others. I was told that the fishing there this season is splendid, and that sportsmen now at the lake are delighted. The hotel at Duncan's is large, with broad verandahs, and has every appearance of comfort. Fruit evidently abounds in the vicinity, as a number of baskets of berries, luscious and tempting, were secured by some of our passengers. Leaving Duncan's, we soon passed the small station of Somenos and stopped at the picturesque village of Chemainus, which, with its neat church and tidy cottages, lies almost hidden in a wealth of foliage to the right of the track as you go northward. Chemainus possesses a fine harbor, and here are large lumber mills where ocean vessels load for foreign ports. We now skirt the sea, passing Oyster siding, and then the first evidence of the coal mining industry is seen, as we pass one of the mines of the Vancouver Coal Co., which appeared to be in full operation, judging from the trains of loaded coal trucks ready for shipment on the sidings.

Then the brakeman shouts, "Nanaimo," and the Diamond City passes into view. As we step upon the platform of the station, our first impression is one of pleasure at the view before us. Beyond is the splendid harbor, with a number of large ocean vessels lying at anchor, and sloping gradually to the water's edge, lies the city of Nanaimo. In every direction neat cottages, with well-kept flower gardens and shade trees, can be seen, interspersed here and there with handsome residences, giving evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the residents. One noticeable feature, which attracts the observer at first sight, is the number of churches to be seen. I think I counted six or seven of these sacred edifices from where I stood, and I understand that most of the religious denominations are well represented in Nanaimo.

There are a number of comfortable looking hotels, and the one I selected—the Windsor—I found to be excellent in every respect. A large brick hotel is also approaching completion, and when opened will add to the comfort of travellers visiting the city. The principal business street of Nanaimo traversing it from one end to the other, North and South, is lined with stores and business houses of every description, all apparently doing a thriving trade. Indeed, when it is considered that from $100,000 and $200,000 in wages is paid out monthly by the mines in the neighborhood, and that in addition there are the lumber mills, machine shops, and other manufactories contributing to the circulation of money, it must be admitted that Nanaimo stands on a solid basis from a business standpoint. It is to be remembered also that every ton of coal or thousand feet of lumber exported means so much in return brought in cash from foreign sources. Nanaimo is essentially a producing city, and as there is nothing to prevent its becoming in the near future (but everything in its favor) a large manufacturing centre, the prospect of its attaining large and populous proportions is very promising. It is beautifully situated, with as fine a harbor as there is on the coast, and the scenery surrounding it on all sides is superb. Its shipping interests are, perhaps, the largest, at the present moment, in British Columbia, and its easy access from the ocean will always make it a desirable port. I understand the excursion steamers to Alaska invariably call at Nanaimo, either going or coming, and the excursionists are given the opportunity of enjoying an hour or two on shore.

Looking across the bay or harbor, one of the neighboring coal mines is to be seen at work, and to the right of the city another mine is in active operation. The coal bunkers at the wharves, for loading the ships, are connected by lines of railway with the mines, and repairing and machine shops add to the scene of activity going on during the day. Nanaimo possesses, also, one of the finest and largest lumber and planing mills in the province, with sash and door factory attached.

The miners and workmen are evidently a thrifty and well-to-do class of men. Most of them possess the land and cottages where they live, and the appearance of their neat homes with their well-kept gardens indicate that they are careful and prosperous men. There is no appearance of rowdyism or drunkenness on the streets of Nanaimo at any time, it being essentially an orderly and well-conducted city. On the 24th of May, a national holiday, when the best of men sometimes give way to conviviality, I was told that only one case of drunkenness was before the police court, a fact which speaks well for the orderly character of the community. A person unacquainted with Nanaimo is perhaps apt to look upon it as merely a mining town with all its usual attendants of drinking, gambling, etc., but a visit to the Diamond City will speedily dispel such an idea if it existed.

There is a handsome opera house, and during my stay the "Jane" company gave a performance in it to a crowded audience. In addition to this regular place of amusement there are several public halls, and concerts and socials of various kinds are of frequent occurrence. Indeed, from what I could learn, it is evident the people of Nanaimo know how to enjoy themselves as well as to work hard. Regular steamers ply between the city and the Mainland to Vancouver and Westminster, so that there is a good flow of travel to and from. In the harbor I noticed a fleet of fine yachts, some of them being quite large, a number of pleasure boats and several steam launches, showing that the people of Nanaimo have an eye to pleasure in one of its best forms.

A number of fine business blocks already grace the streets and several are in course of erection. The city is lit by gas and electric light and has, I understand, an excellent water supply. The next improvement on the cards is an electric street railway, and this when built will connect the Wellington mines some six miles distant with the city. Altogether I was much pleased with Nanaimo, and I am sure all visitors will share the feeling. There can be only one opinion that the future prospects of the city are most promising, and should the Canada Western railway become a reality it will share in a marked degree with other points on the island the advantages to be derived from the construction and operation of that line.

A. B.

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Picnic.

The annual picnic of the Saanich Agricultural Society will take place on July 1, on their grounds, at the Agricultural Hall. Music will be provided by a first-class band.

W. R. ARMSTRONG,
td Secretary.

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