on the doorstep with aby in her arms, watching across to the barn. There eadful despair in her heart the men were going so much an she had expected. Why, d not be more than half-way Bridges yet, and she would ble to save the horses after

en a wild idea flashed into The men were in the barn, was in the door; she would in and hold them prisoners father came home!

father came nome: Saby, then darted across to To shut the door and lock To shut the door and lock he work of a moment. But, she was in the act of doing it, of sunlight on the wallinside remember the window in the hich always stood open in the time. The doors were locked, was in the barn. Baby was crying in a stormy.

was in the barn.

Baby was crying in a stormy,
t fashion, feeling himself terglected. But Winnie had no
o pick him up just yet. Havso much, she must ao still
else her work would be useheard one of the men should open the door at once, but

was a shelf above the bed that shelf a wooden box in er father kept his revolver, bought it three years before, the farm was so lonely, and in ery undesirable people came from over the American

the bed she climbed, her shoes a dusty mark on the clean d, and opening the box, she t the revolver. e, Father in Heaven, forgive

have to shoot one of the men, t let it hurt too much," she d, with quivering lips. hurrying out of the house, she p the bay with one hand, and nim under her arm, went e barn to the gable end, e window was.

en were knocking at the door uting to her to let them out, the time they were doing this e no sign, for it kept them and passed away a few of

y pounced and thumped on den doors and the wooden aking such an uproar that grew quite desperate with shing round and round the rking and growling and makarful noise. there fell a sudden silence

cking stopping so abruptly innie guessed the men had

eard them get the ladder and ander the window. Then as them began to mount it she ut loudly: first man that shows himself rindow I shall shoot. I've got revolver and I can aim. I hit the bull's-eye eleven the first wayer at the archery to the state of of twelve at the archer winter, so you had better be

niss, what do you mean by us in the barn in this demanded one of the men, ured tone. "We haven't done

won't be allowed to get out of ntil my father comes," re ie, in a loud and courageou

as feeling much better now had got the men safely un-and key, and although she illy afraid that they might have first chance, because was not long enough to window, and the man who climb to it would be compell-ow himself before he could

ur father won't be home un and we can't stay here all plied the prisoner.

r will be here very soon the answered cheerfully. "I so long ago, and I'm expect-every minute now; but I k to see if he is coming, be re got to watch this window. , long time passed, then Win-p had never taken her eyes e window, saw a hand care-eep over the sill, and she ut sharply: that hand or I shoot. One

the hand was quickly with-The men had plainly been ed by what she had said about hery class, and had no desire to try her skill on them, er long wait. Winnie heard r long wait. Winnie heard nen clock strike, and knew might come at any minute

hat was that? She could hear which filled her with terror; ripping, tearing noise. The

a ripping, tearing noise. The st have got to the roof of the d were breaking out the shintone side or the other. And sy would let themselves down ground with ropes, she would lowered or shot, and—e got no farther in her dreadinings, for another sound was itself heard through the Sunness. This was the thud, thud se's feet—of many horses' feet; lising that help was at hand the confirmers shiple, joyful ng that help was at hand into an irrepressible, joyful Father is coming—he is close

en heard the horses coming, one was half way through a out shingle on the front of the nd there being stuck, had to were he was, until Mr. Simpha lot of other people, rode upwas a mounted policeman them, the same man who had covertake Clever on the road overtake Clover on the road overtake clover on the rook Bridges; and he at once took the two prisoners, whom he d as well-known horse Another man claimed as his horses on which they had

Winnie told her father had kept the men from getif the barn by threatening to
m, he laughed, and told her
brave girl, but the revolver had not known this, so the she had not as all right.

## Our Sabine Farms, Saanich Peninsula By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis Ut prisca gens mortalium Paterna rura bobus exercet suis Solutus omni foe nore."

Which may be freely translated-Happy the man, who like our pioneers Lets politics go hang and Real Estate Content to cultivate with patient steers His unencumbered farm.

Wise old Horace, although I suppose that no one in British Columbia reads him now-adays! Indeed, they tell me that even advocates and politicians who venture to quote Latin, are snubbed for speaking in a tongue not understanded of the people. And yet, my masters, those wise old Scotchmen, your forefathers, who first forced their way into this good land, understood Latin and read and apreciated Horace and his fellows and even today (craving The People's pardon) I cannot help it, if his lines, and Virgil's, have a trick of intruding themselves whenever a man who has once read them wanders into the beautiful fruit-growing suburbs of Victoria.

Perhaps this is because the ease and dignity of our village city are in harmony with the old Roman's verse, or perhaps because round the early homesteads between Victoria and Sidney there still lingers some subtle memory of the men who first owned and made white men's homes; men, I verily believe, who found it better to cultivate and enjoy their real estate than to sell it even in boom times, subdivided, upon easy terms.

Be this as it may, I woke suddenly at the end of the tram line because a violent young man was shaking me by the shoulder, remarking that his company's car did not go any

I felt that this was a matter for regret, and I feel so still; possibly the principal matter for regret in the district, but the B. C. electric men, though the most courteous of officials, pride themselves upon running "on time" and, therefore, have no minutes to waste in talking to sleepy old gentlemen whose memories are more active than their legs.

I had jumped into a car by the Government Buildings, and (I fear) dozed, but there was for me an ample excuse. The cars are comfortable; it was late in May in Victoria and the wind was from the West.

When I woke, the stately buildings of the Government, the swaggering C. P. R. hotel, the seats of the money-changers, the bustle and pretty people of Government street, had all been left behind, and I was in a land of orchards, a land drowning in billows of apple blossom, a land where dainty bungalows played peepbo from the thickets; the blue sea winked at you through the timber, and the clean smell of fresh turned earth was sweet in your nostrils. I could not have been more than three or four miles out of Victoria, but I was in a new world, a new world with the rough edges of it trimmed away.

Some years ago, an energetic man whose hobby was "method" arrived in this country, and took to fruit-growing.

In those days we grew fruit by the light of nature. It was a pretty, but not particularly profitable pastime. Beautiful green grass grew in our orchards; tall and handsome flowering things, golden rod and michaelmas daisy, cuddled up to the smooth boles of the young trees; the cows wandered amongst them, and cream grew rich in consequence; sheep grouped themselves prettily and nibbled lazily at the overhanging boughs; and the undivided McTavish estate was offered the writer for \$13,000 by that shrewd Mr.

E. M. I. In those days the shooting was excellent; nice swampy fields where snipe lived and mallard came in to feed were frequent; and the name of Palmer unknown.

After him came a catastrophe for the beautiful weeds. From Rock Side, as from a centre of infection, the new style spread, and today from Rock Side to Sidney, the orchards have multiplied exceedingly; the trees of them stand with mathematical precision in ordered lines, while underneath them, in place of the old flowered carpet, is spread a velvety surface of clean earth, brown in the sunlight and ourple in the shadows, against which the nowy blossom almost startles the eye by its rilliance.

From time to time you may hear men in club, growling (which is their privilege and principal occupation) at the "slowness of Victoria's growth, and it is true, that if you sit still and watch any place grow, the process seems a long one, but if anyone who remembers the Saanich peninsula, say in the time of Sir Mathew, will wander through it today, he will admit that even our world still

The peninsula from Victoria to Sidney is, suppose, about 20 miles in length with an average breadth of five miles I am only attempting to speak in very round figures) and ed by two excellent roads and one way, tried and found guilty by a ublic and sentenced to electro-

nmediately mends its ways. .! We have all of us cursed lmost grew angry; Andy, iffer, who has stood becompany and a longmany years, until we ge the V. & S. for the C. P. of Andy was the price of fter all, our local C. P. R. s?) has served its turn and ne rough and ready way of its cars into the sea and gain with a locomotive and



a kedge anchor and it has killed nobody as

Peace to its memory! But if the railway is not a record-breaker, the roads of the district, except quite close to the city, leave very little to be desired. They are good enough for motors and bicycles, and that, I suppose, is the last word which can be said in praise of a road.

The district they run through, taken as a whole, is a rolling plain, broken by knolls and, where uncleared, covered with dense woods of pine, rich alder bottoms and thickets of maple and dogwood, and about the centre of it are the lakes from which Victoria draws her water supply.

But man has been busy here, for at least quarter of a century, so that although there is still ample opportunity for young manhood to match itself against nature and earn a competence with the sweat of its brow, or buy with years of young life what old age must purchase with thousands of dollars, a very large proportion of it is tilled land, fenced and drained, dotted with substantial and, in many cases, picturesque farm buildings.

The soil is excellent, and as I propose to ve. admirably adapted to the growing of fruit and, considering its producing power, its freedom from pests, its vicinity to the capital and its social advantages, cheap. Nay, I am going further even that that. Other districts (part of the Kootenay, Kelowna and the Okanagan Valley, generally) have been splendidly advertized, by their own people, assisted by a Government, which very properly helps those who help themselves and in consequence lands in these districts command far higher prices than the Saanich lands.

This is intelligible. They are excellent lands and the produce of them is known on two continents, whilst the spirit of the people who have made them known, can only elicit our admiration, but my brief is, that the lands of the Saanich peninsula are worth more money per acre than any other lands in Brit-

Let us grant at once that the Saanich peninsula cannot grow certain apples (e. g., Northern Spy) to compete with those grown the Okanagan Valley, but it can grow other varieties equally remunerative, e. g., Duchess, Wealthy and King of Tompkins, to compete with any of the same variety grown on the continent, whilst pears (Bartlett and other varieties) cherries and prunes, grow with us to perfection, which is not the case in the rival districts. Moreover, none of the other districts named would attempt to compete with us in the production of strawberries and other small fruits.

There are amongst the settlers in the Saanich peninsula some who have tried both districts, and with one of these I stayed for a chat. This gentleman had come to Saanich because he preferred our moderate climate and mild winters to the hot summers and rather severe winters of the mainland, but he pointed out that in addition to these consid-

erations there were others. The Saanich farms had the advantage of suburban lands in close proximity to the Capital city of the province and the great and growing market of Vancouver. For the farmers' wives the pleasure of life was increased by the facilities for shopping; the possibility of going to the theatre now and again and of meeting such of the globe-trotters as they had known in the old country. In a word, he contended, that unless ta man was smitten with

what the Germans call Amerikanismo (the desire to get gold as the one object in life). Saanich was infinitely preferable to any point on the mainland, whilst in addition to this, from a purely business standpoint, Saanich has the best of it, because in Saanich irrigation was unnecessary; labor for picking more easily obtained, and the fire blight amongst pear trees absolutely unknown. But I do not propose in this sketch to depend upon the evidence of man. Rather, I will try to produce witnesses from the vegetable kingdom in proof of the climatic conditions which I allege.

I said that cherries did well in this district. There is a photograph of a single cherry tree amongst the illustrations for this article. At the old mill, North Saanich, there is another. The height of it is 24 feet, the girth 3 feet 4' inches and the spread of its boughs 31 feet. In 1907 (the only year of which I have any record) this tree supplied its owners and

they bottled its fruit, brandied it, and made jam, and they shipped 220 pounds from it at 10 cents per pound. In the same orchard (the subsoil is what we call a deep deposit of clam shell soil) is a standard apricot, 35 feet in height and 3 feet 5 inches in girth, which is weighed down every year with fruit which ripens upon the tree: 300 pounds of fruit per annum would probably be a very conservative estimate of its output.

Alongside it is a plum tree, whose plums go from 4 to 5 to the pound. The tree stands over 20 feet, girths 4 feet and spreads over 27 feet 6 inches. In another district close to Rock Side, I saw a young cherry orchard. The trees were vulgarly, obtrusively healthy and clean, the dark greenery of them being very striking. They are three years old and they were bearing more than 10 pounds of fruit to the tree. With 75 trees to the acre and cherries at 10 cents per pound, this is not a bad

showing for three-year olds. In the same district I was shown a plum'



tree 16 years old, which had borne in one season 400 pounds and another tree which had borne 500 pounds in one season and in a neighboring orchard a six-year-old cherry which had netted \$10 in one season.

In May from Victoria to Sidney you drive through a district where a foam of white blossom breaks on either side of the road; one in which you cannot help noticing that even the pockets of soil between the rocks have been set with fruit-bearing trees and every favorable slope ruled with lines of strawberry plants, but in addition to this there is rich and abundant pasture from which two creameries draw their wealth of golden butter, and here and there, patches of rich land upon which squat little blue figures, the busy market gardening Chinese.

The land is too rich for mixed farming or rather it is too good to be used for such humdrum purposes.

Its future seems to the writer inevitable and very near at hand. It cannot long be held in large blocks. A friend who owns a splendid farm, hit the nail on the head, as he generally does: "It is a confounded nuisance," he said, "but I shan't be justified in holding on to my place much longer. It is too valuable for any one but a millionaire to retain as a plaything. I shall have to sell."

And that is true. Very few men can be justified in holding on to three hundred acres of land which, if cut up into small holdings, would afford a comfortable living to thirty thrifty families farming not by the acre, but by the foot.

Intensive farming will be the system of the future in this peninsula of rich land and sunshine, of small pleasure farms and exquisite homes for the well-to-do and of cottage homes and comfort for their working neighbors and this means happiness and well being for the many and for Victoria more real prosperity than either mines or manufactures could bring.

Even now, when we are only in an intermediate stage of development there are some instances of what a man may do with a small piece of land My friend Jimmy, for instance, a muscular Christian, who works off the superfluous flesh with axe and spade which, in old days on the Thames he kept down with an oar, has a pretty place of twelve acres upon the sea front, which he keeps as smart and trim as a racing stable and from which he assures me that he and his boy make enough to keep him and his family (eight all told) in all that a moderate man should need. I know that this includes a launch, boats, a good hack and a glass of good beer whenever a friend feels thirsty, and yet he says "We really only work for three or four months in the year. (Then they work hard.) And the rest of the year we fish, shoot and play." Of course, Jimmy is neither a fool nor a loafer and his boy is of the kind of which every good settler ought to have twelve.

Some years ago hops seemed likely to become the favorite crop of the district, and may yet make men's fortunes here, but for the time this industry has received a set-back, and several of the old hopyards have been ploughed up, not because hops would not do well but because the growers were not able toke a market. One or two only of the hop men, I think, still flourish, of whom the principal is Mr. Downey, and he probably owes his success to the fact that he found a special customer for his hops, and the quality of the hops retained that customer.

And now, since I am asked to set out fairly the disadvantages as well as the advantages of Saanich, I must put my finger upon some of its weak spots, and I do so the more readily, because they are all remediable, and in some cases are like weeds-only flowers out of place.

First, then, until only lately, the district has never been much advertized. This may mean, perhaps, that the people are too well off to care to sell. The best district is not that in which every farm is for sale. Then, again, the farms which everyone sees are not the most attractive. In one case the people have cut away all the timber along the coast line, so that their orchards suffer from the sea winds and in another the owners are men who, having cut farms and a competence out of the brush, have used up most of their strength and energy and think probably rightly that they may as well farm in the earliest fashion instead of converting a competence into wealth, by turning farms which they made, into gardens by intensive farming. One man ought not to be asked to play the whole game. The pioneers carved out the farms and made them fit for farming. Surely that is one man's job and the next generation may reasonably be expected to turn these farms into gardens after paying the makers for their labor.

Again, for intensive farming, there is not enough labor or cheap enough labor in the country, since rightly or wrongly, British Columbia has decreed that she will not have Chinese cheap labor.

So long as British Columbia is prepared to accept the alternative and cut up her holdings into small allotments, small enough for a man and his boys to handle to advantage, British Columbia has done well and a great population of prosperous small holders should be the result, but big farms, if you are to do justice to such land as ours, want big gangs of cheaper labor than any we have in the coun-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)