

Island's North End

Interesting Article by Walter B. Anderson



R. Walter B. Anderson recently made public some very interesting views respecting Vancouver Island and adjacent territory. He said:

"Terra incognita, by which I mean the northeastern portion of Vancouver Island, the adjacent mainland and the great inland islet-dotted sea between these two lands, is not 'unknown' in the strict sense of the term, for the trader, the lumberman, and the fisherman have for many years exploited it, but these men, who periodically leave civilization and are for months lost sight of, as completely as is a pebble dropped into a pool—these men rarely give their experiences to others than of their own callings, after the manner of their kind, hence the tourist hunter, the traveller seeking for new and strange surroundings, pass by, utterly unaware of the proximity of one of the most delightful parts of the world, speaking in the sense of natural beauty, wildness, and healthfulness. Many residents of Victoria, and chance visitors, are well acquainted with that part of the Gulf of Georgia between Ten Mile Point and Nanaimo, and of late years the salmon fishing off the mouth of Campbell river has attracted many to that place. Many and loud are the praises sung of the beauties of this truly lovely stretch of water, with its numerous pretty islands, gradually being occupied by settlers, but of the coast beyond and north of Campbell river on this island, and of Lund, across the gulf on the mainland, the average resident of Victoria and Vancouver, and the casual visitor, know nothing. He probably pictures it as a wild, inhospitable region, tenanted by treacherous Indian tribes and white outlaws, a rendezvous for cutthroats and smugglers, a land of snow, and rain, and fogs. Such at least is the impression given me by some who have inquired about this country, and who have been much surprised upon being assured to the contrary. To the jaded city resident, looking for a few weeks' rest in a beautiful quiet retreat, to the mountain climber seeking for new worlds to conquer, to the sportsman in search of unfrequented rivers where he may fish the trout undisturbed, of remote swamps where the elk still swarm, of mountain gorges where the grizzly may be found, this 'unknown land' is a paradise.

Leaving Victoria, the business man, tired to death of the ceaseless grind of commerce, his system shaken from breathing impure air, his nerves unstrung by months of anxious business tension, takes boat for Van Anda, on Texada Island. He has determined to take a long promised holiday, has left his affairs in competent hands, and with two companions, a naturalist from Ottawa, and a sportsman friend from England, is seeking the spring of health, as did DeLeon the fountain of youth. Poor Ponce failed in his quest, but our jaded seeker will find the spring. Nay! has found its rills already.

In the steamer's hold is an assortment of foodstuffs, clothing, guns, cameras, fishing tackle, a good tent, and all the other necessary impedimenta for a comfortable camp in the wilds. A good power launch, with a small tender punt, form part of the outfit, and so carefully has the wary old camper, the naturalist, chosen the supplies, that when the launch is loaded at Van Anda wharf, every necessary is found in place, and no unnecessary cumber the craft.

The first objective point after leaving Van Anda will be Powell river, the outlet to the lake of the same name, on the mainland, just across. Arriving there, camp is made, sufficient necessities taken ashore, the rest left in the launch, which is securely moored, and left with canvas covering properly adjusted. A stay of three days is made here, during which time the voyagers explore the lake—a lovely sheet of water fifty miles long and about two miles wide, whose waters teem with trout, rainbow and cutthroat. The river is short, about three-quarters of a mile from outlet to seawater, a series of beautiful falls.

On the shores of the lake, and in a large tract of country lying between it and the Gordon Pasha chain of lakes, are some of the finest timber claims in British Columbia today, most of which have been held in reserve for years, but which will soon be logged. Several attempts have been made to log on Powell lake, but with indifferent success, owing largely to a mistaken policy of spending too little money initially. When proper preparations are made, the venture will prove easy and profitable.

Upon the fourth day three very different looking men from the world-worn travelers who had embarked for Van Anda some days previously, struck camp, and with cargo snugly stowed, headed the launch north. Along the coast they are now skirting, fine beaches line the low-lying shores at intervals. Dense forests prevail, and further back, the gigantic peaks of the Coast Range thrust snowy fingers into the blue of the sky. To the left lies Texada and Harwood islands, protecting the travelers from the westerly wind, which here is but a soft, health-giving breeze, the true breath of heaven.

Passing through the narrow gap dividing the mainland and Savory Island, they enter the basin formed by Hernando and Cortez islands and the main crossing thus Malaspina and Toba inlets are passed. Raza island thrusts its bold rocky dome into view, with giant Redonda on its flank. Stops are made at various

points en route, sometimes for a day or more, sometimes merely anchoring for the night in some sheltered nook. Toba and Bute are visited, the hunter securing several mountain goats, grizzlies, and black bear on the majestic mountains rising from these great canals. Deer were at all times available, it being sufficient to merely keep a sharp lookout in early morning or towards evening on the rocky shores skirted on their way. Many of these animals can be seen, especially on the islands, and a rifle shot and true aim only were required to bring the quarry tumbling to the water's edge.

In due time the Euclatun rapids are entered. These are, at certain stages of the tide, dangerous, but quite safe at slack. The travelers are now in a stretch of water which is perhaps destined to play an important part in Vancouver Island's history, for here a bridge must be built as part of the system connecting us with the mainland, if ever the Bute Inlet-Seymour Narrows scheme becomes a fact. As, however, the C. P. R., according to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's recent utterances, are not at present considering this work, it is fairly safe to assume that it will not materialize in the near future, though in these days of swift and sudden changes there is always a likelihood of some other railway undertaking and pushing through the work.

While in the rapids the "lead fish" and hand-line were brought into action, with the result that a couple of the black line were soon aboard. These fish, and the red cod (Sebastes) are readily caught in all the northern rapids and deep waters close to bold cliffs.

The operation simply consists in lowering the lead fish, which, as implied, is a leaden fish-shaped lure, with a short hook protruding from its head, to the bottom; then drawing it up with a series of short jerks, the fisher is quickly rewarded with a tremendous tug from some runaway fish which has swallowed the shining deceiver.

After leaving the Narrows they voyage over a lovely inland sea, past Upper Valdez and Thurlow islands, slip through Green Point rapids, and soon enter Johnstone's Straits, the highway for the northern coasting ships. A few miles farther north, and they turn in towards Knight's Inlet, where, in a beautiful cove, with a lovely stream at its head, they make a permanent camp, and from whence, for a month, make excursions to various places as the spirit moves them. Their little cove is sheltered and out of the line of travel. They awake each morning to see the pure, clear sea like a mirror, reflecting each crag and tree distinctly and the sun, sporting through latticed boughs, picturing nymphs and fairies in the opalescent spray of the waterfall behind. They drink in deep draughts of sweet, pine-perfumed air, and thank God they are alive in this beautiful spot of a beautiful world. All is quiet and peace, rest and content. Before them lies an inland sea, perfectly sheltered, studded with hundreds of islands of every size and shape, among which one may drift for hours, or days, or weeks, according to one's pleasure. Every point rounded reveals new and greater beauties, every reef and shoal passed over is a garden of sea-weed, anemones, shells and polypi, among which swim myriads of fish. Though now in soft September, many beautiful wild flowers and ferns still adorn the damp crevices and shady spots, for these islets, in the early summer, are each a blaze of lovely bloom.

Wild bees drone in happy harmony, gay butterflies and beetles tempt the naturalist to acts of murder, our hunter has kept the larder stocked with venison and birds, our city man has ransacked the streams for trout, the sea for shell and other fish, the clear, warm seawater has given him new life with each morning's plunge; he is brown as an Indian, and strong as a horse, and so at last, camp is broken and preparations made for the home voyage. They have explored their sea of islands as far north as Alert Bay. The mighty islets have been visited, and many mountains climbed. Vancouver Island has been penetrated by the hunter, who, with two Indians from a neighboring village, brought out a giant elk, so now, in duty bound, yet, oh! so loth, they say farewell and steer again to the south, and passing Port Neville, they have on one hand the shore of Vancouver Island, and on the

other that of the mainland, but three miles apart, the only point at which these two lands nearly meet, and passing here, the naturalist, who has traveled much, makes mention of the almost certain fact of a railway in the not far distant future, crossing the Chilcoteen plains, passing by the head of Bute Inlet, and making for the coast at this point in an almost straight line, at which point a powerful steam ferry boat will swallow up engine, cars, and all, and in a few minutes place her valuable freight on the rails across the narrow strait on our island, from whence a quick run to Victoria gains hours to the westbound traveler. And further, he told them of the sudden rise of one of the richest islands in the world—Vancouver, only awaiting a railway to develop her immense resources inland, and minerals, and timber, and fisheries, which are now in her northeastern and richest portion, practically untouched and lying hidden; and in conclusion he said: "Victoria's whole aim should be concentrated towards the attainment of this end, for her ultimate success as a large city is on this largely dependent, and the railway which first takes advantage of and pushes a road to Vancouver Island's shore by the route I have spoken of, will hold the key to Pacific commerce, and when in after years that commerce is a certain factor, and when your island has given her treasures to the world, then your bridges over Seymour Narrows, which we are now entering, and the other bridges over the other waters we have passed, will be built, and a diversion of the old line will be made at the head of Bute Inlet to connect with these bridges, and you then will be an undivided portion of the North American continent. This upper part of your great island is the richest portion. Great areas of valuable timber still remain, but better than this, because of greater permanency, are the large tracts of valuable land, much of which can easily be rendered fit for fruit growing and for dairying. The fertile valleys of the Campbell, the Mahon, the Mintisk, and



View Showing Fort Street in January, 1867.

other rivers, besides many large intervening tracts, simply lie dormant for want of railway communication. In addition, the immense basin lying between the mountain chain near the West Coast, and the east side of the island, is practically one huge coal bed, and many valuable mines will be discovered and operated in the future, not to mention the known deposits of metals in that same chain of mountains."

CRIMINALS AND CRIME

In the Nineteenth Century Sir Alfred Willis states that he has long viewed with regret, not unmixed with alarm, the enormous multiplication of petty offences. He does not for one moment depreciate the work that has been done in the way of sanitary and other social legislation, all of which must be enforced by penalties, but he thinks there are a good many cases of over-legislation, both general and municipal. Dealing with the indeterminate sentence, which in the case of persons between fifteen and thirty-five years of age, has been tried in certain parts of the United States with success, he contends:

"America is the land of big experiments and big undertakings. Whether their subject be a Panama Canal, Tammany, trusts, or 'grafting,' those who embark on them seem to be deterred neither by novelty, expense, nor difficulty. We are less enterprising. It would be difficult in England to induce the legislature to vest in a board of five persons, taken from the ordinary walks of life, the power of releasing a burglar, a bank forger, or a highway robber after twelve months' detention, if satisfied that he had become in that space of time so thoroughly reformed a character that he might safely be returned to the walks of civil life, still less to provide that on such a board English political parties should be represented, and that the personnel and the proportionate representation of parties should be subject to change upon the defeat of a Ministry or the result of a general election. Yet in Ohio, which claims to be exceptionally successful, such is actually the law."

The Missouri board of railway commissioners have cut express rates 21 per cent.

Hudson Bay Days

Reminiscences by Hon. J. S. Helmcken



YOU ask me to give some information as to the observance of Christmas Day in the early days of the Colony, say 55 years ago. I may say at once that there were no set forms of celebration in those days, save that the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Staines,

held divine service in the mess-room, a hall that served for baptisms, deaths and marriages, also balls and other recreation. At the same time Rev. Father Lampet, a missionary Catholic priest, assembled his flock in a shanty, built chiefly by himself and plastered with clay, which had wide cracks in it. This edifice stood on Courtney street, between Douglas and Government. Of course Christmas Day was a holiday.

In the early days changes came quickly. In 1852 Captain Langford, wife and family arrived. They were in some way connected with the then Governor Blanchard. T. Skinner, Esq., wife and family arrived at the same time. These were British and cultured people. Langford and Skinner were agents of the Puget Sound company, so with them came a large number of Britishers, to open up and cultivate farms at Colwood, the latter near the now Naval Hospital at Esquimalt. Capt. Grant and Captain Cooper were here, and soon came the noble, steadfast Leard, Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, wife and family. These brought their customs with them, so of course Christmas observances, and both ships helped the same. It will thus be seen that Christmas and other customs came with the immigrants, and from the planting of that seed, the present Christmas observances have grown. In Scotland and America the day is much more observed than formerly; all did as they pleased; shooting, hunting, fishing and visiting being the chief recreations, and getting as good a dinner as possible, perhaps practised at the Beacon, a barrel riddled with bullets, and standing on a long pole. This beacon was a mark for ships. Another stood near the water to the north. Captain Sangster used to perambulate here, a telescope in hand, watching the company's ship, the signal being two guns.

No waits at night, no chimes, no bells, no Christmas carols, no pianos, in fact no musical instruments of any kind, save the bell of the Fort. On one occasion a dance and supper were determined on, but where was the band? Nothing but Mr. Tod and his fiddle existed. Mr. Tod, a good soul, peace be with him, ever ready to assist, assisted. Mr. Tod had a peculiarity; when playing he would cast off a shoe, and kept time by stamping the resounding floor with his stockinged foot. However, an employee came forth, "I can help you, sirs, give me a sheet of tin." He got it, and in a short time came back with a tin whistle, on which he played admirably. This was the band, and every one enjoyed the dance and everything else. This band, too, was the orchestra at a night of private theatricals, in which J. D. Pemberton and Joseph McKay were the star actors, whilst the others handed round "port, ale-cider, ginger beer, oranges, lemons, and nuts—that is to say they would if they had had them.

There were no public houses nor public amusements at this time, turkeys unknown and beef scarce. In fact a rudimentary Christmas festival of a holiday, not holy-day, type. It may be here remarked that sixty years ago, Christmas day was but little observed in Scotland, and the same may be said of America. In England, however, where it was and is a statute holiday, Christmas was universally celebrated. Essentially it was a children's day and one of family reunions, and in those days when traveling was expensive and tedious, this meant more than it does today. The visitors received a joyous welcome, not a sort of empty every-day one. Plum pudding, roast beef, and mince-pies and nuts were the order of the day, for beverage various kinds of drinks. Holly and mistletoe and evergreens obtained in nearly every house, in fact it was a joyous day from morn till night. Games of various kinds were played. Toys for children, rudimentary toys and picture books, cheap, and such as the too knowing children of today would turn up their little noses at, and my goodness! the fun of the

mistletoe and mulberry tree! Spreading of course from British Columbia, but in sober earnest to the immortal Charles Dickens' works, particularly the Pickwick Club and the annual "Christmas Stories."

The holly now, as in England, generally used, is not indigenous, but grown from introduced seed chiefly. The berried holly is now in great demand all along the Pacific shores, and American purchasers are eager to buy it. Curiously, it grows well in Victoria and neighborhood, but fails as it grows south. Mistletoe, a parasite, used of old in the mystic rites of the Druids, does not grow here, but a species thereof comes from the States, which serves its usual purpose, in spite of all moral reformers and the scientific maxims of the dangers of bacteria (bacteria of love) incurred in and by osculation. Who cares about this kind of danger when under the mistletoe at Christmas—the fun and pleasure of obtaining it or at "blindman's buff," and the pretended wish and effort not to be caught. None of this in Victoria in 1850. How soon after?

Oh, the merry days when we were young! Turkeys were rare, but Dr. Trimble had a turkey which he kept on his premises on Broad street. Daily he and Mrs. Trimble would visit his treasure, who with his fantail erect, and feathers vibrating and with a gobble-gobble and proud step would show his pleasure at the meeting, but the doctor and wife although admiring and loving the proud and handsome bird, had murderous thoughts in their innerds and declared he would be a splendid bird by Christmas for dinner, so in due course he invited some half dozen friends to eat the turkey on Christmas Day. A few days before Christmas, the doctor and wife, on their daily visit, found the turkey had vanished. Inquiries were made for it, and the invited friends were assiduous in helping to unravel the mystery and concluded in the end that it had been stolen. They consoled and sympathized with the bereaved and tried to assuage the grief by telling Trimble and wife, that they would give him a dinner on Christmas day instead! The grief stricken parties accepted the invitation, as the best thing to be done under the unfortunate circumstances. So on Christmas Day they assembled very jollily. The earlier courses were eaten with fizz, etc. Now comes up the principal dish, which being uncovered displayed a fine cooked turkey! Trimble was a good natured fellow, so you may easily foretell what followed! Who stole the turkey? The echo of the laughing intertwining shadows reply Who-o-o-

A NEW MAGAZINE

A new magazine appears this month under the title of "The International." It is termed "a review of the world's progress," is edited by Dr. Rodolphe Broda, and is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. As well as an English edition, there will be French and German editions, published respectively in Paris and Berlin. Each of these will be adapted to the peculiar interests of the country of issue. Thus, in the first English number, Sir Charles Dilke writes upon sweating and a minimum wage, and asserts:—

"All parties now in almost all civilized countries accept the provision that the law may properly deal with many of the conditions of labor, including in some cases hours and in all certain methods of payment of wage. Outside Australia and New Zealand there has been little legislation anywhere to deal with the amount of wage payable to the worker. There seems to be no line of principle to be drawn which can exclude the latter consideration from the purview of the law. In the United Kingdom we have not hitherto dealt directly with wage, but we have gone so far as to enforce the determinations of voluntary arbitration, itself sometimes official under permissive powers of the law. A Board of Trade arbitrator has been called in in the case of some of the most complicated trades, with the most varying classes of work and the most varying wage, such as the Nottingham lace trade and the boot and shoe trade of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire. His careful and detailed determinations have been universally accepted and completely carried out."

In conclusion, Sir Charles Dilke declares that there is little trace to be found in Great Britain of any opposition on principle to dealing by law with the amount of wage in those feeble or "sweated trades which cannot successfully deal with the matter by organized effort, such as that of which the coal miners have shown themselves capable, and says he looks for the declaration of a policy upon the subject by Government before the middle of the session of next year.

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much of a vengeance, and his teacher saw that unless he got a hustle on him before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this grade another year and have little Mary go on ahead of you?"

"Aw," says Tommy in a blasé tone, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.