



The Surrey Churchyard where Vancouver is Buried, an ideal "God's Acre," such as might have inspired Gray's "Elegy."

a model of eternal industry to the indolent savages that watched them.

The Indians seem to have been but little civilised: they wore bear and deer skins, some of them home-made garments; they lived in huts made of poles and mats and skins; sometimes whole villages made of planks leaned against trees—though where they got the planks is not stated, for there were not likely any modern saw-mills around Vancouver in those days.

One of these villages was deserted. The crew came upon a whole jumble of rude wigwams crawling up the side of a rock; but not a smoke or a soul or a hair of any human being to be found. They poked about in the sort of pious awe that always seemed to pervade them; inspecting with minute and scientific care this remarkable phenomenon of a community without people, one of the crew busy making a sketch of it while the rest rummaged about, quite oblivious of danger or the probability of attack from any quarter, when all at once, as the Captain naively remarks:

"Our gentlemen were suddenly assailed by an unexpected enemy, whose legions made so furious an attack upon each of their persons that, unable to vanquish their foes, they rushed up to their necks in water."

A fine hectic picture of the jack-tars who had sailed the seven seas coming down the rock chased by the enemy—but the wily Captain naively concludes by saying that it took his men a long while to wash their clothes and hair free from the swarms of fleas which had probably driven out the Indians and were lying in wait to convince the white voyageurs that civilisation had preceded them.

The more southerly part of the Captain's explorations were a series of delightful discoveries amid landscapes most charming; but the further north he got in the Gulf of Georgia the more rocky the way and the more melancholy the Captain, who seems to have had a great fancy for English landscapes and was astonished to find so many park-like spots on that journey. He named the places just the way he felt; and when he had satisfied himself that the Spanish explorers were a lot of humbugs, and that there was no eastern extension of the Pacific to the great lakes—which were a good deal more than a thousand miles from where he landed—he sailed back down the gulf and along the great island where to-day they are charging three cents a mile to sail

from the city bearing his name to Victoria; back down the southern coast and off again to the Sandwich Islands.

Having done what he was sent to do in the name of God and the king, he was able to report to His Majesty, that though it was certain that in future there would be a yearly celebration known as the Fourth of July, yet there was enough land left to the Crown of England to make a fairly respectable Dominion where the people might not care much about the Fourth but a good deal more about the First; where they might be able to bring the head of the great lakes near to the Gulf of Georgia by a railway or two—and one of these days when they got pretty well ahead and got the date fixed they might celebrate at Quebec the discoveries of Champlain and the victories of Wolfe.

While he was writing his books the good Captain died at Petersham, Surrey, where in the old churchyard he was buried; a very simple gravestone and a modest mural tablet are all that remain to commemorate the career of the sturdy seafaring man who passed away in the year of the Treaty of Ryswick.

The Hudson Bay Route

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ber 1st. There are, however, those who believe that it is possible all winter, in spite of the cold and the snow-storms. To take advantage of it after November 1st, some other port than the land-locked harbour at Churchill would be necessary. A gentleman who has given much attention to the subject for thirty years declares that the port should be at the mouth of the Nelson River, where the tide prevents the ice from forming. The Nelson has a very wide mouth and the tide rises ten to sixteen feet as far up as Seal Island. A port here would be expensive of construction but would be accessible practically all winter. If this theory and these facts are correct, navigation on this route would be possible till perhaps February 1st. November, December and January would be the three most valuable months for the West, for then most wheat is available for export.

As to the railway, there is evidence in favour of building it along the Nelson River instead of along the Churchill. Both routes are shown on the

accompanying map. The Dominion Government has decided on a railway, which will run from the Pas, the present terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, to the Bay, but the question of the route is left open. Until the present year, no one discussed the advantages of the Nelson River route, but it is just within the bounds of possibility that this may yet be chosen. Much will depend on the reports of the engineers both as to the route itself and the feasibility of a harbour at York Factory or at some point along the Nelson River between Seal Island and the mouth.

An Icelandic Festival

"[SLENDINGADAGURINN]"—this is the newest tongue-twister, and for a while now will be on the tongues of about ten thousand Icelanders in Manitoba. It is the name of the Icelandic celebration in Winnipeg, where so many Icelanders have become useful, and many prominent citizens. This is a sort of Olympic festival; characterised by outbursts of joy in the form of sports and of art—chiefly poetry and orations. There are to be five poems written for the occasion. Says the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"One of these, a poem on Iceland, is written by Stephen G. Stephanson, of Tindastoll, Alberta, who is called the poet laureate of the Rocky Mountains. He came from North Dakota to the Canadian West fifteen or more years ago. He has published one or two books of poems, and has now another in the press. He is considered among the ablest poets the Icelanders have produced. The other writers of poems for the day are Gisli Jonsson, a printer who has a job office in Winnipeg, and who came from Iceland three or four years ago; Magnus Marksson, of Fort Rouge, who did immigration work for the Dominion Government, bringing a party of settlers from Iceland a couple of years ago, and who is the author of a book which has had a large sale both here and in Iceland; G. J. Guttormsson, a farmer near Shoal Lake, son of one of the very early pioneers at Icelandic River, who accompanied Captain Jonasson to Manitoba in 1875; and Dr. Julius Johannesson, a practising physician at Leslie, Saskatchewan. Dr. Johannesson graduated from a Latin college at Reikjavik, Iceland, came to America several years ago, landing on the shores of Labrador."