

"BE STRONG."

From Womankind. Be strong to bear, O heart of mine! Pain not where sorrow comes...

PHIL ATKINSON'S PHILANTHROPY.

It was certainly most unreasonable weather for Christmas eve—not at all cheery, brisk, frosty sort of day...

It was an afternoon that few people would care to be out of doors and those who were unfortunate enough to be abroad scurried along as if unwilling...

It was a busy scene on one of the streets there was one man who appeared not to mind the weather nor indeed to have any particular object in view...

As he strolled along, gently whistling to himself, his eye was caught by a little knot of people in front of a big tenement house...

It was a sight unfortunately not greatly out of the common in New York of late. Only a family turned out because they could not pay the rent...

Probably that was the way the landlord argued to himself, but the few sympathetic people gathered around the homeless family did not seem to agree with him...

"It's a bitter shame, turning them out doors in this weather," exclaimed one shabbily clad woman with the quick sympathy that the poor feel for their fellows...

landlord out west, he'd never put another family out. What do you owe him?" he asked the woman...

Under Phil's questioning the woman soon told her story and on his inquiring where her landlord could be found...

"Yes, but what's that to you?" "I'm going to settle that bill. Here, give me a receipt for \$200 that covers the three months' back rent due, I believe."

The receipt made out by Phil, including out a bulky pocket-book, selected a \$100 bill, which he handed over in payment. Receiving his change he was about to leave...

Now, then, you get right back inside the house again, and mind you hang on tight to those receipts, advised Phil, as he shoved the papers together with a ten-dollar bill into the woman's hands...

Plainly the man was dying—in fact the doctor had just told him so. How long? Well, that would depend. It might be that he would last for another twenty-four hours...

Why, then? Only that he must see her. That was all. He could not—not die. Had he failed his life with ease, had he foregone selfishness, but brought his quick gratification only to make this thing all the harder to bear...

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ABOARD THE PANAMA IN '69.

Under a clear blue Californian sky, in the latter part of September, 1869, the steamer Panama left her wharf at San Francisco bound for the North. There were few passengers on board and most of them were going to Oregon and Puget Sound...

It was truly down a golden road that the oldest steamer Panama that September afternoon plowed her way out of San Francisco bay and through the Golden Gate towards the setting sun. I leaned upon the rail and watched the shores slipping by till the sun went down and the stars came out and the Farallone lights began to twinkle behind us...

It was a slow but pleasing trip up the coast, the weather still mild, the wind, weather soft, warm and pleasant. As a rule keep inshore and are out of the track of sailing vessels, but sometimes we would catch the glint of a passing sail in the distance, or see a whale spouting near, and we were glad to even the monotony of the coast...

Early on the third morning our steamer crossed the Columbia bar, and when we came on deck she was lying opposite the little town of Astoria. Although honored by being named after the millionaire Reckon New Orleans would be a healthier climate for me this time of the year than New York.

When Mr. Max Shutz went to deposit his \$100 bill in the bank on the day after Christmas, he was politely informed by the teller that it was a clever counterfeit.

THE THIRD SISTER.

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walk towards the house, through beds of old-fashioned flowers—mignonettes, wall-flowers, stock and sweet peas. The air was sweet with a scent that brought back to me the fragrance of my home in far away Aberdeen and the words of the old song came into my mind:

"It's home and its name; Home and its name; Home and its name; To my ain country."

But here we met the farmer among the flowers, who bade us good-day. Young and we had come over from the steamer to buy some peaches. The old man gave us a good look before he answered. Then he said:

"You can go in there, my lads," pointing to the peach orchard, "and eat as many peaches as you like, and fill your sack if you want to; I won't charge you a cent."

We thanked him, bought some apples, and filled our sack half full of peaches. As we turned to go, he called us back, and made us come into the house and have a bowlful of milk each. It was given us good situations, or forsaken sadder, wise and pleasant. The fact, hearts and light purses only saw Victoria, others got over to the Mainland; some even reached Langley, on the Fraser, and the great bulk of the rush never saw the coast beyond the mouth of the river.

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came on board again we did not brag about the number of ducks we had bagged, though we had plenty to say about the steward's gun. With myself it shot too low; with Young it shot too high, so between us the ducks escaped and we came back with an empty game bag.

Another day and we were steaming away up the Sound towards our destination. What a lovely sight it was as the panorama opened up, wooded headland after headland enclosing still bays with grassy slopes running down to the water, and here and there an embryo farm or a blazing camp fire. Little slopes and sail boats tacking in and out or running before the wind; great canoes—they called them Chinook canoes—which carried their owners and stowaways, full of Indians watching us as we passed. Funny little steamboats with houses on deck all painted white, puffing and blowing as they crossed behind or ahead of us going from logging camp to saw mill or from saw mill to logging camp. Now we are sailing amongst islands, now out in the open Sound with a long stretch of clear water ahead. There Seattle, the coming city, was pointed out to me as it lay newly chopped and cleared on the steep steep slope up from the water, with blackened stumps standing up all over it; two or three streets leading down to the front had been cleared, but even in them burnt stumps cropped up here and there, and a baker's dozen of houses big and little scattered about the new town site.

We had only another night to pass on board the Panama that had been our home for nine pleasant days, and as Young and I paced the deck to keep ourselves warm—for this our last evening on the water though clear and calm was somewhat chilly—we talked over our hopes and fears, our prospects and chances. Young expected to get a government office; I was bent upon seeing the mines where it was said great fortunes were being made. And so as we walked about the past and our hopes over the seas until it was bed time.

Long before day we were on deck. The steamer seemed to be feeling her way through a dense fog. So dense was it that her lights were hardly to be seen from the deck; the air was cold and chilly; not a breath of wind was stirring, the only thing to be heard was the steady beat of the engines and the soft lapping of the water on her bow. Time seemed to hang heavy with us as we took refuge behind the smoke stack for warmth, and we thought the morning would never come. But at last in the dim grey gloom, just before the dawn the fog began to lift, and as it lifted we could see to the north the faint outline of the Vancouver Island shore. As we closed in the shores became more distinct, rocky to the east, wooded to the west, whilst away inland we could see the smoke of Victoria rising in the morning air. Closer and closer we came until we could hear the beat of the surge on the shore and the bays and inlets began to open out we passed the entrance to Victoria harbor and steamed on to Esquimalt, in through its wooded narrow past its wood and lighthouse until its magnificent landlocked harbor opened out to our view.

Not much time now to see sights, for we are busy getting our traps ready to go on shore, and bidding goodbye; goodbye to the old ship that had carried us through, goodbye to the steward and all his kind-nesses to us, goodbye to others who had helped us to while the time away, goodbye for awhile to Judson Young. What shall I say of him—Kind and courteous, a gentleman every inch of him was he my companion of those ten days on board the old Panama, and although many a long year has gone since then, he the fair haired lad who was so full of youth and life and hope has passed away "to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns," still clear and un-faded on memory's walls hangs the bright picture of that pleasant voyage and that lovable comrade of long ago.

It was after we left Port Townsend that I first noticed Jim Bell. The mate and others, stout-looking fellows, were trying to lift a heavy bar of iron that was lying on the deck. They all failed, the mate coming nearest to lifting it. Just then a square-shouldered, broad-chested young fellow stepped up, and to the astonishment of all lifted the bar of iron clear from the deck. The mate did not like to be beaten and tried it again and again, but had to give it up. Young and I had a chat with the young fellow and found out that he was a New Brunswicker, going down to work at one of the logging camps between Port Townsend and Olympia, and this was the same Jim Bell I knew in after years as a successful prospector and miner.

We steamed down the Sound past green wooded islands; past settlers' clearings with their rude shanties, some log, some lumber, just as they were near or far from the sawmill; past logging camps, with their big bowing houses and long sheds for working cattle; past a boom, built partly on the water, that boomed and buzzed as the big circular saw tore its way through the great logs. Now we ran up close to a wharf with only a few houses near, and where hardly a soul was to be seen, the nucleus of what was to be a future town or city. Now we were putting off freight at a sawmill, where all was bustle and business, and where ships and bars and briggs were loading up with lumber and spars. Once we were caught by a squall that came tearing down upon us from the north, whistling through the rigging and making us hold on with both hands, yet our big ship steamed on almost as steady as before. Down the Sound we sailed until one morning "Olympia" was on every tongue. Yet the logs which would be used to see the islands and mudflats, but all was bustle, and the steamer's boats were taking on mail, express and passengers, while freight was being loaded on boats that had come up from the Capital of Washington territory, lying away beyond the mouth of our river.

Part of another day had to be spent here, so Young and I borrowed the ships pig and the steward's gun, and full of big hopes for a good day's sport and a bag of ducks we pulled towards one of the mudflats in the garden of the sport we had, only that when we

came on board again we did not brag about the number of ducks we had bagged, though we had plenty to say about the steward's gun. With myself it shot too low; with Young it shot too high, so between us the ducks escaped and we came back with an empty game bag.

RAILWAYS.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE No. 21.

To take effect at 8.00 a.m. on Thursday, Nov. 1, 1894. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Table with columns for Station, Time, and Direction. Includes stations like Esquimalt, Nanaimo, and Victoria.

On Saturdays and Sundays Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a fare and a quarter, good for return no later than Monday.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Passengers for Chicago can take Sleeping Car at Seattle Through Without Change. Passengers leave Victoria daily at 9:00 a.m. for Spokane, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Winnipeg, Milwaukee, St. Louis and the East.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

Pullman Sleeping Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, Tourist Sleeping Cars. St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Winnipeg, Helena and Butte.

THROUGH TICKETS.

To Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and all Points East and South.

Table with columns for Speed, Distance, and Time. Lists routes to Montreal, Boston, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Toronto.

ESQUIMALT & NANAIMO RAILWAY.

On and after March 22nd, 1895. The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows: calling at Way Point as follows: Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Esquimalt, Nanaimo, Friday, 7 a.m. for Esquimalt, Nanaimo, Saturday, 7 a.m.

The North-Western Line.

Is the best route in every respect to CHICAGO and 10 points East. KANSAS CITY, OMAHA, SIOUX CITY and all points South. Direct connections in Chicago, Des Moines, Vestibule Trains, Comparison of Rates on every train. All ticket agents will sell you to your destination over The North-Western Line.