

A Visit to the West Coast FROM UCLUELET TO ALBERNI

The morning after our meeting at Ucluelet I strolled down to the wharf and found the whaling steamer ready to start out into the heaving waters of the Pacific in quest of leviathans of the deep.

"In the North Sea lived a whale Big in bone and big in tail."

But I was due in the famous Alberni district at seven at night, and at least fifty miles lay between Ucluelet dock and Alberni. It was well on to 10 o'clock before the launch was ready, and at about 10.30 we swung away from the wharf. It was a beautiful morning,

ing along for a little over an hour.

Past Bird, Chain and Link islands, all small ones, and Copper island, a big one, we rounded Junction Point into the Alberni Canal, one of the most wonderful waterways on the globe. Imagine a deep-sea harbor 35 miles long, and from a mile and a half at its narrowest points to three miles in most places and even wider at some places. There are no rocks or shoals in the entire distance. There is no place where the largest sea-going vessels can not go in perfect safety. There is safe and perfect passage from the entrance to the head of the harbor, and at the head there is ample anchorage.

Commercially, it presents a peculiarly advantageous site, for it divides Vancouver island with this natural deep-waterway within a distance of perhaps 16 miles of the east coast of the island. Its head, at the Alberni district, is where any incoming terminus of a railroad must locate, as from the Alberni district on the extreme west there stretches to the westward an unbroken wall of mountains to the sea.

From a purely picturesque standpoint the Alberni canal is magnificent. The famous Palisades of the Hudson dwindle to insignificance alongside these Titanic battlements of the centuries. The sheer heights rising on either side seem as though cleft in twain by a mighty blade of flashing waters. The terraced peaks above each succeeding cliff are at times blanching with everlasting snows, or black-plumed with stretches of frowning hemlock. Firs hang balanced against overhanging steep slopes where never the foot of even a mountain sheep might cling; or a bird perch, save with fluttering pinions.

Mile after mile through these magic defiles we sped in our launch, under a cloudless sky, and with nothing but the splash of following waters, or the harsh challenge of a querulous eagle to break the solitude. At 1 o'clock we tackled the provisions with the appetites of famished wolves, and ham and eggs, doughnuts, sandwiches, pie, milk, etc., disappeared as if dropped in the yeasty wake behind our craft. Our dinner did not dispel the beauty of the scenes we were passing through; there is nothing like ham and eggs for improving scenery.

At the end of our journey through the Alberni canal, we came in through the Somass river, which enters into the head of the canal, and sailed up the river to the wharf at Alberni. There we met Mr. C. M. Pineo, the secretary of the Alberni Board of Trade, and came up with him through the town to the Arlington hotel. Alberni is beautifully situated on the Somass river, and its streets are all really boulevards, being 99 feet in width. It has two good hotels, flourishing stores, and an agricultural

attention to the importance of the district, its geographical situation which had made it the natural site for a railroad terminus, and the manifold advantage which it offered to the investor, the high-grade colonist and settler, and the traveller, tourist and sportsman. Mr. Bishop's speech was listened to with particularly close attention, and at its close he was greeted with unstinted applause. Mr. C. M. Pineo, the able and energetic secretary of the Alberni Board of Trade, made a brief address calling attention to the work of the league, and voicing his belief in the future of the work and the success of the organization.

Mr. McGaffey explained the work that the league had already accomplished its earnest desire to co-operate with each and every district for the benefit of the island as a whole, and the prime necessity of a welding together of all the districts into one united body for the purpose of attaining its objects. The meeting was a success, and the speakers were voted thanks for their addresses.

Later in the evening a meeting was held at New Alberni, the gathering being held under the auspices of the New Alberni Board of Trade. In the absence of President A. D. MacIntyre, Mr. C. M. McNaughton, of New Alberni presided, and made the opening address. Mr. McNaughton spoke in glowing terms of the future of the Alberni district, and his remarks elicited hearty applause. He described the advantages of the Alberni canal as a deep-waterway, the resources of the district from the standpoint of mineral and timber, and predicted the rise of a great city and commercial shipping point at the head of the Alberni canal. Mr. McNaughton's speech was an excellent one, and showed a thorough acquaintance with the district and its resources. It was received with a great deal of appreciation. Mr. Leonard Frank, of Alberni, one of the vice-presidents of the Vancouver Island Development League and a pioneer in the movement, followed with a long but stirring talk, which was notable for its sound logic and enthusiasm.

Mr. R. F. Blandy, the energetic secretary of the New Alberni Board of Trade followed Mr. Frank with an address as to the aims and objects of the league and its auxiliary branches, and welcomed the visiting secretary of the Victoria branch to the district. Mr. Blandy brought up the needs of the district in the matter of trails, railroads and development, and showed his hearers how real results could be brought about by combining one district with another, and working as a unit toward the general needs.

The visiting secretary from the Victoria branch made a short address, dealing with the league's origin and plans, its sincere desire to co-operate with the people in all the various districts of the island, and its availability as a means to accomplish good for the island. He paid the district a compliment for its fighting spirit, and prophesied, as he believed truthfully, that in time to come the two towns of the Alberni district would be in one, and that a great city would rise at the end of the canal.

Mr. A. D. Cooper followed with a witty and generously applauded speech, in which he urged the speedy completion of the Wellington and Alberni railroad, and paid some attention to the remarks of the visiting secretary. He said that the secretary was something of a humorist, but that the people did not love him any the less for that. Mr. Cooper's speech was the best of the evening. Mr. Herbert J. Hillier, the president of the Ucluelet Development League was called on and made a short address, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the speakers.

That night I slept at the Arlington hotel in Alberni, and the next morning, after an hour with Mr. Leonard Frank, looking over his really remarkable photographs, I drove about the district with Mr. M. Tebo of Alberni. We went out to Sproat Lake, in company with Mr. Frank, and also to the Somass river, both within a short distance from Alberni. Sproat Lake has been called the "Lake Lucerne" of Vancouver Island. But after taking one good, square look at it, I do not see why Lake Lucerne should not be called "the Sproat Lake of Switzerland." Sproat Lake has four arms, like Lake Lucerne has, but in beauty and diversity of natural scenery it has Lake Lucerne backed off of the map. Numerous islands are scattered about in it, and the trout fishing is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It will, when the railroad comes into the district, be a spot for summer homes, sailing, bathing and fishing unsurpassed in North America. Great Central Lake, further out in the Alberni District, is also a famous fishing ground, and there the trout grow to something startling in

size. All the country about these lakes is simply indescribably beautiful. Snow-clad mountains and sandy shores, rivers parting the green blinds of overhanging foliage and plunging into the clear lake waters; cliffs, valleys and cloistered beaches, all vie with one another in their varied charm, and all have a loveliness individual and distinct.

From the lake we drove to Somass river. I take my hat off to this stream. I have seen many lovely stretches of water, but after you have seen all the rivers of all the lands, see the Somass and you will find something more rarely beautiful in the way of a river than was dreamed of. It is a renowned trout stream, too. As for water-power, why there is power enough in it, according to my judgment, to furnish all the electricity needed for a city of a quarter of a million people. As a place to spend a summer afternoon, with its mossy banks on one side and its jutting rocks on the other, with the waters rushing down between it is simply ideal.

The roads we drove over were as smooth as velvet, and as good as any asphalted boulevard. This Alberni district also offers unusual attractions to the hunter and his clan, as deer, grouse, quail, wild-fowl in their season, and bears and panthers all the year around are obtainable. Salmon fishing in the season is also to be had in the canal, and altogether the district is a genuine sportsman's paradise.

Later on we drove into New Alberni, and walked about the town, scanning its splendid views across and down the canal, and remarking on its remarkable site for a commercial and shipping point. New Alberni takes in the last available land to the west, being walled in at its extreme western limits by the mountains that stretch unbrokenly to the Pacific Ocean. At this point, the future city of Alberni will have saw mills and factories which will mingle their smoke with the factories and mills of the upper town; and a fine residence portion above and beyond the first terrace of high land extends all along the line to the point where the Somass empties into the Canal, and this future metropolis will extend on and beyond where the original town of Alberni now stands, and around the end of the canal until it is blocked by the domed cliffs across the canal.

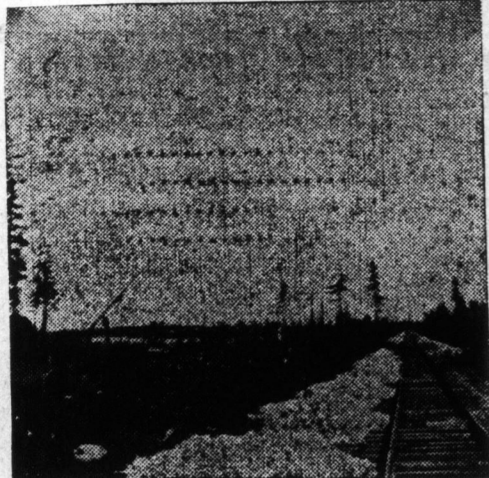
New Alberni contains two excellent hotels. I stopped at the Somass hotel, kept by Mr. Waterhouse, and found a hostelry which has been built without regard to expense or pains in order to provide a high order of comfort for its patrons. The King Edward hotel is also a fine hotel, and at the Arlington and the Alberni Hotel, in the upper town, the traveller or tourist will find a particularly high class of accommodation and comfort.

The Alberni District people need only the railroad to start them on a career of permanent and great prosperity, in my calm judgment. There is plenty of timber there, and a big area of splendid farm land about the upper town. There is copper, coal, iron, and

The railroad—let it come. Not only the people of Alberni District, but the people of Clayoquot, Ucluelet and other districts need it. It would open up a world of possibilities, and a dividend-paying group of paying actualities.

The Alberni District is a great district—there need be no dispute about that. It is the natural terminus for a railroad, and the natural site for a deep-sea harbor of splendid possibilities. Its wealth lies ready to be tapped and brought to the surface; its commercial value needs only the necessary alchemy of transportation.

I stopped at the Somass hotel that night, and left the Alberni district remembering the



Ready for Ballast—Wellington and Alberni Railroad

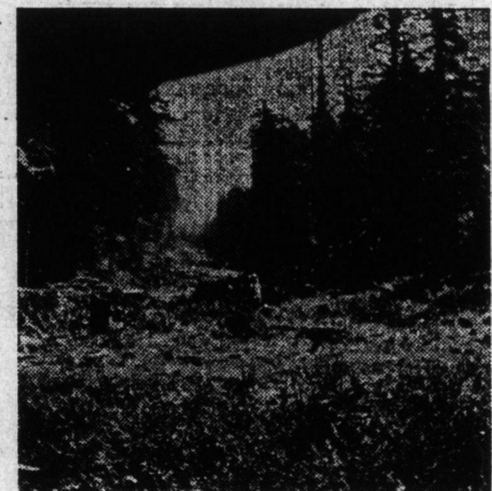
with just enough wind to make our sea-worthy craft roll easily out toward the open water beyond. Siwash canoes and sailboats flitted about in the harbor, and an occasional eagle soared above the cliffs. Everything had that air of wild serenity and untamed freedom which had been so marked all along the west coast, and the green undulations to the right and left of us, and the churning foam astern, bore us ahead like the sweep of watery pinions.

As we got into the swell of the long rollers of the ocean, the launch rose and fell with graceful curves, and we soon left the harbor entrance far in our rear. Islands to all sides started up from the sea, some clothed thick with a dense growth of firs and other timber, some bare and jagged as a flint arrow-head. Miles out, the smoke of an Orient-going steamer trailed low to the horizon, and ahead loomed mistily the outlines of headlands and capes, islands and promontories, hazy in the morning light.

About three miles out the launch took to coughing and sputtering, and we put in about a half hour turning the crank and swearing at her. But she was as stubborn as a mule, and about the time we finished arguing with her she had drifted in close to shore. Here we got in the lee of a little island, and hove to for a last wrestle with the stubborn engine. After ten minutes or so of twisting and splashing around she suddenly struck her gait, cleared her throat, chugged viciously and lunged out with a good, healthy burst of speed, which she held to like a bull-dog all day long.

In the open sea we headed out and around towards Barkley Sound, threading in and out among scenes of bewildering beauty and diversity, and never a sail or a lifted paddle to strike across the loneliness. Here and there a solitary loon drifted, or a cormorant dragged his heavy weight from the waves and floated sluggishly away as the launch bore past. Beetling cliffs and thickly crowned wooded heights rose in all directions, and as we neared Barkley Sound the white and stony summits of distant peaks showed where the fires had swept across in bygone years, and left the slopes withered and bald. Occasionally the sign of human habitations peered out from far-off shores, the tips of a siwash shack, or the whitening timbers of a settler's home.

We rode across Barkley Sound on the tops of widelung rollers, combing easily over them, and cutting through the white-caps in a diagonal course. It was like the rise and dip of a galloping horse, and with the same sense of exhilaration. We passed The Hundred Islands, Prideaux, Canoe and Julia island, and rounded Hayward Point into Middle Channel. Here we struck rough water, and the launch kept "slewing" sideways considerably to the big rollers. However, by keeping her headed east-southeast we managed to get across the channel after pound-



A Cut in the "Right-of-way"—The Railroad from Wellington to Alberni District

district of large extent and exceptional riches immediately adjacent to it. The roads in all directions are like many other districts in the island, simply perfect. The citizens of Alberni are intent on dredging and deepening the Somass river so as to provide for a deep water harbor to that point, the steamers of other days having formerly come up to the wharf at that point. Alberni is one of the long-settled towns, and everything about it indicates a flourishing growth.

The meeting before the Alberni Board of Trade was held in the town hall, and was well attended by an attentive and appreciative audience. Mr. C. M. Bishop, one of the well-known merchants of the town presided, and made the opening address, in which he called

Items

Neckwear for summer



petroleum on the following de- lands, situated in Rupert Dis- commencing at a post planted on or the southeast corner of Section 15, ship 19, and marked E. P.'s S. E. corner, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. E. PLUMB.

NOTICE

NOTICE that I intend to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of for a licence to prospect for coal petroleum on and under the land on the west shore, and under the land on the water opposite foreshore, situated in Rupert District, and described as follows: commencing at a post planted on or the southeast corner of Section 15, ship 19, and marked D. W. S. corner, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. D. W. STAERMAN.

NOTICE

NOTICE that I intend to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of for a licence to prospect for coal petroleum on and under the land on the west shore, and under the land on the water opposite foreshore, situated in Rupert District, and described as follows: commencing at a post marked E. R.'s corner, planted on the south west corner, and near the beach of an island in the West Arm of district No. 2. This island is on or near Section 19, Township 19, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence west to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. E. RAFFER.

NOTICE

NOTICE that I intend to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of for a licence to prospect for coal petroleum on the following de- lands, situated in Rupert Dis- commencing at a post planted on or the southeast corner of Section 15, ship 26, and marked S. A. S.'s corner, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. S. A. STEWART.

NOTICE

NOTICE that I intend to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of for a licence to prospect for coal petroleum on the following de- lands, situated in Rupert Dis- commencing at a post planted on or the northeast corner of Section 19, ship 26, and marked L. N. C.'s corner, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. L. N. COLLES.

NOTICE

NOTICE that I intend to apply to Hon. Chief Commissioner of for a licence to prospect for coal petroleum on the following de- lands, situated in Rupert Dis- commencing at a post planted on or the northwest corner of Section 11, ship 29, and marked S. A. M.P.'s V. corner, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains west to point of commencement, and intended to contain 640 acres, at Alberni, B.C., June 16, 1909. S. A. McPHERSON.

Woman's Friendship

Women, with their rights and wrongs have become a leading topic of the day, and with new fields of thought and action thrown open to them, many lights have been shed upon their supposed natural characteristics. From the Age of Chivalry, when they were idolized as almost goddesses to the present day, they have kept a conspicuous place in the world; and though the days of the knight and his lady have passed, and the age of passionate romance merged into the more matter of fact attitude of modern times, women are more interesting than ever before.

"Comparisons are odious," but comparisons between the characters and natures of men and women will always be made, and will generally prove in- teresting. The fallacy that all women are alike is fortunately exploded, and women are admitted to possess as varied an individuality as men. It has been supposed that women were incapable of that noble sentiment embodying friendship. The term, friendship, means an affection existing between two persons, usually of like sex. This sentiment is supposed to exist frequently between men, and but rarely between women. But the works of many intelligent writers have shown on inquiry into the subject that this supposition will not bear the light of investigation. A well known example of friendship between two women, is the Biblical story of Saul and Jonathan, which, in those eloquent scriptural words, is described as "Passing the

love of women." History, both ancient and modern, teems with instances of remarkable male friendships, but, because the friendships of women have not been brought into the light of publicity, there is no proof that they do not exist. The lives of women have been so retiring and private, on the whole, that their experiences, passions and devotions have been little noticed by history. Only the patient deliverer to, the secrets of lovely lives, will learn of a multitude of beautiful friendships that existed among many gentle ladies. It is true, there is more non-camaraderie between men which often passes for friendship, where there is no sentiment worthy of the name. This irresponsible good-fellowship is really the exact counterpart of those light affections of which women are accused. In order to ground upon a convincing basis, we must have popular recognized facts on which to base them. It is

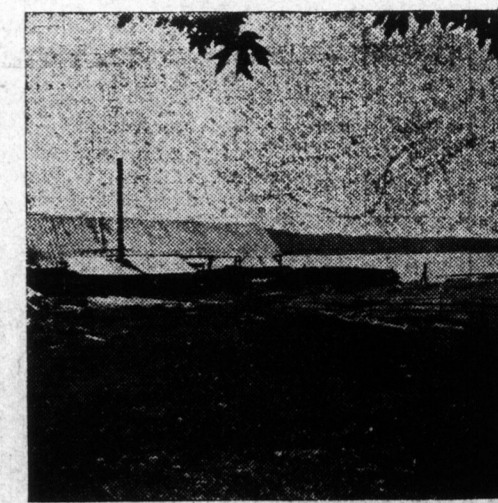
generally admitted that women are naturally less selfish and more sympathetic than men. They have a greater fund of affection to bestow, and need a corresponding amount in return. It is not that all women cannot have lovers; therefore, logically, they are in especial need of friendship, and are sure to seek its consolation. On the other hand, women are peculiarly exposed by their natures to obstacles in the way of friendships. They are not incapable of friendship, but of indifference. Their great sensibility and insight, enable them to feel and see a sneer or a mean action, and those little things which hurt them so, and cool their friendships, would pass unnoticed by the thicker-skinned men. This sensibility makes indifference impossible; therefore, there are more enemies, and more friendships between women than between men.

friendship is so cordial or delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense or immovable as that of woman for woman." There are many true, though little known, stories of woman having loved woman even more than lover. Philippe Picard, the favorite and beloved friend of Philippe, queen of Edward III, was so deeply attached to her mistress that she refused to accept the happiness of a union with her lover Chaucer, the first of British poets, until the death of the Queen set her free. History knows well, too, the story of the bravery and devotion of Catherine Douglas, maid of honor to Lady Jane Beaufort, wife of James I. of Scotland. When the cruel assassins were forcing their way into the royal chamber, brave Catherine thrust her tiny arm into the stanchion of the door, as a bolt, and held it there till it was broken.

How do they know? Birds are not the only creatures to perform simultaneous evolutions. The writer has seen great shoals of porpoises off the Florida coast lined out on each side of the ship, "dressed" as perfectly as a crack infantry regiment. At a given instant each porpoise will make a simultaneous turn, and moving in a semi-circle file up behind the ship again. The two lines cannot, of course, see one another, for the ship is between them; yet their movements are as perfectly timed as if each were following an electric signal. It has been suggested that the impulse which communicates the order to maneuver is telepathic. It would seem as if it must be so. It may be humiliating to some intellectual individuals, but there is no getting away from the fact that animals have powers—call it a sixth sense or anything you please—which are denied to man.

How Do They Know?

Have you ever watched a big flight of starlings? If so, you will have noticed that at a given second every single one of the many hundred of birds will make identically the same turn. It is not a question of follow my leader. It isn't as if any one bird turned first and the others followed its example. The movement is simultaneous, and no bird ever makes a mistake. How do they do it? Is it an inviolable, invisible command from a leader? To be truthful, no one knows; probably no one ever will know. Birds are not the only creatures to perform simultaneous evolutions. The writer has seen great shoals of porpoises off the Florida coast lined out on each side of the ship, "dressed" as



Sawmill at New Alberni

delight I had experienced in seeing its manifold beauties, and vast commercial outlook, and recollecting always the kindness with which the people of the district had met me, and the courtesies extended me all through my visit and from all sides. I hope certainly at some future time to revisit the district, and find more time to get acquainted with its people, and perhaps cast a fly on Sproat Lake or the Somass river; or possibly stop a grouse or pheasant in his flight through the underbrush. As for bears and panthers—I have lost none of them, so probably shall not look for them.

The trip to Nanaimo by the way of stage through the Cameron Lake region—well, that is another chapter, which would take a page to tell of. But there I saw the railroad on its way and took some snapshots with a camera of the progress of the work. The railroad—let it come. That's what Alberni needs and is entitled to.

PETER THE WISE

A wonderful chimpanzee, named Peter, at present in Paris, is about to pay a visit to London. Peter is described as all but human; he understands, according to his owner, most if not all that is said to him, he obeys orders with the precision and celerity of a soldier on parade, and if the gift of speech is as yet denied him, he makes, at any rate, a very good attempt at the utterance of articulate sounds.

"I was ushered into Peter's dressing-room," said Mr. Alfred Butt, who went over to Paris to arrange for his visit to London, "and there I found him amusing himself with a couple of pieces of wood, a handful of screw nails, a gimlet, and a cold chisel. There was no mistake about it. He knew exactly—and this by instinct, not training—what to do with each. First, he bored a hole in the wood, then he selected a screw, fitted it to its place, and thereafter seized upon the chisel, just as though he had been a carpenter born and bred. His owner tossed a nail to him, and at once he detected the difference between that and a screw. Selecting a hammer from his basket of tools, he drove the nail home without hint or suggestion from any of us."

Peter's history is the history of the gradual development of an innate intelligence. Two years ago he might have been secured by anybody at a weekly salary of £40. But no one apparently wanted him then, for he was still in the rough, having hardly emerged from the stage of the average imitative monkey. There were depths in his nature, notwithstanding, unsuspected by all but his discriminating proprietor. Step by step he advanced along the line of least resistance, adding day by day to the number of his startling accomplishments, until at least he reached his present state of perfected achievement. And now he stands in the front rank of highly-salaried artists. Four hundred pounds per week was the value set upon him by his justly appreciative owner.



Outskirts of New Alberni