

comes, over stormy open bays and along sheltered passages, always ready to head for shore and beach her injured one if the water should gain on the pumps. Three months later the dry dock gates will open and this one-time cripple will urge out under her own steam. I am afraid to say just how many ships and steamers of the northern Pacific Coast have been lugged home and repaired by this wonderful plant of the Bullens.

In olden days this was a fearsome coast, before British Columbia and the United States lighted and charted it. I have known passenger steamers to race for Alaska over unlighted, uncharted waters and, luckily, almost every time they piled their craft on the rocks it was in one of the reef-beset sheltered passages and all the crew and passengers were saved; not always, as I know of more than one boat "Lost with all hands." To-day lights gleam everywhere, nearly all these cruel rocks are charted, but there is still one thing that makes me shiver. Many captains keep up full speed during mists and fogs when they think they are in wide enough waters.

I remember one foggy night. We had just passed Foul Bay; the tide was running swiftly but the night was ghostly silent. Our little craft went "put-putting" along as if she was the only boat in all these waters, but you can wager we were keeping our eyes and ears open as we

"Just think," quoth Fritz, "they look so small one could almost pocket them." Along they came until almost abreast of us and some three miles out. I never remember seeing a bigger swell than ran that day.

The quartette of warships were running under reduced speed—they had too. Up! up! up! would go the white bows until the four great white yachts were pointing at high heaven and the sea was boiling dangerously over their sterns. Down! down! down! would plunge those same four bows until you would think they were whales intent on sounding. It made our nerves tingle and our hearts pound to watch them. Great creamy tops would leap over their sinking bows and dash back against the turrets of the huge guns and leap out a solid mass of shining water, like a great transparent pair of wings for a warship. I knew they were wet, these great cruisers, as I had spent many days on them and what a U. S. Jackie won't tell you is not worth telling. But I never believed it possible that anything man has builded could plunge and cavort as did this fleet and still get to port.

To add to the intensity of the feeling of alarm that spread over us we had only to turn our heads a bit towards the east to see the spot where our own little native port steamboat had met her fate, coming along these wild Straits of Fuca. Her deck load of contractors' railroad iron had



The Naval Hospital for ships on the B.C. Pacific coast

were right in the steamboat lane. Suddenly we heard a gurgle, as if water was being pushed, ahead, and right out of the fog, going parallel to us, appeared what looked like a huge white painted fence. It was the tall white sides of the "Empress of India" just arriving from Asiatic ports. So near was she that her port lights sparkled on the tiny bits of brass that decorated our engine, and, when she did get past, what a nice flirt she gave us with her tail current. Slopl slopl along the Straits we went.

I heard the cruiser squadron was putting to sea the next day, and I wanted to have a good look at these big white United States warships in a heavy swell. We made harbour—well, we had to. You see we had a number one size boat and this was about a number ten size sea. All night the wind howled in from the Southwest; all night long the mighty surf boomed and bellowed on the spit.

Early morning found us on shore facing the fury of the gale, peeping out from behind a beachcomber's shack, builded of storm strewn timbers (a thing of wonder) lath and hand painted cabin panels side by side; a bit of rough hewn fir and a magnificent mahogany board placed cheek by jowl. For a bit of ornament, this dogfish oil gatherer had finished the eaves a foot deep with gold leaf beading. Ah! what poor souls fought for their lives while that beading was being wrenched and torn off the gilded saloon of the passenger steamer.

The wind howled through the nooks and crannies as we waited and watched for the squadron. At last, about noon, we saw them appearing along the distant Olympic shores—four white objects that flashed in the sun,

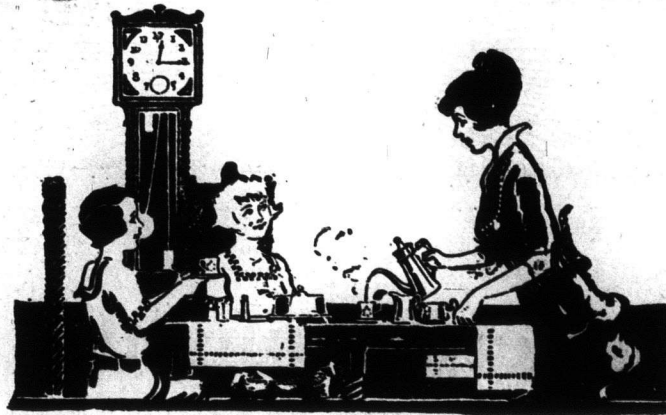
shifted—two or three wild plunges in the mighty seas and she settled down in 90 fathoms with all her crew and passengers. Alas! many an affrighted one never got out of the tiny cabin.

It is wonderful—this all-protecting Mother Nature. Next morning the seas had subsided, the skies were blue, the tides ran rippling along as if they never would injure a passenger or a warship, all the sea birds were lifting and spattering along, the glad sun was shining and sparkling everywhere and our little "put-putter" was running majestically along these one time wild Straits as smoothly as if she was in some miniature harbour in a city park.

Out of Thine Own Mouth!

I will honor and revere your colors when they deserve my respect, when they cease to be an empty or wicked farce. Plant the red, black, and golden flag on the heights of German thought, make it the standard of free humanity, and I will shed for it my heart's best blood.—Heinrich Heine, to Germany.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company reports exceedingly satisfactory business for 1914. The applications received during the year totaled \$27,436,327, showing a substantial increase over the 1913 total. The business in force at the end of the year was approximately \$108,000,000. The Official Report of the year's business will be issued shortly after the annual meeting of the company on Feb. 2nd.



COWANS PERFECTION COCOA

Mothers are glad to see the children enjoy Cowan's Perfection Cocoa, because they know it is so good for them.

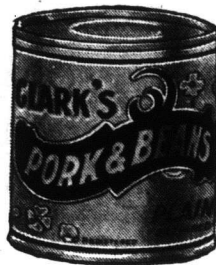
Pure Cocoa is rich in food value and is so easily digested.

"Made in Canada."



Quarter-pound Half-pound & one-pound tins

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

BENGER'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

A food of great nutritive value, which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation.

Benger's Food forms with milk, a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. "The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.