

Stories in Travelling--By Alice M. Winlow

AMONG THE ICEBERGS ON THE "MONTCALM"

The iceberg looms out of the fog like a sinister ghost. It comes so close that we can almost touch it with our hands. It towers high above the ship, gray and white with streaks of icy-green and hollows of frozen blue.

Then the crash . . . the shudder . . . the terrible silence of suspense . . . the lowering of life-boats . . . the whispered questioning. At last a sense of security is restored.

Now come long hours of waiting till the fog finally clears about our ship. But there is a bank of fog to the East, and a ghostly iceberg glides out of it and melts into it again, intangible, incorporeal, dream-like. An ocean-liner passes. It, too, is buried in the fog, invisible to us except for the funnel and masts.

A scythe of wind cuts away the last of the fog. The clear blue of the ocean is seen to be jewelled with icebergs. The growlers, small pieces of ice and snow, although full of menace, are too insignificant to receive our admiration.

But the icebergs! There are almost a score of them and all who have field-glasses hurry away to get them to bring the vision closer.

One has crescents of ice that reflect the sun till the berg seems strung with new moons. Another has the ap-

pearance of a castle, the sunlight transmuting its irregular pinnacles of ice into turrets of glistening marble. To the West is a berg with the contour of a lily. It is deep blue at the base, green where the calyx should spring, and the petals rise white as chalcedony.

But now we are leaving the Strait of Belle Isle. Labrador is indigo blue, its bleak rocky hills softened by distance.

BY THE STREAM IN CRYSTAL PALACE GARDENS

Such a limpid, cool, singing, delicious wind! Sitting on the bank of the Stream in Crystal Palace Gardens we watch it ripple the water. The sky above is hyacinth blue, patterned by clouds of ineffable silver.

Across the stream there are three men fishing. Not a sound is to be heard. The very stillness weaves a fantasy of the sound and the life of a newer world. On the bank of the Capilano River, near Vancouver, British Columbia, we are idly sitting, while one of our party stands by the river and casts a fly to the farther shore. To the North are mountains green with fir and spruce nearly to the top, and crested with snow. The air is green and amber. A Kingfisher darts down the stream, a flash of azure. We watch lazily the fisherman casting his fly.

There are hours of this felicity. Hours of amber and green light, of catching the diamond-sparkles from the river, of looking at the new leaves of spruce-trees, like dust of emeralds, of smelling the sweetness of burning cedar and of inhaling the pungent smoke of the camp-fires.

Suddenly there is a great splash in the water, and a long shape of silver is seen for an instant on the surface. We jump up excitedly to watch the angler play his fish. He is in the water now, and a good thing it is he has his rubber waders on. He follows the fish, leading it from the treacherous rock where it could work itself free. On down the river he goes, playing his fish adroitly. He has passed the turn of the river now and we cannot follow.

Presently the fisherman returns bearing the silver beauty, nearly three feet long, in his hands. It is a Steelhead Trout.

"There it is," he says, with a note of quiet triumph in his voice. "Caught with a 'Silver Doctor'". . .

An oak-tree drenched with sunlight, and around the corner an horrific monster, yclept Ichthyosaurus, glaring at us, while three discouraged fishermen leave for some. We have not the heart to tell them of a day's fishing in British Columbia.

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