CROFTON AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

HOTEL CROFTON.
M. Conlin, Proprietor.

Hotel Crofton, owned and operated by M. J. Conlin, well-known to Victorians. It has 35 furnished rooms, the very latest sanitary arrangements, the plumbing of which was done by John Colbert, at enormous expense to the proprietor. The dining room is a magnificent room, and is used on occasions for dances and socials. Bath rooms are provided for the boarders, and are a great boon, the work at the smelter being the reverse of clean.

WHARF AT CROFTON—CARS OF COKE ARRIVING FROM COMOX

View of a barge of coke arriving from Union coke ovens. Lack of coke kept the smelter closed for over two months this spring.

TAYLOR & SMITH'S STORE, CROFTON.

The well-known firm of Taylor, Smith & Co., for many years in Nanaimo, but for the past year located at Crofton. Mr. Taylor is doing a good, steady business and carries the best of everything necessary to make a country store successful.

SMELTER FROM THE VERANDAH OF THE OSBORNE HOUSE.

General view of plant taken from outside the assay office. To the right are the ore bins, and on the left are the reducing and refining plants.

PEARCE'S GRANDSON.

Crofton is situate on the east coast line of Vancouver Island, some 50 miles north of Victoria, and until about a year and a half ago was an unknown place. Now it is a busy smelting centre, and offers employment to a large staff of men. The smelter, as do all similar plants, runs night and day, Sunday and week-day, consequently there is always sufficient going on to give an outsider some faint idea of the importance of the place and the industry it harbors.

For some two or three months this spring the smelter had a close-down, owing to the inability of the management to obtain good coke. One scarcely realizes the far-reaching evil effects of a coal workers' strike until these side industries, dependent on the miners' toil, are considered. Take Crofton as a single example. For some three months more than 100 men were thrown out of employment, a valuable plant laid idle, and the merchants of the town had a pretty hard row to hoe to continue in business where there was none to transact.

In connection with the town there is a waterworks system on a small scale, and the water piped from the reservoir, which is fed by a spring from the mountains. The smelter company generate the electric fluid and very kindly provide the two hotels and any other people requiring it with light at a nominal charge.

The location of the townsite is simply ideal. Situate on slightly rising ground, the view of Salt Spring, Kuper and Umbrella islands, with the bewildering waterways between, and old hoary Mount Baker in the far distance, is simply grand, and cannot fail to please even the most fastidious.

So far, the town proper has not been very much built up; but considering the age of the town, it boasts quite a few buildings, the best of which are, of course, the two hotels and the smelter buildings.

The wharf, of which a very good view is reproduced, is a good pile structure, with a powerful steam winch in the upper tower, by which the various vessels laden with ore are relieved of their cargoes; the ore is afterwards chuted into the smelter company's trucks and hauled to the ore bins for subsequent treatment. Our artist was fortunate enough to catch a good snapshot of a barge laden full of cars of coke from Union. During the coal strike this spring, the management of the smelter tried American coke, but it was found to be absolutely useless alone, and can only be used when mixed with Vancouver Island coke. At present there are a large number of mines shipping ore to Crofton, and from present indications there seems to be every prospect of a very busy time for the balance of the year.

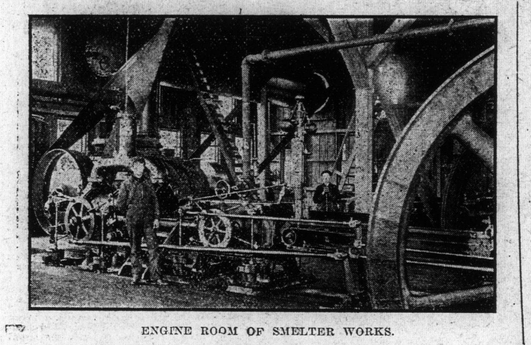
Crofton can be reached from Victoria by two routes. At present the steamer Iroquois makes but one trip per week (on Thursdays); but via the E. & N. Railway, trains run once daily, there being two trains on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays to Westholme, at which point the train is met by a stage, and the balance of the journey is made by road.

Of the ultimate prosperity of Crofton there can be no manner of doubt; as long as there is ore to smelt—and there will be more and more as years go on—and the present mines and prospects are developed, the importance of our local smelters will grow and be apparent. They are the kind of industries this country needs—industries that bring money into the country directly from outside points. For too many years we have been working for the benefit of the Eastern people, sending all our money out of the country, and it is high time that we began to draw some money to the country, and the smelters are doing that.

The smelting charges are not by any means exorbitant, and the increase in the number of mines shipping in is a good indication of the treatment the shippers receive.

Crofton is backed by a splendid farming country, and the prosperity of the whole district is in a measure dependent on the prosperity of Crofton, Chemainus, Ladysmith, etc. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the labor troubles have been so far settled that both the former and the latter places seem to have prosperous times ahead. We trust so!

The trouble with most actors is that they have never played a part in real life.—Life.



ENGINE ROOM OF SMELTER WORKS.

View of the engine room, furnished by Mr. W. H. Yost, one of the genial engineers in the employ of the company.

Chimmie Fadden Lights a Pipe

WHEREUPON MR. PAUL HAS A DREAM THAT ALL IS READY MONEY, WITH NO DISCOUNT.

By Edward W. Townsend. Copyright.

IT was like dis: Mr. Paul says to me de odder day would I pilot him up and down Main Street a bit, before New York got so far ahead of him dat he couldn't find his way to choich witout a compass.

I says sure, and he asks Whiskers would he chase along in de procession. But Whiskers says nay, nay. "No," says he, "I have lived half a hundred years in dis city of me birt, witout knowing any more about it dan I needed to find me way to me club, me bank, me choich and to de few teeatres dat is not playing Pitch or rag-time. On your way," he says, "I'm satisfied. I'll leave it to strangers in New York and curious-minded natives like you, Paul, to loin how to travel underground and for to do business in balloons."

"Shall we travel in me mobile, Chames" says Mr. Paul.

"I pass," I says. "All mobiles dat dosen't bust deirselves, busts into de subway," I says. "I'd radder travel by hand," I says.

So we hikes out, and I passes him up to a few of de new teeatres dat is blooming fort in de tenderloin.

"Dis," I says, when we feetches Toity-fort street, "is de Drury Lane, climbing up into de sky; dis on Forty-foist is to be de new Amsterdam; and right dere," I says, pointing a little way off, on Forty-second, "is where de same parties is to build de Liberty; and here on Forty-eoid is Reggie DeKoven's lyric; and here on Forty-fort is de Hudson; and on Forty-fift is to be de Royal; and on Forty-sixt Dan Frohman's new Lyceum; and over here on Forty-nint de new Comedy; and——"

"Hold on," says Mr. Paul, "you skipped Forty-seven and Forty-eight streets."

"Give em time," I says. "Kirk La Shell and Billy Brady comes in dere. Let us take de L and go out to Harlem, and see de two new teatres me friends Tim Sullivan, and Harry Minor's Kid, is running up dere," I says

"No," says Mr. Paul, tautful like, "let us go and look down in de subway awhile, to get de twist out of me neck I got from lodking up at de tall buildings."

"We hasn't struck de tall buildings yet," I says. "Dere's two sky-scrapers of hotels going up on Long Acre Square; and you never seen de Ansonia, furder out de Lane, wit twicet as many rooms as de Waldorf; and de——"

"No more! No more to-day," says Mr. Paul. "Let us philosophize. What is we coming to?"

"De subway," I says. "Look out for de blast!"

"I mean what is society coming to," he says.

"Search me," I says. "It's struck Lent already," I says, "and bridge whist tables is wolking overtime."

"Bridge whist wont last," says he. "It's a femole'—no, dat wasn't de wold he used. What's dat? Dat's it. Tanks. "It's a phemeral fad," he says, "what we imported from Lunnon, and it will stray to de woods as soon as dere's enough teatres in town for everybody to get a seat dat's got de price. Dat's de point; we is all coming to de teeatre, which is to say, we is all going to de teeatres, cider as actors or as audience."

"I'd radder deal de game," I says, "dan buy chips."

"Well," says Mr. Paul, "we must all do one or de odder. Dere will soon be so many teeatres dat we all must be in de game, until Mr. Edison perfects his auto-actor."

"Dat's a ringer on me," I says, "dat auto-actor."

"It's near ready to be put on de market," says Mr. Paul. "It's to be run by machinery, and warranted to make no holler, even if de ghost don't walk, and all de press notices is roasts. Den will come a happy time. De critics will all be graduates of schools of engineering. 'De part of Hamlet,' de press notices will say, 'was excellently rendered by one of de new pattern, two and a half horse-power, drop forged, leading men, constructed on lines invented by Mr. Mansfield. By a novel contrivance (for which de inventor has patents) its exhaust is made to resemble de sound of enthusiastic applause. De power is directly geared to its legs, and, when a friction clutch is trun on, dis character can be used for buck and fancy-step dances between de acts. De ghost was played by a high-powered, alcohol-heated, copper-tubed utility man, which slipped its eccentric pin in de battlement scene, and, being nastily repaired, de wrong stop was pulled out, and it finished de scene wit de lines of Rip Van Winkle. De Foist Grave Digger was geared a little too high for de requirements of de part, and trun Yorrick's skull into de gallery, causing a rough house intermezzo. Furder rehearsals will no doubt smood de action in dis respect. Ophelia was played by a low pressure, napta, non-explosive design, invented by May Irwin. We were not afforded opportunity to see dis model at its best, for in de middle of de flower scene an unfortunate accident to her repertoire attachment started her to singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me." Dis was de result of engaging for de part a chilled steel, gold-plated soubrette dat played in a Casino production last week. Furder notice is reserved, but we must urge managers to see dat de song wolks of de lady-autos formerly employed in comic opera is trun out of gear when cast for de legitimate.'"

"Dat's a great scheme," I says. "Is any of de stock on de market? If it is," I says, "I'll go rubber at de ground floor."

"No," says Mr. Paul, "it was oversubscribed by de Syndicate. But I hope for de best, Chames," says he. "If Mr. Edison can manufacture de auto-actors fast enough, we may be saved from being drafted into de drama. If de woist comes to de woist, and every New Yorker is needed to act out on top of de stage, for de entertainment of de strangers witin our gate money, den I know what line of parts I will play."

"Hand out de line," I says.

"De soivants dat fetches on de bottles of wine," he says. "I notice dat very little of de wine is drunk on de stage, and I has often taut what a good thing de soivant has when he takes de bottle off."

Say, honest, if ever Mr. Paul should toss a lip over a glass of stage fizz, he'd have de struggle of his life to remember dat he was a Christian.

"Well, dat evening, as I was fussing around de library, where de folks was hot-airing, and me keeping ice in de cooler, and wood on de grate, I hears Mr. Paul say, "I has a graft," he says—only he uses dude wolds what I toln into right English for you—"I has a graft for to do away wit all tax-paying by de citizens of dis delightful Island of Manhattan."

"Good," says Whiskers. "All dat's needed to give dis city de comforts of home is to make de price of living come within de meaus of folks of moderate incomes, like me." Dat's de song he sung, but I cope it right dat Whiskers rakes off an even hundred thousand, woiking two days a year cutting de fringe off bonds.

"What is your plan, Paul?" he says. "Tell me quick, so I can have a taste of heaven even before I die."

"It is dis," says Mr. Paul. "I'm going to form de Island of Manhattan Amusement Company, Unlimited. De capital will be a few billion, but when I set fort me suspectus I'll have to use a hammer to discourage subscribers. I shall get a franchise for me company to fence in Manhattan Island and charge admission. In retoin for de franchise, de company will pay de city all de long green needed to run de moneycipal gov'ment. It won't be much, as de company will do most of de woik now done by de city; run de police and fire departments, clean de streets, pay de office holders, and——"

"Hold on," says Whiskers. "If your company pays for running all dose departments, why would it have to pay de city anyting?"

"Sir," says Mr. Paul, "dere are soiten expenses in connection wit gov'ment which it is not polite to discuss in mixed company. For particulars, I refer you to me friend Platt, Croker & Company. Dis plan was suggested to me on a poissonally conducted tour about town, wit Chames to guide me, today. I found dat at de present rate of progress New York, in a little time, will be solidly built up of teeatres and hotels. De business is badly in need of organization"—say, dat is a boid of a woid—What? —— "of organization. It should be run in a community of interest. Here is teeatres being built all over de lot, wit hotels stuck in between, and no general plan, no economy; competition instead of co-operation, and millions of graft going to waste because nobody has taut of me plan."

"But what has fencing in de Island got to do wit it?" Whiskers asks.

"Dat's de starting point," says Mr. Paul. "You couldn't keep Americans wit gold to melt out of New York if you threatened em wit smallpox and Gatling guns. It's de cinchiest graft dat ever went to waste since Noah forgot to charge admission to de Ark. We has de goods, and de people won't be happy until dey has em. Make em pay to get into de shop, and den pay for what dey gets dere. After paying all de expenses we now meet by de foolish trick of taxing ourselves, me company will still have all de profits of de shop for velveteen. See?"

"It sounds big," says Whiskers.

"But it's bigger dan it sounds," says Mr. Paul. "It's de graftiest graft dat ever grew out of doors," he says, using some real langwudge, which he can when he wants to talk straight.

"Listen," he says. "On me trip wit Chammes today, I seen a hundred buildings, costing a hundred million dollars, going up. Deir hundred separate foolish owners is paying all kinds of foolish boodle for the land for building material, for labor, and for everything. Dat's what de hundred little steel companies, and de dozen steamship companies paid before dey got togedder. What is dey paying now, I asks you?"

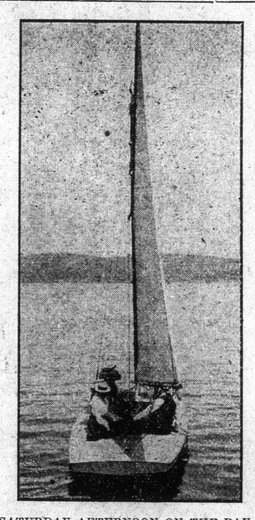
"Paying dividends," says Whiskers, beginning to get on to de graft.

"Exactly, sir. Let us stop dis foolish game of building a teeatre here, a hotel dere, a palm room somewhere else, and a row of banjo flats in between. Let us get togedder; let us organize; let us get on to de game, and stop playing long shots, just because dey is long, and play notting but cinches, wit de money handed out to us as soon as we picks our favorite, witout waiting for de horses to be run. De whole Island will be covered by a twenty story building, and as fast as a new teeatre, a hotel, a restaurant, a mile of flats, or say odder kind of a joint is wanted, part of de building will be finished to suit tenants. De company fixes re rent. —— witout competition. Is it a dream? What!" he says.

"Say, isn't Mr. Paul a fancy fineseer? But listen; I lit de pipe dat started dat dream, and I'll come in for a rake-off on de boodle, and wear me Sunday close all de time, and drink notting but real wine, whenever I has toist on me."

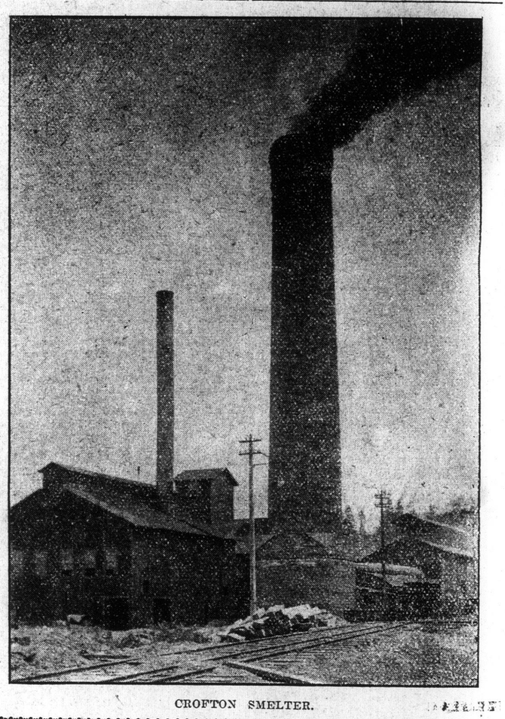
HOTEL OSBORNE, CROFTON B. C.

View of the Osborne House, owned and managed by Mr. J. T. Pearce. The hotel is large and well furnished, with excellent cuisine and the best of attendance. The view from the upper verandah, overlooking the bay, is not excelled anywhere in the province. The hotel has accommodation for 60 guests, and all can be sure of a warm welcome and a pleasant stay with Mine Host Pearce.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE BAY.

The way the Crofton people—i. e., those who are at liberty—spend Saturday afternoon. A magnificent bay, almost land-locked, and glorious scenery make it a very pleasant place for yachting.



CROFTON SMELTER.

LOVE RULES THE COURT, THE CAMP, THE WORLD.

By E. J. Hardy, Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

VII.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN.

ARE women more unselfish than men? In some respects they are, and in other respects they are not. We believe that there are more unselfish daughters, wives and mothers than there are sons, husbands and fathers, but the unselfishness of men does occasionally surpass anything that even the love of women can produce. Mothers often get credit for being more unselfish and loving than fathers, when as a matter of fact their love is of a much inferior kind. A mother will put all the disagreeable duty of correcting children upon their father, and reserve all the petting to herself. And yet surely if she act the part of a guardian angel, to whom the children can run when reprimanded by their father, this unselfishness does those whom she professes to love great injury. The children come to regard their father as a family bugbear, whereas what he does contrary to the wishes of the child may be for its permanent good, and show far more real love than the weak indulgence of its mother.

Does anything pass or surpass the love of women? Well, that of man occasionally but seldom does. Men will sacrifice themselves for their country, but even for comparatively abstract ideas, but most women think that this is an unpractical thing to do. How often does materfamilias oppose paterfamilias when he desires to contribute work or money to a cause that will not bring immediate grist to the domestic mill!

It is not possible accurately to compare the love of men and women, and to say that one is greater than the other, but this much is certain, that women do not monopolize the grand passion. Men have loved with a love as unselfish and as warm as anything that women have felt.

Here are a few haphazard examples. Poets are an irritable race, and when they are yoked to a matrimonial car some of them are wont to kick over the traces. Not so Robert Browning. If matrimony has chains, he literally blessed those chains. After returning to London from abroad, he would go to the church where he and his wife had got themselves secretly married, and kiss the paving stones in front of the door.

Very touching is the history of the first volume of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems. On the day of his wife's funeral he walked into the room where the body lay, carrying in his hand the MS. of his poems. Regardless of those present, he spoke to her as though she were still living, telling her that the poems were written to her and were hers, and that she must take them with her. He then placed the MS. beside her face in the coffin, leaving it to be buried with her in Highgate Cemetery. The existence of the buried treasure was mentioned with reverence and sympathy, and something of awe. Seven years later Rossetti, upon whom pressure to permit its exhumation had constantly been put, gave a reluctant consent. The Home Secretary's permission was obtained, the coffin opened, and the MS. withdrawn and printed.

John Scott, who became Lord Eldon, when a briefless barrister ran away with and married the lovely Bessie Surtees, whose friends wished her to marry an aged suitor by the name of Sir William Blackett. In numerous little thoughtful ways he proved that his early deep devotion to his wife had never changed, and even after her death several anecdotes are told of his affection for her. On one occasion he visited his estate near Durham, but could not summon courage to cross the Tyne bridge and look at the house from which he took her in the springtime bloom of her girlhood. When invited to visit Newcastle, he replied: "I know my fellow-townsmen complain of my not coming to see them, but how can I pass that bridge?" Then, after a pause, he added: "Poor Bessie! If ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter is to be exemplary in his conduct towards her."

John Churchill who became the great Duke of Marlborough, was the terror of the enemies of England, but he never said or did anything that could for a moment cause the somewhat trying Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to fear him. His love letters to Sarah breathe love as devoted as anything that women could feel. "I do love and adore you," he wrote in one "with all my heart and soul—so much, that by all that is good I do and will ever be better pleased with your happiness than my own." It is characteristic of the man that he continued to write in the same strain even when he was married. In a letter after the birth of his second child he wrote, "I am impatient to have you with me; do not lose a moment in coming to him who adores you above his own soul. I hope all the red spots of our child will be gone against I see her, and her nose straight, so that I may fancy it to be like the mother." Sarah went to Margate to see him off when he was starting for Holland, and at the end of his voyage he wrote: "It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted from you when I was at the waterside. I could have given my life to come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I should have exposed myself to the company. I did, for a great while, with a perspective glass look upon the cliffs in hopes I might have had one sight of you." When Marlborough wrote this letter he had been married nearly a quarter of a century. When preparing for his last campaign he wrote to the Duchess: "The greatest ease I can have is sometimes sitting for an hour in my chair alone thinking of the happiness I may yet have of living quietly with you, which is the greatest I propose to myself in the world." The great American General, "Stonewall Jackson," was as steadfast in love as he was in war. His first wife only lived fourteen months after marriage, and he was so prostrated with grief that he had to travel in Europe for a change. Three years afterwards he married another, who also became the sunshine of his house. If he had professional of other perplexities he dismissed them on reaching his own door. Within all was love; his sternest rebuke when he saw anything unseemingly being, "Ah, that's not the way to be happy!" His letters to her run over, as it were, with affection. He addressed her as his "pet," his "darling," his "sunshine," and his "little somebody," as if he would wrap her in a veil of mystery. An up-to-date bride when asked at her wedding if she would love, honor and obey, murmured "I will if he do financially what he has promised." Stonewall Jackson did financially what he vowed to do. With all his worldy goods he endowed his wife, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. When writing to her he did not put our house, our garden, etc., much less my house, my garden, but your house, your garden. Even the pay he drew he called "your salary." The biographer of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith thus writes: "Love-letters have been penued amid strange environments—from dungeons and garrets, and from Arctic wastes and torrid African sands, but surely none wrote ever more tender or more true than those written by Smith to his wife from the Treasury Bench, amid the din of debate or the langour of obstructive talk. Here is an extract from one such letter written in 1887; "I had a very nice letter from the Queen, which I will show to you tomorrow evening if, as I hope, I am able to get down to you. And this must come to you as my first greeting on the anniversary of that happy day when we became one. God has blessed us, and we owe very much to Him, for all our trials have brought us close to each other,"

"In the evening spent with Emerson," says one who knew him, "he made one remark which made a memorable impression upon my mind. Two children of the gentleman at whose house we met were playing in the room when their father said, 'Just the interesting age.' 'And at what age,' asked Emerson, 'are children not interesting?'"

To a man who has a head to think of and a heart to feel for the possibilities that surround childhood every age of his children is interesting. Indeed, I have known fathers who were more ready to give up ease and pleasure for the sake of their children than were the children's mothers. The latter regard them as nuisances and interruptions to social entertainments, and by this unnatural conduct vexed their husbands not a little. We know several fathers who are much fonder of the society of their children than are the mothers.

How very human and sympathetic Luther was as a father may be seen from a letter which he wrote when absent at the Diet of Augsburg, to his little boy, aged five years. In it he brings down his thoughts and theology to the child's comprehension with charming naturalness. If Hans continues to learn his lessons well and to pray well his father promises to bring him a nice present. And if the boy should get ill and die he need not be afraid for his father knows of a pretty garden in Heaven "where the merry children that have gold frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses, with gold bridles and silver saddles."

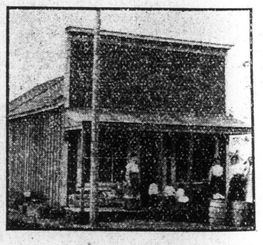
The love of many women may be as great, but of few is it at once so wise and so great as that which Charles Kingsley had for his children. For the sake of their health he built for them an outdoor nursery on the highest point of his Rectory house, and there he would join them when his work was done, bringing a wild flower, a fern, a beetle, a lizard, a field-mouse, or something that would draw forth their powers of observation, and make them fond of the works of God's hand. "Oh, daddy, look at this delightful worm!" one of his guests heard, not without surprise, his little girl say. Kingsley was careful not to confuse his children by a multitude of small rules. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say; "without making an eleventh in every direction." He had no "moods" with his family, for he cultivated, by strict self-discipline, in the midst of worries and pressing business, a disengaged temper, that always enabled him to enter into other people's interests, and especially into children's playfulness. He became a light-hearted boy in the presence of his children. When nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to his study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears.

Of Lord Macaulay his sister said that those who did not know him at home never knew him in his most brilliant, witty and fertile vein. If Macaulay's thinking was sometimes in a low key, his action might put the saints to shame. He revised a practice too common amongst men of genius who often display shining and attractive qualities to the outside world and keep for home consumption meanness, selfishness and ill temper.

Miss Boston—Ah, yes; your verses are charming. And have you never written a novel?

Miss New York—No, for if I did, my mother would never let me read it.—Life.

Boys will be boys, especially after they have passed seventy.—Puck.



WILLIAM DYKE'S STORE AND TELEPHONE OFFICE.

Store and telephone office, William Dyke, proprietor. Everything necessary for the inner and outer man can be found here, and in addition copies of this issue. Mr. Dyke does a good business, and is very popular.