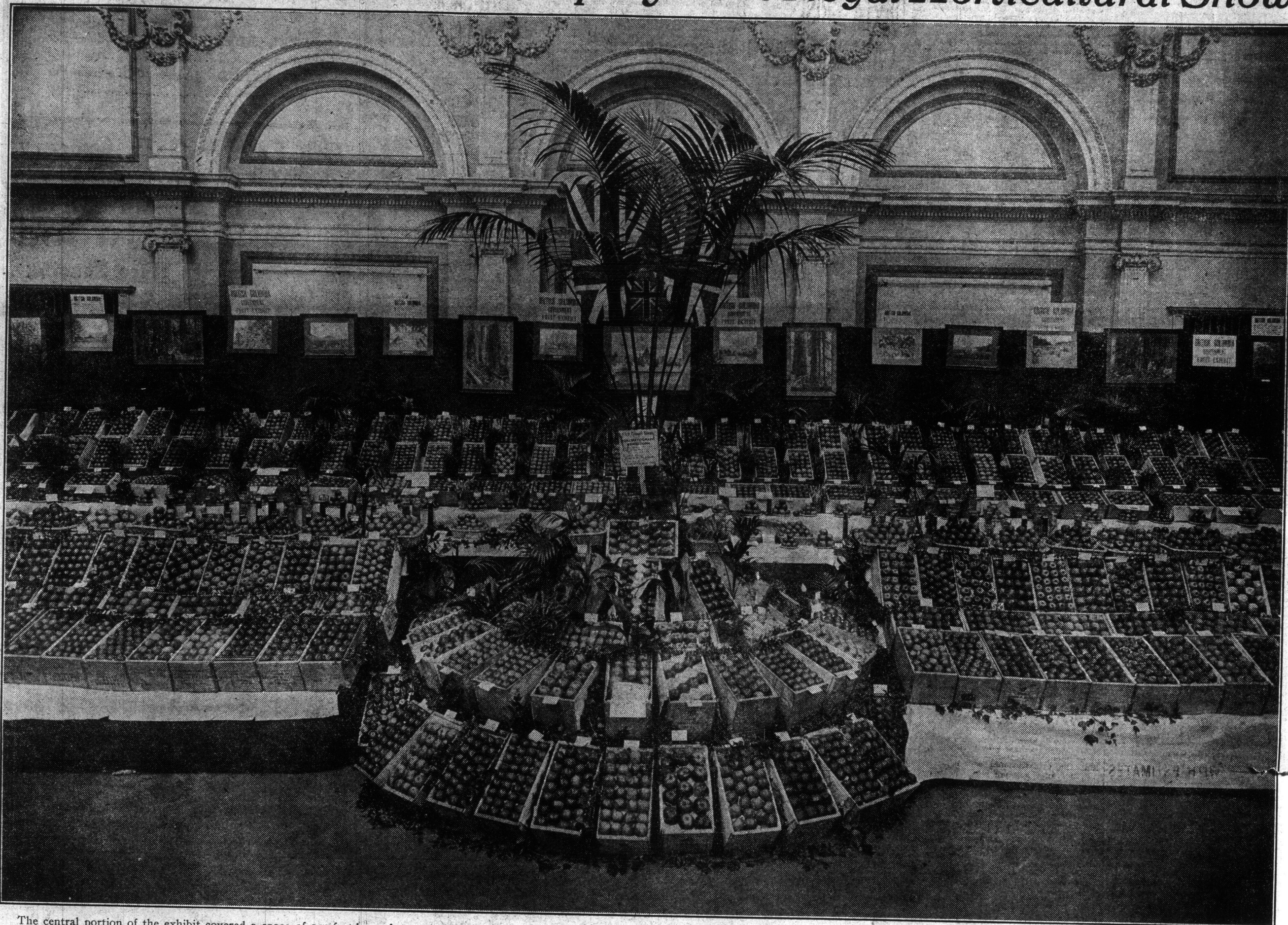


British Columbia's Fruit Display at the Royal Horticultural Show



The central portion of the exhibit covered a space of 100 feet by 50 feet, and 480 cases of fruit were shown as packed in the original boxes in which it was shipped. The fruit when shown had been picked for nearly three months. The show was opened by H. R. H. the Princess Louise and His Grace the Duke of Argyll. For the fifth year in succession the exhibit was awarded the society's gold medal together with seven silver-gilt and silver medals for individual exhibits. The fruit was assembled from all the fruit-growing centres of the province.

My Trek to the Arctic

A Chat With Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in M.A.P.

A quiet, sweet-faced, middle-aged lady, possessed of a wonderful gift of lucid and polished diction and a delightful sense of humour—that is a little impression of Agnes Deans Cameron, heroine (though she would probably object to the description) of a ten-thousand mile journey from Chicago to the Arctic, by way of Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and mighty Mackenzie River. Miss Cameron is now in England, lecturing, and she gives the following account of her travels, the story of which is told in full in her book, "The New North," already published in America, and shortly to be issued here.

Of Scottish parents, I was born in Victoria, Vancouver Island. Like most over-sea girls, I was brought up to do something and to earn my own living, and I did so as a school-teacher.

In passing, I may mention that in British Columbia, the most "British" spot on earth—boys and girls are educated together.

From assistant-mistress, I became head-mistress of a large school, holding the post for many years. It was deeply interesting work, but journalism drew me as offering a wider field, a wider educational field than teaching, and I became a journalist, taking as my "specialty" Canada's Wheat Belt.

The World's Greatest "Trek" I do not think people in England realize the magnitude of the "trek" that is being made from the four corners of the earth to Canada's Wheat Belt. It is the greatest trek the world has known.

Last year 80,000 Americans alone crossed over from the United States to the wheat belt of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Here let me say that those who talk of the danger of the Americanization of Canada speak in ignorance of the facts. The American settler speedily becomes "de-Americanized," not only

more Canadian than the Canadian, but more British than the Briton.

But not only Americans come to Canada's Wheat Belt, that large bread-yielding plain which is as large as Europe; but Britons, Danes, Germans, the agricultural manhood of the world pour into it in mighty streams. The Wheat Belt is the melting-pot of the nations, and from that crucible there emerge the loyalist sons of the British Empire. But there is Canada we never talk of our patriotism; it is part of us, a natural constituent of our blood.

Well, the Wheat Belt fascinated me, and I wrote about it in many leading American journals, eventually settling down in Chicago, as a convenient half-way house between New York where my "copy" was wanted, and Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, where the three lines of railway running to the Wheat Belt at present end, and to which the skins and furs come down from the far north.

Then I conceived the idea of travelling from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean, to see for myself that great land beyond the Wheat Belt which, now sparsely populated by hunters, trappers, and Indians, will in my opinion, one day teem with prosperous millions. The journey was made under the aegis of the Hudson Bay Company. It would have been impossible to have accomplished the task but for the facilities afforded me by the great company.

Where All are Young

I was accompanied by my niece, Miss Jessie Cameron Brown, and our first stage was by rail from Chicago to Edmonton. Edmonton is a city of compelling fascination. It is a metropolis of youth. Everyone there is young; youth, glowing, vigorous idealistic youth rules Edmonton.

When the railways transformed Edmonton from a trading post into a city, almost the first thing the young citizens did was to organize a university. Edmontonians are not only young, but they keep young; they are the "Peter Pans of the West."

From Edmonton we drove with horses to the Athabasca River, a distance of about a hundred miles, and then we "shot" the rapids

to Lake Lake Athabasca and Fort Chipewyan. That was rather a perilous voyage; one of our boats—we were with a Hudson Bay Co. flotilla—was upset, and the passengers were rescued with great difficulty.

Here I may say that my niece and I travelled very light; we were determined not to be a nuisance, and to show the men that a woman could travel without half-a-dozen trunks. Our outfit was cut down to essentials, and our only "luxuries" were the typewriter on which we nightly wrote up our diaries, and the camera with which we obtained unique and splendid photographs.

It was at Fort Chipewyan that the wheat was grown that took the highest award at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. At Fort Smith, on the Slave River, we came across the new steamship which the Hudson Bay Co. has just completed building at that far north point.

A Great River

In due course we came to Great Slave Lake, from which pours the mighty Mackenzie River, eight miles wide at its source, and seldom less than two miles across during its sweep to the Arctic Ocean. And so, at last, we passed the arctic circle, and stood on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, five thousand miles from our starting point, and having passed through districts where no white woman had trod before.

Here, I may say, that within the Arctic Circle we saw wild flax growing, which proves that flax could be cultivated there.

Eskimo Adonises

At our journey's turning point we saw some of the finest men in the world. Eskimo they were, but as different from the ordinary spout, ugly Eskimo as could be. They were tall, handsome, athletic, and of perfect manners and address.

They gladdened the eye—but on the shores of the Arctic Ocean I also saw something that saddened me, and that was the spectacle of a great and profitable industry, that should be British, entirely in the hands of Americans—I refer to the Arctic Ocean whaling fisheries.

The Arctic Ocean whale is enormously valuable, an average specimen being worth £2,000, and the Americans have established a monopoly over this most valuable fishery of the north.

The return journey does not call for remark, but I must not forget to tell you about "Louise the Cannibal," whom we met at Lesser Slave Lake. Poor Louise! She suffers from the poverty of our language, for "cannibal" is not a just description to apply to her, but as "Louise the Cannibal" she is known throughout the north.

As a young Indian, Louise was a member of a "starvation camp"—a camp, that is from which the "braves" had gone out hunting, never to return. Their supplies exhausted, and, with no means of obtaining help, the members of the camp lived on those who died, and Louise was one of those who survived.

Poor thing! I found nothing cannibalistic about her. We were photographed together, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to distinguish the "cannibal" from the writer!

This is my first visit to London. What has most impressed me about London? I hardly like to tell you, lest I be thought unkind to my mother country; but so far my most vivid impression of London is seeing three white men rooting in a garbage heap for food. It stupefied me.

I once saw a Chinaman similarly engaged in Vancouver Island, and I thought that was pretty bad; but that a white man—a Briton—should be brought so low in the British Empire's capital—I should not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes.

On the other hand, I had one of the greatest treats of my life the other day when I went to tea in the Temple. The wonderful cloistered peace of the Temple, I shall never forget it, and I sat in the room where Samuel Warren wrote "Ten Thousand a Year." Edmonton, the city of the young, and the Temple, which was old before Canada was discovered—these will always be among the most delightful memories of my life.

For Eighteenpence

Sir Edward Elgar, who is the composer of the new patriotic song, "The King's Way," now being sung by Mme. Clara Butt, probably owes a great deal of his success as a musician to heredity, for his father was an excellent musician, and he commenced life in a thoroughly sympathetic atmosphere.

One of his first appointments was bandmaster of a local lunatic asylum, where he used to conduct an orchestra composed of the attendants, and in those days he thought nothing of writing a whole score of a piece for the princely sum of eighteenpence. Nowadays, his income must run into many thousands a year, whilst it would be hard to say by how many hundreds he will benefit from his latest production.

But in spite of his great success, modesty has always been a strong point of Sir Edward's character, and had it not been for the genius and forcefulness of his music, he would probably never have reached his present eminence, like so many others who lack the art of self-advertisement.

On one occasion, when one of his compositions was included in the repertoire of a Birmingham band in which he played first violin, the conductor asked the young composer if he would like to conduct. "Certainly not," replied Sir Edward heatedly; "I am a member of the orchestra, and in the orchestra I'll stay." In this case, however, he was mistaken, for so great was the enthusiasm with which his composition was received, that he was obliged to leave his seat and come down beside the conductor to bow his acknowledgments.

There is even more between a reasonable sympathy with other folk and the desire to be always thrusting yourself into more intimate corners of their lives.

Arranging other people's lives is fully as dangerous a business as interfering between man and wife, which, to return to our starting point, all people, who are sane, regard as a mark of insanity.

NOTED FIGURE IN EMPIRE PRESS

Hon. R. P. Porter, Who Is Coming Here, Well Known as Ambassador of the London Times

One of London's most interesting newspapermen will arrive here next Tuesday in the person of the Hon. Robert P. Porter, who is on his way to Japan as representative of the London Times in connection with the Japanese edition which that paper will publish next July. Mr. Porter is well known on the American continent. Emigrating to the United States from the Old Land at the age of fifteen he quickly won his way to prominence and was appointed census commissioner under the Harrison regime. Later he was an intimate friend of President McKinley and was sent to Cuba by him as a special commissioner to straighten out difficulties among the various officials in that dependency. Subsequently he was dispatched in a similar capacity as an ambassador to Senor Gomez at a time when that republic was in a state of the "hulks."

Mr. Porter's connection with the London Times has been of long standing. For many years he represented that paper on the North American continent. He it was who was responsible for the editorial end of the Times South American edition, the largest and most profitable single edition ever issued in the Empire's metropolis. He is now fulfilling a similar capacity with the Japanese edition which will be issued at the time when the British Japanese Exhibition is in full swing in London. He is an able writer, a good speaker, and is widely known throughout the Empire in his editorial capacity.

Another member of the London Times staff who is associated with Mr. Porter is Captain Bellaire, who is at present in the city. Captain Bellaire is attached to the managerial end and was responsible for all the propaganda carried out in connection with the Times South American edition. He is known to the heads of all the national, provincial and state governments in the Empire, his duties carrying him far afield and incidentally furnishing him with a fund of anecdotes which he dispenses on his periodical returns to London, where he is the honorable secretary of the Raconteurs' Club. Yesterday Captain Bellaire interviewed for the Empire Bride in connection with the Empire Edition of the London Times which will be published on May 24th. He leaves here tomorrow night for Vancouver where he will await the arrival of the Hon. Mr. Porter, with whom he will return to Victoria. Captain Bellaire is a guest at the Empress hotel.

GOOD PROGRESS WITH ESTIMATES

(Continued from Page Seven)

suits supporting the Conservative position. He thought the bill before the House exceedingly meagre and insufficient in connection with the incorporation of such a city as Prince Rupert promised to become. He had hoped that the bill would prove sufficiently comprehensive as to have saved that city from the necessity of continually pestering the legislature for amendments, as had Vancouver and Victoria in past years. As to the bill, if this were to be all the bill for Prince Rupert's incorporation, the G. T. P. railway would seem to have secured a very strong hold upon the city, particularly with respect to the extraordinary privileges at Hays creek that had been conferred. He regretted to see this company and the others that had been mentioned by the member for Skeena in control of the water resources of the country and given the opportunity to hold up the cities of the province for unearned benefits. A stop should certainly be put to this everlasting speculation in the water resources of the country. Nor did he see why the city of Prince Rupert should be compelled to buy out the British Columbia Tilt and Timber Co., as the bill contemplated. With regard to the property qualifications for voters, he resented this as distinctly reactionary; he was going back hundreds of years. "Talk of Conservative legislation," said the member for Nanaimo, "this is prehistoric legislation with a vengeance!"

Proceeding, he held that there could be very few voters in Prince Rupert on lots costing the \$100 prescribed as the minimum qualification. He thought that the member for Skeena should certainly record the views of the House on this and other features of the bill. As to the initiative and referendum, the people already had ample power in their franchise opportunities. The eight-hour clause met with his approval, of course, while as to the local option proposal, it was a manifest absurdity to talk of extending this principle to one town or city while denying it to the rest of the province. There was the same necessity for uniformity with respect to the licenses and police commissioners. As to the initiative and referendum, the people had already all necessary power, and as a Socialist he felt bound to protest against the extension of any further functions of government to the people. Extensions in this direction meant only confusion worse confounded.

The bill passed second reading, to be committed today. The bill to extend aid to the Kettle River Valley Railway company, being brought on, on a motion for second reading, Mr. J. J. Macdonald said that he had little to add to what he had already said during the afternoon in discussing the Canadian Northern bill, while he hoped that in committee he might be able to offer some slight amendment that would be in the direction of further safeguarding the interests of the people.

The debate was further adjourned by Mr. Hawthornthwaite.

Minor Measures. Hon. Mr. Bower moved the second reading of the Forged Transfers of Stock bill, explaining that this was brought forward in connection with the consolidation of the Companies' act, the bill being kept separate in accordance with the practice of the English statutes, from which this bill (already in operation in our courts) was taken. The bill passed second reading. The minister of mines next moved the second reading of the bill to amend the Coal Mines Regulation act, explaining