A Miner's Experience on the Pacific Slope

By Thos. Seward---Written for the Sunday Colonist.

VI.

Yes, after months of toil, buoyed up by the hope of making a fortune when the river was low, despising the paltry $10 or $15 I washed out every day, looking on it as a flea-bite with what was ahead, I was not in any way prepared for the disappointment that had befallen me. I had reached the climax of my hopes, low water, and with it my first day's work had yielded 75 cents. As I sat staring at the lump of gold and quicksilver that lay at the bottom of my gold pan, wondering if it was all a dream or just chance luck, the miners who had been working below me began to troop back to their cabins. As I watched them slowly trooping by, words were not needed to tell me that their luck had been as bad as my own. Their despondent faces and drooping shoulders had failure written only too plainly upon them. One and all had the same story; the gold was practically finished, for what could be washed out was barely enough to pay for grub, let alone anything else. Still, we stayed on, hoping against hope, but with no better luck. Day by day now saw the stampede of the miners who had formed the ranks of the great invading army of the spring. They passed by in canoe-loads, by boatsful—in anything that would float, all with the same news. The gold with the receding water had pinched out on each and every bar that had been prospected on the Fraser. They were all hurrying out of the country, cursing the day that had seen them set foot on its shores. The few miners who stayed behind and wintered simply did so because they had not means enough left to come out. The hardships this handful of men endured, from thawing the frozen ground to wash out what little gold they could, to get the common necessities of life, frozen by the cold winds that swept down the river, insufficiently clad and half fed, are too awful for my pen to describe. Suffice it to say that many never lived to see the spring, but fell victims to that great golden calf men worshipped then as much as today, yesterday and forever.

After a few weeks more of the same bad luck, finding that nothing was to be gained by sticking to the river, I filled my boat, the "Red Cross," with passengers at $10 per head and started for Victoria. We reached our destination just in time to get the two last passages for my friend, Mr. Lampson, and his son on board the "Pacific," bound for San Francisco laden with disgusted miners. If hard words could have damned the poor little colony, it certainly ought to have perished on the spot.

Apropos of the "Pacific," I may here remark that in '58 she was looked on as a rotten old tub and barely seaworthy, so it did not surprise me some years later to hear she had literally, after a collision, broken to pieces at sea, engulfing in the icy waters many well-known Victorians, leaving a name behind her indelibly written on many hearts.

There now remained in Victoria only three or four hundred miners, and these, like myself, merely awaited the arrival of another steamer to return to California, as many had partners working claims for them there, making rich returns.

It may perhaps interest you to hear when and where gold was first found in the province. I had the story direct from the lips of one of the party at the finding. My informant, one Tom Ross, was in '56 in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, commanding one of their bateaux. The steamers Beaver and Otter carried goods and supplies to Fort Langley, considered at that time the head of navigation, neither of the two mentioned steamers being strong enough to combat the strong currents of the Fraser. From Fort Langley Ross started with his bateau, nothing more nor less than a heavily-built boat. This he loaded with supplied and manned with a kanaka crew, who by towing, poling and rowing, managed to convey it and the cargo safely to Fort Hope. At this place Ross abandoned his rude craft and started off with his pack train of horses and the kanakas for Kamloops and the outlying forts. What that journey was, it is impossible for anyone who has not made it to imagine. The road lay through the forest primeval, which sounds nice enough in poetry, but is in reality the toughest sort of country possible to travel through. They followed sometimes for miles a tiny Indian trail that often had been pressed by no human foot since their own had fallen on it the year before. Scaling at times high mountain fastnesses where the trail lost itself among boulders and broken stones, at others fording creeks and forcing their way through heavy underbrush and brambles, under fiercest summer suns and drenching rains; sometimes on their homeward trip pressing through snow breast-high. No voices broke the awful forest solitude but their own; no sound disturbed the silence that reigned intense and overpowering except now and then the wail of a distant panther or the howl of a wolf, the sounds making the silence more striking and awesome. At night, seated around their camp fires, they could see the eyes of wild animals shining in the outer circle, glowing in the ruddy glare of the fire like living topaz. It was not comforting to know that these lustrous gems were set in the heads of wild beasts, who, if the weather was severe and food scarce, waited only the blackening of those glowing logs to attack the sleeping travelers beside them. A man took his life in his hands when he started forth to penetrate the mystery of this forest region. Many strange sights saw he before the welcome palisades of Fort Kamloops came in view. Now, it happened in '57 that Ross was returning with his pack-train laden with pelts, received in exchange for the goods he had previously taken in. Finding the winter season closing in unusually early, he had to abandon his usual route over the mountains, on account of the heavy fall of snow that rendered it impassable, and strike out on an entirely new road for himself and party. In doing this he followed down the Thompson to its junction with the Fraser, continuing his course along the banks of the latter river till he reached a point ten miles below Lytton. Here it was decided to buy a canoe or canoes from the Indians, as the heavily-laden party found the journey along the banks of the river most arduous. During the delay caused by the bargaining with the Indians, one of the kanakas, to pass the time, washed out a pan of dirt from the bank on which he stood, finding to his astonishment that it was thickly streaked with gold. You can easily imagine the excitement of the whole party. Some threw down their packs and with any sort of rude contrivance began to dig and wash out the dirt, which was found to be very rich. Lack of proper implements forced them to return with Ross to Victoria, bestowing on the bar the name of the finder, Kamka Bar.

The news of the gold find being brought down to Victoria by these men created a great excitement naturally among the few settlers. From them the news spread to California and caused what I shall always call the great invasion of 1858, with which my narrative deals.

It was during the summer of 1858 that Douglas, realizing how necessary it was to have a road to the head of the diggings that was usable at all times of the year, made up his mind to open up what was known as the Douglas Lillooet route. The water journey through the river itself was obviously the nearest route to its headwaters, but this was only feasible in the early spring or late fall, owing to the swiftness of the currents and the dangers of its riffles at other seasons. The only other road was over the Hope Mountains, and this again could only be used for three or four months in the year, the snow at other times rendering it impassable. The scheme was to widen out the old Indian trail running from Port Douglas, at the head of Harrison Lake, to Pemberton Lake, to carry it on from there to Anderson Lake and Seton Lake, and from thence to Lillooet, thus forming a high road open at all seasons of the year. To carry out this plan, Douglas sent up Mr. Trutch, in command of a band of fifty miners, who had returned disgusted with the Fraser diggings. They only partially constructed the road, the work being finished the following year by the first contingent of sappers and miners. Work being stopped by the approach of winter, these first men wintered where they found themselves, scattered between the different lakes, and employed the long cold months in building boats, in which the following spring they carried passengers up and down the lakes. It was also in 1858—a year pregnant with events that materially affected the welfare of the country—that Lytton was named after Sir Bulwer Lytton, then secretary of state for the colonies. Though using the name earlier in my story with regard to the finding of the first gold on the Fraser, I merely did so to render the locality intelligible to my readers, as there was no settlement whatever at that time. The town was founded by a party of Americans, who, attracted by the gold excitement, had started from Shasta County with a pack train of ponies laden with mining implements and provisions, and had traveled all the way through Oregon and Washington till they crossed in by what is known as the southern boundary. At this point they procured Indian guides, who took them to Savona's Ferry, and there having directed them, left them to pick out the road as best they might. They then followed the windings of the Thompson for over 40 miles till they struck its confluence with the Fraser. On reaching the Fraser, some of the party staked out claims and became miners proper. The others built a few rough log cabins and opened a small trading post, to which they gave the name of Lytton.

But to return to Victoria, with its little band of disgusted miners, awaiting the return of the steamer to depart for California. Mr. Douglas, who had the country's welfare entirely at heart, and had an unbounded faith in its possibilities and resources, was quick to recognize what a death-blow it would be to the development of the province if these three or four hundred practical miners, the remnant of the great army of the spring, were allowed to depart on the heels of their disappointed brethren. Acting with the promptness that always distinguished him, he called a public meeting within the precincts of the fort, which I with all the other miners attended in a body. After touching on his belief in the country, which we well knew was founded on personal experience and observation, he went on to say that he was positive a brilliant future awaited the land of his adoption, both as an agricultural and gold-producing country. After commenting on our disappointment in the Fraser, and saying it was as great a surprise to him as to ourselves, he concluded his speech with these words that I quote from memory, impressed on my mind by the striking face and convincing manner of the speaker:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I regret that you have left your quiet homes and have not found the Fraser as rich as you expected; but I advise you, one and all, most strongly to stay and see The Elephant (the head placers of the river), for I am convinced the country is full of gold."

His words carried such conviction and assurance that, knowing, as I have said before, that his knowledge was most exhaustive, I with many others determined to follow his advice and stay. Added to what Mr. Douglas said, we all being practical miners, were fully aware that in the California rivers to which we were used the presence of light flour gold on the bars always denoted a higher and richer deposit at the head placers, from whence it had been washed down. I am quite positive that this rule applies as much to the Fraser as to any river in California, but just where those rich deposits lie is to this day no man's land.

I cannot pass without comment the birthday of the Colonist, the pioneer journal of the west. It first saw light on October 25, 1858. The editor, Amor de Cosmos, was until a few years ago a familiar figure on our streets, though he had long since severed his connection with the paper. I remember reading its first editorial with great interest, not only because it was well and cleverly written, but because in it it was suggested—nay, demanded—that the Imperial government should build a dry-dock at Esquimalt, for even before that date it had been a naval station. All the winter time I remained in Victoria, and read many articles in a little paper called the Victoria Gazette, published, I think, weekly. As these articles had a great deal to do with my subsequent arrangements and those of many other miners who read them, I think it not out of place to make some comment on them. The editor was an American, with an originality and enterprise that deserve great admiration. He used to sit in his editorial chair and evolve articles and histories of gold fields that existed only in his own fertile imagination. Some of these articles were founded on facts forwarded to him by the paper's special correspondent in Lillooet, though we found to our cost on visiting that place the following spring, that the very few inhabitants there had none of them ever heard of such a journal. The article that really decided me where to go was one entitled "Rich Strike at Big Bar." It then went on to say that some miners prospecting sixty miles above Lillooet had struck diggings of unprecedented richness, and that they were laying up wealth beyond the wildest expectations of man. We were naturally all crazy to visit this El Dorado and participate in its wealth. Nothing but the impossibility of reaching it in winter prevented our starting off on the instant. A few more articles of an exaggerated and inflammatory nature quite decided us to stay and try our luck once more on the Fraser. The name given to the new diggings was Big Bar. That such a bar did exist was a fact, but its fabulous gold only glittered for the eyes of the imaginative editor of the unreliable little Victoria Gazette. I, with four companions—Beaver, Ettershanks, Knot and Chickering—determined to prospect the headwaters of the Fraser, and, to use the Governor's words, see the Elephant for ourselves. On the way up we proposed to visit this marvelous bar, and, if it proved half as rich as the paper reported, to stay there for some time. To this end, we packed our boat with 800 pounds of provisions each and started on February 15, 1859, buoyed up again with new hopes, impatient to reach the Mecca of our desires. We followed our former route along the river, employing the same means as we had done before, till we reached Fort Yale, where we camped for a day or so. We struck Hell's Gate at dead low water and towed our boat through, taking the precaution to use, in addition to the ordinary towing rope, a breast-line, and to this latter precaution I attribute our immunity from accidents. It was our practice to leave our boat at the head of a riffle and climb up the rocky sides that glared down upon us, their fearful and awful crests rising up fortress-like into the blue unfathomable heavens above our heads, and after careful search to pick out what seemed the safest course.

As we scrambled one afternoon over the rocks near one of the most dangerous riffles, we came on two men seated on the banks, gazing moodily and sadly at the swift water at their feet. On enquiry we found that their canoe, containing their three companions, their mining tools, provisions, their little all in the world, had just been upset and their companions drowned before their eyes, whilst they had to stand helpless, utterly unable to help them. We gave them what little bread we had baked; nothing else we had to spare; even if we had, it would have been of no use to them, as they had not even a frying-pan left. So, sorry as we were, we had to leave them to their fate, which was to walk back fifteen or twenty miles to Yale over the high bluffs and rocky headlands of the canyons. What their ultimate fate was we never found out. That of their companions was not, alas! by any means an uncommon occurrence.

We continued our way up the river, sometimes walking on the frozen ice at the sides, sometimes rowing or towing, till we came to Lytton. We did not stop here, but went for about two miles further up the river, where for the first time finding the ice solid, we crossed over and camped on the opposite side. We stayed at this camping ground for several days whilst Knot, who was a carpenter by trade, built two sub-sleighs.

One evening as we were sitting by the camp fire, a man appeared from out of the night and sat down to have a chat with the first white men he had seen for a long time. Judge of my surprise when I found he was a chum whom I had last seen in the diggings at Monte Cristo. He was one of the party whom I mentioned had come over from Shasta County. He had staked out a claim two miles above Lytton, on a bar called Van Winkle's, and had spent the winter there by himself, living in what was commonly known as a troglydite—a hole dug three or four feet deep in the ground, surrounded and covered with rough logs, the interstices being filled with dirt to keep out the snow and cold, a common enough house in the upper country, having the merit of being rent free and warm, the greatest of all considerations.

The Indians proved themselves a great nuisance at this camp, though at all times they were very persistent in their demands for "tabac" and food. They had a trick of prowling around and poking their fingers into things, especially anything appertaining to food, that was most annoying. I cannot help laughing at one incident that might have ended seriously in connection with this habit. One of our party was busily engaged in frying beans, when an Indian came up and thrust his hand into the pan. After repeatedly telling him to stop, the cook lost his temper, and, rushing at him with the hot pan, with one or two vigorous blows felled him to the ground. I quite expected the result would be a free fight, but Mr. Siwash picked himself up and departed, grumbling, and we saw no more of him. Not that the poor beggars were not hungry, some of them even starving, having neglected their berrying and fishing all the summer, either to look on at the miners working or to earn a few dollars by washing out a little gold. As the work was new to them, they did not make salt for the fish they had neglected to catch. Later on they became most expert miners, and used to bring in great sums in gold dust to Lytton.

We had been greatly shocked on our journey up, on stopping at Murderer's Bar, to meet three little Indian girls, ranging in age from 10 to 13, who were simply living skeletons. Anything more pitiful than those three children I have never seen. Their eyes were sunk deep in their heads, and glowed with the fire of famished animals; their little cheeks were mere bones, with the skin drawn tightly over them, their hands like birds' talons. So weak were they that they could hardly drag themselves to the water's side. Lying in the bottom of the boat were some empty flour sacks, on which fragments of flour had caked. These they seized, and, scraping the dirty morsels into their hands, mixed them with spittle and eagerly devoured them, with a hunger hideous to behold. Poor little creatures! Used as I was to seeing all sorts of sights, it made my heart ache to see these almost infants dying for the lack of food. But what could I do? Had I given to all who needed, my own scanty store would have soon run out. There was nothing left but to give them a few handsful of flour and leave them to their fate.

(To be continued.)

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"I was sick for the past year, and became thoroughly run down. I had faint and dizzy spells, and felt weak and nervous all the time. I tried numerous remedies, but could get no help. I then read in the paper about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them. Before I had used one-half the box I began to get better, so got another one, and by the time the two were finished I was as well as ever."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25. All dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

Apotheosis of Fallen Soldiers

In Silent Halls of Shokonsha Temple Manes of the Dead Commune.

How Thousands Flock to Temple to Make Holiday; Not to Mourn.

Tokio, May 5.—The enshrining ceremonies concluded today. The Crown Prince visited the Shokonsa temple at 11 a. m. A group of distinguished statesmen and officers accompanied the Prince, who entered the shrine, where he bowed himself in prayer and briefly addressed the spirits of the departed heroes. Enormous crowds filled the temple and its surrounding grounds. Detachments of soldiers continued their visits to the temple throughout the day.

The Shokonsha temple is otherwise known as "The Patriot's Shrine." Twice each year—in May and November—the manes of the dead soldiers are believed to meet in ghostly communion there. A member of the Colonist staff who witnessed the ceremonies of last May when waiting in Tokio to join Oku in Manchuria, wrote of the interesting event as follows in the columns of the London Morning Post:

The Shokonsha lies behind palisades of unpainted wood, glazed by the weather. Its pebbly courtyard and stone flags are bare; the matted floors are empty, except for a mirror and a few wooden chairs. A serenity prevails, and is accentuated by the clatter of thousands of wooden clogs on the stones before the outer shrine and the ridged barried. Yet the people believe

Thousands of Silent Ones

flit o'er those matted floors and the manes of the dead pass each other on the pavements and crowd on the wide verandahs beneath the great projecting roof. Any one of the throng whose face was pressed against the bars of the palisade staring at the quiet temple that stood beyond without a visible sign of life other than that of the sparrow which had alighted on its still porch, will tell, if asked, that there are thousands of spirits of dead soldiers living in the noiseless shrine. There was not a move, other than the flutter of the purple cloth bearing the crest of the Emperor, the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum. Yet the soldiers lived there beyond the grave, and thousands and tens of thousands had come to honor the fallen heroes. Twice a year they come, for the memorial for the loyal troops fallen before the face of the enemy, is celebrated by order from May 6 to 8, and from November 6 to 8. Ever it is held at the Shokonsha, the spirit-invoking shrine, erected in memory of soldiers who fell in battle—and now that the country is at war, and engaged in a popular struggle, the ceremony attracts a more than ordinary throng to the temple than stands on Kudan hill beyond the massive bronze torii.

Strange and Weird Ceremony

It is a strange ceremony, this memorial to dead soldiers. Nowhere is the thought of life after death so strong as in the mind of the Japanese, and the memorial to the fallen soldiers is more of a fete than an occasion of solemn mourning. It is a mixture of both. The relatives of a dead soldier mourn the lost one, yet their pride of the manner of his end outweighs the grief. The populace are clad gally in their best, for it is a gala occasion when all the dead soldiers—and those who fell beyond the Yalu have hurried back to join them—are gathered in the Shokonsha awaiting their coming. Since 1869 the spirits have assembled there twice a year to meet the living. No one has seen the shades journeying to the shrine, but all know they have journeyed there. The more imaginative Shintoist will tell tales of their ghostly fellowship; of their talks of stricken fields and heroic actions for nation and Emperor: all will tell of their presence. It is a tenet of the religion of the people, this visit from beyond the grave.

Ceremony Last Year

The ceremony began early on a May morning. Then the victims of the present war were admitted to the rank of the "kami"; were initiated into fellowship with the manes of the dead heroes with whom they are to live as gods in the silent halls. No one was present within the palisades other than representatives of the Emperor, state, army and navy. The shrine was dimly lighted; the sun was low, and those who peered through the open "outer shrine" and the bars of the palisade could not see what went on in the "haiden," or inner shrine. In solemn stillness the head priest, who wore a flowing white robe—white is the mourning color—recited the mystic incantations. In a corner the priest played silent music, going through all the motions, but making no sound.

Gently clapping his hands, the head priest called the "kami." An awe-inspiring stillness followed. No sound was heard, but spirits make no sound in movement. The gentle clapping alone disturbed the quietness, and the wierd rumbling of the priest as he recited the spirit-invoking incantations. Near the shining mirror, the sole furniture of the Shinto shrine, a plain altar of unpainted wood bore sprigs of "sakaka"—branches clipped from the sacred trees—all hung with "gohei"—strips of paper. Little trays of rich sake, rice and vegetables—spirits disdain fish and meat—were spread on the altars, and scrolls that bore the names and ranks of the recently fallen soldiers were placed with them.

While the orchestra played, but made no music that the living could hear, those present sat in silence, and when the mystic formulas had been said which gave the new fallen soldiers and sailors fellowship with those who had previously fallen before the foe, all made a deep obeisance before the altar, and left. The priests barred the gates behind them, and the manes of the soldiers were alone in the

Comradeship of the Dead

What they did there in the silent halls, not even the priest knows. No traveler through death's dark vale has ever returned to tell even those thought to be closer in touch with the dead than the ordinary mortal of the way. Death is to them, as to all others, a mystery, but the Japanese believe that if a man enters its mystic domains when facing his country's foes, it is a state to be desired. It certainly gains for him the worship of those who survive.

For two days following the invocation of the soldier dead the army, including all the forces in garrison, the navy, and the people repair to the shrine which lies on the flat top of Kudan hill, just beyond the walls of the palace, and not far from the British legation. The soldiers and sailors go in their dress uniforms, the people in holiday garb. National flags were hung over the entrance gate and the palisade drapped with white cloth bearing the Emperor's crest in black.

Reserved for the Dead

All day long, from sunrise until long after darkness fell, a great stream of humanity clattered past the policeman at the temple's gate on to the pavement which led to the outer shrine—the inner shrine was reserved for the dead. A barrier kept all from the temple stairs, on which matting had been spread to receive the coppers the worshippers threw. Several priests stood in the doorways silent and almost motionless. A great crowd trooped before them. All came to clap their hands, mumble a prayer and throw a copper, usually the tenth of a farthing, on the matting. It was a strangely assorted crowd. Soldiers were numerous, women, many with their babes strapped to their backs; little girls, who were scarcely more than babes, came, carrying babes; old men, with bent backs, coolies, grizzled by hard work, and professional men in the frock coat and silk hat of the West all came to honor the dead soldiers. With some the ceremony seemed to be the merest form; to others it had a deep significance, if the expressions were an evidence of the feeling within.

The soldier, removing his cap, and, as the copper he threw clinked on those already given, he strode with eyes that seemed to see something where the halls looked vacant; perhaps in his mind's eye he saw the columns of dead heroes flitting over the mats, samurai with their quaint armor side by side with the modern soldiers in the uniforms of the West, all marching in ghostly company. Many a man who looked through at that still shrine, seemed to be endeavoring to make out the shades of the army of the dead whom all believed to massed there.

Festival of the Dead

To the Japanese, thronged before the shrine, there were crowded shades, gathered as for a festival in the silent temple. The spirits have fought with their armies, on their ships, and have silently marched in the train of their regiments—a ghostly, unseen company.

"Sounds, like the tread of martial feet
Marching along the silent street
That leads to Kudan's Patriots' shrine,
With ordered rank and level line,
With ghost-like tramp and hollow cheer—
What are these sounds that greet my ear?

"We fought," they say; "we fought and died
By cold Liaotung's frozen tide,
On hot Liaotung's burning plain,
Some on land, some on the main,
Some in the blocking of the port,
Some by the Two Hundred Metre fort,
Some in the trench, knee-deep in blood,
Where Russians at bay, with their muskets stood,

We fought, we fell, we would not retire;
And at eve the lurid funeral pyre
Blazing gloomily through the night,
Effaced the traces of each day's fight.
We fought, we fell, our bones were burned;
Our spirits to their posts returned,
Kept ghostly watch on Arthur's height,
Drew ghostly sword in ghostly fight,
And helped our comrades maintain the right."

So the poet, Professor Lloyd, of Tokio, tells the tale of the dead. And in subsequent verses he tells of the homecoming to the Shokonsha for the ghostly festival of the dead, when dead and living meet to make holiday—for Japan's idea of the passing of soldiers is not that of the West.

The celebrators make merry in the temple yards, not mourn.

REPORT FROM HATCHERIES.

Two Hundred and Thirty Thousand Trout Ova in Bon Accord Station.

Foreman Day of the staff of the Bon Accord Hatchery announces that everything is going well at the hatchery. There are at present in the troughs in the neighborhood of 230,000 trout ova and fry. The trout spawn earlier than the salmon, and the staff of the hatchery have been busy collecting ova from the streams ever since the beginning of March. The fish have not yet ceased spawning, and Mr. Day states that he hopes to get another 50,000 before they cease. The ova are being taken for the most part from Livingstone creek, a small tributary of Salmon river.

These trout are not being hatched for the purpose of replenishing the streams of the Mainland, where the fish are fairly plentiful, but when all the fry are out they will be shipped to Vancouver Island, where they will be turned loose in Cowichan lake and the neighboring rivers and streams. Several thousand eggs were sent in this way from Bon Accord to the Island last year, and the fisheries department intends to continue its scheme of stocking the streams of the Island in the same way this year.

The troughs are now being got ready for the reception of the eggs of the spring salmon, which have not yet begun to come in. These big fish will commence to spawn soon, and then the staff of the hatchery will proceed to get busy.

Canada-Its Great Future

Governor General Speaks of Prospect of Increased Trade of Dominion.

Great Trade With Japan but Canada Contributes Nothing to Protect Commerce.

At a reception held at Toronto, His Excellency the Governor-General, Earl Grey, in his speech dealt with the prospects of increased Canadian trade with Asia and of the Canadian assumption of the defences at Esquimalt and Halifax. He said in part:

"It is difficult for anyone—even for a native-born—to adequately appreciate the vastness of the Dominion, and when one realizes that a continuous rich belt of land, several thousand miles wide, stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, no man, however bold an imagination he may have, can venture to set a limit to the horizon of your future greatness. It is still more difficult to measure the prosperity which awaits you when you reflect that the laws of nature have decreed that the country which exists nearest the northern limit of production has been blessed with an inheritent virtue which enables it to produce the best fruits, the hardest cereals and the finest and most strenuous men that can be found on the earth. It is a well-established fact that Canadian grown apples nearest the limit of production are finer in quality, better in flavor and last longer than those grown farther south. The experiments made in Japan have proved conclusively that the hard wheat flour which they have obtained from Manitoba produces more and better bread than can be obtained from the Oregon wheat.

Destined to Lift the Prize

"The history of humanity all the world over has shown that the kingdoms like qualities that adorn mankind are chiefly to be found among the races who inhabit the northern regions of the earth. So you gentlemen of Canada may be congratulated on the fact that you own a country which is destined one day to lift the prize from your southern neighbors. I mentioned Japan, and I would ask you to consider how the results of the Japanese experiments with bread affect the future of Canada. The question of importance for Canada is whether a diet composed of wheaten bread or rice is the most nourishing. I am informed that the government of Japan has arrived at the conclusion that wheaten bread is a more vigor-producing and health-sustaining food than rice, and orders have been given that the sailors of the Japanese navy and the soldiers shall in future be given the equivalent of half their rice rations in the shape of bread.

Canada's Trade With Asia

"You may thus, I think, take it for granted that we are on the eve of a growing demand for flour and wheat, which will grow to enormous dimensions, at first from Japan, and later on from the great continent of which Japan is only the porch. Now, as Canada produces the best wheat that is grown on the North American continent, it is in her power to secure for the farmers the privilege of supplying an apparently immeasurable market, and Japan in return for your wheat will give you tea and silk and other products. It must be obvious, if what I say is correct, and it cannot be disputed, the potential markets which you command across the Pacific, for the products of your wheat fields mean an increase in value of every acre of your land, and I would have you reflect on what is the character of the force to which you owe this great advantage. So long as the policy of the United Kingdom, of the United States, and of Japan is directed towards a common purpose, the bettering of humanity, and is upheld by the power of their combined fleets, the peace of the Pacific is assured, and there will be a free and undisturbed pathway for the commerce of Canada into the ports of Asia. No man can foresee what this may mean for Canada. It is possible that the future may see an even greater trade between Canada and Asia than is now ferried between Canada and Europe.

Yet Canada Contributes Nothing

"When that comes about I would ask you not to forget that it is the arm of the old mother which is keeping open the door of Asia for Canadian trade, and that it is the fleet of the old mother which is keeping the way to that door open, and Canada does not as yet contribute a single ship or dollar to the imperial service. Do not think I complain. The people of the United Kingdom do not complain, and do not think when I state this fact that I am finding fault with the attitude of Canada. It is recognized in England that, although you do not as yet contribute to the cost of the imperial fleet, you are contributing to the Empire in many and different ways. It must not be forgotten that your population of six millions is spread over a country the size of Europe, and is busily straining every nerve in laying securely foundations of a magnificent future. That you should have reclaimed so large a part of this mighty continent from the wilderness, and by your spirited railway and steamship enterprise been able to make Canada the natural route between England and Japan and between England and her great Australian colonies; that you should have given the lead in your preferential tariffs, in your preferential postal arrangements and your cable subsidies, with the object of binding the component parts of the Empire closer together, is to have done much, and to have given a lead of which any people may reasonably be proud.

Halifax and Esquimalt Defences

"I have read with delight the notices in the press which have welcomed the decision of the Dominion government to assume the whole responsibility for the defence of Halifax and Esquimalt. They have shown that in the opinion of your people your national self-respect would have been lowered if you had not assumed the whole responsibility of these two important posts, and if you had not resolved that you would do your duty to the Empire by keeping them in the highest possible state of imperial efficiency.

"It is sometimes said by the detractors of Canadians that they are more apt to think of what the Empire can do for Canada, than of what Canada can do for the Empire."

"The eyes of England are at present focused on Canada, and the eyes of a large part of Europe also. The opportunities you are able to offer are attracting a large population within your borders. America is vainly trying to stop the outflow of farmers into the Dominion, and every British family that comes into Canada is a distinct addition to the national wealth. The fear is sometimes expressed that American citizens may become dangerous citizens of the Dominion, but that is not my opinion. They are not here long before they find that they enjoy greater freedom and greater security than they did in the United States, and, in my opinion, the more Americans that come the better. They bring capital, experience and character. They come from the same fountain head that we do, and I believe they are as glad to become loyal sons of Canada as we are glad to number them among our children.

OVER ZEALOUS.

Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, and was taught always to attend family devotions. During a season of drought, one morning her father said to her, "Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain tonight, as the want of it is causing much suffering and many deaths among animals." Her father had hardly left the house when little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs and, falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain. That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower—barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming: "Lord, what have I done?"

THE DREADED WHITE PLAGUE.

Ottawa Citizen.

Sixty-nine per cent. of the deaths from infectious disease in Ontario last month were from tuberculosis. The reiteration of the alarming figures indicating the spread of this disease is bound to eventually awaken the public to the pressing necessity of adequate measures being adopted to deal with the plague.

EATON'S | MAIL ORDER NEWS | TORONTO

The Acme Corset

In the matter of Corsets the Acme Corset represents the best value obtainable in Canada. It is made of carefully selected material, bought by us direct from the manufacturer. It is made in our own factories by the most expert operators and on the most approved machinery obtainable. It is made for Canadian women and fits them perfectly.

Being made by ourselves from material bought by us, the price is below competition. It is so low that it conveys no idea of the worth of the corsets. They are really high-grade corsets sold by us to you at the manufacturers' prices.

Every corset bearing the Acme Trade Mark is backed by the EATON guarantee—Money refunded if not satisfied.

Mail Orders receive our prompt and careful attention.

R2-133. Tape Girdle, 4-hook clasp, filled with steel wires, color white. Size 18 to 24 ..... .35

R2-41. Summer Net, medium form, 3-bone strip sateen, 4-hook clasp, trimmed with embroidery, white, 18 to 30... .50

R2-90. Empire Style, made of jean, single strip sateen, steel filled, lace and ribbon trimmed, white and drab, 18 to 24 .50

R2-128. Fine Batiste, 2-bone strip filled with fine light steel wire, 5-hook Paris clasp, embroidery trimmed, for medium and slight figures, color white, 18 to 26 ..... .75

R2-19. Fine Sateen, single stripping, steel filled, medium bust, short hip, medium slight figures, trimmed with lace and baby ribbon, colors drab and white, 18 to 30 ..... .75

R2-124. Fine Sateen, 2-bone strip, medium bust, deep hip, hose supporters attached, lace and ribbon trimmed, medium figures, colors drab and white, 18 to 26 ..... .85

Other Prices at 25c to $1.00

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE—David Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Where located: Bugaboo Creek, Renfrew District.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Bentley, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89383, acting for myself and as agent for Harry T. Cole, Free Miner's Certificate No. B85284; Henry J. Warwick, Free Miner's Certificate No. B85369, Harry Maynard, Free Miner's Certificate No. B85283, and James Baker, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89508, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this tenth day of April, A.D. 1905.

JOHN BENTLEY.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" that all persons having any claims against the estate of HENRY PERINE COLLEW CREASE, late of Victoria, B. C., Kt. (who died on 27th February, 1905, and whose will and codicils were proved in the Supreme Court of British Columbia on 23rd instant, by the Hon. M. W. Tyrwhitt Drake and Lindley Crease, executors therein named), are hereby required to send the particulars of such claims duly verified to the undersigned on or before the 23rd June, 1905, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice.

Dated this 23rd March, 1905.

CREASE & CREASE,
Victoria, B. C.

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MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE—Cyrus, Conqueror and Daniel Mineral Claims, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of District.

Where located: Bugaboo Creek, Renfrew District.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John Bentley, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89383, acting for myself and as agent for J. W. McGregor, Free Miner's Certificate No. B69395; Thomas Parsell, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89322; Henry Cathcart, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89365, and Alfred Wood, Free Miner's Certificate No. B89290, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this tenth day of April, A. D. 1905.

JOHN BENTLEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to cut and carry away timber off the following described tract of land:

Commencing at a post marked 13 on N. W. corner post on south side of Toby Inlet, about 5 miles east of Snout Point, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north to place of commencement; containing 640 acres more or less.

E. D. YELVINGTON.

18ap

B. C. STEAM DYE WORKS.

141 Yates Street, Victoria.

Ladies' and Gents' garments and household furnishings cleaned, dyed or pressed equal to new.

The Sunlight way of washing requires little or no rubbing. You should try Sunlight Soap. Will not injure dainty fabrics.

31s

STUDIES IN COLONIAL ALISM.

London Daily News.

Mr. Jebb's book may be ve recommended to those to future of the "British E rather the colonial portion matter of serious concern. knowledge, travel, and reside new nations, whose developm lines and whose future he Mr. Jebb is able to maintain mental point of view. He i hearted admirer of Mr. Char defender of Chinese labor Africa, and entirely sympat policy of colonial preference a city. Despite this fact, in attitude towards colonial exp aspiration he is advocating against the Imperial ideal; out clearly the fundamental between colonialism and n now fighting over the futu Anglo-Saxon race.

A Nationalist.

Mr. Jebb is a Nationalist, does he prophesy national dev but he approves of them. Co eration, the making of one w he regards as an entirely dream. There is not in the f any growing consciousness of nationality, but exactly the This is his main contention. words, the basis of imperial instead of expanding and soli melting away. The watchwo future is not federation, bu free nations, each developing life and along quite diverse ro ing to some kind of alliance uniting with equals, pooling, a their means of defence in a which the present time afford parallel. He approves Mr. "Song of the Native Born."

THE

By

The May Co

The beautiful planets, Jupiter, which for several been so conspicuous in heavens, are now no l Jupiter passes behind the s and will remain hidden in sunlight throughout the m which passed between the on April 27, will also be overpowering brilliance o

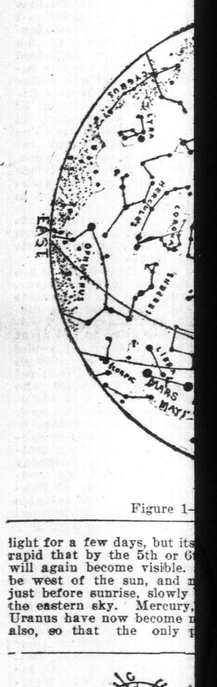

Figure 1—

light for a few days, but its rapid that by the 5th or 6 will again become visible. be west of the sun, and just before sunrise, slowly the eastern sky. M