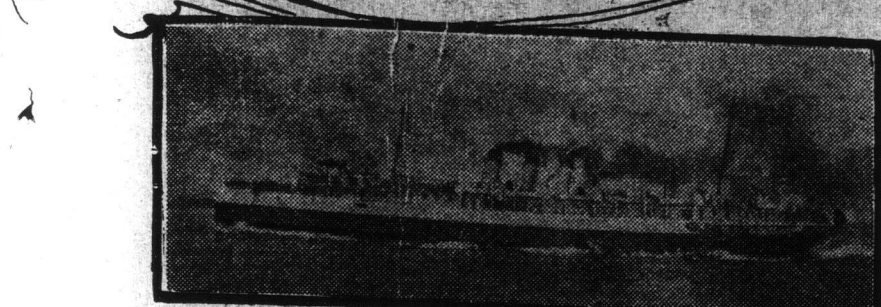


The WRECK of the SECHelt



HURRYING ON HER WAY OVER THE TRIANGLE ROUTE

When I went on deck on the morning of Sunday, August 7, the S.S. Chamer of the Canadian Pacific Railway's coastal line, recently laid off, was slowly and carefully picking her way in a fog through the Narrows into Vancouver.

It was the densest kind of a fog, cold, wet and penetrating, and hung over the ship in heavy clouds; one could hardly see the length of the vessel, and certainly could not distinguish either of the shores of the Narrows.

Through this fog the Chamer cautiously forged ahead, tooting her fog horn softly in warning notes, while from the mist around came answering bellows in varied tones, from the shrieking sirens of the little coasters, to the deep, dignified moan of the huge trans-Pacific liners.

While I looked, one of them, a great, towering, ghost-like structure, glimmering dully white and sweating moisture, slipped silently out of the fog just ahead of us, and with engines silent and not a soul showing on deck, almost immediately disappeared into the fog again. She might have been "The Phantom Ship," so silently and quickly she came and went.

Suddenly, over to the right and just off Prospect Point, a gleam of lights, low on the water, caught my eye. What could they be doing so close to the water as that? I wondered. There was no buoy there, I knew, and no dwelling or house on that part of the shore. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, by Jove! they were lights, and steamer lights, too!

Then the fog lifted a bit, and I saw what it was. A little steamer lay hard and fast on the rocks, at the base of the cliffs; about ten feet east of Prospect Point lighthouse. Her stern as far forward as the smokestack was submerged in deep water, with her bow, high and dry, touching the cliff. It would appear as if she had, at full speed, tried to short-cut her course through the cliff point. She was evidently but recently abandoned, as though no one was to be seen, her forward lights were still aglow. I just had a momentary glimpse of her as we steamed past, for once again the fog settled down heavily and hid her from view.

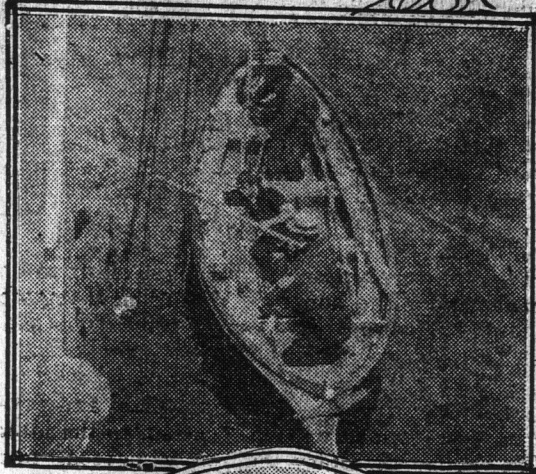
When an hour or so later the Chamer tied up safely to the dock at Vancouver, my first step was to get an automobile and reach Stanley Park, Prospect Point, with the least possible delay. And the views that you see here below are which I secured for my trouble. By the time I was able to snap them, however, the tide had fallen considerably, and practically the whole of the vessel's hull was exposed to view; she had slipped back also from her position against the cliff, and torn a good-sized hole in her bottom. While I was on the beach inspecting her, a small tug, that may be seen in the photograph, appeared on the scene, to begin raising operations.

I quote from the Vancouver News-Advertiser:

"The wrecked steamer left Sechelt at 10 o'clock last night with about 14 passengers, down from the logging camps in that vicinity. Nothing marred the voyage to the city until passing into the Narrows, when, without warning, the vessel crashed upon the rocks. . . . In a few minutes she began to fill, and the men immediately smashed the windows in an effort to get free from the sinking ship. . . . All her passengers and crew were enabled to



THE SECHelt ASHORE



ON THE WAY

make shore safely, with the aid of the lighthouse keeper, who, hearing the alarm, went to the vessel's assistance."

It is a fact worthy of more than passing notice, that though fogs on this coast are prevalent and heavy during the winter months, seldom is an accident to shipping recorded. The C. P. R. fast "Princess" boats plying on the triangular route between Vancouver, Seattle and Victoria, enter and leave the Narrows at least half a dozen times a day, fog or no fog, and yet they rarely slack speed, or reach their destination behind time. It is said that their pilots have become so expert that given any one buoy or landmark at any point on their course, they are as much at home in the Narrows in a fog as they are in broad, sunshiny daylight.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON THE HUMAN OUTLOOK

Sir Oliver Lodge has just published a stimulating volume, "Reason and Belief" (Methuen, 3s 6d net), which he dedicates to A. J. Balfour. In this book he seeks to indicate how "matters stand"—how the Bible narratives stand in the light of the discoveries of the nineteenth century. The first book deals with the Incarnation, another with the Old Testament in the light of evolution.

In a chapter on The Human Outlook, Sir Oliver says:

"Theologians tell us that human nature is essentially bad. But human nature necessarily begins in childhood, and in that we are told there is a goodness like that of the Kingdom of Heaven. How much of the supposed bad of human nature is due to artificial and unnecessary conditions?"

"Surely we can see that much human sin is due to bad conditions and hampering environment, and nearly all of this is man-made. Theretchedness of poverty is no Divine institution; it is the outcome of devil worship. Life is, it is, utterly different from life as it might be. It is defaced by mammon and greed. The hope is that we are still in the morning of the times. The human race is a recent growth upon the earth, and its palmy days lie in the future. But an immense amount of work has to be done. The better future of the race will not

arrive automatically; it must be worked for. But the good is there all the time it is hidden and choked and stunted and fruitless. It is for us to help it to grow.

"We cannot bring non-existent good to birth any more than we can make dead things grow. The germ must be in the things themselves; and higher influences must be at work, too. Plants grow, not because of the gardener, but by their own nature, with the aid of sunshine and air. Without these higher influences we are helpless to make either vegetation or humanity flourish, but we can perform the task of the gardener, we can keep the soil clean and let in the sunshine and air, we can give all Divine agencies a chance to do their beneficent work."

"Having risen thus far, we may hope to rise farther, and to overcome in the course of a few more generations some of the avoidable, the man-made, the terrible evils which now exist—the slums, the destitution, the work-houses, the prisons—the unnatural squalor which is the parent of so much of modern evil and sin; all these should gradually cease their tormenting hold upon us. Effort there must always be, but human effort should be other and higher and nobler than this squalid struggle."—Public Opinion, London.

If a pair of shoes has become stiffened with walking in the wet, they should first be washed

with warm water and then have oil well rubbed into them.

LINKS WITH THE PAST

The church of Saint Laurence at North, or Ferry, Hinksey, England, is situated one mile from the city of Oxford, close to the scene of Ruskin's famous road-making experiment. Of late years it has fallen much into decay, and a public subscription is now on foot to restore the venerable fane.

A plain Gothic structure of various periods, this church possesses a fine early Norman south doorway, and one of those interesting freaks of architecture, an Early English, low-side or leper window, so-called, it is said, from the fact that in former days the lepers might, without entering the church, be present at the elevation of the Host.

A window of Late Decorated work appears near the porch, and a three-light window belonging to the Perpendicular period is also to be seen close to the tower. Thus the church is an interesting record of ecclesiastical development.

Among the memorials is one of special note erected to the memory of the Royalist, Thomas Willis, who fell at the siege of Oxford in 1643. In the churchyard stands the shaft of an ancient cross, and near by a stately yew tree, which doubtless in days gone by supplied its share of wood for the local archery.

The neighboring church of South Hinksey is also dedicated to St. Laurence, but is of more recent date, belonging chiefly to the Late Perpendicular period. This edifice likewise contains a vast amount of interest for lovers of the antique. There is a double piscina of unusual character and the remains of what was probably a fine old English roof.

Both churches are excellent Oxfordshire types.

WAS KNOWN IN VICTORIA

Although he is recalled by many Victorians, it has not been generally recognized that Lieutenant Vivian Ronald Brandon, R.N., who, with Captain Bernard Frederic Trench, was sentenced by the Germans, for alleged espionage, early in Christmas week, to four years and a half in a German fortress, was one of the most popular midshipmen on the Pacific station at Esquimalt from 1896 to 1899, when he was serving on the Imperieuse, Rear-Admiral Palliser's flagship.

Lieutenant Vivian Ronald Brandon, R.N., is twenty-eight years of age, and the son of the late Mr. Gabriel Samuel Brandon and Mrs. Brandon, of Oakbrook, Ravenscourt Park, W. Sir William Bull, M.P. for Hammersmith, married his sister. Lieutenant Brandon was educated at the Mercers' School, and entered the navy as a cadet in July, 1896. He passed for lieutenant at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in 1902. After March, 1903, he was four years on the Egeria and Merlin, surveying vessels, the former stationed off this coast.

During 1908 he remained on half-pay, and then was selected as a naval assistant in the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, a post he was still filling in August, 1910.

BE THANKFUL

When you think the worst has happened you are wrong;

If your wife has spoiled the coffee, hope away,

She might be making trouble right along

By taking music lessons day by day;

If you have not won renown, think of him who plays the clown,

And, although his tooth is aching, must be gay.

Remember, if you have to walk the ties,

That it's better thus than if you had to crawl;

If your nose or ears are of enormous size

Be thankful that your hands and feet are small;

If the salary you get is but meagre, do not fret,

You might easily possess no job at all.

Do not take your foolish little cares to heart;

Every trouble that assails you might be worse.

If you haven't any cash with which to part,

No villain will relieve you of your purse;

If the car is crowded smile, and remember all the while

That it's not as bad as riding in a hearse.

REAL GOBLINS

Once there was a little girl
Who tried to smuggle things,
And when the dock inspectors came
She up and hid her rings;
And when they asked her what she had
She just said, "Nuthin', sir!"
Although she knew it wasn't true—
She had 'em all on her,
And when they had her searched, O my!
They found 'em in her hair!
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

Then there was a little boy
Who bought a lot of clothes,
And handkerchiefs and shirts and things,
And underwear and hose;
And as he landed on the dock
He looked just like a saint.
When asked if he'd bought things abroad,
He said, "No, sir, I ain't!"
But when they opened up his trunks
The things they found in these!—
And the customs men'll get you
Ef you don't de-clare.

—New York Times.

Scouts Camp Fire

By Observer

With the dawn of a new year, and with the holiday festivities over, the Scouts will now settle down to hard training once more, many of the more advanced going in strongly for various specialist badges, such as first-aid, signalling, carpentry, and sundry other subjects. These badges can not be obtained until a boy has become a second-class scout, which entails a minor examination in most of the subjects for which proficiency badges are awarded. Already about 150 boys have passed their second-class examination, and it is hoped that by the end of 1911, there will be at least that number with King's Scout badges. This rank can only be obtained by first-class scouts who have gained four of the following proficiency badges: Marksman, signaller, cyclist, bugler, first-aid, seaman, and pathfinder, of which the latter is compulsory.

During the absence of Col. Hall in the East on business matters, the Rev. W. Barton is acting as Commissioner. Mr. H. R. Selfe has returned from Vancouver and has taken over his duties as adjutant.

At the last council meeting it was decided to alter the old scheme of lettering the troops to numbers. Thus A troop becomes No. 1, B, No. 2, and so on. This will obviate any difficulty which might arise owing to more than 26 troops being formed in the city, and thus running right through the alphabet, and having

to double the letters. Of course it will take some time for the boys to get used to the new idea.

A field day on the lines of that successfully carried out in November, will be held in the near future, and the scheme has been slightly changed so that operations will commence at 3 o'clock, and cease at 4, as on the last occasion matters dragged out rather too long. Also fifteen minutes will be allowed for the reaching of the despatch-bearers, whose despatches must be carried in a commercial envelope.

There are now fifteen troops in the city—two of which are at the University school. The total number of Scouts is now about 400, not a bad result for fourteen months' work. Before the summer camp it is expected that there will be between 600 and 700.

Troops have now been formed at Nanaimo, Cobble Hill and Duncan, all of which are doing good work. Nanaimo has three troops, Cobble Hill and Duncan one each, and it is hoped in the near future that Alberni will start at least one troop.

No. 5 Troop (Victoria West) will sustain a great loss early in this year, when Canon Cooper leaves for England. Under his careful supervision this troop has become very efficient, and is the only troop in British Columbia which has a brass band.

DREAMED OF VESSEL'S AWFUL FATE

How a remarkable dream, thrice repeated with vivid intensity, saved the life of a passenger, who but for the warning thus conveyed to her might have gone down with the ill-fated Waratah, was related recently in London at the Board of Trade inquiry into the mystery of the lost ship.

The Waratah, when last seen on July 27, 1909, was on her way from Durban to Cape-town. She was spoken by the Clan Macintyre on that date—and then the veil shut down. Not a trace of the liner or of those on board has since been seen.

Mr. Claude G. Sawyer, the passenger who owed his life to the midnight vision, told an absorbing story. He is a company director, now living at Phoenix Lodge Mansions, Brook Green, Hammersmith, and he left Sydney on board the Waratah for England. He noticed he said, that the vessel rolled a good deal. He became uneasy, and his uneasiness was shared by others. He had made up his mind to leave the ship at Durban. Then came his dream.

"I had this strange dream. I saw a man dressed in a very peculiar dress which I had never seen before, with a long sword in his right hand, which he seemed to be holding between us. In his other hand he had a rag covered with blood. I saw that three times in rapid succession during the same morning. On the third occasion so clearly I did I see it that I could even now draw the design on the sword, the dress of the man—in fact, every detail of the vision. At breakfast I spoke about it to a Miss Hay, who remarked, 'How horrid!'"

Mr. Laing, K.C. (for the Board of Trade): Did you tell anyone else?—Yes, and I asked Mr. Ebsworth what a sword meant. He said "It is a warning." I began to think it must be so, and I remembered my intention to leave the ship at Durban.

Did you have another dream?—Yes, on July 28. I dreamed that a ship was in a heavy sea, that a big wave came over her bows, pressed down upon her, and that she then rolled over on her starboard side and disappeared.

In your dream were you still a passenger, or did you observe this from some cognate vantage?

Witness hesitated, and then said: "Yes, yes. From some distance, because I saw the whole ship."

"My opinion is that the Waratah was top-heavy," concluded Mr. Sawyer. "Whether this was the fault of the ship or the loading, however, I cannot say."

By a coincidence another witness on Tuesday, Mr. R. Dives, told of a presentiment of disaster for the ship. He saw her in Durban Harbor on the fateful morning when she sailed, and looking upon her high navigation bridge he had a presentiment, he said, that he should never see her again.

A PARISIAN HOAX

The Parisians are ever on the lookout for new entertainment, but a recent hoax, the conception of a fertile, fun-loving brain, was rather of larger dimensions than the ordinary. It was carefully planned and it came to a head in a Paris cafe. A few days ago two advertisements appeared in the newspapers. One of them was supposed to be from a rich woman who was looking for a young husband who need not necessarily have any money; the other from a rich man who was looking for a young wife. In this case also there was no need for the woman to have means of her own.

Answers to these advertisements came in by hundreds. Both had been written by the same person. To each one of them a reply was sent, asking the man or woman, as the case might be, to meet the "advertiser" at the cafe on Sunday afternoon. It was also requested of each man and woman that a white

rose should be worn for identification purposes.

Having made these plans, the advertiser then wrote to the police saying that there was to be a big demonstration of Royalists at a certain cafe on Sunday afternoon. Thirty detectives were accordingly on the scene.

Soon large numbers of young men and young women began to assemble at the cafe. At first the white rose, that each one wore was regarded as coincidence, but it soon became evident that they were the victims of a hoax, and after a little embarrassment, followed by hearty laughter, the crowd dispersed.

APPLES FOR DECORATION

If you are hard put to it for a decorative idea for the table for a luncheon or simple dinner, try apples. It is not easy for the average hostess to evolve an inexpensive, effective scheme of table decoration, and one way to meet this difficulty is to use apples, particularly the red-skinned varieties, that are so pretty. The best specimens of the fruit should be selected for the basket that serves as the centrepiece. This should be in harmonious colorings and the apples, polished and flawless, arranged so as to display to the best advantage their charm of tint and form.

The places for the guests may be indicated by painting the name of each on an apple, special care being used in the selection of these fruity place cards.

The scheme may be carried out in a more elaborate scale by scooping out the centre of four, half a dozen or as many more apples as are required, and using them as holders for candles, which should be shaded in harmonizing tints.

When judgment is exercised in the carrying out of a scheme of decoration, such as here outlined, the cost is comparatively small, for the most ordinary favors, place cards, etc., are higher-priced than apples.

DUMPING A TAVERN INTO A HOLE

Among many disastrous incidents of recent gales in England, not the least sensational was the sliding of a public-house over a precipice of 150 feet to the bottom of a quarry.

This occurred at Stoney Stanton, a village ten miles out of Leicester. Near the edge of the quarry, owned by the Mountsorrel Granite Company, stood the Frances Arms Inn. Early one morning a loud crash was heard and it was found that, owing to a landslide, caused by the heavy rains, the house, with its furniture, beer barrels, and sty containing three pigs, had been thrown 150 feet to the bottom of the quarry.

Happily no one was in the building at the time. Only a few hours before the house had been filled with customers. But the landlord, Mr. Middleton, became alarmed, and at closing time on Sunday night he removed with his family and some of his goods to another house nearby. When daylight came no sign of the inn could be seen, and at the bottom of the quarry was a heap of debris to remind the landlord, his family, and customers by how narrow a margin of time their lives had been saved.

REV. "KID" WEDGE NOW A BENEDICT

The Rev. "Kid" Wedge, for many years a boxer of considerable reputation in the Middle West, but who later left the ring to enter the Neb., to Miss Prudence Tracy, postmistress of Florence, Neb. Kid Wedge studied for the ministry, was married recently at Omaha, aha, giving boxing lessons to earn his way through the institution. Upon graduating he was given the pastorate of a small Presbyterian church at Monroe, Neb., but during the past year has been engaged in missionary work at San Francisco, where, with his bride, he will make his home in the future.