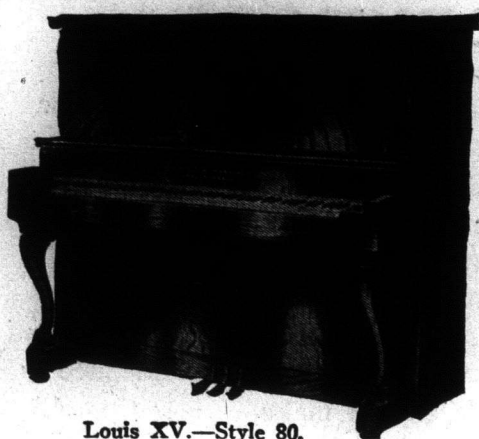


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"War! War! War! Is a Bountiful Jade"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

THE GRIM fingers of the great God of War are stretching out and reaching nearer to this Canada of ours every day. Who would have thought to look at the old familiar Empress, the C. P. R. liner who for the last twenty years has monthly made the trip from Victoria and Vancouver to the Orient, that she would figure in the finale of the running down of that Pirate of the Seas—The Emden? The home government took the Empresses over from the railroad and armed them and placed them on patrol service in the Indian Ocean. They are swift, lowlying cruisers, unarmoured, of course. You will remember when the Australian warship ran the Emden ashore on Cocos Island, a number of the men escaped. It seems they seized a native schooner and made a miniature pirate out of her. Well, our old friend, The Empress poked her long slim nose into the scene and captured the last of those German Pirates. Then to add another chapter to her long history—the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, one of the greatest of the native Princes of India, bought her to use as a hospital ship for the mother country. Just remember, the Sikhs we cannot use

solid out-thrust of water ahead and a great fan-like tail behind her. As she passed a little grey painted Government tender, she threw it behind and above her like the cork on a boy's swiftly dragged fishing pole. We were speeding across the Sound, a little off her course now.

"Ah!" said Fritz, "She's altering her course!" Now her water hidden bow was pointed straight for us—now it swung past us—now she was almost broadside on and about three hundred yards away—now she was swinging around her circle until she was stern on and her mighty swells were rushing down on us.

"Head her into them!" I cried and around we came. The swirl of the oncoming waters caught us and worried us as a dog would a cap in his mouth; then we mounted up the creaming curve and balanced a horrid second on the top, then the wall of water sank under us and left us tossing and rolling, a mass of foam and spray from bow to stern. It treated us more easily than it did the gunboats and second class cruisers as it flung them about most unceremoniously, and it swept the shore clean of every wharf and boat and boathouse all along that part of the Sound.



Outer Docks, Victoria, B.C., with the "Empress of India" in centre of the three steamships

on the Pacific Coast—a labour trouble incident—are just as loyal and just as ready and willing to fight and die for the good old flag as any of us—all these native Princes are helping to keep you and I secure in our far west Canadian homes.

Did you ever meet a torpedo boat destroyer when you were out for a nice little cruise in an inoffensive motor boat? No, well, your humble friend and his assistant Fritz did—We were down off Bremerton, the Navy Yard of the U.S. on the Northern Pacific coast. There is a magnificent dockyard there and the lad and I were busy "put-putting" around about first class cruisers and gunboats and prison-ships and Government yachts, all open-mouthed at the fleet of cruisers that lay at the piers—just arrived from Mare Island, the California Navy Yard. We saw them go to sea. I will tell you about this later.

"Say, that boat coming down the Sound (Puget Sound) must have the bit in her mouth! Gee! See her go!" We both stood up in the little launch and watched the tiny warship come tearing along; I had seen them before but never under forced draught. She was still about a mile and a half from us and about four hundred yards from the shore.

"Look at those boathouses turning over! Look! Look! She's upsetting everything all along the shore," her afterdrag, at thirty-five miles an hour, was simply sweeping the shore clean behind her.

"Get power on, laddie," I yelled. "Put—put—put" sang our little engine and died. "Put—put—put," this time she was off. The destroyer was about two minutes away and we were right in her path. In two minutes we ought to get a bit out of danger. She came with a

Oh! I would like to have heard what the Admiral said to the officer in command; anyhow that was the first and last time a destroyer ever came into Bremerton under full head.

We were mightily interested in all things here as the times are ominous and we wondered just what Uncle Sam would do if a German cruiser swung into the Gulf of Georgia—just dropping a few shells into Victoria as it passed along the Straits, and then shelled Vancouver, it could hardly fail to hit a number of American citizens, as our cousins are very much with us out there, nor could it help hitting a few American places of business, mills, offices, branches of stores, etc., and a few American private yachts and public steamers. Now just what would he do? I don't think the cruiser would get that far now. In the early days of the war she might have, but the greatest Navy of them all is protecting every part of her world wide territory now, and sweeping the seas of the enemy—ships, colonies, islands, war vessels—everything.

If you were a ship and got a bone broken I will show you the naval hospital and the old Doctor-of-the-Seas, the Salvor (good name and good boat, too) lying beside the dock. I wish I had space to tell you of the wonderful salvages we have seen this wrecker make—great huge freighters driven ashore a thousand miles from their home port, pounding on the rocks of an exposed coast, full of water and great gaping wounds. Northward, ever northward, speeds the Salvor and her consort, the Wm. Jolliffe, and her most wonderful assortment of pumps, and she installs her huge pumps and cements up the great wounds and passes great bandages about the sorely stricken ship and southward she