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XXV. NUMBER

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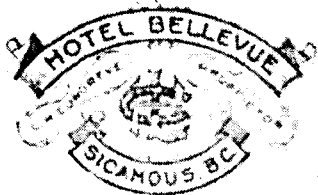
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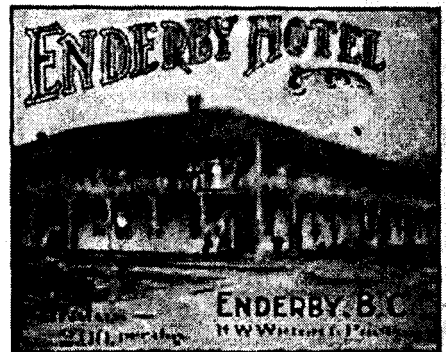
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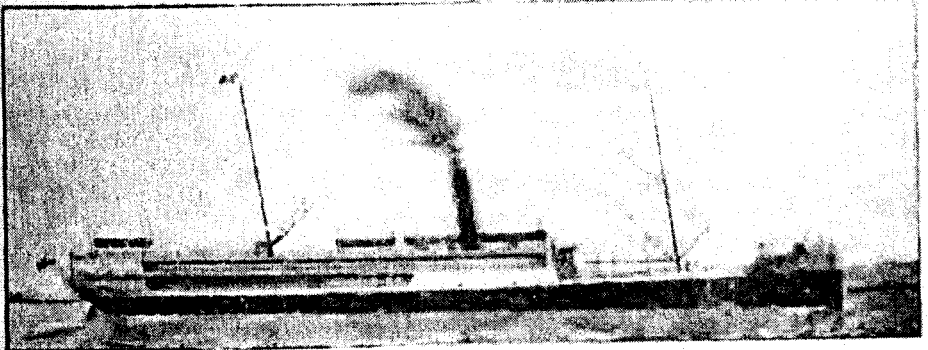
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

336 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Publishers' Notice!

Beginning with this the June number we propose to adopt an entirely new policy with regard to our articles. We want to give the greatest value in our magazine to the greatest number of our readers.

We want to tell our readers abroad of the advantages and progress of our own country, and to give our home readers interesting reading on the Colonies and Foreign lands. Arrangements have been concluded for some beautifully illustrated articles along these lines.

Our yachting friends will be pleased to hear that the ROYAL VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB has adopted this magazine as its official organ, and will make all of its club announcements through these columns, together with the record of its cruises.

We start a new Serial this month. The Pacific War of 1910. This is a thrilling narrative with plenty of local colour, and will prove of sustained interest through each succeeding installment to the end. It is by the well known writer, Chas. H. Stuart Wade.

The Fiction-prose articles and selections are good this month, while the article of interest to most of our readers will undoubtedly be the A. Y. P. E. descriptive illustrated sketch.

And now just a word as to future issues:—

July will be the "Dominion" number, containing articles from the pens of some of our well known pioneers, men whose reminiscences of the early days will interest the present generation. We have secured some rare photographs for illustrations in this number.

And for the rest—Well! we promise good entertaining literature, the best we can get each month.

WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

P.S.—All business communications should be addressed to the Company and not to individuals.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1909

Number 6

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

By W. H. Raymond.

SEATTLE is ready to play actively her part as intermediary between Occident and Orient. She will introduce the great fully developed world of the West, to the great and practically undeveloped world of the far east and to the knowledge of both she will bring the vast domain of the north, Alaska, that they three may thereafter get together for their mutual profit and advancement.

In a word, through the agency of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which Seattle will open to the world on June 1st, the tremendous developmental energy of America is to be ushered in to the theatre of the world's work during the centuries that are to come.

It is in Alaska and Yukon and the far east that the world's exploitation will be done from now forward. There, will the millions be poured into railroad building, and the engineering feats which have placed America on the pinnacle of industrialism, be duplicated and even exceeded.

This acquaintance Seattle, with the splendid assistance of the United States Government, has undertaken, and the success of its undertaking is today assured, for it is ready to perform the ceremony.

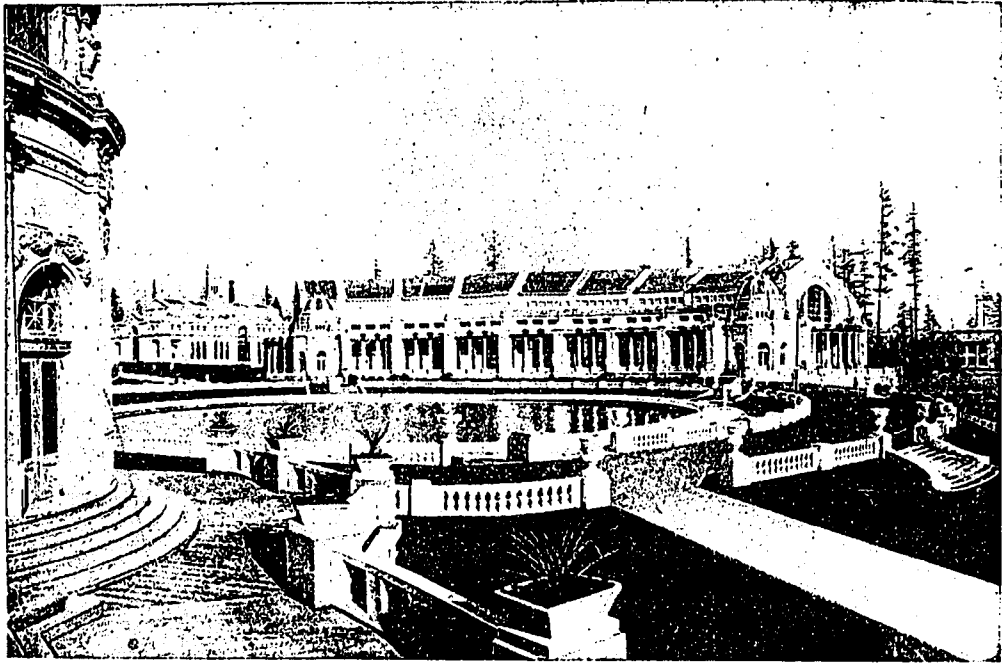
It is the first congress of the nations that lie on the western seas, such a congress as the world has never known, for

participating in it are nations and races that have only just awakened and felt the fire that moves to national endeavour and accomplishment.

The China that was asleep and is now awake is making preparations to outdo, if that be possible, her lusty, wonderful neighbour, the Mikado. Siam and Anam and Burma, aroused by the unheard of racket of preparation being made by their erstwhile somnolent parent, are also up and doing and as fully determined to show to the world their capacity for its tasks.

Uncle Sam is spending a quarter million to give to the American people a correct knowledge of the much misunderstood Filipino and his tremendous capacity for production and industrial excellence and there are exhibits also from those islands neighbour to Luzon, Sumatra and Java and with them also, Ceylon and Borneo and the other spice islands of the Straits Settlements, with a characteristic display from Singapore, with the whole Malay Peninsula included. Penang has sent its women, its spices and its incense, with all else it has that throws a glamour over equatorial existence.

Japan's exhibit at the exposition is by far the most elaborate that Nippon has ever made. Not since the day Uncle Sam quietly shook the land of the rising sun by the shoulder and wakened it from



Agricultural Building.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

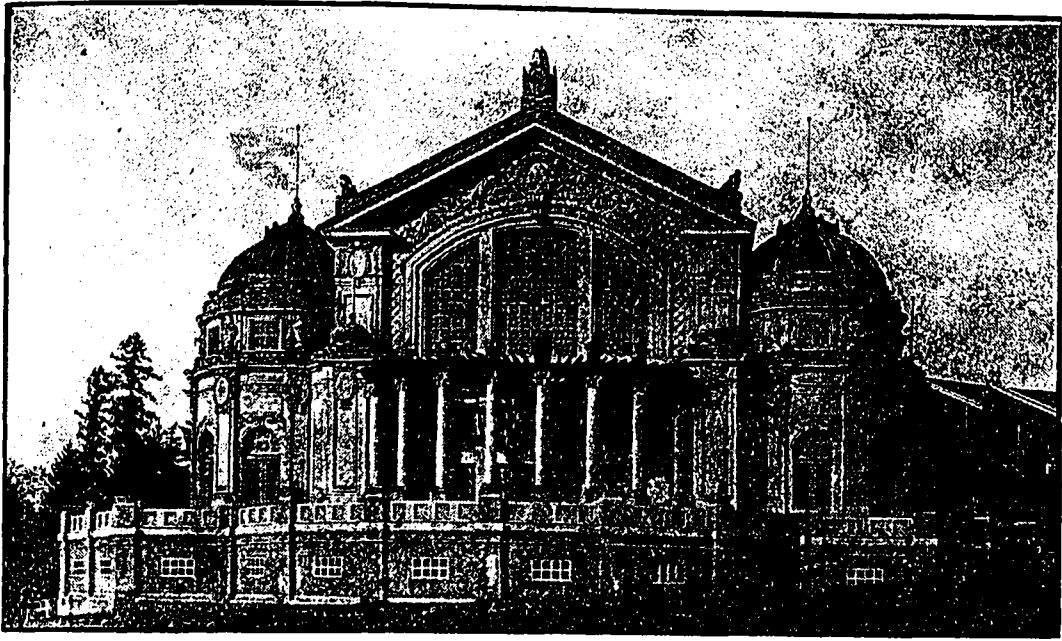
its sleep of ages, have the Japanese answered to the industrial call as they have answered to the invitation of Seattle. The first and always the staunch friend of the natives of Nippon on the Pacific Coast, Seattle's request has been considered a command by the home government and as a result, the whole life of Tokyo is taken up and transplanted on the northwestern shore.

Not only the commercial life of Japan is shown, but the home life of its people, their daily habit of life and dress—the way they are today, the way they were an hundred years ago when the Samurai lorded it over all the land and the man of business and affairs commercial ranked with the scullion and the petty thief. Japan does not plan to show only the great things it has today, but its whole romantic, startling story.

Australia, all Australasia in fact, and this includes New Zealand and whole battalions and regiments of islets and islands that lie under the Southern Cross, have made as complete a showing as any other nation or colonial government. Had that not been assured before, the visit of the American fleet to Sydney would have made it certain. It was taken in dead earnest as "hands across the sea" when Sperry with the Armada sailed in past Sydney Heads and

the good natured question down that way was, whether the land of the kangaroo owes fealty to King Edward, or Teddy Roosevelt.

Alaska's exhibit or better, exhibits, are a revelation to the hundreds of thousands who strangely, know little, or positively nothing of the world's great treasure box. The exhibits are such that there will no longer be ignorance. It is Alaska-Yukon as it is, even to the romance of the trail; the mysteries of the blizzard and the hardships the great white silence. It is shown by constant mining operation how it is that the northland in ten years of work, has leaped to second place in the gold production of the world. It will be shown why the millions of Morgan and Guggenheim are being expended like water to overcome physical obstacles which, until the present, were considered insurmountable, that they may lead railroads to the most enormous deposits of copper the world has to offer. Alaska's fisheries which, although half developed, are still factories for turning out millionaires, are shown in full operation and the other trading possibilities of the never-ending Alaskan coast, will be completely demonstrated. The Esquimaux, the Siwashes, the Indians of the Yukon and the giant aboriginals of the



End of Agricultural Building.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

farther north, the Gens du Large, with their sled dogs, which are half wild wolf, their kloodchmen and their children, their birch canoes and the kiaks in which the coast huntsmen chase the walrus and the whale are also shown as also is the big game with which Alaska abounds.

Canada and all the state of the west and many of those of the east and south have buildings of their own within the exposition reservation. Canada and Yukon have whole divisions, for they have as much to show and as much to develop as has any other exhibitor.

The state of Washington alone is spending a million of dollars that its wondrous resources may be amply shown. Its vast stores of timber, grains, fruits and mineral and its remarkable fisheries are arrayed as they are.

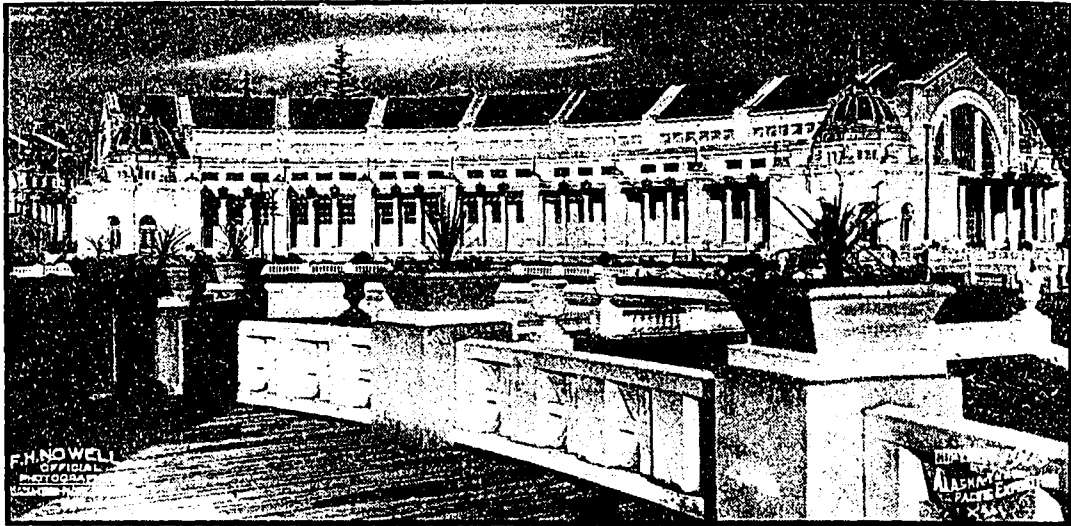
And that all of these things may be shown and that Seattle may do properly and well the great big thing which it has set its hand to do twenty millions of dollars have been spent in the one way or another.

The exposition city has been builded in a virgin forest upon which mount Rainier looks down from a height of 15,000 feet; its palaces, many of them of permanent brick, rise among firs, and cedars and hemlocks. Its grounds are tangles of blooms and woodland greens. The site slopes to two lakes, not unlike

gems in the woods and upon which the water life and beauty of Venice will be reproduced.

In the buildings there are all the beauty and attraction of Oriental curve and graceful towering pillar. The structures are grouped in a series of circles surrounding the central court in which rises the imposing Alaska shaft, and down which plunge the magnificent cascades to Geyser Basin. Around the central court, in a semi-circle, are the splendid buildings being erected for the United States Government to house the exhibits from Hawaii, the Philippines and the Government's Alaska exhibit.

The out and out amusement feature of the exposition will excell anything produced at any world's fair down to this time. At Chicago it was the "Midway," at St. Louis it was the "Pike," at the Lewis and Clarke exposition it was the "Trail." At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition it is the "Pay Streak" and upon it are only such amusements as are the "last word" in their lines. There is of course, the usual Oriental village with its caravans, theatres and cafes, but it will be no stock production. On the contrary, a special commissioner was sent through the Oriental countries to gather at first hand the leading amusement features and everything else that would serve to show the every-day life of the peo-



Manufacturers' Building.

ples. Turkey, Greece, the Levant generally, have been laid under tribute.

The illumination of the Exposition is on a magnificent scale. In the decorative feature of the grounds alone, one million eight candle-power incandescent lamps are used and by night every building on the grounds is brought out in blazing outline. The cascades are illuminated with powerful submerged electric lights of various colours and the Geyser basin is a lake of liquid fire. The Alaska shaft is also lined with lights and the shore waters of Lakes Union and Washington, which lie upon the Exposition city, are made beautiful from below, as well as above, by the same system. On Lake Union the Government carries on experiments with submarine torpedo boats and at night the operations of the craft may be plainly seen by means of a myriad of lights placed under the water.

Enough electricity is used for both power and light on the exposition grounds to supply all of the needs of a busy city of 40,000 population.

In large part, the exposition city has been permanently constructed. Several of the buildings are of stone and pressed brick over steel construction and these will revert to the State University after they have served their purpose with the Fair. A complete and modern sewer system has been installed and also a water system which is connected with

the city supply. All of the electric wiring has been done under ground not a surface wire showing anywhere above. All of the boulevards, streets, plazas and walks have been paved heavily in bitumen and cement and the gardens which lie between, have been planted as a permanent state institution.

Splendid boulevards have been builded along the lake fronts of the grounds and these all lead to a general passenger depot outside the enclosure at which six lines of electric urban and inter-urban electric lines deliver passengers. Other passengers are delivered on the lake front by the "mosquito fleet," a cloud of small power craft, and many large ones, which ply on Lake Washington between the various stations.

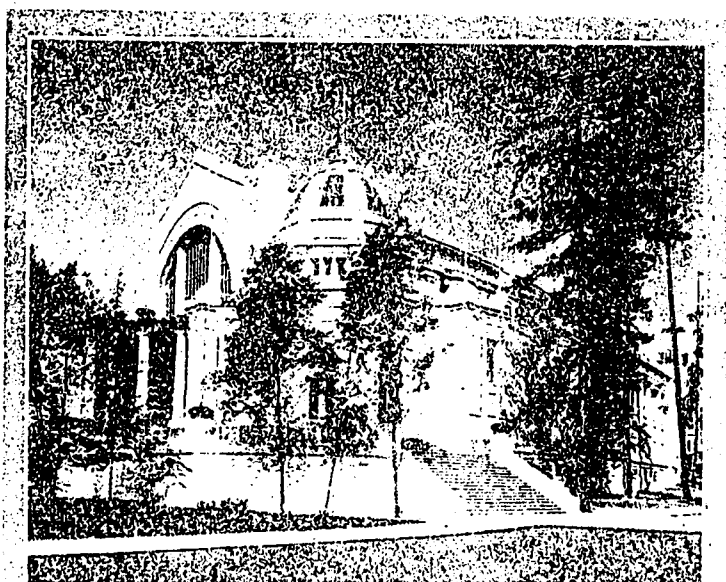
Seattle itself is well able to care comfortably for no matter how large a crowd may be attracted by the exposition. It has many excellent hotels and restaurants and its associations of hotel and eating house men have held meetings and pledged themselves to abide by their usual scales of prices throughout the exposition period. Should the capacity of Seattle be at all pressed, the city of Tacoma is only an hour and a half away by a splendid inter-urban trolley service and it, too, offers the best to be had of hotel accommodation. All round Puget Sound, for a matter of that, are cities which boast first class hotel service and which are connected with Seattle by al-

most constant boat traffic over one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. The larger towns of the Dominion are also at hand; so much so that one may in a day go sightseeing in either Vancouver or Victoria, or to the remarkable coal mines on Vancouver Island.

To the sightseer these side trips from Seattle offer such scenery as may be had nowhere else. To the sportsman, two hours' journey from the city will provide him with bear or deer shooting and unexcelled trout fishing at all seasons of the year. An exhibit of live specimens of the big game of both Washington and Alaska is one of the most interesting features of the big fair.

sic in style. This structure is topped by a huge dome and commands prominence in the sky line. The Washington building is two stories in height and in design is a free American treatment of the classic French style of architecture. Seven buildings on the exposition grounds will revert to the University of Washington at the close of the exposition.

These are the auditorium, fine arts, machinery, Washington, Arctic Brotherhood, Forestry and Women's buildings. The auditorium is Roman classic in design and the fine arts follows the French style of architecture. The machinery hall, to be the permanent engineering building for the university, is a modern



South End of Manufacturers' Building.

In the general plan of architecture the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition follows the French renaissance style. This applies to the manufactures, agriculture, mines, fisheries, and other structures forming the central picture of the exhibition. The buildings are grouped about the Cascades and Geyser basin, the main decorative features, and the United States Government Buildings complete the scheme. The federal structures are a pleasing combination of French and Spanish renaissance styles and the great dome on the main government building is the architectural climax of the fair.

The California state building is of Spanish mission architecture and the Oregon building is strictly Roman clas-

adaption of the Spanish mission architecture and is an attractive structure.

The agriculture and manufactures buildings are similar with just enough difference of detail to avoid mechanical repetition. On the agriculture building is a beautiful circular pergola colonnade with ionic columns supporting trellis beams and flower tubs. During the life of the exposition these columns will be covered with woodbine and clematis. The end facades of the building consist of a semi-circular arch fifty feet wide crowned with a pediment containing the official seal of the exposition beautifully worked out in staff. The fisheries building stands on the same side of the Cascades as the agriculture building and

ionic columns were used to harmonize with the adjoining building. On the opposite side of this court of honour stand the manufactures and mines buildings where doric columns have been used for the sake of harmony with the adjacent structures.

The factory building will be the largest log house ever built and about the front of the structure will be one hundred and twenty-four logs each forty feet high and containing 6,000 feet in board measure. The weight of each one of these great logs is estimated at 50,000 pounds. The logs used in the exterior of the building are being left in the rough while those used in the interior will have bark removed.

One of the ornate buildings on the exposition grounds is the music pavilion. This building is of colonial architecture with many of the characteristics of the French style, carrying columns modeled after those surrounding Washington's old home at Mt. Vernon. In the frieze about this building is a musical staff and other decorations of a similar nature.

The home of the Arctic Brotherhood on the exposition grounds is typical of the huses in Alaska and the north of Finland and is built of logs. The landscape features about this building represent gardens seen in the north. The structure to be occupied by the Japanese and Chinese will be strictly Oriental in general character. On the Pay Streak the exposition amusement street, many of the structures will follow the Japanese architecture and the entrance to the gaiety boulevard is of Japan-Alaskan design so called because the main arch will consist of totem poles supporting curved pagoda roofs.

A large number of structures are of free American style of architecture, but have been so located as to make a complete picture with the buildings in the main group following the French renaissance design.

Surrounding the exposition is a forest and much of the natural verdure has been left. The formal gardens approaching the manufactures and agriculture palaces are similar to those in the public park of Versailles and are French in de-

sign. From the standpoint of the lover of the beautiful the Pacific exposition will excel any world's fair in history. The first consideration has been the landscaping, floral display, illumination and sculpture. This, combined with the mild climate of the Puget Sound country, the beautiful mountain, lake and woodland scenery and the central location of the grounds will, result in the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition being one of the most beautiful and attractive ever planned.

The principal work of sculpture is the exposition monument, at the head of the Cascades. It is seventy feet high and stands on a pedestal twenty feet in height. About the base of the pedestal are three seated female figures symbolical of the Northland, the South Seas, and the Orient. The column is of Corinthian design and carries a globe showing the signs of the zodiac. Surmounting this globe is a huge American eagle. The animal groups about the Geyser basin are an elk, bear, timber wolf and cougar, all representative of the Northland. Ornamental vases carrying the official emblems of the exposition staff, circle the entire central court around the Cascades and the Geyser basin and in front of several of the larger buildings. These vases will contain many varieties of flowers and the pergolas about the front of the buildings will be completely covered with climbing roses. The electroliers on the grounds are of French renaissance design and the settees of the Roman design. The decorative light standards provide for a large sphere of light and each containing sixty thirty-power lights.

The 1909 exhibition will be well lighted and thousands of lights will be used in the illumination of the buildings. On the manufactures and agriculture buildings will be a total of 17,000 lights for the exterior decorations and it requires more than 5,000 each to outline all of the mines and fisheries buildings. On the Fine Arts building will be 4,000 globes and the auditorium will require 5,000 lights. In the Geyser basin are more than 1,000 lights and 1,500 will be used in the electrical decorations under water

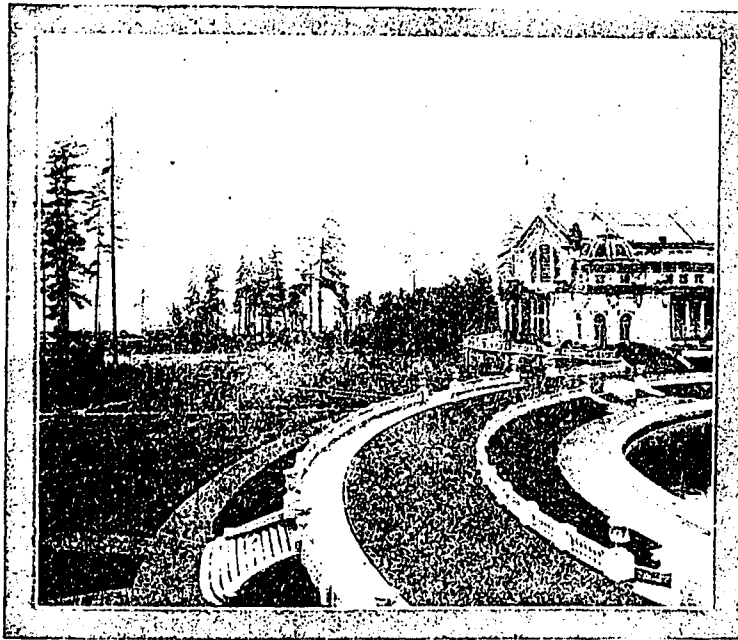
about the Cascades illuminating the falls with the colors of the rainbow.

In the green houses owned by the exposition company are more than 1,000,000 plants of description to be used in building beautiful floral designs and sunken gardens. When the exposition opens climbing roses, geraniums, rhododendrons, cactis, dahlias and many other varieties of flowers will be found massed in profusion about the big structures giving forth colour and perfume from every conceivable nook and corner. The building of the exposition has progressed to such an extent that the fair will be easily ready two weeks before the opening date, June 1, 1909.

Fireworks will cost approximately \$30,000, and the special events are estimated to cost \$50,000. Salaries of employes, prizes for the athletic contests and the cost of the stadium, which will be \$19,000, will make up other items in the allowance of \$200,000.

The allowance made for the exposition guards is \$53,000. This estimate was based upon the assumption that the city will furnish patrolmen to police the gates. The exposition will engage one hundred and forty guardsmen, three detectives, the chief and the chief's secretary.

The detectives will be brought from



Where the Formal Gardens Come Up to the Buildings.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

The Exposition will cost over \$10,000,000; the estimated value of the exhibits is \$50,000,000, while the cost of operation alone will be \$828,000, or an average of \$6,000 per day.

One of the largest items allowed by the finance committee is \$200,000 for the division of ceremonies, music, special events and athletics. It is estimated that the exposition will spend \$17,000 on dinners, balls and on the entertainment of guests. This does not represent the total amount to be spent in this manner for the reason that several of the officers who are wealthy will entertain privately and will themselves pay the bills.

the East and will be paid \$10 a day. Men who have had experience protecting the patrons of large gatherings will be selected for the work.

The treasurer's department is allowed \$74,000. The treasurer will engage the gatekeepers, ticket takers on the Pay Streak and inspectors to keep check on the employes of the department of admissions.

An estimate of the amount that will be expended for publicity gives a total of at least \$65,000.

No expense nor effort has been spared to make it the "most beautiful exposition

that has ever been held," and its success has been assured from its inception.

THE DOMINION BUILDING.

Representing Canada at the fair is a beautiful structure containing a unique and elaborate display.

This building was erected at a cost of \$75,000 with a lighting expense of \$8,000. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has its building on the Canadian property immediately adjoin-

ing the Dominion building. This exhibit is devoted to the resources of Canada and especially those within the district of the Company's sphere of influence and operation.

A full and complete article on the Dominion Building will be given in the July number of this Magazine. It would have appeared in this issue, but up to going to press, photographs for same were not available.

Ode to Vancouver

Mabel Schnell

Oh dear Vancouver, I shall see
Thy loveliness in memory;
Though from thy verdant hill and shore
My steps must turn forevermore.

Like birds with folded wings at rest,
The ships lie on the placid breast,
Of peaceful waters stretched between,
Thy wooded shores and islands green.

Like "sentinels" across the way
The "Lion's" guard thee day by day
And scenic waters circle round
From Burrard Inlet to Howe Sound.

Nature was lavish in thy birth,
For there's no lovelier spot on Earth,
Than Stanley Park whose pathways wind,
Off where the world seems far behind

When evening settles o'er the bay
Canoes and lovers have full sway
And soft love-songs they idly sing
In rhythm to the paddles' swing.

Now silently across the town,
The shades of night came creeping down,
All is so peaceful it might seem,
The sweet fulfilment of a dream.

O fair Vancouver! blest indeed,
Is he who finds his every need,
Within thy realm, nor cares to roam,
Who loves thy ways and calls thee "Home"

The Pacific War of 1910

C. H. Stuart Wade, F.R.G.S. (Eng.) F.G.S. (Am.)

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FOREWORD.

JAPAN.

"One deemed her but a land of flower
and fan,
And lo! no stripling, but a forceful man
Hath stepp'd, full arm'd, from out the
centuries."

—(*Vernon Nott*)

THE eventful period through which the people of British Columbia have so recently passed is one which can never be forgotten by young or old; whilst the cruel ravages of a rapacious foe will tell the tale to those yet unborn, of how, at Christmas-tide, even whilst words of Peace were uttered by every nation throughout the world, the dogs of war were let loose by the Chrysanthemum Lord, who poured his veteran warriors in countless numbers upon a defenceless province, with whose sovereign he had no cause of quarrel!

Our cities in ruins, our commercial fleet destroyed, railways blown up, and the blood of thousands watering the land and flooding the streets in defence of their homes, bear witness that the bravery inherited from our forefathers—whether they be British, American, or French,—is still as great as at any period of the world's history.

Attacked by land and sea, without even the preliminary of a Declaration of War, and with but a brief twenty-four hours' warning, the Pacific Coast of Canada was plunged into all the horrors of war; and this Western Province, by the wily strategy of the cunning Jap, was cut off from all prospect of assistance from other parts of the Dominion, or Mother Land!

Without munitions of war or reserves of food supplies, with neither naval or military equipments, and with thousands of the Mikado's soldiers spread throughout the land in every hamlet, town, and city,—where they had been gathering information for a decade previously—it was doubtless the opinion of the Japanese statesmen that British Columbia could offer a resistance so slight that, ere the electric fluid could spread the news of the invasion abroad, it would—like the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovnia by Austria—be a "fait accompli"; and Japan meanwhile, have obtained absolute command of the commerce of the Pacific, and an impregnable position upon the continent of America; from which, by reason of its geographical and strategic conditions it would be almost impossible with the forces of men and munitions under Canadian control to compei her to withdraw.

Even the brief warning vouchsafed to our country seems like a special dispensation of Providence, as will appear hereafter; for, without it there is no doubt that the cunning plans prepared by the Japanese generals would have succeeded in their entirety, and the threatened "Yellow Peril" which has been so scoffed at by politicians and others, as the diseased imagination of a few alarmists, would have proved that their prescience was the result of a keen insight, or a political sagacity, regarding the characteristics of those great leaders of thought in the Japanese nation, who, having emancipated their countrymen from barbarism, and trained its men in the modern arts of war and commerce, found the necessity of providing increasing opportunities for mercantile pursuits;

and a more extensive area of land for the exploitation of the teeming multitudes overcrowding their native islands.

The war with China had proved to the Mikado the power of his arms; whilst the enthusiasm of his people when defying the Russian bear, satisfied him that the Japanese nation possessed the same attributes of bravery, loyalty, and patriotism, which for ages past has characterized that other insular kingdom—which is referred to in the books from which the Japanese children are taught as—"The British Empire now in Decadence!"

That this "Decadence" has not extended so far as his advisers believed, recent events have shewn; for the people of "British Columbia" thrown on their own resources by the skilful tactics of the Japanese leaders, have expended their treasures, and their blood without stint; and men of peaceful pursuits have proved that the blood of the heroes of a thousand years spent in History-making still runs in their veins; that overwhelming numbers do not daunt their courage; and, that the country bordering the Pacific Ocean—associated with the names of Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, Juan de Fuca, Behring, Captain Cook, Captain Vancouver, and Simon Fraser,—is an heritage derived from white men; and that, God willing, this fair land shall never again be trod by the foot of the yellow conqueror, but remain for all future ages a White Man's Country.

CHAPTER I.

JAPANESE SPIES.

TO VANCOUVER.

Where Capilano, wild and grand,
Looks down from azure skies,
Far spread on Burrard's silver strand,
Vancouver city lies;
A city that may well be proud
Of men of nerve and brain,
And sing their praises long and loud,
Who gave it might and main.

—*T. McK. Nelson.*

Without any pretensions to outward beauty, indeed rather the reverse, the Vancouver Hotel in the city of that name is the temporary home of those tourists

from all nations who are numbered amongst the elite, or whose wealth enables them to visit the Pacific Coast renowned the world over for its ideal climate, its magnificent scenery, and the wondrous resources which, within two score years, have transformed it from a virgin forest of primeval growth into a mighty city, promising ere a similar period shall have elapsed to attain rank as one of the world's greatest commercial ports.

It is September, 1907, the sun is brilliant o'erhead, and the waters of the Strait of Georgia shimmer with a translucent gleam as the mail steamer passes along the Burrard Inlet and glides alongside the Custom House wharf, where some hundreds of people wait to greet friends arriving from the Orient. A private brougham is drawn up in waiting, containing three gentlemen dressed in the acme of fashion, and noticeable only by reason of their individuality. In a cosmopolitan city like Vancouver, this trio attracted neither attention nor comment from the bystanders, so accustomed were they to seeing representatives of all nationalities traversing the city, and yet, had some psychologist or thought-reader been able to warn one of the Government agents scattered around, and so cause the arrest and searching of these men, it would have been clearly demonstrated that Monsieur Giroux and Herr Schenke, two reputable merchants ostensibly, were in reality the paid spies of Japan, whilst Pekah, their companion, was a strategist of high rank in the Mikado's Council.

Prominent on the saloon deck of the approaching vessel stood a young man whom the occupants of the brougham saluted with evident respect; with a brief word of command Pekah left his companions, and scarcely had the gangway reached the shore than he sprang on board. His reception was superciliously curt and brief, so that, but a short time elapsed ere the new arrival was driven from the landing-stage.

As the party reached the Vancouver Hotel two young ladies emerged, and descending the steps drove in the direction of Stanley Park, but upon entering

the vehicle one of them dropped a lace handkerchief which the courtly stranger, with a graceful bow, restored to the lady. Standing on the pavement he gazed after them, apparently lost in thought, until recalled to himself by the voice of his fellow countryman; on entering the hotel he enquired from the liveried attendant at the door, who informed him that the fair drivers were the Hon. Ernestine Hilliard and her friend, Miss Beatrice Everitt; and further, that they were leaving for China on the following day.

It is necessary here to remind the reader of the agitation which, in the fall of 1907, pervaded the whole of Western Canada as a consequence of the enormous influx of Japanese immigrants; they had been arriving hundreds at a time, by every vessel from the Orient for several years previously. Principally of the coolie, or lower classes, they were all apparently well supplied with money, and able to speak the English language in the majority of cases; wages seemed to be of little consideration to them, and they were ready to undertake any kind of work at sums even less than half the usual rate received by white men. It is, however, only justice to admit that their work was almost invariably performed with assiduity, patience, and careful attention to detail; whilst intemperance, and insolence were practically unknown amongst them.

It is not to be wondered at therefore that employers of labour were not only willing, but glad to engage the smooth-tongued, silent little brown man who was content to obey orders unquestionably, and ready to work unlimited hours for a remuneration which would have scarcely provided a white employee with food and lodging! Every hotel nearly had its contingent of Japs as waiters and cooks; whilst in some of them they were actually employed in place of chambermaids: the more educated class readily obtained positions as clerks, bookkeepers, and correspondents, whilst hundreds of others conducted businesses for themselves. Conditions of commercial life were such that, although hundreds of white men were unable to obtain employment and walked the city streets

moneyless and half starving, the little Jap was earning wages double and treble the amount he would have received in his native land, whilst his expenses—for rice and similar comestibles—were infinitesimal!

The unemployed at Vancouver and other cities, justly feeling that the Yellow Peril as it was named, threatened their very existence, sought by every means in their power to urge their prior claim upon the merchants, and other employers of labour—with little success. The civic authorities were helpless—for want of the necessary funds,—and unable to start adequate emergency works on which they might be employed; eventually many leading citizens and men of thought, including politicians, clergymen, and others of social rank were led to study the subject,—which resulted in the formation of the Anti-Asiatic League with its battle-cry of "A White Canada."

The position had become intolerable, and culminated on the day when this history starts in a far-reaching riot; during which a certain portion of the city of Vancouver that had practically become a large Japanese settlement was attacked by the sympathizers with the unemployed; the stores being wrecked, and damage to the extent of many thousands of dollars being done.

Returning from their drive through Stanley Park the Hon. Ernestine Hilliard, and Miss Everitt, who had made a considerable detour to view the city, suddenly found themselves in the midst of a wildly surging mob of men who were shouting and throwing missiles of every kind: surprised, and unable to advance, they knew not what to do for the vehicle was speedily hemmed in, and, but for the skilful handling of the fair driver the frightened horses would have caused disaster. Assistance, however, was at hand, for the door of a house suddenly burst open and a soldierly figure, with the words "Pardon me" bounded into the light carriage, seized the reins from the Hon. Ernestine, and in a commanding voice shouted words which instantly cleared a course through which he drove until able to escape from the dangerous vicinity.

Pale, but with the bravery of true daughters of Britain the two girls gazed upon the stalwart figure standing like a Roman charioteer in front of them, as, with firm hand he guided the maddened animals up Hastings and Granville streets, finally drawing up at the steps of the Vancouver Hotel, where, having called a hall attendant to whom he handed the lines of the now subdued horses, he, with a brief apology for his unconventional abruptness of action in seizing the reins from the lady's hand, escorted them into the rotunda and bade them farewell, after stating, in reply to their enquiry, that he was aware of their destination for he himself was also a guest of the house.

Desiring to more fittingly return thanks to their rescuer the ladies, after a brief rest, sent to invite him to call upon them, and were much astonished to learn that "Lieut.-Col. Kosaki had left the hotel without stating the time of his return"; accordingly, as they were leaving by steamer early the following morning a brief letter of thanks was the only recognition in their power; but the world is small, and the acquaintance thus strangely begun was destined to be renewed amidst Oriental scenes and stirring events.

CHAPTER II.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ISOLATED.

THE SONG OF DYNAMITE.

Servant, or master, of man am I;
Him to obey, or him to defy:
I tear the earth, I rend the rock,
With the terrible fierceness of my shock.

Genius for good or for evil, I can
Put might, in the arm of that puny thing,
man;
Or shatter his strength; or cripple his
form;
Whiff out his life, like a match in the
storm!

—*Wm. Marsden.*

Several years have lapsed since the events described in the previous chapter; it is a Saturday night, and the operator of the "United Wireless Telegraph Co." at North Vancouver has just been re-

lieved by his night colleague. "How strange it seems," said the latter, "that whilst all the rest of Canada reports snow and ice we have the bright sun above us, the green fields around us, and even flowers in bloom! But what's the matter old man?" "Well," said the day clerk, "I scarcely know, but the fact is I feel somewhat alarmed at not being able to maintain any communication with the steamship "Empress of Japan"; "Ah! that is extraordinary," was the reply, "for I failed also shortly after you left last night; but I suppose nothing is wrong, so hand over the instrument and clear out, for I have a big budget of news to forward to Seattle in time for the Company's seven o'clock edition of the "Wireless Bulletin," and I do not wish to have the editor, or our boss on my track. Why not start off by referring to this strange silence, said his colleague, —for she cannot be 800 miles distant, and is undoubtedly within our zone of influence!" This message was accordingly sent, and elicited a reply stating that the Seattle operator had reported the news to the Superintendent; deeming it of very serious importance, as a passenger on the "SS. Iroquois" wishing to communicate with his representative, (who was returning to China by the sister ship "Empress of India"), had been in the act of receiving a reply from that vessel when it suddenly broke off without apparent cause, nor had any further communication been possible. Instructions followed to notify the local agents of these incidents. They, being informed of the strange coincidence became alarmed, and wired the Premier at Victoria that they feared a disablement by typhoon, or other elemental disturbance. The news, however, impressed the first minister of the Crown as bearing a more sinister import, for he immediately informed the Lieutenant-Governor and in response to telegraphic messages the Attorney-General and the Provincial Minister of Finance, accompanied by the President of the Executive Council, left Vancouver by special steamer en route (under full steam) for Victoria; whilst later despatches from the Capital reported that all the principal depart-

mental officials had been summoned, by special messengers, to attend in their various offices without an instant's delay.

Midnight reports brought the news that instructions had been given by the Lieutenant-Governor that the telegraph lines should be held at the disposal of the Government; also, that a Cabinet Council was then sitting under his personal direction.

At one o'clock on Sunday morning strange rumours were current in the clubs and newspaper offices, where, although nothing definite was known it was freely stated that the extraordinary silence was not to be attributed to a typhoon, but that it boded a serious crisis, considering how strained had been the relations existing between the Provincial and Japanese authorities—as a result of the Anti-Asiatic movement of the previous few years. The correspondent of the "Montreal Star and Herald" materially increased the excitement, when at 1:18 a.m. he rushed into the Vancouver Club, and told some of his associates that he had just left the telegraph office, whither he had gone to forward a despatch to his newspaper, but had been unable to do so as the lines were reported "broken somewhere in the mountains"; scarcely had this been made known when a prominent official of the Canadian Pacific Railway was called to the telephone, and the sudden pallor which overspread his face on hearing the message caused the members to throng around him in apprehension of a disaster which proved well founded, for he briefly informed them that the eastbound train had been plunged into the Fraser River near Kanaka immediately after leaving the tunnel and entering on the cantilever bridge there,—which was also reported wrecked. In company with subordinate officials who were present he hurriedly left the club, after expressing a hope that they would maintain silence as far as possible for the present, as the disaster might not be as great as apparent from the message.

Unfortunately this hope was not verified, for it was followed in rapid succession by information of a landslide in the Black Canyon at Basque, and later

on came news that Revelstoke was cut off from communication, both East and West, by reason of a great mass of rock which had suddenly fallen, entirely blocking up the Eastern end of the tunnel at Glacier House. These incidents following so rapidly one upon another struck everyone with consternation, and roused excitement to the highest pitch; but even yet no suspicion had been aroused in the minds of the members present, that other than natural forces were their cause—indeed it was generally considered that some distant earthquake had traversed the particular belt of country that had been so disastrously affected.

Home and sleep were forgotten, and the Club rapidly became crowded as members thronged into its open doors, for, as if borne on the atmosphere itself, these happenings had in some strange way permeated the city; and newspaper proprietors, merchants, and retired officers anxiously and impatiently awaited those developments of which each man was subconsciously expectant, although no reason appeared on the surface for such expectancy. Shortly after 5 a.m. some few were on the point of leaving for their respective habitations when the buzzer of the telephone was heard once more, and the expectant crowd immediately gathered round on hearing the proprietor of the leading local paper called; for it was surmised that he might be the recipient of further news. This proved to be unhappily true, and he explained that a staff reporter wiring from Spokane had sent news of a report received there, through United States correspondents and emanating from Winnipeg, which stated that the westbound train had been completely wrecked whilst descending the "Kicking Horse" pass; and that reports had been received there earlier of a serious wreck near "Six Mile" creek, where the Beaver River empties itself into the Columbia. "The wire also mentions, 'No communication possible west of Calgary,'" he stated to his intimates.

A gasp of horror thrilled the bystanders, and consternation was visible on every countenance: absolute silence reigned for a few moments, broken at

last by a grey-haired veteran, "By heaven, this is NOT natural; we have not got at the worst yet!" This was verified within the hour by the same reporter informing his chief that two trestle bridges between Macleod and Lethbridge were wrecked, nor could any communication be made with Cranbrook, Nelson, or the Kootenay district.

Anger now showed itself on every face, for no longer could there be the slightest doubt that a pre-arranged and carefully organized plan was being rapidly, and systematically put into execution by men possessing no moral sense; and evidently scattered over the country for the purpose of paralysing the railway and telegraph services with a view to some ulterior object, and utterly regardless of the number of innocent lives they sacrificed.

It is needless to discuss the conjectures offered as a solution of this problem, which had entirely obliterated all remembrance of the earlier information regarding the two steamers of the "Empress" line—intimately associated though the incidents eventually proved to be.

The "Province" and "World" in special editions (which contravened the Lord's Day Act) published shortly after 6 a.m. on Sunday morning gave the first absolute information concerning the atrocities of the night, when they stated that the body of a dead Jap had been found upon the site of the landslide in the Black Canyon (near Ashcroft) and that there was ample evidence to prove that the railway line had been deliberately destroyed by means of dynamite: whilst two Japanese tourists who had been spending some days, professedly exploring, in the neighbourhood of Lytton—at the junction of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers—were reported as missing, and credited with diabolically contriving the disaster at Kanaka.

The editors of the various newspapers, as well as the clergymen of all denominations combined to advocate moderation; and urged from the pulpit and in the press, the necessity of committing no breach of the peace or retaliating in any manner upon the Japanese established in our midst: especially reminding the pub-

lic that the mere fact of finding the dead body of one of that nationality in the neighbourhood, was no proof of his participation in the crime; whilst the temporary absence of two reputed prospectors was easily explainable by reason of their calling. These efforts had a calming tendency on fair-minded individuals, but there was evidently great unrest and a suppressed excitement amongst the working classes, which so impressed the Mayor that a private meeting of the City Council was summoned for the afternoon, when a warning notice was issued; and the necessary steps taken to swear in as many special constables as might be necessary without a moment's delay, for which purpose several magistrates remained in attendance at the City Hall.

Private communications received from Victoria shewed how serious the outlook was considered inasmuch as the Cabinet had been in session continuously from shortly before midnight; and, although nothing had been divulged, the mere fact of a number of military and naval men having been called into council with permanent officials, tended to shew that the Government officers of the Province anticipated a rupture of the most serious character as being imminent. It was also rumoured there that cipher messages had been received addressed to the Premier from Honolulu dealing with the situation, as three of the fastest steam vessels had been immediately chartered and despatched under sealed orders.

The Civic Council had completed its deliberations, and the aldermen were in private converse one with the other, when a telegram was handed to the Mayor who immediately called the Council to order again, to hear the contents of a wire received from the Premier, under authority of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, as follows:—

Regret to inform you that wireless messages transmitted by courtesy of U. S. Government report:—"Japanese war vessels approaching our shores." In view of events reported during the night, which have completely isolated the Western seaboard, it is impossible to doubt that an attempt is about to be

made to effect a landing upon our Coast.

You will, immediately upon receipt of this order, call to your council all military and naval officers, owners and captains of steamships, and other persons who may be available in preparing for defence of the Province.

Latest despatches from London, do not shew any evidence of war having been declared by either Japan or Great Britain; but the circumstances are so ominous as to leave little doubt that an attack on British territory is meditated, and imminent! You are hereby commanded in His Majesty's name to enrol troops, requisition munitions of war of every description, and appoint officers who have previously been in the service of the British Crown to hold a similar rank in the service of this Province, pending the arrival and confirmation of the officer commanding under the Great Seal of British Columbia.

You are also commanded to take such steps as your Advisors consider necessary for the protection of life and property.

Similar orders have been forwarded to the Mayors and Reeves of every city, and municipality; and you are required to co-operate with them, and to provide food and accommodation for the volunteers sent from the Interior for the defence of our Coast.

Pending the arrival of a warrant signed by the Lieutenant-Governor, which will be forwarded forthwith, this telegram shall be sufficient authority for every act performed by your Council, having for its object the defence of British Columbia from invasion by a foreign foe.

God Save the King!

By order of the Lieutenant-Governor
in Council.

During the reading of this mandate, and for several minutes subsequently, the expression on every face was tense and strained,—a condition which existed until the solemn silence was broken again

by the voice of the Mayor saying: "Gentlemen, we are no longer in doubt, our homes and lives are threatened by a cruel enemy, merciless in every respect; as is proved by the ruthless actions of which we have heard so recently, whereby scores of innocent women and children have been slaughtered, within the last twenty-four hours, in order that this fair city may be cut off from all hope of assistance. We have been elected by our fellow citizens for civic purposes only; but the King's representative calls upon us for the defence of our Province. Never in modern history has any city been called upon under such conditions as we are,—isolated, and unprovided with munitions of war—to face a cruel foe, skilled in fighting, and provided with the latest and most deadly appliances! We cannot hope for victory under these conditions, but, we are British subjects; and many of us have passed through strenuous and dangerous periods in the early days of the Province! I am satisfied that I voice your feelings, when I say that we will defend Canadian soil to the utmost of our ability: for we know, that, even though our lives be sacrificed in so doing, the might of the Empire itself will be speedily sent to our aid, and if too late to save us from annihilation, we shall be avenged—if we do our duty manfully, as we will,—in such a manner as shall be a warning to all nations as long as the world exists!

Gentlemen, do I express your sentiments? The enquiry was answered enthusiastically in the affirmative.—(Extract Vancouver "Province" Sunday, 18th December).

The Mayor rising once more, directed each alderman to call together the leading men of his ward, and form committees to supervise transportation of women and children to the interior; to requisition supplies of arms and ammunition; surgical necessities; and provisions; to collect horses, motor, and other vehicles, and to carry out such plans as might be decided upon at a general council meeting to be called at eight o'clock,—till which time the meeting would be adjourned. Reports from each committee to be submitted

at 10 p.m. to the Executive Council. In conclusion his worship impressed on each one the necessity of immediate action, in order that the Officer Commanding might not be hampered or delayed in carrying out his plans for the defence of the city. His own part would be to remain at the City Hall continuously to receive and obey any further orders from the Government. The Council then broke up.—(Extract Vancouver "World" extra special.)

(To be continued)

A Mining Episode

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

Cut out the jug tonight, old pards,
 Let's pay respec's to Jim;
 We'll take his pack of euchre cards
 And deal a hand for him.

Twelve months ago, he passed away,—
 Seems years since we lost Jim;
 An' kid an' mammy wouldn't stay—
 They went to comfort him!

'Twas table stakes, we played that night,
 An' waitin' for old Jim,
 We heard the snow crack, heard the slide—
 An' God had taken him!

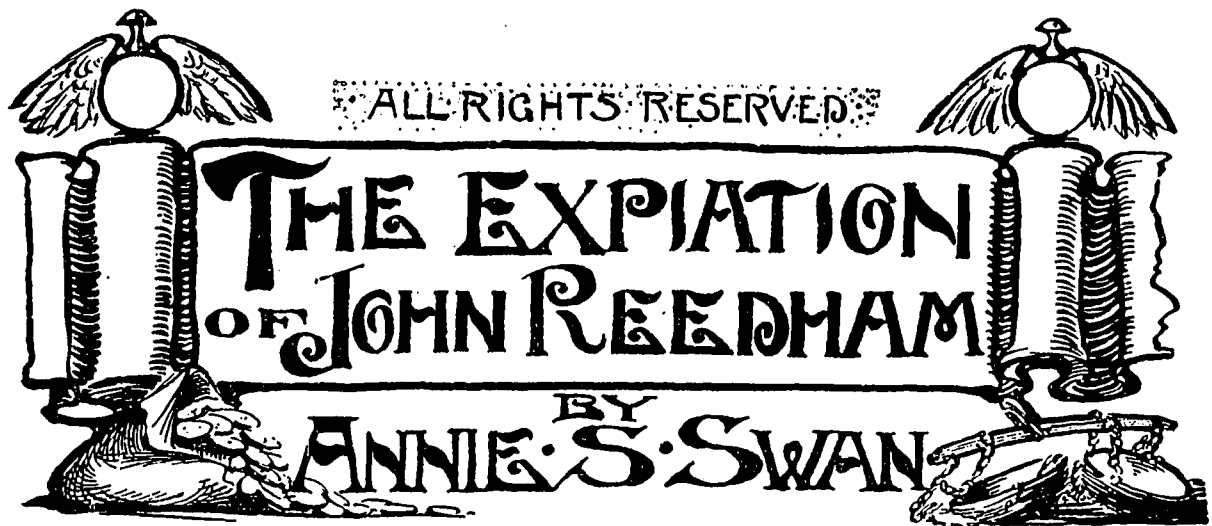
We did the slow step—very slow
 We hated to leave Jim!
 But then, the preacher said, you know,
 The Angels wanted him.

They struck pure gold up thar, you bet;
 Such gold as shone in Jim;
 Had we been fit to pay the debt,
 We'd all have died for him!

He wa'n't much gone on pulpit creeds,
 Still, "God is love," said Jim,
 An' Christ, who takes some stock in deeds
 Will deal squar hands to him!

No bluffin' two spot, in his ways—
 A Royal Flush, was Jim;
 It took God all of seven days
 To make a mould for him!

You pass? Well, boys! the same old sand,
 Both bowers fall to Jim—
 He goes alone, and plays the hand
 The Good God dealt to him!



EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co. stands out as the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie," his wife, and the "boy."

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham, whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this interview.

CHAPTER II. James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham. Leslie, the son, suddenly enters and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire.

CHAPTERS III and IV. Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his, Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him; but he reveals himself to her, and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Etheldreds, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie, his former partner. Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie, becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

CHAPTERS V and VI. A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests. The boy leaves school; takes a position as a book-keeper which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate, returning from a trip to America, interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up things. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to consider it his debt and would redeem it." Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office.

CHAPTER VII. Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie and placed under the charge of Charlton!

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII. Charlton gains the entire confidence of his employer, and business of vast importance in Africa, requiring either the principal, or a trusted representative, it is arranged that Charlton should assume the position of plenipotentiary, and proceed immediately.

"If you engineer this business successfully, I'll make you a partner when you come back."

Great prospect of Charlton's quick restoration.

CHAPTER IX. Charlton leaves England on his voyage. Richard Turner, whom hatred and envy had turned into an implacable enemy, begins working to effect the undoing of Charlton.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN.

REEDHAM returned to Southampton in November, by which time war had been declared in South Africa, and the long tragedy in England had begun. So rapidly had the time passed, so full of events had it been, that he could scarcely realise that six months had actually elapsed since he left England. He had left in the glory and glow of an English summer, he returned to find winter on the landscape and winter in the souls of men.

By the steamer in which he had his passage were the first batch of wounded from the front, consigned to Netley, where they were sadly, yet eagerly, waiting for them. The great leviathan moved to her dock with a stately dignity, almost as if she felt the importance of her mission. Charlton, standing impatiently on the deck, glanced with but a casual interest at the small crowd gathered on the quay. Among that crowd there would be none to welcome him. A fine, thin rain was falling through the soundless air, and a dense mist hung low over Southampton Water, obscuring the great hospital on the one side, and the fringes of the New Forest on the other. It was a dismal, depressing day, reflective of the deep, almost sullen, depression in every Englishman's soul.

Charlton it may be at once said had been extraordinarily successful in the object of his journey. He had arrived at a moment the most opportune, and armed with full credentials and power to act immediately, according to his judgment, he had made excellent terms for his employer.

He found that he possessed organising powers of a high order, these coupled to a conciliatory manner, ability to work smoothly with all sorts and conditions of men, stood him in good stead.

The opportunity for securing a large share of the transport trade consequent upon a sudden and serious civil war, was certainly unique. Charlton did not fail to grasp it, and he had established Archibald Currie's South African affairs on a sounder basis than they had occupied for a long time. Currie had never

so far been fortunate in his Cape representative, and had suffered through not having an agent on the spot absolutely devoted to his interests. Charlton then was the right man at the right moment; and he had done his work well. The satisfaction which ought to have been his in contemplating the issue of his journey was strangely tempered by a singular depression of soul he could not shake off.

He had no doubt of his reception by Archibald Currie, nor did he anticipate disappointment or lack of appreciation; also he thought of Katherine Wrede, with a strange mingling of pleasure and pain. Nevertheless the depression remained. He was astonished at the magnitude of the crowd, and wondered half dismally how long it would be before the boat train should get away.

He travelled with very few encumbrances, indeed it would be possible for him to rise and walk with all his belongings in his hand. But there were mountains and stacks of baggage in the hold, many rich women panic stricken by the very name of war were hastening back to England, and appeared to have brought all they possessed in the way of personal worldly goods with them.

Charlton, unencumbered as he was, was one of the earliest to leave the ship. As he stepped from the gangway, his face flushed, and the hand gripping his heavy portmanteau distinctly trembled. For his eyes fell upon the face of Katherine Wrede. She seemed to be alone, an immense thrill shot through him, and his heart beat. What could this mean? For what reason should she take this journey to Southampton to meet him? He took off his hat as he approached her, and kept it in his hand until they had exchanged greetings.

She was looking well and most attractive in a long, close-fitting coat of tweed, and a small coquettish felt hat with an eagle's quill. Her speaking eyes were aglow with pleasure, she welcomed him back to England as if she felt really glad he had come.

"Of course, you are surprised that I am here alone? Uncle Archibald is at the hotel. The gout is bad this morn-

ing, and in view of the character of the weather he thought he would be safer indoors. Oh, except for the offending toe, he is in the best of health. Yes, and spirits, they have been rising hourly at the prospect of your return. You have no idea how he has missed you."

Charlton smiled, and the somewhat strained tension of his features relaxed.

"And you, I hope, are quite well?" he said with a glance at her glowing face as he put his portmanteau down, and beckoned to a porter.

"Yes, don't I look it? I certainly feel it. We have had a very busy summer, yet it has seemed quite long."

"I do not go by the boat train, then," he said doubtfully.

"Why, no; tell them to bring the stuff to the hotel. We slept there last night, and I think Mr. Currie will not return to London until tomorrow. Perhaps not even then. Do you know, we have got quite settled at Wareham, and we came from there yesterday?"

"Mr. Currie wrote to me, of course, that he had bought the place, but has the Hyde Park-square house been given up?"

"Oh, dear, no; we are going up presently for the winter. You will love Clere Minster. It is the most beautiful place I have seen in England, and we are in the very heart of Hardy's country. I am taking a course of him in consequence. But you have not yet told me how you are, after all your anxious and arduous labours."

Charlton only paused to give his instructions to the man handling his luggage, and then turned to walk by her side. His depression seemed to vanish at her touch, her friendliness was so spontaneous and so sweet to his starved heart that he could not thrust it away.

"I am quite well, thank you very much."

"You look well, but like one who has lived the strenuous life. I have heard from Uncle Archie how hard you have worked, and what marvellous results you have achieved. He is so enthusiastic about it, you can't think. That is why we are here. Are you pleased that we have come to meet you?"

A little shyness seemed to creep into her clear voice as she spoke the last words, and once more Charlton permitted himself to look at her face.

"You can imagine what it is to a lonely man," he answered readily enough. "Just before I saw you I was contemplating with a great impatience, I must confess, the probable length of time such a welcoming crowd would take to be satisfied."

"Uncle Archie thought you would like it, and he said we owed it to you," she said quietly. "Well, do tell me about the war. Did you see anything of it?"

He shook his head. "I never was nearer than fifty miles from the front. Part of the aftermath has come over with us today. That explains the size of the crowd, I expect."

Her eyes grew large and luminous with compassion.

"You mean that there are wounded in the ship?"

"Yes, about two hundred, the fruits of the Modder River. What are they saying about it here in England?"

"The interest is getting keener every day. I believe that people are beginning to realize that it may in the long run prove more serious than has been expected. This place, for instance, has become a perfect military depot. Yesterday afternoon I watched the troops embark in the Semiramis. You must have met her in the Channel."

"We did, but it is time they were waking up. It's going to be a very serious matter indeed, Miss Wrede. I fear more serious for England than for South Africa."

"The Boers? I am afraid I sympathise with them more than I ought," she said with a sigh. "They are splendid fighters."

"Yes, and well prepared. They have expected this, and been preparing for it for years."

"Then you think it will be a long war?"

"I do."

"How interested Uncle Archibald will be! And are you glad or sorry to come back to England?"

She would come back again and again to the personal note, which of all others Charlton wished to avoid.

"I have not much to make me glad," he replied unexpectedly. "If I had been a free lance I should not have come back, but gone out to the front and taken my chance."

"We should not have liked that. Uncle Archibald can't spare you. He has missed you so much," she repeated. "But I think I understand how you feel. Many men are volunteering now, even Mr. Currie's nephew, Stephen Currie, has spoken about going, but his mother will never permit it."

Charlton did not immediately reply. With the mention of familiar and suggestive names there rushed in upon him a realization of his position. Judged from the ordinary standpoint it was both assured and promising, but there was always the dread background of the past, the shadowy phantom of a future that might at any moment yawn open to engulf him. He told himself that he had made a mistake in returning to England, at least so soon, and he could easily have multiplied reasons for prolonging his mission. But of late Archibald Currie's letters had pressed for his speedy return; he had frankly said that he missed him greatly, and would even sacrifice something to have him once more at Old Broad-street. In the last letter he had said that the question of partnership would come up for immediate discussion and settlement on his return, as since the purchase of the Dorset place, of which both he and his ward were deeply enamoured, it was his desire to withdraw gradually from business life. This, he said, would be impossible, unless Charlton would pledge himself definitely to remain at Old Broad-street.

In an amazingly short time, then, considering the strange circumstances of his life, Charlton had reinstated himself. Only his great gifts and his special determination, as well as the unique opportunity presented by Archibald Currie, would explain this; yet there was no elation in his soul. Nay, he was conscious of a prevision of evil he could not, with all his efforts, shake off. Kath-

erine Wrede's welcome dissipated it for a moment, and when in the hotel sitting-room he received the hearty, even affectionate, welcome of Archibald Currie, it once more disappeared.

"You are looking well, but thin, very thin. Don't you think so, Katherine?" said the old man delightedly, as he took him by both hands. "We are glad to see you back, and I am profoundly grateful for the service you have rendered. I hope you don't need to be told that?"

"Thank you, sir," said Charlton, with a faint smile. "The circumstances were special, the opportunity unique. It would have been criminal had they been neglected."

"I will leave you to discuss the dry details," said Katherine brightly. "Perhaps I shall go back to the dock again. I am thinking all the time of these poor fellows bound for Netley. Oh, it is horrible!"

She went quickly out of the room. In a word Charlton explained her words, and then, sitting down together, they went minutely into the details of the South African business. Charlton had it all at his finger-ends, and his clear, succinct account of what had been done, and what would still be done, filled Archibald Currie with the liveliest satisfaction.

"You have proved yourself invaluable, Charlton, and, believe me, I can never, I will never forget it. We must discuss the future later on. Meanwhile, unless you are in a hurry to return to London, for any personal reason, you might come down to Wareham with us tonight, and we can all return to town tomorrow together."

Charlton hesitated a moment.

"I think, if you do not mind, I will go back to London today."

"Very well; we can all go up. The Hyde Park-square house is open and ready for us. You had better come there for one night at least."

"My old lodgings are ready for me. I wrote to my landlady last mail, telling her to expect me by this boat."

"Yes; but now, perhaps, it might be advisable for you to remove from Cam-

den Town. Your means will permit of a better neighbourhood."

"I am very comfortable," replied Charlton, biting his lips; "my landlady is an old servant of my family, interested in me. I feel at home with her."

Archibald Currie looked surprised. It was absolutely the first time Charlton had made the most remote allusion to his private affairs. His employer, though aware that he journeyed from Camden Town every day, did not even know his exact address.

"Well, I don't wish to press you; but at least you will come out to dinner, and we must have a week-end at Wareham very soon. You will be charmed with the Old Manor House. Miss Wrede is making an idol of it. Nothing has surprised me more than her apparent love for, and adaptability to, country life."

"I should say that Miss Wrede had wonderful gifts in that direction. She is so bright," said Charlton sincerely enough. He was immediately struck by the keen, wistful look his employer cast upon him.

"You like her?" he said inquiringly. "You would have a good deal in common."

"She has been more than kind to me, Mr. Currie, and to a man in my position, kindness from a lady in hers means a great deal."

He chose his words with care, but their humility did not please Archibald Currie.

"Tut, tut, don't speak like that. A man of your ability and conscientiousness is any woman's equal. Believe me, Charlton, it never pays to undervalue oneself."

Charlton was silent a moment.

"Have you forgotten the circumstances in which we became acquainted, Mr. Currie?" he asked hesitatingly. "I came to you an unknown man without credentials, you must have understood that there was something behind?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said Currie hastily, as if he would rather not be reminded in that direction. "But it is open to any man to work out his own salvation. Whatever fault may have been yours in the past, Charlton, and I can

never believe that it could be a bad one, you have nobly redeemed the time. We all make mistakes, only we are not all found out."

The words immensely comforted Charlton, and his eye softened.

"Sir, if there were more men like you in the world," he said unconsciously, repeating the words he had spoken over two years before, "the world would be a different place."

Archibald Currie broke into a cheerful laugh.

"Well, well, I have been richly repaid. And now we shall have no more long faces. We are going to make a night of it when we get back to London to celebrate your return. Well, so far, everything has been going well at Old Broad-street, and Turner is still at his desk. But upon my word I seem to grow less and less just to that man, I really dislike him intensely. He reminds me of a snake in the grass. I wish I had the courage to give him his marching orders."

"Don't see or speak to him," suggested Charlton. "I don't like him myself, but I shouldn't allow his existence to worry me."

"Well, he's a disturbing element in the place. I wish he'd take the craze of going to the front. I could spare him with great alacrity. He owes his place to you, Charlton, and he ought to know it. He will know it one of these days, if I get any more of his offensive looks."

"How's young Reedham?" inquired Charlton with interest he could hardly disguise.

"Working steadily, but——" At the moment there was a knock at the door and some letters and telegrams were brought in, some of them requiring immediate attention and reply. So Charlton did not hear what his employer had been going to say regarding the boy. His heart beat almost to suffocation at the thought of seeing him again, and his longing explained his eagerness to return to London without delay. When they reached Waterloo the carriage was waiting to take his fellow travellers to Hyde Park-square.

He left them there, and putting his own luggage in the cloak room, proceeded by omnibus to Old Broad-street.

It was only five o'clock, and he could have a word with Leslie before business closed, see for himself how the boy was looking.

He enjoyed his ride on the top of the omnibus, albeit the wind from the river was chill. It seemed to help him to clear his mental vision, to realise what he had come home to. And he was glad to get away from Archibald Currie and from Katherine Wrede in order to force his position, perhaps more particularly in regard to Katherine Wrede.

He wondered as he was trundled in leisurely fashion across the crowded bridge and down Fleet-street towards St. Paul's how long it would be before he would dare to walk a free man again under his own name on London streets.

It would not be possible for him to accept a partnership from Archibald Currie without telling him the truth. Everything would depend on the manner in which he received that truth. If the deception were forgiven then there would be no difficulty about the paying back of the money he had abstracted from the trust. It could be advanced easily from his interest in the new firm. If, on the other hand, Currie should take the harsher, narrower view, if he should resent the deception and think punishment was due, then his last end would be worse than his first.

But the telling of the truth, something told him, could not be long delayed. His position had become intolerable to himself. If ever the home he had deserted was to be restored now was the time. But his heart no longer beat at the prospect. He was conscious of a strange, almost complete detachment in spirit from the old Norwood life.

His longing to see the boy was all that was left.

Surprise was depicted on various faces when he entered the office. It was known that he might return any day, and in the main the looks were welcoming looks. Turner merely glanced at him with a curious malignancy, and made no answer to his greeting. He had been

biding his time, the time that had now come. A dull flush overspread the man's coarse features as he bent lower over his desk, but presently raised his head again to watch Charlton make his way as an arrow to its mark, to the far corner where Leslie Reedham sat. He even craned his neck to observe the close and dear intimacy of the greeting, the tremulous smile about the man's lips as he laid his hands on the boy's head. He could not hear the low spoken words, but he could imagine them, and his own smile was crafty and sullen as he made an entry on the page before him.

"How are you, my boy? It is an uncommon pleasure to me to see you again," said Charlton in a low voice. The boy's eager face flushed and his fingers gripped the offered hand. He had been very lonely without Charlton's fostering and kindly supervision, and had missed him more than he could have expressed.

"I am quite well, sir, thank you," he said, "I hope you are quite well? I—I—am very glad you have come back."

"Are you? You seem to have changed and grown. I find you altered greatly."

"Yes, sir, I am six months older, and—and—but I have no right to speak of my troubles."

"What are your troubles?"

The boy's lips quivered, and he glanced round almost piteously.

"Sir, I could hardly tell them here, when I should be at work?"

"Surely not. Well, will you come home with me tonight. I will see that you get safely back."

"I should like to come if you do not live too far away."

"I live at Camden Town."

"Ah, then I could easily walk through Regent's Park home."

"To Regent's Park? Have you moved then, while I have been away?"

"Yes, sir, some months ago."

"I am glad, it has brought you nearer to me. Well, you can tell me about it as we go home. I shall be ready at six o'clock, wait for me when you are finished."

The boy nodded, and returned comforted to the contemplation of his work.

The lonely feeling that had been so acute of late, and daily increasing, seemed to disappear at the sound of Charlton's voice, comfort came with him.

They left the office together, and took a train at Broad-street for Camden Town. The compartment was so full that they had to stand the greater part of the way, thus intimate conversation of any kind was impossible.

When they alighted at the Camden Station the rain had ceased, and the stars were beginning to shine steadfastly in the sky.

"It is fresher out here," said Charlton, as they stepped across the road. "It's only a few minutes' walk. Tell me now why you have moved to Regent's Park? Does your mother not find it a more expensive neighbourhood?"

"That doesn't matter now," said the boy dully, yet with a note of resentment in his voice, "I thought, perhaps, that you would have heard that my mother has married again."

"What!"

Charlton stood still on the kerb and helplessly stared. They had happily left the busier main thoroughfare, and turned into one of the quiet squares that abound on both sides of the road, so that their attitude was quite unobserved. Charlton's face had grown strangely white, and his features seemed to work convulsively.

"Married again, boy? It's impossible," he cried shrilly.

"It's quite true," said the boy in a patient voice. "She has married Mr. George Lidgate. He was my father's partner, and very kind to us since father went away. But—but I think it was horrible of them to marry so soon, I only knew after they had been married several days."

"Married to George Lidgate!" repeated Charlton in a hoarse whisper. "Let us get on Leslie," he added, trying to recover himself. "Only a few more steps to the house."

He put his hand through the boy's arm and held him fast, and his steps seemed to totter as they began to move up the gradual ascent to St. Paul's-crescent.

"I wonder they were not afraid," pursued the boy, "because I know that my father is not dead. Lidgate talked to me about it one night trying to show me that I was treating my mother badly. I can't be the same. How can I be the same! I feel it is horrible."

"It seems so, and if as you say your father should be alive it would be a terrible business."

"He is alive, I tell you," said the lad fiercely. "And I shall see him some day. I said that to my mother at the time, and she cried all night and could not sleep. And then Lidgate was angry and spoke to me about it."

"Do—do they seem happy?"

"Happy," said the boy vaguely. "Oh, yes, I think so. My mother looks ever so much younger, and of course he can give her everything she needs. But I—I can't bear it. We were happier at Clapton even when we were poor. It doesn't seem right."

"This is the door," said Charlton, heavily fumbling for his key. "I sent her a telegram from Southampton, so she will be ready for us, I hope."

"Surely I have been here," said the boy, seeming to struggle with some memory. "I am sure I have been to this house before, once with my mother. I remember the red flower-pots in the window."

Charlton knew that he had, but made no answer. He opened the door and stood aside to let him in. At that moment Mary Anne Webber appeared at the top of the basement stairs, and the moment Charlton saw her face he knew that she knew. He put his hand as if to ward off some blow.

"A moment, Mrs. Webber," he said. "I will speak to you later."

He pushed the boy before him into the sitting-room and closed the door. The gas was lowered. He reached up above the round table, neatly laid for tea, and turned the light full on.

Then very deliberately, while the boy was looking interestedly round the room he took off his blue spectacles.

"Leslie," he said, and his voice rang out clear and strong, vibrating with all

the passion of the fatherhood that had been so dear a part of him.

The boy startled, turned round sharply, and met his yearning gaze.

Mary Anne Webber, standing irresolute, wondering much, on the top step of the basement stairs was suddenly startled by a great cry.

(To be continued.)

Greater Britain's Imperial Song.

Donald C. Simpson.

Our Father's Native Land
From many a distant strand
Our voices come.
From far across the sea
Our hearts call out to thee
With love and loyalty
Let us be one.

Time hath no changes made
Since first our fathers strayed
From thy loved shore.
Their blood is in our veins
Their love for thee remains
We sing Britannia's strains
As they of yore.

To spread thy banner free
On every land and sea
Our fathers died.
For thee,—they fought and fell
Britain,—they loved thee well
Their deeds, our bosoms swell
With martial pride.

Thy banner o'er us waves
And o'er our father's graves
Ever shall be.
For we are one in aim
One Nation—with one name
One flag—our Flag of fame
Eternally.

United we shall go
Triumphant o'er each foe
As aye of yore.
Fearless and ever free
Our Union Jack shall be
True Britons all are we
Forevermore.

Planning the Kitchen

Being the first of a series of articles on the interior arrangement of the home, with a view to lightening labor, increasing comfort, and adding to the joy of life.

E. Stanley Mitton

The Management of Westward Ho! Magazine asked me to contribute each month, a short article dealing with the problems confronting householders, in their arrangement of ideal dwellings.

It is not my intention to deal minutely with the purely technical side of these problems, but merely to make a few suggestions here and there, which may be of value and service in building a new house, or in remodelling an old one.

This month I have chosen to write of order in the kitchen; next month's article will deal with the arrangement of the ideal living room. I should like to hear from Westward Ho! readers, as to the topics for succeeding articles, and shall endeavour to meet their wishes, as to the subjects to be taken up. Write me in care of this Magazine.

COOK is leaving, says the weary housekeeper, and her husband, forthwith, sees in the mind's eye a series of cold lunches, the bother of advertising for someone to fill Cook's place, and the trouble and annoyance of interviewing applicants. "Cook is leaving," calls up visions of all that is least desirable among the thousand petty worries that housekeeping entails.

This vexatious problem, which the magazines and illustrated papers have dwelt upon with joyless mirth for some time past, will disappear as soon as builders realize the effect environment has upon the moods and feelings. A bright, sunny, airy, clean room means good health, and good health means good temper.

Cheerfulness, then, would seem to be the first requirement of the ideal kitchen. No longer must those entrusted with the preparation of our food, be condemned to toil in prison-like cells, remote from light and air, as in the old days when the kitchen was invariably in the basement.

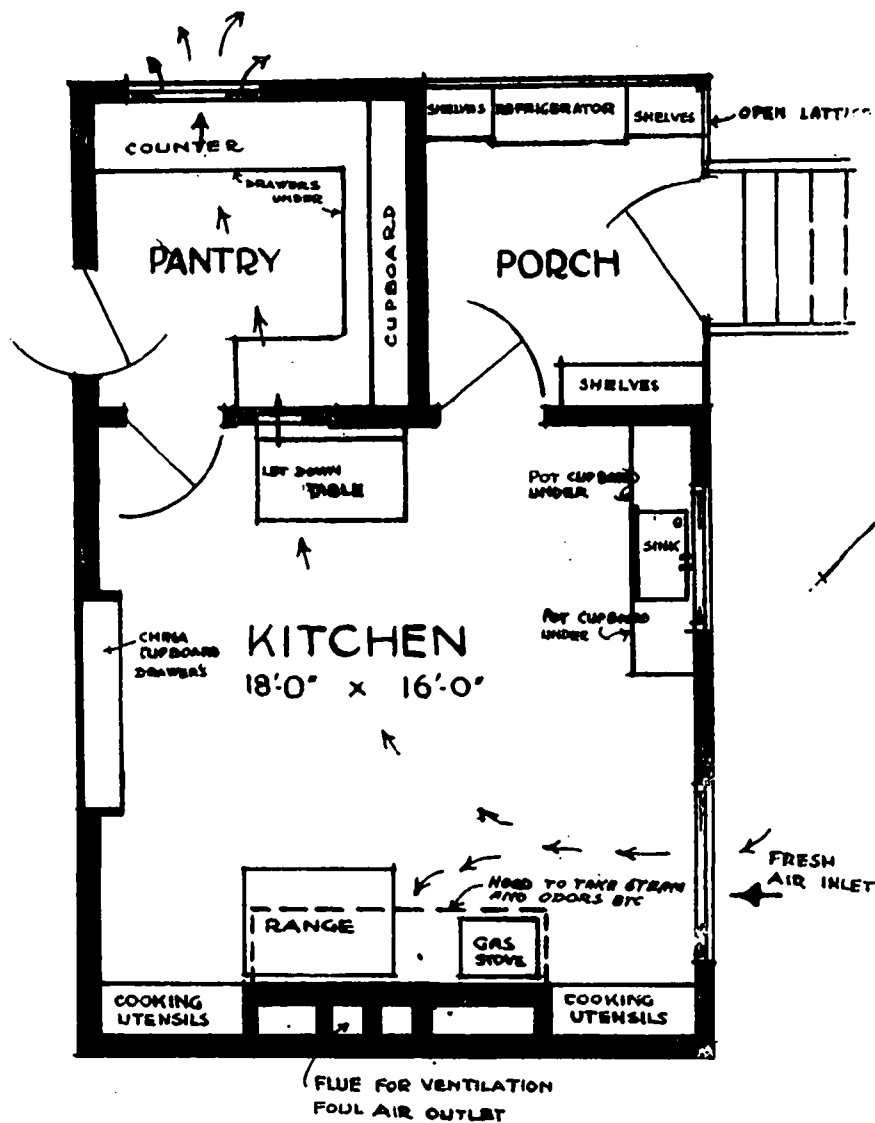
If your kitchen is now a gloomy and depressing room, try the effect of light papers or paint; you will find them work

wonders. A dado of cement some four feet high is particularly good. It can be stopped in a little mould at the top and, if you like, marked off like tile. Painted in white enamel paint, it is as good as tile and less expensive. Give the cook, or yourself, if you happen to be your own chef, a change of scene, and notice the improvement in the mental atmosphere.

Ventilation is another important matter. It is impossible to do good work in a room filled with impure air. While it is essential that every room in the house be well ventilated, the kitchen requires more thoughtful attention than any of the others for, in addition to the natural vitiation of the air, the noxious gases from the stove, and the fumes consequent upon the various culinary operations, must be contended with.

To obviate this annoyance as much as possible, a hood should be constructed for the gas stove and wood range, from galvanized iron, to be connected with the flue and adjustable. The ventilator should be fitted so that it can be closed when required.

At the sides of the range I have suggested cupboards with shelves and rails



for putting articles required while cooking. Sliding doors will be the best to close these.

You will see, upon examining the plan, a fresh air inlet; this I would make in connection with the sash window. In summer the window could be opened the full height, and in winter the ventilator would afford an ample supply of air. This fresh air inlet is highly advisable, as being the means of carrying the foul odors from the range into the flue, keeping the kitchen supplied with pure, fresh air, and preventing the odors of cooking from stealing to the other parts of the house.

If the windows are hung on weights and move easily, and a window stick with a hook on one end is kept in the kitchen, it is not much trouble to get fresh air. A transom over the window or outside door makes excellent ventilation, and is easily opened when fitted with an adjustable rod.

In order that the kitchen be well lighted, it is essential that the windows be properly placed. Take this important matter into consideration when building. You should have the light on your left. Notice how I have indicated this in connection with the range and stove.

Put a good floor in the kitchen. Nothing is more unpleasant for the cook or housekeeper, forced to remain so much upon her feet, than to walk up and down over a rough, uneven floor. I would suggest that the kitchen floor be made of "asbestos" jointless floor. Although this may seem an unnecessary expense, it is in reality sensible economy, for while lineoleums and oil-cloths are continually wearing out, a tiled floor lasts practically for ever, and has in addition sanitary features, and the ease with which it may be cleaned to commend it. In default of a tiled floor, I would ad-

wise one of some good hard wood, carefully laid, and polished with oil.

In building a new house, see that your architect makes provision for a good-sized kitchen—don't be content with a small, stuffy room, if you can avoid it. Once upon a time a small kitchen was considered the proper thing, builders talked of "kitchenettes," and enlarged the parlor and living room at the expense of the most used room in the house. It did not take long to recognize the fallacy of this proceeding; housekeepers soon discovered that a small kitchen adds to the difficulties of housekeeping, instead of serving to lighten its burdens.

The kitchen shown is 18 ft. by 16 ft. This is the minimum size, as for a smaller room it would be necessary to sacrifice some of the cupboards, and that would not be advisable. I have seen kitchens no larger than 9 ft. by 10 ft.; how culinary operations were conducted remains a mystery to me. The small arrows on the plan indicate the fresh air openings, and I trust you will give them your first attention, when you are ready to build.

The space under the sink should be left open, of course, but that under the drainboards might better be utilized for cupboards or some special purpose. A good housekeeper says: "Make the sink, work table and laundry tubs high enough to do away with that back-breaking position with which we have tortured our help all these years." She made her's seven inches higher than usual, making them about three feet from the floor.

System is just as essential to the modern kitchen as it is to the modern office. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is an axiom

that the housekeeper will do well to take to heart. A good cupboard saves time, worry and labour.

Most houses are built with a laundry, generally in the basement. But, if necessary, set-tubs can be put in the kitchen, or any convenient place, with a zinc-lined hinged cover, which will make them into a good table when not in use. The zinc lined cover, when fastened back against the wall, protects it from steam and suds on washday. On this plan laundry tubs could be set beside the sink in the corner, the hinged cover forming the sink table on one side.

I have shown on the diagram the cold storage on the outside porch. This is the cheapest form. Shelves for vegetables are shown on the sides, the whole being closed in with lattice work, so that the air may circulate freely, keeping them cool and fresh.

Have two or three chairs in the kitchen. It is frequently wise economy of time to sit down and enjoy a few minutes' rest. A low table where one can sit in preparing vegetables is most convenient. A hinged shelf under the window would serve the purpose.

Cleanliness, beauty, comfort, convenience—these are the points to bear in mind while planning and putting in order the ideal kitchen. All that tends to accentuate these things must be conserved, all that will retard us from the attainment of the ideal must be strictly eliminated. Nothing that adds to the sum of human happiness is commonplace or mean; no detail which will help us to live in a state of ease or moderate enjoyment is too trivial to be neglected.

It is a trite saying, but a comprehensive one nevertheless, that "All that ministers to human happiness is divine."



The Eye of Charity

M. P. Judge

WELL? said the woman, half quizzically, although her face flushed as her eyes met his. "What are you going to do with me?" John Collison gazed at her angrily. "Do!" he retorted fiercely; "I ought at once to hand you over to the police"—then he hesitated,—as if some kindlier thought had come to him. "Oblige me by sitting down,—no, not by the window, I cannot trust you, you see; you might try to escape! And now, perhaps you will tell me your motive for this daily thieving of my possessions?" The woman moved over to the chair indicated, first placing a cup of milk on a small table near, that she had hitherto held in her hand. She was of medium height, and dressed in a well fitting dark blue tailor-made coat and skirt that had evidently never been made for any other than the present owner. Her age, he judged, to be about thirty-five. Her hair was dark, waving naturally, and it was brushed back off her forehead into a thick coil at the nape of her neck. Her features were delicate and refined, and she had a pair of the most beautiful, and honest looking blue-grey eyes he had ever seen. Something in the pose of her well shaped little head, as she sat upright in her chair before him, told him that this was no ordinary thief; and yet in justice to himself he felt what she had done could not be overlooked.

They were in one of the many hundreds of large rooming houses in the South of London. This happened to be an old one built in the time of the Georges, at a period when it was the fashion to have long French windows opening out on to a narrow iron balcony which could be reached from each front

room on the same floor. John Collison lived in the centre room on the second floor. Miss Evans, the lady—(he felt he had to call her that, though sorely against his will)—lived on his right; while a Miss Forth, a young shop girl, had the third room to the left. This he learnt from Mrs. Smith, the landlady, when taking his lodgings. "No," she said, "I gives no meals, you gets them h'out, or you cooks your h'own. Miss H'evens cooks 'er own; she writes, you know, for them magazines." (He did not know but accepted the fact.) "Miss Forth only cooks 'er breakfast and h'eats out." He had met both occasionally on the narrow dark stairway, but had only exchanged the barest civilities in passing. His work in town, that of third partner in a lawyer's office occupied the whole day; his evenings were spent at the Club. He was like so many men living alone in big cities, their lives growing more and more narrow as time goes on, through force of circumstances and perhaps laziness on their part to keep more in touch with their friends. If the married ones occasionally carried him off into the country he would, when there, enjoy himself; half envying them their wives and pretty children; but when he returned to town the old routine of work would begin again and he would lose the unspoken longing for a home of his own with the added interests it would have brought him. He was well under forty and moderately good looking, and when a younger man he had met many women, but had never cared very much for their society. Before his mother died he had been all in all to her. She had been an exceptionally beautiful and clever woman, and other women seemed to him in

comparison somewhat inane and insipid.

This morning he had forgotten to take his cheque book to the office, he was going off on a three weeks' holiday to Scotland and had returned unexpectedly at lunch time to fetch it. On entering his room he found the French window open and Miss Evans standing in the centre of the room with a cup of milk in her hand.

For the last fortnight he had constantly missed food from his small cupboard. A half loaf of bread, a box of sardines, sometimes an egg, stray rashers of bacon, the visible decrease of tea in the tea caddy and lessening of pats of butter. This he had attributed to Mrs. Smith, thinking she perhaps counted it her due for the daily attention to his room, but as the place suited him, he had as yet said nothing. And now to find one of the lodgers in this act of petty thieving! "Was it kleptomania,—or—was she hungry? No, she did not look the very least in need of a meal. "Good heavens," he said to himself, "I wish to goodness I had never come in at this moment." Miss Evans twice began to say something in a low voice and then broke off.

"I'm waiting," he remarked at length, rather grimly, "for some further explanation to account for your presence here!"

"Would it be too much if I were to ask you to let me go away now if I promised on my word of honor to come to you tomorrow evening to explain my being here and of the disappearance of your provisions. Could you trust me? I know it seems all wrong and I appear to be giving you orders, but—" She rose and came over to the large arm chair in which he was sitting. "If you have never before been asked by a woman to give up your own will to help her in a difficulty, will not you do it now?"

"And if I refuse?" he asked coldly, although he was growing more and more interested in the situation. "If you refuse," drawing back. (He fancied she held her little head even more proudly than before). "Then do your worst, send for the police, I am, as you know, completely at your mercy." She stood, not as many women do; as if to support themselves they had to lean against some

article of furniture, but upright, alone and still of movement.

The more Collison looked at her, the more he felt he could trust her, although, with a lawyer's caution, he considered it his duty not to give in too easily. However, just at that moment, from being first actor in the little scene, he became a very insignificant third.

Through the open window ran a tall thin girl, only half dressed, her hair down her back and an old torn kimona thrown half over her shoulders. She did not see him in his big arm chair. Making straight for Miss Evans standing by the table in the centre of the room, and kneeling down, caught her dress, crying out. "Oh, come back, come back, you mustn't stay in here. Mr. Collison might find you returning the milk, and think you were taking it instead of me. You have been so kind to me, why did not God let me know you before I began to steal. I am the most miserable girl in the world, I wonder you care to speak to me," and she burst into a weak torrent of tears.

Collison made a movement to rise, but unseen by the girl Miss Evans motioned him to hide, and presently he succeeded in hiding behind the chair much to her relief. Not until then did she free herself from the girl's clinging grasp to kneel down beside her.

"Come my child," putting her arms round the weeping girl and drawing her to her. "Mr. Collison will find both of us here if we do not move." Tomorrow you have a long journey before you and must rest today to get back some strength." "First, I am going to help you back to your room to lie down, and then go and get you some lunch." Try and forget the past fortnight, dear! Few people could imagine what they would do if they were starving as you have been." "It might have been Mr. Collison or myself, under some circumstances—who knows?" "It is so easy to judge hardly when one has never suffered."

She went on talking in order to give the girl time to recover herself, and to keep her from the knowledge of the man behind the chair as she half led.

half carried her out on to the balcony and into Miss Forths' own room.

A few minutes later she repassed, looked in at Collison, who was standing near the window, and said in a low voice—"I will return to you in half an hour." "Thank you indeed for your silence."

"Thank goodness," he said, when she re-appeared, "you are innocent, I should never have believed in anyone again if it had been you." He felt like doing some of the silly things that one reads about in novels that people do on quite as short an acquaintance as theirs, such as taking both her hands in his and kissing them; telling her how he had admired her for keeping the girl's secret, and her pluck in telling him to fetch the police; for unless she had been forced to speak the truth, the case would have gone hardly with her. Instead they both stood looking at each other, reading as some people mutually interested can, each other's unspoken thoughts.

"How did you find out yourself," he asked at length.

"Won't you come over here, away from the window, or Miss Forth might hear our voices; and tell me more fully what has happened. There are still some blanks in the mystery that alone I cannot fill in."

"I met Miss Forth almost daily on the stairs, as you probably did, although we exchanged nothing more than a good-morning. It was my fault in not doing more; and being the older woman I blame myself for not being more neighbourly. It was selfishness on my part, I fear, having come here to get away from people, and dreaded interruptions if I began to show interest in my neighbours. Then about a fortnight ago, not meeting her, I enquired of Mrs. Smith if she had left. "She's lost her job, Miss, but she's paid up for her room for this month, and I hopes she soon gets another," she replied.

"I'm afraid I thought nothing more of her," continued Miss Evans, until this morning, just before luncheon, when I went out on the balcony to water a poor little smutty fern of mine that our London fogs do not agree with. To my sur-

prise I heard a slight noise behind me and on turning round saw Miss Forth, with a cup of milk in her hand, stepping out of your window. When she saw me I thought that she was going to faint, and I ran to her and took away the cup, and drew her into my room, making her lie down on the couch while I fetched some brandy and water. I was horrified at her emaciated appearance. Her story, which she has just told me, is sad enough. Her parents died a few months ago, they had run away from home to marry, and had cut adrift from all their relations. Miss Forth knew none of them and was absolutely alone in the world. She was employed in a large draper's store until quite lately, when the firm happened to reduce their staff of girls, she being one of those to leave, through no fault of her own. Since then she has been tramping the streets in search of work, and"—she paused a moment, and her voice sounded as if it had tears in it—"and all she has had to eat has been what she took daily from your cupboard. If *only* she had come to me; indeed it was but false pride that made her steal rather than beg from strangers! Tomorrow she is going down to a convalescent home I am interested in. When she is stronger we must try and find her something to do in the country. She told me that when her month was up here she had fully meant to kill herself,—and,—I believe that she would have done so."

"You have indeed been a friend," Collison said almost humbly. Few people had ever heard that depth of sympathy in his voice. "May I not share a little in helping her too?" He moved over as he spoke to his writing table, and drew out the cheque book, the forgetting of which had made such a difference to their day.

When Miss Evans went out on the balcony the following evening she felt a little unreasonably restless and lonely, both her neighbours away, "although," as she began to say to herself, "I did not know them to speak to even when they were here." But she had hardly time to frame the unspoken thought when the middle window opened quickly and the man she was thinking of came

out, carrying a big bundle of violets which he handed to her. "Why," she said in some surprise, "I thought you were going on your holiday," looking at him over the flowers which she kept smelling. "I have changed my mind about going," he remarked gaily. "You haven't?" "Oh you haven't?" she broke off, as if she suddenly understood. He coloured up at her quick, kindly look. "You wrote out that cheque for Miss Forth and it was the money that you would have spent otherwise on your own holiday." "Oh, you are generous," she cried impetuously, "I can never thank you enough for what you did yesterday." "I know of one thing you might do," he said, later on. "to help ease you of too much gratitude."

"Yes."

"Have a stated time for watering your smutty little fern during the next three weeks.

"And why?"

"Because then I shall be quite sure of having the pleasure of seeing you each day."

"And if it is wet," she asked mischievously.

He was silent, waiting for her to solve the problem.

"In that case," she added demurely, "if it is unusually dull I have the excuse for a wood fire in my room and am ready to receive callers."

"When did you first fall in love with me," she asked three months later. It was the day they had jointly told Mrs. Smith they were leaving her rooms, softening the blow by inviting her to the wedding; and she had blessed them with tears in her eyes at the thought of her empty rooms.

"When!"—"Why when you stood up like a little Briton and told me to send for the police."

"When did you yourself," he retaliated.

"When you hid behind the chair to save that poor girl from deeper shame."

"Then I was first to love you."

"Indeed no," she retorted, womanlike, with a double train of thought to each remark. She leaned over him as he sat in the big arm chair and held his face in her hands as she spoke, tilting back his chair in order to look fully into his eyes."

"I liked the way you said good morning on the stairs long before you had ever noticed my face."

"I was blind in those days," he said, as he kissed her; "By the way have you watered tonight our little smutty fern that has had so much to do in bringing us together?"

They went out arm in arm on to the balcony, presumably to water the fern, that had already been watered by Miss Evans that morning, and then as usual forgot it.

The Wraith of the Trail

Arthur Chapman

There's a grass grown trail near the shining rail where the trains go whizzing by—
 Where the smoke from the overland fast express is spread like a veil in the sky;
 It's the trail where the stage went rumbling through in the days of the real frontier,
 But where is the driver who braved the path and whose stout heart knew no fear?
 'Twas a perilous trip that the prairie ship made across the high, brown plains,
 But has any one ever heard men tell of a coward who held the reins?
 There are plenty of tales of heroes' work and of passengers saved from death,
 But when did a driver ever quail in the fiercest blizzard's breath?
 So go to the trail when the stars are pale and 'tis scarce an hour till dawn,
 And you'll see a ghostly stage flit past, by four ghost horses drawn;
 And high on the box sits the ghost of a man, and he throws you an eerie hail—
 It is thus that the stage goes by today on the grass grown overland trail.

“Hard Luck”—A Chicago Story

“Dick Western”

PLANTAGENET PRINCE, called “Plant” for short by his familiar friends, possessed a “butting in” faculty that was remarkable, and yet his luck was about as bad as most people’s. He always said that “bad luck was perfectly natural to a man with a name like his.” “What the deuce did my parents want to call me Plantagenet for?” “How could they expect me to succeed with such a name?” Often times he made up his mind to change it and take possession of an ordinary front name like other people, but somehow he never could make up his mind just which to adopt, so his original baptismal handle stayed with him and he was the same old “Plant” at the time of our story.

His friend, Joe Stubbs, had gone to Chicago a year before the great Fair and succeeded in “getting a start towards making his fortune.” Up to the time of the closing of the Fair he managed to hold down his job, although he said that somehow his wages were paid in a quality of coin that did not seem as lasting as the money he earned back in the East. He felt sure if “Plant” would come out to Chicago they could do great things together and wrote him frequent letters telling of the wonders of the Fair and urging him to come. By the time Plant had made up his mind to strike out, the depression of '93 was in full swing and instead of a multitude of openings for bright young men there was a multitude of bright young men and otherwise hunting for openings. When “Plant” reached Chicago, it was to learn that the boss had “laid off” his chum Joe and the only thing they could do was to bunk together and plan for

future business, trusting that something would turn up. They lived this way for some time, their small amount of cash gradually dwindling away until at last Joe ran across a man who was running a little barber shop down on the East side. Joe persuaded this man that he could be of great service in “building up” his barber business and finally gained permission to try his hand as a tonsorial artist. It is true that some of his early attempts were rather hard on his customers, one fellow remarking as he sized up his personal appearance after emerging through an ordeal with Joe that he looked as though he had been “trying to steal a litter of kittens and the old cat had come home.”

But Joe stayed with his job and soon emerged from the unfinished apprentice into a full-fledged barber and tried his hardest to get Plant to go at the same game, but Plant knew his own weak points too well to tackle any such proposition. He said, “I can do more with my fist than my fingers,” and another thing, “I don’t fancy standing over a man and ‘rubbing it in’ in your style.” I want something different.

So he continued his search for something to do, “butting into” stores and business houses, seeking and obtaining “personal interviews” with officials in various offices, sometimes being received kindly and other times getting “dropped” very hard. There was nothing for him, they “had no vacancy,” “wouldn’t need any more help until next year,” and such encouraging remarks, was about all the satisfaction his efforts brought him. He was determined to find a job, however, and daily scanned the newspaper for “situation vacant.” Sometimes he would

find something that looked promising, but when he reached the place the vacancy was "filled," or he would leave his name and address at the request of the man in charge and hear nothing further.

Sometimes his experience in answering advertisements was to find himself at the end of a long line of waiting applicants, and as there was only one man that could obtain the job the employer would pick the most likely from the first ones in the row. This decided Plant. He made up his mind that he would be "first" on the next occasion. At last the opportunity came. He was eating his "doughnuts and coffee" supper and reading the advertisement columns of the Chicago News when his eye caught the following: "Wanted—Active young man to work in warehouse; must be worker. Apply 8 o'clock sharp Thursday morning side door No. 903 East St." Plant couldn't wait for Joe to come home but went and saw him at the shop and told him his plan. He was determined to be the first one this time and meant to get that job "sure"! He would be there at 6 o'clock and then when the time came would put up such a talk for that job as would bring tears to the eyes of a brass monkey. He needed that job and intended to get it even if he had to "bully" the man into hiring him. So to bed he went that night—long before the usual time, and was up bright and early to be on hand at 6 o'clock. Joe woke up to find Plant opening the room door to make his departure and roused himself in time to reach a shoe to fire after him for "luck."

The morning was chill and drear as Plant walked down to the address in the advertisement, but he had heard that hope was a "good breakfast" and he contented himself with it until he had secured the job, then said he to himself, "I'll go and get filled up on something more substantial." About 6 o'clock he reached his destination and found that it was a brick building with the main entrance on East Street, and the side entrance, at which applicants were to call, located in the alley. The door was closed and was reached by mounting a flight of steps and at the top of these

steps Plant took his stand and waited.

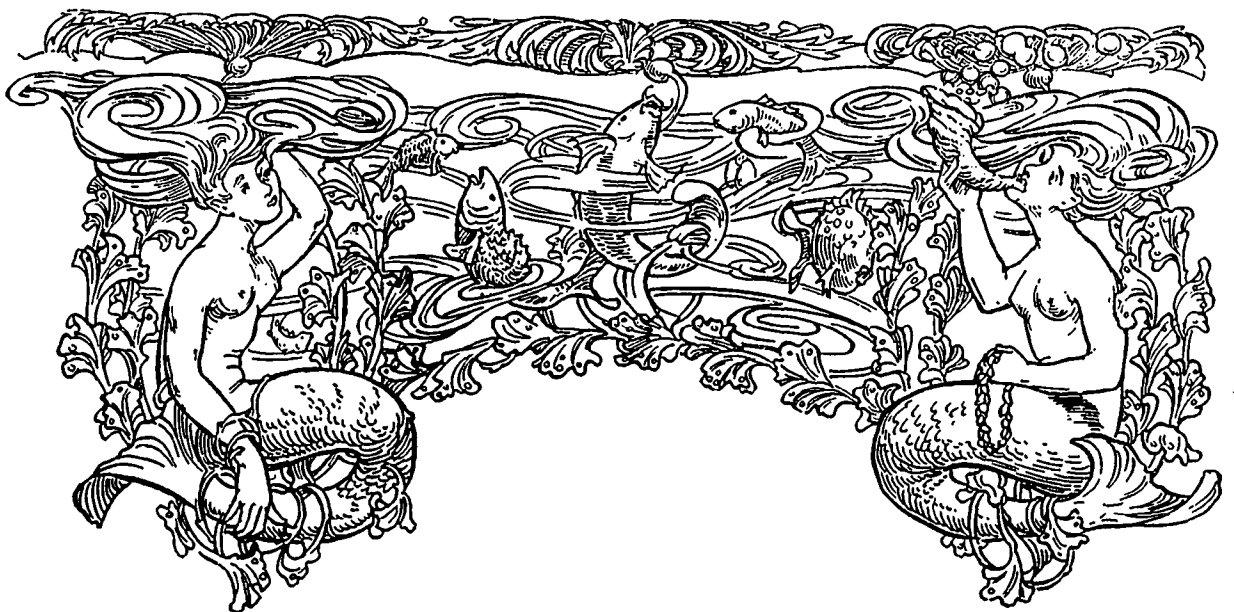
About an hour after his arrival a tall, thin fellow in overalls walked up and after looking about started to climb the steps, remarking as he did so something to Plant about coming for the job. At this point a bright idea struck Plant. Why not "bluff" this fellow out of the game? Might just as well, that would give him at least one more chance. So following up the idea, he produced a bunch of keys from his pocket and while he fumbled with them said he was "sorry," but the job had been filled and he had been asked by the boss to get around a little earlier than usual and tell the fellows that might call, so that they would not wait; to his great surprise the man "bit" at once and after a few remarks quickly went his way. In a short time a second fellow showed up, followed by a third. Plant did not wait for them to say anything but told them the same story in a regretful tone of voice and finally persuaded them that the job was filled. These two in turn walked off and just at the entrance to the alley Plant saw them engage in conversation with a man evidently bent on the job hunting mission. He watched them with interest, at the same time making as though about to open the door with his keys, and had the satisfaction of seeing the three walk away together.

Plant fairly hugged himself at the success of his scheme; he could have shouted with joy, and the more he thought of it the more he felt like dancing a hornpipe right there. Why not? said he to himself, "a fellow must look out for himself." "I'll turn every last one of the fellows who come away and then I'll get this job without any trouble." By this time three more had turned in the alley and were heading towards the steps, but Plant anticipated anything they might say and calmly told them "he was sorry" but the job had been filled rather earlier than was expected. One in the bunch showed signs of disapproval, but Plant rattled his keys and made as though to open the door, at the same time saying it is "too bad," but a fact just the same, and you won't gain anything by "growling."

So after passing an uncomplimentary remark or two the last contingent moved off. As they walked away they in turn met others coming, and like the previous seekers they imparted the information that the "job was taken." "Talk about luck," said Plant to himself, "sure mine has changed!" "I am 'it' this time for cert," keep it up, old man, you're "doing fine," won't Joe laugh when I tell him this? and visions of success floated before him only to be dispelled by another caller. But Plant again grappled with the situation and went through pretty much the same performance, with an addition to the effect that he thought if he called round on Monday that there might possibly be another chance. This last was a bad break for Plant because it caused the man to stop longer perhaps than he otherwise might have done and ask questions as to the character of the work and wages, but Plant answered as well as he could and finally turned away as though to open the door. This had the desired effect and his questioner walked away.

It was by this time about a quarter before eight and Plant began to grow anxious for fear some of the applicants would be on hand at the time for the door to open. He began to feel that he might be "caught in the act" and then there would be trouble with the crowd. While turning this over in his mind he heard the noise of a key turning in the lock on the inside and then the door opened and a man with a beard stuck his head out. After peering at Plant he came out on the top step and looked down the alley, expressing his surprise at seeing only one man waiting. Said he, "Are you the only one?" Yes, answered Plant. "Well, that's strange, anyway, said the man, perhaps it is just as well, as we don't need anyone now, we took back the old hand again last night.

Plant nearly fell off the steps. He stared at the bushy beard, of the man from the inside, and wanted to get both his hands in it, but somehow he didn't "come to" before the door closed again with a bang.



Honour

Frank H. Sweet

THE man and woman that paced slowly side by side up and down the long, dim hotel corridors might have seemed to the thoughtless observer a typical pair of lovers. In reality she was seeking to pervert, and he to maintain, the administration of the law. She was acting the part that her sex is supposed have acted toward his from the days of Eve. With an absolute single-mindedness and loyalty of purpose that went further to exculpate her than the plea of ignorance could have done, she was knowingly and deliberately seeking to turn from the way of justice the steps of her companion. Artfully, insinuatingly, she held before his eyes the rosy apple of promise, a prize so alluring that the man beside her felt his head swim and his sense grow dazzled at the mere rising thought.

She had begun with excessive subtlety, made wise by her great need. Only the man beside her was capable of granting her this boon. To her woman's prejudiced vision it was beyond reason that he should remain unmoved. If there was any power to aid her in her glance, her smiles, her tears, if need should be she was ready to make ruthless use of them.

"Do you think, Judge Tresham," she said, "that the law is always right? Don't you believe—I am sure I do—that sometimes in enforcing the exact letter of the law one may commit a great injustice?" She paused, awaiting her unsuspecting adversary's next move; she was too cautious to overstep her mark.

"If you mean in the matter of circumstantial evidence, Miss Boniface," said Roger Tresham, "I quite agree with

you." He reddened a little, for any reference to the law was a pain he would willingly have spared her.

"N-no," said the girl, slowly, "I—I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that the law doesn't seem to have any heart. It doesn't seem to take cognizance of misfortune, of—oh, Judge Tresham"—She broke off with a catch in her breath dangerously near to a sob.

Tresham was thrilled and warmed by the intimacy of her appeal at the same time that he was struck with horror of his own impossible predicament.

"Judge Tresham,"—she had regained her composure—"will you let me speak of my poor father's trouble? You know all about it, and it will be such a comfort. Judge Tresham, is the law really without pity?"

"God forgive me!" cried the man beside her; "I—I cannot listen; I cannot help or comfort you. Miss Boniface, if things had been otherwise I—you and I, perhaps; but now, as it is"—He stopped helplessly and made a despairing gesture. But Joyce Boniface met his troubled eyes with her own blue unabashed ones.

"Even as things are, Roger," she murmured, "it may not be altogether hopeless. There must be mercy somewhere, even in the law, and surely in the lawyers. Think, Roger, how much I should owe you if"—

Tresham had gone white to the lips; his breath came in gasps. Ten minutes ago he would indignantly have repudiated the idea that she could stoop to influence him by so much as a feather's weight upon one side or the other, far less to bribe him with the glittering promise of what he most desired. Accustomed to viewing things with the eyes of a lawyer and a purist, he had omitted

to take into account the natural prejudices, emotions and failings of poor, weak human nature. He shrank before the thing he knew she was about to utter.

"Do not say it, Joyce," he cried; "do not say it?"

She had faltered a little at his look of horror. "Have I said anything so terrible, then?" she asked, almost proudly. "Is it a crime to help one's father?"

"Hush," said Tresham; "yes. You are a child; you cannot know what you are doing. Your father"—

She dropped his arm. "My father knows nothing of this," she said, haughtily. "No doubt he would be angry if he knew that I had condescended to beg for him. No doubt he will be honourably acquitted without your help." Then she sank into a chair, laid her head against her arm, and quietly wept.

Tresham laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "You must not think I don't pity you," he said, softly; "but, indeed, I too am to be pitied. I am in a terrible position. When we came here some weeks ago, you with your unhappy father, and I his luckless judge, all three of us snatching at the legal delays to rest in mind and body; when I met you, and saw how lovely you were, and knew, as—God help me!—I knew soon enough that your smile or frown was the only bar at which I trembled, why, I should have been brave for you and for me, I should have put by the temptation for us both, I should have fled before you."

He paused, but the girl gave no sign; and he went on, brokenly: "Do you think it is only you that suffer? Do you think it is nothing to me to see you like this, and to feel that if honour were not a reality I could save you as readily as I can lift my hand? Yet, living as we do in a world and in a time in which honour rules, I am as utterly powerless to help as if my hands were fettered."

Again he paused, and this time the girl slowly lifted her eyes to his face; then she asked, gently: "Are you powerless, Roger?"

The swift blood surged through the young judge's face; a light flashed in

his eyes. He made a quick, involuntary gesture. Joyce Boniface saw and understood.

"I know what you would say," she cried, lifting her head proudly. "Like father, like daughter, you think. Well, you are right. I would save him if I had to lie or cheat or steal." Her voice shook helplessly. "Oh, if you could see him as I do—so broken, so changed from his former self! A poor, sick old man, hounded by the law and—Heaven help me!—by the man I love." She was still striving for her father with all the strength she had, and yet now she was not acting.

Tresham uttered a low cry, and losing all his habitual self-restraint, caught her to him.

"Roger," she whispered, and it was the voice of eternal woman tempting eternal man—"Roger, you will save him. It is so pitiful. What can a wretched pair of girls, persons we have never seen, matter to us? I know you will be good to him."

In the shock of returning consciousness and conscience, produced by her strange sophisticated plea, he could not help a smile at the very womanishness of it all. It was a very wan smile, though, and then he put her from him.

"What a feudal princess you would have made!" he said, with grim humor. "You wouldn't have recommended cake in default of bread; you'd have asked what poor folk, persons you didn't know, had to be in the world for."

He knew it to be very far from a laughing matter, and yet the air of aggrieved surprise with which she regarded him gave him some ado to keep his countenance. At the same time he knew her to be a sweet, true woman. He knew that she would be at much pains to relieve any distress that came within the range of her vision. But the case of her father's unfortunate victims—that was barred out from her contract, hidden by a cloud as dense as prejudice could make it, utterly swept away by the current of her daughterly love. It was without meaning to her, something distant, vague, with which she had not to do. Her mind was incessantly busied

with the picture of her wretched father, victimized, martyred, as he seemed to her. There is inherent in women—handed down to them, perhaps, as a legacy from a time when they did not think or act for themselves—a strong tribal bias. From men it has been to a certain extent eliminated by advancing civilization; in women it exists to-day, a living witness of the narrow confines that once held them.

Joyce Boniface spoke now with the fervour of despair. She had risked her highest stakes, and she could not afford to lose. She silenced Tresham with a gesture, and broke out passionately:

“You pretend to be above temptation, to be superior to egoism; and you look down on people that have—blundered as if they were a lower order of creatures. Oh, you needn’t deny it; it’s quite true. And all the time you are hard and cruel and unjust—yes, unjust, too. Suppose I were the criminal; just suppose it were I whom you had to condemn, would you be so high and contained and self-righteous? Of course not. You are like all the rest. You can see a man suffer, no matter how old and sick and miserable he is; it is nothing to you. But a woman, you say, is different, most of all a lady. Answer me, Roger Tresham; if I were a criminal would you not find some way of acquitting me, some way of settling it with your conscience?”

“God help me!” mused her lover; “would honour carry me through such an ordeal as that?”

He did not speak aloud, but the woman read in his eyes the first sign of wavering. She pressed her point, not in words, for she had used her final argument, but by rising and standing before him, her hands lifted to his shoulders, her face squarely confronting his.

He spoke after a moment, slowly and calmly. “God alone knows if I should pass triumphantly through such a trial as that, my darling. Even as it is, so strong is your hold upon me that, were there nobody else concerned, I believe I should be induced to show more mercy than justice allows.” He had forgotten her now; he was answering the arraignment of his conscience. “It has

never been with me as with many of the young men that I studied among. From the first I felt drawn to my calling by a power too strong for words. Later I received from my fellows a holy office, the duties of which I shall fulfill as well as in me lies. Even for the sake of the woman I love I could not be led into an act of foul injustice, into a decision that would deprive two helpless girls of their rightful inheritance.”

She had dropped her hands to her sides, and stood looking at him strangely. He did not heed her.

“There are some old words ringing in my ears, the words of that old song of Lovelace’s. You know what I mean:

“‘I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.’”

He stammered a little with the reluctance of a modern to handle sentiment. “I had hoped that, for the sake of the strong love I bore you, we might, in some future day”—

“Never!” she interrupted him fiercely.

“Whatever may be your decision, I would have you to remember that if I could have yielded to you in this my love would not have been worth the having.” He took a sudden step forward. “Joyce, will you not help me in my choice of the only right way, even if this is to be the end between us?”

But she shrank back and hid her face from him. In spite of her he drew her to him, and kissed her lightly on the forehead. Then he turned steadily away.

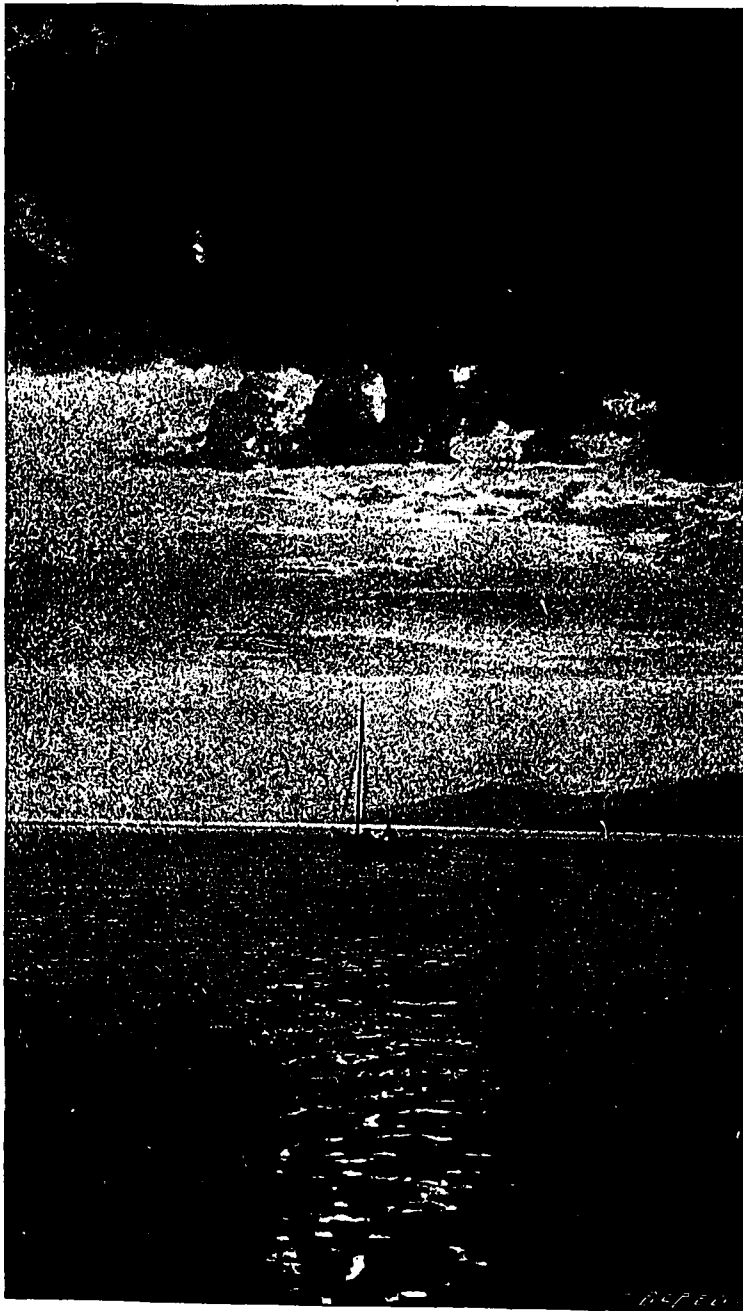
Joyce Boniface raised her head and looked after him, made as if she would have called him back, then turned instead and sank into a chair.

Half an hour later Roger Tresham, walking dejectedly to and fro on the deserted terrace, felt two slim hands thrust round his neck from behind, and heard a woman’s voice say, brokenly:

“Don’t look at me, Roger; let me stay like this. But I had to tell you that you’re right, and that I know it. Oh, I feel like a traitor; but it won’t move you—*nothing* will move you; and I wanted to say *I’m proud of you*, Roger. I shall feel bitter again tomorrow, and

think hard things of you; but just this once I wanted you to know that I stood upon your level and saw the right as you see it, just as God intended I should do when he put his love into our hearts.

If things had been different, Roger—but as it is—*never!* So dear, this is good-bye; but you will remember, won't you, that I rose for one moment and stood beside you?"





English Bay Beach.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

Vancouver.

THE development of every Pacific seaport on the North American continent, during the past few years has been phenomenal—nor has this rapid growth been confined to the immediate coast—towns in the Interior too have made rapid strides.

The fact is the resources and opportunities of the vast territory laved by the Pacific are only just beginning to receive recognition. Eastern and European capital is flowing to these parts because greater results are to be obtained here, and then too the very elements combine to the advantage of various industries. Conditions are more congenial—no zero weather, no cyclones, in fact nothing to hinder the progress and continuation of any enterprise or development work that is undertaken—and this obtains the entire length of the Pacific slope from the extreme southern end of

California up to and including British Columbia. Vancouver, oftentimes termed the Liverpool of the Pacific, has received a wonderful impetus from this trend of development, and is rapidly climbing up to the 100,000 population mark, which it is estimated it will easily reach by 1910.

From a collection of shacks and a few hundred people, Vancouver has jumped into a populous city of fine substantial buildings with large districts of beautiful homes, ample transportation facilities and public utilities, in a little more than twenty years.

The advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway into Vancouver in 1887 was undoubtedly the cause of public attention being first drawn to the great possibilities of this place. Her strategical location is superb, and lying as she does, in the natural pathway of international



"STANLEY FOREST HAS NINE MILES OF ROADWAYS AND TWENTY-TWO MILES OF FOOTPATHS, WITH HERE AND THERE BENCHES UPON WHICH PEDESTRIANS MAY REST. THE ROADS ARE IN PERFECT CONDITION. I WISH THE CALIFORNIAN COMMISSIONERS OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY COULD SEE THEM. I DO NOT KNOW OF A MORE LOVELY DRIVE. IN ALL MY TRAVELS I HAVE NEVER SEEN A MORE UNIQUE OR ATTRACTIVE PARK THAN THIS."

W. E. CURTIS
IN THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.

commerce, there can be no question of the gigantic proportions that her shipping operations and manufacturing industries will assume.

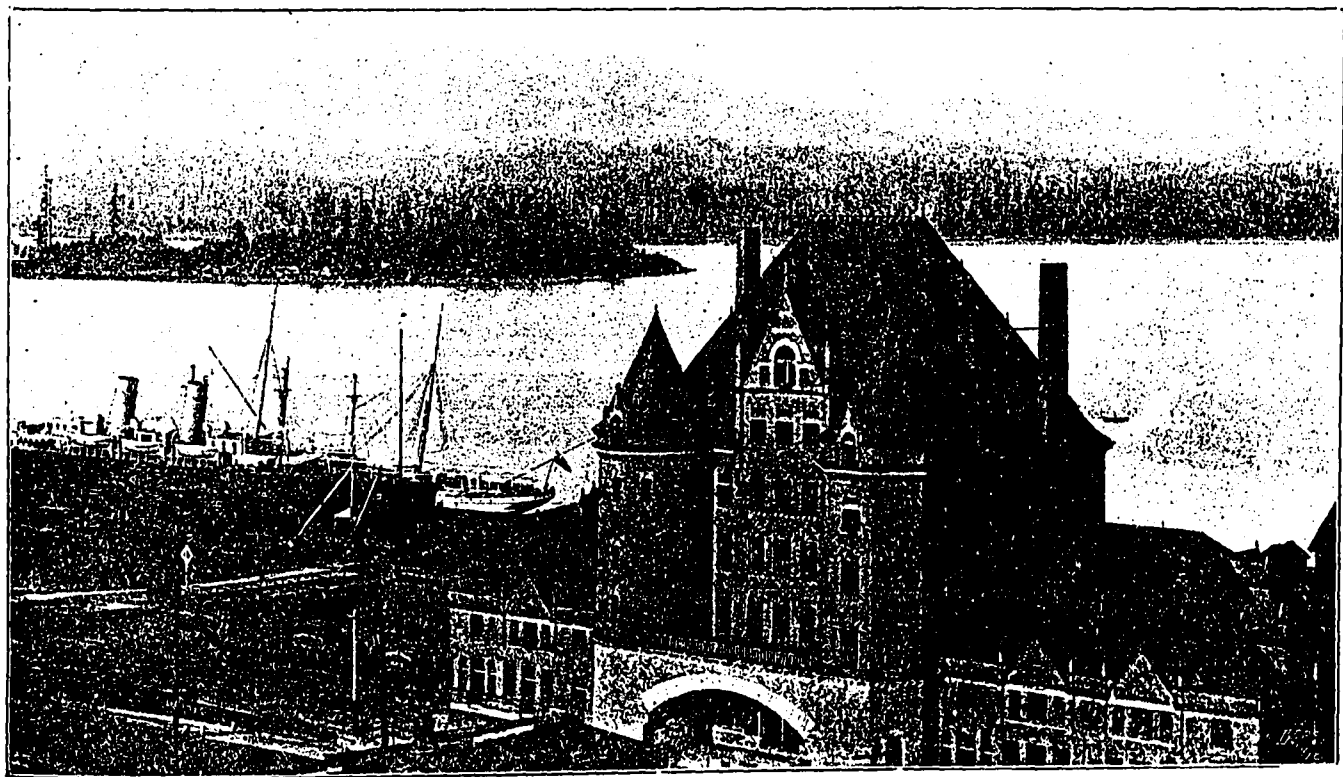
Timber, minerals, fishing and agriculture products all bountifully contribute to assure the brilliant future predicted for Vancouver.

As environment is a big factor to the homeseeker, just a word aside from commercial inducements will be in order.

Vancouver nestles under the shelter of towering wooded peaks on the shores of one of the finest deep water harbours on the continent, and the magnificent mountain and marine views from the city are a constant source of enjoyment to its inhabitants, besides being a magnet of attraction to many visitors.

The far famed Stanley Park is indeed the pride of the city. It contains about 1,000 acres, with a small menagerie, flower gardens, recreation fields and a magnificent boulevard. But perhaps its greatest charm is found in its own natural wild beauty of thick woods and delightful glades.

Stanley Park is the community's cherished property, loved and valued by all. Recreation facilities for outdoor are unexcelled, aquatic sports, bathing, wheeling, driving, cricket, larcosse, tennis, fishing, etc., all have their devotees, and the opportunity for the indulgence in any particular hobby is nowhere more favorable.



C. P. R. Station.

—Courtesy of the Vancouver Tourist Association.



"Skirting the Velvet Pathway's Edge."—Stanley Park.

STOPPED IN TIME.

Little Johnnie, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged. "I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he told his mother, "and I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after this he was taken into his mother's room to see twin boys who had arrived in the night. Johnnie regarded them thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Gee," he remarked finally, "it's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."—Everybody's Magazine.

ETERNAL MASCULINE.

Mr. Bacon—Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?

Mrs. Bacon—Yes, dear.

Mr. Bacon—I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?

Mrs. Bacon—Why don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early and you crowed about it for a week?

Romance of the "Royal City"

C. H. Stuart Wade, F.R.G.S., (Eng.), F.G.S. (Am.)

THROUGHOUT the Pacific Coast the thriving city of New Westminster is well known under the above name; it is a title worthy of being handed down to posterity and of which the citizens are truly proud, for the reason that the Great and Good Queen Victoria herself selected the name New Westminster.

The bygone days, however, possess a peculiar association with this city which was originally intended to be the capital of the Province, and which from its position strategically, as well as its beautiful surroundings it was fully justified in aspiring to.

We need not here, however, go into a dissertation as to the reasons why it should have been superseded, nor the wisdom of such a proceeding; the writer's object being rather to depict, very briefly, a few of the episodes in the history of the district which have changed the whole face of nature; until, at the present day, the hill slopes are covered with beautiful homes rising tier above tier, whilst its southern aspect makes it peculiarly entrancing from the earliest spring to the latest fall of the year, by reason of the wealth of its flora, and the magnificent growth of every variety of fruit and shade tree.

Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth century romantic stories were current in the Courts of England and Spain, about a wonderful country of vast wealth existing in these latitudes; and many a search was undertaken with the object of discovering the North-west passage, headed by such notable seamen as Captains Cook, Vancouver, and numbers of others. The romance of the North-

eastern Pacific may be said to have attained a concrete form in the year 1598, when a map was published by De Fonte showing a "passage to be possible across the entire continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic," by means of what is now known as the McKenzie River, but it was nearly two hundred years later ere Captain Cook made notable discoveries which caused widespread interest in the then known world, and inspired the maritime nations to further research: and yet these hardy seamen failed to discover that mighty river which we now know as the Fraser.

Meanwhile history had been in the making on the Atlantic sea-board; English and French adventurers and voyageurs had been steadily pushing westward in the interests of the two great fur-trading corporations,—the "North-west Company of Montreal," and the "Hudson's Bay Co." founded by a charter of King Charles I of England.

Space does not permit of any description of their explorations or of the thrilling adventures, massacres, and sanguinary warfare between the Indian tribes and the hardy pioneers who penetrated the dense forests, swam or rafted over swift-flowing rivers, or were lost in the swamps and extensive muskegs covering vast areas throughout the land; pages might be filled with romantic episodes descriptive of the devotion shewn by Indian belles for the white interlopers who first traversed the hunting grounds of their forefathers: but their descendants today, tell stories round the camp-fire of the cool courage and indomitable energy which led these white warriors ever on-

ward, fearless of difficulty, danger, or death.

Not the least noteworthy was Gauthier la Verendiere and after him La Gardeur St. Pierre who penetrated far to the westward about the year 1740. The discovery by Alexander Mackenzie of that great river bearing his name, which—whilst seven miles wide in parts,—pours the volume of water gathered in its course of near 2,000 miles (under various designations) through the rocky mass of the "Ramparts" where it contracts to a tenth of that width; pre-

In the autumn of 1805, he established a permanent post on the McLeod Lake; and in the following spring ascended the Parsnip at the head-waters of the Peace River, fully expecting to find himself on the borders of the ocean itself—a disappointment which he records in his diary under date of the 3rd July, 1806,—when he found the latitude to be nearly 49 degrees, thus upsetting a theory he had apparently formed that the river would prove to be the Columbia. Seven days later, he reached Mackenzie's "Great River," the descent of which oc-

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99

pared the way for the opening up of civilization in the Western province of Canada and the State of Washington. He it was, who first reported the discovery of the "Great River," and Simon Fraser an employee of the old Northwest Co., was sent into the district—then known as New Caledonia,—to explore, and trace to its mouth, that great body of water which is ever flowing onward past the city of New Westminster oceanwards.

cupied no less than thirty-five days. His journey was both interesting and valuable in its results, and a brief sketch may not be out of place.

Leaving Fort McLeod he went up the Stewart River, so named by him after one of his companions, and traveling westward reached the lake now bearing his own name. Here, almost alone amongst the aboriginal tribes, he witnessed an ancient Indian ceremonial used only by the natives at the burial of a

highly esteemed chief. In the fall of 1807 Mr. Quesnel brought despatches authorizing him to trace the Great River to the sea; and in May, 1808, he commenced his hazardous journey, through an unknown country, peopled by hostile tribes of Indians who had never seen a white man, and who fell down in terror of the thunder and lightning which destroyed the grizzly and the deer at the will of the pale-face invader. Passing innumerable smaller streams, water-falls, and heavily wooded islands, the little band of adventurers eventually reached the junction of what we know as the Thompson River, where greater troubles beset them on every hand; but death passed them by, and they succeeded in reaching a swift-flowing, but placid river of wondrous beauty, and capable of bearing on its bosom the mightiest vessels of those days, or even of the present time.

Years passed, and the fur-trading companies reaped a rich reward for their enterprize, when the discovery of placer gold on the Fraser river spread the fame of this region far and wide; thousands of miners with the usual aggregation of lawless men, and camp followers, flooded the country until the representative of the sovereign demanded military support from the British Government.

In 1858 Colonel Moody who had been sent out from England in command of two companies of carefully selected engineers, chose the present site of New Westminster as the location of the capital, and the military headquarters from which to control the mining camps and explore the surrounding wilds of tangled scrub and mighty forest land.

For forty years the city prospered, but calamity overtook it on the 10th September, 1898; when, at ten minutes past eleven at night, a large warehouse filled with hay was discovered to be on fire; although on the water front, so rapidly did the fire spread that the adjoining city market on the one side, and coal yard on the other were speedily in flames which crossed the street, embracing the Caledonia Hotel, and spreading far and wide!

On the river front, three steamers were ignited, and being driven in-shore by a

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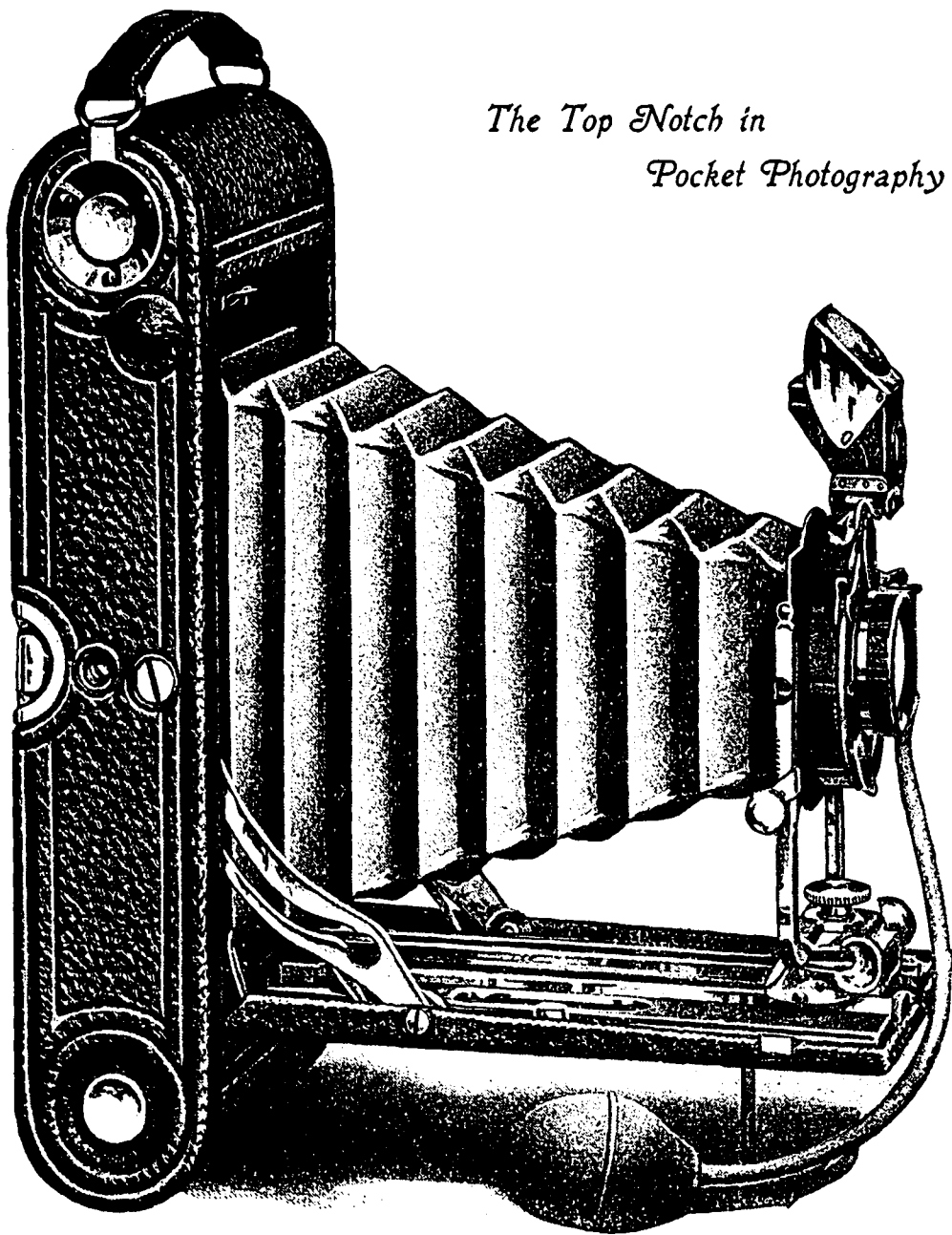
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strong wind carried the fire from point to point, until the entire water-front was one seething mass of burning wharves and buildings from end to end of the town. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the firemen, re-inforced by the Vancouver brigade and hundreds of citizen volunteers, the business portion of the town was practically wiped out; and four hours later, over eighty acres was covered with the ashes of what had been magnificent buildings and property of several millions in value.

Scarcely more than a decade has elapsed, since that fateful day when rich and poor alike were camped homeless on the devastated streets, dependent for their very food on the kindly sympathy which prompted the farmer and settler from miles in every direction, to gather together his stores of all descriptions as a free gift to the sufferers in this great catastrophe,—but how changed the scene!

Picturesquely situated on the hill-slope rising to a tree covered plateau, the Royal City of today is thriving in appearance and in fact; from all the forest wealth of a vast surrounding district rafts of logs, and bolts for shingles reach the many lumber mills located within the city bounds amongst them, being the second largest in the world—the Fraser River Saw-mill,—upon which \$750,000 has been expended during the last twelve months for machinery alone, whilst about 1,600 hands are employed in various capacities; this being only one of many mills engaged in lumbering industries in the district. Even the Fraser River itself employs several thousand men during the summer season in its very important, and valuable fishing industries; for salmon, sturgeon, trout, and in the salt water halibut, herrings, oolichans, and shellfish are a certain and prolific harvest. The forests and rivers are not, however, the only natural resources of this highly-favoured district: even the bottom-lands, which ages ago lay beneath a far mightier torrent than that which now traverses the valley, contribute a vast area of pastureage and rich, arable land: producing frequently eighty or one hundred bushels of oats to the acre, four

or five tons of hay, and root crops both excellent in quality and prolific in quantity. The atmosphere itself, contributes largely to the prosperity of the district subsidiary and adjacent to the city; for, whilst in other coast cities the verdure gets brown and parched, that of New Westminster is crisp, green, and pleasant to the eye, affording a maximum amount of nutriment to animal life, and making the product of its innumerable dairy farms surpass those of any other province in richness of quality.

Of recent years fruit-growing has become exceedingly profitable, and the entire district for miles around the city is rapidly becoming one vast orchard; prunes, figs, grapes, nectarines, and peaches maturing in the open on the south side of the Fraser River whilst the more common fruits or berries are to be found in almost every garden.

The city itself is the pride of its inhabitants, the majority of whom own the dwellings in which they reside; its streets are wide and well-lighted, and it has several public parks and grounds in one of which are erected the permanent buildings of the (annual Provincial Exhibition, which attracts exhibitors even from far distant Edmonton in Alberta. The parade of animals is an event which shows how keen an interest is everywhere taken by British Columbians in the quality, and pedigree of their cattle: whilst in the realm of sport the "Salmonbellies" are recognized throughout the continent as champion players and keen sports, having won their reputation on many a hard-fought field. Many sportsmen desirous of bagging a deer or bear, and angling the wary trout, make this city their headquarters: whilst in the immediate neighbourhood scenery is to be found almost equal to that of Norway or Switzerland; and in this mountainous region, there is little doubt, exists a mass of mineral wealth which would amply repay expert investigation.

As an ocean port, the city of New Westminster is unique, for it is the only fresh water harbour on the coast and being less than fifteen miles from salt water it possesses safe anchorage for scores of the largest class of sea-going

vessels, whilst the recent purchase of a "Fruhling" dredge—costing the Government \$300,000—is a guarantee that a minimum depth of 30 feet will be maintained in the river channel: railway communication by means of three great lines, and an entire network of electric cars provide ample transportation to interior points, and every river settlement is catered for by the steamboats of the C. P. R. and private companies.

The commercial centre of fifteen municipalities, the seat of the Government

Agencies for Land, Public Works, Fisheries, Water Rights, and Timber Licenses with an assessed valuation of about \$6,000,000, this city is justified in claiming for itself advantages equal in every sense, and superior in some points, to those of any other part of Western Canada, its inhabitants enjoying the blessings of pure water, a maximum of sunshine, picturesque surroundings, cheap land, lighting, and water power with mercantile conditions which assure its future prosperity.



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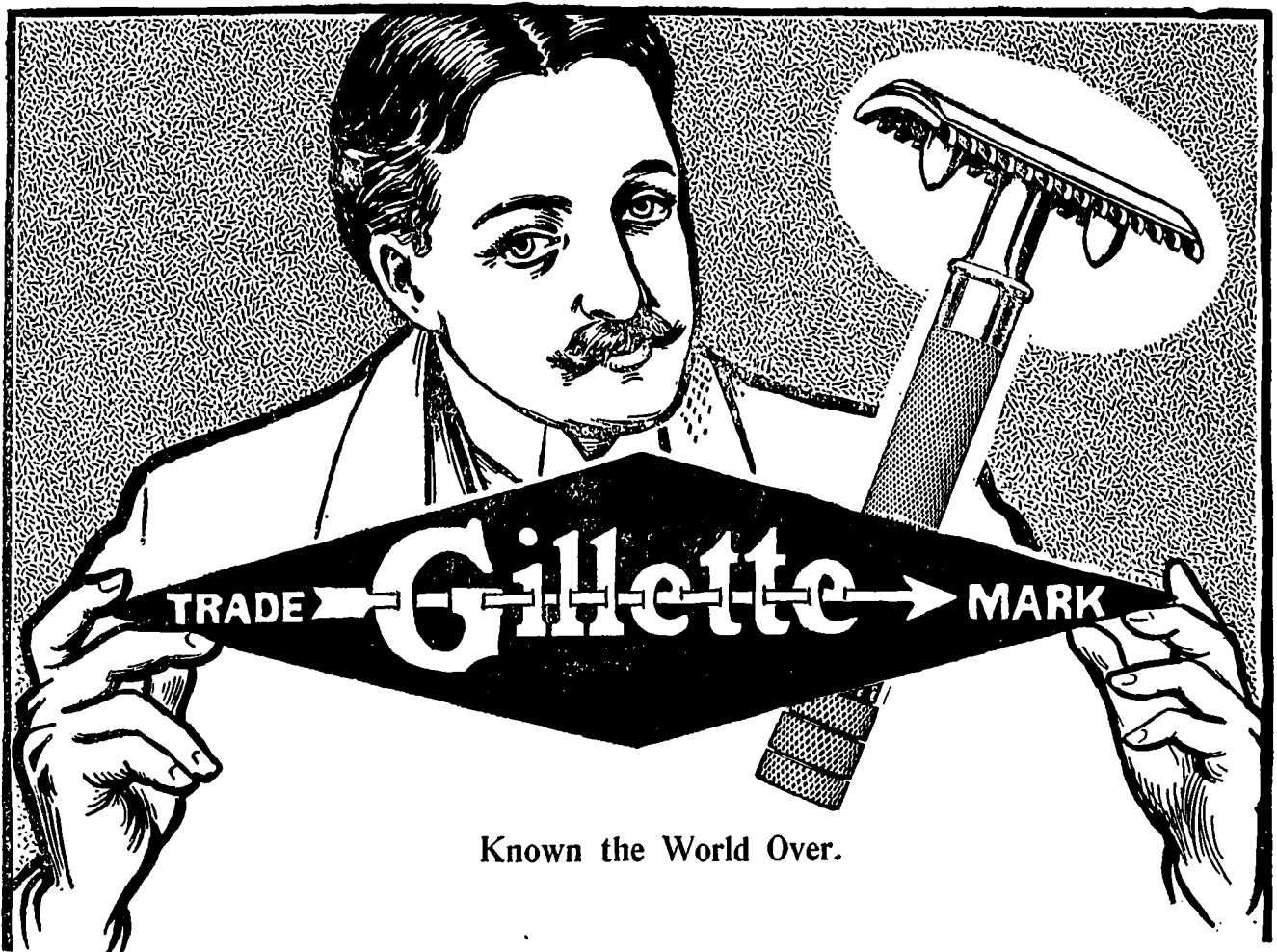
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Forest Fires

Results of Investigation by Forest Expert in Alberta.

FORESTRY in Western Canada (as everywhere else) means far more than the planting of trees. The first step in forestry is the preservation of forests already existing, and, as far as Canada—east and west alike—is concerned, that means the keeping out of fires. Something in this direction has already been done in Canada, but much remains to be done.

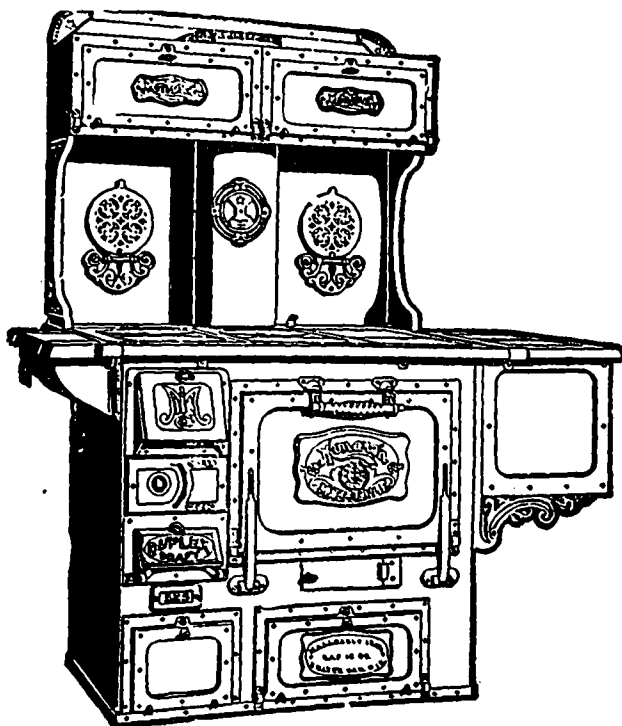
Forest fires in the Rockies, their effects and means of preventing them are discussed by Mr. H. R. MacMillan, Assistant Inspector of Dominion Forest Reserves, in the December issue of the Canadian Forestry Journal. His article gives the result of investigations made

by him during the season of 1906 in the Crow's Nest District of Southern Alberta, more accurately defined as the valley of the middle fork of the Old Man river between the Livingstone range and the western boundary of Alberta.

Originally this whole region was heavily timbered, so that reports of explorers and other early visitors to the district say, with the exception of a small area (eighteen square miles in extent) situated above timber line. "So numerous and so disastrous have been the fires following in the wake of travellers, settlers and railways," Mr. MacMillan writes, "that at present, of the original two hundred and twelve square miles of for-

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est, only thirty-three square miles remain." More over, the timber which is easiest to get at is always the first destroyed, and what is left is situated at high levels and in other places where it is hard to get at.

Not only has the timber originally on the land been destroyed, but in some cases all possibility of producing, without going to an enormous expense for artificial planting, more timber (or anything else) on the land has been taken away. In this Crow's Nest Valley alone there are, out of the two hundred and twelve square miles of its total area, eighty-five square miles of such land. Originally covered by a heavy forest of fir, it is now but a "poor, gravelly prairie, unfit for agriculture and of very little use for grazing." One fire alone does not usually have this effect, but "a second or third fire rarely fails to kill all the forest reproduction," (i. e., the little trees) "to destroy the remaining seed trees, to burn off the upper layer of soil, and leave a desolate waste," such as the country just spoken of.

On portions of this area nature has made a good start toward creating a new

forest. Sixty square miles of the area are covered by a dense growth of young trees, the land so covered lying too high on the hillsides and being too rough, stony and gravelly to be fit for agriculture or valuable for grazing. All that this area requires in order that it may again be covered with dense forests is protection from fire.

Thus fire protection is obviously the great need of the region, and the Department of the Interior, through its Forestry Branch, is devising means to this end. So far, the measures used for the protection of forests from fire in Canada have consisted of the patrol of the forests by rangers, who constantly travel through the forest, keep a lookout for fires (often discovering and extinguishing in their beginnings fires which, neglected, would burn over miles of territory), fight fires and warn campers and travellers against the careless use of fire. This patrol will in all probability form the basis of the system of protection eventually put in operation, supplemented by the use of "look-outs" and the telephone.

"Play Ball!"

Yells The Umpire

"Hurray!"

Screams The Fan.

"Go to It—You Pirates—
And Win If You Can."

'Tis a Clean Manly Game:
When It's Over—We Hope
You'll Indulge in

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It Removes Every Trace of a Game.

Imperial Defence.

In justice to the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, whose article, entitled "Imperial Defence," appeared in the May issue of this Magazine, we take this opportunity of correcting a typographical error, as well as restoring to their proper places two paragraphs, by some oversight, omitted.

The writer was made to say (page 302): "When Queen Victoria ascended the Throne the debt was a little less than £4,000,000,000." From the preceding lines, however, the ordinary reader would know that the proper sum was \$4,000,000,000. (Four billion dollars—not pounds.)

Again—the following should have been added:

"According to British statistical authorities, the gross national debt in 1908 was \$3,799,130,255, the major portion, less perhaps \$3,331,315, being for foreign wars, as follows:—

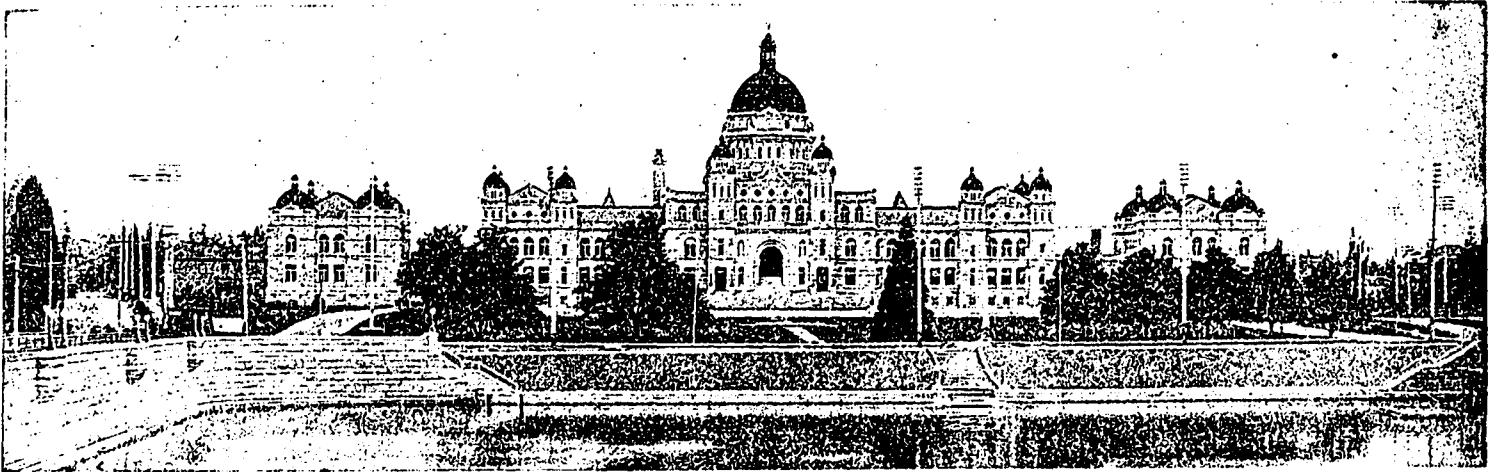
The "Glorious Revolution"	\$ 80,000,000
Marlborough's Campaigns	190,000,000
During reign of George II.	435,000,000
The American War	605,000,000
French Revolutionary War (during 23 years).....	3,007,501,715
Russian War	165,000,000
War in South Africa and China	745,410,000

"Deducting amounts paid off from time to time, the above computation of 1908 is considered correct."

Again (page 301), after the words "square miles":—

"There are six coloured inhabitants of the Empire for every white—the population being:—

Indian Empire	300,000,000
United Kingdom	44,800,000
West Africa	16,500,000
East Africa and Uganda	7,500,000
South Africa	6,400,000
Canada	6,250,000
Australia	4,400,000
Ceylon	4,000,000
West Indies	1,574,000
New Zealand	900,000."



Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Victoria, B. C.

THE visitor to Victoria, as the steamer approaches the wharf, will be struck by the imposing and substantial appearance of the Government Buildings, which are built overlooking the Harbour, throwing their reflection in its placid waters.

Among other attractive buildings are to be noted the Empress Hotel, and the new Post Office. These are such as would be a credit to any city in the world; and were built, not for a few years, then to be replaced by new ones, but are erected to stand the test of ages.

Victoria is one of the most charming tourist resorts on the American continent; combining its own individual, natural beauties with an old world charm of custom and arrangement.

As a home city it stands alone. No place on the Pacific Coast can boast a more suitable location, or greater wealth of beautiful grounds, delightful flower gardens, displaying banks of bewildering colours; hedged about by hawthorn, privet, honeysuckle and roses. And the

homes that are built in such settings are as attractive as their surroundings.

While the city is growing rapidly, and assuming its place of importance in the world of commerce, it is evident to the most casual observer that "mere money-making" is not all there is to life in Victoria. With the best of climatic conditions and healthful environments; all that goes to make life enjoyable and "worth while" receives its true place with the residents of this city.

Country life, in the districts surrounding Victoria is most enjoyable, good society, good schools, and many churches in prosperous communities speak for the welfare of old and young.

Fruit growing, poultry raising and other interesting agricultural industries, are profitable enterprises for those who prefer to escape from the confines of city life, and such pursuits are becoming of increasing importance, as the supply will never equal the demand for the high quality products that can be produced here.



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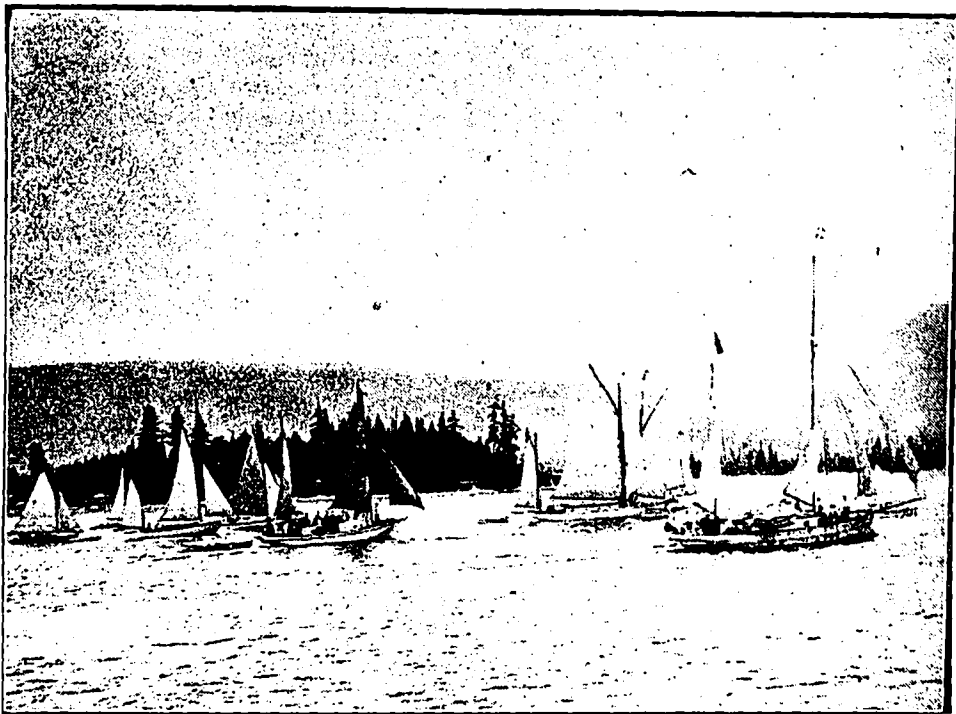
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PROFIT

\$1,000 and More Profit Per Acre Annually is Being Made Growing Fruit, Especially Apples, in the Glorious Lake District of Southern British Columbia.



A Club Cruise, 1908.

Log of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

A Department of this Magazine for the recording of the doings of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club and yachting in general in the Pacific North-West, has been deemed a promising venture; a seaway wherein our mariners can live again the lurid moments of a keen race and can gambol once more in memory over the twenty-foot seas that seem to lay in wait for our intrepid heavy weather men.

It is hoped the department will command the interest and support of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club as well as the attention of sister yacht clubs on the Pacific Coast. Except at annual regattas, we hear too little of the doings of our brother yachtsmen in other ports and they of us. This, then, is to be our effort through the medium of Westward

Ho! as the official organ of the Club to keep more prominently forward the part played by the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club in the sport of yachting.

On the stroke of midnight, Saturday, July 4th, 1908, the last echoes of the home waltz died regretfully away amongst the whispering cedar trees around the White Club House in Stanley Park. The merry crowd in white duck and crisp pique thronged out on the Club floats and aboard the launches and were whisked away to town; the tired committee-men and fagged flag officers slept where they lay, and the International Regatta of 1908 receded into a favoured niche in the treasure house of the past. It is only a year ago, but to those who worked for its success, that regatta seems still very near; it widened

out the yacht club as nothing had done before; the keenness of public interest in the Alexandra-Spirit contest for the Alexandra Cup brought the occasion before the public in a way it had never been before. On each race day several great steamers were required to accommodate the crowd of spectators in addition to the hundreds of small craft and thousands of people who were unable to get better accommodation, lined the shores of English Bay to witness the now historic struggle.

It is hoped that the Trustees of the Alexandra Cup and the officers of the North-west International Yacht Racing Association may, before next year, arrange that the Alexandra Cup races shall not be sailed at the same time in the same place as the class races of the Association. The Alexandra Cup represents yachting supremacy in the North-west and during the series of races for it, it is impossible to keep any interest in the Association races; it would be for the good of the sport if the contest for the Alexandra Cup were to be an occasion by itself.

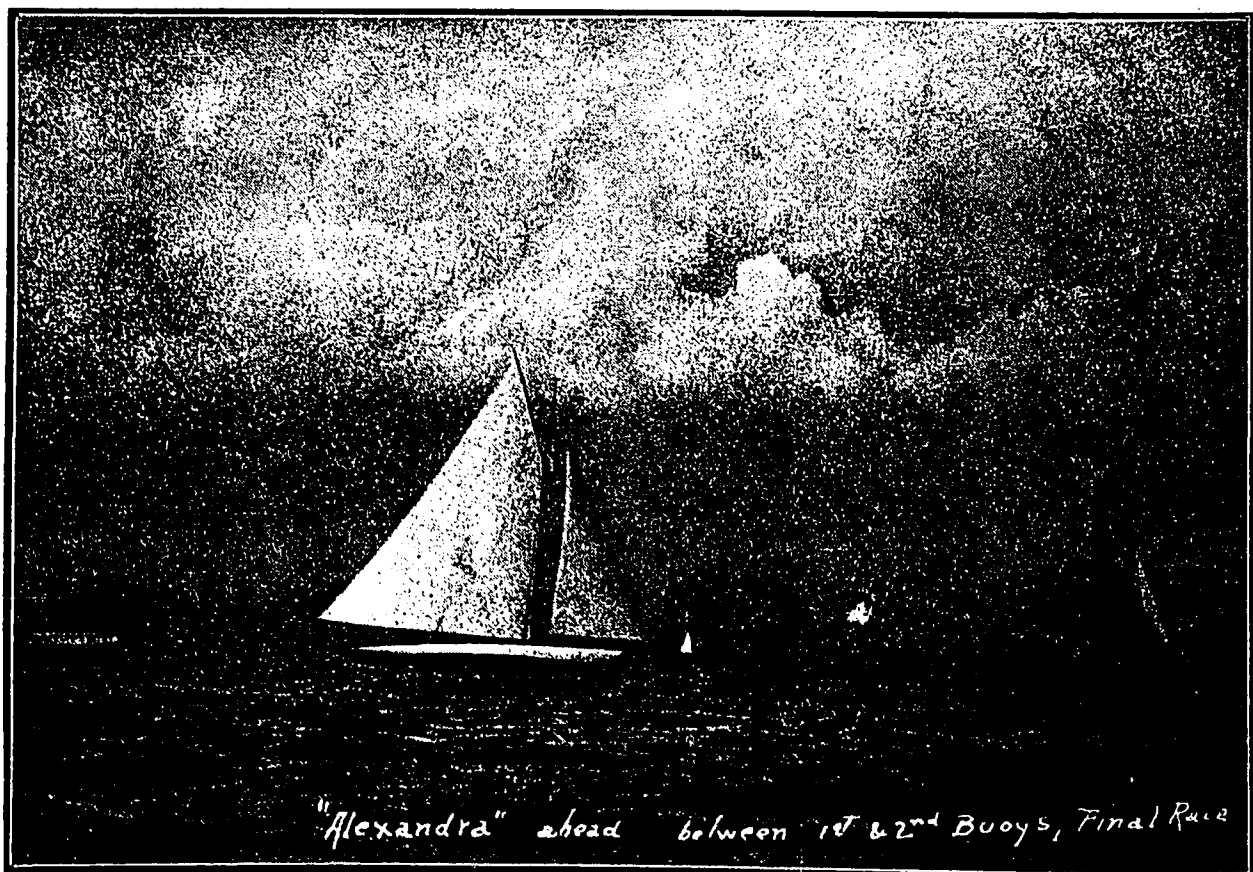
Another lesson we learned last year

was that a regatta should be short and busy. To most yachtsmen, the occasion of the annual regatta of the Association is their annual holiday, usually of two weeks. After the regatta most of the yachts go cruising up or down the Gulf for the remainder of the holiday. Time in port is begrudged and after three days of racing the attendance rapidly thins out. Now if the whole regatta could be pulled off in that three days, and there really does not seem to be any reason why it should not, the Association would have a full attendance during the whole of the programme, the yachtsmen, more especially the non-racing men, could stay to the end and not begrudge the time.

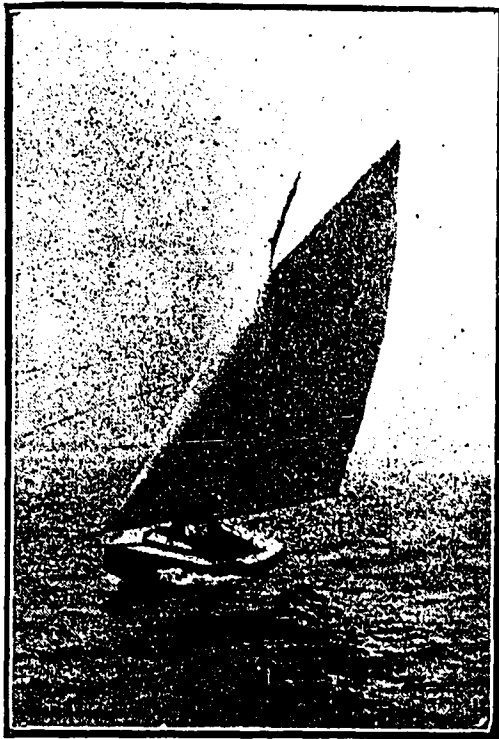
The following is the programme of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club for the season, 1909:—

May 15—First of series of Graveley Cup races, 21-foot centreboard class and motor boat races; Inlet 6-mile course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

May 22—Cruisers' race around Texada Island. Prizes: Dixon Challenge Cup, open to any R. V. Y. C. yacht, and the two Thynne cups for first and second



"Alexandra" ahead between 1st & 2nd Buoys, Final Race



Sloop Onawery.

to any cruising yacht in the North-West International Yacht Racing Association. Start in English Bay at 9 a.m.

June 5—Opening cruise of season to Deep Cove, Burrard Inlet. Start from opposite C. P. R. pier. Pennant to first boat to finish in each class.

June 12—Club regatta, English Bay course, 12 miles. New time handicap rules to govern. Open to every yacht in the fleet.

June 19—Beaver Cup race around White Rocks, and Ballanac Islands. Start in English Bay at 9 a.m.

June 28—Fleet cruise to Seattle to attend International Regatta of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association.

July 17—Grand midsummer club cruise to Deep Cove, Burrard Inlet. Steamer Convoy with band in attendance. Start, 2.30, opposite C.P.R. pier.

July 24—Graveley Cup race, 21-foot center-board class and motor boat races; Inlet 6-mile course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

July 31—Julian Cup race, lady coxswain; Inlet course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

August 7—Club Regatta, English Bay 12-mile course. Start at 2.30 from club house, Coal Harbour; finish in English Bay after rounding bell buoy.

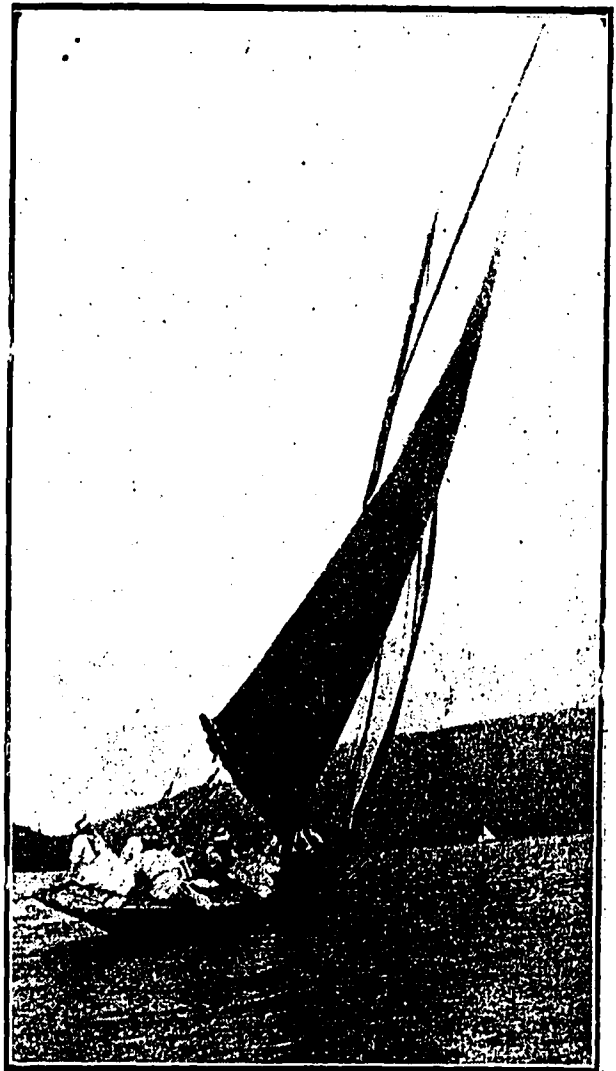
August 21—Final of Graveley Cup, 21-foot center-board and motor boat races. Inlet course. Start, 2.30 p.m.

August 28—Buscombe Cup race, open to entire fleet, and Club Regatta, English Bay 12-mile course. Start 2.30 p.m.

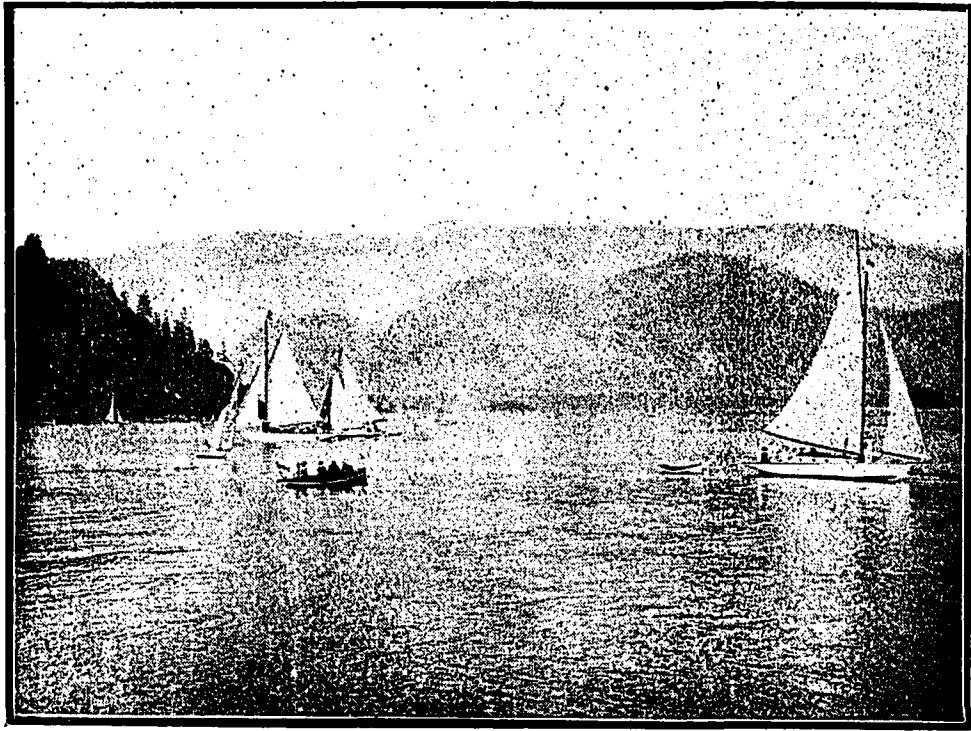
September 4, 5 and 6—(Labour Day)—Final club cruise of season to Nanaimo. Start, 2 p.m. from club house. Anchor first night at Keat's Island; on to Nanaimo on September 5, and return on September 6.

This arrangement seems to meet with general approval and it is expected that every event will be interesting.

For the race around Texada Island the American Yacht Clubs have been invited to make entries and the fastest of the cruising fleet of the Elliott Bay Yacht Club will come over to enter in the event. The course for this race lies through most interesting cruising



Alexandra.



At "Deep Cove," North Arm, Burrard Inlet.

grounds, lovely wooded islands, snug harbours and long inviting inlets, meet the sailor's eye as he travels north up the Straits of Georgia, and down the Malaspina Strait, and apart from the interest

of the race, the trip itself is most enjoyable.

The Club cruises have been well arranged and will no doubt be attended as usual by the whole fleet.

We have received a copy of a little book, entitled "British Columbian Problems," by J. C. Harris. Among the subjects considered therein are: "The abuse of the Crown Grant in mining property"; "Our Forests—their preservation or their destruction"; "Public ownership of Telephones"; "Civil Service Reform," etc. Mr. Harris handles these in rather a radical manner, but submits his book to "Read, not contradict, nor to believe,

but to weigh and consider," quoting Bacon. The Book is published by Thomson Stationery Co., Vancouver.

Mr. E. Albert Orchard of Vernon, B.C., has just issued a guide to the Okanagan. It is concise, well arranged and nicely illustrated. Anybody seeking specific information regarding the Okanagan Valley would do well to send for it.



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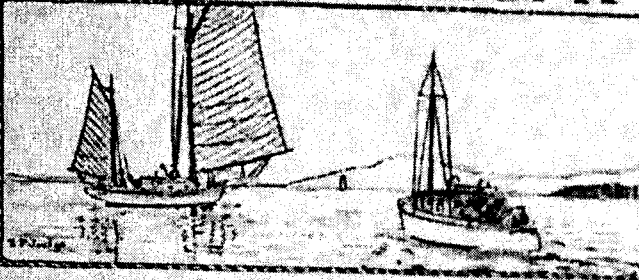
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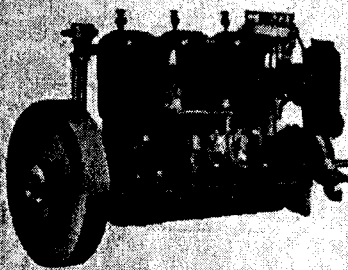
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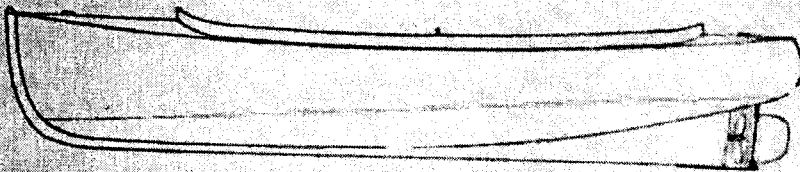
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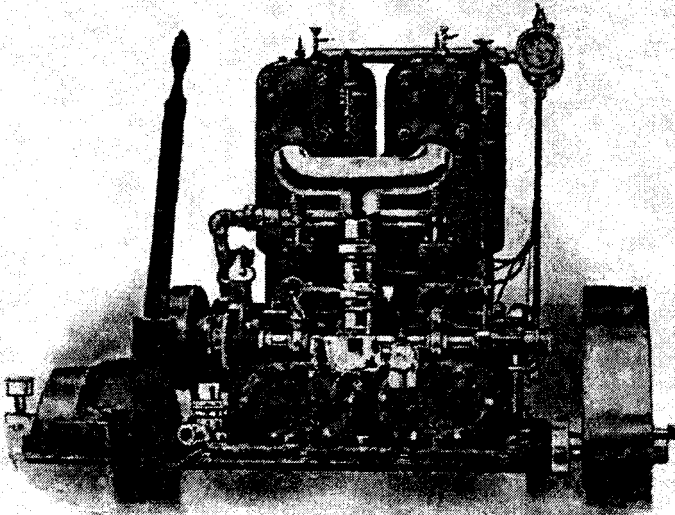
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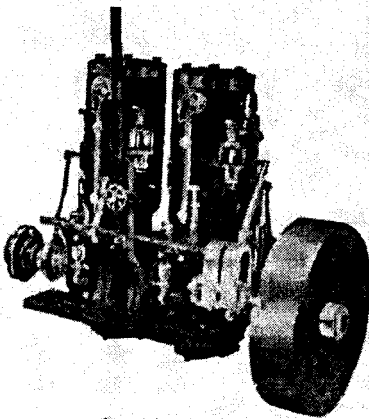
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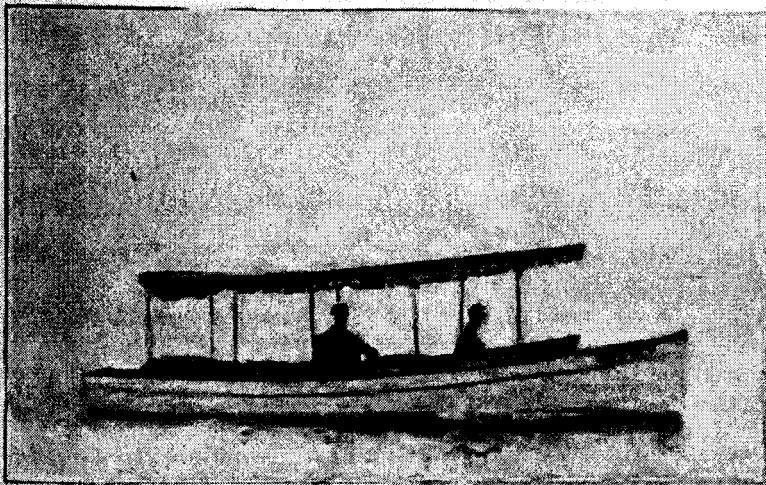
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Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,
OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets \$10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Remarkable and Steady Progress

	1905	1906	1907
Insurance in force, Dec. 31	\$30,152,682	\$42,870,972	\$54,326,420
New Insurances issued	6,085,519	7,522,082	8,222,544
Income	1,242,880	1,544,810	2,377,890
Assets, Dec. 31	4,406,329	7,183,832	10,261,268
Payments to beneficiaries and policy-holders	316,567	467,873	582,047
Reserve for the protection of policy-holders	3,785,480	6,242,089	9,426,761

The Manufacturers Life INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE:—TORONTO, CANADA.

MAJOR W. B. BARWIS, District Manager,
Molson's Bank Building,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

A BUNCH OF DEAD HORSES ALL INSURED WITH AND PAID FOR BY THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

This is to certify that we have this date received a cheque for \$1,346.00 from the British American Live Stock Association, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C. in payment for the loss of ten horses insured with them.

Yours very truly,

(Sgd.) M. JANSE,

Dated at Lethbridge, Alta., this 12th day of April, 1909. Per E. C. James

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, LTD.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Fruit, Farm and Ranch Lands.

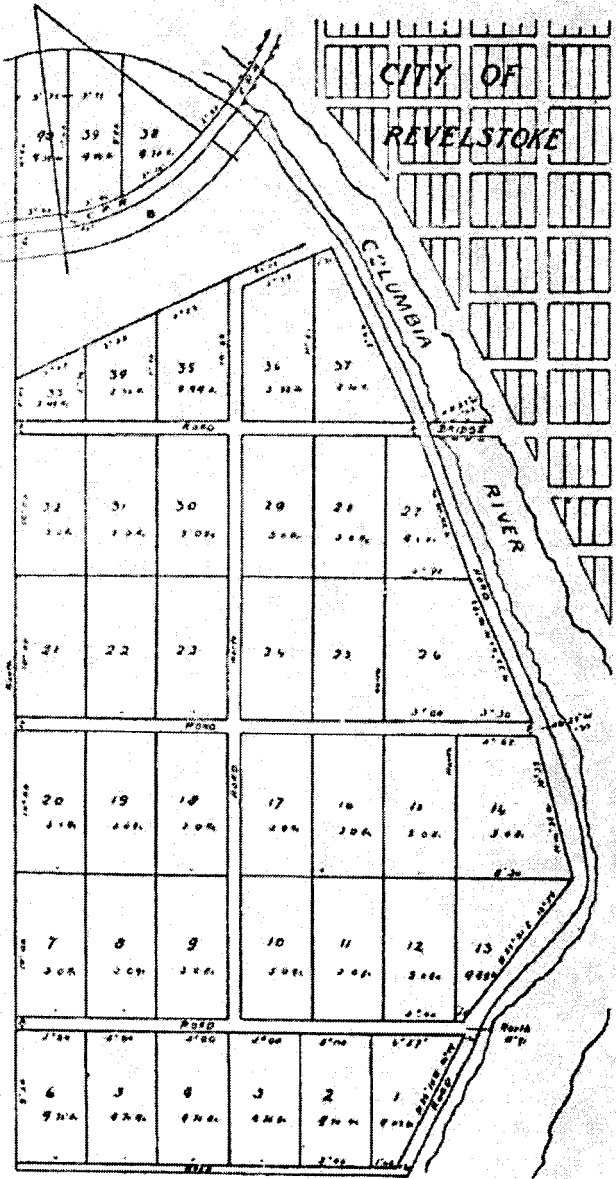
In the Southern Interior of British Columbia. The Kamloops district stands unrivalled for Climate, Soil, Water and Transportation facilities. I have for Exclusive Sale acreage in small and large lots, suitable for settlers and investors, and back by 24 years of practical experience in the district can advise you of the best opportunities to engage in poultry raising, fruit growing, mixed farming and ranching.

W. U. HOMFRAY

P. O. Box 235

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Revelstoke Fruit Lands



In my Addition to the City command a Home Market Unexcelled in the West. These 5-acre plots face REVELSTOKE fronting on the Columbia River

The soil is excellent and the finest apples and small fruits can be raised without irrigation.

Write me for particulars.

CHARLES F. LINDMARK
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Are You Looking for a Business Opening or a
Safe Investment ?

THE BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

with its vast area of rich agricultural lands, coal fields, and adjacent mountain ranges, rich with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., offers most unusual opportunities for those looking for favorable business openings and investments.

With the certain construction of the MAIN LINE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY through this valley, it is bound to become one of the richest agricultural and mining districts in the world, and its development, now that ample transportation facilities are assured for the near future, will be marvelously rapid.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY, send me a postal with your name and address, and I will send you full particulars concerning BULKLEY VALLEY LANDS and

TELKWA

The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.

This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.

To those desiring to purchase property in TELKWA with the intention of entering business and living there, special inducements will be offered.

J. L. FOREPAUGH, Agent

Jones Block, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

Western Opportunities--Timber.

Have for sale one to 100 sections of 640 acres—Pine, Spruce, Fir and Cedar—along Fraser or Columbia Rivers. Write Free Information Bureau.

E. AUGUST BRADLEY,

P. O. Box 198

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT FARMS in the Glorious Kootenay.

I have for sale 5, 10 and 20-acre fruit plots, cleared and uncleared and in fruit. Write for illustrated literature, maps and prices—sent free on request.

S. M. BRYDGES,
Imperial Bank Block,
Nelson, B. C.,
Canada.

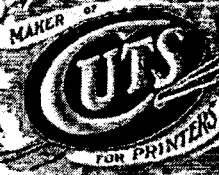
S. M. BRYDGES,
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J. M. HENTON

VANCOUVER PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

DESIGNER

ILLUSTRATOR



ENCHRAVER

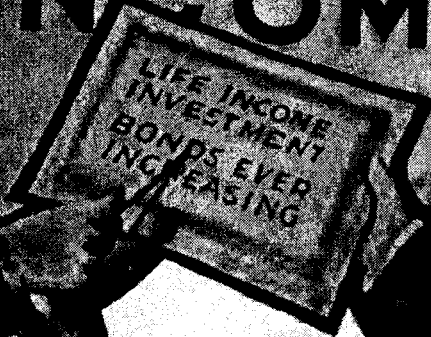
STEREOTYPER

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS & CATALOGUES ILLUSTRATED ESTIMATES GIVEN

653 GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

PHONE 1370

PERPETUAL INCOME



\$1,000

A YEAR

**As Long as You
Live**

**SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

The less money you have, the greater
the need to place it where it will
work hard and fast for you

Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$500 a year for life if you receive this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If you, realization you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation. Our first semi-annual dividend was paid January 15, 1929, amounting to 2 1/2 per cent. per annum. As the business grows the dividends will increase.

Name

Post Office

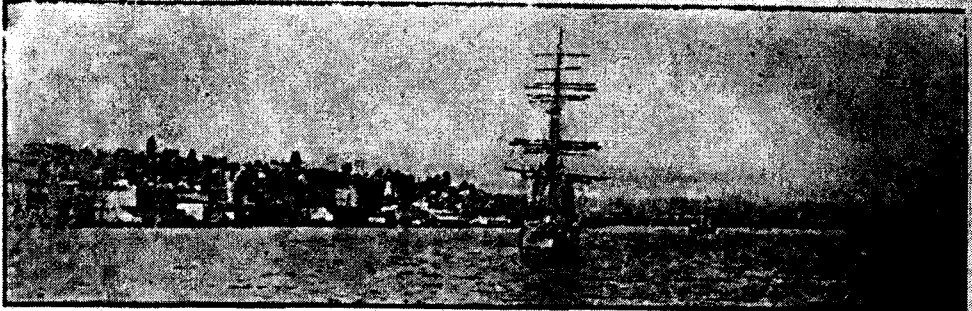
Province

Please reserve for me Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character and will prove **harmoniously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$2.00 each until \$100.00 is received on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 15 Bonds represent the any one person.

THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

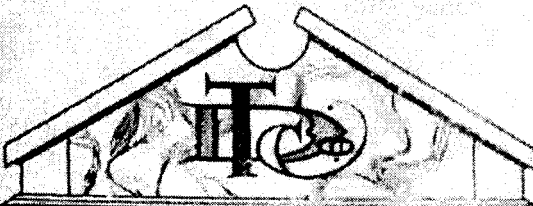
Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences, Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes, and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 16TH STREET.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.



INCORPORATED 1905

SECURITY SYSTEM

CAPITAL
\$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED
CAPITAL
\$505,000

PAID UP
CAPITAL
\$120,000

RESERVE
\$160,000

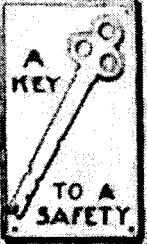
Your Estate Is Guaranteed By

the combined service of capable and experienced men, when you place your affairs in the hands of this corporation. It benefits by the wisdom of many minds with much experience.

No private interest can interfere with just administration. No executor's death can entangle the affairs. We give a continuous service. Our position gives us an unequalled command of investments for those we serve. With untiring service we give absolute security.

The more you desire the wisest administration of your estate the more attractive will our service be.

DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.,
328 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B.C.



DOMINION TRUST COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W., VANCOUVER, B.C.





STOP DARNING

No more need of wife or mother spending hours of eye-straining, nerve-exhausting labor, darning for the family. She can end it all with

NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

As the washing machine banished the wash board, and the sewing machine lightened the labors of the seamstress, so NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery will do away with the drudgery of the darning needle and the mending yarn.

You see NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery is not the kind of hosiery you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn and is

GUARANTEED HOLEPROOF FOR SIX MONTHS

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

We use specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian lisle yarn. Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery. This hosiery is made to wear—extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—and the heels and toes are doubly reinforced, made to resist wear where the wear comes. Then they are so soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Hosiery is dyed by an entirely new process.

Dyeing hosiery in the ordinary way weakens the fabric, making it harsh and stiff, and, in a great many cases, positively unclean as the dye rubs off, discoloring the feet.

But our new process makes the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors of Holeproof are absolutely fast.

Holeproof Hosiery is the most cleanly and sanitary hosiery in existence and costs you no more than the ordinary kind. You buy them 6 pairs \$2.00 with the following guarantee in each box.

If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

No red tape—simply detach coupon from "guarantee" enclosed in every box, and forward with damaged hosiery direct to us.

State size, and whether black or tan. Only one size in each box of six pairs. Send in your order today, if your dealer cannot supply you send us money order or bills for \$2.00, and start enjoying Holeproof comforts right away. Do it now.

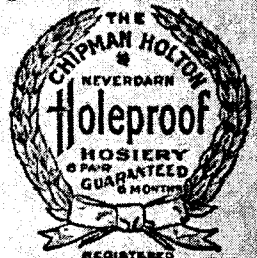
We also make boy's and Girls stockings in same quality.

Box containing 3 pair, \$1.00.

Guaranteed for three months.

**Chipman Holton
Knitting Co., Limited**

"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good."



Mary and Kelly St., Hamilton, Ont.

HERE'S THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR IN MEN'S CLOTHING



K5



K6

Either
of
These
Suits
in Blue
or Black
Worsted
for

\$9.10

No question about it, an imported English City Tailor's work, made from pure Botany wool, is the most **DESERVEDLY POPULAR MATERIAL** in Men's Suits on the market. For that reason we have selected these 117 oz. weight, guaranteed fast color to be the leading **MEN'S FAVORITE** of this season. Such value has never before been offered to Mail Order Customers in Canada. **DON'T OVERLOOK THESE DETAILS.** The greatest care has been taken in designing and tailoring these suits, and each one is carefully examined before it is sent out to a customer. The material and linings have been thoroughly shrunk before making up, and we guarantee them to retain their shape. A heavy unbreakable front of shrunk linen duck is used in every coat. The buttons are made of cloth and padding stayed with linen. Each suit is lined with a fine quality material and finished with **double stitched edges and raised seams**. Single breasted style has fancy flaps on vest and vest pockets and cuffs on the sleeves.

K5.—Double-breasted / Sizes 36 to 44
K6.—Single-breasted /

(When ordering, specify which one you want. Size over 44, \$1.50 extra. Write for Catalogue)

\$9.10

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO, Ont.

COMPANY
LIMITED



MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

The art of blending cigarette tobacco is much like the art of blending colors in a picture.

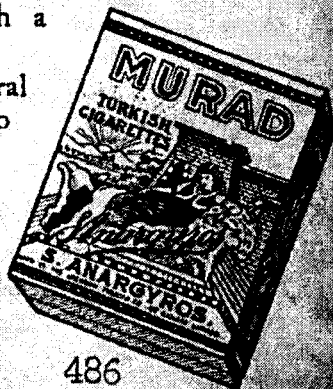
An artist can take a few colors and with a brush and canvas produce a masterpiece.

An expert tobacco blender can take several different kinds of Turkish tobacco and so combine them as to form a rich, full, delicately flavored cigarette.

The delightful flavor of MURAD Cigarettes is entirely due to the blending of the tobaccos.

If you like a really good cigarette you should try MURADS—10 for 15c.

S. ANARGYROS.



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