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British Columbia Magazine

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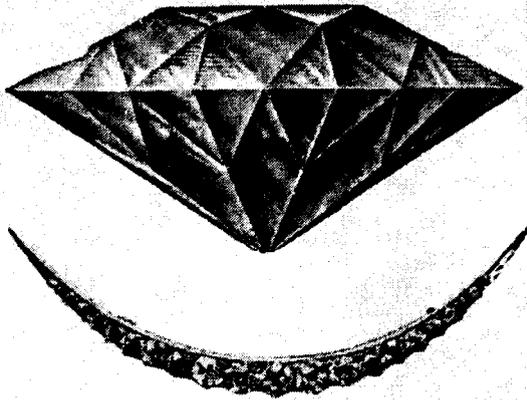
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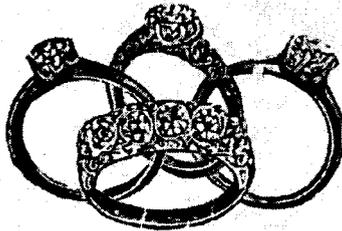
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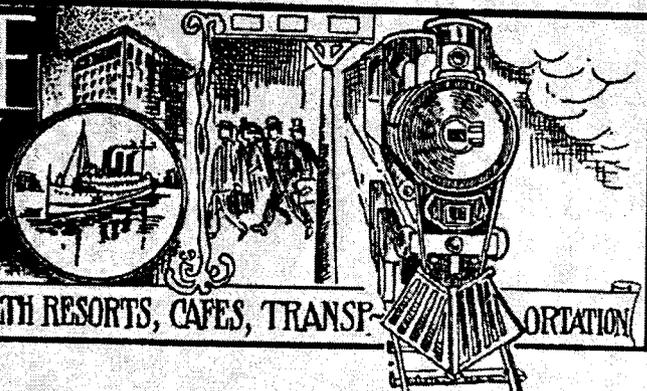
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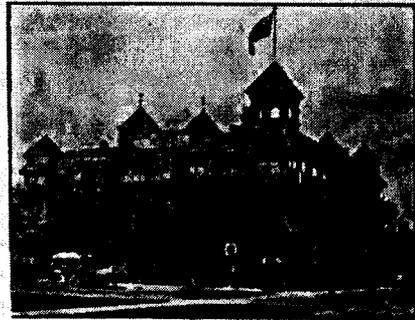
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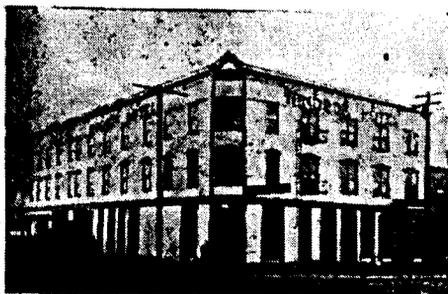
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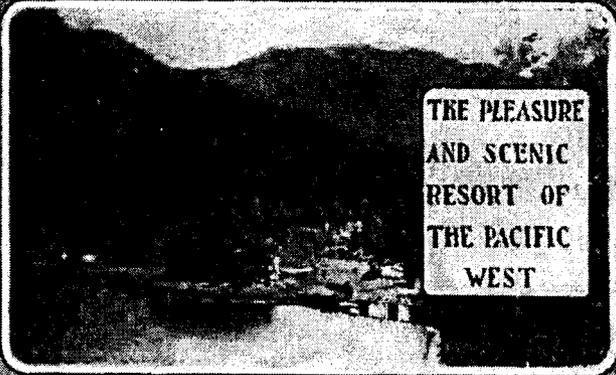
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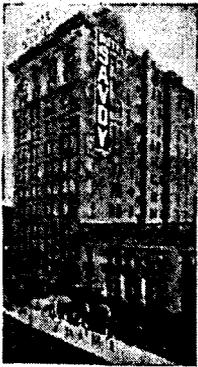
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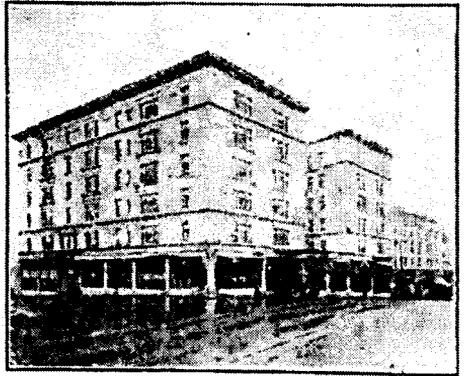
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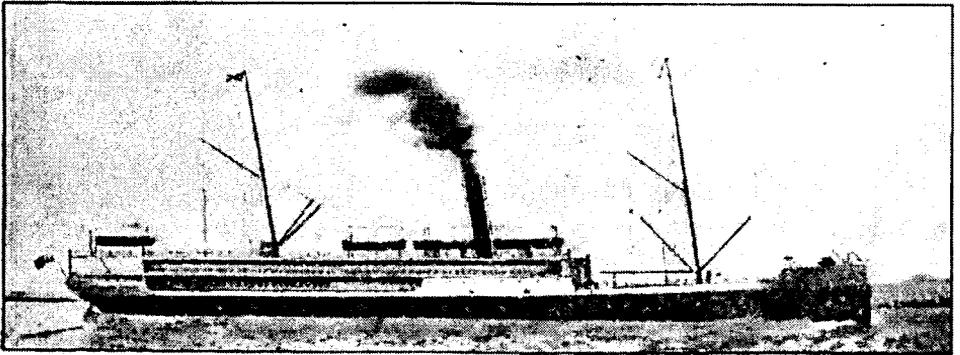
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VANCOUVER, B.C.

TO OUR READERS

This number of WESTWARD HO! should prove of exceptional interest to all who take pleasure in reading of "Men of Achievement" of Canada. The little article we are privileged to publish permits but a glimpse of this interesting subject, but the illustrations compensate for this: they are reproduced from rare photographs of historical value.

The brief account of the Second Military Expedition is a record of some of the hardships and experiences encountered by those who endured for the dignity of the "Old Flag," and is a reminiscence that is particularly in keeping with the season of Dominion celebration.

With this issue we conclude the absorbing story of the Expiation of John Reedham: a story that we know has been greatly enjoyed by many of our readers.

The Pacific War of 1910 in chapters 3 and 4 passes the introductory stage and develops into a strenuous narrative that reads like "current news" instead of a supposititious story laid in the future. The undercurrent of possibility is food for reflection.

Our fiction this month is diverse in character and will suit the varied tastes of our friends.

Potential Canada is exploited in the illustrated article on the Naramata district and the Small Holdings in the Lower Fraser Valley.

The Log of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club is brief this month, but our yachting editor promises something extra fine for August.

We expect to start a thrilling Canadian serial story shortly. This will be fully illustrated.

It is our desire to furnish the best possible for our readers and we know that our efforts will be appreciated.

Westward Ho Publishing Company

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Vol. V.

JULY, 1909

No. 1

Builders of Empire--From the Notebook of a Journalist

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

The Management of Westward Ho! has to thank the writer of this concise sketch for his courtesy in authorizing publication in this form, as it is a portion of a little work now in preparation, entitled "Builders of Empire, before and after Confederation." The letter-press is of course abbreviated from advance sheets of this work.

VISCOUNT MONCK was Governor-General of Canada when the question of Confederation was discussed, and Governor-General at the time the proclamation was issued in 1867, when the Maritime Provinces (New Brunswick and Nova Scotia) and Upper and Lower Canada merged their fortunes into one great Federal Union. Lord Monck was at all times anxious to become conversant with the domestic as well as the political and domestic life of Canadians.



Sir John A. Macdonald

During Lord Monck's administration one of his prominent advisers was John A. Macdonald, afterwards the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.C., Premier of the Dominion. Mr. Macdonald was first returned for Kingston, On-

tario, becoming a member of the Executive Council for Upper and Lower Canada (now Ontario and Quebec) in 1847. After passing through many political vicissitudes, he became Premier of Canada in 1867, and remained in that position until 1873, when he resigned on the Pacific scandal agitation. He returned to power in 1878, defeating the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie's Government by a remarkable majority. The Right Hon. gentleman was immensely popular, and to him (assisted by Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Leonard Tilley and the Hon. John H. Pope) is due the credit of the Act resulting in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir John passed to his long home the first week in June, 1891. By all unprejudiced critics he was acknowledged to be the greatest statesman Canada ever produced. He was frequently offered high political positions in Great Britain. His son, Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, has been Premier of Manitoba and Minister of the Interior at Ottawa.



Sir A. T. Galt

Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt was a very able Finance Minister and an active business man. His father had been in Canada for several years, as one of the Canada Land Company's commissioners. Sir Alexander came to Canada in 1835 and was elected in 1849 for Sherbrooke, in the Eastern Townships (Lower Canada at that time). He witnessed stirring political and constitutional events, the agitation consequent upon the signing of "The British American League," the burning of the parliament buildings in Montreal, the attack upon Lord Elgin—then Governor-General—and afterwards resigned his place in the Legislative Assembly, to engage in railway construction. He was again elected in 1853, subsequently becoming Finance Minister, introducing protective clauses in the tariff of 1853. Again he was Finance Minister in 1867, but resigned before the House of Commons met, being succeeded by Sir John Rose (Nov. 1867). After the general election of 1872 he took little interest in political affairs, but occupied many distinguished positions, including the High Commissionership in London, England, as Canadian Representative. He initiated the first Coal Company (The Northwest Coal Company), this enterprise at Lethbridge, Alberta, being still in existence. Sir Alexander died at Montreal on the 19th of September, 1893.

Sir E. P. Tache was a distinguished parliamentarian and author of the historic declaration that "the last gun fired for British supremacy in America would be fired by a French-Canadian." In 1854 the McNabb- (Sir Allan McNabb of Hamilton) Tache administration was formed, and in 1855 John A. Macdonald succeeded Sir Allan as leader of the

Upper Canada Conservatives. Sir E. P. Tache retired in 1857. When the Coalition Government, preceding Confedera-



Sir E. P. Tache

tion, was formed, he became Premier and also chairman of the conference between delegates. He was succeeded by Sir John Macdonald.



Hon. George Brown

Few public men in Canada occupied a more prominent position than the Hon. George Brown. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, accompanying his father to New York, embarking in the publication of "The British Chronicle," subsequently coming to Canada

and publishing "The Banner," Mr. Brown rapidly became a factor in National affairs. He was known as an uncompromising "Reformer," a deadly foe to the Clergy Reserves and an indefatigable exponent of Free Church prin-

opies. In 1844 "The Western Globe" was issued, finally becoming the "The Globe." This organ contributed greatly towards the success of Robert Baldwin, who formed the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government (1848). The Hon. George Brown was Premier in 1858, for a few days. It was claimed that he did not carry out his former pledges; however, he was not vouchsafed much time, being summarily voted out of office; nevertheless, he continued a vigorous campaign against the Conservatives and greatly assisted in bringing about Confederation. He was defeated for South Ontario in 1867 and became a Senator in 1874—the Hon. A. Mackenzie being then in power. He negotiated a treaty with the United States but the American Senate refused it. Mr. Brown was a loyal British subject. He was shot by a man named Bennett, who was enraged because his victim refused a certificate of character. The unfortunate gentleman was wounded on the 25th of March, 1880, and died on the 9th of May. He had declined an Imperial title.



Hon. Sanfield Macdonald Government (Reform), from May 14, 1863, to March, 1864, when his Government retired from office. He was the first Premier for the Province of Ontario, from 1867 to 1871, when he was defeated, the Hon. Edward Blake becoming Premier, with the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie as colleague, the latter representing West Middlesex.



Sir Hector Langevin

Born in Quebec on the 25th of August, 1826, Sir Hector Langevin was for many years one of the most prominent citizens of Canada and one of Canada's foremost statesmen. He died in 1906, in his eightieth year. Sir Hector was by profession an advocate but early espoused the more congenial one of journalism, was Mayor of Quebec City, and in 1857 was elected member for Dorchester, P.Q. He remained in Parliament and in 1878 became one of Sir John Macdonald's colleagues. In 1879 he was made Minister of Public Works, being knighted in that year. Consequently upon a committee of the House finding that irregularities had been allowed in his department, although absolving him from corrupt actions, he resigned his portfolio in August, 1891, although he remained in the House of Commons; his reasons for resigning were that the finding of the committee virtually involved "Carelessness in the administration of his Department." Sir Hector Langevin was a very able and very patriotic man and universally respected. The last letter he read was received from the Duke of Argyll (formerly Governor-General), who held him in high esteem.

The Province of Quebec has produced some remarkable men, but none more earnest, loyal, or more statesmanlike than Sir George Cartier. His outspoken independence frequently jeopardised his seat in parliament, and in 1872 local cries and racial jealousies brought about his defeat, he being afterwards elected by

acclamation for the constituency of Provencher, Manitoba. He had much to do with settling the Seigniorial Tenure controversy, and when Attorney-General for



Sir George Cartier

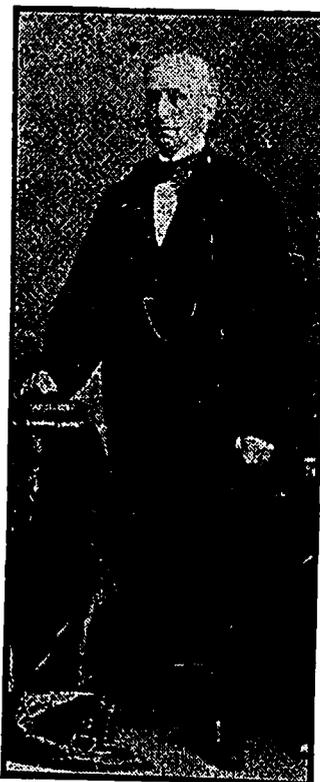
Lower Canada, devoted his great abilities towards law reform. To lay solidly the basis of Confederation, men like Sir John Macdonald, Tache and Galt, coalesced with such opponents as the Hon. Geo. Brown, Ferguson, Blair, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Hon. William Macdougall (the latter a brilliant parliamentarian), and no man did more to harmonise and conciliate than Sir George Cartier. He died in 1873, universally lamented.



Hon. Alex. Mackenzie 1878. A logical debater, possessed of many of those qualities which contribute to the success of a public man, Mr. Mackenzie was popular with the masses, but

Few men had more to contend against than Alexander Mackenzie. From the position of stone-mason he became Premier of the Dominion of Canada, holding the latter office from November, 1873, until October,

almost too uncompromising as a party leader. He formerly controlled a newspaper in Sarnia called the Lambton Shield. This was in the early days during the fifties, and a few years afterwards he became member for Lambton. In 1867 he was elected for the Commons (Lambton) and for the Ontario Legislature (1871), but resigned the latter in 1872, consequent upon Dual Representation being abolished. The Sanfield Macdonald Government (Provincial) was defeated in December, 1871, and the Hon. Edward Blake became Premier, with Mr. Mackenzie as Provincial Treasurer. When Mr. Blake retired the Hon. Oliver Mowat succeeded him and both Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie remained in the House of Commons. Alexander Mackenzie was an uncompromising Free Trader and went out of power rather than succumb to a fashionable, but very necessary, gale. He was honest in his department and expected his colleagues to be the same. Under Mr. Mackenzie's regime, the construction of various sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun. He died in Toronto on the 17th of April, 1892.



Sir Narcisse Belleau

Sir Narcisse Fortunat Belleau was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, under Confederation. He had a distinguished career at the bar, was Mayor of the City of Quebec for several years, sat in the Legislative Council in 1852, and was Speaker of that body in 1857, until 1862, except during the few days of the Brown-Dorion Government. He was Minister of Agriculture and subsequently

Brown-Dorion Government. He was Minister of Agriculture and subsequently

Receiver-General and leader for Lower Canada. In 1860 he was knighted, being at the time Speaker of the Legislative Council, upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales visiting Canada. He was an ardent advocate of Confederation, and a loyal British subject. Sir Narcisse died on the 14th of September, 1894.



Sir A. Dorion

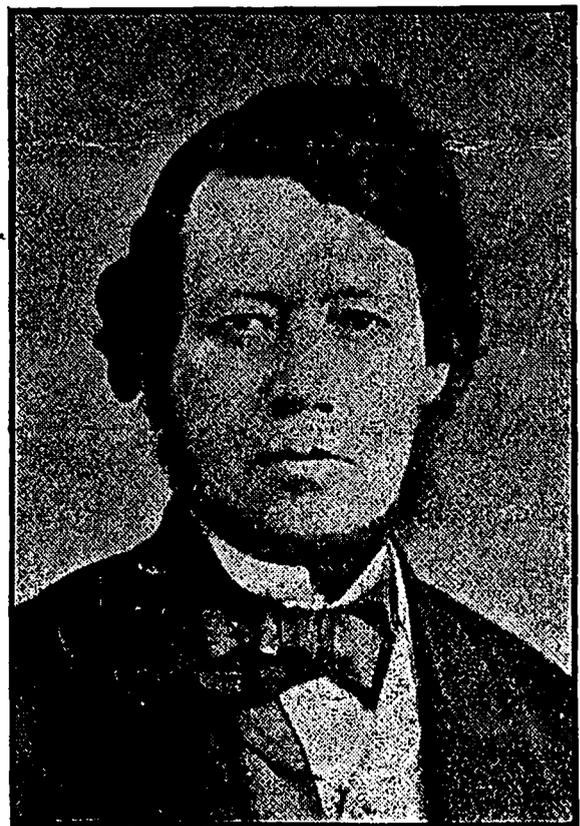
The Hon. Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion was for many years a prominent leader of French-Canadian Rouges (known then in Upper Canada as 'Clear Grits.')

He possessed ability, tact, and public spirit, but was more a lover of his profession, the law,

than of politics. He was Battonier of the Montreal bar and Battonier-General of the bar of the Province of Quebec. He declined a seat in the Cabinet in 1857; joined the Brown Government (Brown-Dorion), which lasted a few days (2nd to 4th of August, 1858); joined the Hon. J. A. Macdonald's Government in 1863, until March, 1864. Was sworn of the Privy Council in the MacKenzie Government in 1873 as Minister of Justice, and appointed Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec in June, 1874, and was subsequently knighted. The last constituency represented by him (1872-1874) was Napierville. Chief Justice Dorion was universally respected. He died at Montreal, Province of Quebec, on the 31st day of May, 1891.

Probably few people recalled the anniversary of the day on which the Hon. D'Arcy McGee passed away, 7th of April, 1868. That day lost to Canada a brilliant orator and progressive statesman. Mr. McGee had been one of the

"Liberators" in Ireland, had written impassioned verses and delivered earnest addresses for Ireland's cause. He escaped to the United States, afterwards becoming a Canadian citizen and, in 1857, was returned to the Canada Assembly as representative of Montreal. He strongly denounced Fenianism both publicly and privately. The lamented Irishman was shot dead on Sparks street, Ottawa, early on the morning of April 7th. His murderer, Whalen, was hanged.

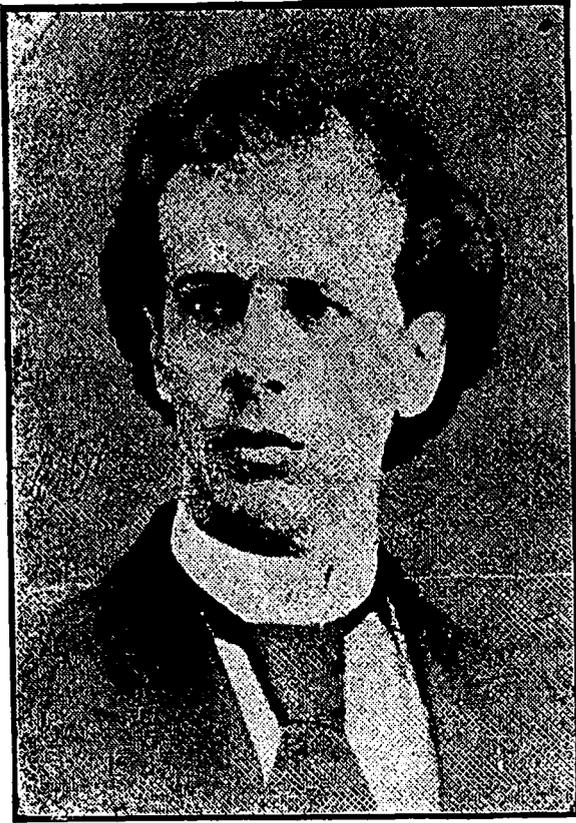


Hon. D'Arcy McGee

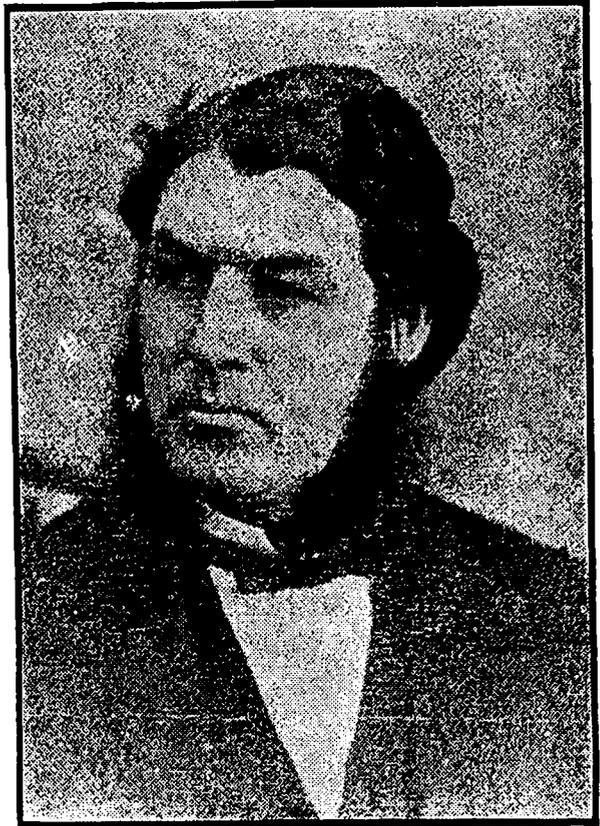
The portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, is familiar to all who take an interest in public men. These represent him in maturer years. The accompanying likeness was taken in 1873 before he entered the Dominion Parliament, about thirty-six years ago. He was Minister of Inland Revenue in 1877, in the Mackenzie Government, becoming Premier of Canada upon the resignation of Sir Charles Tupper in the summer of 1896. He was knighted during the Queen's Jubilee, 1897. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government has been three times sustained, when appealing to the country subsequent to the general election in 1896.

The photograph of Sir Charles Tupper, Baronet, now produced, was taken in 1874, when Financial Critic on the Opposition side. He delivered many famous speeches at that period. Sir Charles will be 88 years of age 2nd of July, 1909.

in the Senate since 1872. He was born in 1823 and is in his eighty-sixth year. Sir Charles Tupper rendered important services to his country, as a peace maker in Nova Scotia during the disunion trouble, as Minister of Railways, Finance Minister, High Commissioner for Cana-



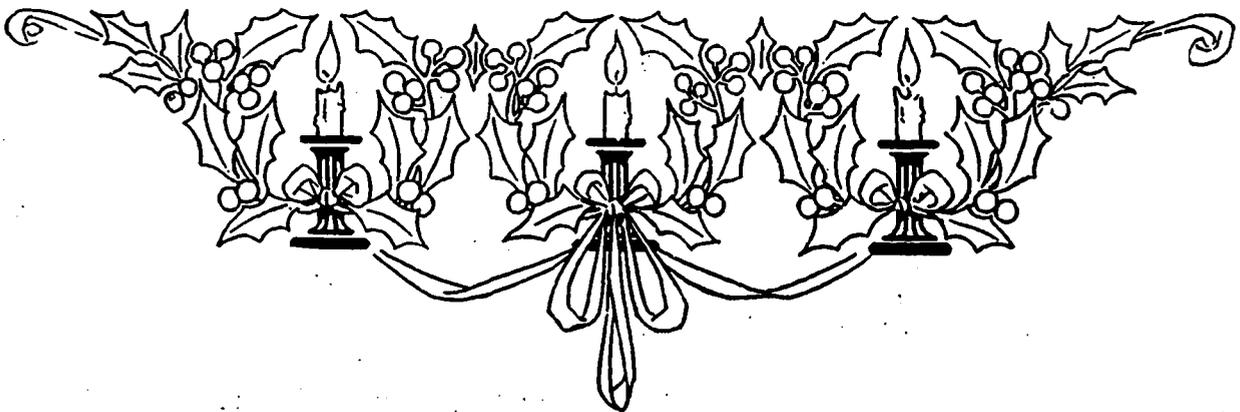
Sir Wilfrid Laurier



Sir Charles Tupper.

He is as vigorous and patriotic as in earlier days. He succeeded Sir Mackenzie Bowell as Premier in 1896, but his Government was defeated. His predecessor, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, remains in the Senate, but not as leader. He has been in the Commons and afterwards

in England, and as a representative of Canada at Washington, D.C., during reciprocity conferences. The career of this famous Canadian has been signalized by sincere devotion to duty and earnest efforts to further the progress of the Dominion.



Reminiscences of the Second Military Expedition to Fort Garry in 1871, via the Great Lakes and the old Dawson Route

Alfred Codd, (Late) Lieut.-Col. C.P.A.M.C.

ALTHOUGH thirty-nine years have passed, some of our readers no doubt still retain a vivid recollection of the Reil Rebellion in the North-West in 1870, when a military expedition of one thousand three hundred men, composed partly of Imperial and Canadian Troops, forming the Red River Expeditionary Force, proceeded to Fort Garry and suppressed the rebellion at that time.

Peace and quietness, however, at Fort Garry, were not to reign for long; for in autumn of 1871 an organized body of Fenians from the bordering State of Minnesota, attempted to invade our territory by way of the town of Pembina, U.S.A., which is sixty-two miles south from Fort Garry. This induced the Canadian Government at Ottawa to dispatch immediately an additional force to the relief of the small body of men retained at Fort Garry as a "Service Company."

This "Relief Force," or "Second Expedition" was composed of nine officers and one hundred non-commissioned officers and men, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Scott; the other officers being Capt. John Fletcher, Lieut. and Adjutant Hayton Reid, Lieut. Geo. Simard, Alfred Codd, M.D., Pay-Master F. C. Morrice, Lieuts. Nash and Martineau, and Quarter-Master Edward Armstrong. All these gentlemen had previously served on the Expedition of 1870.

Col. Scott had received instructions to proceed with as little delay as possible, as it was now late in the season, and the ice

in the smaller lakes and rivers would soon set, and of course impede our progress.

On the 18th of October, 1871, I received my final, personal instructions from the Adjutant-General, and proceeded by train to Prescott Junction, where I was to meet Lieut.-Col. Osborne Smith, from Montreal, and hand him some important instructions from the Adjutant-General.

Col. Smith was to proceed to Fort Garry by way of St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A., and assume command of the troops and Military District No. 10, at Fort Garry. We continued on our journey to Toronto and Collingwood, where we were to embark on the steamer "Wabinau," arriving in Toronto on the 19th. I was busy replenishing the medicine chests (panniers) and securing other necessary supplies and surgical apparatus for our trip; and Col. Scott was fully occupied in procuring the necessary articles and supplies for the force.

On the morning of the 20th October we left Toronto by the Northern Railway for Collingwood where we arrived late in the afternoon, put up at a very comfortable hotel. During the evening we listened to many most amusing stories from Lieut.-Col. Robert Dennison of the Militia Local Staff, Toronto; told as he only can tell them. We retired very early to our rooms, as most of us were very tired by our several duties of the day at Toronto.

October 21st. We were up early as there were many important things to attend to before embarking, and at 9

a.m. I had a medical inspection of all the contingents that had arrived, in accordance with the regulations, and found the majority well and in good physical condition for the Expedition, although several were unfit for service and were not allowed to continue the journey.

At 4.30 p.m. we marched on board the "Wabinau," a side-wheel steamer which the Government had chartered for the troops, getting all the stores and necessary supplies on board occupied about three hours. At about 7 p.m. we sailed from Collingwood and very shortly entered into the Georgian Bay, and, being very tired, we all turned into our berths at an early hour.

October 22nd. This was a beautiful morning, and the scenery of the Georgian Bay was grand, the Manitoulin Islands on our left were beautiful and interesting. The crisp air gave us sharp appetites for breakfast which we very soon disposed of. The Captain of the "Wabinau" came to Col. Scott and was extremely anxious to engage Private Dobbs, (one of our men who was a professional waiter), as a waiter on his boat, but the Colonel explained to him that it would be, of course, impossible. We were now passing up the St. Maries River, which, in some places is quite narrow; the homes along its shores were very pretty. Late in the afternoon we came to the "Sault Ste. Marie," the Canadian shore being on the right hand side, and on the left, immediately across the river and rapids, is Fort Grady, in the United States territory, where a small garrison of Infantry and Artillery are stationed. This was a good sized town with several good hotels.

The celebrated Sault Locks were a source of attraction to many for the fishing and the pleasure of running the rapids. As we were not carrying rifles or ammunition on board, we were permitted by the U. S. authorities to pass through the Locks without interruption, and entered into Lake Superior about 7 o'clock in the evening. After passing White Fish Point the waves ran high and the wind very high and stormy, soon rising to a perfect gale. Our experiences of this night are very

vivid still in my mind, and I don't think any member of the Expedition will forget the storm of that night. The steamer pitched about in all directions, one immense wave smashed in the port-gangway. The water got into the coal bunkers, disabled the port paddle wheel and almost all the crockery in the kitchen was broken.

The Captain at this time thought of putting into Michimicolton Harbor, but having only one wheel to depend upon, he dare not venture on such a difficult undertaking. I need hardly say that we were all very much alarmed, and the prospect of landing safely at Thunder Bay was extremely doubtful, and I think the Captain was very much of the same opinion; a watery grave was more our prospect. I know I lay in my berth expecting to go down at any moment. I was deadly nauseated and did not care very much what became of me. Early in the morning we sighted Silver Island, and shortly after, the wind going down considerably, we ran into calmer water, and lay to for some time while the wheel was repaired; but we had no sooner got into the lake and rough water, when it broke down again, and we had to try and get into Thunder Bay with the assistance of a sail and one wheel, which we accomplished in the afternoon of the 24th; that is, we arrived at Thunder Bay Landing, about half a mile from the shore, and landed our men and supplies by means of scows, but the water being very rough, this was not accomplished without considerable difficulty and some danger. Tents were then pitched and our supplies properly cared for.

October 25th. Snowing hard and cold, had another inspection of the men and found several more of them unfit to proceed further with the Expedition. These men were quite disgusted at this, and would have preferred to proceed than return across the lake again, especially at this late date. However, there was no alternative—they were unfit for the "Service" and should not have been enlisted—and back to their homes they had to go. In the afternoon arrangements

were made for an early start next morning.

October 26th. It rained in torrents which, with the heavy fall of snow the day before, made the roads extremely bad and difficult for marching; however, the wagons being loaded to their utmost capacity, everything was ready and the advance detachments, consisting of Col. Scott, Adj. Reid, Lieut. Simard and Hospital Sergt. Campbell with two field companions, and other small necessities, marched up the Dawson Road on their way to Shebandawan, twenty-two miles from the Landing (now the famous town of Port Arthur), Capt. Fletcher, Major Morrice, Lieuts. Nash and Martineau, Quarter-Master Armstrong and myself were to leave early the next morning.

October 27th. It was still raining and at intervals snowing. After packing the wagons and taking a hurried breakfast, the fall-in was sounded, and we marched off; the roads being in such a dreadful condition and the wagons so heavily laden that there was no possibility of any officer or man riding, so to walk in the slush was the only way of proceeding. This we found most tiresome and difficult of progress, frequently men had to fall out and rest for a few minutes, although I found it was better to try and go along slowly than to take a rest; stopping to rest even for a few minutes tired me out quicker than going on slowly and not stopping at all.

At Twelve-Mile Shanty Major Morrice and Quarter-Master Armstrong gave out and were obliged to rest. We went on and at 5 o'clock we arrived at Sixteen-Mile Shanty. All of us were very tired. Marching sixteen miles in mud and snow is a most fatiguing undertaking, and no one knows what it is until he has undertaken the task. Here I met a Mr. Bellhouse, employed as a teamster. He evidently had seen better days, but for many reasons, I suppose, was obliged to take this employment. He had a small flask of good gin and very kindly offered me a drink which I gratefully accepted (I had an opportunity of returning the compliment by a small bottle of whisky about a year afterwards,

meeting him again at Fort Francis). In about an hour Major Morrice and Capt. Armstrong came in very tired; Capt. Armstrong was quite sick; I was afraid I should be obliged to leave him behind, until the baggage wagons, which were in the rear, came up; however, after resting about two hours, he revived very much; and at 2 a.m. we started again, in the moonlight, arriving at the Kaministiguia Bridge at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 27th. Here we had a light breakfast, and started again at 7.30 feeling much refreshed by our breakfast and three and a half hours' rest.

We continued on our way to the Matawan River, where we arrived at 7.15 and learned that the advance detachments had passed on about an hour before our arrival. Here we found several knapsacks belonging to the advance detachments. Quarter-Master Armstrong, having an eye to business and the future, managed to hire an old horse and dilapidated cart, into which were placed the knapsacks, himself and the Major; in fact we made use of it as an ambulance and found it of much service. We proceeded on this way until we reached Shebandawan at 8.30 p.m. and reported our arrival to Col. Scott.

The baggage not having yet arrived, a temporary shelter was provided for the troops to pass the night in and rest our weary legs. The Indian guide was here awaiting the troops, and the boats and tugs had all been hauled over and made ready to convey us over the small lakes.

The seven clinker built boats held sixteen men each, with the proportion of necessary supplies. And the two tugs were those used on the previous expedition, properly repaired and ready for use through previous instructions from Ottawa.

October 28th. Fine but cold morning. All very stiff as may be expected from such a tiresome long march, and many suffering from very sore feet, but all in good spirits and anxious to proceed. The boats were selected, and turned over to the command of their respective officers, loading them occupied most of the day.

Early on the morning of the 29th October we started. The boats we found

loaded down to within four or five inches of the gunnels. Each officer and man being in his place, Col. Scott gave the order to move across the lake to Kasha-boin Portage. The tugs were only used for long stretches of water; the lake being smooth, this was a rest for the men, who appeared to appreciate it. Songs and jokes were indulged in on our way, and at 9 o'clock p.m. we arrived at the Portage, but it being quite dark we had to bivouac for the night.

October 30th. Having got the boats over the "Portage," loading up commenced, and we left at 1.30 p.m. The men rowing in quite a snowstorm could hardly see where to steer, and we got at one time out of our course, but the guide soon sighted the Portage of the Height of Land where we arrived at 3.30. We set up our own tents and camped, and the storm being so bad we remained here through the night.

October 31st. A very cold morning, but clear, and the water smooth. We left this portage at 7 a.m. This lake being short we arrived at Brule Portage at 9 o'clock, but crossing this lake was very cold. The men went to work getting over the boats and supplies. I may here mention that the boats were always as carefully handled as possible, using skids or small round logs placed on the keel of the boat hauled by a dozen or more of the men and steadied by others, the boats being perfectly empty, they were soon conveyed over the portage to the water without injury. I found at this portage some of the men had broken into the box of hospital comforts; this was reported at once to the officer commanding. Hospital "comforts" consist of beef tea, brandy, arrowroot, etc., for the use of sick patients.

Left here at 12 o'clock, proceeding over the next short lake, we arrived at French Portage at 4.15 p.m. and camped. Here we met Mr. Dawson, who preceded the troops from Thunder Bay. He was pleased to see us, and thought we had made very good time.

November 1st. The weather was fine but very cold. This was rather a long portage, but most of the men and officers walked over while the boats and supplies

were sent down the creek. Left the mouth of the creek at 1.30. A fair wind and snowing hard, but we were able to sail through the narrows which were quite deep, but very narrow, in some places; however, we managed to get through those difficulties at last, and arrived at Pine Portage at 4 o'clock p.m. Still snowing and very cold. This being a very short portage it was soon over, and passing over another small lake we arrived at Deux Revier at 5 o'clock, and camped for the night.

November 2nd. Several of the men complaining of blistered hands from rowing, and diarrhoea, caused, I expect, from drinking water, which they are cautioned not to do. However, so far we had been very fortunate in having little or no sickness.

Left here at 10 a.m. next morning, proceeding to the Maline River, a short distance ahead; went into camp about 2 p.m.

November 3rd. Snowing still. Opened up an abscess in the hand of one of the men, caused by the continual rowing; and dressed the feet of another who had been severely scalded by upsetting a tin of hot soup. We started again at 9 a.m. The river here was very deep and studded with rocks, and the current very swift. We soon came to Island Portage, which is a small portage we had to cross; the river divides just above it and the water passes on each side with fearful velocity. We got all the boats and baggage safely over, and started again at 4 p.m. One of the small tugs was waiting for us at this point, and proved of welcome assistance to us. We proceeded but a few miles when it became too dark for further travel, so we were forced to camp on a small island.

November 4th. Fine morning, but very cold. The tug took us on to the first Loon Portage. Here we had to abandon this tug, the water being too low for its further use. While crossing this portage one of our men who was carrying a heavy load, received rather a serious injury to his back; the pathway being narrow and slippery he overbalanced himself, falling backwards, the

severe strain to the spine causing convulsions; he recovered however in a short time, but I thought it better to leave him in charge of my hospital sergeant and Lieut. Simond's detachment, while I proceeded ahead in Major Morrice's boat, as here we had to divide up to lighten the boats, the water being so low in Loon Creek, which we were about to enter. Here we experienced much difficulty in getting the boats down this creek. The men and officers were in this icy cold water up to their thighs for over two hours; and at 6.30 we camped, the men were wet through and very tired. It was decided by Col. Scott to lighten the boats, which were overladen, and the men very crowded. So we left behind two quarters of beef and some other provisions that could be spared.

November 5th. A very cold morning, but about an hour after the sun came out, the first we had seen for several days. We were now nearing Rainy Lake, but had to pass through ice for a half mile before we could reach the lake proper. Reached the west end of the lake at 6 p.m. and camped.

November 6th. Here we had another tug to convey us across Rainy Lake to Fort Francis. Left at 9 a.m. Lake fairly smooth, and a fair wind, but cold; the tug taking us along at a good speed, we took our mid-day meal in the boats; and late in the afternoon camped on an island, where we found Col. Scott and others of the advance detachment. Found the other box of hospital comforts had been broken into.

November 7th. Left camp at 8.30 a.m. A cloudy morning but fair wind. We were now eighteen miles from Fort Francis. All doing well except one man who has a severe cold. At noon we put into an island for dinner. In the afternoon a high wind arose and the lake became very rough; we put up a sail to ease off the strain on the rope of the tug; this acted satisfactorily. At about sunset we could hear the noise of the rapids at Fort Francis and at dark we ran the rapids just above the Fort, which was a dangerous thing to do, in the darkness. However, we had a good guide who knew the water and location well. Although

I confess I did not feel very happy at the time, as the slightest error on the part of the guide would have sent the whole force to the bottom of the lake.

November 8th. The inhabitants at Fort Francis at this time were principally Indians, a few of the Hudson's Bay officials, and several people from the other side of the line immediately opposite the falls. The falls at Fort Francis were very grand, spreading almost the entire width of the Rainy River. The settlement consisted at this time of the Hudson's Bay storehouse, and the resident Chief Factor's house, who was "lord and master of all he surveyed." Here I met Mr. Peiher, the Indian Agent of this district; although his residence is at Rat Portage, the other end of the Lake of the Woods. I gave him a small quantity of vaccine, and simple medicines which he greatly required. We here procured a large Hudson's Bay boat, called a York boat, which is very spacious and broad of beam, most suitable for the lake traffic. Having loaded our craft with a large quantity of supplies and thus lightened the smaller boats, we manned our boat with twenty-eight men, including Major Morrice, Capt. Armstrong and myself.

Leaving the Fort in tow of a tug at 12.30 p.m. we descended the Rainy River, which is forty miles from the Lake of the Woods and about a quarter of a mile wide just below the falls and very deep. The remainder of the boats were a short distance in advance of us with the guide. The current is not very strong for some distance below, and we could quietly enjoy the scenery along its banks. About sunset we camped for the night six miles above the first falls and the Manitou Rapids.

November 9th. We started early, the tug going ahead, as we passed along we saw the mounds of Indian graves, which were very old and sacred to the Indians.

This rapid was very short, but swift, and at the lower part there was a dangerous whirlpool where many boats have been destroyed. Our boat got into the eddy, but by a sudden and dexterous strong arm of the man on the sweep,

managed to get out of its grasp just at the proper moment, but none too soon.

We now entered the Long Sault Rapids which are about a mile long, but a very fair depth of water. These being safely over the tug was attached again to the boats and we made rapid progress down the river to its mouth which we reached at 7 p.m. Here at the very mouth of the river before entering the Lake of the Woods was a place called "Hungry Hall," where we waited for the wind to go down preparatory to our voyage across the big traverse of the Lake of the Woods. This traverse is about twenty-five miles from land to land, with the exception of one or two small sand islands, where we waited for some hours for the rough sea to go down. The guides in fact, declined to venture out as it was.

At 2 a.m. on the 10th we all started on again, but on getting fairly out into the lake we found it much rougher than we or the guides anticipated. The seas ran very high and the wind increased in violence, blowing so hard that we had to put back to the Sand Islands. At 5.30 p.m. we made a start under great protests from the guides. There was at this time a great swell on the wind, having fallen considerably. All the boats were now put in line and towed by the tugs. We proceeded this way about seven miles when the wind rose again and the waves ran very high; the strain on the tow ropes became very great. One tug was disabled, and Mr. A——, who acted as chief engineer and had control of the tugs, had arranged for certain whistles for signals; this was to bring up the tugs along side with their tows; in so doing a general collision of the boats almost occurred. Mr. Dawson, who was in one of the boats, was very angry with Mr. A——, for giving such an order and endangering the lives of the whole force. Mr. A——, the engineer-in-chief, was certainly not "the right man in the right place" on this occasion. But our troubles were not ended, for, while we were tossing about endeavouring to avoid colliding with the other boats and the tug, the tug slipped her rudder, and of course, became un-

manageable. Our big York boat at this time had a lug sail up, and was very nearly driven onto the stern of the tug. At this moment Major Morrice, who was forward, gave the order to cut the tow line and lower the sail. The man in the excitement cut the main stay of the mast; he, however, at once saw his error, and cut the tow line. In the meantime several men secured the mast, preventing it from falling on some six or eight men who were laying aft helplessly sea-sick. At this moment Mr. Dawson gave orders for each boat to cut loose, man their oars and make for the nearest shore. We cast off and followed the boat which had a guide in it, although it was hard to see, and the water was rough. We could see the sparks from the smokestack of the other tug which was doing its best to reach land before the water put the fires out.

After pulling about an hour in very rough water we landed, much to our relief, on a small rocky island, and here we built a great fire. The other boats coming in, guided by our fire, but one did not get in until after daylight.

November 11th. The men having had a short rest and dried to some extent, part of their clothes; we left the island about 8 a.m., leaving the tugs to hunt up wood, and make some temporary repairs which they needed badly, but owing to the liability of ice forming in the narrow places ahead of us, we had no time for any delay, in fact our prospects of getting through to the northwest angle of the lake, or near it in open water was very doubtful. However, we made a start again; it was bitterly cold and a heavy swell on from the recent storm. When out about two hours we sighted two canoes ahead coming towards us; shortly after, we discovered the strangers were Col. Osborne, Smith, and Mrs. James Graham of the Public Works Department at Fort Garry, both coming to meet us. The Colonel was glad to see us, and was surprised we had made such good time. He reported that the people around Fort Garry were in a very uneasy state, and our arrival would be greatly welcomed.

As we approached the shores we came in contact with considerable floating ice, and before dark we got well into the narrows of the N. W. angle of the lake and had to camp on the shore, which was steep and very rocky, so much so, that we could not pitch our tents, and besides the canvas was frozen stiff, so we threw them over some poles and used them as a shelter from the cold wind.

November 12th. We passed a miserable, cold, uncomfortable night. In the morning a high north-west wind was blowing, and the ice pretty well formed. We were now about fifteen miles from the north-west angle. Started early, breaking the ice from the bow of the boats with poles. We made about six miles slow progress, the ice getting thicker, and the bows of the boats becoming badly cut by the ice. Finally we had to put ashore on an island. Mr. Dawson considered it better not to remain here long, as the ice was becoming stronger and thicker every hour, but to make for the main land. We managed to find some old sheet iron, left here by some voyageur, which we tacked on the bow of the leading boat, and after hard work poling and continually breaking the ice for a passage for the boats, we managed to reach the main land late in the afternoon where we put up a shelter as we did the previous night.

November 13th. Stormy and cold; had a miserable night as usual. The ice had set firmly in the passage we made yesterday. It was now evident that we must abandon the boats here, and leave a small guard with Quarter-Master Armstrong in charge of the tents and camping outfit; the men and officers to march on the glare new ice, carrying with us only what was absolutely necessary; and very little of that, as the ice was not very strong; and proceed to the "angle" at ten paces apart. During our march several of the men went through the ice, but we managed to get them out all right. Marching twelve miles on glare ice was something new to us and decidedly fatiguing besides being dangerous duty. At 6 p.m. we arrived at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, all very much fatigued. This place was simply

a wilderness. No settlement, no habitation of any kind, not a living soul; and worse than all, there were no provisions in sight, and we were all very hungry. By some miscalculation our supplies had at this time not arrived from Fort Garry. The men found a little lumber about the place and they managed to put up a sort of a shed of very small dimensions, but large enough for us to crowd in. While the men were erecting this shelter Capt. Fletcher succeeded in shooting a "Musk Rat," which he and I roasted for supper, and found very palatable. Not having any knives and forks we had to use our jack-knives and fingers. After this sumptuous meal we turned in to get what sleep we could under our temporary roof, but our rest was not for long; somebody accidentally kicked one of the supporting poles, and the roof fell upon us; fortunately no one was injured and in a short time it was righted again.

November 14th. Cold and snowing hard. Our blankets were covered with two or three inches of snow. At 11 a.m. a wagon arrived from Fort Garry with a load of provisions which was very welcome, of course. After all had eaten a good hearty meal, we made preparations for a start for our one hundred and ten miles to Fort Garry. During the night I was called up to see one of the men who was reported as being very ill. Upon examination I ascertained he had contracted pneumonia, and would have to be conveyed to the hospital at Fort Garry as soon as possible. Fortunately a half-breed came in from Fort Garry with the teamsters, and had a small sleigh called a "jumper"; this I immediately secured for my patient and proceeded in advance of the column. This man had also a pony, so off we started at about 10 a.m., taking it by turns in riding and running. We arrived at the next shanty at about 2 p.m., fed the pony and gave him a good rest; patient standing the journey so far pretty well. From here we pushed on and came to Thirty-Mile Shanty at 5 p.m. Could not go any further, as my patient was very fatigued by jolting over the rough road.

November 15th. Awoke refreshed from the rest, and started early, proceed-

ing as yesterday, but the road was very rough, which was bad for the sick man, but he was doing well withal. We arrived at Birch River late in the evening.

November 16th. A wet morning; considerable rain had fallen during the night making the road bad, but we started as soon as the rain stopped, and pushed on to Whitemouth River, where we arrived at 9.30 a.m. Patient doing well; rested an hour, and fed pony; started again and arrived at Broken Head river at noon. Had a good dinner here. Patient was feeling pretty worn out by the constant travelling over rough roads, but was plucky, and anxious to reach "hospital" as soon as possible; so we continued on and arrived at "Point Du Chene" in the afternoon. We were now twenty-eight miles from Fort Garry. This information put more spirit in my patient, and I may say the same for myself, for I was getting pretty well played out. Here a half-breed that I knew met us, and brought us to his house, where we remained over night and where my patient had a comfortable bed.

November 17th. Started very early. We had flat rolling prairie and good roads from here on to Fort Garry. Heard from a half-breed that the troops were well up behind us. It was snowing hard and difficult to see the trail, but we rushed on to a shanty just twelve miles from the fort. Stopped for dinner; then had to leave our pony; it was done out, so borrowed another. It was now getting colder and very stormy, but we were encouraged by the short distance we had to go, and continue to push on. We met another half-breed from whom I ascertained that the ice across the Red River was safe to cross at St. Boniface, at the old crossing. On we went and arrived

in St. Boniface (town) at 9 p.m. Here my half-breed and proprietor of the sleigh, said the ice was not safe to cross, but from what I heard I felt confident it was, and I knew the old trail well and insisted in crossing and putting my patient in our hospital. Then I went to the officers' quarters where I was heartily welcomed by my old fellow officers, especially Col. Pebbles, who had a very nice supper prepared for me, as well as comfortable bed, both of which were greatly appreciated. Col. Scott and the men of the expedition arrived about noon the following morning, the 18th November, just one month from the day he left Ottawa City.

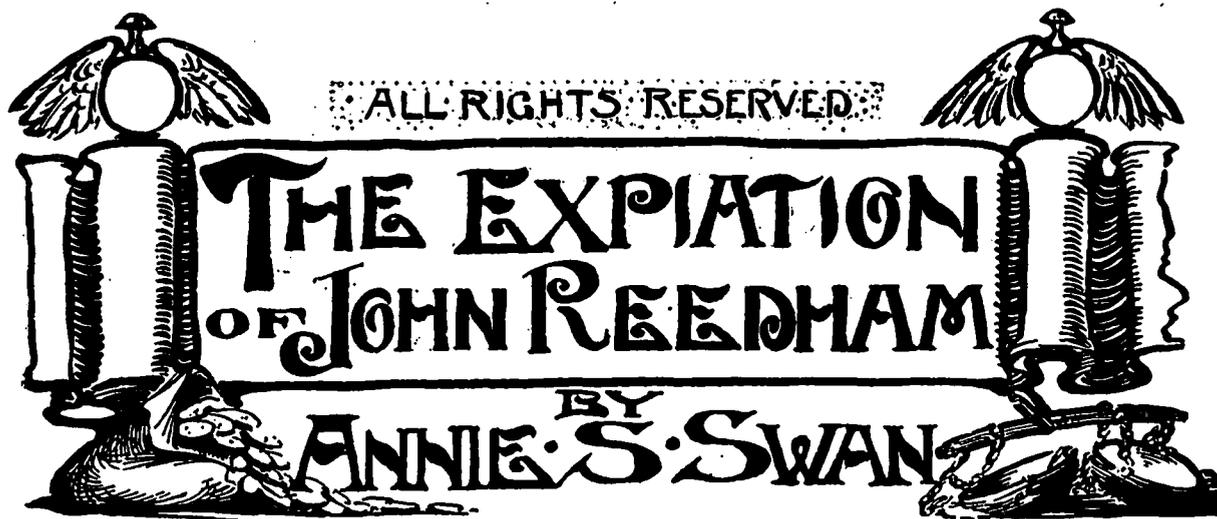
This ends my record of the Second, or Relief Expeditionary Force to Fort Garry by the Dawson Route in 1871, an experience of many dangers and hardships through the Great Lakes and a wilderness in almost winter season without the loss of a man.

This surely is another evidence of the loyalty, pluck and endurance of the Canadian soldier, and without a drop of alcoholic stimulants being used during the whole trip. It may be interesting, perhaps, to the reader to know that many of the non-commissioned officers and men of this expedition have since held very honourable positions in civil life. Among others may be mentioned Col. Scott, collector of H. M. Customs, Winnipeg; Lieut. Reed, inspector of the C.P.R. system of hotels, Easterly Division; Ensign W. H. Nash, chief clerk of Registry Office, Winnipeg; Ensign H. Martineau, Indian Agent, Brandon, Manitoba; Surgeon Codd, now Surgeon Lt.-Col. A. M. C. (retired in 1896). Others have passed to the "great beyond," and several have been lost trace of.

THE END.



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THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

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. With the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Ethelreds, 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 Colonia! branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII. Charlton gains the entire confidence of his employer, and business of importance in Africa, requiring either the principal, or a trusted representative, it is arranged that Charlton should 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. Charlton returns to England, receives a hearty welcome from his employer. Walking home from the office with "Leslie," he learns that his wife, Bessie, was married to George Lidgate.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOMB.

“YOU are all we have, Stephen, and it is your duty, for all our sakes, to stay at home.”

Mrs. James Currie made this deliverance at the dinner-table at Fair Lawn on the evening of Charlton's return from the Cape. She had just been reading in the evening paper an account of the arrival of the first batch of wounded officers and men at Netley, and her fears, which much persuasion had lulled to sleep, leaped into new being at the news.

In appearance, a large, comfortable motherly person, she had a narrow, nagging, unlovable nature, which made life sometimes very difficult for all the inmates of Fair Lawn. But none could accuse her of lack of interest in her children. She loved them, indeed, with a jealous, selfish love, which gave them little peace. Disappointed because her daughters had not made the brilliant matches she had desired and hoped for, she had concentrated her whole ambition on her son. And though much wroth, she was in a measure grateful to Katherine Wrede for having refused him.

Her knowledge of that young woman was sufficient to assure her that, had she married Stephen she, his mother, would have had no sway or voice in their establishment. She still hoped he might turn to the girl she had chosen for him, Susan Bracebridge, a colourless person, only too pleased to be guided by Mrs. Currie. Katherine Wrede's final decision, however, delivered in no ambiguous terms, had decided Stephen on a new venture. It was the time when war was in all men's mouths, and the blood of old and young alike was fired with the desire to do great deeds for their country's honour. Stephen had announced his intention of going out to the front with the C.I.V.'s

“There are lots of other chaps without brothers going out, mother,” replied Stephen, as he carefully pared an apple. “Don't be silly about it. Nothing's going to happen to me if I can help it; I

mean, I'm not one of the reckless sort. I'll do my duty, but I'll look after my own skin, and take jolly good care those confounded Boers don't get a pot at me.”

“What are you laughing at, Sophy?” he asked suddenly, when his younger sister suddenly giggled.

“I was wondering what's the use of going out if you're thinking of your own skin all the time,” she said flatly. “I don't suppose these poor chaps that came to Netley thought much about themselves. If I went to the Cape I should try to distinguish myself at any price. I only wish I had the chance.”

Sophy sighed as she uttered these unexpected words. There were times when she rebelled against the grey order and monotony of her life. She had been brought up well, if strictly, surrounded by every luxury; but she was not content. The womanhood in her stirred often in vague, rebellious longings. Put into words, Sophia desired to live.

“Don't talk about what you don't understand,” said her mother severely. “Well Stephen, I like your prudence; it is reassuring. Of course, I know you won't run any needless risks, but, all the same, I shall never know a moment's peace till you come back.”

“We shan't be long gone,” said Stephen, cheerfully.

“Are the arrangements made, or any date for sailing fixed?” inquired his father interestedly. Personally, he was rather pleased that his son was going out. He could easily spare him from London-wall, and it would give him a certain distinction to say he had given his only son up for the country's good. Like many another, he did not anticipate a tithe of the woe yet in store.

Before Stephen could reply to his father's question, the servant came back to the room with the coffee, and at the same time gave a message to Stephen.

“There's a gentleman for you in the breakfast-room, Mr. Stephen. He did not give his name.”

“A gentleman, are you sure, Jane?” he asked suspiciously. “You know most of the gentlemen who come here, are you sure it's not a beggar or an imposter?”

"No, sir; I think I have seen him before. He is a perfectly respectable man."

Stephen pushed back his chair and left the room.

The breakfast-room was on the opposite side of the spacious hall, a pleasant apartment looking across the Heath. Stephen opened the door with a quick impatience. A tall, broad-shouldered man in a dark overcoat stood by the table; he recognised him in a moment, of course, as Richard Turner, who had once served an apprenticeship in their own business.

He was not pleased to see him, and could conceive of no reason for such an intrusion after business hours except a begging appeal of some kind. Stephen Currie had been reared to be suspicious, and to give no help unless absolutely obliged. And then never gracefully, but grudgingly, as if the obligation were resented.

"Hulloa, Turner," he said abruptly. "What brings you here?"

"A bit o' private business, Mr. Stephen," replied the man, and the trembling note in his voice indicated that for some reason or another he was moved. "I wasn't sure whether to ask for you or your father, but I came to the conclusion it concerns you most."

Stephen was interested, and stepped back to close the door more carefully.

"Well, what is it? I can't conceive of any private business you can have with me, but go ahead."

"Yes, Mr. Stephen, I will. Do you remember a man called Charlton that Mr. Archibald Currie took on from God knows where, a couple of years or so back, and who has wormed himself very high up in the governor's good graces?"

"Charlton? Yes, of course I know the fellow, never liked him either. But he's at the Cape at present, isn't he? I remember my uncle sent him out to overhaul the Cape business, and my father thought he was mad to do it."

"Well, he was and he wasn't, so far as the business is concerned; he's straight enough. He couldn't afford to be anything else, having been once had by the heels; do you follow me, Mr. Stephen?"

"You mean, of course, that he had a discreditable career before he entered my uncle's place. But nobody need be surprised at that," he added facetiously, and perhaps not in the best taste, considering the terms upon which Turner had left London Wall and been taken into Old Broad Street. "My uncle's tastes in employees is—is, well, to put it mildly, not like anybody else's. No offence, Turner, but you know what I mean."

"Perfectly, but I will do Mr. Currie the justice to say he don't make many mistakes. He has a way of getting the best out of folks, but he's bin had this time, Mr. Stephen, by gad, he has."

"This is interesting, but get on quickly. I suppose you've found out something about Charlton."

"I have that. He came home from the Cape today, sir, and the governor and Miss Wrede were at Southampton to meet him, as if he had been a bloomin' prince, or at least a victorious general comin' back from the war."

As he spoke Miss Wrede's name he kept his cunning eyes fixed on Stephen Currie's face, and was not disappointed of the effect.

"We've all known he's bin making eyes in that direction, sir; it's bin the talk of the office. That an' a partnership was 'is little gime. Pretty high flyer, eh, Mr. Stephen?"

"A damned good cheek, but don't waste time, Turner. What's this all leading up to? I don't suppose you came up to Hampstead-heath to tell me these facts, with which, of course, I'm perfectly acquainted already."

"No, sir, you're right. You used the right words, sir, a damned good cheek, and he had it, too, bein' a married man with a small family already."

"No!" cried Stephen Currie, and the angry colour leaped in his cheek.

"Yes, and a gaol bird as well, at least, if not a gaol bird, he oughter be one, and it warn't through no fault of the perlice he isn't one now."

"This is very serious indeed, Turner," said Stephen Currie, paling again in his rising excitement. "I hope you have taken pains to verify these wild state-

ments before you bring them here: you understand the seriousness of it?"

"Don't I? If I didn't I shouldn't be here."

"Have you said anything to Mr. Archibald Currie?"

"Not yet, Mr. Stephen; you see, I haven't seen him. They ail came up from Southampton together today, and Charlton, he came to the office, but the governor and Miss Wrede went straight on to Hyde-park-square. I was in two minds to go to 'im first, but I thought it would be better to consult you first."

"Then you are prepared to stand by this extraordinary thing you have told me? You have the proofs, Turner?"

"Yes, sir, as many as I need, but there's more to come. I came to you, sir, knowin' what we all expected at the office, how as you and Miss Wrede were to be married if this—this wrong 'un hadn't come between. I thought you were the man to come to."

"Yes, yes; well, what more is there? I don't see what more there can be, unless you're going to tell me the fellow has committed murder."

"Mr. Stephen, sir," said Turner, "that fellow as you call him, who has looked at honest men in Old Broad-street as if they was dirt beneath his feet, he's one of the worst villains has ever gone un-hung. And his name's not Charlton at all, but John Reedham."

Stephen Currie fell back with an exclamation of utter incredulity.

"Turner," he cried shrilly, "you must be mad to make such a statement."

"Mad, not a bit ov me. I'm as sane as you at this moment, and a deal quieter. You see I've bin watching 'im off and on for over a year. I never liked 'im, to tell you the truth, from the first moment he set foot in our office. I knew he was a wrong un. Settin' hisself up as the hardest worker that ever was born, and ready to give every one of us pints that was honest men afore ever he was born. 'Im and me had just one row, and though he got the better of me that time, bein' a snake in the grass that had wormed hisself into the governor's confidence, I made up my mind to lay low

and keep dark and get even with 'im. An' by gad I have."

"But Turner, it's impossible. My uncle knew Reedham quite well. He could not have been taken in like that."

"But you've seen this Charlton yourself, Mr. Stephen," said Turner shrewdly. "More than once, haven't you, and you did not recognise him?"

"You're right, but I can't believe it. I tell you it's impossible, why it was an awful thing to do."

"It was, but he'll stick at nothing, makin' love even to Miss Wrede an' his own wife livin', an' his very boy in the office beside him."

Stephen Currie stared helplessly.

"Of course, the lad Reedham was in the office, didn't he recognise him then?"

"No, he didn't, but Charlton, he was always messin' round 'im. It was that that made me suspect fust. You see it warn't natural for a bounder like that to take such an interest in a boy from nowhere so to speak, one that couldn't give him a leg up in his own ambitious schemes."

"And Turner, Mrs. Reedham, married again. She's Mrs. George Lidgate now, don't you know that, and Charlton must know it."

"He may know it by now, he didn't afore he went away. But then I warn't sure quite. One day jes' before he went to the Cape I went into his room sudden with a cable for him to look at, and he was sitting there with his goggles off, and I saw his eyes. Remember Reedham's eyes? they weren't like nobody else's; they seemed to look right through you. It gave me a start, but today, when I saw him speak to the boy, I knew. What's got to be done, Mr. Stephen?"

"Well, in the first place my uncle will have to be told."

"And then the perlice, Mr. Stephen," said Turner anxiously. "Scotland Yard, ain't that our first duty?"

"Not just yet, Turner, we must go cautiously, because I don't grasp the truth just yet. We must be absolutely certain. My uncle is at Hyde Park-square, you say?"

"Yes, sir, they all come up from Southampton together."

"Well, if you just wait a moment I'll go back to town with you."

He stepped out of the room and stood a moment irresolute in the hall. It was not half-past eight. Reflecting that it would take him at least three-quarters of an hour to get to Hyde Park-square, he decided to slip out without saying anything to the rest of the family.

To throw such a bomb in their midst and afterwards listen to the babel of horrified discussion over it, would be to waste the entire evening. Besides, before saying a word to a living creature he must make sure of the truth of this extraordinary, almost incredible story.

He believed it to be true. He could not see what benefit a man like Turner could achieve by concocting it. Besides he had not sufficient imagination. He rang a bell in the hall, and as he took down his overcoat the parlour maid appeared looking somewhat surprised.

"Just help me on, Jane, and tell them I have been called out unexpectedly. Wait til I have been gone a few minutes. It's important business, tell my father I'll explain it when I come back.

"Yes, sir."

She pulled up the velvet collar of his coat, brushed a few specks from his shoulders, and gave him his gloves and hat. She observed the pallor of his face, and wondered whether he had got into any private scrape. She had not particularly liked the look of the individual she had admitted to the breakfast room, his oily familiarity had incensed her greatly. Jane was one of the props of Fair Lawn, an excellent servant, priding herself on her long years of unimpeachable character.

She withdrew before the two passed out, which they did rather quietly, closing the inner door without a sound.

"I brought a hansom, sir," said Turner, as they turned into the dark shrubbery. "I guessed it would be Hyde Park-square and told him to wait.

"That was wise, Turner, it will save time. I can drive you so far on your way, unless you'll come to Hyde Park-square too, and substantiate your story. I really think you ought."

"No, sir, not tonight, thank you. I've done enough. Tomorrow, if there's any dispute or trouble you may call on me, but now I must be getting home to my wife and kids."

"Where do you live then?"

"Kennington, sir. If we go down 'Averstock 'ill I can get a Elephant omnibus, that'll do me near enough."

The hansom was waiting outside the front gate under the light of the lamp which spanned it. Stephen gave his directions to the man, and they both got in. They spoke little as they drove rapidly down the hill, but Stephen Currie was in a fever of excitement.

At the junction of Euston-road and Hampstead-road Turner got out and sought the 'bus to convey him to the Elephant and Castle. Stephen continued his way alone. His hands were clenched, he bit his lips to keep down the rising excitement. His rage against Reedham was the noblest, manliest, passion that had ever made ferment in his soul. It was this that had come between Katherine Wrede and himself, this double-dyed scoundrel, who not content with desolating his own home, had tried to wreck an innocent life—surely no punishment could be too great for such an one.

By the time he reached Hyde Park-square, just after nine, he had worked himself up into a perfect tempest of indignation.

"Mr. Currie is at home, sir, yes," said the butler. "A gentleman has just gone into the boudoir, Mr. Charlton, perhaps you know him. He was expected to dinner, but did not come."

"Yes, I know him," said Stephen thickly. "Put me into the library and ask my uncle to come to me at once. Tell him, if you like, that it is a matter of life and death."

Stephen was perfectly familiar with the house, he went to the library himself and the butler proceeded to the boudoir to deliver his message.

Mr. Currie did not delay, he followed the butler immediately out of the room, leaving Charlton and Katherine alone together.

"What has happened, Stephen?" he said good-humouredly, seeing his nephew

standing by the table with his overcoat on, as if in a hurry. "Have you been ordered South, or what, and is this good-bye?"

"No, Uncle Archie, it is nothing of that sort. Come in and shut the door. A terrible thing has happened."

"Where? Not at Fair Lawn, I hope? I saw your father today. He said all were well."

"No, no, we're all right, Uncle Archie. It's something else—a horrible thing. The man Charlton you've had so long, in whom you've placed such implicit confidence, who—damn him—has put me out with Katherine——"

"Softly, softly, Stephen; I don't allow that kind of language in my house. What have you to say against Charlton? Remember that moderation brings conviction."

"But, Uncle Archie, I can't be moderate about such an awful thing," stammered Stephen. Do you know what has happened?—who he is? He isn't Charlton at all. He's John Reedham."

The old man stared at him stupidly, his ruddy face beginning to look a little grey in the soft light.

"Yes, I tell you it's true. Turner has found it out. He came to me tonight. He says there's no doubt at all about it. Isn't there anything about the man that convinces you? You've seen him often. Did you ever suspect?"

Still Archibald Currie did not speak. A weight seemed to settle upon his soul. Incredible as the suggestion might seem, some inward intuition pointed to it as true.

"I can't take it in," he murmured at last, and feebly, like a man who has been suddenly stricken. For he had just welcomed the man of whom he had spoken to his inmost home. He had felt his own heart warm to him, he had seen the light in Katherine's eyes. If this were true——. But surely, he told himself, God would never permit it to happen.

"Well, I don't wonder. I couldn't at first. It was only after Turner began to explain it a little, to fill in the details, that it took shape as a likely thing in my mind. It was through two things he betrayed himself—his attention to the boy

Leslie, and one day Turner saw him without his glasses, then he knew. And all the time he had been lodging with a woman at Camden Town who used to be a servant in his house at Norwood. Turner has been to the house and interviewed her, and she has known it all along. Of course, she has been in his pay."

Archibald Currie straightened his bent shoulders suddenly, and turned towards the door. His face had now become very white, and there were depths of anguish in his eyes which betokened the severity of the blow.

"Charlton is in the house now," he said steadily. "We will go in and clear this awful thing up once and for all. Come."

For the shadow of a moment only Stephen drew back. For the ordeal they were about to face was one from which even the least sensitive might shrink. Archibald Currie—courteous, but obviously impatient—began to lead the way. They crossed the hall, went under the little archway, and he opened the boudoir door.

It was a pretty picture within. Katherine was fond of golden hues, of amber and saffron intermingled; the room was a perfect harmony of colour and tone, and she, in her sweeping robe of softest brown velvet, harmonised with it. She was sitting on the couch. Charlton in front of her, talking eagerly. The light on her face came from within. She turned with evident reluctance to the door, and distinctly frowned at sight of Stephen Currie following her uncle. But she rose, and Charlton rose with her, both turning simultaneously to the door.

Archibald Currie stepped forward. His tall, spare figure seemed to have taken on a new and pathetic dignity. His white face terrified Katherine.

Charlton, seeing the menace in Stephen Currie's eyes, knew that his hour had come.

"Charlton," said Archibald Currie in a low voice, which, however, was calm and judicial, "my nephew has come here tonight to bring a terrible and almost incredible charge. He says that your

name is not Charlton, that you are John Reedham. What have you to say?"

The silence was so intense that the sound of their breathing seemed to fill the room. Charlton put up his hand, nor did it tremble, and took the blue glasses from his face.

"Yes," he said, in a low, clear voice, perfectly heard in every corner of the room, "I am John Reedham."

CHAPTER XII.

PAID IN FULL.

Katherine gave a little cry.

Archibald Currie turned to her with an infinity of tenderness, and touched her arm.

"Go upstairs, my dear. I will come to you in a few moments. Go now."

He guided her to the door where she stopped and threw up her head. There were no tears in her eyes, but her expression Archibald Currie carried with him to the day of his death. It was the one barrier in the way of his complete forgiveness of John Reedham.

"Be merciful," she whispered.

He put her outside the door, gently closed it, and walked back.

Reedham stood silently there, not a muscle of his face moving, looking with unseeing eyes upon Stephen Currie's flushed, indignant face.

They waited, both for the directing hand.

It came in a moment, making itself felt with no sort of indecision. He was ever the man for a crisis, this glorious old Scotchman, with the iron and wine of Kings' blood in his veins.

While other men hesitated over the wisdom of this course or that, he determined, and it was done.

"I wish to speak to you privately, Stephen, no, not a word here. Go to the library. I will come to you there."

Stephen went at once. It was a moment for obedience, and the tone of his uncle's voice, the expression on his face, admitted of no demur. He was a compelling force, rather than an imperious one, however, moral suasion acting instantaneously on the mind it sought to influence.

"You will wait here," the old man said then, turning to Reedham, "I have your

word that you will wait here till I come back to deal with you? I promise you it will not be long."

"I will wait," said Reedham quietly, and the next moment he was alone.

Archibald Currie stood a moment in the middle of the hall, ere he went to his nephew, and in that wonderful moment he reviewed the whole ground and saw the way clear. But a colossal task was before him, the most colossal, perhaps, that he had ever essayed, to shut the mouths and seal the lips of other men.

Stephen was waiting impatiently by the table, and sprang forward with eager words on his lips.

"Quiet, a moment, boy, it is I who will speak first."

Again Stephen was hushed, and stood waiting for what should come.

"You and I have not been so very intimate, Stephen," began the old man; "we have never understood one another fully. Our outlook upon things has been different all along the line."

"I suppose it has, Uncle Archie, though I don't know what that has to do with the case."

"It has everything to do with it, for I am going to try and find a platform upon which we can meet. I am going to ask you to co-operate with me to save a man's soul. I wonder whether I shall succeed?"

"You mean you are going to wait, to let Reedham off scot free!" was the harsh reply. "By God no, I can't do that; sorry not to oblige, but just think of what he has done. Why, the mere embezzlement was nothing to this! Think of all the lives he has ruined!"

"It is because I do think of them I want to act for the best now," said the old man patiently, in no way resenting his nephew's attitude, which was not only natural, but by the circumstances entirely justified.

"Listen, Stephen, you speak truly enough when you say ruined lives, but if the whole story is exposed now, there will be outer darkness indeed. Take Reedham's wife, for instance. She is very happy with Lidgate; happier, perhaps, than she deserves to be, for her haste in marrying, but we must not judge

any woman. Take Lidgate, who up till now has had no happiness in life, what sense would there be in throw this bomb into their home?"

"But it's immoral!" pursued Stephen. "She isn't his wife, and no amount of charitable humbug will make her so."

"Your words are within the strict province of truth, but I hold to what I say. She is not strong, your father tells me she is to have a child in a few months. Picture to yourself, Stephen, what will be the result if you persist in your intention of proclaiming this wretched story on the housetops."

Stephen remained silent, and the lines of his mouth relaxed. He was not a hard man by nature, though circumstances and training had given him the outward semblance of one. And there was something here, some influence emanating from his uncle, which somehow altered as in a flash, his whole philosophy

"He made love to Katherine," he said sullenly. "That sureiy in your eyes would be the unforgivable sin?"

"He has never made love to Katherine. He has held himself so aloof from us, accepted so few of our offers of intimacy, that I have resented it. At least, we must be just, Stephen."

"What would you do with him, then? It doesn't seem right, but I'd like to hear what you're going to do. By-the-bye," he added suddenly. "Do you really believe you'll find him there when you go back? By this time he is probably out in the Edgware-road."

Archibald Currie faintly smiled.

"He is there," was all he said.

"Stephen," he added after a moment. "I think you are going to help me in this. Remember that any fool can send a man down. It takes a better man than himself to lift him up. If you can promise to hold your tongue, Reedham shall go out of London out of all of our lives, and the place shall know him no more. Will you promise?"

"I could keep quiet, but there's Turner, the man who ferreted things out."

"I can silence him, I think," replied Archibald Currie.

"But what will you do with Reedham? How shall we be certain that he won't turn up again in a new role?"

"He will go to the war, Stephen, he has spoken of it already."

There was a moment's silence, great issues hung in the balance. There was a brief struggle between personal resentment and something nobler in Stephen Currie's mind.

"All right, Uncle Archie. I don't know what you're driving at, or whether I'm doing right, but I'll do what you ask. I'll keep my mouth shut, it's only ten days anyhow, the C.I.V.'s embark on Thursday week."

"Thank you, my boy."

Archibald Currie came nearer, and looked for a moment with a strange kindness into his nephew's face.

"I am a lonely man, Stephen. Many have wondered why I have never married. But for my own folly I might have had a son like you to comfort my old age. The solitary life is the price I have paid for—for the time when I went down into the pit and another man lifted me up."

Stephen Currie stared in bewilderment, scarcely crediting what he heard.

"Uncle Archie, it can't be true! Why you, you have always been the model we've been taught to regard and copy from afar."

"I speak the truth, lad. All the eccentricities which have puzzled and vexed my relatives and others, have been my reasonable atonement. The man who could have sent me down refrained. It was Abraham Willett, and he lived to see his mercy justified."

Stephen continued to stare, and a little rush of affection warmed his heart and went out to his uncle.

"I'm glad you told me this, Uncle Archie. I—I won't forget it, and it has helped me to understand."

Their hands met and the compact was sealed. With what different feelings did Stephen Currie leave Hyde Park-square! He returned to Hampstead a better, because a more merciful man, and he never breathed to his home circle or to others what had passed in his uncle's library that night.

Archibald Currie saw his nephew off, and then went back to the boudoir, this time with a heavier, more reluctant step.

He even paused more than once, and the lines on his face deepened until they seemed to have been ploughed by some invisible force.

But his mind was clear, his decision quite unshaken, he knew what he would do with John Reedham, but he was wounded in his dearest part.

Reedham was sitting down in a curious attitude, with his hands crossed on his knees, his now uncurtained eyes staring into space. He drew a sharp breath and stood up, when the door opened, as a man would stand to receive the sentence he expects, but scarcely dreads.

The old man closed the door and came forward.

"I am ready," he said slowly, "to hear what you have to say."

The life had gone from the tones which had so often breathed hope and encouragement to Reedham's ears, and the coldness of the features seemed to say there was no hope.

"I have nothing to say. I am guilty, sentence me. Believe me I am ready to take that sentence, which has only been too long delayed."

The old man raised his hand with a slight impatience.

"The motive might be explained in detail. It is impossible to believe that a man like you should have entered upon this life deliberately, without taking the smallest trouble to review possible consequences. What was the idea?"

"I was down. I wanted to get up. I vowed that I should get up by my own efforts. You gave me my chance—that is all."

"Yes, yes, that part I understand, but your wife? Had you told her all might have been well. Man, did you never pause to think what would inevitably happen to an unprotected woman? Either she comes to grief wrongly, by being exposed to temptation in circumstances which make it difficult for her to withstand it, or—or the other man is given his chance. It is inconceivable that you should have lived as you have done for

the past years without informing yourself of your wife's welfare, of finding some means to reassure her. Nothing can ever explain that away, Reedham, in my opinion it is the heaviest part of your guilt."

Reedham bowed his head. It was just censure. He had not a word to say.

"Then the boy?"

"The boy knows, Mr. Currie. I revealed myself to him today when he told me that his mother had married again."

"I see. Do you realise I wonder, what has happened, even now? The woman who was your poor wife, and who is now a happy one, for Lidgate is an honourable man, and he has loved her a long time. She is to have a child in a few months' time. This I fear will kill her."

Reedham's face became as that of the dead.

"Need she know?" he asked in a hollow voice. "Let me go for her sake. I promise that before the morning light I shall have passed from the world of men and gone to take my just punishment at the hands of the great Judge."

Archibald Currie rebuked him with one scathing word.

"There is another way out. I offer it you, not for your own sake, but for the sake of those to whose suffering you did not give sufficient heed. Listen, this is Thursday, on Saturday another boat goes to the Cape. You will go by it." Reedham tried to answer him but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"What you do there matters little to me. The best course would, probably, be to offer yourself for service at the war. Meantime the secret will be kept. The whole object of our lives, of those I mean who are in possession of the facts, will be to keep them from your wife."

"But the boy!" gasped Reedham. "He will never be able to keep it; and, further, he will not leave me. He only left me tonight when I promised that some way would be considered whereby we could be together. Tonight he has altered my whole outlook, and I felt only the desire to get away with him where none could come between us."

"Selfish even in this," murmured the old man; and even as he spoke he saw Reedham wince, a sense of his own injustice struck him. "His mother could not spare him. It could never be explained to her satisfaction."

"She could spare him, I think," said Reedham sadly and humbly. "So far as I can gather from Leslie, she has put him outside. Perhaps we need not wonder at it. He is like me, they say; and anyhow, he is too painful a reminder of the past."

"It is incredible. Do you see what havoc has been wrought even in natural affections by your conduct? Do you realise, I wonder, the extent and magnitude of it?"

Reedham bowed his head.

"I think I do. I can't speak, but I see it. My God, if I did not I should not be where I am at this present moment?"

Archibald Currie took a turn across the room. Reedham's words concerning the boy added a new complication. Once more his active brain had to include that fact in his sweep of the horizon of affairs.

"You say positively he will not leave you?"

"Tonight, when he opened his heart to me," said the man—and the misery of his soul, the rent passion of his heart, betrayed themselves in the harsh vibration of his voice—"he begged me to take him away to another country, or at least to let him live with me where I am now. I pointed out to him how impossible it was. He would hardly leave me. He walked to this very door with me, and, but for my promise to you, I could not have left him even then."

"Would he go home, do you think?" asked the old man sharply.

"He promised that he would."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the butler appeared, with seeming reluctance.

"Someone for Mr. Charlton, sir—a young lad. He is waiting outside."

"Show him in," said his master curtly; and Reedham stood up more like a man than he had been at any time during that painful interview.

A moment more and Leslie appeared. The lad's face was white and drawn; under his eyes lurked great shadows. He was visibly labouring under intense excitement.

"Excuse me, father," he said tremblingly. "And please, sir, don't be angry," he added to Mr. Currie; "but I couldn't stop away. I went home. My mother had gone to the theatre, and I left a message that I would not be home tonight. I thought I would walk home with you, father, and stay there. I—I can't go home—to the other home—never any more."

He walked to his father's side and stood there, and his hand slipped into his. The old man's face softened, the hardness died out of his heart. He cleared his throat.

"You, at least, bear no malice, my boy. Yes, I know all," he said kindly. "You are willing, I see, to stand by your father, even after all he has done."

"I will never leave him, sir," said the boy quietly. "He belongs to me, and I to him. We will stay together now for always."

"Great is your faith!" said the old man, with a faint sigh. "See that you become worthy of it, Reedham. Now go. Tomorrow I shall see you both, by which time I shall have formed a plan. Probably I shall find some occupation for you at the Cape, though not of course, the former responsible post. In the meantime I will see your mother, my lad, and try and explain it to her so that her suspicions are not aroused. Now go."

He held out his hand to the boy, but he did not offer it to Reedham.

As they passed out, however, he called him back.

"It is love that has saved the sinner ever since the Lord Christ died," he said. "Take this lesson to your heart, Reedham, for the boy's sake, live henceforth the upright life before God and man."

This time the hand was offered, but Reedham shook his head.

"Not yet," he said in a low voice. "Some day, please God, but not yet. I cannot thank you. There are no words graven for the purpose."

He passed out, the boy clinging to him, and the door was shut.

The strain lifted, the old man permitted his feelings for a moment to have vent. He wept even as he prayed.

With the second closing of the door there was a swish of silk on the stair, and Katherine Wrede came in.

"Uncle Archie," she said in a low voice, "what have you done? It is no use to send me away or to tell me I must not ask questions. It will be best to tell me everything. Indeed, it is the only way."

He saw that it was, and in a few words he put her in the possession of the full facts and of the terms on which Reedham had left the house.

She listened quietly, and then without comment rose and kissed him.

"I thank God for you, Uncle Archie, I thank God. But the story is not ended yet."

On Saturday afternoon from Southampton Dock sailed John Reedham and his boy. There were none to bid them God-speed, or to speak a word of farewell, but they needed none. They were sufficient one to the other. And in Reedham's heart there was a peace that had not lain there since the blight had fallen on his life. But he was impatient to be gone. Every moment now increased the fear lest any chance word might betray the secret to Leslie's mother. She had been entirely reassured by Archibald Currie, who had brought to bear upon the matter all the tact and diplomacy for which he was known. He had simply explained that there was an opening for Leslie in the South African House, an opening which must be taken advantage of at once, that Charlton was returning immediately, and would look after the boy. She acquiesced, but asked to see Charlton, which was the most difficult part of the difficult business to arrange. Archibald Currie managed to engineer it, however, and it was disposed of finally by a letter written by Charlton under Archibald Currie's direction and dictation. Lidgate, confined to the house by a slight illness, was unable to go to Southampton as he had intended, and the boy went down alone.

Both were conscious of relief when the boy was actually gone, unconfessed he had been a barrier in the way of their complete happiness.

When the boat began to glide out from its landing stage Reedham went below, his feelings were too much for him, he would be alone to unburden them. In the stateroom he found a letter addressed in the handwriting of Katherine Wrede.

Within there were only these words:

"To wish you Godspeed and hope, from your friend, KATHERINE WREDE."

Reedham pressed the letter to his lips, then very carefully hid in his breast. It would never leave him, he vowed, so long as life lasted.

In the month of November Lidgate's wife died in childbed. After one brief year of happiness, he had to return to the solitary life.

Archibald Currie and Katherine were at Clere Minster when the brief intimation appeared in the "Telegraph." Katherine saw it first and passed it over in silence for her guardian to read.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, and that was all.

So step by step the drama was unfolded. A year later Archibald Currie also entered upon his glorious rest, leaving the world incomparably poorer for his passing. Contrary to all expectations his fortune was discovered to be comparatively small, accounted for, of course, by the fact that he had disbursed it so lavishly in his life. What was left, with the exception of Clere Minster, went absolutely to charity. Clere was left to Katherine to do with as she willed. Except for the old house, of no great value, she was as penniless as when she came first, a subdued and hopeless girl, from the dreary pension at Bruges.

She was not without friends, however, and received more than one offer of a home.

But Katherine, after converting Clere Minster into a Home of Rest for certain derelicts who had struggled on the drearier shores of life, left England.

She went to those who needed her most.

THE END.



THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR SALE—SITUATE AT 1041 COLLINSON ST.,
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The Pacific War of 1910

Chas. H. Stuart Wade

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The Russo-Japanese war having proved to the Mikado the power of his arms, and his advisors being imbued with the idea that the "British Empire is now in Decadence," a far-reaching conspiracy has been carefully organized by Japanese statesmen for the purpose of obtaining a footing on the North American continent; establishing a Naval base on the Pacific Coast, and obtaining commercial control and maritime supremacy of the Pacific Ocean!

On Friday, 16th December, "wireless" communication suddenly ceases with the "Empress" line of steamships and during the following evening and night the Province is the scene of a succession of extraordinary railway disasters. The Government, apparently better advised than the public, is in secret session from midnight and during Sunday afternoon notifies all available points that there is little doubt (although war has not been declared by either Japan or Great Britain) that an attack on British territory is imminent as all means of communication—telegraphic and otherwise—had been wantonly destroyed, leaving the Province of British Columbia isolated. An Order-in-Council has just been received by the Mayor of Vancouver ordering Defensive preparations to be urgently undertaken.

CHAPTER III.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

There's always a cheer for the volunteer,
There's ever a welcoming host,
The wide land stretches a greeting hand,
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
He asks for no praise as a patriot,
He lays no claim to a laurel wreath,
For he's proud of his nation and arms,
And the flag that he fights beneath!

God keep in the breast of Canada's sons,
The soul of the volunteer;
May there always be men, when the
country calls,

To join in the great—"We're here"!
Then to God be thanks, that we've such
men in the ranks,

For whether the foe be dusky or white,
Our men at arms, who stand on guard
Will keep the dear old flag in sight!

—(James Barnes)

SPECIAL editions of the local papers had been eagerly perused by the populace, who, from the meagre details obtainable, speedily grasped the situation, and an official bulletin published when the City Fathers left the Council chamber removed any lingering doubt as to the designs of the Japanese Government by chronicling the fact that telegraphic communication through the Pacific Cable had suddenly ceased!

During the session of the Council a concourse of some thousands of people had blocked the thoroughfare in Westminster avenue, and immediately after the receipt of this latest information the Mayor and several city officials appeared on the portico and briefly stated publicly that: "Hostilities had been commenced by the Japanese, who had captured two Canadian steamships." The Mayor also read the Premier's telegram, and announced the special arrangements already made; after which he appealed to the citizens *not* to give vent to their feelings by any act of violence against resident Japs, and asked them to retire to their homes and make immediate preparation for the removal of women and children, the sick, and aged! Buletins, he said, should be placed on all public buildings frequently—giving instructions and information,—and finally he expressed a hope that they would be brave, calm, and patient in this unexpected and perilous hour; for only by confidence in, and obedience to the commands of those placed in authority over them could they hope to protect life and property. It might be, that twenty-four hours would find the city the centre of a sanguinary conflict, and it therefore behoved the women to be strong and self-reliant, generous and patriotic, in order that every

man and boy might be free to volunteer at the Armoury for such service as he might be able to perform, in defence of the City, Dominion, and Empire!

In conclusion the Mayor called upon all males over the age of sixteen to be prepared for active service before 10 o'clock that evening, by which time the military authorities would have offices opened in each ward for the registration of their names, and apportionment of the duties of every citizen. Finally, in feeling terms, his Worship said: "Let me remind you, that the eyes of the entire world will be upon the heroes fighting in defence of Canadian soil against a valiant foe. It is very probable that thousands of homes may be desolated, but, even though we perish, I feel assured that the Boys of British Columbia will win such a name in history, as shall make the name of Vancouver a synonym for all that is manly, noble, and heroic. May God protect our cause and country!" (Enthusiastic cheers). — News-Advertiser report.

On re-entering the City Hall the Mayor of New Westminster and many prominent citizens had arrived in response to a telephone message sent by the Council asking for their co-operation and presence; as a result of their deliberations it was arranged that the transportation of non-combatants to that city should be commenced shortly after midnight by teams, automobiles, and electric cars, whilst the returning cars should be filled with all the men, arms, and available munitions obtainable for aid in the defence of Vancouver. Before these arrangements had been completed a Government dispatch intimated that a wire had been received from Tacoma where General Lord McDonald happened to be recuperating his health, in which he had offered his services to the Provincial Government, and that he would immediately assume command of the Canadian defence. This information was received with much rejoicing upon being issued as a public bulletin, and at 7.55 p.m. an order, bearing his signature as Officer Commanding, was issued requesting that every available man who had served in the ranks at any

period of his life, or in the navy, or reserve forces of the Empire, (particularly artillerymen); should be sent to Victoria with the utmost celerity upon steamers, electric launches, or other means of transport obtainable; for which purpose any commissioned officer, or magistrate was empowered to requisition the services of vessels of every description necessary.

A SEA FIGHT.

It is desirable that the reader should be able to form some conception of the cunning strategy by which the Japanese Government had environed itself, in order that it might be able to strike a vital and unexpected blow at those western cities which had been foremost in opposing the unrestricted settlement of Japanese in British Columbia; and the following extract from the diary of a passenger from the Orient, will best serve this purpose:—

SS. "Empress of India," 16th December.—A most extraordinary circumstance has just occurred, resulting in several deaths and a number of passengers and sailors being injured: I had just sat down to dinner after watching the approach of a large war vessel, from the northward, which had been the object of considerable discussion amongst the crew as she flew no flag: she had suddenly appeared on the distant horizon some hours previously, and eventually the officer on the bridge directed the captain's attention towards her peculiar actions, when it became evident that she was being headed to intercept us. One of the quarter-masters had earlier, laughingly, discussed with several of the passengers the meaning of an immense volume of smoke faintly visible far away in the west; but we noticed that the captain, upon ascending the bridge, seemed disturbed at its appearance, and had his glass fixed in that direction continuously, as also his chief officer.

The ladies of my party being desirous of refreshment we descended to the dining saloon, but had only been there some ten minutes when a sudden shock caused everyone to rush on deck.

I was actually the first to arrive, and the scene was one never to be forgotten, for it was a hideous shambles! We men refused to allow the lady passengers to ascend for the shriek of another shell passing overhead struck us with consternation. Our vessel had already swung round and was retracing her course full steam ahead, whilst the warship which had looked so harmless to us an hour earlier was vomiting smoke and shot in our rear. Even as I glanced back a shell struck our wireless apparatus, thus preventing us from reporting the outrage; whilst, as though the cannonading had been a previously arranged signal, another vessel was sighted heading towards us from the south: above the vessel ploughing its rapid course in pursuit now floated the Japanese flag, and shot after shot followed us. The majority of the shells went wide, but one almost raked us, even carrying away part of the bridge besides killing and wounding some thirty of the crew and passengers. The Empress seemed to fly through the water, and her engines shook the vessel from stem to stern, the Captain having ordered the engineers to put on every inch of steam sooner than surrender. Amongst the passengers are a number of military men, to whom Captain Bertram, R.N.R., has given permission to remain on deck at their own risk although non-combatants have been sent forward and made as comfortable as possible on the lower deck. Heaven only knows what this unprovoked attack means, but if we come to close quarters passengers and crew alike are determined to fight to the death.

We have gained about a mile and are out of effective range now; our second antagonist is shaping a course to cut us off, and the entire crew is busily employed in mounting some guns in the bow and stern (which were luckily consigned to Hong Kong) as the Captain has determined to fight his way homewards if possible,—in view of the fact that he is convinced Japan or Great Britain has declared war, and that the far distant smoke to which I have already referred, is caused by an immense number of hostile vessels, presumably

Japanese, which, but for the premature attack on our own ship, would probably have effected a landing on our shores before it was even known that the Japanese fleet was on Pacific waters.

17th December, Saturday.—More thrilling episodes! All our lights were hidden after dusk, and our course altered last night; unfortunately we could not throw off our southern opponent who sighted us shortly after six bells. She got in range an hour ago and has done considerable mischief, but the three guns now mounted astern have done great execution under the direction of the Captain and his Quarter-masters, whose gunnery has inflicted evident damage to our antagonist. 6 p.m.—We are now full speed ahead and unhindered, for our last shot apparently disorganized the enemy's gear as she suddenly broached to and lay helpless: unluckily her consort was in sight and took up the chase again.

18th December. Enemy within long range. Our "wireless" operator and two of the passengers have succeeded in repairing the mast and wires, and we are all anxiously awaiting the result of an attempt to communicate with the Canadian shore, and heartily praying that it may be our privilege to flash a warning message to those who are resting secure on this Sabbath day, under the flag of old England, which is now threatened by the arrogant and malicious designs of the Yellow Peril,—no longer a mere threat, but an actual menace to civilization.

4 p.m. The enemy must surely have heard our wild cheering a few minutes since when the operator with a fervent "Thank God!" transmitted his warning message across hundreds of miles of ocean: but our joy was short-lived, for the enemy's guns were immediately concentrated on our wireless, and again destroyed it.

Later. We are very considerably out of our proper course, my friend, the quarter-master tells me, and our late antagonist is still chasing us to north and east, whilst the second (supposed to be the "Kurama," armoured cruiser), is now shaping her course south and east, with the evident intention of preventing our return to Vancouver. It is clear

that we shall have to fight if we are to escape—of which there is little chance—but every man, particularly the Chinese who have lost one of their leading men, is anxiously hoping for the opportunity.

Sunday, 10 p.m. The passengers and crew are all fully armed, and we are heading as straight as we dare go for the American coast; the "Kurama" is gaining on us slightly, whilst her consort maintains a distant position about eight miles north: all lights are masked and silence reigns; it is, however, generally believed that some strategy is to be resorted to, for the carpenters and others have been hard at work rigging a mast on the electric launch.

I have just learned that a solitary light has been shown continuously astern and that our Captain has ordered a lantern fixed at a similar height on the launch, which is now being prepared to go at its utmost capacity in the direction we are now headed; it being hoped that the enemy will follow this light whilst we steer due south. 11 p.m.—The northern vessel flashed a searchlight upon us a short time since for a moment, and immediately after a shot was fired in our direction—apparently a signal: the Captain thereupon lay to for a minute, whilst the electric launch—having the decoy light at her masthead—was sent adrift with its helm carefully lashed in the direction we were then steering, whilst the lantern on board was extinguished. We are now steaming under forced draught and hope to escape our pursuer before daylight.

Monday daybreak—There is a heavy mist and we are heading for Portland with every eye on the watch to see whether our subterfuge has been successful. 7.50 a.m.—The wily Jap was not to be deceived, for a sudden lift in the fog has just revealed the enemy some six miles distant, and running a parallel course; but, if the fog holds we still have a chance.

11 a.m. The "Kurama" has now found our range and her fire is concentrated on the upper part of the vessel; the wireless which was almost in working order is again destroyed as also most of our boats, and some casualties have oc-

curred. 11.40 a.m. We are now at it, as fast as our gunners can fire; it is a running fight and we have done some damage, but our case seems hopeless for smoke both north and south of us betokens our second enemy approaching, and probably a third one intercepting us.

Noon.—Completely crippled, our steering gear having been injured; another large steamer is rapidly approaching us, shewing no colours; whilst the enemy is only two miles distant—strangely enough she is lying to also!

The approaching vessel has just run up the British flag whereupon the "Kurama" started for the North full steam; but, as her broadside appeared for a minute to our marksmen they concentrated the stern guns, and loud cheers burst from every throat on board the "Empress" as the funnels fell over, and a mass of steam bursting forth shewed the Kurama's engines or boilers had been struck—completely disabling her also. The rescuer proves to be the Liverpool steamer "Titan," bound for Victoria.

Our guns continued to pound the enemy, without a moment's cessation, inflicting such punishment that the "Kurama" has just surrendered, and our Captain has sent his first officer on board in a launch belonging to the Titan, for all our own boats are destroyed. Our more distant antagonist is steaming westward for all she is worth, and thus Canada is credited with her first sea victory,—thanks to the skill and gallantry of Capt. Bertram and his officers.

The report sent back by the first officer of the Empress states that the "Kurama" is a large steamship of 18,000 tons running from Japan to England, via the Suez Canal; she was built at the Mitsubishi dockyard at Nagasaki, Japan, and was subsidized by that government for service in case of war. The disabling shots fired from the "Empress" had penetrated her engine-room, but the damage could be made good in six or eight hours; another shot had broken the rudder chain, and killed several men,—otherwise there was little injury inflicted: all the Japanese officers are being brought on board the "Empress" and replaced by a crew from the two British

steamers, whose officers combined to make the necessary repairs on both vessels. (*Extract from diary Major W. T. Allen, D.S.O.*)

CHAPTER IV. JAPAN'S TREACHERY.

THE FLAG.

Others may talk of Empires wide,
But Britannia's glorious host
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Spreads to the utmost coast.
No monarch in the world has been
So far as England's King,
And in the farthest realms, there seen
His own flag fluttering!

Standard of Empire! triply crossed,
Dear red and blue and white;
Thy folds upon the breezes tossed
Shall all our hearts unite.
Aliens, in homage shall bend low,
And traitors' tongues be mute:
And Britons teach, the world, to know
Her standard! and salute!

—(*Madge St. Maury*).

Great was the relief of everyone on the Empress at the unexpected flight of our enemy's consort, who evidently believed the "Titan" to be an armed cruiser from the fact of her so suddenly shewing the British flag. The tension relaxed, and we were able to look after our wounded; but loud was the cheer with which we greeted Captain Nicholls as he arrived on board the "Empress of India," and disclaimed the thanks of Captain Bertram with the words—"The victory is yours, and I am proud to greet, and offer my congratulations to an officer who, single-handed and practically unarmed, could put up such a splendid fight under most extraordinary conditions." This was the eulogium bestowed upon our leader, by Capt. Nicholls on reaching the deck of the Empress! He had only remained on board his own vessel the short time necessary to satisfy himself that the officers and men sent from the two steamers had completed the capture and disarmed the crew; a fact proclaimed by the "Union Jack" being broke on the "Kurama." He had then entered a small gig and crossed to

our vessel where he was received by the officers and the military passengers, who were permitted to be present and eager to learn the details of his opportune arrival.

Boats speedily left our prize, and the two captains awaited their arrival on the main deck, as the private cabin had been completely destroyed. The first boat to reach the vessel brought the principal officers of our late antagonist, the foremost of whom in excellent English surrendered his sword, and expressed his surprise on noticing the feebleness and palpable evidence of the temporary nature of our armament. In response to enquiries, he professed "inability to state whether war had been declared, having left Japan under sealed orders ten days earlier"; these, he said, ordered him to prevent all communication with Canada or the United States; nor could any further information be obtained from him. The next boat to arrive contained a number of English tourists, together with three engineer officers and a small detachment of time-expired men of the British force at Hong Kong, all of whom had been captured by the treachery of the Japanese whilst crossing the Pacific on their way to England: five ladies were amongst these released captives, and from one of them—the Hon. Ernestine Hilliard, Captain Bertram obtained information of vital import to Canada.

A JAPANESE HEROINE.

Captain Nicholls told his story as follows:—After calling at Hong Kong I ordered the "Titan" headed for Nagasaki, where is situated the greatest ship-building works of the Orient, and the famous Tategami dock, which was cut out of the solid rock at a cost of over a million dollars. It is an old city, dating back to the twelfth century, and is famous for its fine porcelain. In the sixteenth century it was largely Christianized by Spanish and Portuguese traders, who were expelled, however, in 1637, when it was closed to foreigners until opened as one of the "Treaty" ports in 1859. My first officer's suspicions were raised on our arrival late in the evening by the insolence of the offi-

cials, who prohibited any intercourse, and the landing of officers or crew; fortunately for the owners and myself, on a previous visit to this port one of our engineers had fallen in love with a young Japanese girl of Spanish descent, who was employed by a leading dockyard official; and she, learning that her lover would not be allowed to land, managed late at night to get on board the "Titan" in order to see him. In the course of their interview she warned him that the Japanese officials would seize the vessel at daybreak: he thereupon informed the officer of the watch who notified me immediately, and the girl, who proved to be an intelligent half-breed and of the Christian religion, not only satisfied me that treachery was contemplated, but stated also that a fleet of warships had already left with the object of capturing British vessels and attacking Canadian ports. Aware that death would be her lot should her absence have been discovered, she was allowed to remain on board for her lover stated his intention of making her his wife at the first opportunity. The "Titan" slipped her cable immediately, and avoiding the regular course I headed to the east with all speed,—bearing well to the south—and keeping careful men constantly aloft on watch for suspicious vessels. Nothing occurred until 10.40 on the previous night (Sunday) when two look-out men reported a searchlight on the northern horizon, said Captain Nicholls; and shortly after, they saw what they believed to be the flash of a cannon. Being somewhat short of coal, I reduced speed after ordering all lights covered, and steered a course East by North: during the morning we became satisfied that an engagement was being fought, and I steered somewhat more to the North with a vague hope of rendering assistance; thus it was that I succeeded in arriving at the critical moment, and was able to give your antagonist an impression of strength which was more in appearance than reality.

The five rescued ladies had, during this narration, been assigned quarters between decks, whence a steward brought a request from the Hon. Ernestine Hil-

liard for an immediate interview with the Captains of both vessels, which was at once granted. So sinister was the information given by the lady, that they considered it of the utmost importance that her story should be told to the Government authorities with the least possible delay: it was, however, found on careful investigation that the "wireless" apparatus was beyond repair, and accordingly the passengers were called upon and volunteered to a man in rendering assistance, and effecting such repairs as were absolutely necessary to enable the three vessels to return with the utmost celerity to British territory, or some place whence details of the invasion might be communicated.

Passengers, and crew, even the captains, worked with such a will that before midnight steam was available, and the little flotilla forging ahead. The lady's narrative, as given to him, was retold by Capt. Bertram on the main deck for the information of everyone on board, when calling for volunteers, and caused each man to fully realize Canada's peril.

VICTORIA.

It is now necessary to depict the scenes which have been enacting:—

Where Vancouver's Island tapers
Down to meet the sleepless main.

and particularly in that city, the capital of Western Canada which is so beautifully portrayed by the Western poet—Stewart McDonell—in the following lines:—

Other towns there are, and cities
In this younger Western land,
Building strength, and grace, and glory,
For a future great and grand!
But Victoria—is—Victoria;
Like none other on this strand!

It is the end of the week, labour is over, and the time of rest arrived. Seated in the palatial "Empress Hotel" at Victoria is a gentleman whose features betoken a man of firm character, honesty of purpose, and keen intellect—the Premier of British Columbia. He is in genial conversation with other gentle-

men when an attendant hands him a telegram, which, with a brief word of apology he opens. Watched by many eyes surrounding him, nothing is visible outwardly, although the news is pregnant with issues so momentous, and so unforeseen, that the character of the man is shewn by his self-control as he smilingly rises, (apparently undisturbed), although fully aware that never has Canada been in such danger. Ere leaving the hotel, his colleagues in the Government are notified to attend immediately at the Executive Council office.

On entering his own office he gives brief instructions, and within the hour most of the Government officials were in their various departments, whilst clerks were in search of retired naval and military officers resident in the neighbourhood. Shortly after, the Lieutenant-Governor himself arrived from Government House, and it very soon became generally known that a military council was sitting under his presidency, and that the telephone and telegraphic wires were under Government control.

Advices from United States sources arrived later detailing a series of disasters, and proving that the province had been cut off from all communication with the Dominion authorities by systematic destruction of railways and telegraphs. By 11 p.m. a seething mass of humanity had gathered outside Parliament Buildings, for it was whispered from mouth to mouth that Japan had declared war against Great Britain; this, however, was disbelieved, for neither the *Colonist* or *News* agencies had reported the slightest rumour to that effect, when the *Daily News* wireless suddenly became impotent.

The carefully guarded portals of the Parliament Buildings shewed no evidence of interior excitement, but the arrival from Vancouver of the Attorney-General, the President of the Council, and other officials was evidence to the waiting multitude that momentous issues were under discussion.

Shortly after 2.30 a.m. on Sunday morning (18th December) the two newspapers issued editions stating that the eastbound train had been precipitated

into the Fraser River, also that a great landslide had occurred near Ashcroft: this was followed by a rumour that the "Loop" bridges near Glacier House had collapsed; at 4.45 a.m. telegraphic news from Seattle gave information that the Pacific westbound train had been "wiped out" in the "Kicking Horse" pass! A form of paralysis appeared to strike the populace, but as time elapsed they dispersed, little thinking that these calamities—which had brought death to hundreds of people—were but the fore-runners of disasters which would influence the life history of every individual in the province. The Mayor of Victoria had been summoned to attend the Executive Council meeting shortly after 5 a.m., and immediately thereafter convened a meeting of the aldermen for 8 a.m., to whom, it subsequently transpired, he had been fully authorized to communicate in an unofficial way the fears of the Executive that the Japanese Government,—disregarding Treaty obligations and the comity of nations—were advancing a force, and threatening a piratical attack upon the Dominion of Canada! It was clear to the Government that war had *not* been declared, but advices received from Manila, Honolulu, and other sources, shewed that Japanese war vessels had embarked troops at Mito, Tokio, Hamamatsu, Yamada, and a number of other seaport towns: that each fleet had put to sea separately, and presumably joined forces at some unknown rendezvous with the intention of secretly reaching within striking distance of the Canadian shore. It was feared that the "Empress" line of steamers had been captured, he said, as a wireless message from the "Empress of India" was interrupted, the only words received being—"a large fleet of Japanese apparently"—since which all attempts at communication had proved abortive.

The Mayor next stated, that he had received orders to make preparations without delay, in conjunction with this council, to transport all those unable to assist in the defence of the city to the Mainland, immediately the Government received information (by wireless) from the fast scouting vessels that had been

sent out to verify the imminence of the approaching attack. Each of the aldermen was then assigned to a particular duty, and every step outlined for guarding, as far as possible, the lives and valuables of the citizens.

The part assigned to the Mayor himself was the duty of obtaining necessary transport, for which purpose at the close of the meeting (just after noon), he entered into communication with the local representatives of the various steamship owners, as also the officials of the "Victoria & Sidney," and the "Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railways." These, together with the leading officials of the Great Northern Railway, as also the local passenger agent of the C.P.R., immediately responded to the Mayor's call, and were duly informed of the threatening aspect of affairs,—after pledging themselves to

avoid taking any public steps likely to cause a panic; as also to maintain silence until the Government authorized the publication of the true state of affairs. These gentlemen retired, and shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon intimated that all arrangements had been made for the evacuation of the city, if necessary, to commence at 5 p.m., when passengers would be conveyed to Sidney, Nanaimo, and other convenient points for transshipping them by steamer to the Mainland: this information was immediately transmitted to the Vancouver City Council which was also sitting as a Committee of Defence, and had been ordered by the Government to requisition all vessels suitable for the transportation of refugees to the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster where they would be in comparative safety.

(To be continued)

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails:
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And perhaps, who lingers now and then
To help some failure to rise again.
Ah, he is the man who wins!

—Selected.

The People Next Door

V. Friedlaender

LAST birthday I finally decided to be an author when I grew up. It was my fourteenth birthday, I felt it was time to choose a vocation. I settled it in the morning while I was dressing, and when I came down to breakfast, I told Jack. Jack is my eldest brother and fifteen. He grinned. "Steer clear of embodying things, won't you?" he said.

I didn't deign to answer. The incident referred to occurred when I was quite a child at Miss Martin's school. One day we had to make up sentences bringing in words we had just learned to spell. One of the words was "embody," and Miss Martin (who, I think, is quite incompetent to teach) told us it meant "to put a body to." I therefore chose as my sentence, "I embodied my skirt," and for some reason this quite natural misunderstanding made the other girls laugh. Some one told Jack, and ever since he has amused himself by cheap witticisms on the subject ("Cheap witticisms" sounds rather well. I got it out of yesterday's paper).

I felt angry with Jack for bringing up such a stale joke—if it ever was a joke—but just then I could not afford to quarrel with him, so I let it pass. The truth was, that having quite decided my vocation was literature, I was anxious to begin, and I wanted Jack's advice. Jack generally knows things.

"What should you consider the best way of making a start in literature?" I asked him politely.

It was holidays, and the others had finished breakfast, so I felt I could speak freely.

Jack took a great bite of bread and marmalade, and then spoke with his mouth full.

"Grow up," he said inarticulately. I decided to try again.

"Can one go and see an editor any time?" I asked.

Jack grinned. "You try it on!" he said.

"Well, what do people do?"

"Oh, lots of things," said Jack, vaguely. "Some of them write a lot of twaddle—love stories—and send 'em up for inspection."

"That seems a great deal of trouble, doesn't it?" I asked thoughtfully. "The editor might not accept them, you see."

"He certainly might not," said Jack, with an emphasis I did not like.

"What else could I do, Jack?"

Jack looked bored, and got up from the table.

"If you've got cheek enough, you can write and ask for an appointment," he said, "but if you take my advice you'll stop at home and learn English first."

I ignored the latter half of this remark. Jack is so fond of trying to snub me, but of course it must be rather horrid for a boy when his sister is much cleverer than himself.

I went into the drawing-room, and spent half the morning hunting through the "Monthly Mercury" for the editor's address. When I had found it, I wrote on Aunt Lilla's best paper (Aunt Lilla looks after us for the Pater), and asked if he would see me at his earliest convenience. I put in six commas, three full-stops, and a question mark, besides starting a fresh paragraph for each sentence, and when it was finished it looked nice. The next day I found out I ought to have spelt "convenience" with an "e" instead of an "a," but I don't suppose any editor would notice a little thing like that. When I told Jack in the evening that I had written, he said, "Well, I'm hanged!" and looked as if he wanted to say something sarcastic. I suppose he thinks girls never have any enterprise.

It was three days before I got an answer, and then a very business-like note arrived, saying the editor would be glad if I would call and see him "at 12 o'clock on Friday, the 9th inst." When I showed it to Jack, he looked surprised, and he said again, "Well, I *am* hanged!" and after a bit he began to look worried.

"I don't half like it, kid, you know," he said, in a minute or two. "What's he done it for?"

"What's who done what for?" I asked chillingly. It was so like Jack to be a wet blanket, just when everything was going right.

"Why," he said, "this editor. You don't really suppose he thinks you can write, do you?"

"I didn't say how old I was," I replied.

Jack laughed derisively. "No need," he said. "Why, you write like a baby of three, and I shouldn't be surprised if you spelt half the words wrong."

It was annoying of Jack to have thought of that, because I could not very well contradict it. I decided to say nothing, and Jack began walking up and down, frowning.

"He must be going to take a rise out of you," he said at last. "But I can't see any point to the thing," and he frowned worse than ever.

I began to get angry. Brothers are so ridiculous. They never will acknowledge that their sisters have brains.

"At any rate," I said, haughtily, "I am going to keep this appointment. Might I trouble you to tell me where Cromer Street is?"

(The Pater always says "Might I trouble you," when he is very angry, and it generally upsets Jack, but he didn't seem to mind it from me.)

"You're a silly," he said, airily. "Cromer Street is off the Strand, if that's any help to you, but if you are owl enough to go, I jolly well hope you will get sat on."

He went out of the room whistling, before I could reply. Of course, it was all jealousy; he behaves very childishly sometimes.

We live at Hampstead, and as I know my way perfectly well in London, when Friday morning came I started by my-

self, without saying anything to anyone. I found Cromer Street quite easily, and as I was rather early, I walked about till it struck twelve. Then I opened the door and walked in. It looked something like a post-office, and there were lots of people handing in advertisements and things at a high counter. I went up close, and a young man looked up from his writing, and jerked his head sideways at me, just like the young men in drapers' shops. So I said, "Can I see the editor of the 'Monthly Mercury,' please?" and looked as unconcerned as I could. He stared at me for a minute without saying anything, and then began to smile. After that he turned round and spoke to a boy behind him, who jumped up and dived under the counter close to me. He smiled too, as he said—

"This way, please, miss."

He took me through a door and up some stairs to a dingy little waiting-room, and asked my name.

"Miss Dorothy March," I said.

"By appointment?"

"Yes."

He grinned objectionably, and, going across the room, knocked at a door marked "Private."

"Come in!" somebody said inside, and he disappeared. The boy had a most unpleasant way of smiling as though it were all a joke, which struck me as out of place. He came back presently, and held the door open for me to go through. Then he shut it softly, and I was alone with the editor. I was not in the least frightened, but somehow I forgot what I meant to say. Not that it mattered, because there was no one to say it to. A man was sitting at a big desk in the window, writing hard, and as I could not speak to his back I waited. He turned round after a minute and then got up, and waved me into a chair.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with great deference, just as though I had been grown up. "Would you like the window shut? I am afraid it is rather draughty."

"Not at all, thank you," I said politely.

I was rather struck by him. He was almost young, and not at all alarming

to look at, and he smiled down at me in a friendly sort of way

"Well, we will get to business," he said, and he didn't smile. "I asked you to come and see me because I thought from your note we might come to an agreement about some work I want done. The only thing is, I didn't know you were quite so—er—young."

"I am over fourteen," I said rather stiffly.

"Ah, yes, I see. And no doubt you can write?"

"Well," I replied, "I have written lots of verses about things that happen at school."

"Um," he said, and he did not seem as if he cared much about verses, so I added—

"But I could write love stories; if that is what you want."

He looked at me quite interestedly, and said—

"Could you? Then you must be clever, for I don't suppose you have been in love yet, and it is generally considered nothing short of genius to be able to write about things of which one knows nothing."

I felt pleased, and offered to write him a love story once a week. He shook his head quite mournfully.

"It is very good of you," he said, "but the worst of it is, I've got a man who writes all our love stories. When he came he agreed to fall in love with a different girl every week, so as to be able to write about it. I believe he has kept his word, but it doesn't seem to make him write any better. Isn't there anything else you could write about?" he asked quite anxiously.

I considered. "Would pirate or robber stories do?" I suggested.

He shook his head.

"Not our style."

"Ghosts or detectives, then?"

"Played out," he said.

I was rather at a loss.

"Haven't you any relations or neighbours, or something of that sort," he asked, "about whom you could write a story?"

An idea suddenly struck me. "The Harleys!" I cried excitedly, "the people

next door. I could write about them."

"Ah!" he said, as if he were really interested. "What would you say of them?"

"Well, I don't know much about them actually," I was obliged to confess, "but I could say lots about what we think of them and are going to do. You see for the last three years the house next to ours has been empty, and we have always used its garden, so it is very annoying to have only our own after getting used to two."

He nodded. "It must be," he said sympathetically. "Do you mean to say they were so unfeeling as not to let you go on using the garden after they arrived?"

I was half afraid he might be laughing at me, but he looked quite grave, so I began to think he was rather nice, and I told him all about it.

"We are going to get rid of them, you know," I said cheerfully. "We couldn't stand it for always, so we are annoying them in every way we can. We take it in turns to suggest things to do."

"Ah!" he said, and suddenly looked awfully pleased. "Then I think, Miss March, we have found what I want. Will you undertake to write me an account of your dealings with the—Harleys, I think you said? I should like a full history of the affair. By the way, is the feud to be continued?"

"Rather!" I cried. "Next week the Pater and Aunt Lilla are going away, so we shall be able to do things."

"Indeed! That is very interesting. May I ask you to let me have a full account of everything you are going to do? It will sound more realistic, I fancy, told beforehand. At any rate, try it, and send me the result. If it does not sound well it can easily be revised."

I was frantic with delight, but I managed to say, "Very well," in quite a casual tone, and then I got up to go. He walked towards the door, but stopped suddenly.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention terms. Will a guinea a thousand words suit you?"

I nearly said "Rather!" but stopped just in time, and said "Yes, thank you!"

Then he opened the door, and made me a lovely bow, and pressed an electric bell, which brought the boy tearing upstairs like a whirlwind.

"Good morning," he said, as I went out. "I may rely on having your MS. beforehand?"

I said "Yes," and then he went in and shut the door. It gave me a lovely thrill down my back when he spoke so professionally about my MS., and it must have impressed the little boy, too, because he stared at me all the way downstairs, and did not smile once.

I decided to punish Jack by not telling him all that had happened. When he asked about it, I answered, with calm dignity.

"The editor has commissioned me to write him a story, and I am to get a guinea a thousand words for it."

Jack was speechless with astonishment, as I expected him to be, and while he was gaping at me, I walked quietly out of the room.

"Great Balbus!" I heard him say as I went upstairs to begin my story.

After dinner that evening I got Jack and Alec to come into the Den, and then we settled what we would do to the Harleys on each of the five nights the Pater and Aunt Lilla were away. When the boys went to bed I sat in my bedroom writing, till I heard the Pater coming upstairs, and had to turn out the gas.

It took me five days to write the whole story, and another two to count the words and correct the ones that I found the dictionary spelt differently. There were 4,984 words altogether, so I put in another sentence to make it 5,000. Then I packed it up and sent it to Cromer Street, with a note saying I would send the result of our five nights experiments later. Of course, I didn't expect to be paid till the story was finished, so I was awfully surprised two mornings later to get a type-written note asking me to "acknowledge receipt of cheque for £5 5s in payment for story, 'Two Boys and a Girl.'" I gloated over that cheque, but I didn't know how to get it changed without telling anyone, so I kept it in an old chocolate box, and waited.

Last Monday, when the Pater and Aunt Lilla went away, we were quite ready to begin in earnest on the Harleys. This is Friday, the last experiment night, but the result of the others has been so disappointing that I am not going into detail. Somehow those hateful Harleys found out beforehand what we were going to do, and each night they forestalled us and made us look silly.

The night we climbed over the wall to glue up the windows on their ground-floor, Jack, who was carrying the glue-pot, suddenly fell over something, which turned out to be a tin of "Stickphast." There was a note fastened to it, saying that Mr. Harley presented his compliments to Miss March and Masters Jack and Alec March, and had taken the liberty of leaving them a small pot of gum, in case their own supply should run out. He advised us to use it before our own, as it stuck so much better. Of course, after that there was nothing to do but go home. Every night something of the same sort has happened, and the boys keep asking whether I haven't told anyone, which makes me wild. Of course, there is my story, but that isn't telling. It couldn't possibly have leaked out that way. All the same, I wish tonight was over. I feel as if something awful was going to happen, but when I mentioned it to Jack he only said it was "just like a girl to get in such a funk." So I suppose it's all right.

Twelve p.m., Friday night.

I can't go to bed without putting down what has happened to us. There is one comfort; Jack can't say I was in a funk over nothing. It is all over now, but there were some awful moments, when Jack called me a "conceited little donkey," and both he and Alec looked as if they could murder me, not to speak of—but I haven't got to that yet.

This is what happened not two hours ago, yet it seems centuries. We crept over the garden wall about half-past ten, which was earlier than usual, but necessary for the success of the plan. By keeping a strict watch we discovered that the children and servants next door are in bed by ten o'clock, and even the grown-up girl, who seems to keep house

for the family, goes very soon after. Then there is no one left but one man, who almost every night about half-past eleven, comes out to smoke in the summer-house. It has always been too dark to see his face, but we supposed he was the master of the house, and the father of all the children, and the grown-up girl. The plan for last night was to get into their garden, and lay as many wires across the lawn and in front of the summer house as there was time for, and then watch results from our own garden. Jack thought that in an hour we could make the garden into a very dangerous place.

We listened carefully as usual before getting over the wall, but there wasn't a sound. So over we went Jack first, me next, and Alec last. Jack was carrying the roll of wire, and made straight for the summer-house. He got to the door, when suddenly he was sprawling on the ground, and the wire flew out of his hand. Alec and I rushed up, but before we found out what was the matter, a bull's-eye lantern flashed on us from inside the summer-house, and made us all jump. The first thing we saw was a piece of wire stretched across the door, about two feet from the ground. We simply stood and stared at it for a minute, and then a voice that made me jump said from inside—

"Won't you come in? It is really quite simple if you get over the wire instead of charging at it. I am sorry it should have inconvenienced you. I put it up to save some of your time, in case you found an hour rather short for the work."

I heard Jack gasp, but he walked over the wire, and Alec and I followed. Then we could see who was inside, but I didn't need to look. I knew directly by the voice that it was the editor. I felt as if I wanted to scream. He looked at me with a queer little twinkle in his eye, and nodded.

"How do you do, Miss March," he said.

I couldn't answer. Jack turned on me suddenly.

"What does he mean? Do you know him?"

I felt sure I should die if I tried to explain, so I looked at the editor, and mumbled, "You tell."

"Everything?" he asked, and I nodded.

And then he began to explain it all; how he took the house next door and lived there with his brothers and sisters, because their mother and father had been dead for a long time; and how, when they first took the house, he used to be puzzled by the things that happened; and how he thought it was we who did them, but could never catch us at it. And then one day he got my letter at his office, and was just going to tear it up when he noticed the address, and the idea struck him that if he made an appointment with me he might find out something. So he did, and after that it was all easy. It was when he got to that point that Jack began calling me names, and Alec chimed in, and I was so miserable because it was all true that I couldn't say a word. Then the editor said—

"One moment, boys, please!" in such a stern voice that they both stopped in the middle of their sentences. He explained that he hadn't quite finished, and though he didn't say much more, what he did say made me feel that we had all been very selfish and, worst of all, childish. Not that he said so at all, but I felt it inside, and when I looked at Jack and Alec I could see they were feeling the same.

Then he got up and said—

"Well, I think that is all. Will you shake hands and be friends?"

He held out his hand to Jack, but Jack got red all over, and wouldn't look at him, and the editor seemed as if he was surprised and disappointed. But I knew how Jack was feeling. Suddenly Jack's face lighted up, and he made a dive into a corner and come back with an old cane he had found—one we used for games before the Harleys came. He held it out to the editor, and got redder than ever as he said—

"Will you, sir? Just to make us quits? We've been such beasts. I can't shake hands unless."

And the editor didn't laugh, or turn it into a joke. He just looked at Jack for a minute, and then nodded, as if he

understood and was pleased. He didn't try to pretend Jack hadn't deserved it. I think he knew it was the only way to make things even.

"Right you are," he said, and took the cane, and the editor gave him three hard, and then they shook hands without speaking.

Then Alec came up for his turn, and got it, and after that the editor put down the cane as if it was all over. That made me angry. You see, when I was quite small the Pater asked me whether I would rather be punished like the boys when I needed it, or have silly little girl punishments like hemming dusters, all to myself.

Of course I chose to be like the boys, and the Pater said I might be till I was fifteen, so when we get into rows he always canes me too, and that saves Aunt Lilla a lot of trouble in the way of arranging dusters, and is much nicer for me.

But when I went up to the editor for my turn, he looked surprised, and said—"Why, what is this, Miss March?"

So I looked at Jack, and said, "Tell him, please."

And Jack explained about it, and ended, "You needn't be afraid, sir; she won't blub, and she'll hate it if you don't."

At first he still refused, but I think he saw I was miserable about it, and then he gave in, and I got my turn. He didn't hurt half as much as the Pater, but I couldn't mention it, because he looked so uncomfortable. And when it was over, he said—

"If you want me to feel happy again, Miss March, you will give me something more than a handshake."

So I did, and he kept me sitting on the table by him afterwards, and we all talked. And when he said we must go home to bed, I suddenly remembered about the cheque.

"I will send it back tomorrow," I said. "I am awfully glad now that I didn't know how to get it changed."

He looked quite sorry about it, and said, "I suppose you won't keep it?" half doubtfully.

I shook my head hard, and he sat and thought for a minute.

Then he asked, "Have you all a whole holiday on Saturdays?"

Jack nodded.

"Well, then, I know what we will do with this homeless cheque. I will take a holiday too, to-morrow, and we will all have a day on the river. And as we can't comfortably spend it all on that day we shall have one or two other days later."

So to-morrow we are going. Jack and Alec both think the editor is a brick, and of course I think he is too.

I am afraid that perhaps I am not as clever as I thought. The editor didn't actually say so, but he suggested that I ought to know a little more about grammar before writing. And then, he says, perhaps when I am quite grown up, I may be able to write good, published books. But anyhow, whether they are good or bad, he has promised to read them.

Memories

Anne Higginson Spicer

Oh, I'm back in the busy city
With its murky smoke, and grime,
 But my heart is afar
 Where the memories are,
Of another place, and time.

Sunset on the far Pacific
While our boat sweeps through the blue
 And the white gulls dip
 In the wake of the ship,
And I think of you, of you.

The fair green hills of the mainland
Gleam soft in the evening haze;
 And the islands seem
 Like a land in a dream,
As they fade away from my gaze.

Oh, Life's work-a-day hurry, and worry
Departs from me, now and then,
 When the ocean's blue
 And the thought of you
Come back to my heart again!

Fate's Balky Instrument

Billee Glynn

THE homesteads of the Mackenzies and Athertons lay only a half mile apart—a distance which is but a ten minutes' walk for a healthy person—but the Pacific ocean might as well have rolled between them so far as social intercourse was concerned—for between the inmates of the two houses there was an estrangement of seven years which was as seemingly impossible to bridge. We refer more particularly to two of them—the other members of either family having fallen into that careless overlooking of each other which kinship demands though there are no differences personally.

Abel Mackenzie and Annie Atherton had fallen in love and remained in love for the space of one year, and then had fallen out of it with equal despatch—each declaring that any desire to splice the broken threads was the one thing most remote from mind. But each looked pretty bad over it nevertheless, and secretly hoped that the other would relent first. The other had not relented first, however, and seven years had passed with still no signs of relenting on either side. And the groove of separation had become so natural to both parties that it is quite possible if the god of love had not struck a rather clever idea for a bow-and-arrow man in thinking of a balky horse they would have kept in the rut of silence forever; Annie would have died an old woman wondering half rebelliously why love had come and had not stayed, and Abel taken his departure with a very strong conviction that Heaven owed him a great deal more than earth had given. But the Heaven filling his mind's eye as a recompense would probably have been a sort of halo enclosing the form of Annie Atherton. Fate, however,

turns some odd corners sometimes, and she turned this with a three-year-old colt that had never been hitched before.

The colt was a blood and fiercer than an Indian cayuse. This fact and its getting out of the pasture field one day and giving him the hardest chase of his life to get it in again, had put the determination in Abel Mackenzie's mind to break it. That was one of the prominent traits of his character. If anything offered opposition he always wanted to break it, whether he understood it or not. It was this peculiarity which had led to the quarrel between him and Annie Atherton. He had on a certain occasion undertaken to break her, and like most men when they undertake the same thing with a high-spirited woman he had failed utterly; but had succeeded very well in breaking all ties between them. Their quarrel, like that of other lovers, nearing the point of declaration, had been founded on a very trivial matter. Abel was only twenty-two at the time, and Annie eighteen. They had been at the annual country dance together and were discussing it the next evening on the Atherton's verandah; Annie sitting in a hammock, her eyes bright as she remembered things—among others a most delightful waltz with Abel; and Abel on an easy chair close beside her looking in her face. The belle of the ball,—on the one generally acknowledged as such—had been a certain Miss Doyle, dressed in red. Abel, who had danced several times with this young lady, and who had been as delighted with her as a man could be, loving another woman, happened quite ingenuously, but very unwisely, to give vent to certain complimentary remarks in regard to her,—among others, that she "looked swell in red." He had not thought of this light-

ing the red signal in Annie's eyes, because he was so near them perhaps, and because he had rarely seen it there. But it did,—if not in her eyes at least in her heart,—for the further reason that Miss Doyle, in a confidential and perhaps not quite so artless a way had also on the afternoon of the dance spoken admiringly of Abel to her. Annie consequently endorsed very strongly Abel's praise of Miss Doyle, but with a note of sarcasm in her voice, and looked away, the light of romance gone from her face. When Abel, after a short silence, asked what kind of a basket she was taking to the "basket social" at Hopp's schoolhouse, she replied very emphatically, "red"; and turning to him with a sweet smile added: "You will like that colour will you not?" He agreed without noticing anything unusual in her manner, and a few minutes later took his departure. Consequently, when a red basket was put up for sale at the social the next evening he began to bid on it, and was surprised to find opposition of the most strenuous kind. Every man in the place seemed to want that basket. The fact that it was Annie's accounted in some measure for this, however, and Abel determined that he must get it at any price, and finally did at \$4.50. What was his surprise on receiving it to find that the ticket inside bore the name of the engaging Miss Doyle. Annie's basket, which was pure white with pink roses, had gone meanwhile to another young farmer of some standing and quite eligible matrimonially. This was too much for Abel. He undertook the breaking of Annie the next evening. And he succeeded only to the extent of causing her to tell him that she never wished to see him again, that the sooner he left her sight the better, and that if he ever met her again he need not speak for he would get no answer. So Abel had at last swung out of the gate, saying very hotly he would take her at her word and do just as she bid, and if she ever saw him inside of that gate again she could consider him the softest fool on earth.

What remorse and love might have caused him to do in direct opposition to her commands and his own vow is

hard to say, but Abel did not surrender soon enough. Annie waited two weeks, and then was seen with the eligible young farmer. This settled matters for Abel. He told himself he was no fool, and he kept telling it to himself at intervals for seven years. He even told it to himself the day he undertook the breaking of the colt.

It was somewhat hairy that colt, with long thin shanks, a rather fragile body, and undeveloped neck. But the eye in its head made up for everything else. It had the fashion of turning and looking at you once, and then looking away again as though it had quite decided all about what was going to happen you. Abel, however, had fought and denied a love to himself for seven long years, and did not think much of fighting a colt. He harnessed it with the aid of the hired man, putting on kicking-straps and taking other necessary precautions; then having inured it somewhat to the gig and lines by getting Gilbert to lead it around the yard several times with himself seated behind, they proceeded, Gilbert still at the bridle, down the lane to the road. As they passed the house, Abel's mother, a kindly faced woman with gray hair, came to the door and requested him to be very careful. He gave a perfunctory assent, but was watching the colt's hind feet closely. He wondered if it would try to kick, and half wished without knowing why that it would. He was confident of the kicking-straps holding, and he was conscious of a strong desire to conquer something. This penchant for taming things had grown upon him ever since he had failed in that one particular instance with the woman. However, when Gilbert, having lead the colt safely across the bridge at the road, let go the bridle and gave the animal its head, Abel was disgusted. It stood sheepishly for a moment, glancing back uncertainly at its driver, then the latter having said, "Git 'ep," two or three times, with as many concluding chirps, and pulled its head around to a position more adapted for travelling, it started walking very calmly and leisurely up the road, as unconcerned apparently as if parading in a state of freedom

in the pasture field. Abel grinned back at Gilbert standing at the gate.

"I guess he'll be alright now, old boy," he said. "He seems born to the harness. I'm rather disappointed, don't you know; I thought sure he was going to be funny." Gilbert did not say anything, but smiled dryly—he had broken blood colts himself—and having watched them for fifty yards or so went up the lane. He had just disappeared around the corner of the barn when the colt came to a dead stop, and planting its forefeet in front of it like the stakes of a rider fence, eyed with distended nostrils and erected tail a dead bird which lay on the road. Abel yanked up its head, clicked, yeped, and regarded the uplifted tail scornfully. He was sure of the kicking-straps. But the colt began to back, pawing the gravel as it went, and vaulting its hinderparts airily as if estimating its limits. Abel pretended to be amused. He clicked and yeped louder than before, and flapped the lines on the colt's back as if good-naturedly incined to give it another chance; then when the colt had scraped matters backward to the edge of the ditch and the wheels of the gig were about to make a descent, his mouth closed with an audible snap and he got mad. He had been waiting to get mad, but he had also been waiting for a good reason and now he had it. He had waited just a little too long.

The gig wheels sank in the ditch with a thud; his hand with the uplifted whip clutched back at the seat to save himself from falling; and his feet struck the rim of the dashboard and clung there frantically. The colt was standing with its forefeet on the edge of the ditch, its head reared back by Abel's frenzied hold on the lines. He did not get off the gig, however. The colt had put him in the ditch, and he was going to make the colt take him out of the ditch or know why. He moved up till he sat propped on the edge of the seat, his feet huddled beneath him; then raising the whip in his free hand he hit the animal fiercely on the side. It answered with a furious jump, but fell back pawing the earth nervously on the brink of the bank, the

way in which its head was held preventing it getting out. Abel slackened the lines and hit it again. The wheels struck the edge of the bank with a crash, Abel shot back in the seat, and out on the road again the colt was making teeter-tottery attempts to break things generally. But the straps held. Then receiving a lash across the legs to which it was unable to answer the frenzied animal burst up the road, the bit between its teeth, Abel sawing ineffectively on the lines behind and looking mad.

He had often remarked scornfully its long legs as he watched it in the pasture field, but he had every reason to respect those legs now. It was hitched long and the way it ran was nothing less than cyclonic. His see-sawing had not the slightest effect except to increase the danger of being ditched, and he gave it up at length for a strong, steady pull, which kept the colt's head in the centre of the road.

So they went, sand and stones flying from beneath, Abel looking ahead anxiously for rigs and hoping every minute to jerk the bit from between the animal's teeth, but hoping in vain. There was one thing to which he looked forward, however. Three-quarters of a mile farther on was one of the steepest hills in the country. If he could only keep from being ditched till they reached that, he could then bring the colt under control. He had just settled this in his mind, when topping a slight grade the form of a woman in a white dress became visible in the road a considerable distance ahead. She was too far away to present anything distinct to the eye, but Abel knew on the instant who she was. He was nearing the Atherton house, and besides that figure had stamped itself on his heart long ago. She was coming toward him, and he was going a thousand times faster toward her—Annie Atherton of all the people in the world! She would see him with a three-year-old colt running away with him, and laugh at his humiliation. Abel yanked and sawed on the lines with redoubled strength. But the colt was in no mood for relenting. It dropped its head and struck even a more reckless gait, making ominous divaga-

tions toward the ditches on either side. It was one of these sidelings that caused Annie Atherton as she was just approaching her own gate, to hurry quickly to the other side of the road, her white dress fluttering as she went. The colt's eye caught the flash of it with a frenzied gleam. It shot to the opposite side, the Atherton side, and in the twinkling of an eye the gig with Abel in it crashed into the ditch. The next moment one of the wheels striking a big stone which served as a sort of rude statuary at the Atherton gateway, Abel left the gig seat for higher spheres and landed on his head and shoulders just inside the gate,—the colt taking his unrestrained course up the road, with the broken gig rattling as he went.

When Annie Atherton hurried across the road and found her old lover unconscious with the blood trickling down his face, she was, to say the least, horrified. But the strength of her feelings did not overcome her practicality. She clasped her hands in front of her for an instant, bent over his white face with a yearning look, and then hurried to the pump for water.

When Abel regained his senses he found her stroking his forehead with a wet handkerchief, and gazing in his face, a tender anxiety written in her own. But her look changed the moment he had opened his eyes, and Abel, weak as he was, half wondered and did not understand.

"Are you hurt?" she asked quite simply, and in the tone of a professional nurse.

"I guess not," he said. Then he attempted to rise, but fell back putting his hand to his side with a spasm of pain.

"I guess there is a rib cracked or something," he explained. "If you'll just give me a hand though, I can make it alright."

"But, perhaps, you had better not," she advised. "Perhaps, I had better get someone to carry you in. The men are only in the field behind the barn and it would not take——"

But Abel was again doing his best to rise, and catching him under the arms, she succeeded in getting him on his feet.

He was somewhat dizzy, however, and had to lean on her for support. She led him to a seat under the shade of a maple tree, then instructing him earnestly not to rise as she would be back in a minute, hurried to the house. She returned in a few moments with a bottle of grape wine and some cakes on a plate. Abel was induced to partake of both. He felt so much better in consequence, and was restored to a sufficient sense of the normality of things in general—the impropriety of his own position especially—as to understand that he should feel very much out of place in Annie Atherton's company, and that the proper thing for him to do would be to leave, having thanked her formally for her kindness. He was equally aware, nevertheless, and with some wonder at himself, that he felt very happy indeed, that he had no desire whatever to leave, and that he was very grateful, to his fair rescuer, warmly grateful in fact. He remembered the expression of her face as she bent over him when he first opened his eyes, and it had a different meaning for him now—a meaning that sent a thrill through him. He was also conscious as he looked at her that she was even more comely than she had been seven years before. She had grown into a perfect woman, he admitted to himself.

"How do you feel now?" she asked, as Abel finished the second glass of wine she had insisted he should take.

"Better," he replied, "well enough to go, I guess. I'm awfully thankful." He made an effort to rise, but felt glad when she advised that he should remain quiet for a few minutes anyway.

"But the colt——" argued Abel.

"He'll be alright, and you might faint you know."

"Would you really care?" he asked, glancing searchingly in her face.

She flushed slightly and her eyes fell.

"I would not like to see anyone faint," she returned, and then hurriedly changed the subject. "You would have been all right if it had not been for the stone."

"But how did it happen? Did I go right over and land inside the gate or did you——"

"You fell inside yourself," she interposed, her cheeks colouring hotly.

And Abel's face grew suddenly red, too. They were both thinking of the remark which he had made when he had gone out of the Atherton gate seven years before,—that if he ever entered it again she could consider him the softest fool on earth.

The words had burned themselves into both brains during the long, silent years that followed.

"I suppose you think I am a fool?" he said, after a troubled silence.

"Think you a fool?" repeated Annie, endeavouring to look surprised, but with the red signal of consciousness showing in her cheeks.

"Well I have been," averred Abel meaningly, looking in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she returned. "You really couldn't help it you know. A colt might run away on anyone." She was looking down and scraping the sod industriously with her boot.

"And so might a man," rejoined Abel, "or be sent away; but if he wasn't a fool altogether he wouldn't stay away seven years from the best girl in the world. Annie, I don't want to be a fool any longer; will you make it up?" He leaned over and saught her hand, a look of boyish entreaty in his face.

She glanced hurriedly; then dropped her eyes again. But Abel saw the old light in them and his heart throbbled.

"I might," she said, with a gleam of humour, "since you came inside. But the colt——"

"He's a dear," interrupted Abel gladly. And the next minute he was saying the same thing and much more to the girl beside him.

The regard which Mr. and Mrs. Abel Mackenzie entertained for a certain long-legged, but very speedy blood horse, which they used for a driver, and absolutely refused to sell at any price, was a matter of some wonder and comment to many of their friends.

A SPOOK'S LIFE AN EASY ONE.

It is not hard work getting accustomed to being a spirit. The difficulty lies in describing my condition, and my sensations, for never having experienced such a condition, we have no words in the language to do justice to the occasion. I can probably convey some idea by describing what I was not. In the first place there was nothing tangible, as we understand the word, about me. I was a nothingness of no length or breadth or thickness, yet I was all there with an individuality and a personality that I could experience and which the other spirits could perceive and experience. Jim Hooper and I talked this over later on, and we come to the conclusion that it must be "inwardness" or some fourth dimension unknown to mortals. However, be that as it may, I was a full-fledged spirit, ghost, spook or what not, and as good a one as any I met up with. Next, I could neither see, hear, smell, taste nor feel. I had, however, some sixth sense which included all of these, and a lot of other senses of which we knew nothing. Also, I had no emotions such as anger, fear, or joy, nor any sensation of time or space. There was no such thing as time. Things just moved along or stood still or went backward as I wanted them to do, and fitted in perfectly with what every other spook wanted, no matter how diverse their respective views of them were.

Well, as I said, I slid into the angel job mighty easy. Thirty seconds after I had hit that Broadway pavement I was taking things quiet like and watching the fuss.—H. G. Bishop, in *March Smart Set*.



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The Arrangement of the Ideal Dining Room

The "heart" of the house; how to make it comfortable, beautiful and charming

E. Stanley Mitton, Architect

"DOES your household," as Emerson would say, "obey an idea?" Do you think and plan the arrangement and decoration of every room, striving to put something of yourself into the scheme, that it may bear testimony to your taste, and skill, and love for what is beautiful and rich. Or are you content to follow along the conventional lines which custom has laid down for you?

Believe me, if the latter is the case, you do not know the real inner meaning of the familiar word "home." Not until every piece of furniture, every rug and carpet, every piece of drapery or hanging possesses a personal meaning for you, can you appreciate to the full the broad distinction between a "home" and a "house."

The living room, perhaps more than any other chamber in the dwelling, indicates clearly the degree of refinement, taste and culture which the occupants of the home have reached. It is the most used room, and should be the most comfortable and beautiful apartment possible to attain.

For ordinary people, at least, the "parlor" is a thing of the past. The "sitting-room" of former days is nothing but a memory now, increasing effort in the direction of interior economy having relegated that useless apartment to oblivion. Gone, too, are the horse-hair chairs, with their erect and highly varnished backs, which grandmother used to dust with loving care. Even at this late day, I can remember how my back used to ache on Sunday afternoons, when

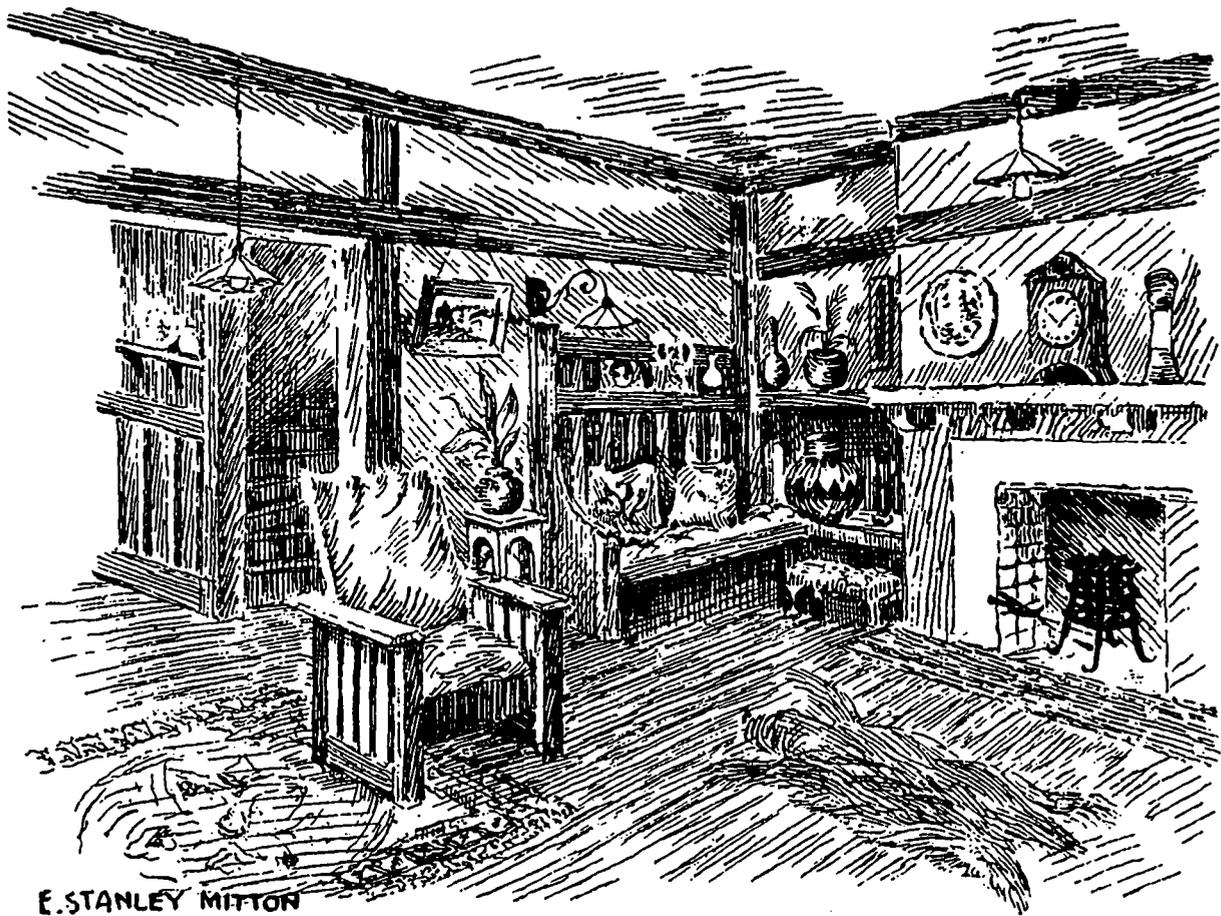
forced to sit upon one of those chairs for an hour or more with my little legs dangling over.

Of course, houses which are inexpensive must be simple. But there is so much written these days about the beauty of simplicity, one rises in rebellion at the sound of meaningless phrases that run into long discourses without putting a single practical or helpful notion into the reader's head. If one can show what has actually been done, or may be done, then there is some excuse for the moralizing. The home-maker, however, who is really successful must love it. No one ever heard of a man's founding an orphan asylum who hadn't a particle of liking for children, nor did anyone ever know of a delightful home being evolved from a brain that didn't like the grist come to its mill, or enjoy the threshing of it.

The chief charm of any living-room worthy of its name is, of course, the fireplace. Here, in the long winter evenings, you will entertain your guests; here, too, when the shadows fall, you will sit with the little ones on your knees, as they listen to your stories of Little Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella, or Sinbad the Sailor and his many adventures.

The size and nature of the fireplace depends to a considerable extent upon the room itself, and will vary to suit conditions. The materials favoured range from the conventional red brick, to rough stones picked at random from the roads and fields.

I am reminded of the attractive living-room of a friend of mine, who resides in



E. STANLEY MITTON
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a picturesque place in Massachusetts. This room takes up the main part of the ground floor of his home, being forty feet long by thirty feet wide. At one end it has a large fireplace, which is of rough brick laid with white mortar. Across the chimney breast, below the mantel, hangs a piece of driftwood, with its motto, "Start right and right away." The andirons, forged to fit the name of the house, are large andirons with a connecting chain. The old clock, upon the mantel, with its curious wooden frame, is the gift of a relative. The floor of polished hardwood, is covered with bright coloured rugs, which make a most effective colour scheme. A low bookcase, with drapery curtains, stands at the left of the fireplace, and upon the shelf thus afforded is a quaint old lantern of ancient pattern.

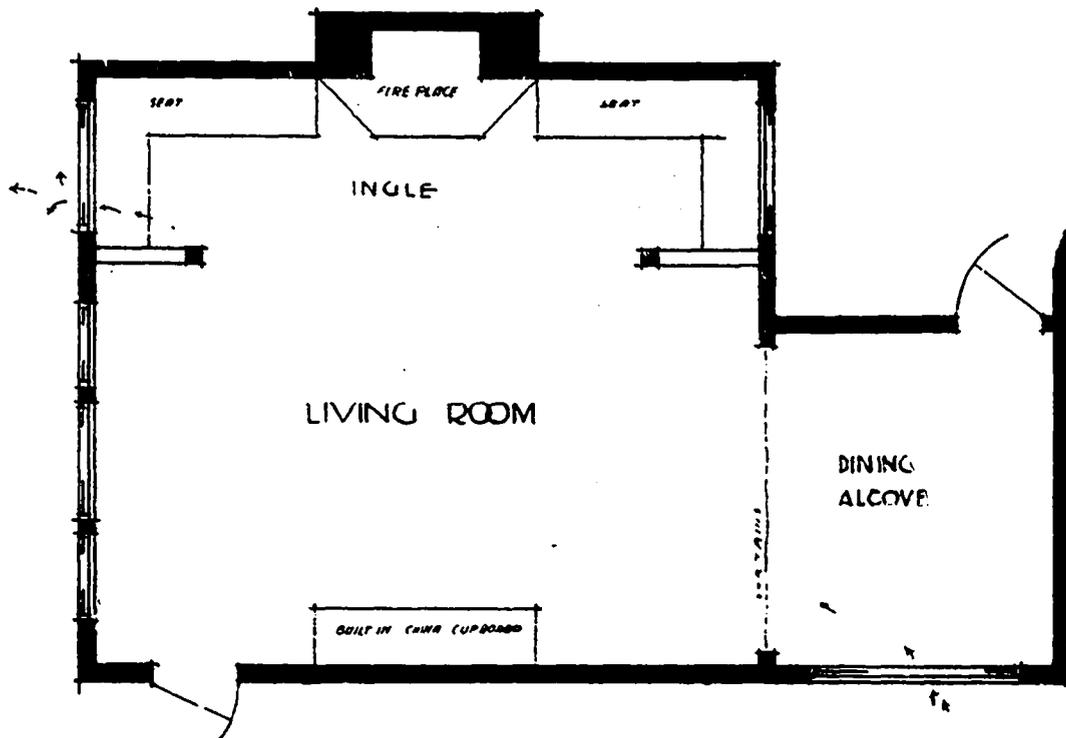
Against walls of white plaster, hang interesting pictures. Lamps and candles are used for lighting the room. A large magazine table occupies a place in front of the fire, cosy chairs and couches lend a comfortable air, and across the fireplace is a long settee piled high with cushions. There is a writing desk in the

niche under the stairway leading to the balcony above. This balcony extends along one side of the living room, furnishing a hallway from which to enter the chambers upon the second floor.

Not everyone, perhaps, would admire the bold and vigorous effect resulting from such a treatment, but it is aptly suited to the location of the house, which is one of the bleakest and most wind-swept districts on the New England coast.

The illustration accompanying this article shows an attractive general living-room and dining-room combined. Such an arrangement tends toward the greatest economy of space and is, on that account, favoured with the average home-builder.

The windows should be arranged to provide thorough ventilation. This important matter if not infrequently overlooked and, indeed, the majority of architects do not give it sufficient attention, with the result that the occupants of the house suffer from frequent colds, headaches and other minor complaints, not infrequently leading to more serious pulmonary troubles. An outlet should be provided for foul air near the roof. This



can be done at slight additional expense, which will be more than repaid in increased comfort and health.

Put the fireplace in a convenient location, and provide ample room for cosy corners or "inglenooks." If you have a brick fireplace, be sure to have a smoke shelf at the back, otherwise the smoke will blow into the room, making it most unpleasant for the occupants on breezy days.

The heating pipes should be arranged to suit the windows and furniture; for instance, it would not do to have a steam radiator behind the piano or any valuable piece of furniture liable to be damaged by the excessive warmth.

The walls of the room may be finished in rough plaster or tinted with "Murine." In a general article of this nature it is impossible to indicate the colour scheme for the room with any degree of accuracy; that depends upon its size, and the amount of light it receives

during the day. If your living-room has a southern exposure, a beautiful deep blue will prove most effective. If that does not meet with your approval, try the effect of a cool green, with a little blue. If you decide to paper the walls, avoid the coverings with conspicuous patterns, and aim for something simple and neat.

Furniture? Well—there must be some comfortable chairs, plenty of books and magazines, and always a bright fire on the hearth when the weather is cold. As much more as you like—or can afford—but remember always, that the unnecessary must be eliminated if comfort, real beauty and abiding charm is to be secured.

Thus, your living-room will have unity, and express your best thought, and form a fitting theatre for a true and lofty and happy life after the highest order.

In my next article I will deal with the heating problems.

As a Pauper

Leslie Temple

“GUY, my dear,” began Lady Clevely rather nervously one morning, as she entered her step-son’s den, “Miss Jackson is coming tomorrow, and——”

“Who, pray, is Miss Jackson?” questioned Sir Guy, raising his eyes from the letter he was writing. “And why, dear mother, take the trouble to come and tell me?” he asked with a smile.

While Sir Guy Clevely spoke, he attempted to smooth the curly locks of his young step-brother, who was always a close follower of his mother.

Lady Clevely moved across the room, out of range of Sir Guy’s quick eyes, and nervously began to arrange the various trophies and knick-knacks scattered about the tables.

“Well, you know, Guy,” she said hesitatingly, “she is rich, quite dreadfully rich, and—oh, you know as well as I do, how badly we need money.”

It was out at last, and she cast an anxious glance to see the effect of her words upon the young man. Would he be annoyed?

Guy threw back his head, and laughed so loudly that little Bertie was startled and dropped a paper-weight to the floor.

“Mother turning match-maker!” he said, when he could. “Designing woman, don’t attempt it! In my thirty-nine years I have met but one possible woman. Heaven knows where she is now.” He sighed as his thoughts fell on other days, and Bertie, who looked distressed, said quaintly—

“Don’t cry, Guy, and I’ll give you my engine.”

“It’s not quite so bad as that, old man,” again laughed his brother, pressing his brown face against the child’s soft cheek. This affection between the half-brothers accounted for the fact

that the second Lady Clevely still remained mistress of The Court five years after her husband’s death, and his inheritance passing to Sir Guy. Lady Clevely was a woman of discernment; and she ordered her step-son’s house with ease and comfort to all.

A small shooting-party was about to assemble at The Court; a brother officer or two of Sir Guy’s, and his cousins, Lilian and Harold.

“Miss Jackson’s companion comes with her,” continued Lady Clevely, again breaking the silence, as she balanced a neatly-shod foot on the fender. “Rather a bore, that, but it can’t be helped. However, Lady Mary says she is quite nice.”

“I suppose we have plenty of room for both,” replied Sir Guy quietly, “and I daresay she will help to entertain the others; new blood, at any rate. And—dear lady,” he continued, catching his step-mother’s hand, “don’t worry about providing me with a wife.”

The Court was a luxurious house in which to sojourn. Perfect taste prevailed, from the port to the stamped envelopes and “shooting rules” in one’s bedroom; everything in order and nothing forgotten.

“Yet Aunt Rachael talks of nothing but the ‘fallen fortunes’ of the Clevelys,” said Harold, the nephew, as he paced the terrace after luncheon with Captain Adare. “Can’t see where the ‘fall’ comes in, myself. I say old chap, what are you thinking about?”

he asked, turning to the silent Captain, and looking at him suspiciously.

“Well,” replied Adare, between puffs at his cigarette, “I was just thinking that if Sir Guy ignores the attractions of the heiress, we might have a look in ourselves.”

"Quite so," murmured Harold, and he thoughtfully jingled the coins in his pocket.

Each fell a prey to his own thoughts, and they paced the terrace in silence.

"Lilian, will you give us tea?" asked Lady Clevely of her niece, as she moved over the smooth lawn to meet her guests on the next afternoon. Tea had been brought out under the great cedars, and the bright September sun shone warmly upon the two girls advancing towards their hostess. They were speaking quickly, excitedly, one might think, as they advanced. Something very like a frown rested on the face of the taller and handsomer of the two, as she came forward. She approached with a good deal of manner, and was one who would, Lilian thought, dash every second word of a letter.

"Dear Lady Clevely, I am so glad to meet you, you can't *think* how I shall enjoy this after London; and I've heard so much about you from dear Lady Mary—oh, this—" as Lady Clevely turned to the quiet girl beside her, "this is my cousin, Nina Berkely, who goes with me everywhere."

As Lady Clevely spoke to his cousin, she noticed with approval the dark, expressive eyes; the trim, lithe figure, and pure oval face before her, while Miss Jackson, the heiress, was busily engaged in scanning every detail of the surroundings. Her eyes swept over the castellated building and grey masonry of the house, standing majestically on her right and took in the smooth lawns extending until they merged into a bright-hued rose garden where fountains played. She saw terraces to her left, beyond which she caught glimpses of a sparkling river, and further off, undulating meadowlands with woods showing the tints of autumn against the sky. Her heart swelled.

Why Lady Clevely turned with a light sigh to the quiet cousin she could not say, and, holding her hand, she said with a smile—

"My dear, you are welcome," and, somewhat to her own astonishment, she led the girl forward towards the tea-

table, adding, "You must be tired after your journey."

Miss Berkely cast a smile over her shoulder towards Miss Jackson, who, from the look she gave in return, seemed to take the little incident very badly, but she kept pace with Lady Clevely, talking all the time volubly.

Lilian surveyed the new comers with a critical eye; the one small and dainty, with such a sweet face and manner must be Miss Jackson, and the other, tall and handsome, with such a haughty, defiant air, must be the companion, so it surprised her when her aunt reversed the order of her thoughts on introducing them.

During the progress of tea, Miss Jackson talked much of her season in London, smartly criticising the various people she had met, not always kindly, but with a wittiness that was almost talent.

Laughter and men's voices proceeded from the house, and Miss Jackson saw four men advancing towards them.

The quartette advanced leisurely, with the usual laziness of men who have tramped miles of moorland, each feeling he has contributed amply towards the game-bag, a feeling which induces a kindly fellowship towards the world in general.

We are told that it is the unexpected that always happens, and it certainly was true in the little party sitting round Lady Clevely, for Sir Guy looked up suddenly, and met the astonished eyes of Miss Nina Berkeley, and with two strides he was holding her hand in his, gladness radiating his whole countenance.

"This is a pleasure," he said, speaking in a deep tone which betrayed to all the genuineness of his words, "I had thought we should not meet again."

A swift blush mounted to the girl's brow, and she smiled softly.

"I am honoured by being remembered," she said, with a mischievous glance.

"Ah, now you are chaffing me, just as you used to do," gaily returned Sir Guy. "Mother," he asked, turning to Lady Clevely, "I expect you are mystified, but this lady and I are quite old friends, although we never knew each other's names; which sounds odd. We

met abroad while with mutual friends. Will you introduce me, or am I speaking to Miss Jackson?" and he looked inquiringly at the girl.

"This is Nina," interrupted Bertie; "*that's* Miss Jackson," pointing to the tall, defiant-looking girl. Today was apparently a dark one for Miss Jackson, for her face at this unforeseen incident became very cloudy indeed. The one man she had hoped to impress had, as yet, not even become aware of her existence, and when at length he was introduced, he paid her but scant attention. Captain Adare, however, seated himself beside her, and tried to bring sunshine into her handsome face.

"It is extremely awkward," Lady Clevely said afterwards to her niece, "that the companion, and not the heiress, should prove to be Guy's friend."

Lilian laughed.

"My dear aunt," she said, "I esteem the companion far above the other."

"It is early to speak so definitely," replied Lady Clevely mildly, for she was loth to open her eyes to the fact that but for Miss Jackson's many thousands per annum, and the falling fortunes of their house, she would be of Lilian's opinion also.

The following week proved one of mixed pleasure to the heiress, and one of quiet enjoyment and not a little amusement to the others, and if Miss Jackson lived on tenter-hooks most of the time, the position was entirely of her own making, so she could only blame herself for any discomfort she suffered.

It is disappointing, when one has taken pains to make clever plans which seem to fit in so easily, to have those same plans quietly ignored or set aside in so polite and charming a manner that one is obliged to submit smilingly to the alterations, when at heart one is fuming with annoyance.

"To-day is Mrs. Herriman's garden-party and dance," announced Lady Clevely at breakfast one morning, "and although it is not to be an unmixed pleasure, we are all going. We are to dress there for the dance," she continued, glancing at the letter in her hand, "as we are the furthest away."

"What a wretched arrangement," said Sir Guy. "We shall have to take cart-loads of luggage and waggonette-loads of maids," he added, glancing at Miss Jackson, "for I feel certain you could not manage without yours."

Miss Jackson blushed becomingly.

"Oh, I daresay I shall manage with Nina's help," she replied, giving him a pretty glance.

Nina, looking at her from across the table, said—

"But I'm afraid you must manage without my help, for I'm not going to the party."

"Not going!" exclaimed Harold, who was sitting next to her. "You plunge me in grief, Miss Berkely. May I ask why you are not going?"

Before she could reply, Miss Jackson nodded approvingly, and said—

"I think Nina is very wise; knowing nobody, I daresay she would be bored."

"Would you really rather not go?" whispered Lady Clevely, as she bent kindly towards Nina.

The girl smiled brightly, with a queer little look, as she said—

"I would much rather not go, and I thought, if you would allow me, Lady Clevely, that I would take Bertie down by the river, and have a jolly little picnic all by ourselves." She smiled at the child's happy face as he clapped his hands with delight.

"Oh, lovely!" he cried with delight.

Lady Clevely glanced first at her little son, then at her step-son, and grew very thoughtful. Had Miss Jackson anything to do with the girl's decision—or had—? She determined to allow matters to drift; a wise resolution, since she couldn't change anything.

"Flora," said Miss Berkeley, quietly, as she entered her cousin's room and witnessed her elaborate preparations for the garden party, "make the most of your time. I am leaving next week. I don't like the exhibition of your foolishness. I've given you the chance you begged, but I am not proud of the use you have made of it."

Flora turned from the glass with a haughty toss of her head.

"Weil," she said sarcastically, as she turned again to pin on a beflowered hat, "the men are such a stupid lot."

"But not stupid enough, my dear," said Miss Berkely.

She was openly disappointed with her cousin, but could not help a certain interest in the situation.

"From what I have noticed, I daresay you will have something to tell me when I see you to-morrow," she added, as she rose to leave the room; "but, Flora, you must tell everything to the man whom you are to marry."

Flora laughed in a strange, forced way, and shot a swift glance at her cousin as she said clearly—

"I will accept none but Sir Guy. Emma says it is an open secret in the house-keeper's room that Lady Clevly wishes him to marry me, although strictly speaking, I suppose it is you they mean, but as we have changed places for the time being, I hope the gods may befriend me. But I promise you, once we are engaged, I shall hold Sir Guy against the world."

She laughed softly, and continued laughing even after Nina had closed the door.

"That was a 'bolt from the blue' " she murmured, as she took up her gloves. "She didn't expect *that*."

True, Nina had not expected it, and she heartily wished she had never lent herself to this deception; she had been weak, and her aunt Susan and Flora had overcome her objections with their repeated entreaties.

"Flora was beautiful," her aunt said, and, given opportunity, she would surely do well for herself, so why not take Flora instead of her real companion when she was to stay with the Clevlys? And would Nina impersonate the companion, just this once?" So the heiress, thinking her money more an attraction than herself, consented against her better judgment. The plan was in execution before she had time to make serious objection.

"I was foolish," she thought, as she left her cousin's room. "I may wreck my own happiness because of it."

"You are not going to the party, I hear, Miss Berkely," said Sir Guy, as he met her at a turn in the corridor. She started and blushed at the suddenness of the question, but recovering herself, she replied brightly—

"Oh, Bertie and I expect to enjoy ourselves."

"Where have you planned to go?" he asked.

"We think the old mill would be nice. There is such a glorious bit of river running below it, and—someone is calling you, Sir Guy; good bye!" With which she went on her way, smiling.

"If there is one thing that I love more than another, it is to find spiders in my tea," said Miss Berkely to Bertie some four hours later, as she rescued a frightened insect from her cup with a spoon.

"Let me, let me," cried Bertie, "I'll fish 'em out," and his plump fingers clutched the spoon.

The clock in the village tower had chimed five, but the sun was still warm and pleasant, as it cast long shadows upon the river and lighted up the old mill behind them. The murmur of the water was soft and dreamy, bringing thoughts to the girl's mind which she fain would have chased away. She roused herself at the sound of Bertie's voice and the touch of his hand upon her sleeve.

"It is jolly, just you and me, isn't it?" he said. "Aren't you glad you didn't go to the other party? Oh, there's somebody coming to bother us!"

Miss Berkeiy's quick glance told her who was coming, and a bright blush overspread her face.

Bertie jumped to his feet with a cry of delight.

"It's only Guy," he cried, running to meet his brother.

"Well, little boy," said Sir Guy, resting his hand upon Bertie's curls, but looking at the grey clad figure on the grass, "how are you enjoying your picnic?"

"Miss Berkely, have you any tea left?" he asked, throwing himself down in the grass, and stretching his long limbs at ease.

"Not for truants," said Nina, with much severity, shaking her head, and

guarding the tea-pot. "I cannot understand why you are here at all, Sir Guy; can you, Bertie? At this moment you should be making yourself agreeable to Mrs. Herriman and her guests."

"You see," he said, addressing Bertie, "I found I had left a portion of myself at home, and as it was a most important part, I was bound to come and fetch it, wasn't I, Bertie?"

Bertie's eyes grew wide in wonder, and Miss Berkely began to feel uncomfortable.

Bertie surveyed his brother solemnly, and remarked with much hesitation—

"If you are in pieces, Guy, how did you get here?"

At which they all laughed gaily. Then Miss Berkely scrambled to her feet.

"Come, Bertie," she said, "it's time to go home. I promised Lady Clevely," she continued, turning to Sir Guy, "that I would take Bertie home early."

The tea things were packed, and nothing remained but to get into the donkey carriage. Miss Berkeiy got in first, and was followed alertly by Bertie.

"Surely you are not going to be so cruel as to allow me to walk home alone!" cried Sir Guy, in doleful voice. Bertie patted a square inch of cushion beside him.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if Bertie were to come on my knee, Emma would not mind walking?" with a kindly smile at the maid standing at the donkey's head.

"Capital," assented Sir Guy, and he promptly took his place beside her.

They drove in silence; perhaps because the cart was so uneasy in its movements that they had no breath for talking; but Bertie could not long remain silent.

"This-cart-is-awful-jolty-isn't-it?" he gasped as well as he could between bumps.

"It isn't hung on cee springs," his brother replied, as he reined in the willing donkey which had carried them to the lodge gates in such a short time; too short, he thought, as they now bowled smoothly along the avenue, already dusk in the shadow of the giant elms and time-honoured oaks.

"You'll be starting soon for the dance?" said Miss Berkely to Sir Guy on their arrival at the house.

"I am not going back," he replied quietly; "I'm your host, you know, and I can't allow you to have dinner alone. You won't send me back, will you, Miss Berkely?"

"I think I would be justified in doing so," she returned quietly.

How the dinner came to an end Nina never knew, but she realised that Sir Guy seemed in no hurry to conclude it. She had determined, as she sipped on a soft black dinner gown and fastened a dainty rose in her bodice, that she would be natural and forget her tremors, but her hands trembled so that she found it difficult to fasten the row of pearls which was the only ornament she wore. However, Sir Guy talked so pleasantly and easily that she soon regained her natural manner, and the dinner proved bright, and even merry at times.

"We shall have coffee on the terrace," he said. "The evening is so warm, and the moon is perfect."

He led the way to the low window from which they could gain the terrace.

"One moment," he said, "you must have a cloak," and, returning from the hall, he placed a fleecy garment over her shoulders.

"How delightful!" cried the girl, as she stepped into the moonlight, and saw the gleaming silver river below them, with the trees rising dark beyond it. As they stood gazing at the beauty of the scene, his hand sought hers, and he held it in a firm clasp.

"Nina," he said, in a low voice, which thrilled her, "Nina, I loved you when I first saw you, and now—well, I cannot let you go out of my life again. Something tells me that you won't mind marrying a poor man."

Miss Berkely shivered as with cold.

"I must first tell you something," she said chokingly, and leaning against the stone balustrade for support as she did so, and keeping her face in the shadow, she told the story of her deception. When at last she paused, and raised her eyes to his face, she asked in a low voice—

"And what do you think of me now, please?"

He raised her face, that the moonlight might linger in the shy eyes and upon the tremulous lips.

"You did it out of the great kindness of your heart," he said, as his arm en-

circled her. "But tell me what I am anxiously waiting to hear."

And in earnest voice she replied, with a naturalness peculiar to her:—

"I have been waiting for you, waiting, I think, all my life."

HE KNEW!

The inspector was examining Standard I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master. "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"Now, tell me," said the inspector, who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leapt with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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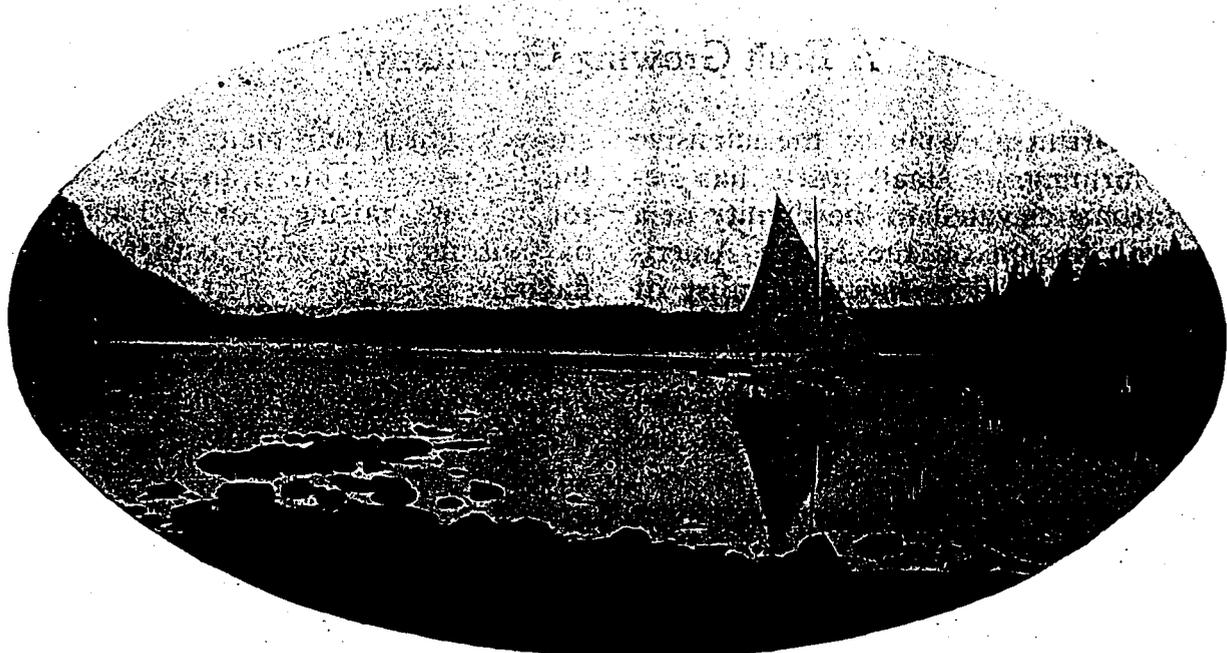
Log of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club

E. A. Lucas

THIS month brings the season—the best season yet—to its full flush. A squadron numbering some fifty sail is off to Seattle to attend the International Regatta. Alexandra will by this time either have successfully defended her cup, or will have dipped her flag to Geary's Spirit II. As an after-the-fact prophesy, the opinion is ventured that Alexandra has taken the

in the 26's, Tillicum in the 21's and Horace Stone's 18-footer, and there are a dozen speedy second choices in the different classes as well.

It is said that the two Seattle yacht clubs are amalgamating. This is fine. There is no real reason, geographical or otherwise, for two clubs in Seattle and the amalgamation will be productive of added strength and influence. Here's



first two races by a margin of over two minutes. Sails are the thing, and this year the Fife boat has a suit of sails that show class; no flat luff, no bulging leech, no fluttering jib. A bad curve in a main-sail means more to a yacht's windward work than a bad bump in her hull—a fact which has meant defeat to many an enthusiastic skipper. Alexandra has the best of everything this year; Geary says he can beat her, so we shall see what we shall see.

Of course the Alexandra Cup races overshadow everything else as usual, and yet there will be just as keen racing in a dozen other of the races as in the big event. They will have to bring out very fast yachts to defeat the Iola in the 32-foot class, Madeleine in the 29's, Asthore

every good wish to the new Seattle Yacht Club.

The R. V. Y. C. pulled off a pretty good race around Texada Island the other day. Any yacht club that can get seven big yachts to enter a race lasting three and a half days is doing something for the sport that is worth while, something that can be held up with credit to yachtsmen in other parts of the country as an example of what we are doing on this coast. The power boat race from here to Seattle to be started on the 29th will have more entries than any long distance race than was ever held before anywhere. It is estimated that thirty cruising motor yachts will start in this event.



Naramata

A Fruit Growing Community

FINE fruit growing by the intensive farming of small tracts has become elevated to the dignity of a profession on the North American Continent. The horticulturalist of today is a man or woman of education and business acumen, preferring the outdoor life to the bustle and din and cramped conditions of existence in the city.

To produce the best in fruit requires intelligent and persistent application, but the reward for the effort is far in excess of the returns that can be obtained from energy directed along the well beaten path of commercial or professional life in the generally accepted sense.

Then, too, the attendant enjoyment and the freedom is greater, to say nothing of the healthfulness of such an occupation.

Choice of location is of vast importance for first quality fruit raising—the ordinary crops can be produced almost anywhere—but the large profit paying fruit, must be as near perfect as possible in size, colour, and flavour and certain localities certainly are more suitable than others for the work.

The Okanagan Valley of British Columbia is now famous the world over as a fruit producing district. It has the right kind of soil, a warm, sandy loam; and enjoys a greater amount of sun-

shiny weather than many other parts of the Province. This is an important factor in fruit raising, for without plenty of sunshine fruit lacks both colour and flavour.

Naramata is a new town in this wonderful valley. It is situated overlooking the Eastern shore of Okanagan Lake. The area around Naramata is peculiarly adapted for fruit raising. Apples, grapes, peaches, plums, pears, prunes, nectarines, quinces, apricots, walnuts, peppers, peanuts and even tobacco of exceptionally fine quality are readily grown there.

Fruit from the orchards around the Okanagan Lake has received prizes repeatedly and medals have been captured at London Expositions by fruit from this portion of British Columbia.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS AT NARAMATA.

The climate is mild and dry. The rainfall rarely exceeds ten inches, while the coast rainfall is eighty inches. There are no sudden, catastrophic, body-wrecking changes, such as one finds in the East. The changes are very gradual. There is a great deal of sunshine and a most invigorating air.

It would not be truthful to say there is no winter in Naramata. There is; but it is, taking one year with another,

the mildest kind of winter, one in which the children play out of doors in January. Now and then, however, there comes a radical change in which the mercury may drop below zero, but such spells are unusual in occurrence and brief in duration. The normal thing is a winter like that of 1908 in which the lowest was two below zero for one night only.



Bridal Veil Falls, Naramata.

Okanagan Lake remains open even in the severest winters, and wild ducks make it their winter headquarters, feeding often within gun shot of the wharf.

The mild, invigorating climate, is attracting settlers from all parts of the world. They are people of means who can afford to pay handsome prices for what suits them. It is not easy to find places where the climate conspires with

man and the soil to produce comfort, culture, beauty, health and profit in one combination. There, people are bound to have their homes.

In the fruit growing business the winter is a slack season and a most enjoyable time. It is a time of leisure, giving opportunity to rest up, read up, visit friends, etc.

Homes thus planted in a genial climate, amid congenial social and natural surroundings, have long chances of happiness which are not available in the isolation of a farm, or a lot cast among the unintelligent, or amid conditions otherwise inharmonious.

The illustrations here given show some of the natural beauties of the Naramata district.

At this point it may be only fair to many to say that, developing a fruit lot is not a poor man's proposition, although many poor people have succeeded. It would be a mistake to advise those who have not some capital, or an assured income to tackle the contract. A wheat farm may yield an income the second year, but it is not so with fruit trees. Five or six years must elapse before they become profitable, and a man must live in the meanwhile. And so, while there are energetic people who get their land and take their chances on the rest and win out, we would not feel warranted in advising this as a course of action for every one. But for the man who has capital or income, and can carry his orchard till his orchard gets ready to carry him, the home in the peach or apple orchard is the ideal thing.

What can be done on a small tract of land in the Okanagan Valley is shown by the following figures:

Two hundred tons of Northern Spy apples were sold from twenty acres of 12-year-old trees, producing a net profit of \$10,875.

Strawberries, from a strip of land three feet wide and eighteen rods long were sold in 1907 at a figure amounting to \$1,935 per acre.

The crop from one hundred and ten peach trees planted among apple trees, was sold for \$800; this would figure out at the rate of about \$1,200 per acre.



Naramata Cascade.

Another case of profitable peach growing is that of fruit on 5-year-old trees being sold on the tree for \$355 per acre, the purchaser gathering and shipping them.

And these cases are not something that cannot be duplicated; on the contrary it is the rule rather than the exception, where intelligent and industrious cultivation is pursued.

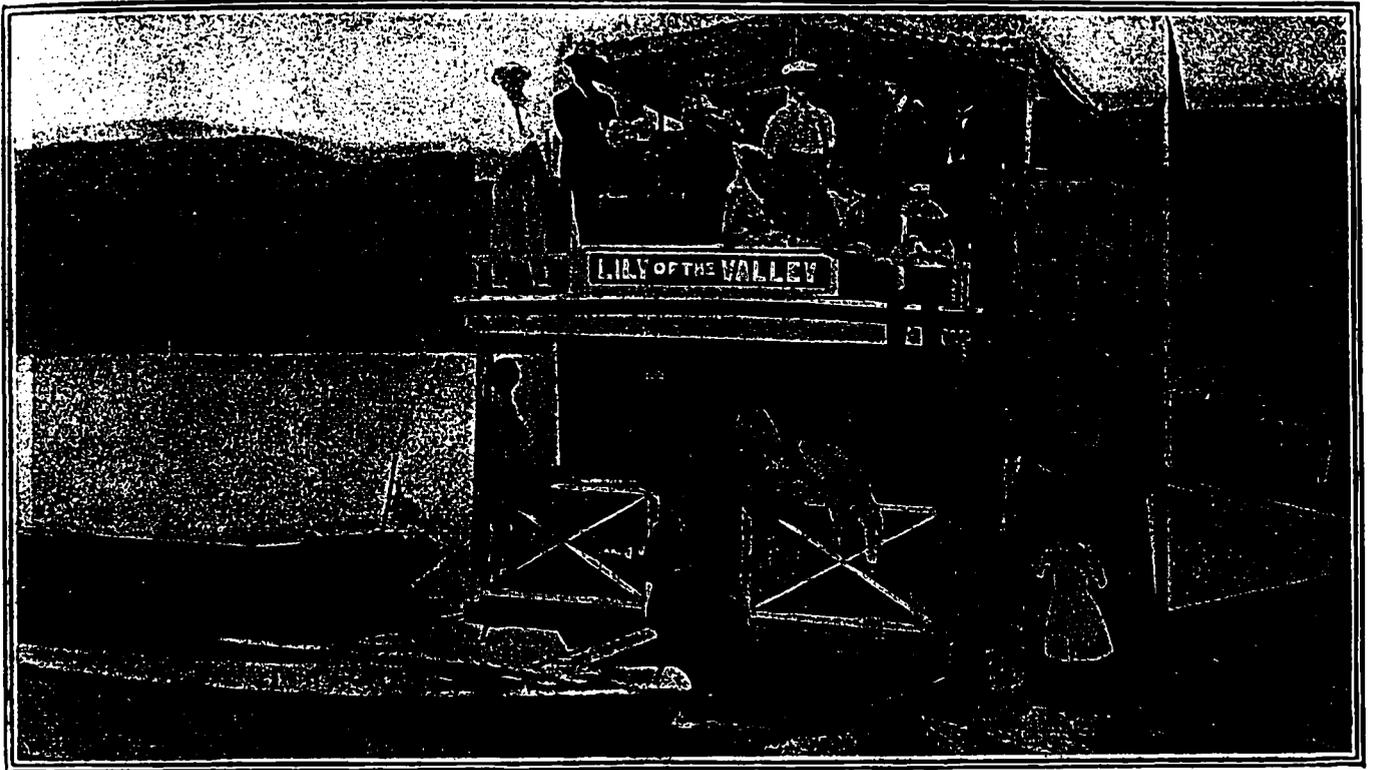
MARKETS AND TRANSPORTATION.

Inseparably bound up with this matter of cash returns from the orchard is the question of the disposal of the fruit it bears. Where shall it be placed and how shall it be got there?

In answer to the first it may be said that the great North-west, with the min-

ing camps of British Columbia, will be our nearest markets. The millions of people who will be raising wheat will be both able and willing to buy our peaches and apples of the finest flavours. But we look beyond. Apples from this valley already go to Australia and to England. They give great satisfaction in both places. Trial shipments have been sent to Japan and China with gratifying results. They have nothing like them in those countries. As in the case of our wheat the Orient will look to us as the nearest producers of high grade fruit, and as our products become more widely known a limitless market will have been secured among those teeming millions:

Apples keep, but in the case of peaches and other fruits which do not keep so well nor ship so far, a market is secured



Houseboat Party on Okanagan Lake.

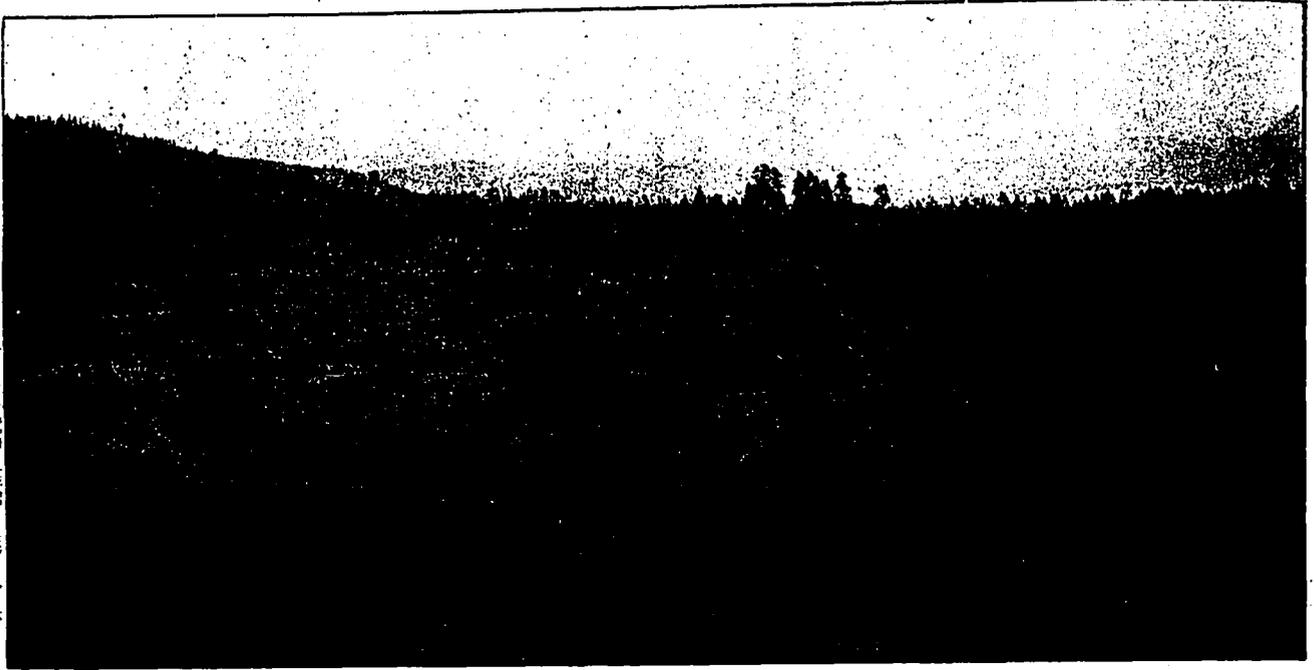
in another way. Canneries are being built which will gladly receive the fruit that is too ripe to ship, or of second grade in size and quality. There is a cannery at Penticton, another at Peachland, and Summerland has taken steps for the erection of one larger than either. In due time Naramata also will have one of its own.

As to transportation it may be said that on the lake the C. P. R. has three

steamers, and it is building barges on which cars will be brought down and left at the wharf. Nine miles away is the extension of the Crow's Nest Pass road to the coast re-surveyed last year. As that line is two hundred miles shorter than the main line and has much lighter grades, it is confidently expected that within five years the bulk of C. P. R. traffic and its flyers will be passing in sight of our doors.



Naramata Bench Land in Virgin State.



This Land Will Produce Heavy Crops of Finest Quality.

In addition the Great Northern system will tap the southern end of the lake; they are already running within thirty miles of it.

Fruit raising in British Columbia is the solution to the problem: What shall we do with our sons, and for the matter of that, daughters, too? No better occupations could be found, and to go into a new but proven district, to plant an orchard, tend and care for it until it

reaches maturity is interesting and eminently profitable.

While the trees are growing, small fruits or other crops can be successfully produced between the tree rows, until such time as the orchard comes into bearing—then the question of family income is settled. Is it to be wondered at that the man from the city should go in for small acreage fruit culture when such inducements and results are offered?



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Small Holdings

Chas. E. Hope

AT the present time there is a remarkable movement going on in the direction of cutting up some of the larger farms on the Lower Fraser Valley into small blocks of five, ten and twenty acres, and a very large number of these have been sold. There is no doubt that this is a move in the right direction. Some people look upon it a little askance, but new things have always been looked at askance in their initial stages.

The object of this article is to enquire into this movement and see whether it is economically sound, or a wild cat movement only.

The prices which have been given will average about \$100 an acre for small blocks, say up to 10 acres, in some cases a little more and in other cases a trifle less. This is for unimproved land, and generally speaking within say two or three miles of the new electric tram line running through the Langley District and connecting it with Vancouver. This small acreage movement, while not confined to the Langley District, is perhaps more prominent there than anywhere else.

There has been a very extensive movement in the same direction in different parts of the interior of British Columbia for some years back, and prices for unimproved land, in some cases bush land, and others more or less open land requiring irrigation, have ranged from \$100 to \$300 per acre, and speaking generally the purchasers of these blocks have done well. In speaking of "purchasers" it is intended to confine this word more particularly to those who have actually settled on the land. This movement has resulted in settling up large areas in the Okanagan and Kootenay Districts, chiefly for fruit growing and chicken raising. The question naturally arises, is the Lower Fraser where the present move-

ment has started, as well adapted for this purpose as the interior points above mentioned, and are the prices now being paid fair figures for what is being sold?

As regards the first question, careful consideration of all the circumstances would lead one unhesitatingly to say that it is quite as well adapted as any of the interior points of the Province, and in some cases better, inasmuch as, being much nearer to the largest provincial local market a greater variety of things can be grown at a profit; this district requires no irrigation; generally speaking the cost of clearing is very much less than it is anywhere around Vancouver, or between Westminster and Vancouver, or on the coast North of Vancouver, and there is no question also that the quality of the soil is very much better,—it ranges from a heavy clay to a light sandy and gravelly loam. The best of it for this purpose is undoubtedly the clay (not a heavy clay) and sandy loams, unless one intends going into some kind of vegetable culture, other than potatoes. For chicken raising and fruit growing, the clay loam, if fairly light, can hardly be beaten, and the same would apply to the richer sandy loams. The great bulk of the land which is being subdivided would come within these two classes. This district is served through the greater part of its length by both the C. P. R. and the Great Northern Railways, it also has a steamboat service, which runs from Westminster daily, both up and down the river, calling practically anywhere on the banks, and by the end of the year there will be an electric tram service running from Vancouver through Langley, at least as far as Abbotsford, so that practically no part of the district South of the river, which includes Langley, Surrey and Matsqui, will be more than say three or four miles from a railway station, elec-



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tric tram station or steamboat landing. This district is well opened up with roads, although some of the roads could with advantage be improved. There are numerous stores, schools, churches, blacksmith shops, postoffices and telephone stations all through the district, which has been settled now for something over twenty years, some parts of it very much longer than that.

All kinds of fruit, other than tropical fruits, grow in great profusion, and the same can be said as regards vegetables.

acres the question of a few dollars, more or less, on the price of the land is of little moment as compared with the cost of the clearing, and it is safe to say that, speaking generally, the districts referred to can be cleared for from \$50 to \$100 an acre including stumps. Many people know how much more than this it costs to clear land in the immediate neighbourhood of Vancouver or up the coast.

When considering the question of price it must be remembered that the



The chicken and egg business has hardly begun to be exploited, but owing to the mild winters, very much milder in fact than other parts of the Province, there is no doubt that there is a great future before this industry; all those who are in the business are doing exceedingly well, in fact one rarely hears of a failure, and never where ordinary attention is given. Clover is a natural growth of the soil and there is room for bee culture, and many other small industries of that kind, which are hardly touched as yet.

Now as regards the price which is being given for this land. The terms "high" and "low" as applied to either prices or anything else, are purely terms of comparison, and in buying five or ten

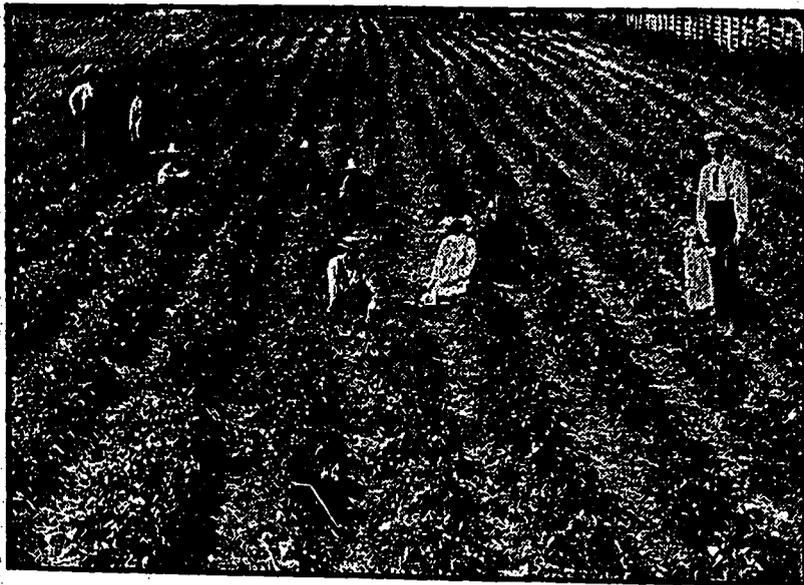
farthest part of the Lower Fraser Valley is only about 75 miles from Vancouver, that this is practically the only farming district of any size anywhere near Vancouver; that the City of Vancouver has a population of about 90,000 people, and that the City of Westminster, Victoria and Nanaimo are all growing very fast, in fact the consuming population is growing at a far greater rate than the producing capacity of the rural districts. Land anywhere near Vancouver, say within fifteen miles, can safely be considered as costing twice as much to clear, as land in the rural districts will cost, say from \$200 an acre up, and this, added to the cost of the land itself, from \$200 to \$2,000 per acre, makes it far too expensive for any kind

of even intensive farming, and in fact little of it is being bought, except for suburban residences. It should also be remembered that Vancouver is not only the largest consuming point in the entire Province, but it is the shipping point for the Klondike goldfields and all the logging and mining camps up the coast, consequently these small holdings on the Lower Fraser have not only to supply Vancouver, but practically all the coast for hundreds of miles North as far as Prince Rupert, and there is no farming district at all comparable with the Lower Fraser anywhere between Prince Rupert and Vancouver.

and practically everything which is produced on a farm.

The Lower Fraser Valley farmer is protected from imports from the United States by the customs duties, and from the farmers on the prairies by a thousand-mile railway haul. If every inch of cultivable land on the Lower Fraser was cleared and in cultivation at the present time it is doubtful if it could more than supply the Vancouver and Northern coast markets.

The total area of cultivable land (when cleared) in the whole valley will hardly be more than 400,000 acres; compare



As a matter of fact this district has not begun to supply either Vancouver or the Northern Coast markets. For instance the Klondike takes almost all its potatoe supply from Seattle, where they have to pay more freight as well as duty. The amount of farm produce shipped into Vancouver from points outside the Province is increasing enormously every year in spite of the fact that farm clearings, both great and small, are also increasing. Very few people are aware of the enormous quantities of fresh vegetables brought from San Francisco, practically all of which can be grown on the Lower Fraser to just as good advantage as they can in San Francisco. Vancouver also imports car loads of eggs, butter and fruit every week, not tons remember, but car loads. The same thing can be said of hams, bacon, oats, hay

this with the area of farm lands immediately tributary (say, within 75 miles' radius) of Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg, and it will at once be seen why our Fraser Valley farm lands are worth more than similarly situated lands elsewhere in Canada. A comparison of the crops produced and the prices realised for them—which to us in the city are only too well known,—still further emphasizes this point. Then again it must not be forgotten that Vancouver with a population rapidly nearing the 100,000 mark has nearly doubled during the last four years, and is growing faster than any other city on the North American Continent, and is now the fourth city in Canada, and, judging by appearances, will very soon be the third. This means a continuance of high prices for all kinds of farm produce, as the consuming popu-

lation is growing far faster than the rural population can possibly supply it.

It is true that the land in the Lower Fraser Valley takes time to clear, but this disadvantage is compensated for by three things,—first, a more rapid growth of fruit trees than in some of the interior points of the Province; secondly, slightly earlier season, and thirdly, (and this is a very important point), the very fact of its taking some little time to clear the land and get it into cultivation, prevents any large area, (formerly wild), being suddenly put into cultivation, which of course might cause temporary disarrangements of the market.

Another thing which many people will think a disadvantage, although perhaps others might not, is that many of the new settlers are inexperienced as to the conditions ruling in this Province, as well as inexperienced in farming operations. It is far better for an inexperienced man to go comparatively slow whether he likes it or not, as he will then make fewer mistakes, in fact by the time he has got his land cleared and in shape, a man of ordinary intelligence will be pretty well posted on the kinds of farming for which his land is best adapted, whereas if he had invested his money in fully cleared land, or a farm in full operation, the chances are very strong that he would lose some of his money the first two or three years before

he thoroughly understood the business.

An impartial view of the whole situation would lead one to conclude that the future of the Lower Fraser Valley is undoubtedly in small holdings, and particularly those bush portions of the Langley, Matsqui, Surrey and Maple Ridge Districts, where the soil conditions are right and which are not too far from Vancouver.

The writer some twenty years ago often used to walk from Westminster to Vancouver, a distance of thirteen miles. Very recently he walked from Langley to Westminster, a distance of about 16 miles, and was surprised to find that between the limits of the Langley Fort Village and the Westminster City limits there were five or six times the number of houses that there were twenty years ago between Westminster and Vancouver, and there is far more evidence of growth now in this district than there was on the Westminster-Vancouver Road at that time. To anyone who knows this district from Vancouver to Westminster at the present time, this needs no comment.

In a future issue it is proposed to show why these lands are not only fair value at the present average price but that they are likely in the comparatively near future to be worth on their merits a good deal more than is now being asked—but this is another story.

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Forest Reserves

THE Dominion Forest Reserves occupy an important place in the report for the year 1908 of the Superintendent of Forestry, Mr. R. H. Campbell, which has lately been issued. The Riding Mountain reserve, the largest of these, is the most fully treated. Its topography and condition in regard to lumbering are noted and emphasis is placed on the important place it must occupy in regard to the water supply of the adjacent country, both for domestic and industrial purposes. An

organized with a Chief Ranger in charge of six assistant rangers. The protection of game on the reserve is also being given consideration.

An important aspect of the management of the Moose Mountain reserve results from its use as a summer resort, especially along the shore of Fish Lake. Regulations for granting occupation of camping sites by lease or otherwise are under consideration. The main question in the management of the reserve is its protection from fire.

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evidence of the latter is the granting of permission to the Minnedosa Power Co. of Minnedosa, Man., to erect a dam on Clear Lake, in the reserve, so as to render the water of the Little Saskatchewan available for the production of power. The timber survey of the reserve is practically completed. The fire ranging service on the reserve, and, in addition, on the Duck Lake and Porcupine reserves was during the year previous (1907) or-

The setting aside of a permanent forest reserve to the north of the Saskatchewan River, opposite Prince Albert, has also been recommended.

Notice is also taken of the resolution passed by the Irrigation Convention in 1907 favouring a forest reserve on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

TIMBER REGULATIONS.

The amended timber regulations adopted in December, 1907, are given in

full. The main principle of these is that the timber is to be sold by public auction at the office of the timber agent for the district, and that before being offered for sale each berth shall be surveyed and shall be examined by a competent cruiser. The timber cruiser then submits a sworn report as to the quantity and value of the timber and on this report an upset price for the berth is fixed by the Minister of the Interior.

FIRE RANGING.

During the season of 1907 forty-seven fire rangers were employed patrolling the forest reserves and forested districts, distributed as follows: B. C. Railway belt, 21; eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, (from the international boundary to the Saskatchewan River), 7; Edmonton district, 5; Prince Albert district, 7; rangers were also kept along the C. N. R. from Erwood to The Pas, two along the Athabaska River from Athabaska Landing to Lake Athabaska and in the Lesser Slave district. Attention is called to the great risk of fire along the G. T. P. construction. Reports of extensive

damage by fire to forests in the district west of Edmonton were not, however, officially confirmed.

A strong plea is made for the extension of adequate fire protection to the forest country north of the Saskatchewan, stretching from Hudson Bay to the Rockies.

TREE DISTRIBUTION.

The value of the work of the Forestry Branch in the free distribution of trees from Indian Head to farmers in the North-west is noted, and suggestions made for improved facilities at the Nursery Station. The report of the chief of the tree planting division, Mr. N. M. Ross, which forms an appendix to the Superintendent's report, announces a distribution of over 1,700,000 trees in the spring of 1907. In 1908 trees were sent to 1424 applicants; of these 464 were in Manitoba, 659 in Saskatchewan and 301 in Alberta. Planting on the Spruce Woods forest reserve, the growth of conifers at Indian Head and the permanent plantations at the Nursery Station are also discussed.

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IRRIGATION.

The subject of irrigation, which also is placed under the Superintendent of Forestry, constitutes an important part of the report.

The inadequacy of the work so far done and the difficulties of the present situation are dwelt upon and the progress made in this line of work in the neighbouring states of the Union referred to.

The Irrigation Act is also touched upon. The general principle of the law is stated as follows: "The principle of the law is that the water is public property and that any rights to the use of it do not convey any property in it, but are granted for beneficial use in connection with a specific location. If any larger right were permitted to exist, a right to water might be held speculatively and not used beneficially. One person or company might get control of the water and have a monopoly which would place the holders of land dependent on the stream at their mercy. The evidence of experience is against the unrestricted transfer of water rights, and the proper policy seems to be to adhere in the main to the principle already established by the Act of making the right to the use of water appurtenant to the land."

The "duty of water" and its determination is also taken up.

NATIONAL PARKS.

The taking over of the Dominion parks by the Department and the organizing of their administration is also treated. During the year (1907) Elk Park had been fenced, in order to confine the buffalo, and a new reserve Buffalo Park had been set aside.

Reports from Norman M. Ross, chief of the tree planting division; James Leamy, Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster; John Stewart, Commissioner and Chief Engineer of Irrigation, and other officers of the Branch are given as appendices.

The report is illustrated by a dozen fine full-page half-tone cuts. Copies may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of Forestry, R. H. Campbell, Esq., Ottawa.

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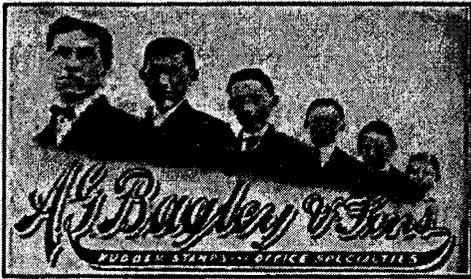
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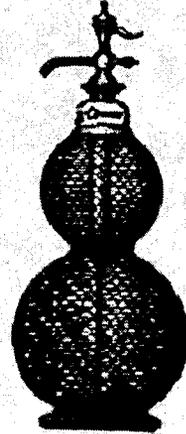
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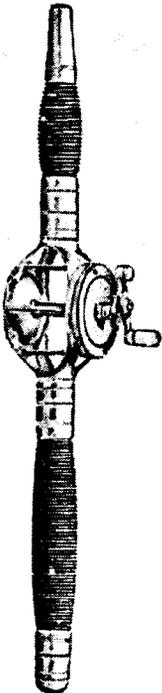
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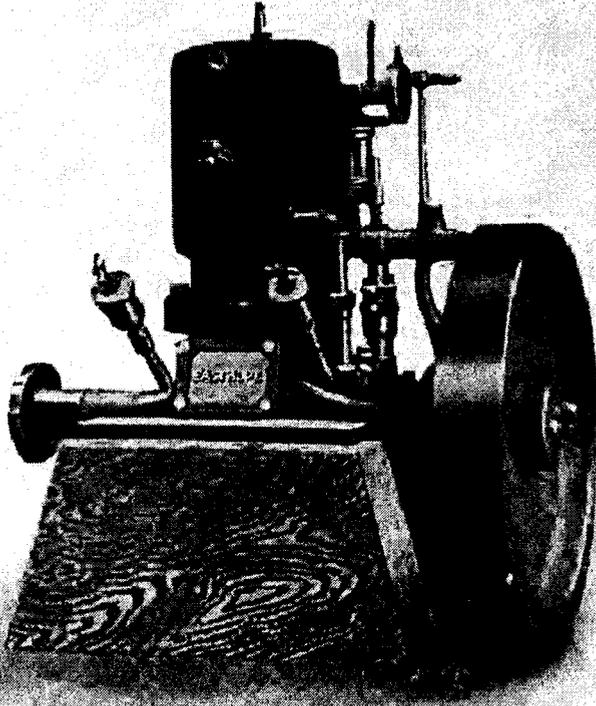
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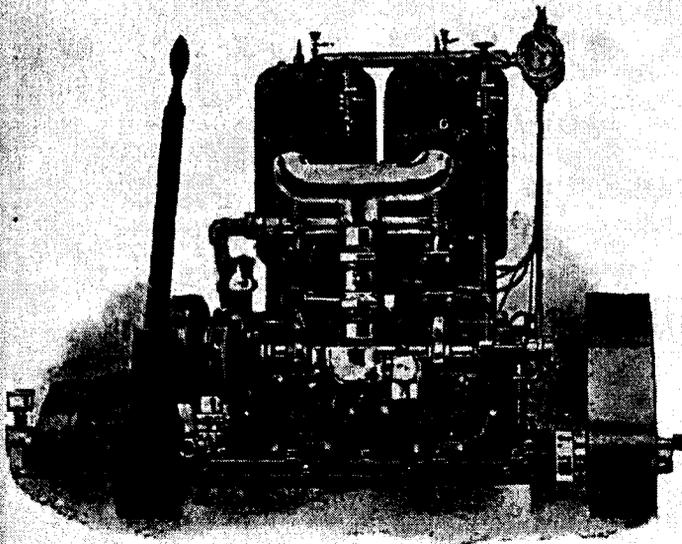
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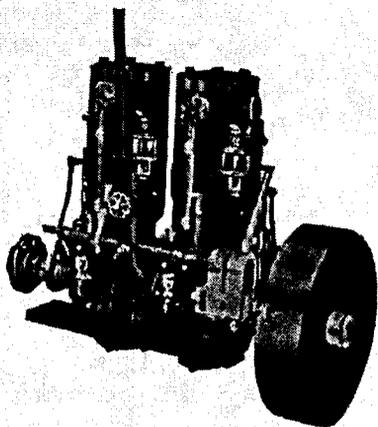
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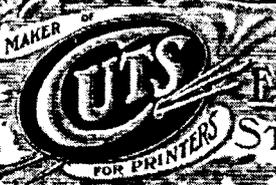
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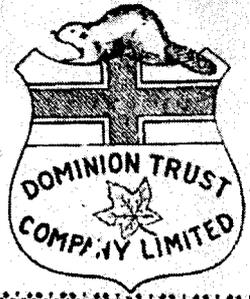
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Vancouver, B.C.

No More Darning

You can now buy **GUARANTEED HOSIERY**. No need to wear any more darned hosiery. The day of the darning needle and mending yarn with its perpetual drudgery is at an end. Instead of the ordinary kind which you have been buying just try a box of

**NEVERDARN
Holeproof
Hosiery**

**For Men, Women and Children, Six Pairs for \$2.00
Guaranteed for Six Months**

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

The reason we can give this guarantee so freely is that all **HOLEPROOF HOSIERY** is manufactured in our own factory, under careful inspection through all the various processes. Thus we know just exactly the high quality of raw material that is used, and how carefully it is manufactured.

You see **NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF HOSIERY** is not the kind of hosiery that you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn.

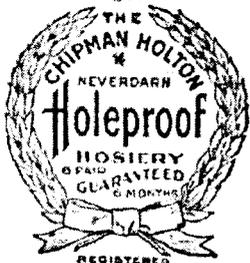
It is made of specially prepared mako and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. We could use the cheaper single ply yarn but we couldn't guarantee the hosiery for six months, because the cheaper yarns, being short fibred, are weak—they break and split, and cannot resist washing or wearing.

Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery, making it **extraordinarily durable**—but not heavy—and **very soft and easy on the feet**. The heels and toes are **doubly reinforced** so as to resist wear where the wear comes.

Our new process of dyeing renders the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft, comfortable and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors are absolutely fast, and positively will not rub off or discolor the feet.

NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF hosiery is the most clean and sanitary you can buy.

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



Read this guarantee—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.

This is the guarantee that goes with every box containing six pairs of Holeproof Hosiery.

The guarantee means exactly what it says.

HOW TO GET THEM—State size and color, whether black or tan. Only one size in box of Holeproof Hosiery. If your dealer cannot supply you with Holeproof, we will supply you direct. Send \$2 money order or bills and dispense with darning drudgery right away—we will send you the hosiery by return mail prepaid.

CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

FOR CHILDREN

In response to numerous inquiries we are making Girls' and Boys' Stockings in all sizes—of the same quality and under the same form of guarantee for 3 months—sold in boxes containing 3 pairs—\$1

The Greatest Fountain Pen Plan, Plant and Policy in the world are back of

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Find this imprint on a fountain pen and you will find the one that is popular for what it does—not for what it is said to do.

A few of the most popular styles are illustrated below. Each style is made with pen points of every kind, fine, medium, coarse, stub, etc., in order that the requirements of every writer may be fulfilled. The action of any steel pen can be exactly matched.

<p>No. 12 . . . \$2.50 13 . . . 3.50 14 . . . 4.00 15 . . . 5.00 16 . . . 6.00 17 . . . 7.00 18 . . . 8.00</p> <p>With clip or chased bands.</p>	<p>No. 12 G.M. . . \$3.50 13 G.M. . . 4.00 14 G.M. . . 5.00 15 G.M. . . 6.00 16 G.M. . . 7.00</p> <p>With clip or chased bands.</p>	<p>No. 120 G.M. exp. \$3.50 130 G.M. . . 4.50 140 G.M. . . 5.00 150 G.M. . . 6.00 160 G.M. . . 7.00 170 G.M. . . 8.00 180 G.M. . . 9.00</p>	<p>Best Made Bank No. 12 G.M.M. \$2.50 13 G.M.M. 4.00 14 G.M.M. 5.00 15 G.M.M. 6.00 16 G.M.M. 7.00</p>	<p>Best Silver Finishes No. 412 . . . \$5.00 414 . . . 7.00 416 . . . 9.50 418 . . . 9.50 417 . . . 11.00 418 . . . 12.00</p> <p>Made in Black or Gold.</p>	<p>Warranted Gold Point Mousing No. 9817 . . . \$15.00 9814 . . . 16.00</p> <p>Solid Gold, No. 514 . . . \$33.00</p>	<p>Platinum Silver Mousing No. 424 . . . \$12.00</p> <p>Gold Fines No. 0524 . . . \$15.00</p> <p>Straight Gold No. 824 . . . \$36.00</p>
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Clip-Cap adds to all costs: German Silver, 25c.; Sterling Silver, 50c.; Gold Filled, \$1.00; Solid Gold, \$2.00

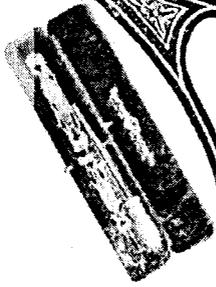
From all leading dealers

any of the above styles may be purchased, and remember this, that the Waterman's Ideal plan and policy is that you shall be absolutely satisfied with your purchase, or money refunded.

L. E. Waterman Company Limited

136 St. James Street, Montreal

173 Broadway, N.Y. 731 Market St., San Francisco
 12 Golden Lane, London 9, Rue de Hanovre, Paris





"He's on"