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Vol. II.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 6

Quebec Battlefields. The enthusiasm which has been evoked by the preparation for the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec is a sufficient answer to any suggestion that Canadians are not imbued with the patriotic spirit. One might even go further and say that the public attitude so promptly and emphatically expressed when there seemed to be some doubt about a Military spectacle is conclusive evidence that they are also wide awake to the appropriateness of recognizing the Service in all such public pageants. Many circumstances conspire to render the Tercentenary observance an historic event, and the eclat which will be given to it by the attendance of illustrious persons stamps it not merely as a national but an epochal event. From the Imperial standpoint the most gratifying feature of all will be the attendance of the Prince of Wales, accompanied by a brilliant entourage, and convoyed by one of the swiftest cruisers and a detachment of the British Navy; the presence of the Prince sets the Imperial seal upon the Quebec celebration. Its magnificence as a spectacle will far transcend anything heretofore attempted in the Dominion; its historic associations invest it with a pre-eminence which lifts it into a sphere where it can be regarded as of vastly greater importance for the sentiment which it expresses than for the magnificence which it will display. In every

sense Quebec is the Thermopylae of Canada.

Potential Canada.

In the current number of Westward Ho! will be found a series of articles contributed by well known public men upon 'Potential Canada.' These will be followed by others next month dealing with different sections of the country, especially throughout the North-West. Articles on Calgary, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Saskatoon will be contributed by men who have grown up with these prosperous cities of the plain. The object of the articles is, as the title suggests, to convey reliable information as to the resources, development and possibilities of the great West. They will be carefully edited, and will be found an invaluable guide to any who may contemplate investing their money or seeking a home in the West. The cry of the time is Westward Ho!, and the chief object of this magazine is to give practical aid to the thousands who are turning their eyes towards the Rockies and the Pacific Coast.

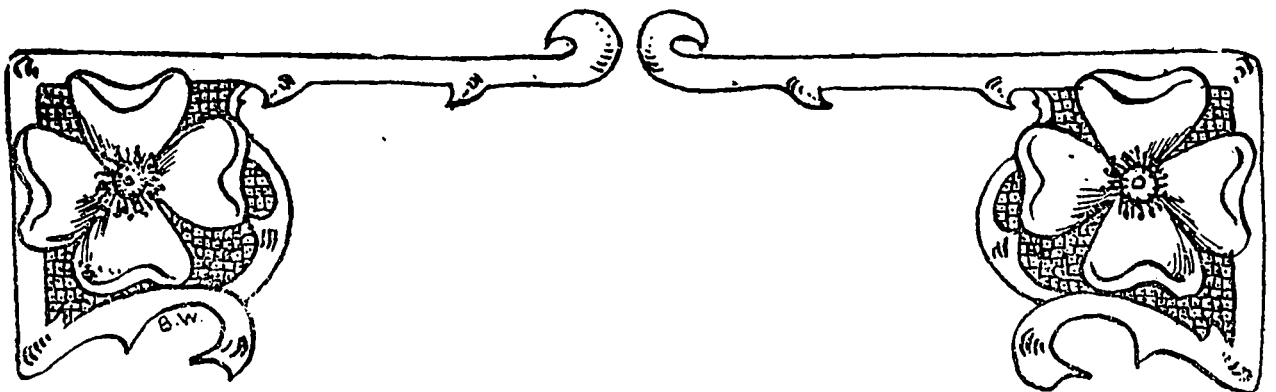
Trust Companies.

The United States is passing through a period of financial depression. Canada is experiencing a condition of trade limitation which is far from amounting to depression. The difference is accounted for largely by the

fact that the great financial institutions which control the business of the two countries are governed by widely different principles. By common consent Canadians have absolute confidence in their banking and other financial institutions. Americans have not, as a consequence they have been hoarding their money themselves and not a little of it has been deposited in Canada either for investment or for safer keeping. The situation here, however, would have been worse than it is if the country had depended entirely upon the Chartered Banks. At the first signal of danger the Banks adopted the most drastic policy, withdrawing all the money they could lay their hands on from circulation, and especially shipping every available dollar of currency from the West to the East. In this emergency the Trust Companies came to the rescue and showed themselves far more liberal in their treatment of customers than the Chartered Banks. Many a poor man's property was saved by a little timely assistance, and it was not the Bank but the Trust Company which came to the rescue. Among Western institutions thus signalized, one of the most conspicuous is the Dominion Trust Company of Vancouver. Its liberal policy has gained it many friends, and although a new concern it is today one of the most prosperous in the West. The greater elasticity and the better acquaintance with local conditions has increased the usefulness of this modern and now indispensable financial organization.

The current number of **Westward Ho!** Westward Ho! commences the third volume. It consists of one hundred and fifty

pages and is the largest yet put out. It covers a wider range of subjects than any other Western magazine, and claims to have lived up to its promise of giving high class literature as well as practical articles to its readers. Several standard features have been excluded this month to make room for the important series on "Potential Canada," but they will all be found in their usual place in next month's issue. There will be a special article on Municipalities and Districts, an illustrated sketch of Sir Wilfred Laurier by the Editor, in his series "Men I Have Met," and an elaborate article on Coal Mining in Canada which would have been ready for this month but that one or two of the largest concerns have failed to turn in the promised information; it is, however, being procured for next month. As to the popularity of the Magazine, that is best attested to the former, it increases every month, and is now treble what it was when the initial number was launched a year ago. With respect to the comments of the press, it was only necessary to point out that not a month passes but some leading paper or another reproduces our articles, invariably with favourable endorsement. One of our most regular borrowers, and one of our most appreciative readers is the Toronto Saturday Night, one of the few discriminating literary papers in the Dominion. The policy of the magazine will remain the same as heretofore, absolutely independent and fearless, aiming solely at the development of Western Canada, and seeking to focus the attention of the Eastern world on the Western grain fields which in every sense are "white unto the harvest."



The Heathen.

Cy Warman.

"The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone."—*Kipling*.

"WHY are you not a Christian, Pere?" asked John de Sault of his wife's father.

"Why?" echoed the Indian, and he almost smiled. Then his bronzed face hardened. He leaned forward and snorted like a bull moose. The corners of his mouth twitched; his small dark eyes gleamed with something of the old light that burned there half a century ago. Now in a low, hushed voice he went on, interrogating the interrogator:

"Am I mistrusted? Does the factor send you, or the bishop, or is it that bore of a mission man, who sends you to speak with me?"

"Nobody sent me, Pere. I just wanted to know."

"Who hunts when the hunters fail, when Gitche robes the wilderness in a robe of spotless white, when the land lies hushed and not a sound disturbs the stillness of this solitude—who goes for the game then, and whose god goes with him?"

"You, mon Pere, and with you Wes-a-ka-chack."

"Am I not trusted at every post on the Peace, and welcome in every lodge from the pass, where it pierces the heart of the Rockies, to the coast where the mighty Mackenzie sobs herself to sleep on the broad bosom of the deep? Who was sent with the Great Mother's message to Sir Donald, when the breeds uprose on the Saskatchewan?"

"You bore the despatches, Pere."

"Who ferries the factor's daughter over the wide river, when the ice goes out?"

"You, mon Pere."

"Has old Charley ever failed the white

man—the Christian—when he was in sore distress?"

"Never."

"Then why the devil should I become a Christian?"

De Sault said nothing, for he knew of a truth that the Pere was the most valued and trusted Indian in the Hudson's Bay employ. Presently the aged Indian touched De Sault, and said:

"Listen, boy. One long hard winter came here once—many, many snows since. The river froze so deep that we were unable to thread the tackle under the ice. All our frozen fish we had eaten, and when Christmas came—the time when the white man is wont to make merry with his God—we were starving. The hunters had been out a week, when the factor called in, saying, 'Go hunt, for the hunters are lost.'

"At dawn I set out, and slept in the snow that night. All the following day I followed the dim, blurred trail of the hunters, but failed to find them.

"In the twilight of the third day, I came upon a Cree woman making blood soup. She said the men were only a short way ahead. I pushed on, and when they heard me coming they hid the little meat they had, guessing that I would be half starved. When I made myself known they gave me what they had, but I ate only enough to stay my hunger and make me strong to follow the other hunters, for they were split up into three parties.

"All that night I tramped and by the close of the next day had the whole hunting party rounded up, with a pitiful total of half a Caribou for the post and and its people.

"When we got back—on the first day of the New Year—the post, the mission, the Indians and all were preparing to leave. They concluded to take chances on the ice, and over half a thousand

miles of snow to Edmonton, rather than remain and starve on the cold Mackenzie. We cooked the caribou, they ate it—all of it—and concluded to stay. But the next day we were as hungry as ever, though the bishop and the mission man made acknowledgement to their God for sparing our lives.

"The days dragged by. The hunters went out and came back empty-handed. Again the factor came to me, and said, 'Charley, go out and find something or we shall all perish,' and I went out. The snow lay so deep no living thing moved in the hushed forest, and not a track marked the white pall that blanketed the silent, sleeping world. The river froze to the bottom, maybe the fish were fast in the ice, or gone to sea. Anyhow, there was nothing to eat but overshoes and old moccasins.

"I had often heard the man of the mission say we all looked alike to the white man's God; that we had only to ask, and we would get what we asked for. Now, when all else had failed—my god and my gun—I remembered what the mission man of the English church had said of the white man's God, and I made up my mind to try him. I was glad of the memory of that white man and his good God, who loved the red man and knew no difference. I abused myself for having neglected him so long, when I had only to ask and have plenty. It was all so easy with the white man's God.

"And so, having concluded that this was the short way out of the bush, I turned my back on Wes-a-ka-chack, god of all good Crees, and returned to my cold, empty lodge. It was the middle of the afternoon when I arrived. I set a cup and a plate on my little table and prayed to the white man's God, relating and repeating what the mission man had said. Believing ever and doubting never, I implored the God of the white man to give me to eat.

"As often as I opened my eyes, I saw only the empty plate; yet I did not despair. To be sure, I had understood from the mission man that the prayers of believers would be answered at once, but I might be wrong. Maybe by and by; so I prayed on over the empty

dishes, with only the shudder of the lodge as it swayed with the breath of the giant, Winter, to break the killing silence that was like the hush of the grave.

"It had been almost two o'clock when I sat down. It was dusk when I got up, smashed the plate and kicked the table out of the tent. 'To Mitche with the mission man and his cruel God!' I cried, beating the table into splinters over the door-stone.

"By and by, when I grew calm, I fell upon my face on the frozen floor of my tent, and asked Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees, to help me. I begged a thousand pardons, and promised never again to listen to the mission man, or to pray to his God. Long I lay there in the ashes of my camp-fire, until the day died and night came and curtained the world, praying, praying as I had never prayed before to Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees. All through that long, long night I sat bowed above the flickering fire, waiting for the dawn, never doubting the god of my fathers. Once I slept and dreamed it was summer-time. I heard the song of the river, the flutter of wings, the crash of horns in the thick forest, and the clatter of feet on the beaten trail.

"I took a bit of red calico and tied it to my ramrod, and then I asked Wes-a-ka-chack to go with me, and help me to find, knowing he would fail me not. Out over the trackless waste I wandered, until the round red sun rose, and mocked me through the tops of the trees. On, on I trudged, my good gun ready, watching always for the food I felt I must find. 'O Wes-a-ka-chack,' I cried, sinking to my knees, 'send me to eat, or I shall surely die,' and when I rose to go, lo, there before me stood a reindeer staring into my face. A moment later he lay dead, and I lay drinking life, that flowed from his torn breast. My hands I washed in his hot blood and I gave thanks to Wes-a-ka-chack, for what had come. The god of my people was glad for my return, and I gave thanks then, and never again did I set face to that fair God who failed me when I so deserved success, and never since that day have I known hunger. Great is Wes-a-ka-chuck, god of the Crees."

No Ball—A Phantasy of the Future.

Roy Horniman.

IT was the year 1950. England, since her struggle with the Boer, 1899 to 1903, followed by the great war with Russia for supremacy in Central Asia, had done no fighting, beyond the many little local expeditions incidental to the daily business of the Empire.

The Continent, amazed at her stubbornness in reverse, and still more amazed at her final victory, had allowed its howls of hatred to subside, except for here and there a snarl of envy and dislike.

Sport had more and more taken up the attention of the nation's leisure. Professionalism had grown to such an extent, that those who earned their living by playing and teaching games numbered over two hundred thousand. The country had fully persuaded itself that a nation of sportsmen was a ready-made army.

It was under these circumstances that England sent her fifteenth annual cricket team to play the United States.

The choosing of this team had for some years given rise to the most extraordinary excitement. Everybody thought himself entitled to give an opinion. The Committee of the National Cricket Club, so as to mark the importance of the event, discussed the question at the Foreign Office, and in the presence of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs: for it was an axiom of the Government that the greatness of the country lay in its sporting record. Any politician who disagreed with this at once fell out of favour with both parties, and it had become much too risky an experiment to indulge in.

In 1950, the choice of the Eleven roused even more excitement than usual. The Times, still the foremost paper in Europe, published eight columns of letters daily on the subject.

The first five or six men were a foregone conclusion, but the choice of the remainder lay amongst a dozen or more competitors, each of whom had thousands of supporters.

The Committee had sat for more than a week.

In former days St. James's Park and the Horse Guards Parade would have been filled with a dense crowd, but under improved methods the result was written across the sky, and could be seen so far that when the name of Hayward, the great Hertfordshire bowler, appeared, the inhabitants of St. Albans, his native place, got the news as soon as anybody standing in Whitehall.

The particular point of discussion in 1950 was the sending across the Atlantic of a bowler whom the year before the Americans had declared to be in the habit of delivering an unjustifiable number of "no balls." The English had come to the conclusion, after a great deal of fair and open discussion, that what the Americans called "no balls" was, indeed, genuine bowling. This decision had incensed the Americans to the point of declaring that if he—Toplift, the bowler objected to—were sent over they would have to consider very seriously the question of refusing to accept the challenge. At this the English nation declared, as one man, that Toplift should go. It was absurd to suppose that the oldest cricketing nation in the world should be dictated to by a country who played the game with a distinct Republican bias.

Everyone, down to the merest school-boy, realised the gravity of the situation, and that it might possibly end in a rupture of diplomatic relations—but what of that? The nation closed its jaw with a click, and clenched its fist with a silent determination not to budge from the attitude it had taken up. Some of the so-called Progressive papers were in

favour of a compromise, exclaiming—as they always did—that England was quite in the wrong; that had their party been in, the difficulty would never have arisen; and that we had no right to try and coerce a friendly nation into playing against a team including members to whom they objected; and that it would be, in fact, better if we acted up to the traditions of the Liberal party and allowed the Americans to choose the members of the team for us. By this, what they called “meeting the enemy halfway,” the whole difficulty would be solved. They professed to be virtuously shocked that the nation had become so drunk with vanity that it treated the suggestion either as a joke or with contempt.

The rumour had got about that the Foreign Secretary, who was the Duke of Birmingham, and the grandson of a very great Imperial politician indeed, was wavering, and that pressure had been brought to bear by more than one European Chancellerie to exclude Topliff.

It would have been strange had it been so, for the Duke of Birmingham, with the rest of the English aristocracy, was strongly imbued with the sporting traditions of the age.

As the excitement grew the crowd did indeed become dense, having collected for the purpose of cheering or hooting the Committee during the final scenes. They amused themselves, as crowds will, by cheering celebrities on their way to the Foreign Office to listen to the proceedings. The Prime Minister, who was still of great muscular build, despite his advanced years, received a specially enthusiastic greeting. He had owed his first political successes to the fact of his being the Ping-pong Champion of the world.

There came a whisper, which grew by degrees to a frenzied shout: “Topliff’s in.”

In another minute his name was spelt out on the sky, and the inhabitants of many a far-off hamlet turned bedwards with the proud conviction that, come what might, the die was cast and that England had done her duty.

The American press fulminated and threatened, for they had not been accus-

tomed to this firm attitude on the part of the country which had always treated them as spoilt and ill-balanced children. They held meetings, they warned England to beware, and were amazed to find that, contrary to the prophecies of popular politicians and orators, England was adamant, and quite ready to grapple with the consequences. So they gave in and Topliff crossed the Atlantic with the rest of the team.

On arriving in New York, they were received coldly. The papers were full of imaginative descriptions of Topliff’s demeanour on coming off the steamer. Some declared that he turned pale and shook like an aspen leaf, while others professed to have definite information that he had been landed in a very large cricketing bag.

But certain it was that till the day of the match no member of the public had set eyes on him.

By one of those curious revulsions in public feeling there had come into existence quite an amount of sympathy for Topliff, and all but those who understood the charming elusiveness of the American character thought the danger past and the quarrel buried.

The cricket-ground was worthy of the nation, which is never so high-minded as when putting up tall buildings. It was a copy of the Colosseum. It held one hundred thousand spectators, and the arena was of such dimensions that there was not the least danger of the hardest hitter reaching the auditorium. In front of each seat, all of which were numbered and reserved, rose a rod which could be lowered or raised at will, having at the top a glass magnifying sufficiently to bring the players within reasonable distance, and so conveniently adjustable that the spectator could lean comfortably back in his seat as if he were merely looking into a mirror. There were besides a number of electric stations at the base of the auditorium, whence by certain contrivances the scene was reproduced simultaneously on biographs in most of the great towns. There was also a horse-racing track around the outer edge of the arena.

The Americans won the toss and went in first. The teams presented the usual

physical difference between the two races, the Americans lean, lank, and anxious, each man absolutely a specialist. In fact, so far had they carried specialism that they never went in to bat except in the same order. The man having been trained to bat sixth would have been useless if he had been sent in second.

The English team made up for its lack of this special gift in its elasticity. They were good all-round men, and it was a matter of no importance to them when they went in. It was the same with the fielding, and as Toplift did not take his place at the wicket the field was eagerly scanned to find out his position.

He was located point, and every gaze was bent upon him. The women veered round at once. He was so absurdly young, so very curly-headed, blue-eyed, and chubby, and yet withal so decidedly manly—although he gave no suggestion of the great muscular power he was known to possess.

"He is exceedingly handsome," said the President's wife, "and has a nice public school look about him." The President himself had a perfect garble of English and Continental titles—largely composed of Dukes, Princes, Marquises, etc—in his genealogical tree; in fact, no man who could not boast ancient lineage would have stood a chance for the office. The country had begun to realise that it was much more convenient to have people with high social connections at the White House, the White House being now merely a name, and looking rather like an out-building to the magnificent palace which had risen near it. The Court was as brilliant as that of a true-born European Royalty, and everyone stood up when the new National Anthem, "Hail to our President," was played. Some—and they were an increasing body—already raised their hats to the President's children, and the cause of Royalty was advancing merrily.

Toplift, quite conscious that the eyes of the Court and the entire public were upon him, was not in the least abashed, but stood with his hands in his pockets looking at the huge awning composed of silken English and American flags.

This awning was an ingenious device. It was in the shape of a domed ceiling constructed on the principle of a balloon, with thousands of gas inflated chambers. The breeze, which was hardly perceptible below, was blowing very strongly, and threw an unusual strain on the steel ropes which held it. The sea of spectators presented a brilliant spectacle, but vast as was the concourse, there was a deadly hush as the bowler stepped back to deliver his first attack.

The play was for a time uneventful. The players were feeling their way, and when lunch time came, four wickets had fallen for only seventy-six runs. Towards the end of the day the Americans were all out for two hundred and eighty. The Englishmen then went in, and at the close had made ten runs for no wickets.

The concourse waiting at the players' entrance to the amphitheatre were disappointed in their hopes of catching a glimpse of Toplift.

He was nowhere to be seen.

The next morning's play was a sensation.

The Englishmen were all out before lunch for a trifle of seventy runs.

As wicket after wicket fell the faces of the English visitors lengthened, and the vast crowd shook the immense stone building with their frantic enthusiasm.

Toplift, on going in, had created a certain excitement, but when his middle wicket flew in the air at the third ball the Americans began to ask themselves if this disappointing stripling were really he whom they had magnified into a national grievance.

Those who watched him carefully as he walked from the wicket declared that there was something suspiciously like tears in the boyish blue eyes.

The Englishmen, feeling somewhat humiliated, followed on, and to their chagrin their first two wickets again fell for the insignificant total of thirty.

There was a pause, longer than usual, and protracted enough to suggest that the English captain was debating what to do next. Some minutes passed, and then very slowly—as if he were thinking deeply—Toplift was seen walking towards the wicket. He was, after all,

the one excitement left in the game; and again there fell a deep silence as his bat touched the crease.

The bowler, a particularly swift one, sent his first ball within the wicket. The next few balls Toplift played carefully. He then began to knock up ones and twos, frequently increasing them by degrees till everything he touched was three or four. It was one of those sensations which make cricket so delightful.

When he had seen half a dozen wickets go, he had made a couple of hundred runs, and the score stood at four hundred and ten.

His own success had given his side confidence.

The next two wickets fell for forty-five, and the Americans went in wanting two hundred and twenty-six to win.

After they had made fifty runs for one wicket, stumps were drawn.

Again Toplift seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

The next morning everything was excitement. The people shouted at every player who appeared. The play was very slow, and at lunch time the score stood at one hundred and thirty runs for four wickets.

As soon as play recommenced, the score rapidly rose to two hundred for six wickets, and the Americans began to be jubilant. They had forgotten Toplift as a bowler. He had received a tremendous ovation from both sides at the conclusion of his fine innings, and his face had beamed with delight.

Then the English Captain was seen motioning to Toplift, who took his place at the wicket.

A cry, which was almost a howl, went up:

"Toplift is going to bowl."

He gave one look around at the huge concourse, but the almost menacing appearance of the thousands rising one above the other left him unmoved. And the crowd grew silent, as if somewhat ashamed at what looked like a piece of cowardice and bullying on their part.

Crash! The wickets twisted in the air as if they had been struck by lightning.

There was an awful silence, and all

eyes were bent on the umpire, waiting to see if he would raise the instrument, by which he made his decision known to the furthest corners of the building, to his lips.

He looked a little vague, however, as if not quite knowing what to do, and after a pause the next player went in.

There was a terrific babel of voices till he reached the wicket, and then again a great hush fell on the multitude.

For the second time Toplift raised his arm, and the next moment the man in the pads walked a yard or two to pick up the balls and wickets.

It was as if a match had been put to the most combustible material.

The quarrel re Toplift's bowling began again exactly where it had left off; but tempers had to be kept, for, after all, so far the umpire had said nothing.

There were two wickets to fall, and twenty-six runs to make.

On an ordinary occasion this would have been by no means a hopeless prospect, but Toplift's bowling seemed so sure and deadly that the only chance lay in the umpire seeing fit to disqualify it.

It wanted but ten minutes to the time for finishing, and the next batsman had evidently been strictly enjoined to play carefully and block as much as possible.

For the next few minutes three or four runs were made off the bowling of Toplift's colleague. At five minutes to time the score stood at two hundred and fourteen, ten wickets.

Then Toplift began again. His first the umpire condemned as a "no ball."

The second the player stopped by a skilful piece of batting which caused the vast audience to break into a stifled cheer. There was a generally adhered to rule that there should be no applause during an "over."

At his third ball the off wicket flew into the air.

It wanted four minutes to time, and the last player went in.

It was three minutes to time when Toplift raised his arm.

The entire concourse strained with agitation, and in excitement almost unanimously murmured: "No ball," ere

it had reached the wicket, which it once again struck with unerring aim.

There was a moment's pause, and all eyes were bent on the umpire.

Could it be?

He was walking off the field, and the match, a victory for the English team, was over.

Then there arose such a scene as the building had not witnessed since its erection.

The enormous mass of people gesticulated and shrieked with indignation. One or two of the electric stations blew up, owing to the infuriated spectators at Chicago having wrecked the Biograph.

The President, looking down on the hideous babel, realised that the whole question was reopened.

He withdrew, amidst an extraordinary outburst of patriotism, and his headquarters in Long Island were soon surrounded by thousands of enthusiasts.

It was known that he had immediately summoned the Secretary of State and that a conference was being held.

It was a difficult situation. The umpire, himself an American, had given it in the Englishmen's favour—why, nobody could make out, the vast majority declaring that it was obviously a "no ball."

In a few hours' time papers came out with the news that the Secretary of State had called on the English Ambassador to request the immediate recall of Toplift.

The Ambassador asked for time, and was given twelve hours, although he took upon himself to say that the English Government would never consent, and that the time limit was a matter of form, pointing out at the same time that if the decisions of umpires were not to be held sacred there was an end to international sport—or, in fact, sport of any kind—and he gave this as his own opinion, being himself a sportsman and champion golf player amongst the diplomatic corps in Washington.

The American Secretary replied that this was an exceptional case, and the Ambassador retorted:

"Not at all."

And so the interview ended.

The English Government declined to

give way, and the team was ordered to retire to Canadian territory, which they did, all excepting Toplift, who was nowhere to be found.

The English Radical press implored moderation, or, at least, suggested that the matter of all cricket matches should be shelved for ten years, when no doubt the difficulty would have blown over. But, as usual, nobody listened to them, and they called loudly on history to vindicate them by recording their inspired advice.

The so-called "Jingo" press declared that the sacred rights of cricketers for all time required that the decision of the umpire should be upheld by force of arms if necessary; and pointed out how, many years before, the surrender of Majuba, which had been a small thing at the time, had led to vast consequences.

"Give way on this subject," they said, "and the Senate at Washington would take upon itself to issue the rules of cricket, a privilege which had for years been vested, by international agreement, in the English Parliament. People must either declare that sport was of no account—which no madman could be found to do, considering that all progress, economic and otherwise, was its outcome—or else fight to the bitter end for the independence of the judges."

The American papers went on declaring that it was an occasion which had no parallel, and that, therefore, precedent could not be appealed to. The rest of Europe, which had always played cricket with difficulty, presented memorials to their respective Sovereigns, begging them to interfere so as to avert bloodshed, and declaring that they could see no reason why everyone should not bowl underhand—which would have the advantage of making the game less dangerous.

The Canadians flew to their frontier.

The determination that the Stars and Stripes should never float over the Dominion had grown with years, and they were ready to shed their last drop of blood to avert such a humiliation.

England arose as one man. The public schools, who had a right to a voice on such a subject, drew up a huge memorial, and entrusted it to half a dozen

Sixth Form boys to present, assuring the Prime Minister that England was with him to a boy.

Two hundred thousand professionals joined the colours, but as yet no hostile collision had taken place. Perhaps it was true, as someone wittily remarked, that it was so long since there had been a war that nobody knew quite how to begin.

In the meanwhile a great mystery had arisen.

There was no Toplift anywhere.

When the team went to Canada he had been missing, and it added not a little to the indignation of the English that there was a suspicion of his having been done away with. To defy the umpire and secretly assassinate an enemy, was like playing cricket with the medæval Popes or the Borgias. Some went so far as to assert definitely that prussic acid had been placed in a jug of shandy-gaff, of which Toplift had partaken.

Finally something did occur. A naval battle took place; but as it turned out, both Fleets had for years possessed a power of submerging themselves which was supposed to be unknown to the other; they did nothing but go up and down like diving birds, finally losing each other in a mist. Having fired many shots they sailed away to report to their respective Governments the entire destruction of their opponent.

One morning, while things were at high pitch, a curly-headed, blue-eyed youth called at the Foreign Office at Washington.

He walked in with an unconcerned air, and carelessly asked to see the Secretary of State. He was promptly told that he could do nothing of the kind unless he had an appointment.

"Oh, he'll see me."

"You, indeed! Why you, especially?"

"Tell him it's Toplift."

The man looked at him, remembered certain likenesses he had seen on the biograph, and flew.

In a few minutes he returned with a secretary.

"Come with me, Mr. Toplift."

Toplift walked coolly after him through buzzing officials. He was ushered

into a room where a genial, youngish man was seated at a table.

"Sit down, Mr. Toplift. May I venture to hope, Mr. Toplift, that you have come prepared to admit that you did bowl a 'no ball'? Such an admission would avert a great deal of bloodshed, and probably save thousands of lives."

"No; I didn't exactly come for that."

And he gave a sunny, boyish laugh.

"What a thorough-going Englishman," thought the Minister. "His nation is on the brink of a great war, of which he is the cause, and he laughs."

He tried to use argument, explaining that a sacrifice of his, Toplift's, own convictions would be a fine act under such circumstances. Privately he was thinking what a magnificent diplomatic triumph it would be for himself.

"Come, come, Mr. Toplift," said the Minister, "it was a 'no ball.' Say it was a 'no ball,' and the Militia can go home."

"A deluge couldn't alter what the umpire said," answered Toplift.

"The umpire is awaiting his trial for high treason," said the Minister, a little stiffly.

"Ah, but he didn't say 'no ball,'" murmured Toplift.

"Really," said the Minister rising, "the German Ambassador is waiting." He omitted to say that he had been glad to keep the gentleman in question a minute or two for reasons.

Toplift did not move.

"I must remind you, Mr. Toplift, that all British subjects have been warned to leave American territory. I must request you as an Englishman——"

"But I'm not an Englishman," answered Toplift.

"Then as a British subject——"

"I'm not a British subject."

"Then may I ask what you are?"

"I am an American."

The Minister gasped and sat down.

"A what?"

"An American. I was born in Lexington, Massachusetts."

"You are joking."

"Word of honour. There's my birth certificate."

"Then why, may I ask, were you playing in the English team? It

really looks as if you might yourself be indicted for a little question of high treason."

"My name is Harrison. Ever since I was a child I was determined to play in the National Team, but although my play was good enough I found that the great cricketing Trust was too much for me. I couldn't get into it no way, so I tried this other dodge."

The Minister rose.

"Mr. Toplift—I should say, Harrison—may I in the name of the President, the Government, and the people of the

United States, ask you to become a member of the National Cricket Team."

"And the Trust?" inquired Toplift.

"Damn the Trust!" said the Minister.

"Why certainly," said Harrison, *alias* Toplift.

The Minister went to a tube.

"I will speak to the French Embassy. Are you there?" There was a pause. Then the Secretary spoke into the tube.

"Yes. Stop the war. Toplift is an American."

There was another pause. Then the Minister again spoke:

"And in future he plays for us."

As She Sowed.

Irene MacColl.

CLARA MATTHEWS lay in the shade of the orchard. The air was laden with the heavy fragrance of blossoms, for it was May, and the bees were already taking their toll from the pearly bloom that surged like breaking waves against a cloudless sky. The wind whispered among the green leaves, and drifting petals fell softly as caresses upon the bowed head of the woman.

She brushed them away with an impatient gesture, as so often we put aside the tender, clinging things that bar our way, only to hold out longing empty hands when it is all too late—and there is none to say, "Do not go thither!" or "I need thee now!"

There was a determined look upon her strong face, and in her lips set in straight, stern lines, that, augured a will steeling itself to do hard battle. As she raised her eyes and saw a tall figure coming through the gnarled tree-trunks, the lines in her face deepened, and the flash in her eyes became ominous. The man came on steadily until he paused beside her.

"Well?" she said, coldly.

"It is not well, Clara!" he replied sharply. "What book is that?" he pointed to the open volume in her lap. She held it up defiantly.

"May I not read whatever pleases me most?"

"Not when you are studying against my will!" he answered angrily, "and I tell you again, Clara, you shall never become a physician with my consent!"

"Ah? You still think that while your own talents are worthy of dedication to science, those of your wife are not? Have I not shown myself an apt pupil under your own teachings? Have I not gone with you step by step—"

He rose swiftly. "For the last time, Clara, I tell you that I will never—"

"Very well, then listen!" she cut in, shortly, "I am going away—to study—to become a physician! If not with your consent, with out it! Do you understand? I do not believe that a woman is bound to sacrifice her life-work—if she has married a man whose superior self considers her merely a brainless ornament—a pretty, living toy—that can in no wise have other uses! And I shall succeed."

"Not as my wife!" said the man, through white, stiff lips. She laughed gratingly.

"We haven't made much of a success in our mutual role in that line. And it will certainly be a relief to us both to unmask. Goodby! I'm going tonight."

The woman watched him swing off through the gnarled trunks, her eyes still hard and brilliant, her hands clenched. Then she rose and walked quickly toward the pretty white house under the apple-trees. The creaking sign that bore her husband's name in gilt lettering swung gently in the wind, and she stopped suddenly to look up at it. "Perhaps when I, too, have won honour and praise, he will recognize my work!" she mused, as she passed in.

As the evening shadows were lengthening to night, Clara Matthews stood in the little hall, watching the teamster carry out her trunk to the cart which was to convey her, as well, from the house to which she had come a bride three years before. A momentary pang shot through her heart, a sense of isolation oppressed her, then passed as swiftly as it had come.

She faced fiercely toward the distant lights of the station, and was glad that the streets were almost deserted. The teamster deposited her trunk upon the platform and drove away again into the blacker shadows. With veil closely drawn, the tall, lonely figure paced ceaselessly back and forth until the whistle of the train re-echoed down the valley. A few minutes later, she was being borne away from the life she had come to hate—since it had meant the sacrifice of her own passionate desire—the great longing that overshadowed all else—even her love.

In the days before her marriage, John Matthews had been her enthusiastic teacher, as well as her lover. In the years after it, he had become more and more averse to his wife's increasing ambition, and she had fretted for a wider sphere than that of a country doctor's wife. The reality of her married life had proved so widely different to the bright future of close companionship, of mutual seeking after knowledge she had

pictured, that the end could hardly have been other than it was.

Five years later, Clara Matthews graduated and settled in a busy western city. In all that time she had heard no word from her husband. She had written to him once, and had received no reply. Her private means had amply provided for her wants and her tutoring. Now success and honour had come—there was no door through which she might not enter. But after a few short years of arduous, racking work, her health gave way and then came a complete breakdown.

After the fever left her, and the worn body became stronger, visions of the old orchard just bursting into bloom, persistently haunted her. She could see the level sunlight upon the wide green fields, and the dusty white road winding away until it reached the top of the hill. And she could almost hear the swallows calling under the eaves of the pretty white house among the apple trees, and all the sweet earth-whisperings that come in the spring time when the elixir of life is in the air.

Strangest of all, the lonely woman came to think that, after all, John had been in the right! She was his wife and his wish should have been her law. Over and over his last words rang in her ears—"Not as my wife! Not as my wife!"

As the days went by, and strength returned, the wish to go back became a passionate longing that was not to be denied. So, on a glad May afternoon, Clara Matthews went back and knew not which was the stronger—her hope or her fear of what might lie behind the veil she was hourly drawing aside.

The buttercups made sunshine everywhere, the very woods seemed to beckon her a welcome. Each well-known landmark she greeted as an old, tried friend. There would be no one to meet her—she had sent no word. A wild wish to see her husband as he now was, unsuspected and unknown, had held her from it.

As the train drew in to the little station, the shadows were black under the elms. The street was quite deserted and the woman walked slowly along the worn old path and on up the quiet, well-known

way. At last she came to the church and saw that it was alight.

An old impulse to enter overcame the desire to pass on up the hill to the white house. Quietly she slipped into the vestibule, then entered a pew near the door. There were many people in the church and the lights dazzled her.

By a movement of those in front she saw that a wedding was being consummated, and that the white-robed bride was young, and very beautiful. The face of the man she could not see, his responses were low-spoken.

The woman in the shadow of the gallery shrank back, as the service ended, and the bridal couple faced about. Her heart leaped, then almost ceased to beat! For the man who had just now taken unto himself a wife was John! her husband, hers! Her brain reeled, and she covered still farther into the shadows as the new-made man and wife passed down the aisle and out of the church.

The gay crowd filed after them, and she sat listening to the merry laughter and echoing footsteps until all was lost in the distance.

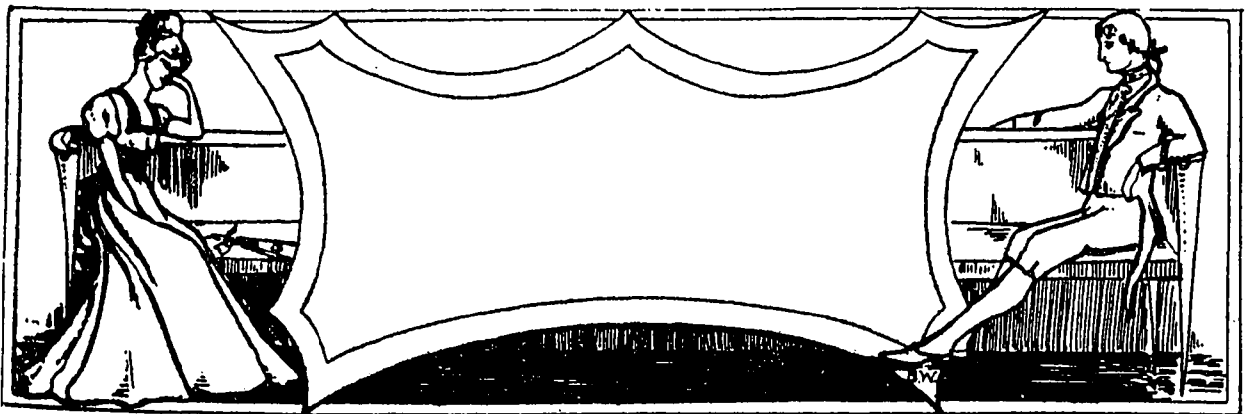
The sexton, seeing the woman crouching in the corner of the pew, bobbed over to her, and asked respectfully, "Air ye sick, Ma'am?"

"Sick?" she echoed, stupidly. "Sick?—yes, I'm sick—and there is no cure for me at all!"

She rose and stumbled out into the night, and on and on. Her feet sought the old, familiar pathway, so often taken in the dear, dead years, when the flowers of youth and hope had made life's garden very fair. And presently she came to the river.

The lights of the town were suddenly blurred, and the rumble of thunder heralded swift-coming rain. A few drops fell on the woman's face as she stood uncertainly gazing back at the distant lights, as a lost soul might look from the outer darkness at the glorious radiance of Paradise.

Then she walked steadily on to the middle of the bridge, and knelt. The warm rain fell faster and faster, as though the tears of a pitying heaven were falling for the broken woman kneeling before it. A moment later she rose, drew herself over the slight railing, and leaped. The swift current carried her into the black shadows under the bridge. The rain fell in torrents, and the shivering willows whispered strange, wordless messages, as the thunder crashed, and the lightning pierced the night like javelins of living fire.



The Reef of Landell's Woe.

N. Tourneur.

JOHN LANDELL'S chief mate of the British Trans-Pacific Coy's steamer, Happy Fortune, was in a desperate mood. Restlessly he was pacing her bridge as she sped homeward to London River from the China ports freighted with valuable cargo.

In an hour or two she would be in the vicinity of dangerous atolls, one of which was neither marked in the sailing directions. The skipper, old and infirm, and now on his last voyage, depended on him for the navigation. By casting away the steamer for certain folks in Shanghai, Landells was to get five thousand dollars for himself and enable them to lift their excessively heavy insurances.

As now he looked ahead a grim expression filled his sunburnt face. He did not like the dirty work, but——. If, ah, if, his goddess had only stepped out of her car. Ah, if she had been only human on finding out his one failing? With a shrug of his broad shoulders he turned and looked westward.

High above the sea rim gleamed the last bar of sundown, golden with hope of the morrow. Beneath it tier after tier of cloud was gathering, slow and sombre. Yet the chief mate marked not the omens. The darkness of despair hid his eyes.

As "Lamps" lit up the masthead and side lights, Landells watched him inquisitively. Then grunting to himself he stepped to the binnacle, and stared into it.

"Damn ye," he cried, jerking his face up to the wheel's, "are ye sleeping, ye Hamburg haddock? Can't ye see past your nose, you Deutscher? Call that keeping the course; ye're out five points. East with her two points, an' keep her at that."

"I do not schlaf. The scheep ees on dey course," growled the hand. "The scheep ees on dey course."

"What!" cried the mate, "ye'd speak back, would you, damn you," and with a savage gesture he closed with the man.

The man bobbed away, smothering an oath, and evaded the blow. Protesting his innocence, he put the wheel over two points.

"There, ye lubber, keep her at that," exclaimed the mate. "Don't you come any of your sauer-krauter tricks on me. Now she'll allow for the nor'-easterly atolls."

With complacency he saw that some of the watch on the forecabin had heard the altercation.

"That's something for the Court of Enquiry to hear," he muttered in his beard. "Wheel checked for not keeping the course, and down it goes, too, in the log. That's the first notch in your stick, Jack."

But suddenly he halted as he was slewing himself over the port bridge-rail, for a figure had appeared in the doorway of Captain Oldicott's cabin on the deck below.

"Was she coming up on the bridge," Landells wondered, and then bitterly checked himself for the thought. Yet his heart beat faster at the sight of her. When he recalled her words on his drunken behaviour at Honolulu, his face flushed deeply; they still blistered his moral sore.

After all did she really love him? so he asked himself, noting out of the corner of his eye that she was making for the ladder. If she did, she would surely have forgotten him his slip! Oh, he knew women, he did. It had been all just her desire to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

So when Mary Oldicott topped the ladder, Landells was staring stubbornly over the wastes of sea to port, and did not mark her first glance, so frank and appealing if transitory. When he wheel-

ed on hearing her voice, the depths of her dark eyes registered no feeling.

"Captain Oldicott says he will not be on the bridge again tonight, Mr. Landells. The officer of the watch is to report every two hours, and the instant any land is sighted."

She conveyed the orders like a mere automaton; her voice and air, cool and distant. Her whole manner disclaimed their intimacy in the past.

Landells followed her resentfully with his eyes as she went off the bridge. Was she the girl, warm, quick, in her interest in him, who used to lean over the after-deck rail only a few nights back with him, and watch the moonlight turn the short seething wake into frosted silver? It was inconceivable!

Ting-tang went eight bells, and the fresh watch came on deck. The wheel having repeated the course to his relief, shuffled down towards the well deck. The second mate cocked his eye intelligently to windward, then glanced into the binnacle before taking up his monotonous round on the bridge. Engines steadily tramped, and with a slight irregular lurch and poise, and rattle of loose gear amidships, the *Happy Fortune* toiled onwards, her masthead light flashing through its rolls.

"Stoke up, stoke up, below," muttered Landells, as he paused at the door of the charthouse. "Keep a steady helm, and never a weather eye lifting, and that current shoving her down 'll do all I want."

He looked at the barometers finishing the log, and frowned. They were falling fast, and a thickness was coming down before the clouds to westward, obscuring the starlight.

"Heat, heat, and maybe a burst of thunder," was his comment. He stared at the page of the log-book, his entry standing in his eye. Mary Oldicott rose up before him, as she was a few minutes since, and as she had been five days before. He felt the very neighborhood of her made him swither in his purpose.

A little after six bells it was that he reckoned on the steamer piling herself up on the submerged atoll, striking just over the one-a-half fathom patch. The

fangs of coral would tear open her bilges, and she would sink by the storm on backing into the edge of deeper soundings—2598 fathoms. But immediately she struck the coral, boats were to be lowered, and every measure taken for the crew's safety. If the stokehold was flooded, a boiler or two might explode, and some poor devils of stokers be scalded to death, but that was all in the chances. With calm sea and fine weather holding, they all ought to be picked up by some vessel in forty-eight hours, or make the adjacent islands, being practically inside one of the main ocean lanes.

Nibbling viciously at his pen-holder, the chief mate carefully went over his plans again.

Suddenly it came to him that the steamer might run over the shoaling atoll and with her bottom ripped out of her sink in the further waters, before the boats could be swung out. Good God! the idea was horrible. Not for himself or the others did he care a stiver,—one had only to die once. But what about *her*?

With a jerk he raised himself from the log-desk, and closed the book with a snap.

"We'll all know soon enough," he muttered beneath his breath. "I reckon the Old Man will get a start when he feels her jolting her plates into Davy Jone's scrap heap!"

"Yes. Comin' on for six bells. Thunder in the air—heard it westward a few minutes ago," replied the second mate in answer to Landell, who had come again on the bridge in his restlessness. "Black as the wolf's throat, too, with a nasty lumpish swell from the nor'-west. Good night, I'd say, for an ocean tragedy. A big liner thumping herself to pieces on some uncharted atoll, hysterical passengers, thunder in the air, and a gale o' wind roarin' down. Eh, Mr. Landells."

Suspiciously the chief mate glanced at him. He snapped back so sharply that Roberts wondered what was wrong.

Landells stared into the night.

Yes, it was as black as pitch. Even if there was broken water on the reef, no lookout could see it in time to avert

disaster. Then he listened anxiously. Over the leagues of desolate ocean pealed thunder, now crescendo, now diminuendo, to end in a sharp crackling burst a few miles to windward.

"D'ye think there's much wind behind all that?" put the second mate to him, as he came within the halo of light cast by the binnacle.

"How the devil am I to know? Can't ye judge for yourself?" came the testy answer.

Just then six bells went. Landells leaned over the bridge rail, and strained his eyes ahead. But nothing lay there, except the night, impenetrable, menacing.

Time-time-time ticked his watch. And to him the seconds were now intolerably slow in passing. The ceaseless swishle of parted waters as the steamer ploughed onwards; the undertone thudding of engines and screws, the drowsy voices of the watch—all caught on his nerves like the very notes of Destiny.

He clambered down to the bridge deck and feverishly paced up and down. He thought of Mary Oldicott, asleep, confident of safety, her cabin beneath his very feet. A feeling as if he was her murderer arose within him, and inwardly he cursed himself.

"She has made a damned gooseheart of me," he grunted, dismissing the thought, yet he softly stepped to the other side of the confined deck.

Expectancy, the sinister feeling in the night, the sultry atmosphere which the thunder and gusty wind had not dispelled, all aroused an acute dread in him. He had a feeling that something unknown was about to deal him a tremendous blow.

His heart leaped when the freighter suddenly toppled over an unseen swell. Was this the end?

Just then forked lightning blazed out over the sea far to windward. A roll of thunder, deafening, appalling, clashed together the senses. Drops of rain fell with a heavy pit-pat on the deck. Landells looked about him.

The seaman in him spoke out. A burst of dirty weather was coming down. What about taking to the boats now? Thinking to examine the aneroids, with

hurried, uneven steps, he made towards the chart-house.

Out of the night to starboard of it, a figure in white slowly approached him. He started.

"Is that you, Mr. Landells?"

"Yes, Miss Oldicott. Is the skipper worse?"

But she did not reply as she quickly stepped to him.

Her breath fanned his cheek. Like a rare fragrance her presence enveloped his senses, and it was only with an effort he managed to control himself.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for having said those words," came in her rich voice.

Landells wondered if he was dreaming. Yes. This was her voice, just the same as of old. To hear it was to hear a blessing. He durst not look up. Cursing his folly he stood with burning face and wildly hammering heart. His whole being cried out to her.

"I didn't mean them, really, I did not. But you made me so angry and sorry, too—coming on board in that state. And you! Oh, John, I never dreamed—you—"

She ceased—for it was as if something choked her. Dark though the night was, he saw her eyes, eyes lustrous with tears of pity—love.

"You love me, Mary? Me?" he uttered hoarsely. "Oh, God help me—this night's work—"

The steamer was smashing through a stretch of broken water, and the bridge sang out in amazement to the lookout. But her chief mate had thrust himself far over the rail.

As lightning splashed the heavens with blinding fire, the sight of a crown of white water ahead smote him like a blow on the heart. Thunder crashed as if the skies were being riven in twain, but his frantic shouting reached the Bridge:

"Hard aport. Hard aport for God's sake. Breakers ahead."

Then engines were abruptly reversed with such jarring and grinding of protesting machinery. The steamer checked her way, trembled, then drew herself away but little damaged from the pinnacles and ledges of the Escaldhao Atoll.

"Death in the face, every way," cried the second mate, brushing the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. "Listen to that roaring in the nor'-west. The thunder's bringing down a tearing gale, an' rain behind it. If she had struck we should have been doomed men."

Landells only nodded in assent. He

was looking at the scared face of the skipper's daughter.

Thirty minutes later, when the Happy Fortune laboured through a writhing waste of mountainous seas, and tons of water came tumbling in-board, and the watch cowering in the alley way had to hold fast for dear life's sake, he bowed his head.

He was thanking God for the love of a woman.

Esperanto—What It Is, What It May Be.

A. L. Harvey, B. A.

ONE hears a good deal about Esperanto at present. This musical word seems to be on everybody's lips. Our interest has become awakened and a brief glance at the history of Esperanto may be worth while.

Esperanto is the name given by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, a Polish physician, to a new system originated by himself, which aims at being a universal language, the need and desirability of which has long been felt.

Esperanto, though but recently sprung into prominence, has a history behind it. As far back as the year 1887, we must look for its birth. It was in that year that Dr. Zamenhof issued his first pamphlet regarding a suggested new international language to be called Esperanto, the language of the hopeful people. The movement thus began in Russia, quickly spread to the Scandinavian Peninsula; next to France, where it enlisted the sympathy of M. de Beaufront, who had himself originated a system of universal language which he gave up in order to embrace and further the cause of Esperanto. From France the movement quickly spread to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, England and latterly to Canada and the United States.

Esperanto, though over twenty years

old, was not the first attempt to construct a universal language. Many previous attempts had been made, some of them with very little success. The most successful of these, however, and the true forerunner of Esperanto was a system devised in 1879 by J. M. Scheleyer, a Roman Catholic priest of Baden, Germany, which he called Volapuk or the universal language. This system is made up of words taken almost exclusively from English, French, German and Latin; fully forty per cent. of these words are English, the remainder being taken from the other named languages. The first congress of Volapuk was held in Switzerland in 1886, and numbered thirty delegates. A few years later the system had spread to such an amazing extent that the students of Volapuk numbered 250,000. The movement subsequently lost ground and was finally eclipsed by Esperanto.

On the comparative merits of Volapuk and Esperanto, Count Tolstoi says: "I found Volapuk very complicated, while Esperanto on the contrary, is very simple. It is so easy to learn that recently, having received a grammar, a dictionary and several articles in that idiom, I was able at the end of two short hours to easily read the language and even to write some of it. The trouble involved in a few

hours' study is so slight and the results may prove so great that no one should refuse to make the attempt."

The Method of Esperanto.

The method of Esperanto is to omit all accidental words in the language of each nation, retaining only such words as are common to all nations. Sounds peculiar to any one language, e. g., English "th" and "u" are omitted. Phonetic spelling is the rule, mute and double letters are omitted, "x," "k's," "ph," "f." Esperanto is exceedingly simple in grammar and has a comparatively small vocabulary, only about 2,000 words, exclusive of scientific terms, as contrasted with French, which has 30,000 words, and English which has over 100,000 words.

At the conference of Esperanto held at Boulogne, August 5th, 1905, 12,000 delegates from twenty-two countries, spoke and understood Esperanto. During the conference, Dr. Zamenhof was given recognition by the French Government. The Minister of Public Instruction extended thanks on behalf of the President and the people of France, and a reception was given Dr. Zamenhof at the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

Future of Esperanto.

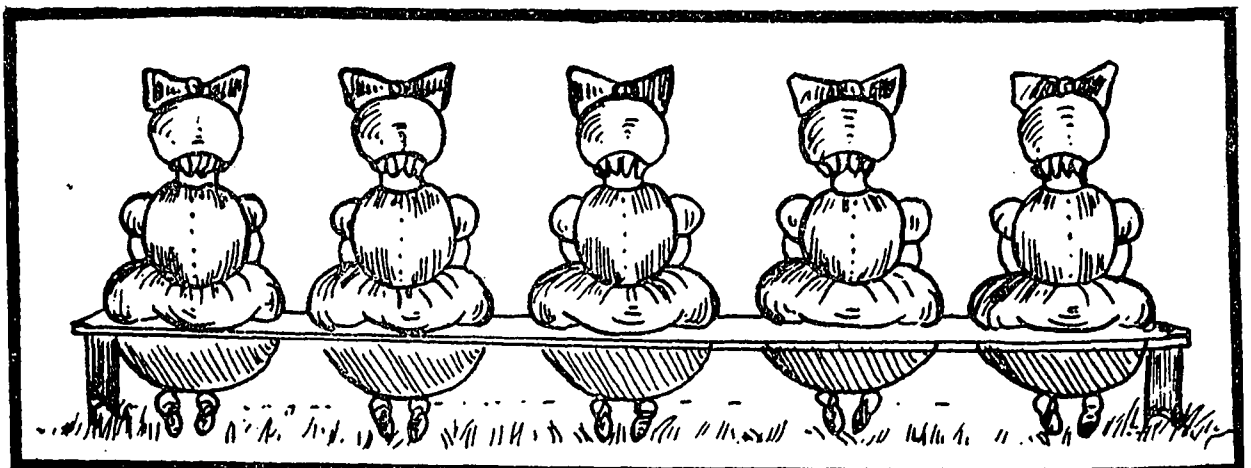
The question may be asked, has Esperanto a future or is it destined, like its predecessors, to sink into obscurity? A summary answer cannot be given to this question; only tendencies can be pointed out.

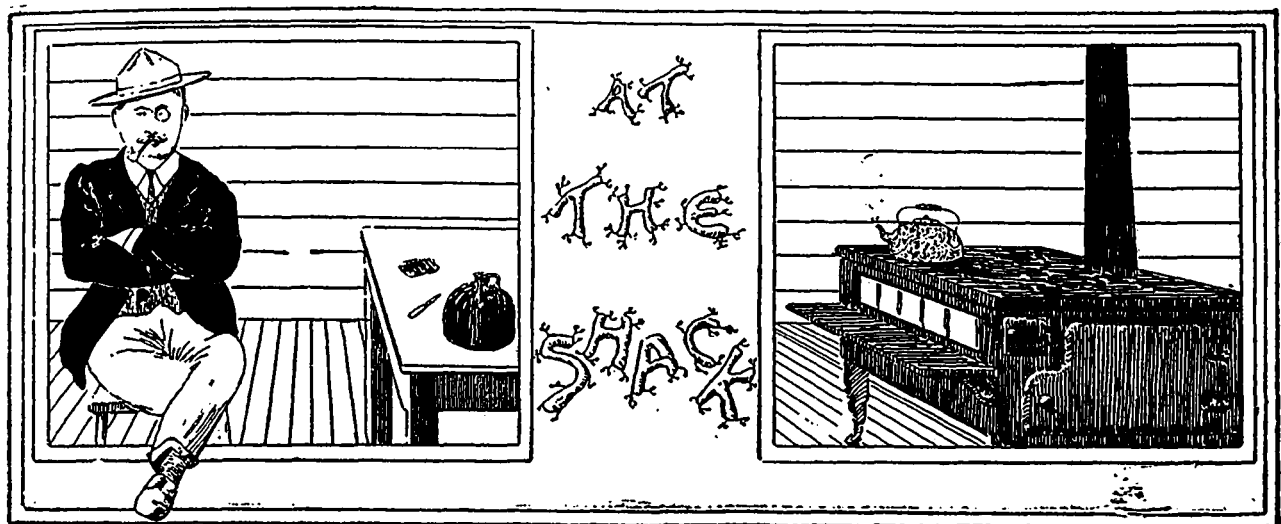
What is the need that Esperanto tries to fill? It is to provide a medium of expression for peoples of diverse languages, to render possible converse be-

tween different nationalities without the help of the interpreter. This does not mean that the different nations are to give up their various languages and embrace Esperanto to the exclusion of all else. The idea is rather to use Esperanto as an auxiliary language. Such is necessary to transact business with foreign countries. It is also desirable for use at conventions and assemblies where the delegates represent countries having no language in common. It would be useful also for tourists travelling in foreign lands, and for conducting diplomatic relations between different countries.

Esperanto, from its very nature, can scarcely hope to become a medium for philosophic thought or for conveying aesthetic ideas, where many words are needed to express different shades of meaning. Esperanto, with its two thousand words must fall short of almost every European language. Then, too, the mechanical structure of this language, where every word follows a rule and where there are no exceptions, is unfavorable to Esperanto ever being used except as a convenience. Language is a growth. It is an organism, not a mechanism. It has a history behind it; its variations and divergencies from fixed rules lend attractiveness and beauty to a language which can never be attained by a mere man-made contrivance.

The future of Esperanto is, therefore, not to be one of usurpation of English, French, German or other prominent European language. It would seem to be rather that of an assistant or auxiliary to each or all of these.





Percy Flage

I SUPPOSE that in your younger days, when you were a little red school boy or girl, you listened and perhaps contributed to more than one frenzied debate on such monumentally trite questions as, inter alia, "Is the world growing better or not?"

You heard, or voiced, if you were speaking for the affirmative a series of pyrotechnic word posies painstakingly gleaned from history, ancient and modern, and wreathed in chronological sequence of proof that showed King and Clown, Capitalist and Slave, from Pharaoh, Thersites, Croesus, and Aesop down, or up rather, to Victoria, Grimaldi, Peabody and Uncle Tom, or, more tragically, Toussant L'Ouverture, a long procession of ever-improving similarities.

You saw war displayed as a constantly lessening hazard of blood and a steady growth of chivalry, from the Spartan slaughters at Thermopylae to the courtesy of Wellington as he bowed an "Après vous, mon cher Alphonse!" to the gallant Suvarrow on the smiling plains of Alma.

You saw commerce improve from the hard wheat bargains of Joseph and the petty Phoenician trade in British oysters to the kindly Cobdenism of Covent Gar-

den and the congruous economies of the Congo.

You saw Religion wax in piety and wane in cruelty from the worship of Isis to the last friendly re-union of your own little church.

You saw Pedagogy rise from the fatal empiricism of the snake in Eden to the patient philosophy of Pestalozzi and Richter (tactfully trined with the name of the local schoolmaam).

You saw Art emerge from the blue obscurity of woad-tinted Pictdom to perch in dominant pride on every upward effort of a modern world.

The world was growing better—Yes!

And yet, contrariwise, there was an *Advocatus Diaboli*. He showed you Merry England dancing a blind man's morrice round the maypole and through the middle ages.

He led you to the happy hours of the Troubadours and the Jongleurs and the Amours and the other ours that are ours no longer. He talked of Alexander and the mighty Hercules and didn't think highly of the British Grenadier with his tow-row-row and his saltpetre dugged from the bowels of the harmless earth.

He praised the truth of Washington and doubted that of the daily newspaper.

He touched lightly on the Spanish in-

quisition as an obsession of spiritual sincerity, and sprang easily back to the golden youth of Pericles.

He visioned ancient Egypt as the stamping ground of mild-eyed astronomers and sneered at the Suez canal.

He plucked fruits with Abel and blew the bellows for Tubal Cain, shuddered at Swinburne and sounded the shallows of Longfellow.

He quoted statistics showing more umbrellas stolen in the one year of 18— than during ten centuries after the flood—and he cited Plato as a little better man in every way than even his humble self.

The world was growing better—Not!

What to do when you are convinced both ways?

Put the question differently and try it again.

Is there more love in the world than formerly? For we may say with Coleridge: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small"; and if we find more affection for such today than ever before, the moral optimist wins.

Unfortunately we cannot measure the strength of our affections, to compare them with those of other days, any easier than we can our virtues.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend," and the proof of that benevolence is not yet absent from mankind.

We may claim then that our capacity for love is equal to that of ancient man, and if our range of opportunity is not lessened neither is our virtue, because this range could not exist without use, would dwindle with atrophied inviolence, expand with right effort.

Have we any grounds for believing that the area of our affections has appreciably broadened? Do we love more of nature's phenomena than formerly?

We love friends, flowers, scenery, pictures, dogs, sunshine, and perhaps the sea. Was it always so?

Always among humanised men the love of friends was strong—but how limited in possibilities.

We lament at times the fewness of our friends, forgetting that we have

them everywhere. By galley and chariot and stagecoach, by ship and train and trolley they came and went, they come and go in ever-growing numbers. By the penny post we reach them, from Klondyke to Kimberley. By the telegraph we speak them, from the busy throng of London to the loneliness of the deep, and by the telephone we drag them from office desk and domestic soup plate to meekly answer our peremptory summons.

And those to whom we do not write, and those who are gone are still in some way our friends. We have perhaps their old letters—their portraits, their photographs, and another, or even this generation will have moving pictures and voice records as daily reminders of the absent.

Again—the printing press and the easily won library have multiplied our friendship list past computation.

Man after man has laid down his lonely pen in the consolatory promise of hope that the unborn future world would bring him more friends than life had brought him strangers, and man after man has picked up a favorite book to lean on the proven friendship of one a century dead.

The love of friends is increasing and the love of flowers. For apart from the fact that we have doubled and redoubled the varieties of this object of our good affections, and have planted a million gardens where none were before, we may learn from students that a thousand and two thousand and three thousand years ago, the eye and the soul and the language of man were less and less cognisant of colour as we know it, so that Homer (they tell us) speaks of the hue of wine as if it had been the same as that of the sky, or of the young grass. And the pleasure then taken in the view of a flowery mead was in comparison to ours, at best like one's enjoyment of a photogravure from a rare painting.

And the love of scenery is modern. The agile "skipper" of "descriptions" in light literature will not find much opportunity for that saltatory exercise in the books of even a century or two ago.

People loved gardens then, and fertile fields, and the banks of a somnolent

stream—the deer park and the rolling unbraced hills, the winding cart-road and the cluster of old gray stone cottages were making their mark on affections as yet ignorant of their object; but mountains were gloomy things, fearful and awful and not to be admired until almost within the span of this our own time, when indeed we have seen the fate of so many fools who would not fear before they loved.

The full beauty of the mountains (as of the sea) may be held off a little as a promise. The rainbow was but a promise once, and is now the perfection of beauty as displayed in two dimensions.

If we accept the promise of the mountains as voiced in the tremendous simplicity of the Hundred and Fourth

Psalm we might hope (were not analogies barred by the scientists) to grasp them as solid beauty in its entirety after capturing the elusive fourth power.

As we stand in our ignorance flat footed on a plane that we know, parrot-like, to be a sphere, we can only guess at the possibilities of comprehension coming to those after us who shall tread the hills and dip the sea on man-made wings.

And while brooding on this I shall allow an unknown friend to send us from Japan a poetic description of a Bonke shi Kwai or Tray scene artists society that meets from time to time to display little landscapes of the imagination, done in sand and such—

BONKE.

Three walls severe of ochreous tint, save where
 Smooth polished wooden posts at intervals
 Break but not mar the sober harmony;
 A ceiling somewhat low of cedar boards;
 The front with paper portals drawn apart
 Leaving all open to the southern sun;
 The honoured alcove boasts a pendant scroll
 Bearing a maxim by some Chinese sage
 Set forth in graceful native script,—
 Sole ornament, save where along two sides,
 On the soft matted floor, there lies—a world!
 In shallow trays of polished porcelain,
 Created by deft fingers of the craft,
 Mountain and crag and valley, sea and plain.
 A gracious welcome given, the host explains
 How that himself and friends meet monthly here
 Bringing their scenic trays to his abode,
 Displaying them for pleasure not for gain,
 In friendly contest vieing each with each
 To touch the highest point of poesy
 In this ephemeral play of sculptic art,
 Each month some limitation of the subject set,
 As thus today, said he, we all must use
 Some living object, bird or beast or man,
 To serve as centre of our fictile scene.
 Here stands a tiger on a little mount
 That rises from a barren desert vast,
 Where far aloof a brick-red pyramid,
 Dwindled by distance to a child's toy block,
 Speaks the activity of a by-gone race.
 Here timorous rabbits falter in the snow
 Before a grave whose ancient monument
 Leans half-upright toward the lesser stones
 Among which soon 'twill lay its fallen head.

Forth from a wood whose boughs are bent with white
Two gray shag boars plough through the heavy snow.
Sad-plumaged bird, a raven, desolate,
Half-hidden sits among the branches bare
Of one dry wintry plum tree on the shore.
Or here three horses stand disconsolate,
With manes and tails wind-wisped, no herbage near
Nor trees to shelter from the steppe's wild blast.
Again, a splintered pinnacle of slate projects
Sheer from the sea's cold marge; yet o'er its foot
Along a perilous path, sad travelers wend
Their exiled way: an aged philosopher
Undaunted rides and calm beguiles the road
Reciting to his faithful nephew, still
Companion of his fate, walking afoot,
The classic verse which celebrates their flight
And tells their story to all future time.
One tray is filled entire with massy rocks
Whose gnarled and jagged shapes the fancy frights,
A chosen lair of some fierce carnivore,
While scattered bushes speak of winter's death
And all is powdered with a chill white dust.
There on a headland kneels a figure sad
Shading his eyes to scan the hopeless sea,
Where one tall sail seeks the horizon's verge
Bearing away beneath its gleaming spread
The last fond ties that held him to his home—
Now home no more, for on his priestly head
The outraged Taira, not yet dispossessed
By that fell slaughter which the future held
At Yoritomo's hands, hurled the decree
That bade rebellious Shunkwan die alone
Banished to this inhospitable isle.
How sad the themes have lured the artists' hand!
Amid a score of scenes how few bespeak
The lighter vein: From one o'er-hanging bough
Two monkeys swing, linked by their spidery arms,
Trying to grasp the river-mirrored moon.
While you two happy puppies, all care-free,
Tired for a moment of their busy play,
Regard a wooden clog upon the sand
Purloined from out some doorway and conveyed
To be destroyed at leisure 'neath the trees.
'Mid these and other scenes, contemplative,
The artists sit, and greet their visitors,
Strangers or friends, with social cup of tea.
Answers are ready to the questions called
By these strange pictures fashioned for a day
Then wiped away, to be replaced by new—
Fresh compositions of the self-same clay
That forms these solid-seeming rocks; the sand—
Finer for sea or stream, of coarser grain
To mark the stable earth of plain or hill—
The little trees—twigs though they seem, their roots
And leaves perform their functions true—

The varied moss that lends its green to sward
 And pasture, meadow land or mount;
 The tiny figures, man or horse or house,
 Shaped by the artist's hand and tools in clay
 Then baked and colored, if the color need;
 And thus these patient ready-fingered men
 Create, destroy and re-create their worlds.

Photography Notes.

A. V. Kenah.

SOME of the most interesting photographs I have ever seen are reproduced in the January number of "Recreation" and are the work of Mr. D. E. Heywood. This gentleman has branched into, what is to me, an entirely new departure of camera work and the success of his efforts are highly commendable. Out here in British Columbia it is no uncommon sight for those of us who wander out of the beaten tract to come across deer either singly or in herds especially if we keep along the banks of a river or lake. If we, however, try to obtain photographs of these animals in the ordinary way we shall find that it is almost impossible to get close enough to them to produce an image of anything like a useful size and therefore it occurred to Mr. Heywood to call in the magnesium powder flashlight apparatus to his assistance.

The methods he adopts consist in rigging up a flashlight arrangement in the bows of his canoe and he tells us that the only apparatus he has found to be any use for this work is one he invented himself and which is not only extremely simple in construction but also safe and inexpensive to make. The chief difficulty is to secure a properly exposed negative as the approach is made under cover of the darkness and therefore the flash of the powder is the only source of illumination, but good results may be secured by using a full ounce of powder with a lens working at F. 8 provided the oper-

ator confines himself to not over twelve feet of distance from the object. The possibilities of this method are unlimited and deserve the serious attention of all lovers of animals and I heartily commend the instructive article by Mr. Heywood to their notice.

PORTRAITS RESEMBLING PENCIL DRAWINGS.

It is not really a difficult matter to obtain these effects but the method is one which is not generally understood by amateurs, and therefore the following pointers may prove to be useful. The sitter must be placed at a medium distance from the light and the light itself must be allowed to fall full upon the face. In place of the ordinary white reflector a black cloth is used and this must be put as close as possible in front of the sitter. A white background should be employed and if a full exposure with restrained development be given this black "reflector" will produce the effect of making the outline of the face appear like a black line. For preference I advise the face to be in profile and the clothing to be as light as possible (drapery is particularly effective) but the great points to be remembered are to flood the face with light, use a white background, expose fully and use a restrained developer.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The interest in Autochrome photography continues to be so great that

Messrs. Carl Zeiss have placed on the market a specially designed camera for this work. The instrument is fitted with one of their well known Tessar lens working at F. 4.5 and is of the type which is focussed from the level of the eyes. It is, however, the fittings of the camera which constitute its novelty and its special adaptability for autochrome work, for it is provided with a reversing focussing screen as well as a double focussing scale which consequently make it readily available for either ordinary photography or for use with Messrs. Lumiere's wonderful colour plate. In addition an autochrome filter is provided so that the instrument is perfectly equipped in every way and no doubt will highly commend itself to those who are bothered with the trouble of having to reverse their focussing screens and alter the focussing scales of their cameras for the new process of autochrome colour photography.

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Everyone does not know that excellent photographs can be obtained without the use of a lens, as ordinarily understood. As a matter of fact though if a piece of cardboard is placed where the lens generally goes and this board is pierced with an ordinary needle excellent pictures can be obtained. A pinhole cannot be ex-

pected to give the sharp definition of a lens but at the same time it produces results which as regards distance are true to nature and are all that can be desired from a pictorial point of view. Naturally the exposure is long and the chief difficulty so far has been to gauge the exposure correctly. In an interesting demonstration given recently at the Leeds Camera Club, Mr. J. R. Coulson, however, showed how this can be readily calculated and his method is one that should be made a note of. First commit to memory the F value of the pinhole which according to the scale given by Mr. Coulson is:

Size of hole pierced by needle number
—9-12, 8-10, 6-8, 4-6.

Then if we take the pinhole made by No. 8 needle which has for its factor 6 and extend the camera six inches and multiply the factor by the extension we have 6×6 equals F. 36. Using an actinometer, find the light value for F. 36, having regard to the speed of the plate used, and whatever exposure the actinometer gives multiply it by sixty and that is the correct exposure for a No. 8 pinhole with a six-inch camera extension. The same ratio and principle apply no matter what extension of camera is used.





COUNTRY *And* SUBURBAN HOMES

by

E. Stanley Mitton m.i.c.a.

Country and Suburban Gardens.

"Large or small, the garden should look orderly and rich. They should be well fenced from the outer world. It should by no means imitate the wilfulness or the wildness of nature, but should look like a thing never seen except near the house."—William Morris.

IT is not my intention to write a formal treatise on garden-making; a subject so broad, diversified and interesting can be merely hinted at in the brief limits of a magazine article. The requirements of the landed proprietor with many acres at his disposal are, necessarily, different from those of the family with but a bare city lot, and rules applicable to the one would be of no service to the other.

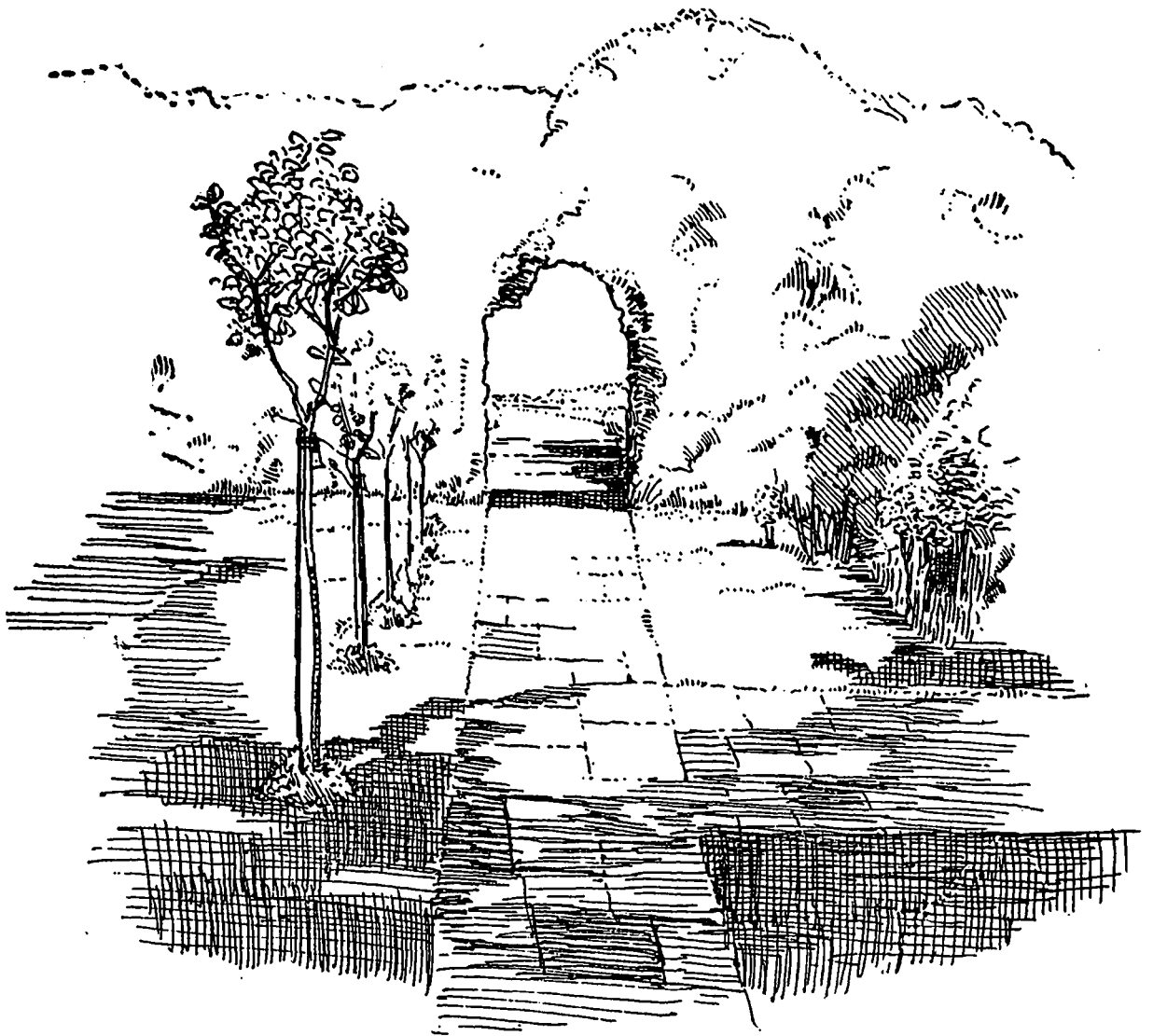
Individual tastes differ so widely that it is quite exceptional for two persons to have the same ideas about the value of a site, the conditions which would suit the one being practically objectionable to the other. One person prefers to look on his neighbour's home and feels more sociable thereby; while another likes to feel so entirely isolated that other residences must be placed out of sight and sound. Most people are, however, agreed upon the advantages of pure air and rural pleasures, which are now, partly owing to the

extensions of our railways and electric tram systems, open to a much larger number of home-builders than was formerly the case.

Having decided upon a site, we have now to consider the plan of the house and accessory buildings. If the garden is to be a complement to the house, its arrangement must, in a great measure, be ruled by the plan of the house, and its details conceived in the same spirit.

A recent writer says in speaking of this matter: "The gardener's first duty in laying out the grounds is to study the site, and not only that part of it upon which the house immediately stands, but the whole site, its aspect, character, soil, contour, sectional lines, etc. Common sense, economy, nature, art, all alike dictate this. There is an individual character to every plot of land, as to every human face in a crowd, and that man is not wise who, to suit preferences for any given style of garden or with a view of copying a design from another place, will ignore the characteristics of the site at his disposal. To leave a house exposed upon the landscape, unscreened and unterraced, is not to treat the site or house fairly."

Part of the garden should be devoted to comfort and enjoyment, and the other

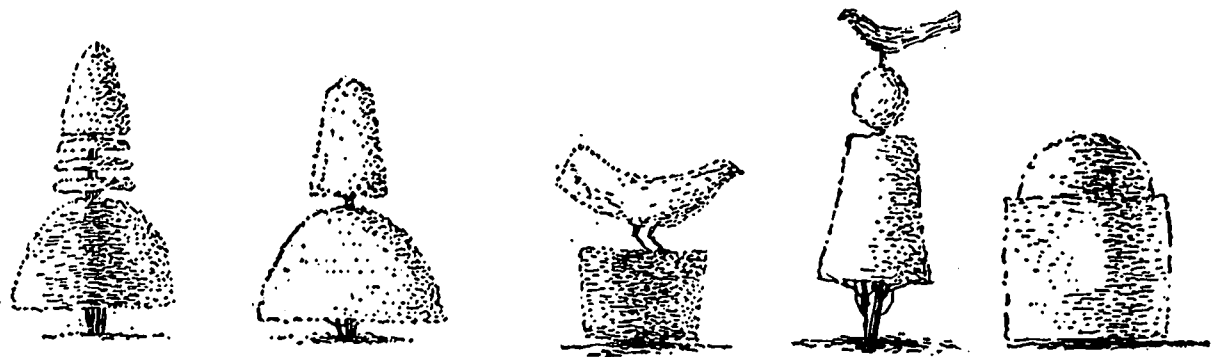


Suggestions for a walk to a medium-sized residence. Standard rose trees on one side and bright scarlet poppies, etc., on the other, with the remainder in lawn; the hedge should form the entrance. A little honeysuckle around the walls would give it the desired color. The walk should be formed of concrete slabs 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft., and would be improved if large joints were left and a good moss allowed to grow.

to provision for them; the former part forms the pleasure ground, and the latter the kitchen garden.

The pleasure grounds comprise the lawns, the walks or drives, the flowerbeds, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and, in large places, terraces, lakes and fountains, statues, rockwork and fernery, and the like.

The kitchen garden, being designed for the supply of fruit and vegetables, contains the trees, plants and bushes needful for that purpose, with proper walks for access to them, and appliances, such as hotbeds, pots and frames, etc., for advancing or improving them; and is often enclosed either wholly or partly

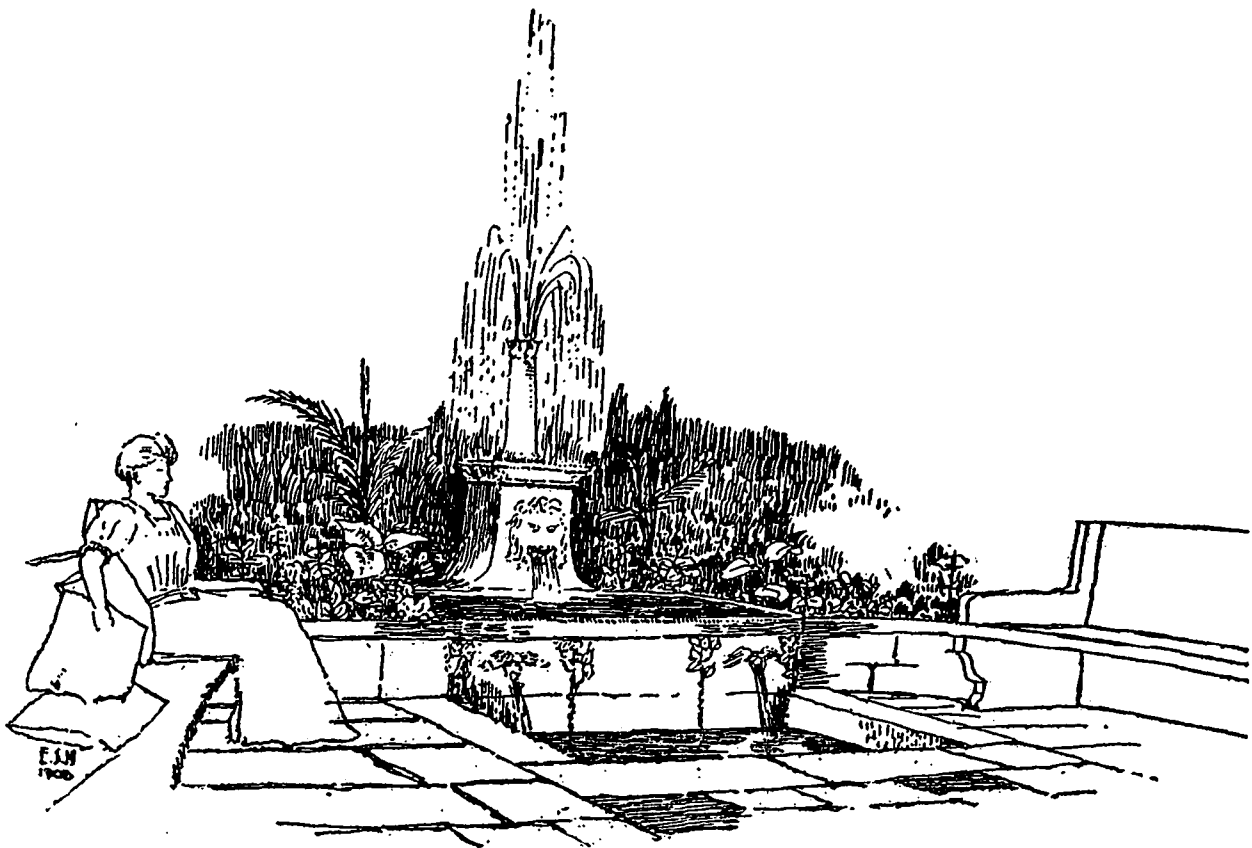


Some designs for topiary work. These of course are more suitable for the larger residence, but could be used for the smaller by placing on either side of the entrance. A good lawn is needed to back these up, and also very bright flowers. Size about 4 feet to 10 feet.

by a wall, which shelters and promotes the growth.

The pleasure ground, or flower garden, however small, has almost always one grass plot, which is called a lawn, though it may be but a little one. Whether space be scant or ample, the lawn is the leading feature and the most pleasant part of the pleasure ground, and it should be well kept first of all. It is of prime importance that the grass should be of the proper kind, and not of rank or wiry

growth. Hence, the most perfect lawns are made by the sowing of carefully selected seed rather than by laying turf, though the latter is the quickest process. In any case, the use of the roller must not be neglected, and during the time of rapid growth the lawn mower, set for cutting close, should be employed at least twice a week. But it is a mistake to mow very closely during periods of drought. All weeds should be extirpated as soon as they appear, and moss



Suggestions for a concrete fountain. The inner basin to have water lillies growing, and the larger gold fish; the seats should also be in concrete and be built on the half circle. This treatment would be better if arranged in front of a dark heavy background and should be lower than the rest of the garden.

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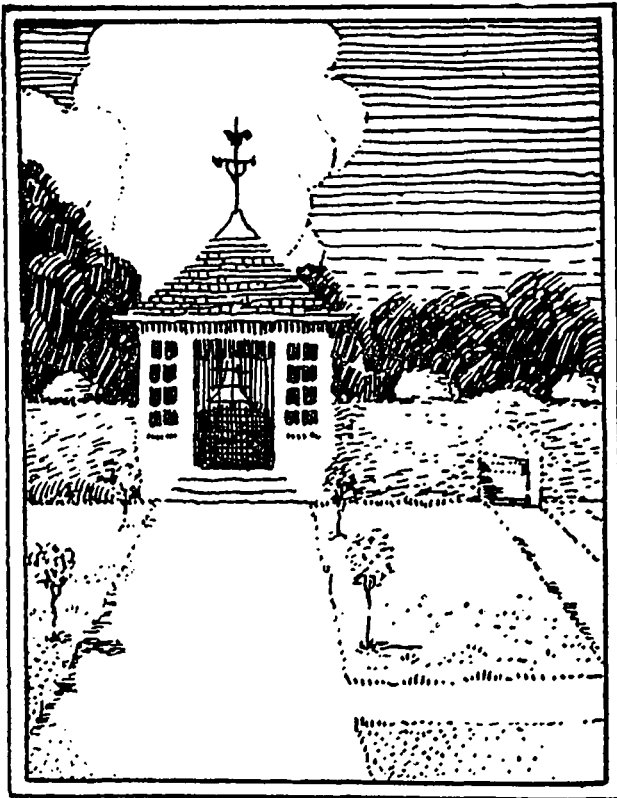
must be checked at once, or it will soon destroy the herbage.

The walks are even more important, in many cases, than the lawn or lawns, for unless they have been made with skill and care they will always be troublesome. A dry, compact, and even surface, without which no good walk can be, is not secured without depth of substance, proper form, and good drainage.

As to flower-beds, their arrangement and composition should depend upon the taste of the owner, which is too often set aside in favour of the passing fashion. A common mistake in small gardens is to cut up the grass into intricate patterns, with a number of fantastic flower-beds, and to lay them out in colours, like a window of stained glass. Or even the

scene, by graceful form or tint of foliage, and sometimes by brilliancy of bloom or berry. As a general rule these should stand far apart, unless there is something unsightly to conceal, and should not be very near the dwelling house, except where shelter is needful.

The kitchen garden, for the supply of fruit and vegetables, is generally kept out of view from the house, either by walls or a fringe of trees or shrubs. This also should have good walks, and drainage; but use is more studied than appearance here, so that graceful curves are dispensed with, and the ground is divided conveniently into squares or parallelograms. When the case permits, this garden is enclosed by walls of stone or brick—the latter to be preferred for fruit—and should slope toward the south or south-east, and must not be overhung with trees. Although the produce of the kitchen garden may be roughly distinguished as vegetables and fruit, the two are very seldom kept entirely apart, the general practice being to crop the ground with vegetables between the lines of fruit trees. A soil of medium staple is to be desired, for a stiff clay is cold and too retentive of moisture, while a sandy or gravelly land both suffers from drought and affords little nourishment. The soil which gardeners describe as a rich loam is the best of all; and if it be three or four feet in depth, with a substratum of gravel to ensure drainage, it will grow the very best vegetables, without that excess of manure which is apt to increase the size, but to impair the flavour.



This is suggested as a cosy nook at the end of the garden and could be used for an afternoon tea house. A good-size would be 9x16 feet.

same bed is planted with stripes and sweeps of every tint produced by bloom and foliage, and the stiff, artificial effect is called a triumph of carpet-bedding. Happily this taste is growing obsolete, and a more natural style is in vogue again.

In large pleasure grounds, ornamental trees add much to the beauty of the

Various ways of beautifying the pleasure gardens are suggested by the illustrations of this article. The concrete fountain, properly placed against a background of dark foliage, will delight the eye and furnish a pleasant retreat for meditation on hot summer days; the designs for topiary work remind us of the formal gardens of a bygone day, and, discreetly used, will have a certain effectiveness in a modern garden; the quaint summerhouse would add attractiveness and interest to a garden of moderate size, or be very suitable at the end of a tennis court.



Legend of the Chilkat Blanket.

THE fame of the Chilkat blanket is world wide. Its origin, although obscure, is partially explained by tradition. The story of its creation is far more romantic than the usual Indian legend.

Generations ago a beautiful Indian maid choose to live alone, away from the haunts of her own people. Far into the mountain fastnesses of the great Chilkat country, she sought a secluded place, in which to pass a life devoted to her beloved art—that of blanket weaving.

Tsihookwallaam was her name, and she had many admirers. She refused all their offers of marriage and stole away, hoping never to be found in her new abode. The place she selected for her primitive studio was on the shore of an inland lake. In the summer the salmon visited its waters, coming by a circuitous route through rocky rivers and numerous waterfalls. They were looking for Tsihookwallam, whom, according to the legeon they immediately recognized. She was greatly alarmed, but they solemnly promised not to disclose the location of her retreat.

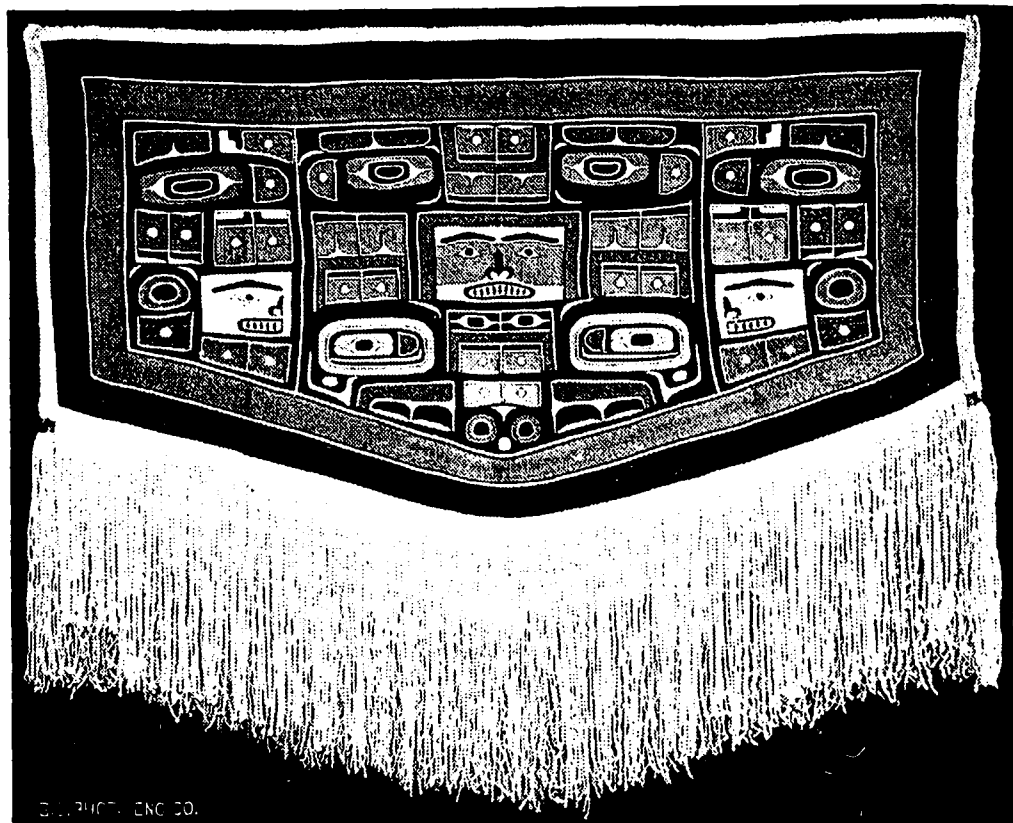
She passed the spring and summer gathering the long wool of the mountain goat, which in shedding is pulled from

the animal while it is feeding on the tender shoots of the shrubs abounding on the rocks. In this manner she filled her cabin with the snowy fleece. All the long, cold days of winter she labored, twisting this into a coarse yarn not unlike that of our grandmothers. In turn this was woven into a wonderful shawl or blanket, showing the symbolical characters of Indian tradition.

Here thought is diverted to the similar work done at the same period by the more favoured white woman, whose embroideries and tapestries express the same idea both in method and recording history, as exemplified by the then unknown Indian weaver. She covered her cabin walls with the result of her labours and was very happy.

Unfortunately, the salmon forgot their promise when they reached salt water. At first they whispered among themselves, then they loudly told Chief Numkil-slas. Immediately he ordered his great war canoe made ready, and as soon as spring opened the waters he set out, accompanied by his son, Gun-nuckets, to find the lake described by the salmon.

After a tiresome journey they arrived at the home of Tsihookwallaam. They were surprised at her treasures, which



The Chilkat Blanket.

they coveted, and immediately the chief proposed that she should marry his son. To this she agreed, on condition that they remain with her on the lake shore as long as she lived. The marriage was quickly celebrated and after the feast they all settled down to blanket weaving.

Tsihookwallaam was induced to reveal her secrets, and in order to expedite her work, Gun-nuckets proposed to shoot the goats, instead of slowly gathering the wool from the bushes. Accordingly the next day the two set out at "tenas"—sunbreak—on a hunting expedition. In their absence Num-kil-slas hastily arranged all the blankets into bundles so that they could be easily removed. Meanwhile Gun-nuckets made an excuse to return alone to the house, and upon his arrival both he and his father turned into the original characters of their individual totems. Num-kil-slas became a raven and Gun-nuckets a beaver. The raven then took all he could carry in his beak and the beaver seized all the rest in his strong jaws; then they hastened away.

When Tsihooskwallaam returned that night she saw the ruin of her home and

dreams. She wandered away, broken-hearted, into the night, and died from grief.

Num-kil-slas and Gun-nuckets returned to their village and spread a feast, to which all their number were bidden. During the ceremonies the valuable blankets were distributed a "cultus potlach"—free gift—to the people of the Chilkat tribe. Thus their women learned the art of making the highly prized blankets worn by chiefs during the tribal ceremonies.

Ethnologists differ with this narrative and assert that the design was copied, if not stolen, from the Haida tribe, the southern neighbours of the Chilkats. As the Thlingit nation, of which the Chilkat tribe is a powerful division, have always been an aggressive plundering people, often exacting tribute from weaker tribes as a guarantee of peace, some credence must be given their theory. There is a ceremonial leather robe or dress worn by Haida chiefs, from which the Chilkat blanket may be an adaptation.

The immediate totem of the Chilkat tribe is the frog, typifying strength. The

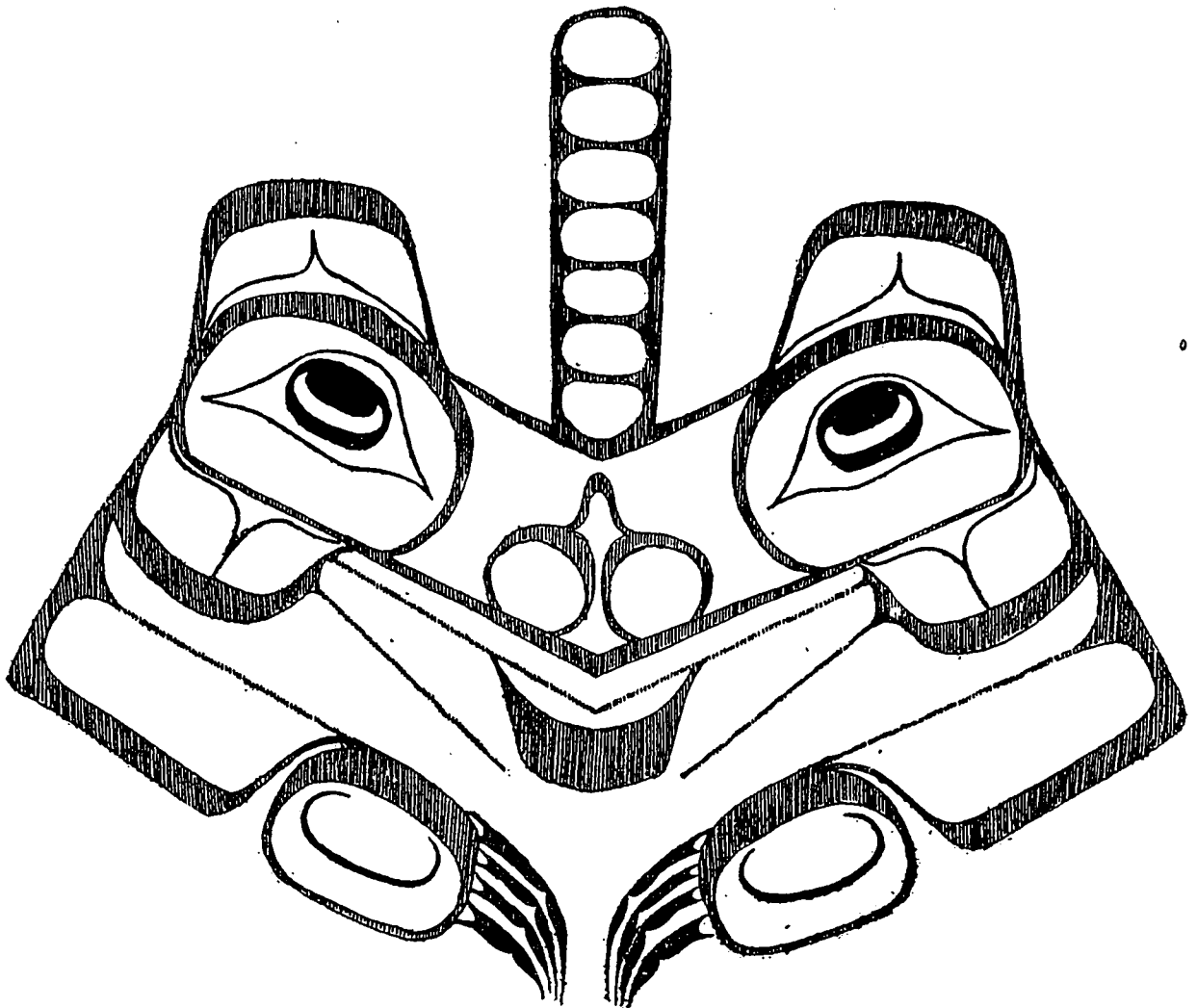


The Raven.

beaver—the totem of Gun-nuckets—is symbolical of the thrift and energy that has placed the Chilkats in the front ranks of the Thlingit Nation. This nation being represented by a raven, which literally means “avenger,” and the halibut, its prey, typifies the white man.

Nor is this idea entirely fanciful, for to this day the Thlingits, especially the Chilkats, show their lasting hatred, prob-

ably inherited, for the whites. Many an unfortunate goldseeker met an untimely death at their hands in the rugged Chilkat Pass during the rush to the Klondike. Occasionally now, incipient hostilities are reported on the Yukon or its tributaries, and these are the last acts of this unforgiving remnant of the passing race.



The Frog.

The Brothers.

Reuben Rambler.

FROM my window I have just witnessed with more concern than you can at present understand, fight between two tiny lads: a puny affair in truth. Yet the blow which finished the combat and left the burly offspring of a neighbouring grocer victorious, was enough—more than enough, to recall another blow, dealt by this right arm, more than forty years ago: a blow which laid a young lad in his grave and left a family devastated. The story is short, and I—who am stricken in years, must tell it ere I go; yet neither seeking nor desiring of God nor man that pardon which I deny myself. Listen:—

I could scarce have been five and twenty the day that I shook hands for the last time with the venerable Professor Schurz, whom I had been assisting for several years in a lengthy and abstruse chemical investigation; and set my face homeward-bound from Heidelbergh to England, bearing with me a modest fame among men of science. My parents were joyed beyond measure at my return; and their gladness was touching to witness when I unfolded to them a plan, which had lately begun to commend itself to me, of fitting up a laboratory at home and there pursuing my dearly loved researches. The rectory (my father was rector of Allbourne in that loveliest of all isles—the Isle of Wight) was a roomy old edifice, and I experienced no difficulty in persuading my mother to give over to my use the long neglected nursery. It was small, 'tis true. But it lay near the top of the house, was secluded and well lighted: qualifications of prime necessity to my pursuits. My quarters once chosen, I lost no time in setting a-foot such alterations and refittings as would render them suitable for scientific purposes. This, with the

necessary apparatus, cost me quite a large sum, towards which, however, my father gave me substantial assistance.

It was here that I conducted and indeed well-nigh consummated a protracted research in matters relating to radiation, which I had begun during my last year at Heidelberg. Month after month I immured myself; frequently remaining all day and far into the night within the close and evil-smelling precincts of my work-room; and I was—at the moment when the matters which I have to relate took place—looking forward to the final touches which would complete my investigations and rank me—oh! glorious dream!—among the first scientific intellects of the day.

My father, grand old priest that he was, admired my rigid mode of life and earnest application, although our views on many philosophical points were necessarily much opposed. My mother thought me the greatest genius on earth; and lavished upon me a love and adoration which might have spoiled a more susceptible temperament than mine. There was, however, one cloud in the sky of this happy, hard-working, home life, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand at first, yet fraught with destruction. I mean the strange behaviour of my younger brother, Eddy—still a lad at school. Too close an application of science, I confess, is apt to wash the elasticity of the emotions, and to produce a certain inhuman rigidity of mind; and there is no doubt in my heart now when I look back, that absorbed in my pursuits as I then was, I often enough made little allowance for my brother's boyish exuberance. But, in justice to myself, I must not conceal the fact that his conduct, however leniently viewed, left much to be desired. There came a time indeed when his evil behaviour

took such a form as seriously to interfere with my work, and this alone was sufficient to arouse in my mind—already tense to hysteria with overstrain—a feeling of aversion towards him, little short of hatred.

We had not always lived thus at variance with one another, Eddy and I. There had been a time, before I went to complete my studies in Germany, when we had been inseparable. And again, when I returned to England, wide though we found the gulf had grown between our individual tastes and understandings, we bore to one another yet an even greater degree of good-will and affection. Indeed, upon our reunion, this graceful stripling, whom I saw again for the first time for many years, and whom I felt proud to claim as my kinsman, had endeared himself afresh to me; as much by his infectious mirth and wealth of frolic, as by his moments of sincere and often poetic candour.

With me, I believe, he was at first hugely delighted. My university degrees, my fluent German and French, my awe-inspiring scientific apparatus, and the romance with which I came invested as a wanderer from the realms of the Rhine; all appealed to his young-budding intellect and imagination.

It was early in July that I had returned home. The summer vacation of the local grammar school which Eddy attended had just begun. For my part I could not continue my labours of research until the fitting up of my laboratory at home had been completed. Moreover I stood in much need of rest; so—dreaming not of the evil to come—for a long and marvelously merry month, Eddy and I wandered at will over our incomparable Downs, each forever finding in the other, some new source of pleasure and astonishment. Many were the moods in which we indulged on those long rambles. Sometimes in the quiet enjoyment of the surrounding scenery and the comforting sense of companionship we journeyed over considerable distances without speech. Then perhaps Jumbo, the energetic and ugly mongrel who always accompanied us on these excursions, would ruthlessly cut off the retreat of some rabbit scurrying burrow-

wards and the pleasant spell of silence would be broken. Away we would both bound in pursuit of Jumbo and his prey, breaking through the bushes and sadly scarifying our limbs amongst the unfriendly furze; whilst the deserted hollows of the Downs rang to the sounds of our shrill shouts and hearty laughter, with a desolate echo, which we heeded not. At other times we would be taken in a great fit of talking; and I would tell endless tales of my experiences abroad. Nothing pleased young Eddy so much as these narrations. He would listen with that deep intentness, so flattering to the raconteur, broken ever and anon by an eager question or pithy comment, to my yarns of old Heidelberg days,—the students' duels, the heartless "hazing" to which newcomers were subjected, the hilarious midnight revels, and the holiday roving on the Rhine. Or again I would translate him in fancy to Paris; show him the fantastic cafes of Montmartre and the Boul' Mich,' the glory of the Champs Elysees, the majesty of Notre Dame, and the tragedy of the Morgue. So insatiable was his appetite for these reminiscences, that frequently in order to satisfy his demand, I was compelled to leave, somewhat reluctantly albeit, the exhausted territory of the actual, for the unexplored land of the probable. Nor were our resources at an end here, for we both had good voices, and possessed some small skill in music. Thus we would march many a mile singing gaily and tunefully enough, now in solo, anon in harmony.

Often when I had been descending with zest upon some merry carnival of student days, my brother would pertinently demand if I did not regret so much pleasure past. I would reply, "No, why should I?" "I enjoyed whatever came my way, and some day perhaps I may beguile the tedium of old age by chewing the cud of recollection. But at present I am much too interested in my work of the future to regret the pleasures of the past." "Always your work," my brother would reply somewhat bitterly. "You rarely get through a sentence without mentioning it at least once. I believe if the rest of us were wiped off

the face of the earth tomorrow, you would continue your eternal researches with composure, and you would regard the breakdown of an experiment with more alarm than the ruin of the family." Stung by an accusation which though unduly exaggerated was sufficiently near the truth to be very disconcerting, I would reply loftily—"You are a child, Eddy, and cannot yet understand the spirit of a man of science."

Towards the termination of my holidays, and while the finishing touches were being put to my laboratory, such recriminations became unpleasantly frequent. It was evident to me that Eddy had begun to view my pursuit of science with a strangely strong aversion; foolishly enough choosing to regard it as a serious rival to his own claims upon my interest and affection. He foresaw doubtless that when I had once recommenced my studies, it would be good-bye forever to all our splendid rambles and delightful talks. The prospect of spending several months virtually alone—for he had left the grammar school and would not go to College till the following Christmas—filled him with splenetic gloom. He had completely abandoned his old comrades and pastimes for my society, and now he found that to return to them was not only difficult but distasteful. The morning which discovered me radiant with joy at being once more among my beloved test-tubes and balances, found Eddy—I verily believe—the most miserable lad in the county.

From that day dated the rupture between us, which trifling at first, broadened with lamentable rapidity into open and avowed animosity. My brother's pleasure-loving and sensitive disposition had been strongly attracted by my own coarse-grained and determined disposition. Impressionable and spontaneously affectionate, he had allowed me, Alas! to loom all too largely on his narrow horizon as an object of love and interest. So that when with scarce an expression of regret, amidst my gladness, I curtly withdrew to my laboratory, he was left with a sense of bitter lost and stinging slight, which I was absorbed too pleasantly at the time to notice. A stronger

character, or a less impressionable than my brother's would have suffered little in such circumstances; but I know now that our summary separation must have been to him a very real anguish.

For the first week or two he hung about my door—a picture of distress; or remained perched for hours in the boughs of the grand old elm-tree which overlooked my window, watching my mysterious movements with sad intentness. At meal times he much perplexed my mother by his moody silence; indeed he rarely spoke at all except to make some bitterly sarcastic reference to me or my work. I heeded him not at all, for I was hot upon the object of my search. Every day it hove nearer and nearer to my vision. But as the weeks passed by, a policy of active aggression began, on Eddy's part to succeed to this mood of passive enmity. He no longer sat idly watching me from the boughs of the elm, but pelted my window with twigs and bark; the while he endeavoured to rouse me to some notice of his presence by clamorous appeals to me to join him in a game of tennis or come for a walk. Finding himself still unheeded he began to resort to more violent measures, not the least annoying of which included clods of earth and unseemly epithets. I attempted a temperate remonstrance, but found myself non-plussed by his calm and malicious impudence. My cultured and kindly parents had successfully spoilt him during my absence, and I found him entirely unamenable to authority or control. What was I to do? A feeling of false pride prevented my appealing—at this late stage—to his good nature: a method of solving the difficulty which I am convinced now would have been immediately successful. My beardless dignity alas! prompted me to high-handed measures; and when one morning a heavy leaden bullet from his catapult, aimed with great skill, smashed my window, narrowly missed my head, and reduced a large and valuable glass retort at the back of the room to a mere powder,—I thought it an appropriate opportunity for the administration of a long-premeditated thrashing. What evil genius could have induced me to make

such a crass mistake! My brother, though of slighter build, was nearly as strong as I, and considerably more versed in the art of pugilism. The calm, judicial castigation which inwardly I had promised him, assumed instead the character of an evenly contested boxing-bout, and half an hour later I returned to my room, very badly bruised and breathed, quite unable to decide in my mind whether I had thrashed my brother or my brother had thrashed me. Finally and much against my will, I appealed—though very guardedly—to my parents; hoping perchance that my persecutor might suffer himself to be dissuaded or commanded from further violence. But as I had feared, their gentle reproaches and remonstrances were vain. My brother showed himself respectfully intractable, and altered his conduct not a whit, save that he now regarded me with increased ill-will.

Affairs were at this unhappy pass, when one morning, having a peculiarly nice point of deduction to settle in regard to an experiment of the previous day; I started out as was my wont in such cases for a solitary walk. I had scarce proceeded half a mile when I became aware of someone following me. I turned sharply about to discover my brother close behind me, breathing heavily from his evidently hurried pursuit. "Let me come with you, John," he began in a pleading tone and still panting, "I——." "Damnation! go back—you limb of the devil," I roared in an access of fury. He blanched, stopped, and then quietly turned away. I strode off savagely; surprise at his sudden submission struggling in my breast with the annoyance caused by the interruption. Every petty detail of that dreadful day stands out in unrelenting distinctness on the tablet of my memory. I solved my problem satisfactorily and turned homewards, soothed and a little softened by my solitary communing. As I turned in at the garden gate, I raised my eyes affectionately to my laboratory window, —half screened by the leafless limbs of the old elm. Behold! it contained not so much as a splinter of glass, and the sashes were all blackened as by fire. Motionless as stone I stood gazing for

fully a minute at the ugly black hole which had once been my window. Ever and anon there spurted forth from it tiny spirals of blueish vapour. Then like the cold stab of a stiletto, the truth pierced my heart. I knew that, during my absence, my laboratory had been burnt out and I—was utterly ruined. Action and ungovernable rage succeeded my stupor, and I rushed into the house and up the stairs, crying so loudly, they say, that it was heard in the street,— "My papers! oh my papers!" The door of my room stood wide open, and a broad stream of dirty water flowed from the ruined and blackened interior across the threshold. Within, our old servant, Maggie, was bustling about with broom and pail. She stopped her cleaning for a moment when she caught sight of my haggard face in the doorway, and regarded me sympathetically for a moment. I felt that my brother was near, but I could not trust myself to look at him. "Now doant 'ee taak on mast'r Ihan, now doant 'ee," began old Maggie. Pushing her roughly to one side, I sprang into the room, towards the corner shelf, where all indexed and labelled, had reposed my voluminous notes,—the work of years; the painfully crowded sheets which contained the results of a thousand tedious experiments, without which my further progress was completely barred. Yes! they were still there on the shelf, but charred beyond all recognition. They crumbled into a cloud of filmy soot at my touch. With a loud cry I fell on my knees and buried my face in my hands, weeping like a child. I do not know how long I had remained thus, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I started, and looking up met the sorrowful gaze of my young brother. Upon the instant my tears dried. The seeming repentance in his face inspired me with a demoniac fury. Springing to my feet I fell upon him with a scream of rage, and smote him with all my force full in the face. He made no effort to evade the blow, but received it, one would almost have said, with gratitude. It felled him like a log. Maggie rushed forward and putting her strong arms about me, scolding and cajoling, pushed me out of the room, fearful lest in my

savage mood I should commit further violence. But my passion had swept by and now utterly broken, I went up to my chamber, and prostrating myself on my bed, soon fell into that heavy stupor which so often mercifully comes to those in great distress of soul.

It happened that my father and mother were away visiting some friends at the sea-side for a day or two and had not yet returned. Towards the close of the afternoon, while I still lay comatose upon the bed, they arrived. Great was their sorrow when the evil record of the day was unfolded to them by the voluble Maggie. My mother came at once to my room, and such was the magic effect of her sweet eyes, and tender consoling voice that the devil within me straightway departed; and I came down to the evening meal in a composed, if sober, frame of mind. My father's words were few, but full of sympathy and encouragement; and before the meal had finished, I was well-nigh cheerful again. Such was the spirit of our little circle that not a word of anger or blame was uttered against the culprit, who had not as yet put in an appearance.

Feeling a trifle uneasy, I enquired privately of Maggie, after dinner, what had become of him. "The young Estcourts,—the doctor's sons, called for him this afternoon, Mast'r Ihan," she replied, "and 'e went off with 'em, but 'is eye was that swolled!" I turned away quickly. I did not like to be reminded of that eye. The thought of it, black and blood-shot disquieted me. As yet my parents knew nothing of the revenge I had taken. Moodily and restlessly I wandered about the house. A feeling of impending catastrophe weighed upon me. A great fear clutched at my heart, that in my rage I had hurt my brother severely; so severely that perhaps he was even now somewhere out on the gloomy downs unable to return. At last I could bear the suspense no longer. Seizing my cap, and curtly telling my father and mother my intention, I set off for the house of Dr. Estcourt; to learn what news I might of the missing lad.

I found the young Estcourts had been home several hours. Eddy—they told me—had parted from them on the way

home; saying he would take the short cut by the Pan. I scarcely checked a cry at the mention of this death-trap. It was a huge chalk-pit shorn deep in the slope of Sourdon Down; forming a kind of inland cliff; exceedingly perilous to the unwary. In a flash, a clear vision of it passed before me, as I had seen it a few days previously: calm, white, deadly: the black flint-marks upon its surface, and the hair-like growth of furge about its outline, giving it the appearance of a horrid, soulless human face.

They had endeavoured, they said, to dissuade him from his plan; knowing that the descent of the cliff at that point was difficult by day, but doubly so in the dusk. Moreover, they continued, he seemed to have hurt his eyes, he would not tell them how, and had complained that everything looked misty. As horror-stricken I stood listening to their story, delivered with true school-boy nonchalance, the eldest son entered the room. He had been formerly my particular chum in the village. During my absence abroad, he had passed into his third year as a medical student, and was at present down on his vacation. "Has not Eddy arrived yet?" he asked, as he came up to shake hands. "No—No." I replied, stammering, "I— I— am just going to search for him." As I noticed the serious expression on his face, a flood of agonizing remorse and fear welled up within me, and I could not utter a sound. "Don't worry, old chap, I expect the young beggar is safe enough," he said, "at any rate it will do no harm to hunt him up;—I'll come with you." Thankful beyond measure for his strong companionship at this horrible hour, I nodded assent, and a few minutes later we were striding rapidly along the road towards the Pan. The night was pitchy dark; neither moon nor star appeared to lessen the gloom. The air was warm and motionless, and a slight drizzling rain had begun to fall.

I dimly remember groping along mud-befouled lanes, staggering across heavy ploughed land, plunging over hedges and gates, ever and anon losing and regaining my foothold, scarce conscious that I moved my mind obsessed with choking

dread. It must have ceased raining for suddenly, illumined by the sepulchral swimming light of the moon, there loomed before me, a blur of misty pallor,—the wan, white idiot-face of the Pan. I broke into a furious run. Not till that moment was I fully aware of my companion's presence. He seized me sternly by the shoulder and bade me be still: saying that he would go forward alone and call me if necessary. Sinking on my knees in the mud, I buried my face in my hands and waited. I knew, oh God! I knew what was there. I had sighted in that one glimpse a short, small streak of black, at the foot of the great whiteness. "John—come here," came through the night in low quiet tones. It was the voice of Estcourt. I arose and approached him where he knelt beside a small dark body. "Have courage," he said. Without a sound I dropped on one knee and raised my brother's seemingly lifeless form in my arms. The breath had not yet fled. Presently he opened his eyes regarding me vaguely. "Eddy!" I cried. Slowly expression returned to his face. "Where am I?—Is that you John?"—he asked dreamily, and then waking a little, "what's happened?—why are you crying? Oh! I remember now—lost way y'know—came over sort o' blind—fell down somewhere I think." Then his eyes closed again.

Speechless, I looked at Estcourt, who had been passing his hand rapidly over the slender muscular frame. He must have guessed the question I dared not utter. "No, he is not dead," he said in German, adding, "Be brave, lad,—his

back is broken—he must go soon." The poor pallid face lay on my breast, all marred and bruised as it was, by my own hand. "Eddy!" I cried, maddened with remorse, "forgive me! oh! forgive me!" The dying boy rallied for a moment at my voice. "Say John—I feel so queerish—I'm awful sorry—you know—I didn't set it on fire, John—on my honour." "Hush Eddy, lad," I replied, while my tears rained on his face. Thenceforward his words came slowly but steadily for a spell—"smelt a beastly stink—saw smoke under your door—tried to get in—couldn't—locked—broke off lock—chucked jug of water over—then Maggie came and helped me put dam thing out." "Eddy! Eddy! for Christ's sake! say you forgive me! Oh I was mad!" I cried. "That's alright old fellow, I—," here he faltered and his voice sank very low. I bent my head, and heard afar off it seemed,—"sorry John—I—I—I've been a rotter to you lately." "Don't, don't Eddy! you—." But he went on unheeding—"I'm sleepy John—good-night." "Good-night Eddy," I replied softly: "Say: God bless you, like mother does," he added. "God bless you," I tried to say, but could not. "God bless—" he murmured back, as I had spoken, and as my lips touched his the young life had sped.

* * * * *

Much has happened which matters not 'twixt then and now. But though I am an old man, and hoary-headed; is it any wonder to you that I still shudder and cry aloud at the sight of a blow?



The Log of the "Mineola."

By a Landsman.

Vancouver, B. C. July, 17, 1907.

TWO of us could not swim, we were mere passengers, the Skip, mate and engineer could all swim. I feel more comfortable therefore now that I have smuggled a stray life-preserver on board which I found lying around the club float. I have hidden it in one of the lockers.

A gasoline engine boat had never impressed me favorably, in fact I had always been possessed of a more or less wholesome dread of the things. This one seemed to be all right, however, and besides we were taking out on this trip a young fellow who knew all about gasoline engines. Anyone could tell he knew all about them—he handled this one so gingerly. The boat is 35 feet long with a cabin in front which is a wheel house during the day, but can be converted into a stateroom with one single and one double berth for the night. In the middle is a fine pantry and small cooking stove on one side, and a well finished toilet room on the other side, with an aisle between them. Behind this is the engine room with two single berths and lockers for tools, dishes, oilskins, etc. The doorway out of the cabin leads on to a very commodious deck with an awning over it. All kinds of provisions have been put on board, and the other passenger and myself have been sitting out on deck for the last half hour smoking and waiting for the skip to start away.

I forgot to say that this is to be a ten days' cruise—my first experience of the kind. I was at first very much inclined to stay at home, but finally made up my mind that if I was going to die I might just as well go this way as any other, so I accepted the skip's invitation and here I am.

Here comes the Skip, so I'll stop for the present.

10 p.m.—Well here we are tied up to the float at the Pilot Station, just east of Point Atkinson. The Skip's a crank. Nothing to eat yet, although good things are commencing to smell up now. When he got down to the float this afternoon, he raised ructions. The new charts and coast pilot hadn't been put aboard. I know what charts are, but I don't know yet what a coast pilot is, and I am afraid to ask. Then no fresh water and Skip wanted to know if we preferred salt to fresh. When you come to think of it, of course, you have to take fresh water to drink. We got away at six o'clock, rounded into the narrows, passed Prospect Point lighthouse at 6:30 p. m. Passed the tug "William Jolliffe" with "Robert Kerr" in tow at 6:45.

Skip "tells off watches." He and I are on the same "watch." I suppose I'll learn what this is, too. The mate and John P., the other passenger, are the other watch. The engineer is to be on duty all the time.

We tied up at eight p.m.

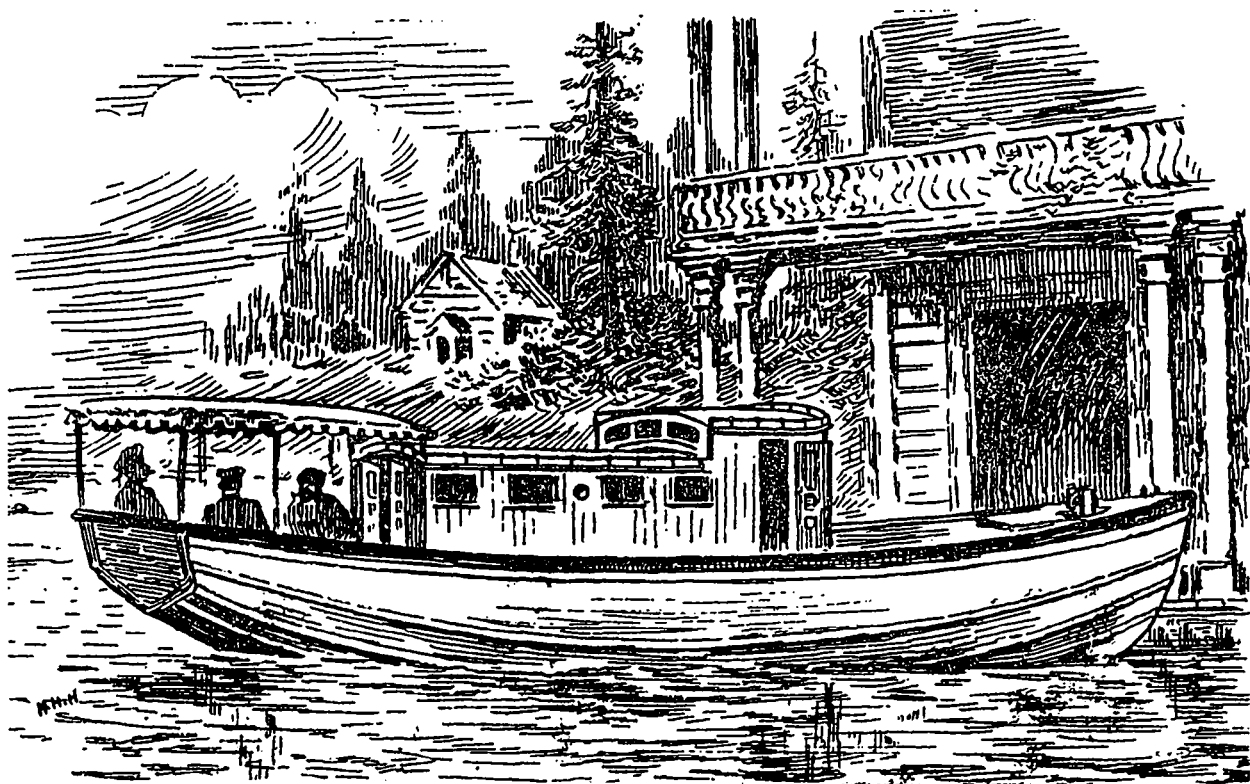
Thursday, July 18th.

After a fine meal last night, the Skip took us all into his confidence and taught us things of the sea. I showed him this log. He and the mate laughed so much that although I at first thought of destroying it I have decided to keep it. I sleep on the "starboard side for'd." The Skip sleeps on the "starboard side aft."

We were up at six o'clock, had breakfast and were away at seven. Skip says I must say bells—seven o'clock is six bells. A magnificent morning, the sun shining on the distant snow-capped peaks of Vancouver Island, the broad Gulf between and the dark green slopes of Bowen Island in the foreground made a picture not to be erased from this landsman's mind. We headed up Howe

Sound. Passed "Manion's" at 8:30. Passed tug with boom at nine. Passed Bowyer Island, a round green knob, and proceeded on up the Sound. Ahead the Sound narrows to about two miles in width. Mountains rise on either hand from the water's edge to where their snow-capped peaks can look down on us basking in the sun six thousand feet below. Anvil Island, so called by Captain George Vancouver on account of its resemblance to a blacksmith's anvil, when seen from seawards, is left on our port side, and in front of us Mount Garibaldi rears his mighty head as if barring

I have just been making myself comfortable with some cushions when I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am part of the crew of a well ordered yacht, for I am informed by the Skip that it is now my turn at the wheel. I had noticed the "watch" being relieved from time to time, but had not realized that I, too, was subject to the same discipline. So for the next two hours I, the man who but yesterday was mixed up in puny affairs of business guided the packet down that wonderful channel all by myself. To feel her answer my slightest touch thrilled me and the spirit



"Ready at the Wharf."

all further progress. Nine thousand, eight hundred feet high is this monarch of the coast range. By this time we have opened up Thornborough Channel to the west, and leaving the main channel of the Sound we run close in by Defiance Islands on the north shore where Mts. Ellesmere and Wrottesley rise almost sheer above us to a height of five thousand, eight hundred feet. The southern shore of this channel is formed by Gambier Island, whose moderate height simply serves to emphasize the immensity and grandeur of these mighty and everlasting hills.

of the whole scene, the mountains, the deep silent waters of the channel, the clear brilliant sunlight and the cool green slopes of the hills all entered into my very being, until I forgot that there ever was any other existence than this or cared whether there would be any other. Then the door from the galley pushed open and the gleeful query put, "Hey, your watch is up, how about eating something." So ended my first "turn at the wheel."

Friday, July 19th.

We anchored yesterday afternoon about five o'clock at Gibson's Landing.

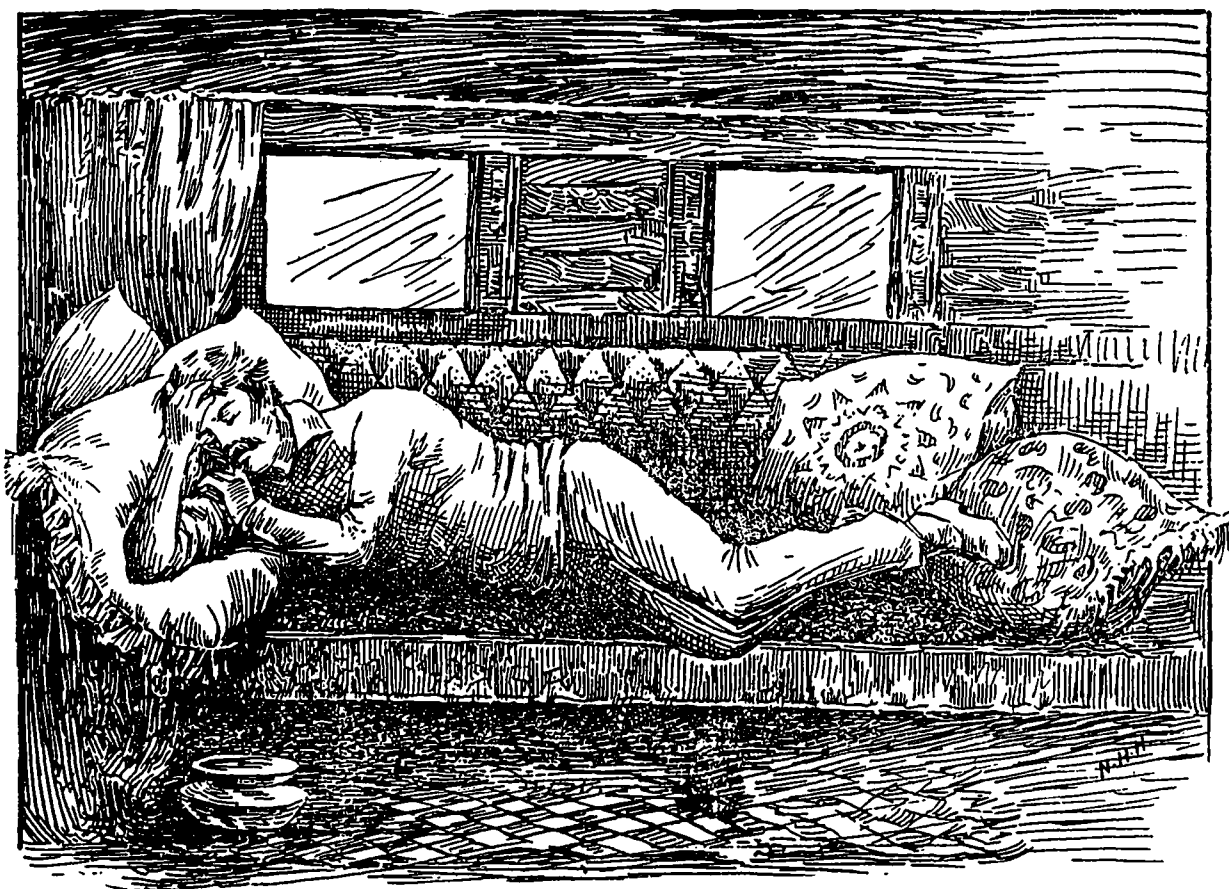
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I found out this morning that after passing Mannion's, we had been travelling all day at half speed. Fresh milk, eggs and berries were obtained ashore, and this morning we started up the Gulf for Buccaneer Bay. There was quite a sea rolling in from the south on account of a S. E. wind, which blew last night. I did not feel well. Of course, I was not sea sick, and took my turn at the wheel; but I think I indulged too freely of the fresh eggs and berries this morning. Every time the packet would leap for half her length over the crest of a big

lost remembrance of those berries and cream and began to imbibe a little of the glorious spirit of the occasion, and felt genuine regret when at four p. m. we ran into smooth water, under the lee of Thormanby Islands. At 4:30 we entered Buccaneer Bay, giving its eastern point a wide berth to escape the reef which extends for some distance to the north.

Saturday, July 20th.

I was awakened this morning by the pitter patter of the rain on the cabin top. The high wind from the S. E. of



"Of Course I Was Not Sick."

wave and dive down into the next, I felt as though she were going to keep right on going down, but with a chug and a sough as she hit into it she would give a shrug of her powerful bows and throwing a smother of spray high over her, would leap for the crest of the next wave. The Skip's eyes were glistening with delight, his whole face beamed, and every now and then as we would go through a good one, an exclamation of pure joy would break from his lips. Every one else was apparently enjoying it to the full, and after a time even I

yesterday afternoon and evening, had brought it up, and it is now coming down steadily and persistently. We decided that as we were very snug at this anchorage, and were in no rush, that we would stay where we were to-day.

We all went ashore last evening and visited a number of Vancouver people camping here. This is a beautiful summer camping grounds, and will undoubtedly become very popular. The mate and John P. went out in the dinghy this morning and caught a very fine salmon, which we had for lunch, that is to say,

we had the most of it. The Skip is a good cooker of salmon. John P. worked the gramophone all morning, and we have been entertaining visitors from shore practically all day.

This evening we are to attend a doin's at Mrs. C——'s camp, which promises well. Altogether we did wisely in staying over here to-day. We are all wise. Skip says so, so it must be so. Besides the barometer is going up slowly, which the Skip says means fine weather to-morrow sure.

Sunday, July 21st, 1907.

This morning broke bright and clear. Got under way at seven o'clock. Turning out around the north end of the islands, we head for the distant shores of Vancouver Island. Texada looms up on the north like a great giant basking in the morning sun with Lasqueti, his watch dog sleeping at his feet. A light summer breeze is springing up from the west, turning the pale shimmering waters to a deep deep blue. The boundary line of the blue approaches closer and closer until finally we run into it. For the first time I see the Skip's face show a little dissatisfaction.

"What's up, Skip?" said I.

"Nothing," but I waited in silence knowing that a confession was coming.

"This gasoline wagon is all right, but the old "Swan" for mine."

The "Swan" was a sailing yacht the Skip used to own. Being a landsman I could not understand him altogether, and so attributed his remarks to some happy bygone trip in the "Swan," memories of which were awakened by the present combination of circumstances.

The routine on board is now well established. One of my specific duties is to see that the riding light is properly in place every night.

My turn at the wheel comes on from twelve noon to two. It is very hot. Am steering by compass S. E. Everyone lying around in the shade where available. This is certainly a glorious day. The chug chug of the engine used to bother me at first, but I forget about it now unless my attention is called to it.

Away to the northwest, Sabine Channel opens up between Lasqueti Island

and Texada. Then Ballinac's Islands appear to the westward as we draw nearer to the Vancouver Island shore. Away far inland on the island the hills rise gradually higher and higher, their wooded slopes of darkest green, here and there spotted with a settler's clearing, finally culminating in ragged mountain tops, all simmering in the afternoon sun.

About three o'clock we passed some bare rocky islets on our port side, and could catch glimpses of Nanaimo in the distance. About four o'clock ("eight bells" says Skip) we turned into Nanaimo harbor past Protection Island, with its derricks and heaps of coal and slag, and dropped anchor just south of the steamboat dock in a little bight so perfectly protected as to be secure from any wind that might come up. We all got on shore clothes, which felt very awkward and uncomfortable, and went up town. I think from the way the people stared at us that we looked as awkward as we felt. The Skip treated us to dinner at the hotel, and after looking around the town, came back to the packet and turned in early. Skip says I am the most industrious logger he ever saw. He says I should get in barometer readings. I'll start this to-morrow.

Monday, July 22nd, 1907; bar. 30.12.

Bright and clear. Breeze westerly. Left Nanaimo eight a. m. Headed down Northumberland Channel. Got out charts as the coast pilot warns against false narrows. By watching the south shore very closely, we pick out Dodd's Narrows, a veritable hole in the wall, scarcely 100 feet in width. As the tide was rushing through very fiercely, we decided to wait outside in the main channel for an hour. Finally headed for the place and got through all right. After the first hundred yards it opens up, but the tide currents are extraordinarily strong, and the greatest care must be observed. After passing the DeCourcy Islands on our port side, we passed close by the wreck of a big steel freighter in the mouth of Stuart Channel. The story goes that a Swede captain disdainful of the services of a pilot, attempted to bring her out from Chemainus himself, with this unfortunate ending. Passing Portier Pass, we caught a glimpse of the

broad, peaceful Gulf and almost wished we were taking the outside passage, but the unlimited variety, the never ending wonder and delight of the scenery of these islands through which we are now passing, more than compensates for the difference.

At noon we passed the western end of Active Pass, and following the route of the "Princess Victoria," kept right on for Victoria. At four p. m. the "Princess" passed us. We cheered her and got a response.

Tuesday, July 23rd, 1908.

We anchored in Victoria harbor at 7:30 last evening. A number of members of the Victoria Yacht Club came aboard and a very pleasant evening was spent. We are to spend to-day in Victoria.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1907.

Took the packet around to Oak Bay, and anchored there. Had a number of Victoria friends aboard, who enjoyed the little trip.

Thursday, July 25th; Bar. 30.4.

Bright clear morning. Breeze light, westerly. Got under way at seven a. m. (six bells.) Made our course up the centre of Haro Strait. There is a fascination about taking to the open stretches of water that is not present amongst the islands, however attractive they may be.

Rounding Turn Point, we headed east for the Succia Islands, which lie at the foot of the open waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and ran along the International Boundary line for some miles, with old Saturna to the north and San Juan with its covey of little islands nestling around its shores, to the south. As we passed the East Point lighthouse on the extreme southerly point of Saturna, we left behind us the sheltering protection of our home land for at this point we cross the boundary line into Uncle Sam's territory. Leaving Patos Island to the north, we skirted along the northern shores of the Succia's (Skip says, pronounce it Sushia.) Towards the eastern point of these islands, they become much broken up and would make a bad lee shore in a gale. We rounded this east-

ernmost point, giving it a wide berth on account of reefs, and turning to the west ran up into the prettiest little bay I have ever seen. Nothing is too good to say of Echo Bay. It is more like a dream-land than an actual living place. These little islands, in no place more than one hundred feet high, lie in the form of a horseshoe and Echo Bay is formed by the two arms. The islands are well wooded, but with little underbrush, giving them the appearance of a well-kept park. We ran up to the head of the bay, and anchored about two hundred feet from the shore. Having made everything snug, we went ashore, landing on a smooth pebbly beach. A remarkable thing was the absolute cleanliness of the place. The water was clear and sparkling, the pebbles on the beach were brilliant in their whiteness, even the driftwood seemed to be all scoured and cleaned for our reception. There were indications of deer, but as we wandered through the trees and across the neck to the western shore of the islands, we discovered that they were otherwise uninhabited. An old fence and a few old deserted shacks now in a tumbledown condition, indicated, however, that at one time human beings dwelt on the islands, living what must have been an ideal existence.

At ten o'clock to-night I went up on deck to inspect the riding light before turning in. The night was perfectly calm. The moon was full. Away to the eastward, past the entrance of the bay, over the silent stretches of the Gulf and beyond the mystic dark background of the Mainland, ghost-like loomed Mount Baker; his mighty height of snow outlined clear in the moonlight, keeping silent watch over this fairyland of ours, the same now as when he welcomed the first of our race over a century ago, and as he had done for ages past, and as he will continue to do for ages to come. Around about us lay the islands. The clear spots and beaches thrown into relief by the dark shadows of the woods. The little ground swell coming in from the Gulf gently rocked "Mineola," and passing on broke with a ripple on the beach, intensifying the silence of the night. Finally the moon

sank in the west behind the trees, and I went below to turn in. It was two o'clock.

Friday, July 26th, 1907.

I awoke this morning with the smell of fresh bacon and coffee in my nostrils, and heard a big splash overboard. I turned out at once and joined the bunch in a swim three times around the packet. After breakfast, the "engineer" said he had about an hour's work to do on the engine before we could get away, so we had a general cleaning up.

We got away about ten o'clock. Day bright and clear, with light westerly breeze. Our course lay right up the middle of the Gulf somewhat west of north. We were now heading for home. Soon the Succia's began to look far off and East Point lighthouse beaming in the morning sun was soon little more than a white speck. I think I mentioned

before the fascination of getting out in the open. There is nothing else like it. Skip is at the wheel. John P. and the mate are reading, the engineer is looking at that engine as I have seen some children behold a favorite puppy, so I am going to go below and have a sleep.

Saturday, July 27th, 1907.

There is very little more to add to this log. When I woke up yesterday, Point Grey was in sight. We ran into Pilot Cove and spent the night there, and this morning, after getting everything ship shape, came into Vancouver, and here we are at the Club anchorage at the end of what has been to me the most delightful and altogether happy experience I have ever had. The whole crew have voted and require me to put down that this has been the most pleasant trip taken up to date on "Mineola."



The Ruined Cities of Ceylon

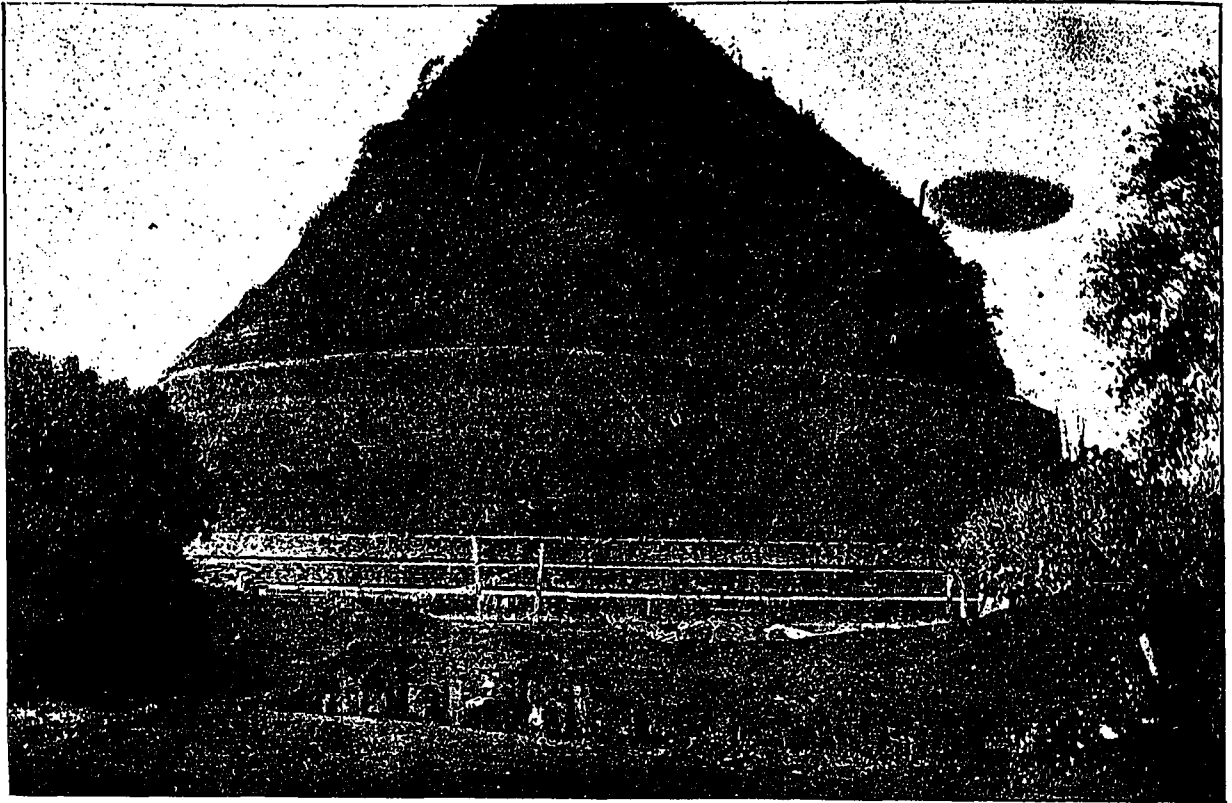
Frank Burnett

ABOUT the middle of the sixth century, before Christ, long before the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon race had commenced to emerge from savagery, there reigned over Vanga in Southern India, a powerful king called Siha Bahu, whose son and heir was Vijaya. This youth, upon attaining manhood became a thorn in his father's side, to such an extent in fact was the recklessness of his conduct and so serious his escapades, that the nation rose in rebellion, and insisted upon Siha Bahu putting him to death. The old king being naturally averse to this, induced Vijaya, with some 500 followers and their families, to leave Vanga upon three ships, on a voyage of conquest to the south. After many vicissitudes and adventures, the narration of which would fill a book, the little armada eventually reached the land of Lanka (Ceylon), where the future conqueror landed with his small army. He found the country occupied by a dark-skinned comparatively civilized people called Yakkas, whom they immediately proceeded to subdue and dispossess, on the plea that as they were demons they consequently were not entitled to exist. In this undertaking Vijaya was only partially successful, and it is very problematical whether he would have obtained a permanent footing if he had not fallen in love with and taken to wife a "demon" bride of the name of Kuvani, a beautiful Yakka lady of high degree. With her assistance and that of her numerous following, he was enabled to capture the capital Sirivattha, kill the king and usurp his position. After bringing the whole of Lakka, under his dominion, he then founded amongst other cities, Anuradhapura, the greatest of them all, and which eventually became the capital in the reign of Pandukabhaya, the third king of Vijaya's dynasty. For the next three hundred years

there was evidently little done in the way of extraordinary building, the chief concern of the rulers being to make the country capable of supporting its ever-increasing population, which they did by the construction of irrigation works on an enormous scale, and which exist to this day. So that if it had not been for the introduction of Buddhism in the third century, B. C., there would probably be no ruins of Anuradhapura at the present time to excite the wonder of visitors.

This religion was introduced into Ceylon during the reign of King Devanampiya Tissa, the beloved of the gods, by Prince Mahinda, a son of one of the most powerful Indian potentates Asoka, who had recently accepted that faith, and like most new converts, considered he had a divine mission to spread its tenets throughout the whole earth. Mahinda at the termination of his aerial flight from Northern India, landed on the rock Mahintale, near Anuradhapura, near where, most opportunely, Tissa was hunting. The king being a spectator of this wonderful miracle, at once adopted Buddhism, which example was followed speedily by the whole of his people. In one instance no less than one hundred thousand of his subjects being converted in a day by Mahinda's preaching.

As a result of this wholesale conversion, a strong, wealthy priesthood was established, whose principal object was apparently to give an impetus to the up-rearing of monuments and temples in connection with Budhistic worship. The king led the way, and all pious persons vied with each other in giving grants to the yellow-robed fraternity for that purpose, with the result that Dagabas and Viharas were erected in profusion. Great stone Budhas were carved out of the solid rock, some of the largest being eighty feet in length, while rock frescoes were executed which to-day fill the



Ruanveli Dagaba, built 200 B.C.

beholder with admiration and wonder. This continued with varying activity for some fifteen hundred years, when the beginning of the end commenced. Luxury, invasions from the mainland, civil wars together with the exactions and continual interference in affairs of state by the all-powerful hierarchy, had sapped the strength of the monarchy to such an extent that it was at its last gasp in A. D. 1164, when Parakrama Bahu the Great ascended the throne. His strong will and indomitable character, however, only delayed the inevitable for a few years. He reconquered the outlying states that had thrown off the Singalese yoke, and extended his dominions to their old-time boundaries, but upon his death, disintegration at once set in and worked so rapidly that within one hundred years the sceptre of sovereignty with all its glory, passed away from the plains, allowing the tropical jungle to resume its sway, which it did so rapidly that in about half a century, Anuradhapura and its sister cities were completely overwhelmed, and their sites had become the haunts of the wild elephant, the panther, and other denizens of the forest, in which state they remained until recently rescued by the colonial government.

In the work of rescue, the government commenced operations at the sacred Bo tree, working in a continual increasing circle, which has at present a diameter of about five miles, and which is estimated to be about one-third of the dimensions of the city when it was at its zenith. This great object of veneration to the whole Budhistic world was propagated from a branch of the original tree under which Gautama Budha did his contemplation prior to acquiring absolute wisdom in Northern India. It was imported by King Tissa in the beginning of the third century, B. C., and around it were erected, the principal Dagabas and temples. In connection with this tree was built the Brazen Palace, so called on account of its having been covered with tiles of that description, and as it stood nine stories high, accommodating nine hundred monks, it must have been a grand object to the beholders on the surrounding plains reflecting from its gorgeous roof the rays of a tropical sun. Though called a palace, it was really a monastery for the convenience of the yellow-robed fraternity in charge of the Bo tree shrine, and was built in the second century, B. C., according to plans brought from heaven by the Devas and presented to the king. It was destroyed

by Cholyan invaders in the 12th century A.D., and all that now remains of the structure are the foundations consisting of sixteen hundred square stone pillars about fifteen feet high, each cut out of the rock in one solid piece.

A short distance north on the sacred way stands the great Dagaba Ruanveli built in the second century, B.C. It is dome-shaped and built of brick throughout with no inner chamber so far as can be ascertained from the ancient writings and is surrounded by a stone-paved square platform upon which originally stood many temples but of which there are now no remains with the exception of four large statues of Buddha and two of figures supposed to be kings. Its revetment wall shows an unbroken circle of elephants placed so as to impress the beholder with the idea that they are supporting the whole structure upon their backs.

This Dagaba is nearly three hundred feet high with foundations of cement some twenty feet deep and was originally coated with stucco and gilded from revetment wall to pinnacle. A casual observer from a distance on account of

its height and its resemblance to a large hill partially covered with forest growth would scarcely suspect that it was entirely artificial and the handiwork of man, erected by a king in the heart of what was ages ago a city extending for miles in all directions but of which not a single complete building is now in existence.

Opposite the eastern porch of Ruanveli are some extensive ruins in the centre of which is a sarcophagus of a king and at the back of this building stands a beautifully sculptured urinal most interesting from the fact that the carving upon it represents the front of a three-stored dwelling so that by this stone one is given a clear idea of the design in which the edifices of that description were constructed.

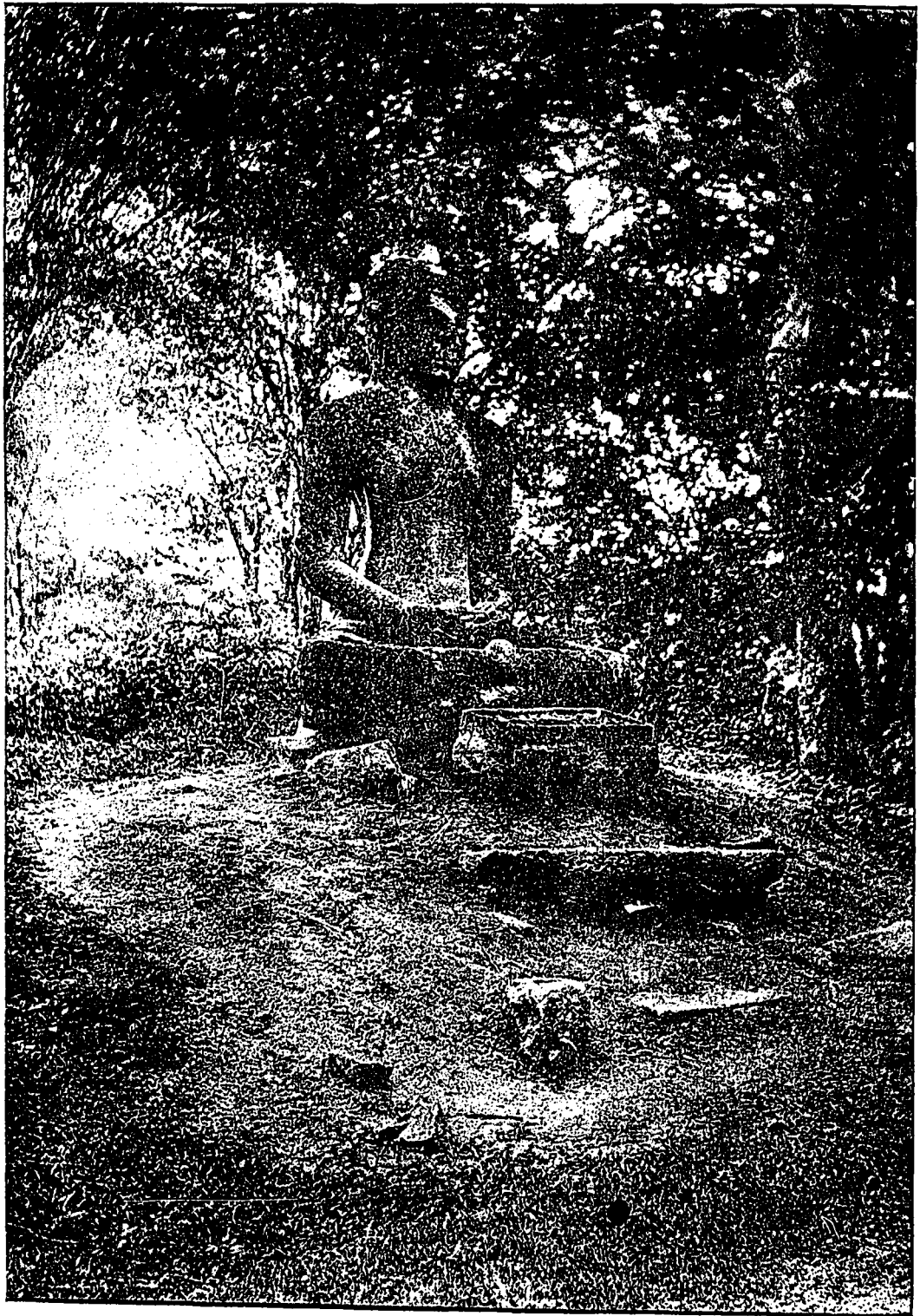
To the northeast about a mile distant is the smallest but best preserved of all the dagabas known as the Thuparama erected in the early part of the third century, B.C., by Devanampiza Tissa and which is said to contain the collar bone of Budha. It is still covered with its original plaster and therefore conveys a good conception of how the



Ruins of Brazen Palace, built 200 B.C.

larger ones looked in all their glory before covered with forest growth. The pillars of the shrine which surround the dagaba are still in situ—those of the inner circle being twenty-four while the outer ones are fourteen feet high. They

ruins of the Dalada Maligawa, the palace or temple in which was enshrined Budha's tooth in the year A.D. 319. This most valued of all relics has had a most wondrous career. At one time to save it from the hands of sacriligious in-



Statue of Budha, over 2,000 years old.

are very graceful, each consisting of a solid piece of granite, the lower portion being square, the upper octagonal with capitals beautified by various designs of wild animals and lotus buds. Almost adjoining but at a lower level are the

vaders the Monks in charge ground it into powder which they consigned to the ocean. After all danger had passed away and peace again was in the land at the command of the gods every particle was gathered together and returned to the



Thuparama Dagaba, containing Budha's left Collar Bone. Built 300 B.C.

priests of the temple by the denizens of the sea. Out of these by miraculous power was reconstructed the tooth and it now lies safely in the temple at Kandy under the joint custody of the Provincial Governor and the High Priest, where, on stated occasions, it is allowed to be placed on exhibition for the benefit of any doubting Thomas and also to allow the faithful who journey from India, Burmah, Siam, in fact from the whole Eastern world to worship this venerable and precious relic.

Around the Thuparama Dagaba must have been the most thickly populated portion of the city, judging from the number of ruins and remains of residences, kitchens and bathrooms scattered throughout the surrounding park—one bath in particular deserving notice. It is cut out of a solid block of stone, highly ornamental, in fact is really a work of art and is fully larger than two ordinary modern ones.

To the west is Mahinda's tomb, greatly revered, though only a portion of the apostle's remains are interred here, the major part being at Mahintale, where most of his missionary work was carried on and where he died.

To the south stood the Chief Vihara of the Monks attached to different Daga-bas in the vicinity. From its size one can realize the number of priests these high temples supported. It was erected upon sixty massive stone pillars and was several stories high, surrounded by numerous cells for the use, no doubt, of those of the fraternity inclined to a life of hermitage.

Off a side road from the sacred way almost hidden by jungle is a fine specimen of a Budha some twelve feet in height, all that remains, with the exception of the foundations, of a temple to which it was presented by one of the early Monarchs over two thousand years ago and in which it must have been the principal figure as well as a source of great attraction to the faithful devotees congregated from all parts of the earth. Empires and dynasties have arisen, reached their zenith and passed away during the ages it has been thus seated in solitary grandeur. If it could only speak, what a marvelous story would be unfolded, telling of the busy multitudes that had gathered there—of the throngs of weary pilgrims from far distant countries who had through hardships and

perils by land and sea traveled thousands of miles for the inestimable privilege of being enabled to worship at this venerable shrine, thereby advancing themselves at least one step nearer to the coveted Nirvana, the goal of all devout Buddhists—and without doubt it will still be found sitting there looking forth upon the ruins of this great city with that conventional Budhistic expression, serene and beneficent, signifying perfect rest and peace, when the present foremost and most virile nations of the earth having had their day and fulfilled their mission are numbered with the empires of the past in accordance with the immutable law of nature which history teaches most assuredly applies not only to individuals but also to the different races of mankind.



Jetawanarama Dagaba.

On the road to the greatest of all the Dagabas an alms house is passed in which is seen an enormous boat-shaped trough with which everyone of these buildings was provided. It is about sixty feet in length and three to four feet in breadth and depth, the two sides and bottom being each composed of solid slabs of stone morticed into one another and was used as a receptacle for rice to feed the poor and needy upon feast days. Its size gives a good idea of the multitude that would require to be fed at one time on any of these festive occasions. Further on to the left is the elephant pokuna or bathing pond, so called from its ex-

tensive dimensions. The walls are partly natural rock and partly blocks of stone arranged so as to form flights of steps, thereby enabling the bather to reach the water.

The next great object of interest is the Jetawanarama, the monarch of all the Dagabas, built in the latter part of the third century, A.D., by Maha Sena, as a peace offering to the hierarchy upon the termination of a conflict he had been engaged in with the priesthood for some years in an attempt to curb their growing arrogance and encroachments upon the royal prerogatives, a conflict in which neither side emerged victorious, it having terminated in a practical drawn battle succeeded by a truce. The Dagaba is 307 feet high with its spire intact, is composed of twenty million cubic feet of brickwork and it has been estimated that its construction would entail the labour of five hundred bricklayers working ten hours a day for seven years, the material being sufficient to build a wall ten feet by one foot from London to Edinburgh. The square-shaped paved court is reached by broad flights of steps and all around are scattered innumerable ruins of temples, palaces and viharas. At the foot of the steps leading to all temples is laid a moonstone sculptured in one conventional style, the ornamentation usually consisting of four concentric bands, the outer one being of a foliage pattern, the second elephants, lions and other wild animals, the third more foliage and the inner one a row of geese bearing lotus buds. Now as the goose is distinctively symbolical of Brahma it is evident that, as has been the case with all supplanting religions, Buddhism was not accepted by the masses in the pure form in which it emanated from the Master, that the Buddhist missionaries in order to obtain the adhesion of the people to the new faith were obliged to graft upon it many of the dogmas, ceremonies and rites of Brahminism, whose place it occupied, so that the ethical principles enunciated by Budha were never really taught in their purity in Ceylon but were from the date of their introduction contaminated by Brahminical paganism and that therefore Buddhism in

that island has always been a system of modified idolatry.

The limited scope of a magazine article necessarily only allows a very meagre description of the principal objects of interest in this wonderful city, the buildings in which were almost entirely of massive stone construction, necessitating the transport of the material from the mountains seventy-five to one hundred miles distant. So great indeed were the dimensions of some of the blocks that the native of today with his unsophisticated mind can only account for their

transport by assuming that "there were giants upon the earth in those days," while the fact is that if man had not succeeded in domesticating the wild elephant the probabilities are that Anuradhapura with its miles of ruins of temples, palaces and viharas, its great dagabas, sculptured Budhas and forests of graceful stone pillars would not be in existence today to excite the admiration of those who are privileged to visit it. I propose to describe Sigiriya and Mahintale in another article. They are unique ruins, differing altogether from Anuradhapura.

Ashes of Roses

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

A sunbeam kissed her pale proud lips,
 'Wakening the rose with a start,
 'Till from the 'midst of a silv'ry disc,
 She bared her golden heart.
 But the sun had smiled on many blooms,
 So, soon he passed her by—
 Hiding his face in the gorgeous glow
 Of a red and gold flecked sky,
 Then came night with her jewelled crown,
 To where the white rose grew,
 While the bent moon like a phantom ship
 Sailed through a sea of blue.
 But the rose turned pale in the ghostly light,
 And silently drooped her head,
 And only the stars and the whispering wind,
 Heard what the fair bloom said.
 But dawn, when she opened her lattice wide,
 To waft to the earth a kiss,
 Mused to herself, while a lark soared high,
 "There is one sweet flower I miss."
 She smiled on her stem but yestermorn,
 Where the tangled woodbine grows,
 A fragrant, pale, and dainty bloom,
 My dew-pearled, sparkling rose!
 Then, a wandering breeze, met blushing dawn,
 And ere the two had parted,
 He told of the fate of the pale proud rose,
 That the sun left, broken-hearted.
 So dawn crept soft through the garden old,
 And there 'midst the petals shed
 She found a drift of snow-white leaves,
 But the rose, alas—was dead!



A Metropolis in the Making.

Elliott S. Rowe

IN the twenty odd years of its life, the City of Vancouver has covered the distance between a rude frontier hamlet and a substantial modern city. In 1886, the date of its incorporation, its population was 1,000, while today, according to the publishers of the local directory, there are 85,000 people living within its bounds. Five thousand names have been added to the directory lists within the year, representing, approximately, an increase of 15,000 in the population.

In 1887 the total assessable property in the city was valued at \$2,639,000, of which amount \$182,235 was accredited to improvements. In 1907 the figures opposite these two items were respectively, \$54,727,810 and \$16,381,475.

During these twenty years Vancouver has installed a waterworks plant, having ninety-three miles of mains and capable of delivering twenty million gallons of water every twenty-four hours, which has cost it \$1,958,000. It has built two hundred and thirty miles of streets and seventy-three miles of sewers, costing respectively \$1,399,668, and \$674,222. Sidewalks of which sixty-six miles are cement, have been laid at a cost of \$354,919, and fire halls and equipment represent an expenditure of \$304,541.

Vancouver boasted one school in 1886, worth probably \$1,000, in which there were two teachers engaged. Today its seventeen school buildings with one hundred and fifty-five rooms, accommodating seven thousand, six hundred and eight pupils and one hundred and fifty-nine teachers, together with equipment, are valued at \$1,093,158. The school salary bill amounts to over twelve thousand dollars per month, while another couple of thousand per month is spent upon the property, in maintenance and repairs.

These figures are typical. There has been a similar ratio of increase in all matters pertaining to the city, with the notable exception of "arrears of taxes" which amounted to ninety-five thousand dollars less in 1907 than in 1887, although the total amount levied in the year first mentioned was nearly seven hundred thousand dollars more than in the latter.

Thus we have foundations sufficient for a civic superstructure of metropolitan proportions, and there is every reason to believe that the future will fully justify the optimism expressed in foundations so broad and so substantial. At all events, there is no present sign of weakening of faith in Vancouver, on the part of its citizens or of outside inves-

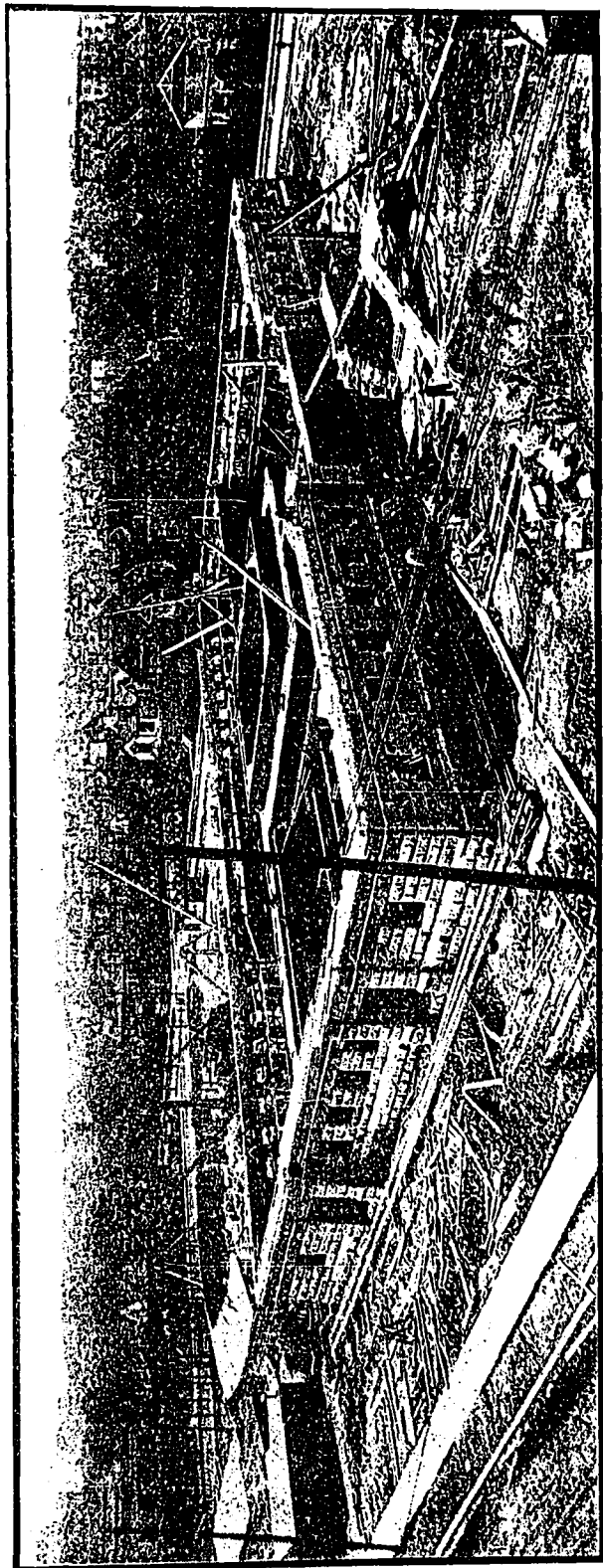
tors. Despite the prevailing financial conditions, there is no falling off in the number or the magnitude of new enterprises whose success depends upon the continued prosperity and advancement of the city. During the month of April last a new record was made in several features of progress. Building permits issued in that month were greater in number and three hundred and fifty thousand dollars greater in value than those taken out in any previous month in the history of the city. Land registry office returns in number of applications and in fees collected were also in advance of any previous month. Buildings now under construction exceed in number and in estimated cost those undertaken at any one time in the past, while construction will shortly begin on business blocks which in dimensions and cost will be in a class of which there have not been up to the present any specimens in this city.

In short, investors are proceeding upon the assumption that Vancouver will rank among the first cities on the continent and will shortly be recognized as one among the great shipping and industrial centres of the world.

And it is to be noted that among these investors are financial institutions, proverbially critical and conservative, whose course is not in any degree affected by optimism born of local civic pride, but is directed wholly by cold-blooded and impartial estimate of the circumstances affecting their investments. Banks, insurance and loan companies having interests in all parts of Canada, are erecting buildings in Vancouver not inferior to those occupied by their head offices in eastern centers, while both the Dominion and Provincial governments are indicating their appreciation of the needs of their several local departments by housing them in buildings that would be out of place in any other than a city of the first class.

For instance the Canadian Bank of Commerce is constructing a building of steel and granite, fit to grace the main business corner of any city in the world, while the Bank of Montreal has just expended fifty thousand dollars upon extensions of its one hundred thousand dol-

lar property, and the Bank of British North America has begun the erection of a fifty-five thousand dollar addition to its already impressive and substantial structure. The Dominion Govern-



New Court House.

ment is spending half a million dollars on a new Post Office, an addition to which is already contemplated, and the Provincial Government is putting three-quarters of a million into a Court House that will be the finest building devoted

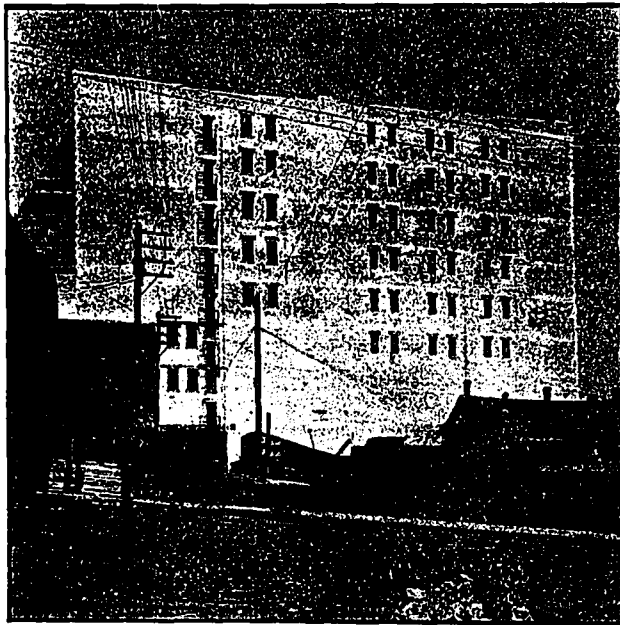
exclusively to the purpose in Canada. A firm of shrewd and successful retailers are putting up a store which will have eight floors, each seventy-eight by two hundred and sixty feet, and a ninth floor of half that size, while at least half a dozen wholesalers have recently provided themselves with warehouses that for size and convenience are possibly without equals in the Dominion.

These institutions and firms (and they are but a few of the many who indicate a similar opinion) believe, evidently, that Vancouver has but laid its foundations, and that, phenomenal as has been the record of the past twenty years, the immediate future will witness still more remarkable achievement. According to

the shrewd investor of wide experience and the student of world industry and commerce agree in the view that Vancouver is destined to be one of the most conspicuous figures among the great manufacturing centres and trading ports of the world.

And indeed it does not require special knowledge to justify one in reaching such a conclusion. If a list were prepared of the factors necessary to the making of one of the world's greatest seaports and that list were compared with the inventory of Vancouver's natural advantages the two would be found to be remarkably alike.

For a city to be situated on an ideal natural harbor on one of the main thor-



Nine Story Department Store.



The New Post Office.

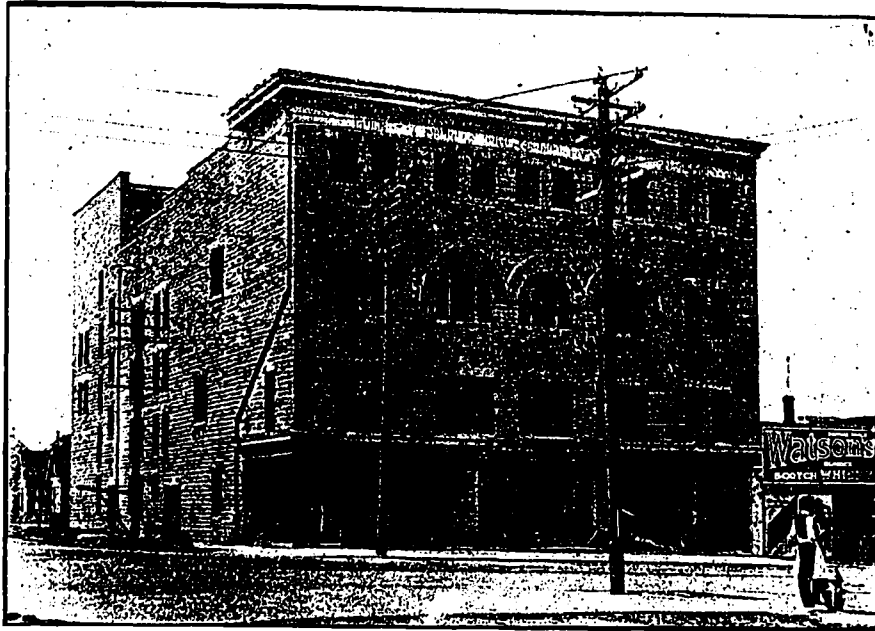
them, Vancouver is not an accident or the product of ephemeral conditions. On the contrary it is a resultant of the beginning of the development of a country the measure of whose natural wealth and the value of whose geographical and political relations are beyond present human computation. The mystery of its rapid development is explained and all doubt as to its future is dispelled by an examination of the conditions affecting it.

The men best informed as to the measure and the value of the resources tributary to the city are the most optimistic. Farming, mining, fishing and timber experts, familiar with the conditions;

oughfares of the world's traffic, and thus directly connected with every other point on that thoroughfare and its innumerable branches; to be the centre of what is probably the richest undeveloped section on the face of the Globe, and to have attained in a few years such importance as to make it inevitably an objective point of every railway crossing the North American continent and a port of call of every steamship line plying in the waters of the North Pacific, is for that city to enjoy a combination of favourable circumstances the value and ultimate effect of which upon its destiny it would be impossible to overestimate.

In short, given Burrard Inlet and its environs, Canada, with the British race in possession of it and a mighty city on

the shores of the former is as inevitable as the flow of the waters of the Fraser to the Sea.



A New Theatre.

The "Hub" of Vancouver Island.

C. A. Sutherland.

EVENTS are not wanting to prove that Vancouver Island, the "Gem of the Pacific," is about to come into her own.

The general attention that is being paid to this, one of the richest parts of British Columbia, the press comments, the number of new settlers that are coming to the Island, the land that is being taken up, the big corporations that are commencing to place their money here, the building of a trans-Island railway and the surveying of branch lines in other parts of the Island, the land clearing in operation and contemplated by the C. P. Railway Company, the opening up of timber limits, the erection of big saw-mills, the growth of Victoria, Nanaimo, Alberni, and other island centres, the great increase of travel to all parts of the Island, the gradually increasing exo-

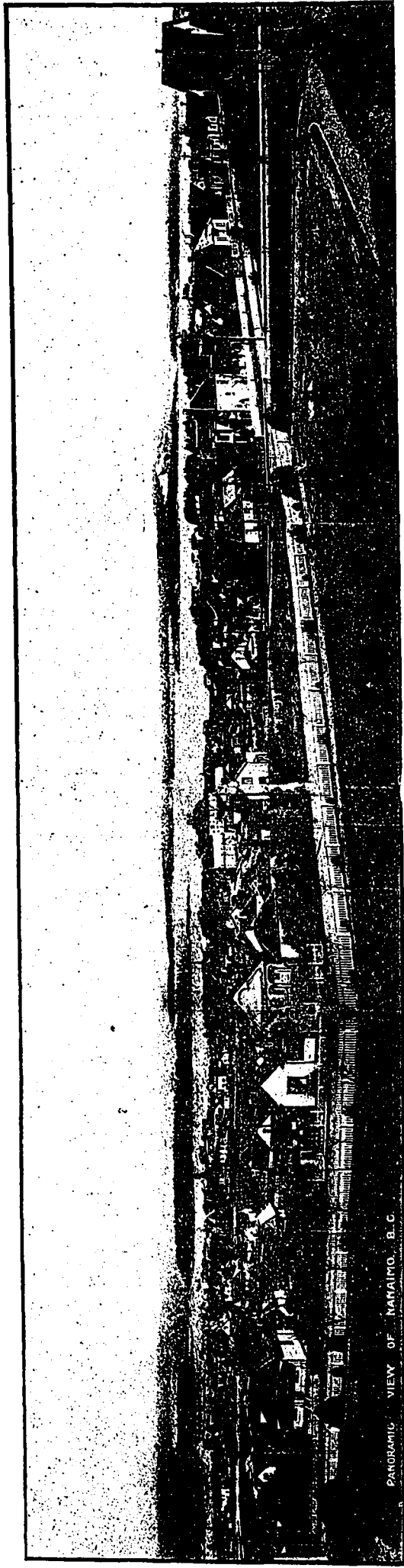
odus of people from the prairie sections to take up residence in its smiling valleys, the rush of tourist travel, the renewed activity throughout the whole Island, all these and many more signs bear out this assertion.

With general agricultural and specially adopted fruit lands, with forest and mineral resources of untold wealth, with the most extensive fisheries of the Pacific, with the finest climate in all Canada, a land where roses bloom almost the year round, with the hundreds of miles of unexplored land, what part of Canada offers more inducement to the ambitious Canadian than Vancouver Island?

In speaking of Vancouver Island it is important to remember one thing—that Nanaimo is the gateway to the Island.

Nanaimo might be termed the "Hub

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of the Island" for, to quote another axiom, "all roads on Vancouver Island lead to Nanaimo."

Nanaimo is the most centrally situated point on the Island. It is connected with Victoria by rail; when present railway extensions now under construction are completed, it will have railway connections with Alberni on the West Coast, and Cumberland to the North. The C. P. R. has paid a tribute to its strategic situation by placing the ferry slip, which is to connect the Island with the Mainland when the Trans-Island railway is built, at Nanaimo. The same company now has steamers running connecting Nanaimo with all important points on the Island and the Mainland. Nanaimo is nearer to the Mainland than any other part of the Island is, and has daily steamer connection with the city of Vancouver by the Steamer "Joan," which makes the run in three hours. Commencing June 1st Nanaimo will have a daily double train service with the city of Victoria. A daily single train service with a double train service two days a week has been in effect for some years. A tri-weekly mail service by stage from Nanaimo carries mail and passengers from Nanaimo to Alberni and intermediate points. Every trunk road on the Island leads to Nanaimo.

These facts prove Nanaimo to be the central distributing point of Vancouver Island. With the completion of all the railway extensions, the subsequent settlement of thousands of acres of choice land all over the Island, and the progress of industrial operations of all kinds, the volume of business at Nanaimo will thus be doubled and trebled, in fact the greater the development of the Island, the greater the development of Nanaimo.

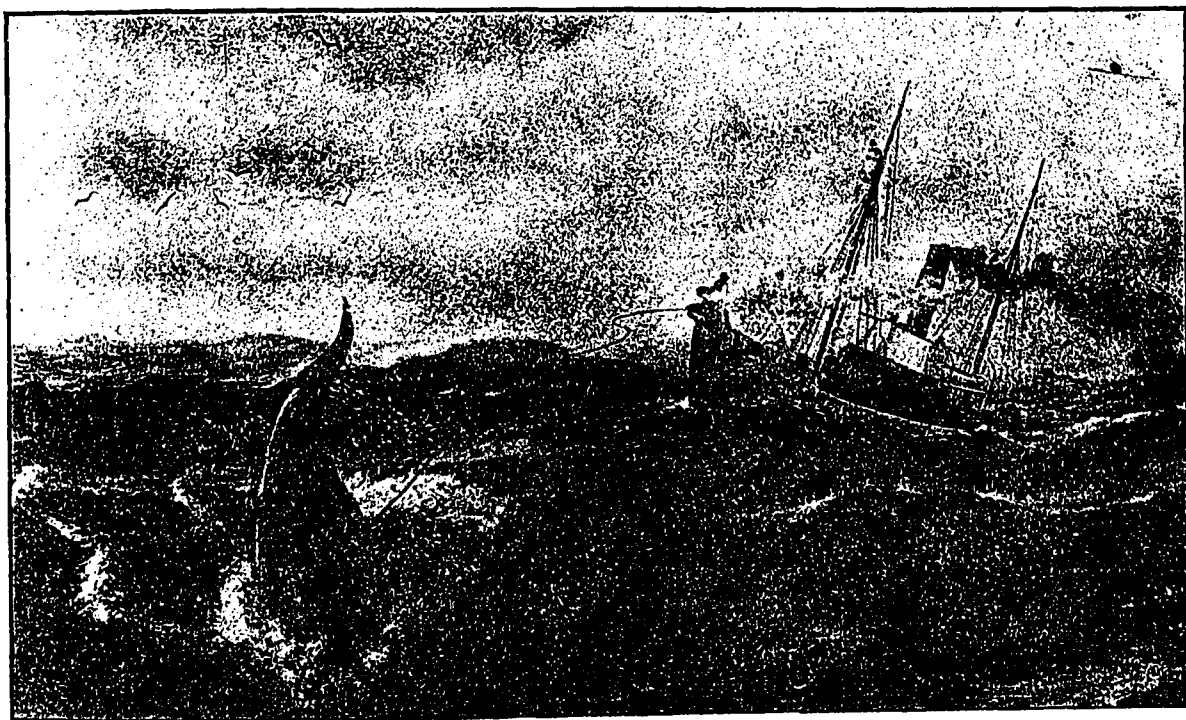
Nanaimo itself is a charming old-fashioned city of some 8,000 inhabitants, nestling around one of the prettiest harbours on the Pacific Coast. Settled in 1852, being one of the oldest towns in British Columbia, when her main streets as now, followed the deer trail of the virgin forests, the city still has a suggestion of the Arcadian touch to justify the adjective used, "old fashioned." Differing from other cities of "the Last West," the city is not glaringly and start-

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lingly new. It has all the quaintness of an old New England seaport, and yet it teems with the hustle and bustle that denotes the activities of a Western Town.

The city is famous as the location of the largest coal mines on the Pacific Coast, and yet one could live in the place for years and unless he was told there were coal mines underneath, he would never know it. There is no suggestion of the usual earmarks that go with a coal mining town, no coal dust, no unsightly "works," no untidy reminders of the great industry that flour-

run on the Pacific Coast. For several months in the year the harbor fairly teems with herring, at times the run being so remarkable that the herring pile up on the beach several feet deep. The fish are so thick on occasions that they actually smother themselves and float to the surface. Many herring fishermen operate here during the season, and the industry, which is as yet only in its infancy, is becoming quite an important one. Last season, while figures are not yet complete, it is estimated that over \$200,000 of herring were caught in the



Whaling in the Gulf near Nanaimo, B.C.

ishes in the city. The mines are beneath the city, and run out under the harbour. The coal travels direct from the mines up to the top at the water's edge, where it is loaded into steamers from all over the world that coal here, or is dumped into the yawning hatches of big colliers on the regular run between Nanaimo and San Francisco, which latter city derives its coal supply principally from the "Coal City" of British Columbia.

Another industry boasted of by the City besides its lumbering industry, its big brewery, the largest and best equipped in British Columbia, its foundries and other minor industries, is its herring industry. Nanaimo harbor is yearly the scene of the most remarkable herring

harbor; these figures do not include salmon, cod, halibut, crab, clams, etc., all of which are quite plentiful.

Three miles from the city is situated the Whaling Station—whales being quite numerous in the Gulf. The station which has recently been erected at a considerable expense, has already been operated with much success to its owners, the Pacific Whaling Company.

The surroundings of Nanaimo are particularly pleasing. No place in British Columbia is more charmingly situated from a scenic standpoint. Backed up by Mount Benson, and nestling around its beautiful harbor, a procession of green isles guarding the outer approach, and with an outlook on the broad waters of the Gulf of Georgia, across to the

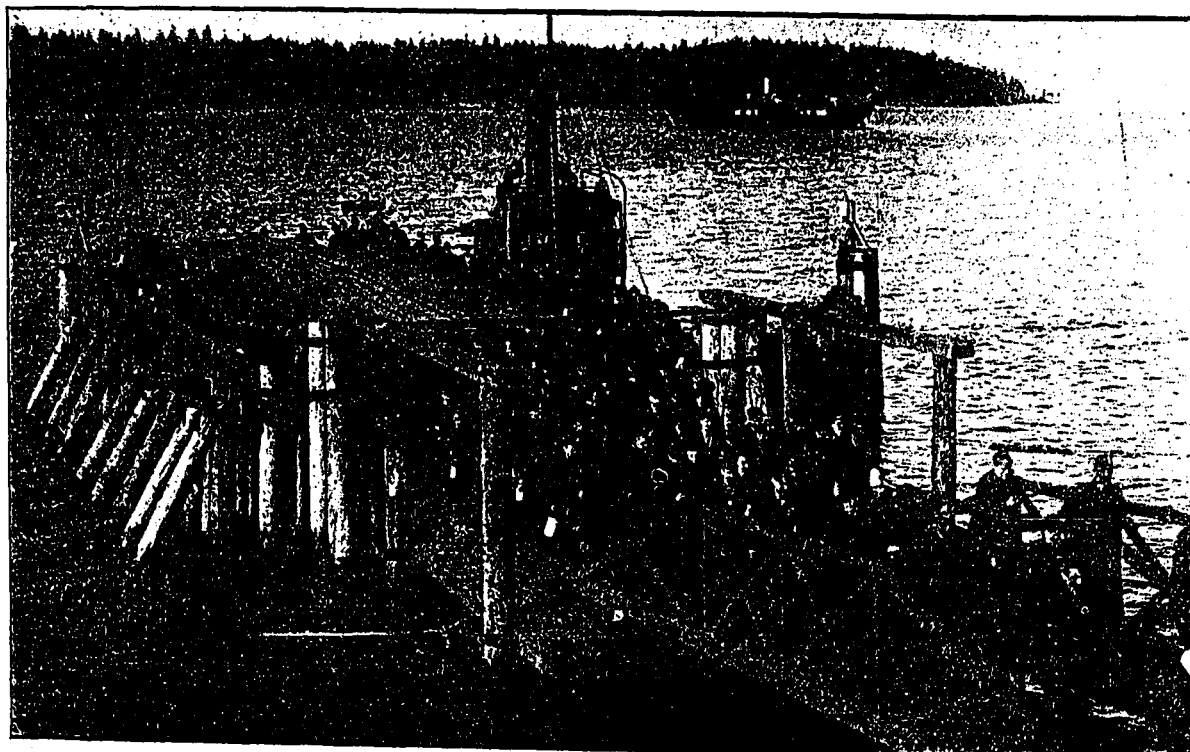


A Nanaimo Log—6 ft. 10 in.

blue capped mountains on the mainland, the scenic beauties of the place are simply indescribable. With this, take the many hundreds of pretty little homes, with rose-covered lawns (for rose culture is one of the fads of the people) and add the ideal climate of the perfect both summer and winter resort variety,

with a rainfall about one-half per annum what it is on the mainland, and you have a most desirable residential city.

No mention of Nanaimo would be complete without reference to the district round about it. On the outskirts of the City are what is known as the Five-Acre Homesteads, well laid out,

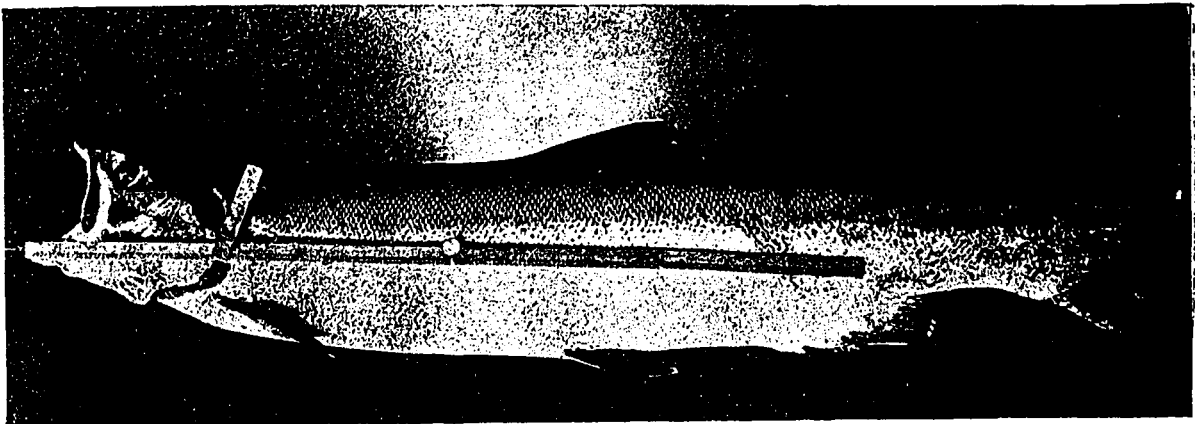


Returning from Work—Miners' Ferry between Nanaimo and Protection Island.

tracts of five and ten-acre lots originally taken up by miners. So productive is the Island soil that many of those who took up these tracts of land have now retired from the mines and are making a comfortable competency from the cultivation of these plots alone. The district contains much acreage yet uncultivated. As this land is remarkably fertile and as the experts say, equally well adapted for fruit growing or mixed farming, a big influx of settlers is expected in the next few years, in fact it may be already said to be started. Farmers from the Northwest who have made their "pile"

and who wish to keep but a small acreage under cultivation, and at the same time reap a splendid remuneration, find this land to their liking. It is such settlers as these that Nanaimo, and in fact the whole of Vancouver Island is expecting to come here in numbers in the next few years.

One might say much more about the charming city of Nanaimo, and the beautiful district surrounding it, did space permit. I hope I have said enough to interest you to the point of paying a visit to this "Hub of the Island."



10-lb. Trout—34 in. Long, Caught in the Millstream, Nanaimo, B. C.

The Royal City.

E. H. Sands.

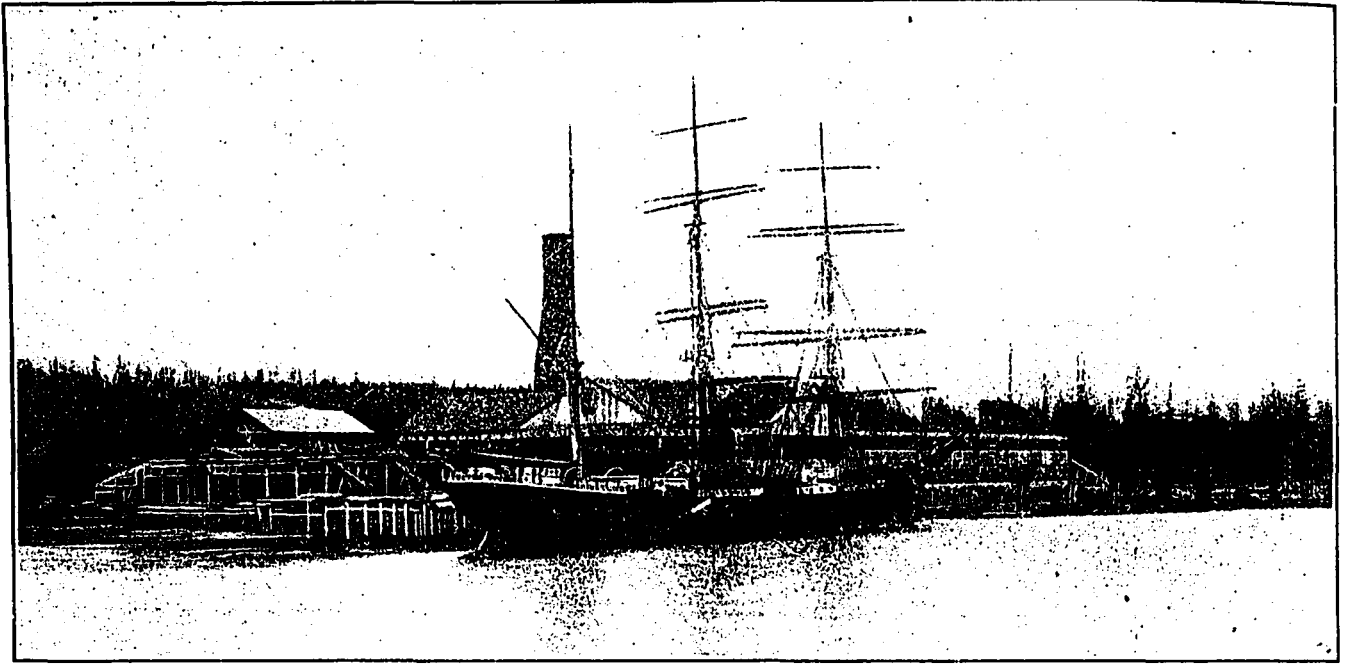
NEW WESTMINSTER, the Industrial City of British Columbia, occupies the same important position in this Province that Montreal occupies in relation to Eastern Canada, Liverpool to the West coast of England and Minneapolis to the shipping of the Mississippi.

Situated on the banks of the mighty Fraser River, close to its mouth, it is the only fresh water harbor on the British Pacific, and is therefore a port of no small importance. It is also the centre of the agricultural, fishing and lumber-

ing industries of the noted Fraser Valley and lower mainland of British Columbia.

Recognizing its importance as a port, the Dominion Government has recently adopted the plans of J. Francis Le Baron, an eminent engineer, for straightening and permanently deepening the main channel of the river, involving an expenditure of over a million dollars.

Today ocean vessels of all sizes and capacity, navigate the river as far as the City of New Westminster, in front



On the Waterfront.

of which there is ample and safe anchorage for 60 or 100 such craft.

An idea of the city's industrial importance today may be gathered from the fact that among its mills is the plant of the Fraser River Saw-mill Co., Ltd., which is now being remodeled and when complete will be the second largest saw-mill in the world in active operation. New Westminster is the meeting point

of two great trains—continental railway systems—the C.P.R. and the Great Northern Railway. A network of inter-urban electric railways, will within a month or two converge in this city, giving it direct communication with Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale, Langley, Abbotsford, Chilliwack and other important agricultural districts in addition



A Salmon Cannery.

to its present connection with Vancouver.

The construction of the V. V. & E. railway, now approaching completion, will also make the vast territory, to be tapped by this system, a feeder to New Westminster's trade and commerce. This important railway connection has naturally made New Westminster a centre of railway activity, and the only car-building shops located in the West have been established in this city.

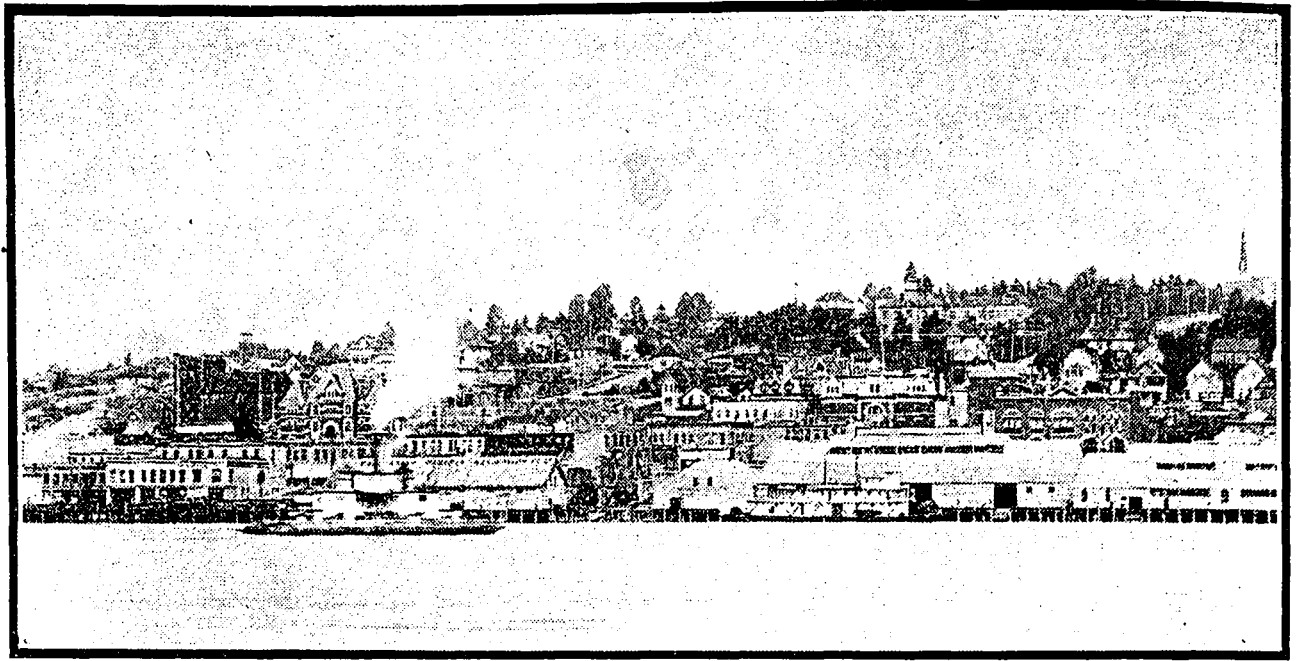
Iron works, pipe works, tanneries, fish and fruit canneries, creameries, can factories, ship-building yards, mills, sash and door factories, the B. C. Distillery and many other industries, including a dozen lumber and shingle mills are established in the city. Lumbering being the backbone occupied by New Westminster as the centre of logging and lumbering for the Fraser Valley is an important one, but its industrial importance does not rest upon this trade alone. It is also the centre of the fishing industry, the Fraser River being the most renowned salmon river on the Pacific coast, while the waters of the Province of British Columbia held second place in the Dominion for the value of their fish, Nova Scotia alone exceeding British Columbia in the revenue derived from this source. Salmon catches valued at from \$4,000,000 to \$8,000,000, and halibut at \$2,000,000, crabs, oolichans, and other fish in lesser proportion, are annually recorded by the Dominion statistics as the harvest of British Columbia's rivers and deep sea fishing grounds. Half this product is caught and handled on the Fraser River, and shipped from New Westminster for Eastern and Foreign consumption in the shape of frozen, canned, salted, smoked and pickled fish; carloads leaving the city for the eastern markets weekly throughout the year.

New Westminster's position as an agricultural centre may be gathered from the fact that it is the only city in British Columbia that has continuously and successfully conducted a farmer's market for any number of years. The farmer's market and the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition are two features connected with agriculture that the other cities of the Province, so far, conceded to New

Westminster as its natural right. Surrounded by the fertile valleys and prolific fruit lands of the Fraser Valley, New Westminster has always been looked upon as the centre of the agricultural industry of British Columbia's lower mainland. By a system of steamship, electric car and railway communication, roads and telephones, it has kept itself in close touch and connection with the main agricultural producing sections of the district, and the interests of stock raising, dairying and horticulture have always been aided and fostered by its business men and citizens.

While lumbering may today be the backbone of the Province, it is a backbone that is of less permanent strength than agriculture. The resources of the forest, mine and fisheries, are all liable to be worked out in the course of time; timber limits will become but barren wastes; placer grounds but unproductive sand dunes, clay deposits are worked out, but trees planted and ground tilled will always, year in and year out, return their harvest of fruit, and root. So far this harvest has won for British Columbia awards such as the gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Show in England, this prize being practically the "Blue Ribbon" award for the fruit growers of the British Empire. In addition to this, twelve individual British Columbia fruit growers received silver and bronze medals at the Royal Horticultural Show for their exhibits, this province thus leading the Empire and all the other provinces in the Dominion as a fruit growing centre, Nova Scotia and Ontario coming second and third respectively.

As the centre of the most important agricultural district in British Columbia the success attained by British Columbia fruit and agricultural products is a matter of no mean interest and importance to present and prospective settlers in this district as indicating the possibilities of the soil, the suitability of the climate and the results that may be achieved by horticulturists taking up and farming land in this section. Another important feature to be considered in this respect is the market for these products. The last available statistics show that the



A View of New Westminster.

output of B. C. orchards, ranches and farms aggregated \$7,500,000 last year, but during the same period \$4,075,000 worth of agricultural foodstuffs were imported to supply the local demands. These importations included over one million dollars' worth of meats and poultry, one and a half million dollars' worth of dairy products—butter, milk and cheese—\$572,000 worth of fruits and vegetables, \$248,000 worth of canned fruits, \$148,000 worth of hay and many other articles that might and should be produced within this Province. These figures demonstrate that there is room, indeed that there is an absolute need, for men who will take up the unoccupied lands and go in for mixed farming, poultry raising and butter-making, etc. They prove that there is sufficient demand for these products to afford profitable employment and furnish comfortable homes and livelihood to a large number of people.

The Dairying industry is an important one in the New Westminster district, in which several creameries are established in addition to those operating in the city itself. The total production of the British Columbia creameries last year was 2,051,304 pounds and the total quantity of creamery butter imported from other provinces and from foreign countries was 4,317,000 pounds or more than double the local production, when

the value of cheese imported is added to this, it will easily be seen that the New Westminster district, with its fertile valleys and grazing lands, offers inducements to dairymen unequalled by any other section of British Columbia or by any other country.

Regarding the price farm products realize on the local markets, the amount imported speaks for itself. If it pays the Northwest creameries, the Ontario apple growers and the American bacon producer to pay the heavy freight rates and duty imposed upon imported foodstuffs in order to sell to the B. C. consumer, there must be a large profit awaiting the local producer of these commodities. A few examples of the ruling prices on the New Westminster market during the past winter may not, however, be out of place. Potatoes have fetched \$18 and \$20.00 per ton for the last six months; hay \$20.00 to \$25.00 per ton; wheat 2c per lb. Eggs have never fallen below 25c per dozen and in the winter fetched 60c to 80c. Wages to farm labourers average \$35.00 per month with board, while wages in and around the city average \$18.00 per week.

The price of agricultural lands in the Fraser Valley ranges from \$30.00 to \$100.00 per acre for unimproved lands, while improved lands range from \$75.00 to \$300.00 per acre.

While New Westminster City pos-

esses the advantages of being the centre of the agricultural, fishing and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, it also occupies an important position as the seat of administration for the Province as regards the Dominion Government, whose Public Works, Land, Timber and Fisheries agencies are established here. The Provincial Government Agent and agency offices for the district, embracing the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster, and the fourteen municipalities of the Lower Mainland, are located in this city.

As the ecclesiastical capital of the Mainland, New Westminster is the titular See of both the Anglican and Roman Catholic Bishops, who have their cathedrals and official residences here. It is, as well, the educational headquarters of

the Methodist Church in the West, this denomination having established the Columbian College in the City.

The city also boasts of fourteen churches, twelve hotels, four banks, three hospitals, public, graded and high schools, 2 colleges and a public library; its own electric light plant and water system, two papers published and five delivered daily.

The assessed value of its reality is estimated at \$5,500,000, not including \$1,000,000 of Dominion and Provincial Government property that is exempt from taxation. As a city and port New Westminster is making steady growth and bids fair to give its sister cities in the Province a strenuous time in the race for commercial supremacy on the Pacific coast.

“See Canada First.”

J. S. Bell.

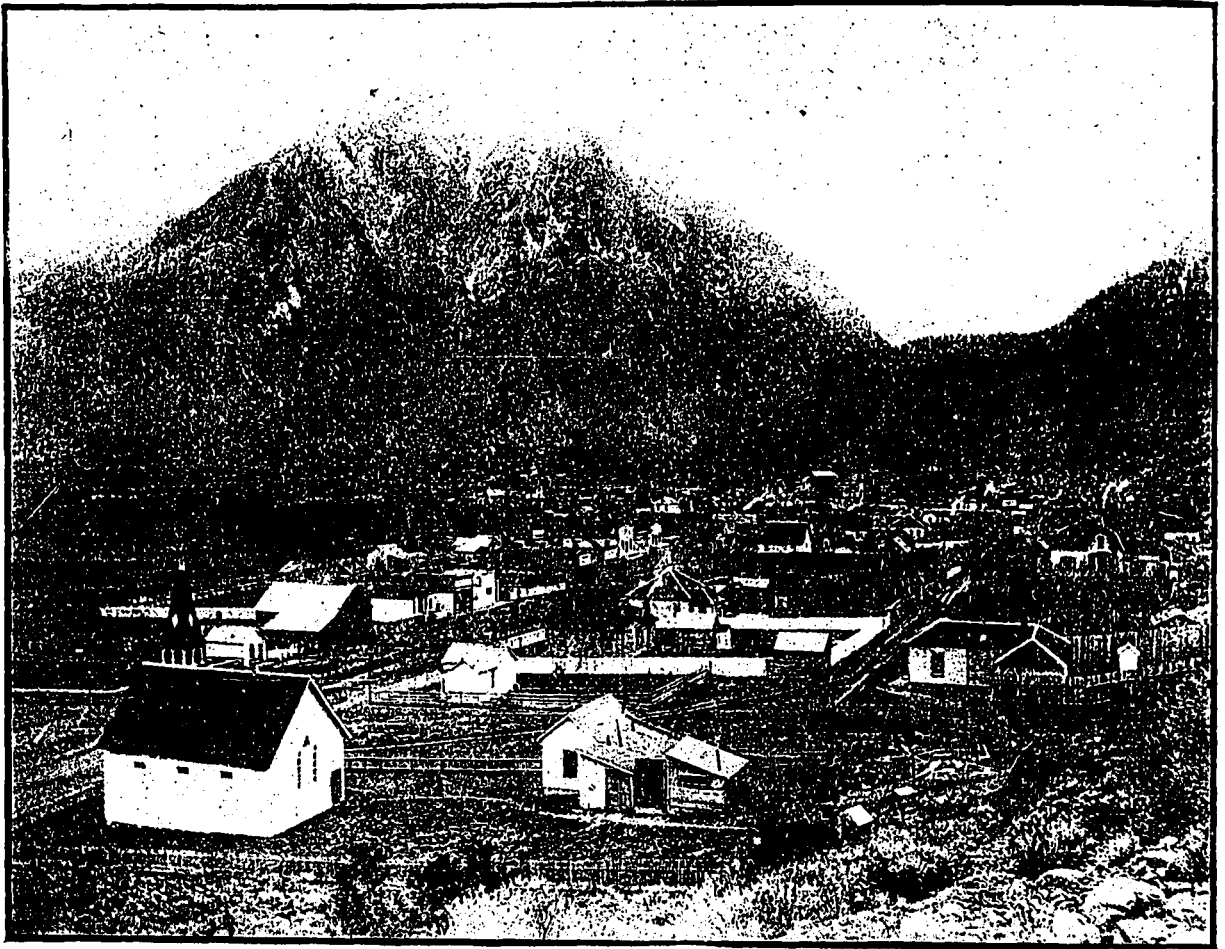
THE man who writes about the material resources of a place has the advantage, for he can tell how many bushels of wheat he can raise to the acre, he can tell about the size, quality and variety of fruits, and how much per ton the gold and silver ores will produce; but no one can estimate the value of a mountain view, nor assay the amount of gold and silver in a Lillooet sunset. The artist has colours that can give some idea of the harlequin-hued rocks that defy the reproductive powers of the most skilful word-painter, but no one can behold the beauties of Lillooet, be he poet, painter, or the more prosaic man of business, without a desire to impart to others, less fortunate than himself, some of the pleasures he has enjoyed in this home of the picturesque and the beautiful.

History, tradition, and fashion, have cast their spell over the hills of Switzerland, and the Alps have become the syn-

onym for grandeur. Cast the glamour of romance over the snow-clad mountains of Lillooet; twine the tendrils of tradition around the brow of our highest peaks, and the variety and grandeur of our own home mountains must command the admiration of all who behold them, and enforce the concession that even though the scenery be British Columbian, it equals in all cases, and excels in many that of much-lauded Europe. It is too much the custom for our wealthy citizens to visit Europe for the grand and the beautiful in nature, ignoring the fact that our own country contains scenery unexcelled in these respects by any other country in the world.

Lillooet has an altitude of 862 feet above sea level. The town is located in one of the most romantic spots in British Columbia. It is practically surrounded with mountains. The protection of mountains and highlands serves to control the snowfall and rainfall. In sum-

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Lillooet.

mer, proximity to the mountains gives refreshing breezes and cool evenings and nights. The air is dry, light and pure, and is so highly charged with ozone that every breath carries new life to the lungs. In the winter, because of the southward slope, the sun shines down on the sheltered town for hours, giving beautifully warm days.

The winter air has a bracing quality that puts fresh vigour into body and mind. For pulmonary patients the climate of Lillooet is without an equal in the Province. The clear, dry air and absence of moisture makes as much difference between real and sensible cold, as in the summer between real and sensible

warmth. A wilted collar is unknown in the warmest weather, and we never shiver in winter.

The water supply comes from the melting snows and everliving springs on the crest of our highest mountains, and is pure, clear and sparkling. The soil is a porous, gravelly loam, into which the water sinks with astounding rapidity. History has made Lillooet famous, and this lasting landmark which was the goal of the adventurous prospectors of '59, is destined to become the most famous health resort of British Columbia. The tourist in search of pleasure, no less than the health-seeker, will here find a most inviting resting place.



The Inland Capital.

Dr. M. S. Wade.

"Through narrow things to great." So the words run,
Carved in rude letters 'bove an antique door;
And as I scanned the legend o'er and o'er,
Busy imagination had begun
To muse what truth could from the scroll be won.
This first: Oft through the dark and grim defile,
We reach the open where rich cornfields smile,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the mellow sun.
Thus, oft through Duty's uninviting gate
We enter on a broad and rich domain."

—"Songs in the Twilight," Charles D. Bell.

IT was indeed "through narrow things to great" that this Great Last West came to be the land of promise and fulfilment. Through the "narrow things" of the Fur Traders, whose sole idea was the stacking up of furs and pelts, the fair valleys of the British Columbia of today are passing through a great transformation. A century ago Simon Fraser made the first journey down the mighty father of the waters of the west that bears his name, to the sea coast. A century ago the Island of Vancouver was known to but a few adventurous ship masters. A century ago no white man save Fraser had looked upon the quarter where the waters of the great stream that drains the greater Interior pay their tribute to the Pacific ocean. A century ago no white man had beheld Kamloops, and the very name was only spoken by the Indians who had so termed the meeting of the waters of the North and South Thompson rivers.

Then came the Fur Traders and in course of time a small parcel of land around the trading post was tilled. The small parcel grew into fields and the traders were followed by the early settlers who took what land seemed good to them and became tillers of the soil and raisers of cattle and horses. Thus the settlement grew, first into a village,

then a town and now a city, surrounded by hundreds of farms and ranches.

"where rich cornfields smile,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the mellow sun."

Thus, "through narrow things to great"
"We enter on a broad and rich domain."

The district of Kamloops is indeed "a broad and rich domain," and we are yet merely beginning to realise it. For many decades the opinion prevailed that the bunch grass slopes and arid valleys of the Dry Belt were intended by Providence for grazing grounds for bands of horses and herds of cattle. Time brings about many changes and it has brought to pass a new phase in the Kamloops district. Dry as is the soil, devoid of humidity as is the bracing atmosphere, the long continuance of sunshine and the placing of water on the land by irrigation have proved, to even the most sceptical of doubting Thomases, that the Thompson Valley can grow something more than beef.

Within the past few years several large areas of land have been subdivided into small holdings for fruit growing and many thousands of peach, apple, apricot, pear and other fruit trees and thousands of grape vines have been set out. Not as an experiment, however,

has this been done. The experimental stage was passed a quarter of a century ago. There are within easy reach of Kamloops half a dozen old orchards where the possibilities of the district with respect to fruit growing were long ago demonstrated, as witness the orchard on the ranch of W. J. Roper, at Cherry Creek; at the Carney and Fortune ranches at Tranquille; at the old Duck & Pringle (Senator Bostock's) ranch at Ducks, and, much nearer home, at the orchard on the grounds of the Provincial Home. Juicy apples, aromatic pears, luscious peaches, succulent grapes, all grown year after year in profusion, together with melons, tomatoes, corn, and the many other products of the soil requiring the climatic conditions found in Southern Europe for successful raising in the open air. What was years ago done in these few isolated examples is now being done by hundreds of enterprising settlers. Already the hitherto barren areas adjacent to the city are taking on a new aspect, and in a few years, as the trees grow to greater maturity, the vista will be one long stretch of orchard lands, "The mart of merchants from the East and West."

Irrigation is essential in the lands in the more immediate neighbourhood of Kamloops, although at Notch Hill, Salmon Arm and other points on Shuswap lake, to the East, the natural rainfall supplies sufficient moisture. Yet the fruit grown in the irrigation zone is without a peer. The grower has the crop well under control. When water is needed he has but to apply it; when moisture is not desired, he can withhold it. And the yield: "My first fruit pays better than my cattle," said Mr. Carney of Tranquille, and he is a stock raiser of many years' experience. Twenty-five tons per acre of tomatoes, field culture, is the average yield; some obtain more, few less.

The North Thompson Valley, facing Kamloops, offers admirable advantages for mixed farming, and dairying is growing in favor. Hay, grain, roots and general farm crops give abundant yields with markets easily reached by rail, water and wagon road.

One of the chief assets of Kamloops District is the climate; salubrious and mild, both summer and winter, with no severe extremes of either, the dryness of the atmosphere rendering a high or low temperature bearable where in less favoured localities inconvenience might be felt.

The city itself, with its 2,600 busy people, offers an ideal location for the homeseeker. On the main line of the C.P.R. it is easily reached. It possesses all the conveniences of larger cities with none of their drawbacks. It has banks, excellent schools, many important local industries, owns its own water and electric lighting plants, and is progressive in every respect. The view from the more elevated portions of the city is unsurpassed anywhere in the Interior, and it is not difficult to understand the enthusiastic approval of the beauty of the scene expressed by Commander Mayne on the occasion of his visit so long ago as 1859; since which time the natural attractiveness has been added to by the well-kept gardens and lawns of the cosy residences.

Kamloops is not dependent upon stock-raising and fruit growing alone. It has other resources, chief of which are lumbering, iron, coal and copper mines, with deposits of other valuable minerals. Fishing, hunting (large and small game) are to be had near at hand and the navigable rivers and lakes afford ample scope for pleasant outings in the gasoline launches owned by many of the residents.

Enderby, the Gateway of the Okanagan.

H. M. Walker.

TO speak of Western Canada without mentioning the Okanagan, is like telling of the magnificence of the Pacific Coast without mentioning California. What the Golden State is to the Union as a state; the Okanagan is to the Dominion as a district. And to speak of the Okanagan without telling of the Spallmucheen is like leaving a story half told.

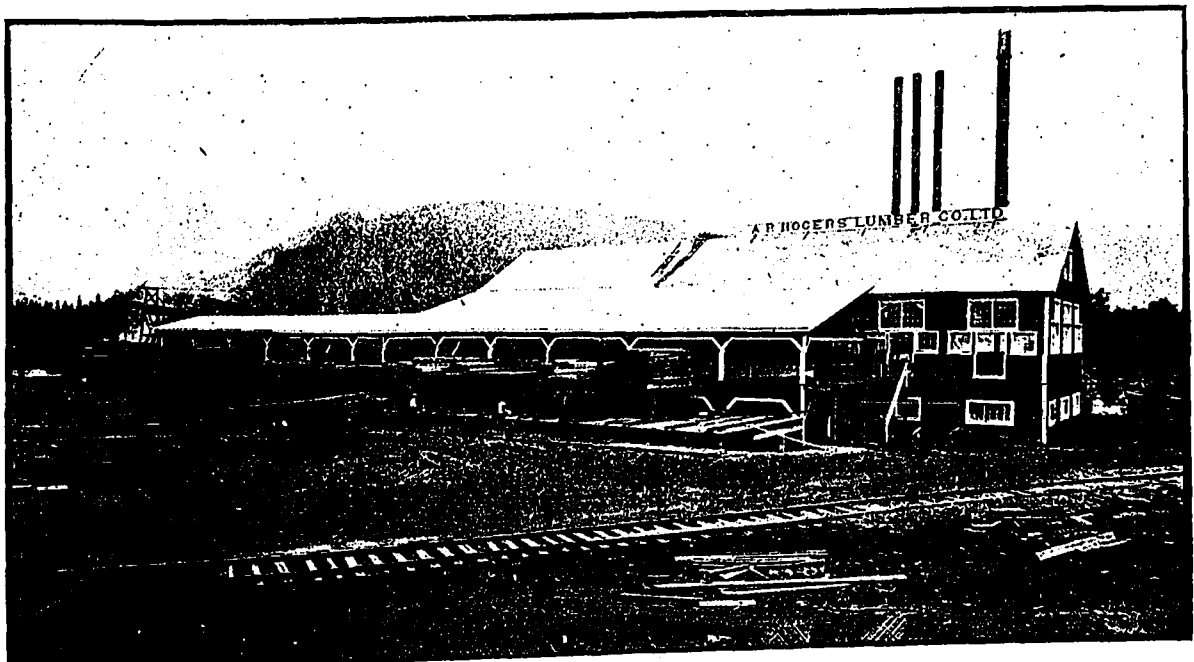
The Okanagan Valley, taken as a whole, covers an area of 150 miles north and south, and has a width of twenty miles on the average. It covers the interior of British Columbia, running from Sicamous Junction, on the main line of the C.P.R. to the International boundary line. It is best reached by the Soo line from Eastern Canadian points, connecting with the C.P.R. at Moose Jaw; and from the Middle States by connecting with the Great Northern at Spokane, Wash.

Its climatic conditions are the best, and its productive soil and prosperous cities and settlements make it the ideal place for the ideal home-land of Canada. It

is watered by the Spallmucheen river, the Shuswap, Mabel and Okanagan lakes, and tributary mountain streams.

If one is to properly understand the district, he must divide it into two distinct localities—the southern, where irrigation is necessary, and the northern where irrigation is not necessary. The southern part embraces all that country round about Vernon, Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland and Penticton, and the northern part, that country about Enderby, Armstrong and Mara. This section is watered by the Spallmucheen river and tributary streams, and Mara lake. Spallmucheen is an Indian name, signifying “beautiful prairie.” Large sections of this district are overflowed annually, similarly to the Nile of Africa, and the enrichment of the lowlands by the overflow gives abundant crops and a rich, abundant foliage along the river banks.

It is this district—the Spallmucheen—of which we write. Here are to be found the lowlands and the highlands, the former unsurpassed for dairying and



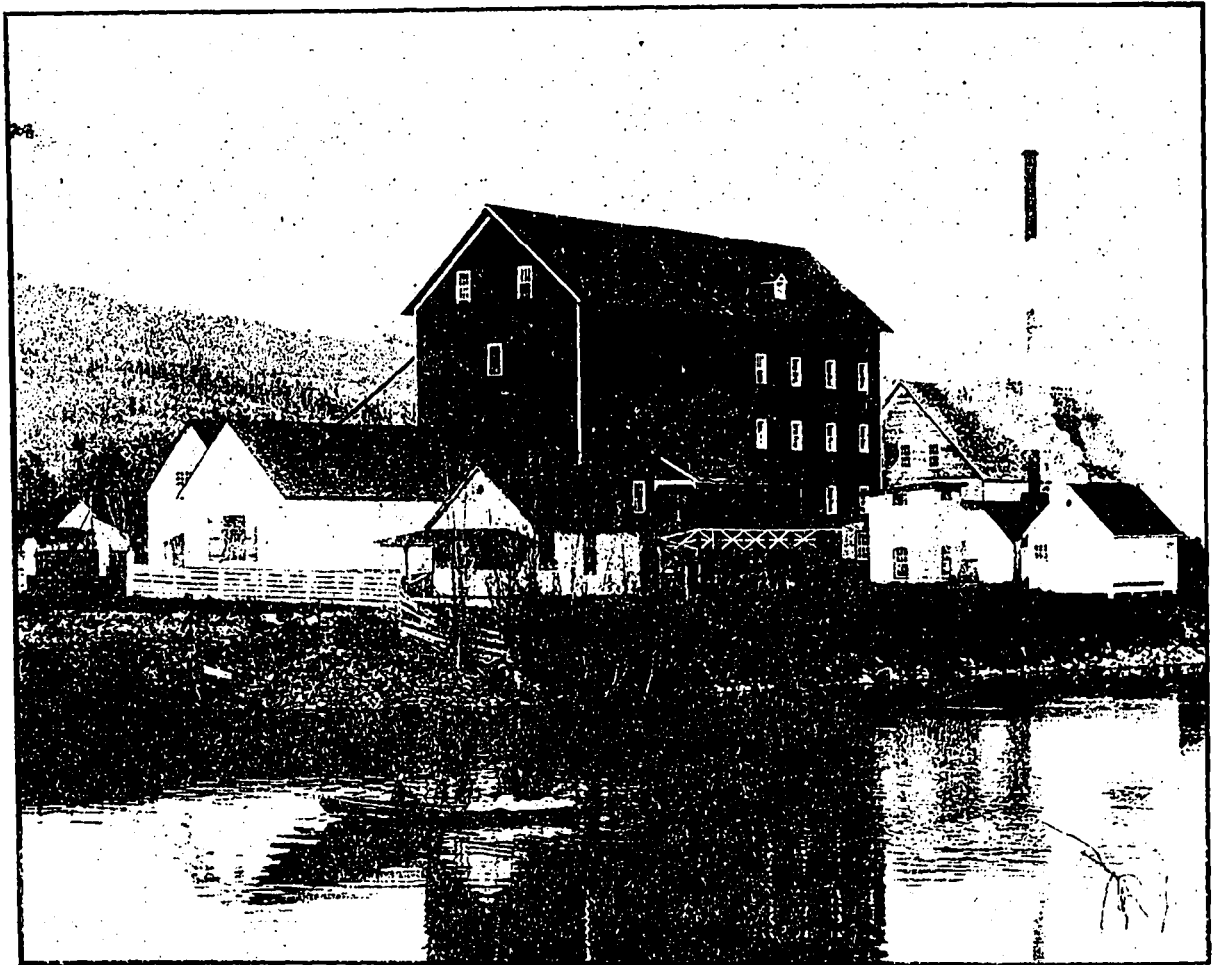
A. R. Rogers Lumber Co.'s Lumber Mill at Enderby.

hay growing, and vegetables of all kinds, and the latter for orchard fruits. Along the banks of the Spallumcheen are great stretches of green prairie that would make ideal dairy farms, and upon the benches bordering the lowlands are planted, or are being planted, large acreages to apples, pears, plums and cherries.

Some of the large ranches about Enderby, which is situated in the centre of the Spallumcheen District, are still given up almost entirely to the growth

ly limited, are the fruit orchards and the dairy farms.

Here in the Spallumcheen, the advent of winter varies. Occasionally the first snow falls in October, again not until Christmas. Generally it comes the second week in November. A peculiarity to be noted, and one of particular interest to the horticulturist, is that upon the bench lands, when snow falls what little frost there may have been in the ground comes out and the ground remains un-



Columbia Flouring Mills at Enderby, on the Spallumcheen River.

of wheat, hay, oats and barley, but these lands are rapidly being planted to fruit orchards, and the time is not far distant when there will be no grain whatever grown in the Spallumcheen. The farmer, like the business man of the city, is intent upon getting the most from his land at the least amount of labour and risk, and his turning to fruit is the natural outcome of conditions prevailing here. The vast prairies of the Northwest are the natural wheat fields of Canada, and the warm, calm valleys of British Columbia, where the land is comparative-

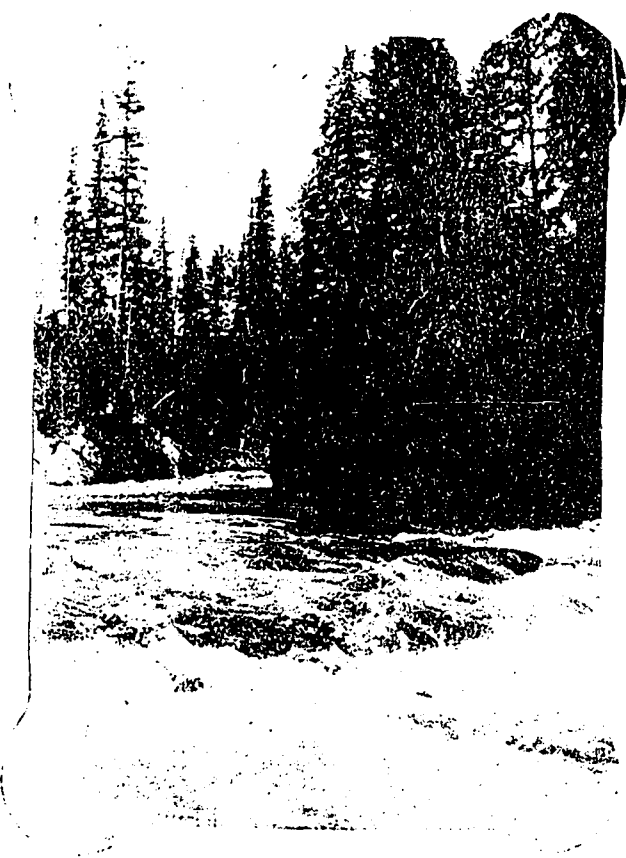
frozen the rest of the winter.

Spring opens February 15th to March 1st. The snowfall is 18 to 24 inches, and it seldom leaves the ground from the start of winter until the breaking up. The winter days are bright and calm; snowdrifts are seldom if ever seen, and the temperature does not go below zero on more than ten to fifteen nights during the average winter.

Strawberries ripen in the Enderby district, the heart of the Spallumcheen, about May 24th, the vines being in full bearing the middle of June. The profit

on an acre of strawberries grown here varies. One grower in Enderby has made \$800 from an acre. The market is unlimited and the price good. This grower says that with ordinary care an average of \$200 an acre may be made by the careful producer.

Fruit raising has proved very profitable in this district to the men who have



"The Skookumchuck"—a Scene in the Enderby District.

gone about it systematically and with care. Six hundred and forty boxes of apples were picked from an acre by Wm. Elson, of Enderby. The fruit was good size and excellent quality, he having taken 12 first and three second prizes at the annual fruit exhibition, out of twenty varieties shown by him.

Alfalfa is the most profitable hay crop. It is grown with best results on the bench lands, and produces, without irrigation, three crops in a season. Corn is

little grown, though in some localities it has proved satisfactory.

The cost of land situated near Enderby runs from \$15 to \$50 per acre for uncleared, and \$50 to \$200 per acre for cleared. At the present time conditions are especially favourable for acquiring suitable blocks of land in the district. The old holdings are being sub-divided into 1-acre, 5-acre and 10-acre blocks and are placed on the market at reasonable prices. These small holdings, when planted with winter apples will be worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500 an acre seven years from planting, if the trees are given moderate care, the fruit industry being in its infancy at present.

Enderby, the Gateway City of the Okanagan Valley, is located on the banks of the Spallumcheen river, twenty-four miles south of Sicamous Junction. It is at the head of navigation and at the point where the Mabel Lake valley opens into the Spallumcheen. From Enderby to Mabel Lake is a distance of twenty-four miles. This valley is covered by a heavy growth of timber, with here and there fruit orchards set out. From the great forests of the Mabel Lake, the A. R. Rogers Lumber Company gets its supply of logs, which are driven down the Spallumcheen to the mill at Enderby. This mill has an annual capacity of 50,000,000 feet, and is one of the best in the Province. The Columbia Flouring Mills is another important industry, contributing to the support of Enderby. It ships throughout the Province and has a large trade with the Orient.

Enderby has an excellent gravity water system, owned by the city, a thorough drainage system has been installed, and the city is lighted by electricity, the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. having installed a plant that gives excellent service and gives the city steady lights of unequalled brilliancy.

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THE Municipality of Spallmucheen, of which Armstrong is the centre, contains a larger area of arable land than any other municipality in the famous Okanagan Valley. It comprises about sixty thousand acres of arable land, composed of rich black loam, sandy loam and clay loam; one-quarter of which is not yet cultivated, with valuable timber of pine and fir standing upon the uncultivated lands. The municipality is made up of valleys extending in different directions, all of which have local names such as Pleasant and Salmon River Valleys, Knob Hill, Lansdowne, Clark's Flat, etc. The rainfall is ample for all crops (irrigation not being necessary), it averaging about eighteen inches, with twenty inches of a snowfall in winter, the timber upon the mountain sides drawing continual and sufficient moisture.

Every foot of tillable land is extremely fertile. Fruit growing, root crops, and dairying are extensively gone into and the farmer of the Spallmucheen is a firm believer in mixed farming. According to a conservative estimate the number of acres set out in fruit trees reaches four thousand, besides which there are a good many acres planted with strawberries, raspberries, currants, etc. At the Dominion Fair at New Westminster in 1905 the exhibit from Armstrong won third place, being thirty-one points only behind the winner, and led every other district in British Columbia (of which there were eleven) east of the Coast.

The municipality is widely known as the land of the "Big Red Apple," as it

is this fruit that is more extensively planted and which gives the largest and safest returns. Oats, wheat, clover, alfalfa and timothy everywhere yield abundant crops. Three crops of clover and alfalfa in a season are not uncommon. The celery from Armstrong is now known far and wide and is shipped by express to every town west of Winnipeg; this is grown on the low lands and is an extremely remunerative crop.

The beautiful orchards and wonderful crops of vegetables are instanced in a 45-acre orchard and a 10-acre cabbage patch. The grower of these cabbages sold 200 tons to Alberta cities in the fall of 1907 and the spring of 1908 for over \$5,600.

To give an idea of the diversity of the resources of the municipality the statistics published in the Armstrong Advertiser on January 6th, 1908, being a recapitulation for the year 1907, are appended:

Exports.	Tons.
Lumber, 209 cars	4,500
Cordwood, 167 cars	3,000
Flour, etc.	2,265
Produce, vegetables, hay, apples, etc.	3,461
Miscellaneous, such as live stock, hides and other freight.....	523
Express: Butter, eggs, small fruits, poultry, celery, etc.	300
Total	14,049

Every pound of which with the exception of one-half the flour (made from imported wheat) came from the farm; the farmers logging off their timbered



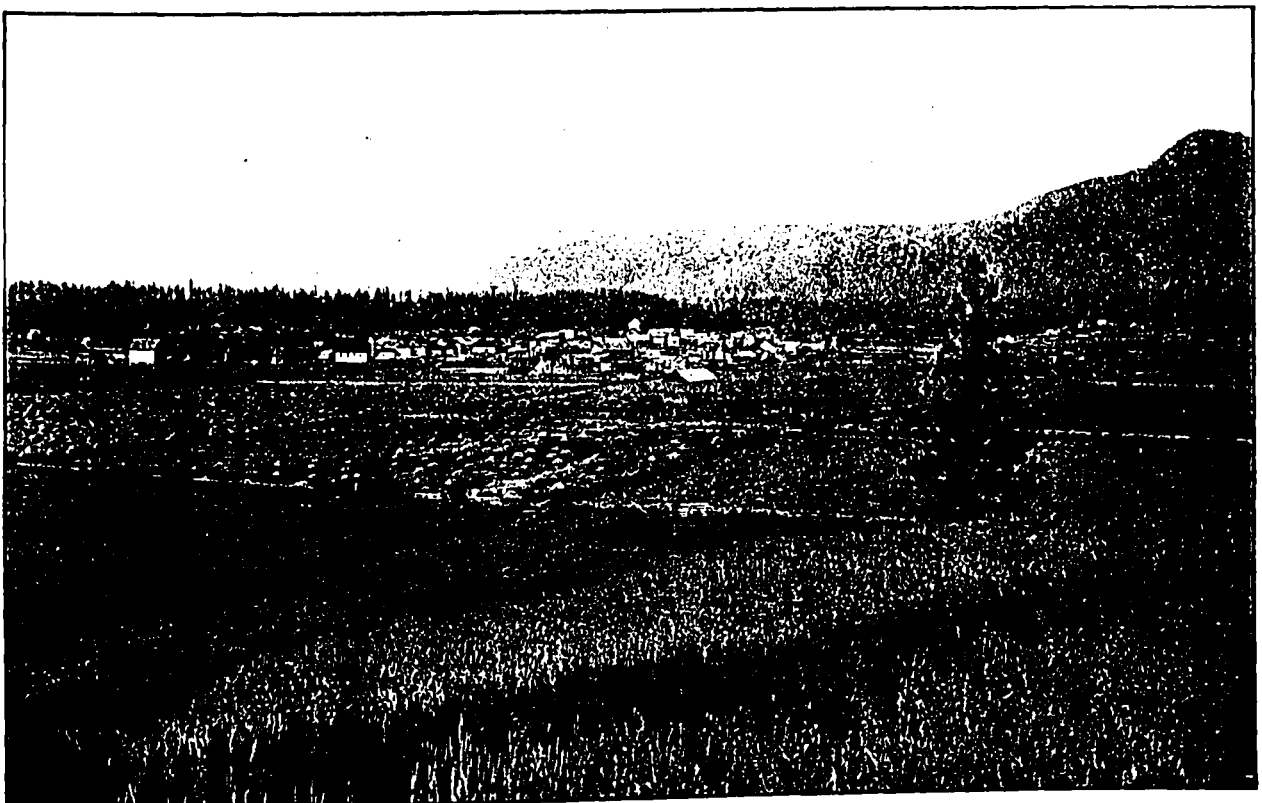
An Armstrong Orchard.

lands in the winter and receiving last winter \$6.00 per thousand feet for their logs delivered at the saw-mills.

The pride of the Spallmucheen is its climate. The highest temperature in summer is about 95 and the lowest 15

below zero in winter. Snow always falls before the cold days and frost never penetrates the ground except where a beaten track on the snow is made.

The drives in the municipality are the finest in the Okanagan, the roads in al-



A Glimpse of Armstrong from the Hills.

most every instance being shaded on both sides by timber, and the views from the higher altitudes magnificent.

Davis' Creek is one of the summer resorts as is also Otter Lake, both within a couple of miles of Armstrong, and the picnic places of the district.

The principal industries of the municipality are four saw-mills, having a capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber per day, a 100-bbl. flour mill, a creamery and the Farmers' Union, buying and selling their own fruit and produce. Prices for all farmers' products are the very best and a ready market for everything is always at hand.

The population of the municipality is upwards of four thousand, of which the town of Armstrong (the county town) contains 900. The taxes are exceedingly moderate. Upon a low valuation the rate is eight mills on the dollar for everything, schools included. The schools of the municipality are eight in number. They include a High School at Armstrong with thirty-five scholars, also a public school with four teachers and 200 pupils, and six other schools with from twenty to thirty pupils each in different sections of the district.

Armstrong is a thriving, bustling town, with live and public spirited people for its residents, who have the well-earned reputation of pulling together and getting what they ask for. The merchants show stocks and keep their premises in a manner that would do credit to a large city. The buildings are of a superior nature and the waterworks system—consisting of a 10-inch main with a pressure of 142 lbs.—is the best in the Okanagan. The supply is taken from Davis' Creek and on this creek is installed the Armstrong Power & Light Company's plant which provides the power for the flour mill and the light for the town and district.

The Spallmucheen offers a home unexcelled in British Columbia. Prices for land vary from \$25 per acre for timbered to \$100 per acre for the very choicest cleared lands within a couple of miles of Armstrong. Water for domestic purposes is always at hand and in many places is piped to all plots. Bearing orchards and those with two, three and four-year-old trees can also be bought, but the price would be much higher.



Penticton.

W. J. Clement.

©

PENTICTON is situated at the southern extremity of Okanagan Lake in the centre of the great fruit producing section of British Columbia. The palatial C. P. R. steamer Okanagan makes daily trips between this point and Okanagan Landing, seventy miles to the north, connecting all the lake points with a branch line of the C.P.R. from Sicamous.

As Okanagan Landing is the northern outlet by railway for the entire Okanagan Lake district, so Penticton will be the railway outlet at the south. The C.P.R. in connecting its branch to the Nicola and upper Similkameen with its line to Midway will touch at Penticton, thus placing this point on the shortest line between the Northwest and the Pacific coast. This road is to be constructed in the near future. The Great Northern Railway in building up the Similkameen, with Vancouver as its objective point, is now at Keremeos, only thirty miles distant from Penticton. A branch will be built from this road to Penticton in order to tap the Okanagan country. Penticton is thus to become the southern gateway of the Okanagan, with the shortest communication by two railways both to the east and west.

Although one of the youngest towns in the Okanagan, Penticton has within the short space of three years sprung to a foremost position. The name has existed as a geographic expression for forty years, but until the Southern Okanagan Land Co. obtained possession of the land and opened it to settlement, the entire district was owned by Thos. Ellis and employed as a great cattle ranch. Upon the acquirement of the property, the company immediately began, at an immense cost, the construction of the most extensive and complete irrigation system in the Province of British Columbia. The land was then thrown

open for settlement in ten-acre blocks at prices ranging from \$50 to \$200 per acre. Since that time the progress of the town and community has been unchecked. A continuous, and ever-increasing stream of immigrants has arrived. Hundreds of acres have been brought under cultivation and comfortable homes established.

The townsite of Penticton is pronounced by all to be one of the finest in the Okanagan Valley. It is large, level, picturesque, has excellent drainage, and has been laid out with special care. Dog Lake, four miles to the south, is an exquisite sheet of water, extending for eight miles down the valley. The Main street of the town extends from lake to lake. Streets have been laid out along the shores of both lakes, thus giving free access to the public of the most beautiful lake shores to be found anywhere in Canada. Both lakes at Penticton are admirably suited to bathing, the water being shallow for a considerable distance from shore, while the beaches are sandy. Bathing, boating and fishing are among the attractive features of Penticton as a residential location. To these might be added miles of picturesque drives, and an ever-changing variety of the most beautiful scenery. In fact Nature seems to have excelled itself in its endeavour to make Penticton an ideal residential place. That this fact is appreciated, is shown by the rapid growth of the town, and the handsome residences that have been erected.

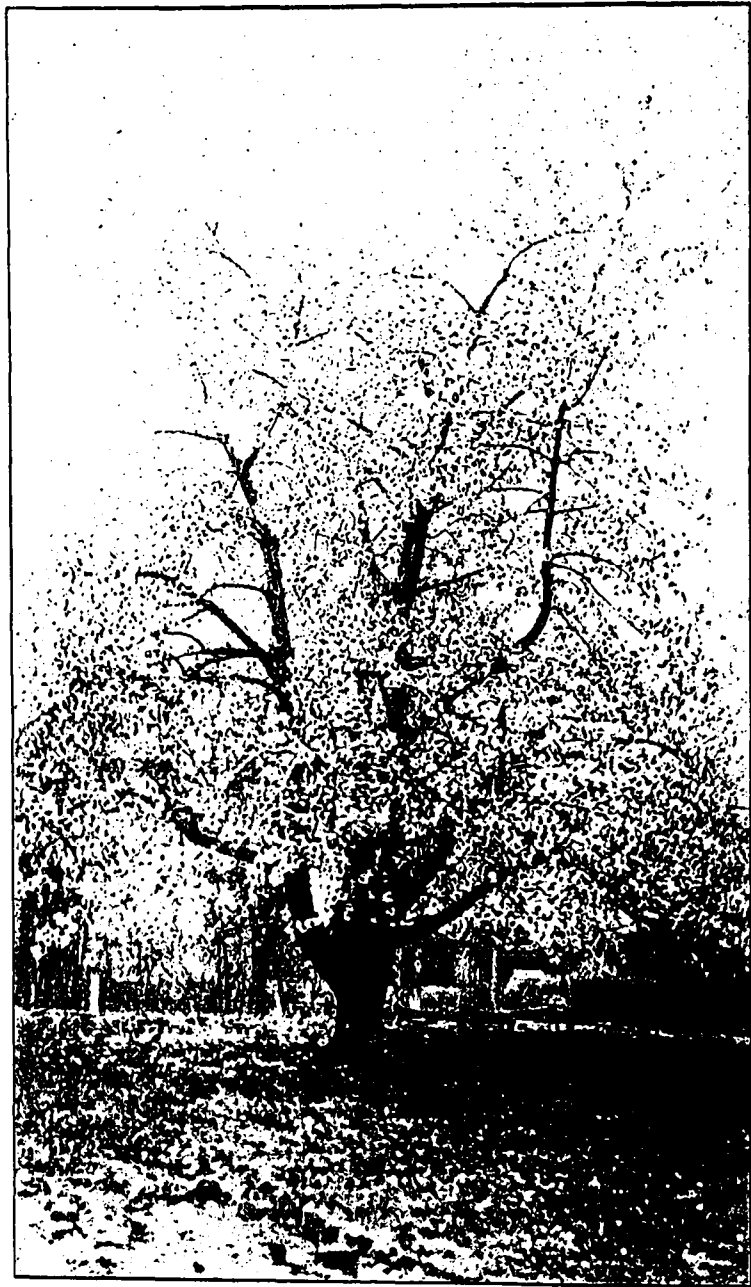
The climate of Penticton is suited to the growing of peaches, apricots, the best varieties of cherries, such as the Bing and the Royal Ann, and the more tender varieties of grapes. There is little snowfall, and the thermometer rarely indicates a zero temperature in winter. As a consequence the finest class of settlers to be found anywhere is be-

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ing attracted. The moral tone of the community is exceptionally high, which in itself is a great inducement to the intending settlers.

Up to the present time about twelve hundred acres have been planted in or-

pronounced superior to the imported article, from the fact that Okanagan grown tomatoes possess more meat and less water than those grown in the east. A company capitalized at twenty-five thousand dollars has recently been organized



Royal Ann Cherry Tree at Penticton, 35 years of Age. Has Produced as High as \$150 Worth of Fruit in a Single Season.

chard, comprising about one hundred thousand trees, mostly peaches and apples.

Apart from being a fruit growing locality, Penticton gives promise of becoming an industrial centre. Among the industries the canning and preserving of fruits will of course be important. Last year a cannery was operated upon a small scale and the product, chiefly canned tomatoes, has been universally

to take up the canning business on an extensive scale, and will begin operations as soon as the fruit season opens. There are two saw-mills in the vicinity, while there is a good opening for a brick making plant, there being plenty of clay suitable for the purpose. Although no official analysis has been made, it is believed that the proper material for the manufacture of Portland cement exists in large quantities.

Five or ten acres of land is quite sufficient for a family. Orchards begin bearing three years after planting. On the fourth year peaches should yield at least three hundred dollars per acre, while eight hundred to one thousand dollars

per acre is a conservative estimate for the produce of a five-year-old orchard. Apples take a little longer to come into full bearing, but are none the less profitable.

The Bulkley Valley.

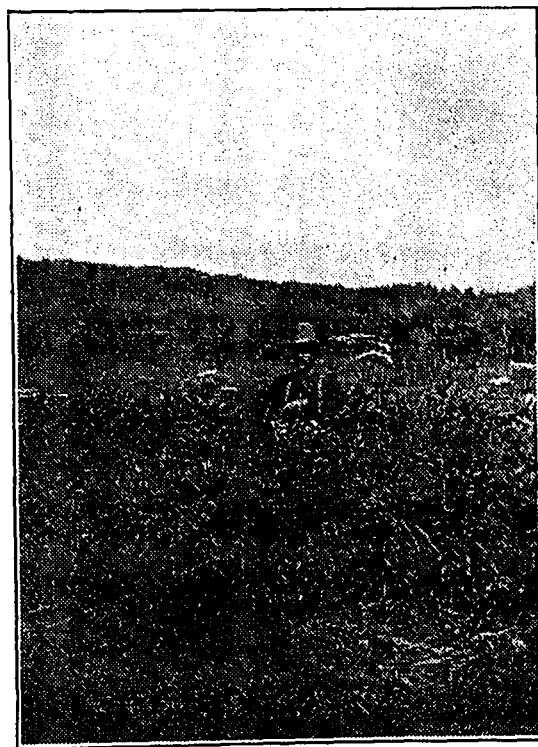
NORTH of Victoria and Vancouver 763 miles, approximately estimated by travellers accustomed to the route, lies a vast area of phenomenally rich country of which little is known to the outside world. This region is as rich in mineral as the far-famed Yukon. Little development as yet, has been done, but assay returns have exceeded the most optimistic hopes of the prospector.

Bulkley Valley lies between the 54th and 55th meridian, and between longitudes 126 and 127. Just north lies the Kispiox Valley; this is north of the town of Hazelton. South lies the Ootsa Lake Country. To reach Bulkley Valley, travellers may take any of the steamers plying north via Victoria and Vancouver to Port Essington, a distance of 543 miles from Vancouver. Thence in by the Skeena River boats to Hazelton. From Port Essington to Hazelton is 160 miles, from Essington to Kitsumgallam River 62 miles, to the Little Canon, 7 miles; from this point to the Kitsilas Canon which cuts the Cascade range, 8 miles. From this place to Lorne Creek, 30 miles, to Meanskineesht, otherwise known as Holy City, 12 miles; from there to Hazelton, 40 miles, making the total distance of 160 miles inland. The boats begin their runs about the end of April, and the season closes about the middle of November.

The distance from Hazelton to Aldermere is 60 miles, and is covered, at present, by pack train over a good, but rugged trail. A good wagon road will

be completed during the coming summer.

By the overland route from Ashcroft, a station on the Can. Pac. Railroad, to Telkwa and Aldermere is 580 miles. This trail and wagon road follows the Yukon telegraph line, which runs from Ashcroft to Dawson. A wagon road



Native Grasses in the Bulkley Valley.

traverses the distance, 240 miles, from Ashcroft to Quesnelle. From Quesnelle the distance to Aldermere is covered by trail via Blackwater Valley, going through Nechaco Valley and following the bank of Fraser Lake, then through to Burns Lake and Decker Lake; thence

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to headwaters of Bulkley River, and following the river down to Aldermere, a distance of three hundred and forty miles by stations. This takes the traveller into the heart of the Bulkley Valley. Ashcroft is an outfitting station for that region. Horses and all needful supplies can be secured there. Hazelton is another outfitting point, but for the route first mentioned.

Another route is via Vancouver by steamer to Bella Coola. This place lies three hundred miles north of Vancouver. The remainder of the distance is covered by trail to Aldermere, by way of the Ootsa Lake country, touching Teta

one hundred and ten miles long; Stuart, forty miles long; North Tacla, sixty miles long; Francois, sixty-five miles in length; Eutsuk Lake is sixty miles long, and lying south of this lake near the 53rd parallel, is a large lake known only to the oldest pioneers. This lake is fifty-seven miles long.

About twenty per cent. of the total area is open meadow. There is a heavy growth of rank grass and in cutting this no clearing is necessary. The kinds of grass are various, wild rye, sugar grass and redtop, occasionally beaver grass, as well as peavine and other vetches. The poplar growth is small, averaging only



Cutting Hay on a Bulkley Valley Farm.

Chuck Lake. Ootsabunkut Lake, Cheslatta and Francois Lakes; thence along the bank of the Zumgozli River, a tributary of the Bulkley River. Bella Coola is also an outfitting station. The season opens for this route about the twentieth of May.

The area of Bulkley and surrounding valleys north and south, is four hundred and eighty miles east and west. This area includes the Bulkley, Kispiox Valleys, Ootsa Lake Country, Nechaco, Blackwater, Quesnelle, Soda Creek, and Fort George Valleys.

There are numerous lakes in this region, the principal ones are Babine Lake,

two or three inches in diameter.

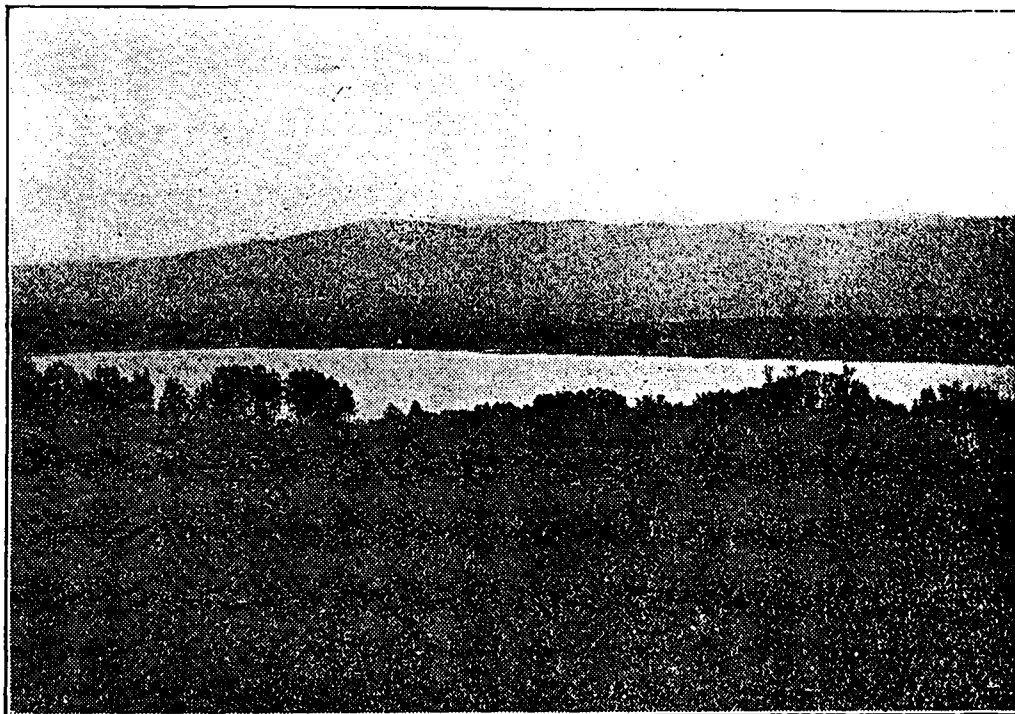
Portions of these lands are covered with fireweed, and rosebushes grow in great patches with other undergrowth. This proves the fertility of the soil. The soil is a fine black loam running from eight inches to three feet in depth, underneath is a medium soft clay sub-soil, under this is found an exceedingly hard cemented clay. There is no evidence of alkali in the land. When wells are sunk, where gravel seams are struck water is found abundant in sinking from ten to twenty feet. Numerous creeks not shown on the map water the valley and irrigation for agricultural purposes is unne-

cessary. The coldest weather ever known in that region during the winter was when the thermometer dropped to 34 degrees below zero in January, but the cold weather is never prolonged; the average temperature is about 60 degrees above zero. Highest temperature in summer is 98 degrees Fahr. Snowfall averages one foot. Flurries of snow begin in November, melting and falling intermittingly until January, when it remains on the ground until the middle of March, in the average year. Planting begins about the 15th of April. Grain matures about the middle of August, until the middle of September. Hay season begins the first

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great profusion, as well as the high bush cranberry, blackberries and rhubarb, all have a fine flavour. There are several kinds of wild vegetables, onions of a superior sort are native growth, as well as rice.

Bulkley Valley from Moricetown to Frasier Lake, a distance of 100 miles, is available for agricultural purposes, by official report, and much of the land is not yet taken. In summer season it remains light until 10:30 p.m., dawn begins at 2:30 a.m. During the few hours of darkness there descends an exceedingly heavy dew. The heat of the sun is retained and conserved by the soil



Round Lake in the Bulkley Valley.

week in July and can be continued two months. July and August are the dry months and the season for cutting native grass. Hay of this sort averages from a ton to two tons an acre. Oats average forty to seventy bushels an acre. Vegetables grow abundantly and are of fine flavor. Tomatoes ripen on the vine. Fruit trees have been planted and are growing well, but have not yet matured to fruit growing age in the Bulkley Valley.

There is a great quantity of native small fruits, such as sarvas berries, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries and huckleberries, which grow in

during the long hours of daylight, which accounts for the luxuriant vegetation in that region.

In this district there is 75 square miles of coal deposit by Government survey. Coal land at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers has been acquired by different companies. That known as the Cassiar Coal and Development Company holds approximately 33,000 acres of this tract under the management of Mr. W. Lyman, who is one of the pioneers, coming into the country in 1897. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad has, it is estimated, 17,000 acres of this coal land, which it has secured through the

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Kitimaat Coal Company. The Transcontinental Development Company also has large holdings. These coal lands were located by Mr. Webster, a well known geologist, now deceased, who came through the region with the geological surveyors in the 70's. Several small locations have been taken up from time to time and developed somewhat. The quality of the coal in this region is high grade bituminous, and a small percentage of semi-anthracite deposit.

North and north east of Aldermere rich mineral veins have been discovered averaging from three to forty-eight feet wide. Mineral was first discovered in the vicinity of Hunters Basin and staked by Dr. Atkins and Mr. Lyman in '98, and this claim has been constantly developed since, and now has passed into the hands of Mr. Lorne, the Indian agent, and Mr. Hawkins and associates, pioneers and prospectors of the valley. Since '98 there have been staked, approximately, 250 to 300 mineral claims in the vicinity of the Telkwa and Copper River district. At the head of the Copper River the character of the ores are copper glance, grey copper, sulphite, chalcopyrites, and bornite. This copper, by assay returns obtained runs in gold, from \$1,400 to the ton, down to \$25. A galena property lying at the headwaters of the Copper River, known as steel galena lode, has been developed for several seasons. Five tons of this ore were packed down over the trail by Charlie Barrett in '96 and the smelter returns exceeded the most optimistic hopes of the shippers. Babine range, lying northeast of Aldermere, is the summit of the divide between the Babine Lake and the Bulkley River. This range has been little prospected. The first was done last Summer and resulted in enthusiastic reports from the prospectors as to the indications of rich mineral deposits in that range. The late James Dibble was one of the prospectors who made the find of a rich galena ledge. This property lies about twenty-five miles northeast of Aldermere and from all information obtainable it is similar in vein and formation to the famous St. Eugene mine at Moyie. The area of mineral tract in this region is of vast extent and

everywhere shows rich prospects; it has been little worked and is practically a virgin field. Mining is much handicapped by the difficulties and expense of transportation. This country would be an ideal location for a smelter, all the facilities for running one are in the country—water power, coal and coke, lime, iron, silica, etc. A clay deposit has been tested and found suitable for good brick, which will stand a high percentage of heat.

The lakes are filled with fresh water fish. Salmon in the spawning season run up the Bulkley River from the Skeena to the headwaters of the Blackwater. Many salmon during the season have been caught at Moricetown.

HOW TO GET TO BULKLEY VALLEY AND THE NORTHERN INTERIOR

Vancouver or Victoria, take steamers to Port Essington, then Skeena River boats to Hazelton. Distance as follows:

	MILES.
Essington to Telegraph Point.....	20
Essington to Graveyard Point.....	50
Essington to Himlock	60
Essington to Big Canyon.....	80
Essington to Lorne Creek.....	109
Essington to Hazelton, head of navigation	160
Go by wagon road and trail from Hazelton to Bulkley Valley, Aldermere and Telkwa.	
To Mosquito flats	12
To Strawberry flats	18
To Moricetown	32
To Spring Hill	39
To Glaizer House	47
Hudson Bay ranch	50
Aldermere	57
Wagon Road Trails from Aldermere and Telkwa to Pleasant Valley	23
To Head of Francis Lake	60
Ootsa Lake	74
Cheslatta Lake	182
Aldermere by Telegraph trail to foot of Fraser Lake	125
Aldermere to Howsen Camp.....	23
Hunter Basin	14
Head of Copper River and Hudson Bay Mountain mines	20
Trail from Aldermere to Babine...	20
Hazelton to Omineca Mines.....	180
Hazelton to Kispiox	9

The Nechaco Valley.

John F. Appleton.

BEFORE giving a detailed description of the Nechaco Valley, let us get an idea as to the route taken and the character of country traveled through in reaching the land further north.

If you will glance at a map of British Columbia you will notice that the Nechaco Valley lies between the Rocky Mountains and Coast Range, it being the country east of Fort Fraser, along the Nechaco River. There are two ways of reaching this Valley. One is by boat on the Skeena River to Hazelton and then by pack train through the Bulkley and Endako River Valleys to Fort Fraser. The other route, which is much cheaper, is from Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a starting point, using the British Columbia stage line up the Cariboo Road to Soda Creek, then by steamboat to Quesnel and from there by pack train along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley. The latter route, which covers a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, was the one used by our party. It is certainly one of the most interesting trips a person can take on account of the varied country traveled through.

On June 30th, 1907, our party left Ashcroft. The Cariboo road leaves the Thompson River at Ashcroft and follows the Bonaparte River to Clinton. This is a very rough country, there being no agricultural land except along the river, but on account of its being in the arid district it is necessary to irrigate these flats which then produce abundant crops of feed grain, hay, vegetables and fruits. From Clinton; north, vegetation becomes more varied and growth more luxuriant. This is owing to the fact that the altitude of the country between Clinton and Lac La Hache is greater and while the altitude recedes

after leaving Lac La Hache the same is true of the mountains to the West, thus making it possible for more moisture to get into the interior country. In this vicinity the hills are grassy and covered with pine and spruce which does not get very large on account of the frequent fires caused by campers along the trails. There is, however, ample timber for building purposes. In the spring there is good pasturage on the hills and some very nice meadows on the bottom lands, but even here the best results are obtained by irrigation. The ranchers in these parts are prosperous and contented, and all have comfortable homes.

At Soda Creek we took the steamboat "Charlotte" and went up Fraser River to Quesnel. Here we found our pack train awaiting us for the journey along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley. This country is much the same as that passed through in reaching Soda Creek, but the additional precipitation was very noticeable. One could note a difference in the growth every few miles traveled and summer rains were more numerous.

South of the 53rd degree of latitude and near the head of the Salmon River, which falls into Dean Channel, the Nechaco River takes its source in the foothills of the Coast Range. It runs northeasterly for a long distance, receiving many feeders, until it falls into a large trough-like depression near Fraser Lake. This depression follows the 54th degree of latitude in its general direction and has an average width of from ten to forty miles. This large extent of land from Fraser Lake to Fraser River, about seventy-five miles in length, is drained by the Lower Nechaco River.

The best part of the Valley is the portion just east of Fraser Lake, along the Nechaco River and around Lakes Ta-

chic, Noalki and Tsinkut and the country intervening. One would term the valley level but it is slightly undulating, enough so as to give good drainage. There are two kinds of soil, viz., a fine white silts and black loam, but the white silts is more in evidence and in most places is from thirty to forty feet in depth. It is very rich and of the finest quality, and is entirely free from sand, gravel and stone. In fact the soil and lay of land is of such an even nature that one could select a farm blind-folded and not make a mistake.

The ground is generally covered with thickets of small poplar, with here and there a few spruce, but prairies of large extent often occur. These appear to have been caused by fires and are more abundant near the trails and rivers, where the Indians and white men generally do their camping. These prairies are covered with the greatest variety of nutritious grasses, pea-vine and vetches and not only did we find a luxuriant growth there, but even in the wooded portions, grass, pea-vine and vetches of different species grew to such a height that it was very difficult to travel in it. In many places this growth was higher than the horses' backs. The timber is mostly too small for construction purposes, but along the rivers and shores of lakes a good supply of building timber can be had cheaply.

The clearing of the land can be most effectually done by fire. The settlers have had the best of success in getting rid of the timber on their farms in this way. As stated, the lands have more or less poplar which is small but grows very thick. There is also a good undergrowth consisting of grasses, pea-vine, etc. After the first two or three killing frosts in the fall this undergrowth becomes dry, making this the best time to do the burning. Mr. Joseph Murray and three of his neighbors, who live north of the Nechaco River, in clearing their places during the fall of 1906, caused twelve sections to be burned over with one fire. The results were most remarkable. At the time of our inspection, July 15th, 1907, there was very little burned timber standing. The winds had blown it down, which was an easy mat-

ter, as the fire gets into the vegetable mould around the roots of the trees and burns them off. In fact in many places the first burning had cleared from fifty to sixty acres in such fine shape that with little work it could be placed under cultivation, almost everything having been consumed. The next fall, after the undergrowth becomes dry, it is set afire again which makes a clean job of it. Many of the homesteaders do not plow the burnt-over land until after the first crop is taken off, claiming it is not necessary.

The Valley is nicely watered by beautiful lakes and streams. The Nechaco River is from five to six hundred feet wide and is one of the prettiest streams we saw on our trip. It has a gravel bottom, the water is clear and the current quite swift. Four or five miles south of the river are three fine lakes, the names being mentioned above. They have nicely gravelled beaches and sand bottoms and the water is excellent. These beautiful lakes and hills surrounding the Valley make a most impressive sight. They are drained by the Stony and Tsinkut Rivers which empty into the Nechaco. Throughout the entire valley well water is easily obtained at a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet and in all wells inspected we found the water to be most excellent and free from all alkaline substances.

Trout, sturgeon and whitefish are very plentiful in all the lakes and rivers. During the months of August and September the Nechaco abounds with salmon which make their way from the sea to their spawning grounds. They are taken in thousands by the Indians who dry them for their winter supply of food. Deer and bear are numerous. Coyotes are plentiful and can quite often be heard howling at night. There is also the rabbit, beaver, muskrat, fox, wolverine, marten, lynx, fisher and otter. Partridge, pheasant and grouse abound and in season the rivers and lakes teem with geese and ducks.

One would not wish for a better climate, there being no extremes. The days during the summer months are hot but no uncomfortably so, and the nights are cool thus insuring good sleep. By

enquiring of the Indians and homesteaders we ascertained that the winters are short and mild, that the snowfall is very light, usually about twelve inches in depth and never drifts. We were also informed that they never thought of feeding their cattle until Christmas and as a rule they could be turned out again in March. Another good feature is the absence of heavy winds, but there is always a refreshing breeze from the west and one feels its cooling effect even on the hottest day. Rains in the summer are quite sufficient as was evidenced by the luxuriant growth found. The Hudson's Bay diary, kept by Mr. Peters at Fort Fraser, which was examined for several years back, verified the above information. Government telegraph operator at Fort Fraser, Mr. G. W. Proctor, formerly a resident of Lower Ontario, who has lived in the Valley for seven years, said that he much preferred this climate to that in the east, it being dryer and more moderate.

On account of lack of transportation facilities the country is badly handicapped but the new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is being pushed at a rapid rate. Its route through British Columbia will be via the Yellowhead Pass and up the South Fork of the Fraser River to Bear Lake. It crosses from here to the Willow River which it follows to the Fraser, and along it to the Nechaco near Fort George, from where it follows the south bank of the Nechaco River to Fort Fraser. From here it follows the south shore of Fraser Lake and along the Endako and Bulkley Rivers to the Telkwa; up this river to the headwaters of the Copper River and down it and the Skeena to its terminal point, Prince Rupert, on Kaien Island.

The main line of this railroad will run directly through the Nechaco Valley. When this road is completed it will be the finest transcontinental railroad on the continent, with a gradient of only one-tenth of one per cent.

From careful investigation made personally, and by obtaining available information, such as given by Mr. A. L. Poudrier, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Mr. H. P. Bell, Mr. M. V. Scribner, Mr. J. W. Mc-

Intosh, and Mr. J. H. Gray in the report issued by the Government, I would call the Nechaco Valley a most desirable place for the home-building. Had it not been for the almost total lack of transportation facilities, also the fact that there are practically no wagon roads and but few pack trails, the lands would have been occupied long before much of the country further east, as its advantages are many.

What has been said so far is more in



A Nechaco Valley Homestead.

a descriptive way to show its desirability as a place to reside. The unique climatic conditions, the scenic beauty of the landscape and crystalline purity of lakes and streams would give here an indescribable charm, but the fertility of the soil, as demonstrated by the wealth of vegetation thereon, proves that as an agricultural district it is as greatly favored by nature. On account of the present isolation of this territory farming is carried on to a limited extent and in most instances under very unfavorable conditions as to cultivation. Not-

withstanding this and the additional fact that they had a late spring, as was experienced in general, their wheat, oats, barley, rye, timothy and blue grass were as good as you would find anywhere. Clover did exceptionally well and was all of three feet in length. We had the opportunity to examine the different grains grown during the season of 1906 and found them to be first grade. The wheat was of the Red Fife variety, of good color, plump and weighed over sixty pounds to the bushel.

In the gardens we found the different vegetables and small fruits and they were exceptionally fine. The following dimensions of a rhubarb stalk measured by our party will give some idea as to this growth: From base of stalk to tip of leaf, 5 feet 9 inches; length of stalk, 2 feet 8 1-2 inches; width of leaf, 3 feet, and circumference of stalk (at base) 5 1-2 inches.

As it is practically impossible, at the present time, to get nursery stock into the country in a condition fit for planting, fruit culture has made little development. However, there is not the slightest doubt but the the hardier var-

ieties, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, etc., would do well, as they are now grown successfully at Hazelton, Barkerville, Quesnel and Soda Creek where conditions are similar. The wild fruits growing here consist of cherries, crabapples, strawberries, dewberries, service or saskatoon berries and other varieties not acquainted with.

Stock raising and dairying is a necessity on the farm and must be indulged in sooner or later in order to get the best results. More ideal conditions could hardly exist for this line of farming, as all grasses do well and the winters are short and mild. Several fine bunches of thoroughbred cattle were taken into the Valley last season by the settlers.

Careful investigation will warrant the conclusion that the undeveloped portions of British Columbia offer greater opportunities for investment than any other section of the continent and after traveling about two thousand miles throughout the Province I am satisfied that one of the most favored sections, from an agricultural standpoint, is the Nechaco Valley.

“The Queen of the Crow.”

D. V. M.

THE evolution of Fernie, near the western entrance to the Crow's Nest Pass across the backbone of the Continent, is a story, which while lacking in ancient lore, is replete with the thrilling heart throbs of modern methods of industry.

Thirty years ago the stillness which reigns in God's first temples filled the narrow aisles of a great forest cathedral which stretched its winding length through the trough in the hills from the plains of Alberta to the parks of the Kootenay Valley. Its myriads of graceful, tapering pillars had been unmarked by the blazing axe of the white man; and the soft, mossy carpets of its aisles

unpressed by any save the foot of wild beast.

“The Monarch of the Plains,” the buffalo, had followed the trail of the deer and had left his skull to bleach in the weather on the little grass plot called, later, by the railroad builders, Bull's Head Prairie, and the skull was elevated to a position on a stump to mark the place.

The wild deer had followed the course of least resistance; the buffalo had followed his trail. The hunter and the prospector blazed the trail, and the steel road builders changed the pack trail to a modern railway, over which we now ride with scarce a thought of

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the evolution which brought it all about.

In 1887 the first prospecting for coal on Coal Creek, which empties into the Elk River at Fernie, was done. The work was kept up, spasmodically, until 1897, when active operations on the line of development began; and the next year the active mining of coal was inaugurated. The construction of the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific railway was being pushed to completion as rapidly as conditions would permit, and in June, 1898, the rails reached the present townsite of Fernie.

The road had been preceded by the contractors' camps, the traders and their parasites—the camp followers; and during the fall and winter of 1897-98, the collection of log houses and shacks known as Coal Creek, sprang into existence near the banks of the Creek where the construction trail crossed the stream.

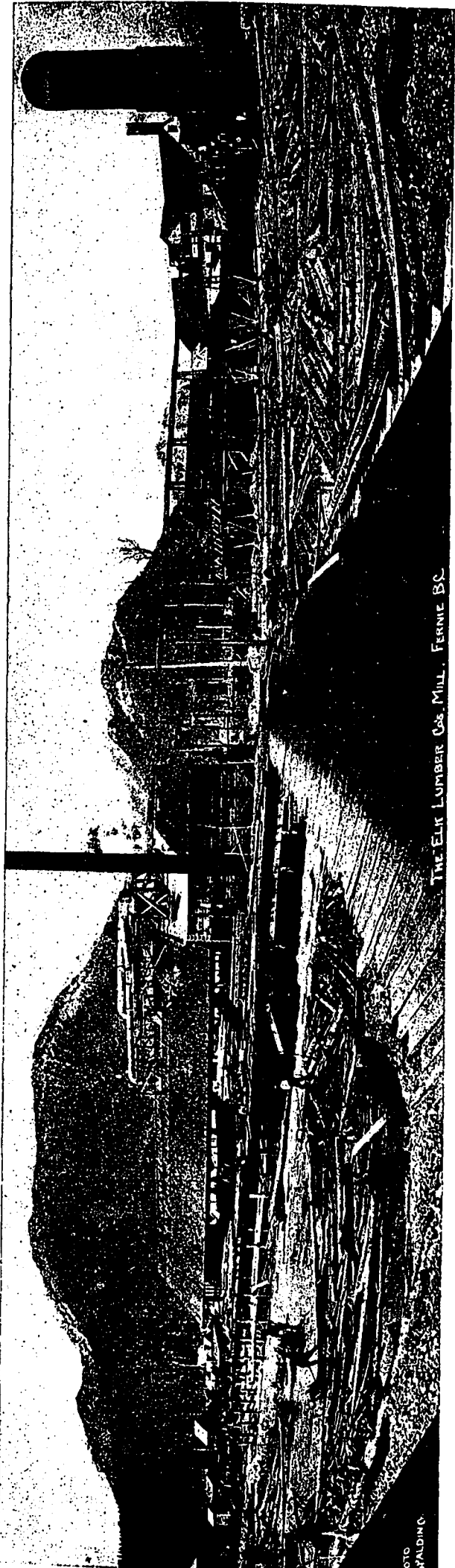
In the summer of '98, the townsite of Fernie was laid out in the wilderness of burnt timber and second growth which covered the ground, and the life of Fernie dates from that time.

Lots on Victoria avenue were sold at from \$150 to \$250 and these prices at the time seemed to be high enough, especially to the man who had to hunt through the brush for his corner stakes, and go into the log rolling and stump pulling business to clear his plot. Not one of those Victoria Avenue lots could now be purchased for less than \$2,000, and some of them would be considered bargains at \$5,000.

Many of the original purchasers still own the lots. From a village of a few hundred in 1898, Fernie has expanded to an incorporated city of some 4,000 people. Taking into account West Fernie, the old town across the track, and the mine settlement at Coal Creek, there are now fully 6,000 people where not more than as many hundreds were to be found at the beginning of '98.

From a town without title to the land upon which it stood, it has developed into an incorporated city with property values reaching beyond the million mark, possessing its own municipal machinery with which to perform all the functions of civic organization.

It has in operation an up-to-date sewer



THE ELK LUMBER Co. MILL, FERNIE B.C.

OTO
WALDING

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system costing \$40,000, and is supplied with water and light by the Crow's Nest Electric Light and Power Company.

It has a large public school building, which is crowded to its utmost capacity by a daily attendance of 385 children.

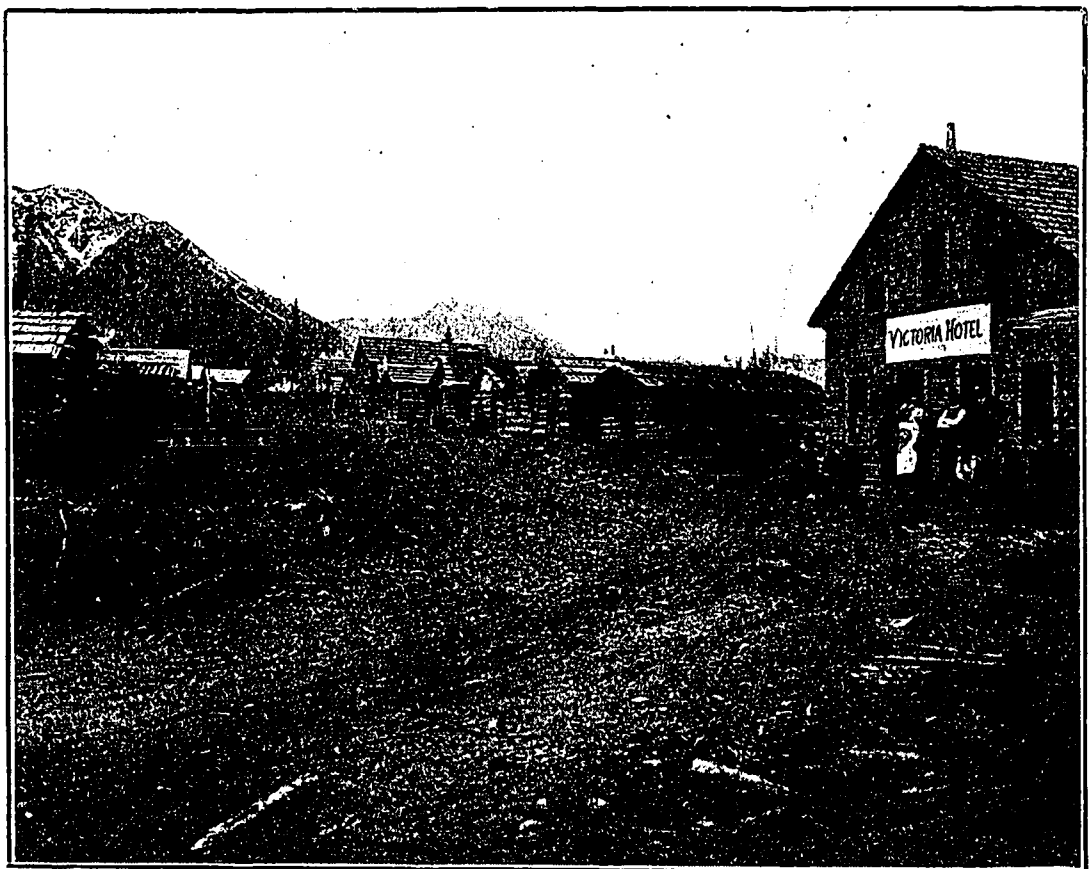
There are three banks in operation, with a fourth preparing to enter the field.

There are two large wholesale establishments with ample capital, doing a flourishing business.

The largest and most complete general store between Winnipeg and the

sand feet per day. The combined output of these mills when in operation amounts to a daily cut of nearly 300,000 feet. A full season's cut will reach a total value of more than half a million dollars.

The mother industry of the district, that of coal mining, produced in 1898, 8,900 tons of coal and 361 tons of coke. Last year the product of the same industry totalled 978,000 tons of coal and 232,000 tons of coke, valued at \$3,000,000. Add to these two large sums the value of the products of the smaller in-



!Scene on Main St. of Coal Creek in 1898—the Forerunner of Fernie.

coast is a Fernie institution, besides many other mercantile establishments.

There is a well equipped foundry and machine shop; a very large brewing plant, a cigar factory, and other smaller manufacturing institutions.

There are three newspapers, two weeklies and a young daily with ambitious plans for the future.

There are five churches with growing congregations, and many secret and benevolent societies.

Within a radius of four miles there are four saw-mills ranging in capacity from forty to one hundred and fifty thou-

industries and we have a total product for the year of \$4,000,000.

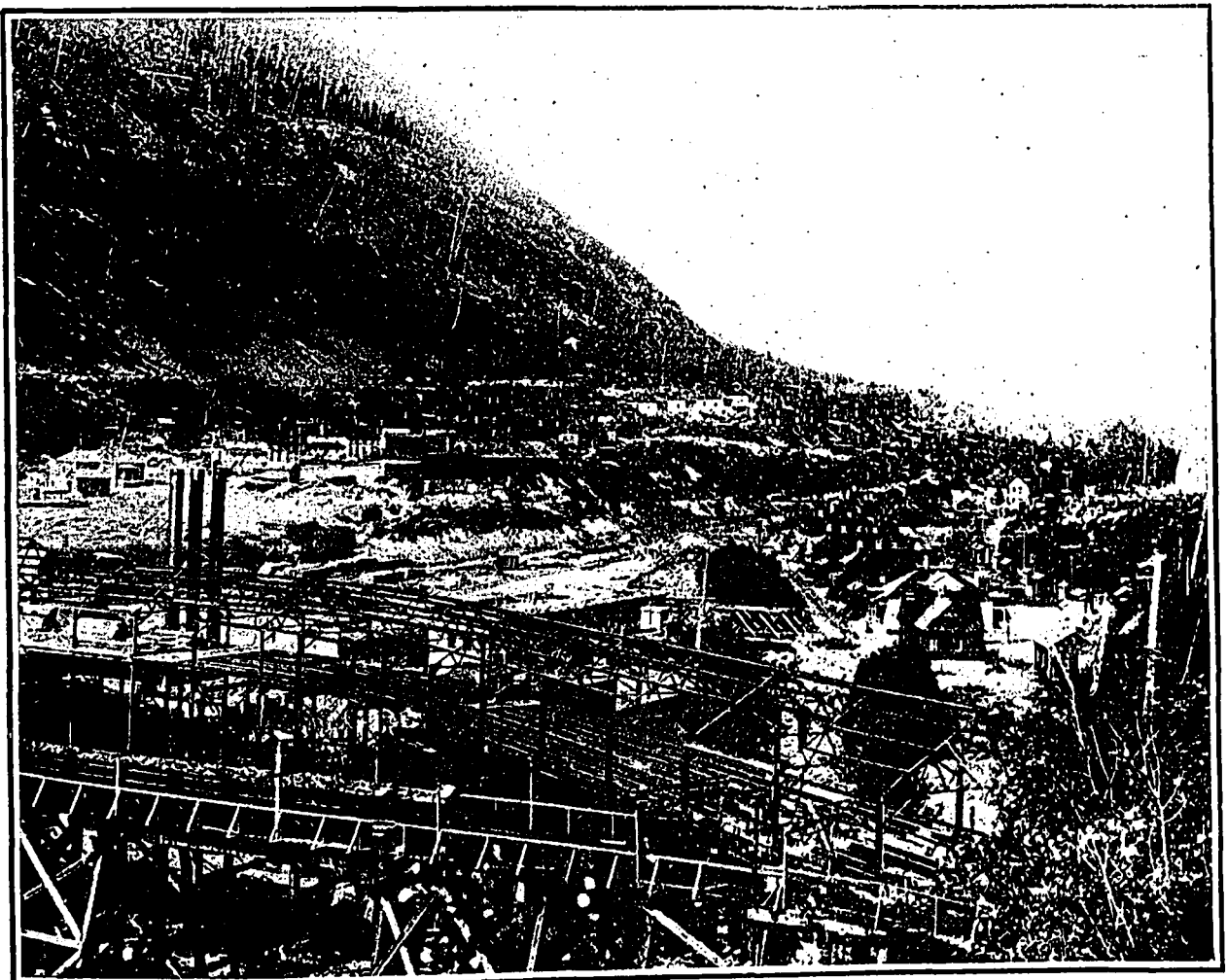
The new post office building erected by the Dominion Government at a cost of \$70,000 represents only one-third of the Dominion revenue of all kinds collected here during the past year.

The new court house erected at a cost of \$35,000 by the Provincial Government, bears the same proportion to collections for the Provincial treasury as that in the case of the Dominion.

Building operations already under way represent an outlay of \$160,00, and bids



Victoria Avenue, Looking South.



The Great Steel Tipple at the Coal Creek Mines.

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fair to pass the quarter million mark during the season.

Three railways do business in Fernie, the Canadian Pacific, Great Northern and the Morrissey, Fernie and Michel, which connects the mines with the two larger systems.

Fernie's future rests on a foundation of seams of coal and forests of timber; the one inexhaustible, the other capable of being made perpetual by the adoption of proper reforestation methods.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, looking to the future, has increased its capital by \$6,000,000, which means a greater increase of population, trade and wealth to Fernie during the coming decade than has fallen to her lot during the first ten years of her existence.

So short a story on so interesting a subject must necessarily be impersonal, but no story of Fernie could be written without mention of one, perhaps the most interesting, personality connected with her history. The City's name, of which she is justly and jealously proud,

is in commemoration of the man, who, more than any other, is entitled to the distinction.

Long years ago a fourteen-year-old boy, with the spirit of adventure burning in his bosom, was apprenticed to a sea captain, and leaving his English home sailed round Good Hope to Australia. After a short time spent in the antipodes, he voyaged across the Pacific to the west shore of South Africa. After a vain search for gold in the land made famous by the conquest of Pizarro and his followers, he turned northward to California, and some fifty years ago set foot for the first time in British Columbia. Space will not permit of telling the story of his adventures in the "Sea of Mountains." The pioneer is not always rewarded as has been Wm. Fernie. He is now dallying with dahlias and daisies in well-kept beds, or digging dandelions out of a velvety lawn in the Queen City of Canada, the counterpart of many a city in the land of his birth—Victoria.

Kootenay's Capital.

E. K. Beeston

KOOTENAY has for nearly twenty years been a familiar name to those who follow the fortunes of metalliferous mining, as prospectors, as mining engineers or as investing capitalists. For about half that period Kootenay had little other claim to fame. Then came the development of the coal measures of the Fernie district and the exploitation of timber limits along the main line of the Canadian Pacific and the Crow's Nest branch, and on every lake and navigable river. Today Kootenay offers the most varied and probably the richest attractions in all Canada, to the investor, the home-maker or the adventurer.

MINING.

While the mining industry began in

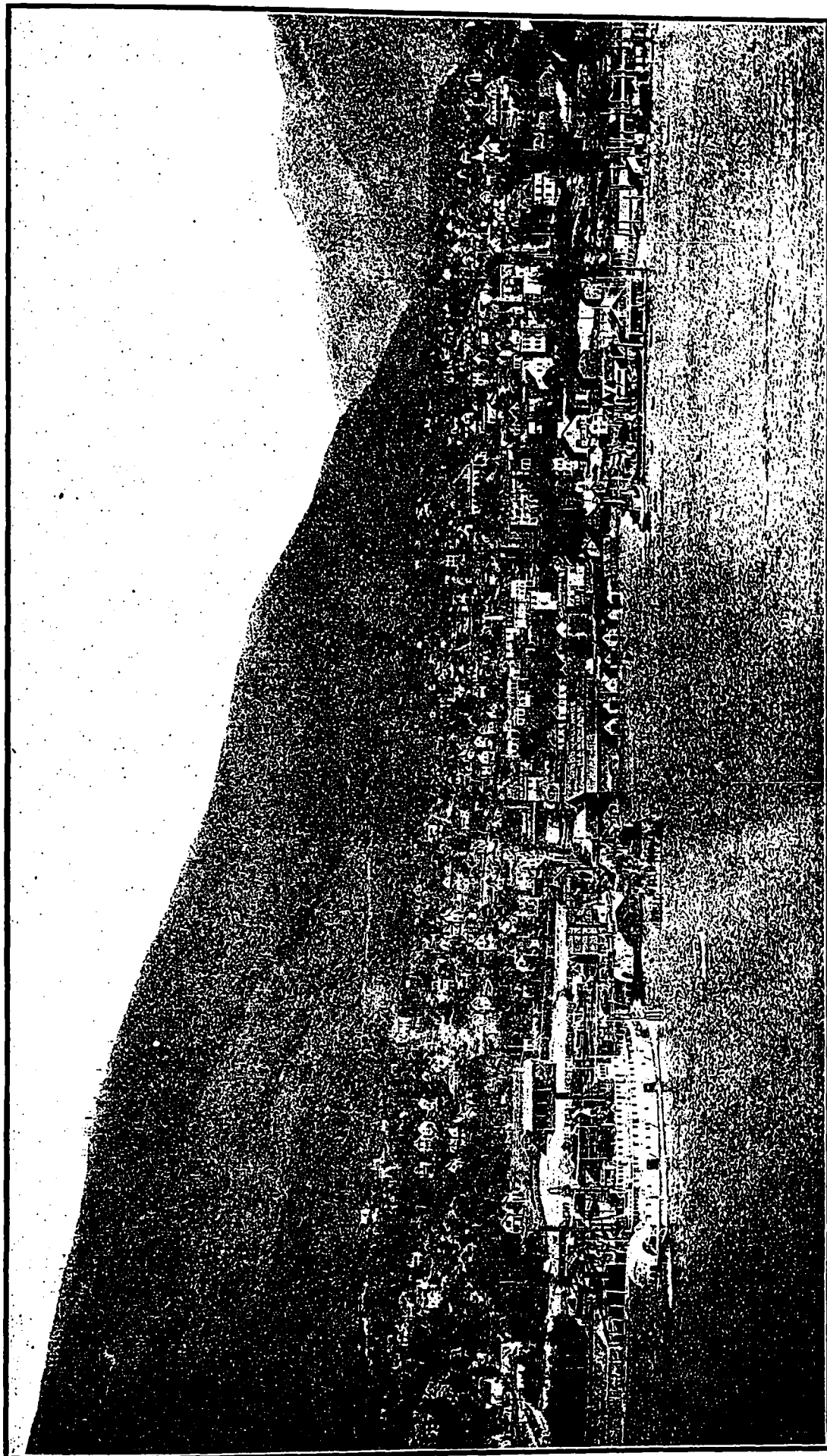
Kootenay many decades ago, while many a field has awakened continental interest by the richness of the discoveries, and large sums of money have been spent in their development, the mineral wealth of Kootenay is hardly scratched. The deepest workings have not yet reached two thousand feet; it is only the surface values that have been won, and even these only from a very small proportion of the area.

This year of grace, 1908, is witnessing in a marked degree a development that began in Slocan and Rossland more than a dozen years ago. The mines are passing from the control of the prospectors into the hands of large companies with ample capital for development and operation. While some pro-

KOOTENAY'S CAPITAL

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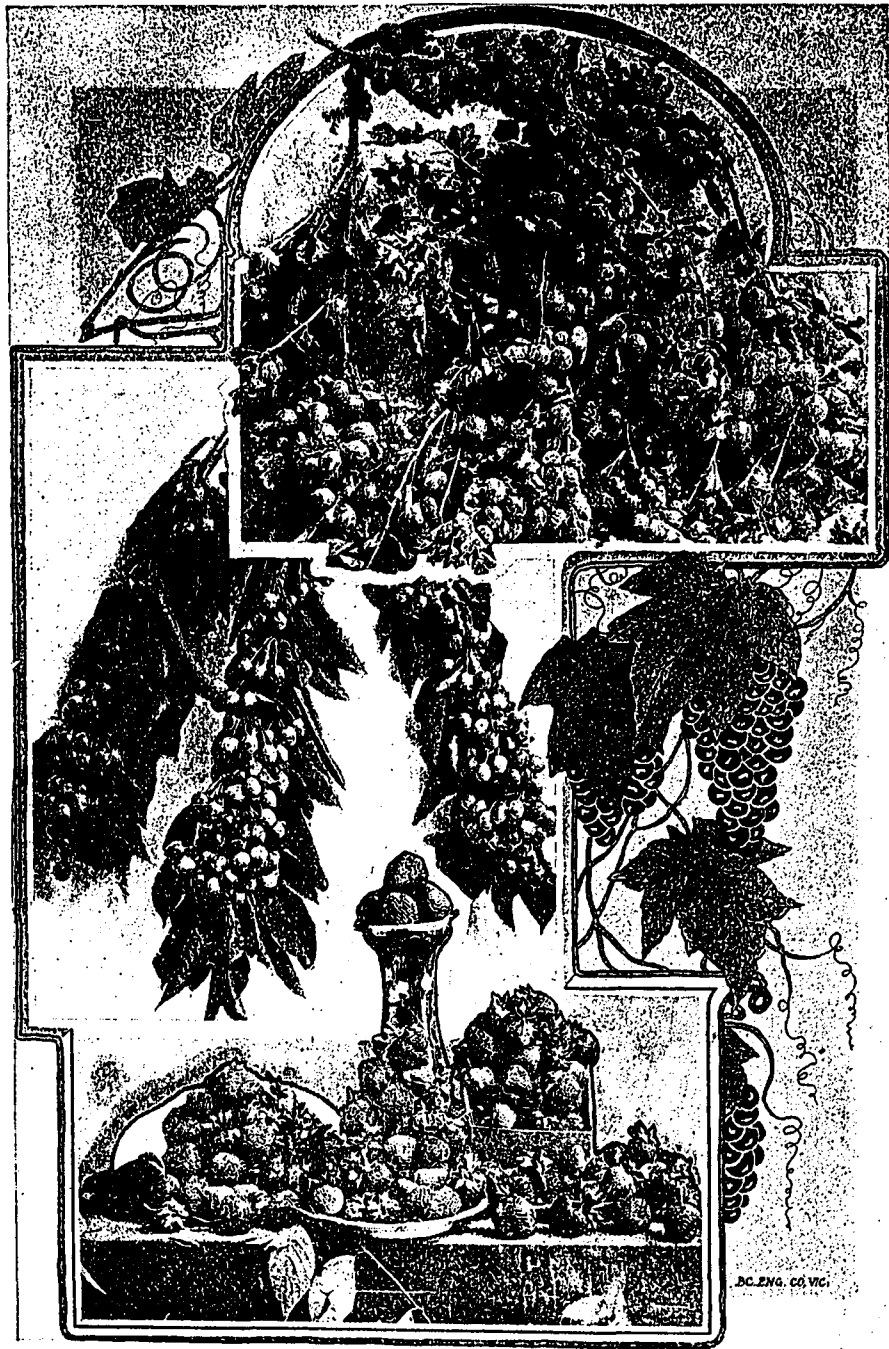
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City of Nelson from the Lake.

perties whose wealth begins near the surface may pay almost from the grass roots, the process is not an economical one. There is work for the prospector in Kootenay for fifty years yet, and no other field can offer him fairer reward, but it is better for the prospector as well as for the public interest that the

dealing in Kootenay timber limits. Like the proved mines these are gradually passing into the hands of men or companies who are financially able to make the most of their wealth. The foot hills of the Rockies and the Selkirks are heavily timbered and the limits are accessible by a thousand streams.



Strawberries, Cherries and Gooseberries Grown Around Nelson.

big mineral deposits should pass to the control of strong corporations, and that is what is now taking place.

LUMBERING.

In spite of temporary depression in the lumber trade, which seems to be felt all over North America, there is no cessation or diminution of activity in

But if all the timber land now staked were absolutely denuded Kootenay's total supply of timber would be relatively little less than before lumbering in the district began. The revival of the demand for lumber which must come with the steady growth of population and prosperity on the treeless prairies of Al-

berta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will guarantee an ever increasing value to the timber resources of Kootenay, their nearest base of supplies in Canada.

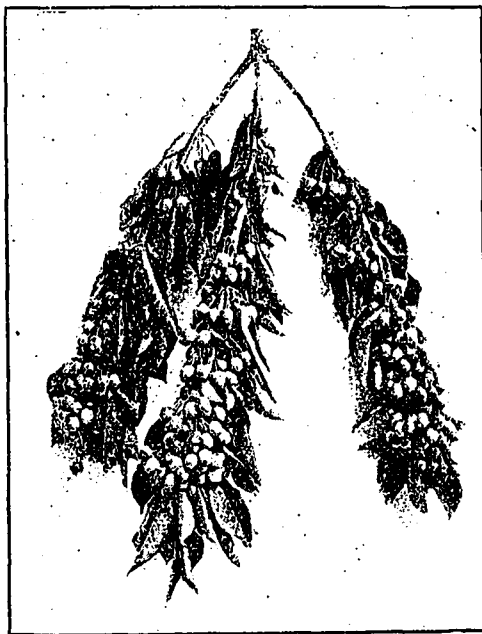
FRUIT GROWING.

But the wealth of mineral deposits is definitely limited, and the wealth of timber limits cannot bear continuous exploitation. One asset a country has which if treated intelligently may be inexhaustible—the fertility of the soil. In this respect Kootenay is not inferior to any other part of Canada. The configuration of the country—not unhappily called "a sea of mountains," seems to have resulted in a concentration of all the virtue of the soil in the lake and river valleys and on the lower hill sides.

ored spots where scenery and nearness to a city have had an important influence on values.

The first years of fruit growing in Kootenay were successful only as a demonstration of its possibilities. Now the heroic pioneer work of a few has begun to bear fruit. Many orchards are in bearing, the growers of the Nelson district are organized on a business basis with an expert in charge, and those who have sown the seed are now sure of their harvest.

It is as true of the fruit growing industry as of mining and lumbering that Kootenay is as yet only on the threshold of its promised land. The growth of the past three years has been rapid, but



Royal Ann Cherries Grown at Nelson.



Boating on Kootenay Lake.

Here nothing seems impossible. The triumphs achieved within the province, in other Canadian markets, and in competition with the fruit of the world in expositions held in the British Islands, are sufficient evidence of the quality of the product of Kootenay orchards.

Dominion officials, expert on soil and products, have conceded that the best of the fruit of Kootenay has not been, and probably cannot be, equalled in any other province of Canada. A provincial assessor, after many years of investigation, has declared that the possible revenue from Kootenay orchards justifies a valuation far beyond any figures that have yet been placed even on the fav-

the area of the demonstrably cultivable land seems to expand with the settlement. Three years ago the offer of one tract for sale as possible orchard land was greeted with an outburst of laughter. The tract was declared to be practically all mountain top. Since then several prosperous communities have been established within that very area.

The land in close proximity to the city of Nelson is now all occupied. Much of it has changed hands several times at steadily advancing prices. The shores of Kootenay, Slokan and the Arrow lakes remain, and the valleys of the innumerable streams that feed them. No one is now bold enough to suggest a

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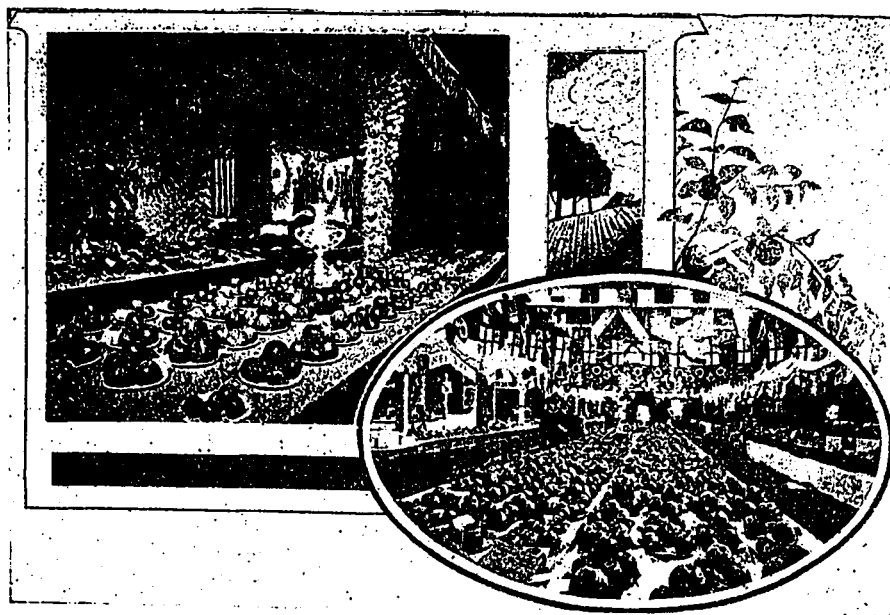
limit to the area of land in Kootenay that may profitably be brought under fruit cultivation.

NELSON.

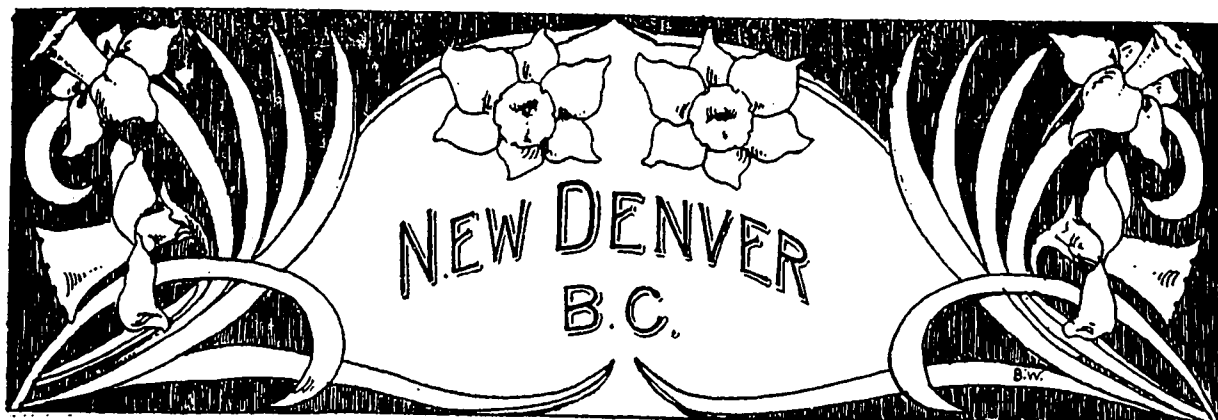
And the centre and heart of all this great country is Nelson, Queen City of the Kootenays. Whoever wishes to learn of its possibilities, in mining, lumbering, fruit growing manufacturing, or trading, must come to Nelson to learn. Nelson is the door and the key.

Ideally situated on a gentle slope, on the southern shore of the beautiful West Arm, Nelson is the most accessible of all the cities in the Rocky Mountains. It is served daily by two transcontinental railways, and from it branch railways and lines of steamers radiate to all points where traffic offers or interest attracts. Though not yet twenty years

old it has all the advantages of an old, settled community. It is a city of churches, where adherents of every faith may worship in the way they choose. Its public and high schools are second to none in Western Canada. Lovers of drama, music, and sport of every kind will find in Nelson all the amenities of modern civilized life. And its founders have left monuments of their faith in its future in streets, sidewalks, water, sewer, lighting and power systems adequate for a city of 25,000 inhabitants, while private enterprise in addition to many industries that give employment and provide comforts, has added an electric street railway—the only one in Canada between Winnipeg and Vancouver, which conveys citizens and their families from their homes to the beautiful Lake Park.



Part of the Exhibit of Apples at the Nelson Fair.

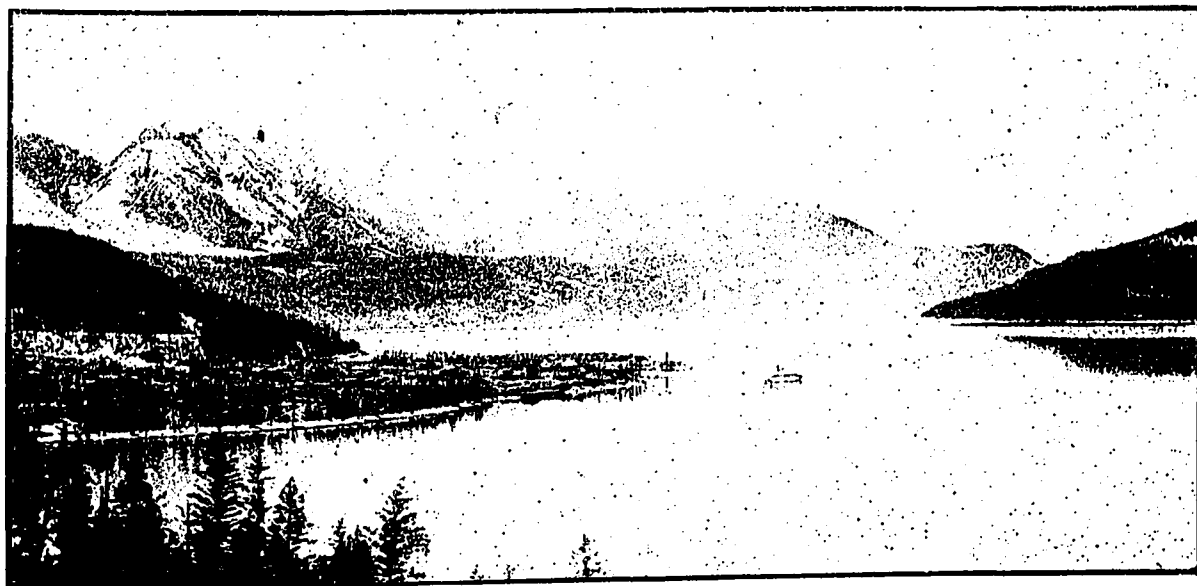


Herbert Cue

SLOCAN LAKE is one of the beauty spots of British Columbia, and is known as the "Lucerne of North America." Its scenery is magnificent and a trip up the lake in one of the well appointed C.P.R. steamers is one continual source of pleasure. New Denver, charmingly situated at the mouth of Carpenter Creek on Slocan Lake, is perhaps the best equipped town of its size in British Columbia for the tourist. Trails, roads, waterfalls, glaciers, boating and fishing and the angler passing through is often tempted to stay off and test his skill in the deep waters for trout and char which abound in plenty. The New Denver Glacier, one of the most picturesque sights in the Slo-

can, is worthy of a visit and one is repaid a hundred-fold by the glorious scenery both during the ascent and when the summit is reached. The sportsman, too, comes from far and near to hunt big game in the surrounding country—grizzly bear, deer, caribou and goat.

Slocan Lake is about thirty miles long and the numerous gasoline launches afford a grand opportunity for the tourist, or resident, to visit the points of interest. About three miles from New Denver, written on the face of a precipitous rock by the water's edge, are a lot of old Indian hieroglyphics denoting the presence of deer in large quantities. I have said that New Denver is singularly well equipped. Commercially there



New Denver on Slocan Lake.

is a branch of the Bank of Montreal, electric light, waterworks and telephone system, daily mail, express and telegraphic advantages. Socially there are four churches with resident pastors, two schools, an opera house, assembly hall, recreation ground, skating rink, library, athletic and dramatic clubs, while the general wants of the housewife are catered for by a number of well-equipped stores. Its scenic beauties and residential attractions are not the only items of interest in the Slokan.

The fruit growing industry is coming into prominence and in a few years promises to become our greatest asset. Land varies in price according to location and quality and whether bought in large or small blocks. Ten acres, however, is a fair average for one only possessed of small capital and the price varies from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per acre. Are you, Mr. Homeseeker, thinking of settling in B. C.? At the present time British Columbia is the most talked-of province in Canada and Canada the most talked of country in the world. Already the better class of immigrants, the cream of British settlers,

are locating in B. C. and the land is fast being taken up. At New Denver there is a Town Improvement Society, the object of which is to circulate accurate information of the district and intending settlers, sportsmen and tourists may write with confidence to the Society.

Besides fruit growing, three saw-mills and several logging camps employ large numbers of men. The mines, too, are a continual source of revenue to the district. The Standard, Vancouver and Hewitt mines, tributary to Silverton, find employment for some hundred men. There are a number of creeks all around the lake from which power could be utilized for factory purposes. They are all mountain streams and from a good altitude. Poultry raising, combined with fruit growing is now occupying the minds of the farmers and is proving a great source of revenue and with the knowledge that comes with experience even greater success will be attained. The climatic conditions are such that it is always possible for one to get a refreshing sleep even in the height of summer, while in the winter the temperature rarely falls to zero.



A Young Orchard near New Denver, B.C.

Silverton, B. C.

J. W. M. Tinning

FOR peerless, scenic beauty, awe-inspiring in its magnificent grandeur, Lake Slocan has always been conceded to be without a rival, by those favored few, who have tasted the exquisite pleasure derived either from a short sojourn amidst its wonderful attractions, or who in the pursuit of both pleasure and wealth, have found here the pathway leading to both, and are helping to push the "Wheel of Development," now in rapid progress, through this section of country.

But not until very recently has the public realized that this beautiful lake with its unsurpassed climate, its boating and fishing—surrounded by vast timbered areas—is "The Hub" of one of the richest sections in British Columbia, as to natural resources.

Located about midway along its eastern shore, and having the finest harbor on the lake—at the very nerve-centre of this most promising country, is the beautiful and progressive town of Silverton.

Here the hand of the Creator seems to have been especially lavish in not only storing up riches for the benefit of mankind, but also in providing natural avenues of access to them from this centre, from which a progressive people are extending either wagon-roads, trails or tramways to every important point.

Over the rugged mountains have passed hundreds of hardy prospectors, exposing for the exploitation of capital, most promising leads of gold, silver,

lead, zinc and other minerals, often in nearly a pure state, and in combinations most valuable commercially.

Today, some of these showings have become well developed and paying mines; others are being exploited steadily with best of prospects, and many more of a most promising nature only await the advent of capital to make them an apparent commercial success.

Within the last three years there has been an average annual increase in both tonnage and values of ore shipments from this point of more than three hundred per cent., and yet development here is in its infancy.

But as if to make it a still better field for lucrative investment, a new asset of great magnitude is rapidly assuming a front place in the eyes of both the home-seeker and speculative public.

Here, are thousands of acres of choice land suitable for general farming, fruit and truck gardening, with a steadily growing home market for all that can be produced.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s steamers give this place a daily service each way, and a double service three times a week, always connecting with trains for the main line at Revelstoke, and east over Crow's Nest branch.

To see this country, is to believe in it; and bona fide intending settlers or investors will find themselves well repaid after a careful investigation of its resources.

"Fashion-Craft" Clothes

Consist of the most
artistic designing---
the most expensive
tailoring and the
best quality of wool-
ens and trimmings
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**Business Suits
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THE SHOP OF
FASHION CRAFT

335 Hastings St.
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Exact lines of our Two Button Sack.
This Spring's Favorite.



The Dominion Trust Company.

What is a trust company? What does it do? What is the difference between a trust company and a bank? Whom does its operations interest and effect?

These questions naturally arise in connection with the organization of a trust company, and are constantly asked of its manager. "Westward Ho!" believes that in the Dominion Trust Company are to be found some of the most prominent and successful business men of Vancouver, who have invested largely in this institution, and by becoming directors guarantee not only their capital but their time and experience in its successful conduct. Furthering this end, the magazine obtained from the managing director of the trust company a sketch of its development and organization.

"When we decided to organize The Dominion Trust Company we found ready subscription to its stock," said Mr. J. B. Mathers, the President and Manager. "Over two hundred thousand dollars worth of the stock sold at once—the first one hundred and fifty thousand at par—the rest at more than par. Men of affairs saw the great need for such a company.

"In selecting our directors we sifted the business men of the city, and chose only such men as stood unquestioned in the business world. Every director has made a success of his own business, and they have invested in The Dominion

Trust Company because they believe it is really a necessity, and they were convinced it would become one of the strongest and most reliable financial institutions in the West.

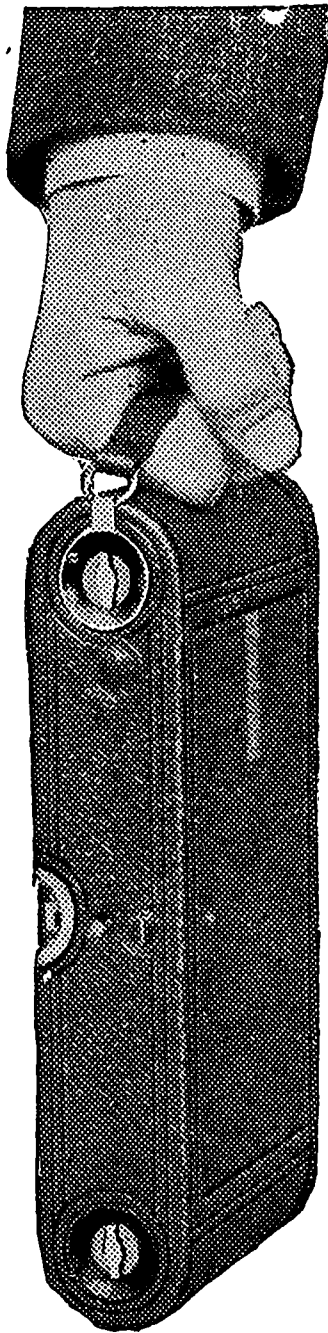
"It is our intention to so direct the affairs of the company that it will be as successful as the business enterprises are with which our directors are associated and so that whatever the trust company undertakes will be performed exactly as agreed.

"The management of estates is amongst the Company's most important undertakings," continued Mr. Mathers. "Estates of minors, of legatees, of absentees, of capitalists who wish to invest here but do not wish to give personal attention to property management, are being handled with a system that guarantees the best interests of the estate or investor in every way.

"Our directors are men of the widest connections. They are in a position to know what is best for any estate placed under their management. They secure the highest prices when property is to be sold, can arrange loans on favorable terms, and when property is to be bought for a client, they have knowledge of the best offerings and can secure same frequently lower than the market.

"We train our staff to expert work in each line—each member of the staff fitting himself for special duties. For in-

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The
Pleasure
of your
Summer
Outings
Will Be
Made
Lasting
By a
Kodak

Write for 1908 Catalogue
Kodaks from \$5 to \$105.
Brownies from \$1 to \$9.

KODAK HEADQUARTERS
Will Marsden
665 Granville St.
Vancouver, B. C.

stance, a valuation is required—we can furnish entirely reliable figures at once through our valuator. Securing tenants for property, keeping property in good repair, arranging insurance, betterments, etc., all require organization and expert service; so we have men who will attend to special duties and those who entrust property to us feel it is being handled with a guarantee of its earning its best returns, bringing a good price in case of sale and not permitted to deteriorate through lack of attention.”

It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Mathers is himself a most successful real estate manager and investor. His achievements in this line, coupled with his previous success in Manitoba, where he was prominent in lumbering, having been President of the Retail Lumbermen’s Association, was one of the strong reasons why he was asked to become the Manager of the Dominion Trust Company. The directors wished to be sure its operations were to be under the executive supervision of a man of practical experience in touch with the progressive forces of the Province, but conservative and clear-headed in order to throw every safeguard around the company’s activities, and at the same time have its undertakings dictated by a full knowledge of how best a trust company can be conducted in the interests both of its stockholders and clients. This knowledge Mr. Mathers possesses from long and careful study of successful trust company conduct, and entered upon the duties of his position with a definite plan for success, which has already placed the company within three years upon a substantial and prosperous basis.

Mr. Mathers next called attention to the Company’s safe deposit vaults. “We have opened safe deposit vaults that are the best in Vancouver, being accessible, convenient and centrally located, and necessary to us as the custodian of the papers of many important concerns—especially wills entrusted to our care by hundreds of people who recognize the advantage of having safe storage for documents of this character. Already we have many valuable papers to protect. All our directors have decided to

have this Company act as administrator of their estates. They appreciate the many reasons why a trust company like this can act better for all concerned in these matters than any other institution or individual.

"It is surprising how many people wait years before drawing their wills, doubtful about the way to have the will worded, and still more doubtful as to whom they will name as administrator, and it is a well known fact that many who have striven all their lives to acquire a competence often die without a will and leave their estate to be squandered in useless litigation by not having previously appointed a responsible executor. We furnish free a will form for anyone who applies for it, and will keep the document in our vaults after it is drawn for any length of time free of charge.

"We know that the more people who come in contact with the advantages of our services in matters of this kind, the more they will wish to have the Company handle their estates. We are perfectly organized to protect the orphan and the widow, to act in a confidential, advisory and executive capacity for all who are not in position to act for themselves or do not care to do so.

"We act as guardian for minor children and imbeciles, and as counsel for those wishing to avail themselves of advice that is guaranteed to be honest and disinterested—and in this we do not preclude the employment of legal advice by any of our clients. We wish our clients to have all the benefit of legal advice they may require or desire and the employment of this company does not necessarily mean the employment of its legal counsel. In fact it is so clear to the best lawyers that a well organized trust company has facilities and advantages for discharging administrative duties that they do not possess, that they

Velvet Cream Means a Velvet Skin

Velvet Skin Food is a clean, sweet cream, never sticky, never greasy.

Its nightly use softens the skin, cleanses the pores and eventually removes all wrinkles.

50c. a Jar.

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**W. M. Harrison
& Co., Ltd.**

The Quality Druggists.

500 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.

P.S.—We will be glad to mail you a sample if you mention Westward Ho!

make it a practice to call in the services of a trust company to aid in their work.

"The Dominion Trust Company is in position to act with the greatest success in all such capacities, for it is organized intelligence, experience and honesty, backed by a system that guarantees that no detail shall be neglected, no opportunity be overlooked, in the management of property for the best interests of its clients.

"We also have power to act as organizers and underwriters for enterprises requiring such services. We undertake not only to secure charters for companies and arrange organized system for their conduct, but also to underwrite the stock, if its objects be honest and its future assured by filling a public need, putting it on the best basis possible. Our directors realize the great opportunities for successful commercial and industrial organization this prosperous and progressive country affords, and they possess the desire as well as the means to

take an active interest in sound undertakings calculated to enhance the prosperity of the country or the city as well as the promoters themselves. They see that capital is bound to come to British Columbia if there is to be systematic development of its vast resources; so they wish to participate as active agents and investors in enterprises that appeal to their ideas of soundness and success.

"The affairs of the company are upon a most conservative basis. The directors supervise the company's conduct, know all that goes on and act upon every proposition of any importance. They handle the company's funds with the utmost conservatism, alike safeguarding stockholders and clients in every way possible."

Speaking of the extent to which The Dominion Trust Company is equipped to act in trust capacities, Mr. Mathers concluded: "We are always open to handle assignments of any description, to act as trustee for concerns which wish

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

It is a **DAINTY SOAP** for **DAINTY WOMEN**, for those who with the **BEST**; a soap that is



A COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER



and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

DELICATELY AND EXQUISITELY PERFUMED

with pure odor of flowers.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Royal Soap Company, Ltd

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Cakes, Pies, Puddings,

Bon-bons, ice creams, sodas, etc., may be made decidedly more toothsome than ordinarily by the addition of a few drops of

"CRESCENT MAPLEINE"

Its absolutely pure and wholesome and produces a rich creamy maple flavor that experts pronounce perfect.

It also makes smacking good table syrup—the kind that appeals to the most fastidious—for less than 60c. per gallon.

If your grocer can't supply you send us 50c in coin, stamps, post office or express money order for a 2-oz. bottle.

Your money back if you're not satisfied.

**CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. I—SEATTLE, WASH.**



trustees they can absolutely rely on, to act as executors, administrators and liquidators, or financial or confidential agents for any lawful purpose."

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS.

Mr. A. Oswald Barratt, 619 Hastings Street, West, has just received from the Old Country a series of pictures which are a feature in the world of art. They are reproductions of some of the paintings of the old masters, the originals of which are to be found in the National Gallery, London, the Wallace Collection, London, the Louvre, the Dresden Gallery, etc. They are exact replicas, showing even the cracks in the paint on the canvas, and a great deal of interest has been manifested in the arrival of this consignment in Vancouver. The reproduction is by a special process, performed in the natural colours and tone under the personal direction of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, well known in European art circles. When these facsimiles were first brought out in London last fall, quite an excitement was created. Such

famous painters as Reynolds, Constable, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Titian and others are represented, and this series is the best that has ever been accomplished in the way of printed copies of great pictures. Some of them are now on exhibition in the windows of R. M. Love, Carroll street, Goddard's Auction Rooms, and in John Rankin's on Pender street, Vancouver, while others may be seen in Mr. Barratt's office. Since nothing of the kind has been seen before in Vancouver, people may secure priceless pictures, which differ little from the originals in size and general appearance.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

Probably no firm is better fitted, by nature and experience, to treat the readers of this magazine more honorably and squarely than the Appleton Investment Corporation, Ltd., which numbers among its officers and stockholders many prominent British Columbia Capitalists and Middle West Bankers. This Corporation, while dealing in Eastern Washing-

ton fruit lands, timber propositions, and property in and around Seattle, is making a specialty of Nechaco Valley, B.C., whose boundless resources are attracting the attention of so many homeseekers and investors at the present time. For convenience, the home office of this firm is American Bank Building, Seattle, U. S. A., and its British Columbia branches are located at Vancouver and Quesnelle.

THE ALEXANDRA.

Among the successful and enterprising business women of Vancouver, Madame Humphrey, the leading hair-dresser, deserves much credit. Seven years ago when but few deemed the city sufficiently advanced to support such an establishment, Madame Humphrey, an expert in every branch of the art of hair-dressing and scalp treatment, opened her parlors. By hard work, artistic merit, together with courteous treatment and prompt attention to all, she rapidly won an ever-increasing patronage, until today she has attained that coveted position—first rank in her profession. With an able and competent staff, comprising

six assistants, neither strangers or Madame Humphrey's regular patrons have to wait any length of time for the fulfillment of their requirements, as a skilled operator is ever ready for prompt service.

A SPECIALIST.

Although Mr. J. L. Clark's teas and coffees are vertically sold at retail, his monthly delivery of these commodities exceed that of any other grocer in Vancouver, B.C., while conspicuously rivaling the output of the wholesaler. So popular have his blends of coffee become that more than a ton is purchased every four weeks by his patrons, and practically the same thing may be said of his teas. Mr. Clark has carefully studied the tastes of the Vancouver public, and what is of equal importance, knows when, how, and where to buy, so as to give the buyer every advantage of quality and price. His goods have stood the test of years and are acknowledged by experts to be the best in the market.

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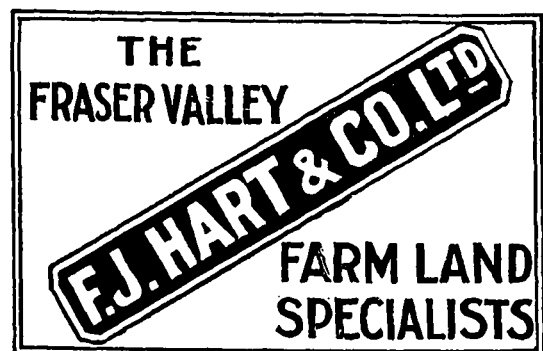
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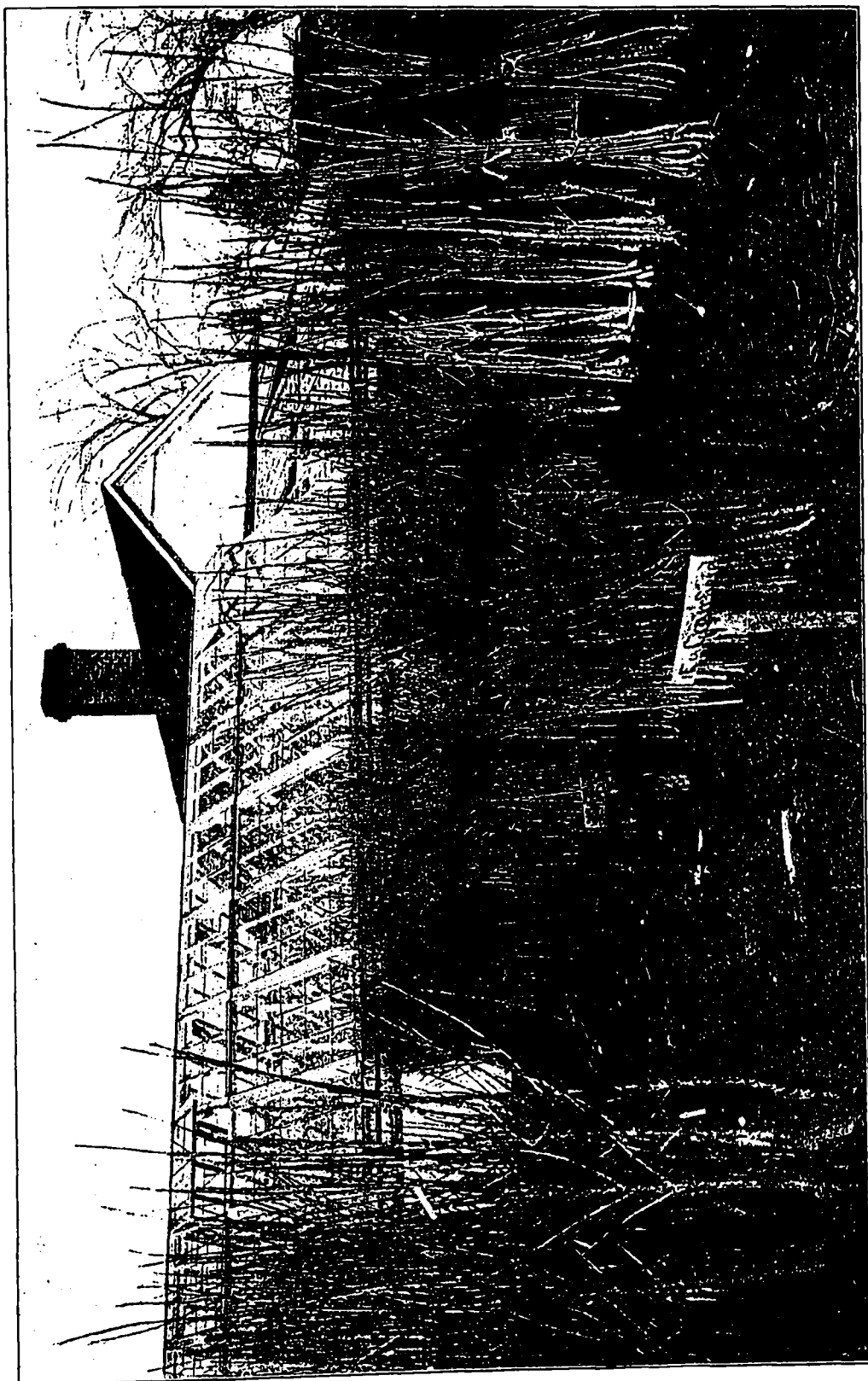
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