

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

E  
B

# WESTWARD HO!



THE BRITISH  
COLUMBIA  
MAGAZINE

ART  
LITERATURE  
CRITICISM  
PUBLICITY

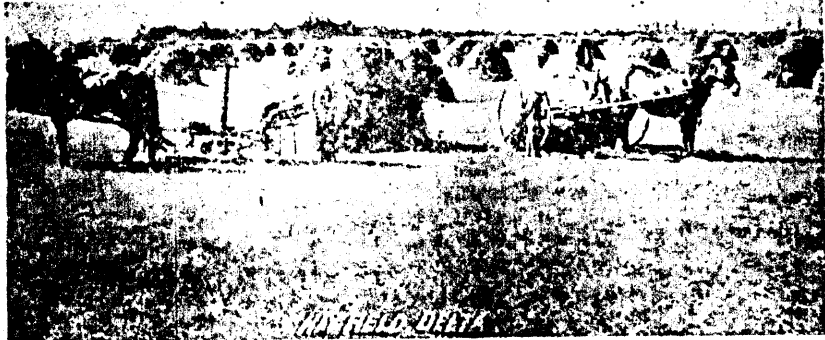
355965  
14. 10. 38.

---

J U L Y 1 9 0 7

---

PUBLISHED AT 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.  
PRICE TEN CENTS

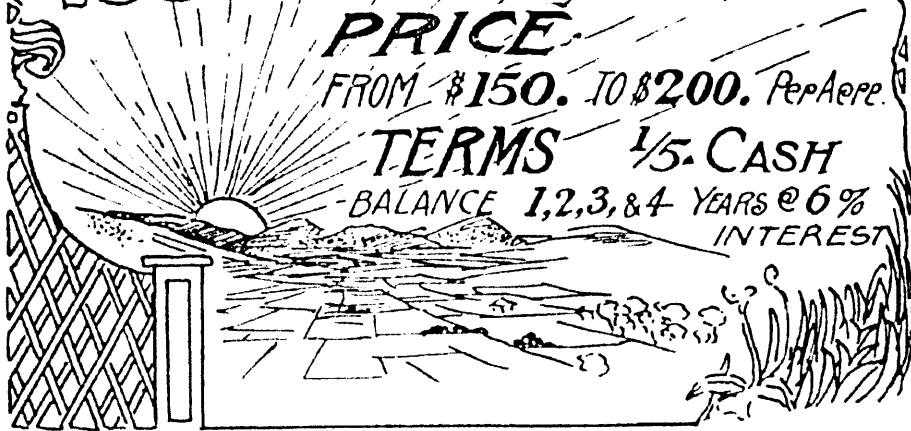


# DELTA LANDS

**20 ACRE BLOCKS**  
 CLEARED AND CULTIVATED  
 16 MILES FROM VANCOUVER B.C.  
 RAIL AND STEAMER ACCOMODATIONS.

**PRICE**  
 FROM \$150. TO \$200. Per Acre.

**TERMS** 1/5 CASH  
 BALANCE 1, 2, 3, & 4 YEARS @ 6% INTEREST



**MAHON McFARLAND & MAHON**  
 COR PENDER AND SEYMOUR STS.  
**VANCOUVER B.C.**

# Westward Ho! Magazine

---

---

## Table of Contents

JULY, 1907

---

	Page
Editorial .....	1
Suggestion (Verse), Clive Phillips-Wolley .....	4
Strange Scenes in a Naturalist's Wide Workshop (Study) Bonnycastle Dale .....	5
Models I Have Known, t. Bibi La Pucee (Sketch) Mrs. Beanlands....	13
The Hat and the Singing Girl (Story), J. Gordon Smith .....	14
Life and Love (Verse), R. B. W.....	17
Men I Have Met (Sketch), Marion Crawford, W. Blakemore.....	18
The Man Decides (Story), M. Langton .....	20
At The Shack (Humour), Percy Flage .....	23
Builders of the West (Personal Sketch) .....	27
A Man Trap (Story), from the Russian of Leo Dorophavitch, Clive Phillips-Wolley .....	28
The Challenge of the Mountains (Descriptive), C. J. Lee Warner.....	31
Starting in Life (Essay), Amicus.....	34
The Labour Unions in Relation to Mining, G. Sheldon Williams....	36
Helps to Smile .....	41

---

---

## WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; \$1.00 a Year; in United States and  
Great Britain \$1.50.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,  
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,  
Business Manager



IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING YOU CAN OBTAIN PUBLICITY FOR LITTLE COST. THE RATES ARE ONLY 25 CENTS PER LINE PER INSERTION; SMALLEST SPACE ACCEPTED, FOUR LINES; LARGEST SPACE FOR ONE ADVERTISEMENT, TWELVE LINES. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. FORMS CLOSE 10TH OF EACH MONTH. ADDRESS MANAGER, CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, WESTWARD HO!, 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

#### ASSAYER'S SUPPLIES.

Importers and dealers in Assay Supplies, The B. C. Assay & Chemical Supply Co., Ltd., Pender St., Vancouver, B. C.

#### OFFICE FIXTURES BUILT.

We manufacture Store, Office, Bank, Church, Barber Shop and Hotel Bar Fixtures and Furniture. The V. B. C. Novelty Works, 1002 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

#### MINING STOCKS.

Write for our weekly market report of British Columbia Mining Stocks. R. E. Mighton & Co., Brokers, Nelson, B. C.

Mining Stocks bought and sold on commission. List your H. C. shares with me. H. J. Thorne, Stock Broker, 25 Davis Chambers, Vancouver.

#### FURRIERS.

Now's the time have your furs renovated; tanning and mounting; furs stored, moth proof, prices right. San Francisco Fur Co., 919 Granville St., Vancouver.

#### HARNESS TOOLS.

For Sale—Complete Set of Harness Tools. Best American (Osborn) make, and nearly new. Apply P. O. Box 1243, Vancouver.

#### GASOLINE MARINE ENGINES.

For Sale—40 ft. full cabin length, 25 h.p. 4-cycle engine, electric lights, stove and sleeping accommodations. Price \$2,800.00. A. W. Le Page, 667 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

For Sale—25 feet x 6 feet launch; 5 H. P. Daimler Engine, 4-cycle, Canopy top, search light, side curtains, glass front, and in perfect running order. A bargain, \$650.00. A. W. Le Page, 667 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

#### KODAKS.

I carry the largest stock of Kodaks and Photographic Supplies in British Columbia. Write for Catalogue. Will Marsden, The Kodak Specialist, Vancouver, B. C.

#### FARM LANDS.

We have a select list of Fruit and Farm Lands in the New Westminster District ranging in price from \$10.00 per acre up. Mahon, McFarland & Mahon, Ltd., Investment Brokers, Vancouver.

Victoria Fruit and Farm Lands. Write for "Home List" and information. R. S. Day, 44 Fort St., Victoria, B. C.

Kootenay Lake Fruit Lands. We have large and small tracts of good land at price within reach. H. E. Croasdale & Co., Nelson, B. C.

Ten-acre Farms on main line of C. P. R. on Fraser River, 20 miles east of Vancouver, richest bottom land, largely natural meadow, ready to cultivate. Delightful situation; most attractive place of residence convenient to best market on the continent. Prices, \$800 and \$1,000, on easy terms. Write immediately for map and particulars. Montana Brokerage Co., 336 Cambie St. Vancouver, B. C.

Kettle Valley 10-acre Fruit Farms have the soil, water and climate to grow fruit at profit. Write today for particulars. Erskine, Smith & Co., Grand Forks, B. C.

We are specialists in Arrow Lake Fruit and Farm Lands. Kincald & Anderson, Real Estate Brokers, Revelstoke, B. C.

Orchard Tracts in the Nanaimo District, from \$170 per acre. Easy terms. A. E. Plant Ltd., Nanaimo, B. C.

For Sale—Locators' rights to a well located quarter-section (160 acres) on Porchi Island, in close proximity to Prince Rupert the Pacific Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Stanley Boys, Suite 101, Safe Block, Vancouver, B. C.

#### TIMBER NOTICES ADVERTISED.

Timber Cruisers, Land Locators and Mill Companies will save time, worry and expense by having us place your legal advertisements. P. F. Goodenrath & Co., Suite 3, Old Safe Block, Vancouver, B. C.

#### TIMBER LAND WANTED.

I have capital to purchase timber. If needed will advance money to cruisers to pay for advertising or licenses. E. R. Chandler, Suite 1 and 2, Jones Building, Vancouver, B. C.

#### MODELS OF INVENTIONS.

Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 580 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

#### MAGAZINE CANVASSEERS.

The Westward Ho! Magazine offers an exceptional opportunity for students to profitably employ their vacation time in soliciting for subscribers. For particulars address: Subscription Manager, this Magazine.

Ladies who have spare time can utilize it by obtaining subscribers to the Westward Ho! Magazine. Light employment; good pay. Address: Subscription Manager, this Magazine.

#### REAL ESTATE.

Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

Vancouver Rural and Urban Realty will pay investigation. Our lists are at your disposal by writing. York & Mitchell, Real Estate Brokers, Hastings St. W., Vancouver.

Kamloops, The Inland Capital of British Columbia, is advancing rapidly. Write me for descriptive folder as also particulars of "Sunnyside." J. T. Robinson, Kamloops, B. C.

#### AUCTIONEERS.

We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province. Kingsford, Smith & Co., 560 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

#### CAMP OUTFITS.

New Elder-down Sleeping Comforter, 8x8, equal to two pairs of blankets. P. O. Box 1243, Vancouver, B. C.

#### TIMBER LIMITS LOCATED.

Can supply Al Cruisers, knowing available timber areas. Joe Dubois, 533 Burrard St., Vancouver.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

The August issue of WESTWARD HO! will contain a special illustrated article on the International Yacht Regatta by Mr. F. G. T. Lucas. Mr. Maxwell Smith, Dominion Fruit Inspector, will contribute a story on "Fruit Growing and the Fruit Districts of B. C." There will be an article of special interest at this time on "The Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition," by Mr. Frank Merrick, Chief of the Publicity Department. Mr. Freeman Harding, whose "Bunch Grass" stories breathe the spirit of the plains, will also contribute. These are in addition to the regular departments of the Magazine, which next month will contain the first of a series on "Community Advertising."

### PRIZE STORIES.

A prize of \$20.00 will be given for the best original short story not exceeding 2,000 words, and a prize of \$10.00 for the second best. Competing manuscripts to reach the Editor's office not later than July 15th.

### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Three prizes of \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00 will be given for original Amateur Photographs, in order of merit, to be taken and developed by the competitor alone specially for this contest, and to reach the office not later than July 10th. All competing photographs accepted to become the property of the Magazine.

# Vacation Time Is Coming

---

---

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY for bright boys and girls to obtain useful articles during holiday time.

The WESTWARD HO! Magazine will give a prize of a Gold Mounted Fountain Pen, complete with King Klip, value \$2.50, to the boy or girl or any other person sending in six annual subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

We will also give 14k Gold Cuff Links, or a 14k Scarf Pin, or a Fine Enamel Flower Crescent Brooch, with Two Whole Pearls, or any other article to the value of \$5.00 to the person sending in twelve subscriptions.

—AND—

to the person sending in twenty subscriptions we will give a very beautiful WALTHAM WATCH in a Sterling Silver Case, value \$8.00.

The above articles are not cheap trash jewellery, but first-class articles chosen from the catalogue of 'Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., Jewellers, Vancouver. But the sender of such subscriptions may choose any other article to the value mentioned from the same catalogue, which will be sent by the firm on application.

---

---

MONEY ORDERS, CHEQUES, ETC., SHOULD BE SENT TO

**PERCY F. GODENRATH**

Business Manager The Westward Ho! Magazine.

536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER.



**Bibi la Puree.**





Vol. I.

JULY, 1907

No. 1

**Salaam.** WESTWARD HO! is started for the following reasons:

Western Canada does not possess a monthly magazine. It is the conviction of the promoters that in any community the cultivation of a taste for literature, art and all studies which tend to the production of a higher standard of thought should proceed *pari passu* with material development. British Columbia is exceptionally situated in having a large percentage of highly educated residents, who have evinced their appreciation of good literature.

The columns of a magazine furnish the best, if not the only popular medium, for reaching the general public with high class literature.

There is room for a magazine which combines with these features an absolutely independent attitude on all public questions and which is entirely free from political tinge. There is also room for a magazine which will make a special feature of exploiting the natural resources and attractions of the Province, solely in the public interest and for the purpose of giving reliable information.

British Columbia has reached a crisis in its history, its vast potential wealth is only beginning to be realized, it is the last of the great undeveloped and unpartitioned Provinces of the world. It will be confronted with problems of great magnitude, to the solution of which the soundest judgment must be brought. WESTWARD HO! will secure the opin-

ion of the most competent and influential writers who from time to time will discuss these problems.

WESTWARD HO! will be the joint production of a British Columbian editor, manager and staff of contributors, and therefore devoted to British Columbia interests.

WESTWARD HO! will stand first, last and all the time for an Imperial policy, for the Motherland, for the flag and for the King.

**Canada's Seaport.** An enthusiastic Westerner writing on the City of Vancouver in a recent

magazine article spoke of it as "The Seaport of Canada," and although at first sight one might feel inclined to think that he had been carried away by his enthusiasm, on second thoughts it may well be concluded that he spoke more truly than he knew. Today Vancouver may not be able to boast of a population exceeding 75,000 as compared with 400,000 in Montreal and 300,000 in Toronto, but who can say how the growth of the Western port may compare with its Eastern rivals during the next twenty years? It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that when the first quarter of the twentieth century shall have elapsed, Vancouver, the Commercial Capital of the richest Province of Canada, may have outstripped all Eastern ports, both in population and in industrial expansion. The growth of the West is the

one dominant feature of Canadian development. The wheat lands of the prairie have laid the foundation for the industrial activity which is rapidly converting the Dominion into a great manufacturing country. The forests, mines and fisheries of British Columbia, sources of potential wealth, of which the prairie provinces are devoid, have started this Province on a career of commercial prosperity, which, in the opinion of the most competent judges, will outstrip anything hitherto experienced in the Western world. But apart from the natural resources within its own borders the future of British Columbia is largely bound up with the civilisation of the Orient, and by so much as the population and ultimately the demands of these slowly awakening peoples will exceed those of Europe, so will the possibilities of the development of Canada's great Western port, transcend the opportunities of the East. It is difficult to appraise the extent, the influence and the full significance of a movement in which the observer is a unit. His own personal interests engross him and distract his attention from the far-reaching influence of passing events, but the keen observers of older countries, where conditions are settled and pioneer zeal extinguished, looking out from their vantage points of security and ease upon the New World pronounce Canada the coming country and British Columbia its greatest Province. If they are right Vancouver will become "The Seaport of Canada."

**The All-Red Line.**

Prince Fushimi, cousin of H. I. H. The Mikado, and a possible successor of his illustrious master has completed a tour along the "All-Red Line," which marks the territory over which King Edward rules. As Westward Ho! goes to press the Monmouth has just lifted anchor and sailed for the Orient with the Prince and his staff on board. The visit is one of prime significance. It is the outward and visible sign of the amity which was established between England and Japan when Lord Salisbury concluded an alliance which by many of the quidnuncs was pronounced a mesalliance. It has taken but few years to justify his policy, and his con-

ception both of the Japanese character and of the importance of a Japanese alliance. Little did he, or the world think at that time that events would move so rapidly, and yet within the short period of six years we have seen Japan emerge from obscurity, demolish the fleet and put to flight the armies of one of the greatest world powers, and at a bound assume a position of equality in International Councils. The alliance was effected in order to preserve peace in the Pacific; today it stands for the preservation of the peace of the world. No greater honour could have been shown to any princely visitor than has been extended to Prince Fushimi, both in England and throughout the King's dominions; and the request preferred by the Imperial authorities that loyal subjects everywhere would unite in these greetings carries a special significance in view of circumstances which have recently occurred in the great Republic to the South. The historic question, "What shall be done with the man whom the king delighteth to honour," recurs vividly to the mind. The answer is to be found in the round of cheers which punctuated the Prince's progress over the All-Red Line, and which in the most emphatic manner sets the seal of equality upon England's ally.

**A Sign of The Times.**

No measure of recent years has aroused more interest, and in certain quarters more hostility, than that which, fathered by the Postmaster-General aims at extending the British preference to literature. It is not a little singular that amongst its bitterest critics have been found Canadian publishers who, like Demetrius of old, have cried out for no other reason than because "their gains were gone." Mr. Lemieux took a broad and statesmanlike view of the situation and undoubtedly gave effect to the wishes of the people, when he raised the postage rates high enough to exclude all but the highest class American magazines and newspapers. Everyone knows what the American press is, and although it is improving, there is still much ground for complaint on the part of the people who like a clean sheet. The abortive productions of vulgarity, illiter-

acy and pruriency. which under the designation of magazines have been flooding Canada can no longer exert their pernicious influence north of the International Boundary Line, and it is not too much to hope that a similar fate will befall the daily papers, subversive of every instinct of morality in human conduct, which have already been tolerated far too long. There is another hardly less important aspect of this question, and one which probably had more weight with our own Government, than any other, the manner in which, almost without exception, the American press traduces the character, mis-reports the conduct and mis-represents the opinions of every Englishman, especially if he be a man of note. Our American friends must often have smiled at the docility with which we have submitted to this invasion; they would long ago have taken a similar course to that now adopted by the Canadian Government, if the conditions had been reversed, and there is little doubt that when they realise the true reasons for the legislation they will appreciate the spirit which prompted it, and in their heart of hearts will admire a people who are as determined as themselves to be loyal, even in their literature.

**Dropping  
The Pilot.**

The resignation of Lord Cromer from the practical protectorate of Egypt can hardly fail to recall Tenniel's historic cartoon, which depicted the "diplomatic" resignation of Prince Bismarck under the title of "Dropping the Pilot." The Imperial Government has, to say the least of it, been exceedingly unfortunate in losing the services of two such brilliant men as Lord Cromer and Lord Milner. They were our two really great Pro-consuls. The reputation of the former is based upon a long period of service, and it has become a mere truism that he has re-created the land of the Pharaohs. Lord Milner's career, though briefer is hardly less splendid. Probably no other man, except his great master and mentor, could have taken hold of South African affairs at the conclusion of the Boer War, and in so short a time have disentangled every knotty skein, produced order out of chaos, loy-

alty out of rebellion and established constitutional government among a people who had barely sheathed their swords. The recent attendance of General Botha at the Colonial Conference and the attitude he assumed towards the Imperial Government is the most conclusive comment upon the sagacity and effectiveness of Lord Milner's policy. No adequate successor follows either of these statesmen, and it will require all the genius and devotion of Sir Edward Grey to maintain the administration in the North and South of the Dark Continent upon the high place to which it had attained. Already public opinion is veering in the direction of Lord Milner's attitude on the subject which led to his resignation, the labour question. Just why Lord Cromer resigned is probably still a State secret, although there can be little doubt from evidences which have leaked out that it was in consequence of actual or impending friction with the Home Government. It is not to take a political view of the situation, to surmise that a Government which drops two such pilots is heading for the rocks.

**Sour  
Grapes.**

It is an admitted scientific fact that the presence of discordant sounds is essential to the tuneful effect of melody. An illustration is found in the case of belfry chimes which in the stillness of the night-time are slightly out of tune, lacking the vibration produced by the discordant noises of the day-time. Herein lies a profound truth, which may be applied to many of the affairs of life. It seems at the present to be especially applicable to a few persons who are voicing their dissatisfaction at the development of British Columbia and the wave of prosperity which is sweeping over the Province. Their complaint is that "the other fellow" is getting rich, is making millions out of timber lands and pulp limits, while they are eking out a miserable existence on \$25 a week. The explanation is not far to seek—the grapes are sour. It is true that the Province is advancing by leaps and bounds, that settlers are flocking in, that lands are being taken up, that capitalists are securing, and paying for, hundreds of square miles of territory; it is also true

that the revenues of the Province are thereby becoming enriched to such an extent that public works of necessity are everywhere being carried out. It is hardly possible for these momentous results to be achieved without somebody making a few dollars; it also seems

equally impossible for the modern Diogenes to discard the cynical habitude of his Greek ancestor. He still snarls at the man whose energy and intelligence enable him to woo Fortune successfully, and he still dips his pen in gall.

### Suggestion.

Were the whole gamut ours,  
Had we perfected powers,  
Were there no beauty, still unseen, to see,  
Then might we ask for more  
From those who seeking shore,  
Catch but the odour of some fragrant tree—

From those who swimming low  
Fancy faint outlines—know  
For one brief moment from a billow's crest  
Vague glories—indistinct  
Through rainbow spray—a hint  
Of that fair land that lies beyond the West.

Or utterly alone  
At midnight, from the throne  
Snow draped that waits the coming of the Dawn,  
Feel in the dizzy void  
Barriers of flesh destroyed  
And shuddering know the curtain half with-  
drawn.

Shuddering lest mortal ear  
Immortal sounds should hear  
Hear voices which the Silence hardly veils  
Yet dreading, swooning, pray  
For strength to know—till Day  
Draws to the curtain and their effort fails.

Can you express in prose  
The essence of the rose?  
In song the message of the singing Deep?  
Or waking paint your dream,  
Such that its beauties seem  
The supernatural splendours of your sleep?

Always articulate,  
A poet scarce were great.  
Only the Known has symbols in our speech,  
Yet may man's faltering tongue  
Striving for songs unsung  
Suggest the mysteries he cannot reach.

—Clive Phillipps-Wolley,

**BROKEN HEARTS**—To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The world is governed by three things, wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside, and who judge only by external matters.

# Strange Scenes in a Naturalist's Wide Workshop.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

**O**UR walls are the forests; our ceiling the heaven; our floor the shifting water of the lakes and the "drowned lands."

Many are the white man's wiles—aye, and he uses the wiles of the red man too—to lure into his pictures the shy but clever inhabitants of the far North. We wander afoot over the drifted snow; we peer through deep holes cut in the thick ice; we build "hides" in the wild rice beds; we drive poles here and erect platforms on which to steady our cameras; we float our machines down swift currents into the midst of feeding flocks; we conceal them in heaps of aquatic vegetation, building these heaps carefully an inch a day to allow the setting wild bird whose picture we covet to become accustomed to the changing pile; and often with a taut line over her nest we force her to take her own picture, since she refuses to let us do it; we climb far up into swaying trees, and with only a treacherous hold point our lens at an egg-filled nest, while the great birds we have disturbed circle and scream over our heads. All this we do (and gladly) in order that the omniverous maw of the illustrated press may be filled and our fellow man may see as we see—the wonders of nature.

Our opening day this year found us shovelling with great eagerness into a drift of snow that had buried the lower and middle branches of the cedars which lined the banks of the ice-bound Otonabee, the "Crooked River" of the Missis-saugas. Hawk, our guide, pointed to the tree roots with eloquent gestures. "Beewun penay," he grunted. "Partridge, snowdrift!" we translated it, and our shovels flew to the release of the gamy grouse. Only a tiny airhole, formed by the bird's frantic attempt to tunnel upward and aided by the March sun, told where the partridge was buried. But soon we came upon a perfect sub-

way of tunnels, a tiny line where the stoat had run, a larger, more deeply trodden path where the weasel had passed, and other roads, yet larger, pressed down by the soft feet of the rabbits as they sped along to their cosy burrow under the old tamarack root. Here a cross patch had been run through by the lithe, cruel mink, and a reddish stain on the snow and a few hairs told the tragic end of some poor bunny.

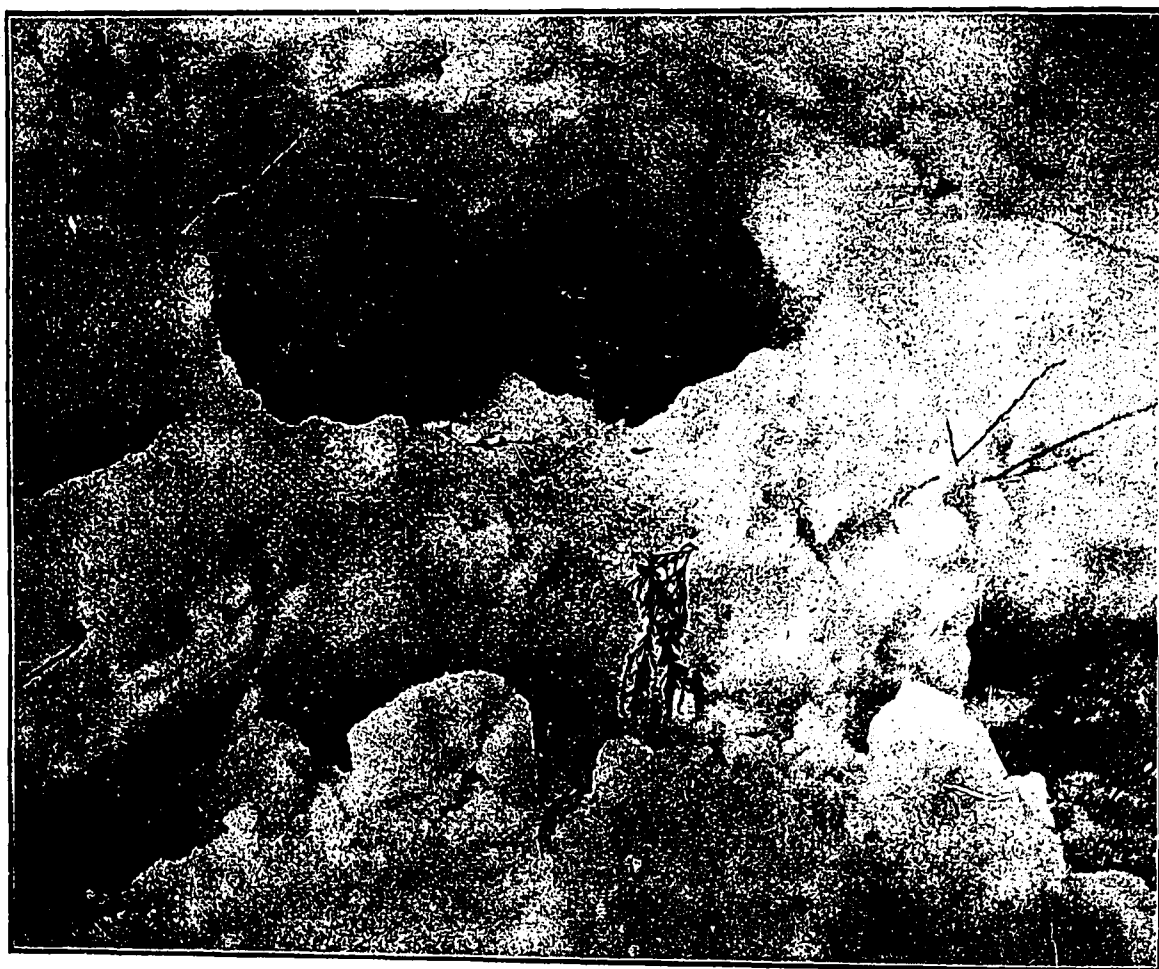
We found many a tunnel bisecting the main ones, and these, we guessed, had been made by the field-mice and moles, as they had left their marks on the bark of the swamp maples. Again we found a path where the slowly implanted foot-marks and the groove of a dragging tail gave evidence that the heavy muskrat had passed from some "breathing-hole" on his way to a "diving-hole" in the drowned lands. Sometimes we paused in our work and standing erect gazed at the drifted, solitary, unbroken waste of snow, and then turned back with wondering admiration to the thoroughfares made beneath by these busy animals.

At last, we came upon a short, wide path, trodden by the spreading footmarks of a large game bird. All along its course the beaver grass had been torn out and eaten. I had my fat boy, Fritz, with me, and with Fritz holding my feet from above I hung like an acrobat and peered into the tunnel. At the far end I saw the gleam of a pair of bright eyes. Hastily setting the machine, we concealed ourselves beneath a spreading fir. Slowly and stiffly, cautiously at first as if expecting danger, the handsome bird—a male ruffed grouse—emerged. He stood blinking in the sunshine and slowly eating small mouthfulls of snow that he picked up on either side. "Click!" went the camera, and the grouse sped back along his laboriously won path.

We plunged away through the deep

snow, red man, fat boy, and camera, laden white. The leaping red flame of our camp fire lighted up the gloomy aisles of the pine woods. The fragrant smoke rolled and beckoned a welcome to our mid-day meal. Later, as the Indian and I sat drowsily smoking, the more thoughtful Fritz gathered up the fragments of our meal and struggled off through the snow to feed the hungry grouse. When we saw him again, plodding back heavily through the drifts, he carried a dark object in his hands. It

glass jar of live minnows was lowered until it hung suspended just beneath the lower surface of the ice, three feet below the upper. Throwing myself on the furs and pushing my head under the willow, I was soon completely covered by Hawk. Robe after robe was thrown over me, until every ray of light was excluded. At first I could see nothing. Then a gleam of green water showed beneath me; next the dark, ice-chiseled sides of the hole were visible. Then a weed, drifted by the current, glided into the scene, and



Rough Grouse Under the Snow.

was the grouse—dead. Fritz has a tender heart, and his trembling lip was so near the danger line that we read the bird's story in silence. Its torn breast spoke eloquently of the swift attack of the leaping mink, its own vain struggle and, let us hope, its speedy, painless death.

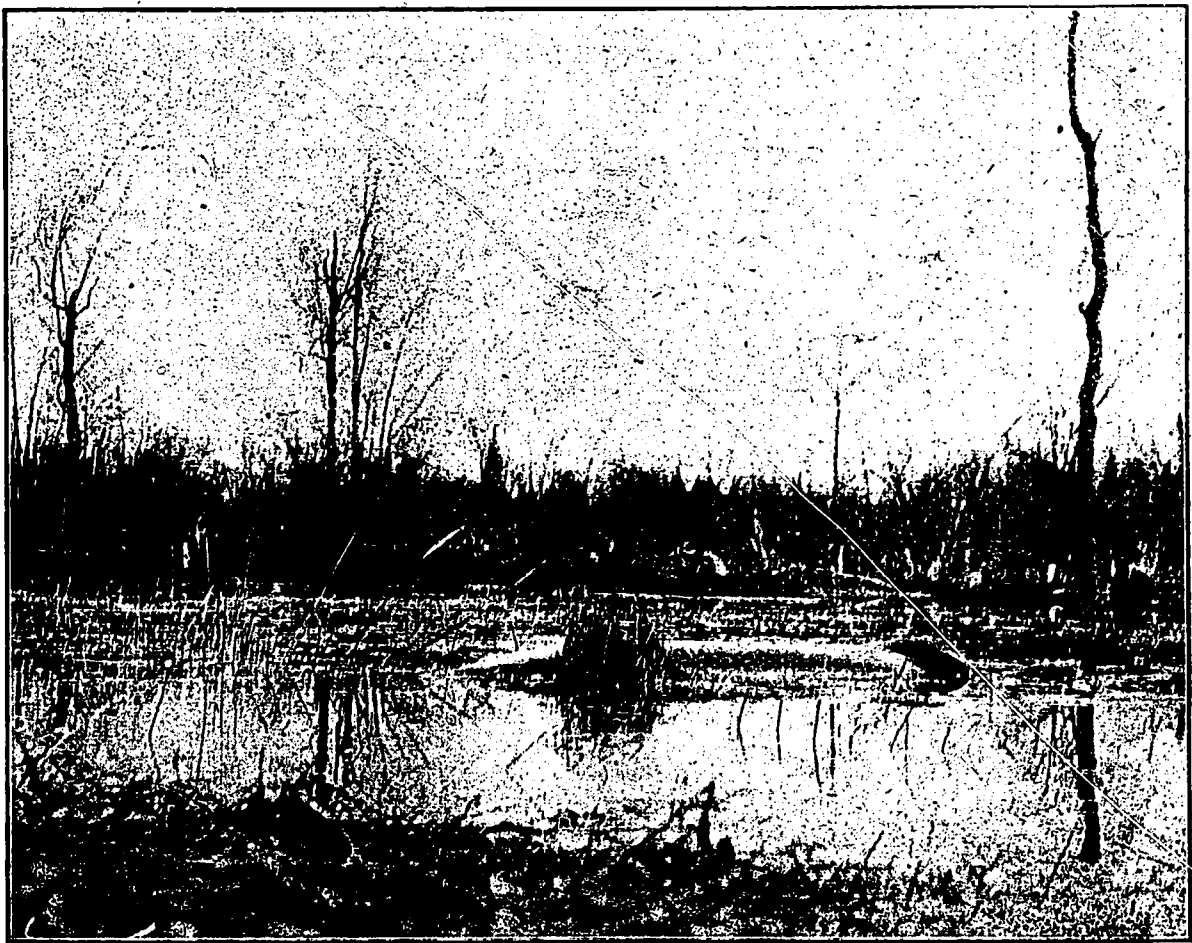
We stood next morning around a hole cut through the deep ice far up Rice Lake. A red willow arch curved above the ice shavings that surrounded the opening. Robes were laid down. A big

at last I saw the inhabitants of the deep. As they came out of the warmer, sheltered depth into the cool, gleaming shaft of light they seemed mere yellowish shadows. But as they rose nearer the jar of minnows I saw that they were big mouth bass. One large fish, his black lustrous eyes set on the tempting bait, charged the jar, and as it swung slowly away, he followed. He and his mates crowded together, nosing and bunting it. Still the alluring minnows swam about. Time after time the bass charged, only

to meet the cold glass. Finally they set it swinging in concentric circles, and followed it, curving and darting, rising and falling, in a merry mad measure so irresistibly comical that I laughed aloud. The covering above me was disturbed. A ray of light flashed in, and the scene disappeared.

Again the robes were adjusted, and again I waited. Soon, far down in the murky depths, I saw a long green shadow swim slowly across the hole. In a few minutes it came back, but higher up;

day the fish gathered about the mock feast. The bass came in couples, in schools even, and gazed and poked at those unapproachable minnows. It might truly be said that their mouths watered as they hungrily circled around the jar, fading away like shadows when the long, green, shark-like nose of the maskinonge appeared. These big fishes swam in many a curving line, solemnly encircling the imprisoned bait; but no matter how great the number of the fish nor how small the circle they did not once



Huge Female Maskinonge Spawning.

then again, still higher, until suddenly the long, sharp nose and big, hollow-looking eyes of a twenty-pound maskinonge were within three feet of my face. So sudden and so alarming was its appearance that I dodged involuntarily; but deceived by the reflection, I dodged the wrong way and plumped my face into the icy water. Whether the great fish was as startled as I had been I don't know, but it swept out of the view circle instantly. All through the cold, bright hours of the

touch one another. The Indian saw and wondered. The fat boy shivered through all his ponderous body until the furs shook him. It was time to go home. With nipped fingers we pulled up our bait, our teeth chattering. A minute afterwards we were speeding homeward on our skates.

The wild ducks were the next to claim the attention of our note-book and camera. On the southern Canadian lakes the great migration north passes, for here are great celery beds, wild rice seed, the

spatter-dock of the marshes and myriads of snails. Here the ducks linger and feed. Hitherto, as the isotherm of thirty-five degrees has moved north, they have closely followed, but now they wait, sure of food, until the breeding-grounds far over the Height of Land, far up—almost to the Arctic Circle—are ready to receive them. One great bay held a flock numbering many thousands; in the evening, when the movement northward is most pronounced, we calculated that there were about ten

concealed our canoe and the platform we had erected on piles to hold our camera. We anchored a flock of decoys nearby and placed the camera so that its bright lens could peer out at them from its straw covering. From our hiding-place we could watch the wonderful ways of our web-footed friends. The golden-eyed drakes swam past proudly with their necks arched and their glossy green feathers and brilliant yellow eyes glistening in the sunlight. They were following, several



Golden-Eye Duck Fishing.

thousand of them, but in the morning, augmented by great flocks of hungry birds from the South, there were at least twenty-five thousand. We counted twenty-two varieties of wild ducks, the eider-duck and harlequin only, being missing. There were small flocks of Canada geese and brant, solitary specimens of pelicans and comorants, pairs of loons and many varieties of grieve. As the birds dotted the calm surface of the lake we built out "hides." The rice beds lie sunken beneath the water, the grain growing from a black liquid mud. Into this mud we drove our poles. Then we placed cross-poles in the crotches and hung over them a great quantity of wild rice straw. The straw

drakes to each more soberly-clad female. They dived as she dived; they rose from beneath the water and with flying wings speeded after her as she leaped into the air. They followed her every movement, settled where she settled, swimming around her as she rested, uttering the spring love note, which sounds like nothing in the world but the grating of a rusty hinge. "Creek, creek!" they called to her. This cry is to be heard only in the spring time and is utterly unlike the "quacks" and "myamphs" of the regular note. At last the female hearkened to one of the drakes, and she and her mate drove off the rejected lovers.

Hawk built us "bough-houses" on the



points of the islands, where we could watch the ducks unobserved by them. These "bough-houses" are circular fort-like structures of stone, from which the cameras peered out like cannon watching for an enemy. But sometimes we watched for our subjects from behind great ice-covered boulders and pictured them with rapid, focal-plane shutters as they leaped in many a strange play. One game—for game it surely is—most closely resembles the "tag" of our boyhood. A plain brown blue-bill would come diving along the shore with her train of drakes. Suddenly for no apparent reason—except that it is evidently a part of the game—she would leap from the water, gracefully curving and spattering over the surface. All the male birds follow in hot pursuit. Down the female dives; she emerges in a cloud of spray. The males have dived too, and they now emerge, as the duck does, popping out of the water like so many flying fish. After the birds have played their game for a hundred yards or so they settle down again to the more serious business of feeding, gravelling or love-making.

We were exceedingly interested in the mergansers. "Mergaser sirrator." The drake, with his dark green head and chestnut breast, is a glorious creature. His bright red eyes and bill make a dash of color on the dark blue water. One fellow, accompanied by his more plainly dressed mate, passed within six feet of us. Both had their heads beneath water, as far down as to the top of the transparent film that covers the eye and protects it from any injurious substance that might float in. They were searching the shallows for minnows. They chased them almost ashore, and as they seized them in their serrated bills, throwing their shining heads aloft to swallow the wriggling fish, our camera clanged out the news that another film had been impressed.

Usually the maskinonge spawn in the "drowned lands," but this year there was not enough water. Our canoe was held lightly in the boggy shore, and right beneath there was a channel that lead to a secluded spot containing just enough water to cover one of these great fishes. We lay with our hands almost meeting under the canoe, our eyes, shaded by

our caps, peering over the side. Time after time maskinonge swam in and out beneath us, so close that they touched our fingers. Fritz drew his out as if an electric current had nipped him. In every case the male was the smaller fish; a thirty-pound female with a ten-pound escort seemed to be their usual proportions. We watched a number of these great females swimming around the shallow spawning-ground with fully half of their long bodies exposed. We have photographed them in this position. Another picture which we managed to get is that of the male fish in the peculiar act of pushing his head far out of the water and shaking it as if to throw off some parasite. We have never been able to find any reason for this strange antic, although in summer they may do it to shake out some of the loosening teeth; they have a new set each year.

The low water, alas, played havoc with the spawn. Much of it was laid out in the lake shallows, and the heavy winds dislodged it and drove it ashore. Many a time our canoe has slipped all too easily up the shore upon the shining fringe of spawn that lined it. And here the wild ducks found the tempting food, each egg showing the first faint dot of incubation. They had a right royal feast. As they were eating we paddled up to them, hastily concealed our cameras in the willows that fringed the shore, connected the machine with long rubber tubes and scrambled up the bank to await the ducks we had frightened away. The ducks soon swung back, alighted and swam ashore. In one spot, about a mass of spawn as large as a man's two hands, had gathered four handsome bluebills, American Scamp. They were right in focus. I gave the bluebill call, "purr-it," and instantly they turned and looked at me. A rapid pressing of the bulbs, a "cling-clang" from the machines, and two more excellent pictures were ours.

Often as the ducks flew past we would call them. The Indian excelled at this imitation, his deep, natural calls making the birds turn as if on a pivot, and sweep for the decoys. At times the huge flocks would rise from the surface of the lake with a noise like thunder. When there was no more chance for picture-taking that day we would carry our cameras

and decoys to the camp, and with the camp fire leaping up into the dark trees above and our canoes overturned on the sand prepare for our next day's hunt. No duck hunter ever reloaded shells or filled cartridge box with more zeal than we recharged our cameras. And we were secure in the knowledge that our sport would not cause a moment's pain to any animal, feathered, furred, or scaly.

Once again our paths were the paths of the furbearers. We concealed our cameras on floats in the drowned lands where the muskrats—most elusive of all our subjects—came out for a very short

On the shelf thus left the muskrats we were watching had formed a dry nest of straw, and here they reared the litter of "kittens," keeping the nest very clean and pure. These sleek animals are very dainty in their habits and make the hungry trapper a good meal—quite as good, in fact, as when they are served on some Southern hotel table under the name of "Marsh rabbits." We pictured the muskrats sitting erect as they nibbled the wild onion or ate the succulent root of the flag. We watched them swimming amiably up the little marsh streams, male closely following female. It was the



A Grand Old Male Heron.

period before sunset. They were building their big circular houses. We watched them bringing the straw and flags, the parrot grass and wild oats, the rushes and reeds. They dragged these up on to the heap already gathered, moving backwards. They trampled it down, patting it here, smoothing it there, until the solid piles were high enough above the water for them to tear out the passage desired beneath. Right in the center of the heap, twelve or fifteen inches above the surface, is a chamber. From this a passage was torn out, which forms a "diving-hole" into the water. Down this diving-hole the muskrats can plunge into safety the instant the house is disturbed.

mating season. Often when we were watching a peaceful pair another brown head and a pair of bright eyes would emerge. A rival male had appeared. Then the conflict would begin. Treading water, standing erect and clutching each other with the long, strong claws of the forefeet, whining and crying meanwhile like two babies, they would fight until one was discomfited. The battle won, off would swim the victor after the waiting female, the cause of all the trouble. Every daring lover would be fought off until he was chosen for the mate. Then the house would be built, and soon the querulous cry of the kittens could be heard. This year, un-

fortunately, the water rose, and all the nests were drowned out. We watched with great concern the anxious mothers carrying tenderly in their beaks, holding them upsidedown, the pink-legged, grey-coated silky little chaps, and laying them on hastily formed "draw-ups." Here the babies lay on the dry straw and beaver grass, their little blind eyes twitching in the unaccustomed glare, and here we took their pictures. The hours of exposure were so late, however, that out of one hundred and twenty photographs taken at this time only ten were good. As our long white tubing lay like a tempting worm along the bog the great blue herons descended and tried to eat it. We were enjoying a laugh at their expense when the joke was suddenly turned on us, and a great plunging maskinonge sent float, machines and all, into the water.

A visit to the trapping camp of the Mississaugas was fruitful of many things. We pictured them removing the pelts, stretching the furs, cutting the red willow boughs on which the furs are stretched, setting the well-concealed traps, driving willow branches in along the streams, piling on these the flags and straw to form a draw-up where the water was deep, a draw-up that held a cunningly hidden trap. While we lingered a brave came paddling in and whooping as only a red trapper can. "Ah-tuyah!" he called. "Come and take them!" Got all the bad things in the mash." "Take it!" he said, as he threw out a trapped blue heron. The camera clicked. "Take it!" And out came a handsome bluebill drake, trapped and drowned. "Take it!" he laughed, as a trapped and dead crow fell near my feet. "Take them all!" And crows, mice, marsh wrens, all the unwished for prey that gets nipped in the steel traps, piled up on the shore before me. I pictured the spoils and started off. "Take them!" he grunted. "I did; thank you!" I replied. "Take them!" he repeated. Then I saw, but oh, so late, that he spoke not in a photographic sense. I gathered up the miscellaneous pile, and as I paddled away I heard the red man comment: "Wahbe-enene pahkudwin!" "White man hungry!"

There was a flock of feeding pintails that defied our most carefully hidden

cameras, so we arranged a raft-like structure and lashed the camera firmly on. We attached guiding-strings to the two back corners and another to the action. Then we allowed the raft to be borne by the current into the flock. But although we got the pintails into correct focus and made the exposure at just the right moment, the swirl of the current tipped the lens too high, and we only secured a picture of the clouds.

Many a time we sat and watched the big mount bass forming her nest in the wild rice straw at the bottom of the water. She would turn around as a dog does before it lies down, pushing and nosing the sunken straw until a fairly circular nest was formed. Then after the spawn was laid we have seen her on guard day after day, fighting off all her enemies. Once, while she was absent a moment in search of food, three eels wriggled along the channel, slid into the spawn-filled hollow and started to eat up the whole bass family. The way she broke up that function was a merry sight. Like a cannon ball she entered, scattering her enemies right and left. Once she and the tail of an eel came clear out of the water in a cloud of spray. When she had driven them off it was pathetic to watch her gentle, maternal instincts, how she smoothed down the disturbed nest, nosed the precious spawn into place—a deft touch here, a seeming pat there—and finally hovered over her repaired nest, a mother on guard again.

The Great Northern Diver gave us a handsome set of pictures, the gathering of which held many moments of intense interest. The nest was formed on the top of an old muskrat house, and day after day we added to the pile of aquatic weeds that would ultimately conceal our camera. At last it was hidden, and the connections laid to a small island a hundred yards off, behind which I was concealed. The female bird came swimming back very slowly, and she formed a beautiful picture. Her collar was black striped; her back was magnificently chequered black and white; her head was glossy green, and her big eyes a brilliant red. With many a dive she swam and circled nearer to the nest on the bog edge. For fully two hours she

searched for the enemy she knew lay hidden somewhere. At length I was forced to paddle out and get my assistant to sneak in behind the island in another canoe. Then I doubled and joined him, and Fritz paddled past the nest in full sight. The manoeuver succeeded, yet it took an hour, during which the mosquitoes kept me close company, to satisfy her. Finally she scrambled with clambering wings and kicking feet right up on to the nest, springing up like a guilty thing when the camera sang out. Four weeks later she led two black billed, black footed, black eyed and black clothed little fluffy pets into the water. Here the male, glorious in his spring apparel, and similarly marked, took charge. Once I saw him swimming off with the two youngsters on his back. With considerable trouble I caught the little birds in a net and took a picture of them on the nest. When I returned, the frantic parents were uttering loud, eyrie calls. The father was the first to hear the babies' tiny "Peep." Instantly he came tearing over the water like a great white stallion, reared on his feet and tail. His shining head was swelled out with rage. His wonderful red eyes protruded from his head. A foaming-wake of water followed him. Busily I pictured him as he circled my canoe, great masses of foam showing in each

picture. Then I slid the dusky youngsters into the lake, and his wild "A-loo-loo" changed to the mildest entreating "Loo-loo" as he swam ahead and gently urged his precious ones away from the monster with bobbing head, long arms and long green shell.

We have seen the "Shushuge"—the blue heron—fall from the Heavens, a tangled, revolving mass of long legs, great wings and twisting neck. We have seen this great bird fall five hundred yards, turning rapidly, and finally, the migration over, sail into the Heronry as if a quarter of a mile tumble were an every-day event. We have watched the bittern fill its windpouch with four gasping breaths, each drawn in and entering the pouch with a metallic, reed-like twang. The pouch swelled out to the size of a tennis ball. Then the head was laid on the back, a convulsive, acrobatic gesture ensued; the head shot out until the neck was fully stretched, and the "A-ker-plunk" of this odd bird sounded over the lonely marshes once for each intaking of breath. Later in the fall, when both gun and camera are in use, I have shot the bluebills over our decoys, and unassisted have photographed them as they fell, shot, click and plash sounding almost simultaneously over the great workshop.

**THE TRAGIC IDEAL**—The poet can no more write without having suffered and thought, than the bird can fly in an exhausted air-pump. He must learn the chords of the everlasting harp, before he can draw sweet music from it. But he cannot play while he is learning—he cannot write while he is suffering—he cannot sing while his heart is bleeding. If he attempts it, he will but utter incoherent sobs. He must wait until that suffering has passed into memory. There it will work, fortifying the soul with its examples, not tearing it with thorns. He must wait till suffering has become spiritualized, by losing every portion of the sensuous pain, before he can transmute it into poetry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes into "Which is he?" But at the ultima thule of fifty, the anxious expectant prepares to seize the prey, and exclaims, "Where is he?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Whoever has gained the affections of a woman is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him.

# Models I Have Known.

## I.—Bibi la Puree.

By Mrs. Beanlands.

**W**HISTLER'S atelier was the dernier cri among the Parisian art students, so much so that the concierge was stationed at the head of the stairs to call *Pas de place Mesdames, pas de place* to the stream chiefly Americans who flocked there.

It was at his evening class that I first saw Bibi la Puree as model; a little old man, smiling and ecstatic, his bright eyes half hidden under a dingy and weather-beaten top hat; his clothes were green with age; his boots were the elastic-sided ones of the last century, and under his arm was a sheaf of old umbrellas, but while his clothes spoke of misery his whole bearing had an indescribable alertness and bonhomie, "a dandy even in his rags." I asked him to pose and next day he appeared at my studio and I decided to paint him for my salon. He was never punctual and his locuses were varied and original—there was an incendie in the street—he had to stop on the way to have a tooth pulled out—the waiter had forgotten to call him—a friend of his had had a *crise de nerfs*. But who is Bibi, one will ask? In Paris student life the question was not necessary. Vagabond by profession, an habitue of the celebrated Cafe Procope, the friend of Verlaine, the king of the 1899 carnival, whose real name was Andre de Salis, whose uncle was the Abbe de Salis of the Tichbourne case celebrity; everyone knew him; free drinks were given him; students saluted him; no one was happier than he. Bibi used to say proudly: "T'etais l'ami de Verlaine et Verlaine etait mon ami," and when that sad genius was dying in a garret it was Bibi who was everything to him, who sold his autographs or his poems and when all other things failed, sold himself to a college of surgeons for 40 francs to give Verlaine the necessary food and doctor's care.

But sometimes the Fates were unkind in our quarter. Bibi was not known and M. Julien, returning by the Boulevards, overheard an animated dialogue: "Je suis Bibi la Puree, je ne paye jamais." "Vous pouvez etre Bibi le diable," said the infuriated waiter, but you must pay your drink." This was Bibi who assured me he only drank milk and deplored Verlaine's failing for absinthe. Bibi also had an irresistible craving for other people's umbrellas. Mine disappeared. He told me one of the models had most probably taken it. "I will find her and say, 'Give me back the umbrella of Mademoiselle Mees.'" Everyday he reported on the chase; once he had vainly pursued her up the Boulevard Michel—until the subject dropped, and it was not till some months later that I heard of this strange passion of his, and that at the anniversary of Verlaine's death it was Bibi who wept the most bitterly at his grave. After the ceremony when the literary men were leaving the cemetery Bibi had disappeared and with him their fifteen umbrellas. But everyone forgave Bibi. As a model he was always amusing, always obliging. He used to say: "Tiens nons avons oublie quelque chose," and passed his fingers as a comb through his few grisly locks to make them stand out to his satisfaction. Once he climbed a high stool to open a window and fell, heels in air. Never was there such a catastrophe. I ran to him: "Are you hurt, Bibi?" "Not in the least," was the quick reply; "I often do this for exercise."

He was fond of flowers and always had a bunch of violets to present to us at Julien's evening class. "Et la moitre pour Mdme Julian," he used to say. Once when posing at this class he left the model throne as he saw Mdme Julian come in with her mother. "Go back," shouted Marie, the *bonne* who for twenty-seven years had been the

dragon of the atelier. But Bibi, paying no attention to Marie, presented the violets with the most courtly of bows. "Madame Julian will not be offended I trust if I offer these flowers to Madame, her mother."

When I was ill Bibi appeared at the hotel with flowers and a medallion of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of health, purposely blessed for my recovery.

I finished my portrait. It was hung on the line in the sal6n and was often surrounded by the students, who knew Bibi. I never saw him again. He died soon afterwards—alone and in misery. But his memory will long live in the Latin Quartier and let us hope that an angel has pressed down the scale for his gentle and unknown deeds.

## The Hat and the Singing Girl.

By J. Gordon Smith.

I am a silk hat. Just when I came into the world I cannot remember, but I have memories of being crowded with old clothing on a huckster's stall in Roman road, and I recall that fourpence was given for me to a Jew with long and greasy beard, by a Japanese fireman of the Awa Maru who put me away in a cardboard box in the bowels of a vibrating Japanese-built steamer. He took me out at times, when off watch, to brush my glossy sides and top ere he slid down the oily iron ladders to the heated fireroom, where things happened that they in the smoking rooms and saloons never dreamed of. Because of me there was much talk when the naked firemen sat on heaps of lukewarm clinkers to dip their chopsticks in a joint-bowl of rice and fish. Then there was the matter of a knife thrust between the ribs of Matsu-moto San at the middle furnace, which gave the ship's doctor some anxious hours, when the sticky humidity of the Red Sea depressed the whole ship's company. This all happened, because of things he said concerning me and Furuku San, who owned me and was proud in the possession.

These things befell before we reached Fusan, which is an old place, and silk hats and its crenelated wall, that bounds the city in a square of wide crumbling stone thirty feet high, were never meant to meet cheek by jowl. Perhaps this

was why the Korean, who was catching small birds with a falcon, as an esquire might have done in the days of the Henrys, ran with fright when he saw me glistening with the pitiless sun of Korea shining on my gloss as I rested on the well-oiled head of Furuku San, now an adventurer, who followed the course of the war on the Hermit land.

I impressed all who saw me. But I felt so strange. Imagine me, who had graced the head of a member of parliament, before a butler cast me off to secure pence for his brats, displayed in such crowds as Furuku San jostled among. No yangban of all Korea had such headgear as the madcap fireman of the Awa Maru who had run away with Kimochi San, the singing girl, to make his fortune in Korea.

Those yangbans of Korea I remember well, with their loose white robes and ridiculous horse-hair hats with broad brims and ribbons under the chin. Such a hat would never have been tolerated where I came from; in fact, I doubt if anything that befell in this comic-opera land would have occurred in the place where I first saw the light. These people look like clowns in a circus as they saunter through the streets fanning themselves or smoking long-stemmed pipes; or with dirty white cotton jackets and baggy trousers dragging in the mud they lie asleep on the streets with flies crawling over their closed eyelids. And

these houses! single-storied huts of mud and wattle, neglected and forlorn-looking, dirty as can be imagined, and with great irregular spaces between them, as ugly as the filthy streets with the sewage reeking in sluggish stream in the middle.

I lived in a thatched two-roomed house of bamboo, mud, wattle and paper, and had a place of honor on the kamidana with the household gods of Furuku San and Kimochi, the singing girl, and because of me the couple prospered.

Men came from near and far to see me. A few Koreans burned incense sticks before me, mistaking me for a god come out of the west.

One day I heard Kimochi San crying. She was shaking from head to foot as she moaned out the bitterness of her grief.

Then I saw some Japanese staggering into the place with a burden which they laid down on the floor and covered with a piece of matting. The burden was Furuku San and he was dead, having been shot while brawling in a tea house at the edge of the city, near the North Gate.

Tanaka San, who had brought home the dead Furuku was comforting the weeping singing girl.

They talked so low that I could not hear them and when she spread the futamats at nightfall, Kimochi had forgotten to cry. She was singing an old Japanese ballad.

I thought of her fickleness half the night.

In the morning Tanaka and three others carried Furuku San out in a small box, his knees doubled as he sat upright in the coffin after the orthodox Buddhist manner, and Tanaka San wore me as he followed the funeral procession with Kimochi shuffling along on her teak-wood clogs behind him.

I pondered over the situation night after night. I resolved to be revenged. Furuku San had treated me well. He brushed me, shining me continually, while Tanaka threw me into a corner and was all ears when Kimochi began to chant her songs. He sat beside her while she gracefully bound her black hair, whitened her face and neck with powder, paint and pomatum, carmined her lips, blacked her eye-brows and oiled

her hair, holding the old Korean mirror of burnished metal while the singing girl made her preparations for the entertainment of those who came to the tea-house.

I listened while they talked, the crafty rascals. So, they were going to get the two hundred yen that the dead Furuku had loaned to the Korean farmer who tilled the paddy-fields just beyond the city wall at the North Gate.

Kimochi had a paper with the thumb marks of Furuku and the farmer which was also stamped with their seals in red, this having been done before the Japanese Resident.

That farmer had paid exorbitant interest for the two hundred yen, even though he had paid with counterfeit nickels, but the couple now proposed to force the old Korean to pay the principal despite the fact that repayment was not due for many months.

"Kimi," said Kimochi, "honorably take the hat. The Korean pig has never seen such a hat unless he has been to the Court where Marquis Ito rules at Seoul. If you wear the hat he will think you are Marquis Ito and you can tell him that unless he pays he must go to prison—tell him he may be hanged."

Oh! the wickedness of this world. I was to be made use of to force payment from the poor old rice-grower, and I was helpless to do anything. But was I? Perhaps—well, I would see.

"Kimi," said Kimochi, "Wanibi San, who is a flag-waver of the railway, has an imposing uniform with shining buttons—he looks like the Marquis Oyama. It may be you can borrow that clothing, and with it and the shining hat he may think you are the Japanese Emperor."

The singing girl had not stayed awake all night thinking of the two hundred yen for nothing.

I listened carefully and worried over this and resolved that the old Korean should not be robbed, although I could not yet see how to prevent it.

"I will go to this pig of the Korean," said the geisha, between mouthfuls of daikon, as the silent Tanaka sat on the opposite cushion wondering what might happen if the interfering constabulary heard. "I will go to him and demand the money. He will refuse, seeing that I am a weak woman. I will scream and

then you will come. Today he goes with a cow to the city by the North Gate. We will waylay him. But bring the hat, and then he will think you are the Marquis Ito himself."

While Kimochi was sitting before her mirror Tanaka lifted me from the shelf and pressed me down on his head, the cocoanut oil of his hair sticking greasily to my band. He tilted me to one side, then he glared into a cheap mirror labelled "made in Germany," and admired himself. But, how out of place I seemed with that old blue kimona and the low neck, bare feet and teak-wood clogs. Perhaps the uniform with brass buttons which the flag-waver brought from the railway would be better.

I shall never forget the sight when Tanaka looked into his mirror after he put on the uniform. The trousers were tight, clinging to the leg like those of a Yokohama ricksha-puller, and they had a disinclination to reach down to the sandals by a foot at least, while the coat fitted like that of a bellboy who had stayed overlong in the pantry.

In the morning we went forth, Kimochi leading, and Tanaka following with me on the back of his head. Toward the North Gate we met an unsophisticated Korean with bovine stare, hanging jaw and a loose tuft of hair like an Angora goat. He was leading a bullock laden heavily with brushwood, and looking straight ahead of him. Suddenly Kimochi sprang toward him and screamed.

Just then a gust of wind lifted me over a compound wall, where I lay close to a break in the rubble.

"Why do you not pay this woman her money?" asked Tanaka with all the authority he could assume, as he put his hand to his bare head.

"The hat; where is the hat?" shouted the angry Kimochi, shrilly. "He will never pay unless you have the hat."

From my hiding place behind the mud wall I laughed.

"Why do you not pay this woman her money?" demanded Tanaka once more.

"Excellency, I go to get it," said the farmer meekly, as though, like all his countrymen he had become accustomed to being robbed by the Japanese. "If your Excellency will honorably hold my poor cow for a few moments I will

humbly go to my poor home just beyond the city gate and bring the honorable money to your Excellency."

"Yoroshi!" said Tanaka tartly; he felt that he must maintain an air of authority despite the fact that I had lifted myself over the wall.

"And you must hurry," shouted the singing girl as the farmer shuffled away. They watched the old Korean toddling through the city gate and then both burst into laughter. Between outbursts of merriment they planned a trip back to the Street of the Lantern-makers in Osaka, and the fickle singing girl vowed eternal fealty to Tanaka.

Two Japanese policemen meanwhile approached from a lane between the low Korean houses, and with them was the unsophisticated owner of the cow.

"There he is," said the farmer, pointing to Tanaka. "That's the man who stole my cow."

Both constables laid hands on Tanaka's shoulder, and hustled him off, while the Korean, chanting an old native song, picked up the leading rope and started homeward with his bullock.

"But——," Tanaka started to explain. "I am——."

"Yes, of course," said the fickle Kimochi, "he tried to steal the poor man's cow," and she smiled as her almond eyes shone upon the policemen.

Meanwhile I lay perdu behind the compound wall while the man with tight-fitting brass-bound uniform languished in jail making explanations, at which everybody laughed. There is also a singing girl carrying tea and cakes to all who come to her tea-house and making violent love to a policeman whom she met while he was arresting a man for cow-stealing at the North Gate. Finally there is a flag-waver of the railway line angrily demanding at the prison gate that his uniform be returned to him; and a bull contentedly chewing the cud in a corner of his master's house, while an old farmer recites to all who will listen what befell at the North Gate. He scents his breath with garlic and sul at intervals; these things being bought with his surplus funds because he no longer pays exorbitant interest on two hundred yen.



# Life and Love.

ONCE, in the long ago, when Life and Love  
Walked ever hand in hand,  
They came to earth from some fair realm  
above,  
And wandered through the land.

Much they did find whereon their art to try,  
For then the world was new.  
They shook the sunbeams from the bended sky,  
And steeped the ground with dew.

Upon the fields the emerald turf they spread,  
And clad the hills in green;  
They laid the meadows in the vales, and led  
The glittering streams between.

Life lifted up the flowers throughout the land  
By woodland slope and fen;  
Love stooped and touched them with her  
glowing hand,  
And they have bloomed since then.

Life taught the birds to build within the brake,  
And clothed each fledging's wing;  
Love lifted up her voice but once to wake  
The songs which now they sing.

Thus ever hand in hand they journeyed on,  
From sea to sunlit sea.  
Their garments had the freshness of the dawn  
Which wakes the flowering lea.

And journeying thus, at length they found a  
child  
New risen from the sod.  
Life frowned, and said, "He is a beast." Love  
smiled,  
And said, "He is a god."

Then were their hands disjoined, and from the  
ground  
Betwixt the twain arose  
A dark and shadowy figure, sorrow-crowned,  
And draped in sable woes.

Because that Nature's tenderest demands  
Did seem of little worth,  
From henceforth Life and Love their parted  
hands  
Shall join no more on earth.

For this the flowers shall haste to fail and fade,  
The wood and field turn sere,  
And all the songsters of the summer glade  
Fly with the changing year.

Life lifted up the child and gave him breath,  
And he did walk between—  
Love on the right, Life on the left—and Death  
Did follow, all unseen.

"What wilt thou give," said Life, "and I will  
show  
Thine eyes the path of fame,  
And lead thee there, that after-years shall know  
And wonder at thy name?"

"All," saith the child, "that Fate shall bring  
to me,  
And all that Fame can give  
To heart and mind—all will I give to thee,  
If I shall always live."

But Love stooped low and gently drew his head  
Against her broad white breast.  
"What wilt thou give to me," she softly said,  
"And I will give thee rest?"

"Alas!" he answered, "I am now bereft  
Of all I might control.  
One gift remains—myself alone am left—  
To thee I give my soul."

Love put her sandals on his naked feet,  
And in her tender care  
Gave him her brodered garment, soft and  
sweet,  
Such as a god might wear.

She girt his body with the golden zone  
Loosed from her own warm breast;  
And on his lips the imprint of her own  
She passionately pressed.

And in his heart she lit the deathless fire  
Which rests not night nor day,  
But still doth turn the soul with fond desire  
To Beauty's path alway.

So they did journey, and the land was fair;  
Each day was like a dream  
In which the soul moves with the moving air  
Along some crystal stream.

But Life began to weary of the way,  
Such fickle heart hath she,  
And though Love plead with tears, she would  
not stay,  
But shook her fair hand free.

Then Death came swiftly up in silent might,  
With arms outstretched and cold,  
And bare the child back to the land of Night,  
To mingle mould with mould.

But Love still journeyed on from scene to scene,  
To find some land of rest,  
And ever at her side a soul did lean,  
Close to her faithful breast.

Long ages have rolled by. Earth's children  
find  
Life false and fickle still;  
Her promises are fair, but she, unkind,  
Forsakes them all at will.

The path is sweet and blooming still the same  
As in that ancient day,  
And sable Death still follows hard, to claim  
The soul-forsaken clay.

And still she lives whose dear divine control  
Nor Life nor Death can sever;  
And journeying still the unimprisoned soul  
Goes on with Love forever.

—R. B. W.

This I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in all the world without its correspondent darkness; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning, or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left.—John Ruskin.

\* \* \* \* \*

What we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider division of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life.—George Eliot.

# Men I Have Met.

By W. Blakemore.

Marion Crawford.

IT is the unexpected that happens, not only in connection with many events of life, but especially as to accidental meetings. For twenty years I have been an admirer of Marion Crawford. Who that delights in chaste, elegant sensuous diction has not recreated in the Italian sunshine, which suffuses his work. No other living writer of fiction so faithfully reproduces the atmosphere in which Italian men and women, especially of high degree, live and move and have their being. Little, however, did I expect that my first meeting with the celebrated author would be in the unromantic Western City of Great Falls. It occurred in the winter of 1897, when I found myself for the first time in the now far-famed Montana Smelting centre. I had been looking through the electrolytic works established there by the Boston and Montana Copper Co., a splendid achievement of modern engineering, which had successfully harnessed the head waters of the Missouri to their bidding.

Great was my surprise to see the hoardings placarded with an announcement that Marion Crawford, "the celebrated novelist," would deliver a lecture on Italian literature that evening. I have not yet recovered from the shock to my sense of the eternal fitness of things that a man so cultured and accomplished should have been secured to lecture in a pioneer Western City, containing at that time not more than two or three thousand souls; but I was reckoning without my host in the person of the peerless entrepreneur Major Pond who was managing the tour. The inimitable skill of the Major in advertising and arousing interest in his lecturers was never better illustrated, for in spite of the uncongenial surroundings and inclement weather some four or five hundred people gathered in the Opera House. It

may be a fitting tribute to the excellence of the lecture, although I have always preferred to believe that it was a mark of interest in the lecturer, that the audience remained intact until the end.

Marion Crawford is a man who would attract attention anywhere. There are few men like him in the Western world, although both in London and Rome one may see his counterpart any day, except that he is a blend of the best features of the aristocrats of both cities. To the finger tips he looked princely, Bohemian, dilettante. As he walked in one was first of all impressed by his height, which is exaggerated by a somewhat spare built frame. He is considerably over six feet, well-knit, athletic looking, and bronzed. He has dark brown hair, a keen, intellectual face, and angles at the chin, the jaw, the cheek-bones and the eyebrows. His eyes are hazel and either glow, gleam, or scintillate as the emotion moves him.

The second impression is of his gracefulness, every movement bespeaks the artist. It would be impossible for him to stand without appearing picturesque, and his occasional gestures were the very poetry of motion.

One could not help feeling that he was enveloped in an atmosphere of sang froid amounting almost to nonchalance. Essentially a man who had thought for himself, who had solved the problems of life to his own satisfaction, who had become by habit, if he were not by instinct, a philosopher, and who looked out on human life with the easy tolerance of a thorough man of the world to whom nothing mattered—very much.

As I listened to him and looked at him, the conviction stole over me that in those stately, urbane, kindly dispositioned, reserved gentlemen who people the galleries of Saracinesca and Sant Ilario, he was painting the portrait of his ances-

tors, if not of himself. His voice deepened the conviction, soft, melodious, persuasive, with a touch of indolence, rising and falling with a regularity and an evenness which would have been monotonous if it had not been so musical. In the course of a two hours' lecture, not once did he become animated, not once did he appear to be moved by any phase of his subject, and I could not help saying to myself, "Why here is a magnificent contrast, the living embodiment of the antithesis to Gavazzi, who was all fire and enthusiasm, and who carried his audiences away in a torrent of consuming passion, as he pleaded for the freedom of Italy.

Even if Marion Crawford had lived in the days when Garibaldi and Gavazzi, on the platform, in the press or on the tented field, were fighting to liberate their country, he could have taken no part in the contest, for he is essentially not a man of action. His to look out with lofty intelligence and subtle appreciation on those aspects of his native country and those chapters of her history which appeal to the reflective and artistic temperament. Essentially a man to advance the intellectual status and to raise the standard of culture in times of peace, rather than to sound the tocsin of war.

His lecture was a concise and logical resume of the history of Italian literature, more suited for a Boston Literary Society than a great Falls public meeting. But the man! He charmed and charmed, and his dulcet tones are lingering still. His lecture was almost unrelieved by humour, and yet at the conclusion he related one or two incidents which suggested possibilities in this di-

rection. A reverence for the religion of his country was discernible time and again, he touched it at many points and always with sympathy and intelligence.

After the lecture we found ourselves the only occupants of the smoking room reserved for guests on the upper floor of the hotel. There we smoked and chatted until the night was half gone. Smoked cigarettes, a circumstance which did not a little to confirm me in my own weakness for the paper-rolled weed, and yet who can imagine Marion Crawford smoking anything but a cigarette, the apology for a real smoke, the whiff of Bohemia.

I found him the most genial and sympathetic of entertainers. Once we got to literary topics, his reserve melted away. He spoke freely and at times with a touch of enthusiasm of the great men of letters. Naturally in his estimation Dante held the first place, but he was willing to concede that this was rather a matter of preference than of critical judgment. He admitted that he found his Italian novels the most congenial to his own taste, and that his incursion into Western topics was the result of circumstances and not of inclination.

We parted and have never since met. I have read every line which he has written and since he has returned to his first love, am more than ever convinced that in his own sphere he is peerless, and among the many literary giants whom it has been my privilege to meet there are few who have left so pleasant an impression of their personality as the author of "A Roman Singer."

Not a tempest sweeps through the earth that is not needful; not a trouble breaks upon the human heart that is not necessary. If so let us take heart and rejoice that we are in the road that leads upward to heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The beginning of all good law, and nearly the end of it, is that every man shall do good work for his bread, and that every man shall have good bread for his work.—Ruskin.

\* \* \* \* \*

I seem to have spent my life watching idealists fight and go under. The ideals remain: their defenders either perish or lose heart, make compromises, and despise themselves.—John Oliver Hobbes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Knowledge humbleth the great man, astonisheth the common man, and puffeth up the little man.—Proverb.

# The Man Decides.

By M. Langton.

THE Honourable Jack Carrington was idly looking out of the Pullman car window as the west-bound train puffed into Banff station. There was the usual hurry and scurry up and down the platform, and the monotonous bump-bump of trunks as they were being lifted in and out of the baggage car.

One old gentleman who had just landed was having a voluble dispute with the porters about a well-worn handbag which he carried. Finding, however, that he made little or no impression on the grinning darkies he was on the point of stepping into a bus which bore the name "Banff Hotel," in bright letters when the door opened from within and the old gentleman narrowly escaped a severe bang on the head. He was about to burst forth into angry exclamations, when a beautiful face appeared above him, and a slender, graceful young woman, clad in brown, sprang lightly to the ground. She was followed by an elderly lady whom she assisted to alight.

Jack was interested in these two as they slowly made their way to the train. The venerable old lady leaned upon the arm of the girl by her side, occasionally gazing up at her with a proud, happy look as she ventured some remark. He watched the expressions play on the girl's face as she answered, and caught the glint of white teeth when she smiled. As she turned her head he noticed the thick coil of dark hair, the straight nose and perfect chin.

"An undeniably beautiful face," thought Jack, "but what may the colour of her eyes be?" And then, suddenly, he felt an almost uncontrollable desire to look into them and find out.

He began speculating as to whether these two women were coming into his car, or if they had engaged a drawing-room, and later on it was all he could do to sit quietly when he heard the rustle

of skirts, and saw a neat, brown-clad figure glide by and arrange pillows in the compartment opposite. He could not help feeling a sensation of delight, and found himself wondering when she would look up, that he might catch a glimpse of her eyes. He supposed they were brown—that colour usually went with dark hair. Then becoming impatient, he adjourned to the smoking-room for a quiet pipe.

Jack Carrington was a man of means, being the sole survivor of an old and wealthy English family. He was about thirty-two years of age, tall, dark, with a strong rather than a good-looking face. He had made a name in literature since he left Oxford, by his well written "Travels," which appeared from time to time in the popular periodicals.

He had a fair knowledge of men and women, having passed through several London seasons, wintered on the Riviera and played with the usual luck at Monte Carlo. It was rumored in the Smart Set of London and the Continent that no lady had succeeded in finding her way into Jack's heart; and many a match-making dowager had been known to shake her head and sigh when the Honourable Jack Carrington was mentioned as a possible catch for a protegee. He had travelled chiefly through India, Africa, Asia Minor and was now seeing America for the first time and had planned a visit to an old school chum who had settled in Victoria. From there he intended to take the "Empress" to China and Japan.

The West was a new world to Jack. He travelled in the wild, desolate scenery of the Rockies. The mountains seemed appalling in their towering ruggedness and grandeur. A sense of overpowering awe gripped his soul and he experienced a strange feeling of loneliness as he looked up at them from the smoking car window.

Soon he went back to the Pullman with his arms full of magazines. These he turned over one by one, each in its turn, to be discarded for another, until finally he dropped them all and his eyes strayed to the compartment opposite. A drowsy mood enchained his senses and he found himself weaving strange stories, with backgrounds of sloping mountain sides, clothed in shaggy brush and stately pines. He seemed to hear the sound of running rivers, mingled with the cries of wild birds, and the deep roar of unseen waterfalls.

There was always a patch of brown on the landscape of these stories, at first misty and indistinct, then as it gradually became clearer and clearer, a head appeared, then a face, and the rest slowly took the shape of a slight brown-clad womanly figure.

"Marjorie," called a soft voice, and Jack awoke suddenly to hear the lady of his dreams answer, "Yes, mother," as she re-arranged the old lady's pillows. Then it happened that a book she was reading slipped accidentally over the back of the seat almost at Jack's feet. The next instant he was looking into a pair of deep blue-grey eyes that played havoc with his senses.

She proffered a sweet "Thank you" as she took the book and he sank back on the velvet cushions, wondering what had happened that he seemed suddenly unable to speak, or even think.

About three o'clock that afternoon the train came to a stop. The news spread quickly that a bridge was washed away, which meant considerably delay. There was much excitement and the passengers rushed out to see the wrecked bridge, which, it was rumoured, would take ten hours to repair. To kill time Jack decided on a ramblé, and felt thankful for an opportunity to try to get the "brown girl" out of his thoughts.

He pushed his way quickly through the thick undergrowth and then sank on a mossy rock, fairly enchanted with his surroundings. After an hour's rest he started back.

"Just the setting for the stories I weaved this morning," he mused, gazing around, "but without the patch of brown."

Yes, there were the sloping mountain

sides, with little valleys and dark recesses formed by trees and shaggy brushwood; there were the pine tops and the peaks, away above him, where surely the sun must lose himself.

All around were the wild, alluring voices of nature, while the pungent mountain herbs yielded a grateful perfume. Far and near were ragged juttings of rich-coloured rock, wide caves and crevices with mysterious purple depths. Down amid jungles of dark green undergrowth were blurred patches of deep blue made by clusters of wild berries: and everywhere was the rough background of crags piled one over the other, with their fantastic shadows and ever-changing mists—and there—Jack stopped—yes, surely there was the patch of brown after all.

At first he was not quite certain, but after cautiously drawing nearer he saw that it was really she, standing just as he had pictured her, among the rocks and trees.

Of course he could have gained the railway without meeting her by making a detour, but somehow he could not bring himself to do this, and walking right on the inevitable rencontre followed. Soon after he found himself showing her bits of strange coloured rock that he had picked up by the way. Their eyes met often, and Jack sometimes almost forgot what he was saying as he watched, with delight, the rich colour come and go in her cheeks.

That night Marjorie tossed about in her berth. It was impossible to sleep with the strange new feeling of unrest, and she lay wondering what had come over her. She tried hard not to think of the day that had just passed. How she longed to sleep, then to wake up and find herself safely home again in Victoria.

She had a weird feeling that somehow she was changed since yesterday, but it was a sensation she dared not analyse, and try as she would she could not prevent that glow of pleasure stealing over her senses as her thoughts flew back again and again to the events of the day. It had all happened so suddenly, this meeting with a strange man who seemed to have fascinated her from the first, whose image refused to be dethroned, and her heart was troubled.

At three o'clock the following afternoon they reached Vancouver, where Jack was to stay a day to arrange about his passage to Japan. He told Marjorie of his intended visit to Victoria and begged to be allowed to see her there. She seemed uncertain what to say, but assured him that they would meet again.

Two days later Jack Carrington was comfortably seated in the cosy office of his friend Dick Hamilton, a prominent barrister of Victoria.

"You see, I'm a different chap now," Dick was saying. "You remember how my old governor gave me up as a bad lot, five years ago, and shipped me out here. You remember how the mater wept when I left home; she thought she was seeing me for the last time; and you know of course the reason why Barbara Manners broke off our engagement, and what a scandal there was sometime after when Vivian Leeds cut me loose, on account of that Tilly Truffles episode.

"It was no use, Jack, they could do nothing with me at home. I wanted to go the pace, and I did sow wild oats with a vengeance. I might be sowing them still if it wasn't for my wife. Wait till you see her, Jack, the girl to whom I owe so much; the woman who saved me from myself. You know, Jack, that I never really believed in love. I used to scoff at it once, and say that it was all very well to fill up novels with and that sort of thing; but I didn't know then. I had never loved or possessed the love of such a woman, and I tell you now my life would not be worth living without her. But, I say, I am tiring you with all this. Now tell me, Jack, about yourself. Are you still the same staid old sage as ever, with never a thought for a woman?"

Jack got out of his chair to hide a blush and walked quickly to the window. His heart was filled with a shy longing to grip Dick's hand and tell him of the new found love that had so lately come into his life also. He remained there looking down into the street, thinking how he should begin, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a smart coupe.

"Dick," he called. "Come over here and tell me who that girl is in brown, driving with an elderly lady. See, they are stopping just below your doorway."

"Why, old chap," Dick replied with pride, "that's Marjorie, my wife. She must be coming up. I forgot to tell you, by the way, that she only came over yesterday after a two weeks' stay in Banff with her mother. You will meet her."

But Jack barely heard. His heart seemed suddenly to drop back into its old place with a heavy thud, and a sensation of utter despair gripped his soul. When he spoke his throat ached.

"No, Dick, no, I can't wait now. You know I must do a little shopping before I dine with you tonight, so the pleasure must be postponed till then."

In bewilderment he walked out into the street. What was this that had suddenly made everything dark? He must give up Marjorie? She was Dick's wife. A voice somewhere whispered "Fate."

"Fate," he cried in misery. "Well, he would fool fate this time. Marjorie must be his. He loved her, and she?—yes he felt sure that she loved him. What did he care about Dick now? What did it matter about his life? Nothing. He would take Marjorie away, and they would never be heard of again. He could easily manage that.

Oh, the pity of it all!

That day had been a trying one, too, for Marjorie Hamilton. There were times when she felt that it was impossible to live on as before. It surely could not be right; it would be living a lie to do so. After all, would it be fair to Dick, to herself, to all concerned, to pretend? Yes, that's what life would be henceforth—a pretence. She revolted at the very idea of pretending to love. Her thoughts went back five years to the time when she became engaged to Dick Hamilton, and she recalled how her friends tried to persuade her to have nothing to do with him. But she would not listen to them, for she loved him then, and he—had he not proved his love for her? How proud she was when he won his first law suit, and later on when his name was connected with greater triumphs, he had said to her, in his love: "My wife, you have won, not I. If there had been no Marjorie Hamilton God only knows what would have become of Dick." She had, indeed, been happy, and her love meant so much to Dick.

But there was that other overpowering influence, drawing her away from all this; an irresistible "something" whispering to her of happiness unknown, of life, and love as she had never even dreamed of them.

Seven o'clock had just struck, and Dick was awaiting his old chum Carrington. Dinner was to be served at seven-fifteen and all was in readiness.

Marjorie walked restlessly about from room to room, a prey to suppressed excitement. Every time she heard a step her heart jumped.

The sudden violent ringing of the door bell actually made her drop the vase of flowers she was placing on the table and she tried hard to control herself when Dick handed her a note brought in by a messenger for him. She thought she never found reading so difficult in her life before. The words seemed to run into one another. Finally she made out the following:

Dear Old Chap,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am, but the fact is I am unable to dine with

you tonight for reasons I can only explain in the much hackneyed phrase that something unforeseen has happened which prevents me accepting your kind hospitality. I am off for the Orient, Dick, the old, restless, roving spirit possesses me stronger than ever. But I must say, old Chap, that I envy you your quaint beautiful island, an ideal Utopia, where one would gladly dream away one's life in peace and love. Good-bye Dick; if you ever want to look me up a letter to the Carlton will always find me.  
JACK.

The next night Jack Carrington paced the broad deck of the outgoing Empress. He could easily distinguish the outline of the distant mountains. Gaunt shadows they were to him in the moonlight, that seemed with the motion of the boat, to glide into the dark sea.

"Sloping, rich-coloured mountain sides," he mused, "once so full of warmth, life and promise, now all bleak and dreary; black ghosts of the night, slipping away in the darkness. So my rich-coloured hopes of life and love, once aglow with the bright promise of happiness are now all dead and like yonder phantoms slipping away into the dark sea of memory."

## At The Shack.

By Percy Flage.

I read in the newspapers that Mark Twain is shortly to have the honour of dining with our King. If it is so let us hope that he remembers to profit by his experience with the German Emperor and to cut in at the after-dinner talk when fleeting occasion offers.

William sent a friendly message to Mark on the latter's 70th birthday, and made tardy enquiry as to why he was so silent at a Royal dinner party some ten years ago, to which Mark in demur and rebuttal points out that there was no sufficient gap or hiatus in the flow of kingly speech to allow entry of plebeian phrases.

Probably Mark was bashful. Anyway he drawls when talking American and miscues his verbs in German. Very likely William tried to help him with an occasional "Jah!" or "Nein?" and Mark

thought he was taking the count and so went down and out.

William is so brisk—occasionally brusque.

It will be different with Edward. For one thing, he enjoys a good cigar (Mark enjoys cigars too, but he won't be allowed to burn his favourite brand at Windsor, not if Scotland Yard stands where she did) and a cigar-smoking King gives openings.

One wonders how they will play—this Yankee at the Court of King Edward, and his wise old host.

It might be a game of chess worth watching, or again, an idle exchange of pieces with a stalemate ending.

Can a king escape from his crown far enough to merge for an hour his own personality with his very antipodes of man formation?

Can Tom Sawyer plus sixty years of roughing it and smoothing it as the fates ordained, pilot his way through the unchartered soundings of a soul so different—not a foreigner this, nor a stranger, but a king?

It is doubtful. They are both husked with years and the barnacles of environment—both, although splendidly young in intellectual human interest, over old for a shifting of identities.

The usual formalities of informal affability on the one part, and an artificial ease of manner on the other, may be followed more or less by the usual sigh of relief from the escaping man, and possibly a sigh of regret from the King, who never escapes.

But the meeting, howsoever dull or brilliant it may be, will be remembered by both with pleasure; for they surely know each other already.

The King has revelled enviously in the wild American boyhood of Huckleberry Finn; and Mark Twain, with the prophetic instinct of genius has written into his "Prince and Pauper" the very plot and intricacy of pawn and bishop, knight and castle, that should be played between them, save for the perverse dumbness of human tongues.

King Edward is a famous peacemaker—I wonder if he knows that Mark Twain and Sir Walter—well, let us imagine a slice of conversation:

*Rex*—Have I been misinformed, Mr. Clemens, in hearing that you entertain an antipathy to Sir Walter Scott?

*Mark*—Ye-es, your Majesty's informant was too generous to my reputation as a host. I keep open house—in summer—to my friends and my wife's poor relations—and a few poets—and Austin, when he comes over—but antipathies and publishers and sinners are fed from the back stoop and put to the wood pile. But I don't cotton to Sir Walter—if you'll excuse an Americanism.

*Rex*—Good old English, Clemens—I have you there. You'll find it in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." But is it true that you hold Scott responsible for the American war of Secession?

*Mark*—To a large extent, sir. It's a tall order for one man, and there were of course many operating causes, but I hold his writings responsible for devel-

oping that fungus of sham chivalry and ginger-gilt gentility that spread over the south along about 1830 to 1850, till every nigger owning cross-roads plough pilot thought he was a heaven-born cavalier with the divine right of four pat kings! I beg your Majesty's pardon—I—

*Rex*—Never mind Clemens. Cut it out—if you'll excuse an Americanism. And Lincoln drew to three aces, and caught the other, didn't he? Well, well, there were sore hearts in the south. Let me see! Did you—were you in the war?

*Mark*—I was sir. I am a veteran. I wrote a "History of a Campaign that Failed" and Billy Crinkle, a pension agent down our way, tried to get me a pension when Scribner or Harper or someone published it for me. He claimed that putting me in the Historian class was calculated to impugn my veracity as a raconteur and injured the sale of the "Jumping Frog." I didn't get the pension though—when they looked into my papers there was some flaw or other—I fought on the wrong side, I believe.

*Rex*—Oh, you fought for the South?

*Mark*—Well, I didn't fight enough to hurt. Didn't kill anyone, I'm sure. I never was much of a slaughtist. Fonder of spectating than swash-buckling, to use a modern Angloschism.

*Rex*—Ah—yes. That schism was recanted from, I believe. No, you were not intended for a great warrior. A Politician? No. A Statesman? Philosopher? Humourist? I have it—a Diviner!

*Mark*—A Diviner?

*Rex*—Yes. You know those chaps who find water by means of witch hazel and that sort of thing? Your metier is the finding of Truth. At the bottom of every well of public interest, beneath the troubled waters of policy, discussion, expediency, is hidden a moral Truth. This you have always sought, and generally found, with your wonder-working witch hazel.

*Mark*—A jester's wand, your Majesty.

*Rex*—No! a sounding rod—a plumb line—"By the deep, Mark Twain!" That's your slogan. A jester? Were your ours, Mark, the so-called jester would occupy our most sacred council chamber.

*Mark*—I thank your Majesty for that.



*Rex*—Thank your stars and stripes, rather, that your duty lies in pleasanter places. So the night grows easily late! I had intended, Mark, to discuss with you at some length the striking resemblances of Scott's life to yours. His great work as a successful and much loved author, his excursion into the publishing field, his financial disasters, his taking up of arduous labours at a time of life when well-deserved rest was due, to clear off debts of another's making. All this you have duplicated. But the parallel goes farther, Mark. He, too, was a philosopher of Truth, a Diviner for his people. "One," to quote from a friend who knew him well, "who would have gathered humanity under his wing, and while amused at its follies, would have saved it from folly and sheltered it from pain." A philosopher such as you, Mark, and one who had not his British training, toughened his hide to the pin pricks of humanity's folly and the stabs of its pain, would have armoured his sensitive spirit with the cloak of a jester.

No teacher of sham chivalry to his people, but a saviour of their birthright—a belief in and a reverence for the past, without which, hope for the future dies.

Our England—from a dry rot of prose and progress and poverty of belief, was stimulated by his popular tales of knight and crusades, Moss Trooper and Monk to a study and grasp of our great heritage from by-gone days.

Our cathedrals and castles, our town walls and country highways were there

always, but we saw them not until, "by taking thought he added cubits to their stature" and taught us to understand.

He taught Truth to England. Do not blame him if Ivanhoe made a poor seedling for Tennessee.

It's uncertain work, judging Truth from a foreign point of view. I know an upright Scotsman who will not allow your books to enter his house, since he read half way through Tom Sawyer and found a certain heroic fib of Tom's classed morally with George Washington's hatchet.

*Mark*—The cawny deevil! Well, well; that's where Walter gets back at me through his brother Scot. Possibly I am wrong. Yes—I misjudged him—I misjudged the race—not allow Tom Sawyer. Well, I forgive them both. Did he destroy the book, sir? or did he sell it to some Sassenach whose morals were tougher or whose soul was of less importance?

*Rex*—H'm! He presented me with the book. And now, since you are reconciled to Sir Walter, allow me to offer you this little gift as though from him (producing cigar case). The leather case is new, but the inlaid work is from Scott's favourite snuff box. The miniature inside is a copy by your old friend Abbey of the famous Scott portrait by Leslie—whose father, by the way, was an American. The cigar—I think—

*Mark*—Pittsburg Stogies, by thunder! Edward, you're a Prince!

When some pitiless fate has grasped with iron hand the fortune of a whole life, a heroic will stands up in a man's breast, and cries in calm defiance, "Take it, then; I can live my life without it," and then a noble self-respect over-masters the pain of bereavement, and we stand firmly and proudly among the ruins of our hopes.

\* \* \* \* \*

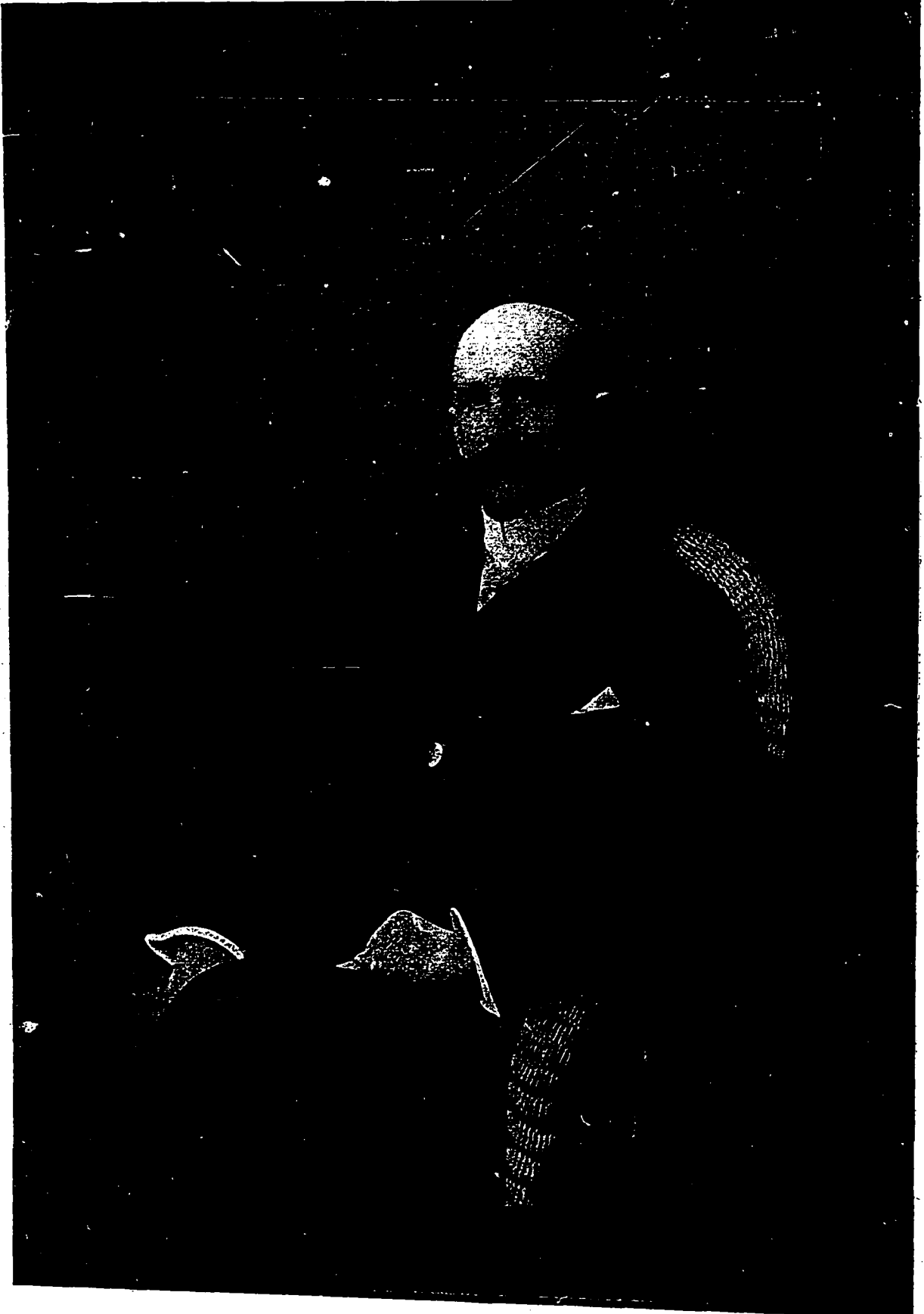
Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favour of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Life, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts: that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.



Al. W. J. Cavanagh, Vancouver.



**W**ESTERN Canada contains many instances of men, who by their indomitable energy and perseverance, have carved out careers of wonderful success. It is the purpose of this magazine to discuss for the benefit and inspiration of its readers, marked instances of individual achievement. In this article we present a short biography of the life of Ald. W. J. Cavanagh, of Vancouver.

Mr. Cavanagh was born and raised on a farm in Leeds County, near Brockville, Ontario. Some twenty years ago, at the age of twenty-five, Mr. Cavanagh accepted Horace Greeley's advice to young men and "went west." Upon arriving at Winnipeg, Man., he secured a position as travelling representative of one of the leading wholesale shoe houses of that city. For eight years Mr. Cavanagh was a knight of the grip, covering the territory from Winnipeg to Victoria, and familiarising himself with the geography of Western Canada, knowledge that has proven so helpful to him during the past few years. Leaving the road he first became bookkeeper for The Ryan Shoe Co., of Winnipeg. Shortly after he met with an accident which placed him out of active commission for many months. Five years ago last February, Mr. Cavanagh entered the vocation for which he is so eminently fitted, opening up a real estate office in Crystal City, Manitoba. At this time Mr. Cavanagh was still on crutches and \$150.00 in debt. His success was remarkable from the start, but his health failed him. After a heavy attack of pneumonia his physicians recommended that he go South, which he did, spending ten months recuperating in Southern California.

From his frequent visits to the Coast cities he was well acquainted with Vancouver, and had singled out this city as the apple of his eye. Mr. Cavanagh recognized Vancouver as Canada's Western port and the most promising city in this fair Province. Upon finally deciding to enter the real estate field here, he took a position as traveller for The Baker, Leeson Co., that he might perfect his knowledge of the city and province. After ten months on the road, he opened a real estate office on Cordova street, opposite the Grand Theatre, becoming senior partner in the firm of Cavanagh & Baker, and afterwards of Cavanagh, Baker & Leeson. He was back to his life work again. Being optimistic regarding the city and its future, he enthused all with whom he came in contact and gathered around him an ever widening clientele and circle of friends. It was a time when personality counted for much and Mr. Cavanagh's ability placed him in touch with men who figured prominently in large affairs. He made money for himself and his clients. One achievement led to another and in the brief space of time since he has accomplished wonders.

Mr. Cavanagh himself attributes his great success to having the courage of his convictions. He has speculated in inside properties most profitably. Dissolving partnership with his first Vancouver real estate business associates six months ago, Mr. Cavanagh opened the office now occupied by the firm of Cavanagh & Holden.

This firm whose business for the past half year has amounted to many millions, is among the largest property owners in the city, owning blocks on Water, Hastings, Pender and Granville streets.

also on Westminster avenue. Its reputation for honesty and integrity is unimpeachable and its financial rating is over \$250,000.

In January of the present year, Mr. Cavanagh was elected by acclamation to represent Ward 3 in the city council. He is a member of the Board of Works,

Board of Water Works, Board of Health, Library Board and Art Historical Society and a tireless worker in the city's interests. Mr. Cavanagh's faith in the future of the city has grown with his success and he predicts that within the present generation, Vancouver will be one of the first cities of the Dominion.

## “A Man Trap.”

From the Russian of Leo Dorophavitch.

By Clive Phillips-Wolley.

“**C**UNNING goes further than force,” says a Russian proverb, and we Jews, who hate the Russians, find them right in this at least. If you care to listen I will tell you a story to illustrate the proverb.

I am a money lender, and I always was a money lender since the time I had any money to lend, but lending is an anxious business and makes a man grow old quickly.

Some Christians tell me that they worry when they are in debt. These, I think, must be fools.

When I owe a man something I do not worry. That is his business. It is his money. But when anyone owes me anything then it is my business and I worry. Ach Gott! how I worry until I have my roubles back with interest.

Well, I was a money lender in a town in Southern Russia twenty years ago. They took me from Poland with many of my co-religionists and tried to make me farm in the Crimea.

It is true that the black land is good land, but who but a fool would farm, when he can make others farm for him and can take all their profits and their farms to boot for a little vodka. At first it is given, then sold “on tick” as you English say, until harvest time comes and those debtors who cannot reap their own corn, (because the vodka seller makes them work out their debt at harvest) must sell their crops for what he will give.

Do you think that I will “do a little work to get a little food, to gain a little strength, to do a little more work, to get a little more food, to gain a little more strength,” etc., as the story says? Oh, no, that is not a Jew's idea of business. That is the strong man's game and we Jews are not strong, we are cunning.

So before long I slipped into a town again and when my story begins I had made more money than all the peasant farmers in the Crimea put together. I could have had half their farms if I had wanted them.

The worst of it was that men knew that I was rich. It was no good to go about in old clothes. It was no good to live in a big house with no furniture, all bare and all cold except in the little back room, where I kept the windows shut, and the good stuff under the boards above which I slept or sat writing and counting.

There were no banks I would trust in the town and the Russians—oh Lord—they would rob Satan.

So I kept a man at last. I called him my nephew and I paid him to look like one, but he was only gipsy bred, I think, and a fool.

There was in our town a great talk of my wealth, and just about that time someone began to rob with violence.

I had known the Russian chief of police take a woman's last silver spoon to identify eleven other spoons found in

her servant's chest, and keep the dozen.

This was pretty smart for a Russian, but now men began to rob as they do it in England; to break houses and men's heads and commit all manner of coarsenesses.

One day they found a sea captain on the hill above the town with his head split open. There was nothing in it, and there was nothing in his pockets, but the English consul swore that in the mans' pockets there had been something.

Then the robbers went to the port captain, an old man with a young wife, who spent his money on French furnishings, and they took away not only what he had in his chest of drawers but the drawers too. They thought the gildings were worth money.

One night after this my nephew woke all at once and heard men on the roof. He knew that they were trying to come through the trap door into the little waiting room outside our parlor, and being a sort of a Christian and a fool, he crept softly out of bed. Then, taking a big cavalry sabre, that I had in pawn from a Russian officer, he stole under the trap door and waited.

If I had known that he would have been such a brave man I would not have done it, but I had thought of that trap door and shot the bolt on the inside, so that my nephew waited in vain.

So far he had not done badly, but hearing the men slide off the roof, he must needs dash to the front door and unbarring it run out. He was in his nightshirt, and with sabre in hand pursued the two thieves down several streets, though there must have been a foot of snow in the streets and he barefooted.

Of course he did not catch the thieves, but next morning when the story got about, everyone said that he was a very brave fellow, and old M—— must be very rich to keep so courageous a man to guard his wealth.

That was bad enough, but when my nephew came to me for a present because of this thing, and I remembered that he had left the door open all the time he was running like a fool down those streets I nearly ate him. It was only because the thieves were bigger fools than that nephew of mine that I was not robbed that night.

What? Of course I kicked him out. I could not afford to keep so brave a man. I could not keep heroes or fools, so I got an old crone to sweep out the rooms I never used, and to light my one fire, and her I sent home somewhat ostentatiously at nightfall and had the house to myself.

Even so I could not make everyone believe that I had no money. They knew I lent money, and probably there were *ci-devant* bank clerks among the thieves, men who had handled other people's money so long that they had grown hungry to handle some of their own, and these gentry would have known that I never trusted the banks.

At any rate this is what happened:

The house I lived in was built on the side of a hill, so that the upper story was on a level with the street. The lower story was below that level and looked out from the hill face.

On the upper story was my best parlour where I used to receive my richer clients. Old M——'s web they called it. A great corridor lead from the street through this upper story, past "the web" and below was my own room and the kitchen.

The street door of the corridor was a massive one, very dilapidated as to paint, but solid as Russian oak could make it, and across the centre of it was a great beam, which fitted into iron sockets. Unless a man could move or break this beam it would be useless to pick the lock and I need not say that I put up the beam every night with my own hands.

I had told my rosary as I used to call it, counting up the money I had out and the money I had in, and was sleeping lightly as my wont was, when I woke at the gnawing of a rat.

Now rats only come where there is waste, and there were no scraps unused about my place. Scraps were the main part of my old crone's pay. They were worth quite twenty-five kopeks a week with the rouble at ten to the pound sterling.

I did not believe that it was a rat and I soon knew that I was right.

Rats don't have steel teeth and I could hear the little ring of those teeth in the frosty stillness.

Quietly I stole upstairs in my list slip-

pers. The corridor, of which one side was of glass, where it was inaccessible from below, was bright with moonlight, and the first glance showed me a little steel tongue flickering backwards and forwards below my wooden bar.

For a moment that gave me a quaking fit. I could see that it was a circular saw and that if the villain who used it should succeed in sawing out a piece large enough to admit his arm, he would lift my bar and have me and my gold at his mercy.

But the next minute I grinned with delight. An idea had occurred to me, and I crept back to my den afraid only that I might be heard or might not be quick enough.

I was in luck. The saw was still at work when I got back with what I wanted. I stole up to the door and flattened myself against it so that I could not only hear the thieves whispering, but could hear them breathing on the other side.

And one of them was my nephew; my discharged hero!

Well that did not surprise me, neither was I surprised at the deft way in which the panel was withdrawn from outside as soon as the saw had done its work.

These were no tyros to let the piece come crashing on my polished floor in the stillness of the night.

But I think somebody was surprised a little later.

For a minute there was silence. They were looking past me down the corridor.

"All right the old weasel is asleep," said a voice I knew, and then a hand came through to the elbow and bent upwards to lift the beam.

It was delicate work then. I had the loose end of my rope already round the iron staple, but I had to adjust my noose round those nervous clutching fingers.

If I had touched them ever so lightly I should have lost the game. A young man might have been nervous, his hand might have shaken, but mine was cold and steady as the winter sky outside.

Then I bore on the loose end of the rope with all my might. The good hemp drew taut like the folds of a serpent, until the blue veins in the hand almost burst and I yanked and hauled until the arm was strained from wrist to elbow to the very utmost, so I made all fast.

If you will think for a minute, a man with his arm in that position would be helpless to use his other arm, and I suppose the fool who bolted, took the saw.

If they did not come back in force and burst in my door, I was safe and so was my captive safe, as a rat in a gin. I hardly thought they would risk the noise that a violent entry might entail.

"Good-night nephew!" I must back to bed. It is cold in this corridor and my blood is not as warm as thine." With that I shuffled off to bed, and slept soundly until some busybodies woke me, to tell me that a man had frozen to death on my doorstep.

His blood must have cooled in the night.

Curiosity has destroyed more women than love.—Madame de Pinzieux.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poetry is the beauty of ideas—distinct from the beauty of things.

\* \* \* \* \*

If thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice, it is a condemnation.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is an alchemy in manner which can convert everything into gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

We esteem people less for what they are worth, than for what they are worth to us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerity does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

# The Challenge of the Mountains.

By C. J. Lee Warner.

**N**O country in the world can equal British Columbia either for magnificent scenery or wild life. The opportunities for mountain climbing are unlimited, and the scenery on all sides in the various mountain chains and their sub-ranges far outstrips in grandeur and rugged beauty anything of its kind in other parts of the world. The glamour of the wild is throughout the Far West, and the lure of the beetling crags is intensified by the conquest of some rock girt fastness. To the aspiring mountaineer they hold out the most alluring of all prospects, the achievement of a "first ascent."

There is such a wide variety of mountain climbing to be had, both in point of



A Mountain Lake.

altitude and in the nature of the ascent, that no traveller, paying even a brief visit to the Canadian Rockies, leaves them with feelings of disappointment. So evenly distributed are the points of interest that at the favourite summer resorts, Banff, Laggan, Field, Golden and Glacier, they are easily accessible.

In fine weather and amid such inspiring scenery few outdoor pleasures rival that of mountaineering. The allurements of the interior are enhanced by the scope afforded to the big game hunter. The territory is so vast in this wonderland that a great part of it must always remain wild. The enormous mountain areas preclude the possibility of anything more than the settling of

the valleys and lower slopes; though the southern portion of the Province is gradually assuming the appearance of a huge fruit garden. So extensive are Canadian areas that the primeval will be left for generations, although the tide of Empire is continually advancing further and further west. It is certain, however, that with additional transportation facilities in the northland (as yet untouched) and an ever wider knowledge of the possibilities of British Columbia, visitors and settlers will rapidly increase in numbers. There is no fear of the mountain districts of the Pacific Province ever being overrun in the same sense as Switzerland is today, for, as Mr. Whymper has said, "here are fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

The best time of year to start climbing in British Columbia is in June; excellent ascents, however, can be made as early as April, since in that month the days are of fair length, and the ice slopes and bergschrunds are filled solid with packed snow. Starting early, before the sun has risen, the party begins the ascent through the forest which clothes the mountain's base. Then up in the brilliant sunshine, past great boulders and skirting round cliffs soon to "rope up," and with complete confidence in the guide, pursue one's way, surmounting difficult angles, hand over hand, up the sheer face of the precipice: stepping warily along the arete, for on the right hand is a sharp drop of a thousand feet, on the left a long steep snow slope stretching away into a valley where as yet man has never trod, and the arete is only a foot wide.

At last the summit is reached, where the wind blows keenly and sets the pulses throbbing. All hearts are filled with wonder at the glorious panorama. Great white neves and sparkling cascades form a silver network down the abyssmal depths of green valleys, leaving the senses overpowered and bewildered. So great beyond comprehension is the artistry of Nature.

The Rocky Mountains reveal some remarkably fine scenic effects such as the great Victoria Glacier overshadowing beautiful Lake Louise, a sight never to be forgotten. Higher up are the Lakes in the Clouds, Lake Mirror and Lake Agnes. Ten miles from Lake Louise chalet is Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks; and not far distant is another amphitheatre of scenic glory, the frosted battlements of Paradise Valley. Language is inadequate to describe the bold and rugged beauty of these wonderful mountains; mediaeval glaciers, snow-capped bastions, dashing cataracts, yawning canons, lakes of crystal clearness with dark, solemn pine-clothed shores—a continuous display in which the purest, the wildest and the grandest forms of nature are displayed.

Field stands at the gateway of a region more exquisite than any yet discovered, superior throughout in majesty, and in beauty of detail even to the far-famed Yosemite. Once some hunters, keen in the pursuit of mountain goat, after crossing a high divide to the north-west of Field, came to an unknown valley of such surprising grandeur and loveliness that they were lost in amazement. "Yoho!" exclaimed the foremost Indian, who rode with them, and by this name the valley has since been called.

The Yoho Valley is rich in waterfalls, the mightiest of which Takakkaw, bursts from a lip of the Yoho glacier. It is full of deep fissures and rocky spurs, level lawns of rich green sward, clothed with stately trees, and picturesque upland tarns and cataracts innumerable. High up against the sky line runs a jagged wave of snow-topped sierras of new colours and fantastic forms. A deep, richly wooded valley intervenes, along which swirls and plunges the Columbia. The new mountains are the Selkirks, in which big game, bear especially, is even more abundant than in the Rockies.

To the north and south stretch the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the Columbia River in a succession of tree-clad terraces; and soon leaving the timber line behind, shoot

up into the glistening regions of perpetual snow and ice.

The Emerald, the Witch's Crown, the Wapta, and the tongues which protrude from the Waputek Glacier all rank among the greatest ice fields in the world.

Among the marvels on this, the west side of the Rocky Mountains, is the great Asulkan Glacier in the Valley of the Asulkan Creek. It is a gem of mountain beauty, where a series of white cascades foam through vistas of dark spruce and fir, where tumbling cataracts of fly-



Asulkan Valley and Creek.

ing spray leap from ledges above, and open meadow lands cause the climber to list for the tinkle of the Alpine herd. Angular peaks stand out in every direction. Afton with the sharp cone, the Rampart an oblong wall, the Dome a rounded rock, and two towering spires, Castor and Pollux, to the south. To one side of the Asulkan Glacier rises Glacier



Crest, the western promontory of the Illecillewaet Glacier, which is banked on the further side by the lower slopes of Sir Donald.

Among the ascents which may most readily be made by mountaineers, are Mounts Hungabee, Lefroy and Temple, near Lake Louise; Mounts Goodsir, Stephen, Collie, Habel, Balfour and Gordon near Field; and Sir Donald, Fox and Dawson near Glacier, all more than 10,000 feet high. Here the Illecillewaet and Asulkan Glaciers offer splendid opportunities to those who delight in crossing vast snow fields. But the real monarchs of the western mountains lie further north and though much more difficult of access are the goal of the enthusiast. The highest are Mount Columbia, Mount Forbes, Mount Lyell, The Twins,



The Takakaw Falls.

Mount Bryce, Mount Athabasca and Mount Saskatchewan. It is a subject of great satisfaction that the Canadian Alpine Club was reorganized last year under the able direction of Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., chief topographer of the Dominion, to forward the interests of mountain climbing, and bind together all those who are devoted adherents of this exhilarating pastime.

For the big game hunter British Columbia presents an unequalled field. The

hunting grounds extend over an area of four hundred miles by seven hundred, the whole teeming with wild life. The Selkirks have been very little hunted and consequently the sportsman who selects this chain as his preserve will not find that his sport has been spoiled; he must be prepared, however, to tackle one of the wildest regions. At all the principal starting points, outside the confines of the Canadian National Park, where the game is strictly preserved, guides are in readiness to accompany those who require their services. They are thoroughly acquainted with the localities in which they reside.

Big-horn is quite unknown in the Selkirks, though fairly plentiful in the Rockies; white goat, caribou and bears are abundant. The moose and the elk find their habitat in the Province in large numbers, although bands of wapiti are decreasing and units rarely penetrate to the haunts of man.

Among wild birds which inhabit the crags are the golden eagle, raven and several kinds of owls, and the white-tailed sea eagle is an occasional inland visitor. Game-bird shooting and fishing is unequalled both on Vancouver Island and on the Mainland.

Of the former pheasants, partridge, capercaillie, ptarmigan, black and willow grouse; duck and geese are plentiful; while the immense maze of rivers and lakes furnish the finest angling.

So varied and prolific are the fisheries of British Columbia that they may be said to stand alone. Everyone has heard of the commercial fishing of the Fraser. The salmon "run" is a sight which once witnessed is never forgotten.

Splendid sport is to be obtained by trolling. The "rainbow" or Rocky Mountain trout is the gamiest for his inches in the trout family and is the equal of the salmon for sport. This fish is very palatable. The finest recorded specimen was that caught by Mr. W. Langley; it weighed 22 lbs. 4 oz., and measured 37 1-2 inches long with girth 20 inches. Sportsmen who have wandered over the world and have tried sport under all conditions and in many climes, still award the palm to British Columbia.

# Starting In Life.

By Amicus.

LIFE is a strange journey up a steep hill, always steepest at the start. Like starting a boat, a ship, or a locomotive, the dead line comes at the beginning. It takes less steam when the wheels are in motion. Thousands of merchants, lawyers, doctors and thinkers, have struggled for a lifetime without the accident of success, for success seems more accidental than common. But in the world at large, cases are rare of real merit long unrewarded where all the means at hand are carefully utilized.

Starting in life, like starting in a race is not a sure index of winning. Trained muscles and iron endurance are equally essential. So in the race of men and animals; the best trained are usually the more successful. So in the business world the careful thinker may rest certain of a safer voyage than a reckless navigator. Here, at the very threshold, must be brought knowledge, trained and mastered, and ready for the real work before us.

The dream of youth is never forgotten, and the child should be fed upon fact, and reared upon reason, instead of the fancies and fictions of expected greatness; the truer teachings of reality should early be enforced. The dream of childhood should be true to nature—a father's best legacy to his child is a cultivated brain. It is more than millions—it lasts for ever.

Fed on the fancy that fortune is easy of acquiring in some far-off country, boys are led to abandon home society and character for a risk or venture, without the truth before them that industry and character are the parents of good luck, and that, a way off, in an unknown climate, they are little prepared to meet what awaits them. There they must create a confidence already acquired at home; and "confidence," says Richelieu, "is a capital on which we can always safely draw." What a world of capital is wasted every year by roving men and

women who follow the delusion that fortune is always in a far-off country! What a waste of force is expended in hunting after happiness! As well look for prunes on peach trees, or beauty in an alligator. Happiness is always at home and in reach.

For the most part, life is a struggle; success and defeat follow each other in quick succession; sorrow treads closely on the heels of joy. To find a man or woman who has passed a lifetime of happiness is to see a rare specimen in nature. It is a great deal more likely that they have had their ups and downs—some of them many times—before they gained a foothold. But their secret has been to forget trouble—to let it go—to pass on, take a new course, and succeed in something else. Have they started wrong? So have thousands—so will thousands for ages to come. But to scorn trouble, to correct errors, to right wrongs and keep moving, that is the secret of true independence.

The mind grows on the food it consumes, and the downcast look sees little of the sun. To start right one must look inward. Self-respect is one of the surest evidences of culture; we must prepare for success, to be successful. To the man who said that he likened an ideal woman to an angel, the witty woman replied, "And how would you look by the side of an angel, you brute, you!" There is an argument in that reply. It teaches us to conform to what we hope to be—to liken ourselves to what we would be like. Character and self-respect are attainable by all; they are fortunes in themselves, which the world may safely trust.

There was a time, among the ancients when the strongest men were chosen for kings and rulers, and weaker ones were killed. To be noted then was to be cruel, to be noted now is to be good.

When the friends of Confucius, that greatest of all heathen philosophers, asked for one rule to govern a whole life, he said: "What you would not have

others do to you, do not do to them." There is a god-like manhood in the sentiment; it is a fit rule for a lifetime. Another sentiment of Confucius was to "so preserve the purity of your person that you may return it at last to its Maker as spotless as you received it." Health of body is essential to a beginning in the world. Health first, manner next, money last, for with the first we may get the others, but without health all happiness is destroyed.

There have lived men—their numbers are not few of late—who by schemes of villany have rushed on to fortune by a ready road; but the examples of their failure, their imprisonment, their death and defeat, offer little inducement for others to follow. The world is looking for better men and truer women. A start in life today means something more than knavery and force; it means intelligence; it means honest work well done. In whatever place we occupy, the highest success is in perfect workmanship. He is the noblest who lives the best, and does a lasting good to all his race.

Search where you will, you cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away whenever you please—approve your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practise the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other

person, is apt to be a severe critic of your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the sweetest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. If, then, you would find true happiness, study to be on good terms with yourself.

But ideas crowd upon us as our space grows less, and we close with the thought that starting in life is a problem each should think out for himself. Hints are all that we can give; changes will come soon enough, at best. The battle is your own; begin early to respect yourself. Choose an honest calling, with prospective promotion, if possible; then stick to it. Read up, study hard, think carefully, keep account of both income and expenses. Keep out of debt. Do your work well. The little difference between common work and fine work is well paid for. Remember, the world will be your friend or your enemy as you choose to make it. Be friendly if you would have friends. Men go out of their way to do business with good houses. Deal with the lucky, but help the unfortunate. Fortune's favourites are the best skilled, best cultured, best hearted, best mannered men and women. Such are first promoted, best paid, and last discharged. It pays to cultivate these gifts early in life. Men pay for them. They are at a premium in trade. "Keep with the good, and you will be one of them."

The string that knows nothing of tension can never know much of music. It is the strain that is put upon it that makes it give forth its sweetness in the master's hand. The heart that has never known the meaning of anxiety or unrest can know but little of the rhapsody of true praise. Men still "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

\* \* \* \* \*

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—Thackeray.

\* \* \* \* \*

It isn't so much that a woman wouldn't, but she hates you to think she would.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love is an extreme—to love less is to love no more.

# The Labour Unions in Relation to Mining.

By G. Sheldon Williams.

IT is not an easy thing, in the limits of a magazine article, to do justice to a matter so involved as that of the relation of what is called labour-unionism to the mining industry. The subject has—partly for this reason and partly because a fair discussion of it is considered likely to give offence in many quarters—not hitherto been adequately dealt with by either press or platform. In saying this, it is not intended to be conveyed that the question has not been dealt with at all. Far from it. But it has always been handled either purely from the miner's standpoint, or purely from the employer's standpoint, or from the standpoint of that most excellent human jelly-fish, bred to perfection in all democratic countries, whose principal aim in life is to achieve the impossible by simultaneously running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The discussion from these three standpoints has naturally done little to increase the sum of human knowledge, or to benefit the community as a whole.

Now, this brief attempt to discuss a question in which every citizen of British Columbia is more or less directly interested may well be commenced with the statement that the miner's union differs from every other kind of labour union. This is because of the nature of the miner's work, and the surroundings amid which it is carried on. For it is of all human employments the most hazardous, the least relieved in its ever-present peril by the distraction of agreeable surroundings, and the least comprehended by those not immediately concerned in it.

For the information of the last mentioned, for the instruction of those whose lives are cast in pleasant places, whose work is above ground in the fresh air and sunlight, it may be well to pause here and briefly review some of the

more prominent features of the miner's occupation.

In the first place, there is in practically every man's heart a natural fear of the dark and the underground—born, so some scientists tell us, of hereditary impressions resulting from great geological catastrophies and attendant terrible conditions which afflicted the human race before the dawn of authentic history. The habit and custom of their daily toil dull this sentiment in most miners, the lack of education and its accompanying curse of a too vivid imagination deaden it in many others; but, though not consciously felt all the time, the fear is always present, and lends a peculiar horror to even the most trifling accident in a mine. The writer knows whereof he speaks, having on more than one occasion had to wriggle through a caved-in tunnel, where there was not even room to crawl on your hands and knees, where the long splinters projecting from massive roof-timbers, which had been cracked like match-wood that very day under the weight of the hundreds of thousands of tons of rock above them, caught in your clothes as you lay; where no man dared to speak above the lightest whisper, lest the vibration of the air should bring about the final collapse of those crushed and shattered timbers. A few experiences of that sort give a better idea of the hardships and perils of a miner's life than all the newspaper articles and political speeches in the country put together.

It is only justice to the miner to remark here that the manly overcoming of this fear in the hour of trial and danger lends an additional glory to the numerous acts of self-sacrificing heroism in the face of death which are so often to be noted in mining accidents. It is not on record that there has ever been any lack of volunteers for a rescue party

at a mine catastrophe, no matter how great the danger.

Then there is, in addition to the danger of large catastrophies, and the depressing gloom in which the work is carried on, a large number of lesser, because individual, hardships and perils. A careless comrade, an insecurely fastened ladder, a fall of rock, a flaw in this or that piece of machinery, a fuse that hangs or a fuse that runs, a missed hole after a blast, a slip on the edge of stope or winze—these and a score of other accidents dog the footsteps of the underground toiler through every hour of his working day. Then, no matter how perfect the system of ventilation—and it is oftentimes very far from perfect—the depth below the surface and the fumes of powder make the atmosphere very trying; while in a dry mine there is dust and in a wet mine there is damp, water under your feet, water dripping from the tunnel-roof, water running down the walls. And when the shift is over and the miner emerges from the shaft, heated and exhausted with his work and drenched with perspiration, he may find a biting wind, a driving rain, or a raging snow-storm waiting for him outside, with the bunk-house and dry clothes anything from a hundred yards to half a mile away. And the shorter distance often provides quite enough exposure to bring on the dreaded pneumonia.

Now, mining in one shape or another has been going on ever since man discovered the uses of the metals and fuel stored in the bowels of the earth; and for many centuries the miner was a person whose work was rough, hard and dangerous and therefore—odd as it may seem—very poorly paid. He was not, in most countries, very far removed from a savage in regard to culture and education, and, except when he went on a spree, or had a grievance against his employers and sought to express his feelings by a riot, the world of fresh air and sunshine knew very little about him, except that it burnt the coal or forged the metals which he extracted from the depths. But, in modern times, came education—free education. And several things resulted from that.

Many very excellent, but very foolish, people think that free education makes

men happy. It does nothing of the kind; but it makes them think. And when free education got down to the miner, he thought a good deal. He learnt that people above ground did pretty well with the rough stuff which he tore, with toil and danger, from tunnel and shaft. He learnt that many people, whose work was nowhere near as hard and unpleasant and dangerous as his, got much bigger wages than he did. He learnt that, while one man by himself can seldom get what he wants, a number of people holding together and determined to obtain their desires, generally do obtain them, because they are so numerous a body of men that people have a delicacy about refusing them. And having learnt all this and a good deal besides, he thought some more. And then came the Miner's Union.

Was it—is it—a good thing or a bad thing? Well, like most human efforts and productions, it was a mixture of both, and remains so today. In so far as it has been used to improve the conditions among which the underground toiler works, and has given him a fair wage and shorter hours of labour, it is a good thing; for it is not well for any country that any section of its workers should be kept in the condition of brutes and slaves. Taken all in all, though subject to many abuses by corrupt and unscrupulous men, the Miners' Union has been in the main a good thing. The miner asked for a square deal. Under an ideal system of government—that "benevolent and intelligent system of despotism" of which the late Prince Bismarck thought so highly—he would have got that square deal without asking for it. Under existing conditions, however, his only chance was to organize and, by united effort, secure what the government of the country would not order his employers to give him as an individual.

Let us look now at the mining company which employs the miners and without which—be it remembered—there would be no mines, and no employment for miners. On a very large proportion of this North American continent the earth contains a variety of metals and non-metallic minerals of industrial value. The mining of these substances is an

important industry, as a natural consequence. In some sections, notably in British Columbia, it is the principal industry.

Unfortunately, with the rare exception of some of the richer placer gold fields, this mineral wealth is neither easily nor quickly obtained. It is not at all the sort of thing that a poor man can go in for with the expectation of acquiring a fortune, a competency or even a modest livelihood, by the unaided strength of his own muscles. You do not handle a rich ore-field with the same ease that you do a potato plot—digging up its contents and carrying them to market on your own back. It requires an immense expenditure of money for wages, for machinery, for supplies—an expenditure, too, continued over several years—before even the richest mine will begin to put figures on the profit side of the ledger. The term varies with local, metallurgical and geological conditions, but a rough average may be safely struck by saying that it takes five years to make a mine.

This is where the mining company comes in. The mineral, or satisfactory indications thereof, having been discovered, competent men pronounce on the probability of the property turning out a rich ore, and estimate the cost, both in disbursements of cash and expenditure of time, which will be necessary to make it a productive and profitable concern. A company is then formed and duly incorporated, its various members and shareholders putting up a sufficient sum to employ men at the current rate of wages, to purchase machinery and supplies, and meet such other expenses as may be necessary. The sum required is certain to be large, and is at times enormous, but it is necessary to secure it if the property is to be developed into a productive mine.

It is to be remembered in this connection that not merely a large sum of money is required, but that the said sum will return no profits to those investing it for—as shown previously—an average period of five years. Moreover, there is always the chance—though modern scientific knowledge and improved methods of ore treatment have greatly reduced the danger—that the mineral

may either disappear altogether with depth, or may so materially change for the worse in quality and quantity as to render the property no longer profitable to work. And the burden of this uncertainty is not the least among those which the mining company must shoulder, for, if such a misfortune happens, they have spent their money to no purpose. Their miners will have received their wage every pay-day, the company's liabilities for supplies and machinery will have been promptly met; and yet, after two, three or four years of steady development work, the company may find that all its money has been put into a hole in the ground which will never yield back one cent of it. It will thus be seen that, if the miner runs risks of one kind, the mining company runs risks of another, and it is well to remember this fact when reflecting upon the high profits made by some few of the more successful.

Let it be granted, however, that the mine is finally upon its feet, with plenty of fair-grade ore in sight and everything running smoothly. Then the mining company takes the amount which the ore is worth after treatment. Is this clear profit? No, though lots of people talk as if it were. There is the immediate cost of the labour and machinery used in extracting the ore; also the cost of the labour and machinery employed, it may be for years, in bringing the mine to the point where it would produce this ore; also the fact that people who have waited five years before seeing any return on their money are entitled to a pretty handsome profit when returns do come in. Add all these things together, and you will soon see that the real profits of a successful mining company are not so very great after all—nowhere near as large in proportion as the profits of a big dry-goods firm or departmental store, where they have nothing like the same expenses for labour or material. And it is easy to comprehend that any marked reduction in the quantity or quality of the ore, or any marked increase in the cost of its treatment or of its extraction from the mine, may readily bring the concern to the point where expenses exceed returns, and operations must of necessity cease.

Now, in fair justice to the miners'

union and the mining company, it must be said that, in very many cases, both of the parties have shown a clear comprehension of each other's positions. There are plenty of mining companies—it is unnecessary to mention names—who have been working for years without ever having had any friction with their men. More than this, in not a few cases wages have been voluntarily raised by the companies. All over this continent mines are to be found where employer and employee work together in perfect harmony. And the question may well be asked—why should it not be so in every case?

There are two principal answers to this question. One fault lies with the Miners' union, the other one with the mining company. Taking the case of the union first, it must be remembered that every such organization—even as also every mining company—is composed of human beings, necessarily imperfect and possessed of human failings. There are black sheep in every flock, and the fact that a man belongs to a miners' union does not of necessity imply that he is either honest or industrious. Of course, it is not fashionable to make such a statement as this now-a-days, but as this article is not written for the purpose of catching votes, the luxury of truth may for once be indulged in.

Thus, then, it is no matter of surprise to the man who knows himself and his fellowmen to be told that, while the principal cause of the formation of the miners' union was the just and natural desire of honest and industrious men to secure fair dealing by the only means left to them, there were among their ranks those who saw in the movement a chance to make "easy money," to secure a luxurious livelihood at the expense of their fellowmen—in a word, to "exploit" their brother workmen even as those workmen had hitherto been "exploited" by their employers. And they also clearly perceived, as time went by and the new era of things came to be accepted, that, if the miner's union and the mining company were to be allowed to dwell together in harmony, the profits of the said "exploiting" would be very small indeed.

Then arose the class which, under the various names of "organizer," "walking

delegate," "labour member," and a host of similar disguises, has done, and is still doing, for the sake of their own sordid gain, so much to embitter the relations between the mining company and the miners' union. Glib of tongue, soft of hand, well-fed and well-dressed, ever ready with the specious stock arguments which idleness and knavery have invented as an excuse for the low hatred of another's man's success which lurks in many human hearts they travel in luxury from point to point, stirring up strife and ill-feeling between Labour and Capital—the two classes who, of all classes in the world, are most dependent each upon the other and have most reason to work together peaceably. These men are always talking of "graft"; but what graft is like unto their graft? They are ready to shout about the rights of the workmen, but have never a word about the duties of the workingman. And the genuine miner, the man who is really doing his work and his duty, puts his hand in his pocket and pays out money to keep these human vampires in idleness and luxury, under the impression that they are "protecting his interests."

Turn now to the other reason why the miners' union and the mining company do not always live in harmony—where it is the fault of the mining company. Its members are also human beings, and quite as likely to want more than they are entitled to as are the members of the miners' union. Moreover, on this continent, the man with money has less consideration for the man without it than in any other part of the civilized world. This is because, owing to the great opportunities for the speedy acquisition of wealth which are offered by the rapid development of this country's natural resources, the vast majority of the men of money today began life without a cent, being labourers themselves. Now, it is a well-known fact that no man is so cruel to the poor as a poor man grown rich. The old proverb regarding the beggar on horse-back is as true today as it every was. And, while some men of wealth have learned wisdom and consideration in dealing with those who work for them, there are many who have not the capacity to learn. This may seem a curious thing to say of a rich man, but

the fact is that the ability to acquire wealth is by no means a proof of any very general intelligence.

Now, men who understand the question strongly discourage the placing of individuals of this sort in any position of authority upon the board of a mining company. But, in many cases, this precaution is not exercised. The result is that a man of grasping, arrogant, vulgarly tyrannical nature is put in a position where all his bad qualities can rage unchecked. And then trouble comes, and not merely the mining company, but the whole community suffers.

A marked instance of placing a man wholly unfitted by nature and training in the position of manager of a mining company has recently been afforded during some labour troubles very fresh in the public's memory. And it would seem to be a question for a Federal statute. The argument that because a man is a good lawyer and well-to-do, he is therefore, fitted to be a good mine manager, is too childish to be discussed. It is typically the viewpoint of a country which is the Paradise of the "Jack of all

trades and master of none"; but it is neither common sense nor business. Great Britain handles her mines considerably better than any other country in the world. Please to consider the howl of derision which would greet the appointment of a London barrister as manager of a Cardiff colliery.

The manager of a mining company should be a trained and skilled miner himself. He needs to be other things besides, but the law should see to it that he has at least that qualification. He should know the men's needs, understand from practical experience their point of view, and be a man of sufficient sense and personal pride to be above that ridiculous snobbery and indifference to the wants, feelings and comforts of others which the possession of a few dollars—often how ridiculously few—seems to have a trick of breeding in the self-raised "man of the people."

It has not been possible in this brief sketch to give more than what, it is hoped, is a fair outline of the different sides of a difficult and complex subject.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not the number of facts he knows, but how much of a fact he is himself that proves the man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you never observed that if you conscientiously neglect to do your work it somehow manages to get done without you?—Henry Harland.

\* \* \* \* \*

The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses; it is that which death has frowned upon and passed over.

\* \* \* \* \*

A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such bolts and screws as children.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not the great matters, the supreme joys, which fasten upon the human heart with such force, but the small interests and pleasures—the unnoticeable violets—from which the departure is so painful.

\* \* \* \* \*

The purest joy is unspeakable, the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.





### Both Mistaken.

An iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban lady's house recently, and played havoc with the kitchen window. The lady waited, anger in her heart, and a fighting light in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder, ma'am," he said, "and 'ere's father to mend it." And, sure enough, he was followed by a stolid looking gentleman, who at once started work, while the small boy ran off.

"That'll be two-and-threepence, ma'am," announced the glazier, when the window was whole once more.

"Two-and-threepence," gasped the lady. "But your little boy broke it. The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came round to my place, and told me his mother wanted her winder mended. You're his mother, ain't you?"

And the lady shook her head also.

---

### Collected.

"Fare."

The passenger gave no heed.

"Fare, please."

Still was the passenger oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,' said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that, without contemplating your celerity with punctuation, you liquidate.

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

---

Mrs. Clybel—"The boy grows more like his father every day."  
The Caller—"Poor dear! And have you tried everything?"

**What Would You Expect?**

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and finally, meeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'"

"'Only once,' the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."

**The Fortune-Teller's Mistake.**

Fortune-Teller—"Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a cheque."

Male Visitor (despairingly)—"No she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife."

**Answered.**

"Begad, Mrs. Smart, where do you keep your complexion?"

"Where you lost yours, Major—in a bottle!"

**"Any Wife to Any Husband."**

"Hang it all, my cigar's gone out," he said. "It spoils a cigar, no matter how good it may be, if you let it go out."

"A cigar," she observed, "is, in that matter, not unlike a man."

**Poor Henry.**

There have been many strange things in our country's history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolgirl.

"The hydra," said this much-informed young person, "was married to Henry the Eighth. When he cut her head off another one sprang right up."

**Of Course Not.**

A man accompanied by his wife visited a merchant to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and cut of the suit, and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes." "Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and the waistcoat."

**Worse to Follow.**

"All these stories the papers are printing about you are lies," said the politician's friend. "Why don't you make them stop it?" "I would," replied the politician, "but I'm afraid they'd begin printing the truth then."

"Ah, your language. Eet ees so difficult."—"What's the matter, count?" "First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed."—"Yes?" "Zen it say he was cowed."

Mrs. Newwed—"Bridget, I saw you kiss that man." Bridget—"Sure, mum, an' yez wouldn't have me resist an officer av the law, would yez mum?"

Speak the truth, and—shock everybody you come near.

---

A miss is as good as—another miss, and often very much better.

---

The nearer the church the—more convenient in rainy weather.

---

The Better day the—Derby day.

---

If wishes were horses—what a number of broken necks there would be!

---

Has it ever struck you what an amazing quantity of the “reformed” actress runs to waist?

---

One man may steal a horse—but if he does, two men will probably hale him before a magistrate.

---

One who knows how it is herself says: “The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is also her bane behind their backs!”

---

An elderly maiden purchased an Egyptian mummy the other day for a parlour ornament. She said it would seem better to have a man about, even if he was advanced in life and withered.

---

One of the great attractions of an Indian travelling circus is thus advertised:—

“During acts of familiarity with the lion.”

---

“When men break their hearts,” remarks a cynical female writer, “it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.”

---

It is said that a dog on a wrecked vessel did not show any solicitude about getting a place in any of the boats in which the passengers escaped. That was probably because he had a bark of his own.

---

A lady in Grosvenor Square is reported to have given “a little dance after a big dinner” this week. A big dance after a little dinner would have been more conducive to health.

---

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whisky for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. “Four quarts!” repeated the agent, with surprise. “As much as that?” “Yes,” replied the Indian, “four quarts—snake very big.”

---

A good story of Lord Cardigan is told. Shortly before his death he reviewed a famous Hussar regiment, and, on making the usual speech, said, with more emotion than he usually showed, “I am getting old, gentlemen, and, in all probability, I shall never again review this magnificent regiment this side the grave.”

**Not Her Husband.**

A well-gowned, well-groomed woman with a Vere de Vere face and a shabby man who had reached the drowsy age of intoxication were the occupants of one of the side seats in a car the other day. All the other seats in the car were full, so the woman could not change, but she sat as far as possible from her unpleasant fellow-passenger, and the seat, which accommodates three people comfortably, and four in a pinch, was sufficient for these two only. By and by another woman got on the car. She looked around a little wistfully, and then reached for a strap. She was tired. It is tiresome, sometimes, to go around and just look at cats. But she hung on to the strap heroically until the conductor came along and saw the situation.

"Madame," he said to the woman with the Vere de Vere face, "would you mind moving up a little?"

The woman paid no attention.

"Madame," he repeated a little louder, and with traces of slowly rising vexation, "would you mind moving up a little?"

The woman gazed indifferently at the houses that were sliding by on the horizon, and made no sign.

"Madame," said the conductor again, this time in a voice that carried to far corner of the car, "would you mind asking your husband to move up?"

The woman came back to earth with a violence that would have put to shame any ten cats. "Husband!" she shrieked, as she poked the button to stop the car. "Husband! He's no husband of mine."

And as she flounced off the car six or seven blocks from whence she had intended to go the woman who had been to the cat show slipped wearily into the vacant seat. And the man who had brought on all the trouble slept peacefully on.

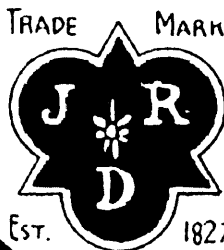
A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said, "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book and every female instantly ducked.

A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address."

It was a menage a trois, Lucien Lucille his wife, and Alphonse his friend.

Alphonse looked very dejected one day, and Lucien asked him what was the matter.

"Mon cher ami," said Alphonse with his eyes moistened with tears, "J'ai fait une triste decouverte; Lucille n'est pas fidele a nous."



## WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE

the opening of our Vancouver Office and Warehouse, and that we are now prepared to supply the trade. We are Sole Agents in Canada for :

Moet & Chandon White Seal & Brut Imperial.

Feuarheerds Port and Sherry.

Denis Mounie Cognac.

Only Brandy House Holding  
Royal Warrant King  
Edward VII

Robertson's London Dry, Old Tom, Jamaica Rum

# JOHN ROBERTSON AND SONS

## VANCOUVER OFFICE

COR. RICHARD AND HASTINGS STS

# Golden West Soap



"Golden West," is the Monarch of Soaps :  
They crowned it not long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds  
With a diadem of snow.



**Strength - Purity - Excellence**

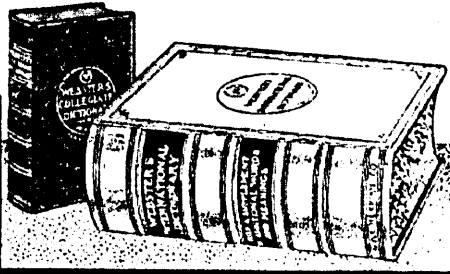
**STANDARD SOAP CO. LTD.**

CALGARY, ALTA.    ✚    VANCOUVER B.C.

**STANDARD BROKERAGE Co. LIMITED.**

~ BRITISH COLUMBIA REPRESENTATIVES ~

**144 WATER ST VANCOUVER**



# WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A LIBRARY IN ONE BOOK.

*President Eliot of Harvard fittingly says: "The International is a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."*

Besides an accurate, practical, and scholarly vocabulary of English, enlarged with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to Pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer of the World, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture Names, Greek and Latin Names, and English Christian Names; Foreign Quotations, Abbreviations, Metric System, Flags of all Nations, including Cuba and Panama. State Seals.

2390 PAGES. 5000 ILLUSTRATIONS.

SHOULD YOU NOT OWN SUCH A BOOK in order to answer quickly and with final authority the many questions arising daily concerning new words, spelling, pronunciation, definition, etymology, and synonyms; also questions concerning places, noted people, foreign words and many other subjects?

**WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY.**  
The last of our abridgments. Regular edition, size 7 1/2 x 9 1/2 in. Thin Paper Edition, size 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 in. Both printed from same plates, on bible paper. A real work of book-making, unsurpassed for accuracy and convenience. 1116 pages and 1600 illustrations. Valuable Scottish Glossary.

**CAUTION.** There are so many inferior, low priced, so-called "Webster" dictionaries now offered for sale that exceeding care should be taken to look for the **Circular Trade-Mark** on the front cover and our name on title-page.

Write for the "Story of a Book," and "Webster's Grammar," Free.

**G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,**  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.  
**GET THE BEST**

# Read The Week



Independent, fearless, virile. The Week makes a feature of editorial comment upon the important topics of the day, especially those affecting the interests of British Columbia. The Week has an expert staff of writers who deal with literature, lounging and fashions. The Week devotes three columns of every issue to sporting comment which is written by a veteran athlete. The Week is the only society journal published in B. C. The Week circulates in every town and district in the Province.

## Subscription \$1 a year

SINGLE COPIES 5c.

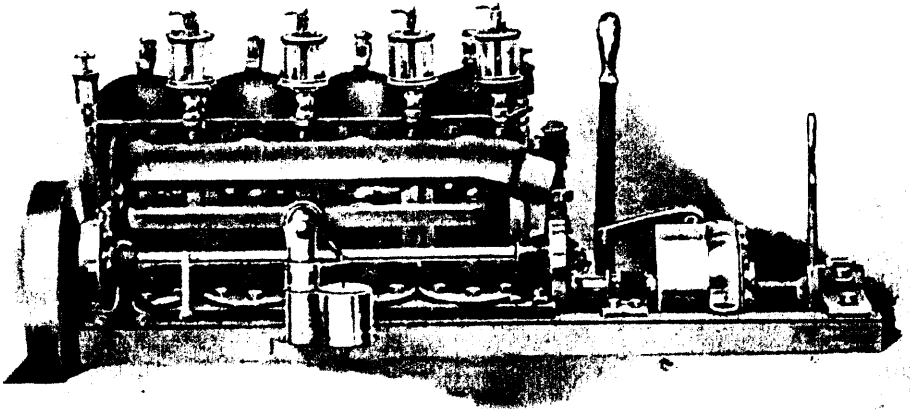
Published by

**The Week Publishing Company**

at 204 Government St., Victoria, and  
230 Hastings St., Vancouver.

Indesell

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE  
ROCHESTER and CAMPBELL Gasoline Engines and Supplies



2 1/2 to 100 H. P., 1 to 4 Cylinders.  
Plans and Specifications of Complete Launches, 16 to 50 feet.

A. W. LePAGE, 667 Granville Street, VANCOUVER, B. C.

An Art Nouveau style advertisement for Rochfort and Daniell. The advertisement is enclosed in a decorative border. On the left side, there is a vertical illustration of a woman in a long, flowing dress, holding a staff or scepter. The text is arranged in a stylized, flowing manner. The main text reads "ROCHFORD AND DANIELL" in large, bold letters. Below this, it says "ARTISTIC ADVERTISING AND COMMERCIAL DESIGN". At the bottom, there is a guarantee: "We guarantee all our work to be Absolutely Original". The address "OFFICE ROOMS 311 HASTINGS ST. VANCOUVER, B.C." is printed at the very bottom.

**ROCHFORD  
AND  
DANIELL**

ARTISTIC  
ADVERTISING  
AND  
COMMERCIAL DESIGN

We guarantee  
all our work  
to be Absolutely  
Original

OFFICE ROOMS  
311 HASTINGS ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.



# The World

VANCOUVER, B. C.

---

## THE EVENING WORLD

goes into 80 per cent. of the homes of Vancouver, also the greater percentage of the homes in the Province.

## THE EVENING WORLD

has the largest street sales in British Columbia.

## THE EVENING WORLD

carries more real live news than any other paper published in British Columbia.

## THE EVENING WORLD

is recognised as the best advertising medium in British Columbia. The proof of this statement is shown by the merchants and others who patronise its columns to such an extent that THE WORLD CARRIES MORE ADVERTISING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

## THE EVENING WORLD

In a word, is the best productive medium and has stood the test---"IT MAKES GOOD."



*BRITISH  
COLUMBIA'S  
FOREST  
WEALTH  
IS  
UNEXPLOITED*

*CAPITAL  
INVESTED  
NOW  
WILL  
WIN  
FORTUNES*

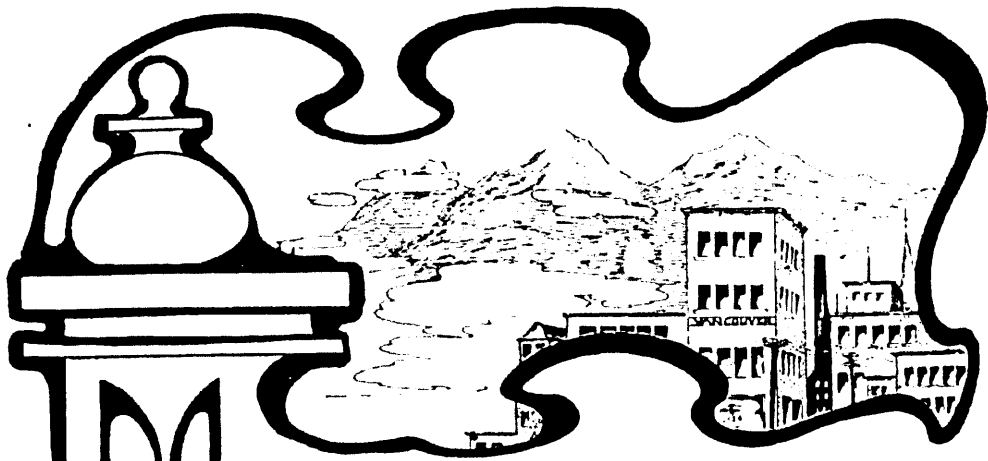


**TIMBER  
LIMITS**

**MILL  
SITES**

**EUGENE R. CHANDLER.**

*BRITISH COLUMBIA*  
*TIMBER LANDS AND INVESTMENTS*  
407 Hastings St. VANCOUVER B. C.



# PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

Do you know that seventy-five cents out of every dollar you deposit with the local banks at 3 per cent. is being used to ease the money stringency in New York and the east, thus drawing away from your city the very food necessary for its commercial and industrial development? Invest your savings in Vancouver real estate. If \$1,000 invested is not worth more than an advance of \$30 in twelve months, then our advice is "Do not touch it." If you can see through this advt., then either come and consult our large lists of properties on which we will guarantee you better results, or write us for particulars of same.

## E.H. ROOME & CO

600  
WESTMINSTER  
AVE.



VANCOUVER  
B.C.



SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL

\$500,000.00

RESERVE FUND

\$50,000.00

# Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY ASSURED

Four Per Cent. Allowed on Deposits.

## ADVISORY BOARD.

J. B. Mathers, Manager.  
W. D. Brydone-Jack, M.D.  
T. T. Langlois.

Robert Martin.  
John R. Gray.  
J. A. Thomson, Treasurer.

## DIRECTORS

Wm. Henderson.  
James Stark.  
James Ramsay.  
W. H. P. Clubb.  
F. R. Stewart.  
Geo. E. Drew,  
New Westminster.

Geo. Martin.  
E. W. Keenleyside.  
H. W. Riggs, M. D.  
David Spencer, Victoria.  
W. D. Wilson, M. D.  
T. R. Pearson,  
Mgr. New Westminster Branch.

EXECUTORS.  
REAL ESTATE.  
SAVINGS BANK.

TRUSTEES.  
INSURANCE.  
VALUATORS.

LIQUIDATORS.  
LOANS.  
BUSINESS OPENINGS.

BOND ISSUES GUARANTEED.

328 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER

**JUST A MINUTE  
OF YOUR TIME**



# To Consider the Reasons

why you should invest in the PREPAID STOCK of the BRITISH COLUMBIA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY and get 7 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS.

## BECAUSE

- (a) THE INVESTMENT POSSESSES FIRST CLASS SECURITY.  
There is no better security than first mortgages on improved residence property—on homes.
- (b) THE INVESTMENT HAS PERMANENCY.
- (c) THE INVESTMENT IS LIQUID. It can be transferred at any time.  
It has a liberal loan value.
- (d) THE INVESTMENT HAS NO LIABILITY.
- (e) THE DIVIDENDS ARE SECURED AND GUARANTEED.

THESE REASONS ALSO APPLY TO THE COMPANY'S 6 PER CENT. DEBENTURES.

---

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

THOS. T. LANGLOIS, President. D. H. WILSON, M.D. Vice-President.  
G. J. TELFER, Ass't Manager. R. H. DUKE, Secretary.  
W. H. MALKIN, DAVID SPENCER, GEO. MARTIN, GEO. WARD.

---

### TRUSTEES:

HON. R. McBRIDE, M. L. A. RALPH SMITH, M. P.  
LAWRENCE GOODACRE.

FULL PARTICULARS AT THE HEAD OFFICE.

---

327 CAMBIE STREET :: :: VANCOUVER, B. C.  
50 GOVERNMENT STREET :: :: VICTORIA, B. C.

REAL HAND MADE  
SOUTH AMERICAN

# Panamas

We import these direct from the makers and therefore save our customers the middleman's profit. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$150.00.

Our \$7.50 Panama equals anything you can buy in the city for \$10.

We have a special Unbleached Panama for ladies at \$3.00.

## E. CHAPMAN

Davis Chambers  
615 HASTINGS ST., WEST,  
VANCOUVER.

British Columbia Agent for  
R. ATKINSON'S ROYAL IRISH  
POPLIN TIES.

# EXCLUSIVENESS



IN  
MILLINERY

PRETTY HATS  
FOR \$5

LIKE THE CUT

Send sample of dress worn, give color of hair and say if fair or dark. We design hats equal to any imported model and better.

CHAS W. HILLS AND CO.,

Ladies Outfitters and Milliners by Mail.  
940 Granville St. Vancouver.

## THE British Columbia Book Co., Ltd.

makes

BRITISH PERIODICALS

and

BRITISH STATIONERY

A SPECIAL STUDY.

Scottish papers on sale.

New Novels from London twice a week.

550 GRANVILLE STREET,  
VANCOUVER, B. C.

# New Books

A Victor of Salamis, W. Stern  
Davis .....\$1.50  
The Saint, Antonio Fogazzaro...\$1.25  
The Patriot, Antonio Fogazzaro...\$1.25  
The Second Generation, David  
Graham Phillips .....\$1.25  
The Captain of the Kansas, Louis  
Tracy .....\$1.25  
Little Esson, S. R. Crockett....\$1.25  
The Lone Furrow, W. A. Fraser.\$1.25  
The Port of Missing Men, Mere-  
dith Nicholson .....\$1.25  
For New Books by best authors, at  
lowest prices, try

## Irvine & Forsyth

Booksellers and Stationers  
441 Hastings St. Vancouver, B. C.

**VANCOUVER**

British Columbia

Where there is practically no winter.



If you have any idea of "going West" and are interested in Real Estate, Acres, Timber Lands or Business Enterprises, come to Vancouver and see us. Or write for free pamphlet with full information compiled from Government statistics. Our products of the sea, Mine, Forest and Farm offer great chances for the large and small investor and the man who wants to "make a fresh start."

ROYAL BUSINESS EXCHANGE, LTD.  
HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER.

B. W. Carlyle

C. R. Hickman

**Public Notice**

We have a complete list of City and Suburban Properties at great bargains. It will pay you to see us before buying. If you have property for sale situated anywhere in B. C. drop us a line with full particulars. We may have clients looking for just what you have.

**THE CARLYLE, HICKMAN  
COMMISSION CO.**

Real Estate,  
Insurance, General Commission,  
Rents Collected.

Room 9  
522 Pender Street, Vancouver, B. C.

**Angell  
Engraving Co.**

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS  
AND DESIGNERS  
IN ALL BRANCHES

518 Hastings Street,

**Vancouver, B. C.**

**The Canadian Bank  
of Commerce**

Head Office, - TORONTO, ONT.

Capital (paid up) ... \$10,000,000  
Reserve ..... \$ 5,000,000

B. E. Walker, Esq., President. Alex. Laird, Esq., General Manager

**Branches West of Rocky Mountains**

**British Columbia—**

Atlin, Cranbrook, Fernie, Greenwood, Kamloops, Mission City, Nanaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, Penticton, Prince Rupert, Princeton, Vancouver, Vancouver East, Vancouver South, Victoria.

**Yukon Territory—**

Dawson, White Horse.

**United States—**

Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Skagway.

**New York Agency—**

Wm. Gray and H. B. Walker, Agents

**London, England, Office—**

50 Lombard Street.



Are you troubled with dandruff or falling hair, if so

**TEY MORROW'S**

Vegetable Hair Invigorator. It destroys the microbes that causes dandruff and falling hair, and nourishes the hair-root back to health. We guarantee it.

PRICE 75c.

**J. W. MORROW**

THE PILL BOX DRUG STORE

600 and 602 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

## Expensive Dental Work

no longer has a claim for your consideration. Our work is the best known to the profession.

**READ OUR PRICES—THEY NEVER CHANGE.**

Full Set of Teeth.....	\$5.00 and up
Gold Crowns .....	\$5.00
Bridgework (per tooth).....	\$5.00
Gold Fillings .....	\$1.00 and up
Silver Fillings .....	50c
Extracting .....	50c

## The Boston Dentists

LIMITED

DR. A. E. BAKER, Consulting Dentist.

407 Hastings St., West., Vancouver.

Silver Mounted  
Guaranteed  
Briar Pipes

**50c.**

at

**PADMORE'S**

ARCADE  
CIGAR STORE

Vancouver, B. C.

## The Goddess of Fashion

never dreamed of a man attired in a more perfect fitting suit or overcoat than the ones we are making at

**\$15.00**

The price seems low, but we guarantee the suits to be equal to the highest price. Write for samples and measurement forms.

**Scotland Woolen Mills**

Hastings Street :: VANCOUVER



# The Mutual Life of Canada

Is a thoroughly **SOUND AND PROGRESSIVE** Company, confining its business to the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, noted for the most healthy climate **IN THE WORLD.**

Its Expense rate is the

**LOWEST OF ALL CANADIAN COMPANIES,**

being only 16.31 per cent. of total income for 1906, a reduction of 1.45 per cent. over 1905.

"One of the very best Companies that we have examined, The Mutual Company, and the one that showed fewer shortcomings than any of the others."  
—Mr. Kent, of the Insurance Commission, verbatim report, page 2904.

## 37 YEARS' RECORD

**RESULTS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.**

Total Payments for Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Surrendered Policies, etc. ....	\$ 7,476,529.26
Add present Assets .....	10,385,539.84
Amount paid to policyholders and held for them.....	\$17,862,069.10
Total Premiums received .....	17,338,715.05
Excess of Assets and payments to policyholders over Premium receipts .....	\$523,354.05

For Agency, Circulars or Information, write

**WILLIAM J. TWISS, MANAGER.**

570 GRANVILLE STREET :: :: :: :: :: VANCOUVER, B. C.

**A Line to  
Workers  
who are  
Drifting**

Write for our new free circular:

**Salaried Positions  
For Learners**

It shows how we prepare young men and women to earn good salaries in positions that require special knowledge. It tells how you can obtain a salaried position in your chosen profession, trade or business, and support yourself while learning how to earn more. You can become a

**Mechanical Engineer,  
Electrician, Architect**

250,000 students and graduates in Mechanical, Electrical, Marine, and Mining Engineering; Architecture; Drawing and Designing; Lettering; Bookbinding; Bookkeeping; Typewriting; Teaching; Bookbinding; Bookkeeping; English Branches. When writing, state subject in which interested.

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,**  
1000 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

W. H. COULTER  
Room 11, Arcade VANCOUVER, B. C.

**Vancouver  
College of  
Music**

**JAS. H. SMITH,**  
(MUSICAL DIRECTOR.)

---

**COMPETENT Staff**  
All Branches of Music Taught

---

Address:  
**745 Dunsmuir Street**  
Phone A 1885 Corner Howe

A Model Music Store

is that of the

**MONTELIUS**

**PIANO HOUSE, LIMITED**

In Its New Warerooms at

**441 Hastings Street, Vancouver**



To see these beautiful warerooms and parlors, is to appreciate what the youngest, yet most up-to-date firm has done in Vancouver and British Columbia in the upbuilding of the music business. Everything in music in stock, from the best pianos made in the world, to the little Jews Harp.

All makes of **TALKING MACHINES** and records. A very neat sales-room is devoted to this department exclusively.

One parlor is devoted exclusively to the **NEW ART BELL PIANOS**, another one to the old reliable and standard **HAINES BROS. PIANOS**, another to the **KNABE GRANDS** and **UPRIGHTS**. And last but not least, one devoted entirely to the **POPULAR AUTONOLA**, the best and most human Player Piano that is made, and also **ELECTRIC PIANOS** of various makes.

The public are cordially invited to call at this modern Palace of Music. We believe every citizen of Vancouver will appreciate the efforts that are being made to advance the music conditions in British Columbia by this young but most energetic House.

# "If the Piano Came From Montelius' It Is All Right,"

Is a trite saying and almost a household word in British Columbia.

Some of the splendid Pianos we are carrying in large assortments of styles.

The "NEW ART" BELL, popular with all musical people wherever the British Flag floats. A strictly Canadian piano.

The old Standard HAINES BROS, PATTI'S FAVORITE HOME UP-RIGHT PIANO, established in New York in 1851.

THE MARSHALL and WENDELL, established in 1853, so popular in Eastern Canada and throughout the United States.

THESE LAST TWO MAKES ARE NOW ALSO BUILT IN CANADA.

THE ARMSTRONG, built by the largest and wealthiest Piano Makers in the world.

All of the above Pianos have FULL METAL PLATES and BUSHED TUNING PINS, which keep the Piano in tune much longer and better than the ordinary old fashioned way, and prolong the life of the instrument.

Just to demonstrate one of our original plans, and so that no home need be without a good Piano, we are selling splendid LARGE FULL SCALE UP-RIGHT GRAND PIANOS for

**\$300, \$325, \$365 and \$385**

These are well built Pianos that will meet all the requirements of the musical home.

Easy terms are given and prices that will not require a life mortgage to liquidate.

"TO HAVE BEEN FIRST MEANS ANTIQUITY, BUT TO HAVE BECOME FIRST MEANS MERIT." We know that we MERIT all of the splendid success our up-to-date Business methods have brought to our House.

REMEMBER OUR NEW STORE IS AT 441 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, ALMOST OPPOSITE OUR OLD LOCATION.

## MONTELIUS PIANO HOUSE, LIMITED

Our 36 years' practical experience in Piano business is of value to Piano buyers.

**M. W. WAITT & CO**

LIMITED

558 GRANVILLE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

44 GOVERNMENT ST., VICTORIA, B. C.



**The Oldest Music House  
in British Columbia.**

# Pianos, Organs and Musical Merchandise

B. C. Wholesale Jobbers and Retail Dealers for Columbia Graphophones  
and Records; Edison Phonographs and Supplies.

DEALERS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

WRITE FOR TERMS.

STEINWAY PIANOS

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANOS

NORDHEIMER PIANOS

DOMINION PIANOS

PALMER PIANOS

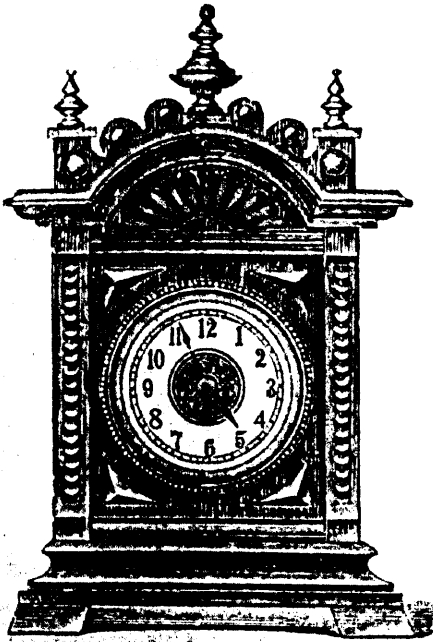
Sold on Easy Monthly Terms of Payment.



**IN GOOD  
COMPANY**

# Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

Jewellers and  
Silversmiths.



—  
GEO. E. TROREY,  
Managing Director  
VANCOUVER, B. C.  
—

The latest novelties, also such lines as clocks and art goods where the European manufacturers excell are daily arriving.

We aim to carry an exclusive stock which will prevent all chances of duplication. Our great experience and business connection enable us to procure the best and latest designs at the lowest prices which in turn our patrons benefit by. When you purchase from us you feel certain that the value of the article is there as represented.

—  
DIAMOND JEWELLERY, WATCHES, STERLING SILVER, SILVER PLATE, CUT GLASS, CHINA, CLOCKS, ART GOODS, ETS.

—  
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.



KODAKS, \$5 to \$100

BROWNIES, \$1 to \$9

# THE KODAK STORY

of summer days grows in charm as the months go by—it's always interesting—it's personal—it tells of the places, the people and the incidents from your point of view—just as you saw them.

And it's an easy story to record, for the Kodak works at the bidding of the merest novice. There is no dark-room for any part of Kodak work, it's all simple. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please.

The Kodak catalogue tells the details. Call for one or send your name and address and we will mail it to you free.

## WILL MARSDEN

665 Granville St., Vancouver. :: :: :: :: THE KODAK SPECIALIST.

# MENS AND BOYS FINE SUITS AND FURNISHINGS

We are now one of the oldest established houses in Vancouver.

## MAIL ORDERS

Receive special attention, and are despatched the same day as received. We are sole agents for 20TH CENTURY BRAND GARMENTS in this city. Send for measurement blanks and samples.

We have the largest Boys' Department on the Coast.

Write us for information which will be cheerfully supplied.

## CLUBB & STEWART

302 to 315 Hastings St. W. VANCOUVER.