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FEBRUARY NUMBER
1912

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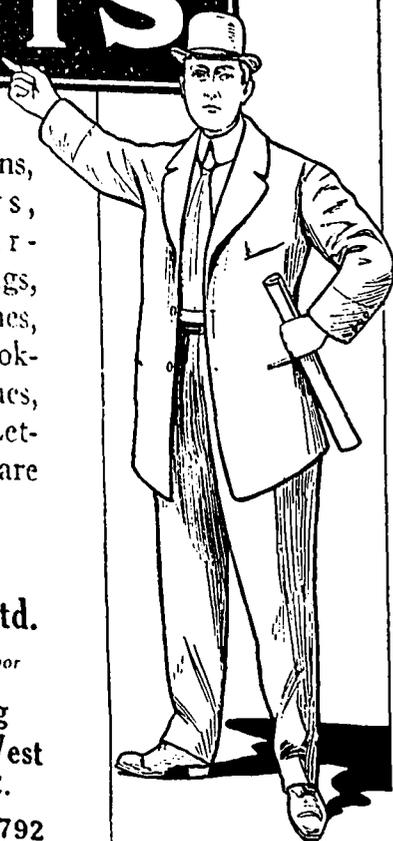
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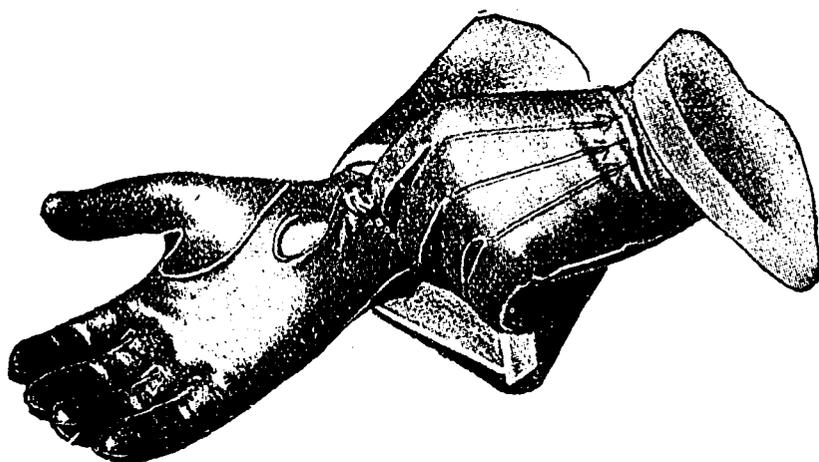
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN
EDITOR

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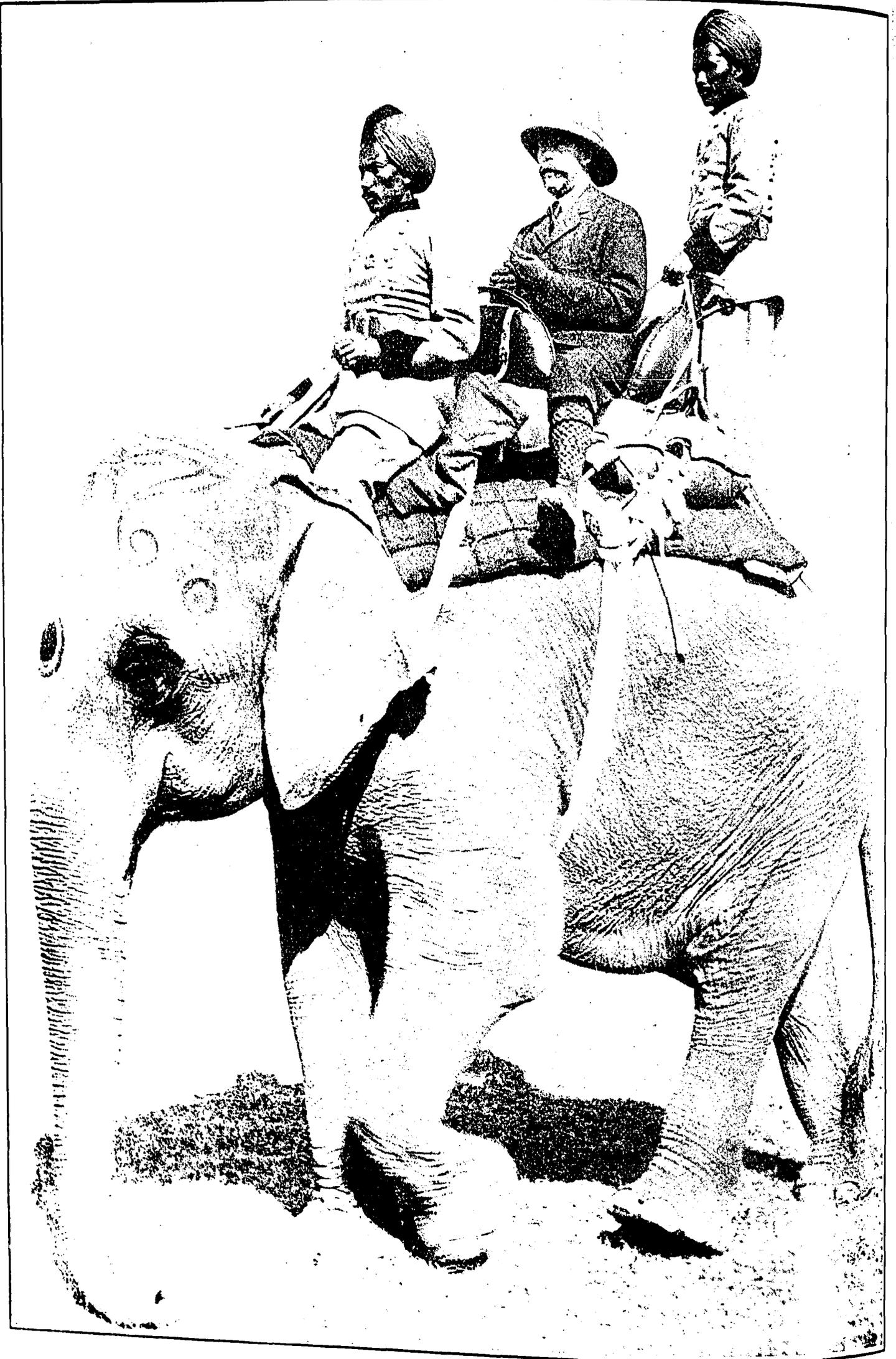
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THE KING'S QUIANT STEED IN INDIA

A PHOTOGRAPH OF KING GEORGE RIDING A SADDLE ELEPHANT FROM CAMP TO A TIGER HUNT SOME FIVE MILES AWAY. AFTER THE DURBAR THE KING WENT TIGER HUNTING IN NEPAL, WHILE THE QUEEN MADE VISITS TO A NUMBER OF ANCIENT CITIES



Vol. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 2

Timbering on Vancouver Island

VANCOUVER ISLAND'S shaggy mane is being tugged at by numberless sawmills, but the sum total of their efforts has hardly touched her forest covering. East and west, north and south the timber rises, magnificent Titans of fir and cedar, hemlock and spruce, enough to furnish of merchantable wood at least one billion feet a year for a hundred years to come. Outside of the agricultural land under cultivation, or as yet uncultivated, there are thousands of acres of the finest timber imaginable on the Island, and as a source of potential wealth it is immensely suggestive.

Timbering is a scientific calling, but in a country where the trees are as plentiful as on Vancouver Island there is a great deal of waste permitted. This goes on from the first step in the manufacture to the last; from the carelessness which allows of forest fires in the wake of the hunter or angler, or even the careless "cruiser," to the final burning-up of tons of waste yearly at the sawmills. Other countries have regretted this enormous waste, and it behoves Canada, and especially her heaviest timbered provinces, to provide for less destruction in the future.

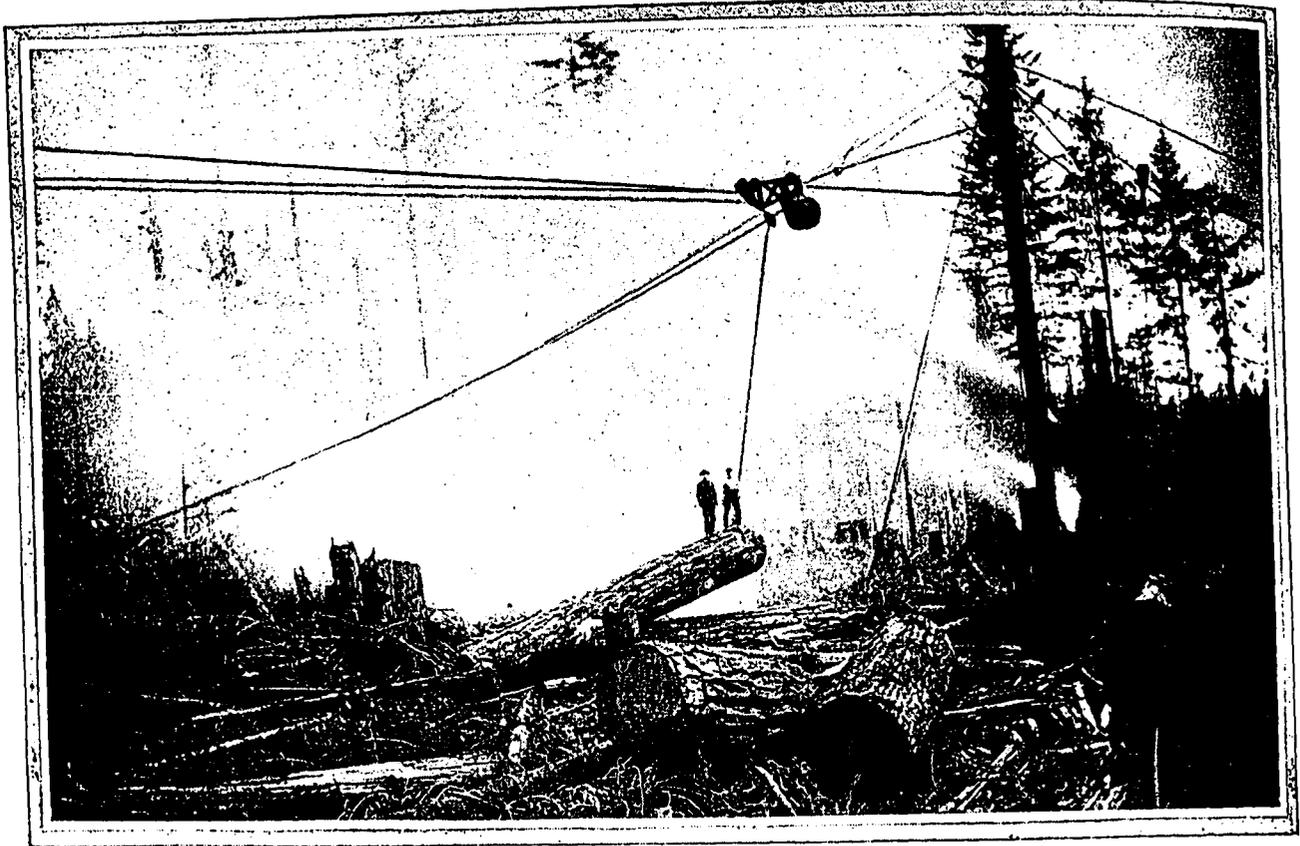
The story of a bridge timber is a succession of regular gradations from the standing tree to the finished slab. The first inkling the forest has of the inten-

tions of man is when the "timber cruiser" appears, mousing about the hills and valleys, measuring the trees with practiced eye, thumbing his little book and marking down his figures—numerals most potent in the coming unfolding of the forest's possibilities—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes;
An' faith, he'll print 'em."

With pack on back and trusty compass handy, with dawn and starlight to guide his wandering footsteps, the "cruiser" is a weird pilgrim of the wilderness, serene, indifferent and absolutely self-reliant. He reads the story of the ranked and enfiladed tree trunks as a child cons his primer. The secrets of waste places are his and what the veil of Isis hides.

With the timber "cruised" and possibly "re-cruised" to make assurance doubly sure, the advent of the logging "crews" and the building of logging railways to bring the timber into the mills follow on in regular course. A logging camp and crew presents one of the most interesting and instructive sights in industrial enterprises. Every phase of its workings is carried on with almost military precision and decision. The "heavy artillery" is the powerful "donkey" engine, set firmly on its log foundation, run by steam power, and the keystone to the entire situation. With it are the cables, huge steel strands reaching out in many directions, like a



THE "HEAVY" ARTILLERY IS THE POWERFUL "DONKEY" ENGINE

spider's web, and enmeshing cloud-challenging tree trunks like so many hapless insects.

The log platform on which the "donkey" is placed extends to a narrow track where the logging cars are shunted up to receive their loads. These cars stand sideways to the platform, and the logs are drawn in by the cables endways, so that all that is necessary to load them on the cars is to roll them from the platform to the cars, when they are ready to be taken

out to the mills. Out in the timber the "crew" are at work getting out the logs.

As the trees are felled by axe and saw the wire cables are hitched about the fallen logs and the signal given to fetch them in to the platform. Then ensues a remarkable exhibition of the power of the engine and the strength of the cables. Through thick and tough underbrush, over fallen logs and debris, even through smaller trees, the huge logs are steadily dragged, nothing short of a gigantic tree



THE SQUAT LITTLE LOGGING ENGINE FASTENS TO THE CARS AND ROLLS AWAY

being able to bar their progress. The cables strain like the strings of a violin keyed to concert pitch, the "donkey" "chugs" and rumbles, and black smoke puffs from its short smoke-stack as though some hidden demon was imprecating the sullen resistance of the forest.

Presently the log reaches the edge of the platform, a short halt is made, the log is again set in motion, drawn up, the cable unhitched, and preparations made to roll it on the car. A horse on the platform furnishes most of the motor power at this stage, and the skilful hands of one of the loggers, armed with a cant-hook, complete the job. The log is skidded, yanked and guided by cable, horse-power and "man-handling" until it slides on to the car and settles down for its journey "saw-ward" to the mill.

There is always danger lurking near in the manipulation of these great timbers. In the woods, if a cable snaps it flings out like the coils of a maddened python, and woe to the luckless logger who happens to be in the line of its flight. He is cut in two almost, or smashed to a jelly, the force of the flying strand being simply terrific. Or a falling tree may strike another tree and fling it on to a logger, or cast a dead limb far out and away, reaching someone standing in fancied security. On the platform the treacherous logs may tip suddenly and catch the handler, and the least that means is the loss of a limb; the result is likely death.

The fact of so few accidents is a tribute to the care and sobriety of the logging crews and the fact that they know by experience what perils are enveloping them. A rigid scrutiny of cables and machinery, a military obedience to signals and rules make the process one in which eternal vigilance is of necessity practised to meet the demands of the situation. Men have been suddenly drawn against huge trees by advancing logs when a shrill signal has saved them from instant death. The engineer at the "donkey" has much responsibility, and is almost invariably a cool-headed and splendidly capable man in every respect.

As the cars are loaded and a train formed the little logging engine, squat but important, steams in and fastens to the cars and rolls away. Like a serpent wind-



THESE FOREST TITANS SEEM TO DISAPPEAR FOREVER

ing in and out of the woods, the heavily-loaded train disappears in the distance and the piling-up of logs for the next load goes bravely on.

At the mill the logs are dumped in long wind-rows, often scores of straight trunks aligned together, a hundred feet or more in length each, and from four to six feet or more in diameter. These huge timbers are hoisted to the platforms, where the saws run in to meet them; they are then slid over to the embrace of the steel, the saws spring to meet them, the belts hum, the refuse timber falls away, the log moves slowly down the chute, the singing, swirling last act has begun, and the squared timber, fit to hold a kingdom up, slides out at the further end of the mill ready to take its place in the worldwide drama of events.

There is nothing more picturesque nor dominant in the industrial world than this squaring of the big timbers for the market. And whether for the old world or the new—for Liverpool, Glasgow, the Clyde, or Peru, Brazil or further ports, there is always the sense of something huge and portentous in their very size, like bridges spanning mile-wide torrents or later Armadas, frowning from cannon-

mouthed decks, high-towering over seas remote and blue.

Vancouver Island, last of the Last Great Wests, holds more merchantable timber of larger size than any spot on earth. More and better timber; sounder and more easily handled trees. It is just in the awakening of its vast advantages in this direction, and to a large extent it holds the centre of the stage in this development at the present time. Both by natural and artificial channels it is peculiarly adapted to handling this magnificent crop. Sea ways and fresh water ways, lakes, rivers, salt water arms, abound, and the rails are coming in from all directions to supplement the aids of Nature.

And yet with all this embarrassment of riches in the way of forest growth it is not too soon nor too hysterical to sound the

note of alarm. These forest Titans seem to disappear for ever once they are cut down; reforestation does not seem to bring back former conditions. "There were giants in those days." Strange, is it not, that these monarchs do not appear to leave their inheritance to their descendants! The Provincial Government has done wisely and well in late years in the way of forest reserves and precautionary measures against fire. No Government can afford to do less. To paraphrase Goldsmith:

"Cities and towns may flourish and may fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made.

But a tall forestry, its country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Ernest McLaughlin



WHERE THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY IS CARVED THROUGH SOLID ROCK

Capitalizing Climate and Scenery

We are indebted to Mr. P. W. Luce, secretary of the Canadian Highway Association, for the information embodied in this article.

ROAD-MAKING is one of the first tasks to which settlers in any new land must apply themselves.

It is not difficult to construct a mental picture of a pioneer's road system. It is essentially domestic and extremely local. It consists of a road to the spring or well, another to the woods from which fuel is obtained, and later is added a path to the house of the nearest neighbor. Soon the village street appears, which lengthens into a road to the next village. These little self-contained road systems have grown, are growing, and will continue to grow until Canada is criss-crossed with highways like the wrinkles covering the hide of an elephant. Wherever towns of any size have grown up, whether on the prairies or in the valleys of Quebec and British Columbia, the most modern methods of road-building have been introduced. Every province has its own road policy,

which may be described at this stage of our history as the most important work of the Provincial Governments. Roads are the basis on which the proper development of our natural resources depends, and the progress of Canada is conditioned by her means of communication. Railroads, of course, are important, but they can never take the place of roads. If the roads did not exist there would be no use for the railway. As Professor Grant pointed out in our last number, the very largeness

of Canada leads to much parochialism. The unity of Canada can only be achieved by conquering her geography. In the Maritime Provinces the man going west still says he is "going to Canada." The British Columbian finds it difficult to rouse the East to a full sense of the Asiatic problem. The ends of this vast country must be brought together by means of roads. It will be realized, therefore, that the plans of the Canadian Highway Association to

build a road from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to Alberni, the most westerly Canadian port on the Pacific, is a piece of strategy in a war against our geographical difficulties. The provinces are already federated; the Association is going to federate the roads. Of course, this body does not propose to build a road three thousand miles long by private enterprise. Much of the road already exists. What the Canadian Highway Association is going

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION

To assist in having a Canadian Highway established from Alberni, B. C., to Halifax, N. S.

To promote good roads.

To endeavor to get the connecting links of this road constructed as soon as possible by the different governments and municipalities through which this road passes.

To have the Canadian section of the Pacific Highway, which runs from Tia Juana, Mexico, to the Alaskan boundary line, completed.

To endeavor to have all public money expended on roads spent to better advantage.

To carry on a campaign of education in order to enlighten the people regarding the benefits to be derived from good roads.

To co-operate with the different governments with a view to bettering the standard of roads for which Federal or Provincial grants are made.

To capitalize our climate and scenery in building roads that will bring tourists here from all parts of the world.

to do is to link up the portions of road that are already in line along this route and make a great transcontinental highway from coast to coast. They will do this by seeking the co-operation of districts, municipalities and provincial governments all through the country. One day the transcontinental road will be an accomplished fact as tangible and complete as the C. P. R. In those days old Halifax, solemn and majestic, rich in historical associations, will be linked up with young and growing Alberni,



A BEAUTIFUL SCETCH OF THE OLD YALE ROAD IN SURREY, B. C. THIS IS PART OF THE PROPOSED CANADIAN HIGHWAY WHICH WILL BE IMPROVED BY A HARD SURFACE PAVEMENT



W. J. KERR, PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION

a lusty infant city that means to become one of the most important ports on the Pacific coast. The completion of three thousand miles of continuous roadbed will, however, be as nothing compared with the benefits that will be brought to road-building generally. The Association has other aims which are set forth concisely elsewhere in this article. The men behind this important movement are all well known in British Columbia. "Good Roads" Taylor, the Minister of Public Works in the McBride Administration, is the first honorary president of the Association, and the organization is fortunate in enlisting his sympathy and assistance. Mr. W. J. Kerr, of New Westminster, well known in real estate circles, is the president. He devotes a great deal of time and energy to the cause of good roads. Among the vice-presidents are Messrs. A. E. Todd, A. J. McCandless (president of Vancouver Board of Trade), A. E. White, T. S. Baxter, T. J. Armstrong, F. Bowser, L. E. Marmont, Reeve Nicholson and Dr. Elliott S. Rowe.

Twenty-eight officers and members of the Association recently waited upon the executive of the Provincial Government and pressed upon them the importance of

immediate improvements on the roads of southern British Columbia along the route of the Canadian Highway.

Although the Association was only launched in November of last year, a great deal of work has already been done. Starting with a membership of less than fifty, the Association now numbers nearly one thousand. By the end of this year there will be a roll of five thousand members and an active campaign to that end has been put in motion.

Branch associations in other cities are being formed, as the success of the scheme, of course, depends on co-operation right through Canada. The fee for membership has been purposely fixed at the low figure of two dollars, with a special rate of one dollar each for members of Boards of Trade. We would urge our readers to write to Mr. P. W. Luce, the secretary of the Canadian Highway Association, New Westminster, for forms of membership. Owing to the fact that automobile clubs are endorsing the scheme, an impression has got abroad in certain quarters that good roads only benefit the owners of motor cars. This view is held mainly by people whose business never calls them to leave the paved streets of the towns. Teamsters



P. W. LUCE, SECRETARY OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION

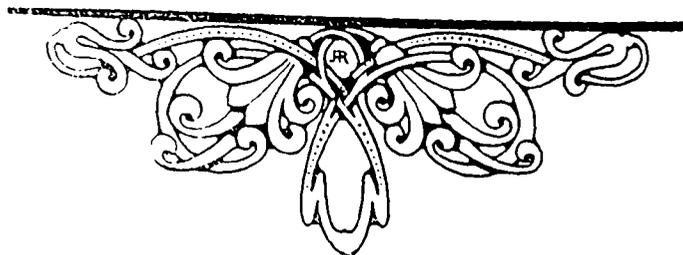


ROAD BUILDERS AT WORK ON A SECTION OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAY

and farmers desire good roads as much as chauffeurs, and are grateful for the fact that the coming of the automobile has set a higher standard for road surfaces than our fathers knew. A few days after the formation of the Association an old gentleman called on the secretary and asked to be enrolled as a member. "I never owned an automobile," said he; "I haven't a

horse and rig. The only rolling stock I possess is a wheelbarrow, but I guess your good roads will help me, even if an 'Irish buggy' is my limit."

The motto of the Canadian Highway Association is "Good roads everywhere." Every user of roads should rally to the support of the movement.

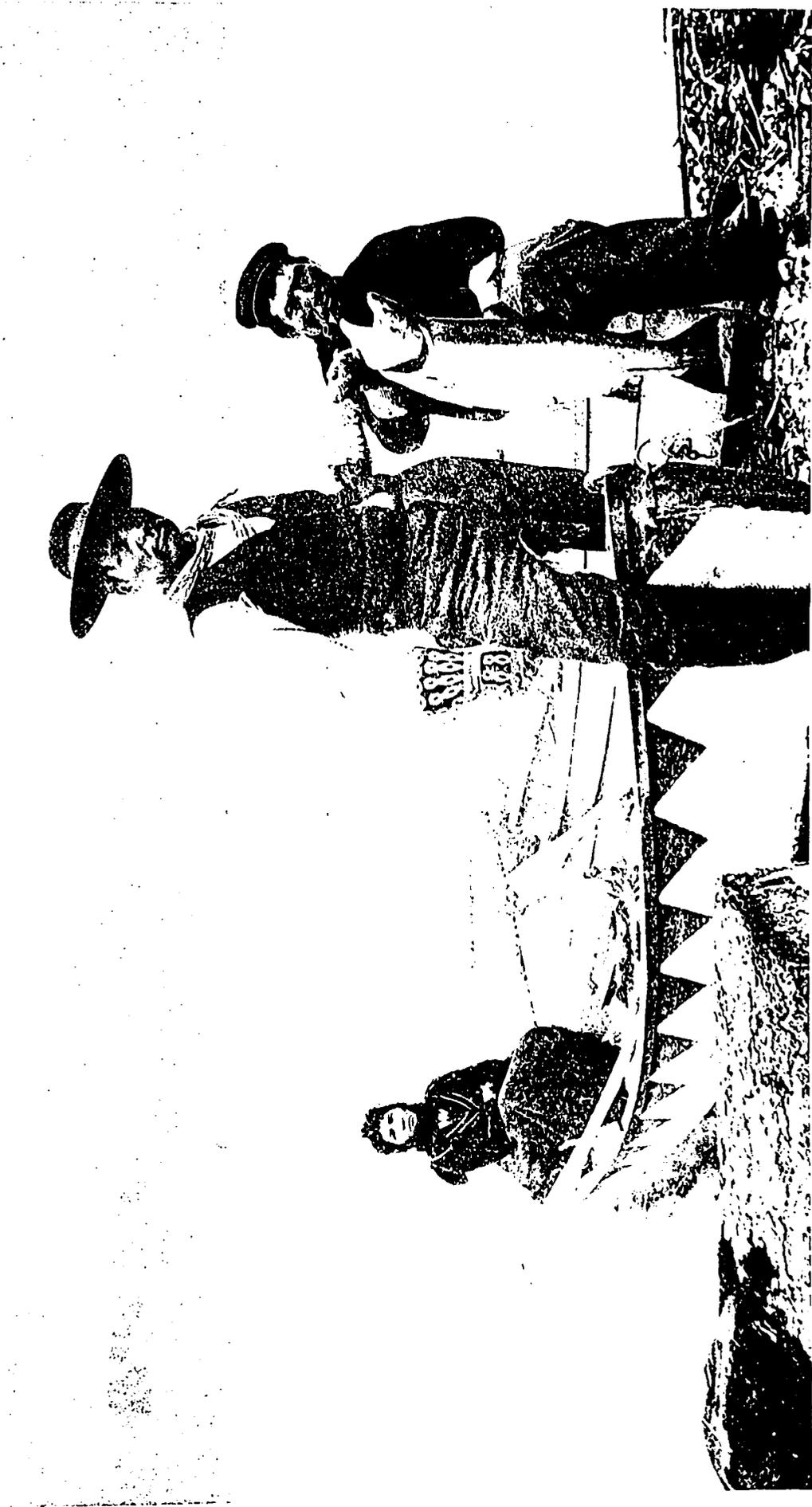




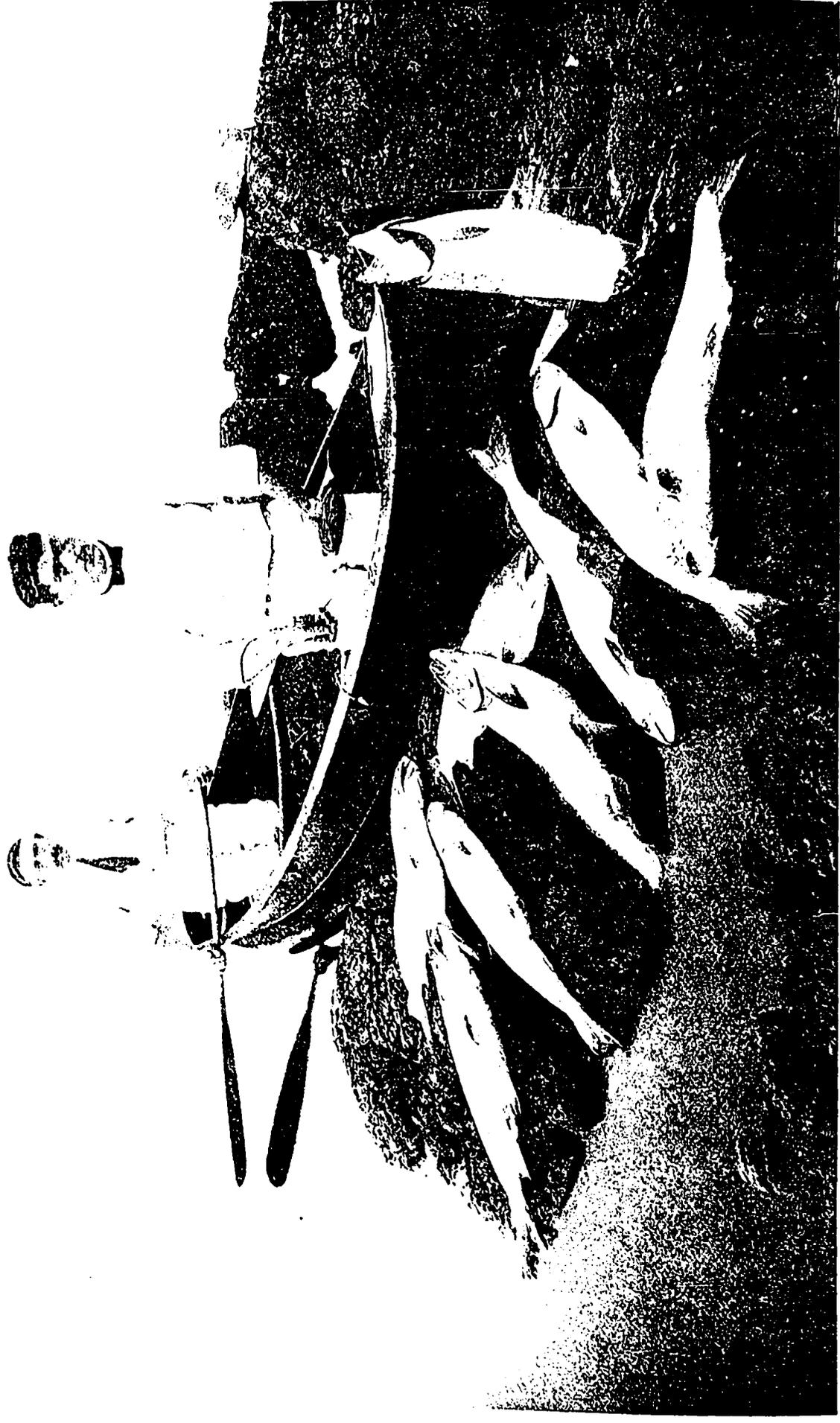
FLY-FISHING AT THE OUTLET OF COMICHAN LAKE IS GOOD IN APRIL, MAY AND JUNE. AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKE THE FISHING IS BEST AT THE MOUTH OF THE STREAM



IN THE ROCKIES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA THE LAKES AND STREAMS ARE FILLED WITH TROUT



INDIAN MONITORING THE BEST MONTHS FOR FISHING IN THE TEANAWAN LAKE REGION ARE APRIL, MAY, SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER



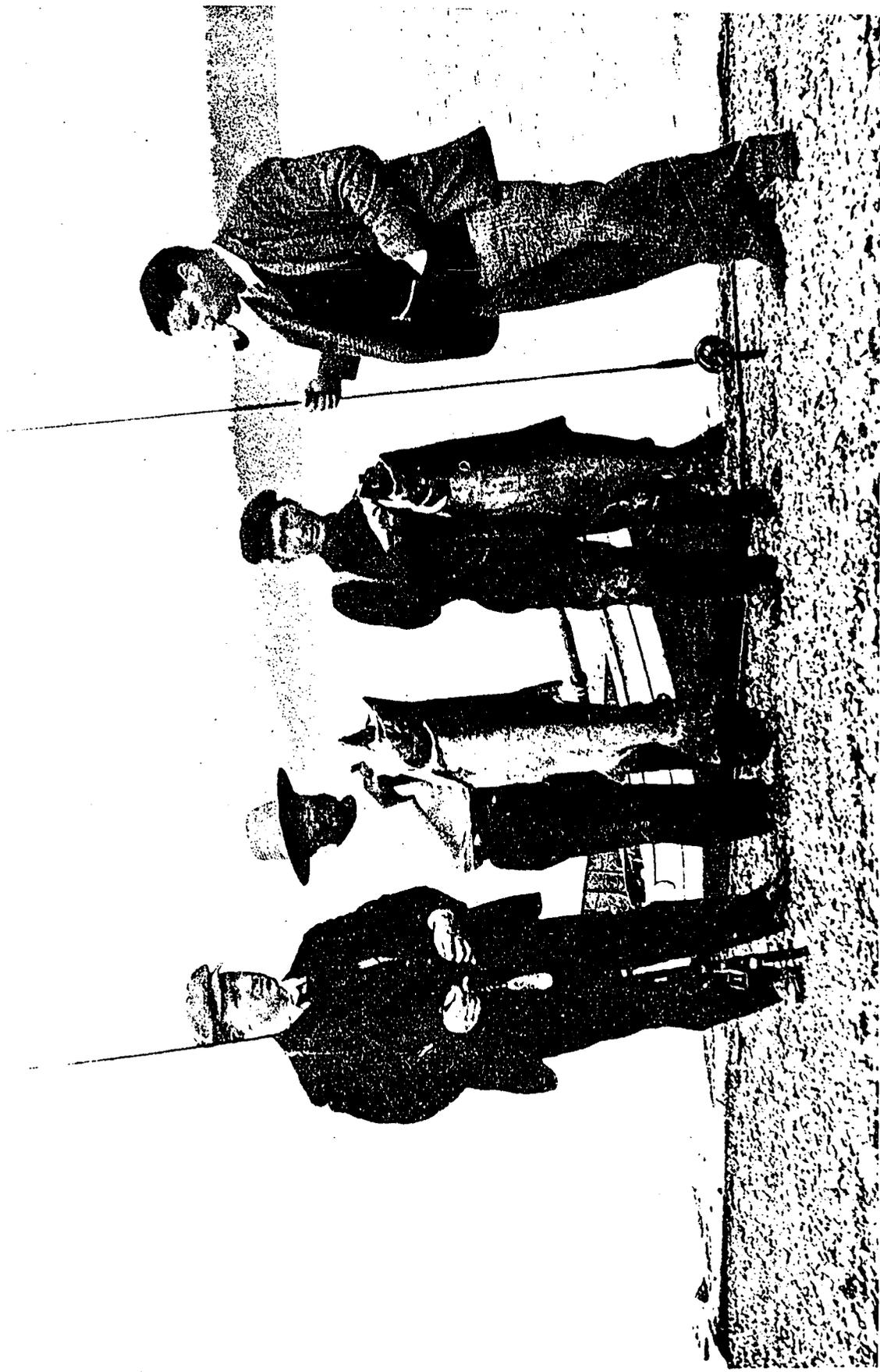
AN EARLY MORNING CATCH OF SALMON OFF BROTCHE LEDGE, VICTORIA, B. C.



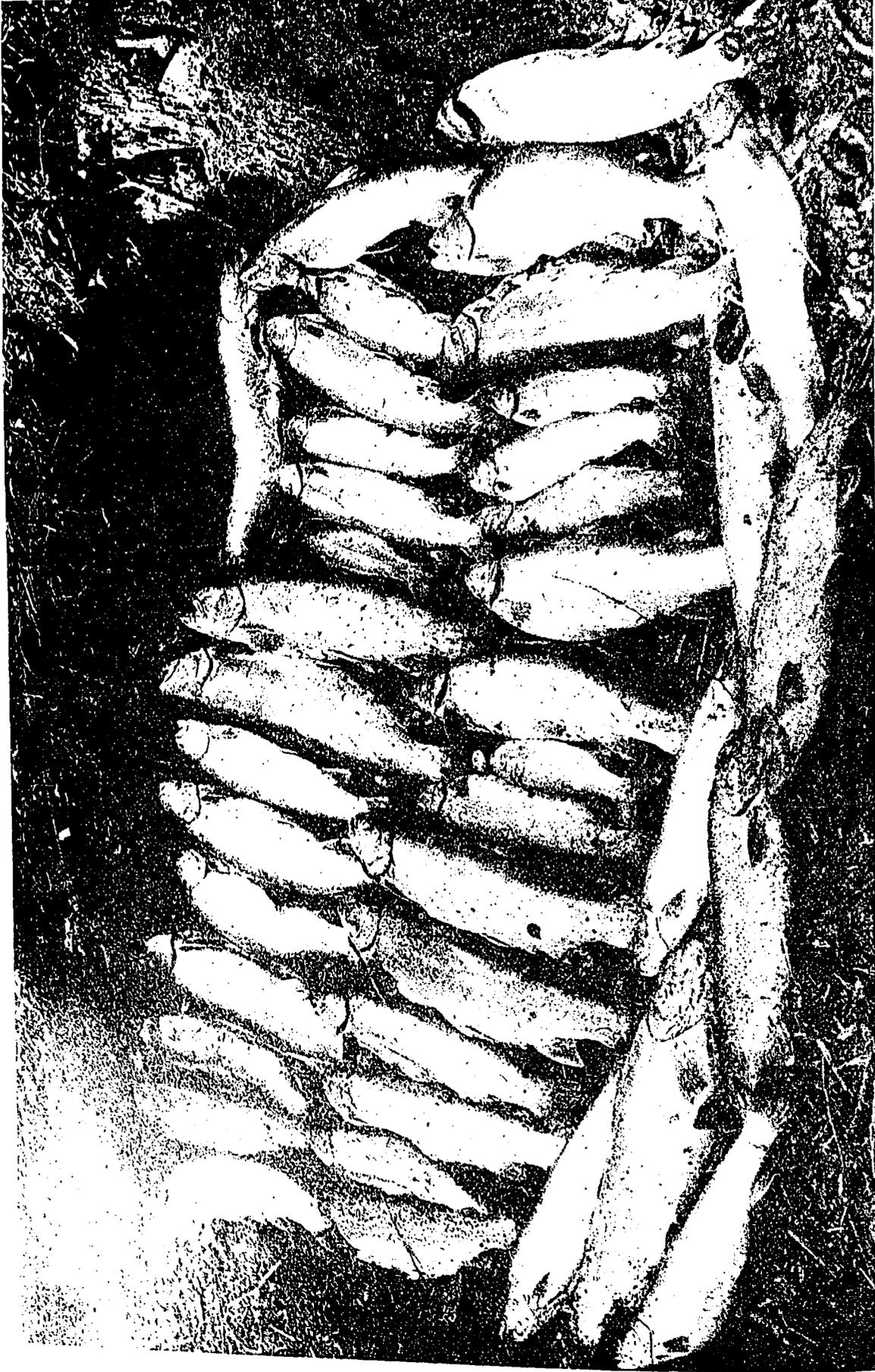
EVERYBODY CATCHES SALMON IN OUR BAY FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER. IT'S SAFE AND YOU ARE SURE
TO CATCH THE KING OF FISH



SCAND RECORDING TYPE SALMON ON THE BEACH AT CAMPBELL RIVER.
WEIGHT, 45 POUNDS; LENGTH, 48½ INCHES



MRS. HAMAR GREENWOOD, M.P., AND MR. FONSELL, ON THE BEACH AT CAMPBELL RIVER WITH TWO SALMON, WEIGHING 48 AND 52 POUNDS, WHICH THEY TOOK WITH ROD AND LINE



CONCISELY IN A TRIBUTARY OF THE SQUAMISH RIVER, REACHED FROM THE CITY OF VANCOUVER. THESE FORTY TROUT
WEIGHED 203 POUNDS



A WELL-KNOWN VICTORIA SPORTSMAN, ONE OF HIS RODS AND A SPRING SALMON WHICH HE CAPTURED WITH IT NEAR TRIAL ISLAND

The Hinterland of British Columbia

By Dr. F. B. Vrooman

AT a meeting of the members of the Imperial Colonial Club, held at the club premises, 84 Piccadilly, a very interesting lecture was given by Dr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, F.R.G.S.

"South of the Peace," said Dr. Vrooman, "is a vast prairie with many groves and parks of timber, well watered, and overblown by the warm Chinook winds. A similar plateau of about three thousand square miles area lies to the north of the river, through which I drove my pack-train. There was plenty of good grazing and water, and, while I found much muskeg, there were large areas of apparently rich soil. It is all a first-class grazing country, and the winter climate is not more severe than that of Manitoba before that climate was revolutionized by agriculture, where the ploughing of the sod and the absorption of rain and heat and radiation by night have warded off the frosts that kill. As a matter of fact, this process is pushing the frost-line north in this region nearly half a degree every year.

"The Peace River country has more promise as an agricultural area than the Canadian prairies ever had, especially Manitoba twenty or thirty years ago. It is even superior in some respects to Saskatchewan, one of the great future granaries of the world. I found wheat grown at Peace River Landing the finest I ever saw, and learned that a World's Fair first prize variety had been grown at Fort Vermilion on the same river, several hundred miles farther north. In short, the observations of years show that wheat is grown as far north as 61 degrees and barley to the 60th parallel.

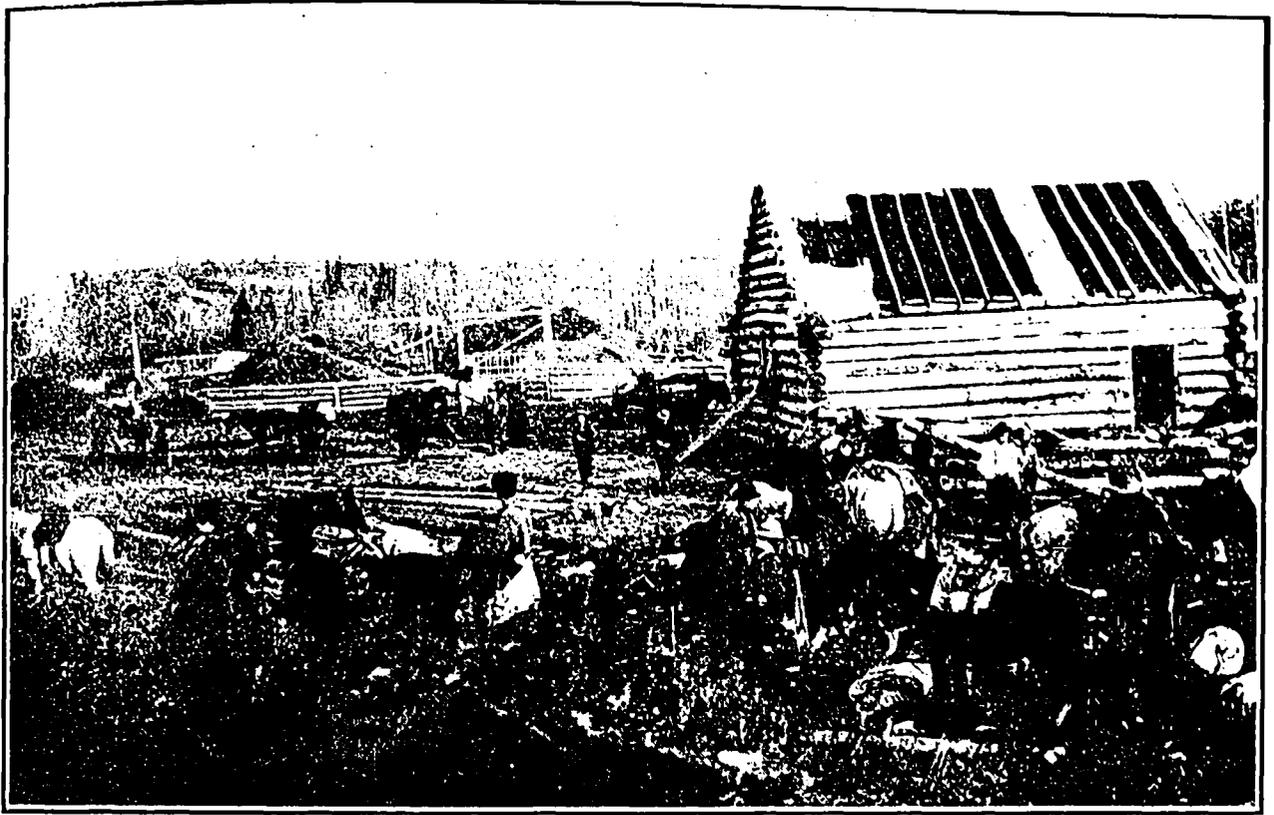
"Between Hudson's Hope and Fort Chippewawan Professor Macoun collected 501 specimens of fern and flowering plants. His conclusions are that the summer temperatures are similar to those of Southern Ontario. The Hudson's Bay Company's

records at Dunvegan show for a period of thirty-eight years that on the average the opening of Peace River has been April 11, or twelve days earlier than the ice goes out of the Ottawa River at Ottawa, many miles to the south; and the wild flowers bloom here earlier than in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

"The Peace River is a part of the great Mackenzie River, which, with its tributaries, has 4,300 miles of navigable waters, broken by but a few rapids and falls, draining a watershed of 677,000 square miles, a large part of which lies in the path of the Chinook, that vast aerial Gulf Stream of the North. This region is, geographically, one of the most interesting on the continent. Its northern boundary is the Baren Lands, whose southern limit runs from 57 degrees in Labrador to 68 degrees north at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The prevailing winds in summer are from the south, and timber and agricultural products are found almost to the Arctic Ocean. The Finlay River, down which lay the first stage of my rafting journey, occupies a part of a great intermontane valley lying at the western base of the Rocky Mountains, and which is utilized by the Finlay, the Parsnip, the Fraser, the Kootenay, and Columbia rivers.

"Some of the rivers break out of the mountains to the Pacific, the Finlay and Parsnip joining to make the Peace, which breaks through the Rocky Mountains and through the Big Bend, draining the greater part of the Great Canadian plain, and even the western edge of the Laurentian plateau, through its three greatest lakes, Athabasca, Great Slave and Great Bear lakes, finally emptying into the Arctic Ocean.

"I have, of course, inquired and investigated and figured and speculated as to the probable future of this wonderful country—this country which produces such grain and grass, and vegetables and berries, and



SURVEYING PARTY AT TREMBLAY'S RANCI. TREMBLAY IS AN OLD-TIMER IN THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY

trees—and, of course, I have been wondering if it could also produce and support men. This must be demonstrated before any great and systematic settlement takes place. I can only offer an immature opinion, of course; but it is my belief that, as regards soil, climate, and, indeed, all that makes agriculture possible and the life of the farmer healthy and prosperous, the valleys of this country for grain, and the tablelands which they call prairies for grazing, will be capable of supporting a large population with apparently better chances than one could have predicted of Manitoba a generation ago.

"So many fertile acres and teeming cities are now found where yesterday the world said human occupation was not possible, that one would rather guess that this northern wilderness will one day be redeemed by those of whom it was ordained that they should inherit the earth." Who knows? The Peace River district has already produced the finest wheat the world has ever seen. And yet a little while ago they told us that Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Manitoba were too far north, and that the black frost must prematurely blast all hope of agriculture. Even now the wheat can see here one of the future granaries of the human race. As Bryant once said of another wilderness: 'I think I hear the sound of that advancing multitude

which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground comes up the laugh of the children.'

"I am reminded of some words of Andrew Lang, in his 'Oxford,' as, looking back some eight hundred years, he says: 'The eastern end of High street contains even earlier scratches on this palimpsest of Oxford; the rude marks of savages who scooped out their damp nests and raised their low walls in the gravel on the spot where the new schools are to stand. Here half-naked men have trapped the beaver in the Cherwell, and hither they may have brought home the boars which they slew in the trackless woods of Headington and Bagley.'

"So as I looked down upon this incomparable valley, where today the half-naked savage traps the beaver and hunts his food in the wild things of the wood, I have more than once thought that it is no perversion of the imagination to see, eight hundred years hence through the white mists of a Peace River morning, the cathedral spires of the university town of tomorrow.

"Over the map of these immense and fertile provinces is written a great Imperial interrogation-point. What is to become of this country, where there are a hundred million acres of land that are mostly fit for the economic uses of mankind, but with scarcely fifty settlers yet



A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN THE FERTILE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT

in occupation, a country where lies a new empire to plough and harvest, when the 'Last West' is filled?

"What are you and the rulers at Westminster going to do to meet the superb challenge of Canadian statesmanship on this elemental question of the peopling and development of this Imperial domain?

"The larger problem, briefly stated, is whether those 350 million acres of Canada West and Northwest shall be preserved to Anglo-Saxon institutions and Christian civilization; this means that it is a question as to whether the country shall be white or yellow. This question—one of the most pressing problems before the British race—is one of such simple solution, one so obviously automatic in its action, so that one hand may wash the other, as it were, that it is a wonder to me that Great Britain has not taken State action towards this end long before this. Problem: Men suffering for work over here; work suffering for men over there. Your *laissez-faire* economics and politics, which allow such questions to settle themselves, are played out; and if ever the British Empire is to hold together, and if the Anglo-Saxon race continues its position as a world-dominant Power—which, I take it, depends upon whether the British Empire holds together—the first task of British statescraft is to determine that Canada and

Australia must be filled, in all their vast and fertile reaches, by those very British men and women for whom there is no room here. Your workpeople in these congested centres need the opportunities which we possess; we need such of your people over there as are willing to work and help us to develop those opportunities, which shall be enjoyed by the yellow races or by Anglo-Saxons as you decide here at Westminster.

"This, then, is the point I wish to raise. Of what use is it all that the master intellects of British statesmen saw far enough ahead before we were born to acquire for Anglo-Saxon peoples and institutions the empty places of the earth, if we cannot see far enough to keep them? Of what use that British blood redeemed them from buffalo and Indian, won them from Spaniard and Frenchman, to give them over to the yellow hordes of nameless millions across the western sea who are ready to take them away from us? Has your overplus of population no need of this land of opportunity? Has Westminster no policy of migration within the Empire of sufficient dignity and weight to meet Canadian statesmanship in its masterly immigration policies? Do you not see in this empty empire a land of salvation for your degenerating and dying surpluses, your disinherited and disowned kinsmen, your unused and unusable and wasting British brawn over

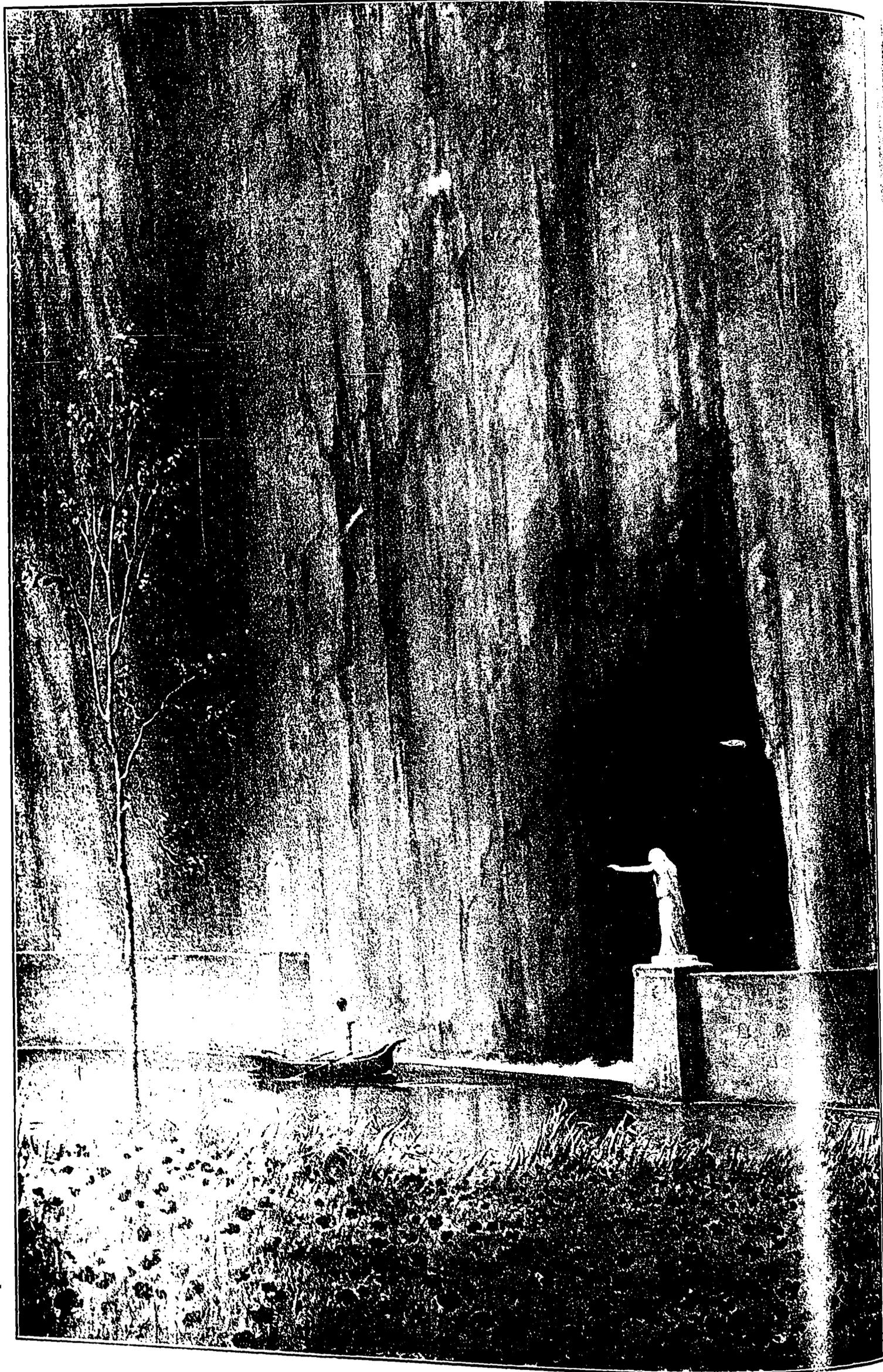


THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF LIGHTLY-TIMBERED, WELL-WATERED LAND IN THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY WAITING FOR SETTLERS

here? It is the awful and irreparable waste of it all that chills me; the sight of these English men and women on every corner selling matches; of English men and women begging for work enough to earn a shilling—and in vain; of English men and women giving promises to pay for a ha'pennyworth of soup, and then shivering all night on the Embankment, in the sullen fogs of your tragic river, while out yonder, where the sun shines and the wind is unpolluted by human breath for a thousand miles, there is enough land untouched to feed Europe. I do not object to soup-houses and shelters, nor to free hospitals, nor reliefs, nor pensions. I object to the systems or policies—or lack of system or policy which creates and perpetuates parasitism and want. I object to a dozen Japanese reaping a million dollars a year from one copper concession of British Columbia when no Englishman can own or operate a mine in Japan, and while there are Britons who need that opportunity. I object to the Japanese monopolizing the whole fisheries of the Canadian Pacific seaboard, to Alaska from Vancouver north, and south practically to the Fraser and Victoria, averaging from £150 to £600 apiece per annum, when no Briton can fish in Japanese waters and when there are hundreds of thousands of our kinsmen here who haven't a red her-

ring for supper. I object to the invasion of farm and forest by the Japanese, already threatening Alberta, while no Briton may own an acre of land in the Japanese Empire, and while there are swarms of homeless, landless Englishmen mired here in your economic bog, apologizing for occupying standing room.

“But opportunity for the needy is not the most important phase of the question. Here is a wider Imperial meaning— a more far-reaching consideration. It is not merely a question of the hour— an emergency. It is a question which involves the future of the whole human race. No less. It is a question of the civilization which shall find its home on those fertile British reaches— whether it shall be white or yellow. Shall those princely areas now occupied by the Anglo-Saxon races belong still, a millennium hence, to Christian and Anglo-Saxon institutions? I am an Imperialist in the interests of an Anglo-Saxon hereafter. I am not a Social Communist nor an International Communist. I am for our own race. For I believe it has a mission. If our race ever loses the belief, the race is lost. I believe we are to carry the White Man's burden and uphold the White Man's standard of living; to fill up Britain's great antipodal empires, Australia and Canada, and keep them white.”



THE GATE OF THE INFINITE

This water-color, by Mr. J. M. Kilpin of Montreal, shows a strong imaginative quality and is rare. Note the poppies in the foreground and their significance, and the feeling of vastness and mystery the artist conveys. The color scheme is sombre grey.

The Romance of Opium-Smuggling

By Lewis R. Freeman

The subject of opium-smuggling is one that has a great interest for every dweller on the Pacific Coast. Opium and the Chinese are so closely associated in our minds that the mention of one calls up thoughts of the other. Visitors to Chinatown—a section that is found in every city on this West Coast—usually express disappointment at the fact that they did not see at least one haggard, parchment-colored wretch staggering on the street under the influence of the pipe. The fact is that opium smoking is not the common vice amongst the Chinese that picturesque writers would have us believe. The ceaseless campaign against opium smuggling is a great check on the traffic. There is also a very strong body of prejudice against it amongst the Chinese themselves. I have frequently visited the Chinese Quarter of large cities and become acquainted with opium smokers, but I only remember one case in which the drug was taken to excess. The following interesting article tells of the traffic on the other side of the Pacific. The Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa has very kindly told me that the total amount of opium seized in British Columbia last year amounted to one hundred and seventy-five half-pound tins. Much of the opium which succeeds in getting past His Majesty's Customs in Canada finds its way over the border into the United States. A news item dated Seattle, January 13, this year, states that fifty five-*tael* tins of the drug were found concealed on top of the refrigerating apparatus on the steamer *Virginian* of the American-Hawaiian Line. As long as opium is manufactured so long will opium smuggling be a picturesque adventure. The drastic measures that are being taken in China to prevent the cultivation of the poppy make the supply of the commodity grow beautifully less.

ONE of the most successful of Chinese reform movements is that which aims at checking the use of opium throughout the empire. Through the highly creditable action of the British Government, which, at the cost of considerable hardship in two of its colonies, has restricted the export of raw opium from India to Hong-Kong, the main supply of the insidious drug has been materially reduced, while the prohibition of the cultivation of the poppy and the closing of the public opium-smoking dens have also served as a considerable check upon its use. Large areas of poppy are still cultivated in China, many "divans" are still open — through the connivance of corrupt officials — and the importation from India still runs up to a high figure; yet it is conservatively estimated that the consumption of the drug in China has been reduced by from twenty-five to forty per cent. The further restriction of the export of Indian opium which is promised by the British Government and the more thorough enforcement of the poppy-growing and smoking prohibitions will undoubtedly, within the next five years, bring the consumption of "China's Curse" down to comparatively low figures.

The one source of opium supply which has not suffered through the reform measures is that which comes into the country by smuggling. Of course, there are no figures concerning it, but, judging by seizures, the only possible criterion, smuggling has increased in something more than a direct ratio to the curtailment of legitimate import. More striking still has been the increase in the attempts to smuggle opium from Hong-Kong to America, several seizures of 1910 being of the value of from thirty thousand to forty thousand dollars, while the total aggregated many hundreds of thousands. As the opium which is seized is estimated to be but from one to ten per cent. of that which gets through safely, some idea of what is going on in this line on the Pacific coast of America alone may be gathered.

The reason for the revival of smuggling to the United States is found in the recent ruling absolutely prohibiting the importation of opium containing less than nine per cent. of morphine—that is, of any opium whatever which it is possible to smoke. The passage of this law became imperative, not through the smoking of the Chinese residing in America, but by the alarming growth of



THE WHARF AT VANCOUVER, WHICH IS CAREFULLY WATCHED FOR WOULD-BE OPIUM SMUGGLERS. VERY LITTLE OF THE DRUG IS SMUGGLED INTO CANADA, THANKS TO THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR CUSTOMS OFFICERS

the pernicious habit among whites, notably in the army and navy, as well as among others who had lived in the East.

The working of the Chinese *likin*, or internal Customs, is so fearfully and wonderfully complex that a clear understanding of the intricacies of the various movements of the drug within the country is very difficult to arrive at. Not only are goods entering the country liable to duty in passing the Imperial Maritime Customs, but also in moving from province to province, and, in many instances, between city and city in the same province. Any undeclared opium may, therefore, be said to be contraband, but the principal attempts at smuggling

have their rise in Hong-Kong, the distributing centre of the Indian import, whether the drug is destined for America, Australia, the Philippines, or the coast of China. The movements of the domestic product are beyond the ken of the cursory investigator, and I have been able to learn little of them.

Opium-smuggling, as the instances which I am about to outline will show, is carried on in an infinite number of ways, sometimes by individuals, sometimes by several fellow-employees pooling their earnings and working together, and sometimes, as in the case of the big affairs, by regularly organized companies. Like any other venture, the chance for profit is a gamble pure and

simple, which may result in bringing a good-sized fortune to the person or persons engaged, or, again, in their absolute impoverishment. The chances of success vary with the length of the voyage, the carelessness or corruptibility of the officials where the drug is to be landed, and the cleverness of the smugglers.

The price of the drug in Hong-Kong varies with the demand and the rise and fall of silver. At the time I write Malwa and Benares, the two leading grades of Indian opium, are quoted at two thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars and two thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars respectively per chest of a hundred and twenty catties, this weight being equal to about a hundred and sixty pounds. This figures out at about two hundred and forty pounds sterling per chest, or thirty shillings per pound. This is what it would cost the smuggler. If he "runs" it successfully he may receive several times that amount for it, according to the demand and the difficulty of obtaining the drug. Probably the price is highest in America, on account of what must be a very considerable demand and the absolute prohibition of the importation of smoking opium.

I have talked "opium" at every opportunity during the six months of my travels in China, now with an Imperial Maritime Customs official, again with a coastal captain or mate, and, on a couple of occasions, with men who were, or had been, engaged in the contraband traffic themselves. By far the greater part of my information, however, was gained from an official in the service of the Hong-Kong Government, an unusually clever man. Nominally he is some kind of inspector, I believe, but he is commonly spoken of as the "Opium Detective," and I am free to state that he has a greater fund of knowledge regarding the illicit movement of the drug on the China coast, and a more interesting store of reminiscences, than any other half-dozen men I have met in the East. I am setting down some of the facts and stories he told me as nearly as I can in his own language, and to these I will append a few instances which I picked up from other sources.

I first met the "Detective" through being put next him at dinner on the night boat back from Macao to Hong-Kong one Sunday, and it was his picturesque statement of

the difficulties that beset the searcher for smuggled opium that drew my attention to him as a person worth cultivating.

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar," he quoted; "and in nothing is this more clearly demonstrated than in opium-smuggling. But the Ah Sin who couldn't find a better place than his sleeve to conceal his contraband opium in would have short shrift as a smuggler. 'Gold is where you find it,' as an old prospector out in Kalgoorlie used to say; 'and even then it isn't always there.' The same might be said by the searcher for smuggled opium.

"We always look for it where we least expect to find it," he continued, tilting back comfortably in the wicker chair on the promenade deck, where we had adjourned with our coffee, "but our usual find is only the place that it occupied. Talk about 'transmigration of souls'; it's nothing to the transmigration of hidden opium. All these coastal steamers are burrowed as full of holes to hide opium as an old teredo-eaten pile, and when one of them goes aground or gets a good shaking up in a typhoon the whole inside is liable to go to pieces like a house of cards. Well, we know these nooks and crannies and cosy corners as well as the Chinks who made them, and when we get the tip that contraband opium is getting away by a certain steamer, of course we go off and rake her with a fine-tooth comb. Nine times out of ten we find no opium. Then, perhaps, the Chinkies get in a row over fantan on the run to Swatow, and the officers there get word from an 'unknown friend' that it might interest them to look behind, say, the first panel aft the third cabin port, starboard side. Result—a hundred pounds or more of thin, bright tins of opium and a lot of protestingly innocent Chinkies. Do you think that we missed that particular cubby-hole? Don't believe it. We didn't miss a square inch of honey-combing on the old hulk; but by the same sleight-of-hand work that nearly always beats us they managed to pass it around from one place to another while we were on the search.

"What proportion of smuggled opium gets through? Well, that's a hard question to answer, but I might say that it depends a good deal upon which direction it is going in. The 'movement' is a very complicated

one, especially since the Chinese have prohibited the growing of the poppy in every province of the empire. It still goes on to a considerable extent, however. The prohibition is pretty effective, but the plant is still cultivated here and there. You'd be surprised to see how blind one of these officials can be if he's paid for it and there's no missionary in the district to raise a howl. Aren't there missionaries everywhere? Why, there are districts, hundreds of miles in extent, all through Kwangsi and Yunnan, where no white man has ever set foot, nor is likely to for a good many years, either. Well, it's in these extensive anti-foreign districts that the poppy is still grown, and from them not a little of the crude stuff—in jars for the most part, but also in lengths of bamboo, in caddies of tea, and in a hundred different ways—comes down to Hong-Kong, as the distributing centre for the coast of China. This mostly comes along at odd times in junks, and practically all of it gets in. It is only now and then that someone is over-careless and gets captured, like the fellow you read of in the paper yesterday, who tried to carry ashore more jars at one time than his pillow would cover up.

"In the movement of opium out of Hong-Kong the Government has no special interest, except in laying its hands on that which has been brought in without paying duty and is being smuggled aboard some ship bound for America, Europe, Australia, the Philippines, or some Chinese port away from the districts where the poppy is still grown. It is for this that we keep our watch here; but any information, of course, which we gain incidentally regarding regularly imported opium which is being taken away surreptitiously with a view of later being smuggled into some other country is put at the disposal of the proper authorities. Many of the largest hauls made in San Francisco, Honolulu, and Manilla have been due to information lodged by us.

"How do we tell the 'regular' opium from contraband? Easily enough; principally because of the fact that all the opium which comes or goes from Hong-Kong is supposed to be handled by the 'opium farm,' and the stuff which has been handled in the 'farm' refinery is easily distinguished from that which has been treated elsewhere. There is also a decided difference between

Indian and Chinese opium, but the fact that a shipment may be discovered to be Indian opium does not mean necessarily that it has been handled by the 'farm,' for the drug is also smuggled into the colony from India in considerable quantities.

"What is the opium 'farm'? Well, in one way, it could be defined as the surest and most convenient source of colonial revenue in Hong-Kong. In fact, it is nothing more or less than the privilege—a monopoly—of handling all the opium which is brought into Hong-Kong from India. Before the anti-opium movement in China and the closing of the 'divans' in Hong-Kong, this privilege was paid for at the rate of about two million dollars a year by the Chinaman to whom it was sold. Now its value has been cut down about half a million dollars a year, with the prospects favorable for a still further reduction, and it is this sudden loss of revenue that is responsible for the lukewarmness—not to say open hostility—of the British residents of Hong-Kong to opium suppression in China. It is the prospect of facing increased taxation that has led to the circulating of reports to the effect that the Chinese, debarred from their opium, are taking to morphine, whisky, and even cigarettes. The contention that morphine is as deadly as opium, and that a Chinaman crazy with whisky is more dangerous than one stupid from narcotics, is being played up to the limit for the same reason. A good deal is also being made of the fact of the greatly increased importation of tobacco into China, it being claimed that children who would never have touched opium are now killing themselves with foreign cigarettes. It is undeniable that the use of morphine, alcoholic liquors, and tobacco has increased decidedly since the attempt to suppress opium-smoking was inaugurated, but just as surely will you find that this phase of the question has been played up out of all proportion to its real significance, and that, too, for financial rather than moral reasons.

"You asked about the amount of opium that was successfully smuggled, and I have given you the 'lay' of things to show you what a mixed-up mess it is, and what a really difficult question that is to answer. Roughly speaking, however, I should say that not one per cent. of the opium smuggled backward and forward between here and

China is seized, and of that to America, Europe, and Australia, probably less than ten per cent. I say less than one per cent. around China because I know what a lot there is moving all the time, and that we—and the Imperial Maritime Customs officers as well—make very few hauls. In taking opium to Europe or America the risk of detection—or the chance for detection, if you look at it from the Customs officer's standpoint—is increased a hundredfold, but I put the amount intercepted at ten per cent. because, if much more than that was seized, the Chinkies would not—could not, as a matter of fact—afford to take the chances. But, as in the case of San Francisco, for instance, where nearly all the opium is taken in half-a-dozen steamers, the Customs officers ought to spot a lot more than they do. With what I know of the ways of getting it aboard and stowing it, I should be much surprised if I couldn't give those fellows enough information to enable them to seize half the stuff that goes; and that would be enough to pretty nearly break up the whole traffic. It's my private opinion that they pay altogether too much attention to the dock-side and too little to the water-side, and that a concealed watchman with a small searchlight could do more toward stopping the business than a dozen inspectors lined up along the gangway or ferreting about the ship."

I told him what I had heard of the cleverness of the Customs officials of San Francisco; of how cans of opium had been fished out of the bay floating to a fisherman's buoy; how it had been found under the mattress of an unsuspecting captain who, up to the moment of discovery, was threatening to have the inspectors discharged for daring to search his cabin; of how opium had been found concealed in the newel-posts of the companionway, in eggs, in sacks of flour, and in bolts of silk. But the detective still maintained that, with but half-a-dozen ships to watch, opium-smuggling into San Francisco should be stamped out.

"Speaking of silk and opium," he continued, "there was rather an amusing incident occurred at Amoy last year. A merchant of that city was importing flowered silk from Canton via Hong-Kong, and in one of his shipments, to his great surprise,

inside of a couple of dozen of the bolts he found long, flattened cylinders of tin full of opium, around which were wound just enough silk to cover them. The contraband drug aggregated several thousand dollars in value. Evidently in some manner confusion had arisen among the smugglers as to which bolts contained the opium, and the wrong ones had been taken to the merchant.

"But that was nothing to a smuggling 'machine' they had rigged up on a couple of steamers that ran down to Saigon and Bangkok a few years ago. A 'public-spirited' Chinese merchant of the French port made the company an offer to instal clocks in the saloons, smoking-rooms, and even in the staterooms if, by way of return, he was allowed to place an advertisement of his firm of rice and sugar importers upon their dials. The offer was accepted. The advertisement on the face of the clocks was sufficient excuse for their presence, even in the staterooms, and the fact that the clocks in even the second-class cabins were large enough for hotel offices was remarked merely as a piece of mingled Oriental enterprise and eccentricity.

"The fact that 'advertising pays,' even in China, soon became evident, for not a year had gone by before Hop Ling had built a new home for himself, doubled the size of his godowns in Saigon and Bangkok, and established new branches in Singapore and Manilla. Later, he started a knitting factory, equipped with foreign machinery, and then a bank. Finally, one day a coolie, staggering under a package labelled 'Lacquer plaques,' stumbled on the steps at Hong-Kong and sent a dozen disc-shaped tins of opium rolling about the jetty.

"Several similar packages of 'lacquer plaques' were waiting in an unassuming little sampan alongside the jetty, and it was recalled that others had gone off to the B—the night before. Well, we searched the old ship from stem to stern, from keel to bridge, without finding a trace of anything suspicious, and the chances are that, for all the good it would have done us, we might have been searching yet if, in tapping a stateroom wall to detect if a panel had been sawed, I had not chanced to notice that one of the big clocks was sagging on its fastenings. Thinking that the banging might have loosened some of the screws, I

put up my hand to steady it while I tapped again. The weight of it gave the thing away in an instant. Each of the fifty or more 'gift' clocks was made with a neat compartment in the back just large enough to hold one of those ten-pound cakes of opium, and in our careful searches for hidden recesses we had never been observant enough to notice that all the clocks were an inch thicker than they should have been!

"The clocks were of a common German type and manufacture, but the compartments had been so cunningly added by Chinese workmen that the joining was only evident upon the closest examination. The tins had been made at a little shop upon the Praya. As the opium turned out to be stuff which had been regularly purchased from the 'farm,' we had no concern with it. Of course, we sent the information on to Saigon, where Hop Ling, having also been informed of what had happened, 'squared' the French officers in some manner, came aboard and declared the opium in the regular way, and had it taken to his godown. The clocks remained on the B—— and her sister-ship for a year or two, but were of no further use, of course, in augmenting Hop Ling's rapidly-growing fortune. It was the realization of this fact, I suppose, which prompted the old fellow to have them taken out a few months ago and presented to a French mission in Yunnan-fu.

"About the most audacious piece of work that I ever heard of was a scheme that the Japanese officer of a Toyo Kisen Kaisha San Francisco mail-boat stumbled upon last summer. He had noticed, without attaching any importance to it, that every afternoon a junk had been coming alongside and passing an unusually heavy hawser up to the poop, where it was taken in and stowed by some of the crew under the direction of one of the bo'suns. Once or twice, in the forenoons, he had seen a similar hawser being passed overboard to a junk, which afterwards put off to shore with it.

"Chancing to be on the poop the evening before sailing, he bethought himself of the big hawser, which he had seen coming aboard again in the afternoon, to find, to his surprise, that it was of twisted bamboo-fibre, and therefore of no more use

than a skipping-rope in mooring a ten-thousand-ton steamer. Stooping to examine the make of the big line—it was as thick through as the calf of his leg—his eye caught the glint of metal at the point where it made a sharp bend over a stanchion, and a moment later his knife had brought to light a long, slender cylinder, about the size of a large Kodak film-tin, containing, of course, opium. The hawser had been woven about a solid core of some kind which, on removal, left a hollow into which the cans could be forced, one after another, from the ends.

"The ships' officers turned over to us what stuff was in the hawser—about two thousand dollars' worth—but were unable to locate any of that which must have come on before; and I have since heard that the inspectors in San Francisco had no better luck when they searched the steamer upon its arrival at that port."

The weirdest opium-smuggling yarn I have ever heard fell to my lot the same evening that I met the detective. The latter had left me, and the Australian mate of the little steamer, who had just been relieved on the bridge by the captain, dropped into his place.

We talked about "dope-passing," and he went on to tell me how some of the Chinese sailors of a coaster of which he was second mate endeavored to take several hundred pounds of opium from Hong-Kong to Batavia by covering the cans with coal tar, rolling them in coal-dust, and tucking them away in the corners of the bunkers. An incipient typhoon in the Straits made a hurried retrimming of the bunkers necessary, in which operation the hundred-dollar lumps of opium were raked down and mixed up with the four-dollars-a-ton bitumen near the fire-room. In going under forced draught in an endeavour to make port before the storm broke, a lot of the opium was shovelled under the boilers by some of the firemen who were not in on the deal, and some of the "interested" coolies, on discovering what had happened, made frantic endeavours to save their simmering wealth by raking it, with a lot of burning coal, out upon the stokehold floor, where the whole of them were overcome by the deadly fumes, which also temporarily drove the engineers from their posts in the room

above. Finally, with just enough steam pressure to keep the engines going and hold the ship's head to the rising seas, a stream from the fire-hose was turned into the stokehold, quickly extinguishing the coals and "freezing" the opium, while the ventilators, turned with their mouths to the teeth of the storm, soon cleared the fumes and made the air breathable.

It was indeed a great yarn, and I was sorry to have to forego my queries regarding the fate of the opium, the asphyxiated coolies, and the ship herself through the mate being summoned to go down and tell the fantan gamblers that the light which marked the steamer's entrance into British waters was shining abeam, the point at which all gaming was supposed to cease. I inquired for him when I made the journey to Macao a week later, to learn that he had shipped for South Africa a couple of days previously, and that another man was in his place. I have since been assured in Hong-Kong that a *contretemps* such as he described had indeed occurred on a tramp steamer on the run from Hong-Kong to Java four years ago, and I am fully convinced that I stumbled upon one of the actors in that remarkable event, and that he gave me a truthful account of what happened.

What the detective characterized as "the queerest case with which he ever had anything to do," he told me upon another occasion.

"The woman was the Eurasian wife of a Chinese merchant in Swatow," he said, "and for a year or more we had noted that she seemed to spend all her time travelling backwards and forwards between that port and Hong-Kong. She would have been very good-looking but for a decided tendency to obesity. We told each other every now and then that a figure like that would bear watching—and watch it we did; but as it did not seem to vary perceptibly going and coming, we ceased to be suspicious of it or its owner.

"Then one day I had to run up to Swatow on business, and something put it into my head that it might not be amiss to give her a bit of a jostle in the crush of the gangway. Bustling down, as though in a great hurry, I gave her a good, sharp dig with my elbow as I passed—to go can-

noning off like a billiard-ball from a figure about as soft as a bulkhead.

"I waited for her on the landing.

"'Pardon me, madam,' I said; 'but would you mind telling me if that is all your own figure?'

"For a moment she looked blank, as though pretending not to understand; then, quick as a flash, she broke into a ravishing smile, and, laying her hand on my elbow and leaning close, in a confidential, sisterly sort of way, dropped something that clinked into my pocket, while she whispered, in slightly broken English:

"'Yes, eet ees all mine.'

"An instant later she jumped into a four-coolie chair which appeared to have been waiting for her, and was whisked off at a swinging trot, leaving me jingling a half-dozen sovereigns and trying to collect my wits.

"Pulling myself together, I blew my whistle and made a few signals, and a young policeman stopped the chair just as it was about to dive into the serpentine nullah of a side-street. Ten minutes later the lady was at the police station, where a search revealed four eight or ten-pound 'pads' of opium. Thirty-five pounds of opium smuggled every third day for more than a year foots up to a good many thousand dollars of profit.

"The woman was as thin as a broomstick, yet so cleverly was the outfit constructed that her make-up as a buxom dame of a hundred and ninety pounds' weight or more had not excited more than passing comment from us, who make a point of scrutinizing all fat people. It consisted of several sets of oiled-silk bags, each fitted to—well, to the places they were designed to occupy, in a manner that would have awakened the envy of a Parisian *modiste*. Somewhere in Hong-Kong the opium was carefully moulded to the shape of the pad it was to fill, and these were waiting for our lady when she came down from Swatow wearing pads made of more ordinary materials. When steamer-time came the opium pads were substituted for the real ones, the latter going home in my lady's handbag. No; they didn't do anything to her, beyond assessing a fine and taking her opium. I suppose she is up to some other scheme by this time."

The infinite patience of the Chinese is

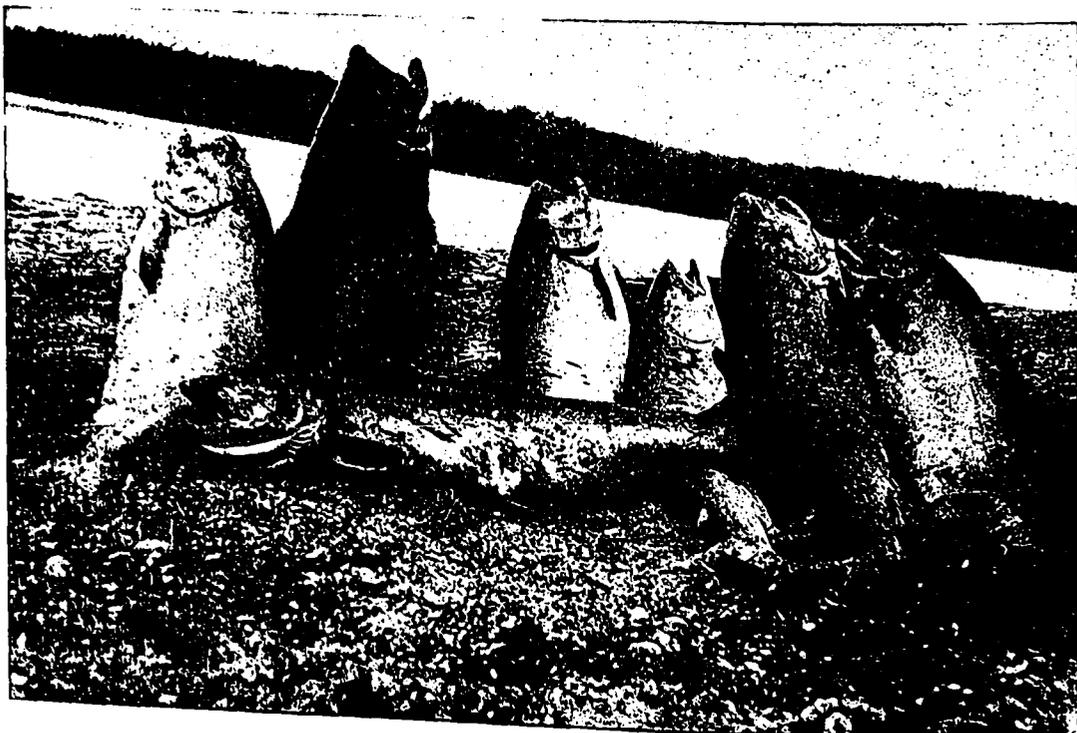
well illustrated in a smuggling story which I heard from an Imperial Maritime Customs official at one of the "barriers" on the Upper Yangtse. The incident occurred several years ago in an attempt to avoid duty on a small amount of Szechuan opium that was headed for Shanghai.

"An important article of down-river trade," said the official in question, "is the little belled and spangled cap worn by the Chinese children of from two to six years of age. In passing a number of boxes of these in the spring of 1906, I chanced to notice that the tinkle from the little bell in the centre of the cap I was examining was rather muffled. Forcing it open, purely out of curiosity, I was astonished to find a tiny pellet of opium, hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter, which had been substituted for the clapper. Of course, we had to search the whole lot, and our aggregate haul from about five thousand caps—a couple of days' work for us—was less than ten pounds of opium."

Random discoveries of opium sometimes start the Imperial Maritime Customs men off on false leads, often occasioning a great amount of useless work. Such an instance

was cited to me by an inspector at Foochow. A few weeks previously a Japanese coastal steamer had put in at Pagoda anchorage on the Min, the principal part of her cargo for Foochow being a large shipment of fire-clay from the south. The clay had been moulded into balls and sacked, and in a perfunctory examination of the first sack to come out of the hold the official discovered that one of the balls had been packed around a core of opium weighing about two pounds. Ten or twelve more similar "packages" were found on cracking open the four or five score balls which filled the sack. That was sufficient. A big seizure was about to be made, and his percentage was sure to be a comfortable little nest-egg of several hundred dollars! Forthwith the whole lot of fire-clay was seized and held at the Customs House, where, for the next two weeks, a dozen coolies were employed cracking open the balls in search of the precious drug. Not another ounce was found! The first sack had evidently been a small private "spec" of one of the sailors, who had doubtless made arrangements for getting it away after the inspector had passed it.

—"Wide World Magazine."



A MORNING'S CATCH WITH ROD AND LINE AT CAMPBELL RIVER

Fishing on Skates

By Aileen McClughan

I THOUGHT I had heard all the fish stories which the native imagination of the Cariboo road was capable of producing. There were the amphibious fish which grew fat pasturing on the meadows; the school of fish which, on their way up the lake, drank it dry, leaving only a trail of dust in their wake; and, more marvellous still, the big fish that had to come out on land every spring in order to change its position by turning round.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and you will go far before you find a brand of fiction stranger than that of the Cariboo. But even here the proverb holds good, for one day I heard a true fish story which at first sight appeared to equal, if not to outdo, any of the others. The telegraph operator sprung it on me one day at the dinner table.

"Lots of fine fish in the lake here," he said. "In the winter we go out on skates, run them down and catch them."

"It must be great sport," I said, looking him in the eye with reproachful solemnity. It is true that the operator is a very great "joshier."

"You don't believe it!" he exclaimed. "Then come with us this afternoon. Several of us are going over to the lake. The ice is just right now—nice and clear and not more than a few inches thick. We couldn't get a better day for skating after the fish."

I questioned the others as to this strange method of pursuing the gentle art of Izaak Walton, but they were smiling and evasive. They are accustomed to the incredulity of strangers with regard to fishing on skates.

Dubious as I was I could have believed the members of our party capable of any feat of skill or endurance. Jimmy and Teddy, the ranchmen, are unequalled as "busters" of outlaw horses, and many a wild horse have they captured, riding not

over the open plain, as did the cowboys of the States, but through the woods where sudden death in the shape of an overhanging branch awaits the rider at every turn.

Lacroix is a husky French-Canadian logger and trapper, who has driven all the rivers of Quebec, and who knows every stream of British Columbia from the Cowichan to the Clearwater and the Peace. Even the operator, who is at present leading a comparatively peaceful existence, has a record as a big game hunter along the line of Dominion Telegraph cabins between Hazelton and Dawson City. As for Mr. Archibald McKinlay, better known as "Archie," my pencil could not do justice to his long and noteworthy career as an "old timer" on the Cariboo road.

The sun had half finished its daily winter journey along the wooded hilltops when we set out for Lac la Hache, the place of big fish hunting. Of course we did not walk. Only hobos walk in the Cariboo. You either ride on horseback or else you drive, as we did. Our way lay along the valley of Lac la Hache, where on your left you have the lake with the long, wooded and snowy hill rising from its farther shore, and on your right the fields and woods climbing a gentle slope. Here and there over the fields are little clusters of poplar trees, looking like oases in a miniature desert of snow.

We had to go some distance up the lake to get clear ice, the lower part having frozen previous to the last snowfall. There our horses were stabled in a deserted barn and well covered with blankets, for the mercury was hovering over the zero mark. Skates were adjusted and we were soon gliding over the ice, which was smooth as a plate-glass window. It was so very different from going round and round in a circle on a city rink. One of the men carried an axe and another a spear, which,

I was told, formed part of the fishing outfit.

"This is splendid skating," I told them, "but where are your fish?"

"Wait a bit," they said, "we will find a big one presently, and then we must keep him here in the shallow water until we tire him out."

Presently one of the boys who was skating somewhat in advance shouted something and dashed off, describing a wide curve in the direction of the open water. Then he wheeled back toward us and we saw a silvery body flash past us under the ice. Away we all went in pursuit, heading the fish off as he made for the middle of the lake and keeping him in the shallow water close to shore. Round and round we skated, wheeling and curving this way and that for fully half an hour. Slower and slower went our quarry till finally he came to a dead stop. Then Jimmy began hammering gently on the ice with the back of the axe. At this our fish, a well-grown trout about three feet long, apparently forgot his weariness and darted off again. But he was pretty thoroughly tired out, and after going for a minute or two came once more to a dead halt, this time with his nose buried in the sand and his gills moving convulsively. Once more the men pounded the ice with the axe, but the winded and worn-out fish paid no attention. Finally Lacroix chopped a hole in the ice, whereupon Teddy, standing with uplifted spear, neatly impaled our finny game and brought him to the surface.

In this manner did we capture six large and handsome fish, the largest weighing about twenty pounds.

A fish—bigger than any of the others, of course—got away from us, owing to an accident which I am told is not unusual when one goes fishing on skates.

At one place close to shore there was a large hole with thin ice around it. "Archie" McKinlay, skating in advance, managed to avoid the treacherous ground, but the operator, who also held the dangerous position of axe carrier, coming along about twenty feet behind, touched an extra thin place and went through. In falling he threw the axe from him, though unfortunately with so much force that it skidded along the ice and struck "Archie" a heavy blow on the ankle.

One member of our party was now wet

to the knees, and the temperature was close to the zero mark, at which wet clothing is liable to freeze. As we were about three miles from home it was thought best to kindle a fire in the woods close at hand. The men's skill in woodcraft and our good axe made this an easy matter, and soon we had a fire which chased away the gathering dusk and defied zero weather to venture within a distance of twenty feet.

In half an hour we were able to start for home. It was scarcely yet dark. Above the long hill and stretching its entire length was a long narrow strip of faint golden and yellow light, broken on its lower edge by the jagged line of the tree tops. The wooded hillside was dim and misty with frost. Low in the west hung the new moon, a faint sickle of golden light. In the marshy stretches beside the lake nestled the brown thicket of the hardock bushes, while here and there on higher ground rose the silver stems of the poplar trees. Now and then we passed through a grove of pine trees draped in their filmy evening mantle of frost.

And on the way my companions, who have been fishing on skates ever since they can remember, exchanged reminiscences.

It appeared that "Archie" McKinlay had once fallen through a hole in the ice, though to better purpose than the operator. When he disappeared his companions mourned for him as for one lost, but presently to their great surprise he emerged from another hole some twenty feet away, bearing with him a large juicy trout. Mr. McKinlay does not deny this story, but he smiles broadly every time it is mentioned in his presence.

Then Jimmy, the man with the Irish eyes and the Celtic imagination, recalled an old tradition of the place.

"Old Jack Wilson, before he died," he said, "was a terror for fishing. He used to leave home in winter and camp alongside the lake and catch fish with hooks and nets. Used to skate after them, too. The last winter of his life it became a perfect craze with him. He seemed determined not to go back home as long as there was a fish left in the lake. Every day we used to look for the smoke from his shack up on yonder point of land, for we were afraid the old man might get sick or fall in the water. One day we missed the little thread of smoke creeping up from his stove-

pipe and there was no sign of him on the lake. Well, we went and searched and searched, but could find no sign of him. Lots of wood and provisions in the house, and frozen fish piled up like cordwood in one corner, but old Jack was gone. Folk think he must have got excited skating after fish and gone too close to the edge of the ice and fell in. Anyway they say that on clear, moonlight nights you can still see the old chap a-skatin' round in front of the shack with the moonlight flashing like lightning off the sides of his skates. I never seen him myself, but you will find plenty that claims to have seen him, and lots of people are afraid to go past there after dark.

"One of the teamsters claims that the other night when he was comin' along there by the lake he seen the old man's spook skatin' about, and just then the old chap took a header into the water and went down with a great splash and never come

up again. But, as I say, I never seen him myself."

By this time we had reached the 115 Mile House, which is our home, and were received with enthusiasm in the big kitchen. Our fish, prepared with the skill for which the cooks of the 115 are famous, made an agreeable variation in the otherwise even course of beefsteak, roast beef, boiled beef, stew and hash.

There are people who will say that fish can be caught in a sportsmanlike way only with fly or spoon, and that fishing on skates and spearing the fish is no sport. But we of the Cariboo will retort that fishing on skates equals in sportsmanship and excitement even the fox hunting of Old England. If you do not believe this, come and try for yourself. You will get all the excitement you want and ever afterwards will regard a game of hockey as a very tame affair.

In Praise of Books

By GEORGE CRABBE

This, books can do—nor this alone; they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live;
 They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
 Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the supplicant crowd!
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But show to subjects what they show to kings.



ANOTHER FROM IRELAND

Mrs. O'Brady: "Shure Oi want to bank twinty pounds. Can I draw it out quick if I want it?"

Postmaster: "Indade, Mrs. O'Brady, you can draw it out tomorrow if you give me a wake's notice!"

Sergeant McCarty and the Hatchet-men

By P. C. Macfarlane

IT was a quarter-past eight in the evening. Officer Klein had just come out of Ross Alley. About and around him Chinamen, blue-bloused and pig-tailed, came and went. Groups clustered at the bulletin-boards, which were only convenient spots on brick walls where pink slips bearing spidery characters setting forth the latest editions of Oriental news were always replacing earlier ones. The Orientals read them stolidly, yodled unmusically to one another in harsh, emotionless gutturals and passed on.

In the officer's ear rang continually the loud reports of banging oaken timbers in the alley behind, where squint-eyed wicket-men sat on watch and gave the signals that opened and closed for sport-hungry countrymen the double and sometimes triple doors that barred from the police or other undesirables the approach to the rooms of the so-called "Benevolent Associations." These were gambling clubs in disguise.

Sergeant McCarty was swinging down Clay street. In uniform the Sergeant was a dream of policely beauty, trim, square, imposing; and even in plain clothes, which was the rule for the Chinatown squad, his air was unmistakable. The Sergeant's manner was serious as he approached him.

"Something stirring," he announced in confidential tones. "I been watchin' 'em here on Dupont street. I took the pulse av 'em yonder in Kearney, fifteen minutes ago. I think it's the bulletin-boards. Chinese is a haythen language which no Christian should understand, but I tell ye there's somethin' been daubed on them bricks in th' last quarter of an hour that's got them angel-faces buzzin' like a lot of bees."

Officer Klein listened respectfully, as became a young man when the shrewdest

policeman that ever worked in Chinatown was talking, and then turned and looked back down the alley. So far as he could see, this was like last night's crowd and the night before for a month. An arc light sputtered above the heads of the two men.

"'Tis some devilry ready to break," affirmed Sergeant McCarty with settled conviction. "But where? I'd be easier in the mind av me if I knew. Is it here in Ross Alley? Yonder in Waverly Place? Or right in the middle of Dupont?"

He was muttering the words almost absently, but his shrewd little eyes were glancing restlessly everywhere.

"Go back through the alley," he said to Klein, after a minute. "Pick up Hurley at Washington, walk down to Dupont and meet me in the middle of the block between." Klein saluted.

"Wait!" ordered Sergeant McCarty, suddenly, through closed teeth. "Stand still! Don't move an eye-lash. I'm seein' something." For sixty slowly ticking seconds the swift, travelling glance of the Sergeant went repeatedly down the alley and back across Clay street. "Now, go on like I told you, but without lookin' round."

After a few moments the Sergeant himself moved down to Dupont, and there in the middle of the block between Clay and Washington he met Klein and Hurley, and a moment later Officers Sheble and Cullenbach came from across the street.

"What is it, Sheble?" queried the Sergeant, recognizing instantly the one pregnant face in the group.

"Louie On's wife was stolen tonight about 7:30. There's a reward on the bulletin-boards. Louie is the craziest little devil you ever saw. He thinks some Hop Sing Tong men got her and his own Tong

are grindin' their hatchets and layin' in artillery to beat the band."

"Hóp Sing Tong?" questioned McCarty. "I see a Hop Sing Tong man, this bull-headed Chinaman, Ong Dock, readin' a bulletin in Ross Alley not ten minutes ago. He had his hands in his pockets and was smokin' a cigar with one of them long, curved holders. After readin' the bulletin, he took the holder out of his mouth and jabbered something to a friend of his and I thought he was wavin' his smoker too much when he talked. Looked to me like a signal to somebody. I cut my eye around quick, but all I could make out was a tall, rangy lookin' fellow about six feet behind me.

"He had streaks of grey over his ears and was wearin' a highbinder's queue. That was funny, because these highbinders is usually young bloods. He was a sullen-lookin' devil and a new Chink on me, too. Besides, he looked like he was asleep in his tracks, by which I knew he wasn't. When I turned again to look at Ong Dock, he was amblin' down Ross Alley, peaceful as Old Dobbin comin' back from the Country Fair. They both looked so blamed innocent that I says to myself then, 'Them two Chinamen is at the bottom of whatever breaks. I'm a mind to grab 'em both now and save trouble.' But I didn't."

"Ong Dock lives in Ross Alley over the Oriental Club," volunteered Klein.

"Louie On is crazy mad," declared Sheble, "him and all his friends. If they locate the woman anywhere in Chinatown they'll surround the place like a flock of pirates and they'll get her if they have to tear the house down one brick at a time."

"Ong Dock lives in Ross Alley," repeated Klein.

"But they'd never take the woman to Ross Alley," affirmed Hurley, "even if Ong Dock was mixed up in it. More likely they hustled her off to some launch and took her up the river or out to some ship bound to Seattle or Los Angeles."

"That's right," observed McCarty sarcastically. "Figure out just what these heathens will do and then look for the exact opposite. A Chinyman writes backward and he thinks backward. He's an unreasonable creature and unnatural. It's in Ross Alley that trouble will be poppin'

this night, and that quick. Get back there at once. Hurley and Sheble up Washington! Klein and Cullenbach with me up Clay! Hark! What did I tell ye!"

A sound like a muffled shot was heard; then another, followed by a wild chorus of Oriental cries and then more shots.

"What did I tell ye?" exclaimed the Sergeant again, his voice hoarse with excitement. "'Tis in Ross Alley. Run for it, ye sons of guns! Block him off at the ends!"

Sergeant McCarty shouted these commands over his shoulder, for at the first sound he had turned to run toward Clay street, followed closely by Klein and Cullenbach. Clay street was in an uproar. Scores of frightened Chinese were pouring out of Ross Alley, and ahead of them they saw Officer Rodefer dashing in.

The firing had ceased. As Sergeant McCarty and his two men turned into the little alley at the Washington street end, Hurley and Sheble appeared at the other. The narrow thoroughfare was deserted, except that down almost in the centre a little blue heap was huddled on the ground under an arc light. Officer Rodefer, gun in hand, was scanning swiftly the stairways in the immediate neighborhood and peering at the darkened upper storeys of buildings.

His eyes were searching for a glimmer of light and his ears were attuned to catch the rattle of a shutter, the squeak of a blind or the slipping of a catch upon a grating, for he knew that the Chinese murderer is not likely to fly far from the scene. He mixes in the crowd, darts only into some nearby doorway or seeks some points from which he can look out upon the scene and, indeed, may be one of the very curious group of morbid ones who gather to look upon the face of the dead and jabber emotionlessly.

Sergeant McCarty was first to examine the body. It lay face down under the sputtering light. One swift, comprehensive glance that took in the situation told him the man had fallen only after a struggle. One shoe was off. His hat lay to one side. His legs were twisted under him.

One clenched hand was visible—a thin, yellow claw, with the fingers tightly wound about something.

Forcing them apart, the Sergeant found a queue-ribbon and eight or ten hairs.

Quickly he stripped them from the entangling fingers and lifted them to the light. What the dead hand had held was no ordinary queue-tassel, nor yet the greasy strip of coarse thread with which a careless dresser wrapped the end of his pig-tail. It was the narrow black ribbon that bound the much more loosely plaited hair of the highbinder. The little blue heap from which the life gushed out in half a dozen trickling streams of crimson, was dead by the hand of a professional assassin; this much the queue-ribbon told.

McCarty was preparing to interrogate this trifling accident still further when his mind was jostled suddenly by a new idea. For some little time faces had been appearing at windows and wickets, and now, curiosity having conquered fear, the alley was filling and a little group of Chinamen had even gathered around the dead. It was the remark of one of these that had distracted the Sergeant's attention.

"Just now," said the Chinese voice, in English but with the Mongol idiom, "just now this time Louie On makes finish."

"Louie On!" exclaimed the Sergeant in surprise. "Is it Louie On, then?"

He turned the body over and exposed to view the familiar features of the little merchant. True enough, Louie On had "made finish." The swift hand of the Sergeant located his weapons, a dirk in his sleeve and a heavy revolver in his pocket, neither of which he had been able to use.

And all the while McCarty was thinking. His starting-point was the heap on the ground before him that had been Louie On. His mind leaped backward to a signal made by Ong Dock ten or twelve minutes before as he read a bulletin regarding the abduction of Louie On's wife.

"Ong Dock is in this thing somewhere, all right," affirmed the Sergeant's mind. "He gave a signal to somebody, but to whom? That tall hatchet-man, I wonder?"

The Sergeant's speculations leaped from peak to peak of probability while his eyes again sought the shredded ribbon in his hand. Louie On was short. A highbinder's queue does not sweep to the heels but only falls to the hips; moreover, a short man thrusting an arm about an antagonist who was tall and struggling with him would be likely to grasp the queue near its ribboned appendage. As McCarty scanned the hairs

again, some of them flickered in the light. He drew them over his fingers, those eight or ten hairs. Three of them were white!

"Right!" he chortled softly, and taking a police lantern from Hurley, began carefully and methodically to scan the jambs of closed doors along the alley, centering his attention on a spot about the height of his shoulder.

At perhaps the tenth he paused and swept the light over the jamb a second time. With a little grunt he noted three hairs gripped tightly between the door and the jamb. One of the hairs was white! One in three—the same proportion!

"He went up here," he said, and backed off to look at the building.

It was the home of the Oriental Club. It will be remembered that Ong Dock lived over the Oriental Club.

"Goin' straight to get his money," commented the Sergeant and then paused to reflect. Eight minutes ago Louie On sank to the pavement. Ong Dock would have been waiting upstairs. As the murderer dashed in he would be handed a small bag with gold coins in it. From the upper floor, hallways, stairways, connecting rooms and opening windows promised easy egress in any direction desired. Over the house-tops, down a ventilator-shaft to a cellar full of labyrinthine openings or straight through inviting passages to stairs that led up or down, each of the men would have made an easy escape.

But the woman! Sergeant McCarty had reasons for believing that when the murder was ordered she was confined here. It was not so easy to move a woman, especially one who was a prisoner and whose whereabouts was to be concealed.

Yet, as the Sergeant sketched in his mind the honeycombed pile that rose before him and joined other honeycombed piles right and left, he knew it was easily practicable. In fact he had not a doubt that before the murderous shot was fired the wife of little Louie On, gagged and swathed in silk veils, was being hurried away through devious channels to some place of concealment that was deemed secure.

"Th' coop is empty," he said at the end of his ruminations, and turned away to blow his whistle sharply.

The men of his squad were working up and down the alley, searching in cellarways and some of them trailing fire-escapes to

the roofs, or mingling quietly in the crowds to hear what they might pick up in the unemotional, monosyllabic comment of the Mongols themselves.

"Have ye anny clue?" he asked, judicially, as his men gathered round him.

Silence and blank looks gave a negative reply.

"All of ye back to your beats, then," he said, a trifle severely, "and keep your minds workin.' If we don't nail somebody quick, we'll see the biggest Tong war ye ever read about. And say! If ye see a tall high-binder with gray in his hair that's new to the town, bring him round for me to look at. That's all."

The men, perhaps a little chapfallen, turned away to their work and Sergeant McCarty dropped into the shadow of a doorway to scan eagerly the shapeless flock of Orientals who were pressing round where the Coroner's deputy was superintending the placing of the body of Louie On upon a stretcher. The crowd sifted to and fro under the lights and the Sergeant was looking in it for one particular man.

That this man should be found in this crowd would seem utterly improbable and highly indiscreet. Yet in McCarty's judgment it was not improbable, and according to Chinese tactics it was not indiscreet, since when the murder took place no white man was in sight and no policeman nearer than two blocks, and no Chinaman ever tells. Presumably, the man who emptied his revolver in the squirming body of little Louie On was as safe from detection in this crowd as in the heart of Hunan.

Presently Hurley came softly back and stood in the doorway beside his Sergeant.

"Joe Cone, the hackman," he said, "has orders to have a closed carriage at 938 Stockton Street at ten o'clock sharp and wait for a passenger, if it's all night. He thinks it's Chinese business all right, but he ain't wise to what."

Sergeant McCarty, with narrowed eyes, swept the alley. Not a muscle of his face twitched. One might have thought he did not hear. Then his upper lids drooped for an instant as if he was visualizing a plan of campaign and, after more reflection, he spoke in quick, specific phrases.

"Tell Joe," he directed, "to hook on to the biggest hack he can find—a roomy one—with curtains that shut out every ray of light—and to leave the stable exactly at

nine forty-five. There'll be a man on the inside seat that he know's nothing about."

As Hurley departed, the Sergeant consulted his watch. It was eight-thirty now. He had a busy hour before him; but for the present he stood, still as stone, looking out. Suddenly he left his lurking place and moved forward with the crowd. He was straining his neck at something ahead. He had need to hurry and he had need to avoid startling the crowd by seeming to hurry. But presently he became impatient. A fat fellow was shouldered roughly aside. A moment after, he plucked another by the queue and jerked him out of his range of vision.

On the instant a tall form, a few steps in advance of him, melted down into the blackness of a cellarway opening into the block of buildings in which the home of Ong Dock was and to the door of whose house the Sergeant had traced the murderer by the hairs in the door-jamb.

This tunnel-like place had many exits and a chase through its subterranean labyrinths at night raised the goose-flesh just to think about; but as noiselessly as possible the detective dropped into the foul-smelling darkness and hurried forward only to bring up violently against the end of the passageway. To the right another opened and a dim light burned far down it, revealing the shadow of the pursued, ambling on a few feet ahead of him. The man turned and observed that he was followed; but as he broke into a run the sweep of McCarty's hand caught the tonsorial appendage of the fleeing one. The Sergeant threw his weight upon the backward pull to stop his man abruptly, but to his surprise, went careening to the clay-hardened floor on his head and shoulders, holding in his hand only an empty, rope-like thing, while the pursued fled onward into the dark.

McCarty leaped up in rage and dashed forward, expressing his bewilderment in a hasty examination of the queue as he plunged forward. He discovered at the other end of it a wig.

"A Chinyman wearin' a wig, now!" he muttered in disgust. "Well, what do you think of that?" Then he ran his fingers down to the end of the rope of hair. There was no ribbon on it.

"Th' right Chink, all right, all right," he growled, a small geyser of satisfaction spouting up out of the ocean of his disgust;

"but why didn't it come off when Louie On had hold of it, I want to know?"

He passed just then under the gas-jet. Holding the wig up for an instant, he saw that it was stoutly made, with the skull-piece low cut and close fitting, so that nothing but a straight upward pull could have detached it unless the wearer himself should have released it by throwing his head far back, exactly as he had done now to make good his escape.

The Sergeant apprehended this swiftly while still flying forward through sinuous passages. Sometimes they were dimly lighted and sometimes they were not lighted at all, but for a time he was guided by the patter of soft-falling, wooden-soled shoes. But presently in utter darkness he lost the sound.

"That geezer took his shoes off and is runnin' barefoot," the Sergeant advised himself, groping in the blackness, which was malodorous and gruesome. Feeling for a wall, he struck a match. The passage divided.

"Which way now, begob?" he puffed and, immediately choosing the left hand one, hurried down it to come to a stand presently against a wire screen. A match—his last one—revealed the entrance to a ventilator-shaft. The opening was screened with heavy netting, and the frame was hinged, with a catch that opened easily.

The Sergeant thrust his head and shoulders into the shaft and felt around. It was, perhaps, four feet square, with brick walls, the corners of the rectangle filled with water and drain and vent pipes leading upward. The hole was empty and silent.

"I took th' wrong one," the Sergeant observed, laconically, and then, like the careful soul he was, paused yet longer to look and listen. The sky was overcast above and he could see absolutely nothing. To make perfectly sure the darkness above was untenanted by that softly scrambling Celestial who had just eluded him, he placed his ear in turn against each of the pipes nearest him, listening for the creak of a bit of metal or the slightest vibration. There was none, but as he stooped he received a sharp, stinging blow behind the ear!

For a moment he reached out wildly for his assailant. Then he steadied himself.

"Did somebody drop a brick on me head," he murmured, rubbing the sore spot reflectively, "or did I dream ut?" No one

seemed disposed to answer his query and, stooping, he felt over the floor of the shaft, to bring up presently what he knew by the touch was a Chinese shoe with the usual wooden sole an inch or more in thickness.

"'Twas that hit me on the block, huh? Wood ferninst wood," he muttered sarcastically.

As he looked upward, he thought he saw a shadow slip over the coping at the top. The mystery was explained. The Chinaman was in the shaft, climbing out, still carrying his shoes, as it was impossible to gain a foothold while wearing them. One had slipped and come crashing down upon the head of his pursuer, of whose presence at the bottom of the shaft he was probably unaware.

"Begob," he commented, humorously, relapsing into his broader brogue, "this man is comin' all to paces. I got the hair off his head and th' shoes off his feet. Now I'll go up and get the r-rest of his r-re-mains."

Hastily stuffing the clumsy, slipper-like thing in his hip pocket, beside his handcuffs, for it might prove valuable evidence, he drew himself through the ventilator and began to climb swiftly. The well-braced pipes made hand and footholds everywhere and his fingers were already on the coping at the top when he was halted abruptly.

He paused and listened with a gruesome, uncanny feeling chilling his veins. He had heard a sound half between a moan and a sob, which seemed to come up out of the ventilator shaft.

On the third floor level he had passed, in the shaft, an iron-barred window, perhaps two feet square, where a ventilator should have been. But since there was absolutely no plan in the throwing together of these old rookeries, he thought nothing of it beyond feeling the bars over with his hands and taking note that they were there.

Presently he heard it again. The sound was unmistakable—a woman's voice, or perhaps, a child's, in deep distress!

The Sergeant drew himself to the roof level and looked about. His man was not in sight. Around him lay four acres of roofs, shrouded in night, with a hundred byways leading down. The trail for the time being was as good as lost.

With swift decision he turned back into the shaft and, hugging a drain-pipe, was

soon at the barred window. As he reached it, a woman's sob, clear and unmistakable, poured into his ear. The Sergeant thrust his face up as close as possible and asked sharply:

"Who are ye and what's the matter?"

His quick ear caught the sudden stifling of a moan, followed by a gasp of fear and surprise.

"What are ye, I say?" he bawled.

The woman seemed to tell her name, but it was lost in a quavering sob that touched the heart of the Sergeant to the quick and heated the hot Irish blood in his veins to the boiling-point. He forgot that sociologically he was in the heart of Asia, that, whoever this woman, she was only a chattel and to be bound and penned at will. He thought only that some monstrous wrong was being put upon a defenceless woman.

"Begob," he shouted, "I'll have ye out o' there at wance!" Then he put his face up closer to the window and said in tones meant to be soothing: "Me—Sergeant McCarty. You open window. Me take you away. Come quick!"

"No can," wailed the woman. "No can."

"Tied down," the Sergeant concluded, gripping the window by the two outside bars and throwing his whole weight upon it. It refused to yield to the sturdiest assaults of his strength, but he found a loose brick in the first course about the frame and worked industriously for ten minutes, using the barrel of his revolver as a pry and the hook of a hand-cuff to dig out crumbling mortar.

At the end of this time he seized the frame and, with a mighty heave, pulled it away from the bricks which he had loosened or partially dug away on two sides.

"'Twould only hold women, that thing!" he muttered in contempt, as he let it fall with a crash to the bottom of the shaft. Next, before him, was a window, hinged at bottom, opening inward from the top and set so that there was an opening above of about six inches which was heavily swathed with a thick black curtain that fell down over the glass and prevented the light from the cell streaming through the window.

It was because of this opening of the window at the top for ventilation that McCarty heard the woman's cries at all, while

the heavy layers of cloth gave it the peculiar, muffled sound. The Sergeant swung the window in, broke the chain guards and let it hang by the hinges against the wall inside, while he promptly crawled through.

The floor was some four feet beneath the window and the Sergeant landed on his hands upon it in a most undignified and incautious but thoroughly impetuous manner.

His first act was to snatch the great fringed shade from an ornamental lamp that burned upon a low table at one side of the room. Its unfiltered rays now illumined a cell-like chamber perhaps seven feet by ten, of which the barred window marked one end, while at the other was a door opening inward, but which was now closed and fastened with a Yale lock. On the left of the room, three feet from where McCarty stood by the window, was the table with the lamp. Beyond this on the same side in a corner, not more than two feet from the door, was a triangular space screened off, and behind it a coal-oil stove on a low box with a few utensils hanging against the wall. On the opposite side of the room was a low, bench-like bunk and on it a Chinese woman.

Her hands and feet were bound with strips of cloth and the one that held the hands was also attached to a sort of ring or hand-hold of metal in the wall a foot or so above the bed. A silk scarf had been bound into the woman's mouth for a gag, but she had bitten into and chewed at it with such desperation that it was partially displaced.

Quick knife-strokes slashed the lashings from her hands and feet and cut away the remainder of the gag. In the first moment of freedom the little woman flung both her small arms about the Sergeant's hands and laid her cheek upon them, sobbing for pure joy. Her yellow, peach-tinted cheeks were guttered with much weeping and even when her eyes closed in an ecstasy of relief, while her oily, black, otterlike head lay worshipfully on his hands, briny hysterical drops forced themselves from under her glistening lashes and broke upon her face in fresh rivulets.

An embarrassed blush rose to the veined cheek of the Sergeant.

"No bigger than my Katie," he breathed softly, disengaging himself and turning away to sneeze violently.

"Please you take me from Ong Dock,"

she pleaded in a tremulous girlish voice, with the English of the mission schools.

"From Ong Dock!" gulped Sergeant McCarty in amazement. "Are you Ong Dock's woman?"

"No, no!" she protested frantically. "Louie On my husband."

"Louie On!" gasped the Sergeant in amazement, a hot rush of exultation presently sweeping through all his veins.

Sergeant McCarty had struck the broader trail.

"My name Ah Fawn," the little woman went on. "Ong Dock steal me. Ong Dock and Bin She."

"Bin She was in ut, too, eh?" commented the Sergeant.

"All same," she concurred eagerly. "They steal me from Louie On. Then they fight. And Ong Dock steal me from Bin She. Hide me here. Beat me. Choke me!"

She pushed up the sleeve of her kimono to show where a blow had fallen and lifted her chin till McCarty could see the marks of fingers on her soft throat.

"Ong Dock and Bin She scrap?" queried McCarty.

"O—h—o—o, fight!" exclaimed the girl, shaking her head vigorously and her eyes flashing at the memory of what she had seen.

The Sergeant sat down upon the foot of the bunk to think—sat down and then got up again abruptly and draped the curtains at the window to shut the light out of the ventilator-shaft, and, at the same time, he replaced the shade upon the lamp, so that the room was again in heavy shadow. Then he resumed his position on the foot of the bunk. Things were becoming complicated. He looked at the woman sympathetically.

A forlorn little figure she made, sitting up, cross-legged on the bed, her present distress and her hatred of her abductors so apparent and her affection for her rightful owner so clearly depicted, as she mentioned his name.

"Me all same his wife," she pleaded. "You take me to Louie On?" Her black eyes were burning into his, half trustingly, half suspiciously.

"To Louie On," she murmured, two shiny drops appearing at the corners of her almond eyes. The Sergeant gulped something down deep in his throat and looked away.

"When did they quarrel?" he asked presently.

"Pretty soon quick when they bring me to Ong Dock's. Bin She say, 'Sell me Seattle.' Ong Dock say, 'Bime-by mebbe so. Keep me here now.' Both go away. Talkee much mad. Ong Dock come back soon. Tie me! Gag me. Puttee under bed. Bin She come back pretty soon. Bime-by—fightee—squawlllee—pullee hair. Bin She go way. Ong Dock bring here. I try run away. He chokee my neck, beatee my arm." In her excitement she had lapsed almost entirely into pigeon English.

"And how long have you been here?"

"Pretty soon long time. Two hours, mebbe so."

"And is Ong Dock comin' back?"

"Mebbe so he come soon," said the little woman with a fearsome look in the direction of the door.

"Who? Ong Dock? Good!" exclaimed McCarty. He wanted Ong Dock and felt to see that his handcuffs were readily accessible. The queue with wig attached had been thrust into the same pocket with them. The shoe was there also. He slipped it under the couch on the floor. The queue and wig he flung down thoughtlessly upon the table at the base of the lamp.

At the same moment he heard the shuffling patter of footsteps outside in the hall. Someone was coming—Ong Dock doubtless. The Sergeant hesitated for a moment. He wanted Ong Dock, not as badly as he wanted the tall unknown of the false queue, but he wanted him. The shuffling footsteps drew closer. The Sergeant stood fingering his revolver thoughtfully. Suddenly he turned to the Chinawoman and whispered sharply:

"Turn to the wall! Look like you was tied!"

The woman obeyed instantly, even to drawing down the silken cord from the handhold above till it appeared to tie her to the wall as before.

The Sergeant watched the operation with a little nod of satisfaction. Then his eye came back to the door. He saw it tremble under pressure and heard the rattle of the parts in the complicated lock and, as the bolt slipped back, he stepped noiselessly behind the screen in the corner, not two feet from the door on one side and only three from the taborette with the lamp upon the other.

Completely obscured from view, he stood with the revolver in his hand, as the door opened and a tall Chinaman who was clearly not Ong Dock, entered the room. He closed the door behind him noiselessly, glanced around the room silently and turned to the door again. It was equipped with heavy hasps fitted for an oaken bar and the bar stood beside the door. He slipped this into place so that, to one coming after, a key would be useless.

The man and his actions puzzled McCarty. He bent in the direction of the bed for a moment and then, as though satisfied, placed his ear against the crack of the door and listened. In the stillness Sergeant McCarty heard again the confident patter of Chinese shoes in the hall. They came up to the door. Once and again there was a steady, patient shooting of the bolt, but the door did not swing.

After a puzzled silence weight was cautiously thrown upon it. The oak bar took the strain unyieldingly. From without came a muttered expression of bewilderment and impatience. McCarty admired the absolute passivity with which the man on the inside awaited developments. From the outside, after another puzzled silence, came a sudden explosion of wrath in red-hot, blistering syllables, like a volcanic eruption. It was an unknown tongue to the officer, but the calorescent quality was unobscured.

"Smokin' hot," he commented mentally, enjoying the situation immensely.

The man outside called Ah Fawn in bitter, threatening tones and seemed to be demanding that she open the door.

"He thinks the girl done it," murmured McCarty way down inside of himself.

As Ah Fawn's name was called the intruder turned to her with a threatening gesture.

"She's a wise one," communed McCarty's inner self again, marking her limp stillness.

And then something began to happen that threw a new element of tenseness into the scene of waiting. The man on the inside seemed to have turned away from the door for a moment to take, once more, a careful scrutinizing survey of the room. His glance stopped at the lamp. He turned from the door and advanced toward it with slow, fascinated gaze.

"What the — is he up to now?" mur-

mured McCarty in that voiceless way of his. As the man entered the circle of light, half crouching, the Sergeant could see a glitter in his eye. His gaze was fixed on the table on which the lamp sat. His lids rose till the bald white of the eye was visible above the pupil. His mouth was open. His yellow teeth glistened like fangs. He scarcely seemed to breathe. Inch by inch, in that fascinated way, he crept toward the box. McCarty thought of a picture he had noticed somewhere of a scene in an Indian jungle where a poor native, overcome by the spell of a great serpent, was drawn resistlessly within the radius of its fang-stroke. Outside, the stream of murderously wrathful expletives doubled in volume. The man within was completely unconscious of it. The tiny chamber, reeking with foul air and ringing with the assaults upon the door, might have been some vast, primeval, illimitable silence in which the tall Chinaman alone was sentient.

Closer he drew to the lamp, crouching lower and lower. Before him was the queue and wig which McCarty had flung thoughtlessly upon the table, lying just as it fell in a half coil and, as McCarty now noticed, looking wickedly suggestive of hideous serpents and grisly scalp-locks. The man fell upon his knees before the table, uttering a prolonged soul-cry of horror and fear and, at the same moment, like the claws of a wild beast, his saffron fingers gripped the queue.

He held it up before him; felt of it; examined it even to the threads of gray, and all the time perspiration streamed from his face and his teeth chattered. A series of low gutturals, hysterical in tone and sequence, fell from his lips.

Apparently satisfied with his examination, the man dropped the queue from his fingers and, wringing his hands, his whole body shaking in a palsy of terror, he lifted his face for a moment while his eyes wandered helplessly. Then slowly he lowered his forehead upon the table and the light fell full upon the top and back of his head. He wore no queue! His hair was short!

"Begorra!" the Sergeant almost gasped aloud.

This was the tall unknown, the man who took the signal from Ong Dock at the corner; the man who killed Louie On and who, in his morbid curiosity, had returned to view the pallid dead and from

whom in the blackness of the cellarway Sergeant McCarty had wrested the wig and queue of his disguise. Now by a strange coincidence he had flung it here, where the man cringed in terror before it, believing himself bewitched. His superstitious mind could frame no other solution.

The thing was alive and pursued him, or else McCarty himself, in league with evil spirits, had bewitched it and set it loose to dog his footsteps, to crouch now beneath the lamp and watch him while he stole Ong Dock's woman from him, or killed her, which in his bloodthirsty, seething passion of hatred, might suit his next mood as well.

Absolutely motionless for a moment, the man presently sat up and looked about him for the queue upon the floor where he had dropped it.

It was not there! He looked upon the other side. It was gone. He stood up, calmed suddenly by a new phenomenon, and moved carefully round the entire circle of light.

The queue was not there, because as he dropped it the tail fell close to the McCarty hiding-place and, while the man sat with bowed head in a state of semi-collapse, that experimental psychologist had swiftly drawn it inside and it was now hanging on a nail behind the Sergeant's ear.

The Chinaman lifted the lamp and swept its beams clear round the room. He looked suspiciously in the direction of the woman on the bed, but he could see the cord that appeared to bind her, hanging from the ring, and knew she could not have taken it. As he realized that the horrid thing was indeed alive and had crawled away from him, a deeper despair settled upon his face, but he did not shriek.

Instead he braced himself upon tottering legs and looked unsteadily about, a ghastly grin of sickening fear upon his face and his loose lower lip palpitating, while his whole body shook as he gibbered inanely like a drug-fiend in the hour of his collapse.

For some time there had been silence outside. From the moment of that terrible shriek Ong Dock was still. The man seemed to recover somewhat from his fright and moved toward the door. Sergeant McCarty could have reached out and taken him by the back of the neck. But in his state of terror the man would have died perhaps. The Sergeant thought of that. Besides, he wanted to see more, to learn

more, to get Ong Dock, to play with his man, or men, cat-like, and gather, if possible, that which would confirm his suspicions or multiply his convictions.

And so he stood, silent, behind his curtain and watched.

Abruptly a pistol-shot rang out in the hallway and a bullet came crashing through the door. The man dropped to the floor so suddenly that the Sergeant thought he had been killed. But instead the shot seemed to recall him to his physical situation. He drew a revolver from the folds of his own blouse and answered. Shot for shot the men sent bullets ripping back and forth through the door till the guns were empty.

While the man was intent upon the door Sergeant McCarty lifted the wig from its place on the nail behind him, and holding the queue end, swung it outward like a pendulum till it landed unobserved upon the table under the lamp. Then he let go the queue.

As the fusilade of pistol-shots ended, the murderer waited a moment for the next development and then, rising from the floor, moved out of range along the wall to the lamp. The wig and half the queue lay upon the table before his staring eyes. Fear gave way to a kind of ferocity. He pounced upon it so violently that the table was nearly overturned, seized the thing with his teeth and bit and tore at it savagely.

While he was thus engaged Sergeant McCarty reached out an arm on the other side of the screen and pushed the oak bar back till it escaped the heavy hasp. As the Sergeant's arm dropped back behind the screen, the man was crouched over, trampling the wig under his feet. At this instant Ong Dock made a vicious assault upon the door with his body. It swung open easily and he in surprise went clattering to the floor. At the sudden inrush of his body the other Chinaman, half-maniac that he had become, started up so violently that he knocked the shade from the lamp and from that instant everything that happened in the room was as clear as day to Sergeant McCarty.

Ong Dock was instantly on his feet. Yelling like maniacs, the two men leaped together with the ferocity of wolves, each grabbing for the queue of the other after

the manner of their race. Here Ong Dock was at a disadvantage, since his antagonist wore no queue, but he gripped at his throat, gouged at his eyes and spun round and round with him in an embrace that promised to be deadly.

The tall man had completely recovered from the shock to his nerves and fought like a demon. He had seized Ong Dock's queue and taken a half-hitch round his fat neck with it and with every turn sawed it deeper into his throat. Soon his eyes bulged; his yellow face showed greyish green and then purple. His knees weakened, and as he sank to the floor the unknown snatched up from the edge of the bed, where he must have secreted it when he came in, a Chinese butcher's cleaver, the favorite weapon of the highbinder and from which they are called hatchet-men.

Ong Dock was writhing on the floor, struggling frantically to unbind the hairy noose that was strangling him. The hatchet-man executed something like a war dance over and about him, his face working hideously. For a few seconds he brandished the cleaver and then suddenly his body grew rigid as he poised the frightful weapon for the descending blow. The murderer's eyes blazed. His form was for a moment a statue of stone, with the shining blade quivering aloft, its glistening edge a tremor of iridescent light. Then the arm swept back a foot, that gleaming edge describing a glowing circle as the supple wrist pivoted for the blow—a blow which did not descend, for a blue arm shot out from behind the screen and a great hand with the resistless grasp of steel hands closed upon the tense, slipping sinews of the maddened Mongol.

With a wild squall the man turned, recognized McCarty, darted quickly under his arm, dropped the cleaver from his right arm, caught it with his left almost as it touched the floor and dealt a vicious chop at the stout legs of his captor.

"Ye baste!" hissed McCarty, dodging the wicked swipe and aiming a kick that should have ended matters. But the writhing, twisting bundle of bone and sinew slipped under his arm again the other way, gyrating like a dervish. At every degree of every circle he made one of those savage, left-handed digs with the cleaver at the most likely portion of the policeman's

anatomy, until they stumbled over the struggling body of Ong Dock and together struck the floor like the blow of a pile-driver.

The Sergeant did not notice that Ong Dock had released his throat and was on his hands and knees trying to regain his breath, for the very excellent reason that in his fall he had lost his grip upon his man and was busy trying to regain it. And neither of the three saw a pair of eyes that glittered like twin stars in the dark of the hallway a few feet from the door.

The Chinaman was quicker than the Sergeant in regaining his feet, and while he was still on one knee the Oriental, with the cleaver back in his right hand, was upright and aiming the blow that was to end McCarty's career; but with a lightning move McCarty lurched forward and by a powerful sweep of his great arm carried the Chinaman's feet from under him.

He fell like a post, the deflected cleaver burying itself so deep in the floor that he could not withdraw it before McCarty was upon him. But even then he wriggled to his feet, where the Sergeant caught him on the jaw with a right-hand that went smashing through his guard and stretched him senseless.

"Glory be!" puffed the Sergeant, tearing the drapery from the window and gulping in a grateful breath of the outer air. At the moment, a frightful bawl of rage broke out at his back. He turned toward the door in time to see a Chinaman flying down the hall, bearing something in his arms!

On the floor the short-haired Chinaman turned weakly. Ong Dock was tottering toward the door, gesticulating violently and shrieking "Bin She! Bin She!" and accompanying this with a stream of expletives frightful in tone and doubtless equally so in significance. The bed was empty. Ah Fawn was gone!

The Sergeant dashed out into the hall. A dozen feet away it opened to right and left. There was no one in sight in either of these passages. He hurried down one of them at a venture. A group of belated gamblers were climbing some stairs in front of him. Two or three others were loitering on the landing. They gazed at him with stolid, expressionless faces.

"No sabe," one of them grunted morosely, in response to his interrogatories.

McCarty stood hesitating. The man who killed Louie On and the man who hired him to do it were at the moment both in his power. To capture Bin She, the other accessory and abductor, and restore Ah Fawn to the best fate that might await a Chinese widow—it would be the most brilliant night's work that he or any other man had ever put through in Chinatown.

His blood leaped at the thought. But still he hesitated. It was too good to be possible. The trail was lost for the moment. Follow it five minutes and Ong Dock and the murderer would have pulled themselves together and escaped, and there was no certainty that Bin She might not also elude him.

"'A schooner in th' hand is worth two in th' bar'l,' as they say on the coast," he muttered, turning back only to bring himself up standing again with the sudden memory of the closed carriage to be sent to 938 Stockton street at 10 o'clock. 938 Stockton was somewhere out back of him in this block.

"Begorra," he breathed softly, "is that Bin She's scheme? I wonder."

Opening and closing the fingers of his right hand absently as if collaring an easy prisoner, he turned swiftly back to the cell. Ong Dock was out in the hall, squatting on the floor and holding his sides. He had made a feeble effort to escape, but the fierceness of his battle for life with the short-haired one had left him too exhausted to go farther. The tall hatchet-man had struggled to his feet and was also groping groggily toward the door.

The Sergeant picked up the torn and trampled wig and the shoe and thrust them in his pocket. Seizing the man as he leaned helplessly against the wall, he felt the other shoe in the bosom of his shirt. The shoes he now wore upon his feet had doubtless been appropriated as he passed through the lodging-house. There was no doubt of his identity.

"I got my man, all right!" the Sergeant muttered, seizing the fellow by the shoulder and marching him into the passageway ahead of him. "And I got you, old horse!" he added exultantly, taking Ong Dock by the short of his pigtail and set-

ting him none too tenderly upon his feet. Keeping the two men in front of him, he worked his way down the passage to the left, and descending by succeeding stairways, found himself presently on Ross Alley in the very doorway where he had observed the hairs. A sharp whistle brought Rodefer and Hurley.

"Take 'em to the box," he ordered laconically. "Search 'em," he added. "This short-haired fellow done the killin' and he ought to have a bag of Ong Dock's money on him now."

Officer Klein came up and stared wonderingly. The Sergeant was looking at his watch. It was 9:35.

"Did you see the hackman?" he asked Hurley, very quietly.

"Yes, it's all right," replied that officer, moving off with the prisoners.

Promptly at 9 o'clock and 50 minutes a four-wheeler with lights burning very dimly and the blinds drawn close emerged from a livery stable down on Clay street near the waterfront. Precisely at the hour of 10 it stopped at a shadowy spot opposite 938 Stockton Street.

The rookery in front was dark. At the ground level a deeper shadow bit into the edge of the pavement. This was a cellarway, and, as the carriage stopped, something stirred in the darkness and two muffled figures, one of them evidently a woman, moved across to the curb. A quick hand opened the carriage door and the woman was abruptly planted in the far corner of the back seat. As the man took the seat beside her and softly closed the door a half-bitten sob escaped her lips. The interior of the carriage was black as a tomb as the man leaned forward to give directions to the driver who had his ear at the little window in front.

"You dlive——" he began, and then his instructions ended in a gasp of terror, for he felt something in front of him. Out of the darkness arms of terrible strength suddenly reached and stout fingers sank into the soft neck of Bin She.

"What say?" asked the hackman, still waiting for his orders.

"Drive to the Central Station," growled Sergeant McCarty, with swelling heart of pride, as he knelt on a struggling form in the bottom of the carriage.

—From "Adventure Magazine."



CANDID

Loafer: "Any chance of a job o' work 'ere, Mister?"

Foreman: "No. We're not wanting any more hands now."

Loafer: "Well, the little bit o' work I'd do wouldn't make no difference!"



Editorial Comment



“SIGNS OF BREAK-UP”

UNDER the above caption, Mr. David B. Bogle writes editorially in the *Winnipeg Telegram* his interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's selection as leader of the Conservative forces. His criticism of the present Government in Great Britain does not interest us so much as his insight into the fundamental causes of the present situation. He says: “Mr. Law has been chosen because he is the profoundest student and ablest exponent of tariff reform. He is also completely separated from the old feudal notions of the aristocracy. If he can grasp and weld the sentiment of Great Britain into a coherent national and imperial policy, his must be one of the greatest names in the history of the British Empire.”

I quote at some length his criticism of the Liberals of Great Britain. It must be remembered that it is from a partisan standpoint:

“The Liberal party has certainly an unrivalled record for having violently opposed, cajoled, or betrayed the working-man. John Bright, the most conscientious and thorough-going Liberal of them all, fought the Factory Acts and all measures which might be comprehensively grouped under the name of social reform, and the Liberal-Radical party remains under the influence of his ideas, though it has sometimes compromised with necessity, but without abandoning its theory.

“The reason lies away deeper than any of the exigencies of everyday politics. The Liberal doctrine, the teaching of the Manchester school, has been that every man should so far as possible be left alone to do what he liked. To the working man, woman and child, by the simple law of industrial competition, that means that their employers could do what they liked with them.

“This impossible idea for the maintenance of a community has long disappeared from the legislation of Great Britain, but the doctrinaire logic which inspired it still survives among the Liberals and Radicals. For that reason a permanent fusion between Liberals and Labor men is an impossibility, and in Great Britain the inevitable split has begun. Liberalism there was a corrosive acid to eat away privilege, but it contained no healing balm for the social inequalities of existence. It never protected weakness nor enforced the rights of those unable to enforce them for themselves.”

The Editor of this magazine had occasion some time ago to be addressing a Conservative political meeting in London, although he is not a politician—neither a Liberal nor a Conservative—and he took pains to tell his hearers that until their party was able to frame a broad and adequate social program they never could hope for success. Reply was made, with some feeling, that this was already done in the program of tariff reform. Your Editor replied that the United States had been through all that—that they had sucked in all the promises of the millennium and reaped the fruits

of Sahara. This we said in spite of the fact that we believe in tariff reform.

What we mean to say here is that if Mr. Law has no other panacea for the ills that British flesh is heir to, he will fail miserably, and soon. The anomalous situation in England today is that the party of John Bright and of industrial England—not working England, but capitalist England—of the earlier day, is the party with a social program today. That program may be a bad one. There is much to be said *pro* and *con*. It is not for us to speak for *pro* or *con*. But Lloyd George has come forth with a social program.

Several years ago, at the time of the bread riots in London, a delegation from the masses of hungry women in Hyde Park went to Mr. Balfour, who was then Premier, and asked that something be done to give them work to feed themselves and their children. The Prime Minister threw up both hands and said nothing could be done. Then we knew Mr. Balfour's end had come. It came because he had no social program. His house was built upon the sand. Or rather, perhaps, did he have a house at all? The fact is, that the only party in England which has no social program is the only party which has the foundations adequate for one. Are the Liberals building on the sand? Are they framing a social structure on the foundations of laissez-faire and individualism? If so, they are the ones who are without foundations. But at least they have some kind of an answer to the thousands and millions of the hungry and the destitute. Tariff reform! All right, unless too much is expected of it. But for a social cure-all—look at Pierpont Morgan and the battened Strasburg-goose-fed and tariff-pampered money aristocrats of Wall Street. Is that not an answer to the question of the finality of tariff reform?

The New York *World* published last summer a list of the financial institutions owned or controlled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. They were not all of them, but the *World* published between eleven and twelve billions of capitalization of them. Before the summer was over the congressional investigating committees brought to light in the investigation of the "Steal Trust" the fact that the worthy art connoisseur of Wall Street either owned or controlled (and that is the same as ownership so far as we are concerned) values to the amount of \$30,000,000,000. This is one-fourth of all the assets of the United States. It is more than one-third as much as the assets of all Great Britain. It is about half as much as the total assets of France or Germany, and he could buy up and give away as dinner favors several of the smaller countries.

The tariff is not to blame for all of this situation. The country has been prosperous, and governments have been kindly—sometimes even obsequious, certainly openhanded—and they have taxed the

people, not that the wage-earners might get their share in a better wage, but that a few swollen fortunes might swell some more.

This is what England will have to go through when she adopts the necessary and inevitable tariff reform. The fatal mistake for Great Britain will be when—if she does—it is assumed that the political millennium has come.

Political life in the United States is the tariff. Political thought in the United States is the tariff—tariff—tariff—everywhere, always; the ubiquitous tariff lifts its scarred and sometimes scared head.

The trouble with the United States is that they have been making the same mistake some of the tariff reformers are making in England today. They have assumed that everything has been done for labor and capital when the tariff laws have been enacted. The tariff was the whole thing. When anything was the matter they returned to the tariff. When there was a change of political fortune, the first thing to be tinkered was the tariff. Nine-tenths of all the political speeches of a political campaign in the United States are about the tariff. Why? Because the tariff is all they know—and most of the politicians do not know that. The burden (and it is a burden) of the press and the hand-books and the campaign literature is the tariff.

There is one thing which needs to be secured by our politicians, and that is security—stability—for business and for the working-man. It is not a political commodity of today. The only real argument I have ever considered as at all against the principle of protection is that it becomes a partisan slogan. It should be in the hands of the scientists. In the hands of the politicians it is a vast disturber of business. What the business of the world is suffering from today, more probably than anything else, is that business men, especially manufacturers, do not and cannot know what to count upon. Every political upheaval is a business upheaval. That is because our political ideals are all business ideals.

This feeling of uncertainty is not a mark of a high state of civilization. It is worse with the laboring man. The curse of millions of the world's wage-workers is the dread of the poorhouse. A friend was telling the writer some time ago in Oxford, at the time of one of the great railroad strikes, of a meeting held there, where several of the strikers were invited to Balliol for counsel. One of them said during the conference: "We do not envy you having five courses at a dinner. We do not envy you having five servants to help you through with it. We do not envy you wearing dress suits while you eat, or any of the other privileges of your class. What *we* want is to know that when over a hundred thousand of us are earning less than a pound a week apiece on which we have to support our families, that we are going to have that pound a week when someone up higher makes up his mind that a few hundred are to be laid off. We want to know that we and our wives and

our children are not going to starve; that if they are sick, they are not going to die for the lack of a few of the decencies and comforts which a few copper pennies will give them and which we cannot buy because we cannot work when we are willing to work. That is what we want."

Quite a reasonable demand, think you not, readers of ours, that a man with a growing family wants to have some feeling of security that the loaf of bread which he has been used to will be forthcoming, and that the roof will remain there for him and his in an inclement season, and that the sword of Damocles shall not hang heavy over his head and the heads of those he loves? The politician who has nothing to say to such a demand as this is not fit for a swine-herd. The political party which has no answer for the elemental facts of human need has no right to exist, and it has no chance for existing in the new days of the new century.

The political party of the future is the party with a social program.

Let Great Britain find some place in her counsels for the people who will work if they can. We are growing too many loafers and hoboos; and the man who will work if he can is getting so rare and so valuable that he is worth taking care of. He is worth preserving to the race. He is worth the trouble it would take to make him a secure position in society. It would be good politics, and good business as well, for society to say to him: "So long as you are in your present frame of mind we will undertake to give you a guarantee against the poorhouse and for the furnishing of your own house and your own larder. You will not have to rise with every sun to wonder if you are to go to bed without a job."

This is one of the most terrible things in this awful world of ours—that millions of men and women never, never know one day whether the next day will see them stranded and out of work, begging some other human being for the right to earn a loaf of bread. When we have earned the right to be called an intelligent race and age we shall have provided security of tenure for the man and the woman—and for every man and woman in the country who is ready and willing to work. This is one of the phases of the social program which not far hence will be pressed with such insistence that it will not be possible for a political party to live unless it can find some intelligent answer to the questions of the less-fortunate elements of society. Let any political leader who looks ahead find some place in the counsels of party and in their platforms for the hungry masses in Hyde Park and the Embankment before he folds his hands to spread his wings to soar toward millennial hereafters.

SLUM AND FARM

NAPOLEON once said: "The way to educate a child is to begin with his grandmother."

And somebody else has said: "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks."

There is revealed in these sayings a fundamental law—the law of man and beast, that education is only another phase of evolution, and that, in a recent and long-drawn-out controversy, the balance is setting towards heredity instead of environment.

Sir John Kirk has been visiting Australia and has presented there the work of the London Ragged School Union, of which he is a director and secretary, in lifting up the sediment of humanity in England which never seems to have had a chance. When in 1907 he received a knighthood, Sir John said: "That recognition was an appreciation of what was being done for the slum child. I came into Lord Shaftesbury's work after the pioneers had done something to lay the foundations of what has been a great uplift. We find today the world over a concentration on the child that was not realized before. We realize that the nexus of everything lies in the child.

"It is interesting, as a matter of history, to realize that the Ragged School movement was put on foot in 1844 by Lord Shaftesbury, who saw what the French called the 'kind mother idea.' Having gathered the children, as was then done, in a small way, they discovered all kinds of needs, and methods were instituted to meet those needs. Today in England the child is in a very much better position than ever before. There is a wave of sympathetic interest going out towards the child, which I am sure augurs well for the future.

"The Union tries to make the conditions of childlife more comfortable and easy, by supplying boots and clothing, and tiding parents over pinch times, and generally acting the part of the Good Samaritan. We have our old buildings in London, formerly used as day schools, manned by voluntary workers. In London alone we have about 6,000 of these people, representing all sections of society, the King and Queen being our patrons, and the old scholars forming the backbone of the work. We pay for dinners for necessitous children during the August summer holidays. In school times some 60,000 children are provided for by the State, for the education authorities realize that they must be fed if they are to be physically fit to receive the instruction given. The Union provides between 20,000 to 30,000 pairs of boots each year.

"I have been officially connected with the Ragged School movement since 1867, when I was asked to assist the then secretary. I have been a voluntary worker from a youngster. Thankful am I that the work has gone on and so mightily prospered. Today we are practically the allies of the State, representing the charitable side of things. Now the destitute child is a State child, and whatever is done must be accomplished through the State."

Dr. Harry Roberts, a London physician with a large slum practice, has just published (John Murray) a book entitled "Towards a National Policy." His daily experiences had impressed him with the pitiful waste involved in the conditions that are allowed to exist there. He says that a great majority of the children, as well in the slums as elsewhere, are at the moment of their birth physically and mentally healthy, and it ought not to prove beyond the capacity of statesmanship to prevent the frightful deterioration which in the poorer quarters so generally follows. Born in poverty and squalor, they have no chance of making anything of their lives, and from every point of view it would be more economical for the State to ensure them conditions conducive to healthy growth than to continue to provide gaols, lunatic asylums and poor-houses for their reception. He is unsatisfied with modern methods of education:

"Education should be of a more practical, less stereotyped pattern than now prevails. The present system of dogmatic instruction tends to produce unpractical, inefficient boys and girls. 'There can be no comparison between a system which shuts children up for six or more hours a day in stifling class-rooms, compelling them to direct their whole being to matters in which they normally take no interest, and a system which gives outlet to most of the natural instincts of childhood. Weaving, pottery, carpentry, hut-building, forging, making clothes, gardening, the care of animals, cookery, housewifery, baby-tending, dressmaking—these subjects, properly taught, would convert our schools into veritable paradises for children, real Child's Gardens.' Yet Dr. Roberts disclaims any leaning towards Socialism. He merely advocates helping those who cannot help themselves, in order to arrest the progress of race-deterioration. Too much money is being spent, he says, in baling out water from the swamp of destitution. What is needed is means for diverting into proper channels the streams that feed the swamp. 'At present such help as the State gives is practically all in the form of doles, given on condition that the recipients shall make no effort to help themselves. . . . A more demoralizing arrangement can scarcely be conceived.' In an appendix briefly reviewing Mr. Lloyd-George's Social Insurance Bill, Dr. Roberts says he was amazed at the 'open-mouthed and uncritical applause' with which the scheme was greeted on all sides, and was alarmed to 'realize the confusion which exists almost universally between real, constructive social reform and organized State charity, such as is proposed in the present measure.' The great need, he insists, is to afford opportunity; the danger to be avoided at all costs is to subsidize shiftlessness and inefficiency. Technical training and military training should be universal and compulsory, and every effort should be made to get the people back to agricultural pursuits."

Dr. Roberts offers no adequate method for getting the slum child back to the soil. It is the duty of the State.

Sir John is showing evidences of being a statesman as well as a philanthropist.

We have a problem on our hands of appalling magnitude and of supreme importance.

Have we not gone far enough in the meaningless treadmill of a sloppy, if well-meaning, philanthropy and arrived at Nowhere, to have got the hint at least that something more efficient must be tried? There is no need to go so far as Plato and turn over all the children to the State—although we have done this in their common school education—but as for the myriads of helpless slumites, and more, the children of that third of Great Britain's population who, said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, are always on the verge of want, there is no hope for them until the State takes them and cares for them. And there is no hope of doing anything for the confirmed slumite except through his children. If "Civilization" continues to allow the confirmed slumite to have children, why is there not something attempted which will prevent that awful reversion of type which is the menace of civilization today?

Years ago the writer took a humble part with his brother, the late Walter Vrooman, in the organization of the first Parks and Playgrounds ever established for poor children in New York City. This was long before Mr. Walter Vrooman founded Ruskin College, the laboring man's college, at Oxford. The foundation of Mr. Walter Vrooman's political creed was that the wrongs of the social structure are so deep and the middle-aged and older world are so set in their ways, that there is no hope for a better civilization in the future, unless the foundations are laid in the youth of this generation.

There is hope for the slum child. There is no hope for the slumite. The hope of the slum child lies in his being transplanted to the wide, free places of the Empty Empire and in being placed in an environment in which he can grow, and not rot.

It is not intelligent to allow the children upon whom the future of the Empire is to rest to lie and rot in the plague-breeding swamps of our beloved and sacred *status quo*.

Bring the slum child to the farm. Let the State bring him back to the soil.





The Japanese and the Christian Religion

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

ONE of the ablest of the members of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission was telling the writer at his dinner table recently of a journey across continent, some years ago, with one of the makers of New Japan. If the writer's memory is not at fault, it was the late Prince Ito. The celebrated American official asked the Japanese statesman what religion the Japanese would adopt. "Oh, we have adopted the Christian religion," was the prompt reply. "Do you mean the ruling classes, or the people, or any considerable number of your people?" he asked. "I mean the whole Japanese nation," was the reply. "Have you adopted Catholicism or Protestantism or Unitarianism or what?" "We have adopted Christianity. Christianity is a magnificent commercial system."

This is the best illustration of the Japanese attitude which has come in our way, and reminds one forcibly of the adoption of Christianity by one of the ancient rulers—was it Charlemagne or Constantine?—who baptized the whole population at the point of the javelin, and had to do the job every winter to keep them baptized, until it became a question as to whether Christianity conquered paganism, or paganism conquered Christianity.

The serene and facile philistinism with which the average Oriental adopts anything which will be a commercial asset to him reminds one of the politics of the average Anglo-Saxon, who is this or that for what there is in it for him. The Japanese situation resembles that of Dumarsais, one of the Encyclopedist philosophers before the French Revolution. He, too, was at loss for a religion, so much so that when he was sent for to take charge of three lads, scions of the greatest families of his day, he coolly asked their parents: "In what religion do you wish them to be educated?"

Mr. Watson, in "The Future of Japan," quotes Count Okuma as complaining bitterly of the lack of a religion in his country. "There is not a single moral standard to which the people can adhere," says the Count. A former Minister of Justice, Mr. Kiyoura Keigo, says that "the moral code of the old Samurai, known as bush-i-do, has been abandoned and men have come to think that any conduct which is not illegal is allowable." Baron Iwasaki laments that the moral code of old Japan has been swept away and that it has not been replaced by the moral tone of European countries.

There are indications that the revival of Shintoism in Japan, and with it the belief in the divinity of the Mikado, has had a strong impetus in the growth of anarchy and socialism, both of which are attributed to the spread of Christianity, by a growing class of men. The execution of twelve Japanese socialists, so called, in January, 1911, has given the whole nation the shivers, since the attempt was made on the sacred person of the Mikado himself. This is modernity with a vengeance. But this very freak of Occidentalism is in a measure discrediting Occidentalism and everything which came from the west, and Premier Katsura has himself spoken in public of America as being the sources of the anarchistic teachings which are troubling the empire.

There is a disposition to teach that socialism, anarchy and Christianity are identical, and the Minister of Education is reported to have said: "In imparting education the most careful attention should be directed to encouraging the people to reverence the Shinto deities, placing great importance on the religious services held in commemoration of their ancestors."

The great assemblage (at the lowest estimate a million) of the Buddhists at Kyoto last May, coming from all parts of the empire, does not seem like the last rites of a dying religion. The secret persecution of Christians, while a prince of the land boasts of adopting the Christian religion in his most exquisitely ironical vein, is a fair sample of the Japanese sense of humor. When police spies are set by the government to watch a grandmothers' meeting established by a mission kindergarten, and when most of the churches have spies in attendance, and all of the churches have to submit their membership lists to the police, and when members of the churches are often taken to the police station to be interrogated, and ten thousand other little annoyances, and some not so little, are required of the Christian population of Japan, it does not require a tension of the imagination to near the breaking point for one to comprehend the value of the assertion of the Japanese prince that the Japanese nation has adopted the Christian religion.

"Christianity is a magnificent commercial system."

We have the prince's word for it—if it was the prince.

Let us see how it works.

Dr. Tanaka Masahira tells some unpalatable truths in Count Itagaki's paper, the "Shakwai Seisaku," of Tokyo. He says that the westernization of Japan's new social, commercial and political life is more or less a hollow make-believe. In the forty years since his countrymen have come in contact with Occidental civilization "their innate deftness in the art of imitation has enabled them to adopt the military, legislative, and educational systems of Europe and America, but it is all leather and prunella."

He goes on to say, and truly, that they have not absorbed the intellectual and spiritual power of the west. "The internal side of this newly-developed civilization of ours is so poor and weak as to make men of true knowledge heave a sigh of disappointment. Now, the civilization and institutions just imported from the Occident seem so dazzlingly brilliant and grand in the eyes of our countrymen, accustomed as they had hitherto been to the temper of feudalism, that it is not surprising that at a time when the old institutions had been abolished and everything tended to urge the people to take to the new, their minds should have fondly turned to that which was so novel to them. It was thus that our people unanimously strove to imitate things foreign, but their imitation was not a true adoption, but merely a superficial mimicry. Our people, in other words, were no more than infatuated by the spectacle which material civilization presented to their eyes, their conception of that civilization being, not intellectual, but merely physical, with the result that they found a wide difference between the ideas and customs of the new civilization and those to which they had hitherto been accustomed and which they had till then observed, and a great melee between the new civilization and the old ensued."

This writer draws a dismal picture of the devotion with which his fellow-countrymen pursue wealth and pleasure under the new condition of things. Literature and religion are neglected. For the country in general and the individual the pagan maxim of ancient Rome is being revived: "Get money, money still; and then let virtue follow if it will." To quote further:

"In contemplating the direction in which the modern Japanese civilization has developed or progressed, one observes that it has chiefly concerned itself with the economic equipment and development of the country, or the enriching of the nation and strengthening of her naval and military forces, all the other matters being left uncared for. Both the activity of the nation and the policy of the administration seem to betray their anxiety lest their efforts directed toward the accomplishment of this one object should suffer a setback. And if there happens to be a man who preaches such things as intellectual development, not only will he be left unsupported, but he will not infrequently be sneered at or looked down upon by his fellow-men. Men who do not talk of business and discuss industrial questions are nowadays regarded as being below the average in intelligence, and unfit to be numbered among the civilized. Not that I make light of business, but it is a truly dangerous sign of

the times that the whole energy and attention of the nation should be concentrated upon that one particular branch of human activity."

We have no hesitation in saying that we like Dr. Masahira. Were Japan led by such men, she would be invincible. It is because the Japanese are so unlike this distinguished scholar and gentleman that we are persuaded that already the days of the Japanese are numbered and that history will record that her day has been a brief one. There is nothing anywhere to show that the Japanese have absorbed at least the spiritual power of the western world. No nation can live long, and certainly it cannot live well, without that source of all true individual and social success—spiritual power. What a familiar sound have the words of this scientist: "Men who do not talk of business and discuss industrial questions are nowadays regarded as being below the average in intelligence, and unfit to be numbered among the civilized. Not that I make light of business, but it is truly a dangerous sign of the times that the whole energy and attention of the nation should be concentrated upon that one particular branch of human activity."

Christianity (as interpreted by Japan and some other nations) is truly a magnificent commercial system. The man who can get the most out of it in this world and the next is the best man.

Carlyle called it a pig-philosophy.

Rencontre

By HENRY VAN DYKE

Oh, was I born too soon, my dear, or were you born too late,
That I am going out the door while you come in the gate?
For you the garden blooms galore, the castle is *en fete*;
You are the coming guest, my dear—for me the horses wait.

I know the mansion well, my dear, its rooms so rich and
wide;
If you had only come before I might have been your guide,
And hand-in-hand with you explore the treasures that they
hide;
But you have come to stay, my dear, and I prepare to ride.

Then walk with me an hour, my dear, and pluck the reddest
rose
Amid the white and crimson store with which your garden
glows—
A single rose—I ask no more of what your love bestows;
It is enough to give, my dear—a flower to him who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear, for many and many a
day,
But I must ride the lonely shore, the Road to Far Away:
So bring the stirrup-cup and pour a brimming draft, I pray,
And when you take the road, my dear, I'll meet you on the
way.

—Exchange.

The Imperial Emigrant and His Political Religion

By Arthur Hawkes

(Continued from Page 30, January Issue)

THE Duke sees that service to Canada and the Empire is to be rendered by helping the settler to purchase his farm, and then retiring gracefully with your capital and 6 per cent. for the period during which the settler used it. He laughed greatly when he heard that some people imagined he desired in the transference of people to Alberta from his own Scottish territory to perpetuate any shred or shadow of the ancient feudalism.

The Duke has grasped the simple truth that it is neither wise nor profitable to turn a "green" Briton with a cheque book into a new country and tell him to buy land and equipment, and begin to build houses and barns without experience and without the aid of those who know how to save money in the spending of it.

Experience is worth paying for, but there is no sense in throwing away money inaugurating a Canadian farm under the mistaken notion that you are investing it. He sees that if a Britisher can go to a farm which carries eighty acres of crop the first year, and the cost of which can be paid for on the same terms as the land is paid for, the farm is at once on a profit-earning basis, and is more sure to recompense the seller of the land than would be the case if a "green" hand were left to gain his livelihood by the slow annual increase of his crop area, which has distinguished the course of many thousands of Britishers' entry to the honorable field of agriculture.

The Duke has also discovered that as the successful settlement of Canadian lands must be on Canadian lines—the genius who was confident that a Derby digger was the ideal implement for breaking up

prairie sod died some time ago—any large readjustment of method must carry the co-operation of Canadians experienced in settlement and desirous primarily of strengthening the foundations of Canadian-British unity.

As I write the details of the Duke's plan have not been disclosed. But it is known that he proposes the association of Canadian and British brains and capital in obtaining from all the Canadian governments which desire to promote immigration, lands and means of intercommunication, on which will be placed settlers through a company which will partially prepare the farm—erect buildings and put a certain amount of land into crop—and sell it to the occupant on terms, devised to allow a certain elasticity according to crop results.

From the multitude of difficulties such as beset every workable scheme two are specially obvious in the Duke of Sutherland's scheme. One is of management, the other is of the quality of the people who are to become farm-purchasers. The greater of these is the second.

Management is primarily a one-man question, given adequate resources. The selection of settlers looks quite simple. The handling of them after they are settled is going to be extremely difficult, because of the manifold differences between life in the Old Land and life in the New, which I have sketched in preceding pages. I am not so sure whether at first it will not be better to get people who have already begun to make good in Canada. Certainly a leaven of them should be in every district wherein the Duke's company will operate.

Anyway, the initial task of getting people to understand that nothing that can be done for them is comparable to what they can do for themselves, and that things will necessarily be different in Canada from things in Britain, can be undertaken more successfully in Britain than has hitherto been the case. It is the lesson of the Emigrant Returned; the conscious doing in the realm of the family what the Imperial Conference is subconsciously doing in the august spaciousness of the Empire. It is merely the anticipation in Britain of what will happen to the emigrant in Canada.

Two years ago I discussed Chinese emigration to Canada with a Vancouver Chinaman who has become the legal guide, philosopher and friend of his countrymen in British Columbia. In the club rooms of the Chinese Reform Association he told me of a plan to establish schools in Shanghai and one or two other Chinese cities, wherein the intending emigrant to Canada and the United States might prepare for a queueless life. The idea is good, and not for Chinamen alone. We expect the Celestial to be different from ourselves; we desire the Britisher to be like unto ourselves. Though there is no queue to be shorn, there are things to be learned which might save a great deal of trouble.

I shall mention one potential aid to emigration that too few "experts" have appreciated. Recently there came to me an English farmer from Alberta, who finds great happiness in that province, and whose children would not return to Manchester for bags of gold. His wife, he said, preferred city life, but vowed that if ever she returned to England she would take her cook-stove with her. There are thousands of British men who would like to live in Canada, but whose wives do not wish to come, because they have exaggerated notions of the hardships they would have to contend with. Not one in ten of these good women is accustomed to do her cooking with anything like the convenience that is enjoyed by those who cook in such stoves as are found in the remotest, most primitive houses of the new country.

Again, the winter is a definite hindrance to many excellent people. I have never seen a child's sleigh exhibited in Britain as an evidence of the fact that winter in Can-

ada is a time of abundant sport for the youngsters. When my three girls had been a year in Canada I asked if they would like to live again in England. They said "No," and when I asked "Why not?" the first reason given was, "Because we could not have our sleighs there."

One of these days I expect to write an article on "How to Canadianise Britain," in which I shall try to show how the process of approximating the life, ideas and standard of living of the average man in Britain to the life, ideas and standard of living of the average man in Canada, may be advanced. For, be it remembered, if there is to be complete Imperial unity there must be a growing likeness between your life and ours, and not a divergence in the standards that are most common to the greatest number of people. In some respects the new land has gone beyond the old.

Whenever you look for guidance as to what the future may profitably bring forth you are bound to come across sign-posts to the Emigrant Returned.

I am not concerned to reduce the political religion of the Imperial emigrant to precise articles of faith. He will have to translate his faith into votes on his own experience. Still, from a distance he can discern the broad, deep current of Canadian-Imperial progress, and can learn that there are some eddies in the stream that his political barque should avoid.

It is the business of Canada to become an increasing power within the British Empire. I have not for a long time seen such a wise statement of what I believe to be the true position as that which was made by Lord Grey on his return to England in October. The ex-Governor-General, who was the first of the line to thoroughly identify himself with the Canadian spirit, has raised a standard which I believe the Imperial emigrant may regard as his own. He said:

"Notwithstanding some desire to the contrary, there is no expectation in Canada that the recent Canadian elections should be used for inducing any change into the tariffs of the United Kingdom. It cannot be too clearly understood that Canadians are as averse to the idea of interfering in your local affairs as they are to any interference on your part in theirs. The method by which the self-governing Dominions may collect revenue requiring them to fulfil not only national but Imperial obligations, is

regarded by the Canadians as a local matter within the sole jurisdiction of the Dominions concerned. They do not wish to interfere with the desire of the people of the United Kingdom to raise revenue in such a way as may seem best to them.

"Let it be clearly understood that the Canadian people are not in sympathy with any form of Imperialism which involves the idea of the subjection of a self-governing people to any authority outside, or to any form of government involving the idea of Jingo aggressiveness or arrant interference with the rights of others. Canadians are all Imperialists and all Nationalists."

Politically, the emigrant has things to unlearn, even as he has when he travels, when he farms, when he builds a house. He must learn that party names do not mean the same things in Canada as they mean in Britain. Let me illustrate. There has recently been unpleasantness in Britain over the House of Lords. The Liberal party has clipped its wings, as an Irishman said the other day, to prevent it trampling upon Liberal legislation.

The complaint against the House of Lords was that it had become a Tory organization. When a Tory Government passed legislation in the House of Commons, the House of Lords opened its mouth and shut its eyes, and took all that was sent to it. But when a Liberal Government sent important bills to the Upper Chamber the process was reversed—the House of Lords opened its eyes, shut its mouth, and took what it was obliged to.

In Canada there is a pale and feeble imitation of the House of Lords—the Senate. Half a generation ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier pledged himself to reform it, for the very same reason that the Liberal party attacked the House of Lords—it had become a Conservative party institution. He has governed the appointments to the Senate for fifteen years, and it is now as much a Liberal institution as it was a Conservative institution twenty years since.

Take an illustration from provincial politics. A Conservative Government at Toronto is distributing the lighting over half the province. It is bringing Niagara Falls into the electric lamps in the room in which I write, and has pledged itself to supply practically all Ontario with the dangerous fluid—the most radical piece of administration I know of in the Empire.

Again, in Britain the emigrant probably

belonged to the Conservative party, which has vehemently opposed local veto. The Conservative government in Ontario is enforcing local veto, on smaller majorities than the United Kingdom Alliance would gladly accept. Lately in Nova Scotia I saw a letter from a Conservative candidate, a letter pledging himself to the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating beverages in Canada. He has since become Chief Whip of the Conservative party.

Take still another illustration. Many people think that free trade is an immutable article of the Liberal faith in Britain. I agree with Sir Edward Grey that it was and is an expedient. Free trade was introduced into Britain to help manufactures. Agriculture could not support the rapidly increasing population. It was necessary to obtain and keep overseas markets, and the great apostles of free trade, Bright and Cobden, who were manufacturers, preached the necessity of obtaining cheap food and cheap raw material as a means of maintaining the industrial supremacy of Britain.

In Canada protection was adopted for the same reason that free trade was adopted in Britain—to encourage manufactures. At that time the Canadian people were producing, as they are producing today, far more food than they could eat. Whatever your theories of free trade and protection—and, of course, I admit that protection is liable to abuse, and has been abused in some respects—it is true that thousands and thousands of Old Country workmen are better off in protected Canada than ever they expected to be in free trade England.

There is a special reason why the British emigrant should become seized of these things before he reaches Canada—because he becomes a full-fledged citizen almost before he has had time to realize that he is thousands of miles away from his old home. Of all those who come to Canada from outside he is the only one who is endowed with all the rights of Canadian citizenship the moment he sets foot on Canadian soil.

When he enters Ontario from Quebec he is, civically, in precisely the same position as the native-born Canadian who enters Ontario from Quebec. Both receive the vote on exactly the same terms—residence for a year in the province, and for three months in one constituency.

The obligation, therefore, to become a

Canadian presses more definitely upon the Britisher than upon those who come as natural aliens to the Dominion.

Until a few months ago no large and careful effort was made to assist the British-born in Canada to understand the peculiar privilege and responsibility that belongs to them. Canadian elections for the last twenty years have been fought on domestic issues. But when the reciprocity agreement, made with the United States at the instigation of President Taft, was used by him to teach the republicans from Rhode Island to the Golden Gate that Canada was at the parting of the ways, and that they could prevent the possibility of a commercial union within the British Empire by securing a commercial and social union between the United States and Canada, an issue was raised which affected the very foundation on which the broad current of Canadian national development moves.

And so there was issued "An Appeal to the British-born" to throw themselves into the fight for pro-Canadian, pro-British independence—an appeal which, followed up by a vigorous platform and press propaganda, did much, perhaps more than any other special effort, to secure the victory which has given more hope to British Imperialists the world over than anything else that has happened within living memory.

The appeal was made entirely from the point of view of the Britisher's pride in Canada. It has left results, not only in the constitution of the House of Commons at Ottawa, but in many constituencies, for there were formed branches of the Canada-British Association, the objects of which are:

To promote, especially amongst those of British birth and origin, the sense of Canadian nationality as an increasing power within the British Empire.

To promote the preservation and extension of the Canadian and British channels of commerce on which the prosperity of the Dominion has been founded.

To encourage, in conjunction with organizations in the United Kingdom, the immigration of settlers from the British Isles, especially those who will make good Canadian citizens.

To establish wherever possible branches

of the association for the purpose of disseminating information and encouraging discussion on Canadian and British political and historical events and movements.

To extend a welcome to all newcomers from the Old Country by fraternal organization and to assist such newcomers to obtain remunerative employment.

As an indication of the effectiveness of the appeal, it is worth mentioning that in St. Thomas, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, the Canada-British Association has four hundred members, and has taken its own clubrooms—proceedings which are being emulated in other thriving towns where the British-born element is a growing factor in public life.

Here, surely, is the living link between the Old Land and the New, the means by which there may spread in the Old an anticipation of what the New will inevitably bring forth. From the point of view of commerce alone, something of this kind is necessary, for, as in the competitive market, the customer is king. The British manufacturer must more and more adapt his goods to the requirements of his purchasers, and may advantageously acquire some of the notions which make his invisible customers' all-powerful demands in some sort the pattern for those whose prosperity is absolutely dependent upon them.

The Emigrant Returned is not full of visions of a new heaven and a new earth; but he will have more sympathy than many of you are apt to suspect with those who are leading the fight with the appalling poverty and its attendant evils, which is becoming recognized all over the world as the outstanding sign of the re-creation of Britain.

Recently I was talking over the political situation with a member of Mr. Borden's Cabinet. When we reduced Canada's relationship with Britain to our individual convictions as to the fundamental requirements of future unity between the two peoples, this conservative chieftain somewhat surprised me by saying, "Do you know, I believe if I were in England I should be a Lloyd-George man."

Happy as we are to be free of the necessity of taking sides in British politics, I do not think there is a single student of

Canadian-British affairs who, watching the disadvantages which the average British emigrant brings to the Dominion, who knows by experience something of the appalling poverty, the terrible hopelessness of millions of lives in the Old Land, and who reads such a speech as that in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer describes himself as "the man in charge of the ambulance wagon," does not feel most poignantly that in this year the casualties of British industrial magnificence are more ominous than its present-day glories.

We are not unmindful of what is said about demagoguery, socialism, the quartering of the poverty-stricken upon those who possess a greater abundance of this world's goods. We do not find it difficult to appreciate the splendor of the contribution of the past to the present. But more insistent than these things are the evidences that assail the eyes and offend the ears of those who return to the Old Land from the New, that without some regeneration that will improve the physique, renew self-reliance, and create a future for that third of the population which Sir Henry

Campbell-Bannerman declared to be on the verge of want, there can be no hope that you or we together can hold in the world the place that the history, the achievements, and the still abundant quality of our race should insure for us.

We cannot become a dumping-ground for social wrecks. Your repairs must be accomplished where the damage has been done, but we may contribute greatly to the work of restoration by helping to prevent the decline of millions of your people into the abyss where so many millions already lie.

POSTSCRIPT.—Just as this article is ready for the post the cable brings summaries of speeches by Lord Selborne and the Duke of Marlborough, which predict that a policy of Imperial emigration will become a plank in the British Conservative platform. The sign is good from whatever side in British politics it comes. Only remember, remember, that the signpost of success points away from Downing street old style to the Emigrant Returned.

The Old Gun

By GEORGE B. STAFF

There's sure a warm spot in my heart for that old battered gun—
 A feeling that I never have formed for another one.
 We've hit the trail together, lived for weeks in solitude,
 And we've roughed it in the open with its ever-changing mood.

But now it's almost useless, for it's old and out of date—
 A victim, like its owner, of the hand of Time and Fate;
 And yet I'll always keep it, for the old gun brings to me
 The golden dreams of youthful years—the days that used to be!



A CONNOISSEUR

Old Lady (*giving a very diminutive nip of whisky to her gardener*): "There, Dennis, that whisky is twenty years old!"

Dennis: "Is it that, marm? Sure 'tis mighty small for its age!"

Is There a Coal Ring in British Columbia?

Article I: A Review of the Situation

COAL SHOULD NOT BE MORE THAN SIX DOLLARS PER TON IN VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA. THE PRESENT PRICE IS FROM SEVEN AND A HALF DOLLARS TO EIGHT DOLLARS PER TON.

THERE is a popular belief, amounting to a superstition, that trusts only flourish in the United States. It is true that in Canada we have more and better safeguards against "combinations for the unlawful restraint of trade," but we do not seem to know how or when to use them. Why, for instance, does not the government take immediate steps to break up the coal "ring" that is restraining trade in this province?

A trust by any other name is just as rotten and corrupt, and the colliery owners and retail dealers may call the "arrangement" by which they control the coal market by any name they choose: the fact remains that the public are being whipsawed and the progress of the whole province is being retarded by "trust" methods. In Montreal coal from the Maritime Provinces is put on the wharf at two dollars and seventy-five cents per ton. Coal can be imported into British Columbia from Australia and sold at a lower price than we are paying for Vancouver Island coal.

Our coal deposits are vast and easily accessible. The cost of labor and transportation is not abnormal. The only conclusion to be drawn, therefore, is that there is no legitimate competition between the colliery owners or the retail dealers. If the collieries and dealers had to market their coal in open competition with each other, the price would come down at a run. At the same time, they would all be making a good profit. I do not intend to go fully into the cost of production at this point. I have very full and reliable figures dealing with that question which I shall publish later. I only wish to mention the case of North Vancouver, where coal is eight dollars per ton and where the supply is uncertain. This coal is bought at the colliery for \$4.75 per ton. Transportation by scows from Vancouver Island costs fifty cents per ton, which, by the way, is twice as much as it need be. To put it into the bunkers costs another thirty-five cents a ton. The coal, therefore, that is sold in North Vancouver for eight dollars per ton costs the dealer \$5.60.

Last year several public-spirited citizens, headed by Mr. J. J. Banfield, attempted to stir the government to take some action against the coal ring. I reproduce below copies of the resolutions that were passed by the leading public bodies and correspondence that passed between the leaders of the movement and members of our Parliament at Victoria. The matter was referred to Ottawa, where it was shelved.

607 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C., January 28, 1911.

Dr. McGuire,
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Dr. McGuire,—I enclose you copies of resolution passed by the Vancouver General Hospital in regard to the price of coal, and asking your Government to appoint a commission to investigate the same.

I also enclose copy of resolution passed by the Vancouver City Council, December 21; copy of resolution passed by the Vancouver Board of Trade, December 30; copy of resolution passed by the Central Executive Ratepayers' Association; also copies of resolution passed in different wards in the city during the recent campaign. All these resolutions are endorsing the action of the Vancouver General Hospital Board.

There are further resolutions that will be acted upon when meetings of the different organizations to which they have been forwarded are called.

The committee having this matter in charge are desirous that the Government should appoint a commission to investigate the question, and we hope you will assist the committee.

Yours very truly,

JOHN J. BANFIELD,

Chairman of the Committee.

[RESOLUTION]

Whereas, this Board recognizes that the price of coal in this city is exorbitant;

And whereas, this Board feels that the price the hospital has had to pay for coal, amounting for the past twelve months to \$16,419.00, has been the chief cause of our monthly deficit;

And whereas, this Board wishes to place itself on record as stating that with immense coal deposits at our door, the price of coal in this city is an outrage on a long-suffering public;

Be it resolved, that the Provincial Government be requested to investigate the coal question;

And be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to the City Council, the Board of Trade, and other public bodies, asking for their endorsement.

THE VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE

December 30, 1910.

Dear Sir,—I beg to advise you that at the meeting of the Council of this Board held on the 29th inst. it was unanimously resolved that this Council recommends to the Board that the resolution of the Vancouver General Hospital in regard to the coal question be endorsed.

Yours truly,

(Signed) WM. SKENE,

Secretary.

THE VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE

January 18, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I beg to advise you that at the monthly meeting of this Board held on 10th inst. the resolution of the Hospital Board in regard to the price of coal was endorsed, and a copy of said resolution has been sent to the Honorable Richard McBride. This Board added a rider to its resolution that in case the Provincial Government should disclaim jurisdiction the matter be referred to the Dominion Government.

Yours truly,

(Signed) WM. SKENE,

Secretary.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE

Vancouver, B. C., December 21, 1910.

Dear Sir,—I beg to say that the Council on the 19th inst. passed a resolution endorsing the resolution passed by your Board on the 15th inst. re the coal question, and I have sent a copy of same to the Provincial Secretary.

Yours truly,

(Signed) W. McQUEEN,

City Clerk.

CITY HALL, NORTH VANCOUVER

Hon. S. L. Carter-Cotton,

Legislative Buildings, Victoria.

District Council of North Vancouver desire to draw the attention of the Government to the injustice that the district and city of North Vancouver are subjected to in the matter of their coal supply, as the colliery owners refuse to supply coal to any reputable dealer in the district, but force them to purchase through coal dealers in Vancouver, from whom at present time no regular supply is obtainable. We would therefore humbly urge that such steps be

taken as would remove this unjust restriction of trade and allow merchants of this city and district to purchase their fuel direct from colliery on the same basis as those of Vancouver city.

JOHN G. FARMER,
Clerk District Council.

North Vancouver, January 30, 1911.

A telegram identical with the above, only with the words "City Council" substituted for "District Council," was sent at the same time by Thomas Shepherd, City Clerk, North Vancouver.

RESOLUTION

Moved by Prof. E. Odium, seconded by Delegate Norcross:

That at a meeting of the Central Executive Ratepayers' Association held in the City of Vancouver it was resolved that the association endorse the action of the Vancouver General Hospital in urging upon the Provincial Government the appointment of a commission to investigate the price of coal, and that a copy of the resolution be sent to the representative of the provincial house in this city and the Premier of the province. Carried unanimously.

RESOLUTION PASSED IN DIFFERENT WARDS DURING THE CITY
ELECTION CAMPAIGN, 1911

That this ward meeting held in the city of Vancouver endorse the action of the Vancouver General Hospital in urging upon the Provincial Government the appointment of a commission to investigate the price of coal. Carried unanimously.

THE CENTRAL CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION OF THE RICHMOND ELECTORAL
DISTRICT

North Vancouver, B. C., January 28, 1911.

Dr. G. A. McGuire, M.P.P.
Victoria, B. C.

Dear Sir,—In reference to the coal question, Mr. Carter-Cotton, in conversation this morning, thought that I had better place the following facts before you.

We in North Vancouver are suffering acutely in this matter, and at the present time are unable to obtain an ounce of coal.

The mines refuse to sell direct to the two firms here in North Vancouver, with the consequence that they are dependent on the Vancouver firms, who hold the North Vancouver firms up in every conceivable way.

This is a matter which might well claim your attention, as we in North Vancouver feel that there is undoubtedly a "coal ring," and that this should be broken.

Yours faithfully,
PERCY KING,
Secretary.

THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATION

Vancouver, B. C., January 28, 1911.

Dr. G. A. McGuire, M.P.P.
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Central Executive Ratepayers' Association held in the city of Vancouver it was resolved that the association endorse the action of the Vancouver General Hospital in urging upon the Provincial Government the appointment of a commission to investigate the price of coal.

Trusting that this will receive your most earnest attention,

Yours respectfully,
R. E. MILLS,
Secretary.

THE GOVERNMENT ACTED IN EXACTLY THE SAME WAY AS DOES A MAN WHO HAS BEEN CHLOROFORMED—THEY REMAINED STILL AND DID NOTHING. ARE THE COAL INTERESTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA SO POWERFUL THAT THEY CAN PREVENT GOVERNMENT TAKING ACTION?

In order that my readers may briefly and clearly see how the coal ring is hindering the development of the province, as well as robbing the long-suffering householder, I will quote a statement made by Mr. W. Blakemore, M.E., in the "Year Book of British Columbia" for 1903—a publication, by the way, that has the approval and support of the Provincial Government. Mr. Blakemore says:

"The future prosperity of this province depends on an abundant supply of the best quality of fuel at a low price. This controlling factor is determined by two conditions—the general low-grade value of our ores and the fact that the geological formation forbids the existence of coal in proximity to the metalliferous deposits, and so involves more or less costly transportation. This governs the conduct of our mining industry absolutely, and is of equal force as applied to other important industries that may be established, the only important consumers of fuel not likely to be handicapped in this respect being the railways, and that because the matter of quality is not so important as in the case of smelting and manufacturing."

The newspapers have given us from time to time such clear expositions of "trust" methods that the average man has them pictured in his mind with all the detail of a blue-print. If we were living south of the forty-ninth parallel and being refused government relief from the oppression of such a coal combination, there would be no mincing of matters. We should at once begin to talk about graft, and wonder if the coal kings had been contributing liberally to party funds. Can that be possible in Canada? I do not say that it is so, but if immunity from government interference in Canada can be purchased by contributions to party funds, the coal owners have plenty of money with which to do it. When the strong representations of important public bodies are treated with contempt there must be some reason for it. What is the reason?

The following newspaper item shows that the feeling against the villainous and oppressive price of coal is not confined to the cities of Vancouver and Victoria. Nicola is about half-way between Vancouver and Nelson. I understand that, although no Nicola Valley coal comes to the coast, any quantity of it is supplied to the C. P. R. for their own use at three dollars per ton:

PRICE OF COAL ON THE COAST

In Nelson, the cost of Galt coal is \$3.25, Bankhead coal \$10.50, and \$8.25 for Lethbridge coal. The Board of Trade there proposes to ask the Railway Commission if they can do anything. Large collieries are operated in the Nicola district of British Columbia, but the rate is so high that the product cannot come into competition with Vancouver Island coal in the coast cities. Other collieries will also be operated on a large scale at Princeton, and it may be that when there is straight railway connection from the interior to the coast over a competitive line, cheaper rates will prevail. As it is there is little relief in sight in the way of a reduction in the price of coal. There is even a threat that it will be increased another dollar, the excuse being that the roads in Vancouver are not as good as they might be.

The following quotation from a report of a council meeting in Vancouver I reproduce as independent evidence of the general feeling against the present coal situation. Since that date Alderman Stevens has become a member of the Dominion House at Ottawa, where no doubt he will be glad to assist in drawing the attention of the Government to the work of the coal ring in this province:

Mr. Glover explained that the transfer of the works to a site close to deep water would make the company independent of the Vancouver Island coal supply, which at present had a monopoly of the business. It would render it possible to secure fuel cheaper from Britain and Australia than it could now be shipped from the island. As much as \$5 per ton was now being paid for gas coal, which a few years ago could be purchased at \$1.50. Alderman Stevens said the discussion was perhaps scarcely germane to the negotiation of the agreement, but he felt it was the duty of the civic authorities to lend what influence they could towards the reduction of the present absurd prices of coal and gas.

In the March number of this magazine I shall deal with the cost of production on Vancouver Island; the cost of transportation from Nanaimo; the cost of handling in Vancouver; the lack of coal bunkers and other modern conveniences here; the in-

adequate stocks kept on hand; the better methods of New South Wales. I shall also suggest a way to get the Government to act in the matter.

As we go to press the following letters have come to hand.

Editor British Columbia Magazine:

Vancouver, January 25, 1912.

Sir,—I am pleased to see that someone has the courage to take this question up, and hope that the agitation will continue until the retail price is reduced to about \$6 per ton, which in my opinion is ample.

I brought this matter to the attention of the late commission on taxation, and suggested the advisability of appointing a royal commission to inquire into the present high price of coal in British Columbia, but I am satisfied nothing will be done unless the people demand it. There is no question but that the high price of coal is working a hardship upon the poorer classes in this city and is detrimental to those manufacturing concerns that have to depend upon coal for power.

It is necessary in a movement of this kind to have the support of the press, and if they will do their duty there is no doubt in my mind but that we will get some relief along the lines desired.—Yours truly,

A. G. McCANDLESS,
President Vancouver Board of Trade.

Editor British Columbia Magazine:

Victoria, January 24, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to hear that you intend publishing an article in your next issue on the price of coal. There is no doubt the price of this article is at least one dollar per ton too much, and I will be only too glad to do all in my power to bring about a reduction in price.—Faithfully yours,

CHARLES E. TISDALL, M.P.P.

Next month I hope to have more correspondence from prominent men dealing with the question. In the meantime I shall be glad to hear from any of our readers expressing their opinions, or giving special facts which have come under their notice.

F. PENBERTHY.

OWING to an oversight, the fine photograph of Mount Baker as seen from Victoria, which appeared in our last number, was not credited to Mr. F. Dundas Todd. We wish to express our regret to Mr. Todd and to congratulate him upon the finest picture of this subject that has been taken so far.

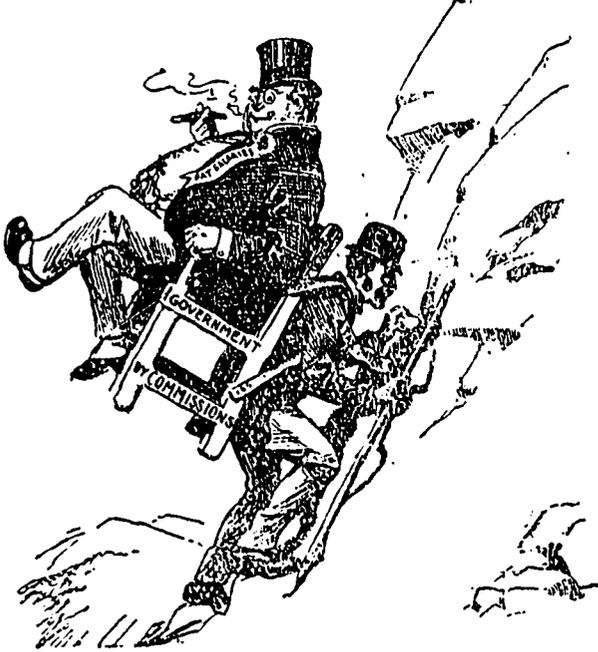
We are indebted to the Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, for the pictures of British Columbia game fish in this number.



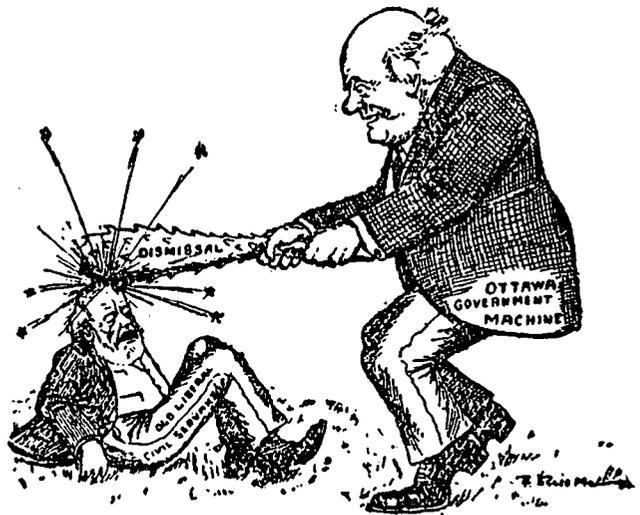
Ach! it is growing
—Vancouver Daily Province



An offering in the right direction
—Vancouver Daily Province



They don't know where they're going, but they're on the way.—New York Herald.



DR. HYDE IN POLITICS
THE MACHINE—Listen to the crunch! I've often wanted to try that club on him.—Toronto Globe.



Sir Lomer Gouin's latest hobby.—Montreal Star.



AFTER THE SKELETONS—Pugsley: "If it gets n here, Sir Wilfrid, it will knock the sawdust out of my wharves."—Toronto News.

Some Defects of Municipal Government, with Suggestions to Expedite Improvement

By M. B. Cotsworth, F.G.S., of New Westminster, B. C.

This article was specially written for us by Mr. M. B. Cotsworth, who has made a comparative study of municipal systems of government in various parts of the world. We almost suggested as an alternative title for it, "How to Make Municipal Government Graft-proof."

We are at a formative period in our history in British Columbia, and an opportunity which may never be repeated is offered us today to re-model our municipal system of government. No man with any true sense of citizenship would like to see repeated in this country the corrupt and shameful incidents that have occurred in connection with municipal government elsewhere. No matter what manner of man is elected to represent the public, he is immediately assailed by forces that appeal to his selfishness and which militate against the interests of the public. In many cases these forces are almost irresistible. When a man surrenders to them, however, he is usually less to blame than the system. If proper safeguards are provided as suggested in this article, the individuals who are elected to represent us can successfully repel the insidious forces, the "interests" that assail them from the moment that their election is announced.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE decision of the Government of British Columbia to revise the Provincial Municipal Clauses Act has led anxious taxpayers, concerned about the difficulties preventing and retarding civic reform, to request me to make known the dominating defects in municipal systems detected during recent investigations, and to suggest some practicable remedies by which the Government, together with the electors, can eradicate financial abuses, waste or extravagant expenditures, and other detrimental party and selfish forces now developing increasing burdens of taxation, to be borne by workers and settlers, upon whose welfare the permanent prosperity of this great country, with all its vast natural resources, most necessarily depends.

2. Earlier studies of those retarding forces in the United States ten years ago were influenced by the well-considered experience of President Hadley, of Yale University, who, having carefully observed the trend of civic abuses in U. S. A. during many years previous to 1903, explained to me how systematic abuse of the elective system had been allowed to contaminate Federal, State and Municipal

administrations with such oppressive power.

President Hadley said: "The people of America made strenuous efforts to elect men of their choice, and then made the great mistake of allowing elected men to abuse the privileges of office for private gain, and to serve the purposes of interested parties who provided election expenses to secure control for what it was worth in gain to them."

Another experienced American observer then told me that "good business men were so busy making profits that they would not give their valuable time and experience to administer civic affairs, as it paid them better to subscribe to 'party funds' and let the bosses and heelers control civic affairs, whilst those whose business gained by civic and other abuses could enlist the services of bosses and their minions to frustrate reform."

TAMMANY'S SYSTEM

3. That confirmed similar impressions derived from authentic sources during the great 1903 mayoralty struggle I witnessed in New York a few weeks earlier, whilst the nobler groups of New York citizens

had been waging electoral warfare against the notorious "Tammany Hall" political combination, which oppressed the people and inflicted grave financial burdens upon workers who later were impoverished by those poverty-creating forces that, despite the warnings of European experience, have produced the slums and most vices—in direct opposition to the well-intended, strenuous efforts of the nobler minorities who tried to establish better conditions to improve civic affairs.

4. Tammany's method was simple and effective. Its leaders saw that the neglect of the city authorities to give immigrants a helping hand, left an opening for Tammany officials to become agents for large employers of unorganized labor to supply cheap workers by interviewing immigrants (especially the illiterates from Southern Europe), who were promised work on condition that they would "vote Tammany." Few of them knew the value of their vote, but most were faithful to that promise given to men who befriended them upon arrival in America, and so formed the masses of voters upon whom Tammany could rely, because those poor people from Southern Europe continued faithful to the promise they made to Tammany officials on entering New York.

5. Consideration of the influences then controlling New York established the fact that the electors were mostly deluded by the belief that they were "free to select their mayor by vote," whereas they had in reality been deprived of that needed public safeguard by the nefarious invention of the "political party machine."

By that device the electors' choice was practically restricted to voting for one of two men selected by conflicting party organizations, whose warfare tended to drag down opposing parties below respectable standards, and sear the consciences of their partisans with selfishness and prejudice.

6. The net result was that the "Tammany" and other selfish "interests" generally triumphed over the efforts of reform parties, by swamping their votes under the ballots of the ignorant masses "Tammany" had permanently corralled by inducing immigrants to pledge themselves to vote the Tammany ticket, virtually for life, in return for befriending them by offering them work on first entering the

United States of America as the country of their adoption.

Now that the children of illiterate immigrants have been educated in U. S. A. schools and developed into citizens possessing the manhood suffrage vote, they are beginning to realize how their parents were duped into selling their votes to men who used them, both for political purposes and to enable hard men to make undue profits out of immigrant labor. Therefore it is easy to understand why the young workers are now determined to use their votes in favor of reforming and bettering social conditions.

AMERICANS TOO FOND OF ELECTION PANTOMIME

7. It is rather comic for observers to notice the tactics by which the subverting "interests" are striving to circumvent those forces of progress. The astute and unconscionable leading abusers of political and civic power, have long been trained in the debasing art of bamboozling voters by misleading cartoons, comic pictures in Sunday papers, and pantomimic antics on political platforms more purposely worked up than scenes on the pantomime stages of theatres.

Local party "bosses" have successfully used those means to hoodwink the voters during past years, till now electors are trained to expect pantomime and tricky amusement instead of quiet, well-considered judgment, based on knowledge, as the dominant factor which should decide elections.

8. The alarming use of that subversive power resulted in bringing to the front unscrupulous "spell-binders," "party-healers," and other disreputable "hangers-on," who "jollied" along the followers after professional politicians and their bosses, who heeled-down the masses of the workers unmercifully by unseen ways, whilst pretending to be their friends on party platforms prior to and during elections. Meanwhile those undesirables make fat livings at the expense of the voters they delude; but that game is now waning.

9. The "party-boss system" trended westwards with the spread of the real estate fever, on which its moneyed interests thrived, because get-rich-quick people grafting on real estate knew that they could squeeze greater profits from the

settlers, if their representatives got elected on the municipal and legislative councils, as they could be the first to get "inside information" as to the intended location of incoming railways, tramways, industries, new roads, parks, electric light and power, water and other municipal improvements, that could be used to develop and expedite increasing values, through which the parties, who provided the election expenses of those plastic representatives, could prey upon persons attracted by such improvements to live in the locality.

JUSTICE SUBVERTED

10. That seductive system had necessarily to be secretly designed and carried out unobserved to elude suspicion. Further, when rascals were detected, they called upon the interested parties they served, to provide the heavy costs of legal defence, and thus drew forward the lower cult of unscrupulous lawyers, who gradually edged their way into the front ranks of individual power, especially as the legislators of U. S. A. made the grave mistake of leaving judgeships open to election. By that means many of them were elected judges, thus ousting the more judicial judges of experience.

Then the gravest abuses of American law followed, inflicting such flagrant injustice that honorable men who dared to oppose wrongdoers and endeavored to secure justice for the people, were crushed by the protracted and cruel processes of laws overstrained through technicalities, and false evidence engineered by men debasing their forensic skill, to undermine the laws they had taken solemn oath to uphold on entering the legal profession. They not only worked as shields for criminals, but were in some cases actual plotters sharing in the spoils.

11. So many noble men with deserving wives and families were mercilessly overpowered, broken in health, or ruined by abuse of the laws of libel, injunction, etc., when they were by unfair methods deprived of the means of defence and even the means of making a living, that others who deplored the resulting injustice and felt impelled to uphold justice, dare not fill up the gaps in their ranks when the choice of risking all that was dear to them in home-life (which it was their first duty to protect) had to be weighed against the

slender chance of their success in the outside duty of protecting their neighbors and society in general from the evils resulting from the party-boss system.

12. Ex-President Roosevelt has repeatedly warned Americans against the disastrous result of those methods which, whilst fermenting the scum of political party controllers up to the hidden seats of power, engender a sense of hopelessness, which designing men cultivate like fungus to demoralize the voters into apathy, through propagating the false belief that whoever gets into power will thereby seek financial gain. When that apathetic stage is reached the persons thriving on abuse feel that they can hold themselves immune from punishment for wrong-doing, by preventing enforcement of the laws enacted to safeguard good citizenship.

13. Unfortunately for Canada, the American party-boss system has invaded this part of our fair Dominion, and though not yet rearing its abominations so high nor operating so virulently, that terrible scourge has begun to inflict such injustice upon its victims that it is very necessary to seize upon the opportunity now open to British Columbians for effectively eradicating the abuses and defects indicated in paragraph 1 hereof, whilst amending the Municipal Clauses Act, not only by clauses requested by the Union of British Columbia municipalities, but by enacting such further safeguarding reforms as are advocated below. The apparent defects are outlined after bracketed numbers, *e.g.* (1), and followed by specific suggestions for remedies indicated alphabetically.

DEFECTS IN OUR MUNICIPAL SYSTEM

14. Careful consideration of British Columbia's municipal system manifests that beyond the abuses already indicated as drifting over to us from across the international boundary, the dominant defects are traceable to (1) the TOO SHORT (yearly) TERMS OF OFFICE for both MAYORS and ALDERMEN. From that the unbusinesslike failures of the "aldermanic system" have generally developed.

15. That the machine-driven system of party politics causes the very unfortunate conflicting and retarding efforts of both the "ins" and "outs," now antagonizing forces, that could work far

better in unison for all cities if wisely blended together to more effectively advance the truest welfare of all classes in the community.

That rivalry develops cliques and factions, and burdens aldermanic life with worries of conflicting forces which almost inevitably demand dominating attention, to the detriment of that quiet, dignified consideration the mayors and aldermen should always be able to more leisurely give to the increasingly important civic affairs now requiring prudent solution, to permanently establish prosperity.

16. The friction-creating and wasteful American system of (2) **REQUIRING THE TAXPAYERS TO SEPARATELY ELECT MAYORS AND REEVES** is particularly dangerous where secret and fraternal societies abound, affording unintended opportunities for moneyed men to scoop votes by membership of many societies.

It is subversive of better government in Canada, because of its liability to serious abuse by "grafters," through those insidious methods which have disgraced so many American cities and grievously burdened their taxpaying workers, thereby further "increasing the cost of living" and reducing both national and international prosperity.

17. Mayors and Reeves should, as in Great Britain, at least be elected by the council who, having won the confidence of the people by election, are more likely to select the most capable man to become their chief director, because they know who have proved the best workers on their committees, where the real work is done—not in the public platform pantomimes. Laughter-raising talkers are seldom good workers or safe directors of civic affairs. Men who can talk to "jolly" voters into accepting black as white, hoodwink the council, or "railroad business through" are, through those dangerous powers, apt to mislead.

18. The men most suitable for those highly important positions as directors of municipalities are not of the "spell-binding," electioneering, domineering, legal-wrangling, or self-pushing type. Men needed to fulfil those executive duties should foremost be honest and courageous, determined to uphold and advance all that is best in civic affairs, on non-partizan principles, ignoring western "kicks and

abuse"—except where legal punishment is warranted.

19. The standard of ability and training requisite for ruling large cities should be raised to at least equal the Executive Officers of large railway, banking, traction, power and industrial companies, with whom they have to negotiate vital affairs concerning their city's permanent welfare. Further, they should be as fully equipped and thoroughly capable of conserving the interests of the city, by maintaining secrecy until negotiations are sufficiently advanced that necessary options or other safeguards are secured before anything of financial value leaks out.

20. We can learn much to profit this rich country and our world-wide empire by careful consideration of the admirable, highly-efficient and truly economical, yet most prosperous, German municipal system, by which the council of each city selects (from the best applicants they can attract from everywhere) its **PERMANENT MAYOR**, who works through all his business life as the far-seeing, ever thoughtful, conscientious and devoted **FATHER** of the city. He is free from political and partisan entanglements, has no fear of grousing electors, has been thoroughly trained in all departments of civic responsibility from his youth up, and possesses practical knowledge of all the great factors needed in combined operation to ensure the ever-increasing and lasting prosperity of all in the city he controls on business principles, whilst all citizens are free to offer suggestions or criticize within reasonable limits.

21. Such executive administrators, knowing well the vital principles of designing and planning, also extensions of the city in accordance with its potentialities, contour and surroundings, are already trained to sift evidence, revise plans submitted, and report to the council, having acquired experience in municipal law, engineering, financing, accounting, police, sanitation, attracting and developing industries, and other civic work, and who therefore cannot be bamboozled by anybody. They know every phase of municipal business methods, and are most valuable mainsprings for propelling and guiding the council on well-directed lines of continuous policy more successfully than the much-discussed "commission form of government," which lacks

that most valuable and highly profitable ruling, permanent director, who is here even more necessary than in any other business conducted by men below cabinet rank.

22. Let us contrast that far-seeing, beneficial method with the futilities and weaknesses of the local system which so often results in the election of self-pushing mayors, in conflict with the majority of the council (even when elected at the same time), thereby developing friction and wrangling. Then we who are Britishers to the core must frankly admit that the thoughtful Germans are the best guides for us to emulate on that very vital executive pivot of municipal control.

23. German mayors defaulting can be promptly dismissed, but so long as they continue thoroughly efficient in administration and do not by neglect or offence deserve dismissal, they can only be retired upon pensions commensurate with the services they are giving. The result is that when the council elected by the citizens elect to make a change (otherwise than by dismissal), the pension they are then required to give to their honorably retiring mayor is usable as a certificate to authenticate his efficiency for employment elsewhere, consequently citizens do not make foolish changes to incur pensions, and the councils have become anxiously careful to select the best men obtainable by paying them well and guarding them carefully from such irritating personal abuse and wrangling as reformers here experience. German mayors are honored and beloved for the noble work they accomplish with tact and judgment.

HURTFUL CIVIC ABUSE AND WRANGLING

24. It is generally evident that deep-dyed wrong-doers who have lost the sense of shame resort to abuse, for the same reason that low types of lawyers, defending criminals they know to be guilty, continue, determined to win by the wickedly unfair means of diverting attention from the crime by striving to blacken the characters of honorable witnesses who are required to maintain and enforce justice. Citizens should realize that the credit of their city is thus endangered, as all such abuses inflict direct and lasting financial loss upon their city by discouraging the best settlers and encouraging civic wrangling that deters the ablest middle-aged men from en-

tering civic life. They are generally intent upon amassing fortunes, and naturally shrink from the turmoil of annual elections, which disturb their business and strain friendships, whilst curtailing profits. The result is that less able men are pushed forward (some by special interests) through the party machine system, that undermines true independence upon which the vote of the people was primarily founded. The smaller minds of less valuable experience fail to grasp the true proportions of the great responsibilities entrusted to them, and give too much attention to trivial matters, wasting time to the neglect of the more vital interests of finance and progressive plans for development.

25. The better managed councils of older countries wisely leave the civic details to permanent officials, so that the aldermen's minds are free to consider more important questions of public policy, in the light of experience gained during ten to twenty years' practical knowledge of civic affairs transacted whilst they served as councillors. There, permanent aldermen are elected by the councillors from councillors long in training for aldermen. They are known in the council as best fitted to become permanent aldermen, after proving their merits by years of previous service. Consequently they are honored with the confidence of the whole community, and therefore relieved from the cost and turmoil of all future elections in order to be free to administer whatever proves best for all classes. Thenceforward they continue in training for the more honorable position of mayor, to which they are generally elected by the council with due regard for their experience and noble service.

26. The aldermen and councillors together elect the mayor, and so are able to work out harmoniously a well-directed permanent policy, through being more continuously in office, as even councillors there are elected for three years—three in each ward, each retiring in different years, so that at least for two years each can more calmly consider what is best for the community, whilst relieved from being overawed by the too pressing attentions of unduly exacting constituents, who incline to press selfish interests to the disadvantage of less powerful classes, or without

fair consideration for the just rights of the rising and following generations.

MONEY BYLAW SYSTEM DANGEROUS

27. Abuses, whether unintentional or otherwise, such as (3) unloading current expenditure debts on future taxpayers by ill-considered bylaws, passed by people who are not given sufficient opportunity and are therefore unable to judge of their dire effects, may easily become popular, whilst highly dangerous to later taxpayers who thus may be unjustly burdened, to the detriment of the province and its credit.

28. It is so easy to induce electors to relieve themselves of, say, \$100,000 by passing a bylaw and letting it slide the burden upon others, that the British Government will never allow any city in the United Kingdom to adopt such a dangerous power, because they know that British credit is at stake. Consequently the money bylaw dangers of popular vote were abolished long ago, and instead the Government enacted the efficient safeguard by which every city requiring money to be raised by bonds must first apply to the Cabinet Minister controlling the "Local Government Board," who sends down an experienced, able Government representative to make full enquiry as to its advisability, call public meetings by advertisement to hear all taxpayers' objections or criticisms, carefully weigh all the evidence of both sides and report through the department to the Minister who is responsible to decide and answerable to the people through Parliament, which thus safeguards British credit from municipal abuses.

29. When we contrast that excellent, quickly responsible, economic system with the dangers and turmoil of the far less effective and more costly American plan, which leaves that vital executive function to be decided by the common people—when, with all due deference, scarcely one in a thousand have sufficient municipal experience to rightly determine such questions, as to whether it is necessary to pull down costly corner premises to meet tram developments that should have been foreseen when the city was being laid out—we can realize the foolishness of the latter plan, lacking systematic guidance, when it results in compelling those who ignorantly voted against the now necessary expenditure being spread over, say, 40 years, and

instead burden themselves with it during the current year—*e.g.*, Venables-Commercial corner, Vancouver.

30. How can those inexperienced voters be reasonably expected to have time after their daily work to consider the merits of each of 30 or more bylaws a city may foolishly be allowed to submit to voters during the strenuous struggles of an election? To expect mature consideration then is absurd. That reckless system would be condemned as dangerous in any permanently established British city, but it is doubly dangerous here, where present taxes are so largely borne by temporary speculators in vacant lots. Those persons are mostly bent upon relieving themselves of financial burdens; they seek to unload upon settlers who buy lots for homes, by which those toilers are building up the province and possible cities into realities.

The futility of the bylaw system was comically exemplified by the sudden end of the wooden Fraser River bridge bylaw passed by the people here. The then city clerk, knowing its folly, refused to sign the bonds, kicked the mayor out of the city hall, and so ended that foolish bylaw.

CONSERVE FRANCHISE RIGHTS FOR PUBLIC UTILITIES

31. The serious "hold-backs," resulting in heavily handicapping workers in rapidly developing cities (4), through unwise, premature and sometimes recklessly granting of "blanket charters" to railway, tram, light, power and other corporations, without ensuring adequate control of either charges or service, are similarly the result of the Government leaving the deserving toilers unprotected against the far-reaching wiles and great financial powers of those forces which the Government ought to have restrained within wise limits by regulations protecting all territories from franchise encroachments, until safeguards in both rates and service could be enforced by revising scales responsive to developing conditions—say every five years—and reasonable limitations of dividends.

32. Like safeguards are needed against (5) misleading voters to grant undue privileges to induce new industries to boom land sales.

MUNICIPAL PROTECTION FOR SETTLERS

33. Further municipal protection is needed for settlers to guard them against

(6) abuse of the local improvement plan now in danger of being worked to the detriment of settlers, as instanced during the recent municipal elections, when a long-time earnest councillor pointed out the fact that by the enforcement of the local improvement system, the present settler's taxation of 10 mills per dollar would be increased to 26 mills on one projected subdivision. No reply was given by the reeve, who was pointedly asked to answer.

34. Determined enforcement of section 67 of the Municipal Clauses Act, which (7) precludes councils from spending more than the revenues they raise each year, is urgently needed to prevent them drifting further into debt and burdening later councils.

35. Good road material (8), quarries and gravel pits, also water and power rights, should be reserved in advance by the Government for future communities wherever they are likely to settle.

36. Election abuses should be suppressed, especially against engineers and other officers restrained from defending themselves. It should be made impossible for any councillor who has wrongly taken public moneys to avoid questions by scooting off the election platform, on which all municipal candidates should appear at least two weeks before election to answer questions, and not leave electors to hunt about in vain for those who presume to ask the suffrages of the people after doing wrong, and never appear to enable electors to verify the truth. That may provide election fun as a pantomime, amusing persons and ignoring the grave harm that may result in electing wrong men; but then, as President Lincoln said, "Men may fool even a majority part of the time, but not ALL the people ALL the time."

REMEDIES

It is submitted that it is advisable to amend the Municipal Clauses Act as follows:

(a) To lengthen terms of office for mayor, aldermen, Reeves, and councillors to three years.

(b) Alter the dates of election to the first week in November, as in England, because it is impossible to complete city accounts before election, and far better for new councillors to see that all accounts inherited from their predecessors are got in and included in the balance sheet for the expiring year—by enforcing section 67.

(c) Abolish the granting of bylaws by electoral vote, and substitute Government supervision, as in Great Britain, but give the fullest opportunity for electors to express their views before the enquiry, which should be open during convenient evenings.

(d) Other than money bylaws should be framed under Government regulations to prevent undue restrictions on trade and liberty.

(e) Safeguard settlers against local improvement subdivision burdens being shifted upon them.

(f) Franchises should likewise be under Government supervision, as also should matters of serious importance to municipal workers, such as pension, sickness or other municipal funds contemplated. It is not right to leave those to be plied during elections, when probably the workers will later leave and lose the hoped-for benefits.

(g) Amend the election clause to prevent abuse and all unfair election tactics.

(h) Fix, unmistakably, the legal responsibility of the assessor or clerk of the municipality to enter all taxpayers upon the voters' list. That vital duty should be definitely fixed upon one official, and not left till would-be voters apply, as it is manifestly unfair to expect that men working at a distance to support their families, can afford to break off work to attend at the City Hall during office hours.

To carry those into effect after enactment it will be necessary for the Government to provide a small municipal department (probably under the Minister of Finance) to insist upon those safeguards being applied by Government inspection of the bond and other financial transactions of municipalities, to make sure that the law intended to conserve and enhance the credit and good name of British Columbia is rightly complied with.

The Game Fish of British Columbia

By John Pease Babcock

Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province, in Bulletin No. 25

BRITISH COLUMBIA, having a coast line of over 7,000 miles, being the source of the Columbia, Fraser, Thompson, Kootenay, Skeena, and many other large but less-known rivers, containing fresh-water lakes of great extent, like the Kootenay, Okanagan, Quesnel, Chilco, Shuswap, and the Harrison, besides thousands of lesser lakes, it is not surprising that she should stand at the head of the provinces of Canada in the wealth of her game fishes. The salmon products of the province alone amount to from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per year. Upwards of 33,000,000 of salmon that were bred in her waters were captured in 1905. Two of her five species of salmon may be taken with troll or fly. The fresh waters of the interior of British Columbia teem with the only true trout indigenous to the waters of Canada. Her game fishes comprise two species of salmon, several species of trout, Arctic grayling, and two charr, one of which is not indigenous to Eastern Canada. Of the salmon, only two—the "Spring" and the "Coho"—are of particular interest to anglers, because the other three species cannot be taken with any lure. The Spring or Tyce salmon of the province is the largest and gamest of the salmon family. It is the one known in Oregon as the "Chinook" or the "Columbia," in California as the "Quinnat," and in Alaska as the "King" or "Tyce." It freely takes the troll in fresh or salt water and occasionally rises to an artificial fly. Sir Richard Musgrave killed a specimen with rod and line at the mouth of Campbell River in September, 1807, that weighed 70 pounds and measured 4 feet 3 inches in length. A plaster cast of this magnificent fish may be seen in the Provincial Museum in Victoria.

A great many of these powerful salmon, weighing from a few pounds to sixty odd, are taken every year by anglers in the salt-water reaches from Victoria to the waters

at the extreme northern end of Vancouver Island and all along the coast of the mainland. More are taken in the vicinity of Victoria, Vancouver, Cowichan Bay, Alberni Canal, and the mouth of Campbell River, because they are more fished for. At some seasons of the year they may be taken in every estuary and at the mouth of almost every river in the province. The best months are from July to November. At many points on the coast of Vancouver Island they are taken as early as February. The Indians of the west coast, during the early spring, keep the markets of Victoria and Vancouver well supplied with these big fish, which they catch with hook and line. During the greater portion of the year the fresh-fish trade of the two cities named is supplied with both Spring and Coho salmon caught with hook and line. The latter are more numerous than the former, and while of smaller size, generally, are just as game. Indeed, many anglers consider the Coho more game than the Spring salmon.

It is often stated that the Pacific salmon do not take a fly, but having caught both the Spring and Coho salmon in the province with a fly, the writer feels justified in denying this statement. Trolling with rod and line in fresh and salt waters is, however, the favorite method in use amongst anglers for catching salmon in the province. Few anglers appear to have sufficient patience to try for salmon with a fly, possibly because trolling produces many more fish with much less effort. I have no doubt that the same amount of energy and persistence one sees displayed on Eastern Canadian, English, and Scotch salmon rivers by anglers who have to depend upon the fly to take the fish, would raise an equal number of salmon in the estuaries and rivers of British Columbia. One familiar with bait-casting methods wonders that it is not more practised in the waters of the province, as it is an easy matter to place one's boat or canoe in waters

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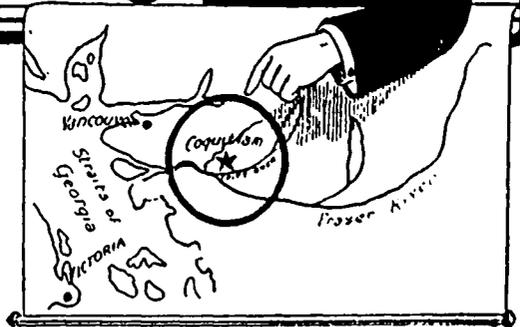


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where the salmon are breaching with great frequency, and where a spoon can easily be placed within their sight.

The water best known and frequented for the capture of large Spring or "Tyee" salmon is at the mouth of Campbell River, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, just south of Seymour Narrows and north of Cape Mudge, where, in July, August and September, one may see anglers from every clime hunting for record fish. Like most other coast points, one may reach this place by steamers either from Vancouver or Victoria, though many go there and to other points along the coast in their own yachts. Campbell River holds the record for big fish, but for numbers one may do as well at Cowichan Bay, Alberni Canal, and at many other points along the coast. That large expanse of water which lies to the north of Vancouver Island is seldom fished by anglers, though the rivers that there empty into the sea are all salmon rivers, some of which produce as many Spring and Coho salmon as the mighty Fraser itself. On the mainland, the Harrison River, above the city of Vancouver, is the most accessible and productive water for those who desire to take salmon with a fly. Very few Spring salmon are there taken by that method, but one may take a good many Coho in October and even as late as November.

The trout of British Columbia comprise all of the recognized varieties of the Pacific Coast, though varying greatly in coloring and markings; and because of these and other slight modifications present many difficulties to the ichthyologist, so that it is not surprising that the fisherman finds it difficult to determine just which variety of trout he is catching; but, notwithstanding the doubts he may have upon that score, he will never be in doubt as to the game qualities of whatever variety of trout he may be engaged with in the waters of the province, be they steel-head, rainbow, or cut-throat.

The steel-head trout of the province more closely resembles in habit, form and color the salmon of Europe than any other fish found in the Pacific. By a few writers the steel-head in many sections is still classed as a Pacific salmon. It, like the Pacific salmon, is generally anadromous and spawns only in fresh water; but, unlike the Pacific salmon, it survives spawning and returns

to the sea, where it remains until it again comes into fresh water to spawn. In the Kootenay and Okanagan Lakes the steel-head variety is very common, and does not go to salt water at all. Specimens of the steel-head taken from salt water are commonly seen in the markets of Vancouver and Victoria during the winter and spring months. They run from 4 to 20 pounds in weight, though occasional specimens weighing as high as 36 pounds have been taken. As a game fish, many anglers, including the writer, consider the steel-head the gamest fish taken in fresh waters.

The numerous varieties of trout found in the upper tributaries of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, and in the great lakes and streams that belong to the Columbia watershed, within the province, are not easily distinguished one from another. As already stated, the large specimens taken from the great lakes in technical character follow very closely the sea run of the steel-head; yet one also finds specimens with the well-known markings of the cut-throat and rainbow varieties. Because of the many differences in color, form and habit, they are given many names, and offer a productive field for the student who delights in fine differentiations.

Railway Extension in British Columbia

THE announcement of the provincial government's railway policy is awaited with considerable interest. Now that people are coming into British Columbia there is urgent demand for means of transportation to and from the vast unopened districts, rich with resources and abundant with possibilities. The government has proceeded slowly to date with railway matters, but now that there is a demand for lines it will very probably present a policy that will meet with approval. It will provide for railways on both Vancouver Island and the mainland. The line on Vancouver Island from Nanaimo to Alberni is in operation, and another extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway is proposed to the northern part of the island, which will give transportation facilities to the greater part of that vast undeveloped portion of the province.

The Canadian Northern's line to Barclay Sound provides for the southwestern part, and a line along the west coast north from Alberni will complete a satisfactory system, though to make it thoroughly adequate some branches will be needed. There are large fishing and lumbering interests on the west coast, and a line will be of great service.

On the mainland, the biggest proposition is the line to the Peace River district, necessary if Vancouver is to retain the trade of the northern part of the province. Mr. A. G. McCandless, president of the Vancouver Board of Trade, has taken a special interest in this project, realizing how important it will be to this city and Victoria. He outlined the advantages of such a road before the board, and headed a delegation that went to Victoria to bring the matter to the attention of Premier McBride and his colleagues. The reply of the Premier was significant. He stated that the policy of his government contemplated a line through the territory mentioned.

Not only will such a line of railway be the means of the coast cities reaching the Peace River district direct, but it will open a great extent of country which now has entry only by trail. True, the Cariboo road runs north from Ashcroft to Fort George, and has served a good purpose. A railway, though, will enable settlers to take up land in the Pemberton and Lillooet valleys, be the means of developing the timber and mineral areas, and will tap a district north of the upper reaches of the Fraser that is now practically unknown. Vancouver wants the construction of the Peace River line.

North Vancouver will be greatly benefited by the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway around the head of Burrard Inlet into the city on the north shore of Burrard Inlet. Plans have been filed at the registry office in New Westminster for such a line. It will not be very long, but will give North Vancouver direct railway connection, something it does not yet possess. Little thought has been given to the Canadian Pacific Railway in the matter of railway facilities for North Vancouver, and the proposed route is one of the simplest in reaching that city. It was to bring railways to the north shore that the bridge across the Second Narrows of Burrard Inlet was proposed, the construction of which is almost assured. It was concluded



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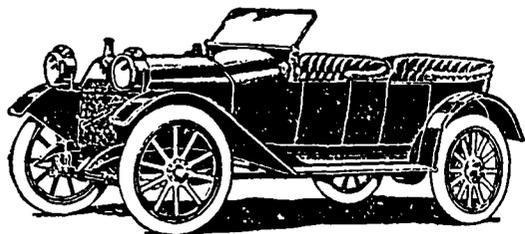
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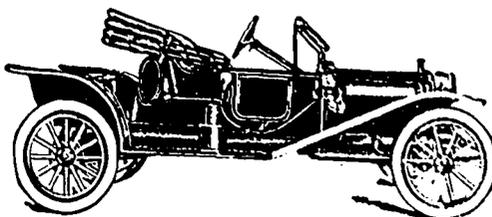


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that with a suitable bridge over the inlet, the Vancouver, Westminster and Yukon, which holds a charter for construction to the north, would cross the inlet from its Great Northern connection, and probably go farther north.—*The Monetary Times.*

Figures Indicate Prosperous Year

IF the figures so far available for the month of January are any indication of the building activity in Victoria for the present year, 1912 promises to be a record one in the building line, despite the great

growth shown in the past twelve months. For the month of January the value of the structures for which permits have been issued is \$277,000, compared with \$151,455 for the whole month of January a year ago. And a remarkable fact in connection therewith is that of that amount the great bulk is for buildings of the moderate-priced kind.

Vancouver's Statistics

BANK clearings in 1909 were \$287,529,994, in 1910 \$444,932,124, and in 1911 \$543,484,354.

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Post office revenue for the fiscal year 1909-10 was \$205,000, and for 1910-11, \$257,361.

Customs returns for fiscal year 1909-10 were \$3,908,023; 1910-11, \$6,230,839; and for nine months ending December 30, 1911, \$5,306,408.

Building permits in 1909 amounted to \$7,258,565; in 1910 to \$13,150,365; and in 1911 to \$17,650,092.

Land registry office returns for 1909 were \$148,135. In 1911 these increased to \$289,337.

Waterworks services numbered 14,469 in 1909, 16,215 in 1910, and 19,030 in 1911, these giving a practical idea of the growth in municipal services generally. In 1910 the surplus on the current waterworks account was \$59,630, and receipts were \$321,645. The receipts for 1911 were \$404,209.

The year 1911 has been on the whole a good year, with a tendency to weed out the insecure speculators. More and more property is becoming too high for the little man to handle—\$5,000 a front foot has been already recorded on Granville Street as against the \$4,000 record of 1910. Outside property has also shown a general advance, even if not so much has been turned over. Dealing, however, in Port Mann, Coquitlam and other outlying districts has been heavy. North Vancouver is thought to be in line for a good advance directly definite information can be obtained regarding the entry of railways. For the last six months money has been tight in the real estate market, but prices show no tendency to drop.



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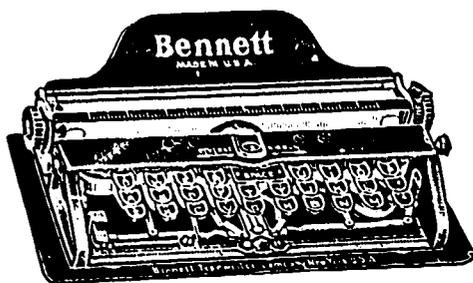
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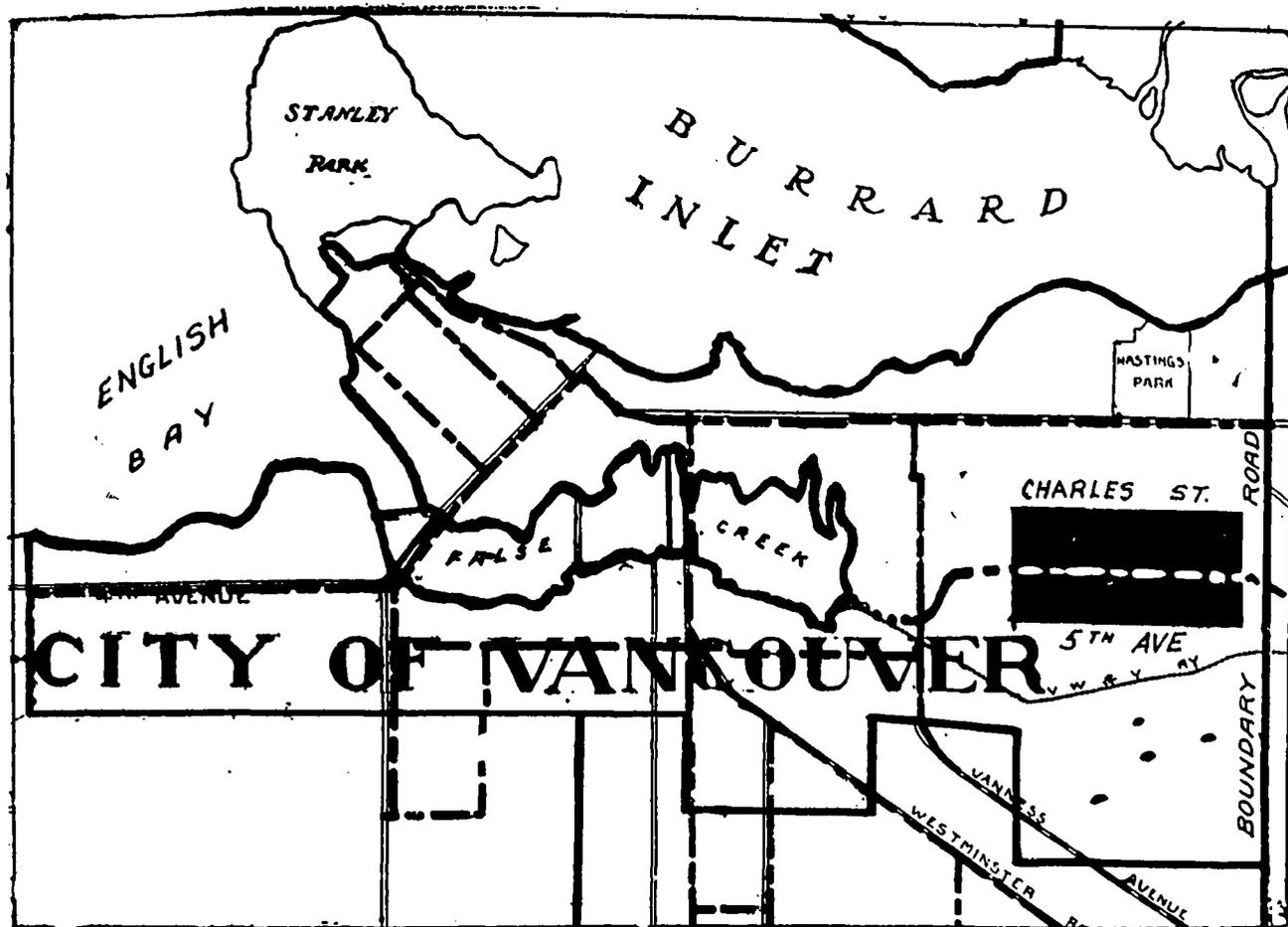


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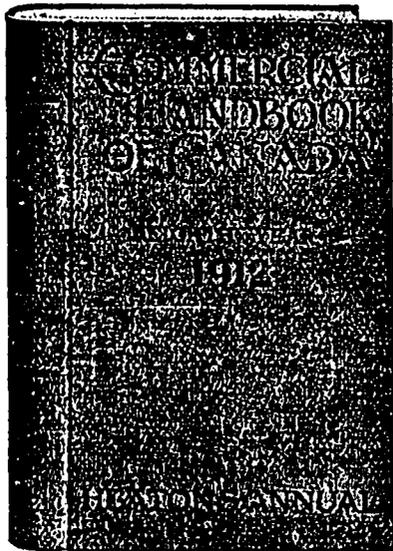
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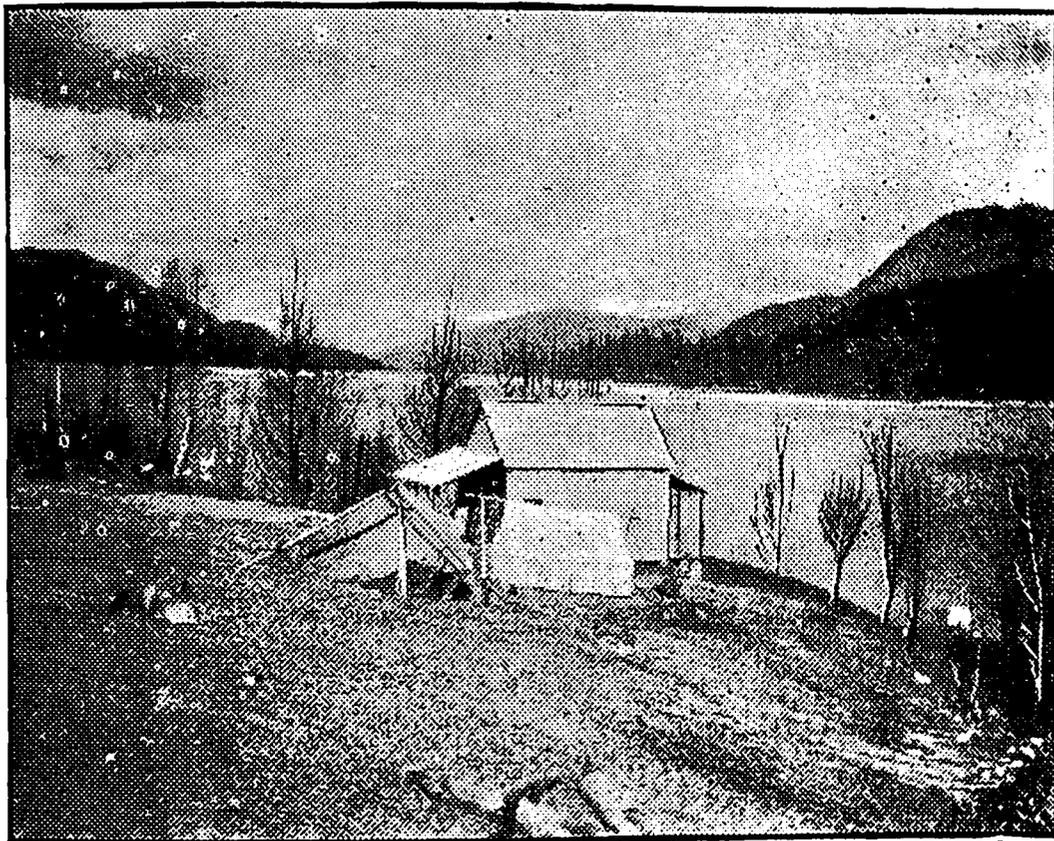
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During the year just closed (1911) Vancouver has made very rapid progress. The growth along all lines of activity, in percentage of increase, has surpassed anything heretofore experienced by this or any other city. The statistical information now available clearly establishes the fact that Vancouver is experiencing the most rapid development of any city in the world.

ASSESSMENT The assessed value of property in Vancouver at the beginning of 1912 is one-third greater than at the beginning of 1911. The gross increase as shown by this year's assessment roll is much greater, but this is accounted for by the fact that Wards VII and VIII, with a combined total of \$11,306,410, have been added to the city during the past year. The assessment for 1912 stands at \$192,501,775, and for 1911 at \$136,579,005, showing an increase of \$55,992,770.

BANK CLEARINGS Probably the best barometer of a city's financial welfare is its bank clearings, and in this respect Vancouver stands out particularly strong. The bank clearings month by month during 1911 have shown a very substantial increase over the corresponding months of 1910:

Bank clearings for 1911	\$543,484,354
Bank clearings for 1910	444,988,818
Increase	\$98,495,536

BUILDING PERMITS The value of buildings erected in Vancouver during 1911 show an increase of nearly 35 per cent. over the very substantial total for 1910, and all indications point to an even greater advance for 1912. In addition

to having the largest expenditure for buildings of any city in Canada, with the exception of Toronto, Vancouver is far ahead of any other city per square mile of area. The present area of about thirteen square miles gives an average of \$1,422,510 per square mile; compared with this Toronto will average less than \$500,000; Winnipeg about \$450,000. Seattle \$160,000 and Los Angeles less than \$250,000. Of the 2,755 building permits issued this year 60 were for buildings costing from \$50,000 to \$500,000. Among the latter is the "World" building, the highest in the British Empire.

	No.	Value
Building permits for 1911...	2,755	\$17,652,642
Building permits for 1910...	2,260	13,150,365
Increase	495	\$4,502,277

CUSTOMS REVENUE

The customs revenue for the port of Vancouver for the twelve months ending December 31, 1911, amounts to \$7,368,760.30, and for the corresponding period in 1910, \$5,606,253.06, being a gain of \$1,780,507.24. The increase, however, is really much greater than this, as since October 1, 1911, all revenue from Chinese headtax has gone into the hands of the Immigration Department. This, of course, makes a very considerable difference in the total, as the revenue from this source amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum; for example, in the month of December, 1911, it was \$62,725.00. Despite this, however, there has been a steady increase in the customs revenue all through the year.

LAND REGISTRY

An increase of over 30 per cent. is shown in the receipts of the Land Registry Office at Vancouver for the year 1911, as compared with 1910. This is evidence of the

healthy condition of the real estate market during the past year. The increase in revenue for 1911 over 1910 amounts to \$67,903.80, or an average of over \$5,600 per month.

Revenue for 1911	\$289,937.06
Revenue for 1910	222,033.26
Increase	<u>\$67,903.80</u>

POPULATION The population of Vancouver at the end of 1911, as compiled by the Assessment Commissioner, is placed at 111,240, which, compared with 93,700 for 1910, shows a gross increase of 17,540. Of this total, however, 5,826 is represented by the area which has been added to the city during the year, leaving a net gain of 11,714 in population for 1911.

POST OFFICE That Vancouver's intercourse with the world in general is increasing by leaps and bounds is nowhere more apparent than in the enormous increase in the post office returns. The revenue from the sale of postage stamps at the Vancouver post office for 1911 was \$413,868, and for 1910 \$302,568, an increase of \$111,116 for the year. This represents a large increase in correspondence.

SCHOOLS One of the best indications of the growth of Vancouver is found in the rapidly increasing attendance at the city schools. The number of scholars enrolled at the Vancouver schools for the term beginning January, 1912, is upwards of 12,000, which, compared with the attendance of 10,240 for the past year, gives an increase of over 1,700. To meet this increased enrolment it has been necessary to open two new eight-room schools, each of which will accommodate 350 pupils, as well as a twelve-room addition to one of the larger city schools.

STREETS In a city situated as Vancouver is, the amount of work involved in the making of streets, sidewalks, sewers, etc., is enormous. Some idea of the extent of this work can be gained from the fact that, during the year just past, it was necessary to open up over sixty miles of streets and lanes through what was practically forest. The following tables show the amount of work carried out on Vancouver streets during 1911, in comparison with 1910:

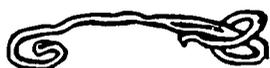
	1911	1910	Inc.
	Miles	Miles	Miles
Pavements	12.98	6.98	6.90
Concrete walks	41.30	23.39	17.91
Plank walks	47.23	25.36	21.89
Grading and rocking streets....	26.33	14.11	12.22
Clearing and rough grading			
lanes and streets	62.87	37.01	25.86
Planking streets	7.23	5.00	2.23
Sewers	27.02	21.33	3.69

TELEPHONES The large growth in the number of Vancouver business houses during the year has increased the number of telephones in use over 30 per cent. At the end of 1911 the number of telephones in use was 16,160, compared with 10,856 a year ago, an increase of 5,304. In order to handle this increased business, two new exchanges have been opened during the year, and a third is now in course of construction.

TRAM LINES Under its franchise the B. C. Electric Ry. Co. pays to the city a certain percentage of the receipts from the city lines. During 1911 the amount received by the city from this source was \$67,861.38, and in 1910 \$48,549.41, an advance of \$19,311.97, or about 40 per cent.

The growth of Vancouver is very clearly indicated by the amount of these payments for the last three years:

1909..	\$33,694.80	Average per month..	\$2,807.90
1910..	47,410.75	Average per month..	3,951.64
1911..	67,861.38	Average per month..	5,655.11



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Members will kindly advise the Secretary regarding any errors in addresses, classification of business, etc., that may occur in this list.

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White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

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Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
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Kearns, J. D., 405 Bower Bldg.
MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
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Weeks, Edward S., 407 Hastings St. W.
Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

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Macdonell, Gzowski & Co., 505 Hastings St. W.
Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

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Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin Co., Wm. F., Bower Building.
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Hinton Electric Company, 606 Granville Street.
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 Island Investment Co., Ltd., 431 Homer Street.
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The ONE preparation on this market that has received so many written endorsements from the Canadian Medical Authorities.

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Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor

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The future industrial centre of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the Fraser River. Friends of the company are buying heavily. We specialize in this locality and can deliver choice locations at attractive prices. Write us at once.

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FORT GEORGE

as a Manufacturing Centre

(Vancouver News-Advertiser, Jan. 18)

The great possibilities of some of the points in the Central Interior of this province as manufacturing centres are becoming better known every day from the reports brought down by those who are engaged in investigating the resources of the North. Not least important among the factors that will make up the industrial growth of some of these new centres are the water powers which are found in close proximity to raw materials.

A report has just been filed at Victoria on water power of the Willow River about seventeen miles east of Fort George. The Willow River is a tributary of the Fraser entering the latter river about twenty-five miles above the junction of the Nechaco with the Fraser. The Willow Canyon is located about thirty miles above the mouth of the river and is approximately due east from Fort George, a distance of some seventeen miles.

The canyon is formed from a huge mass of soil and igneous rock that is about 12,000 feet or a little more than two miles in length, with walls as high as 250 feet on either side. There are really two distinct canyons, although both are really a part of the same large one. In the bottom of each of the two at low water the river varies from ten to sixty feet in width, averaging about forty feet, and in some places

as deep as twenty feet. The vertical fall from water level at the head to water level at the foot is approximately 200 feet. At this canyon it is proposed by the Fort George Power Co., Ltd.—a company which has undertaken the work of development—to develop cheap power for manufacturing and other purposes. Several tests have been made; one at extreme low water in August last, showing a flow of 250 second feet. In the development scheme a dam is planned to create a service reservoir which will be the means of maintaining a constant head of water on a turbine to be installed in a power house situated on the lower face of the dam. In addition to this a smaller dam, placed near the middle of the upper canyon, will create a local storage reservoir covering approximately two square miles to an average depth of about thirty feet.

According to the report 40,000 or 50,000 h.p. might be obtained with sufficient storage.

This Willow River power is the only feasible, available power within reach of Fort George and vicinity, and as such it is tremendously important to the growth of that future metropolis. With abundant power adjacent to the city that must be the centre both commercially and industrially of the central interior, a great deal has been added to the prospects of Fort George as a manufacturing centre.

FORT GEORGE is the geographical and strategic commercial centre of British Columbia, Canada's largest and richest province.

All railroads building through the Peace River or Central British Columbia must go through **FORT GEORGE** in order to maintain water grade. Therefore **FORT GEORGE** must be a great railroad centre.

FORT GEORGE is at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers, with 1,100 miles of navigable waterways.

FORT GEORGE is the supply point for an immense territory rich in agricultural, timber and mineral resources, and will be able to compete with Edmonton and eastern cities for the trade of the Peace River country, as well as the whole of Central and Northern British Columbia.

With the opening of the Panama Canal freight rates to **FORT GEORGE** will be lower than to Edmonton, thus making **FORT GEORGE** a great wholesale and jobbing centre.

FORT GEORGE will be one of the largest cities in the West. An enormous development will take place during 1912.

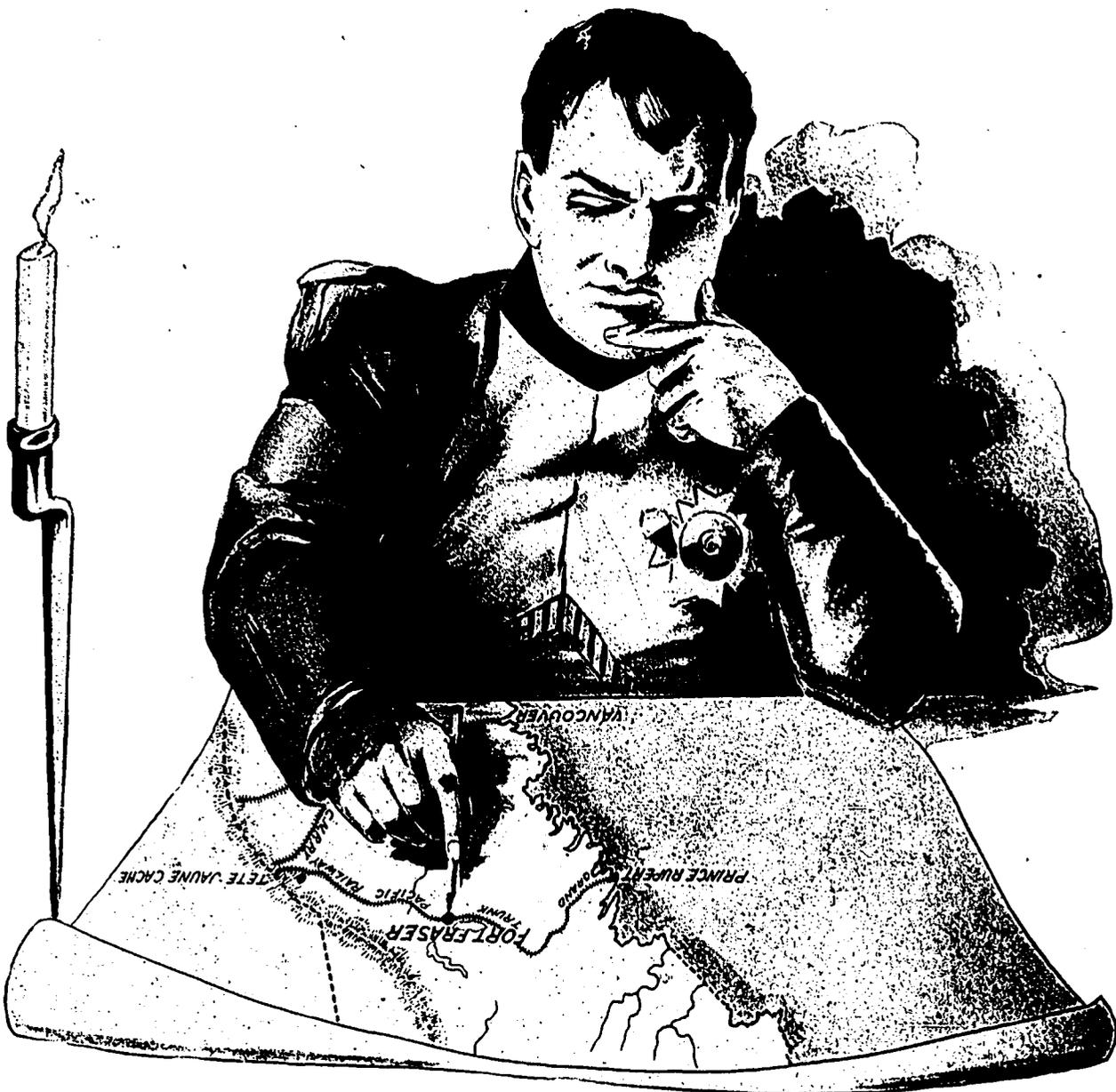
You can learn of wonderful investment opportunities and openings for business, etc., by sending your name and address for a free copy of the "B. C. Bulletin of Information." Costs you nothing—write today.

Natural Resources Security Co. Limited

JOINT OWNERS AND SOLE AGENTS FORT GEORGE TOWNSITE

Bower Building

Vancouver, British Columbia



Napoleon, the greatest warrior the world has ever known, achieved this distinction because of his generalship; because of his genius and strategy; because of the points of advantage which he gained in the location of his army. Today strategy, which is called the genius of war, is likewise the genius of business. Strategy was employed in the location of the new Townsite of

FORT FRASER

(The Hub of B.C. on the G.T.P.)

at the junction of Lake, Rail, River and Trail—the choicest spot on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific for a distance of over five hundred miles. A location selected nearly two years ago; a natural trade centre and distributing point, without an equal in Central British Columbia—one surrounded by ten million acres of the richest agricultural and mineral land in Western Canada.

Fortunes are being made by shrewd investors in real estate all over the great Canadian West. A. G. Ferguson, Esq., bought lots on Hastings Street, Vancouver, twenty years ago at \$700. These lots in ten years were worth \$20,000, and today cannot be bought for less than \$155,000. Robert Ross bought on May 29, 1909, Lots 15 and 16, Block 9, Section 1, Prince Rupert, for \$600, and sold them October 17, 1911, for \$6,000. Similar instances may be cited in Winnipeg, Calgary, Lethbridge, Edmonton, Regina and Moose Jaw.

The Townsite of Fort Fraser is all paid for, and we hold an indefeasible title; the property has been surveyed and the plans duly registered. It is not one of the hundreds of ordinary townsites dominated by the Railway Company and advertised for sale as an "official townsite," which means little or nothing unless the location be favorable.

The price paid for a Fort Fraser lot is not paid for land alone—it is paid for opportunity. Opportunity attracts population, and population makes land values.

Be alert—investigate now while prices are \$100 per lot and up, and terms 10 per cent. cash and balance 5 per cent. per month without interest or taxes. Attractive and instructive literature, facts and figures will be supplied on request.

Dominion Stock and Bond Corporation Limited

Capital---\$2,000,000

Reference---Imperial Bank of Canada, Vancouver, B. C.

WINCH BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.

G.T.P. Line to Fort George Must Be Completed

1. Selina F. Smith
"Sea View,"
104 Dallas Road,
NEXT FALL 2-12

The building of a railway

Vancouver to Fort George

and thence to the Peace River, IS NOW ASSURED FOR THE NEAR FUTURE.

What do these things mean?

They mean that those who have in the past invested with us at Fort George will soon reap a great reward for their courage and foresight.

They mean that those who come in now will still be in time to share richly in the wonderful rise in values in the coming city.

Do not delay. NOW IS THE TIME. INVEST BEFORE THIS OPPORTUNITY IS LOST FOREVER.

We are joint owners and sole agents of Fort George Townsite.

We will send the British Columbia Bulletin of Information free on request.

Natural Resources Security Co. Limited

606-615 BOWER BUILDING

Vancouver

- - -

British Columbia