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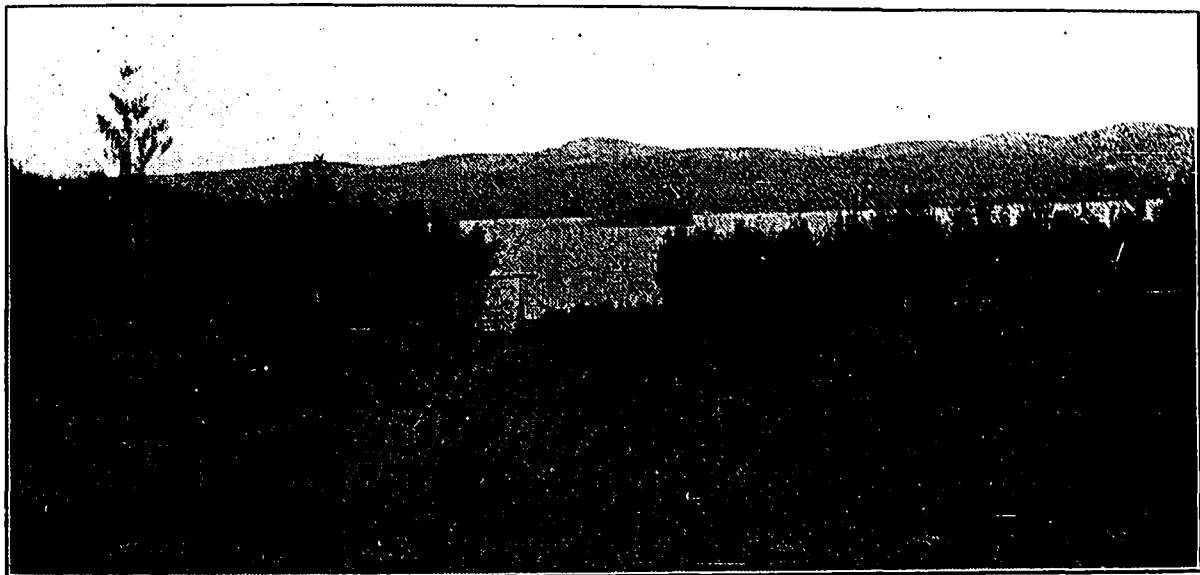
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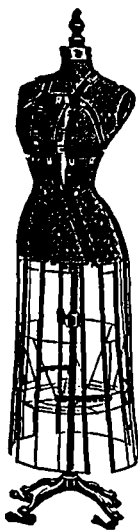
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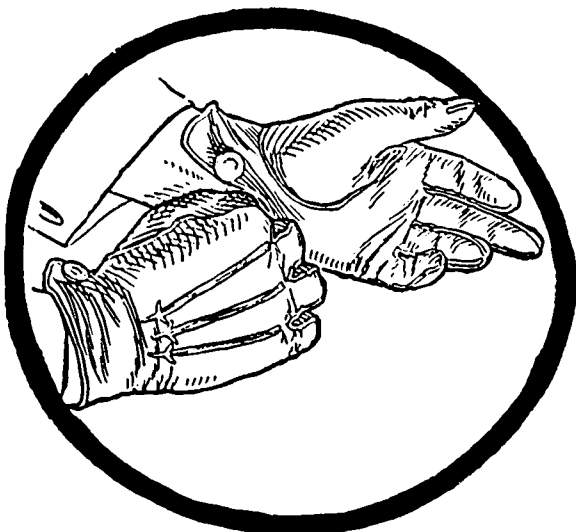
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

J. S. RAINE, Editor

J. L. W. LEARY, Development Editor

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Burrard Inlet

The silent Dryad haunts, the age-old mystery of wooded slopes,
The hidden, land-locked, Lion-guarded gem,
Offspring of Ocean, gleaming blue beneath the summer sky;
Alone disturbed by crafty dug-out, forest child adopted by the sea.
The lordly Cedar by thy heights looked out unmoved
And saw a winged ship come to cleave strange furrows in thy virgin
breast.

And then the race it brought took foothold on thy hillsides, planting
firm
Its lineage in the Vale; and the Commerce mingled strangely with
the Wild.
The westward-moving Tide of Empire laved thy shores and claimed
thy shelter,
And thy harboring safety held the fatal charm that bade the builders
Wage a warfare with thy wildering forests, and to claim thee as their
own.

The Dryads' haunts are barren, and the woodland sprites departed
To the fastness of the Heights which rise in majesty serene,
Alike disturbed as little with the commerce as the rain;
Their shoreward slopes, once forested and still,
Are peopled by twin Cities, cradled in thy mother-arms.

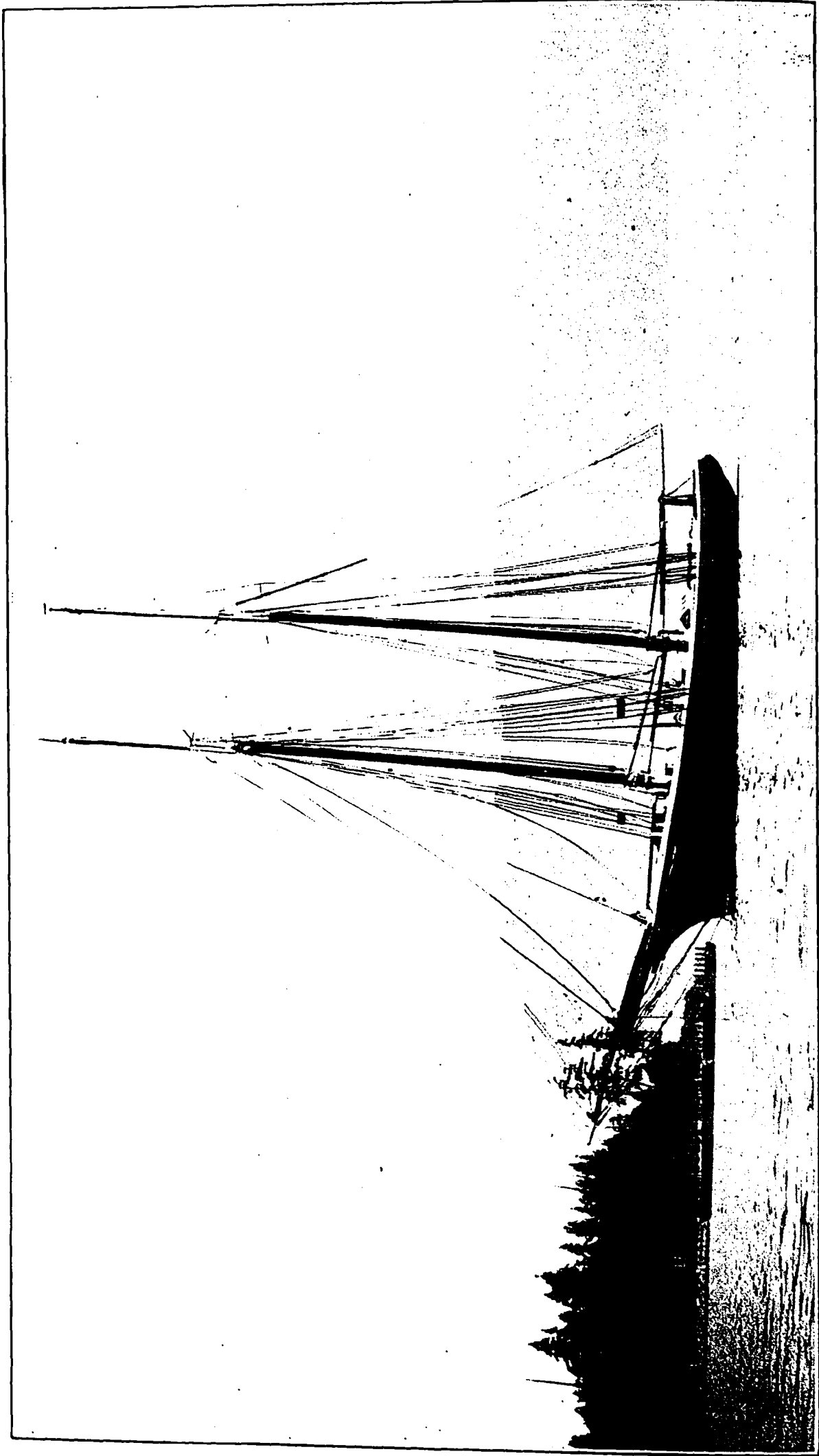
The night that once drove sunshine from the Dell and left it gleamless,
Now falls to pattern beauty on thy slopes, and build bright palisades
Of light reflected in thy shoreward waters, while high the gleaming
Cities
Sparkle on thine ancient hills, picked out of darkness by a million
lights.

And when the mists of winter settle deep between thy rain-washed
hills,
And sea-gulls cry besides the new and teeming Commerce of the Deep;
The eerie cry which once alone disturbed thine echoes, now reminds
us but of this;
So little changed the gull; so little changed thy guarding hills;
So little changed the Sea, the sky, the mists; and only we are
mutable.

The hills that once encompassed Silence, save alone for Nature's
songs;
Such songs as Capilano sang, when, flung precipitate, her waters
shouted freedom,
Such songs as zephyrs whispered o'er thy lording headland thanes,
The Fir and Cedar; such songs as wove the sunlight and the shadow
Into chords of golden sweetness in thy woodland afternoons;
These hills, so little changed, look down from Heaven-pointing crags
And lift our human vision to the farther heights of silent space,
Where Even's Star looks out through Heaven's Gate, above the wide,
still sea.

BALTUS BOUND

Vancouver, B. C.



THE CASCO IN VANCOUVER HARBOR

The Casco, the 74-ton schooner-yacht immortalised by Robert Louis Stevenson, has had a remarkable history, some passages of which are dealt with in an article in this number. At present she is lying in Vancouver Harbor, where she is being fitted up with a view to her forming one of the attractions of the great exhibition at San Francisco.



Vol. IX.

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 10

The Later Phase of the "Casco"

By A. Stanley Deaville

My literary friend and I went on a pilgrimage one lovely evening in the late September. We travelled to the shrine, as pilgrims should, in a spirit of entire devotion to that which we adored. Passing by the busier and more frequented wharves which line the waterfront at Victoria, we came at length to a quiet and apparently deserted dock close by Point Ellice bridge, an elegant structure of steel and granite which marks the limit of navigation for most sea-going craft in the inner harbor.

Passing along the narrow roadway leading downward from the street we found a low and spacious wharf, against which, on the right, were tied up about a dozen staunch steel vessels—whalers—small intrepid craft that fearlessly pursue the mighty leviathans which frequent the western coast of Vancouver Island, reaping each year a valuable harvest of whale-oil, whale-bone and the multifarious by-products of the whaling industry. But this was not what we had come to seek. To the left, moored out of the way of traffic, we saw that which held the goal of our desire; a straggling row of dilapidated and dismantled schooners, which sat, some with a vestige of past grace, and others clumsily, upon the quiet water, seeming like the veteran survivors of some mighty struggle on the field of battle, now in the inevitable process of senility and decay.

Hurrying, now that the end of our journey was in sight, we crossed the wharf, and, turning looked in vain about us for signs of life. Finding no one to hinder us in our exploration, we peered along the line of schooners for the name which should identify the vessel we had come to see. My friend first spied it, and pointed out the fourth vessel from the wharf, a schooner-yacht of extremely graceful build, with tall and slender spars, upon the stern of which I could make out in faint outline the name "Casco." Jumping from the wharf on to the deck of the nearest vessel, which was moored close to the wharf, we had just clambered aboard the next schooner—for they were tied closely together—when a loud shout from the wharf made us start guiltily and remember that we were trespassing upon private property.

Turning reluctantly, we retraced our steps upon the intervening schooner, and fetched up shame-facedly before an irascible old salt, who sternly demanded upon whose authority we had boarded "them schooners." We pleaded with him, saying we could find no one of whom to ask permission, stated that to us the "Casco" was an interesting literary relic, and finally, growing bold in desperation, asked if we might board her, and explore her from stem to stern. It proved, however, that little persuasion was necessary to unbind

the sailor from his autocratic sternness, for, eyeing us in a manner that was something patronising, he said that many tourists and such-like people went on board the "Casco" and examined her staterooms, cabins and saloon.

"Though," he added, "for the life of me I cannot see what they find so blame' curious about her. She's been a rare old tub—cost nearly seventy thousand dollars to build, she did, sir—her with nuthin' but mahogany and teak and sichlike in her make-up; and she's as good as new today, sir, and a blame' sight better than many a one as they builds nowadays. But interestin!" The ancient mariner's watery eyes fixed upon a smaller and more rakish-looking craft than the "Casco," which was moored beyond her, and bore the name "Vera." "Now, that there schooner *is* interestin', if you like! She was the pirate 'Halcyon,' as was the terror of the China Sea——" he stopped. My literary friend had interrupted him with an inane remark about the "schooner Hesperus, which sailed the wintry sea."

"Most interesting!" I ventured, in an effort to appease him; "but the 'Casco,' you know." "O, yes, I know," he interrupted, "there was a litry chap named Stevens, Louis Stevens, if I remember right, as took her down into the South Seas in '88; wrote books, he did—novils, they calls them—and I have heard as he wrote poatry; but this one, now"——pointing to a bulky craft which lay to starboard of the "Casco," and bore the legend "Carlotta G. Cox, Victoria, B. C."

But my literary friend again intervened, mercifully if not tactfully, and we were spared the doubtless interesting history of that noble ship. "Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "it will be as well, since our sea-faring friend seems willing to permit it, if we look over the 'Casco' before it grows dark"; a proposal which we wisely followed forthwith, unhampered now by any guilty feeling of illicit trespassing.

We found it easy to jump from vessel to vessel, for none of them had any railing to speak of, and eventually we stepped—we dared not jump—upon the worn and gape-seamed decks of the schooner "Casco," and were at last upon the threshold of our literary shrine.

For these, we knew, were the decks which

Tusitala* paced in Southern Seas; this was the "invaluable yacht" upon which Robert Louis Stevenson spent many of the happiest hours of his none-too-happy invalid life. The vessel upon which we stood could no longer be spoken of as the "lovely creature" which her dead master enshrined in verse, and named "The Silver Ship"; naught but her fine racing lines and lofty spars remained to show what she had been. Long years of vicissitude had left their mark upon her weather-beaten hull. The staunch little ship had become a humble pelagic sealing-schooner; and, in consequence of the treaty between the Powers which prevented her owners using her in that capacity, was laid up, with other companions in misfortune, to decay in idle desolation, a drab, dishevelled creature of a uniformly murky brown.

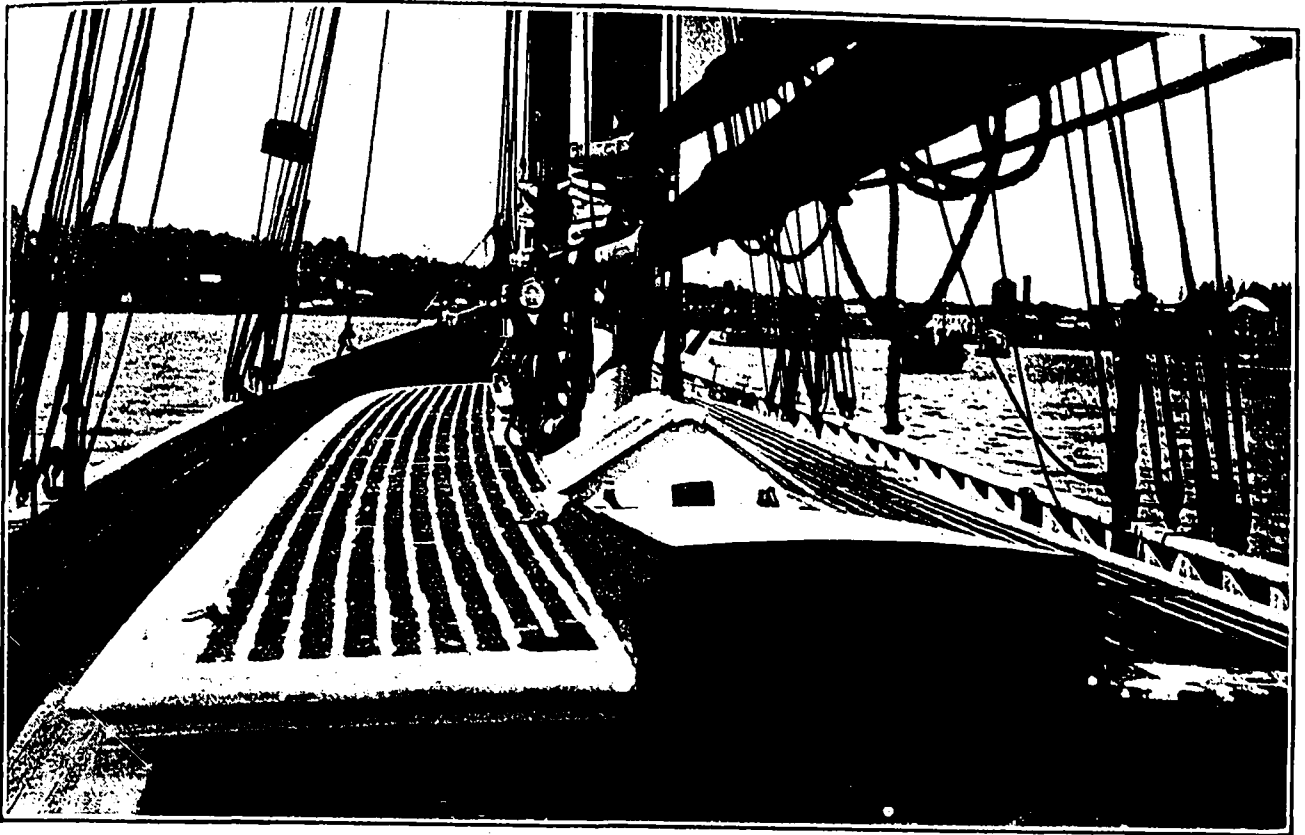
She had ranged from the tropics to the Arctic circle, had fallen from her high station to an evil case, and now was left, one could imagine, to brood in silent sorrow over the bitter-sweet memories of the past.

Originally a proud creature—hull, decks and sails were all of snowy white—she skimmed the tropic seas with the conscious pride of a thing of perfect beauty and utility; for was she not the costly plaything of a millionaire, and did she not bear in safety through treacherous seas the foremost *litterateur* of his day?

Yes, she bore the frail and wasted form of Robert Louis Stevenson from "those inclement zones miscalled the temperate"—which caused him constant suffering and transported him into a tropic Island Paradise from which he never afterwards found courage to extricate himself. Undoubtedly she was the means of preserving that blithe spirit a little longer to a world which needed him, and was not slow to render its meed of praise; for there can be little doubt that when Stevenson decided that nothing remained for him but to try life in the tropics, he was an absolute physical wreck, and the attenuated thread of his precarious hold on life would probably have snapped long ere it did had it not been for the gracious influence of the tropics upon his well-nigh broken constitution.

"The sea," wrote Stevenson, "the Islands, Islanders, Island life and climate make and keep me truly happy. . . . I

*Robert Louis Stevenson's Samoan name, meaning "Teller of Tales."



ON THE DECK OF THE CASCO, LOOKING FORWARD

have been much at sea, and I have never wearied of it. I will never leave the sea, I think, it is only there that a Briton really lives. It is from my poor grandfather that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many Islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep between the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires." (Letters, II, 162.)

The "Casco," then, was to Stevenson his realization of his dearest wish, to own a private yacht; and the decks upon which we stood were those he had paced with the proud sense of ownership. But our seafaring friend was close upon us, and the possibility of quiet reflection correspondingly remote. An endless stream of conceivably valuable information about the whole family of schooners, yachts and sailing vessels was poured into our unwilling ears, and in the intervals of volubility the gnarled old villain turned and spat—spat upon those hallowed decks!—for he was skilful in the mouthy manipulation of a particularly large and juicy quid of rank tobacco.

It was I who, with an innocent air and a deft transference of current coin, broke the damning spell and sent the ancient one shorewards, muttering unintelligible something about "gents," from which I gathered that the *baksheesh* was at least sufficient.

We wanted to be quiet, my friend and I, and now at length we had our wish. In sympathetic silence we stepped over the shallow cockpit coaming, and stood within the tiny enclosure where R. L. S. had lain awake in the warm night air of the tropics, fathomed the uttermost depths of the diamond-cruled Southern empyrean, and lost himself in an infinity of worlds. Here he was taken with a "comic seizure"; had, in a single magic moment, found himself transported to the days and haunts of his youth, in Drummond Street; had lived again the dreary heartache which he suffered in the rain and the East wind; "had feared," he tells us, "that I should never find a friend, far less a wife, and yet passionately hoped I might; had fervently hoped I might live to write just one little book . . ." and woke to find himself upon a fleet-winged yacht, in Paradise, and famous.

Here, too, he had clung in silent terror while the screaming elements fought madly for the tossing atom upon which all he held dear was pitching headlong, as it seemed, into the jaws of death; but showed no sign of fear. And the good ship that bore him safely through, like the frail shell that held for a time upon this earth his pure and noble spirit, had found a peaceful haven at the last.

The reverie into which we had involuntarily fallen was broken by my friend, who

produced from capacious pockets two of the volumes in which the voyages of the "Casco" are dealt with in detail—Stevenson's own "In the South Seas," and Mr. Arthur Johnstone's "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific." From the former he commenced to read the account, in Stevenson's own words, of his first meeting in the cabin of the "Casco" with swarthy South Sea Islanders, all of whom, he conjectured, had eaten "long-pig"; how he trembled for the safety of the precious lives in his care when the muscular chieftain, uninvited, followed him into the cabin with his half-naked retinue, and when he sat down, in a brave attempt at ostentatious indifference, and endeavored unconcernedly to write up his journal, eyed him solemnly while cold shivers of fearful apprehension ran up and down his spine. He did not know, for he could not speak their language, that they were peaceably inclined; for though sorely puzzled by this wealthy chieftain who, travelling in a floating fairy palace, had no desire to trade, their sole anxiety was to satisfy, by close examination, their curiosity concerning this queer, unheard-of creature from a foreign shore! Stevenson goes on to tell that when the "Casco's" anchor plunged into the limpid water of the Bay of Anaho, taking with it into those crystal depths the life-long fidelity of Robert Louis Stevenson, never to be fished up again, with all the tackle that might be devised, the child-like savages, intent upon what they considered must be the prime motive of the vessel's visit—trade—flocked about her in their outriggers, and held up their wares and would not be denied; and when they had been given to understand (with difficulty) that this fine ship had no inclination for mere business, their mystification turned to insatiable curiosity, and jumping on board, without so much as asking the owner's permission, they scrutinized the ship and its owner—the latter strange, slim creature with lustrous eyes of brown, so frail and yet so energetic, so sharply contrasted with their own physical perfection, fascinating them from the first. His emaciated body, spurred to nervous energy by the fire that burned within, seemed to them the inspired clay which held the soul of a prophet, and when at last in Samoa the spent frame of Tusitala composed itself for the long last slumber, it was borne on the shoulders of his Samoan brothers to

the peak of Mount Vaea, "under the wide and starry sky," where it rests today.

At length, the reading finished, we rose, and pushing open the hatch, stepped down the companion-way, gripping the tarnished brass handrails which the long and slender fingers of R. L. S. must often have clasped; and, with a fitting preliminary bowing of the head, made necessary by the low entrance, we stood within a saloon some twenty-five by twenty feet, which showed through tattered remnants dim evidence of former sumptuousness. Low mahogany divans, upholstered with ragged crimson velvet cushions in shabby disarray, lined each side, while behind, hung with faded silk curtains, were bunks, four on each side. The ceiling and wall-panels were beautifully carved, and beneath the shoddy green paint which is a part of the yacht's more recent history, were visible the costly white enamelling and gilt relief. On every hand were visible traces of the vandal hand of the curio-hunter and the irrelevant tourist; portions of the carved panelings had been cut away; remnants of the tattered silk curtains had been torn from the bunks; and the brass fittings, such as lamp-brackets, coat pegs, etc., were missing in many places. The midships end of the saloon was decorated in the manner in which sailors are wont to enliven their surroundings—with the usual illustrations, from questionable publications, cut out and pasted upon the wall.

Reference to the volumes which my bibliophile had brought with him told us that this was the saloon in which the "Biscuit, jam and syrup," which was the entertainment served to native visitors, went the round; where Mr. Andrew Lang's photographed visage was much admired by "bouncing Junos," who were never tired of sitting gazing fondly at their reflected images in the repeating mirrors—long since vanished—which lined the cabin walls; and who declared the ship "more lovely than a church," which represented to them the epitome of elegance and beauty. Here Stevenson had entertained the aged Queen Vakehu, then grown prim and saintly, though she was the same Vakehu of whom Peirre Loti has written in "The Marriage of Loti." Here also, Kalakaua, the ill-fated Hawaiian King, had been received by the novelist, who had involuntarily marvelled at the Island monarch's incredible capacity for champagne, which was the be-

ginning of his downfall. We pictured the various persons who had stepped down the companion into the little room—Stevenson, his wife, his aged mother and all the rest—and in the half-light of that bedraggled saloon they seemed more real to us than ever before.

On either side of the companion, before one enters the saloon, we found two tiny staterooms; one, on the left, was quite empty, and without any feature of interest. Passing from it, we entered that on the left of the companion, and found that little cubby-holes were here and there in the walls; a tiny velvet-lined cupboard was let into the wall at the head of the bunk; a very neat mahogany writing-desk folded down compactly by its side; and drawer after drawer was found by these sacrilegious pilgrims, who opened them all, only to find them empty, every one.

The writing-desk particularly attracted my attention; it was bespattered with ink, and scrawled all over with initials. I would fain have pictured the lean brown form bending over it, writing ceaselessly the vivid impressions which he has left us of his life aboard the "Casco"; but though we searched diligently in our books, we found no shred of information as to where the author worked aboard her. I gather, however, from later perusals of his "letters," that Stevenson wrote mainly upon the crimson velvet-covered table in the saloon, which now boasts no such proud covering, but is protected by a worn out piece of linoleum. Nevertheless, in these precincts Stevenson received those "memories apart" which he afterwards incorporated in the volume "In the South Seas," which, though not perhaps in his best literary style, has been read and enjoyed by thousands who esteem it highly; and one, who surely knows whereof he speaks, has greatly eulogised it: Joseph Conrad. Stevenson originally intended to call this book "The Cruise of the Silver Ship," and wrote "there will be one poetic page, at least, the title-page"; but when afterwards the scheme of the volume was altered, so as to include his travels upon another vessel, a trading schooner, he changed the title, not, one would think, for the better.

We explored the "Casco" carefully from stem to stern; we poked about the musty cabins forward, we ransacked each dusty nook and cranny in the vain hope of finding

some forgotten relic of Stevensonian days: the present conscience-stricken pilgrim deliberately pocketed a dirty, cob-webbed medicine bottle, quite empty, and with an illegible label, unearthed from the innermost recesses of a mouldy cupboard. This he sometimes tries to make himself believe is a relic of the life-long struggle against such fearful odds, which Stevenson waged with noble courage upon the battlefield which high Heaven had decreed should be the "dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle."

In the forward portion of the vessel we found four more staterooms and innumerable bunks; the further stateroom on the right I knew to be that which Stevenson had occupied for a portion of the voyage; but now the little room was but a travesty of the "airy stateroom" which the elder Mrs. Stevenson describes in her letters. A faint reek of rancid seal-skins was half distinguishable in the air of the place, and the scutter of rats in the gloom made me glad to escape from it into the dining-room, where the jolly company of whom we had been reading were wont to gather in the old days. Still further forward was the cook's galley, with an ancient rusty stove and a litter of pots and pans. From thence we passed up the forward hatch and were on deck once more.

We walked to the prow and seated ourselves upon some piles of rope, and from this point of vantage, whence perhaps Stevenson first beheld the transcendent beauty of a tropic isle, we became absorbed in the quieter beauty of that twilight scene. A faint breeze had sprung up in the dusk, shivering the erstwhile placid surface of the water into rippling wavelets which lapped briskly against the vessel's side. It almost seemed to me that she responded to the call; that the rigging vibrated faintly as the strings of an Æolian harp; that the memory of her past voyages stirred the vessel into life; and that the ghostly company of her former occupants moved about her decks once more.

The fancy passed and, as we turned to go, I noticed through the gathering dusk a stray sea-gull perched upon the faintly pencilled top-mast, uttering dismal cries of loneliness and woe. He remained there but a single uneasy moment, for, sounding his depressing cry once more, he stretched his great white wings with new-found energy

and precipitated himself into the shadows whence he came.

Across the harbor the myriad lights of the city twinkled cheerfully against the sable shadows beyond; the sounds of busy traffic reached our ears; but the "Silver Ship" lay desolate, peopled only with the memories of what had been.

It seemed that the utter desertion of the once proud vessel was complete, for even

wandering sea-gulls refused to find refuge on this decaying relic of a dead past. Only far to the eastward the luminous orb of the newly risen Queen of Night gleamed in silvery iciness, the pale ghost of a dead world; and we knew that the silent satellite in the heavens would keep a fitting watch over the deserted vessel upon earth, through the lonely vigils of the coming night.

Immortal

*While Time endures and countless stars are whirled
Down the abyss for which we have no name,
Will aught save time endure, aught stay the same
Save Time, and the deep void through which is hurled
The pageant of the planets, an unfurled
Banner of light, pennant of rushing flame,
Which shines against the darkness whence it came
Aeons before eyes watched it from this world?*

*Yea, one thing shall endure besides gaunt space
And endless Time, and that one thing is Love,—
My love for thee. When through the stellar dust
Our souls take flight, the yearning for thy face
Will send my searching soul beyond, above,
Until I find and claim thee,—as I must.*

—Hallett Abend.

The Vancouver Parks in Picture

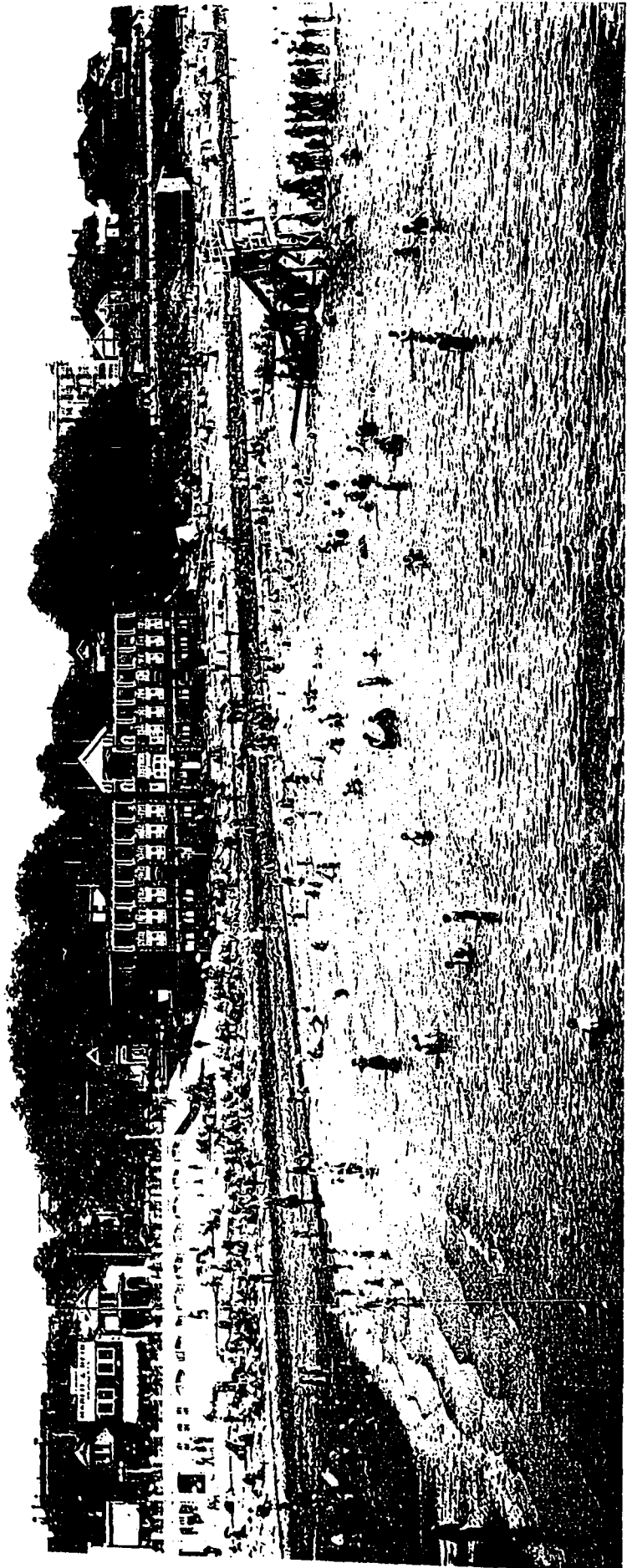
THE necessity for parks and public playgrounds is no less insistent in the new cities of the western world than it has been found to be in the older places in the East and in Europe. Indeed, the very fact that the growth of western cities is so rapid exposes them to a special danger in this respect. New streets are added and new buildings rushed at such a speed that the city authorities have scarcely time to look round before finding that the most desirable places for "breathers" for the growing population have been appropriated. The pioneers of Vancouver did not succeed in wholly preventing this evil, as witness the large area of buildings in the business centre of the city, relieved only by the old court house site, now, unhappily, threatened.

In more recent times, however, the situation has become better understood, and probably few Vancouver people, even, know that they as citizens are the possessors of fifteen parks and open spaces which are administered by the Park Commissioners of the city. These range in size from the tiny triangle of land at English Bay, known as Alexandria Park, to the magnificent forest peninsula of Stanley Park. The latter, 1,000 acres in extent, is, strictly speaking, the property, not of the city, but of the Dominion Government, and has been handed over to the citizens on a lease of which there is still eighty years to run. The delights of this forest wonderland are not soon exhausted—its giant trees, its underbrush and mossy fringes, its silvery beaches and bold cliffs, and its wild bird and animal life, both caged and free, are a feast of perpetual wonder. Opinions differ as to whether the park should be opened out so as to give it more of an air of spaciousness and light, but the popular sentiment would probably be against making any changes that would reduce the number or impair the beauty and symmetry of the great trees which are its chief natural attraction.

For the loan of the accompanying series of cuts we are indebted to the Board of Park Commissioners. Several of the illustrations were prepared from photographs taken by Mr. L. Haweis, of Vancouver.



STANLEY PARK, BEACH AVENUE ENTRANCE



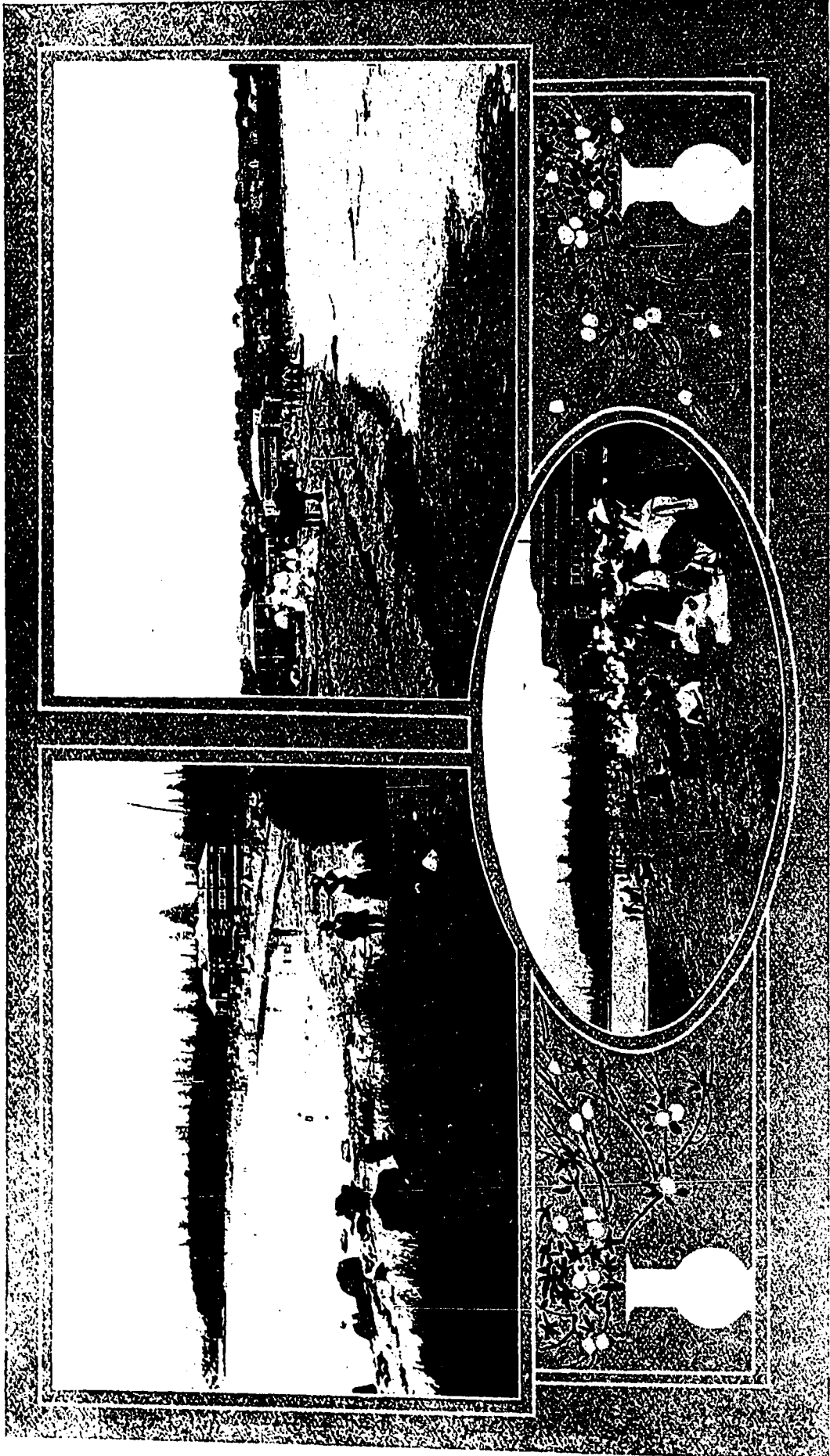
BATHING BEACH AT ENGLISH BAY



BUFFALO, STANLEY PARK



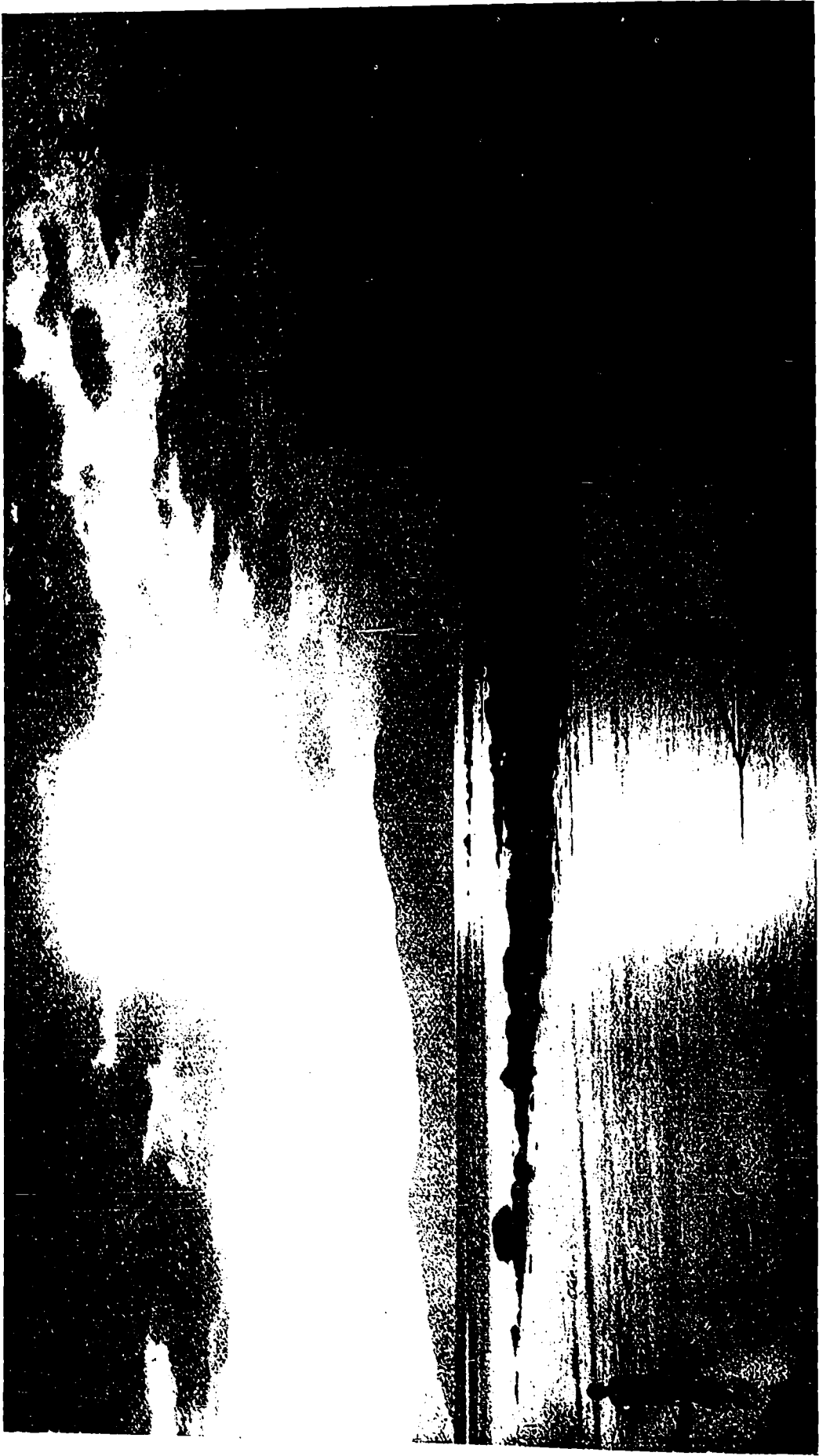
BATHING, ENGLISH BAY



SCENES ON THE BEACH AT KITSILANO



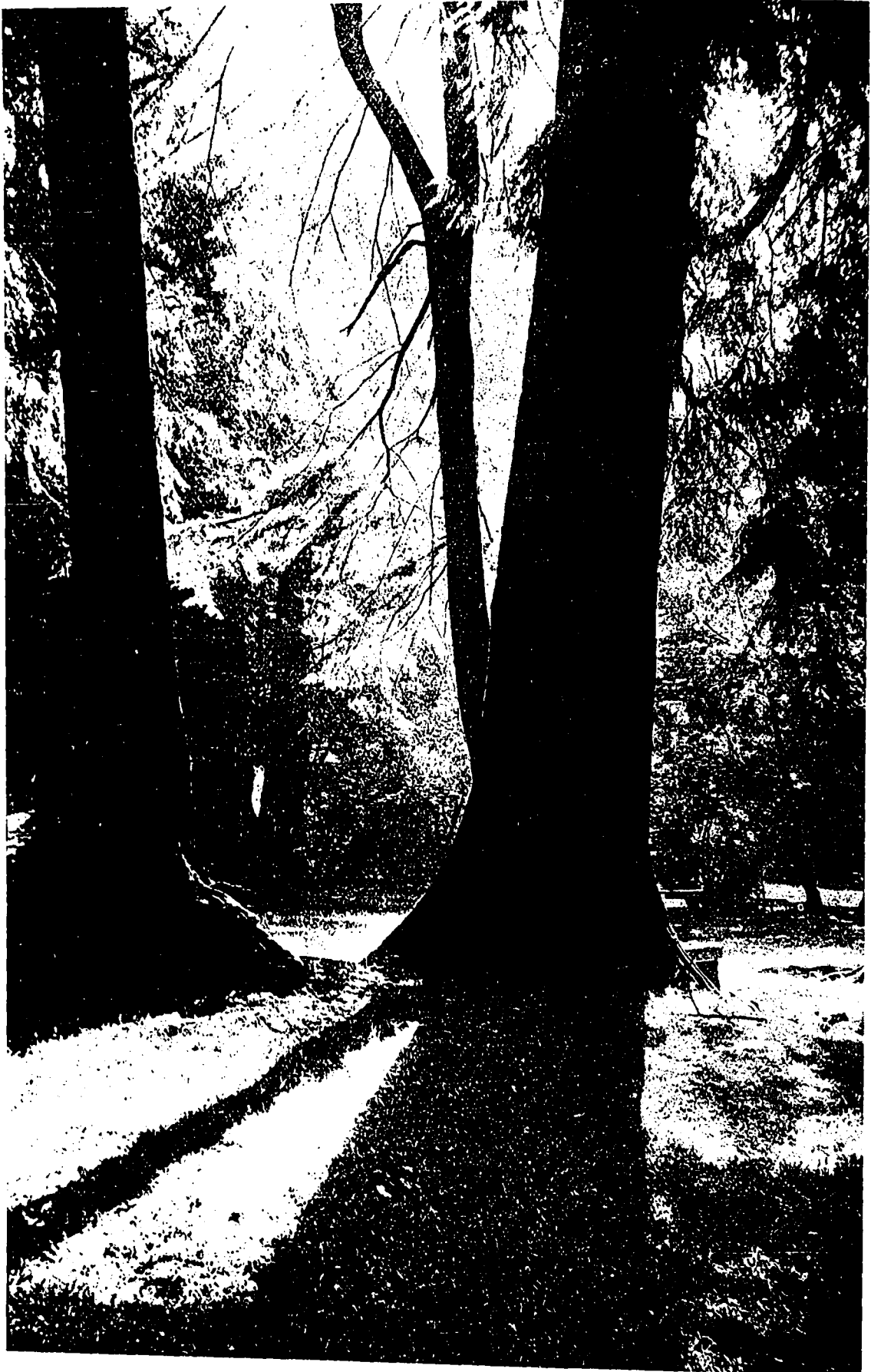
AMONG THE BIG TREES, STANLEY PARK



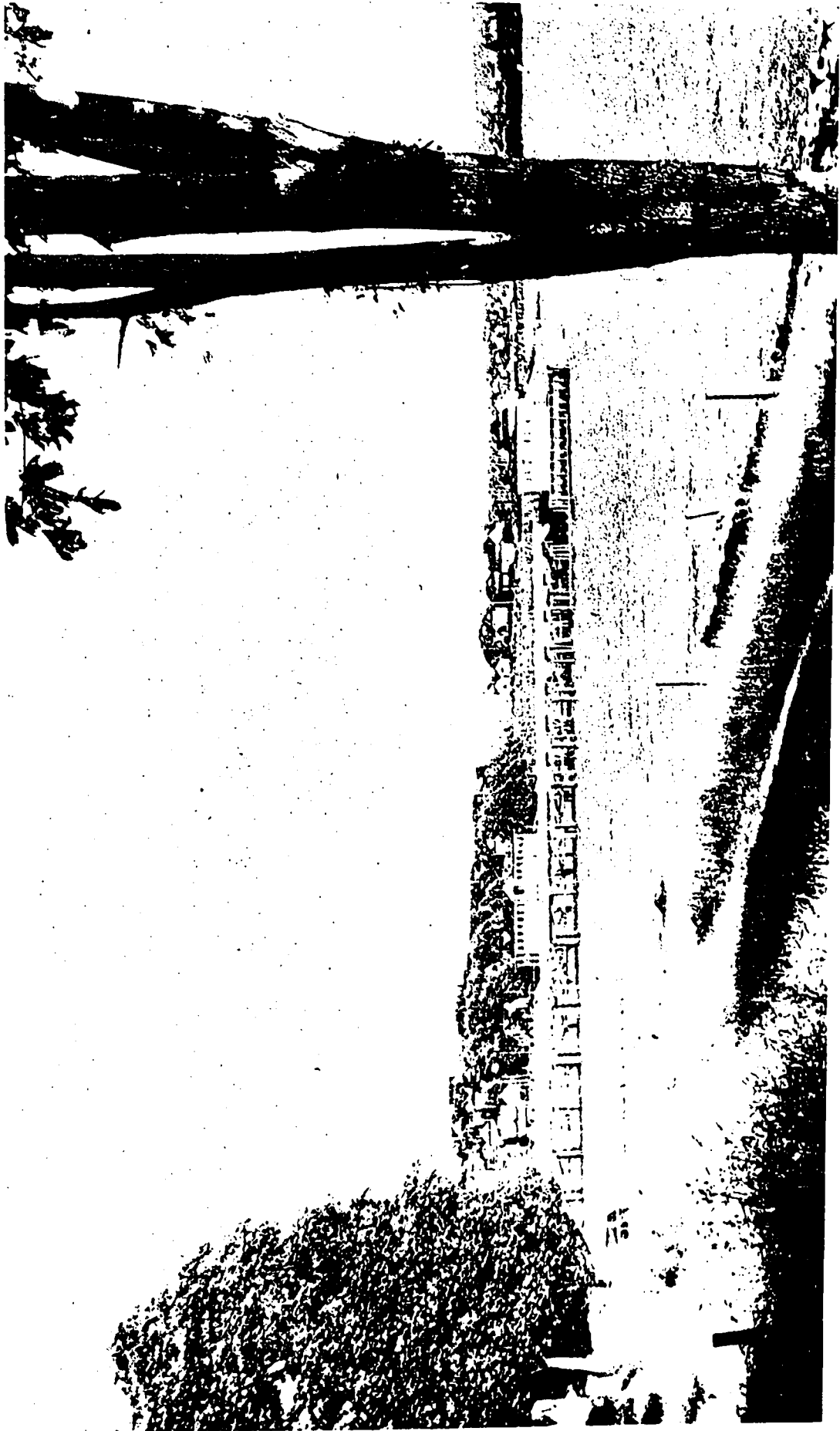
SUNSET FROM STANLEY PARK



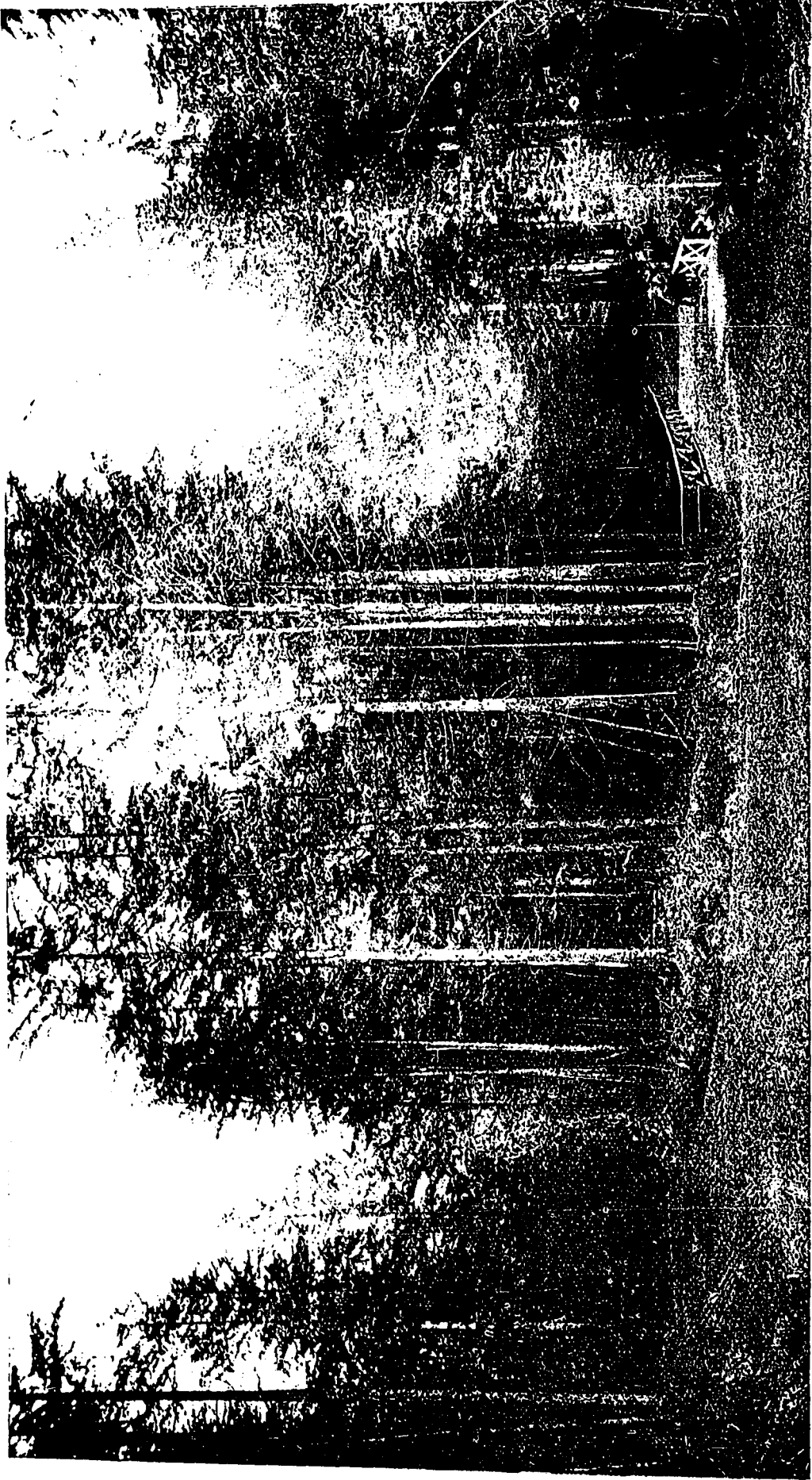
THE NARROWS AND POINT GREY FROM STANLEY PARK



IN STANLEY PARK



ENGLISH BAY FROM STANLEY PARK



VIEW IN HASTINGS PARK

“Jerry”

AN INCIDENT OF THE SOOKE HILLS

By Grace Jones Morgan

Up in the wild of the mountains around Sooke, among the lofty and rounded peaks which hold their rocky faces to heaven, fir-fringed and majestic, there is one part of them known to the residents of the island as the Wild Bullock Range. It differs little from the neighboring hills save that among the wild creatures which found a home and refuge among the multitudinous caverns and sheltered places of its rocks and woods was one race of wild cattle that seemed to make that particular range their own, and with all their acquired ferocity and shyness, had not lost the little trace of location which had been the habit and training of their ancestors from time immemorable.

When Sir James Douglas first rounded the Horn in those early days, and settled in this land so far removed at that time from the rest of the world, he no doubt brought many things that go to make the settler's equipment complete, and, among other necessities, a few head of cattle of splendid breed and strain were passengers on the boat that carried the illustrious empire-builder. When those soft-eyed cows disembarked from their uncomfortable quarters on board ship and first saw the grass and tender green of the velvet-clothed island it must have carried a welcome message to those bovine brains, and they ran with joy down the landing-place to nibble the first mouthfuls of greenness, all wet with the early dew and sweet as the tender growth of spring always is.

Soon their sides filled out into sleek roundness, and the life and boundless energy arched the huge necks of the bulls and hung the satin hide in great, thick folds on its massive framework. The sun shone down on them with only a lazy warmth, and every night the dew, like a blessing from above, hung its refreshing jewels on each slender blade of grass, and they ate and grew bigger and stronger than ever, and drank the clear,

pure spring water that sparkled as it raced over the stones in its path. In the winter they shared, as always, the fodder and grass that Nature has provided in this isle of the Last Great West, and when spring came, and the dear baby calves lifted their soft, black eyes to the beauties around, and milk-pails brimmed each night with a foaming richness, the settler's heart was glad. It was a splendid life, and the cattle multiplied and the strain improved under the favorable conditions and careful breeding, until they were superb in their well-formed squareness and beautiful coloring.

Among the number was Jerry, the best of his breed, and the pride of the island. Big, square-built and heavy was Jerry, with a hide that was like the deep purple of a Royal Empress pansy, and eyes that were like the wells of Devon in their deep black. Short, strong horns crowned him as the coronet of a lordling, and only a long, regular patch of white on his side marred the stretch of purple satin which covered him. Jerry was the pick of the herd, and the time came when his owner could not resist the gold that was offered and the plea that his kind were needed to perpetuate the pure line of cattle that was to make the island proud in days to come. In the course of a few months Jerry moved up the island away to where the hills came down to earth and lost the blue look which distance had given to their forest-covered sides.

For a time the heart of Jerry refused to be comforted, for he had left behind a pretty cow that had greatly taken his fancy, in the flat country, and he could hear yet her bawl of lonesomeness when she watched them lead him from the paddock through whose fence she had been wont to rub noses with him—her only way of telling him how much she thought of him and what a handsome brute he was.

Now Jerry was a thoroughbred, and, like

a knight of old, was willing to take his lady fair by any means, fair or foul, so that it was a successful way of winning her. And when he watched each sun set and rise again, and each day drag by, with evidently no thought of him being reunited with the little pale-colored cow, he began to get uneasy. He roared defiance at the fence which held him, and tossed his head at the man who came daily to see him and admire his size and beauty. He lost his good-nature, which had been one of his especial recommendations, and his black eyes had a gleam of fire in their depths which flashed wickedly when he turned his head to snort disdain at the men who came to his enclosure, looked at him and then talked about him.

There came a day when he was so cross that when the man came in to admire his treasure, as usual, a bad thought came into the big, thick head. He had been watching the sun rise that morning as he nibbled at the dewy grass, and thoughts of the little pale cow came with each mouthful, and his big eyes grew soft and his big sides dimpled lazily in one of his now rare spells of contentment. The man who owned him saw the peaceful pose and thought that this would be a favorable opportunity to test that good-nature which had been so much talked of to him when he purchased Jerry. He advanced through the open gate into the range of Jerry's vision, and the black eyes saw him long before he was aware. In a second the dimples smoothed out of the heaving sides and the old wicked look came back, and the man noticed in alarm the turf flying beneath the quick strokes of the big hoof. Then the huge head lowered, and the man turned and ran just as, like a bolt out of the blue, the bull shot across the short enclosure and battered the fence loose in his terrific onslaught.

Afterward the man declared he could see Jerry smile as he shook the broken fence and tossed his head high. Whether the brute smiled or not he had gained one point, and that was the knowledge that he could easily escape from durance vile by exerting his magnificent strength, and that was the beginning of trouble for both Jerry and the man.

Four days afterwards Jerry was gone, and had left little beside the broken fence

to mark the place of his escape. To the mountains Jerry turned his steps, thoughts of the pretty, pale-colored cow large in his brain, and all day long he searched the woods without meeting a soul except for a distant sight of the man who sought him in the wilds. He easily kept away from him, and then, if ever, he did smile in his own way to see how easy it was to stay with this new-found freedom. He scarce knew at first whether he liked it or not. For generations his ancestors had been domestic, and he had never known any other existence and had been satisfied. This new life was lonesome. He did not see another of his kind in all his travels. In fact, there seemed to be a dearth of four-footed friends as far as he could find. Often he saw the nimble-footed deer away above him like toy things on a cornice of rock, and he marvelled at the distance and the tininess of them. He once caught the howl of a wolf, and he knew that sound enough to keep a sharp lookout. Again, he had caught a whiff of another odor, the stench of the breath of the big cat family, as a panther passed him in the night, its own nostrils full of the scent of the buck which it followed down to the watercourse, and a few minutes later he heard the rush of the big body through the underbrush and the wild cry of the stricken deer. Then even his big heart cautioned discretion, and he made his way out of the danger zone.

Day by day he climbed a little, until at last one day he was able to stand where the deer had stood and look down at the spot from where he had watched it long before. It was fine up there, now that his great lungs were accustomed to the thin air, and the grass was green and tender, and the fern was high and protected him, and even when the winter came down he could always find shelter. The moss was soft to his great feet, and he loved to nibble at the violets which bloomed until late in the fall, searching out their tiny purple out of the grass and curling his pink tongue around them, roots and all, the great white teeth closing on them as daintily as a girl would nibble a bonbon.

But at last the want of a friend overcame all the joys of freedom and the charms of the mountain woods, and so he started to go down to the valley below where the

other cows stayed in their allotted fields and did not dream of the joys of the heights. It took him two days to descend the slope, for he had to circumvent and take the less precipitous path, and even on the level he did not hurry himself. But finally he did arrive at the fence, and in the evening, when the gorgeous sunset flamed in the western sky, he heard, for the first time in weeks, the tinkle of the cowbells like a fairy chime in the soft twilight, and he hastened to meet them on their way to the paddock. The settler saw in the dusk the huge, black form and smiled to himself. He had predicted that he would come back, and now he knew that he had argued aright when he said that Jerry would be too lonesome in the hills. Jerry did not know that his return had been predicted, but it would not have worried him if he had. He nosed in with the herd, and took a drink when they drank and roamed around them when milking-time came and the cows lined up in their places. That night the gate was closed, and once again Jerry was a prisoner. But not for long. He had tasted freedom and found it sweet, and now that his nature had been soured by his separation from his loved cow, he had developed a bad streak. Although he decided he would return to the hills, he was not going alone. All that day and the next he whispered soft nothings into the ears of the prettiest of the cows, and by nightfall they were willing to follow him to the ends of the earth if need be. Jerry had the time of his life that week, being welcomed by the herd and having the run of the place in the hope that he would like it too well to attempt regaining his liberty.

But the night came when his plans were ready, and Jerry and two cows started for the hills, only to hear following them the distant tinkle of one of the little bell cows who had been smitten with Jerry's charms and determined to follow too. They travelled hard, those three, and Jerry preached liberty and freedom to them all the way, until he had at last led them to the wonders of the heights, and shown them the deep moss, the high ferns, the delicious violets. Deep in their love for Jerry, they learned to love the mountain top as he did, and brushed their soft sides on the red and white berries, scratching on the bushes and nipping the tender green things, and hav-

ing a lovely time as good cows should. And when the spring came and grew into the softness of summer, there were some baby calves to love and caress, and the happy family on the hills in time formed their habits anew, and became natives of the woods in all but name.

Every year Jerry visited the farm, breaking through a fence or getting in as best he could, and nearly every time he brought back another bovine to join the colony on the hills, until the man had given up hope of winning him back, and began to consider him a pest which he would be glad to be rid of. Jerry had become a free lance, a second Robin Hood, and only differed in that his tastes were like King Solomon's, for many loves.

The day came eventually when Jerry was old, and the silver threads glistened among the satiny black of his sides, and his head grew shaggy and his eyes dim. He was a fierce old fellow now, and the herd stood in awe of him, as the younger of a family would venerate a fierce old progenitor, and honor him too, for Jerry had that distinction, that this tribe was all his own, and they promised, like Abraham's, to become numerous as the sands of the sea. But as usual there was a favorite one to the old bull, and he was truly Jerry the second, in that he was the same satin black, with the white patch, and had the same love of conquest, and had even taken to his great grandsires wandering habits, and was the first of the herd for some time to take his way down the mountain side to the fields below, where now a numerous herd grazed in the valley. Once he returned with the prettiest cow he could see, and for a time, like his progenitor, was happy with his bride. But, like Jerry of old, his heart would waver in its affection, and he had scarcely learned to lick the tender curls of his firstborn's baby hide when he started on his second trip down the mountain side.

Now the absence of the pretty cow had awakened the suspicion of the settler in the valley, and when the young beast came a-courting, he found that the fences were all built up again, and that even his magnificent strength was exerted to break them down, but once he had broken in, he paid the settler back for the trouble he had taken, and in a spirit of wanton mischief he broke into the garden, ate all he could of the growing vegetables, trampled the rest

into oblivion, tossed the carefully stacked straw all over the place, flirted outrageously with all the cows who would deign to look at him, and, selecting two more with extra care, he left for the hills, making a successful get-away.

The settler had been away for a short visit that day, and when he came back and saw the ruin that lay all around him, he cursed Jerry the first and all his line down to the present perpetuation of the stock, roundly and completely, and vowed that if that was the wild bull's fault that time, the next occasion could be laid at his own door. Then he set to work on his fences and ruined garden.

A taste of this free-lance game had created a craving for adventure in the breast of the young bull, and, sure enough, he flung caution to the winds after that. Another trip down resulted in more broken fences and the general demoralization of the herd. But the settler had seen the commotion and arrived in time to prevent much damage to the garden and chased the intruder out before he had had time to win any more cows from their happy home. Jerry the fourth was peeved over this, but had great hopes of the next trip he would make to the valley.

But the next time was the fatal one, and when the young bull arrived in all the glory of his satin-smooth coat and flashing eyes, he found the gate open and the way clear. No thought of suspicion crossed his mind that it was too easy to be safe. He had his handsome eyes on the herd again, and had tossed his big head in challenge to any of them, watching in true dandified style to see what effect his presence had on the cows. He saw the restless movement among them, and moved over closer. He was quite sure of his popularity and could take his own way of making his presence known. He was growing fearfully conceited nowadays.

Just to show his self-possession, he strolled over to the straw stack and rubbed against it, tossing a few armfuls in the air and tossing his head to meet it as it came down. A few stray wisps stuck in his satiny hide and the folds of his neck, but he did not try to shake them off. They gave him a rather sporty air, as he knew, a sort of Bacchantal atmosphere that would be sure to be impressive with the cows. He stood quite alone at his side of the yard and awaited the coming of the herd to welcome him, and never in his pride saw the man who stalked out from the barn, gun in hand, and took careful aim at his shining coat just where the thick folds of his neck stood over the direct path to his great throbbing heart.

One sharp report and the great beast threw his head high, with a snort of pain and rage, and then plunged heavily. The second report finished the tragedy, and, with a final heavy groan, the weight sank to rest on the scattered straw, and the red life-blood dyed it gold as the thick spurts gushed from the great neck. We arrived on the scene in a motor just as the great beast fell, and before the frightened herd had time to realize just what was the matter, and then we heard from the man who owned Jerry the first, the story I have told you, and were grieved to know that the last Jerry was to be sold to the construction camps as just "bull meat" at nine cents a pound.

It was a striking lesson as to the end of all earthly glory, but it was, after all, a real bit of natural history as they have it in the Sooke Hills today, and any time you may go there and find any number of the relations and friends of Jerry, and if you find the heart to kill, you may gain a bounty as well as the price of wild cattle meat, but don't forget, before you shoot, the labor of getting the carcass down the hill.



The Importance of Groundhog Coals

By R. C. Campbell-Johnston, M.E.

THE salient reasons why the smokeless, hard steam coals derived from the Groundhog coal fields in Northern British Columbia will play a most important part in the world's commercial future are partly on account of the almost inexhaustible quantity and high-grade quality of their many seams. Furthermore, they have the ability amply to hold their own, after being preliminarily cleaned from foreign dirt or ash by the usual screening trommels, picking-belts and washing devices in vogue everywhere when preparing for market all smokeless coals competing at mutual depots, including the superior steam coals shipped from Wales or Pennsylvania and Pocahontas. Finally they maintain the especial facts concerning comparative costs of winning and delivering these same coals at all common points open to each of the above-mentioned fuels alike along all the seaboard of the entire Pacific Ocean from Alaska to Patagonia, the shores of China, Siberia and Japan down to Hong-kong, and out to Australia and New Zealand for the purposes of the fighting navies of all nations. Clean coal, found mechanically treated by the rapid currents of water and taken from the beds of the many streams intersecting the Groundhog district, demonstrates conclusively the splendid character of the finished article and the practicability of preparing such at any time in order successfully to compete in the world's markets as a product low in ash, high in fixed carbon, and at the same time smokeless, equally adaptable for all naval purposes as those selected from other coal fields.

The assertion that Groundhog coals disintegrate after being won, through exposure to the air, is absolutely absurd, for all coal samples already held and exhibited during the last three years and longer are still as compact and as solid today as when freshly broken. Such a mistaken suggestion can



only have arisen from some foolish, unscientific error of judging a mine by the condition and appearance of its dump, when this had been weathered and over-run during several winters

by flooded creeks after intense cold has frozen and expanded the particles. So on the surface of the spoil-tips was left any specks of coal remaining, these heavier than similarly broken surface wall rocks, for all powdered material is here due to blasting and the wasteful custom during initial development of throwing coal and roof-rock together indiscriminately into the same pile.

In all hard coal seams, equally in other parts of the world as well as here, where this hardness is caused under severe squeezing from former immense, overlying thicknesses of glacier ice, and also from the heat generated by the surface movements, disturbances and subsidences of later upper strata, there along the outcrops of the seams occur surface niggerheads, vugs but only superficial of calcite with quartz veinlets. These show how the outside relief from high tension and pressure allowed the exuding waters on evaporating to precipitate their residue in lime and silica from their heated solutions. However, these sediments are absent when the mere outcrops are penetrated and other parts are encountered unexposed to atmospheric influence. All these technical facts and details are everyday common knowledge to most experienced coal engineers and skilled managers, and the want of this practical groundwork in their profession classes any writer, whether in government employ or otherwise, as incompetent to speak authoritatively of a new coal field.

Before giving further proof of the importance of these coal fields, another ill-advised statement, the result of undigested deductions and incomplete observations, must be nailed to the post as a warning to those in too great a hurry to pass an opinion. The basal geological floor of this coal formation, called the Skeena series, has



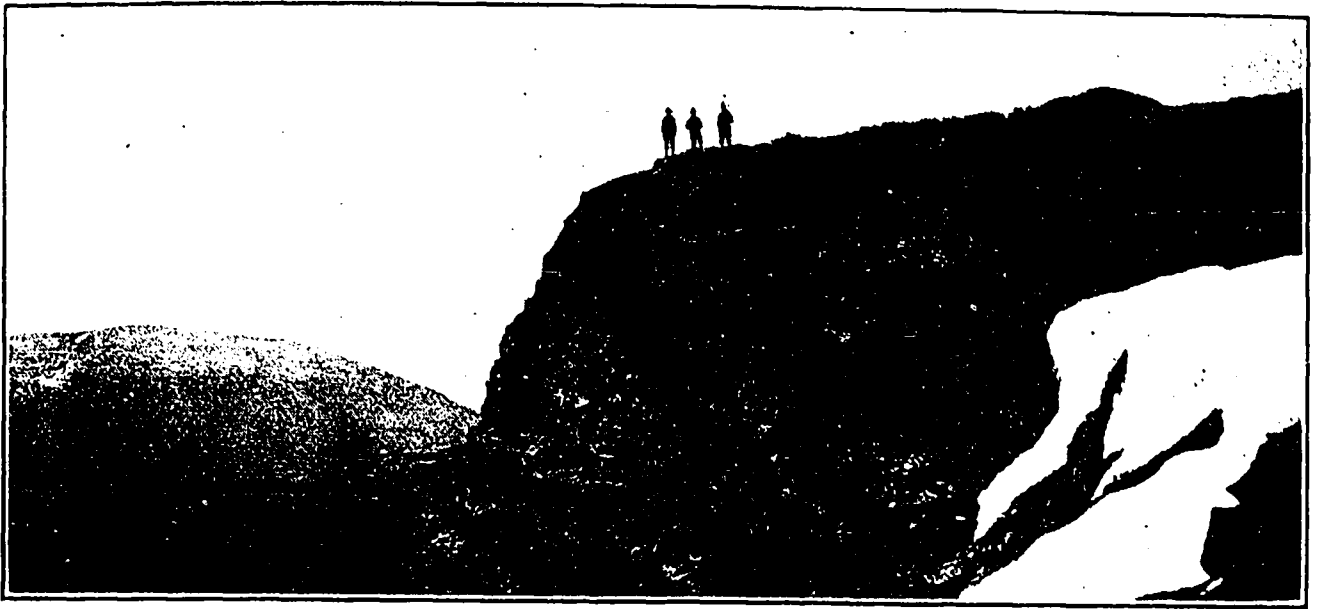
ON THE WINTER TRAIL TO GROUNDHOG

been hastily assumed to be a certain local conglomerate, dubbed offhand of Jurassic age. This not, however, from evidence of fossils, but simply because the Rocky Mountain formations to the south happen to have a Jurassic underlying stratum. By assuming the lower conglomerates here to be the final limits in depth of the coal, and also by postulating some fearful and wonderful acrobatic feat of a supposed marvellous fold in the formation for over twenty miles in length, and turned back for a width of ten miles on itself, the geology of the Queen Charlotte Islands and also of Vancouver Island has been summarily ignored. Likewise the area of coal formation and its commercial possibilities have been thus reduced in their estimation to a bare one hundred and seventy square miles, differing from the writer's original one, given after two seasons' work, of seventy miles in length along a north and south line, namely, from the crest of the Groundhog Pass continuously to the Little Klappan, then by a line in width at least thirty miles east and west continuously from east of Doote or Pebble Creek to Panorama Mountain and the headwaters of the Naas River, comprising in all, roughly, a commercial two thousand square miles. As glacial erosion has denuded in many parts the upper strata down to these conglomerates in dispute, therefore the hasty conclusions have been put forth as insufficient proofs that erosion has destroyed for coal purposes nearly the whole extent of this great area mentioned, and that the various synclines above left un-

touched constitute alone small separated areas of coal-bearing seams. Only a minute decision is possible as to the number of seams left, and so of the tonnage to be estimated from foot-acres measured, on each individual square mile, after each has been systematically examined and contour maps completed.

However, a more careful examination of the rocks in situ will quickly show the absurdity of restricting the coal-bearing areas to these small synclines or troughs, as coal has been found actually outcropping in large seams at short intervals from north to south and from east to west over the whole of the area mentioned from Groundhog to Klappan, and from Panorama to Merry Creek, and beyond Zhanny Creek—in fact, up and down the Clua-Kaas and Clua-Tahn-Tahn branches of the Skeena River, and down the Stikine River to Klappan, and on its Clua-Yetse branch beyond Moccasin Creek, and good coal was brought in from Pitman River, another tributary from the east. These are hard facts that cannot be controverted, and so the theoretical government engineers from Ottawa, in their computed tables, are far too low for a correct estimation of the coal reserves existing in reality in the great Groundhog district.

At present the coal trade of British Columbia is in a transition stage, and is passing through a parlous condition for the moment, during such time as certain great financial interests and common carriers are allowed to play battledore and shuttlecock with the growing and insistent demands for



TABLE, OR DESTINGAY, MOUNTAIN

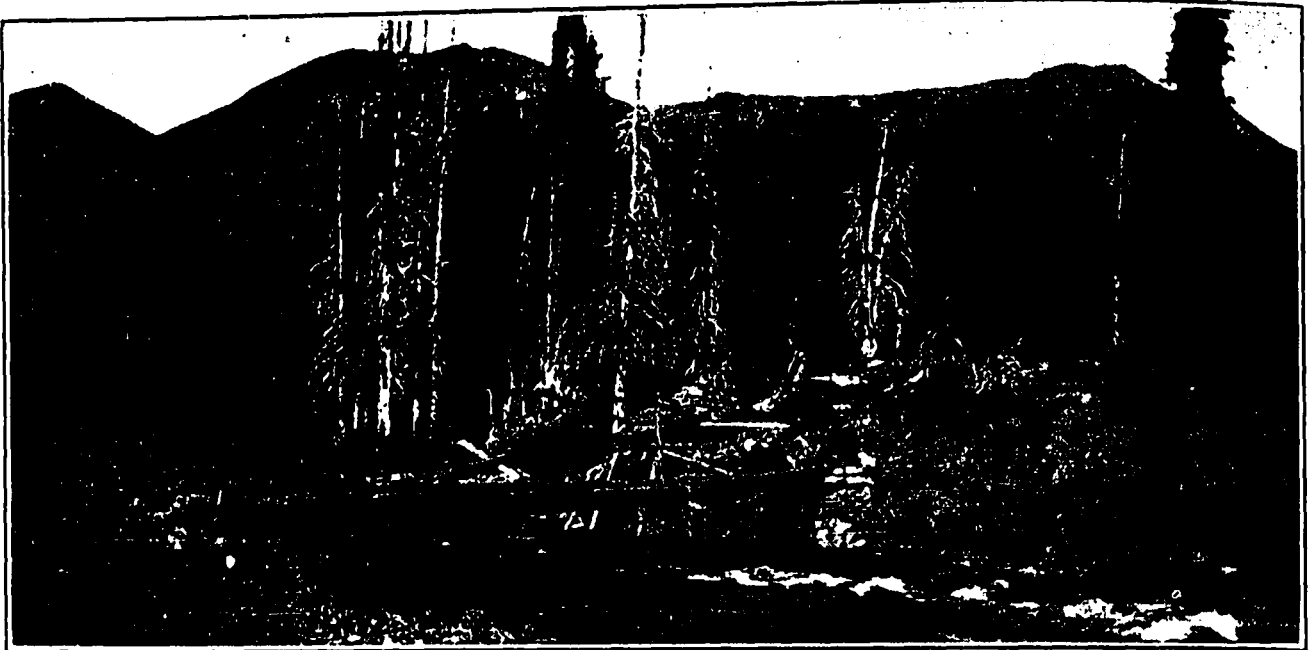
a regular and cheap supply of fuel from the general community. Two of the corporations mining on Vancouver Island, for ulterior purposes of their own, have wantonly created strife with their labor, thus throwing the output of the Coast coal mines into chaos from which it will find great difficulty in again even resuming its former dimensions, and much more in increasing to a still wider extent, as the wants of the country grow, this once extremely lucrative industry. The coal mines of the State of Washington, occurring in the miocene geological strata, and so carrying greatly inferior coal compared with the even somewhat mediocre, dirty, cretaceous seams on Vancouver Island, are now, during our misfortunes, reopening every possible pit, and for the nonce reaping a splendid harvest. From Australia and Japan bituminous coals as a stop-gap are being hurriedly brought in by their aggressively active owners in large cargoes to fill these dislocated home markets, hoping also to become permanent shippers, and likewise to capture the Californian and other markets farther afield, but formerly won and almost exclusively supplied by Nanaimo and Comox.

This importation of outside coal to replace our own, which should reach this coast rather from the interior collieries of the province, namely, from those in the Nicola Valley, Similkameen, Crow's Nest, Banff, Brazeau and other Rocky Mountain districts generally, is made possible because railway rates connecting producers and consumers have to date not been properly

adjusted by the federal Railway Commission, for one reason that new railway routes over the Hope Mountains and by the Yellowhead Pass to the Fraser Valley are in the process of construction, which when completed will alter and maybe automatically cheapen the present tariffs charged, and which facts account for the former remark that the coal trade of this province is in a transition stage.

The several coals of the various local districts have their specific places in our commerce in accordance with their distinct qualities, the one for cheerful open fireplaces, as the lignites and semi-bituminous, another from which to produce gas or a high-class coke for metallurgical purposes, as the bituminous, and yet another for smokeless fuel, as anthracite and semi-anthracite in steamers of the merchant service and the fighting navies of the world, also in base-burners and for heating purposes in towns, where for the sake of health the smoke nuisance must be peremptorily abolished. On account of these several requirements each individual field is limited to its special market.

It is to enlarge on the new-found extensive Groundhog coal fields, containing smokeless coals in endless quantity, perhaps the largest area known in the world of similar quantity, that this description is intended. Should large industrial enterprises along the seaboard desire immediately to start operations, the continuous connections with a coal supply are so dislocated on a possible basis that commercial energy is handicapped. This is owing to a passing



BRIDGE OVER BIERNES CREEK

lassitude in organization, for the natural wealth of coal in British Columbia is immense, and of a suitable quality to satisfy all requirements. Furthermore, the oil interests of the United States, without contradiction from capable experts, publish inspired articles broadcast in the press of the continent, perpetually dinning into the public ear that the age of coal consumption is past, and that oil alone is the fuel of today. The ordinary oil-burning steamers or land locomotives, however, leave a black cloud of pungent smoke in their wake, the air of our cities which we breathe and with which we coat our lungs reeks with unconsumed carbon from oil base-burners, and

the Diesel internal smokeless combustion engine on a large scale is still an experiment.

There cannot be ignored the possible short life of oil fields, with their strata punctured by new wells, and through human economy of pipe casing the admittance of destructive surface waters to the underground oil-storing zones, thus driving up the floating oils first into the anticlines of the folded formations, then later by increasing water pressure forcing the hydro-carbons further to exude through the fractured and cracked apices to waste gradually into tar sands by volatilization, having now lost their valuable qualities through sun distillation and the effects of atmospheric chemical reactions. It will not be long, too,



MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF A MINING ENGINEER

before the owners of oil wells cannot afford further to permit the extravagant, wasteful sale of crude oil, rather than to refine the raw stuff and utilize its sundry more precious separated constituents, eagerly sought after to furnish cheap motive power, and other valuable chemicals produced from the residue. Oil stocks, too, are being boomed, and the investing public are temporarily being relieved of their surplus cash by methods similar to those in which the rubber promoters previously excelled.

It is now opportune to speak of the sizes of the seams found and already developed in the Groundhog coal field. The writer had special charge of the exploratory work on Biernes Creek on behalf of the British Columbia Anthracite Syndicate, who are Quebec people, among the most active being Messrs. Leon Benoit and J. G. Scott. They, with their colleagues, spared no necessary expense to demonstrate thoroughly what they held in the shape of an industrial, and they obtained also a railway charter, having a government subsidy added, so to control all items on the outgoing cost sheets when marketing their coal. Their seams, corroborated by the government engineer, Mr. G. S. Malloch, Mr. James McEvoy, Mr. G. F. Monckton, besides the writer, consist of the Benoit seam (6 feet), Scott seam (9 feet), Garneau seam (4 feet), Ross seam (approximately 20 feet), Pelletier seam (6 feet), all these in the lower coal series along Biernes Creek, with others showing three miles farther up over an anticline, but not yet developed. In the upper series on Anthracite Creek, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 (*a* 4 feet 9 inches, *b* 3 feet, *c* 5 feet 9 inches) the lower series constitute a total thickness of about 45 feet; the upper series do not cover much of this syndicate's 67 square miles, but their total tonnage otherwise places them far beyond anxiety for one hundred years. The best analyses on each seam gave as follows:

Seam	Fixed Carbon	Volatile Matter	Sulphur	Ash	Moisture
Benoit -----	84.00	4.5	1.0	5.00	4.1
Scott -----	81.10	4.6	0.8	10.00	3.5
Garneau -----	82.50	4.0	1.0	8.50	4.0
Ross -----	80.94	9.33	0.77	8.96	*
Pelletier -----	83.50	3.50	1.00	7.50	4.5
No. 1 -----	71.76	13.51	0.16	14.57	
No. 2 -----	73.36	6.74	0.12	19.74	
No. 3 -----	86.74	6.98	0.15	6.15	

*Vide Volatile.

These analyses can be corroborated, and excelled in bulk from run of mine by cleaned products from all the seams, and with some careful preparation will compare more than favorably with typical Welsh or Pennsylvanian coals, whose analyses are given under:

Locality	Fixed Carbon	Volatile Matter	Sulphur	Ash	Moisture
Welsh—					
Albion Cardiff --	85.15	8.65	0.14	3.24	2.81
Bryn Blaen ----	84.60	7.40	(0.20)	6.05	1.95
Best Adm'ty stm.	83.40	12.20	0.70	2.80	0.90
Cardiff dry steam	85.50	11.00	0.80	2.00	0.70
Best Monmouthshire steam --					
Swansea dry stm.	85.50	10.00	0.90	2.60	1.00
West Virginia—					
Pocahontas -----	80.10	13.59	0.14	5.15	1.02
Elk Cardin -----	80.67	11.68	0.09	6.45	1.11
Pennsylvania—					
Wilkesbarre ---	83.97	3.77	0.15	8.64	3.47
Lackawana ---	81.71	6.79	0.35	8.01	3.13
Average 30 cars	84.00	3.80	0.50	8.40	3.30
Lehigh coal, market sizes—					
Lehigh egg ---	88.49	3.51	0.60	5.66	1.72
Lehigh stove ---	83.07	4.15	0.57	10.17	1.42
Lehigh nut ----	80.71	4.04	0.84	12.66	1.73
Lehigh pea ----	79.04	3.89	0.69	14.64	1.70
Lehigh buckwheat	76.91	4.05	0.71	16.62	1.69



A HEART-BREAKING TRAIL.—THE AUTHOR AND MRS. CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON EN ROUTE



THE PIONEER WOMEN MUSHIERS INTO GROUNDHOG—MR. AND MRS. FRANK JACKSON AND MISS J. CARTER

The analysis of Lehigh coal, with its various sizes for market purposes (and the smaller the size, the greater the ash) is a good criterion to beat.

But there can now be no doubt that the salient reasons given at the beginning of this article why Groundhog smokeless, hard steam coals will play a most important part in the world's commercial future, are fully already substantiated by carefully compiled facts and evidence.

Next concerning the costs of production and delivery in order to compete everywhere along the seaboard of the whole Pacific Ocean. It must not be forgotten that to supply the Orient and all American points, distances are greatly in favor of the Groundhog coal fields. Pennsylvania's annual output of anthracite coals is approximately 83,000,000 short tons (valued per short ton at seaboard, lump \$4.75, egg \$5.00, steam coal as pea \$3.25, for long ton \$3.64). Any of this Pennsylvania or Virginian, as well as the Welsh, will have to pass through the Panama Canal before being able to compete.

The price of Welsh coal is approximately for the year's average, 23s. 3d. (\$5.63 per long ton). Freight rates from Welsh ports to Hongkong are 15s. 3d.; Sydney, Australia, 12s. 6d.; Chili, 18s. 6d. Groundhog coal can be kept at the pit's mouth at \$4.00, or f.o.b. on Portland Canal at \$5.00.

On a daily output of 5,000 tons a yearly profit of over \$3,000,000 can be demon-

strated, which is equal to ten per cent. profit on a capital on paper of \$30,000,000, or twenty per cent. on a sum of \$15,000,000.

By owning a railway to carry the coal down the Naas River to the seaboard, one hundred and fifty miles away, also a fleet of steam colliers to convey the product from there to any and all of the ports on the Pacific, where will be established depots for bunker coal to supply steamers, there will be ample sale for such a proposed output, and an immense new market developed on account of the opening of the Panama Canal.

Working capital of approximately \$9,000,000 will be advisable to purchase, develop, equip, construct the railway, terminals, own a fleet and acquire depots abroad, still leaving an attractive margin to cover promotion expenses and produce profits. All these facts and figures given and tabulated can be accurately substantiated later, when the many departments are in full swing, and from their compactness offer to the investing public one of the most attractive industrials for investment, seldom equalled for permanency and further possibility for enhanced profits. It took years to induce capital to entertain the Crow's Nest scheme of collieries and railway, but this Groundhog coal field, on account of its proximity to seaboard and the special quality and quantity of its coal, cannot long go begging, as its product has few competitors.

His Handspring Bride

By Amy R. Miller

Mr. Peter Foote

Deer sir: I take my pen in hand to let you no that me and sam Doty is to git married at the babis' church tomorrow. so no moar from

Yours trully,

CORA MIDGELY

"Drat the luck." Peter crumpled up the letter and threw it to the floor. "Can't nobody ever tell what these dad-blamed women will do next, nohow. Sam Doty," he snorted, wrathfully, pounding the table with his clenched fist, "why, that old skin-flint owes me forty dollars, and has for three years back, and I'll bet his first wife's feet ain't hardly cold yet, neither. Huh."

"No grub ready, an' I've got a thirty mile drive to make today." Peter whittled kindlings vigorously and soon had a blazing fire. After a vigorous search for the coffee, which was finally discovered in the cupboard, he filled and set the coffee-pot on the coals while he poured forth his domestic grievances.

"Women is the bane of my existence. Doggoned if they ain't. Housekeepers! Five housekeepers already, and me only forty-four," he sputtered wrathfully, slamming the butcher knife down and pitching the chunk of salt pork into a barrel in the corner.

"Cupid! Bah! You ought to 'a been named Stupid"—this to a gray striped cat washing her forepaw under the table. "Take that for your fool mistress." He seized a blue sunbonnet off a nail and dashed it at the fleeing feline.

Here the coffee-pot boiled entirely over, and hissed and sizzled so alarmingly that Peter, in a hurried rescue, scalded both his hands and burst into lurid profanity as he hunted for a bottle of liniment. Profusely he poured the lotion over the crimson scalds, and sniffed suspiciously as he hastily turned again to his frying-pan full of pork.

"What did I tell ye? Burned black as my hat," he stormed. "This is goin' to be a fine breakfast. Wisht Sam Doty and his lady love was here; I'd feed 'em on it and

call it a weddin' breakfast, I just declare I would."

Peter stepped to the bread box and fished from its bottom-most depths one mouldy little green biscuit, which, like the Last Rose of Summer, was left blooming alone.

"Ain't that the cap-sheaf?" he queried, wrathfully. "Me to ride fifteen miles to town on one mouldy little biscuit and a mess of burned pork that a dog wouldn't look at. I'll git even with you, Cora Midgely; I'll git a better housekeeper than you ever dared to be. Bet you jest left because you didn't git no invite to be Mrs. Peter Foote. They all want to marry, I take notice. I'll—I'll jest advertise in the *Turtleville Clarion* for a wife, that's what I'll do."

Fired with this new resolve, Peter hitched up and drove rapidly to town, arriving there just before noon. After a hasty but hearty dinner he called at the office of the *Turtleville Clarion*, and bashfully stated his errand to the sympathizing editor.

"You're just in time, Foote. Write out your ad. right away; this paper comes out at four o'clock, and if you say in the ad. that you are stopping at the Planter's Hotel, of course the women will know just where to find you," spoke the wily editor to the bewildered aspirant for connubial bliss.

Grasping the pen in his hairy, red paw, Peter began a valiant struggle. With his tongue hanging from his mouth and beads of perspiration upon his brow, he wrestled with the words. The pen was an unknown implement to his hand, more accustomed to the shovel and the pitchfork, and his progress was tediously slow. Peter's mute signals for help were finally answered by the editor. The advertisement was written out to the satisfaction of both men and rushed by the printer's devil into the forms.

Much to Peter's astonishment, it was only one short hour after the issue of the *Turtleville Clarion* when the landlord of the Planter's Hotel informed his guest that a

very handsome young lady was waiting in the parlor to see him.

Peter entered the dimly-lighted parlor in great trepidation, silently fighting an overpowering desire to run home and hide. In a dusky corner and far from a window, something moved—a vision stood before his eyes which made Peter gasp. The young lady wore a striking Princess gown, and her wealth of golden hair was done in the latest fashion of the hour.

"Good evening, how are you?" Peter ventured.

"I—I—my name is Mary Green, and I saw your ad. in the *Turtleville Clarion*," almost whispered the fair one, with her head bent low and her eyes on the floor.

"You look good to me," gallantly responded Peter; "have a chair."

"I'm—an orphan, and last week the aunt who raised me died and left me all alone in this cruel world," explained Mary, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Cora Midgely was my housekeeper, but she left me without any notice, and she and Sam Doty is to git hitched tomorrow. There's no time to lose if we are to beat them." Peter pulled his chair up closer to Mary's and began a most ardent wooing.

"I'm—I'm afraid you are too old for me, Mr. Foote," coyly hazarded the fair Miss Green.

"Call me Peter," entreated he, falling further into the depths of infatuation, "and never mention age to a man who can do this."

To Mary's boundless delight he flipped three handsprings in rapid succession. His agility made a decided hit with his lady love; instead of listening to his protestations of devotion on bended knees, she bade him turn more handsprings. The glowing Peter complied; over and over he flew in cartwheels, while Mary clapped her hands with glee, and Peter wound up the performance with a very high jump into the air, during which he cracked his heels together three times.

While he recovered his breath he was elevated to heights of untold bliss by the promise of an answer on the following day.

The next morning Peter hired a buggy and drove his fair one about in state. Proudly he noted the stares of the Turtlevillians as they looked at the prospective bride. Rumors of a wedding in the near future flew about the square, and Peter's name was on every tongue. During the drive he pressed his suit with ardor; he tendered a formal proposal, and was accepted. Mary consented to an immediate wedding, and a justice of the peace and a score of Peter's friends were summoned to witness the ceremony.

The affair passed off smoothly. True, Peter gallantly expressed the intention of punching the head of any guest who attempted to kiss the bride, but after a bountiful wedding dinner Peter and the beaming Mrs. Foote departed for home amid showers of rice, old shoes and best wishes, as well as catcalls and cowbell music contributed by the small boys of Turtleville.

"Mary, my Mary, she's just like a fairy, My Mary Green."

Far down the road the chorus of the old song floated after the happy pair. Not until they were at the farmhouse, secure from prying eyes, did the bashful Peter throw off his diffidence and welcome Mary home with the fervor and devotion which burned within him and which the occasion demanded.

"Give your dear Peter a sweet kiss, wifey," he cried, emphasizing his request with a bear-hug. Coyly the little bride sidestepped, with a birdlike motion she turned her bright eyes and animated face up to his ardent gaze. Swiftly passing her hands behind her, she did something to her belt and her skirts fell away; running one hand over her Mary Garden coiffure she dashed the golden mass to the floor and stood before the dumbfounded Peter in man's attire.

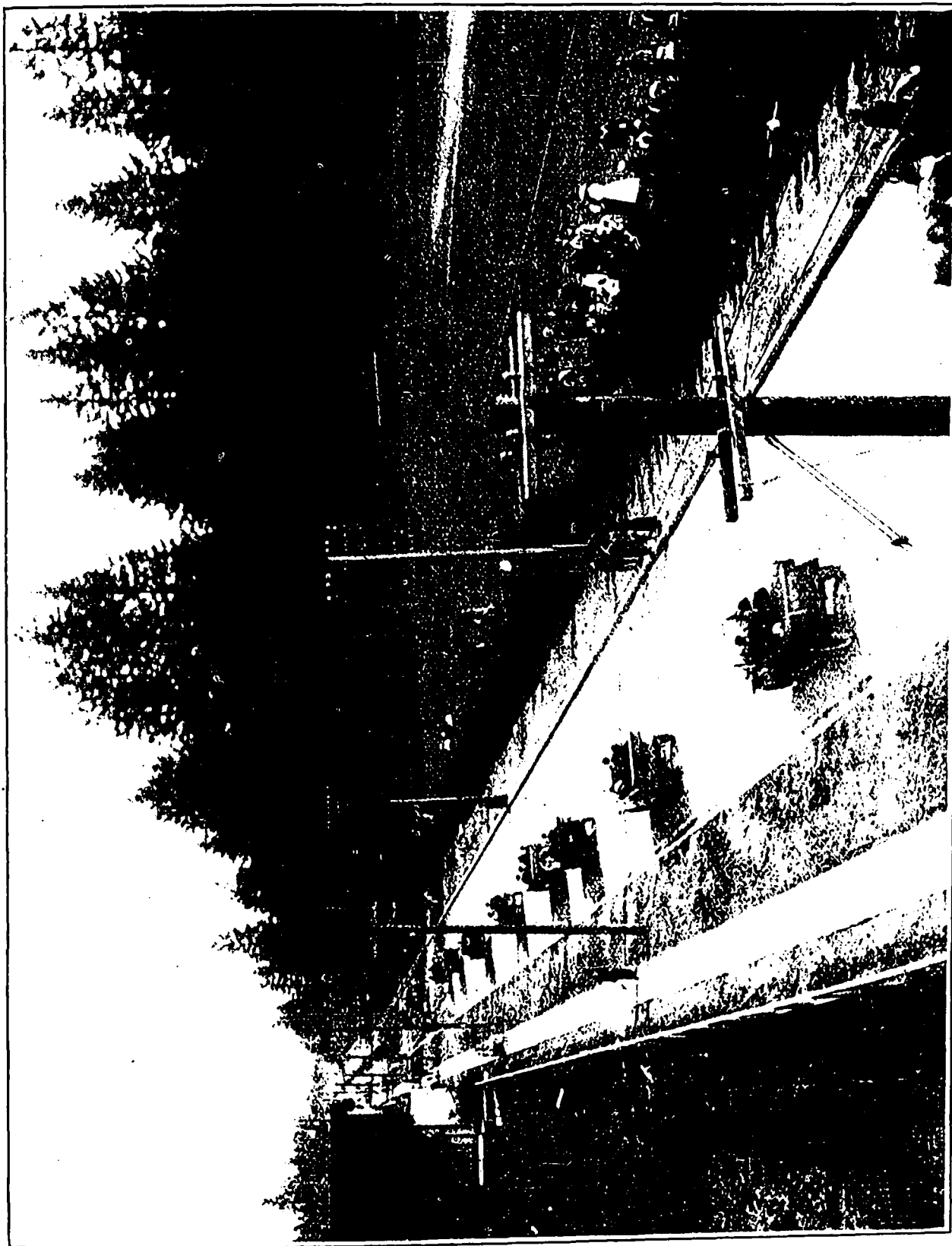
Speechless as Lot's wife, forever transformed into the salty pillar, the silent Peter gazed at Larry Chamberlain, the most incorrigible joker in Turtleville.

"Turn one more handspring for your little lady love," cried the wicked Larry, as he dashed hurriedly through the door.

The Opening of "Kingsway"

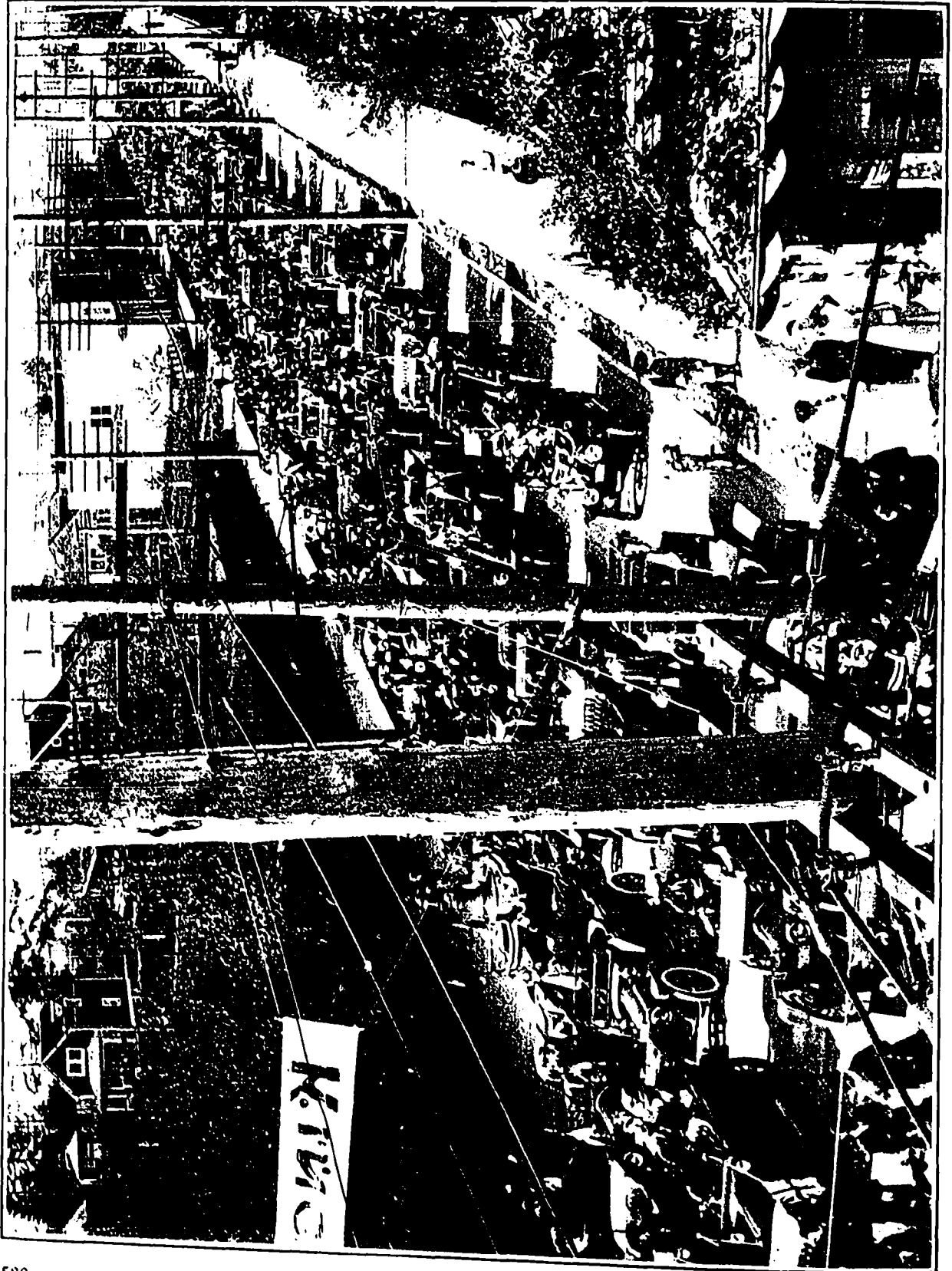
THE new highway between Vancouver and New Westminster, passing through South Vancouver and Burnaby, is now complete, and a few weeks ago was opened as a public thoroughfare for its entire length. It is a broad, magnificent road, and by none will it be appreciated more than by motorists, who, to the number of six hundred, made the trip between the two cities on the day the road was opened.

The section of the road seen in the picture is alongside Central Park.



The Opening of "Kingsway"

SIX HUNDRED automobiles from Vancouver at the opening of "Kingsway." The photograph was taken at the ceremony at Boundary Road, a short distance nearer Vancouver than the position shown in the first picture. It is believed that ere long a scheme will be entered upon for the paving of River Road from New Westminster to Eburne, thus providing, together with Granville Street, a triangular "belt line" for automobiles having as its angles Vancouver, New Westminster and Eburne. Such an attractive route with well-paved roads would probably be unequalled in Western Canada.



With the Black Death in China

By "Din Mur"

It was in the year '98. I happened to be head-master, in one of the chief treaty parts, of an English school that had been founded by a body of wealthy Chinese officials and merchants. The teachers on my staff were young Celestials who had been educated at English colleges in Hong Kong and Shanghai. The pupils were sons of the leading men of the city, together with a number who had come from various parts of the province. The school roll was about one hundred and fifty. They were all very earnest students, eager to acquire the knowledge of the "foreign devils." They well understood the value of western learning in the climb to wealth and glory they hoped to make, and at present are beginning really to make, in the day of Young China.

The handful of resident Europeans had their concessional quarters on a delightful little island not more than half a mile from the mainland, where the huge city nestled between sea and river. For the most part they were employed in the imperial customs, with a sprinkling of shipping-house men, bankers, consuls and their secretaries, and missionaries. There was not the slightest antagonism between missionaries and laymen. In fact, the good missionary doctors had at one time or another saved the life of every European in the place. What could there be but a mutual good feeling among the members of a little white community almost lost in the seething sea of foreign humanity about them? Every Sunday evening the whole community turned out to English service in the little missionary chapel.

Several thousand Chinese, mostly of the better class, also resided on the island. The Europeans engaged in business in the big Chinese city crossed the half mile of water every morning in their private sampans, and the coolies would be waiting at the landings at four in the afternoon to row them back. The short time before sunset was passed very pleasantly either in driving around the

island, or at some seasonable game of tennis, cricket, hockey, or, if a man-of-war were in the harbor, it was a rousing football match.

Among the nicest and most sociable of the residents were those who swore by the name of Sir Robert Hart. It was remarkable how at all the Chinese ports every one of the imperial customs officers, high or low, seemed to have nothing but praise and affection for the great commissioner.

In common with most of the other white residents, I crossed the harbor every work-day morning for my scholastic duties. The school house was a very large Chinese building. The front door-steps dipped down into the water, so that one walked directly from his boat into his place of business. The building extended through the block right back into the first long narrow street of the city. So our school-house view was extremely diverse according as the look was taken from the front or the back door. Out from the one we saw the sparkling harbor, always crowded with its fleet of native and foreign craft—boats of every fantastic description. This picture had as its background our residential island, with our grey stone homes shaded amongst abounding greenery. At the back door there opened out what were always to me the fascinating sights and sounds of a densely crowded native street. Distinctly I hear the call of that street tonight as I sit in Australia writing this incident. And many other things come crowding back—things exciting, things funny, things romantic, things sad—for full many a story not known to the world has its chronicle there in the far-away island.

But I was speaking of the call of the street. Of course it was very sordid. Yet it was full of life, and life that has a strange glamor and enticement, and that calls across the years. What it always says is, "Come back; come back." My senior teacher more than once paid me the

compliment of expressing his belief that in some previous life I had been a Chinese *Sin-seh*. Who knows but that the call of the East, felt so distinctly and so unceasingly by many westerners, may in some such wise be accounted for!

The very dangers that attend European residence in a Chinese port, and the horrors which sometimes throng about life there, we find, upon diagnosing the sensation, to be part of the charm. That this is so I know full well in looking back over the dreadful weeks of the winter of '98. There is a fascination for the soldier in the nearness of death hovering above the battlefield. And quite surely, during those months when the angel of the black plague encamped with his legions about the city and made their quarters in almost every home, holding high carnival of mortality, we, one and all, white sojourners there, felt the awful fascination of Prince Death holding high court. Whether it was our life-theory or not, we all for the time being were fatalists. There was scarcely a sign of panic in the white ranks. There never is among Orientals at such times. Among ourselves there was, however, one exception. It was notable because the man was a doctor. He was not a resident but a visitor, who had come out to study the country, and spend some months with a friend. The previous year there had been a brief outbreak of the plague.

The doctor had frequently been heard to say that while in China he hoped to have the opportunity of studying the black plague. The chance came to him, and, strangely enough, he was the only man in the place who got frightened. Not once during the long siege could he be induced to cross the water. He had a good deal of teasing to put up with. He was asked so often if he did not feel well, or told that he looked bad, that he began to get into a regular funk. Then one of the mission doctors said that we must drop it, as the wretched fellow was getting into a condition that might induce the real thing.

For two or three weeks we kept our school open in the midst of the raging death, thinking that it was wiser to keep hard at work than to be idle. Then several of our pupils were hurried underground, so quickly that they were buried before we knew they were stricken. That forced us to go into

vacation. When we should re-assemble none knew. The time would be determined by the ghostly ones who were now governing the city.

During the weeks that we remained at our posts and defied death, there were gruesome sounds and sights enough. The old college janitor seemed to consider it part of his duty to show to the headmaster every morning on his arrival the proofs of his conscientious cleaning up. His collection of dead rats picked up on the premises were exhibited with beaming satisfaction. I believe he thought that every huge rodent found dead represented an arrow mis-shot by the enemy, and one less human victim. None of us understood then that the horde of infesting vermin were in league with the black death, and that each of these, his repulsive messengers, fairly bristled with poisoned arrows.

In the West we think of a pestilence as bringing with it awe and silence. Not so in China. The din of noise in the city rose up loud and louder as the mortality increased. The beating of countless drums and the clash of strident cymbals filled the whole air without cessation. Everywhere resounded the violent fanfaronade of a vast city with its temples and joss-houses and homes united in one unceasing effort of ear-splitting sound to frighten away, as they thought, by loud and hideous noise, the evil spirits of the sickness. That was how China fought the plague in '98. After all, it was an infinitely better way than that of the funk doctor. At first, as one looked up through the narrow streets, he would see funeral processions with their noisy accompaniments stream out of houses, and flow up towards the burying grounds on the hills behind the town. Before many days processions of the dead became the chief traffic of the awful streets. Then, for the most part, they ceased. The dead were too numerous for processions. Looking up and down the street from the school back door, it was a common thing to see dead bodies wrapped in coarse canvas lying before the houses of death, waiting there till the bearers came to dispose of them. The sight of hideous death became so common that all of one's usual sensations were blunted. We got used to the reign of those in power.

In the after weeks, when our school-

work was suspended, things got infinitely worse. The angel ordered a massacre, and so it was. The death rate rose to about one thousand a day.

During those latter weeks we lived quietly in the European concession of our island. Then the plague crossed the water and invaded the Chinese quarters, but made no headway. The imperial customs people did bravely with their band of Chinese employes to produce a condition of utter cleanliness. People came and went, as usual, from the city to the island. But the line of quarantine was drawn against the dead. No corpse was permitted to be brought over for burial. This was a sore restriction to Chinese whose family burial places were on the island. The customs people had their hands full to prevent the awful smuggling over for interment of plague victims belonging to wealthy city families. Chinamen in the customs service patrolled the island by day and by night. Yet everybody knew that interments were made in spite of the unceasing scrutiny of all approaching boats.

It was a sight to be remembered to walk along the island beaches and observe the cordon of night-watchmen. Each man bore in the one hand a huge lantern, and in the other a long-handled trident resembling a pitchfork. Into the front of his hat was fastened a shield of metal bearing in large letters the one suggestive word—PLAGUE. These men were our very faithful protectors. Yet so grim was their aspect, so weird and ghostly their appearance in the lanterns' glare, and with the Mephistophelian trident in their hands and the uncanny word on their hats, that they seemed to personify the black plague itself. The get-up of these sphinx-like watchers would certainly have given a stranger an unpleasant start had he met one of them unexpectedly on a dark night.

When the black plague and the red death came to London in the old unsanitary days we know now there were orgies of crime. Nothing of that sort was seen in China in '98. But there did seem to come to the surface a more distinct hatred of the foreigner. Probably they connected the sickness in some way with the presence of the "foreign devils," or to some violation made by mining prospectors of the sacredness of certain localities. There was talk

of the apparition of the fabulous annual ominous of pestilence just before the trouble began. The law of *fung shin* had been violated by a company of gold prospectors. Geomancy flouted called forth hatred of the irreligious white man.

About that time the headless body of an English sea captain was found floating in the harbor. Then an old German resident had a narrow escape. The attempt at murder in his case was made by a man who had served him for many years. He was sampan puller. On this evening while sitting with back to the rower he felt a momentary cessation of the oars. A quick turn of the head saved his life. The hatchet aimed at his brain cut into his shoulder. The sampan man immediately jumped into the water and swam off. German pluck showed in the wounded man catching up the oars and making pursuit. The rope row-lock broke. The German tied his handkerchief into a new one, but in the delay the miscreant got out of reach. The wounded man must have fainted and the boat drifted to shore, for there his house-boy found him unconscious, soaked with blood, lying in the bottom of the boat.

Shortly after this mishap I was taking, as usual, my evening saunter after dinner across the island. That night someone met me who ignored the governor's edict, which proclaimed loss of head for any Celestial who interfered with the safety of his excellency's servant, the head *sin-seh* of the English-Chinese college. I had noticed a man coming behind, and supposed he would pass me. Instead of doing so he stepped directly behind me, and then I saw other stars than those in the sky. For an instant I was stunned. Fortunately consciousness suddenly returned. The man was stooping over me. I think he intended to roll me down the steep incline of the road and let me make a grave in one of the numerous deep lily-ponds that lay in the Chinese gardens below. To this I naturally objected, and found it possible to enforce the objection, for my hand still was grasping a very heavy walking-stick.

There was no good in dealing a light blow for safety. It was a heavy one, for the ironwood stick broke in my hand, and I left the big fellow lying where he had laid me. Some time later I found myself staggering through the front door into the

arms of my Chinese majordomo. I was wet with blood down to the waist and blind with it. We thought the blow must have been struck with a sharp piece of granite which the fellow carried under his coat as he followed me.

Word was at once sent to the commissioner, who sent out runners to find the man. But both he and the other half of my stick had disappeared. I retained the part of the stick that remained in my hand as a souvenir of the plague. A very remarkable fact about this happening is that just at the time it was taking place my little boy was saying his prayers beside his mother, and he insisted on making her repeat with him three times that part of the prayer which said, "God bless and keep papa." Such a thing he never had done before, nor did he ever again try to say the prayer in that way.

At last the dreadful siege of death was drawing to a close. The date had been fixed by the governors for the re-opening of the college. A few days previously I crossed the water to inspect the premises. As I entered the dark front hall with heart full of sorrow for the many bright young friends and pupils who had been claimed by the black death, it seemed as though I stood among the dead. I wondered that I had found the door open, and to see no sign of the ancient janitor. Desks were covered with dust. It was the same in all the rooms. I called, but there was only the echo of my own voice. Last of all I went to the back of the house and pushed open a little door that led into the cellar-like room in which the old caretaker used to eat and sleep. At first nothing could be seen clearly. The iron shutter of the window that looked out on the narrow

street was not quite closed. A ray or two of light streamed through the opening. I knew the old man's bed was in the dark corner near the shutter. The silence was oppressive. There was a very evil smell. I went to throw open the shutter and there came the pat-pat of many scampering feet.

With the window open the room was still dark, but light enough to make things out. I peered into the corner where the bed stood, and started back, for what lay there was a grinning skull, with its toothless jaws drawn back as though in hideous laughter. The rotting coverlet seemed to move. Gleamed out two tiny sparks of greenish light, and emerged a huge rat. The creature reared up for an instant with extended hands as you have seen a cat-tormented mouse do.

For a moment the evil messenger of death glared at me, knowingly, malignantly. I shivered. And as I still looked, the creature seemed to be armed with a three-pronged trident. And what was it that gleamed out above the lanterns of its eyes? It seemed to be the device the watchmen had worn upon their hats—"Plague."

Then he scuttled. Again I shivered, and thought as a machine might think. Our good old janitor and rat-catcher had been gathered in by the plague and cleaned up by his friends, the rats.

The college re-opened. There was more than fifty names to erase from the school roll. Fifty times the senior teacher answered for names the indisputable excuse—Dead; died of the plague. I looked at the fifty empty seats, and what I saw in each was the shadowy form of a watcher, armed with a lantern and a trident—and over his brows this device—PLAGUE.





FABLES OF THE NECHACO

By Slivers L.L.D.
Illustrated by P.G. Bundy

ONCE upon a time two brothers set out from England to make their fortune in British Columbia. They were nearly of the same age and physique and mental accomplishments. The older boy was of a venturesome and roaming nature, and the younger boy was just the opposite. Being of a different turn of mind, they soon parted after reaching British Columbia, and were lost to each other.

The older boy, being fond of adventure and travel, frequented all the larger cities, working for good wages, enjoying himself immensely and soon gained the sobriquet of "Happy Jack." He made good money, but spent it foolishly. To all entreaties of real estate men, who endeavored to get him to plant a few dollars of his earnings in some good farm or town lot, he turned a deaf ear and continued to revel in the admiration of his companions who, from a purely selfish desire, lauded his actions and beamed on his liberality.

Age crept on at a rapid pace, and the once proud and admired "Happy Jack" found himself a premature old man, his money spent, his earning power gone and friends vanished. From one position to another, of less importance, he changed, and soon found himself dissipated, broke, friendless and homeless. Too proud to go among his old friends or to ask for aid from those upon whom he had spent a life's earnings, he packed his blankets and "hit the trail" out into the rural districts where a great railway company were crying for laborers to complete their great system. Once out into the open country, where everything was free and happy, he had plenty of time for reflection. The wild flowers gave off an aroma much more sweet and fragrant than the fumes of the artificial life he had led and intensified his heart-hunger and lonesomeness. On he trudged

along the grade, now and then stopping at the contractor's camps to inquire for work.

Everywhere he was met with offers of work, but it was not such as he had been accustomed to, and he shrank from accepting them. During the days as he travelled on, it seemed the grade would never end. On through the beautiful valleys along the Great Nechaco River, for a distance the grade would take him, and again through farms and past cattle herds; everything seemed pleasing and inviting, but foreign to him. He was in another world. Here he found sincerity, truthfulness, a freedom of conscience and real happiness, nothing in keeping with his former life of extravagance and artifice.

One night, after a long, hard tramp, he reached the camp of a contractor, and begged for food and shelter. He was utterly miserable and wretched. The foreman of the bridge gang, for he had come upon one of the big camps building one of the large bridges across the Lower Nechaco River, met him with a good-natured handshake and offered him the hospitality of the camp. The foreman was a tall, large, well-proportioned man of middle age, keen-eyed and forceful of manner, a man educated and resourceful, who had made a success in life by spanning many large streams for the big corporation in whose employ he was.

Something in the man seemed to attract "Happy Jack," for as such we have come to know him, although the name ill suited him at the present time. Here was a man who had done something. He had made the best of his early training and had frowned upon all temptations which had been life to the derelict. This bridge foreman was enjoying the fruits of his labors. Now his task was a comparatively easy one, as he was at the head of his department,



ON HE TRUDGED ALONG THE GRADE, NOW AND THEN STOPPING AT THE CONTRACTORS' CAMPS TO INQUIRE FOR WORK

with a large force of both skilled and common laborers at his command, who regarded him as a superior being, and who were, by his instructions and guidance, slowly but surely bringing to completion a great traffic way across one of the dangerous passes of the Lower Nechaco.

This day, after the evening meal, the men all lay about upon the moss-covered bank of the great river near where the steam shovels of the graders had cut a great wound in the bank on both sides of the stream, at either end of which great steel graders stretched their length toward the middle span. The bridge builder was explaining some of the more important work for the morrow, while those directly connected with this particular work were listening attentively, and others were enjoying their pipes and a quiet rest after the day's toil.

To "Happy Jack" this picture was a revelation. For the greater part these men had never known the kindness of a good home, such as he had left many years ago,

and still, uncouth as most of these common laborers were, they were his masters in happiness and contentment, as well as in health and finance. Many of them had small farms along the line which was now building through this wonderful, fertile valley. Others had placed a part of their earnings in one or more city lots in the more important townsites along the line, and had found themselves richer by many dollars over their investment. All of this meant a certain amount of sacrifice and thrift, something heretofore unknown to "Happy Jack," and he was becoming restless and weary. He was nothing to these people, and they seemed to resent his visit. Although the greater part were men of his own race and blood, he felt that he was not wanted among them. The awful loneliness of his wasted life fell upon him, and, for the moment, he was lost in retrospection. He could hear the laughter of the city life, feel the slap upon the back of an acquaintance whose insincerity now chilled him. He could see the dollars upon

dollars that he had made only to throw away upon those who now mocked him, and had turned a deaf ear to his wants before his taking leave of his former life.

All the wretchedness of a mis-spent life now crept upon him and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, he gave a serious thought to his future welfare. For the first time in his life, he wished for a home, if only a small lot, garden tract or piece of land upon which he could stand and say to the world, "This is mine; upon this spot I am master of everything."

The laborers had mostly disappeared in their cabins. They were tired from their day's labor, and the morning would come only too soon to start another day's work upon the bridge. These men were accustomed to retire and rise with the sun. There were no night hawks among them, no wild carousals with bursting heads and bleary eyes the morning after. The more "Happy Jack" knew of these men and the freedom of the rural life to which they had been accustomed, the more he felt the great sacrifice he had made to make himself a good fellow, for nothing more than to earn a few smiles from insincerity.

The bridge builder was the last to rise from where he had been sitting, upon a huge coil of steel cable, and as he passed "Happy Jack," he stopped, and, eyeing "Happy" for a moment, said:

"What's the matter, old chap? You look sort of worn out. You would not do for a bridge gang, as the work is too heavy. Better get to bed over there," pointing in the direction of the bunkhouse. "You will find a comfortable cot for the night; and take my advice, old man, get all the sleep you can in the forepart of the night. That 'Daredevil,' the owner of the best land from here and Fort Fraser along the right of way, will be in here tomorrow morning before daylight, and he'll wake us all up with that great team of his loaded with farm products for the gang. He has all my men scared out of their wits with his dare-devil driving and fast horses. Only the other day he wanted to lay a wager with the timekeeper that he could ride any one of his six horses over that girder, out to the first span, and I believe he could do it. He had a pretty hard time of it when he first located here, but he stuck to the plow, and now has one of the best and most productive farms in all the Ne-

chaco Valley, and that is saying a whole lot, when this country is noted for its fine agricultural land. He just returned from the Old Country with his family, where they had gone for a trip and visit to his old home in Lancashire."

At the name of his old home, "Happy" winced, and the bridge maker rattled on with his description of the farmer.

"He don't need to work, but does it for the love of the out-of-door life, and his love of fine horses, which he always drives. He made a lot of money in Fort Fraser when that town was put on the market a few years back, and since that time he has taken an active interest in the politics and the general welfare and development of the district. Good night! and when you hear a sound like a cyclone hit the camp, you will know what it is. It is only Will Brown."

The bridge builder passed on in to his tent without seeing the frightened look on "Happy's" face, nor was he aware of the emotions of this poor unfortunate at the sound of Will Brown's name. Little did the bridge builder dream that this man whom he admired for his character, wealth and daring, was the brother of the unfortunate he had sheltered this night.

CHAPTER II

"Happy" sat for a long time in the same position as the bridge builder left him, after the first shock, at the mention of his brother's name, looking out into the night with a blank stare. It had been several years since he and his brother parted. There had been some misunderstanding at the parting owing to their entirely different temperaments, and Will had been almost forgotten by the older brother, which fact, and the additional one that his brother had prospered and was one of the richest men in the Nechaco Valley, did not relieve "Happy's" present mental condition. He had plenty of natural ability, and even more than his brother; he boasted of an excellent education which his younger brother did not possess, or at least did not have at the time of their separation. But Jack felt now that his brother, owing to the bridge builder's description, whom he had come to look upon as his workmen did, a superior being, must have developed into one of the big ranchers, with land and stock and beautiful fields as far as the eye

could reach, one of the characters peculiar to the western world, where big men are developed and big things accomplished. Jack knew the history of many such men. He had lived the greater part of his life among such conditions and had known of scores of incidents where a poor man had made himself rich beyond description, almost in a day, by having the forethought, judgment and courage to secure a land holding somewhere in one of the many small towns that had grown into cities in the remarkable short time for which the West was noted.

Jack thought over the many advantages which had come to him. He lived over and over again the many opportunities which he had lost. They now loomed up before "Happy's" vision, and the follies of his life seemed to crowd themselves all at once upon him like a horrible nightmare. Long after the midnight bell had struck "Happy" sat motionless, his chin resting upon his chest and in a sort of semi-conscious condition his mind flew on over the events of his life leading up to the present day. In his reverie, he had forgotten for the time that the night had chilled his body or that everything about was wet from the dew which invariably falls in the Nechaco at that time of the year. Jack was alone, alone in a great new land, where everything was life and hustle. It was a new world that had suddenly burst upon his vision. He felt, with keen regret, the humiliation his brother would of necessity feel at his present miserable condition.

Would his brother recognize him? There was a possibility that he would not, and in this thought "Happy" was both consoled and startled. One moment he felt as if he would leave before his identity became known and the next moment his longing to see and talk with his brother riveted him to the spot. What excuse could he give? What reparation could he make for his useless, selfish and unimportant life? Arousing himself from his present stupor, he got up and walked slowly into the tent where the camp mess cook had prepared for him a bed. Throwing himself upon the cot, his troubled mind and body were soon resting in sleep.

CHAPTER III

How long "Happy" slept he did not know. It was still dark when he suddenly

sprang to his feet, aroused by a distant rumble that shook the ground upon which he stood in front of his tent. On the sound came, nearer and nearer. As he listened he thought he could distinguish the sound of horses' hoofs as they travelled at a wild gait upon the hardened surface of the Nechaco Road, a road upon which the government had expended large sums of money, making it a renowned drive, 'way from Fort Fraser, out through rich fields of hay and grain, past beautiful lakes fringed about their moss-covered edges with wild roses and berry bushes, and backed in many spots by stately poplars that cast their shadows during the long summer days into the clear sparkling waters of the Nechaco Valley lakes.

From where Jack stood he had a clear vantage of the surrounding tents and cabins and saw lights appearing one after another in all directions. Morning rays were just visible in the east, and he knew the camp was awake and soon the workmen would be preparing for another day's labor. On the sound of hoofs came, and now the rattle of wheels could be audibly heard. The next moment, before "Happy" could bring his mind to a solution of the uproar, he heard distinctly the sound of a man's voice ring out upon the morning air.

That voice! Jack grasped a guy rope in one hand and clutched at his shirt over his heart with the other. He leaned forward, as if in mortal fear, heedless of the emotion the unusual occasion had aroused in the camp. Men came hurrying from their sleeping quarters, looking first in one direction and then another, seemingly conscious of some imminent danger. Light was just beginning to break through the early mist to the east.

On the roar came like the sound of a cavalry charge, but the voice, that but a moment before had startled the camp with its deafening appeal of mingled command and fear, was hushed. Another moment and six huge, black, excited and foaming objects could be seen, running like mad, turning to the left of the camp and heading direct for the river. "Happy" was staring wildly at the unexpected and mad flight of the horses, when suddenly he saw the form of a man being dragged by some invisible means along the side of the frightened steeds.

Like a flash the truth dawned upon him.

That voice was the voice of his brother, who had in some unaccountable manner lost control of his fiery team and was being dragged to sure and sudden death! The leader swerved to the right, and the lead chain tripped one of the swing horses, which halted their progress. But only for a moment. The great horse was on his feet in an instant, and on they flew with their human sacrifice. By making a few leaps "Happy" could head off the team. Unaccustomed as he was to handling horses, he would take the chance of saving the life of his brother. There was no doubt the helpless form rolling and bumping on the ground near the crazed beasts was that of Will Brown, the dare-devil driver.

There was no time to lose, no time to weigh the chances of losing his life with that of saving his brother's. Jack was no coward at any time, and now all his energies were thrown into action, as he sprang forward towards the leaders with a prayer upon his lips. He closed his eyes, lunged forward, and grasped the bridle of the leader. The horse reared in the air, carrying Jack off his feet. Hanging on to the headgear with one hand, the other shot out and closed upon the nostrils of the maddened animal. "Happy" felt a terrific blow in his side, and he was conscious of a heavy fall. For the instant he saw the big steed stumble, throwing himself into the soft dirt. He was on top of the animal and all the others came rolling over them. He tried to release himself, and then all was dark.

CHAPTER IV

"Hold them all down until we can get the tramp out without being kicked and trampled on." Jack heard this comment, and the epithet applied to him stung all the more as he recognized the bridge builder's voice.

"Tramp I may be, but I was the only man among you who had the courage to stop the mad flight of the horses," Jack thought to himself. He was just coming to his senses, and knew that several men were holding the horses from lunging or jumping, in an effort to get to their feet. "Happy" was laying face down between two animals and another horse was lying crosswise above him. In this manner he was protected in the fall, otherwise he would have been crushed to death. He

was now fully conscious, and was suffering from a severe pain in his right side.

Just then one of the horses gave a lunge, freeing itself from the men holding it, and gained his feet. The other two rolled about for a moment, and also got to their feet, leaving Jack upon the ground partly mashed into the soft dirt where the team had piled up one on top of each other, as he had caught the leader.

"Pick him up, boys, and carry him into my tent. The company surgeon has pronounced Brown out of danger with no bones broken, but this poor devil did not fare so well. He's a brave beggar at any rate. He put us all to shame in stopping these horses. But for his quick act Brown and the team would all be at the bottom of the Nechaco by this time."

Jack heard all this from the bridge builder. Evidently they thought him done for, but, aside from the numbness in his lower limbs, and the awful pain in his side, he was none the worse for his experience, and now that he knew his brother was unharmed he took courage and opened his eyes as they gently rolled him over, face upwards, preparatory to moving him to the bridge builder's tent. The bridge builder was standing over him, and on seeing signs of life he stooped quickly and laid his big rough hand on "Happy's" forehead, brushing the hair back from his face.

"Hand me the water can quick and get the doctor. He's got enough life in him yet to fight for."

Jack tried to speak, but blood was coming from both nose and mouth, and he spoke with difficulty.

"Don't talk, old man; save your energies, you will pull through all right."

Just then the surgeon came running up, threw a wet towel over his face, and tore open his shirt to examine his heart. For a moment he listened to his breathing and heart action, while those about all held their breath for his answer. "He's all right, boys, and we can move him without danger. Bring out a light cot from my tent."

As the surgeon said this he raised the towel and wiped the injured man's face clean of dust and blood. Then Jack felt his shirt sleeve ripped open with some sharp instrument, and a sharp pain like a pin prick on the inside of the arm just below the elbow, and in a moment the pain in

his side was gone. He felt as if he floated in air, his muscles relaxed, and he had a half-conscious idea of being carried away as the powerful drug which the surgeon had injected began its quieting effect.

The bridge builder and surgeon, assisted by as many of the laborers as could conveniently help, raised Jack to the cot and carried him into the tent where his brother lay on another cot, badly cut and bruised from being dragged several hundred yards by his frightened team. It was a strange coincidence that they should again be united in this manner after many years of separation. Will Brown was sleeping under a mild opiate the surgeon had administered before dressing the many small wounds he had received while being helplessly tangled up in the harness and trappings of his famous team. In a short time he would be awake and able to be up, and in a few days he would be completely over his mishap.

It was now nearly noon, and the two men lay quietly upon their cots. The two brothers were about the same size, both of medium stature, rather stout and short. Their features were regular, with blue eyes and dark hair. "Happy's" hair, however, was quite gray, and while there was less than two years difference in their age, he looked from ten to fifteen years the older. His wounds had been carefully examined and attended to by the surgeon, who had discovered that two ribs were broken, and that at least one had been driven into his lungs in the fall. This left him in a bad condition. The wound in the lung had caused the blood to flow freely from his mouth when he had been moved. The doctor had left instructions to watch him closely, and to prevent him moving about on the cot, fearing a hemorrhage that might cost him his life.

CHAPTER V

Evening came on, but it brought no change of importance to the injured men. The bridge builder had taken care of the big team, and had succeeded in picking up the load of vegetables and supplies which had been turned over in the runaway. The exact cause of the accident could not be ascertained, but it was presumed that the driver was riding on the boxes piled high upon the wagon, when the team, for some reason, became unmanagable and ran off the hard road, causing the two front wheels

to sink into the soft, rich valley soil, throwing the load, together with the driver, forward upon the horses, thus increasing their fright. With one bound the horses had torn themselves loose from the wagon, which was cramped and fast in the loose dirt, and carried the driver, who was tangled in the trappings, with them.

This was the only solution of the accident, and perhaps could not be better explained by the information of the owner himself. The men were all laying about on the green grass near the cook tent after the evening meal, while many of the workmen were quietly enjoying the inevitable pipe; others were earnestly discussing the events of the day and the extraordinary exhibition of bravery of the tramp. Nearly all the men who ventured an explanation of the circumstances held a different view.

All of a sudden there was a lull in the conversation, and a horse could be distinctly heard coming at full gallop up the road from the direction of Fort Fraser. The rider was now in view, and a moment later the rider, a lady, dismounted at the surgeon's tent. The horse was out of breath, and it was evident it had been sent over the twenty miles between town and the camp at full speed. A number of the workmen exchanged knowing glances as they recognized the rider. She was a newcomer in town, and had often been seen recently in company with the bridge builder.

Inside the tent the bridge builder and the surgeon were discussing the events of the day, together with another incident in which the railroad company would be involved in a damage suit for an injury occurring to one of its employees. They had been so engrossed in their talk that they had paid no attention to the commotion outside caused by the unexpected visitor. The first intimation either had of the new arrival was when the screen door of the large hospital tent was thrown open and Gene Reynolds stood before them. Both men rose to their feet instantly. It was apparent that the visitor was excited and bewildered.

Looking first at one and then the other, the visitor held out her hand to the bridge builder and excitedly exclaimed, "Mr. Carver." Then, hesitatingly, she continued, "I thought you were dangerously hurt. I heard in the store that you were nearly

killed in a runaway. My horse was saddled for my evening canter and I came at once, thinking I could be of some service."

All this was said so quickly by the excited girl that she scarcely realized what she had said or its importance to the man she addressed, who was deeply in love with her, but who, up to this time never dreamed that his love was returned.

The girl, flushed from her ride and the anxiety for the man she dearly loved, stood before him, a perfect picture for an artist. Underneath a large felt riding hat masses of blonde hair hung about her face and shoulders, and her large blue eyes were staring wide open, as if she disbelieved what they told her, that he was unharmed. The bridge builder was surveying her beautiful figure and poise, and thought of himself what a fool he had been never to have realized what a really beautiful woman she was. Unaccustomed as he was to the society of women, he was a poor judge of feminine qualities which most men rave over. He knew that Gene Reynolds was fascinating—that during the hours spent in her company she absorbed all his attention, so much so that he seemed to forget his work, his surroundings and everything except her wit and laughter. Only occasionally was she quiet. At such times, even in the midst of an animated conversation, she would lose control of herself completely as if suffering from some hidden pain. Her arms would drop listlessly to her side and as she would turn from him he could easily discern that she was suffering from great emotion which she was striving to overcome. Her gaze returned to him; gave him the impression of a frightened deer brought to bay by the crack of a rifle and the sting of the huntsman's knife.

These moods, as the bridge builder termed them, had occurred more frequently of late, but he scoffed at the idea that anything in her past life was the cause. Gene was nearing thirty, but her education, refinement and excellent manners precluded such a thought. The surgeon was the first to break the awkward silence by excusing himself, and left the tent. Alone for a moment, the bridge builder determined to use the unexpected opportunity to press his suit for her hand.

"I am so glad you are not hurt, you have always been so kind. My life here among

the country folk is a lonely one. My ideas and experiences have been so entirely different, and I half suspect at times they resent my coming among them."

"And I am sorry I am not hurt," the bridge builder stepped near to her as he said this, continuing, "It would be worth while getting hurt to have such a charming nurse."

Stamping her foot on the floor like a spoiled child Gene said, "Don't make fun of me."

She stepped back, and he caught her riding whip, which was fastened to her waist, and drew her towards him, and before she realized his intent he had caught her in his arm and was looking straight into her eyes. For a moment they stood thus, each lost in their own emotions.

"I know you love me, won't you admit it?"

"No, I hate you."

"Then I'll go out in the back yard and get hurt so that you will take care of me."

Gene knew she loved this man more than all the world. She was accustomed to flattery, and had made many men wretched for being so foolish as to fall in love with her, but none of them had ever touched Gene's heart, and she could truthfully say that Carver was the first man she had ever even cared for. His last remark seemed so silly for him, as he was always so grave and serious. She could not help but smile, relieving her embarrassment to some extent.

Slowly releasing her arms from his embrace she threw them about his neck, and, drawing his face down to hers, kissed him passionately.

Of a sudden the lovers were startled by someone calling for Mr. Carver, and another moment the young man who had been assigned the care of the runaway victims put his head in through the door of the hospital tent, saying, "Pardon me, sir, but it's Mr. Brown who wishes to see you, sir." As Gene and the bridge builder followed the boy he was telling her of the morning's adventure of Will Brown. Gene was visibly affected, as she had come to look upon Mr. Brown as one of her best friends. It was his company who had brought her to Fort Fraser and given her her present position, and Mr. Brown, above all others connected with the corporation, had put himself out to make her life in

the new country pleasant by entertaining her on more than one occasion in his elegant new home near town. In fact, both Gene and the bridge builder owed their present happiness to Will Brown, as it was through him and in his house they had first met. Will Brown had sufficiently recovered from his misfortune to be able to sit up; in fact, to walk about, and had made preparations for his return home early the next morning.

"Good evening, Miss Reynolds," said Brown as they entered his tent. "What brings you out here?" and, without knowing the truth, continued, "Did you think it was Carver that was hurt? Lucky dog, Carver, to have won such a girl."

"Oh! please stop, Mr. Brown."

"I've known your secret for a long time," Brown continued, and the bridge builder beat a hasty retreat, much to the amusement of Brown and the boy, leaving Gene to face the ordeal alone.

"Can I be of service to you? Are you badly hurt?" Gene inquired—hoping to change the subject.

"No, I am not hurt much. At present I am a bit sore from the knocking about I got before the team was stopped. Tell Mr.

Carver to come back, boy. I wish to thank him for his kindness.

The boy left the tent in search of the bridge builder.

"I wish to leave some instructions for the care of the man who they say stopped the team at the risk of his life and is suffering from a hole in his lungs punched in by two broken ribs. He's a brave devil of a tramp, but he got a nasty fall in stopping the team, and I intend to see that everything possible is done to save his life. That's him there," pointing to the other cot. "He's sleeping under the influence of a drug."

"Happy" was laying on his back, with his face partly concealed and turned to the wall. Gene walked over to the cot, and carefully raised the blanket from his face.

"Happy Jack! Good God! I—I thought!—"

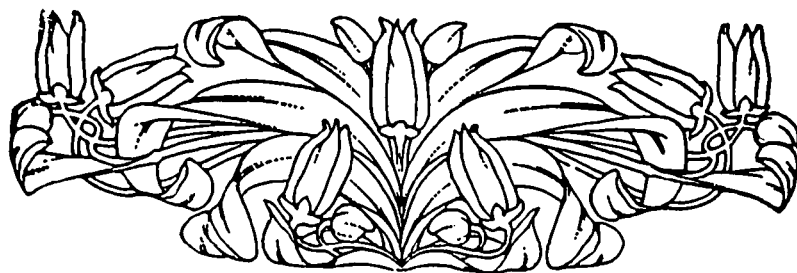
Gene raised her hands to her face and reeled backwards. Brown jumped to his feet and helped her to a seat.

"Do you know him?" queried Brown.

"No—yes; I don't know what to say."

Regaining her composure remarkably soon, Brown thought, she begged him not to mention the circumstance for the present to Mr. Carver.

(To be Continued)



Editorial Comment

GRAIN EXPORTS AND SHIPPING FREIGHTS

MR. H. L. DRAYTON, who has before now earned praise for his courageous doings as chairman of the Canadian Railway Commission, recently spent some time in England in an endeavor to secure better terms from British ship-owners over the vexed question of freights on Canadian wheat. He has now returned to Canada, but up to the time of writing he has not presented his report, and very properly declines to make any premature announcement as to its character. But, reading between the lines of press messages, we may infer that Mr. Drayton has had a pretty stiff proposition on hand.

The price of Canadian grain is forced up and down according to the amount per bushel that can be obtained for it in the Liverpool market. It is easy to see why this is so. England is the largest importer of grain among the countries of the world, and also she offers the only considerable free trade market for it. All the large producing countries, therefore—Canada, the United States, Russia, the Argentina, Australia and others—find it convenient to send their surplus there, and in this particular market they compete with one another, so that the price is ruled by world conditions, and even in his own protected market the Canadian grower cannot keep his price at a higher figure for any length of time. What the Canadian grower receives for his grain, therefore, is the price ruling at Liverpool, less the gross cost of transit, say, from Saskatchewan to the Great Lakes, from the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, and from the St. Lawrence across the Atlantic. If freights go up on any portion of this route, and if, at the same time, competition in Liverpool keeps the price of wheat down to its former level, then the extra freight has to come out of the pocket of the Canadian grower.

This is precisely what has been happening in recent years. During the greater portion of the first decade of this century shipping was an unprofitable business, and the owners of the great lines did not feel encouraged to build many ships. Then, about the end of the year 1910, the world suddenly found that there were barely enough ships in existence to do its increased carrying trade, and in spite of new building on an almost frantic scale, the shipping companies since then have been reaping a rich harvest, exacting bigger dues on every ocean. The Canadian wheat-grower has been victimized perhaps more severely than most people, and Mr. Drayton has been over to England to see if any measure of relief from this situation can be devised. He is understood to have sought the establishment of an arbitrary freight rate across the Atlantic.

According to one press despatch received from Britain, this object was found to be practically unattainable. The shipping authorities admit that rates are high, and say plainly that the reason for this is the difficulty of securing sufficient cargoes on the British side of the Atlantic. Owing to this there is practically no direct service of merchant ships both ways between Eastern Canadian and British ports. If there were, rates would probably be much easier. But as it is the British ship which takes Canadian grain to England does so in the course of a circuitous voyage, of which the following is said to be a typical case:

"A ship due to bring back Canadian grain leaves Liverpool laden with steel rails and machinery for Argentina. Argentina buys these British goods, but Canada mostly buys hers in the United States or makes them herself. From Argentina the typical ship carries a shipment of freight to Brazil, where she loads with coffee for New York. Then she gets her cargo of Canadian grain. Canada does not buy freely enough from England to enable steamship owners to give the lower rates which would come with full Anglo-Canadian cargoes both ways."

It has been suggested in some quarters that Canadians should themselves enter the shipping trade with ships of their own to carry grain to Europe, and that such ships should be heavily subsidized by the Canadian Government. We should not be sorry to see the experiment tried, though in that event it would be necessary to demand assistance for the shipping of grain by the western as well as the eastern route. But even Canadian ships would have to seek return cargoes from Europe; otherwise the subsidies would have to be increased to a figure out of all proportion to the benefits received. The only other course is to make it easy for return cargoes to be obtainable by ships operating independently, or, rather, to remove difficulties out of the way. For, after all, the difficulties are of Canada's own making. England has the goods to sell, and that progressive portion of Canada which lives by the growing of grain wishes to buy them; but successive governments of both parties have built up a wall of tariffs to prevent the mutual interchange of the commodities of the two countries, deluding themselves and their supporters with the cry that by doing so they were building up the prosperity of Canada. Perhaps the Canadian grain-grower can afford to pay the heavy fine upon his enterprise which results from this policy; anyhow, he will probably have to go on paying it until the policy is altered.

The same difficulties which have attended the sending of grain to Europe by the eastward route will attend, in some measure, the use of the western route through Vancouver and the Panama Canal. We have the same tariff wall here as in the east, though we have very few of those manufacturing industries which it is designed to benefit. If it does not pay the British ship-owner to send a ship half-empty three thousand miles across the Atlantic, it will pay him less to send it in that condition more than twice the distance to the Pacific coast. There is reason to believe, however, that the British shippers will find the West a better market than the East for an outward cargo. If this should prove to be so it will give us additional business and a big step on the road of prosperity, and it will also help to accomplish what we need so much, a lowering of the cost of living.

* * *

THE NANAIMO TANGLE

IF there is any real disposition to bring peace and order out of the present unhappy tangle in the coal area on Vancouver Island, the task will have to be approached in the spirit of conciliation. So far this spirit is notably absent from the proceedings of the British Columbia Government and also of the employers, while the work-people are apparently content to rest their case on the efforts which they made some months ago to bring about mutual discussion of their grievances. At the moment it does not seem clear what outside unofficial persons, concerned only for the good of the province, can do, except to register their belief in the inefficiency of present measures to end the strike, and to express utter amazement at the lack of statesmanlike ability in high places to see the situation as it exists. We regard it

as a serious misfortune that Sir Richard McBride should have been out of the country during the time when the position in the strike zone became most critical. Had his counsel been available at the present juncture it is hardly conceivable that the terribly costly and highly irritating methods of dealing with the strike would have been continued for so long. At the time of England's last great war one of the wisest statesmen of our generation uttered the maxim that "Any fool can annex." Any fool who happens to be dressed in a little brief authority can call out the militia to deal with recalcitrant strikers, but it requires the insight of a real man of affairs to forestall the necessity for such extreme measures or to obviate their continuance beyond the brief period usually required for the cooling of heated tempers. It is the supply of real statesmanship which has failed us for the time; we are hoping that the Prime Minister of British Columbia, on his return from England, will show himself better able than the present caretakers to uphold the dignity of the province. Sir Richard never had a finer opportunity of manifesting the great qualities which his admirers have attributed to him.

Aside from the merits of the present dispute, there are two propositions which will command the assent of any disinterested person who gives the subject a moment's reflection. One is that the militia, which is a body raised from all classes—professional men, tradesmen, trade unionists and others—mainly for the defence of the country in time of need, should be kept out of labor disputes as much as possible. This is in the interest of the efficiency of the militia itself. For instance, there may be an officer who is a man of wealth, with money invested in one of the mines, and under him there may be a number of privates who are trade unionists, and who hold strongly that the miners in the Nanaimo strike have a just quarrel. It is conceivable that in these circumstances the officer, without going beyond what he believes to be his duty, may give orders which it is extremely distasteful to his men to comply with. The mutual confidence which ought to exist between officer and men will thereby be undermined and the efficiency of the regiment will suffer. This is a real danger and there is no sign that the authorities are aware of its seriousness; indeed, they appear to have blundered into it quite unconscious of its existence. The other proposition is that the miners now on strike on Vancouver Island are the finest purely industrial community in the whole of the province, and that British Columbia cannot spare them. If these four thousand men, many of them—perhaps most of them—British-born, are driven or starved out of British Columbia because a government executive allowed itself to be blindfolded in the presence of plain facts, and if an attempt is made to fill their places largely with Orientals, as seems not at all unlikely, then, as the result of all the sacrifices and all the vexations of the last few months we shall have gained nothing but one more racial problem to add to the long list already confronting us. If we want white workers in our mines we simply cannot afford to treat them as other than self-respecting citizens.

The continued employment of the militia is not the most regrettable feature of the struggle. The keeping of hundreds of men in prison for several weeks without a trial; the arrest of a brilliant lawyer, a Rhodes scholar of Oxford, who had been retained for their defence; the removal of the trial from the place where it would, in ordinary circumstances, have been held to a distant city—all these are incidents which can hardly have been contemplated when the government chose the iron heel

of unreasoning authority in preference to the dove of peace. These things may have the approval of Mr. Legality, but they are highly disagreeable, especially when they are done, as one of the magistrates in the strike area is constantly reminding us, in the name of the King. God save the King!

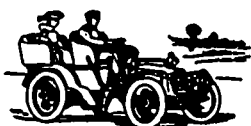
Canada's Federal System

IN a comprehensive work of 898 pages, published by the Carswell Company, Limited, of Toronto, Mr. A. H. Lefroy gives a lengthy but highly interesting treatise on Canada's constitutional law under the British North America Act. The author's aim has been to supply the reader with all the light upon Canada's federal system under the British North America Act, 1867, and supplemental Imperial and Dominion Acts, which is derivable from authoritative sources. A former work by the same author, published in 1898-9, dealt with a similar range of subjects, and has often been appreciatively referred to. In reference to his later work, Mr. Lefroy states that he has endeavored to retain the principal features of the former book. He has, however, entirely rewritten it and has greatly altered the arrangement. He has spared no trouble to give the reader a thorough grasp of the general principles of the great Act which is the foundation of the Canadian system of government. Having done this, he proceeds to discuss at length the various law-making powers of the Dominion parliament and the Provincial legislatures in the light

of these principles, and he concludes with a discussion of the provisions of the Act relating to the public property of the Dominion and provinces, respectively.

Mr. Lefroy's new book will undoubtedly prove of great value to all native-born Canadians and new citizens of the country alike, who desire to improve or perfect their knowledge of the theories underlying the laws of the country. He has taken in hand a big subject, and while he gives us a good deal of useful information of a legal character, it says much for the smoothness of his style that the reader can go through the book from cover to cover without experiencing a sense of dullness. And it is not to the Canadian only that the work will prove interesting, for, as Mr. Lefroy writes:

"Canada has led the way in embodying the free principles of British government in a federal system. Nearly fifty years of experience have proved her constitution an abounding success. Federation is in the air today; and the success of Canada's constitution may make it worthy of study far beyond the boundaries of this Dominion."



AUTOMOBILES

Equipment for Long Trips

UNDOUBTEDLY a great many of our readers are thinking of a tour through California during the coming winter. They will, therefore, be interested in the following extract from *Motor Age*:

The most convenient way to carry extra water supplies and one which is universal among tourists through the desert countries, is by means of water bags. These are made of closely woven canvas and hold anywhere from one to five gallons. They are closed with a cork which fits into a porcelain mouthpiece. The bags are not completely waterproof, for the evaporation of the slight quantity of water that seeps through them is relied upon to keep their contents cool. When the air is the hottest, evaporation takes place most rapidly, and the water therefore always is refreshingly cool. The bags are hung on the outside of the car, usually from the top brackets.

In addition to the bags, most tourists prefer to carry vacuum bottles for the drinking water.

Next in importance to the water supply is the spare fuel supply. Arrangements for carrying extra fuel are essential, for it sometimes is a full day's run between points where gasoline may be obtained. Then, too, it is a matter of economy, for gasoline that sells for 45 cents a gallon at a point on the railroad costs 60 cents 75 miles inland, a three days' haul for a team. Probably the best arrangement is to fit the running-board with special steel, hinged straps which will clamp over the can. It should be arranged to fit the 5-gallon rectangular tin cases in which much of the western gasoline is sold.

Of equal importance with the fuel supply on a tour of this sort is the food supply. A breakdown on the desert or in the mountain may mean a wait of a day or more before help comes, and it is very comforting at such a time to realize there is plenty of rations in the locker and it will not be necessary to run down a coyote for one's dinner.

Canned foods and dried fruits and dried meats will serve. Everything must be airtight and of such shape that it will pack away without waste space. An outfit of

cooking utensils of the lightest and simplest kind should be amplified by aluminum dishes. Special camping sets are most in favor with experienced tourists, as they are designed to take up least space. Emergency rations in tablet form sometimes are carried as an extra precaution. This all can be packed in a chest strapped on the running-board or in a section of a trunk at the rear.

Camping equipment proper can be arranged to take up little space. Light waterproof tents which can be rolled into a bundle four inches in diameter and thirty inches long are most in favor on account of their compactness. These slip into a waterproof cover which keeps them dry and clean. Bedding is simple. It consists of a pair of wool blankets and a rubber blanket for each one in the party.

Clothing must be of the strictly outing variety and of a color and material not affected by the dust. There should be heavy clothing, for the nights, even on the desert, are chill and in the mountains cold enough to freeze up the radiator in July.

Rough clothing for every-day touring can best be carried in waterproof canvas bags known as duffle bags. For dress-up occasions the touring trunk or suitcase rack usually is reserved. A favorite type of waterproof coat is a very light rubber affair which slips over the head—it is more of a shirt than a coat—and collar and wrists fit tightly. To go back to the special equipment needed for the car itself. A first thought is a plentiful supply of spare tubes. It is not necessary to load the car down with more than two extra casings because one is never more than two or three days from a town where the ordinary sizes of tires may be obtained. Spare parts to carry vary with the car and the versatility of the driver. Rear axle shafts are frequent offenders in the matter of breakdowns and a spare shaft or two often is advisable. An extra spring is one of the spare parts that often is needed and can be carried very nicely under the cross members of the frame or under the running-board apron. Wheel bushings, too, sometimes are needed.

For the sake of the engine it is well to

fit some sort of an indicator by which overheating will be shown before the engine gets too hot or too much water is allowed to boil away.

Carbureters should be supplied with a steering column control of the air intake. This will be found particularly useful in crossing the mountains. The small proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere at altitudes from 8,000 to 12,000 feet make frequent changes in the air adjustment necessary, gradually giving more air as higher altitudes were reached and less air on descent.

Protection of the various parts of the car from the effects of dust and water particularly is necessary. If there is not a permanent waterproof case for the magneto, an oilcloth or leather one is needed.

Lighting facilities must needs be particularly dependable on a transcontinental tour, for night running sometimes is unavoidable. With electric-lighted cars on a long tour, care must be taken that the charging apparatus is regulated properly, because the long steady charge of day running is likely to overcharge the battery.

Oil lanterns, too, are a necessity on a transcontinental tour, for they will be needed in making camp, perhaps in digging a car out of the mud in the middle of the night, etc.

Oil can be obtained wherever gasoline is sold, so that a reserve gallon or so is all that is necessary.

A definite list of the equipment necessary should be made up before the tour is started, so that the tourists will not discover that something important has been omitted when it is too late.

Below is a sample list of equipment which might be followed for a transcontinental tour of four persons.

- One touring tent with waterproof cover.
- Four pairs of woolen blankets.
- Four rubber blankets.
- One touring trunk holding four suitcases.
- Four 2-gallon water bags.
- One running-board chest with aluminum dishes and canned food.
- Two vacuum bottles.
- Two duffle bags.
- Four pairs of goggles with amber lenses.
- One robe rail bag.
- Two spare casings, tubes and tire repairs.
- Two jacks and several broad wood blocks to rest them on.
- One block and tackle with stout sharpened stake.
- One each of spade, axe and oil lantern.

Spare springs and other parts with complete set of tools.

Assortment of ignition, lighting and binding wires and straps.

Camphor ice and cold cream.

Ford Wins Against Big Field in Sydney-Melbourne Contest

AGAINST a field of twenty cars in the recent Sydney to Melbourne Reliability Contest, the Ford won out with a petrol consumption of 31.6 miles per gallon; it also had a perfect reliability score. Over fearful roads and carrying four passengers with luggage, Mr. Carey drove an actual distance of 1,450 miles without even a puncture, an absolutely non-stop run.

The start was made from the Automobile Club Rooms, Challis House, Sydney, and the run ended at the Haymarket, Melbourne, a distance of 575 miles.

Although there are some good metal roads, about half of the distance is unmade bush track. A section of the bush is lined by two fences, and between these, winding in and out among the trees, travellers may pick their way; creeks are not bridged and have to be forded, and water collects in the hollows of the road and is churned into slimy mud in the winter, which becomes thick dust in the dry season.

On the way from Sydney there is a succession of bogs called "The Gluepots," which in wet weather are almost impassable. Chains, ropes and bags were carried to assist the cars through these bogs.

The competitors had to climb Mount Razorback, 1,325 feet above the sea level, and up which the road winds sharply in two hair-pin curves, with a grade in some places of one in six.

How to Clean Spark Plugs

CLEANING spark plugs is a matter of considerable importance, and should be done as soon as the porcelains commence to get soot.

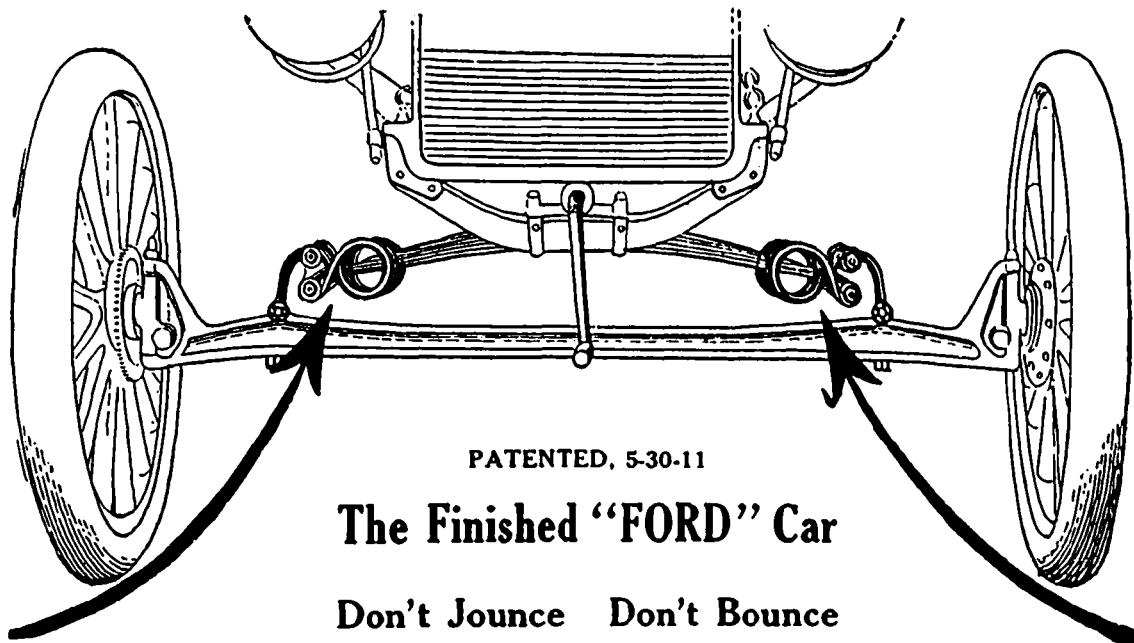
After taking the plug from the cylinder head, put a cork in hole to protect the cylinder from foreign matter. Be careful not to let any dirt fall into the cylinders when the plug is removed.

One common spark plug trouble is cracked porcelains, which allow the high tension current to pass from the centre electrode to the shell, instead of jumping at the points. This can be avoided by being care-

HEAR THE SPRING TALK

ON

the "FRONT" end



PATENTED, 5-30-11

The Finished "FORD" Car

Don't Jounce Don't Bounce

HERE is where we eliminate engine trouble, the shaking loose of adjustable parts, the damaging end thrust on the bearings, the deterioration of batteries and magnet power, as well as many other troubles having their inception in vibration. We carry your power plant just as you would carry a sick child, we nurse it and insure its long life. We carry it automatically suspended and let it down easy without that jolt which means another strained fabric or a broken leaf spring and a hard-riding car. We deaden the noise coming from your motor just as you deaden the noise coming from an alarm clock when you take it from the mantel and hold it in your hand. That is spring suspension, pure and simple.

We give the frame more clearance over the front axle when it is required. We take the place of a rigid shackle and we wind and unwind as your car takes the jounces, while you stay on the seat and leave the air cushion at home. In short, we save the tires, we eliminate the shock, the blowout, the broken leaf spring, the rubber bumper, the air cushion and the lame back, the weak batteries and the loose connection, the broken lamp and fender iron, and the most damaging of all, bearing end thrust from the pinion gear in the differential housing on the rear axle to the fan pulley on the motor. Then perhaps last, but not least, we eliminate a part of the monthly repair bill. What are we worth to you, Mr. Ford Owner? No, we don't cost you that much, nor one-tenth part of it.

FORD SETS COMPLETE, FRONT OR REAR \$15.00
 (Including special hangers and bolts)

We haven't got to say that we save the tires, that we increase the riding qualities of your car 100 per cent. You are already convinced that we do all we claim. The work that we are now doing on the rear end of your car we will do on the front.

We haven't got to say, "Ask the man who has them on his car," or that "You may return them C.O.D. at any time within thirty days from date of delivery." You have heard all of that before, and we only need to say that we will be at your service upon receipt of order with cheque enclosed.

(Signed) **The Acme Torsion Twins**

GEORGE W. MacNEILL - 85 Richmond St. West, TORONTO

ful to see that nothing is allowed to strike the plug at any time. Of course, when a porcelain is cracked a new one should be substituted.

To clean the porcelain, dismantle the plug as follows: Secure the large hexagon shell in a vise and with a wrench loosen the pack nut which holds the porcelain in place.

If the porcelain has a hard, thick coating of carbon, soak it five or six hours in a covered dish of carbon bi-sulphide, after which the offending carbon can be easily removed with a rag.

In assembling the plug, don't tighten the pack nut too much, else the porcelain is liable to crack.

See that the distance between the sparking points is 1-32 of an inch, which is about the thickness of a thin dime.

In replacing the plugs in the cylinder head, don't tighten them as though you never expected to remove them again, especially if the plug and cylinder is cold, for the expansion which takes place when the cylinder head becomes heated will make it next to impossible to remove the plug.

Detroit Mechanical Starter

A MECHANICAL starter for Ford cars has been placed on the market for the Detroit Mechanical Starter Co. of Detroit. It consists of a small bevel gear which is fastened to the front end of the main shaft in place of the usual handle, and is operated through a rod by a lever which is installed beside the brake lever. One pull of the lever turns the motor sufficiently to start even under the worst conditions. A sixty-day guarantee goes with the starter.

Ford to Fit Wire Wheels

THE announcement has been made that the changes in the Ford car for 1914 will consist of the substitution of wire wheels and a complete electric lighting system fed from the magneto which is amply large enough to take care of the extra load.

Between New Year and the first of July about one thousand automobile licenses were taken out in British Columbia. Fifty per cent. of the cars sold in the province, including those in the Kootenay, were Fords.

Hotel Sutter

Sutter and Kearny Sts. SAN FRANCISCO

NEW
CENTRAL
FIREPROOF
COMFORTABLE
ELABORATELY
FURNISHED



250 ROOMS
SINGLE AND EN SUITE

200 BATHS

EUROPEAN PLAN
\$1.50 PER DAY
AND UPWARDS

EXCELLENT CAFE
NOW UNDER OUR OWN
MANAGEMENT

TAKE OUR AUTO OR ANY TAXI-CAB FROM FERRIES,
DEPOT OR DOCK AT THE EXPENSE OF THE HOTEL

¶ The "home" hotel of San Francisco. We cordially invite correspondence and will furnish any information you may desire about the Exposition City. Drop a line for our booklet, "What to See and Do in San Francisco."

What the World's Ports are Doing

ANTICIPATING the opening of the Panama Canal, more than \$1,000,000,000 is being spent for improvements at various ports of the world, so as to better handle deep-sea commerce. This movement is universal—the United States, Canada, South America, Europe and elsewhere. For this purpose Los Angeles has pledged itself to spend \$10,000,000 if a capable administration may be secured. San Francisco is operating a port development plan under a bond issue of \$9,000,000. London, the world's greatest port, proposes to spend on improvements in the Thames \$70,000,000, one new dock costing \$10,000,000.

Seattle has planned a port expenditure which will require an outlay of at least \$20,000,000.

Montreal has spent \$17,000,000 and is planning great extensions.

Toronto will spend \$18,000,000 in harbor and waterfront improvements.

The government of Chile has authorized a \$20,000,000 loan for port improvements at Valparaiso and San Antonio. Valparaiso alone is to spend \$12,000,000 to \$13,000,000. This means improvements of the most modern and efficient character. With the improvement of Pacific ports go proposed important extensions in Pacific coast and transpacific ship services.

Halifax is discussing the outlay of at least \$30,000,000 for port improvements.

Peru, as a pro-American country, has the wealth or trade for extensive expenditures port improvement spirit, but not yet the such as are being planned by Argentine, Brazil and Chile. In five Brazilian ports the great sum of \$125,000,000 may be devoted to port development. In the next five years \$25,000,000 will be spent on docks at Buenos Ayres.

Hamburg, which is finishing the world's greatest steamship, Imperator, is preparing ample accommodations for the new type of passenger vessels.

The city of Havre, France, is making port improvements which will cost \$20,000,000. The port of Boulogne, France, is similarly spending \$6,000,000. The port of Calais, France, is also under development.

Yokohama, Japan, is preparing for the

Panama Canal with expansion of harbor limits. Many improvements are under way at the various American and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico.

The latest project of the commissioner of docks of the city of New York provides for port expenditures amounting to nearly \$85,000,000.

In 1913 Philadelphia will probably spend about \$3,250,000.

Boston is starting in on great port improvements, requiring an outlay of \$9,000,000, for which the appropriation has already been made.

Charleston, S. C., will erect municipal docks and warehouses.

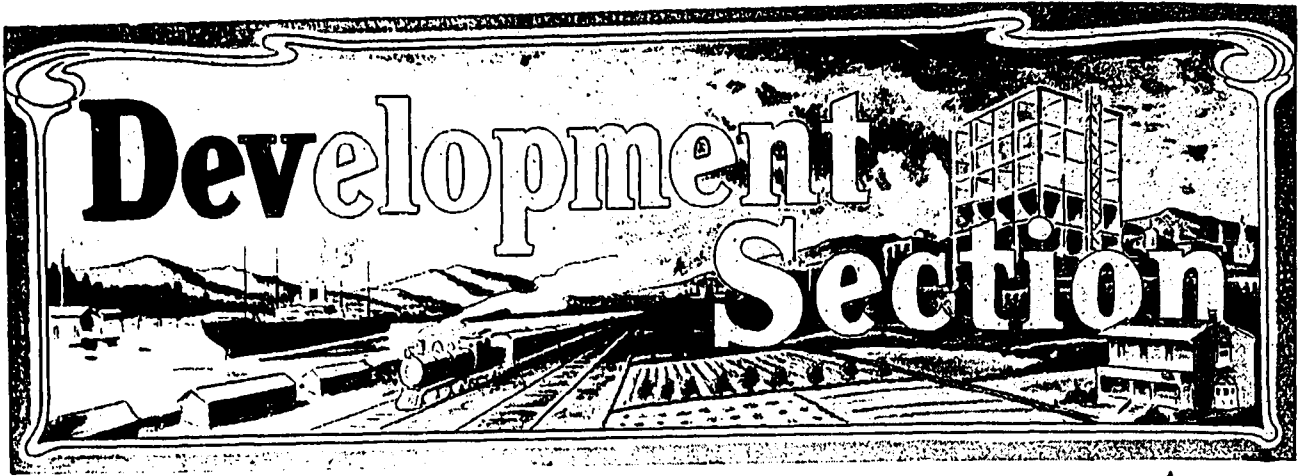
New Orleans plans a cotton warehouse calling for the possible expenditure of \$6,000,000.

Congress has allotted Port Arthur, Tex., \$2,000,000 for port improvements.

Port improvements at Mobile are also fully commensurate with the functions of that gateway.—Los Angeles Times.

**The BEST WAY
to Advertise
British Columbia
is to send home
the
BRITISH
COLUMBIA
MAGAZINE**

\$1.50 PER YEAR



The Attractions of Vernon

VERNON, B. C., was incorporated twenty years ago, has 4,000 population, and, as the principal city of the Okanagan Valley, is the seat of the provincial government offices and court houses. The new court house, now being erected, is the finest structure planned for interior British Columbia. A remarkably fine quality of granite, quarried a few miles from the city, is being used, and will be marketable throughout the province.

Here are a few details of the present position of Vernon's development: A new post office and custom house has been built at a cost of \$50,000 and a new hospital costing \$75,000. Over eleven miles of sewers are laid, with three hundred and sixty connections, and nine miles of sidewalks costing \$51,290. There are twenty-eight and three-quarter miles of mains, and six hundred connections. Total cost of the water system has been \$210,000. The customs revenue collected at the port of Vernon during the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1913, was \$58,889.94.

Vernon, writes Mr. R. Obee, secretary-treasurer of the Board of Trade for that city, is the supply centre for seven rapidly growing towns and a large agricultural district within 132 miles of the city. Seven hotels are taxed to their capacity during the summer months, and there is an opening for a first-class tourist hotel. Ice and cold storage, tin can, box, jam, evaporator, pulp, brick and tile plants are needed. Electrical industrial power at an extremely low cost has been generated, and manufacturers appreciate a practically uninterrupted service. The city of Vernon grants generous concessions to bona-fide manufacturers, and an excellent water power capable of producing 20,000 horse power is being developed by the Canadian Northern Rail-

way, twenty-eight miles from the city, which insures further industrial activity.

Vernon has daily train connection on the Canadian Pacific main line, and the British Columbia government has guaranteed the bonds for a branch line to be built by the C. N. R. from Kamloops to Vernon, Lumby and Kelowna, which, according to the agreement between the provincial government and Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, is to be completed by July 1st, 1914. The C. N. R. has also acquired the charter for an electrical system radiating from Vernon, and has spent large sums in preliminary work.

Provincial fruit has won the gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Show in London, open to the empire. Okanagan fruit won prizes aggregating \$4,423 at the Spokane Apple Show for 43 exhibits. Vernon and district is being benefitted by a greater interest in poultry, hogs, sheep and mixed farming.

The natural beauties and recreative advantages of the locality have attracted a very desirable class of immigrant to settle in and around Vernon, who, in their turn, have added to and developed the social life of the district. The population of the locality, 4,000 in number, has been recruited largely from the great centres and from the Old Country; business men who have succeeded in the commercial struggle of the city, and who desire to enjoy and bring up their families among the advantages of the uncongested areas of British Columbia, without sacrificing the blessings of social intercourse; retired army officers, colonials from less favored climes, successful farmers from the plains, join with their new neighbors in the desire to reap the benefit of their strenuous endeavors by engaging in a pleasant and profitable industry, as their savings give them the right and power to do, in a mild and salubrious climate, among

beautiful surroundings, and in a congenial neighborhood.

Fish and game are abundant, and the climate is pleasant the year round. There are magnificent lake and mountain views, and many camps by the lakes. Summer days are warm and sunny, with cool nights. The winter is short and a blizzard is unknown. The average temperature for four months of winter was ten degrees of frost, with a foot to eighteen inches of snow. The elevation of Vernon is 1,200 feet, and the sheltering hills protect the city from wind and blizzards.

Sale of a Townsite

THE sale of lots in the townsite of Prince George, on the Grand Trunk Pacific line near Fort George, took place in Vancouver a few weeks ago, and the prices realised were highly satisfactory. Altogether 1,175 lots were sold for the total sum of \$1,293,135, which constitutes a record unprecedented in the history of Canadian land sales of this kind. Some of the largest buying is said to have been done on behalf of a syndicate composed of builders and constructors of the G. T. P.

Steamers for the C. N. R.

TWO new turbine steamers are on order for the C. N. R. British Columbia coast service, and there is talk of their being delivered at Port Mann next year, about the time that the first transcontinental train of the new system is expected to be coming over. It is well known that Messrs. MacKenzie & Mann intend to enter the trans-pacific and coasting trade as soon as their full rail is through, and it is said that they are getting ready to take care of business as soon as the first train arrives.

A Vancouver Exhibition in 1915

PREPARATIONS are well underway for a great mining exhibition to be held in Vancouver in 1915, on a far more ambitious scale than was ever attempted in this country before. A capable committee has the matter in hand and is working hard to map out the details of the scheme, in order to attract men interested in mining from all quarters of the globe.

One of the best features of the proposed exhibition, which will last for three months,

will be the practical illustration of the evolution of the process of treating gold ores. The old Arastian mill, operated by horse-power, will be set in motion beside the modern stamp. Present-day mining machinery and modern methods of treating the mineral products of British Columbia will be demonstrated.

It is intended to send collectors out into every portion of the province to gather samples of the various mines and prospects, so that every property of worth may be represented. Invitations will be sent to all the prospectors, and it is planned to have tents erected on the fair grounds for their accommodation during the exhibition.

Double-tracking of the C. P. R.

INSPECTION of the additional section of double-track between Mission Junction and Ruby Creek on the C. P. R. has been completed by both the company's officials and the engineer for the board of railway commissioners, and service on the recently-completed section will be started as soon as formal approval is given by the Dominion authorities.

The C. P. R. now has eighty miles of track east of Vancouver parallel. With the exception of the bridge over Pitt River, near Coquitlam, there is a double track for the entire distance between Vancouver and Ruby Creek. Work is well advanced on the new structure, which is being built over the Pitt River, and the bridge is expected to be ready for double traffic early next year.

The C. P. R. has been operating trains over the section of the double-tracking between Vancouver and Mission for several months, and the extension of the service to Ruby Creek will greatly facilitate the handling of traffic on the section east of Vancouver.

A Coal Harbor Scheme

THE supervising city engineer of Vancouver, Mr. F. L. Fellowes, elaborated his proposals for the improvement of Coal Harbor before the members of the City Beautiful Association early in the month.

Provision is made for a reinforced concrete retaining wall on a reverse curve, located at the outer limit of that part of Coal Harbor coming under the jurisdiction of the naval and military departments of

the federal government, with the object of making use of the whole area.

In view of the rapid growth that is anticipated within the next ten years, and to develop a causeway that would meet the requirements of a population of anywhere from half a million to a million people, and recognizing the necessity of providing ample approaches in the way of roadways and sidewalks to handle large crowds when disbursing from gatherings such as band concerts, etc., which take place from time to time in the park, the roadway was designed 100 feet wide, with walks 25 feet wide.

It was suggested to this end that tram-car accommodations should be provided in laying out such a scheme, and the plan provides for a system of tramways, which in the opinion of the writer will facilitate the handling of large crowds, and will detract from the general appearance of the Coal Harbor developments, when completed, as little as possible.

From the approach immediately opposite and adjoining Georgia Street, will be provided an oval terrace. Flower beds can be laid out, and provision made for water fountains for drinking purposes. At the junction of what is known as the pipe line road and the road around the west side of the harbor, it is intended to provide another terrace.

It is arranged to have two islands in the centre, one which might be used for water fowls, if they are placed in the water enclosure, and the main one will be facing and immediately opposite Georgia Street. This island was placed at this point advisedly, as the idea intended is to construct a magnificent rockery, to which pipes will be laid from the high pressure mains so that a magnificent water shower can be provided in the shape of fountain jets. This will be operated from controlling valves at the causeway and can be regulated as desired. Provision is made for emptying and filling this enclosure at will, either with fresh water or salt water.

The total area of water provided for under this scheme is approximately twenty-four acres with additional lawn space of approximately twenty-eight acres.

Should the park commissioners at any time decide to develop the waterway or present ravine running from Second Beach, so that a serpentine might be created

through which canoes could pass to the Second Beach, this would be possible. This scheme is as yet undeveloped, but it could be so arranged as to create a charming vista with parking strips on either side, with walks along the same, without disturbing the natural beauties that at present exist through this natural ravine.

The whole proposition, in Mr. Fellowes' opinion, could be completed for in the neighborhood of \$632,000. The work could be carried out in sections.

The following figures give an idea of how Mr. Fellowes handles his scheme:

Approximate area treated, 76 acres.

Water area of inner basin as at present to extreme high water mark, 58.27 acres.

Surface area of water (proposed scheme), 24.45 acres.

Area reclaimed for lawns, roadways, etc., 33.82 acres.

Area of south island, 0.7 acre.

Area of north island, 0.85 acre.

Area of lawns, 15 acres.

With regard to the proposed stadium on False Creek, Mr. Fellowes has drawn up the following:

Area of ground available, 12 acres.

Seating accommodation of stadium, 25,000 people.

Area of arena, 3 acres (approximately).

Area covered by seatings, two and one-half acres (approximately).

Length of race track, one-quarter mile.

Area of pond in grounds, .27 acres.

Area of lawn, 2,800 square feet.

The Opening of Kingsway

THE opening of the fine new roadway, to be known as Kingsway, establishes yet another link between the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster. The road, which passes through the municipalities of South Vancouver and Burnaby, is one of the finest in Canada. The Hon. Thomas Taylor, Minister of Public Works, who formally opened the new road, expressed the hope that in a short time they might be able to complete the circle between the two cities of Vancouver and New Westminster by way of Kingsway and River road.

Another 100 Miles of Grand Trunk

It is now announced that the Grand Trunk main line is completed for 301 miles east from Prince Rupert. A hundred miles was

recently opened extending from Moricetown, at Mile 201, to Mile 301.

Trains are now running from Prince Rupert into the very heart of British Columbia. This new section of track passes right through Smithers, the midway divisional point between Prince Rupert and Fort George. This railroad town is expected to be the eastern end of operation on the western division of the Grand Trunk Pacific throughout the coming winter.

White River Development

MR. O. B. DICKESON, president of the White Pass & Yukon Railway, stated when in Vancouver recently that, provided that development work now being carried on in the White River region in the Yukon warrants the company in proceeding with their plan, and that government assistance is forthcoming towards the enterprise, they will extend their line from its present terminus into the White River district.

"There is," Mr. Dickeson added, "a great deal of increased commercial activity along our line of a permanent nature, and British Columbia ports and Puget Sound generally have good reason to expect increasing trade with the north.

"Development of the White Horse copper properties has been most satisfactory through the season. We have shipped about 85,000 tons of ore since opening the Pueblo mine, April 30, 1912, at the same time carrying on development work preparatory to increasing the output. We have over 1,200 feet of drifting on the 200-foot level at the Pueblo mine, 1,100 feet of which is in ore, and several thousand feet of diamond drill work. The explorations by drilling have been most satisfactory. The shaft of the mine is now down 275 feet, and by the end of the year we will also be opened up to begin work on the 400-foot level, and expect to keep sinking right down to the 600-foot level and start a new set of drifts there. One can determine from this to some extent the size of the known ore body, and the area embraced by the drill work, and drifting is sufficient to insure that we have a very large productive property, for it is not reasonable to assume that the ore pinches out at the various points of our explorations.

"We have already developed sufficient tonnage of ore to keep operating a number of years. There is not the slightest doubt

but that other valuable properties in that general district will be opened up in the near future, as the result of our explorations have given encouragement to mine owners and prospectors.

"With reference to the proposition to extend a railway to the White River district, our attitude on this question has been definitely stated before. We have had an examination made of the White River region by our mining engineer this year, and we believe that the district holds a bright future. Furthermore, just beyond the White River copper region the Chisana strike has been made."

Asked what he thought of the gold strike, Mr. Dickeson said his company spent over \$150,000 in laying in supplies, the purchase of horses, etc., looking forward to taking care of the needs of that camp, and this will not come anywhere near supplying the demand of those going into the country. They knew to a certainty that in one place, 250 feet by 16 feet, \$27,000 in gold was taken out in six weeks, and this was not the only place that gold was discovered, the different discoveries being some distance apart. Practically all of the prospectors who had gone in via our route have come out for supplies and were returning, evidence as to what they think of it. As to the most feasible routes to the Chisana (or Shushanna) district, there would be no question on this point. There were three distinct routes: First, the White Horse-Kluane trail, which was the shortest in point of distance from Vancouver than any other route; second, the White River route from the mouth of the White River to Donjek; third, Coffee Creek trail. The two former were pronounced by most people going in and out as the best.

The company recently purchased \$22,000 worth of horses, had just authorized the purchase of \$10,000 worth more, and had contracted for handling freight from White Horse to Horsefelt (at the diggings) and they expected to establish roadhouses and name a delivered price from Skagway to the diggings.

Up the White River to Donjek would undoubtedly be the most economical and best summer route for many reasons. The company sent their light draft steamer Nasutlin two trips up the White and landed goods and passengers at Donjek, the nearest point of organized transportation to

the diggings, about 80 miles. They would this winter build an additional boat to operate in this service, which would result in delivering supplies and prospectors at a point near the diggings at a reasonable cost.

Pleasure Park for Point Grey

It is intended to provide at Point Grey a park of the type of Coney Island in New York and Luna Park in Seattle. A company is about to be formed, and its promoters have secured twelve acres near the Dunbar Road carline. The first thing to be built will be a bandstand, where sacred concerts will be given on Sundays, and following this other amusements will be added in the way of scenic railways, merry-go-rounds, shoot-the-chutes, a dancing pavilion, a roller skating rink and other forms of amusements to be found at such parks. There will also be a moving picture theatre.

The park will open on May 1 next year. It has an 825 feet frontage on the water, which will allow for boating and bathing purposes.

The Second Narrows Bridge

MR. H. H. STEVENS, M.P., has again publicly advised the people of Vancouver district to undertake the building of the Second Narrows bridge. "There should be no more requests for aid," he said, "from either the Provincial or the Dominion government, but the people should go on with the construction of the bridge in a business-like way.

"The various city and municipal councils of this district dare not go ahead with plans for raising the money necessary to build this bridge unless they felt that public opinion is behind them. There should be a good strong expression of public opinion on the subject.

"You have now reached the point where you can call for tenders for this work. There has been subscribed already a Dominion subsidy of \$350,000, a provincial subsidy of \$400,000, and the amount authorized by the councils of the various districts brings the total up to within \$750,000 of the \$2,250,000 needed to complete the bridge. Now you have the borrowing power to raise this money between you, and as a good business proposition it should be done and done at once."

The Shushanna Discoveries

REPORTING on the gold strike at Shushanna, the special correspondent of a Vancouver paper says:

"The gold appears to be carried in an old glacial channel on a high bench or plateau, which is crossed by the creeks on which the new diggings are located. The gold is very coarse and runs about \$16.10 to the ounce. There are absolutely no supplies in the camp and everything eatable is at a premium. All kinds of mining tools, axes, shovels, etc., are also at a premium. There is no timber for fuel or camp purposes nearer than five miles, the first bunch of stampedeers having used all nearby timber. The elevation is approximately 6,400 feet. The formation appears to be limestone and slate, cut by dykes of porphyry. Every cleanup has carried quantities of tin, native silver, native copper and galena in addition to the gold, and these minerals will undoubtedly be found in place later. Prospectors here also claim to have found platinum in cleanups, but so far the writer has not seen it himself."

Gold on the Canadian Side

NOTICE has been received in the gold office in Dawson that Pan Creek, a tributary of Lake Creek, in the Beaver district, has been located by Shushanna stampedeers. This is the first creek staked by the stampedeers on the Canadian side.

The second strike made is on the Sixty-mile River, below the mouth of Glacier Creek, where Sam Morreau, the famous old Dawson sourdough, has made what is claimed to be one of the richest strikes of placer pay in one body ever discovered. Word of the new strike was brought into Dawson by Joe Perron, one of the stakers. He says that Morreau got pans running as high as 50 cents, and none under 25 cents in one of the holes, and that many claims have been staked in the vicinity by Sam's friends, mostly old-time French-Canadian miners of the country, who know the mining game well. Perron, who, after staking a claim, mushed over Glacier to the Shushanna diggings and then back to Dawson, says about the new strike:

"Morreau seems to have struck one of the best things in the country. The valley is wide, and the general looks of the place are good. In location it is to Miller and

Glacier what the lower end of the Klondike is to Bonanza and Eldorado.

"Sam got pay, but not without hard work. He started in on the left limit some time ago to cross-cut the valley, which is 3,000 feet wide. He put down twenty-two shafts without getting a color. In the twenty-third he got seven cents to the pan, and in the twenty-fourth hole he got about the same. In the twenty-fifth shaft, eighty feet away from the twenty-fourth hole, Sam struck a slide of false bedrock and found nothing on it. He went through the false bedrock two feet and got good pans, the smallest of which was not less than 25 cents and the largest 50 cents. The depth to the false bedrock is 20 to 28 feet. Sam did not go to actual bedrock in that shaft. He was satisfied that he was in pay and shut down for the winter."

The staking of these claims was done on the north fork of the Sixty-mile River, near Five-mile, Twelve-mile and Alice Creeks. Perron also says that the entire country between Sixty-mile and Snag Rivers looks like a placer region and he thinks that it will be a fine district for men prospecting in this winter.

To investigate the strike on the White River, T. A. McLean, a mining expert representing the Dominion Government, is going in by way of Coffee Creek trail. He will make a full report to Ottawa regarding the ground.

The Seed Control Act

A CASE of general interest to farmers and others throughout British Columbia was recently brought under this Act, when a Victoria firm was convicted of selling cabbage seed of low vitality without indicating the percentage of germination of the same. Under Section 10 of the Dominion Seed Control Act all farm and vegetable seeds which germinate lower than two-thirds the standard vitality of good seed for that particular variety, must be labelled with the percentage of germination.

It is the intention of the Dominion Department of Agriculture to strictly enforce all the provisions of the Seed Control Act of 1911, and anyone handling seeds should see to it that their seed complies with this Act. The Dominion Seed Laboratory at Calgary, Alberta, is at the service of anyone desirous of having seed tested either for



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vitality or weed seeds. Copies of the Act and information as to the same may also be obtained from the same address.

Squamish Indian Reserve Sold

THE Squamish Indian Reserve at Newport has been sold to the Pacific Great Eastern Railway Co. The land acquired by the company consists of 1,100 acres. The purchase price was \$150,000. The timber on the land was sold to the railway company for \$5,000. The company will use the property for terminal and townsite purposes. The property has considerable waterfrontage, and it is stated that dredges will be used to deepen the harbor and fill in the low-lying flats, the idea being that Newport can be made an important harbor and shipping point.

The C. N. R. and G. N. R.

IT is reported that the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway is conducting negotiations with the Great Northern Railway Company for the joint use of the Great Northern dock on Burrard Inlet. The wharf, which is considered one of the finest on the Pacific Coast, will shortly be ready for use.

The report is also revived that the C. N. R. is contemplating joining forces with the American railway with regard to the building of joint terminal facilities at False Creek. It is stated also in this connection that the C. N. R. may arrive at some agreement with the G. N. R. for the use of the Grandview cut into this city. The big cut, work on which has been proceeding for several years, is practically completed insofar as the excavation part of it is concerned, and is now wide enough for four sets of tracks.

Fruit-growing in the Kootenay

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the fruit-growers of the West Kootenay Valley to organize a new co-operative marketing association on the lines of that formed this year in the Okanagan district, under the provisions of the new provincial aid to agriculture act, by which the Government gives assistance to the extent of a loan of up to 80 per cent. of the subscribed capital stock. Sixty ranchers recently attended a meeting with this object in view, and appointed a committee to formulate plans. They were addressed by Mr. W. E. Scott, deputy-minister of agriculture.

Mr. Scott declared emphatically that there was no danger of an over-production of fruit, stating that there were 45,000,000 fewer trees in the United States in 1910 than in 1900, while the number of fruit trees in Eastern Canada had also decreased.

While the prairies were the big market for the British Columbia fruit-growers, the cities of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and Prince Rupert were large consumers and would form a more easily accessible market for Interior growers on

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the completion of the Kettle Valley line, he continued. There was no fear of over-production in British Columbia, as the consumption today was greater than the total output. Against the advantages of the United States growers, who had slightly cheaper labor and supplies and better marketing facilities, the fruit-growers of this province had the benefit of a protection of 13 cents per box and also had lower freight rates from most points in British Columbia to the prairies than those enjoyed by the ranchers to the south.

More attention should be paid, he said, to reducing the cost of production, the expense of caring for the orchards, and by co-operative purchasing of supplies. Honest packing and grading were essentials to successful marketing.

North Vancouver Preparations

THE Pacific Great Eastern Railway has agreed to begin by January 1 a car service between North Vancouver and West Vancouver, as a first instalment of their railway to Fort George. With four thousand men on construction work north of Newport, the railway company is doing its best to rush the balance of the work to completion within scheduled time. The company has purchased half a mile of waterfront in D. L. 264, for ocean docks and terminals. A noteworthy fact is that the Lonsdale estate, which sold the waterfront to the railway company and the Amalgamated Engineering Company, and is in close touch with their proposed developments, is clearing a hundred and fifty acres behind this waterfront. Another hundred acres was cleared last summer and was subdivided three weeks ago.

On July 28 last, the railway commission approved the C. P. R. right-of-way from the North Arm to Moodyville, on the expressly stated condition that the line should be completed within one year from that date. The Lonsdale estate is also clearing a large tract of land for subdivision purposes in the vicinity of Moodyville, with an evident view to near developments on the part of the C. P. R.

Two men from the construction camp on the Pacific Great Eastern, thirty miles north of Newport, have reported a gold strike in that locality. The find is located in the Chekamus Valley, above Mile 17, but the exact location has not been divulged. The men expect to make arrangements for receiving supplies from Vancouver and will work the ground during the entire winter.

It is announced that a dairy plant will shortly be in operation on Graham Island. Mr. J. B. F. Nogues came to the island the latter part of July from Idaho. He took up a pre-emption near Tow Hill and returned to Idaho. Upon his next trip to Masset he brought with him, besides his household goods, several head of cattle and a few horses. He expresses surprise that the island should have been ignored by dairymen and its luscious grasses given over exclusively to wild cattle.

THE North Vancouver council have accepted an offer for \$554,610 50-year bonds at 5 per cent. The prices were 86 per cent. for general debentures amounting to \$350,750 and 92 per cent. for local improvements bylaws totalling \$203,860.

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Population, now close to 5,000, is rapidly increasing

CRANBROOK is a divisional point of the C. P. R., whose payroll is over \$75,000 a month.

Railways: From east and west, the C. P. R., and from middle and eastern States and Pacific coast point, the Soo-Spokane-Portland.

Great Northern, via Lethbridge, Alta., or Elko, B. C., connects with British Columbia Southern (known as Crows Nest Branch of the C. P. R.).

Kootenay Central Branch of the C. P. R. connects with all points north. And the North Star branch of the C. P. R. reaches Kimberly and Marysville districts.

In the vicinity are twenty-five sawmills, five planing-mills, three sash and door factories, mining camps and many other industries, employing a large number of men the year around.

The climate of CRANBROOK approaches the ideal as near as may be found in Canada. The scenery is unsurpassed in variety and grandeur. Large and small game is found in abundance. It is the centre of a district 100 miles square, rich in timber, minerals, etc. From an agricultural standpoint the land in general is well suited to mixed farming.

The fruit-raising industry is as yet in its infancy owing to the fact that up to the last few years the chief attention was given to mining and lumbering. However, experiments have proven so satisfactory, and the markets are so great, that land is rapidly increasing in value.

The different points in the district are connected by first-class roads, in fact the roads



AUTOS IN A FIELD OF GRAIN NEAR CRANBROOK

are so good that Thomas N. Wilby, while here on his pathfinding trip from coast to coast, said: "The roads out of this city look as if they had been gone over with a flat-iron, they are so smooth."

This city has a municipal hall, new \$75,000 post office, six churches, three banks, three theatres, large hospital, two rinks, several places of amusement, five schools, large Y. M. C. A. building, Masonic Temple, I. O. O. F. and K. of P. halls, and eight hotels with excellent accommodation. Also electric lighting, gravity water and sewer systems. Magnificent natural power facilities await development. Large mercantile establishments and wholesale houses meet the needs of a rapidly growing community.

The C. P. R.'s new transcontinental line from Winnipeg to Vancouver will go via CRANBROOK and the Crows Nest Pass.

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and vegetables in British Columbia. All perishable products can be disposed of readily. Your product picked at noon is eaten by the consumer for supper.

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What adds more to a good breakfast — what is more enjoyed—than a cup of good coffee?

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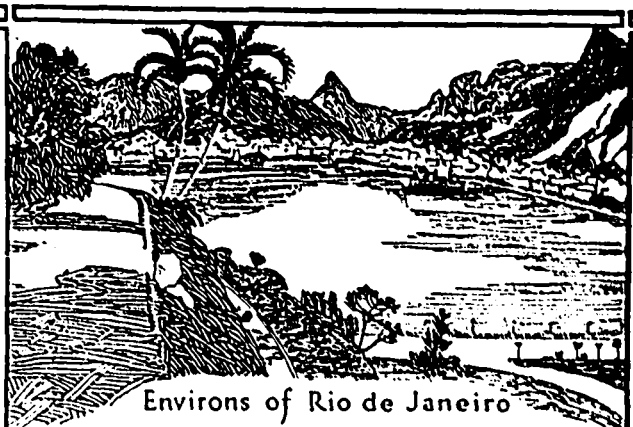
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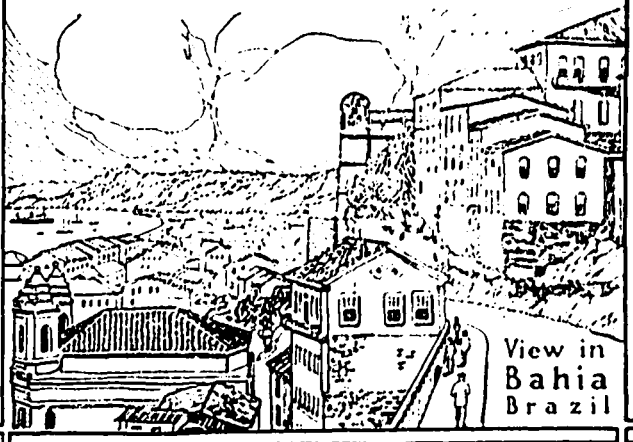
Go to South America this winter and enjoy it as thousands have before you. See its giant mountains, its tropic valleys, and its great cities.

Write us today for illustrated book that gives full details of 64-day cruises that include visits to Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Sao Paulo, Barbados and Trinidad in the West Indies, and optional trips to Panama and Valparaiso. Cost \$300 and up.

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View in
Bahia
Brazil

British Earl and a B. C. Mine

It is understood that the Ptarmigan mine, on Bear Mountain on the west coast of Vancouver Island, has recently been acquired by a small British syndicate, including the Earl of Denbigh, Sir James Sive-wright and Major F. Johnston, who recently visited the district. The sum of \$250,000 is mentioned as the purchase price. The Ptarmigan mine is a gold-copper proposition.

Operations are to start soon, and the ore mined will be treated at either the Ladysmith or Tacoma smelters.

Major Johnston's brother, a mining engineer, came out from England some time ago and inspected the Ptarmigan mine, and his report was so favorable that the deal was finally closed. Mr. Johnston will remain in charge of the property during its development until it reaches the producing stage.

FOR the first eight months of the present year the Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Power Co. smelted a total of 829,070 tons of ore, of which amount 820,240 tons were from the company's own properties, while 8,830 tons were custom ores. During the same period there was made and shipped 14,492,997 pounds of blister copper.

AN indication that the prices of business lots in Vancouver are well maintained is the purchase recently of the southwest corner property of Main and Pender streets for a consideration that figures out at \$3000 per front foot on Main street. It is stated that a ten-storey store and office building is to be erected there.

TRAINS are now being operated on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific on the newly completed section west of Tete Jaune Cache to the second crossing of the Fraser, a distance of about 100 miles.

DENIAL is given by Mr. Bowser, Attorney-General for the Province, to recent rumors that the Kitsilano Reserve has been promised to certain railroads.

A RECENT cablegram from London announced that Messrs. J. C. White & Company, British harbor engineers, had secured a contract involving some six million pounds

sterling for a scheme for harbor extension in Vancouver, where the provincial government recently granted foreshore rights to the Vancouver Harbor & Dock Extension Company.

This announcement is, however, described as premature. No contract has been let, though it is stated that the huge scheme is almost ripe for final arrangements to be made. The works will be situated at Sea Island and Lulu Island.

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“Pay Roll” and “Pay Well” City

☐ The old-time patent medicines undertook to demonstrate their efficacy by “before-and-after-taking” pictures. These pictures were usually fakes and, at best, products of the artist’s imagination.

☐ But the idea was sound.

☐ Every business proposition, every investment, should be able to stand the “before-and-after-taking” test.

☐ Coquitlam welcomes the test. This sterling new terminal town has only a year-and-a-half of life behind it, but those eighteen months have been so many months of demonstration of the wisdom of past and future investments.

☐ The investment opportunity is better than ever. Much as has been done, the town has only started. The big things haven’t even been started yet. And a lot of them are to be started.

☐ Look at the list of industries already started or announced: Shipbuilding yards, switch manufacturing plant, artificial stone works, 3,000-barrel flour mill, dredging plant, C. P. R. elevators, boot and shoe works, etc., and half a dozen other big industries in sight.

☐ This list means that Coquitlam will be a PAY-ROLL city, and a PAY-ROLL city means a PAY-WELL city for real estate investments. Prices are not inflated. We are willing to sell some lots, but we are more interested in locating industries.

☐ Give us a hint or a suggestion that will bring another industry to Port Coquitlam and we will pay you liberally for your services.

☐ We want industries and industries want Coquitlam.

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Gentlemen,—Without obligating me in any way, please send me at once full particulars of your new plan for the promotion of industries at Coquitlam and the advancement of real estate values.

Name

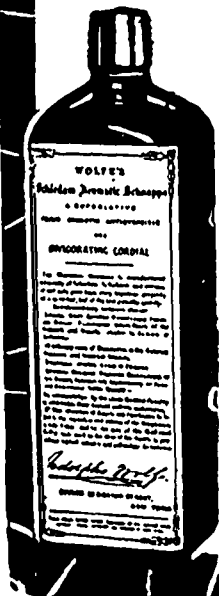
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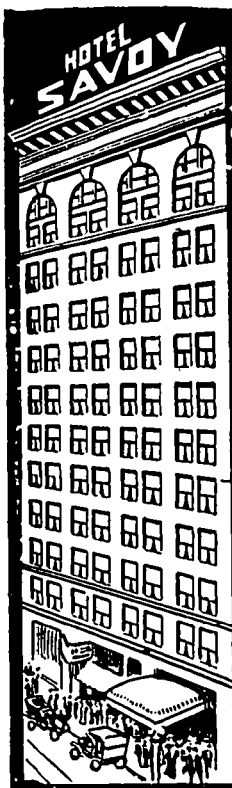
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The Annual Examinations in Practical Music and Theory will be held throughout Canada in May and June, 1914. An examination in Theory only will be held November 15th, 1913, application to be made by October 1st.

An Exhibition value about \$500 offered annually; also two gold and two silver medals. Syllabus, music for the examinations and all particulars may be obtained on application to

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Parents and teachers wishing to enter their pupils for these examinations should communicate with the Secretary at once and have their names placed on mailing list.



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To our Old and New Subscribers:

Having many calls for full lots in our Premium Subdivision, and all of them practically given out to subscribers, we have decided to give those who hold a single half lot, 33x124, the first preference to purchase the adjoining single half lot 33x124, so that you will have a full lot 66x124 to a 16-ft. lane.

We will allot same to you on the same basis you paid for the portion you now hold, and on terms of \$10.00 down, \$9.75 in fifteen days, and \$5.00 per month until same is paid in full, or if you wish to remit at once we will deliver deed as soon as same is prepared.

There are many advantages in having full lots, and also a saving of registry fees. You can register a full lot for the same amount charged for a single lot, and we supply change of deed at no cost to you. There is and will be a demand for full lots—people with capital (who always seek the highest elevation for pure air and view) will want plenty of room for lawn and flowers; store sites and business property must also be of some size.

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Dear Neighbor:

This Association is formed for the development of WHITE ROCK HEIGHTS—namely, to render any assistance possible to the owners of lots therein.

There has been such a demand for information that the Association has established a "bureau" in which you are all eligible for membership by paying a small fee to cover the cost of advertising, office expense, printing and secretary's service, which amount is only \$1.00 per year.

Those who have not registered their deeds can send same to the Association with a remittance of \$7.00, which will cover all expense, and your title will be sent you as soon as received by the Association, also the duplicate deed. Registration is \$4.20, attorney's fee \$1.50, registration application 50c, registered post 30c, Association fee 50c; total, \$7.00.

Regarding taxes, the assessment made is \$2.00 per lot, 33x124. We will look after your interest and pay same, which is delinquent after October 15th, 1913. Association charge is 25c, taxes \$2.00; total \$2.25.

Roads are being opened up and we would like everyone who is willing to pay \$5.00 for a road 12 ft. to 16 ft. wide in front of their property, that is for lots 33x124 ft., to write us at once. This amount is the estimated cost for each lot with a frontage of 33 feet. The making of roads will open up the tract so you can camp on same, clear or build—and if you do not clear your lot or build your neighbor may—and the road will increase the value of your property fifty per cent.

The Association have pennants in blue and white on sale at 75c each. Get one and be a booster for WHITE ROCK, where everybody will go sooner or later, for we are determined to make the people see that no other beach in Western Canada can hold a candle to WHITE ROCK—named, and rightly named, the "Brighton of Western Canada."

Yours for health, wealth and pleasure,

WHITE ROCK HEIGHTS IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION
Per John Manley, Secretary.

Note—Remit by post office order, express order or bank draft. Add exchange to check.

Port Alberni, B. C.

ANYONE who is at all familiar with the history of British Columbia can readily see that an investment in Port Alberni property now, whether city or suburban, will net him handsome returns before any great length of time. Manufacturing sites with the most excellent facilities may be had, there being a very large potential water-power in the falls of the Somass River, close to the harbor. On the waterfront splendid sites are also procurable at reasonable prices, these offering every advantage in the way of trackage and shipping. The C. P. R. has a fine modern depot in the town, and trains connect each day with Victoria, and thence by boat to Vancouver. Port Alberni lies at the head of the Alberni Canal, a long indentation on the west coast of Vancouver Island and at the mouth of the Somass River. It is backed and flanked by Copper and Arrowsmith Mountains, which, however, offer no impediment to entering railroads. The site of the town is a gradual slope from the waterfront, opening into the magnificent Alberni Valley, which is already extensively farmed and is one of the best districts on the Island. A short distance from the townsite are Buttles, Cameron and Sproat Lakes, some of the most beautiful bodies of inland waters in the province. These lakes offer splendid opportunities for hotels and resorts for the tourist, and the Canadian Pacific has already constructed some chalets in close proximity to the lakes and mountains. On the ocean, and but a short distance from Port Alberni, stretches twenty miles of magnificent sandy beach, the famous Long Beach, which is the resort and delight of thousands of tourists every summer. It is the intention of the C. P. R. to erect a chalet here, which alone will be a distinct advantage to the town. It is the gateway to a paradise for the hunter, fisherman and tourist, in addition to being one of the most advantageous sites for a great city ever laid out. Excellent motor roads now reach every part of the Island, and there is no difficulty in reaching the Port in a short time from Victoria over the famous Pacific Highway, for which this town is the terminus.

As to climate: The rainfall is less here than in Vancouver, which is less than in many parts of the eastern provinces. Severe winters are unknown on account of the proximity of



STANDING TIMBER, PORT ALBERNI DISTRICT

the Japan current, and the summers are indescribably delightful. In summing up the advantages of Port Alberni, it is seen that it has the natural advantages of a harbor unexcelled, a townsite of ideal location, excellent water-power resources of incalculable value behind it for which it is the natural port; a busy, progressive administration which is engrossed in making it one of the most attractive towns to the homeseeker and manufacturer, as well as investor, in this fast-growing country; banks, schools, business houses, hotels, wharves, factories, railroad, shipping facilities, and in fact every component of a manufacturing and shipping centre. There can be no doubt but that for every dollar invested in Port Alberni the investor will gain manifold in the next ten years.

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Do you want a farm in a district with a delightfully mild climate, highly productive soil and the best market in the world for farm and garden products? If so, write to us.

We specialize in this line and have a large listing of all kinds of farms from five-acre blocks to tracts of 160 acres and upwards, varying from virgin bush land to semi-improved and revenue-producing properties.

Our cheapest buys are in the Alberni, Nanoose and

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The beach is a magnificent strip of sand over five miles in extent.

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We have opened up the roads, laid water mains, built houses and made other improvements on a large portion of the property we are offering for sale.

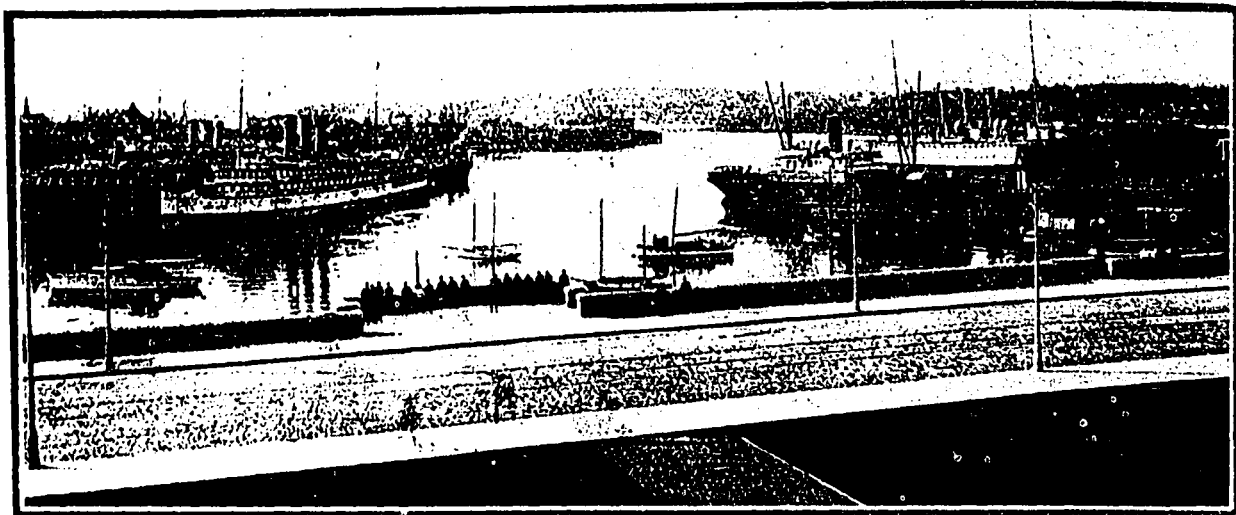
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THE City of Victoria, B.C., Canada, the Capital City of the province of British Columbia, is the first port in the Dominion of Canada. That is one reason why the Dominion Government is equipping it with the present-designed splendid outer harbor. When it is recorded that during the six months of the first fiscal year ending September 30, 1912, a total of 5,747 vessels, foreign and coastwise, in and out, came and went from local wharves, the magnitude of the shipping trade from Victoria is impressed upon even the most unthinking.

Not one of the eastern ports can show anything like the record of shipping as does Victoria. And the increase in the shipping grows steadily and surely. Examine these figures:

1909-10—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 7,254; total tonnage, 4,826,769.

1910-11—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 8,475; total tonnage, 5,673,697.

1911-12—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 9,778; total tonnage, 7,207,274.

While the coastwise trade is advancing rapidly, it is in the foreign trade that the greatest advances are being made. Last year the foreign trade of Montreal, inward and outward, totalled 845 vessels, with 3,385,951 tons, as compared with 2,834 vessels with 3,522,851 tons at Victoria. At St. John the foreign shipping inward and outward in the same time was 2,442 vessels, with 2,012,425 tons; while Halifax had 2,344 vessels in and out, foreign, with 3,111,535 tons. Freight landed by foreign vessels at Victoria has trebled in the last three years.

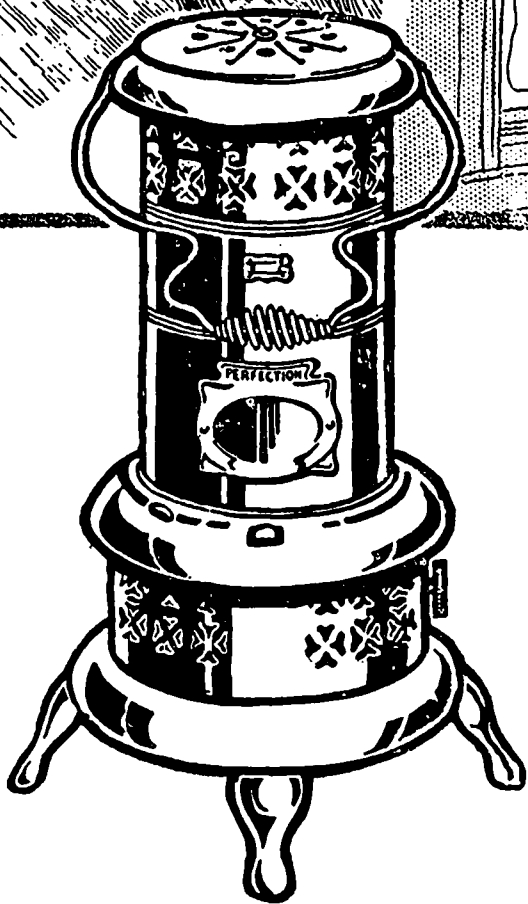
Take notice, manufacturers, investors, railways, steamship lines, ship-builders and capitalists—all roads and all ports lead to and connect with Victoria.

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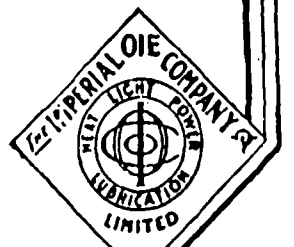
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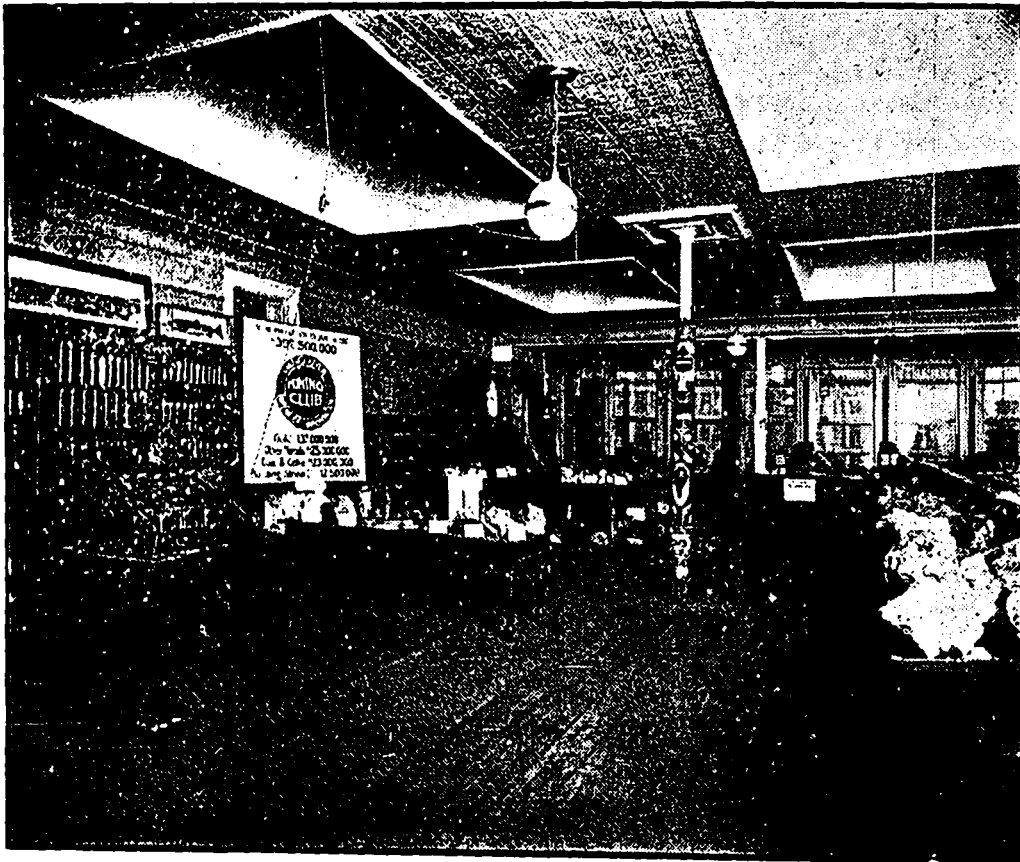
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Vancouver Island, B. C.

Canada

Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria

In all the various districts of Vancouver Island the tokens of development and progress continue to multiply. Railway activities and the steady work of extending and improving the island roads and highways have a great deal to do with this, and the constant influx of settlers to the country communities, the towns and the cities continues to widen the sphere of action both as to urban and agricultural potentialities.

The Alberni District, with the promising and energetic little cities of Port Alberni and Alberni, is progressing with sure strides, and the incoming of the Canadian Northern Railway into the neighborhood is the latest move which is adding impetus to the already live condition of affairs. Not the least important feature of this district's future is the coming opening of Strathcona Park and its world-heralded beauties. That thousands of visitors will come through in this way to reach the park is assured, and that numbers of them will fall in love with the district and remain there is also an undisputed fact.

Nanaimo is fast coming to the front because of its geographical position, fine harbor, and vast natural resources. It has always been a great coal-mining centre, and yet this is in reality only one of its commercial factors. The lumbering and fishing industries, and more lately, manufacturing, promise to rival the mining interests in time to come, for year by year the trend of capital to Nanaimo and the signs of the financial zodiac point to very large industrial developments at this point. Nanaimo is now and has for some years past been agitating for a tramway system. That this will be installed does not admit of a doubt, and it will go far towards metropolitanizing the city. Its harbor is a splendid one, and its shipping trade considerable. A few years hence and this centrally located and thriving place will have gained greatly in population and commercial importance.

Cumberland and Ladysmith are both up-to-date, virile and go-ahead little cities, remarkable for their civic spirit and systems of municipal government. Each has rivalled the other in the matter of enthusiasm for the betterment of existing conditions, and the result has been of the greatest possible benefit to the citizens. Both are in the heart of the coal measures of their districts, and Ladysmith has a fine harbor, thus affording rail as well as sail transportation for its mining output, her situation on the main line of the E. & N. Railway giving through connection with all island points on this line. Cumberland connects by rail to Union Bay, and is moving energetically for further rail service by way of the Canadian Northern Railway. Their future is a bright one, and founded on solid advantages.

Duncan and Sidney are centres for agricultural districts, Duncan being especially favored as the trading metropolis of the famous Cowichan Valley. This recently incorporated little city has one of the finest general stores in Canada, a flourishing Creamery and Egg Association, and its reputation for the finest of butter and eggs is so firmly fixed that the highest prices are realized for its product. Sidney, at the terminus of the Victoria and Sidney Railway, may yet become an important terminal manufacturing point as well as an agricultural centre. All of these cities have their boards of trade, which are busy in forwarding the interests of their communities in every possible manner.

The Atlantic Royals



Take the "Royal" Line to Europe Montreal—Bristol

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ROYAL EDWARD

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A two-days' sheltered sail down the mighty St. Lawrence—days of scenic beauty and historic interest—then but little more than three days on the Atlantic and passengers are whirled by special express trains from Bristol to London in two hours' time.

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Saturday, Oct. 4	Royal Edward	Saturday, Oct. 18
Saturday, Oct. 18	Royal George	Saturday, Nov. 1
Saturday, Nov. 1	Royal Edward	Saturday, Nov. 15

For information and tickets apply to any steamship agent or to A. H. DAVIS, General Agent, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.





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Thousands of men go through just this experience, for there’s such a wide gap between the best shave you have ever got with an ordinary razor and the velvet shave the

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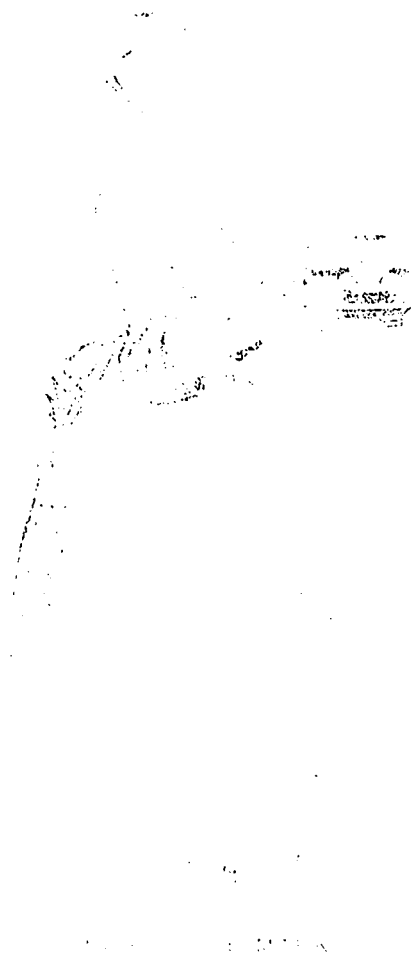
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