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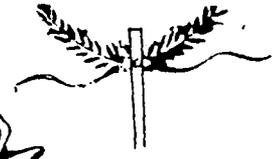
HUMOR OF TREES.



JOHN BULL IN CANADA.



B. C. HOMES,
Etc., Etc.



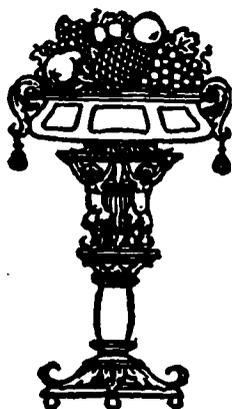
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We are thankful to the numerous persons who have encouraged us to go forward, and who have rendered us such splendid service in connection with this first number.

To those who have held aloof awaiting to see the outcome, we now appeal for practical support. We want your subscriptions and we want your advertisements.

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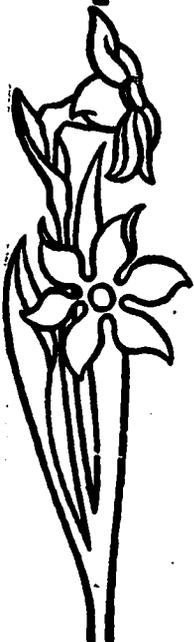
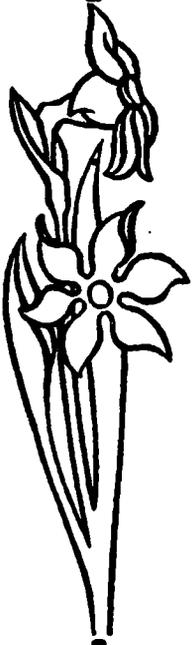
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GEO. E. TROREY,

Managing Director.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



Key Notes by Our Own Poets.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

(Copyrighted by W. Dalton, 1906)

Land of the West!
 Of the old and the new!
 After ages of rest
 Comes the dawn unto you.
 Golden dreams, like the dew
 That bespangles the morn,
 Round the half-wakened beauties
 Entrancing are born.
 O land of the West!
 Of the brave and the gay!
 When the dreams and the dew
 With the dawn die away—
 When the triumph of noontide
 Shall come unto you
 Grant the noblest of nations
 With justice shall say,
 "Hail! land of the West!
 Of the noble and true!"

*From "A Souvenir of Vancouver,
 by Annie C. Dalton.*

WESTWARD

Follow on, follow on! After the west wind
 Over the plains,
 Out of the golden-barred gates of the sunset
 Where the day wanes!

Follow on! Steep are the paths and the passes
 There in our way,
 Yawning with peril and deepening crevasses—
 Not yet we stay!

Still there are heights to be scaled, all undaunted
 Now with a song
 As of the victor who dreams of the vaunted
 Crown—we press on!

Out of the swing of the sunny Pacific,
 Freedom of soul
 Where close the golden-barred gates of the sunset
 There is our goal!

Irene M. McCall.

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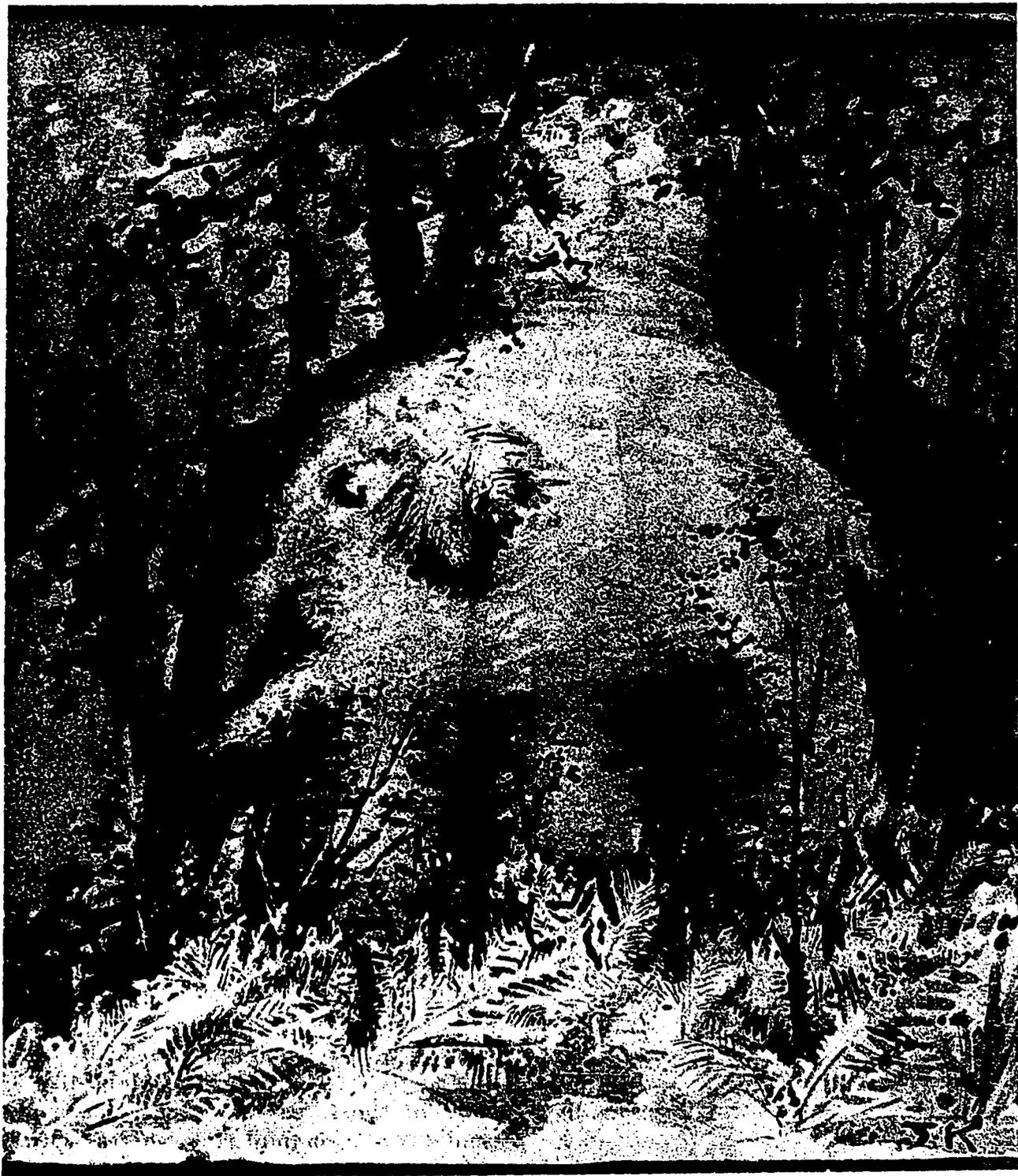
The Humor of Trees.

BY ANNIE C. DALTON, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN KYLE, A. R. C. A.

Humorous men are occasionally heard of, and humorous animals are still more rarely to be met with; even trees have their whimsical moods, and, stranger still, their humor generally takes the form of mimical idiosyncrasies of the denizens of the animal world.

Our first experience of the imitative faculties of British Columbian trees was accidental.

Threading our way one day, through an entangled thicket, in Stanley Forest, Vancouver, B. C., we were startled by coming across an absolutely unique caprice of na-



ture. Just in front of us was the huge pillar of a Douglas fir, while close behind it appeared to be standing the compact body of an immense animal. Mighty game roams through the primeval forests of British Columbia, but neither guides nor guide-books had led us to expect to come face to face with a royal elephant, for such it appeared to be.

Cautious investigation disclosed the tremendous girth and bulk of a magnificent cedar. In the gloomy half-light, the illusion was perfect. Down one side hung trunk and tusks; stout legs supported a huge body, and it needed very little imagination to supply eyes, ears and tail from the ubiquitous fern, which seems to take a delight in perching in the most unlikely places; in fact, it is often seen, airily waving in the breeze, at least a hundred feet from the ground.

This amusing discovery put us all on the qui vive for others, and the daily walk became a delightful pastime.

It was soon a point of honor with us that something must be discovered before we returned home from our rambles, and not a few jokes were cut at the expense of the most enthusiastic of our party,



whose imagination took the most sanguine flights, in a futile attempt to add to our collection of arboreal absurdities.

Forest fires accounted for some strange freaks. Charred and blackened poles towered far above the graceful peaks of a later generation of pines and firs, taking on a grotesque resemblance to men and animals. One soaring shaft supplied a double illustration of "the trapper and the trapped." Seen from one side, its summit exactly represented a bear with a short pole between its paws. From the opposite side, it appeared an excellent fac-simile of an Indian trapper in the act of shooting—his black silhouette clearly defined against a glowing evening sky.

Down in the cool and mossy recesses of the forest, the sunlight is dealt out very sparingly. Through the cloud-like canopies of the forest monarchs, the sunbeams shoot their shimmering shafts with difficulty to the slender, straggling saplings

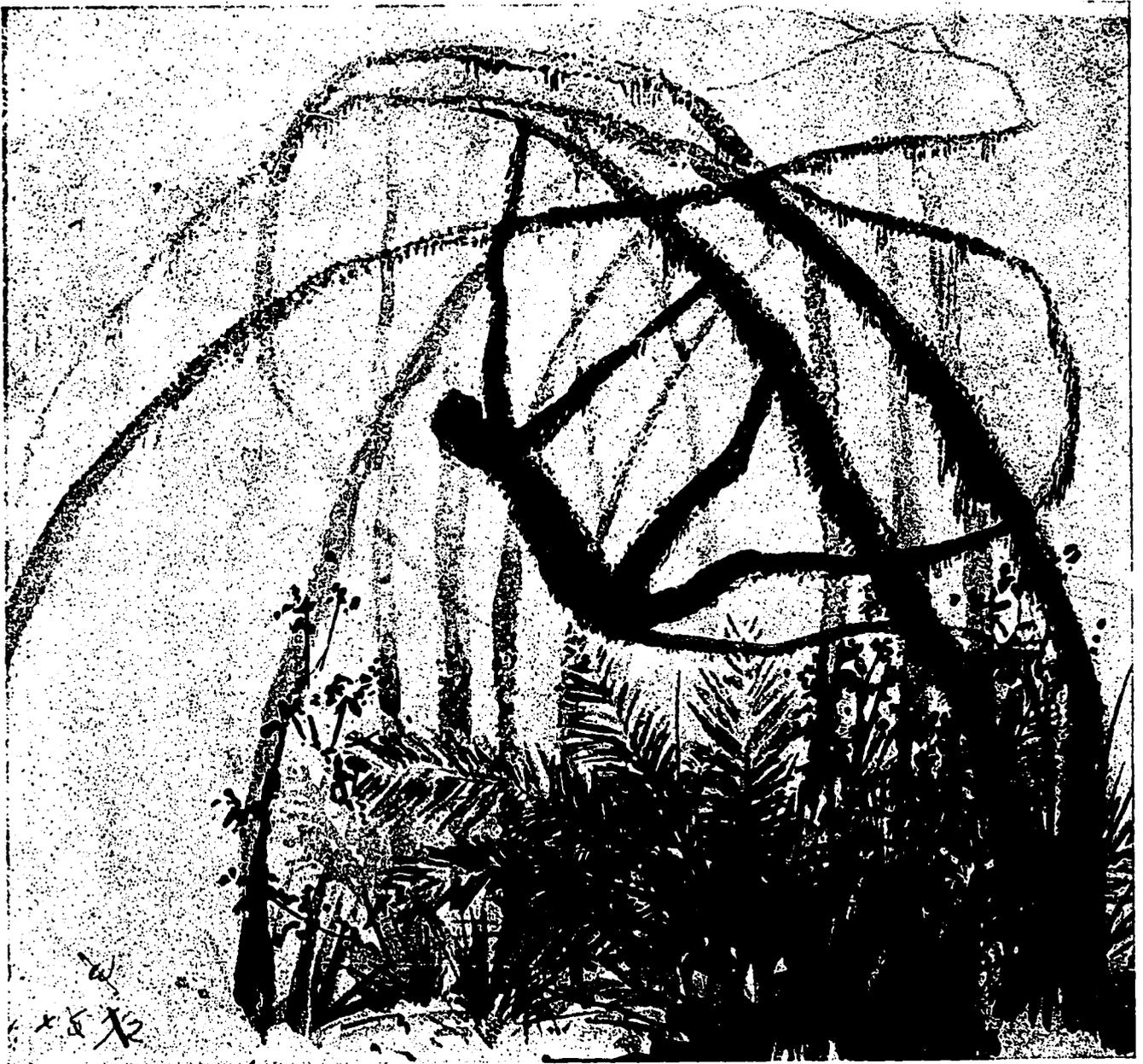
far below, which seem to struggle and writhe through an unvarying existence in an atmosphere of pathos and solitude, and of silence almost oppressive.

From the soft, spongy mould, which is never dry in the hottest summer, spring with marvellous rapidity, a thousand species of rank vegetation. Shrubs, plants, ferns, vines, bracken and tangled thorn, all flung one upon another in bewildering and almost cruel prodigality. —

flourish equally well, either in or out of their natural sphere.

After an unusually mild winter, these mosses wreath and drape every branch and bole, giving a curiously tropical appearance to the forest, where the sinuous limbs of the saplings die with the contortions of the Laocoon.

A perfect labyrinth of serpentine loops, and of round and pointed arches, all thickly hung with the pendant tresses of



Firmly rooted on either side, weird fantastic arches span the cool, treacherous depths of the dusky undergrowth, supporting in the air healthy and ambitious young pines, firs and maples, sometimes exactly in the centre of the arch; oftener still, along its entire length. There, too, crouch dainty ferns, which spread out their tender, semi-transparent fronds in mid-air, mingling with heavy festoons of drooping mosses, and evidently able to

moss, furnished the lively figure of a monkey swinging from the branches.

To one given to reflections of a sombre cast, the dreamy stillness of this realm of shadows brings vividly to mind that mysterious sadness which ever broods over nature in her fairest and most secluded haunts, and yet to one blest with an innate sense of humor, these self-same retreats are the strongholds of a thousand delightful and humorous surprises.

On every side appear quaint and grotesque caricatures. It is as though the forest giants in their immense yet restricted playground waived their colossal dignity, and amused themselves in a contest of grimaces and contortions. The flickering sunbeams playing around their rugged columns assist the illusion, until one could almost imagine that the mythical hamadryads were still imprisoned within the woods, the unavailing struggles for

ferns are lighted up in fitful, fantastic fashion, while far below in the gloomier aisles lurk strange shapes and shadows, changing their chief characteristics every hour.

One of the most astonishing freaks which we discovered, was that of a pine tree which bore an absurd likeness to a tall giraffe; its fore feet resting on a mass of logs and debris, and its head apparently lost in an aerial feeding-ground of



freedom exciting the risible faculties of their grim gaolers.

Indeed not a little of the quaint effect is attributable to the lights and shadows, caught and cast, during favorable moments of the sun's career. He, like a mighty magician, in his diurnal flight, charms and enchants with his golden wand in the very depths of these bewitching solitudes. Groined arches, gargoyles, clustered columns and swelling crockets of tiny

succulent green shoots and branches.

We cannot wonder that the native who once roamed these dusky and mystical forests was seethed in superstition. Each little brown papoose, turning timidly from its mother's breast, saw in the still and silent cloisters around him, a strangely-peopled world; faces and forms looking threateningly down upon him, from arch and pillar; and with his mother's milk drank in, unconsciously, a wild, unreason-



ing fear, that well prepared his maturing mind, for the glamour and witchery of the weird legends of the woods.

Beneath the thin veneer of modern civilization that covers the Indian of to-day, lurks an unflinching awe of the spirits worshipped by his ancient fathers. For him, everything in nature holds a spirit; darkness and dreams are endowed with nameless dread; the very wind that fans his hot cheek is to be feared, for is it not caused by the flapping of the wings of the mysterious Bird of the mountains?

The typical Indian leaves humor severely alone. Strange things that to an ordinary mind afford endless amusement, for him are full of dread omens of sad significance.

As a rule, the maple and the alder seem to grow with prim precision, as though scorning to indulge in the vagaries of their more frolicsome neighbors. We found one maple which was a notable exception. We named it "Premier Contortionist," and the title was well deserved. Neither sketch nor photograph could do justice to the ec-

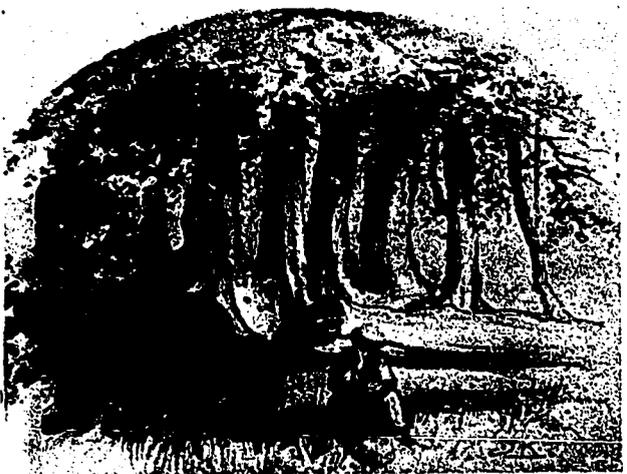
centricities of this remarkable tree, whose wilfulness incited it to travel by leaps and bounds, presumably with the intention of burying itself in the earth; instead of which it sent capriciously a lusty shoot into the air, and again took a long leap forwards. Again and again this feat was repeated until the tree's vivacity was apparently exhausted, and its final effort was expended in one more towering shaft to the sky.

Not the least of the attractions of this noble forest is the delightful fragrance of



the resinous odor from the pine trees, particularly after rain, or in the evening, when the air is heavy with ambrosial dews.

The cedar, too, has a peculiar aromatic fragrance of its own. For noble grandeur it is unsurpassed, even by the Douglas fir. Both may be seen to perfection in this magnificent park—Vancouver's unrivalled glory. Here indeed extremes meet. Primordial forest, stately avenues and the most charming of dear, old-fashioned English gardens lie in close proximity.



The real fastnesses of the forest are practically impenetrable. Half-rotten trees lean in perilous positions; huge recumbent boles lie in the wildest confusion and form

modern conventionality, must also have had its drawbacks.

Here and there we came across traces of the old skid roads, roughly made for



an impassable barrier; and gnarled branches and snags, hidden deep in moss and rotting leaves, form a most treacherous trap for an unwary pedestrian.

the convenience of the loggers in earlier days. Immense stumps still standing, attested the inimitable grandeur of the nature as nurseries for thriving young sap-

Prostrate trunks made an excellent foundation for enterprising young colonies of trees, which, in groups of six, and sometimes more, ranged themselves in rows on the rotting bones of their ancestors, and made no secret of their satisfaction. On one glorious summer afternoon we penetrated almost to the very heart of the Park's most mysterious region. After a long drought, some of the most jealously guarded and secluded recesses are fairly accessible, although it seems as if no amount of hot weather would avail to dry up the innumerable quagmires, which lurk under the deceitful, though beautifully decorated boles of fallen trees.

On this never to be forgotten day we walked into a veritable fairyland, or rather a demon-world. Death-like decay was rampant, side by side with teeming life, and still, humor was paramount, that is, humor of a grim sort, for from the thickets around grinned the most strange and prehistoric monsters of huge and sinister proportions, peeping from dense coverts of snags and snarls inextricably entangled together. These visionary monstrosities made one realize that antediluvian life, with all its freedom from



lings, which seemed to flourish even better than when rooted in the earth. As they grew stronger, thick, tough roots forced their way down to the ground, through the very heart and vitals of their foster-mother.

Profound silence reigned, excepting for the timid chirping of a chipmunk, or the faint rustle of a harmless snake through the undergrowth. The still, green mazes seemed to claim comparative immunity from signs of real animal life, always excepting the unspeakable mosquito, which for ever lay in wait in each dark and moisture-laden nook. It was a little comfort that he usually hunted alone, or at most, in couples. In the former case he was simply a nuisance; in the latter, matters became more serious; for Mrs. Mosquito is always deadly in earnest and takes life much more seriously than her lord and master.

However, this was the only drawback to our perfect enjoyment of the beauties and real wonders of this grand forest.

Apart from any interest in the abnormal and occasional, it is a glorious privilege to wander through the dreamy glades, and to gaze at the colossal cedars, and the hoary trunks of the Douglas firs, which run up to a giddy height, utterly



devoid of verdure, to spread their dusky foliage three hundred feet from the ground.

The cedars frequently attain a girth of 66 feet, and are often statelier and even more imposing than the Douglas fir, which is generally conceded to be the monarch of the British Columbian forests.

We saw several immense excrescences, which had developed from the massive sides of the cedars, giving in one case, the vivid impression of a panther about to spring upon its prey; in another, of a bear comfortably scouting twenty feet from the ground.

Emerging from the cool and denser coverts to the comparatively open glades, we saw a few squirrels and heard the hoarse "caw," of the crow, which seems to be the only bird which has the legitimate use of the Park; and which (we were told) is the chief cause of the scarcity of singing-birds.

Having arrived once more at the precincts of civilized sylvan life, we turned, with a sigh of regret, to look down the long vistas of dreamy green and gold, and narrowly missed, seeing the excellent figure of a hare, poised on the very edge of the pathway.



The park is almost surrounded by water, and as we walked along the smooth, white roads which meander near its outskirts, we caught a perfect panorama of delightful views, and lovely glimpses of sea and mountains; of sea, where stately ships and snowy sails go by; and, in the season, the silver salmon are seen leaping from its blue waters; of mountains, whose wooded slopes roll back in sublime majesty, their pine-clad peaks standing crisply against the sky. Down on the narrow beach, nestle picturesque coves where in the spring time, the gay wild rose trails its waxen bloom to the very edge of the hissing surf, and freely mingles with the tossing fringes of brown and green seaweed, while close by, black shadows lurk amongst the pines, relieved by brilliant patches of green, which some stray sunbeam has clothed in transitory glory.

A great feature of the Park is its freedom from clouds of dust. In the driest and hottest weather, everything glows and glances in the sunshine with spring-like freshness, and the greater part of the verdure seems to retain its pristine purity and vigor all the year round.

We always leave, with regret, its cool and sequestered cloisters, which seem sacred to reverence and worship quite as much as those of any gloomy cathedral, whose solemn glories to our mind, speak more of death and decay, than of beauty and everlasting life.

It is a far cry from the accidental humor of trees, to clerical contemplation. Our sole excuse must be, that the Park lends and adapts itself to every varying mood, and is in every sense cosmopolite—a tiny kingdom of beauty, rest and enjoyment that cannot fail to captivate the heart of any citizen of the world, no matter what his taste or nationality may be.



Petronilla.

FOUNDED UPON A TRADITION AND QUOTED BY CLEMENT OF ROME.

BY JOSEPH MARKS.

She was a fair maiden, of medium height, slight, with grey eyes and rather dark hair. Her countenance was bright, but her eyes occasionally revealed a tendency to mysticism. Now and again she would fall into a thoughtful mood, and her soul seemed to be holding conversation with an invisible friend. She was the only daughter of Simon Peter, the fisherman apostle, and the hero of many a struggle. Petronilla had accompanied her father in many of his missionary tours, and she had been of great service to him in visiting the harems of the women. It was her chief delight to do that kind of work, and her face was never so bright as when talking to someone about the crucified Saviour. She was a very little girl when the scene of the crucifixion took place, and she was among the pious women who believed in Jesus when the incident occurred. Her father had refused to accompany her to the scene of the tragedy, so she had gone in the company of the pious women leaving her father at home weeping. Poor Peter! His heart was on the cross with his Lord, but how could he dare go to the scene and look into the face of his agonizing Friend? He would have preferred rather than the whole world that he had not uttered those rash words the previous night. But the deed had been done, and he could only express his repentance in sackcloth and ashes. But after sunset, during the dusk hours of the evening, he stealthily stole away from the house, without uttering a word to Perpetua, his wife, and visited the scene of the tragedy. He could see the three crosses in the dim twilight, and a certain dread came over his soul as he stood gazing on the scene. The centre cross seemed to him as if it were on fire. But while gazing with tearful eyes and wonderment on the centre cross, he heard a sweet voice from behind. It was the voice of Petronilla.

"Abba," said the girl, in her Aramaic tongue, "what are you doing here now? The people have all gone home, and Jesus they have buried in Joseph of Arimathea's new tomb."

"And my Lord deserved it," replied the sad apostle, "but I never thought that Jesus could have died at all."

"He was more than a man, was He not?" queried the innocent child. "I have heard people say this afternoon that He must have been a god."

"Not a god, my child," replied Peter, "but He was the Son of God, and that's what I cannot understand. How could the Son of God have died?"

"But some say He will rise in three days, and they have ordered soldiers to guard His grave."

"Rise again! I wish He would! But, alas, it's too late now—too late now, my child! No, we shall never see Him again. My dear Lord, He's gone, gone!" And the poor man buried his face in his hands. "We'll go home, my child; your mother will wonder where I am." And with another longing look toward the cross, he wended his way home.

But Petronilla never forgot that scene and her father's words, "We shall never see Him again." She often reminded him of his former doubt and slow understanding. And when a Jew or Jewess or a Roman suggested to Petronilla that her father and John and a few hysterical women were the inventors of the story of the resurrection, she would reply with all the vehemence of her soul, "If you knew as much as I do, you would not think of suggesting such a thing. My father or no one else of our Lord's followers ever dreamed of seeing Him after His death. When they heard of His end and knew of His burial they gave up all hope. My father told me the night our Lord died that we should never see Him again, and not un-

til he saw the empty grave and conversed with Jesus did my father believe that the resurrection was possible. So it is not an invention, but a solemn fact, and a fact that no one feels it more difficult to believe than my father felt himself."

But Petronilla, had no sympathy for those who doubted the story of the resurrection. For to her, nothing seemed so reasonable and fair.

"If Jesus," she would often say, "was not raised, then surely no one else will be raised. If God did not raise the best, the purest, the fairest of men, surely He will not raise the inferior people. And if God did not raise Jesus, what difference is it whether we live a life of virtue or a life of fraud? The end of one is the end of the other. So let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die."

And sometimes, when her antagonists would tell her that she was making use of St. Paul's arguments, she would quietly reply that she had made use of these arguments before she ever read St. Paul's Epistles.

But Petronilla was not of a debative character. She endeavored to avoid debate as much as possible, for she had taken her father's advice, and was ever ready to give a reason for the hope that was in her.

But the young girl never felt it so difficult to carry on a conversation about Jesus as with a young Roman named Valerius Flaccus. Flaccus was of noble birth, and belonged to the Roman army. He had met Petronilla in the house of a friend of his, a merchant Jew in Rome, whose wife had adopted the Christian religion.

Flaccus had recognized in Petronilla a type of womanhood that he had not met with before. She was so meek and chaste in her bearing that Flaccus had not dared to use any vulgar language in her presence. He had frequently, during one afternoon, attempted to turn the conversation from the Nazarene, with whom, and for whom, he had no sympathy, to some worldly topic. But as soon as he commenced jesting, Petronilla would blush and become silent. And not a word could he get her to speak on any subject that was not beneficial to her soul. But the more reserved and chaste Petronilla was, the more his heart burned with love for

her. And he so lost control of himself one evening that he declared his jealousy of Jesus.

"You need not be jealous of Him, who is my eternal bridegroom," silently retorted the young girl. "Do you know that I am wedded to Him forever?" she said, "and from His love no earthly power can separate me?"

Flaccus, flushed with wine, went into a rage at this, and left the house swearing that she should be his wife if the gods were not dead.

II.

Soon after this Petronilla became so sick that friends despaired of her life. But her father knew it was for her good, so he left her to pine in weakness. The poor girl was so missed at the meeting house that several of the brethren and sisters blamed the apostle for permitting his daughter to remain in that state.

"You," said one elder, "who go about healing strangers and friends, surely you ought to heal your own sweet Petronilla."

"But sickness," replied Peter "is the best physic for a godly person's soul. Petronilla has made the acquaintance of one Valerius Flaccus, and I am afraid the acquaintance has done her soul no good. She speaks of Flaccus in her dreams and says he is noble, handsome, but then she gives a shriek and awakes. Ah! good brother Persis, I surmise that this is from the Lord, and I must let it have its course."

"Does the maiden, do you think, love Flaccus?"

"I think she could love him, were he to love her Lord."

"Noble girl!" replied Persis. And with this drew near to the couch on which she reclined. Petronilla was asleep, and a thick veil was on her face.

"Take off the veil," said Persis, "and let us see the expression of her countenance."

The father complied with the elder's wish, but the girl awoke.

"Oh, father," she said, "have you seen ——?" And with this she recognized Persis. "Excuse me, Brother Persis," she continued, a little flushed, "it was a private person I was going to inquire about."

"He knows whom," replied Peter, "so thou canst speak."

"Oh, father," she beseeched, "how can you, why did you?" And with these words she made an effort to rise. "I am so weak," she said, when Persis and her father helped her. "But I shall soon be better. Yes, I shall soon be well. In a few days I shall be walking the streets of the city, and singing the praises of my Saviour."

"You singing about the streets of Rome?" inquired Persis, in surprise. "No my child, you must not do that."

Petronilla smiled, and only added, "I shall soon be well."

"And you have spoken the truth," said her father, "for I expect the elders here to-night, and you must wait upon them. Here they are at the door. 'Come in.' And six middle-aged men stepped into the meeting-room. After the usual congratulations, Peter arose, and beckoned his brethren to follow into the presence of Petronilla.

"My dear child," said one, "and you are still ill. Are we to conclude from this Brother Peter, that thou art unable to heal those of thine own household?"

"It is not so," replied the Apostle, "and in order that you might know that the good Lord is able by me to heal even my own child, witness now His graciousness and power. Petronilla, my child, in the name of Jesus be well and arise."

The men looked with amazement into her countenance, but a few seconds passed before they witnessed any change. In less than a minute her eyes betokened new life, and her cheeks became ruddy, and she stood on her feet before them all, and commenced to arrange the supper.

"How marvellous are the works of the Lord," cried one, as he watched her serving with her usual alertness.

"But this is only temporary," explained Peter; "when the supper is over she shall relapse to her former state; the Lord has granted me this grace that ye might not doubt His Apostle's power. But Petronilla is in danger; her soul is in danger of corruption, and her present sickness is her refuge and her strength."

But while the grave elders discussed religious matters in an ante-room in the house, a messenger had knocked at the door, to which Petronilla had answered. The messenger carried a note, written in

Latin. The note was a request that Petronilla should accompany the messenger to the house of a well-known friend of hers, not far distant.

Petronilla looked around and seemed to hesitate. "Come," said the man, "I have a carriage here awaiting, and I will bring you back in a short time."

"I have a meal to get ready by ten."

"And it is only eight now," replied the strange man.

"Can you tell me if there are any friends at Nereus' house beside his sister?"

The man hesitated. "Would it be your wish to see any other friends there, my good lady?"

"You do not answer my question, sir."

"Well, I think their friend Flaccus will be there by nine."

"Then I cannot come this evening. Kindly tell Nereus and his good sister that father has some elders here to supper. Fare ye well."

With this the man threw off his disguise, and was about to force the girl into the carriage, when she screamed.

"I am Flaccus," said the man, "and the gods of Rome are dead if you will not be my wife. I love you! I love you more than my own life! You say Jesus died for you, and so will I! I deserve your love therefore, as much as he does."

These words were uttered while Petronilla was being borne to the carriage and she was about to be hurried away when the men rushed to the door. One ran to the horse's head, while the others made for the carriage.

"There is no danger," said Flaccus. "Nereus and his good sister desired to see Petronilla, and I came for her, and she is not very willing to come. But she shall return in less than an hour."

This cooled the men considerably. But Peter firmly explained that his daughter was not well, and that she was expected at home that evening. This ended the affair that night, but Flaccus drew away in a rage and swore by the gods of Rome to wed Petronilla.

"You see, brethren," said the Apostle, when they returned to the house, "you see the danger my daughter is in. So it is the good will and wisdom of the Lord that she should be kept ill."

The following day Petronilla was as weak as ever, and lying on her couch when Sila, Nereus' sister, visited her. And their conversation soon turned to the incident of the previous evening.

"I thought you would come to see me," said Sila, "but I was not aware of your illness. To tell you the truth, I want you to marry Flaccus, for I have promised to marry Junius. And Junius is not yet a Christian; but, as your father says, we ought by our meek and chaste behaviour, and by all other possible means to try and gain our husbands."

"That is quite right," replied Petronilla, "but you must remember that my father's advice is to those Christian women who are married to heathen husbands, but my father does not advise a Christian virgin to marry a heathen. And, my dear sister, if you cannot get Junius to be a Christian before you marry him, I do not believe you will succeed to do so after you have entered into matrimony. No, I shall never marry Flaccus unless he first of all becomes a Christian. He must love my Lord before I shall love him as my husband."

"I wish I could control my love as you do, Petronilla. I love Junius, and I cannot bring myself to do otherwise. And I know he loves me."

"But the difference between us is this, Sila, I am wedded to Christ. He is dearer to me than my own father. Oh! I could not think of allowing anyone to share my love unless he too, were wedded to my Saviour."

Sila glanced into Petronilla's eyes, and began to feel ashamed of herself. How much inferior she was to that frail form and tortured body. She had often thought that she could not be happy unless she married Junius. It was her joy to think of her wedding day and the time when she and her Junius would be husband and wife. But here was a girl of the same age and passions, whose joy was to think of her Lord. Her joy was heavenly and constant, and her soul was ever serene. How like each other they were, and yet how different. The one was ever happy with her Lord while the other had to seek the love of man.

"Pray, sister," said Petronilla, after a few minutes' silence, "why are you so sil-

ent? Why do you stare at me in that fashion? Have I offended you?"

"You have not, my dear sister; but make me feel ashamed of myself. I was just looking into your eyes; for though your body is here, your soul seems to be somewhere else."

"You are jesting."

"I am not. Oh, how I would like to be as you are. You are happy without the love of a man. But I am not. So you are so much higher than I am. You are in the world, but not of the world. And I would give the world, were it mine, to feel as you do."

"There is someone at the door."

"Junius and Flaccus."

"Sila, I cannot see them today."

"But, my dear, let me call them in; they shall not stay long."

"Very well, but they must not stay more than thirty minutes." Petronilla now sat upon the couch, and placed a thick veil over her face.

"Are we not to see your handsome face to-day?" inquired Flaccus.

"My dear, don't be so silly. Take it off; for you have only granted us thirty minutes, and that is not a long time to look at you." And with the words he was going to remove the veil himself and welcome her with a kiss.

"You must not touch me, Flaccus, please; you are not a Christian."

"But I love you more than any Christian. I love you more than—well, as much as that Jesus you talk about."

"Hush!"

"But I mean it."

"You blaspheme," said Petronilla, and if you say that again, I shall ask you to leave the room."

He then took a seat, but had a desperate look on his face, and, turning to Junius, he said: "Does Christianity mean that a man must not speak the truth?"

"Christianity is truth," responded Sila.

"It is more than truth," responded Petronilla, "it is truth and love; and, Flaccus, if you loved me as my Saviour does, you would renounced everything for my sake."

"And I will, by Jove! Everything!"

"Not by Jove. Jove is no god."

"Well, by Jupiter; he is a god."

"There is but one God, Flaccus, and He is Jesus."

"Nonsense!" cried Flaccus, in anger; "nonsense! Are all the Romans fools? Are all the Greeks idiots? Are you, who call yourselves Christians the only wise people in the world? You are under a delusion, my dearest Petronilla, but it is not your fault, it is your father's."

"You said you love me, Flaccus."

"And I do."

"And that you would renounce everything for my sake."

"And I will."

"Then you must renounce your gods."

"Oh, Petronilla, you are unreasonable! Did Jesus renounce His God for your sake?"

"Well asked," joined in Junius in high glee. "Now, Petronilla, don't be offended: it is a fair question."

"But I am so sorry for your ignorance of my Saviour," responded the girl, quietly. "Jesus is God—He is one with the Father. But He who is God became man for our sake, and in some mysterious sense He did empty Himself. So can you. Will you cease to be Flaccus, the noble, wealthy, and powerful Roman, and become a poor despised, rejected Christian for my sake? That's the question you must answer, and unless you are prepared to do this, you must consider my heart dead so far as you are concerned."

"Oh, how hard, how hard you are!" cried Junius. "My dear little Sila never asked me to make such a sacrifice, did you, Sila? Now come, don't be so hard. Tell him you'll be his wife, and, take my word for it, you will never repent. He will be true and faithful to you, and for a Roman of his birth that itself is a great sacrifice."

"But, my dear Petronilla, what a foolish request you make. If I give up all and become a poor Christian, I shall not be able to keep you as I would wish to. I want to give you the finest dresses and the most precious jewels. I want you to know what comfort and happiness is. Now say you will be mine."

"Yours, never! I am wedded to Jesus, and all the earthly comfort you can give me is nothing to be compared to the joy of my Lord. Fare ye well."

"I shall not give you up, Petronilla, no! not for all the world! You must be mine. I shall call again in a week's time, and by then I hope you will be better—one kiss and I shall go."

IV.

Peter had left the house early that morning, and with tears in his eyes, he had kissed his daughter and expressed his hope that the gracious Lord would protect her. The Christians were then furiously persecuted at Rome, and an order had been issued to capture Peter. He had been informed of the summons, and his old timidity crept over him. He had struggled a great deal against the fear of death, but dread at last conquered, and he resolved to flee the city.

But Petronilla! Ah! that was his trouble. She could not flee with him and she had to be left in the charge of Brother Persis. But he never whispered a word to her of his danger. He left the house early before the people were about, and proceeded along the Appian Way in all speed, when suddenly he met a stranger coming toward him. As he drew near to the stranger, he recognized Him to be His Lord, and in astonishment, asked: "Master, whither goest thou?"

"I go to the city," was his Lord's reply, "again to be crucified." I saw thee, weak Peter, fleeing from honoring Me by thy death, so I go to die instead of thee."

"Once is sufficient for Thee, my Lord, to die instead of me; I return and fulfill Thy command."

"And I shall be with thee," was the Saviour's promise.

On his way back to the city, the first man he met was Flaccus.

"Thou art looking awfully downcast this morning, father, hast thou heard the summons?"

"I have, and I am prepared to die. My daughter—Oh, my only Petronilla!—she only troubles me."

"Ah! Ah! Fear not concerning thy daughter, she shall have my protection."

"But, my dear Flaccus, thou needest protection for thyself. Who is thy protector?"

"My own power and wealth, and the gods," replied the young man with confidence.

"Oh, Flaccus, I could easily trust my daughter to thee as an earthly friend and protector, if thou wert a believer in Him who is the one only Protector of the Soul from the wages of sin, which is death."

"Bosh! Sin is an hereditary weakness, but my ancestors were all noble people, so none of that weakness belongs to me; I am strong, I am virtuous; thou needest not fear to trust thy daughter to me. But, pray, why should'st thou die? Why should'st thou give thy life for the sake of an illusion and a poor fanatic? That Jesus, a poor carpenter dying in ignominy, and here thou art, dying for His sake. Fool! Give up thy silly notions, and be once more a man."

"Ah, Flaccus, I remember a time, if any man called me a fool, he would know the strength of a fisherman's arm. But I can now forbear. Yes, thou canst call me a fool, but remember that God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. Rome will one day, Flaccus, be at the feet of Him. I shall soon die for His sake. Farewell."

With this two Roman officials apprehended the Apostle, and hurried him away to prison, and Flaccus hurried to console Petronilla.

"Hail, my dear, hail! The gods bless thee! Your dear father has been taken prisoner, for introducing a strange God to the city, and for disturbing the peace. But he gave thee to my charge; at least, with thy consent, I am to be thy earthly protector; in other words, thou must now be my wife."

"Oh, my Jesus, my Saviour, protect Thou me and my father. O, Father, father! Shall I not see thee again? My Lord, and is my father to lay down his life for Thee? Thy will be done!"

With these words she fainted away in the arms of Flaccus, whose heart was touched a little, and he looked upon his love as a mother looks upon a weak child. The servant was called, and Flaccus endeavored to get her to take some medicine but she refused.

"It's wrong of me to give away in this manner," she said, after a few minutes. "O, Flaccus, you are kind, but you must leave me to-day, for I am so weak."

"My dear Petronilla, you must come with me. Your father will to-morrow very

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likely be put to death. So you need a friend, you need care and medicine and comfort. You have no comfort here, and your best friend will have to leave the city. I am now responsible for you, so you must come with me."

"O, Flaccus, leave me to myself for one hour. One hour, and then come and see me."

"Very well, one hour, and during that time I shall send for my carriage. One hour and thou art my bride."

As he left the house he told the servant girl to watch her and see that she did no harm to herself.

When the servant went to the door of Petronilla's room she was praying audibly: "Lord, I am Thine, Thine only; my soul, dear Saviour, is wedded to Thee, and it is not my will to be wedded to another—for he does not know Thee. But Thy will be done."

She stopped and her head fell on the couch, and the servant fancied she heard a still small voice saying: "Petronilla, thou art My bride; body and soul hast thou given to Me, and no one shall snatch thee from Me." With this Petronilla raised herself from her knees, and reclined on the couch and commenced to sing. Five minutes later she raised her bare white arm—"and her arm slowly fell to her side.

"Petronilla, come," said Flaccus, when he re-entered the room, "the carriage is awaiting thee. Nereus and Sila, your friends, are here, come. Your father will be crucified to-morrow with his head downwards—that, it seems, is his strange wish. So come, or else they'll be after you, and you'll share the same fate! Petronilla, why don't you speak? Here, take a drop of wine, and you'll feel stronger. How strange, the girl does not move, and her hand is rather cold. Dead!—the gods, you have mocked me!—Petronilla, you are dead; say one word. Ugh! she does not breathe! Dead! Dead! Dead! And he fell down by her side and wept.

"Poor Petronilla!" cried Sila. "She has joined her Lord at last. How happy she must be now. She vowed that she would not wed a man who did not love her Lord, and she has kept it. Good-bye, dear, thou art happy now, in the presence of the King who is dearer to thee than thine own soul."

"Hang the gods!" cried Flaccus in anger, "if they could not save this maid for me, of what good are they?"

"Ah, Flaccus," replied Nereus, "there is but one God who could have saved her for thee, and He is Jesus; but it was His will to save her from thee."



Members of a Superior Race.

A STORY.

"The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernable in their figure, port, and a certain, instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren."—Charles Lamb.

Tom Brown was a genial fellow, one of the noble race, the superior class, as Charles Lamb would say. He belonged to the class that borrowed; for Tom was always borrowing from his humble servants, the money-lenders. These men made money and saved money in order to serve the superior race, the spending people of which Tom was an honorable member.

He was tall, full-faced, with grey eyes, and dark brown hair, always smiling, and sociable, and generous. He spent like a lord and lived like a millionaire. Money may make the mare go; but Tom made money go with lightning rapidity. Whenever he had a ten-dollar bill, he was as restless as the waves on the bosom of the Atlantic, and as jolly as a boy of fifteen summers. The world was all sunshine in such days, and the only gloomy hours he experienced were those when he was short of cash.

Tom worked in the offices of Buston & Date, one of the leading firms in drygoods in the city of Vancouver, B. C., and his employers thought much of their clerk. His wages were not very high, just \$75 a month, without board, and as he was a single fellow, with no dependences, one would think that Tom would have lots of money in the bank. But he did not, and besides, he was in debt. The fact of his indebtedness, however, was not generally known among even his own friends, in fact only his creditors, who were his landlady, and his employers, seemed to know anything about it. He had overdrawn from his employers to the tune of six months' salary. That was in order to go to Eur-

ope one summer with his sweetheart's parents. Tom could not think of drudging away in his office for three long months without his sweet Lilian, so he begged of his employers to grant him three months' holidays and six months' salary in advance. Tom had been in their service for more than three years, and when he explained the object of the trip to Europe, they readily granted the money, and the holidays, for Tom was a trustworthy fellow.

That was the real beginning of his insolvency. It was not drunkenness or over speculation, but pure love for his girl, and his great desire to be with her. Of course had he been economical, and so forth, during the three years he had been with Buston & Date, he could have saved that amount, but, bless your heart, when does a warm-hearted young fellow think about saving?

So Tom went to Europe, and his future parents were really delighted with his company. Tom was a real good boy, who always seemed to have plenty of money, and he was always willing to spend it. But it never entered Mr. Whyte's mind, that Tom was spending borrowed cash. He thought the fellow had been economical, and that he had judiciously invested in a few profitable speculations.

The trip to Europe, however, though it cost Tom \$450, was full worth the money. He always speaks of it with enthusiasm. The sea voyage, in spite of his two or three days' sickness, delighted him, delighted him so much, that he tipped all the first-class waiters with a \$5 bill. Lilian protested against his extravagance, but what was \$50 to this man of the superior race?

But spending was not his only forte. Tom was also a born hero, and a young fellow of honor. Meanness he could not spell with pen or tongue, and his hand could not move to perform a mean act.

One starry night, while Tom and his little idol were enjoying themselves on the

deck of the ship that bore them to Europe, Tom heard a shriek, and then a bitter cry. It came from the third-class quarters, and when Tom got there, he found two young fellows trying to molest a Galician girl, and as the girl was crying bitterly, Tom told them to quit their dirty work. But as soon as he uttered the words, he found himself measuring the deck with his length. Lilian screamed, and ran for help, but while she was away the two ruffians kicked him sorely, and then rushed away. He was not much hurt but his spirit was roused, and though he never uttered a word that indicated the slightest feeling, yet he would not be cowed by such a cowardly attack.

The following morning after breakfast, Tom thought he would take a walk through the third-class passenger quarters, and as he expected and hoped, he met the bullies of the previous night. Tom advanced courageously, and offered his hand. One of them took his hand nervously in his own.

"Now," said Tom. "You fellows did two mean things last night, and rather than report your action, suppose we settle it between ourselves. I will take one of you, the best of you, and we'll say ten rounds."

Tom was cool and deliberate, and had the appearance of a fellow meaning business. The cowards declined the challenge. This enraged Tom, and made him insist that some compensation should be given the wronged girl.

"It's no reason you should abuse her because she is poor and ignorant," said Tom, "and though I can forgive your meanness to me, I insist that you compensate the girl."

"We, too, are poor," responded the bullies, "and we have no money."

"You must forfeit \$10 each," replied Tom, "or else look out for yourselves."

The money was paid over to the girl, who was about eighteen years of age, and very beautiful, but could not speak a word of English. Her father had died in Saskatchewan and she and her mother were returning to their own country.

This shows you the kind of fellow Tom was. Surely he belonged to the superior race, not only because of his open-handedness, and borrowing faculty, but on account of his nobleness and honor.

The tour through Europe included Wales, Ireland, Scotland, England, Paris, Berlin, and Petersburg, and, as I have said it was to continue three months, but in less than six weeks Tom was reduced to \$74, including his return fare to Vancouver. When he found out that \$450 was not really half enough to tour Europe with and to spend like a millionaire and tip everybody, as if he were a duke, he commenced economising, and things that were really worth buying and should be purchased were passed over. The sudden change in his manner excited a little curiosity in the mind of Mr. and Mrs. Whyte, but they thought that the young man was getting tired of touring and sight-seeing.

But, economise as he did, his money grew less, and one evening he found to his consternation that he had only \$45 left. He was still eight days away from the arranged time to return home. What could be done?

A lie entered his mind. "I will raise an alarm. At two o'clock in the morning I will ring my bell, and say that I was held up by a masked thief." They were at the Hotel Cecil, Travalgar Square, London, and it would not be an altogether strange thing to happen. "I will say that he made me surrender all I had. But no! that would not work. Hang it! I wish the Hotel were on fire! No, that would not do. He would make a full confession to Lilian. He would tell her everything. But that would be giving himself away, while Lilian and her parents were still under the illusion that he was the possessor of thousands with splendid prospects of becoming a partner in the Date & Buston concern. No scheme seemed to work successfully, and yet something must be done. Five dollars, great scot! to spend seven or eight days in London! He threw himself onto the bed without undressing, and would sleep, but sleep would not come. At last, after a few more hours of weary thinking, rest came and Tom slept.

When he awoke the following morning the sun shone beautifully into his room. It was in August, and the English horizon for once was blue and worth looking at. But the sun had no pleasure for him. He was the miserable owner of \$5.00 and on a tour with a rich prospective father-in-law, and the nicest and sweetest girl in

the world. Would she love him if she knew just how he was fixed? For once, he felt that Charles Lamb was wrong in calling the Borrowers the Superior race. By Jove they may be, thought Tom, but I would like awfully well to be the Lender just now. But what could be done? No scheme seemed to satisfy his critical and moral training. When he met Lilian, however, at the breakfast table, he was as jovial as ever, and no one suspected that the gay, open-handed ready spender was only worth \$5.00 in the world and \$445 in debt, with 6 months of his labor mortgaged to his firm, beside other encumbrances.

That day was spent visiting London sights, in the shadow of Mr. Whyte. Tom swore to himself that his gold sovereign, the equivalent of his \$5, should not be broke that day, and so, whenever paying time came, for the cab, or the bus, or the dinner, Tom was either busy talking with Lilian, or reading a paper, or interesting the ladies in some curiosity.

So that day the old chap had to foot each bill. And that evening Tom, before going to bed, kissed his one-pound sterling and hugged it as the keenest miser hugs his idol.

"You dear old English sovereign. You are all the wealth I possess in this mortal world, and you have wonderful possibilities. I have heard of men making fortunes with less than five dollars. Have you that secret power? Are you one of the million makers?"

"If you are, tell me your secret! Tell me now! If you don't I will have to buy a pistol with you and shoot out my brains, if I have any brains at all. Now come, old sovereign, come. You are old enough to tell me something. You were made in 1869, a mystical year, and if the planets are true, a most fortunate one to all who were born therein. Now come, speak, dear old sovereign, what am I to do with you. You will not speak, eh? Very well, by and by, you shall do the acting, and I will try my hand at the speaking."

The sovereign was replaced in his pocketbook. It was 8 p.m. and the party were preparing to go to the Lyceum, to see Henry Irving act, "The Merchant of Venice." Tom was the last to enter the carriage, and while Mr. Whyte was raising the tickets, Tom found something look at

and take away his attention. The old man bought tickets for them all, and so Tom once more saved his precious sovereign.

The play had little interest for Tom.

"I hate that old Jew," he said to Lilian, "and I would not be in his shoes, no not for all the money in the Bank of England. He is mean. Give me the merchant and his debt a thousand times before that mean old cur."

He spoke vehemently, but Lilian did not know that Tom was speaking from fellow-feeling. Between the acts, Tom was reading the advertisements in the Evening News, and they seemed to interest him mightily. Among other things he read this one:—

"Money! Money! Money! Do you know how to turn one pound into one hundred pounds? If you don't, see us. Gabriel & Gabriel, London, E. C."

"Who are these fellows?" said Tom to himself. "That is a pretty vague address, anyhow, and they must be a well known firm."

Gabriel & Gabriel were Jewish sportsmen, and they had a hundred to one bet on "Satan," who was to run on Friday at Birmingham. He was considered such a sure winner that sportsmen could get no money on "Fancy." The proposition was explained to Tom by Messrs. Gabriel on Friday morning. The race was to come off at 2 p.m. that very day. Tom did not wager his precious sovereign on "Fancy" at once, but asked for 30 minutes to consider the proposition. The sportsmen smiled. "Dreadfully cautious about your sovereign, young fellow," they cried, but Tom made no reply.

"If I bet this, my only sovereign, on that horse," thought Tom, "what chances have I to win? The sportsmen are all dead sure of "Satan" winning. No one will venture a pound on 'Fancy.' If I bet on 'Fancy' I will be going against the odds, dead sure. But then something may happen to 'Satan, he may break a leg, he may not be in good condition. His jockey may ride false. There are more than a hundred to one chances that 'Fancy' may win. Besides, if it is such a dead certainty that 'Satan' wins, why do they run at all? The owners of 'Fancy' would not run her without some chances of winning. Well, here goes my sovereign."

Poor Tom, rich Tom, noble Tom. What shall I call him? He had the nerve of a desperate man. The moneyed men would not bet on "Fancy." They preferred risking their hundred on "Satan," to one single sovereign on "Fancy," and if an occasional straggler desired to wager his money on "Fancy," it was considered in the ring as a sign of financial weakness and craziness. It was more honorable to lose a hundred pounds on "Satan," than to win a hundred pounds on "Fancy." Poor Tom felt the sting in the smiles and side looks and critical examinations of the sportsmen.

Tom had promised to meet his friends by one o'clock at the main entrance to the zoological gardens. But Tom was too nervous to go 20 yards from the offices of Gabriel & Gabriel, but each hour was as long as half a dozen, while he lingered around the district.

His sovereign had gone, so he had just 25c left, just one English Shilling, that's all. And though he was not accustomed to praying, he felt live praying then, "God put speed into 'Fancy's' limbs." One o'clock came, but he must go without his lunch. Twenty-five cents were nothing to lunch on. He was thirsty, but he dare not spend a cent, and for the first and last time in his life, he begged for a glass of water to drink.

What if "Fancy" lost! What story would he make up? Besides his being away from the party that morning was suspicious! Why should he be compelled to leave his fiance, who had so lovingly volunteered to accompany him that morning? The clouds were getting darker and darker, but what excuse could he make? The clock struck two. A little crowd had gathered around the office of Gabriel & Gabriel. Had the horses started? Tom came up to the little bunch. He had a sovereign at stake, and more than a sovereign, if they know everything, for if he lost—well, you may guess.

Three o'clock came and yet no one knew of the race. Three, three-thirty and there was no report. A few minutes later there was a commotion in the little crowd. What had happened? What! "Satan" had won? No! "Fancy" wins. The telegram reads "Fancy wins by a neck."

"Good! Good! Good!" cried Tom, repeating the word about a hundred times.

"My hundred pounds!" and to his astonishment he was the only man who had ventured his sovereign on "Fancy." Several of the sporting men were anxious to talk, but Tom was anxious for his check and to be off. The money was paid honorably. And as he was placing the check in his pocket book, he quietly remarked:

"This is a bit of Yankee pluck. You English devils could not spare a sovereign on what was a probable chance. You preferred risking your hundreds on what was only a very strong possibility. You are no real speculators, anyway."

This little speech revealed his nationality, and in a second, Messrs. Gabriel & Gabriel, instead of looking at him as a specimen of financial bankruptcy, looked at him as a bold financier. And as he went away Tom gave a farewell shout, "Remember, boys, that the gods are frequently on the side of the odds."

• • • • •

With \$500 in his pocket, Tom once more became a millionaire. He pleaded with Mr. and Mrs. Whyte to prolong their visit in London. This new feature again aroused the curiosity of Mr. Whyte. He became more and more fascinated with his future son-in-law. But the visit could not be prolonged, so Tom, conscious of his influence, commenced treating and buying presents in a most lavish manner. Two hundred and fifty dollars were spent in this fashion in one day, and by the time Tom arrived home he was reduced to \$50. With this he had to pay his board and treat his sweetheart for six months, but Mrs. Whyte had hinted in less than a week after their European tour that the young people should marry. She was under the impression that Tom's financial affairs were all that was necessary to maintain himself and his bride in comfort and luxury. Mr. Whyte also had several interviews with the young fellow about marriage. And one evening while strolling through the garden together, Mr. Whyte had talked long and emphatically on the benefits of early marriages. Tom was young, but he had seen twenty-five summers. And Lilian had seen just twenty. She was a sweet-tempered virgin of medium height, blue eyes, and dark hair. You may not like the contrast, but if ever you will see such a girl, and especially when you add

cherry dimpled cheeks, a slight, but well proportioned body, a small dainty foot, and, if you think she is not handsome, a beautiful girl—that's all.

Tom felt that marriage some day was inevitable. In fact he longed for it, he wished it could be the next day; any day in fact, for it could never be too soon. But then he was mortgaged for six months and he had only \$50 in the world and \$25 of that was owing his land-lady. But in talking the matter over with his future father-in-law, of course, he was bound to confess that there was no reason why the marriage could not be arranged soon, in fact any time. He did not care to reveal to Mr. Whyte, however, his true financial position, for that, he thought, would ruin everything.

The conversation in that garden somewhat fixed him, and he was honor bound to marry the idol of his heart. Of course Mr. Whyte was very rich and the girl's dowry would be fixed at \$25,000 the day of her marriage. But matters were getting to a crisis and something must be done. He paid his landlady the \$25 he owed her, and then he had, after a few more purchases, \$20 left. Twenty dollars and five months still owing his firm. speculation came to his mind once more as a means of escape. The London venture had proved a great success, and with this in view, he searched for great odds, but he was unsuccessful.

One evening, however, his eye caught an announcement like this: "Send us ten dollars and we may return you, \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100. Have you the nerve?" He had, of course, he had; but it was a failure. He tried again with his last \$10 and again it was a failure.

He was not discouraged anyway, but he decided that Fate would have him try something else, and his mind was turned toward the advertisements in the papers and journals. "There are gold mines sometimes in these advertisements," he thought. And he did not search long before his mind lighted on this announcement: "Ten thousand dollars in cash for a short story! Try it!" He read the full announcement and the conditions, and everything seemed square. The publishers were not paying \$10,000 for one story, however, but for a number of them, in

fact for enough to last them, probably, for a whole year. But then came the depressing thought! "Bosh, there will be thousands trying for those prizes and among them the cleverest story tellers of America, and my poor manuscript won't be read at all—not even looked at. The result, however, would be announced in three months, and the manuscripts were to be sent in no later than five days after he read this announcement. It had been running in the papers for three months without his seeing it, but then he had been away to Europe; he must be excused. So he had just five days to win his prize. Poor Tom! But again he backed up the odds. The odds were against him and so were they in the English race. He spoke of his purpose to no one, not even to Lilian. He must work it out alone. In three days the story consisting of 5,000 words was ready. He worked at it day and night and lived on bread and milk and eggs and coffee.

It was a really remarkable story, the "story of Tom Brown's own life." He knew of nothing else worth telling, and so he told it with all the fervor and enthusiasm and warmth of a spend-thrift's heart.

He sealed the package and sent it away. It reached the publishers in time, hands. The arrangements for the wedding were proceeding merrily. And it was to take place six months after the European tour.

But during the preparations poor Tom did not possess a cent to buy anything or go anywhere. But, fortunately, the family credited him with economical prudence and thrift, and such a man of course, would be an ideal husband for their darling Lilian. Those were hard days for Tom. But he again gave way to the fascination of borrowing, but this time from his real slaves, the money-lenders, who charged him at the rate of 30 per cent. for their little bit of humble service to his lordship.

So Tom ran up another bill to the tune of \$150 with his servants. Most of the money was spent on amusements, excursions, innocent pleasures, and small presents to his fiance and a wedding suit to himself. But the wedding rings were not yet bought, and as Lilian was not ambitious in that direction, she had chosen

rings worth only \$250, but when the bill came to Tom he fairly staggered. He was already behind with his board; \$150 in the money-lenders' debt, and \$250 for the wedding rings, and two months' labor still mortgaged.

But rich men never bother themselves about such petty affairs, and why should he trouble? There were two months yet before the wedding, and the verdict of the story affair would be published in about three weeks' time. And so he held on. But one evening while alone in the parlor with Lilian, and while the curtains were all drawn and the doors locked, Tom took the girl of his heart into his arms and soliloquised into her ears, with his lips now and again touching her cherry cheeks:

"Dear Lilian, you know I love you. I don't often say so, but I do, and I believe that you love me."

She turned her beautiful face towards his and looked him straight in his eyes, and their eyes spoke louder than words, and then she kissed him on the lips. So he went on:

"Supposing, Lilian, that you suddenly found out that I was very poor and in debt, would you then love me?" The dear girl was entirely unconscious of the full

meaning of his words, and thought that they were only a part of his courtship.

"I would love you," she said, "if you were a pauper without a coat on your back," and she again kissed him, but this time on his pale cheek. A silent tear from Tom's heart dropped out at his water gates. "Thank God," he said. And the little courtship ended.

Three weeks and two days later a sealed letter came to Mr. Tom Brown, Diana Street, Vancouver, B. C. It was from Messrs. Black & Co., publishers, New York. The letter informed him that his story was considered the best and worthy of the chief prize, and if he did them the honor of visiting them at their offices they would be pleased to pay him that amount in cash, and further discuss with him the desirability of his becoming their constant contributor at so much per page. The offer was accepted. Tom received his cash, paid his debt, and bought his bride a diamond worth \$1,500 and presented it to her on the day of their wedding. Tom joined the staff of Messrs. Black & Co., and though he is now the receiver of \$3,000 to \$5,000 annually, Tom is still an honorary member of the "Superior Race."



The Pastor's Wife.

BY "ONE OF 'EM."

Betsey had a mind of her own, and she never hesitated to let people know it when it was necessary. She was a woman of middle height, plump, good looking, and with dark hair and eyes. She had seen forty or forty-five summers, though Pastor Brown was 50 years of age. Everyone knew Mr. Brown's age, but Mrs. Brown's age was a mystery. When she was asked by her friends how old she was, she would evade the question or say that she was born on the 27th day of November. She always omitted to say of which year. She was the mother of two children, a boy and a girl, George and Violet. George was the image of his mamma, while Violet resembled her papa, and she was her brother's senior by two years, he being 14 years. Brown was a quiet man who seldom pronounced his opinion on matters of controversy, but he had a kind and cheerful word for everybody, especially the children and the young people, with whom he ought to have been more popular than he was. He had been the pastor at Whitewood for seven years and some of the friends thought it was time for a change.

They were discussing the matter one evening when the pastor ventured a suggestion to his wife. I say ventured purposely, for Betsey Brown has passed the age and patience to receive instruction. "Betsey," said the pastor, "do you know that I have been thinking that if you were a little more popular with the Ladies' Society, that we could stay on here indefinitely. I have no personal enemies, but some of the women positively dislike you. Can't you straighten things a little?"

Betsey, who was doing some fancy work, threw it on the table with fury, looked with fiery indignation into her husband's face, whose eyes were however, turned toward the carpet. "John Brown," she commenced, in a steady emphatic tone, "I am the cause of all your troubles. This is our third charge since we were married 20 years ago, and you have suggested once too many, that I have been the cause of

each removal. The idea of trying to be more popular with the ladies! The Church, sir, engaged you, not me, and they pay you, not me, and they have no business to expect any more of me than of Deacon Wilkin's wife who is never in church, or from Deacon Thompson's wife, who is always gossiping about the neighbors, or from old Sharon, the janitor's wife, who is half her time as drunk as a hog."

"Hogs don't get drunk, Betsey, please be just to the brutes at any rate," coolly interrupted the pastor, still gazing with fixed eyes on the rug beneath his feet.

"I don't care, sir, whether the hog gets drunk or not; one thing I know, sir, they always act as if they were drunk or else they would not roll in the mud and mire as they do! and that is just what Peggy Sharon does. But the deacons never held a meeting to ask old Sharon to resign because his wife was a dirty hog! Neither has the Church asked Deacon Wilkin to resign because his wife is a bad example to the flock. Pshaw! Your churches are as inconsistent as—as—as—well—as—"

"A woman," mildly interrupted the pastor.

"No, sir, women are not inconsistent. But I will tell you that men are. Yes, that's it, your churches are as inconsistent as you men!"

With this, the bell rang, and Mrs. Thompson, whose name was mentioned above by Mrs. Brown as being a deacon's wife and a great gossip, entered the house.

Mrs. Thompson was affable and jolly to extremes, and laying hold of Mrs. Brown with both hands, burst forth with:

"My dear Mrs. Brown, how sad I feel! I just came from Mr. Wilkin's home, and Mrs. Wilkin told me that your husband handed in his resignation last evening! O, dear! and we are bound to lose you! My dear Mrs. Brown, we all love you and it will be such a loss, O such a loss to miss you! And, dear Mrs. Brown, the young

people will miss you so—the whole town will miss you—you are beloved in every circle!”

Mrs. Brown coughed a slight cough; for this speech unnerved her considerably—she knew it was all false. There was hardly a half-dozen women in the Church that cared for Mrs. Brown at all, and as to the young people idolizing Brown, he could hardly get them to give him even civil attention when preaching.

But Mrs. Wilkin was on an errand. She wanted to learn all about the pastor's plans. Had he a church in view? What salary would he receive? What did Mrs. Brown think of the change? Was she instigator of the move? What was the pastor's reason for resigning? What did he and Mrs. Brown think of the Church? And a dozen more questions, for Mrs. Wilkin wanted fresh material for her gossip sheet, and the pastor's plans and the wife's views were excellent material in the high-toned society of Whitewood.

But conversation was slow. Mrs. Brown was in no humor to talk, and the pastor tried to satisfy the visitor with a few common-place remarks about the future of the church. But poor Mrs. Brown involuntarily dropped a few remarks that satisfied Mrs. Wilkin and gave her fresh material for gossip.

“Why he has resigned I don't know,” she remarked, with an innocent desire to justify herself, “wherever we'll go we'll get trouble, we cannot please everybody.”

That was all she said, but Mrs. Wilkin was aroused with curiosity. She wanted the details. Who were dissatisfied? She had never heard a word of complaint against the pastor or his dear wife. But oh, there are wicked people everywhere. What was the complaint? But in spite of her diplomacy she could get no further information.

The Ladies' Aid met the following day at Mrs. Wilkins' and thirty minutes before the regular meeting, half a dozen women members of the gossip society were closeted with Mrs. Wilkins in her bedroom. “I am sorry for Brown and the children,” said a sweet voice of young Mrs. Westly, the daughter of Senior Deacon Farr. “Papa thinks Mrs. Brown is all right, and says so to mamma, that we should not expect so much from a pastor's wife. But

oh, dear, mamma does not like Mrs. Brown at all. She thinks that Mrs. Brown is common. Of course she is not very educated, or refined, but she makes Brown a good wife and she attends to her children.”

“Yes, yes, we know all that,” said a rougher voice. It was the voice of Mrs. Wilcox, a big stately woman, the wife of a Merchant Done. “But your mamma is right, dear. Mrs. Brown is no pastor's wife. A church like ours with so many educated ladies, and cultured young women, and such a number of nice young men, should have a magnetic pastor's wife. A woman of beauty and culture and magnetism.”

“That's it. That's it, Mrs. Done. We should have a woman that we could all look up to,” said Mrs. Wilkins. “Mrs. Brown is all right as an ordinary woman, but a pastor's wife should be above the ordinary. That's my opinion, too.”

“How much would you pay her per annum?” enquired young Mrs. Westly, with a sweet cynical smile on her face.

“The idea!” said one of the women. “Now, Mrs. Westly, you are not like your mamma at all. She takes a sensible view of the question, but you seem to be off the track altogether.”

“Well, I don't know as much about that,” said the sweet voice. “Poor pastors, and even rich pastors, too, have hearts, like other men, and if a pastor's heart could only fall in love with precisely beautiful and cultured and magnetic women, we might get a race of magnetic woman, we might get a race of mag-

“But I am not sure ladies, that such women would always accept such men. Ladies, we must be reasonable and more than reasonable, we must be Christian. Such talk sounds to me worse than worldly. My husband is a doctor, and his patients pay him for his services. We called Pastor Brown to be our pastor and not Mrs. Brown, and we pay him and not her. If we, as women, want a woman pastor to whom we can look up, and who will lead us and who will be a power among our young men and women, we can advertise for such and pay her. That is business, and I have no doubt but that we could get such a lady for about \$20,000 a year.”

The five women sighed, but there was silence in the room. No one spoke, but down in their hearts they felt that they had been unjust to poor Mrs. Brown. She was a woman and a wife and a mother, and as such whatever her faults were she deserved their sympathy and not their scorn, their counsel and not their criticism, their help and not their rebuffs, their smiles and not their cynical remarks.

When the ladies met in full conference that afternoon Mrs. Done was seen wiping a tear from her cheek, and rising to her feet, she said:—

“Mrs. President and ladies: I want to make a motion. It has come to our ears that our dear pastor has handed in his resignation. We all love Mr. Brown. (There was a murmur of assent). Perhaps we have not always spoken as kindly of him at our homes as we should and so our children have caught our airs. And I want

to make a personal confession (there her voice grew husky); perhaps I have not always spoken as kindly of Mrs. Brown. God forgive me, if I have wronged her in the least way. But my motion is this: That we ask the Church not to accept Pastor Brown’s resignation; we must try again, and by God’s help, let us be more charitable in our judgment and more sympathetic in our conduct.”

Mrs. Westly, in one of her sweet speeches that reminded everyone of her dear father, Deacon Farr, who had been the pillar of Whitewood Church for 40 years, and who had always been loyal to pastors and pastor’s wives, seconded the motion. And as there was no amendment the motion was carried unanimously. The Church accepted the recommendation, and Pastor Brown became a greater power in Whitewood than ever before.



John Bull in Canada.

BY LEO LUDWIG.

INTRODUCTORY.

We were sitting around the fire one evening after Uncle Douglas had returned from Western Canada, where he had spent fifteen years of his life; and, as his sojourn there had been attended with so much romance and success, papa suggested that he should give us the story of his career "in his own words."

As I am a shorthand writer, it was agreed that I should take it down verbatim, from his lips. I was not unwilling to comply with this request, for I knew that it would be worth my while to do so, as any story told by my uncle would be worth my while.

Before he begins, however, let me tell you that my uncle is still a young man—just forty years of age, and papa says that he is worth about \$200,000 or something like £40,000. He is a tall man, dark featured, with grey eyes, and has a very quick movement. He is slight, but weighs fully 165 pounds and he looks the picture of health. His voice is sweet and mellow. He talks smoothly except when describing some exciting scenes or incident, when his narrative is filled with pathos, and he can shout like an orator. Well, now you can attend to him, and I will guarantee that you will not sleep until he wants you to.

Chapter 1. (In which I pay ten dollars for a bedroom, and make a carpet of my new silk hat.)

CHAPTER I.

Fifteen years ago, with a few months added, I had the Canadian fever. Everybody in Britain spoke about Canada, as the "hope of the young," and the home of the poor man. I was both young and poor. My father had just died, and mother had been buried six months before him. My only relation in the world was my sister, and although she was very kind to me I felt that I ought to emigrate. I wrote to an emigration agent, who replied very promptly, and kindly and elaborately. He sent me big maps of the new country and

the story of men who had made fortunes there by farming. I however, knew nothing about farming. I was brought up among engines, and at this time was an engine-driver, earning £2 a week. I was then twenty-five years of age and not much of a scholar, but I was very ambitious to get on in life. Fortunately I was a single man, and I was not deeply in love with any girl, and moreover, there was no girl who was deeply attached to me. I considered the matter fully, and decided to emigrate to Western Canada, and all the money I had was £50 or about 250 dollars. I paid for my passage to Boston, a little place which was the terminus of a side line in Saskatchewan. Boston is about two hundred miles west from Winnipeg and is the most interesting spot in the whole of Western Canada: but I will come to that again later. After the purchase of my pass I looked up the directions as to the articles I should want, but, I was so frightened by the big list of things that I decided to take just what I thought I should actually need. And among these things were a gun and a pistol, and I can assure you that I never regretted buying them though the first time I fired the gun I was knocked right down and I thought the bullet must have made a mistake and travelled backwards instead of forwards. I forget the name of the ship on which I crossed the Atlantic, but I remember meeting with a lot of nice people, who were also going to Canada. I made friends with one young woman who was going to her uncle. She was a very nice and well educated girl, and the ten days we were in the ship passed like ten swift hours. After landing in Montreal I lost sight of her and she of me for a long time. Her name was Lucy. Some fools told me on board ship that if I tipped the customs officers at Montreal that I would get my trunks through without being examined; and as I had a lot of new things, clothes, books, and the firearms, I foolishly "tipped" the men. But I found to

my cost that it made no difference. The best way to travel (at least that is my experience) is to go right on the square. Answer every question straight and honest, and then you need not be trembling in your shoes in fear of being discovered. The honest man is a fearless fellow, and although it is a little more expensive to be honest than otherwise sometimes, when you travel, yet I have found it the cheapest way in the long run. At Montreal a large number of "cabbies" and hotel men invited me to their "cabs" and hotels, but as I always prefer to find my own way, I went alone, and I found a swell hotel where I spent one night. It was my first experience with American life, and having about \$200 in my pocket, I felt rich and was not going to show green. You should see me walk past the men in the hotel office. I went by them with a swagger that would make you think that I was the hotel proprietor of some small western town. I wore my hat on one side of my head, and kept a dummy cigar in my mouth, for I don't smoke, and I could not smoke if I wanted to. I went up to the clerk and said: "I want a room please." "What price," he asked. "Oh, any price, what are your best rooms?" "Ten dollars, sir." Well, I thought I would drop dead when he said 'ten dollars.' 'Good gracious!' I said to myself, 'ten dollars for one night!' Yet I was too much of a swell to back out, and I was too bashful to ask if he had any cheaper rooms, so I stiffened up, placed a ten-dollar bill on the desk as if it was a rag, and asked him to lead me to my room. Now, if you were millionaires you would probably say that I had my room cheap, that you have paid as much as fifty dollars for a room and so forth. But you must remember that I had never in my life, paid more than twenty-five cents (or one shilling) for a room, and never paid more than 2s. 6d for a banquet ticket. You can imagine my consternation the next morning when I found I could not make a decent breakfast under \$1.50 or six shillings. Of course, when you go to a swell hotel you have got to pay swell prices, but I swore then that I would never, unless I became a millionaire, go to a swell hotel again. Montreal struck me as being very new and I was pleased with

the way the things were arranged. Canadian hotels are not arranged like the English hotels. They have a big front room in almost all of them which they call the office, and here the men gather to talk, smoke and watch the new arrivals.

No women sit in this office. They go to a more comfortable place, where smoking is not allowed. The bars are also different to our English ones, and I noticed that a large number of houses and stores were built of lumber.

But I must hasten to Winnipeg. I do not remember much about the starting, but I do remember that the coaches were far different and better equipped than our English coaches. In Canada you can walk from one end of the coach to the other, and you can sleep in it, and wash, and cook your meals. The ride from Montreal to Winnipeg is nearly a three days' ride. It was a charming journey through a splendid and magnificent country, studded with lakes, trees, and various kinds of animals. I shall not forget my thrill upon first seeing the Indians in the woods. There were about a half-dozen in all, sneaking behind the bushes and hiding behind the trees. They were fierce looking men, I thought, just like those you see in pictures, with high-boned cheeks, small eyes, black hair and a serious countenance. I don't think I ever saw an Indian laugh. I have seen them smile, but I have never seen them laugh a right out loud laugh. The Indians are not a humorous people. I have met several who could talk good English, but even they could not see the point of a joke. They can and are susceptible to kindness; they will do almost anything for you if you treat them kindly, but I never met an Indian that I could joke with. The arrival of the train, I noticed, was quite an event in each town, for the depots were crowded with men and women of all colors, pushing and jostling each other, laughing and talking and wishing the emigrants good luck. One form of address struck me as peculiar, "Be good to yourself, good-bye." I thought it was a very selfish expression, and I think so now. Well, at last Winnipeg was reached and I felt glad, and my heart beat with joy when the brakesman came into the coach and shouted, "Winnipeg next stop." I had no friend to meet me and yet I felt

glad. But the Winnipeg of fifteen years ago is not the Winnipeg of today. Then there were few large stores and only few large houses. Main street was lined with small shacks in which Jews trade their second-hand wares and charged exorbitant prices from those who were "green" enough to pay them. If a Jew "fixes" you in Canada, and you complain of it they only laugh at you and say, "It was your own fault to be so green." Well, when I arrived in Winnipeg it was late Saturday evening, and, as my Sunday silk hat had been ruined during the journey, I had to get a new one. I went to a small hatter and asked for a silk hat. He only had two in his store and these were five years behind the times, though he told me they were the latest from London. But I knew better, for I had worn that very shape five years previous at a friend's wedding, so I went to a fashionable hatter then and asked him to show me some silk hats. He showed me six, the whole stock, and his "latest" were two years behind the times, but taking me to be a farmer, or a farmer's son, the man told me that he was showing me the "latest London style." I smiled at him and told him that I wore a similar one three seasons ago, and, when he found out that I knew something about silk hats, he quit "bluffing" or what John Bull would call, "left off bragging." As this was the best hat in the shop I bought it for \$6.00 or 24s: 6d. I would have bought a better one in London for 10s: 6d, but he said it was the duty and freight that made it expensive. "Duty" and "freight" were new words

to me. John Bull as yet knows little about "duty." But he may have to learn something soon. I paid my \$6, placed the hat on my head and walked like a gentleman along main street. It was about 10 p.m. There were not many about, but those who were about looked at me as if I had horns on my head, so I hastened to my hotel. Sunday morning I went to church and once more my silk hat was the centre of attraction. I began to feel uneasy and almost prayed to see someone else come along in a silk hat, but silk hats were as scarce in Winnipeg in those days as a white elephant, and for the first time in my life I felt ashamed of my silk hat. Silk hats and silk hatted people, I thought, after I walked down Main street after the morning service, are at a discount in Western Canada, and I was not long in finding this sentiment to be correct. When I was about three blocks away from my hotel, about half a dozen boys came behind me and began to shout, "Where did you get that hat?" and this they repeated in sing-song fashion until the crowd gathered and stared as if I was a lunatic, and the sweat poured out all over my body, and in my heart I cursed the kids, but I knew boys too well to say a word. At last I reached my hotel, and I reached my room in less time than I am saying it, and then threw my six dollar hat on the floor and made a carpet of it. That was the last silk hat I ever wore. Western Canada is no place yet for silk hats, though now occasionally you will find one or two moving around the streets.

(To be continued.)





CAN'T BE PARTICULAR.

Mrs. Horner—You nasty tramp! How dare you eat that cake I set out to cool?

Tired Tucker—Well, it did take a bit of courage, marm; but a starving man can't be werry pertikler about what he eats.—Smiles.

OUR ODD LANGUAGE.

"There is a word of one syllable in the English language that is always spelled wrong, even by the most educated people."

"What is that?"

"The word 'wrong.'"—Cassell's Journal.

RETURNING PROOFS OF LOVE.

"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.

"Did you?" replied his friend. "I had no idea you had ambition to shine as an author."

"Not exactly, that," said Titmarsh. "You see, my girl and I quarreled and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

SO HE ATE IT.

A creditor called upon a debtor whom he found at dinner, busy carving a goose.

"Now, sir," said the visitor, "are you going to pay me soon?"

"I should be only too glad, my dear sir, but it is impossible. I am cleaned out—ruined. I haven't a penny."

"Why, sir, when a man cannot pay his debts he has no business to be eating a goose like that."

"Alas! my dear sir," said the debtor, lifting the serviette to his eyes as though deeply affected, "I couldn't afford its keep."—Smith's Weekly.

FULLY SATISFIED.

"You haven't any confidence in either candidate?"

"On the contrary, I have confidence in both. I believe all the bad things they say about each other are absolutely true."—Smiles.

IT WAS VALUABLE.

Actor—Hurry, or we'll miss the train.

Actress—I can't find my diamonds or my purse.

Actor—Oh, well, never mind.

Actress—Yes; but the purse had a sixpence in it.—Tit-Bits.

LEFT IT TO THEM.

Wright—"I should think your debts would worry you.

Owen—"I don't see why they should."

"Why, because of the possibility that you may not be able to pay them."

"My creditors worry about that; there is no use of our both worrying about the same thing."—Cassell's Journal.

POSSIBLE CAUSE OF DEATH.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed a man to a companion as they were walking. "Did you ever see such a wretched sight?" and he pointed to a poor, miserable-looking horse that was toiling up the hill in the broiling sun with a heavy load behind it. Suddenly the animal fell and expired.

"Well," said one as they ran up, "whatever made it die?"

"Can't you see?" cried the other. "Why the poor beast is so thin that the sun shone through its ribs and set the hay on fire that it had eaten, and the smoke choked it!"—Cassell's Journal.



It is our desire to form a club composed of men and women, young and old, who are anxious to benefit themselves and others by correspondence and fraternal intercourse. Only the worthy will be admitted to membership and our method of ascertaining the worthiness of each applicant is very simple. We ask each person applying for membership in our club to make the following declaration :

I believe in God, and I believe that God is love, and that in loving and being loved and in making love the rule of one's life, man and woman attain their highest nature and become happy. I also believe that Jesus Christ is the embodiment of love, and the Image of God.

(Signed).....

Address

Now that is very beautiful and very simple, and every good man and woman can sign this pledge.

The rules and object of the club more definitely stated will be as follows :

Every subscriber to the B. C. Home, upon sending in the above pledge, together with 25c, becomes a member of the club. The object of the club is:

1st. Social and literary intercourse among its members. This will be fostered by personal correspondence of the members. The names and addresses of members will be published from month to month, and those desiring correspondence with any person are to write to us for introductions. The B. C. Home is the introducing party. And members are requested not to correspond with each other or to answer correspondence unless the parties com-

municating have been introduced to them by us. This is to save unsuitable persons corresponding, for a person may be morally good, and yet intellectually unsuitable to correspond with certain other members of the club.

2nd. Object is discussion in the magazine on subjects of interest to the members of the club. Members will be asked to suggest topics and questions, and these topics and questions will be discussed in our columns, by members of the club.

3rd. Object will be to advertise British Columbia. Members of our club will be asked to give names and addresses of friends to whom we may send copies of the magazine and other literature.

4th. Object will be personal acquaintanceship. The B. C. Magazine will organize a public rally of the members of the social club once a year, in some central and attractive spot, where a week's holiday may be profitably spent in Chatauqua fashion in touring, exploring, climbing, swimming and discussing literary, historic, scientific, artistic and moral questions. The 25c fee we charge is simply to cover the cost of correspondence which we will have to undertake in introductions and personal letters to members. When joining the club please state whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss, and whether married or single.

Letters for this department should be addressed,

SOCIAL,

B. C. Home Magazine,

26 Empire Building,

Hastings St.

Vancouver, B.C.

The Sunday Hour.

It is the sincere desire of the writer for this department that he will be able, through this medium to reach the ear of a large number of the reading constituency not for the purpose of tickling their fancy or catering to "itching ears," but that having secured their attention, he might direct their thoughts to those great moral and religious principles which are the true bulwarks of a nation's real greatness.

Setting apart as this journal does, a department to this purpose, is an evidence that the publishers recognize that in the development of a strong national life the "Sunday Hour" occupies a place. Not only should it occupy a place but that place should be first. The Wall street Journal truly says "There is one thing which is all important, though it is apt to be forgotten, in such material prosperity as our country possesses. It is this: Whether there be individualism or socialism; whether there be imperialism or democracy; whether there be centralization or decentralization, there must be a growth in religion or such a civilization as we possess will soon decay and fall away." Where is Greece, Rome, Carthage? Where are those great ancient nations which stretched from the valley of the Euphrates to where Carthage lies buried in African sands? These nations in their own age were industrially pre-eminent, they had a literature as the cure-form inscriptions and tablets declare, they had a sciruce as the pyramids live to testify, but morality and justice died out, and the civilizations of three thousand years went down for ever. The pillars of Boalbec, the mounds of Niniveh, and the ruins of Ladnor stand as everlasting monuments that all material prosperity which is not built on the foundation of morality must issue in hopeless and hapless ruin.

Will England's commercial supremacy share any better fate if honesty and justice die out? What Lord Beaconsfield once said is not only eloquent but true, "That though we are greater than Venice or than Lyre, yet if we are not faithful to our high calling as a nation, our glory

will fade like the Lynau dyes and crumble like the Venitian palaces. In "Middlemarch" George Eliot draws a picture from real life when she describes the gradual and disastrous collapse of Wm. Vincey's prosperity from the time when he began to use the cheap dyes recommended by his sham-religious brother-in-law which were soon found to rot the silks for which he had been famous.

We are spending and rightly so, great sums of money on education, but education will not safe-guard the future unless it is joined with a morality that is based on religious principles. A country's true greatness does not consist only in the greatness of its material resources nor on its educational facilities, but chiefly in the moral and religious character of its inhabitants. While we are endeavoring to formulate railway policies, foster the fishing, and lumber industries, while we are trying to induce immigration, all for the purpose of developing our great material resources, what is being done for the development and cultivation of our moral and religious life? What we need most, in order to reach our true greatness as a people, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, that quit work half an hour early on Wednesday evening so as to be able to go to prayer meeting, that rested the horses Saturday afternoon if they had to drive to church on Sunday.

We need a revival of piety that will close the stores at an early hour Saturday evening to permit the employes to get to church Sunday morning, a piety that will revere the Sabbath Day, and use it as a day of rest instead of a day of pleasure and dissipation. In these times of development and prosperity we are in danger of worshipping the idols which the decayed nations fell down and worshipped just before their light went out. Great wealth never made a nation substantial or honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man

or a nation to handle as quick, easy big money. It takes greater heroism to dare to be poor, when you have the opportunity to be rich, than to charge an earth-works and silence a battery.

In this age of strenuous and constant activity what is needed most is the "quiet hour." The conditions of our social and business life rob us of the hour for quiet and secluded meditation upon the unseen and eternal. The Master says, "When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber,

and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." Here our Lord has taught clearly that in the life there must be a place for retirement, a time for seclusion, an exercise of this high and holy privilege, in absolute loneliness. What does this mean in the midst of our busy life? It means, to have a Bethel, to have a place and a season for quiet meditation and communion with God.

"Bother the Advertisements."

LITTLE TALKS ON ADVERTISING

BY SAM HONEY.

Some people don't like advertisements, and they pass them over in newspapers and magazines with consecrated contempt. "I never read advertisements," said a business man to me the other day, "and I believe," he continued, "that most people are like myself. When I want a thing, I go to the proper place for it."

This man is a very wise man and he is far too modest when he says that most men are like himself. For myself, I am a very ignorant man, and if I did not read advertisements I would not know where to buy many things I require, and especially to buy the best at the lowest price. The shoes I wear are the best I ever wore, but I would know nothing about this special shoe if someone did not advertise it. I see by looking over your advertisements that there is one live shoemaker at least in Vancouver. It is evident that he believes in advertising and I am sure that he finds it profitable.

The fact that he advertises his goods is a proof that his goods are worth making known. This is true of every advertiser. The man who sells inferior goods cannot advertise. It would soon ruin him to do so.

Men who sell inferior stuff sell it in the shadow of those who advertise the best. The man who sells inferior clothes and inferior furniture, and inferior medicine, will tell you that his goods are as good as those advertised—but he lies, and he knows it, and he is a drone of the meanest kind.

He lives and thrives for a time on the labor, skill and capital of other people. And if you are wise, you insist on getting the advertised article, and no other so-called "equally good" proposition.

These are the two chief functions of advertising to show you how to save money and how to make money! The advertising propositions in this issue of the B. C. Home are not many but they are good. You should read every advertisement. These people don't spend their money for the fun of spending. They got something that may prove of great benefit to you to know more about.

There is another reason why I want you to read these advertisements. They will interest you. Advertising is a literary art that has the interest of the reader always in view and to me there is no more interesting literature published to-day than advertising. The old style of advertising is dead and the greatest literary geniuses to-day are paid big salaries for writing advertisements, and every real "ad." writer aims first at interesting the reader.

Now I must conclude and let me tell you on behalf of the publishers of this magazine, if you want to see in British Columbia a magazine worthy of the resources of this rich province, and a magazine that will be a source of joy and pleasure and benefit to its thousands of inhabitants—patronize those progressive men who advertise in its columns.

The Vancouver Art, Historical and Scientific Association.



ROLAND D. GRANT, D. D.
Honorary President.

The Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver, which has its headquarters in the museum in the top story of the Carnegie Library, is in the thirteenth year of its existence. Prior to its establishment, however, two separate attempts had been made to found such an organization, and on the principle of the old adage that "the third time is lucky," the present association may be said to have been the final development of these earlier efforts. To Mrs. Mellon, wife of Captain Mellon, and the present treasurer, is due, perhaps, the credit of the first idea of establishing in Vancouver a society of this kind. As early as 1887, her kinsman, Hyde Clarke, then well known as a scientific man, philologist and historian, wrote to her a long and interesting letter relating to the early history of British Columbia, in which he said that this new city ought to have some institution commemorative of Captain Cook and the other

early explorers. This seed fell into good soil and after some time Mrs. Mellon was instrumental, with others, in starting what was known as the "Art Association of Vancouver." This appears to have done useful work as the pioneer of things to come, but it ultimately languished and came to an end. In 1892 a meeting was held at which it was proposed to merge the Art Association in a new society of an artistic, scientific and literary nature. At first it was proposed to call the new society the "Vancouver Institute," but that being considered too local the appellation "Columbian Institute" was at length determined upon, Columbia being formerly the designation of all the country north of California on the Pacific coast. But the project was still-born, and although the names of several charter members were secured it was found impossible in the then conditions to carry out the original intention.



PROF. E. ODLUM, M. A.
For four years President of the Association.

Nothing further was done in the matter until April, 1904, when a meeting was held in the O'Brien Assembly Rooms, at which a number of prominent citizens, who felt the need of such an effort, determined to found an association which should have for its object the promotion of art, of historical and scientific research, and the instituting of a museum of antiquities and other interesting specimens, especially in-

has been the idea of the association to cultivate the study of historical and scientific subjects, and honor is due to its members for their continuous efforts which have been put forth with considerable and praiseworthy continuity. It has proved itself to possess the faculty of perseverance, and in spite of smallness of numbers, comparative indifference on the part of the public, and the ordinary difficulties that



H. J. DE FOREST.

Association's First Secretary.

For past seven years has filled that position and for past two years Curator of Museum.

cluding the remains of Indian life in British Columbia and samples of native ores and other minerals.

At a subsequent meeting, Rev. L. Norman Tucker, D.D., was appointed chairman, and Mr. H. J. De Forest, secretary, while on the Board of Directors a number of leading citizens were enrolled, and among the vice-presidents were inscribed several honored names. From the first it

beset new undertakings, it has maintained its corporate existence, and proved itself a most useful nucleus for what in the future will no doubt be a very important enterprise. It is easy to understand how, in a growing city, real estate is a more engrossing pursuit than paleontology; the provision and furnishing of "a lovely home" more interesting to those who in a sense are pioneers, than the finest col-



MRS. T. TRACEY

Six Years a Member of the Executive.

eral wealth of the province and curios drawn from all quarters of the globe.

In addition to founding the museum, the association has been most helpful to the cause of intelligence and culture by arranging, each season, for suitable lectures on subjects more or less cognate to the objects of the organization, or calculated to be interesting to its members and the general public. In this it has been from time to time aided by those who recognized the beneficial character of its aims. Its first exhibition of works of art and objects of interest was opened under the auspices of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Among its lecturers are found the names



MRS. J. MACAULAY

First Vice-President.

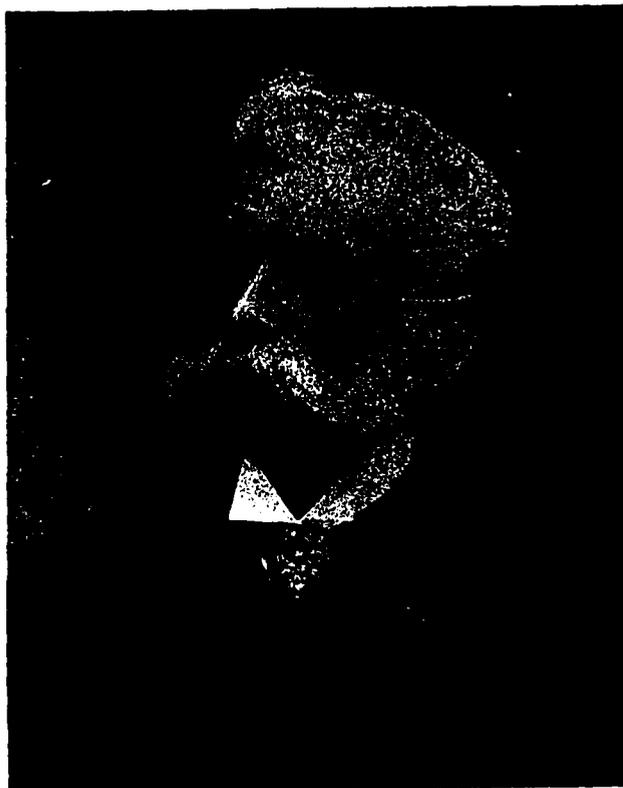
of Professor Hilltout, Mr. Moncton, the Bishop of New Caledonia, Professor Odlum, Mr. W. Farris, the Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath and Bishop Dart, of New Westminster. Generous donors have from time to time given or lent to the association for museum purposes some of the best objects from their private collections. There is a fine loan exhibit belonging to Dr. Rear which contains very choice specimens of flint arrow heads, aboriginal stone axes and tomahawks, and other stone tools of the prehistoric age. A large case of particularly remarkable Indian baskets is loaned by Mrs. Richards. In one case

lection of mineralogical specimens. Nevertheless, the collection, which is now visited by an increasing number of persons daily, is "un fait accompli," and it contains many objects interesting not only to the scientific observer, but to the general public. There we find specimens of Indian workmanship, valuable samples of the min-



MRS. H. A. MELLON

Three Years First Vice-President.

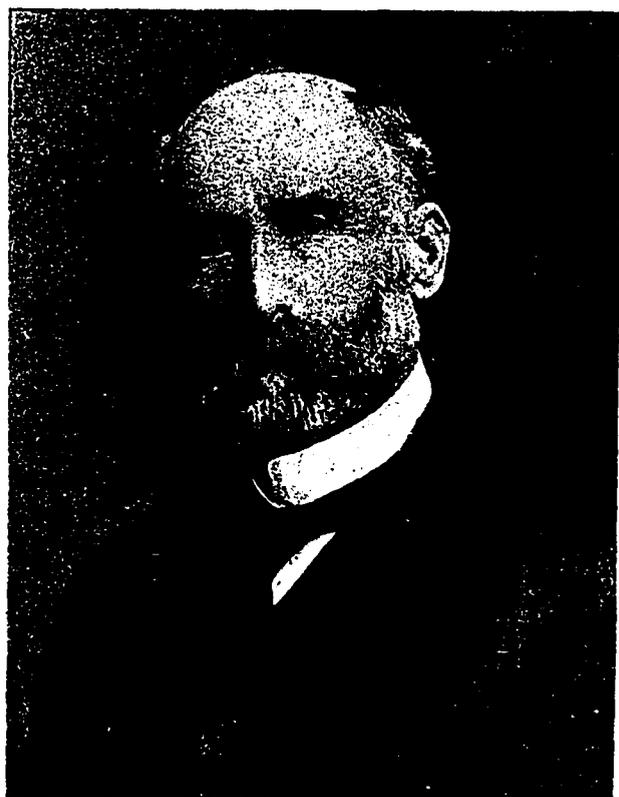


DR. G. W. BOGGS
On the Board of Directors.

are some Indian skulls, dug from ancient graves, in another some aboriginal pipes. A beginning has been made towards a collection of British Columbia woods. Mr. Sidney Williams, of Quesnel, B. C., has contributed a case of British Columbia birds, shot and preserved by himself, which

is in every way a creditable exhibit. The portraits include a very interesting one of Captain Vancouver after whom this city is named. Australia, Hawaii, and South Africa are well represented, and there is some fine old English pottery lent by Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, while several cases of magnificent butterflies attract the instant attention of the visitor.

To Mr. H. J. De Forest, and to Mrs. Mellon, probably more than to any other persons, the success of the museum and of the Art and Historical Association, so far as it has gone, is due, though they have had able coadjutors. Mr. De Forest's tal-



MR. R. WALLER
On the Board of Directors.

ent as an artist is seen in several fine pictures which decorate the walls, especially two of Hawaii, which he painted when visiting those islands. He has also some New Zealand pictures, and one especially effective of Clewborn Peak, Sechelt Inlet, B. C. His work as curator is seen in the intelligent classification of the exhibits—particularly of the mineralogical specimens. *

Among the most generous friends of the institution must be mentioned Dr. Roland Grant, who in many ways during his residence in Vancouver proved a useful ally. This talented lecturer lost no opportunity of drawing attention to the objects of the



MR. WILLIAM DALTON
On the Board of Directors.



REV. CANON TUCKER

Inaugral President, and for Six Years Executive Head and Zealous Supporter of the Association.

Association, and the fine collection of minerals and gems that he has loaned for an indefinite time to the museum forms one of its principal attractions. These cases represent the enthusiastic labor of many years directed by much discerning skill for there are few who know so much about gems and their position in the mineral world as Dr. Grant.

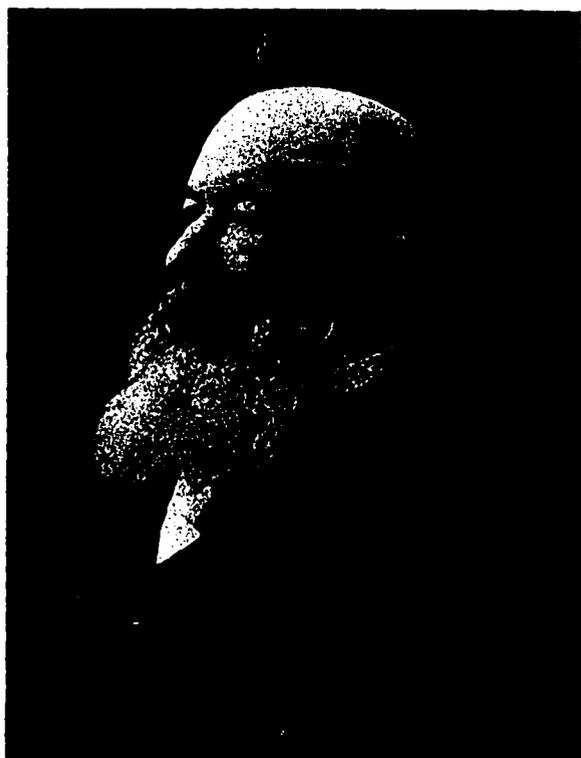
Among others who have been useful in the work of the association may be named Mrs. McLagan, a member of long standing and an enthusiastic worker; Dr. Boggs formerly of New Westminster; Mr. Waller, who has lectured on scientific subjects and proved himself a capable friend to the objects of the association; Captain Mellon, Mr. Edgar Bloomfield, who has given the society the benefit of his legal acquirements; Mrs. Macaulay, a particularly active member; also Mrs. J. M. Whitehead, and Mr. A. R. Thomas, who has kept an eye on the business interests of the organization and has been useful in a variety of ways. Others who have been active workers are Mrs. Thos. H. Tracey, Mrs. J. Buntzen, Mrs. Barker, Miss M. Fraser; Dr. G. R. C. Selwyn, C. M. Y.; M. G. F. Monckton. An enterprise of this sort is of great importance in Van-

couver in an instructive way, and also the custodian of things with regard to the history of the Province which would otherwise be lost. The association is filling a good role and it is worthy of the support of all intelligent British Columbians. Visitors are always welcome to the museum, and strangers in the city may spend a very pleasant and instructive hour examining the various objects of interest.

DIRECTORATE FOR 1907.

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 Secretary—H. J. De Forest.
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 Ald. W. J. Cavanaugh.
 Ald. W. J. Cavanagh.



CAPT. H. A. MELLON

Five Years Second Vice-President.

B. C. Homes and Their Occupants.



MAYOR A. BETHUNE

His Worship Mayor A. Bethune, Mayor of Vancouver :

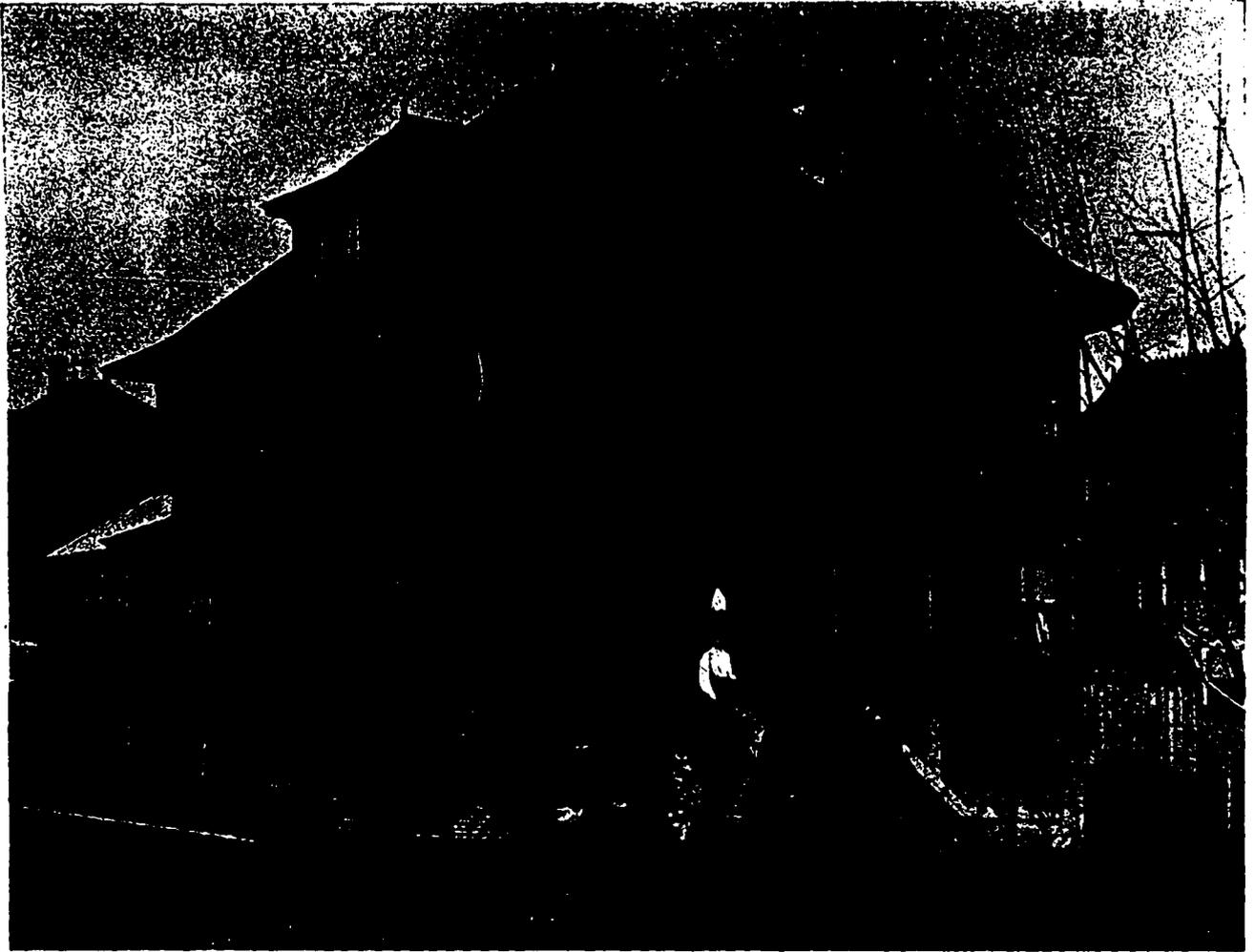
This month we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a pen sketch by Mr. J. Kyle of Mr. Bethune, and with photos of his wife and home.

Mr. Bethune belongs to that class of self-made men, who are an honor to their country and a "boon to the community in which they live."

Bethune is an ancient name originating in France in royal blood; but early in the

12th century a branch of the Bethune family was transplanted to Scotland, where it thrived and prospered and became famous.

Mr. Bethune's parents were chips from this old royal log, but before the present Mayor of Vancouver was born the father and mother emigrated from Scotland to Ontario, Canada. Alexander Bethune was born in Collingwood 55 years ago; but while the lad was still young the parents moved to Stayner, Ont., and Mr. Bethune regards Stayner as his native home, for



HOME OF MR. AND MRS. BETHUNE

he has dear associations with that town still. His brother resides there and occupies a similar position to the one occupied by the Mayor of Vancouver. At Stayner

the boy Alexander became an orphan losing both parents within three months, while he was but twelve years of age. From that time forward the boy had to earn his own living by hard work and with little remuneration. In 1876 Mr. Bethune came west, and for a few years worked around Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and three years later he took up a homestead in Manitou, Man. This was the beginning of his financial success, for in the year of the great western boom the farm was sold for a good price, and Mr. Bethune became a merchant, and a successful one. In 1890 he moved further west, to the centre of commerce in British Columbia, and made his home here. But I have forgotten one event, in fact the greatest and sweetest event of his life, his marriage to Miss Catherine MacIntosh, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh who farmed at Pilot Mound, and who had emigrated from eastern Canada. The wedding took place 25 years ago, and the silver wedding was celebrated by a number of friends with much joy on the 22nd of February.



MRS. A. BETHUNE

Two children were granted this father and mother, but both are long since among the silent ones who speak only in loving memories.

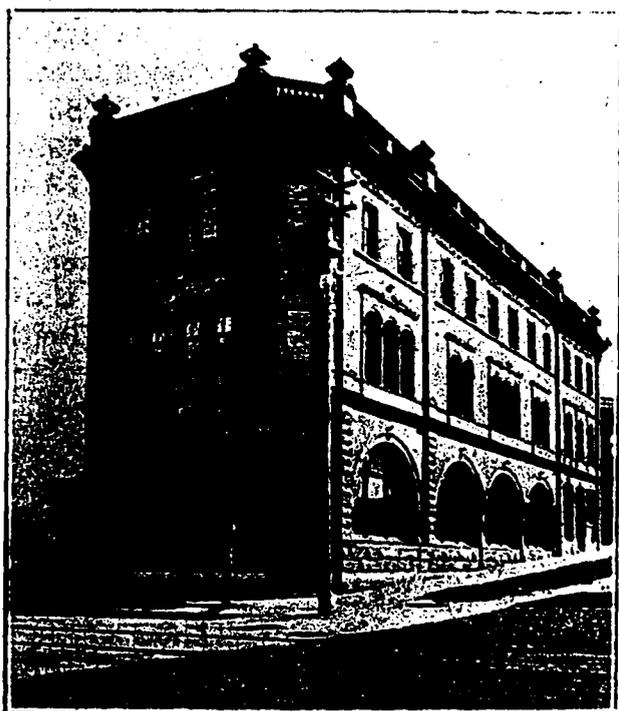
The present home of Mr. and Mrs. Bethune is of their own design, and has many a cosy corner, and many a precious relic and ornament.

Both husband and wife are members of the Presbyterian Church and Mr. Bethune is a past master of the Masonic order, and a member of the Conservative Association.

British Columbia has many a larger, more luxurious and expensive home, but the reader will find it very difficult to find a sweeter one than that of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bethune.

Banking in B. C.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.



VANCOUVER BRANCH
(Bank of Commerce.)

The Canadian Bank of Commerce dates from the year 1867, when it was established in Toronto under the Presidency of the Hon. W. McMaster, who retained that position until 1886. Not long after its incorporation it took over the business of the Gore Bank, an institution having its head office in Hamilton, Ont. For many years its most westerly branch in Canada was that in Windsor, Ont., but in 1892 the bank opened in Winnipeg, which for some six years more marked the boundary of its western extension. In August of 1898 the first branch in British Columbia was opened, viz., at Cranbrook in East Kootenay, the premises being a small wooden building designed at the time of its pur-

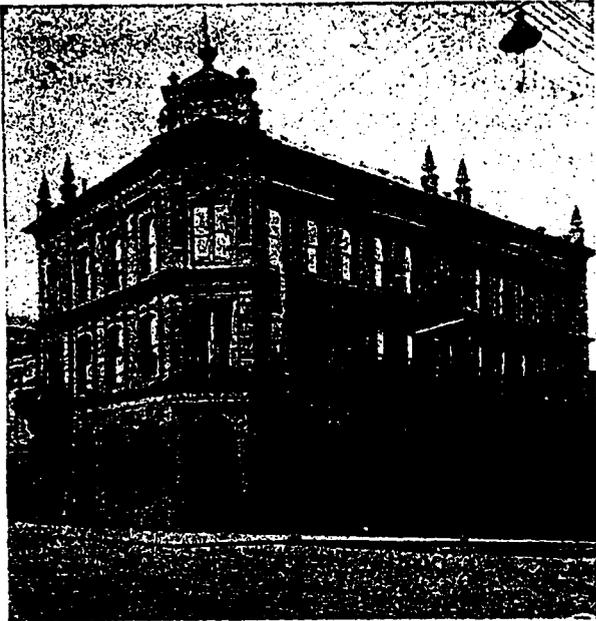
chase for a butcher shop. The branch at Vancouver was opened on the 15th September and would have been in operation earlier than that in Cranbrook but for the difficulty in securing premises. The next office was that of Fernie, shortly after the 15th September.

The race which resulted in the almost simultaneous opening at Greenwood of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Bank of British North America and the Bank of Montreal, is still fresh in the memory of those at that time—November 1898—interested in such matters. The Canadian Bank of Commerce procured quarters in a disused restaurant, the Bank of British North America in a building shortly before occupied as a billiard hall, and the then home of the Bank of Montreal had been a butcher shop within the previous week.

In the autumn of 1899 a branch of this Bank was opened at Fort Steele, but was closed in about twelve months.

Towards the end of the summer of 1900 it was announced that the Canadian Bank of Commerce would amalgamate with the Bank of British Columbia, this, after the usual investigation, inspection, etc., being consummated on the 31st December of the same year. In addition to acquiring the assets and assuming the liabilities of the Bank of British Columbia, the whole staff of that institution was taken over by the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

The Bank of British Columbia had been in business since 1862. The original title of the Bank was "The Chartered Bank of British Columbia and Vancouver Island." No business was, as a matter of fact, done under that title, though some Bank Notes



VICTORIA BRANCH
(Bank of Commerce.)

were printed on paper so watermarked. The Bank's first office was at Victoria. In 1863 a branch was opened in the Caribou District at Camerontown, but soon afterwards was removed to Barkersville, and in 1864 another branch in the same district was established at Quesnel. These branches were closed in 1879. From 1864 to 1867 the Bank of British Columbia had a branch open at Yale.

In later years the branches at Nanaimo and Kamloops were established, followed after some interval by offices at Nelson, Sandon and Kaslo. At the two last places the Bank of British North America also were in business, but subsequently—in the year 1898—the Bank of British North America withdrew from Sandon and the Bank of British Columbia from Kaslo. The last Canadian office opened by the Bank of British Columbia was at Rossland in the fall of 1898; this was closed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce three years later.

While on the subject of the Bank of British Columbia it may be mentioned that branches were opened in San Francisco in 1864, in Portland, Oregon, in the same year, and at Seattle and Tacoma in the summer of 1889. The last two were closed in 1897; the branches at San Francisco and Portland were taken over by The Canadian Bank of Commerce, by whom they are still organized.

Since the amalgamation of The Canadian Bank of Commerce with the Bank of British Columbia the business of the Bank

has been extended throughout the various sections of the Province, the Bank being represented in the Okanagan at Penticton, in the Similkameen at Princeton, besides other points, the latest addition being Prince Rupert on the 1st of February.

Taken as a whole the marvellous growth of this bank may be most readily seen by a comparison of its deposits since 30th June, 1870:

June 30, 1870	\$ 3,442,423
“ 1875	7,815,086
“ 1880	11,106,627
“ 1885	10,430,059
May 31, 1890.....	12,493,883
“ 1895	17,636,482
“ 1900	29,680,269
“ 1901	48,004,600
Nov. 30, 1901.....	51,679,365
“ 1902	53,923,287
“ 1903	62,783,655
“ 1904	70,459,351
“ 1905	74,373,490
“ 1906	87,152,536

In all the Canadian Bank of Commerce has 169 branches in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, of which British Columbia contributes sixteen.

The General Managers, or Cashiers, as they were in the earlier days termed, were Messrs. Greer, Dallas, H. S. Strathy and W. N. Anderson in the order of their names down to the autumn of 1886, when Mr. B. E. Walker—then one of the agents in New York—replaced Mr. Anderson in the general management. Mr. Walker retained this position until the annual meeting of this year when he became President, being succeeded as General Manager by Mr. Laird for four years Assistant General Manager.



Hold-Up, Sept. 15th, 1902
SKAGWAY BRANCH
(Bank of Commerce.)



M. W. Waitt & Co.

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Pianos, Organs and Musical Merchandise

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Planos
Nordhelmer Planos
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Notice

The annual subscription price of the B. C. HOME MAGAZINE is One Dollar per Annum, single copies, 10 cents. To England and British Colonies, \$1.25; to Foreign Countries, \$1.50.

Original MSS. are invited. Unsuitable contributions will be returned if postage is enclosed. All communications should be addressed!:

The EDITOR B. C. HOME MAGAZINE
 26 Empire Bldg., 601½ Hastings St., W., VANCOUVER, B.C.

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