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VOL. VIII No. 1 PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT VANCOUVER, B.C. PRICE 15 CENTS

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

JANUARY NUMBER
1912

HASTINGS GROVE

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That Hastings Grove is right here at home; you see what you buy—in fact, pick out your own lot at our expense?

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Then
You Will
Understand

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See---
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN
EDITOR

VOL. VIII CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1912 No. 1

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¶ The Editor will always be pleased to consider articles and photographs dealing with British Columbia. Stamps must be enclosed for the return of MSS. and photos in case of their not being accepted. Poetry will not be paid for. Business communications must be addressed to the Manager.

A Song of Steel

By WILLIAM J. SHANKS

From the Athabasca basin to the southern border plains,
Where the prairie flowers and grasses bloom with countless suns and rains;
From the silent mountain passes to the lone Keewatin trails,
They are breaking Nature's slumbers with the music of the rails.

Over mountain crag and torrent; through the forest hills and brakes;
Over leagues of treeless hinterland around the mighty lakes;
Sons of Vulcan! Hear them swinging through the vastness into space!
Hear the rhythmic sledges ringing out their welcome to a Race!

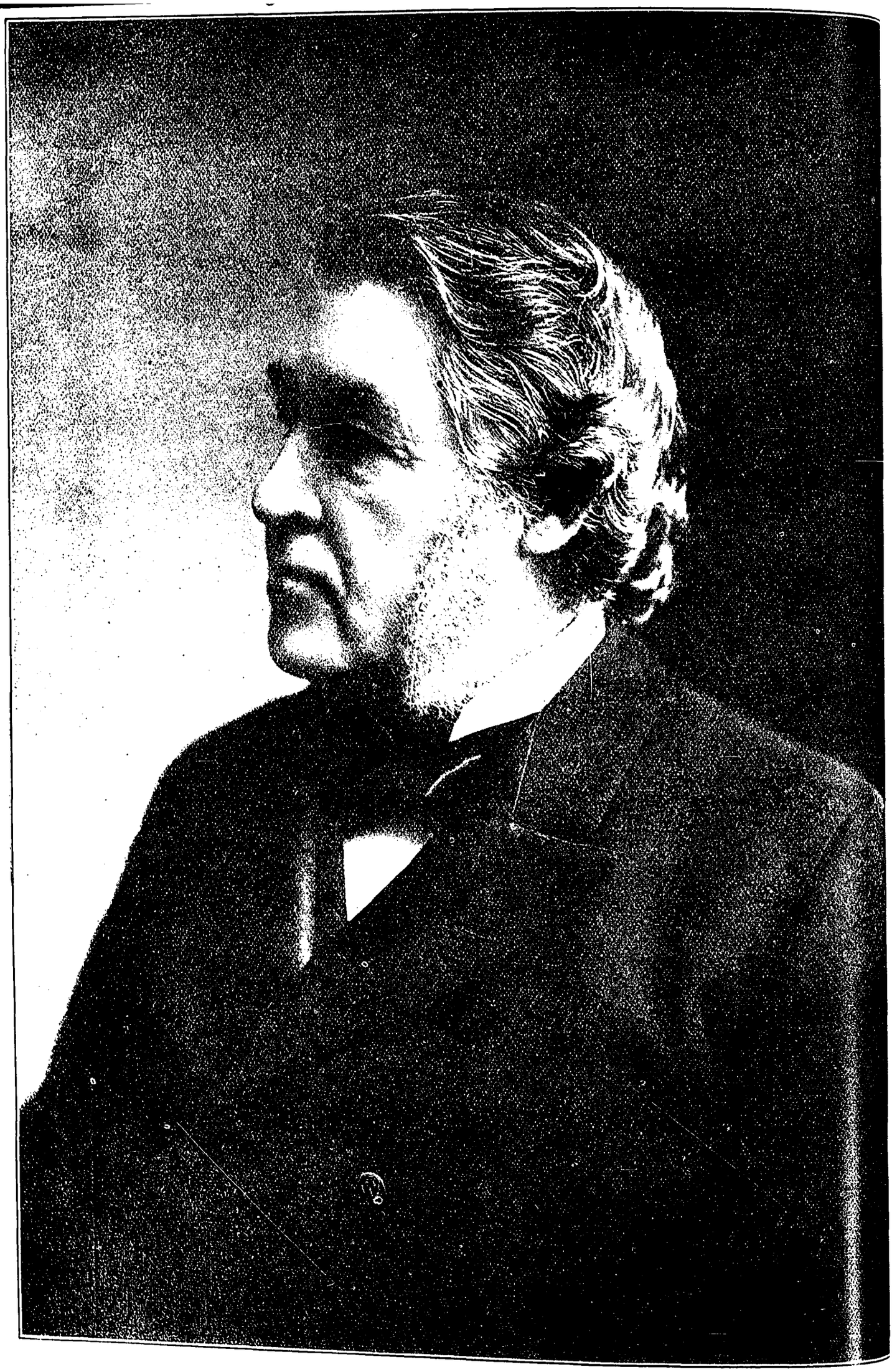
From the Old World's human maelstrom to the New World's realm of peace,
Where the prairie skyline beckons and the wars of Mammon cease;
Human eyes are turned with longing—human hopes are circling high,
As the steel-tongued heralds carol to the wild-rose and the sky.

Like the thrush when day is dying—or the lark when day is young,
Are the matins and the vespers of the ribboned pathways sung;
Wake, thou virgin prairies, wake! and greet the heroes of thy dream,
Hear the bridal song of Industry—the hymn of Rails and Steam!

Yield thy gifts, O Land of Promise! Homeless millions turn to thee;
Chains of poverty are broken and the bondsman shall be free;
Through the trackless void we're coming, with the morning star o'erhead,
World-old prayers and tears we'll answer with an avalanche of Bread!

Where the bison made his wallow, and the Indian tepees passed;
Where the tardy sons of Empire conquer first, and harvest last;
Hear the vibrant rails go whispering, in their paths from sea to sea,
Singing Hope, and Peace, and Plenty—for the Canada to be.

—From an Exchange.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, CANADA'S VETERAN STATESMAN, WHO IS LYING DANGEROUSLY ILL IN ENGLAND

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII JANUARY, 1912 No. 1

Picturesque Victoria

IN the commercial trend which Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, is now taking, one of the most fascinating of its manifold attractions is sometimes in danger of being lost sight of.

In the average city whose claims as a commercial centre have long since been acquiesced in, there is little of individual charm. Generally speaking, there are the usual skyscrapers, docks, wharves, streets and the tramway systems, and the effect as a whole tends to sameness and tameness.

In Victoria the remarkable awakening to commercial activity has not yet touched, nor tarnished—if, indeed, that can ever be done—the wonderful and alluring beauty of her matchless environment by sea and shore.

A fifteen-minute spin in a motor car from the heart of her thriving business districts will bring you into Arcadia. Such noble stretches of sea-water and marble-domed distant peaks; such beauty and solemnity of primeval forests, still unscarred by the woodman's axe; such glimpses of far-away sails and streaming pennants of smoke, hull down to the horizon; such highways and byways of beauty and uniqueness; such destructions here and there of the old order of things, giving way to the new; so much of romance and beauty, history and legend.

Of the many bays in the immediate vicinity of Victoria each is a dream of beauty in itself; each is gradually but surely being filled with residences built for those who have found in the Capital City and her uncomparable climate a haven for all time. Oak Bay, where the principle of single-tax obtains and people are not fined for improving their property, is being built up rapidly and artistically, as the abundance of forest growth and the lovely stretches of beach afford unusually advantageous opportunities for the planning and carrying-out of exquisite homes.

Shoal Bay is another bay section of the country adjacent to Victoria which is rapidly becoming settled up with fine residences.

Cadboro Bay, noted for the adjoining property known as the Uplands Farm district, bids fair indeed to be one of the most far-famed beauty spots in North America from a residential standpoint. Here, too, the sea-bathing is at its finest around Victoria, and all summer long the bathers may be seen disporting like so many mermaids and mermen in its flashing waters.

Of the many inland districts close to Victoria, Gordon Head, Mount Tolmie and Cedar Hill districts are very beautiful in their variety of meadow, uplands, mountain and forest; and the excellence of the roads in these districts for the entire year adds practically very much to their

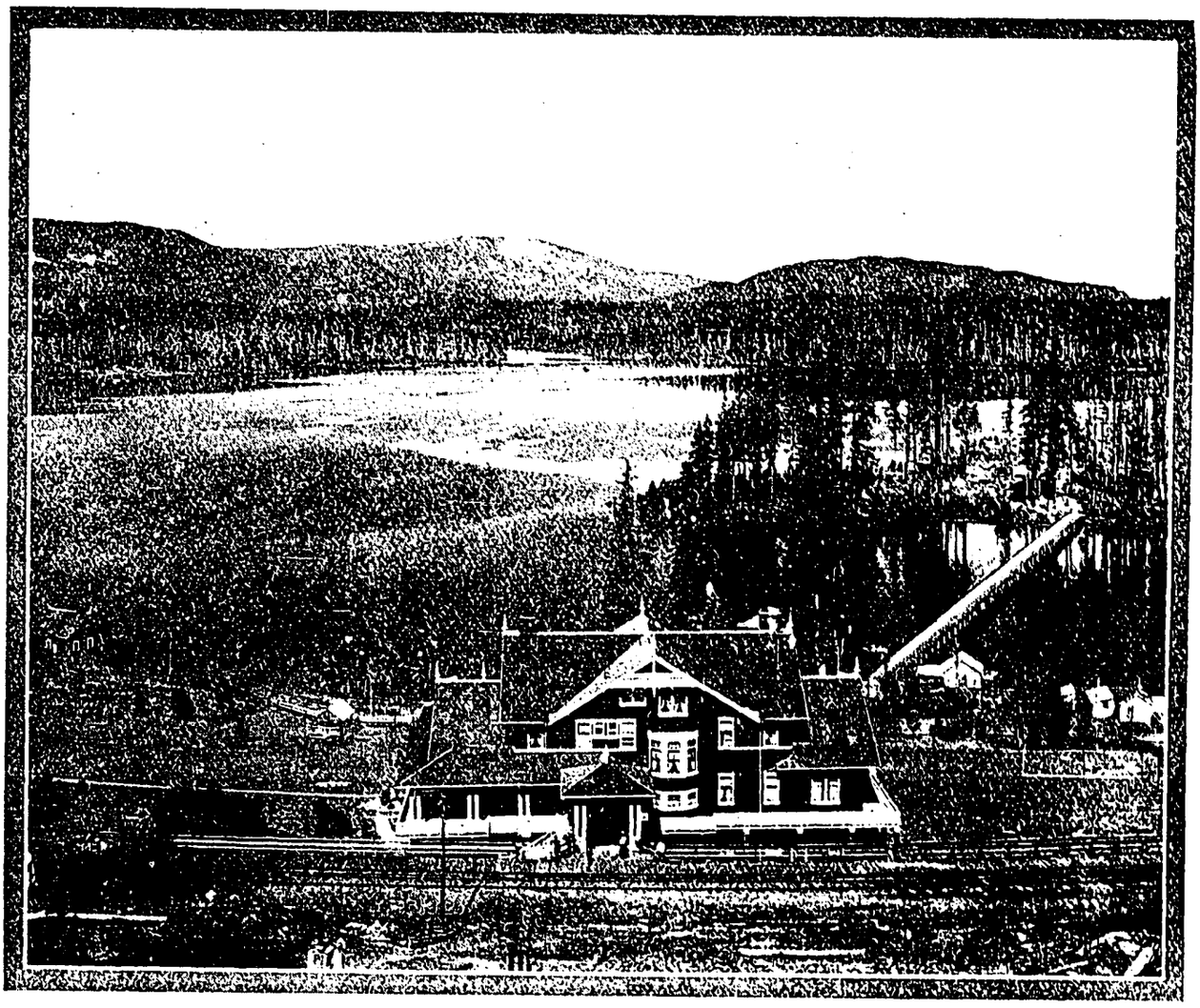


Photo by Fleming Bros.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE, VICTORIA

desirability as farming districts. Very close to Victoria is the Goldstream district, and a little farther on the famous Malahat Drive is reached, winding along Saanich Arm.

One of the most interesting pages of historical change in the annals of Victoria has taken place in the removal of the Songhees Indians from their old reserve to the new. In the old reserve, close to Victoria, within full sight of the public buildings and the business districts, the presence of their carved canoes and rude sails formed an archaic link to the modernized present.

Their removal to the new reserve has given them a most beautiful tract of adjoining country close to the sea, as in the case of the old reserve, but bringing them farther back from the city's threshold, although in time to come the encroachments of commerce and civilization will again be found some day knocking at their doors. But when this day arrives it is more than likely that nearly every member of the tribe will have passed to the happy hunting ground; and "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind" will probably have been gathered to his fathers, even, indeed, to the last remnants of his fast-fading race.

The harbor of Esquimalt and its immediate environments are full of picturesque beauty, the dry-dock and the fortifications and forts always coming in for a goodly share of interest from travellers and sightseers.

At the outer wharf the steamships from the Orient arrive and depart, bearing rich cargoes of silk and foreign merchandise; and the breath of spices, of sandalwood and myrrh mingles with the prosaic scent of rice and bamboo, as the heavy cranes are swung from dock to wharf with the unloading of the cargoes.

The parks of Victoria are so in name only, being literally wild country set apart and preserved as playgrounds and resting places. Each of her principal parks is endowed with an individuality of its own, sharply in contrast with the other.

Beacon Hill Park is attractive at all

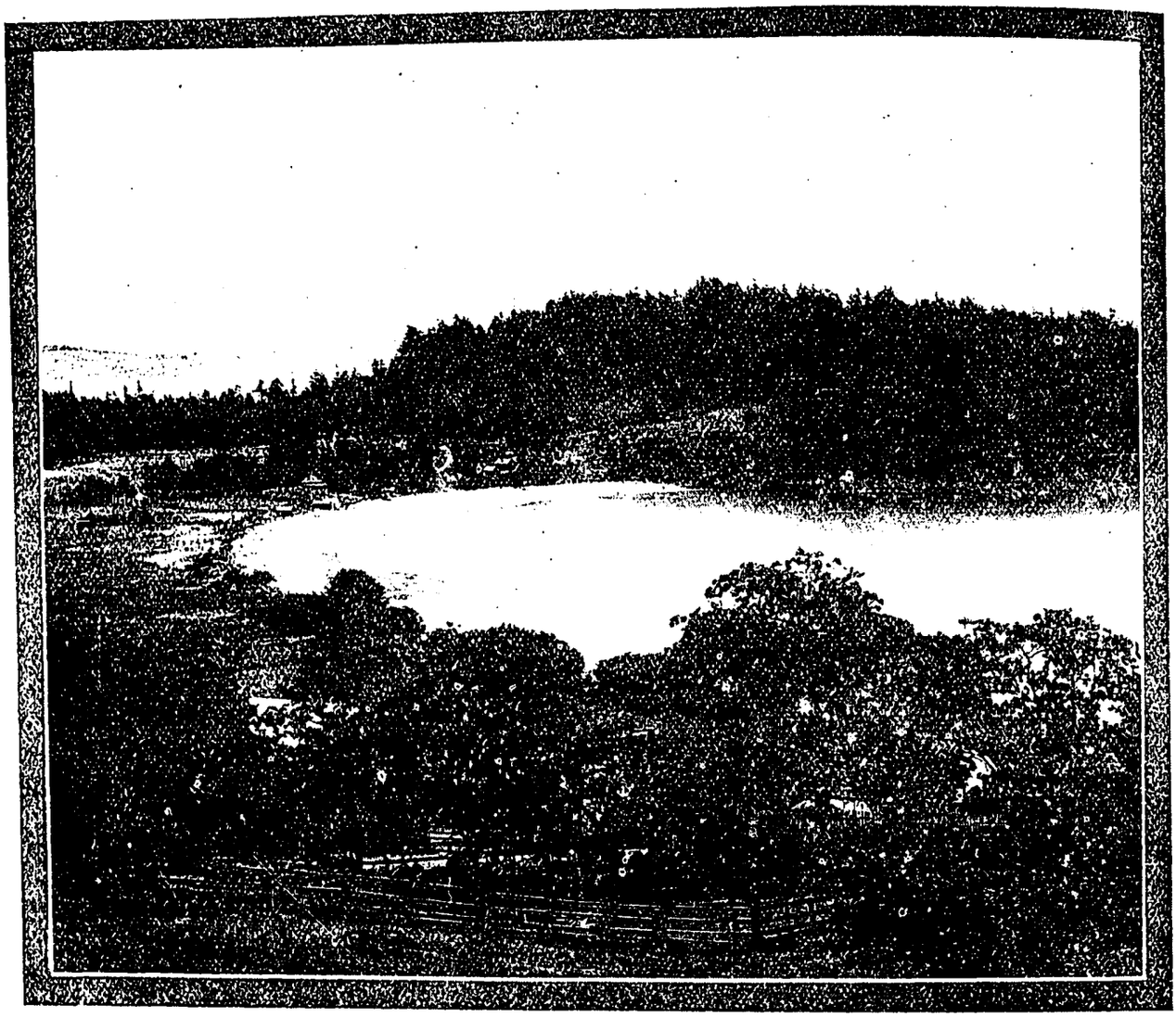


Photo by Fleming Bros.

CADBORO BAY, VICTORIA

seasons, but more particularly when the golden glory of the broom sweeps in billowy splendor across the slopes, the blue sea billows and the snowy turrets of the Olympics flashing beyond.

Gorge Park, with its pendulum movement of recurring tides, is brimmed with many varieties of beauties, from the forests that clothe its banks to the sweep of waters down the long defile stretching seaward.

Close to Victoria are the hills and forests; and with the immunity from destruction afforded them, the pheasant, grouse and the quail may be seen along the country roads in almost any direction close to the city.

The orchard districts close to Victoria, with their changes from the green leaf to the ripening fruit, afford another picturesque and lovely chapter of the outdoor scenes for which the city is renowned.

A city par excellence in outdoor sports, throughout the entire year the devotees of various games may be seen on the hills, slopes and meadow lands near the city and in the parks, pursuing their favorite games with the zest which perfect air and ideal conditions bring forth.

In summer time crowded steamships coming in with their deck-loads of tourists and sightseers add to the touch of the unusual, and the sails of the yachts in the harbor and along shore lend another hint of the interesting and sketch-like harmony of the whole.

Many quiet nooks of unusual beauty will be found in and about Victoria, so unobtrusive as hardly to be noticed, and yet filling the mind of the onlooker with a rare sense of symmetry and beauty.

More than any other city on the North American coast, the Capital City of British Columbia is blessed with uniqueness and individuality, and notwithstanding its great strides forward as a commercial city, remains in pristine loveliness, heralding to all the world, Victoria the beautiful. Queen City of the sundown seas.

ERNEST McGAFFEY.

The War on the Whale

By Alfred Hustwick

PART II—THE BUSINESS END OF WHALING

(*Continued from Page 1254, December issue*)

IMAGINE a long wharf with a coal bunker at each end, a tramway running its full length, and its entire surface almost hidden by thousands of drums and barrels of oil awaiting shipment. To the right of the wharf, picture half-a-dozen factory buildings, rectangular studies in unplaned wood and corrugated iron, and at the farther end a wide slipway running from a half-roofed shed down to the water. To the left of the wharf five or six bunkhouses, storehouses and office buildings, with the manager's private residence showing between the trunks of great trees and through the dense foliage about their roots. The background is virgin forest, sloping steeply up from the water, which is coffee-colored by a score of polluting drains; the sky is grey and rainy, and the air is filled with steam, smoke and a combination of abominable odors that no words can do justice to. Such was Naden Harbor whaling station as the engineer and I beheld it on the morning following our whale hunt. We reached the cutting-up shed in time to see the finback whale hauled out.

CUTTING UP A WHALE

A fussy winch tugged at the heavy wire which drew the lacerated carcase up the slip, and our minds, reverting to the excitement of the previous day, realized how nearly we had escaped disaster when this huge bulk of flesh and bone so narrowly missed collision with our vessel. Hardly had the whale cleared the roller at the head of the slip than a trio of nimble Japanese had climbed on the body and commenced the removal of the blubber. The tail was made fast to bitts with a heavy chain, and the Japanese with great flensing knives cut deep incisions about a foot apart running the full length of the whale. The cable was carried to the tail end of each strip, the hook sunk deep into the blubber and the winch started. The strips, known as "blanket pieces," were ripped off with a loud crackling noise and whirled away to the mouth of the mincer where, after being cut into small squares or "horse-pieces," they were sliced up by the mincer and conveyed by a bucket chain to the trying-out house.

The blubber from the finback was about eleven inches in thickness in the centre of the strip, thinning down to about eight inches where it reached the "small." It was very white, except where the cutting had flecked it with blood, and in its general appearance suggested mutton fat. It is by the means of this blubber that the whale is enabled to maintain the great blood-heat which is necessary to its existence. The whale is a creature of flesh and blood and has the same five senses and, fundamentally, the same organs of respiration, circulation and digestion as a human being. In its adherence to type, as shown by the fore limbs, now mere paddles, and the hind limbs, long diased and dwarfed into its interior, the whale proves at least one point of the Darwinian theory. Its adaptation to its marine environment has not removed, although it has modified, its characteristics as an amphibian.

BOILING BLUBBER

The engineer and I followed the blubber from the whale to the oil barrel. We saw it emptied from a chute into huge boiling tanks, and when these were filled with the fat super-heated steam was introduced into the bottom, the oil being speedily extracted by the great heat and run off through long pipelines leading to

A WHALE PICKED UP BY A FREIGHTER AFTER BEING LOST BY A WHALER. IT WAS FOUND TO BE ONE OF THE LARGEST EVER TAKEN AT NADEN

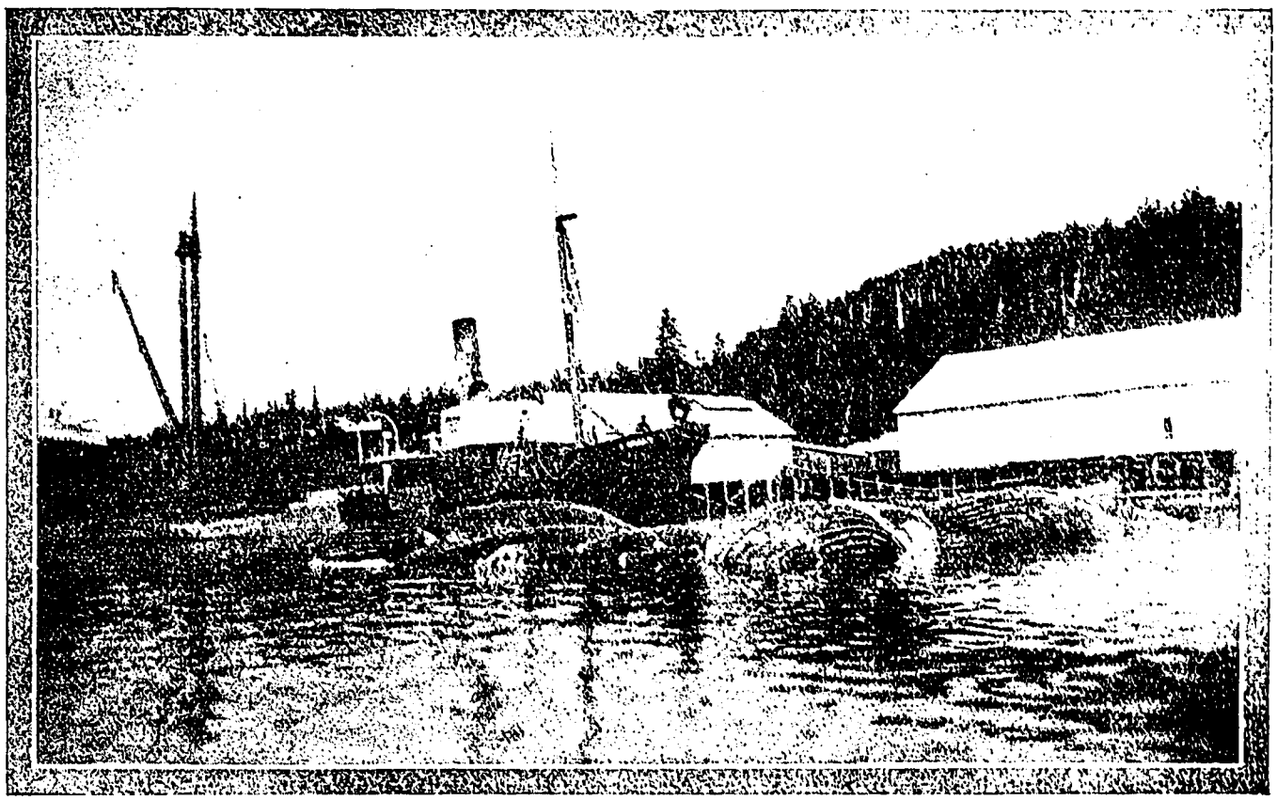
storage tanks on the wharf. As each trying-out tank is emptied of the pure oil the refuse, consisting of "fat-lean," as the residue of the blubber is called, and water caused by condensation, is sucked up by a powerful centrifugal pump, in which it is beaten to a pulp, and is then emptied into another tank for further boiling. In this manner the last, least drop of oil is extracted and the refuse is then turned into fertilizer by a process which will be presently described.

In watching this careful method of extraction I was struck by the economy practised, and afterwards found the same absence of waste prevailing in every process through which the whale carcases are put. The Government of Canada issues licences only upon the understanding that every particle of the whale shall be utilized in the production of marketable products. Consequently the whaling industry represents the very acme of industrial economy.

A DISGUSTING SPECTACLE

Having seen the blubber turned into oil, my companion and I returned to the cutting-up shed, where the whale was undergoing a ghastly dismemberment. A gang of men dressed in blue overalls, sou'westers and heavy leather thigh boots were tearing the flesh and bones apart with flensing knives, axes and cables. Winches sang and prattled as the cables slackened or tightened; Norwegians, Japanese and Chinese ghouls hacked at the joints and tendons in a motley medley; the floor was covered with inches of thick blood and slime, in which the thigh boots slipped and splashed. It was a disgusting scene, more bloodthirsty than the slaughter of the whale at sea, and having none of the latter's compensating perils and excitement. In almost less time than it takes to tell, the body was divided into large pieces and whisked away to the meat-boiling house. Only the huge head remained. From the jaws of the latter the valuable whalebone, or "baleen," was carefully removed by means of knife and cable, and then the hook of the latter ever-present worker was fastened in the junction of the jawbones, the winch clattered, and the head was in two pieces.

We followed the lower jaw, in tow of the snaky cable, up the short incline which led to the boiling house, treading our way with care over the slippery floor. Here we found a gang of men chopping the bones and meat into comparatively small pieces, which were thrown into deep wooden vats. Hardened by long usage to their revolting work, the men seemed to revel in it. They attacked the remains of the whale with almost incredible energy,



NADEN HARBOR WHALING STATION

hacking and slashing with the enthusiasm of schoolboys at play. We watched them with nauseated stomachs, puffing desperately at our pipes in a vain effort to counteract the abominable stink which arose from all sides, a stink so powerful and so permanent that it coated our tongues and took the edge off our appetites. Before we left the station, four days later, we had grown more accustomed to it, but we did not dare to take the old clothes in which we had explored the station back to civilization. We consigned them, with their lasting perfume, to the vasty deep.

THE BONES OF 300 WHALES

Considerable oil is extracted from the meat and bones of the whale in the boiling vats. The bones of some species are of a soft, spongy character, and in the place of marrow have a thick oil. The boiling is accomplished, as with the blubber, by means of steam, and the oil flows out from pipes at the top of the vat. When the water has been drained off, a couple of Japanese jump into each vat and pick out the bones from the evil-smelling, sloppy residue. A huge heap of these bones collects at each station during the whaling season, to be ground up into bonemeal fertilizer during the winter months. At Naden Harbor I photographed the bone heap, at great risk of my breakfast. The heap, which was 60 feet at the base and over 30 feet high, was literally covered with big black flies and stank horribly. It represented the skeletons of over three hundred whales!

MAKING FERTILIZER

As soon as the bones are taken from the vats the meat and offal of the whale, together with the "fat-lean" of the blubber, are led by chutes into a deep pit. From this pit the macerated mess is elevated into a press, which squeezes out most of the water, and is then fed into the drier. The latter is a huge steel cylinder about 30 feet long, which is mounted on cog bearings and set at an angle of approximately 35 degrees. The upper end is connected with a blast furnace and the pressed meat is fed into it and dried by the terrific heat as it slowly gravitates to the lower end. When taken from the drier the meat, etc., resembles peat in appearance. It is converted into fertilizer by a crusher, which powders it as fine as salt, and is then carried, by means of an air-current, through big zinc pipes to the guano-house, as the building in which the fertilizer is sacked is erroneously called. The whalemen insist on terming the fertilizer "guano," although its only resemblance to that commodity is its suffocating smell.

Once we had steeled ourselves to the vile stenches, the voracious flies and the slippery filth, which seemed to cover every-

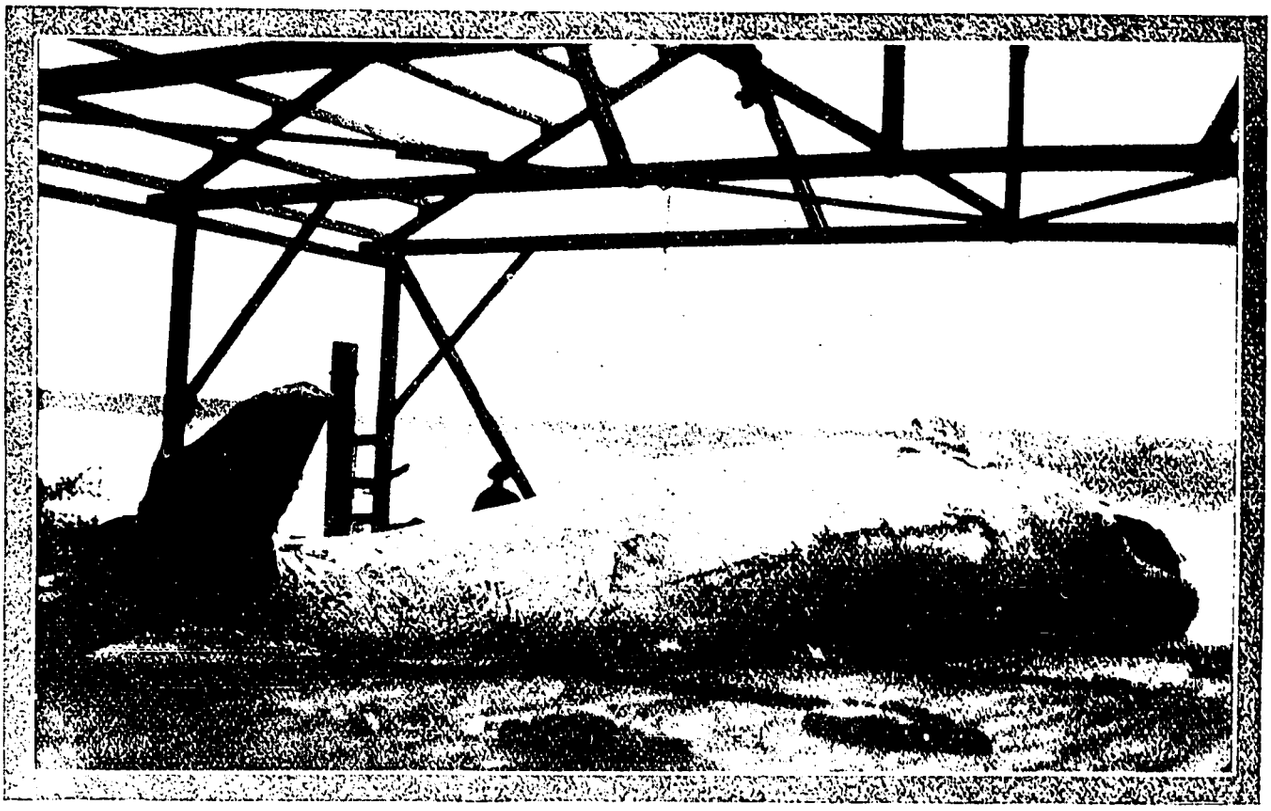
A HUGE SULPHUR-BOTTOM COW WHALE

thing, the engineer and I found much to interest us in the station. We explored every nook and cranny, and saw all that was to be seen. At the blacksmith's shop we watched the sturdy Norwegian smith and his helper straightening bent harpoons. He explained to us that every harpoon which is shot into a whale becomes crooked from the terrific strain which is placed upon it while the whale is running, and he showed us the harpoon which had been taken from the finback we had seen captured. It was at least two inches out of plumb, and one of the heavy steel barbs was badly twisted.

We visited the power plant which supplies steam and electricity to the station. We watched a score of men filling barrels and drums with various grades of oil and stencilling them; we inspected a store of baleen; secured some whale's teeth and eardrums as mementoes; and during the afternoon we saw a huge sulphur-bottom whale and a humpback go the way of the finback. The three whales were cleaned up in a few hours, and the station hummed with an industry strangely out of keeping with the peacefulness of the deserted harbor and the solitude of the encircling woods. Yet we were told that the day was a slack one. When the whalers are lucky in their hunting, six or seven whales a day, ranging from 40-foot humpbacks to 80-foot sulphur-bottoms, are often disposed of.

During the whaling season about 125 men are employed at each station, the majority being Norwegians and Japanese, with a sprinkling of Chinese. There are a few Americans and Canadians, mostly men who have had experience in the Atlantic whaling, and can be trusted with the more important positions. The season lasts from March until the end of October, and the employees are under contract to serve at least one full season. Working, eating and sleeping follow each other with monotonous regularity on week days, and on Sundays the men occasionally devote themselves to the limited recreations of hunting and fishing which their environment affords. They endure the hardships of the life with the prospect of a fat paycheck and four months' holiday in the coast cities when the whaling is over.

While the shore men receive regular wages for their work, the crews of the whaling steamers are pieceworkers—that is, they receive "lay money" for each whale taken. This lay money varies according to the kind of whale taken and the position held by each man. The gunner receives the largest proportion, and his cheque for the season's work will not infrequently run to $3,500.



"WE SAW THE FINBACK HAULED OUT"

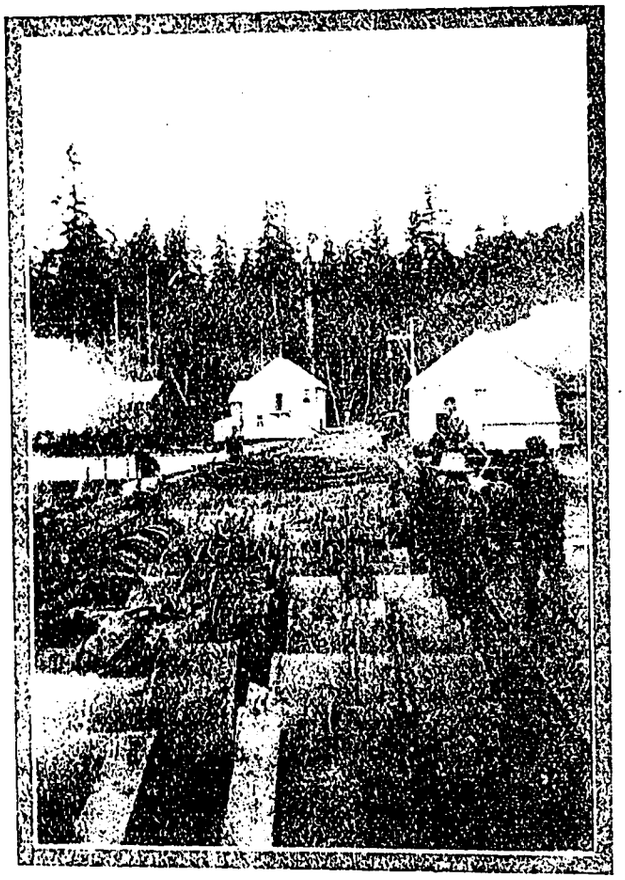
A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY

Steam-whaling in the North Pacific has proven highly profitable. It was introduced about six years ago by the Pacific Whaling Company, of Victoria, British Columbia, which equipped two stations, at Kyuquot and Sechart, on the wild west coast of Vancouver Island, and brought out a number of whalers from Norway. Later additional stations were erected at Rose and Naden harbors, in the Queen Charlotte Islands, and last year the company's interests were acquired by Sir Donald D. Mann, the railroad magnate, and his associates, when it was reorganized under the name of the Canadian North Pacific Fisheries, Limited. In addition to the four British Columbia stations, from which ten whalers are operated, the company controls a station recently opened at Gray's Harbor, Washington, the first modern station to be put into operation in the United States. Two whalers built at Seattle, with one of the Norwegian boats as a model, have been employed with great success from Gray's Harbor during the summer. The company has also a licence for a station to be built within the Arctic circle at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and intends to employ steam-whalers in hunting the valuable right whale, the most sought-for marine mammal of all, a single whale of this kind yielding from $9,000 to $11,000 in baleen. Should this innovation prove successful the hunting of the right whale will be completely revolutionized.

As an indication of the immense profits accruing to the whaling company, it may be mentioned that the catch for the year 1911 can be very closely, and conservatively, estimated at 350 whales for each station, making a total catch of 1,725. Of these whales a large proportion are sperm, the most valuable whale of temperate waters, and sulphur-bottoms, which rank next in value. An average sulphur-bottom gives over $600 profit, a sperm is worth over $1,000, a finback $400, and a humpback from $150 to $250.

A NOTE OF WARNING

Although the Canadian Government—and, I believe, the United States also—require stations to be fully one hundred miles apart, and stipulate as a condition of each licence that every part of the whale must be used, it is apparent that the terrific slaughter of whales in the North Pacific must eventually lead to a practical extermination of these valuable animals. Steam-whaling was prohibited for a number of years by the Norwegian government, owing to the decimation of the whales, and the yearly catches in European and eastern Canadian waters, where



THOUSANDS OF BARRELS AND DRUMS OF OIL AWAITING SHIPMENT

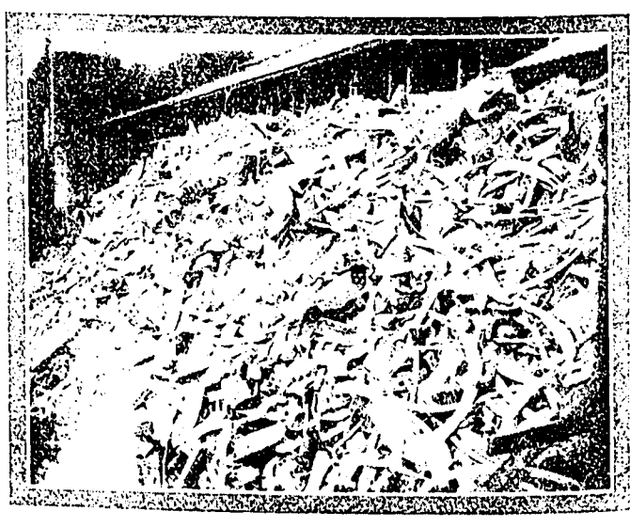
steam-whaling has been in progress for years, are rapidly decreasing. The catches which have been made off the British Columbia coast during the past few years have been unparalleled, except by those of the Oriental Whaling Company, of Japan. The latter concern is the greatest whaling concern in existence, although the Canadian North Pacific Fisheries, Limited, is a close rival. The Japanese, however, use the whale-meat and blubber as food and do not manufacture oil and fertilizer in large quantities.

Seventy-five per cent. of the whales taken in the Pacific are cows, or females, and most of these have young, either unborn or unweaned. The time required for the pre-natal growth of the whale has not been definitely determined, but is generally understood to be not less than a year. It will thus be seen that the war on the whale has been truly turned into a massacre in the interests of commerce, a massacre which threatens results similar to those which attended the terrific slaughter of seals in the North Pacific and made the pelagic sealing industry a bone of international contention.

There are, of course, two sides to this question—the whaleman's and the scientist's. The former avows that the whales are not appreciably lessening in number. He attributes the reduction of the catches in various waters to the migration of the whale or its flight from the harassing attentions of the whalers. In proof of his contentions he is able to show that whales have been taken in Newfoundland waters having Norwegian harpoons in them, and that recently several whales have been taken in the North Pacific carrying Newfoundland harpoons. In the latter case it is assumed that the whales have a passage through the Arctic seas, as it is hardly likely that they would travel by way of Cape Horn.

This argument is identical with that of the sealers, who declare that the slaughter of seal at the Pribyloofs and other well-known rookeries simply drove a great many of the seals away, and that the present haunts of these animals will yet be discovered by one of the schooners which yearly cruise the seven seas in search of them.

The scientist, on the other hand, unequivocally contends that the killing of cow whales is proceeding at such a pace that the end of commercial steam-whaling can only be a matter of a few years, and to the unprejudiced student the scientist appears to be right.



A HUGE HEAP OF BONES FROM THREE HUNDRED WHALES

The Honorable William J. Bowser, LL.B., K.C.

A Personal Sketch of the Attorney-General of British Columbia

JOHN WESLEY once said that if he found that someone was not abusing him he felt that he had been neglecting his duty. Fulsome praise or flattery is like the inside of a souffle—a little breeze of pleasantly flavored air that blows across the palate and is gone.

Although it would be wrong to generally state that the only men that are doing right are those who are most roundly abused, it is more often true than not in politics. The Hon. William J. Bowser, Attorney-General of British Columbia, suffers for the defects of his qualities. The hard things that many people say about him are due to the fact that neither friendship nor politics have a place inside his office in Victoria. When in 1907 the Hon. Richard McBride invited Mr. Bowser to join his Cabinet as Attorney-General, there was general assent as to the wisdom of the Premier's selection. Mr. Bowser was obviously suitable Cabinet "timber," and his status as a leader at the Bar of the province was not disputed. It is doubtful, however, if anyone except the Premier appreciated fully how well the Attorney-General had been chosen.

Mr. Bowser has displayed executive powers of the highest order, and has also proved himself to be well adapted to be the Premier's first lieutenant. Bowser and McBride supplement each other to such an extent as to make them a combination as nearly perfect as it is possible to expect in an organization of human beings. As a consequence Mr. Bowser's personality has become an essential factor in the McBride Government, which is saying a great deal considering the fact that Mr. McBride is the creator of the party which his Cabinet represents. In no other parliament in the world do party labels mean so little and the personality of the Premier mean so much as in our parliament at Victoria. The strength of Mr. Bowser's personality, and the fact that he has fathered most of the contentious legislation that has been brought forward during his tenure of office, have led political enemies to insinuate that he is not loyal to his leader. This has no significance except as an indication of Mr. Bowser's excellent qualities, and has no foundation in fact. Mr. Bowser is very genial in his personal relations and is capable at times of exhibiting an almost boyish side of his nature when amongst his intimate friends. He is said, however, to leave his geniality outside the green-baize door that opens into the office of the Attorney-General. There the requirements of the law and the best interests of the public are paramount. One of his traits is that he is more careless of public opinion than the average politician, and while he does not shirk responsibility, he does not take much trouble to justify his actions, as an executive of the Crown, to those who find fault with him. His capacity for work is abnormal. While the House

is in session he divides his time between the House and his office. He is to be found in the latter place every morning and up to a very late hour on most nights. The nickname of "Napoleon" has been applied to him, and to the chagrin of his opponents the name is justified by more than physical resemblance to the famous French fighter.

Mr. Bowser was born in New Brunswick in 1867. He became a Q.C. at the British Columbia Bar in 1900. In 1904 he was made Grand Master of Masons. He entered the Provincial Legislature in 1903, and was appointed Attorney-General in 1907.

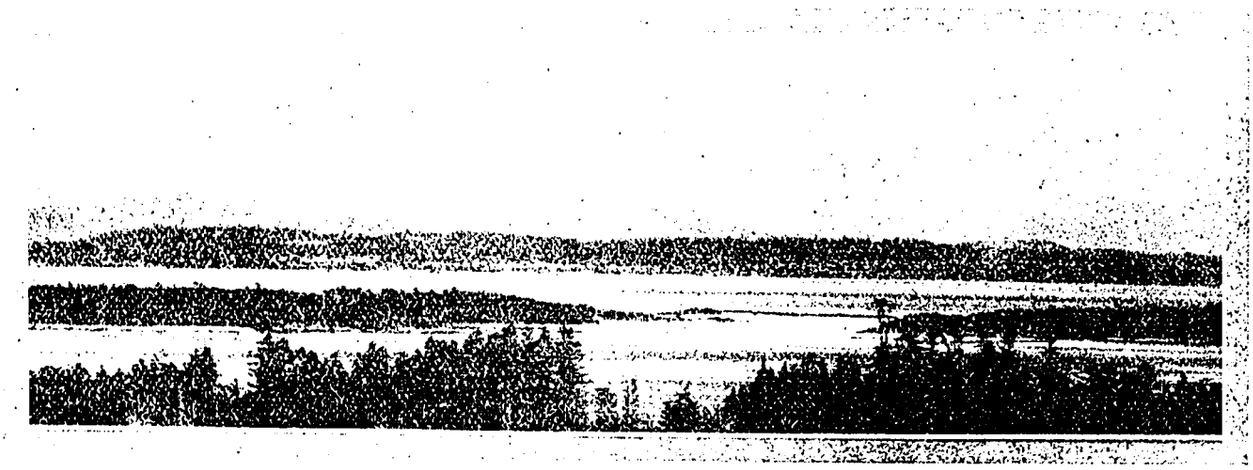


Photo by Fleming Bros.

PICTURESQUE VICTORIA—MOUNT BAKER, FROM OAK BAY, VICTORIA

ADMIRERS of the late Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) will be interested in the following communication, which was received recently by the Editor. We feel that this is too good to keep to ourselves, so we publish it, spelling and all, just as we received it. Comment is needless.

Curryville, Missouri, Dec. 29th, 1911.

Gentleman,—Do you need any of our productions? We can let you have Essays—Storys—Novels an in fact anything you want. Or we can write articles for you on any subject you may desire.

We appreciate the high standard of your publication. For that reason we solicit a share of your patronage.

You can see at a glance we are of the oldest an most reliable firm of authors in the world. In 1907 we acquired all the titles an honors of the late Samuel Clements (Mark Twain). We are trying to keep his record up to the same high standard of Exelancy he Established.

Trusting we may hear from you with a share of your patronage.

We remain,

DAVE WILSON,
(Willie Green.)

Author and Lecturer. Successor to Samuel Clements (Mark Twain).

ORNAMENTAL GARDEN, STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

SUNSET OVER ENGLISH BAY, VANCOUVER

The Coronation Durbar

Photo by Ernest Brooks

THE KING AND QUEEN, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY EN ROUTE FOR DELHI TO ATTEND THE DURBAR

Shipwrecked Royalty

This photograph of the Princess Royal of Great Britain, eldest sister of King George, and her two daughters the Princesses Alexandra and Maude, and her husband, the Duke of Fife, was taken on board the steamship Delhi just before it sailed from Tilbury. The party was bound for Egypt, where the Princess Royal spends her winters for the benefit of her health. The lifeboat from which she was taken from the Delhi was capsized in beaching, and the Princess was nearly swept back into the breakers by the undertow, when she was seized by some of the sailors.

Honoring the Memory of a Vancouver Pioneer

MEMORIAL TO VANCOUVER'S FIRST MAYOR, DAVID OPPENHEIMER

"The late David Oppenheimer from his arrival in the country was marked as one of the pioneer captains of industry. He was one of the true pathfinders and trail-blazers. He believed the country was rich in natural resources and was convinced of its great future. Mr. Oppenheimer with his brother helped to form the first municipal council, and as mayor presided over the city affairs of Vancouver for four years. He played the part of a true man, and lived up to the highest ideals of British citizenship."—Premier McBride at the unveiling of the Oppenheimer memorial in Stanley Park on December 14, 1911.

Justice for the Beaver

THE beaver is one of the most popular animals in children's natural history books, probably because his mode of life seems so full of mischief. It must appear delightful to the child-mind to be able to cut down trees, to build a house in a pond or stream without being scolded by mother or spanked by father for wilfully damaging property and getting wet to the skin. There seems to be some injustice done to the beaver by the people who write books about animals. They give us the impression that the beaver confines his tree felling to young poplars, willows and birches nine or ten inches thick—mere poles as slim as George Washington's cherry tree. But our photograph shows that the beaver can cut down trees that present no easy task for the axe and saw of the lumber-jack. Mr. J. L. White, of Greenwood, B. C., who took the photograph, states that this tree is only one of a dozen trees, two to three and a half feet thick, that were cut down by beavers at Greenwood during last summer. The beaver was once in danger of extirpation owing to the demand for his soft and beautiful fur. The Government forbade their capture and endeavored in every way to protect them, especially in Algonquin Park. In a few years the animals became so numerous that the Government had to turn hunter to protect the forestry of the park. The pelts were sold by the Ontario Government for $8,000.

TREE FELLED BY BEAVERS

The beaver has large incisor teeth in front of each jaw, which have sharp edges not unlike a chisel. These teeth are formed of a hard outer layer of orange-colored enamel and an inner layer of much softer substance. As the beaver gnaws the trees to build his dam the softer material naturally wears away much quicker than the enamel, which protrudes in a sharp ridge and forms the cutting edge. There is continuous growth at the roots of these teeth to repair the constant waste that goes on at the edge. If one of the incisors decays or is destroyed the beaver is unable to work properly, and the remaining tooth, having nothing to check its growth, grows to an enormous length. Indians have found beavers with such abnormal growth of one incisor that it has prevented the other teeth from meeting, and the beaver has starved to death through being unable to bite food. The enamel of the teeth is so hard that Indians tie the teeth to pieces of wood and use them for chisels and gouges.

The Imperial Emigrant and His Political Religion

This article was written by Mr. Arthur Hawkes before his recent appointment by the Dominion Government to the post of Special Commissioner on Immigration. Mr. Hawkes is now in England after making a trip across Canada for the purpose of making arrangements to co-operate with the various provincial governments in their work of peopling our "empty places" with desirable citizens. During the recent elections Mr. Hawkes made a special appeal to the British-born who have made Canada their home. As some people misinterpreted the label of this organization, Mr. Hawkes explains that the appeal was made entirely from the point of view of the Britishers' pride in Canada, and not in any narrow sense,

I WOULD fain present to you the emigrant as the real custodian of the Empire's future, the living epistle of the only political religion that can preserve British unity throughout the world. By emigration the Empire was made. By neglect of the teachings of emigration the most potential part of the Empire was lost. By taking heed of emigration in the twentieth century, the Empire may renew its youth.

An emigrant in the midst of you will be as strange as a child among the doctors. But except you become even as an emigrant you cannot know the things that make for the glory of the country to which the emigrant goes, or the influence of that country on the country he is leaving.

The perfect illustration, of course, is the Premier of Australia. He went from Scotland, a pit lad. He came back a great member of the Imperial Conference. Any political bat, with the help of a halfpenny illustrated paper, could recognize the Premier of Australia in the Coronation procession. But Andrew Fisher, travelling third class to Melbourne, was as valuable a study as Andrew Fisher in a white-plumed cocked hat, riding with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Premier Fisher is a product of ten thousand emigrating unknown Andrew Fishers. It is wiser to understand the emigrant before he goes out than to marvel at him when he comes back.

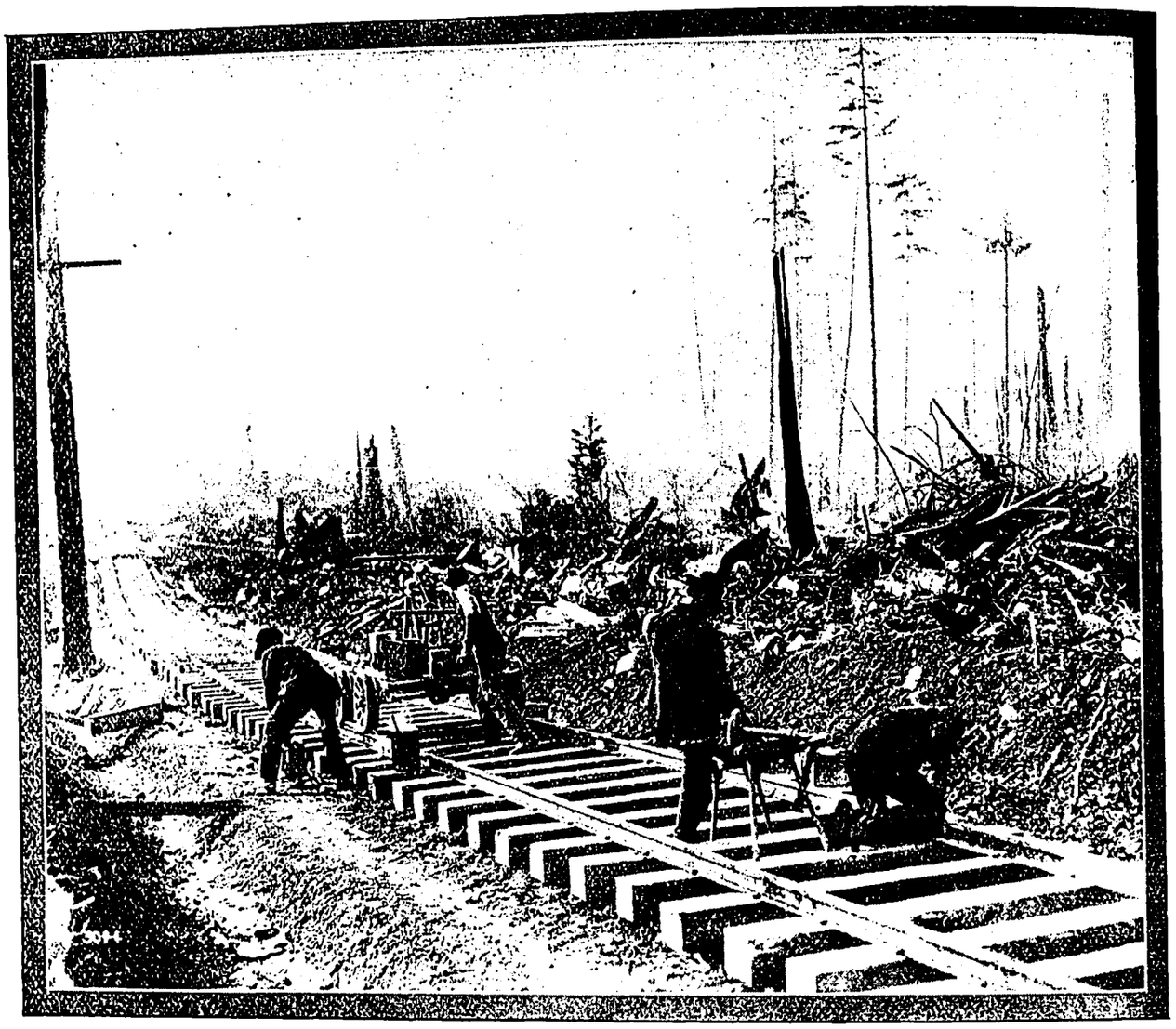
I take my premier illustration from Australia. My experience belongs to Canada, which has no native British among its premiers, and few in its legislatures, albeit there are three-quarters of a million of us in the Dominion.

Sometimes I wonder whether there be few or many who can understand this most Imperial subject of the King—the emigrant. Usually he doesn't understand himself, for he only knows half of the impulse that moves him across the dreaded sea. The resurrection of the spirit that brought his unknown ancestor to the Island—he knows naught of it. He wants more bread, more breathing room. Somewhere in the unexplored recesses of his being there is the potentiality of the pioneer. He is moved by it, even as a child, gravely occupied with a rag doll, moves toward motherhood.

Two days ago I sat with an eminent engineer who told stories of the conquest of the forest that is still being made by British-born people in New Ontario. What they are doing for the Empire and the race he illustrated by a case on Georgian Bay. He found an octogenarian couple, enjoying a contented eventide on their farm; the man small of body, and like his dame, active of mind.

They came from the Old Land newly married—he was twenty, she was nineteen. They took a hundred acres of bush twenty miles north of Goderich. There was no other farm between them and the North Pole. The first winter the green axeman chopped down five acres of bush. The first three children were born before a neighbor was nearer than three miles. They cleared the land, and they enlarged the family until there were six sons and five daughters. In good time, the hundred-acre farm enabled the pioneers to buy a hundred-acre place for each boy, and to give each girl a good "setting out" on her marriage.

"That old man and his wife," said the



RAILS SPIKED TO THE SLEEPERS

engineer, "are heroes, real Imperial heroes. I told them so, and they just laughed at the idea. I tell you the English are the very best class of people who come to Canada if they start right."

Against that put the advertisements that occasionally appear in Canadian papers: "No English need apply." With too many people who are neither ignorant nor unkind, "Englishman" is a synonym for inefficiency, unhandiness, inadaptability and for an irritating, repetitious cocksureness that everything Canadian is inferior to everything English.

The wife of a famous geographer recently engaged an Englishman to look after the stable and garden. One inviolable injunction and one unmistakable threat she delivered to him at the beginning: "You must never say to me, 'We do it this way in England.' If you do you will be fired instantly."

The Englishman is holding his job and doing his work well. Probably there was no need to threaten him. That he was threatened is proof of the prevailing idea about his countrymen; for Mrs. Geographer has lived several years in England, she is a fervent Imperialist, and is kindness personified.

I did not intend to begin by striking this unpleasant warning note, necessary though it is to admonish those who influence emigration to impress their emigrating friends with the truth that when they come to a new country they must expect to learn new ways of doing things. I would rather look for an Imperial gospel in the experience of the best emigrant. He may have a thousand pounds or a thousand pence; he may be a prospective farmer or a likely wage-earner—the basic conditions of his situation are the same.

Do you ever stop to consider that his children will, on the whole, have their parents' disposition towards the country from which they emigrated? Their Imperial politics, if they have any, will be founded on and governed by their estimate of the Old Land, which will be enormously

affected by the echoes of it they hear in their father's voice when he falls a-talking of old times and old acquaintances.

You think you can judge John Emigrant as he boards the steamer, by his antecedents—his record in his native parish. You can, but only partially. If he is truthful, he will be truthful still. If he is frugal, he will be frugal still. If he is a ne'er-do-well, he will be a ne'er-do-well still. If he is self-respecting, he will be self-respecting still. If he thinks for himself, he will go on thinking. But he is going away because something within him, which he scarcely understands, and which you cannot see, tells him that he is a bigger man than his present environment will let him be.

When you judge him, as he goes away, you cannot know what subtle, powerful influences will play upon his character, three, four or five thousand miles away. He is going, literally, to a new world; and when he comes back for a holiday he will bring some of the new world with him. In more ways than one he will be a new creature.

So if you want to understand the emigrant who Goes, you must learn a good deal about the emigrant who Comes Back. Happy it is for Britain that so many come back. If Atlantic travel had been cheap and speedy between 1760 and 1770, there would probably have been no War of Independence. Instead of a great gulf fixed, there would have been a steady process of comprehending change. Consider first, then, a few of the characteristics of the emigrant who Comes Back.

They are most easily discernible in his speech, because the tongue is the first instrument of sense to reflect a change of environment. An Australian talks like a Londoner. A British-Canadian speaks largely as the Americans speak, and he is often called a Yankee by old friends.

I shall not defend nor lament the many imperfections of the Canadian accent. It is worthy of remark that thousands of young Englishmen only achieve their first mastery of the eighth letter of the alphabet after they have been on the western side of the Atlantic for some time. In North America there is an exaggerated idea of the British disregard of the "h" that is reflected sometimes in absurd cartoons. But in the main, the amusement derived from English indifference to the consonant is as legitimate as it is hearty. Take a current newspaper story:

On Birch avenue, Toronto, a lady employed a very efficient and observant charwoman—a fine specimen of the helpmate who assists in earning the house that is growing on the lot, which is the first piece of "property" the family have ever owned. One morning she came with a piece of news comment:

"Ain't it funny?" she said; "there's four H'english people living on this h'avenue, and their names h'all begin with h. There's 'arris, 'awkyard, 'ayden and 'amshar."

The aspirate is only one of the average emigrant's acquisitions. The whole structure of his conversation is different. Self-reliance has crept into it, as well as new expressions that may be slangy, but are certainly packed with meaning. How does this note come? Let me illustrate again:

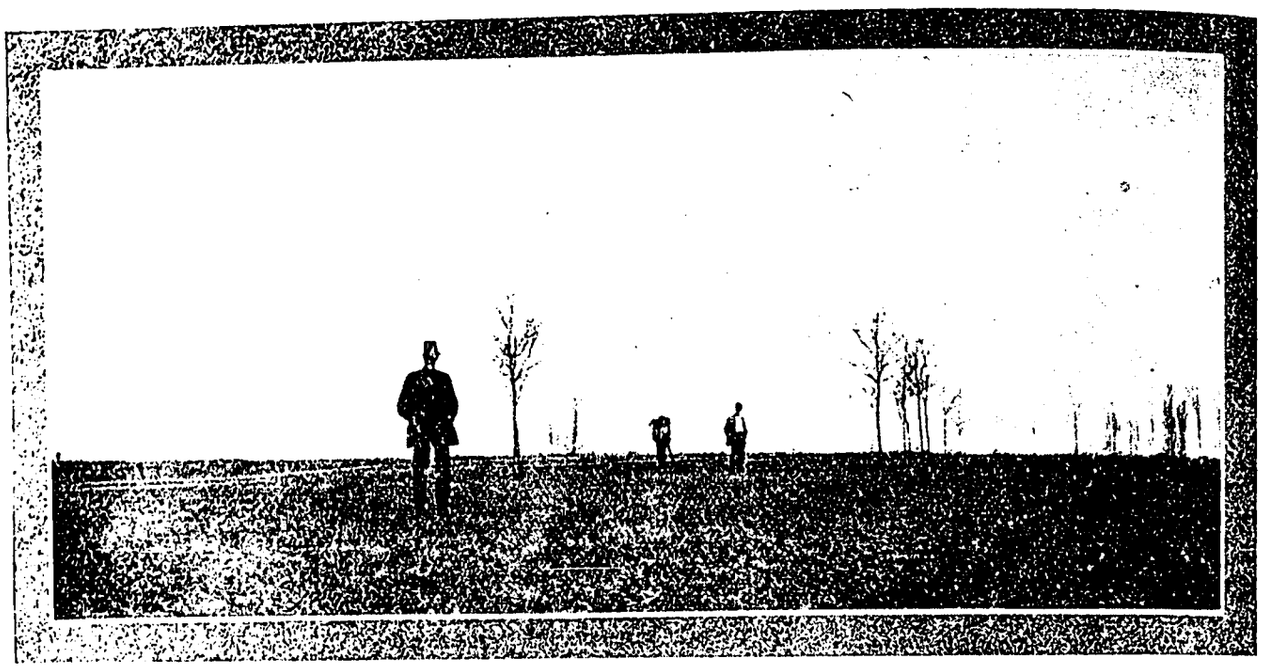
Three years ago I motored from Saskatoon into the Goose Lake country, where now there is a railway. With me was Dr. Richmond Henderson, Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago. Near Buffalo Post Office, about lunch time, we went into a sod house in search of water for the machine.

The farmer came out and obliged us, and the professor talked with him. He was agriculturally born, was six years out from England, where he worked for wages; had been three years a hired man, and now had his own farm with a hundred and fifty acres of growing grain, four horses, implements, cattle, hogs and poultry. His discourse was western—double western; for when the professor had finished with him I asked: "From what part of Devonshire did you come?"

He smiled all over his face as he answered: "From Newton Abbot, zur—and where do 'ee belong?"

One of these days Mr. Tancock will go back to the old home a landed proprietor—and more—he will be a creator. The railway having saved him a sixty-mile drive to town, he will have a frame house, his buildings will be substantial; his stock will be increased. He will contrast the aspect of his farm with what it was the first day he saw it—a bald, lonely stretch of prairie, on which waving buffalo grass seemed to tell how vast a solitude he was invading.

Mr. Tancock, perhaps, is very dimly conscious of how great a thing he has done;



A BOLD STRETCH OF PRAIRIE

partly because it is being done by thousands of others. He will not know of the creative note that has come to pervade his personality. His old friends will discern it, but will not know how it comes there. They will marvel at the indifference with which he talks of long journeys; the familiarity with which he refers to the Americans and Germans, and the price of land.

He went away timid. He comes back unafraid. Sixpence was a sum of money to him. It is now a negligible asset. He tells of a space and quality of life that seems romantic, of things that are different—different in the West of Canada from what they are in the West of England. And he tells how different things are in the West of England from what he thought they were, when he looked backward at them from Saskatchewan.

You may have seen pictures of the emigrant's progress, from the sod house to the brick home, and from the ox-wagon even to the automobile. It is good, very good, but it cannot show you what is going on in his mind. He writes letters to England at longer and longer intervals. His enquiries about particular people grow fewer. The information he gives about himself is apt to dwindle down to a summary of the year's crops and agricultural events with a few remarks about family changes, and a hope that "this will find you all well, as it leaves me at present."

He is not a trained journalist, and therefore does not know how to anticipate the questions he would be asked, nor the information he would volunteer if he were smoking by the old fire-side. Indeed, as I have suggested, he is only dimly conscious of the changes that are going on within him.

When he arrives in the New Country he notices things that are different, many of them things that would not be allowed in the Old Country. The rails over which he travels from the Atlantic to the prairie are simply spiked to the sleepers—there are no chairs and bolts and wedges. The engines that come and go from the head of his train about every fifth hour are bigger and heavier than those with which he has been familiar. He does not notice the difference in size so much as the change in appearance. For they are not painted and burnished and brassed as he has been accustomed to see locomotives at home.

When the train stops to change engines he sees the passengers descending to the platform to enjoy ten minutes' walk, and he observes that the conductor starts the train before everybody has got aboard. Here are three things that are different and that indicate a brand of reliance and self-reliance with which he will become more familiar as he becomes more of a Canadian.

If he starts to work on a well-equipped farm he will be quite surprised to find that it is far easier to drive four horses abreast than it is to handle two walking tandems, and that if he is harrowing in the seed, a little carriage for him to ride on behind the harrow adds very much to his comfort and very little to each horse's labor.

When harvest comes the self-binder cuts a swath in the wheat eight feet wide, binds

and delivers the sheaves, in rows, to the extent of over twenty acres of crop a day. At thrashing time the Englishman sees with astonishment a machine that will thrash three thousand bushels a day, that carries the wheat into the wagon ready for the granary without anybody touching, lifting or weighing it, and that blows the straw through a big pipe into a stack without any human intervention from the time the sheaf was thrown hugger-mugger into the yawning cylinder which knocks the berries out of the chaffed head.

Everywhere he goes there is revolution. The impossible in England becomes a commonplace in a country which a few years ago was inhabited by a few wandering Indians and millions of buffalo. The horses need not be shod. The doors need not be locked at night. The master is a fellow worker; and if the minister comes on pastoral call he sits at meat with hired man and master, too.

There may be two or three churches in the town. The chances are that the Methodist ranks first in quality of building, size and influence of its congregation. If there be an Anglican vicar he is a brother in the ministry with the Methodists and Presbyterians, for his church lives without any adventitious aid from the state, and he has forgotten to look for signs of exclusiveness about the grace of God.

After a while there may be an election to the Legislature or to the Dominion House of Commons. Mr. Emigrant goes to a political meeting to find that no mysterious greatness hangs about the candidate who has invited his opponent to debate with him. He sees the chairman chosen from the meeting; he listens to speeches that are not concluded until after midnight, and then as the day of polling draws nigh and he picks up scraps of information about the questions at issue, he cannot refrain from telling those with whom he talks things over, that everything is as different as it can be from an election in the Old Country.

When he foregathers freely with his new fellow Westerners, he discovers social and personal differences which, in a direct way, correspond to the mechanical and other peculiarities to which he has already become accustomed. He may be in a neighborhood where the farmers help one another thrash, instead of hiring an outfit furnished

A FRAME HOUSE

with men who do everything except haul the grain away from the machine.

He will find it a relief, after a somewhat monotonous summer, to work a week or two with a company of his neighbors. If he is fairly popular and communicative he will discover, about the third day, that some of his companions are developing a habit of inciting him to monologue. About the fifth day he will know that they want to hear him talk, not so much for what he says, but for the delightfully novel way he says it.

For the first time in his life he will know that he speaks English with a Devonshire accent. Though he will not know whether to be pleased or humiliated, he will find himself consciously imitating the phrases and inflections of his comrades, among whom there will most likely be several Canadians from Ontario, an American who went to Agricultural College somewhere in the Middle Western States, a Scandinavian, and perhaps a Doukhobor.

After supper the American will engage him in conversation, and inquire what part of England he comes from. When he learns that it is Devonshire, he will ask questions that make the Devonian wonder how much more the American knows about a country he has never seen.

It is rather a grievous discovery for a good Englishman to make—that a foreigner knows more about his native country than he knows himself. It is not necessary to suggest that the Englishman is more ignorant of his own country than any other

emigrant is; but it is unhappily true that the sense of local patriotism is much less distinctly developed among the English who come to Canada than it should be.

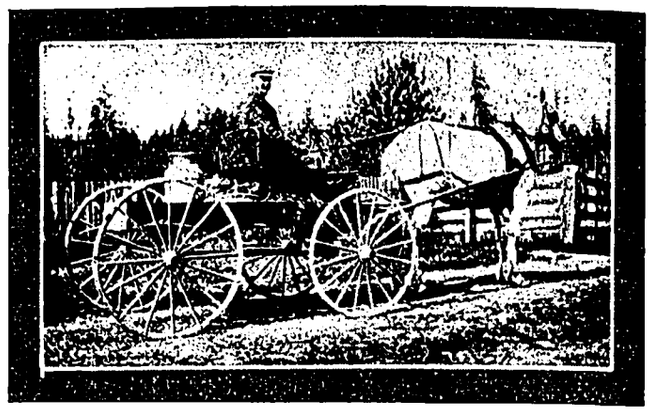
This is true, not only of the laboring classes, but also those who are educationally fitted for other occupations. The reason is two-fold. The explanation lies in the past, in the lingering of the idea that the business of the average man was to be content with whatever station of life he found himself in. He was not, he could not be, anything of a traveller. It is only forty years since it began to be considered as part of the state's duty that the laborer should be taught to read. The county was for county families. Quarter sessions and the assizes were the limit of the county consciousness of the average man. Within living memory, fairs and hangings were the only occasions for holiday-making that the bulk of the population knew.

Cricket, newspapers, trains and county councils have done much to spread the sense of county patriotism. But where the county is centuries old, the present generation can have very little sense of creation, when they contemplate it. Things are not so on this continent.

I can illustrate the difference of age and youth in this respect by a story of a friend who found himself at a political meeting in a little town in the Adirondack mountains near Lake Champlain, the night before an election. He was the victim of what I have heard Lord Morley describe as the "desperate passion for oratory," which pervades America, and made a speech on generally patriotic lines.

He had been introduced by his host as an eminent British political leader—a pleasant fiction which reflected a desire that the townsfolk should receive a proper impression of their neighbor's overseas friendships. Next day the speech was reported in the nearest daily paper, and the speaker, finding himself in the village, was accosted by Deacon Banker and another prominent inhabitant. Deacon Banker strolled up to the buggy in which my friend was sitting, and said:

"You're the man who made the speech last night, ain't you? I want our postmaster to know you. Say, George" (to the postmaster), "did you see the 'Enterprise' says an English member of Parliament was here last night? Yes, sir" (to my friend),



A FARMER'S "RIG"

"you made us a cracking good speech. I tell you" (to the postmaster) "we're away ahead of the rest of the county in this campaign."

Again this local patriotism—which undiscerning people sojourning in the St. Lawrence Valley for the first time have sneered at—has a larger edition in a state of pride that is an incalculable asset to the Republic.

Let me illustrate again. I have twice had the happy experience of travelling through Western Canada for days at a time with train loads of state editorial associations—men and women out for a good time, as well as to learn the truth about a new country. At suitable intervals the Minnesotans would assemble, on station platforms, at hotel entrances, in public halls, and in the main streets of ambitious cities, and join in their own particular yell:

"Gopher! gopher! gopher state!
Editors! editors! wise and great!
Boom-a-lock-a! boom-a-lock-a!
Rah! rah! rah!
Editors! editors! Minnesota!

The party from Michigan had not developed an editorial yell. They sang, "Michigan, My Michigan."

In both cases, you see, the state was the spring of all their joy. It endowed each individual with a sense of possession, a bigness, a glory that made him vocal in a strange land. There is nothing like it in Britain, there is nothing quite like it in Canada—I mean the robustness of expression, the contagion of enthusiasm. In both countries there is an approximation to it that one would fain encourage.

Once in a while this ebullient patriotism in our neighbors is laughable, but in the

main it is healthily admonitory. I have called it a tremendous asset. Remember that in the Republic are millions of people who were not born to its liberty, who have been attracted to it by hopes of material profit. For them, for the Republic, it has been a great gain that they should encounter a nationalism that can be seen and heard and felt, and the spirit of which acts as a permanent vaccine in the political consciousness of the alien.

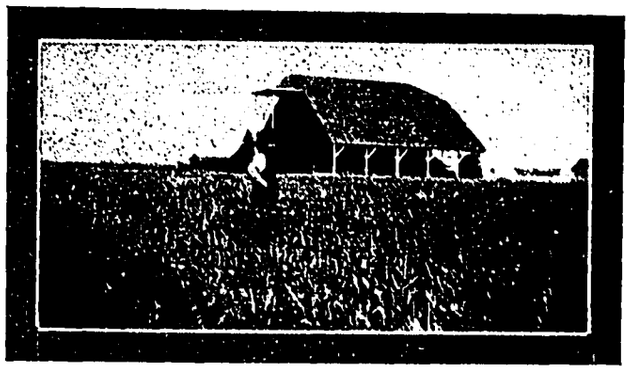
There is nothing quite like it in Canada, for several reasons. Confederation, which is less than fifty years old, was not consecrated by the shedding of blood, nor even by the wrenching of less vital ties. As an historical provocateur it is, therefore, devoid of the ecstatic element which produced Fourth of July oratory and Fourth of July exhumation of the political corpse of George the Third.

Our provinces are not sovereign provinces, as the States are sovereign states. We have not been in the habit of priding ourselves on the immensity of the achievements, the illimitability of our prospects. Only within the last ten years have we emerged from the shade of the poor relation—the poor relation of Britain and of the United States.

I had written so far when the dissolution of Parliament immersed me in the campaign which produced the best affirmation of pro-Canadian, pro-British Imperialism that this century has afforded. The result intensifies, but does not in any way change the ideas which dictated this article. The election makes it neither more nor less necessary for Britain to understand afresh the vitalities of her relationship with Canada.

A little while ago, then, we were regarded as the poor relation of Britain and of the United States. Now we are courted by both. The spectacle of a President of the United States going through his country beseeching the people to make a bargain with us—a bargain such as they had of old time repeatedly refused to make—and of Canada declining to endorse the bargain, is the most striking proof that Canada understands that Canada has "arrived." Pride in ourselves isn't quite so high and rotund as the pride which makes our neighbors yell "Gopher! Gopher! Gopher State!"

But it is more youthful in kind and degree than the pride with which a venerable



THE NEW BARN

mayor produces for his transatlantic visitors, a civic sword of the thirteenth century, on a parchment signed with the indubitable ink of William Rufus. We may not have much of a history, but we have a most uncompromising hope for the future.

And we know that there is this mighty difference between History and Hope. History is what the other fellow did long before you were born. Hope is that which you can do yourself—yourself, tomorrow.

We have built—with borrowed money, of course—a mile of railway for every 360 people in this country. We have created thousands of villages and towns where, when our young men were children, there were only Indians and buffalo, waving grass and whirling snow. People are coming to us from the corners of the earth. We are developing a genius for forgetting the things that are behind.

Into this atmosphere have come within the last five years five hundred thousand Britishers and five hundred thousand Americans. The Americans swarm in the West. They are accustomed to the major conditions of that territory. Indeed, they have shown us more about our own prairie country than we had found out for ourselves. It is something of an exercise to keep up with them. I was once driving across Alberta with a great railway chief, when we met a prairie schooner—a hooded wagon full of settlers' effects, on the way to a lone homestead. "That's the kind of a fellow I like to see," said the railway chief; "worth half a dozen of your Old Countrymen."

Accept it for the truth, the simple, solemn truth, that the average American who comes to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is far better equipped to conquer the conditions of pioneer settlement than

the average Britisher is, and you are at the beginning of wisdom—a hard, unexpected beginning, but the beginning all the same.

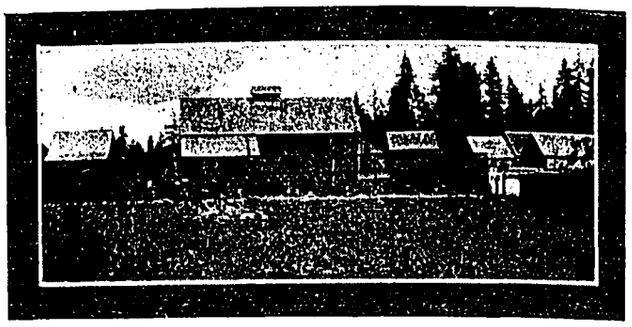
The difference between the two is the difference between dissimilar countries. It is not a fundamentally formidable difference. The only thing that could make it formidable would be a British determination to continue it. Individuals have tried it. They have come to grief, and sometimes, happily, to salvation. The Britisher's salvation in Canada depends on his capacity for being born again. It is not always a happy travail. The sting of it may be prevented if the right gospel is preached at the right place. And the right place for the Imperial Canadian gospel is where the Imperial Emigrant begins his pilgrimage.

Curiously enough, too, the Gospel of Emigration should first be preached to those who will never emigrate, for the double reason that they may pass it on to succeeding groups of emigrants, and that they may become the leaven through which Britain herself may master the lessons of the Emigrant Returned, that are almost concealed under the silk hats and frock coats of members of the Imperial Conference.

Emigration is more than a riddance of surplus population. Millions of good British people have gone to strengthen the industrial rivalry of the United States. The movement of that class of Britisher to Canada should be carefully regarded as a scientific transference of citizens from one part of the Imperial estate to another, in the permanent interests of both.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. But how? Begin by spreading the kind of knowledge that I have tried to set forth in these pages—that a change inevitably comes over the Britisher who goes to Greater Britain, and that so far as that change is for the better it will be well to consider whether, in some vital measure, it cannot be utilized as a leaven in Britain for the good of those who will join the emigrating host, and also of those who will remain.

Earl Grey signalized his return to England by prophesying that Canada will become the dominant factor in the Empire! He was talking common-sense, as well as prophecy. It was another way of enforcing my point about the Emigrant Returned. If you want the Emigrant to come back right, you must send him out right.



A GROWING HOMESTEAD

"What did the Old Country ever do for me?" was the reiterated question on which a promising English County Association in Toronto went to pieces a few years ago. It is a fond delusion of many hyper-Imperialists that all the people in Canada regard the Old Country pretty much as the children in the parish school regard Lady Bountiful. It is not so. Mr. Balfour talks of "our children" across the seas. It is a true saying, but a delusive way of stating the truth. Henceforth call us not children, but partners, whose partnership deeds can be cancelled by the junior parties to them.

That adult quality of partnership has its expression in the individual Emigrant. Recognize the certainty of its advent, and provide against it before he leaves the Old Land, and the problem of permanent attachment to the Empire is solved.

Begin by admitting that the youngsters and the yokels whom you know to be so fearfully limited in their native environment will begin to expand in knowledge, wealth and power as soon as they leave your shores, and you will not find it impossible to convey some of that idea to them before they leave. Presently the County Council will issue historical literature that it is good for every child of the county to know and every emigrant of the county to carry across the ocean.

That will start you upon an inquiry as to what your county, your parish, has contributed to the creation of Greater Britain. You will be astonished at the wealth of unsuspected local patriotism you will uncover. Why is it that there is a place in Nova Scotia, in Ontario, in Alberta, named after your village, your town,

and you have never heard of it? Why cannot you get in touch with it, find out, if you can, who planted the familiar name beyond the reach of your eye.

Lately I read of the gift of stone saddle steps to the town of Hingham, Massachusetts, by the village of Hingham, Norfolk. What's in a name? In this case a block of stone. In the case of Canadian-British names infinitely more, for we are members of the same body. A Chatham man told me recently that he almost decided, when he came to Canada, to go to Chatham, Ontario, because of the associations of his native town. They say there is no sentiment in five per cent. But there is plenty of sentiment in emigration, and five per cent. as well.

When you examine this problem of Imperial Emigration you discover a singularly interesting exposition of the power and impotence of governmental machinery, and of the impotence and power of private effort. And you will be impelled to find a way of increasing the power and minimising the impotence.

There is an Emigration Department of the Imperial Government that is no doubt better than it seems. A few perfunctory circulars displayed in post offices and such like places exhibit very little of the five per cent. or the sentiment of emigration. My memory recalls certain inquiries as to the possibility of emigration to Canada under Local Government Board auspices. The defect in what was said, as it would have been a defect in anything that might have been done, was an incomplete understanding of the requirements of the territory wherein it was expected to distribute the Old Land's Burden.

The notion that Canada is a vast wilderness in which difficult cases may be turned loose with impunity must be supplanted by the knowledge that it is organized, discriminating communities that are looking for trusty citizens. If there is to be any extension of the intelligence of the Emigration Department at Westminster, it must be by way of a projection into the emigrant's mind of the place to which he goes—a process that is just as important in Imperialism as the study of what the overseas customer likes to buy is essential to Imperial Trade. It is not easy to harmonize the point of view of the Board of Guardians in Kent and the point of view of a Town Council in Saskatchewan. But it can be done if heed is taken of those who know the problems of the English parish as well as the requirements of the western plain.

Westminster might learn from Ottawa that a government may enter the advertising business with as much skill as the proprietor of a brand of shoes does. The propaganda that was modernized and developed by Mr. Clifford Sifton, the ablest of all Sir Wilfrid Laurier's ministers, into the most remarkable advertising campaign in history, has some wonderfully effective features which would shock the sedate, tapetied gentry of Whitehall.

You cannot imagine the friendly letters given to emigrants by Mr. Obed Smith in London, for presentation to Mr. Bruce Walker in Winnipeg, being written by important officials of the Board of Trade. With its manifold shortcomings the Canadian Government strikes a more intimately human note than the Public Instruments have discovered how to do in the Old World.

But the friendly Dominion can only travel so far in its service to emigration. It is limited by the fact that it may not buy for nor sell to the emigrant. A government officer cannot say to a puzzled novitiate in pioneering, "Go to such a place; buy such a farm."

Some other place would be offended. Hitherto the government has not acted as the individual helper of the individual employer needing a service. It has recognized its limitation by making grants to worthy private institutions that do certain offices for those who otherwise might find it difficult to come together. In Toronto there is a wise, venerable Englishwoman whom the Government helps in a real ministry to domestic servants—a yearly grant-in-aid of private, social and economic service. Miss Fitzgibbon is a British asset, a Canadian asset. And there is not as much difference between Sir William Mackenzie, the president of the Canadian Northern Railway, and Miss Fitzgibbon, as there is between Sir William and Barkis.

Barkis was a common carrier of no special creative value, whose direct business with the state was limited to the licence which authorized him to collect fares for the accommodation of his vehicle. Sir

William Mackenzie is a common carrier who has been aided vastly by the State, because the State needed population in empty territory, and it could not expect population without roads to market. Sir William was an expert in building roads, and the State helped him by grants of money and guarantees of credit.

But there are other roads to increase of souls than rails of steel. There is the cradle route, via apron and cap. It is beset by dangers, and Miss Fitzgibbon has a way of avoiding them. So the Government aids her monetarily on a small scale, as it aids Sir William on a large scale. The underlying principle is the same. Rachel said, "Give me children or I die." The Canadian State says, "Give me people so that I may meet my obligations." The British State says, "Give my people room or they perish from overcrowding."

The possibilities of grants-in-aid are not exhausted. If the principle is sound be not afraid to enlarge its application within prudent limits. The Board of Guardians has found constructive ways of spending the poor rate that were hidden from the Board of the mid-Victorian time. One of the things which when I was a guardian for a Kentish parish away back in the early eighteen-nineties made me very willing to consider new ideas was the discovery in the cold region of accounts that we spent eighteen shillings in conducting twenty shillings to the indigent poor.

It is better to hand ten shillings to an aged couple in their own cot than it is to spend it on their sustenance in a big workhouse, and another ten shillings on the officialdom that waits on them. It is better to spend twenty pounds in transferring a healthy child—whom misfortune has put upon the rates—to the taintless opportunity of Canada, than it is to spend fifty pounds on keeping it another seven years in an institution from which it will emerge less favorably equipped for a less favorable opportunity than it would enjoy in the New Land.

I am not thinking merely of a more scientific application of public funds to public troubles, by making it easier to dump more victims of misfortune into Canada. I only want to make the unquestionable point that, in the transference of people from one part of the Empire where they are a great anxiety, to another part where they are a great asset, principles may be applied which have been in operation for the advantage of other and less vital branches of Imperial development—the subsidies to fast steamer services between Britain and the United States, for example, of which it may be truly said that they help to build up the trade of the United States to the prejudice of British-Canadian trade, by giving New York better transoceanic service than Montreal.

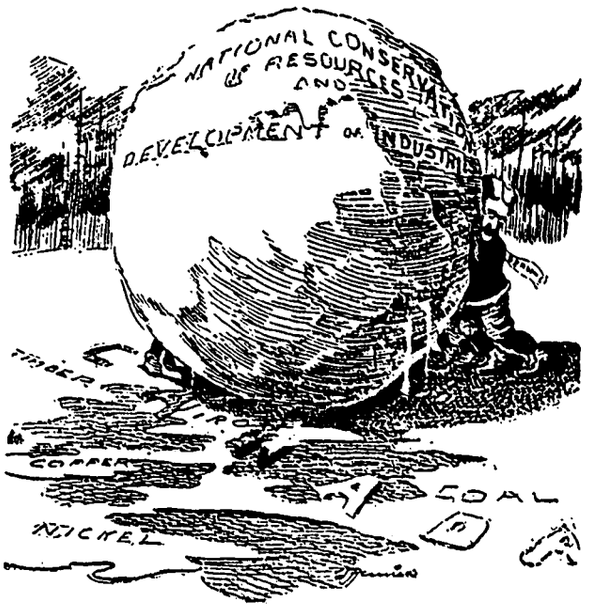
The time has come for a re-adaptation of methods to ends, as plainly as the time comes for adolescents to adapt their nether garments to the length of their limbs. The Dominion Government cannot offer free homesteads as freely as it could when I went to Saskatchewan twenty-six years ago.

The Ontario Government, if it is to open up its clay belt to rapidly remunerative settlement, will have to pursue a more seductive method than that which painfully transformed Old Ontario from a forest into a garden. The Maritime Provinces cannot re-create their agricultural prosperity on an expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The British attitude towards Canada has been revolutionized within the last decade. There is a new Canada, and a changed Britain, and new light on old phases of political relationship has been acquired.

It has been reserved for the Duke of Sutherland to crystallize these hitherto elusive factors into a concrete suggestion that has uniquely appealed to the public mind in Canada. As the ducal plan is founded on his own Canadian experience it has double merit—for the Duke has a Canadian home and has sensed the Canadian spirit. He knows too much about the country to suppose, as a Hudson's Bay Company shareholder supposed, that land in Western Canada can be rented to farmers as it is in Staffordshire.

(To be continued)

1912 is Leap Year.—*Daily Province.*

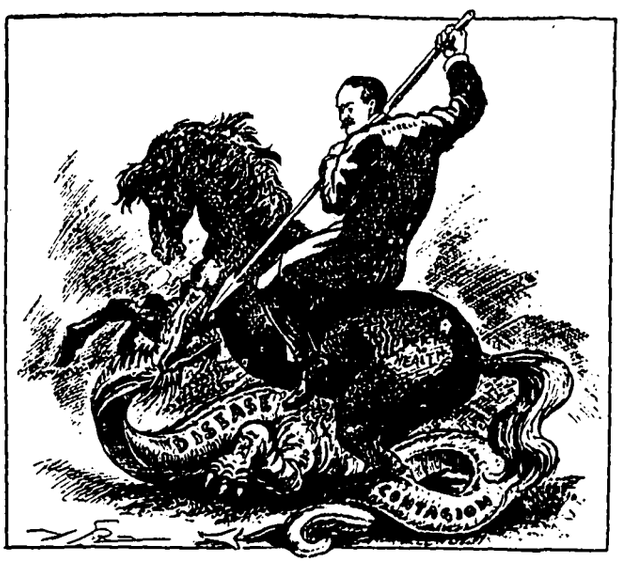


Keep the ball a-rolling, Robert.
—*Toronto World.*

Not always as innocent as they look.
—*Daily Province.*

Composite portrait of our aldermanic council who is the people's friend and the workingman's champion—just before election time.
—*Montreal Star.*

Old Probs: "What in thunder am I doing with the weather? Well, Mrs. Probs. has joined the suffragettes, and I have to mind the baby. I can't attend to two things at once."



Martin Burrell as the Canadian St. George.
—*Montreal Star.*

Purely a Matter of Appearances

THE TRUTH ABOUT ENGLAND AND GERMANY

She: "I don't like the way you wear your moustache."
He: "And I don't like the way you dress, nor the look of that animal you carry about with you."
—*From the Bystander.*

Daddy Adams

By Garnett Weston

"SURELY to heaven he'll see it! Surely, surely he'll give up and quit *now*." There was pleading in Hayes' voice. His hands lay, palms upward, on the disfigured face of the table in the reporters' room. The building trembled with the crash of the giant presses on the floor below.

O'Niel and Carding emitted grunts which might be indicative of concurrence or otherwise in Hayes' remark. Miscampbell shook his head. "No chance," he said; "I was——"

"But can't you see, boys, he must; he's simply got to. The *Planet* scooped him a month ago on that immigration story, and today the most colossal luck sent me ambling by the *Star* when that sheet of copy paper blew out of the window with enough of this railway story on it to put me wise. Good Lord! fellows, is the *Herald's* rep. of less importance than that of a broken-down scribe?" Hayes' fist crashed down among the ink stains and knife cuts on the table.

"Hayes," said Miscampbell slowly, "Adams is an old man—or, rather, old as reporters go. That scoop a month ago was the third in thirty-five years. I hope to God, boys, my record will be as clean."

There was a moment's lull in the conversation. The presses below had not ceased their steady roll.

"That may be so," returned Hayes; "I don't deny he's been a good man in his day. But that's past now. He ought to quit. I'd say the same if I were in his place. He's been scooped twice in a month and both times the stories were features. It's only a matter of time, anyway. The chief'll get onto his losing grip one of these days and then he'll have to go. Why doesn't he quit before they let him out?"

"What! fire Daddy Adams!" chorused the other three in amazement.

"You're crazy, man," supplemented O'Niel with finality; "they couldn't fire Adams. He's been here twenty years. He's cleaned up more big stories than any man in town. He grew old with the *Herald*. He made the paper."

"And he'll break it if he stays," grunted Hayes.

"Shut up," commanded Miscampbell sharply, as the door opened slowly and a figure in shabby black came in. The shoulders were stooped, the hair was thin and grey. Blue-green eyes that were slightly dimmed looked through steel spectacles resting on an aquiline nose. The white waistcoat with a fine black check was freshly ironed. He closed the door with the slow care of age and turned to the watching group.

"Afternoon, boys," he greeted, wiping his glasses; "how's everything?"

"Hello, Daddy," said the four. "Fine. How's it with you?"

Daddy Adams looked at Hayes. "Thanks, Hayes, my boy," he said gently, "you got me just in time." Before he turned away to his desk he glanced sharply at the other three with something of a challenge in his old eyes. Hayes wished for a moment he hadn't told.

A heavy silence followed. Hayes fumbled with his watch-fob. Carding beat a nervous rattle on the table. Suddenly the door opened again and this time it was Hansmith. He came in with a crash.

"Hello, fellows," he yelled, "what's this I hear about A——." He swallowed hard as he saw the bent figure by the window. "Anybody got a match?" he queried unemotionally.

Carding handed him a box. When he had filled and lighted his pipe he suggested that they go out for lunch.

"Come on, Daddy," he invited. They knew Adams' fondness for his home and were not surprised when he refused.

Miscampbell led the way down the dark stairway, where legions of the *Herald's* men had descended into the city's ways at their chief's behest, and up which the same men had climbed, walking with the ghost of success or failure. A block away and in a side street they entered the lunch-room the *Herald's* men patronized.

"What's this I hear about Daddy Adams," asked Hansmith, when the five were seated; "I heard a garbled account from the 'sob artist.' She didn't know much, though."

O'Niel explained in terse words how the *Star* had scooped Adams on the feature story of the week, the amalgamation of the two great warring transportation companies of the state; how Hayes, passing the office of the *Star,* had by the most stupendous luck seen a sheet of copy paper blown from the third storey window, where the reportorial rooms were; how he had watched it zig-zag down through the network of wires and touch the pavement nearly a block from the *Star* building; how he had followed and picked it up; how he had grasped its worth from the few words typewritten on it; and finally, how he had got Adams on the 'phone and put him in touch with the story. All this at the expense of valuable time, so that he nearly fell down on his own assignment.

"The second in a month," said Hansmith. "Poor Daddy Adams!" he added softly. "Boys, he knows more about the newspaper game in a minute than we do in a month. He's an artist, a star, but he's going the way they all go. Some day it'll be our turn. He's losing grip."

"Perhaps he'll not drop anything for a long time now," ventured Carding hopefully; "today may have braced him up. I feel sorry for him, though."

"That may be so," said Hayes. "Daddy Adams may never drop another story until he quits. But there's always the possibility that he will, and the *Herald* can't afford to have a man covering the things he covers who isn't competent. They're too important. For the paper's sake and to save himself the disgrace of being asked to quit, he should go now."

There was a gloomy silence. Suddenly Miscampbell leaned forward and began speaking. He was an impressive personality with a reputation for wisdom gained by his habit of listening and saying little. When he spoke he usually had something worth while to say.

"Daddy Adams, so long as he can walk around and so long as he can write copy, will never quit. Let me tell you why. Up to last night I'd have said the same as you. But last night I went home to dinner with the Adams. Any you fellows ever been there? No! Well, if you had you'd know what I know. You'd have seen it, too. I met his wife. She's a little, old-fashioned lady with kind, faded eyes, her cheeks withered with the rose bloom still on them. Her mouth wears a smile which is sweeter than I have ever seen on a woman's lips, except my mother's. She wore a lace shawl over her head, which made her look like a saint. In short, gentlemen, she made me want to take her in my arms and kiss her, or else kneel beside her and say my prayers, as I used to at my mother's knee." Miscampbell looked slowly from one face to another. Each in turn nodded understandingly. It was Miscampbell who spoke, and he was not given to sentimentality. What he said carried weight.

Night came down through the smoky streets and the lights across the way shone greyly. In the traffic the newsboys were shouting the big feature story of the *Herald.* There was a pause in Miscampbell's story while the waiter arranged the table. They spoke of other things.

"Amalgamation means peace for a while, I suppose," said Carding. O'Niel took his copy of the *Herald* from his pocket and read Daddy Adams' story, comparing it with the *Star.* Both were ably told, but there was a virility, a smashing directness in the *Herald's* words which bespoke the years of training behind the writer.

"Oh, yes, it's a dandy arrangement," commented Hayes bitterly. "The two roads'll do the loving brother stunt for an admiring public, and then they'll raise freight rates. These three years of fighting have been admirably doctored stage play, to cover the scheme going on below."

"Right, O!" said Carding. The waiter silently withdrew to a discreet distance. With suddenness the five men fell quiet and four turned toward Miscampbell expectantly. Their silent gaze was a question.

"We went into dinner," said Miscampbell, beginning at the interrupted point, "and sat down. Daddy was at the head, Mrs. Adams the foot, while I was in the middle. It must have looked like the return of the only son. Anyway, it felt like it.

"Daddy led the conversation for a while, and when he dropped it Mrs. Adams took it up. She talked in her gentle way of a great number of things, but mostly of the paper. She was continually referring to Daddy—she calls him Daddy, by the way, just as we do—and saying 'Daddy says this' or 'Daddy says that.' Several times the old man raised his hands protestingly, but she always smiled in that sweet way and went on. Boys, she worships him. Fellows, there is nothing in all this smoky hell-hole of a city he wouldn't buy for her if she asked for it. And she thinks Daddy is the biggest man in the country. She still expects him to do something big. She's been waiting for it for over thirty years, waiting and praying and encouraging Daddy. Some day he'll write something which will shake us up, spin us like tops, start us buzzing like bees. That's her programme for Daddy. It's in the atmosphere around her; it's in her words and looks. That's what keeps Daddy to the wheel. That's what'll keep him there until he drops. Her belief in him, her trust, her unshaken expectation of something great. Do you think he could quit, could acknowledge himself beaten, without having fulfilled her hopes? Do you think he could face her if he gave up?"

Silence held the group. Each man's mind was busy turning over Miscampbell's presentation of the silent lash which stung Daddy Adams at his daily grind. Miscampbell looked slowly from one to the other, scanning their faces for intelligent comprehension. Evidently he had only partly succeeded in his effort. They did not yet realize the forces moving the old man's life. Miscampbell searched his knowledge of each man for a telling point. O'Niel, Carding, Hansmith, Hayes! Ah, Hayes was the one.

"Hayes," he asked, "what was it brought you from a country paper in the backwoods to the city? What was it made you work like the devil until you won your place on the hardest paper in the state? Right now, what is the motive that keeps your eyes glued on the Chief's chair or some other place higher than the one you have?"

Hayes looked blankly at his questioner. Light and a dull red broke over his face at the same time. His voice was husky as he answered: "A girl."

Miscampbell leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. At last they saw it; the eternal posing of the male creature, the primitive love for the creation of an impression, only in this case infinitely more ennobled and elevated. Daddy Adams all his life had been posing, and Mrs. Adams was a loving critic. Hayes working from a leisurely country weekly to the crying hurry of a city daily, and Daddy Adams continuing his hard grind at an age when men begin to feel like quitting, were urged by the same force—a girl who expected something of them. Five trained newspaper men sat silently and allowed the "human interest" to soak into their bones.

. . . . . .

Miscampbell was away for two weeks. He left the city the following morning to be present at an important trial wherein two great corporations were fighting differences of many years' standing: the decision, one way or the other, would affect the public to a large extent. He sent in his wires regularly each day, and at the close of the case boarded a train which carried him back to the city. From the depot he hurried to the office of the *Herald* and plunged into the old, familiar room with its littered tables and floor; its wall crusted with countless clippings and cartoons, yellowed with age, defaced with pencilled comments.

There he found the group which usually foregathered when the day's work was over and the growl of the presses below betokened the printing of the *Herald*. That there was something unusual Miscampbell saw immediately.

When the natural exchange of greetings was over Hayes thrust some galley proofs into his hand. "Daddy's story today," he explained.

Miscampbell took the papers with a strange feeling. The others watched him expectantly. He began to read, at first hurriedly and without interest, as newspapermen do, searching for the meat only;

then more slowly, grasping every word. All the while a great wonder was growing in his mind. It was what paper men call a "sob story," that is, intended to raise the sympathies of the readers. But it was different from the routine. It grasped hardened Miscampbell and forced his emotions.

It was a story of heartless greed and of childish trust cruelly wronged. It told of little children slain by fever taken from milk given by diseased cows. In simple phrases which gripped the heart it told the pitiful tale of the children of the slums. The words were almost the speech of children, so plain were they, yet in their plainness was a cry of shame asking so powerfully for redress that Miscampbell, whose heart was covered with the ice of a city's callousness, felt himself grow hot with anger. Like a knife, the thought of how these words would move the people who read them went into his brain: these words which told of babes drinking poison from their mother's breast, of children swallowing the deceiving fluid which came from cows with raw sores dying in reeking stables. He looked up at his fellows and read the same thoughts in their ardent eyes.

"God!" he whispered through dry lips, "what will they say?" and with his hand he indicated the people of the city.

After a while he added, "What will *she* say?"

"I don't know," returned Hayes uncertainly; "Mrs. Adams died last week with fever. The doctor said she got it from impure milk."

Love's Convict

By W. R. STEVENSON

I sat beside a rose. It came and crept into my heart—
"Fair Bloom!" said I, "why cam'st thou here?—thou know'st 'tis
but to part!"
"Ah, chide me not!" the rose replied, "nor from thee thrust
"My presence for a little while! for see, I trust
"To thee the perfume of my heart's own heart
"To guard awhile for me—ere yet we part!"

Oh, Rose! I stole that perfume rare! It made a thief of me!
And Love has 'prison'd me for theft in life-captivity!
But, though he rack me heart and soul, I'll ne'er disclose
The secret place wherein I hide thy perfume, Rose!—
Nay, e'en thyself canst ne'er regain from me
This, my grand solace in captivity!

Our Northern Interior

By W. R. Stevenson

ALTHOUGH the upper valley of the Fraser River did not attract such a rush during the past season as was the case in 1910, it was not on account of any slackening of interest in the country and its undoubted natural resources, but rather from the fact —of which all people interested were aware—that no great development can be expected until better means of transportation are available. Where supplies of all sorts have had to be brought in from the nearest rail point over 167 miles of wagon road, and thence up anywhere to 143 miles of river by steamboat, their cost on delivery is naturally excessive. But cost has not proved the only, nor perhaps the main, hindrance to immediate development, as with an inadequate amount of freighters on the road and the difficulties of river navigation, both at extreme high and low water, the question has often been to get supplies in at all in sufficient quantities.

Next summer promises to see all this changed, and a great wave of solid progress may then be confidently expected. With the arrival of the main line of the G. T. P. railway at Tete Jaune Cache the main drawback to business development will disappear.

It will indeed mark the commencement of an entirely new era in the history of the Upper Fraser and Nechaco valleys. In the first place, all wagon freighting to Fort George and surrounding territory, and to Quesnel and Soda Creek, will, for the greater part, cease entirely; and after the close of this year, or at farthest the opening of the following spring, the great line of heavy freight wagons, with their six and eight-horse teams on the main trunk Cariboo road, will have passed into that limbo of pioneer enterprises and methods to which the marvellous advancement of our province is so rapidly consigning many of the most picturesque features of early days.

For a time, then, the prairie centres will undoubtedly enjoy the greater portion of the valuable accession of business which will accrue to the markets most available to that immense and fertile district, which is only awaiting such opportunity for settlement when an expansion of trade, such as will probably surprise even its most ardent believers, will at once take place. And here it might be as well to point out, *en passant,* that the old adage of God helping those who help themselves is still as true and ever in the main, and if some of our own commercial centres are really eager and desirous of controlling the trade of their own province to its utmost bounds, it would help not a little and be a by no means unprecedented proceeding, if some of their solidest, wealthiest and consequently most vitally interested citizens were to put their heads together to see what could be done on their own part and without entire recourse to the bank account of a paternal government, to guarantee the acceptance of a few of the bonds of railways necessary to such an end, and for the practice of such little first-aid exercises as the smoothing-out of right-of-way and other minor difficulties as will from time to time occur in getting such enterprises under way.

The history of Spokane, Wash., which after victory in its plucky fight for life in merest infancy with the powerful Northern Pacific Railway, joined as one man to give *free* right-of-way to another highbinder corporation, when demanded—I was going to say at the cannon's mouth, but that is too melodramatic—so we will say at the switch-block of a side-track, rather than suffer even for a year or two, which they knew must be its limit, the shame to their fair city of not being on the main line of every passing railroad, is an example in civic patriotism that may well be studied with profit by all cities desirous of the commercial supremacy of their own neighborhood.

With the advent of the main line of the G. T. P. railway at Cache, which it is expected will very shortly be followed by that of the rails of the C. N. R. branch through the Yellowhead Pass, a revolution in the direction of transportation will result. The great majority of the freight for the district will then arrive there by rail and from thence will be conveyed by steamboats downstream to Fort George, which will for the time become the distributing point for the towns below it on the Fraser and above it on the Nechaco. and the country around and beyond Fraser Lake.

That this will give an enormous impetus to this town is not to be doubted, and, together with other natural advantages, a start in the race for pre-eminence which, judging from the enterprising character and unflinching faith of its ground-floor citizens, will not be wrested from it in the years to come, save by desperate struggle and the aid of adventitious resources, which are not at present discernible in any of its likely rivals.

In preparation for this important change in the route of supplies, etc., Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart have already taken their two boats off the Skeena River run, and are shipping the machinery, etc., to the Cache, via Edmonton, where they will construct new hulls this winter for two boats to be ready to run from thence to Fort George, and possibly up the Nechaco during high-water, by spring.

Of course, as the rails advance this run will be constantly shortened, and eventually the worst stretch, viz., the Grand Canyon at high-water, will be eliminated, and this may be looked for by the end of the year. So if, indeed, by that time the steel is not laid right up to Fort George itself by the spring of 1913, the chief obstacle that has been holding this country back from its rightful inheritance will have been entirely removed, and all those of keen foresight and sturdy faith who have invested in it and stayed with it, and helped to lay the foundations of its future greatness, may by then confidently look forward to the harvesting of a rich reward of their enterprise and labors.

In spite of the drawbacks under which this vast district has suffered whilst awaiting modern means of transport and communication, it is nevertheless notable that a constant stream of settlement, both for the land and business purposes, has never ceased flowing into it, even under the most discouraging circumstances, bespeaking a faith engendered on sight and strengthened by acquaintance, which speaks volumes for future development when such restrictions shall have been removed.

From Soda Creek to Quesnel, from Quesnel to Fort George, and from Fort George to the Willow and Salmon rivers on the east, and to Fort Fraser and beyond on the west, there has been a steady inflow and settlement of home-seekers and business men, and the land offices were overburdened with work in the recording line during the past season.

The Provincial Government, also, is fully alive to the importance of this coming region, as was witnessed last summer by the personal visit of the Hon. J. D. Taylor, Minister of Public Works, with a view to the inspection of existing roads and the acquirement at first hand of a thorough comprehension of its possibilities and needs.

Large sums have already been appropriated for development, and a Government engineer has been sent in to estimate and report upon a new road bridge across the Fraser River in the vicinity of Quesnel. A new road has also been decided upon between Quesnel and Hydraulic, the famous placer gold camp on the Quesnelle River, to the east and south of Quesnel. This road, already under construction, will open up a considerable area of fine farming lands in the neighborhood of Dragon Lake, and after crossing Dragon Mountain, most of which is capable of conversion into fine grazing lands, at an elevation of 2,800 or 2,900 feet above sea level, it will descend gradually to the Quesnelle River, opening up all the way an equally good country and descending finally upon some of the fertile flats for which that river is justly famed, joining the existing road, known as the Frenchman's road, at the mouth of the Beaver River, one of its most important tributaries, whose valley contains some wonderfully rich lands.

This is only one area, and a compara-

tively small one, that has lain waste and undeveloped throughout the years simply through lack of even the most primitive methods of transportation. In many other directions the Government is equally active in making available the rich latent resources, and equally alive to the vital importance of this vast area to a world in many parts overburdened with teeming millions, home-hungry and land-starved.

Of distinguished visitors to the district during the last summer the list was not, however, confined to Ministers and Government officials, as, besides renowned politicians, it being election time, it received a visit from a notable party of Old Country aristocrats and landowners. This was headed by the Duke of Sutherland, one of the greatest landowners and wealthiest men of the United Kingdom, and included as chief members Lord Desborough, a peer well and widely known for his sportsman-like character, his public-spirited activities in all national undertakings, and his fervid patriotism for the Greater Britain of the Empire and all for which that institution stands; and of England's grand old sea dog and hero, Lord Charles Beresford. Accompanying these were several lesser lights, as the papers fully informed everyone at the time, but none the less men of considerable means and of high social standing and influence. That a wild region, practically as yet in the untamed wilderness stage, should have become famed sufficiently to attract the personal inspection of men of this stamp, and to induce them to think it worth while to put up with the inconveniences of roughing it on such a trip, is testimony to the lengths to which that fame has travelled that none may gainsay.

After a short stay at Quesnel and a visit to Fort George and vicinity, where the Duke has already acquired some immense tracts of land, the party on their return expressed themselves as more than satisfied with the country and its future prospects, and one member, Lord Desborough, was sufficiently enamored of it to spend several weeks more in it on a hunting trip in the neighborhood of Barkerville, doubtless much to the gratification of his sporting instincts, for of game in this region there is a great variety, and possibly one of the finest moose districts in the world is included in it, on a section of the Fraser River below Tete Jaune Cache, which, it is to be hoped, the railways, with their consequent influx of all sorts and conditions of men, will not destroy in the near future. The cause of his grace's heavy investments in land, and finally of his personal visits to the wild west of both prairies and mountains, is not yet definitely known; nor am I aware that he confided his future intentions to any of the inhabitants, save in such sketchy outline as he saw fit to give to the press.

Whether, therefore, it was merely caused by Lloyd George Budget fright and a harmless and legitimate desire to prepare a harbor of refuge against a bad time coming, or whether, on the other hand, he be indeed party to and leader in a deep, rank plot against our democratic existence out here, as I have once or twice seen darkly hinted at by pessimistic editors of liberty-loving sheets, I cannot undertake to opine. It may be, of course, that he secretly designs to come amongst us whilst we are yet in the chaotic and even semi-barbaric state, seize upon vast tracts of our fair heritage of freedom, and establish thereon a benighted feudalism of the middle ages in defiance of all law and of the best traditions of our enlightened popular opinions, before we can even cry out against the sacrilege of such a base reversion.

But then, again, he may merely be an enlightened and enterprising modern gentleman, quite as much so as the members of our most prominent real estate firms, who, having had the wit to see the immense money-making opportunities of the once wild and woolly west, and also the means wherewithal to participate therein, has had at the same time the pluck to back his judgment to an extent phenomenal for an individual out here in this country of beginnings, but doubtless of far less magnificence from his own point of view than from ours.

Anyway, a goodly portion of cash, the ever-needful, has come to us through him, and our fame is now in the hands of an influential man, to whose direct interest it will be in future to see that it is not besmirched by irresponsible knockers, of whom there are even yet a few living. Thus far it would seem, therefore, that all's well that ends well.

From Soda Creek to Fort George, and thence east and west for many, many miles, is a vast agricultural area, which the next few years will change almost beyond recognition; but agriculture is by no means its only resource. Barkerville, from olden times the head centre of the great Cariboo mining district, sits on the outskirts of this coming region, also awaiting with what patience she can summon the striking of the hour that shall herald the ushering in of the new regime.

Worked out to a great extent, as far as the wonderful surface riches which caused her earliest fame are concerned, never yet has she given up, and never for a moment has the mining of the yellow dust been entirely abandoned within her realm. Deeper and deeper and at greater cost, yet by more ingenious and perfect methods, have her sturdy sons delved in her seemingly inexhaustible gravels, and so rich has been their reward that in spite of costs and freights, that make Yukon prices look like thirty cents, there is more cash per head to the inhabitant today to be found in the mother of British Columbia mining camps than in most of our larger and reputedly wealthier cities. She, too, requires but cheap transportation to blossom forth once more as possibly she never blossomed before, even in the palmiest days of the first rush. For it is the opinion of many an expert mining man that there is more gold and richer ground on the deep bedrock of the creeks, that has never yet been touched on account of excessive cost of machinery, etc., and the difficulties of transport of very heavy materials, than the Cariboo has yet produced to date.

As is also well known, almost every bar and gravel bank in and on the Fraser River is gold-bearing, though not of sufficient richness to pay men to work them independently under present conditions. Many, it is known, will return from $3.00 to $5.00 per day, and with cheapened supplies and easier access to the country there is little doubt but that this will prove attractive to many, and may eventually lead to many new discoveries of great importance. Besides the placer mining there is also considerable talk amongst many old timers of possibilities in quartz, both for gold, silver, copper, galena and other metals, though development of such claims at current cost has been quite out of the question.

Of the value of these discoveries the future only can decide, but, to say the least, it will be extraordinary, and indeed one may say unique, if a region so productive of gold over such immense areas should on further exploitation fail to reveal the presence of many of the baser, but none the less useful minerals of commerce. At any rate, confident in the value of their finds and the intrinsic merit of their section, with that serene and simple faith in themselves and the future, which is the special gift of Divine Providence reserved for the pioneer alone amongst men, many are "holding down" such properties for all they are worth, and diligently striving under most adverse circumstances to prove their value to the best of which such circumstances admit. Of all the resources awaiting development in such a region, it is of course impossible to speak in an article of this nature. Suffice it to say that in an area so vast, so unexploited, so almost unknown as yet, there are bound to be surprises lying hidden at every turn, awaiting only the appearance of the intelligent or lucky finder, who shall trace them up from keen observations made through knowledge acquired, or stub his toe and stumble head first into them at the whim of favoring gods of chance.

Of the climate of this region, a word in closing will not be amiss to those who are as yet unacquainted with it. The altitude, ranging as it does chiefly between 1,700 and 4,000 ft., with, however, the larger portion below the 2,500-ft. level, is fine and dry. The heats of summer and the colds of winter ranging from close on 100 degrees above to 40 degrees below zero, are, therefore, not felt to be oppressive or unduly severe, nor is the duration of these extremes ever known to be great. The long daylight during summer causes an almost marvellous growth, and the seasons at the same time are of quite average length, save in the higher altitudes. The rainfall is often amply sufficient, and though dry years occur, as also may rather wet ones, there is in most sections a great supply of water in the hills, in small lakes, etc., only awaiting man's helping hand to become available for irrigation in time of need.

In 1910 summer frosts, as is their habit

in all new countries, especially those well timbered, were experienced in certain localities, though others were at the same time entirely free from them. These will, without doubt, greatly diminish, if not entirely disappear, before the advance of husbandry, and the consequent airing and warming of large tracts of now chilled and soured lands.

During the last summer these frosts were almost unknown, and some of the finest potatoes and vegetables in the province were raised as far north as the Nechaco Valley.

In this latter valley as far west as Fraser Lake there was no frost till the latter part of September that would cut down the tops of potatoes.

It is indeed fair cause for self-gratulation to every true British Columbian that this semi-continent we inhabit, and are pleased to style our province, has such virgin heritage to offer, not only to our own sons, but also to the hungry hordes of homeseekers of the over-populated and congested countries of the older world. Nor is this all, for beyond it to the west, clear to the coast, is there not the great lake region with its fat meadow lands and fertile valleys; and to the north again, perhaps the greatest and best of all, the as yet all but unknown paradise of the great Peace River Valley?

Peace River! the very name would seem to foreshadow the happy consummation of all earthly desires—the beatific attainment of heavenly bliss.

Maybe, when the Peace River (and the contiguous Arctic regions) shall have been completely and permanently settled, the Pioneer, the Real Estate Agent, and even the Land Development Company, shall finally be at rest—and "we shall *all* go to sleep."

Manana?—quien sabe!

A Child's Epitaph

Stranger, pause here where rest his little feet
Who tarried from his journey ere he tired;
Whose lip with dawn's dew honey still was sweet,
Who found here all that innocence desired.

A little fostering for his dusty flowers,
A morsel for these birds of his delight:
So shall he pass, not unbeguiled, the hours
Of day, nor wake uncomforted at night.

Here lies an orphan whose last bed is made
Beside the road beneath this friendly pine
That marks where from the way his small feet strayed,
Oh, traveller, to make room—mayhap—for thine.

By Charles T. Rogers—"Harper's Weekly."

Liss: or, Love in Cariboo

By Margaret Horne Stormonth Jackson

Stevenson was an old man several years ago, when H. H. Jones, of Victoria, met him in the North and "dragged" from him the facts upon which this tale is founded. In all essential points it is a true story of the old days. Mr. Jones had no time to write up his notes, and the Editor sent them to Mrs. Margaret Horne Stormonth Jackson, of Hull, England, who has written the story for the *British Columbia Magazine,* and has promised to contribute now and then to its pages.

A GROUP of about fifty miners were hanging around "Cameron's" one glorious October afternoon in the early 'sixties waiting for the arrival of the Cariboo stage. Some of them were expecting letters from home and friends, and one could see by their restless, alert attitudes and their eager, expectant looks how much news from "home" meant to them. Others had gathered more from curiosity and custom, and these had broken up into numerous small parties. A few here and there of a less friendly turn stood aloof puffing moodily at their short black pipes, pausing every now and then to spit and strain their eyes for a glimpse of the familiar stage. One or two, real down on their luck, were endeavoring to find some consolation in their favorite drinks—in tankards of flowing ale and the juice of fruitful cereal. Occasionally one caught sight of a face shadowed with vague feelings, melancholy longings for home and kindred, for the warmth and comfort of great cities, for the music and laughter of the old life that now seemed to lie so far behind. In the breast of more than one man tender, half-forgotten memories stirred and leaped into sudden flame; the sound of voices long since stilled rang in their ears with mournful cadence, and many a wistful sigh of regret burdened the atmosphere with a faint tinge of sorrow.

Bill Watson, lounging against the bar door, was regaling a few of his comrades with tales of exploitation and hairbreadth escapes among the giant Rockies. Suddenly the clamor of tongues died down. The stage had at last been sighted. It was as yet far away, but it sent a thrill of expectancy through many a brave, lonely heart. As it drew nearer and nearer the impatience of one or two of the men became more and more apparent, and exposed them to a running fire of chaff from their friends. An excellent spirit of good comradeship existed amongst these Cariboo miners. Here, where all the mummeries and trappings of civilization were stripped off, there was a greater feeling of freedom and equality. Rough, badly-fitting garments often covered hearts strongly heroic and truly unselfish, always ready to help and protect a pal, to do a kind action, and to fight for the honor of a woman or a friend.

One by one the men trooped out of the bar to watch the arrival of the stage and get hold of a newspaper, maybe even a parcel or a *billet doux.*

When a lady alighted and trooped daintily into the "hotel" the astonishment of the whole group was very great.

"Strike me pink!" ejaculated more than one awestruck miner; "ain't she a daisy!" Never before had such a vision been seen in their surroundings. They were all agog with excitement; newspapers remained unopened, and speculation as to her identity and purpose was rife.

"What's her lay?" they whispered to one another; "guess she's up to some mischief. Who's she after, anyway?"

When she came out to write her name on the door-post they pressed forward eagerly to get a better look at her and see what she had written.

"Kate Clarke, San Francisco, Cal.," sang out one of the men; "my, ain't she a stunner, boys?" And a stunner she was. Tall, beautifully proportioned, with a

wealth of fair hair the color of ripe corn and the clear complexion that so often accompanies it. Perfectly self-possessed, she carried herself with an easy confidence in her own charms. She was dressed most elaborately, and expensively, too—nothing more out of keeping with Cariboo could well be imagined.

When she had gone off to her room a score or so of miners rushed in and plied the barkeep with questions. To enquiries as to her identity he could tell them no more than they already knew. She had asked, however, if "George Stevenson" was in the vicinity, and seemed pleased to hear that he was. When told that she had asked for their chief a murmur ran through the crowd. They scented trouble.

"She's a beauty," said one old head; "I guess he cut her off when he came to these diggings, and she's the kind as don't let go. See? Expect she'll make things hum round a bit. Someone better slip round to his wigwam and give him the tip."

"Yes, that's the ticket," sang out a chorus of voices. "Tell him his sweetheart Katie from Frisco's here and he'd better fix up a bit before he meets her."

George Stevenson was admitted to be by far the most handsome man in Cariboo. He was still young, perhaps about thirty years of age, and though slightly built had muscles of iron. On one occasion he had defeated Gilchrist, the bully of the north—an ugly customer—thereby gaining the gratitude and respect of every miner in the country.

No one, however, knew much about him. He was a cut above most of the others, and although he never put on any side, not one of them had dared to ask questions. Not that that really mattered, for a man was accepted for what he was in Cariboo, not for what he had been or might be, or for what he had been worth or might be worth. It is in rough and difficult surroundings that a man's true nature shines forth. Freed from the shackles and restrictions of conventionality, he has no need to dissemble and use the disguises of more artificial life. He stands forth as he is—"a book that all who run may read."

It was common knowledge in the camp that Stevenson's good looks and pleasing personality had captured the affections of pretty Liss, who hung about his wigwam waiting for opportunities to serve him and showing her intense devotion in many strange ways. But as to Stevenson's own feelings they were as yet in the dark. He made much of her, it is true, but then they all did that, for Liss was the pride of the camp. With her half-wild, shy and taking ways she had endeared herself to each one of them, and not a man among the lot but would willingly have protected her at the risk of his own life.

To a stranger her presence in this rough mining camp would have seemed incongruous had he not already heard her strange story.

Many years before, a band of Indians made a raid on a settlement in the far south and carried off with them a young white girl, whom they intended should some day become the wife of the chief's son Totum. Liss was accordingly most kindly treated and lived on the whole a very happy life, learning to trap and hunt the trail like a true daughter of the tribe.

Although her education had been gotten solely among the mountains and on the trail, Liss displayed many noble and gracious qualities. Peculiarly sensitive to all impressions, she speedily took color from her surroundings, and for refinement of action, delicacy of thought and sweet, sunny temperament might have put to shame many a high-born dame. Fearless and courageous through long association with a valiant and warlike tribe, she paid no heed to personal danger and often alarmed the camp by her daring escapades. Though slight of frame, she was yet capable of much endurance, and had never been known to complain or give in, no matter how hard the task she had undertaken. The free outdoor Indian life suited her remarkably well, and for a long time no element of discord disturbed the serenity of her life. She had long ago accepted as a matter of course her future marriage with Totum, but the coming of George Stevenson introduced a new factor into the situation and gradually Liss began to have some glimmerings of all she had been deprived of. Her woman heart longed for association with women of her own race, and gradually, little by little, she withdrew from the tribe and attached herself to the camp. She learned rapidly all

they could teach her, assimilating knowledge with the ease and alacrity of a living intelligence. To all Totum's pleadings Liss now persistently turned a deaf ear. In vain he urged his lifelong devotion, the disappointment and anger of his tribe. Liss was adamant, and slowly there grew up in the heart of Totum a bitter hatred of his fortunate rival. He was bent now on revenge. His love had been scorned and spurned. This pale-faced stranger who had shipwrecked his hopes must suffer; so he swore to some day pierce Stevenson's heart with a poisoned arrow.

Liss, who had somehow divined his intention, had been carefully watching and shadowing his movements for many months, hoping when the time came to be able to frustrate his evil designs.

On the afternoon in question Stevenson and a number of others had gone up the Canyon to examine a new discovery. As they were to be away at least one night they took with them provisions and the necessary sleeping kit. It was a wonderful journey. The weather was mild and warm, the atmosphere particularly light and clear. The noise of running water, the merry splash of tiny cascades over rocks, made a pleasing melody and vied with the more subdued hum of countless insects. Away to the west, brooding over the rivers and valleys like a mother over a child, stood the giant Rockies, calm and still in the bright sunlight. A spirit of strength and peace seemed to radiate from those quiet sentinels and spread out like a protecting web over all the land. Tragedy and trouble and discord seemed far away. Here in this quiet backwater, freed from the storm and stress and turmoil of great cities, from the ebb and flow of uncertain tides, the soul seemed to escape and get into touch at last with its Maker. The gentle melancholy which is called forth in all artistic natures when in the presence of anything grand and beautiful had settled down on Stevenson's soul and made him unusually grave, almost a little sad.

After the shadows of night had fallen and obscured the landscape, the men gathered round their camp fire and smoked awhile in silence. But after supper, when the warm, cheerful gleam of the fire had driven out some of their more wistful haunting thoughts, they began to discuss their plans for the morrow.

In what direction should they proceed?

Where were they likely to meet with success?

Finally they decided to prospect in couples, and Stevenson, with his partner Walker, were detailed for the North Fork.

So intent were the men on the business in hand that none of them had noticed a dark crouching figure creep cautiously within hearing distance and as cautiously creep away after the final arrangements had been made. The silent, stealthy figure was not unobserved, however. Away in the background, concealed by the thick foliage, Liss carefully watched every movement, and with dogged determination shadowed his retreat.

Earlier in the day Stevenson's self-appointed protector, who never relaxed her vigilance, saw Totum shoulder his quiver and hurry off in the wake of the prospecting party. Instantly she had mounted her horse and was tracking the tracker with all the astuteness of one trained to the work.

Camp was broken at break of day, and Stevenson and his partner set off on their lonely journey up the North Fork. They reached the head of the Canyon without having met with any success, and after a somewhat hasty lunch were ready to return about 11 o'clock, when Stevenson decided to explore the foot of the mountain to the west. It was no great distance, and Walker agreed to proceed leisurely homeward, keeping a sharp lookout on the way for any indication of the new discovery, and let Stevenson overtake him in the early afternoon.

Crossing the plateau, Stevenson proceeded along a small stream which led him up the mountain side. After following it for several miles he reached a waterfall, where he dismounted. Then taking his pan he commenced to test the gravel, which gave every indication of being fabulously rich. Well pleased with his discovery and intent on examining his specimens, he was suddenly startled by a splash in the water. On springing to his feet he was amazed to find himself confronted by his infuriated enemy Totum, who stood with his bow sprung ready to drive the poisoned shaft through his heart.

"Shoot, you dirty redskin—shoot, if you dare!" shouted Stevenson, who without weapons was utterly powerless to put up a fight. But almost before the words had passed his lips a knife severed the Indian's bow-string. *"You murderer!"* a voice hissed in his ear; "Liss has caught you at last." As she stepped in front of the baffled man and turned on him a face blazing with indignation and scorn, Stevenson stood as one transfixed, powerless to move or speak.

"Totum," she said, "you vile snake, one chance you get for your life. Give me your bow and quiver." When he had handed them to her, shamefaced and sullen, she pointed over the hills with a gesture of loathing: "Now go 'way over hills and come back never, or you sure will hang."

Silently the Indian bowed his head and sped off into the shadows. He recognized his defeat and took it manfully. But it was a bitter hour for Totum. Hope had fed his heart these many days—a wild idea that once his rival was out of the way Liss would lend a favorable ear to his suit. But now he realized the vanity of all human hopes. His castle of cards had indeed fallen with a crash.

Liss turned with a sigh of relief, to find herself in Stevenson's arms. Straining her to his heart and showering kisses on the little tear-stained face, he muttered broken, incoherent words of endearment over her. In that hour of crisis he understood as never before how great was his own love for the brave girl who had risked so much to save him. Could such devotion ever be repaid?

"Liss, you darling," he murmured as she lay in his arms looking up at him with a faint, tremulous smile; "you dear, loyal little girl. Do you know how much I love you?" "Yes," she whispered as she nestled still closer in his strong grasp; "Liss knows."

They stood for a few minutes in silence, heart beating against heart, in a rapture of bliss, while the great calm hills looked down at them gently and protectingly. No profane eyes looked on as they plighted their troth—only the great hush of a mighty silence wrapped them around with a garment of peace.

"See what I have found, darling," remarked Stevenson, after a spell of lovers' talk, showing her his specimens of gold; "we shall be very rich, you and I. I think I must call this place 'Rescue Gulch' and stake the claim for you." She nodded her head brightly, but gold was nothing to Liss at that moment. She had found her own kingdom, got her heart's desire, and not for all the gold in the West would she have sacrificed that one hallowed hour.

"Come along, little one, we will have to speed on if we are to overtake the party before nightfall. Where is your horse?"

"Not far away, George," she whispered shyly, stumbling over the name with a pretty little *moue* of embarrassment; "I will call him when we reach the open."

When after a few hours of hard riding they overtook Walker and related their adventures, he agreed that the best thing to do was to push on to the settlement without delay, lest Totum should attempt to avenge his defeat.

But Totum was far away. He had staked all his chances and lost. He knew that. The scorn in Liss' face and voice had bitten deep into his soul. Rough and untutored though he was, there was somewhere a spark of true nobility. He could at least obey her now, take himself quite out of her life and leave her in peace. Thus through defeat Totum learned one of life's hardest lessons and one of the most inspiring. He was greater at this moment than he had ever been before, and would always be a better man for it.

After a hurried meal the three travellers resumed their journey and arrived home just in time to turn in dead tired, but nevertheless thankful to be there at all.

The next morning when Stevenson was cleaning his rifle someone cautiously drew aside the flap of the teepee and stole softly in. Thinking it was Liss he turned round with a smile of welcome, a word of endearment on his lips, which was quickly stifled in an exclamation of astonishment. Who was this advancing towards him, beautiful, alluring, with outstretched hands of welcome? The vision recalled no memory. He had certainly never seen her before. With smiling confidence Kate Clarke drew nearer, every line of the perfect figure revealed by the close, tight-fitting garment she wore. The wonderful hair piled high on her head looked like a

dazzling web of living gold. Involuntarily he drew back a step, and ignoring the outstretched hands, gave her a curt nod of greeting. The faintest shadow of a frown settled on his brow, and anyone who knew him well would have recognized by the sudden droop of his eyelids that he was intensely annoyed. He resented the intrusion. At one time in his life perhaps such a visit from one so radiantly lovely would have sent the blood coursing through his veins, but now his love for Liss was a talisman against all such wiles. A little nonplussed, Kate Clarke tried to carry off the situation with a brave show of audacity.

"Well, now, my dear, aren't you pleased to see me? I've come all the way from 'Frisco just to make your acquaintance."

"Indeed," responded Stevenson dryly in a voice of quiet scorn, "I am greatly honored."

A faint blush flitted for a moment across her face and neck, but quickly recovering, she controlled herself, and moving slightly forward, laid a beseeching hand on his arm. "Come, now, don't be squeamish, my dear. I've wagered a 'thou' to take you back to civilization with me."

She was quite close to him now, invitingly near. The pleading, upturned face with its golden halo held a tinge of anxiety. She hadn't bargained for such a reception.

At this moment Liss pulled aside the flap of the teepee and peeped in. When she saw the stranger she hurriedly drew back, but not before George had caught her amazed, incredulous look. Throwing off the detaining hand with a gesture of contempt, he strode out of the teepee in search of Liss. She was seated on a log a few paces away, a pathetic, woebegone little figure, striving hard to stem the flood of fast-flowing tears. At sight of the wistful, down-drooped mouth Stevenson bent down gently, and gathering her up in his arms, kissed the sensitive, quivering lips again and again. While he was explaining the situation to her, punctuating all his remarks with passionate kisses, Kate Clarke emerged from the teepee, and after one swift glance at the pair, who paid not the slightest attention to her, sped off in the direction of the hotel.

A tempest of rage filled her heart, and the beauty of the face was marred by an expression so malignant as to totally transform it.

One or two of the younger men who were hanging about waiting for a chance to speak to her slinked past in awe-struck silence. "Who would ha' thought," Joe Thomas asked, shaking a mystified head, "that a prutty young 'ooman could look so devilish?"

One susceptible youth, who had scoured the forest all morning in search of autumn berries, was hurrying up to her with his brilliant bouquet, when someone tapped him on the arm. "Better not, sonny—steer clear. She's been turned down and looks real mad. Right down wicked, I say. Take a pal's tip, and shove off. Never git near a woman who's been ironed out, or you kin look out for trouble. Strikes me there'll be some steam let off in this here camp, so you keep out of it."

Meanwhile Liss and Stevenson were talking the matter over quietly, speculating as to her real motive and wondering if she would now have the good sense to "leave well alone."

"That not nice girl," Liss said after a few minutes' reflection. "Her eyes say she bad—bad like Totum. She here for no good."

"My opinion, too, Liss; but come, let's forget about her. She'll soon take herself off again, I suppose." Then the talk drifted into more pleasant channels and the time sped by on golden wings.

Safe within the shelter of her own room, the enraged and baffled woman paced up and down the floor in a gale of anger. For the first time in her life her encroachments had been unceremoniously rejected, and the lesson was a bitter one. It stifled in her throat. A flood of angry passions shook her from head to foot, and from her lower lip there trickled a stream of blood. Her teeth had bitten deeply into the soft flesh. Such treatment was an outrage—no woman of spirit would stand it. But how was she to avenge the insult?

Exhausted, she lay down on her bed and gradually grew more calm. Coolly and deliberately she set her wits to work to formulate a plan of action. The night before she had heard of the bitter enmity which existed between Stevenson and Gilchrist, and as the latter looked ugly

enough for anything, she decided to press him into her service should her own designs be frustrated—bribe him to do her dirty work. Utterly unscrupulous as are so many of her kind, she would stick at nothing to gain her own ends. With all the finer feelings debased by a life of unbridled selfishness, there was nothing to hold in leash the brutal primitive instincts ever ready to leap forth at the slightest provocation. Truly, hell knows no fury like a woman scorned. Return to 'Frisco defeated—her once gay ribbons trailing bedraggled in the dust—she would not! Someone must pay.

. . . . . .

As Stevenson and Walker sat over their fire that night discussing their plans for the development of the new claim, the talk gradually drifted into other channels. Walker, as a rule one of the most uncommunicative of men, related stories of his home and boyhood among the Scottish hills. As he talked of the little mother, her sweetness and charm, her unfailing unselfishness and beauty of spirit, his voice grew unspeakably tender, and a look of sadness settled on his face. "Do you know, George," he remarked a little unsteadily, "I have had an eerie feeling these last few days that I would never see the old place again. I had dreamed dreams, you know, of going back some day for the little mother and for one other who is also very dear, but somehow"—his voice faltered over the last words and a sharp fear tugged at Stevenson's heartstrings—"I feel that soon I shall have to take a much longer journey. Promise me, old man, if anything happens you'll see they get justice at home. My will is here," he added, tapping his pocket, "all in order." Stevenson's reply was almost inaudible. He was struggling with a lump in his throat, but he gripped Walker's hand and rung it fiercely, then walked off swiftly into the night.

Between these two men there existed a strong bond of love and sympathy. Since they had first met several years before the friendship had grown stronger and stronger, till it was now a bond that even death could not sever.

Stevenson could not get to sleep that night. It seemed as if his friend's uneasiness had communicated itself to him, and he tossed about restless and apprehensive. Nero, the faithful, kept watch outside and evidently his sleep, too, was uneasy, for Stevenson heard him growl ominously two or three times during the night. On the last occasion he jumped out of bed and ran out. Not a soul was to be seen, but Nero still snarled savagely and showed his teeth in a manner ugly enough to scare away the most fearless intruder. After pacifying him a little Stevenson got his revolver and tumbled back into bed. He surmised his nocturnal visitor to be Totum, and thought it well to take no risks, though with Nero on guard he had little fear. He knew if anyone advanced too near, a warm reception awaited him. Feeling fairly secure, therefore, he turned over and dropped off into an uneasy sleep. He had several fantastic and blood-curdling dreams. At one time he was being pursued by a band of savages, who were gaining on him with every second, and was only saved by the appearance of an opposing band. At another time he was fleeing desperately from some unseen foe, and, taking a mad leap over a precipice, was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

A few days later Walker and he had arranged to start for Rescue Gulch and set off very early in the morning. They had a hard day in front of them and had to make the most of every minute. As they passed Liss' wigwam Stevenson gave a low whistle, and presently she came out rubbing her eyes sleepily. Walker considerately moved on a few paces and left the two alone. Before remounting Stevenson pressed a small Colt's revolver into her hand, telling her to guard herself well, as he had had a bad dream and feared lest some evil should befall her.

They clung together fondly for a few minutes. It was hard to part, but time was pressing. Every moment was precious. "God protect you, my darling," he whispered as he leapt into his saddle and bent down to kiss the sweet uplifted face.

As the two men cantered down the road she stood at the door watching and waving to them till they were lost to sight round the bend. As she was turning to go in, her quick eye caught sight of a dark figure creeping steathily across the road, to disappear in the forest, evidently with the

intention of cutting through and meeting the men on the far side of the Big Bend. Every instinct was immediately alert, and clutching her revolver tightly, Liss sped off in swift pursuit. She knew a quick way through the trees, and there was just a chance that she would arrive in time.

Stevenson and Walker trotted along side by side, talking merrily as they went. The fresh morning air was invigorating. It poured new life into their veins, and the myriad sounds and scents all around made a pleasing harmony. It was good to be alive; to be sound of wind and limb; to lift up one's face to the great blue dome and let the spirit of the morning sink into the soul. There are lessons to be learned in life's busy highways; from intimate contact with one's fellows; with varying personalities, from experiences gained in the burden and heat of the day. And these lessons are very necessary and very important, very needful to one's growth. But there are other lessons to be learned even more necessary and more important—far away in deep solitudes, on lone mountain tops and in quiet valleys where the devastating, desecrating foot of man has seldom or never trod. In the great silences peace and tranquillity enter into the soul and calm and soothe it, helping it to "soar upward on strong white wings."

If Liss were to be there to prevent disaster she must lose no time. With winged feet she flew down the roadway, and dashing into the forest, began to move swiftly and silently. Her moccasined feet made no sound as she threaded her way through the labyrinth of trees. She had almost no time for fear. Every nerve was strained to the utmost. Her perceptions, unnaturally acute, took in every sound and registered every impression. Long years afterward she could recall vividly the appearance of all the objects she passed on the way. Her heart was panting fiercely, and as she drew nearer she was assailed by terror. What if she were too late? She breathed a frantic prayer. "May the Great God keep you safe, dear! Without you Liss would die." A slight rustle ahead of her made her heart leap into her throat. It was merely the snapping of a twig, but it indicated the enemy's whereabouts. Making a detour, she came out behind him.

The two horsemen were riding along merrily, the clang of the horses' feet ringing out almost musically on the sharp, clear air. With deadly precision the assailant drew a careful "bead" on Stevenson and with finger on trigger was in the act of firing when a blow from the side changed his aim. A shot rang out sharply and a body fell to the ground with a heavy thud. Thrown out of direction, the bullet had pierced poor Walker's heart, and in a moment he was hurled straight into eternity. Turning round quickly, Gilchrist, for so it proved to be, found himself covered by a most businesslike looking little revolver. Liss met and held his eyes. "Move a finger and I shoot!" she said in a voice of steel. "You!" A shout brought Stevenson to her side and at sight of his stern, white face Gilchrist began to whine for mercy. But there was no mercy in Stevenson's heart at this moment. There was a bad time in store for Gilchrist.

They compelled the wretched man to lift up the corpse and hold it in the saddle while he led the horse back to camp. His hands and knees shook as if with palsy, an icy hand clutched at his heart. He was in the grip of Fate at last. The law of retribution must have its way; "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Camp was astir as the dismal procession hove in sight, and the shrill, rallying call brought all the miners hurrying out to see what was amiss. Rapidly Stevenson explained the situation to them. A fierce growl of anger ran through the crowd, which grew and swelled into a mighty roar, and seizing hold of the guilty man they bound him securely. Then flinging him to the ground they gathered round and held a consultation as to what had best be done with him.

Stevenson knew he could leave him now, that he was safe, so he tenderly carried his dead comrade into his own wigwam and helped Liss to wash the icy-cold face and hands and fold the arms meekly on the still breast.

There was a long list of grievances against Gilchrist. He was the one disturbing factor in the camp, and many a man had suffered bitterly at his hands. As one by one they recounted their charges the wretched man writhed in agony in his bonds. Assuredly sin had a bitter fruit to ripen. Bit by bit they piled up the score

against him—shady things he had done; underhand tricks he had played; mean advantages he had taken. They nearly all had something to add to the long list. There was no evidence of good anywhere, not one voice to plead his cause. Propping him up against a post, each man stepped out before him and related his own charge till the stricken man cried out in anguish and begged for pity with the great hot tears coursing down his cheeks and a sweat of agony on his brow. But he looked for pity where no pity was to be found. "A life for a life" was the unalterable law. He was doomed.

"It seems, mates," said old Bill Ferguson, slowly, "that this 'ere beauty," with a jerk in the direction of the writhing thongs, "is about the blankest blank scoundrel on the whole American continent. I vote we lynch the brute."

"Aye, aye," muttered several voices. "Let's make the devil pay his debts."

Calmly they arranged their plans. As the death sentence was announced each man solemnly bared his head. One young man, not long out from the Old Country cried out sharply, "Oh, my God!" His face was ashy white, his knees almost gave way beneath him. "Never," he related afterwards, "would he forget the oppressive solemnity of that scene. It was terrifying and awful. Surely the Great Judgment Day could hold no worse terror."

One of the men went off to acquaint Stevenson with their decision, and as the two men were returning together some horsemen galloped up and approached the group wonderingly. It was the sheriff and two friends. The lynching scheme fell through, much to the disgust of most of the men, and Gilchrist was hurried off to Victoria, there to live over again in his lonely cell the bitter hour of his humiliation till he was formally tried and sentenced to death. "Vengeance is mine, *I* will repay, saith the Lord."

During all this time no one had seen Kate Clarke. As the day wore on someone went to her room. It was empty. She had disappeared. Then the men began to talk. She had been seen with Gilchrist the previous day walking rapidly in the direction of the belt of trees. One youth, he of the brilliant bouquet, had seen and heard them talking together in the wood. They appeared to be haggling over something, the man insisting, the woman pleading, till finally, throwing back her head with a quick, nervous gesture, she had given the required promise. It was evident that the prospect was distasteful to her, however, for feelings of loathing chased each other across her face. But he heard no more. Not wishing to be found eavesdropping he hurried off and thought no more about the matter.

Someone else had seen her coming from the direction of Stevenson's wigwam early one morning and thought Stevenson a lucky dog. But none of them ever saw her again. She had flitted across their horizon, a glowing vision of youth and beauty. What became of her they never knew. If she had been the instigator of Gilchrist's crime, then her sin would one day find her out, for though one may evade the hand of the law, there is no escape from the iron hand of retribution. Sooner or later it would track her down, slay with deadly precision, exact every jot and tittle of its toll:

"The mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience long He waiteth,
With exactness grinds He all."

The death of Walker was a great blow to Stevenson, and the day after the funeral he offered his own and Walker's holdings in Cariboo for sale. Everywhere he went he was haunted by memories of his dead comrade. His own wigwam became unbearable and he went to sleep at the hotel. The men, with true inborn tact, left him alone. At one time or another in their own lives they had passed through great crises. They knew they could not help him, and though their hearts burned with sympathy they kept aloof, left him to be comforted by the gentle, soothing heart of tender Mother Earth.

The will in the dead man's pocket gave Stevenson full control of his affairs, and he thought it best to wind them up and send the proceeds to the waiting mother in the far-away Scottish home, then shake the dust of the place from off his own feet. He was anxious, too, about Liss, fearful lest Totum should seek to carry her off by force. Liss herself laughed at his fears, it is true, but this very attitude Stevenson considered was a menace. Would she

trouble to guard herself as carefully as she had guarded him? He thought not.

The two Englishmen who had come with the sheriff bought up all the holdings. Stevenson was free.

The day of departure came at last, and every miner and Indian in the vicinity turned out to bid him "Good-bye." He had been a general favorite. As they stood waiting the coming of the stage Stevenson went round the lot, shaking hands cordially and saying a few words here and there. His heart was very full. His life amongst these hardy sons of toil had on the whole been a happy one. He would miss them all. There would be many times, he knew, in his gay city home when he would long for the camp fire, for the rough, cheery voices of the men, for the great silent hills, for the music and laughter of running water, for the sough of the wind in the trees. Yes, he would miss them all, and there would be no coming back. He swept his eyes over the crowd—upwards of one hundred and fifty loyal comrades—and then out beyond where as far as the eye could reach stretched range after range of lofty mountains—a magnificent panorama which stamped itself indelibly on his heart.

When he reached Liss a thrill of excitement ran through the watching crowd. What would he do? Lift her up in his arms and carry her right away with him? Or what would happen? He must surely show his hand now. The excitement was at fever heat, for every man in the crowd loved Liss and knew that Liss loved Stevenson. They waited cap in hand ready to burst into a mighty shout. But quickly their expectant looks changed to blank dismay. What was he saying? All at once the silence became painful; not a man stirred. Stevenson's voice could be heard distinctly; it smote on their ears with a sharp, metallic click. "Goodbye, Liss. You've been a faithful little friend to me; someday I hope to repay you." The bystanders gave a gasp. What would Liss do now? They pressed forward to hear what she would say, but Liss only smiled quietly and moved aside. The "great" scene was over.

When the stage had finally departed several of the men, on the invitation of Bill Watson, dropped into the bar for a drink. They felt they needed a pick-me-up. Their throats were dry.

"Look here, boys," said Watson, banging down his empty glass, "that young cove just licks creation. He's treated the girl like a Siwash, and by God! he's jist dropped in my estimation one hundred per cent., that's what."

"You's not the only sucker as thinks that. That 'ere gurl's saved his bloomin' life more'n wonst."

"Well, anyway, I for one am mighty glad he left her in the camp. It would have been a darned lonesome place without her." So the talk went on.

They saw very little of Liss during the next few days. She flitted about among them silently, evidently anxious to be let alone, and they respected her grief. A week later, however, she was missing, and one of the men found her well-worn hat and coat up near Rescue Gulch. The whole camp was alarmed and search parties scoured the country night and day. It was an anxious time. Could Totum have spirited her away? They could find no trace of her anywhere. She had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Very sincerely did the whole camp mourn. She had brought sunshine into their lives for many years, and they were wild to think they could do nothing to help her.

. . . . . .

Several weeks had passed away; the camp had settled down again and the routine life went on as before. Once again they waited at Cameron's for the coming of the stage. It was their one excitement. When Bill Smith pulled up they could see by his antics that he had news for them. Eagerly they crowded round. "Come on, Bill, let's have it!" shouted one man impatiently. "Say, is it a new discovery?" came an anxious voice from the fringe of the crowd.

"Has Gilchrist gone to glory or Queen Anne come back to life?" asked another, the faintest inflection of sarcasm in his voice. Smith turned round slowly and bestowed on him a withering look. Then Watson pulled him round sharply, "Spit it out, sonny, but mind, we can't stand shocks in this 'ere blooming camp. Had a dose of them lately. Let's down gently, like a good fellow."

With irritating precision Bill Smith slowly drew a dirty, tattered newspaper from his pocket, and unfolding it with calm deliberateness, read out in a hoarse voice:

"A pretty wedding was solemnized in Victoria on the 15th inst. The bridegroom was George Stevenson, a member of a well-known city family, and though the bride's name was not made public, it was rumored that she had lived for years with the Indians in the vicinity of Cameron's Camp, Cariboo, where the bridegroom has lately resided."

With one mighty howl the men broke into wild cheering. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!" Caps were waving, men were laughing, more than one eye was a little moist. Some of the more boisterous of the men, seizing hold of the delighted Smith, carried him off shoulder-high to the bar for a drink.

The Cycle of Years

By ELIZABETH PALMER

I

Last night the winds roared high;
  The rain on my windows beat;
Methought that I heard a sigh,
  And a sound of passing feet.
"Who is it," I said, "that passes by?
  "Linger awhile; not so fleet."

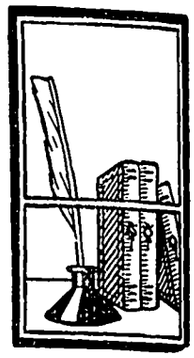
"I pass; I have loved thee well,"
  I heard through the gloom, and near
Came a sound of low farewell:
  "God's blessing linger here."
And then, as the silence fell,
  I remembered the voice of the passing year.

II

This morning the zephyrs sport,
  Breathing the songs I would sing;
And the note of the birds has caught
  A sweeter, merrier ring;
The trees of my garden are fraught
  With the blossoms of every departed Spring.

But ever the morning seems
  Like an old friend—loving, near;
And I hear the voice of my dreams:
  "I am come anew; I am here."
And fairer the sunlight gleams:
  I remember the voice of the new-born year.

Editorial Comment



A WIDE-OPEN LETTER TO THE FINANCE MINISTER: THE HONORABLE W. T. WHITE

SIR,—It is reported that at the complimentary banquet given to the Premier at Halifax recently you said openly, and without shame, that you were not opposed to public ownership, but that you were its earnest supporter and looked forward to a development of the principle commensurate with the growth and progress of Canada.

There is consternation among those of us on the Pacific Coast who are devoted to the orthodox teachings of the inspired writings of laissez-faireism that the world will fall to pieces if the privileges of "private initiative" are not safeguarded and sanctioned by all the bulwarks of our religion

Sir, let nothing interfere with the inestimable privileges we are enjoying out here in the incomparable efficiency of the public service corporations struggling for existence in a new country, and which in their patriotic and pathetic way are struggling to serve the people to whom they are sacrificing so much of their worldly goods and their efficient attention. Yes, Sir, their courteous and philanthropic attention.

I do not intend to bear witness for the envious and carping public which is never tired of quoting the famous aphorism of the late Mr. Vanderbilt—"The public be damned." That was plainly a characteristic American libel, and it cannot, of course, apply to our own corporations—for they do not swear. It is the public which does the swearing. I rush pell-mell to the front to challenge the libel on the efficiency and the courtesy of our public service corporations. Sir, I have never seen such efficiency; no, Sir, never. Indeed, efficiency is no name for it. But, then, what else shall we call it? The rapidity with which the officials must be growing bald in the service of the people long ago should have suggested to some enterprising promoter the advisability of establishing a hair restorer business here in Vancouver.

I cannot speak for the public, that vast and multitudinous and dumb, uncomplaining brute, but I can bear witness to the irrefragable arguments which have been shown to me (just one of Vancouver's hundred thousand), and that within sixty days, why your proposition is an egregious and calamitous error; and why you should think twice before you interfere with our beloved and ever blessed

status quo, of which far be it from me to dare to breathe above my breath a suspicion of criticism

Never once, since I have been back to the Coast, has a public service official said to me, "The public be damned," nor me either. He has not taken the trouble to say anything. Never once has he shied at me the familiar retort: "What are you going to do about it?" He has kept still—so still that I have had to ask him more than once whether there was any chance to waken his kind without the use of dynamite. Never before has my admiration been stimulated to that degree which it now at this fever heat sustains, for the scientific certitude which the P. S. gentry—that's public service gentry, of course—have given to the famous doctrine of inertia. Not that there has been any well-defined doubt in my mind as to its essential soundness—but that now it is as certain as that a corporation has "no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned." Sixty days, I think it is, since I came back. Since my arrival I have seen enough to convince me of the devastation which lies in the path of your veiled threat at private corporations, and the "divine right" of "individual initiative" and other royalty.

The first thing that happened to me was that in checking a bicycle to Victoria, and paying more for the check than I could have got for the bicycle, it arrived in Victoria with some of the pieces lost and the rest patched with a Burlington Route "check." The usual protests were made, and the usual results have been achieved.

Nothing.

I have not even heard from either the C. P. R., which delivered the wheel, or the other philanthropic organization which bore its own testimony on a "Burlington Route" brass tag.

Before this time I had received notice that a package of my books had been expressed from my publisher to me at Victoria. It took them nearly two months to get that far, and by that time I had come to Vancouver to the *British Columbia Magazine.* Notice was received that my books had arrived at Victoria. I put the matter in the hands of the Dominion Express Company's correspondent in Vancouver, which I do not doubt did its level best, but after my spending many weary hours of many weary days going back and forth to the Dominion Express Company, they were able to get my package to me in just four weeks, lacking two days, from Victoria to Vancouver.

On Saturday noon, before leaving Victoria, I wired by the Great Western to a friend to have the keys of my office taken to the Vancouver Hotel by Monday morning, the hour of my expected arrival. On Monday there were no keys, and I spent a half day before I could find them, and the telegram has not been delivered yet. Indeed, it is ceasing to be a matter of importance when that wire may be delivered.

One day in Victoria I bought a load of coal from the Wellington

Coal Company. The coal was driven in the delivery to the house where I was living and promptly backed into the house, where it was to be stored, smashing a window and the side of the house. Complaint was made and promises were given, and I came to Vancouver. Hearing that nothing had been done, I wrote to the Wellington Coal Company (that was about seven weeks ago), and I have not heard from them yet.

On the 17th of October three trunks of my personal luggage were crated and shipped to me from New York to Victoria. After they had been on the way long enough, and since they contained things I needed for my personal comfort and health, I made an effort to locate them. It has been at the present writing three weeks lacking one day since writing the C. P. R. freight agent at Victoria, asking him if he had any word from the shipment, and I have made several calls upon the different freight agents of the company in Vancouver, and withal I have never been able to get one word of response from Victoria, and I explained in every letter and call that I expected to leave for Europe any day, and that these were things imperatively necessary for my uses, and that they could not be duplicated for over a thousand dollars, and that I wanted my winter things—and still never a word—not even a "What are you going to do about it?" and not even a "Public be damned, or you either." Just plain, efficient, corporate Nothing.

No, Sir! It is an incomparable system. You must not interfere with it if you do not want to set the clock back.

By the way, I got tired waiting for the books and sent to my publisher, and he sent me a package by Government Ownership and they got here across continent in five days.

Yours for Individual Initiative,

THE EDITOR.

* * *

FIRST NEEDS

ONE of the first needs of this province is an appropriation for the extension of the Geographical Survey of the country with reference to its human interest. The economic geography of British Columbia is a science which not only should be worked out far more thoroughly than it is here, or, indeed, than it is in any of the provinces in Canada, but there ought to be a thoroughly equipped faculty of geography in the new University. It is not enough that we should have now and then piecemeal observations made of our natural resources, and the rest left to guesswork, for the whole world wants to know what we have here. There is a definite and broadspread suspicion that the resources of British Columbia are more than usually rich and varied. There is also some definite knowledge to that effect. But the ignorance of the world of our domain is only equalled by our own, for there is no adequate body of

knowledge commensurate with so vast a body of unknown but perfectly accessible facts.

Reliability of information is also one of the factors most needed. Now that the world's eyes are being turned this way we ought to be able to furnish exact and definite information based on the most exact and scientific of surveys, so that people who are contemplating making this their home may know just what they are doing, and that they need not have to go to real estate advertisements about the country for sometimes misleading information.

Perhaps the first need is an exhaustive agricultural survey. What are the agricultural and the horticultural possibilities of the vast and varied soil marked by our boundary lines? Who knows? As the miners say, the province has not been scratched. It is quite properly believed that a soil which can produce such trees, when called upon to give an account of itself, can testify also as to the more specifically vegetable creation in things which sustain human life. Wheat, apples and potatoes are not our chief boast, but then we are no small potatoes ourselves, for have we not but just now captured the $1,000 Stilwell trophy at the Pan-American Exhibition in New York, in which every district in America competed? This is a prize due as much to the Department of Agriculture being a live one as to the fact of our soil being the best in the world. The department cannot do what it ought to do without large appropriations. These ought to be made. Then the results should be taught in the public schools and in the university, and then in a proper correspondence school of post-graduate publicity work which will leave no corner of the world in ignorance where there is a class of people desirable as citizens to British Columbia.

* * *

ALAS, TOO LATE

MAYOR ROBINSON, of Kamloops, writes Mr. Thomas Cunningham, provincial fruit inspector, his congratulations upon his five years' fight and his success in the extermination of the codlin moth, just as the word comes that a successful method of electrocution has been discovered. This is one of those aggravating and tantalizing things which in one form or other has come to pass so often as to merit a proverb about locking a door after a horse has been stolen. In this case, however, the horse has not been stolen. The criminal has been exterminated before being electrocuted. Much credit is due the provincial fruit inspector, for he has done the province a lasting service, and he deserves more praise than he is likely to get.

The *Electrical Review and Western Electrician* (Chicago) speaks of the new agency as the latest agency in modern apple-orcharding in the Spokane Valley, where W. M. Frost, inventor of the device, and J. C. Lawrence, a Spokane grower, recently made

a demonstration. The apparatus is described as a storage battery to operate incandescent lamps of six candlepower in globes which are netted with fine steel wires. The light attracts the moths, which fly against the network; the electric current is completed and the malefactor is no more. It is thought that one apparatus to the acre will suffice to keep the moths under control, and that, besides being more efficient, will be much cheaper than the old methods of spraying.

Some of the finest work of modern civilization is being done in the constructive effort of the modern agricultural scientist. We are reminded of Mr. Powell's work a few years ago in the orange district of Southern California. Much of the fruit was rotting en route to the east. The Department of Agriculture at Washington sent Mr. Powell out to investigate. He found that the rind on the orange was being pricked by the finger-nails as well as by the scissor-clippers of the pickers. He cut off the ends of the clippers and manicured the finger-nails of the pickers and soon there was practically double the amount of fruit coming through sound and whole. The net result of the experiment was that this little trip of Mr. Powell's resulted in a saving to the fruit-growers of one district of as much every year as the whole cost of the new Government agricultural buildings at Washington—about $1,500,000 annually. Surely, no less than war, peace hath her victories.

Juijutsu and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

IN none of its phases has this Oriental game of political jugglery become so fine an art, and nowhere has it shown so many surprises, as that in which these wily Islanders have put his British Felinity to the dignified task of rescuing Japanese chestnuts from impending conflagration. Let those be satisfied with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance who are content to see the greatest Empire in the world in the capacity of a Fire Department.

We have been taught to regard the British race as past masters of the arts of diplomacy. Perhaps we had missed the full significance of the past tense in the phrase we had used. Past masters? Surely we are. We have found our superiors. In a discussion of the Japanese question the time has gone by when the questions of superiority or inferiority may have a place in the argument. If the whole Japanese people had attained to the culture and knowledge of the gifted few who have made a nation by *juijutsuing* the western world, we might well look, not only to our laurels, but to most of the rest of our possessions. We have found out that there is not only a new people, but a new and perilous idea in the realm of *Welt-Politik*. It is an unknown and uninterpretable force—an emanation and development of the psychological peculiarities of the East—the incomprehensible and unfathomable East. It is so furtive and uncanny in its methods and results that we, open-mouthed, heart-on-our-sleeve simpletons of Westerndom find ourselves reduced to a status too little unlike certain among our ancestors in their earlier days to whom the late Mr. Shakespeare referred when he depicted them as "puling and puking in their mothers' arms."

This oblique and devious Oriental movement has made its most audacious play toward the undoing of its too generous and too trustful ally in Asia. That Japan should have carried out her whole programme of Asiatic Imperialism, so far as she was able, was to have been expected, so long at least as she pursued the methods recognized by all chivalrous and honorable men. But to have used her alliance with Great Britain to do this thing, and, at the same time, for the undoing and circumvention of the British Empire in Asia, is not what we might have expected of an ally, nor is it qualification toward further alliance.

Frankly, John Bull as cat's paw is a sorry figure. The spectacle is not agreeable to his complacency. He is not without some pride of race, and he is not altogether bereft of the glory of tradition. Nevertheless, he has been *juijutsued* to his heart's ultimate content.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the Instrument through which the Japanese are undoing the interests and the mission of western civilization in the Far East.

Through this Instrument we have been Sponsor and Mentor of Japan in the Orient.

We have participated in and guaranteed Japan in the annihilation of the kingdom of Korea and the enslavement of her people, and that contrary to every sacred obligation of treaties which honorable men hold as inviolable.

We have been guarantor of the Japanese policy of Asia and the Pacific for Japan. We have been agent of Japan in her exclusive programme of Asiatic Imperialism. We have stood blindly or helplessly behind the whole movement which is driving British and Western trade out of Asia and is driving British and Western shipping off the Pacific Ocean. We are loaning the prestige of the Empire to the movement of the swarms of the Japanese out of their crowded habitat into the fecund

opportunities of India, Australasia, the Pacific Islands, and the American Pacific littoral from the Horn to the Aleutian Archipelago, reaching to within six hundred miles of the Islands of Nippon.

Sweet must be the uses of adversity if with equanimity we are able to look in the face that toward which things portend, and blessed must be the hand of discipline if willingly we are content to "pass under the rod."

The scientists have invented a curve. This curve is the shortest distance between two points. Those points are the present and a knowledge of the future. It is a projection, in one of its uses, of the past and present into the days to come to discover there a "stream of tendency." If we are financing or helping to finance a people with no resources but an infinite capacity to live by their wits—a people absolutely and positively without the economic foundations of national self-sufficiency—are we not, without a saving sense of humor, standing face to face with this shriekingly farcical aspect of *juijutsu,* in a nation without a single foundation for the making of a first-class nation—*but her debt?*

Let someone draw a curve of the "stream of tendency" since the late Asiatic war.

The rapidity with which knowledge and conviction are growing in the British Islands in the face of the conspiracy of the Japanese publicity bureau (which, by the way, we financed—is not the joke on us?) is altogether the best sign of the times. It has taken us a long time to believe what we were looking at. It just couldn't be true. That was all. We were like the rustic who beheld the camel for the first time. "I don't believe it nohow. There ain't any such animal." There are certain virtues in unbelief. It is an Anglo-Saxon characteristic that we do not like to believe the things we do not like to believe, and we won't believe those things we do not want to believe.

A few people took the chrysanthemums out of their buttonholes when Count Okuma made his famous speech on the Indian Protectorate. The honest Count, in the face of the Alliance which had created the new Japan, and which had made it all it was or ever hoped to be, with deliberate and exasperating and characteristic insolence announced Japan, instead of Britain, as the protector of India. This was not all. What the *Spectator* could not altogether explain away was the deliberate appeal to the cupidity of his countrymen in such a way as forever to fasten their eyes upon that land of potent future. It is not explained away. Behold the return of Banquo's ghost. The ghastly figure has returned in so many places and at so many times that there is no longer any doubt as to the whereabouts of Borderland. Few have conjured successfully with the immaterial visitant, while others yet, having seen visions and dreamed dreams, have uttered an occasional "out damned spot," and have been taken about as seriously as the stage evil-doer and conscience-stricken, whom the rustic heard utter the same expletive and who thought he was speaking to his dog.

What Okuma may have said in his most impolite of political moods might have passed with the Apologia of the *Spectator* had it not been for the Japanese propaganda in India—the most startlingly ominous movement towards India in the world today.

The Japanese Indian movement in India can be understood only with reference to Japanese methods and Japanese ambitions. When it is once understood how little modesty and meekness are Japanese virtues, and how immeasurable are the ambitions of this really gifted people, we will be in position to forecast the future, at least as Japan would like to make it.

As to the real ambition of Japan, let the late Prince Ito speak—the man who was easily the greatest statesman of his day and generation. A short time before his tragic death he said:

"THE FOCUS OF INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION IS MOVING RAPIDLY TOWARD THE PACIFIC WHERE, OWING TO HER HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION, JAPAN IS DESTINED TO PLAY AN EXCEEDINGLY IMPORTANT PART. SUBJECTIVELY WE

ARE ALREADY THE HEART AND MIND, THE THRONE AND GOVERNMENT, OF HALF THE WORLD, AND THERE ARE SIGNS THAT THIS MAY IN A PERIOD COMPARATIVELY SHORT BECOME THE WHOLE."

This is only an inkling of the somewhat swollen ambitions of a nation which is doing practically its entire business on borrowed capital, and whose only chance to approximate it is to build up its machinery for human slaughter to such a pitch of efficiency, out of our ideas and with our money, that it can put the deal through under our unseeing eyes and our unsuspecting noses.

It was a part of the same piece with the call of Okuma to move into Japan and rescue the people of India from their European oppressors and incidentally possess themselves of the vast treasure which has been known from the time of Alexander and which is only waiting for Japanese exploitation. "Why should not the Japanese also stretch out their hands toward that country, now that the people are looking to the Japanese? The Japanese ought to go to India," "where Mahomet and Attila also obtained riches," and where "Alexander the Great obtained treasure sufficient to load a hundred camels?"

The modest suggestion of this chivalrous Count to take such a heritage away from a trusting ally which has made his nation all it is today—God forgive her—while the Alliance is in force and the Allies are shouting Banzai for Japan—is one of those ebullitions of Oriental humor which is going far toward justifying Carlyle in a famous characterization of the population of his native country.

And the joke is on us. They are doing it all with our money.

The Japanese presumption on the necessities of Great Britain in the Pacific is an intolerable affront to our pride and an irrecoverable damage to our prestige. Our position in Asia is pathetic. The result of all this is that, for the first time in history, the British Government at home is siding unjustly against her own people, and not only for a foreign nation, but for an alien race. This is incredible, but it is true. It is the unanimous testimony of those independent writers who are unhampered by the policy of their home papers and who are telling the truth about the situation.

Great Britain has a German situation at home. She has been forced into a dilemma, which she would gladly have otherwise. Is there not some way out, by which Britain and Germany can settle their disputes and under which the needs and ambitions of both may be satisfied? It is an anomalous situation. It is a pitiful situation. There is something terrible in the nature of a crisis which may force brethren to war. The attitude of Great Britain has been justifiable in that the Foreign Secretary has pursued a policy not to the detriment of Germany, but one which will allow no detriment to British interests in Europe. Not so in Asia. It all works toward harm for Britain in Asia. There is something inherently so unnecessary in the very possibility of two great Germanic nations going to war, or sacrificing vital interests because there is possibility of their going to war, that it would seem a vital necessity for their statesmen to get together as soon as possible and settle the matter without war.

The idea of Japan defending India for Great Britain is like the wolf championing the sheep fold. What if ever Britain had to call upon her "chivalrous" ally to protect India as her part of the bargain in this fateful alliance? Suppose for a moment that, under this treaty, the Japanese were called upon to protect India—to move in with a great army. Does anyone think that the Japanese army ever would move out? Indeed, are there not signs in plenty that there is little that would more thoroughly rejoice the Japanese heart? Are they not now waiting for the general melee which would give just this opportunity to invade India with half a million men? Once invaded, could all the forces of the British Empire ever get this army out? What would happen should Japan raise the hue and cry "Asia for the Asiatics"? Would it not rather be the signal for ten thousand smouldering beds of sedition to leap into so many flames of revolt? Is it likely that Japan's policy of Asiatic Imperialism would not accept this "gift from heaven" and that they would not make

good Okuma's threat and Japan's unchanging policy, and would not this gospel spread over India like running fire? Are there no signs of the times in India—no signs of the times in Japan? Does the Indian Empire stand in such danger from Russian encroachment as from the Japanese propaganda of Asiatic Imperialism? Is not this Asiatic Monroe Doctrine the overshadowing peril of the white world? And has not the time come for this mesalliance to end, and for Britain and Germany and Russia and all white men to come to an understanding, and for the white races to get together in the interests of a Western Hereafter?

No sober-minded Briton ever again can lean too hard upon the innate patriotism of the Indian native. One of the most dreadful chapters of human history has been fastened to the name of "Sepoy." Men come and go, but a race remains the same. How far could we lean on native help in the case of a Japanese invasion with a new and thrilling racial appeal, with an impelling prestige of victory behind it?

Meredith Townsend has been writing for forty years upon the East as writes a man who knows. He says: "There is no province, no tribe, no native organization in India upon which, in the event of disaster, she (England) could rely for aid. After nearly a century of clement government, there are not ten thousand natives who, unpaid and uncoerced, would die in defence of British Sovereignty. The moment it was known in 1857 that owing to the shrinkage of the white garrison the enterprise was possible, the most favored class in the peninsula, the Sepoys, sprang at the rulers' throats and massacred all they could reach without either mercy or regret. . . . . The British remain masters, but beneath the small film of white men who make up the "Indian Empire" boils or sleeps away a sea of dark men uncurably hostile, who wait with patience the day when the ice shall break and the ocean regain its power of restless movement under its own laws. . . . .

"At some period, probably not far distant, they, the Asiatics, will, as they always have done, throw out the white man, not because they are inferiors, *but because they are intruders whose ideas they neither accept nor can endure.*"

Let no man lean too fondly upon the appearances of affairs today. They are full of peril and impending change. Let men beware of Greeks bearing gifts and Japanese framing alliances.

In a nutshell, the last Anglo-Japanese Alliance calls for these points:

The Preamble calls for peace in Asia and India, "the preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China, by insuring the independence of the Chinese Empire and equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China," and treats of the defence of the special interests of the high contracting parties in Eastern Asia and India.

Article II calls for assistance in case of the unprovoked attack of any other power or Powers involving war in defence of the territorial rights or special interests of the other.

Article III recognizes Japan's paramount political, military and economic rights in Korea and the right to take such "measures of guidance, control and protection in Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard the interests, provided always such measures are not contrary to the principle of *equal opportunities* for the commerce and industry of *all nations.*"

This is the gist of the treaty, and means, in brief, *a guarantee of the open door.* There is no reason to doubt Great Britain's sincerity, for she has done nothing but do nothing which could call that sincerity into question. But there is not only reason to doubt the sincerity of Japan, which we are indeed learning to do on general principles, for there are countless proofs that she has not only violated this high contract as regards all the Powers and their interests, including Great Britain, but that she is treating the latter Power in many ways in the utmost bad faith.

Regarding Japan's idea of what is "proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those (Japan's) interests" in Korea, and even Manchuria, let no one be in doubt. It is now a matter of history with an enormous literature going to prove that those measures *are* contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce of all nations.

"Entering Korea," says a prominent English writer before more tragic and more recent events, "under the guise of friendship and alliance, her representatives have absorbed the Government, made the Emperor virtually a prisoner, forced the British Chief of Customs service from office, acquired many concessions and seized the lands and homes of the common people in towns and country. In Manchuria a policy of colonization and national assertion has been adopted which, if not checked, will inevitably bring that province under the rule of Tokyo."

This first alliance of a white with a yellow nation has created a situation of imminent peril in world affairs. Instead of meaning that Anglo-Saxon influence in the Orient is to be increased, it means that Great Britain has withdrawn her navy from the Pacific, has certified the Japanese invasion and pre-emption and misrule of Korea and Manchuria, and that even British trade and British shipping are being driven out of China and India by an open and merciless war on the commerce and shipping of Britain, America and Europe in the whole Far East.

At the beginning of the late war Japan announced through the British Press Service, and this was heralded all over the world, that she would maintain the independence and integrity of the Korean Empire and guarantee the "open door" and preserve the neutrality of Manchuria. How Japan guarantees the "open door" and preserves the independence of Korea will serve as an unfailing indication of how she will keep her pledges to us in the future.

The sum of this whole business is that practically all that Japan is doing here, as she has been doing elsewhere, is on *borrowed capital,* of Anglo-Saxon money, methods, machinery, and even prestige, and these are laying the foundations of the engine which may eventually destroy the supremacy of Anglo-Saxon civilization on the Pacific—perhaps in the world.

The June number of the London *World's Work,* 1910, is a Japanese number. Editorially it says much of the fatal blunder of the alliance with the Japanese; that it has destroyed British prestige in the country by the acknowledgment of weakness in asking the aid of Japanese arms, "For the introduction of a Japanese guarantee has told the population of India, for the first time in history, that the sword of England alone is insufficient to maintain the majesty of our dominion. We have to rely upon Asiatic power to assist us." Again: "Time and again the British Government has been compelled to withdraw its support of commercial undertakings competing with Japanese because it could not offend the power that guaranteed India and held Australia at its mercy, and that kept a fleet in the Yellow Seas to do the work which British ships had been relied upon to do before the treaty. The situation may appear to be stated rather brutally, but the facts warrant this and no other reading of what has happened."

One of the most fruitful and fascinating chapters of recent *juijutsu* is the way Europe and Great Britain danced all round Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of Manchuria. It happened just before the Japanese encompassed Korea, and it illustrates the wily genius of this furtive people. It is easy to understand why Russia and Japan should oppose the scheme, provided we assume that both parties to the treaty of Portsmouth were insincere in their guarantee of the open door. It is impossible for me to understand, however, why all the other Powers of Europe, and especially Great Britain, should be inimical to the Knox proposal on any of the grounds put forth anywhere in all Europe, to which I have had access, except, as has been suggested, that the press of Europe held some sinister interest in the success of Japan and the annihilation of Korea contrary to her Treaty pledges. We have at least learned one thing. Japan cares nothing for a treaty pledge. Let us drive a stake here. The loose way in which British publicists confused the issues is suggestive of puzzle-headedness or ulterior motive. British publicists are not often suspected of puzzle-headedness. We will do well to watch Japanese influence with the press. She owes all she is today to it. I mean to say it has been the turning point in certain grave crises. We will do well to learn the secret of Japan's influence with the press of the world (if it be an honest one), for we may need it.

The general attack on the American proposal seemed to have been guided by the idea that to insist upon the guarantee of the open door which had been solemnly guaranteed by the treaty of Portsmouth was not to be thought of because it would work detriment to Japan. Indeed, the whole discussion in Europe and Great Britain showed a definite desire on the part of Europe and Great Britain to turn Manchuria and Korea over to Japan. How did Japan do it? And then how did Japan take over the territory guaranteed by treaty and not a soul in Europe, as it were, dared say a word?

This is a profoundly suggestive episode. The whole of Japanese psychology is written on the face of it. The moral fibre of Japan is shown in it. What did it matter to Japan that the independence of these ill-fated countries was guaranteed in solemn treaty? Nothing. What did it matter to Japan that the principle of the open door was guaranteed by solemn treaty? Nothing. What did it matter to us that the people of the two countries were thrown to the wolves; that the trade of Europe and America was marked for annihilation? Nothing. What did it matter to us or Europe that the theory of the open door received its quietus without even a bare bodkin? Nothing. What did it matter to this most Christian world that this criminal infamy was perpetrated by Japan in our very teeth? Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

Modern contemporary literature is full of the scandal and fraud and duplicity with which Japan annexed Korea, and of what is much worse, of the savagery with which she has treated the helpless people of Korea.

The *Contemporary Review* for January, in an article entitled "The Japanese in Korea," by Mr. F. H. Mackenzie, presents a vivid picture of the results of the application of this touchstone. He had ridden all through Korea last autumn, and he speaks at first hand of all he had seen and heard. He does full justice to the benevolent intentions of Marquis Ito, but the actual deeds of the Japanese in the country stand out in terrible contrast.

The London *Review of Reviews* comments as follows on the article:

"In one small area," Mr. Mackenzie says, "he passed through the former settlements of about twenty thousand people made homeless, all their food supplies gone, and now waiting on the bare hillsides to perish from hunger and cold in the coming winter. On every side he heard stories of women outraged, wounded, bayonetted, and of non-combatants and children shot. They were not rebels, they were simple farmers, peaceful and law-abiding, but the rebels had fought near their homes, and that was enough: the strong arm of Japan was employed to teach them a lesson.

"The result was a policy of ruthless devastation. General Hasegawa has been carrying out one of the most cruel and odious campaigns ever conducted in this generation in the name of civilization. Prince Ito cannot carry out the policy of justice and reconciliation owing to the impossibility of securing a sufficient number of capable assistants from Japan. Only third-rate men will accept office. They treat the people with gross injustice. Maddened men resort to arms, and then the soldiers are let loose to torture, oppress and destroy the people.

"Mr. Mackenzie's description of the way in which the Japanese are governing the country is enough to make the blood boil."

This is indeed suggestive. That the independence of Korea and Manchuria was solemnly guaranteed by treaty mattered not. That the "grandiose plan" of Mr. Knox "aimed a deadly blow at Japan," as Mr. Dillon said in the *Contemporary Review* (April, 1910) was the one consideration which decided the attitude of the European press, and consequently of Europe. I do not mean to discuss Britain's mistake, or the price she will pay for the betrayal of Christendom by her press bureau; or her own betrayal of the principle of good faith in a treaty obligation; or her surrender of the Asiatic situation and of Pacific supremacy to the yellow man. She will reap the whirlwind soon enough, and for the sake of civilization far too soon.

The objection to Mr. Knox's plan must rest upon other grounds than that they seek to enquire into the Treaty of Portsmouth. What is a treaty? Apparently

nothing. At least, when Japan's interest is concerned. One can understand why Japan would not respect her obligations (when we know Japan) in the face of her interests. But why should Europe champion Japanese interests contrary to her own interests and contrary to treaty obligation? Mr. Knox's scheme cleared the ground for Japan to walk into Korea and Manchuria. And Great Britain was sponsor for the Japanization of these two countries.

What interests me is that the whole of Europe, so far as I know, missed the main point. There are more cogent reasons for opposing the American idea than any I have seen suggested or even hinted at.

Mr. Knox's dollar diplomacy is confessedly in the interests of the financialism of the United States. Closely connected with this all-powerful centre are the interests of American commerce and industry. The Knox regime is the mouthpiece of these interests. His scheme, of course, is based on considerations of commercial expansion. Europe in her blind and selfish fear was willing to allow Great Britain to turn Korea and Southern Manchuria over to Japan, rather than to let the American get his foot in. That is exactly what Europe thinks of the United States.

The question Europe might have asked with ourselves is, "Mr. Knox, what business have you in Manchuria, anyway, with your policy of commercial aggrandisement?"

Mr. Knox was wholly within his technical rights. That is not the point. But his ill-timed and ill-fated proposal has raised the whole Pacific problem, as well as that of the awakening of Asia. So far as any of us are concerned, surely we have the "right" to take steps to reopen a door closed in the face of a solemn treaty. But it is for a wise people to consider whether we are prepared, or whether, even if we are prepared, we ought to take steps toward battering that door down. But that seems exactly what we should have to do if we carried further the contentions involved in the policy of the "open door." Mr. Dillon went further and declared that "the scheme bears the germs of a world revolution." Why such under Knox, and not under Hay? To Mr. Dillon the revolution was that it worked detriment to Japan. Why this hysterical championship of Japan? Mr. Dillon and the rest of them missed the whole point. No one has suggested just how this revolution would proceed. The real revolution which the inauguration of the Knox policy would develop would be that which is bound to follow American commercial invasion of Asia, than which nothing proposed in modern times could be more unfortunate. No more fatuous dream ever dazzled the mind of an American politician than that of American commercial aggrandisement on the Continent of Asia. They have cut out all they can take care of in the Philippines.

The Knox plan is shortsighted and immature from every point of view. Commercially, Industrially and Politically it is fundamentally unsound.

Economically speaking, it would open up a free competition, with all its disadvantages to the Western world, between Occident and Orient on Asiatic soil. It would develop and hasten that competition which every thinking man dreads, on American and European soil.

Industrially speaking, it would hasten the day when the unnumbered hordes of Asia shall have adopted our inventions and our industrial equipment and bring 100,000,000, more than half the human race, who will work for a few cents a day, into free and open competition with white working men who have built up the proudest achievement of our material civilization, in the white man's standard of living.

Politically speaking, these policies are immediately worse. They not only aim at the establishment of a commerce of diminishing return to defend by force of arms on Asiatic soil, but they pledge the blood and treasure of the United States to the development of Asiatic industry and endanger the peace of the world for the sake of the private interests of that very financialism which is already sucking the American nation into the inevitable whirlpool without this new impetus.

Commercially, Industrially and Politically the Knox proposal is a knife whose handle is in the hands of Japan, while the United States holds the blade.

Today the United States cannot defend her possessions from any First-class Power, and could not even with twice her present national armament. America is notoriously unprepared to add sanction to pretension. Why should she take on new interests to defend? Why should she let new genii out of the bottle when too many have escaped during the last ten years. The success of Mr. Knox's proposal would have started up the whole movement of industrialism. New mills would have been built to make goods for Asia, and to make mills for Asia to make goods for herself. It would have prodded Asia's millions to an intenser activity toward that universal and inevitable competition into which, it would now seem, western labor is destined to be lost. It would have crystallized by the antagonism of Asia, as well as by its emulations, the two great problems, the political and the economic. It would have accelerated the movements, already under increasing momentum, of sapping the physical and moral and spiritual foundations of our race. It would have hastened the development, the abnormal development of western industrialism along the line of competition whose doom was sounded at Port Arthur, and a commerce for which Togo's warships and Britain's diplomacy have cleared the Pacific seas.

Togo's warships and British diplomacy!

A strange combination surely to guarantee Oriental supremacy on the Continent of Asia and on the Pacific Ocean, and to stand for the annihilation of an Asiatic race!

A strange marriage, truly, and a strange progeny already appearing, of many and malign children, born and still unborn and stillborn, who dare guess what this fatal white and yellow mesalliance will be.

The net results of this Anglo-Japanese Alliance will be Japanese ascendency in Asia and on the Pacific Ocean. Not only will it increase Japan's territorial domain; not only shut the open door and lock it, but it will give to Japan, in the light of her recent victories, an exclusive and ominous ascendency over the industrial, commercial and political affairs of Asia and the British-Pacific colonies. And the day Japanese Asiatic and Pacific supremacy is an accomplished fact, the day the changeless millions of China become a tool of Japan, Japan is mistress of the world, and the white man's dream will have become a nightmare, and a new meaning will be involved in the "White Man's Burden."

The Well Man of the East will pursue the policy of the "Sick Man of the East"—*keep Europe divided.* If he succeeds, he will smash western civilization by its own strength, and White Supremacy, *juijutsued,* will be a thing of history.

The white people must get together or go to the wall.

If the Pacific coast of Canada and the United States—if the United States and Canada have a Pacific coast—if Great Britain and the white races with interests and possessions on the Pacific Ocean choose to slumber after *reveille* has been sounded, no word of ours can waken them, and we might as well begin to frame our apologies to posterity.

When Lord Lansdowne abandoned for England her time-honored policy of "Splendid Isolation" and sought Japan's assistance, he not only admitted Britain's weakness and destroyed her prestige, but he wrote the day of doom for British ascendency in Asia.

Mr. Mackenzie in his "Unveiled East" reproduces some words written by Mr. Frederick Greenwood twelve or thirteen years ago: "Sir Henry Maine was not solely or chiefly occupied with Imperial politics; and looking above the experiences, even the higher experiences of statecraft, he held that a European Power which allied itself in arms with the yellow races against another European nation would play traitor to the welfare of the whole human race, and why it would be a most treacherous, foolish and wicked part to play becomes clear in a minute to anyone who thinks for so long of what our world and its civilization would suffer at the hands of hordes of Japanese, Chinese and Malays, equipped as were the captors of Port Arthur." Had he been writing today his allusion to Port Arthur would have carried a new meaning.

The unknown quality of the new crisis of the white world is the Oriental mind. In its subterranean caverns, like the inaccessible honeycomb of Chinatown which no Occidental ever sees, the future maps of the world are being drawn and the history of the twentieth century is being written; and the white man, bulwarked and fortified in his own egotism, walks serenely on the pavements above, oblivious to this unillumined and devious world, of which now and then only one takes the trouble to dream.

The late Professor Freeman, in a lecture at Oxford in 1885 on "Europe Before the Roman Power," in speaking of that which makes one, the three great divisions of the Aryan race—Greek, Latin and Teuton, said:

"There is one tie which binds all three together; there has been one abiding duty which has been laid upon Aryan Europe . . . before Rome, under Rome and after Rome. . . . It is the undying question between the civilization of the West and the barbarism of the East. . . . It is a strife between East and West. And in that abiding strife, that eternal question, the men of the eternal city of Scipio and Sulla, Trajan and Julian, played their part well indeed; but it was waged before them and after them as far back as the days of Agamemnon and Achilleus, as near the present moment as the days of Codrington and Skobeloff. In all ages, from the earliest to the latest, before the championship passed to Rome, and after it had passed away from Rome, two great and abiding duties have been laid upon Aryan Europe and upon the several powers of Aryan Europe. They have been called upon to develop the common institutions of the great families within its own borders; and they have been called on to defend those borders and those institutions against the inroads from without."

Almost alone among the statesmen of Europe a decade ago two men of supereminence in the counsels and affairs of men foresaw some of the shadows cast by the Yellow Peril. Events are yet to make immortal the cartoon of the Emperor of Germany, which was prophetic in its warning. Events have been moving in the way the Gifted Kaiser pointed out every day since the picture was published. Nothing yet has happened to warrant the criticisms and the sneers of the time. Another half century will justify the Emperor of the Germans.

When the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was made there was one wise man in England. Alas, he is dead! And we needed him. He was called "The Peacemaker." He was a peacemaker. He was a smoother of ways rough. He was a maker of paths straight. Endowed with calm and poise, with kindly heart and prescient insight, which have been given to few men living or dead—the more especially those who have dwelt upon the chillier summits of life—he showed himself in the brief day of his stewardship one of the world's greatest of world-statesmen. Napoleon is said to have left behind him a trail of three and a half million skulls. But "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The day is coming when the victories of war will be those for the most part for execration, when the "renown" of the peacemaker will be greater than that of the heaper of human skulls.

I have this upon good and sufficient authority for me. I have not seen the writing. I was not there. But I believe the report to be authentic. When the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance was handed up one step higher by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and afterward handed down to him, these words were found written upon the margin:

THIS DOES NOT MEET WITH MY APPROVAL

Geographical Conditions Affecting the Development of Canada*

By W. L. Grant, M.A.

Professor of Colonial History, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada

LORD CURZON, President, in introducing the speaker, spoke as follows: "We are met here to hear a paper on the 'Geographical Conditions Affecting the Development of Canada,' by Prof. W. L. Grant, Professor of Colonial History, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. It is the privilege of the President to introduce the lecturer of the evening. This duty is not only an agreeable, but a very pleasant one, because Professor Grant comes to us with claims both personal and hereditary. He is the son of Principal George Grant, who accompanied Sandford Fleming on the first railway survey across the Rockies, and wrote a book, 'Ocean to Ocean,' in 1873, nearly forty years ago, which first revealed to the east of Canada the possibilities of the great prairie country lying to the west. Prof. Grant was educated himself at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, and then he took one of the most prudent steps in his career —he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he achieved the highest honors in the Final Schools that it was in the power of the University to bestow. Then he passed under the admirable tutelage of our friend Dr. George Parkin, who has so often spoken to us in this place, and whose eloquent speeches all the world over are a source of delight to those who listen to them. A little later Prof. Grant was appointed Beit Lecturer in Colonial History at Oxford, one of those foundations which, as you know, we owe to the great liberality of the late Mr. Beit. Prof. Grant has done literary work known to many of you; he is at present editing, for the Champlain Society, one of the earliest accounts of travels in Canada, and in 1908 he addressed the British Association on the northwest expansion of Canada. He is at present Professor of Colonial History at the University of Kingston, Canada, and you will agree with me that it is impossible to imagine a man better qualified to address us on the subject which is to be the theme of his paper tonight."

Professor Grant's Address

A platitude is that which every one admits and no one remembers; give it an adequate place in your thoughts, and it becomes a great truth. The platitude with which I begin is that Canada is a large country; made the basis of all our thinking about her, and followed out to its consequences, it becomes a great truth.

Canada is a large country. Her most southerly point is in 41° 41′, further south than Rome; her northern boundary is hundreds of miles to northward of the magnetic pole; on the east, the "long wharf" of Cape Breton invites the argosies of Europe; on the west, she looks not without wonder and alarm toward the awakening East. Within a country extending over so many parallels and through so many meridians, the geographical and climatic conditions are naturally varied; yet its very size gives to its main features a certain large simplicity. Of some of these features I hope to speak; but I wish to postulate its vast extent as a preliminary of all our thought.

This largeness has many results. By a paradox it leads to much parochialism. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," but to inhabit a large country is not necessarily to be large-minded. Only a statesman can realize the problems of a nation

*A paper read before the Royal Geographical Society.

which is bordered by Europe, Asia and the United States. The ordinary man is not a statesman, and hence Canada is still very imperfectly consolidated. The Maritime Province man still tends to speak of a journey westward as "going to Canada"; the parochialism of the French in Quebec has been strengthened by being a parochialism which covers 300,000 square miles; the British Columbian tries in vain to rouse the east to a full sense of the Yellow Peril. In the present discussions on the proposed reciprocity agreement with the United States, the majority of the appeals are to sectional interests. Our size colors our whole existence. You can get change of air in England by going from London to Brighton, from Oxford to Boar's Hill; in Canada the wide sameness of our scenery makes necessary a far longer journey; in England the London newspapers have a position quite impossible for any Canadian journal.

Connected with her size is her position as a halfway house, which makes her economically the most favorably situated of all the newer countries. "The greatest market of the world for all kinds of products is Europe. . . . According to Lloyd's Calendar, it requires from 36 to 42 days for mails to pass from the principal ports of New Zealand to London, the hub of the European markets; from 26 to 33 days from the principal ports of Australia to London; from 17 to 22 days from the ports of South America; from 17 to 21 days from the ports of South Africa; from 14 to 16 days from the ports of India; but only from 7 to 8 days from the principal ports of Canada. . . . The market second in importance is that of the United States, and as regards this market none of the newer countries is so favorably situated as is Canada. Japan and China form the market third in importance, and with regard to this market also, Canada is as favorably situated as any of the newer countries, and much more so than most of them. Canada lies midway between two of the world's greatest markets, and is separated from the third only by an imaginary boundary-line." ("Canadian National Economy," pp. 49, 50. By J. J. Harpell. 1911).

Yet with all her vastness Canada is essentially an artificial country, differing entirely from Great Britain and from Australia, of whose conditions Mr. Mackinder and Prof. Gregory have already spoken in this series of lectures. In both of these countries man fought against geography and lost. Mr. Mackinder pointed out how, under the Roman, the Scandinavian, the Norman, and the Angevin, Great Britain was divided into independent nations, of which the more southerly was part of a great continental monarchy. Gradually geographical unity prevailed, and "brought this Britannic Empire to so glorious and enviable a height, with all her daughter islands about her." So in Australia different colonies, founded at different points, endeavored to live in jealous isolation, till the essential unity of the island continent broke down their barriers.

But in Canada man is making a nation in defiance of geographical conditions. If a committee of wise men, in the pure light of reason, were to divide the world into nations, Great Britain and Australia would probably remain as they are; but no sane man would, if asked to divide North America into three nations, draw the present boundary line between Canada and the United States of America. On the east the Maritime Provinces form part of the great Appalachian Mountain system. Under the early French explorers New England and Acadia were looked on as one; only the accidents or the fate of history have forced them apart, to the economic detriment of both.

While I am speaking of this, may I digress for a moment into the field of historical geography, and say that after some study of the question I am convinced that the present complicated boundary is not due, as is often supposed, to the ineptitude of British negotiators, but to historical conditions going far back into the seventeenth century? In particular Lord Ashburton has been most unjustly blamed for a treaty by which he succeeded in getting for Canada some 900 square miles more than had previously been awarded to her by an independent arbitrator. But a discussion of the Canadian boundary disputes between Great Britain and the United States of America, however interesting and however appropriate in this Society, cannot here be begun.

After this rending apart of what geology had joined together, we have for a time a natural frontier in the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Thence to the Lake of

the Woods the boundary is a complicated maze of lakes and rivers, whence it follows the 49th parallel to the Pacific. As far as the Rocky Mountains this artificial boundary coincides strikingly with a natural division. In a sense it is true that the prairies of Canada are a part of the great central plain, and that the Minnesota or Dakota farmer who emigrates to Canada finds no change in soil or climate; but it is also true that, with the exception of the Red River, which has cut its slow course through the almost level prairie, and of the Milk River in western Alberta, the 49th parallel coincides strikingly with the watershed separating the streams which flow into the Hudson Bay from those which form the headwaters of the Mississippi and Missouri; it is thus in a very real sense the great inland sea of Hudson Bay which gives unity to the whole central portion of Canada. The size and the fertility of its basin give it an importance in striking contrast to the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north shore of Australia.

The Cordillera once reached, however, the line not only cuts across a great natural feature of the continent, but does so at a point where the mountain masses are particularly knotted and impenetrable. Vancouver Island has fortunately been given to us in its integrity, though our American cousins wished the 49th parallel to continue its course to the open sea.

Not only is the boundary thus artificial, but great natural barriers intervene between the districts which in the early days were most open to cultivation. Between New Brunswick and the cultivated part of Quebec is thrust up a tumbled mass of river, lake and crag 500 miles wide; though it is one of Dr. Goldwin Smith's usual picturesque inaccuracies when he says that the railway crosses it "hardly taking up a passenger or a bale of freight on the way." Between Old Ontario and Manitoba is the long inhospitable stretch of Laurentian rock, in which settlement is, and always must be, thin and scattered. Between the fertile valleys and tree-clad slopes of British Columbia and the rest of Canada stretches the gaunt barrier of the Rockies. Well might the cynic describe the country as "four separate projections of the cultivable and habitable part of the continent into Arctic waste." Yet these scattered fragments have been bound together by the hand of man, and are steadily growing together into a united and, in all probability, a mighty nation.

It might at first seem that our magnificent system of waterways, which must strike the most casual gazer at the map, and which so largely determine both our boundaries and our climate, would tend to unite us. Of inestimable value they are, and I shall say more of them later; but waterways need an infinity of development to be of use. When Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence, he had to leave his ships at Quebec and to go on in a pinnace; when Wolfe sailed to the siege of Quebec, he was fain to kidnap French pilots at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Higher up things were worse. When, in 1839, Lord Sydenham, the Governor-General, went 170 miles from Montreal to Kingston, he thus describes his progress through a district which had been more or less settled for 150 years: "The journey was bad enough. A portage to La Chine; then the steamboat to the Cascades, twenty-four miles further; then road again (if road it can be called) for sixteen miles; then steam to Prescott, forty miles; then road twelve miles; then by a change of steamers into Lake Ontario to Kingston" ("Life," p. 149). Further west, when we were joining the prairies to Ontario, and an attempt was made to utilize the waterways, Lord Strathcona may still remember the man who came into his office in Winnipeg, and said, "Look at me; ain't I a healthy sight? I've come by the Government water route from Thunder Bay, and it's taken me twenty-five days to do it. During that time I've been half starved on victuals I wouldn't give a swampy Indian. The water used to pour into my bunk at nights, and the boat was so leaky that every bit of baggage I've got is water-logged and ruined. I've broke my arm and sprained my ankle helping to carry half a dozen trunks over a dozen portages, and when I refused to take a paddle in one of the boats, an Ottawa Irishman told me to go to hell, and said that if I gave him any more of my d——d chat he'd let me get off and walk to Winnipeg."

The prescience of Lord Durham saw what railways might do for Canada, and in his great report of 1839 he says emphatically that "the formation of a railroad from Halifax to Quebec would entirely alter some of the distinguishing characteristics of the

Canadas." This may now sound obvious enough, but at the time Durham was one of the few men who saw what a mastery they gave man over Nature; it is significant of the difference between the statesman and the administrator that in his "Essay on the Government of Dependencies," published in 1841, Sir George Cornwall Lewis only once mentions railways, and then in a footnote.

Thus when, in 1867, the Dominion of Canada was formed by the union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Upper and Lower Canada, one of the terms of the Act uniting them was the building by the Canadian Government of a railway from Quebec to Halifax. In 1876 the Intercolonial Railway was opened, and has since been extended to Montreal. Built rather for political than for economic reasons, not seldom the prey of patronage-broking politicians, it was long a financial burden. But its management is improving, and with the steady progress of the country it may yet be a valuable asset. In any case a few deficits are a small price to pay for political unity.

The Intercolonial was less than half completed when a greater project was broached. The vast domain over which the Hudson's Bay Company had ruled since 1670 was taken over in 1870 by the Dominion; overtures for union were made to British Columbia, and in 1871 the Pacific province entered the new nation, on condition that it should be bound to it with links of steel. For ten years the question of the Pacific Railway controlled, and at times bedevilled, our politics. In 1881 the present company obtained its charter, and under the presiding genius of Sir William Van Horne, the railway was pushed through with such energy that on November 7, 1885, at Craigellachie, in British Columbia, the final spike of the first Canadian transcontinental railway was driven home by Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona.

Never did a young country carry to success a bolder endeavor. I spoke a few minutes ago of our sectionalism, but I am rebuked when I think of the national spirit with which Eastern Canada aided the company in flinging that railway across 3,000 miles of houseless prairie and trackless mountains. Never did financiers show a more splendid faith than that of Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith; never did needy politicians, dependent on their majority, more bravely stake their all; never did a people prove more nobly worthy of trust. "They'll never stand it," said an old friend in Kingston to Sir John Macdonald. "They'll have to stand it," said the Canadian Thermistocles, and the west of Canada will do well gratefully to remember how gladly the East bore the expense which alone has made possible today's western prosperity. The company ventured their all, and the Government lavished on them money, land, guarantees, and over 600 miles of completed railway through some of the most difficult portions of the route.

With the completion of the C. P. R. Canada stretched from Atlantic to Pacific, and attained length without breadth. Not a faggot, but a bundle of fishing-rods tied together by the ends, its opponents had called the federation; a tape-worm, said others; a red-tape worm, born in the Colonial Office. In 1886 we were still a mere fringe along the border of the United States; for the size of a country is measured, not in square miles, not even in habitable square miles, but in accessible square miles. In modern times the true boundary of a country is never far from railhead.

This linear character of the country was increased by a great mistake of the builders of the railway. By the original surveys it had crossed the Rockies by the easy gradients of the Yellowhead Pass; the new company abandoned this route for the present line through the more southerly Kicking Horse and Rogers Passes. The reason has never been made public. Perhaps even these great men had no hope of the supposedly frozen north; more probably the reason was political, a desire on the part of the Conservatives to take at all costs a different route from that chosen by the Liberals. When business and politics become intertwined, it is usually to the detriment of both. By their decision the company were compelled to pass through the semi-arid strip of Southern Alberta and to retard for nearly twenty years the development of the real west. They were compelled to pierce the mountains just where the Cordillera is most knotted and tangled, to incur vast expense in surmounting the most terrible engineering difficulties, to build gradients on which three engines must be used for each train. Our wonder is increased when we realize that, though the Kicking

Horse Pass had been spoken of as suitable by Major Carmichael-Smith as early as 1848, no pass through the Selkirks was known to exist, and that railhead was at Calgary before, in the autumn of 1883, Major Rogers arrived with the joyful news that a pass had been found.

Slowly settlement came in and began to spread northward. The C. P. R. showed fine energy, double-tracked parts of its line, built or bought branches, till the 3,000 miles of 1885 have grown into 13,000 in operation today. Yet both politically and economically it became inadequate, and early in this century the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier decided to co-operate with the Grand Trunk Railway in building a second Pacific line, to run north of the C. P. R., and open up vast areas in Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Much of this line is now in operation, and its completion is hoped for in 1913. Meanwhile a private firm, that of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, had been partly buying and partly building railways in different parts of the Dominion, which they are gradually knitting together into a third great trans-continental system, the Canadian Northern. This also has been assisted by the Government, though not to the same extent, and it is a striking monument to the sagacity and the enterprise of its promoters.

Here again, however, business and politics have clashed, though in this case business has triumphed over politics. When the Grand Trunk Pacific was mooted, it was known that the Canadian Northern intended eventually to build through the Yellowhead Pass, and aid was given by the country more cheerfully because it was thought that the Grand Trunk Pacific would run further north through either the Pine River or the Peace River Pass, and so add depth to the Dominion. Now, however, the Grand Trunk Pacific is also building through the Yellowhead, and the new country must be developed by branch lines. To me it seems that the Government, which is so lavishly supporting the enterprise, has been negligent in not insisting upon the more northerly route, to which, so far as is known, there were no insuperable, or even grave, engineering difficulties.

Thus, then, Canada is expanding northward. She is no longer a tape-worm, but rather resembles a wasp, with the waist at Winnipeg. Not a bale of goods, not an emigrant, can go from east to west without passing through that city. It is well for us that war between the British Empire and the United States is now—thank God!—practically unthinkable, for I know of no country in the world so easy to cut in two as Canada. A dash over 70 miles of flat country into an unfortified and unfortifiable city on an open plain, and Canada falls as hopelessly into two as a wasp hit by a carving knife. Luckily, such a war is, as I have said, now almost as unthinkable as one between England and Scotland.

This weakness will soon be partially remedied by the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway, from a point on the main line of the Canadian Northern, probably the Pas, near the old Hudson's Bay Company's post of Norway House, to Hudson Bay. On this subject I must refer to the articles in the *Times* of September and October, 1910, which I violate no secret in saying were not written without consultation with the best opinion of the Canadian Geological Survey. From Liverpool to Fort Churchill, at the mouth of the Churchill River, is 2946 nautical miles, only 19 miles more than the distance to Montreal by Cape Race, or 185 more than by Belle Isle, while the bulk of the west is fully 1,000 miles nearer to Churchill than to Montreal. On this new and shorter outlet to tide-water the heart of the west is set. But though the country from the Pas to the bay presents no engineering difficulties whatever, there remain the two questions of a harbor and of the length of time of open water. Fort Churchill, 470 miles from the Pas, is a splendid harbor, but small, and the possibility of its extension is made doubtful by fears of a bottom of solid rock. The mouth of the Nelson River, 410 miles from the Pas, seems at first sight more suitable, but, in the words of a well-known British navigator, it is "the last place God Almighty ever intended for a harbor." To quote from the *Times*, "The mouth of the Nelson is encumbered by shoals running 15 miles and more out to sea. The deep channel through these would require to be elaborately buoyed and lighted, and in the actual estuary the anchorage would have to be connected with the land by a pier or wharf running out over the

shoals for nearly two miles from shore, while the shoals would, as far as possible, have to be filled up by materials brought in by dredging. This would provide a really spacious harbor with almost unlimited accommodation, though with the undoubted disadvantage of being completely unprotected, except by shoals, from all easterly and north-easterly gales."

The real difficulty is that of the climate, not of the bay, which is in no sense a frozen sea, but of the Straits, through which alone egress is possible. The general conclusion seems to be that navigation is possible, though at times difficult, from about July 15 to November 15, and that this will be sufficient greatly to relieve the present congestion of east-bound traffic in September, October and November. Whether four months' traffic for steamers, whose bows may have to be artificially strengthened, will be profitable, is another question. That it will be tried, and that, if successful, it will for four months in the year add greatly to the breadth of the country, is undoubted. For the remaining eight months we shall apparently close up as quickly as did Alice on drinking the little bottle.

The opening-up of a port on Hudson Bay would also help to relieve another Canadian disadvantage—the extremely limited available coast line. To the south we face landwards, and most of our northern boundary is in the grip of the Frost King. On the east Montreal and Quebec are closed for between four and five months, and a narrow strip of Labrador, under the rule of Newfoundland, extends along the coast for hundreds of miles. Whether Newfoundland, sitting gaunt and desolate like a gair-fowl on her rock, will join the Dominion is still doubtful; but Canada should as soon as possible take over the governance of continental Labrador. Down our west coast, however, extends the long strip of Alaska, which, it is to be feared, for ever curtails our Pacific frontage. Thus, though we have plenty of ports for all necessary commercial purposes, we are never likely to be a seafaring people in anything like the proportion of England or of New Zealand—a fact to be borne in mind in all considerations of a Canadian navy.

I have spoken of our river systems. No country in the world has such a network of interlocking streams and lakes. They have conditioned much of our development in the past, and are likely to play at least as important a part in the future.

In the Maritime Provinces, forming as they do part of the Appalachian system, and draining into the Atlantic, the rivers, like those of New England, are of local importance only, unfair though it seems to apply this term to the St. John, with its 400 miles of varied scenery and its splendid volume of water. Our first great continental stream is the St. Lawrence, which drains the Great Lakes, and whose basin, lying largely in Canada, has an estimated area of 520,000 square miles. From Lake Superior to Montreal there is a drop of about 650 feet, which has been surmounted by canals, and we have now a navigable route leading westward from Montreal for nearly 3,000 miles into the heart of the continent; while eastward from Montreal for almost 1,000 miles the estuary of the river and the Gulf of St. Lawrence form a direct route to the ocean for the largest vessels.

North and west of the St. Lawrence system begins the vast area draining into Hudson Bay, estimated to contain 1,485,000 square miles. "The height of land bounding the Hudson Bay basin runs south-westerly through the Ungava Peninsula, and westerly through Quebec and Ontario to near the head of Lake Superior, whence, diverging southward into the United States and again entering Canada, it follows a general westerly course to the Rocky Mountains, leaving in southern Saskatchewan and Alberta a narrow strip of territory whose waters find their way to the Gulf of Mexico. Continuing northward for some distance along the crest of the Rocky Mountains, the divide then assumes a general north-easterly course, and, passing just north of Edmonton, runs to a point north of Hudson Bay. Within this basin, in the west, is the Saskatchewan River, rising in the Rockies and flowing easterly to the Winnipeg system of lakes, beyond which it is continued by the Nelson, emptying into the south-west corner of Hudson Bay, thus forming a river system 1,600 miles long. North of the Saskatchewan lies the Churchill River that, with its tributaries, has a total length

of about 1,300 miles" (G. A. Young, "A Descriptive Sketch of the Geology and Economic Minerals of Canada," Ottawa, 1909.)

North and northwest of this great basin, and between it and the continental divide, lies an area of about 1,290,000 square miles, drained into the Arctic chiefly by the Mackenzie River and its tributaries. West of the divide lies the Pacific basin, with an area of about 387,300 square miles, drained by numerous rivers breaking through the mountain ranges. In the north the Yukon, about 1,760 miles long, drains an area in Canada of about 145,000 square miles, and finds its way through Alaska into the Behring Sea.

"Thus with the exception of a relatively insignificant area of about 13,000 square miles, the whole of Canada lies on the northern slope of the continent, draining into the northern Atlantic, the Arctic, or the Pacific oceans" (Young, *op. cit.*).

There is hardly one of these multitudinous rivers and lakes upon some part of which steamers do not ply. The St. Lawrence system has been made navigable for large vessels to the head of Lake Superior; probably the next improvement will be, by canals at suitable points, to make a route navigable for large barges from Lake Superior to Edmonton, or at least from Winnipeg to Edmonton, a plan which involves neither great expenditure nor any considerable engineering difficulties. In 1885, during the rebellion, a boat was launched in the Red River, sailed down to Lake Winnipeg, whence it was hauled and poled up the Grand Rapids to Cedar Lake, whence it was sailed to Edmonton.

But it is not for transportation alone that this network will be employed. Much of human progress has consisted in the finding of substitutes, and the great word now on the lips of all Canadians is power. The industrial revolution depended upon coal, and the use of coal in smelting; there may yet be another industrial revolution, due to the use of water-power. Canada is not ill off for coal, but it lies mainly at the extremities. The coal of Cape Breton supplies the country as far as Montreal; British Columbia is well provided, and Alberta has store of lignite; but Ontario, the most thickly settled, and economically the most advanced of the provinces, and Manitoba, are supplied entirely by the United States. The long and expensive railway haul has tended to check our industries, or at least in Ontario to confine them to a few spots. Winnipeg could hardly become a great manufacturing centre with coal at over £2 per ton. But now most of the Ontario municipalities are within sight of cheap power. Winnipeg will soon obtain it from the Winnipeg River, and already sees herself the Chicago, and more than the Chicago, of Canada. Our stores of this "white coal" are really illimitable, and stretch from Atlantic to Pacific. So far no real record of our resources has been made, but from the most reliable information at the disposal of the Commission of Conservation, it seems that the total possible horse-power is about 16,000,000, of which the greater part is available, of which, in 1910, only about 515,000, or less than 3½ per cent., had been developed. The total import of coal into Ontario in 1909 was 8,670,505 tons. The total power available in the province is equivalent to that obtainable from about 95,000,000 tons of coal; that at present developed to about 7,285,000. In almost every part of the continent this development is possible, save perhaps in Alberta and Saskatchewan, where the power, though abundant, is at some distance from the settled parts of the province.

In British Columbia the coastal rainfall, and the high heads of the rivers, due to the neighboring mountains, give abundant power, in spite of the small drainage areas. Thus the Vancouver Power Company has developed a site on the shore of Burrard Inlet, which maintains 22,000 horse-power, though the drainage area is only about 200 square miles.

The question remains, how much of this vast area is habitable? It is idle to talk of a country of 3,500,000 square miles, if the greater part of it is Arctic waste. In spite of isolated spots such as the gold-bearing valleys of the Yukon, the far north of Canada is never likely to sustain a large population. The 500,000 square miles of the Arctic archipelago, though not without their value, are of less worth than a few square miles of Michigan forest. Canada can never have the same habitable area as

the United States, though her combination of arable land and of water power may yet make her as great, and perhaps even as populous.

What, then, is the climate of Canada? The warm winds, gathering moisture on the Pacific, meet the coast range, and rising lose their moisture, so that the rainfall on the Pacific slope is from 100 to 150 inches a year. As they pass inward the rainfall grows less, and the climate of the fertile valleys of British Columbia is like that of Great Britain at its best.

Southern Alberta was long supposed to be semi-arid, the northern tongue of the great American desert, and was given up to cattle-raising, for which the light snowfall in winter made it suitable. Her fitness for this was increased by the well-known phenomenon of the Chinook, a warm, dry wind which, coming from the mountains, often means a rise in temperature in a few hours from 20 degrees below zero to 40 degrees above, and which licks up the snow till not even a drop of moisture remains. The late Dr. G. M. Dawson has pointed out the likeness of this phenomenon to the *fohn* winds of Switzerland. By the time the western winds have reached the summit of the Rockies they have lost practically their last drop of moisture, while its rapid condensation has retarded the cooling process. Rushing down the eastern slopes, they are warmed by the increasing pressure, and so reach the plain very warm and very dry. This phenomenon has in all probability something to do with the treelessness of the prairie, clearing away the snow, drying the surface soil, and depriving it of its moisture just when needed by the sprouting trees. But of late years there has been a series of wet seasons, and large wheat crops are now grown. Even should it prove true that wet and dry years recur in cycles, and that the dry cycle is at hand, much of the district is now under irrigation, and loss would be minimized.

From the point of view of population, the great question is, of course, the distance north to which wheat may be profitably grown, for though a certain degree of mixed farming is more and more the rule, and though root crops and oats will grow plentifully north of the wheat-line, it may be taken for granted that for many generations the northern wheat-line will mark the limit of intensive settlement. For many years wheat has been grown successfully in small quantities at Dunvegan, on the Peace River, 414 miles by latitude north of Winnipeg; at Fort Vermilion, further down the Peace, 591 miles north of Winnipeg; and at Fort Simpson, at the junction of the Liard and the Mackenzie, 818 miles north of Winnipeg. This is due to the fact that during the growing months the insolation scarcely varies between the parallels of 40 degrees and 60 degrees, the larger number of hours that the sun is above the horizon very nearly balancing the effect of less direct solar radiation. To this is added the low altitude, Prince Albert being nearly 500 feet lower than Regina, and Stanley on the Churchill 260 feet lower than Prince Albert. Thus the mean summer temperature at Calgary, Edmonton and Fort Chipweyan is alike 59 degrees; at Dunvegan, 58 degrees; at Fort Simpson, 57 degrees.

Thus it is noticeable that the summer isothermals, like the railways, radiate north from Winnipeg. There seems no reason, either in climate or in soil, why the greater part of the west should not support a large population at least as far north as the 60th parallel.

And even though intensive settlement stop here, the wooded area extends far to the north, and as cultivation pushes on, so too will the fringe of lumbermen, which has always in Canada been thrown in advance. For its continental climate, its adequate rainfall, its fertile soil, have made Canada a land of forests.

Yet Canada is a stern land; a land where, save on the extreme western coast, the winter is long and bitter. Yet this hard winter is perhaps our greatest asset. In wheat-growing the frost takes the place of rain. In winter the ground freezes hard and deep. As soon as 4 or 5 inches have thawed, the spring wheat is sown. All through the late spring and rainless summer the ground thaws deeper and deeper, and the warm moisture comes up about the roots of the wheat.

From the national point of view our climate kills out the unfit with grim efficiency. We are not likely ever to have a negro problem; it is doubtful if the most

misdirected philanthropy will avail to keep alive the submerged tenth. Canada is not without the tramp and the wastrel; but the unemployed can never remain in sufficient numbers to become a national problem. The English climate chills but does not kill; in Canada the waster, as a class, must work, emigrate, or die.

But man can not only build railways and deepen rivers; he can even alter climate, or at least the effects of climate. In Western Canada, as cultivation increases, the Frost King flies before the plough. Not merely does the grain become acclimatized; as the land is broken up, the rays of the sun are stored instead of being rebuffed by the unyielding prairie turf. So much warmer does the soil and the immediate layer of air remain through the night, that in Alberta the frosts do not begin to injure the wheat till a full fortnight later than they did a generation ago. In the northern regions, where every day is precious, a fortnight gained in early September is of national importance.

But man's work can change the climate and the geographical conditions for evil as well as for good. In many parts of the United States and of Canada the reckless clearing of the country by woodsmen and the still greater loss by forest fires have left the soil bare. Further fires destroy the vegetable mould and moss which lie shallowly enough upon the bare rock. Not only is the country denuded of trees and of soil, but the rainfall is altered, and the equable flow of the rivers is changed into a series of destructive freshets in spring and undue low water in summer and autumn. Our loss has been greatest in the unsettled forests north and northwest of Lake Superior. To quote from the address of Professor J. W. Robertson before the Commission of Conservation, "This wilderness of rock and lake and forest is Canada's great regulator of climate for ensuring regular and dependable rainfalls in summer, and if that vast area be burned over and left bare, the winds sweeping over it will go where they list, licking up the moisture instead of dropping down refreshing showers."

Fortunately much of the land in question, and especially that at the headwaters of our great rivers, is still in the possession of the Crown, whereas in the United States many of the Appalachian streams are endangered by private ownership of the forests at their headwaters. Taking warning from her neighbor, Canada has, before irremediable damage had been done, established a Commission of Conservation, in whose work the Dominion, the provinces and the universities are co-operating. The first report, published in 1910, reveals at once the greatness of the loss already incurred, the imminence of greater danger, and the vastness of the heritage remaining. Perhaps its most striking feature is the fragmentary state of our inventory. Much is known, but more remains conjectural. "To realize the unprospected nature of the country," says Mr. G. A. Young, of the Geological Survey, "it is only necessary to remember that the greatest asbestos deposits of the world were brought to notice by blasting the Quebec Central railway through them; that the greatest corundum deposits, extending in a belt a hundred miles long, were found in a settled district by an officer of the Survey only twelve years ago; that the Sudbury nickel deposits were discovered by putting a railway through them; that Cobalt, now the premier silver camp, although only a few miles from a silver-lead deposit known a hundred and fifty years ago, was discovered less than six years ago, and then only by means of a railway cutting through a rich vein" (*op. cit.*, p. 19).

But though much remains to do, much has been done. We have built railways, and dug canals, and conserved water-power, in the resolve to make a nation out of these fragments, geographically so discrepant. When Englishmen ask us wherein we differ from the Americans, or when genial Presidents of the United States tell us that we are at the parting of the ways, do you wonder if we feel like telling them something of this. So far we have come, and to complete nationality we intend to go; within this British Empire, unless you cast us off; but within or without it, as Canadians. Our boundaries may be artificial, our outlook often at first sight provincial; but go below the surface, and you will find that the spirit which urges us on today in our work of conquering geography is the spirit that declares that Canada shall be one, one from ocean to ocean.

An Imperial Policy of Migration

LAST month appeared a paper by Mr. Harry S. Gullett commending the emigration problem to the statesmen of Great Britain. He calls attention to the folly of thinking that because the colonies are our lands today, they always will be ours. Soon the fighting strength of Canada, Australia and South Africa will be greater than that of the Islands of Great Britain; but it is not at all certain that this will be British strength.

The future of the colonial states of the British Empire is not appreciated as to their importance or their dangers. Professor H. J. Mackinder, M.P. (London) is reported recently as having said, what the writer has said to many a British audience, that the time is not very far distant when, economically, Canada will be the centre of the British Empire.

That day will coincide with the day when the natural resources of the Dominion have been fairly opened for development. Not all will admit it, but the commercial and industrial situation of England is growing more and more artificial and strained, with the loss of monopoly in making things and the competition with nations with their own resources in their own back yards. The way things are pointing now, Canada is destined to be the keystone of the British Empire.

If this is true, or likely to be true, it is of the most vital moment that the Dominion be kept a British Dominion, that the Empire may be kept a British Empire. But this is by no means certain. We do not know that the British Territory of today will be always ours. "This will be so only," says Mr. Gullett, "if the handful of colonies in those lands today and the many millions of the homeland frankly accept their opportunity."

"If the United States," says the *Canadian Gazette* (London) editorially, commenting on the article, "contained only five or eight millions of people, it could not hold the Pacific slope from the Asiatic a single year. The Canadians talk bravely; so do the Australians. But they know that Canada shelters herself behind the British navy, which alone stands between her and the unscrupulous land hunger of the world; and even more true is that remark of its application to Australia and South Africa. If the British navy goes down, the Dominions also go down as British states, and they will at best have to struggle on, 'part owners of lands in which they are now absolute, destined to go warring through centuries with foes across a frontier.'

"Hence the plea for the recognition by Englishmen of a common responsibility in the peopling and safety of Empire lands. Canada wants twenty millions of people as soon as she can get them; so does Australia. These numbers would mean local safety for each Dominion, and for the Mother-country also."

L. V. Mavovski, in *Canadian Finance,* presents some interesting reflections in this line. He hints that the British Columbia Government is taking steps to fill up the lands of the province. Unfortunately, the Labor party is pronounced against assisted immigration of any kind, seemingly blind to the fact that this is not the kind of a country which can be kept empty for the financial benefit of any class, labor or capital. Labor leaders should know that if they do not fall in with some rational scheme for filling the country with white people, the country will be filled with yellow people. The work must be done and the province must grow.

"Under the conditions which exist today," says Mr. Mavovski, "the ordinary immigrant arrives in British Columbia with the idea of taking up some land and going in for some fruit-farming, raising some poultry, growing some vegetables, and devoting a small portion of his land to grains. He spends a little time and a good deal of money in acquainting himself with the various districts. He makes Vancouver his headquarters, and possibly before arriving there he has already run

casually through the Columbian Valley, the Okanagan and Ashcroft districts. Here he has been confronted with various drawbacks, such as lack of transportation, the high price of lands, the cost of clearing and the price of provisions in districts where he finds suitable lands at reasonable cost. On the Coast he finds much of the land in the hands of agents, who ask a price which precludes any idea of successful farming by the man of small means. . . . He seeks work . . . and if he is unable to find it, becomes dissatisfied and goes back and becomes a bad advertisement for the country.

"The problem, then, is how to deal with the man of very small means or no means at all. It is better, perhaps, to face the question from the latter point of view, because, once having made provision for taking care of the man with no money, it is easy to make arrangements for the man with a little. There are thousands upon thousands of excellent men and women who with a little properly organized assistance would willingly come out to this new land about which so much has been written and heard, if they knew exactly where to go and what to do when they arrived. A government agent established in London, however conscientious, can hardly do more than tell inquirers about the various places in the province. Literature by the ream may be distributed and do little more than advertise the resources of the country. What is wanted is a definite policy and a definite department which shall have for its sole care the newly arrived emigrant."

Australia is spending $2,000,000 a year in bringing people to her shores, and in one way and another Canada is doing more; but British Columbia is not getting her share. Has not the time arrived when our province will follow the intelligent example of Australia and institute a government policy; keep some free and cheap land out of the hands of the speculators for the people; indeed, so that people of little means may have a chance without paying tribute; and so that farms, ready made, may await the toiler who comes from the old countries, to be had on such terms as not to make him a slave to the speculators all the rest of his natural life.

Mr. Gullett thinks we have reached a crisis in Anglo-Saxon colonization. So do we. He says it is a crisis as grave "as that when Wolfe climbed the heights of Abraham, or when English navigators narrowly beat the French in Australian waters, or when Nelson, with the fate of all our colonies in the balance, drove among the French ships at Trafalgar."

There is nowhere in sight amongst the pitiful contemptibilities that constitute the bulk of our partisan political life an Imperial policy of migration.

The trouble with us is that, as a race, we have no adequate idea or ideal of the state—of what it is or what it ought to be.

The British colony of today is lost to the British Empire of tomorrow, without an adequate Imperial policy of migration.

What is the "Imperial" policy of today?

"Pull yourselves up by your own boot straps—you who are up to your chins in the mire—or sink and die and be done with you."

Is this the policy of an intelligent race?

Notes from a Diary of a Voyage Around the World

By J. E. Rhodes

(*Continued from Page 1286, December issue*)

SUNDAY, August 1, 3:15 p. m.—Into Suez Canal again.

Passed several Arab dhows, with their big spreading lateen sails, laden with merchandise.

Numbers of camels were to be seen along the way, working on the canal banks, taking away sand, others carrying travellers and merchandise.

No vegetation was to be seen the whole way, with the exception of desert grass in places and an occasional palm.

It was interesting to see the Bedouin Arabs camped on the banks, and amusing to watch the children keeping pace with the steamer for miles and calling out "Bread!" which was thrown to them. The loaves or half-loaves which fell short of the shore were quickly recovered by these little ones, who immediately divested themselves of their clothing—what little they had—and swam out after it. A tall, thin Arab about 30 years of age made his appearance and took part in the marathon, calling out "Clothes!" when one of the steamer's crew procured the remains of an old shirt, only fit for a floor-cloth, and threw it overboard astern. Our tall friend lost no time, for he instantly dived in and swam out to the middle of the canal after it; but when he got his prize and saw what it was he held it up and shouted after us in his native tongue. It was well, perhaps, that none of us understood Arabic.

We then passed a number of asses lazily basking in the hot sun, not grazing, for there was no sign of grass; they looked completely lost.

3:45 p.m.—Passed station Atabel-el-Gisr.

The Port Said and Suez railroad runs alongside the canal, and a train passed us at this point of the journey, going south.

6 p.m.—A Turkish troopship, bound for Mecca, tied up to allow us to pass; she was crowded with soldiers in every conceivable place on board. I never saw such a poor-looking outfit.

After this we saw a Mohammedan, who was all alone on the desert, engaged in worship; he stood with his face towards Mecca, then knelt down with hands extended in the air and bowed four or five times to the ground, remaining bowed for some time on all fours, with his face in the sand; he then resumed his first posture and again knelt down and bowed as before, and so on. How long he continued to do this I do not know, for I watched him from the stern of the steamer until he was lost to view. He was certainly very sincere, as there was not a soul besides himself to be seen anywhere.

6:15 p.m.—Going through the dredged channel in Balla Lakes.

7 p.m.—A beautiful sunset and much cooler.

9 p.m.—We moored to permit the s.s. Rauenfels, of Bremen, outward, and another German steamer, name unknown, to pass.

We then came to Lake Menzaleh, where the canal close to the east side of the lake was a dredged channel, as in the Balla Lakes; this channel extended the remaining distance to Port Said. Lake Menzaleh is a broad expanse of water in the Nile Delta.

I shall always remember this wonderful trip through the Suez Canal, which is undoubtedly a marvellous piece of engineering.

The distance from Port Tewfik to Port Said is 87 miles.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

12:30 a.m.—Arrived at Port Said.

We anchored in the bay at the entrance to the canal, where there were many steamers of all nationalities. Later on in the morning our steamer was coaled. The false rudder and searchlight, being no longer required, were put away in their respective places until the next voyage.

Numbers of Arab vendors came on board to sell their wares, such as post cards, Turkish delight, cigarettes, etc.

Port Said, a large, busy seaport at the Mediterranean entrance of the canal, is one of the largest coaling stations in the world; it has many fine buildings, and, like most seaports, is a very cosmopolitan city. It is also a very gay place.

6 a.m.—Departed for Marseilles.

Leaving Port Said we passed close to the monument of Ferdinand de Lesseps, on the port.

12 noon.—Weather clear and much cooler.

We were now in the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Course, N. 45 W.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

6:30 a.m.—Passed company's steamer Keemun, outward, on the port, en route for the sound.

Weather clear; sea calm; slight breeze from the west.

12 noon.—Much cooler, with breeze.

5:30 p.m.—Passed N. D. L. steamer, name unknown, on the starboard.

6:30 p.m.—Sighted the Island of Crete on the starboard.

8 p.m.—Weather clear and cool.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4

This morning was cool, with a calm sea.

Fine weather all day.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

Today opened up with a strong wind. The sea was rough, and our steamer was pitching and taking spray.

7:30 a.m.—Land on the port—Sicily Island.

9 a.m.—Land on the starboard—Italian coast.

Mount Etna could be seen with its summit enveloped in haze.

10:30 a.m.—Entered Straits of Messina.

We had now come upon a scene of devastation, caused by the recent earthquake, and there was not a village, town or city in the strait that had not been visited by this upheaval. The strait not being very wide, we were afforded an excellent view of the ruins on both sides, which with the aid of a powerful telescope were brought to a closer survey. The first town we passed was Reggio, on the starboard, which was badly demolished; so also were the numbers of small towns and fishing villages near to.

At 12 noon we were abreast of the doomed city of Messina. Here the sight was appalling. Where once stood magnificent buildings there now remained nothing but columns of Gothic and Corinthian architecture. Men were engaged clearing away the debris, which appeared an enormous undertaking. To gaze at the great mass of wreckage and destruction, and to think of the awful calamity that befell thousands, who were swept unawares into eternity, had quite a subduing effect upon one. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I saw the wrecked city of San Francisco shortly after the earthquake there, but it was not to be compared with the one of Messina.

12:50 p.m.—Passed out of the strait into the Tyrrhenian Sea. As we rounded Cape de Faro the wind was very strong, with showers.

4 p.m.—Abreast of Stromboli, one of the Lipari group of volcanic islands, on the starboard. This volcano, rising 3,090 feet above the sea level, was in activity as we passed. A white smoke issuing from a crater near the summit, on the northeast side, rose into the clear blue sky, forming a cloud above the mountain. Streams of lava could be seen down the slopes, where numbers of dwellings and vineyards were situated.

8 p.m.—Cloudy, wind, with moderate sea. Steamer pitching.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6

Morning.—Squally, with rain.

3:30 p.m.—Sighted Island of Sardinia on the port.

4:30 p.m.—Sighted Island of Corsica on the starboard bow.

7:15 p.m.—Hugging the coast of Sardinia.

Calm sea and beautiful sunset.

7:45 p.m.—In the Strait of Bonifacio, between the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia.

There were numbers of lights from the shores.

8 p.m.—Calm and clear.

9 p.m.—"Lights burning brightly and all's well."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7

Today commenced with warm weather, calm sea, with no wind.

10 a.m.—Sighted French coast on the starboard bow.

11 a.m.—Hugging the coast on the starboard.

12 noon.—Took on pilot for Marseilles.

1:30 p.m.—Arrived at Marseilles.

5 p.m.—Fumigated steamer to destroy insects in cargo.

Marseilles, a very busy city and the leading seaport of France, is situated in the Gulf of Lyons. It is a fine city, with extensive docks, costly buildings and wide streets. Like most French towns, it is very fashionable and gay.

A very pleasant evening can be spent here by taking a walk around the city and visiting the large cafes, which are greatly patronized by people, who spend their time sitting at small round tables out on the sidewalks drinking bock beer, etc., to the sweet strains of a stringed orchestra. They certainly take life easy.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8

Early this morning the dock where we were berthed, which was fully three miles from the city, was lined with people who had come to spend a day's outing fishing; no doubt they had been toiling hard during the past week and this was quite a relaxation for them. There they sat with rod and line, like a "band of hope," although a bottle of wine comprised their lunch basket. First one would pull out a fish and then another, which were all about the size of minnows. I didn't see any of the large ones that were nearly caught. Most of the enthusiastic sportsmen stayed all day.

During the day our steamer was discharging cargo.

7 p.m.—Departed for Havre.

The night was clear and cool.

MONDAY, AUGUST 9

Today the weather was fine and warm with a calm sea and light winds aft.

7 p.m.—Sighted the Spanish coast on the starboard.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10

Weather—Fine all day.

Passed many outward-bound steamers.

During the morning we saw three sea lions at play close to the ship's side, on the starboard.

12 noon.—Two American stowaways made their appearance on deck from the fore peak, where they had concealed themselves previous to our departure from Marseilles. It looked strange to see strangers come up on deck at sea, not having seen them before.

Land in sight on the starboard.

The night was clear and starlight.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11

4 a.m.—Entered the Strait of Gibraltar with the Rock on the starboard.

We are now in the Atlantic Ocean.

The weather here was somewhat cooler and the sea calm.

1 p.m.—Passed company's steamer Stentor, outward, on the port.

2 p.m.—Passed company's steamer Glaucus, outward, on the port.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12

Today was cool and hazy.

Passed many outward-bound steamers.

Several shore birds visited our steamer during the day, which was a sign that we were not far from the land.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13

The early part of this morning was very foggy.

8 a.m.—Fog lifted, disclosing the sun, which made it much warmer.

Night.—Calm sea, clear and starlight.

Now in the Bay of Biscay.

SATURDAY AUGUST 14

Morning.—Fog.

Noon.—Fog lifted.

Entered English Channel.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15

This morning the weather was clear.

Passed several steamers and fishing schooners.

Sighted French coast on the starboard.

9 a.m.—Received pilot for Havre.

10 a.m.—Arrived at Havre, where we were taken in tow by two tugs.

It was very warm here and hundreds of bathing vans lined the beach, whilst the waters was a living mass of bathers.

Being Sunday, the promenade was crowded with fashionable people, who congregated on the pier head to watch our large steamer pass through the piers. We passed from one dock to another, until at last our berth was reached. Considerable delay was caused in mooring, there not being sufficient space for our steamer opposite the freight sheds where our cargo was to be discharged, and it was not until 1 p.m. that we were made fast.

Havre is the seaport of Paris, being situated at the mouth of the River Seine. Wealthy people owning large yachts find this a very convenient harbor when visiting Paris, the French metropolis. Colonel Payne's large steam yacht, Athrodite, of New York, was berthed in the next dock to ours; the colonel was in Paris.

Many large steamship companies have their docks here, these being the Booth Line, French Line, Chargeurs Reunis, Messageries Maritime, Compagnie Generale Transatlantique and others, including cross-channel lines.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16

This morning the shore gang were at work discharging cargo.

10 a.m.—Commenced to rain, and continued until evening.

A Liverpool pilot arrived to take our steamer to the above-named port.

Our two Yankee stowaways stepped ashore here and bade farewell to the steamer. During their stay on board they were treated like passengers, having no work to do, plenty to eat, sleeping accommodation and periodicals to read. The crew were very kind to them, giving them clothes and tobacco, etc.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17

The weather today was fine and cool.

Discharged all cargo for this port.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18

Today it was blowing a gale.

10 a.m.—An attempt was made to leave Havre, but the gale was too strong; the tugs found it impossible to get us away from the dock side.

Gale blew all day and a French steamer was lost in the bay.

10.30 p.m.—Departed for Liverpool, the gale having abated, although a stiff breeze was blowing outside the piers and there was a heavy swell.

Passed two powerful flashlights on the starboard.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19

This morning opened up with fine weather; a stiff breeze was blowing and there was a moderate sea.

2 p.m.—Sighted English coast on the starboard bow.

3 p.m.—Passed Lizard Head.

5 p.m.—Rounded the Longships lighthouse on the starboard. This lighthouse is off Land's End.

Passed several outward-bound steamers and ships.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20

Early this morning we were off the Welsh coast.

The weather was muggy.

5 a.m.—Passed Holyhead.

6 a.m.—Passed the Skerries.

10.30 a.m.—Reached the river Mersey and passed the lightships Bar, Formby and Crosby.

It was now hazy and raining, and as we passed New Brighton with its tall tower it looked very gloomy. It certainly was not the best of days to see this wonderful river with its tremendous traffic. Several Atlantic liners were riding at anchor.

11.30 a.m.—Arrived at Liverpool.

A month was spent in England visiting my parents and friends, whom I had not seen for a number of years. I also visited many of the large manufacturing cities and seaside resorts, and altogether I really enjoyed myself immensely. To write upon the different places visited and incidents that occurred whilst in England would take up too much time and space, so I think I'll end here.

THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

SEPTEMBER 23

This afternoon the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, was thronged with people bidding farewell to their friends and relatives who were about to depart for the American continent.

The Tunisian, of the Allan Line, and the Dominion, of the White Star-Dominion Line, lay alongside the landing stage. Passengers, passengers' effects and mail were now all on board, so both steamers were ready to depart for

Canada. At 5.15 p.m. the Tunisian let go her lines and proceeded down the Mersey, followed by the Dominion, on which I had booked my transportation, a quarter of an hour later. As both steamers moved away there was much cheering and a great display of handkerchiefs, both waving and absorbing.

The weather was hazy and we soon lost sight of the Tunisian.

SEPTEMBER 24

This morning the weather was foggy and hazy, light winds and smooth sea.

Our steamer made little progress today on account of the fog, which lasted all day.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 55 deg. 27 min. Long. 6 deg. 50 min. Various. 189 miles.

SEPTEMBER 25

Today the weather was hazy and cool; light winds and smooth sea.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 56 deg. 24 min. Long. 16 deg. 29 min. N.80W. 329 miles.

SEPTEMBER 26

Today commenced with light, fresh winds and a moderate sea, causing our steamer to roll. The weather was misty.

Our first-class passengers numbered about 300, which were composed of American, Canadian and English.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 56 deg. 29 min. Long. 26 deg. 20 min. N.89W. 327 miles.

SEPTEMBER 27

This morning light winds, freshening, and a moderate sea. Ship rolling.

I noticed the majority of our passengers were looking very sickly, their complexions having somewhat changed to a yellow and greenish tint, whilst many were laid up with *mal de mer*.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 55 deg. 39 min. Long. 44 deg. 55 min. S.75½W. 330 miles.

SEPTEMBER 28

There was a heavy head swell today and our steamer was pitching.

The weather was misty and there was moderate winds.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 54 deg. 59 min. Long. 44 deg. 55 min. S.75½W. 309 miles.

SEPTEMBER 29

Today the weather was clear, cloudy above, moderate winds and sea.

Passed several icebergs, which made the atmosphere very cold.

Numbers of porpoises were at play near the ship's side, and an occasional whale could be seen blowing.

One by one, during the day, the convalescents ventured on deck, assisted by those who were more accustomed to sea voyages, and at night, the sea being smooth, there was a full gathering of the clans once more.

7.10 p.m.—Abreast of North Belle Isle on the starboard, which is at the entrance of the Strait of Belle Isle. This strait divides Newfoundland and Labrador.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 52 deg. 30 min. Long. 53 deg. 05 min. S.66W. 319 miles.

SEPTEMBER 30

The sea was smooth and the weather clear, with light winds today. It was an ideal day.

Sports were held on deck for both young and grown-ups, and almost everybody took part, in good spirits, having recovered from their sickness.

This evening we passed Anticosti Island on the port.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 49 deg. 31 min. Long. 60 deg. 40 min. Various. 340 miles.

OCTOBER 1

The weather today was foggy, with light winds and smooth sea.

We were now steaming up the St. Lawrence.

2.45 p.m.—Reached Father Point, where we received pilot for Montreal.

Position, course and run.—Lat. 48 deg. 50 min. Long. 67 deg. 48 min. Various. 304 miles.

OCTOBER 2

5 a.m.—Arrived at Quebec, where our steerage passengers disembarked. The old historical city looked very picturesque with its fortress and Chateau Frontenac standing out prominently on the hill.

Leaving Quebec we came on the scene of the recent bridge disaster, which collapsed during construction, resulting in great loss of life. On the left bank of the river and in the water lay a huge mass of twisted steel girders and wire ropes, which were in the same position as when the whole structure gave way.

We have now come to the scenic part

of the river, which was lined on both sides with autumn-tinted foliage and French villages, with their two-steeple churches at intervals along the way.

8.30 p.m.—Arrived at Montreal. Here the usual unpleasant part of the voyage had arrived, it being the end. Here one has to bid adieu to new acquaintances, who are about to travel in all directions, except the one you are taking. They are rightly termed, "Ships that pass in the night."

The following day was spent visiting places of interest, and in the evening a departure was made on the Canadian Pacific Railway west-bound train—Pacific Express—for Winnipeg, Manitoba.

On reaching Winnipeg, having covered a distance of 1,484 miles from Montreal, a stay of ten days was made visiting friends in the city and places nearby.

At the termination of the stay in this city the west-bound Pacific Express was again boarded for Vancouver, British Columbia.

Leaving the bald-headed prairie, we

came to the rolling prairie, where there were numerous cattle ranches.

Arriving at Gleichen, a distant view of the Rockies could be seen, and at Calgary we entered the foothills.

Travelling on, we arrived at the most interesting part of the transcontinental journey, the travel through the Rocky Mountains, which is acknowledged to be one of the greatest sights in the world. The climb commenced, and on reaching Banff, at an altitude of 4,521 feet, we passed through the Canadian National Park, which covers an area of 5,732 square miles; several buffaloes were to be seen grazing in the park. Passing Eldon and Laggan, we came to Stephen, which is the summit of the Rockies, being 5,321 feet.

Having reached the highest elevation, we now descend towards the Pacific, coming to Field, altitude 4,064 feet. The next places of interest in these wonderful mountains were Ottertail, Golden, Donald, Bear Creek, Roger's Pass, Selkirk and Glacier House. Arriving at Revelstoke, the traveller feels that he is now not a great

way from the coast. Next places of interest we stopped at were Sicamous Junction, Salmon Arm, Kamloops, Ashcroft, North Bend, Yale, and Agassiz. We were now travelling along the Fraser River, which we didn't leave until Westminster Junction was arrived at.

Having come down from the lofty peaks, we were now nearing Vancouver, "The Sunset City of the West," the starting place of the trip.

And so ends these "Notes From a Diary of a Voyage Around the World."

Firms Represented by Members of the Vancouver Tourist Association

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

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Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Helliwell, Moore & Maclachlan, Molsons Bank Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

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Fee, T. A., Fee Block.
Gamble & Knapp, 66 Davis Chambers.
Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Somerwell & Putnam, 744 Hastings St.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Rushforth & Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir St.

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Art Emporium, 901 Georgia Street.
Cockburn't Art Gallery, 665 Granville St.

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Miller, J. J., 82 Hastings Street.

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Bank of British North America, Hastings St.
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton and Hastings Sts.
Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings St. W.
Bank of Vancouver, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Streets.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Main St., and Hastings Street.

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

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National Cash Register Co., 324 Cambie Street.

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Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

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Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin Co., Wm. F., Bower Building.
McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville St.
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More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street.

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES

Canadian General Electric Co., 1065 Pender St.
Cope & Son, 338 Hastings St.
Hinton Electric Company, 606 Granville Street.
Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd., 313 Water.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER

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Wagg, George, 116 Hastings Street.

GROCERY SUNDRIES

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HARDWARE

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Flett, J. A., 111 Hastings St.
MacLachlan Bros., 827 Granville Street.

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Brackman-Ker Milling Co., The, 25 Pender St.

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Grand View, 618 Cordova Street.
Metropole, Abbott and Cordova Streets.
North Vancouver, North Vancouver, B. C.
St. Alice, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C.
Strand, 626 Hastings St.
Willows, Campbell River, B. C.
Windsor Hotel, 748 Granville Street.

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Shallcross, Macaulay & Co., 144 Water Street.

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British Empire Insurance Co., Bower Bldg.
McGregor & Co., D. C., 633 Hastings Street.
Monarch Life Insurance Co., 30 Imperial Block.
Mutual Life of Canada, 570 Granville St.
Wright, Cannon & Co., 198 Hastings Street.

JAPANESE GOODS

Furuya, M., Co., 46 Hastings Street.
Tamura, S., 522 Granville Street.

JEWELLERS

Allan, Thos., 615 Granville Street.
Allan, O. B., 581 Granville Street.
Armstrong, B. F., 609 Hastings Street.
Birks, Henry & Sons, Granville and Hastings Sts.

LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANIES

Grand Trunk Lands Company 12 Winch Bldg.
Natural Resources Security Co., Ltd., 606 Bower Building.
Northern Development Co., Cotton Bldg.
North Coast Land Co., 411 Winch Building.
Provincial Land & Financial Corporation, 888 Granville Street.

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Storey & Campbell, Beatty Street.

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Boswell, Peart & Co., 226 Cambie Street.
B. C. Wine Company, 534 Pender Street.
Independent Liquor Co., 65 Hastings St. E.
Pither & Leiser, 183 Water St.
The Hose & Brooks Co., Ltd., 504 Main Street.
Vancouver Wine & Spirits Co., 1097 Granville.
West End Liquor Company, 1133 Granville St.

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Banfield, John J., 327 Seymour Street.
Bell-Irving & Co., H., 322 Richards St.
Canadian Financiers, Ltd., 632 Granville St.
Dow, Fraser & Co., Ltd., 321 Cambie St.
Island Investment Co., Ltd., 431 Homer Street.
Macaulay & Nicholls, 414 Seymour St.
Mahon, MacFarland & Procter, Ltd., Pender & Seymour Streets.
Morgan, E. B. & Co., Canada Life Building
National Finance Co., 300 Pender Street.
Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street.
Rand, C. D., Bank of B. N. A. Building.
Rand, E. E., 532 Granville Street.
Ward, Burmester & Von Gravenitz, 411 Pender
Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, 440 Seymour Street.

LUMBER DEALERS

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Harrell, M. M., Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
McDougall, H. H., Dominion Trust Building.
Smith, J. Fyfe & Co., 448 Seymour Street.

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Rat Portage Lumber Co., Granville Street.
Robertson & Hackett, Granville Street.

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The Vancouver Milling and Grain Co., Ltd., Cambie and Smythe Streets.
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Leckie, J. & Co., Cordova and Cambie Sts.
Royal Soap Company, 308 Harris Street.
Vancouver Machinery Depot, 1155 6th Ave. W.

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Campbell, George & Co., Mercantile Building.
Clark, Ranald F., Fairfield Building.
James, W. A., 334 Granville Street.
MacLennan, W. A., 536 Hastings Street.
MacPherson & Teezel, Drake and Homer Sts.
Newmarch, Cooper & Co., 167 Pender Street.
Pacific Coast Importing Co., Ltd., Mercantile B.
Thompson, N., Ltd., 319 Pender Street.

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Moir, A. & Co., Empire Building.

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Morgan, T. C., 656 Granville Street.

MINING COMPANIES

Brown, H. B., 510 Pender Street.

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Lester Dancing Academy, Granville & Davie St.
Thiel Detective Service, Fairfield Building.

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News-Advertiser Co., Pender and Hamilton Sts.

Walter C. Nichol, The Daily Province.
World Publishing Co., The Daily World.

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Wadds Bros., 337 Hastings Street.

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Montelius Piano House, 887 Granville St.
Thomson, Wm., 1127 Granville Street.
Waitt, M. W. & Co., 558 Granville Street.

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Morris Co., John F., 1087 Granville Street.
Nicholson, James & Son, 2092 Second Ave.
Timms, A. H., 230 14th Avenue E.
Trythall & Son, 590 Seymour Street.

PUBLISHERS

Canadian Press Association, Dom. Trust Bldg.
Fruit Magazine Publishing Co., 722 Hastings Street West.

REAL ESTATE

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Dominion Investors' Corporation, 313 Dominion Trust Building
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Gill & Casement, 439 Richards St.
Goddard, H. & Son, 321 Pender Street.
Gray, C., 533 Pender Street.
Griffith & Lee, 420 Winch Building.
Harper, James, 315 Cambie Street.
Hitchcock & Meeker, 344 Pender Street.
Holden, Wm., Holden Building, Hastings St.
Hood Bros., 519 Pender Street.
Hoseason & Co., 322 Pender Street.
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Imperial Realty Co., 307 Loo Building.
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Kearns, John D., 405 Bower Building.
Laing & Frame, 404 Homer Street.
Lalonde & Clough, 441 Homer Street.
Latimer, Nay & McTavish, 319 Pender Street.
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Lett, C. A. & Son, 316 Richards St.
Liddle, Andrew, 800 Hastings Street.
Loewen, Harvey & Humble, Ltd., 420 Cambie St.
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McPherson & Fullerton Bros., 333½ Pender St.
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Margetson Bros., 321 Homer St.
Matheson & Chase, 336 Cambie Street.
Maxwell & LeFeuvre, 2141 Granville Street.
Merrill & Merrill, Bower Building.
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Powis & Boughton, 334 Granville St.
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Rankin & Ford, 106 Cotton Building.
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Rogers, Black & McAlpine, 524 Pender St.
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Scott, G. D., 436 Granville Street.
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Seymour, Short & Robertson, 319 Homer Street.
Star Realty Co., 56 Hastings St. E.
Steele, Chas., Realty Co., 525 Pender Street W.
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Sutherland, A. D., 698 Broadway.
Taylor, J. S., 407 Pender Street.
Thacker & Thornton, 324 Winch Building.
Trites, F. N. & Co., 659 Granville Street.
Ure, John, Bank of Commerce Building.
Vancouver Financial Corp., Dom. Trust Bldg.
Volvert, A. J., 2208 Granville Street.
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Williscroft, S. B., 522 Granville Street.

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Keate, W. L., 441 Seymour St.
Paterson Timber Co., 336 Pender Street.
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TOBACCONISTS

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Vancouver Transfer Co., 564 Cambie St.

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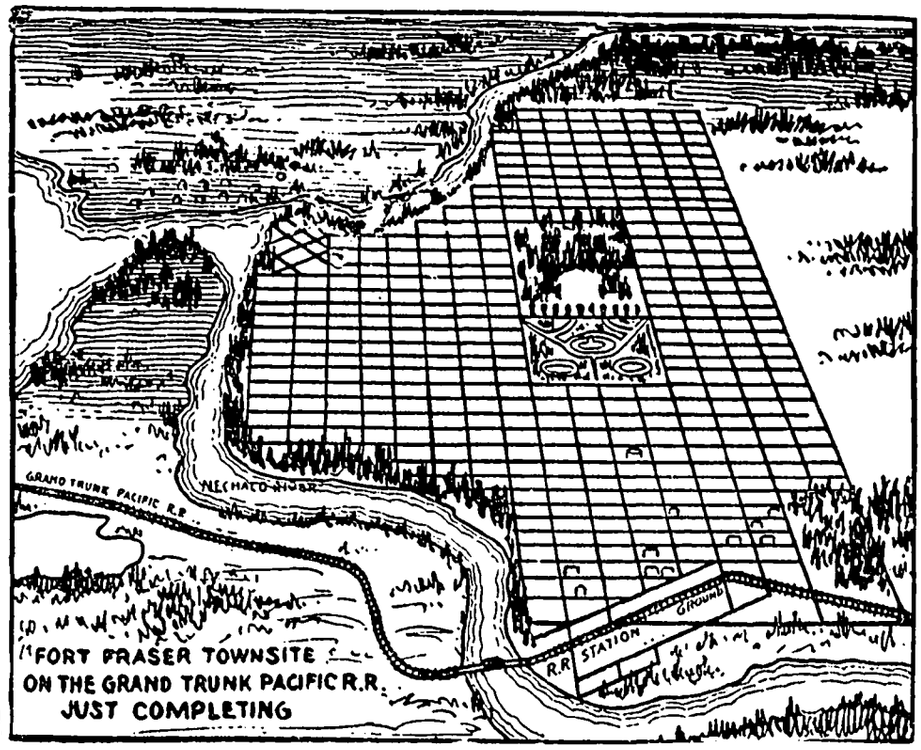

Note Fort Fraser directly on the Grand Trunk Pacific main line at the east end of Fraser Lake.

Note the junction of the Upper and Lower Nechaco rivers touching Fraser Lake at Fort Fraser, affording over one thousand miles of navigable waterway.

Note, in addition to the Grand Trunk Pacific survey, numerous trails leading into Fort Fraser from almost every direction, some indicating other proposed railway surveys.

Note its location in the very centre of the largest and richest agricultural and mineral section of British Columbia, embracing the Stuart Lake country, Nechaco Valley, Blackwater country, Endako Valley, Ootsa Lake country, Bulkley Valley, and the Babine country.

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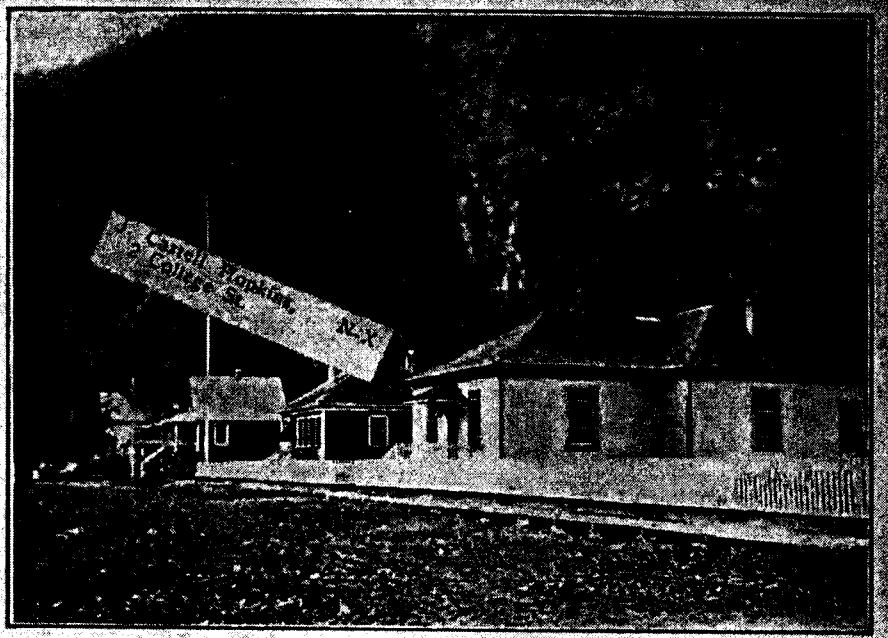

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