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BRITISH COLUMBIA



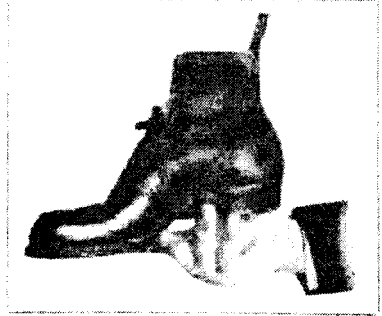
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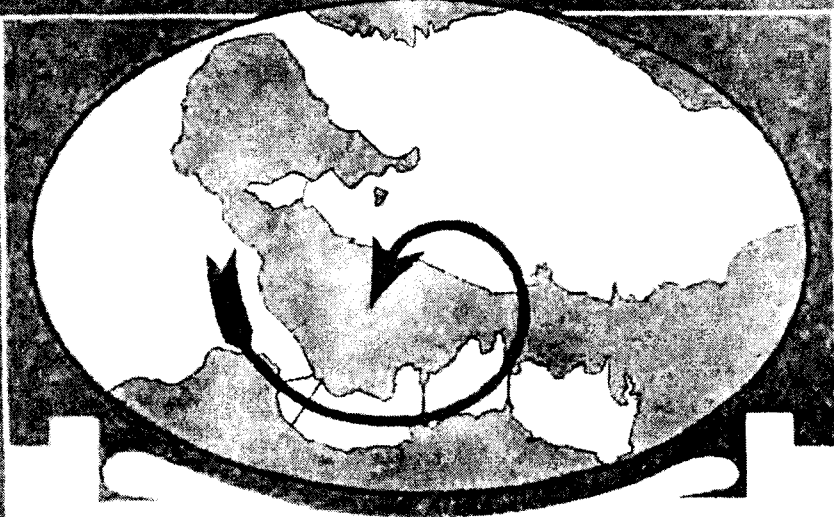


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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

VOL. VII

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Wander-Thirst

By B. MacArthur

From "Collier's Weekly"

*There are some who want the sea,
And some who want the pine,
But pine and sea are both for me
Since wander-thirst is mine,
The long trail-call is on me
Wherever I may be;
I'm blessed or cursed with wander-thirst,
And so the Road for me.*

*The Road that girths the hemispheres!
What witchery it gains
When the wide earth leaps before you
With the sunlight and the rains!
When the mist is on the meadows,
And the traveller casts his load,
Oh! the moonlight and the shadows
And the magic of the Road.*

*So long its length has led me
O'er continent and sea
That I have power to become
Whate'er I wish to be;
From the lark that rules the meadows
To the coyote in the hills—
I may be any wild thing
My vagrant fancy wills.*

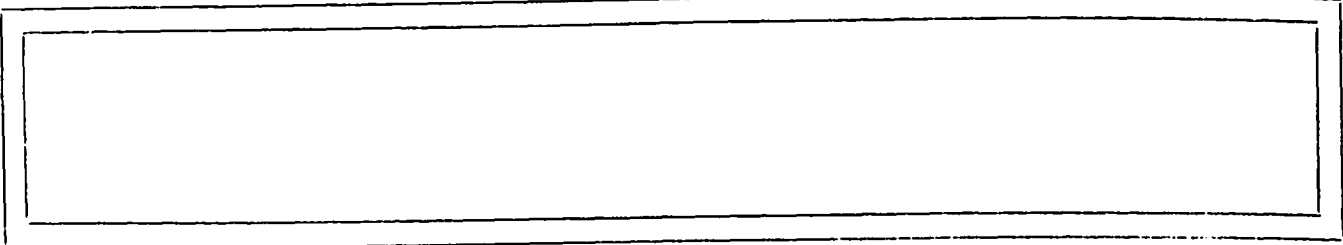
*Sometimes I am a sea-gull
Where the shouting combers crash;
I swoop and dip where blue tide-rip
And spume and spindrift flash;
Where the wicked little cat's-paws
Whisk across the ground-swell's breast,
Or the oily sea lifts lazily
With storm-clouds in the west.*

*And I have been a fir-tree
In a bull-elk's mating ground;
I've heard the hill-wind singing
Upon his midnight round;
I watched the patient foot-hills
And saw the growing light
Of coming morn when day was born
From out the womb of Night.*

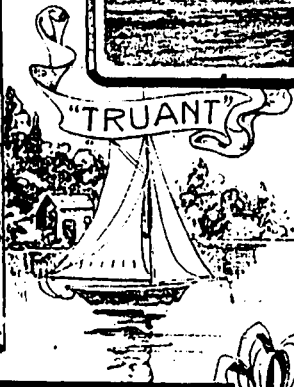
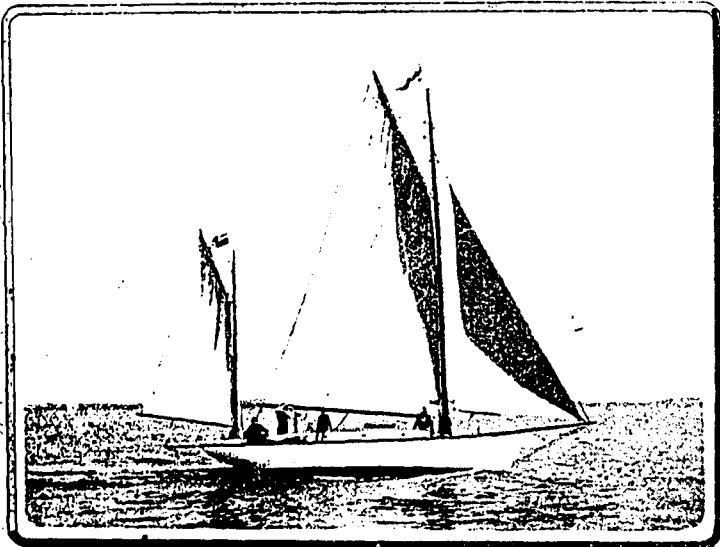
*Just now I am a white beach;
Behind me grasses sway,
Before me hiss of sea-foam kiss
And slap of lazy spray;
The snipe that pipe at daybreak,
The lost things thrown ashore,
Here find a home 'mid stranded foam
And crashing combers' roar.*

*So some may want the sea,
And some may want the pine,
But pine and sea are both for me
Since wander-thirst is mine,
The long trail-call is on me
Wherever I may be;
I'm blessed or cursed with wander-thirst,
And so the Road for me.*

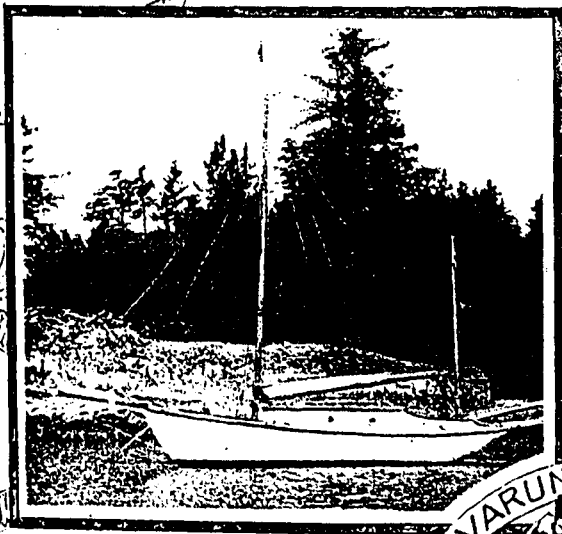




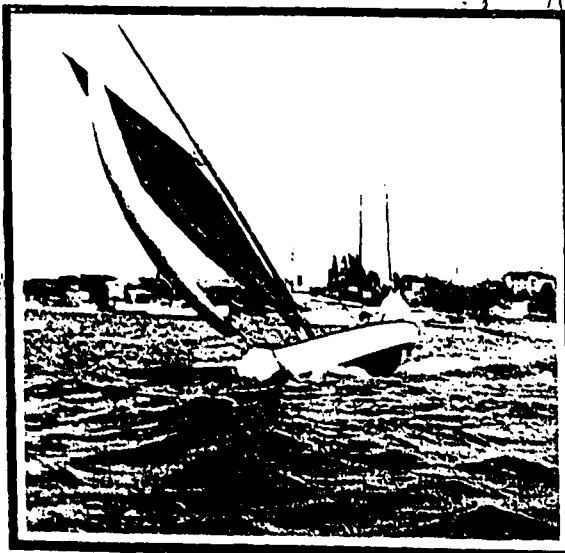
"ALOFT"



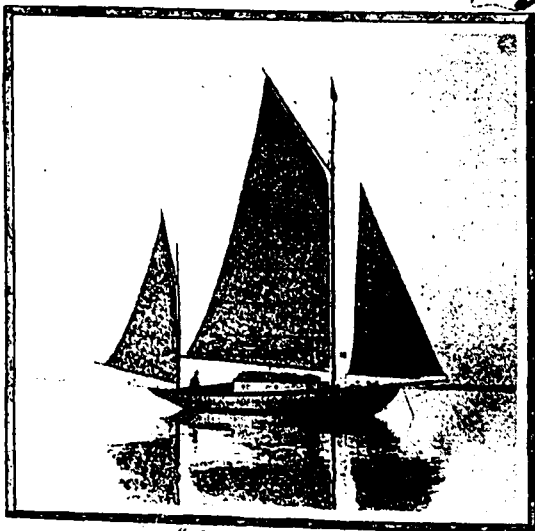
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"VARUNA"



"ONEIDA"



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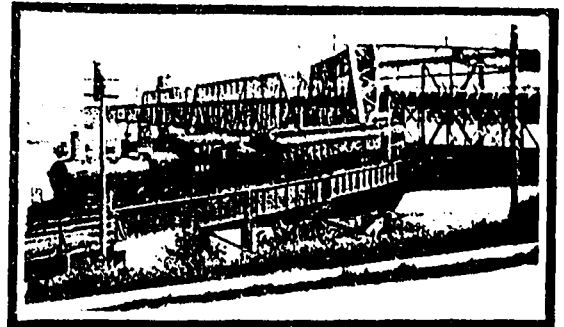
Yachts of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Fleet

May 1911



The City of Cherries

By Garnett Weston



THE spring development story of a Western town is like the necromantic fables linking the present with that old city supposedly somewhere in the shadow of the Thirsty Hills

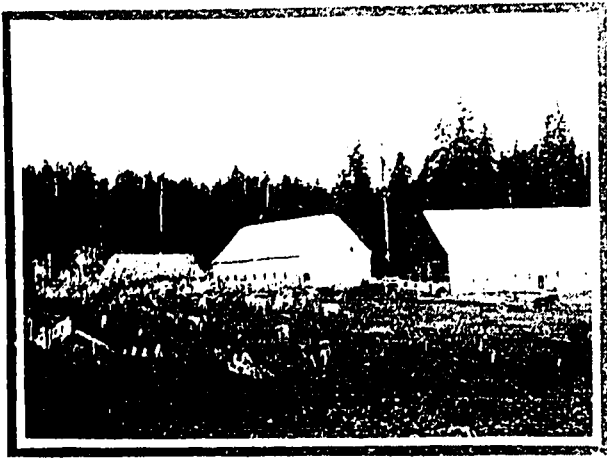
which run into Tibet and loop a fertile plain. It is known in history, which is somewhat obscure, as "the city that never was in the land that doesn't exist." Wonderful stories are told of its growth and power, for it is sometimes claimed to have been the birthplace of that great Tartar hero, Genhez Khan.

In southern British Columbia, where climatic conditions permit of uninterrupted constructive progress, the spring renewal of activity is not as marked as on the prairie, for the simple reason that there is no renewal. It is merely a freshened impetus to a cycle or an action described in decimal terms as a repeater.

When the whispering waters of the

Fraser ribbon out from under the tall hills they rinse the shores of old Queensborough, or New Westminster as it was re-named. When I first saw New Westminster it appealed to me as a two-color picture. The colors were blue and gold, for the sun splashed yellowly on the houses, and the side-scenes, the mists and the mountains, were blue. New Westminster has the expression of a city being retailed. It is like an old painting, begun in 1859, partly erased a dozen years ago by fire, and now being reworked by a brush belonging to the twentieth century and with modern colors.

The city is the blossom grown on a stem of farm land. The land is the Fraser river valley. It includes the wealthy districts known as Delta, Surrey, Langley, Matsqui, Sumas and Chilliwack. Roughly, this territory is one hundred miles long and twenty miles wide. Practically the whole of the south side of the Fraser valley and a considerable area in the north side is rich pasturage land, capable of growing anything in the way of roots, fruits, grain or vegetables. Peaches, grapes, cherries and



FARM LAND IN THE VALLEY BEHIND
WESTMINSTER

other small fruits ripen to a degree of lusciousness not surpassed anywhere. Pumpkins and melons mature as well as in the south. Dairying and poultry-raising, cattle and horse breeding, cheese and butter making are the principal industries, although there are scores of shingle and lumber mills giving employment to a large number of men.

The extensive activities of the railway companies in the districts will leave openings for laborers for several years to come. A district of vast fertility is being opened to the traffics that follow hard on the advance of men. From this agricultural and fruit-growing country have come the products which have built up the enormous market which occurs every Friday in New Westminster. The Great Northern, the British Columbia Electric and the Canadian Pacific bring the people of the valley in to the market and provide efficient transportation, making it possible to accomplish the round trip in one day.

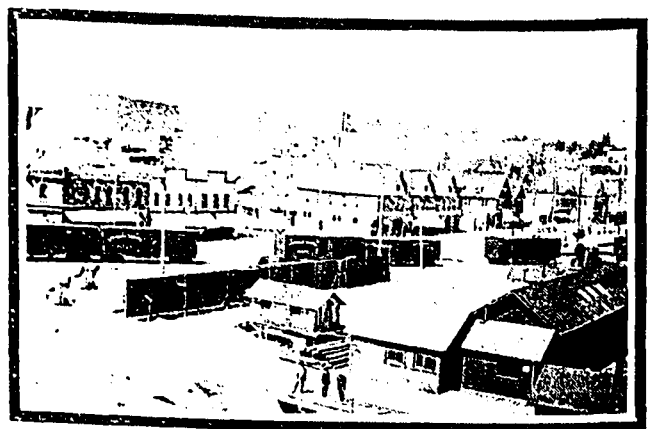
The market-place is bounded on one side by the lines of three railways, and on the other by the Fraser river, making both rail and water methods of supply possible. It is the best paying market in the west.

The ultimate success of a city is dependent solely on its situation. If it is luckily placed it is destined to succeed in the commercial wrestling match of cities. Sometimes it is purely chance which throws a city to the front, but usually a western city is great or small according to the stakes of the rough prospector or home-maker who makes the first axe-stroke on the site.

New Westminster is placed on a wide, navigable stream which comes through a wealth-potent country and flows broadly into the open sea. The water which slips

up to the piers is free from the destructive teredoos which destroy, by persistent dining, the piles of wharfs in salt water. An ocean vessel invariably comes into port with its hull below the water line covered with barnacles. The U.S.S. Dakota recently had six hundred tons of sea growth removed from its hull. Ships coming up the Fraser to New Westminster are scraped free of encumbrances by the action of the cold, fresh water. The value of this is apparent when the saving to a shipping company in docking and scraping is explained. With the possible exception of Portland, New Westminster has the finest harbor on the coast. During 1910 one million two hundred and eighty-eight thousand six hundred and thirty cubic yards were dredged from the river mouth. Last year from the 1st of April to the 30th of November there were seven hundred and sixty-seven in-bound coasting vessels with a tonnage of fifty-three thousand five hundred and seventy-four and a crew of five thousand one hundred and thirty-six men. Outward there were seven hundred and ninety vessels, tonnage fifty-two thousand and twelve, with a crew of five thousand four hundred and seventeen. The ocean vessels numbered fifty-six, tonnage seventeen thousand and ninety-three, crew one thousand and fifty-two.

The big river which smooths by the city is world known for the run of salmon which yearly come up from the sea. The salmon canning industry is one of the big things making big money in a big country. There are thirty-nine canneries on the Fraser, and a great amount of the money made in the business is invested in the city of New Westminster. The Columbia Cold Storage Company is one of the largest in the city. There is a large factory, the Cliff Can Company, which makes the majority of the



THE SUN SPLASHED YELLOWLY ON
THE HOUSES



RAILWAYS LEAVE OPENINGS FOR
CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

cans used in the canneries. Thousands of men earn a paying livelihood in the fishing industry, one-third of the entire Canadian output being obtained in the Fraser. The river presents something of the appearance of an industrial fever when thousands of fishboats set sail as the sunset gun sends its powder message into echoes. The boats rapidly reduce into nothing as they race for some favorite place up the river or on the Gulf of Georgia. When they return they are laden with the "spring" or "red cohoe," which you can buy on any market in the east and Great Britain. Many trout and sturgeon are taken from the river and one cold-storage plant of great size is engaged solely in taking care of the halibut brought into port by the steamers.

The Royal City has a population of sixteen thousand people. Tributary to the city are some sixty thousand people living in a valley where there is room for a million. They are adding to the city's wealth by their labors in agricultural and fruit-growing lines. This alone should make the city important. In addition, however, there is a government timber reserve in the Fraser valley estimated to contain two billion feet of logs. A conservative estimate shows that the cost of opening the Fraser river to the largest ocean steamers would be repaid in fifteen years by the increased receipts from the towage of logs alone. Adjacent to the Fraser there are seven hundred and seventy thousand acres of timber land with an estimate of fifty billion feet of lumber, representing two million five hundred thousand dollars in stumpage dues alone. The city's situation ensures its reaping a full share of the enormous wealth inevitably resultant on the logging of this area. The Small &

Backlin, Brunette and Royal City mills are the largest within the city limits. Each of these mills uses on an average twenty-five million feet of logs per annum. These are worth approximately two hundred thousand dollars, which is about equal to the payroll of each of these firms. It is difficult to secure authentic figures regarding the increase in value of logs reduced to board feet, but it is probably in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty per cent. when overhead expenses are paid. "Overhead" expenses as they are termed is a species of self-insurance against all the accidents which are likely to happen during the interval between cutting and the final shipping of the lumber from the mills.

The Fraser mills are the most extensive in the world and have recently been enlarged by the erection of additional buildings and the purchase of machinery. The view from the centre of the Westminster bridge across the Fraser shows several miles of shore faced with mills, and the soft blue smoke from their burners lazies out over the stream, the heat and smoke together forming a ribbon like a piece of watered silk.

New Westminster's great steel bridge is so well known that it is repetition to mention it. Briefly, it cost a million dollars to build, contains four thousand tons of steel, is eleven thousand nine hundred and eighty feet long, the main span being three hundred and eighty feet long and resting on a central pier one hundred and forty-one feet below high water mark. The selection of the territory at the south end of the bridge as the location of the western terminals and the site of car building works by the Canadian Northern Railway Company brought Port Mann onto the map



THE LUMBER MILLS USE TWENTY-FIVE
MILLION FEET OF LOGS PER ANNUM



COLUMBIA STREET



THE POST OFFICE

and introduced the certainty that New Westminster would have a companion city of possibly ten thousand people in two or three years.

New Westminster's fire department, barring the comparison of numbers, is on an equal footing with Vancouver's, which is saying a great deal. The present efficiency of the force is the result of a number of years' constant training under Fire Chief Watson, who was with the department before the fire in 1898. There are five fire halls in the city. Recently the force equipment was improved by the addition of a McLaughlin fire truck motor.

The police force of nine men have charge of what is probably the most orderly city in the west. People who still nurse the idea that the west is where bold, bad men with arsenals hung around them come into town regularly and shoot up the place, would be disappointed in their dime novel expectations if they were to spend a few days in New Westminster. With the exception of the mountains in the background, it is just like a city in Ontario.

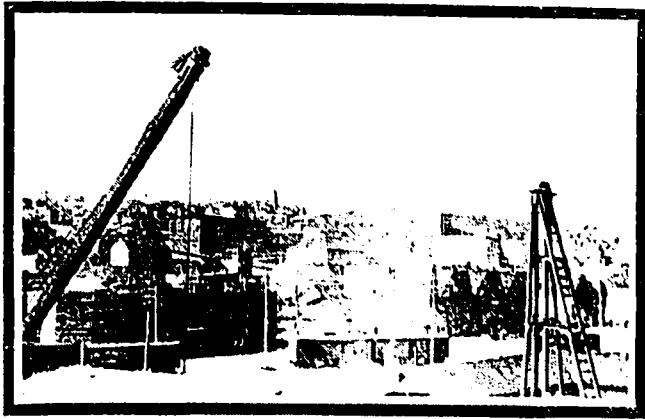
The question of water supply is one which amounts to paramount importance in the affairs of any city. Canadians are blessed with a country giving clear, fresh water in almost all its parts. The nightmare-like horror of buying water at the door from a pedlar has not yet come to us. The Province of British Columbia is particularly well insured against this evil. Where there are mountains usually there is a plenitude of clear mountain streams and lakes. The water used in the Royal City is conducted from Lake Coquitlam, twenty miles distant, through a piping system which, at the present time, is being enlarged to tubes eighteen and twenty inches across. The enlargement will treble the supply. The long slope from Lake Coquitlam gives a terrific force to the water. A large reservoir in Queen's

Park contains an emergency supply of the clearest water ever supplied to any city.

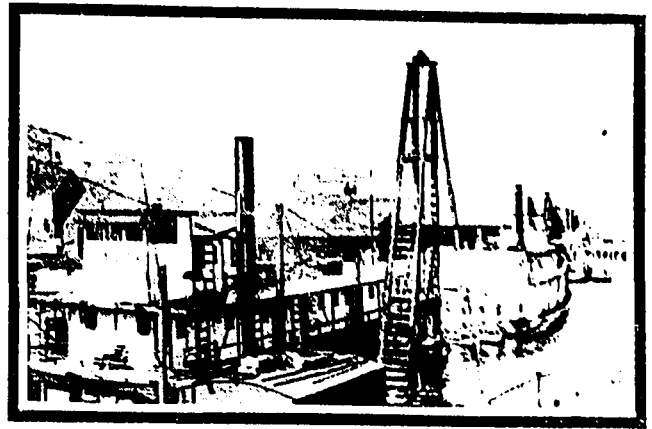
The growth of a city is usually judged by its increase in population. In 1907 the census showed a city of nine thousand four hundred and forty-six. Now it counts sixteen thousand. Three years ago the assessable valuation was five million one hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars; for 1910 it was ten million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars. The increase in assessable property denotes a great activity in building operations. At present there are a number of structures under course of building and averaging one hundred thousand dollars each in cost. The Bank of Commerce, the British Columbia Electric depot and the new opera house are three of the largest buildings being built. Also there are a number of five and six storey office buildings which will average thirty or forty thousand dollars each. The Y. M. C. A. and the Masonic Temple represent each a cost of fifty thousand dollars. It is probable that the Dominion government may concede a part of the land on which the present city hall is built. If this



LANDING HALIBUT FROM THE "ROMAN" AT NEW WESTMINSTER



THE ROYAL CITY HAS SIXTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE



THE WATER-FRONT

is done the building will be sold and a new one erected.

The growth of the residential parts has been as rapid as the business section. Since last fall between three and four hundred houses have been built. New Westminster has a beautiful park-like home section. The avenues are wide and well kept. The city's position on the sloping face of the hill gives it a commanding view of the river and at the same time permits of excellent sanitation. Because of the artistic appearance of its houses, New Westminster has been nicknamed the "city of homes." In the spring time when the flowers begin to bloom, so profuse are the cherry, apple and other blossoms, the city has gained also the name of "Cherry City."

The amount of money being expended on public improvements is an indication of prosperity. In 1910 over three hundred and seventy thousand dollars were spent on the improving of the city. Quite recently the city passed by-laws which provided for the expenditure during 1911 of nearly six hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount three hundred thousand dollars will be spent on street improvements. The parks will receive thirty-five thousand. Westminster people have the westerner's love of the open places. They have indulged themselves in

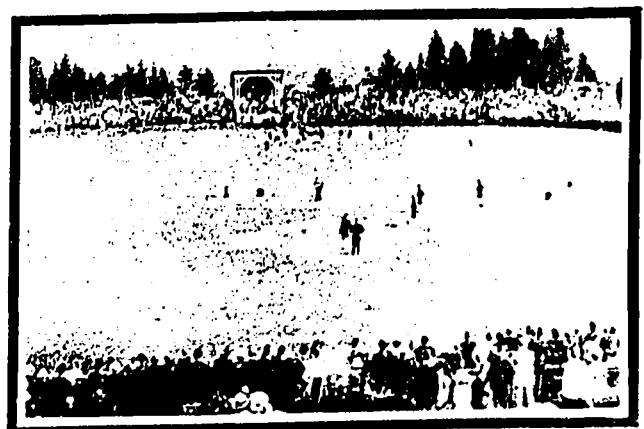
a number of beautiful parks—Queen's, Moody, Crescent, Tipperary, Toronto Place, Clinton Place and Leopold Place. The grounds in many cases overlook the Fraser river and in every instance the mountains are visible, sleeping in a sheet of slaty haze. The engineering department is finishing the extensive sewer improvements begun in 1910.

As a factory town, it has a number of advantages for makers of various utilities. The railroads, the river, the electric power are all factors in the strengthening of the magnet which draws the big brick buildings with their accompaniment of stacks from which waves the long black smoke banner of industry. The present industrial division has in its regiments nearly every kind of the commoner manufactures. Bricks, boxes, boilers, steel, pipes, wires, paper, carriages, leather—these are a few only of the articles made in the city's factories. The grain produce of the Fraser valley gives employment to a number of flour mills, and the other products of the valley and the river have their natural accompaniment of factories which prepare them for the use of the public. New Westminster and Port Mann will one day be the Ottawa and Hull of the Fraser river.

New Westminster is the see of both



A BEAUTIFUL PARK-LIKE HOME SECTION



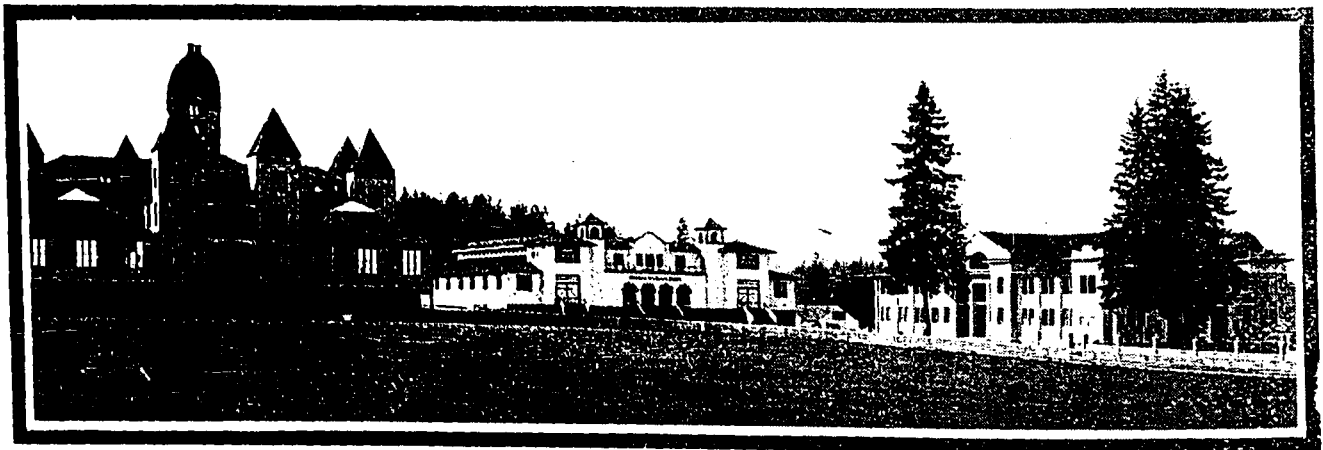
THE LACROSSE TEAM ARE THE PRESENT HOLDERS OF THE MINTO CUP

Protestant and Roman Catholic bishoprics. There are twenty churches in the city, which include almost all the different churches of America. A number of schools, a high school, Columbia and St. Louis colleges provide the necessary educational advantages for the young of the city.

Outside of the merely business and social aspect of the city's life, New Westminster has won a national name as a city of sportsmen. The game of lacrosse, Canada's own sport, has no more worthy devotees and certainly no more enthusiastic admirers than the people of this city. The standing of the team is something of which the people are proud, and, as with everything else in the city from the people's point of view, nothing is too good for the team. They

are the present holders of the Minto Cup and will probably carry off the trophy in this year's league games.

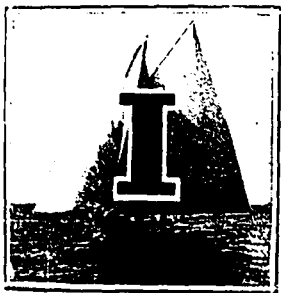
The future of the Royal City is one of those things which we know beforehand. It looks at you from the river, from the mountains, from the faces of the people you meet on the street. The days are like phonograph records put on the machine, endlessly playing their prophecy of Times and Profits that lie just around the next year-stone. When the city has passed that year-stone, a great metropolis giving home to many peoples will be upon the north shore of the old gold-floored river, and the city's motto, "In God We Trust," will have brought its own reward.



THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

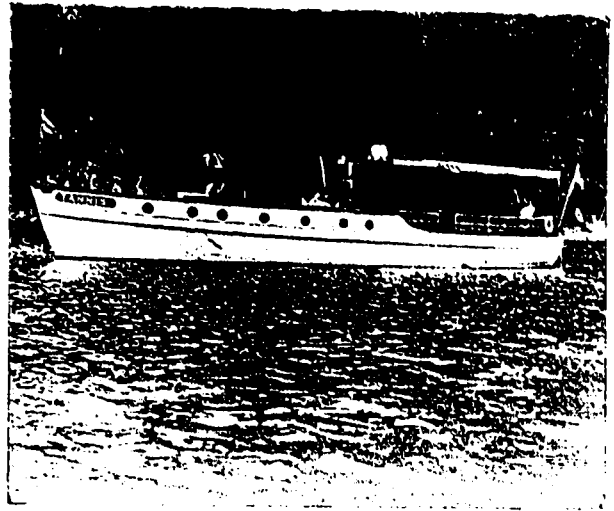
The Renaissance of Yachting at Victoria

By Alfred Hustwick



IN the days when yachting was a select and unobtrusive sport at Victoria, before the challenging racket of the aggressive motor-boat was heard in its picturesque harbor, the gentlemen sailors of the outpost port quartered in a floating club-house which rose and fell with the tides of James Bay. It was a structure of respectable proportions, two storeys in height and boasting commodious compartments for the stowage of gear, an office for the convenience of the secretary, and a comfortable smoking-room. In the latter the devotees of the royal sport were wont to gather after a hard day afloat and hold high revel about the club piano. From 1893, when the pennant of the Victoria Yacht Club first fluttered at the masthead of the club-house, until 1907, when Commerce found the site too valuable for a sportsmen's rendezvous and blotted it out with steamship wharves, the smoking-room piano served its admirers faithfully, albeit its tone, when it was installed, was of a softness not often in accord with the weather-roughened voices which it supported.

The club-house had a career of many vicissitudes. First a blundering steamship punted it from its moorings and submerged it. Later the pontoons which were designed to give it buoyancy failed miserably in their duty on three occasions, and the waters of the bay gulped it. After these submarine adventures the club-house was given a more stable foundation, piles replacing the faithless air-tanks. All this, by the way, is history.



LAUNCH "TANNIS"

When the smoking-room was restored to order the yachtsmen approached the piano, which had been neglected in the excitement of the four salvage operations, with some misgivings. To their surprise they discovered that the much-abused instrument, despite its immersion, had suffered little. In fact, the warping of wood and softening of felt padding which constituted its chief damage had given it a bolder, if less dulcet, resonance, thus enhancing it as a music-maker in the opinion of its owners.

This is traditional. I would not relate it were it not for its similitude to the career of the Victoria Yacht Club, which, after sinking into the sea of apathy, was reloaded through the persistence of a few optimists, and is today, like the historical piano, making more noise than ever.

As time is reckoned in the newer places of the West the V. Y. C. is a comparatively old institution, having been organized in 1892. There were a few white-winged pleasure craft at the capital city during the 'eighties, but club yachting, both in British Columbia and Washington, dates back only about twenty years, if my authorities are correct. Searching among the few existing records of the V. Y. C.'s early days I have found the names of many men who have played a prominent part in the public and commercial life of the province. Some of them are still prominent in yachting circles; others have reluctantly retired from active service with the fleet; while here and there crops up the name of a pioneer who has sailed the last great race of all and left a gap in the goodly company of true sportsmen. The passing of Capt. J. G. Cox, formerly Lloyd's agent at Victoria, and "Tom" Harmon, whose death but recently called forth much regret and reminiscence in the



J. S. GIBB

press, removed two of the club's earliest and most energetic members.

The first patron of the club was Colonel Prior, and among those most prominent in its inauguration were A. Mulcahey, J. H. Seeley, W. B. Charles, H. F. Lowen and George A. Kirk. The last-named gentleman generously financed the building of the floating club-house to which reference has been made. Of the boats which flew the red, white and blue burgee of the club in its halcyon days the best known were the *Volage*, *Swallow*, *Victoria*, *Mona*, *Petrel*, *Scud*, *Kalooloo*, *Undine* and *Fawn*. I have heard many a story of races fought out by these old-timers; grilling contests over the triangular course from the harbor-mouth to Albert Head and back by way of a buoy off Trial Island; long-distance runs to Port Angeles and Puget Sound; regattas among the many rocks and currents of Oak Bay; stories replete with daring doings in all the weathers that the Strait of Juan de Fuca knows. From all accounts it appears that the *Victoria*, *Scud* and *Petrel* divided honors pretty evenly. The name of the *Volage* is, however, most familiar to present-day yachtsmen. She is still in service, I believe, at Vancouver, having gone to the mainland port, like several other yachts which once flew the V. Y. C. pennant, during the lean years in the life of the Victoria organization.

To one who attended the international

regatta at the capital last July it seemed hardly credible that only two years had elapsed from the time when the V. Y. C. seemed about ready to give a final gurgle and expire. Yet such is the case. Various causes, not of sufficient interest to bear speculating on in this story, brought the club to a very low ebb in 1906 and 1907. Members found "pressure of business" and other reasons for withdrawing, and several of the best yachts were sold or taken to other ports. In 1907 the club-house in which the yachtsmen had gathered for twelve years was destroyed to make room for the wharves of the Alaska Steamship Company. Having no riparian rights the club was left without a home, its membership dwindled to thirty-five, and there was considerable talk of disbanding it. A retrospective view of this hiatus in the progress of the royal sport at the capital reveals a few of the members at their best. These men, with the optimism which is the chief quality of the successful yachtsman, refused to acknowledge defeat. B. B. Temple, one of the club's oldest and most experienced members, kept the pennant flying at the mast of his boat-house, about which a handful of yachts were moored by a faithful few.

During 1907 the club literally struggled for existence. J. S. Gibb, commodore, G. V. Cuppage, honorary secretary, and William Piggott, honorary treasurer, worked like Trojans to restore it to life. They canvassed their friends and the merchants of the city and received assurances of financial support. They appealed to yachtsmen to rally to the club flag. They planned the building of a new club-house. At the annual meeting, held in March, 1908, Mr. Piggott was able to report a balance of \$148 on hand and bright prospects for the coming season. The meeting was attended by a large number of yachtsmen and their friends, and so successful were the officers in their appeal to the sporting instincts of these gentlemen that the secretary and treasurer were soon kept busy enrolling new members, registering additions to the fleet and acknowledging contributions to the club-house fund.

The renaissance of the V. Y. C. was celebrated by a "stag" cruise to Albert Head on May 13, when the officers were able to announce to an enthusiastic assembly that the membership had increased to 127 and



COMMODORE J. MUSGRAVE

that the club-house was already under way, only \$300 of the estimated cost being unsubscribed. It is significant that of the thirty craft which participated in this cruise fully half were power-boats. How much the co-operation of the motor-boat men with the yachtsmen was responsible for the club's revival is hard to estimate, but there is no doubt that the sinking of mutual prejudices had much to do with the growth of both branches of the sport. The chugging launches, for long looked upon with disfavor by the men of the white wings, had come to stay. This fact was realized by the club as soon as it became apparent, and races for power-boats were arranged in connection with the regatta held in August, 1908. As if the weather gods conspired to impress the sailors with the importance of controlled locomotion, lack of wind made it possible for the motor-boat races only to be held on the day set. The sailing events were postponed for a week.

At the end of the year the club had a gratifying season to look back upon. Its handsome new club-house had been opened with all due ceremony and great enthusiasm on August 8, Premier and Mrs. McBride officiating. At the annual meeting, held in March, 1909, the officers reported a mem-

bership of 184 and a balance of \$112 on hand after all expenses, including the erection of the club-house, had been defrayed. The election of officers resulted in few changes being made, the club fortunately retaining the services of the men who had accomplished so much in the face of difficulties.

Public interest in yachting at Victoria was greatly stimulated during 1909 by the election of J. S. Gibb, commodore of the V. Y. C., as president of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association; the selection of the port for the international regattas of 1910; and the race between the famous Alexandra and Spirit. In 1907 the Spirit had beaten the Vancouver club's representative, which, however, had turned the tables in the following year. The Spirit was then purchased from "Ted" Geary, the clever young designer of the Seattle Yacht Club, by a Victoria syndicate. Flying the V. Y. C. pennant and captained by Charles W. McIntosh, the Spirit sailed against the Alexandra, Capt. Deane, over a triangular course of 13½ miles outside Victoria harbor on May 22, Empire Day. The prize was the Citizens' Cup, presented by the people of the port, and a purse of money. From a yachtsman's viewpoint the race was far from thrilling, the wind being light. The Alexandra easily beat her opponent, covering the course in 2 hours 58 minutes, and winning by over 21 minutes.

Victoria was named as the scene of the international regatta in 1910 at a meeting held the year previous to the event in the West Seattle club-house. The Northwest International Yacht Racing Association, having in mind the condition of the V. Y. C. in 1907 and the early part of 1908, intimated to the Victoria yachtsmen before the meeting that it would be in order for them to refuse the regatta if they did not think their club strong enough to conduct it. If anything was wanted to complete the convalescence of the club it was just such a reflection, however justified by past events, on its status. The V. Y. C. "got its back up" at once, accepted the offer of the regatta and immediately laid plans to make the affair the most successful of any that had been held.

The advent of the Pacific International Power Boat Association, which is to the motor fraternity what the N. W. I. Y. R. A.



SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS, ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB

	W. S. CHAMBERS	GUY TEMPLE, Fleet Captain		
W. E. ADAMS, Vice-Commodore	J. ARBUTHNOT	G. V. CUPPAGE	A. LANE	
B. B. TEMPLE, Mersmer	D. O. ROCHFORD	CAPT. H. G. JARVIS, Sec'y-Treas.		

is to the yachtsmen, was a large factor in the international meeting of 1910. The N. W. I. Y. R. A. was formed in 1893 by representatives of the Victoria, Nanaimo, Seattle, Tacoma, Fairhaven, Port Townsend and Bellingham clubs, and has been the mainstay of the royal sport in the waters of British Columbia and Washington since its inception. Vancouver, by the way, was not enrolled until 1903, but has made up for lost time in characteristic manner. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club is now the largest organization of its kind north of San Francisco.

Like the yacht racing association, the P. I. P. B. A. was formed to promote the interests of sport on both sides of the boundary line and has been successful in fostering a spirit of healthy rivalry among the clubs composing it. Much has been written and more said concerning what some pessimists are accustomed to call "the decadence of yachting," and the increasing popularity of the power-boat is held by them

to have superinduced this alleged condition. They foretell the day when the beautiful white wings will be a thing of the past. In the same way we have been told that the motor-car will displace the horse entirely, and that the aeroplane will eventually displace the motor-car, just as the locomotive has displaced the stage-coach and the steamship has made the sailing-ship a back number. No sane man will quarrel with progress, and the coming of the motor-boat is in line with modern ideas of combining sport, pleasure and utility in one as with the motor-car and aeroplane. But yachting is not decadent, for all this. Many yachtsmen are possessors of both types of craft and utilize them as weather and time allow. Others have compromised on the auxiliary type of yacht, while those having sufficient leisure to depend solely on the winds for their sailings are building bigger and finer yachts. The gasoline boats now outnumber the sailing craft by at least three to one, but there is no sensible decrease in the number



WILLIAM PIGGOT

of white wings which disport during the summer months in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia and Puget Sound. The essence of enjoyment in both yachting and power-boating lies in communion with the open air and sky. The modern yachtsman is as handy with a twelve-horsepower gasoline engine as he is with the halliards and tiller of his sloop or yawl. The decadence of yachting will not come before the decadence of yachtsmen—and the yachtsmen of the Northwest are far from decadent.

I have digressed thus far from my review of the V. Y. C.'s history largely on account of the splendid manner in which both yachtsmen and motor-boat men combined to make a success of the 1910 regatta. The two international associations held most successful races and the regatta under the auspices of the entertaining club was productive of excellent sport. Several hundred visitors thronged the V. Y. C. club-house during the four days that the events were in progress, and the prevalence of fine weather, the absence of untoward happenings and the liberality of the Victoria yachtsmen so enthused the representatives of the Vancouver and Puget Sound clubs that they unanimously decided to hold the regattas of 1911 and 1912 at the capital city. In making this announcement at the annual meeting of the

N. W. I. Y. R. A., held on July 6, Commodore McNeil, of the R. V. Y. C., dwelt at some length on the advantages of Victoria as a yachting centre, its convenience as a rendezvous for other clubs, and the true sportsmanship and royal hospitality of its yachtsmen. And this was less than three years from the time when the less hopeful members of the V. Y. C. were discussing the advisability of disbanding!

This year the international meeting is to be on a larger scale than last year. All the clubs represented in the associations are subscribing to the expense of the entertainment, thus relieving the home club of the full burden of financial responsibility, which it so courageously assumed in 1910. A record attendance of yachts, launches and visitors is anticipated, and no effort will be spared to justify the wisdom of the yachtsmen in selecting Victoria for the regattas. The program of the last meeting will be duplicated and additional features are being planned. For reasons with which every yachtsman is conversant there will be no races for the Alexandra and McNeil trophies, but it is hoped that the adherents of the international and universal rules will reach an understanding which will allow of representative international racing in 1912.

At the present time the Victoria club is in a most flourishing condition. It faces the coming season not as the "V. Y. C.," but as the "Royal Victoria Yacht Club," the Admiralty warrant for the prefix "Royal" and the right to fly the blue ensign having recently been granted to the organization through the instrumentality of Capt. Clive Phillips-Wolley and the retiring commodore of the club, Mr. Granville V. Cuppage. This much-coveted privilege, already the possession of the Vancouver club, has represented the goal of the Victoria yachtsmen in their revival of the royal sport. Its achievement has been made possible by the addition of many fine yachts to the club's fleet during the last two years, chief among these being the Dolaura, the well-known steam yacht owned by former Lieut.-Governor Dunsmuir; the Anemone, a ketch-rigged auxiliary vessel owned by C. D. Taylor, which cost its first owner, a Denver millionaire, over \$70,000 to build, and is rated at Lloyd's higher than any other wooden yacht in America; the Chaos, an auxiliary

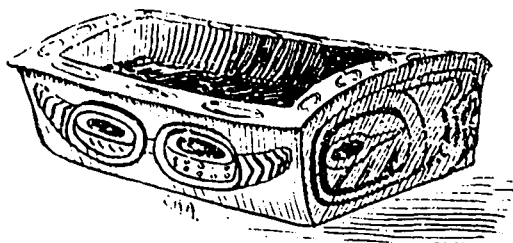
schooner of 48 tons, owned by E. S. Wise and formerly employed as a mission boat; the Chinook, a large schooner yacht recently added to the fleet by its owner, J. Bartle; the Mabelle, another recent arrival, owned by J. A. Sayward and reckoned to be one of the finest motor-boats in British Columbia waters; and the Tannis, a twin-screw launch of 31.2 tons, owned by J. Arbuthnot. Of the sailing craft not mentioned above the Ariadne, 40 tons; the Truant, owned by Vice-commodore Walter Adams; the Gwenol, owned by J. S. Gibb and William Piggott; the Varuna, owned by Harry Barnes; and the Ailsa, owned by the retiring commodore, Mr. Cuppage, are the best known and largest. The motor-boats are speedily growing into a fleet of considerable proportions, scarcely a week passing but one or more gasoline craft are put into the water. The Jessie, a 25-ton cruiser, owned by A. W. Bridgman and associates; the Princess May, owned by Commodore Musgrave; the Gypsy, owned by J. S. Gibb; and the Iolo, owned by P. R. Buchart, are all splendid boats, and well suited to waters surrounding Victoria, on the bosom of which the amateur sailor may experience every phase of weather, from the oily calm of summer days to the violent white-caps of the winter.

To guide the destiny of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club during the next twelve months the following officers, all experienced and sport-loving yachtsmen, were elected at the annual meeting held on March 30: Commodore, J. Musgrave; Vice-commodore, Walter Adams; Rear-commodore, F. O'Reilly; Secretary-treasurer, Capt. H. G. Jarvis. The committee of management is composed of Messrs. Beatson, Dr. Harper, C. Bennett Thompson, W. A. Turner, G. Temple, E. S.

Wise, D. O. Rochfort and Harry T. Barnes. Representative, as they are, of the finest type of yachtsman, these gentlemen can be relied upon to successfully continue the good work of the retiring officers, who have placed the club on a firm financial footing and restored it to a position of prominence in the yachting circles of the Northwest.

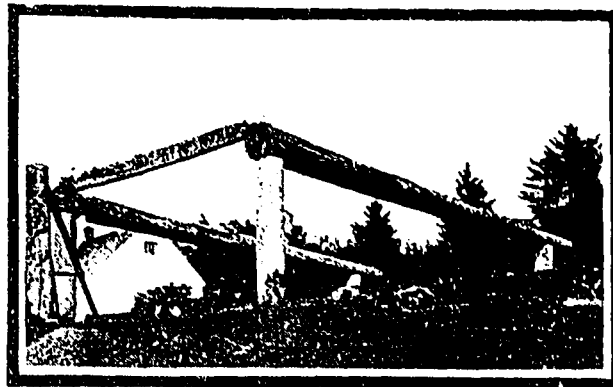
Plans are at present being considered which will provide for the erection of a new and larger club-house, the fleet of yachts and launches having outgrown the present mooring grounds. The growth of Victoria during the last two years and the resultant enhancement of waterfront property make possible the sale of the club's present building at a big profit on the original investment, which will provide ample funds for the establishment of a finer building in a more favorable location. At the time of writing the fleet tonnage, Thames measurement, is close on 2,000 tons, and new boats are constantly being registered, so that removal to Esquimalt harbor, Caddboro Bay or some similar retreat is imperative.

In this sketch of the club's career I have, through the limitations of space and other reasons, been forced to omit references to the work of many members who, while not occupying official positions, have been untiring in their efforts to make the Royal Victoria Yacht Club a worthy representative of all that is best in sport as the men of the capital city know it. To these men the thanks of all good yachtsmen are due, as well as to those who have shouldered the club's official responsibility from year to year, and to the whole-souled patrons of the royal sport who, when the club was threatened by failure, aided in its renaissance with ready advice, encouragement and financial support.



The Prospectors

By J. H. Grant



HE "domesticated" prospector is a pathetic personification of reminiscence. He is a replica of the eagle which was forced to dwell with barnyard fowl. He is with us in the body, but his heart is ever traversing lone valleys and mountain wastes.

Take a walk about Vancouver's suburbs any of these fine spring days and you will likely see the one-time prospector in his neat little garden. He is bent with age and the weight of many a pack borne in other days up mountain steeps and along rocky shores. His limbs are stiff and sore from years of contact with glacial streams. His knotted hands hold a garden rake, but he uses it mainly as a staff upon which to lean while he gazes out toward the rocky solitudes which speak to him day and night. The cool mountain breeze plays with his hoary beard and wafts to him pine smells, bird calls and brook-song. Luring voices these, and only the ever-tightening thongs of age hold him in the little garden on the city's outskirts. With a sigh he stoops slowly and takes up a handful of pulverized soil. Then he moves his hand as though it were a placer pan and lets the sand sift through his fingers "jist," as he explains, "to see if I hev forgot how."

But there is another species of the genus prospector, and he still follows the lure. He is essential to the great drama of mines. He is its advance agent. He searches out and makes known the secret places where Nature has cached her mineral wealth. He goes fearlessly into the vast lone valleys of the interior with no weapon more formidable than a small rock-hammer. On his back he packs a blanket or two in which are wrapped neatly a few simple cooking utensils and

small quantities of tea, sugar, flour and bacon. Often for a stretch of three months he sees no human being save his own image in the crystal brooks. What mysteries must Nature reveal to this her solitary child as he revels in her rugged beauty and rests upon her quiet breathing breast.

It was in a little fishing village far up the western coast that I first met these scouts of the ever-advancing army of commercialism. The sun of northern latitudes had sunk reluctantly inch by inch and the village was in shadow. High on the shoulder of a neighboring mountain still glowed a crimson circle, and out from it came the figure of a man.



ON HIS BACK HE PACKS A BLANKET

He had a pack on his back and with long, certain strides he came toward the twilit village. The cannerymen and fishers lined the narrow winding sidewalk to exchange greetings with him. Even the Siwash "kids" lisped "Klahowya, Bill."

Bill laid down his pack, and with eager bearded face entered the bar, where a sloppy individual ladled out blue-stoned whiskey.

A week later I again saw Bill. It was early morning. He had sent his samples of ore down to the assay office, and with what little money he had saved from the saloon-keeper's clutch had purchased a new grub-stake, and was heading out on a new trail. Suddenly he came upon a man sitting dejectedly upon an old dug-out.

"Hello!" said the man; "off on the trail?"

"Yes," answered Bill laconically.

"Wishta God I was goin' with ye," said the stranger.

"Come along, then; why don't ye?"

"I can't," continued the disconsolate. "I haven't got a red."

"I've got a ten-spot," said Bill. "If ye wantta come yer welcome."

Joyfully the stranger took the proffered money and sped back to the village. Bill sat down to wait for him. There was not a trace of doubt or distrust upon his weather-brown face. In a short time the other returned with a new pack strapped on with new pack straps. Bill rose. "My name is Bill," he said, as he stepped out beside his new companion.

"Mine is Ben," answered the other, and like life-long friends, the strangers journeyed toward the wilderness of mountain and forest.

Three months passed and I was lying upon a narrow hospital bed in another coast village. It was night, but I couldn't sleep. I heard voices. Someone came in. I heard the kind doctor ask, "What is your name?" and a strangely familiar voice answer, "Bill, jist Bill."

A nurse bustled in and smoothed down the pillows of the next bed to mine. Then Bill came leaning heavily upon Ben. Both men were bearded and uncouth in appearance, yet even the gentle nurse could not have handled Bill with more tenderness than did his "prospect pardner."

Later Bill explained to me that he had suddenly lost the use of his legs, and Ben had

packed him on his back the most of fifty miles over rock and stream and fallen timber. They had staked several likely claims and brought away some samples of ore which Ben was going to take down to the assay office in Vancouver. If the ore turned out as well as it promised, they would readily sell their claims and information to some mining capitalist at a good figure.

But Fate willed it otherwise. Bill had spent but twenty-four hours in the hospital, when in they carried Ben, and laid him on the next bed. He was groaning in an agony of pain. While descending the narrow hatchway of a tugboat upon which he intended going to Vancouver, he had fallen and broken his thigh. Stiffness, brought on by the long tramp under his heavy burden, was the cause of the accident.

For some days the men suffered in silence. When at last they began to recall little incidents of their sojourn in the mountains I listened with interest.

At one time Bill looked up from kindling his fire to see a great bear standing over him ready to hug him in its awful arms. Bill had no weapon, so he banged the frying



TAKE A WALK ABOUT VANCOUVER'S SUBURBS



BEN IS STILL PROSPECTING IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

pan with a large spoon. The bear turned a backward somersault and scurried off to the woods.

In another instance, after a long and perilous climb to reach a layer of likely looking rock, Ben scrambled pantingly upon a narrow ledge, only to be confronted by a large cougar. Ben could not go back, and he barred the only avenue of escape for the panther. The great beast crouched snarling against the cliff. For an awful moment Ben waited to be hurled to death below or torn to pieces on the ledge. Then the cougar leaped clean over the man and with true feline agility zig-zagged safely from jutting rock to tree-top.

One day a Salvation Army representative came into the hospital. He had lately been stationed in the village on a salary of \$12 per month, with the privilege of boarding himself. He dropped his bundle of "War Crys" on a table and attacked Bill and Ben about their religious beliefs, as he had been accustomed to do with slum dwellers of his former fields of labor. I had been reared in an atmosphere of the stereotyped the-

ology; but full as I was of its feticisms and prejudices I could not but note how inferior was this popinjay with reversed collar and comfortable opinion of himself to the men he presumed to teach. They listened patiently. It was Ben who spoke at last. "Were ye ever out in the mountains," he asked, "when all was hush but the little trickling brooks and the tiny chickadee?"

"No!" answered the preacher with evident pride. "I ran an elevator in T. Eaton's store before I donned the Lord's uniform."

The prospectors looked at each other and then at the speaker with an expression of deep pity. "Maybe ye won't understand, then," continued Ben, "but I have mostly lived with Nature, and I can only talk for myself. Often and often when I've been out alone, I've looked at the mighty mountains and great, quiet valleys, and I've listened to the little birds so happy there. At night I've seen the sky full of bright stars, and each star in its own place. I know all these beautiful things didn't make themselves, and I says, 'Ben, there must be a great, kind Maker somewhere,' and I—well, I reckon I worship Him."

Ben was soon able to sit up, but Bill grew worse. One day I heard him say to the doctor, "I reckon it's all off with me, Doc."



A LAYER OF LIKELY LOOKING ROCK

How soon do you think I'll come to the jumping-off place?" The doctor, knowing well the courage of his patient, answered him candidly, "I'm afraid it's serious, Bill, but, of course, that isn't saying you're going to die right off. You have a chance yet."

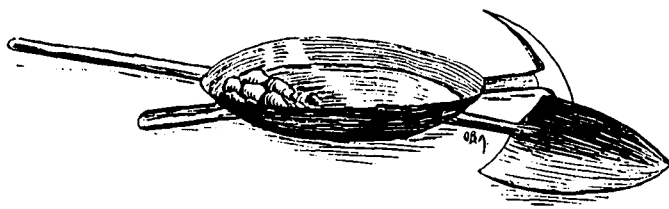
"Thank you, Doc!" said Bill, as he turned over and was silent.

A few days later he became delirious. Ben sat by his side. He began to rehearse snatches of his past life. "Ben," he said one day, "I didn't mean to kill that Siwash. Honestta—God, I didn't! He was beatin' his poor little klootch. I didn't know I was goin' to hit so hard. Poor little Marie! Maybe she'll miss me. You'll know her

cabin, Ben; it's that one with the picket fence. I made that fence. You'll give her my share of the money when you sell the claims. What do you think of the boy, Ben? Say, pardner, don't let them plant me with the Siwashes."

Across the brook from the Indian village is a single grave and above it a small marble slab bearing this simple inscription, "Bill." Marie still dwells in the little cabin. There are curtains on the windows now, and the picket fence is whitewashed. She has sent Bill's boy, her son, to school in the East.

Ben is still prospecting in Northern British Columbia.



A Visit to Lawoilamsk

By J. H. Grant



FOR almost half a week the Camosun nosed northward through the dark Coast waters, trailed by a foamy trough that gleamed white beneath a black smoke-blanket. Then she slowed up and headed in toward the straggling wharf of Lawoilamsk. Her deep whistle boomed across the still bay and crashed from rock to rock of the rugged shore. A sightseer moved to the deck rail and gazed shoreward with an air of languid disappointment. "Thought this was a Siwash town," he remarked between puffs at his cigar. "Darned if it don't look to me like the old village down East."

The boat came to a stop, her donkey engines clicked and two stacks of pilot bread-cases marked "Hudson's Bay" were deposited on the rickety wharf. "Say!" ejaculated the tourist again, apparently addressing everybody in general and no one in particular. "these Siwash guys have sure been throwing the paint brush. Those houses are all the colors of the rainbow. Are these pot-bellied, bow-legged lobsters Indians? Looks to me like those pet Japs of the C. P. R.—gee! look at those swells with the blue serge suits and scarlet neckties! They're 'all same' gang of Dagoes in Sunday regalia. What!" he shouted, as suitcase in hand I moved toward the gangplank. "Going to vegetate with that bunch?"

The vessel loosed her ropes and continued her journey northward. From one of the "swells" I learned that drummers and junior bank clerks had no longer a monopoly on the malady known as "swelled head," and incidentally that the missionary I had come to visit was himself on a visit to the "Up-River" Indians.

I sat down on the edge of the wharf and brooded over my disappointment at the evident modernization of Lawoilamsk and the absence of my friend, the missionary. I

had pictured bark wigwams, and blanketed tribes and sachems. I had no idea where I should stay until the missionary's return.

Presently a bevie of boats flitted in from the smooth bay and nosed a sandy, sloping beach a short distance from the wharf. Some were fishing boats and bore the names of various salmon canneries along the coast. One was a long, graceful craft, and it rode the water lightly like some great, dusky bird. It was an ancient war canoe refitted with paint and row-lock to serve an age more tranquil. Each boat was laden with piles of tiny, shining fish. Oolachans these, or candle fish they are sometimes called because when dry they are often used by the Indians for lighting purposes. So full of oil is the tiny creature that when lighted at the tail it will burn throughout with the lasting and lighting capacity of an ordinary candle.

Klootchmans loaded huge baskets with the fish, and placing them upon their heads, carried them to a clump of trees which stood nearby. Here other Klootchmans and girls strung the fish and suspended them in great fringes between the trees to dry in the sun. Close beside the trees stood a small house from every crack of which



SMOKE-DRYING SALMON

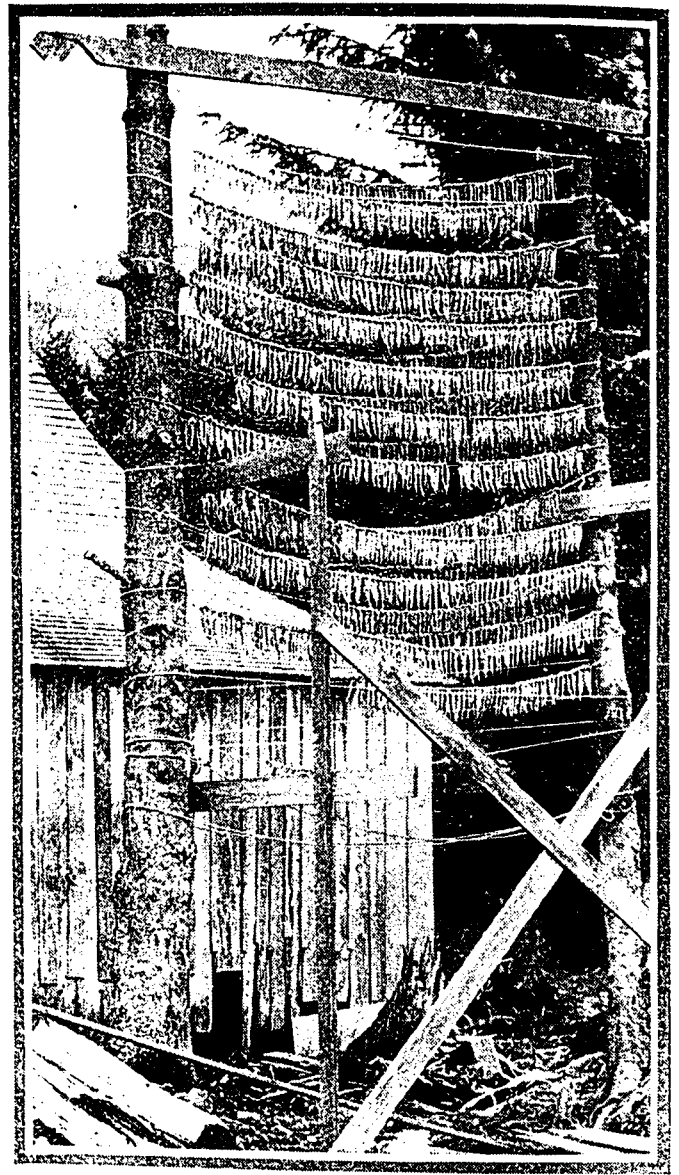
issued blue wreaths of pungent birch-smoke. This was the smoke-house where the oolachans, after having been partially sun-dried, received the much sought acrid flavor. Oolachans thus cured are a very wholesome and palatable food.

Some of the klootchmans threw their oolachans in great piles and left them to fester and stink in the hot sun. Of these fish was to be made "oolachan grease," the fish butter, for the manufacture of which from time unreckoned the Tsimpsheans have been famous among all the Coast tribes. This rotting process makes the oil easier of extraction, and the Indian is not particular as to the odor of his diet.

On another part of the beach numbers of great black cedar canoes reposed in grotesque decay. I was glad they were there. They were relics of the Indian as he was, the Indian as I had pictured him. Their presence helped to dispel the disappointment of my introduction to Lawoilamsk. My imagination quickly manned them with rows of savage warriors. In fancy I saw the waves dash from their arching prows as ranks of broad paddles, like great wings, sent them flying through the surf.

But I was suddenly recalled from these visionary realms. A sound like none I had ever heard floated across the still waters now dusking with evening. It was high octaved and minor, yet sweet withal. So weird it was, and coming as it did when my mind was busy with phantoms, it caused a chilly sensation that I have not yet forgotten. The figures on the wharf moved uneasily. Some made their way to the water's edge, and slipping into canoes, pushed out into the twilight. A bevie of girls, dark-eyed and silken-shawled, came out of the village. The magic halloo sounded once more and was answered by a deep voice from the shore. Soon the dark bay was dotted with darker boats, and from each the strange song rose fitfully, now in a clear tenor, again in a soft contralto or deep baritone. Its chromatic cadences suggested shrieking winds, washing waves, gurgling brooks and whispering trees. It was heathenish, beautiful, fascinating. With the setting of the sun, Lawoilamsk had harked back ages.

"Hello, young fella," said a gruff voice close to me. "Goin' to set here all night?" A tall, angular man with a red face and hair of a similar hue looked down on me



OOACHANS DRYING ON THE RACKS

out of one pale blue eye. "Siwashes got a singin' fit on tonight," he continued. "My old woman is off with the rest uv the bunch, and darn the bit uv supper I've had. Better come along with me," he added; "that missionary chap might not be back for a cuppla days. My name's Bill," he concluded. "'Pinky Bill' they call me."

Pinky Bill lives with his Indian wife in her cabin on the reserve and can tell you things about the Indians you'd never learn from the "missionary bulletin." He has seen them in all their heathenish orgies. He was once in a chief's house where many of the village people had gathered to await the coming of the new medicine man. This candidate for the office of medicine man had left the village several days previous to woo the spirits by fasting in mountain solitudes. But on this evening strange moans and whistles had been heard on the mountain behind the village, and the terrified inhabitants huddled together in the largest house. Some squatted on the clay floor,

some stood against the walls, some busied themselves with the fires that ruddied the grim faces all about and added biting smoke to the fetid miasma of the place. All were silent, tense. A slight scratching sounded outside; then a footfall on the flat roof. Suddenly a loose slab shifted and a starved, crazed creature with burning eyes and lithe body shot down into the fire. With a bound like a panther he seized a maiden who stood by, and tearing a mouthful of flesh from her soft shoulder, gulped it and fled into the night. He had obeyed the spirits. He had eaten human flesh. He would return to the village in a few days a mighty medicine man. The maiden, though writhing in pain, exhibited her bleeding shoulder with pride, for it was a great honor to be the chosen victim of the spirits.

When Pinky Bill's wife came in I asked her to sing some of her native songs for me, but she only showed her handsome teeth and laughed a low, gurgling laugh. "Ugh," grunted her husband in no good humor at having had to wait so long for his supper. "You might as well try to get a sea cow tu sing as an Indian if he don't feel like it. They've got some dope about gettin' their music from the sea an' the trees an' the birds an' the brooks, an' they think they can't sing unless the sea or the trees or the river tells them to. Sounds tu me like they got it from the kiyoots," he concluded, wasting a vicious look upon Mrs. Pinky Bill, as with a placid expression on her dark face she deftly prepared our meal of cured salmon, oolachans, seaweed and pilot bread. The 'Tsimpsheans are very musical. Some of them can play and sing our most difficult music, but are very fond of performing in public. But their own songs, old as their race, they will sing only when prompted by some inward influence; never upon request.

Many of the ancient rites and ceremonials have been forbidden by the country's law. In some of them, Pinky Bill says, they used human flesh. The victim was usually a slave baby. Later they robbed the graves, and dried portions of flesh to be kept on hand. Bill knew a half-breed woman who fought off the medicine man with a gun when they tried to take her baby for the ceremonial. And even yet, he says, there are times when the luring whis-

per overcomes the fear of the white man's law. Then some old klootch or medicine man produces a few flakes of dried flesh and the village starts up as one man. Silently but swiftly with fevered tread they go, over rocks and fallen timber, through deep forests, down gorges, across rushing streams, till at last by some lone lake far from the white man's ken, with no spectator but perhaps a surly old grizzly or wandering bighorn, the weird whistles moan, the medicine men chant to the music of the tom-toms and the gruesome rites begin.

Tamx Clach is an ancient 'Tsimpshean. Maybe he has a drop of Norsk blood in his veins. He has always been the white man's friend, and upon several occasions saved the lives of missionaries. For the last fifty years he has kept a diary in English. From him I learned many things about his nation. The 'Tsimpsheans, he informed me, are the most powerful of the many tribes scattered along the coast of the mainland and speaking the Zamaliach language. Their chief village is Lawoilamsk. They were ever the most formidable enemy of the fierce buccaneering Hydahs who inhabited the Queen Charlotte Island and held in abject terror every tribe from Alaska to Vancouver. When at last a scourge of smallpox decimated the marauding Hydahs, the 'Tsimpsheans defeated them in a great battle. Clach says the Hydahs still pay yearly tribute in canoes and blankets to their 'Tsimpshean conquerors.

The old man proudly escorted me about the village, pointing out the principal "sights." There were ancient graves of great men guarded by hideous grinning totems, of the wolf, beaver and eagle. There was a large cabin upon whose door was no lock. This, he said, the tribe had built for the accommodation of strangers. Visitors to the village were free to spread their blankets on its floor and cook their meat on its fire as long as they cared to remain.

He directed my attention to four great posts upon which rested the ends of four mighty riders. The posts stood about twelve feet above the ground and the riders were logs about fifty feet in length and three feet in diameter. Together they constituted the framework of an ancient chief's house. "You see," said Clach, "dena four post? Well, under every post one dead man. Big chief build heem. He want all people know he hiyu skookum rich man, so

he bury four slave alive when he make new house. Dat's way my people do long tam ago."

Once we met some Indians with sharper features and longer legs than the others. Clach explained that they were the grandchildren of two Chili Indians who had come north in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and had married Tsimpshian wives. In another instance I noticed some girls with a brown tint to their cheeks and kinky hair. When I questioned the old Indian about their origin, he said: "You hiyu sharp eye. One tam, long ago—before long ago—some dem people you call South Sea Island got wreck right here on dat big rock. Dar boat smash up and dey can't go 'way so dey marry with Tsimpshian. Das why some Tsimpshian have curly hair and big round eye."

The missionary took me to an Indian wedding. He performed the ceremony in the mission church. Then the whole village flocked to a large hall where a feast was spread. Down each side of the long tables were rows of faces; dark, square faces they were, some tufted with wiry beard, some smooth, some creased with age. All were eager, expectant. Before each individual was a large, white soup plate, and beside each plate a miniature stack of pilot bread. The Indians consume astonishing quantities of pilot bread, and scarcely a boat goes northward from Vancouver without several cases of it. Girls hurried about carrying in one hand a ladle and in the other a huge iron pot of steaming soup. Soup, pilot bread and tea constituted the meal. The bride's table, however, was supplied with fruit, nuts and fancy biscuits. As a special delicacy the tea was sweetened with honey. When all were fed the provisions which remained were distributed among the guests. Each klootch tied up her little allotment of pilot bread and stowed it safely away. Some one or two were quietly caching large quantities of it in the folds of their loose garments long before the general distribution began.

The giving over, speeches were in order. The old men rose each in his turn and said a few words. A young Indian who sat near interpreted for me some of what was said. The speeches were simple and to the point. They were mostly the expression of good wishes for the welfare of the young couple. The Zimaliach is a soft and musical language and the Tsimpshians are a



TSIMPSHEAN CHIEFS

nation of orators. At last one very old man arose. On his face was a look of deep sadness. His voice was full and clear as it rose and fell like gusts of wind in the forest. His body swayed with his speech. He spoke with contempt of the white man's marriage law. He said it made women of the young men. He told of his own marriage. He and five others had wanted the same girl. Their gifts to her father were equal, so it was necessary to put the rivals to a test. The six were made to stand naked before a blistering fire, and he who could endure its heat the longest was to be accepted by the girl as her husband. One by one they fell, until the speaker and one other were left. They fell at the same instant, so another test had to be resorted to. The girl was placed in a tent, to reach which her lovers must pass naked through ranks of braves armed with flaming torches. It was the duty of these braves to torture the competitors as much as possible. They thrust the burning pitch into their faces and burned the hair from their heads. The one who could stand up under this terrible ordeal until he reached the tent of his beloved was to be preferred. Him she would immediately take to her cabin and nurse back to health. "I won," concluded the old man, tearing open his shirt and pointing proudly to the great red scars on his neck and chest. "Why are the maidens cheap

now? Are the young men afraid?" The old man turned and hobbled out of the door, leaving deep silence behind. During his harangue every eye had kindled with a strange, wild fire. Now each guest rose quietly and disappeared into the night.

When the salmon begins to run it is just as natural for the nations of the Zimach to gather about Spokeshoot on the mouth of the Skeena as for migratory birds to fly south in the fall. Here, in these days, they work for the salmon canneries, the men fishing and the women filling cans. The effect upon them of the summer thus spent is not always desirable. Their women must mingle with suave Chinamen, sly Japs and unscrupulous white men. All these have learned that a little strong drink will gain them their ends, for every Indian is born with a fierce thirst for alcohol. It is on account of this inherited appetite that the stores are forbidden to sell an Indian lemon essence or Florida water, lest he drink it for the alcohol it contains. This inordinate desire in the Indian wives accounts in a measure for the conglomeration of types to be found among their children.

The canneries closed, many of the Indians follow the salmon up the river and spear them at the foot of its falls and rapids. Here they build crude cabins and smoke and dry the fish for winter food. In these cabins, during the long evenings of the advancing season, the dusky fishermen do much story-telling in the ghostly light of the fire flickers among rafters hung with skins of animals and sides of salmon, and half illumines the circle of dark visages, where are exchanged weird tales of spirits, ghosts and devils. Often, too, these stories are of animals and birds with supernatural powers and instincts.

The Indians of the North Pacific Coast are fatalists. Weedildhald, a stalwart young Tsimpshean, loved a girl of the Hydahs, and apparently the maiden reciprocated his feelings. But Gulgadagas, a half-breed Hydah, wanted for his wife the same woman. Gulgadagas knew the Indian beliefs, but the white blood in his veins caused him to disregard much of the ancient

feticism. He painted his face a hideous red and rimmed his eyes and mouth with a preparation of phosphorus. In the dead of night he thrust his head in at Weedildhald's cabin window and repeated, in a slow, sing-song monotone, "Weedildhald, in fifteen days you will die and be buried with your father beneath the big cedar. Give your canoe and fish nets to the maid you love. Prepare to die." Then he went his way and bided his time.

Weedildhald went to the mission doctor, but he kept secret the nature of his ailment. The doctor examined him carefully and pronounced him sound physically. But Weedildhald's catch of salmon grew less and less each day. At last he gave his boat and nets to the Hydah girl and begged his companions to take him home to die. They refused, for the salmon were running well and the trip would lose them two days' fishing. But he grew thinner day by day and his pitiful entreaties prevailed. They landed him in Lawoilamsk. He died on the morning of the fifteenth day and was buried with his father beneath the big cedar.

Gulgadagas, being a half-breed, is not on the "Siwash list" at the Spokeshoot saloon. Here he has bartered for whisky all his belongings save a Tsimpshean canoe and a salmon gill net. If Gulgadagas asks for drink on "tick" and the saloonkeeper demands his canoe and net as security, Gulgadagas shakes his head sadly. "No, no," he says, "canoe and net, she belong my klotch."

When the village of Lawoilamsk betook itself to Spokeshoot for the salmon season, I bade farewell to Clach, Pinky Bill and the missionary. Almost the first man I saw on the southbound steamer was the talkative tourist whom I have mentioned. He had stayed off at some village farther north. His clothes were torn and dirty and his beard needed trimming, but he was in high good humor. "Say!" he called gleefully as soon as he saw me, "I've sure had a wild and woolly time. Those Siwash guys aren't half so tame and domesticated as they look. Are they?"



TO own a chunk of the good, green earth, over and above, of course, each man's doubtful title to the traditional "six feet," secured only when he is not in a position to enjoy it, is a clean, full, manly ambition. There was a time when, if we were big enough, we might joyously chase our neighbor from his portion and occupy it precariously until a stronger arrived; but that era, known to poets and other cheerful idiots as the "good old days," is no more. Land is now more expensive, as a rule, but titles are safer.

We are all after the land, the source of all wealth, whether we are conscious of the pursuit or not. In Vancouver, of course, we are thoroughly awake to the desire, and most of us are getting some small share of the land and the unearned increment thereof. In the congested centres of the older world, where industry has hedged myriads of humans into narrow limits, the better to apply their noses to the grindstone, the land-hunger is generally subconscious, but it is not dead. Given the opportunity it will awake to become a vital, gripping need, the Homeric "belly-pinch."

The thousands of immigrants who have poured into the Canadian West in the past few years have been impelled by this emptiness within them. It partly explains the "Westward Ho!" and the "Go West, Young Man" slogans. Realizing what land hunger means and that British Columbia

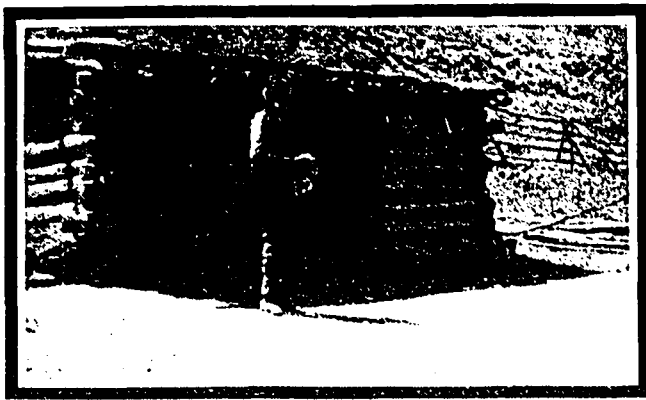
has the stuff to satisfy it, we can more fully understand the present influx into Vancouver of settlers from the British Isles. These seek in the new world the heritage denied them in the old.

British Columbia has a vast empire for the settler, an enormous area of rich, virgin soil that the land speculator cannot buy with millions, that the humble immigrant may have for nothing, or next to nothing. The promise of transportation facilities for the central interior of the province has thrown open almost illimitable possibilities for the farmer in that region about which most British Columbians have until recently known very little.

The largest and best block of surveyed agricultural land in British Columbia open for pre-emption lies immediately north of the Nechaco River at Fort George, between the Salmon and the Stuart Rivers. In the



A GRUB-CACHE



AN OLD-TIMER



ON THE TRAIL

season of 1910 Messrs. Green Bros. & Burden surveyed 200,000 acres at this point for the provincial government. The land is surveyed into sections, with a post at each of the four corners and a post in the centre, thus allowing a settler to pick out his quarter-section and know exactly what land he is getting. The policy of the government in surveying the land before it is pre-empted saves the pre-emptor the vexation of making improvements on somebody else's property, as has often happened in the past.

British Columbia's development has been logical, advancing stage by stage but with marvellous celerity as transportation was afforded. The coming of the Canadian Pacific furnished the task of building up the coast cities. Later came the turn of the Kootenays and the Boundary, the southern slope looking to the State of Washington. The central interior, as we have vaguely termed the Upper Fraser and Nechaco country, lay fallow, waiting for its turn in the cycle of development. Now comes the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the central interior is waking from its sleep of centuries. There is a market for its wares.

The territory lying between the Rockies and the Cascades in Central British Columbia has been compared to the fertile region in Washington, the centre of which is Spokane. There are some similarities, but the former is immeasurably larger, is well watered, and traversed by a number of large navigable waterways. The chief rivers of the region are the Fraser and the Nechaco, which meet at Fort George and merge into the greater Fraser. The Fraser, rising in Yellowhead Pass, flows south-westward to its junction with the Nechaco, and there turns south. The Nechaco takes its source near the foothills of the Coast range, runs north-easterly for a great distance, receiving many large feeders, and finally falls into a large trough or depression near Fraser

Lake. This depression follows the 54th degree of latitude in its general direction and has a length of about 75 miles in a direct distance and a width of from ten to forty miles. The 200,000 acres of surveyed land now offered for pre-emption lie to the north of the junction of the Fraser and the Nechaco and between the Salmon and Stuart rivers, tributaries respectively of the Fraser and the Nechaco.

Curiously enough, a water tour through this country would leave the traveller impressed very little or not at all with the agricultural possibilities. The rivers run, as a rule, between high cut banks of gravel, and in most cases the gravel formation extends back some distance from the shores. The soil almost everywhere except on the river banks is of the richest quality, however. It is composed of a fine, white silt, with clay subsoil, the silt in some cases attaining a depth of 40 feet. This silt is easily pulverized until it is as fine as flour, without a particle of grit in it. It never bakes or cracks in dry weather, as does clay, and is very productive.

In one respect the government lands in the Fort George district differ greatly from virgin land in the southern portions of the province—they are easily cleared. The country is lightly timbered with spruce, red fir, balsam, jack pine and poplar, and thus is easily cleared, one fire being sufficient. Large meadows are often met with, and these are easily proved to be the result of fires. They are always level and covered with many varieties of nutritious grasses. In the words of one expert who reported on the country for the provincial government:

"These prairies are more abundant near the trails and rivers, where no doubt fires were started by Indians or white men camping. On the north of the Nechaco very large areas have been burned and are now rich meadows. Only a few stumps



THE NECHACO IS A LIGHTLY TIMBERED,
EASILY CLEARED COUNTRY



MOST OF THE COUNTRY IS LIKE THIS

and the remains of charred logs can be found. The whole country could be cleared effectually and cheaply by this means."

The winter climate is much milder than that of the prairie, though cold snaps are often severe while they last. One, lasting a day, a year ago New Year, reached 45 degrees below zero, but the ordinary temperature for that month was high, as may be gathered from the fact that it rained a little on three different occasions.

The agricultural qualities of the land have already been tested by Hudson's Bay employees at the various posts in the country, and by the Indians. Light summer frosts are prevalent all over the district, but it is rare indeed that any damage to crops is reported, and summer frosts will probably disappear altogether when the district is cleared and the soil cultivated. It is a matter of history that the first settlers in New Brunswick and Quebec had disastrous encounters with these frosts, which disappeared as the country was opened up. Barley, oats, and all kinds of common vegetables have been successfully grown for many seasons at Fort Fraser and Fort St. James, two of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts in the same general territory, but farther north. Potatoes, one of the most lucrative crops in that country, at present, grow to enormous size and unrivalled excellence.

Near Nechaco post office, which is about sixty miles west of Fort George, a settler named Lamont last year seeded ten acres in potatoes. The yield was immense, and was sold to railway contractors at the modest rate of eight dollars per hundred-weight. This is something like striking a gold mine in a potato-patch, rich pay that runs \$160 to the ton and never peters out. Surely sluicing in a Cariboo creek is not in it with digging potatoes on a Nechaco pre-emption at eight dollars per hundred-weight per dig.

The prices to be commanded by farm produce in the next five or six years in the central interior afford another weighty argument in favor of this district as a home for the farmer. Hay has sold at \$100 per ton up there, while six cents a pound for potatoes is not uncommon. Owing to the immense amount of railway construction that will be done in the next five years it is practically impossible for production to keep pace with demand sufficient to offset these high prices, so that farming will be a money-making business of a high order.

There will be \$100,000,000 spent in railroad building alone in Central British Columbia in the period mentioned. Every farmer in that part of the province will share in the great prosperity attendant on this era of development. He will share in it in various ways. The pre-emptor will have little difficulty in keeping up his farm work and at the same time earning some ready money in railroad work. He will have an opportunity to get a start.

In order to get one of these farms it will be necessary to go to Fort George, where a land office for the district has recently been established, and there record his pre-emption. The Government has appropriated \$65,000 for the purpose of building wagon roads through this block of land during the present season, and a public government ferry is also to be put in from Fort George to the north bank of the Nechaco River to connect with these roads.

The gateway of the central interior, until the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is Ashcroft, on the main line of the C. P. R. There is a wagon road through from Ashcroft to Fort George, the section between Ashcroft and Quesnel being a part of the old Cariboo road, the history of which was brilliantly told in several recent issues of the *British Columbia Magazine* by Mr. E. O. S. Scholefield. The favorite route during the season of naviga-



A NECHACO OAT-FIELD

tion. May to October, is to take a steamer at Soda Creek and go up the Fraser to Fort George. Three lines of steamers will run between these two points this season.

There is one feature about the central interior that is not entirely in favor of the less fortunate class of settlers, and that feature must be referred to in fairness in any

description of the country. It is well for the man who takes up a pre-emption north of the Nechaco to have some ready money at the outset, for until the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed machinery and supplies will be extremely high there. It costs six cents a pound to bring freight in from Ashcroft, a figure that runs into money in a very short time. It is better for the settler to go "well heeled."

British Columbia has advantages to offer to the land-hungry. The 200,000 acres dwelt on here represent but a small fraction of the farm lands open to the bonafide settler. An additional 200,000 acres in the same district will be surveyed and thrown open very soon, while there are millions of tillable acres yet vacant in the great Peace River district and other parts of the province. The poor immigrant of to-day may become tomorrow ruler of a quarter-section kingdom.

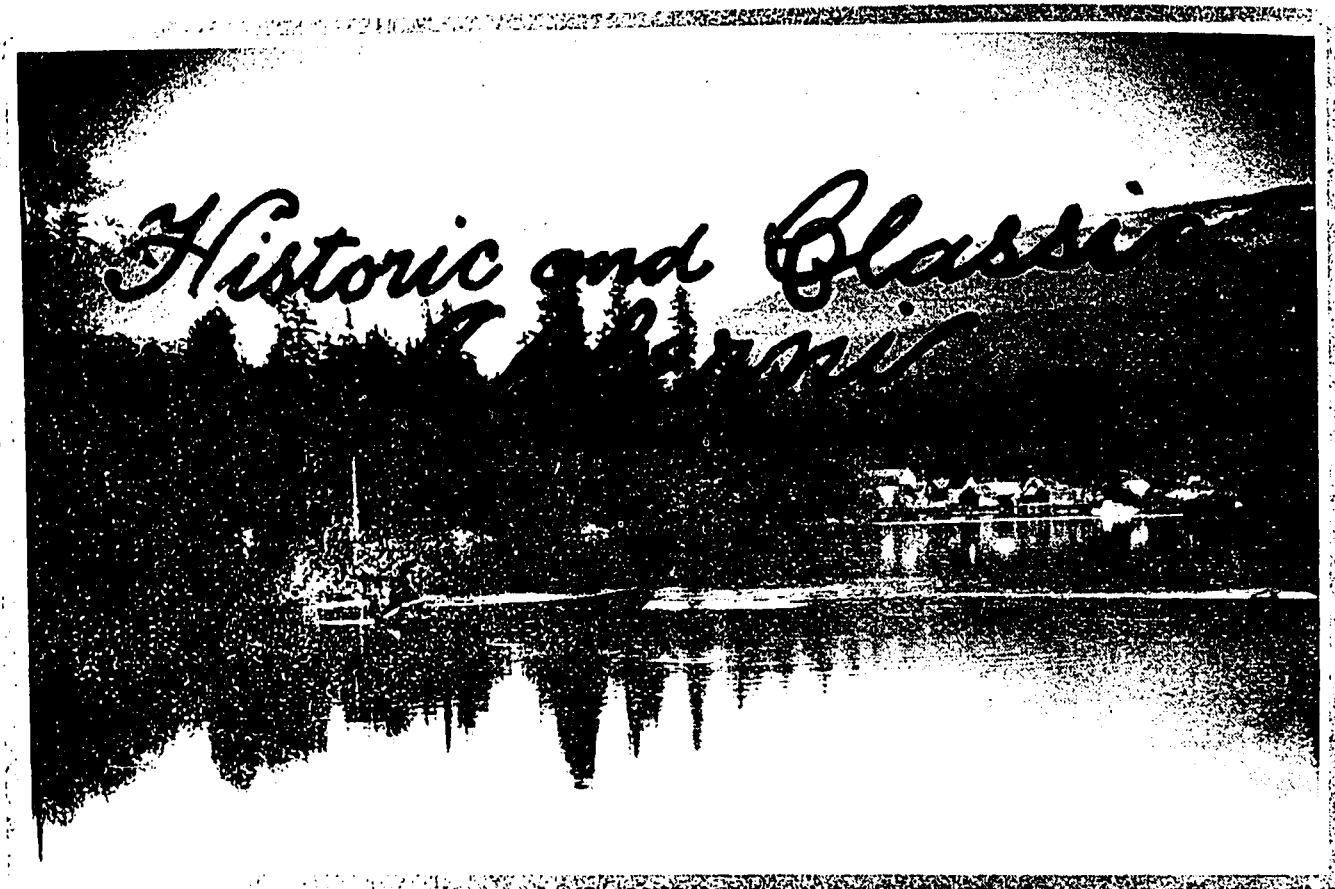
Blue Shade

By JAMES BARDIN

(From "Harper's Monthly")

Ceiling and walls were colored like the sky
 When sun-born blues fade into twilight grays;
 And like cerulean seas of Sicily
 The long floor gleamed where shone the pale moon's rays.
 But she, who came from out the dark and stole,
 White clad, across the threshold of the door,
 Was like the milky lace of waves that roll
 In tumbled legions on a rocky shore.

Slowly she moved into the shadowed room
 And paused before the open window, where
 She raised her hands to draw the dense blue gloom
 Of billowed hangings that the wind stirred there:
 The curtains trembled and the room grew dim,
 But ere the moon's last ray was lost to sight,
 I saw the blue-veined curve of breast and limb
 Where clinging silk was pierced by envious light.



(Photographs by Leonard Frank)

IN the realm of history and romance it is not absolutely determined what ship's prow led the way into the now famous Alberni Canal. Captain Barclay discovered Barclay Sound, the entrance-way to the Canal, but whether the Spaniard's keels had preceded him, or whether Pedro de Alberni was the first white man to traverse this magnificent fiord is conjectural, however it may have been settled by the historians:

"The fresh breeze blew, the white foam flew,

The turrow followed free;

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

At any rate, the entire Alberni district is a fascinating study. The Canal almost cuts Vancouver Island in two, and, flanked by its magnificent cliffs, blessed with a depth of many fathoms, and free from rocks and shoals, it is the mariner's typical "snug harbor" combining everything for safe and ample anchorage.

What stories the silent reaches of ebb and flow of tidal water could tell if inanimate things could speak! What strange spectacle of armed men and Old-World voyageurs staring at the fir-clad cliffs along this water way in the olden days! What harsh note of Spanish tongue, breaking the

stillness where before only the plash of leaping salmon or the "skirr" of a passing eagle marred the calm!

The ancient piles of the saw-mill built more than half a century ago still wait in the Somass river close to the canal's edge, their station in fresh water saving them from the ravages of the destroying teredoes. Here in one historic night long since, the flames lit by aboriginal and revengeful hands sprang skyward, burning their signal into the surrounding space. Here had the hum of machinery sung strangely in wilderness depths. Here the white man had come --and gone.



IN AN ABUNDANT ALBERNI VINEYARD



THE LAKE DISTRICT OF ALBERNI PRESENTS A VARIETY OF EXQUISITE SCENERY

Domed in titanic majesty, Mount Arrow-smith looms above the valley and the canal, towering over Alberni and Port Alberni. His head rests in the clouds, and the snows of all the winters streak his tangled beard and hair. Below, cloistered in the seclusion of tree and woodland, lies Alberni, where the dreaming Somass drifts past in liquid monotone. Below, too, lies Port Alberni, soon to echo to the scream of the locomotive, soon to be a railway terminal and the nucleus of a city.

There is a classic repose around the Alberni district, strongly emphasized by the exquisitely beautiful surroundings. The Beaufort Range, Crown Mountain and Copper Mountain hem in what might be another idyllic valley of mythology. The mountain streams flow down with music of furiously rushing waters in some places, or spread into mirrors where Narcissus might have bent above.

Temples that could rival Ida in beauty stand etched on the mountain tops, while



"IN PASTURE LAND AND BY THE TWILIGHT REACHES"

lower down rest slopes whose loveliness will well outmatch the Ionian hills. Down these huge contours the deer wander, and, seeing with the eye of fancy, as the sun comes and goes over the mountains, one might sense the spirit of a mythologic vision of the chase, and mark

"The shadow of a stag that fled across
Followed by a giant shadow of a spear."

Pan and all the dryades and nymphs might be heard in the warp and woof of the seasons here, in lisp of running waters, in the blue tide's low susurrus along the shingly shores, or in wild winds that smite down the reeds along the river banks.

The woods in the Alberni District are famed for their wonderful timber, and the Douglas fir and the red cedar are found here in their highest perfection. Thousands of acres of stupendous forest growth reach cloud-ward, straight as arrows, and shutting out the sunlight from dim, arcadian aisles.

Here, at all events, the natives roamed, with bow and arrow and primitive weapons, slaying the deer and panther, and poised above the mist-crowned river falls spearing the salmon and steel-head trout as they battled up to the spawning-grounds. What tales these sombre-hooded forest depths might unfold; what stories of life and death, of love, revenge, sacrifice, or betrayal.

For the savage of those days was warlike and treacherous and his native pride unquenched by the fire of defeat. Maquinna's capture and massacre of the Boston's ill-fated crew and the killing of the Tonquin's crew were evidence of their hatred of the invading whites. The burning of the saw-mill at the mouth of the Somass river was



THE WOODS IN THE ALBERNI DISTRICT ARE
FAMED FOR THEIR WONDERFUL,
TIMBER

another of their evidences of disapproval. The lake district of the Albernis presents a variety of exquisite scenery, diversified with mountain and mountain torrents, placid stretches of quiet shore, and far-off peaks melting into the blue of distant horizons. Sproat Lake and Great Central Lake are dreams of beauty seldom found in close proximity. The drives to both are in full view of the mountain ranges and remote sight of glaciers and cloud-banks that blend with the retreating summits.



PORT ALBERNI



ALBERNI PEACHES

Along these roads, where the rivers split the land with watery furrows, will still be found the basket-weaving remnants of the once warlike savage. His totem-poles are occasionally seen, and he eyes askance the traveller, although time has tamed the fire in his veins. His canoes line the river side, and the shouts of aboriginal bathers sometimes float up from the current where the coppery children play and splash. But the romance of his earlier habitat has faded. History has caught shreds of his former glory and patched them with a halo of the wilds, but civilization has given him a pipe and a white shirt, and left him a non-descript.

With all of its material and splendid

commercial progress, the Alberni district, as yet, holds something of the shadowy suggestion of the classics. Such heights and depths, such Dodonian caves on the mountain side, such Sibyllic shade and melody of Siren-singing waters. Such beauty etched by the cold moonshine or bathed in waves of golden sunlight. And in her grapes purpling on the hill-slopes comes a vision of Bacchus, crowned with leaves, and old Silenus. And in her orchard vistas might Ceres have strayed. And in pasture-land and by the twilight reaches of shorn river-grass comes up the far refrain -

"O singer of Persephone
By the dim meadows desolate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?"

Ernest McLaughlin

The Grainstack

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

(From "Harper's Magazine")

Of faded antique gold it stands
Abrupt in the green field,
Its rounded roof by willing hands
Thatched with its own rough yield,
Like some quaint hut in tropic lands.

Near by a flock of sheep appear
Like a soft fallen cloud;
Their moving bells with tinkle clear,
Now murmuring, now loud,
Ring evening chimes of rest and cheer.

No pensive maid their shepherdess,
But an old peasant dame
Of broad expanse, whose full round dress
Above her ankles came,
A sturdy freedom to express.

Beside the grainstack sits she down
Her faithful guard to keep,
While the wise dog, with seeming frown,
Shepherds the foolish sheep
That without cause run up and down.

The grainstack hears the old dame's prayer
As she goes slowly home;
And later, when the moonlight rare
Silvers its golden dome,
Shelters low words that lovers dare.

At last, when darkness hides from sight
The grainstack's ghostly mound,
It hears the field-mice, and the flight
Of owls, and every sound
Of little creatures who delight
In the dim mystery of night.

Emblem of generous fruitfulness!
Of labor eloquent,
What happiness or hid distress
Into your making went?
So work in self-forgetfulness
All men, their fellow-men to bless.

Back to the Devil-Dance and the Potlatch

By J. H. Grant

CALVIN FRASER laid down his Chinook dictionary and removed his glasses with a sigh of satisfaction. His sermon was ready for the morrow. Another week's work was well completed. He let his eyes wander complacently about the little room which was at once study and parlor. A soft breeze from the Pacific played about the cabin windows, mixing the vines without with the lace curtains within. His wife sat by one of the windows, her girlish figure clad in loose vestments of white. Her eyelids drooped low over some delicate stitching until the long lashes made dusky semi-circles upon her shapely cheeks. Great masses of night-black hair, seemingly the one feature inherited from her Indian mother, lay in graceful curves and rolls about her head. She crooned a sweet native lullaby as she gently stirred the cradle where slept their first-born.

A mighty contentment settled upon the soul of Calvin Fraser. Two short years ago he had finished his course at college, married the pretty half-caste girl from Coqueleetza School, and come as a missionary to her mother's people in their little Coast village. How his people had objected to his marriage! One old and tried friend, after exhausting in vain his every persuasive power, had flown into a passion. Fraser could recall his every word with peculiar precision. "You young fool!" he had thundered; "what do you want with that girl? You say she's educated. Oh, yes, and she's beautiful; but there's Siwash blood in her veins and Siwash she'll be. Mark my words!" Then the old man's bearing had changed. His eyes had taken on a prophetic stare. "Some day," he had concluded, in a tragic voice, "you'll wake up to find she's gone back to the potlatch, the devil-dance and all the other diabolical orgies."

With such unwonted and intense vividness was this uncomfortable memory presented, the young missionary could not forbear a hasty glance toward his wife. The child, stirring in its sleep, had thrust one chubby arm above the cradle, and the girl-nurse, her eyes bright with mother-love and pride, was tenderly readjusting the coverlet. A fond smile swept the momentary shadow from the man's countenance.

Fraser, too, loved his work. His was a deeply spiritual nature. He had sacrificed that which his friends had been pleased to term "a bright prospect," to come as a missionary to this little group of Indians. Even his young wife had not evinced great enthusiasm in his choice. But now he knew he had chosen well. His work had been amply rewarded. Every adult of the village professed the Christian religion. Fraser thought he had overcome the unswerving allegiance of the Indian heart to its ancient fetichisms. He took the wordy confessions and emotional demonstrations of his charge as evidence of a great triumph for his religion. He rejoiced unstintingly.

Once more the missionary's thoughts turned to his wife and their happiness. "Yhada," he said, softly. She rose quietly and came toward him. He put his arms about her and drew her to his knee. "It's just two years today, dear, since we were married. We've been happy, haven't we?" "Yes, happy, *happy!*" she murmured, slipping her soft arms about his neck.

"Do you know, Yhada," he continued, "I was just thinking of those—those—nasty things some of my friends said before we were married. Foolish, weren't they?" For answer she hugged him tighter and kissed his cheek.

For some moments they sat silent, blissful. Suddenly he felt her slight form shiver and grow rigid. He looked up with a start.

She was sitting erect. Her face was white, her lips parted as though in terrified astonishment, her brown eyes wide and staring. He followed their gaze and saw only the rickety winding sidewalk, the rows of Indian cabins, and the shambling figure of old Mutcheek coming in at their own gate. "Yhada!" he said. "Yhada! What's the matter, girl?" She did not answer at once. "Speak, dear, speak!" he gasped. Slowly her eyes came back to his face and the tension of her body relaxed. "Not—nothing," she panted. "I just thought I—I saw something. Mother, you know, used to think she saw things," she added with an attempt to smile.

Mutcheek entered, Indian fashion, without a rap. Yhada rose, spoke to him, and busied herself with the tea. Her husband watched her anxiously, for her face was still pale and her explanation did not satisfy him. But Mutcheek waited, and Fraser was particularly interested in Mutcheek. The Indian's conversion to the Christian religion had meant much, for he had been a great medicine man and a mighty influence for evil in the village. Soon the two were in deep conversation, each expressing himself as best he could in the inadequate Chinook.

The medicine man seemed in an exuberance of spirits. His eyes were bright. He had shed all his Indian taciturnity and talked rapidly, suavely. He was apparently delighted with the baby. He patted its soft cheek, cooed uncouthly to it, and fondled its chubby hands. Fraser smiled as he noted Yhada cast sharp glances toward the unoffending old man. Once when she stepped outside, Mutcheek rose, trotted into the kitchen, and lifting the tea-pot lid, peered curiously in, as though to determine how soon supper would be ready. Fraser laughed aloud at the eccentricities of their guest.

As the trio sat down to supper the missionary was glad to note that the color had returned to his wife's cheeks. Her eyes, too, had stolen some of the sparkle from the burning orbs of Mutcheek. She seemed to have warmed greatly toward the old Indian. Her gaze scarcely left his face for a moment. She ministered to him incessantly, almost lovingly. There was a strange tenseness about her. Fraser began to feel vaguely uncomfortable. Why did Yhada and Mutcheek continually converse in the Indian

tongue of which they knew he understood nothing?

Surely his wife could be guilty of no duplicity. He banished the thought as unworthy, monstrous, and sipped his tea in silence. The musical mingling of voices in the soft native language grew dimmer in his ears. Yhada ceased to speak. Only old Mutcheek talked on in a monotone that grew less and less distinct, while his black eyes gleamed and danced like witch fires. Fraser felt vastly content. A drowsiness crept over him. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Yhada," he murmured. There was no response, and his voice drawled in his own ears. She had likely gone to look after the baby. He did not trouble to open his eyes. Was that a crash? What could have fallen?

Fraser rubbed his eyes in an ecstasy of bewilderment. He felt weak and sick. He was in bed with his clothes on. How did he get there? Where was Yhada? The sun was shining. The house was silent as the grave. With an effort he flung aside the bed-clothes and got to his feet. He walked unsteadily. The cradle was empty. An unwonted terror seized him. Slowly his mind adjusted itself. He recalled the incidents of their evening meal. He remembered his own drowsy content. "Ah!" he exclaimed, suddenly, smacking his lips as though to revive a half-forgotten flavor. "The sleeping flower!" Where had he got it? With diabolic directness his mind wheeled upon the unintelligible conversation between Yhada and Mutcheek. Her sudden moods, her apparent infatuation for the Indian, flashed fierce-white upon the screen of his mental vision. Sick and trembling, he left the cabin.

On door after door he rapped, but always with the same result. Some were unlocked and he shoved them open. Moccasins, foot-cloths and blankets lay scattered among pots, frying pans and other cooking utensils, but not even a dog remained to give life to the scene of desolation. With a deepening and nameless dread he proceeded until he had reached the extreme end of the "rancherie." Here he saw smoke issuing from a kennel of ancient slabs. He heard a gurgling mumble within, and without waiting to rap, he pushed open the dogskin door and entered. Crouched by a small stone, stirring a greasy pot with the leg-bone of a deer for a pot-stick, was an aged woman. She seemed

oblivious to his presence. "Mother-of-the-Eagle," he gasped in the Chinook jargon, "where are all the people?" The hag's toothless visage maintained a wooden changelessness. "Speak, Mother-of-the-Eagle," urged Fraser. "I can't find Yhada."

A change crawled over the creased countenance of the ancient "klootch." Fiendish joy glared in her dim, old eyes. She held the dripping and gruesome pot-stick high in her talons. "Look!" she said. "Son-of-the-white klootch, Eagle-mother's heart is high because Yhada has come back. White man stole Yhada's mother, but Yhada's mother came back. They all come back. White man's God is good for the lips, but Indian's heart is all for Indian's gods. When the sun lay under the great water," she added, pointing west with her pot-stick, "my people went into the mountains. The Voice called them. It is always calling. Far, far they go to sacrifice and dance to their gods. Let not the Son-of-the-white klootch try to follow," she concluded, as a look of hellish hate writhed over her wrinkled features.

Hate, too, of similar nature and origin swept over the young missionary and settled deep into his soul. With difficulty he overcame a sudden, mad desire to trample the sputtering flicker of life from the filthy creature as she sat mouthing and crooning over the pot. He turned and strode into the deserted street, his lips muttering curses that had long been foreign to them. Vague fears and possibilities developed into convictions. Each empty, sounding cabin; each hideous, grinning totem seemed to say aloud: "Some day you'll wake up to find she's gone back to the potlatch, the devil-dance and all the other diabolical orgies."

Without any definite purpose he entered his own cabin. His Bible lay where he had left it. At that very moment he should have been expounding its truths in the little white church that nestled in the side of the great, green mountain. He almost smiled at the incongruity of things. Suddenly his eyes fell upon an open trunk. Feverishly he fumbled its contents. They were gone—the hideous devil-scaring mask, the red spirit gown and the beaded dance moccasins. Deliberately he rose and went to the pantry. As he expected, several bunches of dried oolichans were missing. Convictions congealed to damning certainties. His blue

eyes assumed a cold glitter. Quickly he tied up the remaining oolichans and slung the bundle on his shoulder. For a time he groped blindly, scarcely knowing what he sought. Ah! that was it, the Indian knife with the carved handle. He thrust it, together with a small whetstone, into his bundle.

If Yhada, lured by the primal passions of her race, had harked back over a few years, Fraser had harked back ages. It was the animal cunning of the cave-dweller, rather than a highly developed reason, that guided his footsteps with swift precision to the belt of forest northeast of the village. Here again a primitive instinct sought out among the multitude of moccasined footprints the track of a lady's shoe. Doggedly the man followed it. Another shoe print appeared, this time a man's size. Yes, Mut-cheek had worn shoes. These imprints lay always close, sometimes side by side, sometimes partly effacing each other. Jealousy and hate insensate burned in the heart where love so lately reigned. Fraser drew out the Indian knife and whetted it viciously as he walked.

Onward, ever onward, by winding paths, through dim forests, down gorges, along deep canyons, over fallen trees and precipitous rocks, led the spoor of the fleeing throng, and ever upon the trail toiled the relentless pursuer. Theirs was a haste, eager, feverish, fanatical; his a speed, certain, vengeful, deadly. At times he wondered why he followed, and started as his memory, it seemed from some remote archive, recalled the words: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." But always would spring up the prophetic taunt: "Some day you'll wake up to find she's gone back to the potlatch, the devil-dance and all the other diabolical orgies." Then would he fondle the Indian knife with the carved handle and quicken his pace.

At night he threw himself on the ground beneath the cedars and the stars, not so much because he felt the need of rest as that he could not follow the trail in the darkness. Daylight found his eyes again riveted upon the prints. He ate the dried oolichans as he walked, and drank from the springs and brooks by the way. His shoes were torn, his clothes tattered and his cheeks hollow. But his eyes grew brighter, and his muscles played tirelessly to the demands of a brain that burned. He was an

automaton, self-hurled upon a mission of vengeance.

Once he stopped suddenly and gazed at an impress in the moss. The fragments of a lady's hair-clasp lay strewn about. He recognized the trinket he had given Yhada on her birthday. There was the imprint of another form. The head must have been pillowed on the same moss-clad trunk. With satanic certainty he traced the measure of Mutcheck, and morbid imagination hastened to supply damning detail. He smiled a ghastly smile, and seating himself upon a boulder, whetted the Indian knife long and lovingly.

"Loord, mon, but ye look uncanny. What are ye doin' wi' the kloodch's knife?"

Fraser looked up quickly into the face of a huge, red-sweatered, red-bearded Scotchman, and jerked out his story in a voice that rasped in his own ears.

"Ay, ay," answered the kindly Scot; "they wull gae back, lad. It's like tryin' tae wean a wolf-whelp frae its taste fur carrion. I saw the deevils this morning. They're camped about a mile frae here. I guess they didna ken the G. T. P. had a gang o' white men in this vicinity or they wouldna hae cam this direction. Most like they'll commence their pow-wowin' the night. Come, lad, we'll get yer wife fur ye, if—if ye want her."

Fraser made no answer, but followed, caressing the Indian knife.

The Scotchman led the way into a new building of boards, down the center of which ran a long table, laden with huge dishes of meat, bread and canned vegetables, and surrounded by sturdy workmen, eating, jabbering and rattling the granite dishes.

Fraser took the chair offered him, but ate nothing. The fever of his mind offset the demands of his body. The Chinese cookee eyed him curiously, then said candidly: "Me tinkee new man mebbe crazy." The big foreman left the room with his men, and presently reappearing in the doorway, beckoned to Fraser.

Silently and swiftly they strode into the gathering gloom, the Scotchman ahead, Fraser next, and twenty stalwart Swedes behind, each carrying a hastily constructed club. An owl hooted in a tree-top, and from somewhere in the distance came the crazy laugh of a loon. For the first time

since starting upon his awful errand, Fraser felt a deep sense of desolation. He was indeed alone. Gone were wife, child and God. Only revenge came nearer, and it smacked sweet. He squeezed the carved handle of the Indian knife.

"Looke," whispered the guide, stopping suddenly and pointing to a dancing light. "Yon's their fire. They're preparin' for their fiendish orgies." Silently, with discreet and cautious movement, the white men approached until from a dark belt of giant cedars they gazed out upon a small circular space of open ground, in the center of which blazed a huge fire. The red rays silhouetted the trees in black, crimsoned the rocky base of a mighty mountain, and threw a lurid gleam upon the surface of a glacial lake. The Voice that from time unreckoned called each tribe and sachem to the gruesome rites had now lured their descendants to this place of solitude, that they might practise those very rites far from the prying eye and restraining decree of the white man. But there was no human being in sight. A grizzly strode with impunity along the lake-shore, the firelight playing upon his shaggy hide, and the loose shale crunching beneath his heavy tread. From far up among the snows came the bleat of a wandering bighorn.

Presently on the mountain side sounded a faint, moaning whistle; then another and another. The low rumble of dogskin drums trembled on the night air and grew loud. Figure after figure, frightful with faces of wolves, bears and eagles, darted from the fringe of forest and danced wildly about the fire, chanting the while to the weird accompaniment of the tom-toms. A bulky figure, bedizened in gaudy apparel and masked with a horrible eagle's head, strode close to the fire, and holding aloft a tiny scarlet bundle, commenced a wild sing-song harangue. At the same instant appeared a figure in a red spirit robe and hideous devil-scaring mask. It leaped, danced and cavorted about the man with the scarlet bundle. Fraser gazed with a nightmare fascination.

Higher and higher rose the chant of the medicine man, and faster and more furious grew the dance. The dancers cavorted in ever-narrowing circles. Some fell to the ground and lay like dead. The figure in the red spirit robe flitted closer and closer about the medicine man, with bewildering

speed and grace. Suddenly the harangue ended in a high nasal shriek. The orator drew a long, flashing blade and poised it above the red bundle. Fraser understood scarcely a word of the oration, but a strange force impelled him. He opened his mouth to cry out, but only a gasp escaped his tightened throat, as, followed by the railroad men, he stumbled a few yards into the circle of light. But what was that? With the fierce leap of a female cougar, the red-robed dancer snatched the scarlet bundle and ran with the speed of a mountain goat. Blindly she fled, but as though by instinct, she came straight toward Fraser. The devil-scaring mask had fallen and her dark hair floated about her shoulders. A look of incredible joy o'erspread her pale face as she came to a sudden stop before the white man. "Save me, my husband! Save me!" she cried, breathlessly, and sank on her knees, straining the scarlet bundle to her bosom.

But Fraser made no move to protect her. It was the big Scotchman's club that crumpled up the pursuing Mutcheek like a paper doll. The other Indians, terror-stricken at being caught in the midst of a rite so rigorously forbidden by the country's law, vanished like spirits among the trees. The young missionary looked blankly upon the woman and child. Was that peaked-faced brat, whining and wailing eerily, his child? Was that dishevelled creature, stained and bedraggled from her recent orgies, his own Yhada? Why did she cry to him for help? Had she not basely deserted him? Did she imagine him ignorant of her guilty lust? He stood coldly aloof, the Indian knife half drawn and gleaming in the firelight.

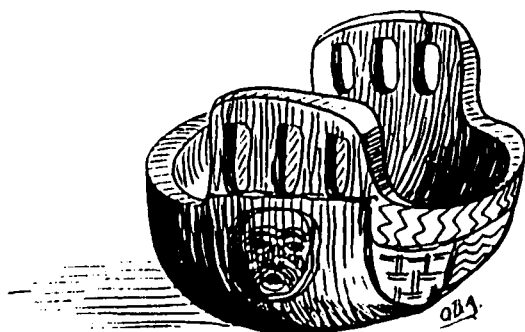
A sudden terror looked out of the woman's eyes. "These men!" she cried. "That knife, red in the firelight; that awful look

on your face! This is what I saw when I sat on your knee that night in our cabin. Oh, my husband, my husband! Must I tell you everything before—before——

"It was Mutcheek," she continued, passionately, tumultuously. "He gave us the 'sleeping flower.' It was daylight when I awoke. Our baby was gone. They had stolen him. The Voice had called them to their ancient rites. I read it that night in Mutcheek's sparkling eyes. They would sacrifice our child to the Fire God, and afterward divide the flesh among them. For the Fire God must have the most beautiful baby of the tribe. I couldn't wake you. I managed to lift you to the bed. I knew you would follow when the sleep had left you. I took some food and this dress, for I knew my only chance to get near my child lay in joining the dancers. I knew Mutcheek had our baby, and I knew he wore shoes. I found his track. I never took my eyes off it. At night I lay on it. This morning I came close upon their trail. I dared not show myself until the dance started. I lay down to rest on the very spot where they had slept. I hid among the rocks and trees until tonight. You know the rest—I did not see you here. I was running toward the railway camp. I saw it as I passed today. Oh, Calvin, Calvin, don't—don't——"

With a sudden, fierce gesture, Fraser drew the deadly knife, and twirling it above his head, flung it far into the darkness. "God forgive me!" he cried, falling on his knees beside the woman.

The big Scotchman and his men discreetly withdrew into the shadow while the young husband crushed his wife and child to his bosom and bruised their faces with hungry kisses.



Joy

By Rene Norcross

WHEN Katrianka Eseloda — which was not really our handmaiden's name by several syllables, but represents a praiseworthy attempt on our part at correct pronunciation—informed mother that she was leaving in one month to get married, dismay settled thick upon us, and various wild schemes suggested themselves for averting the impending calamity, domestic help being very hard to come by in the Bulkley Valley. In the end we abandoned our bloodthirsty designs on the admirer of our yellow-plaited damsel, and the Mater wrote to various people we knew in the Coast cities, beseeching them to send us a good girl, and failing that, a good Chinaboy, and failing that, any kind of a Chinaboy. It soon became clear that girls were temporarily unobtainable, and Chinaboys even more so on account of the five hundred dollar head-tax recently imposed on the importation. Father remarked magisterially that, as patriotic British Columbians with an eye to the future, we would not wish to see the Province flooded with cheap labor for our selfish convenience; the Mater thought it very strange and annoying that people should be starving for want of employment in some parts of the world while lucrative positions went a-begging in others.

Katrianka departed while her successor was still a matter of speculation, and Amy was reluctantly appointed to the vacant portfolio of "Minister of the Interior." Ensued an unhappy week of scratch meals and burnt fingers, and then came a letter from one Mrs. Humphries, with whom Mother had foregathered at some muffin-snatch or other in connection with a church bazaar. She was sending us a Chinaman, prepaid. He was not, she wrote, exactly a boy, and she could not vouch for him as a cook, as he had been brought to her notice by her vegetable Chinaman, but in these hard times we might be glad to get *any-*

thing; incidentally she had promised the "find" forty dollars a month in our name before he would consent to come at all. He had, she believed, been employed in a restaurant, so would no doubt prove satisfactory; at all events, she hoped so.

"So do I," murmured the Pater, fervently. "Forty dollars!"

Next day he arrived. One glance satisfied us that Mrs. Humphries had exercised a tactful reserve with regard to his age; if he had not worked on the great Chinese Wall personally, it was not because he was excused on the score of youth—or beauty. He wore a slate-colored jumper over nondescript trousers decidedly more holey than perfect, and a most untidily coiled grey queue surmounted his prehistoric wrinkles. He looked as though he might have been washed up by the Flood into that particular corner of Chinatown whence Mrs. Humphries' vegetable Chinaman had raked him, and had certainly never been washed since. A more disreputable looking old scarecrow never forsook his legitimate calling in the rag-and-bone trade to masquerade as cook in a respectable kitchen, and his highly incongruous name was "Joy!"

It was not surprising that Mother wondered audibly what Mrs. Humphries meant by it, and Father was only prevented from starting the old vagabond back to the Coast with a month's screw by thoughts of the impending harvest and the half-dozen extra hired men to be fed somehow; so, with a shiver of chilly foreboding, the Mater introduced Joy to the scene of his future labors, and then sat down and wrote an urgent appeal to the nearest officer of the Y. W. C. A.

I think no member of the family will ever forget the fortnight that ensued. Before twenty-four hours had gone over our devoted heads we knew that the old fraud had no more notion of cooking than a South Sea Islander—less, for he would have man-

aged to muffle a missionary pot-pie! It was a waste of time, in his philosophy, to boil vegetables soft, and the meat—no matter how stately a joint it had left the butcher's hands—invariably came to the table as a heterogeneous collection of tough, semi-cooked chunks, sprinkled with a mysterious, gritty, dust-colored substance, inspiring the belief that he had rolled each piece in the gravel of the drive-way before serving it up; his gravy was the unvarying standard Chinese gravy that accompanies beef, mutton, pork or veal impartially, and he usually kept the dishes warm in the sill of an open window by way of an intelligent finish to the spread.

Puddings he never attempted, which we were inclined to regard as a providential escape after tasting some alleged pie, and, after eyeing his first batch of bread from a respectable distance, we laid in a large stock of soda-crackers from the local store. It was in vain we stormed and besought and expostulated! Joy—oh, the bitter irony of that name!—took interference or advice exceedingly ill, and so far from being abashed by his disgraceful shortcomings, was apt to turn very sulky and indignant when his culinary efforts were slighted or criticized. Had it been any time but harvest, the Pater would have run him out after the first meal, but such as he was he was all we could get, pending a rescue by the Y. W. C. A., and in the meantime we were fain to swallow our pride and bow our necks to the yoke, viewing Joy's efforts in non-committal silence, and, after a scout had proclaimed the corridor between kitchen and dining-room clear, committing the bulk of what was quite beyond mortal digestion in the bill of fare to the safekeeping of the big hall heater to become a burnt offering when the enemy should have retired to his own quarters. It was a shocking waste, and a most humiliating state of things, for it had to be done with the utmost stealth, but by this means we avoided having that particular atrocity served up again at the next meal, and preserved the sensitive feelings of the venerable Joy from a rude jar which would have resulted in our losing the services of an excellent dish-washer; for there indeed Joy shone; we had very early decided that his connection with the restaurant had been entirely with the kitchen sink of that establishment, and again Mother wondered what Mrs. Humphries had meant by it, and

Father remarked bitterly that dish-washing was a paying business at forty dollars a month.

Meantime we eked out a precarious existence on soda-crackers and coffee—he could make fairish coffee—and grew hollow-eyed with the constant dread of having some new culinary horror sprung on us. His chief effort, judging from the visible pride with which he set it before us, was a kind of sticky concrete substance, which, after much weary guessing, we decided must be intended for that stand-by of the rural district—layer cake. Oh, the shifts to which we were driven to get rid of that awful "cake!" for the old nightmare kept one constantly on hand in spite of Mother's suggestions and orders; indeed he went his own serene way in everything, returning the same unvarying answer to every order or appeal: "Me allite; me heap sabbee."

His bland self-satisfaction was the most infuriating thing about him, except, perhaps, his fearful and wonderful voice. He was the only Chinaman I ever heard attempt to sing, and I trust he will be the last; such a weird, high falsetto performance, absolutely tuneless, I never heard before or since. The first time he favored us Father and I rushed into the kitchen under the impression that the man was in some kind of a fit, and neither our indignation then, nor all our commands or entreaties subsequently, availed to stem Joy's tide of song. We were always sure of a solo when he was washing the kitchen floor, which little job generally occupied him about two hours. His astonishing voice, accompanied by the mop striking its back teeth on the boards every second minute or so, made up the most appalling row I ever heard, and we could only close all intervening doors and count the days to the end of the harvest. But it happened we parted with Joy before the end of the harvest, after all. Our "permanent" hired man, a college-bred youth of concise speech, and what, for want of a better term, might be described as an inverted sense of humor, appeared suddenly before Mother shortly after dinner one day, obviously endeavoring to suppress a grin. "Boss sent me back for some lemonade," he explained, casually; "went into the kitchen to help myself; the giddy Joy was washing his socks in the dish-pan. Never knew the beggar did wash 'em, but it seems

he does; and when he'd wrung 'em out and hung 'em up, he dumped the cups and saucers and so on into the same old water. 'Thought you'd like to know!"

"I can't think," said Mother, for the thirty-seventh time, an hour later, as the gate clicked for the last time behind the

departing Joy, "I can't think *what* Mrs. Humphries meant by it, but, thank goodness! there is a nice, clean, wholesome girl coming up on the next stage, and in the meantime it must just be tinned meat and potatoes, and everybody helping with the washing up." And it was!

Today

By ALICE COREY

Violet the waves, and white all homing sails,
As past the bar they run:
I only know this twilight is the last
Before tomorrow's sun.

Misty the sea beyond our harbor's line,
Slowly the night shuts in:
I only know that by tomorrow's light,
Voyagings begin.

The night wind hurries through the little
town,
Calling the ships to sea:
I only know it waits to fill the sails,
Those sails that wait for me.

Unknown the shores we seek, and, seeking,
find;
Unknown the resting-place:
I only know how lonely is that land
Where I find not your face.

Blow, sunrise wind, and fill the hoisting
sails.
And, morning light, break clear:
For now no longer is tomorrow feared—
Because—today is here.

The Depot Clerk

A Story of the Georgian Bay Camps

By Wilfrid Playfair

THERE are hundreds of men in British Columbia who have worked in the lumber camps of the East, on the Ottawa, the Gatineau, the "North Shore" of Georgian Bay. Perhaps some of them may read this and recognize something familiar, for it was told me by a man who spent the best years of his life in the rough society of the camp, who was broad enough to read the human stories in the thousand types that go to make up that society. He loved the woods well enough to live in them, and—to die in them, for he went over a falls on one of the rough North Shore rivers with a jam at the last. That, I believe, was the way he would have had it, did Fate give us choice in these matters. He gave me this story of the Depot Clerk, and now I give it to you.

The Depot Clerk lounged in the doorway of his log office and looked languidly out on a scene of desolation. There was nothing novel in the view; its wretchedness merely chimed with his mood. On this side of the crooked little river a sandy slope led up from the cluster of log shacks that formed the lumber depot to a green forest half a mile away, and up the intervening waste, dotted with blackened stumps and lonely rampikes, a rough tote-road zig-zagged away to the camps beyond the hill. Across the stream was another bare, fire-ravaged hill, and beyond that again, distant pine tops. It is common enough in the timber country to see Nature emerge crushed and ruined from her conflict with man, but the Depot Clerk was something of a dreamer, and a very sick man besides. He found a parallel to his own life in the stricken hillside.

"Five years of it already," he groaned as he withdrew his eyes at last. "O Lord, how long?"

Fate, unkind as usual, deigned no reply, so the Depot Clerk came out of his doorway and walked wearily down the road to the river. Even walking is hard work when your head is splitting and every bone aches drearily. From time to time the Depot Clerk swore under his breath. His temper was very thin.

It was late November, and the company's tug was due on her last trip before the ice took. Half a dozen men were at work about a rude wharf, patching it up to receive the expected freight. Two or three others, teamsters awaiting loads for the camps, sat on a log smoking comfortably. Even in the timber country the lines of caste are closely drawn, but the Depot Clerk was an iconoclast today.

"Good morning, boys," he said, addressing the group on the log with feigned civility. "It's a fine, healthy place here, but there's nothing like a bit of exercise. Keeps the appetite up."

The outraged teamsters slunk off their roost, hating him with all their heart. The Depot Clerk was as unpopular as are most sick men in authority, and a little more, since primitive man prefers round cursing to the strange weapon of sarcasm. Further, he was a gentleman, a word that even on the north shore of Lake Superior means more than a Sybarite who takes off his underclothing at night. Unlike most of the broken men who flee to the wilderness to hide their shame, he wore with dignity the abhorred rags of his gentility. Drunk or sober he did not belong.

And yet the Depot Clerk felt desperately alone as he took his seat on the log and watched the sour-faced teamsters go about their work. His illness made him weak. For the first time in five years he was feeling the need of human sympathy. He

would have liked to break down the barriers of suspicion raised against him by these simple men, and, finding no way, he was conscious of a childish anger against them. He remembered now that he had mended their broken limbs and nursed some of them through the fever, but he forgot something else that was ever present in the minds of his subjects. It was the disease that had seemed to interest him, not the patient. The Depot Clerk had once been a skilled surgeon; the "timber beasts" thought him a cold-blooded fish. Today he was a tired, petulant child, craving the deft hand of a nurse or the strong arm of a friend. Typhoid, the scourge of camps, is a mighty leveller.

He nodded on his perch, rapt in his morbid fancies, and very weary. Thinking him asleep, one of the unwilling teamsters began to diagnose his case jestingly. The last words came to the sick man's ears.

"Wish to God he'd fall off the water-wagon. He's rusty."

The Depot Clerk sat up, suddenly wide awake. The laugh he flung at the abashed teamsters as he rose from his log was a hard piece of work, but they never knew that they had avenged an insult. He dragged his still limbs up the hill towards the office, his mind seething with a new bitterness. In his hour of misery the mad desire that he had wrestled and thrown through twelve weary months had arisen stronger than ever, exultant in his weakness, and the men had guessed it or stumbled on the taunt unwittingly. There was no fight left in him. His cheery little office, with its stove and cot, table and two chairs, and walls hung with trophies of the hunt, was the hole in which he sought, like a wounded animal, to hide himself. He stumbled through the doorway, collapsed into a chair by the table and covered his twitching face with his hands.

"My God!" he sobbed. "I want to hang on. I've got to hang on." His shoulders heaved as he crouched over the table.

Presently he grew calmer and sat up. His face was drawn and lined with pain, but the eyes were bright and clear. It was just one more victory. For a time he remained still, as if absorbed in thought. Then, with the air of a man who has made a momentous decision, he went to a trunk

in the corner, opened it and took out a little tin safe, such as housewives and wanderers use. An hour later, when the cook came to call him to lunch, he found him at his table, poring over a heap of papers.

"Just coffee, Roch," he called. "Make it strong."

The fat Frenchman shook his head with foreboding. His kindly old heart went out to the sick man.

"You must heat, Boss," said he. "You stay here; I bring some dam fine soup, bagosh."

The first toot of the tug came from the river as the Depot Clerk folded up his papers and replaced them in the safe. Before the echo passed the door was flung open and a big voice shouted in:

"Hello, Doc!" was its greeting.

The Depot Clerk smiled joyously as he rose to welcome the big, red man whose shoulders filled the entrance.

"Old man, I'm glad to see you," he said as they shook hands, and he meant it.

Don James, who was clerk at Camp 7, ten miles away, was cursed with second sight. When there was whiskey going he scented it from afar, for back in the lumber woods, as he said, "however much Nature beguiles, it's a long time between drinks." To shorten the intervals he tramped down to the depot whenever the teamsters told him a tug was due, for there was always sure to be a bottle or two among the new arrivals. He was a rough fellow, good-hearted and sudden of temper, a brawler in his cups, and reckless when forced by lack of supplies to be sober.

"I just came down to pick some men out of the fresh livestock," he explained, taking the Depot Clerk's second chair.

"I thought you came for a drink," answered the Depot Clerk, and his visitor exploded with laughter.

They were an ill-assorted pair. James was of medium height and stocky build. The sandy hair that showed when he threw off his felt hat was thin and unkempt, and the broad, red face under it was lined and weather-beaten. An exile from better things like the other, he was of the adaptable type, and had taken on the characteristics of the race he herded with. There was nothing in his speech or his appearance to mark him out from the loggers about him. Sitting

opposite him, the Depot Clerk seemed like a visitor from the city, with his tall, spare frame, stooping a little at the shoulders, and his pale, ascetic face, with its cold grey eyes. Illness they had in common, for under the pale blue, humorous eyes of the newcomer were deep pouches, and his breathing was labored and audible after the long walk.

"Don't murmur it to a soul, Doc, but I sure did come for what you say," said James, filling his pipe. "I'm dry as a sermon. That other stuff was purely official, for the use of the Old Man, and he didn't believe it, either."

The Depot Clerk joined faintly in the other's laugh, and James looked at him sharply.

"Hell, man," he exclaimed, sobered. "What's the matter with you? You look all in."

"That's what," replied the Depot Clerk slowly. "I'm all in, Don. I was going to send for you."

"What is it?" asked James. "Not fever?"

The Depot Clerk nodded.

"I've been fighting it for weeks, but it's got me," he said. "When I knock under I'd like to have you around somewhere."

Silence fell for a moment. The Depot Clerk leaned back in his chair, scanning the patch of bare hillside that showed through the window. After a while, his face still turned to the window, he began to speak.

"Don, I've been wanting to see you to tell you something, so don't laugh, and don't get mad. When you feel this way you get to thinking things out, somehow. We never ask questions, but I know there's something behind your being here, just as in my own case. Our kind don't drift in here for sport. Now what I want to say, Don, is that if I get through this I'm going back to fight things out."

Amazement was writ large on James's face, but the Depot Clerk did not see. His eyes were still on the window.

"I guess you're pretty sick, Doc," said the visitor. The Depot Clerk paid no attention. Perhaps he did not hear.

"There's another thing, Don," he went on. "It's about that heart of yours. You've got to quit the booze. If you don't, you won't last till Christmas. I told you last year——"

"And last year I told you to mind your

own damned business," broke in James. His face was ugly with passion. "Who asked you to cackle about my heart, eh? You've tried the water cure, and you're a damned fine testimonial. All bloody rot! What's left for two fools like us but to get drunk with whiskey and forget it? When my heart stops I won't blame you any, son."

The Depot Clerk, surprised out of his reverie by the outburst, smiled at James grimly.

"That's right, you won't," he said soothingly. "I didn't mean to offend you, old man. It's hard for a damned fool to forget that he used to be a physician—that's all. Let's shake on it."

The tug whistled again, this time at the wharf. It was time to go. As both men got to their feet, a slow smile displaced the frown on James's face. He took the outstretched hand.

"You're a cool hand, Doc," he said, "a damn cool hand. I'll see you through, never mind the water cure."

This was the story of their comradeship, their charm for each other. From their first meeting, it had been the rough fist of the pugilist matched against the keen blade of the fencer, but the untaught men who hated them both and looked for a final conflict were doomed to disappointment. Their very difference made that issue impossible.

The squat river steamer was tying up at the wharf when they arrived. Her deck was piled high with the miscellaneous freight of the camps, and from her waist was already swarming a motley company of pirates. There were about fifty of these, combings of the earth, the last draft sent up by the Montreal employment agencies before winter set in. Tall Swedes rubbed elbows with Austrians, Italians, and an occasional little cockney, while a dozen or more were "down-homers," French-Canadians, not of the sturdy old voyageur breed, but peasant farmers crowded out of their native Quebec by the law of the multiplication table. While the aliens stood about in silence, bewildered by the strange surroundings, the "down-homers" swaggered up and down the dock, joyously drunk, chattering like magpies.

Taught by experience, James kept a close eye on the "down-homers." The Depot Clerk said nothing as his companion singled

out one of the newcomers and opened negotiations. There was nothing to be said. The bustle and confusion of the wharf vexed him. He was sorry he had come.

"James," he said, suddenly, "look after things for me. I'm going to bed."

Back in the office he stretched out on his cot, and there Roch brought him broth and coffee. He meekly obeyed the cook's orders to undress, and after Roch left he lay counting his pains, now wide awake, now dozing uneasily. In the late afternoon, when James returned, the fever was mounting.

James's face was puffed and inflamed from deep potations, and he walked unsteadily. He drew a flask from his pocket and held it to the sick man's lips.

"This'll fix you up, Doc," he said thickly. "Got it just for you. Best medicine for everything."

The Depot Clerk waved away the bottle with weak hands.

"No, James," he said. The smell of the spirit in his nostrils made him yearn with all his being, but he was resolute. The drunken clerk exploded in a wild burst of passion.

"You dam fool!" he roared. "You dam quitter! So you won't drink with Don James, eh? He'll see you in hell before he asks you again. To hell with you, anyway!"

He stamped out of the place, while the Depot Clerk called weakly after him.

"Don," he called. "Come back, Don. I want a drink."

The heavy footsteps dimmed and died away. The sick man turned his face to the wall and swore helplessly. But deep in his soul he was glad the other man had not heard him call.

Don James awoke with a start. The whiskey had died in him, leaving his mind unnaturally clear, and every nerve in his body tingling. He sat up suddenly in his bunk, and with the exertion his heart began to pound like a trip hammer, making him feel weak and very sick. He fell back again on the blankets and tried to think things out.

It was black dark in the bunk-house, and on all sides he could hear the snoring of heavy sleepers. Piece by piece the incidents of the night before came back to him, the carousing in the cook-house, last of all his talk with the Depot Clerk. The memory

of this last made him groan. Doc was sick with fever, needing him, he remembered. He must go at once.

He made another effort and sat up. His heart was beating a tattoo on his ribs, and every breath choked him. There was a strange weakness in all his limbs. He swung his legs out over the bunk, and sat there a minute, waiting for the weakness to pass. Then he made a discovery.

"God!" he gasped. "Doc was right. It's got me."

The knowledge that he was needed steadied him. It helped him to his feet, carried him stumbling to the door of the bunk-house and out over the road. His head was spinning with the whiskey and the sickness, his limbs were numb and heavy, but he steered unsteadily for the light that shone from the office window. At last he reached the door, leaned against it for a moment to get his breath, and opened it.

Roch was sitting by the bed. The cook knew of but one remedy for all the ills of the body, and he was urging it on the invalid with patient persistence.

"A leetle drop," James heard him say. "Just a leetle drop till the docteur come. She is very good for fever."

The Depot Clerk was very weary, and his protest was fretful.

"Take the damned stuff away," he said weakly.

Roch felt himself rising from his chair and falling again, and his fat body struck the floor with a thud. The good cook looked up to see Don James standing over him, gasping for breath, but belligerent. He picked himself up and made for the door, while James dropped into the chair. The Depot Clerk recognized his deliverer and smiled a wan smile.

"I knew you'd come," he whispered. "You won't let them give me whiskey, Don?" His mind was just beginning to wander.

"No, by God!" said James.

He made the promise seriously. In a few minutes the company's doctor, a young graduate who was getting his first practice among the North Shore camps, drove up, summoned by Roch's messenger. James watched him jealously as he examined the patient, and received his instruction in sullen silence.

"Better give him a little stimulant," was the last order.

"Damned if I will," replied James.

The youthful physician was nettled.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," said James hotly, "he's a better doctor now than you ever will be, and he don't want it. That's one reason."

After the angry young man had left, James was summoned to the bedside again.

"You're sure they won't give me whiskey?" whispered the Depot Clerk. "I don't want to take any, because——" The whisper died away as the sick man went to sleep.

James was strangling of thirst and his head was beating dully. He staggered off across the room looking for water, found the pail, and drank greedily. As he did so his eye fell on the clock on the table, and he noticed that it was only ten. A horrid fear that he would not last the night out seized him, and he hurried back to his post.

Before the night was gone delirium came, and through the hours James heard the Depot Clerk scream for whiskey, pray for it. At times he was forced to use the dregs of his strength to hold the sick man in bed. The strain took hold of his mind and he, too, began to have illusions. He imagined that there was a conspiracy on foot to give his patient drink, that every piece of furniture in the place sheltered a lurking enemy. When Roch came at dawn, bringing broth and breakfast, James was sitting with a loaded rifle across his knees, and the fat cook was all but frightened to death before he could persuade the crazy nurse that his errand was peaceful.

By daylight the strain relaxed, and James slept in his chair for an hour. He was sane when he awoke, and Roch brought him a letter. It contained the Depot Clerk's will, and a note for James.

"Dear Don," ran the message, "I know you will come back to me, and Roch will give you this. Please look after everything for me if the fever bowls me over. Tell

them I wanted to go back. Good-bye, old boy, and don't forget the heart."

As James read, the tears ran down his cheeks, and he sobbed aloud in his weakness. He bent over the fever-flushed face on the bed.

"Poor old Doc!" he said. "Poor old Doc! He will go back! By God, he will!"

He took up again the routine of the sick-room, his courage strengthened by a new resolve. He needed all his determination. Nights of hideous delirium followed days of lethargy, and each watch the nurse found his task grow harder. The choking fits came more frequently now, and his weakness was pitiful. At times he could scarcely drag his feet across the room. At the end he was living on his will for strength.

"I've got to stay with it," he would mutter to himself in his darkest moments. "I've got to see Doc through. There's nobody else to do it."

He stayed with it, and at last there came a morning when the Depot Clerk passed into quiet, restful sleep just before the dawn, and James hailed the hopeful sign with joy. His task was ended. Doc would go back!

He felt his will relax, and with that came collapse. With a last effort he staggered to the table, took up a pencil, and scrawled something across the Depot Clerk's letter. If Don James did not go back, at least those who cared heard later how he had worked out his salvation.

"Doc'll fix it," he muttered, as he fumbled his way back to the chair. The first light of the late inter-dawn was struggling in through the window, and fell across his face—the face of an old man. Something like a smile seemed for an instant to soften its lines of pain. Then James fell forward limply.

The light in the window grew brighter as the sun came up. Snow had fallen in the night, and the shimmering white carpet blotted out the ugliness of the bleak hillside. The Depot Clerk slept peacefully.



Shortie's Last Drunk

By Hugh Molleson Foster

"CRIPES!" taunted Grayson, "you fellers 'll never git 'er up." He yanked at the seat of his overalls and squatted on the curb.

"Nope?" insinuated McCartney. "T'ink not?" He edged away from the other, took out his dinner pail, put it between his legs and hugged it with his knees. He opened it and took out a fistful of thick sandwiches. They were dry and stiff and so bent that he couldn't bend them back without breaking them. As he sniffed his face looked as if he disliked the smell of the meat. "Shoot!" he muttered. "She'd 'a put in some boiled eggs an' some salt an' pepper in a little box an' some hot coffee an' it'd all been clean. How'd I ever lose her—must 'a been part my fault—wonder wot they're doin' now—mebbe he's tired of her a'ready." He turned to the other and grunted, "Wot's that yer say, hur?"

"T'ink not, yer say? I don't *t'ink* nuttin' 'bout it. I tal yer I *know*—I don't *t'ink*."

"Yer 'don't *t'ink*,' eh?" quoted McCartney. "I suspicioned as much, but I didn't know yer knowed it yersel'."

"Look er here, McCartney, look er here yer needn' t'ink you're the on'y t'ing in creation," grumbled the other. "I knowed jess as well as you do: you're on one side o' the fence in this business an' I'm on the other. O' course you're employed by this here erectin' firm an' I'm paid by Mr. Reed, the main contractor of the hull job; but your boss is workin' fer my boss all right, all right. Mebbe we'll be changed aroun' some day or mebbe we'll both be on the same job together. Yer can't never tell in this sort of work. Anyway, guess I ain't goin' ter dirt yer ears none by talking to yer, am I?"

"Sure," paradoxically agreed McCartney; "go ahead an' talk if it'll make yer feel any better. I ain't got no objections—you'll do it anyway."

"Look at that girder there. Lord knows how long it tuk ter fabricate her, an' then it tuk two cars three weeks ter git her here from Pittsburg, an' after that, six pair o' them thunderin' big horses an' the longest reach-truck in Vancouver wasted two days gittin' her on the job from the freight yards. Say, McCartney, she's got heft—ain't never seen a bigger girder. Sixty feet long an' fi'e feet high with her flange er foot acrost is goin' some, I guess. Make er kind of er dinkie little charm danglin' from a man's watch chain, eh? Sorter oncomfortable, though, ef she swung agin him, eh—what?"

"Onhandy fer a tooth pick, yer might say," assented McCartney.

"Well, ter tell yer the truth, didn' 'pear ter me zackly like youse fellers picked her up an' tossed her inter place tother night, like she was a drinkin' straw on a sodie fountain. We fixed everything we could fer yer—stopped all the traffic on the bridge an' closed up them streets—youse was all night at it then, an' there she sits on that reach-truck still. Looks like she'd sit there till hell freezes over."

"Air, cut it out," growled McCartney; "quit it, I tal yer. Say, do yer know wot this job is—do yer know anythin' 'bout it? Yer jess give her dimensions—well, she weighs some twenty-odd ton, an' we got jess five-eighth of an inch leeway. Five-eighth—do yer know wot that means, yer bump-headed knocker, yer? It means we got ter run a cable from that hoistin' engine halfway down the block there through a lot er sheaves from them four columns yer see an' hitch it on ter the tongue o' that truck. We got ter pull truck an' girder an' all up ter that big upright there. That's a fourteen-by-fourteen an' straight as a line an' sound as a apple. She'll never snap. She'll sink inter the ground fust with ony weight. Lor', if she does snap, there'll be a puddin' o' dead men roun' here. Then we got ter take a hitch round her middle

an' lash her on an' haul her up, wid on'y a block an' falls an' a bit o' eight-inch manilla, ter the top o' that stick, an' then swing her roun' this way—yes, she'll go up pointin' with the street an' when we gets her up we'll turn her crosst—an' then slip her inter place, wid five-eighth of an inch ter spare. A twenty-ton girder, sixty foot long an' five-eighth of an inch ter spare! Wot do yer know 'bout that, eh? Why, that's the wickedest piece of erectin' onywheres roun' Vancouver. It's in the poipers—there ain' never been nuttin' like it. A twenty-ton girder sixty foot long an' no room fer a derrick—nuttin' but a stick an' er block an' falls an' a bit o' ole manilla—an' five-eighth of an inch ter spare. Why, it's worse 'n puttin' back a hair inter the same hole it fell outer an' doin' it wid a tongs."

"Well, wot er yer goin' ter do' 'bout it?" complained Grayson. "Yer ain' goin' ter fluke, like yer done before, air yer?"

"Arr, you make me tired! We'll do it all right. If we don', we'll feel like tearin' up this sidewalk wid our teeth an' crawlin' under it. Say, you go plumb ter hell, will yer, please? Yep, on my invitation. Nope, I ain' the proprietor, but they know me pretty well down there an' you kin take my place all right, an' yer kin tell the little red devil that's got charge o' my reserved seat that I've served my time up here wid you."

The two men sat in silence, biting their pipes and waiting, each occasionally grumblin' at the other and smiling at one another's gibes. After a time Grayson tried to brighten the gloom. "Say, Mac," he asked, rubbing the stubble on his chin, "think I need razor?"

"Oh, no, not at all—nuttin' o' that kind," answered McCartney. "Wot you need is a lawn-mower."

There was a whoop from the corner of the street and the gang of erectors, with old man Dougherty at their head, came down toward the girder on the run. They looked as though they thought they could take it with a charge. A. T. Dougherty & Co. were known as the best firm of steel erectors in Vancouver. Mr. Dougherty marshalled his men around the long truck and began to hold forth, as if he were a general addressing his command before goin' into action.

"Now, men," he began, "we don't want to do like we done last Tuesday. Where's Shortie? Yer see, last Tuesday we was nervous. We've had our try now an' this time we got ter do it. Say, anybody seen Shortie? There's free beer an' grub an' a bonus for every man here if we git that girder up by midnight. Is Shortie on the job? Now, you men, you want to remember that nuthin' was ever accomplished in this world by goin' at a thing half-hearted, an'—an' I want ter tell you—"

He thought he had made a good beginning, but he didn't know how to go on. He wanted to say something that would make every man work harder than he had ever worked before, but he didn't know what to say. He didn't even know he was no leader, but he knew enough to know the value of his foreman, who could say a few quiet words to men that would make them strain like horses—no, like men. Suddenly he felt an aching need of Shortie as he had never felt it before. "Can't somebody git Shortie?" he yelled, whiningly. "Look here, McCartney, where's Shortie?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, why don't yer?"

"I dunno."

"Is he on the job?"

"I ain' seen him, sir."

"Well, look fer him."

"I did, sir, an' I couldn't find him."

"Ain't he here?"

"Nobody's seen 'im, sir."

"Well, find him. He's the best man on steel erection in the business. He's the best man I ever had. He can make men do anything—yes, even when they're 'fraid of it or don't know how. I can do my end. I can take care of the office work, why can't he do his? He knows it all right. Just when I need him most I can't depend on him. That's the only trouble with Shortie—I can't depend on him. Drunk again, I suppose. Ain't it hell? Now, ain't that hell, say? I tell yer what, McCartney, you go an' get Shortie. Go over ter his house, an' if he's in bed, pull him out whether he's sick or drunk. That's a good feller, will yer?"

"Yes, sir," and McCartney started to go.

"No, McCartney, you stay here with me. You're the best in the bunch, anyway. Send the boy fer Shortie an' make him git him.

You'll take Shortie's place tonight, see? You kin boss them fellers. I'll teach yer. I'll make a man of yer yet. Now's yer chance, McCartney. You be everywhere all over the job, seein' everythin' an' seein' that everything's done. You'll learn; you'll be as good as Shortie some day—no, better, 'cause you don't drink—least, I never known yer drunk in hours. You'll be all right; I'll see yer through. You stick by me, you work fer me, an' I'll push yer right up. You make good an' I'll make yer my right-hand man. 'Tonight's your beginnin', McCartney. 'That's the way I got my start.'

Instead of Mr. Dougherty's trying to speechify to his men, they might better have harangued him and reminded him that getting flustered over a particularly difficult piece of work seldom helps achievement.

At last things got started. Huge hawsers were lashed round the girder, the wire cable from the winch was passed through one guide sheave after another and made fast to the tongue of the truck, and McCartney was sent to his accustomed work at the engine. He felt at once the familiarity of old times when he settled himself and the hard, cold iron handle of the starting lever pressed his palm. He opened the throttle to the first notch cautiously for the slowest speed, and the long reach-truck, with that enormous girder on it, began to creep forward. The paving blocks seemed to sink visibly under the weight. Suddenly there was the blood-chilling scream of metal scraping metal, followed by the sounds of iron wrenching and tearing wood, the scuffling of many feet, and then breathless silence. The big beam had skidded from the truck and struck a quadruple fire hydrant, which she crumpled like a trampled flower. Except for that hydrant there would have been, in an instant, a dozen new-made widows. When the men had recovered themselves they all gasped in unison and crept warily back to their places, but not one would touch the girder till Mr. Dougherty took hold of it first. It seemed to them now like a sly monster awaiting an opportunity to execute a secret, deadly intent.

Four hours the men worked like ants, pulling, pushing, swarming everywhere. The old man Dougherty jumped around, waved his arms, shouted orders and then countermanded them, and called his antics "super-

intending." All day these men had been working elsewhere and now backs began to tremble, hands shook, faces paled and nervous tongues licked dry lips. All day and all night is hard on engines—it is no easier on men. McCartney spent the time jumping like a cat from crosspiece to crosspiece of the wide open steelwork high up on the bridge-house, climbing like a monkey rapidly up and down the great framework, running from guide to guide of the tackle and helping, directing and encouraging group after group of his fellow-workmen; but every minute or two and between other things he would rush to the winch to help the lad he had left there or to put his own hands on the familiar levers and give another yank to the long cable that tugged at the big girder.

By twelve they had pulled the truck to the foot of the upright, lifted the girder off the truck, hoisted her up to the top, turned her around to slip into place, and then failed to find the five-eighths of an inch leeway. Instead, they got her only as close as a foot away and then couldn't budge her. One end dug deep into the heavy steelwork of the bridge-house and nearly a yard away from the bracket on top of which it was meant to hang. The other end pushed against the column on which it should have rested flush, so that the column looked as if it would fall any minute. The top flange of the girder stuck fourteen to sixteen inches below the roof which it was meant to hug. Time after time the little engine had snorted, wildly trying to pull the great girder up into place; but it seemed as if the weight of the girder would pull the engine, tackle and all, down the street. Mr. Reed, the head contractor, in sleek soft hat, well-creased suit and dapper gloves, went about clenching his hands and asking questions snappily, but smiling and trying to look confident. His chief engineer, Mr. Wetsor, who was responsible for the drawings, went about blinking his eyes and trying to look wise, but he succeeded only in looking uncomfortable.

At midnight it was agreed not to take the usual hour off for lunch. Time was too precious, and already Mr. Dougherty had whispered twice that he was afraid some of the men would break down under the strain. He felt by this time that if he had known Shortie was in his grave he

would have been glad to dig him up. He asked the men to go to lunch in relays of only two or three at a time and to come right back. McCartney went to the corner saloon. He had turned away from the bar and was walking toward a side table when a woman came in with a beer can in her hand. McCartney stared at her stupidly. His big sandwich, less a horseshoe-shaped bite, fell in the dirt and his glass of beer smashed on the floor. "Gawd!" he stuttered under his breath in a stupor, "it's my wife—least—I mean—well, she was. Gawd knows wot she is now. She's a—she needn' come ter me. He kin keep her now. I wouldn'—I'd kick her out." With her pail filled the woman started for the door. Their eyes met, crossed and the currents flashed. A man staggered through the doorway, rubbed against the woman, bent down so he could leer up into her face and whispered something that made her blanch and then blush. Like an unleashed hound McCartney was at the man's throat. He threw him down and the two spun over the floor like a mechanical toy. At the other end of the room McCartney, on top and with the other's body gripped between his legs, pounded that face so that his arms resembled the rods of a highly developed rapid machine made for that purpose. The woman had run away into the darkness. The crowd gathered around the fighters and they fought faster than a stage mob can come out of the flies. They pulled McCartney off, and he shook himself like a Newfoundland coming out of the surf and went back to work. They picked up the bundle on the floor that had been under McCartney and shook it till it looked like a man again. Then it scuttled away like a beetle that had just escaped being trodden on.

McCartney went back to the hoisting engine and found that he felt better. Limbering his muscles and the rush of the hot blood of fury had relaxed his taut nerves from the snapping point. As he took his seat at the engine and reached forward for the levers the coldness of the iron soothed his hot hands and the hardness satisfied his desire to grip. From where he sat he saw old man Dougherty, down the street under the girder, waving his arms, yelling and jumping about like a wild Indian in a religious

dance. Fifty feet above him the men on the beam and those trying to wedge it into place called to him from time to time for an inch or a half an inch more. At each call Dougherty paddled with his hand in the air as a signal to McCartney, and McCartney pulled the lever of his engine to take up that much more cable, straining to raise the big beam a little.

All at once McCartney noticed something that made him so nervous he began to talk to himself. "Tight," he muttered, "she's tight—too tight. That's bad—I don't like that. Look at that cable—there she— if I give her one more turn she'll snap an'—. No, sir, I ain't goin' ter. I kin leave her here fer a minute an' go down there an' tell ole man Dougherty. He won't see—he won't understand. He never does. I don' care wot he says, I won' put me hand on this engine agin—no, an' I won't let no one else do it. If I did, that cable'd sure snap ter hell, an' gone an' that girder—what—say sixty tons—she'd tear through sidewalk an' street an' all an' bury herself half deep. Let's see: there's a dozen men on her, there's another dozen or more up on the superstructure, an' down below there's another. No, sir, I don' care wot nobody ses. I ain' goin' ter take up another inch."

He felt a tap on his shoulder and the tickle of a whisper in his ear. "Yesh, I'm back," he heard, and recognised Shortie's thick voice. "Jesh got back—come long way roun'. Thash's why delayed—un-voi'bly d'layed. Thash it—thash fine—like that—'un-voi'bly erlayed.' Couldn' 'elp, Mc., sure couldn'."

McCartney did not turn to look. He was afraid to relax his catlike gaze on the gesticulating figure at the end of the block.

"Look, Mc.—look er there! 'Th' ole man's si'nallin'. Yank her up. He wansh more. Hitch 'er up, I shay."

"Shut up, yer fool!" said McCartney. He bit off the words and spat them at the man. "Look at that cable. She can't stand the strain. She'll snap in a second. Feel 'er, yer fool. Get down on yer knees an' feel with yer hands if yer can't see, yer derned ole soak."

Shortie stared stupidly for a minute and, as a half-drunken man's will may be dominated by the word of a sober man, he went

down on all fours and crawled along like a dull beast and slid his hands up and down on the cable. Suddenly he leapt to his feet. Now he was clean sober—eyes darting, whole body itching to act.

"Right—that's right, Mc.," he snapped. "You saw first. I was drunk. Now slam down the brake an' hold her there. Don' let 'em have another inch. Smash the hull engine if yer have ter. You stay here—I'll go down an' tell ole man Dougherty."

"Go plumb ter the North Pole an' set it on fire, yer fool," snarled McCartney. "Wha' d' yer take me fer? You're fired, I tal yer, an' I gotcher job; an' if yer wasn't, I ain' been waitin' all mer life fer a chancet like this ter hand it over ter you. I seen it first. I kin save the hull job an' square meself wid the boss, ter say nuttin' er bein' the saviour er two or three dozen lives. Air, go teach yer mother how ter have kids."

Shortie caught McCartney's arm and looked into his eyes as if he would draw them out. "Lee me go, Mc.," he pleaded, "lee me go."

"Go to hell," was the answer.

"Jess this oncet, Mc.," Shortie begged. "I'm straight now an' I'm goin' ter keep straight. I ain' never gon' ter touch a drop agin. Sowelp me! I cuss ter yer, Mc., before the Lord God Almighty. Ah, Mc., I wan' ter git back mer job—I wan' ter square mesel' wid the boss. I gotter—I tal yer I gotter. Say, Mc., cancher lemmie. My woman's gone agin me—ses she's gon' ter leave me if I don' quit, so I gotter, yer sec. Air, Mc., Mc., won' yer lemmie?"

I got er little kid now, too; an' my wife'll take the little one wid her if I don' keep straight an' keep mer job."

"Is it a good kid, Shortie?"

"'It,'" quoted Shortie, "it's a cinch ter see *you* ain' got none. *She's* a girl. It's fer their sake, Mc.—them two—not me. You ain' got no wife nor kid, Mc., or you'd know how I feel. It ain' the same fer you."

"No, not the same fer me," meditated McCartney, "no, not now—an' I never had er kid." There was silence between the two while McCartney hesitated. "The cable!" he yelled, "look at that cable! She's gon' ter——"

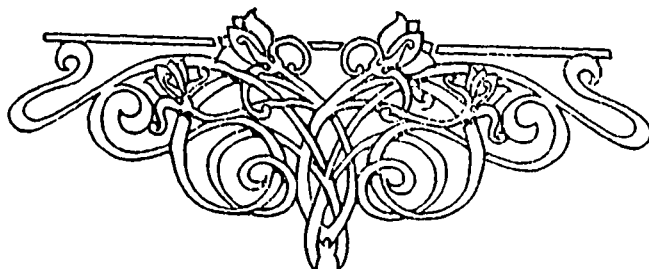
"Mc.!"

"Yep. Go, yer sloucher. Go, an' go damn quick, before I change me min'."

Shortie ran frantically down the street and caught old man Dougherty by the shoulder and dragged him back, explaining the situation on the run, to where McCartney sat on the seat of the engine. Mr. Dougherty's eyes bulged and he spluttered when he understood, till his beard got tangled in his teeth.

"Hey, McCartney, you—you—you there, I say," he bellowed and pointed tremblingly, "you ain' no—why, Shortie drunk's worth er carload o' you sober. You're a ——. Oh, you didn' see nuthin', did yer? It'd crawl up an' bite yer an' yer wouldn' know it. You kin look fer a new job, you kin."

He walked away with his arm around Shortie and patting him on the back.



The Luck of Bander Singh

YOU who read the tales I tell have also seen the things I have seen, and your knowledge will, I hope, fill in spots left blank by my imperfect knowledge. Some stories are no more than glimpses behind the scenes, where men and women are making up for their parts in the play of life; some reproduce life's ironies, comedy and tragedy; allegories of life itself. The best stories are the simplest and there is no tale like the simple truth. All men are as children in their hunger for stories. This is why the teller of tales may earn his daily bread.

This story shows that men not Christians can be practitioners of the Christian virtue of charity.

Of all Orientals, the East Indian is hardest to understand because of his reticence. The East Indian is as shy as a child—I mean the real native, not the academically-educated hybrid. The Chinese and the Japanese are much easier to get acquainted with. The East Indian is generally meek in manner, stingy of speech, and his few penurious words carefully guarded to give offence to no one. East Indians and Canadians will always gaze at each other through mists of miscomprehension. This is too bad, for the East Indians have their good points. They deserve credit for many virtues, and as strangers, far wanderers half the circle of the Zodiac away from home, they ask voicelessly for a little Christian pity.

Bander Singh passed the turnstiles of the West which stand at one of the great doors of the world, which is Vancouver, on October the 1st. He had been a riut, a cultivator in Northern India, on leased land, with nothing to look forward to but hard work and a bare living. So he mortgaged everything he possessed to a money-lender for enough money to come to Canada, with a few rupees over to keep his wife and little son until he could send them more.

This he did on the strength of a letter from his brother, Harak Singh, who had been in British Columbia for six months.

This letter had seemed just as wonderful and incredible as the letters that were sent home by Spanish adventurers of the days of Cortez and Pizzaro, telling about the wealth of Mexico and Peru. The letter said that the writer, Harak Singh, was receiving for common labor a sum equal to 8 rupees per day of ten working hours, and urged Bander Singh to come quickly before the madmen who were paying the high wages recovered their senses. For in the part of the Punjab where Harak Singh and Bander Singh were at home 10 cents was a full day's wage. It was as if you got a letter from a friend who had found a new Eldorado, begging you to come and get a share of the loot before it was too late.

But a few days after Bander Singh landed he fell sick, and instead of making his fortune, he found himself dependent on the charity of his fellow-countrymen.

When an East Indian is sick he turns his face to the wall and waits for death. "The term of my years is accomplished," he says, and his fatalism helps him to die. Fatalism does not help a man to live, but it helps him to die. It helped Bander Singh to die. He began with a bad cold and finished with pneumonia. His fellow Sikhs buried him with the proper rites. They would have liked to burn the body, according to the custom of their country. But facilities were lacking.

Harak Singh, piling lumber in a waterfront millyard, looked at the cloud-shadowed mountains across the Inlet, and thought of his brother's wife and little son in the far Himalayan hills. He went home that night and wrote a letter in the queer Hindustani characters that have no more of the personal equation in them than type, so that you cannot tell one man's writing from another's. The letter was sent next day to the widow of Bander Singh in the Punjab, and with it went a draft for many rupees. The letter said that the writer had come safely to the distant land rich in gold, after a voyage of many days across great waters,

and that it was a pleasant land, and that he was already at work, and that his wages for a day's labor amounted to eight rupees, and that he would soon be as rich as the money-lender, and would then return home, when they would be happy ever afterward. "That which I send with this letter," the writer said, "which is an order to the bank to pay you 100 rupees, will show you that I speak truth, and that Harak Singh, my brother, spoke truth of this land in his letter." The letter was signed with the name of Bander Singh, who was dead, and Harak Singh, the living, as he mailed the letter, made a vow to himself under the black hood of night, standing at the letter box. The vow was that he would keep up the deception, and that his brother's wife should never know that her man had died in the far country to which he, Harak Singh, had led him to come. Harak Singh was a woman-

less man, and he would take his brother's place. He was a leader among the Sikhs, and could easily keep the news of his brother's death from reaching the widow. He would in the course of time return to the Punjab, in the character of his brother, and the woman, his brother's wife, would not know that the long wanderer who had returned was not her husband. Harak Singh was as like his brother as one grain of wheat is like another, and he would say that Harak Singh, his brother, had died, and not he, Bander Singh, if any report of Bander Singh's death had reached the woman. All this he vowed and planned, and I think he will carry out his vow and his plan. From his point of view, it is a good and brotherly thing to do, and he is going to do it because he blames himself for having brought his brother to Canada.

The Smart Man

ALL day the crystal-threaded portieres of the rain had dimmed the woods into the phantom of a dream, as the white rolls of fog smudged the cold blue of the hills. But the camp foreman did not see the beauty of the soft washes of rain that toned forest and mountain into a wonderful harmony in lavender and silver; the rain hindered his work. He has no imagination; you don't need one if you are foreman of a logging camp. An imagination wouldn't help you to handle men and get the logs out.

But that night in the office I found out that the foreman is a good story-teller. We were talking about camps we had known, and he spoke with good humored diablerie of camps in which he had worked and we knew the tales were true. Men like the foreman do not lie, even when stories are going; they don't have to. The foreman has lived more stories than any man could invent.

Outside, it rained no longer, but it was a cold, unfeatured night, and the great gray

shanties of the camp crouched in a vacuum of silence in the camp clearing—great gray monochromes fitting into the cold shadows of the forest. The fog had come down from the tree-tops and moved and waved in skeined veils and smoky wisps among the trunks of the firs and cedars, and stole in puffs and patches and vaporish shapes like wet ghosts up to the very doors of the camp itself.

But the shack in which were the office and "store" was filled with warmth and honey-yellow lamplight. Though it was late and the rest of the camp had received the comfortable gift of sleep, the talk still ran round the office store.

The foreman, the scaler (the man who measures the logs on the "landing") and myself sat beside the stove. The scaler was also the clerk and store-keeper, a pleasant, quiet-spoken man. The foreman was usually silent and thoughtful, letting others do the talking, but that night he spoke freely of camps and foremen he had known. I listened with hungry ears, for the stories of

the men whose day's work is in the midst of the deep woods, and who drink wild milk from nature's breasts are often wonderful stories, and aromatic with the incense of the forest. But this story smells of nothing but human nature.

"The time I was head-faller in McCormick's camp, on the Piahship River," said the foreman, with a laugh in his speech, "the cook ran the camp. Dan Ferguson was foreman, but the cook ran her.

"You see, Jack Regan was cookin' and he liked Dan's wife pretty well, and he liked Dan's farm, too. He made up his mind to get them both. Dan and Jack came from the same place in Washington.

"He got them, too, both widow and farm. How did he do it? I'll tell you. Before Dan came in he had been drinkin' pretty hard, and when he came in to the camp he was pretty dry, and he licked up the liquor he had packed in with him, only a bottle er two, hiyu hyak.

"So Jack he starts in makin' piah-chuck on the cook-stove. How did he do it? It seemed like as if he was expectin' Dan to be mighty dry when he came in. For he had a barrel filled with oats, potatoes, molasses and yeast cakes, fermentin' and workin'.

"Every morning he would fill two five-gallon copper boilers with this stuff and set them on the stove in milk-pans of water. He took the lids off the boilers—the lids with the cone-shaped tops, you know—tied a tomato can to the point of each cone with hay-wire, set the lids upside down on the boilers, and kept the hollows of the lids filled with cold water.

"The steam from the stuff in the boilers would condense on the sides of the inverted

cones in big drops, the drops would roll down and drip into the tomato cans.

"This was the piah-chuck, and she was the pure liniment, all right, and she tasted like a bush-fire.

"Three bottles was the day's loggin'. Jack would bottle the stuff in empty whiskey bottles. He sold some of her to the men for two dollars a bottle. But we didn't get enough of her in the bunk-house to scent our handkerchiefs. Most of the piah-chuck went to the office where Dan was bunkin' and she sure got a peavy-holt on Daniel, all right.

"One morning, Dan didn't get up to turn out the men, and the cook came and turned us out. Dan never drew a sober breath after that. He just lay in his bunk and drank that piah-chuck. The first few days the cook brought him his meals. But Dan soon lost his appetite, and Jack brought him nothing but the piah-chuck. He was stronger than a bull-block, but we knew he wouldn't last long.

"In about two months we got up one rainy morning and found Dan sober."

"Dead?" the clerk and I both spoke at once.

"Sure!" said the foreman, lighting his pipe. "He was dead. He stood it longer than I could."

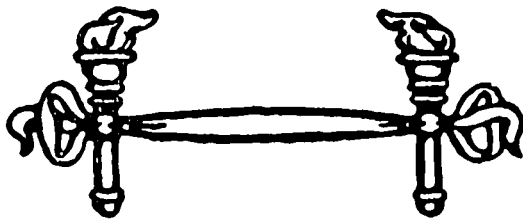
"And the cook ran the camp?" the clerk asked.

"He did, and you never saw better loggin'. He was a smart man."

"And he married the widow and got the farm?" I said.

"You bet he did!"

"The son-of-a-gun!" exclaimed the clerk, thoughtfully.



Outdoors

THERE is no deception about this tale, as somebody else once said about another story hard to believe.

I suppose it is all down in blue ink on the charts, but I don't know where we were. The beachcombers know that barbaric coastline, for they follow its kindred contours, picking up logs. We were not far from Vancouver. We went in a launch, but it was in a Siwash canoe as lean as a bone and as steady as a cedar log that we lost ourselves and found the lake of the one salmon. The canoe belonged to an Indian, who is so old that he remembers when the white men, either Bostons or King Georges, were new, and the Indians were many; there were no canneries in the land and the salmon were easy to get. When we came upon him he was dwelling in a tent in a wild and lonely spot, and had come to regard eating as almost a religious rite, because it happened so seldom. We made him happy and changed his point of view with a little pork and flour, and when we saw the last of him, he was making a successful flap-jack in half of a broken fry-pan, the red light beating on his rusty old face as he crouched low over the fire. His tent was stretched in a little natural clearing, locked in from all the world by a half-circle of hills. Between the hills and the beach of silver sand knelt pictured cliffs of ore with their knees in a green thickness of Olillee bushes. Their vertical faces were stained with all wild and unnamed colors of geological chemistry. In front of his camp the strait was filled with blue gray granite islands, red with the wine stains of oxides and patched with clots of silver-white and copper-red lichens. Upon these islands homed starved spruce with their anchor roots thrust deep into the crevices. There are thousands of these fairy packs of islands scattered along this violently-born coast.

Very near this place there was a big cannery that looked like a school-house during the holidays. At this point a river came

down to the sea, and the cannery slouched on its hundreds of legs, which were piles at the river mouth, and from a distance made you think of a great dull-colored bird of prey waiting there for the homing salmon. With the rain's soft wash above and the tip-toeing tide below and the forest's blue-brown shadows behind and the running river in front, the gray cannery waits, and during its silent hiatus between the end of one season and the beginning of the next the many-windowed cannery has only one inhabitant, Charley Yoot. During the canning season the Chinese "bossy-man," Charley, is cannery-keeper, and lives in the big shack where all the cannery Chinese bunk and feed in the joyous time of much work, when both lines of machinery are running, and the rivers are full of fish boring steadily against the slipping current. Charley Yoot is a Chinaman from the south of China, but he has been so long in British Columbia, and working in canneries, and living along the coast, that he is almost as much a Siwash as a Chinese. He speaks all the Chinook there is as fluently as any Indian. Except during the canning season he seldom sees any people but the Indians.

It was evening when we went up the river in the canoe that was chopped and sculptured a very long time ago out of a log after the ancient design of the Indians of the northern coast, and was as quaint and picturesque and unserviceable a craft as you ever saw: It leaked like a basket, and its shadow, that crept ahead of it on the water, had a barbaric and sinister suggestion. The fantastic beat character in the up-carving chiselled bow, was weirder still in the shadow that slid with eerie threat ahead of the stealthy canoe.

Old man Sundown, my companion, had a weird facility in the handling of a canoe. We left the camp-fire burning well and the fire-shadows jumping strangely against the blackness of the woods.

As silently as a tree shadow stretching toward the east as the sun drops down

the western grade, the canoe stole away. The quiet-colored, warm night drew unobtrusively around us. As we ventured deeper into the tremendous wilderness the waiting silences seemed a threat, and we felt a shivery sense of dread. Soon arose the mysterious noises of the night, strange crepitations, breathings and conferrings, sinister, disquieting, clandestine, having the flavor of conspiracy. For a long time there was no light but the silver dust of the starshine, then over a ridge that pushed its backbone above the ragged forest came a staining of wine, and a great ochre-red moon cautiously lifted, slowly topping the rough-backed ridge.

In a little lake where the salmon go to spawn, we had been told that a mighty salmon lived and that he would not look at our spoon bait. We lost ourselves and found the lake after two hours' paddling.

Swimming in a vacuum of silence the canoe entered the little lake, which was strewn in the centre with the silver coin of the moonlight, but bordered with a wide band of unfeatured blackness, the night-loom of the pines and their deep, uncolored replica laid upon the water like pigment.

Into this shadow oblivion Sundown swung the canoe, threading it through a myriad-stemmed grass and leathern lily pads. A crane, the lake scout, kwauked unseen, and the many-throated bellowing of the frogs ran round the shore.

When we girdled the lake and sent three deer crashing from their drinking places, Sundown swung the canoe out into the moonlight again. The tawny moon went higher and hung high among the abounding stars, and the night gained in grandeur and strangeness. We laid the paddles softly across the gunwales and sat motionless. The night's magic crept into our hearts as the splendid calm enfolded us. The water lost its individuality, when the sense of motion was taken away. We seemed to hang in a huge width of atmospheric space. Of all the things that have power to charm the souls of men, the moon has the strongest spell.

The lake was a blurr of snow surrounded by a darkness of trees. The sky was a violet roof pinned up by the steel stars. The horizon seemed to contract around us and

we had an imprisoned feeling. The sky seemed to crouch down toward us.

Suddenly we heard a great water-sloping and splashing sound which turned our eyes toward the middle of the lake in time to see a huge fish turn over with a silver splash, wallowing on the surface.

Instantly we came back from fairyland to earth and the delicious excitement which is a part of the siren lure of the woods pounded up in us.

Sundown was shooting the canoe toward the monster's playground. "He sure is as big as a saw-log," said Sundown. "My big reel with the copper line is under the bow deck. Get it out, son. There's a big spoon bait on it. We'll see if he won't take it. By James, if he does, we'll have a busy time for a while."

I threw the formidable bait with its heavy hooks, and the copper line followed it like a gold thread in the moonshine. Joy beat in my heart as I felt a vicious tug on the wire in a minute.

"Got him?" shouted old Sundown, his voice vibrant with excitement. "Then look out for hell!"

The big reel whirred like a dynamo, as the line flashed out. The short trolling rod was strong and the wire line was unbreakable, yet I was afraid to try to stop the first frantic rush of the giant fish, and he towed the canoe two hundred yards. Then he sprang half out of the water, and we saw how big he was. Then he swept in a wide circle around the canoe, and I got about twenty feet of line. Again he came to the surface in a furrow of foam, arching his bronze back above the water and shaking his wicked head with its long wolf snout, and if he had not been dumb he would have howled with fury. Then, diving, he raced away the length of the line, turned, and darted back. Sundown paddled with strong-wristed skill, half standing in the stern, shouting eager advice to me. The water-devil made shorter rushes now, and I got about half the length of the line.

We knew we could not get the big fish into the canoe. "We'll land," said Sundown, "and drag him out on the beach." He shoved the canoe toward the shore, towing the fish, which sulked. A smoky film of cloud had spread over the sky, and the moon hung red and dim, a crimson coal in

the rusty smudge. Revolution by revolution I reeled in the wire, tugging the fish as if he were a water-soaked log. We were close to a strip of sandy beach before the monster stirred at the end of the wire, rose with a great heave to the surface, twisting his lean shape and rolling in a wallow of yeast.

Suddenly he dove again, and the reel screamed.

This was his last rush. The canoe grounded within a minute. I jumped ashore with the rod and reeled him in. Sundown killed him with his paddle. He died game, crumping his long body on the sand.

The Story of Chahco

IF you cross the Inlet, and follow the Seymour road that mounts among the hills, in the midst of a fine wild landscape, big mountains gauzed with grey mist and blue smoke, and pine columns like great organ pipes, you will come to a place where they are making a little hole in the forest beside the road, clearing a postage stamp of land to build a house on.

You can't miss the place; it is in a narrow valley plunged in shadow except in midday, hard by an unpretending cottage sending up domestic smoke. There you will see three natives of Hindustan working at the solemn pace of the unhurrying East.

It is where these strange outlandish fellows are working that the eye begins to embrace mountain prospects that fascinate and coax the artist, whether he works with alphabet or color-tubes to try to reproduce some of their baffling beauty and imagination-inspiring bigness and simpleness of form.

Look at the three laborers who are steadily but stiffly busy like puppets worked by strings. They are attired in rags round their heads and overalls. They are the same color all the way down from turban to shoes, the color of a charred log. It is easy to see that the smallest of the three is the briskest in animation. He has less the character of a marionette than the others. They are piling logs in a heap. With the eye of experience the smallest of them selects the lightest logs. That's just what his elephant used to do, in far-away India. He was a very wise elephant, and was employed in a big timber-yard, handling big sticks of square timber, and loading them on railway

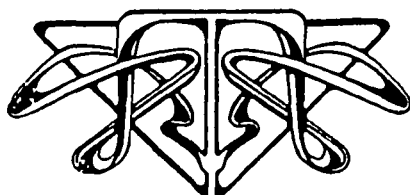
cars and doing other jobs around the yard. There were several other elephants working in the same yard, but this particular elephant was the best worker of them all. This little dark, unkempt man used to sit on the elephant's neck and tell him what to do, and talk to him in a language he understood, much as a teamster talks to his horses, but the elephant, they say, is a more intelligent animal than the horse. This man, whose name is Chahco, was this elephant's driver, or mehout, before he came to this country, where there are no elephants except in circuses.

Now this is one of the strange little by-paths that branch off from the main road which a man seeking truth and knowledge of the Hindus in British Columbia, and their ways, must follow. This thin-legged, lean-flanked, slim-waisted, slouching-shouldered little man Chahco came to Vancouver about eight months ago, and has been working ever since he came for a certain concern whose business it is to clear land, making town lots out of the wilderness. But only a little while ago these town-lot makers received a very interesting letter from a big lumber firm in India. The letter ran something like this: "We have been informed that you have in your employ a coolie named Chahco, who was formerly, as you may not know, employed by us as an elephant driver in our lumber-yard here. This man left us apparently without reason some nine months ago, and with some difficulty we have traced him, through his friends, to Vancouver. We believe he allowed himself to be persuaded, perhaps against his better judgment, to accompany certain friends of

his, who were proceeding to America. Now this man is extremely valuable to us, and we would like to have him return to us, if possible, for reasons which we will try to explain. The elephant, of which he was keeper and driver, is a very valuable animal and exceedingly useful to us. We are sure you have heard or read stories of the singular eccentricities of elephants. This particular elephant, whose name is Muzzun Khan, will allow no one else but the man Chahco to drive or guide him while working. In other words, the animal will take orders from no one else. Since Chahco left our employ, his elephant has been idle, refusing absolutely to work. Moreover, this animal has several times shown signs of uneasiness and distress, as if the prolonged absence of his former driver caused him to worry. We believe that this anxiety will culminate in the serious illness and probable death of this valuable animal if we do not succeed in getting the man Chahco to return to us. Without a knowledge of the peculiar characteristics of elephants, it would be hard for you to understand the nature of the intimacy that existed between this driver and his animal, which we are convinced amounted almost to affection. We will be immensely obliged if you will do all in your power to help us to induce this man to return to India. If he is willing to return at once, please cable us at our expense, and we will immediately provide by cable for his transportation and other needs of travel. Also we are prepared to offer him, through you, any increase in wages over the pay which he formerly received from us that he wishes. We take the liberty of enclosing a letter (which we have not read, as it is written in an obscure dialect of Hindustani not intelligible to us) addressed to Chahco by one of the other elephant drivers in our yard, whose theory it is that Chahco quarrelled with Muzzun Khan, his elephant, before

leaving, and went to British Columbia in a tiff. Queer beggars, are they not? Another strange thing about this matter is that Chahco had taken a wife just before he left us to go to America!"

Chahco, ex-mehout of Muzzun Khan, work-elephant in a Calcutta mill-yard, read the letter which the Calcutta lumber company, his former employers, could not read because it was written in an adaptation of the Hindustani characters to a very unfamiliar language, the dialect of Chahco's people who were a queer race of men who lived in the forest and caught and tamed wild elephants and are mentioned in Rudyard Kipling's stories. Chahco will not go home. His letter was very short and ran something like this: "Muzzun Khan is still very angry because you married a woman, and would give her what you had always given to him and what he thought was his right. He is very jealous of her, and would have killed her if we had not sent her away. No man who has given his affection to an elephant for many years should transfer that affection to a woman. You knew that the anger of Muzzun Khan would be terrible, but the woman had cast her witchery over you, and you were not in your right mind. We knew not where you had gone when Muzzun Khan chased you and the woman away the night you brought her home. The woman came back to your house in the morning, but we sent her away because we knew that the elephant would kill her. She told us that you had run in one direction and she in another, in the darkness, and that she knew not where you were. We thought it was a lie, until we found out that you had left India. If you return now Muzzun Khan would kill you, because an elephant does not forgive. But the heart of Muzzun Khan is broken, and he will die soon. When this happens I will let you know, and you may then return."





On the Waterfront

WHEN a man has a job he never goes near the docks unless his work takes him there; when he loses his job he steers for the waterfront—he must. The wharves and the shipping draw him as surely as a derrick boom swung too close to the binnacle, or a broken bridge rail, or a coal chute will throw a compass out.

On the Johnson dock there is always a little back eddy in the busy tides of labor that the currents of trade quicken—a little back water that doesn't work. If you stand at its edge, and listen to the talk and use your eyes as they should be used, what you hear and see will open wide vistas into the world of the man without a job. For instance, yesterday morning when the Abessinia was docked, there were at least forty men on the end of the wharf who could have handled the steamboat a lot better than the pilot did, if they had been on her bridge in his place. In fact, the way in which the pilot brought her in even cast some shadow of doubt, in that chewing, smoking, good-natured crowd of critics, on his sanity. When he finally laid the ship alongside the wharf as tenderly as if her cargo had been eggs instead of Christmas toys for the kiddies, they were disappointed.

Also the wharf-end talk runs upon ships at sea and in port, cargoes, and the growth of Vancouver's trade. The dock-head idlers are optimistic on this subject. There is special discussion now about the new west-running currents of commerce that are starting, and if you listen you will hear theories and philosophy and facts that indicate keen minds in bodies not filled with passion for

physical labor. I have heard a man, who sat on the stringpiece, after explaining to the crowd that he wasn't working because there was a shortage of trucks in Vancouver, repeat the prophecy of a dreamer of commercial dreams, that in the future some of the new places of the world will be seen to be the near places, and some of the old places the really remote places; and that in the lifetime of the present generation there will be more Canadian wheat going west to the Pacific than east to the Atlantic. When nature gave Canada, said this truckless man, a prairie grade through the mountains by way of the Yellowhead Pass, she handed Vancouver the equivalent of a cheque for a hundred million dollars. The men who lean against the dock-shed walls talk about the opening of the Panama Canal, and the abolition of the long water-haul from Pacific ports around Cape Horn to Liverpool, and about all the many developments which are twisting the world to a western bias, and making for Vancouver such a future as never a young city in all the world looked forward to before. These men seem to know the names of all ships, and to be as familiar with all ports as I am with Vancouver, and they can tell you the meaning of every house-flag on all the seas.

If the Dominion Trust building got tired standing up and lay down in Hastings street it would look bigger than the Kosmos liner Abessinia, but not much. Now the pilot, who brings a ship like this into a narrow slip already occupied by a bigger ship, needs all his experience and knowledge of the strength of the tide at that place and at that time, and of just when to check the thous-

ands of tons of steel and cargo which is a ship, by ringing her engines full astern when she is drifting toward the dock too fast, and when to put her rudder hard-a-port, for instance, to stop her swing when the tide is pushing her stern around. He must know just what rolling the wheel hard over and what turning the engines over backward their maximum number of revolutions will do, under different conditions, as when the tide is running out strong and the screw is half out of water. If he didn't know all these things he would bump the ship into the wharf and it would take three pile-drivers and a dockyard a month to fix things up.

It was a grey and slimy morning when the *Abessinia* came in, and there was a whiteness of mist blurring the greens and browns of the Inlet's northern shore. It sponged itself out as the big black ship came nosing in. The blue and white and gold house-flag of the *Kosmos* line is one of the prettiest of all the sea emblems flown by the ships that trade into Vancouver, and the name "*Kosmos*" is filled with romantic meaning to anyone who likes to think of the picturesque side of ocean commerce round the world. For a man who loves the sea and ships there is much color and imagination-inciting suggestion in watching a great trading vessel like the *Abessinia*, with the honorable grime and stains of long journeys over the world's sea thoroughfares upon her, creep slowly up to the dock with cargo carried from far countries.

There is strange and fascinating interest in the long ladders of Roman numerals on each side of her straight stem; the great rusty anchors sticking out of their hawse-holes; the belted rough-shirted hands busy clearing lines and freeing winches; the stout suggestive derrick booms with their blocks and falls; deck-houses and lofty bridges with their instruments of shining brass—binna-cles, telegraphs and the little steam wheel; wheel-house and chart-room behind, where are kept charts of strange coasts, ports and ocean ways, islands, lights and winds, currents and tides in every latitude! the black and monstrous funnel, the white boats hanging from the davits, the cook's galley with its smoking pipe.

There was little room for a big vessel to inch into the narrow berth alongside the huge Blue Funnel steamer that lay in the

same slip. The *Abessinia* came stealing out of the haze. Her bo'sun had nearly emptied the flag-locker; the big steamboat was gay with bunting. A German ensign, the size of a wind-jammer's top-gallant sail at least, hung over the stern. An English flag drooped at her fore truck, for there was no wind; her house-flag at the main, and there was something else in her mizzen rigging.

Her black bows, looming like the corner of a street, seemed to hang over the wharf-end. She was moving with a suggestion of that unhasting serenity which belongs only to the high gods.

A large impassive man without any ornamentation leaned over the canvassed bridge-rail. Beside him was the brass-bound skipper, and the third officer, I suppose, stood by the telegraph. The impassive person said "full astern" to the mate. "Full astern," repeated the officer and flapped the telegraph mandle over. The black-finned propeller, only half submerged, kicked the green water into snow, and an acre of foam spread from the vessel's stern like a half-opened fan. The tall bows came no nearer to the dock head. The big quiet pilot then ordered the quarter-master to put the wheel hard over, and the floating warehouse swung to port. "Stop her," said the pilot. "Half ahead," he ordered, in a minute, and she came ahead a few revolutions. Then the pilot raised his voice.

"Get your spring on the dock," he roared.

A barefooted seaman hove a heaving line. A freckled longshoreman caught it, the big "spring" followed it through a bow fair-leader and was looped around a spile. The ship's head kept swinging off as the line payed out. "Now get in all your slack on that spring," called the impassive man from the bridge eminence. A dozen deck hands on the fore-castle, droning a chantey, bent their backs over it and the slack came in. They passed the line round a bitt and held it. The eight or nine thousand tons of dead weight tightened it until it creaked.

"Slack away on that spring, don't part it," growled the deep voice, and they slacked away.

The tide was running out like a river and shoved the *Abessinia*'s stern around, and her head went the other way. Alongside the giant *Teucer* lay a barge, from which the Blue Funneler was loading lumber. The

sweeping bow of the German steamer threatened to crumple the wooden barge as you would crumple a cardboard box. Again the telegraph told the engines to go astern. The mate's gang on the forecastle got out a bow-line. The burgoo-eaters aft got a stern line on the dock. Then they handled her.

Fathom by fathom she drew in to her berth. The officer at the telegraph rang "finished with the engines." The winches, very rusty, broke out into a kind of musical measles. Sailors lowered fenders over the side. The vessel touched the dock with her starboard bow and sent a shiver through it.

Suppliant

By ALAN SULLIVAN

(From "Scribner's Magazine")

Grant me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest
And that which shall my weariness assoil
The Sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield, with valor to defend
A faith immutable, and steadfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.

The Views of a Prospector in the Steamboat Mountain District

“Alaska Jack” Ginivin

NOWHERE in any of my travels have I seen such good indications of mineral to encourage the prospector as I have seen in the neighborhood of Steamboat Mountain, and I have been prospecting for a good many years.

It seems strange to me how the country has been overlooked so long, as the placer prospectors and quartz prospectors have been going through the valley during the placer excitement of Ruby Creek. Nowhere on the mountains have I observed any indications of prospectors, who, as a rule, leave some trace behind them. The foot of the mountains is covered with vegetation and the dacite formation which covers the ledges of the country, and no doubt that is why it has been overlooked.

An old placer prospector some years ago, going through the country, had pay gravel on Muddy Creek and found some colors, but being a placer miner he never thought to look for quartz, and there was not sufficient colors to pay for placer, so he drifted into Nevada and went to work for Greenwalt and Stevens. The formation of that country being so nearly alike brought his memory back to Steamboat Mountain, and he told Greenwalt and Stevens that the same class of rock that existed in Nevada he had also found in Steamboat Mountain.

Greenwalt and Stevens made a note of the location, and in the spring of 1910 they took a trip into the country to see if they could find the place. They panned on several creeks and found colors, but on Muddy Creek they traced colors up the stream to the ledge of the now Steamboat mines; then Greenwalt and Stevens came to Vancouver, B. C., and reported their find to the public.

Being in Seattle, just up from Nevada, I read of the strike. I immediately took the train for Hope, B. C., which is a small

town on the C. P. R. about eighty-nine miles east of Vancouver, and the gateway to the new strike, which is thirty-five miles back of Hope in a southeasterly direction. I outfitted at Hope, and went into the Skagit Valley to see for myself the truth of the story, and I found that Greenwalt and Stevens had a very likely looking proposition from the surface showing. It impressed me so well that I staked some claims on the Steamboat Mountain myself. I travelled over that same range to Lightning Creek, and found the same porphyry ledges running through the country, and from what I could see and hear they run for a good many miles towards the old Cariboo country.

The mineral belt is ten miles wide, which carries the porphyry formation, and there have been several good showings that assay very encouragingly. It is an ideal country for the prospector—there is plenty of game and fish. On the south side of the Skagit Valley, across the river from Steamboat Mountain, is a quartz eye formation with a conglomerate capping spread over the tops of the mountains. There are several good ledges of galena which have been discovered; however, most of the country is still virgin, as the prospector's pick has never been used in that section. The formation is similar to the Coeur d'Alene in Idaho and I am looking for some very good discoveries to be made in that section. All we need in the country is good legitimate prospectors, and there is no doubt she will make good.

Steamboat Mountain camp proper consists of somewhat abrupt upheavals of andesite and dacite formation, which are cut by intrusive basaltic and porphyritic dykes and ledges of quartz. The quartz ledges wherever sampled have given good gold values, and it is a characteristic of the camp, to which too much importance can-

not be attached, that the dykes of porphyry as a rule carry gold in paying quantities, whether they be ten or three hundred feet in width. Between Hope and Steamboat Mountain various rock formations are encountered, all being of a character in which mineral deposits may be expected to occur; ledges of mispickel ore carrying values in gold, silver and lead are found near Twenty-three Mile Creek, and at Fourteen Mile Creek an important discovery was made of an immense dyke of decomposed silica carrying very high gold values and capable of development by the cheapest possible methods.

In fact, from the boundary line on the south to the Fraser River on the north there appears to extend an unbroken belt of mineral strata. What the width of this belt may be has not yet been determined.

In Steamboat camp there exists an abundance of desirable mining timber, spruce, fir and cedar, of which the last two are the best for mining purposes, covering the hills and valleys. The Skagit River and its tributaries will furnish practically unlimited water power, from which electrical energy can be generated to run the mills and air compressors for mining operations.

The Coast of Romance

By RONALD KENVYN

The warm, lazy tropics; the rose-scented homeland,
 Have each in their turn laid their glamor on me.
 The tall, nodding palms and the deep lanes of Devon
 Have whispered a message from over the sea.
 But here on the westering slope of the Rockies
 Where men follow blindly the Goddess of Chance,
 The charm of the life has forever enthralled me—
 A willing slave I to the Coast of Romance!

The Coast where the weather-cured trapper or logger
 Just "opens her out" when he comes into town;
 The Coast where the glare and the noise of the city
 Are brazen and new 'neath the grim mountains' frown;
 The Coast where the past rubs along with the present;
 The men of the wilds you can tell at a glance;
 The Coast of the Siwash, the sailor, the potlatch—
 The wonderful life on the Coast of Romance!

How to Fish a Trout Stream

By Samuel G. Camp

(From "The Outing Magazine")

ASSUMING that the prospective trout fisherman is properly outfitted for fly casting for brook trout, and, to some extent, familiar with the correct method of casting, and further assuming that he has arrived at the chosen waters where, even if the ouananiche is not leaping crazy for the fly, there is the possibility of taking a fair number of brook trout, there remains the rather important question of how to go about it. As a matter of fact, there are several methods of procedure, all calculated to produce fairly satisfactory results, but some, it would seem, to be properly preferred on the typical trout stream and the average occasion.

First of all one must decide whether to fish up or down stream. This is a pretty important question and one into which enter a large number of deciding factors, too many to discuss fully here. It may be said safely that the custom of most seasoned American fly fishermen, when fishing the typical swift-running trout streams of this country, is to fish downstream. Latterly, as the result of the taking up to some extent by American anglers of the English practice of dry-fly fishing, upstream fishing is done here—and positively advised—by those who have perhaps allowed their enthusiasm for the dry-fly method to blind their better judgment. Downstream fishing was practised and advised by such men as "Thad" Norris, William C. Harris, W. C. Prime and other veteran anglers and angling writers, who wet their flies in many and widely-separated waters; and I am strongly inclined to believe that this, as a rule, is the best method to follow on the average trout stream.

The swift-running stream should always be fished "down." However, if the stream

is a placid and slow-running one, with only here and there short reaches of fast water, it may properly and, on occasions, even preferably be fished "up," as an instance when the water is very low and clear. In any case it is always well to fish a pool from the foot as well as from the head.

But fishing downstream does not necessarily mean that the angler should cast the flies always in the direction of the current; in fact, that is the very thing to be avoided. The best way to fish the flies is to cast across the current of the stream. Wade slowly and quietly down the stream and cast flies diagonally across it—if the stream is a very wide one cast straight across at right angles to the current—toward the opposite bank.

Then, holding the rod in the right hand and the line in the left, the left hand grasping the line about midway between the reel and the first rod guide, allow the flies to be swept downstream by the current practically in a semi-circle, keeping a taut line by stripping it gradually in through the guides with the left hand, and clipping the line stripped in against the handgrasp of the rod between the first and second fingers of the right hand. Fortunately, this is not half as difficult and complicated as it sounds, although it does require some practice, and it is the very best way to handle the cast of flies in the average stream.

A closely approximate simulation of the appearance and action of the natural fly by the artificial is, of course, the theoretical basis of fly fishing for trout—this is not so as regards certain bass and salmon flies—and is, as far as possible, the end to be attained. The fly caster's success on the stream is in direct ratio to his skill in nature faking with a trout fly. Wherefore the angler should cast across the current

when wet-fly fishing downstream, and should never—if he believes at all in the eternal fitness of things, and, what is more to the point, if he would like to catch a few good trout—cast straight downstream and then drag the flies up against a current which would defeat the efforts of the best canoe man who ever handled a paddle, to say nothing of the feeble struggles of a helpless insect.

The beginner at fly fishing, possibly mindful of the fact that in imitation of the natural insect lies the fly fisher's success, but generally at a loss as to just what constitutes exact imitation of the actions of the natural fly on the water, usually pursues the worst possible course in managing his flies by "skittering" or "buzzing" them over the surface of the stream, thus, as it seems to him, imitating in the most highly satisfactory manner the frantic efforts of a shipwrecked insect to escape a watery grave. Not only will the beginner skitter the flies across the current, but he will often, sometimes religiously at every cast, drag them directly upstream as well; it seems hardly necessary to say that the natural fly is rather rarely observed to do anything of the sort.

If the next time the novice goes fishing he will take pains to note the way of the natural fly on the water, he will discover the fact that usually the natural fly floats with the current—while the wings may flutter, the fly always goes with the current, taking the natural trend of the stream, sensitive to each little side-eddy, eventually finding lodgment in some patch of floating foam, some quiet little bay under the bank, or sometimes it will succeed in taking wing again.

The moral of all this is to allow the flies to float naturally with the current with the least possible "drag" or restraint from the line consistent with a line sufficiently taut to take immediate advantage of a rise, and to avoid as a plague any perceptible and pseudo-imitative twitching and fluttering of the flies. The fly caster cannot imitate the fluttering wings of the natural fly as it follows through the current, but he can imitate, and very closely, the floating or submerged body of the fly in both action and appearance.

If the angler casts with the right hand, it is always well to keep to the left bank

looking downstream, as consistently as possible; of course, if the casting is done with the left hand, he should wade down along the right bank. This is in order that the back cast may be over the water rather than over or in the direction of the brush of the stream side, thus eliminating to a very material degree the chance of hanging up the flies. This, naturally, does not apply to the ambidextrous fly caster. Wade slowly, disturbing the stream bottom as little as possible lest the current carry down warnings of your advent, and keep out of sight. It is axiomatic that two things are fundamentally imperative for resultful fly fishing, viz.: Keep your temper and keep out of sight. Watch the back cast very carefully and do not try to cast too long a line.

Fine tackle and ability to cast exceedingly well, also due familiarity with the best stream fly-fishing methods, are of no possible practical use unless the angler has a fair working knowledge of the habits and habitats of the brook trout. Even as the still hunter, who, although a good shot at a target, knows little about the habits of the game he is pursuing can never be successful except by virtue of chance and good luck, so the fly caster, however skilful, who lacks fish sense, cannot hope to catch a trout save on an occasional and exceptionally lucky cast. Luck, indeed, is a factor in fly fishing quite as much, possibly more, as in other outdoor sports, but there is positively no luck, no element of chance whatever, in the way an expert fly caster "spots" a likely looking trout "lie" and proceeds forthwith to make connection with the resident thereof.

Our native trout, the speckled brook trout, the brown trout and the rainbow trout, all are fast-water fish, instinctively seeking the rapids and riffles and the pools below the falls and swifter reaches where the water is highly aerated. When found in the stiller places, such as quiet pools at the foot of rapids and falls, they will usually lie at the head or foot of the pool near the inrush of the falls or rapids above or in the increasing current at the outlet.

Early and late in the season only fingerlings, as a general rule, will be found on the riffles. When the stream is still very cold, while "snow broth" is still running and for a little time thereafter, the best fish are usually taken in the stiller and

deeper reaches of the stream. Late in the season also, when the water has grown very warm, the trout seek the deeper and cooler portions of the stream where there are spring holes and at the influx of little "feeder" brooks whose waters are of a lower temperature than those of the large rivers.

In mid-season fly fishing the riffle is at par. At this time one should fish all the water and with all possible thoroughness, drifting the flies over every eddy and whirl in the current which appears as if it might hold a trout; it is almost impossible to describe such places, but the seasoned fly fisherman will recognize them at a glance. Where large boulders stand out above the current, work the flies over the still places just below them. Brown trout often lie on the upstream side of a boulder rather than in the lee below. Other good places for trout are where the stream has washed away the soil from the roots of trees, or where it has worn out a cave beneath an overhanging bank; also in the vicinity of submerged logs and brush and where, in the bends of the stream, "flood trash" and patches of floating foam collect. Remember that the hardest places to fish hold the best trout.

Trout habits and the best ways to fish for trout with the fly are more or less matters of locality. For this reason it is always the best plan when fishing a new stream to seek the company and advice of some one of the local angling talent. Often this will save the angler on strange streams from vainly whipping by the hour waters locally well known to be barren of trout; sometimes, as a result of various conditions such as pollution of the stream or over-fishing without restocking, the very best-looking water is at the same time the very worst place to fish. One should also take the advice of local fly fishermen—if he has reason to believe that they are men of experience—in the matter of what flies to use, both as regards pattern and size.

Other things being equal, whether or not the fly caster will have much success will depend measurably upon the flies he elects to use, and in what manner they are fished. The two extremes in the methods of presenting the flies to the fish are represented by the English method of dry-fly fishing, in which an artificial fly dressed in exact imitation of some natural insect, with

erect wings and waterproofed with paraffin, is cast dry, that is, floating above a trout which has previously been seen in the act of rising to the natural fly, and the method of fishing the orthodox wet fly considerably submerged, say from three to ten inches. Between these extremes are numerous variations, the normal one, of course, consisting in fishing the wet fly practically floating or only a little submerged.

Early in the season, while the water still holds the chill of winter and the stream is fairly high, it always pays best to fish the flies somewhat submerged. At this time the angler should cast across the direction of the current, as above detailed, and allow the flies to go with the stream without endeavoring to keep them on the surface; this will result in their sinking from three to twelve inches, the depth varying according to the swiftness of the current.

This is by far the most effective method of fly fishing when at any time the stream is high and dark colored and the water is low in temperature. Under these conditions trout will take a submerged fly when nothing at all can be done by surface fishing in the usual way. Fairly large flies should be selected for this sort of fishing, at least number eight, and they should be bright in color, flies such as the coachman, silver doctor, Parmachene belle, "Wickham's Fancy," and others having some striking and easily seen color in either body or wing.

When the stream is normal as to stage of water, temperature and color, a coincidence of favorable conditions, by the way, not of very common occurrence, surface fishing with wet flies of average size and subdued coloration, the various hackles and palmers (the latter are to be preferred, as the method of tying the hackle along the shank of the hook causes the fly to float better), the cow dung, Beaverkill, Cahill, queen of the waters and others are most successful.

When the season is nearing its close and the streams are low with a correspondingly high temperature and the water is very clear, the only consistently successful fly fishing is done with either the very smallest sizes of wet flies, midges, tens and

twelves, fished fine and far, or with dry flies. Very fine leaders must be used, and the flies should be of modest coloration, grays and browns, and should be fished dry with the least possible submergence.

Strike at the first suspicion of a rising trout, not too strenuously but quickly, with a snappy backward motion of the wrist. If the angler strikes so quickly as to take the flies away from the fish, and this occurs very infrequently, at least the trout will not be pricked, and in all probability will rise to a subsequent cast. But if the strike is delayed the fish will drop the fly on dis-

covering its artificial nature and will not come again.

Once a trout is fastened play him easily, not forcing the fight until he is fairly well played out, meanwhile, if possible, getting below the fish so that when the time comes to use the net the current will float the trout over the net and not away from it. Then kill the fish at once, preferably, if you are wading, before taking it off the hook. Always kill the fish immediately, both as a matter of prevention of cruelty and for the sake of an orderly and good-looking creel of trout at the end of the day.

The Dropping Bloom

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

(From "Harper's Monthly")

Everywhere that I do look, what is it I see,
 Dropping, dropping, dropping in the light?
 Plum bloom, pear bloom, white as it can be;
 Quince bloom, cherry bloom, white, white, white.

If my love be in the east, I shall find him out,
 Let but that his shadow by me pass;
 If my love be in the west, we shall fare about—
 Plum bloom, pear bloom, dropping in the grass.

If my love be east nor west—past the quickening clod,
 I shall track him by the white, white, white;
 My love and my love to the very gate of God—
 Quince bloom, cherry bloom, dropping in the light.

The Future of Oriental Trade From the Pacific Coast

By L. W. Makovski

"The awakening of China and the Orient generally will mean a great deal to Canada, and Vancouver in particular, in many lines of business. The Chinese and in a lesser way the Japanese are continuing to consume more of our breadstuffs, and I really think that with the civilizing agencies now at work among the millions of the Far East there will soon be an enormous demand for Canadian flour."—C. R. Hosmer, president of the Ogilvie Flour Milling Co. and director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Vancouver October 17, 1910

FROM Prince Rupert, the last and northernmost, to San Francisco, the first, and with the exception of Los Angeles, the southernmost shipping port of the Pacific Coast, the minds of all business men are turned to the Orient as the Ultima Thule of trade. The 430,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire and the 50,000,000 inhabitants of the Japanese Empire seem to offer limitless markets to the bare 100,000,000 of the North American continent. The awakening of the Orient is a favorite subject of discussion, and the possibilities of trade a favorite dream of imagination with the latter. "The civilizing agencies now at work," whatever may be meant by that rather vague term, is often brought into play as an argument in favor of these enormous populations proving a ready market for this continent's manufactured articles, while these same millions seem to offer exceptional facilities for the export of raw materials, such as wheat and lumber. The tremendously rapid development of the Canadian Northwest, and its enormous areas of untilled soil only awaiting the plough, naturally turn the eyes of all men on the Pacific Coast to the Orient as a market for the surplus of its products, and among all such products wheat and flour hold a premier position, largely owing to the fact that it is only comparatively recently that the Orient has arrived at a knowledge of the superiority of wheaten flour as an article of food.

Now it is an undisputed fact that at the beginning of this century the United States

was carrying on an ever-increasing trade in wheat and flour with the Orient. Canada also began to cast envious eyes upon that trade, and definite attempts have been made, more or less successfully, to share in the good things that were apparently lying ready to be picked up by enterprise and superior methods of manufacture. The Japanese war with China merely called attention to these vast markets, and the open-door policy pursued both by Great Britain and the United States was deemed a sure sign that the Orient was about to be thrown open to the trade of the world, and that with a little education the Chinese and Japanese would be tumbling over each other in their anxiety to purchase our products, especially wheat and flour.

The Boxer affair was considered merely an example of a religious outbreak with which the Western nations were well acquainted. The nations in alliance with Japan marched on Peking, issued their orders and restored peace, and once more the trade which follows the flag began to be extended into new markets. For a period the Russian Colossus descending from the North caused apprehension among the chancelleries, but when Japan took upon herself the responsibility of upsetting the designs of the Colossus on Korea and Manchuria, the rest of the nations sat back and waited in sweet contentment, feeling assured that a victorious Japan would be easier to deal with than a victorious Russia. The United States and Canada could afford to smile: was not Japan picking their chestnuts as

well as her own out of the fire? Directly the war was over, would they not have the whole of Manchuria opened as another market for their products?

During that war it was naturally expected that Japan and Russia would make enormous demands upon North America for war materials, among which flour has a very prominent place. It was true that Japanese soldiers consumed rice instead of flour, but the Russians were more civilized and must use flour. It was unfortunate that practically all the ports through which the Russian armies could be supplied were in the hands of the Japanese, but Vladivostok, a short 350 miles from the Russian headquarters, offered a certain temptation to blockade runners. In such manner did the man on the west coast theorize. It is open to question whether Canadian millers theorized along the same lines, for millers are not anxious to take undue risks, and trade with Hong Kong and Shanghai was safer, if less profitable.

After the war, everybody expected that an immense impetus would be given to trade, and the various moves on the Oriental chessboard were followed closely by business men all over the United States and Canada. Those who were interested in wheat and flour promptly began to try to link up connections with the eminently successful and business-like Japan, but for some reason or other it was found that it was just as hard to do business as ten years before. Rumors that Japan was building large flour mills began to be bruited abroad, and the possibilities of Manchurian-grown wheat as a serious rival to American began to be talked of. Trade even with China did not increase to any appreciable extent. Now and again a new Canadian mill would establish connections with Hong Kong or Shanghai and make an odd shipment or two. In 1907 a good deal of United States flour milled in Minneapolis was passing through Vancouver to the Orient, and local traders who saw that flour lying on the Vancouver wharves made efforts to get a share in the trade, especially during the boycott days of American goods. It is very doubtful, however, if any of them, even when they succeeded in establishing connections, made any great sums out of selling flour to the Orient, and close inquiries failed to establish the fact that Canada was getting much of a share in the export flour trade. However,

in Vancouver blame was laid on the freight rates to the Coast and on the superior shipping facilities enjoyed by the United States. When these matters were righted there would doubtless be an exportable surplus of both wheat and flour that would flow through Vancouver's gateways. The anxious inquirer was usually told that Canada could not expect to compete with the United States as yet, as her surplus was far too small.

Now in all these matters one detail of the Russo-Japanese war seems to have been either overlooked or glossed over. The Russians certainly were not drawing the bulk of their flour supplies from the Pacific Coast, and, seeing that the Siberian railway was a single-track affair, they could not have been getting their supplies in any very great quantities from the enormous wheat areas of Southeastern Russia. Furthermore it was known that famine threatened those areas, largely owing to the withdrawal of able-bodied agriculturists who were needed in the field of war. At least so it was said. Yet there were never any tales of a shortage of food supplies within the Russian lines. There were, to all intents and purposes, over a million men dependent for their daily bread on the Russian commissariat, and the fact that they were all supplied with flour from in and around Harbin does not seem to have been sufficiently noted. To be more exact, on September 1, 1905, Russia was feeding 1,200,000 men with a ration of one and a quarter pounds of flour a day, or 1,500,000 pounds of flour, or just about 7,500 barrels, all of which was supplied by the mills in and around Harbin.

In anticipating a large development in an Oriental flour trade from the Pacific Coast, it may well be asked whether this fact has been sufficiently noted?

The relation of Harbin to Manchuria and the whole of China is well worth a little study. The town is situated in the midst of the Sungari Plain, and has direct water communication all the summer by means of the Amur with the Pacific. In winter a comparatively short run of 300 miles brings freight to the port of New-chang. It is also linked by rail with the Pekin-Hankow-Canton railroad. The Sungari Plain consists of several million acres of extremely fertile land. The Chinese agriculturists, before the Russo-Japanese war, used to burn half their crops for

lack of transportation and market. The first Russian flour mill erected in Harbin made a profit of about 500 per cent., an investment that would make even a Canadian jealous. Wages for an agriculturist in and around Harbin run to about 18 cents a day, which, when compared with the average wage of the farm hand in Canada, shows the kind of competition the Canadian farmer and exporter of wheat will have to face when considering the possibilities of the Orient as a market for wheat or flour. There are now eight mills, equipped with modern machinery, in the Sungari Plain, capable of turning out about 16,000 barrels of flour a day. Although at the moment these mills are in certain financial difficulties, these being largely the aftermath of the war, there is no doubt that in the hands of able men, like the Japanese, for instance, they could be made to pay handsomely.

With regard to Japan, it may be as well to quote some highly interesting figures from the tenth Financial and Economic Annual for 1910. In 1909, from 1,130,212 acres Japan harvested 22,474,630 bushels of wheat. Her importations of wheat amounted in value to \$687,391, and of flour to \$715,518. Of these, \$57,252 worth came from Canada, and \$638,070 worth from the United States, the balance coming largely from Australia. In 1907, Japan imported from Canada \$126,949 worth, and from the United States \$2,928,545 worth of wheat and flour. In 1903 she imported \$95,399 worth from Canada, and \$5,051,837 worth from the United States. The figures show a great falling off in the trade of the United States, and nothing to boast about in the trade of Canada.

Statistics, however, make but poor reading, and enough has been said to show that Harbin and the Sungari Plain, even in their very undeveloped state, are likely to prove serious competitors to any foreign-milled flour. It would seem better policy for Canadian manufacturers to turn to other sources of trade, and supply this vast and immensely undeveloped country with material by which it may be developed. Farm machinery of all kinds is likely to find a larger and more profitable sale than wheat, and mill machinery than flour. With a good through rate to Newchang in the winter, or Vladivostock in the summer, Eastern manufacturers might find a very profitable opening for their goods among the settlers

of Manchuria. It must be always remembered that in spite of everything that may appear on the surface, in spite of Russians or Japanese, these settlers are Chinese, and that Manchuria through the Russo-Japanese war has become more Chinese than ever. Swarms of settlers are pouring north into these lands which the railway has opened up, and, with a fine market at Harbin for agricultural produce, the Chinese squatter is likely soon to be producing enough food of all kinds, including grain and livestock, to supply Japan and the whole of China. The vast and virgin fields of these northern provinces have only just been opened up, and in the next few years the Chinese are likely to develop them every whit as fast, if not faster, than the great Canadian Northwest has been developed.

Mr. Hosmer states that "the civilizing agencies now at work among the millions of the Far East will soon cause an enormous demand for Canadian flour," but it seems more probable that these very civilizing agencies are likely to be the cause of an entire cessation of the wheat and flour trade from this continent and the advance of Manchuria into the line of the great producing countries of the world. There is no saying how far such production, combined with cheap land and still cheaper labor, may go eventually towards actual competition on this continent in food products. The present price of wheat, pork and other farm products in Canada and America is such that Manchuria may be able, at no very distant date, to ship enormous quantities of raw material to the Pacific Coast. Cheap freight rates made by Japanese steamship lines would bring a new problem forward, and the farmers of the Northwest, who today are asking for a reduction of the tariff on manufactured articles, may in some ten years' time be petitioning the Dominion Government for a higher rate of duty on food products brought into the country via Vancouver. The West already knows what the Chinaman can do in the realms of agriculture, even under conditions as they are in the West today, and although the idea of importing food products from Manchuria may seem absurd today, it does not take a very great stretch of imagination to picture the possibilities of the same labor in China under most favorable conditions.



NEXT DOOR TO NATURE

STANLEY PARK, Vancouver's thousand leafy acres of green forest, is different from all other city parks. It is not a manicured city park. Only its nine miles of pleasant carriage roads make it different from the real forest. Its twenty-two miles of trails are an invitation to the pedestrian who has a fellowship for forest paths. The park can be reached in a few minutes from the brick and cement and steel demi-mountains of Vancouver's business section. Visitors to Vancouver should not miss their opportunity to make a trip through the park. Besides getting a delightful bath of the freshest air in the world, the tourist receives in the great woodland park impressions of beauty so strong and memorable that they will never fade. Stanley Park is closer to nature than any other city park in the world.

* * *

GOING SOME

THE story of Vancouver, which will be told for the first time in a full and authoritative manner in the Vancouver Quarter-Centenary Number of *The British Columbia Magazine*, proves that simple facts are stranger than imagination and romance. The life-story of the most surprising of Canadian cities will be unfolded in the June number of *The British Columbia Magazine* in strong stories, rich with facts and mixed with human interest and color, mirroring the growth of Vancouver and the evolution of the city's institutions, public, civic, financial and commercial. No city in the world can show so much actually done in twenty-five years.

* * *

A "FAIR SHOW"

THE *British Columbia Magazine* has been strengthened and greatly improved and enlarged, and wishes to be judged by the highest magazine standards. No one interested in British Columbia can afford to miss a single number. It is of enormous interest because of the greatness of its subject, which is British Columbia. It gives to the biggest and least-known province of Canada the most effective, the most worth-while publicity, in stories and articles and illustrations that describe and depict British Columbia from end to end. It is the best-known and most widely read of Western Canadian magazines. It has a strong editorial policy and an individuality of its own. It is in sole possession of the periodical field in British Columbia. It is "growing up with the country." It wants to get your interest and attention. It is in competition with American magazines, but asks no favors or partiality. All it wants is a "fair show."

FIGURES THAT SHOUT

SOMETIMES figures speak louder than words. Here are some. The story they tell is also an allegory of commerce.

Percentage of increase in bank clearings for five years ending December 31, 1910:

Montreal, 50 per cent. increase.

Toronto, 50 per cent. increase.

Winnipeg, 160 per cent. increase.

VANCOUVER, 410 per cent. increase.

* * *

HORSES

FROM the time when history shades into myth the horse has taken a great part in the life of man, and those who looked at the highly developed animals at the Vancouver Horse Show could see what a magnificent creature evolution, intelligent breeding and close association with man have made. The pure-bred horse is a work of art, and just as music has been developed through the sweep of time from the folk-song of primitive men to the grand opera of to-day, so has the modern thoroughbred come up from the woolly horse, which was his remote ancestor. All right-minded people have an affection for a good horse, and between men and women and horses there is a sympathy and understanding.

* * *

TWO WOMEN

TWO women, both shaped in Eve's image, stood together on a railway station platform for a minute. Of the brown Flathead girl it would be flattery to say that she was more pleasing than the cow moose that walks in the mountain forest. As for the soft woman of the white race, her mirror told her a pretty tale, she had summer on her lips and the something that softens the hearts of men and heroes laughed in her eyes.

* * *

MODERN METHODS

NATURE drives a hard bargain with the city builder. The abundant British Columbia forest resists stubbornly. The methods of clearing land employed by the pioneer are too slow. The clumsy machine that extracted stumps as a dentist pulls teeth is no longer used. The land clearing contractor now selects a tall fir column for a mast, rigs a big bull-block to its top, runs a wire rope through the block, anchors a hoisting engine to the ground hard by, and gets busy. Presently he has a mountain of stumps and logs piled up around the gin-pole. The engine keeps on dragging in logs and hoisting them by the cable until the pile is as high as the mast. Then the heap of logs and stumps goes up in smoke and flame, a huge sacrifice on the altar of "Something Doing."

* * *

SPRING FLOWERS

"DAISIES pied and violets blue," and other posies and nosegays may now be gathered in the brown woods—the pink-veined white blossoms of the Spring Beauty; the lovely blue-purple Pasque Flower; early blue violets; the nodding milk-white flowers of the creeping snow-berry; the white-pink coltsfoot; the yellow flowers of the buffalo berry; the Mountain Lover's tiny flowers; the yellow and red fly honeysuckle, and soon blue borage.

THE BEARDED MEN

THERE are in Vancouver about one thousand Sikhs. Draw a wheel on the map of the Punjab with spokes fifty miles long (according to the map's scale, of course) and the city of Lahore for hub. The Vancouver Sikhs all came from inside the rim of that wheel. They are all as much alike as potatoes in the sack. A composite photograph of a hundred would give you a likeness of a tall light-brown complexioned man with a good honest countenance and an Old Testament beard. Every Sikh bears the proud word Singh, which means lion, after his name. Yet the average Sikh is, I think, rather meek in manner. Most of the Vancouver Sikhs are jats, which means farmers. Some are julahas, weavers. Some are tarkhans, carpenters. A few are mechanics, machinists, printers, electricians. The rules of the unions, of course, make it impossible for these artisans and mechanics to obtain work in this country at the trades in which they are skilled. Therefore they have to take what they can get. Which they are glad to do. The Sikh is a willing worker; there is not a lazy bone in his body. And in this land of freedom, where every white man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the brown-faced Sikh has been taught to expect no more than mere license to live.

They have been here for some time and have saved a good deal of money, and many of them have bought property and have what we call in our free Canadian speech a good stake in the country. Many would like to bring their wives and families from India and settle down to live permanently in Canada. Why they should not be encouraged to do this it is hard to understand. They are intelligent men, physically well made. They have few religious or caste prejudices (or perhaps that is not a good word.) Time will rub these out of them. They do not worship idols, like the East Indians, who practise the Hindu religion. The Sikh religion is practically Christianity, if Christian teachings were followed closely. They are against immoderate liquor. They do not use opium or any of the drowsy syrups of the Orient. They have no more criminal tendencies than other men.

* * *

PLENTY OF LAND

LATELY some of the English papers have reflected a nervous feeling that soon there may not be much good land left in Canada. Let not their hearts be troubled. Of good land there is plenty left. In the three prairie provinces the C. P. R. has still about eleven million acres to sell; land companies and private owners have perhaps fifty million acres to dispose of for money; and the Dominion Government have almost forty-two million acres to give away for free homesteads. There are vast spaces of tillable land in the Peace River and other unorganized districts of Canada. British Columbia alone has room for a white horde of the sons of mortal men, upon whom she has gifts to bestow more generous than the largesse of story-book fairy princes—every good thing coveted by the human heart, including a clement climate and a chance to “expand with the good times.” The Fraser, the Nechaco, the Bulkley and the Skeena rivers drain a great area of good agricultural land. A great deal of it is slightly timbered and easily cleared. Much of it is not timbered at all. Long summers and short winters make it ideal for ranching, dairying, stock-raising and mixed farming. There is very little snow and zero weather is unknown. In other parts of British Columbia there is much excellent land available for farming and fruit-growing. Mineral resources claim attention, too. The half has not yet been bragged about the mineral resources of British Columbia. Wonderful is the opulence of the fisheries and the unmeasured timber lands. Here under the temperate western sun and the newly-minted stars the settler can find all that mortal man could wish for.

The Makers of the Grade

By Thomas Francis Ramsay

(From "Scribner's Magazine")

STRUNG across Canada on the right-of-way of the National Transcontinental Railway there are some hundreds of construction camps where men of all nations live, remote from civilization, and toil mightily, that the grade may pass with ordered evenness through rock and hill and swamp. Pioneers who are opening up vast wildernesses for settlement, they scare from their path with axe and dynamite the wolf, the moose, and the stray Indian. To the city dweller, their lives would seem full of strange incident and adventure; but to them accident and peril are part of the day's work. I have toiled among them with axe and spade for several months, and have found them intensely interesting folk. I would like to interest a large public in them, for they are inarticulate, unaccredited heroes, and the story of their long-drawn-out fight to carry "the steel" to the Pacific coast is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's "incredible, unsung epics."

Our camp is located in the heart of the dense forests to the north of Lake Nipigon, in Ontario, over a hundred miles distant from the village of Nipigon, on the Canadian Pacific line, the nearest civilized settlement, if you except some score of other camps along the eighty miles of right-of-way which the Nipigon Construction Company has the contract for grading. Merely to reach the scene of its work this company had to establish a steamboat service along the Nipigon River, build a "dinky" railroad eighteen miles across a portage, construct two steamers to navigate the seventy-odd miles of the lake, and build five settlements to serve as depots for supplying the camps with stores and provisions. All this for only eighty miles of line. You may form some idea of the magnitude of the whole task of building the National Transcontinental.

Last October the hundred-mile journey

took me a week. Snowstorms and heavy gales kept the steamer two days and nights on the lake on a trip that usually occupies only a few hours. But it is during the long, bitter winter months, when the steamers are perforce laid up, that the conditions of travel are really hard. Post and "tote" sleighs are run across the frozen lake—the only trail—by teams of dogs or horses, and the length of the journey is problematical. Log huts have been built on some of the islands in the lake to serve as rest-houses, and there the traveller secures a few hours' immunity from the Arctic severity of the weather. Last winter a gang of men walked from their camp to Nipigon, around the shore of the lake. They wandered in the woods for over three weeks before they reached civilization. Several of them were frost-bitten, and for the last five days they had no food at all. Another party of seven men essayed the same desperate enterprise, and were never seen again. Whether they perished of hunger and cold, or fell a prey to the timber wolves, none can tell. The silent, pitiless forest holds the secret of their fate.

A strangely grim story of this winter travel across the lake was told to me by a French-Canadian teamster. His chum died in camp, and the "walking boss" ordered him to take the body out on his "tote" sleigh, so that it might be sent home for burial. Superstitious, as most of his race, he protested against the task, but there was no one else available, and he had to go.

"By gar, I not do it once more for a t'ousand dollar!" he said. "I never feel de cold so bitter an' de lake so lonely. I get t'inking of Jean—how he talk, how he look, how he dress. Den I keep on t'inking I see him in de snow a little ways ahead of de sleigh—and all de time him in de box behin' me. I sing songs, jolly songs, like we

sing down in Quebec when we drink de viski blanc; but dat not make me feel better, so I try to remember mass. Holy Mack-inaw! when I reach South Bay an' give up de box, I near to deat' with fright. I know dat bad luck follow me. Sure 'nough, next trip I get snow-blindness an' have to lie in camp t'ree week wid blankets roun' my bunk to keep out de light."

Last summer some Indians found a white man wandering in the forest, demented and weak from starvation. They carried him to the camp of a fire-ranger of the Ontario Government. When he recovered, several weeks later, he said he had left one of the construction camps and tried to find his way through the bush to the Central Pacific Railway main line. He soon became lost, and when his scanty store of food was eaten he subsisted on berries. He had no idea how long he had been wandering; it turned out to be seventeen days.

To a man who delights in the infinite variety of humankind, the dwellers in a construction camp afford a study of abounding interest. I am one of a "station gang" which has taken a contract from a subcontractor to dig a burrow-pit and grade a section of the line. In that gang there are four French-Canadians, four Russians, a Pole, a Swiss, a Hungarian, and an Englishman—myself. That is a fair sample of the mixture of nationalities in the camps. The Swiss worked as a valet in several London hotels until two years ago. You would hardly imagine that such training would qualify him to "make good" with the pick and shovel, but he is one of the best workers in the gang. "I like it better than my old job," he told me. "A man feels more like a man working out here in the woods than when he is waiting on gentlemen. Besides, most of the fellows who make money in hotel work do it by stealing, and that I could never do."

There are many Finlanders, Swedes, Russians, and Italians in the camps. Britishers and French-Canadians are numerous, and there is a sprinkling of a dozen other nationalities. When I started railroading I was rather prejudiced against "Dagoes" and other alien immigrants, believing that their invasion of Canada and the United States was a national peril to both countries. But living with them has changed that view. They are certainly not "the scum of Eu-

rope." If you think of it calmly for a moment, it will dawn upon you that men who have the enterprise to emigrate to a foreign country, and the resolution to save money for that purpose, are not likely to be the worst of their race. Nor are the most of them rough, ignorant peasants, as many ill-informed newspaper writers would have us suppose. On the contrary, the average of education, especially among the men of the northern European nations, is much higher than that of the native-born Canadian rail-roader, French or English. The Italians are an exception to this rule, but even among them I have known men qualified by training and natural gifts to fill responsible positions. One of them, whom we nicknamed "Caruso," had travelled widely in the chorus of an itinerant opera company. He used to make music to the trees and the chipmunks by day, as he toiled at clearing the right-of-way, and in our "shack" at night he entertained us with "Ah! che la morte," and the toreador song from "Carmen." A very cultured Swede, who formerly kept a gambling-hell in Vancouver until he was run out of town by the police, studied civil engineering every evening through the medium of a correspondence school's course. A young Russian laborer in a camp I stayed at for a while used to spend his leisure reading a Russian translation of Professor Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science." I worked for some time with a gang of Finlanders. All of them were men of education and refinement, and one had been a professor of singing in a Finnish university. Like many of the Finns and Russians here, he was obliged to leave his country because of his association with revolutionary politics. At nights, in the sleeping-shack, he would lead his comrades in singing Finnish hymns and folk-songs. Their voices were full of sweetness and melody, but the competition of the "Merry Widow" waltz, ground out night after night on the accordion by a French-Canadian, rather spoiled the effect.

If William of Wykeham was right and "manners makyth man," then the palm must be conceded to these Finns and Russians. They are delightful folk to live with, for they are gifted, not only with a graceful outward courtesy, but with a most delicate and thoughtful consideration for others. The Russians especially are, as a rule, unselfish

to the point of being unpractical. Their property seems to them to be something to give away. I remember an Irishman coming to a camp with only the clothes he stood up in, and those ragged as Falstaff's regiment. Several Russians consulted together and gave him everything he needed—one, a pair of boots; another, overalls; a third, socks and underclothes, and so forth, until he was fully provided. And they picked out, not the worst, but the best articles they possessed. They knew the man could have got all he needed on credit at the camp store, but they did not want him to start working heavily handicapped by debt. It was not the gift of the clothes that impressed me, for railroaders of all nationalities are often generous in that matter to one another—it was the delicacy with which they were given, as if the benefactors were the beneficiaries.

The Swedes bear the name of being the best of the foreign railroaders, and they are certainly splendid workers. They seem to never tire, and they are fertile of ingenious devices for pushing the work along quickly. They usually work together in "station gangs," as do most of the other foreigners. The "station gang" is a curious institution, which most business men would consider to be opposed to all business principles. A sub-contractor under the construction company lets out a certain number of "stations" of his work (a "station" is a hundred yards) on a second sub-contract to a gang of workmen. They have no capital wherewith to undertake it, and are asked to furnish none. They may be as poor as Job after his calamities, but they can take a contract involving, perhaps, many thousands of dollars. The sub-contractor supplies them on credit with all necessary stores, provisions, tools, and horses; and they build their own "shack" close to their work, unless it happens to be near enough to his camp to enable them to board there. The "station man" occupies a dignified and independent position in the world of labor that would seem idyllic to an English workingman. He is not merely a piece-worker. He has no "boss"; he is a contractor who can do his work how he likes and when he likes. It is all "up to him." If he works hard, has fairly good luck with weather and dynamite shots, and keeps his bill for stores down to a moderate figure, he may finish his contract with a "stake" three or four times as

large as he could earn by day labor. On the other hand, he may end several months' work with practically nothing to draw. A gang of Galicians worked on a station job for over nine months and had only seven dollars apiece at the finish. An Englishman, working alone on a muskeg contract—muskeg is waterlogged moss and roots, which has to be dug up and graded—made over six hundred dollars in less than four months, after paying a heavy bill for clothing and stores.

Most of the foreigners are working with a serious purpose in view. They want to make a big "stake" and then settle down to a business or a farm, or perhaps start, in a small way, as railroad sub-contractors themselves. A considerable number have succeeded in this last ambition. Again excepting the Italians, there is a general intention to settle either in Canada or the United States; the expatriates of Europe have no desire to return. As for the Italians, their aims were tersely expressed by one of them who told me: "I make six—seven hundred dollar. Then I go back to Italy, be big man in my village. Taka wine-shop, buy a farm; all de peoples look up to me."

The Canadians, Britishers and Americans, on the contrary, are generally reckless fellows who have knocked about the world a good deal, competent workmen who can make money all right, but cannot keep it once they get within reach of the saloons in town. The commonest tale one hears in a camp is how "So-and-so got hoary-eyed drunk in Port Arthur, and they rolled him (*i. e.*, robbed him) for five hundred dollars." The Swedes are usually steady folk, but I worked last summer under a Swedish foreman who had a painful experience. We called him "Big Charlie," for he stood nearly seven feet high, and was the most powerful man I ever met. We went out together to Nipigon, and at the paymaster's office I saw that he had over seven hundred dollars, with his pay and his poker winnings, for he was an inveterate gambler, like most railroaders. Less than a week after we parted, I met him in Port Arthur, and he greeted me with:

"Say, boy, got the price of a drink?"

"What! Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Sure thing! I not got a dime."

"How's that? You had all kinds of money."

"Night 'fore last I guess they doped me an' went t'rough me for every last cent."

As he admitted himself, Big Charlie ought to have known better, for he was a policeman in Chicago several years. If that does not teach a man to beware of the wiles of the wicked, what will?

I have read many stories in which railroaders are represented as being desperate and quarrelsome folk, but I have not found them so. The men of various nationalities live together in remarkable amity and good-fellowship. Indeed, during nine months of railroading in seven camps, I have only witnessed one fight. That one is worth recording, because it illustrates our code of honor in settling disputes.

Two young fellows came into the camp one summer afternoon, suffering badly from the effects of a prolonged debauch. They had finished their last bottle of whiskey on the way, and were still half drunk and wholly ill-tempered. They tried to quarrel with everybody they met, but we are used to such cases, and only told them to soak their heads and lie down until they felt better. Instead of taking this good advice, they started fighting over the serious question, who drank the bigger part of that last bottle? One was slightly stabbed in the arm with a penknife. Howling like a maniac, he rushed into the cook-shack and snatched up the cook's cleaver. Murder might have been done, but the cook, armed with a broom, pelted after him, knocked him down, and recovered the dangerous weapon.

"Let 'em kill each other, if they like," he growled, "but it's damned cheek to take my cleaver."

The fight shifted to the back of the shack, where I happened to be splitting some cordwood. One of the combatants said, "Lend me your axe. I want to kill a man." When I refused he seized a shovel. I knocked him down with a billet of wood, and took it away from him. By this time a crowd had gathered, and the "walking boss" came up to see what was the matter.

"Let them fight it out," he said to Big Charlie, "but see there's no scragging or kicking. I won't mix up in the affairs. If I do, I may have to fire them both before they've started work."

"You boys get into it wid your fists," the

Swedish giant ordered. "De first dat kicks, I yoost give hell to him mineself."

They started, but they had no more idea of the "noble art" than a mule. They tried frantically to kick one another in the stomach and to throttle. With an oath Big Charlie grasped one in each mighty hand and lifted them clear of the ground, knocked their heads together, and flung them down. It was the most striking exhibition of physical strength I have witnessed.

Their own quarrel forgotten for the moment, they rushed at him. Laughing joyously, he met the first with a crashing uppercut on the point of the jaw and laid him senseless on the ground. In a moment the second was stretched beside him, weeping piteously with the pain of a broken nose.

"By de Yoomping Mackinaw!" yelled Charlie, using his favorite expletive, "I do dis to any son-of-a-gun what don' fight fair. If dere's any dirty work in dis camp, yoost call me to take a hand."

We all endorsed Charlie's action. Fair, clean fighting, if fighting there must be, is the rule of every construction camp. But to what country do you suppose the two offenders belonged? Alas for our pride! they were not part of the alien invasion; they did not belong to "the criminal scum of Europe, ever ready to use the knife." They were Scotch-Canadians. And the despised "Dagoes" and "Squareheads" were shocked by their conduct.

In spite of our isolation, we railroaders are not entirely deprived of the means of grace. Now and again a parson wanders into the camp, holds a service, and takes up a collection. It is the unwritten rule among us that every man shall give not less than fifty cents. "You can't expect the man to come all this way and work for nothing"—that is the feeling. The same fair-mindedness constrains us to "give him a show" by attending the service in force, whatever may be the denomination he represents. I verily believe that even a Mormon or a Moslem would receive a respectful hearing and the usual offertory. A minister of the Swedish Lutheran Church visited a camp at which I was staying, and preached in Swedish. Of course, the Swedes were especially delighted, but we

all went. Russians, Italians, Americans, French-Canadians, and all, we listened to a long-winded sermon in a foreign tongue, with faces as intelligent and appreciative as we could make them, and at the close cheerfully subscribed our dollars and half dollars.

I knew only one man who refused either to go to service or to pay up. A young Church of England parson had come to our camp and was to hold evensong in the cook-shack after supper.

"Are you going, Cockney?" I asked a young Londoner who held, with some others, a contract for grading several stations of muskeg.

"No bloomin' fear!" he replied. "'E won't get no 'arf-dollar out o' me. I 'ave to work 'ard for all I git. Let 'im go an' do the sime."

"So he does," retorted an old "down-cast Yankee." "D'ye think it's a soft contract for a man to come here and try to convert a lot of damned railroad stiffs?"

"Well, if 'e wants the money so bad I'll give him a job diggin' muskeg at two-fifty a day," "Cockney" said. "That's all 'e can look fer from me."

Somebody told this to the clergyman after service, and he came along with us to the sleeping-shack and took "Cockney" at his word. "I'll earn your two and a half dollars for the Church," he said. "Cockney" tried to back out, but, of course, we would not let him. It was too good a joke to lose. So, next day, the parson toiled and sweated for ten hours with shovel and wheelbarrow. In the evening "Cockney" and his partners offered him three dollars, saying he had fairly earned that sum.

"I'm holding another service this evening," he replied. "Come along, and put it in the plate."

Everybody went to that service, and the collection broke all records. The tale was told up and down the line of construction, and "the muskeg parson" was a popular hero at every camp he visited.

But by far the best missionary in my experience was a young Salvation Army lassie. Standing up, clear-eyed and fearless, among a crowd of strange men, she astonished them by some home truths.

"You earn your money here like men," she said, "and when you have made a stake you spend it like dogs in Fort William and

Port Arthur, ruining your bodies and souls in vile dives like Paddy the Goat's and Blind-Eyed Mary's. We had a temperance rally in those two towns, and many of the old soaks swore off liquor. But the saloon-keepers don't worry over that. They say they have four thousand men working for them on the right-of-way at Lake Nipigon and Superior Junction. Isn't that a fine thing for you to hear? When you take your time-check or the engineer's estimate of your station-job, you think you have made a splendid stake—so many hundreds of dollars. But you don't need me to tell you how often, in a week or two, all that money is in the pockets of the whiskey-seller and his hangers-on, and you are walking the streets without the price of a meal or a bed, looking for an employment agent to ship you back to the camp.

"Some of you know the tragic story of the man who hanged himself not far from this spot last winter. He had made nearly a thousand dollars by a long spell of steady work on the right-of-way. He went out, meaning to go back to his home town, to his wife and family, and start a business. He never got farther than Nipigon. He didn't even go to Port Arthur to blow in his stake, as most of you do. He started drinking and gambling at the first saloon he struck, and kept it up for three weeks until all his money was gone. Then he went back to camp—to find a letter telling him that his wife was sick and in dire need of money. In his remorse and desperation he made bad worse by hanging himself with a strand of hay-wire. There's a lesson for some of you young men! You have the chance of your lives now. Use your money and your strength wisely. Don't let them point at you in town and say, 'There goes another drunken railroad stiff!' You know what everybody thinks of the old soaks. For God's sake, don't be like them!"

Nobody took offence at this plain speaking—not even the steady men who saved their money and did not drink. All agreed that she had hit the nail pretty fairly on the head.

The work of railroad construction is full of danger in this desolate region, especially during the merciless winter. The weather is often arctic in its rigor. One morning

last winter the thermometer recorded 72 degrees below zero (Fahr.) and then the glass broke, so that we do not know how much colder it got. Early in November we were working in 30 degrees below zero. Cases of frostbite are often dealt with in the construction hospital, established at one of the lake settlements. Save the teamsters, very few of the men wear heavy clothing; it is too hot when one is working hard. A woollen undershirt and a sweater, a pair of pants and thin overalls—that is the usual rig, even in zero weather. The main point is to protect the fingers, toes, and ears. Three or four pairs of socks, two pairs of mitts, and a woollen *parka* cap that draws down like a visor over the face, leaving only a small aperture for eyes and nose—with these one may defy the coldest weather, even though the rest of one's clothing is quite light. In a narrative of polar exploration which I read out in camp the thing that surprised us most was the extraordinarily heavy clothing it seemed necessary to wear. Yet the temperatures encountered, according to the statements, were not so low as men sometimes work in here.

The railroader's greatest peril lies in the careless handling of dynamite. It is amazing how careless familiarity with that treacherous stuff makes many of the older hands. I have heard men say that they would rather work in a gang with a novice handling the cartridges, for at least he would have a healthy respect for them. In winter the dynamite freezes very quickly, and has to be thawed before it can be used. This is a dangerous business, and afterward the cartridges are "tender" and much more liable to accidental explosion than in summer-time. Over fifty men were killed by dynamite along the right-of-way in 1908, and many others were injured. It is safe to say that for every man who suffered, a hundred had the narrowest of escapes. Fifteen Italians were killed or injured in a single explosion in a rock-cut near Dryden, on the line between Winnipeg and Fort William.

When you are working in a rock-cut, it is a fairly common experience to see large pieces of granite hurling through the air within a few feet of your head. That "a miss is as good as a mile" is orthodox railroaders' philosophy. "If a rock don' hit

you, don' holler," Big Charley once said to me. "If he do hit you—well, den you won't holler no more." I was chatting, one summer afternoon, with a cook in a tent-camp. Suddenly a big rock crashed through the canvas roof and smashed the table between us into splinters, spoiling a fine baking of bread that was resting upon it. The cook loudly bewailed the lost bread. He was too old a railroader to even comment upon his narrow escape.

Work in a rock-cut is always dangerous. When you are shifting masses of rock weighing several hundredweight, it is easy to crush a foot or a hand—your own or somebody else's. In a cut in which I recently finished work, there were six accidents of this kind in less than two months. Here, again, long usage engenders carelessness. I have often seen men stand nonchalantly under a tottering mass of stone, and jump clear at the last second as the stuff fell. I congratulated myself on having secured safer employment when I transferred from the rock-cut to a clay burrow-pit, where only spade and mattock had to be used. But on the very first day I went there I had the narrowest escape in my experience. We were shifting a heavy dump-car, and it tilted clean over, knocking me down. In falling I just managed to roll out of the way, escaping with a badly bruised arm. A foot nearer and I would have been under the car, crushed to death. Hardly a day passes by without somebody having a narrow escape of losing life or limb.

The danger from wild animals is not great, although the woods swarmed with them before the clearing of the right-of-way by axe and fire was commenced. The frequent use of dynamite has scared from our neighborhood most of the creatures of the wild, but the squirrels and chipmunks remain to play havoc with our stores of food. One would not have to go far into the bush, however, to shoot a moose, or, in summer-time, a bear. During last summer I worked in a district where the soil was all fine sand, so that it was not necessary to use any dynamite. Game was plentiful enough there, and more than once I saw a moose stalk majestically along the right-of-way, as if it belonged to him.

A gang of station-men who lived in a shack near this camp had a distressing

experience with a bear. A teamster left a load of provisions outside their hut and, driving past the place where they were working, told them to send a man to carry the stuff inside. A little Londoner, nicknamed "Shorty," volunteered for the task. What followed had better be told in his own words.

"When I got round the bend o' the trail an' sees the shack, I near 'ad a fit. There was a bloomin' big black bear right in front o' the door, with 'is blessed nose shoved in a tub o' butter 'e 'ad knocked open. Blimey! but 'e looked a picture with the butter all over his mug. I tell you, 'e was fair playin' 'okey-pokey with our grub. Bacon, flour, prunes, pertaters, an' syrup—'e'd got 'em all mixed up together on the ground so 's you could 'ardly tell t'other from which. Fust of all, I was madder'n 'ell to see our stuff spoiled, so I goes up to 'im an' yells, 'Scat!' 'E looks up, inquirin' like, an' we eyes each other fer a minute. Then 'e sez, 'Gr-r-r!' quite nasty, an' walks my way."

"And what did you do then?"

"Wot 'ud you do?" with infinite scorn. "If you'd bin there, matey, you couldn't 'ave seen my 'eels fur dust, I ran that fast."

"What did your gang do when you got back and told them about it?"

"They 'ad forty-seven different ways o' killin' that bear, to 'ear 'em talk. One feller said murderin' bears was 'is 'obby, so we told 'im to tike an axe an' kill that one. 'E went along all right, but 'e soon come back, lookin' kind o' white an' all out o' breff with runnin'. 'E said 'e seen the bear, but it wasn't the kind o' bear 'e was in the 'abit o' killin'. So we waited till 'Is Nibs skiddooed back to the woods, an' it was precious little good our grub was to us arter 'e'd done with it."

Our life on the right-of-way is strenuous, but simple. In summer, fishing, canocing, and swimming form agreeable diversions after the day's toil under a hot sun; in the winter there is little save work, eating, and sleeping. The nights are often strangely beautiful, with brilliant moonlight making the snow-covered ground scintillate as if it were encrusted with diamonds; or with the weird and gorgeous pyrotechny of the "Northern Lights," as the Canadians call the aurora borealis. But, except for an occasional trip to another camp, the men pre-

fer to stay near the red-hot stove in the centre of the shack, rather than admire the beauties of the night. Talking "shop" is their chief diversion, but sometimes they swap yarns of strange adventures in many lands and seas. There is usually a poker game going on for plugs of tobacco, or a game of bridge for love. I introduced the latter into several camps, and it has become immensely popular. Curiously enough, the men do not regard it as a medium for gambling; I have never seen them play it for money. Any stray newspapers or magazines are eagerly devoured and passed from hand to hand until they fall in pieces. Most camps are lamentably short of reading matter. The only books in the shack in which I am now living are Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days," and "The Original Gypsy Fortune-Teller." The last is, by all odds, the most popular, especially with the French-Canadians.

Among the many civilized pleasures which must be foregone on the right-of-way, perhaps the greatest is women's society. You rarely see a woman in a camp. The contractors and engineers, who are in a position to bring their wives, do not care, as a rule, to expose them to the loneliness and rigor of the life. "I have not spoken to an educated lady for over three years," one of the engineers told me. The few women who are here are treated with the greatest deference by the men, especially the hospital nurses. A Belgian station-man created consternation by bringing his wife to his shack and letting her dig muskeg, side by side with him, day after day. Everybody said it was not fit work for a woman, which was quite true. But the young Belgian girl only laughed, and retorted that she would rather work with her husband than wait weary months for him in town.

Talking of women, there was an Indian squaw who interested me deeply when I was in camp on the White Sand River last summer. She would paddle down the river two or three times a week in a birch-bark canoe to our cook-shack, accompanied by her little daughter and a "husky" dog who looked three parts wolf. She washed aprons for the cook and his two "cookees," and was paid in food and tobacco. Her English seemed to be confined to the words "God-

dam good!" which she said whenever anything was given to her. The little girl would not speak at all, but watched our every action with the furtive, apprehensive look of the wild creatures of the woods she knew so well. She used to wander onto the right-of-way and gaze with dark, fathomless eyes at the wheeled scrapers as they devoured hills of sand and made the grade. We often wanted to pet her, for she was a little forest beauty of a delicacy and grace rare indeed among the Canadian Indians. But she would have none of our coaxing. We were alien—remote—plainly hostile to all her sentiments and dreams. I am sure she deemed us barbarians who were invading and despoiling her sylvan domain. What

will she think when the trains are running, and farms and settlements spring up in the forest that is her world?

When I first started railroading I only meant to put in a few weeks at it for the sake of an experience; but the fascination of the life has held me to it month after month, and is still as powerful as ever. It is a splendidly healthy life. One eats enormously and sleeps better in a bunk filled with balsam boughs than in the "Royal Suite" at the St. Regis. It is true that a man used to "all that ever went with evening dress" may long now and then for the fleshpots of Egypt—for the lights of the "Great White Way," the society of club and ballroom—but the feeling soon passes. There is always the day's work to occupy brain and hand.





JUSTWICK, Lawler and I landed at the wharf of the Buntzen Lake hydro-electric generating station on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet in the grey-eyed morning, and we were there until 4 o'clock. We were not conducted around the plant

by engineers in charge of the station, as visitors generally are. The engineers didn't know we were there, and if they had they would not have looked up from their blueprints to notice us, or have taken the trouble to conduct us anywhere. What the reviewer of a Western novel said about the book, "No man in the tale wears a collar," was true in our case. We looked exactly like the rest of the crowd of men who landed from the North Arm boat that morning, and who had come from Vancouver looking for work in the Coquitlam tunnel.

The Lake Buntzen power plant is the principal source of power of the British Columbia Electric Railroad. It is situated in a place where the greater part of the country stands on edge in the air, and to get from the generating station to the Coquit-

lam tunnel you have to climb a trail which leans like a ladder against the side of a mountain 4,000 feet high.

The first thing you are aware of when you land is a long, low building constructed of great blocks of cemented stone and filled with strong, dark noise. We looked through the windows and saw a long row of big turbines and generators in their painted iron shells, each marked with a letter of the alphabet. They have used up the alphabet from A to S, and they are adding to the length of the building to make room for the rest of the letters. When they come to Z, I suppose the station will be finished.

Behind the station where the bright machines thunder together like the roll of surf on long beaches, the big black pipes, called penstocks, that bring the water from Lake Buntzen, creep down the mountain like fat serpents. If you look through the glass tell-tale window in the side of a spinning turbine you can get an idea of the mighty force of this power that runs down hill. You can see the solid stream shooting from a pipe-nozzle and striking the spoon-like fins of the water-wheel with the velocity and the collision of a projectile.

We climbed the shaded trail. It was a morning of sleepy warm air, smelling of scented trees. We ascended above the houses that stick to the mountain-side, and looked down upon their roofs and the roofs of the



THE VILLAGE OF THE ONE STREET

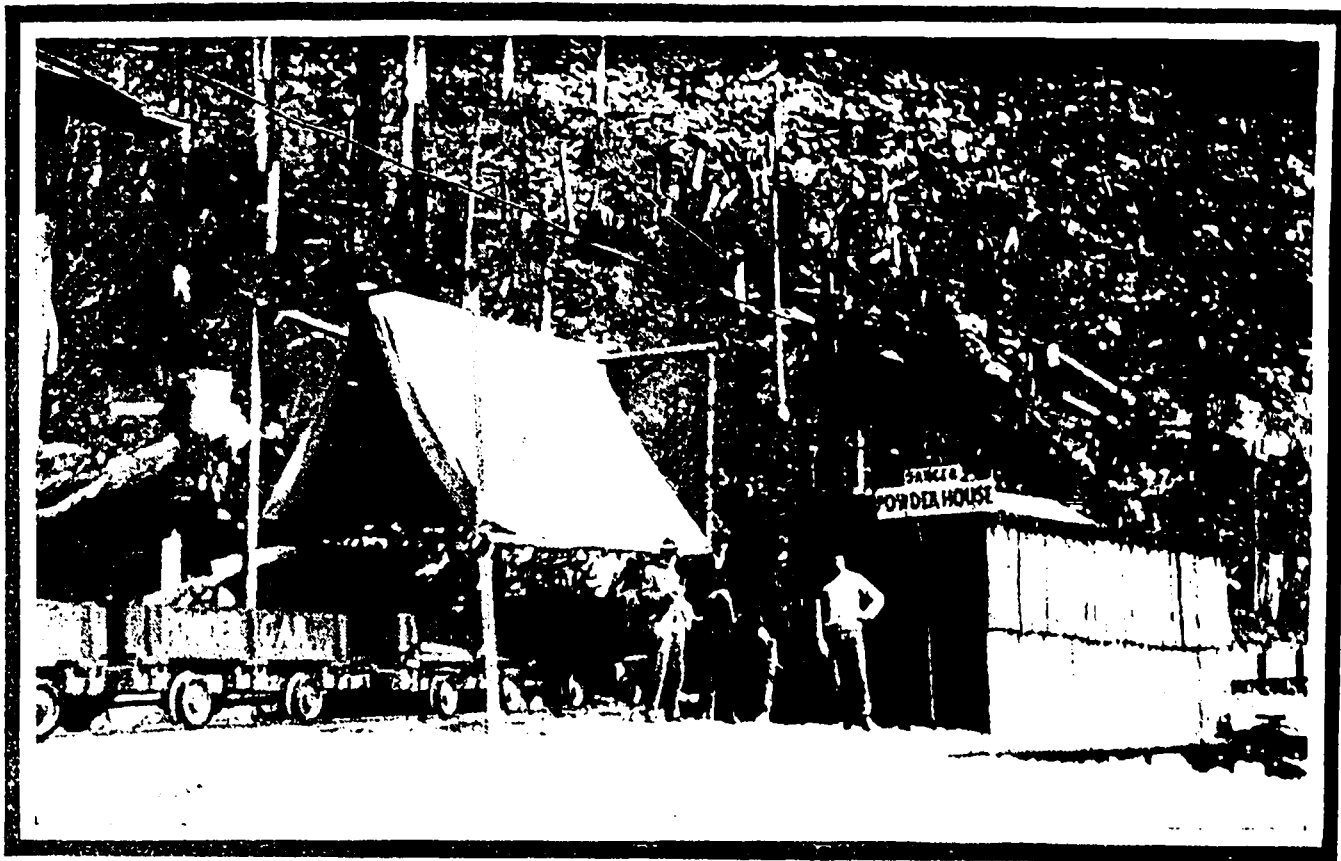
great roaring power station and the transformer house where the current is "stepped up." We could look down upon the North Arm, which looked like a lake of silver lying between two great hills. The electric railway, which extends from the wharf through the tunnel to Coquitlam Lake, ran beside the trail. Before we came to Buntzen Lake an ugly iron bug of a mine locomotive came crawling along with its toy train.

The big blue and purple mountain we were climbing is remotely like a vast sitting woman-figure, and Buntzen Lake is on its knees. The lake used to be called Lake Beautiful, but they thought it sounded too romantic. There is nothing sentimental about the British Columbia Electric Railway, a fact which its stockholders appreciate. Lake Buntzen spreads over a considerable area, but it is not the real source of supply, of course. It is used mostly as a reservoir. At what might be called the foot of the lake there is a big concrete dam, pierced by the steel penstocks that carry the water to the turbines of the generating plant below. The shake-built shacks of the tunnel construction camp stand in a long, orderly street on the lake shore. Hundreds of slouching-shouldered horse-strong men live here and give the place character. They are of the fine, rough stuff that works under the ground with drill and pick and shovel, and the yellow sticks with the blue strings and various

names ending in —ite, and whose hats and overalls are spattered with candle-grease. These men have driven a tunnel eighteen feet wide and two miles and a half long through the hard rock of a mountain 4,000 feet high, to let the water of Lake Coquitlam into Lake Buntzen. It has taken them over two years to do it. Three hundred men are still working in the tunnel, widening it. The mouth of the tunnel is like the mouth of a cave, but when you enter it you see that the cave has a concrete roof. While we stood in the black hole which is the mouth of the great tunnel, a long train of steel cars loaded with chunks of grey rock that the powder sticks had chopped from the insides of the mountain, and drawn by a thing like a giant crab, crawled out into the sunlight. Muckers with candle-sticks and



TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE REST OF THE LETTERS



THE POWDER HOUSE

rubber high-water boots followed it. It is wet in the tunnel. Once in every two weeks, when they let the water through from Coquitlam Lake to fill up Lake Buntzen, the tunnel is almost filled with liquid. Lake Coquitlam is a much larger lake than Lake Buntzen. It has an area of 2,300 acres and a drainage area of 100 square miles. It is a mountain lake, positioned in picturesque and beautiful surroundings, and plentifully supplied by melting glaciers. A storage dam keeps its waters at a constant height above those of Buntzen Lake.

A lattice or grille made of timbers and planks at the tunnel mouth took all our attention for five minutes. It is a vast screen or grating like the thing in a whale's throat that keeps the animal from swallowing any but small fish. Its usefulness is to strain the water that comes through the tunnel. Why they should want to strain it I do not know.



LAKE BUNTZEN

Sometimes they do not let enough water into the tunnel to fill it, and I suppose rocks and sand and earth are carried through by the rush of water, and the strainer catches them. Once two healthy engineers with no nerves came through the tunnel in a canoe just to see if they could do it.

The village of the one street, where once dwelt pretty near a thousand men, is picturesque and interesting. It is clean, too, as clean as construction camps ever are. There are two rows of shacks, houses on both sides of the street, and the construction railway runs between. The shacks are built of shakes, pieces of cedar slabbed off the log with an axe. There are bunk-houses, cookeries, blacksmith shops, stores, offices, and the bunk-houses have porches. In a vast dining-shack, filled with long oil-cloth covered tables and benches, we had dinner. I showed the head flunkey, who is "some official" in a construction camp dining-room, a letter signed by Mr. Armstrong, and he waited on us himself, which was an honor due to anybody who knew Mr. Armstrong. There are only three or four restaurants in Vancouver where you can get better things to eat than in the Buntzen Lake construction camp. The British Columbia Electric Railway Company is not stingy about providing good board for its workers.

The rock-pigs who had rooted and dug in the tunnel's wet deeps of the mountain the



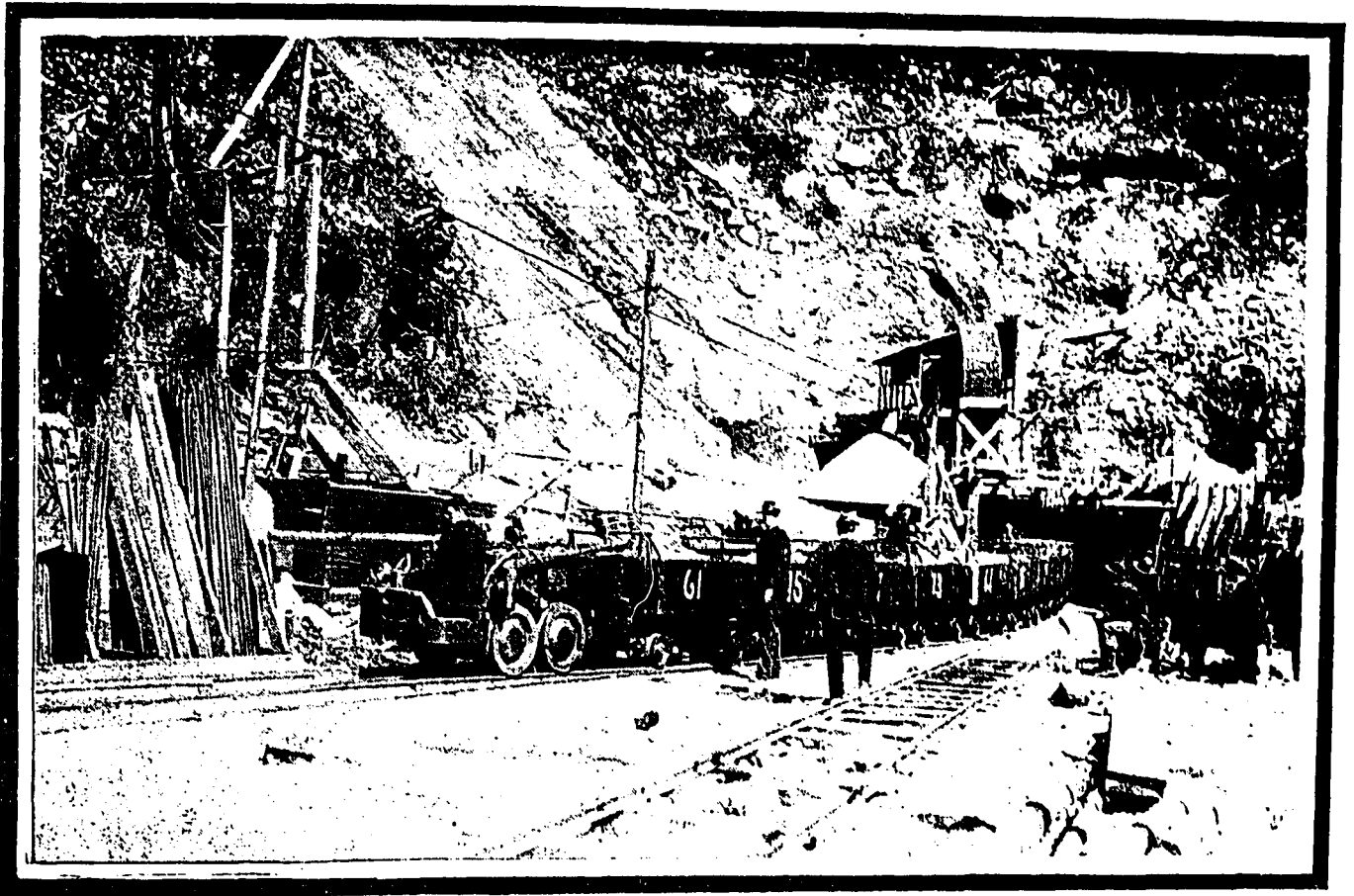
"ROCK-PIGS"

night before by the glimmering electricity now filled the camp street. In the tunnel the work goes on day and night and every day in the year. There is something strange about these men. They are robust but nervous. Go up to a tunnel worker, and whisper in his ear and he will jump out of his skin. Tunnel work wears a man out nervously.

After being "stepped up" in a transformer house at the station, the Buntzen Lake "power" is sent in enormous voltage to the sub-stations in Vancouver and other places where it is needed. In these sub-stations it is reduced to the voltage required for the various circuits. The main high-tension line crosses Burrard Inlet at Barnet, another line at the Second Narrows,



TWO ROWS OF SHACKS

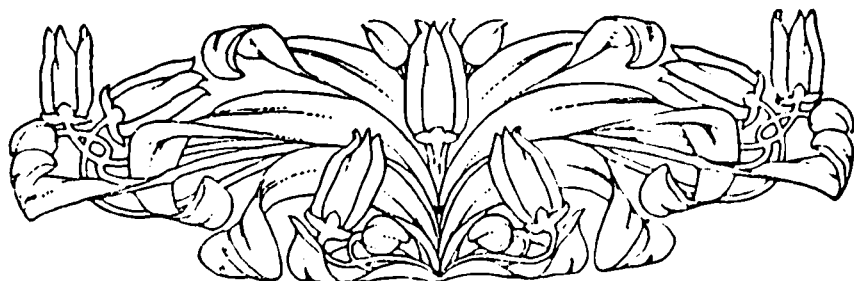


A LONG TRAIN OF STEEL CARS

and another crosses the Fraser River to supply Ladner and the Delta country.

Until a few years ago the comparatively trifling steam-driven generators of the power station on Barnard street, just west of Westminster avenue, supplied all the current needed by the British Columbia Electric Railway on the mainland. A comparison between this modest plant and the enormous plant at Lake Buntzen denotes the progress made by Vancouver and the surrounding country over which the great railway company, which has grown up with the city and country, has spread its steel lattice of efficient transportation. Within a short time, it is said, as much as fifty thousand horse-power will be generated at Lake Buntzen. But the "B. C. Electric" has a

vaster power scheme than even Lake Buntzen, which has as its ultimate aim the development of over 100,000 horse-power of electrical energy in the Chilliwack Valley. This great project involves the driving of two hydraulic tunnels, one nearly two miles long, and the other over five miles in length, as well as flumes and pipes for leading the waters of Jones and Chilliwack Lakes the long distance which they must traverse in order to bring them to the proposed power station on the Fraser River. The expansion of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company is of absorbing interest, not only to British Columbians, but to everyone interested in the growth of great enterprises.



On the Way to Steamboat

By J. L. K. Johnson

IN a province such as British Columbia, the wealth of whose natural resources can scarcely be even estimated as yet, scarcely a year can go by without the discovery of some great new source of natural wealth within its borders. Last year was the year of Stewart's "mountain of gold." The finds that were made in the Portland Canal district were greatly exaggerated, it is true, but there is no doubt that the district will prove an immensely valuable one to the province at large.

It seems that the year 1911 will be the year of the Steamboat mountain district! Very rich finds have been made in the neighborhood of this mountain, it is said, and the area over which the finds have been spread is a very large one. It is to be hoped that whatever finds may be made in the district this summer, no "mountain of gold" stories will be circulated in the east and in the Old Country.

Whatever may be the ultimate route by which the new camp will be reached, at the present time the only feasible route is by way of Hope. Later on there may be other ways of entrance to the new field; in fact, there probably will be by way of Chilliwack at any rate. But for this summer, at all events, practically all the traffic making for Steamboat mountain and the surrounding district must go by way of Hope. This route has many advantages. It is on the main line of the C. P. R. and it has the new line of the Canadian Northern, now under construction, also passing through the town. Again there is direct communication by water with Chilliwack, although there is no regular boat covering this route. No doubt, however, if the camp amounts to as much as it is said it will, something will be done to facilitate communication with Hope by means of the Fraser river—in fact, it is rumored already that arrangements are under way for regular boats.

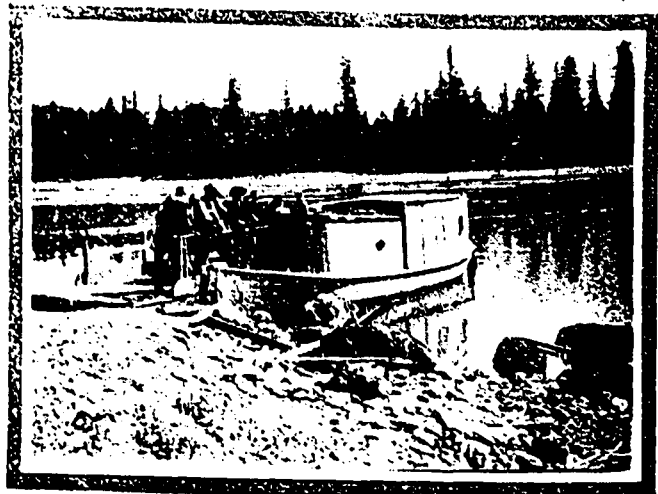
However that may be, a great deal of at-

tention will be attracted to Hope in the next few months, since it will be the point from which all must start for the camps.

Steamboat mountain itself lies thirty-six miles to the southeast of Hope. At this season of the year it is possible to make the trip from Vancouver to the camp and back again within a week without much trouble.

Even if the Steamboat camp should peter out this season, Hope has a right to the attention of the world as one of the most beautifully-situated towns in the whole province of British Columbia—and that means that it is indeed beautiful.

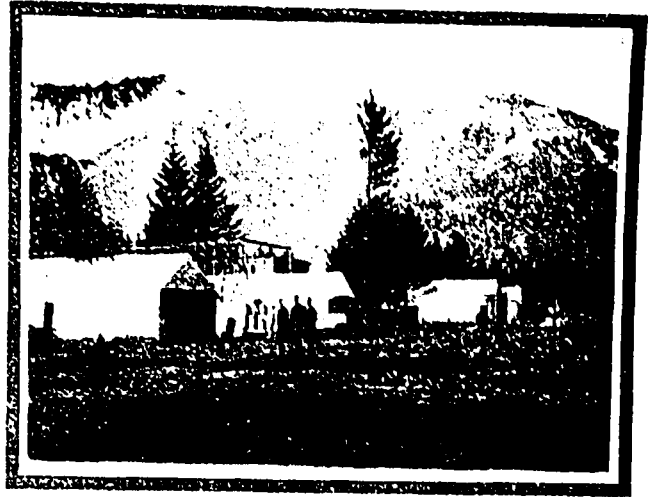
Getting off at the little wayside station on the C. P. R., it is necessary to cross the Fraser river and then walk about a mile before the town itself is reached. The ferry charge is slightly expensive. The regular charge is 25 cents per head, and for a trunk the charge is \$1.00—and this for a journey of about fifty yards in a small scow attached to an antiquated gasoline launch. The inhabitants are beginning to show some signs of "kick" against the prices charged on the ferry, which has a monopoly across the river, although it is admitted that it is fair enough that a heavy fare should be charged considering the fact that the place is somewhat out of the usual run of ferryboats and such commodities.



THE FERRY AT HOPE



A ROAD HOUSE



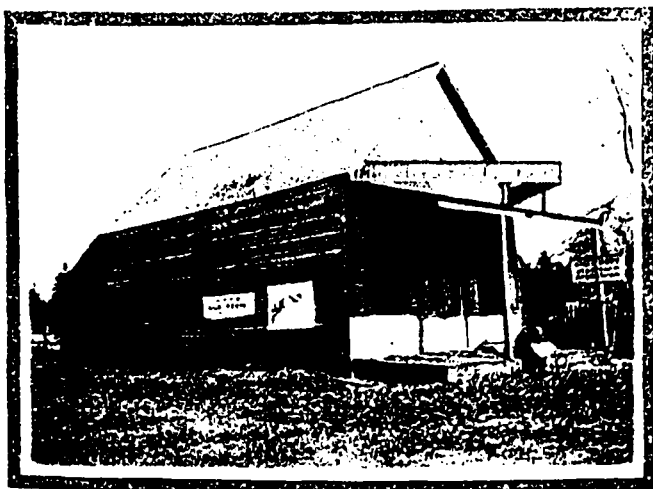
THE CANVAS SUBURB OF HOPE

As soon as the townsite is reached, a magnificent panorama of great mountain peaks is spread out before the visitor. All round the little hollow great stolid timber-covered mountains shut in the town, while away up at the head of the Coquahalla creek stands a mighty snow-clad peak rearing its head over seven thousand feet towards the sky. The scenery from the centre of the townsite in every direction is superb. The little valley does not seem to be stifled by the close proximity of the mountains. There is plenty of level space, and the sun does not have to wait till near noon before he can shed his rays into the centre of the town, and he is visible till late in the evening down the valley of the Fraser river.

Up to the present time the beauty of the place does not seem to have attracted as much attention as might have been expected. Those people who are raising the "canvas" town of Hope at such a rapid rate did not go in there to admire the scenery. There are now about three hundred people all told in Hope. Coquahalla hotel is taxed each night to its capacity, while the "canvas" hotel—the Pullman—has all it can do as well to accommodate the prospectors and

others who arrive daily. Later on the new \$12,000 hotel will be opened and by that time there will be great need for it. Buildings are going up every day. Most of them are built of lumber up to about four feet from the floor, and above that the material used is canvas. But few people are attempting to get all the way into Steamboat mountain as yet. Pack trains can go in as far as Twenty-one Mile roadhouse now, but the trail is getting in a bad condition as a result of the early spring sun. For five miles out of Hope there is good going. A wagon could be driven over the trail as far as that. But after that point, as soon as the valley of the Nicolome narrows down and the trail recrosses to the south side of the creek, the snow begins to get bad. For a distance of some five or six miles beyond the five-mile point there is probably three or four feet of snow on the ground, and beyond that again it gets deeper still as the trail rises into the mountains.

One meets strange people on the trail to a new gold camp. Prospectors are a race of men by themselves almost, with their own customs, their own code of honor and their own habits of life. Most of them are birds



THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY STORE, HOPE



START OF PACK TRAIN FROM HOPE

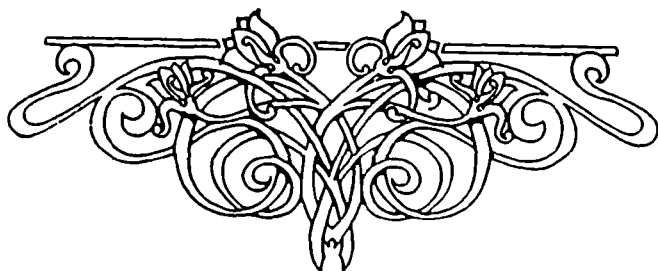
of passage who follow the gold trail from one camp to another, year after year. Not one in a million makes a fortune, and very few even a competence in return for the hard life they lead, and yet who can blame them that they follow such a calling? Compare the life of the average laboring man with the life of the prospector; go and see them at work; it is not hard to find out what it is that appeals to them in the life. With most of them it is "not the gold that they're wanting so much as just finding the gold." It is the freedom and the fresh mountain air and the feeling of peace instilled by the great quiet mountains and rushing mountain streams by the trail that appeal, in a great many cases, unconsciously to these men.

Most of those to be met on the Steamboat trail were up at Stewart last year. The storekeepers, too, in the town of Hope were, many of them, at Stewart during the time of the rush.

There is no mistaking the fact that Hope intends to be a town this summer. All day long, from early morning till late at night, the sound of hammers is heard, while within half a mile of the centre of the townsite the Canadian Northern construction gangs are

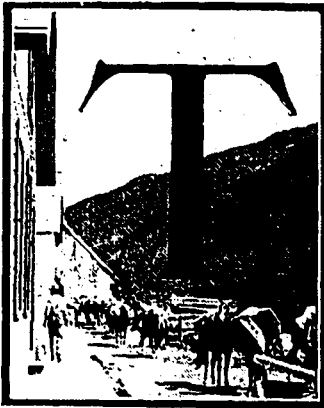
busy blasting in the rock cut night and day. Lots all over the townsite are selling at what seem to be enormous prices. Outside lots near the ferry, several hundred yards from the main portion of the town, are being held at six and seven hundred dollars each, while two thousand dollars is being asked for several lots in the centre of the business section. Many of those going in to open up businesses in the town do not feel like paying such a high price at the start, before the camp at Steamboat has had a chance to show what it is really worth, and these people are renting sites for buildings at the enormous rental of \$1 per foot per month.

A branch of the Royal Bank of Canada was opened at Hope two weeks ago. There are two hotels and there will shortly be another opened; one bank, two general stores, pool room, lumber yard and several other places of business. The town has a policeman attached to the provincial force, but the town is quite an orderly one. No one tries to hold up anyone else, as in some of the more civilized cities of the west, and the citizens are a go-ahead crowd who mean to make things go without any undue boosting.



Thoroughbreds and Others

By Garnett Weston



Consider the subject of the interest taken in an event like the Vancouver Horse Show it is customary to write of the silky coats of the horses, the top hats and the modish garbs of the women. A reporter

should be able to talk millinery a la Paris and know the more delicate shadings of color such as chrysolite or incarnadine, never by any chance descending to the vulgarity of green or red.

There is another side to the story which is hidden from general view. It is the side which lies in the place of stalls and harness under the oval of tawny sand and sawdust, where the horses are shown. While the people sit like human steps on the benches, the murmur of their applause comes faintly to where the horses stand waiting in the stalls and the stable boys lie listlessly about on the straw. They are a type distinctive, these stable boys whose duty it is to care for the animals which have cost their owners anywhere from one to five thousand dollars. They think horse, talk horse, and in time develop a certain characteristic appearance which betrays their daily life. Long association with the horse breeds a reticent nature. The stable boy talks to you in a quiet way with an accompaniment of dulled sounds such as rustling straw and the thud of hoofs as a horse stirs in his stall. In a plain wooden box near are his personal belongings and such few things as he cherishes. If his employer is a travelling exhibitor, the "boy" becomes a visitant of cities from east to west in Canada, the States and often Europe and Australia.

While the show is in progress he is alternately busy and idle. Each event in which his employer enters a horse must be prepared

for. The horse must look his best, and to that end he is combed and brushed until his coat shines, wherever the high lights fall, like sealskin. Usually his mane has little ribbons braided into rosettes close to the neck and an inch apart. When all is ready, he is led down the long straw-bedded laneway behind the stalls—where other horses stamp and whinny eagerly—and up to the ground floor.

When the event is called, the grooms give the horses into the keeping of the drivers or riders and return to the stalls. Sometimes they read or they may go outside to roll and smoke a cigarette made of wheat straw paper and powdered tobacco. They go outside, for the straw is thickly strewn, and the black-lettered signs "No Smoking" are uncompromising.

Meantime in the theatre above the crowds watch the great gates swing back. A Roman would expect chariots or gladiators, a Spaniard would look for his cherished bull-fighters. But the Anglo-Saxon audience waits only for the thoroughbreds, with high-lifted feet and pride emanating from every part of their beautiful bodies. When the horses enter the ring they show the results of the careful grooming in the stable below. Their harness and equipment shine and sparkle in the lights. The horse seems to know he is the object of thousands of eyes. There is a something in the air which makes him prance and arch his neck. Perhaps it is the lightness of the track, for it is easy and springy to his tread. At any rate, he sidesteps and acts just as if he understood his importance in the eyes of the on-lookers.

Perhaps the most exciting numbers of the programmes were the vaulting and steeple-chasing events. When the white-suited attendants brought in the gates and their supports, there was always an intensifying of the interest. The hunters entered singly, and applause greeted them in detached



TWO PATRICIANS

gusts from little groups of friends. Usually the horses were ridden up to the bars to allow them to inspect them. Then they were wheeled and ridden to the end of the arena. The start was made with an easy gait, suddenly increased to a headlong gallop. As the horse approached the bars the excitement was intense. The fore feet always cleared the jump, but the hind hoofs frequently struck the bars and brought them down. When the leap was over the rider waited for the rattle of the falling bars which told of failure, or the applause of the people which proclaimed appreciated suc-

cess. Sometimes when the horse had taken the allowed number of vaults he became intoxicated with the excitement and bolted, taking gate after gate in dashing style before being finally pulled in by the rider. An event of this kind was invariably appreciated with much laughter and applause by the audience. Not the least interesting thing about the show was the audience itself. A large body of people is always filled with human interest for the observer of types of faces. Naturally there were a large number of Englishmen present, trying to re-live for a few brief hours the happy days of steeple-



OUTSIDE THE HORSE SHOW BUILDING

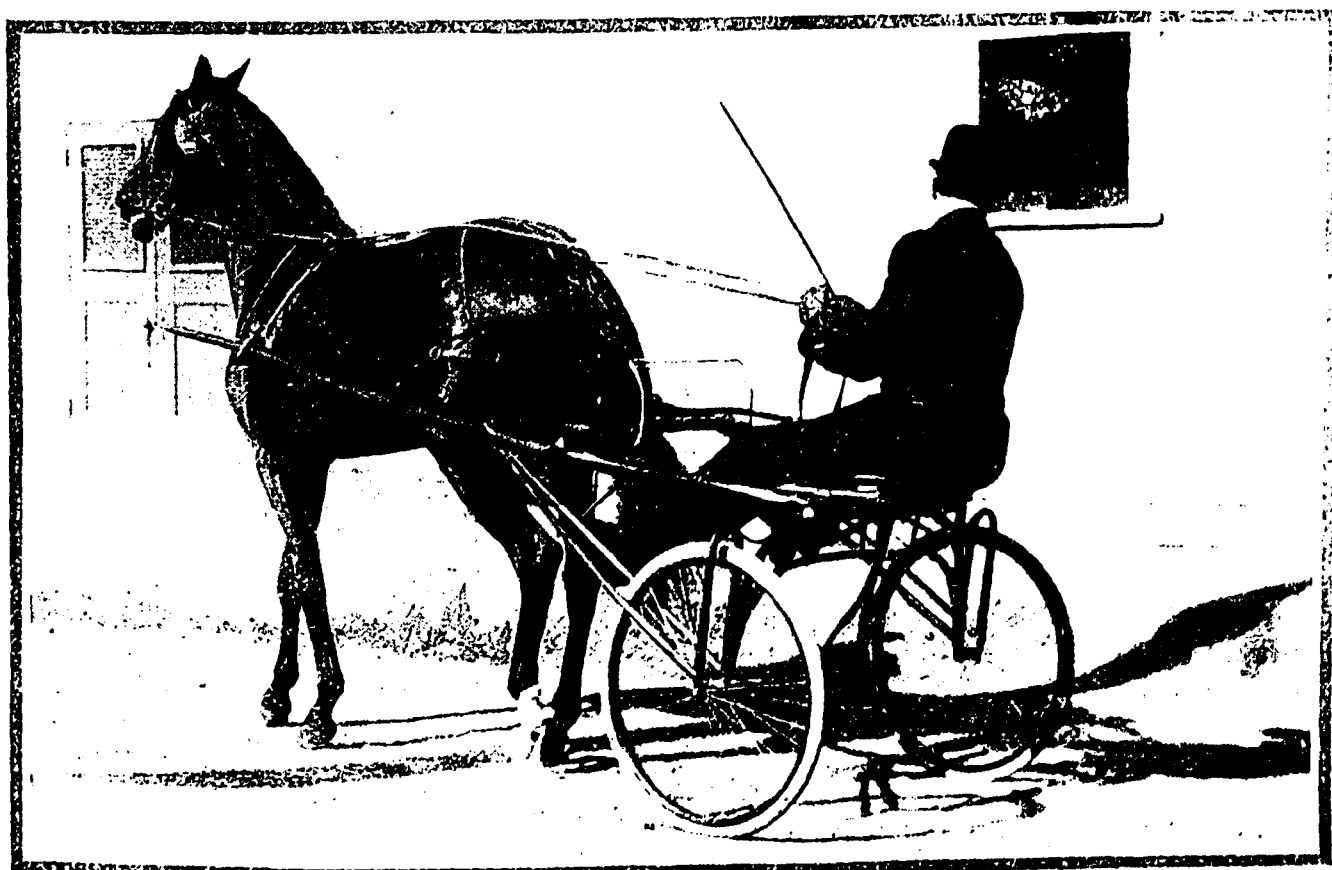


MRS. JOHN P. McCONNELL, ON MR. McCONNELL'S GET-RICH-QUICK, WINNER OF ONE FIRST, SEVEN THIRDS AND A FOURTH, IN THE SADDLE AND HUNTING CLASSES

chasing and riding to hounds which form a part of the background of the life of every Englishman of the middle and upper classes. There were people who had no interest whatever in horses, and who were present to kill time or to silence the urgings of friends. There were others whose every expression showed a fine appreciation of the qualities of the animals in the ring. The first show of the Vancouver Horse Show Association was held in the Drill Hall in 1908. This year the fourth annual show was held under circumstances greatly im-

proved. Vancouver has a large number of people who are interested in horses, and the result is the present Horse Show Association. The growth of the association in so short a time is one of the wonders of the city.

This year there were four hundred and sixty-five horses entered, just one hundred and fifty more than last year. This included every class of horse from the little Shetland all the way up the line through the various classes of drivers and hunters to the heavy Clydesdales. The quality of the



A DRIVER

horses is also much improved. The enormous wealth gathered into the city of Vancouver has made it possible for horsemen to import the best stock of many breeders. The enthusiasm was of that clean nature which always characterizes the real sportsman and sportswoman. Session after session found the boxes and seats filled with people. One man, Mr. T. J. Smith, had over one hundred entries, which included ten thoroughbreds brought from the Old Country. The entries from outside points numbered one hundred and sixty-four. A tent holding thirty-six stalls was erected on Pender street near the stables to hold the surplus horses for which there was no room in the main building.

The first show in 1908 occupied only three days. This year the show lasted from Tuesday until Saturday, and the interest was kept at high tension to the very end. One of the most interesting events of the show was the manoeuvres of the mounted police force. Their smart drill was applauded with appreciation by an audience of riders. The chase, in which a stable-boy was the fugitive and the police the pursuers, showed some excellent riding and

gave the audience some unusual excitement. The great show finished on Saturday night, April 29, and thousands of people who attended the sessions heaved a sigh of regret. Many who went knew nothing of horses, yet they appreciated the manifest beauties of the thoroughbreds. There were other thoroughbreds present besides horses, for the boxes were crowded with pretty women gowned with exquisite taste, and the fine, splendid horses, the clean-limbed men and handsome women together formed as interesting a spectacle as one could wish to see.

At the close of the show the majority of the stalls were emptied, the horses being rushed back to their homes by express, some to Alberta or Manitoba, others to places across the line. Transportation costs hundreds of dollars, and as the prizes taken never in any case cover this necessary expense, it is easily seen how great are the enthusiasm and love of horses which cause a man to enter into competition at so heavy expenditure. The show next year will, by present indications, be of greatly increased dimensions. Primarily, however, it will always be one of the big social numbers of the year.

Old Jim

GEORGE B. STAFF

When Jim, our old horse died,
 We all felt awful bad;
 For Sis, she cried an' cried,
 An' Mother, too, an' Dad,
 His eyes got kind of dim;
 An' when he walked out slow
 For one last look at him,
 He whispered very low:
 "Good-by, old Jim—old Jim!"

By Motor Boat to Mt. McKinley

By Belmore Browne

(From the "Outing Magazine")

THE loss of our whole pack train of twenty-one horses in the 1906 Mt. McKinley campaign proved that the pack-horse method of reaching Mt. McKinley was impracticable. The only hope left to us was the possibility of ascending the great water system of the Susitna River and reaching the southern foothills of Mt. McKinley in a motor boat.

Of all the problems in our northern motor-boating, the choosing of an engine proved to be the most serious. In 1906 we used a very light and complicated gasoline auto marine engine, and on our first river trip we could see that the engine could not stand the rough usage and unusual conditions of glacier river work. If you take a cupful of glacier water and let it stand until it has settled, you will find that one-fifth of the fluid is composed of the finest kind of pulverized silt.

This silt is the natural tailings of nature's stamp mill and is composed of crushed rock, quartz, etc. In the water-cooling systems used in gasoline engines, this silt clogs the cylinder water jackets, and as your engine heats you have a very perfect but undesirable imitation of a brick kiln on your hands. In a heavy storm in 1906 our engine became red hot and stopped. We were about half a mile from the surf on a lee shore and the surf was breaking mountain high about a mile from the beach. When we finally got the engine running again, we were within two hundred yards of the breaking surf, and two green seas had rolled completely over our frail canvas cabin. Since then I have taken a frenzied interest in the different water-cooling systems.

The continuous rains and damp weather of the Alaskan range likewise affected our electric batteries. Another difficulty that we encountered was the lack of gasoline in the Cook's Inlet ports, and as the steamers that carry gasoline run only at long intervals, the fuel question is a constant annoyance. With

all these harrowing details in view, we turned our eyes in 1910 toward kerosene engines, and finally selected an 18 horse-power two-cylinder engine that developed 26 horse-power when tested.

Our party consisted of eight men and our outfit was complete down to the smallest detail, and included a separate outfit for two months' travel on the glaciers. Knowing from previous experiences the temper of the Alaskan rivers, I secured a complete set of such engine parts as could be installed in the wilderness, including four propellers and an extra steel shaft, and we found good use for them before we saw salt water again.

Our first struggle with the wilderness occurred at Beluga (Aleute for white whale). We reached Beluga before the winter ice had left the rivers, and we ran our launch, the *Explorer*, named after the Explorers' Club of New York, into an eddy protected by a log boom at tide water. A few nights later the "fireworks" began. I was sleeping aboard the *Explorer* when I heard Finch, who was manager for the A. C. Co. at Beluga, calling to me that the ice was coming down the river. We all turned out at once and, armed with pike-poles, manned the boom to repel the ice floes.

It was an exciting time. Sometimes the pressure of the ice would grow so strong that we expected to see the boom crushed and our launch and Finch's flat boat ground to bits, and then, one by one, we would pry the ice cakes loose, and down stream they would go, grinding and groaning against each other in the swift current. After standing by for two nights during the ebbtide and fighting off the ice, we were confident that the Susitna had also broken her winter bonds, and starting the *Explorer's* engines we began our journey.

The Susitna River enters Cook's Inlet through a large delta of marshes and mud flats. The water is extremely shallow, and

the river is broken into many channels. The channels are very broad and the low shores make it extremely difficult for a stranger to follow the right course. When we entered the river we encountered large floes of ice through which we gingerly pushed our way.

Following in the wake of the *Alice*, an A. C. Co. river boat, we had no trouble with the perplexing channels of the delta, and shortly afterwards we began to stem the strong water of the main river. While the first thirty-five miles of navigation on the Susitna are extremely easy—as navigation on northern rivers goes—there are many ways of getting into difficulties unless you are familiar with this sort of work. The water, besides being very swift in the narrow channels, was covered with floating ice, and if you have never been impressed with the solidity of frozen water, you will be when you hit what appears to be a small floe with the concussion of a head-on railroad collision.

During the first stages of our journey we were consumed with anxiety about the working of our engine. It was the first opportunity that we had had to try it out in swift water, and while it was not running in an entirely satisfactory manner, we would occasionally make bursts of speed that filled our hearts with joy and presaged the successful conquest of the unknown rapids of the interior.

Now the navigation of swift rivers is fairly safe as long as you take pains and do not hurry. In bad water all men will, of course, use caution and do their utmost to keep away from danger, but in ordinary water this is not the case. Time is of value, and a good river-man by using his knowledge of currents and eddies, and by the skilful handling of his boat, will cover many more miles in a day than an over-cautious man who continually holds to the deep current.

Probably the most exciting part of river navigation is ascending the swift, shallow rapids. The valley of an Alaskan river the size of the Chulitna is usually several miles broad and as flat as a table. Through this level waste of gravel the river forces its way in countless channels that are liable to change from day to day, and the steersman must be skilful who unerringly chooses the right course.

You may be speeding up a fine stretch of river, in a broad channel, when the river splits. One branch may follow a dense fringe of timber that marks the edge of the valley, while the other may join it from the broad valley, where you know that there are hundreds of branches criss-crossing back and forth. If the streams are of equal size, you must put all your experience to work in choosing the right course. The masses of snags and driftwood that rise above the level of the valley can be seen a long way off, and they usually indicate the location of the largest channels. "Cut" or straight banks usually indicate deep water, and the points of forest land that run far out on the gravel bars will give you an indication of the direction of the main channels.

The best looking channels, however, are often "blind" at either the upper or lower end; for instance, many small streams may overflow from a main channel and join each other one by one until, a mile below, they form a channel that appears as large and navigable as the true channel.

A man coming up stream may easily choose the "blind" channel, and being unable to see far ahead on account of the flatness of the valley, he will continue until the water grows so shallow that he is forced to retreat. As he has not room enough to turn his boat around, he has to drift slowly backward, and when he reaches the main channel again an hour has been wasted. Sometimes we found places where the river was divided into three or four branches of equal size, and we would patiently try them in turn, only to find that they all seemed hopeless.

The first step in a case of this kind is to find a channel with the shortest shoal. Two of the crew should then stand beside you, one to port and one to starboard and take constant soundings with slender poles. The rest of the party should move forward to counteract the sag of the boat's stern when she runs into exceptionally shallow water.

I remember one miserable spot of this kind above the canyon on the Chulitna. I couldn't get deep soundings anywhere, and was forced finally to choose the best looking channel and ring "full speed ahead." As the water began to shoal, I called the men forward, until finally I had Cuntz sitting on the bow like a figurehead with his legs

dangling alongside the cutwater. La Voy and Grassi were taking soundings, and for what seemed to me an hour they kept calling "Two feet!" "Two feet!" To relieve the monotony they would occasionally call "Two feet—who'll make it three?" And then, sadly, as the shallow continued, "Two feet—no takers!"

On this occasion our propeller was touching bottom for long periods, and there is no sound more harrowing than the grating of a grounding propeller. It comes up through your feet from the quivering hull and rings a danger signal in your brain far louder than the roar of the exhaust, the cries of the sounders, or the snarl of the rapids.

Glacier water is a milky looking fluid that hides every inequality of the bottom, and you must glue your eyes to the water for every little sign denoting a deep channel. These signs consist of minute differences in the formation of the surface waves, and they can only be learned by experience. When you see the surface "boiling," you know that you have at least three feet, and as the boils increase in size you know that the water is deepening.

When you see rough water sliding into large, oily eddies you know that the water is running over a shoal into a deep channel. The signs are many and the differences are often so minute as to make a description misleading. The best training for river work is "tracking," as then you are forced to wade, and when a bath in ice water is the result of every mistake, a man is inclined to study the current with fervid interest. Eventually you will be able to approximate closely the condition of the bottom by the "look of the water."

Canyon navigation, provided your boat has plenty of speed, is not dangerous as a rule, as the water is usually of great depth. The terrific strength of the current, however, necessitates careful steering. When we ascended the canyon of the Chulitna there were times when we scarcely held our own in the rushing current, and as we took the big swells in the rapids, between the straight walls, the waves roared across our forward deck.

In this sort of navigation I have noticed a queer phenomenon. You may be just holding your own, while the whole boat quivers from the vibrations of the engine

and the fury of the waters, and then, when you have begun to give up hope and are casting rapid glances to right or left for a possible eddy to help you, your boat will begin to climb, slowly at first, but steadily and surely.

The rapids may still be bellowing with their former violence, drowning the roar of the engine's exhaust, and the savage swells may still buffet your craft about, but it seems as if the rapids had lost their strength, and on you go steadily climbing the liquid stairway. It almost seems as if the boat was thinking and waiting, and finally when the waters begin to get discouraged, the boat calls out, "Come on, engine!" and away we go—splitting the big swells, sliding over the oily eddies, into the steady current above. These struggles with the white water between canyon walls are the pleasantest part of northern motor boating, and the memory of the breathless moments when you hung, poised in the suck of the boiling rapids, will remain with you for years.

There is another side of river navigation that embodies all the excitement and responsibility without the dramatic setting of the canyon work. On all the northern rivers you will encounter long straight chutes of the river that plough through cut banks covered with heavy timber.

The current in these places is of almost irresistible force and the only way of making appreciable headway is by hugging the banks. As all the soil in the bottom lands is composed of glacial silt, these banks are continually caving in, and as the banks break away the forest trees come thundering down, throwing up great spouts of spray as they strike the rushing water.

Sometimes the trees are held by their roots and overhang the water, making barriers that are of the utmost danger to small boat navigation. These overhanging trees are known and feared throughout the north as "sweepers," and many a prospector, floating to civilization on his spruce raft, has lost his life by being swept under the "sweepers" by the rushing current. In 1906 I hit a tangle of sweepers that overhung a swift turn below a rapid. We were making a good fifteen miles an hour, and when the shock came, the iron stanchions forward were bent into knots and one of the men aft was nearly swept into the river. In

1910, as we were leaving Talkeetna, a large cottonwood fell as the banks caved in, and just missed our stern.

But even more dangerous are the sunken snags that, luckily, can be traced by the whirlpools and waves that mark their hiding places. Navigating swift water among these snags and sweepers requires the greatest mental concentration, and your course is a constant series of mental problems in distances, pressures and speeds.

You may be barely holding your own in the racing stream with a half submerged snag bellowing six feet behind your propeller, a sweeper hanging over you whose lower branches had to be chopped off to make a passage way for the boat, and a log jam ahead around whose jagged edges the current is torn to foam. At these times the steersman cannot take his eyes, even for a fraction of a second, from the current ahead, as the failure to "meet" an over-boil of the main current may mean disaster. He must depend on his crew for intelligence concerning the progress of the boat, and to stand with your eyes glued on the current while your companions cry "She's holding her own! She's holding her own! She's going back an inch! Now she's going ahead!" is enough to make your hair gray.

We passed a point on our last trip to Mt. McKinley where the water shot between two points with terrific speed. I tried twice by dropping back and hitting the current full speed to climb the swift water. On my second failure, I saw that the water above some big snags had overflowed among a grove of small cottonwoods, and on the third attempt I drove her through the cottonwoods on the edge of the swiftest water. Our propeller was beating an insane tattoo on the saplings and left a trail of matchwood behind, but we got through.

In another swift rapid our progress was arrested by a large spruce "sweeper." Just above the sweeper was an eddy that was the key to the successful navigation of the rapid. By forcing our boat to full speed we could just stem the current long enough for La Voy to throw a bight of a line around the tree trunk. With our engines still going to take some of the pressure from the straining rope, we hung to our precarious anchorage while La Voy chopped through our ever-green obstruction. When the tree fell, it

was sucked from sight instantly by the rushing water and we had a clear roadway to our coveted eddy.

Usually an accident on a northern river happens like a thunderclap in a clear sky, and almost invariably the cause of the trouble is some minor accident that, taken by itself, *under ordinary conditions* would be of no consequence. In the delta of the Chulitna, the river is cut into so many small channels that the water is extremely swift and shallow. We were trying to force our way up one of these narrow chutes where there was no room for manoeuvring.

At last I sent four men ashore with a tracking line and with the extra pull that they exerted we began to make headway. Everything was going finely when the tiller line broke. In an instant the trackers were pulled off their feet and the current drove us over a submerged bar and crushed us against the bank. Making the boat fast, we gave her a thorough examination and found that the propeller was broken, the tunnel badly scarred, and the shaft worn. Nothing but a complete overhauling would fit us for the fight with the Chulitna canyon.

Our first duty was to haul the stern out of water, and as the *Explorer* was lying with her bow up stream, we had to turn her around. As the current was exceedingly swift, we were afraid to let the current take her bow around, so we made a line fast to the bitts with the idea of easing her. After anchoring the stern firmly, we cast off the bow, but a battleship's hawser would not have held against that current, and when we finally succeeded in pointing her stern upstream, we had broken a manila line, torn the bitts out by the roots, and nearly killed a man who got tangled in the hawser.

Before turning her we had to unload all our duffel—a good-sized job in itself. Then, after hauling the *Explorer's* stern out of water with the help of a "deadman" sunken in the frozen gravel and a block and tackle, we recorked the tunnel and sheathed it with tin from kerosene cans. We then put in a new steel shaft and propeller, melting our babbitt in a frying pan. Twelve hours later, with a new tiller line insuring the strength of our steering gear, we were flying up the Chulitna with everything in better working order than before the accident.



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(a la Quina du Perou)

The ONE preparation on this market that has received so many written endorsements from the leading Canadian Medical Authorities.

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VANCOUVER, B.C.

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Money will earn **6 to 10%**
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THE PEOPLE'S TRUST COMPANY LIMITED

Authorized Capital, \$500,000

TRUSTEES EXECUTORS
VALUATORS ESTATE AGENTS

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PHONE 8744

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Special attention given to capital received from British and Eastern Canada investors.

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LIMITED

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(Dec. 31, 1939)

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We have them from 3 to 500 acres. If you want one with little or no improvements, or one combining a high state of cultivation with a beautiful home, we can supply either at very reasonable prices, with a small cash payment, balance on easy terms.

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(Members Vancouver Stock Exchange)

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50% More Income

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Code Address "BIZEN VANCOUVER"
Code: Western Union Universal Edition

City Property, Waterfrontage, Trackage, Estates Managed
Rents, Loans, Insurance, Stocks and Bonds, Farm Lands
Fruit Lands, Timber Lands, Coal Lands, Mines and

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Incorporated by Special Act of the
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properly worked will make you independent and produce a dividend the first year.

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Established 1906

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This is perhaps the ideal occupation for all who are desiring to reach the simple life

We are giving you an opportunity to get back to first principles. We are offering another Garden of Eden: the Arrow Lakes District of West Kootenay, British Columbia, one of the most delightful spots in the world in which to live.

We clear, plant and irrigate your 10-acre orchard and sell it to you for \$200 per acre, on easy terms over five years. A strong company handles your money and guarantees that we do as we promise.

You can have your money back if you are not satisfied. It is

THE APPLE ORCHARD OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

We would like to give you full information. Write us today. This offer is limited.

Chas. A. Bodie & Co. Limited

614 Pender St. West Vancouver, B. C.

IS YOURS A BIG POSITION?

Are you satisfied that your present position is equal to your abilities? Or do you think you are ready for something bigger? Many a man keeps hanging on to a small position when a little more training would show him just how to make the change to more money and bigger prospects.

GET THE SHELDON BOOK

You are anxious to begin your training at once. Then send us your name and address TODAY and we will mail you a copy of the Sheldon Book FREE. It will start you on the right road. Let Sheldon's book do for you what it has done for others. More than 40,000 men have profited by the Sheldon Book. And your Free Copy goes forward as soon as you give the word. Give it today with this coupon.

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Please send me FREE copy of THE SHELDON BOOK and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

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Street

City

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THE SHELDON SCHOOL

401 Pacific Building, Vancouver, B. C.

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To assist the Magazine? If you appreciate the Magazine and realize what it is doing and is capable of doing for the province, for your city and district in particular, we feel sure that you will be willing to assist us in every way possible.

You can assist

By recommending the Magazine to your neighbors and to your friends at a distance.

By dealing with our advertisers; and when writing or calling upon them state that

You saw it in the British Columbia Magazine

Our advertisers are worthy of your patronage and by purchasing from them you not only help yourself, you encourage them. You also help the Magazine, as by securing results our advertisers are more willing to continue using our pages, and others will be induced to come in, therefore say

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BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE one year \$1.50
Monthly

B. C. SATURDAY SUNSET one year 2.00
Weekly
\$3.50

\$2.50 Both Publications for one year, only \$2.50

This is a very low price for these two leading publications. The *BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE* is splendidly illustrated with photographs of all parts of British Columbia, and the reading matter also deals entirely with true stories and happenings in the Province. The *B. C. SATURDAY SUNSET* is a *WEEKLY* paper for both young and old. It offers comments on the leading questions of the day and deals largely with the affairs of British Columbia. Quite recently an 8 page Illustrated Section has been added to this popular Weekly, and already the publishers find, by the number of new subscriptions turned in, that the Public appreciate good pictures of every phase of life, industrial activity, development, natural resources, scenery and other matters of interest in the Province.

NOTE THIS GREAT BARGAIN

<i>British Columbia Magazine</i> (monthly)	\$1.50
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<i>Weekly Province</i>	1.00
		\$4.50

\$3.00 ALL THREE FOR ONE YEAR \$3.00

OR THIS OFFER

<i>BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE</i>	\$1.50
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These Two for One Year **\$1.75**

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Extra postage to U. S. A.

I want the names and addresses of Ten Thousand Catholics

I want to get in touch with ambitious men and women of the Catholic faith who desire to better their financial condition.

I want to tell them about the organization of a Company having for its field twenty million Catholics or one-fifth of the population of the United States.

While Catholics only are permitted to hold stock in this Company it is not a religious undertaking and we are not commercializing the church. It is limited to Catholics because of a need for just such an institution. The Catholic people are today contributing nearly one hundred million dollars a year to 170 companies in which they have fifth ownership of representation, yet in 1907 the average earnings of 35 of these companies was no less than **25% per cent.**

This is not a get rich quick scheme, but a high-class business enterprise endorsed by leading laymen. Among its officers and directors are an ex-United States Senator, a Congressman, the President of an insurance company, the attorney of one of the largest railroads, the President of a bank, the ex-Assistant Attorney General of a western state and a Judge of the highest Court. Already one-fifth of the stock has been sold to bankers and business and professional men.

Endorsed by Leading Catholics

The President of the Citizens State Bank of Paola, Kansas, says: "I have put my money into this company, believing that it is safely and profitably invested, and I heartily endorse and recommend the Company to my friends." **The Vice President of the Illinois National Bank of Peoria, says:** "My

contribution for a block of stock in your Company is the best evidence of my faith in your organization. In my judgment you are offering an unlimited good proposition which ought to appeal to every shrewd business man."

The ex-Assistant Attorney General for Colorado says: "I believe that every Catholic that has money should take advantage of this opportunity to purchase a block of stock. The earning power of the Company and consequent large profits to the stockholder are beyond question."

The President of the Gilpin Construction Company of Salt Lake City says: "I do not know of a better investment. It presents a tremendous earning capacity and, being under Government supervision, assures absolute safety to the stockholder."

The Editor of the San Francisco Leader says: "I predict for the Company unquestioned success. I regard the stock as essentially a permanent income producer."

The President of the Hibernia Insurance Company says: "There appears to be a large field for a Company of this character."

The ex-Attorney General of Nebraska says: "This Company has elements of strength not possessed by any other."

The Prosecuting Attorney for Pacific County, Wash., says: "Because of my confidence in the Company I have become a stockholder in it."

If You Have Money in the Savings Bank

I can prove to you that money can earn more than 4 or 5 per cent, which is all you receive on a savings bank deposit. No man ever became rich by simply depositing his money in a savings bank or leaving it on deposit therein. As "Catholic Weekly" in its issue of January 21st, 1911, very truly says: "For the average man there is no legiti-

mate reason for keeping more than a small amount of money in a savings bank—he should equip himself to use his own money in the way that savings bank trustees use it after he has deposited it in their care. The investments made by those trustees though carefully guarded by law in most of these states where savings accumulations are largest, yield more than 4 per cent, and the man with \$100 surplus should be able to act for himself."

In other words: If the bank pays you 3½ or 4 per cent interest on your money and makes it earn three times that amount for the bank itself, why should not you yourself invest the money and receive the large dividend it earns instead of the bank receiving it?

If You Can Save \$5 a Month or More

The stockholders of this Company are all on an equal basis. The man who can buy one thousand shares (which is the limit for any one person) has no advantage over the man who can buy only five shares. The only difference is that the more money a man invests the more he will receive in dividends. If you can save only \$5 a month it will enable you to buy an interest in our company on our easy terms of payment, and you can add to your holdings from time to time as you can save the money.

You Must Act Quickly

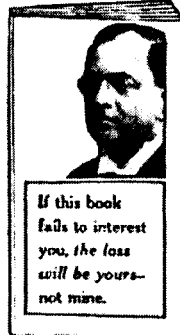
On the basis of sales made we only need ten thousand stockholders to absorb our entire capitalization. We already have fifteen hundred. Out of twenty million people it will not be difficult to interest the necessary eighty five hundred. It is simply a question whether or not you wish to be one of the favored ones. It is only by investing money where it can work for you that you can hope to win more than a mere competence. Start on the road to financial success by writing for a copy of

My Free Book

Do it now! Today! Opportunities must be seized when they present themselves. In thirty years there has not been a chance like this. Similar organizations are paying dividends of over **100 PER CENT** to the original investors. If you are a Catholic and are looking for an investment where the money you invest is absolutely safe and protected by law, where the stock will increase in value and will, I believe, pay handsome dividends, write me today and ask for a copy of my free book.

PHILIP HARDING

Dept. 801 Box 96
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If this book fails to interest you, the loss will be yours—not mine.

This Book is Free

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The hub of motor travel through Vancouver Island is Victoria.

Unsurpassed roads.

Mountain lakes and streams.

Famous hotels and resorts.

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The greatest forests in the known world.

Sea beaches of indescribable charm.

Salmon and trout fishing.

Fine, sunshiny weather from May till October.

The most beautiful, varied scenery in North America.

Indian villages and aboriginal scenes.

Fiords, water-falls and distant glaciers.

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No! to know Vancouver Island is to miss Dreamland.

Victoria, the Koh-i-noor of Cities.

DEPT. 44

Vancouver Island
Development League

VICTORIA, B. C., CANADA

Vancouver Island Development League

Victoria, B. C., Canada, Dept. 44

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NAME

ADDRESS

LEADING CITIES AND TOWNS

of BRITISH COLUMBIA and the NORTHWEST
The Opportunities They Offer and The Industries They Desire

Complete information regarding these places and their special advantages for certain industries are on file at the Bureau of Opportunity, conducted by the British Columbia Magazine, or may be obtained by writing direct to the secretary of the local organization

Figures Tell the Story of Vancouver, B. C.

Compiled monthly by The Vancouver Information and Tourist Association, 631 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

The B. C. E. Railway Company pays to the City certain percentages of the receipts on its train lines. The growth of Vancouver is indicated by the amount of these payments:

Year	Amount	Average per month	Amount
1901-5	\$20,626.69		\$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

Year	Total for Year	Month		
		JAN.	FEB.	MAR.
1910	\$414,988,818	1911 \$38,953,289	\$36,529,964	\$44,084,854
1909	287,529,994	1910 29,331,224	29,534,539	35,415,061
1908	183,083,446	1909 16,407,127	16,683,386	13,395,469

Land Registry—

Year	Total for Year	Month		
		JAN.	FEB.	MAR.
1910	\$223,179.20	1911 \$18,375.21	\$19,875.59	\$28,542.29
1909	148,145.17	1910 15,643.85	18,951.15	21,197.45

Customs—

Fiscal Year ending Apr. 1,	Total	
	1911	\$6,231,604.64
1910	3,932,338.35	
Increase	\$2,299,266.29	
Month		
JAN.	FEB.	MAR.
1911 \$417,023.00	\$484,966	\$681,919.00
1910 312,199.68	344,838	356,199.15

Building Permits—

JAN.	1911 \$1,412,442	FEB.	1911 \$1,047,060	MAR.	1911 \$2,147,798
1910	631,311	1910	880,795	1910	1,806,106
1909					
First 5 months	\$2,836,165			\$5,722,940	
" 6	3,493,183			6,885,800	
" 7	4,042,292			7,425,410	
" 8	4,883,430			8,270,645	
" 9	5,647,960			9,011,360	
" 10	6,135,575			10,298,355	
" 11	6,745,764			12,196,240	
For 12	7,288,565			13,150,365	
Total 1910				\$13,150,365	
" 1909				7,288,565	
Increase				\$ 5,861,800	

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE HOTEL DIRECTORY

All Government and Committee Publications sent free upon request. We have on hand copies of the following minutes and publications, which we will send upon application to Department H, Vancouver Information Bureau, Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver "Province," "World," "News-Advertiser," (dailies); "Saturday Sunset," (weekly); "British Columbia Magazine," "Fruit Magazine," (monthlies).

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS—New British Columbia, describing the Northern Interior (Bulletin No. 22), Agriculture in British Columbia (Bulletin No. 10), Hand Book of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 23), Game of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 17), Budget Speech, 1910, The Mineral Province, Report Minister of Mines for 1908, B. C. Medical Register, Report on Northeastern part of Graham Island, Annual Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia.

GOVERNMENT MAPS—British Columbia Northern Interior of British Columbia, Southwest Portion of British Columbia, Southeast Portion of Vancouver Island, East and West Kootenay District, Portion of Coast District, R. I. and Prince Rupert District, Western Portion of Vancouver Island, New Westminster District and adjacent Islands, Alberni District, Vancouver Island, Bella Coola District, Hazelton, Summerland, Burnaby, Nechaco Valley, Great Central Lake, Vancouver Island, Yale District.

COMMUNITY PUBLICATIONS—North Vancouver, Victoria and Vancouver Island, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Simulkaheen, Kamloops, Ashcroft, Chilliwack, Pentiction, Naramata, Vernon, Port Moody and surrounding Districts, Railway folders and pamphlets.

Firms Represented by Members of the Vancouver Tourists' Association

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

ACCOUNTANTS, AUDITORS, ETC.

Brooks, James, 337 Carrall Street.
Buttar & Chiene, 536 Hastings Street W.
Clarkson, Cross & Helliwell, Molsons Bank Bldg.
Crehan, Mouat & Co., 615 Pender Street
Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

Noble Advertising Agency, 543 Hastings Street.

ARCHITECTS.

Bayly, G. M., 614 Dominion Trust Building.
Donnellan & Donnellan, 319 Pender Street.
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.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
McLean, G. K., 45 Fairfield Building.
Thornton & Jones, 536 Hastings Street.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Roshford L. Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir Street.

ARTISTS

S. P. Judge, 8 Court House Block.

AUCTIONEERS.

Miller, J. J., 44 Hastings Street.

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Neatly Furnished.
Centrally Located.
Open Day and Night.
Courteous Attention.
Reasonable Rates.
Steam Heated.

European Plan - \$.75 up
American Plan - 1.50 up

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Phone 188

P.O. Box 573

100 ROOMS

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Cockburn's Art Gallery, 565 Granville St.
S. J. Thompson, 610 Granville Street.

BANKS.

Bank of British North America, Hastings Street.
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton and Hastings Sts.
Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings Street W.
Bank of Vancouver, Cambie and Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 346 Hastings Street.

BARRISTERS.

Cassidy, R., K.C., Crown Building.
Shaeboham, Thos. E., Cotton Building.
Williams, A., K.C., Molsons Bank Chambers.

BILLIARD TABLES, ETC.

Brunswick Balke-Collender Co. (The), 552 Beatty Street.

ROOT AND SHOE DEALERS

Stark, Edward, 623 Hastings Street.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Anvil Island Brick Co., 324 Seymour Street.
Dairon & Williams, 531 Pender St.
O'Neil, Wm. & Co., 559 Seymour Street.

BUTCHERS.

Burns & Company, P. 18 Hastings Street.
Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd., 150 Hastings Street.



"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

Building, concrete, steel and marble.
 Located, most fashionable shopping district.
 210 rooms, 135 baths.
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 Most refined hostelry in Seattle.
 Absolutely fireproof. English Grill.

Rates, \$1.00 up

Seattle's House of Comfort

Hotel Washington Annex

Canadian visitors to Seattle invariably make this hotel their headquarters. It is centrally situated in the heart of the theatre and shopping section. Modern in every particular with excellent cuisine and service. Auto 'bus meets all trains and boats. Wire for reservation.

J. H. DAVIS, Proprietor

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Wampton Bros., 581 Granville Street.
 Vancouver Bakery, 850 Granville Street.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bailey Bros., Ltd., 540 Granville.
 Forsyth, G. S. & Co., Cor. Homer & Hastings Sts.
 Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.
 Vancouver Book Co., 932 Granville Street.
 White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

BREWERIES.

Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.

BROKERS.

Beddington, K. G. & Co., Cotton Building.
 Canadian Development Co., Ltd., 338 Hastings.
 Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
 Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
 Gibbs, G. M., 555 Granville Street.
 Gray & Gray, 207 Cotton Building.
 Grossman Trust & Loan Co., Cotton Building.
 Keatts, J. D., 405 Bower Bldg.
 Mather & Noble, 629 Hastings Street.
 MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
 McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
 Smith, E. J., 414 Seymour Street.
 Weeks, Edward S., 407 Hastings St. W.
 Wolveston & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

**BROOM AND WASH-BOARD
MANUFACTURERS.**

Crown Broom Works, 332 Front Street.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Central Business College, Pender and Richards

CABINET MAKERS

Davidson & Labik, 428 Clark Drive.

CASH REGISTERS.

National Cash Register Co., 324 Cambie Street.

CITY DIRECTORIES.

Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Cartwright, C. E., Cotton Building.
 Macdonell, Gzowski & Co., 505 Hastings St., W.
 Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

COMMISSION BROKERS.

Des Brisay, M. & Co., Fairfield Building.

When writing to Advertisers please mention British Columbia Magazine

For **INFANTS,**
INVALIDS,
and the
AGED.

BENGER'S

**A FOOD OF GREAT
NUTRITIVE VALUE**

which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk, and forms a delicate and nutritive cream, which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

The *Lancet* describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation." Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for *Facsimile Benger's Food and How to Use it.* This contains a "Cause and Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and points out the best food on the case of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Great Works, Margate, England.

Benger's Food is sold in this city by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

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Evans, F. G., 139 Water Street.
Alex. Marshall, 144 Water St.

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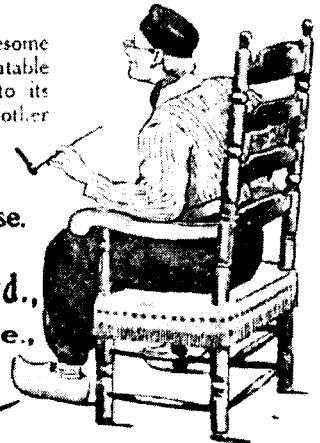
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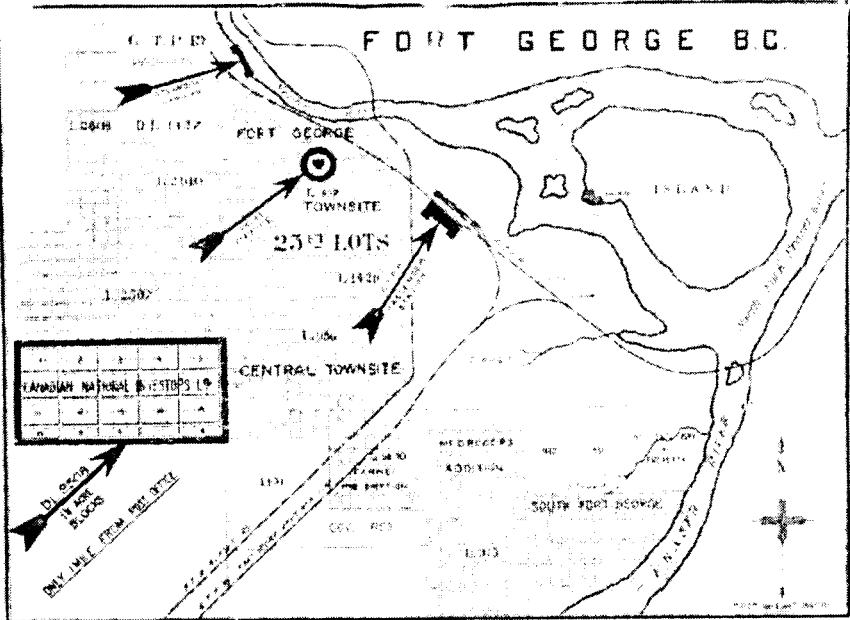
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