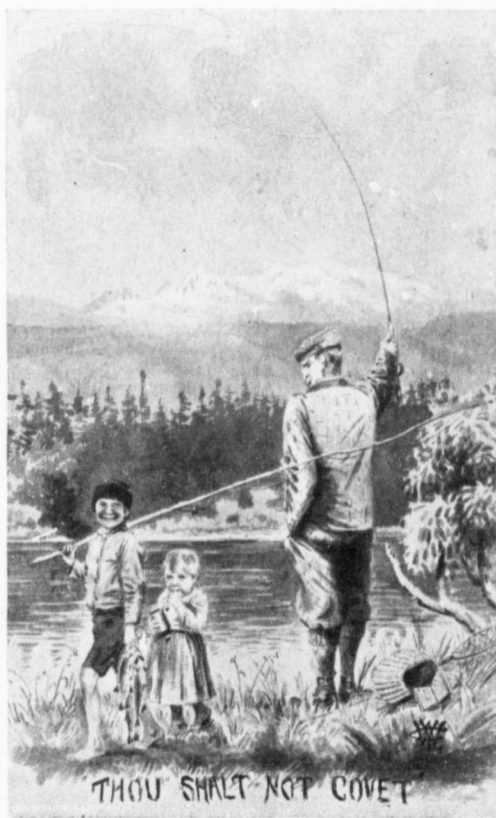
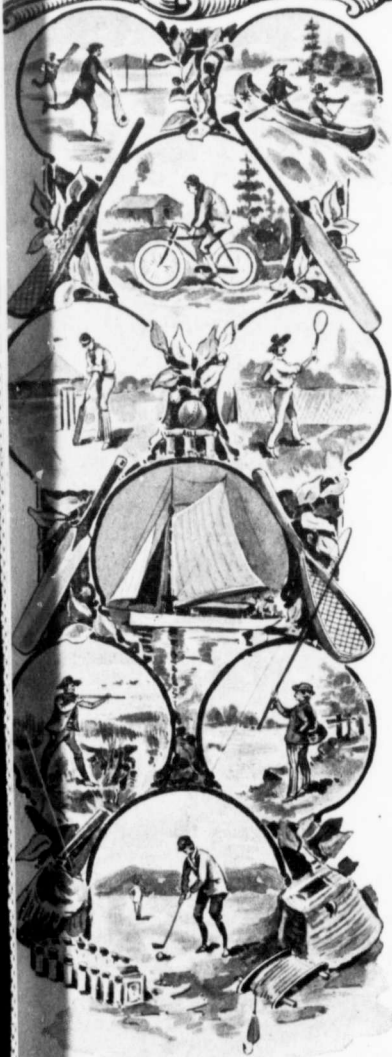


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WESTERN RECREATION

Vol. 1 MAY, 1897 No. 2



PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

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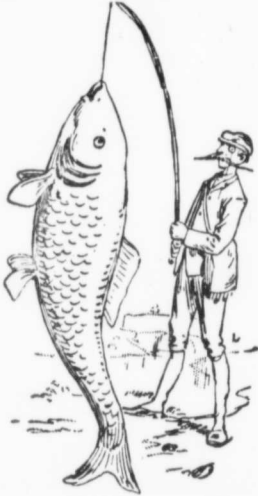
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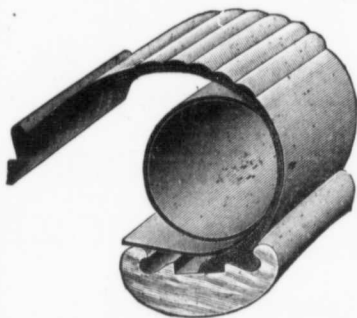
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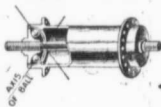
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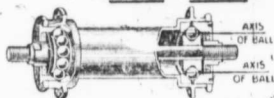
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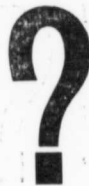
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WESTERN RECREATION

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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IF YOU KNOW anything that will interest our readers, tell us about it; if you want to know anything we can tell you, ask questions.

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"IN UNKNOWN WILDS."

Tahsis River, Near its Mouth.

Junction of Woss and Kia-anch Rivers.

Great Central Lake.

Kowse Mountain and Glacier, Head of Woss Lake

Above Hell's Gate, Kia-anch River.

PHOTO. BY E. FLEMING.

[SEE PAGE 60]

WESTERN RECREATION.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1897.

NO. 2.

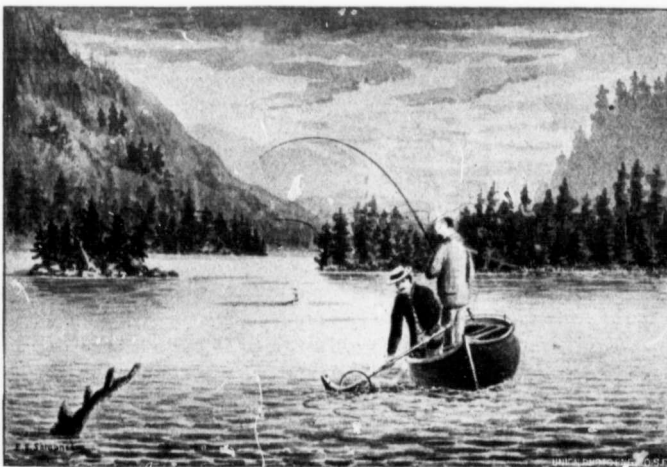
WHERE "THE BEAUTIES" MAKE THEIR HOME.

By H. W.

FROM a minnow to a whale—all sorts and sizes and conditions of fish are at home in the waters of British Columbia and the States of the Union immediately to the south. Even the great sea serpent has his permanent headquarters a little to the north and west of Quatsino Sound.

To call into service a well-worn phrase, these waters constitute a "fisherman's paradise," for they have not yet been fished out, nor can they be for centuries to come; their environments are the most picturesque conceivable; and at the same time their finny inhabitants are infinitely more "game" than fish usually are that have their home in non-exhausted waters.

The first impressions that a great percentage of the world forms of the Pacific Northwest are woven about a tawny Indian standing waist-deep in a river of intensest blue, holding proudly forth a lordly salmon. The passiveness of the salmon does him dishonor, but the Siwash is idealized in atonement. Such is boyhood's memory of the picture adorning the world-girdling tin of canned fish that has been the most indefatigable missionary and advertising agent of the Pacific Province and States. And although closer acquaintance is fatal to the good opinion formed with regard to the Indian, it increases respect for the salmon. He is larger, handsomer, more numerous and in every way as



Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Sooke Lake.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY E. S. SHRAPNEL.

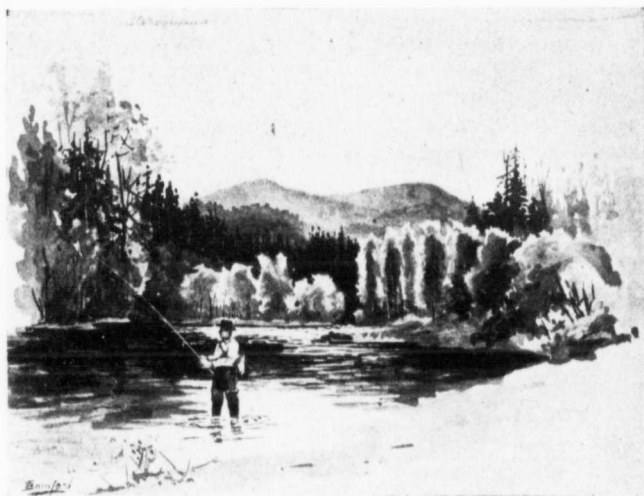
admirable as the lithographer, or even the greater artist Fancy, can depict him.

Many are the stories told of the immense quantity of fish making up a "run" at the height of a good salmon year, the majority of which are promptly set down as travellers' tales by residents of less favored sections of the world—how the river steamers have been stopped by their paddle wheels becoming clogged with salmon; how high water has been brought about by the thronging of fish to the spawning

they crossed over on the dry land," said the teacher.

"Halo," answered the Siwash, shaking his gray locks with positive conviction. "Halo dry land. Hiyou salmon, may be—they walk over on them."

The only thing that has yet been charged to the discredit of the salmon is that he will not rise to the fly. And with regard to this even, there is conflict of evidence. As recently as last summer a gentleman of Cowichan, whose credibility is as unassailable as



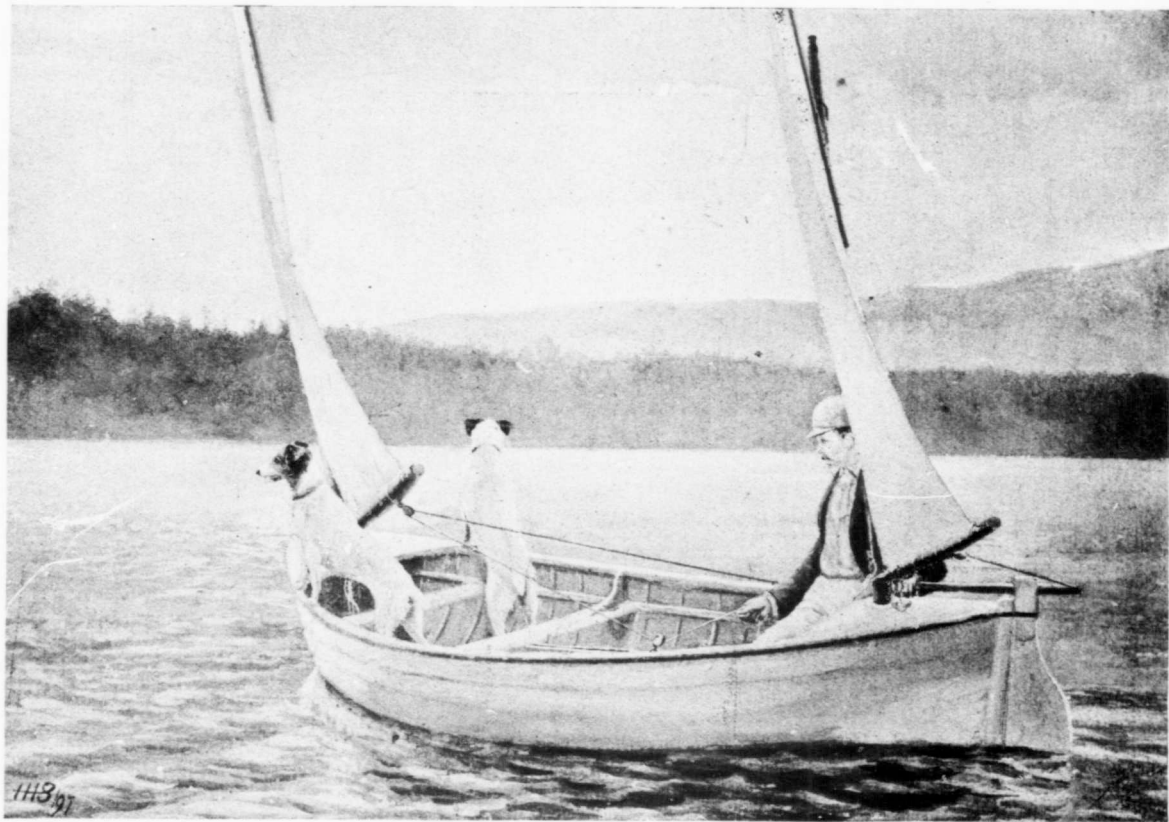
Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Sahtlam, on the Cowichan.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY THOMAS BAMFORD.

grounds; how hundreds and thousands are actually crowded out of water in shallow places. In fact there are no limits to the illustrations when the quantity of the salmon supply is concerned. It even tinges the Siwash's opinion of the truth of Biblical history, for a pioneer missionary of the Methodist church relates how sharply he was "called up" by a gray-haired old tillikum to whom he had been describing the passage of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel.

"And so with Moses at their head,

his reputation as a sportsman, landed four splendid salmon trout within two hours by whipping river pools for them—and in each case the fish gave him a battle royal. Other examples are numerous, while instances of refusal are equally easy to obtain, so that from a review of the evidence pro and con, it would appear that the salmon trout will rise to the lure on some occasions and on others will respectfully decline. When he does take it into his head to accept the invitation, the fisherman may rest assured that he has with



Famous Fishing Waters—"A Good Look Out For'ard"—Quamichan Lake.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY H. HARDEY-SIMPSON

him a foeman worthy of his angling.

To British Columbia, and a British Columbian—Sir Richard Musgrave—belongs the honor of establishing a world's record in the fishing line, which it will be hard indeed for envious anglers to approach. According to A. N. Cheney's big fish record appearing in "Forest and Stream" of the 27th February last, record honors among the salmon have been conceded to ex-President Arthur, whose 54-pound fish, killed with fly in the Cascadia

after half an hour's exciting sport the angler succeeded in landing his prize—undoubtedly the largest fish ever taken with rod and line. Measured, his highness of the salmon tribe proved to have a length of 4 feet 3 inches with a depth of 14 inches, while his weight was just a fraction over 74 pounds. In order that such a treasure might not be altogether lost to the world of anglers, Sir Richard presented his prize to the Provincial Museum at Victoria, where a perfect cast is now on exhibition to



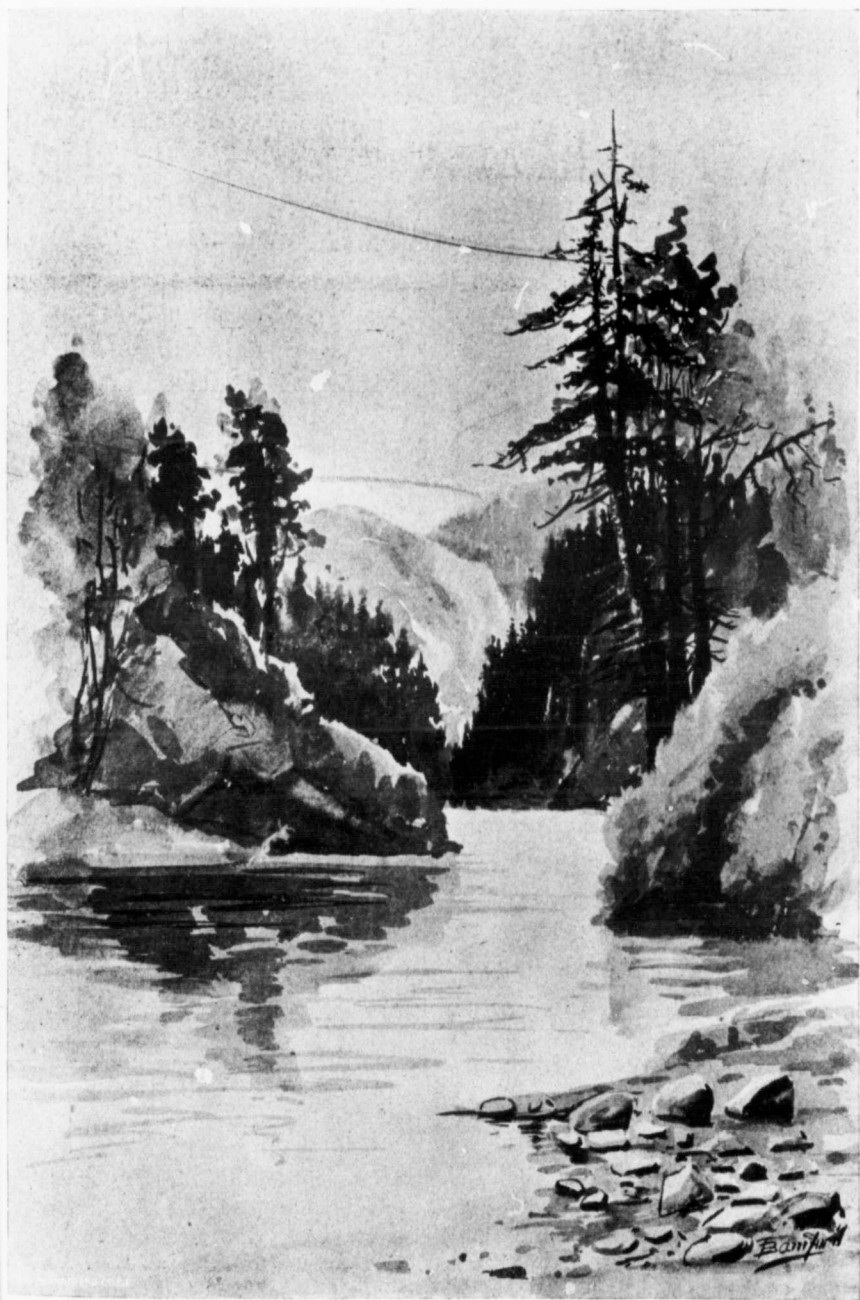
Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Trolling in the Straits of Fuca.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY LIONEL C. BARFF.

river, was admitted the largest fish of its kind ever taken with a line. This monarch of the Eastern rivers cannot hold his own, however, with the tyhee or spring salmon of the West. It was one of these noble fish (*Oncorhynchus Chonicha*) that Sir Richard Musgrave had the good fortune to get on while amusing himself with the rod on Campbell river, Vancouver Island, during September of last year. The writer has no precise information as to the fly in use at the time, other than that it was a dark body; suffice it to say that

excite the wonderment and admiration of all visitors. The illustration appearing in connection with this article is from a photograph of the cast, taken at the Museum.

But the salmon is not by any means British Columbia's only fish, nor yet the only one worthy of the sportsman's most serious consideration. Not a lake or a stream in the Western Canadian Province or in the States of Oregon or Washington but teems with trout, and no better sport with rod and line is to be had in any other section of the

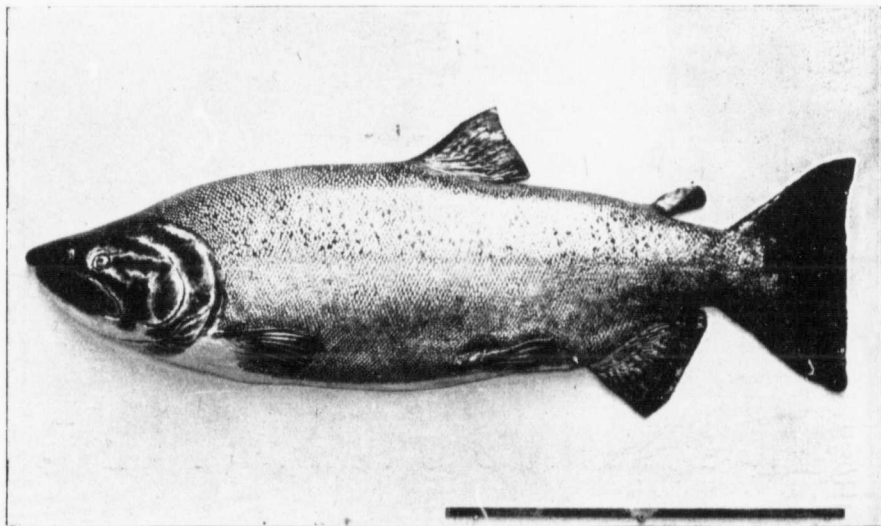


Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Koksilah River.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY THOMAS BAMFORD.

world. In weight these trout of the Pacific Northwest have a little the advantage over their Eastern or their Old Country relatives, while in dash and battling ability they take second rank to none. The Provincial authorities have never found it necessary to take any precautions for husbanding the supply of game fish in British Columbia—as yet there appears to be not the slightest danger of exhaustion—but the Dominion has seen fit to prescribe a close season for certain varieties, with

of Vancouver Island. Kills of dozens in half a day, the fish averaging a pound or a pound and a half each, are the rule rather than the exception for streams within easy access of the centres of population, while eight and nine pounders are known to lurk in the favorite streams to tempt the best endeavors of the veteran angler. To him who would go farther afield than a few hours' railroading will take him, there is practically no limit either as to the number of fish he may put in his basket



Spring or Tyee Salmon—Landed by Sir Richard Musgrave, at Campbell River, Sept. 1895—Weight 74 pounds.

PHOTO. BY MAYNARD FROM A GELATINE CAST BY JOHN FANNIN.

what wisdom is a matter of varying opinion. The season thus commences in mid-March, and from all reports it has opened uncommonly well this year, the fish, notwithstanding the cold snap, showing up silvery, strong and in good condition, especially at Shuswap and the neighboring lakes, and in the Coquitlam and Brunette rivers, on the Mainland, and in Sooke, Cowichan, Shawnigan, Quamichan and Cameron lakes, the Sooke, the Cowichan and the Koksilah rivers—famous fishing waters

or the weight of the individual victims.

For the convenience of the fisherman who desires not to be a law-breaker, as well as for the warning of the less honorable lovers of rod sport, it is highly desirable that a clear and concise presentment of fishing law should be made in British Columbia before many months more have flown by. At present the fishing laws seem terribly tangled—not so much where the "commercial" as where the "sporting" fishes are concerned. The ap-



Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Sooke River.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY E. S. SHRAPNEL.

pendent notes of what he may and what he may not do, may be of value to the fisherman, but what is wanted is something in the nature of the abstract of the game laws prepared by Superintendent Hussey—only applied to fish. At present the fishing laws and regulations prescribe for :

“Salmon of all kinds—Close seasons from the 15th September to the 25th September, both days inclusive, and from the 31st October to the last day of February, both days inclusive. Fishing by net must be under license from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. The meshes of nets for catching “Quinnat” or spring salmon in tidal water, shall be $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches extension measurement, and nets shall only be used from the 1st March to the 15th September. The meshes of nets for catching all other kinds of salmon shall be $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches extension measurement, and nets shall only be used between the 1st July and the 25th August, both days inclusive, and between the 25th September and the 31st October, both days inclusive. No one is permitted to fish for salmon between 6 o'clock Saturday morning and 6 o'clock Sunday evening. Drift nets shall not obstruct more than one-third of the river or stream, and must be 250 yards apart. Seines may only be used within 500 yards from the mouth of any river.

“Whitefish and Salmon Trout—Close season from 1st October to the 30th November, both days inclusive. These fish may be caught by net on

license being obtained from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

“Speckled and Brook Trout—Close season from 15th October to 15th March, both days inclusive. These may be caught only by hook and line.

“Sturgeon—Close season from 1st June to 15th July, both days inclusive. Gill nets, drift nets and baited hooks only are permissible, except under special license. The meshes of nets shall be 12 inches extension measurement; not more than six hooks, five feet apart, may be attached to each line; and no sturgeon shall be caught under four feet in length.

“Oysters—Close season from 1st June to 15th September, both days inclusive.

“All other fish—May be taken at any time.

“The use of explosives at all times, as well as the use of salmon roe, is properly forbidden under heavy penalties.”

Up to the present time fishing for trout or salmon trout with a fly, or trolling for the larger specimens of the finny tribe have constituted the total almost of sport fishing in the Far West. There are perhaps dozens of other fish equally deserving of attention and to which scarce a thought has heretofore been given. The writer has pleasant memories of many an exciting half hour spent with the black sea bass, which make that fish a tried and respected friend.

“But that is another story.”





Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Shuswap Lake.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY LIONEL C. BARFF.

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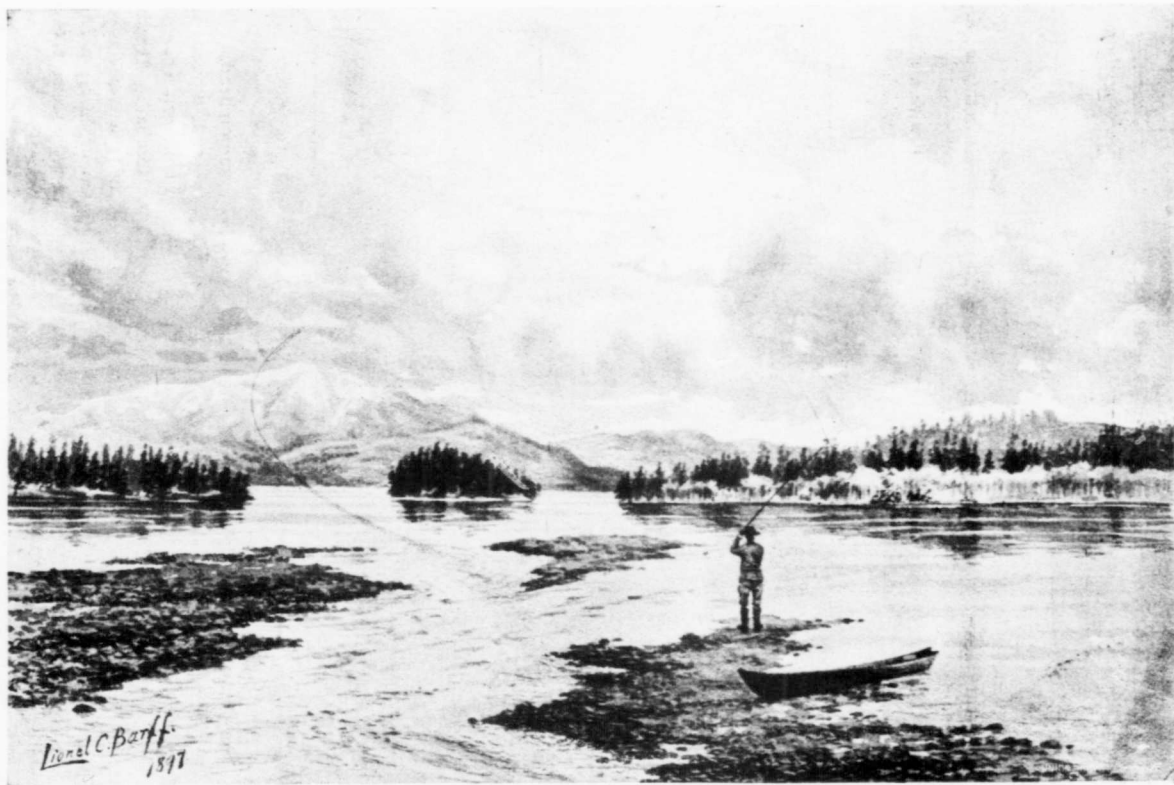
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“But that is another story.”





Famous Fishing Waters of British Columbia—Shuswap Lake.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY LIONEL C. BARFF.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By JOHN G. BROWN AND ARTHUR DAVEY.

PREVIOUS to the autumn of 1863 Association football was quite unknown, and indeed, what is known to-day as the Rugby game was also. At that time the public schools were the exponents of football, and each great school such as Harrow, Eton, Rugby, Winchester and Westminster had its own laws and would play none other. As a consequence the

able to all. After several meetings a code was framed which was an honest attempt to incorporate the laws of all interested, but chiefly those of the Rugby, and what was afterwards known as the Dribbling game.

Shortly afterwards a meeting of the representatives of the principal schools was held at Cambridge with a similar object, to arrange rules which should



PHOTO. BY SKENE LOWE.

The Wanderers' Champion Team, 1896.

only matches they could have were secured by selecting teams from amongst themselves, or when a team of "former pupils," or, as they were then known, "Old Boys," visited the school for the purpose.

Under such a system, progress or development of any kind was impossible. In the fall of 1863 a meeting of the representatives of the various schools and clubs was held in London for the purpose of forming an association and framing a code of rules accept-

unite all under one common head. The rules then prepared and agreed to constituted the first known code of what is now Rugby football. At subsequent meetings of the association differences of opinion arose regarding the new rules, and an endeavor was made to have the most essential features of the Rugby game introduced. Strenuous objections were made to this, resulting finally in the withdrawal of the exponents of the Rugby game from the association, and from that day to

this the two games have been as wide apart as the poles.

In 1866 the last vestige of the Rugby game was eliminated from the Association code, and the game then became known as the Association game. Its popularity increased and clubs multiplied with extraordinary rapidity all over England, and about this time it made its appearance also in Scotland under the auspices of the Queen's Park Club—that famous organization that has stood out against professionalism like a giant and has done so much for Association football in Scotland.

About 1871 a challenge cup competition was established in connection with the association, and sixteen clubs entered, including the Queen's Park, Glasgow, Scotland. Owing to the distance this club would have to travel, they were allowed to be drawn in the semi-final game, their opponents being the famous Wanderers, of London. The game ended in a draw. Very great interest was excited in this contest, as it was looked upon as an international match, Scotland v. England, and it was this game that brought forth the suggestion of international matches between the two countries. For some time previous so-called international games had been played in London between teams selected as Scotchmen and Englishmen, but the team representing Scotland in many cases would have had some difficulty in proving their claims to Scottish birth.

Next year saw the institution of a purely international match between Scotland and England. It was played at Glasgow on November 30th, on the spacious grounds of The West of Scotland Cricket Club, and some five or six thousand people witnessed it. Contrast this with the international match between England and Scotland played last year, when 70,000 people were

present on the grounds of the Celtic Football Club at Parkhead, Glasgow.

From 1872 the Association game grew and flourished apace in Scotland, completely obscuring the Rugby game. New clubs were formed and on every available open space could be seen youngsters who found amusement in chasing the sphere.

In England this enthusiasm was also marked and extraordinary progress was made, until at last it was acknowledged that the Association game had come to stay, and judging from the immense crowds who watched the games, it was evident that the enthusiasm was not confined to the players.

Much of this success was due to the inauguration of the challenge cup contests, and although lately exception has been taken to these contests on the ground that they give rise to excessive rivalry, and that the stimulus given is not conducive to the best interests of the game, whatever truth there may be in these arguments, the fact remains that wherever cup competitions have been established new clubs have arisen, and as a natural consequence players have multiplied, and there is no doubt that the extraordinary development of the Association game during the last twenty-five years is attributable in a large measure to the influence of challenge cups.

Nor has this development been confined to the British Isles. Australia, Africa, India, Canada and the United States all have clubs and associations. It is true that in Australia, Africa and India the Rugby game is more popular, and in the United States, too, although in the Great Republic Rugby differs in some respects from that played in Great Britain. In Canada the Association game has taken hold and bids fair to secure first position in public favor against the Rugby game, although in many places Rugby

has a large measure of support from the public.

In the more thickly populated portions of Eastern Canada the game flourishes because of the more easily arranged matches with neighboring clubs, but where towns are situated long distances apart, requiring a loss of time of not less than two days, and a correspondingly large expense, it is very difficult to arrange a schedule of

itself. For some reason, during the last two years, these important events have been dropped, much to the regret of those who were interested in the game and had the pleasure of watching the matches.

The Senior Association in British Columbia was formed in Nanaimo in 1890. During the first few years teams from Nanaimo, Wellington and the Mainland entered in the competition



PHOTO. BY SKENE LOWE.

The Wanderers, 1893-4.

matches that will keep the interest of non-players alive, and it is detrimental to the interests of the players to have to play week after week against the same opponents—such as is the case in this Province.

In order to increase the interest in the Association game, international matches were arranged—England v. Scotland, Scotland v. The World—and were exceedingly well contested and excited much interest, both in those particular matches and in the game

for the valuable cup which was subscribed for, and which Nanaimo won until the year 1893, when the "Wanderers," of Victoria, formerly the "Albions," entered the association, putting an exceptionally strong team in the field. In the first match of the series in that year the Wanderers defeated Wellington with a score of 5 to 3 after a hard game, and in the final won from Nanaimo 5 to 1, taking the cup. The championship team was: Goal, Donaldson; backs, Glen and

Hook; half-backs, Blackburn, Deckers and Kearney; forwards, Peden, Goward (A. T.), right wing: McCann and Begg, left wing; and Johnstone, centre.

In 1894-95 Nanaimo recovered the championship and the trophy. In the first game the "Barracks" were defeated at Victoria by the Nanaimo Rangers. The Wanderers travelled to Wellington and defeated the team of that town by 4 goals to 2—but in the final match played at Nanaimo were defeated by the Rangers after a hard fought game, the score being 2 to 1. The victorious Nanaimo team was: Goal, Duffy; backs, English and Petticrew; half-backs, A. Thompson, Fagan and Forester; forwards, Riley, Fisher, R. Thompson, Quann and York.

Up to 1895 if a team was once defeated it had no further chance for the cup, but in that year the association introduced the league system under which each club played two home games. A win counted 2 points and a tie 1 point. The "Wanderers," Victoria; "Rangers," Nanaimo; and "Mapleleaves," Wellington, entered. The games and winners were as follows:—

	Played at	Won by	Score	
Wanderers v. Wellington	.. Vic	... Wand	... 5-0	
Wanderers v. Wellington	.. Well	... Wand	... 5-2	
Wanderers v. Nanaimo	... Nan	... Wand	... 4-1	
Nanaimo v. Wellington	... Nan	... Tie	... 2-2	
Wanderers v. Nanaimo	... Vic	... Wand	... 8-1	
Nanaimo v. Wellington	... Well	... Well	... 5-0	
	Games Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Wanderers 4	0	0	8
Wellington 1	2	1	3
Nanaimo 0	3	1	1

The Wanderers 1895-96 team was as follows: Goal, Partridge; backs, H. A. Goward and Stewart; half-backs, Rann, Petticrew and Falconer; forwards, Peden, A. T. Goward, McCann, Fall and Fall.

The Wanderers at the last fall carnival at Vancouver won from the

Mainland in competition for the provincial championship. The officers of the association for 1895-96 were: President, T. Crossan; Secretary, E. B. Drummond; Treasurer, L. Campbell. The senior teams entered for the cup this season are: "Wanderers," Victoria; "Rangers," Nanaimo, and "Barracks," Victoria. The standing of the clubs at this writing is: "Wanderers," Victoria, 2 wins; "Barracks," Victoria, 1 win; "Rangers," Nanaimo, nil.

The Intermediate Association was organized in the spring of 1895. Only players who had not played in a senior cup competition were eligible to play for the intermediate cup. M. McGregor was elected president, R. Hutchison, secretary; and W. Peden, treasurer. The "Junior Wanderers," Victoria; "Swifts," Nanaimo; and "Junior Mapleleaves," Wellington, entered the association.

The first game was played at Wellington when the Swifts defeated the Wellington team. In the final game at Victoria the Junior Wanderers won from the Swifts by 6 goals to 2, thus gaining the championship for that year. The victorious team was: Goal, Wriglesworth; backs, Dallas and Peden (A.); half-backs, Winsby, Wilson (C.) and Sangster; forwards, Shandley, Wilson (G.), Campbell, Higgins and Johnston.

For 1895-96 the same officers were elected, and five clubs entered: "Junior Wanderers," Victoria; "Y. M. C. A.'s.," Victoria; "Swifts," Nanaimo; "Athletics," Nanaimo; and "Violets," Northfield. The first game was played at Victoria between the Swifts and Y. M. C. A., and resulted in a tie. The Y. M. C. A.'s. then travelled to Nanaimo and were defeated 2 to 0. The "Athletics" withdrew and the Junior Wanderers defeated Northfield at Victoria after a close game. In the

final game between the Junior Wanderers and the Swifts the score at time was 2 to 2, but on playing half an hour longer the Junior Wanderers won, again securing the championship. Their team was: Goal, Wriglesworth; backs, Peden (A) and Tucker; half-backs, Winsby, Wilson (C.) and Howard; forwards, Shandley, Wilson (G.), Gadsby, Jackson and Johnston.

The officers for the present season are: President, J. G. Brown; Vice-President, L. Campbell; and Secretary-Treasurer, W. Peden. Official referees: At Victoria, R. Livingstone; at Northfield, J. Dunsmuir and E. B. Drummond.

The following teams entered: "Junior Wanderers," Victoria; "Violets," Northfield; "Y. M. C. A.," Vic-

toria; and "Columbias," Victoria. The final game was played at Caledonian Park, Victoria, between Y. M. C. A. and the Northfield "Violets," on March 6th, the latter winning the match with a score of 2 to 1, and becoming the holders of the championship and cup for 1897.

On the whole the future of the Association game in British Columbia is extremely bright, the younger generation having taken to it much more than to Rugby. There are numerous junior clubs springing up in all the towns, while the schools have also taken hold and no doubt in time we will have a flourishing association, and many more competitors than at present. A Junior Cup is spoken of for next season.



THE FISHERMAN IN TOWN.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I jes' set here a-dreamin'—a-dreamin' every day,

Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin' on the rivers—fur away.

An' I kinder fall to wisbin' I was where the waters swish;

Fer if the Lord made fishin', why—a feller ought to fish.

While I'm studein' or a-writin' in the dusty, rusty town,

I kin feel the fish a-bitin'—see the cork a-going down!

An' the sunshine seems a tanglin' of the shadows cool and sweet,

With the honeysuckles danglin', and the lilies at my feet.

So I nod and fall to wisbin'

I was where the waters swish;

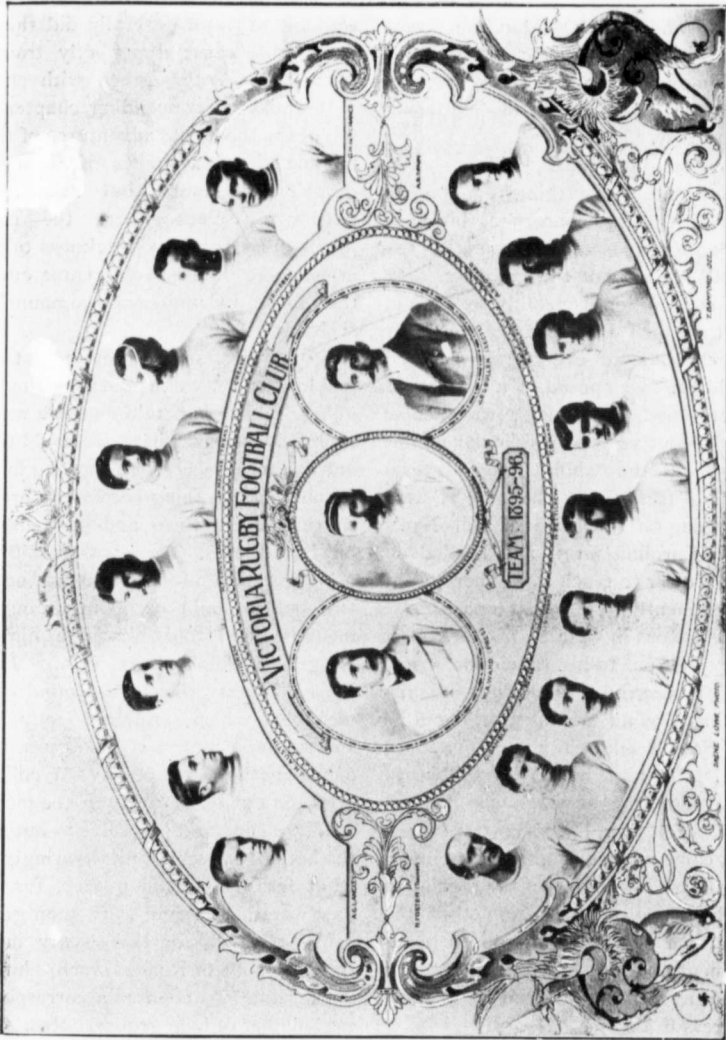
Fer if the Lord made fishin',

Why—

A feller

Ofter

Fish!



ROSS'S RANCH.

By OSCAR C. BASS.

ROSS is a hoodoo of the first order. He is a typical Bruce County boy—large boned, large natured and good humored, but combined with this is a queer concoction of crankiness, discontent, perverseness, cussedness and—most un-Scottish—impetuosity.

Ross bought a ranch. That should express the whole thing, so far as Ross's friends are concerned, but then all the thousands of WESTERN RECREATION'S readers don't know Ross. For their information it must be explained that the ranch was typical of Ross. It was contrary to everything a ranch should be. Composed of a stretch of bottom land, and the perpendicular sides of four very perpendicular mountains, and the whole thing several hundred feet above the sea, it was something on the scale of Bill Nye's North Carolina farm, and needed an Eiffel Tower to reach it. Therefore it was eminently safe from trespassers.

Well, Ross invited my friend Robert and myself out to his ranch for a few days' blue grouse shooting—he describing it as an "ideal spot," and he was Scotch enough not to say for what. After the usual formalities of preparation, one of which was to borrow George's big English setter (which Ross came near to shooting for a fawn) we got to the confines of the ranch one evening close on dusk, unhitched the horse, packed the grub and other impedimenta on him and ourselves, and began a modern Pilgrim's practical progress to the cabin.

How we got in is a mystery. My hair curls to-day at the thought of the narrow escapes that unfortunate horse had from complete decimation. He walked along logs and slid down precipices; he swam through water and

got mired in marshes; he walked along the edges of chasms whose giddy depths would make you shiver to look at; and generally did things that would cause a perfectly trained circus horse to turn green with envy.

It would be an unending chapter to tell of the thousand adventures of that terrible trip of two miles of darkness, despair and doubt, but at last on reaching a place where the chief feature was the inky blackness of the atmosphere, Ross's voice came out of the dark indefiniteness announcing "Here we are."

A quarter of an hour after that we had located the cabin and got the fire going. Ross had told us there was a splendid meadow where we could turn out the horse, so, promising the faithful animal something better to-morrow we rubbed him down and gave him a big feed of oats. There was absolutely no vegetation around that he could eat, but we built up his hopes on the meadow, and told him one night's hunger wouldn't hurt him. Poor horse! Next day we found the meadow, which produced only the sourest and coarsest of bad grass, and as we had no wish to have a colicky horse on our hands away in the mountains we contented ourselves—but not the horse—by feeding him sparingly on what ferns we could gather, for the oats were limited and were soon gone.

We climbed, for two weary days, the four walls of Ross's ranch, during which time we counted a corresponding number of blue grouse. Ross shot one of these in a tree off the top of one of the walls, and the bird was smashed in a thousand pieces in the terrible fall it had down the steep and rocky sides of the hill. The next day Ross came unawares on the other three birds as

their eyes were blinded with tears for their unfortunate companion, and he ruthlessly shot one of the mourners. There are only two blue grouse left now on Ross's ranch.

It was at night that we had the most touching experience, though; particularly touching to Robert. Robert is also a Bruce County man, the very opposite, however, of Ross. A quiet, easy going chap, with a heart as big as an ox; a tremendous traveller; grit to the core; and splendid company in the woods. We had to keep the horse in the cabin to prevent him eating the sour stuff outside; but he made up for it by partially filling his inside with the moss that was stuffed in the interstices between the logs in the cabin walls. When he had finished all the

moss in his immediate neighborhood, he looked around for more, and found it, as he thought.

The bunk in which the three of us slept ranged close up to where the horse was tied. Robert, who is attached to a very nice set of whiskers and beard, slept on the outside, and he was awakened the third night out of a dream that he was luxuriating in a barber's easy chair having his whiskers trimmed, but of opinion that the barber had a peculiar breath. It was not until morning that he discovered that the horse had had a square meal off his whiskers.

That settled the thing—we started home that day, and Ross had the cheek to bring that poor grouse back to town.



Vancouver Hockey Club—Pioneers of the Game in British Columbia.

ATHLETICS AND THE STAGE.

By MAXINE ELLIOTT.



PHOTO. BY FALK.

Miss Maxine Elliott.

HAVE athletics a recognized place in woman's schooling for a successful stage career? Why the dramatic profession is in this very like any other calling—proper attention to physical development surely increases the chances for success a thousand-fold. It's a well worn saying, but nevertheless a true one, that a sound body and a healthy mind go together. The hard work inseparable from a stage career demands both. Its really laborious character cannot be realized by any, save those who have penetrated beyond the footlights' flare and made the acquaintance of stageland divested of its tinsel, robbed of its romantic settings and seen in the cold light of day. No profession in the world places heavier physical burdens upon the woman who would embrace it as her life calling; no profession makes heavier claim upon woman's power of endurance. To the actress whose season is spent upon the road, a sound constitution is as essential as a good memory—in fact the prompter may assist should memory play her false, but he is useless to prevent night journeys, cold dressing rooms, draughty theatres and the hundred and one other weapons with which the actress' health is attacked. To retain her health she must believe in and practice common sense athletics. Of course there's such a thing as over-doing athletics. But she who denies their necessity to the woman of the stage can surely have had no experience in that capacity.

UNEXPLORED VANCOUVER ISLAND.

By J. W. LAING, M. A., (OXON.), F. R. G. S.

A LAND of glorious mountains, shining, sparkling glaciers, perpetual snow, torrents, waterfalls, lakes and forests.

This was our experience after a forty-six days' trip through Vancouver Island in July and August, 1896. Our party consisted of the Rev. W. W. Bolton, M. A., and myself, Messrs. Jones and Garver our two guides and packers, from Seattle, and Mr. Edgar

John Buttle, now residing in San Francisco, spent two years of his life surveying and mapping out some of the unknown region of the island. From one of its central peaks he looked down upon the placid, blue waters of the beautiful lake far in the distance, to which, with the right of an explorer, he gave his name, but like Moses viewing the Land of Promise, he saw it only from afar. It was our



PHOTO. BY E. FLEMING.

Ascending the Rapids.

Fleming, photographer, from Victoria, B.C.

Enticing though the above description may sound, Vancouver Island in its interior recesses is no camping and tramping ground for the summer tourist. It calls for no mean powers of endurance and indomitable grit to penetrate its wild interior and explore the rocky fastnesses of this fascinating island, far up beyond the sinuous arms that reach inland from the ocean.

It was in 1864 and 1865 that Mr.

pleasure last year to plough the waters of Buttle's Lake and give an outline of it for the topographer.

In 1894, the Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A., Rector of St. Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, at the instance of the Province Co., of Victoria, explored new country to the north of the region traversed by Mr. Buttle, but stopped short at Woss Lake, a distance roughly, as the crow flies, of 70 miles.

Winter was approaching, and it was impracticable to cross those snow-

bound mountains and trackless forests at that advanced season.

In July, last year, the exploration southward was again resumed at my expense, and undertaken with a practical object in view—to fill in the gaps in the map of Central Vancouver, and not so much to follow in the wake of previous explorers who have crossed the island, and in places surveyed it, as to bring before the world the beauties and resources of this picturesque island. The topographer came first in our consideration, and then followed the farmer and the miner to be thought of and prospected for. The intended route to Buttle's Lake had been mapped out over that part of the country lying between the southern extremity of Woss Lake and Crown Mountain, but on our arrival at the Divide, 2,000 feet above the head of the lake, such a forbidding wall of rock met our gaze to the eastward; such sheer precipices thousands of feet high, shutting in not only Woss Lake, which we had passed, but the whole of the Tahsis Valley which ran before us, that it was deemed out of the question to consider for a moment scaling the perilous height, handicapped as were with heavy packs on our backs. A new route to Buttle's Lake was therefore determined upon from one of those sinuous arms of the sea running up far into the interior out of Nootka Sound. Descending to Nootka, in the slenderest of canoe, at imminent peril of life, we eventually made our way up the Tlupana Arm, at the head of which lay a mountain-girt valley inviting us upward into a new country. The stream is a lovely one that courses down this valley, not always gentle and not navigable, but in the winter broad and deep. It was heralded as the first discovery we had made; the Government map showed no trace of it and general consent named

it "Laing River." It was mapped as it took its easterly course, pointing straight in the direction of Buttle's Lake. For the last half-mile the river, a raging stream, forces its way through a narrow and deep defile, its sides running up sheer and perpendicular a thousand feet. The source of the Laing River is a still lake, shut in by gloomy mountains 2,500 feet above sea-level, and ten miles southward from Connuma Peak. This half-mile of tarn was entered on the chart as "Frisco Lake." Still higher one thousand feet, and 500 feet from the summit of the Divide is yet another mountain water which was pencilled down in the chart as "Cala Lake." To reach this we had to crawl hand over hand, scarcely daring to look behind us. The timber is scanty and dwarfed; of grass there is little, but heather bell and violets abound, and deck the rocky sides even to the verge of snow which crowns the Divide. The view stretched out on all sides was simply superb, but the further path lay before us uninvitingly amid web and woof of snowy peak and ravine. The chart gave us no assistance, for it was new country. A drop of 3,000 thousand feet and there was found a second river to christen, taking its course seaward at right angles to the one we had just followed. Its bed was sown with the *debris* of avalanches. This we forthwith mapped as "Boulder River," and this character it faithfully preserved until the last foot of its devious way into Muchalat Arm.

Our party had so far taken a zigzag course from Woss Lake to the extreme easterly point of Muchalat Arm, and had already covered more than half the supposed distance to Buttle's Lake. We pushed on. A river of some pretensions debouched into Muchalat Arm from an eastward direction. It took this course persist-



PHOTO. BY E. FLEMING The Catch Before Breakfast.

ingly, and was named "East River." Following up stream, it led us into the heart of the mountains. Here we encountered the same character of scenery as before—canon-like valleys, plenty of rock, plenty of timber and bush, through which we cut our way with aching hands.

Up and yet up, the summit being reached at a distance of twenty-four miles and an elevation of 6,000 feet above sea-level. Another unique panorama was before us! Mountains tossed in every direction, snow-capped above, timber-clad below; dizzy ravines and rushing water-falls; seven distinct peaks to the left, which looked out over the ocean, with Ice Lake, Balloon Lake and others at their right and left. Beyond the Divide commenced to trickle the sources of Mosquito River, now seen, named and

mapped for the first time. It bore swiftly downward east and northeast, sweeping rocky canons, fed by continual water-falls; through glassy lakelets, now underground, now through deep gorges and tunnels of fallen timber. It debouched into the long-looked for Buttlet's Lake. As we had been led to believe, the lake was not what its discoverer had depicted it on the chart either in outline or position.

Mr. Buttlet had figured it as ray-shaped, with a bulky island five miles across, running north and south. This island, which for thirty years has held its own on the map, proved to be a myth entirely. The rocklet it represents could be enclosed within the four walls of a dwelling-room. The lake itself is further to the west than mapped, and takes a direction north and south, straight as a dart nearly

through its entire length of twenty-five miles, slightly curved as it approaches the head.

Buttle's Lake is the peer of the island lakes. Everything is grand in its environment.

When Mr. Buttle returned home, thirty years ago, after viewing the region of this lake from the south, the Victorians treated him as a kind of Baron Munchausen. His tales of glaciers and snowy peaks and the other scenic effects of this wonderland were deemed preposterous and incredible, and they laughed him to scorn, but not, as it now appears, with any show of reason.

From Buttle's Lake the grandest mountain scenery and the hardest kind of travel began. The very centre of the Island was reached midway to the Great Central Lake. Two serrated ridges, shaped like a cross-bow, with giant glaciers nestling in their angle, were the main features of the landscape. In the sweep of the bow were peaks of varying altitudes and varying forms, many over 8,000 feet in height. These were the "Central Crags."

Here in the very heart of Vancouver Island, on one of its peaks, 7,800 feet above sea-level, the British and American flags were hauled out, nailed to adjoining trees, and left floating in friendly alliance side by side.

After ascent and descent many times repeated, and with many an aching bone, we reached at length the final stage of our exploration, and defiled on to the border of Great Central Lake, where we found friends with a canoe and a welcome supply of fresh provisions. The lake itself is 30 miles long (the longest in the Island) and three miles from its head, facing south-westerly, we came upon a curious and evidently most ancient hieroglyphic inscription, deeply engraven in the rock. Its antiquity was evident from the worn

surface of the cutting. What it represented it would be hard to say. Suggestions were hazarded of music staves, fish and trees, logs and seven-branched candlesticks combined. The Alberni Indians were consulted, but could only tell us that it was probably the work of an extinct race of Indians who were known to live on Great Central Lake more than a century and a half ago. Professor Franz Boas, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is more deeply versed in Vancouver Indian lore than any man living, has since been consulted, and a sketch of the inscription sent to him, with the result that he considers it to be of a similar character to the one he found on Sproat's Lake. According to him the various tribes of the West Coast say that all their carvings were made by their deity Quotiath, but they cannot even guess at their meaning. As a matter of fact all the lakes of the interior were visited by Indians at the time when they fasted and prayed in the wilderness until they believed spirits appeared to them. Several tribes of the Pacific Coast are known to have left records of such events on rocks either painted or sculptured. Professor Boas thinks it is impossible to tell exactly what the carving means. It struck him at first that it might represent a canoe, but that would not explain the central slanting bar; or it might be a tally or a record of a certain number of feasts. But all this is, of course, guess-work. Anyhow, the discovery was a very interesting one.

The attempt to traverse the Island from one end to the other is now an accomplished fact. There are still many portions awaiting careful travel, but they can be taken one by one. The central part of the Island will never be the farmers' home. The valleys contain no "bottom," where

grass land would be found, for they run sheer and steep down to creek or river edge. This interior is a beautiful land, but only from the standpoint of the artist, the mountaineer and the sportsman, and possibly the miner, though the prospects, poor as they are, are so far only of placer gold. The naturalist and florist would be sadly disappointed—this is speaking only of the centre of the Island. Flora and fauna are meagre, but ferns and mosses are, as elsewhere, very abundant.

Birds, both duck and grouse, are very scarce. Elk are to be found in special localities at the back of Kyuqupt Sound and near Sarita Lake, off the Alberni Canal near its mouth. Bear and deer are very plentiful. We came across ptarmigan and the peculiar track of the wolverine, as if it possessed but three legs. We saw also beaver and marten. As to the waters of the centre,

the larger lakes have fish in abundance, but the smaller ones have such raging torrents, that it is out of the question to cast a fly with any hope of success. One of the ideal spots which we pictured for the artist, the mountaineer, the sportsman and the fisherman was at the head of Woss Lake, that grand spot at the foot of Kowse Glacier—nature's masterpiece—an en-

chanting spot wherein to sojourn for a summer's holiday, if it could only be easily reached. There, just where the glacier stream mingles with the waters of the lake we saw myriads of trout and caught two dozen within an hour. The Laing River, at its mouth, is another ideal spot for the follower of the "gentle art." But of all these, commend me to the Head of Great Central Lake. There, two mountain streams

flow into the lake, and where these mingle their flood with its waters, innumerable trout were seen running up to six and eight lbs. One morning I captured fifteen before breakfast with a blue fly, the largest weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and delicious eating they were, pink-fleshed and firm. This spot in the month of May would be a veritable Paradise.

Of marble and slate the Central region is full, but they are practically inaccessible

It rains a good portion of the year and it rains well when it does rain.

This fact accounts for the myriad beauties of the Island, its deep-cut gorges, its dense forests, its rushing torrents, its musical waterfalls and its general *melange* of picturesqueness and wildness.

Truly, Vancouver is a most attractive island!

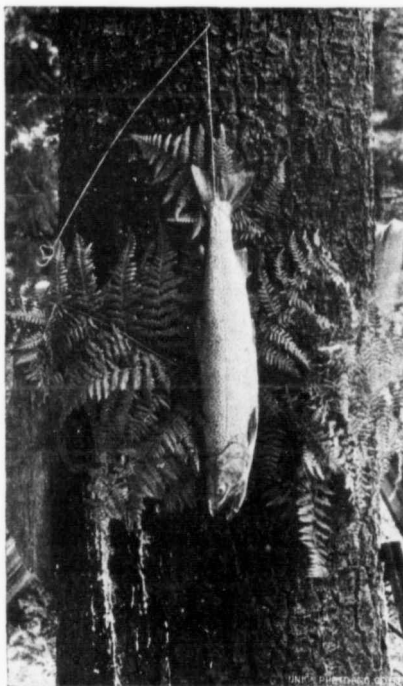


PHOTO. BY E. FLEMING. The Largest Trout.

TANGLED LINES.

By MADGE ROBERTSON.

MISS HILDA MUNROE sat idly in front of her bedroom fire.

Dinner was yet a far-off obligation and she had had tea at the clubhouse. This was after she and Jack Gray had played out twelve holes in the rain. She was languidly regarding her ruined boots and calculating up her day's losses and gains.

"Lost—One veil melted to black streaks on my face, 75 cents (I had worn it twice); one pair of boots—will send them to the Friendly Help tomorrow. Total, \$5—\$2 (which I would have given any way)—\$3., total, \$3.75. Gains—One ball, 40 cents; one hack drive—Jack would pay the man—\$1. And lost one glove, equal to a pair, slightly worn, say, \$1.50.

"Total loss—\$3 + 75c. + \$1.50 = \$5.25.

"Total gain—\$1.40.

"That leaves me \$3.85 out. And it's a dead loss, too," she reflected gloomily. "I did not enjoy it. Besides I have offended Jack and have lost him, too, and also Mrs. Macdonald's tea. She won't ever ask me again after the way I laughed at her when she drove off into the bunker."

Miss Hilda dimpled at the recollection of the waywardness of Mrs. Macdonald's ball. Then she sighed. "I don't think I'm a very lucky girl," she said mournfully. "Nobody loves me." And she was so sorry for herself that she managed to squeeze out a couple of tears. "I shall be an old maid and when Jack is married I shall stand behind a pillar, and as he leaves the church his radiant glance will fall upon a wan shrinking figure in deep black, and become immeasurably saddened."

The reflection of herself in this sombre role made her dimple again and she presently gathered energy enough

to get ready for dinner. In the dining-room her father was reading the evening paper, and standing with his back to the fire was—Jack! Hilda gazed severely at him.

"Papa," she said, "what do you mean by asking Jack to dinner when I have finally broken off my engagement to him?"

"I did not ask him, my dear. I found him here when I came down."

Jack grinned. "Don't you believe him, Hilda. He dragged me every step of the way here from the club."

"Under these circumstances," Hilda told herself, "I sweep haughtily to my end of the table, disdainingly." Which she proceeded to do. The dinner progressed in silence save for the suppressed tokens of merriment from Hilda's papa. Jack was preternaturally solemn. It was only as Hilda disposed of her pudding that she permitted herself a remark which was intended to be of the nature of a handy thunder-bolt.

"To-morrow I am going to be a heroine in one of Black's novels. In other words I am going fishing. My present fiance—at least he will be mine before night-fall to-morrow—is going to escort me, and Mrs. Kenny-Grange is going to chaperone him. If either of we women need chaperoning it will be Mrs. Kenny-Grange."

"Abominable woman," growled Jack. "She's just the sort of person I should expect to go tearing around the country with you and your to-morrow's fiance. Why doesn't she look after her husband and babies? If there is one abnormal creature it's a woman with a baby doing side-track flirting. She ought to be dropped from decent society. What did you say, sir?"

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Munroe's father hastily.

Hilda gave a gay little laugh as she went away from the table.

"Wouldn't society be extensive if all the women who did not go in wholly for domesticity were excluded from it? Anyway the disreputable trio I mentioned just now are going fishing to-morrow. Good-night."

The softest of beguiling rains melted into the river—we'll call it Cowichan—and be-jewelled the ferns along the brink. The maiden-hair swept its fronds gently along the surface, and the pretty leaves of commoner ferns showed their tenderest green in the moisture. A canoe glided—a canoe always glides in any properly conducted description—languidly up the river. It contained Miss Munroe's disreputable trio, and Miss Munroe sat dejectedly in the bow. Fishing had not proved to be unlimited enjoyment. None of them knew anything of fly-fishing.

Besides, matters had otherwise not turned out as Miss Hilda had anticipated. The escort had paid attention, not to Miss Munroe, but to the chaperone. This had been unexpected and displeasing. Nevertheless this could have been borne had the weather not also gone back on her. And none of them had caught anything. How horrid fishing is!

On glided the canoe. Mrs. Kenny-Grange was murmuring something about never meeting anyone who understood her, and Hilda imagined she could see the escort's back working in sympathy. Certainly he paddled erratically enough to suit the conversation. "They will be discussing affinities next," she thought disgustedly. And she let her mind stray after the good times she had had on similar occasions with Jack. When she had gone fishing with him and with her

father she was the first object of consideration—after the fish. The situation became unbearable. In all Miss Munroe's spoiled young life she had never been so shelved. She moved restlessly about in the canoe.

"Gracious!" shrieked Mrs. Kenny-Grange. "We shall be upset."

The escort also said something under his breath, which Hilda nevertheless heard and was proportionately furious. She subsided sulkily for a few moments beginning a lively feeling of hatred toward them both and getting more enraged every minute as she thought of the wasted day. "I might have been playing golf with Jack, or having a ride, or calling on those nice American girls in town. Ugh, what a fool I was!" Scraps of the conversation in front reached her unwilling ears. The shadows deepened on the river. All pretence of fishing had long since been given up, and Hilda contemplated with wicked satisfaction her line tangled into knots. It belonged to the escort.

"And so that is your real object in life," sighed Mrs. Kenny-Grange to the paddling youth.

Hilda jerked the line into another tangle. "How maudling!" she told herself angrily. She could not breathe the same atmosphere with these people a moment longer. Any change would be welcome even the upsetting of the canoe. A wild longing to see Mrs. Kenny-Grange and young N—— struggling in the water came to her. She dallied with the temptation a moment and then with an irresistible twist of her body around she overturned the canoe.

Sudden screams rent the air. Hilda alone was silent. She sank under the water—too horror-stricken to attempt to save herself.

When she came to the surface again she beheld her chaperone and the escort being dragged up on the bank

by another convenient fishing party, and saw that a boat was coming toward her. She was pulled ignominiously and painfully into it and presently three bedraggled figures sat mutely and mournfully on the river's brink. Around them maiden-hair fern grew disregarded.

Two days later Hilda was endeavoring to make terms with Jack. He was offering re-engagement to himself and silence on his part concerning the young woman's remark that the escort would be her fiance, and, also, concerning her part in the canoe's upturning. She had confessed to him. The others thought it accidental.

"That's all there is about it Hilda," he announced firmly. "Either you name the day you marry me or I congratulate young N—— on his engagement to you. Then when he says he is not engaged to you I shall say that it must be true because you told me yourself that you intended to consent to be engaged to him after your day's fishing together. I shall also tell Mrs. Kenny-Grange that you upset her on purpose."

Hilda groaned.

"As if I had not suffered enough."

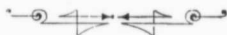
"No complimentary remarks will swerve me," interpolated Jack unmoved.

"I detest you both equally," she observed impartially.

"That's all right," returned her lover cheerfully. "Which is it to be?"

Miss Munroe went over the alternatives in her mind. If she gave in to Jack now—however she might treat him later, and she always intended to marry him sometime—she would plainly be the conquered party, and what married life was worth beginning on those terms? If she married him in her own time, she would at least have a fair start. On the other hand young N—— in possession of her foiled intentions was a maddening thought, and Mrs. Kenny-Grange was a bad enemy to make. She knew that Jack would keep his word. She considered long. At last she raised her head. "Give me till to-morrow," she begged.

And Jack gave her until the morrow. But what happened the present chronicler was never informed. Perhaps some one who knows—there are several such—will finish the story.



The mind, though trained, alone will not suffice,
 Nor every care upon the frame bestowed
 Will free its sister part from every vice ;
 Each, robbed of exercise, will soon corrode.

Thews, sinews, make an athlete, but a man
 Is the best specimen of that created whole
 Which the Great God in Adam first began,
 A perfect being, guided by a soul.

GAME DOGS FOR THE NORTHWEST COAST.

BY CARROLL E. HUGHES.



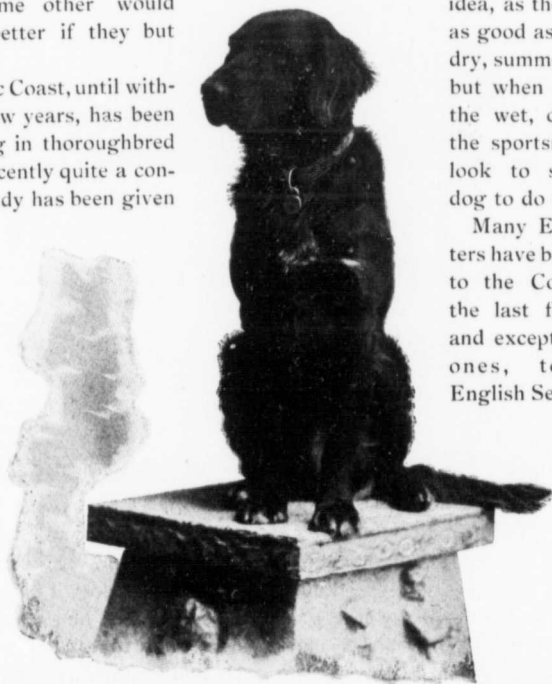
THERE will always be a considerable discussion as to the relative merits of the various breeds of hunting dogs, their true worth and capabilities. These various opinions are greatly the result of association, as it is perfectly natural for a man who has for some time hunted over a certain kind of dog to believe that that breed has more merit than probably any other. It seems strange that sportsmen do not make a study of the dog as to the manner and as to the place of hunting, and the kind of game hunted, rather than jump at a conclusion and stick to one breed, when probably some other would suit them better if they but knew it.

The Pacific Coast, until within the last few years, has been sadly lacking in thoroughbred dogs, but recently quite a considerable study has been given

to this subject and the result is that we are getting a fine class of dogs in all of the various breeds. The sportsman who is desirous of a thorough hunting dog for this Northwest (particularly west of the Cascades) must, if he can own but one, have a dog that can be hunted both on the uplands and the lowlands. This necessitates both a good fast dog for upland hunting and a hardy dog with good color for shooting on the swamp and marsh. Many persons who are used to hunting dogs on the western prairies, and are used to the wide-ranging Pointer, stick to the opinion that he is the only dog to bring with them out here, imagining that he will fill the place better than any other class. This is a mistaken

idea, as the Pointer is as good as any for the dry, summer shooting, but when it comes to the wet, cold winter, the sportsman should look to some other dog to do the work.

Many English Setters have been brought to the Coast during the last few years—and exceptionally fine ones, too. The English Setter is a fine



Mr. D. E. Campbell's "Flash," a Famous Field Worker.

PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH.

fellow, a wide, fast ranger, keen-nosed and an altogether splendid dog for our fall shooting; but when it comes to an all-round shooting dog for this Northwest Coast Territory, there is no question but that the Irish Setter and the Gordon Setter are far superior to either the English Setter or the Pointer.

He may not be so fast as the English or Pointer, but he is essentially a meat-getter, and can be depended upon seven days in the week.

The Gordon is a slow dog, and was first bred for the very purpose of trailing and hunting the bird that will be most hunted in this territory, i. e., the



PHOTO BY MOORE.

A Team of Reliable Irishmen.

The Irish Setter is a jolly companion, high spirited, with plenty of speed and good nosed, with a devil-may-care go-as-you-please vim that carries him through briars, into ice water, or in any place where game is likely to be found, or must be gotten when killed.

China Pheasant. He, too, makes a very fine duck dog, if his owner is desirous of using him for that purpose. He probably does not have as much style and courage as any of the other breeds, and is more liable to be spoiled when young in the breaking, from the

very fact of his timidity, but when once thoroughly broken makes a very creditable showing.

Many sportsmen, of course in the Northwest, do very little shooting except on ducks, as the season for shooting in some of the states opens on ducks at the same time that it does on upland game birds. Fanciers have also been bringing dogs to this coast to fill the want of this class of sportsmen, and we have some fine Irish Retrievers and Chesapeake Bay duck dogs. Of all the sturdy water dogs to stand a severe hunt the Chesapeake Bay is probably the hardest, but must be worked almost continuously to be kept under control, but when

thoroughly broken makes an exceptionally fine water dog.

Many of our sportsmen have been using the Cocker Spaniel on the China Pheasant, and in some cases with good results. They some times make exceptionally fine trailers, and as the China Pheasant is a great runner, a slow trailer will in many cases allow as many birds to be killed over him, as over the wide and fast ranging setter.

It is to be hoped that more interest will be taken each year in breeding and raising fine dogs of the various breeds, and that this country will soon be classed as one of the best in the United States for fine bird dogs.

WHERE CAN THOSE CHILDREN BE?

Just at the door of the old farmhouse
 Where the spider industriously weaves,
 On the porch just back of the kitchen
 That is checkered by shadows of leaves
 Stands the grandest of dear old grandmas,
 For a moment away from her pies.
 She has missed the noise of the children
 And stands there shading her eyes.
 She scans the worn paths to the springs,
 Bubbling up 'neath the old cherry-tree,
 Stands there in silence just wondering,
 Now where can those children be?
 Just outside a gate that is fastened
 In a rustic and old-fashioned way,
 Down a bank that is fragrant with clever
 And not "awfully too far away,"
 Where out from the shadows of ferns and leaves,
 And bubbling over pebbles and sands,
 Goes the brook that is born of the glacier,
 And now waters the farmers' land;
 How pure and how cool are its depths in the pool,
 'Neath the shade of the mossy old tree.
 And the sunshine in spots beams on two little tots,
 Now where else can those children be?

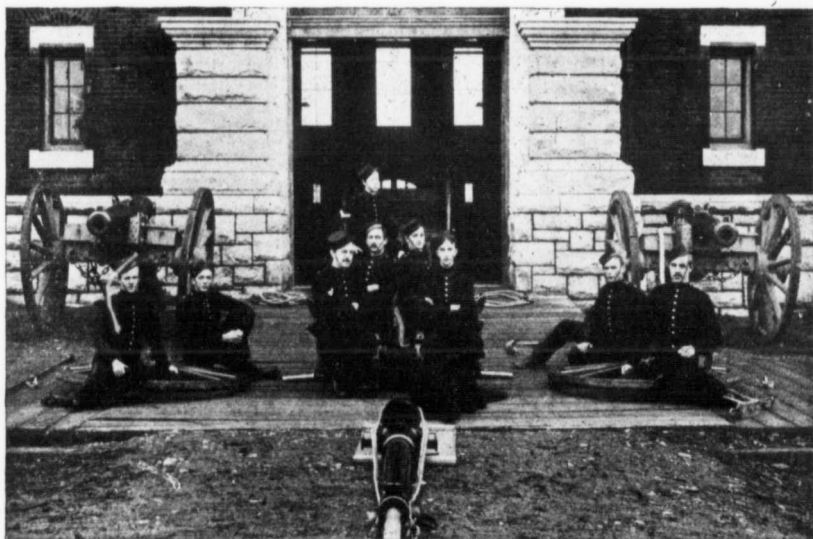
—CHAS. Y. LAMB IN *The Traveler*.

CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

LIEUT.-COL. F. B. GREGORY.

FORTY thousand citizen soldiers! This is, roughly speaking, the established strength of the Active Militia of Canada. It is composed of professional men, merchants, mechanics, laborers, and clerks, over eighteen years of age, having a chest measurement of at least 34 inches, and being not less than 5 feet 6 inches tall, who have associated themselves together

war the Mother Country would furnish us with an army and take upon herself the entire cost and burden of the campaign. This is neither patriotic nor true. She would be unable to do so, nor does the scheme of national defence contemplate that she will do more than provide a limited number of specially trained officers and non-commissioned officers, with, perhaps,



for the purpose of defending and protecting our homes and country from invasion or riot. They have taken the oath of allegiance and voluntarily enlisted for the term of three years. All are subject to the Army Act, the Militia Act and the Queen's Regulations, and although soldiering is not their profession, they are soldiers in the fullest sense of the word. But they are citizens as well, and it is for this reason that they are frequently called "Citizen Soldiers."

Many persons think that in time of

a few battalions for special duty. The real work of fighting must therefore be done by ourselves, and it behooves us to make some preparation for it. Even if there were no possibility of war, it would be necessary to have an organized and disciplined force of some character ready at any moment to quell possible riots and put down other internal disturbances. Special police would be insufficient for this purpose, for, being without training, and unaccustomed to act together, they would themselves be nothing more than an armed mob, and

only able to cope successfully with a body of rioters much smaller than themselves. Experience has proved that 50 or 100 soldiers are far more efficient for this purpose than ten times their number of armed specials. They easily preserve a given formation; their uniforms, the precision with which they "fix bayonets," and their business-like appearance have an awe-inspiring effect upon the jumble of men opposed to them.

These dangers of war and riot, while real, are not sufficiently pressing or urgent to justify the maintaining of a standing army. The militia is, therefore, organized as being reasonably sufficient for these purposes being much less expensive, and interfering in the least possible manner with the peaceful pursuits of the people.

Many persons are members of the militia without knowing it, for it consists of all the male inhabitants of Canada of the ages of eighteen years and upwards and under sixty not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization. They are divided into four classes and liable to be called upon to serve in the following order:

1. Those of the age of 18 years and upwards, but under 30, who are unmarried or widowers without children.
2. Those of the age of 30 years and upwards, but under 45, who are unmarried or widowers without children.
3. Those of the age of 18 years and upwards, but under 45, who are married or widowers with children.
4. Those of the age of 45 years and upwards, but under 60 years.

The exemptions above referred to are comparatively few, and include judges, clergymen, professors in colleges, teachers in religious orders, persons employed in the collection of the revenue, etc.

The militia is also divided into Active

and Reserve, Land Force; and Active and Reserve, Marine Force. It is the Active Land Force that is generally known as "the Militia."

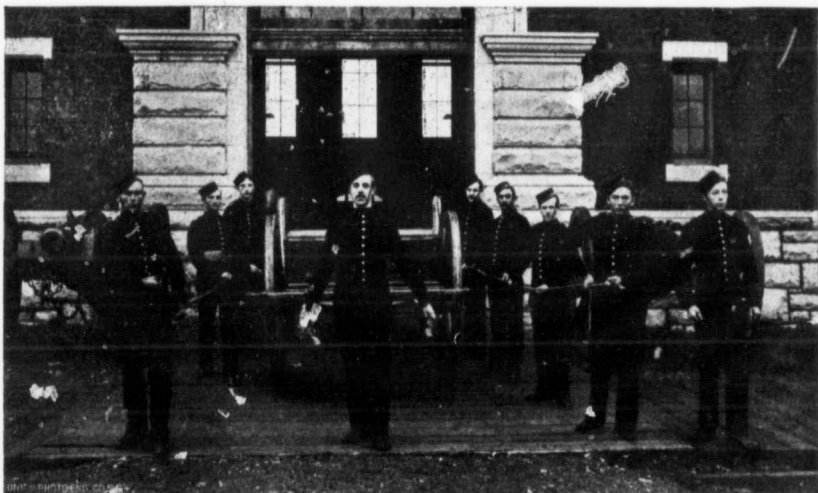
All persons have not the same motive in joining the Active Militia. Some join from purely patriotic motives, some for healthy recreation, some through their interest in rifle shooting, and others for gymnastic training. But whatever the motive, all go through the same routine. They are first interrogated as to their age, and measured to see if they are of the required standard. Then having taken the oath of allegiance, they sign the service roll setting forth the conditions of service, and are turned into the Recruit Class, where their training begins.

A man to be of use as a soldier must be strong all over, active, intelligent, and full of life and dash, and his training to this end is of the first importance. This training begins with the *position of a soldier*—exact squareness of the shoulders, heels in line and closed, the knees straight, the arms hanging easily from the shoulders, the hips rather drawn back and the breast advanced, but without constraint. The body should be straight and inclining forward so that the weight of it may bear principally on the fore part of the feet; the head erect, but not thrown back. Great pains are taken with this, and after reasonable proficiency is acquired and the recruit taught how to turn without jerking himself around, and how to *stand at ease* without lounging, he is put through a course of *extension motions* to expand his chest and give freedom to his muscles.

The recruit now begins to look like a new man, and he is then taught how to march (not an easy matter). This drill begins with the *balance step*, the object of which is to teach him the free move-

ment of his legs, preserving at the same time squareness of the shoulders and steadiness of the body. After instruction in marching and a few simple formations, he is put through a thorough course of physical training called *setting up* drill, designed not for display, but for the strengthening and rendering supple of his muscles. In this drill, which includes "free gymnastics," much care is taken to see that the groups of muscles used in one exercise are rested in the next, and that no muscles in the

of the whole body, and it has an immense advantage over the training of the ordinary athlete who seeks only to develop the muscles brought into action by the particular exercise in which he excels. Many young men buy books upon dumb-bell exercise, running, field sports or gymnasium work, and after a little study and a few tedious, solitary, and irksome practices, give it up, throw the book away, and are not improved; whereas if they would join the militia, and get a *red book* they would have the very best



body are neglected or unduly tried, exercises for the legs and arms alternating with one another, and being roughly divided into those that bend and those that straighten. Great attention is also paid to the mobility of the chest walls and for this purpose "deep breathing" is frequently practised.

Such a training cannot fail to be of great benefit not only to the individual receiving it, but in course of time to the whole community. It brings about the free and full action of the heart and lungs and the development

work upon all these subjects and be enabled to practise with their comrades under favorable and cheerful conditions.

To many young men there are other advantages in joining the militia. In a place like Victoria, instead of wandering aimlessly about the streets, they as members of the corps can meet together and engage in healthful games and exercises in a good drill hall, well lighted and heated and comfortably furnished, with good reading rooms and gymnasium apparatus

In artillery corps the instruction

given in knotting, lashing and splicing, the mechanical advantages gained by combinations of blocks and tackles, the use of levers, the rules for finding the safe working strains of ropes and chains, and the application of these to the moving of heavy bodies is of immense advantage to persons engaged in the ordinary occupations of life. How many persons know how to shorten a rope (without cutting it) by the use of a "sheep shank," or can tie a knot for use under water that will hold fast and yet can be cast off in an instant? Illustrations could easily be multiplied, but they must be apparent to everybody.

Rifle shooting is a most absorbing sport, and as a soldier should be a good shot, shooting is taught, encouraged and assisted in every possible way. A range and targets are provided, together with prizes and a certain amount of free ammunition. No close season interferes with it, and there are no expensive journeys into the country to place it beyond the reach of the poor man—a good shoot can be had any afternoon or even before breakfast. The capital prizes are well worth striving for, and include a free trip to the provincial meeting, (with board, lodging and ammunition), or to Ottawa, or even to Bisley. The crack shot thus sees something of the

world, wins honours for himself and his corps, not to mention the respect and admiration of his comrades. Rifle shooting once taken up is never laid aside while the eye can see or the finger pull a trigger.

There is also a field for cyclists, the newest and possibly the most enthusiastic body of amateur sportsmen known. (It is proposed to add a cycle corps to the 5th Regiment C. A. in the near future.) Cyclists are now attached to all the continental armies, and are being trained for outpost work, carrying dispatches and reconnoitering the enemy's works, etc. Swifter and more silent than cavalry, they can do much that otherwise must be left undone.

Although local governments and municipal bodies encourage the militia by grants of money and by exemption from the payment of certain taxes, yet it is the practice of some persons to decry it. Such persons cannot be acquainted with the history of the work accomplished by the Canadian militia, and they probably do not realize the nature of the only alternative, viz., the establishment and maintenance, at an enormous increase in cost, of a standing army, which must, of necessity, be a much smaller body than our citizen soldiers, and thus leave very many parts of this great Dominion entirely unprotected.



DID SHAKESPEARE PLAY BASEBALL?

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

BEING a brief reference to the works of the immortal bard for the serious consideration of all who may presume to doubt that the author and creator of Hamlet knew not also the delights of joining in the chorus from the bleachers, or of reviling the umpire :

"Who does more than his Captain can, becomes his Captain's captain."—Antony and Cleopatra, iii:1.

"Thou art ever strong upon the stronger side, thou champion."—King John, iii:1.

"Rogues in buckram, let drive at me."—Henry IV, ii:4.

"Our safest way is to avoid the aim."—Macbeth, ii:3.

"A hit! *A very palpable hit!*"—Hamlet, v:2.

"Out! *Out, I say!*"—Macbeth, v:2.

"And goes out sighing."—Troilus and Cressida, iii:3.

"These knocks are too hot, and for mine own part I have not a case of lives."—Henry V, iii:2.

"The play's the thing *wherein I'll catch.*"—Hamlet, ii:2.

"Very good orators when they're out."—As You Like It, iv:1.

"That in the captain's but a choleric word."—Measure for Measure, ii:2.

"Fly an ordinary pitch."—Julius Caesar, i:1.

"Which flies the higher pitch I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment."—Henry VI, ii:4.

"I see you stand straining upon the start."—Henry V, iii:1.

"*What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning that wild 'foul.'*"—Twelfth Night, iv:2.

"*There's a daisy.*"—Hamlet, iv:5.

"*Pardon me, sir; it was a black, ill-favored fly.*"—Titus Andronicus, ii:3.

"I will run as far as God has any ground."—Merchant of Venice, ii:2.

"I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we arose at the same instant and fought."—Henry V, iv:5.

"You have measured how long a fool you were, upon the ground."—Cymbeline, i:2.

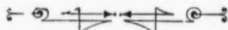
"Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground and dash themselves to pieces."—Henry IV, iv:1.

"He that *comes safe home* will stand a tip-toe when this day is named."—Henry V, iv:3.

"You come not home because you have no stomach."—Comedy of Errors, i:2.

"No other books but the score and the tally."—Henry VI, iv:7.

"You can fool no more money out of me at this throw."—Twelfth Night, v:i.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

By EDWARD B. PAUL, M.A.

EDUCATION, in the usual acceptation of the word, means mental and moral training. But there is a wider sense in which it may be employed with reference to man. J. F. Clarke, in "Self Culture," points this out clearly. He says "Education, in the true sense, is not mere instruction in Latin, English, French, or History. It is the unfolding of the whole human nature. It is the growing up in all things to our highest possibility." The cultivation of the mind, feelings, and manners is without doubt a very large and important part of education. Mental and moral training ought to be and is the high aim of the deepest thinkers of the present day, as it has been in the past. But, if man is to grow up in *all* things to his highest possibility, his body must not be neglected. The organs of sensation and the muscular and nervous systems must be developed and cared for. It is common to regard man as having two faculties—the mental and the physical—yet although such a division is convenient, it must be borne in mind that these faculties are not distinct and independent, but that the mind and body are complementary to each other, acting and reacting the one on the other, so that the health and tone of the one is accompanied by a similar degree of health and tone of the other. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is one of the best known Latin quotations, because it is an aphorism containing a most important truth.

Does physical education receive in British Columbia the attention it deserves? Is the physique of our young men and girls developed by careful training? We venture to say that to both these questions a negative answer must be given. It is true that in Victoria, thanks to the liberality of the late

Mr. Pemberton, and to the efficient services of the present physical instructor, Mr. J. St. Clair, a great deal has been done to raise the physical standard of the pupils of our public schools. But Victoria is only a small part of British Columbia. The youth of the country districts at least have no systematic training. Fortunately boys need no stimulus to physical exercise other than their own youth. They will run, leap, row, swim, and indulge in athletic sports without the incitement of punishment or reward. That fact, while being of the highest consequence to the health and strength of our young folks, has its drawback. For it has caused us to shut our eyes to the necessity for any other physical training than that which can be acquired by the boy for himself. That is a mistake. A boy can no more train his own body properly, by indulging in his own impulses to exercise, than he can train his mind when turned loose in a library free to read what he pleases without supervision. Scientific training is necessary for the body as well as for the mind. Athletic sports are a powerful factor in stimulating interest in physical training, and for that reason should be heartily encouraged. The spirit of competition thus introduced into the work is of very considerable advantage, though a tendency, apparent at the present time, to subordinate physical training entirely to a preparation for participation in sporting contests, is to be deprecated. Athletic sports alone are not sufficient to develop the whole body, to correct deficiencies and to secure proper equilibrium. Observe the carriage of the untrained boy or girl. With few exceptions their walk is slouching, their shoulders round, and their heads car-

ried too far forward. I quote from an excellent article by Dr. Pilcher, of the N. I. A., in the "Medical Record," on the place of physical training in the military service to show the opinion of the "average man" held by high military authority. Prince Hohenlohe thus describes the men obtained in the recruitment of his own regiment: "The barracks were soon full of figures that would put to shame the most exaggerated cartoons of the comic papers. The awkward fellows, whose neglected carriage made them look like a set of botched up images, tried hard, but in vain, to stand erect *Ill made and undeveloped, their uniforms would not fit them, and if altered to fit their present figure, would need to be remade, when they should have been remodelled by physical training.* So, before teaching them a single movement of military drill, or providing them with uniforms other than their canvas fatigue suits, they were drilled in gymnastic exercises, leading progressively and gently from the easy to the more advanced, until finally they had a reasonable command of themselves."

The italics are ours. No words could more graphically express the necessity for the physical training of the "average man," and the improvement resulting from such training. Lest the picture appear exaggerated, I add Dr. Pilcher's description of the appearance of the "candidates" at West Point:

"These young men have quite generally been subjected, before coming to the Academy, to a physical examination by a competent medical man, and by him pronounced physically sound. But they are almost to a man awkward, unsymmetrical, and unevenly developed, making an appearance, as they marched to the mess hall, fully as absurd as the conscripts of Prince Hohenlohe. And they form a particularly

instructive contrast with the 'yearlings' who have enjoyed the advantages of a year's drill in physical training."

Is the average boy or man of British Columbia better physically than the German conscript or the West Point "candidate"?

Assuming then that boys and girls in this Province are not growing up in *all* things to their highest possibility, and that physically, at least, their education is being neglected, what can be done to remedy the existing state of affairs? Gymnasias cannot be established all over the country, and physical instruction is impossible to be obtained except in cities. But let expert physical instruction be established wherever it is possible to do so, and for the rest let athletic sports be encouraged heartily all over the country. The value of athletics on the physique of a nation is well exemplified in the case of ancient Greece, where physical training was held in such repute that from 776 B.C. the Greek time was computed by Olympiads, or periods between the recurrence of the Olympian games, which took place every four years. The physical perfection to which the Greeks attained is well known, and that that perfection was the result of their systematic training is undoubted. They worshipped physical beauty, and every Greek youth strove to attain in his own person that bodily grandeur exemplified in the statues of his Gods, and in the splendid figures he may have seen throwing the *discus* or wielding the *cestus* at some local athletic contest or even at Olympia. The victor at the Olympian games (Olympionikes) was treated on his return home with extraordinary distinction; songs were sung in his praise; statues were erected to him both in the Sacred Grove of Olympia and in his native city; a place of honor

was given him at all public spectacles ; he was in general exempted from public taxes, and at Athens was boarded at the expense of the State at the Prytaneion. Such encouragement could not fail to have the effect of stimulating every district in Greece to strive by the careful training of its youth to gain for itself the honor of counting an Olympionikes among its citizens. Although, as stated above, athletic sports cannot take the place of physical training, yet, where the latter cannot be had, they are invaluable. A few inexpensive prizes offered at games are always sure to bring out many competitors, by whom a prize is appreciated as a memento of the excitement of the contest and the honor of the victory. Rowing, than which there is no more perfect exercise, is expensive, as boats are required and boat-houses must be kept up. Assistance might be given to enable young men who cannot otherwise afford it, to indulge in this excellent recreation. In these and many other ways athletic sports might be stimulated in the country.

In the cities careful physical training of boys and girls is possible. Physical training may be divided into two categories :

1. Preparatory training, by which deficiencies are corrected and proper equilibrium of the body secured.
2. Conservative training, by which a well balanced state of the system is maintained after having once been obtained.

Of these two categories the former is perhaps the more important. To make a correct physical diagnosis requires great skill. Mensuration only is not sufficient as a diagnostic method, since one group of muscles may be so over-developed as to neutralize in the

measurement of a limb the effect of the atrophy of another ; the girth of the part may be up to the average, and yet a very definite defect may be readily detected by experienced inspection, and its character appreciated by careful palpation. It will be seen, therefore, that it is not competent for every drilled man to be a physical instructor. A thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology is required to fit him to discharge the duties aright. And not only that ; he must have knowledge sufficient to determine the advantages or dangers to be incurred by training defective parts located by his anatomical knowledge.

Having corrected deficiencies and secured proper equilibrium of the body, it is necessary that it be kept from retrograding by a certain degree of physical training constantly maintained.

The advantages to the boy of careful and expert training are too obvious to need demonstration, but it may be stated that muscles cannot be built up and strengthened without a simultaneous improvement of every other constituent of the organism. The nervous system gets a more vigorous tone, and the mind itself is stimulated by the improvement of its dwelling-place. Morality also is elevated by substituting the healthful sports connected with physical culture for less reputable amusement.

While much thought, time and money are properly expended on mental culture, there is the danger of forgetting physical culture entirely. Let each have its proper attention paid to it. Let our boys and girls grow up in all things to their highest possibility. That they are not doing so at present is, I am afraid, incontrovertible.

AMATEUR GARDENING.

"THE QUEENLY ROSE."

By R. LAVRITZ.

WHO loves it not, the queen of the flowers—the Rose! May it be the gorgeous colored Hybrid Perpetual, the strong-scented Tea Rose or the dainty little Polyantha. In no other class of plants do we find such a combination of varied colors, perfect form and sweet fragrance. The ancient old rose was cultivated in the gardens of our forefathers; its improved forms and varieties take the lead amongst all the show flowers of modern times, and hardly will be out-ivalled in the future.

And truly they are doing well in our very midst in the Province of British Columbia, particularly so in the Coast districts, where all the forms, even the more tender Tea and Noisette roses, are growing and blooming most luxuriantly.

What can be prettier than the trellises and verandahs of our homes adorned with garlands of the free-blooming climbing roses; the borders and beds of our gardens in masses of colors in white, yellow and red of all shades and tones? In fact no garden, large or small, will ever be complete without a collection of the queenly rose.

The rose delights in an open, airy situation with plenty of sunshine; so, in selecting a place for a rose-bed, do not choose one where they will be shaded entirely either by trees or buildings. Concerning the ground, roses will grow in any ordinary garden soil, but a clay loam well enriched with well rotted barnyard manure suits them best. In preparing the bed, dig up thoroughly to the depth of 12 to 18 inches, as rose roots penetrate deep if they have a chance, and in this case will be far more able to withstand the

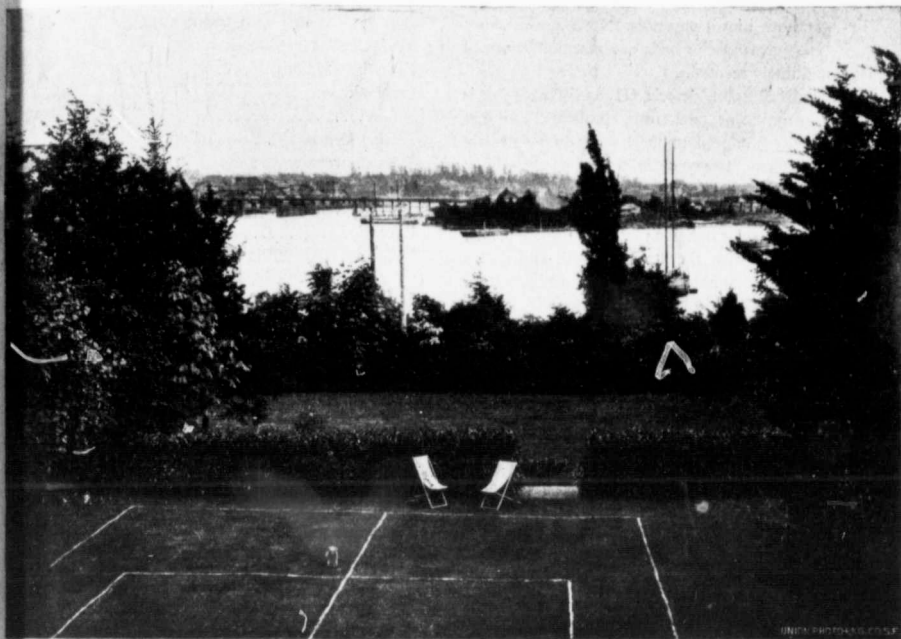
drouth which we experience sometimes in summer in this part of the country.

As to selection of plants, roses on their own roots are quite generally preferred. There are, however, quite a number of our prettiest sorts of the Tea class, as well as some of the Hybrid Perpetual, which never do well on their own roots, and here is where the vigorous-rooted stock of the grafted rose helps us out of the difficulty in producing healthy wood, and accordingly large and well-formed flowers.

Never plant your roses too shallow. Always let the basis of the branches be at least two inches below the surface of the ground. In summer time an occasional thorough watering (with weak manure-water, if possible) followed as soon as the surface of the soil is fairly dried up again by a free cultivation of the soil to the depth of an inch or two to preserve the moisture will assure you a permanent succession of flowers throughout the season from May until October, or even November, when heavy frosts only will put an end to the opening of the last buds on your climbers on the wall.

Should, during the hot, dry season, mildew make its appearance (and it often does on certain sorts) then, in the early morning, as long as the dew is still on the plants, with your rubber plant-sprinkler, dust pulverized sulphur freely over and underneath the leaves of the plants affected. It is better, though, if used before mildew makes its appearance at all, for the prevention is always easier than the cure.

As to protection in winter, there is nothing better than a hilling up all around the roots of the plants with pure soil and a light covering of the branches with pine boughs stuck upright in the



A British Columbia Garden—Residence of Hon. J. H. Turner.

ground and held together against the strong winter winds with a string or two around every plant, which is not only effective, but at the same time is not objectionable to the eye, as often is the case when straw, manure, or even sacks, etc., are used for this purpose, which latter destroy all the harmonious quietness which our gardens in winter time in their simple green clothing should present.

Another advantage of using pine boughs for covering is in the fact that we may leave them on the plants without disturbance until no more heavy frosts are to be feared—never take them away before the end of March—and in this case we avoid our plants being started too early in growth by the often quite powerful spring sun before this time, and thus not expose the young growth to the cutting late spring frosts.

As to selection of sorts, I will best

describe the varieties most suitable in our climate in order of their color shades, which will enable the planter to make his selections far easier than if ordered alphabetically. I add, however, the botanical class behind the name of every variety, which no doubt will be asked for by the more experienced grower :

ROSES CLASSIFIED IN COLORS.

I.—PURE WHITE.

Niphetas (Tea)—An elegant rose, sometime called "White Marchal Neil;" very large and double; deliciously sweet; color pure white; highly valued for its lovely buds, which are very large and pointed.

Climbing Niphetas (Tea)—This new rose has all the good habits of its parent, *Niphetas*, with the addition of being a strong and vigorous climber.

The Bride (Tea)—A fine forcing rose, and when grown under glass is of the purest white; grown outside it always has a tinge of pink with it; though a very fine shaped rose, it is too weak a grower and rather too tender to be generally recommended.

The Queen (Tea)—Large, pure white, the offspring of *Souvenir d' un Ami*, whose many

good qualities it possesses. It is a continuous bloomer, and the buds are beautifully formed and finely scented.

Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (Hybrid Tea)—This is a magnificent new rose, probably the best novelty produced amongst roses during the last ten years. The color is of the purest white; the form of the large, full flowers is regular rosette-shaped, and as near perfection as we possibly may imagine; all these good points, combined with the strong growth and a very free flowering habit, make it undoubtedly the best of all white roses.

Lamarque (Noisette)—White, with pale sulphur centre; is of strong, climbing habit and flowers in clusters.

Unique de Province (Moss)—The best white Moss rose; very pretty.

Rugosa Alba—This is a highly ornamental shrub from Japan with remarkable dark green foliage upon which the large, single, five-petaled, pure white flowers are quite effectively contrasting.

II.—CREAM AND BLUSH WHITE.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Devoniensis | } Tea. |
| Hon. Edith Gifford | |
| Souvenir de la Malmaison | (Bourbon). |
| Merveille de Lyon | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Mabel Morrison | |

III.—ROSE OR ROSE SHADED.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Bridesmaid | } Tea. |
| Catherine Mermet | |
| Countess Rica du Parc | |
| Homer | |
| Souvenir d'un Ami | |
| Mad. Scipion Cochet | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Grace Darling | |
| Cecil Brunner | |
| La France | } (Polyantha.) |
| Duchess of Albany | |
| *Mad. Caroline Testout | } Tea Hybrid. |
| Cainoens | |
| Pink Moss | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Baronne de Rothschild | |
| Captain Christy | |
| Mrs. John Laing | |

IV.—LIGHT AND DARK YELLOW.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Mad. Ched. Guinoiseau | } Tea. |
| Perle des Jardines | |
| Le Nankeen | |
| Sunset | } (Lutea). |
| Persian Yellow | |
| Celine Forrester | } Climbing Noisette. |
| Cloth of Gold | |
| Marchal Neil | |
| Reve d'or | |

V.—YELLOW WITH SALMON, ROSE AND COPPER SHADED.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| Gloire de Dijon | } Tea. |
| Safrano | |
| Mad. Scipion Cochet | |
| Marie Van Houtte | } Climbing Noisette. |
| Gold of Opir | |
| Wm. A. Richardson | |

VI.—DARK ROSE AND RED.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| Mad. Lombard | } Tea. |
| Papa Gontier | |
| Reine Marie Henrietta | (Noisette). |
| American Beauty | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Paul Neyron | |
| Ulrich Brunner | |

VII.—VERMILLION, SCARLET AND CRIMSON.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Fisher & Holms | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| General Jaqueminot | |
| Glorie de Margottin | |
| Crimson Rambler | (Climbing Polyantha). |

VIII.—PURPLE AND CARMINE.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| Chas. Lefebre | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Duke of Edinburgh | |
| Earl of Dufferin | |

IX.—VELVETY DARK RED AND MAROON.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| Abel Carriere | } Hybrid Perpetual. |
| Black Prince | |
| Emperer du Maroc | |
| Jean Liaband | |
| Louis Van Houtte | |
| Prince C. de Rohan | |

X—STRIPED.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Rainbow | (Tea). |
| Vick's Caprice | (Hybrid Perpetual). |



THE CAMERA CORNER.

By SAVANNAH.

HOW best to help the amateur in obtaining satisfactory results from his camera without being at his side from the time he selects his subject even until the finished picture is in his hands! Truly it is a somewhat formidable undertaking!

And yet there are so many obstacles appearing to the amateur almost insurmountable, which nevertheless are readily moved with the lever of experience. A few suggestions will perhaps be welcome to every amateur—for every maker of pictures is in doubt at some time or other as to how they should be taken, when they should be taken, and how they should be "made" in the true artistic sense.

It would be very difficult to say with honesty—as it would also be very egotistical—"use such-and-such a camera or so-and-so's special make of lens," for rapid advancement is being made almost daily in the simplifying and perfection of the varied paraphernalia appertaining to the art, and one hardly knows in consequence which really is the proper instrument to select.

In my experience as a beginner, and I fancy my experience is shared by the great majority of the just-initiated, whatever the instrument is, it is its duty to take the blame when the pictures refuse to turn out properly.

As the novice advances into the second degree he will find it convenient to attribute his next failures (for there are certain to be more) to the plates. The developer, printing paper, etc., may be safely reserved for future reference.

When he has painfully "evolved" to that degree of perfection at which upon making a mistake he can trace the cause, or when he discovers that he really can make a photograph, and

tries through the photograph to make a picture—then, and only then, I maintain, he commences to realize the unalloyed enjoyment and mystic charm with which the pursuit of photography as a pastime is invested.

Then will the beauty of chemical effect in negatives become apparent—the delicate lights and shades, rich shadows and strong high lights become visible to the non-practised eye. And from this point the pursuit of the art progresses through constantly growing pleasures.

With your camera under your arm you stand before the object photographed, or survey it critically from every different point of vision. Instead of "shooting" at once, you coolly prospect the object and its surroundings—perhaps for one minute, perhaps for ten. You look for the direction of the light; you are careful to note the most attractive features of the scene that is to be reproduced, choosing your location for the exposure so as to best utilize whatever the situation has to offer. A tree or a group of trees, a few rude rocks, an animal perhaps, may make all the difference in the world in determining whether the result of your labor is to be a photograph and nothing more, or a charming picture.

"If I could only move those rocks about ten feet forward" is often the fervent wish of the intelligent amateur. But rocks—other than studio rocks—do not obey the will. Then a happy thought strikes you, and you cast about for an old wagon, a cow, a horse—anything just to fill in that bare space. At last you find something that can be utilized with effect. A poor, old, superannuated horse is dragged in wonderment to the scene.

"Pose him" if you will, then back to your camera. Focus and prepare.

And then after all is ready at last—the chances are that you will find either that the old horse becomes uneasy, or you have waited too long for your light to hold with you!

'Twas ever thus, and no doubt it always will be so.

Turning to the positive branch, printing requires just as much care as negative making. A print too dark is as useless as one too light. Many negatives are misrepresented through failures in printing. It is just as important for a print to have proper color as for a negative to be properly lighted. Many are the grievous mistakes in toning, etc., not confined to amateurs altogether, and again the permanency of the pictures depends very much upon the handling of the prints in the hands of the printer.

For the present, space forbids further general comment. Now a few words as to "The Harvest Field" reproduced in the last issue of WESTERN RECREATION. The subject is attractive, but the picture might have been greatly improved had the camera been brought closer to the shock of grain, which is indeed the conspicuous feature of the foreground, and could undoubtedly have been utilized to considerable effect. A heavier foreground—that in this picture is, by the way, out of focus—would have been preferable, as such obtain always a better "balance" for art. This picture, too, is "gone" at the top and bottom. Negatives of this kind should be carefully "dodged" in printing in order to properly bring out the true picture. The artist might also have with advantage introduced clouds to the completion of his picture.

GOLF IN THE DARK.

An amusing golf story comes from Leeds, according to a London weekly. There are two local players, both Scotchmen, with the advantage of having a Yorkshire education. These two Johnnies went out to play a game in the dark, and each Johnnie had cut a hole in his trousers pocket and had a ball in it to drop down the leg of the trousers just a little in front of the other's ball. So off they drove, and on they walked, and presently one says to the other: "I say, Jock, my mon, I'm thinking ye're o'erwalking your ba'."

"Na, na," says the first, "mine was a fine, clean drive. But whar's yours?"

"Eh, mon, mine was an awful clure."

So they went another fifty yards. Then the first says: "Jock, mon, I'll tak' my davy we're past yours the noo."

"Then whaur's your ain?"

"Eh, mine was an awful clure." Another fifty yards brought them to the putting green.

"Eh, Jock, I'm no seeing your ba' on the green."

"Maybe ye'd best see if it's in the hole."

"My certes, why, there it is! And, eh, but its curious; but there's mine in the hole beside it. Mon, it's awful curious."

"Het's halved then."

"Het's halved — one each — good play."

They teed up for the next hole solemnly. Then they stood looking at each other for a moment before they drove off.

"Say, Jock, my mon, d'ye think it's ony use to gang on playin' like this?"

"I'm thinking it would just be a halved mautch."

"Het's my ain very thoct, Jock."

"Aweel, we will noo ca' it a halved mautch and gang hame."

"I'm thinkin' 'twould save a warld of bother."

"I'm of the same opeenion myself."

The Sportsman's Letter Box.

OUR SPORTING FISHES.

EDITOR WESTERN RECREATION:—Can you or some of your learned contributors furnish the readers of your valuable monthly with accurate information as to the sporting fishes of British Columbia, more particularly *trout*?

Although the lordly salmon as an article of commerce is immensely valuable, he cannot be ranked as a sporting fish in these waters. He does not rise to the fly, that is only on very rare occasions, while trolling with spoon or other spinners from canoe or boat is a killing mode of fishing for salmon for the pot, but cannot be considered sport by anyone who has graduated in the noble art of artificial fly-fishing.

The provincial museum in Victoria, which by the way is about the most interesting and creditable institution in British Columbia, contains certain cases of trout labelled as follows:

“Steelhead, (*Salmo Gairdneri*).

“Spotted mountain or sea trout, (*Salmo Purpuratus*).

“Dolly Varden trout, (*Salvelinus Malma*).”

Now, are these the only kind of trout inhabiting the streams of British Columbia? One hears of Rainbow trout, Brook trout, Sea trout and Mountain trout, spoken of as though they were distinct species, but my impression is, as it is also the opinion of some experienced sportsmen, that all the trout in the province, with the exception of the Steelhead and Dolly Varden are *Salmo Purpuratus*, the so-called Sea trout. According to their habitat and the time they have been in fresh water they vary considerably in color, from bright silver, when just up from the sea, to dark purple.

All these trout are migratory, periodically ascending the rivers and streams like salmon for the purpose of spawning. No doubt there are some lakes in the mountains, where trout have become land locked through the outlets becoming blocked or dried up, but having ceased to migrate they never grow so large as trout having free access to salt waters. Neither do they give the angler anything like the same sport.

There are other points on which it is desirable to have an authoritative opinion.

Has the Dominion or the Province jurisdiction over inland waters?

Is there a close time for trout, and if there is, why?

The game laws of the province do not fix a close time, but those of the Dominion do, as follows:

“Speckled trout (*Salvelinus Fontinalis*), from 15th October to 15th March.”

“Salmon trout, from 1st October to 30th November.”

What is “*Salvelinus Fontinalis*”? Is this another name for *Salmo Purpuratus*, or for *Salvelinus Malma* (Dolly Varden)? And what is

understood by the popular though unscientific term “salmon trout”?

It is questionable if a close time for trout in British Columbia is necessary or even desirable. These fish have little or no commercial value and are the greatest of all enemies of the salmon. Not only do they consume quantities of spawn, but they gobble up millions of young salmon just as they wriggle out of the spawning beds, before these poor innocent infants have had time to look about them or to know anything of the world they were intended to inhabit.

It is doubtful if the spawning time of migratory trout can be properly determined; clean run sea trout just up from the sea can be caught every month in the year, while spawning appears to be going on all the year round.

These clean run trout are capital sport, readily rising to the fly, whereas trout in spawn, or approaching the time for depositing their eggs are off their feed and will not rise to any lure.

My own opinion is that a close time for trout in British Columbia is not needed. As it is at present it only deprives a few fly-fishermen, who never like to violate the law, of a few days of autumn sport, while the pot-hunters, both Indians and white men, go on taking trout all the year round by methods both legal and illegal.

SILVER TIP.

Vancouver, March 20th, 1897.

[We can hardly agree with our correspondent in his opinion of the British Columbia salmon. Let him hook a spring salmon with phantom or prawn in one of the small clear streams on the east coast of the island and he will very quickly find that he has all the sport he wants for the next twenty minutes. With fine tackle “Silver Tip” should have at least three or four runs in a day, and that does not compare unfavorably with most of the streams in the old country. People seem to forget that salmon do not take flies in every river, and that a large percentage of the takes recorded in the “Field” are of fish caught by spinning or more often by the prawn or worm. Cohoes, when they first arrive, will take fly well in the tidal waters of many

of our rivers, but the season is short, only lasting about a week or ten days.

2. There are two distinct trout in British Columbia, the steelhead and the common trout (*S. purpuratus*.) Many local varieties are found and some of these will probably, when they are better known, be found to have constant specific differences. *Salvelinus malma*, and *Salv namaycush* are strictly speaking, char and not trout.

3. The game and fish laws of the Dominion and Province are among those things "that no fellow can understand." Ask somebody else. *Salvelinus fontinalis* is the common char of the eastern provinces; it is not found in British Columbia.

4. Trout spawn from November to February, and although occasional specimens may be taken at other times they are not so plentiful as to require protection. The spawning time of the Steelhead varies in different rivers from October to May.

Whether trout should be protected on their spawning grounds depends on how you look at it. The fly-fisherman is in favor of stringent law well enforced; the canneryman would like to see every trout exterminated.]

INDIANS AND BIG GAME.

EDITOR WESTERN RECREATION:—I have been asked to state my case with regard to the Indians and our big game. I am really too busy myself to find time to take this matter up as I should like to, especially as I cannot help feeling after several years' work on the same lines that all my labor is lost. However, you are a new broom and may sweep clean at first, and a cry from the Northwest Territory stimulates me to make one more effort.

The fact is that in our great game we have an asset of enormous value, and this asset we are losing through neglect of the most ordinary precautions for its preservation.

This asset is of value (1) as our best immigration agent; (2) as a source of healthy amusement to our citizens; (3) as an occasional food supply to pioneers who have for the time passed beyond reach of stores and the ordinary sources of supply.

I have demonstrated often enough before that our great game attracts to our province men from

the East and from England, who having money come here to shoot (and in the shooting spend perhaps \$250 per head) and stay to mine or invest; that these men give us more in return for our game ten times over than the mongrel sportsmen who buy trophies; that these bona fide foreign sportsmen go back to the clubs of London and New York, to sing the praises of our country in circles to which the government lecturer would never penetrate.

I need not waste time in proving my other points. They are, I fancy, obvious and admitted. Now if you will read this extract from a letter received recently from Alberta you will see how it is alleged that the great game is wasted in that province:

"I am doing my utmost to try and have the big game of the mountains protected. I have written by this mail to our member to see if he can have a stop put to those rascals of Stoney Indians slaughtering game in the spring of the year. At that time, (as you well know) the sheep are down low and come out to the slopes to lamb. Then the Indians with dogs exterminate whole bands at one coup. I thought I would take the liberty of writing you, as I think by your articles in the Badminton Library on big game you would take an interest in trying to assist in having the Indians in British Columbia stopped, with those on this side of the mountains. We would have one of the best hunting countries in the world to-day, etc."

What my correspondent writes of the Northwest Territory is true also of British Columbia. Ask our local sportsmen and our up country ranchers if I am wrong. A few self interested people may disagree; the consensus of opinion will be on my side.

If proof is necessary that game is destroyed wantonly and wholesale only hides and bones being kept, and *those only for sale*, such proof will not be hard to obtain. I'll give you half a dozen addresses to write to for further information.

The fact is that the application of free trade principles to the Indians is desirable. We have protected them long enough. When we took up the country, humanity might well plead for the hunters who could do nothing but hunt—who depended on the game for food. But that time has passed for most of the redmen, and to-day they know how to make a living in white man's fashion as well as we do. Let them do so, or at any rate if you will not confine their killings within the same limits as to season as the whiteman's, at least stop their infernal head hunting which supplies the trophies of the manliest sport to the most unmitigated muffs. If Indians may kill in the spring the ewes heavy with young ones, and the biggest rams for their heads, what chances have our grand-children of sport in the country which we (not the Indians) are making? After all, all we ask is that as hunters, whitemen and Indians may compete on equal terms. Is that too much?

C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

Victoria, March 28th, 1897.

[As usual in all matters concerning the welfare of our game, Capt. Wolley presents an argument not to be contradicted. No one who has made honest

inquiry into the matter can deny that the granting to the Indians of the exceptional privileges which they now enjoy has been other than the placing of a premium upon the extermination of our big game. But is special legislation necessary? Does not this question of the Indians and British Columbia's big game bring us back once more to the point which all true sportsmen agree covers the entire situation? When we shall have swept the present unworkable game law in its entirety from the statute book and substituted the simple and complete legislation prohibiting the sale of game of all kinds and in all seasons—when sportsmen stand together and bring this about, where will the Indian headhunter be? He unquestionably kills for the market—as a matter of fact there is a regular scale of prices current in the upper country for “trophies of the hunt.” If the Indian be debarred from the sale, the slaughter will stop. There is just one other little side feature of this question of the Indian and his exceptional hunting privileges. Are not these latter in reality a bonus upon barbarism? Is not the legislation that offers special inducements to the Indian to adhere to the primitive life of his forefathers, directly antagonistic to his best interests and an ever present stumbling block in the way of those who would make the red man civilized and a useful citizen?]

ATHLETIC AMALGAMATION.

EDITOR WESTERN RECREATION:—The proposition of consolidating the various athletic clubs having been again brought to light in Victoria, I

should like to respectfully suggest that the agitation in this behalf be made general.

Nanaimo has two good football clubs, a good cricket club, and an indifferently good lacrosse club. This year we want to have our share in aquatic sports too. But why divide the working strength of so small a town?

The same arguments that impressed upon Montreal, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma the wisdom of athletic amalgamation apply with double force in smaller places, such as Vancouver, Westminster, Victoria and this city.

It is easy to harmonize the various interests, appointing a general board to transact the general business of the association, with a working committee for each affiliated sport, and from the standpoint of economy the scheme possesses innumerable advantages.

I should like to see the question made a live issue with each city in the province immediately—before the reorganization of the various clubs for the season of 1897 is proceeded with. If there is any negative argument I have yet to hear it propounded.

Nanaimo, April 3rd, 1897.

[“Coal City” stands upon safe ground. There is no effective argument against athletic amalgamation in each of the cities of British Columbia, while on the other hand there are weighty reasons without number in behalf of such a consolidation of forces. In the first place, example speaks with certainty. The plan has proved successful wherever fairly tried. It means a saving of cost to each affiliated sport; it means better club premises; it means the elevation of sport interests to a more workable, business-like and creditable basis; it means the promotion of fraternal feeling among the lovers and well-wishers of every legitimate athletic exercise; and it means the presenting by each city or town of a solid front to the outside world. It is easy, too, to bring the desired state of affairs about. All that is required is that each representative sport concede a little of its individuality for the general good.]

COAL CITY.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

TO the press of the Pacific Northwest, which has been a unit in extending to WESTERN RECREATION the most cordial and appreciative of welcomes, our best thanks are due. To the lovers of sport who have been prompt to express their practical approval of our enterprise by enrolling themselves as subscribers, we desire to express our equally sincere acknowledgements. Upon the co-operation of both a large measure of our success depends. Of the support and assistance of the press we are assured; are the friends of sport less ready to lend their aid to an enterprise having for its pivotal and primary object the elevation and advancement of true sport?

We think not.

If one-third or one-quarter only of those actively identified with organized athletic sports in British Columbia but demonstrate their approval of our determination to give the attractions of sport in this locality fair representation, the accomplishment of our mission and the continual improvement of WESTERN RECREATION will be an easy, not to say, a most delightful task.

We want everyone to be a regular subscriber who is interested in the cause of sport. Surely this is not asking too much. Club secretaries will find it to their advantage to communicate with us early in the season—we want the clubs and offer special inducements.

But singly or in blocks, the subscriptions are welcome—that is the easy, practical way to prove true friendship for sport and illustrate your good wishes for a purely home production.

Northern California has seceded from the national organization of wheelmen because the L.A.W. has emphatically declined to sanction Sunday racing, and Sunday racing is asserted to be essential to the life of the sport in the Golden State. Be this as it may, the separation was bound to come. The interests of California and the great body of the L.A.W. are as far apart as the East and the West; to harmonize them is not possible. Cyclists of the Pacific Coast will now give themselves

to serious consideration of what is to be done. Should the Northern States turn their backs upon California and refuse to play with her? Or is it more to the interest of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Montana, et al, to join hands with the Golden State—leaving the matter of Sunday racing for local decision—and form a Pacific Coast league? Such an organization would be strong enough to do good work, and there are many other considerations in its favor. What say you, wheelmen of the North?

By a transposition of figures on page 27 of the first issue of WESTERN RECREATION a mistake is made in the summarizing of the turf records of British Columbia. Geo. Wentworth's "All Smoke" is credited with doing the $\frac{5}{8}$ in 1:21½, and George Byrnes' "Doncaster," the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in 1:05½. It should be other way, the $\frac{5}{8}$ being done in 1:05½ and the $\frac{3}{4}$ in 1:21½.

Although Jacklight shooting is strictly prohibited by the laws of British Columbia, it was more generally practised west of the Cascades during the past winter than in any previous season. There is only one thing to be said in its favor: it is decidedly dangerous for the hunter. If the paths of all Jacklight shooters in the land could only be made to merge, it would be a good thing for the game, the country, the coroner and the undertaker.

The legislature of Washington has adopted a measure providing that in the construction of all new roads, a 4-foot sidepath shall be provided for the exclusive use of wheelmen and pedestrians. This is law-making worthy of imitation.

Australia's baseball team is to visit this Province during early May, when they will be given matches at both cricket and baseball. It is earnestly to be hoped they will take back with them so good a report that both the cricketers and riflemen will come this way en route to and from England. So will the fame of the Pacific Northwest reach the uttermost parts of the earth.

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Western Recreation for June.

BICYCLING AND YACHTING THE SPECIAL FEATURES

This time—but with enough of other sports to make with the miscellaneous matter, another complete magazine "on the side."

ITEMS FROM THE LIST:

- CYCLING IN THE NORTHWEST.**—The first of a short series of articles reviewing the home history of the reigning sport, with portraits of all Prominent Racing Men, Club Officers, Good Roads Enthusiasts, etc., and pictures of all the Northwest tracks. In this first chapter Oregon and Vancouver are dealt with, Ed. C. Garratt, Thomas H. Rogers and J. W. Prescott contributing the letter-press.
- THE WATERFRONT KALEIDOSCOPE.**—A fascinating article by T. Bamford, with a baker's dozen of illustrations by that well-known artist—the whole descriptive of what may be seen by a lover of the picturesque from over the side of a canoe.
- TENNIS AND ITS TENETS.**—Seasonable and strictly up-to-date. By J. Fortesque Foulkes, Champion of British Columbia and acknowledged first player of Canada.
- THE NORTHWEST YACHTSMEN.**—A resume of the sport in the North Pacific by E. B. Leaming and Frank P. Dow. Profusely illustrated. This will be followed during the season with special chapters devoted to the Clubs and Fleets of Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver and Victoria.
- THRU' UNKNOWN ROADS.**—A bright and breezy narrative by Agnes Deans Cameron and the Kodak of the first exploration by women cyclists of the famous road to Otter Point.
- PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.**—A few studio reminiscences by Savannah, who also tells the amateur several things he should do and some others that he should not.
- THE CARE OF LAWNS.**—An eminently practical paper for the amateur gardener.
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C. P. Navigation Co., Ltd.

TIME TABLE No. 29.

Vancouver Route.

Victoria to Vancouver—Daily, except Monday, at 1 o'clock.
Vancouver to Victoria—Daily, except Monday, at 13:15 o'clock, or on arrival of C.P.R. No. 1 train.

New Westminster Route.

LEAVE VICTORIA for New Westminster, Ladner's Landing and Lulu Island—Sunday at 23 o'clock; Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 o'clock. Sunday's steamer to New Westminster connects with C. P. train No. 2 going East Monday.

For Plumper Pass—Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Moresby and Pender Islands—Thursday at 7 o'clock.
LEAVE NEW WESTMINSTER for Victoria—Monday at 13:15 o'clock; Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Plumper Pass—Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Pender and Moresby Islands—Thursday at 7 o'clock.

Northern Route.

Steamships of this Company will leave for Fort Simpson and intermediate ports, via Vancouver, the 1st and 15th of each month at 8 o'clock. When sufficient inducements offer will extend trips to West Coast Points and Queen Charlotte Islands.

Barclay Sound Route.

Steamer Tees leaves Victoria for Alberni and Sound Ports the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month.

The Company reserves the right of changing this Time Table at any time without notification.

JOHN IRVING, MANAGER.

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TO THE SETTLER—In large areas of agricultural land obtainable on easy terms, and with a rapidly growing population to constitute a profitable home market.

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