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MISSING

MAN TO MAN

AN INDEX TO OPPORTUNITY

FORMERLY WESTWARD HO!

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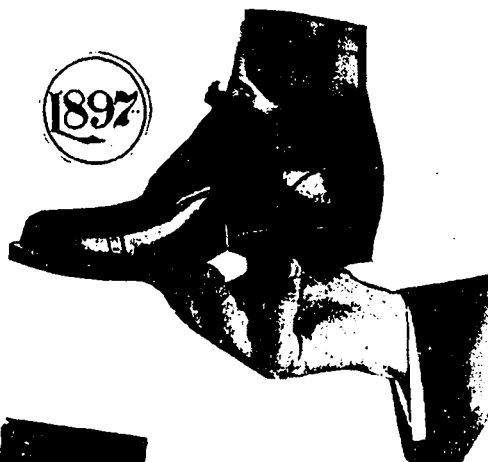
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Tolstoi

By J. Morton

Who feared not Czar nor church's blade
Nor all the banded State's decree,
Was like a war-scarred veteran laid
In open field beneath a tree.
His grave by priestly rite unblessed—
Yet lies he like a saint at rest.

For lesser men cathedral domes
May echo like some murmuring bell;
His dirge is sung in peasant homes,
His altar where the lowly dwell;
His incense is their grateful prayers,
His holy water is their tears.

As Christ of old the orthodox
Pursued in blind and jealous pride,
And left unblest in Syrian rocks
The body of the Crucified,
So still the ruling church will jeer
And crown with thorns the latest Seer.

At Christ of old the Rabbis sneered,
But humble-hearted fishermen
The teaching of their Lord revered—
Became His tongue, His voice, His pen,
To flash to every coming age
The glory of His pilgrimage.

So Tolstoi, in the years to be,
The better hearts your life has made
Will say with your sad peasantry
Your love and goodness cannot fade;
Will greet you as a beacon light
That backward drove the ghosts of night.

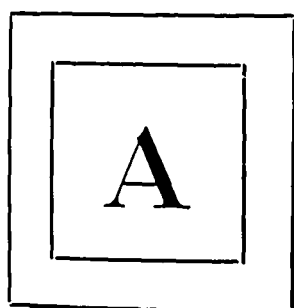


THE GREAT RIVER THAT FLOWS THROUGH THE LAND OF GOLD

Photo by

DECEMBER, 1910

Northward Ho!

By Hallock C. Bundy

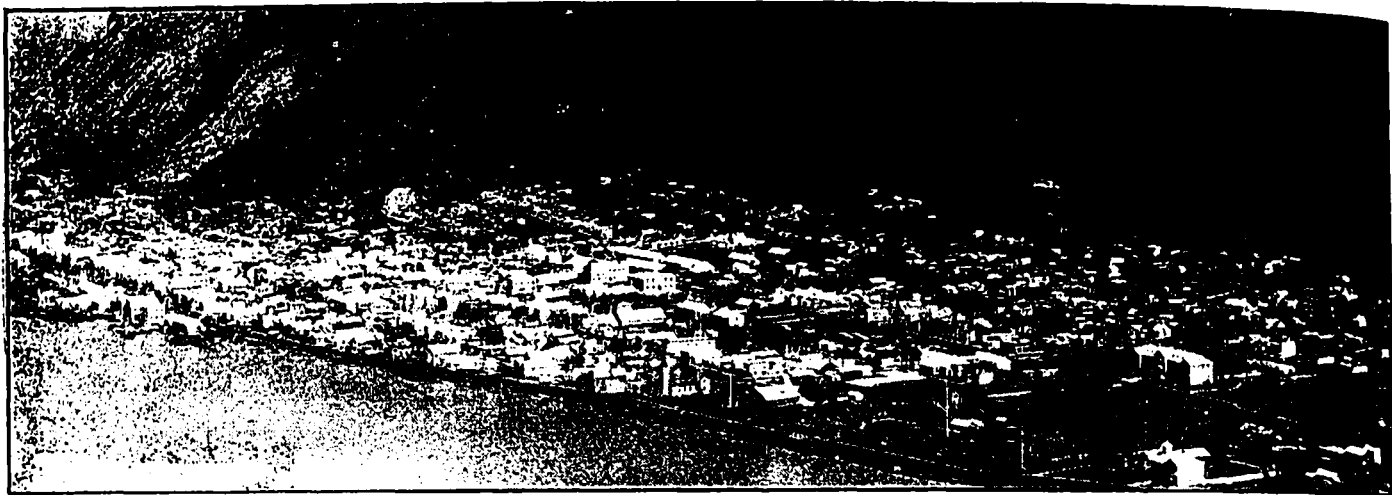
ALASKA and the Yukon Territory are the last of the American frontier; the last stand of the hardy pioneers; the only land wherein are still living the romances of Bret Harte, the humor of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," and the atmosphere of Jack London's "The God of His Fathers." There are great rivers and stretches of plains and forests, as yet unmarred by the works of the white man; empires sparsely peopled for their area. The land has not yet been bound by iron rails; the greed and hurry of crowded cities have not laid the mailed hand upon it; and its mineral and agricultural wealth has not been counted.

The Hon. Wm. Sulzer, congressman from New York, said: "I go to Alaska every summer, combining business with pleasure. I believe Alaska to be the greatest country on earth—God's country. Nobody can describe Alaska. Combine all the pictures in Nature's art gallery, think of all the wonders in the world, tumble all the mountains, all the snow-capped peaks, all the glaciers, all the gorges, all the val-

leys, all the cascades, all the torrential streams rushing tumultuously seaward, together, and you have a faint glimmer of the wonders, the greatness, the glory and the inexpressible grandeur of Alaska."

Alaska is approximately 590,000 square miles in area; the Yukon Territory is 207,076 square miles in area. The two territories are so similar topographically and climatically and the interests of both are so closely allied that it is difficult to write in a general way about one of them without considering the other. Both are so immense and diversified in resources that a single article about them must be composed of mere generalizations. Because of these facts the space allotted to this article is devoted to a short description of the line of travel between Vancouver and Dawson.

During the summer, the boats of the Canadian Pacific line leave Vancouver twice each week. The past season the company operated the Princesses Royal, Beatrice and May, all finely equipped ocean-going vessels, built under special Lloyd's survey. It is just 900 miles from Vancouver to Skagway, the terminus of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and nearly the entire distance is through a series of land-locked passages, the most wonderful in the world.



DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA

Photo by Doody

A stop is made at Prince Rupert, a new city of the west, whose birth was heralded with great promise. It is to be the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and although the railroad will not run through trains to it for nearly three years, it is a thriving, rapidly growing seaport, offering many of the advantages of the older Pacific Coast towns.

After Alaskan waters have been reached an interesting part of the trip commences. "The steamer slides through green and echoing reaches; past groups of totems, standing like ghosts of the past among the dark spruce or cedar trees; through stone-walled canyons where the waters move dark and still, into open sunlit seas."

The towns of Ketchikan and Wrangle are close to the water's edge, banked in by the foothills of the snow-clad mountains beyond; old historic towns, where modern dwellings and curious ruins guard the graves of a once proud race of Indians.

Metlakatla is the most modern Indian town in the world. Here the natives have preserved the emblems of their forefathers, but today they maintain their own Christian schools and church and present to the casual visitor to the island a state of industry that is most interesting and surprising when contrasted with the shiftless life led by most of the Indians that are scattered along the Alaskan coast.

Juneau, the capital of the territory, is known as the "Gold Belt City," because it is the center of a mineralized district 120 square miles in extent, where are located the greatest working quartz mines in the north. About three miles from there are the Treadwell mines, where 880

stamps crush 5,000 tons of ore each day. In Silver Bow Basin, just back of Juneau, are numerous quartz properties in development.

After leaving Juneau the way is through Lynn canal, a picturesque waterway that cuts deep into the mainland. A stop is made at Haines, a beautiful scenic spot. Near by is Fort William H. Seward. At the end of the canal is located the town of Skagway, the southern gateway to the Yukon. Of this place an editor wrote:

"This being one of the few gateways into an immense empire, through whose portals pass its brawn and sinew and wealth, we meet day after day each spring, an eager, virile humanity, hastening to a land of promise. Men who have fought and succeeded or lost there before, are returning with that optimism that only the frontier life breeds along with broadminded manhood. With the spring influx go many to whom the north is an undiscovered country; its great mountain ranges, mystic rivers, wide valleys and glacial lakes have not yet cast over them the spell of Alaska. And it is a spell of wondrous enchantment—an enchantment so mighty, so beautiful as to make the things one comes north for—gold or adventure—of secondary consideration, and above them places honest hearts and confidence in human nature. Alaska's hills and rivers tell to each newcomer the story of true worth; of self-reliance apart from selfishness.

"In the fall we clasp hands with these men again and listen to their stories of financial success or disappointment; but either way, note in them the change the north has wrought, and nearly always for



BONANZA BASIN, SHOWING GOLD DREDGE AT WORK

Photo by Doody

the better. Their stature may not have grown. Apparently they may not be more robust, but from them radiate a new joy of living, a hope, a confidence and a better outlook upon life. It is the story of the frontier, of the great open places from which come the magnetism, the strength—the life that always has kept the human race young and furnishes to the big cities the power, the imagination, the force for the great achievements of which they of the cities are proud.

"We see these things here, apart from the strife on the 'outside,' and the battle royal between man and nature in the 'inside,' and we are glad to be here at the portals of this gateway to better things."

The White Pass train leaves Skagway at 9:30 in the morning and the first part of the journey into the "inside" commences. For so short a railway trip, 110 miles, it is probably the most unique and interesting in the world. Out of the window is seen a steadily changing, swiftly moving panorama of deep gullies, plunging waterfalls, and rushing glacial streams, wooded hillsides and sharp mountain peaks. The roadway in places is chiselled out of the sides of rocky cliffs, and one realizes what a wonderful engineering feat was accomplished in its building. If it had been completed before the days of the great Klondyke rush, how much suffering it would have saved the thousands of gold seekers who packed over the Chilcoot pass and the White pass trails. In the place of the thousands that went on afoot, there would have been hun-

dreds of thousands that would have travelled by this railway, and today, in place of the interior towns being peopled by the small populations they contain, there would be large towns, and Dawson now would be a city. For while the majority that went "inside" in the early days were lured by the tales of easy wealth, many who had the hardihood remained, and are today, with very few exceptions—including those who have returned to the "outside" with fortunes made—enjoying more prosperity than they would have been likely to attain in more crowded centres. The north is no place for the weak and lazy, but all who can and are willing to work receive more for their labor, on an average, whether they are working for themselves or others, than any corresponding effort would give them in any other place. One hundred and fifty million dollars in gold alone have been taken out of the Yukon, and a very small number of its streams have ever been prospected. And it is not mining alone that holds out a future for the northerner. There are fertile valleys that contain uncounted thousands of acres that will produce nearly any kind of agricultural products that are grown in the north temperate zone. The long nightless days of the summer give the ground a capacity for the quick maturing of hay and all kinds of vegetables and some grains. Those who are engaged in farming around Dawson are fast demonstrating the fact that part of the Yukon at least is to be a great agricultural country.

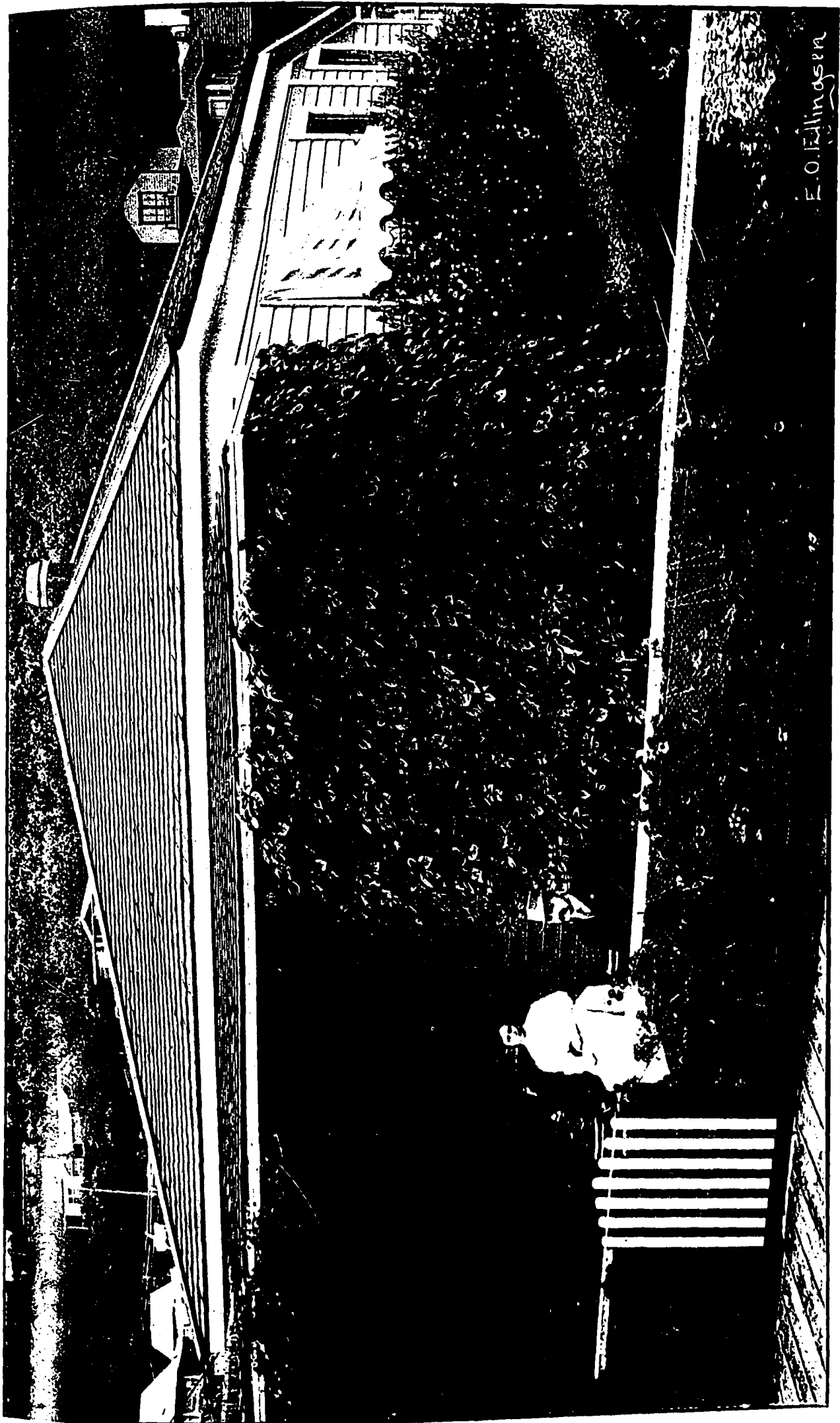


STEEL BRIDGE, OVER 250 FEET IN HEIGHT, ON W. P. & Y. ROUTE *Photo by Callarman*

Soon after leaving Skagway the train begins to climb the side of the canyon of the Skagway river. Far below, along its bank may still be seen the well-worn White Pass trail, where there is just room for a single pack animal to get along. Suddenly the train seems to be hanging in mid air. On each side is a sheer drop of 215 feet. This is the famous cantilever bridge that is the wonder of every traveler. After reaching the summit of the pass, the road follows along the beautiful Thompson river, which breaks here and there into lakes whose limpid waters make one wish to go out on their surface in a small boat and idle with hook and line among the tiny islands and inlets that can be seen cutting into the wooded hillsides. At noon Lake Bennet is reached. This is the real head of the Yukon river, and here is where the early gold seekers built their boats and rafts for the long, tortuous trip through lake and river and rapids to the great river that flows "bell-toned" through the land of gold. The train skirts the rim of Lake Bennet for 27 miles. All the way, on clear days, the

snow-capped mountains on the far side are reflected in its cold depths, making pictures rivalling any Alpine scenes of lakes and mountain peaks. At Carcross, a mountain resort fast growing famous for its fishing and hunting, are two good hotels where the tourist can rest with comfort and complete enjoyment of modern appointments. From this place the little steamer Gleaner sails away up to Taku and the enchanting Atlin lake, a trip that can be made in two days and should be enjoyed by everyone who goes to Yukon.

At the end of the railroad line is the town of Whitehorse, where connection is made with the Yukon steamers. A little way out of the town are the Whitehorse rapids and Miles canyon, where so many lives were lost during the days of the gold stampede. There are a number of good copper properties near Whitehorse, and some are now producers. The Atlas mine at the present time is shipping 200 tons of ore a day to the Tacoma smelter, and in the spring this will be increased to 1,000 tons a day. Whitehorse is also known as an outfitting point for big game



E. O. Fellings

THE SHERWOOD HOME, DAWSON, YUKON TERRITORY, SHOWING LUXURIANT GROWTH

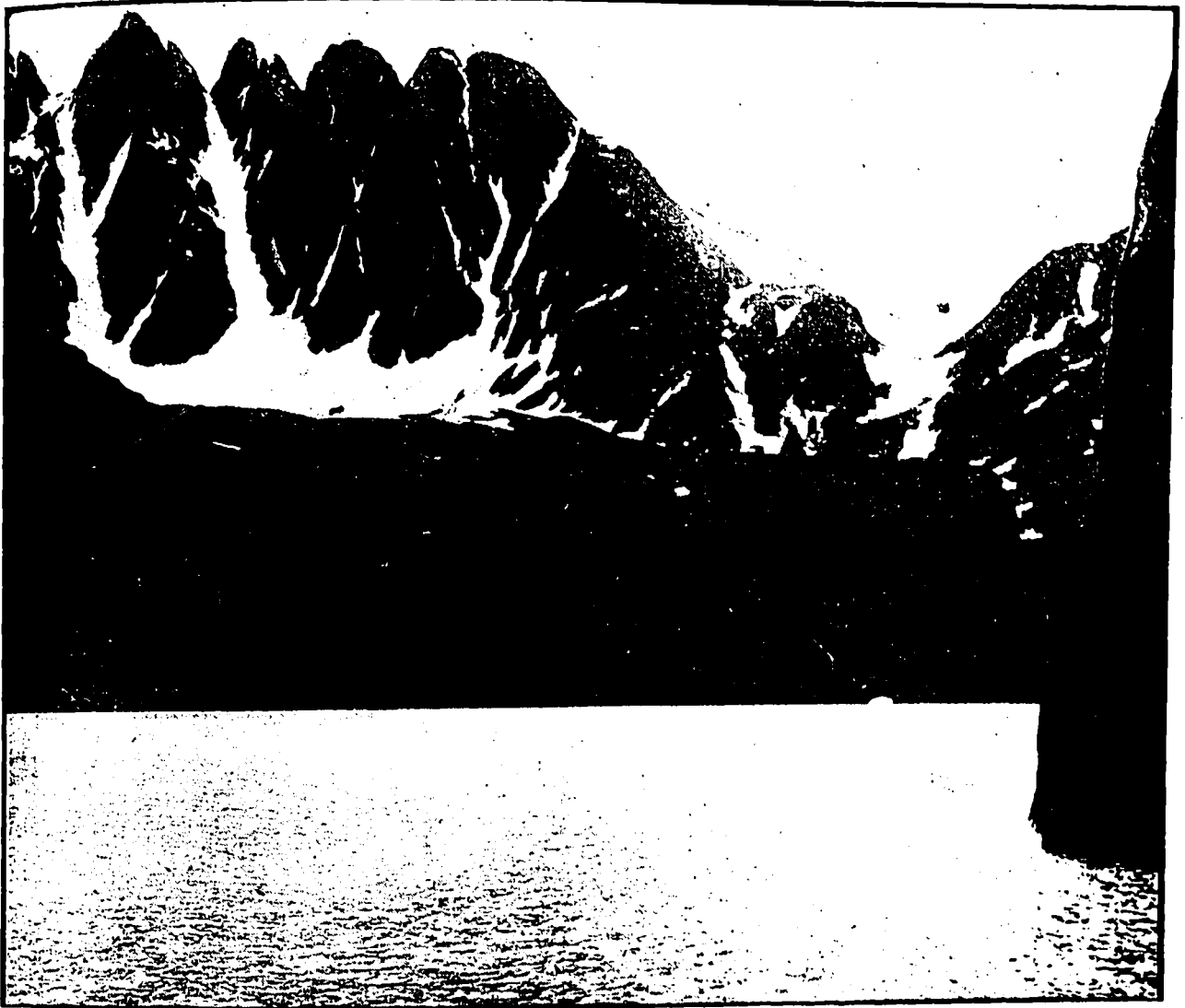


A THIRTY-TON LOAD. TEAMING IN THE KLONDYKE. MACHINERY FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST GOLD DREDGE

hunters, and during the past two summers some of the best-known nimrods in the world have made it their starting point for moose, bear and mountain sheep hunts. Some of the finest game trophies ever obtained have been shipped from there.

The steamers Dawson and Whitehorse are excellent boats on which to make the journey to Dawson. The staterooms are comfortable and the service superior to most crafts of this kind. Large social halls and spacious promenade decks make life aboard them very enjoyable. During the tourist season—June, July and August—the sun shines nearly all night, and at no time is it dark. It is never very warm weather, and the nights are just cool enough for the traveller to sleep under light blankets. The boats usually leave Whitehorse at about eight o'clock in the evening. A few miles below the town Lake Labarge is entered, and it takes some hours to steam through it. The current in the upper part of the Yukon is very swift, and it seldom takes over forty hours to reach Dawson. The river gradually widens

out as the boat gains northward, and each new stream that empties into it makes a perceptible increase in the volume of water. Inland the hills are lower and timbered to their crests. One imagines he is sailing into an unexplored country. For miles at a time no sign of life is seen, unless it is a deer or moose swimming across the river in the early morning or a lone bear drinking at the water's edge in the twilight of the midnight hour. At times the hills are replaced by low forests and gently undulating meadows spreading far away into mystic valleys. Bright tropical patches of flowers appear often, and everywhere is a profusion of vegetation. Once in a while a trapper's or woodchopper's cabin is seen nestling in the woods, and again a lone Indian fisherman is noticed sitting motionless in his birchbark canoe, his paddle held poised in the air while he watches the white man's boat. The mines of the Five Fingers Coal Company are on the left-hand side of the river, the large bunkers extending out over the edge of the river. A few miles below them the Five



HEATHER LAKE, W. P. & Y. ROUTE

Photo by Callarman

Fingers rapids are "shot," and the tourist cannot help but admire the ease with which the captain takes the steamer through the narrow passages between the huge, cruel rocks that rise out of the water. Fort Selkirk is the principal town en route, and is a cluster of log cabins and a trading post. Many Indians are usually gathered there and offer their wares of baskets and moosehide work to the travellers.

When Dawson comes into view it is a surprise to the traveller because of its modern appearance. The place first sprang into existence with the gold stampede of the Klondyke in 1896-97. Much has been written about Dawson in the days of the great strike, when it was the Mecca for all kinds of adventurers; when it was the typical pioneer town of the far frontier, teeming with gold seekers, traders and gamblers from all parts of the world; when fortunes were won and lost in a day; when the way to it was long and arduous and the dangers many; and when the hazardous spirits from all walks of life hurled themselves pell-mell, gold mad, over the Chilkoot pass into a country that has since

furnished thousands of stories of wild life and reckless bravery to the fiction writers.

From out this maelstrom of adventurous frontier life the present capital has been evolved. Today it is a modern, up-to-date community, law-abiding—a place of homes. Well-graded streets, substantial business blocks, comfortable dwellings, parks and flower gardens impress a visitor with the idea that it is an admirable place in which to live.

The tremendous mining industry carried on in the Klondyke is a big story in itself, and let it suffice here to say that, in the Dawson mining district one can see more interesting and different kinds of mining methods than anywhere else in the world, ranging from the old style of shovelling into a sluice box to the largest gold dredge. In this district are the only electric mining elevators in use. Though Dawson is known as an old camp its mining resources are only partially developed. During the past summer many millions were invested there in mining machinery and construction work.

PEOPLE YOU HEAR ABOUT



MR. DAVID SPENCER, Sr., is the founder and the present head of the department stores operated by David Spencer, Limited, in Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo. He is prominent in British Columbia financial circles, being a director of many of the strongest institutions, and an active worker in religious and philanthropic movements.



[R. H. T. LOCKYER has been for the past twenty years a prominent figure in British Columbia's commercial life as general manager of the large Vancouver business of the Hudson's Bay Company. In addition to the general management, Mr. Lockyer was recently appointed superintendent of all British Columbia mercantile business of the Great Company.

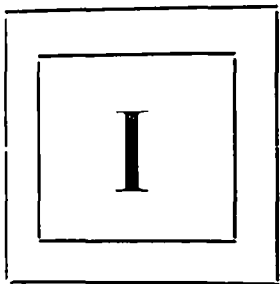


DR. C. E. DOHERTY, Vice-President B. C. Medical Association, Lecturer in Phrenology to the B. C. Medical Council, and Medical Superintendent of the Public Hospital for the Insane, New Westminster. He is regarded as one of the most progressive Canadian alienists.

The Treatment of the Insane

FARMING AS A CURE FOR MADNESS -- BRITISH COLUMBIA'S
NOVEL EXPERIMENT

By H. Sheridan-Bickers



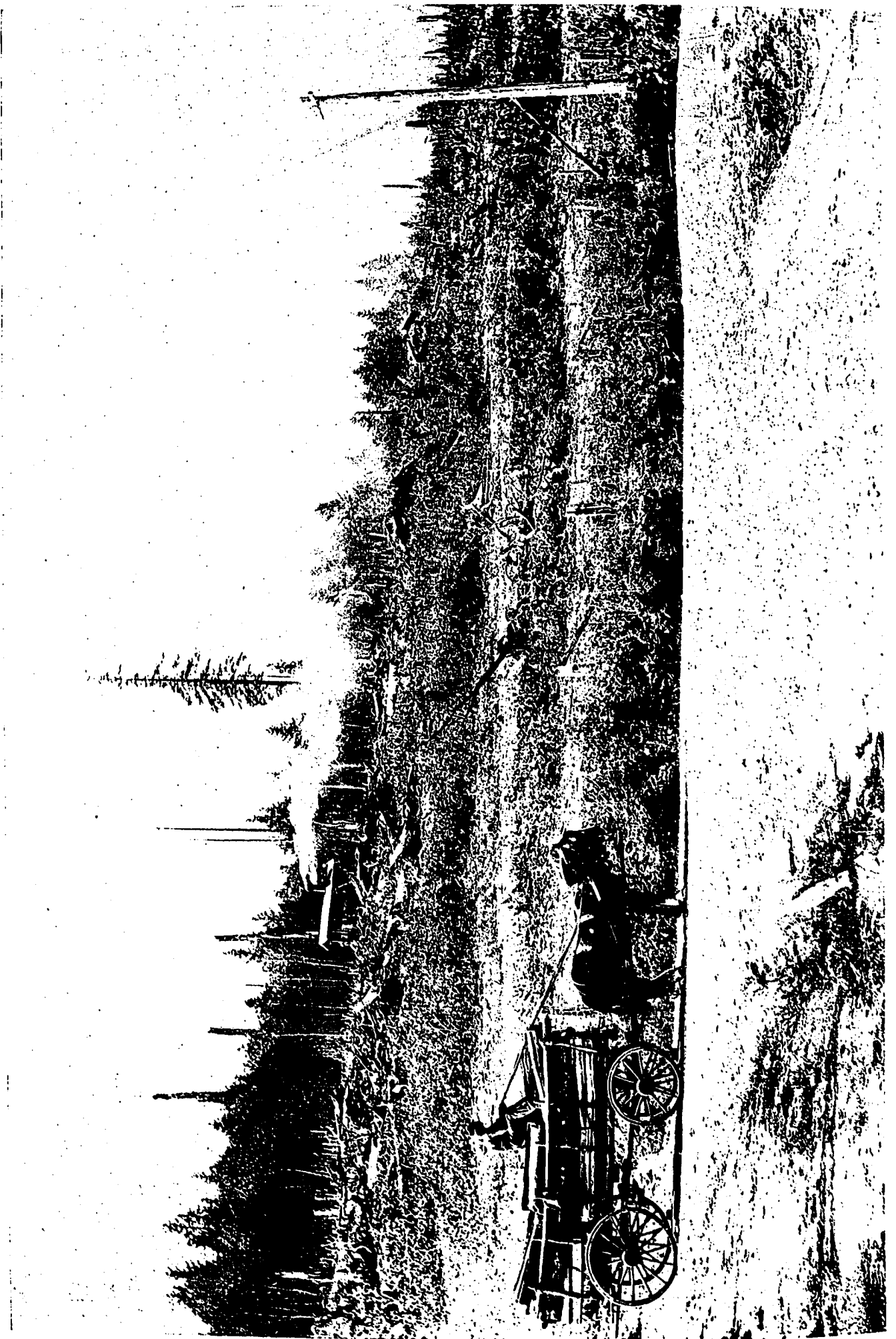
IDEALLY situated at the junction of the Coquitlam and Fraser rivers, a thousand acres of rich land is being dyked and drained, cleared and tilled as the site of the Coquitlam Colony Farm to be attached to the new public hospital for the insane now being built there. About five hundred acres have already been cleared and are now under cultivation. By next fall the magnificent buildings of the new asylum will be ready for occupation.

At this institution, thanks to the munificence and enterprise of our provincial government, a daring and unique experiment in the treatment and care of the insane is to be made. The new colony farm is to be the scene of the biggest adventure in mental therapeutics that has been heard of since the days of the Apostles. We have hitherto prided ourselves in Canada that it was the sanity of our agriculturists that made farming so profitable. Now we are to test the theory that it is the agricultural work that accounts for the sanity of our farmers. It is on that theory, at all events, that Dr. Charles E. Doherty's unique scheme for the treatment of the insane may be founded. The medical superintendent of the provincial asylum has persuaded the government to let his patients work on a stock farm as a new and practical treatment of lunacy, and to fit them on discharge from the asylum to obtain immediate work. New Westminster, therefore,

because of its natural resources, has been selected as the ideal place for an experiment which, if successful, will make a new era in alienism.

Just as a mind wearies through want of exercise, so it would seem that the idle confinement of imbeciles must be rather provocative of further evil than of cure. Idiots and lunatics apart, how often has it been proved that responsibility is the foundation of sane and intelligent citizenship? If the state treats its people as vicious or irresponsible, they will become vicious and irresponsible. Restrictive legislation, as a rule, is the worst form of political insanity. Treat a man as a responsible citizen and he will endeavor to justify that confidence. As with the individual, so is it not with the state? Home Rule is the secret of the success of British administration throughout the world. Mutual trust and self-reliance are the bedrock on which the British Empire stands -- supreme, united and invincible. So do we see that the dignity of labor and the proud spirit of individual responsibility which work begets are the hall-marks of the colonist. Self-expression is the father of self-reliance, and self-reliance is the mark of the man. To the psychologist, therefore, as to the farmer, the Coquitlam farm colony is an experiment of unique interest.

It is to the lasting honor of Dr. C. E. Doherty (the asylum's medical superintendent) that he has not only realized that a healthy mind never lived long in a lazy body, but has succeeded in making others realize it also. It speaks volumes for



SITE OF FIRST BUILDING, COQUILLAM

this gentleman's glowing enthusiasm and dominant personality that he has persuaded the powers that be to provide the means for putting his original theories for the treatment and cure of insanity to the test. Nor is it any ordinary spirit that animates a government that has the courage to undertake so daring an experiment. Whether results justify the high expectation of the scheme's promoters, it must be regarded as a praiseworthy sample of humane and progressive government.

One hardly realizes the possibilities and far-reaching effects of the scheme; how its success will convert those who are now "deficients" and "decadents" into sane and useful citizens. I therefore visited Coquitlam to see what was to be seen, and interviewed Dr. Doherty to hear what was to be heard.

THE COMING COQUITLAM

The town, as many of our readers are aware, is to be within one and a quarter miles of New Westminster. Here the Coquitlam and Fraser rivers join, the land being for the most part alluvial soil, as good as any in the province, and which, it is certain, will be the means of a great reduction in the per capita cost of the insane to the province.

Four years ago the whole site was a complete wilderness of forest. Tents were then erected and Dr. Doherty sent out fifteen patients in charge of two attendants, who cleared enough land for the erection of the present temporary buildings. In 1907 the clearing work commenced in earnest. Five hundred acres are already cleared, and the lowland is completely dyked and underdrained. Over forty-two miles of underdrains are in operation already. A pumping station has been erected on the Coquitlam river and a flood-gate in the Fraser.

From the Canadian Pacific railway a fine view of the farm, surrounded by white dressed cedar posts, is obtained. Down the middle is a lane with an avenue of trees on either side. When these grow larger they will give a very picturesque effect to the place. On the highland beyond the three hundred and forty-seven acres composing the farm are the handsome farm buildings. These are of ultra-modern construction. The hay barn is

forty by two hundred and twenty feet, and equipped with fine hay conveyers and other machinery. The cattle barn is 230 feet long and has accommodation for one hundred and ten head of cattle. It contains the latest sanitary appliances of a modern dairy barn, similar in design to the famous dairy barns at Portland, Oregon. The live stock are automatically watered in their own stalls. Supply trains run through each shed and connect each barn with the "silo" for cut fomented food.

In the long interview I had with the medical superintendent of the asylum, Dr. C. E. Doherty, M.D., I commented on the wooden stabling, expressing a doubt as to whether they were as hygienic as concrete. Dr. Doherty warmly defended the wooden stabling.

"That is a common criticism," said the Doctor, "but believe me, a mistaken one. This group of barns," said the Doctor, referring to the plans, "shows when completed a twin dairy barn built entirely of concrete and iron. This twin barn will be used as a milking stable."

"But," I interrupted, "surely you do not approve of sleeping cattle in wooden floored barns?"

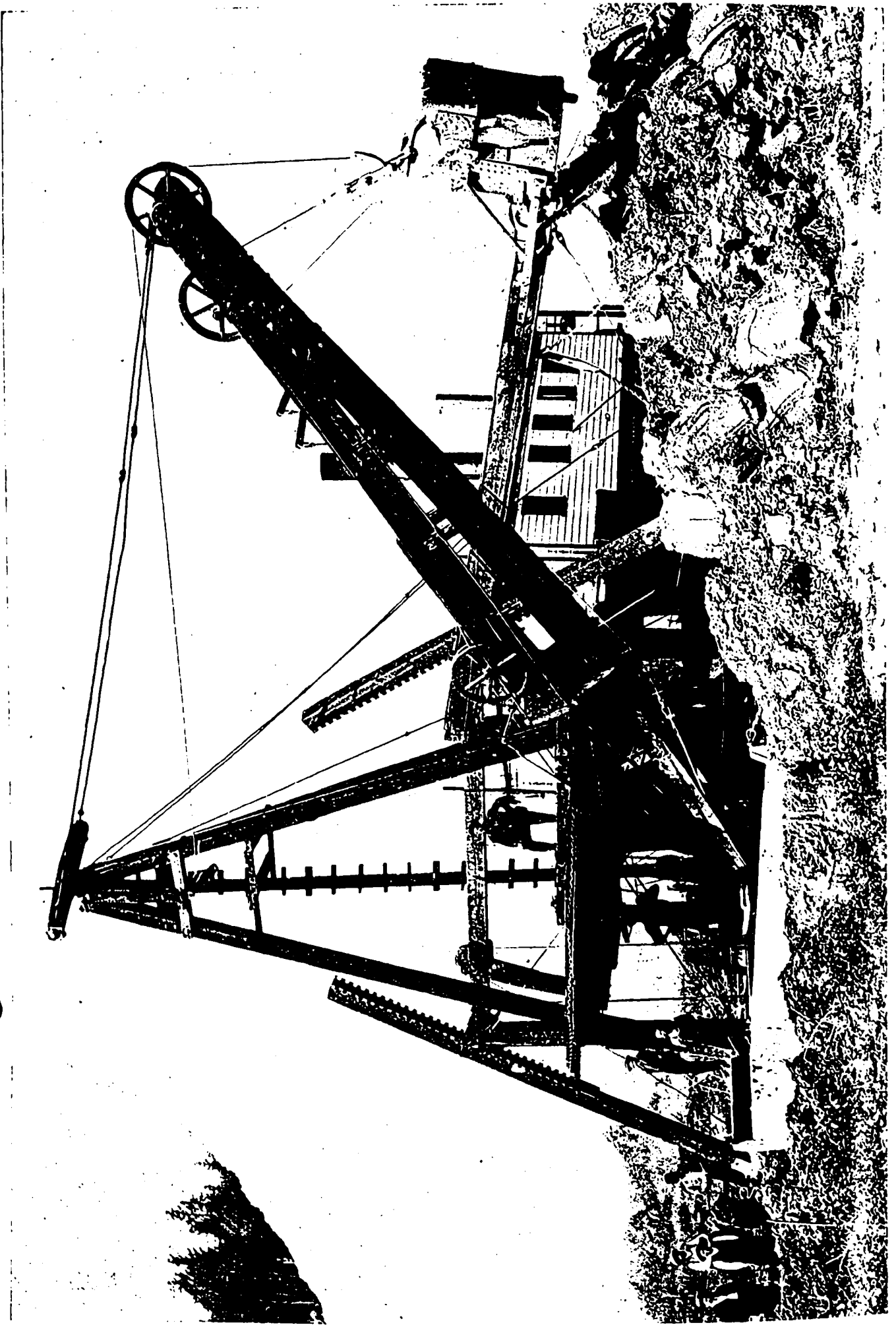
"Why, you could sleep there yourself," retorted the Doctor, and a mischievous twinkle peeped out of the corner of his eyes. I ignored the innuendo.

"I am not a believer in concrete farms," continued the Doctor; "they may, as you say, be easier to clean, but the cold concrete is most injurious to cattle. There is no reason, either, why a wooden stable should not be kept just as hygienic. It is our intention to have this dairy conducted in every way on the latest hygienic principles."

I felt crushed concretely and charitably, subject.

"You must have encountered the farm, Dr. Doherty," I suggested. "I suggested."

"We did, but it was a great deal of trouble," said the supervisor, J. B. Plummer, "but we succeeded in the new year patients were treated by Montgomery, who for years much as several of the Pemberton stock farm in one month. He is a nurse, one of the best known dent. Also in British Columbia. He has been cleared eight men on his staff. Of these fifty or



BUILDING DYKE, COOUTLAM FARM

work. Sixteen acres of orchard have been prepared, and the Japanese and landscape gardens are well advanced toward completion."

"About what will be the cost of the work when completed?"

"The total cost of the 'chronic' building for the new asylum will be about four hundred thousand dollars. The farm itself will cost about fifty thousand. The entire cost has been undertaken by the government, and while I wish to express my sense of admiration at their munificence and my gratitude for the unfailing support and guidance of the provincial secretary, I am confident that the farm will not only prove self-supporting but economical and profitable. It is, I think, a matter for congratulation that—thanks to being able to utilize the services of our patients—the inclusive cost of all work to the province will be less than sixty-five dollars an acre."

"You will, I suppose, effect considerable economy in dairy and farm produce?"

"Certainly. At this institution our milk alone costs us between three and four hundred dollars a month—say four thousand five hundred dollars a year. Our monthly butter bill averages about two hundred dollars, and about four hundred and fifty is spent on the purchase of meat. This will give people some idea of the saving which we shall effect."

"How many patients will the new asylum buildings accommodate?"

"The building for chronics will hold six hundred patients, and the whole group of buildings will have accommodation for about fifteen hundred patients. Our present one has about four hundred men and two hundred women. The new hospital will, we hope, be ready for occupation about next fall. They consist, as you see from the plans, of a large twin set of buildings, the left intended for the male patients and those on the right for the female. In front is the chronic building with the shops and laundry. Behind them are the acute and epileptic wards, with the attendants' residence, and in the back the buildings for the sick and the infirm. The administration buildings are those, of course, in the centre, while my residence is at the left of the infirmary on a road lead-

ing to the station and the wharf. The new road is two and a half miles long. It represents a division of the old Dewdney trunk road and is now open to traffic, as you may have seen. The change in the location of this road has greatly improved our building site. We shall now have several acres of beautifully sloping land for lawn purposes."

"I understand, Doctor, you have secured exceptionally fine stock for the farm?"

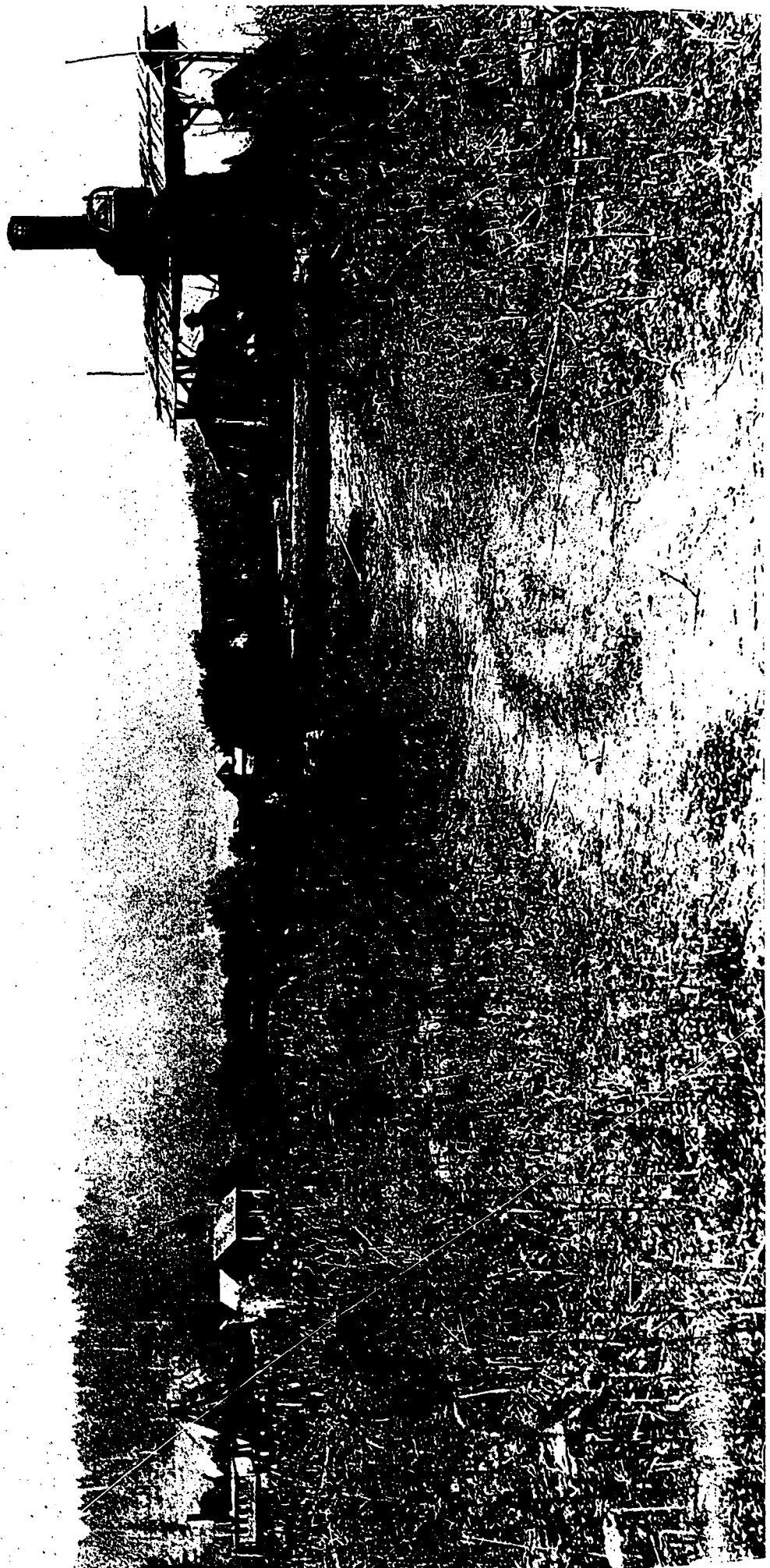
"I think," replied the Doctor with enthusiasm, "our stock would be a credit to the best farm in the province. We have purchased some of the finest mares and cattle in the Dominion. I have already a herd of fifty picked Holstein cattle which we got from Syracuse, New York. We have also a herd of the best Yorkshire hogs. After seeding our dykes and the surrounding land when the grass is grown we shall have a fine herd of Southdowns. On the farm now are twelve highly-bred imported Clydesdale mares. Among these are this year's champion of the Vancouver Horse show and the Alaska-Yukon exhibition. We have also the championship draft mare of the Victoria exhibition, 1910, and the first prize brood mare of the New Westminster exhibition. In addition to these there are four hackneys, three pure-bred mares and one stallion, several standard-bred mares, of which one is Zombrolea, whose sire was the famous Zombro (2 min. 8 sec.) and whose dam was McKinney (2 min. 2 sec.). One hackney stallion has newly been purchased from Madison Square Gardens."

"Have you got any game yet?"

"We are already breeding pheasants. We turned loose two hundred and fifty birds this year and expect to turn out even more during the coming year. We have at present three varieties, the Mongolian, Golden and Lady Amherst."

"Who are helping to run the farm, Dr. Doherty?"

"Our present supervisor, J. B. Plumphrey, has been promoted in the asylum service and will be succeeded in the new year by Duncan Montgomery, who for years was manager of the Pemberton stock farm and is, of course, one of the best known agriculturists in British Columbia. He will have eight men on his staff. Of these



CLEARING FARM, COQUILLAM

four are stockmen and two engineers. They will be assisted by fifty patients, quite a fair number of whom have been accustomed to farm work. With the exception of the men I have specified, both the farm, the decorative gardens and the nurseries will be worked exclusively by our patients."

"You of course anticipate that this work will have a marked effect on the cure of your patients, Doctor?"

"I do, but *wait and see*," was the Asquithian reply. "We have already seen, if I may say so, the excellent effects of the non-repressive and non-confined policy I have instituted, and I confidently anticipate even better results from the open-air and healthy occupation on the farm. You may add to this that, thanks to the careful and business-like methods of inspection the government have adopted, our new buildings when finished will be second to none in the Dominion."

Knowing that Dr. Doherty's regime has been distinguished by some striking changes in asylum administration, and that he is credited with considerable originality in his ideas on the treatment of the insane, I seized my opportunity to obtain information on some of these from the Doctor himself. Dr. Charles E. Doherty is regarded as one of our greatest authorities in mental diseases, and his treatment of the insane has already been distinguished by a success that would make a defence of his enlightened and humane policy the impertinence of superfluity.

Probably hoping to be allowed to continue his eighteen hours' work a day, the Doctor handed me a cigar and his hand. I took the cigar. I then screwed myself tighter in my seat. The Doctor's face dropped, but smothering his disappointment he genially awaited further examination. I made a few remarks in order to draw him.

"I long ago came to the conclusion," said Doctor Doherty in reply to one of these remarks, "that any system for the care and treatment of the dependent insane, to be successful, must be sustained by the highest order of human emotions. Our patients represent many trades and professions. Many of them have enjoyed a high financial, social or intellectual status, and most of them were respectable and responsible citizens prior to the onset of their

disease. Repressive measures such as confinement and punishment are, to my mind, as ineffective as they are unjust. They are morally an outrage to helpless sufferers, medically unsound, and at times fatal. Since I became superintendent in 1905 I have endeavored to adopt the methods of the general hospital rather than that of an asylum. In short, I think our duty to the insane is to do more than render them custodial care. The old strait-jacket and box-bed are doomed. At least, they have no place in my regime, and I am glad to say that Dr. Young, our provincial secretary, has never placed any obstacle against the instant dismissal of employees for brutality or insubordination of any kind. Without strict discipline and the fullest authority to discharge attendants for any act of violence to the patients, the best superintendent that ever breathed is powerless to effect any improvement in the sufferers under his care."

"What measures do you employ for the prevention and cure of violent outbreaks among your patients?"

"I am a confirmed believer in the efficacy of hydro-therapeutic treatment, and of course electrical. The good effects of this method of treatment are becoming more and more apparent in the hospital each day. The continuous baths have been very efficient in reducing motor restlessness, and have excited very beneficial reflex influences in states of anxiety and depression. You would be surprised to see how quickly excited patients become accustomed to the water and quiet gradually into a peaceful sleep. Last year we administered—(he consulted a memorandum)—three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven warm full baths, five thousand one hundred and fourteen rain and needle shower baths, eighty-four steam cabinet baths, followed by passive massage. We also gave, I see, over forty continuous baths as high as seven hours and numerous applications of hot and cold packs. There were also one hundred and sixty-five applications of Faradic current and twenty-five of the electrical vibrator. These methods are, I believe, far more effective than restraint, hypnotics and locked doors."

"That reminds me, Doctor. How much

truth is there in the rumors that most of the patients are free to come and go when they please, both indoors and out?"

"You are more or less correctly informed. I have proved that any such restraint is as unnecessary as close confinement is unhealthy. I have removed the eighteen-foot fence that formerly surrounded the hospital and the gates are unlocked during the day, leaving the patients, except, of course, the acute cases, to come and go more or less as they please. The increase of out-door exercise and out-door life has already shown its beneficial results in a marked degree. The deaths for the last year have been the lowest percentage on record, and we have been remarkably free from epidemics. Nor have we received any complaints of the conduct of our patients out of doors."

"Your originality in treatment seems certainly to have been amply justified by results. I understand you have also made several other innovations in the internal conduct of the asylum?"

"I don't know that I should call them important," said the Doctor modestly; "previous to last year the institution was unprovided with night nurses, but simply with night watchers—three in number. All the night watch had to do was to walk around every hour, sometimes even less frequently. They were supposed to pass through every hall and ward at least once an hour carrying a kerosene lantern. Deaths from exhaustion of maniacal patients were as a consequence common; the morbidly suspicious were frightened by being locked in a room; the sick failed, of course, to receive proper attention, while the violent could not be controlled. I wonder more suicides did not occur. It must have been more luck than management that they didn't. I have endeavored to deal with this matter thoroughly, and we have now nearly as full a quota of night nurses as our full day force. When I augmented the night force the first thing I did was to throw open nearly all the inside doors, and very satisfactory results have followed. With the abolition of the abominable chamber the atmosphere is kept fresh and pure. Patients now have as free access to the toilet rooms at night as during the day. It is exceedingly rare that a patient be-

comes violent enough to warrant closing any door. I am willing, indeed proud, to admit that I am now putting in vogue a system where not a door of a single room or dormitory is closed at night, and every patient can use the toilet rooms, drinking water, etc., as in the day time. Throughout my regime I have attempted to prove the feasibility and wisdom of handling acute maniacal cases by hydro-therapeutic measures and to abolish mechanical restraint."

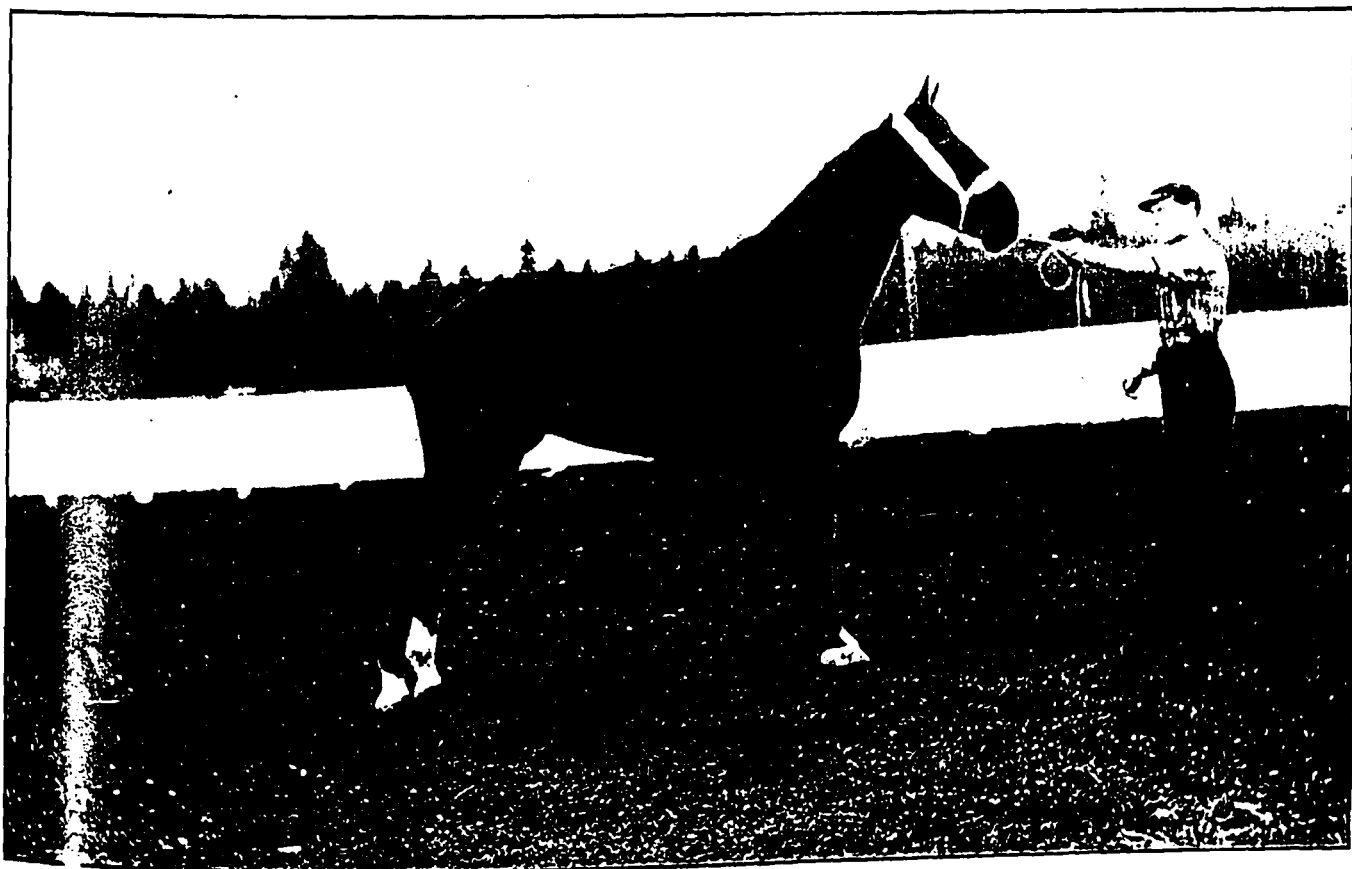
"Well, Doctor," said I, "I think British Columbians and Canadians throughout the Dominion will endorse your view and honor you for your courageous and humane treatment, which has proved so eminently successful in its results." The Doctor smiled—one of those real sunshiny smiles that beats even hydropathy for curing melancholia. "I am indeed glad to think such is the general opinion. Facts certainly have been favorable to my view. Last year we did not have a single case of suicide. Only one patient—an acute alcoholic—attempted it, but did not succeed, though he died next day from the shock following his attempt to hang himself. We had an unusually high percentage of recoveries—31 per cent. of all the cases, including chronics, and this year I am confident of establishing even more satisfactory results."

"You are indeed to be congratulated," I replied; "I shall know where to come when journalism has completed what nature has begun. Good-bye and good luck." A sparkle of experimental enthusiasm beamed in Dr. Doherty's eye, the shadow of a coming event seemed to fall on me—and I fled.

Let me add one word on the man. Dr. Charles E. Doherty is a young man with the courage, enthusiasm and virility of youth, combined with the keen perception, sagacity and self-reliance of experience. A man of the world in the best sense, he strikes one at once with a suggestion of a dominant individuality—intensely alive and full of a peculiar magnetism and reserve power. Big-framed, blue-eyed and fresh-complexioned, he is a living advertisement of his views on health, preservation and mind development. A man of rare ability and force of character, he is also a man

of singular modesty and geniality of manner. Apart from his reforms in the treatment and cure of the insane, he has established a synthetical bureau that might arouse the envy of the Recording Angel himself. This I dived into boldly and had a most profitable and informative swim in its mass of carefully arranged data of cases. It is, needless to say, as rich in psychological interest as it is valuable in the study of alienism and mental therapeutics. Dr. Doherty is a Doctor of Medicine, who graduated at the Trinity University, Toronto. Formerly general superintendent at the Kootenay and at the Nelson general hospitals, he became assistant superintendent of the provincial asylum at

New Westminster in 1902, and was made superintendent in 1905. Within a year of his administration—thanks to the initiative and high-spirited support of Premier McBride and his colleagues—he was provided with the necessary funds to start the work of clearing the site at Coquitlam, where he has established the novel farm colony for the hospital patients. Dr. Doherty has the distinction of being the vice-president of the British Columbia Medical Association, and is examiner in phrenology to the B. C. Medical Council. He is, I think, destined to make a big name for himself in the Dominion, for young Dr. Doherty is a real "live wire."

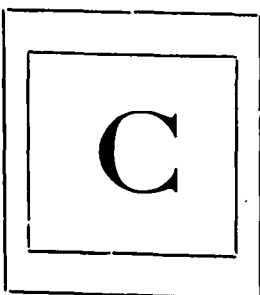
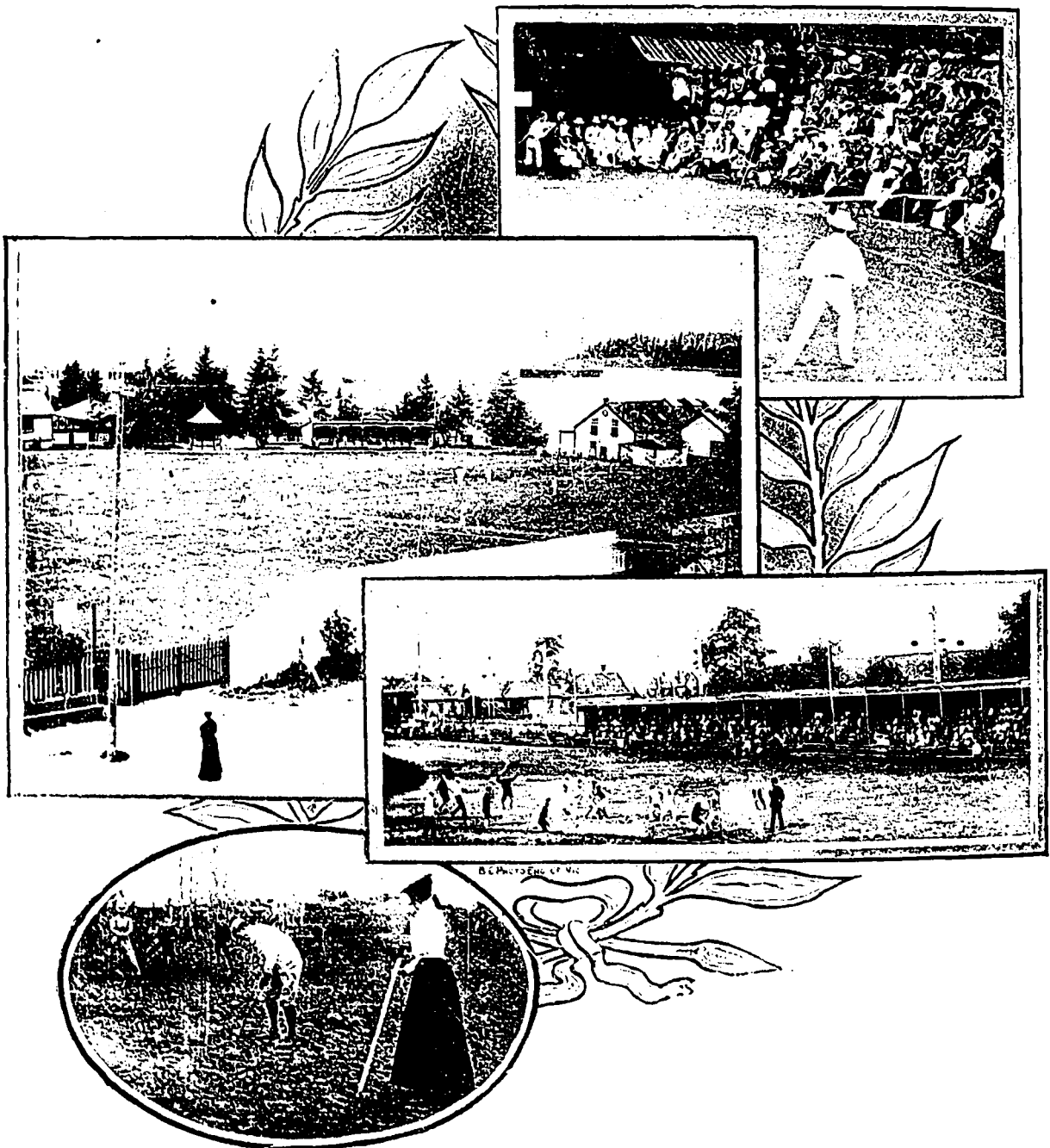


"LADY JESAMINE," ONE OF THE COQUITLAM FARM HORSES

Victoria, Vancouver Island British Columbia, Canada

A METROPOLIS IN THE MAKING

By Ernest McGaffey



AMOSUN lay basking in the sunlight. Westward the Sooke Hills, as yet unnamed, rose girdled with purple haze, their outlines faint in the sweet spring air. In the harbor the prows of many Indian canoes passed and repassed. Wild geese flew steadily southward, their wedge-shaped phalanxes etched sharp against the dome of blue. All that was very long ago, but the germ of a metropolis was contained in Camosun.



THE TIMES BUILDING, VICTORIA, B. C.

Who turned the first bow of a vessel inward to Victoria Harbor? What white man's foot first pressed the sands of James Bay? What white man's face was the first to look into the eyes of the aboriginal inhabitants of Vancouver Island—there where her southernmost headlands jugged into the sparkling straits? History may tell us, but most history is mystery, or legend.

Foot by foot the outposts of the Victoria of old are being carried by the forces of progress. There is something in the metamorphosis that will tell you of silent battle. The Victoria of twenty, or even ten—aye, of five years ago has vanished, never to return. Citadels of the olden days have been stormed, captured, and dismembered. Craigdarroch, the Dunsmuir estate, royal in its view of the De Fuca Straits and the stately Olympus, regal in its expanse of magnificent grounds, has been railed off with as little ceremony as an eight-day clock. The grounds have been divided into lots; the castle itself stands deserted of everything except poignant memories.

Streets in every direction have been knocking for entrance on ancient demesnes which were once safely outside of Victoria's city limits. Gardens cloistered in protecting hedges have been startled by the peering eyes and sacrilegious hands of

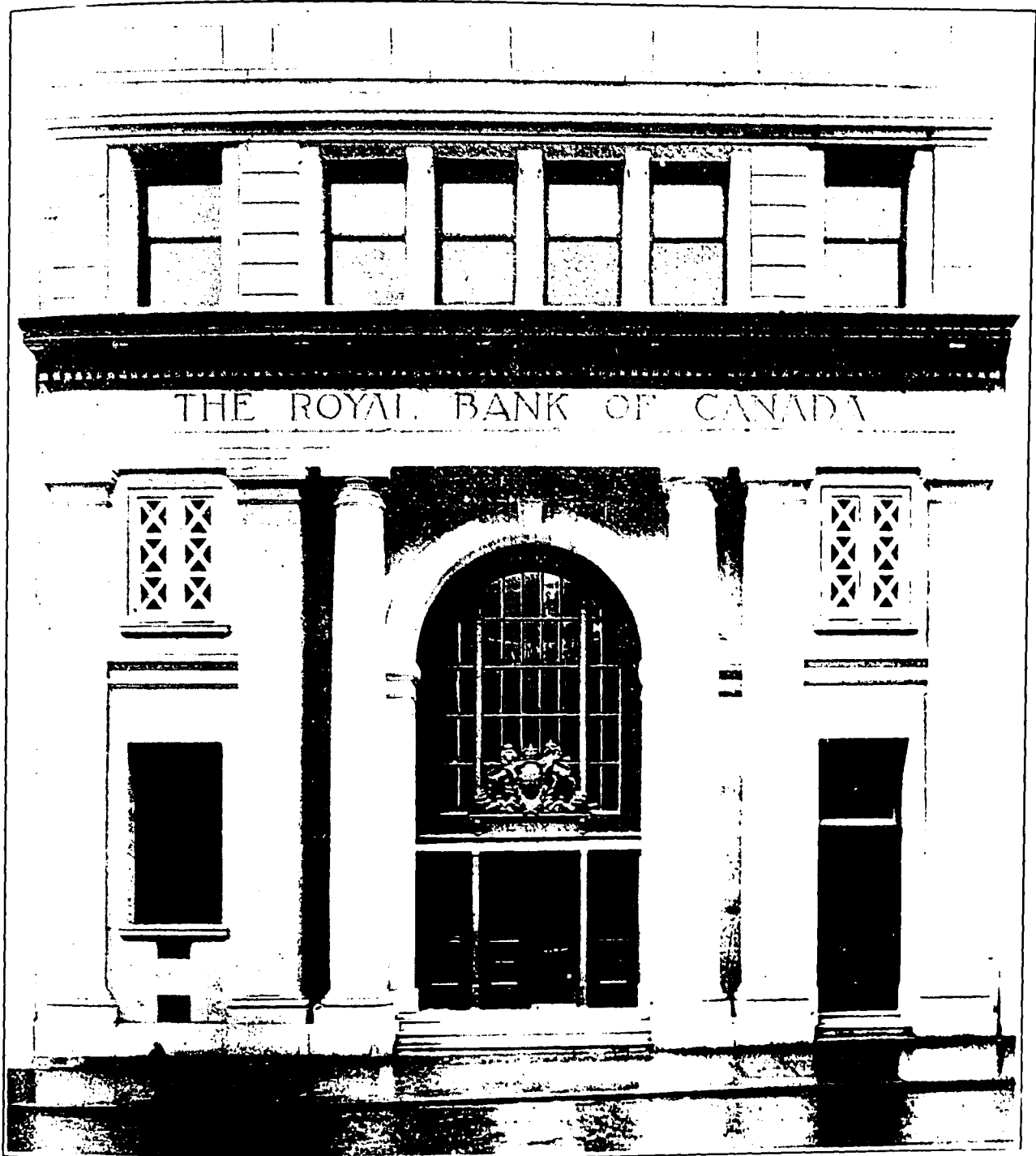


TYPICAL, MODERN BUSINESS STRUCTURE, VICTORIA, B. C.

surveyors and civil engineers, with iconoclastic chains and instruments, hinting of remorseless change. Churches, schools, libraries, public buildings of modern structure, railways, steamship docks, palatial hotels, electric tramways, business and office edifices—how fast they follow on the heels of the new transformation; how steadily and resistlessly they push aside the order of the old regime.

And why? So many "whys"; such a plethora of wherefores! For one thing, NORTH-WESTWARD now, and no longer westward, "the star of empire trends its way." The development of both the Dominion of Canada and the northwestern states of the United States in the last ten years has been the industrial marvel of the centuries. The clogged and congested state of affairs in the far east and the central portion of both countries has had something to do with this fact. The vast patent and latent riches of the region to the northwest have also played an important part. The absence of extremes of heat and cold has also been a factor in producing the result. But in such a number of circumstances as have combined to bring about this startling change there is an embarrassment of reasons. It is enough to know that the times have changed, and men have changed with them.

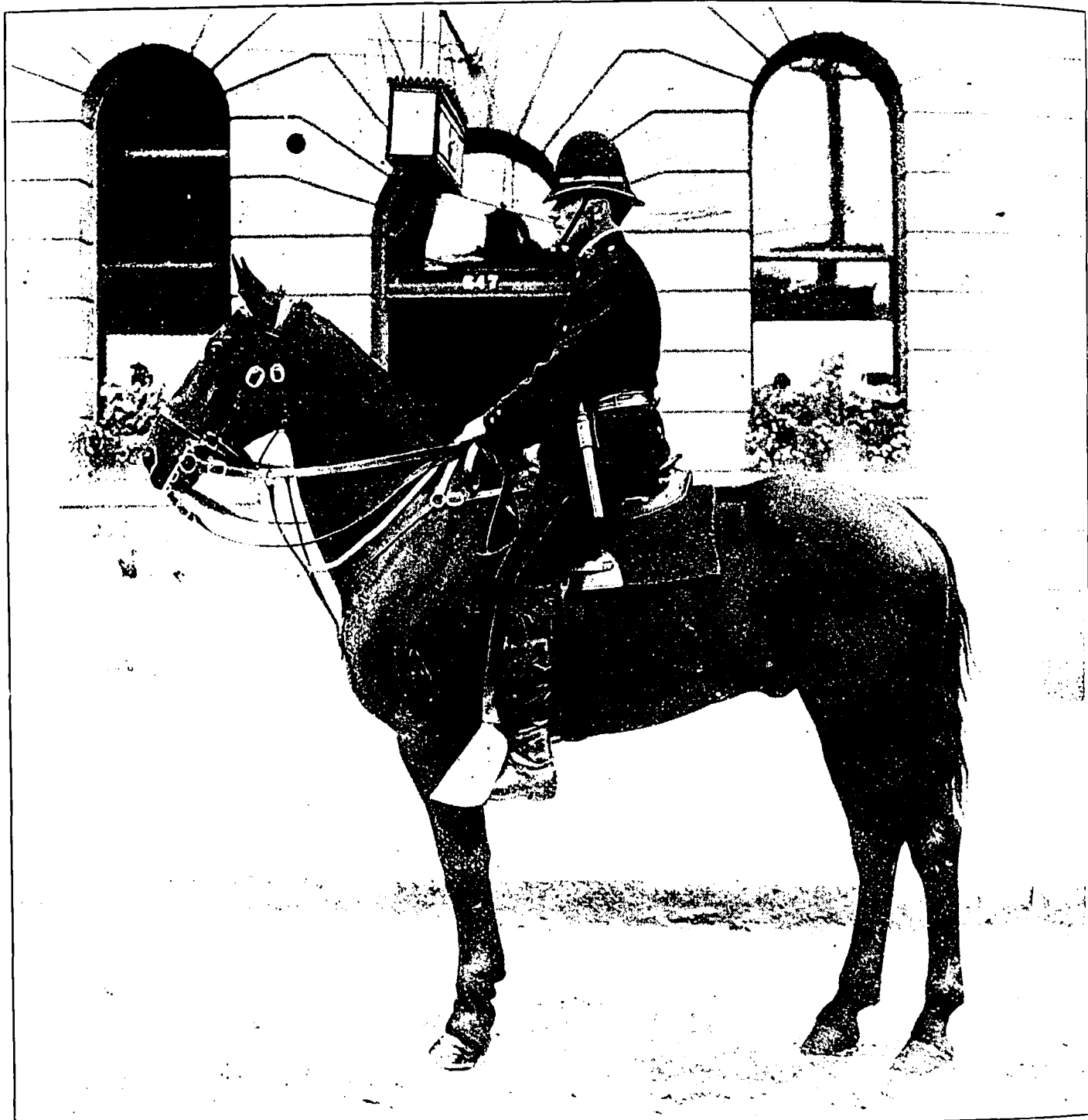
In three years Victoria has come significantly to the front. It is taking on metropolitan attire, because the necessities demand it. More than any other one man,



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA, VICTORIA, B. C.

the present Premier of British Columbia, Richard McBride, himself a resident Victorian, has been responsible for the quickening into action of the dormant energies of the city and island. The Victoria press have always been active for progress, and have editorially and in their news columns, and without faltering, pressed home the argument for a greater and a grander Victoria. The Board of Trade of the city has been a tower of strength to advancement, and the example of a few public-spirited citizens in leading the way as to the erection of modern and splendidly equipped buildings has added incalculable weight to the movement forward. The Mayors and City Councils of late years have, despite criticism levelled at them, been energetic in improving civic conditions and in strengthening city departments.

Victoria's Police Department is a markedly efficient one. It exercises a rigid surveillance over the city, and the criminal who drifts in from the States, or the Mainland via the States, finds his every movement watched, and he is rather relieved than otherwise when he gets the signal to leave the Island. The system of identification of criminals is as complete and searching as in any Canadian or American city. The certainty of punishment, and the swiftness and severity of such punishment, is absolute. Crime is at a minimum because criminals shun Victoria.

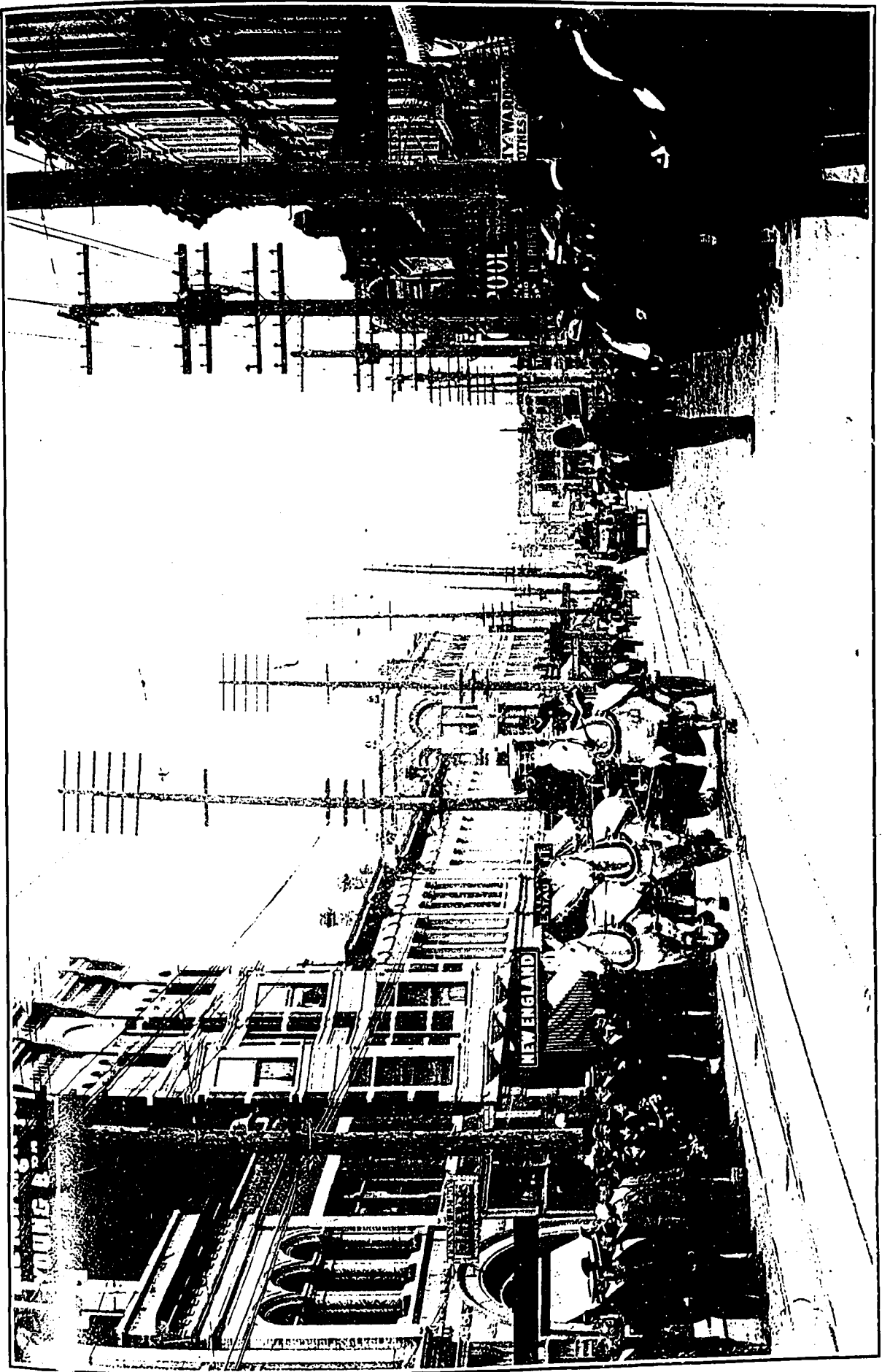


A MOUNTED POLICEMAN, VICTORIA, B. C.

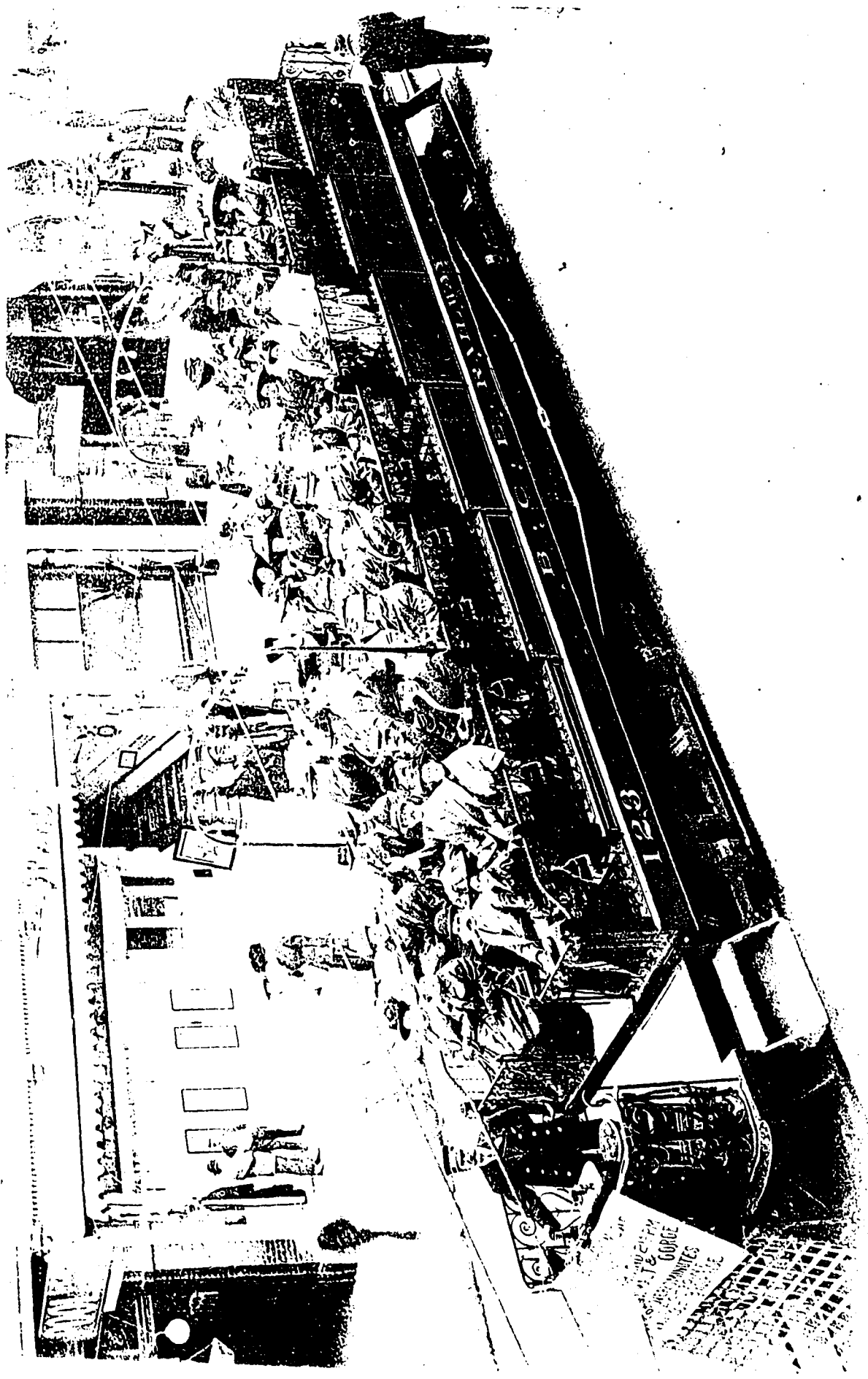
The Fire Department of Victoria is commanded by a natural fire-fighter, and a man of rare ability in handling men. There is not a better fire chief in the Dominion, if as good. His work is always good, and in the recent million dollar fire in the heart of Victoria he showed himself a strategist born. One frail wall separated a storehouse of paints, oils, whitelead and other inflammable material from the oncoming conflagration. The chief concentrated his forces there and beat back the flames. It may have saved the city; it certainly saved vast destruction of adjoining property, a goodly portion of which is the most modern and handsome in Victoria.

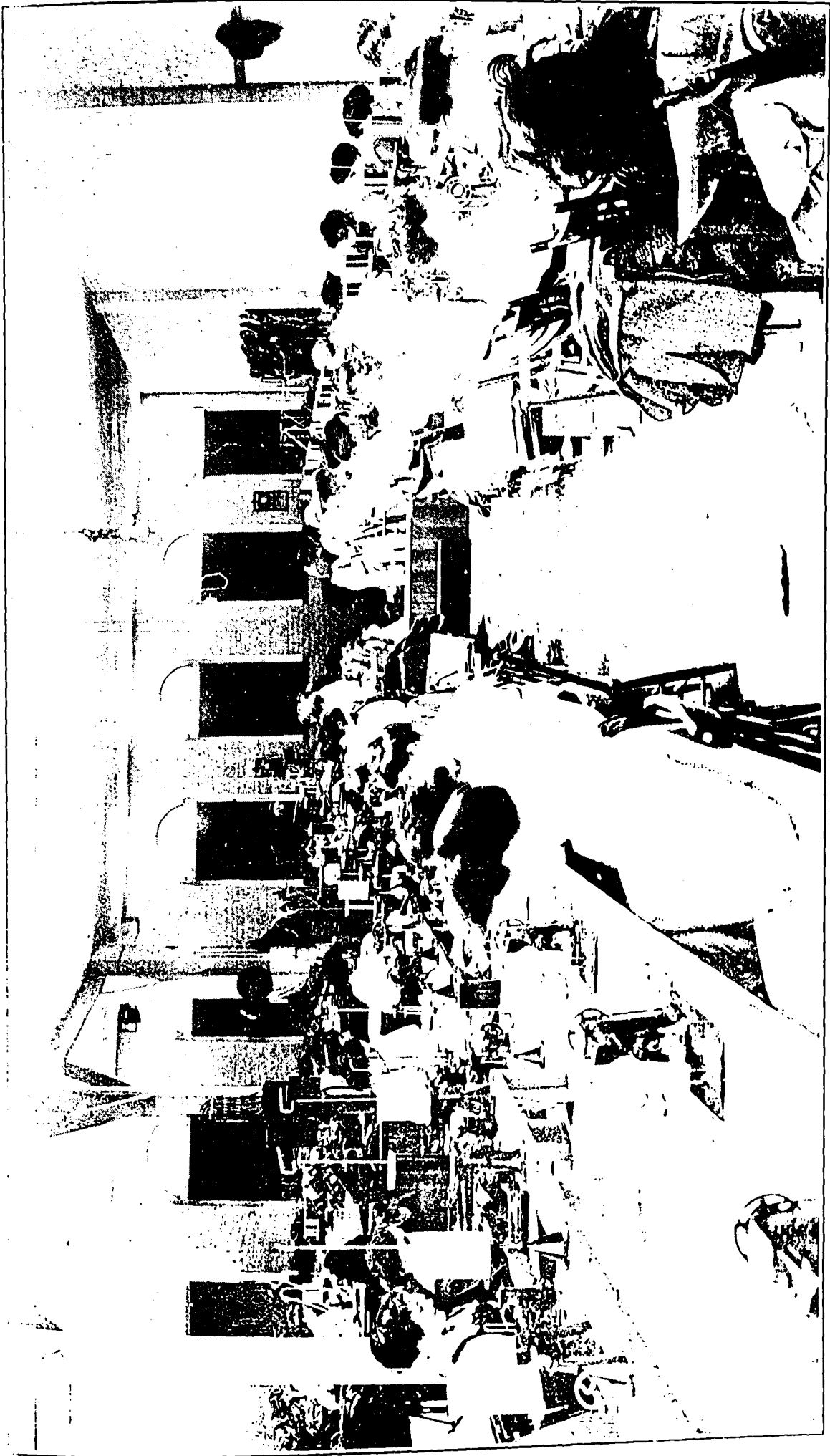
The banks of Victoria are no longer satisfied to do business in old-fashioned and vault-like surroundings, with only here and there an edifice of note. Recent bank buildings erected have been models of architectural beauty and modern environment. They have been built with an eye to combining beauty and strength, and would be a credit to any metropolis of ten times the size.

The old style of office buildings in Victoria is rapidly disappearing. Later-day structures of their kind are superseding the ones of lang syne, and even the old-

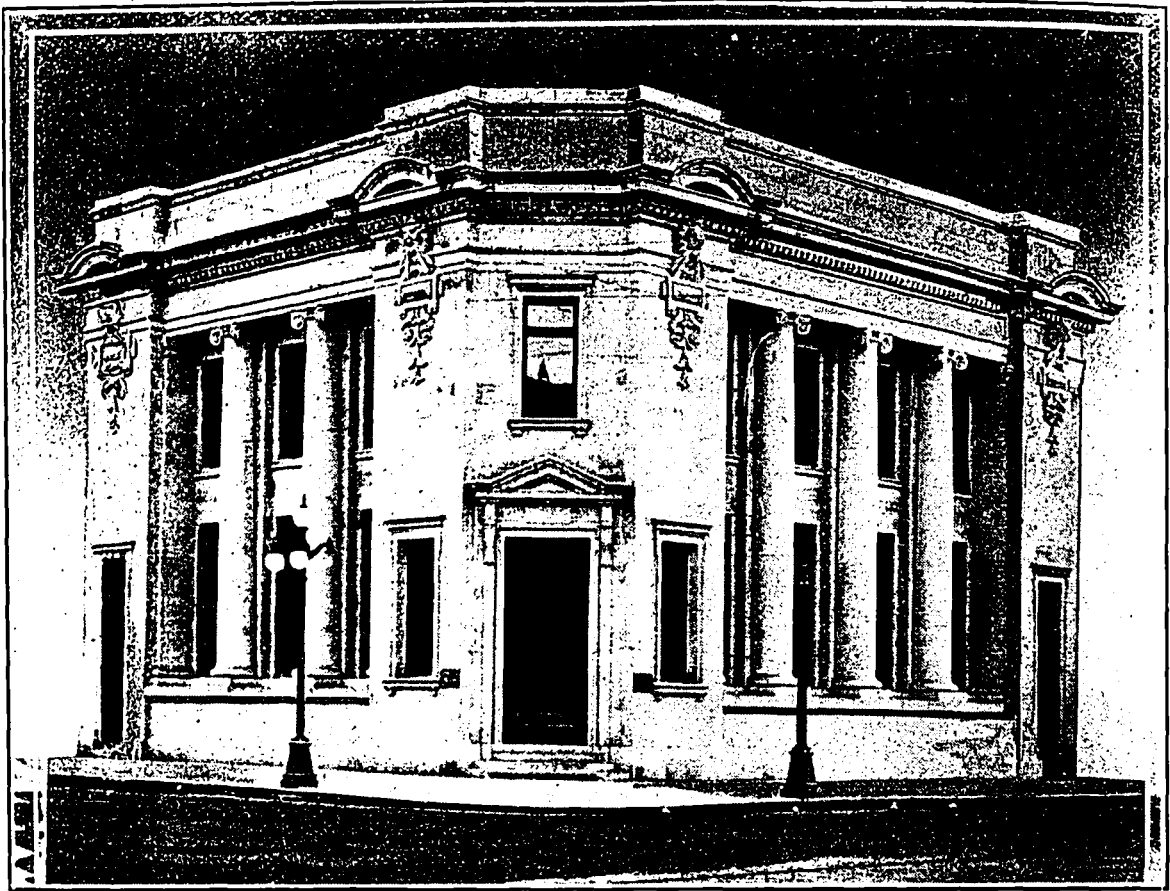


AN EARLY MORNING ALARM, VICTORIA, B. C.





THE PATIENTS OF THE HOSPITAL AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.



MERCHANTS BANK, VICTORIA, B. C.

times are being changed until their own architects would never recognize them. The Pemberton block, the Times block, and the Sayward block are three conspicuous examples of the present-day spirit in the construction of office buildings. For a long time the architectural glory of Victoria was solely the beautiful Parliament Buildings. Then the Empress Hotel was built, a fitting complement to the noble capital. And now the city in general is building up to these examples. A new City Hall and an up-to-date and handsome theatre building are among the many edifices soon to be built.

The Canadian Pacific docks and steamships for years dominated the coast traffic, yet almost in a day rose the commodious and handsome docks of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and its splendid steamers cut the waters of the inner Pacific. Oriental and Australian traffic increased and is still increasing, waterfront factories increased in number and importance, inside manufactories doubled their output and reached out further for trade, and commerce in every avenue swelled its totals. Bank clearings increased from 35 to 70 per cent., some months leading Canadian cities. Building permits totalled for the unfinished year of 1910 the sum of \$2,095,545.00. The fire which destroyed one of the landmarks of the city and laid a dozen stores in ruins was a blessing in disguise. Modern and improved buildings will rise phoenix-like from their ashes, a hundredfold more desirable than their predecessors.

Suburban tramways spell urban importance. Victoria is just entering into a regime of suburban electric tramways which holds great possibilities for the future. Through rich fruit lands and dairy lands these tramway lines will pass, and the same development which has followed all these conditions in other northwestern cities will come to Victoria. Residential opportunities along the lines of these railways are not surpassed, if equalled, anywhere on the continent of North America. And everywhere the homes are springing up, both along the extensions already made and the routes surveyed, but in all directions from the centre of the city.

The metropolitan spirit itself has begun to be evident in innumerable ways. In sport, Victoria has always been a leader, and the championships coming to the city in

tennis, golf, yachting, bench-show championships, hockey, lacrosse, etc., evidence the keen interest taken by its people in high-class athletics. The inauguration of a professional baseball era, the joining of the Northwestern League, including the cities of Victoria, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and Spokane is another evidence, and a significant one, of metropolitanism.

The golf links of Victoria are superbly situated, and from them have graduated some of the best golfers on the coast, both men and women. Victoria's business and professional men "play the game," and the week-end holiday finds many a pair of figures, golfer and caddy, strolling over the hills that command the view of the Juan de Fuca straits.

Automobiling is probably carried on more generally than in any other city in Canada. There are more cars in use per capita than in any other Canadian city. The roads in all directions are not only first-class for the mere travelling, but the scenery from them is more varied in beauty than even the old-world highways. The completion of the Mill Bay road will open up the finest causeway for motorists ever built, as to variety and grandeur of views from its road-bed.

Perhaps the most undoubted proof of the growth of the modern city movement is indicated by the very large amount of street improvements which are being carried on all over the city. The putting in of asphalt paved streets, and streets of other approved paving material, the widening and straightening of streets, the laying down of gas and water mains, sewer pipes and drainage pipes, and the general run of public work done and being done, show impressively the strides that are being taken in the modernizing of Victoria.

The clubs of Victoria have always been marked by an individuality of their own, and have entertained within their walls many of the world's most noted men and women. The Pacific Club's new and splendid quarters on the 5th and 6th floors of the recently erected Pemberton block are models of a perfectly appointed metropolitan club's surroundings. The new club-house of the Alexandra Club, Victoria's most prominent women's club, will soon be in process of construction, and will be one of the handsomest buildings, architecturally, in the city. The Canadian Club, exclusive and to the manner born, still wields its widespread influence from the building it has occupied for many years.

The railways are contemplating a splendid Union Depot on the site of what was once the famous Songhees Reserve, which, thanks to the acumen of Mr. McBride and the men he delegated to carry the plan to a successful head, is now a thing of the past. With this depot in operation, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Victoria and Sidney Railway will have egress and ingress in common from Victoria, and another phase of a metropolis in the making will be added to the capital city of British Columbia.

Camosun is now but the echo of a dream. The Sooke hills, since christened, rise garlanded with bluish haze in the sweet spring air, above them trailing the white pennants of many cloud-fleets bound westward. Wild geese, as in days gone by, "trail their harrows" southward, but the smoke of factories, not camp-fires, rises to tinge the line of their steady flight. A solitary canoe glides silently around the harbor outlet, and the harbor itself is furrowed with many a steamer's wake. Camosun no more; farewell to Camosun.





MRS. C. S. DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Feminine Side of the Western West



MRS. PETER McNAUGHTON, PRESIDENT
LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

By

Ethel G.
Cody
Stoddard



"Lady Van"

W

ESTERN women share with western men a reputation for briskness, and they do not allow their eastern sisters to be able to speak of them as not doing their

share, or in being behindhand in any way. On the contrary, they are becoming noted for their energetic work along many lines. This is especially true in the larger centres, where there are naturally more women.

The Women's Canadian Club, which has extended its branches from coast to coast, has in its Vancouver branch one of its most sturdy offsprings. When the day for club formation came around, in September, 1909, some three hundred women assembled in the private parlor of Hotel Vancouver and became charter members. Mrs. M. A. Maclean, the wife of the first mayor of Vancouver, was asked to accept the position of honorary president. Mrs. C. S. Douglas, the wife of the then mayor of the city, accepted the presidency, and has been re-elected this year. The object of the club is to "foster patriotism, encourage the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and resources of Canada, and to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient." At present there are almost five hundred members of this club in Vancouver, and when its purpose is considered, one can easily see how far-reaching

will be its influence. Mrs. Douglas, the president, is also president of the Sailors' and Loggers' Society, active in Children's Aid and Hospital Auxiliary work, and a patroness of Latimer College.

Co-operation in work for good causes is bound to succeed. The International Council of Women, whose president is the Countess of Aberdeen, has a world wide reputation, which it has gained for itself by its own efforts exclusive of the influence wielded on its behalf by its local councils all over the globe. These individual branches have great work cut out for them, and are shouldering it with an enthusiasm which carries everything before it. Thirty-eight affiliated societies, which include philanthropic, religious, fraternal and other organizations, comprise the council of Vancouver. This council was created in 1894 and has grown steadily to its present size. Mrs. Peter McNaughton, who was elected president of the council this year, is carrying her co-workers into the very heart of things homey, and with these interests to work for, the women of this council are doing things which men could not accomplish. Remedial work in general is their first aim, and is accomplished through their standing committees. These include committees to look into the betterment of laws as pertaining to women and children; the general health of the community; educational principles; the caring for the aged and infirm poor; to foster the spirit of citizenship; to secure clean literature; to ensure pure milk;

to establish playgrounds throughout the city, and such like excellent schemes which are worked out on quiet lines, and are bringing forth good results.

This local council introduced the study of domestic science into the Vancouver public and high schools. It also established the Victoria Order of Nurses in this city. Once they have set a good work well on the road to success, they leave it to reap its

A Woman's Musical Club with upward of five hundred members is not allowing Vancouver to neglect the finer things of life. In this busy western work-a-day world the arts are liable to be pushed aside for more tangible affairs. A new city is very prone to consider musical culture as one of the things that can be picked up later, when complete success has been achieved and a finished city-product placed



MRS. W. L. COULTHARD, PRESIDENT WOMEN'S MUSICAL CLUB

own credits, and then go on to newer things.

In days gone by, the tom-tom and weird songs of the Siwash Indians were the only opposition offered to feathered songsters along the shores of Burrard Inlet. As the years have slipped along and man has invaded the beauties guarded by the stately mountain-made lions, music such as the civilized world recognizes has followed in his wake.

before the world. The musical women of Vancouver think differently and have constituted themselves responsible for a fostering of the gentle art in this city. For five years the good work has been going on, and in that time some excellent things have been undertaken—and successfully. The club's first venture was a series of Wagnerian lectures given in May, 1906, by Rubin Goldmark. Since then an annual musical festival in May has been their aim. Such

artists as Marie Hall, Herbert Wither-
spoon, Paderewski, Madam Gadski and
Mark Hambourg, have been brought to
Vancouver, their latest effort being a series
of concerts by the Damrosch Orchestra,
which, while a stupendous undertaking, was
most successful. Mrs. W. L. Coulthard,
whose sweet voice has graced many an
occasion in Vancouver musical circles, is
the present president of the club, and is
carrying it enthusiastically along with her.

Mrs. C. M. Beecher, the first president, is now its honorary president. A child of this organization is the Vancouver Women's String Orchestra, and a Choral Club is another offspring. Miss Ethel Lawson conducts the former and Mr. Andrew Milne the latter. With this club in its midst, other cities can look to Vancouver for inspiration in things musical.

Workers against the white plague are unfortunately needed in every clime. While Vancouver is much more free from this disease than other cities, yet an active anti-tuberculosis society, in which prominent and earnest women are much interested, has been established. This is, on account of Vancouver's splendid climate, more of a prevention than a cure organization, and is doing good work. At Tranquille, B. C., a sanatorium has been established. All money collected by the society goes toward the maintenance of this institution. While this society is not entirely made up of women members, yet they have been among the most potent of its moving spirits. Mrs. H. C. Ross, the president, is most enthusiastic over the work of the society and has

been prominently instrumental in the furthering of its objects. Mrs. W. H. Griffin, the first vice-president, is a woman of energy and foresight and an exceedingly able assistant in the work. She is also past-president of the Local Council of Women, secretary of the Associated Charities of Vancouver, and executive committee-woman of the Women's Canadian Club, and was the first convener of woman's work at the inaugural Vancouver exhibition.



MRS. W. H. GRIFFIN, VICE-PRESIDENT
ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS SOCIETY

Women writers are becoming important factors in the world of things told through the medium of magazines and newspapers. Their names are being spelt in capital letters all over the world and, like the making of books, to the making of women authors there seems to be no end. In Canada women are making famous names for themselves through the medium of their pens, and their countrymen are very proud of them.

A number of prominent women writers reside in Vancouver, and have banded themselves into a Press Club—which is really a branch of a similar Dominion organization — which includes all women writers, whether connected with news-

papers or not. Among these women are Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, whose poems have the lilt of the true poet's heart; Mrs. Alice Ashworth Townley's books show wit and clear-headedness—her "Opinions of Mary" having been widely read and discussed; Mrs. Isabel E. Mackay writes both poetry and fiction; Mrs. Ella C. Benson also divides her attention between prose and poetry; Mrs. Blanche E. Murison's



MRS. TOWNLEY, PRESIDENT VANCOUVER WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB; LITERARY CORRESPONDENT OF WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB; PRESS MEMBER LOCAL COUNCIL, OF WOMEN



MISS ANNIE B. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY CLUB

poetry is strong and forceful. These women, with a number of clever newspaper women, form the Vancouver Women's Press Club, whose president is Mrs. Townley.

The ability to keep young is an enviable trait, and there is a group of clever women in Vancouver who, though they are supposed to be more or less staid through having earned their university degree, have banded themselves together with the object of further promoting mind culture, social service, mutual improvement and the advancement of philanthropic work in general; also to defer the days when youth and its attendant joys shall insist upon being acknowledged. Known as the Women's University Club, and with eighty members—of which about seventy are active associates—this club holds a unique position in the clubdom of Vancouver. It was inaugurated four years ago with seven charter members, and since that time has scarcely been able to keep up with itself, so rapid has been its growth.

As a club it has taken up the question of early Christmas shopping—something which commends itself to everybody—and the general beautifying of the city—a fact which cannot be too strongly dealt with. They are also looking into the conditions

of shop girls, and have a healthy hope well on the way of being instrumental in securing low steps on the street cars. Anything that women can do for women and children, for the home and the community, this club promises to stand shoulder to shoulder and help in every way possible. Miss Annie B. Jamieson, the energetic president, follows in the footsteps of Mrs. Farris, who conceived the idea of the club and has till this year been its able president.

Fun evenings are a specialty of this club. After the business has been dealt with, it is more or less forgotten. Then oftentimes the lights are turned off and, sitting on rugs before a large fireplace, they tell stories, sing, make candy and later feast off a dainty and old-time college lunch. It all helps to keep the heart young and not allow girlhood days to slip out of hand. What with mutual help inside the club and willingness to assist others out of it, this organization has need to be proud of itself.

As a purely philanthropic organization, the Children's Aid Society of Vancouver cannot be surpassed. While both men and women work together for it, the women are the acknowledged workers. They give time



FIRST WOMEN'S COUNCIL, EXHIBITION COMMITTEE, AS ORGANIZED TO LOOK AFTER WOMEN'S WORK AT THE VANCOUVER INAUGURAL EXHIBITION

and attention to it and look after the detail work. Lady Tupper and Mrs. T. E. Atkins have earned for themselves the greatest honors by raising funds for the work.

An annual children's day has been arranged, and each year meets with gratifying success. The annual summer "at home" is also a feature. It is then that all society dons its best frocks, takes a fat pocketbook in its hands, and motors or trams out to the Powell street orphanage, and while enjoying itself, adds greatly to the association's exchequer. An average of eighty children are cared for at this home, and the work in connection is stupendous.

People are prone to feel that it is every parent's duty to look after their own children, and are not keen at aiding in the care of the offspring of unnatural parents. But, thanks to the efforts of large-hearted women in Vancouver, a creditable building has been erected on the shores of Burrard Inlet, and wisps of humanity blown there by adverse winds are given a fair start in life.

Women have made themselves felt in the Associated Charities Society, as it is conducted in Vancouver. Upon its executive board sit some of the most able and clear-headed women of the city—women who have studied conditions and have the work at heart. While men are actively

connected with this work, the women keep the heart interest keenly alive and see that mercy and tenderness are dispensed with the tangible assistance given out. Such women as Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Mrs. W. M. Rose, Mrs. J. Macaulay and Mrs. W. H. Lucas are deeply interested workers in this society.

For several months Vancouver has been proud to say that a juvenile court exists within its boundaries. This movement was put into motion and brought to a reality by the Juvenile Protection Association. A committee of ten members, composed of men and women, look into delinquent cases to be brought before the court and send in recommendations and facts concerning the cases to the judge. This method of procedure undoubtedly greatly assists the judge in making his decisions.

Prominently connected with this work is Mrs. J. O. Perry, who is greatly interested in remedial work of any kind. She is a member of the juvenile court committee and has been appointed by that body as convener of the house committee in connection with the court's detention home. She is also court recorder for the press, a position which is very responsible and requires great discretion.

One of the most earnest band of women workers in Vancouver is the group who call themselves the Hospital Auxiliary. A wide



A GROUP OF THE WARDS OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

field for good opens out before them at all times, and the harvest is always ripe. They seek assistance from all quarters and have organized to help the General Hospital board. To keep this hospital supplied with linen is one of their pledges, and is by no means a light one. They provide everything washable, from orderly aprons to table and bed linen. Recently they made an outlay of \$2,000 for this purpose from their fund.

The president, Mrs. Gatewood, is most enthusiastic about the work, and to hear her voice as she describes what they are doing, shows that her heart is deep-set in what is being accomplished. A committee to visit the patients in the hospital is appointed every month, and divers individual methods of entertainment are employed by these ladies. Letters written home which sometimes fill in a gap of years, the reading of stories and the supplying of magazines and games are some of the means adopted to brighten sick lives. A musical committee gives a concert once a month, when all patients that can be moved are taken on their beds to the assembly hall and revel in a musical treat.

Many of the members attend the sewing meetings and assist in keeping the linen supplies in order. For the most part, however, they make operating gowns and night gowns, besides "nightingales" for the convalescent patients. It is a wonderful work that this society is doing, and one that stands alone by itself, since it touches those

who cannot (for a time at least) help themselves. Something like two hundred and fifty women belong to this society, so that its interests are very widespread.

The Vancouver Studio Club is, as its name implies, a promoter of fine arts, and, like the musical club, intends that this city shall not lose anything in the growing, and that the inspiration which is created through the eyes must not be neglected.

With about one hundred honorary and thirty active members, this club is doing some excellent work. Semi-annual exhibits of the members' work are held and enthusiastically attended. This club aims to secure a creditable art gallery here, and have purchased Mr. Bell-Smith's famous picture "The Heart of the Empire," with the hope that it may form a nucleus of a fine collection.

They are starting a school of art in Vancouver, where clay modelling, all branches of painting, artistic needlework and wood-carving will be taught. Two classes a week are held during winter months, and on all fine days outdoor sketching is indulged in. Mrs. A. L. Russell, Mrs. A. McC. Creery and Mrs. W. Frame are artist-members of this club, who are enthusiastic workers for its best interests.

The Daughters of the Empire have six large and flourishing branches in Vancouver, which are at present bending all their efforts toward securing a suitable home for the old folks in this city who have no one to care for them. The home



MRS. J. O. PERRY, MEMBER JUVENILE COURT COMMITTEE

will, it is intended, be erected in memory of King Edward VII.

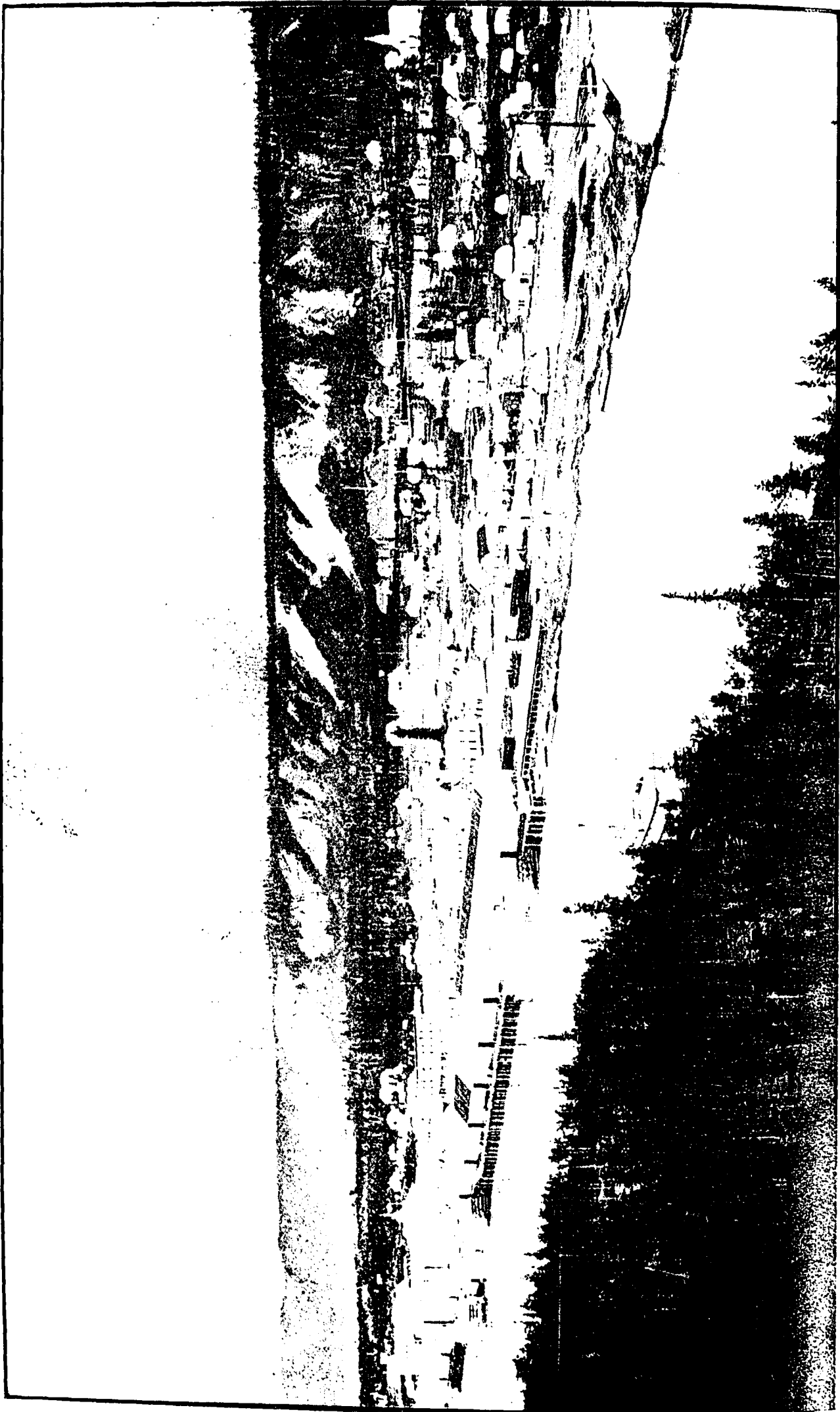
This society is purely patriotic in spirit, and deals especially with things imperial. Funds raised by them are devoted to the sons and daughters of the Empire who have served their country and are now dependent upon others. Lady Tupper, Mrs. J. C. Keith, Mrs. F. Harrison, Mrs. D. Davidson, Mrs. H. McDowell and Mrs. J. B. Mills are the regents of the several chapters in Vancouver.

Other interests in which the women of

Vancouver take active part are the Sailors' and Loggers' Society, which aims to procure a comfortable home for those who go down to the sea in ships, and may thus consider that in Vancouver they have a real home.

The Women's Auxiliary is a purely missionary society, and has a very large number of earnest women connected with it. Mrs. C. C. Owen is the very efficient president of this organization as represented in Vancouver.

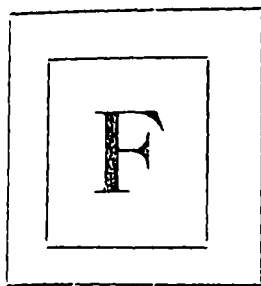




WHITE HORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, WHERE THE YUKON RIVER STEAMERS MEET THE
WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY FROM "THE OUTSIDE."

The Blood Quest of "Doc" McGuire

By Raymond Lee Hill



FOR two whole days, following hard on the trail of his enemy, but never catching sight of him, "Doc" McGuire rode his solitary way through the hot sunshine of

the Painted Desert, pausing not, because he had made his boast in Chaparal Corners, and because he knew that "Tucson" Tim was somewhere ahead, pushing steadily westward, allured as he had been for fifteen years by the will-o'-the-wisp of gold.

On the morning of the third day Doc drew near the Kicking Mule Water-hole, where all along he had hoped to overtake and kill his man. Knowing he must approach the place with utmost caution, and therefore with his rifle ready for instant use should the occasion demand it, he dismounted from his bronco at some distance away and crawled stealthily forward to the rim of the cup-shaped depression, and here, reposing on his belly, peered down the slanting sides. At the deepest point he could mark a small spring bubbling into a shallow basin, which never quite filled, on account of evaporation. Around the latter, among the ragged, dusty patches of sage and greasewood, rugged boulders and sand-drifts, Doc's black eyes wandered, but nowhere could he note any trace of his enemy beyond indications that he had passed that way with his burros.

"I've missed Tucson," growled the big prospector, chewing one end of his drooping oily-black moustache in disappointed anger. "But I'll get him yet!" He arose and scowled at the dun heat clouds close down to the desert rim. "There can't

no man make his boast in a public bar, like *The Oasis* at Chaparal Corners, about gettin' Doc McGuire——"

"Halt!" drawled a cold, determined voice from the waterhole. "Drop that gun and stick up yore hands!"

Doc's angry glance caught the sinister gleam of a rifle barrel and a bit of blue shirt behind some of the largest boulders; and on beyond Tucson's mustang and burros. With a curse at his carelessness, he let his Enfield slip through his big, thick fingers and stretched the latter toward the dazzling sapphire sky.

"Well," he growled with gloomy dryness, "you've got the drop on me, Tucson. Reckon you're going to shoot pretty damned soon, and that when you do it won't be to pot me in the leg like you did my old pard, 'Dobey' Charley, two years ago in 'Long' Pete's place?"

"Yep," answered Tucson, rising from behind the rocks, "I sure mean to plug you, Doc McGuire, just as I said I'd do the other day in *The Oasis*. But if I shoot you now, it will be cuttin' off my nose to spite my face, as the sayin' is. Now, leave them guns up thar and come down here fur explanations."

Doc unbuckled his belt and let it fall to the baking sand beside his Enfield, then stalked scowling down the incline, angrily gnawing at his oily-black moustache, and swelling the muscles of his brawny arms and shoulders. Full a foot he towered above his enemy; for Tucson Tim was a little man, drab as his mustang and burros, with sandy hair and complexion, bleached grey eyes, and a colorless moustache that sagged disconsolately, and in doing so seemed

to draw his face into hundreds of tiny lines and wrinkles.

"I don't see why you don't pull down on me now," fussed Doc in an irritable tone, blinking his black eyes in the yellow glare of the sun, as he paused before his enemy, hating him the more for his temporary mercy. "You bragged in *The Oasis* to 'Mesquite' Sam and some others that you were looking for me, and I'm sure I've rode all the way from Chaparal Corners to make you eat them words." Then as he recalled the beginning of their feud two years previous—how Tucson had shot Dobe Charley at *The Oasis* for such a trifle as having an ace up his sleeve, and had, moreover, shot him in the thigh, wrath rose within Doc's seething soul, while his florid face flamed darker, and his brawny breast heaved under his damp shirt bosom. "I'm not mentioning any of the past things against you, except to say that my opinion of a man as will plug another in the leg, especially my pardner, is so bad that it couldn't be printed and sent through the U. S. mail. If you had killed Dobe Charley I could have overlooked it; but to put a gimlet hole through his thigh, as if you were taking pity on him, was not only a disgrace to Dobe, but also reflected on me. Now, if as plaintiff I have overstated the case, make your defence, by Gawd!"

"I ain't got no defence to make, Doc," answered Tucson dryly, squinting his slit-like eyes in the flaming sun, and lowering his rifle for the first time. "All I can say is that I did not deliberately puncture Dobe in the laig. I meant to kill him, but Mesquite Sam knocked aside my hand. Then you shot a shavin' out of my ear, and when I tried to get you the sheriff nabbed me. Now, I have always meant, and still mean, to kill you. The boys expect it of me, and I won't disappoint them. But right at present we've got to have a truce and fight together against a common enemy. Go up yonder and take a squint to the east, and you'll see what I mean."

With a look of bewilderment on his heavy, florid features, Doc turned and climbed the slope to the rim of the waterhole and stood there, shading his black eyes with one huge hand. Far, far in the distance, beyond a scorching expanse of desert, dotted with the lilac and olive-green of

sage and greasewood, the wondering McGuire perceived, poised on a pony as motionless as a stone statue, and outlined upon the hot blue horizon, a solitary Indian.

"Gosh all hemlock!" ejaculated Doc. "So yonder's a piece of an audience. I heard at Chaparal Corners that the Apaches were out on another raid, and had killed some sheep men over on the Little Colorado a couple o' days ago, but I reckoned the soldiers had rounded 'em up before now."

Doc looked inquiringly at his enemy, who had followed, and was now standing on the rim of the waterhole, his bleached grey slit-like eyes shaded by a bony, hardened hand, fixed on the Indian. Once more Doc stared across the scorching sands toward the new danger that menaced, not only him, but also his companion. For what seemed an interminable time to him, although it was only a minute or two, the Apache remained in view, watching the waterhole, then suddenly wheeled his pony and galloped down the rim of the horizon, soon disappearing over a rise to the south, in the direction of some distant violet and brown and purple buttes.

"Well," growled Doc, scrutinizing the cross-hatched features of his enemy, and realizing that a band of Indians was in the vicinity, "it looks like the fireworks will soon begin, as I saw a pin-wheel go off then. I reckon I understand you now, Tucson; you and me will have to be friends for the time being and fight them Apaches together."

"Them's my intentions," admitted Tucson, mopping his damp, wrinkled brow with his shirt sleeve, "allowing, of course, Doc, that you have enough honor not to shoot me in the back when I ain't lookin'."

"I ain't no damn fool," muttered Doc, chewing his moustache end. "Reckon I can see we've got to hang together for the present." He squinted his black eyes in the hot sunshine, and shrugged his broad shoulders as if to say *that* much was settled and off his mind. "Now let's get ready for the bombardment. I've always knowed that some day or other I'd have to kill about a couple o' dozen of them Apaches before they would leave me alone, and I just as leave commence executing this morning as any other time."

Doc led his horse into the waterhole, and with Tucson's assistance picketed all the animals near the spring. This done and his arms recovered, the two men ate a little bread and bacon from Tucson's stores, refilled their canteens, and got their guns and ammunition in readiness. By now the morning was well advanced, and although it was a long time till noon the sun was already smouldering hot. There was no haze in the air to restrain its relentless rays, while the sparkling sands were like a mirror, and radiated the golden glare till it fairly danced and shimmered, dazzling the eyes and scorching the skin.

"Reckon I must have misjudged Tucson a little," mused Doc, as he lay with his enemy behind some boulders at the rim of the waterhole, their rifles in readiness for the foe. "He don't seem such a bad feller after all."

"Dang it!" drawled the little man, "here they come, Doc. If we can't hold them off, keep a bullet fur yoreself—and one fur me."

"I'll be damned if I keep one for you, Tucson. I'll never pot you like you were a cowardly coyote. No, sirree. We'll fight like men when the time comes for that and—here they come, Tucson! Now watch out!"

Over the southern rise, from the direction of the faraway buttes, spread out like a fan, appeared the Apaches, their rifles glinting ominously as they brandished them in the glaring sunlight. On and on they galloped toward the waterhole, yelling like demons and riding low on their ponies' necks.

"Now let 'em have it, Tucson!" roared Doc with a wicked curse.

Crack! Crack! Crack! rang out the rifles of the two prospectors. Several of the red men reeled from their saddles, and a pony plunged on his head and rolled over and over, but the cavalcade came on for a hundred yards or more; then, the fire growing too fierce for them, they suddenly wheeled, and with a last lingering scream of scorn, swept out of sight behind the southern rise.

The Indians made more assaults throughout the day, but Doc and his enemy always managed to repulse them. As the afternoon waned and the west turned red and violet, as if the heat had simmered and simmered

until it had finally flashed into flames, the Apaches ceased their charges, but kept popping away at the waterhole from the direction of the fading buttes. Long after the last embers had flickered out of the sky, and Doc and Tucson had made a frugal supper, the former sat in silence, his rifle across his bulky knees, scowling moodily off into the night, and wondering why he could not longer hate his enemy. And later, while he took his turn at guard, and the moon rose behind the rim of the eastern horizon, like a great yellow eye, lighting up the desert with a wan, weird splendor, he marked the motionless form of Tucson Tim, and grinned at the anomaly of his guarding the man he had come out to kill, and, when the time came to awaken him, let Tucson sleep a half-hour over time.

"For he will be fresher and can fight better in the morning," Doc excused his action, "which will be only a roundabout way of looking out for Number One. Damn my hide! if I ain't gettin' to sorter like him. If he *only hadn't* potted Dobe in the leg . . ."

Doc and Tucson breakfasted silently in the tawny dawn of the succeeding morning. As the sun sailed high in the blinding blue and the air began to burn hot and torpid, the Apaches resumed their attacks. They would sweep down in a circle, hiding behind and firing over the backs of their ponies, and then, with derisive yells, would ride out of range beyond the southern swell. And every time they charged, one or two of them plunged into the yellow sand, while bullets pattered on all sides of the two besieged prospectors.

"Look out thar, Doc," yawned Tucson, as a ball whined over the big man's sombrero. "If one o' them bullets hits you it might hurt considerable."

McGuire ceased to gnaw at his oily-black moustache. "Was rather careless about my head, Tucson. But just now I got to thinkin' about Dobe Charley. And—damn it! Tucson, I reckon that *was* a rather low-down trick of his having that ace up his sleeve that time in Long Pete's place." Then, as if a little embarrassed, Doc wiped his damp, florid face with the sleeve of his shirt and began to curse the Apaches, and the heat, and the sand, and the alkali dust, and finally a buzzard drifting

languidly in the blue far above. "That damned bird's got the scent of gunpowder, and he's loafin' around to pick our bones."

"He won't get much off'n mine," returned Tucson dryly. "I ain't so juicy as you."

As the day dragged by, the sun streaming down white-hot, and the atmosphere growing more and more sultry and sickening, the prospectors remained at their posts save to descend occasionally to the spring to fill their canteens and sponge their burning faces. Oh, the long, terrible, torturing hours! How slowly they passed to the two men lying among the baking boulders in the waterhole! And how the bullets whined and splattered about them, never leaving an instant of safety, never a moment to rest and relax their vigilance!

There was but little conversation, only now and then a sullen question and a grunt for an answer. But instead of the heat and the hazard increasing what ill feeling Doc may have still felt for Tucson, the hardships seemed to draw him closer to his enemy, and to fill his mind with a sense of companionship.

About the middle of the afternoon a bullet buried itself in Tucson's shoulder. His rifle rattled down on the rocks, scaring away a lizard that was sunning himself on the sand; and the wounded man sank over on his side, his shirt bosom growing damp with blood.

"They've got me!" he groaned; "I'm plugged!"

Doc dropped his Enfield and tore back Tucson's shirt. He took a quick glance at the jagged wound exposed to view, and then wet a soiled handkerchief with water from his canteen and washed away the blood. This done, he ran down to the pack-saddles and secured an old flour sack, tore it into strips, and, hurrying back to the rim of the hole, bent over and bound up his enemy's wound. The lizard ventured timidly out of the scorching sand to his old position and stared at the scene with bright, beady eyes.

How slowly the hours went by! Evening came on. Yet the sun still blazed in the blinding blue, like a ball of polished brass;

and the heat danced and shimmered in a mocking mist, distorting the distant buttes till they seemed but painted on a ripple of canvas.

"I reckon it's about all up with me, Doc," muttered Tucson weakly.

McGuire stared across the shining sands to where the rifles of the Apaches kept popping. A film seemed to have dimmed his big black eyes, while he was conscious of a queer feeling in his heart.

"No, sirree," he rumbled at length, for Doc was always an optimist, "your case ain't much worse than mine, and we've still a chance to win, even if the percentage of this game is against us. I've learned from my past experiences that a man ain't ever dead until he is. Now, you might get out of this yet, while I might not. And I want to say this while I have the opportunity: my opinion is that you and me have been damned fools ever since that night you potted Dobe Charley. For my part, I call it square between us. Furthermore, if you *should* come out of this alive and I don't, I want you to have that claim I staked on the Little Colorado two weeks ago. There's a paper in my pocket tells where it is. You've got the grub-stake, and you can go right on and work the mine, and——"

Doc broke off of a sudden and leaped to his feet, waving his old sombrero and shouting like a crazy man.

"They're comin', Tucson!" he screamed. "They're comin', and ridin' like hell! It's the cavalry! *It's the cavalry, by Gawd!*"

When surrounded by a detachment of tired, dust-covered troopers of the Fourth Cavalry a little later, and a jolly fat young army surgeon examined Tucson's shoulder and pronounced that he would live, the huge hairy hand of Doc McGuire closed about the skinny fingers of the man he had come out to kill.

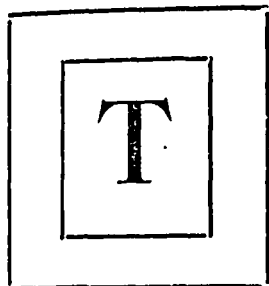
"Tucson," he muttered, cursing wickedly to hide his emotion, "say, Tucson . . . let's work that claim together."

The wounded prospector looked up at the florid face of the big miner bending over him.

"Pardner!" he murmured weakly, "Pardner!"

The Silver Cord

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson



HE door of the *Herald* office opened to admit the assistant manager of the Mesquite Irrigation Company.

"I say, Trenton," he nodded to the editor with easy good-fellowship, "don't get up; I just want to speak to you about a little matter—that leak in the lower dam, you know." He scanned the editor's embarrassed face sharply. "I suppose some fool has sent you in a long account of it?"

"I believe they did. That is, I saw a report——" Trenton fumbled with nervous fingers over the litter on his table.

"Oh, never mind looking for it. The question is, were you thinking of putting it in?"

"Why, yes," said Trenton desperately; "it was an important item, I thought. I—we are accused of not getting all the news in the valley lately, Mr. Farley. There has been a good deal of complaint among our subscribers; and in a matter of public interest like this——"

"Public interest be hanged," interrupted Farley, brusquely. "Now look here," he went on in a level voice from which the good-fellowship had suddenly vanished, "we own most of the stock in this paper, and if it weren't for the additional income you make out of our advertisements you wouldn't make enough to keep your wife, would you?"

"But I didn't mean to remind you of that," he went on hastily as he saw an ominous flush on Trenton's face. "We're mighty lucky to have a man of your brains on the paper, and willing to pay something extra for the privilege. What I wanted to get at is this: we've been having trouble enough with those fools of ranchmen with-

out stirring up any more. They kick against everything the company does on principle; and now they say we're endangering their lives by allowing a leak in a wall of the lower dam. All bosh!"

"Then there is no leak?" asked Trenton, catching eagerly at this straw of hope. Farley leaned toward him.

"Trenton, I've taken the trouble to come down here on purpose to give you the straight stuff. If you like you can take down the whole state of the case right now."

After a pause he began dictating with a deliberation that rasped Trenton, already inexplicably on edge, almost to the verge of madness.

"Their first complaint was that we had taken the night watchman off the dam wall. Well, there was no need for a watchman. The zanjero inspects the wall every night; and anyhow, since they have regulated our income so well with their confounded supervisors' inquiry, we can't afford to pay out salaries for watchmen. Much as we love 'em, we draw the line there.

"As for the second complaint—that leak they're making such a howl about—it doesn't come from the reservoir at all. It's merely a faulty joint in the domestic main that runs along the dam wall."

"What a strange place for a water main!" exclaimed Trenton. His visitor's eyes narrowed.

"No need of going into that," he said curtly, "I've given you the facts and you can season 'em to suit yourself. Do a little of the sarcastic about their heroics over a leak in a four-inch pipe. Make 'em feel what a false alarm they are. You can do it, by George, with that pen of yours!"

He watched the editor's troubled face with catlike alertness. "It doesn't seem convincing," muttered Trenton at last.

"We leave it to you to make it convincing," retorted the other lightly. "If you think you're not up to it——"

For a second the editor's grey eyes flashed defiance of the threat in Farley's tone. "I," he began, then paused at some sudden memory; and in the pause Farley seemed to read a satisfactory answer.

"Time for me to be off," he said, jumping briskly to his feet. "By the way, how is Mrs. Trenton this morning?"

Trenton shot him the look of a trapped animal. "She's—not so well," he answered painfully. "The sandstorm the other day made her cough troublesome again."

Farley's face was good-natured sympathy at once. "I'm sorry to hear that," he exclaimed. "I've got a few quail out there in the machine for her, and I was thinking of running up with them."

Trenton's reply was barely audible. As he watched the assistant manager climb into his big red touring car he wondered miserably if the gift would have been remembered had he stood up like a man and insisted on probing the affair of the leaky wall to the bottom. Farley, though he did not look around, was conscious of the gaze.

"Came just in time," he said to himself as he shot down the pepper-shaded avenue. "The worm was near turning. But his wife's the silver cord for him, I guess."

Trenton's worn coat looked unusually shabby as he walked slowly home at noon. He seemed to have shrunken into it since the morning, as if he would have liked it to cover him from the gaze of the passers-by. His face flushed with quick sensitiveness at the contemptuous greeting of a tanned rider who passed him on the road.

"Saw Farley just now," called the horseman jeeringly. "'Spose he came down to tell you that leak was an optical illusion?"

He loped on without waiting for an answer; and Trenton, looking ahead to where his wife lay in a steamer chair under the trees, forgot the sting of the man's tone in his relief at the thought that she was too far away to have heard. As she turned to look down the road he involuntarily straightened his shoulders and quickened his step. The whole man seemed to take on a forced semblance of cheer.

"How has the morning gone without

me?" he asked as he bent tenderly to kiss her hair. Though they had been married for ten years he always performed this little act of devotion with a certain love-like shyness.

"Oh, on wings," she laughed, then added archly: "I have had a visitor in an automobile. How could I miss a poor editor who has to walk on his own feet?"

"I refuse to be jealous," retorted Trenton with a manful effort at gaiety. "Haven't I won the loveliest woman in New York for my wife?"

It was the sort of banter that had passed between them many a time, and the shadowy beauty of the woman among the pillows justified its extravagance. She was a woman to perjure one's soul for, Trenton thought fiercely as he gazed down at her.

"Mr. Farley was so kind," Edith went on. "He brought me a regular feast of good things. But oh, John, the loveliest part of it all was what he said about you."

The sudden contraction of his hand on hers startled her. She looked up anxiously.

"You have been worried, then," she reproached him gently, "and you have been trying to keep it from me. Mr. Farley told me about it."

"Told you!" gasped Trenton.

"You don't mind, surely? He mentioned it to explain away his own kindness. He is afraid you are having trouble with some of your subscribers because you won't publish their foolish complaint about the company; in fact, he said he feared you were losing money by it. But I told him what we had decided when we were married—that you'd stand up for the right, no matter what it cost."

Trenton had learned to mask his feelings pretty thoroughly in the last few months. But this was torture. Every eulogy of Farley's, recalled by Edith with wifely pride, seemed to him to cry aloud his shame. It was with the sigh of a reprieved criminal that he at last saw Indian Rosalia appear with the luncheon tray. When he had choked down a few bites with an appearance of heartiness that did not deceive Edith so well as he had hoped, he said good-bye again with a muttered plea of work.

"And promise me, dearest, that you won't mind what ignorant men are saying of you. I am sometimes afraid that you hate to offend them for my sake; but you mustn't think of that. It will all come out right."

Trenton wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead as he went slowly down the road. He could not stand another day of this. He must find some way of explaining to Edith and setting right the wrong he had done.

He tried to think how the lie had first grown up between them. When Edith's sudden illness had compelled their removal to a warm, dry climate it had seemed providential to him that a fifth interest in the little weekly newspaper of Mesquite should be for sale. Ever since their marriage he and Edith had dreamed of such an opportunity for him. At the head of such a paper in a growing community, what might an honest and clever man not do?

The income was pitifully small, but soon after his taking over the paper the Mesquite Irrigation Company began to run a full-page advertisement that almost doubled it, making it possible for them to live in modest comfort. The advertising contract was by the month, which seemed odd to Trenton. But the secretary of the company assured him that it was their custom to run it that way, adding with a smile: "It's so fixed that you can raise the price on us at any time, you know." Many a time since Trenton wondered at his guilelessness in those early days.

He was a brilliant writer, and the paper promised to be the power in the valley he had dreamed of. He spoke his mind freely, untrammelled by advice from any quarter.

His first collision with the Irrigation Company came when Farley pointed out to him with pleasant decision that he was taking the wrong attitude in the matter of a man who was asking damages from the company for a washout from one of their flumes.

"We regret that so much has been made of the matter," Trenton had written. "The Mesquite Irrigation Company is a reliable corporation. Its consumers need have no fear that in a case like this, where the accident came from the carelessness of an em-

ployee, it will not amply compensate for the damage done."

"That's going it entirely too strong, Trenton," Farley had observed, with a thick forefinger on the offending paragraph.

"How do you mean?" asked Trenton with a puzzled look.

"I mean that you—our paper, you understand—are promising compensation to that knocker Brown for a little washout on his place. As a matter of fact, the company will do nothing of the kind."

"But it was purely the zanjero's carelessness in turning on more water than the flume would hold. And Brown lost a good hundred dollars by it, to say nothing of the work."

"Can't help it," said Farley shortly; "we're not going to set an expensive precedent by digging up for every little splash."

"I saw the damage myself," began Trenton indignantly.

Then Farley became confidential—significantly so. Trenton learned for the first time that, in addition to the big advertisement, which was half his income, all the stock in the paper except his own miserable fifth was in the hands of the Mesquite Irrigation Company. The discovery had stunned him into silence, and Farley had departed, well satisfied with his morning's work.

If it had not been for Edith! But she was so ill, and to stay in this climate was her only chance. He was tied hand and foot. The uncle with whom she had always lived could have helped them; but he had never forgiven his niece for marrying a struggling young journalist, and had never even answered the letter which Trenton had humbled himself to write.

So he stayed on in Mesquite. After that his freedom was curtailed till he had become nothing but a mouthpiece for the company. They allowed him to hide his bondage as best he could, but he could not disguise it long. His warmest friends gradually cooled toward him. Those who were shrewd enough to guess something of his position accorded him a half-contemptuous pity. But their trust in him was gone. Even the friendly crowds that used to haunt the office on paper days, of whom he had often complained half-laughingly to Edith, had dwindled to a few curious

idlers. How gladly would he have put up with that friendly nuisance now.

So wretched was his reverie that he fumbled at the door of the office like a blind man before he could find the latch. He walked into the back room where Aaron, his assistant, was already setting up an account of the leak.

"No use wasting your time on that, Aaron," he said, heavily. Aaron looked up. He was a broad-shouldered young Jew with a dark, intellectual face.

"I can't run it at all, it seems," explained Trenton, avoiding the other's grave look. He went slowly back to his desk, returning in a little while with a copy amended after Farley's suggestions. Aaron took it without comment and began to set it. But his silence seemed to Trenton's overwrought nerves the most damning criticism. How could he expect sympathy there? Did not Aaron come of a race that had stood by their convictions through centuries of persecution?

The effect of the amended article was significant. Several subscribers stopped the paper. The harnessmaker withdrew his advertisement. He was an independent old Scotchman who owned his little shop and was indebted to no man. His nod to Trenton the next day was barely perceptible. The other advertisers were more circumspect. They were nearly all in one way or another in the grasp of the company. They treated Trenton with an uneasy familiarity more galling to him than any coldness could have been. He wondered that night where he could summon bravado to endure another day of it; yet he must, for Edith's sake. She had not been so well the past few days, and nothing must worry her now.

The growing fear of losing Edith soon overshadowed every other trouble. The rainy season had begun, and the storms that swept down from the mountains with new life for the parched earth were hastening her decline.

There came a day when they could no longer keep up the pretence of her recovery. Edith put her hand on her husband's head with a new tenderness. It was a handsome head, but it had grown bowed and grey of late.

"It isn't as if you wouldn't still have

me," she urged gently; "I will know and be proud of everything you do, just as if I were still here to talk it over with you. And oh, John, don't lose heart in your work. Be the voice for the right you have always been. Promise me, won't you?"

He promised; and hard upon his heels of the promise came the determination to tell her the truth now, before she slipped from him. But before he could frame the words she had begun to talk of Farley, to speak of his kindness, which Trenton had come to believe was sincere so far as Edith was concerned. He could not confess his own shame without betraying Farley's greater wrongdoing, and that he could not bring himself to do.

Late the next evening he slipped out into the darkness to escape a new and crying emptiness in the house. For an hour or more he paced up and down under the spicy branches of the peppers, conscious in a mechanical way of some comfort in the touch of their wet leaves upon his face as the south wind swayed them to and fro. At last he was roused to a sense of the world around him by the quick beat of horse's hoofs. As the rider shot past he recognised the zanjero's voice, urging his horse on. Instinctively Trenton's mind was alert to solve the meaning of the man's frantic haste. He thought of the dam, and the reason flashed over him. In an instant he was following the horseman down the road.

By the time he reached the company's stables a crowd of volunteers had gathered and men were already hurrying the horses into two big wagons and gathering shovels and gunny sacks. The zanjero's voice, hoarse with excitement, was audible above the confusion.

"You've got to get a move on you," Trenton heard him say as he came up. "There was a hole as big as my head when I left, and I didn't stop to warn anybody." No one seemed even to be aware of Trenton's presence as he climbed into the wagon bed with the rest.

The reservoir was a small one, but there were three ranches in its path, and the house of the nearest was but a few rods below the broken wall. The men discussed the chances of its inmates as they pounded along. Trenton listened to their excited

talk like a man in a dream. The thought of the empty cottage waiting him back there in the village, of the danger threatening innocent people ahead, roused no keen sense of realization in him. Body and soul seemed wrapped in a profound apathy.

At last he was roused by a gruff outburst from the man next him.

"That fool Tom ought to have warned them. Orders or no orders, he'd no business to risk lives."

"What do you mean by orders?" demanded Trenton suddenly. The man started as he recognised the editor's voice. Trenton misread his hesitation. "I suppose you're afraid to trust me?" he said with quiet bitterness. "But you needn't be—not now."

"It wasn't that," said the workman uneasily; "it was just that I didn't know you were here. I expect you know about as much as I do," he added in answer to Trenton's question. "That dam wall's been leakin' more or less all summer, but the company didn't want to go to the expense of a new one, so they've kept patchin' it up and trusting to luck that it would hold. The zanjero had orders to keep his eye on it, and if he saw any signs of its breaking cut to ride straight to headquarters for help before he said a word to anyone else."

"Let the ranchers drown, but never let 'em know what hit 'em," spoke up a voice from the other side of Trenton.

"But why?" persisted Trenton. "They couldn't hide the fact that the dam was broken."

"Don't you believe it," said the workman darkly. "If no one's drowned they'll come off scot-free; manage it so they won't even have to pay damages. They'll hush up the witnesses and buy off the newspapers——"

He stopped in dismayed consciousness that his indignation was leading him further than he had meant to go. But Trenton seemed hardly to hear him. A strange, half-formed hope was stirring within him. Now and then he would come out of his reverie to ask sudden irrelevant questions about the disaster. The men around him began to nudge each other significantly. One had heard early that day of Edith's mortal illness, and the conviction grew that she was dead, and that the poor man's mind

was unhinged. From bare tolerance of his presence a rough sympathy began to tinge their manner toward him. Trenton was oblivious to the change.

As they rounded the last curve in the hills where the dam lay, they caught the sullen wash of waters below.

"She's sure gone this time!" cried one of the men. The driver pulled up his horses with an oath, and standing on the seat peered down through the trees for a glimpse of the Jenkins' house. He announced its safety with a hoarse shout.

"They're all right, then," cried the workman in Trenton's ear. "No lives lost, sir, anyway. But everything else is gone, I guess," he added ruefully as they moved slowly on, picking their way along a piece of road undermined by the highest reach of the flood.

"But he will not have to suffer the loss," said Trenton with clear decision. "The company will stand the loss."

"That's all right, sir, but who's to see that they do it?"

"I will."

The workman peered at him curiously in the uncertain light of the lantern, a little awed by the solemnity of his tone. It was almost as if he were taking an oath.

There was a huddle of figures on the hillside above the broken wall, some of them children. And as the wagon pulled up Trenton heard a baby's fretful wail. A little apart stood Farley with the secretary of the Irrigation Company and two employees, right in the glare of the automobile lights.

"Nothing to be done, boys," called Farley with a cheerfulness that was an insult to the wet and excited group of ranchers above him; "the break's a good one, and I guess it's about run out now."

He came bustling up to the wagon. "You'd better pack Mrs. Jenkins and the children right in here, Jenkins. Jerry'll drive them back to a neighbor's. I guess your house got the most of this extra irrigation. But it's not hurt, not hurt."

His careless tone lashed the overwrought ranchman to a fury.

"I'll not do anything of the kind," he exclaimed fiercely. "I know what you want. You want to tie us up with favors and get us out of the way, so you can patch up

some yarn about what's happened tonight! But I tell you it won't work this time. And here's your smart tool," he added furiously as his eyes fell on Trenton. "Brought him out to help you in your lies, didn't you?"

Farley wheeled with an exclamation of annoyance. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?" he demanded angrily. Trenton leaned a little forward into the light. His eyes glowed unnaturally bright in the whiteness of his face.

"You heard what Jenkins called me?" he asked, and his voice, though scarcely raised above its ordinary tone, vibrated above the stamping of the horses and the sullen roar

of the flood, fastening the attention of all upon him. "He called me your tool. And so I have been. And he says I have lied for you. So I did. I was bound. Now"—he gave a quick gasping sigh—"now I am free."

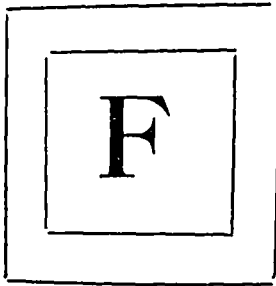
"You're talking nonsense, man," said Farley roughly. "Come on, come home to your wife. You ought to know better than to worry her with a thing like this."

Trenton's face quivered, but he faced the manager stiff with that new and puzzling fearlessness. "It will not worry her now," he said gently, "I think she is glad that I am free to play the man at last!"

*The North is a land of conjectures,
The South is a garden of dreams,
The East is a tomb of dead spectres,
The West is, alone, what it seems.*

How to Make a Winter Sleeping Hammock

By Herbert G. Squire



FRESH air is being better appreciated and more earnestly sought after today than at any other period of the world's history. At last, after centuries of ignorance and abuse of Nature's doctrines, the old mollycoddling notions are being swept ruthlessly aside to make room for the modern demand for clean living, together with an unstinted supply of Nature's pure, life-giving atmosphere. The habit, once acquired, of breathing at all times the sweet, untainted air that surrounds us, will add many years to the life of any man or woman.

There are multitudes of people who make a point of breathing nothing but pure air throughout the day, yet these same persons will cheerfully retire for the night in stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms, breathing over and over again during the night the same vitiated atmosphere. Fresh air throughout the hours of repose is of even more importance to the health of the individual than is fresh air during the hours of action.

Many *Man-to-Man* readers might throw up their hands at the very mention of sleeping out of doors; yet did they but realize the benefits that accrue from such a practice, they would eagerly adopt the system. Brighter eyes, clearer and rosier cheeks, increased physical and mental power, a greater joy in life—all these treasures are held out as an allurement to the open-air sleeper. Open-air sleeping is undoubtedly the greatest rejuvenator and universal remedy on God's earth.

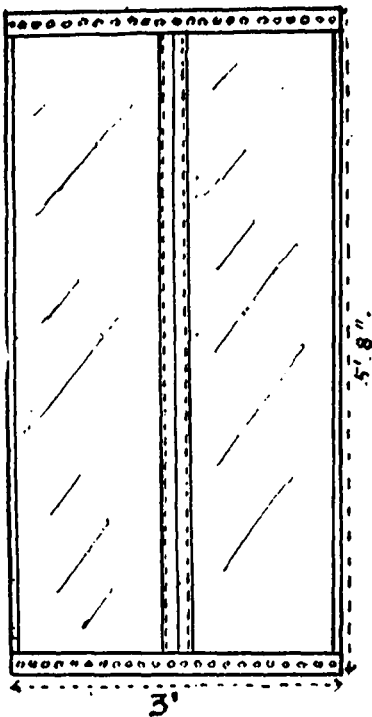
They that fear the cold have no cause for alarm if they adopt the swinging bed described in this article. It is a hammock made after the same pattern as the naval

hammock, its high canvas sides being capable of keeping out the chilliest wind that ever blew or that ever will blow.

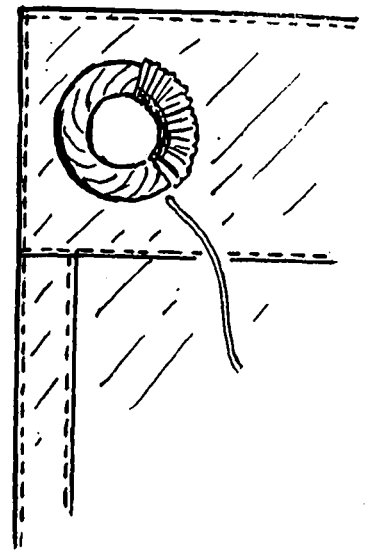
The writer has slept in a hammock of this description, slung on to the upper deck of a man-o'-war throughout a severe winter, and never once did he have occasion to wish for a warmer berth. Rolled snugly inside a couple of thick blankets, the occupant of the swinging bed is oblivious to all atmospheric conditions. Let the wind whistle and shriek through the rigging as it will; let the vessel pitch and roll on every surging wave; let earthquakes rock and the thunders roar—the occupant of the little hammock lies wrapt in the land of dreams, blissfully unconscious of all disturbances.

But one does not have to enlist in the King's navy to participate in these delights. Stretched between a couple of trees or hitched to a couple of stout hooks on the balcony, the hammock will be equally as serviceable. The materials necessary for the construction of the hammock cost little, and by following the instructions given in this article, the swaying cot may be easily made by the youngest reader.

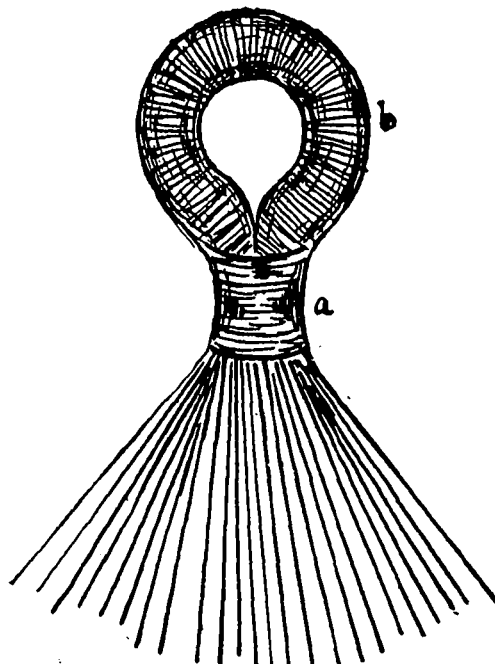
Obtain a piece of stout, coarse canvas, 5 feet 8 inches in length, with a breadth of 3 feet. Should you experience any difficulty in securing the necessary width of material, substitute two strips of canvas $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide and sew the two strongly together (as in figure 1). Turn the short ends of the canvas in with a wide hem, giving the longer edges a very narrow hem. With the point of a knife or other sharp instrument pierce twenty-four small holes on each of the short sides, as in the illustration, taking care the holes are of a uniform distance apart. Next procure a needle and some strong "sailmaker's" yarn and stitch around the holes (as illustrated in



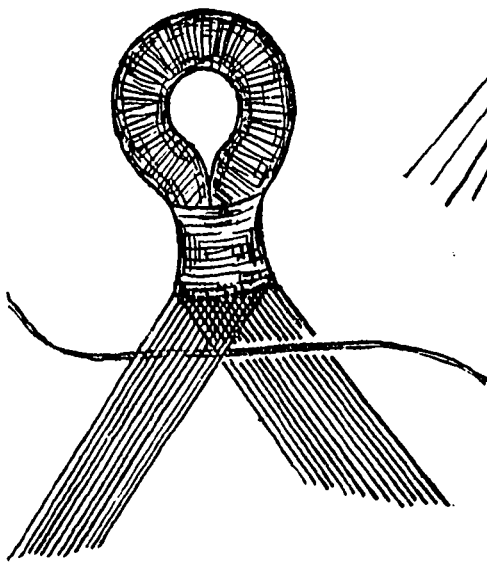
- Fig. 1. -



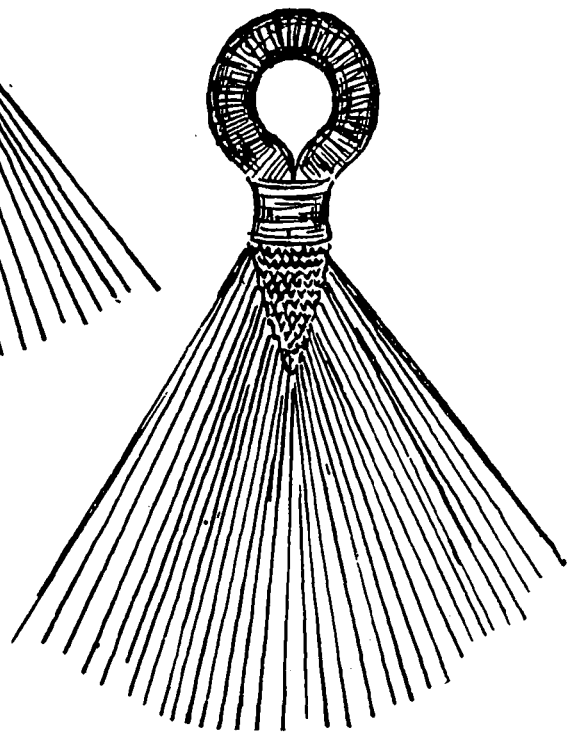
- Fig. 2. -



- Fig. 3. -



- Fig. 4. -



- Fig. 5. -

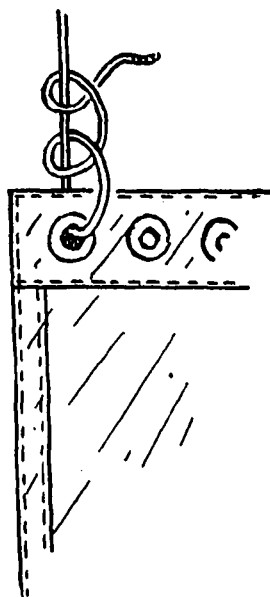
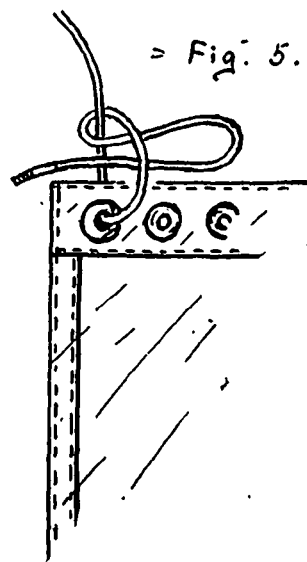


Fig. 6. -



- Fig. 7. -

figure 2), after the manner of button-hole stitching. These stitches will form eyelet holes that will not easily tear out from the canvas. A quicker way is to purchase from a hardware store a number of brass eyelets that can be fitted into the hole and bent back, thus making a far neater and more lasting job.

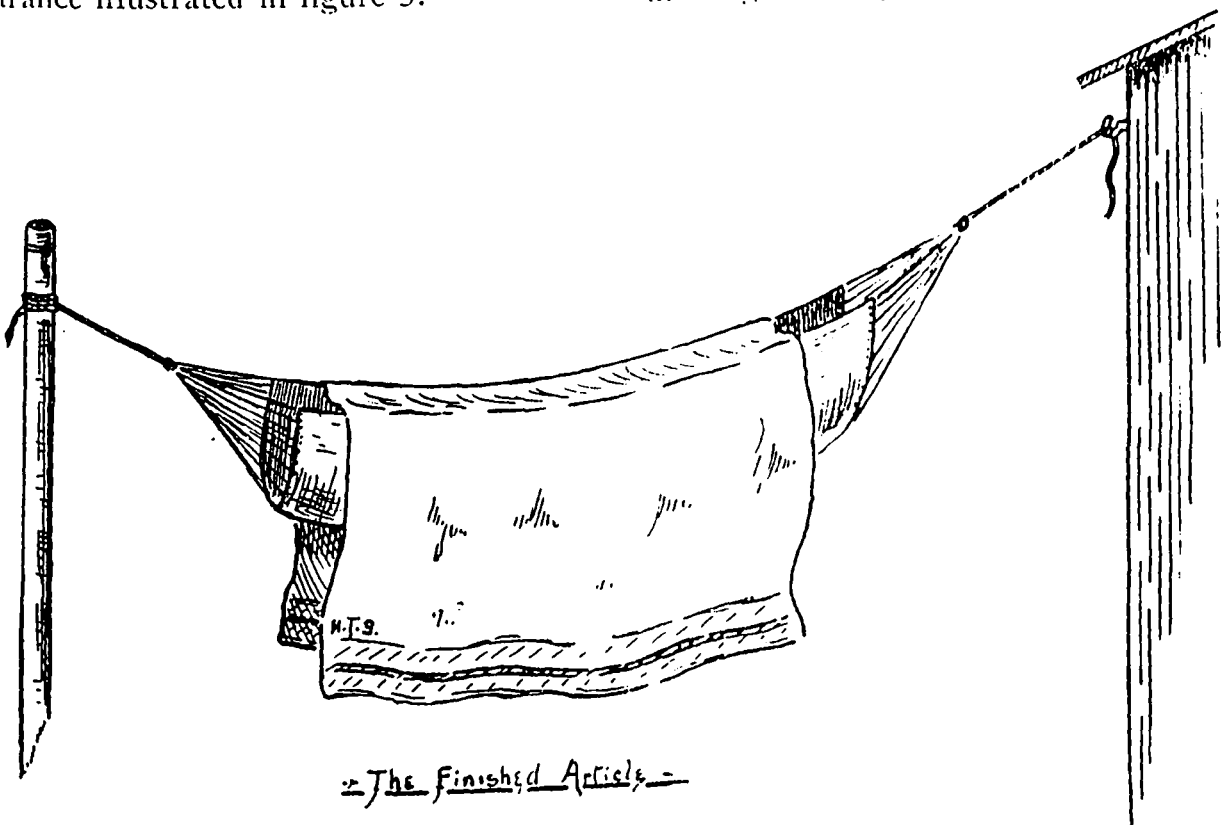
The "clews" have now to be manufactured. Obtain 120 feet of stout cod line and cut the entire quantity into lengths of 5 feet. Take up twelve of these lengths, place them together and double them over a walking-stick. With strong twine wind around the portion marked "a" in figure 3, thus forming the eye. Next serve the eye marked "b" with similar twine, so as to give the whole a neat, compact appearance. With the remaining lengths of cod line make another clew in the same manner.

Now take a thin piece of twine and place it between the "knittles" so that twelve point upward and twelve downward (figure 4). Bring both ends of the small twine (called "filling") back again between the "knittles," this time making the upper ones point downward and the lower ones upward. Then leave out the two outside knittles and continue the operation, omitting two knittles each time until only two remain. Knot the filling together, cut off the ends, and your clews will have the appearance illustrated in figure 5.

Hang one of your clews to a hook or nail overhead, and take the canvas in your hands. Pass the ends of the knittles through the eyelet holes in the canvas and fasten each with two half-hitches (figure 6). In the navy two canvasses are kept, so that one may be laundered while the other is in use. Should you decide to adopt this principle, fasten the knittles as shown in figure 7. They may then be easily removed by a sharp pull given at the free ends.

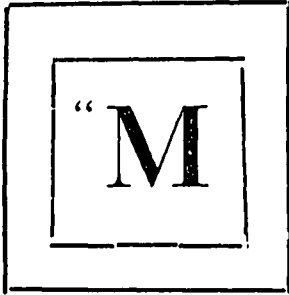
Secure two pieces of rope three to four feet in length and about one inch in thickness, and fasten them into the eyelets of the clews. If you know how to make an eye-splice, the lanyards (as they are called) will look ever so much neater, although a splice is not absolutely necessary.

Your hammock is now complete, except for a small mattress and pillow, which you can easily make to suit yourself. You will, of course, need two or three blankets. All that remains to be done is to fasten the hammock by its lanyards to the branches of a tree, or to the hooks on your porch or balcony. A good balcony makes the best sleeping place, as you will then have no fear of being soaked by a sudden shower of rain. Now clamber into your home-made bed and wrap the blankets securely around you—where I will leave you to experience the delights of your first night's slumber in the glorious open-air.



Two Letters from Norman

By Stacy E. Baker



Y daughter," the letter read, "is a capricious miss, very much of a little democrat, and quite impressed with the idea that she would be capable of

earning her own living were conditions other than what they are.

"I rather favor this independence, and when Marjorie decided to take a job in some good office as stenographer, just to prove to herself that she could make good, I suggested, as tactfully as possible, that she call on you, giving as an excuse that I knew you to be in need of another office girl.

"She is unaware of my connection with the firm, and I respectfully ask that you make a place for her when she calls. You may charge her salary to my account.

"Very truly,

"HENRY NORMAN.

"P.S.—It is quite possible, too, that she will come in under an assumed name.

"H. N."

Ben Carter, manager of the Cress Silk Fabric Company, angrily threw the letter down on the desk.

"Well, of all the asinine fools!" he growled. "Norman must think I am a mind reader. How in the world am I to pick his precious daughter from the hundreds of applicants who apply here for work every week. I never saw her in my life. She'll be a frump, of course—a gumchewing, silly-head with an exalted idea of herself—and I'll be supposed to carry her around like a Dresden doll. Old Norman will keep a keen eye on her—trust him for that." The youth slammed a slim, white hand emphatically on the desk before him. "I don't care whether the old man pays her salary or not, I don't like it. I wish I could tell him so."

Unfortunately, Ben Carter was in no position to deny the wishes of Henry Norman, because—well, you see, Henry Norman was, in reality, the Cress Silk Fabric Company, and while the tall, dark-haired youth was an able and efficient manager, it would be suicide to his prospects not to accede to the financial giant's wishes. Norman, as a general thing, got what he wanted.

Carter's sour countenance straightened itself into a semblance of its usual good-natured expression as Miss Greneau, the chief stenographer, tapped discreetly at the swinging door of the inner sanctum, and then quietly entered.

"The new girl you hired yesterday can't qualify," she vouchsafed abruptly. "I don't know what to do with her. If we were not working short-handed now I would be tempted to let her go. She is slow and lazy. She doesn't even seem to take a bit of interest in what she does."

"What do you want me to do?" demanded the manager, his keen, appreciative eyes on the pretty blonde lady who dominated so ably in the outer office. "Shall I put her through the third degree, scare her, dock her—or what?"

"I shall suggest that you have a talk with her," came from the other. "It might do some good, and if it doesn't—"

"You'll hand her her *conge*," replied Carter. "All of which seems simple enough, but I think it will be best, Miss Greneau, to 'bide a wee' before—er—'canning' any of the rest of the bunch. I don't mind telling you that trouble in the shape of the old man's daughter is coming here under an assumed name—to work!"

Miss Greneau gasped. "To work—where?" she demanded.

"With you," elucidated the other, with an impish glance at the frowning chief stenographer. "Pleases you, doesn't it?"

Nevertheless, you will have to put up with it. And she'll be the worst ever, no doubt of it. Now, send in that new girl, and I'll put on the work."

Miss Bessie Holly was anything but a frightened maid as she entered through the swinging doors. In fact, there was rather an amused air of tolerance in her eyes as she spoke. "You sent for me, Mr. Carter?"

"I did," snapped the manager. "Sit down." He wrote on furiously. At length the speeding hand stopped, and stabbing his pen furiously into a small emery box, he turned a face heavy with a frown boding ill for the girl before him.

Miss Holly curved her thin lips to a cynical smile, and eyed the youth in the swivel chair with no great favor. Her eyes were half-closed, thoroughly insolent. All stage effect was lost on the stenographer.

"Miss Greneau tells me that your work is far below our standard," prefaced Carter, eyeing the resolute jaw of the girl.

"Is that so?" asked Miss Holly, indifferently. "Sorry I don't deliver the goods, I am sure."

"And such being the case," continued Carter, unmindful of the interruption, "I shall reduce your salary to eight dollars a week—a four-dollar cut. When you are able to earn more, you will receive it."

Miss Holly arose and stamped an indignant foot. "I'll not stand for it!" she shrilled. "I'm as good as any of them in there—in spite of what that yellow-haired hussy says. I won't allow you to cut my salary!"

"Suit yourself," answered the manager coldly. "If you don't like the way I do things, you had better quit."

"I will," angrily avowed the other. "Write me a check for what is coming to me."

"I want to tell you," caustically explained Miss Holly, when the slip was given over to her, "that I don't have to work for a living. I do this purely as an experiment." She stamped angrily from the room, leaving a round-eyed, ashen-faced Carter in the swivel chair.

"Lord!" gasped the limp youth, "I've done it now all right. That female was the old man's daughter. I'll get my walk-

ing papers sure. And just as I——" His mind reverted to the handsome Miss Greneau, and he flushed hotly.

After hours Miss Greneau was Dolly to the manager of the Cress Silk Fabric Company, and they were together a great deal.

Carter reached over and touched a button. Again the discreet knock, and the chief of the stenographers entered.

"Sit down—Dolly," came from the despondent youth.

Dolly Greneau stared curiously at the handsome young fellow—and veiled behind the glorious lashes of her eyes was something above curiosity.

"Read that," commanded the youthful business man. He gave over to the girl the letter from Norman.

Miss Greneau cast quick eyes over the page. "What about it?" she demanded.

"I've just fired her," groaned Carter. "You know what that means. I'll lose my job for it." He raised hungry eyes to the girl's face. "And just when everything was coming along so nicely."

Miss Greneau flushed. "I wouldn't worry, Ben," she ventured. "If that Holly girl was Mr. Norman's daughter I sympathize with you—and I don't blame you for getting rid of her."

"She'll have her revenge," assured Carter. "Don't you doubt it, Dolly. I saw it in her eyes. I'll have to go." There was a look of dumb misery in his eyes as he turned toward her. "And I was going to ask you to marry me, and I had my eyes on such a perfect little nest of a home."

Dolly Greneau arose, and, with the red deep on her cheeks, tripped across the office and smothered the plaint of the youth with a perfect little hand.

"Listen, dear," she ventured. "I am glad that all this happened, if it has at last given you courage to speak. We both have a little money saved. There is no need to worry about the immediate future, and"—she gazed at him proudly—"they will find that they can't do without you here soon, and you will be asked to come back."

The office boy, without heralding his approach, stamped into the inner office and deposited a great pile of mail on the manager's desk, departing as noisily as he came.

"Here is another letter from Norman," suddenly exclaimed Carter, idly sorting the letters. "Wonder what he says?" He tore open the envelope and hurriedly scanned the typed screed within.

"Don't hold job for Marjorie," wrote Norman, "she has accepted position as private secretary for her father."

Dolly Greneau and Carter stared eloquently across at each other, after the former had read the words aloud.

"And so it wasn't she after all," marvelled the youth.

"But," answered the red-cheeked maid, eyes demurely surveying her trim shoes, "I am glad it happened, just the same."

Kismet

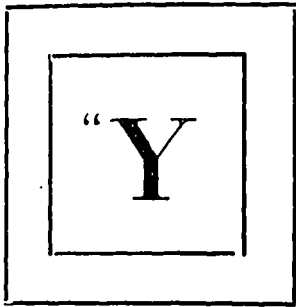
By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

A butterfly the wild rose wooed,
And love's sweet story told;
He drank the perfume of her lips,
And kissed her heart of gold.

The crimson blushes dyed her face—
She loved the butterfly;
But ah!—he stole her kisses,
Then he passed the rosebud by.
He stole her kisses—then—alas!
He bade the rose—good-bye.

The Way It Happened

By Ed. Cahn



EP, the cat came back in that case all right. Funny how they always do, sooner or later, mostly sooner."

"C a t?" echoed Tessie interrogatively, "I didn't know there was a cat in this case."

The grizzled reporter chuckled quietly and flicked the ash from a particularly obnoxious cigar—obnoxious even for him. "This was not exactly that kind of cat," he laughed.

"Oh, I see. You mean a woman of a meddling, investigating disposition, like that one in furs at the elevator. See how her nose and chin come together? Regular nut-cracker face, I call it," Tessie said vindictively, jabbing in a plug, and saying, "Hello, hello, what is it?" in the machine-like voice of an old operator.

"Gee, Tessie! She must have come down hard on you lately."

"Yes," admitted Tessie, "she did. She certainly did."

"What for?" he said sympathetically.

"Oh, because she did not get her number on the instant."

"Probably very important."

"Important nothing!" Tessie rejoined, hooking her receiver on and apparently answering a dozen calls at once—"Yes, marm—at ten o'clock. Yes, sir, right from the door. Today is the seventeenth, sir. No, not at all. Hello—yes—what? What day will it get there, did you say? Well, I should think the railway office people could tell you. Can't you get them? Just wait a moment, then."

She glared into the transmitter as she reached for a time-table. Hastily running her finger over its pages, an expression of pain and exasperation crossed her face as

she snapped, "Please don't shake the hook! I'll tell you in a moment—Hello! That train will arrive in Winnipeg Tuesday at seven o'clock in the morning. Hello!—Yes, this is the office. The time? Nine o'clock. What day?—Tuesday."

"That man must have been lost or in a trance," she remarked to the reporter, plugging out another signal-light. "What day is it! The idea! Now, I think he needs a nurse. Hello—yes. Spell what? S or C? I'm quite sure it is C. No, it is S—S-i-n-c-e-r-e-l-y. You are entirely welcome."

"Say, do you have to be a human dictionary along with this job?" queried the reporter, regretfully casting away the end of his cigar.

"Yes, and first aid to the newly married and a few other little things besides," answered Tessie, sitting back. "What do you think of a man who is not even a guest at the hotel, bothering me to tell him when the Atlantic express which leaves Vancouver Saturday gets into Winnipeg? How is that for nerve? Why couldn't he look that up in a time-table as well as I? That just shows how lazy people are. He knows that an hotel telephone-operator must be polite, no matter if every fool guest in the house is sending her crazy with all manner of idiotic questions, and he thinks that, from sheer force of habit, she will answer the outside calls in the same sweet peaches-and-cream tone and a Christian spirit. Now, if I had been busy, I would have made him wait an endless while and then not told him."

"Tessie, this is a nerve-wracking job. Why don't you get married?" asked the reporter in a fatherly tone.

"Because my disposition is so warped since I have been a 'Hello-girl' in this hotel that nobody I'd have would have me. Talk about things hung on hair

triggers! My temper is worse than that. And the worst of it is, I like my job. This having to think quickly is fine for keeping the cobwebs out of the brain, and makes me feel self-reliant, even to the point of a latch-key. No, no wedding-bells for me."

"But to return to the cats. I'll be busy when the theatres are out, and then you'll have to shut the door from the other side."

"Oh, I know. You have thrown me out bodily before this. You have not apologised yet for yelling at me in a voice that would rasp a buck-saw the other night. 'You get out of here, Steve! I'm too busy to have a chump of a man in here. Get out!' Only barely poked my nose in the door to say 'Hello.' Aren't you ashamed?"

"No; I'm surprised that I spoke so nicely to you. When I'm busy I need plenty of room to sling things, and there is not room in this two-by-four glass cage for anybody but me. But let's get back to the cats; explain yourself. Yes, you can smoke, I suppose. It is a wonder to me that a first-class paper like the *Clarion* will allow the star reporter to pollute the air with such a bundle of cabbage as that."

"Tessie! This is a good cigar, honest. Fellow gave it to me, and I have been saving it to smoke in your presence," Steve said in an injured tone. Tessie laughed derisively, "What a baby you are! As if anybody ever gave away a good cigar! Come, get down to the cats. What did you mean? Somebody let the cat out of the bag?"

"No, this was even more of a figurative cat, and carried retribution instead of fleas. If things had been a little more different, as you say, I'd have landed a feature story; as it was, we just escaped getting into a tight place."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me about it?"

"It all goes to show that my favorite maxim is all to the good."

"No moralizing."

"Well, all right. The story makes it strong enough."

"Wait a minute," said Tessie, plugging out a light in the far corner of her switch-board. "Hello—yes. Mrs. Who? I

don't understand the name. Will you spell it? W-i-m—oh, Weinstanley! No, she is not in. Will you leave a message? Yes, I will see that she gets it. Yes (writing rapidly)—yes, what next? Seattle? Thirty-first. Very well. I will see that she receives it as soon as she returns. Repeat it? "Tell Mrs. Weinstanley that Mr. Armstrong has been called away very suddenly on important business, and will see her in Seattle on the thirty-first." Not at all. Good-bye."

"My, such a mysteriousness," she sniffed as she stamped the time on the back of the card and shoved it through the window to the clerk.

Steve was smiling. "How things do happen," he said; "that message concerns a pretty little romance."

"Anything to do with cats?"

"Yes, impatient child, it is the last chapter; listen."

"I am listening."

"Well, listen some more then. Mind if I put my feet up here? Never can tell a yarn with any sort of enjoyment unless my feet are up high and dry."

"Be comfortable. Higher the feet taller the story?" Steve ignored this thrust and pulled away at his cigar in silence awhile.

"Do you remember the burglar story that appeared in the papers about three weeks ago?" he began.

"The Adams affair?"

"The same," said Steve.

"I always thought there was something queer about that," observed Tessie sagely. "One fine morning a great hue and cry about the big Adams robbery, next day contradictory statements by the officials and police in possession of clues, and the next day denials of the whole thing, and that is the last of it. I thought I recognized your hand in that first article and thought you were preparing to launch a sensation."

"Thanks. That is the first kind word I have had this evening. That was mine all right. That flurry in the money market was really at the bottom of the whole thing."

"I suppose some burglar's funds were tied up in the banks and he got desperate?" laughed Tessie.

"No. No burglar would do such a

thing. An embarrassed banker might, but an honest porch-climber—never! You see, this Adams Company has only been in existence about eighteen months. That old rabbit of a Getzum, the head and front of the Archibald concern, is really the whole show at the Adams, but that is kept as dark as the inside of a Senegambian's vest-pocket."

"Well!" ejaculated Tessie disgustedly, "wouldn't that make you tired? I thought that concern was a whole lot of men, and that Armstrong, who was manager for Getzum so long, was one of them. What money I have been able to keep my landlady from getting I've saved to spend at that store. I wanted to do my little best to help them along and beat that old pirate of a Getzum, and to think he has been getting it all the time!"

"Don't you care. There are lots of people like you. Nobody has any use for him, and most people are glad to walk a block or two farther to the Adams, to keep him from getting their business."

"Gee!" said Tessie incredulously, "who would have thought that he was horse, cart and little yaller dog under the wagon besides?"

"You are wrong about the little yaller dog under the wagon. Armstrong and four or five others who chipped in their little all were the yaller dog, and mighty sick they all were before they were through."

"It seems that Armstrong had announced to Getzum, while manager of the Archibald and before the Adams opened for business, that he was going to leave him for something better in New York. Rather than lose a valuable man, Getzum, when every other inducement failed, offered to give him the management of the Adams and double his salary."

"Armstrong demanded an interest, and they finally agreed. He put ten thousand dollars into the business—all he had in the world. Things went well until one day the old man had a touch of the gout or the pip or something, and felt meaner than usual—which is plenty mean enough—and he jumped onto Armstrong to take it out on him, in his most irritating and insulting way. Armstrong stood it as long as he could, and then told Getzum that he

objected to being treated like an office-boy, that he wouldn't stand for it, and not to let it happen again.

"From that moment there was war. Getzum could never forget such a thing and resolved to ruin him if he could. He's a tough customer, and he has a peculiar brand of thumb-screws known only to himself."

"One by one the other partners were dropping out. All gave different reasons, but Armstrong had a shrewd idea that Getzum was squeezing them, and he was positive that one at least was losing practically all he put in. Then came the first rumble of trouble in the financial world."

"That's when I took my twenty dollars out of the bank," chimed Tessie, rummaging in her purse and extracting a package of gum.

"As I was saying, Armstrong was keeping a sharp eye on Getzum and the ten thousand, and felt sure he could copper in time any move the sly old fox might make."

"Along comes Armstrong's best friend with a hard-luck story as long as your arm about being ruined if he don't dig up five thousand quick. Money tied up in securities he could not convert into cash, and so on."

"Getzum was getting meaner and meaner, and especially so since Armstrong was calling on his niece; the prospects of having the only man who ever had made him toe the mark in the family galled the amiable old porcupine something fierce."

"Say, Steve," demanded Tessie suspiciously, "is this one of the six best sellers? It has all the earmarks. Don't you dare dish up fiction for fact to me. I don't like your tainted news, so be careful, or I will have the porter throw you out."

"You have the meanest disposition, Tessie, of any girl I know. Can't you let me alone? You are positively fussy," said Steve in a hurt voice.

"All right, Mike, I'm all ears," she said contritely.

"Armstrong promised the friend to get the five thousand for him if he had to take it out of the business, which was the only way he could get it."

"Just before tackling Getzum he heard from some kind friend that there were

ugly whisperings about him, linking his name with that of the pretty blonde actress over at the Bijou. Of course, this was news to him, as he had not had the pleasure of meeting the lady.

"Next thing he knew Getzum was hollering about it. That made him suspicious, and he just about tumbled when Getzum said he didn't want to hear another word about such an affair about his manager.

"That made our hero hot as his satanic majesty's gridiron, and he answered pretty middling warm. Then he mentioned the fact that he wanted five thousand, and said while he was about it he'd take ten thousand and be done with it and the whole concern.

"Getzum rubbed his hands with glee; nothing would please him better! But the spondulix, impossible! He put up a great spiel about money being tight, holiday stocks bought, and heavy bills coming due and no cash to meet them with. Said every dollar of the firm was out of reach, and the more Armstrong protested the worse it seemed to get. He nearly had a fit as he saw first one thing and then another, which made him believe Getzum meant to fail.

"The next day another kind friend told him for his own good another spicy bit of gossip about himself. Perfect news again to him, and he was sure when he got a frigid little note from the niece—prettiest little girl you ever saw in your life, by the way—giving him his, and telling him in a few words what she thought of a man of his character; that if Uncle, alias Nuts and Raisins, had not started the whole thing himself, then he had seen that it reached her in record time.

"That settled it, and he made up his mind that he would get that chink or tear the house down. I don't believe I ever saw a madder man in my life than he was the last time I saw him at the club before the burglary took place. He looked as black as a stack of cats. He told me the sad, sweet story in a corner, and I said in a joke, 'Why don't you cakewalk up to the safe and help yourself? It's yours, is it not, Alphonse?' I'm hanged if he didn't think I meant it!

"That was the tenth. On the morning

of the eleventh he stumbled onto some sure evidence that Getzum was getting ready for one grand dramatic smash-up, and he made up his mind.

"At closing-time he left as usual, but about ten-thirty he strolled down that way. About a block before he got there he monkeyed around until the coast was clear and then he didn't let the grass grow under his feet, getting to the main entrance and letting himself in with his pass-key.

"You can bet he didn't slam the door, and he didn't ring for the elevator either. Of course, he knew the night-watchman must be around, but he didn't want to run onto him, and he ran up those stairs light as a gum-shoe man.

"His game was to get to the office on the fifth floor and transact his business without anybody piping him off. If anybody came playing around interfering, why he was back to finish some work, but you can bet your little old ten per and board that he was not hankering to speak that piece.

"He got up to the office landing all O.K., and stopped to listen. Not a sound. Just as he switched on the lights in the office he heard the watchman and the engineer's helper laughing. That made his hair curl all right, until he remembered that the helper was doing some painting three floors above, and where he could not see the office. The watchman was evidently killing time there instead of going his rounds.

"So he got busy on the big safe. He knew the combination, and in a jiffy he was face to face with twenty-five thousand dollars in gold and bills. He counted out ten thousand and put it in his pockets.

"There was a suspicious-looking packet of papers. As he picked them up one fluttered to the floor. It was a list of names, the other partners, and the amounts they had put in the business; his own headed it, and was the only one not crossed off. It was in Getzum's handwriting, and the choicest bit of incriminating evidence you ever saw! The whole scheme for a profitable failure and how the other yaller dogs had been gouged, all there in black and white! How he must have

grinned as he realized that he was in full possession of facts he could use.

"He did not need all of the papers, and as he sorted them over he heard the click of the elevator-door above. He jumped to the switch and put out the light just in time. It did not stop, and he breathed easier as he watched it drop out of sight.

"Then he groped back to the safe and replaced the packet minus three exceedingly important papers. With his hand on the door of the safe, he heard the elevator coming up again. It passed and stopped at the next floor. That was getting pretty hot, and so leaving the safe wide open he stepped out into the hall.

"You know how the stairs wind around the elevator shaft?"

"Yes. Go on!" said Tessie breathlessly.

"Well, he just naturally flew down them, but quietly of course. He was all right until he was on the second flight, and then he stumbled, making a devil of a racket.

"When he recovered himself, there, three floors above and across the court, was the watchman and the helper leaning over the railing and rubbering straight at him!"

"Goodness! Steve, what happened next?"

"The watchman hollered, 'Hi, Mr. Armstrong! Why didn't you ring the bell? Wait a moment and we'll take you down.'

"He stopped and they started the elevator; then he ran like mad to the second floor, dashed across to the alley side to a window he had planned on before. He stopped on the sill to look down into the dark alley and heard the watchman saying, 'Where did he go?' and the helper answering that he didn't believe that it was Armstrong at all, because he hadn't spoken and they did not see his face.

"As he swung out of the window and swung down a telegraph-pole he could just reach by the skin of his teeth, he heard them running to the alarm-box.

"At the street he almost ran into the policeman on the beat, but luckily the blue-coat did not see him and lumbered along about his business. Then he stepped out like a man, caught a car, got off at his club and played dominoes with the oldest member until one o'clock. How is that for nerve? Hasn't that got the cucumber crop

for a year skinned to death? Oh, he is a regular Raffles, that Armstrong.

"The next day he was at the store as usual. Heard the hullabaloo, answered a million questions from the police, and read the papers at breakfast as calmly as you did.

"The police kept asking embarrassing questions, and along about closing time he saw they were pretty middling hot on his trail.

"Then he was called to the telephone. He didn't tell me all she said by a long shot, and I don't wonder; but he did say that she had tumbled to who started the gossip, and it seems she did not have an over-stock of confidence in her uncle, if he was her guardian.

"She had put on her gladdest rags that very afternoon and sailed down to Uncle's office, arriving in time to hear the detectives give Armstrong a black eye to the high Mogul.

"It looked as if he would be in the cooler by next morning sure, and she could not for the life of her understand why Getzum did not sic 'em on, so to speak, until he asked if they had found any clue as to the whereabouts of the missing papers.

"She began to smell a mouse and made up her mind that Armstrong must have the whip-hand somehow. After the cops had gone she said it was a shame to suspect an upright man like Armstrong of such a *dreadful* thing.

"That brought down a storm from His Nibs. He ripped and raved all over the place and swore he'd settle Mr. Armstrong's hash if it took a leg, and that it would not be well for her to have anything to do with him if she knew what was good for her."

"The mean old thing!" sniffed Tessie. "What did she do to him?"

"She said, 'Yes, Uncle,' as meek as a kitten, same as you all do when you are getting ready for battle," said Steve dryly.

"Then she lost no time telephoning to Armstrong, put him on to the lay of the land, and said that if he knew the exact whereabouts of those papers there was no time like the present for using them. Also that she was very sorry about the note; she did not mean it any more—and yes,

she would any time he would get a parson."

"Aha! Wedding-bells!"

"Not yet, but soon, I guess," said Steve, taking down his feet.

"This time Armstrong took the elevator up to the office and marched into the lion's den, brave as any lion-tamer in a circus. He announced that he had about all he wanted, thank you, of the personal questions of the police, and that he understood they were contemplating taking him into custody. Was he right?"

"Getzum made up his mind that the police were mistaken in their man after all. He did not look guilty or afraid. Although he could not make up his mind why an ordinary thief would take only part of the papers and leave fifteen thousand dollars in coin of the realm behind, he could not resist the temptation to sneer.

"He laid it on good and plenty about his misplaced confidence in a man who had turned out to be a thief, and so on, world without end.

"When he was out of breath Armstrong returned the compliment with interest and flashed the papers! That took the wind out of the enemy's sails, and after throwing a fit or two, he calmed down and wanted to make terms.

"First, Armstrong made him agree not

to oppose the marriage with the niece. That was pretty tough, but he gave in as it would not cost him anything. He had to deny the whole robbery in a statement to the press, and call off the cops, then and there. Next, Armstrong demanded his salary to date, a complete restoration to the other yellow dogs, and wound up by saying he would keep the papers until it was all done up brown."

"Well!" laughed Tessie delightedly, "I don't know when I've heard anything that has done me more good than that. But what has this telephone message of mine to do with it? Is that the Mr. Armstrong?"

"Yes."

"Who is this Mrs. Weinstanley? What has she to do with it? And where does the cat come in?"

"Mrs. Weinstanley is the lady he is going to marry."

"What! Is he going to throw down the pretty little niece now?"

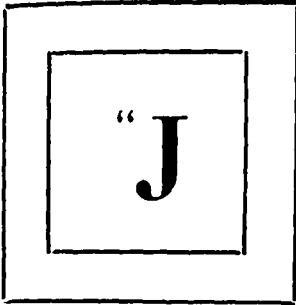
"No," said Steve as he opened the door, "the niece is a widow, and she is also the lady who called you down, and whom you so impolitely declare has a 'nut-cracker face.' Shame on you, Tessie."

A telephone book flew through the air, but Steve had made his escape unscathed.

*Honesty is the best policy, but it is
seldom used except as a last resort*

Cherry Blossoms

By Arthur McArthur



A M I E!" Larry's voice was plaintive. "I say, Jamie, I'm hungry."

Jamie gripped the motor's wheel and grinned over his shoulder at Larry

McPherson. "It's eleven-thirty," he reminded.

"I know," responded Larry dolefully.

"And we're five miles from the nearest hash joint," continued Jamie ruthlessly.

"Take me home," returned the famished youth.

"Yes, sir." Larry started. Jamie was Jamie and Larry was Larry at all times except when the stinging atmosphere heralded the approach of Larry's mother, at whose advent the chauffeur discreetly froze into a Greek statue clad in goggles and motor coat. On such occasions Larry became "sir," while Jamie degenerated into "my man."

"Oh, I say, Jamie," expostulated Larry indignantly, "damn it, man, don't do that. I thought you'd seen mother in the street."

"No, sir."

"Rats," asserted the young man in the tonneau.

"Very good, sir," said the chauffeur, "but the gasoline is giving out."

Larry's indignant repudiation of the servile phrase changed into a horrified gurgle. "And I'm hungry," he remarked inconsequently.

Jamie's grin returned. Swiftly the car sped through the night, while the snow fell silently in great feathery flakes. Neither spoke. Each waited for the ominous slowing of the motor, and while they waited they say—IT. It was down a side street and the machine swung from its course so sharply that the off wheel caught the curbing and ran along the walk. When the car stopped the two thoughtfully regarded the expanse of lighted window and the sign, "Astoria Cafe."

"It's not exactly, er—um," volunteered Larry.

"So I noticed myself," gurgled the machinist, as he stepped down into the snow, "I'm hungry, too."

Reluctantly they entered, shaking the clinging flakes from their coats. They decided at once that the diet was composed solely of onions. At the half-score tables were seated numerous late diners. The sight of Larry's full dress caused much agitation among the assembly, while the proprietor seemed to have suddenly lost his mental control. The newcomers hunted in vain for a vacant seat. Every chair was occupied. There was a hurried money transaction in a far corner, and then two grinning customers filed out, leaving two vacant seats which the proprietor superciliously dusted with his coat sleeve. Bowing low to the pair standing by the door, he invited them to be seated. The tables near by were ransacked for spoons, knives and forks, and soon a formidable array of eating utensils reposed beside each plate. In the kitchen there was much uproar, which increased to a perfect pandemonium when Larry, having with much difficulty scraped away the grease from the menu and deciphered the articles named thereon, sent out his order.

Suddenly Larry became aware of a change. His suffering nostrils detected a delicate perfume in the garlic-laden air. Jamie was staring with bulging eyes past Larry at someone beyond. He looked up curiously and then sank back weakly. At his elbow stood a girl, an angel, arrayed in neat black uniform with dainty linen cap and apron.

"Will you be so good as to repeat your order to me?" she said, and a dazzling smile showed a row of pearly teeth. With laughing eyes she watched the two. Larry just saved himself from jumping up to offer her his chair. What was a girl like *that* doing here?

"We gave—that is, of course," said

Larry, dazedly turning to the card, "bring me—that," and he pointed to the first thing he saw on the list, the letters being too blurred for him to venture on a name.

"I'm sorry," said the girl with the golden voice, "but we are out of it."

"That's bad," said Larry gravely, "for the place, I mean." To him it had suddenly become of great importance that the "Astoria Cafe" should satisfy its patrons. He had vague notions of buying it on the spot and raising the salaries of the girls.

"You see, I—I used to run a restaurant," he remarked, while Jamie choked convulsively; "if you don't feed 'em what they want they don't come back." He racked his brain for further information apropos of the trade.

"Will you please see if there is anything else you care for?"

Larry had a strong conviction that there was laughter in her tones, but when he looked up her eyes were grave.

When she had gone Larry's eyes sought Jamie's face, but the latter was looking discreetly out of the window. "It's still snowing," he remarked, his eyes on the white flakes.

Larry had watched the figure of the girl, the carriage, the perfect poise. He had seen the masses of auburn hair piled low on neck and forehead. He had caught the lovely profile and he thought he understood why men perjured their souls and did other mad things for the love of a beautiful woman.

"Jamie," he murmured, "I say, Jamie, did we strike a cart? Am I badly hurt?"

Jamie exploded, and Larry sank back in hurt silence, watching eagerly for the swinging doors to leap open and volley forth the goddess who had taken his order.

When she came he was too excited to say anything. The dainty perfume of her presence thrilled, fascinated, hypnotised him so that he sat spellbound, feeling stupid, yet too nervous to speak. Just as she was turning away he burst out desperately.

"I say, will you—that is, the restaurant I own, y'know. I'm—er—looking for help, y'know. Can't get a waitress at all. Would you like to get a job with—that is, nearer the city?" He paused helplessly, thunderstruck. The girl's head had gone up with a sudden regal hauteur, and a deli-

cate pink surged up under the white skin. Only a moment thus and then the radiant smile dazzled Larry and the music of her laugh sounded in his ears.

"How much do you pay?" she asked demurely.

"How much?" Larry's eyes sought Jamie for help. That individual made frantic pantomime which Larry failed to comprehend, so he answered recklessly, hoping he was near the mark. "Why, we pay good ones (cunningly qualifying)—fifty a week, y'know."

"Why—why, what kind of a place do you run?" asked the girl, and her eyes gleamed with amusement which she strove to repress.

"If it isn't enough we will go higher." Larry was desperately trying to recover ground. He must have been away low in his offer. Confound it! How much *did* waiters get, anyway? Why hadn't he familiarized himself with the wages of the working classes? He ought to have done so. Fifty a week! Only twenty-six hundred a year! Lord, they must get more than that. How was a girl to live on twenty-six hundred? What an ass he was.

"Yes, yes. What was I thinking of? Of course, it's much more than that, y'know. I—I was thinking of something else. It's—it's—how much do you want?" He sighed with relief. Why hadn't he thought of that way out before?

The girl meditated for a moment. "I shall have to ask for one hundred and thirty-five a week," she said, and her voice shook with emotion—or was it laughter?

"Done," said Larry, while Jamie suddenly discovered that the car was being tampered with and bolted for the door. "When can you come? Tomorrow?"

"Oh, no. Not till the week-end," came the stifled answer; "what is the name of your dining-room?"

Larry gasped. Then he thought of a place where he sometimes went and named it with much trepidation. He'd buy that place tomorrow. Hang it, the man would *have* to sell.

"What time do you close?" he asked.

"Twelve o'clock, sir." Again she seemed striving with internal merriment.

"Do you—may I—er—see you home?" He blushed—actually blushed. Larry—

the notorious Larry—blushed. So did the girl.

"I—I haven't far to go," she murmured, chokingly, "and Mr. Grimes, the proprietor, always goes home with me."

"Grimes!" Larry's eyes sought that unconscious individual whose face was still beaming with the elation of a "biled shirt-front in the 'ouse, y'know." He felt murderously inclined toward mine host. "Is he—is he married?" he queried, and hung on her answer.

"Yes-s." Larry wondered what on earth she was laughing at.

"He looks tired," ventured the flustered youth; "perhaps he may not want to walk tonight."

"I must wait on another customer," said the girl hurriedly, and Larry wondered what the customer was doing in the kitchen. In vain he waited for her reappearance. He idled over his food. He idled over paying his account. He took as long as possible to get out of the door. He glanced backward as he stepped into the snow. Then as he turned towards the motor he started and sat down on the slippery pavement. The snow fell silently, and the light from the cafe fell only on its white surface. No polished brass or enamel shone in the darkness. The car was gone.

"I guess I was right about—about that accident," he thought; "I was thrown out and dreamed it."

He got to his feet with difficulty and examined the tire tracks in the snow. Following them, he started down the road, but the snow sifted into his pumps and melted there. He had travelled half a block, when he turned back to the cafe. It was closed. The lights were out, and the redoubtable Grimes was not in sight. Larry huddled shivering against the wall.

Suddenly far away he heard the whirr of a car. Eagerly he waited. Louder and louder grew the incessant hum. Then the lights gleamed suddenly as the machine rounded the nearest corner, bore down on Larry—and stopped opposite the cafe. It was Smith, the stableman, in the runabout. He climbed down and approached Larry, who stood stupidly wondering how he had gotten there so opportunely.

"That you, sir?" his cheery voice rang out; "Jamie 'phoned from somewhere that

you was here waitin' an' to come an' get you."

"Wait till I see Jamie," remarked Larry, as he bundled into the runabout; "he'll wish he'd left for the Golden Gate or India." Larry said no more, but the pace at which the machine careened onto the main road and tore through the night told just how anxious he was to see Jamie. The big car was not visible, however, when the runabout entered the garage, nor was Jamie in evidence. Vowing dire vengeance, Larry went reluctantly to bed and dreamed that Jamie and the charming waitress had eloped in the big car while he was floundering through the snowdrifts in pyjamas and pumps in vain pursuit.

When morning came and Jamie and the car were still missing, Larry had hard work to prevent his mother from notifying the police.

In the evening he dressed for Fleetwood's. Helen Fleetwood wanted him to meet some of her relations. Helen and he were chums of long standing, but, hang it all, he wanted to go back to the Astoria. Perhaps he might be able to slip away at eleven. That would leave time.

Nine o'clock found him in Fleetwood's drawing-room. Helen, with the freedom of a sister, had just re-tied his white bow for him and was now perched on the arm of his chair.

"They'll be down in a minute, Larry, and now I want you to tell me all about last night."

"Last night?" Larry was startled.

"Yes, of course, goosie. The ball, you know. I couldn't go because—because—oh, just because—"

"Oh, yes, I see! Just the usual crowd, you know. I left early." The rustle of silken skirts proclaimed the approach of someone. Helen jumped down just as Larry got to his feet.

"Larry, this is my cousin, Irene. You have heard me speak of her."

Larry's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, which remained open. One trouser leg which had been pulled up when he sat down hung half-way between knee and ankle. The girl of the night before stood just inside the draperies. The firelight danced flickering shadows over the sea-green dress she wore. Her hair gleamed a dull,

glorious red in the glow. Brown eyes, pink cheeks, rose-red lips and dimpled chin smiled at him with mischievous amusement.

"I—we—that is—er—you understand." Larry was plainly in distress. Helen collapsed into a chair while the girl holding back the draperies shook with mirth. The former spoke. "Larry, you're—you're too funny. Irene told me about—about last night. We were all working in dining-rooms, all the girls. We wanted to earn ten dollars each. The proprietors knew about it. We were to give them to charity—the dollars, not the proprietors. We were supposed to earn the money ourselves. Irene came the day we started and joined in. Do you see?" Helen lay laughing weakly in the depths of her chair.

"Yes, I see," said the dazed Larry, who by now discovered that his mouth was still open and promptly closed it. "I see."

The time passed pleasantly for Larry. Helen watched his shapely head very close to Irene's auburn crown as they bent over a folio of snapshots by the firelight. She saw, too, the light in Larry's grey eyes as he watched Irene. A wistful, tender smile curved her lips as she stole noiselessly away and left them thus.

An hour went by. The room was lighted only by the grate and the two talked on and on in the ruddy glow. Larry was very, very boyish and handsome as he leaned towards the girl at his side. Into his grey eyes flooded a light of adoration.

"Irene," he whispered, daringly, "Irene, does that engagement still stand?"

"Engagement? What engagement?"

"At one hundred and thirty-five a week," he whispered, "and, Irene——"

"Yes."

"You can have the position and—me, too."

"Why, Larry McPherson, it's only twenty-four hours since——"

"I know," he pleaded eagerly, "but I've known you for years through Helen. I love you, sweetheart. Don't you care just a little?"

Gently she laid her fan upon his lips and when she spoke her voice was wondrous soft and tender.

"Not yet, Larry, boy. Wait—a little."

Footfalls sounded in the hall, and Helen came in with a gay laugh.

"But what became of Jamie?" enquired Larry, with an effort to appear at ease. He had suddenly become conscious that it was very late, and that Helen had not been with them for a long time.

"Jamie! Oh, I borrowed him and the car to come home in last night. I didn't think you would mind a bit. Were you very much put out?" Irene's dimples smiled provokingly.

"You see, I knew you all the time from having seen the picture in Helen's room—(Larry squirmed)—so while you were waiting for me to come from the kitchen I slipped out the back way and explained to Jamie all about it. He was very much amused!"

"No doubt," agreed Larry, making mental notes as to the different kinds of an ass he was and what he was going to do to Jamie. "Where is he now?"

"He was afraid to go home until I had explained to you. You'll forgive him, won't you—Larry?" and Irene's eyes held something which made Larry's heart leap madly. He felt that he must see Jamie at once and embrace him.

Snow was falling gently when Larry stepped out onto the big verandah. Irene stood inside the darkened vestibule. Larry's voice shook as he whispered "Good-night," and he trembled strangely.

"Irene!"

"Yes—Larry."

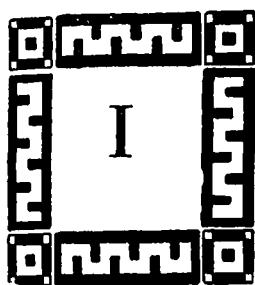
"Irene—I—won't you—I love you, Irene."

A gentle hand closed his stammering lips and a voice soft as the falling snow whispered thrillingly, "Not now, Larry boy, wait—wait until the cherry blossoms come."

Passionately he kissed the little hand which lay passive in his own for one brief moment. Then it and its owner had gone. Larry turned, stumbled down the steps and across the lawn. The snow stopped suddenly and the moon peeped from behind a fleecy cloud. A whispering wind rustled the white-laden branches, sending a shower of feathery snowflakes drifting earthwards. Watching them, Larry seemed to see the cherry blossoms falling in a snow-white cloud and, listening, he thought he heard that gentle thrilling whisper, "Not now, Larry, boy; wait until the cherry blossoms come."

Physical Culture

By Frank E. Dorchester, N.S.P.E.



IN writing on any subject it is always well to begin at the beginning of the matter. Such being the case, we will first form an idea as to what physical

culture really is.

The cult of the physique will better explain to most readers what physical culture is: the cultivation of all that is best in the physical and organic parts of humanity. It does not stop there, however. The physical culturist serves not only body, but brain also, and with all reverence I say it, he is performing a duty to God and to himself by rendering his body a fit and beautiful temple for a beautiful soul. The man who sees the beautiful in the body must have something beautiful in the soul of him.

If you understand physiology, you know that the same arteries, veins and organs that serve the body—nourishing and carrying off waste—also serve the brain. Therefore, if exercise can do the body good through these organs, the brain must benefit too. So the brain has increased activity, intensity, virility, perception, and so on.

The mind also is strengthened, likewise the will, as proper physical culture teaches that exercise, unless mind-controlled, is inefficient. Therefore, if the mind must also be exerted, it does not necessitate any deviation on my part to explain to the intelligent reader where the benefit comes in.

It is of only recent years that physical culture has become a world-science—that its wonderful powers have been fully understood. I do not think we fully know its powers even yet. The reader has probably always supposed that physical culture meant the occasional attendance at the gymnasium or the casual observance of certain rules.

Others think it hard work, which would be foolishness to tack on to an already tiresome day.

In the first place, spasms have no place in the culturist's dictionary. The method of exercise must be systematic and not spasmodic. Then, few gymnasium instructors understand physical culture as it should be interpreted. Granted they are gymnasts; granted they give exercises; yet the fact of giving exercises and knowing how to teach "how to exercise" with the mind controlling every muscle is a very different thing. Running through a series of exercises is hardly more useful than sitting down and wishing for results. To exercise from a physical culture standpoint, to obtain grand muscular development with a man's strength, one must do every exercise with the mind governing each muscle as it comes into play, and the will firmly fixed with the intention of getting the results desired.

I am sometimes asked, "Who should exercise?" I answer, "All."

If the brain worker, no matter how busy, will go through fifteen minutes of exercise daily, he will prevent illness, prevent becoming run-down, brain fag—in fact, will double and treble his business ability. If the busy man will think over this fact, of circulation being not merely confined to the body, but also to the brain, he will see that that which benefits the circulation must benefit the brain. The theory is sound; the practice I have proved never to fail. I have proved this by personal experience.

What of the manual laborer: surely his labor is exercise enough?

There is the point on which many a laboring man has based his belief that physical culture is not for him.

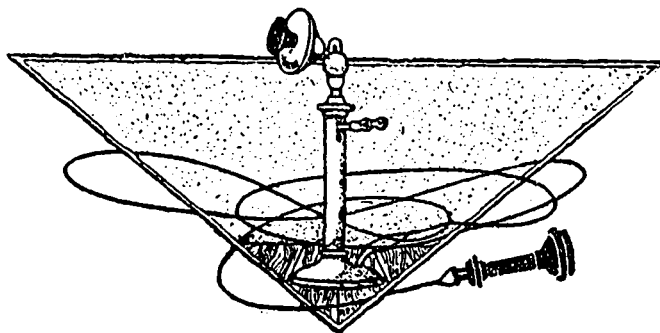
It may seem strange at first thought, but I have proved that, even after a hard day's work with pick and shovel, blacksmith's

sledge and other forms of labor, if the worker can take his meal, rest a couple of hours, and then go through certain movements calculated to stretch his tired muscles, pull them out of their cramps, and act upon those opposition muscles, opening the organs from the knots the day's work has tied them in, he will be healthier, stronger and feel less of the usual day's work. The reader may feel inclined to pooh-pooh this statement. I have absolutely proved the statement, and have not confined myself to stronger men, but have tried this with men who have been laboring for the first time in their lives. They have found they felt their toil less if they counteracted the effects by judicious light exercise at night.

Besides exercise, the true physical culturist will observe cleanliness and keep his bedroom window open at night. The latter need not entail a draught—fix it so as to avoid it. As to diet, I advise you to let your stomach guide your eating and drinking, but always stop when your stomach cries "enough." If you are not

wilfully deaf to the cry, you never fail to hear it. Do not eat "just that little piece of cake"; stop when you know you have comfortably filled the stomach. On the other hand, do not stop until you have satisfied hunger. Observe moderation in all things. Moderation in this case means enough, but not too much. He will be the exception whose organs will not tell him aright how to go and what to do in such a matter.

By judicious regular exercise of all muscles and organs running through and in the neighborhood, the muscles used in a day's work are so massaged and stimulated that the blood with its life-giving properties is allowed to flow through unimpeded in a vastly increased current. The heart beats truer and more vigorously, pumping its elixir into the farthest parts of the body, repairing tissue, bone and muscle, and bringing body and brain to the pinnacle of their strength and vigor. Observe these facts, act on them, and benefit not merely yourself, but the nation.



Peter

By Lizzie Gaines Wilcoxson



L

ATE one November afternoon, in the gloom of the great bare hall, I saw Peter for the first time. Shuffling along in the dim light, with his mops and brooms and pail, he looked like some highly magnified Jabberwock.

I was not afraid, but I was disturbed; it was strictly against the rules for us to return to the schoolroom floor after half-past four, and here I was stealing down for a forgotten story-book in my desk. I stopped and looked at Peter, and Peter stopped shuffling along and looked at me.

"You are the new janitor?" I volunteered ingratiatingly. One of the functions of the janitor being a watchdog surveillance over us, the quality of his disposition was very important. It was to our interest to establish friendly relations right in the beginning.

"Y-a-a-s," drawled Peter, with an excessively wide grin.

And it transpired that Peter was not only the new janitor, but that he was very new to America—barely a month over from Sweden, and but a day in Madam's service.

Within a week we all loved Peter. We had adopted him as one of us. We made him our partner, our friend and our servant. He was the most satisfactory janitor that had ever befallen to our lot. Other janitors there had been—a long list of them—but none like Peter.

His knowledge of English was as scant as his upright stubble of yellow hair. His good nature was as abundant as his wide, ever-ready grin. He listened to Madam's fault-finding with the stoicism of a decoy duck, his imperfect understanding of English making praise or blame the same to Peter. He remained with us all the win-

ter, and his taking off was at once comic and tragic.

And all the winter, too, he was our faithful and trustworthy aide-de-camp. He was as docile and obedient as a trained elephant. He smuggled in suppers, procured novels, and was a veritable letter-carrier. Many a tender flame betwixt us and the academy boys was fanned and sustained by the *billets-doux* fetched and carried by Peter.

If at any time he fell under suspicion and Madam questioned him sharply, Peter would scratch his head vaguely and look at Madam vacantly with his round, surprised-looking, light blue eyes, and say, "A-y, dun-no," so plaintively and persistently that Madam's investigations were abandoned on the grounds that such a fool had not the wit to be a knave.

Peter's features assembled near together in the centre of a vast expanse of fresh pink complexion and breadth of jowl. His insignificant nose was set high up toward brows of a most amazing arch. The corners of his wide mouth—when it was not spread in an utterly foolish and infectious grin—seemed to be trying to climb up to his eyes.

And Peter ran to length. His long neck reared itself scraggily from a collarless shirt. His hands dangled from long wrists that hung awkwardly from sleeves always too short. Between the hems of his trousers and the tops of his shoes three inches of home-knit bright red sock appeared.

When Peter dressed for Sunday or holidays he wore striped trousers, very tight in the legs, and two coats—a blue serge and a light tan overcoat. By some obliquity of taste, Peter conceived the idea that he should wear the shorter coat on top, which he did, and the tan overcoat hung down a foot below the blue serge. No amount of argument could prevail upon

Peter to reverse the order of these coats. We did not try very hard to effect a change; it was so excruciatingly funny to see him wear them that way.

It is in the springtime that mischief, like grass, grows rankest; and when it became known among us that some gypsies were camped on the common half a mile below our school campus, we of dormitory "A" became unanimously possessed with the desire to have our fortunes told. At first we planned to steal out one at a time and have Peter escort us singly to the camp. It was Emigene Briggs who unsettled this idea.

"Girls," she said, from her perch on the corner of the study table, "there are six of us to go. We can't start until Luella (that was Madam) is cached, and that is never before halfpast nine at the earliest. We wouldn't dare to all go at once, and even two at a time will take till after midnight!"

We digested this. Even to our silly heads our plan looked dubious.

"But I have thought of a better way," went on Emigene. "Peter shall bring the Gypsy Queen *here*. After everything is all dark and quiet, Peter can go get her and bring her in through the coal shed to the laundry stairs. One of us can meet her there and steal up the back way and bring her right to this room, and she can sit over in the far corner there and talk in whispers so we can have our fortunes secret; and when we are all through, we'll take her back to Peter and he can let her out of the grounds again."

We applauded as one voice. I was detailed to explain the plan to Peter, which I did with much painstaking elaboration, there being the exciting possibility, of course, that he might misunderstand and bring down the whole encampment, or else take the Queen off to the next county.

"Do you think you can do it?" I asked, anxiously.

Peter scratched his head vaguely, his round eyes growing rounder and more surprised-looking than ever.

"V-a-l-l, Ay dun-no; A-y t-a-n-k s-o."

Peter's promises were always thus swamped in vague hesitation and uncertainty; but they never failed of accomplishment.

And so in this instance he did his part. The Queen did hers. I did mine. In soft moccasins I stole to the cellar stairs. There in the dark stood Peter and the Queen huddled on the first landing. I took her hand in mine, and bidding Peter wait, started upstairs. It did not occur to me or any of us, or to Peter either, I suppose, that it might be a trifle tiresome for him to wait on the cellar stairs indefinitely while six romantic maidens explored the future to our hearts' content.

Quaking inwardly, I conducted her along the corridors until we were within two doors of dormitory "A." Even as I permitted myself a long breath, the door of dormitory "B" opened and Madam herself, candle in hand, stalked majestically out, followed by Doctor Crowe, who had been in to treat Bessie Beesley's croup.

We all stopped with concerted impulse. The Queen, not understanding the situation, smiled and made a respectful courtesy. Doctor Crowe guffawed outright; but Madam became white with anger. For myself, I nearly fainted with fright.

To make a long, sad story short, the poor Queen was put out with dreadful celerity; dormitory "A" received the most scathing lecture in the annals of its history; six scared girls shivered in the dark, not daring to whisper for half-an-hour after Madam had departed like an avenging fury.

The next day Peter was discharged. We girls felt very badly about it, and as many of us as dared stole out to the kitchen to bid him farewell.

"Never mind, Peter," I consoled, "when school is out and I go home, I will tell my father about you, and he will get you a fine situation if you will come up to Eureka."

"A-y t-a-n-k s-o," said Peter, vaguely, and accepted the miscellaneous collection of stick-pins and hair-ribbons (to be used as neck-ties, of course), and with his wide, good-natured grin, went away.

It was not long before the excitement of examinations and commencement was full upon us, and we had forgotten all about Peter. A crusty old janitor, who was impervious to smiles and proof against bribes, had taken his place, and would not even speak civilly to us girls. However, the gypsy escapade had settled our

disposition for further pranks that year, and our minds were wholly engrossed with the commencement dance, and we did not mind the dour janitor.

Father and mother came for commencement. I wore a lovely dress at the ball, and my favorite academy boy danced with me seven times and pressed my hand tenderly at parting. I left for home with my parents, feeling that school life had not been in vain.

One evening about a month later I was sitting alone on the porch, when I saw Peter coming. He was shuffling along up the path, dressed in his striped trousers, his two coats and his little round hat. On seeing me he grinned from ear to ear, and putting down his carpet bag, took off his hat and made an awkward, ducking bow.

"V-a-a-l, A-y h-a-f c-a-m-e," he announced in his plaintive falsetto.

I shook hands with him cordially, concealing the dismay I really felt, and then I made haste to escort him back to the kitchen, thankful enough for the slight headache that had prevented me accompanying the family on an evening drive. In the kitchen I presented Peter to Kate, the cook, and Sim, the man-of-all-work, and told Sim to give him the spare room over the buggy-house.

As I had never mentioned Peter to the family, I felt that it would be necessary to pave the way a little before I introduced him. But paving the way was not as simple as it seemed; in fact, there appeared no opening at all that evening for the ceremony, and it was at breakfast the next morning, when I felt that it could not be longer delayed, that I broached the subject.

"Father," I ventured brightly, "last year at school we had a janitor right over from Sweden."

"Yes?" answered father absently. He and my brother were figuring profits in hop raising. Mother was nervously waiting for Kate to appear with the hot cakes, and had not appeared to hear the remark. It was discouraging. I tried again.

"He could scarcely speak English at all," I informed them.

This received absolutely no response.

"He was awfully good to us girls," I

declared with an air of imparting an important piece of information.

"Margy, don't say 'awfully'," reproved mother. I grew unhappy.

"He was discharged," I announced, desperately, after a minute.

"Who?" asked father.

"Oh—um—can't Kate hurry a little with those cakes, mamma?"

Just then Kate and the cakes arrived.

"It was really our fault," I persisted, faintly, after Kate had left the room.

Father was attentive to his cakes; mother and Jim had begun an argument about a new variety of rose-bush.

"I promised him that you would get him a situation if he would come up to Eureka, and he has come," I said at last, with the courage of desperation.

"That I would get him a situation!" repeated father, attentive at last. "What have I to do with your discharged janitors?"

I plunged into an explanation, in which I tried to show Peter innocently culpable without narrating the exact circumstances of our own misdemeanors. I succeeded in producing a very confused state of mind in my family. About the only thing that seemed clear to them was the fact that Peter had come to Eureka by my invitation because he had been too stupid to hold his position at the school.

"But it was not his fault, father, and he is really quite intelligent, though you may not think so when you first meet him," I explained nervously.

Though I did not make it plain why Peter had any claim on father, father consented to do what he could for him, so I went out to the kitchen and brought forth Peter.

When he was presented to the family Peter's smile grew luminously foolish; his pale hair looked paler, his pink scalp pinker, his light, round eyes, rounder and more surprised-looking than ever, and his eyebrows looked as if they were trying to climb into his hair. I could not but appreciate that Peter was not showing off to advantage.

"What can you do?" asked father, kindly.

Peter scratched his scalp.

"V-a-l, A-y dun-no," he replied vaguely but cheerfully.

I felt dreadfully embarrassed for Peter.

"You can *sweep* beautifully, Peter," I declared enthusiastically, wishing to assist him as much as possible. Peter *grinned* beautifully.

"A-y t-a-n-k so," he acquiesced, as though it suggested something that he never had done, but which, if pushed to the extremity, he possibly might be able to do.

Father very considerably omitted further examination, but told Peter to make himself useful to Sim and stay with us, and he would see what he could do toward getting him a situation.

Peter acknowledged this with a particularly idiotic grin, and I hurried him back to the kitchen and to Kate.

Fortunately for us and for Peter, Kate seemed to like him. Kate was our servant, but she was also our despot. She had the tyrannical disposition of one who is conscious of her exceptional worth. She was enormously fat. Her girth was that of a Redwood tree. In the kitchen she was an acquisition, but elsewhere she spelled disaster. Her occasional passage through the house was blazed with a trail of upset flower pots and tottering furniture. So much for Kate.

Peter sojourned with us intermittently. As often as father secured him a situation, so often did he return to us after a day's or a week's absence. When Sim left us to join a party of Alaska gold seekers Peter permanently assumed the duties of hostler to our grey ponies, gardener for our vegetable patch, and general factotum to Kate.

We were accustomed to upheavals, strikes and rebellions between Kate and the hired man of the hour, but now never

a murmur did we hear. Kate ruled him with the hand of a tyrant, but Peter did not seem to object, and we certainly did not mind so long as the issue was peace.

A year rolled serenely round and brought us summer again. One morning the hall floor quavered as from a distant earthquake; the umbrella stand at the rear entrance upset and collided with a chair that skidded across the floor and careened into a flower vase. Such things heralded the approach of Kate.

"Mem, I'm goin' to leave ye," she announced when she reached mother's room.

"Leave me!" echoed mother in dismay. "Do you want more wages? If that is it——"

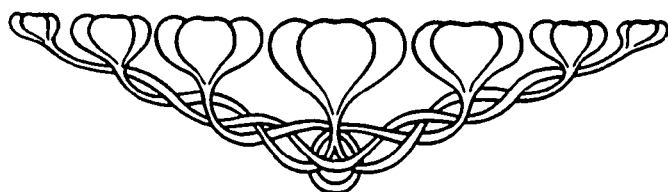
"Oh, no'm," silenced Kate graciously, "that ain't it; you've raised me wages three times already, mem. It's me an' Peter's goin' to git married and go on a farm f'r ourselves."

Thus at one fell blow we lost them both.

We decorated the dining-room elaborately, and the ceremony was performed in there with much style and pomp. Kate wore a brilliant blue sateen dress with much white lace trimming. She also wore a bobinet veil and a wreath of wax orange blossoms—afterward mounted under glass and hung on her parlor wall.

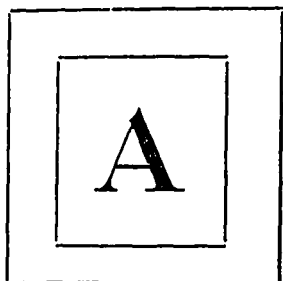
Peter was gorgeous in a new striped suit, selected by Kate. He looked scared out of his wits, but not unhappy.

After the wedding dinner they embarked in a big farm wagon and started for the country. Eventually they settled on a homestead. Eight years later they struck oil, and today are among the wealthiest ranchers in Medicine County. The framed wreath of wax orange blossoms still hangs on the parlor wall.



The Princess Returns to Her Own

By Harold Sands



ALL was excitement in the illahees which formed an irregular arc about Klo-ose, the Bay of the Safe Landing. Chief George was about to give a potlatch, and

had invited the seven tribes of the west coast of Vancouver Island to come and make merry at his expense.

Every few minutes war canoes from the north and south came round the promontory, and with much whooping and deft paddling were landed high and dry above the reach of the towering breakers of the Pacific.

Suddenly a crazy cannon, a relic of Hudson Bay Company days, boomed. Hardly had the echo died in the surrounding mountains when the cedar drums crashed monotonously and the rattles of the medicine men were heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to begin," merrily remarked Rev. J. Sylvester, the missionary, to the four guests from Victoria and Vancouver who were visiting him at the manse. "This is to be Chief George's greatest potlatch. By its means he expects to write his name upon the tablets of Indian fame. We are to be what the society writers call the honorees; in other words, no other whites will be privileged to witness this quaint ceremony."

"But I thought potlatches were illegal," said Mrs. Dennison, president of the Vancouver Woman's Club, who was visiting the west coast of Vancouver Island in order to get local color for a series of papers on the Indians which she was to read before the club.

"The potlatch of today is a very different

affair from that of a few years ago," answered the missionary. "The stahnuk, as they called the feast in olden days, has been prohibited by the federal government, but these mild imitations are allowed. This kind of potlatch is merely what the natives call a ne-enee time; the old-style feast was a debasing orgy. There are no more of that nature. Today's festival will be as harmless as a church conference; perhaps more so," he added with a smile.

The little party of whites descended by a circuitous pathway from the knoll on which the manse was built by the little bay. They found a great congregation of Indians on the beach.

"Seems to me it's more of a marriage market than anything else," declared Mr. Dennison, who besides being the husband of Mrs. Dennison, was one of the chief wholesale merchants of Vancouver. "The young bucks are certainly pairing off with the klootchmen (females), and it looks as if they are making acquaintance 'with a view to matrimony,' as the want advertisements put it."

"Many a match is made at a potlatch," the missionary said. "Now, there's a young couple I should like to see wed when the time comes."

The clergyman pointed to a good-looking girl of about thirteen years of age, so fair of skin that she might be mistaken for a white child, who was talking to a boy of about her own age. The lad was far more refined-looking than the majority of Indian youths, and had an alert way about him in contrast to the dull appearance of most of his companions.

"The girl is the daughter of Chief George," explained the missionary, "while the boy is an orphan I am bringing up.

I have given him a good education, and I think he will turn out well. The girl also attends our mission school, and is sharp beyond the average. She might take her place with any white girls of her age."

"She certainly is a fine-looking girl," remarked Mrs. Dennison; "but what a shame that she should be left to be brought up in these awful surroundings. John," she asserted, turning to her husband, "we ought to adopt her and save her."

Dennison shrugged his shoulders. He had already been the adopted father of two or three children who, after a few months' trial, failed to suit his rather erratic wife. It was a matter of deep regret to him that they had no child of their own; then these experiments with other people's children might cease. Hitherto they had tentatively taken under their wing only orphans of their own race.

"It certainly would be a novelty to have an Indian as a pro tem. daughter," he hazarded.

"But she's the daughter of the chief, and therefore of good family, isn't she?" Mrs. Dennison asked of the missionary, who answered:

"She's more than that, she's a real Indian princess. She dates her ancestry back to the original Callicum, lord of all the land before the days when the roving Drake seized this country on behalf of 'the high and mighty Queen Elizabeth.' Another one of her famous line personally entertained the celebrated Captain James Cook, the eminent navigator who was sent out by King George III to hunt for the north-west passage. From that day each succeeding chief has been known as George. Here comes the last of the Georges now to show us to our places in the great feast house."

The present-day representative of the house of Callicum was a fat, jolly-looking Indian.

"Kla-how-ya," he exclaimed heartily. Even the ladies knew that he was speaking the Chinook word for "How are you?" and they smiled pleasantly.

He took them past the great canoes and through a line of chattering and freely-criticizing Indians of both sexes to the places of honor in the huge feast house.

The big building looked like a ramshackle barn outside, but inside it bore the

appearance of a curious Eastern temple. Carvings of extraordinary design were everywhere, and wondrous totem poles, highly colored and exceedingly fantastic, stood in the corners and on either side of the doorway. The fireplace occupied a space of ten feet square in the centre of the hall, and tremendous logs were burning. The Indians scorn chimneys—a hole in the roof allowed the smoke to escape. Near the fire were giant wooden vessels, on which were carvings of salmon, whales, ravens and the thunderbird. These utensils were from four to six feet long and from two to four feet wide. In them enormous quantities of dog meat, clam chowder, venison, salmon and other Indian delicacies were being prepared.

As the white visitors took their places the cedar drums again sounded and the dancers entered. They were followed by the Indians who were to have no active part in the ceremonies, and who ranged themselves round the walls.

The faces of the dancers were striped with black and yellow paint. Many of them wore headgear made of sea otter skin trimmed with ermine, and some had attachments of sea lion's whiskers. Each held in his right hand a large rattle which he shook vigorously to ward off evil spirits. With fierce gestures, violent jerks and motions of the body the dancers kept time to the beating of the cedar drums. While they pranced about the natives ranged along the walls kept up an interminable, monotonous chanting.

When the dance ceased Chief George made a long speech. While he was talking—and no sermon was ever so long—Mrs. Dennison kept her eyes on the princess. The idea of adopting the girl had taken great hold on her, and she was anxious for the feast to end so that she might come to terms with the chief.

"When would be a good time to see the chief about adopting his daughter?" she asked the missionary.

"This potlatch is likely to last two days," he replied; "better wait till it is well over."

"Well, I've had enough of this feast already. We aren't supposed to stay here two days, are we?" queried Mr. Dennison.

"No, I think we can go now, and most

of the Indians won't be sorry to see our backs," the missionary remarked. "We are a kind of dampener on the feast."

The party of whites made their exit from the feast house with some difficulty, because of the great throng. From the sounds of revelry which soon afterward floated up to them at the manse, it was evident that the fun quickly became fast and furious after their departure.

For three days Mrs. Dennison said nothing more about adopting the Indian girl. Her husband hoped she had dropped the idea. He was disabused, however.

"The old chief must have got over that potlatch now," she said to Rev. Mr. Sylvester; "suppose you take me to his house and we will talk over the matter of taking his daughter to Vancouver and bringing her up as a white girl."

Chief George was not in the very best of humors when Mrs. Dennison and the missionary called on him. He listened gravely to Mrs. Dennison's glowing account of all she would do for the girl, and then said:

"I don't want my daughter to become a white woman. No good comes of educating an Indian girl out of her tribe. I want her to grow up here, marry and present me with a grandson who will rule the tribe. She is my only daughter. Unless she carries on the race the Callicums will die out and someone else will take the title of chief."

Through the missionary, Mrs. Dennison pleaded long and earnestly with the chief. The more he opposed her the more in love with her new adoption idea she became. Finally the chief said:

"If I let you take my daughter you must take Hlatshack too."

"And who is Hlatshack?" asked Mrs. Dennison.

"The youth you saw talking to the girl; the one I have been educating," replied the missionary. "I should dislike to part with him."

But the chief was adamant. Mrs. Dennison must take both or neither. Finally she agreed.

"What, two Indians added to our family," exclaimed Mr. Dennison when his wife and Sylvester returned from the interview; "what a happy family we shall be. And won't all Vancouver laugh at us."

But having given in to all Mrs. Dennison's vagaries since they married he had to acquiesce in this one.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Dennison returned to their city home and the Indian boy and girl accompanied them.

"Just one bit of advice," said the missionary as he bade them good-bye, "never let them taste intoxicating liquor. Once you do that you will lose all control of them. Indians cannot stand it. Of course you wouldn't think of letting them have it now, but as they grow older they will attend functions where wine and spirits will be served. For their sakes and yours make them turn their glasses down."

The story of the adoption of an Indian princess and a young buck by one of the leading society and club women of Vancouver quickly became public property. The local newspapers featured it, with big "layouts" of photographs. When Mrs. Dennison delivered her first lecture on Indians before the Women's Club she had the children on the platform as exhibits.

But the sensation soon died down; the public was eager for something new. Curiously enough, however, Mrs. Dennison, usually so fickle, grew more and more attached to the girl and boy and set out to give them the best education that money could buy in the West. Of course she dropped the Indian names of the pair and, being a loyal little woman, if somewhat peculiar, she re-christened them Alexandra and Edward, in imitation of royalty itself. Her pet name for the girl, however, was the Princess.

The children proved apt scholars. The Princess attended a "select school for young ladies" on Broughton street, while Edward was sent as a day scholar to a school for youths which only the sons of Vancouver's rich could afford to attend. The boy was not only proficient in studies, but he turned out to be one of the best cricket players on the Pacific Coast of Canada and a source of strength to the rugby team. In fact, in all outdoor sports he soon became pre-eminent in the school.

As for the Princess, she learned well and rapidly the superficial arts which are considered necessary for young ladies of today. But the call of the forest came strongly to her. She liked to go tramping in the

mountains and woods around Vancouver, and was the first girl to scale "The Lions," the twin peaks, several thousand feet high, which look like crouching beasts guarding the western gateway of Canada.

In canoeing, too, the Princess was an adept, and many an evening she spent with her adopted brother paddling on Burrard Inlet. Upon the waters of that almost land-locked arm of the sea all the navies of the world could float. The inlet stretches for almost twenty miles from the Narrows at its mouth. Two or three miles down are the Second Narrows, where the inlet, which in some parts is three miles wide, narrows to little more than a stone's throw. At certain stages of the tide this is a dangerous spot, and many an amateur oarsman has come to grief there.

One evening, while Princess and Edward were paddling close to the kelp beds on the north side, they heard a cry for help. A few minutes later an upturned canoe came into view with a young man clinging to it. They paddled vigorously toward it, and when within hailing distance Edward called out to the young man to be prepared to leave his own craft and seize on the end of their canoe as they shot past. It would have been suicidal to attempt to pull the stranger into the canoe, but Edward reckoned that, with the young man hanging on behind, he could paddle ashore.

But as the canoes passed within a few feet of each other the stranger made no effort to comply with Edward's instructions. Then the Princess spoke:

"I'm going to slide slowly over the side. When we get to within a few feet of him again I will swim over to the canoe and attach this small line. While I support him you will have to paddle us all ashore."

"But the tide is running out strongly and there is very great danger," protested Edward.

"Don't worry," replied the girl, "I know what I'm about and I am not afraid."

The rescue was effected without a hitch, and in a short time the young man was between hot blankets at the Hastings Hotel, close by the Second Narrows. The young man said his name was Seymour Erskine and that he was a teller in the Bank of British Columbia. He had vaguely heard

Edward's instructions, but being benumbed by the cold water he knew that if once he let go his hold on the upturned canoe he would be swept away in the racing tide.

Next day Erskine called at Mrs. Dennison's to personally express his thanks to Princess.

"She saved my life, Mrs. Dennison," he remarked, "and at the same time gave an exhibition of pluck which merits the medal of the Royal Humane Society."

After that Erskine was a frequent caller at the Dennison home, and he often took Edward's place in canoe trips up the inlet on moonlight nights.

One evening they were paddling idly near the shore of Stanley Park. The Princess was in a very merry humor.

"I'm eighteen tomorrow and mother's going to give my coming-out dance. Isn't it good to be young and to have such a jolly mamma?"

The fact that on the morrow the girl was to make her debut into Vancouver society was not half as attractive to Erskine as it was to the Princess. Today she was his chum; tomorrow she would be a young woman of society. She undoubtedly would take on new charms, but the old spirit of comradeship was bound to disappear. He somewhat gloomily expressed this view.

"Don't be a silly," she remonstrated as she rested her paddle across the canoe.

The water gently dripped from its edge, the shoreward wind rustled the spines of the lofty firs, the moon reflected on the inlet and an occasional owl hooted in the park. It was a night for love and youth, and Princess and Erskine gave themselves up to it.

The next day the bank clerk called on Mrs. Dennison to obtain her consent to their engagement.

"Oh! but I think it would be most unfair to Princess to bind her down at this time," asserted Mrs. Dennison. "She's just coming out and doesn't know her own mind. Go away, you silly boy, I'm busy preparing for the dance. Come to me a year from now, and if you are both of the same mind then, why, I shall offer no further objection."

Just before the dance started, Mrs. Dennison had a little talk with the Princess. The girl looked exceedingly pretty in her

white dress and certainly appeared far too young to think of matrimony.

"Early engagements are foolish, dear," urged the elder woman. "You cannot possibly know your mind yet. Probably you and Erskine were under the influence of the moon and the sea last night when you thought your entire future happiness rested on being engaged. You will meet many men now and possibly you may change your opinion. At any rate give yourself the opportunity to widen your acquaintance before you take the most important step of your life."

Disappointed though Princess was at her adopted mother's refusal to countenance an engagement to Erskine, the excitement of her coming out prevented her from unduly dwelling upon it, and by the time half the evening was over she confessed to herself, somewhat shamefacedly, that Mrs. Dennison was right.

She was the belle of the ball and she found the men of Vancouver very attentive to her. Her fresh beauty and the charm with which she danced made her a much-sought-after partner. Everyone conspired to make her coming-out dance the most delightful event of her life. She found so much pleasure in making acquaintances that she deliberately broke several engagements to dance with Erskine.

In the first flush of their youthful enthusiasm he had pretty well filled up her card before the dance began, but she remedied that fault without any compunction. When supper-time came around she was as gay and untired as when the dance started. Her partner urged her to drink some champagne. She was about to consent when she caught a warning glance from Mrs. Dennison.

"Mother has brought me up as a teetotaler," she said demurely, "and I mustn't depart from the straight and narrow path, even on this night of nights."

"Oh, take just one," urged her partner. "Your mother's not looking. She's got to talk to that old bore, Lieut.-Governor Butterfield. She won't see you. Anyway, I dare you."

"I never let anybody dare me yet," she exclaimed gaily, and her glass was filled. It was refilled and filled again. She caught sight of Edward across the table. He

too had wine in his glass. She caught his eye and with her own eyes spoke a silent toast to him.

As they both put down their glasses, empty, Mrs. Dennison looked from one to the other. A troubled look came over her face as she gazed at the flushed features of the pair she had come to love better than all else. The words of the missionary seemed to be repeating themselves over and over within her brain:

"Never let them taste intoxicating liquor. Once do that and you will lose all control of them. Indians cannot stand it. For their sakes and yours make them turn their glasses down."

"No damage can have been done this once," she said to herself, as she turned to answer some inane question put by the Lieut.-Governor.

As soon as supper was over she hastened toward Princess and Edward, who were to be partners for the first dance. But several guests stopped her and by the time she was free again the young pair had disappeared.

"Let's sit it out," Edward had said to Princess, and they were in a cozy corner in the conservatory, while the anxious Mrs. Dennison was exchanging unmeaning pleasantries with people she fervently wished were at the bottom of the inlet.

It was evident that the wine had had a deep effect on both the young people. Princess leaned up against Edward and he had an arm about her waist.

"Do you suppose I haven't hungered for you all the time you have been going about with this Erskine," said Edward, rapidly and passionately. "I have loved you always. We played together, we grew up together and I fancied at first that you loved me. I believe you do now, but you have allowed the fancy of a white marriage to take possession of you. Have you wholly forgotten he who was Hlatshack?"

Princess gently squeezed the hand that tightly held her waist.

"Dear, I know now that I have always loved you," replied the girl. "For a time I set up a false god in my heart, but tonight I see my mistake."

"Then you will marry me?" asked Edward.

The scent of the forest seemed to be in the air, and there came to the Princess the

memory of the days when they sat on the forms in the little mission house at Klo-ose and read the Old Testament together.

"Your people shall be my people and your God my God," she said, as if repeating a lesson Rev. Mr. Sylvester had taught them.

"Then we go back to your father, Chief George, and we will forget that we ever tried to be foolish white people. The forest calls us home."

Early in the morning after the dance, when the rest of the tired Dennison household were asleep, the Princess and Edward, each with a suitcase, stole out and quickly made their way to the waterfront. In a Cordova street saloon Edward bought several quarts of whiskey and then went to a boathouse where he purchased a canoe. He secured provisions for a three days' trip and by the time Mrs. Dennison awoke the pair were half way across the Gulf of Georgia, on their way back to the wild west coast of Vancouver Island.

Shortly before noon Mrs. Dennison slipped on a dressing gown and went to the room of the Princess, intending to compliment her on her conquests of the night before and to sandwich in a gentle word of admonition for breaking her promise about drinking wine. She found that the bed had not been slept in. Anxiously she inquired of the Chinese servant if he had seen Miss Alexandra.

"Me no see missee allee morning," replied Ah Wong. "Nebor see Ledward either," he added.

"Well, that's strange," commented Mrs. Dennison. She went to Edward's room. His bed had not been slept in.

Instantly there came back to her the scene of that silent toast the night before, when the eyes of the Princess had spoken so eloquently above the wine glass to the young Indian buck. She thought of the lad no longer as a white boy.

"He has gone back home, and he has taken my Princess with him," she moaned to herself. A little later she telephoned Dennison and told him what she knew.

"Of course they have gone off together, back to the tribe. It was the champagne that did it," she said.

"Well, it can't be helped," comforted Dennison. "At any rate we shall know

better than to try again to force the evolution of Indians into respectable members of white society."

"Shall we take any measures to get them back?" asked Mrs. Dennison.

"I wouldn't say anything at all about it for a day or two," her husband advised.

But it was Dennison himself who gave the facts away. On his way home that night he stopped as usual at the club for a game of billiards. His opponent was Smitherington of the *Morning Star*. Dennison won the game and was so pleased with himself that he told the story of the disappearance to the newspaperman.

"Smithy," he inquired, "did you ever try to civilize an Indian Princess?"

The newspaperman smiled. "No, thanks," he said. "I'm simply biding my time to tell the public of your little failure in that respect. It is bound to happen."

"You're right; it has occurred already."

"What? she's gone? Then I'm willing to bet the boy's gone with her."

"Correct again. You don't seem to require any details. You've got your story now."

"Denny, my boy," said the newspaperman, "I've been waiting five years for this story to break loose. When I heard that you had adopted those two children I realized what you were up against, and I knew what the end would be."

"Never a woman tried harder than my wife to eradicate all the evil Indian tendencies in those two and help them to retain the good," declared Dennison. "Up to last night everything seemed to be going swimmingly."

"Yes, and I'm willing to bet that last night you let them have something to drink, because of the special occasion. That was fatal. Drink has killed off whole tribes in British Columbia. There's not a red man or woman on the coast who can stand against it."

"Don't blame us, Smithy, old chap; we did our best."

"God bless you both," answered the newspaperman, "for a pair of better-hearted people can't be found this side of the Rockies. Cheer up, old boy. It wasn't your fault; it was bound to happen, drink or no drink. Those two children of the forest and the sea, hereditary claimants to

a wild and free life under God's own canopy, could never have become reconciled to the existence we lead in the cities. To them it is an unnatural, fettered life."

"Look out of the window," went on Smitherington. "There stand the mountains across the inlet, like giant sentinels keeping silent watch over us poor mortals, huddled together in this Vancouver, which we take such pride in calling the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Canada. See to the northwest the snow-capped Lions, guarding this gateway of the Occident and Orient. Imagine shutting a princess of the forest up in one of our plastered houses and thinking she would stay there when those forest-covered mountains called to her daily and nightly, and the never-resting waves of the inlet whispered to her of the old home across the gulf. You can't, with city wiles, successfully and entirely woo a free soul from its native habitation."

"You're right again, Smitherington," sadly remarked Dennison, "and now I must return to the nest from which the wild birds have escaped."

Erskine, taking his bachelor breakfast at a Hastings street coffee-house next morning, picked up a copy of the *Morning Star* which the waiter placed beside him. Spread across two columns of the front page was Smitherington's account of how the Princess had returned to her own in the company of Hlatshack. He rushed to the telephone and called up Mrs. Dennison.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"Is what true?" she returned.

"Why, this story in the *Morning Star* about the Princess and Edward going back home together?"

Mrs. Dennison dropped the receiver. "John," she said to her husband, who was breakfasting, "you gave it away?"

"I did, dear," he confessed; "it was bound to come out some time, and I found Smitherington so sympathetic I simply told him the whole story."

"Well, I suppose that, as it was bound to come out, Smitherington was the best man to give the facts to."

She went back to the telephone. "Yes, it's quite true," she said to the fuming Erskine at the other end of the line. "But please don't ask me anything more about it."

Erskine returned to the breakfast table,

but he pushed away the food the waiter brought him and read Smitherington's story through. Then he went over to the Bank of British Columbia, left a note for the manager saying he had been called to Victoria on urgent business, and caught the early morning boat for that city, sixty miles away on Vancouver Island.

When he reached Victoria in the afternoon he found that he had several hours to wait before the steamer King would sail for Klo-ose and other ports on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Capt. Thomas of the King was an old friend of Erskine.

"What are you going to Klo-ose for?" asked the captain; "to take in the potlatch? The chief's daughter has returned and they are to have the famous Ha-matsa dance in her honor. The dance is prohibited by law, but they are going to take a chance because they are so overjoyed that she has returned to the tribe. I believe I'm the only white man who knows anything about it, and I'm not going out of my way to inform on them. You'll just be in time for the ceremony."

Weird indeed was the scene at the little Bay of the Safe Landing when Erskine landed there late the following night. The big feast house sheltered the whole of the tribe save the Ha-matsa himself, who was supposed to be communing with the magicians in the cedar forest that fringed the bay.

Erskine, now that he was close to the girl he loved, had no settled plan of action. He hoped to quickly get an interview with her and appeal to her to return to Vancouver and marry him. He slipped quietly into the feast house and took his place in a corner where shadows were cast by the great fire burning brightly in the centre of the huge structure.

Soon, at a sign from the old Chief George himself, who was dressed in a magnificent skin of a grizzly bear, the whole assembly struck up a song which was supposed to lure the Ha-matsa from the woods. The singers were seated and beat time on pine boards.

After a time steps were heard on the roof of the feast house and a moment thereafter a brave, garbed like a wolf, dropped to the floor. Ha-matsas disdain the ordinary way of entering houses through the

doorways. Large rings of cedar bark encircle the neck of the young buck. These were seized by attendants so that the Ha-matsa should not run around the room and bite pieces out of the flesh of the singers. In a sudden brushing aside of the wolf's face Erskine recognized in the Ha-matsa none other than Edward, or Hlatshack. On his return from Vancouver the young man had been quickly initiated into the mysteries of the order of medicine men as an encouragement to induce him to remain with the tribe. Seeing him, Erskine was certain that the Princess was close at hand.

When at length a female dancer appeared, arrayed in cedar clothing, from her pointed hat to her flat heels, the bank clerk knew that here was the girl herself. She lifted her arms in coaxing fashion to the Ha-matsa. The plot of the dance was for the female to tempt the Ha-matsa from his ways of magic, so that he would leave

the forest, marry her, and settle down with the tribe.

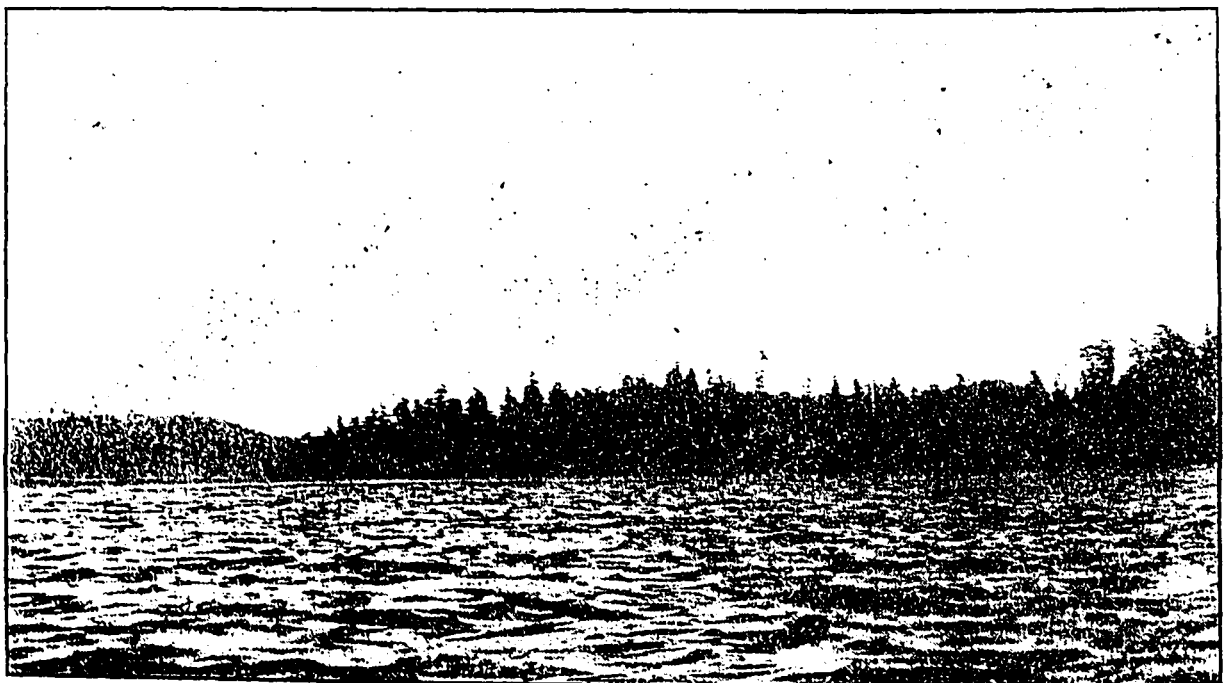
With right good will the Princess performed her part, and as her attitude became as seductive as that of the daughter of Herodias, Erskine groaned. He instinctively recognized that the Princess would never again live among white people.

The Ha-matsa was a willing victim to the charms of the dancer. At the moment the wolf's head disappeared beneath the wide-brimmed hat of cedar and the lips of Hlatshack and the Princess met in a fervent kiss, Erskine slipped out of the big feast house.

The steamer King was still discharging cargo at the little wharf. He went aboard and up to the pilot house.

"Had enough of the Ha-matsa dance already?" asked Captain Thomas; "did you see the Princess?"

"Yes, I saw her," slowly answered Erskine. "The Princess has returned to her own!"



THE BAY OF THE SAFE LANDING

A Northern Odysseus

By Garnett J. Weston

*He fared him forth, he dared the North, where the yellow gold is hid;
He sought in pain, he fought for gain, for Fortune's favor he bid.
He turned him home, no more to roam—and these are the things they did.*

They toasted him well, his story to tell, for he was a millionaire,. . .
He hunted it out in fever and drought, in sickness, pain and despair;
He hunted the hills where the vastness thrills the soul like a cry of pain;
He toiled in the night, he longed for the sight of the lumps of golden gain.

Then the winter fell like a blast from Hell, and with it the northern lights;
And he crouched in awe of the things he saw dance round on the mountain heights.
It was cold, so cold, but his heart was bold: he struggled on in the North,
Till haggard and wan, a wreck of a man, in springtime he staggered forth.

In his eyes the light of the Arctic night: he cursed though he loved it well,—
It had bound him tight with Titanic might; fettered him fast with its spell.
Though he roamed away where the cities lay and strove to forget the land,
Where the bleak wind whines o'er the pay-dust mines and the wild blue mountains
stand.

For it crooned to him from its canyons dim and whispered of timeless things.
And it called him back to his wind-swept shack, afar where the blizzard sings.
And he cursed in vain, for the thing was pain; it gouged like a maddened beast,—
He cursed in his hate the wanderer's fate and turned away from the feast,

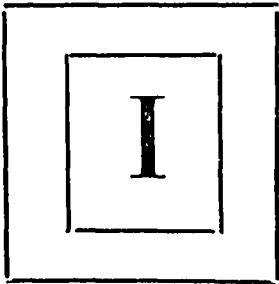
He travelled afar where the mountains are and his heart once more was glad.
He toiled as of yore in his own red gore, hunting the thing that he had.
For a life's short length with his puny strength he measured the silent North—
And the strong she nursed but the weak she cursed and in time she cast them forth.

But none that she spewed were the lion's brood: to him she divulged her wealth;
When he died the death of her icy breath she hid him with jealous stealth.
And he lies alone where the bleak winds moan, always and ever and aye,
O'er the foaming creeks and the silent peaks till the last great Judgment Day.

*In the Arctic zone there's a valley lone, gloomy and gaunt and scar.
In its tomb-like cell there are said to dwell, Dread and Horror and Fear.
On a mound of stone in that canyon lone, weirdly cold and drear,
Lying head to toe in a ghastly row, children the North holds dear.*

Representation at Ottawa

By R. E. Gosnell, Victoria



It has been given out in *The Colonist*, with apparent official sanction, that Hon. Mr. McBride, Premier, has been invited to attend a meeting of provincial premiers at Ottawa, for the purpose of discussing the basis of representation from the various provinces in the Dominion House of Commons. The invitation has been declined, so it has been stated, on the grounds that the nearness of the approaching session will not permit of the Premier attending the meetings of the conference. Possibly Mr. McBride did not consider that it possessed much interest for this province, or, in other words, that it was not a matter which materially affected our interests. Or it may be that he satisfied himself with sending a statement of his views on the subject. We shall probably not know until the House meets. It is a matter, however, of considerable importance.

Harking back to the time of confederation, the subject of representation was one which occupied a good deal of attention. Hon. George Brown, one of the leading spirits in the convention which framed the terms, said in his speech in the House of Commons afterwards that he and others were not altogether satisfied with every detail that had been agreed upon, but on the whole had accepted the arrangement as the very best that could be obtained.

Representatives of French Canada had stipulated for certain things, and as French Canada was an important party to the scheme of confederation, it was essential for success that French Canada should be satisfied. The British North America Act, like most great measures, was the result of compromise—of give and take. The basis

of representation was one of the matters upon which Quebec was insistent and strong. Hence Quebec was adopted as the unit and was given 65 members in the popular branch of parliament, which number was fixed permanently. The ratio of 65 to the population of Quebec, as ascertained at each decennial census-taking, was the ratio for each of all the other provinces.

In a sense, therefore, Quebec became the pivotal province of the Dominion. Her representatives were fearful that Quebec, in the development of Canada as a whole, might be swamped, or at least overshadowed, and this arrangement, it was considered, made her place secure. It is upon that basis that readjustment has taken place every ten years since and, if no change be made as the result of the inter-provincial conference about to be held, it is the basis upon which the readjustment will be made after 1911. As a consequence the representation has been, and is, as follows:

| | | |
|------|-------|------|
| 1867 | | 181. |
| 1875 | | 206. |
| 1885 | | 211. |
| 1895 | | 213. |
| 1908 | | 221. |

Quebec's representation has been reduced from a percentage of 36 (or to be strictly accurate, 35.91) to 34. On the other hand, in the year of, and since, confederation, the relative positions of the provinces have been:

| | 1867 | 1875 | 1885 | 1895 | 1908 |
|----------------------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Quebec | 65 | 65 | 65 | 65 | 65 |
| British Columbia | .. | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 |
| Manitoba | .. | 4 | 5 | 7 | 10 |
| New Brunswick | 15 | 16 | 16 | 14 | 13 |
| Nova Scotia | 19 | 21 | 21 | 20 | 18 |
| Ontario | 82 | 88 | 92 | 92 | 86 |
| Prince Edward Island | .. | 6 | 5 | 5 | 4 |
| Northwest Territory | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 7 |
| Alberta | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| Saskatchewan | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 |
| Yukon | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 |

It will be seen that the Maritime Provinces, as a group, have since 1875 lost

eight members. Ontario since 1895 has lost four, and has only four more than in 1867. It does not mean, of course, that they have lost in population, but that the increase of population has been relatively less than in Quebec. It was foreseen by a few that the outcome of the basis adopted by the Fathers of Confederation would be likely to lead to dissatisfaction, but the point was conceded to the Quebec representatives at the time because, in the conceit of the English-speaking members, it was thought that the "progressive" Anglo-Saxon, as compared with the "unprogressive" French-Canadian, would, in the very nature of things, always have the advantage of numbers. In a sense, the Anglo-Saxon has maintained the ascendancy, and is always likely to maintain it; but he has shifted the base of his operations from the east to the west, and while the west is bounding forward and rapidly increasing its representation, the east is actually retrograding in the latter respect. The condition is creating—has created—a new problem in Canadian politics.

The English-speaking Fathers of Confederation overlooked two things: first, that the French-Canadians, in a greater degree than their French forbears, are a peculiarly prolific people; second, that they are a stay-at-home people. A good many, it is true, went to the eastern states and to the lumber woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, but a good many have since come back as the result of a strong repatriation movement, of which the return of Dr. Drummond's "Jean Baptist Trudeau" is a good political illustration. The French-Canadians in Quebec, by a large natural increase of population and compactness of habitation, remain a factor and acquire, by the solidarity of their vote, an influence in public affairs greater than is exercised by any other province of mixed nationality. Were they to scatter over Canada, as the English and other nationalities do, that influence would be dissipated and lost. We cannot find fault with them for their traditional policy of and fondness for social compactness, but we should not overlook it. It is a problem, and one the gravity of which in a British Dominion has been emphasized by the recent Drummond-Arthabaska election-contest.

The frugality, industry, contentedness and simple pleasures of the French-Canadian people, as a class, are virtues which their Anglo-Saxon fellows do not possess in anything like the same measure.

One is reminded by them of the lines of Goldsmith's "Traveller," in which he describes the Swiss and the French peasants' characteristics, both of which the *habitant* exhibits—

Each wish contracting fits him to the soil;
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short
repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he
goes.

At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down a monarch of a shed,
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the
blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her
hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display.
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.

They please, are pleased; they give to get
esteem,
Till teeming blest, they grow to what
they seem.

But these very virtues constitute a danger to the political future of the country, more particularly to that of the French-Canadians themselves. Their social life and mental and moral attitudes narrow the horizon of their vision, which self-centres itself on Quebec and, what is the very essence of Quebec's institutions—the parish. I speak not now of Quebec's political leaders, the public men who, though of wider range, reflect in their aims and outlook the sympathies and attitudes of the people they lead.

Now the people of the Maritime Provinces, realizing the effect of the Quebec unit as it has worked out, want a change

in the basis of representation, so that their delegation in the House of Commons, and incidentally, in the Senate, may not be still further reduced in numbers. They claim as a matter of inherent constitutional right that a representation once given should not be taken away. Some such question arose in England when pocket boroughs were threatened and, if I mistake not, it is discussed in Todd's work on Parliamentary Government in Great Britain. The contention may or may not be tenable, according to the circumstances. We could imagine a province so depopulated as to be greatly over-represented even by its present delegation of federal members. On the other hand, by a continuous and large increase in the population of Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, without any decrease in population, may be reduced to a very few members. At the present rate Prince Edward Island, for instance, within three decades will have only one member. Between 1891 and 1901 Quebec increased nearly 20 per cent., and according to present estimates that percentage will be increased during the present decade. The unit will have been raised from 25,400 to 34,600 per member.

According to the article in *The Colonist* to which reference was first made, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has suggested that the Maritime Provinces, as a group, should be made the unit of representation instead of Quebec; but the objection has been taken that the consequent increase in the total number of members in the House of Commons would render that body too unwieldy. Without knowing the exact nature of the last proposition one cannot very well say whether it is intended to take the representation as it was at first, or as it is at present. If the former, it would increase the representation in the House of Commons to 291; if the latter, to 256. The latter might not be considered too formidable. The former certainly would. But that is as you like it. We shall see how it works out, accepting 35, the present representation of the Maritime Provinces and the representation as at first, as a basis. First, however, the following table may require a little explanation to make the matter perfectly clear. The unit of representation for the other provinces at present

is obtained by dividing the population of Quebec by 65, and then dividing the population of each of the other provinces by the quotient. In the same way, if we adopt the present representation of the Maritime Provinces, which is 35, we should have to divide their estimated population in 1911 (1,100,000) by 35 to get the unit for all the other provinces, which would be approximately 31,430. Dividing the population of each province by 31,430 we get the number of members it would be entitled to. By the same process we get the number of members (if 43, the representation of the Maritime Provinces at 1875, after Prince Edward Island entered confederation, be taken as a unit) that would govern. I have given the results of these under the headings "New Basis Now" and "New Basis as at 1875" respectively. Or you can get still another result by taking the representation of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (31) in 1867 and adding it to the six members given to Prince Edward Island later on, making 37. If a change of basis were decided upon that would be a matter of detail. I have grouped the population and representation for the Middle West provinces and the Maritime Provinces in the last four columns.

| | Pres. Reprn. | Pop. 1901 | Est. Pop. 1911 | Pres. Basis. as now. | New Basis as in 1875 |
|---------------|--------------|-----------|----------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Quebec .. | 65 | 1,648,898 | 2,250,000 | 65 | 82 |
| Alberta | 7 | 186,159 | 1,500,000 | 48 | 55 |
| Sask..... | 10 | 255,211 | 350,000 | 11 | 13 |
| Manitoba..... | 10 | 178,657 | 1,100,000 | 35 | 40 |
| B. C. | 7 | 103,259 | 50,000 | 1 | 1 |
| P. E. I. | 4 | 459,574 | 2,750,000 | 80 | 100 |
| N. S..... | 18 | 321,120 | 8,000,000 | 229 | 291 |
| N. B..... | 13 | 25,000 | | | |
| Yukon | 1 | 25,000 | | | |
| Unorg. Ter... | .. | 25,000 | | | |
| Ontario | 86 | 2,182,947 | | | |
| Canada | 221 | 5,371,315 | | | |

I have placed the figures of Yukon and the unorganized territory at 50,000 to make

de sum an even 8,000,000. As a matter of fact, that population is considerably more, but as the unorganized territory is not represented in parliament it really makes no difference. Now you can draw what conclusions you like from the foregoing table. By making the Maritime Provinces the unit of representation, you increase the representation of Quebec and of the other provinces. It appears to be as broad as it is long, so far as the Maritime Provinces are concerned, and it scarcely alters the percentage in favor of the west, though actually increasing its representation, the result being as follows:

| | West | Canada |
|--------------------------------|------|--------|
| Present Quebec basis | 34 | 100 |
| Present Maritime Provinces.... | 38 | 100 |
| The Maritime as at first | 33 | 100 |

In relation to the rest of Canada, Quebec would stand as follows:

| | Quebec | Canada |
|----------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Present Quebec basis | 13 | 100 |
| Present Maritime Provinces Basis | 15 | 100 |
| Maritime Provinces as at first | 12 | 100 |

I shall not discuss that phase of the question further, except to say that a much easier way would be to fix the total representation arbitrarily at, say, 250 members, as meeting present requirements and anticipating future requirements for some time to come. On an estimated population, as in the foregoing table, that would give:

| | | |
|--------------------------|----|---------|
| Quebec | 71 | Members |
| Middle West | 27 | " |
| British Columbia | 11 | " |
| Maritime Provinces | 33 | " |
| Ontario | 56 | " |
| Yukon | 4 | " |

The total of this is 252, instead of 250, simply because there are fractions of members, so to speak, which I have not tried to adjust. That is not only the simplest but the fairest way. No one is hurt. An individual province as a unit is neither a fair nor a logical basis.

There are, however, other ways of arriving at a basis which, to my mind at least, is juster and economically sounder. I refer to the process of arriving at what is the potential, rather than the numerical, basis of representation. A province should be represented in parliament by the potential value of its people. I mean by what they *produce*. It is not necessary to elaborate this proposition. It ought to be self-evident. A nation or a people should be

judged by its importance, not by its numbers. For the purpose of representation, the census is taken as a whole. It includes as well as whites, Indians, Chinese, Japanese and all other nationalities as well as voters. No one will say that British Columbia for instance, if it were made up of Indians and non-voting aliens with a few whites sprinkled in, would be entitled to a representation relatively equivalent to Canada or Quebec.

I am not going into a mass of figures. A few will suffice. By the census of 1901, the aggregate production of Canada, under the head of agriculture, forests, fisheries, mines, furs and manufactures, to which has been added the value of registered shipping, was shown to be \$2,515,565,511.

By provinces it stands thus:

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| British Columbia | \$ 115,445,000 |
| Manitoba | 100,000,000 |
| Saskatchewan | 100,000,000 |
| New Brunswick | 100,000,000 |
| New Scotia | 100,000,000 |
| Quebec | 1,000,000,000 |
| Prince Edward Island | 100,000,000 |
| Yukon | 100,000,000 |

The representation at present on that basis, with 221 members for the whole Dominion, would have been about as follows:

| | Members |
|--|-----------|
| British Columbia | 3 |
| Manitoba | 4 |
| The Territories, including Yukon | 5 |
| New Brunswick | 3 |
| Prince Edward Island | 1 |
| Quebec | 15 |
| Total | 31 |

Of course, owing to the great development of the present decade, the representation after 1910 would be greatly altered. It is not possible to indicate even approximately the extent of that change until after the census has been taken.

We could also establish a basis of representation according to the amount which each province contributes, in various ways, to the Dominion Exchequer. This amount is not easy to arrive at, but if it were important for the present purpose, I could easily indicate how it could be accurately ascertained each ten years, coincident with the census-taking. On such a basis British Columbia would be entitled to three members, as compared with the average of every one for the whole of the Dominion. The West, as a whole, would have a greater

relative representation than the East, because it is a larger consumer *per capita* of revenue-paying products. That will, of course, slowly adjust itself, and, automatically, so would the representation.

We might, in fact, establish a series of correlations based on population, production, contribution, area, etc., etc., adopting a basis drawn from an average of all of them. What I wish particularly to emphasise is that while theoretically correct, representation by population alone in a Dominion with provinces so varied in conditions, extent, resources and social habits of the people, is not, in practice, just or economically sound throughout. I have no doubt, however, that it will continue for some time, at least, to be the basis.

Provincial jealousies and sectionalism are

still strong enough to prevent an arrangement that might be suggested by a commission of experts; but let us hope that some day Canada will rise above considerations that now would prevent one province, by reason of a logical and fair arrangement, from inevitably going before another. There will arrive a time, I hope, when the greater glory of being Canadian will obscure the folly of grief on account of belonging to one of its lesser parts, and when we shall, as Canadians, be broadened in imagination and sentiment by the sweep of our fertile plains, exalted by the height and range of our mountains, and be inspired by the vastness of the seas stretching away from our either shores, when our greater destiny lies in the sister possessions of an Empire in common.

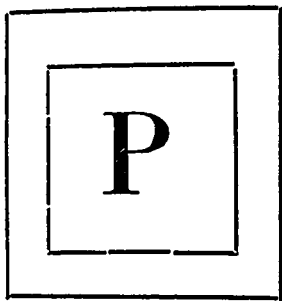
Vancouver

By John Davidson

Here is a city of merchants, washed by the long-roaded seas,
 And the ploughshare bows of seafare lie black along her quays,
 Or ever the worldwrights had finished modelling the warm, wet clay,
 Shaping and smithing of this good earth that was not made in a day,
 Sculpturing with fire and thunder, this our hemisphere,
 A god with mind of wonder planned a city here.

For His Brother's Sake

By J. H. Grant



PETE LAWTER'S brown hands rested listlessly upon his leather chaps, and his head drooped until his clean-shaven chin was half-hidden in the bosom of his

faded shirt. His horse, left to its own free will, seemed to pursue an aimless course upon the broad prairie, that rolled itself from view in monotonous undulations. Little clouds of dust rose from the parti-colored plain as the weary animal stumbled over the uneven surface. A few grasshoppers stirred amid the sparse herbage, and the sing-song of a cricket announced the approach of evening.

Presently a rattlesnake sounded its loathsome warning and coiled its lithe body on a bare sand spot directly ahead. The horse shambled a few steps to the side and a revolver leaped, like magic, from its leathern socket. Then the deadly aim that had made Pete Lawter famous in all the Foothill country clipped the head from the reptile, as a schoolboy lops a sunflower. A slight grin parted the horseman's lips.

"You played your little piece to the wrong party that time, old Rattler," he observed as he gazed abstractedly at the writhing body.

Suddenly a long red ray of sunlight bored its way through the cloudy pillars at the western horizon, and silhouetted for a moment the groups of buildings that marked the headquarters of the Bar X cattle ranch. Pete Lawter's eyes filled with a sudden anxiety, and he spurred his jaded horse to a canter.

In front of the ranch house a half-dozen cowboys gesticulated wildly. It was evi-

dent that they discussed something of moment.

"Hello!" shouted Williams, the foreman, as Pete neared the group, "any news?"

"None," answered Pete laconically.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the foreman; "there's some sneakin' son-of-a-gun on this outfit helpin' that doggoned horse thief, and if ever I get my peepers on him I'll shoot him as dead as a June bug at Christmas."

Pete's lips compressed to a white line and almost unconsciously he felt for his hip pocket. But he turned without a word, dragged the saddle from his horse, and left the hungry animal loose to feed. He walked into the bunk-house, and dropping upon a berth, stared long through the open door into the gathering darkness. He heard the "bor-r, bor-r" of the darting night hawk, the yapping of the kit fox, and the distant howl of a lone coyote. His dark eyes burned in the dim light of the room, and his heart beat quickly. Matters were nearing a climax. It was plain that some of the men had discovered something. At anyrate, his terrible night rides, the suspicions of his fellow-cowboys, and the weight of his own secret, had combined to shatter his iron nerves. His hand trembled slightly as he took his revolver carefully, almost caressingly examined it, and replaced it at his hip.

"It's too late now," he mumbled—"too late. The rope is nearly run, and the snub horse stands ready. I was a fool not to tell the truth about it when I first came. It was my cursed pride that prevented me, and I'm sure paying the price."

Two cowboys passed the open door, talking in low tones and casting furtive

glances toward the bunk-house. Pete caught the words "haunted house" and "ten o'clock" and leaped from his bunk as though electrified. He strained every sense to catch more of the conversation, but it was no use. The men had passed on quickly towards the corral.

"Ten o'clock; haunted house," repeated Lawter dazedly; "they're hiding it from me. They know that I'm concerned, and they're on the right track. The game is all but up, but I'll play it now to a finish. 'Haunted house! Ha, ha, ha!'" he laughed mirthlessly and patted his hip pocket; "it may be haunted tonight in earnest."

A little later forty hoofs clattered off into the darkness and Pete stood with his arms about the neck of his favorite horse. He laid his hot cheek upon the animal's mane and put his lips close to its ear.

"It's up to us, Darkey," he said in a hoarse whisper; "it's up to us. Our trump is all out but the 'pede,' and they hold the 'ace.' You've never failed me yet, old boy, but they've got the start and we've got to take the long road and beat them out."

Darkey rubbed his muzzle upon his master's chest and pranced about as though he had understood and was impatient to be off. In another moment his sinewy form bore his master swiftly across the uncertain prairie.

"Hist!" said Pete, suddenly; "I hear them, old boy; this is our way." So saying, he left the trail and galloped fiercely on a circuitous route. Down along the lower levels he sped, where the mosquitoes hummed and the fireflies flitted weirdly. Away to his left he heard the piping and gurgling of the wakeful waterfowl, while on his right was the steady pound, pound of the cow ponies. The marsh shrubs and grasses lashed his horse's legs as he gasped:

"On, Darkey, on! We've got the lead and we'll soon be there."

Presently the haunted house loomed before him, dark and eerie. A few whitened stakes and an old bleached gate gleamed, ghost-like, in the night. The tumble-down walls and grass-grown yard were still as death. At the threshold Pete flung himself from his panting horse and shoved open the ramshackle door.

"Joe," he called; "Joe, where are you?"

There was no answer, save the echo

from the hollow rooms. Pete seized the rein and half dragged his horse toward the dark circle of poplars that rimmed an alkali slough. Close down by the water's edge, by the dim light of a lantern, sat a man skinning a horse—the last horse that had been missed from the Bar X corrals. He looked up quietly as Pete burst in upon him.

"Hello, Petie! This will be nice for the parlor, won't it?" he said softly as he held up the loose portion of the hide. "Jennie will like it."

The tears rushed to Pete's eyes as he looked into the blank face before him.

"Here, Joe," he cried, "take my horse and ride. Stay away till morning. You understand me—till the sun rises and the darkness passes away."

For a moment the two gazed at each other, and Pete's heart gave a great bound as a sane look steadied the shifting eyes of the man before him.

It was but for an instant. Joe clambered into the saddle, muttering unintelligible things about the little folk of the prairie who were wont to bear him company, and rode into the night. Pete dashed into the haunted house just as the cowboys rode into the yard. Through a broken window he watched them drop their check reins and carefully feel for their weapons. It was evident that they liked none too well their errand. They haltingly approached the tumble-down house.

"This is a devilish-lookin' place," said one in an awed whisper; "are ye sure them tracks came here, Red?"

"Yes, sure," answered Red, "and I'm thinkin' it's no ghost as has had that light in the attic for the last six months, either."

They lighted a lantern and cautiously entered the empty house. Pete stepped before them. A queer smile was on his face. His eyes shone and his tall frame swayed as the blue barrel of his gun glinted in the dim light. He was playing his last card. Joe, he thought, would soon be out of reach. Then, maybe, he would explain. Not a man stirred. Either superstitious fear or respect for Pete's deadly aim had stricken them dumb. A bat fluttered out of the mouldy rafters, and from

a dark corner a rattlesnake's warning sounded harsh in the hollow house.

Suddenly a pistol shot without shattered the stillness, and a moment later the familiar voice of Williams called out:

"Come here, boys; come here! I've got the thief, Pete Lawter, just who I've suspected all along. Found my horse dead beside the slough and him ridin' round an' round the bush, like a crazy jack rabbit. Wouldn't answer me when I spoke to him, and I took him right through the cocoanut at twenty yards. He'll steal no more horses from the Bar X."

The light left Pete's eyes, and his gun fell crashing to the floor. With a cry like a wounded animal he sprang through the group of dumbfounded men and sped towards the spot where Williams stood contemplating his victim. Paralyzed as his senses were, he wondered vaguely when, at sight of him, the foreman reeled back, his face ashy pale and his gun barking at the empty air.

"I've killed you! I've killed you!" Pete wailed, dry-lipped, as he sank on his knees beside the prostrate man; "but I didn't mean to, Joe, I didn't mean to; I would have died for you."

He bound his large red handkerchief tenderly about the wounded head and cast one despairing glance at his dismayed fellows now gathered around. One of them handed him a hat full of water from the slough, and instantly disappeared into the night. In his agony of sorrow and remorse, as much oblivious to the presence of his companions as though they had been at fifty miles distance, Pete continued to address the unconscious man:

"Speak to me, Joe," he said; "speak to me. I've tried to do my best; ever since that day in college, when this awful cloud fell upon your reason, I have lived but for one thing. I brought you here for a change, but I was ashamed to tell the fellows. Forgive me, Joe; I kept you hidden here in this vacant house. When this terrible mania for collecting horse hides took you, I didn't try to stop you, for the doctor told me to humor you. I have been laying by money to pay for every horse. Oh, Joe, speak to your own Pete!"

At last Joe opened his eyes—great brown eyes, the counterpart of Pete's.

"Is that you, Pete?" he said. "I knew you'd come to your own Joe, your twin-brother. I've wanted you so long. I'm tired, Pete."

The lips once more were still, the eyelids drooped, and the lashes made dark rainbows upon the pale cheeks. Pete bathed, frantically, the pallid face, but the long minutes passed and the prostrate form lay before him like a marble effigy of himself. Darkey walked into the circle and stood quietly by, as though to reassure his grief-stricken master.

The sudden sound of hoofs startled the waiting group, and the cowman who had brought the hatful of water and instantly disappeared into the night galloped furiously into the lantern light, closely followed by the doctor from a railway survey camp. In a moment the surgeon was kneeling by the silent form. Deftly he undid the handkerchief and thrust a tiny electric bulb into the wound. He pulled something from the small hole, and immediately began a mumbled monologue.

"Foreign substance—growth—must have been causing mental aberration—cut away by the bullet—brain untouched so far as I can see—good—close shave—miracle.

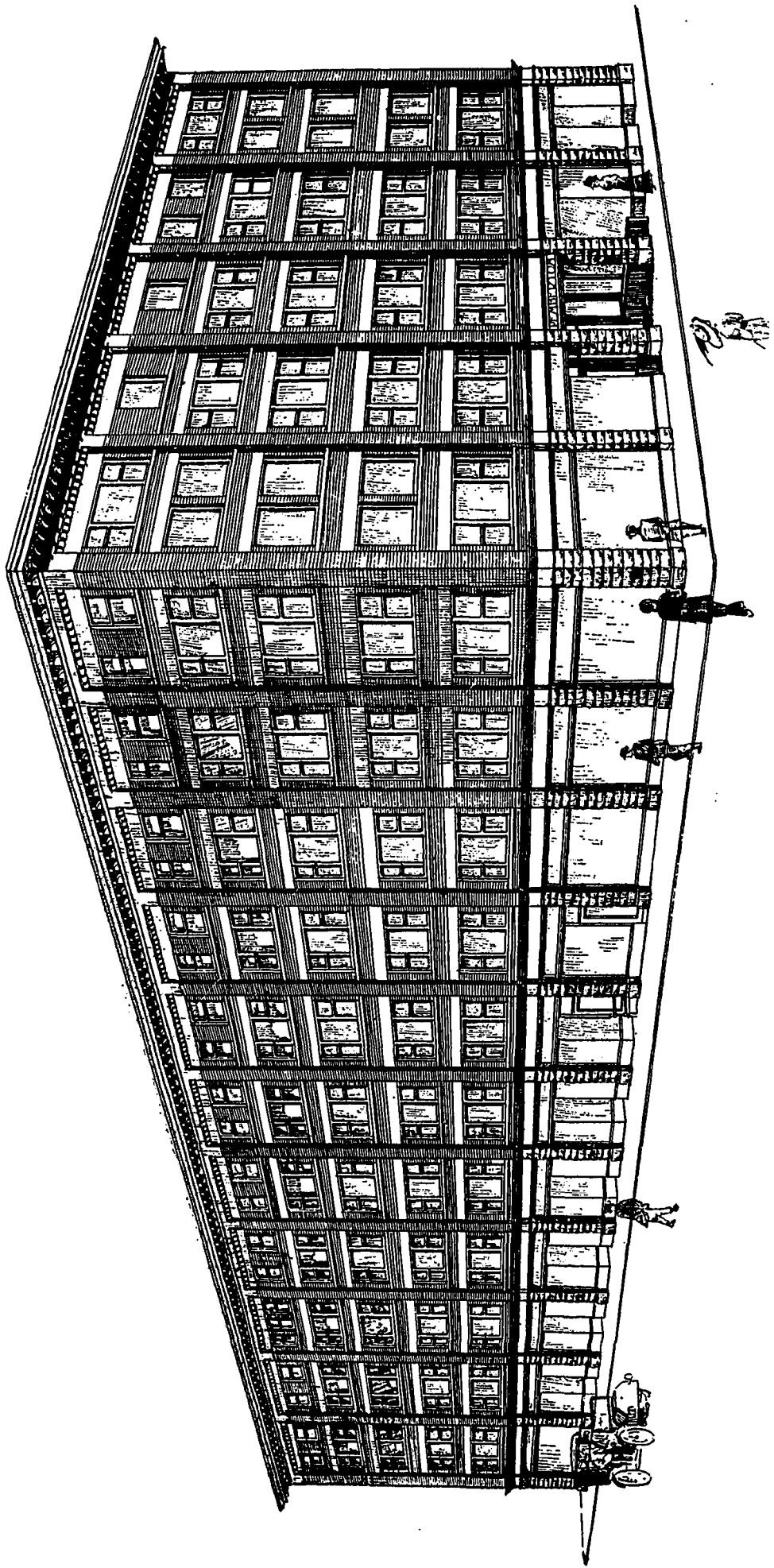
"This will bring him 'round,'" he continued, as he administered a restorative. "Take him home now, boys; he'll be as sound as a dollar in a week or two."

Once more, as in the first moments of his grief, Pete looked, half-bewildered, upon the cowboys standing about. On their faces the look of dismay had given place to one of unfeigned joy.

"Hurrah for the Doc.!" shouted someone, and a loud cheer rent the stillness of the night. Then Williams, crumpling his old felt hat in his hand, stepped forward and spoke in a voice that trembled:

"For Pete Lawter, or any other chap as would stick to a brother the way he has, I say, 'Three cheers!'"

As the last echo of the cowmen's lusty voices rolled away into silence, Pete Lawter mounted Darkey, and with Joe's wounded head resting upon his bosom, steered for the Bar X.



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IT HAS A GREATER AREA OF FLOOR SPACE THAN ANY BUSINESS BLOCK IN THE PROVINCE.



Current Comment



By Observer

I HAVE been asked by the editor to say that in the last issue in the article entitled "A Fruit-growing Retrospect," by Mr. R. E. Gosnell, some mistakes in names were made for which that gentleman is not responsible, except in so far as a not too legible manuscript is concerned. In the rush of getting the issue completed proofs were not sent to Mr. Gosnell, and the proof-reader was unfamiliar with many of the numerous names which appeared in the article in question. Under such circumstances both the writer and the persons whose names were thus taken in vain, though they have a grievance against *Man-to-Man*, must accept this explanation as the only solatium which can be offered.

* * *

REVERTING to the scheme of Imperialism hinted at in these columns in the last issue—a federation of confederations constituting the British Empire—years ago, in collaboration with a friend, I was in a competition for a prize for the best essay on a scheme of Imperial Federation. The late Lord Salisbury either offered the prize or was one of the judges, I forget which. It was won by Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., for some years secretary of the Canadian High Commissioner in London, Eng. Our precious contribution to the solution of the problem arrived a day or two too late to have consideration. I was conceited enough to think at the time that it would have been a "winner"; in fact, I regarded it as a distinct calamity to the Empire and to the cause that the mails were delayed on that occasion. I shall not say what, in the light of years, I now think of it. Certain it is, though in a bad way, the Empire has survived.

My scheme was that indicated in out-

line in the last number of *Man-to-Man*, namely, a constellation of Dominions revolving about a common administrative centre. It was not possible then, and it would not be possible now, to have a British Empire, so constituted, wholly uniform in the machinery of its political parts. We have only to look at a map of the British possessions to realize that. We have simply to ponder on the problems presented by India alone, not to speak of the numerous outlying dependencies, to understand that a system which would apply to Great Britain, Canada, Australasia and South Africa would not apply to these; but whatever difficulties may pertain to them under the scheme proposed, they would not be greater than they are at present. The dependencies have to be ruled in a special way now, and they would have had to be then. It was proposed to form Great Britain and Ireland into one confederation—England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—each to have a separate legislature, and representation, for general purposes, in a central body, to take the place of the present British Parliament, with a distribution of powers similar to what we have in Canada.

Australasia, including New Zealand, was to have been similarly organized. Likewise South Africa. The latter two have since become realities, not, I may say truthfully, as the result of any suggestions of mine, but by reason of the stern logic of events.

India was tentatively to be governed as at present, but with the opportunity of becoming one of the self-governing confederations as time and experience in self-control developed self-governing powers.

The British West Indies and Newfound-

land, each with a legislature of its own, were to be joined to Canada.

The other outlying possessions were to be governed as dependencies in conjunction with the nearest confederations.

There was to be an Imperial Parliament for the whole, dealing with Empire problems, inter-federal trade, cables, defence, international affairs, etc.

A unit of representation, on some fair basis, was to be decided upon, just as we provide a unit for the different provinces of Canada represented in the House of Commons and Senate. The capital was to be selected on neutral grounds—I think Malta was suggested—in the same way as the little Island of Delos was for the ancient Grecian confederacy. The Mediterranean might not, however, be a safe base for the capital of the new Empire, and Vancouver Island, say, might be substituted. (But for heaven's sake, don't let Vancouver get jealous over the proposition. It has the University.) If the worst comes to the worst, we can appoint a commission. I bar the Emperor of Germany, but we might invite Theodore Roosevelt to be a member.

The King would become Emperor, and the Queen, Empress. There are worse things than a royal head. We might, for instance, have a president.

I believed then thoroughly in the idea. I believe even more thoroughly in it now. What is more, events are bringing us very near to it. Then it was nebulous; now it is concrete. Then it was a pretty dream; now it is within the pale of practical politics. It is either that or a dissolution of the Imperial fabric and the resolution of the Empire into its component parts—into separate, independent entities, each taking its own way and evolving its own destiny.

* * *

AND why not a federation of federations, and that soon? Would it be more surprising than that which is transpiring in Great Britain today? Would anyone have guessed that Balfour would have suggested a referendum for the settlement of Tariff Reform and Home Rule, or, rather, to ascertain the feeling of the people of Great Britain on these mo-

mentous problems? Who, ten years ago, would have thought of the Lords reforming themselves? And yet these great revolutions in policy are forced upon the leaders by the inexorable law of political necessity, suddenly and without warning. As night follows day, so sure—and as soon as Great Britain clears up the clouded political atmosphere at home—so sure must its relations with the rest of the Empire demand the attention of its statesmen. There are things that cannot always stand, even though they may have stood for one thousand years. The British mind, in the last analysis, loves order. The present loose aggregation of states and dependencies cannot continue. The idea of preferential tariffs involved in Tariff Reform must force the question of tariffs in Canada, Australasia, India and South Africa to the fore. There must be some general substratum of policy to make it workable. An Imperial conference must be the precursor of an Imperial executive council. Responsibility for its decisions must rest in some central representative legislative body. That body must represent some cognate series of units interested in and affected thereby. Units relate to unity. Telegraphic cables, steamship subsidies and tariffs are material bonds that only can permanently bind together parts of the Empire constitutionally correlated in law and sympathy. It must be that or a treaty among independent nations. There must be a logical basis of separation. There must be a voice speaking for all in international matters, or each speaking with a voice of its own. There must be one system of defence, or no system of defence. An Empire cannot walk on legs of unequal length, each of its own volition. Heretofore we have remained united by a sentiment to which we could find no constitutional expression in the way of good clothes. We have not parted because we have hated to. We have waved one flag because we have had no other. We are face to face with an issue of which the issues in Great Britain are but the precursors of the greater issues I have indicated. We are bound up in the Empire with mutual interests, closely associated in polity and sentiment. When the heart throbs the pulse beats in the head and in every extremity.

I HATE to leave this subject, but I must touch on technical education.

Members of a commission, appointed by the Dominion Government to report on the subject, have been among us taking evidence, and have listened to a variety of opinions from many points of view, the consensus of which is favorable to the establishment of technical schools.

Up to within one hundred years ago, and to within a time even later than that, education, in our popular sense of the term, was essentially a cult. It was confined to members of the legal profession, clergymen, schoolmasters, professional *litterateurs* and a few others. In the Middle Ages its scope was almost wholly encompassed within the four walls of monasteries. "Gentlemen"—members of the nobility, knight-errants and the higher middle classes—were not, as a rule, educated. Many of them, indeed, could neither read nor write. From one hundred years ago back to the Elizabethan days, knowledge of and familiarity with the Classics were the supreme tests of scholarship, and even within those narrow limits Greek was the possession of but the few; Hebrew of scarcely any at all. Modern languages, if we except French in court circles, was as Greek to the many. Every person with any pretension to scholarship read Latin. Many could converse freely in that language. Hence the most learned books were written in Latin, and hence in all the more popular books, until a very recent date, the authors were much given to interlarding their English text with Latin quotations and Latin expressions, which every reader was supposed to understand. Conversation in polite society, if works of fiction at all reflect the manners of the day, was much infected by the same sort of thing.

The knowledge of a few Latin or foreign phrases served to unduly impress the multitude with the supposed erudition and superiority of the users. It was a trick of the old-fashioned typical schoolmaster, whose stock-in-trade very often consisted of a smattering of knowledge which he did not possess in any essential degree. It is an expedient not wholly neglected at the present day. Such was the appraisal of the Classics as the substratum and superstructure of an education that an inordin-

ate amount of time and attention was devoted to their study. Nobody then seemed to realize how absurd it was to spend years in acquiring a knowledge of languages which nobody in the world spoke and which, at the best, served as a mental discipline and as the groundwork of a vocabulary. As a result, writing was profuse, diffuse and florid. There was a high sound to it which we now call "highfalutin," often pompous and bombastic.

The best evidence we can have that Shakespeare wrote the works attributed to him—though it is not beyond the limits of probability that Manners collaborated with him—is that he was an "uneducated" man. While he was a "roystering fellow," he was also a shrewd business man, in other words, practical, and was thus able to eliminate from contemporary literature the dross of verbiage, and by his native genius transmute—some have called it plagiarism—the materials he found there into the gold he bequeathed to us in his incomparable writings. Bacon could not have written Shakespeare, for reasons the very opposite. He was afflicted by the pedantic rhetoric of his age.

Outside of Classics there were mathematics, logic and science. Mathematics was an inheritance, the same as handed down, but, except as it was useful in accounts, navigation, mensuration and astronomy, it, too, was largely disciplinary in its use. Scholars loved mental puzzles and brain twisters, and mathematics admirably served the purpose. In a long era of religious disputation logic came to be regarded as an exact science. It was the very basis of theology and of its sisters, metaphysics and law. There were certain rules, of purely human invention, which became established as canons, according to which all disputation of whatever nature was adjudged. We remember how Bacon, the first of the apostles of the New Learning, railed against the Aristotelean tenets which for over a thousand years shackled the development of original thought and new ideas, and held in bondage the best minds of so many ages, not to speak of that particular age. Science was altogether empiric in its methods, and no more like the science of today than an aeroplane is like a bird. Everything was based on authority, and

the supreme test of all knowledge or learning was its harmony with religious creeds. The political system of the Puritans in America was purely a theocracy based literally on the Mosaic laws of the Pentateuch, illustrating the slavery of really great minds to archaic forms, because, and for no other reason than that, they were Biblical.

So, as in modern times the few only were learned and the great mass was unlearned, the former acquired an influence and a superiority over, and in, the minds of the latter out of all proportion to real merits. So law, theology, literature and so on came down to us with a tremendous traditional respect and dignity. So a title, whether the badge of nobility or of erudition, was a mark of extraordinary distinction. Thus it is that so much that is dross in our educational systems today passes for genuine precious metal. We still appraise the actual value, intellectually from a utilitarian point of view, of a purely academical training far too highly. Because a great many great men have been highly "educated" and because in the past "education" was practically the only ladder to distinction, we long ago arrived at the general, indisputable conclusion that in "education" itself is the greatest of all acquisitions. We forget that education, truly comprehended, is not a college curriculum, but a process of experience and incidental development of certain faculties. A great man only becomes great by thinking, by reasoning along a definite line from innumerable mental impressions. No other man can attain to his status by simply accepting his conclusions. He is aided thereby, but he must go through the process for himself. That is how all men become great artists, mechanics, engineers, lawyers, statesmen, bankers and railway magnates. There is no other greatness. Genius has been defined as the infinite capacity for taking pains. It is, of course, more than, but it is mainly, that. It is pains added to capacity, and for capacity we have to thank paternity.

The great weakness of our educational system is that we strive to impart the results of other people's brains and work without our pupils going through the process. We inject knowledge in hypodermic

doses. We have placed wrong—and in that sense immoral—standards before the young. Why should, for instance, a knowledge of the roots of our language be adjudged of more value than that of the best way to raise pigs for market, or the finding out of these be more educational in their effect or more intellectual in the process of acquiring? Both require the exercise of brains. The gardener who creates a landscape is as great as the man who paints it. Both are artists. Our educational system by its false valuations has degraded in public estimation the intellectual rank of services that are useful, and unduly elevated many that are mere accomplishments. Hence the dearth of workers and producers and swarms of "educated" college and school-bred persons who must live by their wits or learn to work and produce, in the process of which they are more handicapped than helped by their previous training.

The best life a man or woman can live—and that is the ideal to which all training should aim—is at once utilitarian and artistic in all its aspects. Hence technical training, which is only another word for a good, practical education, is more important than a purely academical training, because it supplies all the requirements of life—to earn a livelihood and enjoy living. The man who thinks that the first consideration of life is not the means of living is a fool. The man who thinks we should not enjoy life according to our best instincts of enjoyment is also—well, he may be an anchorite and enjoy himself that way. It must not be understood, however, that all kinds of knowledge are not useful. A man who writes a book or preaches a sermon or paints a picture or prepares a brief is as much a mechanic or an artizan as the man who makes a set of furniture or builds a house or constructs an engine. So far as his work serves a purpose for which he is paid, his occupation is technical and requires special training. He must live by what he does. In a very important sense a man is very much worse off for an academical or a college training, if it be not in line with his own aptitudes or what by circumstances in life he is compelled to do. He is unfitted for his lifework, or if you prefer it, has not been fitted for it, thereby. Our school system is defective because in

its purpose it is not definite and leads to nowhere. It purports to teach many things, but does nothing well.

Another weak point in our system is the lack of individual training. We are educated in the mass—in classes, forms, grades, schools (I was going to say shoals). We cannot proceed faster than the slowest in our class, who sets the pace. The goal sought is uniformity, to turn our graduates like so many cheeses from a common mould. Our clothes are cut and fitted for us with the precision of a military tailor from one model. This is inevitable. No teacher can direct the individual intuitions in a class of half a hundred. One of the recognized authorities in education in this Province admitted to me the other day that private schools, if we could assure a standard of efficiency in the teachers, are preferable to public schools. Influence and environment are also large factors in an ideal education; but I shall not discuss that phase of the question. Neither am I discussing details, but principles. The point is that technical schools, properly conducted, are bound to supply a great want—I should say great wants—and remedy great defects in our present system in giving a more definite bent to educational efforts and stimulating individual tendencies and talents.

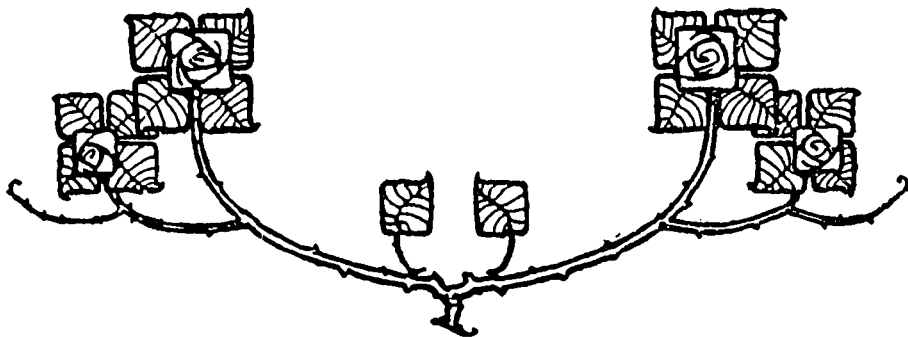
* * *

VICTORIA, as a community, is a strange mixture of ideas municipally expressed. It has been fighting over its waterworks system for years. All are agreed that the present system is inadequate in the way of supply for domestic purposes and for fire protection. Who will say that the water itself is the most palatable that could be desired? In summer months, when the supply is lowest, the water not only tastes but smells swampy. It is not contended that in any respect the Elk Lake system can be materially improved upon. Hence another and better and a more adequate supply is urgently needed. That was the conclusion reached six or seven years ago, before the city attained to the present rapidity of growth. Two other sources were open to the people: Goldstream (already developed

as a water and power "proposition") and Sooke Lake. Strong opposition to the former originated long ago, partly through the selfish policy of the Esquimalt Waterworks Co.—some called it greed—and partly through the traditional hostility to Goldstream itself. Several attempts to purchase the system failed. The suspicion of "graft" somewhere, the prejudice against "vested interests," and the increased burden of taxation—all operated against the scheme. Finally, as there was no provision for securing the system by arbitration and the problem of water became a pressing one, special legislation was passed that flavored not a little of confiscation in the method proposed to be adopted, whereby within two years the city could take it over at a stated price. That, to judge from sentiment expressed at public meetings at the time, appeared to be very popular; but when a by-law was submitted to give it effect it was emphatically turned down. Then the city authorities turned their eyes to Sooke Lake, and a by-law was submitted to the ratepayers with that end in view. That was also defeated. Talk of a "public mind!" Can anybody judge of what it is in Victoria, at least on the subject of water? Latterly, as the problem pressed harder, owing to the increased demand, another effort was made before the time limit expired. In the meantime the Esquimalt Waterworks Co. built a pipe-line from Goldstream to the city, and, of course, the price was more, but not exorbitant, as the city today could not *de novo* develop the same system for the same cost. Everything looked favorable this time, and the arguments for purchase were unanswerable. The by-law was defeated by a large majority. Never could a city have thrown away so great an opportunity, looking to the future. The city had Elk Lake as a tributary system. Goldstream, besides being ample to supply Victoria with pure water for many years to come, has a fixed revenue from power supplied by the B. C. Electric Railway under contract for a long period. It had also Sooke Lake in reserve. For a hundred years or more it would not outgrow these sources of supply. In addition to that, however, there are Oak Bay municipality (in reality a part of Victoria itself) and the entire Saanich peninsula as customers to be sup-

plied; the Saanich peninsula, which is bound to become a populous suburb of Victoria, will require water, not only for household purposes, but for irrigation, of which it is badly in need at certain seasons. Victoria objected very strenuously to these municipalities going to the Esquimalt Waterworks Company to buy water direct, and succeeded, subject to taking over Goldstream. Now Victoria loses all these advantages of good water—of an ample supply, of the contract with the electric railway, and the profit on water to be supplied to the outlying municipalities. She had every card in her own hand. Now she has to go to Sooke Lake at a greater cost than the Goldstream system would have involved, and Sooke Lake is not a power proposition. Already Oak Bay has entered into a contract with the Goldstream people for a water supply. But added to everything else is the fact that Victoria West, being supplied by the Esquimalt Waterworks Co., cannot be taxed for the cost of the Sooke scheme, and it is a difficult matter to segregate Victoria West from the rest of the city. This dire result taken as a whole is mainly due to the influence and exertions of Mayor Morley, who is strong on moral reform, but weak and perverse on all matters of policy relating to the material interests of the city. Vic-

toria the Beautiful, with residential and sight-seeing advantages greater than those of any other city on the Pacific coast, is certainly to be commiserated on its long era of civic mismanagement and lack of municipal foresight. Is popular government a success in such circumstances? I have always held that a municipality is more in the nature of a joint-stock company, its interests being largely material. We are, of course, keenly interested in the moral welfare of the civic community as well, and no one will argue that either the saloon or the social evil are assets to any city; but it is as illogical to vote for or against a scheme of waterworks, at the suggestion of a mayor because he is on the side of temperance and moral reform and labor, as it would be to vote for a man because he had only one sound eye instead of two. I propose to deal at another time with the question of temperance in this Province, and also with civic moral reform, and shall say no more at present. We can conceive, however, of no greater misfortune that could have befallen Victoria at the present time than the defeat of the Goldstream waterworks by-law. To complete the comedy of errors that has been commenced the people should vote down the Sooke Lake scheme. That would be the logical outcome of Morleyism.



A River Story

By Pollough Pogue

From the Vancouver "Province"

This is the song that Le Bossu made as he lay alone in his bunk—
When the timid shadows came out to play as the camboose fire sunk.
This is the song that Le Bossu built, for he was the camp songsmith,
Flunky he was on the office books, but at heart he was Homer's kith.

Men roughed out large in broad free lines unsmoothed and left that way,
The shanty gang they smoked their pipes at the close of a winter's day.
Red the light from the camboose ran, and chased the shadows away
When Xavier came from the cookery, his choring done for the day.
Chore boy he was on the company's books, but a poet under his skin;
Lick-pot in Cassidy's depot camps, but at heart he was Homer's kin.

"Bull-cook! Bull-cook!" roared Michigan Jack at the camboose side that night,
"Give us th' song ye promised us, of Larry Frost's last fight!
"By the devil's horns, if ye refuse, ye crook-backed son o' sin,
"I'll nail yer ears t' yer bunkhead an' ross ye from toe t' chin!"

Sudden and deep-toned voices hushed; silent fell every man,
Only the fire's small noises were heard as Le Bossu began:
"Come all ye gal-lant shanty-men! I'll sing for you a song!
"Now, lis-sen well, my bul-lie boys, I will not ke-ep you long!
"Where the band-saws sing chromatic songs in the mills by the Gatineau,
"Where in the soft blue summer dark the tall black burners glow
"And where they make the big sawlog in the woods of Shoepackland,
"Where by the wide ice-made draw-roads the huge pine skid-ways stand;
"Where the drivers drink in the smoky bar with the 'cork' clawed pineboard floor,
"From the Muskoka to the Montreal, from Sagenay to the 'Shore';
"And where the 'P. F.' rides the 'pig' as the 'roader' pulls the 'turn'
"And the 'fore-and-after' smokes where 'tis dry and hot enough to burn.
"From the Squamish camps to the Yukon pale in the bleach of the Northern Light,
"The strong-backed loggers tell the tale of Larry Frost's last fight.

"In the drivers' camp on the river bank, where the smokes of the smudge-fires raise,
"When the moonbeams frost the sawlogs' paths and wash the river haze,
"And the drive cook whistles 'Alouette' as he sets the next day's bread,
"And the tired drivers light their pipes once more ere they roll to bed;
"And the chore-boy dips his water pails at the edge of the sloping shore,
"And he hears the call of the whip-poor-will and the distant rapid's roar.
"Something he sees in the smoking mist that comes in sight and is lost.
"He sees the ghost of the Big Quebeck and with him Larry Frost;
"They made the mist and they walk the logs and they stalk in the chill moonbeam,
"Where no logs are but only the track of the moon on the slipping stream.

"Oh, Larry Frost the river bossed from Vi' Marie to Bytown.
"He licked a moose and he roughed a bear and he chewed a pine tree down.
"His eyes were like the cold blue stars that burn through the twilight air;
"His voice was like the long storm rear of the smoking pot, Chaudiere.
"He was the boss of the river from Mattawa to Sainte Anne;
"He was the boss of the river when that was a job for a man.
"Daily the river giants came, walking gay to the fight.
"Where is de boss o' de river. I t'ink me I lick him tonight!
"Hairy, horse-muscled, 'cork'-booted, 'loaded for bear,' with high-wine
"When in the Repos de Voyageur the lights began to shine.
"And the crews came in from the shanty, and the drive was close to the town.
"I've broke my fast,' said Larry, with a smile, but never a frown.
"I spilled the pot an hour agone, but I'm hungry yet,' said he;
"But ye'll need a longer arm than that if yer goin' t' sup with me!"

"The late spring after the winter of the blue snow, it was
 "That the biggest jam on the river was the jam at the smoking Chats.
 "Men picked at her with peavies, each risking his life's eclipse,
 "While the women of Fitzroy Harbor watched with prayers on their lips,
 "And when the shadows deepened, shade by shade, into night,
 "Gros Bras' auberge, 'Le Passe le Dish,' roared with carouse and fight.
 "Larry Frost was foreman and oaths roughed free from his beard.
 "French and English and Musquash, the worst you ever heard;
 "Till the men began to grumble: 'She's big man, dis Lar' Fros';
 "'But I don't tak' no doggin' lak' dat from any dam' straw boss!
 "'Blood o' th' devil! I'll drive this river from here t' hell's High Skidways,
 "'Fer a dacint boss, but that son-of-a-dog! I want me toime, b'jase!
 "And the biggest man in the lumber woods, the giant, Le Gros Quebeck,
 "Leaned on his peavie, a-roaring; 'Dere is no yoke on my neck!
 "'Ye may be boss on de riviere from Bytown to Ville Marie,
 "'But I don' allow no enfant de chien t' talk lak dat to me;
 "'You de bes' man on de riviere from de Quinze t' de Chaudiere;
 "'But I'm de boss on de Gatineau and I'm de bes' man dere!
 "A shanty oath roared Larry Frost, a camboose oath roughed he:
 "'Yé highbanker, if it's light ye want, ye'll get a square meal from me!
 "O, Larry laughed in his bull-like chest and the laugh was as rough as the oath.
 "'Make room,' growled he; 'get back, ye dogs,' and the crowd drew back from both.
 "The muscle-strength of a demi-god had the boss of the Gatineau.
 "And he broke his peavie across his knee, a-roaring 'I break you—so!
 "The men took side for the river pride and the pride of race rose then.
 "For it's blood to blood when the battle's hate burns hot in the hearts of men.
 "But Larry Frost he ha' met his match and blow upon club-like blow
 "Ha' taken toll of his mighty strength and his shoulders are crutching low.

"The Big Quebeck he came head down with the rush of a charging moose,
 "And he gripped the boss of the Ottawa with a grip that would not loose.
 "The grip was the tightening clutch of a bear, and the foreman fought for breath.
 "He had no breath to say a prayer though he knew 'twas the grip of death.
 "The closing clench of a pair of arms that were made of rubber and steel,
 "They dumbbed his voice as they numbed his frame; he could neither speak nor feel.
 "But his mind ran on with the bitter thoughts of a dog whose day is done;
 "His mind ran on in its habit-groove with thoughts that burnt to the bone.
 "'No more I'll rough the Ottawa where once I walked so gay;
 "'No more I'll boss the river boys; the dog has had his day.
 "'No more I'll break the high pine dumps on far Temiskamang,
 "'No more I'll wade the whitewater, the strongest o' the gang;
 "'No more my big camboose I'll see, on the banks o' the Kippewa,
 "'No more I'll kiss La Blanche Marie, the belle of Mattawa.'

"The sun went down behind the hills and the shadows drew around,
 "When the Devil of the jam he laughed with a cackle of hellish sound.
 "The Devil of the jam he laughed and it was the laugh of death.
 "There came a lull; the squalling Chats for a second held their breath,
 "And the river-pigs they sprang and blared full-lung: 'She pulls! Look out!
 "But the shattering crash of the pulling jam it dumbbed their warning shout.
 "As over a windfall leap the deer the whitewater men took heel,
 "But Le Gros Quebeck relaxed too late the grip of his arms of steel.
 "He had no time to get away; he had only time for an oath.
 "When the crumbling crest of the house-like breast came tumbling down on both.

"When the river smokes with the morning mists the rivermen still see
 "The loom of the huge Le Gros Quebeck that leans on his great peavie.
 "And the restless ghost of Larry Frost that cannot go to sleep,
 "Where the rapids sing a devil's mass and the wild whitewaters leap.
 "For that they died in deadly sin unhallowed and unshriven,
 "They two must walk the Ottawa as long as pine is driven."

This is the song that Le Bossu built, as he lay alone in his bunk,
 When the timid shadows stole out to play as the camboose fire sunk.
 This is the song that Le Bossu made, for he was the camp songsmith,
 Cook's dink he was on the office books, but at heart he was Homer's kith.



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Man - to - Man Magazine for January

In the January Number of MAN-TO-MAN Magazine the first of a series of three articles dealing thoroughly with the coal mines of British Columbia, from both the picturesque and practical viewpoints, will appear. In the third of these articles, which will be written by Pollough Pogue, an attempt will be made to answer a question of great economic interest to the people of British Columbia: Why does Vancouver have to pay the highest price per ton for coal when the mine shipping points are so near?

Among other features, Man-to-Man Magazine for January will contain:

SAVING THE FOREST, by C. H. Gibbons; an article of great interest and benefit to the people of British Columbia, and which will be, as Mr. Gibbons writes, from Victoria, "a thoroughly studied abstract of the forestry commission's most comprehensive report, together with certain additional interesting data which the commissioners are giving me." The article will be illustrated in color.

FATHER O'BOYLE AND HIS CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS, which tells how a good priest made an experiment in colonization. Illustrated.

A CANNERY TOWN IN WINTER, by Pollough Pogue, describes Steveston, the picturesque town on the Fraser River, where the great salmon canneries stand silent and idle during the winter months, and the brown-tinted Japanese fishermen build new boats and repair old ones.

PROGRESS AND OUTLOOK, 1910-1911, by Garnett Weston.

CURRENT COMMENT, by Observer.

Five stories.

Four departments.

Announcement

Beginning with the January Number there will be an improvement in the Man-to-Man Magazine.

It will reproduce more of the color of British Columbia, "the last home of romance in Canada, where local color makes its final stand."

It will be given the character of an outdoors magazine by a section which will be headed, OUTDOOR BRITISH COLUMBIA. British Columbia has the greatest gameland left in an almost game-stripped world.

Other departments will add to the magazine's physique. Reviews in capsule form of Canadian books only will appear each month. There will be a department for women. In the fiction sections stories limited in length to 2,500 words, reproducing local color, will be featured.

There will be a large department which will cover motoring and motor-boating in British Columbia. It will be conducted by Garnett Weston.

Pollough Pogue will write for Man-to-Man Magazine a series of descriptive stories full of facts, human interest and color, covering the whole of British Columbia and the Yukon. These articles, which will be splendidly illustrated, will be both entertaining and instructive. This is by far the most important series of articles ever undertaken by any magazine or newspaper in the West.

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Gentlemen :--

Please send MAN-TO-MAN MAGAZINE for 12 months beginning with the January issue to the following address

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To Writers

The MAN-TO-MAN Magazine gets enough manuscripts from British Columbia writers to show that they are very active. The magazine would like more contributions of this kind and will pay reasonable rates for short fiction and descriptive articles. The magazine's standards will be higher, and the process of selection will be more careful. In future care will be taken with manuscripts and photographs, and there will be no delay in reading and returning MSS. not suitable or available. Stories of under 2,500 words, reproducing the color and life of British Columbia and the Yukon will be given preference. There is a great deal of picturesque color and good material in British Columbia and in the North, more than in any other part of Canada. The magazine invites fiction in which an attempt is made to dramatize the many-shaded life which is so familiar in this province. There are in British Columbia writers who can handle the rough stuff of humanity which gives this province of mighty physique its strong romantic character. The Man-to-Man Magazine asks them to send in stories of this kind. When photographs are sent with descriptive articles they should be mailed flat, if possible, between millboard.

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China's First Really Chinese Railroad

By Arthur E. Burrage

From "Popular Mechanics" Magazine

THE greater railroad projects of China, both by reason of their supreme importance to the commercial development of the Empire and because of the expanded field for financial operations, have so completely engrossed the attention of foreigners that the smaller enterprises have been correspondingly neglected. Among these lesser railways is the Amoy-Changchaufu line. This is one of the first of the thirteen railways now being constructed in China on the basis of "everything Chinese." The engineers are Chinese, though foreign trained, the capital Chinese, the entire management Chinese, and, so far as possible, the construction materials and rolling-stock Chinese.

The scheme was first projected in 1906 and took definite form in 1908, when a group of local capitalists secured a charter from the Yuch'uanpu, Ministry of Posts and Communications, in Peking, and became formally organized under the name of the Fuhkien Railway Company. The capital stock of the company is \$3,000,000, divided into 600,000 shares of \$5.00 each. The local gentry have subscribed for a large portion of the stock, any and all being permitted to purchase. The Imperial Government has also purchased a large block. Payments were to be made on the basis of 20 per cent. the first year and 40 per cent. the second and third years. In order to insure the uninterrupted construction of the road, in addition to paying on its stock, the Chinese Government agreed to loan the company, through the Kao Tung Bank, a govern-

ment institution, such money as became necessary before the entire capital stock had become paid in, the company agreeing not to negotiate any foreign loan.

The surveyors ran their lines in 1907, actual construction beginning in the following year. Amoy being located on the Island of Amoy, it was necessary to locate the terminus on the adjacent mainland, the two to be connected by a ferry when the road is put in operation. Starting at Sungsu, the road runs along the north bank of the Hailing (Sea Dragon) River to Changchaufu, a city of half a million people, situated on the west branch of the Hailing, 100 li* from the coast. The present plans include an extension of 800 li, running southward to Chaochowfu, in the province of Kwangtung, where it will connect with the railroad from Swatow and be one link in the future coast line to stretch from Kowloon or Canton to Shanghai. It is also anticipated that the road will be extended farther into the interior of the province of Fuhkien, connecting with the Swatow railroad at or near the place where that road joins the Canton-Hankow railroad.

The rolling-stock consists of two locomotives, one German and one American, and eight flat cars bearing the nameplate of a Pennsylvania car works. There are trucks and platforms for others in the yard awaiting assembling, but the passenger cars have not yet arrived. The trucks for these have been made in America, but the entire superstructure will be the work of the Chinese, using foreign designs.

* A "li" equals 654 yards.

The Sea-Gate

By Pollough Pogue

From the Vancouver "Province"

WITH the insignia of romance upon them, for those who have eyes to see, rich with merchandise, with rocking engines rhyming their clanging ballads, the black ships pass from door to door, sliding over the sea's hills and rugged valleys. The great south door is Sidney; where the sun comes up like a smoky lantern through the broily Chinese mist there are many gates of trade, pagoda-charactered cities by the sea. San Francisco is a western portal for the ships that follow the knot-measured sea-trails inkmarked on the skippers' charts. Seattle and Los Angeles and San Diego are posterns. Vancouver is the northern gate.

Swinging on their heels from the blue-shored Straits into English Bay, in the

grin of the sun or the cool blaze of Northern stars, come nosing through Vancouver's Narrows ships that lately saw the Southern Cross with its scarlet light in

[Continued on Page 1141]

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The Sea - Gate

[Continued from Page 1143]

skies bloomy with tropic velvet; argosies of all sea-faring kind whose portly sails and trampling engines have recently brought them round the curve of the globe; the creamy-hulled Empresses from the orange-tawny East; grimy tramps, sea-romany whose house-flags show all the heraldry of commerce on every sea; white-awned Australian liners like patrician dames; fish-smelling steam trawlers from the halibut banks; ships from the rainy, misty Northern coasts, where the salmon canneries slouch at the mouths of snow-cold rivers and grotesque totem-poles with quaint symbolism stand on the sea-pounded beaches; sailing ships from Europe; Cape Horners; traders from Mexico and South America; coast-wise vessels from California come and go—a pageant of the sea.

“Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood” come the merchantmen each with a wet Æneid to tell and no tongue to tell it. Odorous as an Eastern tale are the many cargoes tweaked from the dark holds by the busy winches—spices and silks, the merchandise of romance, the pleasant-smelling produce of the Indies, and of the ripe and florid islands of the sea.

Hatches yawning wide, and empty holds hungry for cargo swallow the train-loads which wait in Vancouver’s railway yards—the wheat of the western provinces, the lumber sawn in Vancouver sawmills, the packed salmon from the canneries, the halibut and the thousands of tons of freight gathered by the eager railways from all Canada.

The cities of men are human books with streets for pages. Some are musty, unfeatured volumes, narrow moulds into which circumstances have poured humanity. Some are shelved in unvisited corners of the earth, and smell of decay. Some are sober, like breviaries. Some are gay, with cap and bells upon the covers, like books of humor. Some are rich in illustrations. Vancouver is quaint with pictures.

Most cities sit among green fields and pleasant orchards. Some lie in the benign sun amidst a landscape of little hills and

[Concluded on Page 1146]

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The Opportunities They Offer and The Industries They Desire

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

Figures Tell the Story of Vancouver, British Columbia

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

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------------|------------------------|-----------|
| 1901-5 | \$20,626.69 | Average per month..... | \$ 343.77 |
| 1906 | 10,163.38 | “ “ | 846.94 |
| 1907 | 16,366.96 | “ “ | 1,363.90 |
| 1908 | 23,182.43 | “ “ | 1,931.86 |
| 1909 | 33,694.80 | “ “ | 2,807.90 |
| 1910 (10 months)... | 36,649.70 | “ “ | 3,664.97 |

Bank Clearings—

| | SEPT. | OCT. | NOV. |
|------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1910 | \$40,428,521 | \$40,115,870 | \$43,041,230 |
| 1909 | 28,035,000 | 30,918,956 | 32,572,215 |
| 1908 | 16,991,346 | 17,502,569 | 16,626,681 |

Land Registry—

| | SEPT. | OCT. | NOV. |
|------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1910 | \$17,233.87 | \$17,725.30 | \$23,039.56 |
| 1909 | 14,266.10 | 14,046.95 | 16,386.80 |

Customs—

| | Duty | Other Revenue | Total |
|---------------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| November, 1910..... | \$439,825.00 | \$55,175 | \$495,000.00 |
| “ 1909..... | 297,692.13 | 22,311 | 320,003.13 |

Building Permits—

| | 1909 | 1910 |
|----------------------|-------------|-------------|
| First 5 months..... | \$2,836,165 | \$5,722,940 |
| “ 6 “ | 3,493,185 | 6,885,800 |
| “ 7 “ | 4,042,292 | 7,425,410 |
| “ 8 “ | 4,883,430 | 8,270,645 |
| “ 9 “ | 5,647,960 | 9,011,360 |
| “ 10 “ | 6,135,575 | 10,298,355 |
| “ 11 “ | 6,745,764 | 12,196,240 |
| 12 months, 1909..... | | \$7,258,565 |
| 11 “ 1910..... | | 12,196,240 |
| Increase..... | | \$4,937,675 |

The Sea - Gate

[Concluded from Page 1144]

comfortable mellow farm lands. Heaven has set Vancouver's stage with the scenery of romance and the topography of utility as for no ordinary drama of city building, but for a giant's increase. Here the features of Nature function with wonderful harmony to aid in the growth of a colossus among cities, while the mountains, sea and woodland make every prospect beautiful.

Gathering population from the earth's four corners, Vancouver is the most picturesque of Canadian cities. Here the east and the west, the north and the south, and tall ships from all the coasts of the world, brighten the streets and wharves with color that only rhymes and tales have made familiar to the stay-at-home Canadians of the eastern provinces. Here in this sink of races you may meet, in their story-book garments, the Yukon miner of Robert Service's ballads, the salmon cannery man and the Alaskan adventurer of Rex Beach's tales, the totem pole village Indian of Jack

London's stories, the Hindi hillman of Rudyard Kipling's tabloid romances, Lincoln Colcord's Chinese sailor, Louis Stevenson's Kanaka, G. B. Lancaster's Australian, Hearn's Japanese, Gordon's prospector and logger, the quarter dwelling Cantonese of Wallace Irwin's rhymes, the English derelict, the French-Canadian lumber-jack from the Gatineau, dorymen from the halibut steamers, seafaring men of all the nations with their mouths full of strange oaths and their minds soaked with all the salt sea's weird superstitions.

In the rotation of traffic round the world the wharves of Vancouver are the northern gates through which the East enters the West, and in the pour of the human stream there are many eddies which fling their picturesque debris "on the beach" of Vancouver. Moving rhythmically across the film in spots of color of strange and romantic interest, these little bits of the picturesque and disreputable East mingle with the slouch-shouldered man in mackinaw of our own fresher blood, whose strong faces are pigmented by the Canadian sun.

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Crehan, Mouar & Co., 615 Pender Street
Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

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Gamble & Knapp, 66 Davis Chambers.
Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Hope & Barker, 603 Hastings Street W.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
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Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings Street W.
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and Hastings Street.
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Rosetti Studios, 319 Pender Street.
Vinson, V. V., 311 Hastings Street.
Wadds Bros., 337 Hastings Street.

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Montelius Piano House, 441 Hastings Street.
Waitt, M. W. & Co., 558 Granville Street.

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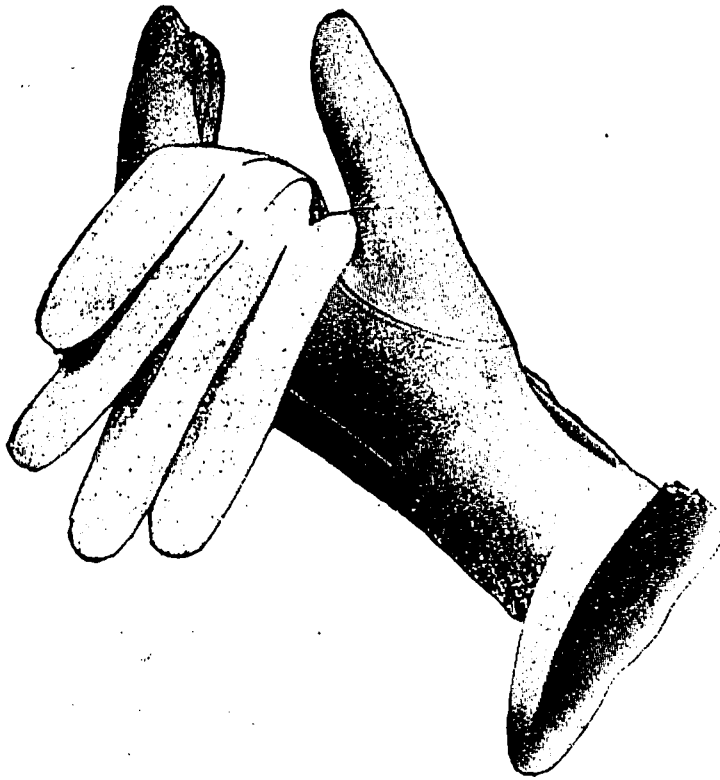
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Vancouver Rubber Co., 160 Hastings Street.

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Bernet & Helm, 882 Granville Street.
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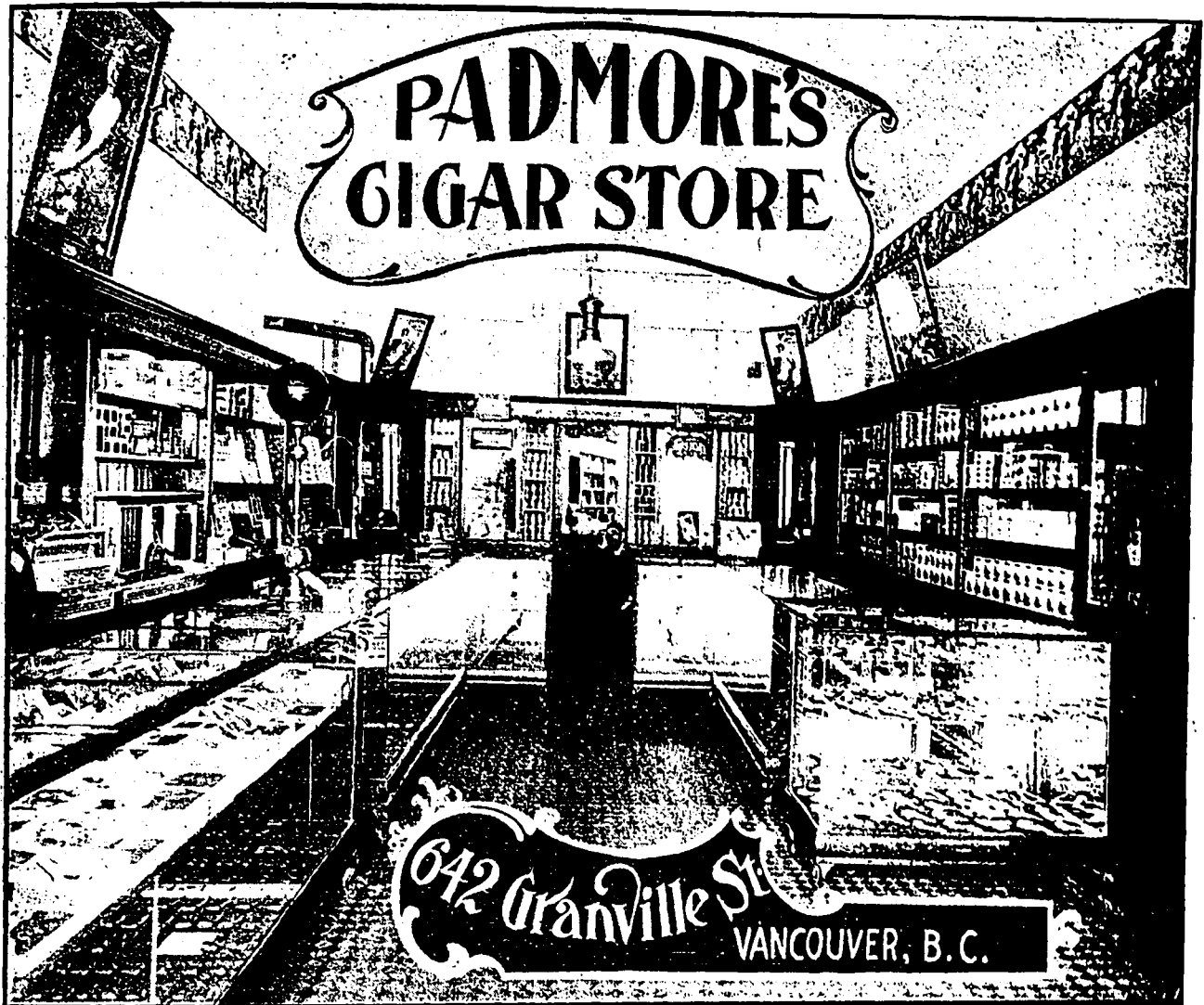
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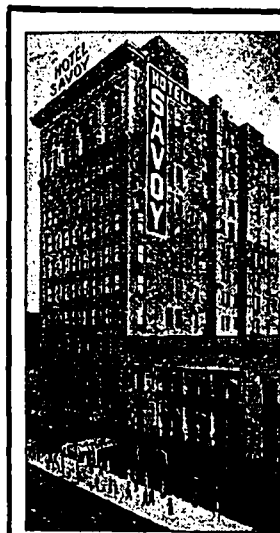
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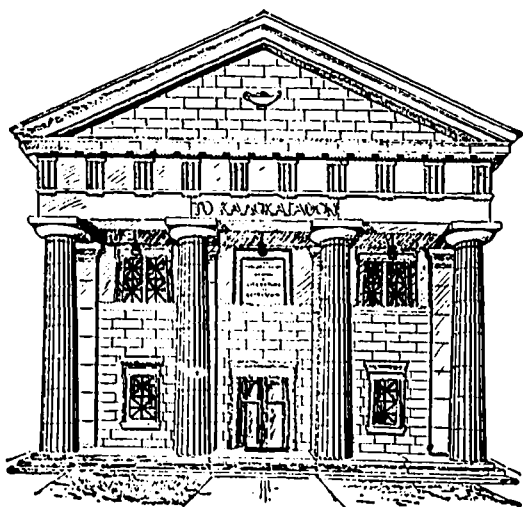
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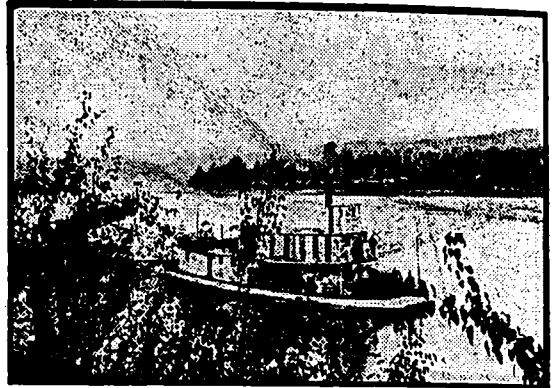
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