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British Columbia Magazine



“Official Announcement”

¶ There are official announcements and official announcements. One kind of an official announcement was that published in the Vancouver press a month or two ago that the terminal elevators of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the Pacific Coast would be located at a certain point on Burrard Inlet. About the only thing official about this announcement, on close reading, was found to be the unsupported assertion that it was an “official announcement.”

¶ The real official announcement with the right name behind it came on Saturday, Jan. 25, when Mr. George J. Bury, Vice-president and General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then in Vancouver, gave to the newspapermen, with the prestige of his name behind it, the statement that it was the intention of the railway company to locate its elevators at Coquitlam.

¶ The only qualification of this announcement was the statement that some improvements of navigation on the Pitt and Fraser Rivers was necessary.

¶ That improvement is now being made, so the question of terminal elevators for the Pacific Coast, so far as the C. P. R. is concerned, is settled. They are to be at Coquitlam.

¶ This is one more evidence that we knew what we were talking about when we called the attention of the investing public to the advantages of Coquitlam. All the other good things we have predicted for Coquitlam will come in time. It is the most promising new city on the Lower Mainland of British Columbia today. The recent history of Coquitlam bristles with things done and doing. Coquitlam is no dream—it is an actual and great city in the process of making. You make no mistake when you invest in Coquitlam. Clip the coupon and mail it at once.

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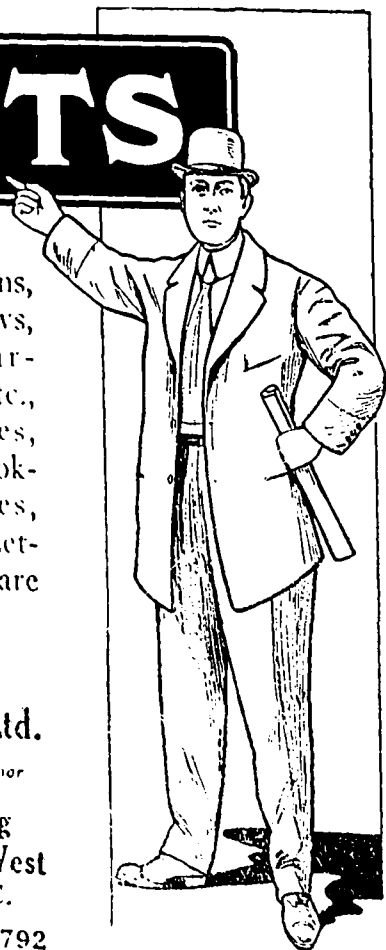
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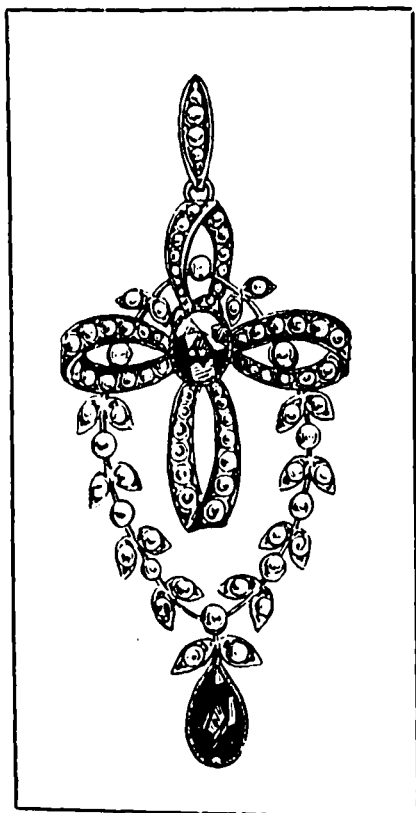
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

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The Riddle

Why do the newly dead so strangely smile?
Why are their lips in curves of sweetness laid,
The lines of bitterness and life-long woe
Quite blotted out? What mystery of peace
Is their new portion; what have they divined
Which gives to them their quiet majesty,
Their half-hid smile, half-seen and half-divined—
Their strange, deep look, inscrutable and calm?

For years and years we toil and strive for this—
This strange, quick knowledge of the quiet dead.
For years and years the dead themselves have toiled,
And, unsuccessful, they have closed their eyes
And faced the deep uncertainty of dark,
Which, it would seem, holds some sweet mystery—
Some answer, or some anodyne, or—what?

We, one by one, put our dear dead away
Into that dusky empire which is theirs,
And then, returning, each take up again
The toil eternal for the unknown end.
But still the dead smile strangely in the dark
And keep the secret of the long quest's end—
The quest we, too, shall finish—when we die.

—HALLETT ABEND.



W. H. MUSGRAVE, SECRETARY OF THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Vol. IX

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 2

Charles E. Musgrave

AN EMPIRE BUILDER

It sometimes happens that some of the most useful of the world's workers live far from the limelight. This is sometimes true when they live and work at the very heart of things. Such a man is Mr. Charles E. Musgrave, secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce. The efficiency and utility of his work, together with its imperial quality, deserve a wider recognition than such services are usually accorded.

The London Chamber of Commerce, whose complicated machinery Mr. Musgrave, with the aid of the assistant secretary, Mr. C. E. Town, must keep in order, and running smoothly and turning out its prescribed quota of grist, is a voluntary combination of those having commercial, financial and industrial interests, founded (in 1881) for the promotion and protection of those interests by the exercise of a corporate influence. The organization has been made elastic and adaptable to all conceivable circumstances calling for consideration by and recommendations from every commercial, financial or industrial group within the British metropolis. The Chamber maintains the closest relations with the home government of practically every country, and the chambers of commerce or corresponding institutions of those countries over the whole world. So that those members interested in any of the trades in any of these lands may have placed at their

disposal by the London Chamber all its facilities for communication and negotiation to handle any trade or business question immediately and effectively with the powerful backing of the Chamber's corporate influence.

The opportunities and facilities offered by the Chamber to its members are so wide and varied that it would be difficult, as the Chamber boasts, to name a commercial direction in which the Chamber cannot be of use if members will avail themselves of this unlimited right to invoke its services.

The short history of the Chamber's achievements is very brilliant. Mr. C. E. Town, the assistant secretary, has briefly outlined it: "Broadly, there is no single important occurrence in the commercial history of London and the empire, for the past twenty-eight years, with which it has not been more or less closely associated.

"Imperially, it admittedly inaugurated the policy of strengthening our naval defences; through the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire brought about the preferential duties to Great Britain now applied in all the self-governing states, and first stimulated interest in closer commercial relations as a practical step towards greater imperial federation; it has consistently advocated the establishment of all-British cables; and, last but not least, its recommendation that colonial conferences

should be regularly summoned and become a settled institution culminated in 1908 in the establishment of a permanent secretariat for the imperial council which is to meet periodically, or on occasions of emergency as they arise.

"Internationally, the Chamber has been officially consulted with regard to, or has made representations in respect of, every important commercial treaty or convention which has been the subject of negotiation during its existence; it effectually checked an attempt by the International Telegraph Convention unduly to limit code telegraphy, and on innumerable subjects has set the Foreign Office machinery in operation for the alleviation of individual or general hardships or difficulties with foreign customs authorities.

"Legislatively, it has been constructive and destructive; it drafted a codification of the Law of Arbitration upon which a subsequent government act was almost entirely based; it drafted (in conjunction with the Institute of Bankers) the existing codified Factors Acts; it secured amendments in the codified Partnerships and Companies Acts; it was instrumental in largely amending in favor of traders the new schedules of rates and charges and classification called into being under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1888; it secured alterations in the various acts concerning merchandise marks, factories, employers' liability, London building, and many other measures of lesser importance, which protected trading and industrial interests from vital damage; it was instrumental in effecting the compromise under which the city coal, corn, and wine dues were ultimately abolished; its advocacy was admitted by Mr. Goschen to have led up to the extinction of the duty on gold and silver plate; whilst the establishment of the port of London authority is the realization of a project which the Chamber favored from its earliest days. These are only a few random examples of what, in full, is a weighty record of persistent vigilance over all attempts at legislation by means of public or private bills.

"For individual members the Chamber has acted with consistently beneficial results in connection with practically every department of state, with the inland revenue and the customs, the post office, the former

Metropolitan board of works and the successive London county councils, with and through colonial and foreign chambers of commerce, the colonial agents-general and foreign consuls in London; it has obtained collective trade support in the adjustment of many individual members' grievances: the services of this kind do not permit of separate enumeration."

Last summer, June 11-14, the Eighth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire held its sessions at the Guildhall, London. This was the first session under the auspices of the new British Imperial Council of Commerce, which is a permanent organization, the outgrowth of a suggestion of Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., M.P., who presided at the Sydney conference in 1909. Before the organization of this body the London Chamber of Commerce had practically to begin anew with each item of business and each proposal of the preceding congress, but now with a permanent body work is continued without intermission from one congress to another, and opportunity is afforded for getting expressions of opinion from all the chambers in the empire, who now can co-operate more effectually and more intimately in the larger plans of imperial commerce.

Nowhere has a broader or sounder view been expressed than by Lord Desborough, president of the London Chamber, while presiding officer last summer over the eighth congress. "It is becoming daily more apparent," he said amid cheers, "that if the empire is to live, if we are to be able to hand it down as we have received it to those who come after us, the empire must be consolidated in commerce as well as in defence. That is a great ideal for us all—for the statesman, the soldier, the man of business. A generation ago saw Great Britain the unchallenged mistress of the seas—supreme in commerce and feared in arms. I do not think we have gone back, but no one can deny that the enormous progress made by other countries has more than threatened the supremacy we once held, and we must look to the empire as a whole to maintain the position once held by Great Britain alone."

The official report of the proceedings of the Eighth Congress of the Chambers of the British Empire is full of not only interesting but momentous matter. Among the

vital questions discussed, and upon which resolutions were adopted and passed over to the British Imperial Council of Commerce, are such questions as the date of Easter and calendar reform, telegraphic communications, penny postage and parcel post, commercial relations and arbitration, emigration, assimilation of mercantile laws, company law, weights, measures and currency, commercial education, Panama Canal, income tax, remedies for trade disputes, taxation of commercial travellers and corporations, naturalization of aliens, importation of Canadian cattle, standard gauges, merchant shipping, imperial defence and other questions of deep interest to all the people of the British Empire.

The man, year in and year out, who can, and who will handle such questions of the imperial council must be an able and versatile man, really an executive with the combined abilities of a statesman and a captain of industry. Such a man is Mr. Charles E. Musgrave, secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce and of the British Imperial Council of Commerce, as well as of the London Labor Conciliation and Arbitration Board, and the Timber

Trade Federation of the United Kingdom. It is quite natural that a man who performs so many secretarial tasks, and so efficiently, should also be a member of the council of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. In recognition of special services toward the promotion of cordial commercial relations between Great Britain and Russia, in 1909, the Czar of Russia conferred upon Mr. Musgrave the Order of Chevalier of St. Ann of Russia. Trained originally in the school of journalism, he has helped to make the *Chamber of Commerce Journal* what it is, and it may be said safely that without his efficient administrative services none of the great imperial bodies with which he is so intimately associated as a kind of institutional engineer could have been as useful as they are.

It is a matter of moment to the people of the empire to know that so many important problems are being considered by the men of commercial and financial distinction throughout the empire and that more or less of the permanent administration of details has been left in so capable hands as those of Charles E. Musgrave.

The Church Porch

By W. M. THACKERAY

Although I enter not,
Yet around the spot
Oftimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming;
They've stopped the chiming bell;
I hear the organ's swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

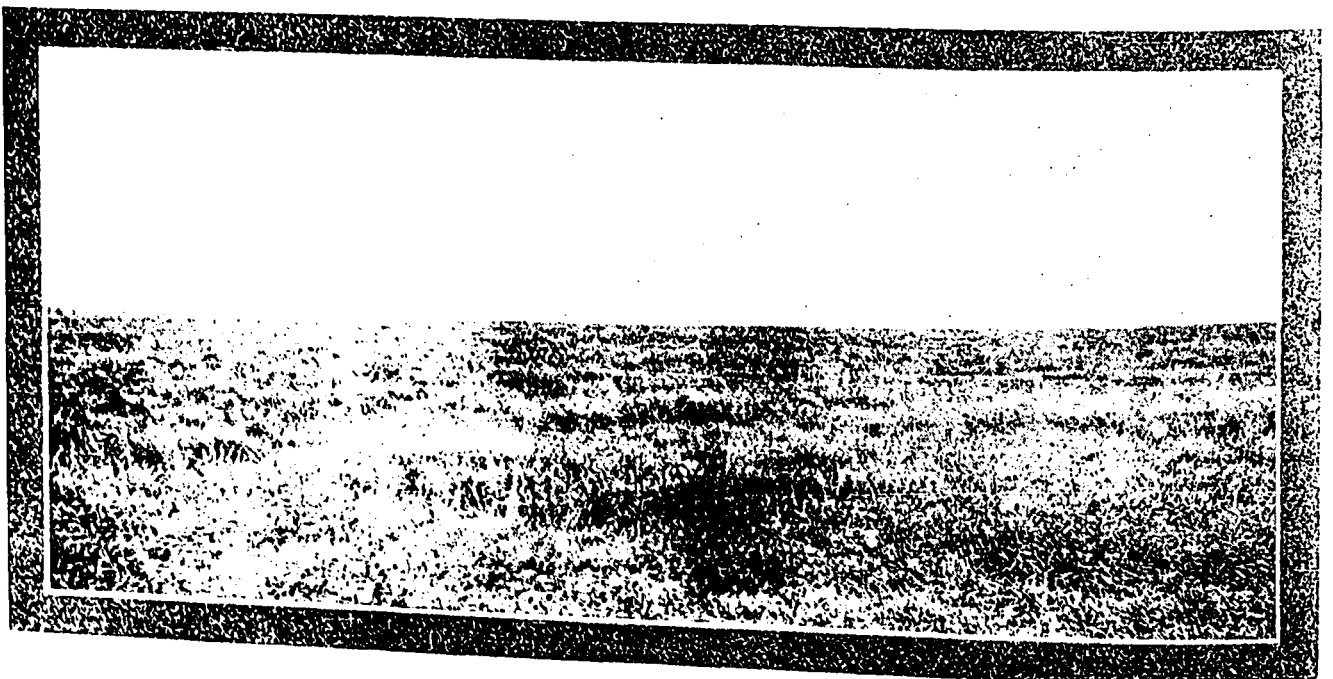
But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.



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VIRGIN FARM LAND

The Salmon River Valley

By Frederick Jay

TO THE enterprising, the intelligent and the energetic, no country in the world offers greater opportunities for the carving and satisfactory termination of a successful career than does the province of British Columbia, the prosperity of which traverses the paths of commerce, finance and industry at a pace that is progressive and sure to a degree unwonted. For the willing and the fit there is always something to do at a wage that will appeal, in this the premier province of the Dominion of Canada. Chronic grouchers and parasites there are few. Everyone in the province of British Columbia is too busy courting activity and prosperity to pay the slightest attention to the indolent, all of whom rapidly migrate in search of sympathy elsewhere. Travel where one will in this wonderful land, where Nature's uses and beauties excel, no beggars will be found, not even in the largest city. Poverty there may be in isolated instances, but the people as a class are of too dignified a type to acknowledge misfortune's transient hold.

"No province of the Dominion of Canada," said Sir Richard McBride, Prime Minister of the province, at the annual banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Vancouver, B. C., 22nd September, 1910, "possesses in itself such a wealth and diversity of natural resources as British Columbia, and all in the initial stages of development."

British Columbia has gold, platinum, silver, copper, lead, zinc, asbestos, diamonds, anthracite and bituminous coal. Its mines have produced since their inception \$397,409,466 and 300,000 square miles of mineralized ground are not yet prospected. The production for 1911 amounted to \$23,211,816.

British Columbia has 26,000,000 acres of standing merchantable timber capable of yielding over two hundred and forty million feet without allowing for new growth. Timber returns for 1911 were \$24,823,000.

British Columbia has 30,000,000 acres of rich agricultural, grazing and fruit lands hardly yet scratched. The returns for 1911 amounted to \$20,837,893, an increase of more than \$6,000,000 over the previous year.

British Columbia fisheries employ over twelve thousand men, and account for over thirty per cent. of the total catch of Canada. The value of 1911 catch was \$13,677,125, being an increase of \$5,677,125 over 1910.

British Columbia manufactures for 1911 added \$45,000,000 to the wealth of the province.

British Columbia's sum total of production in 1911, for mining, timber, agriculture, fisheries and manufactures amounted to \$127,549,834, an increase of \$26,677,125 over 1910. Its population of but 380,787 is most certainly enterprising and thrifty.

British Columbia already has over two thousand miles of railways in actual operation, and an even greater mileage is at the present time under actual construction and survey. Sir Richard McBride, the Prime Minister, recently stated in an interview that over \$100,000,000 would be spent in British Columbia within the next five years in actual railway construction.

British Columbia has the greatest supply of water power in Canada with the exception of the province of Ontario, which has the Niagara Falls. Millions of horse-power distributed all over the province are waiting to be harnessed up to turn the wheels of industry.

The foregoing is but a brief, cold statement of fact regarding the marvellous activities of a few more than 300,000 people, whose present-day accomplishments will down successive generations roll as wonder tales.

Long aeons ago, when the world was young, the sovereignty of the polar bear extended over the province of British

Columbia, and the face of mother earth was hidden by a sleeve of ice. On came the sun and released the glacier's frigid hold, steeped the land with melted snows for a thousand years or more, then coaxed the inland sea away, left beautiful lakes a few, and raging torrents that spread the richness of the mountain sides over the valleys and plains below. And that is the how and the why of the Salmon River Valley, which extends northward from the Nechaco and Fraser



A GOOD TRAIL, SALMON RIVER VALLEY



A FIELD OF OATS NEAR FORT SALMON

Rivers to where the southern slope of the Peace River country begins.

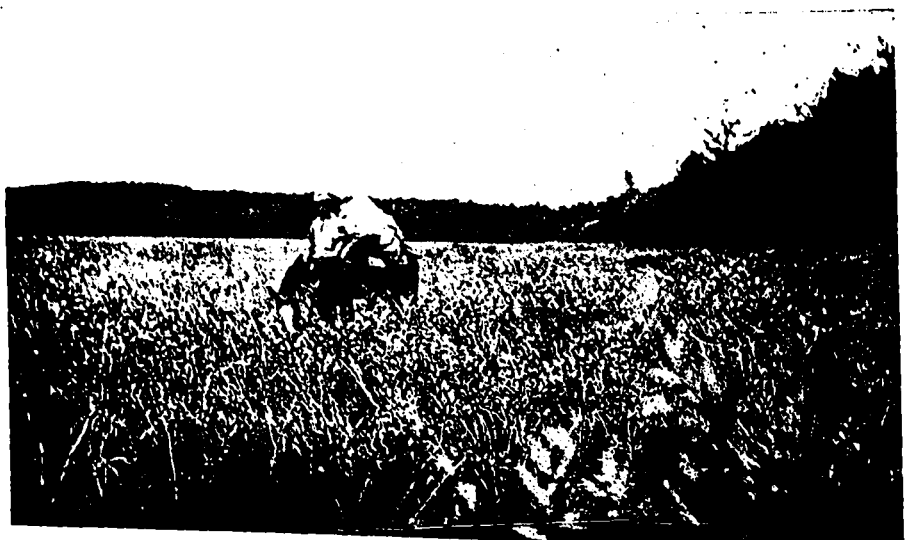
Many years ago this beautiful and wonderfully fertile valley was devastated by a fire which swept the ground of nearly all its heavy timber. Since then light thickets of poplar, spruce, balsam, willow and alder—very easily cleared off—have sprung up here and there and given to the landscape a decided park-like appearance. The open plains support such an amazing

growth of wild grasses, pea-vine, vetches, wild flowers and fruits that one needs no further proof of the fertility of the soil, which is a rich deposit of silt on a sub-soil of clay. Year after year a luxuriant vegetation has sprung up and flourished, only to perish with the coming of winter and bequeath its rich legacy of rotted verdure to fatten and further renew the fertility of the soil.

Game and wild fowl are plentiful all over the district. The rivers, lakes and streams

of clear, cool, sparkling waters teem with all sorts of edible fish.

The climate is delightful, extremes in



A RICH HAY MEADOW NEAR FORT SALMON



A VIEW OF THE SALMON RIVER VALLEY

temperature not being great. Summer days are warm, nights are cool. Diaries, religiously kept by Hudson's Bay Company officials for many decades back, contain no record of excessive rainfall nor lack of sufficient moisture. The almost continuous presence of the warm Chinook winds, which blow over from the Pacific Ocean through the Central British Columbia valleys, exert a wonderfully moderating effect upon what otherwise might have been a rigorous climate. The winter months are comparatively mild in comparison with those of the prairie provinces, and the season is much shorter. Live stock

1912 over three hundred actual settlers purchased land, the expenditure for which, with cost of buildings and equipment add-



BURNT-OVER LAND IN SALMON RIVER VALLEY

ed, amounted to over \$700,000. It is only a question of a very short time when the Salmon River country will be a thickly populated and prosperous community, adding greatly to the wealth of the province in general.

The townsite of Fort Salmon, situated on both sides of the Salmon River in the centre of the valley, about twenty miles north of Fort George, occupies the key position as a distributing point for the products of the soil, not only of



SPYING OUT THE SALMON RIVER VALLEY

the Salmon River Valley itself, but for those of the southern portion of the great Peace River country as well. The location of this townsite is unique. In fact, as a situation for a large and pretentious city it could hardly be duplicated in the whole province of British Columbia. The lay of the ground is such that the most excellent drainage facilities are afforded for a thoroughly efficient sanitary and sewerage system, than which nothing is more important to a young and growing city, ex-



SURVEYING PARTY IN THE SALMON RIVER VALLEY



A GOOD POTATO FIELD NEAR FORT SALMON

cept abundance of pure water. This Fort Salmon has, sufficient for all time to come.

Railway transportation will soon be afforded to all settlers throughout the whole valley surrounding Fort Salmon. Already the B. C. and Alaska Railway has a line surveyed right through from Fort George to Summit Lake, three or four miles to the northward. It is the intention to continue operations on this line early this spring. Several other railway lines having

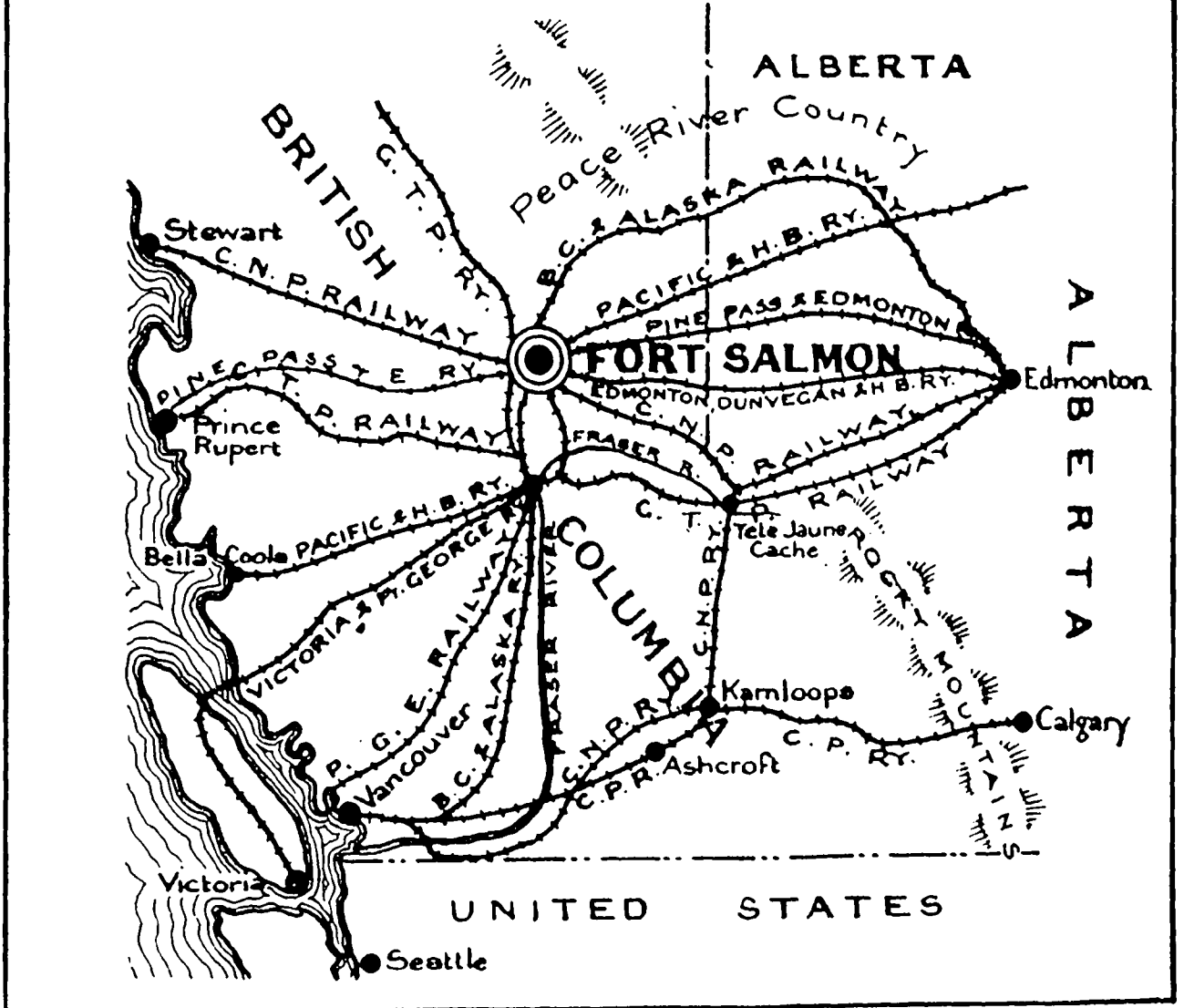
charters to build from Alberta to the Pacific coast will also pass through, as, owing to the general contour of the country, they can hardly do otherwise in order to secure minimum grades. One line in particular, the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, has about seventy-five miles of steel laid out of Edmonton, Alberta, and will continue its construction work with the utmost despatch during the coming season.

The great valleys of British Columbia are the great opportunities of today. British Columbia everywhere spells success. It is



VEGETABLES GROWING NEAR FORT SALMON

— Map of —
— BRITISH COLUMBIA, —
 shewing Existing & Projected Railways.



MAP INDICATING POSITION OF FORT SALMON IN RELATION TO OTHER CENTRES

going ahead at a pace that makes the whole world gasp with wonder. Many of those who cannot grow up in this wonderful country are becoming intimately identified with it by letting their money grow up with it. To invest money in British Columbia today when prosperity is young,

means the amassing of great wealth in the future. The great Astor fortune was made by investing in New York real estate in the early days, and the great fortunes of Canada will undoubtedly be accumulated in the same way, in the greatest, grandest province of the Dominion—British Columbia.



Municipal Markets in British Columbia

ONE OF the reasons for the cost of living in British Columbia is the high prices paid for farm produce. It is quite true that comparatively little farm produce is raised and that is one reason for the elevated prices. Another reason for the soaring prices is the profits gained by the middlemen.

The middleman buys cheap from the farmer and sells dear to the consumer. He does a perfectly legitimate, legal business, and **IT IS THE FAULT OF THE COMMUNITY**, and not his fault, that he continues to flourish. That old, respected and ever-present military gentleman, "General Apathy," is responsible for the present condition of things as respects the middleman, and until the people, irrespective of party, compel a different state of affairs, prices will continue to "sky-rocket" as of yore.

As a householder (by proxy) in Victoria I know the beetling prices I pay for butter, eggs, milk, meat, vegetables, etc. As a farmer (by brevet) member of the Colwood & Metchosin Farmers' Institute, I know the modest prices the farmers get, generally speaking, for their produce. Who pays the freight? The farmer yields his tribute at the counters of the middleman. The city or town customer yields his tribute at the same place.

A favorite style of "possum" trap is one open at both ends, with a bait in the middle. Either way the unsuspecting animal comes he touches the bait and both doors fall and entrap him. This kind of a trap catches the "possum" either "a-comin' or a-goin'." The middleman system catches two "possums," the producer and consumer, and gets them either "a-comin' or a-goin'."

And hence and therefore, the only way to reduce prices for meat, milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, fruit and all sorts of farm produce is to **ELIMINATE THE MIDDLEMAN**—not with anger nor impatience, but with even temper and inexor-

able determination. It is better for at least seven-eighths of the population, both country and city, that he should go. Ergo, go he must if relief is to be had. If not, dance to the music he plays, and be sportsman-like enough not to complain when the remedy is in your own hands.

To simplify matters, let us leave out of the discussion the question of produce packed for export. There the dealers who send the stuff forward, and the railways and steamships, are vital necessities to the disposal of the goods. This article aims to deal with local conditions in and around all the main towns and cities of British Columbia.

The solution to much of the waste cost—that is, the toll taken from the farmer, and the profit exacted from the consumer—is **THE MUNICIPAL MARKET**. If you do not believe this, investigate. Ask the people of New Westminster for instance.

Municipal markets carried on with rigid precautions as to sanitation and conducted on business lines, will both add to the farmers' profits and give lower prices to the consumer. With a dozen near-by districts competing on the open market for trade there will be no hard-and-fast rule as to prices, but real competition, and in this way the consumer will benefit. With no commission to pay to a middleman the farmer can afford to sell cheaper, **AND YET MAKE A MUCH LARGER PROFIT THAN WHEN HE DEALT THROUGH THE MIDDLEMAN**.

Besides, tons of produce which the middleman will not handle because not up to the highest grade will be readily bought at the market by people glad enough to get good produce, which does not come up to mere fancy grades. Thousands of bushels of second and third-grade fruit rot on the ground each year in British Columbia because the demand and the grades are mainly for first-class fruit. And yet the second



THE MARKET SQUARE, NEW WESTMINSTER

and third-grade fruit is practically as good for baking, preserving, making jams and sauces of, and for drying, and for the making of jellies, and for cooking purposes. The farmer would have no waste fruit and no waste vegetables.

The local market will take care of every pound produced from the farms. Again, the roads here on Vancouver Island are so good that transportation can be had both by wagons and motors, and once more the farmer saves money by the local municipal market. A small charge can be made for the stalls in such a market, and meat and fish stalls can be stationed in one end and on one side of the market. Such a market should be concreted, with gutters, and nightly flushed with salt water, driving the garbage to the doors, thence to be taken seaward and dumped. All stands should be open at either end and made to set on wooden blocks placed lengthwise, so that the process of flushing should be thorough and quickly done.

The exclusion of all Oriental gardeners should be one of the basic principles of the scheme. Telephonic communication with all parts of a town or city, and horse and auto delivery free, should be adjuncts of the market. Wagon distribution to those

parts of a town not supplied with telephones should be another feature thoroughly provided for. It would soon be found that the district or the farmers supplying the best produce for the most reasonable prices would be doing the best business. It would also be found that there would be, before long, crowds going to the market; and, doubtless, even some of our most select citizens and citizenesses would not disdain to step occasionally from superbly-appointed limousines to the market and renew memories of early days on the farm.

"But," says our good friend Solomon Don Dunce, "wouldn't the farmers raise the prices if they got a chance?"

"Certainly they would, Solomon, but if there were 200 farmers competing for custom, from different districts, and all with different conditions under which they are raising stuff, the chance for their being satisfied with a fair profit is better than where a few middlemen handle the entire output!"

Another thing: with the market municipally controlled rents could be governed by the town or city. If the farmers tried to take undue advantage rents could be raised on them, as the leases could be made from month to month, as a check to price-

raising. Mind you, I am not picturing the farmer as sprouting wings on both shoulders. He wants and will get as much as he can for his produce, but I am certain he will meet the people of the towns and cities half-way if the markets are inaugurated.

A municipal market in any city is a splendid advertisement to bring in residents, and a first-class advertisement to enquiring agriculturists. Market gardeners and small farmers need to sell ALL, not a part of what they produce. Berry crops that have suddenly ripened, fruit which has matured quickly and needs to be sold soon, all this can be profitably marketed with a municipal market at hand, where rail or boat transportation means rotting, discarding, loss. And the profit is one FOR BOTH PRODUCER AND CONSUMER. Don't forget this most important fact.

"But," says our friend Don Dunce, still unconvinced, "we had a market ten years

ago, and the ladies wouldn't patronize it." They would now, Don, with middlemen's prices of 50 to 60 cents a pound for butter, 45 to 90 cents a dozen for eggs, 15 cents a quart for milk, most vegetables imported and "dead in the shell" on arrival, and the native cucumber almost as immune from molestation as the sacred cow of India. Besides, ten years ago a lot of the people raised their own vegetables. Afterwards they sold their acres to enterprising optimists who re-sold at a price where a front foot brought about as much as an old-time acre.

The municipal market is not in the nature of an experiment. It is as old as civilization. It can be made successful if it is properly launched. It is absolutely certain to make living conditions as to prices for farm produce better in British Columbia, if for no other reason than the fact that they could not possibly be worse.

Ernest McLaughlin

In Snowland

By R. F. ADAMS

"Who dwell in those palaces gleaming,
In caves of the sunken snow?"
Little Marjorie said to me dreaming,
"Who dwell in those palaces gleaming,
They look so sweet and beseeching."—
Till I'd answer she'd trouble me so.
"Who dwell in those palaces gleaming,
In caves of the sunken snow?"

"There's a Snowland happier gleaming,
Far purer than purest snow."
I said to Marjorie beaming,
There's a Snowland happier gleaming—
And the golden sunset came streaming,
And Marjorie seemed to know
"There's a Snowland happier gleaming,
Far purer than purest snow."

Sea Room

By A. N. ST. JOHN MILDMAY, M.A.

Sea-room! Sea-room! Vancouver, child of the sea:
We have left the shore where the breakers roar, and the rocks and shallows be:
We are steering straight with our human freight wherever the fates decree,
And many a town of old renown our harbinger shall be,
But there's never an one like thee,
Vancouver, child of the sea,
Never a city like thee!

*Sea-room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*

Sea-room! Sea-room! Out of the forest gloom
She hath hewn her way to the light of day where the peaceful gardens bloom
And the toils and tears of her pioneers, from Fraser to Nicolum,
O'er the trail they blazed this monument raised to last till the crack of doom—
Vancouver, mart of the nations,
A city of sure foundations,
Guest of the generations!

Sea-room! Sea-room! for the vessel's close-packed hold,
Flying the flag of England, is freighted with wealth untold.
We were nursed on the breast of our Middle West, and the fruit of their husbandry,
Hoard upon hoard is laid abroad at the wharves by the western sea.

*Sea-room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*

Sea-room! Sea-room! for the Empire wakes from sleep,
And her finger-tips are athrob with ships, the Vikings of the deep:
From the Austral strand, and Newfoundland, the Table Mountain steep;
And, first on the page of the New North Age, Canada tryst doth keep:

All of one speech, hurrah!
Motherland, Canada,
States of Australia:

Christ of the clustered crosses—Andrew, Patrick and George—
Christ of the starry spaces, bless the new links we forge:
Peace, with her olive pennon, heralds your going forth,
Vancouver, star of the evening, Canada, stripe of the north.

*Sea-room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:
For West is East, and East is West, in the Commonwealth to be,
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*

Sea-room! Sea-room! for we've got the world in tow
From the seaports five of our Western hive and our archipelago,
And the world's our friend, world without end; yet, if ever the thunder breaks,
Sisters all we shall stand or fall, for Canada, Bride of the Lakes,

Whose hurricane voices blend
With Ocean, the bridegroom's friend,
Canada vowed to defend!

Sea-room! Sea-room! When the raven-twilight falls,
And we pass to the Happy Islands from our wooded, world's-end walls,
Wolfe's welc'ming call, Montcalm's "Well done," shall be borne on the west'ring
breeze,

We shall ask no more for the love we bore to Vancouver, Queen of the Seas!

*Sea-room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*



OLD HAZELTON, FOR-FORTY YEARS A HUDSON'S BAY TRADING CENTRE. ACROSS THE BULKLEY IS THE SITE OF SOUTH HAZELTON,
THE NEW G. T. P. CITY

South Hazelton

THE GATEWAY TO THE LAST NORTHWEST

By G. C. MacLeod

THE residents of the picturesque old town of Hazelton, situated at the confluence of the Skeena and Bulkley Rivers and almost at the head of Skeena River navigation, have at last obtained the transportation facilities on the Grand Trunk Pacific that they have been fighting for so long.

Hazelton has been the most important Hudson's Bay trading post in the interior of British Columbia, probably, for the last forty years. It has, therefore, always been a fur-trading centre of considerable importance, like every other Hudson's Bay post in Western Canada. But, in addition, it has been an outfitting and congregating point for prospectors and miners, and for agricultural settlers, tourists and others.

During all these years it has struggled along without a railway, for the reason that there was no railway anywhere near it. But when the dream of a new all-Canadian transcontinental became a live topic of discussion and a policy of government, the people of Hazelton looked toward the future and considered their city as the city of destiny in the northwestern interior of the province of British Columbia.

But fate decreed the choice by the G. T. P. of the south banks of the Bulkley and Skeena—the "thin bands of rust" did not enter the old town and put it on the highway of national and international commerce. For geographical reasons old Hazelton was sidetracked, as it were, but for the same reasons the main line had to be built near it, and it was—immediately across the river.

In the meantime townsite promoters and others, knowing the strategic location of Hazelton and that there would have to be an important city on the G. T. P. in that district, had picked out locations for the new city. Various townsites with various names were surveyed and offered for sale in lots varying in width from 25 feet up-

wards in almost every direction from the original town.

But none of these appealed particularly to the residents of Hazelton or the prospectors and settlers of the district. Even the location at first chosen by the land department of the Grand Trunk Pacific—Lot 699, and known as Ellison—did not fill the bill. Adjacent to the old town—right across the river—was a beautiful site for a town, which was not only ideal for a new city, but nearer old Hazelton than any of the others proposed. The residents could not understand why this site was not chosen. In the meantime the situation was confusing and unsettled—the Ellison townsite was not materializing, and the others could not get local support.

In August, 1911, Mr. E. J. Chamberlain, then general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, in the course of an inspection of the line, visited Hazelton. The business men of the town then and there got in touch with him and made the situation clear. After a personal investigation, Mr. Chamberlain invited Mr. G. U. Ryley, land commissioner of the railway, to visit Hazelton and look into the situation at first hand.

On Mr. Ryley's arrival in Hazelton the question was gone into again with the business men, and negotiations were opened up with the owners of the property between the line of railway and the old town. Mr. Ryley agreed with the citizens to locate a station on the southeast corner of Lot 9, known as the Mission property. This was the nearest possible point to the old town at which a station could be erected, and Mr. Ryley, for his company, also acquired Lot 851 as the official G. T. P. townsite and had it registered as South Hazelton.

In this way was answered the question often asked by investors and those looking for virgin opportunities all over the country, "What will be the large city in the



1—PEAS IN GARDEN NEAR SOUTH HAZELTON. 2—STRAWBERRIES GROWN ON THE SKEENA—NOTE THEIR SIZE. 3—FARM SCENE NEAR SOUTH HAZELTON—ROCHER DE BOULE MOUNTAINS IN BACKGROUND. 4—PREPARING FOR THE HARVEST NEAR HAZELTON.

Hazelton district and the first important point on the main line of the G. T. P. east of Prince Rupert?" The answer came simultaneously with the choice of South Hazelton as the official G. T. P. townsite.

When one studies the great riches of the Hazelton district and its other advantages of scenery and climate it is by no means hard to understand why the choice of a city site at Hazelton, the natural distributing point, is considered to be of such momentous importance to the people of the district and to those who intend to go there.

Even if there were no other resources except the anthracite coal in the Groundhog Mountains, the prospects for a good city would be extraordinary. These coal fields are claimed to be—and as far as is known are—the only anthracite ones in Canada or in Western North America. As South Hazelton is on the main line of Canada's newest transcontinental railway and the nearest point on it to these coal fields, it is really a potential Pittsburg—indeed, it has more now than Pittsburg had one hundred years ago.

The other source of motive power—electricity—can also be made plentiful at South Hazelton, for in the Bulkley and other streams there annually runs to waste hundreds of thousands of horse-power of potent electricity in the shape of running and falling water. Even now arrangements are being perfected for the installation of an electric light and power plant to supply the new city, as well as water and other conveniences.

The valleys and meadows of the Hazelton district are sufficient in fertility and area to provide farms for thousands of fruit-growers, mixed farmers and ranchers, and food for millions, when taxed to their capacity. On the Upper Skeena and its tributary streams strawberries thrive as in few other places in the world, and their quality is on a par with their size. Apples also do exceptionally well, and although they have not been grown extensively as yet, their flavor is said to be the finest, and there is no doubt at all that the climate is well suited not only for apples but for plums, pears and other fruits. The Kootenays a few years ago were not regarded as fruit-growing sections, but today

fruit land sells at as high as \$500 an acre. Land regarded as just as good in every respect can be obtained in the Hazelton district today for a mere fraction of that price.

But probably the greatest industry of all in the Hazelton district will be mining. Besides the anthracite coal fields of the Groundhog district there are numerous silver, lead and other mines in actual operation and ready to ship. For one, the Silver Standard, in close proximity to South Hazelton, an offer of one million dollars was made and refused by the owners. Copper and gold are also abundant in the district.

The fish and game of the Hazelton district, its scenery, its remarkably healthful and bracing climate, its long summer days and the wonderful attraction of the north, and other things which will make South Hazelton a city unique even in the Glorious West. Indeed, the explorer and the fur-trader of early times will be succeeded by the tourist and the hunter and fisher as soon as the welcome G. T. P. is completed.

Taken altogether, it is hard to make anybody in the optimistic west believe that other than the metropolis of one of the potentially most important sections of Western Canada will develop at South Hazelton.

Those who have the sale and development of the townsite in hand also are apparently willing to back the faith that is in them, as an innovation will be introduced in connection with the sale of lots, whereby the extraordinary provision will be made that purchasers may at any time secure eighty per cent. of their money back during the life of the contract—in reality they will be putting their money into a security that promises exceptionally high profits, and at the same time they may get eighty per cent. of it back at any time in spot cash, just as if deposited in the bank. This is a genuine guarantee, backed by the National Finance Company, Limited, of Vancouver, one of the strongest financial concerns in the province. Mr. W. J. Sanders, Leigh-Spencer Building, Vancouver, sole agent for the G. T. P. townsite, also personally stands behind this guarantee, which will assuredly have its effect on the lot sale.

Bush and Town

By O. D. Fleming

Now that so many are interested in the open pre-emptions of the coast portion of British Columbia, it will be of interest to draw a word picture of the building of a home in the bush.

The general demand is for land along the coast convenient to Vancouver. The majority wish to combine the advantages of the farm with the advantages of being near the future "Greater Vancouver." Those who succeed in this are lucky as the open land is nearly all taken along the coast. For the benefit of those who have never lived in the bush this article will deal exclusively with the obstacles to be overcome.

The first question to confront the would-be pre-emptor is, "what difficulty will I have in projecting a road to my holdings." If his quarter-section is easy of access by established road he is conveniently situated; otherwise he must do much work in road building that gives no immediate money return, unless he can interest the local road foreman and get the promise of government assistance. This is often done; the settler waiting until the next year for his money, which is taken from that year's appropriation, and charged to current expenses.

If a settler is intelligent he can interest the Department of Public Works, in Victoria, and get assistance if his case is a deserving one. The Department of Public Works are most liberal in this respect if they are confident of the bona-fide intention of the petitioner.

Should the new settler be situated far from the established road or roads, he must combine the art of surveying with the art of choosing and blazing a way through thick and heavy timber. In fact, he must be somewhat of a cruiser, or requisition the assistance of some old-timer.

His road or trail once established, he can pack over it with ease, or better still, he can use a horse and pack-saddle, thereby

getting in his season's grub-stake with very little trouble. Then he is confronted with the building of a home.

Most prairie newcomers start in using the old style pole-axe, until they find from experience that a double-bitted axe of the falling style is trebly effective and bites into the timber with ease. Then, and only then, they will admit the superiority of that dangerous-looking weapon—the double-bitted axe—the lumberman's friend.

It is a temptation for the newcomer in the bush to regulate his building ideas with his knowledge of log structures. The timber is so convenient; the long lithe trees are so promising of good effect that he is apt to plan a building too large to build personally and alone—the result is that he will be forced to hire help. The sensible way is to plan your house with a good-sized kitchen attachment. Build your kitchen first, and you can add to any time you are at liberty.

There are two styles of log houses to build: the upright wall and the horizontal wall. In building the upright a plate is used at the top of the uprights, and mud sills are placed beneath. This system has its advantages if a man is working alone, as he can build a higher wall and not use any longer timber than the height of his wall with the exception of the mud sills and plates, and as there are only eight of these in all he can plan to use the timber where he makes his first slashing for the house site. The horizontal building is more quickly built, but will not allow of as many openings for light as the upright. Every hole cut in the horizontal wall weakens it, while the more windows and doors in the upright strengthens it, because the space above the door is filled with horizontal pieces which are nailed solidly to the uprights, and in the case of the windows the space at both the top and bottom is treated in that manner, strengthening the whole building.

The settler in the bush can build his house without any expense aside from nails and windows. He makes his own roof by riving shakes (rough shingles) from the cedar timber. These shakes will shed rain better than sawn shingles, and are mostly placed about eighteen inches to the weather. The first attempt at riving shakes may be discouraging, but never say die. If the timber bites in at the bottom, try another tree. If it is stringy, keep hunting. You will learn eventually to pick unerringly the good riving trees. The land in the bush is fenced with cedar pickets made similarly to the shake, but longer. These are nailed on the small horizontal fence poles in an upright position and sharpened at the upper end. The deer will not jump an upright, especially if it is pointed.

The ridge and ceiling poles in the house should be chosen with care, and only the perfectly straight ones used. This will keep your shakes level and avoid unnecessary weather openings in the roof. Keep the roof projection well out on both ends and sides; it keeps the rain from beating in on your walls and loosening the plaster or mossing, as the case may be.

In plastering the building both ordinary clay or plaster is used, but in the majority of cases moss is calked into the fissures between the logs and makes a good warm substitute. But plaster is preferable, as the moss is a big invitation to spiders.

Now for flooring and doors. If you are really hard up you can make both from the cedar timber by planing down smooth; but if you can afford it get a few hundred feet of shiplap. It saves much toil and is more satisfactory in every way. Do not fail to provide plenty of windows for your house, both large and small—the small ones to be fitted into the upper part of your doors. There is nothing as depressing and discouraging as a dark home. Lights are cheap.

Admitting your house is completed, you must then dig a well. This is an easy matter on the coast; but as soon as the well is dug you must clear a space for garden. This is not so easy, as you must get the stumps out. If you have a little capital it facilitates matters, as stumping powder is a powerful agent, and the best and quickest way to commit suicide if you are foolish enough to disregard instructions

—otherwise it is comparatively safe. You must first fall your timber, and if you are wise you will fall it in wind rows as it burns much more readily when fallen that way. In fact that is the only position in which it will burn up. If you intend logging it, which is the more speedy way of getting it disposed of, you should have a one-man saw—about four and one-half or five feet long. It is much handier for one man to use than a cross-cut, unless he is an old hand at the game.

Your trees disposed of, you must next attack the stumps. If you are using powder do not be afraid to get well under the roots of the stump. If your powder is placed so as to give the explosion its force against the roots instead of simply blowing the dirt away it will take the stump out clean. You will soon learn to use just the effective amount to each stump.

When the stumps are disposed of, it is best to dig the whole area up and level off at the time before the weeds get a start. Every newly-opened space in the bush has "the seed in itself" to start all kinds of weeds and wild berries. Immediate stirring of the entire space keeps these down.

Do not expect big crops the first year. The land is in the sour stage. If you can get fertilizer for your garden space and have the space cleared so that the sun can warm the earth, you can depend on a good crop—not otherwise. If your garden is chosen in a piece of meadow mix the gravel soil with the meadow loam. This makes it porous and admits of heat penetrating deep enough to encourage growth, and good results are got in this way.

Let anyone opening a bush farm remember that the soil is not in a productive shape when first denuded of timber. The ground must be worked and the surrounding bush cut away to allow of light and warmth. The land on which timber stands is never warm. Even in the hottest day in summer you find the cool spots in the timber.

Flowers. The newcomer should not neglect the flowers, which grow for such long periods and so luxuriantly on the coast. They are the bright spots where the bush and rambling roses grow in profusion. The initial cost of shrubs and roses is very little, and, like old wine, they increase in value and beauty with age.

When your garden spot is completed you find demand for more clearing, and it is through industry that one farm is so much more valuable than another. Choose carefully the location for your first endeavor, and you will find that the starting is the worse part of the game. The cleared space keeps broadening. The orchard and small fruits begin to bear, the garden produces all kinds of vegetables, and the living is assured.

You want to be close to the city. You will occasionally visit the metropolis and blow some of your surplus cash with the consoling reflection: "Well, that is where I am going to market my produce as soon as we get our wharf."

There was—remember "was"—an impression a few years ago that British Columbia fruit was not equal to that of Ontario. It was like lots of other impressions—fog on the brain.

Gladstone and His Dogs

THERE were always several dogs at the beautiful home of William Ewart Gladstone at Hawarden, who walked with the great man in his rambles over vale and hill and slept at his feet as he studied and wrote.

Petz was a black Pomeranian and was Gladstone's constant companion for the last ten years of his life. "In the dining-room," says a writer in the *Strand Magazine*, "he expected his biscuit from the master's hand. In the drawing-room he reposed before the fire in social mood; at St. Deniol's library, when Mr. Gladstone sat reading in the corner and no one dared disturb him, Petz, when he considered that the horses must be kept in waiting no longer, pushed his little cold nose against his master's hand, and suggested an immediate adjournment of the sitting. Petz's vitality and energy seemed inexhaustible."

When Mr. Gladstone was nearing his end he was urged to go for the winter to Cannes, in the south of France, and Petz was sent to the home of his daughter, Mary, the wife of the Rev. Henry Drew, where he could romp with the bright little granddaughter, Dorothy, but the faithful creature could not be pacified. He pined for his master, he refused to eat, and was returned to Hawarden the very day, March 3, that Mr. Gladstone came back. It was too late, however, to save the broken-hearted creature, who died of grief.

Gladstone took particular care to give

his pets a respectable burial and had a dog's cemetery on his estate not far from Hawarden Castle. Here Petz lies buried. "A great old oak overshadows the spot," we are told, "the ruins of the old castle are seen on the opposite hill, and down in the dale the rapid stream is gurgling its way along towards the waterfall and the fish ponds."

There are quite a number of small mounds in the Hawarden dogs' burial-ground, and over each of them is placed a simple granite stone with an inscription. One of these stones, the largest, dates back more than thirty years. It was placed there in 1878 in memory of three favorite dogs, who died within a few weeks of each other, and are buried there.

Aside from Petz, one grave is marked "Toby, 1881," which was a little dog and a great pet of the ladies of the household; "Peggy, 1884," is engraved on another, and still a third, "Sheila, died July 7, 1886." Sheila, it seems, was one of the biggest dogs that ever was made a pet of at Hawarden Castle, and the animal was more or less treacherous, for it is noted that "everybody was afraid of the creature."

The headstone of Petz bears this inscription: "Petz, born at Schwakbach, 1886; died at Hawarden, March 27, 1898. Mr. Gladstone's favorite dog. Faithful unto death."

Over the Divide

By D'O. Rochfort

WHENEVER we hear the term "Divide" we think of some great separating force, some power that keeps us out, or locks us in, a force only to be overcome by great strength and endurance. When we are told of crossing the "Divide," we imagine giddy mountain tops rising to meet the clouds, or that someone has gone to a region far beyond, from which he may return only after struggling again "over the Divide." Then again, what a wealth of curiosity is aroused by the fact that some great new country lies behind the mountains, a country that is hard to get at, where there are riches to be won, new sights to be seen, and the sense of being where few, if any, have preceded us.

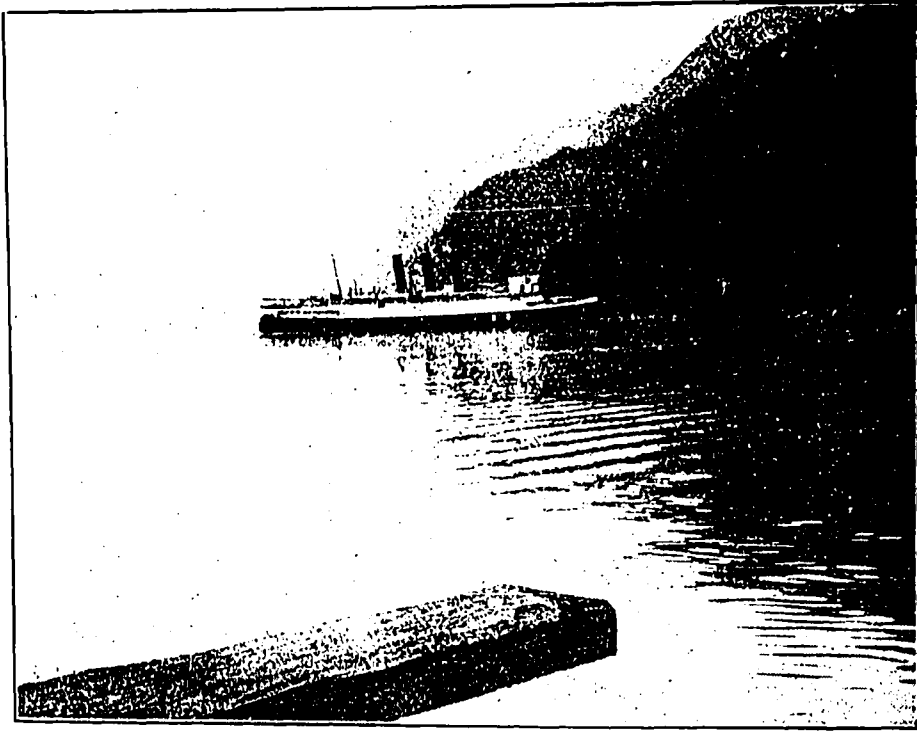
Someone once said of British Columbia that she is a "sea of mountains." But can there be a sea of mountains without a sea of valleys? Much has been written of the magnificent mountain scenery, the tremendous mineral wealth of the mountains, the millions of feet of timber that stand on the mountain slopes, thousands of horse-power in the mountain streams. The heart and voice of the seer went out to the magnificence of the steeps, and their tremendous distances; he saw the snows of the towering peaks, the sun glint on distant seas, the heaven-aspiring trees. So large was his vision and so drawn by beauty that he scanned only the eminences and overshot the depths. He did not see the hollows in the hills, those marvelous valleys, untouched, many of them, by the hand of man, which yet can grow the foods for a world empire.

In a word, he saw from his height a picture no artist could paint, but he did not see the empire that is waiting—all-sufficient, all-providing, furnished forth with all that is or ever can be needed to make the homeland of a whole people.

What of the many smiling valleys that



ANTHRACITE COAL EXPOSURES, GROUNDHOG MOUNTAIN, UPPER NAAS



S.S. PRINCE GEORGE AT THE HEAD OF PORTLAND CANAL.

few that are fast becoming known, for their rich soil and mild climate, there are the Bulkeley, the Nechaco, the Naas, the Kispiox, and a host of smaller ones leading into these and each bringing down its weight of replenishing richness and unbridled power.

Perhaps the most important, and, without doubt, the largest of these is the valley of the Naas. Reports from no lesser source than the Deputy-minister of Agriculture give this valley an area of 250,000 square

nestle in between? It is to these valleys that the land-hungry hordes of settlers that are coming every year to our province must look for their homes. There is room for them all, only they must cross the Divide.

The mountains that surround these valleys are only the shell that encloses the nut, not placed there to keep the kernel ever from use but to nourish it at the early stages of its growth and to protect it from harm, till the time shall come when it is to be opened and the fruit laid bare. Just as the nut is nourished by the shell, so are the valleys nourished by the rich soil that is washed from the mountains surrounding them, and as the nut remains protected by its shell, so the mountains of British Columbia stand guard over her rich valleys till the time comes for the pioneer to find his way "Over the Divide" into the fertile lowlands beyond.

Nor are the valleys small either in extent or number. To name but a

miles of land suitable for agriculture. Though for years this great extent of farm land was known of vaguely, it was not until the year 1910 that a few prospectors crossed the Divide from the Bear River Valley, at the head of Portland Canal, and found the way that was to become the gate-



PRIMITIVE TRANSPORTATION ON LAKE MEZIADEN



RAW LAND IN THE NAAS VALLEY—NOTE THE LIGHT TASK OF CLEARING

way to one of this province's largest and richest areas suitable for settlement.

It is not often in British Columbia that the rich interior valleys are so easy of access as is the Naas. The entire coast is bounded by a high, rugged, and all but impassable mountain range, through which the interior is reached only by the gorges by which the rivers make their way to the coast. In the south there is the Fraser; in the north the Skeena; and both of these are today under the metals of the railways. The Canadian Pacific Railway follows the Fraser. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway reaches tidewater at Prince Rupert at the mouth of and by way of the Skeena. The third portal, opening from the world's greatest highway, the sea, is the Portland Canal, which cuts the coast range for a distance of nearly one hundred miles, not with a fast-running mountain torrent, such as the Fraser and the Skeena, but with a wide, deep-sea waterway, up which the largest ocean-going vessels may safely sail right through the heart of the giant peaks of the coast range to the very gateway to the tremendous valley empire of the interior.

At the head of the Portland Canal is a wide valley. It is a continuation of the same tremendous rift in the mountains, but the rich silts washed down to the sea by the Bear River have lifted its level above the waters of the canal.

At the lower end of this valley, facing straight down the Portland Canal, is situated the city of Stewart, which is destined to play the same part, as port of entry for the great northern interior, that Vancouver has and is playing for the southern.

At a distance of some fourteen miles up the Bear River valley, on each side of which the peaks of the coast range rise to the height of six and eight thousand feet, the valley takes a turn to the east, and the real trip over the "Divide" commences. The Bear River, which up to this point has been a swift-running stream, commences to take on the features of a mountain torrent; the valley narrows till one might toss a stone from side to side. At the height of 1,500 feet the stream has dwindled to a brilliant flashing ribbon, and the Bear River glacier is reached, disclosing the perennial source of this unharnessed power, now of no utility, which goes plunging on its course to the valley below; then up a winding trail a short distance, and the top of the Divide is reached!

The first impression is one of surprise at the shortness of the climb; at the low level of the Divide: On all sides the mountains tower, apparently no nearer at hand than when viewed from Stewart.

Can it be that the Divide is reached? Where those giddy heights? Where that lift into the ether 'gainst which we have girded? Surely there is more; the toil is



INDIAN FAMILY'S TEMPORARY CAMP AT NAAS

not begun! But the trail descends, and ahead are only hills, the low-rolling inner ramparts to the mighty land of the north. The rough rocky slopes of the coast side of the range have fallen away to wooded hills; jack pine and hard hack are replaced by cottonwood and willow. As the descent is made the traveling becomes easier; the valley of the Beaver River widens, and the stream runs less riotously; large meadows are passed, treed with birch and alder.

On rounding a low hill a spectacle that alone is worth the entire trip claims the eyes! Stretching away to the south and east, winding its way among the low-lying hills, lies gem-like Meziaden Lake, one of the most beautiful of British Columbia's many beautiful lakes. And here the trail ends; there is hardly need that it go farther, for the great valley of the Naas is laid out before the land "staker" and the prospector, who will after give place to the settler and farmer—the seeker for home. The Divide has been crossed!

Pages might be written of the riches of this great valley—its game; its soil; its easy accessibility; its climate, equal to if not better than that of the Kootenays.

It does not call for a great stretch of imagination to picture what will be the result when the projected line of the Canadian North-Eastern has crossed the Divide and brings transportation facilities into this region so rich in natural resources?

It is indeed a gripping sensation to stand on the sandy shores of Meziaden Lake and look about. On the west the lifting peaks of the coast range shut out the heavy rains that are so prevalent on the sea slopes. To the east and south, as far as can be seen, there is an unobstructed range of low-rolling hills, smiling meadows, miles upon miles of deep black soil watered by the Naas and its many tributaries and studded with small lakelets, each with its fringe of cottonwoods and birch, giving place on the higher ground to spruce and balsam.

Instinctively, then, the eye and the mind



A CHURCH PIONEER IN THE WOODS OF STEWART

turn again to the "Divide," with the realization that only one short day's walk away is the harbor at the head of Portland Canal, and compared with all this immensity, only a stone-throw away, is the inevitable railway, ready to mount the hill and bring the plowshare to turn the riches of the wilderness.

And the railway is inevitable! Were it not already chartered, it still must be pushed either over the low divide, or by tunnel under it, for on the other side and—as railway transportation is figured—only a short haul to tidewater, are the huge anthracite measures of the Ground-

hog district, the only anthracite deposits developed in all the Canadian West, and one of the only two in all the West, 'tween Panama and Cape Nome. These beds alone would compel railway construction, by the rich and inexhaustible freights they guarantee.

Hard coal alone has developed the wealth and population of many an empire. Couple the anthracite measures of Groundhog with the agricultural riches of the Naas and its tributary valleys and you have doubled the "pull" on the world that is hunting a home and has only to go over the "Divide" to find it.



OFF FOR A MAY-DAY UP BEAR RIVER—PARTY LEAVING STEWART

Old Majestic

A TALE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By H. Mortimer Batten

ONLY once have I seen a woodsman suffering from an attack of white panic, and that woodsman was Billy Ordish. It happened thus:

Flowing into the Kootenay River, to the northwest of Nelson City, extends the Whitefish Creek—a valley which for exquisite coloring and romantic grandeur of scenery would be hard to beat. It was on the banks of the Whitefish that Joe Templeton and I had erected our shanty, and cleared away sufficient of the bush to enable us to plant out something by way of a garden.

Thirty miles further in the wild Billy Ordish had knocked together his shanty, cleared away a scrap of bush, and was living his lynx-life amidst the black flies and mosquitos. It was seldom we saw him, except in the spring and the fall of the year, when, on his way to Nelson, he would call in for an hour or so to discuss year-old politics and listen to our gramophone.

But one morning, early in July, we were surprised to see a canoe speeding down the creek towards us. In the waist of the canoe sat a bronze-faced woodsman, and at either end, respectively, were a goat and a dog.

"It's Billy, all right," Joe observed, as the canoe drew near. "Must have been burnt out. Fires were burning up his way four days ago."

A minute later Billy beached his canoe at the foot of the clearing, and got out.

"Something wrong," speculated Joe. "He looks bad, and walks queer."

As Billy drew near he glanced up at us, and there certainly was a queer look about him. He was even more dishevelled than usual, and there was a wild expression in his eyes that I didn't like.

"Boys," he said presently, as we reached the shanty. "I know you think I'm away off, but I'm not. I want you to under-

stand right away that I aren't bughouse. I'm as sane as the Prime Minister, though you may not feel disposed to believe it when I tell you what I've come for. It won't be easy to believe."

He sat back and fixed us again with his keen gaze as though to fathom our thoughts. Neither of us spoke, and presently Billy held up his left arm. He jerked back his sleeve and exposed two hideous gashes just below the elbow.

"Bear scratches!" Billy informed us. "And grizzly bear at that. I've been mixed up with him near three weeks now, and last night I had to quit. I couldn't stick it any longer."

"Three weeks ago I saw bear marks round the shanty, and the goat seemed kind of skar't. I never thought for a moment that it was grizzly bears I was up against. Next morning, just before sunrise, Dago (the dog) starts sniffing under the door, and when I call him to me I feel that his back hair is standing straight on end. 'That's the bear,' says I, and getting up takes down the gun and quietly opens the door.

"Creeping round the back I heard something gnawing at the inside of a molasses hogshead, lying empty on its side. 'That's bear cub,' I told myself, and—never thinking it was grizzly I was up against—I crept up behind the hogshead and turned it up on end, the cub inside. 'That will do for him to go on with,' I told myself, thinking that I'd got him fair till daylight. I placed a weight on top of the hogshead to keep it down, and with the cub whining and whimpering inside turned back to the shanty.

"It served me right for taking too much as fact. Had it been a black bear, as I thought, all would have been well, and I shouldn't be sitting here now, but it wasn't.

"Just as I was nearing the door Dago

suddenly wheeled round, all fangs and bristles, and let forth a snarl that brought me to my senses with a jerk. It was still quite dark, but turning round I was just in time to see a great grey shape dart across the onion patch about forty feet away.

"'Mother bear!' I told myself, and stood still, rifle ready.

"But that brute was wise. It wheeled round and got behind me again, and I just had time to throw up my rifle and let blaze. The bear stopped, rolled over and sprawled across the ground at my feet—dead.

"Well, it was a grizzly right enough—a large female. As soon as it was light enough I set to work to strip off the pelt, stringing up the carcass between two trees near to the hut. While I was at it Dago suddenly spun round again, snarling and bristling. I reached down for the gun, when something hit me—sent me spinning, and I don't remember any more till I found myself lying on the ground, my arm and shoulder all done up, and rifle broken.

"'That's father bear!' I told myself, and limped into the hut, where I found Dago crouching under the bunk

"I was pretty bad for three or four days, and all the time I had an unpleasant suspicion that the male bear was still somewhere near. Neither Dago nor the goat would leave the shanty, and they both seemed terrible scared. Then I bethought myself of the cub, still under the hogshead, and going round to look for him found bear tracks everywhere—the whole clearing was trodden flat with them. Turning up the hogshead I found that the cub was dead, and left it where it lay, though something—probably the male bear—carried it away during the night.

"I knew now that I was up against it proper. That male bear meant getting his own back, and to make matters worse I was a sick man.

"I went down to the creek and got two buckets of water, then returned to the hut and prepared for the siege. Fever had already got hold of me.

"I ain't exactly enjoyed myself since then. Next night the bear came along and started gnawing at the door. He got one paw through before I could buck up enough strength to creep to it and stab at him. He came night after night, till it got on

my nevres, and I felt I could run and yell. If my gun had been right I might have finished him—but, well, I've been an almighty sick man, I can tell you."

Billy Ordish covered his face in his hands and sat very still. Joe and I looked at each other as much as to say, "Billy's been through the mill, and no mistake."

The wonder was that the brute had not finished him. We knew that Billy's story, couched in simple, straightforward language, conveyed but a small idea of the strain and anguish he had really suffered.

Well, we made Billy and his two faithful followers comfortable as best we could, and sent for Hal Hawthorn to look after him. Hal was a bit of a doctor, and a kinder-hearted fellow never stepped.

Now it happened that of all possible men, Grizzly Franklin was in the Whitefish Creek country just at this time. Grizzly Franklin was famed as a bear hunter from the Selkirks to the Snake. He had caught more bears than most men have ever seen—indeed, he made his living at this somewhat precarious profession.

When Hal brought the news of Franklin's proximity, we at once despatched an Indian with a note, and two days later the Indian returned, bringing the bear catcher with him.

Grizzly Franklin's eyes gleamed when he heard Billy's story, and the three of us—Franklin, Joe and I—decided to hit out up the creek next morning.

If ever I saw a sun-dried, hard-bitten, leather-skinned strip of humanity that strip was Grizzly Franklin. He gave one the impression of a steel spring, that might release itself and fly into the air at any moment. His head, clean shaven, was a mass of bony projections, and the skin on his face was like tightly stretched parchment. He was a mummy—a mummy of bone and fibre, but his eyes were by no means mummy-like. One saw, behind their humorous twinkle, that constant alertness and fierce independence of character that are the predominant charm of men of his stamp.

Before dawn, next morning, the shanty was astir. We took with us only our rifles, a light silk tent, ropes and chains, and a little grub. As the first streak of daylight shone over the hills we pushed the canoe from the little cedar landing

stage and set out on our long journey up stream amidst a storm of innuendoes from the assembly on the bank.

None of us knew the country, but Billy had drawn us a chart of the creek, by which we hoped to locate his clearing without difficulty. We made two portages on the way, and finally arrived at our destination just before sunset.

"We aren't going to camp here," said Franklin. "We'll just have a look round, then make camp down stream."

Accordingly we beached the canoe at the foot of the clearing, and scrambled ashore.

The first thing with which we collided was the carcass of the female grizzly. There it was, slung up between two trees, just as Billy had described. Wolves had devoured the lower portion, and a bobcat had done its best to gnaw it down from above, but the skin was still intact, and bore evidence to Billy's statement that it was an exceptionally fine bear.

Next we turned our steps towards the hut. Franklin was leading the way, and suddenly he stopped dead, gripped his rifle and peered all round.

"Look at that," he said quietly, pointing to the ground. "Looks fresh enough, doesn't it?"

In the soft green grass at his feet was a distinct footprint. It was clearly the mark of some animal, and so recently had it been made that the blades of grass were still springing back into position, blade by blade. A little further on was a second print, and a third, till finally the trail vanished into the darkness of the forest.

"That's Grizzly all right," said Franklin. "Bet he's watching us. Seems to have taken a distinct fancy to Billy's place."

He had, indeed. Nearing the shanty we found that the brute had succeeded in breaking a hole through the door large enough to admit his own capacious self. We lifted the latch and went in. The whole place was in ruins. Flour, sugar, rice, maple syrup, littered the floor in an unsavory mess. No spiteful human being could have broken up Billy's home more effectually.

"Wouldn't give much for the outfit," said Joe. "These bees are having a good feed, anyway."

They were. Scores of the insects had entered by the hole in the door, and were now mopping up the maple syrup that adhered to the floorboards.

"Let 'em alone," said Franklin. "Don't irritate them. Just watch which way they go."

The insects were flying in and out of the open door, and watching them closely we saw that they all came and went from the left of the shanty. We were not long in discovering the nest. It was a large one, and situated just at the edge of the bush.

"Luck's with us," said Franklin, with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. "The very thing we're wanting."

We lit a fire by the entrance of the nest, so that the bees would have to pass through the smoke on their way to and from it, and stood clear, watching the insects drop into the flames one by one, quicker than we could count them. In ten minutes or so we reckoned we had destroyed sufficient of the insects to enable us to take the nest with comparative ease. Very soon we had dug it out—a great luscious globe of honey—whereupon we lost no time in leaving the place, having all been stung enough to satisfy us.

It was rapidly getting dark, and there was no time to waste. Franklin told us to chop some light cedar stakes and nail them over the hole in the door—"just so that the bear can pull them away when he wants to," he added. He told us, too, to nail some stronger stakes over the window, "strong enough to keep him in," and to barricade the chimney.

In ten minutes or so we had made these preparations. It was nearly dark, and there was an unwholesome atmosphere about the place.

In the meantime Franklin had attached a stout rope to the top of the door on the outside, passing it through to the inside again by means of a space between the roughly hewn logs above the jamb. Thus, by pulling the rope from the inside, the door could at once be closed. Passing the rope over a beam which ran across the middle of the chamber he attached a heavy stone to the end of it—so that the stone, when suspended, hung about five feet from the ground in the very middle of the shanty. The weight of this stone was

sufficient to close the door in a fraction of a second.

Next, Franklin poured some of the honey into a bucket and attached the bucket to the rope, though slightly above the stone. The door was now thrust open, and the weight of the stone supported by a tripod of cedar sticks. A slight touch with the foot was sufficient to cause the tripod to collapse, and, of course, it would have been impossible for the bear to reach the honey without dislodging the stakes and causing the stone to fall, thus mechanically closing the door upon himself.

Having rigged up this contrivance, we beat a retreat to our canoe. A few strokes of the paddle sent the light craft ricocheting over the rapid creek, and for twenty minutes or so we forced our way through the thick underbrush, till we reached an open plateau, high up the incline, almost opposite Billy's shanty. It was getting lighter as the minutes passed, and the stars shone out in the cloudless sky. It was deathly still.

We were tired out, and as the night was warm did not trouble to make camp. We just rolled ourselves up in the blankets, and Franklin said he'd keep watch. He sat between us, his rifle across his knees, and I can see him now as I saw him when I dropped to sleep—a rugged, romantic figure in the twilight, standing out against the background of tree tops and sky.

I can remember, too, the scents that were adrift that night. They came from the balsam trees, from the miles and miles of dew-spangled forests, from the far-off bush fires in the north, and from all the vast chaos of woods and waters that stretched to the sky-line and beyond.

I must have slept for some hours when I awoke suddenly, Franklin's soft touch upon my arm. I saw his broad-brimmed sombrero against the sky above me, and sat up with a start. It was moonlight—almost as clear as day.

"He's there!" whispered Franklin. "I heard him sharpening his meat hooks against a tree somewhere near the clearing."

Joe wakened also, and we listened. About ten minutes later was heard a muffled report from across the valley.

Franklin rubbed his hands. "That's the

door, anyway," he muttered. "Whilst now—listen!"

We listened. Faint and far across the distance we heard a crackling, splintering sound, as of some powerful animal tearing away woodwork.

"He's opening up the hole in the door," I whispered excitedly. "He'll be out in less than no time. Why didn't you tell us to nail it up stronger? We should have had him then—first go off!"

Franklin grinned. "Then what should we have done?" he asked quietly. "Man alive, you don't know much about grizzlies. Rabbit catching is more your mark. Why, if that bear found himself fast in the shanty, he'd tear the whole place down before we could cross the creek."

"What's the game then?" I queried mildly.

Franklin was silent for a moment, then he said, "The bear goes tonight and finds out the trap. He sees how it works, and learns that it doesn't stand a fighting chance against him. He finds that he can go out straight away without even scratching himself. Tomorrow night he won't be so cautious. If all goes well he'll make a second visit and mop up the honey—thinking he's only got to escape when he's finished it. But *there* he may be wrong—savvee?"

Then I began to understand, and thereafter had sense enough not to doubt Franklin's wisdom.

Next morning we were awake in good time, Joe and I fed on bacon and flapjack, while Franklin munched his supply of raisins and looked happy. We spent the morning fishing and sprawling in the sun. About midday Franklin called us to arms.

"We'll just shape a course across the valley," he said, "and see how the land lies."

A few minutes later we entered Billy's clearing. With a wave of the hand Franklin indicated the mark of claws in the soft bark of a spruce tree near the shanty. There they were, great jagged rents in the bark, extending vertically for eight feet or more. There were the marks of teeth too, and I have learnt since that it is the habit of the male grizzly to leave these indications of his size and strength near to the scene of his activities. He stakes his claim, so to speak, and smaller

bears, passing by, have sense enough not to interfere.

The door of the hut was, of course, closed, and though we lifted the latch we found it impossible to open it, so loosened the rope. The laths we had nailed over the hole in the door had been torn away, and many of them had been bitten violently in two. But it charmed us most to find that the honey was gone, and that the bear had not sustained so bad a fright as to spoil his appetite.

"The sooner we're out of this the better," said Franklin. He drew a bottle of whisky, hitherto concealed, from the top of his pack-sack. He said that he would have asked us to have a drink with him only the whiskey contained opium, and was cheap stuff anyway. It was the work of a few minutes to drop the remaining combs of honey into the bucket and to stir it into a pulp, adding the whiskey little by little till the bottle was empty. It reminded me of the stuff my mother used to dope us with when I was a kiddy and suffered with a cold.

The aroma of this new bait pervaded the atmosphere for yards around. Our only fear was lest it might attract some inquisitive black bear to the scene ere the grizzly arrived.

We then cut some fresh cedar stakes and nailed them over the aperture in the door, making it as strong as the walls of the cabin. It would have taken a sober bear an hour or more to have eaten a way out of that shanty when we had finished with it, and a bear that had just yaffled two pints of doctored whiskey didn't look like standing much chance.

That afternoon we unloaded Franklin's ropes and chains from the canoe, and dumped them down at the foot of the clearing below the shanty. Among them was a great leather muzzle, with iron fittings, and a sturdy chain collar attached. It was a formidable-looking outfit, and made Joe and me realise that we had stiff business before us—that so far it had all been child's play.

I must confess I was all on the jump when darkness fell that night. The very silence seemed to have a greater potency about it than ever before as the blue shimmer above the pine trees deepened into dark. We sat side by side on the smooth

rocks across the creek, our ears tense for the faintest unfamiliar sound.

The woods were still and lifeless. The hundreds of squirrels that swarmed about them during the daylight hours had all retired to rest. The partridges, the woodpeckers, the chipmunks and the grouse birds were asleep, too.

At length Franklin drew out his watch. "Nineteen minutes to twelve," he stated. "About fifteen minutes from now something ought to happen——" he paused and listened, as though from force of habit. "It was four minutes to twelve when the door slammed last night," he continued, in the same subdued whisper. "A grizzly on the forage is usually punctual to a minute or so. It's mighty useful to men like me—being able to gauge the time, when you're up against a stiff proposition."

We fell silent again, listening intently. At length a muffled report echoed through the woods from across the creek.

Franklin took out his watch, and held it up to the starlight. "He's pretty punctual," he stated. "Just five to. Evidently the scent of the bait made him hustle some."

There was a note of suppressed excitement in his voice, though he did his best to hide it. We listened for some seconds, and at length Franklin heaved a sigh of relief. "He's mopping up the honey all right before he tries to get out," he whispered. "Luck's with us all the way through."

Then came another wait. It was the waiting that got over me. Franklin drew out his stump of a pipe and lighted it. About twenty minutes later he rose to his feet.

"Come on, boys," he whispered. "It's time we made a move. Just keep your heads clear and your eyes skinned, and it will be simple as trussing up a fowl. The most difficult job of all will be portaging him down the creek tomorrow and the next day."

Silently we paddled across the creek, and listened again at the foot of the clearing. It was still as death, and Joe loaded the ropes and chains on to my shoulders, while Franklin stood by us with his gun, in case of mishap.

In Indian file, myself in the middle, we wound our course through the city of

rampikes that dotted the clearing, till we were within ten yards of the cabin. The door was closed, and all was silent within, so our hopes rose.

Franklin tip-toed to one of the windows, and looked in. There was a window at either end of the shanty, so that the light within was good.

Presently he came back to us.

"He's there all right, boys," he muttered gleefully. "Drunk as a September hornet—harmless as a loon. Come right along and we'll truss him. He won't come round till daylight if he's yaffled the lot."

Joe covered the door with his rifle as Franklin undid the rope and cautiously pushed it open. The sound of heavy breathing proceeded from within, and as our eyes became accustomed to the shadows we made out the great grey outline of the prostrate bear lying on the floor below the suspended stone.

Franklin picked up a pebble and threw it at him, but the hillock of flesh did not stir. Next he walked boldly in and kicked the prostrate animal with the toe of his moccasin. Still no response. The grey hillock continued to move up and down in time with the heavy breathing that filled the cabin.

"Come on with those ropes," whispered Franklin. "Joe, you get to and light the lamp. Look alive now."

We wasted no time I can tell you. In fewer seconds than it takes to tell it Joe struck a match and plied it to the wick of the wall-lamp above the bench. I dumped the ropes and chains at Franklin's feet, and lent him a hand in fitting on the harness.

I must confess that I didn't like it. I have some susceptibilities as a sportsman. It was such child's play, and somehow it hardly seemed the game trussing up that great, powerful monster when he was so helpless. It was like taking an unfair advantage of him. If only he had come round directly we had finished trussing him it wouldn't have been so bad.

But he didn't. He just lay there, breathing heavily, pathetic in his very helplessness. He was such a wonderful specimen of animal life, so great and noble looking, that the very impotence of his plight seemed a shame.

I put my hand through the muzzle, and stroked his great, gnarled snout. "Dear

old hero," thought I, "brave old despot. You would be living your life of freedom now had not man stepped in and wronged you. Why is it that, wherever he goes, he spreads sickness and loss and sorrow among the wild folk he pretends to love? You were but defending your own, majestic creature, and an hour ago I too was planning your downfall. And this is the glorious ending; a magnificent wild animal robbed of its freedom, never more to roam the great wood which I myself have learnt to love so dearly. Never more! Never more!"

There is not much else to tell. Next day I hit out with the canoe to fetch help, while Franklin and Joe stopped behind and built a raft on which to carry the grizzly down stream. A month later he was delivered at one of the great cities of the East, there to live his life of captivity till death released him. And that is all.

No, not all! A little time ago I visited that city. I went to the zoological gardens, and interviewed the curator. I told him the story I have written here and he shook me cordially by the hand.

"Come and see old Majestic," he said, and led me to a great cage that held a prominent position in the gardens. Dear little children were standing round it, and showering buns and nuts at a contented-looking old grizzly who sat on his haunches in the centre of the arena.

"That's old Majestic," said the curator. "Looks happy enough, doesn't he?"

I looked at the contented old bear, then back at the throng of little people surrounding the cage. How they loved him!—what joy he was giving to them!—scores and scores of little folks, whose knowledge of the country, perhaps, was limited to those wonderful gardens. My heart went out to them, and to him, for they had lifted a great load from my mind. I had expected to find him pacing—pacing, never still, never resting for a moment.

"Aye! Aye!" said I. "He seems happy enough."

But somewhere in the back of my mind flitted a vision of pine-capped mountain slopes and sweeping uplands, where the sound of children's voices is a thing unknown, and the roar of hurrying wheels never yet disturbed the twilight stillness.

The Farm Land Problem of British Columbia

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CONDITIONS IN THE LOWER FRASER VALLEY

By Major E. Pottinger, Abbotsford, B. C.

The following address, recently delivered by Major Pottinger before the members of the Vancouver Progress Club, illustrates in a graphic manner some of the evils to which the farming industry in British Columbia is subjected, and also their attendant problem, that of the high price of food in the coast cities.

IN the small pamphlet which sets forth the aims, methods and programme of the Progress Club there is mention of a Land Settlement Committee which has charge of the important work of promoting the settlement of the vacant lands of this province. Its members are determined to obtain all available information regarding agricultural conditions and to use this information effectively. It is in pursuance of this policy that I have been asked today to make a few remarks on the agricultural conditions in the Lower Fraser Valley, and I will endeavor to point out how these conditions affect you in Vancouver.

It is much easier to say pleasant rather than unpleasant words on an occasion like this, and if you do not agree with my statements and deductions, you will, I trust, exonerate me from all personal bias, and remember that I am trying to put the case before you from the farmers' and settlers' point of view, and have no personal grievance as regards the price I myself paid for land.

For nearly two years I have been settled near Abbotsford, and the statements made refer to the Sumas and Matsqui districts; but so far as I can ascertain, the same conditions apply more or less to other parts of the valley. Politicians and public speakers are continually telling their audiences that British Columbia annually imports some fifteen million dollars' worth of food stuffs which she ought to produce herself, but, in spite of a large number of immigrants, the agricultural production has not increased in proportion to the population. The Lower Fraser Valley, with its wonderful

fertility of soil, is the natural food supply area for Vancouver, but, with the exception of milk, the amount of farm produce brought into this city is ridiculously small compared to the amount imported.

Mr. Wood, the member for Alberni, in seconding the address from the throne at the opening of the Legislative Assembly, stated:

"The policy of the Department of Agriculture is excellent in its way in providing the settler with all possible help and advice." I am afraid I, for one, must disagree with this statement. The settler in the majority of cases is induced to come to British Columbia by the pamphlets and publications issued by this department, but once he arrives in Vancouver, he finds that the government does not care one jot whether he sinks or swims, and he is left to find for himself.

Take the case of a settler with a small amount of capital who wants to buy land and is not prepared to take up a pre-emption or homestead. There is no land commissioner from whom he can obtain information or advice as to what locality is most suitable for the amount of his capital and his qualifications. He probably studies the advertisements for fruit and farm lands, and calls on various real estate agents. He has no difficulty in finding lots of them, but unless he has friends in Vancouver how can he ascertain which of them are reliable? In many cases, instead of purchasing farm lands, he is beguiled into buying a lot. My own experience was that at least half the agents whom I interviewed about farm lands used their utmost en-

deavors to make me purchase lots. But, presuming he escapes this, he finds farm lands priced higher than he anticipated, but decides to go and view certain properties. This takes time and money, and, if he has a family, he has to arrange for their board and lodging in Vancouver, and where can he—a stranger—find suitable accommodation for them within his means?

The Progress Club has taken the first step towards remedying this. The gazettes they are compiling will give the newcomer details of all the latest available information about every district, but I maintain that this is work that ought to be undertaken by the Provincial Government. If they persuade farm settlers to come out here, they ought, metaphorically, to take them by the hand and help to plant them on the land and do all in their power to enable them to "make good." Of all the leading occupations in which men engage there is less scramble for money in agriculture than anywhere else, and for this very reason the farming class will always be a stalwart and conservative element in our national structure.

Now as regards the price of land. In my neighborhood I know of uncleared land being sold at \$200 to \$300 an acre, and at a low estimate it would cost \$200 an acre to clear most of it. Now, how can you expect the average settler to make reasonable interest on his money when he has to pay these prices? I will admit that exceptional men with plenty of capital *may* do so in exceptional cases, but we must consider the average settler with a comparatively small capital. The cheapest land I know of in this valley is \$50 an acre. It would cost over \$200 an acre to clear it, and even if cleared it could grow nothing as it is a gravel bed. Practically all the uncleared land in my neighborhood is in the hands of speculators.

I will quote one case. Nearly two years ago I was offered a forty-acre tract with a few shacks on it for \$175 an acre. The owner had bought it the previous year for \$50 an acre. Nothing has been done to it since then, and it is now on the market at \$200 an acre. How can you tell me that it is good for the province, or good for the valley, that a speculator should run up the price of agricultural land 400 per cent. in two years.

City property and town lots undoubtedly rise by leaps and bounds, but agricultural land pure and simple must have a limited value according to what it will produce. In this same neighborhood four small farms I know of have changed hands within two years, one of them three times, not that the owners were selling out at a profit, but because each one found that at the price he had paid he could not make interest on his investment, and he was only too glad to get out and shift the burden on to some other unfortunate.

And what is the result of this? Those who are disappointed and sold out are "knocking" the valley, while of those that remain 90 per cent. who originally started mixed farming, leaving out dairying, engage themselves out for the best part of the year to lumber camps or road or railway construction, spending only their spare time on their farms, and, having enlisted the spirit of the speculator, hope for the time when they can sell out at a good profit.

You may say that men are wanted for these purposes, but road construction is temporary, lumbering and mining are simple means of utilizing a reserve which nature has laid by, and are therefore self-limited, whereas agriculture remains forever in the same place.

If the real estate agent was a broker pure and simple, matters would be better for the settler, but as a rule he is a land speculator, and it is naturally to his advantage to sell the settler some land in which he has a large interest, rather than to try and meet the wishes of his client. So much so is this the case that many of them will refuse to list a farmer's property unless there is a ten per cent. commission on the whole and they have the exclusive sale.

Take an improved farm of eighty acres at \$250 an acre. The commission on these terms would amount to \$2,000, and this comes out of the pocket of the settler into a small capital. A broker has, of course, to get a commission, but, by opening his mouth too wide, he is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

As a neighbor of mine, who by strenuous work is trying to make good, pathetically remarked: "Before I came out I imagined that British Columbia wanted and welcomed settlers, but I see now they don't want the men, they only want their

money." If this is the strain in which he and other disappointed ones write home to the Old Country, is it surprising that farm settlers don't come to the valley as they ought? It may be said that this is a new country, and things will right themselves in time—but will they? Look at Ireland, my native country. All the trouble and agitation there is due to faulty land legislation in the past, and do we want a similar state of affairs in British Columbia?

I will now touch on the subject of marketing produce. Commissions at Toronto and Seattle have given as their opinion that one of ten means of lessening the high cost of living is to bring the producer and consumer into closer touch by means of city markets.

Now there is something wrong with the city market here. I have been to it on Wednesdays and Saturdays—market days—and the number of buyers and sellers would disgrace a third-rate village. It is up to the citizens of Vancouver to see that this is rectified. I sent there in the fall small consignments of apples—seven or eight boxes at a time—which fetched at auction \$1 per box. About 25 per cent. of that went in freight, handling and commission. I received 75 cents, and similar apples were being retailed to the consumer at \$1.50 to \$2.00. So the consumer pays 100 to 150 per cent. more than the price the producer receives.

The wholesalers state that the bad packing of fruit and vegetables in the province is one of the reasons they prefer to buy American produce. If this is the case, why don't they have their own agencies in the more important districts to receive from the farmer and forward on.

As present most of the farm produce is taken to local stores—not paid for in cash, but exchanged for goods. In the poultry line I consigned supplies by the B. C. E. R. direct to a retailer, and, by shipping early on Mondays and Wednesdays, anticipated that he would receive them the next day. But on going to the depot he was informed they had not arrived and he had to go again the following day, a considerable waste of his time and injurious to his business as he had booked orders in advance. This, I hope, will now be remedied by the express freight train that started this year.

My next venture was by the C. P. R.

My consignment left Abbotsford on a Saturday morning, and, although marked "Poultry—Perishable," was not delivered in Vancouver till the following Friday, by which time they were bad. Express rates on farm produce are prohibitive, and, although there are three separate lines from Abbotsford to Vancouver, by none of them can one book freight through to be delivered within city limits.

The consigner does not know what the transfer company is going to charge for delivery, and the consumer as a rule wants his goods f.o.b. at his door. In any case there is a delay which for perishable produce ought to be avoided. There are many in Vancouver who are willing to pay a good price for produce delivered at their door, direct from the farm, but the minimum charge for freight is on 100 lbs., so a farmer sending a customer one box of apples weighing about 40 lbs. has to pay the same as if it was 100 lbs. Similarly with small consignments of eggs and poultry.

So the freight rate, together with the difficulty of delivery, prevents direct dealing between the producer and consumer, which is largely taken advantage of in other countries. When you consider the prices you were paying last summer, you will hardly believe that many farmers were feeding their pigs and cattle on cabbages, cauliflowers, beets, squashes and potatoes, because it did not pay them to send them forty odd miles to Vancouver from a district served by three railways.

You may say, "Why don't the farmers co-operate? They have done this successfully at Cowichan and Chilliwack." Why? Because those districts were settled up when land was cheap. In Sumas and Matsqui the population is scattered, the oldtimers are suspicious, and while so many are engaged in work other than on their farms it is hopeless to try and co-operate.

Now how does all this affect Vancouver?

The lack of agricultural settlers and want of facilities for marketing their produce is one of the main reasons for the high cost of living.

The prosperity of Vancouver is bound up with the prosperity of British Columbia, and unless the agricultural districts are filled up with a population who can earn a respectable living from the soil, British

Columbia can never go ahead as it ought, and you will find that men, instead of remaining on the land, will flock to the cities and swell the number of unemployed.

Now, in conclusion, how can Vancouver help to improve the agricultural interests?

First and foremost, by insisting that all candidates for the Provincial Parliament are in favor of a comprehensive land policy—a policy which, in practice, will mean the land for the people and not for the speculator, stringent land laws that cannot be circumvented by quibbles, and loans to bona-fide farmers on reasonable security at a low rate of interest over long periods, as in other countries.

Take the wild land tax, the intention of it was to induce people to develop their properties. But how is this evaded? The owner clears a small patch, puts up a log hut, gets it classified as an improved farm, and then does nothing more.

A Royal Commission on Agriculture is now collecting evidence, and, whatever may be the outcome of its deliberations, we must hope that its recommendations will be speedily carried out by legislation.

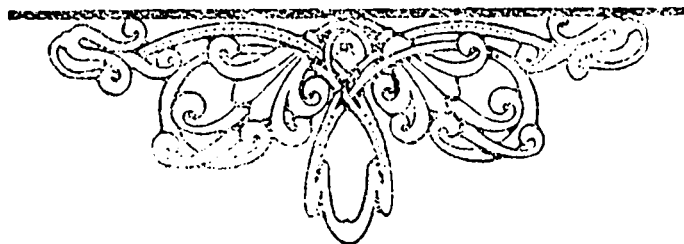
Believe me, gentlemen, the Lower Fraser Valley requires no boosting. Any man with a rudimentary knowledge of farming can see its agricultural possibilities at a glance.

Protect the new settler from being fleeced.

Assist him to get land at a reasonable price.

Help him to get loans for clearing, on easy terms, and provide him with facilities for marketing his produce. Do these things and you will find settlers swarming into the valley of their own accord.

The Progress Club, the Fraser Valley Publicity Bureau, and the Half Million League will then be able to devote their energies to other purposes, but what I think will be still more significant is that the Vancouver agency of one of the states of the Australian Commonwealth will have to close its doors, when it realizes that in no part of the Empire can the farm settler find better prospects than in British Columbia.



General Homer Lea

GENERAL HOMER LEA is dead. At thirty-six on November first, near Los Angeles, this gifted genius passed away leaving no successor in the great work he promised to do not only for China but for the Anglo-Saxon on the Pacific Ocean. His was another of those pathetic instances in which a great mind and spirit were too feebly barred within the prison house of a frail and deformed body and this captive militant too soon for us has made his escape. He was a frail hunchback this great general, this greatest writer also on military subjects in modern times. But if the Anglo-Saxon but heed his message, he will not have lived in vain. General Lea was the military genius of the Chinese revolution which drove the hated Manchu from power, the military adviser of Sun Yat Sen, whose work could not have been the same without this crippled American's help.

A friend of the writer was telling him recently in London of his meeting Homer Lea at a dinner at the Royal Colonial Institute. He had been presented to Mrs. Lea, next to whom he sat. "But where is General Lea?" he said to her. "This is General Lea," looking to the cripple on his other hand, who had first drawn one leg up under him to sit on so that he might be raised high enough to eat at the table.

The two books of his that will live are "The Valour of Ignorance" and "The Day of the Saxon." The former, published in 1909, was a world-wide success and it wakened a few sleepy Americans to their danger and opportunity on the Pacific. The last book, published last summer, was a call of "attention" to the British race. In "The Day of the Saxon" "he analyses with extraordinary insight and freshness," says the *Daily Mail*, "the military and naval problems that confront the British Empire. . . . It is pervaded by the conviction that the hour of the supreme test for the British Empire—the test of war—draws near, and that the dissolution of the empire is at hand. . . . It stands out pre-eminently."

The story of his life is told briefly in the *New York Tribune*:

When a frail, deformed little man told some of his fellow-students a dozen or so years ago that he had decided to become a general in the Chinese army they laughed. "I'm going to be a big commander over there," he assured them, "and I'm going to play an important part in overthrowing the present Manchu dynasty and making China a really advanced nation."

That was Homer Lea. In a little over a decade he had made good his promise.

He came of old Virginia ancestry, and was born in Denver thirty-six years ago, a combination of colonial lineage and pioneer nativity that filled his soul with longing for romantic adventure not to be discouraged by his inadequate body. From his boyhood the East lured him. His education, owing to poverty and ill-health, came by instalments. Yet all through his work at Occidental College, the University of the Pacific, and Stanford University, he was conscientiously fitting himself for the carrying out of his great purpose.

It is recalled by fellow-students at Stanford how he was always confounding his professors with his intimate knowledge of the campaigns of Napoleon and Hannibal. Though he cherished an aversion for his Japanese college-mates, with the Chinese students he was most intimate. He held long conversations with the Chinese servants at the university, and in that way laid the foundation of a knowledge of the Chinese tongue. In his college work he made a specialty of civil engineering and allied technical courses. Just before commencement he was stricken with smallpox and never graduated.

As soon as he was able to travel he launched himself on his long-dreamed-of career. In July, 1899, he sailed for China, and arrived in time to take part in the Boxer uprising. He was with the forces that marched to the relief of Peking.

Then he began quietly traveling from province to province, feeling the pulse of the reform movement. In 1901 he re-

turned to San Francisco and told his college friends that he was already a lieutenant-general in the Chinese reform army. Still they were not much impressed, for the reform movement did not yet amount to much. Nevertheless the little lieutenant-general had already made so much stir in China that the Imperial Government had put a price on his head.

To the amusement of his friends he began drilling Chinamen in San Francisco. He taught military tactics to the men of the Young China Association and was active in recruiting the organization. All this time he kept up a correspondence with Kang Yu-wei, then the head of the Chinese Empire Reform Association. When Kang Yu-wei started for his tour of Europe in the interests of the cause Homer Lea went with him. The two were in this city in 1905 and added a goodly company to the young Chinamen.

In San Francisco he met Dr. Sun Yat Sen, with whom he was destined to play so important a part later. Dr. Sun was impressed with the young American's military genius, and made him his confidential military adviser.

His movements after the rebellion broke out were shrouded in mystery. He is believed to have accompanied Dr. Sun on his last trip to China, and was with him when the provisional assembly elected the doctor president. At any rate he is credited with the military leadership of the victorious forces. He was expected to direct the reorganization of the new republic's army.

In addition to these activities, General Lea found time for considerable literary work. In 1908 he produced a novel, "Vermilion Pencil." In "The Valor of Ignorance," a military work in two volumes, published in 1909, which attracted wide attention in army circles, he considered the Chinese situation. He also pointed out the peril of a possible war between this country and Japan. That same year he brought out "The Crimson Spider." Since then he had been at work on a history of the political development of China, from a mass of modern literature which attempts to cast a horoscope of the British Empire.

The closing words of his first chapter, "The Saxon and His Empire," will serve to show the quality of his thought and the beauty of his expression:

"The Saxon has marked around this earth, as has no other race before him, the scarlet circle of his power. This thin, red Saxon line, so thin with his numbers, so red with his blood, was made possible only by his heroism and racial fealty. Where this line has not gone man has not been found. It has crossed every sea; it has traversed every desert; it has sought every solitude; it has passed through swamps where only the sacred ibis fishes; over sands that have never been moistened; over snows that have never melted. There has been no storm it has not encountered, no pain it has not endured, no race it has not fought, and no disease it has not contended with. This Saxon line has been to the earth a girdle tragic and heroic, binding within itself all the old and great places of the world. It has been silent in its duty, ignored in its achievement, and scorned in its devotion; yet it has given down to this now neglectful race a world such as mankind has never known before; an empire over which the sun and stars shine together; where night never falls nor dawn begins.

"At this late hour or never must the Saxon people arouse themselves to the sombre consequences of their neglect and break away from the pleasant security of their delusions. To them has now come that gloomy dawn so familiar to man throughout all the nights and dawns he has bedded and risen together, falling asleep upon a peaceful earth and getting up to find it a place of strife; going to bed under the serene and happy heavens and awakening to find them filled with demons; laying his head upon the pillow of his gods and rising to find himself abandoned. This has ever been the fate of nations as they have laid themselves down to sleep throughout the ages much in the same manner as the Saxon race, in all their glory and hope and vanity, only to awake at a predetermined hour to find themselves upon a savage down, stripped and desolate."

World Politics

Imperial Representation

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

THE GRAVE problems of Imperial defense have raised the questions of divided counsels and unity of control. The whole present crisis with its broad discussions has brought vividly before the entire British race details and subsidiary problems which never can be solved apart from the main idea and that must be the Imperial Idea. We are brought pretty close to this idea in the two questions of representation and defense.

We have seen no great geographical changes in the Empire. The Imperial outline remains the same. Canada is where it was. But it is not what it was. That is the difficulty and the prompt recognition of this may lead us to the proper solution.

It is not enough for self-respecting and self-supporting nations to see the activities of their statesmen in England shunted to the side track of a garden party or to hear their voices lifted for the Outer Empire to resound only in an after-dinner speech. The Overseas pink-tea statesman in London is a pathetic figure, and our national pride is unfulfilled in pathetic figures. Sometimes we hear a piping voice at home or abroad feebly protesting that if Great Britain is passing the hat in Canada, Canadians should at least be allowed to join in the chorus. But nowhere is there a robust and adequate protest, that in British foreign policy which, just now is an insular English policy, there are no constitutional means for Canada, Africa and Australia to plead their own vital interests; that in this parochial Empire there are no constitutional channels of concerted Imperial action. And nowhere has it seemed to occur to anyone that this is the vulnerable place in the present disorganization of Empire and that this is what must be remedied.

The futility of it all is seen in the lack, with even many of the Imperial leaders, of the elements of a fundamental Imperial idea.

Mr. Asquith stated flatly in the Imperial Conference that the authority of the British Government in such grave matters as the conduct of foreign policy, the conclusion of treaties, the declaration and maintenance of peace or the declaration of war *could not be shared*.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the Canadian House of Commons, in November, 1910, said: "Under present circumstances it is not advisable for Canada to mix in the armaments of Empire. But we should stand on our own policy of being masters in our own house, of having

a policy for our own purposes and leaving to the Canadian Parliament, to the Canadian Government, to the Canadian people, to take part in those wars in which today they have no voice only if they think fit to do so."

Here we find an issue between these two Liberal leaders of two of the Governments of this Empire, so sharply at variance on the fundamental points, that unwittingly they have disclosed the rock on which, if matters are left in their hands, the Empire is destined to split. Their words show both of them to have missed the essential factor in the Imperial idea. Mr. Asquith's idea of Empire is as impossible as that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. If the latter had understood that there can be but one Imperial policy, and if the British premier but understood that the whole Empire, responsibly and constitutionally, must share in that one policy; and that there must be no "ifs" and "buts" or peradventures—that we must have Imperial policies and neither insular nor colonial policies, but policies for which the whole Empire is constitutionally responsible—we might then have had the foundations of enduring Empire. But there can be no abiding Empire with "ifs" and "ands" and "buts." We must discover the conditions of Empire and accept them.

We can agree with Sir Wilfrid Laurier so far in this:

If we are a nation we shall have our policies. If we cannot share in the policies of Great Britain we shall have our own. In this we must dissent from Mr. Asquith. Indeed, we do not like any one to talk to us like this. We want nothing to say about the British land tax. But we shall ask to have something to say about the Japanese invasion of British Columbia or Australia, and the problems of Pacific trade and Pacific defense. Imperial policy and Imperial defense go together. If we have a hand in the one we shall ask for a voice in the other. This will be the practically unanimous demand of any self-respecting people.

On the other hand it is not too much to say that it will be many days before Canadians, Australians, South Africans will send responsible members to an Imperial Parliament and find representation in a responsible Imperial Government. Indeed, until that day arrives every Imperial problem will involve a muddle and we can be sure of little, but that things cannot remain as they are. We cannot, therefore, shirk our responsibilities of defense until this question is settled. We must attend to our duties now and demand our rights afterwards.

If it is urged that Westminster cannot consult the Outer Empire—that the component parts of Empire lie too widely scattered upon the earth, and that their interests are too varied; we must reply that the logic of this is a *cul de sac* of British progress—a highway to the graveyard of Empire. The admission of interests too widely variant and scattered is resignation to dissolution of Empire.

We have got to know that our interests are not variant, but homogeneous; not scattered, *but one*.

The Empire is in the making, or it is in dissolution. If we are not getting closer together we are drifting further apart. We cannot get closer together on the present basis. Therefore, we must change the basis, for we must get together.

The one unanswerable argument for the representation of all parts of the Empire is an Imperial Parliament, is not an abstract right to representation by the taxed. It is something more concrete. That is the perilous situation of the Outer Empire. Great Britain never has understood and never will understand the conditions which surround the British race in the Antipodes as those whose affairs they are. Great Britain does not understand the Pacific peril today. She is too far away. A few British people understand it—but it will never dawn upon a majority in Parliament until too late to remedy it—what the accursed blunder means to have allied ourselves with our adversary and to have turned the supremacy of the Pacific over to Japan. Not even Canada understands. Australia understands. We shall all understand some day.

The story is told of a certain English statesman in an earlier day than ours who was asked to undertake the arduous duties of Secretary of State for the Colonies. He graciously accepted the invitation, to find that he did not know where some of the colonies were. "Don't you think," he said to his secretary, "it would be a good thing to get down the map and let us see where these places are?"

This of course would be impossible of a responsible British statesman of today, who, generally, is a well-posted and widely-travelled man. But these attributes cannot be attributed to the British voting masses, those men upon whom the men who in Parliament frame the Imperial policies depend on election day to get back into office and power. After all, Great Britain is pretty tolerably democratic, at least it is not intolerably so, and it is easy to see, no matter how well disposed the educated statesman may be toward some remote outpost of Empire, his masters in his constituency will generally require him to consider the interests of Billville and Podunk before Malay and Australia. The Imperial policy of Great Britain, finally and at the last resort is dependent upon the immediate interests of the voters of the British Islands—is at their mercy—at the mercy often of men who do not know more, and who care less, than the obliging Secretary of State for the Colonies, who so suddenly upon accession to power discovered within him the germ of a geographical instinct.

If the Overseas states of Empire are to have a voice in Imperial affairs what are the terms? Is it to be proportional representation, elastic enough so that it always will be proportional? If so, what will happen when the balance of Imperial population and economic power is against the British Isles? What now, indeed, if we count

British population as some count the 315,000,000 of India? If we do not count India in the census of the Imperial population just where are we to draw the line, and what is to be the basis of representation in the Great Imperial Parliament to be?

To begin with, we have the 315,000,000 people of India. With seven times the population shall India have seven times the representation of Great Britain? It is easy to say off-hand that India will never be allowed to rule the British Empire. That disposes of the principle of per capita proportional representation. Its elimination is one of the stable factors in the solution. We shall have to distinguish between sovereign and subject races. We are all subject, but not all sovereign. We are all subjects, but not all citizens. Perhaps this is the clue to the vexing problems of immigration.

But, if we give all the states within the Empire an equal representation, we would have Australia, Africa and Canada as three to one against Great Britain. If not we will have the 44,000,000 of the Islands in 121,000 square miles against 13,700,000 British people scattered over 11,500,000 square miles. In other words, Great Britain would outvote the Outer Empire at over three to one. One asks what would this be to us to stand as one to three. Better than three to nothing.

The point raised by Sir Wilfrid Laurier is that without representation we are not to be taxed in blood or treasure. But we are not asked to pay a tax. Just now we are trying to find the best way of paying a debt. Even so, whether we have or have not representation, it is not becoming of us to quibble in an emergency when we ought to be playing an Imperial part. Even if taxation without representation for the present is the best form assumed by our duty to the Empire, let us move forward at once and attend to it properly. It is certain we shall have to do something before the assembling of an Imperial Parliament. The terms may be left in safety to a people who have treated Canada as Great Britain has treated Canada. Has not Great Britain taxed herself for us, and has she had much to say in our affairs—anything, indeed, which has not been fair and chivalrous? Has she not been lavish with her treasure toward making us what we are—all we are—and ever expect to be? Are there any of the weary reaches of this half continent, indeed in the whole broad Empire, where British blood has not stained the snow-drifts and British bones whitened the sand dunes? If we will not be taxed without representation we will pay the debt of *noblesse oblige*—and do it like men.

But then, this is not the whole point of view. Let us never lose sight of the fundamental point of view. Every conclusion depends on it. It is this, and this is the fundamental Imperial idea.

The Empire is a unit. It must remain a unit. It must be better organized than it is. The security and prosperity of each component part of this Imperial unit depends upon this very unity. "United we

stand, divided we fall." We must never depart from this proposition. If this is not accepted the day of the British Empire is done. If this is accepted we should prepare at once to take our place in line, and do our part without quibbling. There must be predominance and there must be subordination. Otherwise there is chaos. The predominance must be that of the majority. The subordination must be that of the minority. Until we have achieved predominance in Canada, which will come some day, let us be content with a subordinate position and play the game. Personally, I should very much like to see a close Imperial organization, with a proportional representation on the basis of citizenship in an Imperial Parliament for Imperial affairs. Local parliaments can take care of local affairs. But I am aware that in the emergencies of *weltpolitik* Westminster cannot at present consult Vancouver in matters which might be decided over-night to determine peace or war in Europe on continental issues. If Vancouver were represented in an Imperial parliament, Vancouver could be heard, but Vancouver might not decide and Vancouver should not decide. It is sometimes said out here that we have no concern with continental quarrels and should not be dragged into them. This is the quintessence of parochialism and betrays a point of view fundamentally wrong. There are no British questions anywhere which do not concern Canada and Australia. If it is a matter of the defense of the British Isles, that matter is a vital one to us for it involves the Keystone of the Arch of Empire, and our own security and prosperity depend upon the integrity of that arch. But always there will be cases in which continental or other policies will not appear directly to concern the Outer Empire.

But it should be enough for us that they *do* concern Great Britain. Therefore, they do concern us. Otherwise how shall we expect Great Britain to shoulder burdens which do not concern her, excepting that they are problems of the Outer Empire? The time may come when we shall call upon the Mother Country to help us against an Asiatic race in Canada, in Australia. It is imaginable that such a race might menace Great Britain only because it is a standing threat to British Columbia or to Australia. Then we should call upon the Mother Country to stand by us and the Mother Country would stand by us. If this is true, how paltry of us even to raise Sir Wilfrid Laurier's question of the possibility of there being any British question which does not concern the whole Empire, and how impossible Mr. Asquith's position that the Outer Empire may not share in British counsels to be outvoted three to one!

The Burden of the Pacific

By A. N. St. John Mildmay

NOR nature, nor Ottawa, nor the farmers of the Middle West, nor British Columbia, nor even the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE will dictate the choice of Canada's supreme port on the Pacific.

It will be chosen by the men who map the railroads. At present the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the Canadian Northern, the Pacific Great Eastern and the Great Northern of U. S. A. have made their choice.

And that choice is Vancouver.

It is well to confine attention to the railways which have definitely declared themselves for Vancouver only. But the Grand Trunk Pacific branch line to Vancouver, the avowed and advertised intentions of the Milwaukee & Puget Sound, the unanimous choice of Vancouver by all those too hasty, but not wholly negligible, railway dreamers who have got as far as a charter but no further, have all with one consent fixed upon this point as the discharging point for Canada's ways to the West.

Have the railways made a mistake?

I am not of those who think that railroading brains are omniscient. It is hardly fair to that giant among railway companies, the Canadian Pacific, to reproach them with the historic and undeniable fact that they failed to foresee the opening of the Isthmian Canal, or the awakening of Asia, or the revolution in the methods of deep sea traffic brought about by the enlargement of the great liners—and consequently that they set themselves for a quarter of a century, as good stewards of the things which they knew, to build up Vancouver as a shop-keepers' and inland traders' city, and did everything humanly possible, both negatively and positively, to conceal from her that she was a heaven-born seaport as well.

When in 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railway reached Vancouver, the world's ocean freight was carried, not in leviathans,

whose draught and magnitude entailed as they do at present such vast capital expenditures in dredging and docking and other freighting apparatus that no railroad or combinations of railroads can contemplate a multiplicity of such seaports, but in comparatively small vessels of the size of the Empress of Japan, which could be accommodated in almost any port where there was a roadstead and a wharf.

It is only since the advent of the leviathan type of steamship that deep sea traffic has tended to gravitate towards not more than twenty-five great ports in the whole world, and to necessitate the confinement of profitable marine traffic to these supreme ports.

The only charge that can be made against the C. P. R. is that for the last ten years they have, either through inadvertence or design, misrepresented the status of their fine old Empress line boats among the steamships of the world. It has been fairly easy to keep alive among the ignorant majority of our own people here in British Columbia, and in the shipping world outside, the delusion that these Empresses ranked among the greater liners of the modern world. It was easy. But it was not business. It was a policy of obfuscation. It was throwing dust in the eyes of the world. It was implicitly, if not explicitly, advertising without having the goods.

The Canadian Pacific, and even the veriest landlubber among our own people, have had their eyes opened at last. I claim that the editor of the *Province* newspaper was the first mover, and that one man, the present Dominion member for Vancouver, Mr. H. H. Stevens, has been the final and effective instrument in this long ago desirable awakening.

But even now that the monster, the democracy of Vancouver, is awake to the fact that Vancouver is capable of being, and that the greatest railroad brains on this continent are desiring to transform her

into, a seaport, a supreme Pacific port, a supreme world port, she herself has not decided.

Who shall presume to speak for her? Certainly not I, though I have done my little bit in the way of urging her to find sea-room for those ambitions which I sketched in the *Evening Province* as long ago as October, 1907, sea-going and ocean-trading ambitions, which I admit and have always admitted are only one way of greatness.

Does the great heart of this city, which has done many great things well in an incredibly short period of years, finally and deliberately decide against that kind of microcosmic expansion which is broad-based upon ocean adventure? Though I claim a five-fold sailor descent, though my blood is Saxon, Norman, Spanish, Italian and Byzantine, and I love the sea with all my heart (in spite of the many quarrels it has had with my stomach), it would be absurd to deny that there are great cities and great races who have abhorred the sea and who have found other ways to greatness.

The Swiss, the Boers, the Babylonians, the Romans, the modern Americans, are among the great peoples who have agreed on the whole with Horace that God made the dry land and the devil built the sea. Perhaps Vancouver is of their mind. Our city, even since the awakening just spoken of, is still proposing to expropriate the fishes and fill up as much of the sea as they can catch sight of from those tram-cars which are their chosen vessels of election—viz., all of False Creek, all of Coal Harbor, and perhaps all of the North Arm and half of Burrard Inlet.

Alas, my masters, even if the progress and advancement of mudlarking with imperishable concrete, poured out of bonnet-shaped mortars, should enable you to fill up the Gulf of Georgia from the Straits of San Juan to Seymour Inlet, yet you will still, whenever you stroll over, or take the car to Victoria, find yourself once more face to face with the majestic and clamorous Pacific Ocean!

There is no reason in the world why our Canadian democracy should have anything to do with the twentieth century forward movement in the watery hemisphere—those virgin vastnesses of Oceania

and Polynesia, new-ringed with the red fires of Japanese, Chinese, Australian, Malayan and Californian ambitions of a new sea-trade of almost infinite potentialities of wealth and wonder.

But who that is in his senses would have us emulate the stay-at-home policy of the South Sea Islanders or of Seventeenth Century Japan (in the age of the Shogun)?

Just consider what is happening at our very doors. For if your house looks upon English Bay Japan is your next-door neighbor in a true sea sense.

We may despise the Pacific Ocean as just a nasty barrier. But thanks to those gallant fellows, the marine engineers of Britain, Germany and France, it is no such thing. Japan knows it. And, if we turn our backs upon it, Japan will own it and the world's trade, and the earth itself and the fulness of it, by means of the Pacific Ocean, which Vancouver and Drake and Pattison and Goodenough have consecrated for ever to the British race. And if not Japan, then England and Australia and Hindostan and South Africa, standing shoulder to shoulder; while Canada must forget herself and her history and be herself forgotten, and the lazzaroni of Vancouver village shall hibernate for ever on a diet of halibut and spring salmon.

But there is no reason to suppose that Canada is permanently inoculated with the kind of "continentalism" or apathy about foreign trade and its vehicle, marine enterprise, which is the somnolent alternative to that stirring policy which is, I believe, not only Canada's destiny but Vancouver's deliberate choice.

When those who speak for labor clamor for "home trade" and deprecate all enterprise beyond tide-water limits, as if the encouragement of shipping and the due protection of our home industries were mutually inconsistent policies, it is time to ask the workers of Vancouver to speak for themselves, especially as the workers of the West are almost to a man investors in the industries of the province on a scale which in the aggregate is prodigious.

The sea is a difficult adventure, but the only distinctively "labor" ministry in the empire, that of the Australian Commonwealth, has spoken with no uncertain voice as to its worth-whileness. Enthusiasm for shipping adventures, as a field for invest-

ment, is a thing of slow growth. A sparsely-populated democracy cannot be expected to rush the development of an industry which beckons her sons to the no man's land of the vast ocean spaces, so long as she is fighting for a bare foothold upon her own unoccupied spaces, only less vast in extent than these.

But there is a limit to Anglo-Saxon patience when particular interests, landed or labor or manufacturing, clamor that such a community as Vancouver should "beware of the sea," just because there are instances of a land-lubber railroad company or two, here and there, who have played a very poor hand at the game, which, like the other national game of our motherland, is proverbial for its glorious surprises.

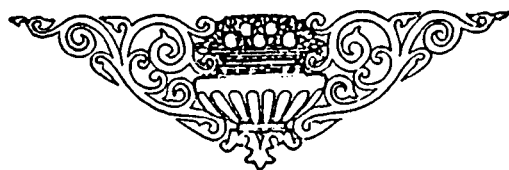
When, however, the average thinking investor begins to see the point, it is safe to predict that the man of tomorrow in Vancouver will look back to the land-gambling epoch, the epoch of short-sighted real estate dickering and dabbling, with as cold and wondering a glance as the average woman of discernment looks back upon a last season's top-notch creation in hats.

The shipping enthusiasm will come with a rush. Even now it is coming. The dismal spectacle of Burrard Inlet, with its long record of toy boats and old bungling methods, will be less dismal when those mismanaged waters have taken their place as a fishing ground and pleasure lake, gaily fenced by terraces and pasterres which will take the place of the crumpled and soggy wooden wharves which for twenty years have made the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's monopoly a by-word for somnolence and hope deferred. This is not the place to conceal my opinion that Vancouver will have to find sea-room far from that meeting place of beautiful streets

and stately shops and skyscrapers, the post office corner and the old railway yards.

Never could the south shore of Burrard Inlet, once Hastings street, with its stately post office and its Canadian Bank of Commerce were built up, have afforded room for the manifold requirements of such ocean traffic as the Isthmian Canal must now bring to our wharves.

Those wharves will, in my opinion, have to be situated clear away from the city. Though there is much that is still in the lap of the future as to the details of the Vancouver Harbor and Dock Extension Company's scheme, which is going to solve the question of sea-room, by the creation of a whole new quarter on the open gulf, a shipping quarter between the Fraser mouth and Point Grey, there is no doubt that, the initial financial difficulties having now disappeared, the birth of this great marine suburb, connected by tunnel with the heart of the city, ushers in at last (on the proper scale and with due provision for all the complicated and immense requirements which the grand adventure brings with it) the beneficent sea-change to which the intelligence of her people and the magnitude of her opportunity alike have entitled the city of Vancouver to aspire. We have waited for the hour and the man. The brain that has pieced together and perfected a scheme so comprehensive, so revolutionary, and yet so triumphantly simple and certain, is only less admirable than the courage and generalship which has already surmounted every practical obstacle to its speedy inauguration and accomplishment. Vancouver's new merchant marine suburb will within eighteen months' time have converted a considerable mileage of desert foreshore into a teeming emporium of inter-continental commerce. And it has come not a day too soon.



A Land with a Great Future

CENTRAL BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ITS PROSPECTS

By Reginald D. Pontifex

IT IS a very difficult matter to describe in the pages of a magazine the wonderful opportunities that undeniably exist in the north central part of British Columbia, and in writing this article I shall try to present as conservative an estimate as is in keeping with the subject.

Like a good many other people I was at one time extremely pessimistic as regards this new country, and, in order to be converted, I had to see for myself the opportunities that exist, consequently I am dealing with a subject that presents very great difficulties. Of course, my advice would be to anybody who has the means and the leisure to go and see for themselves, but there are always a very large percentage of men who cannot do so; therefore they have to rely on the opinion and writing of other people. This calls for the utmost accuracy in describing the country and conditions in general.

As some of my readers are probably aware, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is at present as far advanced as Tejun-cache in the East and Hazelton in the West, and between these two rail points there is indeed a wonderful tract of country. Last summer, together with Mr. Neville Montgomery, I had the good fortune to make a canoe trip between South Fort George and Fraser Lake—a distance of about 120 miles, and the thought continually on my mind was what an extraordinary thing it was that this wonderful area of country had been left so long undeveloped. It surely is not given to every man to be able to pass through tracts of uninhabited country that must in a few years' time be given over to cultivation, and to see the sites of large future cities as yet untouched by man.

When one reads of the congested conditions that are ruling in Europe, and, in fact, not necessarily in Europe alone, but also in the large cities such as Philadelphia,

New York, and Chicago in the United States, one is not so disposed to be pessimistic as to the future when one considers the large territory that is still available for immediate settlement with the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific. I therefore hope, through the medium of this article, to try and attract some of my own countrymen to this country, where the possibilities are of the greatest. They are not confined to farming alone, as there is little doubt that this vast area is highly mineralized, but of course the main wealth of the country will be the profits to be obtained from the soil. The pioneer naturally encounters hardship, but on the other hand, it is invariably the pioneer who reaps the rich harvest. Having travelled through Central Canada and the United States, I am satisfied that in this northern portion of the province we have a territory at present undeveloped, but that can be made just as rich and productive as the above-mentioned countries.

One thing that struck me very much was the perseverance shown by a lonely settler whom I saw situated on a small pre-emption about four miles from Fraser Lake. Here was a man without any assistance or encouragement, and with tremendous handicaps, carving out for himself and for his sons what will ultimately be a fine estate. At the time when he took his pre-emption up there was very little inducement for a man to go in there, but just to show the advantages of pioneering one should note very carefully the following: Within the last two years a large townsite has been opened up within two miles of this man's property, and the land which he obtained from the government at a nominal cost is now worth anything from \$20 to \$50 per acre. This shows, as I have said, the profit in pioneering, and similar opportunities are awaiting hundreds of others in different parts of this territory. Hardships



MYLEN'S LANDING, ABOUT THIRTY MILES EAST OF FRAZER LAKE

of course will have to be put up with, but with a rich agricultural country behind one these are only temporary difficulties, and the man with backbone and grit is bound to win out.

Caution in investing in a new country is, of course, a necessity. Wild-cat town-site promoters, the same as wild-cat operators of farm lands, will come and go, but these the pioneer can well afford to ignore as the richness and productiveness of the

soil begins to make itself felt, and the pre-emptor in any case obtains his land free from the government.

In a former article I drew attention to the attitude which I would suggest the Provincial Government should adopt towards the British settler, but it must be noted that if some of these ideas should be ultimately carried out, as they will undeniably have to be in the long run—if not by this, by some other government—the



AUTHOR IN HIS CANOE ON THE NECHACO



A SMALL NATURAL MEADOW NEAR THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S ESTATE AT WHITE'S LANDING

result will be that this northern country will be very quickly taken up; consequently for the men who would make the quickest profit, now is the time to act.

Now as to the particular class of man



SHOOTING A CANYON ON THE NECHACO
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to whom the greatest opportunity presents itself. First and foremost there comes the settler, who can today obtain, at a nominal cost, 160 acres of land, at present, it is true, remote from civilization, but which, with the opening up of the country by the Grand Trunk Pacific and other railroads, will bring his property into close communication with the expanding markets of the West; secondly, the city builder, who always follows in the wake of the railroads, and by the city builder I mean the skilled mechanic, such as the carpenter, the blacksmith, the bricklayer, and the mason, and also the small contractor, to whom the building and opening up of new towns presents unlimited opportunities. Streets will have to be cleared and graded, thus giving employment for the unskilled laborer; sewerage works will have to be installed; water works planned, to say nothing of heat, light and power problems. Thirdly, we have the storekeeper, butcher, candlestick-maker, and chemist, who have to supply at retail prices the necessities of life to a growing population; and, fourthly, we have the professional men, such as doctors, dentists, bankers, engineers, architects and lawyers, who, by establishing themselves in budding towns, can build up remunerative practices.

Now, perhaps, I come to the most difficult part of my article, namely, the amount of capital that is required by all and sundry. I think for the average man \$1,500 (£300) will suffice, provided he is endowed with a good strong constitution, and can put up with initial hardships, and, above everything



THE MOUTH OF THE WILLOW RIVER, TWENTY MILES WEST OF FORT GEORGE

else, provided he is determined to succeed. Men of this stamp in a new country are bound to make good, and should be able, in from five to ten years' time, to be themselves employers of labor on a large scale. It must be noted, of course, that in this country, the same as in any other country, the man with capital will have an advantage, particularly those who go in for farming, as they will not have to limit themselves to 160 acres, but can buy land in larger quantities and at prices of from \$10 to \$25 (£2 to £5) an acre, close to future cities and the railroads. At the same time, whilst capital is desirable, it is not essential, provided that the minimum I have suggested can be obtained. Unmarried men, of course, stand the best chance, especially if they intend going in for pioneer farming, but in our larger cities in the south, such as Vancouver and Victoria, there is always a good demand for domestic servants, who frequently make advantageous marriages.

Now I come to another important question, namely, which particular part of this vast country is the old countryman likely to do best in? Without any hesitation I would say, first, the Bulkley Valley, and I will now quote from an article I wrote twelve months ago: "Along the banks of the Bulkley River are to be found some of the largest and most fertile valleys in the Dominion of Canada; valleys that are merely awaiting the means of transportation to make them as productive as the farm lands are today in Manitoba. Until quite recently the few settlers who have been in the North have been almost ex-

clusively in the Bulkley Valley district, for two reasons: The great richness of the soil and the favorable climatic conditions. It is so sheltered by large ranges of mountains that it has a minimum snowfall, and at the same time it is sufficiently near the Coast to ensure adequate rainfall. The climate can be favorably compared with that of the north of England, though possibly the winter may be a little more severe. The timber, whilst plentiful, can be cleared at small expense, and any farmer with sufficient money on hand to enable him to cultivate a small portion of his land need be in no fear of the results he can obtain inside of twelve or eighteen months."

Secondly, we have the Fraser Lake district, where there are large patches of more or less prairie land, and I would especially recommend that region near Francois Lake. Thirdly, we have the Fort George district. This latter district is perhaps better known to the public in view of the tremendous advertising that it has recently had. The soil here is of the greatest richness, but in some parts the heavy clearing would be a serious obstacle to a settler with slender means. The Willow Valley, twenty miles to the east of the Fort George district, is by a long way the richest part that I have seen in this country. I was also particularly impressed with the Duke of Sutherland's Strathnaker estate, forty miles south of Fort George. Here the clearing is not so difficult, and there are already a good many settlers in the district. The returns that can be obtained

from the soil in the Fort George country are tremendous, and, in view of the fact that the Pacific Great Eastern Railway from Vancouver will terminate at this point, there should be a good and ready market for the farmers' products.

If the present conditions are hopeful, what are the prospects for the future? I do not wish to be too much of an optimist, but it is well to bear in mind the following: This northern country is five hundred miles north of Vancouver, the commercial metropolis, and more than that from Victoria, the provincial capital. Now, in view of this mileage separation, together with the rapid settlement of the North, it is not unnatural to foresee that political clashes will probably occur; consequently,

there is a strong possibility that in years to come this rich northern portion of the province may break away from the southern government and demand provincial rights for itself.

The object of this article, however, is to deal with the present and not with the future, bright as that may appear.

In conclusion, I would like to say that, having travelled and lived in Australia and South America besides Central and Eastern Canada, I do not know of any country that presents greater opportunities than Central British Columbia, whether it be for the settler (pre-emptor) or the small capitalist, but let no man think of emigrating to this country unless he possess "British Grit."

A Saxon Epitaph

By MARJORIE PICKTHALL

The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers.
The earth saith of the earth:
All shall be ours.

Yea, though they plant and reap
The rye and the corn,
Lo, they were bond to Sleep
Ere they were born.

Yea, though the blind earth sows
For the fruit and the sheaf,
They shall harvest the leaf of the rose
And the dust of the leaf.

Pride of the sword and power
Are theirs at their need,
Who shall rule but the root of the flower
The fall of the seed.

They who follow the flesh
In splendour and tears,
They shall rest and clothe them afresh
With the fulness of years.

From the dream of the dust they came
As the dawn set free.
They shall pass as the flower of the flame
Or the foam of the sea.

The earth builds on the earth
Cities and towers.
The earth saith of the earth:
All shall be ours.

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New Development in Coquitlam

MR. GEORGE J. BURY, vice-president of the C. P. R., is authority for the statement that when the question of navigation on the Pitt and Fraser Rivers is definitely and finally settled the question of grain elevators will be simultaneously answered. He declared that in his opinion Coquitlam is the place for the C. P. R. elevators provided the navigability of the two rivers is established.

On the data prepared especially for the C. P. R. chiefs in Winnipeg and Montreal hangs the decision. It has been shown by the soundings and by the reports of the experts who have done the work that with the exception of two bars at the mouth of the Pitt and a bar at the mouth of the Fraser the rivers have clean channels, of a depth of thirty-five feet and upwards from the mouth of the Fraser River to away above the mouth of the Pitt and thence up the Pitt to a considerable distance from Coquitlam. This depth it is stated by eminent authorities is adequate for the largest ocean-going Pacific liners. In fact the largest vessels afloat could be accommodated.

The work comprised in the investigation, of which the summary is being considered by the heads of the C. P. R., includes a survey of nine miles of the Pitt River, requiring twenty miles of traverse, forty miles of levels, and over 15,000 soundings. This work began near New Westminster and extended above Port Mann and Coquitlam. This data had never before been gathered, although that pertaining to the Fraser River to a point above New Westminster was at hand.

The only impediments, say the experts to easy navigation on the Pitt and Fraser Rivers are the three bars. The one at the mouth of the Fraser River is now being dredged by the government, while the two

at the mouth of the Pitt are also, it is declared, to be removed by the federal government. The dredging is for thirty feet deep and three hundred feet wide.

Experts declare that with these removed there will be no further difficulties to navigation and on this point hangs the establishment of grain elevators at Coquitlam. The cost of maintaining the channel will be comparatively low, it is said, and far within the sums necessary to keep open such rivers as the Columbia, which is the feeder to Portland, Ore. It is figured that it will take \$2,000,000 to perfect navigation conditions at mouth of the Pitt.

An elaborate dock scheme is being considered by the C. P. R. for Coquitlam. The experts who prepared the data as to the depth of channel of the Fraser and Pitt Rivers also compiled data as to the cost of constructing elevators, docks, warehouses and like facilities. These facts are now in the hands of the C. P. R. and will be used in the determination of whether or not the Coquitlam terminals will be made shipping, elevators and dock centres as well as railway terminals.

Mining in British Columbia in 1912

PRELIMINARY estimates indicate that the total value of the mineral production of British Columbia in 1912 was more than \$6,000,000 higher than in any other year—approximately \$32,606,000, as against \$26,377,000 in 1911, in which year the long-maintained strike at the Crow's Nest collieries caused production to be the lowest in six years, the increase for 1912 was \$9,107,000. While higher average prices for several of the metals produced gave last year a substantial advantage over 1911,

there was also an increase in production of every mineral included in the total.

A decidedly satisfactory result of the year's operations was that five companies operating metalliferous mines together paid more than \$1,200,000 in dividends, as follows: British Columbia Copper Co., \$177,512; Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co., \$232,208; Hedley Gold Mining Co., \$360,000; Le Roi No. 2, \$29,400; Standard Silver-Lead Mining Co., \$425,000; total, \$1,224,120. In addition, the British Columbia Copper Co. declared a dividend in December of 15 cents a share (total \$88,756) payable on January 15, 1913.

Glancing at the production of minerals—shortness of water for gravel-washing purposes again kept down the yield of placer gold; still it was greater than in 1911. Lode gold was higher in quantity, but it fell short by about 27,700 ounces of the production of the record year—1910. Silver is believed to have reached the highest output since 1906. Lead is much higher than in 1911 and about the same as in 1910. Copper, with a total of fully 51,000,000 pounds, is 3,000,000 pounds higher than in any other year, and 14,000,000 pounds higher than in 1911. Zinc is the highest for three years. Coal, with a gross output of more than 3,000,000 long tons, came within 73,000 tons of the highest yearly production on record, and this notwithstanding that there was interruption to production caused by labor troubles at the mines on Vancouver Island of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited. Coke made a similarly excellent showing.

Generally the mining industry is active, and should present prices be maintained gives promise of continued profitable results so far as the operations of several of the larger companies are concerned. The Consolidated, Granby and British Columbia Copper companies are all increasing their mine property holdings and extending their activities in the interior of the province, while on the coast the Granby and Britannia companies are both developing large and important copper mines. In East Kootenay the Consolidated Company is making the Sullivan lead mine in part compensate for the exhaustion of the St. Eugene known ore bodies. In Ainsworth and Slokan, developments of much moment

are taking place, in several instances at considerable depth. In Nelson division strong companies are acquiring mines previously inadequately provided with working capital. The outlook for Rossland is distinctly good, especially in the big mines the Consolidated Company is working. In Boundary district both the Granby and British Columbia Copper Companies are working to full capacity, and the latter has been developing, in the Similkameen, what is expected to prove a big copper mine. The Hedley Gold Mining Co. recovered \$762,700 in gold in 1912, and found an extensive new body of high-grade gold ore, and have paid \$150,000 for the group of claims on which it occurs.

Money for Public Works in British Columbia

IN the estimates recently published for the year 1913-14 by the Dominion Government, provision is made for the expenditure of large sums of money on public works in British Columbia. The appropriations, which are general in their character, include \$195,000 for a new dredging plant for the province; \$23,200 for telegraph and telephone extensions beyond Clayoquot to Estavan Point and Friendly Cove; \$13,750 for telegraph line beyond Dead Tree Point to Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands; and \$8,500 for construction of branch telegraph line from Point Atkinson to Newport, along Montague Channel.

For new public buildings the following expenditures are proposed:

- Ashcroft—Public building, \$25,000.
- Chilliwack—Public building, \$25,000.
- Cranbrook—Public building, \$5,000;
- Dominion public building renewals, \$15,000.
- Duncan's Station — Public building, \$20,000.
- Fernie—Drill hall, \$20,000.
- Golden—Public building, \$25,000.
- Grand Forks—Public building, \$20,000.
- Greenwood—Public building, \$35,000.
- Kamloops—Public building, \$50,000.
- Kelowna—Public building, \$20,000.
- Merritt—Public building, \$20,000.
- Mission City—Public building, \$20,000.
- New Westminster—Public building, addition, \$30,000.
- Penticton—Public building, \$15,000.

Prince Rupert—Public building, \$75,000; immigration, \$6,000; quarantine station, \$50,000.

Revelstoke—Public building, \$50,000.

Trail—Public building, \$20,000.

Union Bay—Public building, \$7,000.

North Vancouver — Public building, \$20,000.

Vancouver — Examining warehouse, \$125,000; drill hall, \$75,000; public building, improvements, \$11,000; sulphur dioxide fumigating plant, \$1,000; postal station "C," \$75,000.

Vernon—Public building, \$5,000.

Victoria — Postoffice, improvements, \$50,000; drill hall, \$100,000; sulphur dioxide fumigating plant, \$1,000.

Williams Head — Quarantine station, new buildings, improvements and repairs to existing buildings, \$30,000.

Harbor and river appropriation for British Columbia are:

Ainsworth—Wharf, \$8,200.

Beaton—Wharf, \$8,500.

Boswell—Wharf, \$1,400.

Camp Island—Repairs to wharf, \$1,000.

Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, improvements, \$20,000.

Columbia River survey, from boundary, with a view to determine cost of rendering the river navigable, \$15,000.

Comox Atlin wharf, \$9,000.

Construction of freight sheds on government wharf, \$3,600.

Digby Island, Prince Rupert—Quarantine wharf, \$10,000.

East Arrow Park—Wharf, \$7,500.

Fraser River—Training pier, \$50,000. Fraser, lower, improvements, \$40,000; removal of the snags, \$30,000.

Fraser and Thompson River—Wharves, \$2,000.

Gray Creek—Wharf, \$5,000.

Harbors, rivers and bridges — General repairs and improvements, \$30,000.

Invernoc—Wharf, \$2,000.

Kaslo—Wharf, \$18,000.

Kootenay Bay—Wharf, \$7,500.

Masset (White settlement) — Wharf, \$7,500.

Needles—Wharf, \$7,500.

Okanagan River—Protecting and improvement of navigable channel, \$5,500.

Quatsino—Repairs and extension to wharf, \$5,500.

Refuge Bay (Poachers' Island)—Wharf, \$6,000.

Ronata—Wharf, \$7,500.

Sand Spit Point—Wharf, \$5,000.

Shutty Bench—Wharf, \$6,000.

Sooke Harbor—Improvements of the entrance, \$5,000.

Thompson River—Removing snags, etc., \$2,500.

Tofino—Repairs to wharf, \$2,000.

Upper Fraser River and tributaries—Improvements of the navigable channel, \$40,000.

Upper Lillooet River—Removal of obstructions, \$3,000.

Williams Head quarantine station—Improvements and repairs, \$6,000.

Willow Point, on Lake Kootenay — Wharf, \$10,000.

Railroad Construction in Kettle Valley

THERE are about three thousand five hundred men engaged in connection with construction on the Kettle Valley Railway. Beginning at Midway, and coming westward, the track is laid to Carmi, at Mile 46, and grading is being proceeded with, so that tracklaying will begin at Carmi as soon as spring opens, and should reach the summit between the Kettle and the Okanagan Valleys about midsummer.

This summit is Mile 76 west of Midway. By the time the track reaches the summit the contractors have promised that the grading on the section from the summit to Penticton, fifty-nine miles in length, will be sufficiently advanced to enable tracklaying to be continued southwesterly towards Penticton.

The grading from Penticton, northeasterly, will also be well advanced by the summer, and by the time the 1,600-foot tunnel is driven at Mile 20 east of Penticton it should be possible to connect up the steel on the entire fifty-nine-mile section.

There are over 1,200 men now engaged on the fifty-nine miles from Penticton, which is Mile 135 west of Carmi, to the Kettle-Okanagan summit. The contractors say that this force will be doubled within the next month or six weeks, so that excellent progress is assured.

From Penticton (Mile 135 west of

Midway) to the Osprey Lake summit (Mile 175 west of Midway) the grading is so far advanced that track-laying can be started west of the Trout Creek bridge by the time this bridge has been erected. Steel is now laid almost to the Trout Creek crossing, and ballasting and surfacing on this section, some nine miles in length, will be proceeded with at once.

From the Osprey Lake summit to the Otter summit, a distance of some sixty-five miles, the location has not been definitely decided on as yet. It will be, however, definitely settled, so that work will be begun on both ends of this stretch on the opening of spring, and, there being no heavy bridges to put in, this section should be completed some time during the fall of 1913.

From the Otter summit, which will be approximately Mile 240 west of Midway, into Merritt, the track is completed, and being operated under an order of the railway board. The section between Midway and Carmi is also being operated under an order of the railway board.

From Mile 245, Coldwater Junction, to Hope, a total distance of about fifty-two miles, the first thirteen miles are now under construction. The remaining thirty-nine miles are the subject of negotiation with the Great Northern Railway, which it is expected will result in some settlement so as to enable work on this thirty-nine miles to be vigorously prosecuted with the opening of spring.

At Penticton the yards will be completed, the round-house, machine shops, etc., will be erected, and a good deal of equipment will be brought in. It has been decided to erect a concrete round-house,

but the number of stalls has not yet been decided upon. At present there are two large locomotives and a lot of equipment.

At least five additional locomotives and a great deal more equipment will be operated from Penticton as a base. The railway company have agreed with the Okanagan fruit union to provide the funds necessary for a first-class storage warehouse, to be erected at a convenient point to be determined by those interested.

Victoria Shipping in January, 1913

THE great expansion of the port of Victoria is well demonstrated in the growth of the returns of shipping in and out, from sea and coastwise. There has been a steady increase in the amount of business being done, as has been shown by the monthly returns of the customs house.

The figures for the month of January are a striking indication of the advance which has been made in the deep sea traffic to this port within the last year. These are as follows:

| Foreign. | Vessels. | Tonnage. |
|-------------|----------|----------|
| In | 161 | 152,981 |
| Out | 134 | 199,927 |
| Total | 295 | 352,908 |
| Coastwise. | Vessels. | Tonnage. |
| In | 232 | 196,005 |
| Out | 252 | 170,354 |
| Total | 484 | 366,359 |

The foreign shipping for January, 1912, totaled 196 vessels with a tonnage of 261,472, there being just one hundred vessels inbound, of a tonnage of 134,471, and outbound there were 96 vessels of a tonnage of 127,151.

MATSQUI, B.C. — Lower Fraser Valley

Choice Farm Lands ready for the plough

For detailed information, maps and price lists apply

JOHN J. BANFIELD

327 Seymour Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Port Alberni, B. C.

ANYONE who is at all familiar with the history of British Columbia can readily see that an investment in Port Alberni property now, whether city or suburban, will net him handsome returns before any great length of time. Manufacturing sites with the most excellent facilities may be had, there being a very large potential water-power in the falls of the Somass River, close to the harbor. On the waterfront splendid sites are also procurable at reasonable prices, these offering every advantage in the way of trackage and shipping. The C. P. R. has a fine modern depot in the town, and trains connect each day with Victoria, and thence by boat to Vancouver. Port Alberni lies at the head of the Alberni Canal, a long indentation on the west coast of Vancouver Island and at the mouth of the Somass River. It is backed and flanked by Copper and Arrowsmith Mountains, which, however, offer no impediment to entering railroads. The site of the town is a gradual slope from the waterfront, opening into the magnificent Alberni Valley, which is already extensively farmed and is one of the best districts on the Island. A short distance from the townsite are Buttles, Cameron and Sproat Lakes, some of the most beautiful bodies of inland waters in the province. These lakes offer splendid opportunities for hotels and resorts for the tourist, and the Canadian Pacific has already constructed some chalets in close proximity to the lakes and mountains. On the ocean, and but a short distance from Port Alberni, stretches twenty miles of magnificent sandy beach, the famous Long Beach, which is the resort and delight of thousands of tourists every summer. It is the intention of the C. P. R. to erect a chalet here, which alone will be a distinct advantage to the town. It is the gateway to a paradise for the hunter, fisherman and tourist, in addition to being one of the most advantageous sites for a great city ever laid out. Excellent motor roads now reach every part of the Island, and there is no difficulty in reaching the Port in a short time from Victoria over the famous Pacific Highway, for which this town is the terminus.

As to climate: The rainfall is less here than in Vancouver, which is less than in many parts of the eastern provinces. Severe winters are unknown on account of the proximity of



STANDING TIMBER, PORT ALBERNI DISTRICT

the Japan current, and the summers are indescribably delightful. In summing up the advantages of Port Alberni, it is seen that it has the natural advantages of a harbor unexcelled, a townsite of ideal location, excellent water-power resources of incalculable value behind it for which it is the natural port; a busy, progressive administration which is engrossed in making it one of the most attractive towns to the homeseeker and manufacturer, as well as investor, in this fast-growing country; banks, schools, business houses, hotels, wharves, factories, railroad, shipping facilities, and in fact every component of a manufacturing and shipping centre. There can be no doubt but that for every dollar invested in Port Alberni the investor will gain manifold in the next ten years.

On Vancouver Island

In the Alberni, Nanoose and Newcastle Districts, splendid farming land at

\$35 per Acre

in 10, 20, or 40-acre tracts, on terms of one-fifth cash and one-fifth each year.

This is Your Golden Opportunity

CARMICHAEL & MOORHEAD, LIMITED

Offices: VICTORIA, B.C.

PORT ALBERNI

PARKSVILLE, B.C.

Franco-Canadian Trust Company Limited

Rogers Building, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Cranbrook, B. C.

Population, now close to 5,000, is rapidly increasing

CRANBROOK is a divisional point of the C. P. R., whose payroll is over \$75,000 a month.

Railways: From east and west, the C. P. R., and from middle and eastern States and Pacific coast point, the Soo-Spokane-Portland.

Great Northern, via Lethbridge, Alta., or Elko, B. C., connects with British Columbia Southern (known as Crows Nest Branch of the C. P. R.).

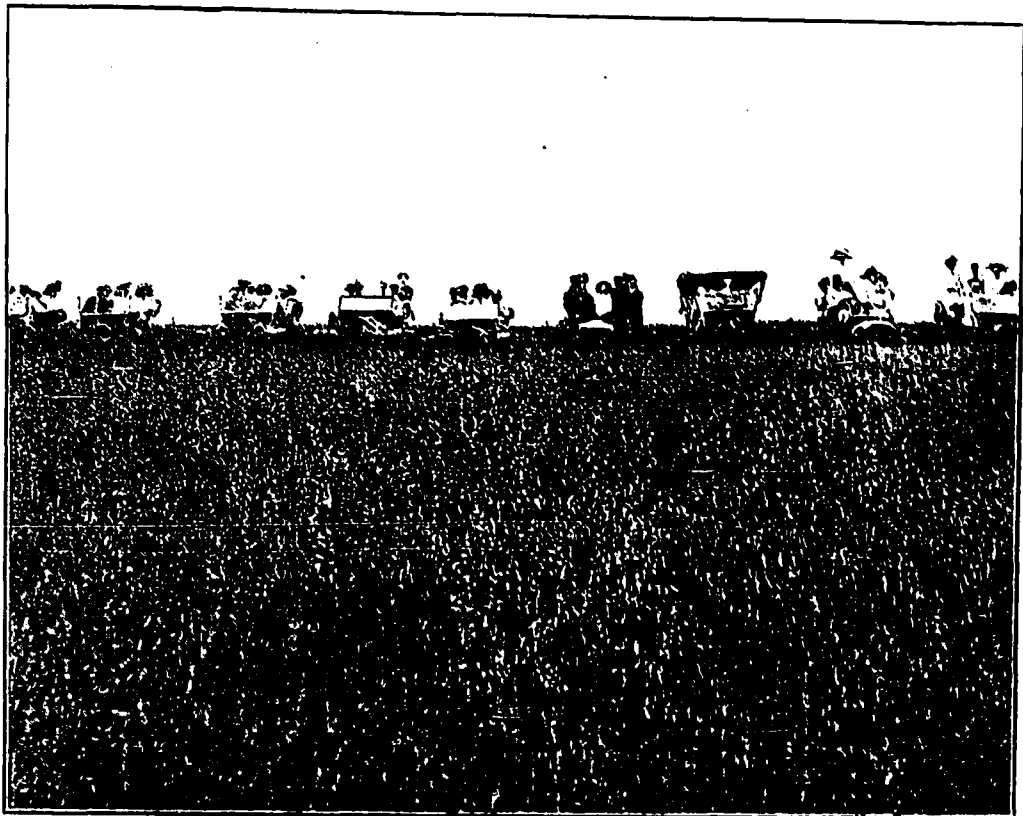
Kootenay Central Branch of the C. P. R. connects with all points north. And the North Star branch of the C. P. R. reaches Kimberly and Marysville districts.

In the vicinity are twenty-five sawmills, five planing-mills, three sash and door factories, mining camps and many other industries, employing a large number of men the year around.

The climate of CRANBROOK approaches the ideal as near as may be found in Canada. The scenery is unsurpassed in variety and grandeur. Large and small game is found in abundance. It is the centre of a district 100 miles square, rich in timber, minerals, etc. From an agricultural standpoint the land in general is well suited to mixed farming.

The fruit-raising industry is as yet in its infancy owing to the fact that up to the last few years the chief attention was given to mining and lumbering. However, experiments have proven so satisfactory, and the markets are so great, that land is rapidly increasing in value.

The different points in the district are connected by first-class roads, in fact the roads



AUTOS IN A FIELD OF GRAIN NEAR CRANBROOK

are so good that Thomas N. Wilby, while here on his pathfinding trip from coast to coast, said: "The roads out of this city look as if they had been gone over with a flat-iron, they are so smooth."

This city has a municipal hall, new \$75,000 post office, six churches, three banks, three theatres, large hospital, two rinks, several places of amusement, five schools, large Y. M. C. A. building, Masonic Temple, I. O. O. F. and K. of P. halls, and eight hotels with excellent accommodation. Also electric lighting, gravity water and sewer systems. Magnificent natural power facilities await development. Large mercantile establishments and wholesale houses meet the needs of a rapidly growing community.

The C. P. R.'s new transcontinental line from Winnipeg to Vancouver will go via CRANBROOK and the Crows Nest Pass.

Fruit and Vegetable Land

Near the big markets, in a delightful climate, a mile and a half from the prosperous, growing CRANBROOK, B. C., is what the sensible farmer is looking for.

There is a 3,000-acre tract at APPLELAND that is just waiting to grow the best fruits

and vegetables in British Columbia. All perishable products can be disposed of readily. Your product picked at noon is eaten by the consumer for supper.

Ask us about the 5-acre tracts for \$500.00; one-quarter down.

THE CHAPMAN LAND & INVESTMENT CO.

CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Creston, B. C.



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BLACK WALNUT TREE, CRESTON, B. C.

CRESTON is a new town in the heart of Kootenay Valley, commonly known as "Creston Fruit District," and comprising that portion of land lying between Kootenay Lake and the International boundary line.

The valley is twelve miles wide and covers an area of over one-fifth of the genuine fruit lands of British Columbia. One of the most pleasing features of the valley—especially to old residents of the province who have visited Creston for the first time—is the mild climatic conditions in winter and summer. Kootenay Lake never freezes up, wild fowl can be seen on the water all winter, and there are no damaging winds or summer frosts.

The fruit-growers are cheerful and appear satisfied that they have located the home of all

homes in the valley. Besides having a cheerful home, they have also a cheerful revenue from berries, tomatoes (that ripen in the open fields from July to late in October), apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, prunes and vegetables.

While not one per cent. of this great block of land is under cultivation, yet we can easily see where Creston farmers are sure to win, being especially favored with a mild climate, rich soil, no irrigation required, the production of high-class fruit and vegetables, favorable transportation facilities, and one day nearer the great market than any other fruit district in the province.

The present population consists principally of Anglo-Saxon origin.

INVESTMENTS AND HOMES IN CRESTON FRUIT DISTRICT

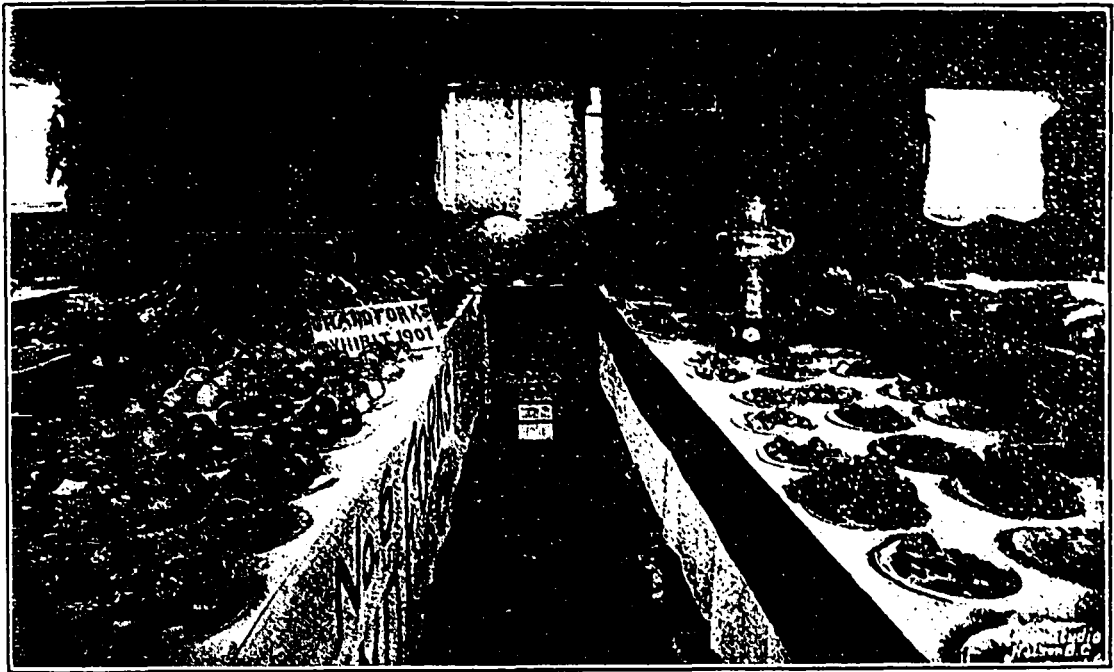
Are Safe, and Sure to Increase in Value

R. LAMONT, CRESTON, B. C.

Buys and sells Creston Fruit Land in large or small blocks

REFERENCE: *Canadian Bank of Commerce, Creston, B. C.*

Grand Forks, B. C.



GRAND FORKS' FRUIT EXHIBIT

WITH seven separate lines of three railways, each built and in operation, radiating from this city, Grand Forks has already held an unrivalled position on the railway map of British Columbia. With further assured railway importance in its creation as divisional point and joint terminal by the Canadian Pacific and Kettle Valley Railways, Grand Forks is not only on the eve of great development but will continue to hold in an unmistakable way the premier position in the interior of the province from a railway standpoint, and is destined to be one of the hubs of the West.

In consideration of the concessions granted by the city of Grand Forks, the Canadian Pacific and Kettle Valley Railway Companies agree to:

Make Grand Forks a joint passenger terminal and divisional point for the Canadian Pacific and Kettle Valley Railways.

Commence construction forthwith, within the city limits, of a round-house of at least a ten-stall capacity, a machine shop and all other necessary buildings and plant for maintenance of same; and maintain same for a period of ten years.

Establish a joint passenger station on site of present Kettle Valley Railway depot, on Third street, and make necessary additions thereto to properly care for transportation business. Maintain such depot for a period of ten years.

Run all passenger trains through the city over the present route of the Kettle Valley Railway for a period of ten years.

Establish an industrial spur for delivery of carload freight at convenient point within a quarter of a mile of the Kettle Valley depot.

The by-law further requires that actual construction work be commenced within three months and be completed within one year.

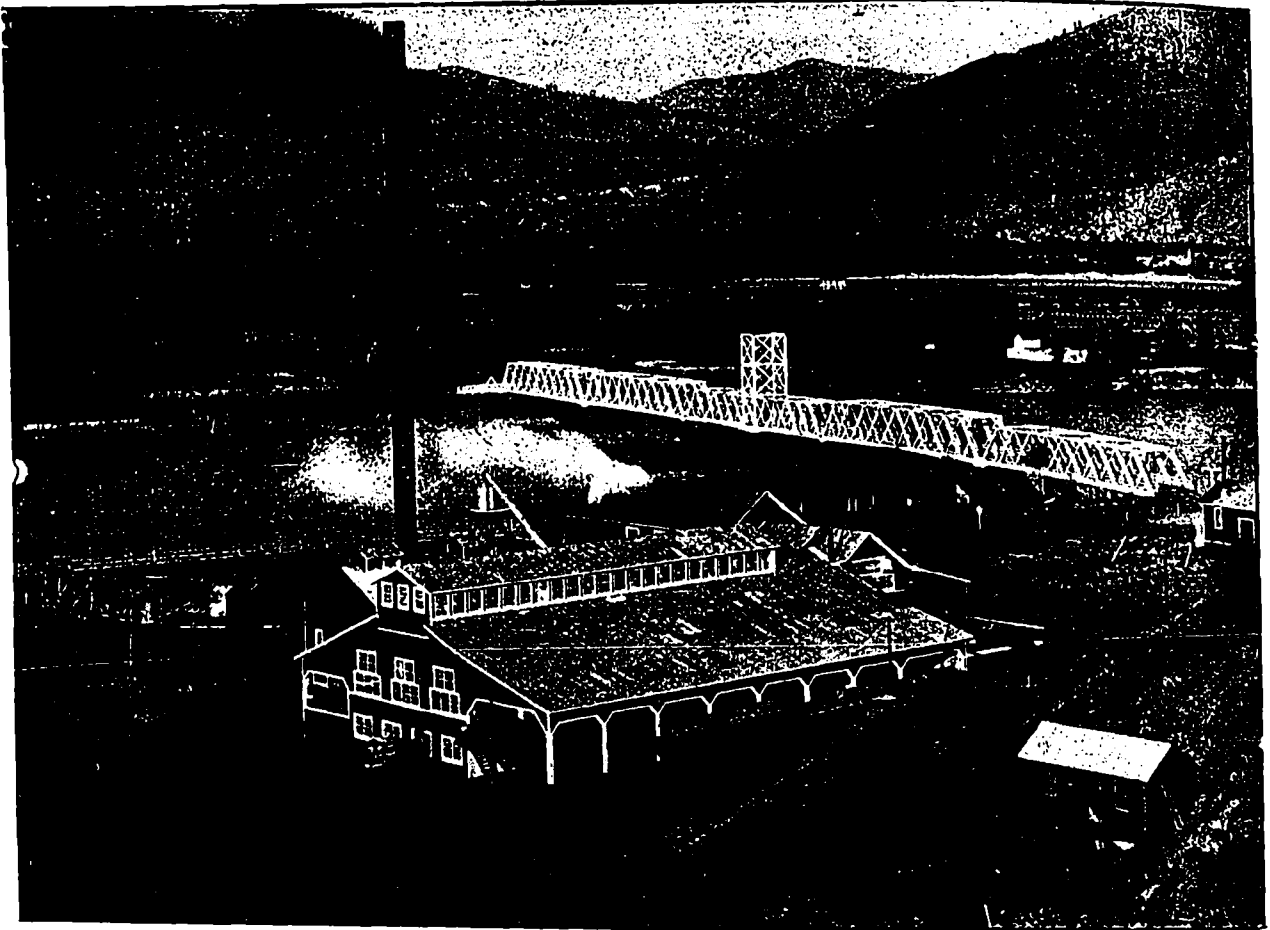
INVESTMENTS: Sound, safe, profitable INVESTMENTS. Grand Forks, Central Interior point of British Columbia, and Kettle Valley, the ideal fruit and agricultural district, afford exceptional opportunities to investors. FRUIT LANDS, TOWN LOTS, MORTGAGE LOANS, TIMBER, MINES. Enquiries solicited.

Boundary Trust & Investment Co. Ltd.

Established 1901

GRAND FORKS, B. C.

Kamloops, B. C.



BRIDGE OVER THOMPSON RIVER AT KAMLOOPS

SOME FACTS

KAMLOOPS was started one hundred years ago as a fur trading post.

Kamloops has a mayor and six aldermen.

Kamloops was incorporated in 1893.

Kamloops is recognized as one of the best kept cities in the West.

The derivation of the word Kamloops is from the Indian language, meaning "Meeting of the waters."

Eight years ago no man thought Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Saskatoon, or Regina would become large cities. Their location favored them, and they are among the leading cities of Western Canada today. Kamloops

was nicely chosen as a location, being the centre of a number of fertile valleys branching out in various directions, with roads running north, south, east and west, and steamboats running east, west and north. For these reasons Kamloops will surprise the most sanguine of today.

Kamloops is conceded to have as fine a climate as can be found.

Kamloops' streets are carefully looked after both in the business and residential districts, and in consequence are always in a sanitary condition.

Kamloops is recognized as the commercial centre of southern British Columbia.

EVANDER McLEOD

Real Estate, Insurance, Investments

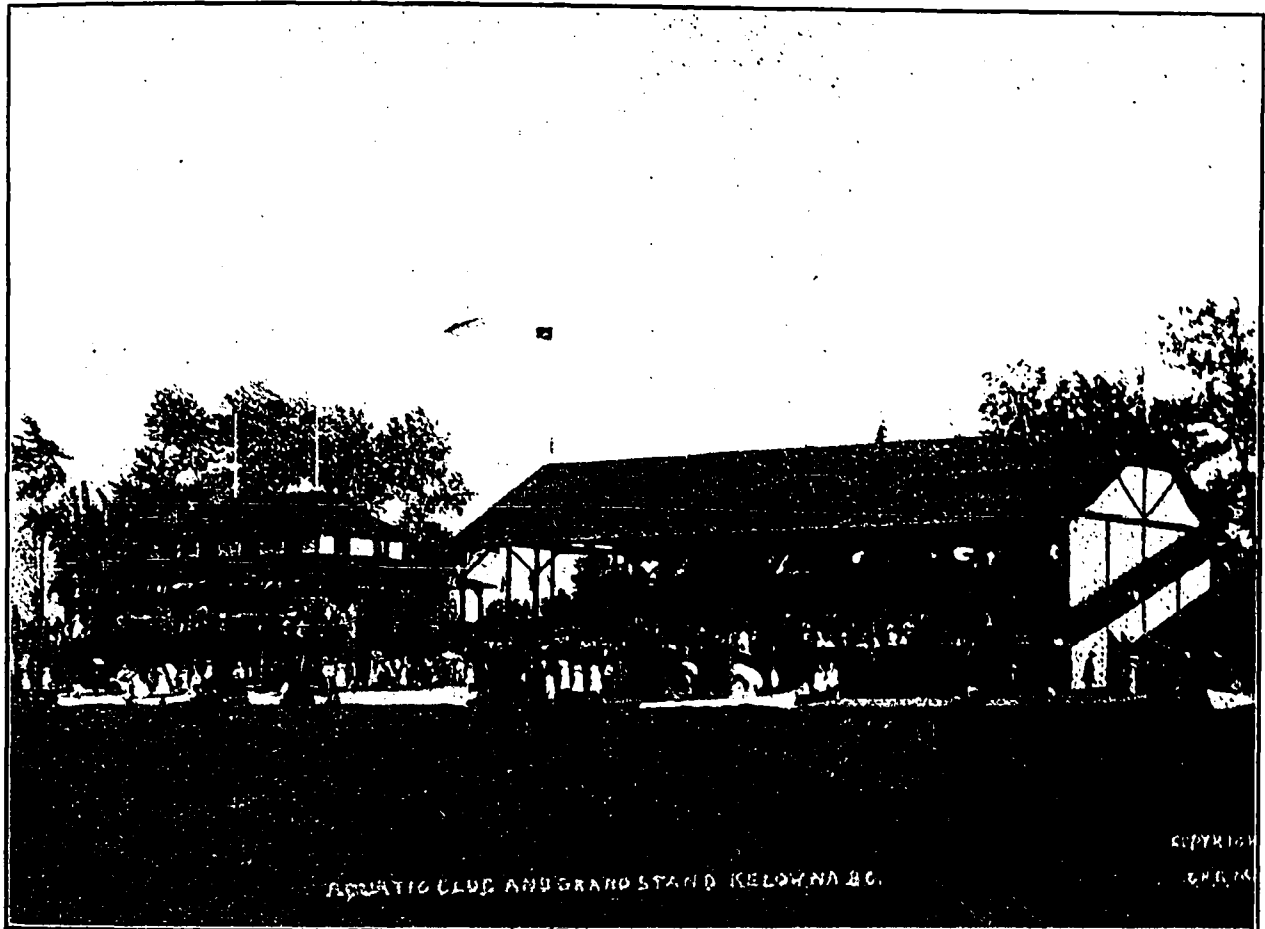
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KAMLOOPS, B. C.

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NOT ONLY does Kelowna grow the best apples in British Columbia, but we also produce that whole-hearted enjoyment of outdoor life, assisted by our surroundings, as depicted above. This makes for the best that is in mankind.

All of these things we are anxious to share with thousands of others. Washington and Oregon fruit lands are three and

four times as expensive as ours. This year's net result to their growers has been far less than ours have received. In open competition with American apple exhibits, Kelowna has taken the best prizes.

Come and see for yourself. For any information or illustrated booklet write: G. A. Fisher, Secretary Publicity Department, Board of Trade, Kelowna, B. C.

BELGO-CANADIAN FRUIT LANDS CO.

First-class Fruit Lands in the Kelowna

District for Sale

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B. C.**

**290 Garry Street
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ANTWERP**

Nelson, B. C.



APPLE-PICKING AT DUNTULM RANCH, NEAR NELSON

HITHERTO the 60,000 population that the census allowed the Kootenay has been equal to absorbing the fruit output of this lake region, but with a production of fifty carloads of apples commercial markets are of course being sought. The prairie centres will take almost all the export crop. A shipment, with a view to the future, is being made to the English market, the Kootenay Fruit Growers' Union shipping a single carload, made up of Cox's Orange Pippin, Yellow Newton, Northern Spy, and Baldwin.

The West Kootenay has at least 300,000 acres

of prime fruit land now available, watered by natural rainfall and by creeks, at elevations of from 1,400 feet to 2,500 feet. The acreage under cultivation is now about 15,000, with about 9,000 acres in trees.

At the rate at which the various sections of the West Kootenay are undergoing settlement—the West Arm and Kootenay River, Kootenay Lake and estuary, Slocan Lake and River, the Arrow Lakes and Columbia River, and the Salmon and Pend d'Oreille Valley—the fruit industry of this glorious mountain region will expand into one of the province's great assets.

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Exceptional Opportunities for the Investment of Your Capital

FRUIT RANCHES

in the beautiful Kootenay District, with bearing orchards and good, modern houses. revenue-producing properties these, ready for immediate occupancy; climate unequalled, beautiful surroundings; 5, 10 or 20-acre tracts from \$200 to \$2,000 per acre.

Reliable information and price list on request.

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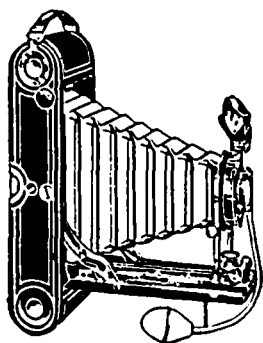
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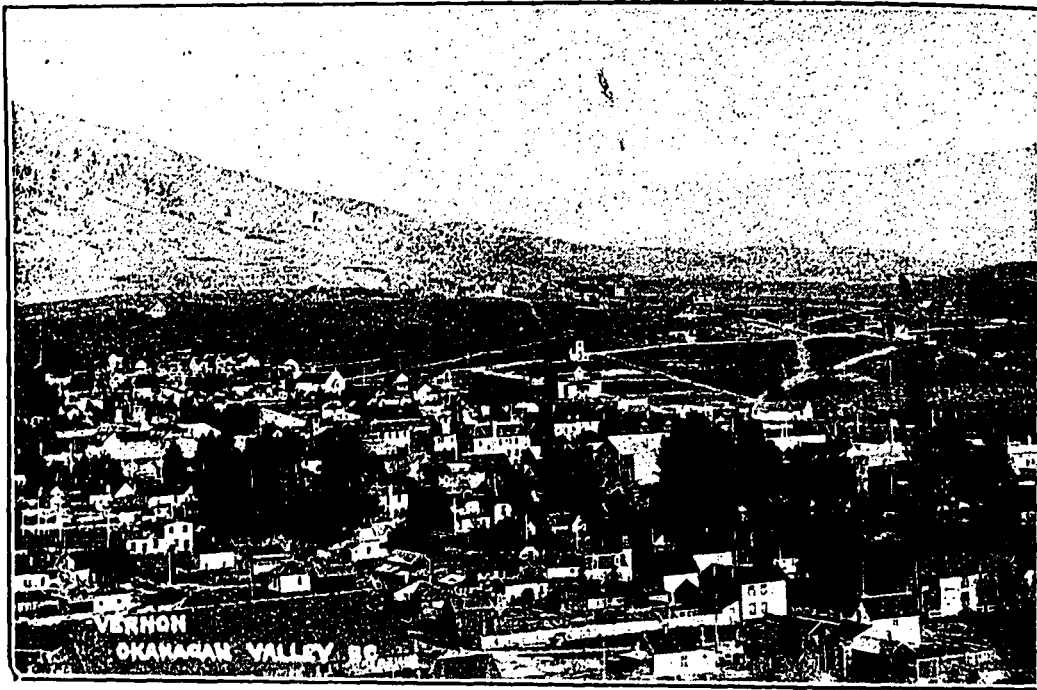
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TORONTO

Vernon, B. C.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VERNON

VERNON is the principal city and centre of the Okanagan Valley, with a population of over 3,000 people, and is located about 45 miles south of Sicamous Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway, with which there is daily train communication. Fruit-growing, mixed farming, dairying and poultry-raising are the principal industries of the district.

The average net profits of an apple orchard in this district are about \$200 per acre. The cost of a ten-acre orchard, with the land purchased at \$250 per acre, will amount to about \$4,500 at the end of five years, and thereafter paying returns may be reasonably expected.

Vernon is equipped with all the necessities of modern life. There are six hotels, a modern lighting system, an ample supply of pure water and an excellent public school system. The

Canadian Northern Railway has practically completed the surveys and will shortly start the construction of a branch line from Kamloops, on their main transcontinental line, to Vernon, Lumby and Kelowna, and according to charter it will be completed on the first of July, 1914; and have also acquired the water-power rights from the Couteau River and will also be in a position to supply electric power in a year or so.

The present post office and customs house are jointly located in a fine new building erected at a cost of over \$50,000 on the main street.

A new court house and government offices are also in course of construction at a cost of about \$200,000 and when erected will be one of the finest buildings in the interior of British Columbia.

R. FITZMAURICE

Fruit and Farm Lands in Vernon District, Okanagan Valley; also Vernon City Property

Financial Broker

Real Estate

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Fire, Life, Accident and Automobile Insurance
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Box 15

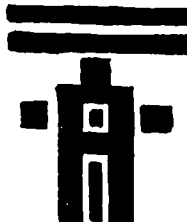
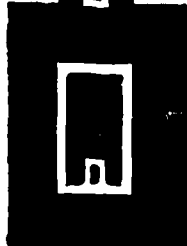
Phone No. 46

VERNON, B. C.



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 **Table** 

Serve 
Seal 
Brand
COFFEE

 **ABSOLUTELY
PURE**
 **Guaranteed by
CHASE AND
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The Valley of Opportunities
The Oldest and Best Farming District
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IMPROVED farms, logged-off lands, bush lands, sea and river frontage, small tracts suitable for fruit and poultry, on easy terms. Good climate. Good markets.

For the Investor

TOWN lots, business chances. The C. P. R. and C. N. R. building here; the two largest coal and lumber companies in British Columbia spending millions in development work. Get in line with them and make their money make you money.

We want your enquiries. Write us now.

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The Comox Valley Specialists
COURTENAY, B. C.

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of the

Mutual Life

of Canada

For Forty-two Years

HAS BEEN FAIR DEALING WITH ITS POLICYHOLDERS, ITS AGENTS AND THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.

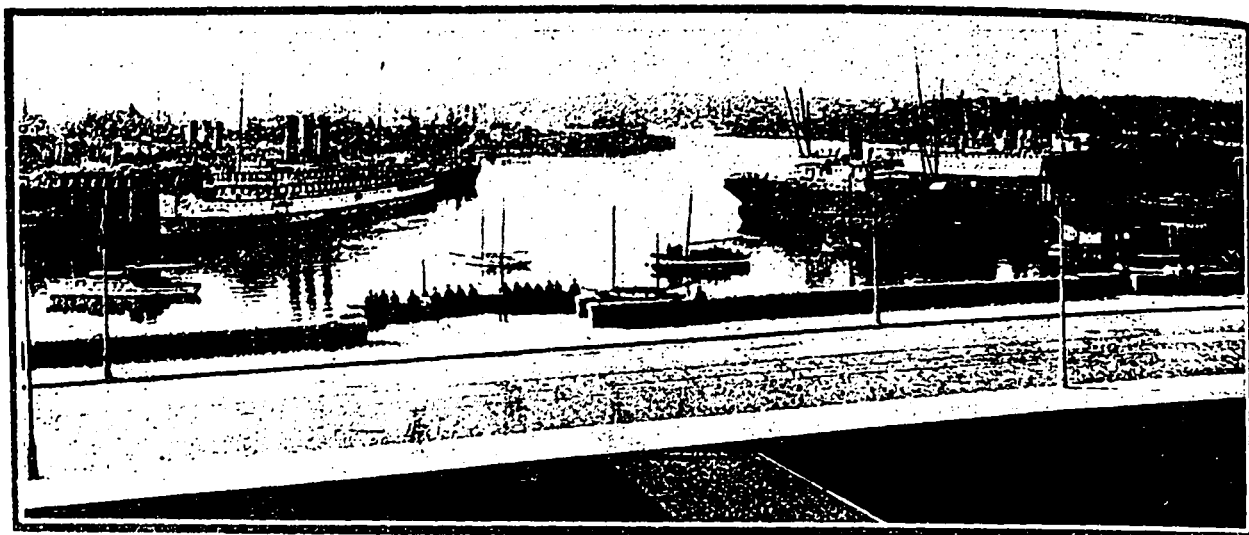
PAST ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND NOT FUTURE PROMISES HAVE BEEN ITS SURE PASSPORT TO POPULAR FAVOR.

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CONSULT YOUR OWN BEST INTERESTS BY CALLING ON OR WRITING

WILLIAM J. TWISS, Manager

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VANCOUVER, B. C.



Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

The Leading Port in the Dominion

THE City of Victoria, B. C., Canada, the Capital City of the province of British Columbia, is the first port in the Dominion of Canada. That is one reason why the Dominion Government is equipping it with the present-designed splendid outer harbor. When it is recorded that during the six months of the first fiscal year ending September 30, 1912, a total of 5,747 vessels, foreign and coastwise, in and out, came and went from local wharves, the magnitude of the shipping trade from Victoria is impressed upon even the most unthinking.

Not one of the eastern ports can show anything like the record of shipping as does Victoria. And the increase in the shipping grows steadily and surely. Examine these figures.

1909-10—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 7,254; total tonnage, 4,826,769.

1910-11—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 8,475; total tonnage, 5,673,697.

1911-12—Total number of ships arriving and departing, 9,778; total tonnage, 7,207,274.

While the coastwise trade is advancing rapidly, it is in the foreign trade that the greatest advances are being made. Last year the foreign trade of Montreal, inward and outward, totalled 845 vessels, with 3,385,951 tons, as compared with 2,834 vessels with 3,522,851 tons at Victoria. At St. John the foreign shipping inward and outward in the same time was 2,442 vessels, with 2,012,425 tons; while Halifax had 2,344 vessels in and out, foreign, with 3,111,535 tons. Freight landed by foreign vessels at Victoria has trebled in the last three years.

TAKE NOTICE, MANUFACTURERS, INVESTORS, RAILWAYS, STEAMSHIP LINES, SHIP-BUILDERS AND CAPITALISTS—ALL ROADS AND ALL PORTS LEAD TO AND CONNECT WITH VICTORIA.

For free booklet, fully illustrated, on Canada's Greatest Port, address VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Victoria, B. C. Room 44.

Shoal Harbor, Saanich Peninsula

WE have several eight to twelve-acre pieces on this beautiful harbor, cleared and in orchard, all ready for that summer home. Splendid view. Ideal boating, fishing and hunting. Safe anchorage and sandy beach. The loveliest spot on Vancouver Island. The price and size of the plots and natural location make this an *exclusive* summer home colony. There are only fourteen plots and two of these have been sold to wealthy residents.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

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Fort and Broad Streets, VICTORIA, B. C.

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The Choicest and Cheapest

FRUIT LANDS

in British Columbia

Situated seventeen miles south of Kamloops in a PROVEN fruit-growing district.

Enjoy a delightful and healthful CLIMATE, a rich, fertile fruit SOIL, an abundance of pure WATER, excellent TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES, fine ROADS, good MARKETS at high prices, and are suburban to an important city.

LAKEVIEW GARDENS are CLEARED and READY TO PLANT, and can be purchased in blocks of ten acres and upwards, on EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS at

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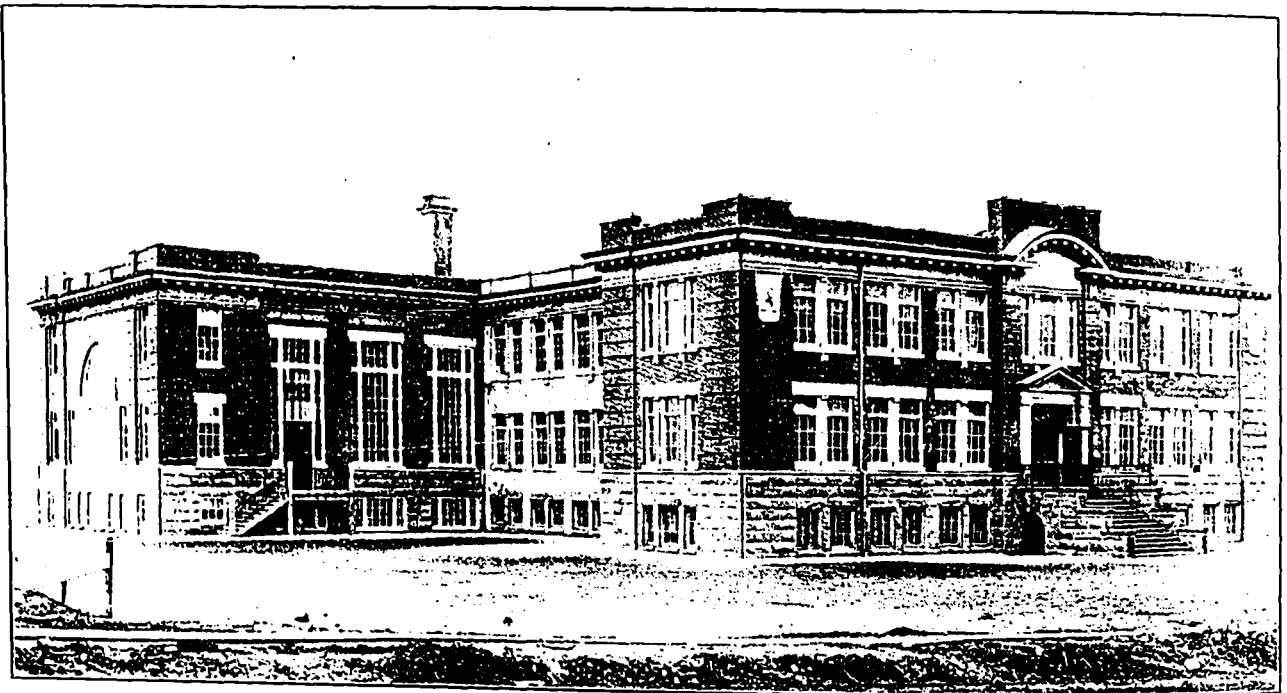
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Vancouver—An Educational Centre

Vancouver is the educational centre for the British Pacific Northwest. The University of British Columbia occupies a magnificent site overlooking the entrance to Burrard Inlet and the waters of the Straits of Georgia at the extreme western part of Point Grey. Here imposing administration, lecture, assembly, and dormitory buildings are being erected under the direction of the provincial government, and the first classes will begin university work of the highest rank in October, 1913.

In addition to the university the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist Church bodies maintain denominational schools for theological students, and McGill University College gives instruction in the first three years in arts and two years in science along the lines pursued at McGill University in Montreal.

There are ten private schools for boys and girls where special attention is paid to music, languages, and matriculation subjects prescribed by the leading universities of Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

The School Board of Vancouver has jurisdiction over a normal school, a model school, two high schools, five manual training schools, and twenty-seven public schools. In addition there are five public school and four manual training school buildings included in the programme of construction for 1913.

During 1912 there were enrolled 12,393 pupils

in the schools of the city, exclusive of private schools, and 340 teachers assisted by 67 special instructors were employed. One of the important departments of school work in Vancouver is the night school system. During 1912, 1,972 pupils and 62 instructors were in attendance in this work, and a vast number of technical and scientific subjects were included in the curriculum.

By midsummer accommodation will have been provided for class-room and teaching purposes aggregating an attendance of 20,000. The chief difficulty that has confronted the Vancouver School Board in past years has been the problem of providing adequate accommodation for the rapidly increasing enrolment of city children of school age.

Vancouver's population has been increasing at the rate of 10,000 a year for the better part of a decade, a fact to which the increasing demand for educational facilities bears striking testimony. There are many obvious reasons for this remarkable growth. May we send you fuller particulars under separate cover? Write Department C.



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Vancouver Island, B. C.

Canada

Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria

In all the various districts of Vancouver Island the tokens of development and progress continue to multiply. Railway activities and the steady work of extending and improving the island roads and highways have a great deal to do with this, and the constant influx of settlers to the country communities, the towns and the cities continues to widen the sphere of action both as to urban and agricultural potentialities.

The Alberni District, with the promising and energetic little cities of Port Alberni and Alberni, is progressing with sure strides, and the incoming of the Canadian Northern Railway into the neighborhood is the latest move which is adding impetus to the already live condition of affairs. Not the least important feature of this district's future is the coming opening of Strathcona Park and its world-heralded beauties. That thousands of visitors will come through in this way to reach the park is assured, and that numbers of them will fall in love with the district and remain there is also an undisputed fact.

Nanaimo is fast coming to the front because of its geographical position, fine harbor, and vast natural resources. It has always been a great coal-mining centre, and yet this is in reality only one of its commercial factors. The lumbering and fishing industries, and more lately, manufacturing, promise to rival the mining interests in time to come, for year by year the trend of capital to Nanaimo and the signs of the financial zodiac point to very large industrial developments at this point. Nanaimo is now and has for some years past been agitating for a tramway system. That this will be installed does not admit of a doubt, and it will go far towards metropolitanizing the city. Its harbor is a splendid one, and its shipping trade considerable. A few years hence and this centrally located and thriving place will have gained greatly in population and commercial importance.

Cumberland and Ladysmith are both up-to-date, virile and go-ahead little cities, remarkable for their civic spirit and systems of municipal government. Each has rivalled the other in the matter of enthusiasm for the betterment of existing conditions, and the result has been of the greatest possible benefit to the citizens. Both are in the heart of the coal measures of their districts, and Ladysmith has a fine harbor, thus affording rail as well as sail transportation for its mining output, her situation on the main line of the E. & N. Railway giving through connection with all island points on this line. Cumberland connects by rail to Union Bay, and is moving energetically for further rail service by way of the Canadian Northern Railway. Their future is a bright one, and founded on solid advantages.

Duncan and Sidney are centres for agricultural districts, Duncan being especially favored as the trading metropolis of the famous Cowichan Valley. This recently incorporated little city has one of the finest general stores in Canada, a flourishing Creamery and Egg Association, and its reputation for the finest of butter and eggs is so firmly fixed that the highest prices are realized for its product. Sidney, at the terminus of the Victoria and Sidney Railway, may yet become an important terminal manufacturing point as well as an agricultural centre. All of these cities have their boards of trade, which are busy in forwarding the interests of their communities in every possible manner.



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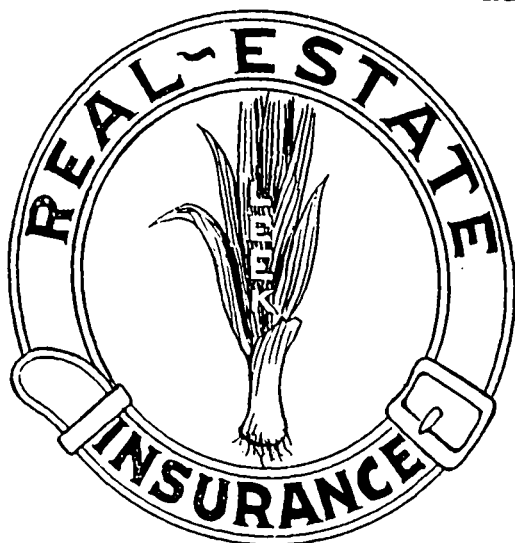
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HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST SIX INCHES IN THIRTY DAYS

After I had tried Pills, Massage, Wooden Cups and Various Advertised Preparations without the slightest results

A Simple, Easy Method which any Lady can use at home and quickly obtain a large and beautiful Bust

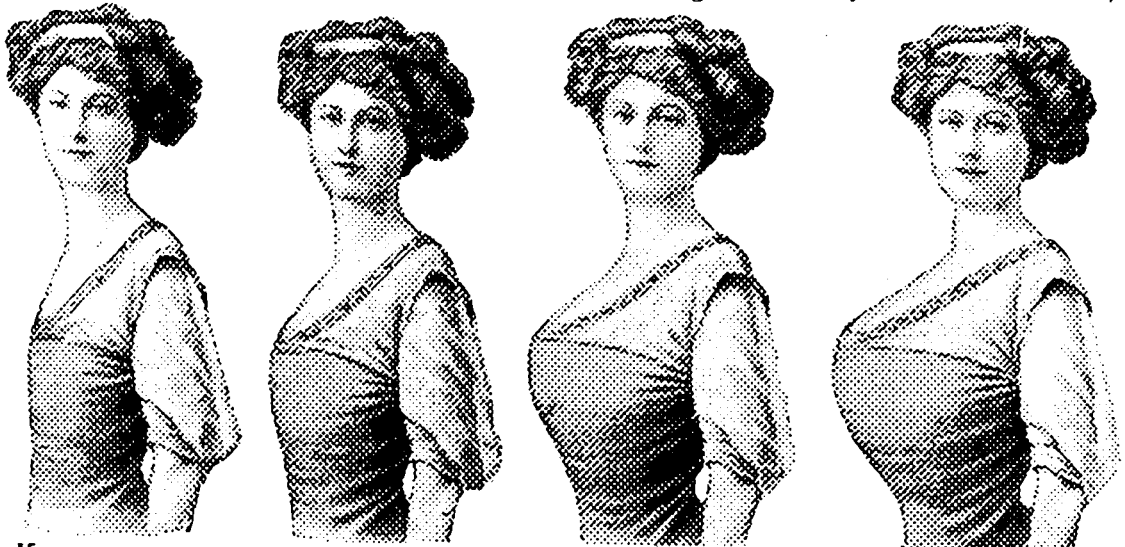
By MARGARETTE MERLAIN

Well do I know the horrors and intense humiliation of being flat-chested; of having the face of a woman set on the form of a man; and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt, and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I first saw my bust had really grown six inches in size. I felt like a new being, for with no bust I realized I was really neither a man nor a woman, but just a sort of creature half-way between.

With what pity must every man look at every woman who presents to him a flat chest—a chest

discovery, and have a bust like my own. I had been imposed upon by charlatans and frauds, who sold me all sorts of pills and appliances for enlarging my bust, but which did me no good whatever. I therefore determined my unfortunate sisters should no longer be robbed by those "fakirs" and frauds, and I wish to warn all women against them.

The discovery of the simple process with which I enlarged by bust six inches in thirty days was due solely to a lucky accident, which I believe was brought about by Divine Providence; and



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like his own! Can such a woman inspire in a man those feelings and emotions which can only be inspired by a real and true woman, a woman with a beautiful, well-rounded bust? Most certainly not.

The very men who shunned me, and even the very women who passed me carelessly by when I was horribly flat-chested and had no bust, became my most ardent admirers shortly after I obtained such a wonderful enlargement of my bust. I therefore determined that all women who were flat-chested should profit by my accidental

as Providence was so good to give me the means to obtain a beautiful bust, I feel I should give my secret to all my sisters who need it. Merely enclose two 2-cent stamps for mailing, and I will send you particulars by return mail.

I will positively guarantee that every lady can obtain a wonderful enlargement in her bust in thirty days' time, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own house without the knowledge of anyone. Address: Margarett Merlain (Dept. 1726), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., England.

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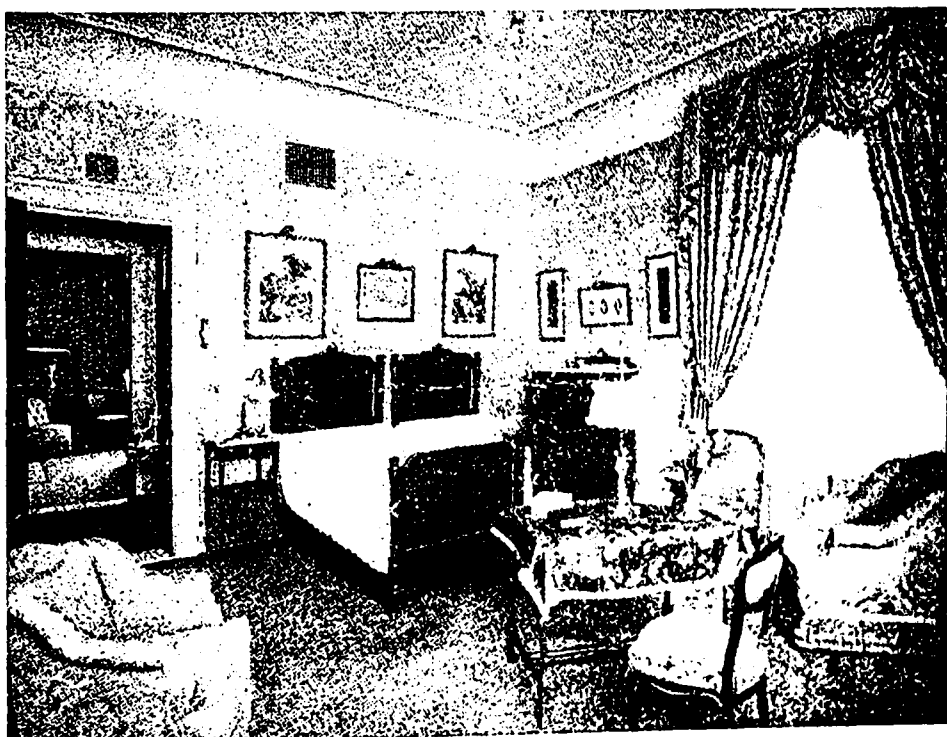
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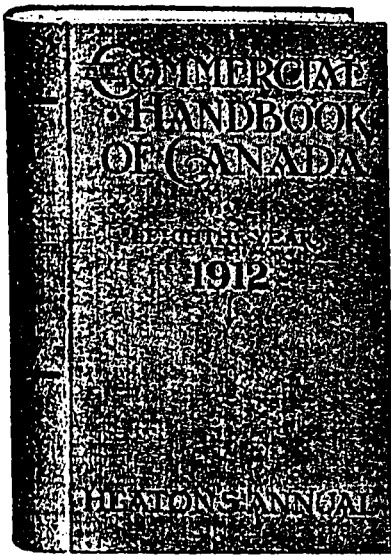
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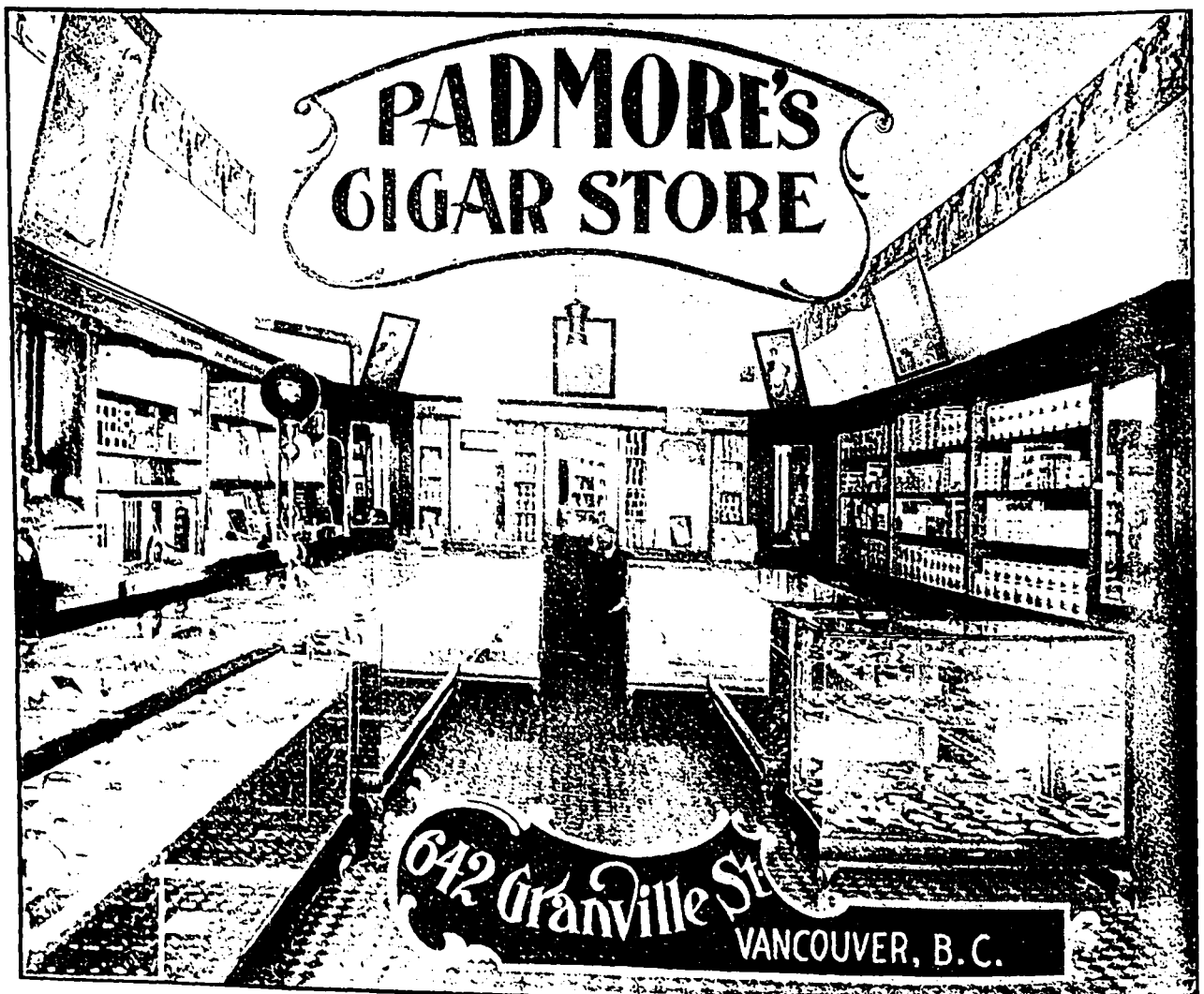
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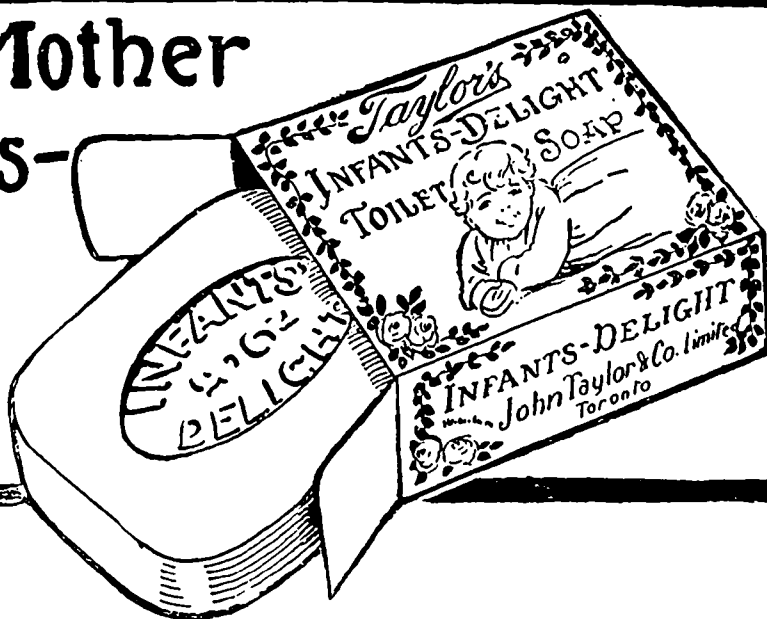
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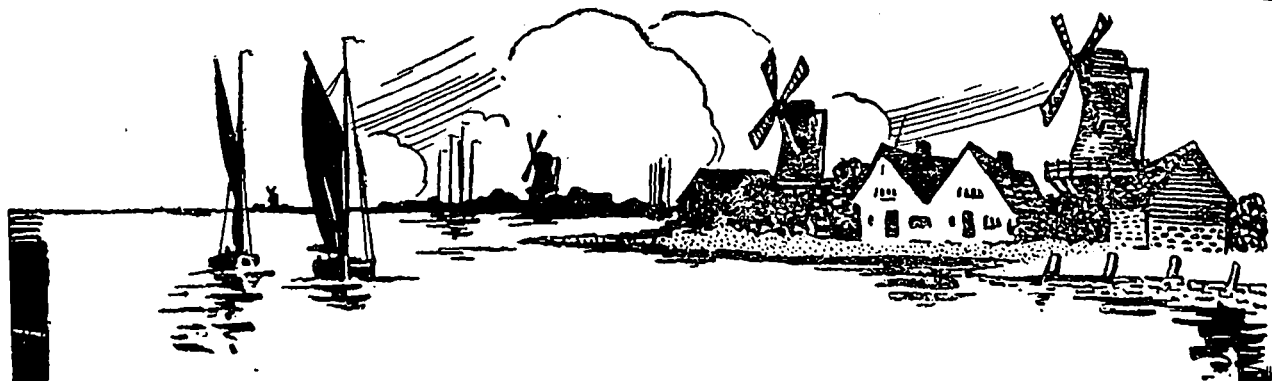
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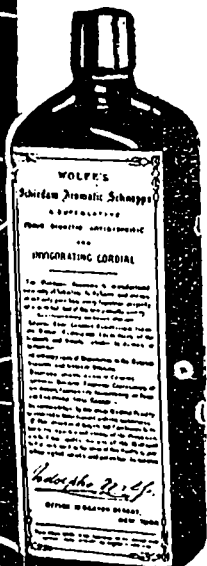
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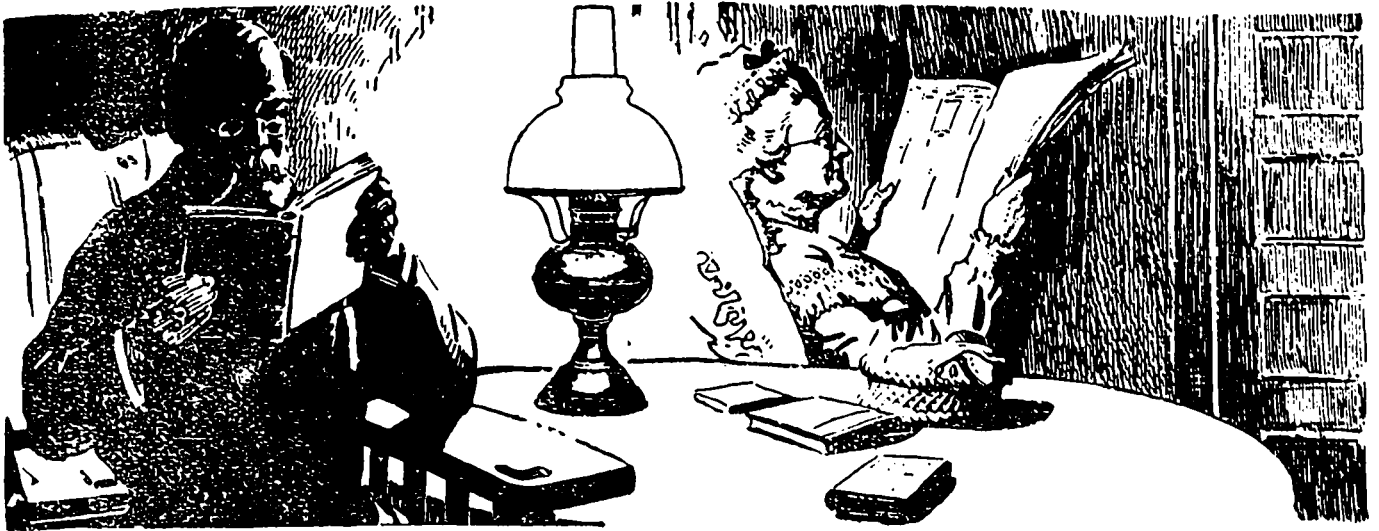
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NAAS VALLEY

which contains the finest stretch of agricultural land in British Columbia, THE PREMIER PROVINCE of Canada.

I have recently sold nearly 100,000 acres to American investors in this beautiful and extremely fertile valley, and this tract I now offer has fully 25 miles of railroad frontage and will be traversed by Mackenzie & Mann's railroad on its way to Ground Hog Coal Fields, thence to Edmonton.

Price of this land is \$10 an acre. And I will either sell en bloc or in 160, 320 and 640 acre parcels.

TERMS: \$3 an acre cash, balance one, two and three years at 6%

The Naas farmers will have the best of markets in Prince Rupert, Stewart and Ground Hog Coal Fields and the Prairie Provinces for all the fruit, etc. that can be produced.

Should you be interested, write or wire me for ANY INFORMATION you may require. Naas Valley Lands are SELLING RAPIDLY, and I would recommend quick action.

Robert William Clark

Mahon Block

P. O. Box 336

VICTORIA, B. C.

REFERENCE: Merchants Bank of Canada, Victoria