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WESTWARD HO!



A
WESTERN
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

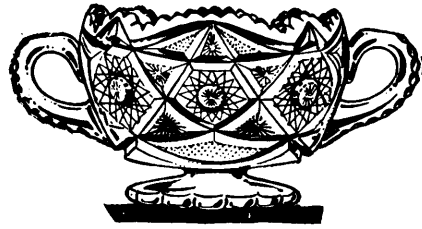
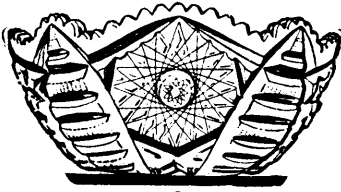
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1907

S.P.Judge.

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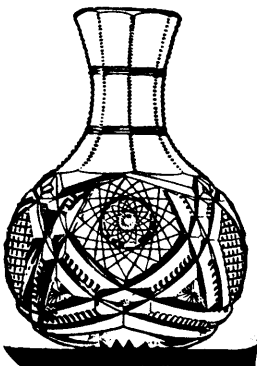


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VANCOUVER



Westward Ho! Magazine

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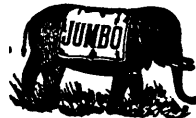
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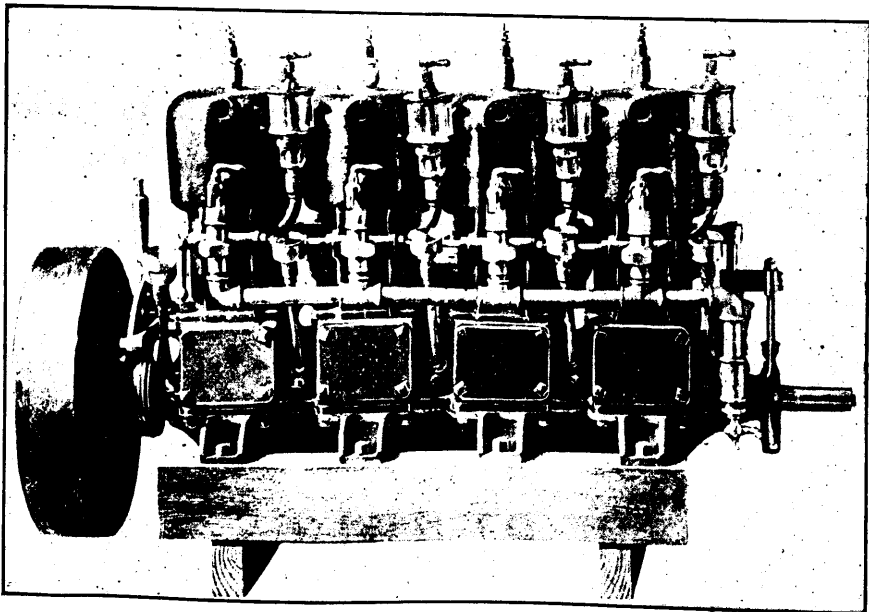
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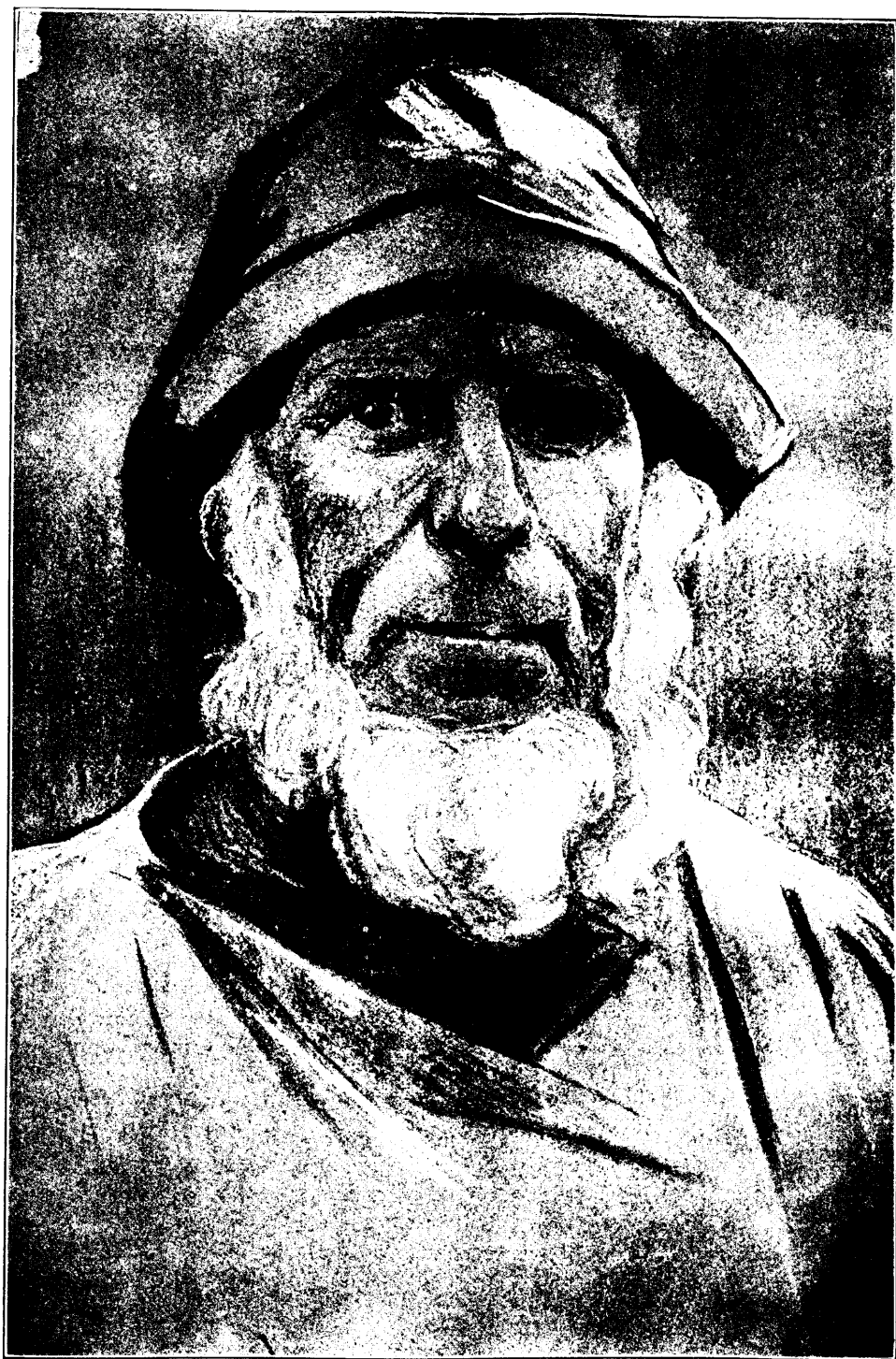
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Models I Have Known

JOHN MINARDS

From a Drawing by Mrs. Beanlands

Oct. 1907



**Canadian
Ideals.**

Mr. R. L. Borden, during his recent visit to the Coast, delivered an inspiring address to the Canadian Club at Victoria. Of necessity he avoided political references and struck out a line of thought equally interesting to men of all parties who have the well-being of their country at heart. The theme of his address was Canadian Ideals, and apart from the interest evoked by a non-political deliverance from the lips of a political leader, the address fully justified the invitation extended to Mr. Borden by the Committee of the Club. Few men in public life could with such fitness have discoursed upon lofty ideals. No man before the Canadian people has passed through the fire of electoral campaign and parliamentary experience with a more unsullied reputation. Whatever else may be thought of Mr. Borden there is only one opinion as to his personal character and the fact that a man lacking brilliant qualities should have been chosen as leader of a great historic party and should have so completely justified the selection is at once a credit to Canada and a happy augury for the uplifting of political life. The prevalence of iniquity in high places, the scandalous escapades which have characterized the Laurier regime and which have driven from Cabinet ranks so many able men have created a painful impression throughout the Dominion. Whilst no

one believes that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was personally cognizant of their mis-doing and while everyone commends him for the firmness with which he drove them from office, it is generally felt that the prevalence of corruption in Federal circles has shaken the confidence of the country and has started a wave of revulsion which will shortly overwhelm the Government. Whether or not Mr. Borden is destined to assume the reins of office in the near future is a question upon which there will be many opinions, but his strength undoubtedly lies in the fact that friend and foe alike concede his force of character and high purpose, and it will not be at all surprising if the country turns instinctively to a man who has lived up to the noble ideals which he advocates for others. With singularly few exceptions the press of Canada is a unit in demanding purity in public as well as in private life. The day when leaders of the people can "Compound for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to," has forever gone by, and in the future personal character will be a more potent factor than ever in the choice of such leaders. It is sad to reflect that at the present moment three or four of the most brilliant men in Liberal and in Conservative ranks have placed themselves out of the reckoning by contact with a man who is palatial and which has disqualified them for further service. The man who

EDWIN GALLOWAY
OLD BOOKS & NEWS DEALER
782 GRANVILLE ST.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

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pleads for undeviating loyalty to the standards which Canadian people have erected and who sets the example by his own conduct has gone a long way towards establishing himself not only at the head of his party but at the head of the Government of his country. When once the people convince the politician that there will be no compromise with wrong-doers the death knell of political corruption will have sounded. Mr. Borden's address should rally every loyal Canadian, irrespective of party, to the standard of purity in public life, and its logical conclusion should be as it undoubtedly will be, the most careful selection of candidates at the next election, and the uncompromising rejection of those who, whatever their other qualifications, are found wanting in this respect.

**On the
Qui Vive.**

Evidences are not lacking that in the near future and probably before anyone will be fully aware of it, there will be a great expansive movement on the Pacific Coast. Men are too busy making money and attending to their business obligations, to take note of what is passing, or at any rate to tabulate it, but everything is moving faster than is realized. Population is increasing rapidly in every Coast City. Seattle claims 250,000, Vancouver 65,000, whilst Victoria assuredly does not realize that at the present moment she has within her borders not less than 30,000, and probably nearer to 35,000 people. Almost every convenience is proving inadequate for its purpose. Hotels, theatres and public buildings are all over-crowded. The attendance at public functions is far in excess of the provision. In other words no one seems to be prepared to meet the public demand or to have kept pace with its growing requirements. The reason of this is not far to seek. Great enterprises are heading for the Coast. Enormous capital has commenced to flow in, many millions have already been mortgaged to complete the purchase and development of timber and mineral claims, as well as to carry out industrial enterprises. The Grand Trunk Pacific

Company is really commencing to build, stimulated thereto by the necessity for doing something before the next Federal election, and by the silent but significant movement of the Canadian Northern. Add to this the activity of the C. P. R. on Vancouver Island and the rapid approach of the Great Northern from the East, and it will be seen that there is ample ground for belief that the awakening of the Coast has begun in earnest, and will proceed at a pace which will surprise the most optimistic. All this takes no account of the astonishing increase in the Oriental and Northern trade which has already necessitated the addition of several large steamers to the Pacific fleet, and will require before long vessels at least on a par with those on the Atlantic. There is foundation beneath all this movement and it is solid. A great speaker has said that while the nineteenth century was for the United States, the twentieth will be for Canada. One may fairly go a step further and say that the crown of Canada's prosperity will be found in its Pacific Province.

**Victoria
Fall Fair.**

Evidence of the progress of the Pacific Slope was well illustrated at the Victoria Fall Fair which was brought to such a successful issue last week. In every department record-breaking was the order of the day. The Committee were able to chronicle record entrances in every department, the highest quality of exhibits ever shown in Victoria, the largest attendance, and of course the largest receipts. Good management and an indefatigable Secretary in Mr. J. E. Smart, produced these gratifying results. A visitor from Regina declared that in quality the Victoria Exhibits of live stock were equal to the best he had seen in any of the prairie provinces. The fruit was a surprise to everyone, and clearly shows that Vancouver Island and the Coast can produce a quality only slightly inferior to that grown in the star districts of the Okanagan and the Kootenay. If the Committee are careful to proceed upon the lines on which they have worked this

year, and will profit by their experience, to the same extent as they have since last year's exhibition, Victoria Fall Fair will come to be recognized as one of the institutions of the West and will fulfil its legitimate function of advertising the Agricultural and farming possibilities of the district. In doing this it will encourage scientific development, which is the one essential to permanent success.

Getting at The Truth. The Provincial Government is to be commended for acceding to the popular request to institute an official enquiry into the question of the shortage of fuel for smelting purposes. It is still further to be commended for instituting those proceedings under the provisions of the charter of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company which will leave the question of delinquency entirely in the hands of the Board of Arbitrators. This Board will consist of three men, one to be nominated by the Government, who have already selected Mr. J. A. Mara of Victoria, one by the Coal Company and a third by the two thus selected. It is understood that the Board will be completed and will commence its labours during the first week in October. It may be trusted to proceed expeditiously, the importance of the subject being so great and the necessity for its settlement so urgent, that no delay will be brooked. Whatever the result, it will be satisfactory to have the matter settled, and equally satisfactory to have it settled by a judicial tribunal, acting under the provisions of the law.

Exclusion Leagues. Westward Ho! makes a serious appeal to the people of British Columbia and more particularly to the citizens of Victoria and Vancouver to abandon the formation of Asiatic Exclusion Leagues. This appeal is not based upon any lack of sympathy with the objects of the Exclusionists, but upon a deep-rooted conviction that their methods will not only fail to achieve the purpose they have in view, but will actually defeat their object. No argument, and certainly no demonstration, is neces-

sary to convince the public that as far as practicable this Province shall be kept a white man's country. If a missionary propaganda were necessary to convert people to this opinion, it would be a different matter, and Exclusionist Leagues would find their fitting work in undertaking this. Everyone, however, is convinced, and the postulate can be wiped off the board. The only difference of opinion is as to the method which should be adopted. Not only treaty obligations, but National honour and a recognition of those principles of justice and fair play, which have always characterized British-born people, demand that we should treat with consideration not only British subjects, but "the stranger within our gates." Equally is it incumbent upon us to proceed in any grave matter with deliberation and care. Loyalty to the Empire of which we form a part, loyalty to the Government of our own country, and a due regard for the susceptibilities of nations with whom we have maintained friendly relations, to say nothing of our material interests, all combine to increase our responsibilities, and to place some restriction upon our action. None of these obligations can be violated without injury to our own country. It is no mere catch phrase to say that all such vital issues should be prosecuted in a constitutional manner, and the phrase conveys a truth which is as important for the Canadian as for the British-born. It would be interesting to know whether the Exclusion League has ever reflected upon the possible effect of their policy and of the rioting which it has already produced, on the safety of our fellow subjects in China and Japan. How can we expect that their lives will be respected in the midst of a fanatical horde, if we who at any rate lay claim to loftier ideals of conduct, disregard our obligations to their countrymen. There is a saner method and one far more certain of its effect. What rash politicians like R. G. McPherson and lunatics like the American agitator Fowler, now an inmate of a Seattle asylum, could never effect by their vapourings and threats, can undoubtedly be achieved by sober-minded men duly impressed

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with the responsibility of a free and justice-loving people. Prompt action is necessary, the only practical remedy has been pointed out by Westward Ho! and since endorsed by every public man of note who has spoken upon the subject—it is to organize white immigration. In no other way can the Asiatic be excluded. To this, however, can be added an endorsement of the Provincial attitude by the Federal Government. Such an endorsement would have weight both in London and in Tokio. Japan is not without but within the pale of civilized nations. Japan is a great and progressive

country, rapidly adopting Western ideas; its Government is sagacious and far-seeing, and is assuredly not impervious to the arguments which prevail with civilized powers. It can hardly be expected to heed the cry of an isolated Province; it must listen to the voice of a Dominion Government; the problem appears to be to induce that Government to speak. That should be the objective point of all organized effort, and not the formation of Leagues whose very name is both a menace and an insult to friendly and powerful nations.

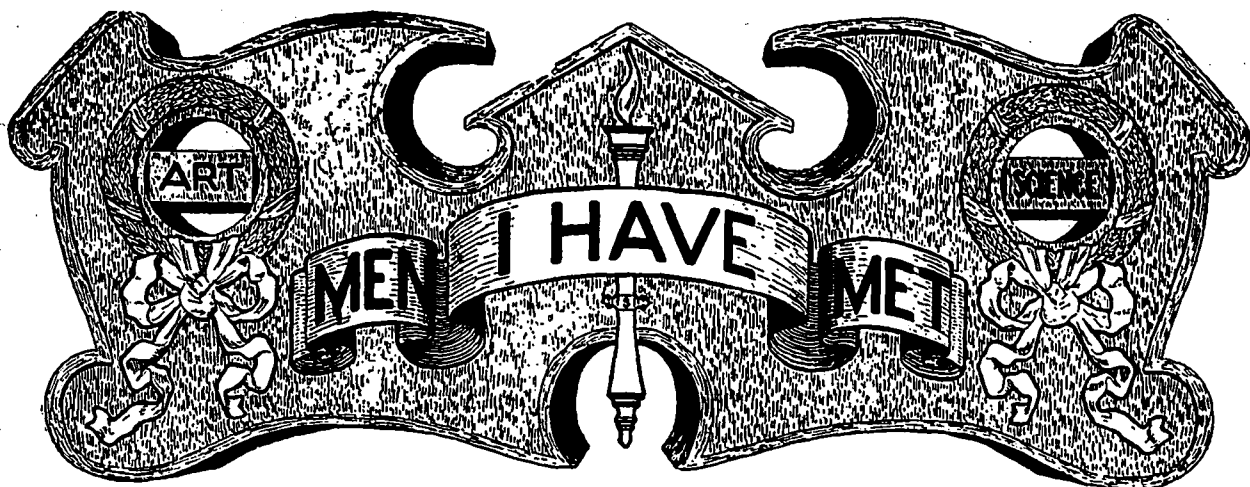
Once.

By George Franks.

Once, when at morn the rising sun was peeping
 Far o'er the East with liquid golden light,
 And all the world in peace serene was sleeping,
 Bathed in the radiance of those beams so bright—
 Told we our love beside the silent river,
 While sang the blackbird in a waking dream,—
 Our love as pure as that ecstatic quiver—
 Our love as everlasting as the stream.

Once, when at noon with passioned rapture thrilling,
 All nature to the Spring its homage paid,
 And every blossom, grateful, sweet, and willing,
 Poured out rich fragrance on the peaceful glade;—
 Gave we our lives into each other's holding,
 Our lives that evermore should be as one;
 Content to know that such a dear enfolding
 Was sanctioned by the glorious risen Sun.

And now the Lord of Day is sinking slowly,
 Calmly majestic on the distant West,
 And Nature lies within a silence holy,
 In worship waiting as He goes to rest—
 The years have passed, but still the river shining
 Flows ever, ever onward to the sea;
 And so our love, our hearts so close entwining
 Is fadeless, even to Eternity.



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

By William Blakemore.

I FIRST met Mr. Chamberlain at a meeting of the Edgbaston Debating Society just thirty-eight years ago.

He had been a member for many years; I was a boy listener. Old members told me that he had cultivated his debating powers at their meetings, until from a somewhat nervous and hesitating speaker he had developed into the keenest and most fluent debater of them all.

In those days he was an ultra Radical and was even supposed to be an ardent revolutionist. I know that his attitude on public questions was greatly influenced by his association with prominent Chartists, who for years had found an asylum in the great Radical City of Birmingham. He smarted under the wrongs which the poor and the unfortunate suffered in those days and was an ardent champion of their rights. This deep-rooted sympathy with the common people has never weakened, and although politics have made strange bed-fellows, for the brilliant debater of those days, and the still more brilliant statesman of latter days, nothing but the exigencies of political life have prevented him from legislating more broadly upon humanitarian lines. It is too early yet to appraise his life's work, but in passing I cannot refrain from linking it up with

this profound sympathy of forty years ago and noting how like a silver streak it threads its way all through his career.

A few years after this Mr. Chamberlain became more prominent, and yet it may surprise the general public to know that so far as his fellow citizens were concerned he burst upon their view like a meteor, for so absorbed had he been with the management of a great commercial business that he was only known to a small circle of friends. Not until he became Mayor of Birmingham was he recognized by one person in a hundred on the streets.

This circumstance was well illustrated during the first year of his Mayoralty at the performance of the Christmas Pantomime in the Theatre Royal. Mr. Chamberlain was present with several friends, including Jesse Collings and Henry Matthews. The leading comedian had the usual topical song, one verse of which dealt humorously with Mr. Chamberlain's achievements during his first year of office, and referring to his previous obscurity made the execrable pun that he had far too long in "chamberlain."

Then began that splendid Mayoral career during which he revolutionized Municipal management in England, and

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laid the foundation of public ownership of public utilities, and the sanitary improvement of City slums. He purchased the gas works and water works and pulled down thousands of old rickety tenements, against the protest of wealthy citizens with fossilized ideas, who predicted financial disaster as the result of such extravagant expenditure; but as all the world now knows he was laying the foundation for a splendid success.

At this time Mr. Chamberlain was a slim, erect, haughty looking man. He had a classical face, clean shaven, and smooth closely-brushed hair, giving him a boyish appearance. His manner was reserved, and appeared to the stranger at any rate to be haughty. He was the kind of man with whom no one would venture to take liberties; he tolerated no familiarity and had few personal friends, but to those few he was courtesy and kindness personified, would take any amount of trouble to serve them, was never forgetful of their requirements, and would often deny himself of rest and personal enjoyment to further their interests.

At this time he had not entered political life, although he had freely expressed his opinions on public questions. His first appearance in the arena outside municipal work was as a member of the school board, where he quickly made his mark as an uncompromising supporter of secular education. Soon came the inevitable call to Parliament, and then happened one of those things for which Mr. Chamberlain has been blamed. His enemies declared that his selfish ambition sacrificed a friend. I do not and never have believed it, because it is inconsistent with his lifelong conduct. Birmingham was represented at this time by John Bright, Philip Muntz, and George Dixon. The latter was a man of years, of ability and of note, and was especially recognized as an expert educationalist, having been chairman of the School Board during the time that Mr. Chamberlain was a member. In the height of his parliamentary career he retired in order that Mr. Chamberlain might have the nomination. Whatever may have led to his retirement certain

it is that the brilliant young statesman was then on the full tide of popularity, and so enthusiastic were the Birmingham people that they would have no nay; they carried him to the front, and returned him by a large majority.

During this first campaign I often heard him, and although twenty years later his ripe experience had made him a different man in many respects, I shall never forget the brilliant orations which he delivered in the Town Hall and the irresistible attacks which he made upon the Conservative party. At this time he was a popular idol, the people literally hung upon his words. He was a close reasoner, and a merciless logician; he spoke in the common tongue, and used idiom especially dear to the working classes. Interruptions were his meat; they furnished him with the opportunity to make witty sallies which always discomfited his opponent. His invective was superb, and the scorn of his voice as he denounced those "who toil not, neither do they spin," is ringing in my ears yet.

I heard his first speech in the House of Commons, which was made in support of his own motion to introduce the Gothenberg system into England. The speech was exceedingly able but the motion was defeated. I need not dwell upon Mr. Chamberlain's development in Parliament. It is a matter of history how he forged to the front, quickly reached Cabinet rank, was Chief Secretary for Ireland and attained a pinnacle of fame and influence which as long ago as 1886 aroused the jealousy of his great leader Mr. Gladstone. Then came the memorable split, all the details of which will not be known during Mr. Chamberlain's lifetime. During my subsequent association with him in political work for the Conservative party I learned much, but nothing to his discredit, and nothing which would lend the slightest colour to the charge of his enemies, that he was prompted by personal ambition or the spleen of disappointment in his abandonment of Mr. Gladstone, and his opposition to Home Rule. His choice involved a greater sacrifice than has ever been made voluntarily by any public man of note. It meant the severance of

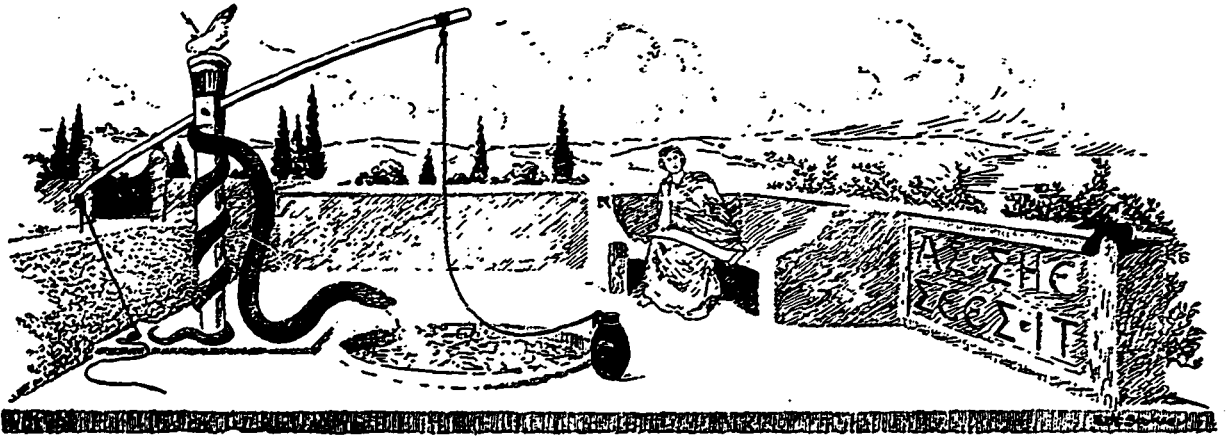
life-long ties, it meant surrendering cherished friendships, and it meant what was even more bitter to a sensitive nature like Mr. Chamberlain's, the baring of his breast to the wound of those whom he had loved. His cup of sorrow must have been filled when on the eve of the election the great tribune of the people, John Bright, published a manifesto denouncing the course which he had adopted.

Through it all Mr. Chamberlain conducted himself with dignity. He formed the Unionist party, made himself and his party indispensable to the Conservative Government, and held the balance of power.

I shall never forget a meeting in the town hall at Birmingham when for the first time in his life Mr. Chamberlain appeared on any platform as a supporter of the Conservative cause. It was an historic moment. In the very hall which had so often resounded with his ringing denunciation of Toryism, and which had re-echoed his sentiments from thousands of lips, he stood beside the man whose policy it had been his one object to thwart. The excitement was intense. In many minds was the question, "How would he be received?" Will the people stand by him? Can he justify his action? I have often thought that having regard to all the circumstances, to his previous career, and to the principles which he had so thoroughly instilled into the minds of the Birmingham people it was the greatest moment of his life, and I still think so. Nothing but his temperament saved the situation. One false note and even then he would have been lost, but he rose to the occasion. With deliberation, with evident emotion, with obvious sincerity, and with an indefinable touch of pleading he outlined the reasons which had guided him, the sacrifices he had made, and the obligation which he felt, and then he placed his political

life and indeed his career in the hands of the audience, and he made no mistake. The people showed that they were able to recognize high purpose and they knew enough of their man to accept him at his own valuation, and to place, as he placed, Imperial consideration high above every other. Never did he have a more enthusiastic reception than when he sat down, and from that moment his fate was sealed, he would live and die the great apostle of union, and the fore-runner of Imperialism.

This is neither the time nor place to follow Mr. Chamberlain through the later years of his parliamentary career. I wanted to convey some impression of his personality and of his true character as I know it. From 1886 to 1893 I worked in close association with him, in connection with political affairs, in Birmingham and the District. I met him frequently at public meetings and heard him scores of times in the House, and since coming to Canada have received many marks of his consideration and kindly remembrance. I have always regarded him as one of the most brilliant statesmen whom England has produced. A man who has made the greatest sacrifices for principle, a man who was willing to serve when by universal consent he might have ruled. People have thought him proud, selfish, and egotistical, but all fair minded men have long ago condemned such a verdict. In these last sad days he presents a pathetic figure, one so pathetic that I forbear to say more than that he stands for all that is strongest and wisest in the Imperial policy. He is the first statesman who accorded any recognition to the value of greater Britain, and the Empire beyond the seas. He may not live to complete the gigantic task which he undertook, but he has sown seeds which no frost of opposition can cause to perish, and which will bear fruit in that great future when all men will revere his memory.



A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verité.

WHAT is the best definition of a gentleman?

Literature, ancient and modern, gives such conflicting accounts of the qualifications of a gentleman that choice is confusing. So easy an admission as Cicero's, who merely postulates that a gentleman's ancestors shall not have been hanged for crime or sold in slavery, would hardly suffice in modern times.

It would, in fact, be little more conclusive than the much cheapened "Esq." on our envelopes, the derivation of which recalls the bitter gibe of Scipio, who, when he saw a soldier spending all his time in brightening his shield, vowed that he must rely on that more than on his sword.

Epigrammatic definition of a "gentleman" reaches its highest point in Ruskin's "intense humanity" and perhaps the "Sans peur et sans reproche" of the Chevalier Bayard is the finest motto a gentleman could have. But how many nowadays would dare to take it?

No man is a gentleman merely because he dresses properly, lives in a fashionable quarter, moves in the smartest sets, and attends divine service regularly on Sundays. But it is not less important to remember that he is also not necessarily a gentleman because he does not do these things. Few words in the language

are more carelessly used than "gentleman" and "lady." We have a pretty clear notion of what is meant by a thief, a liar, or a fool; but nine men out of ten would fail to give an even intelligible definition of a title that ought, above all others, to be clearly agreed upon.

* * *

Jealousy is supposed by many sages to be a part of love. But if it is, one, nevertheless, cannot deny that it has certain peculiarities which class it among the lower passions. It is more often a part of ignoble love than of that founded on mutual respect.

If you choose to resent every thought or word or admiring glance that a man for whom you care bestows upon another woman, you are making an unconscious confession that you are doubtful of your power to hold his love. Persisted in, it will cheapen your attractiveness as nothing else can. He will seek women who do not value him so highly—who will even make fun of him now and then. Show the man you love that you care for him in every fine and womanly way you can think of. Flatter him and feed him, for he thrives on this treatment; but don't allow the monster with green eyes to become your bosom friend if you would keep your life even reasonably happy.

A man appreciates a good dinner and a neatly-gowned woman more than anything on earth. Try this experiment if you have allowed yourself to forget what you are to yourself and him.

* * *

“Won’t you come and have pot luck with us?” is a phrase seldom used in all sincerity. People are too apt to make a frightful effort in trying to be hospitable and then endeavor to disguise the effort by calling it “pot luck.” Nothing can be more delightful than hospitality, but the minute there is an effort or a strain felt in providing for the guests, hospitality ceases to be a pleasure either to those that give or those that receive. There are very few families indeed who are simple and sincere enough to invite one to pot luck and let it stand for what it really means. There is really very little social fooling done and every one’s neighbour knows about how much the other can afford to spend. So that laboured and extravagant entertaining evening on a small scale deceives no one. Therefore, why try? Why not let pot luck mean pot luck? And if necessary invite your friends to eat bread and cheese flavoured with pleasant conversation, instead of giving them an elaborate dinner, with boiling hostess as a first course, which is the way an Englishman described one of these too-extravagant American feasts to which he had been invited and over which the hostess had literally wrought herself to hysterics.

Miss Prim, who presided something more than half a century ago over the institutions for the development of young ladies in the higher arts and classics, taught that women could not engage in athletics and hope to retain their beauty. To preserve her charms of face and figure the budding debutante, the young woman who had passed out of her “teens,” and the sensible and more matured girl who was approaching thirty, must not permit herself to engage in any pastime more vigorous than throwing grace hoops or possibly indulging in a game of croquet. Foolish fancy! There are young women who play golf, who shoot, swim, play tennis, ride at race speed on horse back, who guide motor cars, fence, play hockey and cricket, who are not only handsome, but some of whom are superlative beauties, and whose grace of figure, instead of being injured by violent exercise, if anything seems to have been improved.

A little sunburn mars no complexion permanently. More than likely it will do good. Exercise brings about energetic circulation. Quick stirring of the blood through the veins and arteries is one of the best aids to a clear skin. A match on the tennis court, a swim in the sea or a brisk tramp over the golf links is a better blood ‘purifier and a safer beauty maker than all the embrocations, ointments, creams, and nostrums in the pharmacopoeia of the beauty experts.





THE NUISANCE.

Right through the dinner—from soup to nuts—the small boy had made himself a most insufferable nuisance, and finally Aunt Priscilla remarked, quietly, but very sternly: “If that boy belonged to me, Mary, he would forthwith get a sound and wholesome spanking.”

“He deserves it, aunt,” replied the other, like the fond goose that she is, “but I do not believe in spanking the boy on a full stomach.”

“Neither do I, but you can turn him over,” said the aunt, acidly.

KILL OR CURE.

The following is a little incident that Dr. S——, a well-known specialist of Manhattan, tells as an actual experience:

“A Jewish man called to see me one day and stated that he was tired of paying doctor bills for his wife and wanted me to take the case, and, as he put it, I was to kill or cure her for one hundred dollars. I attended the woman for two or three weeks, when she died.

“In course of time the bill was rendered for \$100, and the following day the husband called. He counted out ten ten-dollar notes, handed me a paper to sign, which read, ‘Received of J. R—— the sum of \$100 for killing his wife.’ Needless to say, I did not sign paper or collect.”

ENGLISH CORRECTLY SPOKEN.

The natives of the Philippine Islands have, in general, been remarkably quick in acquiring a smattering of the English language, and are extremely proud of this accomplishment.

Dr. B——, who spent a number of years in the islands, entered a tiendo, or small shop, in the town of Morong, Island of Luzon, and asked the small boy in charge for a certain brand of cigarettes.

“No got,” replied the small tradesman. Immediately he received a smart box on the ear that sent him staggering across the shop as his mother, entering and hearing the conversation, had administered the stinging rebuke.

“You should have said,” corrected his mother, “No have got. We speak good English here.”

Then she seated herself with an air in which pride and resignation were blended.

HELPS TO SMILE.

A SHOPMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

The underpaid shopman has a hard time of it since the introduction of the cash register.

There was a certain shopman whose salary was 30s. a week. He had to be on duty at seven o'clock in the morning, and he was not through till seven and sometimes eight at night.

He found time, though, to get married, and a week after the ceremony he asked his employer for an increase of salary.

"Why, John," said the employer, "you are getting 30s. a week. What ails you? When I was your age I kept a wife and two children on 30s. a week, and saved money besides."

"They didn't have cash registers in those days," replied John bitterly.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

A teacher calling her pupils up for examination one day asked a Jewish boy the following example: "Isidore, if your father owed a man one hundred dollars and promised to pay ten dollars a month, how long would it take him to pay up?"

"Twenty years," answered the boy, quickly.

"Twenty years?" exclaimed the teacher in surprise; "why, you don't know the example."

"Oh, yes I do," answered the boy, "but, teacher, you don't know my father."

FILIPINO ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Senorita N—— was a very attractive Filipino, who presided over a tiendo in Morong, a town in Luzon, not far from Manila. Lieutenant W—— was a great admirer of her, and the feeling was mutual to a great extent.

In one of the expeditions from the town in which his command took part he received wounds of which he died.

A friend went to break the news to the senorita, and for fifteen minutes she indulged in natural and real grief for her friend; then, smiling through her tears, she remarked, Filipino-like: "Well, he is gone. I suppose I must look out for a new friend." She then became reminiscent and pleasantly recalled the dead officer as follows:

"Tiniente W—— was a good man. He was never loco (foolish) because I would not give him jaw-bone (credit), and want to put the tiendo on the bum and have a rough-house. He never got bug-house (crazy), no matter how much I fooled him. He was always nice. He came to see me the last time he was here, dressed in his white glad-rags (best clothes), with a dinky little white straw hat on and a beautiful little go-to-hell tie on. Yes, he did look pretty."

Then the tears came to her eyes once more at the recollection of these perfections of the poor-defunct lieutenant.

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

In a prominent city in Kentucky, in a fashionable flat building, there resided two families, one having a little daughter about seven years of age, and the other a little son of about the same age. They had fallen very much in love with each other and frequently announced to the dwellers in the building that they were going to be married when they were grown.

One night at dinner, in the general dining-room, the father of the little boy called across the room to the little girl and said:

"Dorothy, I understand that when you and Lester are grown you are going to be married; is this true?"

Dorothy promptly responded: "Yes, sir."

The gentleman asked again: "You are certain of this, are you?"

"Yes, sir," she said; "we love each other and are going to be married."

"Well," said the gentleman, "suppose after you are married you should wake up some morning and find that the cook had failed to put in an appearance, what would you do?"

After thinking a moment, Dorothy's face brightened and she said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, if Lester would take care of the baby, I would go down and get breakfast."

A BAD CASE.

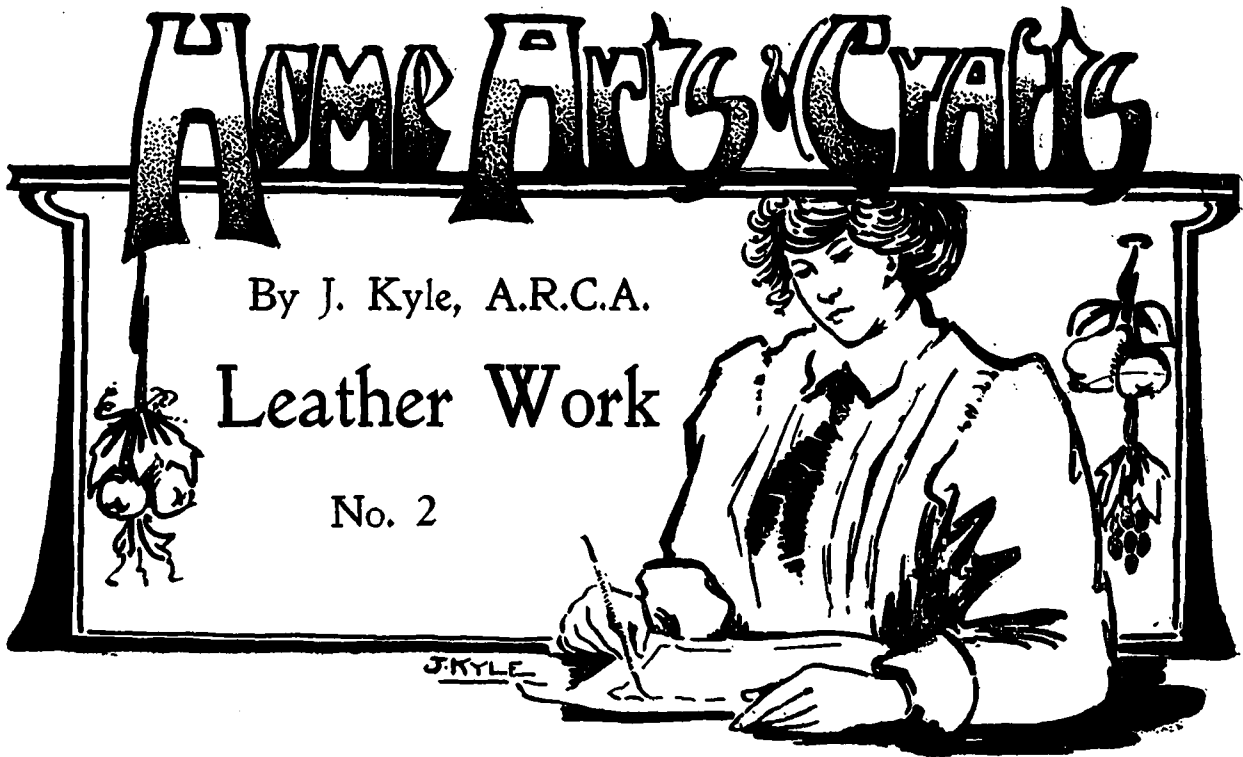
Two little girls were learning their catechism. They were racing to see which one of them could learn the whole book first.

One day Mary asked Jane how far had she gotten in the book.

"h!" said Mary, "I'm clean to sanctification."

"Well!" returned Jane, proudly, "I'm past redemption."





THIS conventional design for a photograph frame is suitable for embossed leather; lines to be traced, incised, and opened out.

The natural colour of the leather will look well, or stained a rich brown all over.

The wood frame may be bought at almost any art store and the leather should be cut large enough to allow of its being folded over the back.

Fix the material to a board with thumb tacks, with the fleshy side upwards, and trace on the design with the style as directed in Article I.

If the leather is thick the line may be incised with the knife, keeping the cut vertical, and going about half way through the material.

If the hide is thin do not incise it at all but be content with the traced line. Take great care and do not make any double lines in the tracing; mistakes cannot be eradicated. Have the tracing paper fixed so that you can turn up the edge and see how the work is progressing.

Place the leather with the traced design on a pad composed of several sheets of thick blotting paper and with the modeling tool illustrated in the first article press down the background firmly. This will throw up the pattern into

relief. If the relief is not sufficiently high to suit your taste, fold the leather between the fingers and press the ornament up from behind until it rises to the required height.

By manipulation and careful work the modeling can be made very delicate and should have the same effect as modelled wax. During all this time the leather should have been repeatedly damped, not piece by piece, but over the whole surface each time, so that the leather will have a uniform color when dry.

The relief will keep its place when dry, but if any fear be entertained regarding the work going flat, fill up the back with small shreds of leather mixed with flour paste, or with absorbent cotton wool soaked in flour paste or any such filling.

Stains may be used with good effect but practical experience alone is a reliable guide in the selection of dyes, etc., as leather varies in porosity. Even parts of the same piece of work may be more porous than others, hence staining is sometimes a risky matter.

If the work is not in relief and a mistake occurs, fix the leather to a board and soak in water. Then scrub with a soft brush and soft soap, and allow to dry in the sun.

Before staining prepare the leather with a coat of flour paste and water

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mixed to the consistency of cream. Wash all over the work and allow to dry thoroughly. Apply the color in a succession of even washes.

A second color should never be added until the first is perfectly dry.

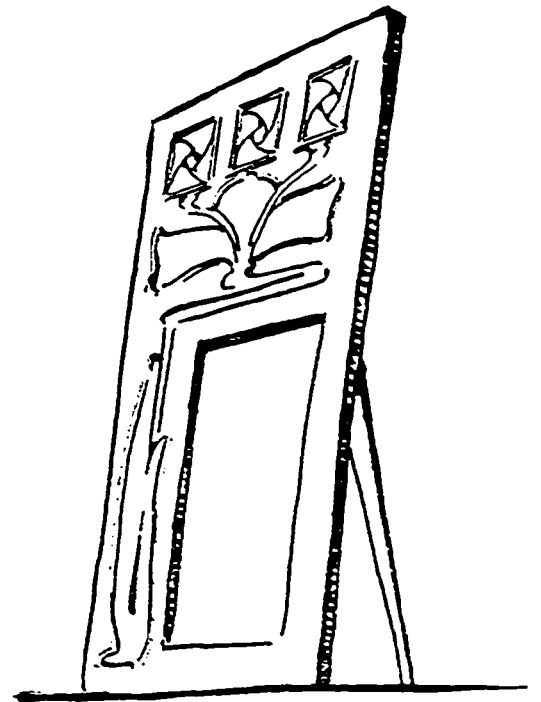
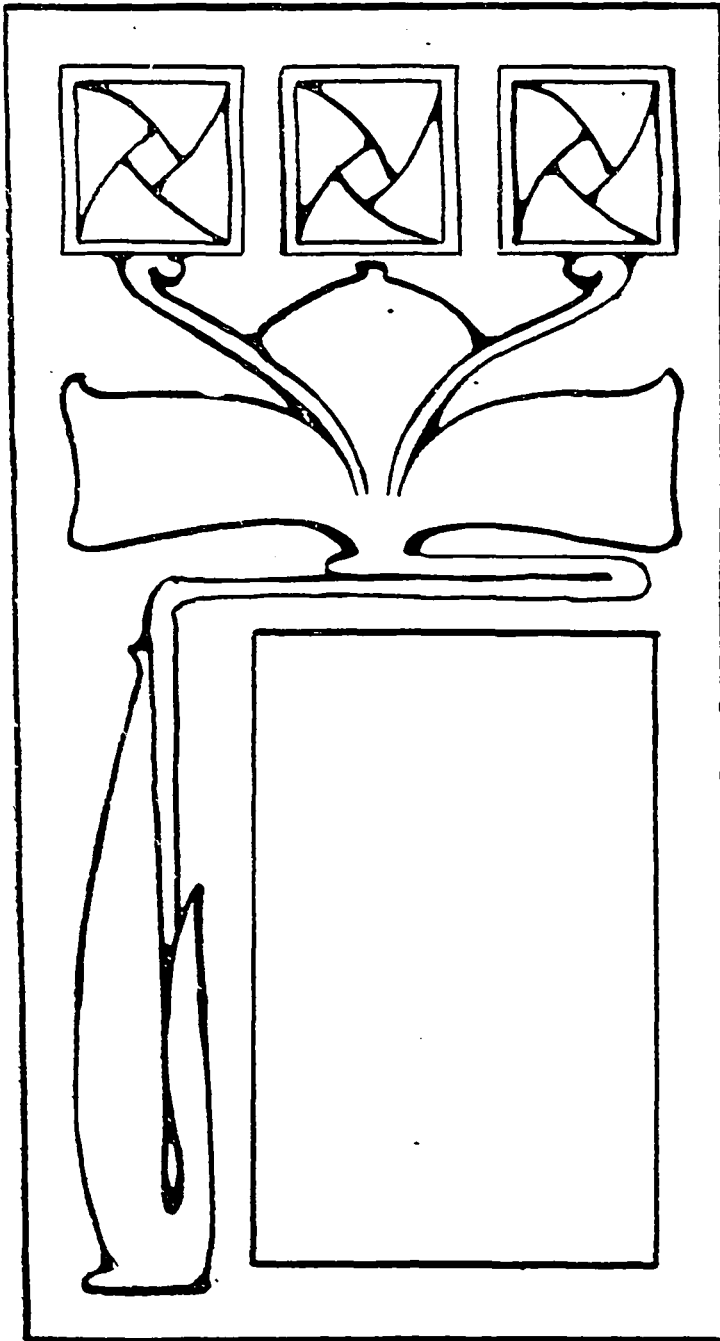
To stain large surfaces use soft sponges or pads of cotton wool covered

For red, use alirarin or cochineal.

For blue, alirarin or indigo.

For yellow, picric acid or chromate of zinc.

One color may be superimposed on another, thus a coat of picric acid over alirarine blue would give green, but experiments must be made beforehand as



Design for
Photo. Frame.
Embossed . .
Leather . . .

with soft linen. The sponges may be tied to handles so that the fingers will not get discoloured.

To stain brown, use caustic soda. Dissolve 5 cents' worth in a pint of water and experiment until the required shade is obtained. When used too strong it may burn the leather.

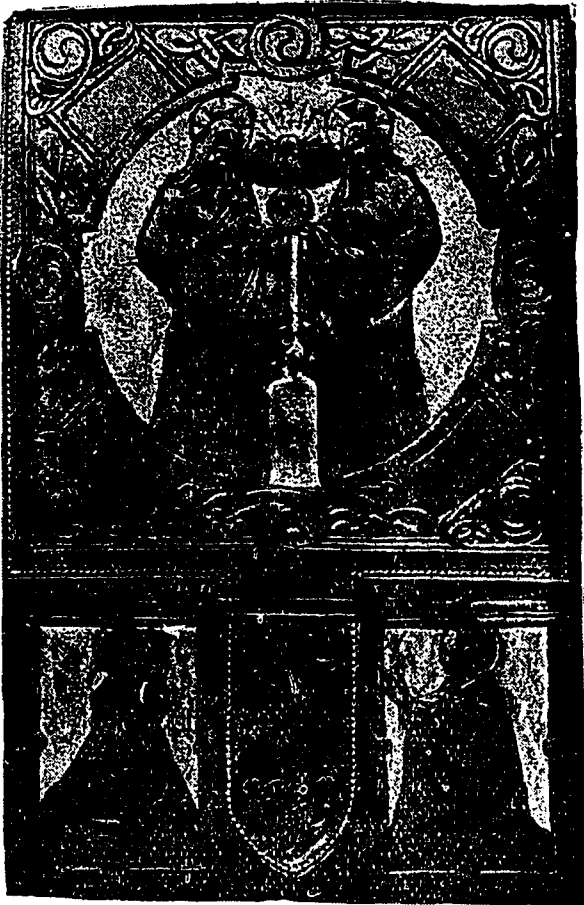
Sulphate of iron used over caustic soda will bring up a black colour.

combinations do not always work out as desired.

After the work is finished and quite dry, a good rub with the palm of the hand, or with a chamois leather brings up a dull polish and enhances the appearance.

The illustrations from a Bible Case shows a piece of work executed by me and by the method just explained.

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*Illustrations of a Bible Case, Designed, Embossed, Stained and Gilt,
By the Author.*

The background for the figures is gilt. The part of the leather to receive the gold was first coated with gold size, then the gold leaf placed upon it.

Gold leaf requires practice in handling, so that bronze is preferable for beginners.

After the outline was incised the background was pressed down and no packing put behind at all.

The Book Cover by Godin has a naturalistic design on it and looked well stained in dull purple, green, and brown.

Enough has been said to introduce the intending craftsman to the working of leather. When intelligence and practice are brought to bear on the subject a wide field will open out and much pleasure be derived.

Next article will be on Copper Repousse.



Book Cover by Godin.

From Atlantic to Pacific.

By Billee Glynn.

PERHAPS no country stands so intimately different and contrasted in its metropolitan centres as Canada in hers. Crossing the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, and taking in Toronto and Winnipeg, one finds in each of these cities characteristics so distinctive that each stands inevitably by itself—a separate individuality to be adjudged by its own standards and proportioning out of its throngs a character all its own.

From east to west Canadians are Canadians—known and valued the world over—but from historic Quebec, frowning in statuesque significance over the swirling waters of the St. Lawrence, to Vancouver, maid of the ocean mists, lapped by the inland waters of the Pacific, is a far cry, and environment counts.

Environment always counts, in fact, and humanity flung together shapes itself of necessity to the scene, till the scene stands out a distinct embodiment of life.

If you strike Montreal in the summer or early fall, and (leaving tony St. Catherine street behind with its glittering lines of bright-pruned shops) stand on Beaver Hall hill and glance down into the sun-glinted smoke vat of Victoria square to where the lower city lies with its narrow, wedged streets and teeming work-a-day thousands, you have at once without going further arrived at the balance which makes Montreal a metropolis unique. Perhaps in no place of its size does wealth and poverty go to such extreme purposes—no place in which society bars its doors tighter to the democrat and begetter of its riches; and no place where race so divides and sub-

divides again in all its under-currents despite the common rush of a common humanity on top.

Two races, two cities practically, two languages, religions; glittering incongruities that mark an extravaganza of color; ideals distinct and ideals merged; the old and the new clasping hands but not quite sure of each other; a city of strange blendings, lights and shades; a queen in its silks, disrespectable in its rags, and noisy in its immense traffic—the great force that draws all its elements together to merge them in one; a metropolis that stands by itself perhaps more than any other in all the east.

In the American-like city of Toronto different conditions exist. Toronto has its Rosedale and wealth too, but for all that it is more a city of the well-to-do. Perhaps indeed you might say that beneath all its fashion it carries an ideal of democracy with the biggest of its citizens modern in his ideas and not afraid to dirty his hands. For that reason it is up-to-date, bright—bright to the point of genius and brilliance; it has a go-aheadness that makes the most of things and gets what it wants; it is strenuous in the highest degree; its newspapers can stand comparison with those of any other city of its size on the continent. Unlike Montreal it has not nearly so much respect for the past as the future; and because it is so much of a struggle on the whole perhaps it is sometimes a little hard on the individual, but the individual loves it none the less.

That indeed is one of the distinct peculiarities of Toronto. Its citizens will stand up for it ever as he would for the paternal roof. He is proud of it—of

its parks, its lake, its handsome churches—he proclaims it to the world and desires no other. He is a patriot not so much to his country as to his metropolis. He will say: “I’ve been all over and never struck anything better.” It doesn’t matter whether he was all over or not, he will say it anyway, he is so firm in his faith. Moreover he will laugh at a southern climate and tell you that zero weather is the best thing for a man’s blood, and wherever he goes he never forgets this first love. He comes back always with a thrill of delight; he sips the fine flavour of a promenade on Yonge street on a Saturday night—the narrow-gorged tumult of pleasure—seekers of all classes—with a renewing of old associations, and once more proclaims it good. It is too—good as the east can be with its crowded competition—for Toronto is a freespender, if a hard worker, and her love of pleasure runs apace with her love of life.

In Winnipeg the east and the west mix. They mix everything. Its people are about the warmest-hearted that can be found. For that reason perhaps they love in wooden houses and speak lightly of a cold climate. There are magnificent residences however—the outskirts are dotted with them—all clustered on flat prairie land rolling to endless distance with the Red and Assiniboine burrowing through. The climate is rigorous, but breeds staunch manhood and quick minds. Winnipeg is fast—fast in its energy, versatile in its power. Perhaps a verse or two penned by the writer once on the subject expresses it best:

Grit, vim and the rest,
Dash, color, and brag,
A little bit tipsy rather,
As good as the best,
And a pace that boils out lather.

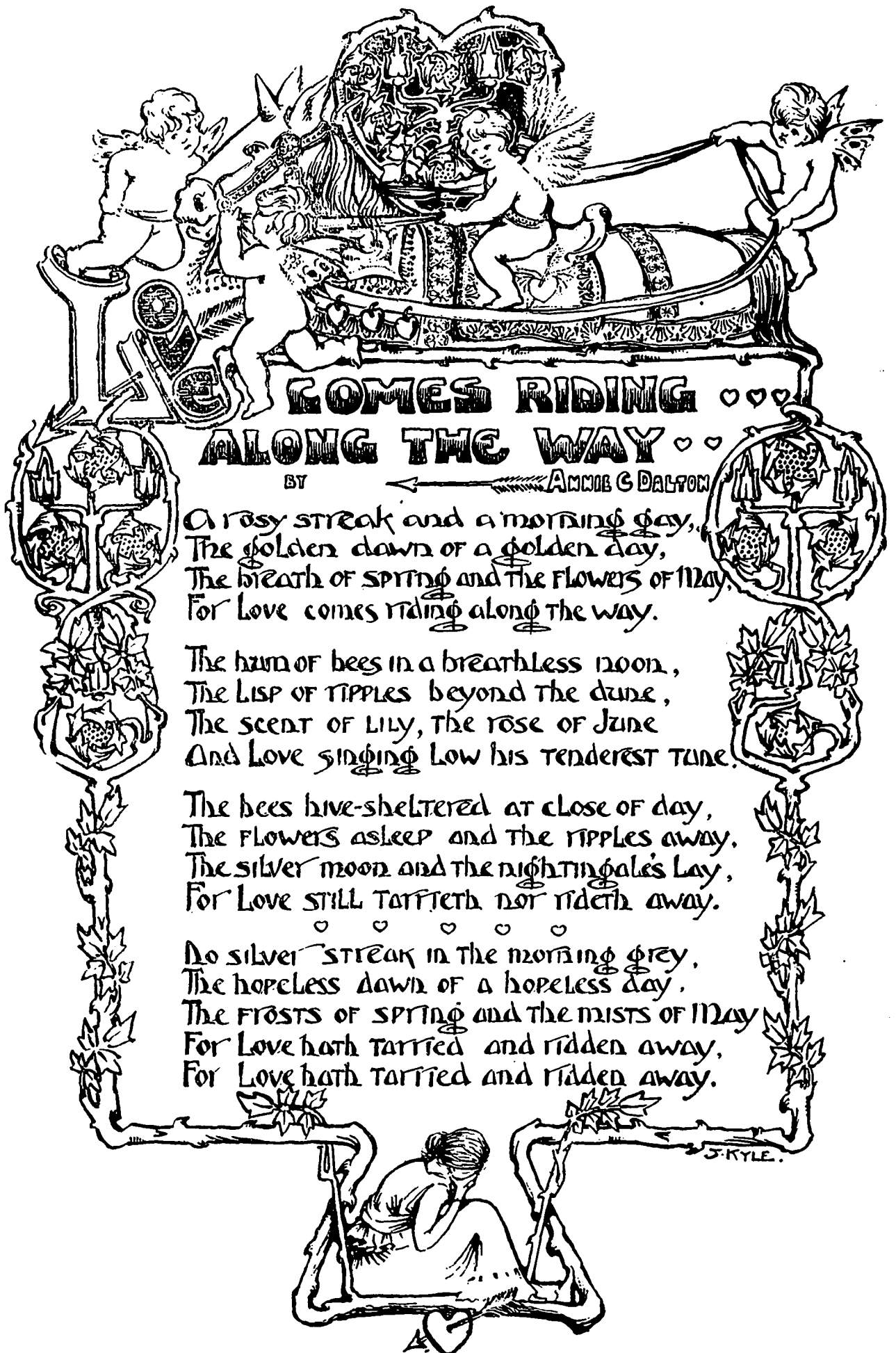
An appetite strong,
Flung into life just,
And going it some you bet,
Both hands to the gong,
Much “dust” and more lust
With plenty of room to let.

It is in a word a city that goes with a mad rush after the mighty dollar with-

out quite losing its soul. And that soul is as hospitable as any. It makes the most of its scant pleasures and fears a coal strike as nothing else in all the world—except the failure of a wheat crop. It believes in itself unutterably, wears fur-lined coats and goes with its ears uncovered to show that its dry cold will not freeze. The streets are magnificently proportioned and carry more pavement than Detroit. It was its ambition to be big the moment it opened its eyes and swept the frost rimes from the lashes, and with the vastest wheat country in the world behind, it cannot very well fail in its ambition.

And over this wheat belt—past Banff—famous for its sulphur springs and its Dr. Brett of the “sanatorium,” one of the characters of the west—through the Canadian Rockies, a wonderland of scenery, timber, and unexplored mineral wealth,—you at last reach Vancouver, maid of the ocean mists; Vancouver lapped by the soft-tongued waters of the Pacific and rising in her sudden growth like a shore flower.

Vancouver, then, with the sea at her door and a harbor for sailors to swear by, strikes the newcomer as being cosmopolitan in all her instincts—cosmopolitan but with a quality all her own. Behind her is perhaps the greatest timber and ore country in the world; around her, clothing her in flowers and foliage the year constant, is an almost snowless climate. She has everything naturally and nothing to combat. So she shoots up gracefully into life sure of her heritage to be the great ocean part of Canada; and her people are a part of that natural endowment and of that grace. With as much to gain and not as much reason to sacrifice, they stand beyond labor for life in itself. And while their city is one of endeavour it is also one of beautiful homes, of free and easy camaraderie, of flowing currency and content. Little formality, not much code, with plenty to go around, energy and courtesy combined as it rarely is—a breadth of temperament and conception broadening to a bigger future—there is no telling where Vancouver will end. For the present she is good.



Community Advertising.

Contributed.

IT is universally admitted that the Pacific Coast of North America offers the greatest opportunities for agricultural and commercial development of any other section of the known world.

The Great Creator certainly smiled benevolently on us when He placed vast treasures of mineral wealth within the reach of man; when the splendid forests of Cedar, Fir, etc., were grown to serve the commercial needs of civilization; when many square miles of the finest agricultural land in the world was so geographically situated that its products could be easily transferred to the marts of the world; the splendid streams rising in the various mountain ranges to supply water for navigable purposes and to be harnessed to develop energy in turning the wheels of commerce, etc., and above all supplied with the climatic and atmospheric conditions with which to make complete our supreme happiness—I say that Nature has been indeed kind to us.

Now, it was never intended that a few people should enjoy all of these good things and it is not natural for the human race to be selfish in such matters, although, I regret to say, that selfishness apparently enters into the shaping of the destinies of many things in the present age.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have been born and raised on this Coast or who have lived here long enough to have become identified with it, fully appreciate the value of population. We see evidence on all sides of scarcity of people. We want to see ten blades of grass grow where now there is one; we want to see the millions of mineral wealth stored away in the treas-

ure houses of Mother Earth brought to the surface; we want to see our magnificent harbors filled with vessels laden with our produce both raw and manufactured; we want to hear the deep brass whistle of the river steamboat carrying our agricultural products to deliver over to the channels of commerce; we want to hear the rumble of the trolley car darting hither and thither up and down this magnificent domain and we want to hear more of the shrieking of the great trans-continental trains speeding eastward loaded with our products, and westward with the manufactured product of the east. That is our Utopian dream and a full realization of it is entirely within the range of possibility if the proper methods are adopted to bring us population.

To the sturdy Westerner nothing is impossible. We have the brains, we have the energy and we have the disposition to do. We know we possess great natural advantages because we see evidence of it on all sides. We know that there is general contentment among our people indicating more eloquently than words that this is the ideal spot of the earth. While on the other hand we know that there is a dissatisfied element in the other civilized portion of the globe, where their energies and genius are not given the latitude and opportunity to which they are entitled. We know that they are held in restraint and that thousands, yes millions are becoming more mechanical every year and are reduced to the condition of being merely small individual units in the industrial fabric of the several communities in which they reside.

Now the problem that confronts us is to get those people here, and the ques-

tion naturally arises, "How can we do it?" The only possible answer is by advertising. We must pursue the same methods that the manufacturer of a Breakfast Food or of a Toilet Soap pursues. Their asset is their goods—yet their goods are of no use to them unless they can get them in the hands of the consumer. Our great resources are our assets and it is within our power to induce more people to come and live with us. "Printer's Ink" has been the potent factor in building up mighty commercial establishments. What would the City of Brockton, Massachusetts, be today if it were not for the Douglas shoe, and would the vast number of Douglas shoes be worn if it were not for the extensive advertising done? In fact do not all the numerous industrial centers, either directly or indirectly owe their prosperity to advertising? And why not apply the same principles to our beloved Province. Even the all powerful Standard Oil appreciates the efficacy of advertising and is it not a significant fact that the much abused beef barons provide annually in their expense budget a large advertising account? What if the Standard Oil or any similar Corporation owned the Pacific Coast? It is a self-evident fact that they would immediately begin advertising on such a stupendous scale that in a short while the whole world would know of the wonderful opportunities here presented for the man of energy and brains.

It is all a matter of education. Our people need to be educated up to a full realization of the vast benefits to be derived through advertising. Every periodical and magazine with a respectable circulation should contain columns of

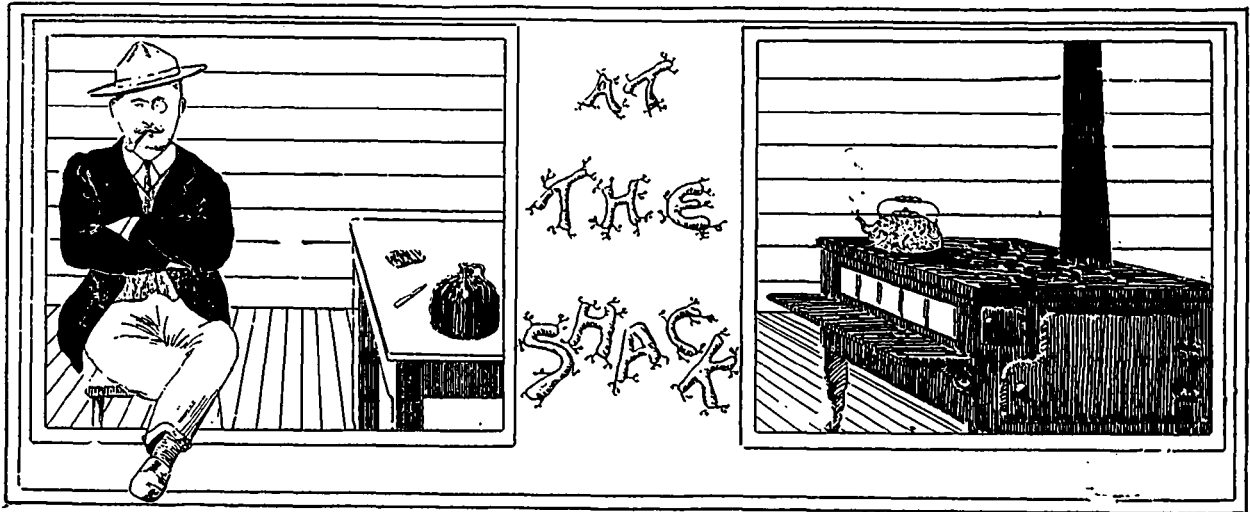
good reading matter telling of the opportunities that are here presented.

Be it said to the credit of some of the big trans-continental lines, which now have their terminals on this coast, that they have of recent years provided for a large advertising account expended in advertising the West. They see that it creates business for them to have the Coast settled and if the direct benefit is not large they know that the indirect benefit will be.

Organized effort is all powerful and conscientious and steady effort will surely reap its reward. We are too apt to expect immediate results. The desired results can only be obtained through the expenditure of vast sums of money. The public mind must be educated up to the fact that the funds should be forthcoming and that these funds should be placed at the disposal of trained and experienced hands and with men who know from experience what are the best channels in which to work and where the best results can be obtained.

Let the advertising matter sent out speak nothing but the truth. Let us not exaggerate or mis-represent: First, because it is not right; secondly, because we do not have to. If the truth were told it would be difficult to make the stranger believe it. But let us keep hammering away at him until he will have his curiosity aroused sufficiently to come to the Coast and investigate for himself and once here we have him. Mis-representation will sooner or later pay the penalty, truth will reap its reward. Honest and intelligent effort with sufficient means to back it is what we most need to populate British Columbia.

When fate seizes upon one great expectancy after another, takes one flower after another from our lives, and colour after colour fades out of the picture of the day, till at last it lies before us cold and grey—then a nameless sorrow comes upon the man, and he feels his heart shaken within him.



By Percy Flage.

THERE was a significant happening recently, at the annual board meeting of certain merry American railroad directors.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish (it is reported) one of the old school of millionaires who, as a rule, had a code, if no conscience, and endeavoured to regulate their freights of mammon by more rigid rules than the private Plimsoll mark of corporation counsel—finding himself outvoted, outplayed, stung and hamstrung by his former friends and proteges, rose to a most disorderly point of order and focussing his wrath on the arch-representative there present of Harrimankind, did beat, maim, destroy and tear buttons off him to a painful extent.

The fascinating horror of it lies in the thought that Harriman himself, who in the last ten years has laboured so assiduously in the melon and lemon patches of his beloved country as to morally entitle him to a voice in her railroad policy, is equally at the physical mercy of such madmen as may break out at any time among his tame directors.

Your true Director, however, (and Harriman, who loves Truth even in Presidents, has chosen the trust of the tried) is not very liable to brainstorm—the wise ones—(and Harriman who loves the wisdom that honours and obeys, has chosen the wisest of the weighty) when in his seductive neighbourhood, keep their hands so deep in their pantaloon pockets as to preclude the possibility of a short

arm jolt on their part. And the fools? The fool says in his heart, "There is no harm in "Harriman—he is the prophet of profits."

And yet, and yet, there is danger.

Until such time as the tape-tied votes of a million shareholders in a thousand industries may be woven backwards and forwards through the secret intricacies of the dictator's public policy and private fortune without the irksome restraint and not all stifled curiosity of a bunch of hand-fed guinea pigs and emasculated advisers—there is risk of rabies—and then where are you?

Other mighty giants than Harriman have forgotten at the summit of their power the possibility of a change of venue, and were consequently unprepared and unable to step from under when the roof fell.

As witness Socrates, who out-argued every intellect from Athens to Damascus, until a backwoods debater of Boetia, floundering in fallacies and hooked up on dilemmas to a hopeless extent, shifted his position and caught the conquering logician such a blow on the nose as made it all sideways, and fixed permanently the blended expression of triumph, surprise, doubt and horror that differentiates Socrate's bust from Byron's to this day.

Witness again Alexander the Great, who absorbed everything and yet a little more, then wept for another world to reorganize—until the medicine man fixed him and sent him along—and he's there

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yet, still weeping probably, and gnashing.

Witness, too, Napoleon, the globe trotter, who played the centre of Europe against the circumference and won going and coming—who resurrected the Pyramids, pyroteched Moscow and sowed kings like dragon's teeth up and down christendom, who threw a hungry eye on Albion and studied how to invade an Island—till he found himself right there with a little one to himself and no return ticket.

"Obsessed of omnipotence," says the Squamish Scrutineer, "and panoplied in power, man the tyrant rears his rampant torso to the stars and clutching constellations from the sky and trailing comets from the roof of Heaven, bears in his brazen arms the spoil of gods, forgetful of the foot of slimy clay that slips and lands him a mucker."

It is too early in the day to place Rockefeller on the list of excessive self-confiders. True, his plucked pigeon and pet stock association of standard bearers has been theoretically mulcted in eight figures, but there are higher courts and more amenable judges in the land than Landis, and John D. will certainly try them all, right up to Attorney-General Bonaparte (a cousin, I understand, of our own A. G.).

As a "final and unalterable" hard cash proposition with no rebate or come back, the Marienbad Music hall fine is more definite.

Mademoiselle Mars of that burg, tactlessly allowed herself to sing in the presence of Royalty a chanson which, like Euclid's definition of a solid had length, breadth and thickness—a little too much of each—and the King, long a recreant from her stellar sister Venus, turned a muffled ear Ulysses-like, to the syren and demanded his money back.

Result—appearance of Mdle. Mars before the Syndic next day and a fine of twelve dollars, together with the Order of the Muzzle—"Honi soit qui mal y chance."

Good law and good business.

We cannot extend the same felicitations to the court that sat on Sidney B. Carnley at Lincoln. Here an emin-

ent judge has helped along "the law that broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent," by awarding one hundred pounds damages to a female, for breach of promise of marriage, the promise having been made while defendant's wife was living.

Being asked to hold that such promises were void, as contrary to public policy, the learned judge begged off on the grounds that "the whole tendency of modern decisions was to scrutinize most carefully the enlargement of the general rules to void contracts on the grounds of public policy and he accordingly shrank from deciding against even such a contract as this"—and awarded Miss Florence Wilson, the plaintiff, one hundred pounds.

To a layman it would seem obvious that in obtaining during Mrs. Carnley's lifetime a promise from her husband of a reversionary interest in his name, love and pocketbook, Miss Wilson made herself irrevocably liable to the charge of alienating a husband's affections, and might have been reasonably named as co-respondent in a divorce court.

If a woman can be sued for alienating a husband's affections, it is for the reason that she has and can have no right whatever to those affections—she is in fact a robber and the law looks on her almost as such.

A promise given under such circumstances is not like the post obit of an expectant heir (although morally one is not much better than the other) an indecent contract for value received, but an illegal traffic in stolen goods, harmful to the character of both parties concerned, detrimental to the dignity of matrimony and surely not to be enforced in the appeal courts of England.

There may be and are occasions in which some such bargain is made with propriety, or at least with extenuating circumstances, but in the case cited the judge appears to have waived all considerations other than the question whether a promise was made and broken.

His decision, if upheld, would make every married man a fair target for the spinsters and widows of the neighbourhood and would rob wedded life of its

most solemn blessing—that of sanctuary.

The benedicts of Britain who have sought refuge from the designs of many in the legalized arms of one, would be rudely torn from their dreams of peace and chivried unendingly by energetic canvassers for the position of number two, number three, number four and on to infinity.

Without doubt, the wife would take a hand in arranging such promises. Now that the deceased wife's sister has triumphed after long years over the English Bishop, there will be quite a little doing in that way. If you are lucky enough to have the youngest and prettiest of seven sisters for your first and only intended bride—be sure that as soon as the Carnley decision is filed among the leading cases—your Polly will come to you with a list of six Dollys and Mollys and so forth, and make you promise on your solemn oath to marry them all in the order indicated—that is, homeliest first, then the plainest, then the oldest and then the poorest favoured of the flock—if you don't there will be

trouble, and it looks like trouble anyway you make your book.

The unhappy wife who has no sisters will compile a Lloyds rating list of her available female acquaintances to con over every night in the vain hope of choosing a successor whose name the daylight hours will not decry as a scheming hussy or a heartless flirt. The mother-in-law will help.

There will be no peace in merry England now—"and he who wrought this spell?"

He is either insane or foolish, this judge—not wicked. No man could be so wicked as to do such a thing wickedly.

If he is married his folly will find him out jolly quick, but if, as is more likely, he is a kindly and bashful bachelor it may be months before he learns that his decision has thrilled the divorce courts of Dakota with a new sensation, brought the blush of shame and indignation to the many cheeked harems of Egypt and stamped 1907 as an epochal date in the history of monogamy.

Under The Sun Flag.

By J. Gordon Smith.

TWO sights that were my introduction to Japan will ever linger in my memory. One was Fujiyama seen at sunrise, the other a passing junk with mat-ribbed sails and low waist, high-built fore and aft like the old-time galleens and galleuses. Fuji-san is the first sight the visitor has of the land of the Rising Sun, usually apparent eleven days from the time the liner drops her hawsers at Victoria. The voyage is devoid of interest, a glimpse of Atka's volcanic peak in the Aleutians where "the little blue fox is bred for his skin," and Japanese poaching schooners found fishing camps until the watchful revenue cutters drive them away, a

spouting whale, or—and this is unwelcome—a storm which racks the ocean-going steamship and tosses its great bulk of steel. Fellow passengers were interesting; they were an assorted lot—a Consul-General and his wife returning to Shanghai, a tea-planter bound to India, an oil-borer on his way to seek petroleum for Borneo Dutchmen, a professor of something or other from Peoria, Ills., commercial travellers seeking to sell beeves, lumber, and all manner of things. We whiled away the time with poker, bridge, ante-dinner walks, in which a mos'un counted the laps—sixteen round trips about the housework of the upper deck measured a mile—and in due course

Fuji's snowy crest bobbed above the eternal blue of the misnamed Pacific.

The sight of Fujiyama standing out in the distant sky like an inverted fan resting on clouds—the base is not seen from a distance—is one never to be forgotten. Pictures, photographs, show only the shape; the color and the indefinable effect on the mind can scarcely be described. From the grey of dawn a red glare emplaced itself in the east and from it with the everlasting snow glowing pink-white as the sun lifted over the shadowy range of the foreshore and gradually awoke the colors into being, rose the sacro-sanct crest of the holy mountain in all its beauty. My fellow passengers stared silently at the ice-clad mountain pinking with the rays of the rising sun. Some had seen it before; the tea-planter had viewed it a score of times, yet he was spell-bound like the rest, until the professor from Peoria spoke to tell us he had recognized the mountain at once—he had seen its picture on a fan, on brass, on tea-cups, lacquer, etc. Of course he had; Japan's artists ever portray Fuji the peerless. Hokusai's fame rests on his "Hundred Views of Fuji." Impressionists have made delightful sketches that were scarce more than three or four strokes of the brush, yet so suggestive of the sight I saw from a liner's deck on a February morning. Kipling said: I was satisfied Fujiyama was exactly as I had seen it. I would not have sold my sight of it for the Crest of Kinchun Junga flushed with the morning." Fujiyama is the keynote of Japan. When you understand the one you are in a position to understand the other. A Japanese scholar translated the ancient poem of Manyoshu written what time King Alfred was burning cakes in Saxon England thus:—

There on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand,
See Fujiyama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause,
Nor may the birds those giddy heights assay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdest Narusawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujiyama's waters spring.

Great Fujiyama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou giv'n to mortal man,
A God Protector watching o'er Japan—
On thee forever let me feast mine eye.

I do not subscribe to the last line. Fuji is Fuji; but there are other sights to see in Japan.

In the night Inuboye's guiding light had flared a signal to the shipmaster to alter his course. On some voyages Kin-kazan's temples part-hidden in the greenery and the contrasting brown of the dwarfed arbutus that so daintily overhang the seafront of the little isles from where peep the porcelain-tiled roofs sloping so steeply, yet so gracefully, as the liner glides on its way fringing the coast. Awa peninsula marks the turning point with its jutting roof near Shirahama with the bones of the Dakota showing its dangers to mariners who trim Nojima's light too closely, and with the bold slopes of Fuji showing plainer the while, the liner passes into Yedo bay between Sagami and Sunosaki's guiding lights now extinguished, for it is morn.

Yokohama—Cross Strand—the port of Yedo bay in the gateway of Asia. It lies to the east of Yedo bay, twenty-eight miles from Tokio whose port it is. A project has been under consideration for some years involving an expenditure of some millions to dredge Yedo, or Tokio Bay to allow of ocean-going craft reaching Tokio, now available for craft of 500 tons, scarcely more. Long before the liner entered Tokio bay the coastal shipping of the country had been in evidence. My first junk, that seen at sea, lingers most in my memory, though. Low-waisted and with high prow and poop, great rudder standing high, with the sea almost awash at the vessel's waist, it suggested the craft of the Georges with its hull; but the bamboo-ribbed sails of matting were of the Orient. But it was the crew rather than the vessel that impressed me. Naked to the waist and scant-clothed above, some with scarce more than a plaited string as garb, they were squatted about a small brazier on the high poop, their brown bodies burnished like bronze with the reflection from the glowing red charcoal of the brazier. I remember these fishermen waving their raw arms as the liner glided past.

The pilot's sampan offered another picture—a picture for a Rembrandt; cameras have limitations. It came alongside about daybreak, and it, too, had a well-filled brazier flaring red on the stern seat with half-clad coolies clustered about. What a wonderful lot of color there was to the little craft and its company—red and blue and yellow—there were many hues. The brown limbs of the sampan's crew were mostly bare, but each wore a short coat, most blue with red or white geomantic signs showing with striking effect on the back. And on all the glow of the charcoal fire of the small brazier was reflected most picturesquely. Other sampans came, junks rocked by, and, soft-toned in the morning mist, what pictures they made. Uraga, where in feudal times all shipping was stopped until the Shoguns officials had inspected the vessels, where the ship Morrison was fired upon by the old Dutch carronades of Uraga when she brought shipwrecked Japanese from China and incidentally came to trade in 1837, and all shipping was halted until Commodore Perry's black ships forced an undesired treaty on the land in 1853, was passed; now it is a town of minor importance. Yokosuka, where the French engineers built a great naval yard and shipbuilding plant, where 22,000-ton battleships are now being builded by Japanese naval constructors, a naval yard the French sought in vain to retain, was passed, and the shore forts, lights, and shipping of Yokohama roadstead were soon in sight. From where the pillar of smoke by day and fire at night stands over Oshima Isle, once a penal settlement, now a place of small fishing villages whence junks are sent to take bonitas at the mouth of the bay to where the old forts, now obsolete, that were built off Shingawa by the Shoguns to resist foreign invasion, the whole bay was busy with shipping, small steamers, launches, junks, sampans, schooners, tugs, and other craft plying amid the deep-sea shipping bound to Yokohama bay.

When the luminous bay of Yokohama opened up, the latter was brought to an anchor outside the breakwater; for there are regulations to be carried out. An-

chored near by was the obsolete old gunboat Amagikan, detached for harbor duty, with the red-rayed rising sun flag whipping from her jackstaff, and not far from where she lay were steam launches obviously bound to the liner. First came the quarantine launch, then the police boat, then numerous launches and sampans. Launches are the hotel 'busses of Yokohama. With the porters they steam out to meet the incoming liners and fight noisily for the passengers. Four doctors, with white drill uniforms, immacutely clean, had summonsed all on board to the saloon for inspection, and customs officers also demanded attention, likewise the police. With wearisome repetition all noted names, addresses, object of travelling, where from and whence bound, etc., etc., in small notebooks and the dialogues were oft amusing indeed. For instance a pompous little customs officer approached the purser:

"I am the Imperial customs," he said.

"Like gehenna you are," said the purser.

"Ah, thank you so much," responded the customs man and he reached for the purser's cigar box.

The police are often annoying. Every traveller soon finds annoyance in the constant surveillance, continual questionings, and petty nuisances the traveller is subjected to at their hands. The customs officers are precise, but not too rigid, and the quarantine officials do their work with care, yet a common-sense care. Their work done the steamer is free to lift her anchor and enter the harbor. The launches and sampans follow and when the liner is riding at her anchor their busy men lose no time in coming on board to tout for hire. Each of the European hotels and many of the Japanese inns have their own launches or sampans and whether it is to the Grand, Oriental, Club, Wrights or other hotels the traveller would go, he will find willing guides to take him and his baggage by launch or sampan from the steamer's side.

Sampans are the cabs of Oriental ports. Plying for hire in little flotillas at the hatoba and other favourable points, with their rest house and shelters pro-

vided by the guild—all workers have their guilds here—the “sendos” are ever ready to carry passengers and their belongings. It would seem impossible at first glance that there would be sufficient passengers to warrant such a fleet of sampans as this which plies on Yokohama harbor, but when the great amount of shipping in the roads and within the breakwater is considered it is not surprising that a large army of sendos find employment, as all in these vessels require the sampanman to get ashore. The sampans are built of hard wood and are about thirty feet long by six feet wide. The wood is weathered, never painted. The deck is moveable, the under part being arranged in three compartments. In the stern when the boards are lifted the storehouse of the sendo and his family is uncovered; the bedding, old clothes, extra sails, etc., is also kept there. The centre has a shelter of bent bamboo, reserved in daytime for passengers and by night for the “sampanner’s” sleeping place. The boatmen are, as a rule, a rough lot, and the passenger who journeys by sampan at Yokohama would do well to examine his change closely when paying his fare.

The harbor is bounded by two converging breakwaters, with a green light at one extreme and a red light at the other, marking the entrance to the harbor. Many large vessels ride outside the breakwater, but it is inside that most of the vessels from the seven seas drop anchor. There are many sorts of craft, liners with white painted sides and teak-wood gangways reaching down to the rippling blue; oil tanks with rusted brown hulls, tramps, including the well-decked black-painted hulls and red below the water-line that would seem to have been built in long lengths and broken off as customers came, as is the average British freighter: Norwegian turret cargo tanks, big blue-funnel freighters with their twin derricks in lieu of masts—these and many other classes of steamers, flying many flags, ride at anchor, and sailing ships, barks, schooners, junks, etc., await their cargoes there. It is a busy port. When the scheme of improvement now started is completed

—it will involve spending eleven millions of dollars—the port will be much better able to cope with its vast business, and be better fitted to rival Kobe the ambitious port to the south which aims to be the distributing centre of Asia when its improvements, costing as much and more as those of Yokohama, are carried out. These involve new wharves, breakwaters, deepening of the harbor and a ship canal to Osaka, the Chicago of Japan. At Yokohama dredges are constantly employed deepening the harbor, and the busy harbor-master’s office sees that no opportunity is lost to improve the port.

Originally Kanagawa was the foreign settlement, but the foreigners were too close to the Tokaido—the great sea-road—for peace, because of the hatred of the conservatives. That hatred is slight today, but not gone. To be candid the Japanese do not love the people of the west, though, for business and political reasons, they may dissemble their real feelings. When Richardson, an Englishman, who foolishly broke his way through the train of a southern Daimyo on a visit to Yedo, was cut down with a sword by a Samurai retainer of the Prince and the bombardment of Kogoshima followed the failure of the central government to cause the anti-foreign southerners to pay the indemnity demanded, the Shogun called upon the foreigners to remove to the mud flat which is now Yokohama. The consular officers refused, though the traders went. Ultimately a compromise was reached whereby consuls were permitted to establish consulates at Kanagawa, but they followed the traders to Yokohama. Then about a hundred wattled huts of fishermen occupied the site, but there was good anchorage there and engineers were soon to see its possibilities as a harbor.

Black, the Englishman who gave Japan its journalism, in his reminiscences, paints a grim picture of Yokohama’s disabilities in its pioneer days of half a century ago. He says it was a small level lying between sea and swamp which separated it from the cultivated fields further back, and flanked by hills from which again it was cut off by a tidal creek and estuary, so that the

only way out on the land side was by bridges provided with gates and a guard of Japanese troops. The foreign representatives feared for a time that they were to be shut off from intercourse with the people as effectually as the Dutch were closed in on the island of Deshima at Nagasaki. In the half century that has intervened since, five years after Perry's visit, the foreign settlement was opened in 1858, the mushroom city grew, a hybrid that was part of Asia and part of the Occident. Now it has over 200,000 people, of whom 5,724 are foreigners—Kobe has 3,733 foreigners. Vying with Kobe for first place among the ports of the Far East its business is great. A comparative table issued by the able finance department at Tokio shows the foreign trade and shipping of Yokohama from 1868 to 1906 and the vast strides made in the thirty-nine years. In 1868 the foreign trade of the port amounted to \$6,653,600; in 1906 the figures were \$101,899,047, an increase of sixteen-fold. The imports of 1868 were \$3,842,016 and those of 1906 were \$74,498,754. The strides made by the shipping are shown by the figures. For the first three years they are uncertain, but in 1871, 367 foreign vessels arrived with a tonnage of 384,482, while but one native vessel went foreign. In 1906 the foreign vessels numbered 762 with a total tonnage of 2,643,060 tons, and the native vessels 301, of 635,477 tons.

The hatoba, the long wharf jutting into the harbor which is the only wharf of the port, is the gateway through which the traveller enters the Orient in a dream. Then he is lost in admiration of the polite, affable Japanese. It is well to record one's impressions then. The color, the glare, the wondrous picture, and above all, the receptive mood in which the traveller then finds himself is that with which he might do justice to the scene. Afterward the mood changes. One noticeable thing is the strange light, almost a glare and the absence of deep shadows such as the arrival from the Occident is used to. John La Farge, the noted artist, describing his impressions at the moment of arrival said: It is like the picture books, and under what splen-

dor of light, in what contrasting atmosphere! The beauty of the light and of the air is what I should like to describe, but it is almost like trying to account for one's own mood—like describing the key in which one plays. Quite so; first impressions are best in Japan; oft-times the traveller who has remained more than half a year says his farewell to the land over a cocktail on the wide cemented piazza of the Grand hotel overlooking the Bund and the harbor, and hurls anathema at the idols he formally worshipped whose feet he found of clay.

Landing from the hotel launch one is immediately surrounded. "Ricksha—ricksha—karum," shouted a dozen or more who with a rush had dragged their jinrikshas—the Japanese prefer to call them kurumas—from the near by stand. They dropped the thrills of their little carts and begged the traveller to be honorably seated. I was seated, and, assuming the air of a resident, said "Grand Hotel." It were well that I gave my destination for the usual custom is to take the newcomer to another place which is not a hotel. It is an odd sensation that first ride in a jinriksha trundling along the Bund with a scant man hauling you at a dog trot, his white mushroom hat bobbing before you. Mostly the ricksha coolie's attire is of dark blue, a small pair of knickerbockers not reaching to the knee like those of an athlete and a loose blouse, broad mushroom hat and tabi, close-fitting cloth shoes with rubber sole constituting the suit. Often white is used instead of blue, and often the runner wears skin-tight trousers reaching to his ankle instead of the loose knickerbockers. Outside the former treaty ports a loin cloth is sometimes considered sufficient apparel.

One is strangely self-conscious when riding the first time in the ricksha; it is hard to refrain from laughing. The Professor from Peoria roared aloud, and shouted to me: "I'd hate to let my friends see me now." It is noticeable that the cart-pullers will not pass in front of each other. The guild rules that this must not be in order that older men may not be handicapped by the rivalry

of the young men. That the motion is not unpleasant must be admitted, and one soon becomes accustomed to it. The feeling toward the coolie in the shafts also changes. The first feeling of pity is quickly replaced when the newcomer has been victimized a few times, charged double or treble fare and then followed into his hotel by a coolie who tugs at the coat sleeve as he demands "More ju sen." The novelty also soon wears off, and the rider sits placidly in his little cart as though he had been born to the custom. He gets the ricksha habit, which is common to all foreigners. The majority hire a jinricksha no matter how short a distance they wish to go.

The Grand Hotel is reached in a few minutes from the hatoba. It faces the Bund. On one side bounded by a chain held at intervals by small posts is the harbor with its fleets of shipping, on the other the office buildings, hotels, and residences—these are mostly set back in compounds and part hidden in picturesque trees and greenery. The principal hotels face the Bund, and the Yokohama club, a fine building of white stone, and some of the steamship offices, notably the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, are there. The Grand hotel lies at the Bund, and nearby a canal, ever filled with picturesque junks, sampans and canal boats carries the freights of Yokohama into the inner town. The hotel is a well-kept institution run by a foreign company. Its spacious verandahs—on one of these the place is pointed out where James Creelman wrote the story of the battle of Ping Yang—are always in vogue. The cemented plaza at the front is one of Yokohama's main rendezvous. The Oriental vies closely for first place. Both have French chefs, band concerts twice a week and all the conveniences to be found in any modern hotel: in fact, one traveller, who has travelled much, is on record in print as stating the Oriental hotel to be the best in the world.

According to Kipling the Grand hotel and Shephard's hotel of Cairo are the places where the world passes. He says one will meet all his friends there if he remains long enough. One person to be

met who is not a friend is the guide. Shun him. Then there is the Welcome Society of Japan which welcomes the travellers, five yen, no more. The Welcome Society claims that its subscribers may see places to which they alone have special access. I could not find any such places where I had not the same privileges. Moreover, I found that when the traveller was under the auspices of the society and in the keeping of its guides it was as though he wore a banner which read: "Easy mark." Prices were always doubled and trebled for these persons, and as for the guides—they could teach the average American or Canadian politician the gentle art of "graft." I did not learn this until after many days; when I came to the Grand hotel I was in a hurry, all that I desired was breakfast and then a jinricksha coolie hurried me through picturesque streets, past people so strange, to a railway station beside a junk-filled canal.

On the way I sat as in a dream, looking askance at the jumble of western buildings set down in the Japanese setting, staring at the crowds which shuffled about on their "geta"—teak-wood clogs—looking with cloyed delight on the kaleidoscope of color, of jinrickshas, little freight carts drawn by men and women, sometimes with children tied to their backs—brothers and sisters of the ox—singing jerky street-songs of women and of gods. The bright sunshine and the delight at the strangeness lingered with me as the runner moved through narrow streets filled with quaint people, bright with color, with alien houses and open-fronted stores hung with gay ultramarine blue screens with striking ideographs of white. On the back of the men's blouses, or coats, was a different geomantic sight, a massive "tea-chest hieroglyphic" that told of his trade or his household god, his guild or his clan, and the kimono of the women were oft-times dazzling in their hues, the broad "obi" or sash was gay; children toddled along with children tied to their backs. Here and there an arched torii leading to temples with porcelain tiled roofs and crumbling stone "tore" or lanterns avenueing the path to where the bronze gods

were enshrined in the niches behind nettings of western wire were seen by the roadside; dully booming bronze bells and big brasses against which sounders were struck as worshippers pulled a frayed rope to awake a people's gods; flotillas of cargo-filled junks fast in the mud of half-dry canals near the slightly arched and oddly balustraded bridges over which the runner dragged me—each and everything was of a new world.

That February morning I was infused with the wierd charm which comes to the uninitiated as he lands for the first time in the magical, mystical East—a charm which lasts for a day or two, three perhaps. Then the glamor fades, the newcomer learns that the smiling faces are masks, the bowing politeness a sham; he learns that a mask would be a much more representative national emblem than the chrysanthemum. Soon, too, he learns of the Japanese lie, and hears the meaningless, "very sorry." How he learns to detest that "very sorry."

Had I written then it would have been of a wonderful picture and charming conglomeration of strange scenes, of open-fronted shops and charming shopkeepers squatted on cushions about glowing braziers, of tiled roofs of blue and porcelain, of long flights of stone steps crowded with playing children, of artistic torii; odd-shaped entrance arches which led to the "tera," the temples and shrines of Buddha's galaxy of Gods of the Way, and Shinto's innumerable gods and goddesses of the Path, of sweeping roofs with great overhang and ponderous beamwork, wondrous carvings, of beauteous architecture seen beyond dingy stores fronting lantern-lined courtyards; I would have told of bright blue screens with their glaring house-signs dazzling white in a field of indigo-blue, of a fairyland steeped in ghostly sunlight, glaring white, of a pale blue summer sky though it was February—the month of the Pine—of a tinted atmosphere and dreams of mysticism, of a Way and a Path—the Way to Nirvana of the Buddhist and the Path of the Gods who are the revered ancestors of the believers in Shintoism. The square-built brick and mortar with their

western jambs and lintels, cornices and mansards, the high walls of mercantile compounds and warehouses on either side of narrow streets, men with white faces and the conventional garb I knew of long usage, I saw but in passing glimpses as one sees the telegraph posts in a photograph which do not belong to the picture. These were of the Occident; it was the Orient that held my vision. And one enjoys Japan most when he rides in its streets for the first time.

Yokohama, that is the concession, is not Japan; rather it is a condensed Europe with Japanese trimmings. Yokohama is for the tourist and the tourist is for Yokohama. Benten-dore is lined with shops which are for the just-landed, to sell him cheap curios made for him; Honcho-dore has shops which will sell Mrs. Tourist silks, the shopkeepers bowing and smirking as she remarks, thinking of western prices—"my, how cheap"—though the price asked is three times what the dealer would ask of the native. I must see more of this place, I thought, and rode by in a dream to the foreign-styled station of the first railway built in Japan, that which British engineers stretched over the Tokaido to connect the port of Yokohama with Tokio at the Sumida's mouth in 1872, on which Manchester-built locomotives haul long trains hourly to Tokio.

The song of the geta clicking on the cement platform beneath the long vaulted shed with its iron pillars and corrugated iron roof, a loud-sounding wave of sound, is typical of the land—it is as typical as the tailless cats, the lotus and the cherry-blossoms. There was a band at the station, playing brass instruments with the gusto of a German band. The music I heard was that of "The Battle hymn of the Republic." It was played in honor of departing soldiery, and a great crowd assembled with long-streaming banners, blue, yellow, white—all inscribed with scrawling black katikana characters—to bid farewell to the coolies who yesterday toiled in the rice-paddies and who were the soldiers of today. The shower of pink papers—the "doinrei" which is the Emperor's call to arms—had fallen among them and they had ex-

changed the loose haori of the fields for the foreign-styled uniforms. The band and its music was as foreign as the uniform the conscripts wore, as foreign as the leathern boots they carried over their shoulders at the end of a string rather than displace the more comfortable tabi. In time they would become accustomed to the western footwear. It was a small contingent, a score of new-made soldiers, bound to the spacious military barracks at Aoyama in Tokio and the crowd had come to see them leave with banners, western music, and the parting "banzais" "ten thousand years."

It was a good-natured, smiling crowd and made way for me as I edged my way to a carriage, as the little porters were swinging shut the carriage doors, each boxed by itself after the manner of British trains, and oh! so small in comparison with the great Pullman cars of the American continent. I watched the throng on the platform from the car window until the whistle blew and the train began slowly to pull out from the station, leaving bowing crowds bidding ceremonious farewells, without tears and without expression other than the indrawn breath which, to the Japanese, betokens respect. Then I drew in my head to find myself alone in a first class carriage. I had not heard the Japanese saying "only fools and foreigners travel first-class in the train."

The conductor, who was a youngster—all the train crew seemed to be youths—slammed the carriage doors and from the shadow of the terminus the train emerged into a bath of sunshine, and there were flags fluttering gay. The villagers of the countryside had decked the railroad's borders with arches of flags: lofty bamboos, wild gilded wicker cages at the head, held streaming banners, the "Hino Maru"—the red ball of Nippon on a white field—and the radiating red and white rays of the Rising Sun flag. At crossings dividing the flooded paddy fields which stretched like never-ending chess boards to the horizon, little crowds, mostly children, with the usual complement of small girls with babies strapped to their backs, gathered to wave their little flags and to shout banzai in order

to coax an answering cheer from the conscripts of the train.

The Tokaido railroad skirts the shores of Tokio bay, passing through villages of mud and wattle, with the old Tokaido—the road by the Eastern Sea—visible in places, with picturesque temples, torii, moss-grown graveyards with avenues of dark, age-worn lanterns and monuments, with a plain of rippling blue dotted with square-sailed junks, and the three mounds—the dismantled forts of the last days of the Shogunate when the Tokuwawas sought to impede hostile access to the great city following the coming of Henry's "black ships"—these and other sights were to be seen from the carriage windows. Kanagawa, where Black-Eyed Susan's successor, using the name, carries on a small tea house to mark the place where Richardson died after being carried from the roadway where he was slashed mortally with a sword by a retainer of the Prince of Satsuma in 1862, is the first station passed. This is a place of history. Not alone was it the scene of the killing of Richardson because he and two other Englishmen and an English woman sought to cross the armed procession of the Prince of Satsuma on the way to Yedo, a killing which resulted in the bombardment of Kagoshima by a British fleet, but also it was the place where foreigners were first given a concession on Tokio bay—they afterward moved to Yokohama. Omori, and other fishing villages were passed, and beautiful Kawasaki—I afterward attended a flower festival at the noted temple of Daishi Sama, god of the fishermen in whose courtyard the trees are fashioned into strange-shaped fishing junks—was visited for but a few minutes ere the train rolled on over the Tanagawa through the great orchards reaching far on either side and filling the plain which stretches toward the blue Hakone mountains far away, onward to Shinagawa. Skirting Shinagawa bay with its sampans and fishing craft the factory chimneys of the outskirts of the capital are in sight. The entry into the city by way of the Tokio is past numerous factories, innovations of the last ten or twelve years, and past

a great gas works, which, oddly enough, is built facing the Shiba detached palace, one of the residences of the Emperor, little used by him. The factory chimneys are built for the most part of thin iron tubing instead of brick, a precaution taken because of the frequency of earthquakes. To this day many Japanese believe their country to be a great fish and when it wriggles there is an earthquake. Two lines of seismic activity intersect near Tokio, according to Prof. Milne, the seismographical expert. Through an avenue of these factories, past crowded streets, over bridges with cargo-junks fast to their pillars, the

train rolls into Shimbashi, the terminus, and the traveller debarks in Tokio.

A smiling brown man with a red cap and the words "Imperial hotel" blazoned thereon, rescued me from the throng of ricksha coolies who surrounded me, grasped my bags from the porter, and hustled me into a ricksha, followed by my effects. Ten minutes later I was dressing for luncheon at the Tokio hotel. I had intended to leave next day for Manchuria, but when General Fukushima told me, as he told others: "Times does not yet come," I had, perforce, to remain, and decided that I would explore Yokohama—and then Japan.

The Opening of the Season.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author.

IF I may be permitted to criticise, living as I have only this year among you, I must mention how itchy the trigger finger of Vancouver Island sportsmen becomes during the last few hours of the last day of August, also how to a duck hunter, enured to the strict observance of the first day of the week in the mid-continent province of Ontario, the fusilade that greeted the well fed birds on the bright, glorious Sunday morning that ushered in the season was a surprise. I frankly admit that already we take our fishing rods down without a blush on this morning when the godly ostensible man worships the One who made it, and I presume we may later follow you to the hunting field, but will all this teach the wide-eyed lad, nervously handling his first, and ever-treasured shotgun, to be the true man his dad wants him to be. I know, few have had more reason to know, the

kindly teaching of the field and stream, how, as the seething blood of youth flows more slowly in our maturing veins, we begin to appreciate every life of bird, beast or reptile, fish, crustacea, aye, even the tiny things of marine zoology, and learn not to kill a single thing unless needed for food, or rarely, for scientific purposes. There is one thing here I would like to tell the boys that are now entering the hunting field—do not kill any insignificant animal or bird that offers you so fair a chance, for not only do you do an unkind act but you warn and scare away the very game you are trying to approach—pardon this digression—I do not often preach.

I must be very careful in my Nature Study—you know of President Roosevelt's "Nature Fakirs." The fir woods are well filled with bevvies of quail, we have seen as many as forty in one bevy slip, as so many winged little shadows,

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across the dusty roads, the strident call of the cock pheasant is heard all along the river, in the slashings, and for quite a distance up the hills, ruffed grouse whir along before us or sit so inquisitively on the spruce branches watching (is it good policy to open the season for one variety of grouse when the best of us can hardly tell them from a pheasant until we have brought them to bag).

In our wanderings this spring along the wild coasts that delimit this great island, and along where the mighty rivers debouch into the gulf from the mainland; we have seen the many varieties of wild ducks that inhabit this Pacific coast, unfortunately for you and I many of them are fish eaters, see the pair of beautiful Pintails we killed on the tide flats of the Skagit. These birds were in all the beauty of their spring livery, yet they were so fishy that my assistant Fritz wisely said, "Shall I scale them as soon as I pluck them?" This bird at a distance from salt water is one of the most deliciously fleshed of all the summer ducks. Alas, that our old friend the

Mallard, that clean feeder of the marshes and rivers in the middle of the continent, should condescend to eat of the remains of the spawning salmon, when the very air was eloquent of their age.

The three teal that we came across—blue-winged, green-winged and cinnamon, had not, as far as our investigations went, any taste or odour of fish, but our old-time friends, the Widgeon, were, as an Irish guide used to say: "Good fast day birds, fish and fowl on Friday." We found the nests of those inveterate eaters, the Surf ducks, in many an ocean cliff. It was remarkable to see these big coarse ducks—some call them black ducks, memories of our old friend the Dusky Mallard—the real Black Duck—makes us resent this—eating the big mussels, shell and all. Through our telescope we watched them swallow the shells even when they could not dislodge the barancles (*balanus flos*), and many a time we found one of these big, coarse birds dead on the pebbles, choked by a two-inch shell, the poor



A Good "Right and Left," Pictured as They Fell.

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bird's capacity being only of the one-inch order.

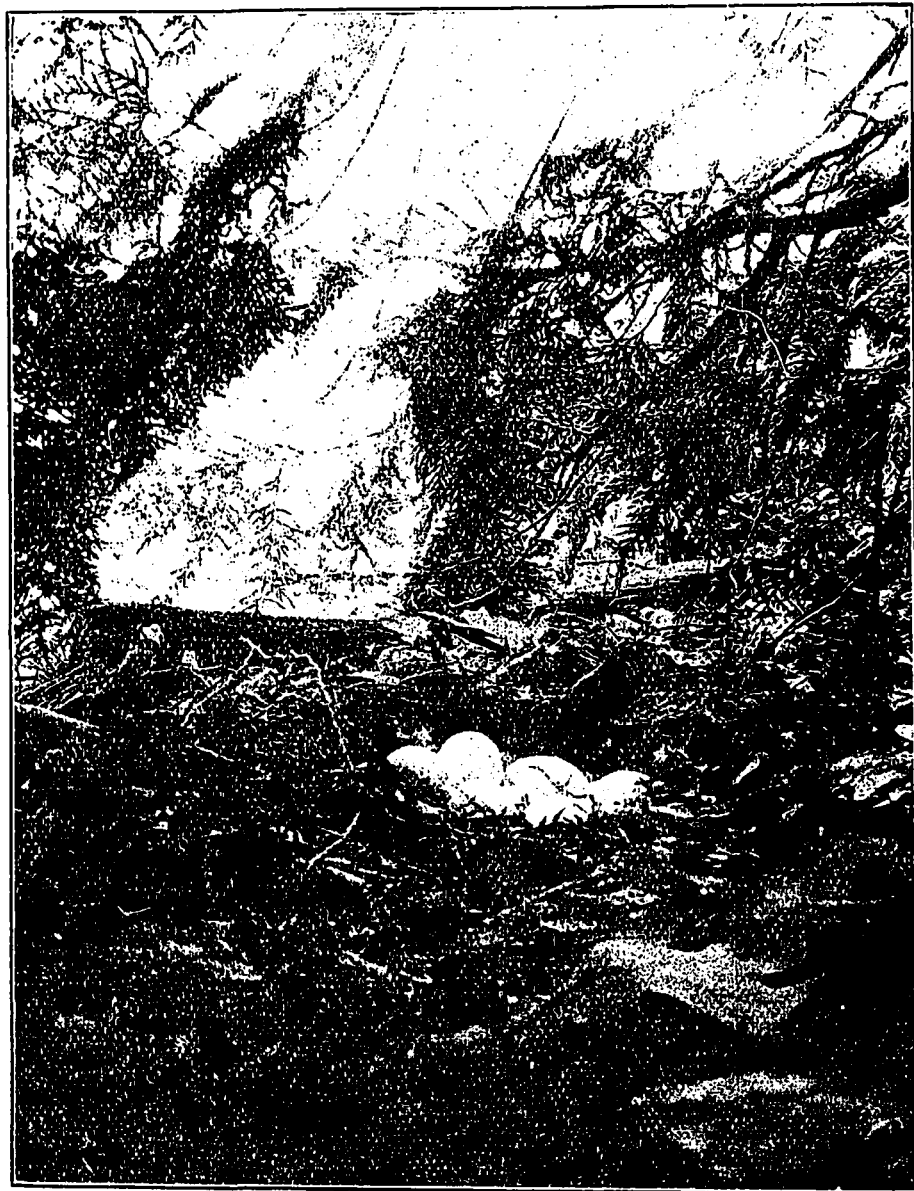
Now the long roll of guns, puff, puffing from far southern California coasts as far north along our rock-ribbed shores as the law is obeyed, has put to wing the twenty-seven varieties of the wild ducks that are indigenous to our glorious west. Aye, and all over the broad continent, in many a water where the faithful old gun above me has flung out its rude summons to the passing hosts, the white man and the red man are bang, banging at the startled birds. Siawashes, deep in lillie covered ponds, Ojibways under wild rice woven hides, Blackfeet hidden deeply in the slough scrub, Frenchmen of the Gatineau, the St. Maurice and Lake St. John, and far up the Ottawa on the Quebec side, with modern hammerless and smokeless powder or ancient ringing muzzle-loader, in the muskegs of the north, in the wild rice beds of old Ontario, among the wild oats that border the rivers of Indiana and Illinois, all along the half dry streams of the great prairie country of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the far north Saskatchewan I can see the half

hidden faces of the red man and the white, see the streaks of fire that shoot upward into the dim grey light of dawn, the winowing darting flocks that flit past on silky pinions, hear the guttural call of the redskin, the squeak of that awful duck-caller of the whites, the quack quack, quacking of the alarmed birds, and the dull splash or resounding thump when the poor duck hits the water or the land—what barbarians we are, can any special date or privilege call out this vast army of men, leaders of the professions, statesmen, staid business men, artisans and the great camp following of boys all over this mighty continent—yes the vibrant call of a duck, the whirring of its wings overhead, will put in motion a grander army of true men than any other single call I know of.

But there are men that prefer the noiseless, hammerless, barrelless, merciful camera, can the man that a month ago stopped with a good right and left the three teal pictured here, have as much satisfaction as the possessor of a picture of the teal's nest and the birds swimming so happily amid his decoys?



Pintails.



Nest of Blue-wing Teal.

Cochrane's Opportunity.

By Henry Morey.

MARK DALEY, undertaker, and Joe Cochrane, real estate man, had been friends long before they came West. The Pacific Coast had always been a favorite topic of conversation with them and Vancouver the one city they were particularly anxious to see. When Mark Daley suddenly made up his mind and trekked, it

wasn't long before Joe Cochrane followed him.

Mark left respectfully, bidding most of his friends good-bye and making no secret of his destination. But Joe ran away. Nobody blamed him for that, however, as his wife was a crank of the first water. Joe could scarcely move hand or foot without exciting her dis-

pleasure. The usual recreations of the man about town were out of the question for him. Joe was henpecked and to such an extent that he could no longer boast of a single feather.

Mrs. Cochrane's first husband had died young, but her second, Joe, had no intention of doing any such thing if he could possibly help it. He accordingly decamped, leaving no address. But he left, instead, the rental of several houses for the maintenance of Mrs. Cochrane, which, popular comment said, was more than he should have done. He went West, of course, but not directly.

Mark Daley knew just when to expect Joe at Vancouver and went to the depot to meet him. "Hulloa, Joe!" he exclaimed, heartily.

"Hush-h-h!" hissed Joe, drawing Mark aside. "You musn't call me that any longer. My name is Joshua James Wimbledon."

"Heavens and earth!" ejaculated Daley, "I'll never get used to that."

"Well, you'll have to, if we're going to be friends still," replied Joe. "Call me Josh for short."

"Why, what's up?"

"I've cut the old woman, that's all."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Daley. "Did it get as bad as that?"

"Yes, it did."

"Well, I don't blame you, old man. I would have done the same thing myself, most likely."

There was a land boom in town and Cochrane opened a real estate office. He was sitting at his desk one day, talking over a deal with a client, when a lady appeared in the doorway. She raised her hands convulsively when she saw the man at the desk and brought them together again in the same dramatic way.

"O, Joe, my darling; I've found you at last!" she exclaimed, making a rush towards him with arms outstretched.

Joe felt as if he had been plunged suddenly into an ice-cold bath. He had no intention, however, of being hugged, and actually flew to the rear of the office and out the back door, closely followed by his wife. The door was banged to and locked just before Mrs. Cochrane reached it. This gave Joe a little time

to breathe. He stood still just long enough to hear his wife beat an angry tattoo on the panels. Then he rushed across the square to Mark Daley's. A few words explained the situation.

"It's too bad, old fellow," sympathized Daley; "but I don't see how on earth you can get away from her now. Perhaps she's got over her crankiness and come to her senses. I'd give her another chance if I were you."

Joe took the undertaker's advice and in less than a week he and his wife had settled down to housekeeping again.

But time and circumstance had neither improved Mrs. Cochrane's temper nor brought her common sense. In consequence, Joe Cochrane's usually jovial countenance assumed an expression of sadness.

One evening he came home an hour later than he had dared to do since the reconciliation. Mrs. Cochrane met him in the hall.

"Take that thing into the kitchen and stand it in the sink," she snapped, referring to Joe's dripping umbrella.

Joe started for the kitchen, but Mrs. Cochrane pulled him back.

"No! not until you've taken off those dirty rubbers. Set them outside on the porch. Quick, now!"

Cochrane obeyed silently. He returned from the kitchen looking very miserable. He expected a scolding if not something worse.

The clock struck eleven.

"Hear that!" exclaimed Mrs. Cochrane, snapping again. "A pretty time of night for a respectable married man to be getting home. What kept you so late?"

Joe slid into an easy chair.

"Not that one," objected Mrs. Cochrane. "It's too comfortable. Get out of it at once."

Joe took no notice of this last command so Mrs. Cochrane coaxed him with a darning needle. The first prick was a very slight one. It failed to move Joe. The second one fetched him, however.

"Now, tell me all about it," sneered Mrs. Cochrane.

"There's nothing to tell," began Joe, irritably. "I was only at the club."

"The Club! Of course! Always the

Club. The Crescent Club, I suppose. But there'll be a surprise for you one of these nights. I'm going to have a club at home—a good-sized one, with carbuncles on it—and the very next time you come home so late I'm going to give you a taste of it. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Joe, quietly, taking a cigar from his pocket. He could stand almost anything with a good Havanna between his lips.

"Don't dare to smoke in here!" snarled Mrs. Cochrane, snatching the cigar from his fingers. "I'll bet anything that cost you at least a quarter."

"It didn't cost me a cent. Daley treated me to it."

"And tomorrow you'll treat Daley? It amounts to the same thing, you see. Now, just unlace my shoes. But first, fetch me my kimona and my slippers. Be quick about it because I'm tired. O, yes! and my massage cream. I can apply that and scold you at the same time."

Joe sighed and obeyed. He placed the things one by one near his wife and stooped to unlace her shoes. While he was doing this Mrs. Cochrane discovered that her massage cream box was empty.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "There's a remedy, however. Joe, you'll have to go to town at once for some more."

"At this time of night?" queried Joe. He rejoiced inwardly at the prospect of a respite but was careful not to show it.

"Yes, at this time of night. You know how my complexion suffers if I miss a single application and tomorrow is Mrs. Mortimer's reception. The Owl drug-store is open all night. I always get this brand at the Owl. The very best quality, remember. It's only three dollars a box."

Joe got into his overcoat as slowly as possible. Then he crossed the hall languidly and grasped the handle of the door, chuckling to himself as he did so. But he didn't get any further than that, for just then Mrs. Cochrane ran into the hall and took hold of his coat sleeve.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, tauntingly, "thought you were going to have a fine

outing, didn't you. Well, I'm not such a fool. I've plenty of cream in another box. You'll stay at home, Mr. Cochrane, and get ready for bed at once."

"Will I? We'll see!" Joe was roused at last and his eyes blazed. With a swift movement he lifted his wife off her feet, carried her unceremoniously into the dining-room and dumped her on the lounge. Then he bolted from the house.

Mrs. Cochrane had ample time to review the situation as her husband did not put in an appearance again for forty-eight hours. When he did come home the first thing he noticed was a new wall decoration. This was in the shape of a club. A silver crescent gleamed suggestively from its fat side. The carbuncles had not been forgotten and they bulged out threateningly here and there.

"By Jove!" laughed Cochrane, treating the thing as a joke; "I'll have to take that thing down and show it to the boys."

"You'll do no such thing," exclaimed Mrs. Cochrane, going off like a bunch of fire-crackers. "I was obliged to make it look more or less like an ornament, but to you and me it's a club, remember. A real club; the Crescent Club, you understand!"

Joe understood perfectly.

A few days later he and Mark Daley were having a confidential chat. "No, Mark," said Joe, determinedly, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to bolt again the first chance I get."

Cochrane's opportunity came much sooner than he expected and in a way that he had never dreamed of.

Mark Daley had just settled himself comfortably in bed one night when the telephone bell jangled noisily. He answered it at once.

"Is that Mr. Daley?" asked a feminine voice.

"Yes, this is Mark Daley."

"Well, Mrs. Cochrane's speaking. I'm so sorry to disturb you at this time of night," sobbed the voice, "but my dear husband has had a stroke of some kind. I'm afraid he's dead."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Daley. "Joe Cochrane dead?"

"Well, he looks like it and the doctor

says he is. O, Mr. Daley, whatever shall I do!"

"I'll be with you as soon as possible, Mrs. Cochrane; that is, if——"

"O, certainly, Mr. Daley; I couldn't think of having anyone else."

Daley lost no time in getting to Mrs. Cochrane's to take charge of the body of his old friend. He found Joe dead, as he supposed, and Mrs. Cochrane apparently inconsolable. But she was able to give the necessary directions about the funeral which was to be a grand one.

Daley went about his work sadly and with blurred eyes. "Five-foot-nine will do nicely," he mused; "but I had an idea poor Joe was taller than that." He made a note of the dimensions, gave the body some further attention and took his departure.

"Remember," said Mrs. Cochrane, as he was leaving, "the best casket you have, please."

Next morning Daley gave his directions to an assistant. "Casket number seventeen D," he said.

"All right, sir," replied the assistant, although he was astonished at the order, "Number seventeen T!" he muttered, "why, that's one of the cheapest things we have."

They laid Joe out in the best parlor, leaving his face well exposed.

Mrs. Cochrane kept her own room till late that night. Before retiring she repaired to the best parlor to have a look at Joe.

"Well!" she exclaimed. Her astonishment or the presence of death kept her from saying anything else. She hastened to the telephone and rang up Mark Daley. "I want to see you immediately. Come at once, do you hear!"

Daley went, wondering what on earth had happened.

"Do you mean to tell me," began Mrs. Cochrane energetically, "that that common old thing in there is the best casket you have? I wouldn't bury a pig in it!"

"It's one of the best we have," answered Daley, quietly. "The price of it is three hundred dollars."

"It isn't worth three hundred cents. Look at it!"

A glance served to show Daley what had happened. "I must apologize, Mrs. Cochrane," he began. "My assistant has made a mistake. He had orders to bring up a totally different article. We can easily have this changed, however."

Grumbling about the stupidity of the assistant, Mrs. Cochrane withdrew, leaving the undertaker alone with the body. Daley turned towards the door with the intention of leaving the room. Before he had taken three steps he heard a mysterious whispering.

"I say, Daley."

The undertaker wheeled about, expecting he hardly knew what.

"Who in thunder measured me for this coffin?" continued the voice.

Then Daley saw Joe's lips move and broaden into a grin. He stepped up to the side of the coffin, but was too astonished to speak.

"Mum's the word," whispered Joe, with eyes open and a finger held up warningly.

"Why——!" began Daley in his usual voice.

"Hush!" hissed Joe. "I came to my senses over an hour ago, and jolly well surprised I was to find myself in this fix. But the very next moment an idea came to me. Thinks I, if Mark Daley's bossing this job, the thing's as good as done. You'll help me, won't you, Mark?"

"Sure!" whispered Daley.

"I heard all about the mistake," continued Joe; "but the size of the casket would have been sufficient excuse for changing it. The skin's off my knees already!"

"It would be the easiest thing in the world if it were not for Mrs. Cochrane wanting a last look," said Daley. "But we'll manage it somehow."

Fortune favored the undertaker. Before he reached home an alarm of fire clanged out. Daley turned towards the business portion of the town where, already a ruddy glow was visible.

"It must be in the vicinity of Munro's clothing store," he thought, quickening his pace until it developed into a run. "By Jove! I hope it is Munro's," he muttered. "One of the figures in their show-window looks very much like Joe

Cochrane. I've noticed it many a time. With a little touching up it would pass for Joe's corpse all right!"

Daley turned into the main street. "It's Munro's!" someone shouted and the undertaker's heart gave an answering throb.

Crowds of men were carrying merchandise out of the burning building. Daley took his place amongst them. When the excitement was at its height he gave his attention to the show-window. It was an easy matter to kidnap the figure without attracting special notice and in less than ten minutes it was lying comfortably in the casket which should have been accommodating Joe Cochrane.

Daley powdered up the face a bit and poured a little melted wax into the wide-open eyes. "Now," he said to himself, "Joe is very fond of roses. With pink and white ones half smothering that face the deception will be complete. We'll take it up very early in the morning," he chuckled, "and bring Joe back in place of it."

It had been a hard night for Cochrane and but for a flask of whisky that Daley had tucked in beside him he could never have borne it. Just after daylight he heard the noise of wheels approaching and his circulation quickened. The tread of footsteps sounded on the verandah and presently a casket was brought solemnly into the room.

"Thank heaven, you've come!" whispered Cochrane to Daley. "Another hour of this would have killed me in earnest. You've got an excuse ready, I hope."

"There'll be no need of one," replied Daley. "Munro's clothing store was burned out last night. Just take a peep into this casket."

Joe Cochrane sat up in his coffin and gazed at the face in casket number seventeen D. For a moment he looked somewhat perplexed. Then his features slowly relaxed and broke into a satisfied smile. "Daley, you're a brick!" he whispered, grasping the undertaker's hand.

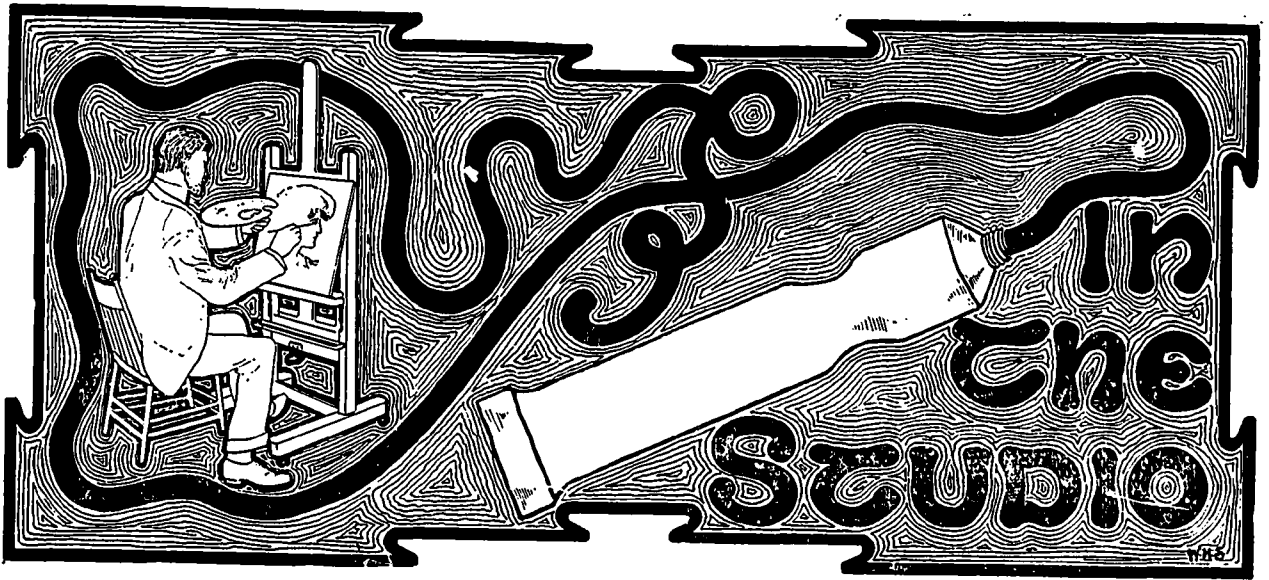
A couple of hours later Mrs. Cochrane went into the parlor to see the new casket and incidentally looked at Joe.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that's something like a casket. Polished oak, I suppose, with real silver trimmings. Joe ought to rest comfortably in that," she mused, going close up to it. "He looks quite dead this morning, too. Much more so than he did last night."

The funeral was a grand one. Joe Cochrane, who was in hiding at Daley's, had the unique experience of seeing it go solemnly up the street headed by a brass band.

Mrs. Cochrane went back East—where she belongs. She thinks Joe is in Heaven now; but he isn't.





Models I Have Known.

II.—John Minards.

By Mrs. Beanlands.

IN the peaceful old churchyard at Polperro lie many generations of the family of Minards. Nearly all have been fisherfolk and all have lived and died in their native village. John Minards is the last of his race, with the exception of a cousin in trade in London whom Minards carefully ignored, for the old fishermen with the blood of the Vikings in their veins rather despise the shopkeeping class, their life is a constant warring with that grand element the sea, and gives them a fine scorn for the life of cities. "He has the learning but I have the wit," John said. He used to "putt people away"—that is to say, take visitors' luggage to the station on his handbarrow and it was in this capacity that I first met him. He had just seen an old gentleman off by the train. "What a brave old chap one must be to risk going up to London," he thought. He had often posed for "artisses" and was willing to come if I gave him the small sum he would otherwise make at his fishing. When he first married he was only earning two shillings and sixpence a week and then owing to bad

times nothing for several weeks. "That was the way to learn a wife to keep house," he said, with a wink. The old Polperro houses are built of stone, grey gaunt and forbidding with their feet in the water like sentinels overlooking the bay, and always with a backdoor to the hills from which in times of danger the smugglers could escape.

Once in a bad gale the flood reached the lower rooms, and Minards had just carried his bedridden mother upstairs. A visitor, Mrs. D——, called in at the back door and said it was a grand sight. Minards thought he would learn her to call it a grand sight when other folks' property was being spoilt, so he opened the front door and in rushed the water. "Her fell a-screeching," and he had to help her out. He had been married three times, and had two daughters. Both died of consumption. It was a great grief to him and yet he was able to say: "After all it was only one trouble. If they had grown up or married there might have been many."

Minards came of a strong race. He took great pride in showing a cliff near

Willy Wilcock's Hole, apparently fifty feet high, with sharp rocks below, and he impressively stated: "My uncle fell down here." "Poor man, was he killed?" "No, but he hurt himself a bit."

He had many stories about his mother. When she was born she said quite distinctly, "Da." The doctor and nurse testified to it, and her father was drowned that night. When John was a lad, while the minister was preaching, he stopped to say, pointing to the end of the chapel where John was sitting with some others, "Will some one sit with those five lads? They are disturbing my preaching." "That's a lie," said John; "you have only stopped because you had nothing to say." Picking up his cap he left the chapel, knowing well what he had to do. He ran home to be the first to tell his mother. Presently his father returned. "Where is John?" Then came the boy, but he was not flogged.

"Polperro was not always an honest place," John once said; "about twenty years ago a dark blue shirt was stolen that was hanging out at night."

John was twice bewitched at school and had many strange tales of witchcraft. Witches who changed into rabbits and milked the cows and witches as squirrels who lived in the trees and could only be shot if the gun were loaded with quicksilver. A man whom he knew took his sister who had fits to Plymouth. A witch told them they would meet a woman who would say a certain thing to them and that she was the cause of the fits. They met her. The man knocked her down and drew blood and the girl was quite cured from that day.

Wedding cake, Minards told us, must be carried upstairs backwards and tied in the left stocking with the right garter and put under the pillow, getting into bed backwards and in strict silence.

He believed in white magic as well as black. A little boy—Jack—who was posing for me also, had his poor little hands covered with warts. John was

fond of the ginger-haired little tacker, as he called him, and got a friend to charm them away. It was done without touching the boy. He only looked at them and said: "They are bad indeed, but they will now go," and the strange but true fact is that they daily grew smaller and after I had left Polperro John wrote to me that they had entirely disappeared.

Little Jack told me of the Mermaids who lived among the Cornish rocks, saying he had never seen one, but his father had—it was stuffed, in a museum. His father had been on a merchant ship and was a great traveller and Jack had many stories of his adventures. "Once a leopard came near my father, and my father was so frightened that his hair stood on end, and my father's hair kept rising till it lifted up my father's cap, which fell on the ground, but the leopard turned and disappeared in the woods and then didn't my father run for his life."

A German artist and his "lady" came to Polperro and Minards was excited and pleased to be asked to pose, or, as he called it, "setting for them."

However, they wanted a silent model and Minards' conversation was always gratis and plentiful, so next day a very downhearted and depressed fisherman came to report the German as a proper silly and that he had nothing in him but what the spoon put in. Later when I referred to his handsome wife. "Handsome," he said; "H'm! I think she and I were behind the door when Beauty was distributed," and he would not pose for them again, not for a Jew's eye. He was indeed a good friend and a good hater.

When the time came for me to be "put away" there were many good-byes. Giles, the tinker, an old crony of Minards, was there too, and I left with his couplet to Minards repeating itself in my mind:

"I've seen ye likeness on the flat;
Half an angel, half a cat."

A Lead Pipe Cinch.

By L. McLeod Gould.

AN office furnished with only one type-writing desk; four bare walls without even an almanack; an outlook upon dim brick walls which at the time were being soaked with rain: such was the scene upon which Jim Gilmore gazed one May day. Latterly he had drifted from one fit of despondency into another, and this seemed to be the climax. "What is the use of living?" he groaned. "One dose of morphia and all is over; all worry done away with and just a plunge into the unknown."

The facts were these: Sifton, where he lived, from being a sleepy country town had developed into a tourists' resort and the natural result had been a tremendous increase in the energy of the little town. Business had progressed by leaps and bounds; on all sides were visible the signs of prosperity; a Tourist Association had been formed, and a park laid out for the visitors. With the advance in the price of real estate a veritable boom had commenced, and it seemed as though Sifton was to become the leading city of the Province.

Jim Gilmore, with the rest, had been bitten with the fever to become his own master and had thrown up a good situation where he was earning \$125 per month as stenographer and book-keeper to open an office. However, he was wiser than some of his generation, and instead of engaging in real estate, of which he knew nothing, he put his own experience to use and started as a public stenographer, thinking to prey upon the fledging realty men by obtaining all their work. The result—failure.

After three weeks steady attendance in his dingy little room the only client he had, and whom he welcomed with open arms, was a book agent. This man

certainly found his way up, but though this fact brought a certain amount of balm to Jim's soul, it had not brought any money into his empty pockets.

"So this is to be the end," he mused. "Rent due tomorrow for this wretched room; rent due the day after for board and lodging, with two months in arrears; laundry not paid. I suppose I shall have to chuck it and go to work for someone else again." He lay back in his chair, idly lit a cigarette, the last in the case, and pondered on the follies of mankind in general and his own in particular. Suddenly a smile broke over his gloomy face. "Eureka!!" he cried, leaping to his feet, and without further ado he pulled on his overcoat, locked the office and hurried out into the driving rain. Straight down the street he went until he reached a printer, to whom he confided his scheme, and in consequence of this interview Sifton rubbed its eyes next morning to see, posted up in the hotels, placarded on the hoardings and inserted in all the papers the following advertisement:—

NOTICE.

Tourists arriving in Sifton who do not want to be bothered with writing the requisite number of letters to their relations, are advised to call on J. Gilmore, Stenographer, Stenographer, 72 George St., Sifton. All kinds of letters attended to at reasonable charges. Love letters, letters from husband to wife, and vice versa; letters from children to parents. The only information required is the style of letter to be written. Sifton and its beauties fully described, also the scenery on the railroad since the last stop. All business confidential.

In addition to this as each tourist got off the train he was handed a letter enclosed in an envelope with the same scheme neatly printed and slightly more elaborated. Then Gilmore, having engaged a boy to meet all trains with these documents sat down in his office to await events.

He had not long to wait. His first visitor was a vigorous young American girl, who informed him that she had promised her "Ma" to write every day, and that it was a real shame to waste the lovely weather and scenery in sitting down writing silly letters. Would Mr. Gilmore write to her Ma and say that her daughter was having a real good time; that she had reached Sifton by the evening train and was going to stay three days, when she expected to leave for San Francisco? Naturally, Mr. Gilmore was delighted to oblige, and told the charming damsel that her letter would be ready by noon.

When she arrived he handed her the letter, which read as follows:—

Sifton, U.S.A., May 25th, 1906.

My Dear Ma:—

Would you ever believe it; you are reading a letter written by me on the typewriter; at least it is not really written by me, but I mean it is type-written. It's real cute here, and they have a male stenographer in the office, which is such a saving of trouble. Not that I have ever thought it a trouble to write to you, as you know, but I mean that I can say so much more when I can dictate it. You know you always said that Pa wrote you much longer letters on the machine than he did with pen and ink.

Well, I must tell you all about Sifton. (Here followed a long and stereotyped account of Sifton and its approaches, which have nothing to do with the story.)

Now I think I have told you all the news. I expect to leave for San Francisco in three days, and though I am longing to see it, I am longing still more to get back to you and dear old Chicago.

With heaps of love,

Your loving daughter,

This letter required a great deal of consideration. Never having been a daughter himself he was not quite sure whether he had been gushing enough, he was therefore more than pleased to hear the fascinating American say:

"Why, that's just out of sight; I couldn't have thought of half those things myself, and that last part about wanting to get back home is simply fine. Mr. Gilmore, you're a genius. What are your charges?"

Now this was the part of the business which Gilmore had forgotten to consider. Without hesitation he would have charged one dollar a sheet to the ordinary person, but he felt a strange shrinking from taking money from this girl, yet at the same time he knew it would be not only absurd but in bad taste to ask for no payment, so he said:

"Oh, just the ordinary payment. Five

cents a folio, and twenty-five cents for the thinking. Thirty cents, please."

Out went the girl rejoicing, while Gilmore hugged the small coins to his breast and vowed that he would never let them out of his possession, for this foolish young man had made the great mistake of falling in love with his first client.

Hardly had she left the room before a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and after a ponderous knock an elderly gentleman, red-faced, and apoplectic in expression entered the office. Mopping his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief he sank into the chair which Gilmore courteously pulled forward for him. The chair groaned under its unaccustomed burden, and after several stertorous breaths, and many preliminary "hums" and "haws" the visitor began to unfold his mission.

"My dear young man," he said "I—er—understand that you—er—make a practice of writing letters for visitors, and that you guarantee your letters to give entire satisfaction, provided you are given—er—certain particulars. The hotel clerk at the Imperial advised me to come to you, as I have been ordered to spend all my time out of doors, being in bad health, and unfortunately I have a wife—er—I mean to say that unfortunately my wife expects me to write her at great length once every day. I find that this is a tax on my—er—nervous system, and should feel infinitely relieved if I could leave the matter in your hands."

"Certainly, sir," said Gilmore. "I have made a specialty of writing letters suited to all classes and relationships. It will, however, be necessary for me to ask you a few questions, which I trust you will not consider impertinent."

"Go ahead, young man; ask anything you want, so long as you are quick. I have to be out all the time I can. Ask away."

First of all, sir, how do you usually address your wife when writing to her? Have you any pet name? Tell me what you call her."

"Susie—and a daughter Arabella. We call her Piggy. Why we call her Piggy I don't know; but we do. She can't play the piano, but both she and her mother think she can.

"Came in over the plain. Staying here a week from yesterday. Going to San-Francisco next. Home in about a month. That all?"

Gilmore thought carefully after having jotted all these interesting details down, then he asked:—

"Does your wife keep any pets? Is she particularly devoted to one more than the rest? If so, what is it and what is the pet's name?"

"Yes, she has a beast of a tabby-cat. She calls it 'Tittums.'"

"Thank you, sir," said Gilmore, rising to his feet. I have now all the data I require, and will call at your hotel this evening with the letter. For whom shall I inquire?"

"John P. Wiggles, and if the letter is satisfactory I will compensate you well, and you shall write all my letters as long as I am in the city."

So saying the portly visitor stalked out, and as Gilmore heard him stamping down stairs, he chuckled to himself, thinking what an "easy mark."

About seven o'clock that night Gilmore walked round to the Imperial and asked for Mr. John P. Wiggles, and was promptly shown up to a private sitting-room, where his visitor of the morning was reposing on a lounge in front of a blazing fire; for though it was May, the nights were chilly.

"Uh, he seems to be pretty well off. That means another dollar on the bill," thought Gilmore.

Mr. Wiggles opened the letter somewhat incredulously, as though thinking he had been rather a fool to allow a stranger, and a young one at that, to take over his private correspondence. As soon, however, as he began to read he started, and a look of keen interest spread over his face. Every now and then he chuckled, and finally laughed outright. This is what he read:

Sifton, May 25th, 1906.

My Dearest Susie:—

I have been longing to write to you, but the journey was so long and tedious that I had relinquished all hopes of so doing, but by the luckiest of accidents, I found that there was a stenographer in the hotel, so I told him to come up to my room, and here comfortably lying on a couch I am able to talk to you at my ease, and at the same time satisfy your anxiety about my health.

I really believe that I am feeling better already. The air here is wonderful, and though I am physically tired it is merely a healthy fatigue. You are probably wanting to hear about Sifton, and the scenery through

which I passed on my way here. (Here followed about three sheets of scenic description.)

And now, my dear Susie, having told you all that can possibly interest you, I am wondering how you are. Seeing this young man rattling on his keys reminds me of the happy evenings we have so often spent at home, with our dear Piggy playing the piano. How are you? I really think that when I get back I shall have to send you off for a change, and I can't think of any better place than Sifton. Tell me all the home news in your next, and don't forget to let me know how "Tittums" is. You know I do not personally like animals about the house, but I know how devoted you are to her, and for your sake I hope she is well.

Your affectionate husband.

With one motion the fat man was out of his chair and clasping Gilmore by the hand.

"My boy," he said, "you're a wonder. There's no sort of letter in the world which would please my wife more than that. I couldn't have written it in a thousand years. How did you do it? Stay, have a drink first and tell me afterwards."

Gilmore flushed with pleasure, accepted a whisky and soda, and deprecatingly observed that he was a sort of specialist in this business.

"But, my boy, this is marvellous. I can't believe that you have never seen Mrs. Wiggles. You have got her down pat. What are your charges?"

This time Gilmore was fully prepared. He had meant to ask two and a half, but after hearing the praise which had been showered on his effort, decided to double it.

"Five dollars, sir," he said, without hesitation, and as though he were accustomed to collect that amount every five minutes of the day.

"Humph," grunted Mr. Wiggles. "Pretty stiff price for a letter, isn't it?"

"Expert work, sir," replied Gilmore. "I am sorry if you think it excessive, but I am only making my usual charge. My prices are always a little higher when writing for a husband, because the matter needs delicate treatment."

"Oh, tut-tut, what's a dollar one way or the other. It's worth ten dollars to me to be able to get letters written like that. Here's your five-spot, and I tell you what. Bring me a letter every evening about the same time till further notice, but you had better skip the cat occasionally; my wife will get suspicious if I inquire too often about the beast."

Gilmore wrote out a receipt and after

a cordial good-night went out well satisfied with his day's work.

Happy were the dreams that pursued our friend Jim that night, but Fate is a curious mistress and after having lifted him up, she had it in her mind to throw him down into a veritable abyss of confusion, from which luck alone availed to drag him.

When Gilmore reached his office early next morning he met somewhat to his surprise, a young man, obviously of the jeunesse dore, who asked to see Mr. Gilmore.

"That is my name," said Jim; "if you wish to see me, step into my office?"

"Now, Mr. Gilmore," said the visitor, after having taken a seat, "I hear that you are a specialist in letter writing, a thing I can't do. You will understand that this is a particularly private affair, and if you can manage to fix it I will make it well worth your while. The fact is that for family reasons I am engaged to marry a girl about whom I don't care a continental. It's what they call a marriage de convenance. Now I am really in love with another girl who returns my affection; her name is Florence, a music-hall artiste. Unfortunately my father is a Presbyterian and you know what that means; he is also enormously wealthy, being President of the North Union Bank, but Florence doesn't know that. I want you to draft two letters for me to copy out in my own handwriting, one to go to Florence, declaring eternal affection and all that sort of thing, together with mention of stony-hearted parents, undying love and the rest of it. The other letter to be sent to my future father-in-law, John P. Wiggles, making a formal application for the hand of his daughter."

Gilmore said never a word, though the name of Wiggles aroused some momentary qualms in his breast. He accepted the task and after asking Wiggles' address, set to work as soon as Gilmore had left. Following are the two letters which he perpetrated, and which were unfortunately left on the desk when he went out to lunch, omitting to lock the door.

My Dear Flo:—

I hate to have to write to you as I must. You know that I love you and that fact makes the parting harder. My parents are financially embarrassed and to save the family fortunes I have to marry Miss Wiggles, for whom I have not the slightest affection. Dear heart, forgive me. If it were not for my father's greyy hairs, and my mother's ill-health I would not thus sacrifice the affection which I have for you; an affection too deep for words.

I remain,

Your ever-loving, though distant,

John P. Wiggles, Esq.,
President A. P. & A. Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Wiggles:—

Knowing as I do your views on matrimony, and your opinion as to a suitor first appealing to the father of the girl, I venture to write and tell you that for many months, in fact ever since I first met your daughter, I have been madly in love with her. My father is President of the North Union Bank, and has promised me a good position as local manager in some rising town as soon as I have finished what he calls "The Grand Tour." Will you allow me to speak to your daughter?

Yours hopefully,

Why did Jim leave these two letters on his desk? It so happened that while he was satisfying his appetite, his divinity, Miss Bella or "Piggy" Wiggles, entered the office, and saw both letters. Feminine curiosity prompted her to read them, and then "the fat was in the fire." Jim, on his return, was confronted by a female tigress, who demanded the address of the writer. In the midst of his hurried explanations the door opened and Carston appeared. Hardly had he time to become aware of the catastrophe before the portly figure of Mr. Wiggles obscured the doorway. The meeting between father and daughter, neither of whom knew that the other was in town, was nothing to the stormy interlude which ensued between the Wiggles pere and fille and the unlucky Carston. Suffice it to say that he left with all hopes of increasing his family fortunes by a matrimonial venture, crushed.

Gilmore, however, was more fortunate. Mr. Wiggles looked on him as the saviour of the family honour; Miss Wiggles regarded him as the champion of chivalry, and the last thing heard of the enterprising stenographer was that he had been appointed Manager of the new branch of the North Union Bank lately established in the city of Sifton, with a nearer relationship to the President in reversion.

The Monetary Stringency.

By An Ex-Banker.

Monetary stringency is not necessarily an unhealthy or dangerous condition. It may result in part from over speculation and consequent losses. It may result from insufficient banking capital and a consequent dearth of insufficiency of currency. It may result from the vigorous and energetic development of immense natural resources. It may result from a rapidly increasing population settling in and opening new territories, and so stimulating the commercial circulation through all the arteries of the body industrial.

It may result and would result from a sudden and continued increase of prosperity stimulating enterprise. Widening and enlarging every sphere of industry and commerce, and might be just as healthy a condition as a grain blockade, a car shortage, an insufficiency of labour or a dearth of ships. Observe—In December, the banking capital of the country aggregates so many millions of dollars. The trade of the country flows naturally in its proper channels, and we are not conscious of any monetary stringency. In June, let us say, there is practically no money available for any purpose. Stocks fall, prices drop, orders are countermanded, building ceases, public or municipal works are shut down, labour is unemployed, farmers curtail their operations, not being able to borrow money for horses, stock or machinery; merchants curtail expenses, manufacturers discharge their operatives, debts fall due and are not paid; and so things drift from bad to worse. We are told in loud and strident tones to retrench, and this condition of things is called hard times and is due to "tight money"—a lack of hard cash.

But observe—The banking capital of the country stands in June at the same handsome sum which represented it in December. A curious fact is it not—an anomaly—a mystery of Political Economy and High Finance! But, scrutinise the bank returns again and more carefully, and you find that though the paid-up capital remains the same, the deposits have fallen. Shocking state of things! The people, the depositors, stubborn, stiff-necked and with lust of pride and self-will, actually withdraw their money from the keeping of the banks to invest it themselves! They do this because they see innumerable opportunities for the profitable investment and use of money in the rapidly increasing commerce of a prosperous country, where in land values are rising because the population is increasing in geometrical proportion. Is it surprising that people living in a country literally burthened with the amazing growth of its own prosperity are not content to allow their money to lie idle and unremunerative in the banks? Idle and unremunerative, that is, in so far as their own personal interests are concerned.

As a result of this heinous and most reprehensible state of things, you have, what?—"tight money." As the deposits fall, the banks refuse to make loans. You are seriously cautioned to go "slow" and be careful. You are solemnly told that you have been speculating, plunging, losing your head. You are inconsequent and inefficient. You are unable to read the financial barometer. Be warned, therefore, in time by those who know. All the indications points to tight and tighter money, and you are told that if you are wise you will keep your money in the banks, where it is immediately

available should the storm break, causing you to require it at a moment's notice.

So here you have the secret, the conclusion, the end of the whole matter. The banks lend to the people in proportion as the people lend to the banks; and "tight money," that dangerous and ominous bugbear, is the direct result, the logical sequence of a decline in the sum total of the deposits held by the banks. This is the principal cause. Other causes there are of a secondary and subsidiary character.

The insufficiency of the present amount of the paid-up capital and the consequent inability of the banks to keep pace with the progress of the country and the importance of this point is apparent when growth of its trade, is one cause. The one stops to consider that the notes of the chartered banks are the money of the country, and that the sum total of this money is strictly limited to the amount of the total paid-up capital of the chartered banks.

Another prolific cause of monetary stringency is found in the opportunities which offer for profitable investment outside of the Dominion, which must, when taken advantage of to any appreciable extent, curtail advances at home.

To cure the evil of tight money, at least in part, and to prevent to a very large extent a recurrence of such unfavourable monetary conditions in the future, I beg to offer the following postulates for reconsideration:—

(1) That all chartered banks in Canada should be compelled by the Treasury Board to call up the whole of their authorized capital, thus providing several millions of available funds for the expanding trade and commerce of the country.

(2) That all the chartered banks in Canada be compelled to utilize the sum total of their Canadian deposits within the Dominion of Canada, except when by special representations made by the Treasury Board, they are permitted by an order-in-council to make loans outside of Canada for particular purposes and for limited periods.

(3) That monthly returns, summarising the business done by every banking office in Canada, be made to the Government of the Province in which such office is situate.

(4) That the banks be requested to take the necessary steps to largely increase their interest bearing deposits by borrowing abroad at rates of interest governing such transactions.

(5) That a competent officer of the Department of Finance, acting for the Receiver General of Canada, be appointed by the Treasury Board to inspect at least once in each year, the chief office of every chartered bank in Canada, to verify the government returns and report fully thereon; and it is requested that all such reports be given the widest publicity.



Photography.

By Arthur V. Kenah, A.C.A.

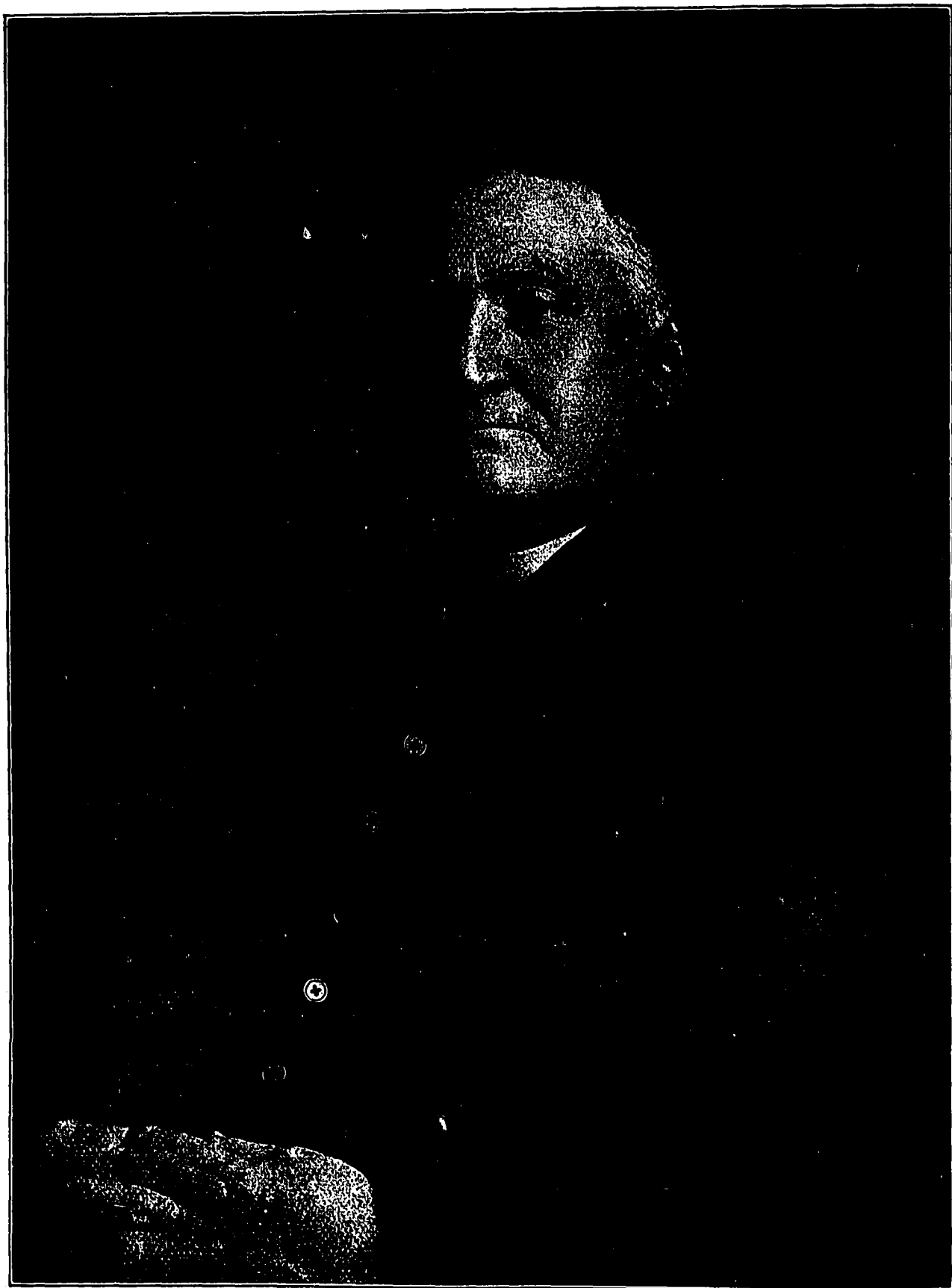
An address delivered before the Seventh Annual Convention of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest at Seattle, U.S.A., on September 5, 1907.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I need hardly say what pleasure it gives me to appear before you tonight and to be granted the privilege of addressing a few words to such a distinguished representative body of photographers.

For some years now, I have endeavoured to the best of my ability to diffuse my gleanings on photographic matters to those of my readers who are fortunate enough to peruse my writings. Whilst engaged in this work, it has often occurred to me that the camera has not yet taken its proper place in the political economy of the nations. I do not know whether this idea has ever struck you—but it seems to me that its influence is a very pacifying one, and I think you will agree with me that where two or three devotees of the black art are gathered together there reigns an atmosphere of peace and harmony that is a thing most beautiful to behold. I have in the course of my life travelled in many foreign countries, and I can assure you wherever I have been I have always come across people who are photographic enthusiasts and from them, even in savage Russia, I have received a welcome which is at once sincere and spontaneous. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if we extend this idea to wider fields, is it not possible to imagine that the day will dawn when we will all be photographers with the natural consequence that all points of difference between party politicians will be sunk, and we may even rejoice to see President

Roosevelt clasping the hand of Mr. Rockefeller and the pair of them quietly sitting down and discussing the relative advantages of plates and films instead of making night hideous with their differences as to the morality of the Standard Oil Company; or even a glimpse as to the future may reveal Foraker hobnobbing with Taft and waxing eloquent over the virtues of the Persulphate of Ammonia reducer.

This idea is, of course, only one that would occur to an Irishman, but it is nevertheless a beautiful dream and I can therefore fully sympathise with Hamlet when he remarked: "O God. I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams." However, the point is this, that photography, like all other scientific pursuits, has a pacifying and fraternising influence which it behoves us all to cultivate to the utmost of our powers, and in no way can this be better done than by the establishments of conventions such as that of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest. When we seriously come to think about the mighty sphere of influence that photography plays nowadays in so many different fields of commercial activity, it seems hardly possible to believe that its discovery is only one of the bright events of the nineteenth century, and, indeed, only forms about the latter two-thirds thereof as regards its practical realisation. Truly the growth of photography to its modern stage of perfection has been a rapid one, but the child was healthy from the start and the nurses engaged in looking after it have been individuals of exception at industry, perseverance, and skill. Indeed, it is entirely due to their devotion and self-sacrifice that we have



A Portrait Study, by J. Savannah, Victoria.

attained to the high standard of present-day operations, and I cannot help thinking that too many of us forget this fact when we sit down to pass judgment on the work of our friends and ourselves and that we ascribe our success more to our incomparable abilities than to the perfection of the materials with which we have to work. Photography is an easy thing to what it was a few years ago and as time slowly goes on many and great are the improvements in the working details which energetic manufacturers are continually introducing to facilitate our operations and extend the scope of our abilities. Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us take a retrospect from the present into the past and think who were the pioneers of this great present-day art-science of ours. As the mind wanders back over the dim vista of years, there involuntarily rises before us the images of such intellectual giants as, Wedgewood, Fox-Talbot, Daguerre, Herschel, Hunt, Niepce, Hill-Norris and Maddox, to only mention a few of those whose researches laid the foundation stones of our present-day triumphs and whose discoveries turned the attention of commercial men to the potential possibilities of photography. Where would we be had these men not waged the war they did with Nature to wrest her secrets from her and to force her to tell how, through the agency of light, permanent impressions could be made on certain sensitive chemical substances?

Though we have progressed so far as we have nowadays, it must not be supposed for one moment that we have reached the stage of finality; on the contrary we are probably only just beginning to feel our feet and there are still many triumphs in store for those who have the time, energy, and means at their disposal, to prosecute researches in the domains of the optical, physical, and chemical sciences, and we would be bold, indeed, were we to prophesy where the word "Halt" can be called. In the early days of photography the great possibilities of the process were not realised and we find that those who were engaged in research work, as a rule, were men who had other occupations than the mere investigation

of its mysteries, thus, for example, Sir John Herschel devoted a great deal of his attention to the perfecting of his father's astronomical observations, in addition to which he was also actively interested in various mathematical, physical and chemical problems. It does not seem, indeed, that he took an active part in photographic research until the news of what Daguerre had accomplished reached him, for his great paper which was read before the Royal Society on "The Application of the Chemical Rays of Light to the Purposes of Pictorial Representation" was not delivered until March 4th, 1839, although twenty years before that his invaluable researches on the solvent action of hyposulphuric acid and its compounds on silver haloids had been published. The present day investigator is handicapped to a great extent by the remarkable progress that has been made in almost every branch of photography and, therefore, it is necessary for him to specialise far more than did the old pioneers, and this very specialisation means an expenditure of time, labour, and money that very few of us are able to devote to it, no matter how enthusiastic we may be in the advancement of our art-science. Even as in the early days of photography the developments of the process were the result of researches on the part of independent enthusiasts, so we find that the general advancements of our times are not so much to be attributed to men who earn their daily bread by the practice of photography as to those who are in a more independent position.

Indeed, there has always appeared to me to be a very strong connection between the amateur and the professional and apart from the fact that we both employ the same methods for the attainments of our ends, there is something far stronger than this to bind us together and that is Progress. Those of us who are busy all day long in our studios cannot be expected to devote much time to the prosecution of research work, and, therefore, it has to be left to the enthusiastic individual who is more fortunately situated both as regards the time and financial means to pursue his studies

to continue these investigations for us. There is no gainsaying the fact that the entry of the amateur into the ranks of photography has been attended with the happiest results to all of us but there is also, I think, a tendency on the part of some narrow-minded professionals to regard him in the light of an antagonist rather than as the best friend he has. This is a very silly attitude to take up, for it is ridiculous to suppose that the amateur can ever hope to compete with the professional on his own ground for, as a rule, he makes little or no attempt to specialise but is content to experiment in all the various departments of photography, whereas the professional has to deliberately concentrate all his efforts on one particular branch of the subject, if he wants to make an success or name for himself. The attitude of the amateur to the professional is in striking contrast to this spirit of antagonism for he knows that under normal circumstances he cannot hope to attain to such a state of perfection nor, indeed, do the majority of them attempt to do so, and consequently he looks upon his professional brother in the light of a friend and one in whose footsteps he would delight to follow. Where would be the present-day perfection in apparatus and accessories if it was not for the enormous demand made upon the manufacturer by amateurs, and who is it but the amateur to whom we are indebted for all the latest modes of art and artistic expression? Whether or not we agree with some of the extraordinary exhibits we see on the walls of the photographic salons, we must at least be fair and admit that they represent a remarkable amount of activity and originality and where we do happen to strike a really good thing we are not, as a rule, slow to take advantage of the suggestions that it may afford. I do not mean to suggest for one moment that the professional photographer is one who is content to vegetate all through his life and to make no attempt to im-

prove the standard of his work, on the the contrary the ambitious man is ever on the lookout for some means of improving both himself and the standard of his work and is always keen to receive any suggestions which may tend to do this no matter from what quarter they may come. Many of my most delightful hours have been spent in the dens of professional photographers and I consider myself particularly fortunate in being able to count them among my friends and there is nothing I esteem more than a quiet chat with a master of his craft, whether it be on the art or technical side of our work.

After everything is said and done, we are all members of the one family and we have each our own special spheres of influence; to the amateur is left the great task of extending the field of photographic influence into areas which at present know not its sway, and of continuing the research work of those fathers of photography to whom I have alluded tonight; whilst the professional may well content himself with the noble work of portraying humanity in such a way that his pictures bear that stamp of individuality and refinement which is only to be found in the masterpieces of great artists, and which is the reward of long years of perseverance and study in all that directly or indirectly appertains to the art and practice of photography.

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, whether we are amateurs or professionals, it seems to me to make no difference; to both of us the progress of photography is a matter of interest and importance and it, therefore, behoves us all to work in harmony together, ever striving to improve our work and, by mutual help and sympathy, establishing on a solid basis that spirit of fraternity and goodwill which goes so far to make life a pleasant thing and which is capable of drawing out all that is best and truest in our natures.

A Mid-Winter Experience

By Chas. E. Sands.

There were three of us, Jim Martin, myself, and a Swede named Joe. It was Christmas Day, and we were snowed up in a little cabin miles above sea-level, in a small packing camp connected with one of the adjacent mines. As far as other human persons were concerned we might just as well have been a thousand miles away; the storm which had raged for days had completely buried us, and though no doubt before long the men from the "Kangaroo" mine would come to our assistance, we knew that they would have work enough to free themselves, and that to make a trail through the wet, deep snow would take some considerable time.

We, therefore, set ourselves to take things as comfortably as could be managed under the circumstances, and I have not the least doubt that if there had been only Jim and myself we should have been quite content, but "tough Joe," as he was commonly called, was from the first day of the storm a source of worry and annoyance. He seemed to have the idea that the storm was a special visitation on him, for some reason unknown to us, and every now and again we heard him breathing out deep curses, on whom we were unable to gather.

The climax came on Christmas afternoon, and notwithstanding my former pleasant associations of that great family-reunion festival, I shall ever feel a thrill of horror at the remembrance of the Christmas spent in that small cabin, buried in the snows of the Selkirks.

Jim and I had set ourselves early in the day to prepare as good a feast as our provisions would allow, fortunately we had a fair supply of "grub"—not exactly Christmas fare but good, wholesome

food. As Jim was a handy cook we managed to provide a plum-pudding, and to the piece of salt pork, turkey, and we added this bon bouche and generally made light of our situation.

Towards the afternoon, however, "tough Joe" began to grow quarrelsome. Nothing suited him, and, though we jollied him at first we found that he was in a dangerous mood. A chance remark from Jim regarding nationalities and the different methods of keeping Christmas, caused him to flare out in a most ungovernable rage; and after swearing at everything British or American, he picked up the butcher-knife and threatened to carve either or both of us; Jim, who is anything but a coward, jumped up, and, after a bit of a tussle, managed to take the knife from him. He then gave Joe a good shake and flung him into one corner of the cabin, with the advice to keep quiet.

We did not take the matter very seriously, Joe was always shooting off his tongue in a somewhat similar manner, and presently Jim and I were deep in a game of checkers.

The air in the cabin was not very fresh, and, moreover, we had to keep the lamps burning all the time, and at about four o'clock I got up to refill the lamp, which was getting rather low.

With a whoop like a wild Indian Joe came at me, this time with an axe. I dodged him, and called to Jim to look out, but he was not quick enough and Joe felled him to the ground, where he lay bleeding from a deep gash in head and shoulder. Instinctively I grasped an iron bar which was leaning against the side of the cabin, and it was well I did so, for,

with eyes glaring and face distorted, Joe turned again on me.

There was no mistaking it now, he was mad, mad from drink, though where he got the stuff I did not know, nor did he give me time to think, for with a bound he was on me. The light in the cabin was getting dimmer and dimmer and I could scarcely see well enough to parry the blow which he aimed at my head. I managed to do so but my arm caught the edge of the table, upsetting it, lamp and all, and we were left in total darkness. I realized then that the situation was desperate.

Here was I, shut in a small cabin with two men, one raging mad, probably with delirium tremens, and the other perhaps bleeding to death. If I made a move the madman, with his sharpened instinct, would be sure to spring on me; and if I remained where I was he would in all probability do the same. I crouched against the wall, holding the iron bar firmly in my hand, and waited. I could hear the deep breathing of the madman, and could make out an occasional slight movement from Jim, which gave me hope that he might not be so badly hurt after all.

I was still straining every nerve in the endeavour to hear what "tough Joe" was going to do next, when, without warning, he hurled the axe in my direction, it was fortunate that I had crouched down low, for the axe struck the wall with a thud just above my head and buried itself in the wood-work.

I made no sign, but still waited, for how long I know not. It may have been minutes but to my strained nerves it seemed hours. After a time I heard a sound like the withdrawing of a cork from a bottle, then a faint gurgle; it was Joe taking another drink. With what result? I asked the question, and had not long to wait for an answer; for, with a snarl, Joe suddenly threw the now empty bottle at the wall, this time a little to the right of me. With hardly a moment's pause the man himself leaped right into my arms. I felt him coming, and was in a measure prepared; but he clutched me round the body with his long and mus-

cular arms, and I knew that it was either him or me.

His strength was almost superhuman, and he threw me round in the darkness of that cabin till I thought every bone in my body must surely be broken. Never for a moment did he relax his hold, though we rolled over the table, smash against the stove, the pipe of which came down and we were covered with soot and half choked by smoke. Around and around we twisted, till at length I was almost spent. Suddenly Joe shifted his grasp and seized my throat, with a desperate effort I wrenched myself free, falling on the ground at his feet as I did so. He tripped over my prostrate body, fell head foremost, struck the broken lamp, and lay still.

As quickly as possible I struck a light, fearful at first lest he should be only shamming, but the feeble light of the match showed me a deep gash in his forehead from which the blood was flowing. Bruised though I was I struggled to the shelf where the candles were kept. I lit one and gazed around.

The devastation and wreck that those few minutes had brought was awful.

Two men lay weltering in blood on the floor; tables, chairs and crockery lay smashed all about the place; and a great stream of blood filled the centre of the floor and was slowly making its way down one side of the room. The first thing to do was to secure Joe, so as to prevent any further mischief. There was a rope hanging in one corner of the cabin and I took this and went over to him. He moved uneasily as I touched him, but I coiled the rope round his legs, pulled it tight as I could, and firmly bound it into a knot; then I did the same to his arms.

Jim next claimed my attention, and I went over to him and found that he was still bleeding from his shoulder, and that his head was badly cut. I laid him in a more comfortable position, took a towel and bathed his wounds and after a time he opened his eyes, and the blood stopped flowing. With my help he managed to reach his bunk and there lay down. I gave him a drink of water and told him I would attend to him again in a few

minutes. Not wishing that Joe, tough as he was, should die from loss of blood before my eyes. I went over to him and found that he was just recovering consciousness, the madness was all gone from his eyes, but I did not consider it safe to unbind him. So I rolled him over into a more comfortable position, did what I could for his cuts, and left him whilst I endeavoured to straighten things up a bit. The task of cleaning up was not easy, but eventually I got the cabin into some semblance of order; then I managed to fix the stove and pipes, as it was growing bitterly cold. After which I went back to Jim, dressed his wounds more carefully, and, though he was feeling pretty sick, we sat down to talk over the situation.

We carefully considered the whole matter and came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to wait in the hope of a rescue party coming from the Kangaroo.

You can imagine how slowly the waiting time dragged by, and what an unpleasant experience it was for both of us. Here was Jim badly hurt and hardly able to do a thing for himself. There on the floor was a great hulking wretch, who, though his first madness had left him, was still in the throes of an attack of delirium tremens; and as for myself,

I was so crippled by the struggle with him that I felt like a limp rag.

For three whole days we were obliged to remain close prisoners in this condition, and then, on the afternoon of the fourth day, we heard the welcome voices of the rescue party, I, for one, felt more dead than alive.

After an explanation of affairs had been made to the foreman of the Kangaroo, who happened to be with the rescue party, he ordered a rough litter to be made for Jim, and another for "tough Joe." Both were sent up to the bunkhouses of the mine, there to receive attention; and after talking over the matter with me for a few minutes he locked up the cabin and we also took our way to the mine.

I am thankful to say that both Jim and I got over the effects of our experience in a very short time. Jim was slightly crippled in the shoulder for a few weeks, but it left no lasting ill-effect. "Tough Joe" was duly handed over to the authorities, and after a trial he was convicted, and the government took charge of him for some time; in fact, I have never heard of him since.

Though all this happened some years ago I shall always remember, with a shudder, my Christmas experience in that little cabin amidst the snow-clad heights of the Selkirks.

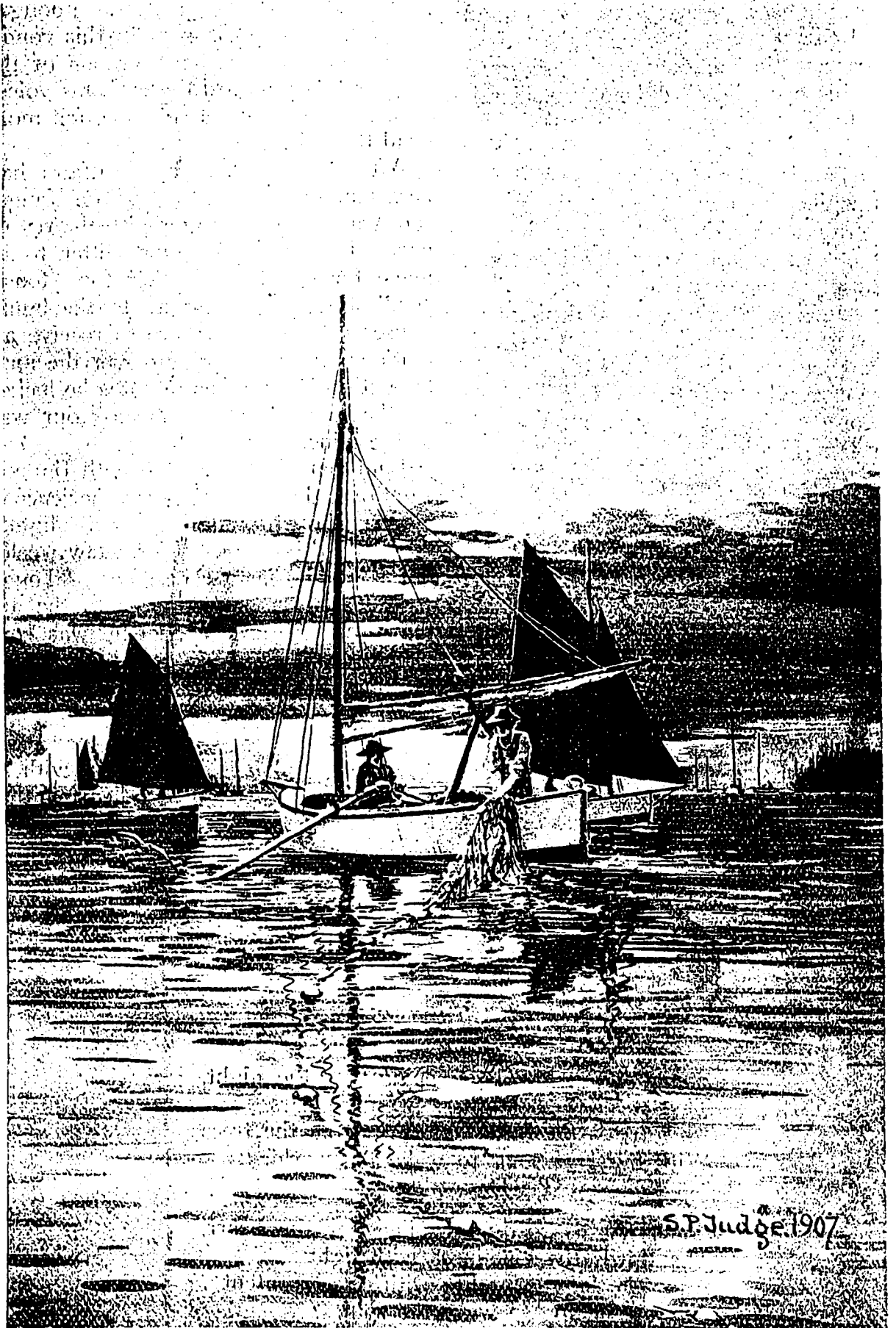
DAWN.

By Frederick J. Scott.

Something is slowly creeping o'er the night,
That steals the brightness from the stars.
And drives the birds before it from the trees
With burst of song to wake the world.
'Tis Day.

Something is softly creeping o'er the heart,
That girds the loneliness with light,
And fills the cup of life with sweet content
And sacred joy to wake the soul.
'Tis Love.

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Salmon Fishing.

The Awakening of the Royal City.

By. E. O. S. Scholfield.

NEARLY a full hundred years ago to be exact on Sunday the 2nd of July, 1808—a strange event occurred on the Fraser River, off the present site of the City of New Westminster. Let us travel back to that far-distant and long-forgotten day and look out upon the lordly river which threaded its silver way by trackless swamps and virgin forests until its waters mingled with those of the Gulf of Georgia. If we had been standing at the base of the thickly timbered hill, long since symmetrically laid off in streets and avenues, we might have seen as we gazed across the waters a large canoe, making its way rapidly down the stream. There are white faces in that canoe and our interest is awakened. What can these men be doing in this strange land, surrounded by hostile tribes, without supplies, or an adequate force to repel attacks? The canoe rounds a point and is lost to view down the North Arm of the River. Were we to follow in the wake of that frail vessel—we should see it surrounded by a flotilla of other canoes, whose occupants, clad in the wild garb of the aborigine, shout in rude cadence the battle-song of the Indians of the Lower Fraser, beating time with their paddles upon the sides of their graceful craft.

Evidently the natives, greatly excited, look with no friendly eye upon the men in the large canoe, who, it would seem, have no little difficulty in evading their energetic pursuers. We see that it is only by the threatening attitude of the little party that the savages are held in check. When the latter approach too closely, guns are levelled, and stern eyes look down the barrels. We await with beating hearts the sound of the fateful

report, which assuredly would spell disaster, for how could this mere handful of men, well armed though they be, repel a combined onslaught from their hundreds of tormentors. But the shot is not fired. The Indians, overawed by the determined attitude of these brave men, withdraw to a safe distance, where no doubt they discuss with animation this invasion of their territory. The alacrity with which the savages retire before the levelled muskets, might lead one to suppose that they possessed some knowledge of the miraculous weapons of the white men, and had a wholesome dread of the death dealing iron tube which scattered destruction at the behest of its master.

And what may all this commotion mean, we may well ask? Who are these men, and why have they incurred the displeasure of the lords of the lower river?

If the truth were but known we have been looking upon an historic scene. The leader of that little party in such evil straits is Simon Fraser, in whose honour the Fraser River has been christened. He is accompanied by John Stuart and Jules Maurice Quesnel, nineteen voyageurs, and two friendly Indians. Fraser, Stuart and Quesnel, were the first white men to brave the rapids and canyons of the Upper River in an attempt to reach the Pacific Ocean by following the tortuous course of the noble stream which empties into an arm of the Pacific near the 49th parallel of latitude. This exploring expedition started from Stuart Lake and after innumerable hardships and hairbreadth escapes, almost reached its goal, but, as so often happens in history and everyday life, at the last moment Simon Fraser was robbed of the

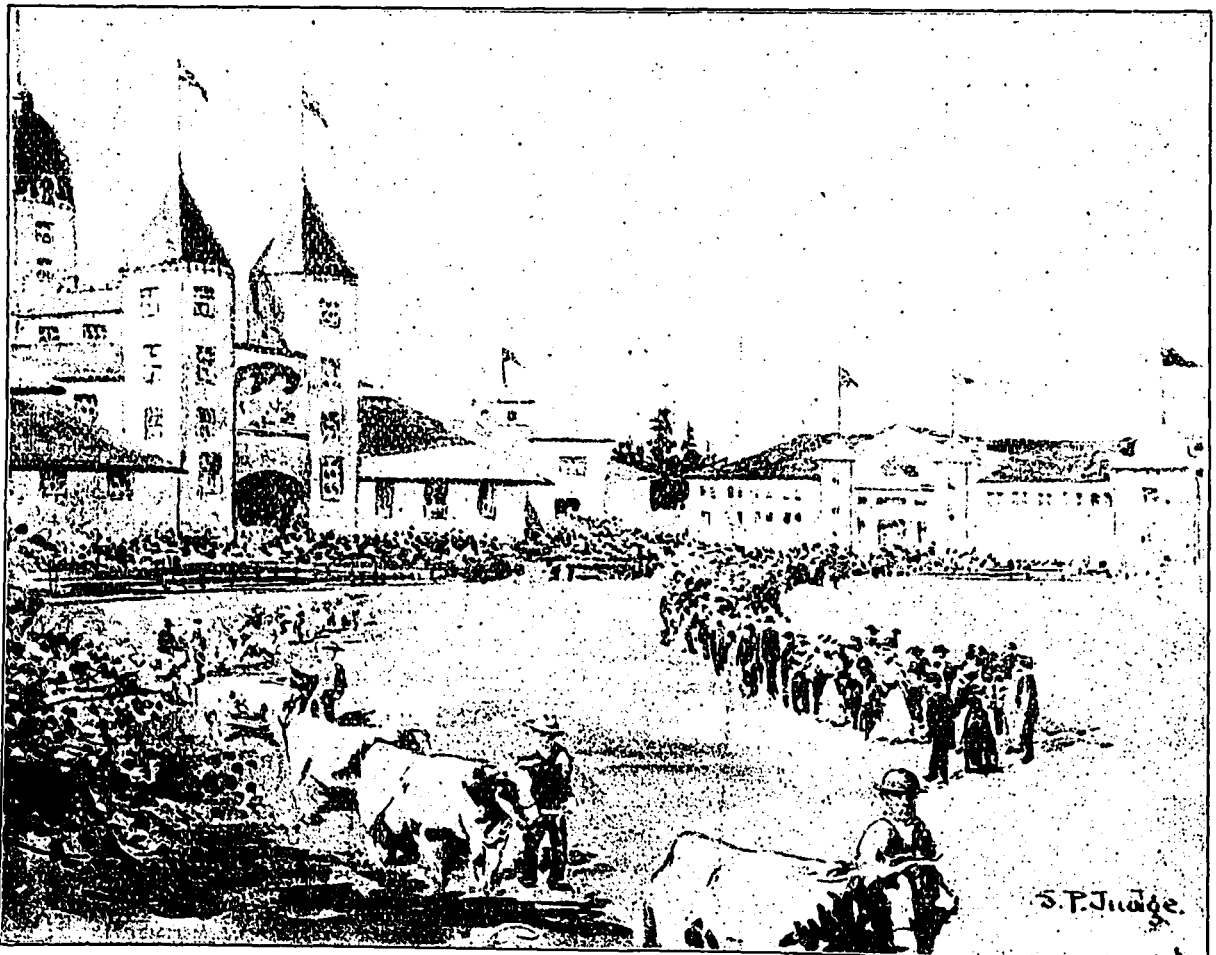
fruit of his toil. Greatly to his chagrin, the hostile demonstrations of the Indians forced him to abandon his project of reaching the sea. In sorrow he turned the prow of his canoe upstream and started on his long homeward journey to the head waters of the river. The disappointment must have been great, especially as the old fur trader states in his journal that he actually sighted "a gulf or bay of the sea."

The adventures of Simon Fraser are thrilling and might be dwelt upon at length with advantage, but it is not the purpose of this article to dilate upon this heroic journey. That is another story.

So far as history relates Simon Fraser and his companions were the first white men to look upon the site of the City of New Westminster. Little did they think as they paddled past that great fir-clad hill on the north bank of the river that they were looking upon a place marked for a high destiny. The sombre mantle of the primeval forest reached to the waters edge, and stretched back in unbroken lines to the snow-clad

mountains in the distance. The Indians, lords of the soil and of the River, held undisputed sway over the land. Their rude villages and forts were the only sign of habitation. The aborigines fished and hunted, waged their inter-tribal wars and followed their immemorial customs without fear of disturbance from the outside. The vast, fertile meadows, bordering in many places the banks of the great river, and the magnificent delta, were frequented by thousands of geese and wild fowl, and their solitary haunts were safe from intrusion. Wolves, panthers, bears and timid deer roamed unmolested in the forests. The wary willow grouse held in fee simple the banks of streams, the crab-apple swamps, and the alder bottoms. The salmon, then as now, ascended the river in huge shoals to the spawning grounds on the upper reaches. Then, as now, this beautiful fish afforded the Indian an abundant harvest.

For many years after Simon Fraser's day the conditions remained practically unchanged. But gradually the fur traders the fore-runners of civilization,



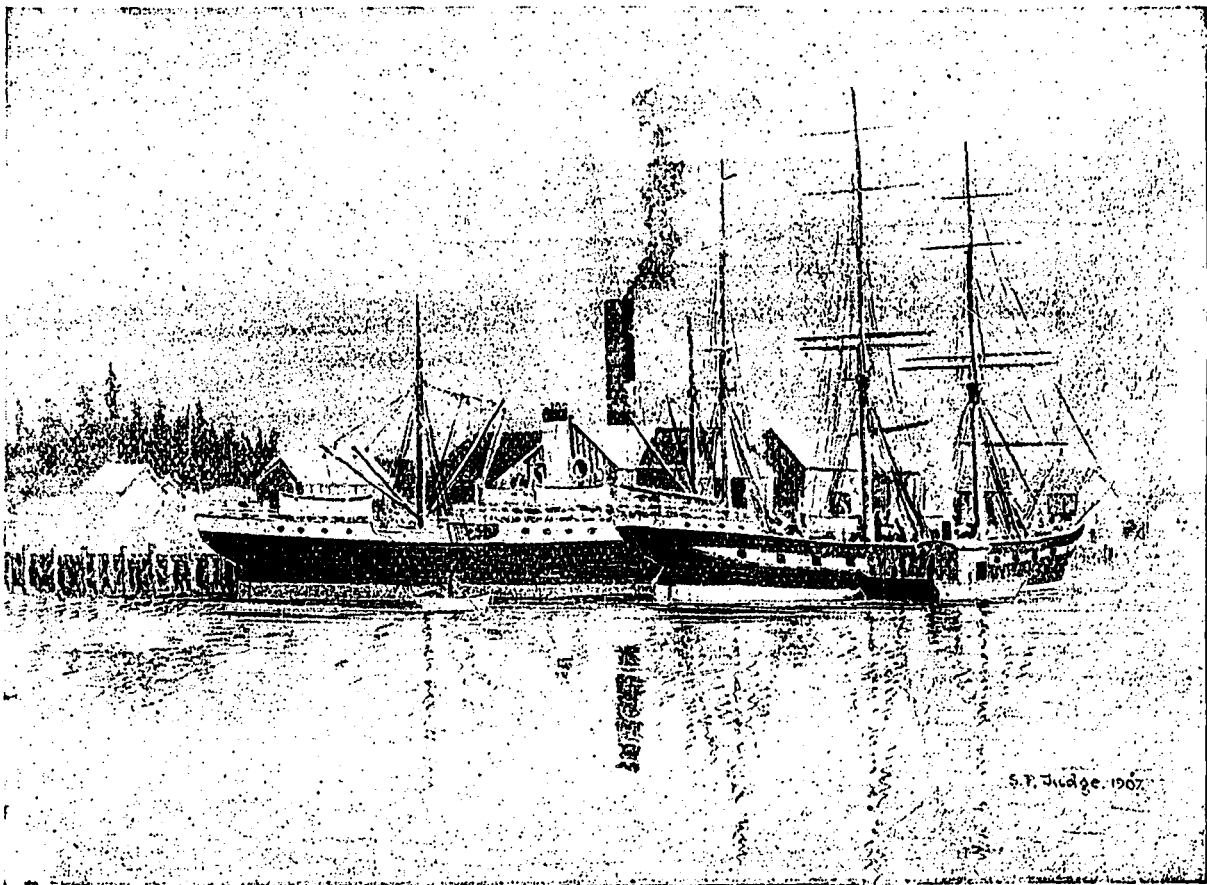
The Provincial Exhibition.

extended their sway beyond the Rocky Mountains and established posts and factories at the head waters of the Fraser River in New Caledonia. In a few years, comparatively speaking, the Hudson's Bay Company built Fort Langley and from thence pack trains would start at regular intervals for the posts in the Interior, taking in supplies of food and rude articles of commerce to be bartered for the peltries of the Indian hunter trappers. At this period in our history the fur trader had everything his own way and he plied his avocation without let or hindrance. He ruled firmly, but as a rule justly, remembering that his safety depended upon the nature of his relations with the natives. For years a mere handful of traders ruled the land in accordance with their own ideas of government. They held the Indians in check in a manner that seems almost incredible when we consider the disposition and habits of the native races, and of the temptations thrown in their way. The scattered posts of Langley, Yale, Kamloops, Alexandria, and those in the vicinity of Stuart Lake, were held by

a few white men, voyageurs, and friendly natives. In spite of this weak force, however, the fur traders successfully preserved their control. Their lives followed "the even tenor of their way" with but little to vary the tedium of the daily round. Occasionally, it might be, the dull monotony would be relieved by petty rebellions, miniature armed revolts, or perhaps a murder would startle the inhabitants of one of the posts into temporary activity, but on the whole, the fur-trading epoch is remarkably free from such unfortunate occurrences.

The years roll by and the Hudson's Bay Company became firmly entrenched. The ramifications of this gigantic trading concern extended into every corner of the land. Gradually the Valley of the Fraser becomes better known. Yet for a long time it is scarcely more than a terra incognita. Fort Langley assumes some importance. The Company till a large farm there and the trading post is the centre of activity on the Lower Fraser.

And so for well-nigh half a century affairs drifted on in this haphazard and



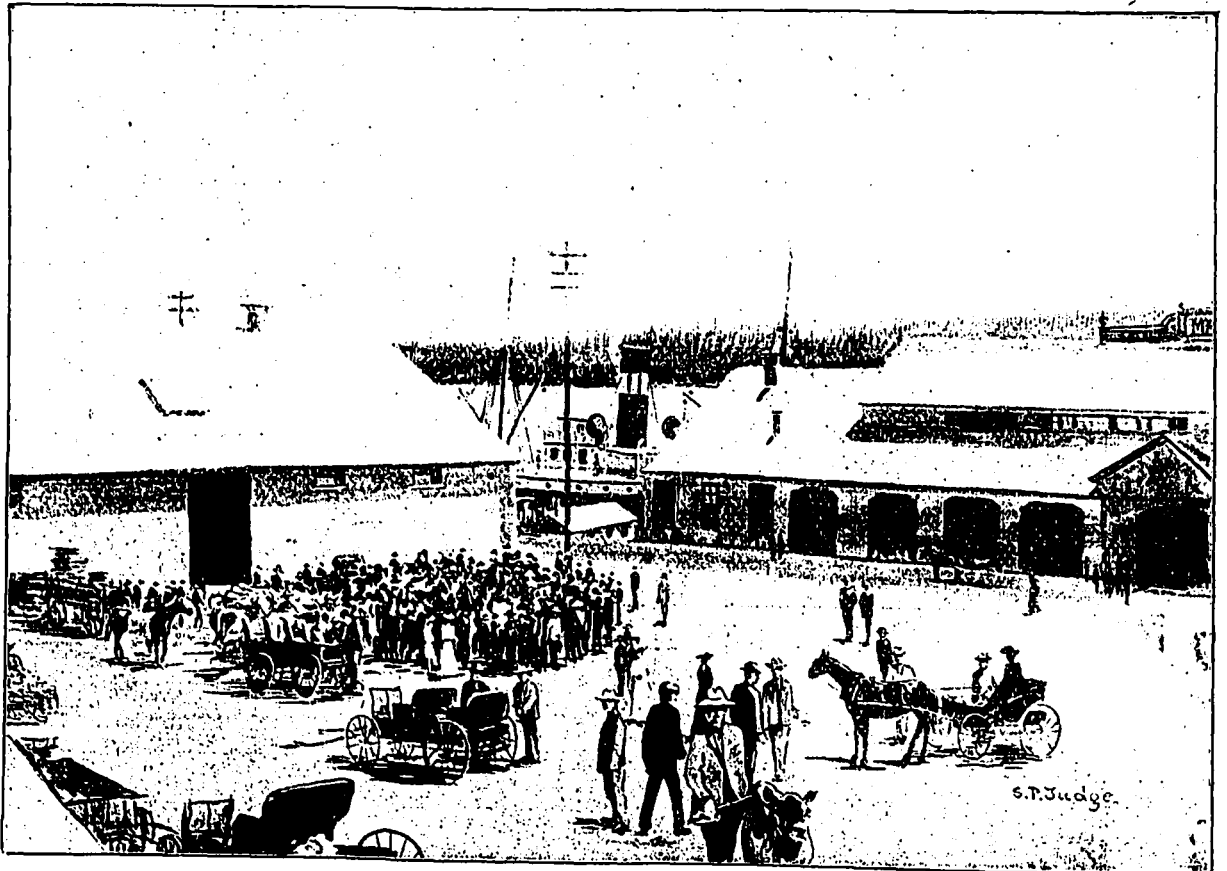
Along the Waterfront.

peaceful fashion—until the year 1858. Then comes a great awakening. The gaze of the civilized world is suddenly focussed upon this remote portion of the British Dominions. The Fraser River becomes a household word in Great Britain and America. The magic word "Gold" transforms this peaceful land as it were in a twinkling of an eye. Yes, gold has been found on the bars of the Fraser. The news spreads from land to land with marvellous rapidity, and immediately a tide of immigration sets in that sweeps away the old order of things and changes once and forever the peaceful trend of events. In California many of the placer fields have been worked out and thousands of adventurers gird up their loins for a race to the New Eldorado. Steamers and all sorts of odd craft, sail from the Golden Horn freighted with miners and their belongings. In the spring of '58 men pour into Victoria on their way to the new gold fields.

Fifty years have come and gone since we watched that large canoe sweep down the North Arm of the Fraser. In that fifty years much has been done in pla-

cating the hostility of the Indian tribes, but as yet they are neither conquered nor subdued. The Chiefs of the various clans offer little or no resistance to the fur traders because they are glad to exchange their trophies of the chase for the wares of the white men. The natives have come to look with longing eyes upon the simple luxuries offered for their furs by the traders. Indeed it would have been considered a calamity if the trading posts had been dismantled and removed from their midst. But while they countenanced the presence of the traders, they were not prepared to submit tamely to the wholesale confiscation of their lands and hunting preserves by an alien horde of gold seekers. In the years immediately following the discovery of gold, trouble of a more or less serious nature occurred when the rights of the natives were trampled upon by a certain class of aliens.

In the early summer of 1858 hundreds and thousands of men left Victoria in canoes, boats of amateur construction, and odd craft of all kinds, bound for the



The Market.

Fraser River. The influx of these men, many of them lawless spirits from the unconventional mining camps of California, unaccustomed to restraint and the strong arm of the law, imposed new and arduous duties upon James Douglas, Governor of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island. Her Majesty's Government, acting upon the advice of His Excellency, created the new Crown Colony of British Columbia and the old name of New Caledonia, formerly indefinitely applied to this portion of the King's Realms, was erased from the map.

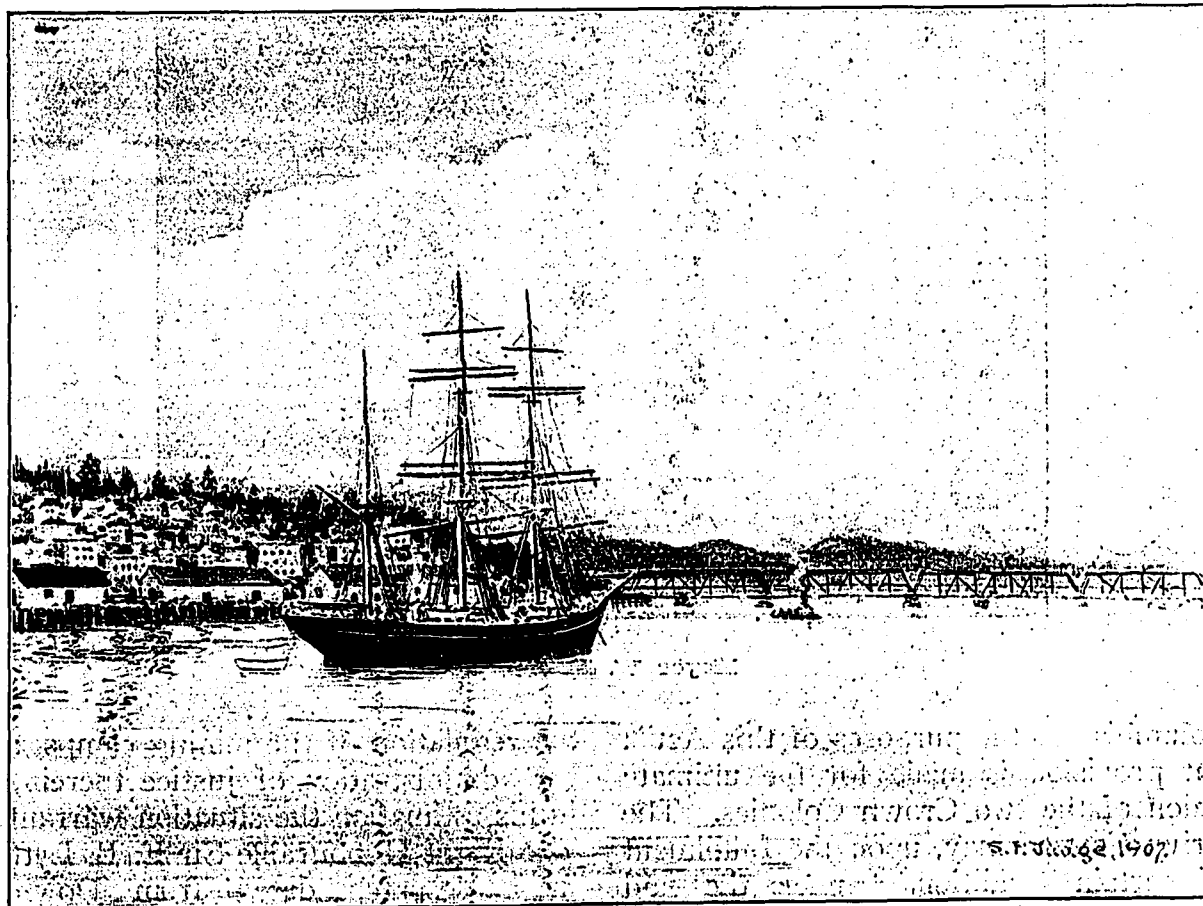
On the 2nd of August, 1858, the Royal Assent is given to an Act to provide for the Government of British Columbia, the preamble and first section of which read:

"Whereas divers of Her Majesty's subjects and others have, by the licence and consent of Her Majesty, resorted to and settled on certain wild and unoccupied territories on the north-west coast of North America, commonly known by the designation of New Caledonia, and from and after the passing of this Act to be named "British Columbia," and the islands adjacent, for mining and other

purposes; and it is desirable to make temporary provision for the Civil Government of such territories, until permanent settlements shall be thereon established, and the number of Colonists increased: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

"1. British Columbia shall, for the purpose of this Act, be held to comprise all such territories within the dominions of Her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the north by Simpson's River and the Finlay Branch of the Peace River, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean, and shall include Queen Charlotte's Island, and all other islands adjacent to the said territories, except as hereinafter excepted."

The other sections deal with the administration of justice, the constitution

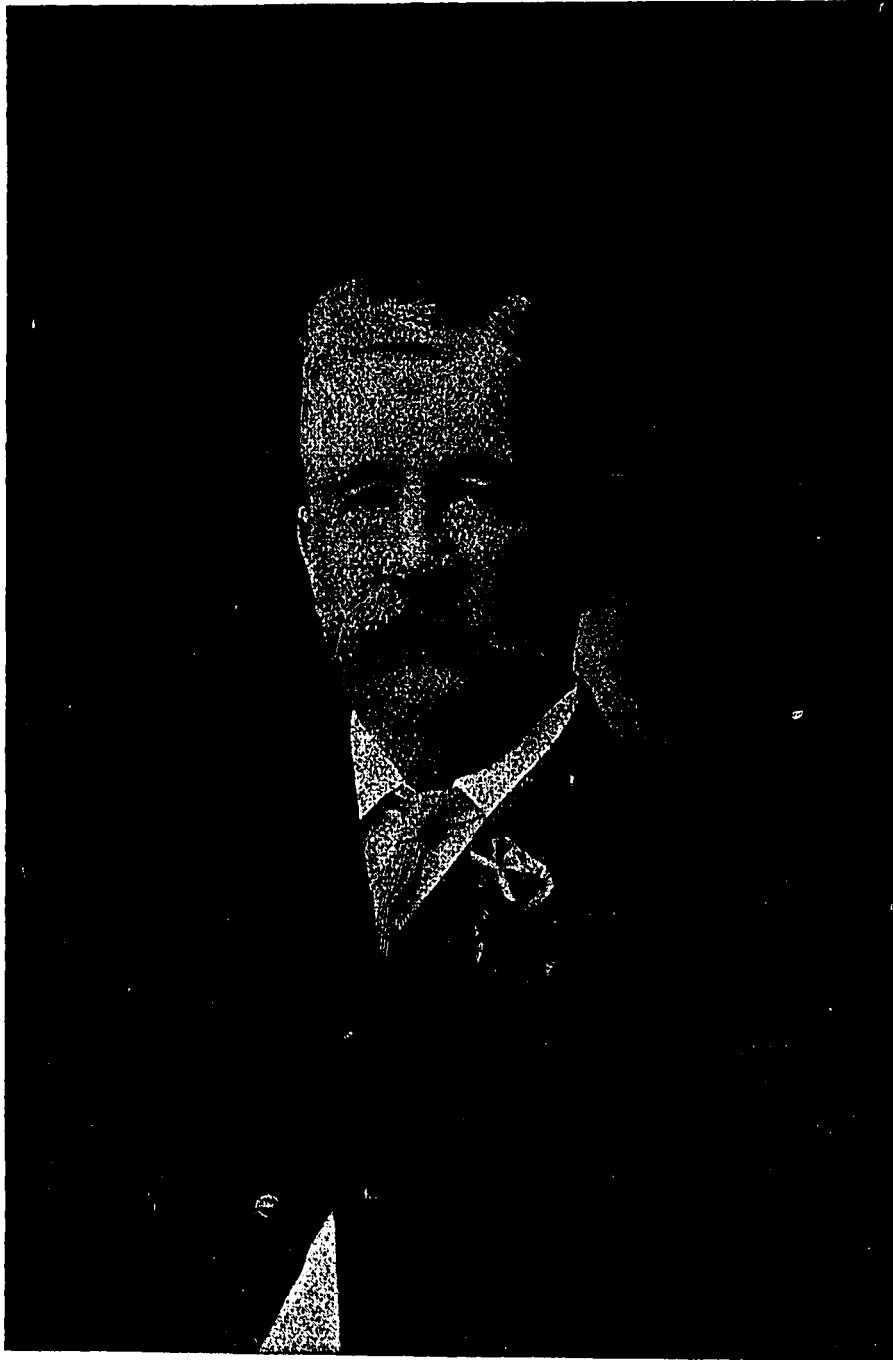


New Westminster and the Bridge.

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in due course of a Legislative Assembly, and various matters incidental to the establishment of a settled form of Government in a land without law or legislature. It is enacted that "no part of the Colony of Vancouver Island, as at present established, shall be comprised within British

through Parliament urgent necessity had arisen for the prompt adoption of some form of government in New Caledonia. The Governor of Vancouver Island, recognizing the importance of the matter, assumed authority over the adjoining mainland and made such provision for



Mayor W. H. Keary.

Columbia for the purposes of this Act"; but provision is made for the ultimate union of the two Crown Colonies. The Privy Council may, upon the fulfillment of certain conditions "annex the said island to British Columbia."

But before this Act could be conducted

the regulation of the mining camps, and the administration of justice therein, as in his estimation the situation warranted. The Right Honourable Sir E. B. Lytton, in a despatch dated from Downing Street, July 16th, 1858, approved of the energetic measures taken by His Excel-

lency James Douglas to uphold the majesty of the law in this far-away land. He states: "In strict law, your commission extends to Vancouver's Island only; but you are authorized under the necessity of the case, to take such measures, not inconsistent with the general rights of British subjects and others within Her Majesty's Dominions, as that necessity may allow."

It is unnecessary here to refer to the first Colonial Governor of British Columbia as his high character, able administration, and successful work are matters of general knowledge.

James Douglas visits the Fraser River and energetically makes provision for the proper governance of the new dependency. Magistrates and Justices of the Peace are duly appointed in various places and the machinery of the law is formally set in motion. It is hard at this date to properly appreciate the stupendous task devolving upon this official in adequately providing for the safety of the State in those early days of the gold excitement. It is fortunate indeed that a man of his calibre was on the spot to assume the reins of government at that exciting period in our history.

The infant Colony assumes form and shape. It becomes necessary to select a capital and it is not surprising that the Governor, who for so many years held high office in the Hudson's Bay Company, should honour the fur-trading post at Fort Langley by proclaiming it as the Capital of the Crown Colony of British Columbia. The name of the place is changed to Derby and for a brief period it enjoyed its new distinction, but for a brief period only. Here, on the 17th of November, 1858, James Douglas was sworn in as Governor of the new Colony, and Matthew Baillie Begbie and other colonial officials recently appointed by the Home Government, took their several oaths of office. We are told that flags were hoisted and salutes fired in honour of the occasion.

In this humble manner was the Colony of British Columbia duly launched upon the world.

It should be stated here that in 1858, in compliance with the request of His

Excellency, Her Majesty's Government had despatched Col. Richard Clement Moody with a corps of Royal Engineers to assist in maintaining law and order in the land, and to engage in the construction of needed public works, such as roads and bridges. Col. Moody was an able and energetic officer and the citizens of New Westminster should at least remember him for he is the founder of their city. This gallant soldier was also Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and executive head of the military forces therein.

If that nobly wooded hill on the north bank of the Fraser River had escaped the eye of the wise and acute Douglas, its merits as a site for a town were quickly recognized by the commandant of the Royal Engineers. Early in the day he pointed out to the Governor the unsuitability of Fort Langley, or Derby as it had been re-christened, as the site for the new city of the West. He recommends for obvious reasons "the first high ground on the north side after entering the river." Moody reported at length upon the whole matter and convinced the Governor that the spot recommended was pre-eminently adapted as a site for the Capital of the Colony. His Excellency was not slow in acting upon the advice of his Lieutenant-Governor. He promptly addressed the following despatch to the Right Honourable Sir E. B. Lytton, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"Victoria, Vancouver Island,
"February 4, 1859.

"Sir,—I have the honour of transmitting herewith for your information a report from the Lieutenant-Governor, dated the 28th of January, 1859, recommending as a site for the seat of Government in British Columbia a position about ten miles below the new town of Langley, on the north bank of Fraser's River.

"The Lieutenant-Governor has entered fully into the consideration of the military features of the position which he considers to be of rare strength and value, and also that apart from those advantages, the actual spot itself is well adapted for a city of magnitude, in consequence of there being deep water close

along an extended line of shore for the anchorage of sea-going vessels of any burden, an abundant supply of water for household purposes, and good drainage.

"The views which the Lieutenant-Governor has so ably developed generally coincide with my own impressions on the subject, and I am satisfied of the soundness of his conclusions; I have therefore authorized the immediate survey and sub-division of the site recommended in his report into building lots of the ordinary dimensions for sale, and the work will be commenced with all convenient dispatch.

"I have, etc.

(Signed) JAMES DOUGLAS, Governor."

The report of Col. Moody is long but it contains so many significant passages that it is impossible to pass it by without making somewhat lengthy quotations therefrom. It is easily seen, and it is only natural to expect, that military considerations are the determining factor in the selection of the site. The following excerpts show plainly the line of argument adopted by the Lieutenant-Governor, and they are interesting from an historical standpoint:

"There is abundance of room and convenience for every description of requisite in a sea-port and the capital of a

great country. There are great facilities for communication by water, as well as by great trunk railroads into the interior," writes Col. Moody, and then passes on to remark:

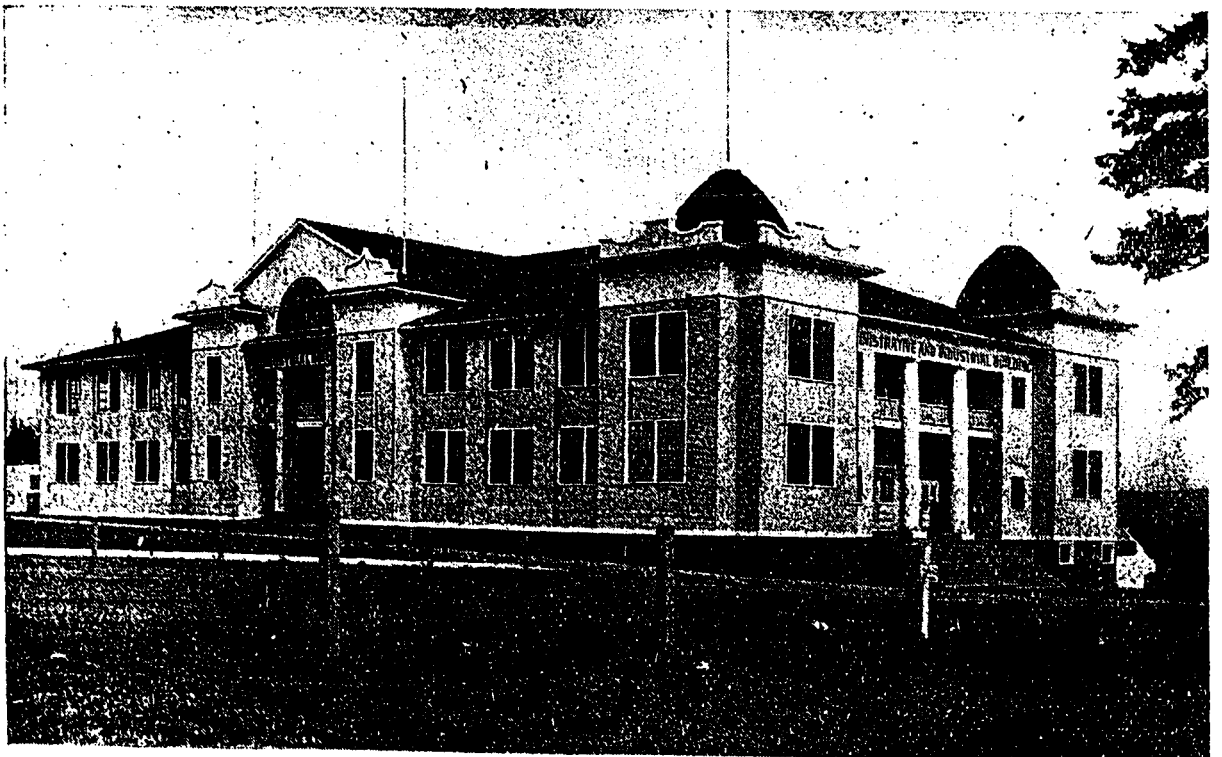
"As a military position it is rare to find one so singularly strong by nature, in connection with its adaption as the capital of a country.

"Immediately in front is the broad navigable river; on the opposite bank is a line of rising ground covering the whole front. This rising ground falls towards the frontier, and all along that base is swampy land, easily inundated.

"Upon this rising ground could be placed a great intrenched camp, with a series of open earthen works entirely protecting the city at a distance, ensuring perfect safety from any injury whatever to the city itself.

"On the right flank of the position the city would be protected by two deep channels, in addition to the river itself, and also by widely-extended marshes, which, when dyked (as they will be by the farmers), could be easily inundated.

"The left flank is protected, at a distance of four miles, by the Fraser, and also by the deep broad river Pitt; but in addition to these two serious obstacles to any enemy is a commanding



Administrative and Industrial Building.

hill having the Pitt River close in front; on this hill could be placed a strong work or works, entirely covering the left flank.

“At the rear of the position, and distant about five miles, is Burrards Inlet, any access to which would be rendered most hazardous, by placing a work on the island which extends across it. There is also on that side a range of high ground, from east to west, on which could be placed earthen works and intrenched camp, preventing any advance.

“The short military defences of the least costly description and defended by militia forces, could be quickly formed (and from time to time increased to any extent), when a necessity arose for them, and which would render the site almost unassailable. Considering how near the embouchure of the great valley of the Fraser is to the frontier, from ten to fifteen miles, these considerations are of incalculable weight.

“It is also to be considered that precisely as the occupation of this part of the Fraser is occupied in force by us (as it would necessarily be, if a capital in a strong position be placed there), so could we the better hold possession of the whole country, and compel an enemy's front to retire.

“This practically, in time of war, would be to cause the frontier to recede further south, and enable us with comparative ease to take the offensive. I would further submit that, in any war with our neighbours, our best, I may say our only chance of success in this country (owing to the geographical distribution of its component parts, and the physical formation of the whole), would be an immediate offensive advance. I am so strongly impressed with these views as to venture (but, believe me, with the utmost deference) to press on your consideration that, should it be determined not to occupy the site in the manner suggested, concentrating there, as early as possible, a condensation of political, military, and commercial interests, growing and increasing in force in all time to come, it would seriously imperil, if not lose, to Great Britain the possession of the mainland.

“In reference to the adaption of the actual spot itself for a city of magnitude, I might add to what I have already stated in general terms, that there is deep water close along an extended line of shore; sea-going vessels of any burden can moor close to the bank, plenty of water for supply of household purposes, and good drainage. I would wish that the upper level had not been quite so high, as hereafter it may cause some expense in improving the gradients of a few of the streets.

“The main streets for business, however, and all that may be occupied for some time to come, will be satisfactory. I might also add that any leading railway communications from the interior would pass down on the north side of the river. Politically and commercially this would be necessary.”

The capital is accordingly changed from old Fort Langley to “the high ground on the north side of the river.” Temporarily, the new town is called “Queenborough.” The manner of the final selection of the name of the capital is duly set forth in the correspondence which appears in a blue-book presented to Parliament. in August, 1859. On February 5th of this year Governor Douglas despatches a communication to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, formally requesting Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to christen the new town. The despatch reads:—

“Victoria, Vancouver's Island,
“February 5, 1859.

“Sir,—With reference to my despatch, No. 92, of the 4th instant, upon the subject of the site chosen for the seat of Government of British Columbia, I have the honour to state to you that deeply appreciating the kind and gratifying interest which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to manifest towards the development and prosperity of the Colony of British Columbia, we are earnestly desirous that Her Majesty should vouchsafe one further proof of Her continued regard by signifying Her will as to the name to be given to the future capital.

“Her own royal name having already been bestowed upon the seat of Gov-

ernment of Vancouver's Island cannot also be assigned to that of British Columbia, but until Her Majesty's commands can be communicated, it has been determined, for the necessary sake of convenience, to distinguish the town by the name of "Queensborough"; and it would be received and esteemed as an especial mark of royal favour were Her Majesty to name the capital of British Columbia, either, indirectly, after Her royal self, or, directly, after His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or some member of the Royal Family, so that the colonists of British Columbia, separated from friends and kindred in this their far distant home, may be ever gratefully reminded in the designation of their capital of the power that protects their hearths, of the watchful interest that guards their liberties, and of the gentle sway by which they are governed.

"I have, &c.,

"JAMES DOUGLAS, Governor."

In replying to this communication the Earl of Carnarvon, on behalf of Sir E. B. Lytton, Colonial Secretary, indicts a short but important note:

"Downing Street, May 5, 1859.

"Sir,—I have laid before the Queen your despatch, No. 93, of the 5th of February, expressing the desire that the name of the future capital of British Columbia should be selected by the Queen.

"I am commanded to acquaint you that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to decide that the capital of British Columbia shall be called 'New Westminster'.

"You will therefore designate the city by that name, and will announce by proclamation Her Majesty's decision to the inhabitants of the Colony.

"I have, &c.,

"CARNARVON.

"(In the absence of the Secretary of State.)"

The notes relative to the selection and naming of the site of the capital of British Columbia are given in full as they are of more than ordinary interest, especially at this peculiarly happy phase in

our history. The correspondence sets forth in black and white how it came about that the capital was moved from Derby to a more imposing location, and we find therein an explanation as to the naming of the town. Almost from that day to this New Westminster has been known as "The Royal City." In passing it is interesting to note that it has always lived up to its noble title—the city has ever been famed for its loyalty and generous hospitality.

And so New Westminster is duly established. The story of its foundation is, and ever will be, interesting. It is peculiar in one way at least. As a rule the site of a city is determined long before the actual need of it is felt. A small primitive settlement is made at some commanding geographical point and this settlement gradually grows and expands until it becomes a metropolis. But in the case of New Westminster, this law was not observed. Before a shanty or a cabin had been constructed, or any settlement made, when the site was yet covered by the primeval forest, a decree goes forth that upon that particular location a city is to be erected, and forthwith work is commenced. A town is literally carved out of the impenetrable forest.

Colonel Moody, with his men of the Royal Engineers, proceeded to New Westminster in 1859. Barracks were erected at "Sapperton," distant about a mile from the town proper as it is now constituted. As the first Colonial Commissioner of Lands and Works, Colonel Moody supervised the sale of public lands and superintended the construction of public works. A Government House, a church, a treasury, and other public buildings were soon erected and from this small beginning the town has grown until it entirely covers the noble hill selected as its site in 1859.

Commander R. C. Mayne, R. N., in his work "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island," published in 1862, gives an interesting account of the clearing operations in the new town. He describes the huge trees and tangled underbrush in graphic terms, and speaks of the difficulties encountered by the amateur woodsmen in preparing sites for

houses and public buildings. What a change has taken place since that early day. If the founders of the beautiful city could see the place as it stands now they would surely marvel that in so few years such a vast change could take place. In the light of current history, Colonel Moody's remarks read more like a prophesy than a prosaic official report.

The work of laying out the townsite proceeded rapidly, in spite of the difficulties encountered. A determined onslaught was made upon the giants of the forest and soon, here and there, glades and open spaces might be found, marking the prowess of the pioneer woodmen. It is a scene of animation and excitement, this work of hewing a town out of the wilderness of trees. All concerned seem animated by the one thought that New Westminster is to become an important centre. And men were ready to back their convictions with coin of the realm, if the first sale of town lots is any criterion as to the confidence of all and sundry in the future of the Colony generally and of the town in particular. In Victoria, on the 1st and 2nd of June, 1859, building lots at Queensborough were auctioned off and the result proved most satisfactory as a financial operation and indicated a buoyant and optimistic feeling with regard to the outlook for mining operations on the Fraser River. Three hundred and eighteen lots were offered for sale and three hundred and ten were sold. Bidding must have been brisk, indeed, for even at this remote day rather more than \$89,000 were realized on the lots disposed of. The largest sum given for any single lot was \$1,925, and the average price was \$290. Surely a very creditable showing for a town in the heyday of its youth.

In May, 1860, His Excellency the Governor pays the city an official visit, and from his report to the Colonial Secretary, written at that time, we gather that the place is fast becoming an important centre. The town has greatly improved in appearance in the last year, and the Governor states that many new buildings have been erected and the ground in many parts cleared of the gigantic stumps and fallen trees that formerly

obstructed the thoroughfares and encumbered the ground. The new Courthouse and Assay office make a brave showing, and increase the "bustle and activity which prevails in the town." Trade is also on the increase. Two packets, of from 200 to 300 tons burthen, are plying with goods and passengers between Victoria and New Westminster. The up-river transport is carried on from New Westminster to Douglas and Yale by four sternwheel steamers, varying in size from 50 to 200 tons. These craft make bi-weekly trips between the places named. The customs returns are also eminently satisfactory—no less than a thousand pounds a week being collected at this port alone—indicating the spirited manner in which supplies are being sent into the mining district and the confidence of business men in the resources and future of the country.

In the same year the citizens of New Westminster express a desire for incorporation, and a select committee is appointed to personally discuss the matter with the Governor. The privileges asked for are moderate in the extreme. Practically only two important points are embraced in the simple scheme propounded by the select committee, and, naturally, these are concerned with the right of raising money by taxation, and the applying of the funds so raised to the grading of the streets and to the general improvement of the place. After several formal discussions, the prayer of the people is granted. On the 16th of July, the "New Westminster Council Act, 1860," is formally proclaimed, and the town becomes a duly incorporated city.

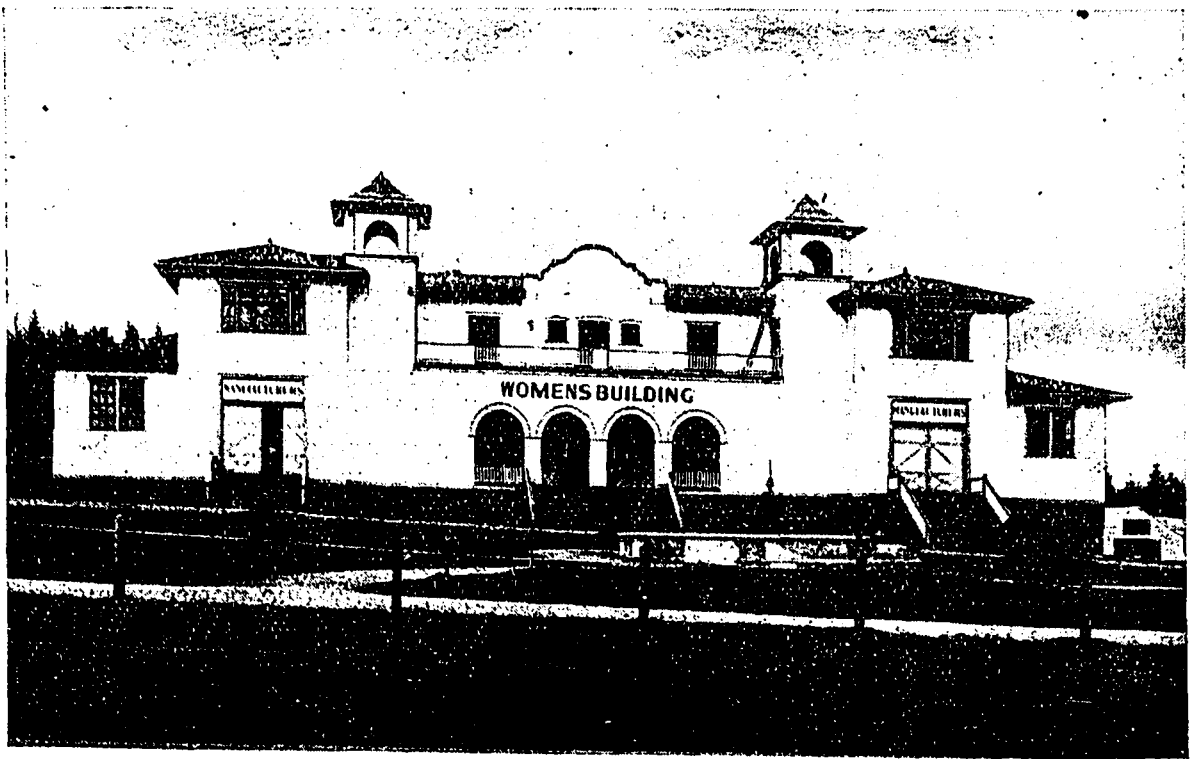
The Act provides that the Municipal Council shall consist of seven councillors. A chairman, or president, is to be elected by the councillors from their number. One of the provisions, which may provoke a smile in these latter days, is to the effect that, upon due notice being given, an owner of real estate must cut down the trees on his land. It was deemed necessary to enact such a drastic regulation, in the face of the danger likely to be incurred from forest fires if land in the central portion of the town should be allowed to retain its standing timber.

We may be inclined to smile, perhaps, as we read that simply worded charter, but nevertheless we cannot but respect the instrument which first established local government on the Colony of British Columbia.

And so we pass another mile-stone on the highway of the history of the oldest city on the Mainland. Gradually, and perhaps laboriously at first, the old town moves on from stage to stage. In spite of difficulties and disasters the spirit of the pioneers has always animated its residents, and of the grand results of this patriotic spirit there is no need to speak, for it is apparent to all.

The period covered by the years 1860 to 1871 is an important and an anxious one in the annals of our Province. Events of far-reaching consequences follow each other rapidly. The struggling Colony experiences its ups and downs. Naturally the vicissitudes of fortune affect the part as well as the whole. In the period of depression caused by the failure of the placers on the river, New Westminster suffered in common with the whole of British Columbia. It should be understood that at this time practically the only inducement held out to immigrants was the wonderful richness of the auriferous deposits. As yet very little atten-

tion had been given to the agricultural possibilities of the country, and no industries had been established. When it was proved that the bars of the Fraser were not as rich as it had been anticipated, hundreds of men left the country in disgust, and at one time the outlook was indeed gloomy. But fortunately there were men who had faith in the country and hardy prospectors made their way into a great interior and discovered the rich diggings of the Cariboo country. The deprivations and hardships suffered by these dauntless men can be better imagined than described. In the face of almost insurmountable natural obstacles they pushed through the canyons of the Fraser, and then, leaving that river, they blazed trails over mountains and through heavily timbered valleys until their fortitude and daring were rewarded by the discovery of the precious metal in paying quantities in the creek beds and benches of famous Cariboo. Strong men these, who encountered untold difficulties, and surmounted them with an indomitable spirit. The tide of immigration turns again—another gold rush commences. The new city profits by the second rush as by the first. Hotels, restaurants, and saloons are built, and the streets of the capital of the colony



The Women's Building.

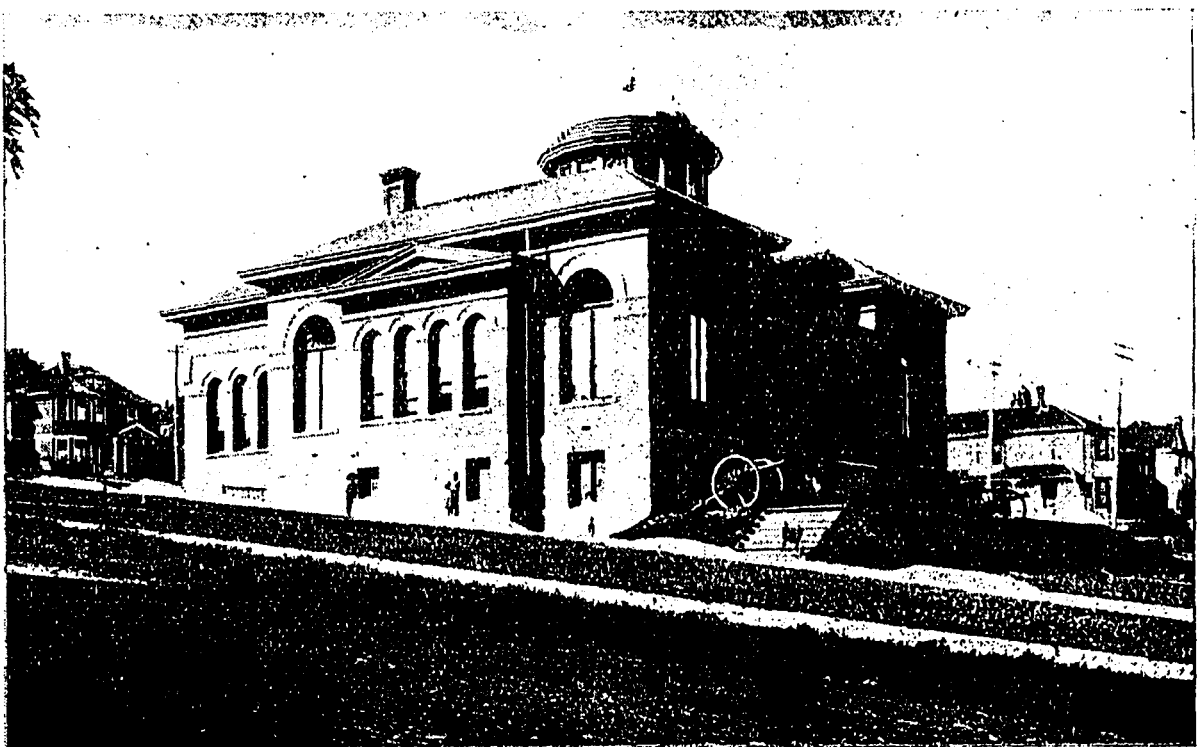
M. J. W.

are filled with a cosmopolitan throng of miners who spend their money freely. The sole topic of conversation is the mining outlook.

Newspapers are established, schools and churches built, and the youngest city of the West begins to play an important part in the affairs of the country. As early as 1859 a newspaper—The Times—had been published, but it had only a brief tenure of existence. It perished early in the day from an anaemic affection—caused by lack of nourishment in the shape of subscriptions and advertising matter—a trouble which has always disastrously affected the rate of mortality among the journalistic infants of the West. A year or two later the Columbian and Mainland Guardian were launched upon the community and they lived and prospered. For many years these brightly edited journals helped to mould public opinion on the various vital questions which vexed the minds of the early inhabitants. The advisability, or otherwise, of providing separate and distinct governmental establishments for Vancouver Island and British Columbia, the union of the two Crown Colonies, and "Confederation," were some of the many important and knotty problems which perturbed the peace of the com-

munity in these early days. The public men, and the leading citizens generally, of New Westminster play no inconsiderable part in such discussions, which were often marked by intense feeling. The capital of British Columbia was ever ready to criticize the actions of Colonial officials, or to discuss the questions of the day, and it cannot be denied that it generally succeeded in making its voice distinctly heard. In fact in Colonial times, and for many years after Confederation, New Westminster exercised a marked influence on the public opinion of the mainland, or perhaps it may have been that the people of the mainland naturally looked to the Capital to take the lead in political matters.

New Westminster has been the scene of many important meetings and conventions, but perhaps in the whole history of the town there has never been an affair of greater historical interest than that gathering of the members of the first Legislative Council of the Colony which took place in January, 1864. His Excellency, Sir James Douglas, whose eminent services had just been rewarded with knighthood, opened the session with due ceremony. His "Speech from the Throne" is a remarkably able statement of the affairs and condition of the colony.



The Public Library.

The expenditure for the financial year was estimated at the large sum of £192,860, while the revenue from all sources was calculated to be no more than £110,000—a deficit of £92,860 or \$450.00. In explanation of this rather remarkable statement of the financial condition of the Colony it is only fair to state that no less a sum than £87,937 was appropriated for the construction of public roads. Sir James Douglas fully gasped the fact that means of communication were absolutely necessary if the Colony was to progress and prosper, therefore he did not hesitate to lay burdens on the taxpayer when in his estimation the construction of public highways was essential to the well-being of the country. Douglas, from first to last, was a great road-builder. He it was who conceived the idea of the Cariboo wagon road and, in spite of the enormous cost, this great highway was completed in a comparatively short time. On this stupendous work alone thousands and thousands of pounds were spent. However, the undertaking proved a profitable venture in the end, although today much of the road has fallen into disuse as the railway has superseded that portion extending from Yale to Lytton.

If we looked in upon that first session of the Legislative Council we should see many faces that were familiar indeed to the British Columbians of that far-off time. Discussing with due gravity the affairs of state we should find Arthur N. Birch, Colonial Secretary; Sir Henry P. P. Crease, Attorney-General; Weymond O. Hamley, Collector of Customs; Chartres Brew, Peter O'Reilly, Edward H. Sanders, Henry M. Ball, Philip H. Nind, Joshua A. R. Homer, Robert T. Smith, Henry Holbrook, James Orr and Walter S. Black. Many of the members held their seats by virtue of their official positions; thus the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Collector of Customs, and the Magistrates of New Westminster, Cariboo, Yale and Hope, Lytton and Douglas were not representatives of the people. New Westminster asserted her independence at the first session even, for Mr. Homer, the city member, moved a resolution praying

that provision be made for the establishment of an elective Legislative Assembly, but the motion was negatived.

No history of New Westminster, however brief, would be complete without a reference to the establishment there of a branch of the Royal Mint in 1862. In 1859 and 1860 flour gold was mined in considerable quantities at Hill's Bar, Murderer's Bar, and other places on the river, and later nuggets from Cariboo made their appearance and in consequence the precious metal soon became an article of commerce, but, unfortunately, at that time there existed no means of accurately assaying the dust so a large number of the miners returned to San Francisco to spend, or dissipate, their fortunes. Money was scarce in the Colony and its need was greatly felt. It was thought that the erection of an Assay Office and Mint would have the effect of promoting the circulation of gold and of retaining within the country much of the dust exported to California. So the Governor takes up the matter with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in the end it is decided to establish at first an Assay Office and later a mint. Of course, both Victoria and Queensborough wanted to secure the new office and rivalry between the two places was keen; in fact bitter. His Excellency is rather inclined to favour Victoria, but the Mainland Capital has a doughty champion in the Colonial Treasurer who emphatically demands that the new department shall be established at Queensborough. The latter prepares a lengthy official report on the question, which he requests the Governor to forward to Her Majesty's Government. The Colonial Treasurer does not mince matters and boldly declares that he "thinks His Excellency Governor Douglas wrote inadvertently when mentioning Victoria for the Assay Office: that at Queensborough it should justly and righteously be erected and established with as little delay as possible. It would pay a profit after the first year; the cost of the plant is estimated at £2,000, and the annual expense at £2,000. That gold will follow the one known channel—trade compels this—and that

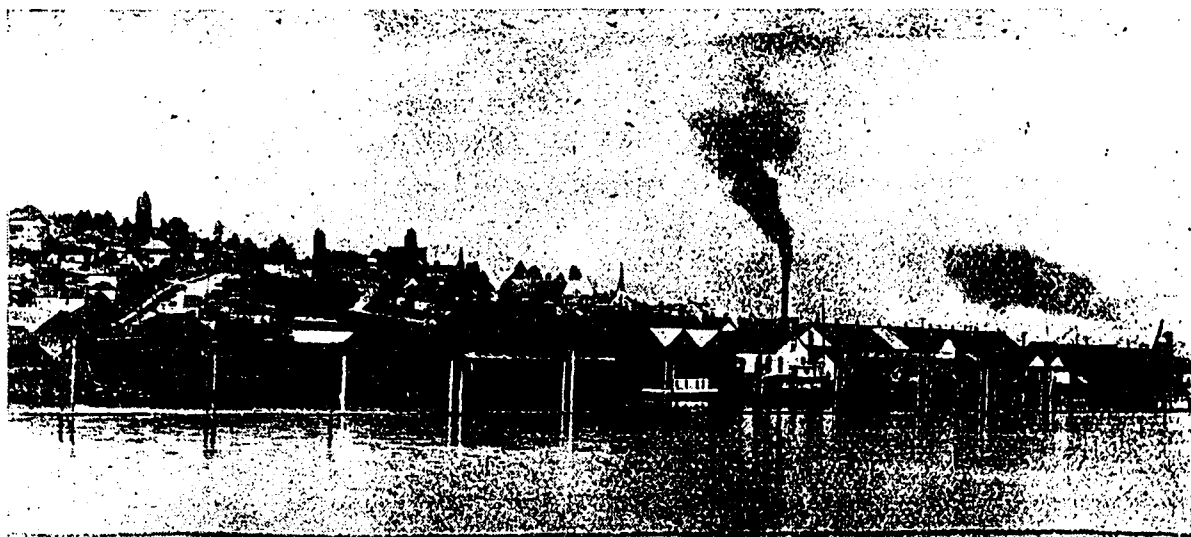
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channel will be to as it is already by New Westminster; that although no port exists there now, it will soon be the seaport of British Columbia and open to commerce."

New Westminster has the best of the argument, and the home authorities finally decree that an Assay Office shall be built in that town. No sooner is the Assay Office erected than another burning question arises. In 1861 the scarcity of coin is so great that it brings a premium of five per cent. and the importation of coin of the realm costs no less than five per cent. This state of affairs results in inconvenience to merchants and all classes of the community. The Governor points out that the only way to solve the problem is to add a mint to the Assay Office. It is proposed that the gold of Cariboo should be coined into ten and twenty-dollar pieces. Her Majesty's Government consults the Master of the Royal Mint and after careful consideration, leave is granted. The necessary machinery arrives from England and it is duly installed at New Westminster. In May, 1862, two silver specimens of the proposed coins were despatched to the Colonial Secretary in Downing Street. Then five, twenty and ten ten-dollar gold trial coins were struck off, and then—"the mint closed forever and the Assay Office is reduced"—to borrow a phrase from the Honourable Dr. J. S. Helmcken. It

appears that after all this expense and trouble the miners would not patronize the Government Assay Office, for the reason that banks and express offices had opened similar establishments elsewhere. But there was also another reason—an economic reason—for the failure of the new office: the imports naturally far exceeded the exports, as a matter of fact of the latter there were practically none, and consequently, as the Honourable Dr. Helmcken points out, the gold flowed away to foreign countries to pay for the various imports. Where all those five, twenty and ten ten-dollar coins of Cariboo gold are now is a matter for conjecture. They are worth today ten, perhaps twenty times their face value from a collector's standpoint. Two of each are in the British Columbia Museum but the others have disappeared from sight.

As the years slip by the shifting canvas portrays many scenes of historical interest and importance, but it is impossible in the space of one short article to chronicle all the events that go to make up the early history of New Westminster. It is only possible here to lightly touch upon a few matters of general interest. For full information the student of Colonial affairs must turn to the contemporary publications—blue-books, colonial records, and works of description and travel, dealing with British Columbia in the days of the gold rush.



The Waterfront.

And it may be truthfully said that these documents and books will well repay perusal, for they refer to a hundred and one odd matters respecting the rise and growth of our body politic.

The commission of Sir James Douglas, as Governor of British Columbia, expires in 1864, and, officially, he bids farewell to the Colony, and retires into private life. It is a solemn, perhaps a sad, moment for the stalwart representative of the Crown, who has labored so unremittingly and so arduously in building up the Colony over whose destinies he has presided so brilliantly and effectively. The capital rises to the occasion and fetes and feasts the retiring Governor and addresses and memorials reach him from all parts of the country. The first Governor has done his work—he has laid broad and strong the foundations upon which others are to build—he retires full of years and honor.

Sir James Douglas is succeeded in April of the same year by Mr. Frederick Seymour, who resided at New Westminster until the union of the two Colonies under the Imperial Act of 1866. The new Governor is fond of company and lavish in his entertainments. His balls and dinners are the talk of the town. In those days there is no lack of society functions and the officials and citizens generally manage to make life pleasant enough. It was in Governor Seymour's regime that, much to his disgust, the Capital of the Colony was moved from New Westminster to Victoria. Naturally enough there was some display of feeling when it was decided that the Royal City should no longer retain the coveted rank, and many years elapsed before the bitterness engendered on this occasion entirely disappeared. The removal of the capital to Vancouver Island had a depressing effect on the Mainland City, but by degrees the town resumed its activities and soon we find it increasing in population and wealth.

The names of many commanding and honourable men are associated with the early history of the Colony of British Columbia, and New Westminster knew them all. Sir James Douglas, the first Governor; Sir Matthew Baillie Begby,

the upright man and judge; Sir Henry Crease, Col. Moody, Governor Seymour, the Honourable John Robson, Mr. Peter O'Reilly, Mr. Joshua A. R. Homer, Mr. Arthur N. Birch, and many others, were familiar figures on the streets in early days. What these pioneers accomplished for their country it is impossible to set down in words. They have bequeathed to us a truly grand heritage and noble examples of patriotism, devotion and loyalty. No one claims that they were perfect—no man born of woman can be—at times, they made mistakes for it is human to err—nevertheless we can point with pride to the men who controlled the affairs of the infant colony when times were troubled and strength and determination were needed.

After Confederation, in 1871, a wave of depression swept over the Province and New Westminster suffered in consequence. For some years the city made but little progress. British Columbia was anxiously awaiting the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Placer mining in Cariboo was on the decline and in consequence the commerce of the country suffered greatly. There were no markets for agricultural produce and the farmers were much perturbed over the outlook. Those who lived here then will remember the gloomy predictions made as to the future of the Province. At last, however, active construction commenced on the railroad and the completion of that gigantic task marked an epoch in our history. Every town and village throughout the land felt the impetus of a new life. New Westminster breathed again and there followed an era of land speculation that had a disastrous finale a few years later. The value of land rose enormously, but the bubble burst and then followed another period of depression which continued for several years. The marvellous growth of the city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, naturally affected the Royal City, and some time went by before an improvement took place. But the tide turned at last and now the old-time capital comes into its own again.

New Westminster has passed through many crises; it has experienced commer-

cial stagnation; "booms" have come, and "booms" have gone, leaving behind them a legacy of depression and gloom; but in all the chequered history of the city no catastrophe has ever equalled the terrible fire of 1898, when the finest business portion of the town and a great number of private residences were ruthlessly devoured by the flames. The morning after that appalling disaster the beautiful city lay a mass of smoking ruins. Nevertheless, this great calamity, sudden and awful as it was, did not quench, as it may well have done, the patriotic ardor of the citizens, nor did it abate one jot of their faith in the future. With a grim determination—that could only have one result—the people worked shoulder to shoulder for the rehabilitation of their well-loved town. In a few years practically all signs of the great conflagration were obliterated and today the Royal City stands resplendent on its superb site—a grand example of what patience, patriotism, and cool determination can accomplish. The city was never more beautiful, than it is today.

In recent years the construction of the splendid steel bridge which spans the whole river just above the city; the introduction of various industries; the development of the wonderful natural resources of the Fraser Valley, have all helped to increase the size and importance of the place. But it is scarcely necessary to speak of these matters because everyone will be familiar with modern developments.

It is interesting to note that at one time in the history of the Mainland, little or no attention was given to the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the District of New Westminster—in the race for virgin gold nought else was thought of but the making of fabulous fortunes from the bars of the river. But that was long ago and all has been changed these many years. It gradually dawned upon men that if there should be no gold in the river bars at all, the country would yet be rich indeed for the delta lands—formed in the course of long geological periods from the finest of alluvial deposits—and the natural hay meadows were extensive and would be

productive if only dykes could be built to guard them from the ravages of floods and high water. As conjectured, the soil was found to be rich. Settlers applied for homesteads, and in a few years many fruitful farms are being cultivated. Then commenced the dyke-building period and one by one the vast natural meadows, formerly subject to overflow, are reclaimed and their productiveness exceeds the most sanguine expectations. Thus a lasting source of wealth is created. Agriculture becomes the staple industry of the Valley. From its peculiarly fortunate position, the prosperity of the surrounding district is bound to be reflected in New Westminster, for the great valley of the Fraser River is naturally tributary to this city. Before the construction of the railway, the river was a most important link in the chain of communications from the Coast to the Interior, and it is yet, and must always be, an important highway of commerce.

A visit to the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition, held annually at New Westminster, will explain better than ten thousand glowing words the wonderful strides made in the district since 1858, the year of the great gold excitement. Every year thousands of people foregather at the Royal City to examine, and to marvel at, the extraordinary agricultural resources of the fertile valley of the Fraser River. Thus has New Westminster been compensated for the failure of the placer mines. Surely the gain is all on the side of the river town.

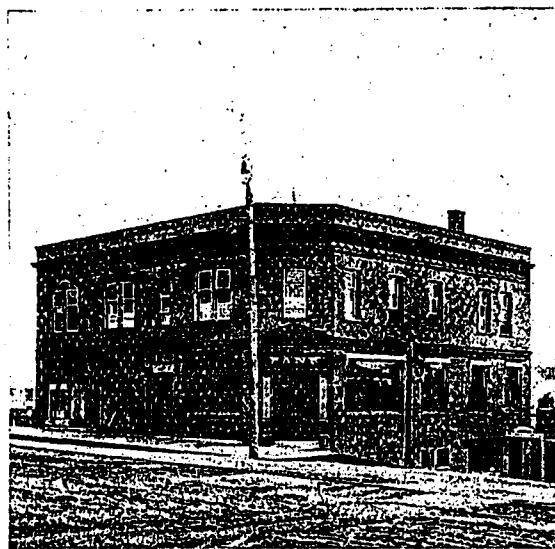
What a marvellous change has taken place since Colonel Moody's Royal Engineers began to clear sites for public buildings on "the first high ground in the north bank after entering the river" nearly fifty years ago. The whole of that nobly wooded hill has been cleared and laid out in broad streets and avenues, parks and public squares. Substantial business blocks line the bank of the river and the streets on the lower levels, while beautiful homes cover the sides and the crest of the hill. In the early sixties the population consisted of a few hundred souls; in 1881 the inhabitants numbered 1,500; in ten years this number increased to 6,641; today the population is scarcely

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less than 10,000; and in the next decade—it would not be wise to say what the population will be in the next decade because any figure given now may look insignificant when 1917 arrives. Affairs are moving with such rapidity in the Great Last West that it is dan-

gerous even to hazard a guess as to the future of any portion of this mighty Province.

But let us be certain about one thing—the future of that trinity of imperial cities, which grace the southern coast of British Columbia, is fore-ordained and assured.



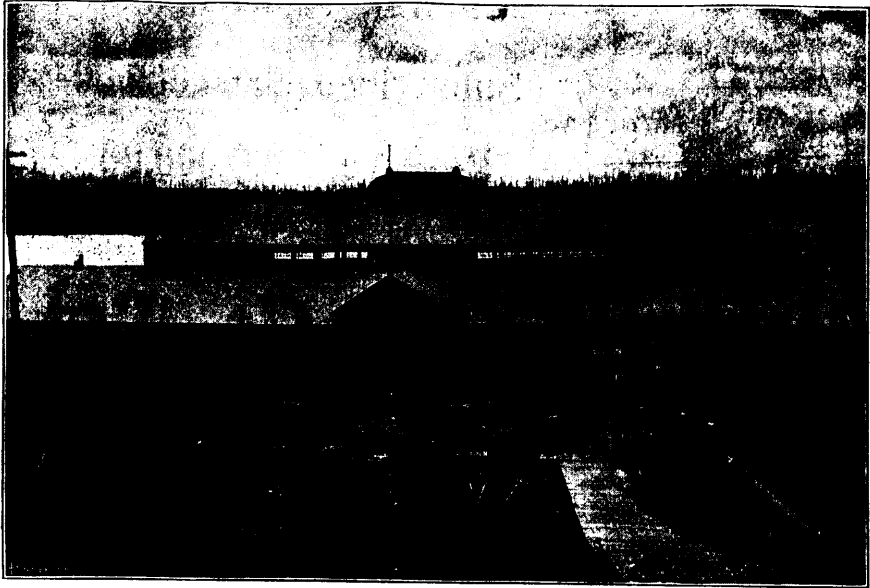
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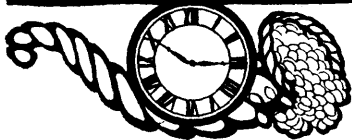
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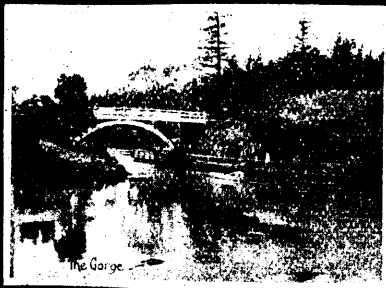
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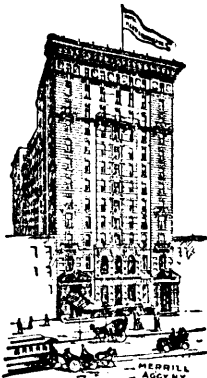
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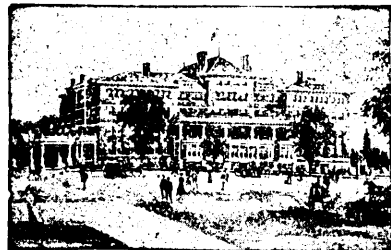
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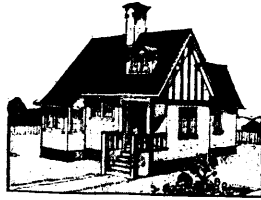
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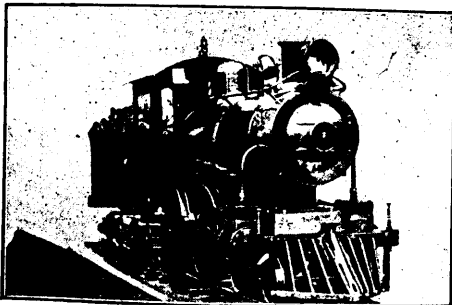
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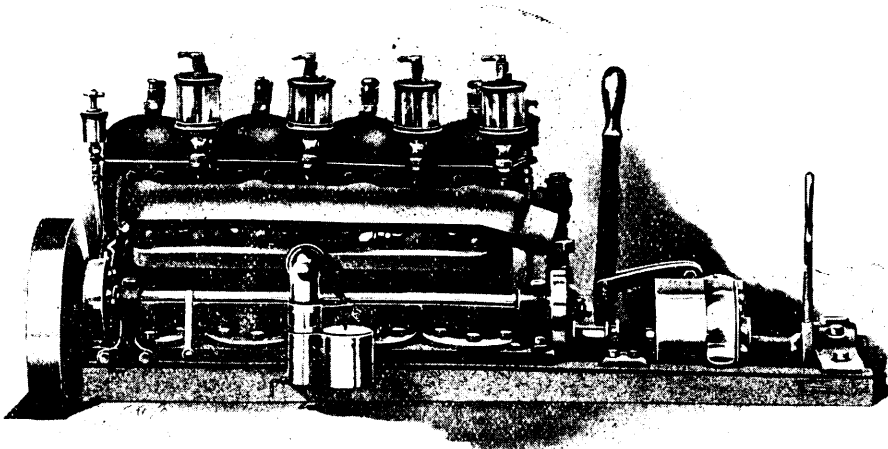
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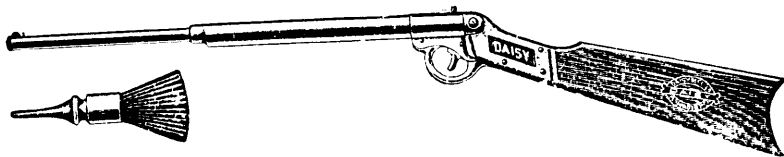
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