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Beyond the Purple Cloud-banks Lying

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying,
Where virgin stars are pendent swinging,
A rose upon the west is dying.

And wisps of wild-fowl strung are flying
Their arrowy course to northward winging,
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying.

The city steeples—vivifying—
Mark where, its reflex radiance flinging,
A rose upon the west is dying.

While in the streets are voices crying
A reminiscent cadence bringing,
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying.

And petalled forth, with tints outvieing,
The scarlet steps of Autumn springing,
A rose upon the west is dying.

The nuns of night, their distaffs plying,
Weave fast the cloak of twilight clinging;
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying
A rose upon the west is dying.

THE FOLLOWING, ENGRAVED ON THE BASE OF THE ABOVE CUP, EXPLAINS ITSELF: "PRESENTED BY THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA TO H.M.C.S. 'RAINBOW' IN WELCOME RECOGNITION OF THIS BEING THE FIRST VESSEL OF THE CANADIAN NAVY TO BE STATIONED ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF THE DOMINION, AND WITH THE LOYAL HOPE AND BELIEF THAT THE 'RAINBOW' AND HER SUCCESSORS MAY FULFIL THEIR PART IN DEFENDING AND STRENGTHENING THE NAVAL DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE—1911"

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Barclay Sound Coast and Hinterland

By E. Mackay Young

ALMOST as indented as the rugged west coast of Scotland, the coast of Vancouver Island from Cape Beale to Cape Scott, its farthermost point, presents a series of sounds and inlets. Quite the largest of these, and not the least important, is Barclay Sound, which extends inland and narrows into that delectable fiord known as Alberni Canal. This fiord runs through entrancing scenery to within twelve miles of the east coast of the island, and is joined in various parts by Stamp River, Somas River and other streams and creeks.

On many maps the sound is named Barklay, but the correct spelling is Barclay, so-called after the British captain of that name. Captain Barclay, the accredited discoverer of the sound, commanded the "Imperial Eagle," and sailed from Ostend in November, 1786, arriving at Nootka in June, 1787. It was about this time that the Northwest American fur trade began to attract adventurers from all quarters of the world, especially from Great Britain, Russia, Spain and the United States. Barclay was one of those intrepid British navigators who managed to combine exploration and trading to the advantage of geographical knowledge and the personal gain of the fortunate seeker after the lucrative fur-bearing denizens of sea and land. Sometimes the quest of the elusive sea otter proved barren or disappointing to the high hopes then cherished of rapid wealth. It is certain that quick and big fortunes were often made in those early days of the fur trade, the precious skins being in great demand, especially in Russia and China.

On this particular voyage in 1787 Barclay appears to have had great success in bartering his old iron for new fur with the natives of historic Nootka. On his richly laden ship he sails southward in the golden month of July and discovers the sound with which his name will always be associated. Of his further voyage homewards little need here be told. One tragic happening, however, marked the beginning of a series, many doubtless unrecorded, of deadly encounters between white men and natives along the North American coast during the next two decades. Pursuing his course past Cape Flattery, Barclay sent a boat to enter the river variously named Destruction River and the Ohahlat, and the crew of five men were massacred by the natives.

The most southerly point of Barclay's recorded observations appears to have been that part of the coast past Cape Flattery named by him Cape Fear. He was not so painstaking or accurate an observer as Captain Cook, but he was the first after that great navigator to survey the coast below Cape Flattery.

Barclay Sound was next visited by Captain Gray and Captain Meares in 1788.

SOME TIMBER WEALTH OF BARCLAY SOUND DISTRICT

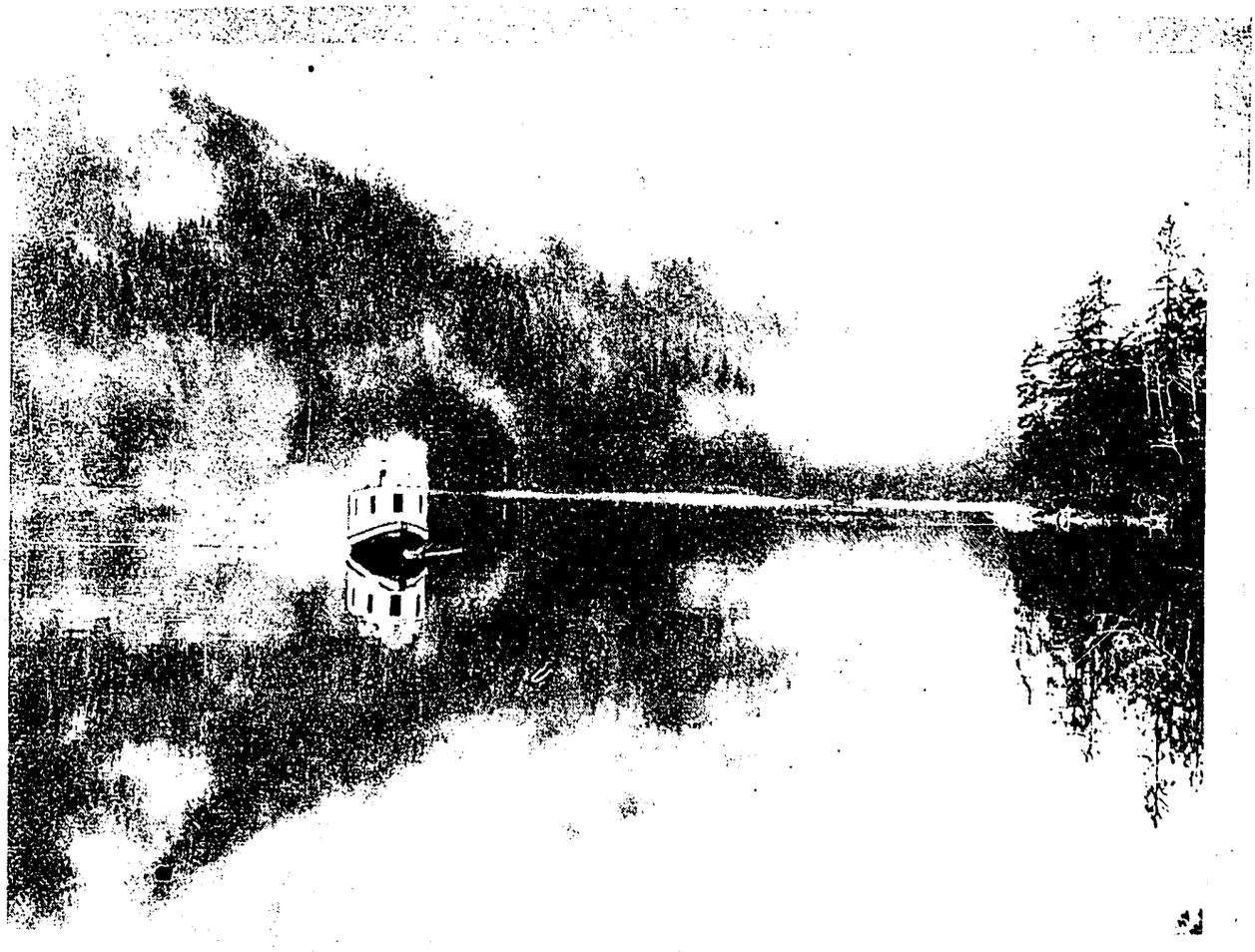
The latter, famous as the instigator or cause of the historic Nootka affair two years later, made a partial survey of the sound, naming Port Effingham and the eastern headland Cape Beale.

Such are the essential, if meagre, historical details of the white man's first acquaintance with Barclay Sound, the district of which is likely to see great developments in the near future.

Clustered in the centre of the Sound and lapped by the vivifying waters of the Pacific are numerous islands, the chief of which are Village Island, Turret Island, Nettle Island and Turtle Island. In the latter island the notorious M. de Rougemont, of turtle-riding fame, would no doubt have found a happy hunting-ground. From Cape Beale along Hecate Passage are a number of islands and islets. Of these the largest are Deer Island and Copper Island, and in the latter copper in paying quantities has been found. In fact, copper outcroppings in the form of yellow pyrites have been discovered in several of the other islands and in the interior of Barclay Sound district. A number of highly promising claims have been made in this district, and development only awaits capital and the completion of the proposed Barclay Sound railway from Bamfield to Victoria.

Barclay Sound district proper lies to the west of the inlet, the extreme point of which is Cape Beale. There is a cable station at Bamfield, which is slated for the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway's extension along the west coast. The district is as yet sparsely populated. As, however, its rich potentialities in timber, minerals and agriculture become better known and improved transportation facilities are introduced, a large influx of settlers cannot long be delayed.

In this district is Lake Nitinat, a beautiful sheet of water abounding in the finest and gamest trout to be found anywhere on the island. Another smaller but picturesque lake is Sarita, situated about four or five miles to the east of Numakamis Bay, near the mouth of the Alberni Canal. From the lake flows Sarita River into this eastern recess of Barclay Sound. This lovely stream is embanked with shelving rocks, environed in many parts with forests of fir, cedar and hemlock. The whole of this district, indeed, possesses untold wealth in timber of the finest grain to be found in an island notable for its magnificent tim-



A GLIMPSE OF POETT NOOK, BARCLAY SOUND DISTRICT

ber. Iron is also widely distributed, and in the vicinity of Sarita there are extensive magnetite deposits.

Within easy reach of the outlet of Sarita Lake is Poett Nook, a cosy inlet on Numakamis Bay, nearly opposite Copper Island. Whether the spelling of the name Poett is, like that of Barklay for Barclay, an error, or whether it is an Indian word, the writer is unaware. But it might very happily be named Poet's Nook, for it is a corner of Barclay Sound beautiful enough to inspire the poet and delight the artist or lover of nature. Fringed with stately fir trees and overshadowed by evergreen mantled hills, its pure, pellucid waters reflect, on a summer's day, the enchanting scenery. In the near distance can be seen a range of mountains, not, perhaps, so rocky or commanding as an Alpinist might desire, but lending, nevertheless, a crowning charm to the horizon.

Adjacent to this well-favored part of Barclay Sound district there are visible extensive limestone outcroppings. Rich as the district is in iron, copper and timber, it is also admirably adapted for agricultural purposes. Especially along the Sarita River and vicinity the soil is of a rich alluvial kind, suitable for the cultivation of apples, pears, cherries and plums. At Sarita a townsite is being planned, and the extension of the Barclay Sound railway will undoubtedly bring, not only visitors to view the superb scenery of coast, lake and river, but many prospectors and settlers to help develop this hitherto neglected section of the island.

On the western coast of Barclay Sound and fronting also the open Pacific is Ucluelet, another district opulent in mineral and agricultural potentialities, which is comparatively unknown. The scenery of coast and hinterland is of varied and compelling interest. Wild and rugged stretches of coast and an "Ugley channel" abounding in dangerous reefs, such as Starlight reefs, have exacted heavy toll of wreckage in the past. But there are also wide, deep and sheltered harbors like Ucluelet, and shining shores of yellow and blue sand like Long Beach. This beautiful beach stretches for nearly ten miles along the coast line, washed by the immemorial waters of the Pacific.

Back of Long Beach the land is of a rolling, swampy nature, where wild grass and cranberries luxuriate, and the ridges

A VISTA IN POETT NOOK

are of a yellow sandy loam, forested by splendid timber of cedar and hemlock.

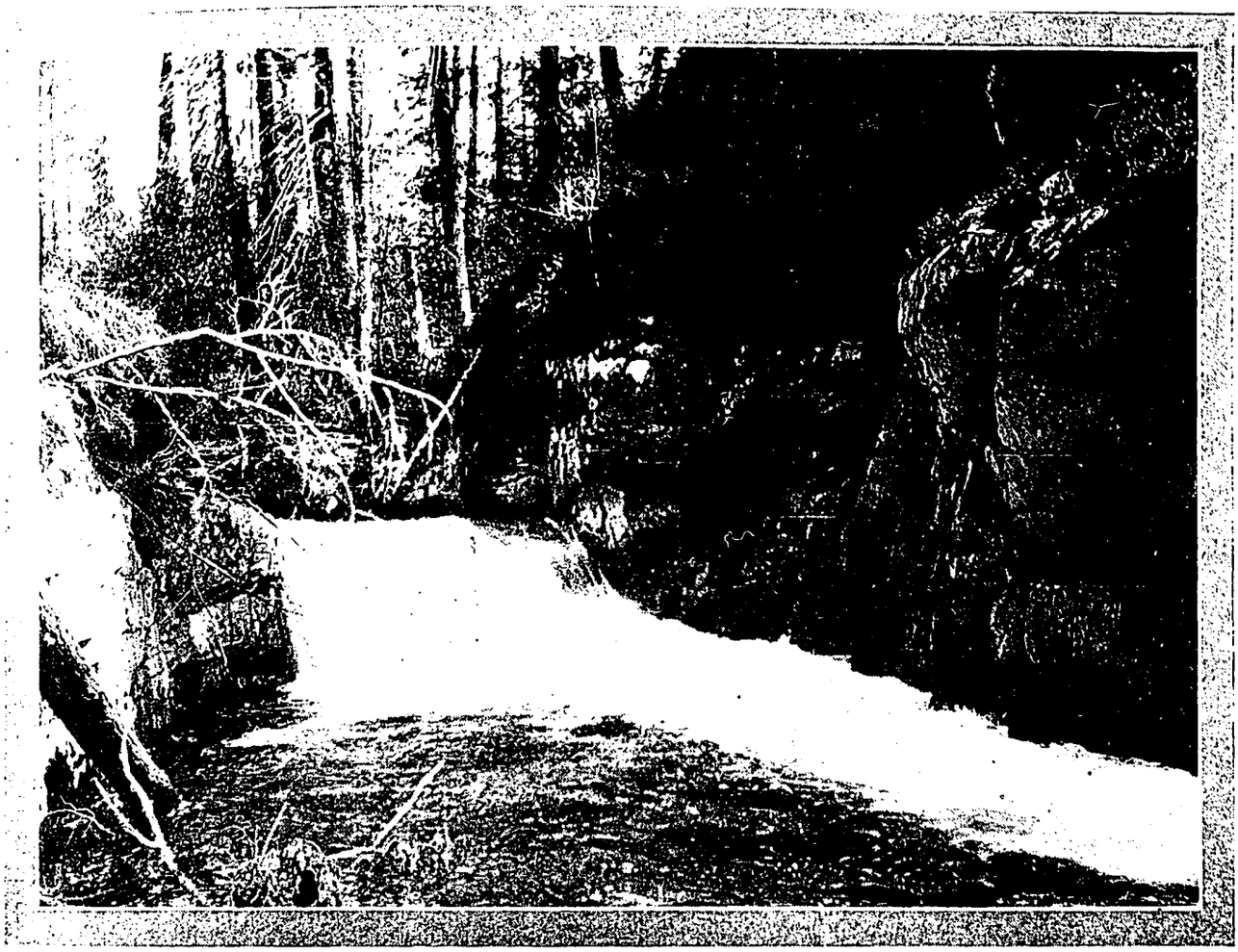
In the centre of this district is Kennedy Lake, curiously formed like Turkish bagpipes. It is one of the finest stretches of water on the island, with its rocky isles, its winding coasts, banked with fir and cedar, its broads and narrows, its miniature bays and harbors, and its many tributary streams and creeks. Here angling can be pursued under ideal conditions, the largest and gamest of trout being found in nearly all parts of the lake and in several of the rivers and creeks.

Not far from Ucluelet harbor is Toquott harbor. It is wide, deep and land-locked, having two channels which are navigable by the largest vessels afloat. Behind the harbor are extensive timber limits, and some of these are now being developed. Nature, indeed, has been exuberant in its dispensation of timber here, as in other parts of Vancouver Island.

As to fishing, the west coast of the island from Barclay Sound northwards offers unsurpassed opportunities of wealth in salmon, halibut, cod and herring. The whale fisheries are probably the most remunerative of any in the world, and the halibut banks have been of exhaustless resource to Siwash and white man for ages past.

North and west of Toquott harbor the bountifully wooded district of Clayoquot converges towards Pipestem Inlet and Effingham Inlet. These two inlets, the scenic beauty of which is only rivalled by that of Alberni Canal, nearly cut off a goodly slice of land, forming a peninsula on which in the west is situated Mayne Bay, and to the south Sechart channel. To the southwest of here lie scattered in "admired confusion" what are now known as the "Broken Group" of islands. In the early days of the Spanish navigators these were called the "Archipielago de Nitinat o'Carrasco." How harsh and commonplace, if sometimes expressive, appear the Anglo-Saxon names of several parts of Vancouver Island, compared with their Spanish and Indian equivalents! Pipestem Inlet does not convey any adequate idea of the peculiar charm of this course of water, and Alberni Canal is not an artificial channel, but one of Nature's most beautiful waterways.

In the "Broken Group" archipelago the largest island is Village Island. Here can be seen the Port Effingham visited by Cap-



SARITA FALLS, BARCLAY SOUND DISTRICT

tain Meares in 1788. It was then a much-frequented port of call for captains of vessels when engaging sealers from among the Indians. The Indians of the present day still pursue their ancestors' avocation. Here it may be mentioned that in nearly all the other reservations scattered along the coasts of Barclay Sound and on the lakes and rivers of the interior the Indians still find their chief employment in seal hunting and salmon and halibut fishing.

To the east of Effingham Inlet lies Anderson Lake, which at Uchucklesit Harbor mingles its waters with those of Alberni Canal. The Alberni district extends to within ten miles of the east coast. It has been graphically described in recent issues of this magazine, and it is not necessary here to more than briefly refer to that part proximate to Barclay Sound.

Rising in places to a height of 3,000 feet, the shores of Alberni Canal are canopied with Douglas fir, hemlock and cedar. Around Anderson Lake and that part of Alberni Canal district immediate to Barclay Sound there are immense forests of timber—spruce, cedar and hemlock. Much, if not the greater part, of this timber has already been staked, and several lumber mills are already in operation.

As the land becomes cleared of timber and underbrush the rich quality of the soil known to prevail throughout Alberni and the other districts back of Barclay Sound will be found to amply repay cultivation for mixed farming and fruit. Great success has already attended the efforts of many new settlers during recent years in fruit-growing. The apples, pears, plums and cherries of the west of Vancouver Island are the finest grown in any part of the province.

Port Alberni is making a bid for some of the transportation business of the west coast and the Pacific. It is claimed that as vessels are often delayed by tide and fog between Cape Beale and Vancouver, eight or ten hours can be saved by adopting the Alberni route. Alberni is of great depth, has no tide races, and, being also comparatively free from fog visitations, there are credible reasons for the hopes entertained in this respect. At any rate, it seems certain that with the development of the lumber, mining, farming and fishing industries of Barclay district and the west coast of

the island, this route will be increasingly used in the near future.

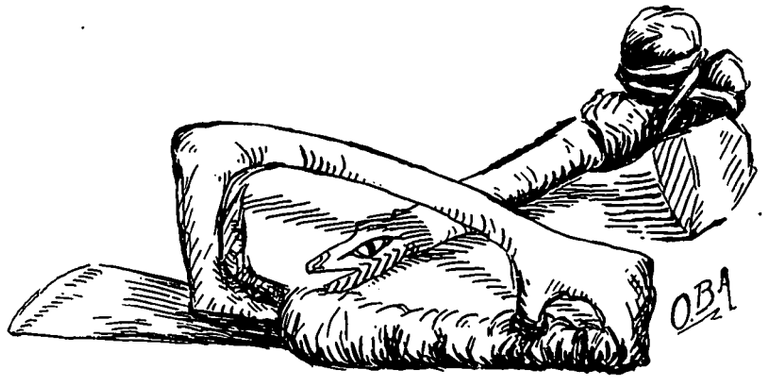
In truth, this wonderful Barclay Sound, its coasts and hinterland, have great and inestimable possibilities. The wealth in timber in the interior and on the islands is incalculable. Coal, iron, copper and other minerals are known to exist in vast measures. The store of seals, halibut, salmon and other fish is immense and exhaustless. All those opulent resources have barely been tapped and only await the enterprise of settler, prospector, miner and capitalist. Nevertheless, of recent years this important section of Vancouver Island has gradually become better known and appreciated. Numerous land licences have been issued, timber limits staked and mining claims recorded during the past few years in various parts of the interior and the islands.

To mention only a few, there have been numerous timber limits staked from Pachena Bay to near Numakamis Bay, and around the Sarita Lake district to the east of Barclay Sound; several south of Tsusiat Lake, and in the southwest borders of Nitinat River as far as Tuck Lake. Land has been alienated extensively in the vicinity of Bamfield, the district to the south of Numakamis Bay, on both sides of the Sarita River, and in the neighborhood of Poett Nook. From Ucluelet Harbor right along the coast to Toquott Harbor land has been largely alienated. Timber limits have been staked around Kennedy Lake up to Tofina Inlet on Clayoquot Sound. The Alberni Canal district has been practically covered with timber limits. Timber and mining claims have also been staked in several of the islands of Barclay Sound. But all these constitute only a fringe of the hinterland of the coast, and there are still almost boundless opportunities in this well-favored portion of British Columbia.

As to the glorious scenery of this district, tongue and pen can give but a halting and meagre conception. It is here where the artist and photographer lend the inimitable aid of their art. But even the finest sketches of the one and the happiest snapshots of the other can render only restricted and often inadequate justice to the varied beauty and grandeur of the scenery of this "promised land."

Fortunately, improved railway facilities are now in progress or contemplation, and communication between the western part of Vancouver Island and the mainland of the province will speedily bring the better knowledge necessary for the development of this and other districts.

As the exquisite scenery of Barclay Sound coast and interior must be seen to be fully appreciated, so the advantages of the climate can only be realized by experience. It is temperate and equable on the greater part of coast and hinterland. And if there are sometimes rough weather and fierce gales on certain points of the coast, they only lend a welcome variety without which the sea would lose much of its inherent charm.



Nanaimo in the Early Days

By Aileen McClughan

THE first coal mined at Nanaimo was purchased in Victoria with a bottle of rum. That was in the year 1851. Last year Nanaimo's output of coal sold for millions of dollars and furnished power to ships on every ocean on the face of the globe. The story of the first mining enterprise is as follows:

An Indian of one of the tribes of the Sne-ny-mos, living where Nanaimo now stands, made a trip to Victoria in his canoe in the summer of 1851. While in that place he sauntered into the Hudson's Bay Company's smithy, and noticing the substance used for feeding the forge fires, became boastful, declaring that they also had "black stone" in the country of the Sne-ny-mos; he himself had found it while digging for clams on the sea beach. The story was quickly carried to the ears of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who ordered the Indian to fetch them some of the so-called "black stone."

The Indian set off, and in the course of a week or so returned to Victoria with a basketful of what proved to be very good coal. According to tradition, "Coal Tyee" (Coal King), as he was afterwards called, was given a bottle of rum for his trouble, and doubtless departed in a state of happiness not entirely due to the satisfaction of having made an interesting and valuable discovery.

In the Hudson's Bay Company's despatch book for that year there is a letter from Governor James Douglas at Victoria to Joseph W. McKay, of the same place, ordering him "to proceed with all possible diligence to Winthuysen Inlet, commonly known as Nanymo Bay, and formally take possession of the coal beds lately discovered."

This was not the first time Nanaimo had figured in history. In 1791 Lieutenant Eliza, of the Spanish navy, had surveyed Nanaimo Harbor, Northumberland Channel and Departure Bay, naming them collectively "Bocas de Winthuysen," in honor of the Spanish rear-admiral of that name who was afterward killed at the battle of St. Vincent. In the following summer the Spanish commanders Galiano and Valdes, while circumnavigating Vancouver Island, took refuge at the close of a stormy day in one of the rocky indentations of Gabriola Island, which they gratefully named Descanso Bay, or "Small Bay of Rest."

Governor James Douglas and his officers were overjoyed to find at last in paying quantities the coal for which they had been boring in vain in the vicinity of Fort Rupert at the northern end of Vancouver Island. They abandoned operations at that place and removed their drills and most of their men to Colvilletown, as Nanaimo was then named, after Andrew Colville, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. A shaft was sunk on the spot where one of Nanaimo's principal warehouses now stands, and coal was struck at a depth of 80 feet.

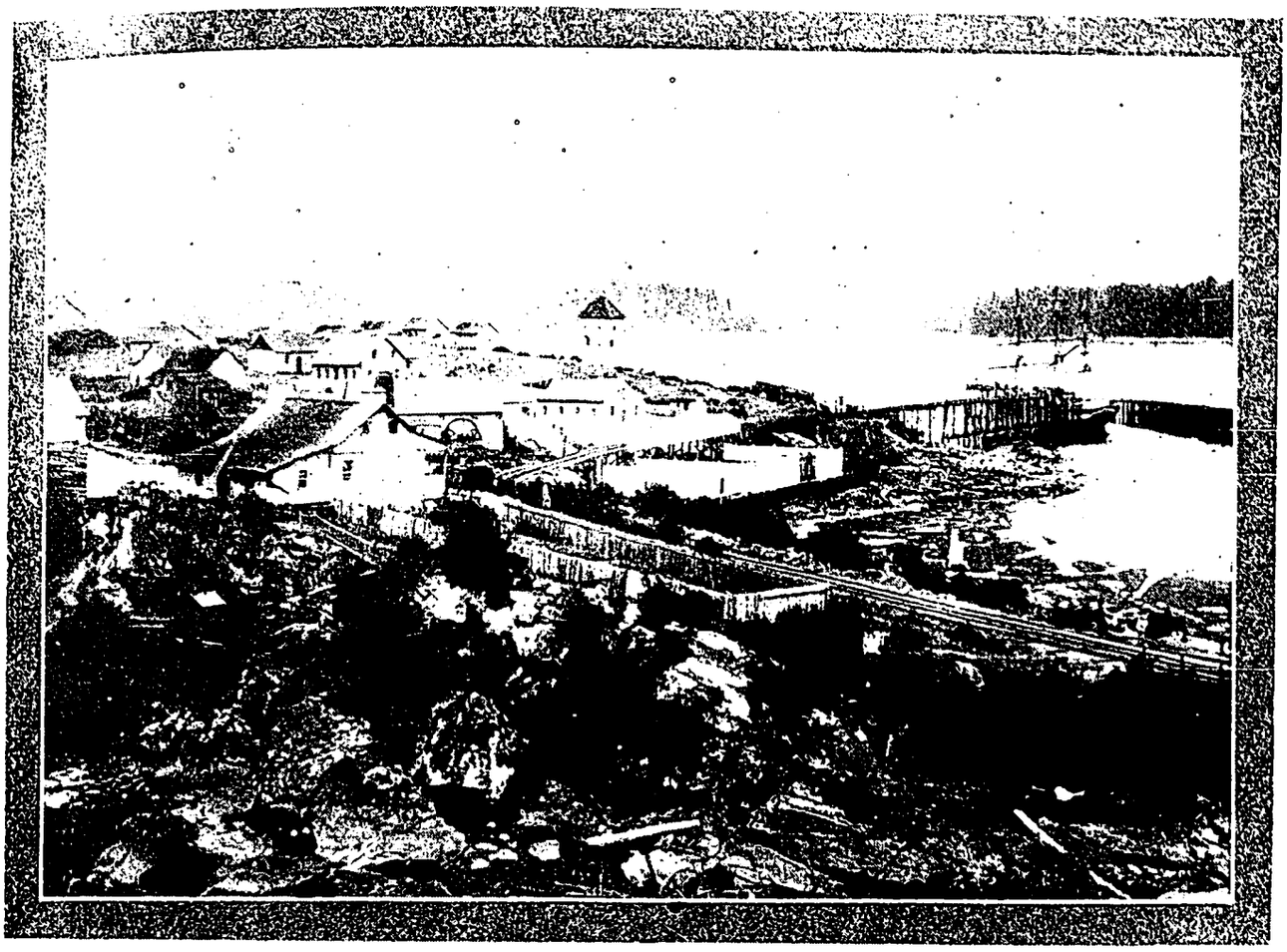
In the summer of 1852 Colvilletown appears to have had a population of from twenty to thirty white men, some of them with their families. For their accommodation several log cabins were built in a little clearing on the bluff above the waterfront. In the spring of 1853 the historic "bastion" was constructed of logs squared with the broadaxe. These logs were brought from the woods by Indians who, dressed each in a blanket, went about barefoot in the snow, which during the spring of that year was several feet deep. The narrow but massive walls of the bastion were diversified with loop-holes, before

FOLLOW THE NEXT FIVE PICTURES ON THE TOPS OF THE PAGES THROUGH TO THE END AND YOU WILL HAVE HAD A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WHAT NANAIMO LOOKED LIKE IN 1858

which were stationed two six-pound carronades calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the aborigines. The fashioners of the bastion were Leon Labine and Jean Batiste Fortier, two sturdy French-Canadian axemen, who were the builders of most of the first log houses at Fort Camosun (Victoria), Fort Rupert and Colvilletown. It was said to have been Fortier's boast while in his cups that he would allow his bare body to be drawn over any stick which he had finished with the broadaxe. Doubtless the winds and rains of nearly sixty years have robbed something of the fine satin finish from Fortier's work, but the bastion still stands—a tribute to French-Canadian axemanship and a memento of the old regime which has passed away for ever. Many people who never visited Nanaimo are familiar with the shape of this old building through the enterprise of one of Vancouver's daily papers which, for purposes of advertising British Columbia, had a model of the old fort erected on the grounds of the A.-Y.-P. Exposition in Seattle two years ago.

Coal mining was carried on upon a limited scale in Colvilletown, but it was evidently a paying industry for the Hudson's Bay Company. The current wage for laborers was 25 cents per day and board, whereas coal sold as high as $30 per ton in San Francisco. Soon the scarcity of workers became so evident that the company sent representatives into the mining districts of England to explain to the miners the advantages of emigration to Vancouver Island. In the summer of 1854 twenty-seven miners with their families left Staffordshire on their way to Colvilletown. "You're going to the far end of the world where the wild people are," their sorrowing relatives told them at parting. The miners were bound for five years at fair wages to the Hudson's Bay Company.

At the end of that time they would be at liberty to return home. Apparently conditions in the new country were not altogether unsatisfactory, for none availed themselves of the opportunity. Only married men were accepted by the company, as it was thought that the adventurous life of the far West would prove too attractive to those without family ties. The voyage was a strange adventure to the



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Staffordshire miners, few of whom had ever before seen the ocean. The bark "Princess Royal," on which they sailed, left London on June 1, 1854, and reached Victoria on November 27 of the same year, making a voyage of over five months.

Arrived at Colvilletown the new settlers found a few log dwellings which had been prepared for them by the axes of Labine and Fortier. These, along with a slight clearing in the woods by the water's edge, constituted the entire preparation for the accommodation of the future population.

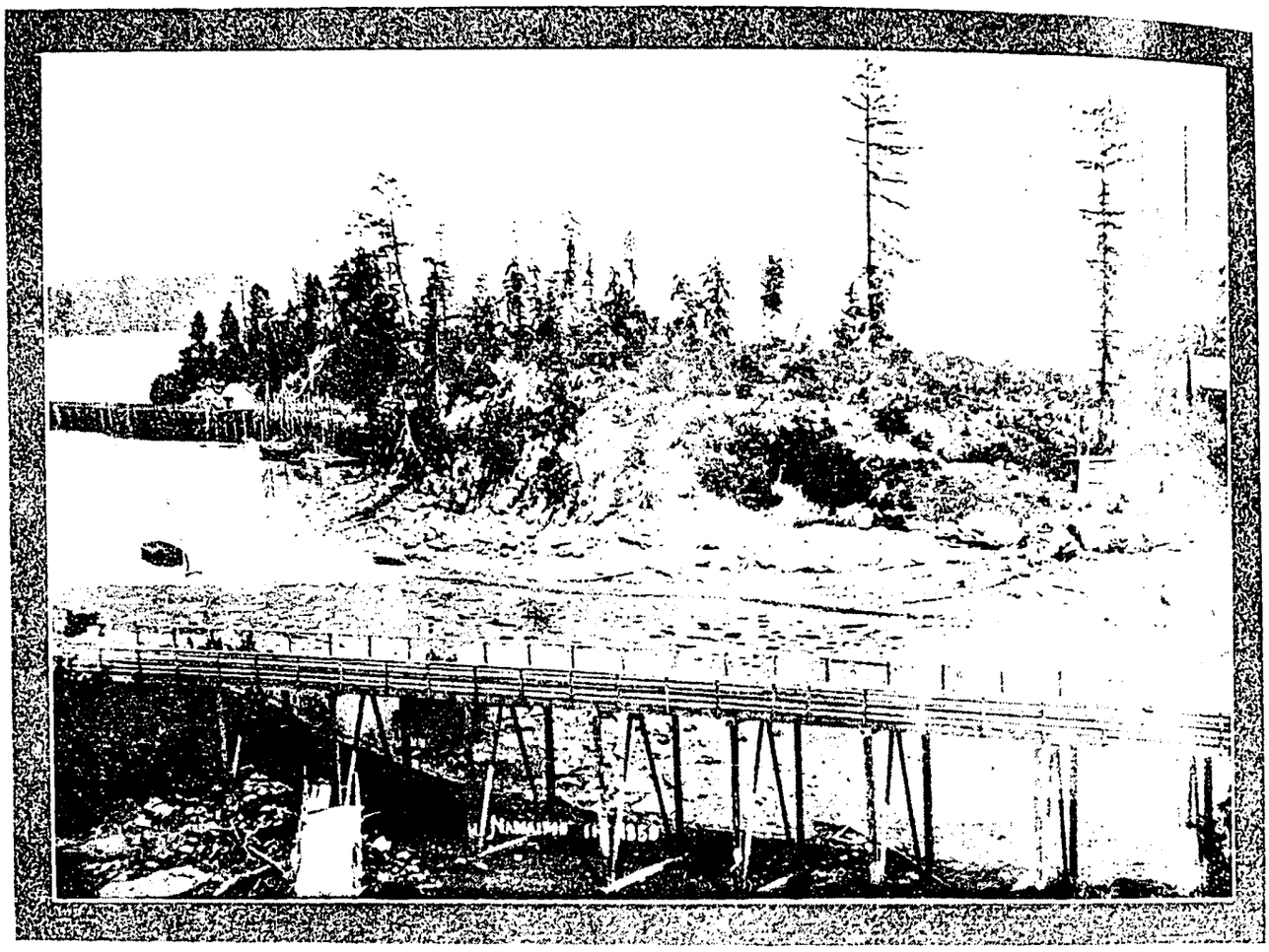
The houses were made of logs or poles, the spaces between this material being plastered with clay and stuffed with moss to exclude the chill winter winds. The furniture consisted of benches, boards and bunk-like bedsteads, while on the floor were mats made by the Indians from dogs' hair.

The first settlers were compelled to turn their hands to all kinds of work and soon succeeded in constructing a hamlet of about forty-five buildings, including the bastion, a sawmill, store and warehouse, two carpenters' shops, a smithy, stables, etc. The first stone house on Vancouver Island was built by one William Isbister, who made his mortar with lime manufactured from clam shells. One of the miners happened also to be a coke burner, and with coke made by him was turned out the first iron casting made in the colony.

Life at Nanaimo in the fifties and sixties seems to have presented many dreary aspects. The settlers were for weeks without news from home, and in those days of scarce money the cost of a half-ounce letter "home" was equal to a day's wages. The old "Beaver," the first vessel to paddle the Pacific, visited Nanaimo every six months; the "Otter" more frequently. The "Princess Royal," which had brought the first settlers, continued to return every two years with fresh loads of immigrants.

In the early sixties the colony was enlivened by the arrival of gold-seekers going to or returning from the Cariboo district. The excitement brought many ocean steamships, and steamers and sailing vessels visited Nanaimo three or four times a week, thronged with pioneers from California and Australia, as well as with "chechacos" from the east and from the old land. There was a brisk trade with the Indians in canoes to be used by the miners in exploring the creeks tributary to the Fraser.

Near by the mining hamlet was the Indian village, a long range of smoky huts



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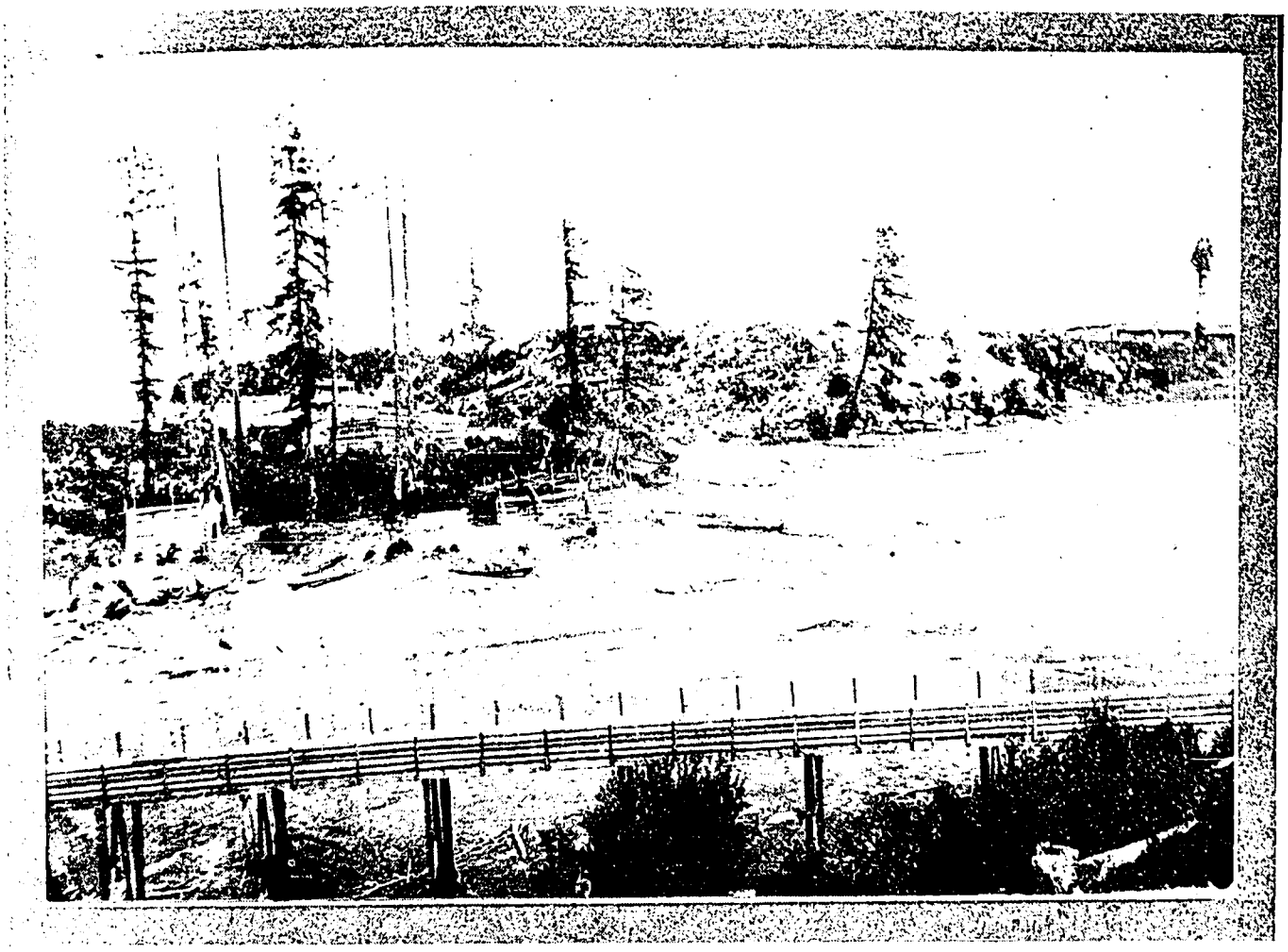
inhabited by about 250 of the Sne-ny-mos, after whom the city was eventually named. The word sne-ny-mo means "the whole" or "a big strong tribe," five tribes being united in this one village. The men were described as being poorly clad, dirty and languid. Undoubtedly they could afford to be lazy, owing to the almost incredible abundance of all kinds of fish and game. Their clothing consisted of a shirt, over which a blanket was thrown, leaving the head and feet bare. The heads of the infants were flattened between two strips of board bound together with cords of cedar bark.

In the village were many totem poles elaborately carved, which were said to belong to a tribe of the Sne-ny-mos which had left the place many years before. There, too, might be seen the ancient Indian cemeteries where the bodies were not buried in the ground, but placed in boxes which were piled one above another and mouldering with age. One of these burying grounds was on Cameron Island, over which today steam the cars of the Western Fuel Company bearing coal to the ships. Another was amongst the rocks and trees of Jesse Island, which lies close to the site of the Government Biological Station.

Before the coming of the whites the more stodgy and lazy Sne-ny-mos appear to have been much at the mercy of the fiercer and more active tribes of the north, especially the Kwa-kualths, who came down from the northern part of Vancouver Island in the vicinity of Fort Rupert. Old inhabitants of Nanaimo tell stories of gaily painted war canoes; of braves dressed in all the battle array of paint, feathers and buckskin; of human heads on poles brought back triumphantly to the village, as well as many other wonders which seem to us of the present day to belong to the realm of mythology.

When two Kwa-kualths who were engaged in logging at Nanaimo were killed by the Sne-ny-mos even the presence of the two six-pound carronades in the Bastion did not prevent the Kwa-kualths gathering from up and down the coast and assembling their war canoes to the number of about 100 in Nanaimo Harbor. The Hudson's Bay Company, however, allowed it to be distinctly understood that war whoops were prohibited within range of the fort, and after making a display of power the Kwa-kualths withdrew. Frequently in times of peace the rumor went round that the Kwa-kualths were about to attack, and the the



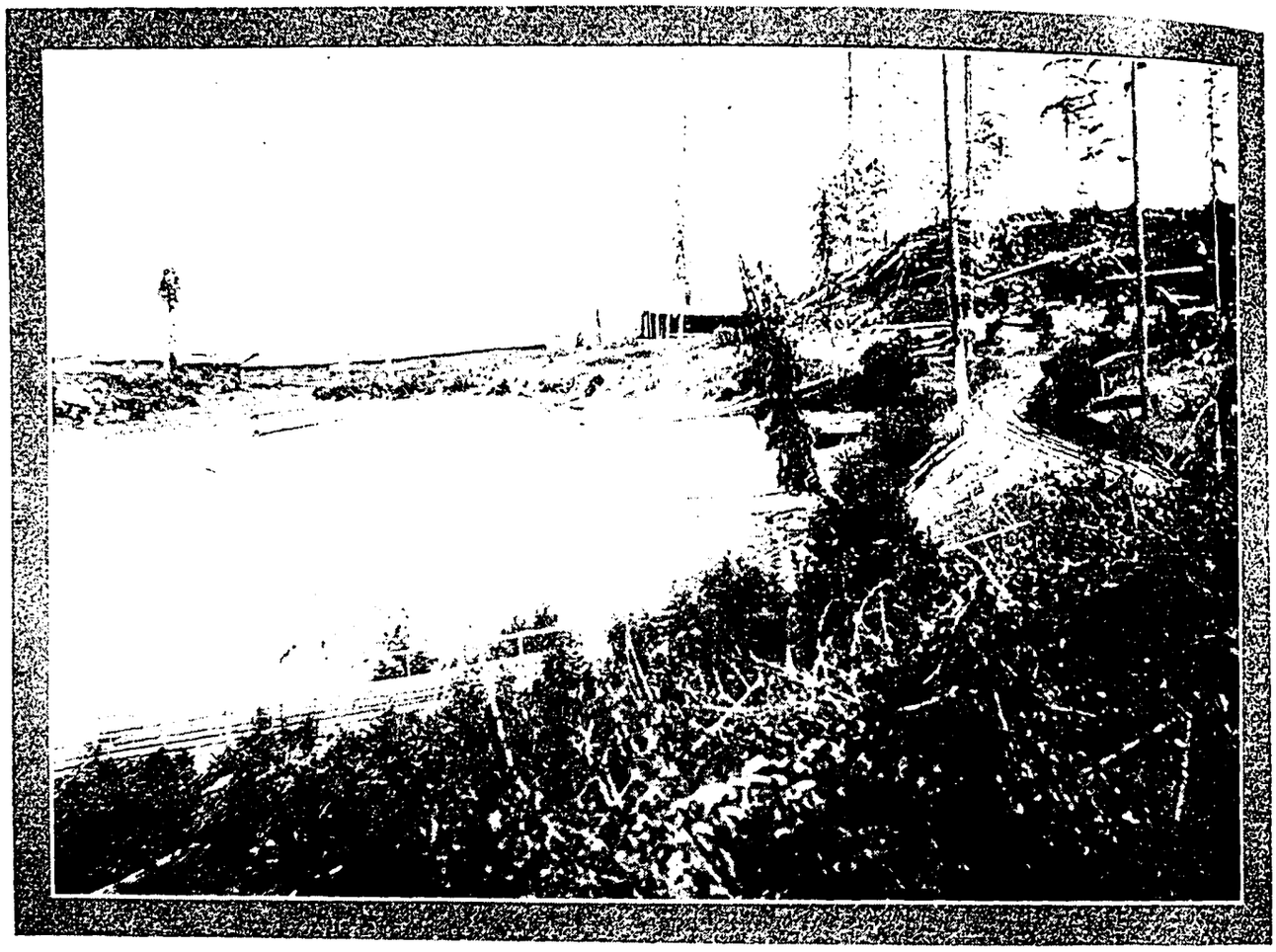
Sae-ny-mos might be seen going about armed with knives and with files sharpened to daggers.

The Indians, although seldom openly unfriendly to the white man, appear to have regarded him as an unwelcome invader. His habits and customs were to them strange and incomprehensible. The sacredness of the lives of his domestic animals was a thing unknown to them, and one which they frequently disregarded. His cattle, which roamed freely in the woods, they often killed and then peddled the flesh in the village under the name of venison. The use of horses and oxen as beasts of burden they regarded as an encroachment upon the natural sphere of woman; with their heaven-given labor taken from them women were sure to become lazy and arrogant, and no doubt the aborigine saw in his mind's eye the breaking-up of the home, the decay of the race and the overthrow of society just as clearly as does the most bigoted anti-suffragist of the present day.

In the early sixties at Cowichan the Indians killed a white man who was quietly working in his fields. For this crime a Nanaimo Indian and a Cowichan Indian were hanged at Gallows Point, on Protection Island—a point rounded by all vessels entering the harbor.

The guns of the Bastion, though frequently used to frighten the natives, were never, it appears, employed for the destruction of human life. Their principal use, indeed, was for the salutation of Governor Douglas upon the occasions of his official visits to the post. For the Indians it was sufficient to see the havoc wrought by grape and canister upon the woods of Protection Island, or the effect of bombs which the gunboats fired for practice against the ancient rocky walls of Gabriola Island.

Serious trouble very nearly occurred when on one occasion an Indian, not entirely without provocation, killed a dog belonging to one of the settlers. The fellow tribesmen of the culprit refused to give him up, and arming themselves with guns, knives, iron bolts, bludgeons and other implements, prepared to make resistance. A few shots from the Bastion directed against the neighboring woods soon convinced the Indians that their weapons were inferior to those of the "King George men." The malefactor was accordingly delivered up and sentenced by Captain Stuart to the "exemplary"



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punishment of flogging across one of the guns in the upper storey of the Bastion.

The Haida Indians were apparently confirmed kleptomaniacs, and would steal even within sight of the owner the goods they desired. Most of these thefts were trifling and were as a rule severely punished. One Indian was flogged for stealing part of a washing from a clothes-line. In the summer of 1862 a large party of Haidas who had been trading in Victoria left in their canoes for the North. En route they called at Salt Springs Island and there committed some petty robbery in a store. As soon as the journey could safely be undertaken the settlers complained at Victoria, and the gunboat "Forward" was sent in pursuit of the marauders. They overtook the Haidas at Cape Mudge, where they were preparing to camp for the night, and the interpreter and the magistrate were sent ashore to make the arrests. A long pow-wow failed to convince the Indians that it would be to their advantage to deliver up the thieves. The result was reported to the captain, who gave the order to steam close to the shore and in half an hour to fire. A cannon shot was sent over the camp, whereupon the muskets of the Indians crackled back a reply. This time a heavy charge of grape crashed into the Indian encampment. The Indians returned fire and took to the woods. The gunboat bombarded for half an hour, then the darkness of the summer night settled down and all was silent.

In the morning a message was sent ashore to the effect that the chiefs must be delivered up, otherwise firing would be renewed. They found canoes smashed and bodies lying as they had fallen, torn to pieces by the firing of the previous evening. The chiefs, it appeared, were ready, even anxious, to get aboard. They were taken to Victoria and there served a term of imprisonment.

As long as the Hudson's Bay Company was in charge of the coal mines the output hardly exceeded thirty tons per diem. Indians were the "pushers" in the mine and a stiff-kneed horse did the hauling. The bodies of the "skiveys" or baskets were made from cedar twigs. All the coal was dumped in a heap and then carried by Indians to canoes, by which it was conveyed to lighters made fast alongside the men-of-war. Thence it was hoisted or shovelled aboard the vessel. The work of shovelling was also performed by Indians. Women were employed as well as men, and being more accustomed to work, pe-

NANAIMO IN 1867

quently earned more remuneration in the shape of blankets, beads, etc., than did their male relatives. In one of the log huts close to the Bastion lived a man who was destined to count his wealth in millions and to build for himself a palace of which a prince might not feel ashamed. This man was Robert Dunsmuir, miner and afterwards mining contractor, who had come to the colony from Kilmarnock, Scotland, in the summer of 1851. His son Alexander was the first white child born in Nanaimo. Had he remained in Scotland it is hard to say in what manner this man's genius would have managed to express itself, but in the new country every opportunity was at hand. He became contractor for the Hudson's Bay Company; superintended the sinking of several of the first coal pits; and traced the outcropping of the coal seams over many parts of the country. Later he discovered the Wellington seam, from which he made his fortune. Mr. Dunsmuir did much for Nanaimo. He promoted the first Nanaimo Waterworks Company and Nanaimo's first reading-room. Most important of all, in 1883 he built the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway.

Interesting details are given of the social life of the colony under the Hudson's Bay Company's regime. One of the company's buildings was known as the "Stranger's House," and as its name suggests, was used for the accommodation of guests. Under its hospitable roof sojourned many of the Hudson's Bay Company's officials, as well as many other distinguished men of the time, including Sir James Douglas, Chief Justice Cameron, Mr. E. G. Prior and Lord Charles Beresford. Old-timers draw a picture of the latter when a middy sitting on the side of a home-made bed because all the chairs were occupied, and taking his full share in the wit and humor which went round with the festive bowl.

In the stone house which William Isbister built with lime made from clam shells was the officers' mess-room, which used to be cleared for dancing when the Governor's daughters or Miss Cameron paid a visit to the post. Miss Cameron was the daughter of Chief Justice Cameron, the first judge of the colony, whose wife was the sister of Sir James Douglas. On such occasions local musical talent had every chance to display itself. One of the best violoncello players was Matthew Miller, now living in Vancouver, who frequently assisted at the musical programmes in the old mess-room.

MR. MARK BATE, ONE OF THE NANAIMO PIONEERS

Another famous entertainer was Captain James Hewitt, of the Hudson's Bay Company's barge "Thames," who was noted throughout the country as a conjurer, and never failed to draw a full house at his performances in the old carpenter's shop.

Of the settlers who came on the "Princess Royal" in 1854 very few are now remaining. A passenger on that vessel during a subsequent voyage was Mr. Mark Bate, J.P., the historian of the old Nanaimo days from whom the writer got most of the facts related in this article. Interesting indeed are the stories of the pioneer days, when men's characters and talents, freely developed, seem to have made them capable of achievements as varied and wonderful as those of the fabled Nimrod.

For example, there was Edward Walker, former man-of-war's man, who performed the varied duties of deck hand, captain, miner, wharf builder and logger. Captain Stuart's diary credits him with such diversified labors as "repairing engine rope," "fitting guns in the Bastion," "fixing triangle over No. 3 pit for the purpose of lowering the pumps," and also with placing in the harbor the first beacon light, which was held in position by heaps of stones.

Dr. Benson, the eccentric and kind-hearted Yorkshire physician in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, who dispensed medicines and medical advice free of charge, was also a well-known character in the early days. The beautiful mountain rising in the rear of the city was named in his honor.

Another pioneer, Magnus Edgar, a hardy Shetland Islander, was said to have performed the remarkable feat of travelling on foot from York Factory over the Rocky Mountains. He afterwards died on a farm which he had hewn from the rocks and woods of Gabriola Island.

Acts of heroism appear to have been many. On one occasion, when two miners had fallen to the bottom of Douglas Pit, a miner named Harry Bolton made the descent of nearly 300 feet with a rope fastened round his body, and managed to bring to the surface one of the men who was still alive.

William Isbister, builder of the "stone house," as well as of all the chimneys in the village, became a hermit in his latter years. Out beyond Chase River he cleared a farm, and there from the rich virgin soil produced turnips and potatoes of wondrous size and quality. Today the fir trees are growing forty feet high over the scene of his labors.

Several Iroquois Indians, who apparently had followed the Hudson's Bay Company westward, were prominent in the early history of Nanaimo. There was Louis Oteskoris, a half-breed who labored in the capacity of deer-stalker. Some of his market quotations bring a tear to the eye in these days of meat trusts and kindred horrors. Note for example: whole carcass of venison, 2s 1d; quarter, 8d. Then there was "One-armed Tomo," the daring and dauntless, who could swing an axe or use an auger with his left hand. He was a leader among the Iroquois, and being familiar with all the Indian languages along the coast, was much in demand as an interpreter.

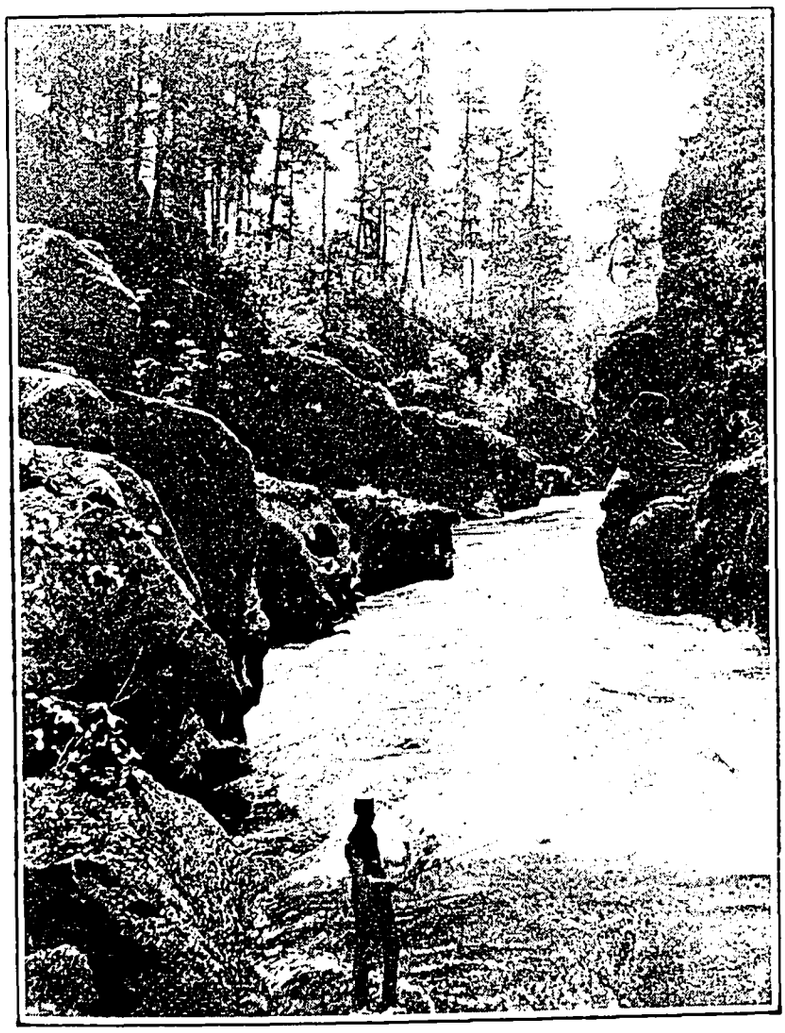
Several Kanakas there were, too, who had come on the ships from the Sandwich Islands. One of them, Kahua, was as much at home in the water as a duck, and if a loaded lighter sunk in the harbor, he could always be depended upon to dive and place a rope or chain so that it could be lifted.

Another Kanaka, Jim Kimo by name,

used to enliven the landscape by his bright red sash and the red tassel in his cap. He held the position of watchman in the Bastion, and at midnight it was his duty to fire a gun and call out "All's well."

Captain Stuart, who succeeded Joseph W. McKay as officer in charge of the Nanaimo establishment, seems to have been a man of much strength of character, and withal kindly and generous. He died while on an exploring expedition in 1863 and was buried in the old cemetery on the Comox road, where he had read the burial service over so many of those who had gone before.

All this, however, belongs to an order of things which has slipped away for ever, and it would require great magic to conjure up the spirit of Jim Kimo in cap and sash or of "One-armed Tomo" on the busy Nanaimo streets of the present day. The population has leaped to over 7,000, and on the streets the old-timer sees few familiar faces. In summer long rows of automobiles from up and down the country are drawn up before the hotel doors, and people talk fluently about the "tourist trade," which, indeed, will be no myth in the years to come, for this city has natural scenery second to none in the province. Nanaimo is awakening, is still, indeed, at the eye-rubbing stage, being somewhat dazzled by the wealth of her possessions. It is safe to prophesy that within the next decade this city will know to her advantage, as she has never known before, the truth of that old saying, "To him that hath shall be given."



NANAIMO RIVER CANYON

The Spirit of Canada

By DAVID B. BOGLE

The subjoined poem was published in the Winnipeg *Telegram* three days before the late election. It is quite worthy this gifted disciple and favorite of Professor David Masson at Edinburgh, and bosom friend of the late Professor Henry Drummond, with whom he watched as the latter passed away. Mr. Bogle has been known for twenty years to the people of British Columbia as a writer and speaker with few peers and no superiors in this country, and it was in British Columbia that the greater portion of his active life has been spent. Mr. Bogle is now editorial writer on the Winnipeg *Daily Telegram,* and will occasionally contribute to the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE. "The Spirit of Canada" seems to us the most like what Kipling might have written of the hopes and aims of the party Mr. Bogle represents, of anything which has come to our notice; and it is a noble expression of Imperial sentiment which has animated the author in his two-score years' service in his adopted land.

Poor folk are we and inconspicuous.
But nine to ninety on this continent;
To yield to numbers we should be content,
Yet here and now a day has dawned for us,
Great as the morning of that glorious day
When Greece was rescued at Thermopylæ.

There separate states, narrow and selfish all,
And each upon its own affairs intent,
Were saved by one, when destinies were blent
In one great crisis, from a foreign thrall
And separate destruction. That is why
The Spartan name is lauded to the sky.

Our empire is the same as Greece, and we
Are at the parting, we are in the pass.
Shall we, then, stand or shall we yield, alas!
We're told to yield, for we had better be
Fat slaves than leaner freemen of our breed,
In all their talking that is all their creed.

"By all confederation means to me,
"Which gave the Empire its first law of growth.
"By our fair Canada I would be loath,
"To idly stand aside, certain to see
"Its goodly area shattered, split in twain,
"Sundered beyond my power to heal again.
"A sword, a sword, I'll throw away my shield;
"I'll fight and fight, but I will never yield."

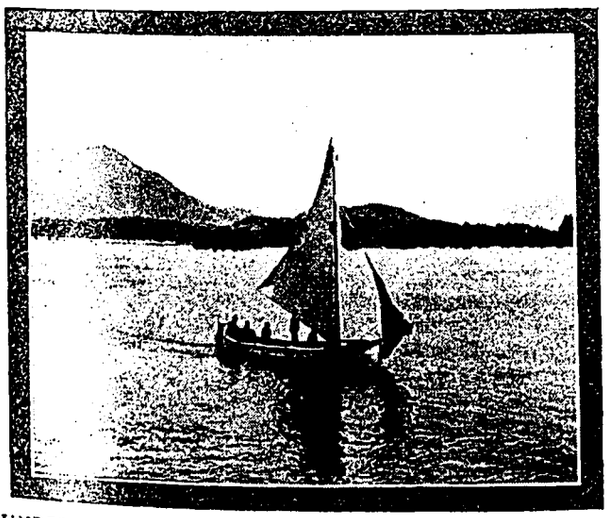
There's the Canadian spirit, or we've lost
What made us Canada in harder days.
And snapped by luxury are taking ways
Indifferent to all we treasure most.
But if we save this careless Empire, then,
Men will arise at least to call us men.
Its history will give the reason why
Our names are on its honor roll so high.

Passing of the Siwash

FROM Cape Scott to Victoria on the west coast, and from Shushartie Bay to Victoria on the east coast of the Island, the aboriginal inhabitants are gradually but steadily disappearing. Civilization, however it may do for the white man, is deadly to the Indian, and once the virus of the "better life" is injected into his veins, the more certain he is to disappear under its malign influence.

Time was when his high-prowed canoe could be seen in all directions on the waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and even breasting the waters of the stormy Pacific. But now, save in certain localities, the primitive yew paddle no longer flashes and dips in the sunlight, and the primeval sail is seldom seen skimming low horizons or whitening against the sunlight in the many fiords and inlets of the adjacent west coast.

Tribally the Vancouver Island Indians have been divided into different branches: the Nootkas, the Clayoquots, the Cowichan Indians, and other branches; but the term "Siwash," whether ethnologically correct or not, has served to comprehend the entire race. Probably the most notable peculiarity about this strange race is that inflection is perhaps the most marked peculiarity of their language, and is, more than anything else, an unsolvable puzzle to those who have made their lives, customs, traditions and peculiarities a life study. A word signifying the ordinary form of salutation may be, by a different inflection, given an entirely different meaning, and, in fact, the same word may convey half a dozen different meanings, each meaning conveyed by a separate and distinct inflection. The Siwash, as a rule, is short and squat, with the red man's proverbial fondness for liquor and an outdoor life. He is a most skilful canoeist, either in the rapids of the rivers or among the tide-rips and huge waves of the Pacific. More particularly a fish-eating tribe, the Siwashes very seldom penetrate far into the interior, preferring to be near the water. They are only fair hunters, but when deer were more plentiful they were in the habit of killing large numbers of them by strategy, driving them into the water with cur dogs and killing them in great numbers.



UNDER THE SETTING SUN..... THE SAIL OF THE SIWASH SETS WESTWARD

They have formed, and even now form, a picturesque addition to the attractions of the Island from the standpoint of the traveller and the sight-seer. Along the west coast their sails are seen more or less infrequently, and on the Cowichan River and the other rivers of the Island most noted for fishing and shooting advantages they are found as guides, canoeists and camp followers. The best of them are very reliable men in the woods, possessed of great powers of endurance, and a number of them are good mountain-climbers and fair shots. Their reserves dot the Island in many directions, but their numbers decrease yearly, and the final extinction of the entire tribes is a matter which cannot occupy very many more years. Some of them work in the canneries and sawmills, but as a rule the Siwash is not particularly enamored of hard manual labor. This, however, does not apply to his willingness to work hard and long at trolling for salmon, fishing for halibut, spearing steelheads and salmon in the rapids of the various rivers, or exerting himself strenuously in any occupation which combines sport with the work.

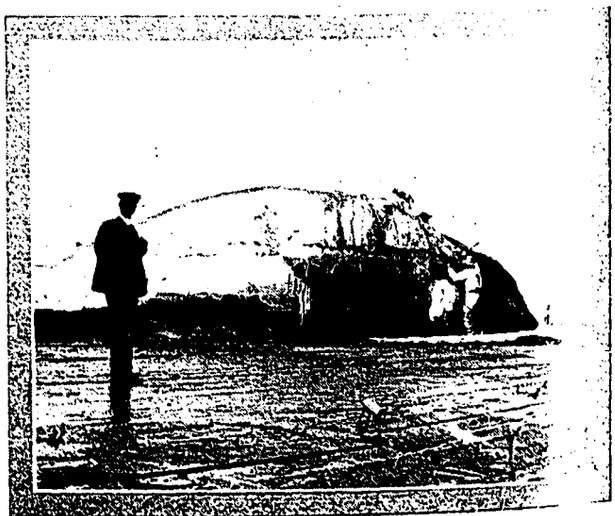
The system adopted by the early Govern-

IN THE MAKING OF CANOES AND PADDLES THEY HAVE ATTAINED A HIGH PROFICIENCY

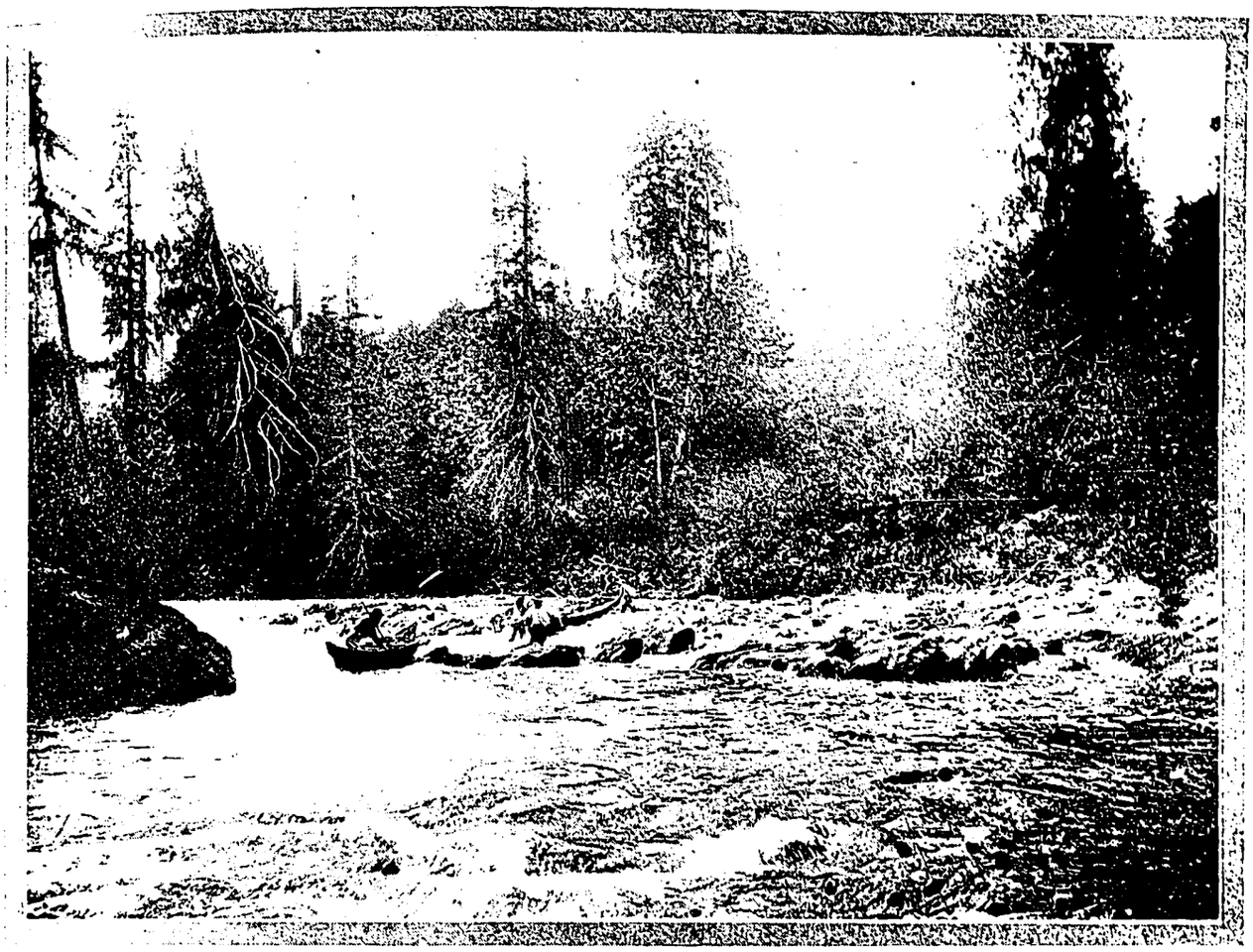
ments in turning over very choice land to the Indians for their reservations has been a very considerable hindrance to the progress of agriculture in those districts, as the noble red man is not a devotee as regards intensive farming. When it comes to intensive smoking, intensive shooting and fishing, or the intensive contemplation of the beauties of the landscape, he is a wonder; but he does not possess the grubbing tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon as regards propositions like land-clearing and the persistent agricultural life.

Of legendary lore and the history of his forefathers the Siwash has a considerable store; and to the students of ethnology there is a wide field of research and investigation among the legends of the various tribes. A number of bloody battles have been fought among them, and in some instances entire tribes have been entirely annihilated by their enemies. The first irruption of white navigators into the Island was marked at different times by massacres of ships' crews, but as a rule the Siwashes have confined their activities of the warlike kind among themselves. Their mechanical ingenuity is comparatively limited, although in the making of canoes and paddles and the weaving of baskets they have attained a high proficiency. The early implements of hooks and lines for the catching of fish and for the making of clothing and ornaments were rather crude, not displaying the skill and finish which may be found even among the Esquimaux.

Today the Siwash may be found presenting two totally different contrasts. On the one hand he may be discerned in the boats and canoes of his ancestors, fishing for halibut and salmon, or standing scantily apparelled by the swift inland rivers, spearing salmon with the crudest appliances; or often slowly struggling along the streets of the towns and cities of the Island, followed by his klootchman, dressed in the



IN CATCHING WHALES THE SIWASH ENJOYS ORT WITH HIS WORK



STANDING, SCANTILY APPARELLED, BY THE SWIFT INLAND WATERS SPEARING SALMON

white man's clothing, and presenting a lack-lustre picture of stoical dejection. Medical statistics would seem to show that the rearing of children under modern or so-called civilized conditions is not conducive to the prolongation of the Siwashes. The wild, free life of the seaside, the forests and the wilderness in general was apparently the factor which kept their members comparatively unbroken. But contact with the whites and the train of ills which the white man produces in his wake has decimated them almost to the point of obliteration.

Slowly and surely the Indian on Vancouver Island is fading away. A quarter of a century hence may not find a single representative of the Siwash alive on the Island. His was not an heroic figure, although in times of direst danger the Siwashes have played the part of heroes where the boasted Anglo-Saxon has occasionally proved himself a coward of the deepest dye.

Records of their rescues of the shipwrecked is one which time will not forget, however the memory of man proves indifferent or ungrateful.

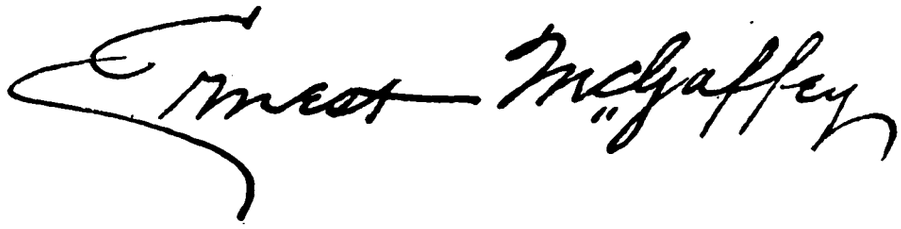
Like other races which clash with the Caucasian, they early developed the traits of the weaker individuality, and they will eventually go to the wall the same as the Indians of eastern and middle Canada, and the red men of the United States.

Under the setting sun, flushing with crimson over the serrated billows of the Pacific, the sail of the Siwash sets westward, soon to sink in enveloping night. Into the recesses of the inland rivers,

COMING INTO TOWN WITH HIS KLOOTCHMAN

shaded by huge firs and hemlocks, the prow of his canoe slips silently, like a beaver, into shadows of the dimly dissolving future.

For the records of the aborigine in all ages and all countries have been a remorseless blotting-out, and a continuous procession of evanishing forms, shrouded for the most part in mystery and romance, tinged much with the mystery of racial origin and tradition, and making for the most part but a brief-writ page in the calendar of time.



Child's Play

In happy childhood's days I blew
Great iridescent globes that flew
High in the air like swift balloons,
Or whirled like new-created moons
In strange, erratic orbs around
Some distant sun I never found.

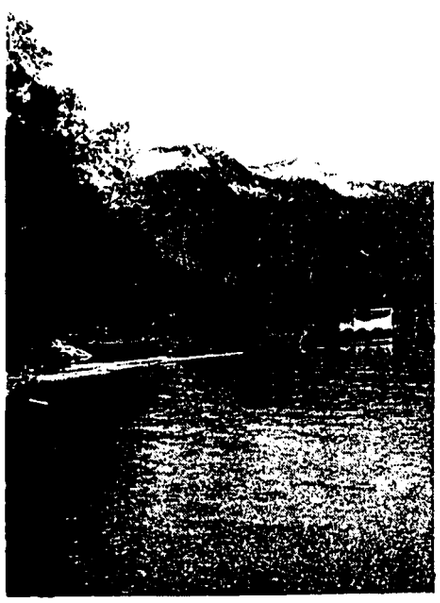
Now, older but not wiser grown,
A fairer bubble have I blown.
Of sun-kissed loveliness impearled,
It filled the limits of the world
And seemed as if 'twere meant to last;
It was so exquisite, so vast,
So visionlike, so heavenly bright,
I saw in it all life's delight.

Illusion! It was film so rare
That even when it seemed most fair
A hasty word its fabric jarred—
Strange that a breath should strike so hard!
It burst, and there was nothing left
To tell of what I was bereft,
Except a sprinkle of hot tears,
As when a bubble disappears!

—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, in *Munsey's*.

CHILLIWACK

The Garden of British Columbia



CULTUS LAKE—A CHARMING BODY OF WATER NEAR CHILLIWACK

WELLINGTON STREET, CHILLIWACK. MOUNTAINS IN DISTANCE ARE NORTH BANK OF THE FRASER RIVER

HOME AND GARDEN OF JOHN SNIDER, CHILLIWACK. ROSES BLOOM AT CHRISTMAS HERE

ON FARM OF A. C. WELLS & SON

THE CHILLIWACK CREAMERY

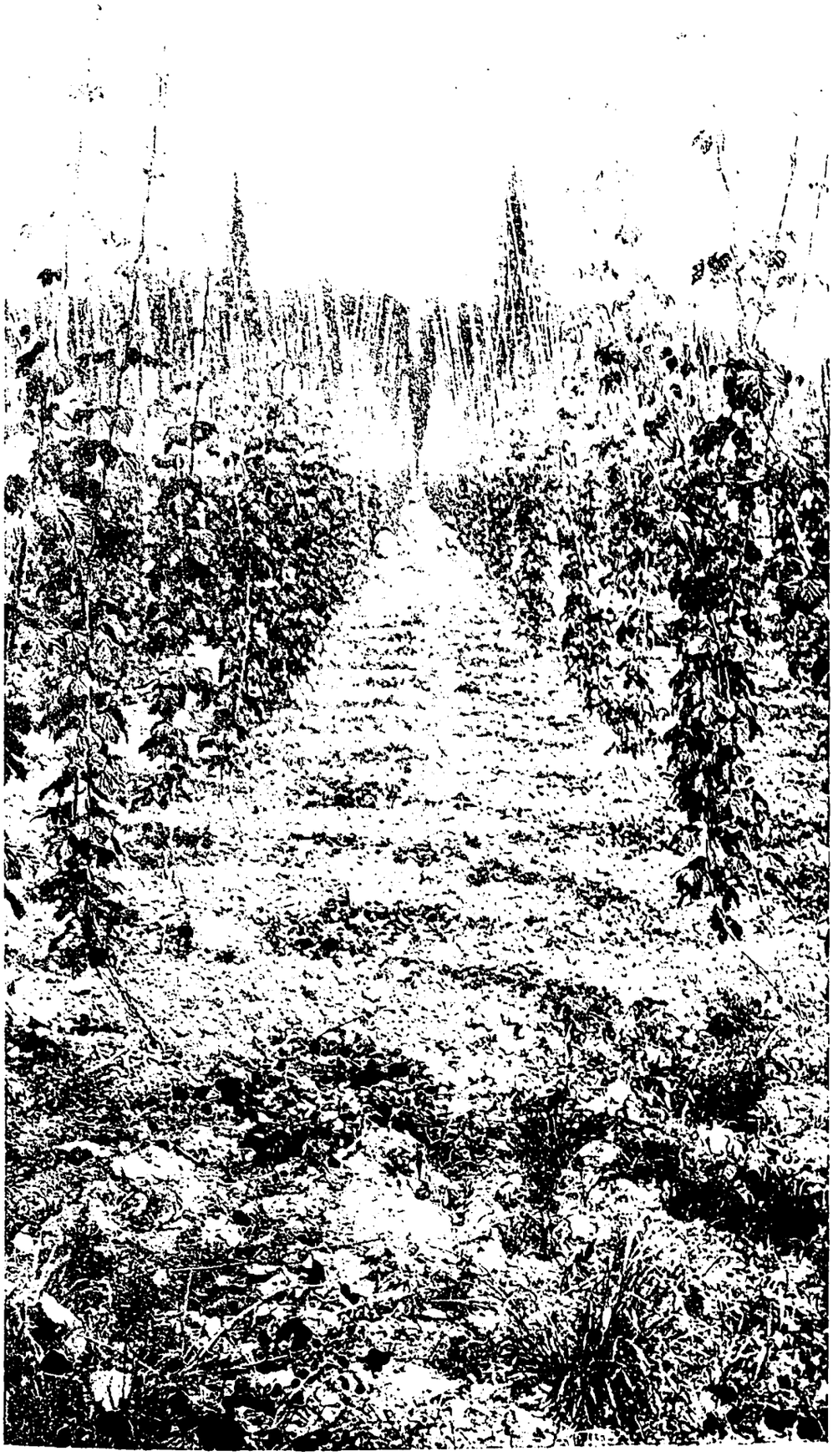
HOLSTEIN CATTLE ON FARM OF A. C. WELLS & SON

DAIRY HERD ON FARM OF JAS. BAILEY

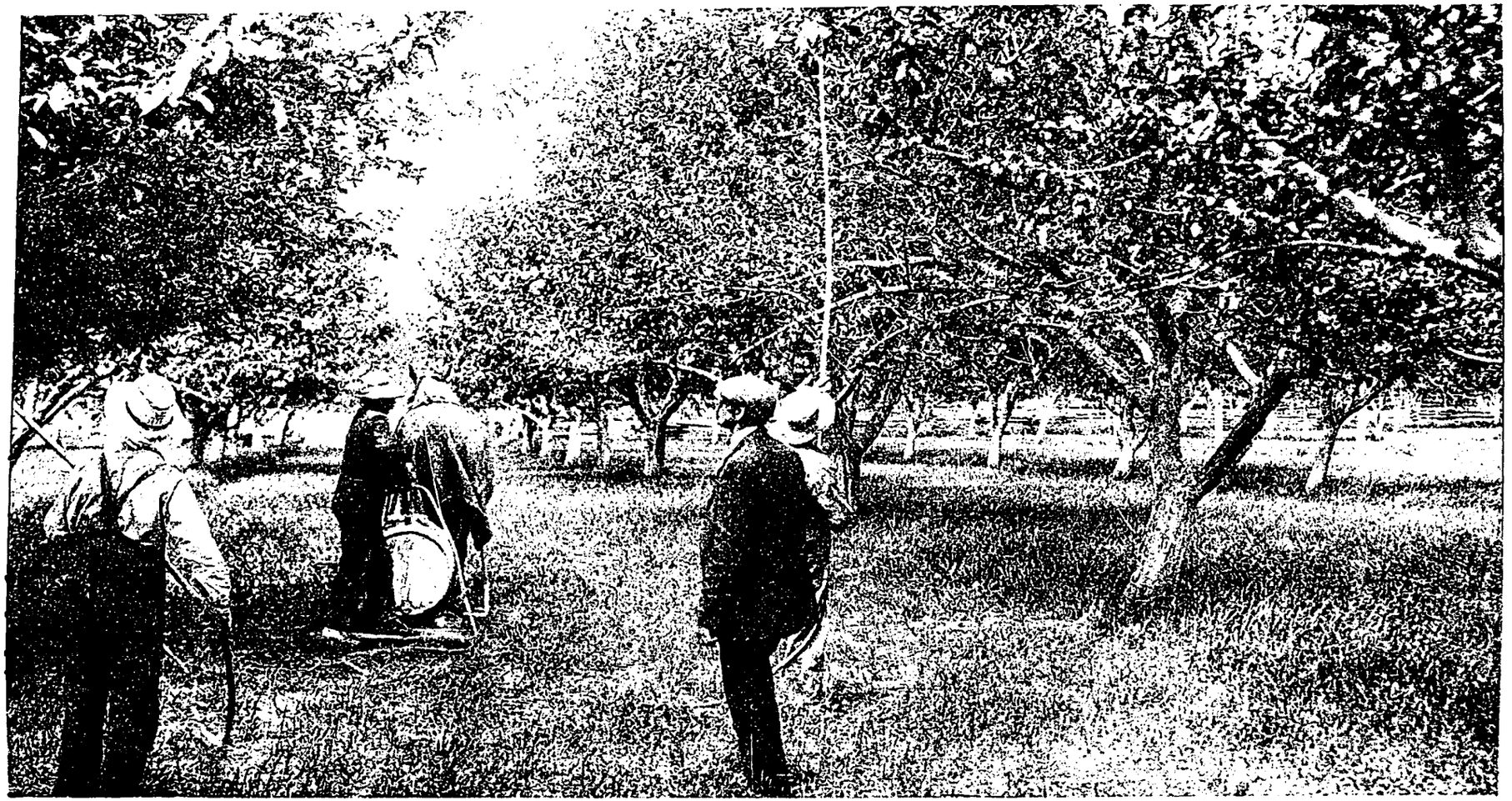
FARM OF J. BARKER

SOME PRIZE STOCK ON FARM OF J. A. EVANS

FAMOUS CHERRY TREE IN ORCHARD OF P. W. CRANKSHAW



CULTIVATING THE HOP FIELDS OF H. HULBERT, SARDIS



SPRAYING THE ORCHARD ON THE FARM OF A. C. WELLS & SON, SARDIS

THE CELERY FARM OF MESSRS. CARTER & AULT. THE COPELAND CELERY FARM ADJOINING. FIFTEEN ACRES OF CELERY ON THIS FARM THIS YEAR HAVE SOLD FOR $8,000. THIS FARM OF 40 ACRES AND IMPROVEMENTS, NEW HOUSE, ETC., HAS PAID FOR ITSELF IN THE FIRST CROP

THE VEEDER RIVER

Keenan, the Cache-keeper

A Story of the Shut-mouthed Men

By Pollough Pogue

MY friend, Jimmy Laramie, the cache-keeper, told me this, sitting in front of the living-shack at the cache, with the smudge-pail between us, one long evening of deep quiet, clean smells and soft lights, on spruce-coasted Nipigon. And when the sun sunk in crimson blaze and umber reek behind the rusty spruce woods we sat picturing the drama of the story in the wild northern sunset's smoke and coal. It was half-past nine o'clock that night before the last coals blackened in the northwest, and that dark brood of night-shadows spawned in the spruce came out to play in the cache clearing.

Jimmy Laramie was a big, clean-made Canadian with a large, honest face rusted brown by the sun. He had been for three months alone at the cache, eating his own villainies out of his frying-pan. He was an unbitted young stallion of the hardy breed that will not stay at home but must be heading northward and westward on its great adventure. I was a fire-ranger, drawn that way by a big smoke which a day's rain had cleaned from the sky.

We had been talking about the keepers of the lonely food caches which the Transcontinental engineers have set at least a hundred miles apart in a long east and west string across the continent-wide waste of spruce and muskeg which has fewer people to the square mile than any other part of the earth. These caches feed the field parties who are drawing a line of enormous mileage through the unmothered fastnesses of the finest wilderness left in the world.

The cache-keepers, living alone often for many months at a time on unmapped rivers and lakes not mentioned in the schoolbooks, are mother-forgotten men. Some of them go back utterly to the pagan embrace of Pan. Upon the minds of others the loneliness and interminable silence of the spruce forest weighs heavily, till a fungous brood of shadows clouds their brains, or the wilderness takes them like children by the hand and reassures them. Most cache-keepers live the uncombed, unbuttoned life and never lace their shoe-packs.

Keenan was cache-keeper on Rabiskaw Lake and he thought himself lucky. There was a small fur post on Rabiskaw Lake, a French company post, only ten miles from the cache. Once a week Keenan would paddle down the lake to the post and spend the night there.

Keenan was a type of the hardest men shaped in God's image today, the Canadians whom you will find on the uncombed North's ragged frontier, which they are hourly shoving farther northward, unrolling the map of vastness, with the balsam of the forest in their nostrils to give them strength. He had been transit-man on a location party that drew supplies from Rabiskaw Lake cache, and, his eyes going bad from much sighting across the naked snows, had come down from "the line" to keep the cache and rest his eyes.

He was a big, hairy man, sun-smoked dark as your shoe-packs, muscled like a horse, built as strong as the great Laurentian cliffs of Rabiskaw Lake, upon which the ages of the earth have written their mighty history. His mouth was a rusty knife-cut, his chin a block of beaten bronze.

. . . . . .

Joe Brosseaux, an enormous man, as black as a black bear, was in charge of the Rabiskaw Lake post. He was a French-Canadian with a dark lick of Indian blood in one end of his personal equation. When the crucible of his nature was heated by big, simple, primitive emotions, this wild Bedouin strain came to the surface in effervescence. Then there was likely to be

trouble. His wife was a Scotch-Cree half-breed woman. Little Franchette, their daughter, was very pretty in a wild, brown way.

When Keenan first saw little Franchette she was wearing a spray of the red flowers of the fire-weed in her black hair, and when he kissed her her lips flowered as scarlet as the fire-weed's blood-hued blossoms. Before Keenan came into her life she was only a child as fresh and pure as the pyrola flowers that grew in white lakes on the muskeg. When he made love to her she ripened as the wild raspberries ripen under the hot grim of the July sun, and only the beads on her rosary knew how much she loved him.

It meant everything in the world to her, but nothing at all to him. To him it was like hearing once more a stave of an old familiar song; he had made love to many women.

It was very pleasant to talk to this little wild girl with her dusk-rose face. It was very pleasant to be kissed by that soft mouth, and the something that laughed in her black eyes was very alluring.

To him she seemed no woman on earth at all, but a daughter of Pan, a wild thing of the spruce and muskeg, who stole away from the post o' nights when the moon hung red over the forest, to dance with dryads in some moon-lit brule.

. . . . . .

One week of blue October haze through which the soft maples on the hardwood ridges were red as torches and the birches yellow as camp fires, Keenan did not come to the post as usual. Instead came an Ojibway of a "family" camped near the cache with the news that the big cache-keeper was going back to "the line."

Then very limited Joe Brosseaux, who had never seen a town or a railway train, or a fenced road, who had lived his life beyond the ravelled edge of civilization, with which he had never touched hands across the spruce forest, who was aware of basic things only, who was no more civilized than the black spruce, took canoe with two of his Ojibways for the cache, smouldering inside. The love of his daughter had been slimed with treading where love should never go, and if the cache-keeper meant to go away and leave her, there would be a heavy accounting.

"I will bring him back, Dear-my-soul," he said to Franchette when she told him how matters stood, "and we will send for Father Dugas, and he shall marry you. If not," he added with a rough muspuash oath when she had gone, "I will kill the lousy dog." So the canoe slopped through the shouldering waves that flowered white around it and in the brown dusk came to the river bay where crouched the great grey log cache.

Keenan lay in his bunk in his living-shack reading a magazine two years old. Window and door stood open, and the flickering light from his candle ran in and out of the corners of the shack. The shadows dance-stepped on the floor.

Black Brosseaux crumpled his huge body through the doorway. The spruce-leathered Ojibway canoemen stayed by the canoe. Telepathically they knew there would be a fight; it was in the air. But they would not interfere. The big gods whose drama was the lives of men had planned it.

The cache-keeper surged up from his bunk and roughed a "Bou-jou, bou-jou, Joe!" in his moose bellow that made the words sound like camp oaths.

"Bou-jou, bou-jou, m'shoor," growled Brosseaux in answer. "So you leave de cache? You go on 'de line,' eh? W'en you go? Nex' week?"

"Next week I hit the unblazed trail that leads to hell or sundown," answered Keenan, laughing down from his great height.

Black Brosseaux's big, square face was made in ruled lines that ran up and down and across, and now the lines hardened into a map of fury. He was a man of sparse speech and his way was always that of simplicity and directness.

"You —— ——!" he roared, "you com' to de pos' an' marry Franchette. If not, den I kill you!"

The cache-keeper laughed again in shameless, insolent mirth. "So you want a fight, do you? By the smoke of hell, you'll get your bellyful. I won't marry your mongrel daughter, though she is a pretty little thing. Come outside."

There were no more words. The North breeds shut-mouthed men; few are their words and straight to the point. Bros-

seaux turned and strode outside. Keenan followed. A great burnt-gold moon had topped a broken-backed hill; the little clearing was strewn with the bright coin of the moonlight. An owl questioned the bronze night with rough speech. Whip-poor-wills called from the spruce-shadows: "Bois pourri! bois pourri! bois pourri!" From the vast spread of the lake the grey waves came galloping and crumbled into snow on the beach. Far away a wild rapid, rippling through an ore-boned gorge, made her prayer to God. But these small sounds did not disturb the Big Elemental Silence, filled with romance and melancholy, that hung over forest, lake and rough-backed hill.

Both men understood that it was not to be a mere fist-fight, and looked about for weapons. Two new brush-hooks of the kind used by axemen on "the line" leaned against the cache wall. With a single impulse each man laid a big brown hand on one of these. Then began a battle to write poetry about.

It was like hearing old legends told anew to see them strike and parry, running swiftly forward and back, circling and side-stepping. Brosseaux's soul vibrated with hatred, but Keenan felt nothing but the impersonal zest for fighting that was part of his healthy pagan nature. His great frank soul rejoiced in its freedom. He had come to the wilderness because he was too big to live under the restraints of civilization. He had wanted more room. He had refused to walk in the gravel paths and keep off the grass.

The steel clanged with the right ring of battle and the sparks flew merrily as the blades met in parries. The elemental man, the half-brute of the Flint Age, leaped to life in both men. Ages of civilization dropped from the cache-keeper. As he fought Brosseaux quickly lapsed back to the primitive; he had not so far to go.

Presently Keenan's face was gashed open from brow to chin by a glancing blow. A moment afterward only a quick backward spring saved Brosseaux from a slashing cut that would have split his shoulder.

"By God!" jeered Keenan with a red grin, "you smelt hell that time, old shoe-pack!"

That taunt set Black Brosseaux on flame. With a deep bear-roar he rushed at Keenan again, swinging a desperate blade. The cache-keeper gave back, parrying the brush-hook's fury. The moon-bright blades rang with blithe resonance. Luck was Keenan's ally. In a parry his leaping blade cut clean through Brosseaux's hook-stock just below the head and left the trader weaponless.

Brosseaux, roaring an oath, ran head down beneath the cache-keeper's arms and gripped him around the middle. Keenan was forced to drop his hook, and the fight became an issue of sheer physical strength between them. With mighty muscles astretch and thrilling, they wrestled. Breathing hard, they whirled and spun in circles, arms locked in fierce grapple, and the earth reverberated with the swift stamping of their moccasined feet. Twice they loosed their holds and bludgeoned each other with their fists.

At length Keenan, with a mighty heave, swung the trader off his feet and threw him upon his back, leapt upon his broad chest, and holding him down with his knees, sledged him in the face with maul-like fists. Long after Brosseaux was senseless the club-like arms rose and fell, battering the trader's face to wreckage. It was not until his savage fury had worked itself clear as wine clears itself in fermentation that he left Brosseaux to lie there in the dimmed daylight of the moon and went back to his shack.

. . . . . .

Brosseaux's Ojibways, carrying water in their hats, shocked the trader's dumbed brain back to consciousness again. Within a surprisingly short space of time he staggered to his feet, shaking his great mane of hair. He was half-blinded, his face was cut and bruised and blood-smeared, the nose was broken and flattened. But he was not badly hurt. Men of the spruce's stamp are hard to damage seriously. And he was not licked. There is no recipe for licking a bush-whelped Canadian. Stiff, sore in every joint, muscle-sprained, with red waves of pain shooting through his brain, seeing things through a sorrowful grey haze, he limped toward the shack to renew the fight.

Keenan sat on a bench in his shack

bathing the cut in his face with cold water from a basin which he held on his knees. Through the open doorway he looked out upon the calmness of the undisturbed night, the mingled grey and gloom and silver of the clearing, and on the forest edge the spilt-ink shadows and the penetrating moonlight leaking and dripping through the spruce branches like white rain. The wind had gone to sleep; the air hung quiet over all the vastness of spruce which the moon had turned into goblin country.

The moist coolness of the forest night touched his aching head tenderly, as with a quiet hand, and gratefully he inhaled the tranquil perfumes of the spruce woods, and healing smells are these.

The great northern moon flooded down a perfect freshet of light, and Keenan thought as he gazed through the doorway that the moon made the world look very old, even as the sunlight made it look young.

Only a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the fight had ended, but in that short time the cache-keeper had been, in a way, born again. The fight had made him think. It had uncovered a pay-streak of manliness in his unreflective pagan soul. A great light had burst suddenly upon him.

Heretofore for him the world had moved only in monotones; his very strength had narrowed his horizon of life as a thick turbulence of rain narrows the summer landscape. But now he saw a clear perspective stretching away before him. It seemed as if the fight had broken something in his brain, and let in a kindly light which showed him his duty to himself. Something like conscience or a human sense of right and wrong had sprung to life in him. It had wiped away the brand of the dog and tamed his iconoclastic spirit and placed a bit in his mouth.

He would marry little Franchette. She was a good girl, kindly and tender as any man could want, healthy and intelligent and fitting into the environment that he loved. His mind shaped a picture of the wild, perfect thing, and he heard her soft laughter, a sound as light and sweet as the small silver noise of a tree-shadowed stream. He would marry her and settle in the North.

The building of the Transcontinental would make the northern wilderness an empire of magnificent possibilities. The old spirit of the pioneers stirred in him. Just north of Rabiskaw Lake lay a great belt of good clay land, through which the railway would pass. He knew a place where a town would be made, at a divisional point on the railway. He thrilled with a sense of the hugeness of the enterprise. He was one of the men of whom the future will have songs to sing and tales to tell.

Suddenly Black Joe, a wild and bloody figure, unkempt, ragged, the blood blackening on his battered face, shambled through the doorway, and with a great rough oath called upon the cache-keeper to come out and renew the fight. The trader's muscles were stiff and numbed with pain, his swollen eyelids were shut to slits, and he saw things only as blurred shadows, but his thick jaw was set hard and his fighting blood was still astir.

Keenan set the basin down from his knees and got up from the bench.

"You're a good man, Joe," he said, "but we two fight no more. It isn't that I'm afraid. You know that. I never learned the lesson of fear yet, though I think it would do me good if I could. It would be as hard a lesson for me to learn as it would be for you.

"Wash your face and have a drink; there's whiskey in that bottle on the table. Then we'll go to the post. I've changed my mind, Joe. I'm going to marry your daughter."

To "The School Magazine" of British Columbia

Greeting

EDITED by Clive Phillips-Wolley, for the Education Department of British Columbia, and printed at Victoria by the King's Printer, October, 1911, sees the advent of *The School Magazine* of British Columbia. Its nineteen pages are full of things with a wholesome flavor.

The School Magazine, of which this is the opening number, owes its origin to an example set by New Zealand; to a suggestion made by His Excellency Lord Grey that we should follow New Zealand's example; and to the enterprise of the head of your own department, the Hon. Dr. Young, who has instructed us to adopt Lord Grey's suggestion.

"Take your Prince's motto, 'Ich dien' (I serve), which I have set on the outside of your magazine as your own, and live up to it; and when you die a grateful country will write above you these magic words, 'Well done.'"

The last pages are devoted to a charming tale in the same vein by the Rev. Herbert B. Grey, D.D., for twenty years principal of Bradfield College, Berks., where he not only did a great work, but where he put his whole fortune without material reward, and who for reasons of health has become a resident of British Columbia, and, let us hope, will be a determining factor in our provincial educational affairs. The story is quoted below:

A LEGEND OF SERVICE

Let me tell you a tale of olden days, which charmed my childhood.

Sixteen hundred years ago, in a barren Eastern land, a ferryman stood one dark and wild night on the banks of a river, which in the morning had been only a feeble stream, but now the lash of the storm had whipped it into a foaming flood.

Of a sudden, out of the blackness, he heard the voice of a little child crying to be taken across to his father's home.

Now, there was no boat there, and to breast such a stormy tide was a task fraught with the peril of death. But the brave waterman bade the child put its tiny arms round his neck, and began to thrust his heavy feet forward to reach the farther shore.

But though at first his load was light, there was no beacon to guide him through the waters, save a few faint stars struggling from out the murky sky, and the stepping-stones were steep and slippery at the swollen ford, so that he stumbled.

The weight on his back seemed to grow strangely heavy, and heavier, while his stout staff bent beneath the burden, and his head and shoulders were "christened" and nearly overwhelmed in the angry flood.

So then, ever struggling and halting and slipping, he scarce made good his ground, till at last he trod the shallows and safely but sorely landed with his burden on the longed-for shore.

And as his neck was at last free from the engirdling arms, the man turned to see the child, and lo! his once tiny charge was a child no more, but had grown to be the form of the Man who, in the old days gone by, had stilled the waves on the Lake of Galilee.

And as he looked, the Figure which he had carried across the flood vanished out of his sight, but from that night forth the ferryman and all that he had, and all that he did, grew.

The man himself became a giant, great in thews, and height and breadth, a conqueror in many a gathering of athletes and sportsmen in the aftertime, and because he was so tall and strong, head and shoulders

above other men, the folk of that place made him their chief. And the staff which he had planted in the waters to make firm his steps, he thrust deep in the ground that night, and behold, in the morning, it was no longer a barren beam, but had taken root and flung out leaves, and grew fruit, and became a palm tree, so that the people of that place took of it to weave crowns for their hero; and it multiplied, and became the parent of other trees, so that, little by little, the once barren sand was changed into a fruitful soil, and the wilderness became a smiling land, and was called the Garden of God.

What, you will ask me, is the inner meaning of this tale of fancy?

It is a very true and deep picture of our human life—of the lives of you and me. It tells us that all lives of worth are lives of service: that in so far as we forget ourselves, and serve our neighbors, we become true and big and heroic; but that in so far as we forget our neighbors, and serve ourselves, we become false and mean and pigmy.

Barley

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

(*From "McClure's Magazine"*)

Up in the barley a wind began:
Over their levels of gold it ran,
Plunged into them,
And furrowed through them
Foamy channels the height of a man.

Deep in their dark it dipped and shined,
And spake like a vision to all the blind;
Eye not knowing
The law of the flowing,
Real as water flowed the wind.

I was a child, and it seemed to me
A hilltop river set rolling free.
As it was ever
The way of a river,
Somewhere a well-head—somewhere a sea!

Through flexile banks the unbodied stream
Poured its life and mine in a dream.
Currents nameless,
Measureless, tameless,
Clave me, too, with rustle and gleam.

If I come back to the fields today
With storm in a time-worn heart, I pray
The sun to sift it,
The wind to lift it,
The barley floods to wash it away;

For here would I lie on the long-loved ground,
Seeing one sight and hearing one sound,
No strife to wake me,
Nor doom o'ertake me,
In that sweet harvest happily drowned.

The Bandog of the Aufsburg

By W. R. Gordon

THE Duke John was a lonely man, a lonely man and a sour. Time was when he had been otherwise, but only the oldest of his retainers (and there were but few of them left) remembered the Duke John as other than a man of stern judgment and unswerving will, a just man, but a hard one, implacable towards his enemies, of whom he had even more than was common to a Lord of the Marches; to his friends, his few friends, a riddle, and to all the world as it then was, Duke John, the Stoneheart.

It has been said that he had few friends. They numbered three, and a strange trio they were: a girl, a man and a dog.

Duke John was old—how old those who did not know could not guess, and those who did know feared to tell for fear it would get to his ears that one had been gossiping of the days of which it was forbidden to speak. He had outlived all the elder Warlords of the Marches with whom he had ridden knee to knee in other times, and their offspring he disdained. From his kind he shut himself off and gave himself over to administering justice according to his lights, to fondling and listening to the playful chatter of the girl-child Joan, to the silent companionship of his old henchman and justicer, Kuno, and to stroking the long ears of the third of his trio of friends, the big hound Ludwig.

High up in the solitary tower of the Aufsburg, where he could gaze from beneath his shaggy brows out and over the land which owned him lord, the Stoneheart sat without a companion. Motionless he sat, staring into the fire that flickered and glowed, sulked and spat in the great stone fireplace, now lighting up his rugged, wind-beaten countenance and anon throwing his whole visage into shadow out of which alone shone his eyes, cold and grey, looking straight ahead, undimmed by the years through which they had guided their owner. Already the hard, dead grey of the cheerless day was sinking off into the darkness of the night, unsoftened by any twilight, for the year was waning and over the Marches the white-gauntletted hand of time had cast its chilling covering.

Duke John had forbidden any of his people to mention the far distant days when things had been different in the Aufsburg, the days when he had brought a young and loving wife to his aerie on the rock's pinnacle, and again when he had been blessed with as handsome a son and heir as had ever ruled from lofty tower. With stern command and threats of the worst tortures of his dungeon had he shut the mouths of those who could tell of the dreadful night when the Aufsburg gates had given before the attack of his enemy of Gars and he had ridden back in the dawn from a foray to find his home pillaged and his wife and child gone, never to return. Even of the fearful vengeance he had exacted of him of Gars, of the blood-drenched toll he had taken for his wrong, he suffered none to speak. He kept it to himself as a cherished, horrible treasure, always to himself, for it never left him.

And thus he sat and waited through the years that seemed as though they would never end for the baying at the hour of midnight of the bandog of the Aufsburg, for the mournful howl that had ever in his house foretold the death of one of its number, for the weird notes that would speak of the passing out of the last of his race. Thus it will be seen that while the Duke John was the Stoneheart to all the world, still the tenderness of his memories was on him still.

As the firelight flickered before the eyes of the Lord of the Marches a door behind him opened softly, a fair form glided into the room and the Duke John felt a soft hand caress his grizzled hair and beard. A slip of a maid stood behind his chair, comely

and fresh as a spring flower after its bath of dew. In a sacked castle the Stoneheart's captain of pikemen had found her, deserted by all her kin, a homeless babe of scarcely a year. She had been brought to the Aufsburg, and round the heart of the grizzled Lord of the Marches, as the years went by, she had woven tender cords of love, till he looked upon her as his own. Kuno, the veteran, had followed his master's lead, and the hound Ludwig had acknowledged her rule, so that these four became an island of friendship, silent often, but strong nevertheless, in an ocean of cold fear and justice.

"Ah, 'tis you, my Joan," spoke the Duke John as he felt the soft touch of the girl's hand; "and why would you seek the company of an old man like me in a waning year when you might be away with others of your age, frolicking while you may?" For the Stoneheart had been thinking of those things whereof he forbade others to speak.

A ripple of laughter followed the old man's words and the maid settled herself on the arm of his high-backed chair.

"You always ask me that and wonder why I like not the company of my playmates, but you like to be loved and I like to love you, so that is why I am here, oh Lord of the Marches," and the girl skipped from her seat to make a mock courtesy in the firelight.

"Yes, child, you are right. I am an old fool and would fain make myself believe that I am loved, even as you are. But here comes Kuno," and the Duke John straightened himself in his chair as he turned his head towards the door, through which entered his right hand, the justicer, Kuno.

The justicer was old and hoary as his lord, but straight withal, and carried his years with the bearing of a soldier. He was clad entirely in dark purple, but the flickering flames from the fireplace lit up the small badge of office on his left breast, a tiny, crimson axe.

"And what wouldst thou have of me, Kuno?" spoke the Duke John as his henchman halted and saluted.

"The guards, my lord, have captured in the village a spy of the Larswold. He wore a dark cloak, but beneath we found the blue and red of the Larswold riders."

"A spy of the Larswold!" roared the Stoneheart, as he sprang from his seat. "Doth that vultures' carrion think that because I am up in years I have forgotten how to chastise him, and because I have been merciful to him in the matter of his tribute I have lost my power and am to be caught napping? Take the devil's spawn to the justice hall and there I will examine him at once. But first, Kuno," said the Duke John as his follower turned to execute his commands, "what manner of person is this who would fain spy upon us?"

"Young is he, my lord, and of noble bearing, too, in spite of the dirty work upon which he was engaged."

"Well, do as I bade you, and be he noble or peasant, high or low, by the power of the Aufsburg he shall suffer for his foolhardiness."

The old justicer left the room and the Duke John turned to the maid Joan.

"Hie thee away to thy apartments, my lass, or if thou wouldst rather watch the fire for me while I go to examine this spy, remain here till I return. I promise you it will be but a short while."

The girl clasped her hands round the aged lord's neck, and as she clung to him she spoke fair words for the prisoner.

"Be not too hard upon him, father," she said, for well she knew the mode of examination. "Be not too hard upon him. He is young and maybe misguided by other older heads. Speak him fairly and he may forswear allegiance to the Larswold and ride in thy train."

"Tut, tut, my lass. Such matters are not for thee to meddle with. Leave the dispensing of justice to me and to Kuno and we will not go astray," and as he uttered the words he passed from the apartment.

Down the steep stone stairs he strode between guards posted at every turn, for he was ever the soldier and never for one moment relaxed his vigilance, as was only fitting in those rough days. Along a straight, high-topped hall he went, and throwing open a heavy door, he stepped upon the dais in the justice hall.

The justice hall of the Aufsburg was as cold and stern-appearing a place as its lord. In the light of the dying day, broken only by torches flickering here and there, it was a chilling and gruesome enough looking

place as the Stoneheart entered. Kuno was already there, and according to custom led his lord to the exalted seat, taking up his stand upon the right hand of the Duke John. On either side of the raised bench of justice, stiff and motionless as the empty suits of armor that stood and hung in corners and on walls about, were the Guards of the Marches, men who had fought in many a bloody affair and were ready to bear their parts in as many more. At a desk farther down sat the scribe, for the Duke John did not administer justice as a despot without all the forms of law.

As the master of the Aufsburg took his seat he called in a loud voice, "Bring hither the prisoner," and immediately the clank of arms was heard without the door. A moment later a small procession entered, in the van, with arms bound at his sides, marching the spy between two halberdiers, while a dozen men-at-arms followed in martial array. Right up the centre of the hall they came to two great torches, placed a few feet apart in front of the dais, and between these the prisoner was halted for the examination, their light showing up every detail of his features.

The Duke John leaned forward as the young man entered with his guards and bent on him a look that seemed as though it would pierce him through. It was a fearless gaze that met his eye.

Tall as the Stoneheart himself was the man accused of being the spy of the Larswold. Straight as an arrow, his handsome features set firm, he returned the piercing gaze of his judge, giving look for look. He was still clad in the long cloak in which Kuno had said he had been captured, but his head covering was gone and his fair curls shone in the light of the torches.

"Thy name, spy?" said the Duke John in hard tones.

"No name have I, nor am I a spy," returned the prisoner in a voice as hard. "Two days since I was a free trooper in the Larswold riders. Today I have no occupation. I left the keep of the Larswold to seek service with the Lord of the Marches, thyself, Duke John, for I deemed I had ridden long enough in the train of a lesser captain. I threw this cloak over me to hide the blue and red lest some of thy troopers would set upon me before I had accomplished my purpose."

"Remove his cloak," said the Stoneheart, and a trooper jerked the garment from the shoulders of the prisoner. As the hated colors of the Larswold were exposed to view a growl went round the ranks of the guards, but a thunderous "Silence!" from the Duke John stopped it .

"Truly thou speakest fairly," said he to the young man, "and truly thou comest to us with a brave tale. But if I let thee go, what then?"

"I will do even as I have said, Duke John. I will enlist under the banner of the Aufsburg and for it I will fight."

"Just as I thought. And when thou hast learned everything to learn, one fine day thou wilt again sneak away to don the blue and red of the Larswold and come back to conquer us, thy teachers."

" 'Tis a lie, and thou knowest it."

The words came like a clap of thunder from the prisoner's lips and all started as they heard in awe such a defiance thrown at the Lord of the Marches. Never before had the hall of justice witnessed such a scene, but the youth in the hated red and blue was the calmest of them all.

Duke John seemed to be struggling with himself, but at last he spoke, and if his words before had been cold, they were doubly so now.

"For that, spy, you die. Take him hence, guards, and you, Kuno, be ready at midnight." Then the Stoneheart rose, and followed by his justicer he left the hall. Thus did the Duke John administer justice according to his lights.

Along the passageways and up the stone stairs the Lord of the Marches went to his fire and the maid Joan, and her he found sound asleep on the hearthrug before the flames. Gently he settled into his chair lest he should disturb her, but the creak of the wooden seat betrayed him and the maid roused from her slumber.

Her first question was of the young man below.

"What of the prisoner, father? You will not slay him? Oh, promise me he will not die!"

Her face was white and she held out her hands pleadingly to the Duke John, who looked on in wonderment, listening as though he were not sure of what he heard, for never before had he known the fair maid to behave in like manner.

"Be quiet, child," he answered, kindly. "What knowest thou of such things? The man is a spy, and moreover, he hath defied me. But banish him from thy mind. He is nothing to thee."

"But, father, listen to me. While thou wert gone to the justice hall I fell asleep and dreamed, and in my dream I saw this young man, and something told me that he must not die. Is he not tall, tall as thou, and fair to look upon, with light hair and blue eyes—fearless blue eyes?"

"Yes, yes, my child, but thou knowest nothing of such matters. He is a spy, and die he must. That will teach him of the Larswold not to send his puling young men into the jaws of the Aufsburg. Now, my Joan, say no more on this subject, for my mind is made up, and thou, even thou, knowest what that means."

Well and truly had the Duke John spoken, for when his mind was made up there was no power in the Marches, or elsewhere on earth for that matter, strong enough to change it. So the maid Joan withdrew to her own apartments, and for the first time since they had come so strangely together was there a cloud between her and the stern warlord of the Aufsburg. For he did not know, though it was of common talk among his people, that the maid saw much that was withheld from other mortal eyes, else perhaps might he of the Stoneheart have paid more heed to her words.

So the Duke John settled once again before the fire in his loneliness and had his evening repast brought to him there rather than go down to the great dining hall of the castle; and again his thoughts turned to days of old. But try as he would, he could not drive the young spy from his mind, nor the strange words and actions of the maid Joan, though never a thought had he of turning aside the doom he had passed upon the head of him of the Larswold, the man who had called him liar in his own justice hall.

As the hours wore on the Lord of the Marches sat silent and grim, motionless as one of his own troopers, staring straight ahead of him into the fire and thinking. Then Kuno, the justicer, came, and his face was strange and worried as he stood behind his lord's chair before making his presence known.

"My lord," at last he faltered.

"What wouldst thou?"

"The spy, my lord. Might he not be spared till the morrow and mayhap it would fall out even as he hath said?" For the maid Joan had spoken with Kuno, who had taken a liking to his prisoner and was loth to do him to death.

But the Stoneheart was determined, and moreover he was angry.

"What, sirrah, meanest thou? Am I to be plagued to death, and all over a scurvy spy of the Larswold? Get hence and come not near me till the hour I have set, midnight. Then call me, for I shall see myself that this puling brat is given his just deserts. Another word and I shall order thee flogged within an inch of thy life."

Again was the Lord of the Marches alone with his thoughts, and the longer he sat the harder boiled his anger and offended pride against the man who had called him liar, till, when Kuno called him at the appointed hour, he was fair raging within.

The justicer, as he came to summon his master to the chamber of death, was clad in crimson apparel, as was fitting for the man who dispensed justice to the high, the middle and the low on the Aufsburg, and, without a word, the Lord of the Marches rose and followed his right hand down the steep stone stairs, scores of steps to the chamber far beneath the castle where the instruments of inquiry were kept and where stood the block and the axe that had parted many heads from bodies at the order of the Dukes of the Aufsburg.

Three blazing torches stuck in the dank walls of the stone vault threw lurid light around as the Duke John and his justicer entered, while a dozen guards of the Marches stood by in the shadows.

"To thy work, Kuno; the hour approaches," growled the Stoneheart, and the justicer moved to a small door at one end of the dungeon, threw it open, and there stepped into the glare of the blazing pine knots the prisoner, clad in the hated blue and red of the Larswold. Fearlessly he looked about him as the justicer loosened the clothes at his neck, and as the despised uniform fell from his shoulders there sounded on the midnight stillness the long-drawn bay of a hound, followed by another and then a third.

Kuno started back from the prisoner,

trembling, his eyes, starting from their sockets, fixed on the young neck before him, while the men-at-arms about him, and even the Duke John himself, seemed stunned by the sound they had heard, for one and all recognized the sign by which they were to know of a death of a lord of the Aufsburg.

Again the mournful howl went forth on the air, and none could mistake the deep-throated notes of the bandog Ludwig.

"Look, look, my lord!" said Kuno, pointing to the neck of the youthful prisoner, who stared in surprise about him.

"Look, my lord!" and the voice of the justicer was hoarse.

The Duke John strode towards the prisoner, then fell back with a choking cry, for there on the fair, young neck he saw the birthmark which was to be found on every child of his house—a red, pear-shaped sign by which all men might know the rulers of the Marches.

When they picked up the Stoneheart he was dead—they said it was joy at finding his son that killed him—and the young Duke of the Aufsburg sat on the high chair of justice in the hall of justice, ruling alone over the Marches, till, in the fulness of time, he and the maid Joan—but that is not of this tale, which is only of the last time the bandog of the Aufsburg foretold his master's death.

What About the Bill?

The tourist sniffed in deep disdain.
Said he, "You call those *mountains!*
Why,
They're only potty little hills!
There's nothing really high."

The landlord heard those scornful words,
His countenance with wrath grew red;
He hied him to the cashier's desk,
"Make out his bill!" he said.

—C. V., in the "Red Magazine."

Notes from a Diary of a Voyage Around the World

By J. E. Rhodes

(*Continued from Page 1090, October issue*)

SATURDAY, June 5: This morning commenced with heavy rain; city looked dull and dismal; the mountain tops were lost to view, being covered with haze; quite a transformation from yesterday, with its sunshine.

The natives who came on board to work cargo were well prepared for the rain, for some had on large round hats and grass coats which drooped down to their ankles; others umbrellas made of parchment, not unlike sunshades or parasols; and those who were running the winches rigged up a shelter made of grass mats. This certainly made a picturesque scene.

8:30 a.m.—The usual curio pedlars, shoemakers, barbers, money changers, tattoo artists, bird dealers, etc., made their appearance on deck.

11 a.m.—Rain ceased, but continued dull.

12:45 p.m.—Left Kobe for Kuchi-no-tsu to coal.

2 p.m.—A heavy head wind came up, causing all the awnings to be stowed.

3 p.m.—Wind slightly moderated.

4 p.m.—Blowing hard and quite a sea running.

The sea was a deep blue color here, and the waves looked very pretty with their snow-white crests.

Passed several small islands on the starboard.

6 p.m.—Raining.

7 p.m.—Dark and cloudy; wind strong; confused sea; steamer scending.

8:30 p.m.—Dirty night; not a pleasant one for those on the lookout.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

This morning the weather was fine and bright.

9 a.m.—Hot sun and cool breeze.

3 p.m.—Land on the starboard.

4 p.m.—Commenced to be hazy and cold.

5 p.m.—Rain.

6 p.m.—Going through Van Diemen Strait, Lat. 30 deg. 50 min. N.; long. 130 deg. 30 min. E.

9 p.m.—Leaving the strait.

This evening was still and warm, with beautiful phosphorescent effect on the water's surface.

MONDAY, JUNE 7

7 a.m. — Arrived at Kuchi-no-tsu. Everything still and quiet.

7:30 a.m.—Natives—men, women and children—came on board to coal the ship.

Kuchi-no-tsu is a picturesque little town situated about 80 miles from Nagasaki. It is surrounded by hills and beautiful countryside.

There are numerous vegetable gardens here, making it a capital place to replenish the stock of the ship's culinary department prior to leaving for Hong Kong. All over Japan the natives excel in vegetable growing.

Now, the natives here are exceedingly poor, and work at coaling steamers for about 25c (U.S.A.) per day; the women chiefly do this class of work. We took in six hundred tons of coal in five hours, which was passed into the bunkers by hand.

A stage was rigged up the side of the ship, and the natives stationed upon it received the coal from those below on the coal lighters and passed it up to those on deck above them, the small coal being in little straw sacks and the large lumps passed along as they were. It was marvellous to see a piece of coal travel from hand to hand at such a speed. As the sacks were emptied the children threw them

down from the deck back on to the lighters to be refilled. They certainly kept the pot boiling.

2:30 p.m.—Left Kuchi-no-tsu for Hong Kong.

3 p.m.—Dull, with some small rain.

5 p.m.—Bright and clear atmosphere.

6:30 p.m.—We were now "out on the ocean sailing" once more, leaving the land on the starboard quarter.

7 p.m.—Passed two islands on the port.

9 p.m.—Clear and starlight; calm sea.

"All's well."

TUESDAY, JUNE 8

This day found us in the Tung Hai or Eastern Sea. The weather here was dull and hazy.

10:30 a.m.—A warm rain began.

Hazy around horizon.

No land to be seen.

12 noon.—Weather cleared up, with strong wind; sea rising.

8 p.m.—Blowing hard; ship pitching heavily.

9 p.m.—Clear and starlight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

This morning opened up with a strong head wind and rough sea. Steamer had to slow down on account of heavy head seas; her propellers struck the surface every time she dipped forward. Spray flew over her bows in great quantities, but we shipped no seas as our steamer was fairly high out of the water.

12 noon.—Heavy sea; sun hot.

This afternoon at 4 p.m. a strange and somewhat amusing incident occurred. The sea was running high and the steamer making little headway, when suddenly there appeared from the steerage companionway a Chinese procession headed by one of its members, carrying a tray with an elaborate display of eatables upon it, consisting of roast goose, bowls of rice, sam shoo—their native beverage—and other Chinese delicacies. The next member following this man carried a large number of fire crackers and smouldering tapers. The procession continued to the stern of the steamer, and after a few ceremonial rites had been performed, along with prayers, offered on all fours, to King Goss, the fire crackers were set off with a tremendous noise; then overboard went the bowls of sam shoo and rice, the goose remaining on the tray. The procession then returned to the steerage, where a feast was held. The goose and other eatables, not forgetting the sam shoo, made up the menu. Now, what did this celebration mean? Well, I'll explain it as it was told to me. The Chinese passengers, who were anxious to get to their destination without delay, decided to get rid of their enemy, the evil spirit, or the "debbil," as they call him, who was the cause and instigator of all the rough weather. Now, the devil's haunt was in the steerage, among the passengers, and the procession headed by the man with the good things to eat was to entice him on deck and thus follow them to the rear of the ship; the fire crackers were to scare him overboard, and the rice and sam shoo thrown after him were for him to partake of, and thus delay him so much that it would be impossible for him to catch up with the steamer again; thus he was gotten rid of. The feast was in honor of King Goss.

At 8 p.m.—It was very clear, with a warm wind, and summer lightning on the horizon.

9:30 p.m.—On turning in I noticed the weather was worse than during the day; perhaps the evil spirit found its way back on board, for we were making little headway.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10

This morning was very warm, with cool breezes and calm sea. This certainly seemed very strange, after the performance our Chinese passengers had gone through the day previous, which they, of course, attributed to their religion.

12 noon.—Hot, with slight breeze.

3 p.m.—P. & O. mail steamer Delta, for Victoria, Hong Kong, overhauled us

Passed several outward bound freight steamers, also numbers of fishing boats and catamarans.

10 p.m.—Much dew was falling.

12 midnight.—A number of fishing boats were right in our course; many of them without lights were almost run down. The shouts of the fishermen could be heard on deck; our steamer blew the horn immediately. It is no uncommon occurrence for numbers of these fishing boats to be run down, owing to their carelessness in carrying no lights.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11

This day commenced very hot and bright.

7 a.m.—Passed a large freight steamer on the starboard.

8:30 a.m.—Passed Pedro Blanco Rock.

1:15 p.m.—Arrived at Victoria, Hong Kong, entering the harbor by the Lymun Pass (Ly-ee-moon).

Victoria, which is the capital of Hong Kong, is situated at the mouth of the Canton River. It is a very cosmopolitan city, with many European residents; but since the island is 95 per cent. native Chinese, the latter are in the majority.

On arriving here we found the harbor a scene of much commerce, our company being well represented with four of its vessels, viz., Tucer, Theseus, Antenor and Pak Ling.

The C. P. R. Co.'s steamer R. M. S. Empress of Japan, from Vancouver, B. C., was also here.

Shortly after arriving hundreds of Chinese baggage porters came on board to solicit orders for the transferring of passengers' baggage. The scene was certainly a Babel. As their baggage was hoisted on deck it was swung over the ship's side—over the wall, as the sailors call it—into junks and small steamboats, the owners following it. This business took over an hour, when all our Celestial passengers had left for the shore.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

This day was very hot, with little breeze. As we lay in midstream the harbor presented quite a picture, with its tall, towering mountains, the slopes of which were studded with beautiful, large residences. Old-fashioned junks with sails and ribbons and many of them made of grass, were sailing backwards and forwards; the harbor was full of them.

Our experiences on shore here, like the Japanese ports, were not without interest, the sampans and rickshaws being the usual conveyances for going ashore and seeing the city. The streets were very busy and crowded with innumerable natives, who seemed to walk where and how they pleased, void of system, the most of them preferring the shaded side, of course. The Chinaman walks very slowly, with feet outturned, and swings as he goes along; to hurry would not be etiquette on his part. The woman could not hurry if she wished to, owing to her tiny, pinched-up feet; so they dawdle along. Everybody carries a fan or sunshade. Public buildings use large electric fans or ponkas, the latter being worked by native boys, called ponka-wallas. The poorer class work very hard. Numbers of men may be seen carrying large quantities of bricks, sand, cans of water and other heavy loads suspended from a pole on the shoulder. Wagons loaded with heavy merchandise, timber, etc., are drawn by manual power; were horses to be used these natives would be completely without employment, resulting in starvation. The women also work exceedingly hard; I saw many of them, evidently the employees of some building contractor, busily engaged in carrying long scaffold poles and other building materials.

Every day at meal hours a number of poor children with cans and sacks would be on deck waiting for the leavings, and the latter being brought out they would call out "Mister, mister," and crush and jostle one another to get near the man who was distributing it. They reminded me of a farmyard at feeding time for the chickens. There was a little fellow amongst them, accompanied by his bigger brother, in whom I was interested and wished for his picture. He came regularly at first, but on account of his being scared of my small camera, absented himself. I tried a number of times to snap him, but each time he cried and wanted to be off. One day I spoke to his brother and said, "Where little boy?" to which he answered, "House, no come." I told him that unless he brought the little boy he was not to come back. Next day the little fellow was there in care of his brother, and by a little bribery and probably threatenings from his brother he stood in front of the camera, but would not look at it. I managed to get his picture, but regret to say that it came out only poor. It is amusing to see a group of Chinese disperse on being confronted with a camera.

An ascent up the peak at Magazine Gap, at a high elevation, affords the visitor a wonderful panoramic view of the city, with its magnificent harbor and environments. To accomplish this the incline elevator is taken at the depot, which is near the

Botanical Gardens, the fare being 50c Hong Kong money, first class, for the round trip. As the visitor proceeds up this very steep incline the buildings, which are built on the level, appear to be toppling backwards, looking very peculiar. When the terminus of the ascent is reached and one has had a good view of the city from its lofty heights, the hiring of a sedan chair is the most comfortable and convenient way of seeing the large mansions, barracks, hospitals, etc.

The first experience in a sedan chair is certainly an amusing one. The chair is placed on the ground; you take your seat inside, then the natives, one at each end, lift you up and place the shafts upon their shoulders, and you are carried shoulder high. The long shafts being made of ash or some other pliable wood, causes the chair in the middle to bounce up and down, as though on springs, which produces many smiles and laughs, making the first ride a very funny one. At the end of the ride, when you come to pay your sedan men, the usual trouble arises of more fare than stipulated, and it is not without difficulty that one gets rid of these men. On one occasion we had to appeal to the Sikh police.

A street car ride as far as Happy Valley should not be omitted. Happy Valley is a picturesque place, with numbers of native tea-houses and gardens up the sides of the vale. It has a large racecourse, tennis courts and cricket pitches. The gardens are full of beautiful flowers and plants, which are for sale. It is very amusing to notice the gardener's signs over the gates, printed in English. I saw one lettered "Oargen" for "Garden"; everywhere words spelt wrongly and with letters of no uniform size. On walking through one of these gardens one is struck by the bushes that border the walks, which are ornamented and so trimmed to represent ugly and hideous-looking beings, the chief feature about them being their large glass eyes, which seem to stare at you the whole time. I can assure you I didn't visit one of these places after sundown. It is very interesting, too, to take a walk along the country roads of Happy Valley. Here one sees farm life in China, market gardening, country children at play, engaged in some of their native games. To stand and watch them—they continue with their games in spite of their foreign spectators—means that a collection is going to be made by one of the crowd, who suddenly steps forward holding out his hand and asking for "kumshaw," which means a gift, generally money. To a botanist these country roads abound with great interest. Being fond of botany, naturally my attention was drawn to the wild flowers and plants, one of which was certainly in itself very unique. It was a sensitive plant, with an exceedingly pretty feather-like leaf, which on being touched, or in many cases approached, vanished, leaving apparently a bare stalk. Numbers of beautiful green patches of this plant were suddenly transformed into what appeared a dingy, withered-up weed garden, just by being approached.

A trip across the river on the ferry to Kowloon is a very enjoyable one. On arriving at this place, which is on the mainland, the hiring of a rickshaw is the best way of seeing the town and a run around the military roads. The 105th L. I., which are Hindoos, are stationed at this place.

One evening as a Mr. Harris and I came out of Weismann's cafe, Victoria, and proceeded a little way down the main street, a little native boy insisted on following us and saying "Sing a song." He being refused many times and tired of following, took upon his own initiative to sing, striking up the song "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?" He was almost breathless with trotting behind us, but sang his song to the finish, and then asked for kumshaw. It was remarkable to hear him sing the song in perfect tune—for the Chinese are not a musical people—and to remember it word for word.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13 AND MONDAY, JUNE 14

These two days were exceedingly hot, with no breeze.

At night the mosquitoes were very bad.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15

This day at 8 p.m. our steamer swung round with the tide, and just escaped colliding with a Japanese mail steamer which was moored close by. Orders were given to the sailors to stand by with fenders. There was some excitement for half an hour or more.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

The morning was clear and hot.

10 a.m.—Heavy rain for fifteen minutes.

11 a.m.—Japanese man-of-war arrived. We saluted as she passed by. The Japanese man-of-war Chitose exchanged salutes with her as she went to her moorings.

3 p.m.—Large German passenger steamer departed, with many passengers on board; an orchestra was playing, and all seemed full of life.

In the evening the warships were exchanging salutes, and "there was a sound of revelry by night."

THURSDAY, JUNE 17

This morning opened up with a heavy downpour of rain, which lasted only a short time; this made the atmosphere much cooler.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18

Today was cooler, with occasional showers.

5 p.m.—Our company's steamer Teucer departed for the Sound.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19

The day commenced very hot, with practically no breeze.

2 p.m.—Our company's steamer Dardanus arrived.

This afternoon a swimming party was made up, a launch was engaged, and everyone went for a dip to a nearby bathing beach.

This evening the Japanese man-of-war Chitose gave a party; there were great cheering and firing of guns. Later in the evening she proceeded to sea.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20

Very hot and close all day; much summer lightning at night.

MONDAY, JUNE 21

Today signals for typhoon were hoisted on Signal Hill, Kowloon and H. M. S. Tamar. Sampans, junks, yachts and other small boats, some hundreds in number, made for Typhoon Bay, a place of shelter from the coming storm.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22

This morning a few venturesome junks and sampans were sailing about, but had to put back on account of squalls.

In the afternoon a typhoon was blowing, and the river, which was white with rage, was deserted of every small craft. Large vessels riding at anchor put out an extra one, to be on the safe side.

At night the typhoon had somewhat moderated.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23

The weather this morning was not so boisterous. The south cone was still flying, but with an additional ball suspended below it, which indicated that a storm was signalled from the southwest.

10 a.m.—Much brighter. Many of the small boats that had sought shelter now ventured out, but had to put back later, owing to sudden squalls, with heavy rain, which came up at 2 p.m. It was most exciting to watch these boats, which had many narrow escapes from capsizing; had it not been for their clever handling they would never have ridden through it. Many of them were steered by women. Frequently there is great loss of life from the capsizing of boats in these squalls.

2:30 p.m.—Bright and clear again; much cooler.

7 p.m.—Squall, with heavy rain.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24

Today commenced squally, with showers; monsoon weather.

8 a.m.—C. P. R. Co.'s steamer Empress of China, from Vancouver, B. C., arrived.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25

This morning opened up with wind and rain.

The Blue Peter was flying, and preparations were being made for our leaving for Siagon.

The German battleship Iltis arrived and exchanged salutes with a Portuguese man-of-war.

This afternoon the Chinese passengers who left our steamer the day we arrived presented our captain with a Chinese flag, and the crew with a number of fire crackers—to scare devils, I suppose!—in return for their safe arrival.

5:30 p.m.—Departed for Siagon, leaving Hong Kong by the Green Island Pass. The yellow flag with Chinese characters and a huge dragon emblazoned upon it was flying from the foremast.

And so we left Hong Kong.

The night was clear and starlight.

(To be Continued)

The Czar of the North

The Member Provincial Parliament for Peace River and His Work in the Northland

THE editor of the *British Columbia Magazine* remembers with great pleasure the hospitality of J. K. Cornwall, to whom the following selections from *Collier's,* written by Austin A. Briggs, make reference. More things will be said of Mr. Cornwall by the writer in his "The Trail of a Tenderfoot," which is likely to be published soon, containing an account of his journey through the Peace River country eleven years ago. The testimony is long in forthcoming—might never have come forth—that Jim Cornwall is hospitality itself. The first visit was in June, going in; the last was in late October, coming out. He brought the writer and his party and outfit in his York boat from Lesser Slave Lake station through the Lake, Lesser Slave River, and down the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing; and the charm of those autumn nights under the aurora, singing "Swanee River" and "The Belle of Old Kentucky" still remain as among the pleasantest memories of the Northland

. . . . . .

A big man—whether you are concerned about avoirdupois or whole-heartedness—that's Jim Cornwall. We call him Jim because it is the only prænomen he gets in the Northland. Call him Mr. Cornwall and he beats time mentally—sort of waiting for you to follow up with something serious. Call him J. K. and he looks out the corner of his eye as if he expected a reprimand. Call him Jim and his whole face lights up with a smile that carries him toward you and carries you off your feet.

The Northland is a silent place. Probably the Indians inoculated the atmosphere with their sullenness. Fifteen years of Cornwall's life have been spent in that solitude. He disclaims being a poet or sharing in a poet's vagaries, but submits his Northern days have been spent not in solitude, rather in comfort and felicity. He explains he has all the while been peering through the small end of the telescope, ever seeing a big world pulsating with energy, smiles, and free men.

James K. Cornwall chanced upon the Northland at the time of the Klondike rush. He was one of those to go out. He was one of those to come back—head up, chest out, boots on. But he only came back as far as the Athabasca River. Other aspirants for sudden-death opulence were filing in. Why not a new venture consequent on their follies? The boats were on the river, pilots were in demand. *Ergo,* James K. Cornwall just went and displayed the biggest piece of nerve the Northland had yet sniffed up against: he piloted rustlers through the Grand Rapids without himself knowing the channel. It would spoil the recollection of it to tell how the trick was accomplished. It is enough to know that he got everybody through safely and incidentally banked $1,000.

BEATING THE INDIANS AT THEIR OWN GAME

Somehow or other the north got to liking Cornwall's gait; and then and there a flirtation began that Jim found himself powerless to pass up. He followed the come-hither-in-the-eye, and it led to the traps and the trail and the cabin full of pelts—he became a fur trader. James K. Cornwall had outpiloted the Indian while himself unfamiliar with the river; he was now to outtrap him while personally a novice at trapping. When Mr. Wolverine sidestepped every mother's son of the redskins until they believed him unconquerable, Cornwall, after their own fashion, had said nothing, but had gone to his cabin. Four days afterward a wolverine's pelt was hanging up. When the Indians on the trail slept out sixty below, Cornwall slept out with them, but was up and away two hours earlier. "Why sleep when there's work to do?" was his philosophy. When the Indians portaged on foot for seven continuous

days, Cornwall was right there with them and suggested going on. When the little wolf was at the door, but the real wolf—and bear and moose and beaver—far from it, Cornwall went hungry with the red men. When a papoose journeyed to the happy hunting ground, Cornwall grieved with the mourners. No wonder they began to think him a reincarnation of some Hercules—a paleface on a Cree body, a Beaver, Chipewayan, Slave, Dog-Rib, all in one. Agronomists tell us there are only three primitive occupations: fishing, hunting, farming. One night Cornwall threw mental dice and decided, with all due deference to the agronomists, that these occupations would soon be two in number only. Hunting would not be one of the two. When he had first come to the north Cornwall had seen as many as twenty-five beavers together. Minks, foxes and grizzlies, while not common, always turned up in sufficient number to make one believe that Nature was handling the laws of supply and demand to a nicety. But now he only saw black and cinnamon bears in paying quantities. There was plenty of moose meat, to be sure, and the yelp of the timber wolf indicated bounty money close at hand. Still the writing on the sky told in no uncertain way that slowly but surely all game was being driven further north.

One incident in Cornwall's trapping adventures stands out in bold relief because it illustrates clearly the man's unswerving devotion to his friends, be they white or red. Shortly after launching out as a trapper he struck up an acquaintance with a big Cree known as Twelve-foot Davis. The title was the result of a squabble over squatter's rights in which Davis added 12 feet of another's quarter-section to his own property. Cornwall and Davis soon became fast friends—shared ups and downs like brothers. Davis was then approaching the eventide of life. All his relatives had predeceased him. One day he called Cornwall into his cabin and said he had a bequest to make—when he cashed in he wanted to be buried in the valley of the Swan Hills. What little chattels he had would become the property of the man whose name to him had signified Joy, Kindness, Charity (James K. Cornwall). Three months after this Davis was taken sick at the Peace River Crossing and died practically unknown. He was buried in the hills that there scale the river at a height of 800 feet. Cornwall at the time was on a trip to the States. His first act on returning to the Northland was to mark the spot of Davis's burial and to begin the work of erecting a monument to his friend in the Swan Hills, where, when spring came, he could himself make the lonely trail of ninety miles with all that remained of Twelve-foot Davis.

MAKING THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY SIT UP

Cornwall's somewhat extended experience with Indian and half-breed had opened a new vista to him. The trip out to civilization had animated his zeal. He had fought the mute haunters of the wild to his satisfaction. He felt now like taking a fling at something his own size. First thing the Redman knew a shingle was up on the supposedly sanctified ground of the Hudson's Bay Company—an offence which has spelled *war* these two hundred years or more. The new sign read: "Bredin & Cornwall, Traders." Bredin was none other than the former M.P.P. for Athabasca who had been doing a little trading on his own account. So, as we shall see later, Fate ordained that both the principals in this enterprise should find their way into the councils of the nation.

Trading is no fun in the Northland with a heavyweight against you like the Hudson's Bay Company. They don't spare the rod. But Cornwall and his partner gave as much as they got. They also introduced a few new wrinkles in the science of salesmanship—in the north. Formerly it had been customary for the company's man to travel in the daytime. It was safer, easier and a little more human. Jim Cornwall inaugurated night travelling, guided only by the North Star. In this way, while running more personal risk, he threw competitors off his scent, with the result that often when the company's man came up to a cabin he found J. K. C. had been there and bartered for all the furs.

The company's factors now began to sit up. Here was a white man playing rings around them at a game they were reared on. Something must be done. Just as they were deciding to do it, and just as Cornwall and his partner were planning another

scoop, a third party took a hand in settling the bout. This was none other than the great French house of Revillon Bros., who had been watching the independents for some time. A dicker was soon on, the upshot of which was that the Bredin & Cornwall sign at Lesser Slave came down and Revillon Bros. went up. This was in 1905.

Bredin sought shelter for his activities in the soil, and still farms a section at High River. Cornwall yearned for more excitement. Nearly all the Northland cards had been played. Riverman alone was left. A small stern-wheeler had been attempting to ply on the Athabasca under the piloting of one Woods. Cornwall and he hooked up and began to spread out. The partnership was stable, but Cornwall soon realized that Woods' forte was not making money.

He bought him out. The next step was to find a man who knew river-running, but who had the commercial sense developed sufficiently to distinguish dollars from doughnuts. A Bluenose, named Barber, hit the landing one day and was seen talking confidentially with James K. Cornwall. Captain Barber is now general manager of the Northern Transportation Company, of which James K. Cornwall is president. The company operates boats on the Athabasca River, Lesser Slave River and Lesser Slave Lake. Barber built the "Northland Sun" himself, and at present is busy experimenting with wireless telegraphy at the landing. You cannot touch these Northern fellows when it comes to a showdown of cool, calculating nerve.

AMONG THE HOBOES

Barber delights in telling how he and Cornwall did Europe up while in quest of new stunts in river navigation. James K. Cornwall has a passion for ferreting out realism—anything that savors of the common people with the lid off. One night they were on the docks at Liverpool when Cornwall meandered off by himself to "dig up life," as he called it. He had been gone but a short time when suddenly to the left Barber heard threats and curses aplenty. Thinking this was a likely place for his associate, he made haste in the direction whence the uproar came, to find James K. Cornwall in the midst of alarms, pacifying by silence his peppery assailants. Barber soon hustled him out of the danger zone. Cornwall had chanced upon the tramps when their logomachy was at its height. He had stood near enjoying the fun, and they had of a sudden turned on him as they might on a spy. Whether it was the big smile or the big frame back of it which seemed to whisper "Hands off!" matters little. No one struck at the intruder and no one opposed his departure.

So far Jim Cornwall's fame was confined to the Northland. He had as a youth left Ontario for the Western States without the newspapers being concerned about it. He had, in turn, forsaken the Western States for the Klondike without a brass band in attendance. And now here he was, after a period of ten years, worshipped by half a continent. Playing the game square, maintaining an even temperament, evincing a rugged intrepidity in the face of the greatest dangers—these virtues had won the heart of every buck, squaw, papoose, breed, and frontiersman in the Peace River district. Incidentally it may be mentioned this district represents 45,000,000 acres of land—rather a big plateful of affection. When an election for the provincial house hove in sight there was nothing to it but Cornwall must run. The voters liked the sitting member, Allie Brick, but Cornwall appealed to their imagination and sense of wonderment. Nobody just like him had ever before come to the Northland to be one of the common people and live for the common good. Cornwall treated the approaches lightly at first, but realizing the Northerners were in earnest finally allowed his name to go on the ballot paper. The rest is common history. Cornwall was climbing fast without himself knowing it. And he had been so unostentatious about his accomplishments that the outside world knew little or nothing in regard to him.

THE ALL-POWERFUL JIM

The first people to get an eye-opener as to Cornwall's status in the Northland were the promoters of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, the story concerning which company and its checkered career is still fresh in the public mind. The company's survey party hit the trail for the Peace River and reported a "tremendous big country lies up there and a tremendous big man is boss." It seems when they asked questions concerning minerals they were

referred to one Cornwall; when they boasted of a great walk they were told of a record made by Cornwall; when they interrogated Indians as to the source of their upkeep in hard times they received in reply, "Jim"; when they travelled by water the boats were owned by James K. Cornwall; when they mooted authority to the bridge-builders they got back "Monsieur Cornwall"; when they inquired who hurried up the telegraph wires —there was that name Cornwall again. It swung between them and their quest like Mahomet's coffin. The surveyors were inclined to believe the country infested with sprites. Some Indian had failed to hang the left paw of a bear in an oak tree and the war of souls was on.

THE GOSPEL OF CORNWALL

It was but a short time between the return of the survey party and Cornwall's ascent to being the most prominent man in the big deal. In the North they believe that if he had had his way entirely the deal would have gone through unscathed. Unscathed, to them, signifies the difference between the memory of a railroad and the actual ties and spikes and rails. Cornwall had set down his Northern principles a short while before, and this railway was to be the first realization of his dreams. Can we imagine a man doing other than fathering with all his might a prospective outlet to the Northland's wonderful resources when those principles breathed this philosophy?

"I believe the Northland is the richest undeveloped extent of country in North America.

"That our 3,500 miles of natural waterways mean to the Northland what the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes do to the East.

"That what is known as the Peace River country contains the largest and richest area of unoccupied land in the Dominion of Canada.

"That more hours of light and sunshine are experienced here than in any other grain-growing country in the British Empire.

"That the climate and soil will sustain and is capable of the same development as Manitoba, Saskatchewan and southern Alberta.

"That with all these advantages, unless men, money and railroads are forthcoming, they are of little value.

"That it is the solemn duty of every Northern man, irrespective of creed or color, to keep before the public the virtues and requirements of the country.

"That with faith, hope, and time, and lots of good, well-directed hard work, the Northland will come into its day and generation."

THE PEACE RIVER'S ADVANCE AGENT

James K. Cornwall was too good a fighter to run up the white flag because the Northland, under his tutelage, had received its first disappointment. He conceived a scheme to advertise his country on a large scale, and in July and August of last year successfully carried it out. It was a see-for-yourself party of writers and scientists, organized, financed and piloted for 2,100 miles by James K. Cornwall. Obviously such an undertaking excited the suspicion of critics, who wondered why an individual should of his own account pay the bills for a trip which could yield him no direct revenue in return. You can dispense with every atom of your suspicion. Cornwall owns no land or rights in the Northland. He has nothing to sell. Outside of his navigation interests, he has no official relationship to the North other than that of M.P.P. for Peace River. Be it understood that M.P.P. up North does not stand for Member Provincial Parliament. It stands for Many Private Presents. No shepherd has been more faithful to the flock than Cornwall to the widows and orphans of the Northern zone.

When the travellers had returned after a total journey from their heaths of 7,000 miles; when they had come, to a man, to believe that the Northland contained the last hope of the Anglo-Saxon for a granary of the empire in Canada; when they had around the gaiety of the banquet table borne concrete testimony to their regard for the man, it was his frank unfolding of himself and his life-dream that made the people of Alberta say: "Now we know this man has always been aboveboard. He has fought the fight on the level and made good. When the history of the Northland comes to be written, no name will be more illustrious than James K. Cornwall."

Along the Trail

By Ethel G. Cody Stoddard

"WHAT is the prettiest part of British Columbia that you ever saw?" Elanor Grant's voice was eager. She had just come to the most western province of Canada to live and wanted to learn as much about it as possible.

"Prettiest? Why, it's all pretty, except the portions of it that are magnificent and beyond description." Hugh Melville spoke with feeling and as if from conviction.

"We are listening. Please tell us some of the things that you have seen in this wonderful province." Mrs. Grant nodded at Hugh, who seemed to have forgotten his surroundings, so deep were his thoughts centred upon the blazing wood fire in the wide grate before him.

"I was just wondering if you happened to come through the Fraser Canyon when it was moonlight?"

"No," stated Elanor. "It was a very dark night when we came over that portion of the road."

"Ah! then you have indeed missed something. When Madam Moon is at her brightest and plays her own sweet will upon those canyons she creates an effect that is wonderfully weird. You cannot help but catch the spirit of it all as you drink in the wonders of the moonlit world as it rushes past you. Some of the 'everlasting hills' will have nestled their nightcaps against sky-pillows and tucked their feet under liquid covers. Others, again, will probably not have donned night apparel, and they will seem to be leaning far over in order to watch their own toes stir up the depths of the Fraser River. And others will seem to be very good friends and draw close together, the while squeezing the river through narrow spaces till it growls and roars in protest. Then if it happens as it did the last time I saw it, the moon will peep over the shoulders of the gossipy mountains, and in an effort to compensate its angry liquid friend transforms it into a quivering velvet ribbon set in velvet shadows."

"You have not lost your gift for poetic expression, Hugh. I thought perhaps you would, in this western country." Elanor's eyes were aglow. "Please go on."

Hugh seemed not to have heard, as with his eyes fixed upon the fire he resumed his description. "After that lovely transformation the train probably rushes around a corner and the moon slips out of sight and the huge blackness below—just at the edge of the train—looms so close that it seems as if it would be the quicker task to throw a stone across the canyon than to drop it to the waters below, as the distance seems less."

He paused a moment, then seeing that his small audience was greatly interested, he continued: "The glare of the engine's headlight shoots far ahead and tries to outrival the moon's brightness, and it seems to search the canyon walls like a huge white flame. The train crawls like a fly on a bottle around the sides of the mountains, and seems not unlikely to make a mistake and slide down to the river. Progress is fascinating as the train creeps up and up till the waters below look to be a mere moving something in the darkness. Then with a grinding of brakes it winds itself snakily around corners to more satisfying levels. Ah, but it is a great trip on a moonlight night!"

Hugh rose, and brushing an imaginary speck from his coat, announced his intention of leaving.

"But it is yet early," remonstrated Mrs. Grant. "While we do not wish to weary you, yet we would ask you to stay longer and tell us more about British Columbia. We are not likely to travel much in this province, therefore will be grateful to see it through your eyes."

"It is very kind of you to so flatter me, Mrs. Grant. What shall I tell you about?"

"Victoria," ventured Elanor.

"You Easterners all have the same idea. You fix your eyes on Victoria, and nothing less will satisfy you. I have in mind a Victoria scene, which will not tell you much, except of its environments. It is one that I always like to picture when I think of the capital city." He looked at the two women and read their smiling assent.

"It is sunset. In the foreground is the city street, which runs from the sea up through the busy commercial part of the metropolis. It crosses the end of the inner harbor and is kept from too close communion by a stone parapet. Just beyond, the harbor, at full tide, shimmers, many-tinted and restless. Small craft plough gleefully through the red-gold waters, and stately ships catching the sunset glow on the many windows fairly beam with warmth. Beyond, the tinted waters stretch away to darkly-shadowed shores, while the eternal hills, over which the blood-red sun gives a backward glance before slipping down into tomorrow, stand as silent sentinels, barriers between us and the 'over there.' Slowly but surely the edge of dusk creeps upon a sleepy world, till when its deeper shadows have chased away the last golden hue from the clouds, man's ingenuity comes into play and lights flash out here and there like advance agents of the star family, and the city accepts the night."

He paused and laughed half-ashamed. "Elanor, I firmly believe this province of British Columbia has the effect of making a fellow poetic. And for fear you should think I have become a rhapsodist, I will depart. Good-night. Yes, I will come again, and soon."

. . . . . .

"When you want a quiet day and a change of scenery, go across from Vancouver to New Westminster. The ride over there by tram is one of my favorites; the rush through the cool green woods, the glimpses of the homes of pioneer-spirited folk with their flourishing gardens, all combine to make a refreshing change for mind and body." Hugh Melville smiled at Mrs. Grant, who looked a bit weary.

"Then we will go," she answered. "This getting settled is beginning to wear out my nerves. Tell us more of what to expect."

"When you reach the New Westminster hilltop a fine panorama will be spread out to your view. Far to the right is the Gulf of Georgia, and it generally shines silvery blue, while beyond it the mountains on Vancouver Island seem to drift lazily along the horizon. The mighty Fraser River, which easterners only know of through hearsay and geography, lies almost at your feet. It hugs its islands and pats them lovingly as it rushes by. It is, as you know, a busy, swiftly-running river, hurried on by countless small streams which trust it to carry them out to sea."

"That much sounds good. What next?" asked Elanor.

"Well, I guess the next that happens is the swift slipping of the car down into the city. It dips a fringe of its business section along the river's edge, then promptly climbs up to high ground and gazes contentedly on its surroundings.

"There are many interesting places to investigate in the city," he continued. "Among these is the oldest church in British Columbia. If you have time, a walk or drive out on the famous Government bridge is well worth while. There one obtains a splendid view of the town, river and country. But I seem to do all of the talking when I come into your house. I want to know how you are liking Vancouver?"

"Very well, indeed," responded Mrs. Grant.

"More than that," cried Elanor. "But before I forget, I want to tell you something good that I heard about this country the other day."

"I'm your listener. Anything good about British Columbia suits me," answered Hugh.

"It is the tale of an eastern gentleman of considerable wealth who decided that he would like to get away from the merry (?) sound of coal as it jingled into the furnace, and the attendant frostiness of the average Ontario winter. With his wife and family he struck the trail, as you western people call it, but it led him to California the golden, a reported second Paradise. He located in Pasadena and

found it all that he had expected, and more. Continual cloudless days, excessive heat, sand and dry atmosphere all became monotonous as the months went by. Then they went to San Diego, but found practically the same conditions prevailing there. Then Los Angeles and San Francisco were tested, but did not appeal to them as places in which to live and die."

"Well, well, that's a new version of California," announced Hugh. "And then what did they do? Go home?"

"No. Something seemed to call them northward, so they came up to Portland and Tacoma, but both were found wanting. A week spent in Seattle was four days too many."

Hugh chuckled as Elanor paused to poke the fire.

"A family conclave was taken," continued Elanor, "and Victoria, of which they had heard so much, was decided upon. The climate and surroundings were famous, so surely they would find what they were seeking in the capital city of British Columbia."

At this Hugh settled deep in his chair and looked non-committal.

"They found Victoria to be quite up to report, and they enjoyed their visit there very much, but somehow they could not make up their minds to make a permanent home within its bounds. At last they decided to pack their trunks and go back to Ontario. It was a desperate decision, but what was there left to do? So they turned their faces eastward and decided to pay Vancouver a visit on the way. Mind you, it was only to be a visit. Did you say anything?"

"Not a word," answered Hugh.

"Then you laughed, because I heard you. Well, this travel-weary family was only in your beloved city five days, when with one accord they decided that it was the place they had been looking for."

"I knew it," laughed Hugh.

"And," continued Elanor, ignoring the interruption, "they have bought a home, are perfectly happy, have been here six or eight weeks, and Ontario is not thought of, because Vancouver is now home."

"Splendid," shouted Hugh. "I think that story is good enough for me to take to dream upon. Look at the hour! I'm off for my diggings."

The Under-dog

A Story of Existing Conditions in Construction Camps of the Grand Trunk Pacific

By E. H. L. Johnston

THE summer of 1911 has seen many millions of dollars expended in railroad construction work, which will be followed with keen interest by the entire West.

There has been but little difficulty, comparatively, thus far in obtaining the capital necessary to the construction of railways. The main difficulties have arisen over the question of obtaining sufficient labor to employ the capital.

Sir Edward Tennant, a great British financier, in the course of a remarkable and important speech which he made not long ago at Vancouver, said that one of the most important problems before the province of British Columbia was "to try to find the bond of mutual interest between capital and labor." To do this it is necessary that everything pertaining to the conditions under which the working-man—the laborer—lives should be studied and understood by capitalists and employers of labor, whose material well-being depends very largely on the goodwill of the laborer.

The voice of labor in the country grows ever louder and louder. Unless both capital and labor can realize, and that speedily, the necessity of drawing nearer together; the necessity of understanding better the aims of each other; the necessity of setting before themselves one and the same object, i.e., the general betterment of mankind, the day is not far distant when Western Canada will be in the grip of a labor war which will cripple its finances and paralyze its development and advancement for many years.

In view of these facts, the following experiences of the writer as a laborer on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific coast division will be of interest.

In the summer of last year I was attracted by a notice appearing in the window of a certain employment office in Vancouver to the effect that laborers were needed for work on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway east of Prince Rupert, along the Skeena River in Northern British Columbia. The notice stated that the fare to Prince Rupert was to be advanced and that the wages were to be $3 per day. All this sounded satisfactory, and with the set purpose of seeing things as they really were in the camp, I entered the office and hired on with Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart in the capacity of a laborer.

The work was being carried on far away from civilization, and therefore offered a good chance of making a "stake," since there would be little chance of spending money.

The evening found me wending my way down to the wharf to go on board the "palatial s.s. Prince George," belonging to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. I made my way down to the lower regions of the ship, where the quarters of the steerage passengers were located. There I deposited my pack and proceeded to have a look at the company and at my surroundings. The surroundings were at this time not displeasing, all things considered. The space allotted to steerage passengers consisted of a passage about twelve feet wide and thirty feet long. Let into one side of the passage were three shelves on which to sleep. I did not find these shelves until late in the evening, and in the meantime I had taken a bunk in the second-class quarters, for which I paid the sum of 25 cents. The bunk was made of a piece of canvas slung over two poles, one at either side. This proved a fairly comfortable thing to sleep in. The contract with my employers started off with the remark, "I have no money," in large letters. Thus those who were quite without funds had to sleep on

one of these shelves, and furthermore had to go without food, except what they could beg from the cooks, until they reached Prince Rupert—a thirty-six hours' journey. There were about 125 steerage passengers and second-class passengers on the ship, and the quarters of the two classes were in no way separated. About fifty of my companions came on board in an advanced state of intoxication, and many had a further supply of liquor with them.

There were about sixty bunks, arranged in three tiers, in a space which extended the full width of the ship—about 40 feet, I should judge, and about 20 feet long. The stench in the sleeping quarters was vile, owing to the fact that the accommodation provided for such a large number was totally inadequate.

The company consisted of men of all nations. A few Orientals, some Russians, Swedes, Germans, Americans, Canadians and Englishmen, not to mention a large sprinkling of Scotsmen.

Breakfast was served at 7 o'clock next morning, and the meal was all right enough, except that there was only one steward to attend to the whole company, and that the table, which would hold only 14 men at a time, was placed in an alleyway between two rows of bunks, some of which were still occupied by sleeping men. The tea was placed in a large urn on the floor. I was seated at the end of one side of the table, which was somewhat unfortunate, since I was thus enabled to see the man opposite me constantly expectorating in and around the urn, which did not tend to increase my appetite. The meals cost us 25 cents each.

At intervals during the morning the bar in the second-class saloon was opened, and it appeared that liquor was supplied to any who could afford to pay for it, regardless of whether they were already intoxicated or not. Many of them seemed to be able to afford it, despite the fact that they had signed a contract which stated that they "had no money."

There was a certain section of the passengers who played "Black-Jack" incessantly all night long, and gave us little chance of sleep. The amount of money on the table—or, rather, floor—at times was remarkable among a crowd of "busted" laborers.

There was only a very small area in the bows of the vessel where we could get out for fresh air, practically the whole of the ship being given up to the limited number of first-class passengers. For our accommodation as steerage passengers we were charged $6. This made the total expense as far as Prince Rupert $7.50.

On arrival at Prince Rupert we were directed to go to the Grand Hotel. The Grand Hotel is a frame building having many large notice boards on and about it, which proclaim to all and sundry that they provide a "royal lunch" for the sum of 35 cents, and that for a further sum of 25 cents one may sleep on a "new spring mattress." I devoured the meal which was set before me and then retired to bed at about 7 o'clock, confidently expecting to get my money's worth out of the spring mattress to make up for the two preceding sleepless nights. I was disappointed, however, for I found that in my room, which measured 10 feet by 8 there were three other tired mortals. We slept two in each single bed, and I am of the opinion that the "new spring mattresses" are only made to carry one—at any rate, they are very uncomfortable for two.

We were called at 4 a.m. and proceeded on board the s.s. Skeena, a steamer which belongs to Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart. There were now only 125 of us, several of our number having deserted at Prince Rupert. The accommodation provided for us on the river steamer consisted of a small smoking cabin on the upper deck, which would accommodate possibly fifty men sitting and standing fairly closely together. The rest of the party, among whom I found myself, were sent below to make shift as best they could among the freight. The part of the vessel set aside for freight appeared to be already filled to its capacity. However, we all managed to stow ourselves away somewhere or other in the hold.

It was pouring with rain when we went on board. To add to our discomfort it was pitch dark on the ship, and as we groped our way about, stumbling over each other and over the freight in our efforts to find some spot in which to sit or lie, there was some powerful cursing done. I eventually stumbled into some baled hay piled from the floor to the ceiling.

I and my pardner clambered to the top of this. We found that at the top was a space about two and a half feet deep between the hay and the ceiling. The only obstruction was a big, harmless-looking iron pipe, so thinking ourselves in luck, we rolled in our blankets and dropped off to sleep. Not for long, however, for as soon as the steamer started, which it did by 6 o'clock, the pipe began to get hot. As time went on it got worse and worse, until by 8 o'clock we made a hasty retreat from our nest, preferring to stand in the bows of the vessel and get wet rather than be roasted alive.

Breakfast was not forthcoming on this day, much to our disgust. Lunch cost us 50 cents and supper the same, and it must be said that the meals on the boat were quite good. That night we tied up at 65-mile point. It is impossible for the steamer to proceed up the Skeena River at night, for there are no lights and the channel is very narrow and zigzags from side to side all the way. Several times we ran aground, but none of the crew seemed to pay any attention to this, and we were soon able to back off each time.

I had thought that when the engine stopped the pipe which had caused us all the trouble on the previous night would get cool. So it did for a time, but as soon as we were comfortably settled the thud, thud, thud started again. The lights had been put out at 10 o'clock, so that there was no escape for us, since every foot of space was occupied by a man, and one could not move without drawing down frightful maledictions on oneself from some other unfortunate individual who was trying to sleep. We were thankful enough when daylight arrived, and still more so when breakfast time came along. We went without dinner on this day for some unknown reason. Several of the party were put off at the various camps up the river before we arrived at our destination, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with the rain still pouring down in torrents.

Altogether it was an uneventful trip. The discomforts were many, and the greater part of them quite unnecessary if a little thought for the laborer was exercised. The scenery was magnificent, though rather monotonous. When the vessel was standing still at some landing the stream appeared to be rushing by at such an alarming rate that one wondered how in the world any headway at all could be made against it. And, indeed, in many places very slow progress is made. There are places where, when the river is high, it is necessary to throw out a line to the shore and one of the crew carries it ahead and hitches it securely to a tree. Then the boat is hauled up as far as the line will allow and the process is repeated.

It is necessary for a landing to be made every mile or two in order to take on wood for fuel. At these times a suitable spot in the bank of the river is chosen at a place where the current is not too strong and the deck hands, who are nearly all Indians, go ashore and carry back the sticks of cordwood which are piled on the banks at intervals. The wood is cut by men who live there, sometimes alone and sometimes in twos and threes, and a lonelier and more dreary mode of life could hardly be found.

Just before our arrival at our destination the purser came along, calling out to those who were booked for "Graveyard Point" to get ready. The name of the place struck me as particularly hopeful. My pardner, who was also booked for this point, decided that he would not get off there, and so went past the place to go higher up the river. Fifteen of us were put off at this camp. One can hardly imagine a more picturesque spot than that on which the camp was situated. It consisted of three or four log shacks and two or three tents in a small clearing, perched on the bank of the river. Behind the camp was dense forest, with the grade running east and west about 50 yards back from the river. Opposite the camp across the river was spread out before us, when the clouds parted for a moment, a wonderful panorama of mighty snow-clad mountain peaks, with great deep valleys wrapped in dark green, between them.

We found a large bunkhouse and deposited our packs therein. The bunkhouse was a log shack about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad, with one small window and a door at each end. Along each side of the room were ranged the bunks. They were made like deep cupboards with two shelves. The ends were covered with pieces of sacking to keep out the mosquitoes and flies.

(Everything in northern British Columbia with wings on, and some without, bites or stings, and the only safe policy is to kill every insect within sight.) The other occupants of the place appeared soon after 6 o'clock, in the persons of some half-dozen Russians—a band of about the toughest-looking brigands imaginable. They proceeded to take off their boots and then their "toe-rags." They do not buy socks, which are an expensive luxury, but instead substitute a piece of rag, which they wrap round their feet. They next proceeded to light a fire in the stove and hung their toe-rags on a wire stretched above it. In five minutes there was about as bad a smell as could be desired.

The food was poor, and the cooking as bad as the food. The meat was hardly touched by many of the men, and it was always covered with a thick layer of unpalatable-looking heavy gravy. We had potatoes with the skins on (which were the best part of the outlay), apple sauce, pie, cake and tea. Nearly the whole camp seemed to be chronically afflicted with diarrhœa, at which I was not surprised after the first meal. The first night in camp we retired to our bunks early, again hoping to make up for the sleep we had lost on the three preceding nights. In ten minutes, however, the fleas got wise to the presence of fresh blood in the camp and soon got warmed up to their work when they came out in their millions. For nine mortal hours we tossed and turned and cursed, and got up in the morning more tired than when we lay down. I have had a lot of experience one way and another with "bugs" in places of this kind, but never in my life have I seen or felt such a pest of them as at that camp. Of course, the whole trouble is caused through carelessness on the part of the men and of the authorities. The bunkhouse was never cleaned, and the Russians never washed. Also the fact that pigs were kept within five yards of one of the sleeping tents contributed largely to the general discomfort, pigs being prolific breeders of fleas. The favorite amusement of the Russian faction was to take their blankets outside and place them over a stump of a tree on the water's edge after supper in the evening, and stand there solemnly picking out the fleas from their blankets. The absence of any sort of sanitary arrangements was not calculated to make for the well-being of the men. The "sanitary arrangements" consisted of a single ditch which started close to the kitchen door and went *uphill* to the river. Into this was thrown all the refuse from the kitchen, and the stench arising therefrom in the hot weather was vile in the extreme. Fleas, flies and germs in general must have thriven and grown fat thereon. I was put on the night shift on my second evening. We worked from 7 o'clock till midnight and from 1 o'clock until 7 next morning. We were supposed to sleep in the daytime. The sun grew hot in the morning and beat down on the hay tent to which I had moved, and made sleep impossible. Had it not been for the sun, the fleas and flies and the noise of the blasting in the rock-cut close at hand would have precluded any idea of sleep.

At the end of September the camp broke up and moved farther up the river to a point beyond Hazelton. Once up there—and in the fall, too—it was evident that there would not be much chance of returning until spring, for the river freezes and transportation becomes a very difficult and expensive business.

In common with most of the camp, which totalled in all about 75 men, I had no liking for the idea of a winter stay under such conditions, with the reports before us of the scarcity of meat that had been experienced the winter before at the camps in the mountains, and I decided to go back to Prince Rupert. I had earned sufficient money to keep me going for a considerable time, and so went and drew my money at the store.

Everything in the camps is charged for at exorbitant rates. All such commodities as tobacco, boots, etc., cost at least twice as much as they do in Prince Rupert, and the latter is much more expensive than Vancouver. The men pay full fares up the river and pay for meals at a higher rate than in an ordinary restaurant. No accommodation is allowed for them on the journey, and at the camps no regard is paid to their health and well-being. There are said to be doctors whose business it is to look after the health of the men. They are seldom seen, and when they are they often have no medicines. A case was

reported of a man who was crushed by a car in tunnel work. He lay in his bunk for four days with his leg broken and his hip dislocated, with hospital and doctors only six miles away; and yet he was not attended to for four whole days.

Hardships there must be in all pioneer railroad building, but it is the duty of the contractors and employers of labor to see that everything is done that is possible to care for the wants of their men. More particularly is it necessary to look after the sanitary conditions in camps of any size. It is easy to lay out a camp when it is to be a more or less permanent one for a year or more on lines so that there will be no danger arising from insanitary conditions in the camp. The men are in a great many cases too ignorant to take proper care of themselves. All they can do is to labor. Provided they do their day's work it is up to the employer to see that the conditions under which the work is carried on are as healthy as circumstances will permit, otherwise there will be an even greater dearth of men for railroad construction work than is the case at present.

Wave and Tide

On the far reef the breakers
  Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
  Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
  Through all the thunderous din—
The wave may break in failure,
  But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
  Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
  Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
  The sea comes flooding in—
Wave upon wave is routed,
  But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
  In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
  It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
  How strong the reefs of sin—
The wave may be defeated,
  But the tide is sure to win!

—Priscilla Leonard, in *The Outlook.*

British Columbia Archaeology

MR. HARLAN I. SMITH, the Government Expert Archæologist, has just completed a survey of Western Canada. In presenting the results of his work briefly to McGill University, he outlined some important discoveries which he made in the village sites and the graves of the southern interior of British Columbia. He found that the material culture of the prehistoric people was similar to that of the Indians now inhabiting the regions, and that the influence of one culture upon another was greater in earlier times. The culture of southern British Columbia he found to be a unit; that of the coast another unit, and in central Washington was a culture differing in some respects from that of the interior of southern British Columbia and also unlike that of the coast. The remains of the Lillooet Valley showed influences of the coast as well as of the interior.

"The southern interior of British Columbia," he said, "is arid and the winters cold. Vegetation is scanty, and, except on the highlands, there are few trees. The prehistoric inhabitants, like the Salish Indians today, relied upon many limited resources. They had the salmon from the rivers, besides the deer and the elk, which furnished food and clothing, with bones and antlers for tools and implements. The bark of the sage-brush supplied a fibre for cloth, and many domestic articles were made of stone.

"The age of the specimens secured is uncertain, but the absence of European objects in many of the places explored establishes the fact that the remains there found antedate the coming of white traders. Bows and arrows were used; the arrow points usually chipped from stone, but also ground from slate, pieces of bone, or antler. Digging stick handles like those used by the present Indians, were furnished out of antlers.

"In preparing food, pestles and mortars of stone were used, and fish knives made of slate. Mortars are scarce, but flat stones which probably served the same purpose are common. There is no pottery. Baskets or boxes, it is thought, were used for boiling food; the number of burnt and cracked stones found had probably served to heat water. Among the tools were wedges of elk antlers, stone hammers, adzes or chisels of nephrite, whetstones, carving knives of beaver teeth, stone scrapers and drills. Coarse sandstone semi-cylinders, grooved in the flat side and similar to the modern arrow shaft smoother, were common. These are not found on the coast, and their presence strengthens the affiliation of the culture in this area with that of the plateaus and the east. There were awls made of bone, skin scrapers, some of stone like those used by the Shuswap and Thompson River Indians, others of bone; and flat needles of bone, such as are now made of iron and used for sewing cat-tail stalks into mats to cover the houses. War-like clubs were found, one made of copper, others of whale-ribs, and some of these were carved with human heads in a style resembling that of the coast. There were also daggers of bone and of antler. For dress the skins of deer and birds were used, as well as fabrics of sage-brush bark and other fibres. Head scratchers, hair ornaments, nose-bars and ear pendants, copper, bone and shell beads, perforated teeth and claws of animals, were worn; and the body was decorated with red and yellow ochre and blue paint.

"The people gambled in those days with dice made out of woodchuck teeth, similar to those of beaver teeth still used by the Indians. Tubes were found, like the gambling implements of today. The old pipes were made of steatite, shaped like a wineglass and with incised designs. These pipes and the mortars are like those found in South California. The modern Indians occasionally used the tubular pipe until quite recently.

"The art of the people is best shown by the work on the daggers and the digging sticks, dentalium shells and pipes. The

circle-and-dot design is frequent here, as well as to the south and west. Graves were made in the sand along the streams, and on the tops of the lower hills and terraces. Graves under rock slides occur in Nicola Valley. The body was laid on the ground, and the rocks above were loosened so as to cause them to slide down and cover the body. In all the graves the bodies were flexed on the side; some were wrapped in cloths and covered with mats and rushes. With the dead were buried the articles used in daily life—arrow points, celts, needles, beads and other objects. There is evidence of only one type and culture in this region. The modern Indians make their graves like the ancient; they knew the use of the rock-slide burial and they interpret the conventional marks found on the prehistoric remains; yet differences exist between the old and the new. The moderns make small arrow points and believe the large points made in the excavations were made in a mythical period, and the modern pipe is a bowl or an elbow-crook, like the type found on the plains.

"The absence of pottery is characteristic of the whole northwest. Ethnological investigations have shown a connection with the recent culture of this area with that of the Rocky Mountain region.

"On the whole, the prehistoric culture of British Columbia bears a greater affinity to that of the western plateaus than to that of the north Pacific coast. Both the physical type and the culture suggest that the peoples of the coast and those of the interior developed on distinct lines, and that points of resemblance are due to contact, greater in the past than at present. In recent years the regions seem to have taken elements from the east.

"The coast of British Columbia has a very moist climate. Very warm and very cold climate is unknown, and the vegetation is luxuriant. The tribes of the coast make ocean-going canoes of single cedar trees and build large houses of the same wood, which is also made into implements and utensils, and the bark supplies garments, bags, mats and the like. The shell heaps of refuse from the ancient houses mark the sites of the villages. More than a hundred and fifty of these were noted in a region of less than a thousand miles square on the north end of Vancouver Island, and the opposite mainland. They were generally at the mouths of fresh-water streams, and several hundred yards long by 5 or 6 feet high, while a few miles in length, with a maximum height of over 9 feet. These heaps are of great age. The stump of a Douglas fir tree, more than 6 feet in diameter, stood on one heap, with layers over 8 feet in depth, in which were found artificiates and human remains. An ordinary stump on this heap showed four hundred annual rings within its burned periphery, and the circumference of another stump exceeded 28 feet. This indicates an age for the top layers of more than five hundred years, and a greater age for the bottom layers.

"The shell heap at Port Hammond, in the upper Fraser delta, is twenty miles by water from the present sea shore, and by land the nearest point is over ten miles away. The modern Indians use the water route, and prefer to live near the shell beds. It is hard to believe that they would carry shellfish from the present seashore to the heaps at Port Hammond. The time required for building the delta into the sea may furnish a basis for estimating the age of the heaps at Port Hammond. If the early Indians, like the Indians of today, used tools and implements of cedar, this would explain the scarcity of archæological specimens in the shell heaps of the sea beaches. Besides the points used for fish hooks and harpoons, net-sinkers of perforated pebbles were found, with fish knives of slate, pestles and mortars.

"The burial mounds of the region present similarities of structure with the cairns, and one may be derived from the other. Skeletons are rarely found in the shell heaps, except in the deltas of the Fraser, Stillaguamish and Skagit rivers. In the Fraser delta they were usually found in the rear portion of the heap, with numerous unbroken strata above them. Two distinct types are represented in the remains apparently co-existent, since they are found in the same layers. If tree burial prevailed in former times as at present, it would account for the scarcity of human remains in the shell heaps of the coast. The objects found in the heaps of the lower Fraser River are more numerous and of higher artistic value than in those of the coast or the other deltas. The dif-

ference in character between the shell heaps of the deltas and the coast seems to be due to conditions of soil and modes of life.

"The prehistoric people lived in many respects like the present natives on the Fraser delta. They depended largely upon shell fish, fished and used retrieving harpoons for large sea mammals, and they hunted the mountain goat, the deer and the elk. They made garments of skins, and they were workers in wood. The natives of British Columbia coast probably did not chip stones. The chipped points frequently found on the Fraser River and at Saanich resemble those of the Thompson River region. Those of the Puget Sound and the coast of Washington are more like the chipped points of Columbia River. Some objects frequently found in the interior are not met with in the shell mounds of Fraser River. Neither chipped stone drills or knives, nor dice or teeth were found; there were no objects buried with the dead. The similarity of culture of the prehistoric people in the Fraser River delta and in Saanich coincide with the distribution of languages at the present day. The Salish languages reach the Gulf of Georgia and southward to Shoal Water Bay. In the same latitude the same dialect is spoken east and west of the Gulf of Georgia. Vancouver Island and the opposite mainland must, therefore, have a common history. It is probable that an early migration from the interior carried the art of stone chipping, the decorative art, and the pipes, to the coast. Here it should be noted that the highest type of art on the northwest coast never extended south of Comox, and never reached the west coast of Vancouver. A few specimens point to similarity between the prehistoric people of the Fraser delta and those of the north. The most striking is the labret, which in historic time was not found south of Milbank Sound.

"One result of the migration referred to may have been the modification of burial customs in the southeast of Vancouver Island. The earliest known form of burial, long antedating contact with the whites, was in stone cairns. Later the bodies were put in wooden chests, which were placed in the ground, or in trees, in caves, or on little islands. Sometimes a canoe was used for a chest. On the whole, it may be said that the culture of the ancient people of the shell heaps was in essential particulars similar to that of the tribes now inhabiting the same area, though it was more strongly influenced from the interior. To follow out the course of its development it will be necessary to search out older deposits.

"In general, the culture of the North Pacific coast does not extend far inland. Northward its limits are unknown, but southward it coalesces with that from the Seattle and Shoalwater Bay. In the interior we have a plateau culture differing somewhat at the north from that at the south. Several small culture areas lie adjacent to these. Each culture appears to have developed independently, but to have been influenced by one or more of the others."

In conclusion, the lecturer said the experience showed the advisability of conducting archæological work in co-operation with students of living tribes. A study of the Indian living in the country under exploration usually throws light on archæological finds made there, while an understanding of the antiquities of a region helped the study of the Indian living there. The continuity of the historical problem was met by a continuity of method.

In selecting fields of operation it seemed best always to continue explorations in an area so far distant from one examined that new conditions would be encountered. This would make it probable that new facts would be discovered, if not a new culture area. At the same time, the field should be so near to the old that no culture may intervene. Thus the culture boundaries may be determined and new areas discovered. Exploration carried on by this continuous method made the experience already gained of service in a new and adjacent field, while discoveries in such a new field would lead to a better understanding of those previously examined. It remained to determine the northern, eastern and southern limits of the general plateau culture, how far it may be divided

into local areas, and the inter-relation of these with each other and with outside areas.

He said that specimens were few between the whole region lying between the mouth of the Columbia, the Santa Barbara Islands, the cliff and Pueblo region of Arizona and New Mexico, and the mound region of the Mississippi valley. Literature was also scanty, and the whole region north of the Arctic and all that of the plains towards the east and south throughout the plateaus and Nevada remained to be explored.

The Song of the Hills

BEING THE SONG OF A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LOVED

From the Yokut Indian Dialect, done into English

By MARY AUSTIN

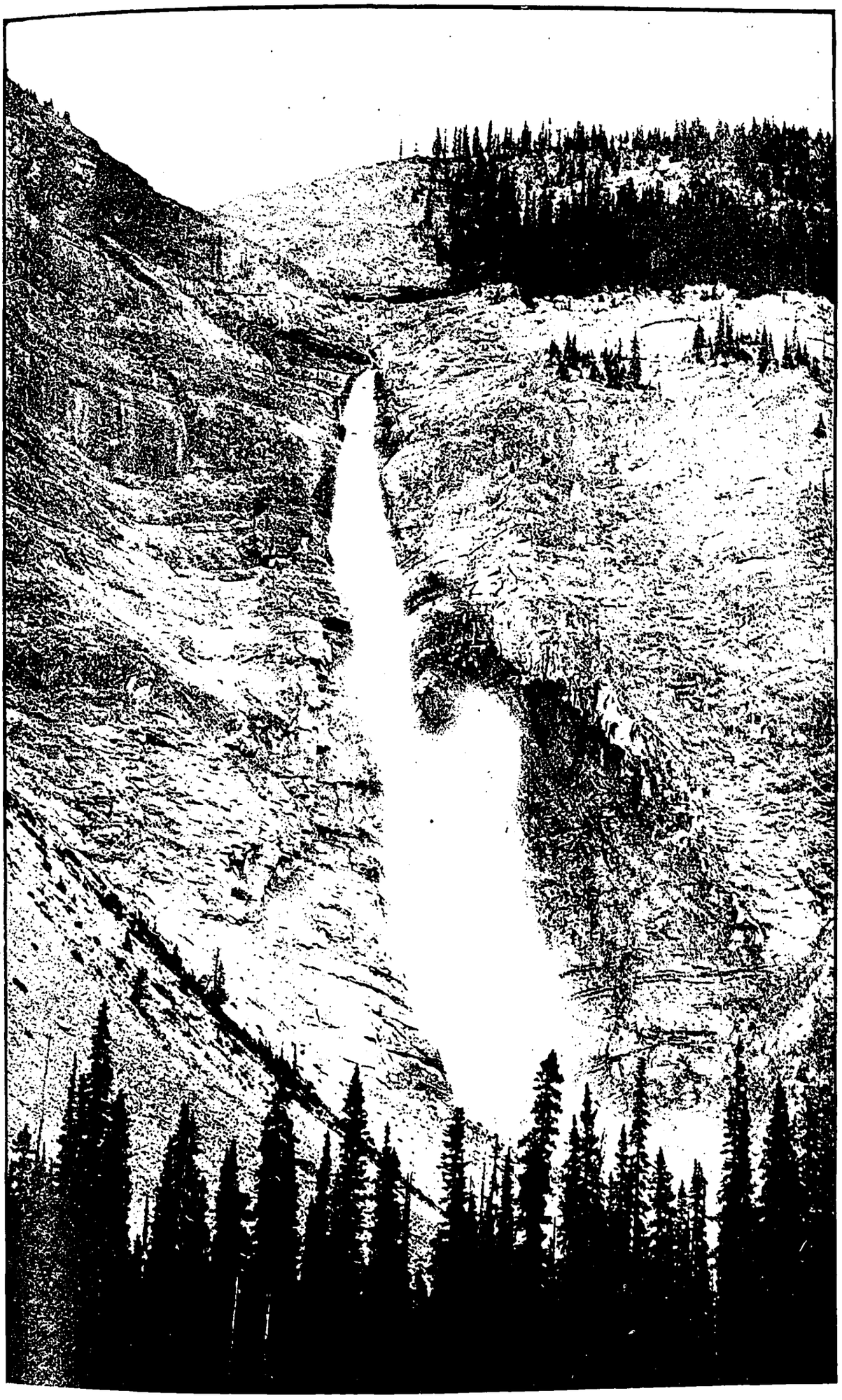
This is the song of the Hills
In the hour when they talk together,
When the alpen glow dies down in the west
And leaves the heavens tender;
In the pure and shadowless hour
When the Mountains talk together:

"Fir tree leaneth to fir,
The wind-blown willows mingle;
Clouds draw each to each,
Dissolve, depart, and renew one another;
But the strong Hills hold asunder.

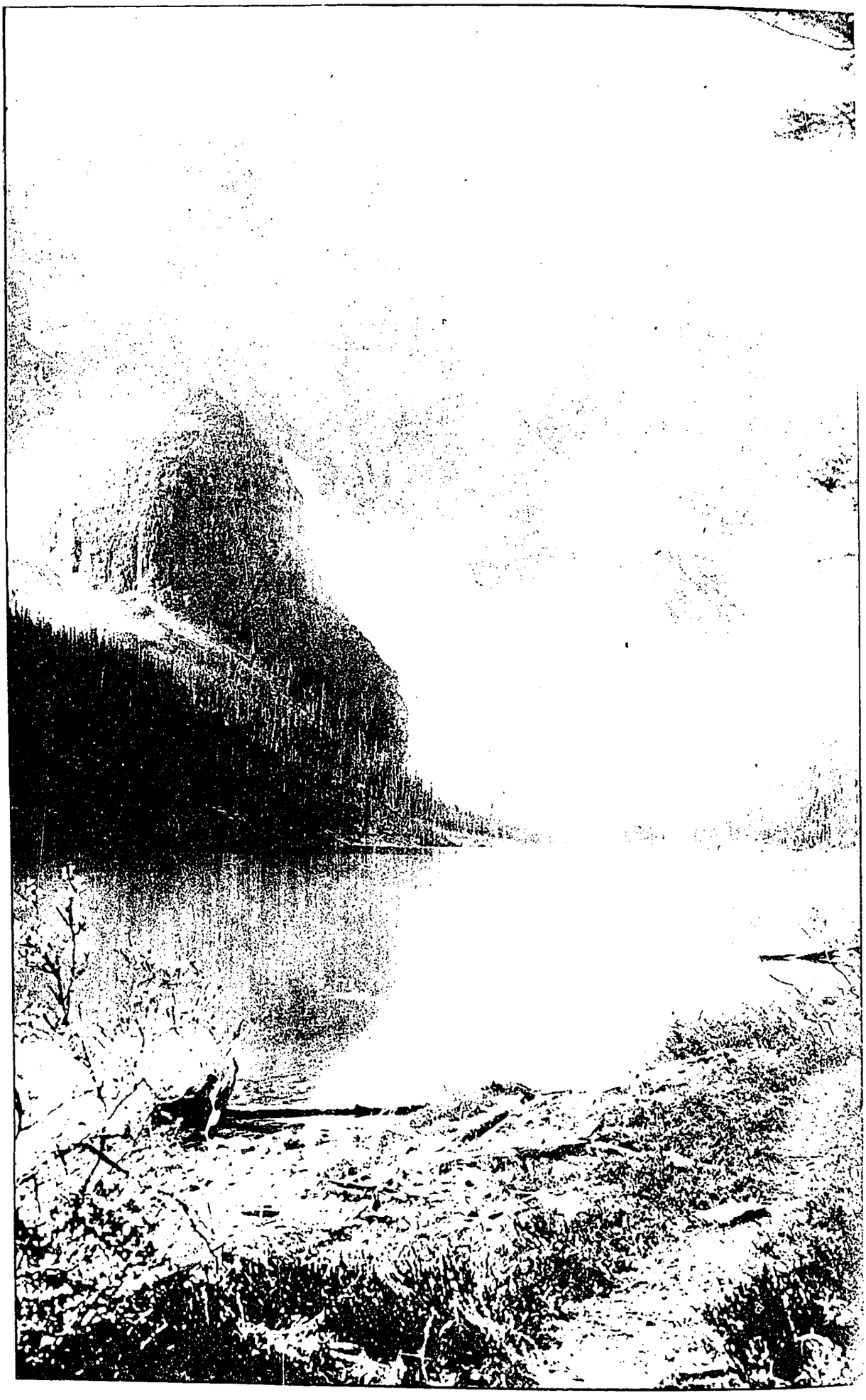
"Had we been less we had loved,
We had stooped and been tender;
But our hands are under the earth
For the travail of her harvests,
Upholding the rain-sleeked fields
And the long, brown, fruitful furrow.
Terror taketh the earth
When the Mountains move together.

"But ever as winds of Spring
Set the meadow grasses caressing,
And the coo-dove calls
And the coo-dove's mate
Resounds in the oak-wood valleys,
We shall thrill with the brooding earth,
We shall turn, touch hands, and remember
Had we been less, how much we had loved,
How nobly we might have been tender."

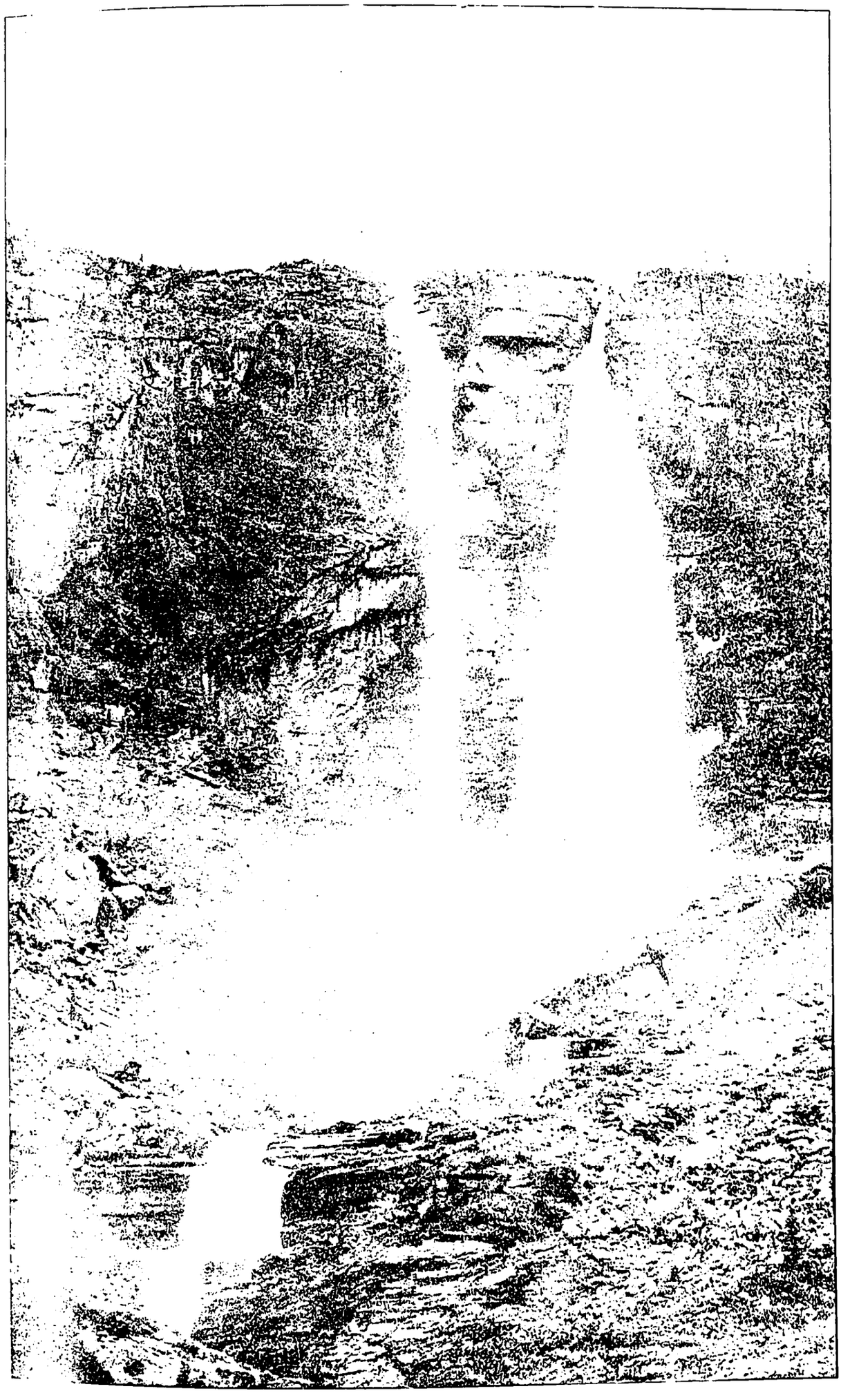
—*McClure's Magazine.*



BRITISH COLUMBIA'S SCENERY IS A SETTING FOR AN HEROIC AGE



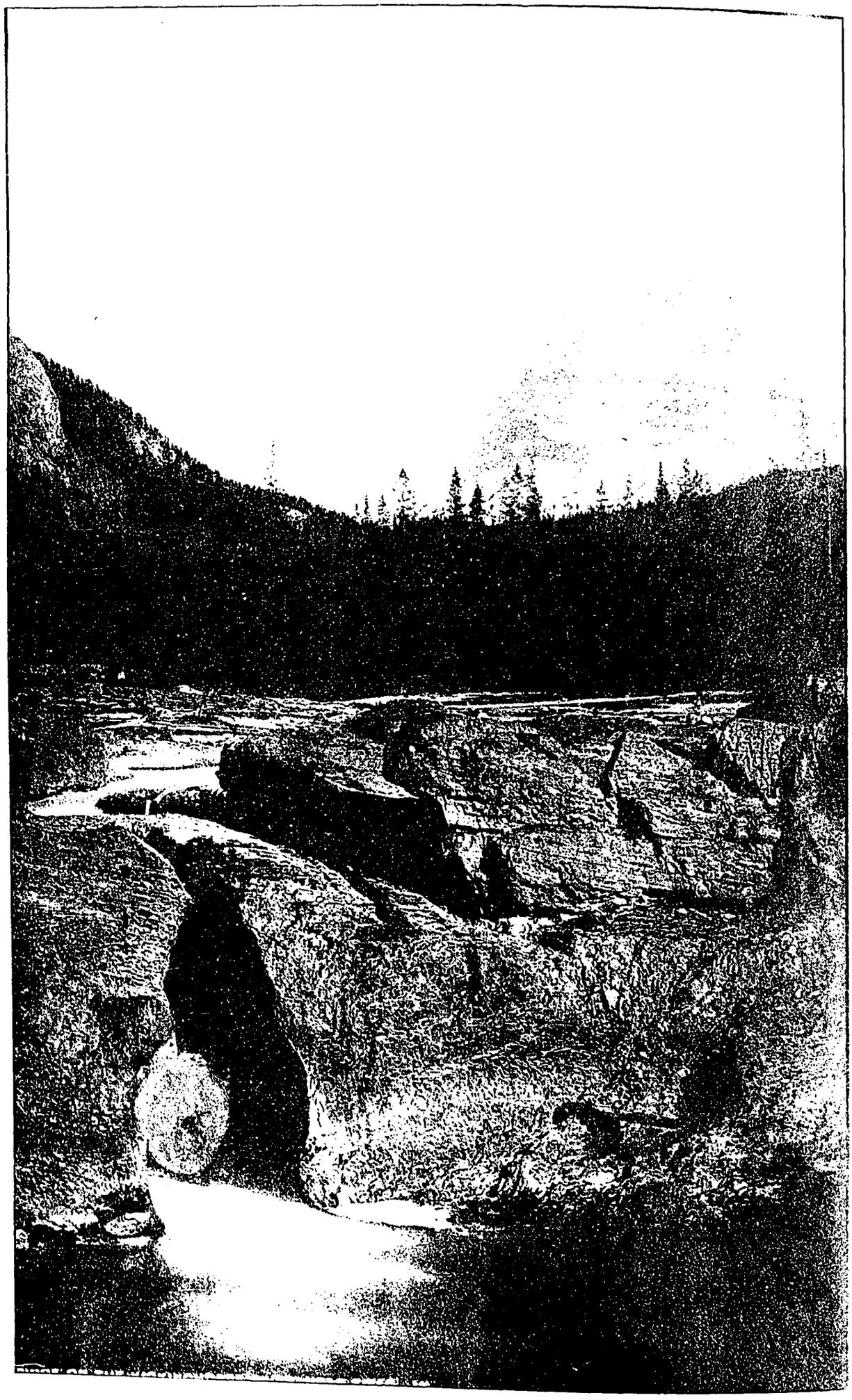
THOR MIGHT USE THIS FOR AN ANVIL



A CLIFF OVER WHICH A RIVER HURLS ITSELF TO THE ROCKS HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW

EVERY MILE TRAVERSED PRESENTS SCORES OF GIGANTIC PICTURES WHICH HAUNT THE MEMORY

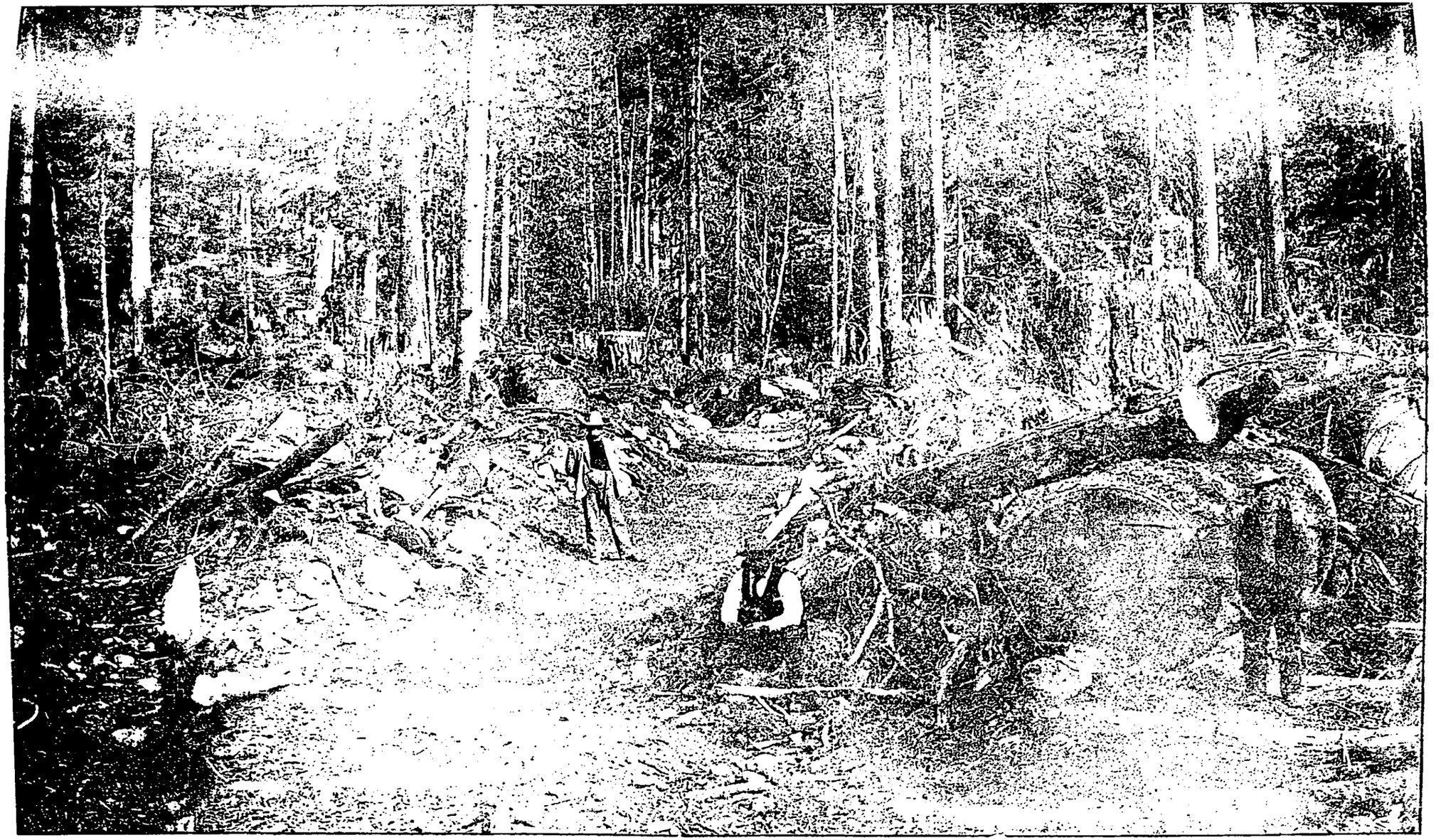
- IS A SAMPLE OF WHAT BRITISH COLUMBIA CITIES HAVE WITH WHICH TO MAKE PARKS



SNOWS THAT NEVER MELT ARE ON THE HILLS, AND IN THE VALLEYS ARE TREES THAT ARE EVER GREEN

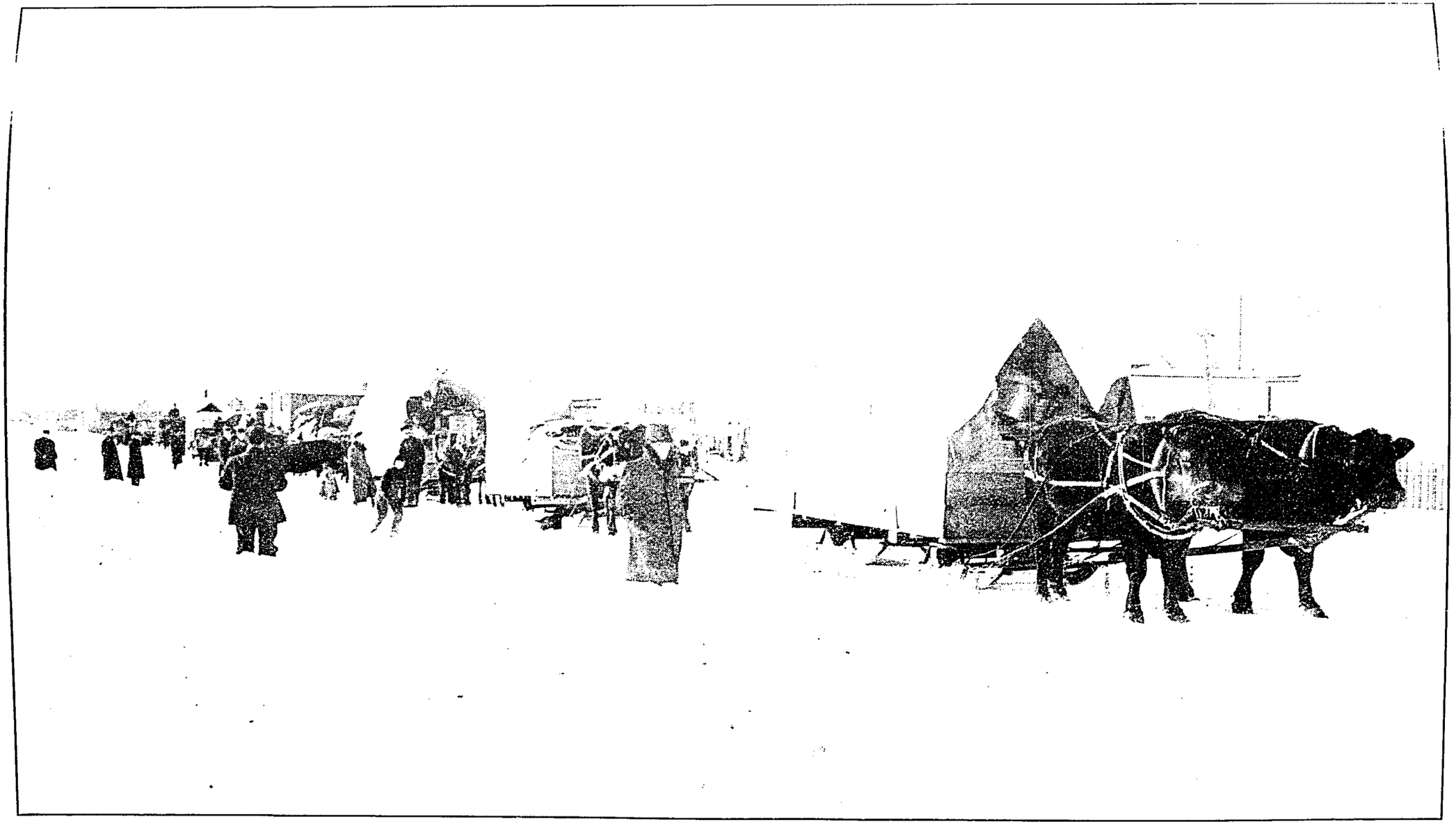
"TO FOLLOW THE RIVERS BACK TO THEIR MYSTERIOUS SOURCES IN THE HILLS, THIS IS THE TRAIL YOU MUST CONQUER AT THE END

EXPECTS TO HEAR THE WAIL OF A CLOTH-YARD SHAFT AND A MOMENT AFTER COME FACE TO FACE WITH ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF

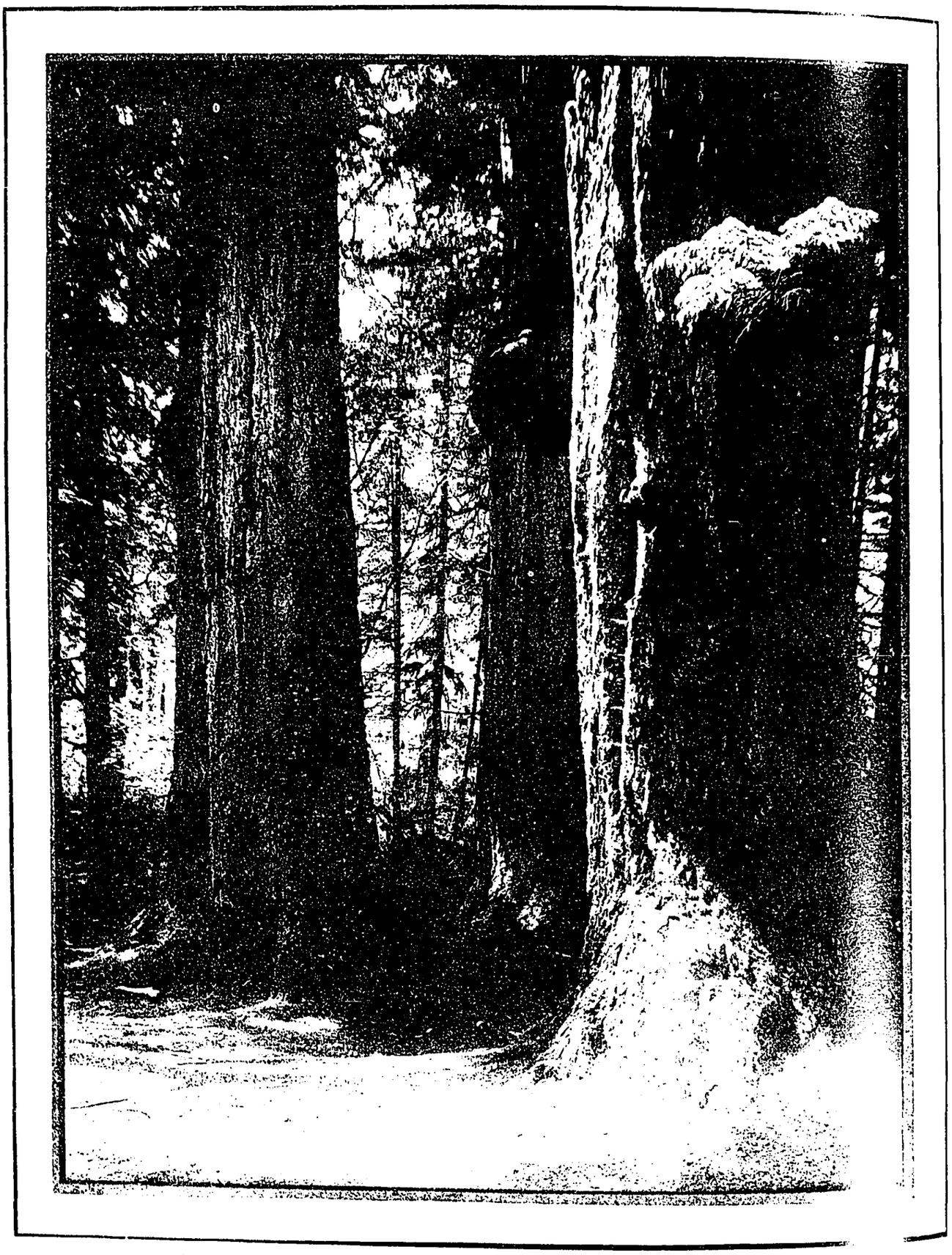


IN THE LOG WOODS MEN ACHIEVE HAPPINESS WITH WORK, AND THERE IS NO LACK OF EITHER

STARTING THE 500-MILE JOURNEY FROM EDMONTON TO GRAND PRAIRIE

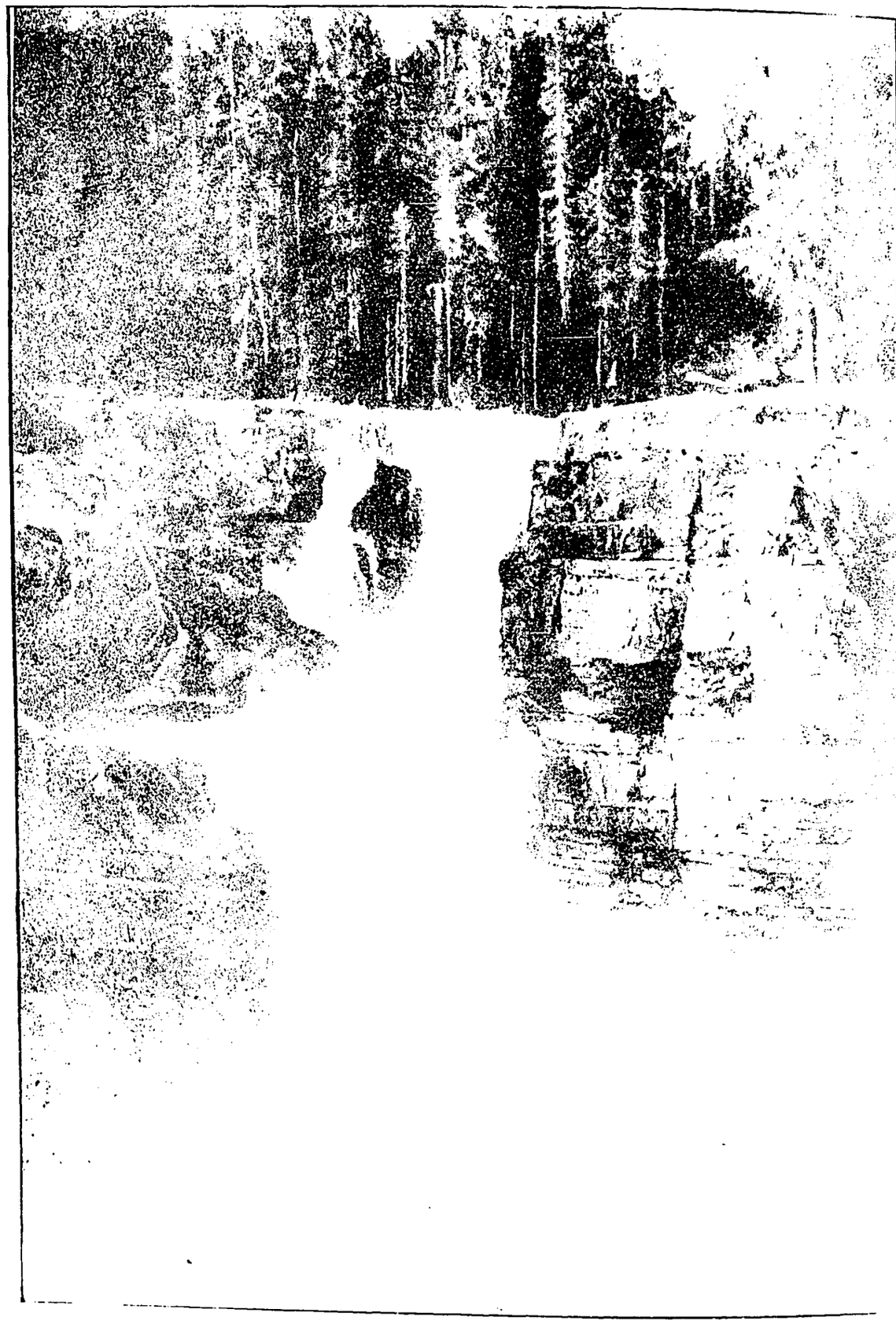


STARTING FOR THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT

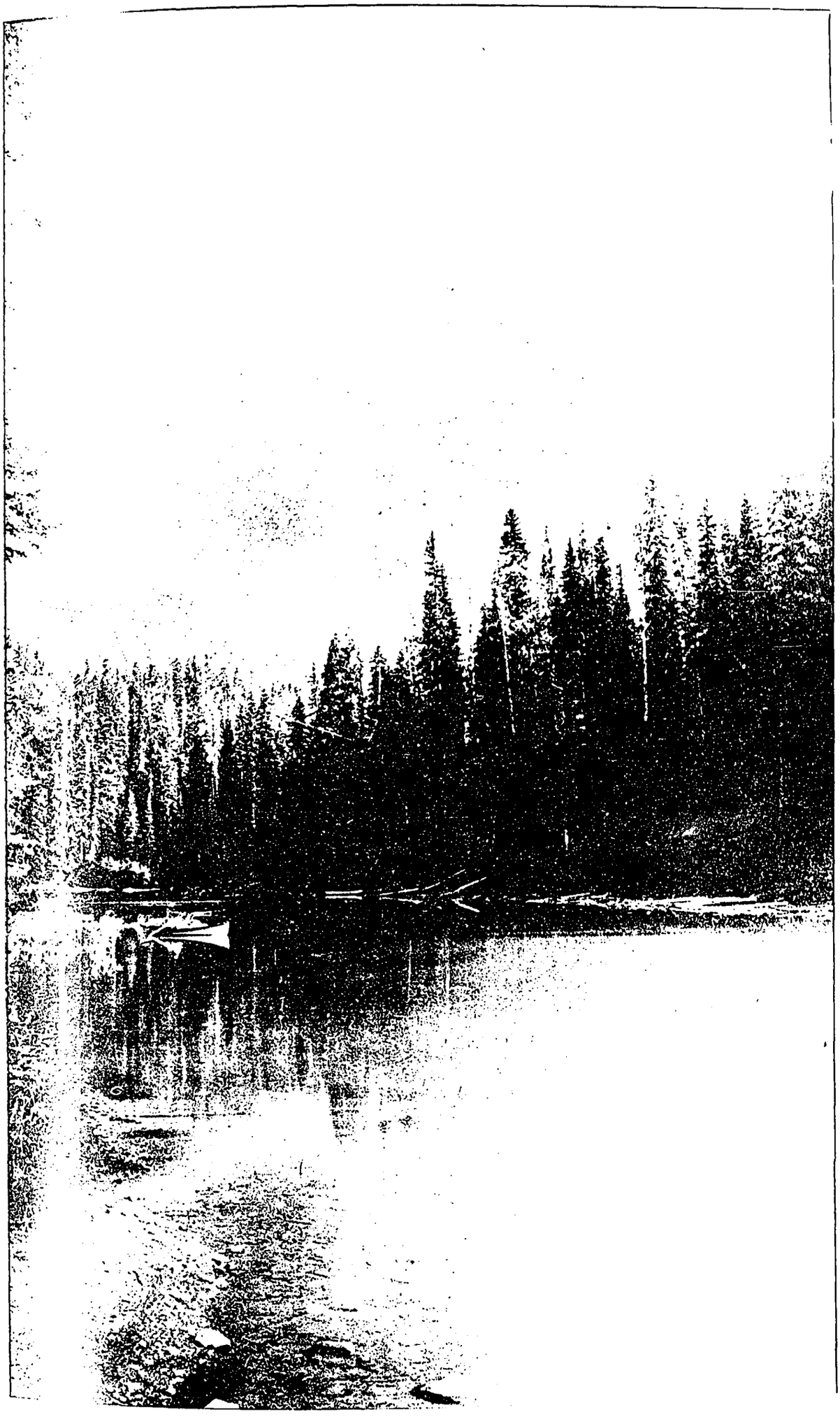


A MAN FEELS VERY SMALL WITH TREES LIKE THESE FOR COMPANY

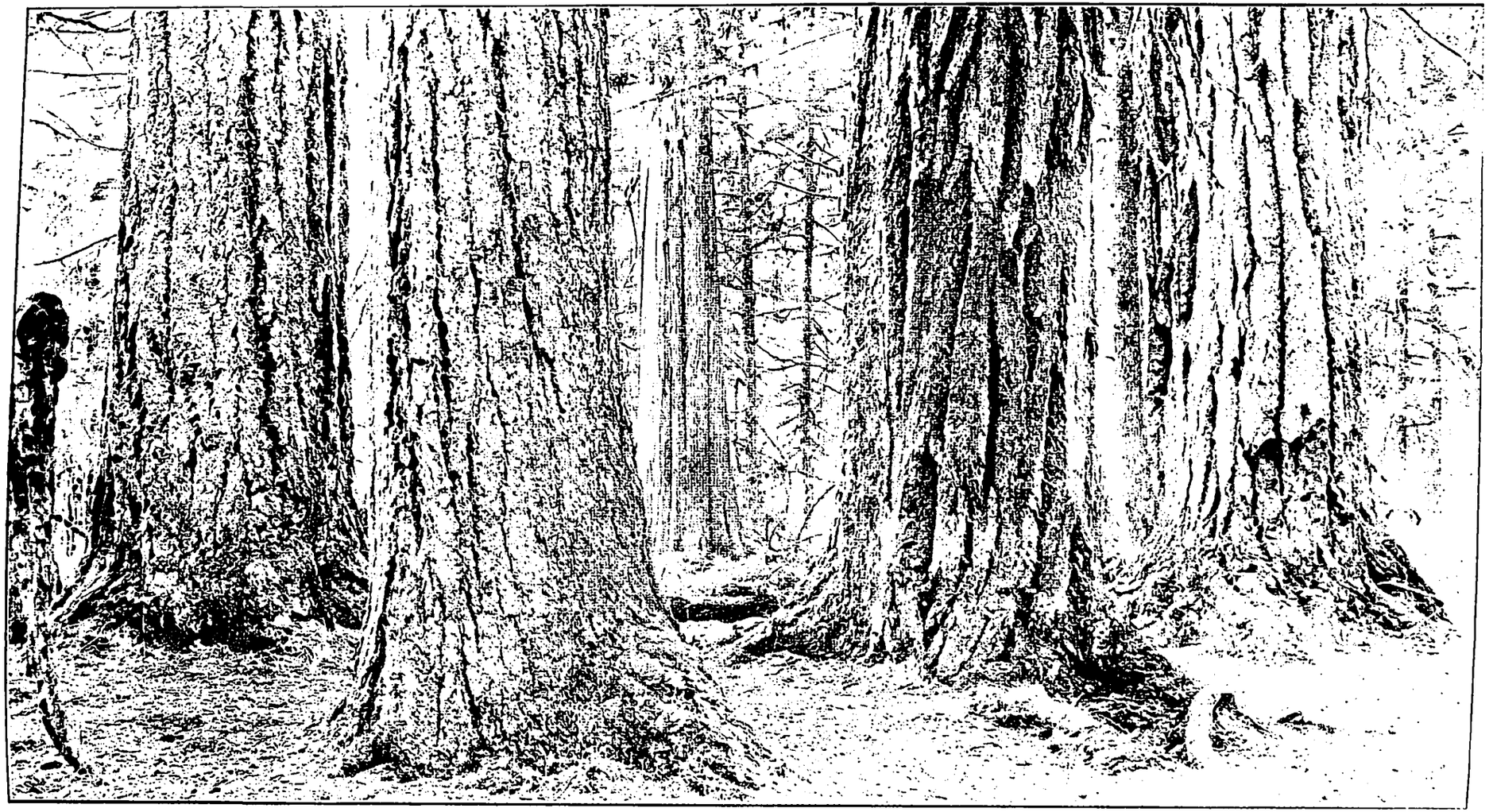
OULDN'T YOU EXPECT TO MEET A FAIRY IN A GOLDEN MIST LIKE THIS?



NOT IN THE MOUNTAINS IS ITS SUPPLY, AND ITS CALMER PLACES ARE FILLED WITH GAME-FISH



MOOSE IS EVEN MORE PRODUCTIVE OF PLEASURE THAN THE GUN IN THIS COUNTRY



THERE ARE MILLIONS OF FEET OF LUMBER STANDING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Along the Peace River

HAVING always supposed that Edmonton, Alberta, was the farthest north of agriculture, it was to me rather singular to find, from 100 to 400 miles north of Edmonton, a country of about 125,000,000 acres which very likely is as livable and farmable as the average of Saskatchewan or lower Alberta. The end seems rather hard to foresee; but incidentally the frontier is certainly passing at a tremendous pace not only west but north. We went north, down the noble valley of the Peace River, for 350 miles by steamboat, and at the end of that journey I saw the best wheat and oats I remember to have seen in my life. At Fort Vermilion we were in latitude 58 degrees 30 minutes, and at the Vermilion Chutes, where the tremendous cascades of the Peace River make the only break in navigation for many hundreds of miles, one is some sixty miles still farther toward the wilderness. Yet in this country in late August the flowers were blooming brightly—old-fashioned flowers, marigolds, hollyhocks, sweet peas, all the sorts the folk at home used to raise; and if there were any difference between soil and climate here and that of Western Canada and the Western States, it could not be seen, at least in the summer time. The total hours of sunlight are very long. In ten years no frost has interfered with wheat in that region. The climate at Fort Vermilion is not so severe as at Montreal, and farming can be done on a scale unknown around Quebec. After all, everything is relative.

I confess that I was ignorant also of the size and dignity of the Peace River itself. In places it is nearly half a mile wide, and carries a great volume of water. The valley where we saw it is deep and narrow, and the bluffs back of Peace River Landing are about 800 feet high. At this level, tablelands run back, broken with poplar timber. These are the farming lands proper, the bottom of the valley being practically all occupied by the stony beaches of the river itself, whose banks for a great part of its course are steep and picturesque.

The Peace River is very swift, and the 350 miles downstream to Fort Vermilion are easily negotiated. Getting back upstream, however, is a different matter, and our entire trip to Vermilion and back took us a little over a week. As a sporting expedition it certainly was a curious experience. We had been told by our host, Hon. James K. Cornwall, M.P.P. for the Peace River District of Alberta, that we were now in one of the greatest game countries of the north, whether for moose or black bears, and we soon were to have proof of this.

In our first afternoon out from the Landing I heard shouts and hurrying on the deck above, and soon the popping of rifles. "What's up?" I asked the captain of the steamer.

"Oh, just a bear," he said. "Lots of them all along here. Engineer killed one yesterday, just above the Landing. Got his hide down below." He hardly turned to see the result of this particular bear chase. The bear was more than a quarter of a mile away, running up the steep, broken country, and no one hit him.

In the summer-time these bears come down to the river to feed on the saskatoons and red willow berries, which are especially abundant on the large islands in the river. When approaching one of these islands it is the custom of the steamboat men to blow the whistle, and then "pot" the bears as they swim out. This doesn't sound a very sporty proposition, but as actually seen it certainly is curiously interesting.

We drew two or three islands blank, although once in a while a short toot on a whistle would call everybody's attention to a bear running off up the distant bluffs. The pilot, J. B. Showan, a halfbreed, is himself a very keen bear hunter, and usually joined in the fusilade which followed the sighting of a distant bear. We ran sixty or seventy miles that evening, and started only ten bears! Mr. Cornwall said

that he had known twenty-eight bears to be sighted in one afternoon in that same locality, which is one of the best on the river.

In the mercy of Divine Providence, no one was killed by our general and somewhat careless rifle fire, and toward dusk the most interesting part of our bear-hunting occurred. The steamer blew a long blast, and all at once there arose hurried shoutings. Far below us a black object could be seen swimming for the mainland. At once everybody on board opened fire. Some thought it was a moose, but the more knowing declared it to be a bear. As the boat dropped down rapidly in the current the range shortened to 500 yards, 400, 300, and as yet no one had been able, from the trembling and bobbing steamer deck, to hit the distant and difficult mark of the bear's head. It is very difficult to shoot from the deck of a steamboat as it jars and sways under you, as this one did.

It was at this time that my friend H—— strolled out on deck bearing under his arm his big .405, whose cannon-like qualities I had had occasion to notice earlier. He had finished his hot bath in a real tub, the first in several days, and was just at dessert and coffee in a six-course dinner when the confusion on deck interrupted him. He and L. H. Stanton, of the Winnipeg *Free Press,* were standing side by side against the rail, when I moved up at my friends' elbow and volunteered to feed cartridges into his machine. Stanton holds a championship medal or two for regimental rifle shooting, and he was not doing bad work with the .303 which he had, although this time he could not quite land in the bull's-eye.

"I think it's a moose," said H——, calmly, waiting until the boat was within about 250 yards. Someone else called out that it was a bear. When the big gun went into action its three shots were easily marked. The first was high, at least a foot over the back of the swimming animal. The next seemed to be too high, but it turned the creature, which now swam higher out of the water. We found later that this shot had deeply creased the back, although not far enough below the water line to blow up the boilers. The third bullet of the big .405 struck the head fairly, and the festivities were over, amid a general rejoicing that at last we had fresh meat. I had my rifle on board, but it was not in action, and I told my friend that I was ashamed of him for shooting a swimming bear. The real reason that I did not take a hand, however, was that my rifle was in its case.

In a very methodical way the captain of the boat proceeded to land our bear. We were drifting down on the floating black object, and one of the deckhands had in readiness the gaff hook, made and provided for bears—a steel hook at the end of it—when all at once shouts and shots again broke out on the deck above us. Yet another bear, and a very large one, was swimming off on the other side of the island. Stanton and H—— again went into action, and from the pilot house above, Showan plied his .30-30 carbine. The distance was fully 700 or 800 yards. Both the big gun and the .303 came apparently within an inch or two of scoring, but the bear, very tired and apparently somewhat agitated, finally made his way across the beach and into the woods. I suppose his tongue was hanging out, but it was too far away to see. After this we swung alongside, calmly gaffed our floating dead bear, passed a big rope around his neck, and hauled him on board. Weight, 330 pounds on the boat's scale; condition, fat as butter. The deck hands licked their chops in anticipation of the bear meat they were going to have, and of which they are very fond. We had some of it on the table, but I didn't care very much for it.

From Peace River Landing north the river banks become regularly lower. Several smaller streams flow in, coming down from the valleys where game, especially moose, abounds. Occasionally a grizzly bear is found far east, but not often. The Indians are afraid of them and rarely care to hunt them, and I think perhaps they are more ugly there, where they are more hunted. As you go farther north along the Peace River, the black bears are less abundant. In all we saw twenty-nine black bears on our trip. The sight of bears got to be so common that we did not keep accurate tally.

All things considered, Fort Vermilion was perhaps the most interesting point on our journey. This old fur post is merely a collection of a few houses on top of a bare bluff. Back of the famous Fort Vermilion wheat mill lies the equally famous wheat

field, and an hour's drive or so away lies the experimental farm of the Dominion Government, conducted by Robert Jones, where we certainly had good evidence of the agricultural possibilities of this far-off country. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, beets, cauliflower, peas, beans, many berries, many flowers, etc., all grew in astonishing profusion. We saw also the farms of several who to their material advantage had forsaken the fur trade for the profits of the plow. There are two religious missions here, of different faiths, doing work among natives. It was so long ago as 1876 that Brother Reynier, of the Roman Catholic mission, took the first prize for wheat at the Philadelphia Exposition. He is an old man today, a quaint and interesting figure.

At Fort Vermilion you begin to touch the romance of the past, and feel, indeed, that you are in the Far North, in the fur country of which we have all read. We all invested here still more extensively in Indian work, moccasins, gun covers, dog whips, dog blankets, moose hides, beads, quill-work, etc. It was with genuine regret that we turned back from this old post, feeling that now we were headed toward home—a place which, I am disposed to think, few of us would have preferred to a farther journey into this fascinating wilderness country. We shall long cherish the friendships we made at this far-off frontier post, where we were treated so handsomely, as, indeed, we were all along the line. The hospitality of the frontier is genuine and unrestrained. In the Far North, generosity and kindliness are spontaneous and at times we were much touched by our reception.

I shall not say much more of our journey up the river, from Fort Vermilion to Peace River Landing again. It was restful and interesting all the way, with the bear shooting, the scenery, and the continual sense of frontier life which was all about us. The hardships of the frontier were absent. It was on the return voyage, however, that we had another very exciting "adventure" with the bears. It seems that this island where we first saw a bear gaffed like a salmon is rather famous among the river men. It was on our third day of the upstream voyage that we again approached it, from the opposite direction. I saw one of the deckhands take up a board and bank it against the side of the boat. At first I did not understand what he was doing. An instant later it was perfectly apparent. The cry arose once more, "Bear! Bear! There they go! There they go!" We could see distinctly two little dark objects in the water. The sound of the deckhand's board, and the whistle of the boat, had carried far. The nearest, which seemed nearly white in color, was the best part of half a mile away.

Again the batteries began; pilot house, hurricane deck, main deck and lower deck, all in action at once, with everything from a .405 down to a .22 banging and popping. The two bears were 300 or 400 yards apart, and the farther one seemed to be a grizzly. No one seemed to be getting very close in his work. H—— would not open up with his cannon at such long range, but I have an idea that he entertained a sneaking thought of getting within a couple of hundred yards or so and then killing both bears. We did get within easy range of this bear, but unfortunately for my friend's plan, just as he was raising his rifle for the first shot, Pilot Showan from above "plunked" the quarry through the head with the last shot in his .30-30.

We dropped down to gaff this one, which proved to be a good-sized black bear, but very light in color, almost sandy, and much like the coat of the grizzly. All these robes, while not full-furred, were much better than might have been expected for the middle of August. After that occurred one of the best instances of the power of the modern rifle I have ever seen.

We were still more than 700 yards below the remaining bear when H—— began to fire at it, thinking, I presume, that there was too much chance of someone else killing this bear too. There was only a little dark spot to be seen far up the river, and a long ripple of water trailing out behind. This time I had my rifle, and I fired a few times, but there was no real hope of anyone hitting the bear, which was fast making shore. My friend's guess at elevation must have been fairly correct, because the four shots he fired all seemed to drop in the vicinity of the bobbing black object. At the last shot the black object went under, and a jury of the deckhands, friends and others gave the credit to the .405, whose voice was very unmistakable.

But, to the surprise of everybody, the black object bobbed up again! In spite of the general fusilade, the bear made the shore, climbed the bank and disappeared among the bushes, about 50 feet above the water level.

Everybody looked foolish, H—— especially so. It did not seem possible that a bear could be shot through the head, killed, drowned, and yet come to life again!

We finished gaffing our black bear, and went to the place the crippled bear had escaped. H—— and I were both wearing soft moccasins, and the stones did not look very good to us. As we hesitated, Showan came down the gangplank with Stanton's .303 and lightly tripped off into the brush after the crippled bear. We heard three shots in quick succession, and then two of the grinning "breed" deckhands started off on a run with a tracking line. A few moments later the odd spectacle might have been seen of an enormous black bear being yanked down hill at the end of a tracking line, dumped into the river, and towed like a York boat to the side of the steamer! That, however, is the way they do it on the Peace River. I doubt if, in accumulating bears, the like is to be seen in any other country.

The novices of our party, of course, thought Showan had "killed the bear," and very soon the teeth had been hammered out as trophies. When it came to the skinning the bear by light of the deck lantern, however, the story was different, although most singular. The skull of the bear was not scratched, broken or cracked, but the neck, shoulders and head, underneath the hide, were badly suffused with blood. Close examination showed two little holes, one each side of the head, passing through the big muscle which lies far back on the top of the head. At a distance of 650 to 700 yards the bullet of the .405 had just raked the top of the skull, a mark perhaps only three or four inches in diameter. Showan came down to see the skinning of the bear. Another native pointed out this wound to him, and like the gentleman and sportsman he was, he at once grinned and held out his hand to the man whose shot had first taken effect.

"Among my people," he finally said, by means of an interpreter, "the man who first wounds an animal gets it. When I went after this bear, I saw that it was hit, because it had to stick its toes in to climb up the bank. It tried to get up the bank again when I saw it, and I shot it two times, missing it once. It was lying there, acting foolish. I think it would have died before morning. I don't think it would ever have gone away from there if I had not come on it."

Of course, a bear here or there did not mean much to Showan. But the little incident will show that sportsmanship can come in red colors as well as white. My friend took the robe of this bear also, and the deckhands took the meat, which disappeared with great rapidity. This also was a large bear, and all the three which we had taken aboard were enormously fat. As we had now started four bears from this island, and H—— had killed two, the H. B. captain formally named this H—— Island, and so it will always remain. We were in a country the maps of which are not yet finished.

We were precisely at the season when the Indians like best to kill these bears. They get great quantities of oil from the fat, and we noticed that in skinning the bear they would take off two or three inches or more of fat with the hide, skinning down to the meat closely instead of skinning to the hide, as we do. They said the Indian women would rather flesh the hide when it is skinned with a lot of fat on it. All the fat and parings of the hide are boiled for grease.

Arrived again at Peace River Landing, our party divided. Two were obliged to start for the settlements. The greater portion of the party, accompanied by two agricultural experts, Professors Bull and Pettit, took wagons for the Grand Prairie country. My friend H—— and I concluded to stop for more bear hunting, as the others would not return to the Landing inside of a week.

It is something of a comfort to get into a country where there are no professional guides. Now, the "breeds" at Peace River Landing make their living killing moose and bears, but so far as we were able to determine, we were the first sportsmen to hire "guides" or to outfit for a sporting trip at this point. Mr. Cornwall found us an old friend of his, Moise Richard, a

stalwart halfbreed of known skill as a hunter; and Moise dug out a friend of his, Emile Bartel. They produced a long, lean, lank dugout, which looked as though it would fall over if you blew on it; into this we bundled our supplies, blankets, a little tent, and ourselves. We had chartered Moise a few days in advance to do some exploring for bears, but, Indian fashion, he had simply gone on a hunt of his own up the Smoky River, with two other Indians. They shot four bears, but only killed one, because they only had steel-point bullets. The gun sold universally in trade up there is a .30-30 carbine.

Before us lay the task of locating our own bear country. We dropped back down the Peace River for three days, until we got near Three Rivers, but apparently the noisy steamboat had driven most of the bears back from the river. It is most likely that had we had a couple of weeks' clear hunting there, we could have killed more bears than we wanted or our dugout would have carried. Even so, we had one of the most delightful experiences I ever had out of doors, in any quarter of the world.

We wished to get down as far as the Cadotte River, but feared we could not get back in time. So, when we found good bear country about thirty or forty miles down the river, we stopped to hunt. Bear "sign" we saw all along the shore, as well as a great deal of sign of moose, wolf, beaver, etc. Not a trace of human habitation was anywhere near us, and it was fine to be out in the actual wilderness with wild creatures all about. We scarcely could believe that we had got into so grand a country in so short a time.

Luck broke rather against me on this hunt, for although I was out with Moise, a bear hunter of renown, I did not score on a bear. He and I saw four, and had one long-range shot, 500 or 600 yards, at one running up the bluffs. We smoked him up, but did not land him. A day or so later, after a long and hard climb for a bear which we sighted, I got my best chance on this trip to kill a bear. It was heart-breaking work going up the bluffs, about 1,000 feet, but we went clear to the top after our bear, which we had sighted from below, only to find that he had disappeared. Moise went above me a little way, to peer over and see whether he could locate his bearship. Nothing happens just as it should. At that instant the bear came back down the little gully and showed his big bulk for the flash of an eye, not more than thirty feet away from me in the heavy cover. Searching for an opening, I got none, and a moment later he was off on his own affairs, much to the joint regret of Moise and me. Again we had a breakneck run down the bluffs, trying to reach a bear we saw swimming across the river, a habit they often have here; but again we were too late.

My friend had no better luck, although I suspect he did not hunt very hard. One evening as Moise was pulling the dugout up to bring in H——, who was busy watching a beaver colony, there occurred perhaps the most exciting incident of our trip. A bear appeared in the dusk at the top of the bank, and Moise, dropping his pole, took a couple of chance medley shots at him from the rocking dugout. As the issue proved, he got him, too, fore and aft. The next morning we trailed this bear and hung up his hide. It was an enormous brute, probably weighing over 400 pounds, and delightfully fat, our men thought.

We had our dugout loaded down pretty near to the gunwale, and, as is so often the case where game is abundant, we did not really much care whether we got more bear or not. At the last camp we made, going up the river, twenty-five miles below Peace River Landing, we found that the bears were again coming back to the river valley. We hunted along one bayou where the tracks were as thick as those of cattle in a barnyard. There was one very large grizzly in here, which, added to the tracks of another seen by H——, at the beaver colony, showed us that sometimes there are grizzlies along the Peace River, and big ones at that. The foot of one of these bears was as long as a rifle stock, and it was a very heavy animal. There must have been eight or ten bears feeding and wallowing along this bayou, and they made sign enough for twice that many. We were sorry enough to leave this point, but this was the last day we could stay out, so, reluctantly, we began our journey of twenty-five miles upstream, making that

distance by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which certainly is not bad going.

We could not help loving Moise and Emile, especially when they thanked us for what they said was the first human kindness they had ever known in all their lives. It is none too cheerful an existence they live up there, although they are cheery under it. Half-clothed, often hungry, with only moccasins to protect their feet in the hard work of tracking on the rocky shores and oftentimes working under hard masters, life for them has small past, little present, and absolutely no future. Despair is the best they can get out of life; and yet they shamed us by their fortitude and cheerfulness. I certainly should like to see these two red friends of ours again, and I am going to if I can.

Our guides told us that at present the lynx are very scarce in that part of the country, because the rabbits have moved away. They think marten are not quite so abundant, although they shift a good deal. They still get plenty of moose, although they think that now it is harder to get moose and bears than formerly. God knows what the future will be for these people who live on the fur trade of the North, in case the fur grows scarcer. Perhaps agriculture will come in at just the right time; although agriculture is something which these "breeds" of the North fancy no more than our own Indians. Certainly they must soon compete with white farmers, who at first are also hunters and trappers.

Our party from the Grand Prairie got into the Landing the day after we did, and soon we were all embarked for our return journey, which perhaps it would be uninteresting for me to describe further than to say it was a continuous lark. The nights were now growing cooler, and we had full frost the last night we spent on the trail. Time being short for many of us, we hurried back home, not stopping to shoot ducks at Lesser Slave Lake, and making the miserable portage over to Mirror Landing as fast as we could. We had a banquet at Athabasca Landing, and there, in the far-off North country, I ate as good a dinner as I ever did, and heard as clean-cut, high-class a set of speeches as I ever listened to. The next night we spent at Eggie's half-way house, I think, frankly, the most detestable roadhouse I have ever seen and a disgrace to so good a country. One day later we were once more back in Edmonton, where we had yet another banquet, a sort of love feast for us all, for we had congratulations there on breaking all known records for northern travel. We were glad to see again this bustling and kindly northern city; or, rather, western city, for it is just like a big western American town, and since it got so many railways is long past its old trading days.

We averaged over sixty-six and a half miles of travel for each day out, over seventy-five miles a day for most of the time. We travelled over 2,000 miles out from and back to Edmonton. We started July 27 and returned on August 29. We had two days' stop at Fort Vermilion. Certainly the wildest reaches of the world are small today. On September 3 some of our party were back in Chicago, and the next day others of them were at their homes in New York!

As a sporting country, there is no doubt of the accessibility of this district, or for that matter as a farming country. Little by little the plough, without possibility of being retarded, is edging its way north as well as west. Who shall say that the dreams of our large-minded host shall not come true; and who, indeed, may dream wisely enough and boldly enough for days like this in the history of the world? What was once the East is now the West, and what but lately was the West seems now to have moved North. Just how far north it is going, and how fast, I for one have been too much amazed to venture any prophecy. All I know is, there is a Peace River country and to see it is one of the most interesting experiences apt to befall a traveller or sportsman today. But in a few years, I fear, it will no longer be the frontier.—*By B. K. Miller, in Recreation.*

The Cave-dweller

By Lloyd Roberts

THE trail that paralleled the slow writhings of the river was buried beneath the discarded finery of the trees. Blood-red, orange and yellow checkered and slashed the forest floor with barbaric glory, grey trunks of trees striving vainly to moderate the effect. Sunlight sifted down through a nebulous haze of warmth and color and sweetness. Indian summer soothed the wilderness like a narcotic, until it basked in luxurious peace and gave no heed to the horde of winter enemies descending upon it.

For some hours this enchanted forest had been empty of all life, except an industrious squirrel who refused to be lured into any false security; but as the rosy sun drew past high noon a dry whispering sound that increased and drew near proved that some larger animal had shaken off the lethargy, and presently a solitary human sauntered around the bend.

Every line of his big, hulking body spelt indolence, apathy, indefiniteness. His feet shuffled, his arms hung limply, his grey eyes stared vacantly before him. A pair of rent, earth-stained trousers upheld by a leather belt was his only garment. Below, his thick ankles and widespread toes were unprotected from rock or briar; above, his chest was covered with a mat of hair as black and coarse as the ragged beard that swept across it. His bared head was shaggy as a gorilla's.

Here were the uncouthness of a Cyclops and the strength of a Thor wandering freely about the world, and a chance meeting was not usually conducive to tranquillity of mind. A stranger confronting him on a lonely trail invariably stepped aside to let him pass, and then, at the nearer scrutiny, understood and jeered his own timidity. For from the dull eyes gazed the ignorance and innocence of a child, the timid curiosity of a savage, the fear of a hunted animal.

The "fool," as he was familiarly known throughout that part of the province, was treated with pitying contempt. His harmlessness gave him freedom to rove where he would, hunting, fishing and begging for his sustenance. At infrequent intervals he would appear at the kitchen door of outlying camps and accept what victuals the men cared to give him. Sometimes, when alms were denied him, he would return at night to steal a young pig or a chicken, so that both economy and tolerance combined to supply his wants.

Mystery and conjecture surrounded him. No one knew the cause of his miserable condition, whence he came, nor even whence he retreated in his long absences. Curiosity had more than once prompted woodsmen to dog his footsteps, but with an acute cunning he inevitably baffled them and retained the secret of his abode.

Today, in spite of the drowsy warmth of the Indian summer, a strange restlessness was stirring his sluggish blood. Something he could not define continually plucked him from his dreams and sent him roaming through the valleys in a vague unreasoning pursuit. His brain was purposeless, but his body egged him on with the same subconscious instinct that rouses the caged animal to struggle for the freedom it has long since forgotten. Now and then, where the sun struck down some broad rift to gleam on his coppery skin, he would throw himself languidly on the leaves, sprawling and sighing in utter content. But a moment later he would spring to his feet, listening, peering, and slouch forward with his chin on his chest and his shoulders swaying loosely.

As the afternoon shadows began to grow from the roots of the slim trunks his restlessness increased. The river, hidden behind a fringe of trees, babbled seductively; pheasants roared up in his face; squirrels scolded from over-hanging limbs. But such familiar sounds fell on the deafness

of apathy. A subtle odor of rotting leaves rose beneath his feet, and once a faint tinkling breeze brushed across that barbaric, painted floor, intoxicant with a wild, exhilarating taint of frost and fire—and he neither breathed deep, as a human would, nor sniffed like an animal.

And then suddenly he paused, his corded neck twisted and his fingers spread tensely. Again came the sound that had pierced his consciousness. It was high and silvery, like bubbling water or smitten fairy bells, clear as the vault of turquoise overhead, sweet as the sunset robin piping its vespers.

A strange mixture of pleasure and cunning spread over the man's countenance. He turned at right angles to the trail and loped towards the river, the naked underbrush whipping across his chest and arms. Though his speed was great he made as little noise as an Indian, for the wilderness had trained him thoroughly since he had committed himself to her care.

In a hundred yards he emerged from the strips of tawny shadow on to the low bank of the river. Before him the water twinkled sharply like an army of spear points as it slipped over the white pebbles and splashed playfully against black protruding boulders. The yellow beach below reflected a wave of heat into his face. Opposite, scarlet, gold and silver ranked the scalloped shore and spread unbroken to the mountains, rosy in the sunset glow.

Round the bend above spun a canoe. It was painted crimson and seemed like a huge autumn leaf curled by the frost and drifting upon the current. The steersman was leaning forward, his hands resting on either gunwale, intent on his companion's words. His over-refined features, Norfolk jacket and checked cap proclaimed him a Sybarite, an intimate of luxury and civilization. The girl in the bow slapped aimlessly at the water with her blade and laughed again—a clear, musical peal.

"You talk like one of Harding Davis' faultless heroes, Went," she mocked. "You know I like you 'fair to middling,' but the test hasn't come yet. This west country seems to be even tamer than Broadway, and I refuse to accept a man on his smile and his clothes. Let's hurry or we'll never overtake the others."

The man grunted impatiently. "I see there is nothing for it, but I must become a river driver or a lumber cook to prove I have the power to undo five generations of cultivating and degenerate into a savage. By Jove, Faith, there's a good example for you now. See that fellow coming down the bank?"

The girl stared in frank astonishment at the big, semi-naked man who grinned back at her and began to wade through the shallows as if to intercept the canoe.

Morrison instinctively dipped his paddle and the other lengthened his stride. "What the devil does he want?" he muttered uneasily as the distance between them closed.

"How do?" he greeted, with an attempt at friendliness.

But the stranger seemed as heedless of his words as of his presence. He splashed forward with the water boiling about his knees and his narrowed eyes riveted on the beautiful face of the girl.

A sudden premonition of danger awoke in her brain. Though the man's lips still grinned good-naturedly, something in his gaze contradicted them. His huge, shaggy form approaching without swerve or hesitation filled her with vague alarm.

"What do you want?" she commanded sharply.

In answer he shot out a long, knotted arm and gripped the bow of the canoe. For an instant she gazed wide-eyed as he towered over her; then his left arm circled about her waist and threw her across his shoulder.

As in some terrible nightmare, she heard her companion curse and spring to his feet, saw a bare foot strike the gunwale and twirl the canoe bottom up, and felt herself borne swiftly towards the beach. Numb, as though under the influence of an opiate, she had no impulse to cry out or struggle. Her dry lips strove to mumble her lover's name, but could make no sound.

After what seemed torturing ages her contracted vision became aware of a white-faced man running towards her, his clothing streaming water. The arm across her back tautened like a cable as her captor swung on his heel, turning her towards the forest. She heard a bestial snarl in her ear and the dull sob of a blow on flesh. Then, as the glittering water spun back into view, she saw her companion rise to his feet and rush wildly down the beach. She swooned into merciful oblivion.

As consciousness was returned she wondered dully how she came to be tossing and pitching in a stifling blackness. With an effort she raised her lids—and remembered! For one instant the sickness of horror overwhelmed her; and then she conquered the emotion until her brain became controllable and clear.

The sun hung close to the sharp ridge towards which they were travelling, and all the western half of the heavens was a delicate salmon pink. At least an hour must have elapsed since she left the river, and she had not been rescued. It was evident that she must depend on her own ingenuity and courage to escape, and she doggedly refused to consider what her fate might be is she failed. She had never before been forced to stare danger in the eyes. Night would presently shut down from above, while the mysterious menacing wildness closed her in on all sides, and she would be alone with her clamoring fears. She strained her ears for sounds of pursuit, and the strident clatter of a woodcock mocked her hopes.

With her calmness grew a bitter loathing of the brute beneath her. The odor from his perspiring skin began to nauseate her, while the pressure of his arm was like the coil of a snake. She could scarcely control the mad impulse to tear at his brown flesh with her nails, to fight and scream in her fury. But beneath the surface chaos she knew her own impotence and the necessity of husbanding her strength for the opportunity that must come. She mastered her voice of all emotion until it seemed as if a stranger had spoken instead of herself.

"Put me down," she said dispassionately.

Her captor promptly stopped and slid her to the ground. She was surprised and unutterably relieved, though her pale features masked the effect. Her full red lips were tightly closed; her little fists were clinched combatively, and her oval face, crowned by a luxuriance of sun-lit, yellow hair, was tilted upward, so that her blue eyes gazed straight into those of her enemy. Now that she was free of contact it was less difficult to overcome her weakness.

The man leered vacantly and tapped her cheek with a stained finger. As she involuntarily shrunk back a step a sudden understanding flashed to her brain. He was a maniac! Insanity peered beneath those heavy brows and lingered in the weak lines about his mouth. Only meaningless good-nature met her scrutiny, and yet she remembered his expression as he advanced upon the canoe, and the inhuman growl with which he swung on her lover. If harmless now, she knew what he could be when aroused, and her immediate safety lay in pandering to his moods.

"Don't be scart o' me, Miss," he said in a voice strangely soft and gentle coming from such a giant. "George wouldn't tech a fly, George wouldn't," he explained confidentially.

"Of course not," agreed the girl. "Where are we going, George?" She spoke lightly, almost flippantly.

"To my big house, top o' yonder," and he waved his arm towards the sun that stared a moment from a bloodshot eye ere it sank below the grey, barren ridge.

Without question or demur she turned and walked on, while the man shuffled behind. Though exhausted from the nervous strain, she was as unconscious of bodily suffering as of mental. Her eyes, feverishly bright, roved continually to right and left as those of a tired swimmer searching for a plank; her blue skirt brushed and caught on the low thickets; her light shoes were gashed on rocks, her stockings rent by prongs; but her attention had no room for such petty discomforts. In another hour the stealthy night would creep up and close the second inexorable door of her prison, as the wilderness had the first, and confine her alone with her gaoler!

She remembered how men sometimes marked their trail by breaking twigs and upturning stones. Here the woods had shrunk back like a hound baring its fangs, and the first trick was impracticable; but she kicked surreptitiously at every small stone that passed in reach, and dropped her little lace handkerchief on a bush. She unpinned her broad felt hat and carried it in her hand, waiting for an opportunity to discard it. Though his brain was warped she realized the astute cunning that prompted him to watch her every movement, and her most imminent fear was the possibility of awakening his violence. However, as they began to descend the opposite side of the mountain and the woods closed about them, she succeeded in jerking

the hat into the shadow of a thicket without detection.

All this time there was silence between them. When the girl swerved from the desired direction the man would lay a big hand on her shoulder and twist her right without comment. Once she turned her head to find him still grinning in vapid satisfaction. A tremor ran through her slim frame. After that she stubbornly kept her face to the front.

As they toiled up a second and more precipitous slope the twilight thickened and dimmed the horizon beyond a few hundred yards; the infinite sadness of the whip-poor-wills knocked painfully on the girl's heart, wrestling with her stoicism; an owl hooted dismally from the solitudes, and close ahead a hidden spring tinkled in minute minor tongues.

Then the man's voice jangled through the sweet dusk: "Here we be, Miss. Step right erlong in now and make yerself comfortable."

A huge dark bulk solidified in the gloom before her, a black patch at its base. This was the abode of the recluse: a cave in a cliff, concealed by a tangle of raspberry canes and gigantic thistles.

For an instant the girl hesitated. It seemed as if she was about to pass through the door of her tomb. Courage for the impending struggle would be easier in the open under the soft drift of starlight than cooped up in the bowels of the mountain. But remonstrating or any sign of apprehension would only hasten the crisis she wished to delay to the last possible moment. With an inward sob of prayer she stooped her head and entered.

The air within the cave was pungent and thick with wood-smoke. A tiny nest of coals glowed at her feet. She paused, fearing to strike her head against sloping walls, while the man dropped some sticks on the ashes and blew them into flame. The light flared luridly, disclosing a high-ceiled, rock room nearly fifteen feet in diameter, dry as bone and bare, except for a flattened heap of skins and leaves at the far end. In one corner leaned a rusty musket. Close to the fire lay the hind-quarter of a deer, a balsam-stained sheath-knife beside it. Her eyes took in these few details at a glance, then rested on her captor. It was as if she had been allowed to gaze back a million years to the life of the prehistoric cave-dweller. Huge, naked and hairy, he squatted on his hams and toyed with the mysterious element he had called into existence; while in the haunted night without terrific monsters slunk back and forth, sniffling for human prey.

The man felt her gaze, rose noiselessly and advanced around the fire, his face suffused with smiles. The girl's limbs stiffened into readiness. She noticed his eyes were focused above her own in a sort of child-like rapture. Coming within reach, he cautiously raised a hand and brushed it back and forth across her hair. Her combs aroused his curiosity and he plucked them out slowly, one at a time, and dropped them on the earth, until her thick tresses fell to her waist and gleamed in the fire-light like burnished copper. This phenomenon pleased him exceedingly. He began to chuckle as he let the loose coils twine around his fingers.

In spite of her abhorrence Faith forced herself to endure his touch without flinching. She even parted her lips in an appreciative smile.

"Do you like it, George?" she questioned, when the silence became unbearable.

"Gosh, he do like it! It be that fine an' soft like, Missie. Sort o' like sunshine, ain't it, now?"

The girl sought to divert his mind to other channels by claiming a hunger she was far from feeling, but his fascination was too strong.

"It be mighty pretty hair, Missie," he continued, ruffling it again. "George could most roll in it, so soft it be an' smooth an' silky."

"Oh, you must not pull so hard—it hurts me." It was a vain appeal to his sympathy.

"No, no, George wouldn't hurt a fly. He be a good man. Ain't it mighty pretty, eh? —jest like silk."

His eyes, glowing with baleful enthusiasm, filled her with self-disgust. Her beauty had become a curse to her, hindering escape. Although his foolish words disclosed the full depths of his brain she believed it was only a matter of time before he tired of his caresses, and thrust on by a gradually awakening passion, became more brutal in his attitude. If she could but disengage his mind for one brief moment she

might succeed in eluding his pursuit in the friendly darkness without.

As these thoughts seethed behind her fevered brow her gaze was caught by the reflected light from the sheath-knife. It was her hair, not herself, he was worshipping. Why should he not have it? Dodging swiftly past him, she snatched the implement and grasping her hair in her other hand slashed desperately to free it from her head before he could interfere.

But her haste was needless. He stood and watched, puzzled and expectant, until she had accomplished her design and tossed the hair at his feet. Then he sprang forward and caught it up to gloat and mutter over it with savage delight.

Here was her opportunity. She began to slide back into the shadow and towards the entrance, scarcely breathing for suspense. But fate would have it otherwise, and a wave of hopelessness almost overcame her as she saw him lift his head and shuffle in her direction.

He looked from the hair dangling from his fingers to the girl with much bewilderment. "Missie, Missie!" he groaned sadly, and made a movement as if to replace it. Seeming to understand the futility of that, he dropped his possession and patted her smooth cheeks with clumsy gentleness, murmuring unintelligently to himself.

The girl felt her strength deserting her under the prolonged strain. Anything seemed preferable to this torturing uncertainty. She still had the knife, and one strong blow would release her soul from purgatory. She had no dread of death now, but the unquenchable spark of hope counselled her to wait another moment—and another—and she listened involuntarily and against her will.

Presently she was conscious that his fingers were stroking up her bare arm, that his breath was on her face, and the ingenuousness of his voice ceased to reassure her. In her imagination she saw him crushing her in his terrible embrace. Panic overwhelmed her weakened nerves. Tearing herself loose she leaped for freedom.

But the man had the quickness of a wild animal. He understood the object of his delight, for some unaccountable reason, was about to forsake him to his lonely existence, and he must prevent it. In three strides he had seized her with unintentional roughness and jerked her back.

His violence transformed her fear to an insanity of fury. A red mist danced before her vision. She felt the hilt of the knife burn in her palm and she spun around and stabbed blindly at his naked chest. She neither heard nor felt the contact of the steel on flesh, but her captor swayed backwards, sighed wearily and crumpled to the earth.

For a dozen panting breaths the girl held her weapon at arm's length and watched the red stain creep slowly down to the hilt, while the turmoil of fury died from her veins and reason reasserted itself. The knife thumped to the earth and she staggered weakly to the support of the wall, overcome with reaction and the sudden sense of safety. She wanted to weep, to shout, to pray, but only dry sobs wrenched her nerveless body and exhaustion dragged at her knees.

Finally the shine of stars in the cave entrance brought her to herself. She was free to go from her prison into the cool immensity of the night; to return to her people, whom she knew were calling and searching through the wildnerness in an agony of mind. Each instant she delayed horror of her surroundings cried more imperatively for her departure. She began to move towards the opening, resisting the impulse to look towards the still figure of her victim.

Just as she stooped to pass out the fire snapped and threw up a spurt of sparks and flame. Startled, she turned her head, then swiftly retraced her steps. The man's eyes were open, watching her with the dumb appeal of a wounded animal.

With hate and loathing suddenly gone and an intense pity in their place, she knelt beside him and examined his wound in the wavering light. Though the cut below his right shoulder was deep and bled profusely even her inexperienced eyes convinced her it was not mortal. And she would have forsaken him to a slow death of weakness, pain and thirst! Shame of her cowardice flushed her face. Rising and taking a battered tin from beside the couch, she hurried out to the little spring and presently had bathed and bandaged the wound with a strip from her skirt.

During this proceeding the man watched her with wide adoration, but gave no sign of the pain he suffered. Almost before she had finished her simple treatment he had

lost consciousness in sleep. She covered him with a deer-skin and stumbled to the pile of leaves, fainting with exhaustion of nerve and body.

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She was awakened just as the pallorous dawn began to finger its way into the mouth of the cave, by an insistent, questioning voice saying: "Is that you, Ned? Where in the devil am I?"

For an instant Faith McKnight could not herself have answered the latter question; then yesterday's terrible experience suddenly flooded her memory and she recognized her environments—but not the voice. Her captor's tones had been soft and thick, and these were steady and clear, although weak. She threw off the skin and went over to him.

"Say, can't you speak up, man?" he was complaining.

"Yes; what is it?" she asked.

He rose on an elbow and stared in bewilderment.

"Who—who are you? How did I get here?"

"You met with an accident, but you'll be all right in a few days. Lie down and keep still."

"Were the others all drowned — Ned, Rutter, the whole crew?"

He was evidently in his right mind, although she could not comprehend his references.

"I don't know. You are in the British Columbia woods now."

"British Columbia!" he gasped. "I thought we had blown on the Washington coast somewhere. By Jove!" and he fell into a puzzled reverie.

The girl started a fire from matches scattered about the floor, and presently was broiling hunks of the venison on the end of a stick. It was now fairly light in the cave and the man was watching her curiously.

"Mayn't I know who my nurse is?" he asked, and she told him.

"How did I get here? Tell me all about it, please."

She tried to put him off, saying that he was still too weak to talk; but he would not be denied, and so she told him how he had carried her away and how she had sought to escape his maudlin attentions.

"My God!" he cried. "And yet you stayed to care for me after all that! What nerve you've got!"

"You were not responsible. I couldn't leave you to starve to death. It would have haunted me all my life."

"And in return for my treatment you've given me back my sanity as well as my life! I must have hit my head on a rock as I was washed ashore and been wandering around as a harmless lunatic ever since. A clot on the brain, likely, which a good bleeding has removed. What a miracle! By Jove, what a miracle!"

After they had chewed a while on the tough meat and quenched their thirst with a can of water from the spring, Philip Norwood, college graduate, ex-newspaper writer on the Portland *Oregonian,* sole survivor of the sealing-ship *Nancy Star,* announced his readiness to strike out for civilization, and rose to his knees to prove that he could do it. However, he immediately sank back on the leaves again, and the girl forbade him to make another effort.

"But think of your father," he groaned. "Won't you start out alone? I can take care of myself until they find me, or my strength comes back."

"Hush, Mr. Norwood. I'll make a smoke outside which they will see, and in the meantime you must sleep." She threw a skin over his ill-clothed form, and then left the cave. From the ridge above she could see miles of second-growth and valley stretching away to a far horizon, but no signs of humanity. Still, the searchers must be drawing near. Went certainly wasted no time in overtaking her father and his guides. She smiled quietly to herself as she remembered how easily he had been discouraged in his attempt to save her from what might well have been a fate too horrible to contemplate. Norwood had raised his eyebrows when she had spoken of her escort, and she knew what he had thought. Of course Went was a dear boy and possessed a pretty income and knew how to paddle a canoe, but—well, she hadn't really intended to accept him, anyway, so it didn't much matter.

She had soon collected a pile of dead brush, moss and ferns which, when lit, sent a dense white column snaking high into the blue heavens. Two lives now depended upon the discovery of their retreat, for as long as her captor lay helpless she would

not forsake him. For the first time she felt herself saddled with a great responsibility, and she would not be found wanting. As she busily attended the fire and dwelt on the strange awakening of the imbecile George into a cultured, considerate man of the world, aghast at his lawlessness and the agony it had caused, her ears were startled by the muffled report of a gun.

"They have seen the smoke," she thought with elation, and ran lightly through the clumps of cedar and down the hill to announce the glad news. But when she had come in sight of the cave she saw Morrison standing at the entrance, and a pistol was dangling loosely from his hand. Her joy at rescue was suddenly changed to a sickening fear. The noise had sounded faint and far off because of confinement, not because of distance, and it had not been a signal, but a shot fired in deadly earnest! What had they done to him?

. . . . . .

It happened that Faith had been absent only a quarter of an hour when her father, Went and their two guides crashed through the barrier of thistles and canes and gathered in silence about the black hole in the rock. McKnight was the first to enter, and close behind him pushed the younger man, his face haggard and pale. As their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and penetrated into every corner of the den, they saw it held but one occupant, and he was lying with upturned face, sleeping peacefully.

Morrison was in a condition bordering on hysteria. With a curse he sprang forward and jerked the pelt from the sleeper, who only smiled weakly and pressed something closer to his naked chest. For a moment he leaned over, staring in speechless horror as he recognized the tangled, golden hair of the woman he loved.

"My God! He's killed her!" he finally managed to croak. Then the long night of intolerable suspense, ending in this evidence of murder, fired his brain into an insanity of fury and vengeance. Shrieking curses, he tore the hair from the other's clutch with one hand while he fumbled for his revolver with the other. Just as the trigger fell a guide caught his arm and wrenched it back so violently that the youngster tumbled to his knees, and the bullet found a futile lodgment in the wall.

"Don't be so sudden, young feller," growled the woodsman. "If he's killed her or not, it's the law'll say what's ter be done erbout it. You jest step outside and cool off a bit," and assisting him to his feet, ran him out into the sunlight.

In the meantime Norwood had realized the cause of the uproar and was sitting up on the leaves and endeavoring to reassure the distraught parent.

"She's alive—unharmed? Where is she—where is she?" demanded McKnight, trembling so he could scarcely form his words.

"She left only a minute ago to see if you were coming. I swear to God she's safe."

But further assertion was needless. Her voice rose sharply outside the cave, drowning Morrison's babble of welcome.

"What have you done to him—what have you done?"

Then she rushed in, and pushing past her father, stopped breathless beside her patient.

"I was so terribly afraid they had hurt you, Mr. Norwood," she gasped lamely. After assuring herself that they hadn't, she yielded to the embraces of her father.

The guides carried the wounded man into the open and propped him against a rock. Then, while her head rested on McKnight's shoulder, Morrison kicked at the soil with a foolish smirk on his aristocratic countenance and the two woodsmen chewed on their pipe-stems, she related her weird experiences since she had been borne from the canoe.

"I swan!" exclaimed Dave, "if that ain't the greatest! George has been kickin' erbout here for two years or more, an' I guess we'll sort of miss him. But I'm mighty glad yer've come to, sir, an' here's my hand on it."

"An' now, Jack, seein' as he can't walk I guess we'd better cut a few saplin's an' make a kind o' stretcher fer him, eh?"

When the poles were brought and connected with a couple of deer-skins, Norwood was laid on the couch under the girl's careful supervision.

"And now, Went," she said cheerfully, "if you'll take the end of this pole we'll move along. And don't stumble, whatever you do. Are you quite comfortable, Mr. Norwood?"

The smile that accompanied this question convinced the ex-cave-dweller that he was

Financial Institutions of British Columbia

The Dominion Trust Company Limited

IF you think that only a man of means can economically employ a trust company, you are mistaken. The trust company can make itself useful to the poorest citizen. It can help a man to get richer, but it can also keep him from getting poorer. The trust company is civilization's business machine, which does not die, does not act on sentiment, never makes a tactical mistake, as individual trustees, executors, administrators and guardians do. It is a giant mechanism produced by the vast economy of modern business. It is the best illustration of the true meaning of the word efficiency. There is no business concern, not even a bank, that has more practical utility. Within the last ten years the strong trust companies have so completely proven their usefulness that they are now regarded as indispensable.

The activity of the Dominion Trust Company in this province has given the people a practical demonstration of the wide stretch of a trust company's scope. This company, which has now solidly established itself and is a strong and well-cut ashlar in the financial structure of British Columbia, now performs a multitude of duties of a fiduciary nature and functions in a score of other ways in which a true trust company may act for its clients. This notable example of the progress and prosperity of sound and well-managed institutions in British Columbia has passed through several stages of development, but is still in the expansive stage, incessantly adding to its business. Guided by level-headed and intelligent business men, it has grown from a small beginning to its present magnitude in a few years, and it possesses the advantage, which in the last analysis is an advantage, of being a young company with a future instead of an old company with a past. The company is just old enough for its officers to have received the special training which has made them fiduciary experts, specialists in real estate and other investments, and to have become entirely familiar with the world of finance, which is such a complex world of nervous ganglia, radii, main rivers and tributary streams whose courses are obscure to the outsider and difficult to comprehend. Technically these men know their difficult trades as well as any financiers in America, and are not, in the limiting sense, provincial, though they are local products. They are incessant students of finance and of the weave of the great web of interlacing and cross-hatching stocks and bonds and securities around the world. They watch hourly the barometer that registers the temperature of the money market, the most sensitive of barometers. They are utterly familiar with local real estate conditions, mortgage securities, bond issues and sinking funds which secure such issues, and local corporations. Their knowledge of local cross-currents and eddies would make your brain ache with figures if you knew them. They are extremely competent to apply the principles of finance to contemporary conditions, and in the conservation of money and other property they are experts.

But though the officers of the Dominion Trust Company hold the key to the strange world where men make dizzy aerial flights of finance, they stick to the humdrum earth with the money given to them for investment, in which they differ from the most prominent banks in the country. The safe and sure investment is the only kind they make. The reliable trust company does not make brilliant investments, but conservative ones. The whole policy of a great trust company must be conservative. Its

propositions must be solid enough to command the confidence of everyone, and it is only financial outlaws who can afford to take chances with other people's money. Not only must absolute safety of the principal be assured, but income yield must meet the exacting requirements of a country in development, where money has large earning power. The Dominion Trust Company has been both wise and lucky in investments. Its reputation for equity, thoroughness, faithful service, and wisdom in every capacity in which it is employed has been carefully built up. The company acts:

1. As executor and trustee.
2. As trustee by appointment of any court, person or corporation.
3. As administrator, guardian and committee.
4. As liquidator, receiver and assignee.
5. As agent for any person appointed to any of the above offices.
6. As agent for investment of moneys, collection of rents, dividends or other income, and for managing and winding-up estates.
7. As trustee for bondholders under mortgage, deed of trust, and in the management of sinking funds in connection therewith.
8. As transfer agent and registrar of stocks and bonds.
9. Provides safe deposit vaults for safe keeping of documents, jewellery and other valuables.
10. Receives deposits and allows interest on monthly balances.

The Dominion Trust Company works with abundant capital, its subscribed capital being one million one hundred thousand dollars, and its paid-up capital and reserve seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It is established in Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Regina, Calgary, Montreal and in London, England, and therefore can always be found "on the job." A trust company is first of all a company formed for the purpose of handling estates and acting as an "artificial person" in the characters of executor and trustee. Of course, the ideal executor is a company which never dies, is always available and is impersonal. While the trust company doing a trust business assumes the care of the property and investments of widows, minors, people who from age or illness are themselves incapable of looking after their affairs, et cetera, the real work of the trust company is to act as executor for estates, and in this work the Dominion Trust Company has become very efficient and an exceedingly competent specialist. Not very long ago it was the rule to appoint a private individual as executor, which was very unsatisfactory. When it was customary for private persons to act as executors, half or more than half the aggregate value of estates was lost owing to incompetence, lack of attention, dishonesty, illness, absence or death of the executor. Which shows beyond argument that individuals are not desirable executors. A trust company can fill all the requirements far better than any single person. It has no private business to attend to, as its business is the handling of estates, and for this reason it is sure to be attentive. Its accounting staff, which is necessarily large and efficient, are able at any time to render clear and understandable statements showing the condition of the estate for which the company is acting as executor and the exact character of the investments made for it. Being a company, it is quite uninfluenced by considerations outside the interests of the estate and the instructions contained in the will. Of course, its absolute honesty is understood. It cannot die, for incorporated companies are eternal. It cannot be ill. Its integrity is guaranteed by the character of each member of its board of directors, not by any single one; by the capital and abundant reserve of the company; by the company's bond with the Government, and Government examination and supervision. It has all the advantages of expert ability, highly-trained specialists in bonds, debentures, mortgages, real estate, insurance, finance and accounting. Its capital makes it possible at all times to secure the maximum of advantages for the estate, as there is no fear of the assets of an estate being sacrificed for the lack of capital to tide its affairs over a crisis.

The Dominion Trust Company has convinced a large number of people that it possesses all the qualifications of an ideal executor, and in its safe deposit vaults lie the wills of hundreds of men and women

who have appointed the company their executors.

The officers and directors of the Dominion Trust Company are all shrewd, successful business men and have been selected for their special fitness and knowledge of financial matters by nearly 300 shareholders. All estates in the care of the company have the supervision and best business judgment of these men. The advantage to an estate is obvious.

The Dominion Trust Company is the only trust company in Vancouver doing a strictly trust business, and it has frequently complained that the Provincial Act for the regulation and inspection of trust companies, and to make provision for the protection of trust moneys and trust investments, or in other words the provincial legislation concerning trust companies, is faulty legislation and should be amended and corrected. The Dominion Trust Company has several times tried to get the Provincial Government to amend the present act, but so far little has been done towards that end.

The Sea

She was rich, and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

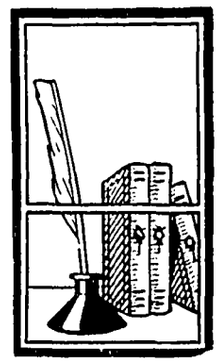
So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture," said she;
"I don't believe he can paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea."

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand
And a handsome pavilion for the band—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It's the very image of the sea!"

—Eva L. Ogden, in *Life*.

Editorial Comment



"SELECTED IMMIGRATION"

THE legend of our incomparable climate is still making its way into the unexpected and unsuspected quarters of the earth. Just now there is a pleasing rumor afloat. We are to have a new colony in the old province. Surely with such a home as we have to offer we are in a position to select our neighbors, and surely we have that inalienable right—Japan to the contrary notwithstanding. Perhaps we have not behaved as if we believed this fundamental proposition, with our land and its resources being so rapidly given over to alien races who will by no means do as much for us. But now the whisper is in the air that from that longer inhabited, if not older, country, a whole colony of its sweetest singers is to find a home among us.

Out of all we have heard in recent times about "selected immigration," this exodus from England by no means is the least important or desirable. We are beginning to give more and more of our time from the prosier tasks of the development of our natural resources to those tastes which are beginning to cultivate the muses and patronize the arts. Our shoulders are growing broad and strong in the service of Apollo and all of those divinities which are supposed to cater to our æsthetic tastes. And now the English song birds are coming. Welcome the Pattis and Melbas of the English woods. For when we can find nothing finer to say of those who have reached the apex of human achievement in the gifts of song, we call them by your names—oh! mocking-birds and nightingales of the English wood. Come over to us, for our forests are well-nigh empty; and sing as you never sang before in lands such as you have never seen before.

Hurry up, Mr. Game Warden, A. Bryan Williams, and let the Province subsidize your first effort as an impresario! Let these temples not made with hands resound to the new anthems of the new land and the new day!

* * *

CHINESE REVOLUTION!

"THERE sleeps China!" once said Napoleon. "God pity us if she awakes. Let her sleep."

Whatever is to be the outcome of the present movement in China, that movement is probably a revolution. "A revolt? Sire, it is a revolution." Already territory has been captured, and

that in the heart of the ancient Empire, with a population something like that of Canada west of Winnipeg, and this does not look like mere rebellion.

We ask in vain what the outcome is to be. Perhaps the uncertainty is when it is to be. "A republic," say some of the papers. "A constitutional monarchy," say others. It would be safe to say, in the light of what little we know of Chinese psychology, especially of the great masses of those who have never been brought in touch with republican institutions, that there will be no republic in China in the day of those now living. One thing is certain: things are moving more rapidly in China today than in any quarter of the globe. China is already awake.

It was only six years ago that the Imperial Government sent five officials of high rank to the different countries in the world to study the workings and methods of constitutional government. The next year an Imperial edict was issued promising a constitutional form of government a dozen years later. The next year brought forth an edict for the establishment of provincial assemblies and an Imperial Council. It was proposed that this Council should be the foundation of the future Chinese Parliament. Representatives from the Provincial Assemblies were to form the lower house, while the upper house was to be formed from the ranks of certain privileged classes, while all of them would form but one chamber. Two years ago twenty-two provincial assemblies met, while the Imperial Council was organized at its first meeting last year. Several petitions have been presented at Peking without success, and the Chinese are convinced that the Manchus are delaying their much-needed and long-desired reforms.

This culmination of the movement in China is but a part of a larger movement—the renaissance of Asia. It is not merely an awakening; it is a new birth. From the easternmost boundaries of Japan across the widest continent to Turkey in Europe, the Occidental magic is thrilling the Oriental world. China is no exception in the new world-movement, and this people, which was old before Babylon, is in process of baptism in the waters of modernity. Perhaps that ancient Chinese prophecy which foretells the downfall of the Ta-Ching dynasty, to which the Manchus belong, in the year 1920, will not come very far from the mark.

* * *

JAPANESE FINGER-PRINTS ON THE CHINESE PIE-CRUST

IT was the siege guns of Fort Arthur which awakened China—which awakened Asia. Already her hundreds of millions were feverish and restless, as if half-conscious of an impending dawn. But the defeat of a great western empire by Asiatics sounded *Reveille-Matin* and marked the doom of Western prestige

in a land where prestige is nine points of both law and gospel. But this is not the extent of the influence of Japan. Chinese students have been swarming to Tokyo, where five years ago there were 16,000 of them, learning little of western ways but its revolutionary spirit. These reformers have been in the lead in their revolutionary schemes, so much so that educational migration has been all but cut off by the authorities. Japanese tutors, also, had been taken to China in large numbers. Japanese museums of western wares were established in central Chinese points, and always to the front was kept the tradition that the Asiatic had "whipped" a great western empire, and everywhere, not only over China, but the whole of Asia, the Japanese have slyly kept this tradition to the front; and even in the remotest villages the Chinaman would stop his work to talk about what Japan had done to Russia.

"Immediately after the Boxer tragedy," says William T. Ellis in the *Outlook*, "the Chinese were in a mood to accept the Japanese as guide, counsellor and friend. Japan had lately been through the unprecedented process of taking on the western civilization by wholesale. She was of one blood with her big neighbor, and used the same written language. . . . . Then came the reaction against Japan, or the revelation. It was found that Japan insisted as strenuously upon her extra-territorial rights and privileges as the Powers of fairer complexion. Thus at Shanghai—for a single illustration—only the children of foreigners are permitted to play in the public parks. Chinese children are excluded. But the Japanese children insist upon being admitted. They are 'foreigners' and group themselves with the white races rather than with the yellow. This is fairly typical of Japan's attitude toward China. With extraordinary shortsightedness she disdained the role of brother for that of a strong and self-seeking alien. . . . . With or without reason, Japan is the most dreaded and disliked of all the foreign Powers in China. The fear of partition, which fear haunts aroused China at all times, is a goblin which commonly assumes the shape of a Japanese soldier. There is a suspicion that the present outbreak has been shrewdly engineered by Japan. When I was in China last spring a report ran through the country that the great Powers had held a secret conference in Paris and decided upon the methods of the partition of China. The effect of the rumor was amazing. I talked with viceroys, who were as panic-stricken over the prospect as the students and reformers who were holding mass meetings and pledging their hearts' blood to the defence of the integrity of the empire. From Scechuan and Kwantung, from Kansu and Hunan, and most of the other eighteen provinces, frantic messages were sent to Peking, urging defence to the death. The arousal of the nation was such a spectacle as I had never expected to see in China. The report was entirely baseless, and also, responsible Peking officials

assured me, of proved Japanese origin. . . . . Anything may happen at any time—except Japan's old imperial dream of being accepted as the friendly leader of subservient China."

* * *

CHUMP CLARK!

CHUMP CLARK has been talking again.

Authentic reports reach Vancouver that this estimable optimist has offered to run for the Presidency of the United States. He solemnly proposes to immolate himself upon the altar of his country with an exalted patriotism unparalleled since the late Artemus Ward declared his willingness to sacrifice all his wife's relations to put down the rebellion.

"Nine-tenths of the people of this country," he is alleged to have declared, "favor the annexation of Canada, and I don't care who hears me say it." It is a real relief to know that Chump Clark does not care. It was feared that he did. Neither does anybody else care. There will, therefore, be no bad feeling now that everybody knows that nobody cares. "I am willing to make this proposition," he continues: "You let me run for President on a platform calling for the annexation of Canada, in so far as this country can accomplish that end, and let President Taft run against me, opposing annexation. Why, I would carry every State in the nation."

This is the quintessence of *finesse* in flattery unabashed and unashamed. Why this amorous and insidious dalliance—*plus femme que les femmes*—unless Chump has his eye on the dowry. There is at least nothing surreptitious about this winsome wooer or his methods, even though his lack of sophistication has precipitated an unimaginably inept political comedy.

It must not be argued that an American does not know a good thing when he sees it—and does not want it, too; but a decent hazard might be laid upon the proposition that this distinguished humorist could not carry a majority of the population of Podunk on that proposition. Not that the Americans do not like Canada—would not like Canada—but all intelligent Americans know that there has been only one Canadian who wanted annexation, and that his name was Smith, and that he is dead.

It has happened more than once that the big chairs of the American Republic have been occupied by small men. And there is little courage in the reflection that it is a result of representative institutions. And America is not the only nation which has been served in this way. But the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States is a misfit, notwithstanding the graces of his mind or the charm of his personality. It might be said of him, as once it was said of the late Senator Ingalls, that it was known that he had the smallest foot in the Senate, because every time he opened his mouth he put his foot in it.

A ONE-CENT POST RATE

THE atmosphere around the table of the Vancouver Hotel was (this is really quite figurative) far from tropical; indeed, one could see over everything icicles covered with hoar frost like that in a certain Calgary philanthropist's meat windows. It was not the kind of a dinner one wanted to abbreviate, and that was why we sat there so long in the cold—each wondering, no doubt, which one of the fifty-seven varieties of Sphinx the other was. Indeed, the ice was not broken at ail until about time for the ice-cream, and then the weather did it. It so often does. And yet how we slander this benefaction which constitutes the main difference between Fort McPherson and Honolulu. The weather with us was as vain a pretext as the benevolence of Mrs. Moriarty, who, over the fence and a wash tub, saluted Mrs. O'Flynn with: "And how are ye this morning, Mrs. Moriarty, not that I care a ——, but jist for the beginning of a conversation."

"Ah, Cambridge? I'm Oxford. Good. Been Helping Engineer the making of the Assouan dam! Took a ranch in the Okanagan for our health—labor problem?"

"It's this way," quoth Cambridge. "There were miles of fence to be built in the quiet season. There were men out of work. One man took the contract and sublet the contracts for the posts. The Japanese bid a cent a post below the British Columbian and got the job. He is always ready to bid a cent under. There were good English and Scotsmen there who came to this country in good faith, thinking it was their country, and that they could make a living in it, and in the slack time when there was nothing to do the job went to Asia, because Asia would do it for a cent less than B. C., whatever B. C. might have bid. I don't call that a square deal."

Who does?

It was only the day before that the ugly thing had been rubbed in with another twist. A friend had been telling about a ranch in Chilliwack. The "Chinks" had built the barn (which he could shake by leaning against it), and they had put in the posts of the fence at half the regulation depth, which he could shake till he could pull them out of the ground.

Probably they had been set at a discount on white labor of a cent a post.

* * *

A NON-PARTISAN ISSUE

ONE of the best traditions of the British race is that our statesmen so often have been able to lift themselves above the fogs of partisanship, and, on a purely race or national issue, sustain the measures upheld by the opposing side. There is little in politics more contemptible than that spirit which blindly opposes

anything, right or wrong, which is a matter of contention by the opposite party.

In recent times the support which the Liberal party in Great Britain gave to the Government during the Boer war was matched when, at the time the most recent and most ominous German war cloud hung heavy over Europe, Mr. Balfour stepped promptly up to the side of Mr. Asquith and served notice to the wide world that, though there were issues in Parliament more serious than, perhaps, generations had seen before, both the parties were composed of Britons.

That was a fine exhibition.

There is now an opportunity for British Columbians to emulate the exalted examples of both parties when, time and time again, in the home land of most British Columbians, patriotism has taken the place of partisanship.

Every Canadian, and certainly every British Columbian, should hold up the hands of the Premier, who in his recent speech in Victoria on Trafalgar Day made a plea for an industry wholly passed over to the Asiatic, and out of the hands of needing men of our own race and blood, that it might once more be a British asset.

Some of us are becoming vaguely conscious of a suspicion of our own whereabouts, when we are suddenly confronted by a statement of Holy Writ that "A fool's heart is on his left side." Where in the anatomical vicinity of the solar plexus is that indispensable appendage of the rest of us? Are we surrendering ourselves to those benign and amiable idiocies which prompt us to give to an absolutely and essentially alien race who will not let the foreigner fish in his inland seas with a hook and line; while there are millions of our own race and blood stagnating in the pools of modern industry, and who have not even a red herring for supper?

This B. C. fishery business is a crime—a national crime.

More, it is a shame.

* * *

MR. STEAD AND THE PRESENT WAR

WHEN all else has been said, Mr. W. T. Stead is the Dean of the world's journalism. He has said many things with which many people will not agree, but no man living has covered so wide a field in the years of his public service, and that so ably or with such amazing versatility as the man to whom even Lord Northcliffe is quoted as having acknowledged indebtedness for what he knows of journalism.

The opening paragraphs of the London *Review of Reviews* for October, containing this veteran editor's review of the Italian situation, are well worthy of reproducing in full:

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO

The most profitable task in which mankind could engage itself this autumn would be to institute a commission for inquiring into the lunacy of nations. Seldom or never

has there been so melancholy a manifestation of insanity on the part of great masses of men than was afforded this summer. That nations, like individuals, occasionally go mad is a familiar truism. But was it ever more signally demonstrated than it has been this year by the Franco-German dispute about Morocco, by the Italian raid on Tripoli, or by the Irish railway strike? Looked at from the standpoint of cool reason, it is difficult to say which afforded the more striking demonstration of collective insanity. Fortunately both may now be spoken of in the past tense. But while they lasted they gave the sane observer the most uncomfortable sensation of being in a Bedlam broke loose. Why sober statesmen and serious workmen should simultaneously have been impelled to inflict wanton suffering upon themselves and upon their neighbors no one has yet been able to explain. Various hypotheses have been hazarded. The influence of malefic planets, the heat of the weather, the bite of the tarantula, or diabolical possession—none of these adequately explains why so many people in high places and in low should have acted as if they had been simultaneously deprived of their wits.

THE MOROCCO MADNESS

Take, for instance, the action of France, who began the Morocco incident by her carefully engineered Jameson Raid on Fez. France for years has coveted the possession of Morocco. She has no colonial army adequate to the task of overrunning Morocco and of holding a turbulent race of men whose unconquerable valor defied the legions of ancient Rome and the invincible armies of Spain at the zenith of her military might. Only a few years ago seven great Powers, herself being one, had solemnly agreed to regulate the future of Morocco on the basis of equal rights for all and the independence and integrity of the Sherifian Empire. Her own right of superintending the pacific penetration of Morocco by Western civilization was strictly defined. If it had been honestly exercised France might have ensured the peace and prosperity of the Sultan's dominions. But being discontented with anything short of a position of exclusive domination, France seized Fez on a pretext of allaying disorder which ranks in history with the "cry from the gold-reefed city" which summoned Dr. Jameson's heroes to the rescue of the matrons and maidens of Johannesburg. The immediate result of this move, in which alas! Sir E. Grey thought fit to support the action of France, was that the Spaniards advanced on pretexts equally illusory into the Moroccan province which they had marked for their own, and the Germans despatched a warship to lie off the town of Agadir. Thus the Morocco question was opened, to disturb the peace of Europe for months.

HOW NOT TO DO IT

If there had been any regard for the sanctity of treaties, the other signatories of the Algeciras compact ought to have collectively summoned the Powers which were in dispute to have either submitted their claims to the Hague Tribunal or to have laid the whole question once more before another Algeciras Conference. The latter course was suggested, but Germany would not listen to the suggestion. No one appears to have had the courage to propose that the Hague Tribunal should be asked to decide whether or not France had exceeded her treaty rights in the march on Fez. The British Government could not make the demand, for Sir Edward Grey had approved of the action of France, and none of the other signatories of the treaty ventured to interfere. The American Government, which could have made such a proposal with authority and without any danger, abdicated its functions. None of the signatories of the Hague Convention who had solemnly declared that they recognized it as their duty to remind disputants of the utility of the peace-making machinery of the Hague discharged that duty. It was not until the eleventh hour that the German Chancellor was reported to have said that even if things came to the worst there was always the Hague Tribunal to fall back upon. But things were allowed to come almost to the worst without any serious effort by any civilized Government to recommend the disputing Powers to submit the question at issue to the decision of a competent and impartial international tribunal.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN NEGOTIATIONS

The question of Morocco, from being a general international problem, which ought to have been settled from the standpoint of international law by the signatories of the Algeciras Treaty, was handled as if it were the private concern of France and Germany. As for the rights of the Sultan of Morocco and his subjects, they were the very last people who were considered in the matter. "If I assent to your protectorate of Morocco," says Germany, "how much of the French-Congo will you give me?" "If I give you a slice of the French-Congo," replies France, "will you really agree to give me a free hand in Morocco?" "Certainly," replies Germany, "subject to various reservations: (1) The open door; (2) respect for German interests already acquired; (3) a share in railway and other concessions; (4) retention of Consular jurisdiction; (5) the right to have Moorish subjects as German proteges, and a few other trifles of that nature." "Oh, thank you for nothing!" replies France. M. Delcasse then mounted his Toulon perch and reviewed the French fleet, sounding in the ears of all Europe a shrill cockadoodledoo. The Germans retorted by reviewing an even bigger fleet at Kiel, and cockadoodled not less lustily. The French then began to withdraw their gold from the German bankers to whom they had lent it, and the German small investors began to withdraw their savings from the German banks. All the while negotiations were going on. Germany surrendered one point after another, until finally the backstairs bargain for appropriating a neighbor's territory, over which five other Powers had equal rights, was brought to a harmonious close. Germany has given France what was not hers to dispose of; France has acquired Germany's permission to undertake the conquest of Morocco, and Germany has got a slice of territory leading to the Congo from the Atlantic. For this Europe has been kept for two months in constant expectation of war. More money has been lost and wasted than can be realized from the profits of the Moroccan trade in a generation.

THE ITALIANS IN TRIPOLI

The Italians, despite their disastrous experience in Abyssinia, have been unable to resist the temptation to make another attempt to establish themselves in Africa. Last month, apparently excited by the success of the French attempt to seize Morocco, they suddenly descended upon Tripoli. A more cynical, high-handed act of international buccaneering has hardly been recorded in our time. The pretexts put forward were even more flimsy than the usual excuses which the wolf makes when he sets about the eating of the lamb. A few hundred Italians settled in Tripoli had grievances—every foreigner in Turkish provinces always has grievances: the Turkish authorities put obstacles in the way of the exploitation of the industrial resources of the vilayet—as Turkish authorities always put obstacles even in the way of the Turkish development of the industrial resources of Turkish provinces—and so Italy descended upon the coast with warships and an expeditionary force to make Tripoli her own.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

Italy signed the Hague Convention, declaring that when matters arose threatening peace, recourse should be had to arbitration. Here is a dispute endangering peace arising out of a difference as to facts. Why should they not be investigated on the spot by an International Commission d'Enquete? If, the facts being ascertained, there is a dispute as to how the question should be settled, why not send it to arbitration? All the signatory Powers declared that when disputes arose which threatened to eventuate in war, they regarded it as their duty to call the attention of the disputants to the peace-making machinery of the Hague, and they all pledged themselves not to regard such representations as an unfriendly act. Why have none of the Powers done their duty? The United States is the only absolutely independent Power. Why has Mr. Secretary Knox not done his duty? Americans may have bitter reason to regret not having intervened as peace-makers if the war begun in Tripoli leads to a general attack upon Christians in Asia Minor. Austria tore up the Berlin Treaty. France and Germany and Spain tore up the Treaty of Algeciras. Now Italy tears up the Treaty of Paris, and no one raises a protest in the name of the Hague Convention,

which they all signed. What is the use of creating peace-making machinery if you never make use of it?

LABOR AND WAR

The most interesting utterance on the subject of war that was made last month was Herr Bebel's address to the Socialist Congress at Jena. In France, the anti-militarists advocate the proclamation of a general strike as labor's checkmate to a declaration of war. Herr Bebel ridiculed the notion as impracticable. A great war would produce such inconceivable misery that "the masses would not discuss the general strike, they would merely cry for work and bread." War itself would bring about the paralysis of industry, which is the aim of the Syndicalists. Herr Bebel said, quite truly, that war would imperil the very existence of the existing social structure:

> Millions of workmen would be called away from their families, who would have nothing to eat and to live upon. Hundreds of thousands of small manufacturers would be rendered bankrupt through lack of means to carry on their business. Stocks and shares would sustain a fall, of which we have just experienced a very slight foretaste, and through which tens of thousands of families in comfortable circumstances would be reduced to beggary. The enormous export trade with the outside world would be interrupted, innumerable factories and industrial undertakings would stand still, the loss of work and wages would assert themselves in every quarter. The import of foodstuffs would cease completely, prices would reach an unattainable height, and that would mean an actual general famine.

General Famine is the most formidable of all the generals who take the field in case of modern war. M. Bloch was not so far out after all.

WHAT WAR WOULD HAVE MEANT IN CASH

Herr Bebel calculated that every day of mobilization would cost Germany from £2,250,000 to £2,500,000. As it would cost France at least as much, the two combatants would be launched upon an expenditure of five millions a day, or £150,000,000 a month. But France and Germany would not have been the only combatants. The cost of mobilization in Austria, Russia, Great Britain and Belgium would cost as much more. That is to say, Europe would have been plunged into an expenditure of £10,000,000 per day in order to decide whether Germany, which has only 9 per cent. of the Moroccan trade, the whole of which only amounts to £5,500,000 per annum, has a right to insist upon a privileged position in Morocco, to which Britain, who has 39 per cent. of the trade, lays no claim. These war costs, be it remembered, are direct payments out of pocket. They do not include the indirect loss in the stoppage of trade and other consequences of war. According to Colonel Boucher's book, "La France Victorieuse dans la Guerre de Demain," France would put 1,400,000 troops into the first line of defence, opposing 20 army corps to the 23 German army corps which would cross the frontier ten days after the declaration of war. Russia would in twenty-five days despatch 27 army corps in five armies to the frontier, and in ten days later 13 Russian army corps would be on German soil. The war of 1870 would be mere child's-play to that which France and Germany risked in their Morocco squabble.

SEQUELÆ OF THE ATTACK

As in many other maladies, the *sequelae* of this attack of insanity promises to be more dangerous than the malady itself. France is launched upon an adventure for which she has no adequate military equipment. Germany has in the Congo given another hostage to whatever Power commands the seas. Belgium has had a nightmare of invasion, entailing fresh fortifications and armaments. But the most serious result has been the renewal of the agitation in Germany for the creation of a fleet strong enough to deprive Great Britain of the command of the seas. Although the British Government from the first fell in with Germany's desire to come to terms with France, and consistently urged France to make every possible concession to Germany, the Pan-German press has throughout treated Great Britain as a much more serious enemy than France. Every hitch in the negotiations has been laid at our door, and the Navy League is clamoring for a new and more extended naval programme. It is all very deplorable. But it cannot be helped. All that we can do is to build steadily two keels

to the German one, and keep silent. Our press, on the whole, has been comparatively reasonable. But the hope of a reduced naval expenditure has gone by the board.

EATING THE INSANE ROOT

If statesmen go mad, there is some excuse for simple workmen losing their wits. Last month witnessed an outbreak of the strike delirium in Ireland which is surely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of the sympathetic strike. A firm of timber merchants in Dublin had a dispute with its workmen. They went out on strike. The timber merchants employed other men to do the work, and sent a load of timber to the goods station of one of the Irish railways to be delivered by rail in the ordinary course. Two of the railway men refused to handle the timber, declaring it tainted, as it had been delivered by blackleg labor. The railway company dismissed its insubordinate labor, whereupon their comrades struck. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Employes took up their cause and formulated an ultimatum to the railway company demanding that they should reinstate the dismissed workmen and never again ask their employes to handle any goods sent in for transport by any employer whose workmen were on strike. When this preposterous demand was rejected they proclaimed a general strike on all Irish railways, and held out a threat that they might follow it up by extending the strike to England! This is sheer midsummer madness. The railways are bound by law to carry any goods handed over to them by the public. If this principle were once permitted there is no end to the monstrous developments which might ensue. As an object-lesson in delirium the Irish strike was useful. It comes to this—that whenever any body of workmen make any demand, no matter how unreasonable it may be, which their employers do not instantly concede, the law is to be suspended in order that these employers may be at once put out of business, and that without any inquiry whatever as to the justice or the injustice of the strikers' claims, and to enforce this preposterous demand the whole railway system of the country is to be paralyzed. It is sad to see a cause which would otherwise command so much sympathy made ridiculous in the eyes of all sane men.

* * *

POLITICS AND IDEALS

ONCE upon a time we read a story of a bear which loved its master—not as the boy loved ice-cream; but he was keeping the flies off his sleeping hero in some sylvan shade—geographical data not mentioned.

It is probable that the boulder with which bruin essayed to smash the pest that danced at the end of his master's nose still lies where it fell, but as to the bear-beloved, "subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

It is now the Canadian elector who need pray to be delivered from his friends. The most benevolent and gratuitous libel on the Canadian voter which has come to our notice is contained in an editorial statement of the *B. C. Mining Exchange and Engineering News* in a recent issue. Speaking of the recent election, the editor says: "It is true that the Imperial element in the situation did sway many electors, and who is there who is sordid enough to blame any Canadian who voted on these lines? But to say that any elector who voted on these lines was placing his national sentiment before his commercial interests is to talk arrant humbug."

Is it true to say that any Canadian elector who, voting on these or any conceivable lines, placed his national sentiments before his commercial interests, is talking humbug?

It might be admitted that there are too many who place their own selfish aggrandizement over the consideration of the public good. But if this pagan indictment is true, then Canada is slipping rapidly into an oblivious perdition, if she has not already arrived at that uncoveted and over-populated goal.

But, frankly, we are not quite convinced that this is the case. In fact, there are many indications to warrant other conclusions. It is, alas, too true that the politics of the world are given over to the mere matter of selfish aggrandizement by people whose commercial interests are their politics, and whose politics are their commercial interests. Such people are the ever-present (human) examples of the apotheosis of the acquisitive instinct—a species of insanity when made the main business of life and the fundamental motive of human endeavor. This instinct never can be the basis of rational politics, nor can it furnish material for an adequate foundation of a lasting state. Men in both parties recognize this, and act on this: that a conglomeration of acquisitive instincts without a principle which has crystalized into a sentiment—a national sentiment, if you please, and a national sentiment on which men vote—cannot furnish the materials out of which great states are made.

The situation which makes possible such a statement as we have quoted places the index upon the weak place in the armour of democracy; this fact, that our politics are based so largely upon interests and not principles. Yet with all this, people have been known to die for a national sentiment without hope of pecuniary reward.

Is it possible that they will no longer vote for it?

Towards this point is written a paragraph in Canadian *Collier's* on "More Faults Like These Needed":

The former Minister of Labor, Mr. Mackenzie King, announces his intention of remaining in politics for some years to come. He also announces that there are several large problems of the Empire and of Canada which he intends to study. Mackenzie King's critics hold two things against him—his youth and his way of looking at public questions from a professor's point of view. Youth, alas, he will soon overcome, but the student habit we hope he will never survive. As he was a college lecturer before he was a Cabinet Minister, the chances are that the love of learning will persist. It is as strange as it is becoming to hear a young Canadian solemnly devote his life to the public service and state at the same time that he is going to train himself for it by study. Most of our politicians cut the studying out. They will cross the bridge when they come to it, so they say. They hope they have enough common-sense to pull them through. They are practical men, and what they want is to get down to brass tacks and leave the theorizing to the doctrinaires and visionaries. All of which means that they are content to be lazy and ignorant and let somebody else do their thinking. Doctrinaire! Visionary! These are names to be proud of. A doctrinaire is usually a man who is concerned for abstract right as against concrete wrong. A visionary is a man who has imagination. The Government which wholly disregards abstract right is salt without meat; the Government which has no imagination is meat without salt. Mackenzie King is young; he is a doctrinaire; he is a visionary; he is an altruist. With all these faults we can love him still. Politics is worth just as much studying now as when Aristotle wrote a book about it.

Nowhere to Live

THERE is nowhere in the whole world at once so terrible an indictment of the intelligence of the Anglo-Saxon race and so monstrous an anomaly as in the hideous fact of so many millions of the British race with "nowhere to live," while the empty places in the British Empire are calling for men, and the immeasurable treasures of the natural resources of the Empire are, without efficient protest, being turned over to alien and unassimilable races.

The *Standard of Empire* publishes a letter from one with a wide knowledge of conditions in Great Britain and at least one of the Dominions oversea, asking for some machinery adequate to the necessities of the situation. The *Daily News* had started up the discussion again by saying that rural workers were faced with the dilemma of the workhouse or "nowhere to live." Rural conditions are depicted in the unenviable, and one might add the unpardonable, light of being at a loss to find accommodations, because the council demands more room for a family of seven children, more space by a half, than the cottages contain. If forced out according to this law, there is only the workhouse before them or "nowhere to live."

The wife of a British workman writes as follows:

> We have inquired for houses, but there are none available round about, except estate cottages. I applied to several estates (we hold excellent references), but only received one reply, and when I stated the number of our family it was too large. What a cruel law; poor people trying hard to live; my husband walking round every day seven miles to and from his daily work, and then to be harassed to death like this. Because we have children we are trodden on like toads. I know this cottage is small, but hundreds of families have been brought up in similar houses, and hundreds even in smaller places than this. Please tell us what we are to do. Larger houses mean bigger rents, and we are very poor, especially in the winter. . . . . This is a hard, cruel world. This law will drive honest men to desperation.

A laborer writes in the following strain:

> I have tried to get lodging for the children, and have failed. If there is no room for my family in a four-roomed house, what are others in Botesdale going to do? There is not another house empty in the parish that would suit me; and it looks as if I have got to give up my work and come into the union. Because I have a family of six children in the largest four-roomed cottage in this parish I have to go into the workhouse; and that is what they call justice!

Law and justice are invoked to bear witness by these writers. Here is the old story so often emphasized—namely, the curse of a large family being well-nigh a crime in this country.

Under date October 13 is published the charge by the Bishop of London to the clergy of the diocese of London, headed: "Glory of Motherhood," in which stress is laid on the growing evil of the falling birth-rate. He summons the forces of the Church today to stem "this gigantic evil." Granted there is a falling birth-rate, will any effort of the Church check it, where the cost of living is continuously increasing, rates, taxes, food and necessaries of life are mounting to almost prohibitive cost to consumers, while wages have not, and the purchasing power of money has not risen accordingly? Let charity begin at home, is an old adage. How in such cases as the above is it to begin? First, the rural laborer must get the land to produce food for himself and his dependants, and in turn for the community.

The agricultural question lies at the basis of a country's wealth, for in the train of land cultivation follow the various industrial concerns that make a country's greatness.

Nowhere is this borne out more forcibly than in the Dominion of Canada. The wisdom of our oversea rulers is shown in pressing for the agriculturist as their chief asset. They welcome him on arrival, advise, encourage and help him in every possible way. On the millions of acres out

in Canada's golden West, ready to be broken up, cultivated, and to yield bumper crops, is room for many thousands of British agriculturists. There is "somewhere to live" where the willing worker with wife and large family of the very class represented above need never fear the workhouse, nor will they feel that they are "trodden on like toads."

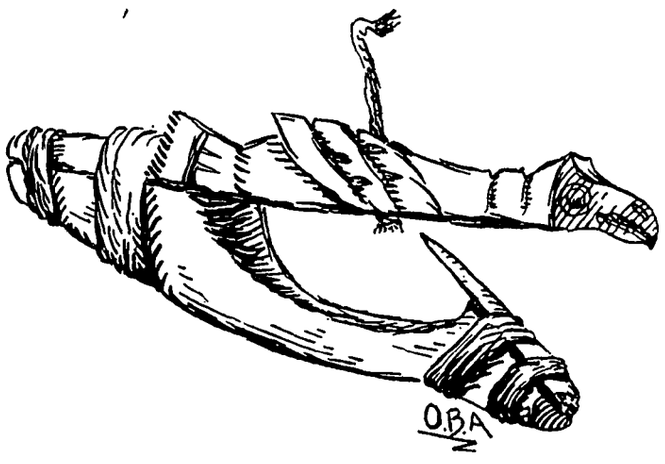
Equal opportunities for all is not merely a remark to lure emigrants, but is a fact borne witness to by tens of thousands who, given the opportunity, have made good there. For cases such as those before us, what is the remedy? No use, evidently, to turn to rural district councillors, they are helpless; no use to turn to "estates"—children's voices must not disturb in such quarters. The "glory of motherhood" is well-nigh a curse in face of the facts written by this wife and mother of seven children.

Taking the facts as they are, wherein lies the wisdom of allowing such cases to go to the workhouse? If they do, they must be supported by the authorities, and if the husband gets work in another parish or county where housing can be had, they would require to be helped there—selves, goods and chattels.

Because they have "nowhere to live" they are liable to become part of that great army present in Great Britain—our surplus population. The remedy lies surely in setting up some sort of machinery between Great Britain and the Dominions that such backbone of Empire as above represented by some seventeen souls may be given the opportunity that others more fortunately placed have been able to take advantage of by helping them to the oversea states, where such can live and thrive under the British flag.

Canada's voice has recently been heard loud and clear above the tempters seeking to beguile her citizens by presenting temporary and selfish gains.

She has turned a deaf ear to such insinuations, and the echo heard on our shore is, "We wish to share our prosperity with you—our brothers and sisters." Thus are Empire bonds forged through wholehearted self-sacrificing on the part of those who have given the lead towards the consolidation of the British Empire in one organic whole, in deed and in truth.



The Importance of Vancouver

THE industrial importance of Vancouver is illustrated by a series of facts and figures which have been compiled by the Vancouver Tourist Association.

Vancouver, it is pointed out, is the financial and outfitting centre of one of the richest and most extensive mining areas in the world. Since the early sixties gold-mining has been prosecuted in British Columbia, and copper, silver, lead and zinc mines have also been operated. Coal mines have been worked ever since the days of the Hudson's Bay Company's ownership of Vancouver Island, and in all these enterprises Vancouver men and capital are largely interested. Hither, miners from the north bring their gold to the assay office, and here they purchase their supplies and machinery. The head offices of most of the operating companies are situated in this city.

There are many other avenues of industrial and manufacturing activity. Up to the present the chief product of manufacture had been lumber, sashes, doors, etc. The output has been very large, and last year one mill alone exported to foreign countries 38 million feet of lumber. There are now, however, many other commodities produced in Vancouver, as the following list of industries and products will indicate : Abattoirs, aerated waters, asbestos goods, auto and buggy tops, bakeries, bamboo furniture, boats, bookbinderies, boots and shoes, boxes (paper and wood), brass foundries, breweries, biscuits, bottling works, brick (clay, cement, etc.), brooms, cigars, concrete blocks, confectionery, cooperages, cornices, coffee-grinding, dairy products, drugs, engraving, feed and flour mills, fences, fish-packing, fire-proof walls, fishermen's supplies, furniture, furriers, gas, gasoline lamps and engines, gas and electric fixtures, glass-blowing, granite work, harness, trunks and leather goods, ice, ironworking, jewellers, jams and spices, etc., ladies' garments, lithographing, logging engines and tools, lumber, shingles, sash and doors, mantels and show cases, marine machinery, office files and furniture, pianos, portable houses, poultry supplies, car fenders, rice mills, roofing, sawmill supplies, soap, sugar, stoves and furnaces, umbrellas, wagons and carriages, wire and nails, wooden pipes, etc.

The industrial future of Vancouver is, indeed, fully assured, for here will be the factors required for the upbuilding of a great manufacturing centre. The raw materials, plentiful supply of hydro-electric power, immense coal deposits and ideal transportation facilities by land and sea mark Vancouver the logical place for an industrial hub.

From a financial point of view the importance attributed to Vancouver by far-seeing financiers cannot be doubted when it is stated that there are seventeen chartered banks in this city, having, besides their local head offices, thirty-three branch offices scattered throughout Vancouver. The progress of Vancouver is strikingly illustrated by the growth of bank clearings:

1899....	$37,000,000	1905....	$ 88,000,000
1900....	46,000,000	1906....	132,000,000
1901....	47,000,000	1907....	191,000,000
1902....	54,000,000	1908....	183,000,000
1903....	66,000,000	1909....	287,000,000
1904....	74,000,000	1910....	445,000,000

The total for 1910, it will be observed, is greater than the combined totals for the first seven years (1899-1905), and that the clearings in the last three years exceed those of the preceding nine years by $180,000,000. For the first six months of the present year the total was $252,986,126, an increase of more than $48,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1910, nearly as much as that for the twelve months of 1909, and $60,000,000 greater than the total of the record year prior to 1909.—*From Canada, London, September* 9, 1911.

British Columbia Fisheries and Asiatics

SOME objections have been taken to the attitude of the editor of this journal on the British Columbia fisheries and the relation of Asiatic fishermen thereto. It is contended by some that these Japanese are "naturalized British subjects," and have equal rights with white men. It is further claimed that if we interfere we shall cause trouble between Canada and Japan. We purpose answering both these objections.

In the first place we affirm that the *naturalization of Japanese in this province is a gigantic farce.* These men are naturalized (?) by the score, and no one knows who they are, or if they even exist. It is purely a *paper* naturalization for purposes of gain, to secure business privileges which cannot be obtained otherwise, and in no sense with a view to becoming citizens, nor do they become any the less subjects of the Mikado. Again, if they are really citizens *why do they not vote?* Would any of these apologists for Japanese labor publicly advocate giving the 10,000 Japanese fishermen the franchise? The fact is we do not recognize them as citizens, nor dare we do so, for they could easily swamp the whites at the polls and would vote as instructed. Few of them understand English and they know little or nothing of our institutions or history, and we *dare not* grant the franchise, therefore we contend in spite of the legal farce that they are not British subjects.

As another proof of this we point to the contention that is made, *that if we interfere the Mikado of Japan will be appealed to.* If these men are British subjects *what right would the Mikado have to interfere?* The very fact that it is constantly argued that the Japanese Government would be offended if these fishermen were refused rights here is *prima facie* evidence that *they are still subjects of the Mikado* and therefore cannot claim rights as citizens of Canada.

Our contention is that the time has passed when such "milk and water" arguments may be accepted, but rather that we should face the question, and no matter who is "hit," decide it in the best interests of Canada. For years political heelers have been getting fat off British Columbia's fisheries and by an unholy, unpatriotic alliance with Japanese merchants and coolies. If this system is allowed to continue it will be a monument of shame to the Conservatives of this province. We have, as a party, condemned the Liberals, and it is now up to us to make good.

If, in doing our duty, some political favorite is the loser, he must go in the interest of the whole community.

Reader, keep this fact in mind, viz., that whereas ten years ago there were 9,500 white fishermen on this coast, now there are very few, but in their place there are upwards of 10,000 Japanese, who have a secret society at which and through which they manipulate this great industry.

This organization is under the control of a syndicate, which operates from Seattle, Tacoma and Kobe, and is backed by the largest and most powerful financial interests in Japan. Shall this condition continue, or shall we administer our affairs in the interests of our own citizens?—*The Western Call, Vancouver.*

A Poem by the Empress of Japan

(*From "The Mid-Pacific"*)

Minato bune,
Ikari wo aguru
Koe no uchi ni,
Namiji shiramite,
Yo wa ake ni keri.

In the small hours of night,
When all is dark, and rocks nor islets show
To guide the steersman, lo! the noisy crew
Of mariners, with many a yo-heave-ho and shout,
Raise up the anchor. Ere the lusty strains
Have ceased, day breaks on the whitening waves,
And all the course lies clearly to be seen.

—*Translated by Arthur Lloyd.*

Kwail

By Mary Josephine North

THERE was night in the valley —night and a great vague stillness. Up above no moon gave her light, and the north stars were far apart and dim. Kwail, crouched low against the door, wrapped his blankets closer about him; but his eyes never stirred from the far corner. It had been a long and weary vigil that tomorrow would end, but he dared not give any thought of tomorrow. Hunger and a terrible blinding weariness had begun their work upon him. Physical inertia he had suffered long before and forgotten; it had passed, bringing with it a strange mood, when his mind worked clearly and methodically, with a precision that maddened him and left him without any kind of hope. But again the mood had changed. Imagination caught him dizzily to a seventh heaven of emotion, of exquisite delight. Superstition, with its bitter melancholy, had gone, all. He forgot his cowering fear of the power which brooded so evilly on the great waters and the veiled hills; he ceased to mutter to his god incantations weird and sad. A mighty faith rent goldenly with sight gave him strange victory.

He called up his life before him, scanning the days of his childhood, the happy idle days on the quiet plains of Kadoondatinda, in the valley where "the-wind-was-always"; following the long trail which had brought him to the big sea, and the hills, and the snow-flowers blowing. Now came visions of great deeds done daringly, he and his fellows stalking the bear and the stealthy cougar among dim mountain fastnesses, trapping the caribou and horned elk, luring the deer among the rocks and crags. Mighty hunters, all of them, loving death as life, but mightier, more daring than them all, was Kwail, son of the plains. The man stirred suddenly, his black eyes on fire with passion. A vision, more vivid than any that had gone before, came like a flash before him.

He saw morning, with a great light on the hills, and the sea shot grey with mist. In the forest the trees were blowing softly, white spruce and mountain larch feathering the black gloom of the pines. Flowers were everywhere, little tender gleams among the fir cones and the moss, loveliest the yellow lilies flashing in the sunlight; while the hill-streams broke over silvered rocks and melodied of emerald glaciers which high up above the snows had given them birth. There was a trail bending from among the shadows; up it a man was coming, strung bow in his hand. War was in his heart, and a great melancholy. Yesterday one had killed his brother; today he would kill *him*. The man bent to his arrow. Again he raised his head, poised, alert, and saw her. He had thought it a black day, heavy with omen; he saw that the sunlight was glinting goldenly on a country of desire. He had thought he lived awake and keen; he found he was but sleeping with one dream in his heart. She stood upright, slender as a little fawn, holding in her bare brown arms the herbs which she had been gathering.

"How!" said Kwail, and trembled at his boldness.

She shook her head gently. He was a stranger to her, this man with his great lithe form; she was of the Squamish people dwelling in the valley. "I not know you," she said, and turned away among the heather.

He dared not call to her or touch her—he feared to waken from his dream—but when he thought she would not know, he followed her, saw her pass down the mountain trail into the valley, watched her for long hours as she sat before the little house, sorting her sweet-smelling herbs. And next day he sought Kwatek, her father.

"Squamish man," said he, for he was very bold now that the girl, Sali, was not

before him, "Squamish man, I come to court your daughter."

Kwatek's dull eyes darkened to suspicion, flamed with anger. "You big chief," said he, "of other people from the great plains; I poor red man with one little girl I love."

"I, too, love Sali," said Kwail, and wondered at his own gentleness.

Kwatek raised his arm as if to strike. "You never have Sali for your woman," he cried, and strode into his house.

But Kwail was a mighty hunter who had lured many kinds of prey. Up in his lodge among the hills he had rich blankets and many mats, baskets woven cunningly, quivers full of delicate arrows. Kwatek was a poor man, and besides, all Squamish men love gifts. When the summer was near an end came Kwail again, striding down the mountain trail. Before the little house he paused, calling to Kwatek and to Nootka, his squaw. "I come to court your daughter," said he, and waiting for no bidding, slipped inside the door.

They said nothing, Kwatek and his little squaw. The man was only obeying their customs. Four days and nights must he squat there, his blanket close about him, just inside their doorway. No food must pass his lips, no word must be given to him or taken. Only a fire was kept burning brightly, and on the fourth day they must give him his answer. So Kwail had taken up his vigil.

II

A little wind came scattering the night, sending grey shadows stealing among the black. Vision fled from Kwail, and once more he trembled, haunted by a thousand doubts. In her far corner Sali was sleeping—sleeping serenely undisturbed, with the black eyes of Kwail forever on her. In all the summer days she had given him neither reason to despair nor yet to hope. She seemed to move in a strange, placid world of her own imaging, girded about with a calm that was like some delicate shrouding veil. Kwail stirred restlessly, counting the dying hours of night. How bright they kept the fire! They need not have feared him. Had he not sworn by the Great Spirit—sworn deliberately, with a great agony of longing upon him—to await their time. After that, if they would not hear him—ah, but he would not think of it! Was she not his by right of his long watching, his trust inviolate! He fell to brooding again, and when he awoke a long time after, morning had come. He rose quietly, letting his blanket fall from about his shoulders, and slipped out into the open. A neighbor would give him food, and at the same time acquaint him of Kwatek's answer; it was their custom.

Kwail had passed four days and nights for the most part patiently; now it took a fierce control to wait one hour. He strode out into the forest, swaying heavily like a drunken man. He never knew how he passed those minutes; but when he stood before the neighbor's house again his face and body were torn and bleeding, his clothes in rags about him.

The old squaw raised an inscrutable smile to him. "Eat first," she said, and set much food before him.

Kwail devoured the cakes and bear's meat, all of it, but he did not know what he was eating. Only he felt that he must have strength.

"Now," said he, and stood upright before her.

"Kwatek and Nootka, his squaw, send greetings." The old woman spoke very quietly. "They say, thank you, but Kwail shall never be their son."

Things grew dim before the man; he caught suddenly at the doorpost.

The old woman smiled—an inscrutable smile. "Kwatek much like wild cherry wood," she said. "He keep it for his death pyre." Once again she smiled, and very gently pushed the young man from the door.

Day was bright over all the Northland; only in the hills the grey mist of night still lingered. Kwail raised hands, clasped and trembling. "Hear me, Spirit," he cried. "Lead me to Thy presence; only there the wild cherry grows."

Then with noiseless feet Kwail fled into the forest.

III

In the little Squamish village there was a great stir. Kwail, mighty chief of the plains, was to come today to claim Sali, daughter of Kwatek, as his wife. Red men from beyond the borders of the hills were come to do him honor; every native of the place was there. It was a great occasion which something more than cus-

tom hallowed. Had not Kwail, that young warrior, found the sacred cherry tree blowing by a little lake high up above the clouds? Had he not brought great branches of it, thick with golden balls, to Kwatek in the plains? And Kwatek's heart (he was only human) had been touched, so that he had promised the little Sali to the young man as his wife. Even now the procession was forming from the house. How the sunlight laughed among the trees, and the wind came heavy with the scent of heliotrope and pine! Sali, the young bride, stood very meekly before them all, a little flashing form covered closely with scarlet blankets. There were blankets everywhere, red and gold and brown. One was thrown over her head, hiding her like a shroud; piles of them were spread upon the ground, forming a pathway for her feet. Was she not to marry a great chief with a hunting lodge among the fir trees? Two women, the oldest and the ugliest in the village, were the girl's attendants. They led her now down the path of blankets, across the fields, straight down to the sea. Behind her came Kwatek and the mother, Nootka, with faces stolid, unruffled—no Indian ever weeps—and they bore with them the marriage dower of their daughter, the wooden plates and the mats, and the many blankets. Alone, a very quiet figure, strode the young man, Kwail. Where the waters lapped the pebbles a canoe was tied. Its bow and stern were thick with flowers, blue gentians and heather fragrant in the wind, and the late bloom of anemones picked far up along the very border of the perpetual snows. The old attendants placed the girl in the canoe, piling her strange dower about her. Then they turned, taking into their eager withered hands the gifts of blankets from the groom. The crowd fell back a little, and Kwatek and his squaw kissed quietly the little Sali whom they had loved. Kwail slipped into his seat, dipping a slender paddle. A great brave, his wampum-belt stuck full of quivers, made loose the anchor, and into the sunlight and the drifting waters moved the little boat. They two were man and wife.

In the hills the mists were lifting, freeing the sunbeams on the crags, baring the pine trees with their holds of tangled cloud. Kwail bent and threw the shrouding blanket from the little form in the bow. Sali sat very straight in her seat, her eyes downcast, her brown hands trembling. Stooping, the man kissed her brow and then her cheek. There was a great passion in his face.

"Thou art no woman," said he. "Great Spirit slept one day in the making of the year. Great Spirit dreamt—thou art his dream! Lovest thou me, Sali?"

She came from her country of a great calm. A smile was on her lips, but her deep eyes kindled.

"Only Sali knew," she said, "that Kwatek loved as his life the wild cherry tree."

The Great Creditor Country

SOME interesting facts about the growth and effect of British investments abroad are brought out in a *Quarterly Review* article by Mr. Edgar Crammond. It appears that the annual income from foreign and colonial commitments identified by the revenue commissioners has risen from £44,508,000 in 1887 to about £89,000,000 at the present time. In addition to the identified income, there is approximately as much again derived from sources which do not come under the purview of the commissioners. As they themselves point out, their figures do not include the return upon moneys invested in concerns (other than railways) situated abroad, but having their seat of direction in the United Kingdom, such as mines, rubber plantations, nitrate grounds, oil fields, etc.; nor concerns jointly worked abroad and in the United Kingdom, such as electric telegraph cables and shipping; nor foreign and colonial branches of banks, insurance companies and mercantile houses in the United Kingdom; nor again, mortgages and other such securities abroad, belonging to banks and other financial institutions in the United Kingdom. It is plain, therefore, that the whole of the income from foreign and colonial investments cannot now be less than about £178,000,000.

This estimate is confirmed by a detailed examination of the amount of British capital that has actually been invested abroad. The grand total for 1910 amounted to no less than £3,272,000,000, £1,652,000,000 being in British dominions beyond seas, and £1,620,000,000 in foreign countries. In 1896 the grand total was £2,092,000,000, so that in 14 years there has been a total increase of no less than £1,180,000,000 in British investments outside the United Kingdom. It is noteworthy that the great bulk of these investments has been made in countries from which the United Kingdom draws its supplies of food and raw material, such as the United States, Canada, Argentina, India, Australasia and South Africa. "The soundness of the principle upon which investments have been made in these countries cannot," remarks Mr. Crammond, "be questioned, because it establishes the conditions most essential to reciprocity of trade. Great Britain offers the finest market in the world for foodstuffs and raw materials; and it is natural and inevitable that these commodities should be sent to us by our colonial and foreign debtors in payment of interest on our capital investments, and for our services as bankers or carriers, etc."

In addition to the £178,000,000 derived from investments abroad, there are the gross earnings of the British mercantile

marine, estimated at about £100,000,000, and the gross earnings of the banking and mercantile houses carrying on business abroad, which bring in another £55,000,000. The actual position, then, is that the peoples of the world, British and foreign, who do business with the United Kingdom stand as a whole to remit to it gold or goods to the value of at least £330,000,000 in payment of interest on loans and for other services rendered. A very small proportion of this sum is paid in gold. About half of it is annually invested abroad, and the rest reaches the United Kingdom in the form of foodstuffs, raw materials, or manufactured goods.

British Columbia is not receiving her share of this investment. There is no part of the empire which offers so much return for the money invested, and yet there is no part of the empire so feebly represented in England. Those who know

wonder that there is any financial movement toward British Columbia. The writer nearly two years ago was lecturing at the School of Geography at Oxford University on "The Economic Geography of North and West Canada." He had occasion to call more than once at the provincial headquarters at Salisbury House. At one time he was promised such illustrative slides as would illustrate what he had to say about this province. When the time came the slides were not forthcoming; nor were letters of wires of inquiry noticed in any way. The Dominion Government and all the railways were always ready to send illustrative matter about the country they represented, but the province of British Columbia was ignored because its representatives ignored their own promises in so important a matter.

If the rest of the provincial business and if the rest of our interests are handled in this fashion, what are we to expect in the matter of investment or immigration? If the province had as much efficient energy as the Vancouver Tourist Association, we would not hear so much about our dependence upon Oriental labor, and we could do more of the things this province wants to do, but which we are not doing for lack of funds.

The Wood Thrush

I SHALL never forget how anxiously I watched the nest of a wood thrush one summer. The pair seemed foolishly sociable, and I was almost sure they would come to grief, for it was "at the Springs," as we say in the South, and the nest was in plain view when the wind blew aside a little spray of foliage, on the limb of a white oak not over twelve feet from the ground. The owners of the nest hopped composedly about as if inviting familiarity with anyone who might approach. But I soon learned that they had no secrets to impart to those who could not understand.

They were entirely silent about the nest. The female approached it gradually without so much as the flutter of a feather that might call attention to herself. She uttered never a chirp then; and the male never sang within a hundred feet of his fledglings, so that in a little while I was astonished to find that no one else knew of the nest—not even the children who played beneath it.

The wood thrush has a robin-like way of hopping about the lawn, occasionally straightening up with soldier-like precision. Save for his song, he is unusually quiet. No chirps—no fluttering of feathers—no airs. He rises from the ground silently—is gone like a flash, and presently from somewhere in the foliage his song comes, rich, bell-like. He seems less a part of his song than any singer I know. The brown thrasher droops his tail, throws back his head; the mocking-bird is all a-quiver; but the wood thrush sits apparently motionless; apparently indifferent to his most lovely music.

Pages Missing