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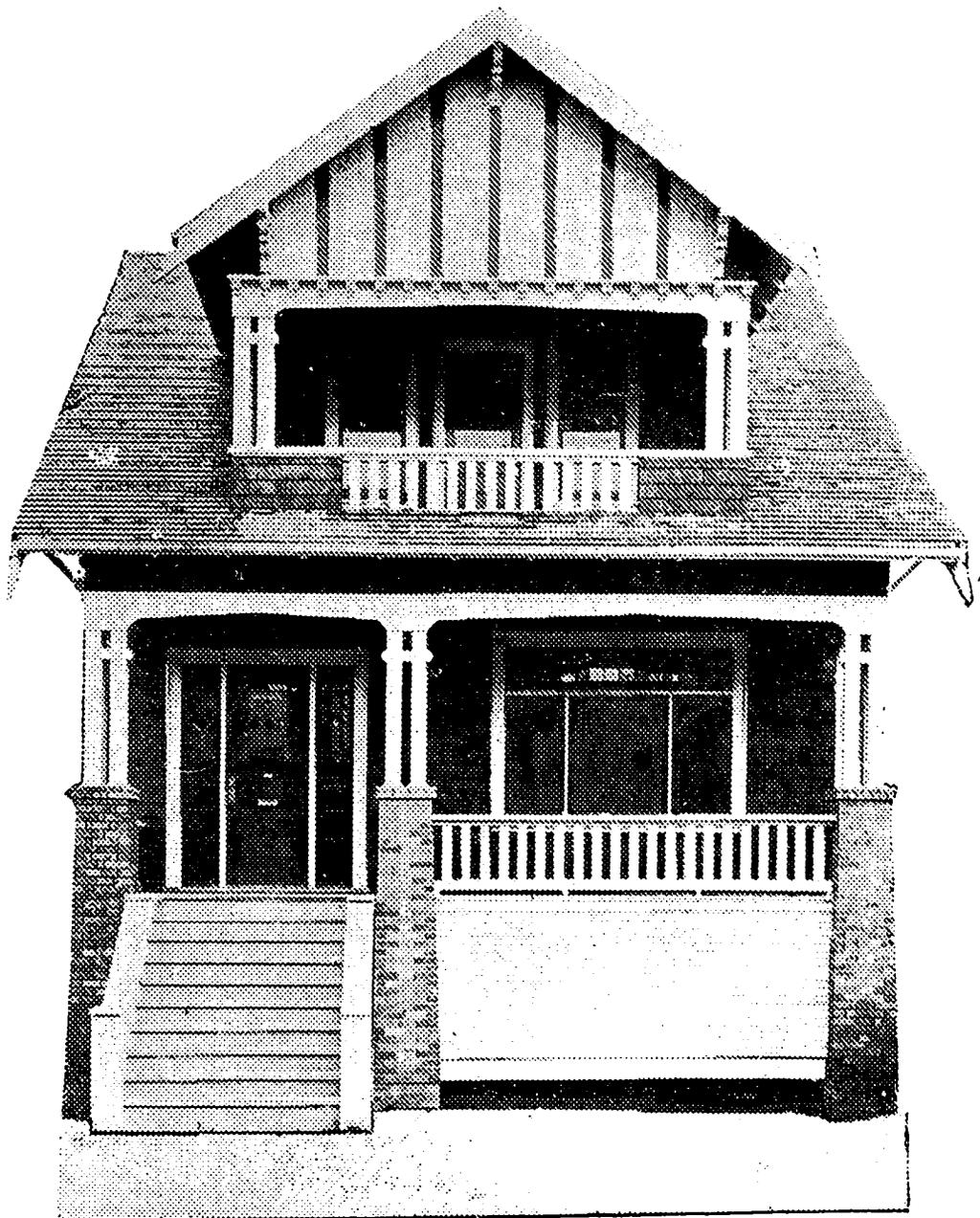
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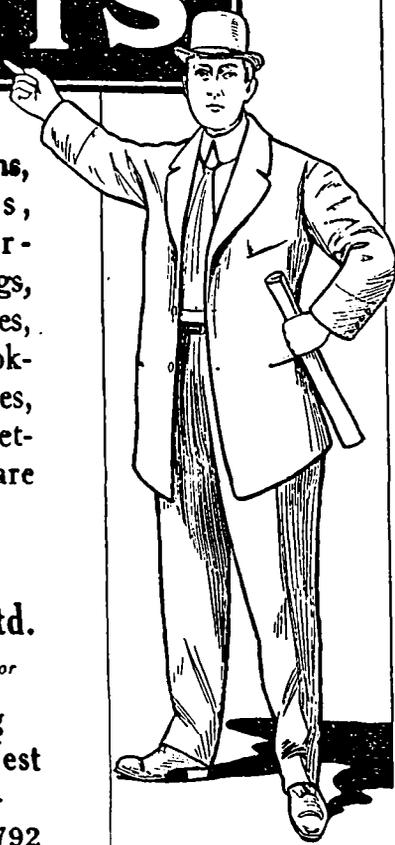
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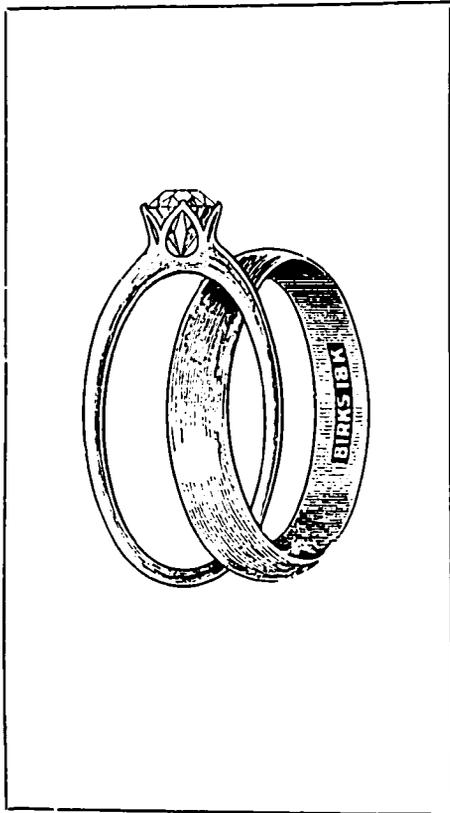
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# THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN  
EDITOR

J. S. RAINE, Associate Editor

J. L. W. LEARY, Development Editor

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## As by Fire

I give to fire this earthly frame  
And its relinquished cross;  
I leave the ministering flame,  
To purge me of my dross;  
To nothingness, from whence I came,  
Do ye my ashes toss.

Grant me no hymn or burial-dirge,  
Nor largess of your tears;  
The roll of drowned, Atlantean surge  
Sounds dimly in mine ears;  
My shades with all the shades will merge  
Of these, the uncounted years.

No! never could my gypsy soul  
Find rest on confined bed;  
To list the church-bell's requiem toll  
Rude-rhythmic, overhead—  
Twin-brother to the sightless mole  
The quick beside the dead.

No tyrant grave might hem me in  
Close houselled there to lie;  
However was my grief or sin  
To shut me from the sky;  
The wastrel lark, in ether thin,  
Is not less caged than I.

For yet the days must me reveal  
That which the dumb world thrills;  
I mark where Spring has set her seal  
Upon the daffodils;  
I bask in summer, and I feel  
Red Autumn singe the hills.

On viewless wings I journey far,  
To pierce the morning grey,  
And when, through sunset gates ajar,  
Night follows after day,  
Black storms do steed my funeral car  
And lightnings pave the way.

In north and east and south I stand,  
And oriel-painted west,  
I breathe the air of India's strand,  
And Araby the blest,  
The seven seas, I fold their sand,  
Still singing, to my breast.

I blend as one with sun or snow,  
And all that is, or seems;  
My pathways are the gusts that blow  
The shadows from the streams;  
By lotos isles my wraith shall know  
The languor of lost dreams.

I float above the mountain's crown,  
I dip to meet the sea,  
I go by city, street, and town,  
And aye untrammelled be,  
Free as Thy winds that gallop down.  
Yea! God! as Thou art free.

*Ernest McGaffey.*

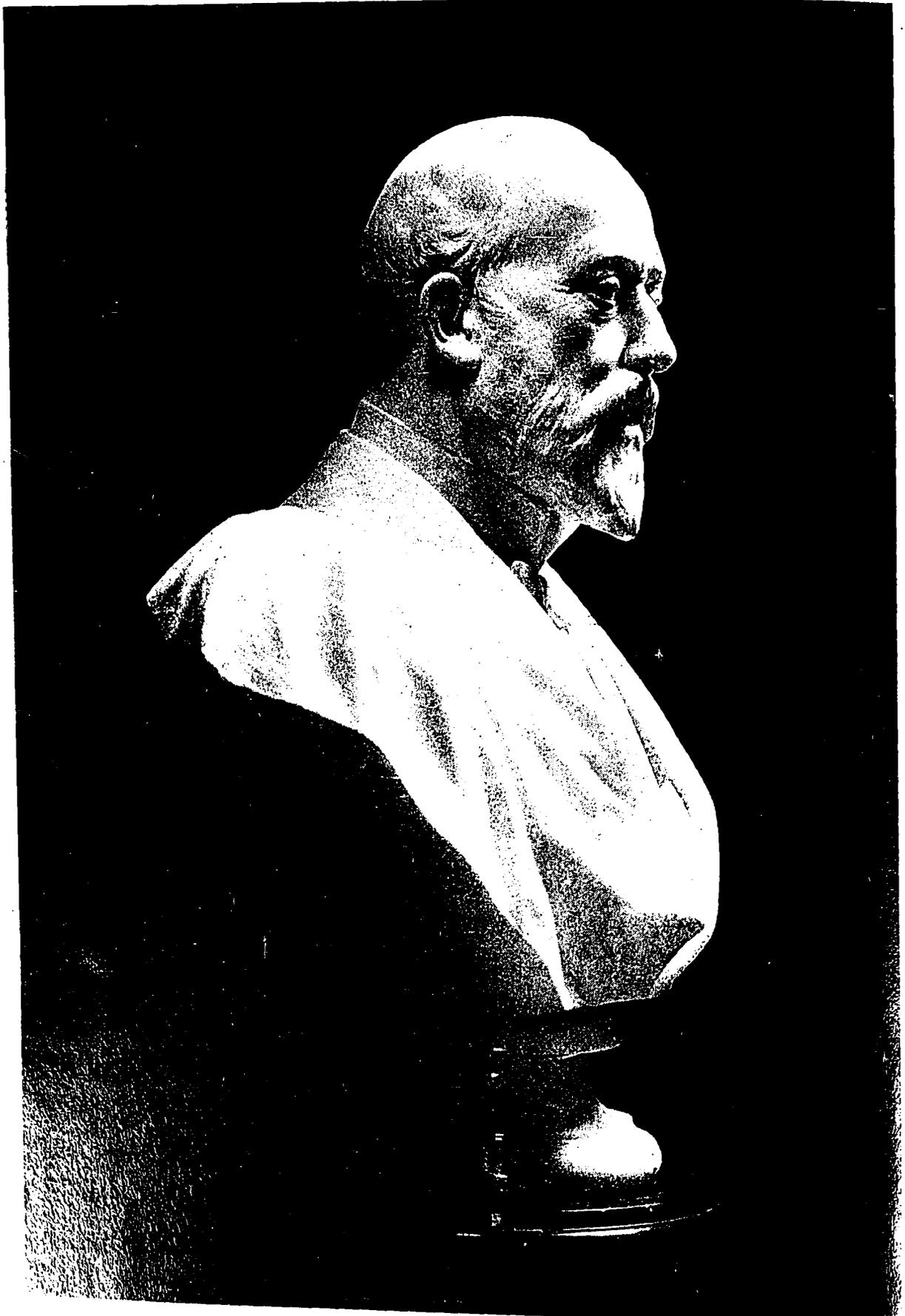


FIGURE OF KING EDWARD VII, BY A. BRUCE-IOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S., IN THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, PARIS—THIS FORMS AN INTERESTING COMPANION PICTURE TO THE ONE BY THE SAME SCULPTOR WHICH APPEARED AS THE FRONTISPIECE IN OUR DECEMBER NUMBER



Vol. IX

JANUARY, 1913

No. 1

## Albert Bruce-Joy, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

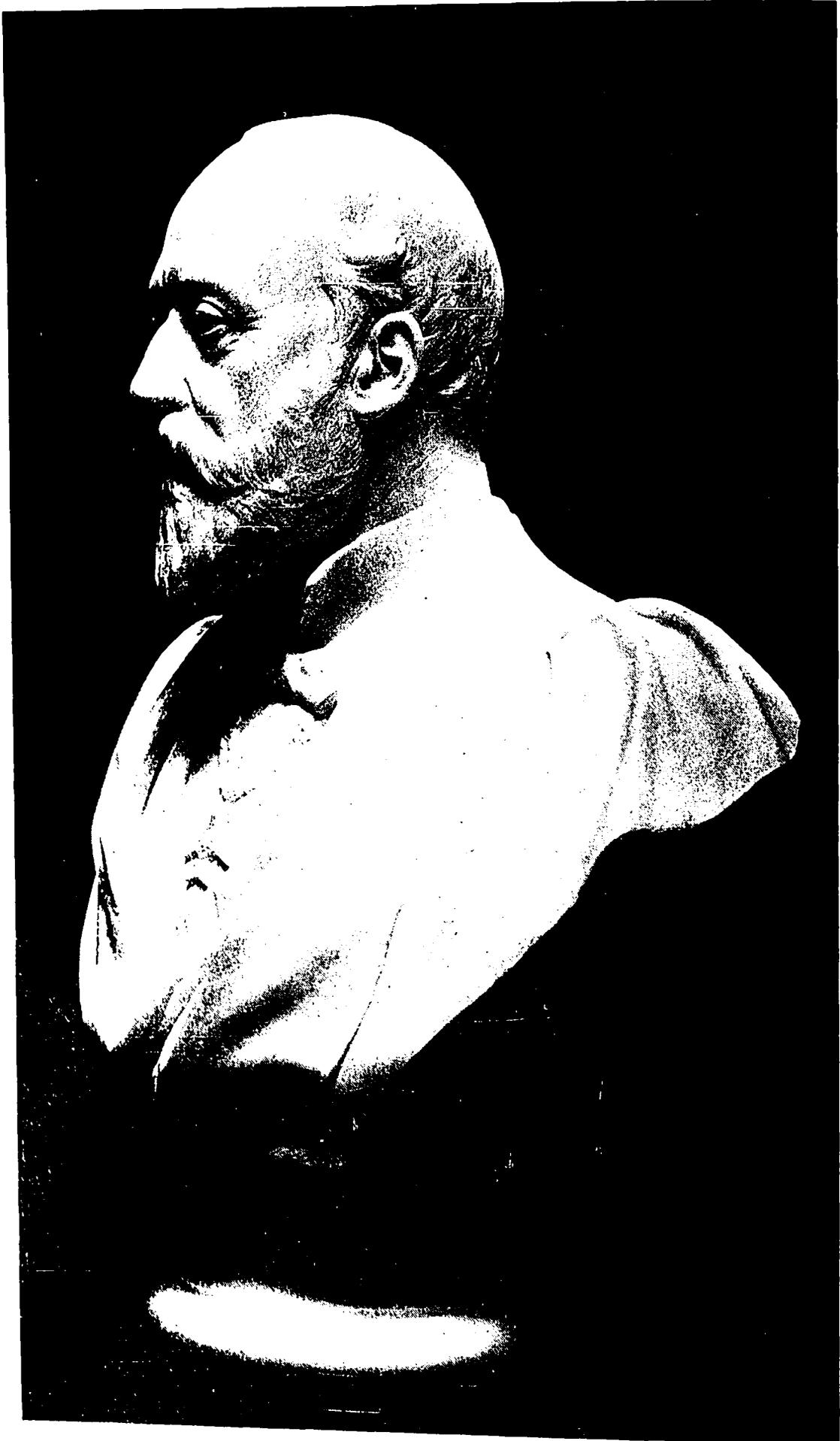
By A. Joanna Fry

A GREAT sculptor's studio, with that strange momentous stillness, that sense of reserve, of fervor, that constraining earnestness—the more irresistible in its latent suggestiveness because it is calm, simple, and severe in itself—electrifies one's imagination. The eye is drawn successively to masterpiece after masterpiece grouped round lofty walls, and the contemplation of statue after statue of England's greatest men fills one with the spirit that breathed and worked for her "common good." Such is the feeling that I experienced when I stood for the first time in Mr. Bruce-Joy's studio.

High and austere, the walls were hung with nothing that one felt belonged to less than a strong conviction, a great purpose, an indomitable will. Ideal art there was, as well as realistic; highest flights of imagination had been recorded but the impression of most of the artist's statues was that of strength of purpose—a presentation of the contest of mind over matter. Intellect and graciousness, our century's civilization and every great man's individuality, stamp in the highest degree the artist's work in each personality he has portrayed. There seemed to me scarcely an example in all the collection that fell short of what Socrates (himself a trained sculptor) held to be the essence of his art—"the representation of what is most engaging, most

lovely and most desirable in the person—I mean the disposition of the soul."

There is no flattery about the work. The great master's theory, that a representation can only captivate, in fancy and imagination, when it does no violence to nature, is here lucidly expounded and upheld. It is the mark of genius, the "infinite capacity for taking pains," that enables the artist to immortalize in marble, with such fidelity, the attributes and qualities of human nature. Exquisite and engaging sweetness of childhood, real intensity and passion in a tragic group, gauge the possibilities of Mr. Bruce-Joy's art. But he has moved beyond the merely emotional sphere. If Ruskin is right in saying that "a greater thing was never given artist than to portray a noble face," Mr. Bruce-Joy has undoubtedly fulfilled his mission. Coupled with that instinct for close and detailed observation which is dominant in every true artist's nature, that receptivity which feeds upon surroundings, and reflects the actuality of existing things, comes this rarest of all gifts—a true and living mysterious instinct for divining character, and a quite marvellous power of giving life and soul to inanimate matter. As a contemporary writer once said, "the thing is—we cannot fathom the cause; but this circumstance does not lessen one's pleasure in the



BUST OF KING EDWARD VII, BY A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.  
BY PERMISSION OF THE "COURT JOURNAL."

effect, when it is superlatively good, and thus we must be content to leave it a mystery as to how Mr. Bruce-Joy contrives to make his statues live in the eyes, as much as any painter has ever contrived to do on canvas."

Mr. Bruce-Joy's poetic treatment of portrait medallions in low relief is an exquisite side to his versatile genius. For the great international collection of numismatics shown in the Brussels Exhibition in 1910 he was appointed, by the Royal Numismatic Society of Belgium and that of Holland, to represent England on the foreign committee. Examples of his ex-

Pratt, in Harrow School Chapel; the well-known Parsee merchant, the late Mr. Wadia, in Bombay; Prince Herman zu Solms-Braunfels; Dr. Salmon, the great mathematician, in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Dr. Russell Wallace; Sir Robert Montgomery, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and H. R. H. the Duke of Albany (brother of King Edward VII).

It may be mentioned here that, at the Paris Salon in 1896 Mr. Bruce-Joy was given the only award made for busts in that year; that he was voted one of the three medals allowed for British sculptors at the great Paris Exhibition of 1878 (the



BUST OF GLADSTONE, BY A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

dallions were bought when in the Paris Salon by the government of Holland for the Queen's Royal Collection (National Gallery) of the Hague, as well as for private collections. Mr. Bruce-Joy has done a large number of these; it is a delightful form of portraiture. Among the best known of his sitters have been Dean Farrar, of whom a marble medallion in large size is in Canterbury Cathedral; Adams, the astronomer, in Westminster Abbey; Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, in St. Paul's Cathedral; Archbishop Benson, in Rugby School Chapel; Mr.

other two medals having been awarded to Sir Frederick (Lord) Leighton and Sir Edgar Boehm) and that, at the great Antwerp Exhibition (1885) he was the only representative for Great Britain on the international jury, when both painting and sculpture were under his charge.

One of his latest medallions is, at the moment, being placed on the United States ship of war, "Sterett"; it is a portrait of Lieut. Sterett, U.S.N., who distinguished himself when commanding an expedition against the pirates of Tripoli in 1801.

But Mr. Bruce-Joy does not confine his



"THE DAWN"

STATUE BY A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

activities entirely to sculpture. There is nothing he enjoys more than to escape for awhile from the arduous and exacting work of the studio into the comparative ease of refuge of his paintings and ideal work, only to emerge again better than ever prepared for that fidelity of aim and purpose characteristic of all his work. He has devoted a good deal of time to music, and takes much interest in science.

Mr. Bruce-Joy is a man of distinct personality, and the possession of his manifold and interesting gifts he owes greatly

to his education, but also not a little to the action of heredity. A direct descendant of Robert the Bruce (through his daughter Marjory and Walter Stuart), he comes of an intellectual stock of no mean order. He can count among his relatives prominent and distinguished members of the church and bar, among whom may be mentioned Chief Baron Joy, whose statue by Behnes stands in the Dublin Law Courts. He has been conversant with art and artists from his earliest years. His mother was a woman of artistic temperament, who secured for him every possible advantage, knowing that from one side the lot had fallen to him in the fair ground of true art, and, from the other, that particular and peculiar love of truth, that ever straining for its manifestation which marked his father's own brilliant career, and became the natural vision of the son's. Dr. Bruce-Joy, the father of our subject, was one of the most brilliant scholars of his time, and, after graduating in Dublin (where he took his M.B. degree) and also devoting a considerable time to Edinburgh and London (where he became a pupil of the celebrated Abernethy), he spent about ten years in studying at all the most celebrated medical schools on the continent, including Vienna and Italy. On his return he became Physician to the Dublin General Dispensary, at a time when some very virulent epidemics prevailed, and to these he most fearlessly devoted himself. His contributions to the literature of his profession, more especially in relation to diseases of the heart and morbid anatomy, being among the accepted classics of their date. That his two sons, George Joy, the well-known painter of patriotic subjects (some of whose works have been bought by the German, French and colonial governments) and our present subject should have both followed art is an interesting fact. By a curious coincidence, a prize essay written by Dr. Bruce-Joy, when a student at the university, had for its subject the comparison of painting and poetry. In his parents' opinion, cosmopolitanism was considered an essential feature of a liberal education, and nothing delighted Mrs. Bruce-Joy more than to take her young son to the national picture galleries of the various countries which they had occasion to visit. Her exceptional powers as at

amateur singer also brought them into personal touch with many eminent continental artists and musicians. Young Bruce-Joy was sent, at the age of nine, to Dr. Becker's school in Offenbach, and later, during his parents' residence in Paris, he was for several years under a private tutor there. After that he returned to England, and attended lectures at King's College, London.

At the age of seventeen he started his art education in real earnest, going to the South Kensington Schools of Art and becoming a pupil of the great Foley for four years. This latter experience has always been very greatly prized by him, not only for the practical knowledge gained in setting up and starting his master's models, but also for the admiration he acquired for that eminent sculptor—an admiration which time only strengthens. Mr. Foley's equestrian statues of Lord Hardinge and of General Outram in Calcutta are, he considers, second to none ever executed.

Mr. Bruce-Joy exhibited at the Royal Academy as his maiden works a group in relief, "Moses Lifting Up the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness," and his now well-known bust of "Sunshine"—both of which were much praised. Since then he has shown one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty works at these annual exhibitions. He is also a frequent contributor to the Paris Salon and to international exhibitions. On finishing his art education in England, he went to Rome for three years, where he lived and worked among artists of various countries, and where, surrounded by the numerous noble examples of the greatest period of the sculptor's art, he received his highest inspiration—a fitting conclusion to his student life.

His first public work was the statue of the celebrated Dr. Robert Graves, which stands in the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin. It was unveiled by the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Marlborough, and was received with so much enthusiasm that it soon led to further commissions. In Ireland are the statues of Chief Justice Whiteside, in St. Patrick's Cathedral; and of Bishop Berkley, in Cloyne Cathedral; and among many other works we may refer to the bust of Sir Edward Harland, the builder of the White Star Line ships,

in Belfast; the bust of Sir Robert Macdonell, in the College of Surgeons, Dublin; that of Provost Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., F.R.S., in Trinity College, Dublin; that of Mrs. Bryant, founder of the firm of Bryant & May; also that of Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Bruce-Joy has always worked at his London studio, and, while engaged on these subjects, he was executing many statues and other works for England. Space will not allow us to mention more than a few of these. Among them are the beautiful Harvey tercentenary colossal statue at Folkestone, and the John Laird in Birkenhead (Mr. John Laird was the first builder of iron ships, and is, perhaps, best known to the public as the builder of the *Alabama*); the Lord Frederic Cavendish statue at Barrow; the Oliver Heywood statue in Manchester; the Christopher Bushell statue in the Liverpool University; the Alexander Balfour statue in St. John's Gardens, Liverpool; and the Sir Matthew



STATUE OF GLADSTONE IN BOW CHURCH, LONDON,  
BY A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

Wilson statue at Skipton. Other works have included the magnificent bust of Lord Salisbury (the city of London bust) in the Mansion House; Lord Farnborough, in the House of Commons; and Sir Robert Montgomery, in the India Office; as well as the memorial of Lord Cairns in the Royal Law Courts and in Lincoln's Inn, and that of Archbishop Benson, and the memorial bust of the Reverend J. Fitzhugh, in Chichester Cathedral, and F. M. Lord Roberts, V.C., which all bespeak the touch of genius. In America there are, among other works, the bust of the Hon. Chauncey Depew in the Lotus Club, New York; the Hon. Loudon Snowden (late Ambassador to Greece and Spain) in Philadelphia; and the colossal marble lion, part of the monument to Dr. J. C. Ayer, in Lowell, near Boston. This monument also consists of a highly ornamented sarcophagus of marble.

Perhaps the best known and most admired work of Mr. Bruce-Joy in London is the statue of Mr. Gladstone, which stands in front of Bow Church. Over 120,000 people watched its unveiling, and the King (Edward VII) and many others saw it previously in the studio, where its model still stands in the place of honor by inalienable right. The arm flung wide, the eyes aflame, brimful of recondite animation, the last words of a great speech quivering on his lips, it seems to breathe the deep earnestness, the dignity, and intellectual power which in his lifetime made the "Grand Old Man" so beloved by his admirers. This statue—showing more action than any other of his—has not, on that account, lost that quality of repose which the artist deems a necessity; it is a rendering as powerful as it is artistically restrained of that high resolve and steadfastness of purpose which impelled this man "to scorn delights and live laborious days." The unanimous expressions of approval from artists and the entire press were unprecedented and although space does not allow me to make allusion to more than one or two such expressions, I cannot refrain from quoting this, from Lord Carlingford's speech at the time of his unveiling the statue:

"I congratulate you on the possession of this fine work of art, this admirable presentment of a man whose name is a household

word to you all. . . . When I look at this noble statue I feel, like 'Hamlet,' as if I did it wrong, being so majestic in its oratorical attitude, by multiplying in its presence such words as mine. I congratulate you on its possession, I congratulate the donor and the artist, and I trust that your children's children will come to this spot to look upon this statue, and to see—and they will see truly—what manner of man this Gladstone was."

And this from the "Spectator":

"It is in our opinion a statue of the highest merit, life-like, majestic, and full of gentle force. It is earnest, thoughtful, and benignant, and it is Mr. Gladstone himself. We have seen no likeness of him in painting or marble to which we could sooner refer a stranger who wished to know what the great orator is really like."

The result of this public triumph was the immediate enhancing of Mr. Bruce-Joy's reputation. Birmingham quickly followed the lead, and John Bright, with his impressive and quick-witted personality, became Mr. Bruce-Joy's next model. With that strange distinctive pathos that so often unconsciously influences an artist—and reveals one—the sculptor finally decided upon an attitude that speaks immediately a true orator's necessity—that of gauging the effect of his speech upon his audience. His words have gone home, but he is on delicate or stony ground; aware of that, fearless, even though it be against the opposition of all the organized established forces in the country, his own conviction yet makes him persuasive in his strength rather than dogmatic, and Mr. Bruce-Joy has not failed to record such sweet-tempered virtue in the simple figure, full of life and power and fearless earnestness. In the light of history it seems almost to fulfil the prophetic vision that the artist should have recorded this power of deep conviction and single-mindedness of purpose as his most striking characteristic. Four times Mr. Bruce-Joy has immortalized this great man in marble; perhaps the best known, after the one in the House of Commons, is the colossal statue which stands opposite the town hall in Manchester. It was for the first of these (the one in Birmingham) that Mr. Bruce-Joy had the advantage of receiving sittings from this statesman.

The statues on which Mr. Bruce-Joy



MR. A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

BY PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR OF "PIKE'S BOOK ON THE LEADING PEOPLE OF ULSTER"

has latterly been engaged have included a very fine portrait of Lord Kelvin for Belfast (colossal, in bronze); the memorial statue of Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, to be placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Hornby colossal statue for Blackburn. An earlier work in portraiture, and an important one, was that of the charming actress, Miss Mary Anderson, as Galatea—the marble of which is in the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon — executed on her first visit from America.

Finally we must refer specially to the fact that Mr. Bruce-Joy is the only one of our leading sculptors whom the late King honored with sittings, and that he is now engaged upon the ninth replica of the wonderful bust of His Majesty (for which he received the commission from the University of Manchester). This replica is for the Mayo Memorial Hospital in Calcutta, and is a part of the great Indian Memorial, for which a very large sum (£150,000) has been subscribed. The eighth replica is ready; it is destined for the Peace Palace at the Hague. Among other copies are those in the Norwich Memorial Hospital and in the Paris Chamber of Commerce, which latter was unveiled by the British Ambassador with so much ceremony and acclamation in Paris a year ago, and in the Royal Chelsea Hospital, the Chamber of Commerce, Genoa, and

one already in India. It was Mr. Bruce-Joy whom Queen Alexandra asked to make the cast of the face after the death of the King. He has now several small models in whole length of King Edward in different uniforms and robes. The one which struck me most is in the picturesque full court dress and robes of the Garter, which, when carried out on a large scale, will be one of the grandest works to be found anywhere.

It may be of interest to readers to know that King Edward was himself delighted with this bust, and at its unveiling three weeks after his death on June 2, 1910, in the Victoria University, Manchester, of which His Majesty was "visitor," Sir William Mather said: "

"This ceremony is invested with pathetic sadness inseparable from the thought of the death of our great King, whose image and likeness this marble bust so faithfully represents. The eminent sculptor whose good fortune it was to interest the King in this piece of work as it grew under his skilful hand to become an object of the finest art, has earned the gratitude of the governors and council of our university. A well-known poet has said, there are 'sermons in stones,' and if ever stones spoke to thoughtful men, surely this piece of marble, portraying, as I think, not only the features but the spirit and character of King Edward VII, will speak through generations to come. This speaking likeness of our lamented King—the last taken in life—will be, to all of us who are privileged to feel the influence of his impressive personality, a precious memento of his attributes."

Sir F. Forbes Adam, Lord Lieutenant of the county, said it was a matter of great good fortune for the university that it should possess such a splendid work of art as that which Sir William Mather had unveiled. It was a speaking likeness of the late King, and everyone would recognize in it King Edward's humanitarian disposition and his dignity of character. He congratulated Mr. Bruce-Joy on the marvellous art and the wonderful skill which he had shown.

Lord Shuttleworth, in seconding the resolution, said Sir William Mather had dwelt on features of King Edward's work which had endeared him not only to his



BUST OF KING EDWARD VII, BY A. BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.  
BY PERMISSION OF THE "COURT JOURNAL"

own subjects but to the nations of the world. Men and women in every class of life realized that they in King Edward had lost a friend.

Sir William Mather, replying to the vote of thanks, said: "In this bust we recognize that aspect of King Edward which he would most have liked to see perpetuated. We are indeed fortunate in possessing such a work of art."

Sir Henry Roscoe said it was not only an admirable work of art, but it was a speaking likeness of the great King whose death the whole world deplored.

The Hornby colossal memorial statue,

which was designed by Mr. Bruce-Joy, and unveiled at Blackburn a few months ago, has an interesting history. The statue owes its existence entirely to the fact that among the workers in the great factory belonging to the late Mr. W. H. Hornby, of Blackburn, was an employee who became a foreman, and who, during a long course of years, saved from his wages a considerable sum of money. At his death, about three years ago, it was found that he had left by his will the whole amount (over £3,000) for the purpose of erecting a statue in the town to the memory of his employer and benefactor. This is perhaps

a fact without a parallel. Mr. Hornby, who died in 1884, was the first mayor of Blackburn and for many years represented the borough in the British House of Commons.

Other notable examples of Mr. Bruce-Joy's work are mentioned in the following brief list: The Sir Humphrey Davy medal, executed for the Royal Society of Great Britain, and given in the form of a medal annually; the Dr. Longstaff medal, executed for the Chemical Society of England; the Professor Malden medal, executed for University College, London; medallion of the late Sir Frederick Burton, director of the National Gallery, bronze; Oscar Browning of Cambridge, medallion; Sir George Gabriel Stokes, F.R.S., bronze medallion; General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., late Commander-in-Chief, Australia, medallion; the late Archdeacon Palmer, Christ Church, Oxford,

medallion; the late Professor Max Muller, Oxford, medallion; the late Frederick Locker-Dampson, the poet; the late Rev. Canon-Hamilton, D.D., medallion; Mrs. Scott Siddons, medallion; the late Viscountess Monck, medallion; Percy Fitzgerald, the author, medallion; the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., Provost, Trinity College, Dublin; the late President of Queen's College, Cambridge (the Rev. Dr. Phillips), medallion; Sir William Siemens, on his tomb; Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Joaquin Miller, the Californian poet; Frank Griffin, of the "Cosmopolitan Review," New York.

The work which Mr. Bruce-Joy has at present in progress includes busts of George Meredith, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. C. G. Fry, the famous exponent of cricket and tennis, and a small silver statue of the Maharajah of Nepal.

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## Drake's Drum

Drake he was a Devon man an' ruled the Devon seas:

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went with heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low:  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships  
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore lights flashin', an' the night tide dashin'—

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag's flyin',

They'll find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

—Henry Newbolt.

# Camp-fire Tales

By R. J. Carrier

THE LITTLE fire spluttered steadily, its fitful blaze illuminating the camp in the grassy draw high up in the British Columbia mountains. Far above, the jagged pinnacles and rim rocks stood boldly outlined in the weird fantastic light of the rising moon. Gathered around the fire, a group of men were reclining in various attitudes of repose.

Three of them, as their speech and apparel plainly showed, were of the well-to-do city type—business men, who annually make their pilgrimage to the mountains as the season permits.

The fourth, who had risen silently to his feet at a slight sound, was standing in a tense listening attitude, one hand slightly raised as if to command silence, his tall figure, with its lithe, unconscious grace, seeming to blend and mingle with the shadows of the forest, and his dark piercing eyes roaming round from nook to nook, as if to penetrate the mystery of the increasing darkness. For a space he stood, motionless as a statue, and then, his curiosity satisfied, he as silently turned, and, after replenishing the fire, threw himself down on his blankets.

"Did you see anything?" enquired one of his companions.

"No," he replied. "Figured it might ha' been a deer, and we need one. Say!" he continued, "That tenderfoot story o' yours was pretty good, but I reckon I can beat it."

His three companions settled themselves into more comfortable attitudes. This was their second year with the guide, and they were gradually beginning to realize the wealth of anecdotes at his command. Slowly he refilled and lit his pipe, puffing contentedly for a few seconds, then abruptly commenced his story.

This, said the guide, happened 'bout fifteen years ago, right across this inlet. If

it was daylight I c'ud show yuh what's left o' our shack.

There was two tenderfeet—I was one, and Bill — I'll jest call him Bill—he was the other.

We met up in one o' them Water Street hotels in Vancouver one day. It was raining—usually is in the fall. Bill seemed tuh kind o' take a liking tuh me, got to telling me all his troubles—'bout his folks—him being from the South—Texas some place—and a-hinting 'bout what he c'ud do if he had a good nervy partner.

We ambles round a bit, having a few o' the same, etc., and 'long 'bout morning, Bill springs his proposition. Seems like one o' them fish-dealers had been telling Bill 'bout the millions o' fish swimming 'round in these waters, jest crazy tuh get caught, and how as a couple o' strong husky men, what happened tuh get strayed up into one o' these inlets, and didn't have nothing better to do, c'ud sure make a few millions if they went tuh fishing.

Bill sez as how he's got things figured out, to a cent, suh—Yes, suh, to a cent, and he pulls out a big husky-looking book, plumb full o' figures. Bill sure was a hog for figures. He had her all figured out right down tuh what he aimed tuh do with them millions, and it sure looked mighty convincing tuh me the way Bill put it.

I considers a while, kind o' deliberate an' dignified, an' finally I accepts a half-share in the enterprise. We then weaves over tuh the bar, an' over our fifteenth "Here's how," we shakes hands kind o' slow, solemn, an' long, as befitted captains of industry.

Bill rises some ahead uv me next morning, and when I appears I discovers him a-figuring in that book. He greets me some effusive, announcing that, seeing as he's the prime mover, tuh say nothing o' furnishing the brain power and interest o' this magnificent enterprise, he duly con-

siders that it's plumb reasonable and natural for me tuh finance it. He has it figured out in that book, jest how much o' his brains is worth jest so much o' my money, and when we got through buying a grubstake an' outfit, Bill figures out I still owe him twenty dollars.

"But," sez Bill, "seeing as I hate tuh act mean, an' we're partners, tuh say nothing o' being bosom pals, we'll jest drift over the road an' invest that money in 'good health!'" which we does.

Having concluded that satisfactorily tuh both parties, we ambles on down to the wharf, packing some o' that "Good health" along for luck, an' climbs aboard the old Mermaid.

I reckon you don't remember the Mermaid. She used tuh prowl up and down this coast 'fore she run her nose up 'gainst a bluff one night.

We didn't exactly know jest where we was a-headed for, but we was feeling right happy and contented till we struck that tide-rip off Howe Sound. We didn't know much 'bout tides them days, us both bein' from the plains. I don't know jest how Bill felt 'cos I was right busy hunting the mos' comfortable place on that vessel tuh die in, 'long about then.

Well, we got over it, an' jest 'fore midnight the skipper come an' told me and Bill he didn't go no farther, but he 'lowed if we kept travelling we'd likely strike the head o' that inlet 'bout thirty miles up, so we shook hands kind o' slow an' stately like, as become captains of industry, an' got ashore where he had the boat an' grub piled.

Right there, gentlemen, is where our trouble commenced. I've rid buckin' horses till there didn't seem nothin' else tuh do but jes' naturally drop straight down tuh the sky, but for pure feminine class o' cussedness that boat was the mos' onreasonable critter I ever struck. Bill took charge, an' we loaded her up an' got started pulling, but she didn't seem tuh act no ways natural, jes' kept travelling round an' round. Bill goes to figuring, but couldn't seem to locate no way o' straightening her up, so he sez:

"Partner, we jes' got tuh humor her. Boats is jes' like women. Yuh got tuh handle 'em right."

With that Bill goes tuh talking kind o' loving like—then he goes tuh cussing, soft

an' gentle real steady an' earnest like—then he gets real mad, an' jumps up an' gives that boat the fearfulest calling down I ever heard.

After that she seemed tuh jes' naturally settle down, an' we didn't have no more trouble 'cept jes' hitting a few rocks an' running up on the beach an' upsetting a couple o' times, till we landed up 'bout daylight in the big bay where we stayed.

That spot looked mighty nice when we struck it, that big mountain—Masachie Mountain, the Siwashes call it—standing right up from the water, an' me an' Bill figured it would be a mighty nice place tuh camp.

Bill sez: "We might as well commence our new responsibilities right from the jump. We'll take week 'bout cookin', Sunday tuh Sunday. I take first week. This bein' Saturday, I cooks today. Cooks don't do nothin' but jes' cook, so it's up tuh you tuh haul that outfit up the bank while I rustles breakfast."

Gentlemen, that Bill was sure some cook. When it come tuh disguising good grub, Bill didn't have no equal. I've knowed him cook beans so's a perfesser o' agriculture wouldn't recognize 'em. Pritty soon he hollers, "Grub pile!" an' me bein' some thirsty, I naturally ambles over an' grabs a pot Bill's got set off tuh one side, pours out a cup, an' goes tuh drinking. I didn't drink very far, when I sets her down, an' sez, kind o' sorrowful:

"Bill, seeing as you an' me's bosom's, I don't figure you're playing fair in springing these onnatural Texas drinks on me."

Bill, he jes' chokes an' strangles some, settin there glarin' at me, his self-control mighty nigh to bustin' point. Pritty soon she busts, an' Bill he jes' jumps an' commences: "You—you—you! That's coffee, suh," sez se. "Can you tell me, suh, what a no 'count triflin' Britisher knows 'bout coffee?"

When Bill got through explaining I had the inside history o' that coffee stuff right back tuh the time Adam made his first cup. The situation was plumb ticklish, but what with Bill bein' so mad he couldn't say no more, an' me showin' remarkable judgment, I duly crawls out o' that hole without hurtin' Bill's feelin's. 'Bout time Bill was maddest an' gettin' into story-book langwidge I rises up, cool,

calm, an' collected, an' strikin' a graceful attitood, I commences:

"Bill," sez I, "I always heerd it took two Texans tuh see a joke, one tuh commence a-looking where the other quit, an' now I sure believes it. Here, on this first glorious day of our new-found happiness, I rises tuh the occasion, an' tries, in my rough, oneducated way, tuh pay you a compliment, an' you retaliates the way you does. It pains me right bad, Bill, an' the only exteneatin' circumstances I can see is jes' 'cos that superior interlect o' yours can't never fall low 'nough tuh recognize them base common thoughts o' mine when it meets up with 'em."

Pretty soon that filters through Bill's interlect, an' he gallops over tuh where I'm standin', his head held so blame high he didn't see that plate o' bacon he'd jes' finished cookin'—which same he jes' naturally kicks back into the fire, thereby coming mighty near tuh causing 'nother o' them heated discussions.

"Shake," sez he, stickin' out one o' his paws. "Let the dove roost on the olive branch. A little thing like that ain't worth men o' our stamp botherin' 'bout."

Soon after that we commenced tuh build that cabin. If everything had its rights the buildin' o' that cabin would go down in history. As was only natural an' right, Bill undertook the plannin' an' directin' o' everything, consulting that book o' his every time he got stuck, which same happened right frequent. There was lots o' logs handy, an' things run 'long pretty good 'cept a few times when Bill dropped a log on my thinking apparatus, an' then cussed me for gettin' in the road.

I ain't got time tuh tell yuh all that happened. Anyway, we finally got her finished, an' kind o' snuggled up inside an' settled down tuh domestic happiness.

Right soon after we moved in, Bill goes over an' gets a big bale he's had cached under a tree, an' takes her into the cabin.

"Son," sez he, "seein' as everything is all fixed up slick an' clean, there ain't no natural reason why we can't get tuh makin' them millions."

Thereupon he cuts open said bale, an' produces 'bout five hundred feet o' half-inch Manilla rope an' two or three hundred hooks, which he proceeds tuh tie onto that rope about two feet apart; explaining tuh

me 'tween hooks jes' how we got tuh work that rig.

"There's jes' two ways o' fishing cod," sez Bill. "The first way you got tuh fix up a rig like this with a good husky piece o' bait on all them hooks, an' then get out in the boat an' string her out. After that there ain't nothin' tuh do but jes' naturally pull the boat. Jes' as soon as yuh feel a bunch o' codfish dragging so hard that yuh can't pull the boat ahead no more, yuh jes' quits an' pulls 'em aboard, an' then continues the same. The other way's what they call settin' lines, which same means that yuh jes' tie one end tuh something an' let the other end hang down in the water as a kind o' standin' invite tuh all hungry codfish. I aim tuh catch a few thousand first way," sez he, "jes' tuh have a little fun, an' then we'll jes' tie her up an' let the dog-gone codfish catch 'emselfes."

"Sounds good," sez I, "an' while I ain't disputin' your argument, it ain't real clear tuh me what for you wants sech an all-fired big rope."

"Out o' the mouths of babies comes forth wisdom," sez Bill, "an' such bein' the case, it's real heart-breakin' not to say onnatural what fool breaks agrowed man will make. Don't you know suh, that two hundred an' fifty codfish, weighin' sixty pounds apiece, air goin' to roost on that line?"

"Yes, suh."

"I done got that figured out jest how much that line's goin' to hold, an' if that interlect o' yours ain't able to rise to no higher remarks 'an that, you ain't deservin' of no enlightenment, suh."

"Bill," sez I, "not wantin' to make any remarks 'ats out o' season, but jes' speakin' as one bosom pal to another, I sure thinks that if you don't rope, throw, an' tie, likewise close-hobble that interlect o' yours, some day its goin' to get you into a heap o' trouble."

Pretty soon Bill gets through with that rig, having cut up six slabs o' mighty nice bacon (regardless o' me protestin') to bait them blame hooks with, an' announces that it's time to embark in earnest on our glorious mission. We coils up the line, an' takes turns packin' it down some fifty feet to the boat. Bill sez we got to get way out in the middle, where there ain't no shadders in the water, so's them fish can see the outfit real plain without needin' no

have no guide, so we loads her into the boat, an' I takes the oars, as is right an' fittin' under the circumstances, Bill supplying the interlect.

In due course we arrives at the middle, an' Bill pays out the line, an' pretty soon she's strung out real nice an' slick. Bill takes out his book, an' announces that, 'cordin' to his figurin', it'll take jes' forty minutes to get 'nough codfish on that line to stop the boat, whereupon he proceeds to sleep. I duly pulls, glancin' right frequent at the sun, till I figures them forty minutes has expired, then I wakes Bill, an' we hauls line.

Well, sir, it was real lonesome the way them hooks come in. Hunk after hunk o' bacon come slidin' over the rail, an' we strained our eyes right hard, but not one dog-gone codfish appeared. 'Long about the tenth hook, Bill got to cussin' soft an' low, an' when the last chunk o' bacon comes sneakin' in Bill's jes' speechless. He flops down, pulls out that book, an' goes to studyin', while I gets to thinkin', an' pretty soon an idea strikes me, an' I speaks kind o' whisperin', me not wantin' to disturb Bill too much.

"Bill, old pal," sez I, "seein' as we're up in what they calls the high latitoodes, an' this country's plumb wild, it ain't reasonable nor natural to expect to find eddicated fish in these parts. Fish," sez I, "is like women. They ain't never reasonable no time. You got to eddicate 'em, Bill."

Then I quits. Bill looks relieved, an' jumps up mighty sudden, thereby mighty nigh upsettin' the boat, an' jams his hand down on one o' them hooks, which same promptly sticks him, but that don't worry Bill none.

"There's time, suh," sez he, "when you show real signs o' havin' some o' that intelligence left which the Lord give yuh. My figurin' plumb right, suh. It's them fish. They're heathen, suh!"

"How 'bout that second spasm, Bill," sez I, "that settin' line rig. There's a mighty fine log handy there we can tie one end to, an' let her hang all night. I allus did hear as them heathens 'ud ruther feed a' nights, anyway."

That seemed to strike Bill as reasonable, so we pulls over an' ties one end to that log, Bill remarkin' that all the blame codfish in that country couldn't pull that log

under. We then proceeds back to camp, an' me bein' cook, I rustles supper.

Grub over an' dishes duly washed, we sets swappin' lies a while, which same ain't interestin' to me 'count o' Bill monopolisin' most o' the conversation, so I proposes a little game o' draw one, havin' four dollars left, an' Bill thirty-five cents.

"Suits me," sez Bill, an' we turns her loose. We makes it straight jackpots, an' 'long 'bout the third pot I falls heir to Bill's thirty-five cents. But it don't seem to feaze Bill none. I deals, an' Bill sizes up his hand.

"I'll open her," sez he, "for five pounds o' codfish." I thereup stays, an' the game proceeds.

"Cards," sez I.

"I don't need none," sez Bill, "but, seein' as you're dealin', I'll take two, likewise, I'm bettin' ten pounds o' codfish," he added, watchin' me deal my own.

"And twenty," sez I.

"An' fifty," sez he, which I calls an' loses, him holdin' three ladies an' me three cowmen.

'Bout then the game gets interestin', an' 'long 'bout time to cook breakfast I'm owin' Bill seven hundred an' fifty thousand an' forty pounds o' codfish.

We rises, an' I goes to rustlin' grub, an' Bill goes to figurin'. 'Bout time I gets through Bill gets through, an' comes over to where I'm wrastlin' with some sour-dough hot cakes, an' sez:

"Whilst I ain't expectin' that fool head o' yours to understand this high finance, it ain't lowerin' my standin' none under the circumstances to explain the facts. Seein' as you owe me seven hundred an' fifty thousand an' forty pounds o' codfish—which forty I severs, 'count o' you an' me bein' bosoms—an' seein' as in these high latitoodes the pervailin' rate o' interest ain't never lower 'an ten cents a pound, I figures out that you owe me jes' one hundred an' seventy-five million dollars, which same doubles every year owin' to the increase in values. Under the circumstances, you not bein' able to raise that money, an' me bein' persessed of a good Christian spirit, I'm willin' to give yuh a chance. From this on for the rest o' your natural life you jest got to work for me, which means I don't cook no more; likewise, I don't do no more washin', etc. An' what's more," sez he, "seein' as it ain't right nor

fittin' for a capitalist to associate no more than needful with a hired man, there ain't no more poker games played in this cabin. Now, my good man," sez he, "I'm ready for breakfast."

Me bein' kind o' slow, it naturally takes some time for them facts to sink into my system, an' 'bout time I'm ready to retaliate I discovers Bill reachin' for the last o' them sour-dough hot cakes, which riles me some, but Bill don't give me no chance. He rises up with that hot cake in his hand, an' informs me that he's goin' to take a look at how deep that log's sunk, so's he can get some kind o' estimate how long it'll take me to haul in them codfish.

"An'," sez he, "jes' as soon as yuh get through gorgin', jes' amble right along an' get tuh work." An' away he hikes.

Right soon after Bill leaves I discovers I ain't mortally wounded, so I takes a peek outside, kind o' lookin' for some way to escape, an' I promptly beholds the queerest sight I ever see. There come Bill, that book a-flappin' an' a-wavin' in one hand, an' him a-runnin' with the other, jes' a-burnin' up our brand new trail. He charges up tuh within good whisper distance, an' hollers.

"It's gone," sez he. "That whole blame log's disappeared plumb out o' sight."

An' then he lopes off into langwidge I couldn't foller 'count o' my eddication bein' neglected so shameful when I was young. Bye-an'-bye I gets Bill cooled down, me speakin' kind o' lovin' an' soothin', an' then we starts off to the beach, Bill explaining as how he figured it couldn't be nothin' but whales, an' married whales with mighty big families, as pulled that log under.

Bill was so let up an' excited when we got into the boat that he plumb forgot himself an' commences pullin'. Pretty soon we reaches the scene of the disaster, an' sure 'nough there ain't no sign o' that log no place. 'Bout that time Bill comes alive, an' discovers himself pullin' that boat, an' the result's some astonishin'.

"You no 'count triffin' hired man," sez he, "what for air you settin' there lettin' yo' bertah's work when you know, suh, we all air plumb ruined if we don't find that log? Ain't you got no respect for the man what hires an' feeds you, suh? Get yo' clothes off, suh, an' dive foh that log."

Well, me bein' human, likewise a white man, it ain't no more'n natural an reasonable that I should get some riled myself when he says that—seein' as I havn't forgot yet 'bout them sour-dough hot cakes—an' I quits.

"Bill," sez I, "I ain't noways in favor o' them unions, seein' as I don't know nothin' about 'em. Likewise I figure they handles a heap o' trouble; but right here's where I become a union; also I strikes."

That kind o' puts Bill up a stump, an' he thinks steady for a spell, consultin' his book frequent. Bye-an'-bye he shuts up that book, sighs some sorrowful, an' sez:

"Son, I feels as how we're hoverin' on the edge o' a desperate situation, which same we got to meet with the utmost fortitood. Situations is like women, you got to handle 'em right. I ain't never heered o' no labor wars up in these high latitooedes, likewise I ain't none desirous o' participatin' in 'em. Furthermore, owin' to us figurin' on hookin' codfish—'stead o' which we hooked them tarnation whales—I ain't in a position tuh employ yuh no longer, me not havin' no visible means o' support, so I moves we comes tuh a mutual onderstandin', an' dismisses this strike."

"Me bein' a regular incorporated union now," sez I, "I seconds that motion. Furthermore, I moves we adjourn to camp right quick an' gets interested in a little game o' draw; also I moves, seconds, an' carries the motion, that my week o' cookin' haven' expired some time in the past, you be allowed the privilege o' startin' your week right now."

After that things drift on pretty even, me and Bill settin' right back to bein' bosom pals, an' life was commencin' to get some monotonous when Bill moves we goes to huntin'.

"Seein' as we come well provided with deadly weapons, an' as how deer an' goat, to say nothin' o' them common grizzly bear, is right plentiful in these parts, there ain't no natural reason," sez Bill, "why we can't recoup them desperate losses." An' thereupon he goes to figurin'.

In due course he gets through, an' announces the result—which same I reckon he stole from the codfish chapter o' that book, both results bein' the same—an' as is right an' fittin' I responds.

Next morning', while Bill is busy dis-

guisin' some grub for breakfast, he likewise outlines his plan of action.

Bill figures it ain't no ways reasonable for us to expect to hunt together, seein' as his interlect ain't likely to stand for none o' them fool breaks mine's liable to make, so he sez we each hunts by our lonesome, which plan stands 'till we start.

Bill grabs that old 45-60 he rescued from some Jew store. I handles my 30-30 some affectionate, an' we starts. Bill jes' takes one look at them dark woods—which same we ain't never yet explored—an' stopped dead.

"Son," sez he, "I take it back. It ain't right to let a man o' your limited possibilities loose in them woods. You might get lost, suh," sez he, "an' then I loses a lot o' right valuable time huntin' yuh. Yuh jes' foller me, suh," he added, glarin' at me something fierce.

We hunted most all day, but didn't kill nothin', 'count o' Bill bein' kept right busy explainin' to me how to hunt, which same he demonstrates frequent.

Next day, Bill not bein' keen on huntin', I drifts off alone, taking my old six-shooter 'long for company. Them dark wet old woods didn't feel none too good, but I takes courage, an' goes to imaginin' I Dan Boone back in Kentucky, which helps some, an' 'bout time I'm gettin' all let up an' plumb excited, I run on to a big buck standin' in plain sight on a little knob o' rock. I didn't waste no time apologisin' fur disturbin' him, but starts right in an' smokes him up till my magazine's empty. When I got through that buck was laying kickin' on that same rock.

I jes' give one yell that would a scared a Blackfoot Indian out ten years' growth, drops the musket, an' pullin' out my six-shooter, I charges down on that buck, flops down on his hams, an' startin' in right where I was sittin', I shoots the prettiest row o' holes you ever saw clear up to his front shoulders. When I got through that buck was dead, and it didn't need no twelve good men and true to decide how he was killed.

That bein' my first battle, I was naturally some elated at winning out, but I didn't let it worry me none. I shoulders that buck an' hikes back to camp, happenin' 'long there in time to see Bill sneakin' up to the cabin winder—which same was a flour sack—an' trying to take a look inside.

Bill's actions didn't seem quite regular, as I was about to remark to him, when he turns an' spotted me with that buck.

Bill don't speak for quite a spell, an' we jes' stands lookin' at each other, me tryin' to look plumb onconcerned, an' Bill gettin' madder an' madder till he can't stand it no longer.

"What's that fool thing you're packin'?" sez he, an' continues without givin' me a chance to explain: "Here you been galivantin' round the country, a-murderin' a poor innercent deer, while I been laying the foundation stone of a captain o' finance. Right there in that cabin," sez he, "I got the prettiest little black an' silver grey fox you ever heard tell of."

Seein' as I'm some incredulous, Bill explains how he was comin' up the trail, after takin' 'nother look fur that codfish log, an' was steppin' soft an' easy, practisin' huntin', when he sees the little critter sneakin' in the door. He thereupon halts, allowin' said critter to get plumb inside, whereupon he charges up an' shuts that door tight.

"An'," sez he, "seein' as it was my interlect as planned and' executed that capture, it ain't reasonable for you to expect to get anything out o' that fox."

"In which case," sez I, "I ain't aimin' to help you none to catch that fox."

That puts Bill tuh figurin', an' he finally concludes to go shares providin' I goes in ahead an' captures that fox. Me not wantin' to act scared, I consents, an' heads for the cabin, Bill standin' there tellin' me how to act. In due course I reach that door, an' opens it cautious an' easy, which was some lucky for me, for right there I encountered the wickedest, thickest, most onnatural smell it was ever my misfortune to meet face to face. That fox o' Bill's was the biggest specimen o' skunk in captivity, which same state it didn't remain in no longer 'an it took me to batter that door in with a ten-foot pole.

It took Bill a considerable period to recover from that spell, for which I makes due allowance, seein' as the best o' interlects is apt to get strained. Interlects is like women; you got to handle 'em right.

Well, things kept happenin' an' 'long close to Christmas we got that cabin so's she didn't smell too bad, an' Bill commenced to perk up some. The weather was gettin' bad—lookin' like snow more

every day—an' Bill got to watchin' it right anxious.

Then one day she snowed, an' Bill got plumb excited, measurin' that snowfall right frequent, an' figurin' 'tween times. It snows right steady, an' pretty soon that stick o' Bill's registered two feet, an' Bill quits measurin', an' reachin' under the bed, pulls out a big bundle he's had cached all winter. This he duly opens, an' produces two pair o' them short round fat snow-shoes like you sees in them sportin' goods stores windows every winter.

"Them," sez Bill, "snow-shoes, which you ought to know, you bein' raised in this northern country. Still I'm ready to bet yez ain't never been eddicated up to their use. It ain't reasonable to expect you has when I looks back on past events," sez he.

I allows I ain't none familiar with the things, whereupon Bill informs me that us aimin' to take an' foller the noble profession o' hunters, I got to learn, him proposin' to eddicate me

"Everything bein' favorable," sez Bill, "here commences the first lesson."

So we each takes a pair o' them infernal things, an' ambles out on to the snow.

Me ties 'em on all regular an' 'cordin' to Bill, an' he leads out, tellin' me to watch him an act jes' as he does. We waddles along, everything workin' slick an' smooth, an' I'm jest beginnin' to have a little respect for Bill when we strikes one o' them little ravines 'bout twenty feet across and 'bout ten feet deep it looks, 'count o' the snow coverin' an' hidin' what windfalls an' brush happens to be laying in it. The sides slopes down nice an' easy, an' Bill reaches the edge an' stops.

"Up to the present," sez he, "you ain't

done nothin' more than any fool man c'ud do, but right here's where luck quits an' interlect commences. From this on you got to watch me right close, an' do jes' as I does, else you won't never get across that ravine." An' thereupon he starts shufflin' down the hill sideways like a crab.

'Bout the third shuffle Bill laps shoes, an' the next thing I sees is Bill's two feet with the correspondin' attachments waving in the air, him havin' disappeared 'tween two logs. Them snow-shoes looked so blame lonesome a-waving in the air that I goes off in one o' them hysteric laughin' spasms. The more I looked the more I laughed, an' pretty soon I got to rockin' so bad I couldn't see straight, an' I also laps shoes, thereby follerin' Bill's instructions an' actin' as he did.

I struck them snow-shoes plumb square, drivin' Bill clear out o' sight.

I don't rightly recollect what follered, 'till I see Bill crawlin' out the other side, packin' one snow-shoe an' trailin' the other by the ankle thong. He flops down in the snow, glarin' at me, an' tryin' to speak, but couldn't articulate none, bein' 'count o' him bein' too full o' snow. Anyhow, it ain't no use me tryin' to tell you what Bill said, when he come round, 'cos 'long 'bout the tenth word I lost track, an' couldn't foller him no more. We didn't get back to speakin' terms for a considerable distance o' time.

"How me an' Bill spent the rest o' that winter I'll tell yuh 'fore the trip's out. It's gettin' pretty late an' we got to climb them pinnacles 'fore sun-up, so it's me for the simple life," the guide concluded, rolling into his blankets.



# The Portland Canal District

By J. Wardlaw Stewart

HISTORY is repeating itself in the Portland Canal District of Northern British Columbia, as it has done in other mining camps throughout the world. The first flush of prosperity and "boom" values have been succeeded by an era of steady, conservative development, and although success has not yet been fully achieved, much has been done to place the end no longer in doubt.

The average man does not realize the expenditure of time and money required to develop a mining property from a "prospect" to that of a fully-equipped mine, and grows impatient for the payment of dividends, when a fuller knowledge of mining conditions would show him that mines are made, not found. It may take years of hard work, and the expenditure of a large amount of money, before any profits are to be expected, and only about one mine in a thousand pays for itself from the grass roots.

All this is apropos of mining conditions in the Portland Canal District today, and the camp bids fair, as time goes on, to redeem its promise of becoming a great wealth producer, nor does the time seem far distant.

With the successful inauguration of the Portland Canal Tunnels Company, another step forward has been made, a step that means much to the mine-owners on Glacier Creek, and the camp at large. This company, under the management of Mr. W. J. Elmendorf, has commenced the driving of a 2,000-ft. tunnel to intersect at depth the mineralized zone of the Portland Canal mine and neighboring claims. This zone has been traced from the Jumbo and Ben Bolt, the property of the Pacific Coast Exploration Company in which Sir Donald Mann is largely interested, through the Chicago claims of the same company, into the Little Joe and Lucky Seven and other claims on the Portland Canal Company's ground. Then, crossing Glacier Creek, the zone passes through the O. K. Fraction and enters the Glacier Creek

Company's ground on the Lulu, through which it passes jointly with the Portland Wonder, into the George E., Ben Hur and Sunbeam, of the Stewart Mining & Development Co., a total distance from the Ben Bolt to the Sunbeam of four miles.

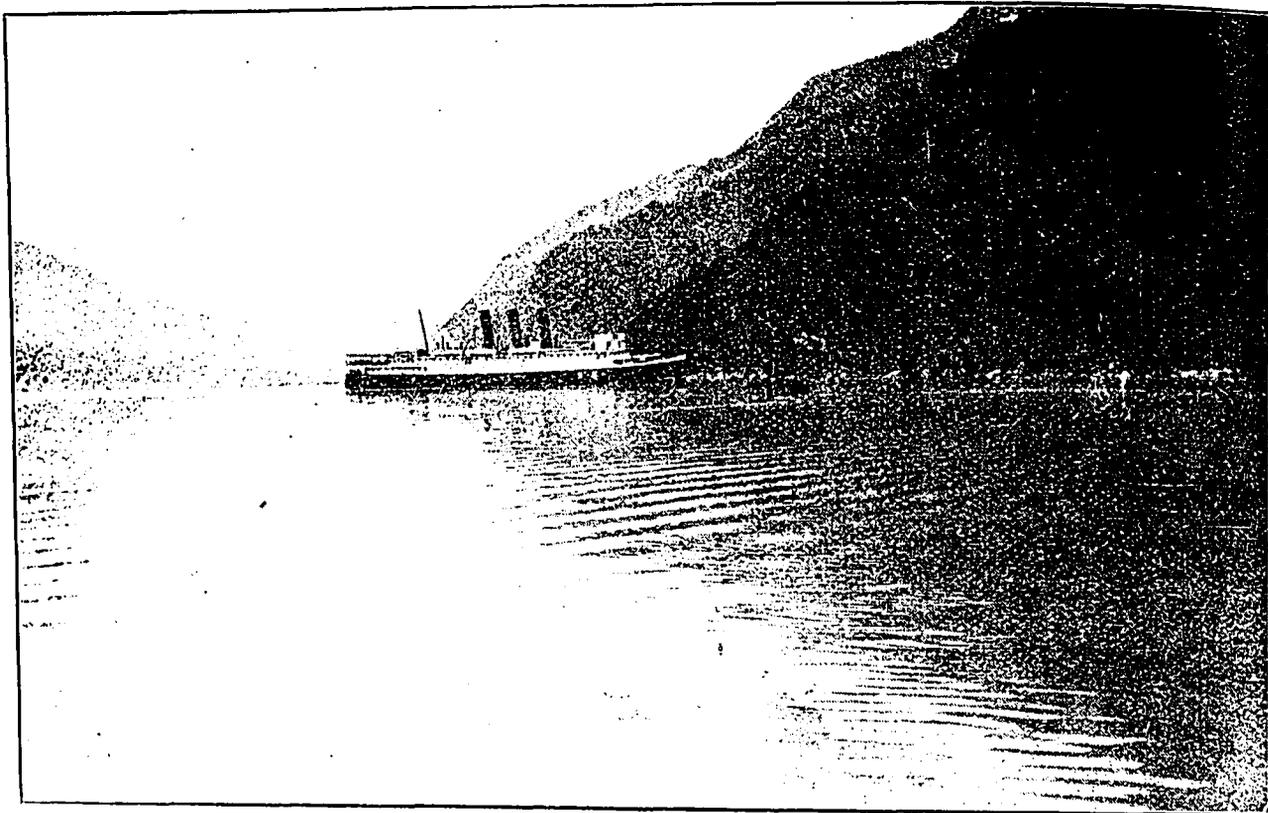
Throughout the entire length of this zone extensive development has been in progress for the past three years, and the amount of ore exposed on the different workings fully warrants the construction of the tunnel, which will effect a great saving in the working of the properties affected.

Modern mining has been reduced to a science, and amalgamation and co-operation in the working of mining properties has added millions in profits to what otherwise would have proved a loss. In carrying out the idea of driving this tunnel the Portland Canal Tunnels Company have inaugurated in the district a method that has been generally successful wherever it has been tried.

The tunnel starts a short distance above the Portland Canal concentrator, on the south side of Glacier Creek. It will follow an easterly direction and intersect the main fissure zone at a distance of about 2,000 ft. The tunnel is 7x7, and should take about nine months to drive. Twenty men are employed under Mr. L. C. White, formerly superintendent at the Portland Canal mine.

When the ore zone is reached drifts will be run to the south, to the Portland Canal and Pacific Exploration Companies' claims, and to the north through the Glacier Creek Company's claims into those of the Stewart Mining & Development Company.

This company, during the past four years, has steadily continued the development of its property, about 2,000 feet of underground work having been accomplished with satisfactory results. For the more economical working of the mine the company had considered the advisability of driving a 1,500-foot tunnel from the Bear



SS. PRINCE GEORGE IN STEWART HARBOR

River slope, but the advent of the Portland Canal Tunnels Company rendered this work unnecessary, affording another instance of the advantages of modern methods in economical mining.

Few camps are so well situated as that of Portland Canal for the cheap working and transportation of their ores. The properties as a rule are situated within a short distance of tide water, and those on the main fissure zone of Glacier Creek will be most advantageously worked through the

tunnel, whose outlet is above the tracks of the Canadian North-Eastern Railway, three miles from Stewart.

The ore from these mines will be handled at the Portland Canal concentrator. A short tram line from the mouth of the tunnel will convey the ore directly to the mill, a distance of about 300 feet, thus reducing the charges on the ore, from the stopes to the concentrator, to a minimum.

During the operation of the concen-



ROOM FOR BOTH LARGE AND SMALL SHIPPING IN THE HARBOR OF STEWART, FIVE MILES FROM TUNNEL SITE



TRAIN LEAVING STEWART FOR RED CLIFF—PASSES MOUTH OF TUNNEL FIVE MILES OUT

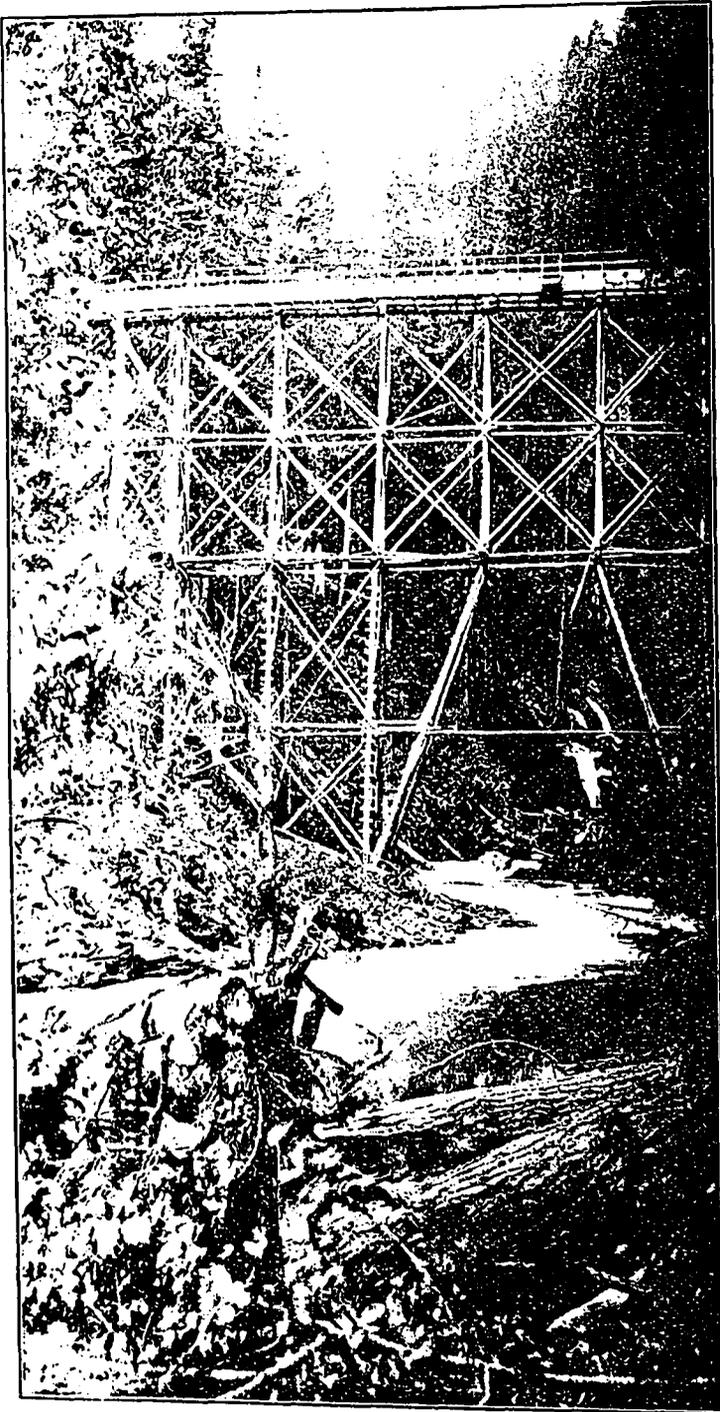
trator 1,500 tons of Portland Canal ore were treated, practically all of which would have shown a profit, if the facilities now being undertaken had been available.

The great saving effected in the working of these and other properties by the tunnel will have a most beneficial effect on the whole camp, and renewed interest is being manifested towards the district in conjunction with other developments in the vicinity.

The ores of the Portland Canal District are principally silver lead, carrying good gold values, and copper ores with appreciable gold and silver contents. Free-milling gold ores have been encountered at widely separate points throughout the district. Placer gold is found on Bitter Creek, and two hydraulic leases have been granted and prospecting work is now being carried on to determine the extent and value of the deposits.



C. N. E. RAILWAY STATION AT STEWART—THE PORTLAND CANAL MINE IS ON THE FIRST HILL TO THE RIGHT



FLUME ACROSS GLACIER CREEK, CARRYING WATER TO  
PORTLAND CANAL CONCENTRATOR FOR  
POWER PURPOSES

The mining industry in the district is still in its infancy, but the outcome is no longer in doubt. Mines such as the Hidden Creek properties at Granby Bay, the Maple Bay mines, the Portland Canal, Stewart, Red Cliff and others are not very well known at present, but are full of promise for the not very distant future.

The Salmon River section of the district is bound to become a great ore producer. Its progress has been retarded by the difficulties of transportation, but these drawbacks are now being removed, and a brighter future is dawning for the "Cour-d'Alene of British Columbia."

The building of a smelter on Observatory Inlet by the Granby Smelter Company, in conjunction with the development of their mines there, will be of great benefit to the mines of the Portland Canal district, providing a ready market for their ores and reducing the cost of transportation charges.

The anthracite coal fields of Ground Hog Mountain, which are tributary to the district, will be of immense benefit in the near future, when the projected extension of the Canadian North-Eastern Railway, now fourteen miles north of Stewart, is built. There is every possibility that the road will be pushed through during the coming summer, and, needless to say, an unlimited supply of cheap fuel will play an important part in lessening the cost of the working of mines in this district.

The Canadian North-Eastern Railway Company has, for its length, one of the finest constructed roads in Canada. At present it is only fourteen miles long, but surveys have been made for hundreds of miles eastward, and one cannot but believe but that further construction is contemplated in the near future. The solid equipment and the permanent nature of the work undertaken preclude the idea that the road was constructed only as a mining railway. The fact that Stewart controls the shortest and easiest route to the Peace River has no doubt been taken into consideration in the building of the line.

The railway company or their associates, control about 800 acres of land, part of which is tide flats, through which the railroad wharf, three-quarters of a mile long, passes to deep water in front of the town.

The harbor is ice free throughout the coldest winter, and during the fifteen years that have passed since the first settler located there, no serious storm has been known to occur.

Miles of deep water wharves can be constructed without encroaching upon the fairway, which has a larger area than that of many of the principal seaport towns of the world.

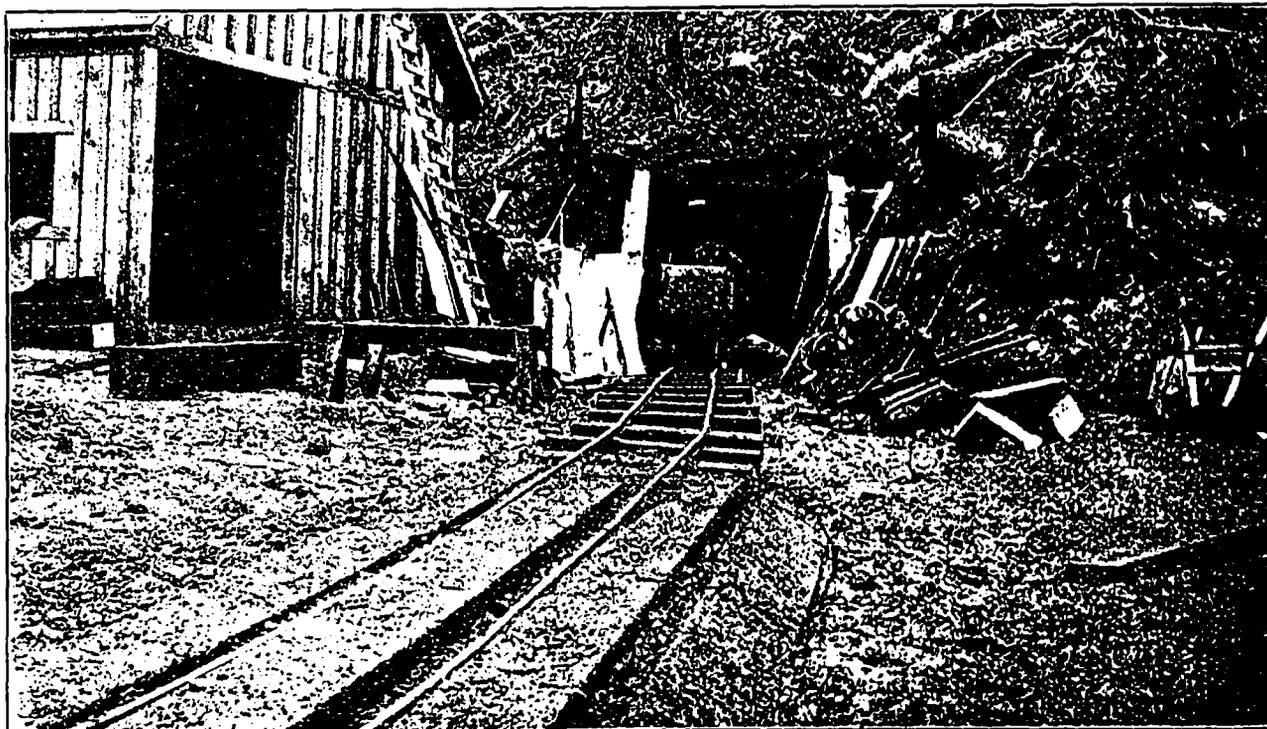


STEWART FROM GOVERNMENT WHARF—THE RAILWAY WHARF IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE PICTURE

Steamer communications with the south is maintained by the vessels of the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company. The Union Steamship Company's boats also make Stewart a port of call, and in the summer the Grand Trunk steamers, Prince Rupert and Prince George, carry hundreds of tourists on the round trip from Victoria and Vancouver. The far-famed fiords of Norway have their counterparts in the island channels of the North, and that of Portland Canal is yearly becoming more famous for its varied scenic attractions.

From the entrance of the canal at Dixons Entrance, flanked by low-lying hills, the steamers traverse seventy miles of placid waterway, the mountains gradually rising in height until Stewart is reached. Here the mighty mountains of the coast range have been rent asunder by some ages-old cataclysm of Nature, and the Bear River Valley, nestling in the hollow thus created, offers easy access over a low pass to the interior.

The Naas River Valley, fast becoming a centre of interest on account of the large



MOUTH OF TUNNEL



PORTLAND CANAL CONCENTRATOR—THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL IS SITUATED ABOVE THE LEFT-HAND CORNER OF THE PICTURE

area of agricultural land available for settlement, is now easily reached by the government road, constructed last summer, from Stewart, but much remains yet to be done in regard to further road building before the region is fully opened up. Mr. W. E. Scott, Deputy-minister of Agriculture, speaks favorably of its future as a fruit-raising and dairying country, and such no doubt it will become, when its potentialities are more fully made known.

The Dominion Government have been approached in the matter of the establishment of an experimental farm in the valley, and in all probability one will in time be sanctioned, in line with the broad policy now being pursued by the Agricultural Department at Ottawa, in assisting the advancement of agriculture throughout the Dominion. The establishment of an experimental farm in the Naas would do much to remove any doubts as to its suitability for dairying, fruit-raising or mixed farming.

At Meziaden Falls the sum of \$15,000 is now being expended in the building of fish ladders to allow the sock-eye salmon more easily to enter the lake. The work is under the direction of Mr. John P.

Babcock, Dominion Fishery Commissioner, who is a firm believer in the great future before this section of the district. While at the lake last summer Mr. Babcock said: "I have seen all the lakes of prominence in British Columbia, and not one of them has a country surrounding it comprising so much level land, and nowhere have I seen an equal chance not only for the farmer but for the manufacturer. The Meziaden Falls will furnish unlimited water-power for the manufacturer of pulp, and besides this, Meziaden Lake is destined in time to become one of the world-famed summer resorts. Why? The scenery between Stewart and this place has the old-world scenic resorts beaten a hundred ways, and once the beauties and grandeur of this trip are known, people will travel the world around to see them."

The tourist who prefers to journey aside from the beaten track will find a new field for his peregrinations at Meziaden Lake. The scenery is of the the grandest description, and possesses added charm of unspoiled beauty, the advertiser with his ubiquitous hoardings not having yet made his appearance.

The lake affords trout fishing that is

something to conjure with. Lusty speckled beauties await the angler, all unconscious as yet of the wiles of a "March Brown" or "Jock Scot."

The erection of a Swiss chalet at the lake is contemplated for next summer, and a motor boat will be in commission to deal with the increased traffic consequent on the opening up of this section. Thus civilization, with its attendant comforts, is pushing back the frontier of the hinterland.

As a future source of practically unlimited power for the working of the mines, Meziaden Lake has been taken into consideration. The Canadian North-Eastern Power Company have secured the water rights at the outlet of the lake, and it is presumed that it will shortly be utilized in the establishment of a hydro-electric plant, for the supplying of light and power to the mines.

The Portland Canal district is linked by telegraph with the outside world. The line to Stewart connects with the main system at Kitsumkalem on the Skeena, and follows the valley of that name to the Naas at

Aiyansh. It then crosses the mountains to Alice Arm and Granby Bay, and over the Barnston Mountains to Portland Canal, along which it follows to Stewart. The line is subject to frequent breaks throughout the winter, and a movement is on foot to have a new line strung from Stewart to connect with the Yukon telegraph line at No. 7 cabin in the Ground Hog district. This line, following the course taken by the government trail builders and Canadian North-Eastern Railway surveyors, would be practically free from interruptions, the interior being known to be practically immune from winter storms.

During the past summer the building of new roads and trails has rendered easy of access many portions of the remoter parts of the camp, and prospecting and development of many new mining properties has been undertaken with most encouraging results. With the renewed interest taken in mining throughout the North, the coming year should see an immense impetus given to the Portland Canal district.

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## The World is Too Much with Us

The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The wind that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.

# Penticton's Progress

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE VALLEY

THE traveller bound for Penticton, who comes westward on the C. P. R. mainline, is told to change at Sicamous Junction, a small, lonely railway station perched precariously between a deep, winding lake and a steep mountain-side. Here he may have to spend a night before going on in a southerly direction. When he resumes his journey, a couple of hours or so in the train brings him to Okanagan Landing, and here the train is changed for the commodious steamer, which once a day makes its voyage down the lake. Six hours amid enchanting mountain scenery, with such places as Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland and Naramata, as its stages, and then Penticton, at the foot of the lake, is reached.

The Penticton of today is a very different place from what Penticton will be a few years hence. Under the present conditions its remoteness precludes the inhabitants from travelling frequently to the busy haunts of men, and many of the people of Penticton confess that they have not been in a railway train for several years. But all will be altered when the railway comes. Preparations for this event are now going forward, and as a pledge of greater events a railway locomotive has recently arrived in the town and is at work on the small length of line already constructed.

The new locomotive, of course, is only for the purpose of moving and shunting freight, and for drawing material for building the Kettle Valley line from the wharf as construction proceeds east and west of the town. The engine was brought down from Okanagan by the Castlegar, and left the barge under her own steam, Mrs. J. J. Warren blowing the first whistle and ringing the bell. Meanwhile two lines of track in the direction of Summerland are being completed, and a temporary trestle bridge allows the engine to cross the Okanagan River. Grading is proceeding for a distance of thirty miles, and fourteen camps have been located.

During the past season not less than one hundred and three carloads of all kinds of fruit were packed at Penticton.



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN PENTICTON, B. C.

# The Evolution of a Vancouver Island Farm

*Photographs by C. E. Whitney-Griffiths "The Grange," Metchosin, B. C.*

TO THE dwellers on a prairie farm in Canada the evolution from the brown plains, slopes or swales has been a comparatively simple one. The building of the "shack" or small house, the erection of the rude barn, the sinking of a well, the knocking together of a shelter for agricultural implements, the fencing-in of a corral for the stock, and the sojourners are fairly well equipped for the raising of grain. The railways are of necessity somewhere within striking distance, roads are available, or, at least, connection by team with the stations, and the soil is generous. The rest of the problem is work, with the patience to endure the fierce heat of the summer months, and the nerve to face the long and severe winters. A strenuous life, yet scant in detail, though steady in continued climatic hardships.

The unfolding of a Vancouver Island farm, on the contrary, presents the rough side of the shield for the first few years. An elemental combat, using axe, saw, powder and flame to conquer the stubborn ranks of primeval timber stretching cloudward, a veritable conquest by fire and sword of the tillable acres lying beneath the shadows of the branching forests. No one who has not buckled to this work can realize the pluck and staying power necessary to carve—yes, literally carve a home out of the wilderness. And yet the recompense is so lasting, the joy of living is so keen when once the task is finished, that no man with good red blood in his veins and the nerve of youth in his muscles, should shrink from the battle.

The climate of Vancouver Island the year round is in itself so great a living comfort, and even delight, that a farm there spells the happiness of home in a way no storm-swept or sun-baked prairie land can ever hope to offer to the dwellers in out-of-doors. There are no extremes of

either heat or cold; there is little snow, and that soon melts away. The rainfall is mainly in the winter months, and on a space covering the southern portion of the island, and far up along the east coast, and to some distance up the west coast, there is a rainfall averaging from twenty-seven to thirty-five inches annually.

There is an abundance of bright sunshine, a total absence of "blizzards," almost no sleet or hail, and very rarely indeed any thunderstorms in the entire southern portion of Vancouver Island, and, notwithstanding the moderate rainfall, irrigation is very seldom resorted to. Many of the farms are close to the sea, and most of them in easy reach of salt water, even when not abutting on the coasts. With the superb system of roads, tidewater is hardly better than a day's journey from the majority of farms now tilled in the southern districts of Vancouver Island.

But the fight to clear the land in the first place is a hard one, especially for the man or men with limited capital. To take a twenty-acre strip of fairly heavily timbered land and tackle it to clear it into land ready for the plough is no summer-day diversion. In the first place the strip must be "slashed." That is, the smaller saplings, undergrowth, shrubs and trees that can be chopped down are cut and preferably piled into wind-rows, like grain laid by the scythe. If piled with care, the fire, when put into these piles of debris, after the piles have been season-dried and cured, will burn up most of the "slashed" material. "Slashed" strips left unpiled and fired will require much more work to clear than they would if properly piled at the beginning.

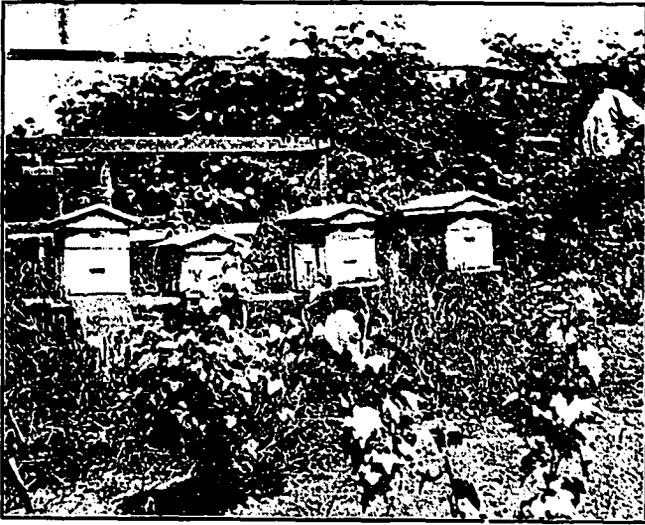
After the work of "slashing" and firing has been completed, the heavy defenses must be approached. These are the firs,



SMALL WHARF ON WATERFRONT AT METCHOSIN



GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING HOT-BEDS, BEE-HIVES, BLACKBERRY AND LOGAN BERRY BUSHES, ETC.



BEE-HIVES, WITH THE LOGAN AND BLACKBERRY BUSHES AT BACK

hemlocks, spruces and other big trees, each of which is a citadel to be stormed and destroyed. And, sad to relate, hundreds of thousands of feet of magnificent timber are burned every year in the contest between the timber and the settlers. By cutting in with the saw on one side of these forest giants, and boring in deeply with augers on the opposite side, one auger-hole straight into the heart of the tree, and one slanting down from above and meeting the straight auger-hole, and dropping live coals down the top, or slanting auger-hole, the largest of these trees will gradually be eaten down and toppled over by the fire.

Once down, these monsters may be drilled at intervals with augers, the live coals inserted, and the fires will gnaw away until the tree is consumed. While this is naturally slow work, the tireless flames, burning day and night, are wonderful allies to the settler.

After the ground is cleared the battle is practically won. Fuel is everywhere, good roads in all directions, markets at reachable points, demands for all kinds of farm produce far beyond the supply, and prices high. The one fly in the ointment is the irrepressible middleman. Between producer and consumer this individual stands, squeezing down the farmer and holding up the consumer. Until the middleman is eliminated the farmer will always be a mere "hired man" in some respects, and the average purchaser of the towns a mere pawn in the game of "high prices" in the hands of the middleman. The remedy is co-operative associations, and particularly

public markets in every town and city, controlled by farmers' co-operative associations, and subject to municipal regulations in case of any attempts to extort unwarranted prices from the consumer. With a straight transfer from the farmer to the residents in the towns and cities, prices would advance largely to the farmer, and would drop greatly to the consumer. Such public markets should be provided amply with telephone service, wagon or automobile delivery, and should be kept strictly clean and sanitary by municipal regulations.

The gradual unfolding of the possibilities of a Vancouver Island farm include more variety and comfort than can adequately be expressed in words. The soil is usually so fertile that crops grow in unusual abundance. Work is carried on at all seasons with immunity from seasonal discomfort, and the dull monotony of the single-standard wheat-growing communities is avoided by the delights of mixed farming.

Fruit-growing, poultry-raising, dairying, berry-growing, truck-gardening, bee-keeping, flower-raising, and the raising of sheep and live-stock, invariably appeal to the farmer of British antecedents more than the dead grind of a one-crop farm. Then, too, he can have the best of fishing and shooting in all of the districts on Vancouver Island, and vary the farm life with pheasant, grouse, and quail shooting, duck, brant and snipe, deer, and an occasional trip further afield for a black bear or cougar. Trout are abundant in many of the streams, and salmon from eight to



GARDEN PRODUCE GROWN AT METCHOSIN, VANCOUVER ISLAND



NEWLY-BURNT SLASHING ON WATERFRONT OF THE GRANGE, METCHOSIN



SALMON CAUGHT IN PARRY BAY

twenty pounds weight are commonly and invariably caught in the sea arms and along the coasts and in the harbors. Crabs, clams and shrimps are found in the lagoons and along the beaches, and sea air and salt breezes add to the zest of life and living.

As the fields spread out along the wake of the clearings, the fences spring up, new and modern gates are put in, tastefully built houses take the place of the first modest dwellings, orchards rise and send their sweet perfume to the breezes, and gardens blossom and flame in an endless variety of beauty and color.

From earliest spring, whence lift the

"Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares  
And take the winds of March with beauty"—

until December roses scatter their glowing petals along the garden walks, Vancouver Island flowers in the country are poignant with many-tinted petals and haunting odors, and, looking across these grassy meadows when long since the drifts have

blotted out the mid-Canadian prairies, a man can feel how close and sweet is

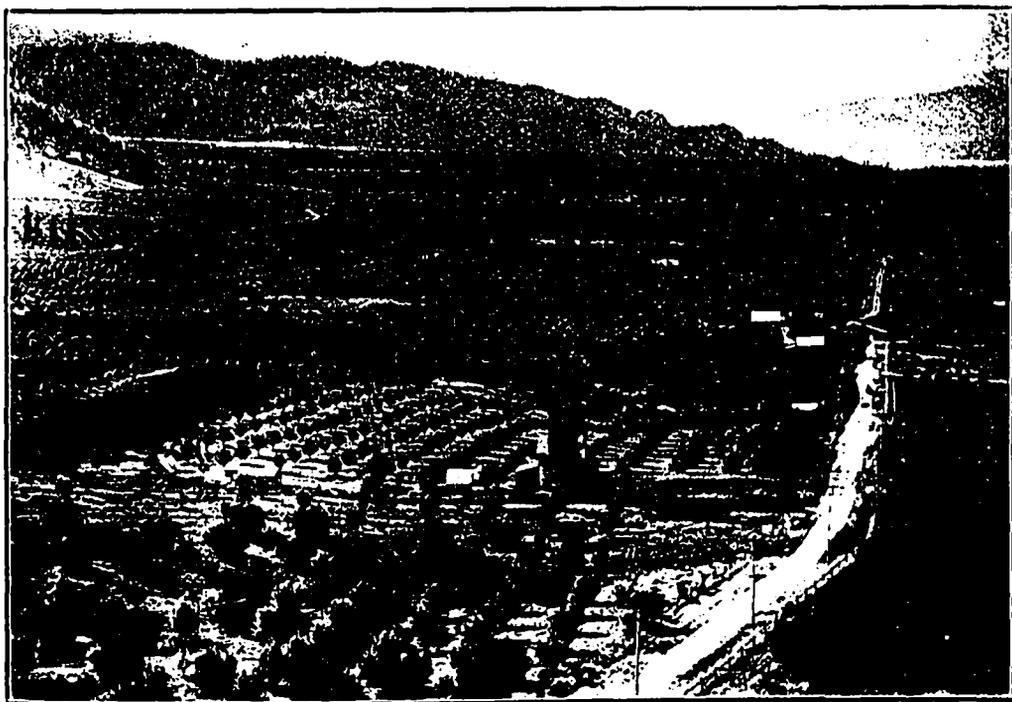
"The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes."

The hum of bees mingles with the long, long hours of sunshine, and farm life takes on its true beauty and recompense in these delightful valleys and uplands.

For the rest, there is the telephone service, the farmers' institutes, the perfect roads, the dances, the open fireplaces, the nearness and comradeship of neighbors and neighborly happenings. And even in the more primitive "shacks" of the newly arrived and as yet wifeless young pioneers there are the dreams of yet to be, the toil under bright skies and blue, and occasionally the clearing away of tables, boxes, rifles, rods, and all-offending paraphernalia, and the realization, amid squeaking cat-gut and resounding foot-steps, of the farmer's chorus:

"Then gather round the kitchen fire  
And pile the chunks on higher and higher;  
Get out the old fiddle, and partners choose,  
And shake her down in your cow-hide shoes."

*Ernest McLaughlin*



ORCHARDS NEAR PEACHLAND IN THE OKANAGAN

# A Canadian Club President

THE REV. DR. MACKAY, OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

IN ELECTING the Rev. John Mackay, D.D., to be its president for the ensuing year, the Canadian Club of Vancouver has done honor to one who is at once a prominent divine, a distinguished scholar and a leader of thought in British Columbia. Dr. Mackay's election is also a proof of the fact that the club embraces all kinds of interests, and affords a common meeting-place for men of every class and party. In one respect Dr. Mackay is peculiarly fitted to do the honors of the club when distinguished strangers are within its gates. A Canadian born, not only does he know the Dominion, both east and west, but one part of his life has been spent in the United



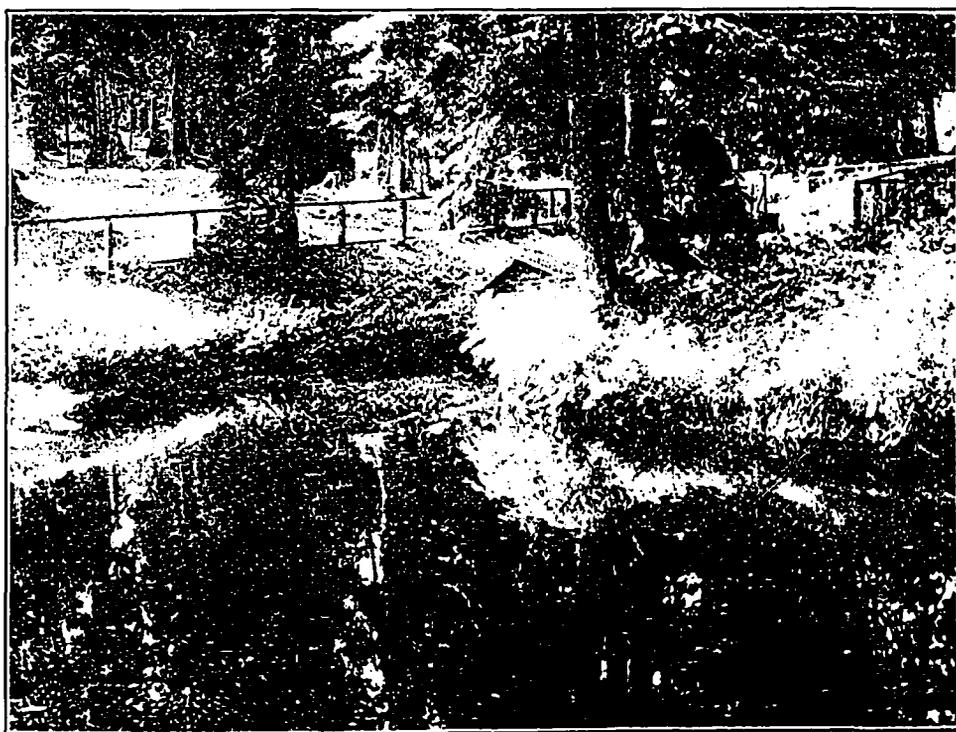
States and another part in Great Britain. Born and brought up on the farm, he had an experience of business life in the city before settling down to his scholastic and ministerial career, so that his active interests have included almost every phase of Canadian life.

Dr. Mackay first saw the light in Oxford county, Ontario, and spent the early part of his life in Bruce county, Ontario, where his father was a farmer. Like many other inhabitants of that province, Dr. Mackay has Scottish blood in his veins, both his father and mother being of that nationality. His father was a native of Sutherlandshire, where so many sturdy "Macks" who have made their home in Canada come from.

Dr. Mackay in his early youth assisted his father in the work of the farm, and still is rather proud of the fact that he can do most things that a farmer is called upon to do in the daily round of his duties. At an early age, however, his studious mind inclined towards other pursuits, and when the time came for him to adopt a regular occupation, he chose that of teaching, at the public school near to his home. After this he taught in a business college for a year, and from there went to Detroit, to assist in a large wholesale coal concern. However, the natural bent of his mind again drew him back into a more studious career, and he entered the University of Toronto. Here he had a very successful career, graduating in 1899, in which year he was the winner of the Governor-General's Gold Medal, the highest distinction open to competition at this university.

His thirst for knowledge still unsatisfied, Dr. Mackay crossed the Atlantic to take a post-graduate course at the United Free Church College of Glasgow University, and obtained the Freeland Lectureship, the highest honor in that college, which entitles the owner to act as assistant to the professors of the department of Old Testament for one year. During his stay in Glasgow Dr. Mackay was also assistant minister at St. Peter's Church in that city, and in the last year of his course his strong interest in biblical history induced him to take advantage of an opportunity to visit Palestine and Egypt for three months, with a party conducted by Professor George Adam Smith, the principal of Aberdeen University.

In 1902 Dr. Mackay returned to Canada, and was called to the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal. He remained here for six years, not only doing his pastoral work, but also for a period of two years lecturing in the Presbyterian College. It was in 1908, when Westminster Hall, Vancouver, the Presbyterian College for British Columbia, was formed, that an invitation was extended to Dr. Mackay to become its president, and, happily for Vancouver, this invitation was accepted. The college has been highly successful. One of its features to which Dr. Mackay refers with pride is its summer session, during which it is annually visited by some of the most learned men of the day, both from Great Britain and various parts of America. The visitors usually accept a temporary lectureship, and stay for a period of three months. The college, when it began work in 1908, had only four students, but today there are nearly ninety, and it possesses property and endowments worth over \$200,000. Seventeen of its students have already been admitted into the ministry of Canada.



THE SEAL POND, STANLEY PARK

*The following sonnet is reproduced from the December number at the request of the translator in the beautiful Latin Elegiacs on the following page.*

## To Gracia

I pluck this little star and send thee, Sweet;  
In the Sky Hills an hour ago it grew,  
I saw it growing and I thought of you  
And plucked it as I sat in camp at meat.  
Sky Hills! a fitting place for weary feet  
To rest betimes and loving hearts to woo;  
To pluck white stars from hills of heavenly blue  
And send love-kissed from solitude's retreat.  
I would pluck stars for thee one long life through,  
I would win worlds—earn fame and treasure trove,  
I would dare death to keep this promise true,  
Defy the torrent's wrath and mountains' mobe.  
But should I fail in what I strive to do  
I promise thee my everlasting love.

Sky Hills, Athabasca, A. W. C.

July, 1900

*To the author of the sonnet " To Gracia "*

*Dear Mr. Vrooman:*

*Your sonnet " To Gracia " in the December number of the B.C. Magazine somehow carried me back to Ovid and Catullus. Here is the result in Latin Elegiacs, the only metre worthy of the really exquisite original:*

## Ad Graciam

Hunc stellae similem tibi florem, spes mea, mitto ;  
Mons fuit huic viridis Coelius ante domus,  
In viridque domo mihi visa est stellula ocellos  
Sub Iobae coenanti tota referre tuos.  
Dignus eras lassosque pedes, Mons Coelius, uti  
Pace tua nostros, cordaque deliciis ;  
Candida coerulcis decerpi montibus astra  
Lugentis domini basia ferre tibi.  
Astra tibi sat erit carpendo degere vitam  
Hanc mihi, seu vincam sidera, nomen, opes.  
Scilicet horrida Mors, latrans Styx, pondus Olympi  
Omnia me nequeunt flectere proposito.  
Quod si non potiar votis pereantque labores  
Stat tibi in aeternum non periturus amor.

Aubrey St. John Mildmay, M.A.,  
Vancouver, December, 1912

# A Canadian on Malayan Waters

By "Din Mur"

"GOOD-BYE, DEAR; take extra good care of yourself this time."

It was the silvery voice of the Queen of the bungalow. A bat had been gyrating around our sitting-room the previous evening, and its omen made her a little fearful of mishap for me and our friend August. We were starting together for a few days' outing upon the Kedah River. He was one of a hundred to have for a companion on such a trip. He always enthused, whether it was over a good shot, a fine landscape, a rare plant, or a toothsome dish of curry. Climate at the equator is hard upon the temper of foreign residents, and smooth comradeship is a boon.

All that day we skirted along the western coast of the great Malay Peninsula in our madly-tossing little launch. Most of the time we lay stretched at full length under the awning, for the thermometer was as high as it goes. We seldom moved except to grasp the ship's rail when a big swell would threaten to transfer our long-chairs from the deck into the Straits of Malacca. Upon our right loomed up high the mountains of Kedah, their heads crowned with caps of white mist. "A hot day," subduedly remarked the voice of August. "Even the hills have got on their sola-topces, and yet can't keep from getting purple in the face."

The result of such tremendous mental outlay was an immediate call to "the boy" for refreshments.

The Malay skipper now pointed ahead to a glowing patch of water, and remarked: "Sirs, will you look below and see the water-fairies' paradise." We leaned over and watched this Firdus at the bottom through the pellucid sea. Glistening white brain-stones lay all along. Directly over them, with idly-waving fins, hovered a number of gorgeous "crimson fish." There came two or three clipper-built "silver fish," banded with rings of amethyst. A circular hog-fish kept vibrating his thousand

spines, slowly opening and shutting his hawk's mouth as though he, too, felt very warm down there. Through symmetrical groves of white and red coral darted many lovely little fishes intent upon their gambols. They were evidently playing at "hide and seek." Sea fans sent up their violet waves of light to soothe our eyes, while here and there a shining "black rod" bent elastic to the flow, tapping some truant as he skimmed past, whispering, "Take care; there are rods in pickle, even in Firdus."

Two hours before sunset we were athwart the Kedah River. A difficult bar had to be crossed. The tide was running low, and if we grounded there, 'twould be "moaning" at that bar till the next high water. So, sounding all the time, we steamed "as slow as slow." We got over, and at five o'clock reached the river's muddy mouth.

Here was situated a pretty Malay village, at which we had to discharge a little freight. Most of the houses were built upon piles directly over the water. Boys were leaning fishing from the windows and doors of their homes, while the mothers and sisters peeped out slyly to get a look at the two white men on the launch. We waved them a greeting, upon which they quickly retreated, and as quickly showed their faces again.

While this was going on my eyes were drawn by some power of attraction to the edge of the mangrove swamp at the side of the village. Two ugly orbs were fixed on mine, and then I made out more clearly the head of a saurian lying low in the mud. A heavy breechloader was the only weapon unstrapped. Dropping in two pig cartridges, I discharged the shots almost simultaneously at those eyes.

"Himmel! What did you do that for," shouted August. The beast made a great plunge as he went under.

"Is hit, is hit," cried the Malay sailors. The murky water reddened about the

spot, but we saw no more of the alligator. These creatures, when wounded, always make for the bottom, and, if there is anything to cling to, hold on, and the death grip anchors them below for some time. Like the shell duck, the alligator likes to provide, even when dying, against getting into the hunter's bag.

Soon after we were steaming up the Kedah River towards Alor Star, the Sultan's capital. The heat and the glare of the day were over, and the scenery of the way was ours to enjoy. This river goes creeping through the jungle, zigzag like a serpent. Every one of the intermediate bends photographs upon the eye a fresh view. Now a village of the sea-gypsies with their long dugouts lying up against the muddy banks; now a flotilla of heavy praus with boatmen sinking above their ankles in overflowing freight of yellow rice; here a bend in the way gives a sectional view of the true jungle with its giant pillars, the forest trees, rising up 150 feet to meet the sky, and its dense undergrowth of lesser trees interwoven with an interminable entanglement and lacery of fronds, and rattans, and all sorts of vegetable cables. Yonder a score of durian trees lift their heads on high with branches bending beneath the weight of fruit more dainty and delicate than ever enriched the banquet table of monarch in the west. The tortuous mangrove growths are reflected on the mirror-like margins of the river. Every now and then one seems to see bits of Dore's "Illustrated Inferno."

Deeper and blacker grow the shadows of evening. The river becomes Stygian. A great log goes floating by. It sinks! The black water swirls and gurgles. How creepy to think of a man going overboard about here in the dark, among logs that suddenly sink and then dart up again with giant lizard claws and huge mouth armed with rows of teeth that clash down upon him and open again dripping bright red. A common tragedy of all Malayan rivers.

Half-past six, and the blackness of tropical night swallows up everything. Some Malays draw up to us half shyly. One of them begs for a story of the great Snow Land. A dog howls in the distance. The Malays shudder.

"Are you afraid of the dog, younger brother?"

"No, Master, but the death angel is near. The dog knows it, and howls for joy at the thought of the bones he will crunch at the feast of the owner's burial."

Our story of the "Ice Maiden" was interrupted by a terrific flash of lightning, the beginning of a most unwelcome storm. We were nearing Alor Star, and knew our comfort depended on a cessation of the pluvial deluge. But it seemed to be the most protracted rain we had ever known. Our launch was drawn up to the jetty, her freight was removed, every man on her had gone home, and there were we, waiting for two dreary hours under the dripping canvas for the deluge to abate. We had over two miles to trudge over a dark, dangerous road, with much impedimenta to be carried by the bearers, before we could reach the Sultan's rest-house for travellers, for the occupancy of which we had a permit. But all things come to an end, and we were at last seated in the well-lighted rest-house before a welcome, if late, repast. Malay-made curries are as superior to those of India as the latter are to what falls to one's lot on a P. & O. steamship.

We thought the dish of that evening to be extraordinarily good, and, after several cups of Ceylon tea, felt quite a sensation of comfort after our horrible wetting and our trudge along an unknown road of unspeakable construction in unutterable darkness. It was soon borne in upon us that there was nothing like a good sleep and an early rise. But we were in the midst of a population who were reputed to pay very little attention to what corresponds in the Koran to the eighth commandment, so it behooved us to look well to our doors and windows. It is no wonder that a man dreams of pirates in Kedah, for if dead men visit their former habitations, all the air hereabouts must be full of pirates. At any rate, I was dreaming of them beautifully, was right in the third act of a most tragic fight with pirates in the good old-fashioned way with cutlasses and all that sort of thing, when I was awakened to material realities.

"You villain! I have you. You thief, you pirate, I've got you now!" and the sound of a running scuffle, and August's shouting my name, were what beat on my half-aroused faculties. Leaping out of my sleeping room into the hall I beheld a

strange sight. A stout Malay, completely naked, was just in the act of slipping through August's hands. He was through like an eel and away. In an instant we both were upon him again, August shouting: "He's oiled. The beggar's oiled." We grabbed the thief again and again, but he glided out of our grip, every time getting nearer to the open shutter he had forced. The fellow was dripping with cocoanut oil from the crown of his shaved head to his toe nails. Not an inch anywhere about him that might be gripped! He was a tough one, too. Blows seemed to take no effect upon him. Oil is a first-rate light armour! One of us now had him round the waist, the other by the legs. We were close to the window. He suddenly doubled up, then with a quick counter motion, flew open, and shot like an arrow clean out of our grasp, going head-first through the open window. Then we looked at one another and listened to the rascal's bare feet fleeing over the wet grass.

"I'll keep his steel for a memento," said August, picking up a kris from the hall floor. "It's lucky I got in that crack upon his right arm just before you turned up."

"Yes, and I'm glad he got away; we didn't come here to catch thieves and bother ourselves prosecuting them in the Sultan's court, did we?" Of course we had revolvers, and August might have dropped the fellow. But "who would kill a child because he was running off with one's watch?" was the very Teutonic and manly expression of August as we sat smoking an unpremeditated cigar before turning in for the rest of the night.

In the morning we were astir early for bath and breakfast, sending a messenger down to the river to secure a good prauh and trusty boatmen. We had planned to paddle up the waterway for some miles to a village where the saurian was said to abound. There we wished to arrange for a sort of sport we had heard described but had not hitherto seen—alligator-fishing after the primitive native style. Rifles and fowling pieces were of course taken along, and we were soon aboard our craft, a long dugout possessing the good and bad properties of a birch-bark canoe. August and I sat at the bottom, back to back, on the lookout for wild birds.

The sun had mounted hot, but our boat

hugged the shady riverside. Sandpipers ran along the mud, and suggested boyhood sporting days in the far-off West. In a tiny cove we came upon three teal, bagging one of them. Further on we spied a bird hiding beneath some mangrove branches. "Very good bird to eat, sirs," said one of the Malays. Neither of us had seen this species before. He looked like a cross between a heron and a curlew. He certainly mixed well in a squab stew compounded of himself, teal, and plover.

Our arrival at the Malay village created a sensation. The oldest man came forward as spokesman. His greeting was eminently civil, and up to our mark. "May I ask what my lords seek, and how their slaves can serve them?" Learning our wishes, he explained them to the community. Then we heard the voices of women laughing behind the rattan door-screens, and the young men who had been listening came forward and eagerly offered their services to prepare at once for an alligator-killing.

We fixed upon a deep patch of water some few hundred yards above the village. Preparations were begun with zest. The young Malays produced two coils of strong rope. To one end of this was secured, about the centre, a hardwood pointed stake, about eighteen inches in length. The stake, held firm at both ends, would be at right angles to the rope. This was all the tackle required.

A woman then came and threw a little paddy on the ground, and uttered the familiar call: "Chuck, chuck, chuck." Up to her scrambled a crowd of hens. Three of these were grabbed and thrust, expostulating, into a basket.

Accompanied by two score young men we then set off along the river bank. No one offered to utter a word, for the old man had lifted up a skinny finger and said: "Do not talk, for the alligator hears and knows; he is exceeding wise."

"This is a good place; let us stop here," whispered the Malay who carried the tackle. We threw ourselves down behind a scrub of bushes. The boy who had charge of the fowls extracted one of them, cackling noisily, from the basket.

"Ssh, ssh," whispered August, "the bird will frighten the alligator."

"Not so, sir. The bird calls the alligator."

gator," was the reply. "He now hears and arouses to listen."

The unfortunate chicken was next lightly bound with twine upon the pointed shaft of wood. Then occurred an interesting bit of folklore, such a bit as shows how the East is allied to the West in its household tales and superstitions. The Malays gathered around the living bait about to be cast into the water, and murmured the mystic words, "Kun, kata Allah, supaya Kun, kata Muhammed, Tab kayu." Of this formula, "Kun" is said to be a mystical word, and without any known significance. It is probably a relic from the Shamanism of ancestral Malays. As for the remainder of the charm, it reads: "'Kun' saith God—therefore 'Kun' saith Muhammed—Wood be fixed." This charm is said to have the same potent effect as the one all of us learned to use at our favorite trouting haunts in the days of boyhood:

"Trout, trout, come to my hook,  
You'll be the captain and I'll be the cook."

The charm duly recited, one of the Malays lifted the living baited shaft in both hands, and others stood along to see that the rope was clear. Then, with a wide, horizontal fling, he hurled the bait far out upon the water. Further and further it floated, and the frightened cries of the wretched hen sounded far up and down the river. All of us lay low behind the bank to observe what would happen. The water was perfectly still.

What we first saw was a little eddying ripple up the stream. Then a long row of black spines floated up and shone in the sunlight. An ugly head emerged, high enough to show hungry eyes. Then down went everything. The situation had been taken in.

Now we eagerly watched the unhappy bird. Half a minute elapsed, and nothing happened. But now, swirl went the water all around our bait. Up, straight up, rose a black head with most horrid mouth, showing two rows of long yellow fangs. The feathered one disappeared in silence; paralysed, her cries had ceased before the crash of jaws came down upon her. Everything disappeared. All hands now tightly grasped the rope. There was now much more than our original chicken on the other end of it. The Malays slowly paid

out length or hauled in slack according to the direction taken in the water by the maddened leviathan we had hooked.

For half an hour the struggle lasted. Then the ugly one came up, and when he lashed the water with his mighty tail we were glad, because his length was great, and we had caught a giant. Gradually he fought weaker, until we were able to draw him into the shallow water near shore. There the monster rose again in his might, lashing and churning the mud all around, and sending it against us in showers.

That was his grand finale. We fetched him up on a harder bottom. Then half the Malays, letting go the rope, attacked their hereditary enemy with spears and parangs, nimbly avoiding the strokes of his armed tail. The shore was dyed with blood, and the man-eater lay dead. On examination of the body it was seen how he had been fairly impaled upon the shaft through the deep part of the upper and lower jaws. His length was three inches more than the height of two tall men. We had indeed captured a giant, who richly merited death, for the Malays said they knew him, and that he was an accomplished man-eater.

After lunch we enjoyed a good siesta in one of the Malay houses, and in the cool of the evening started back for Alor Star. The boatmen asked us to have our rifles ready, as the tide was somewhat low and we might come up with reptiles lying on the muddy shore. We sent a man forward on the lookout. Presently he made a sign, and said, "Ikan boya!" (alligator!) Noiselessly we approached the shore.

"Where, where?" we whispered.

Then I made out a long grey shape across the mud.

"Blest if I can see him," muttered August, "better blaze away yourself."

Taking careful aim, this time for the white of the creature's neck, I fired, and at the same time saw one of the boatmen deliberately knock up my gun. The alligator swarmed into the river.

"What did you do that for, younger brother?" I asked, swallowing my wrath.

"Kramat, kramat, ampun, tuan."

The Malay meant that he begged my pardon, but that, on coming nearer, he saw that the alligator, by a certain mark

he distinguished upon its skin, was a sacred animal, and he did not dare to let me kill it. He must rather run the risk of offending the great Tuan than allow him to bring calamity upon the whole party, and especially upon himself, by killing a beast that was "kramat." The doctrine of transmigration is universal among the Malays. It is one of the deeply encrusted superstitions inherited by them from heathen ancestors, and which Islam has not been able to efface, and therefore allows to remain in their general religious belief.

We had planned for the following day a run through some hill jungle, as far as what are called the Kedah Caves. We took along several natives and some rope-ladders made of rattan to be used for ascending to the caves' mouth. There was a more or less distinct path all the way. The ascent up the face of the rock to the caves proved a little exciting, but inside there was very little of interest to be found. The formation was gypsum, of which a few specimens were taken away by us. We were glad to get out again from the darkness and bats and stench of bird droppings.

The hill-side was a striking example of the work of natural agents in the configuration of a country. Every little stream had gnawed away the rock through which it flowed. Miniature canyons threaded here and there through the solid rock and the soft clay. Into these the denuding rains had poured a mass of detrital matter, which was constantly being carried away downwards to enrich the plain below. At the same time the forest trees and jungle had been casting off their superfluous parts to be made gradually into new soil, to be borne away in time as detrital. Thus before one's eyes was plainly figured the incessant growth and decay of nature; and all these every-day phenomena were there at work producing those natural changes which a little while ago were supposed to be wrought only by earthquake and cataclysm, the giant forces of nature. And yet these Titans do arouse sometimes from long sleep to work, for in places the mountain's face seemed to be scratched and scored and grooved with those curious "etchings" which are believed to point back to the glacial age.

We had our lunch conveyed to a cool spot that appeared to be the beginning of

a sort of hill gully. It was cut deep by rain torrents, and its sides were delightfully shaded by overhanging trees, branches of trees, ferns, and all sorts of such lacery-work of green, such as is seen nowhere else than in the tropics. After tiffin we picked our way up along the greasy bottom of the gully for some distance. Exquisite ferns of a decided blue tint jutted in clumps from the banks of the way. Sometimes spectre butterflies would float far above our heads over the tree tops. In one place a huge trunk of a fallen tree lay across the gully.

Feeding upon its decayed wood I spied a monster millipede. Now this millipede is described in our handbooks of zoology as harmless. He certainly is short enough of innocent looks to create suspicion. This fellow I induced to loosen his hold and come away for inspection. He soon showed he could travel many times faster upon his back than upon his belly, and thus demonstrated that he had not naturally selected his thousand legs for the end of swiftness. They are no doubt admirably adapted for a conjugal embrace—a thousand-armed hug.

My thoughts upon this guileless creature were interrupted by receiving on hands and wrists a sulphurous smelling squirt of liquid stuff that made a deep saffron stain, and gave a distinct sensation of burning. Some of the stuff also fell on my pants, and left a mark like sulphuric acid. So that millipede made it sufficiently evident that he and his possess an adequate means of self-defence beyond natural ugliness. A body of this acid secretion injected into the eyes of an enemy would be disconcerting, if not blinding, and the odor of it would not prove exactly agreeable to foes of aesthetic smelling nerves.

In the same vicinity we found a fine specimen of the centipede. These blood-red mountain fellows are ferocious and dangerous. This one was lying half-hidden and on the watch for prey. He attempted not to run, but when touched with a stick bit at it savagely, making his black jaws click against the hard rattan. His length was nine inches.

Upon the way back occurred a slight snake episode. I had detoured a little into the jungle to get a good look at a family of monkeys who were making music in the

branches of a tall tree-home. In one of my gun barrels was a small ball, in the other a charge of bird-shot. On attempting to return I found myself caught in a place of thorny rattans. Every move seemed to make matters worse. My clothes were torn in a dozen places. In the midst of the exasperation of such a fix, there shone forth, not ten paces ahead, the glassy eyes of a serpent. His prehensile tail was grasping the branch of a tree upon which his body lay coiled. It was plain he meant business, and the situation was not nice. The way could not be retraced by walking backwards among the thorns.

Even in that critical moment the thought made itself felt of the creature's beauty, so radiant was he in his different shades of green with rings of black and gold, his diamond-shaped head, green and gold gleaming eyes, and scarlet darting vident of a tongue. But I knew this adder was not going to let me pass, and that I must not miss killing him with the first shot, for, though not very large, he is fiercely active and most deadly. I fired the charge of bird-shot, and scarcely ever felt more relieved than at the sight of this Clotho hanging limp upon the branch upon which he had been waiting for one of the monkeys in the trees above, when my approach diverted his attention. When one of these adders hits a monkey, his victim dies almost instantly, and then the reptile fastens upon the throat, gorging itself with warm blood.

The Malays, hearing the shot, got in to where I was fast, cutting a way through the thorns. They fastened the trophy to the end of a pole, and in that way carried him to the rest-house. I quite agreed with our Mohammedan guides in giving thanks to "Tuhan Allah" that I had seen the Clotho in time. He was taken home with us pickled in arrack, but when the queen of the bungalow heard the story she would not let him stay in the house. So the radiant one was presented to our friend, and proved to be a real beauty.

The afternoon of our last day at Alor Star was devoted to an alligator hunt. We descended the river till half-past four without seeing anything. Then we alarmed a small beast at the mouth of an inlet, whence he penetrated into a swamp and disappeared. An old Malay then told us

that the females always frequent these places at the time when their eggs are to be laid.

"A son of mine lost his life over there last year," said he, pointing across the swamp.

"Will you tell us about it?"

"Oh, yes. My unfortunate boy went alone into the swamp to cut *mankwaug* stuff for basket-making. In the evening he returned not home. Then with my friends I sought him, and found the poor boy lying over there with the oar of the canoe driven through his stomach. The next day he died."

"But, brother, how happened that," we asked, puzzled to know how he could have got impaled on the paddle.

"The poor boy unluckily fell in with a female alligator which had just deposited her eggs. She at once attacked him. He attempted to keep her off with the butt end of the paddle he had been using as a pole in the mire. She lashed out with her tail, chancing to strike the butt end a square blow, and the stroke drove the somewhat pointed paddle end directly through the boy's stomach. But, sirs, what can one say or do. It was *Kismet*."

The story was no doubt true, and certainly nothing could look more like a stroke of Fate than the deal of disaster that lone Malay youth had met with in the dismal swamp of Kedah. Our boat was now turned back towards Alor Star. A prau gliding down the river came alongside, and the men informed us they had passed a large alligator about a mile off. Our Malays dug their paddles deep into the water and glided noiselessly along. All hands were on the lookout. At length came the whisper, "Look, sirs." We did so, and saw what appeared to be a coconut tree lying across the water in the middle of the river. There surely was the bulb-like root, there the trunk with spiny branches pressed up against it by the tide.

"Where is the alligator, brother?"

"Out there, sir, be quite ready. We approach." A few yards further and our floating tree took on distinctness and assumed the proportions of a large alligator lying motionless on the tide. Silently the boat was pushed through the river seeking a side range for neck and eye. The monster seemed unconscious of our presence.

He was probably asleep. Fifty yards away only, and we were able to see the white of the neck where it joins to the shoulder. We let him float ten yards nearer, for the day was getting indistinct. Forty yards! That answered. The mark for our bullets stood out white and distinct. Now for eye socket and the joint of shoulder! The boatmen crouched with ready paddles in case of a miss.

Simultaneously our rifles crashed. The strong saurian flung himself straight up in the water, and then came down with a sounding crash. He lay upon his belly, quivering like a wounded snake. Two more bullets ploughed into the yellow throat, and the brute lay still, floating flat like a giant yellow lizard, or prodigious-tailed

frog, the ugliest thing to get eaten by a man can see on earth.

We took him in tow and went home along the shadowy river to the tune of a song the Malays improvised. It might have been termed, "The Slaying of the Rajah of the Alligators." His great head accompanied us home, as at least the largest trophy visible of our outing in Kedah waters.

We had not succeeded in one object of our trip. That was the getting a glimpse at some of the aborigines of the peninsula. But we had seen and learned some new things, and enjoyed ourselves about as much as people can do upon outings in such near vicinity to the equator.

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## The Trail to Lillooet

Sob of fall and song of forest, come you here  
on haunting quest,  
Calling through the seas and silence from God's  
country of the west;  
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the  
torrent white and strong,  
Down its ricky-throated canon, sings its golden-  
throated song.

You are singing there together through the God-  
begotten nights,  
And the leaning stars are listening above the  
distant heights,  
That lifelike points of opal in the crescent  
coronet  
Above whose golden setting sweeps the trail to  
Lillooet.

Trail that winds and trail that wanders like  
a cobweb hanging high,  
Just a hazy thread outlining midway of the  
stream and sky,  
Where the Fraser River canon yawns its path-  
way to the sea.  
But half the world has shouldered up between  
its song and me.

Here the placid English August, and the sea-  
encircled miles,  
There, God's copper-colored sunshine beating  
through the lonely aisles.  
Where the waterfall and forest voice forever  
their duet,  
And call across the canon on the trail to  
Lillooet.

—From "Flint and Feathers," by E. Pauline  
Johnson.

# Two Babies

A SKETCH

By Geraldine Courtenay

DON'T tell them that I called them by such a title, because the elder one would certainly never forgive me! I am sure that she had quite convinced herself and the other baby, that she was as old as mother, if not a little older!

When I came upon them they were sitting on some very wet sand, below the stone "front" which is the just pride of the townspeople of Oban. At this spot a little stream falls through a hole in the solid rock to the beach beneath, and at low tide makes for itself a tiny river-bed as it runs joyfully to the sea. It was not a stream of any great pretensions as to size, perhaps a matter of three feet in width, and in depth not rising far above the Younger Baby's ankles when he stood erect. His general practice was the reverse of this attitude—but I anticipate.

As I approached, I saw he was lying half in and half out of the water, and looking supremely happy. His occupation was engrossing, certainly, and he pursued it with whole-hearted delight. He was digging little holes in the soaking sand with his baby fists, and each time he withdrew his hands, he watched the water fill up the cavity with an ever new surprise. How wonderful it was and how entrancing! Again and again he dug out lumps of the wet silt, only to await with joy the fresh flow of water into the hole he had made. He had not yet passed his first youth, . . . I fancy he had not reached the end of the second long year of existence, and the sorrows of life did not as yet weigh heavily upon him. In later years, the unmixed joy which comes of digging holes in wet sand departs like the morning.

The Elder Baby did not, it appeared, sanction these engineering operations, for no sooner did she perceive on what he was engaged, than with one mighty effort of her small strong arms she dragged him back to the shore. It was no moment

that his pinafore still trailed in the stream, and that the red dye of his little frock was rapidly soaking through the white cotton and tinging it a brilliant crimson. The motherly little creature thought he was safe on dry ground, and began to administer a gentle scolding.

"Aye, but how wet ye'are, puir laddie! Lie on the towl now and keep dry."

"The towel," it may be mentioned, was a piece of very ancient sacking, dark brown in color and much frayed at the edges! With great energy she pulled off his worn-out shoes and his little socks—an odd pair, though both sky-blue in hue.

"Bide ye still the noo, till I dry your feet, they're unco' wet!"

He was rolled, without ceremony, on his face and "the towel" applied vigorously to his tiny feet. Hitherto, Donald had not quite understood the true meaning of this sudden stoppage to his scientific studies, but it had occurred to him that for one reason only could he be deprived of those gorgeous socks, and that must be to allow him to paddle unhampered by considerations for his wardrobe. He did not altogether approve of such summary treatment as he had received at the Elder Baby's hands, but he was quite willing to give her credit for the best of motives, and waited patiently with one eye glued to the stream. However, when it came to this ominous drying of his feet, the fallibility of human logic was revealed to him, and he set up a howl of miserable comprehension.

This was altogether too much for the Elder Baby's fortitude. She could scold the Younger Baby well as long as he was silent, but at the first note of that song of sorrow, her firmness all departed. In point of fact she had only just forecasted his consignment to a certain mythical "pram" should he persist in twisting his feet into such strange contortions, that to remove his socks was a sheer impossibility. Her

voice was gravely rebuking and her face had quite a magisterial look, but at the first cry she forgot her role of mentor, and gathering him up, dripping pinafore and all, she led him to the River of Contention. Her voice was now only tender and beseeching.

"Did Donald want a wee stane then," she asked, "he shall have one the noo."

At this approach to the fulfilment of his desires the younger baby uttered a low gurgle of blissful anticipation. He bent over to reach an inviting pebble and straightway subsided in the stream. The Elder Baby, with praiseworthy perseverance, dragged him slowly out to dryer ground, and commenced fresh operations with the sackcloth. At length after much strenuous effort she paused to rest and at that fateful moment the Younger Baby rose with an air of great determination and made for the stream. Alas! Alas! Even guardians of the age of the Elder Baby are forgetful of their duties sometimes. A lovely boat was sailing into the harbor, and with rapt eyes she watched it coming swiftly shorewards. Even the middle-aged are allowed to have hobbies, and the absorbing passion of her life had its foundation in a small cruise she had once made in a sailing boat. Around this very harbor she had sailed, land-locked from the outer sea, the water crinkled by gentle ripples and scarcely a sign of movement but the rapid changing of the shore. Ah! She had floated into heaven in that

boat, and always since she would watch a white sail with reverent eyes, believing that it had come from an enchanted region.

Thus she sat watching the little craft, fondly imagining that the Younger Baby lay placidly on "the towel" with his shoes and socks beside him. Imagine her horror when once more she turned her eyes upon him, to see him delightfully crawling *into* the stream on all fours. One chubby foot was entangled in the frayed edges of the sacking, on which was still resting his precious foot-gear. In another moment shoes, socks and Donald would be in the madly rushing torrent! With superb presence of mind the Elder Baby seized on the Root of all the Evil by his dripping pinafore.

The rest of the story is too painful to relate. Somebody very, very old arrived armed with authority. Beside her even the Elder Baby regained some look of her lost youth. She was accused of numerous misdeeds. The Younger Baby was very wet, his pinafore had grown red, which was not a suitable color, his shoes and socks were scattered on the sand. All this was the Elder Baby's fault. She had failed in her trust, and she knew it. The person armed with authority did not temper justice with mercy.

I turned away in sorrow, unwilling to witness the humiliation of so noble a character. . . . The Younger Baby only smiled.

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## Lumbering as a Science

ASSERTING that lumbering should be regarded as a science and as a profession, the British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association and the Canadian Forestry Association have asked for the establishment of a course in logging engineering at the new University of British Columbia. The success which has attended the agricultural colleges of Canada and the United States in equipping the farmers' sons with a scientific knowledge of husbandry, is evidence of what might be expected from similar courses devoted to

logging engineering. The courses of study in our agricultural colleges have been intensely practical and helpful. The lumber industry deserves the same consideration for those who desire to become expert loggers and lumbermen, in the broadest sense of the term. Logging is rapidly coming to be recognized as one of the most important features in the lumber industry. Each year the difficulties increase, and the consequent demand for knowledge grows more apparent.

# Editorial Comment

## OUR PROPHECY

IT IS with no ordinary gratification that we receive the dispatches from Australia that the Honorable Mr. Allen, the New Zealand Minister of Defense, has gone to Australia for a conference with the Australian Minister of Defense on the matter of naval and military co-operation between the two Dominions at the earliest possible date.

Unwise and short-sighted political ambitions have blinded New Zealand for too long a time to the dangers of her lonely and appalling isolation, and we are glad that there are indications that Australia, upon the initiative of the reactionary Dominion, is likely to adopt the naval policy of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE.

The Australian people and the Australian press have received with great kindness the proposals of the editor of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE through the British platform and press, since no doubt they are directed so manifestly toward their interests as bearing most directly upon the interests of Empire; but he was not yet prepared to see overtures from New Zealand for co-operation in Australian defense. To make matters easier, the Australian press quite properly denies any necessity for New Zealand sacrificing her own individuality, because the interests of Commonwealth and Dominion are identical.

The New Zealand Defense Minister, the Hon. Mr. Allen, according to the *Sydney Herald*, shares the hopes of the Federal ministers and naval experts—and we might add those of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE—that Imperial defense of the Pacific will in no distant future be confided to a fleet, the bulk of which will be built, manned and maintained by the Dominions bordering upon the Pacific Ocean, and that co-operation between Australia and New Zealand will be the first step toward that end.

We have no hesitancy in saying that co-operation between all the British Pacific states and dependencies will follow, and that within ten years—we are willing to risk our reputation on this prophecy—within ten years the Canadian policy, the Imperial Pacific policy of defense, will be less like anything ever laid down by Mr. Borden or Sir Wilfrid Laurier than like that now being outlined by the editor in this magazine.

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## THE BORDEN MEASURE

THERE is no man living to whom Canadians turn more quickly for light on things Canadian than to that Dean of all living Canadians, Sir Charles Tupper.

With the statesman's accuracy and prescience he has brought to bear for so many years upon public and imperial affairs, Sir

Charles has most clearly of all the commentators defined, weighed and characterized the Borden naval measure:

"It is an immense step forward in the establishment of permanent and satisfactory relations between the Motherland and the Dominion. I hope it will be adopted by Parliament by an overwhelming majority to show the world that Canada stands shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the Empire, whether in time of peace or war."

This is the exact and unqualified meaning of the Borden measure. Canadians and Britons have been waiting a long time for Canada to do something on this naval question. As Sir Charles intimates, this is but a step—"an immense step forward," if one be pleased, but still a step. Let it be understood and construed as an emergency measure. It is not a Canadian policy. There seem to be those who deny the existence of an emergency. So be it. Let us call it a crisis. The Borden measure is put forward to meet a crisis. Anyone who knows anything worth knowing about European politics knows there is a crisis. There were more of the same sort a few months ago who pooh-poohed the war talk in the Balkans. "There will be no war," said these wiseacres. "Why do men spend their money for guns and ships?—Waste! Waste!" Still the war came. And those were wasted who "wasted" not their means on self-defense.

Some people learn nothing from experience or history. They are oblivious to what is transpiring around them. To such there is no use in repeating the well-known facts about continental preparations for war. It is no use to reiterate the fact that never before in the history of this world have such preparations been made. It is not pertinent to portray what Germany is doing today, what she did, and the way she did it, before the Franco-Prussian war, while always proclaiming the most pacific intentions. But war is hell, they say, and hell is paved with such pacific intentions.

The ancient phrase was put together long ago about "blind leaders of the blind," but one of the curious ordinances of the world is that the blind cannot see. It is no crime to be blind, but it is more or less criminal to let a blind man lead you.

The whole of Europe is in a critical point in its development today. Therefore there is an emergency in Great Britain. If the chances are one in two that universal world war is about to fall upon mankind, it matters little that it may be precipitated by the Austrian jackal ready to pounce upon the dead prey of the Balkan lions. Mr. Borden is none too soon in doing something decisive. Indeed he is not soon enough. This should have been done a year ago. But it is better now than not at all, and every good Canadian should support him—as far as he goes. In the Borden measure Canada is paying a long-deferred debt with much accrued interest

to the motherland in an hour of peril. Let no one think the measure is more than the payment of this debt.

No one can fail to be profoundly impressed with the imperial reception of this imperial method of discharging our debt to the motherland. The Act will be passed and old bonds will be strengthened and this new one will be formed.

But it is now the duty of every patriot to begin to work, intelligently and concertedly, toward the larger idea and plan of a permanent imperial Canadian policy of defense.

Let us not expect to have everything done at once. The BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE has been outspoken in its call for an adequate Canadian naval policy. Its editor has been as insistent in the English press and on the English platform for a broad and adequate policy. The Borden measure does not begin to fill the outlines of an Imperial policy for Canada. But we are supporting Mr. Borden in this measure wholly and unreservedly until we find out that this is all that Canada intends to do under the present administration. Should this appear to be no emergency measure, but a substitute for a definite policy, we are ready to support a government which promises us something adequate.

With lucidity and force, "The Listener" (A. N. St. John Mildmay, M.A.) in the *News-Advertiser* (Vancouver) points out that while the great inland populations of Canada are supporting the Borden measure with patriotic zeal, that it is "too reassuring if it leads us to suppose that Central Canada between the Rockies and the Ottawa River will ever permanently interest itself in Canada's navy or Canada's naval requirements.

"It is perhaps on the whole regrettable that an emergency has arisen, which has compelled our elected rulers to adopt this self-denying ordinance. Central Canada will make the sacrifice, and for years to come will go to sleep again on the strength of it. It remains for ourselves, the maritime provinces, to regard the sacrifice only as a regrettable necessity, to see to it that we forget that we have made it after it is made, and then to set forward on a long career not of self-sacrifice, but of self-devotion to the far greater and grander purpose which is to be Canada's possessions for ever—the building up of a Canadian sea sentiment, expressed in the first place by the creation at home of a strong home-built, home-manned Canadian naval unit, and eventually of a majestic and adequate navy worthy of this great Dominion, and capable of bearing the message of a new and stouter Canada to the seven seas and the five continents of the Empire.

"Your wise gardener always looks ahead. Doubtless Mr. Borden is well aware that with the fair flower of imperial patriotism, no less than with rose trees, it is in the weeks that follow the season of prolific blooming that the tree is most in danger of exhaustion.

It is then that the careful gardener digs about the roots and supplies humble and generous nourishment."

If the adoption of the Act succeeds in satisfying the Canadian public, and if we conclude that this is all there is for us to do, and if this Imperial act flashes the Imperial pan, it were better for us that we had never been hurried into this measure.

We feel much the same as to the matter of representation in the Imperial councils. It is impossible to be satisfied to be represented by one Canadian on a technical committee without responsibility or power. But it is possible to be glad that at last we are to have a voice in something.

What is the significance of this British sop thrown to the Canadian Cerberus? We are to have one member of a committee. This is the committee of imperial defence. This committee is to be consulted by the government. Its recommendations are not binding. Its function is technical and advisory. But at last the outer empire is to have one member of a committee powerless to do anything but offer advice, which may be accepted or rejected, and which many British papers regard even with uneasiness. The *Manchester Guardian* voices the misgiving which many British people entertain, that one member of a committee will be a Canadian.

"From the English viewpoint," says the *Guardian*—(and why always the "English" viewpoint? Why not from the Imperial viewpoint?) "we view with distrust the admission of a Canadian representative to the committee of defense." The *Manchester Guardian* is to be congratulated upon its perspicacity. Those familiar with the *Guardian's* imperial scope will not be surprised at this ebullition of foresight, this shudder at what may befall if a Canadian committeeman may be allowed to disrupt the Empire. It is not desirable that any Canadian committeeman shall disrupt the British Empire. The "English standpoint" is that this is the exclusive privilege of the little Englishman.

Mr. Borden has saved the situation with the thin end of his wedge. Let no one suspect that Mr. Borden or the Canadian people will be satisfied to be "represented" long by one member of a powerless committee. Mr. Borden is first to establish the precedent and settle the principle of imperial representation, and like a man and a statesman he has led Canada to the point of paying her imperial debt.

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### "WILL CANADA'S BOOM LAST?"

MISS AGNES LAUT has some interesting things to say in the *Saturday Evening Post* on Canada's boom, which she proceeds to identify mostly with town-lot wild-catting. It is interesting to note in this connection that Sir Thomas Lipton, when in Vancouver recently, said that the greatest evil which surrounded the selling of real estate in British Columbia was the absence of a law prohibiting the

marketing of "additions" and misrepresented "adjuncts" to subdivisions already disposed of.

How could such a thing as this happen in a civilized country? Miss Laut mentions an English artisan "who bought what he thought was a farm fronting the railroad. It took every last farthing to bring himself and his wife and a baby out to the railroad station. When he reached the station he found that his farm was some hundred miles further in; and the man and his wife started to walk in, wheeling the baby. . . . The wife died on the way and the child at some half-way house. The man has been placed in an asylum."

We need a codification of the laws of the Empire which will make murder promoted in England and consummated in Canada punishable. We need legal safeguards that will protect our people from this and a thousand other forms of robbery and homicide. Following is a brief extract from an interview with the Editor of the *British Columbia Magazine* in London last spring and published in *The Morning Standard*.

"Canada is no doubt a good place for the investment of British capital, but there is equally no doubt it is also a place in which it is perfectly easy to lose good money. I am surprised at the number of what I should call unsound commercial and financial proposals which find their way into the London markets.

"If Canada had not such an abundance of thoroughly sound and attractive investments there would be less opportunity for unscrupulous promoters to exploit the British public, particularly the small investor, who is the man who mostly suffers in dealings with questionable town lots and things of that description. Speaking of town lots, I may say that while a few selected propositions of the kind are amongst the best investments in the Dominion, on the whole there is too much anticipation of future growth and values in these transactions. There are already enough town or city lots sold, or offered for sale, in the Dominion materially to reduce its agricultural area and to people a goodly portion of the British Empire. I have no hesitation in saying that at the present moment you could lose the whole population of these islands in the lots for sale in the Western provinces alone.

"While I do want to sound a note of warning, my general advice to the British public who have money to invest—and these observations are based upon long and careful personal consideration—would be 'Investigate and Invest.' That is my motto, but in these matters the British public seem content to reverse the general rule. They 'Invest and Investigate.'

"Admitting, as I unhesitatingly do, that the British investor can find no better or more profitable field for the investment of his capital than British Columbia, you ask what line of policy I would advise for, let us say, the small investor, who cannot visit Canada, and knows little or nothing of its development. I would counsel him to beware even of the most pretentious of so-called 'authorities.' I hold in my hand the comment of the chairman of the Canadian Railway Commission, who not long ago spoke very gravely indeed about this. Don't invest in real property—especially town lots—without having access to a certified scale-map, which will show conclusively that the lot offered will probably come within the limits of a town or city within the present century. For example, only this week I heard of a ranch near a city in the West that has been cut up and offered in 'town lots,' described as being a suburb of a city, when, in reality, it is fourteen miles away."

The real estate scoundrel and homicide is as bad as the type on the New York police force and Canada owes it to herself as well as to Great Britain to spread a net for him.

# World Politics

## PACIFIC DEFENSE

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

"THE EFFECT of a navy upon the world and its trade is no greater than the radii of its operations."

There is something ominous in this statement of the greatest expert on strategy this generation has produced, the late General Homer Lea.

The prestige of a navy also is operative only so far as it can strike, and strike with efficiency. Indeed striking is what navies are for. They are to hit with.

There is a class of Britons who, we believe, are overrating the prestige in the Pacific of a navy tied to the British Isles. What is the relation of a navy, already hardly sufficient for home purposes in home waters, to the vast and Imperial domain of Britain around the rim of this 72,000,000 square miles of ocean we call the Pacific? How far and how long and how implicitly may we lean upon an insular policy supported by an insular fleet—a navy which is not free to move—a navy which is bound to operate in the radii of a very narrow circle.

Humbly the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE ventures to believe that there is a rapidly approaching crisis on the Pacific which cannot be met by a navy in the North Sea *which has got to stay in the North Sea*. We believe, nevertheless, that the Empire's only salvation is in the British navy; that is to say, the Empire's only chance of survival is in its being a world navy and not an island navy. We cannot see how, unless the Imperial navy is free to operate over the whole of our Imperial realm, the Pacific can be defended.

To use a homely illustration, it may be possible that one watchdog is sufficient to protect a household even though he be chained in the kennel. But we belong to those who fear that when it becomes generally known that outside he is kept for barking purposes only, danger may yet await the chicken-yard and the sheep-fold.

One of the possibilities which sometimes hamper World Powers with a crisis on their hands, is that they are never quite sure there may not be another crisis in another part of the world. Not many nations—surely not all of them—have attained that degree of chivalry which dominates even a prize-ring. One does not often hear there of two men attacking one man at the same time, or abstracting his watch while another is mauling him. Nations have been known to take an indecent and unchivalrous advantage of another nation in straits.

Let us face this: It is not altogether impossible that some

nation, European or Asiatic, may take advantage of the chains with which Great Britain is bound in the North Sea.

When we take issue with the school who are satisfied with this sort of defense we feel that they have not properly estimated the revolutionary change which already has taken place on the Pacific—in Asia—and all the fateful portents which that change involves.

Frankly, we do not take Japanese pretensions and protestations at their face value. Again, we fear mortally to underestimate the movements in China and Japan and India, which are remaking the world, and forcing upon us the choice of adjustment or destruction.

The impossibility of this situation is being felt profoundly in the Pacific possessions of this Empire, and their gratitude belongs to those heroic and militant statesmen who, like Lord Roberts and Lord Beresford, have been winning new militant glories in their timely assaults upon the recreant stewards of Empire.

"This Empire is practically defenceless beyond its first line," said Lord Roberts a few weeks ago.

What an appalling indictment! If it is true it is an arraignment of a people for criminal negligence.

"Arm and prepare to acquit yourselves like men for the day of your ordeal is at hand," he said in the same message.

What a fateful warning! And yet shall the Briton give heed?

There are some who see their duty clearly. The states and dependencies of the British Pacific Empire must do something, not only to relieve Great Britain's present burden, but to insure the Empire's future security. Indeed the latter is the more important, for (pardon the bull) if the Empire is lost, the naval burden of the present British tax-payer is very slight indeed in comparison with what it would be if he had no naval tax to pay. In that case he would have nothing to pay a tax on.

We must co-operate with Great Britain in a league and plan of Pacific defense until we are able to take that whole burden off her shoulders and know how to do the thing for ourselves. For it is in this ocean that new world problems and world dangers are arising such as men have never seen since the dawn of time.

We are entering a life-and-death struggle upon the Pacific Ocean, the white with the yellow races. This involves no vulgar color line. Alas! we are learning the economic superiority of the yellow man over the white—perhaps the militant, certainly the diplomatic. He is superior in this also that he will learn from us and we will not learn from him.

The divergence in interest between the white and yellow races in the Pacific is fundamental. There is a gulf over which no treaty or convention can make more than a temporary bridge. It is essential to know this—for Great Britain to know this—before she loses

the Pacific Empire—before Pacific supremacy now passed into Japanese hands by Great Britain has entrenched itself past recovery.

We are entering a final and decisive racial struggle. If we lose our eyesight, or our foresight, just now, it is all but a prelude to a swift tragedy toward which we are moving. Our struggle, be it economic or militant, is between twenty millions of Pacific British and a billion Asiatics advancing rapidly to our stage of efficiency but working or fighting on the plane of the Chinaman's standard of living—a billion Asiatics, to whom we have told all our secrets, given all our equipment for war—or peace—this Yellow Delilah for whom we have cut off our curls.

We on the Pacific Ocean have no voice in those Imperial policies which affect our life and death.

We on the Pacific have been abandoned to our resources. These resources are, in a way, our weakness rather than our strength, for they have caught the hungry gleam of countless millions of starving eyes. Had we been poor as they, we should have been in no danger. But we have possession of all the earthly paradises in these vast waters and we are the envy of the hordes of Cathay.

That man, be he Englishman, Scot, British Columbian or what not, who does not know that the survival of the British Empire depends upon Anglo-Saxon supremacy on the Pacific Ocean does not know any Imperial thing worth knowing. The man who does not know that Japan has set out for no less, at least, than Pacific supremacy, and has attained it by our inglorious surrender, has read nothing about the Orient since Diosy and Alfred Stead. He is as far in arrears as some of the amiable Rip Van Winkles in Ontario who do not know the Revolutionary War is over.

And what is the situation? What are the defenses of the Empire this moment? A wandering gunboat here and there in the Pacific, a pathetic relic of a supremacy given away! Africa defenseless! Seventy-five thousand British soldiers for defense and prestige over India's 315,000,000, where there are some of the symptoms which preceded the mutiny a half century ago, when Britain ruled the seas and was able to defend her own—and willing to! Australasia already forced to work out her own salvation! Canada's Pacific Coast line of 7,000 miles defended by the Rainbow and the Japanese fishing fleet!!

Only lately even the Mediterranean ships were called home and Lord Kitchener and the commanders in the Mediterranean raised their voices to protest against surrender of this kind, but we hear of no protest from the Pacific, and if we did, we know very well it would not be heeded, for has not Professor Delbruech in September's *Preussische Jahrbucher* boasted of the strength of the German navy and said that if circumstances were favorable and an advantageous moment seized, Germany might win in a great sea-fight, and inflict a death wound upon England—and this too with Britain's entire

navy in home waters—and no other part of the Empire able to resist the menace of even a South American state?

The fundamental proposition of imperial defense is that the whole British navy under the present regime will stay in the North Sea until the German question is settled, be that one year or fifty years. Even then our aerial fleet is as to Germany's as the financial standing of Patagonia is to that of France. Also the whole Pacific Empire is open to the first marauder. This is not the worst. We are bereft of the prestige of defenses. That counts for much in the world of Asia where our prestige is oozing away. But Britain cannot and ought not divide her fleet until the continental cloud has passed—or the storm is over.

Meanwhile what?

The Pacific Empire must come to the front and defend the Pacific Empire. Canada must put a fleet upon the Pacific Ocean.

Our fleets must be built. And these with that of Australia must co-operate in the defense of the Pacific.

We have all we can do now to keep the unwelcome hordes of Asia, already clamoring at our gates, from overrunning and despoiling us, and with Great Britain at peace with the world. Should the world war, upon whose brink we have been tottering, yawn to swallow us, we must face the fatal consequences of one possible decisive British naval reverse at sea.

If the fleet goes down, supplies are stopped, with the blockade begun. British industries are destroyed. British shipping rots in the harbors. The British people are starved to any terms the enemy may impose. The Empire falls apart and its empty spaces will be filled by aliens and our heritage will fall to strangers.

We are entering upon a life-and-death struggle in the Pacific and Great Britain does not know this; and this fact constitutes the chief element of our peril, for we are helpless without the diplomatic support and the naval defense which the Empire alone can give us.

Why is it assumed that we need a navy in the North Sea, and shall never need a navy in the Pacific Ocean? On what grounds are we jeopardising the very existence of the Pacific Empire without an adequate defense? Is it because of the selfishness of most Christian Germany and the altruism of the little brown brother? On what other grounds dare we abandon the Pacific Ocean excepting that of the overwhelming and altruistic devotion to the cause of British supremacy of the little brown brother—the faithful ally which has just turned her back upon us to flirt with Russia? Which has divided one-half the Chinese Empire between herself and her whilom foe?

Why do we behave as if the Anglo-Japanese treaty will last forever? Why are we satisfied and content with the behavior of Japan under that treaty? Shall we expect better treatment when

no longer it is in force? When it is more than we can do now to keep her unwelcome coolies from our shores, will it be easier without a Treaty of Alliance? What is to prevent Japan demanding an open gate to Australasia and British Columbia, and what is to prevent them entering in? Our exclusion laws? Since when is law efficient without sanction?

Perhaps we shall resort to doing business on fiat money.

The Japanese could reach Australia in one week, British Columbia in less than two.

The British navy can reach the Pacific ocean in two months.

The whole Pacific Empire is at the mercy of Japan.

The whole Pacific Empire depends upon an all-powerful fleet and there is no fleet in the Pacific Ocean. Japan or Russia could put a half-million soldiers in India and there is no power in the world which could stop them—on land or sea.

Japan and Russia have locked hands for the division between themselves of over half the Chinese Empire and we pause breathless to ask what is to prevent them from dividing India—or to prevent Japan saying to Russia "You take India if you back us in taking Australasia." No power in the world could stop them on land or sea.

What is to prevent them? Russian philanthropy and Japanese altruism. Nothing less.

The British government or government which first surrendered Pacific supremacy to an alien race, and those also which have acquiesced in the *status quo*, have done that, in whose wage, I, at least, shall not be called upon to share in the day of judgment.

Is there an Imperialist living who is *naive* enough to believe that Japan does not see her advantage? Simple enough to believe she will ever lay it down again from sheer generosity of soul?

Is there no longer left among Asia's world majorities power or possibility of combination, cunning of feint or strategy, guile of diplomacy or militancy, ferocity of land hunger or blood thirst? Has the human race lost human nature? Wherefore, blinded Briton, hast thou said the passions and instincts of Asia have left the orbits in which they were ordained and have set up new heavenly trails towards pearly gates and pools of light.

O Blinded Briton!

Says a French proverb: *Quand l'aveugle porte la banniere, mal pour ceux qui marchent derriere.*

# Christianity and Militarism

By Wm. C. Allen

IT IS ADMITTED that one of the greatest inconsistencies of Christendom is the fact that whilst it is fundamentally founded on the gospel of love it at the same time has agreed to tolerate the system of militarism—a system which all men grant is antagonistic to the teachings of Him whom we delight to call "The Prince of Peace."

Christianity is busy trying to destroy the economic, physical and moral evils that men, who know anything about the practical operation of the system, acknowledge are simply the evil fruits that largely grow from the root of militarism. But Christianity has failed to go after the root itself. It is admitted that this root flourishes in a soil made up of fear, jealousy, pride, hatred and covetousness, all of which things are not of Jesus Christ. True patriotism must not be confounded with these unhappy things; it neither condones discourteous and dishonorable political methods or forgets the social and moral uplift of the country it serves. It pleads for the unsullied grandeur of peace.

The cost of a single battleship is from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. One modern fourteen-inch gun and gun-carriage costs \$124,000. A few much needed school houses or Y. M. C. A. buildings could be built for the latter sum. A single firing or explosion of that gun in target practice costs \$1600. That would put a young man through a four years' college course. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, states: "We (the United States) have spent more on our last six battleships than the twenty-five leading universities and colleges of New England have been able to accumulate in their endowments by industry and sacrifice in two hundred and seventy-five years." The annual armament budgets of the leading "Christian nations" reveal that most of their expenses, involving a fearful burden on the poor, are connected with preparations for war.

Some claim that occasional wars are necessary and that keeping alive a military spirit is important in order to maintain national virility. The writer has in many countries seen enough of the damage done to young manhood and young womanhood, as the inevitable result of a system that takes young men mostly from eighteen to thirty-five years of age and forces them into the unnatural social conditions connected with barrack and steel-ship life and training them in idleness, and how to kill their fellowmen, to know that the scheme strikes at the very heart of national virility. It makes for the spread of immoralities and diseases. Then what shall we say about a system that ignores the enlarging spirit of Christianity and democracy, and disregards the increasing demand of thoughtful men that disputes be settled not by brutal means but by sanely ascertaining the equities involved in international quarrels—what about war itself? The antique idea that national strength is developed by the killing off, like beasts, of the bravest and the best of a nation's youth, and leaving the weaker men to perpetuate the race, is perfectly exploded. Biological facts prove that the militarist, who naturally exalts his profession, is simply trading on a theory of the past. When Christian men in anything forget the teachings of the Founder of their holy faith they economically and physically pay a fearful penalty.

Some say that trade follows the flag. They quote such men as General Homer Lea in support of a time-worn theory that modern facts do not justify. Norman Angell and other great economic writers prove conclusively that under modern commercial conditions trade does not follow the flag, but that the reverse is true. No better nearby illustration can be found than information contained in *The Daily Colonist* of Victoria, B. C., last summer: "Our trade with the United Kingdom in-

creased last year \$18,342,157, but our trade with the United States increased \$63,582,240." This is in the face of natural and strenuous efforts to unify the British Empire. Men will trade where they can do the best. May the spirit of honorable business intercourse always exist and grow between the two countries, even if the balance of trade goes against us of the south, and not the spirit of fear and rivalry which all too surely will develop from an increase of battleships!

Some say that great armaments produce stability and are peace makers. Even such a great authority as Colonel Gadke, the military critic of Germany, has acknowledged: "Armaments beget distrust; distrust in turn augments armaments in the same ratio as these increase distrust. It is a vicious circle."

I have noticed that our neighbors of Canada are pleading for a new navy. This will do them no good; it will only benefit the huge corporations that get great profits out of war scares or by frightening the masses in the sacred name of patriotism. A Canadian navy will only give an excuse for the military party at Washington and in other capitals to continue to enlarge their own in competition. Canada with her one-third of a billion of net debt can ill afford this competition with the United States with her relatively small one billion of debt. My own country will hardly feel the additional financial burden which will so press upon her neighbor. But thoughtful patriots in America will keenly regret that after one century of peace some of the men on this side of the border may claim this unthinkable excuse.

The unfortified boundary between Canada and the United States with its splendid border history of one hundred years of peace is a living witness to the psychological and spiritual fact that if men prepare for war they get war, and if they prepare for peace they get peace. Let us preach the grand old Gospel of Peace.

The World Peace Foundation grants information showing that since the beginning of the nineteenth century 534 international disputes have been settled by arbitration or judicial procedure. This proves that when nations desire to shun the intoxication of barbarous military glory it can be done. It proves that the beastly deeds

of war, and the wasteful methods connected therewith that have driven the most vigorous and powerful nations of the past into final ruin, can be averted. It proves that the hearts of men are changing. Let us, then, of this generation shorten the time, as far as in us lies, wherein it shall be said: "The military nation of today is the decadent nation of tomorrow." Let not the English-speaking countries that we so dearly love share this bitter fate.

Many sincere pacifists feel that as a practical proposition it will be impossible for civilization to disarm and relieve the present unhappy tension as long as any one nation refuses to do so. They forget that on the same principle that the unarmed man in a mining camp is generally the most immune from molestation, so is it likely to be among nations. They forget that the power of public opinion is increasing stupendously. They forget that moral and legitimate business considerations are more and more influencing the world. They forget that—as among individuals so is it in international life—the free-booter who refuses to bow to the will of the law-abiding majority is at last almost inevitably compelled to submit to the forces of righteousness and enlightenment, and to the coercion of the law of the majority, if necessary. Indeed, so strongly have some well-known men of affairs—not sentimentalists—felt on this subject that they expressed their conviction that an international police will not be necessary after disarmament, because of the power of public opinion, accompanied by the economic conditions, inherent in our modern civilization.

Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign minister, said in Parliament in 1911 that "unless the mischief is brought home to men's feelings as well as to their minds, the growth of armaments must in the long run break down civilization." The people on the Pacific Coast little understand the tremendous efforts being made to bring about better conditions. The peace advocates are not—as frightened patriots and the uninformed too readily believe—just sentimentalists and molly-coddles. The greatest minds of the age, statesmen, bankers, manufacturers, educators, are busy on this vital matter. Meanwhile

where is the church of Jesus Christ and how is she going to speak? She has recently in some places, particularly on the Pacific Coast of the United States, and in England and Germany, been vigorously denouncing militarism, but shall her general attitude be that of standing feebly by and letting men of affairs, Chambers of Commerce, Socialists, and trade unions protest

regarding what is primarily a moral question? Shall she watch the taxpayer's assets be transferred by timely war-scares, and adroit taxation, into the coffers of the rich corporations and contractors who manufacture guns and forts, and fail to fully declare that the whole scheme is not of Jesus Christ?

*Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California.*

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## What's in a Name?

THE NEW directory is out! A prosaic and business-like book in appearance, with nothing on the surface to indicate the wealth of human interest suggested by the names therein to the keen observer and the imaginative mind. A cosmopolitan collection, representative of almost every tongue and clime under the sun. Smith from England, Mac from Scotland, Murphy from Ireland, Napoleon from France, Wong Tong from China, Togo from Japan, and Singh from India. East and West meet in the pages of this directory, notwithstanding the poet's dictum:

"O, East is East, and West is West, and Never the twain shall meet."

Turning over the leaves of the book and glancing at the various names, some of the greatest men in every walk of life are suggested to us. In science: Newton, Spencer, Dana, Edison, Bell and Morse; literature: Shakespeare, Virgil, Shelley, Dickens, Scott and Lamb; statesmen: Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Chamberlain and Borden; orators: Demosthenes, Bright and Ingersoll; sportsmen: Fitzsimmons, Jeffrys and Johnson, and as an antidote to these appear the names of the celebrated evangelists, Moody and Sankey. Nor are these all; there is one Muir to bring back the memory of the composer of "The Maple Leaf Forever," and Togo to remind us of the destruction of the Russian fleet. Then there are some strange combinations—Mix and Muddle, Peach and Plumm, Pretty and Proud, Dagger and

Gunn, Peace and Wilde, Rouse and Doolittle, Angell and Devlin and Milligan's Arabella.

A modern Demosthenes would be an ideal leader of a deputation to the Company, "Who have come, sir, to protest against the rates," etc., etc., and the opening sentence of the old Greek orator's oration, "On the Crown," delivered many hundreds of years ago, would be, with but two words altered, just as appropriate now as then: "Let me begin, men of Vancouver, by imploring all the Heavenly Powers that the same sentiments which I have throughout my public life cherished towards this Company and each of you, may be shown towards me in this present contest," etc. But in case he became too flowery, well, Johnson and Jeffrys would be a "very present help in time of trouble."

On seeing the name of Virgil one wonders whether the Latin poet was thinking of telephone numbers when he wrote in his "Eclogues"

"The Gods delight in (odd) numbers." for there are sufficient numbers in this book to satisfy the Gods and men, except these latter in the Contract Department.

A mine of historic interest is also opened up by a perusal of the names of Vancouver streets. Beatty, Abbott, Cambie and Hamilton are named after prominent C. P. R. officials. The names of public men who have been identified with the constitutional development of British Columbia are given to Seymour, Richards, Nelson, Dunsmuir, Robson and Davie streets;

naval officers and navigators to Cardero, Gilford, Denman, Georgia, Bute and Howe. The Earl of Bute was one of the greatest admirals England ever produced, and his name will always be associated with the Battle of Brest, or as it is better known, "The Glorious First of June." On one of the last Spanish vessels to explore these waters was a young draftsman, Jose Cardero, and the occasion of the meeting of Captain Vancouver and

the Spanish officers off Point Grey gave us the names, English Bay and Spanish Bank. Granville street was named after Lord Granville.

The list is capable of extension, but a word to the wise is sufficient. If you search diligently you will find "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in 'phones, and good in this directory."—*Telephone Talk.*

## For Inside and Future Business Property in Port Moody

(Headquarters of Navigation for Greater Vancouver)

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**SPECIALISTS IN PORT MOODY PROPERTY**

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at Beautiful

# WHITE ROCK



It is the ideal camping and summer resort. Only sixty minutes' run by the G. N. R. from Vancouver, it possesses advantages not to be found at any other resort on the Pacific Coast, i.e., a splendid, clean, firm, sandy beach, rendering bathing safe and ideal; first-class train service (both local and express trains stop at White Rock); good and abundant drinking-water; delightful scenery; post office with daily mail; and three stores. Choice lots facing the sea can be had now. Go down and select your camp site for this summer's use. The railroad fare is \$1.35 return for the week-end from Vancouver, and 80 cents from New Westminster; there are four trains each way daily. If you purchase this month we can quote you special prices and terms.

**PRICES \$350 to \$750**

**\$50 DOWN AND \$50 EVERY SIX MONTHS**

**WHITE, SHILES & COMPANY**

TOWNSITE AGENTS

NEW WESTMINSTER AND WHITE ROCK



## Port Alberni, B. C.

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

thousands of tourists every summer. It is the intention of the C. P. R. to erect a chalet here, which alone will be a distinct advantage to the town. It is the gateway to a paradise for the hunter, fisherman and tourist, in addition to being one of the most advantageous sites for a great city ever laid out. Excellent motor roads now reach every part of the Island, and there is no difficulty in reaching the Port in a short time from Victoria over the famous Pacific Highway, for which this town is the terminus.

As to climate: The rainfall is less here than in Vancouver, which is less than in many parts of the eastern provinces. Severe winters are unknown on account of the proximity of the Japan current, and the summers are indescribably delightful. In summing up the advantages of Port Alberni, it is seen that it has the natural advantages of a harbor unexcelled, a townsite of ideal location, excellent water-power resources of incalculable value behind it for which it is the natural port; a busy, progressive administration which is engrossed in making it one of the most attractive towns to the homeseeker and manufacturer, as well as investor, in this fast-growing country; banks, schools, business houses, hotels, wharves, factories, railroad, shipping facilities, and in fact every component of a manufacturing and shipping centre. The men who are exploiting Port Alberni are offering what they know to be one of the best propositions ever offered the public, and there can be no doubt but that for every dollar invested in Port Alberni the investor will gain manifold in the next ten years.

**We have For Sale**

**Vancouver Island Farm Lands  
and Port Alberni Lots**

**CARMICHAEL & MOORHEAD**

502 Sayward Building

VICTORIA, B. C.

# Cranbrook, B. C.

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

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

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

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

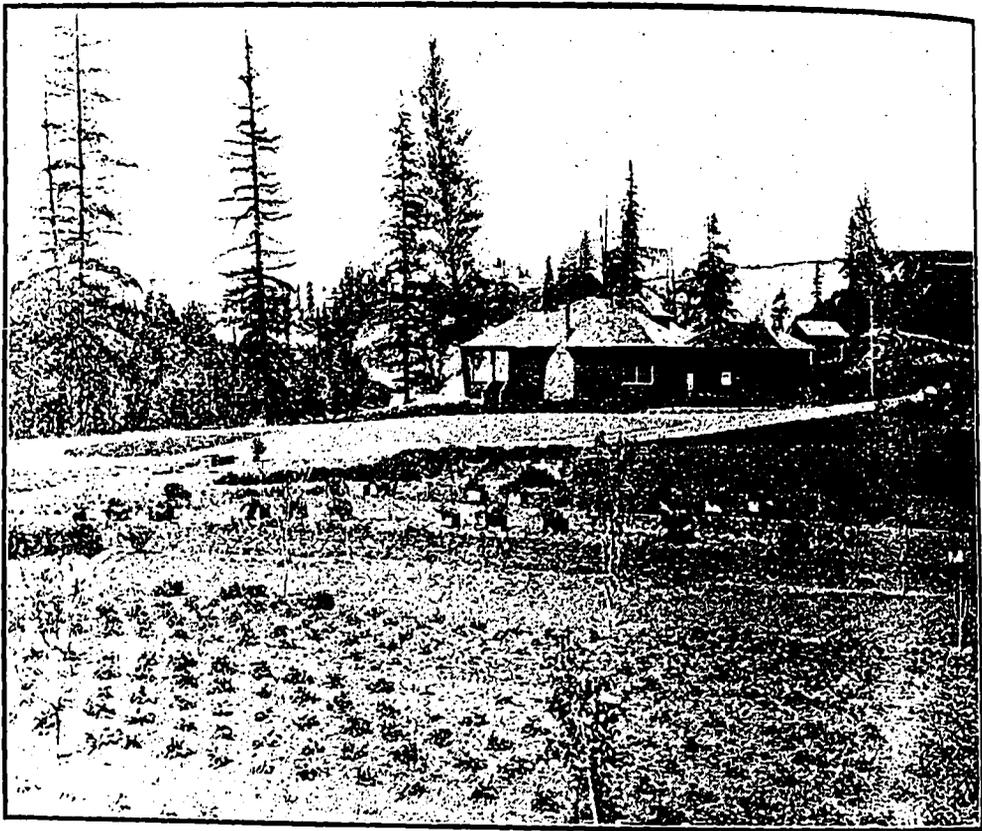
Kootenay Central Branch of the C. P. R. connects with all points north. And the North Star branch of the C. P. R. reaches Kimberly and Marysville districts.

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

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

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

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



MODERN HOME, SHOWING STRAWBERRY PATCH, CRANBROOK, B. C.

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

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

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

## FIVE AND TEN-ACRE TRACTS OF FRUIT LAND

Two miles from CRANBROOK. \$100 per acre. Terms to suit. Make your reservations now. This land has risen in value and will continue to rise, not through speculative activity, but because of unexcelled natural advantages of soil, climate and geographical location.

*We want to talk business to people who mean business.* There are 3,000 acres and IT WILL NOT REMAIN UNSOLD LONG.

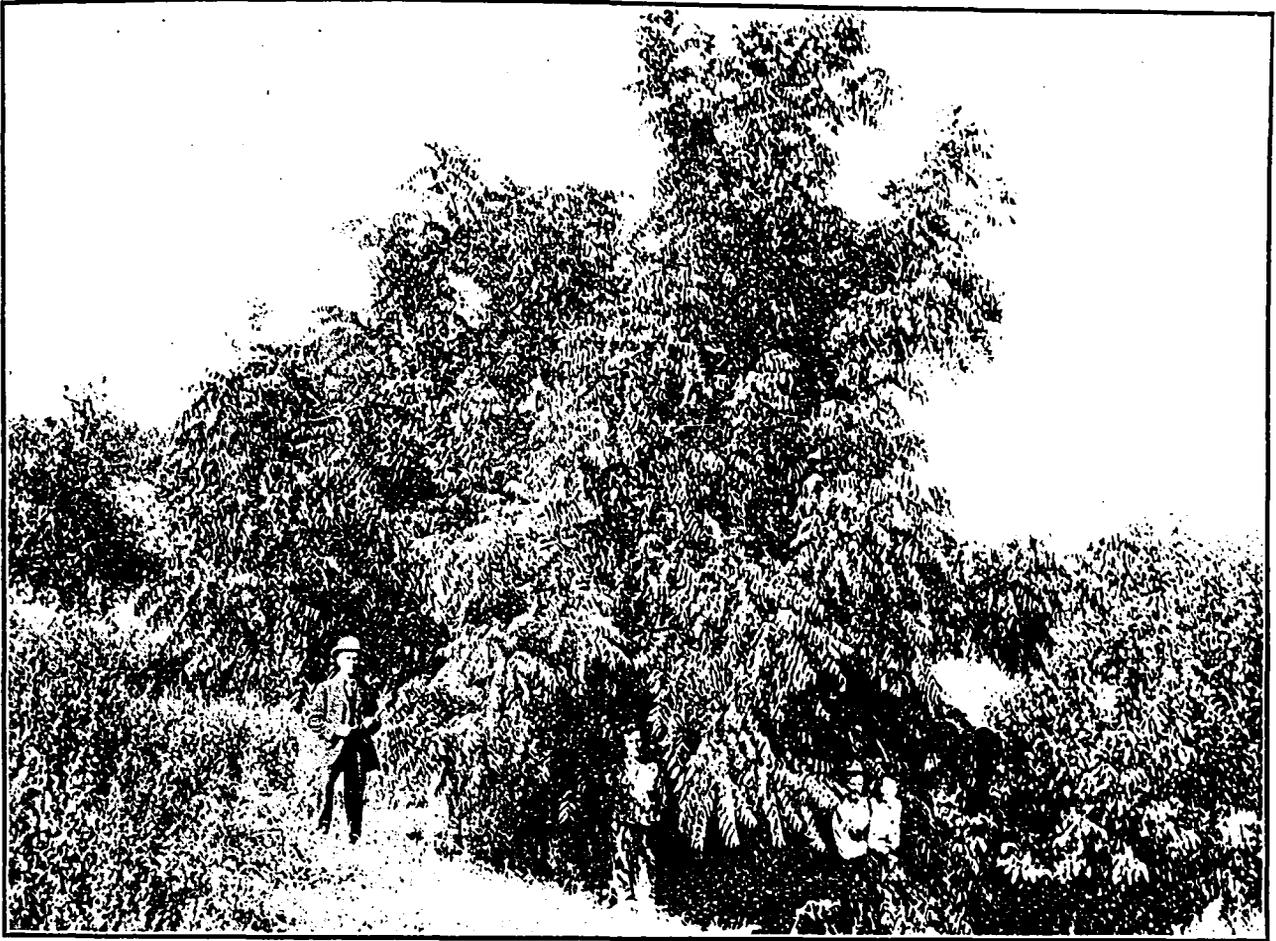
Let us send you full information today. Other land in blocks of 5 to 1,000 acres.

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# Creston, B. C.



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

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

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

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

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

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

The present population consists principally of Anglo-Saxon origin.

## INVESTMENTS AND HOMES IN CRESTON FRUIT DISTRICT

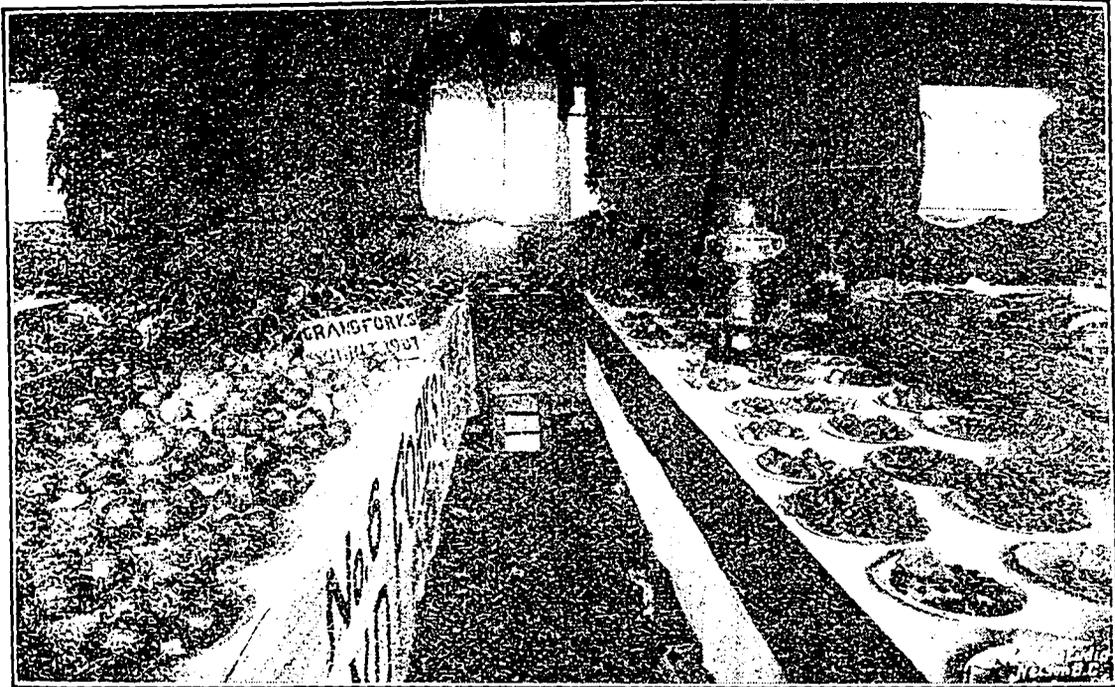
*Are Safe, and Sure to Increase in Value*

R. LAMONT, CRESTON, B. C.

Buys and sells Creston Fruit Land in large or small blocks

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

# Grand Forks, B. C.



GRAND FORKS' FRUIT EXHIBIT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

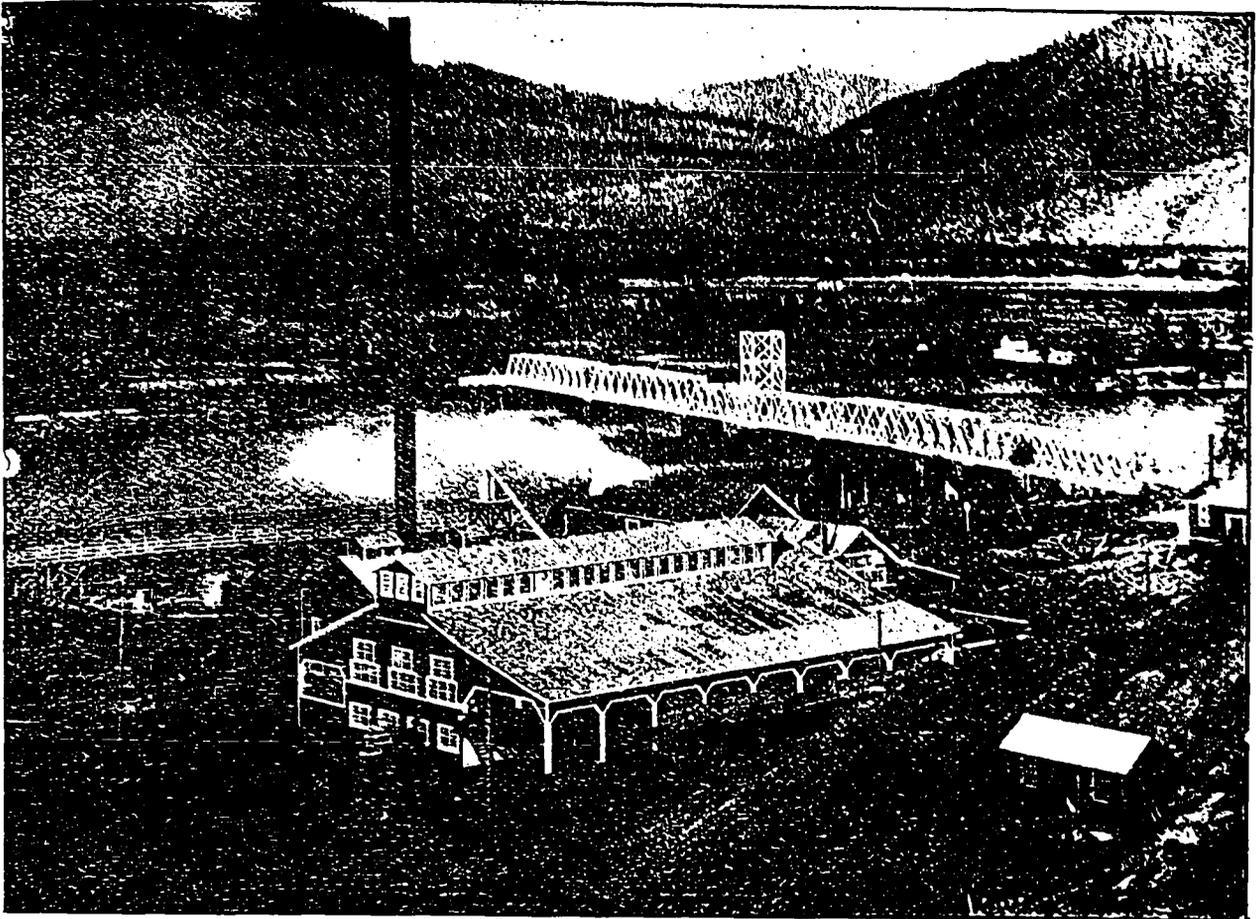
**INVESTMENTS:** Sound, safe, profitable INVESTMENTS. Grand Forks, Central Interior point of British Columbia, and Kettle Valley, the ideal fruit and agricultural district, afford exceptional opportunities to investors. FRUIT LANDS, TOWN LOTS, MORTGAGE LOANS, TIMBER, MINES. Enquiries solicited.

**Boundary Trust & Investment Co. Ltd.**

Established 1901

GRAND FORKS, B. C.

# Kamloops, B. C.



BRIDGE OVER THOMPSON RIVER AT KAMLOOPS

## SOME FACTS

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

Kamloops has a mayor and six aldermen.

Kamloops was incorporated in 1893.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## EVANDER McLEOD

*Real Estate, Insurance, Investments*

References: Dun's

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Write me about Improved Irrigated Lands at \$30.00 per acre  
RANCH AND FRUIT LANDS MY SPECIALTY

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**British  
Columbia**

In the  
**Okanagan  
Valley**



"SEVENTEEN OF A KIND IN SIGHT." NATURE IS  
GOOD TO THE KELOWNA APPLE-GROWER

BESIDES raising the best apples, Kelowna produces magnificent onions and potatoes at a good profit. If you want carlot prices write us.

**BUSINESS OPENINGS—**

We need another butcher shop.

Our building activity is great, and a sash and door factory and wood-working plant should pay well.

Good opening for modern apartment houses and dwellings.

Electric power is furnished by the city light plant at 6c net per kilowatt hour.

**KELOWNA IS MODERN—**

Municipally-owned electric light and power plant, water-works. A sewage system now being laid.

**THE CANADIAN NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY** is coming in 1913 and you would do well to invest in real estate here before prices rise.

**For any information or Booklet write**

**G. A. FISHER, Secretary Publicity Dept., Board of Trade, KELOWNA, B. C.**

# BELGO-CANADIAN FRUIT LANDS CO.

First-class Fruit Lands in the Kelowna

District for Sale

KELOWNA  
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## Nelson, B. C.



APPLE-PICKING AT DUNTULM RANCH, NEAR NELSON

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

The West Kootenay has at least 300,000 acres

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

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

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Reliable information and price list on request.

**B. C. UNITED AGENCIES** Investment Brokers **NELSON, B. C.**

Reference: Royal Bank of Canada, Nelson, B. C.

# Vernon, B. C.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VERNON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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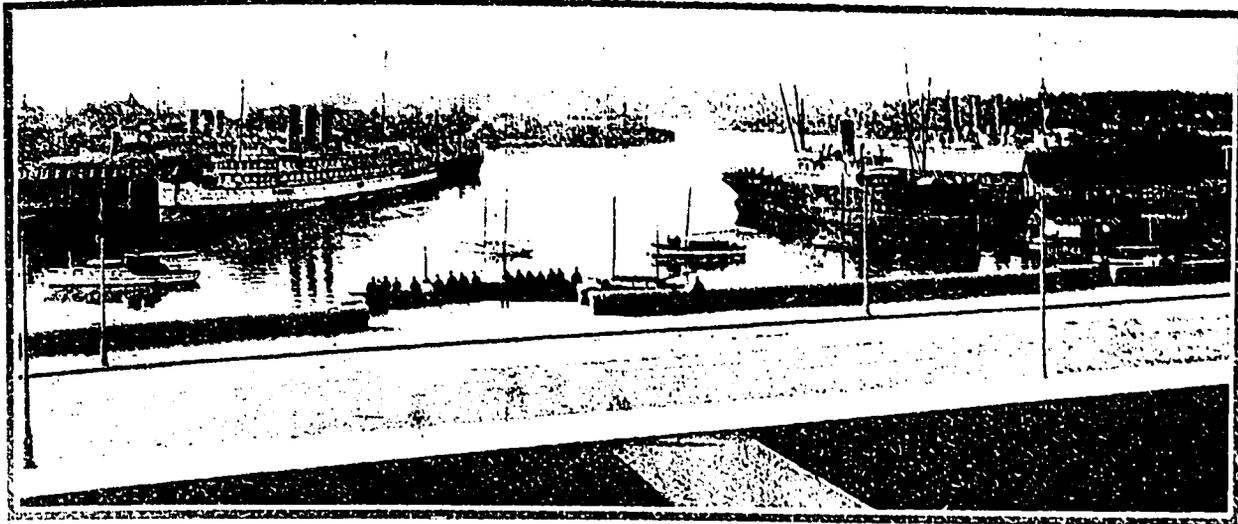
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VERNON, B. C.



## Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

The Leading Port in the Dominion

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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☐ We shall be glad to hear from owners who are desirous of disposing of their holdings. Full particulars and prices should be sent to our Real Estate Section.

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Let not your better judgment be thwarted by the protestations of the dealer who sells the "just as good" piano. Very few are "just as good" at any price.

During our clearance sale of the large surplus stock of holiday pianos we are offering unusually large discounts. You can now get a high-class piano at a big saving.

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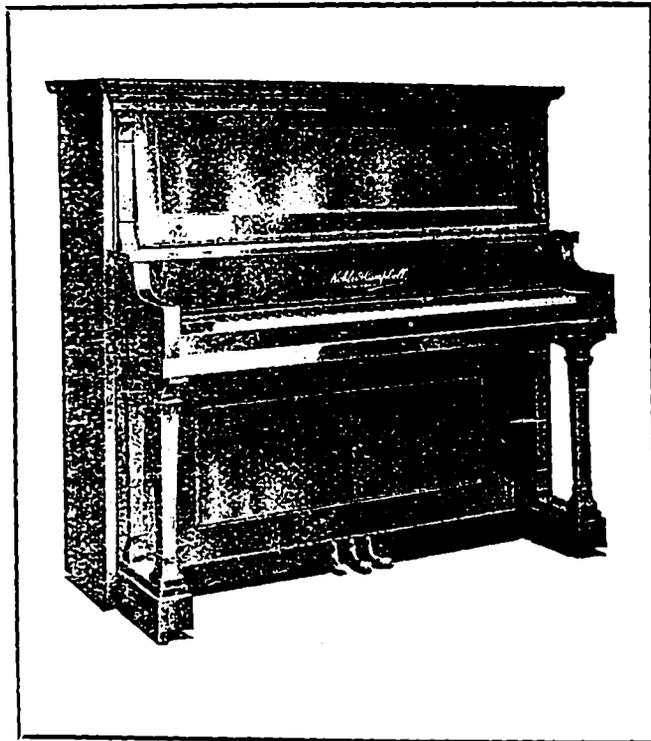
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### \$290

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*The Oldest Music House in British Columbia*

# Vancouver Island, B. C.

## Canada

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### *Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria*

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

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

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

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

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



## How to make a stew— a really good stew

Here is just the weather for a grand, hot, steaming stew; below is just the recipe for one of the finest stews that ever a good cook made—a *real, good Irish stew*.

# EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

The secret of a successful Irish stew is in the last few lines of the recipe below. Make the stew as the recipe tells you—don't forget the Edwards' Soup—and—well, you'll be sorry to see the bottom of the plate through.

Edwards' Soup imparts nourishment, strength, flavor and color—it's just as good for scores of other things as it is for Irish stews. Get a few packets and see.

### 5c. per packet

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### This is how to make it—

**IRISH STEW.**—Put in saucepan twelve peeled potatoes, sliced in thickness of a penny, four large onions sliced—a layer of each—with salt and pepper to taste. By successive layers half fill your pan. Then take four chops of neck of mutton—the scrag end—lay these on the potatoes and onions and fill up with additional layers of potatoes, onions, etc., as before. In one-and-a-half pints of water boil one-and-a-half ounces of EDWARDS' WHITE VEGETABLE SOUP for thirty minutes; add it to the contents of the stewpan, and simmer altogether gently for two hours.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book—  
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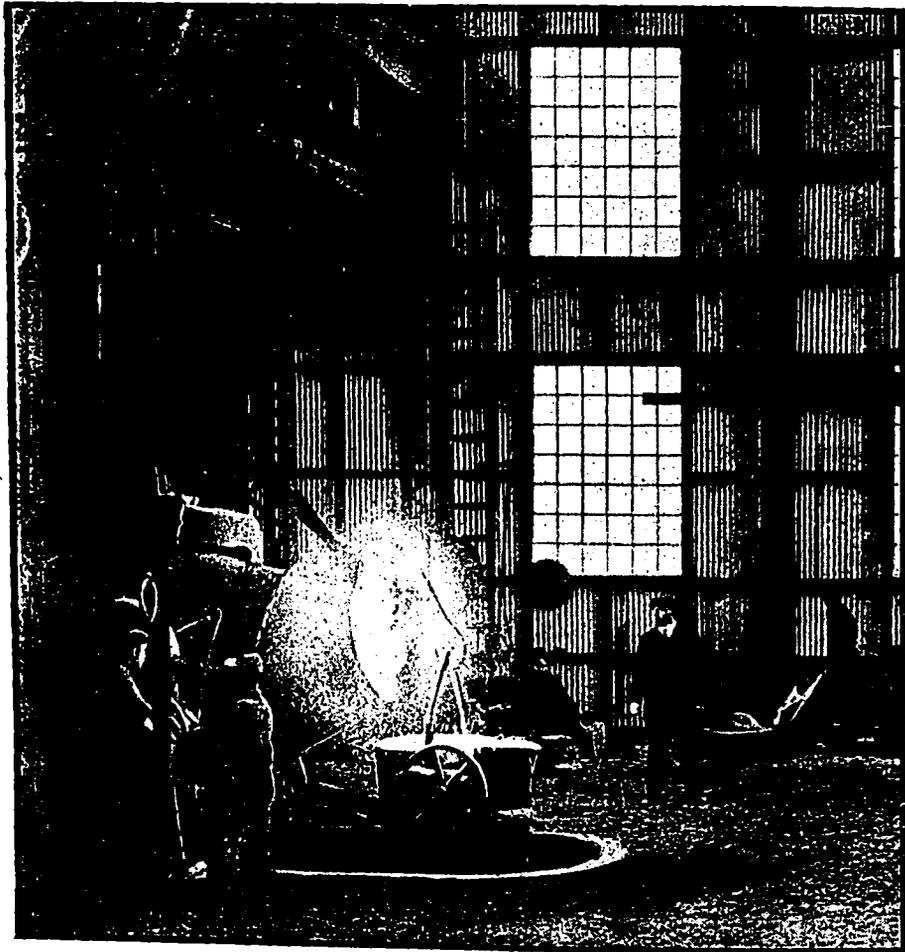
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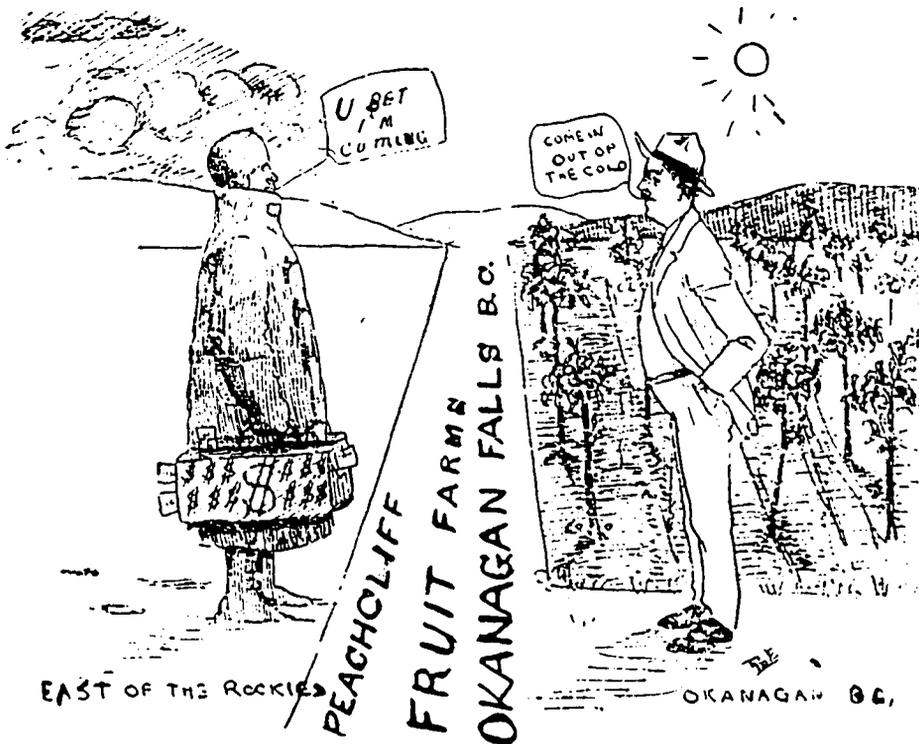
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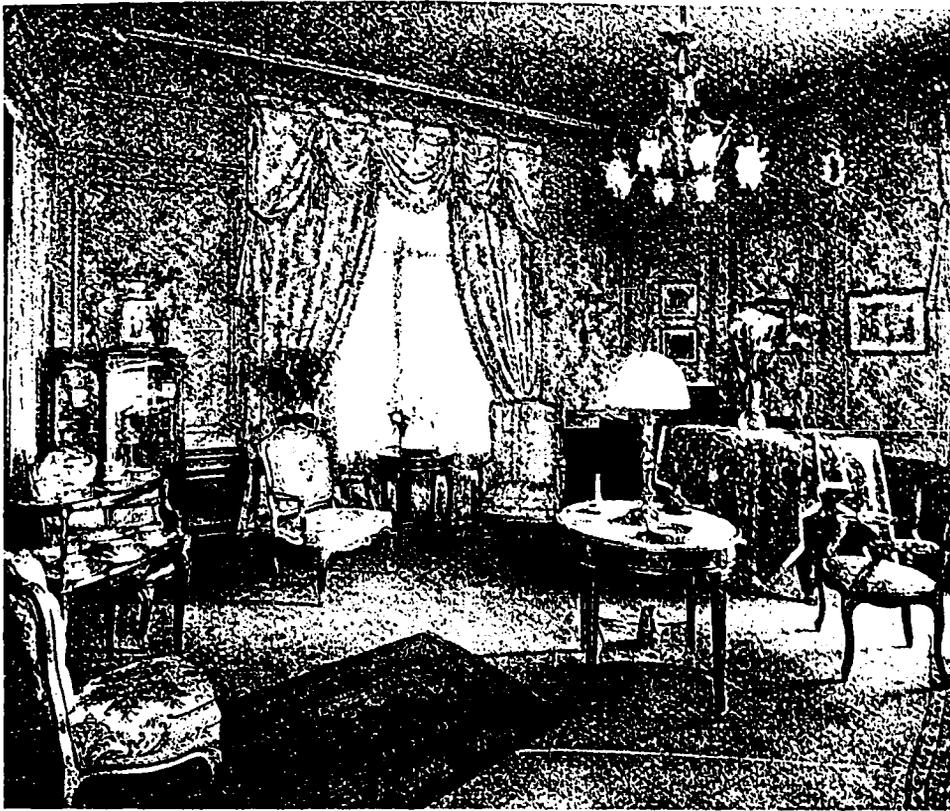
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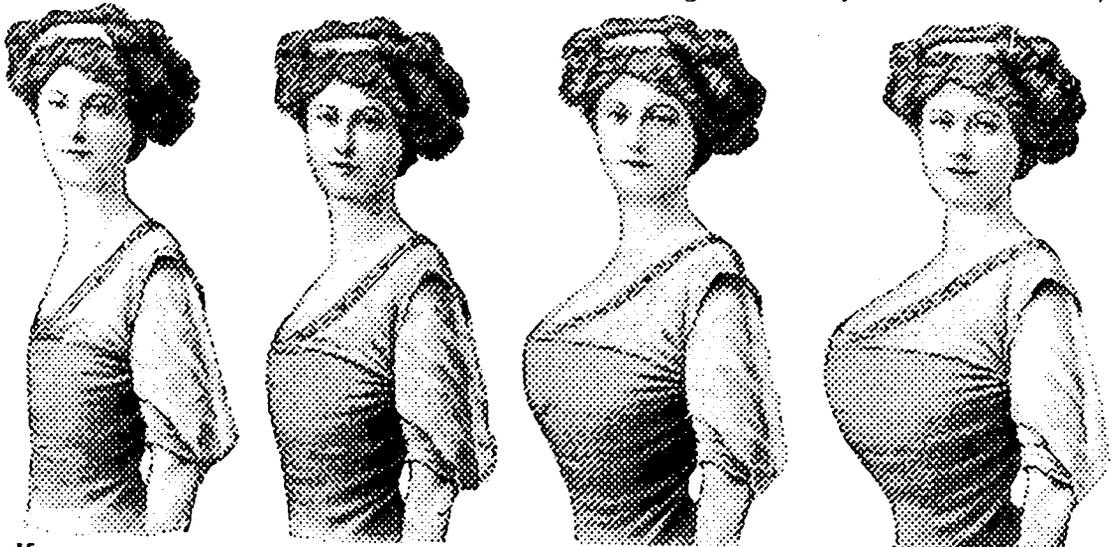
By MARGARETTE MERLAIN

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

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

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

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



Keep this picture and see you own Bust undergoing the same transformation

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

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

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

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

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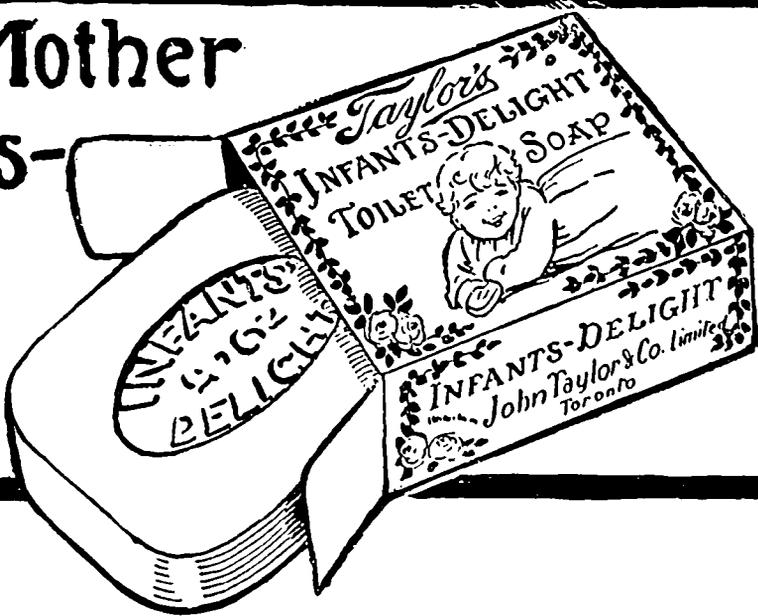
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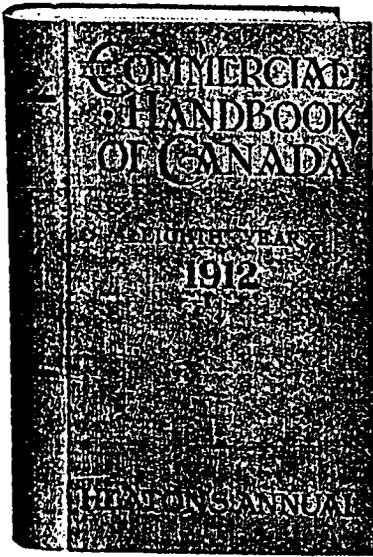
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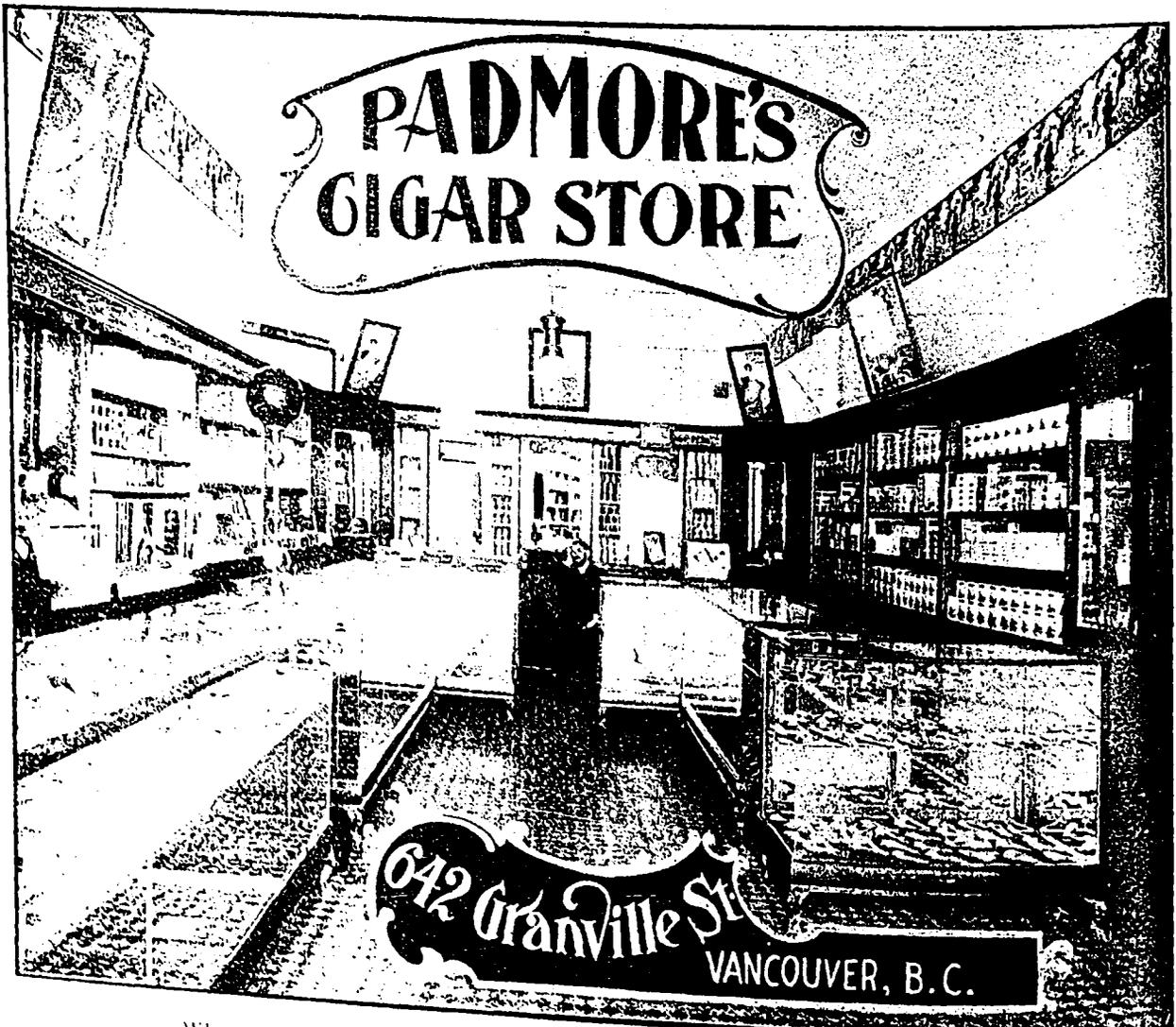
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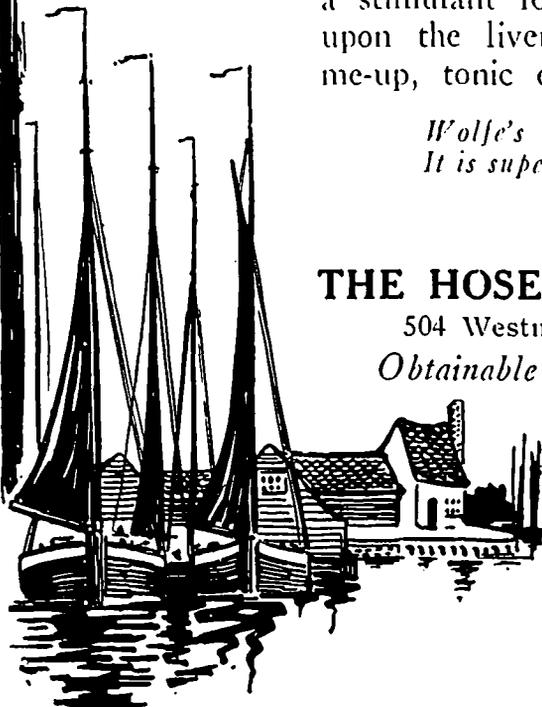
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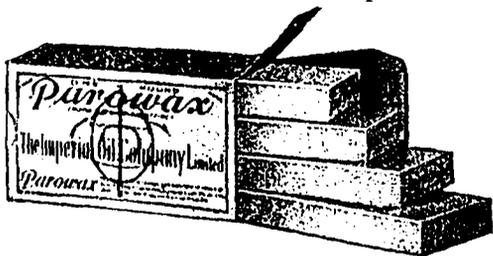
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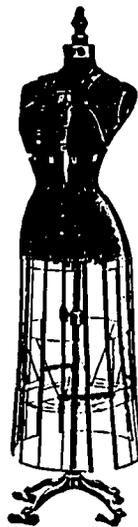
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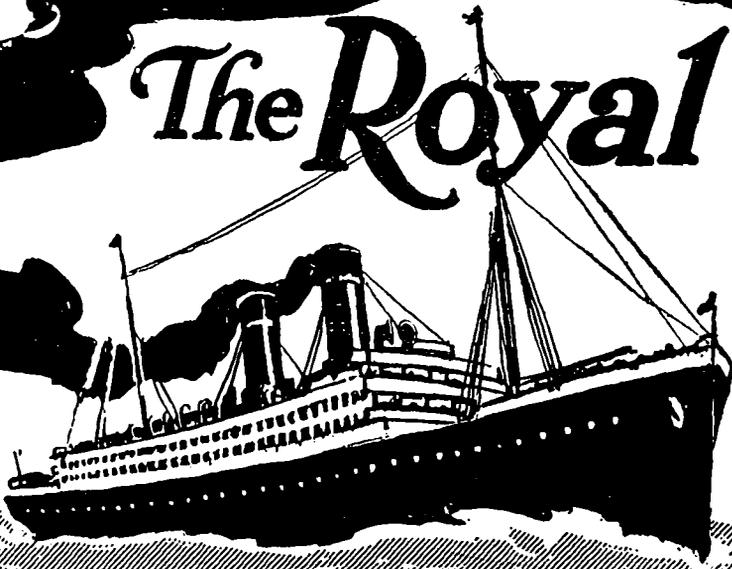
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