

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

WESTWARD HO

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



The Birks' Watch

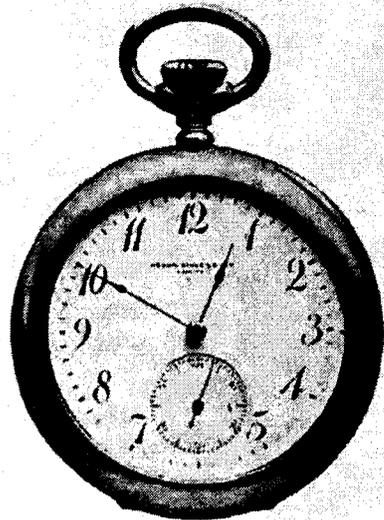


FOR

Particular
Men

Exacting
Women

Healthy
Boys
and Girls



Characteristics of a Birks' Watch

Beauty Strength Value Fine Time-keeping Qualities

Have you ever thought of the genius required to make a watch? Human ingenuity has to its credit no greater triumph than the modern watch. A Birks' watch contains from 250 to 350 pieces according to the model, the manufacture of which entails from 2,000 to 2,500 distinct operations. Just think, the roller jewel of a watch strikes 432,000 blows every twenty-four hours and the balance wheel vibrates 18,000 times in an hour.

The quality of the material used in the construction of a watch determines the exactness and years of its service—and this is where the Birks' watch excels. Every part of our watch, to the smallest screw, is of the finest quality. They are built scientifically on the strongest models by expert Swiss watch-makers.

Send us a card and we will mail our new fall catalogue which illustrates a full line of Birks' watches—the best watch value in Canada.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS LIMITED

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

GEO. E. TROREY, Man. Director

VANCOUVER, B.C.



Semi-ready Overcoats, \$15, \$20, \$25
and up to \$30 and \$35

One can buy an imitation
and look like one.

There are half a hundred
ready-made clothiers
trying to imitate the
Semi-ready system with-
out putting the sterling
tailoring into the gar-
ments.

In a month the staying
form falls away and the
wearer looks like the
clothes—an imitation.

Genuine Semi-ready
Tailoring may cost a little
more in the beginning,
but it costs less in the end.

The way to know is to
look always for this label
—it's the Sign of Surety.



Trade Mark

Semi-ready Tailoring

B. WILLIAMS & CO.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR SEMI-READY TAILORING

CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS

614 YATES ST., VICTORIA, B.C.

Conservatives Will Fight For

Better Terms

**Provincial Rights over Fisheries and
Indian Lands**

**Water Power and Lands Within the
Province**

Railway Development

Exclusion of Asiatics

**Fair Wage Clause in Public Con-
tracts**

**Public Franchises for the Benefit of
the People**

No Monopolies

Settlement of Vacant Lands

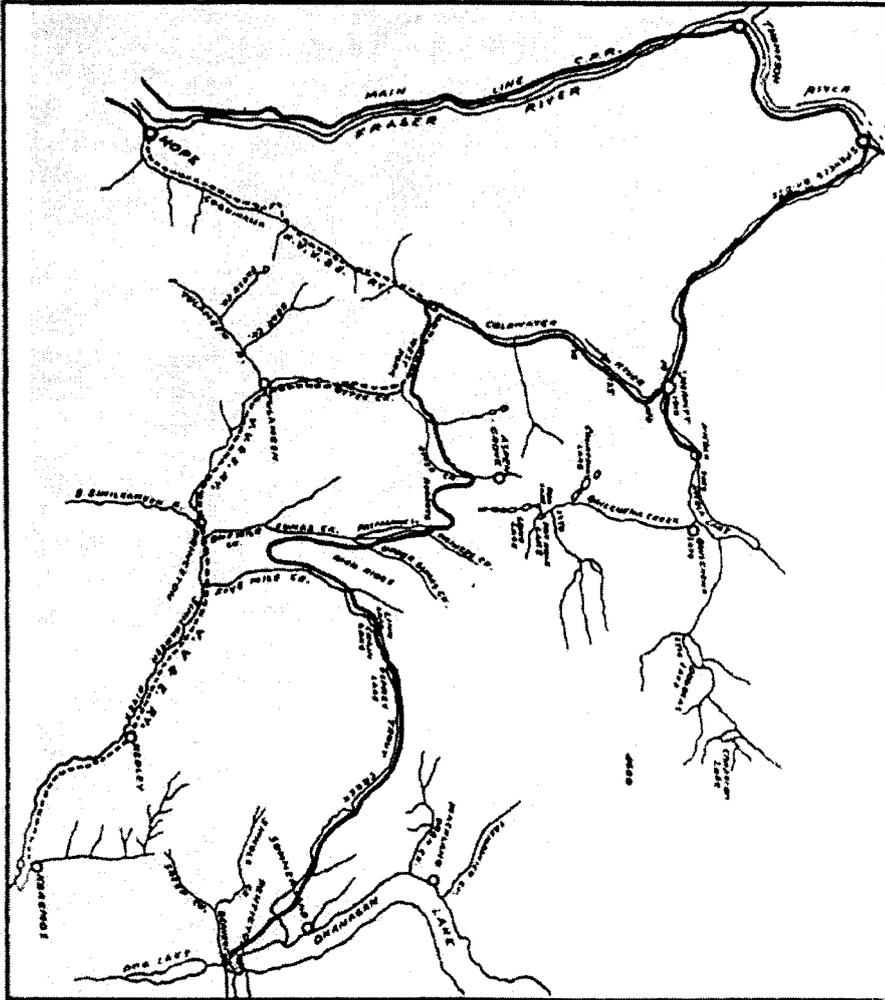
General Advancement

More and Better Roads

**The Will of the People Regarding
Local Option**

Railway Contract

900 Miles New Railway, Costing the Province \$750,000.00 and No More



Fair Wage Clause - - No Asiatic Labour
Railways sufficient to double British Columbia's
Population in Next Five Years

"The time to make money is at the beginning of things."

*A Few Years Ago
It was hard work
To find a Buyer for
Vancouver Business Property at
Seventeen Dollars per front foot*

THE SAME PROPERTY to-day sells readily for Two Thousand Dollars per foot. The railroad and subsequent developments have made this difference.

You can buy property now at Newport

British Columbia

on the main business thoroughfare for \$17.00 per foot. In a few months the railroad, now under construction, will be completed. You will then have to pay several times as much more for the same property.

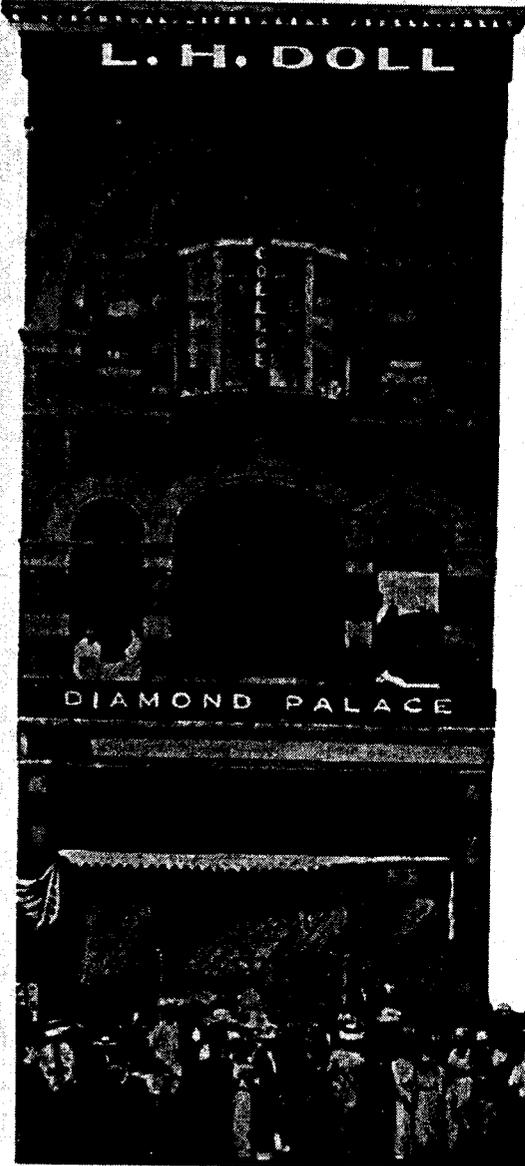
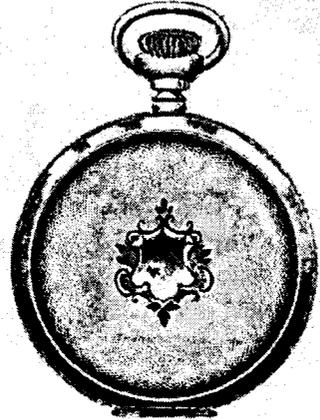
Why not buy at the beginning of things?

Write for Booklet A. It is free, and will tell you about the new seaport—NEWPORT

THE BRITISH AMERICAN TRUST CO., LIMITED
Seymour Street VANCOUVER, B.C.

An Extraordinary Watch Bargain for Christmas

Mail Order
Buyers.....



The L. H. Doll Special

Is made with a gold-filled hunting or open-faced case, in both ladies' and gentlemen's sizes, and has a 17-jeweled adjusted movement. It is sold in the regular way at \$25. For the balance of the year I will send one to any address for

\$12.50

If not as represented I will cheerfully refund the money.

L. H. Doll

Mail Order Jeweler
DIAMOND PALACE

Calgary, Alberta

HO! FOR STEWART!

The Gateway to the Camps of the Portland Canal and the Bear River District

STEWART, by reason of its commanding position at the head of the Portland Canal, can never have any serious competitor as the outfitting and supply point for the camps beyond. It is on tide water, and all travel must pass through the townsite. It is magnificently situated, and as level as a billiard table. Now that the rich mining camps of the district are receiving attention at the hands of practical men with ample capital, it is a foregone conclusion that Stewart will also receive an impetus in its permanent upbuilding.

LOTS AT TO-DAY'S PRICES WILL PROVE A PAYING INVESTMENT

They range from \$300 to \$600. We offer special inducements to investors prepared to erect business blocks, and to any one desirous of starting in business.

Better take a trip to Stewart, visit the mines and see for yourself what a splendid future this townsite has.

FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS descriptive of the Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Mines, and of the Townsite, write us; also tell us if you are looking for a business opening.

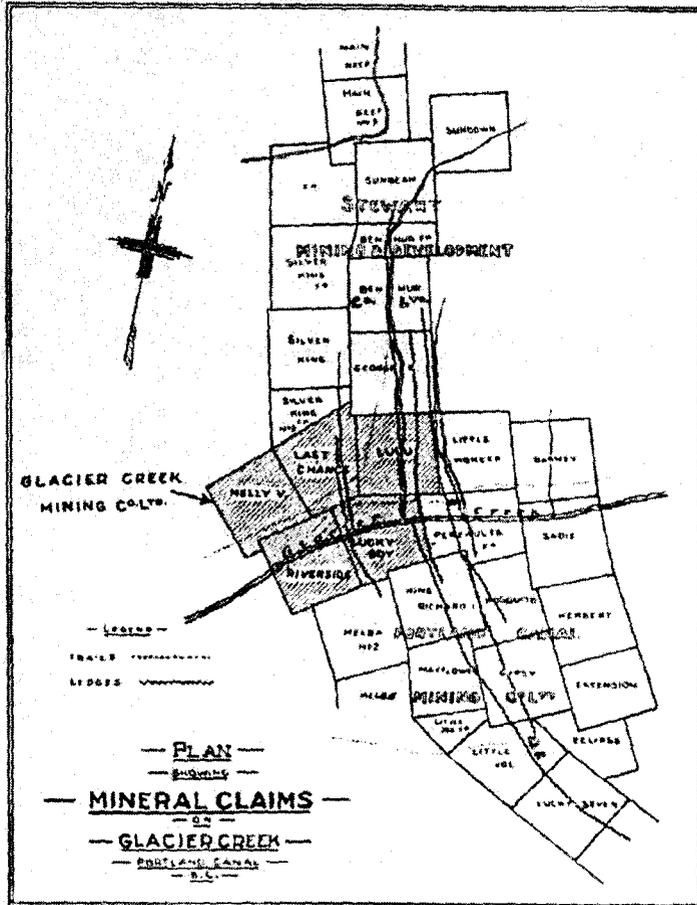
The Stewart Land Co.

16 Board of Trade Building, VICTORIA, B.C.

Fifth Avenue - - STEWART, B.C.

I N V E S T I G A T E

*Mother Earth's Treasure Vaults are Being
Opened in the rich Portland Canal Camp
Do not miss this opportunity of sharing*



STUDY THE MAP and note the splendid location of the LULU GROUP between the holdings of two of the biggest operating companies in the camp, and having the same rich silver-gold vein. Write us today for our illustrated pamphlet, telling why the 25-cent shares in THE GLACIER CREEK MINING CO., LTD., are an excellent investment. It may make you money.

BEVAN BROS. & GORE
FISCAL AGENTS

513 PENDER STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Mining, Financial and Commission Brokers

Frank Wilcox
Notary Public

John Savage
Notary Public

A. D. Tennant

International Brokerage Company

LOANS - INSURANCE

Bank References:
MERCHANTS BANK

We are fiscal agents for the Red Cliff Mining Company, Limited, operating in the Bear River District.

This is a legitimate mining proposition and we invite personal inspection before investing.

A small number of shares is offered at par—One Dollar per share.

Write us for Maps, Reports, Assays, etc.

**INTERNATIONAL BROKERAGE
COMPANY**

517 Pender Street - Vancouver, B.C.

Mining, Financial and Commission Brokers

**NOT A SPECULATION, BUT AN
INVESTMENT**

**The Bear River Canon
Mining Company, Limited**

NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY

owns the Victor Group of six full-sized claims, situated on each side of the Bear River, at the Canyon—in the famous Portland Canal Camp. The Company is now offering the public the first allotment of 50,000 One Dollar Shares of fully-paid and non-assessable stock at

25 CENTS PER SHARE Par Value, \$1.00

Payable 25 per cent. on application and the balance in three equal payments of 25 per cent. monthly. The Group carries a splendid ledge of from four to seven feet in width of lead and steel galena bearing gold and silver values running from \$45 to \$62 per ton.

DIRECTORS

T. F. Hopkins, E.M., director Portland Canal Railway Co.
A. G. Howard Potts, Financial Broker, Victoria.
A. W. Payn Le Sueur, Mining Investments, Victoria.
H. A. Williams, Broker, Victoria.

CAPITAL

\$500,000 divided into 500,000 non-assessable shares, of the par value of \$1.00. Further particulars and prospectus may be obtained from

THE SECRETARY

**The Bear River Canon Mining
Company, Limited** Non-Personal Liability

1112 Broad St., Victoria, B.C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

' ' THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEST ' '

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

On the Trail

BEYOND THE ATHABASCA.....*Agnes Deans Cameron*

Seven Seasonable Stories

THE BRIAR PIPE*Lewis Edward Collings*

A STRING OF CORALS*Agnes Lockhart Hughes*

CALL OF THE BREED*Patrick Vaur*

THE SKY PILOT OF BARKERVILLE.....*Harold Sands*

THE ROSES OF GRANTLEIGH.....*Helen Tompkins*

THE OPAL ADVENTURE*L. M. Sackville*

THE SOUL OF THE GONG*Arthur James Smith*

Theatrical

THE GHOSTS OF CANADA'S DRAMA.....*Robson Black*

Architecture and Arts

THE HOME FIREPLACE.....*E. Stauley Milton*

Poetry

Potential Canada

Progress and Profits

Westward Ho! wants interesting but authentic illustrated stories of Western Development and Exploitation

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1909

Volume V Number 5

COVER DESIGN—Mining on Glacier Creek.....	By Angell Engraving Co.	
THE RAILWAY OVER THE HILL.....	Arthur Hawkes	641
Illustrated Article.		
RECOLLECTIONS OF COMMANDER PEARY	C. L. Armstrong	648
Illustrated Sketch.		
CHARLES LAMB—HIS LIFE AND WORKS	William Blakemore	652
Character Sketch.		
NATURE'S THANKSGIVING DAY	Bonnycastle Dale	662
Illustrated Nature Study.		
THE HIDDEN TREASURE	John Haslette	666
Fiction.		
THE SHORE ROAD	Allee Woodruff McCully	671
Fiction.		
SEEN AT CLOSE RANGE	Charles Dorlan	675
Article.		
THE DRUG	Arthur James Smith	678
Fiction.		
EARTHBOUND EYES	Margaret Erskine	678
Fiction.		
THE PACIFIC WAR OF 1910	Charles H. Stuart Wade	680
Serial.		
A NORTHERN TREASURE CHEST	Percy F. Godenrath	683
Illustrated Mining Article.		
WET OR DRY	Louis M. Goldstone	689
Article.		
A WORLD ON WINGS	A. St. John Mildmay	693
Article.		
LET'S ADVERTISE CANADA	T. Johnson Stewart	698
Article.		
PROGRESS AND PROFITS—		
Building a Seaport	Richard Western	701

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

In Canada and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year. Single Copy, 10c.

In United States, \$1.50. Single Copy, 15c.

The Westward Ho! Publishing Co.

LIMITED

536 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B.C.

CHARLES MCMILLAN - - President
PERCY F. GODENRATH - - Managing Editor

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS, CAFES, TRANSPORTATION

THE QUEENS HOTEL

ROOMS IN SUITES
HOT & COLD WATER
STEAM HEATED
ELECTRIC LIGHTED

J. C. GREEN, PROP.
GOLDEN, B. C.

ENDERBY HOTEL

ENDERBY, B. C.
E. D. D. Prop. H. W. Wright Prop.

Rates \$2 a day and up.

The King Edward Hotel

BELL & MURRAY, Proprietors.
ENDERBY, B. C.

Newly Built and Furnished.
Rates \$2 per day.

Big Game Shooting. Excellent Fishing.
A Tourist's Paradise.

Your impressions of Vancouver—the "Sunset City"—will be made all the more lasting by seeing the City and Magnificent Stanley Park in one of our comfortable Hacks, Broughams, Victorias, Surreys or Carriages.

STANLEY PARK STABLES

Alex. Mitchell, Mgr.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



Hotel Dominion

Is the recognized headquarters in Vancouver, B.C., for visitors from the Prairie Provinces. On arrival take your baggage to the large Brown Auto Bus which carries you to the hotel free.

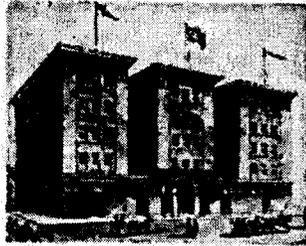
Rates—American, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

European, 50c and up.

F. BAYNES, Proprietor.

Abbott Street - VANCOUVER, B.C.

HOTEL DONSMUIR



VANCOUVER'S newest and most complete Hotel, having an unobstructed marine view and located in the fashionable shopping and theatre district.

American Plan \$2 per day up

United Wireless Telegraph Co's station.

D. GIBB & SONS, Proprietors

VANCOUVER.B.C.



THE GLORIOUS KOOTENAY

**TROUT AND SALMON
BEAR, SHEEP AND GOAT
CARIBOU, Etc.**

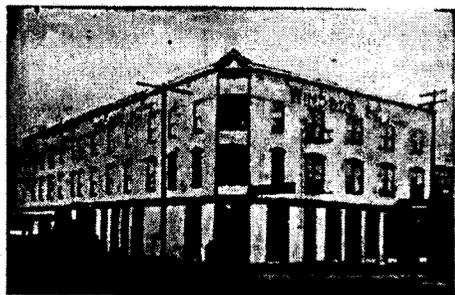
If you wish to have an outing amid the finest scenery and surroundings in America, apply for particulars to

GEO. P. WELLS
Proprietor

**THE HUME HOTEL
NELSON, B. C.**

When in The Royal City

Stay at



THE WINDSOR HOTEL

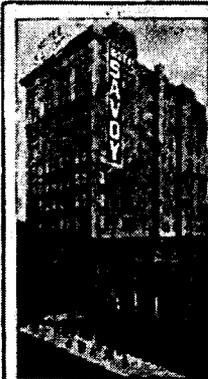
(Next to the Tram Office.)

F. O. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

American Plan \$1.25 to \$2.00

European Plan 50c to \$1.00

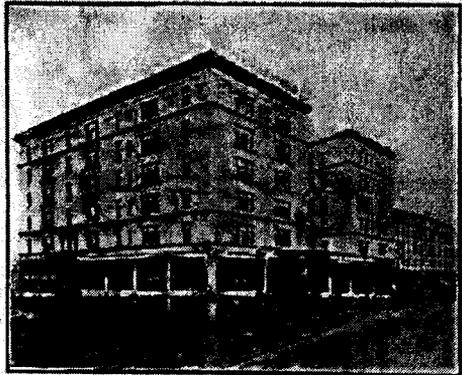
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.



"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

Building, concrete, steel and marble.
 Located, most fashionable shopping district.
 210 rooms, 135 baths.
 Library and bound magazines in reading rooms for guests.
 Most refined hostelry in Seattle.
 Absolutely fireproof.
 English Grill.

Rates, \$1.00 up



A.Y. P. Exposition

Visitors will appreciate the luxurious comfort of the

**Hotel Washington Annex
SEATTLE**

Modern to the last detail. Rooms en suite, for parties travelling together a specialty, fitted with every modern convenience. All outside rooms. Splendid cuisine and service. Rates reasonable. Situated within a minute's walk of the business and shopping centre of the city. Street cars pass the door. Auto 'bus meets all trains and boats. Seattle's House of Comfort
 J. H. DAVIS, Prop.

Visitors to Chilliwack

Should Make This Hotel Their Headquarters.



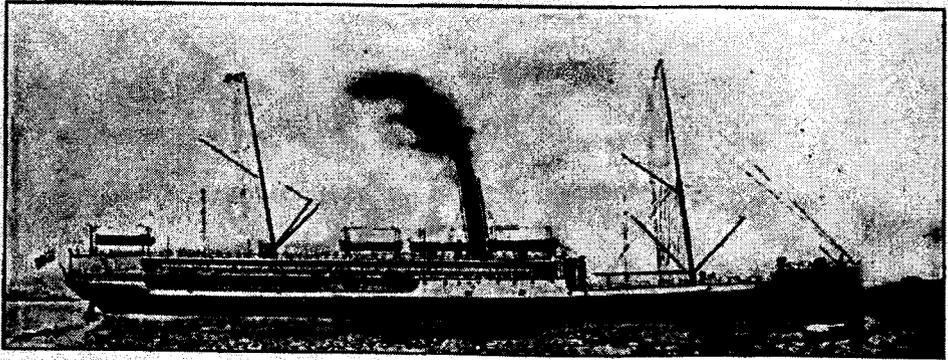
Rates \$2.00 to \$2.50.
 Hot Water Heating, Electric Lights, Baths, Private Bus.
 E. E. McLENNAN, Proprietor
 CHILLIWACK, B.C.

Spend your winter in
VICTORIA



Ladies unaccompanied and large parties receive special attention

Stephen Jones - Prop.



ARE YOU GOING TO PRINCE RUPERT

Then travel on the

"RUPERT CITY"

The largest and best appointed steamer on the Northern British Columbia run. Leaves Vancouver every Monday for Prince Rupert, Port Essington, etc.. Write or wire reservations.

MACKENZIE BROS., Limited

330 SEYMOUR STREET

-VANCOUVER, B.C.

50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE



Write for copy of
"Challenge of the Mountains."

The Canadian Rocky Mountain National Park

The Largest Park in the World. 5,732 miles in extent.

Reached by the

Canadian Pacific Railway

ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL

Preceminent Natural Grandeur.
Splendid Hotel Accommodation.
Luxurious Train Service. Most de-
lightful place in the world for a
vacation. A paradise for Mountaineers,
Naturalists, Geologists and Min-
eralogists.



*Write for our 1909
Fall Style Booklet*

—and before purchasing elsewhere inspect our stock, and compare styles, quality, finish and price. We buy the raw, tan and prepare our own skins and manufacture all garments sold. Our assortment of fur novelties embraces the most exclusive designs of the season.

San Francisco Fur Co.

*E. A. ROBERTS
The oldest established
Furrier in Vancouver*

919 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.

GLOVE SPECIALS FOR XMAS

Ladies

Dent's—
Real Mocha Gloves
Silk-lined Kid Gloves
Dogskin Gloves
Driving Gauntlets

Fownes'—
Fur-lined Gloves
Wool-lined Gloves
Real Mocha Gloves
Silk-lined Gloves



Gentlemen

Dent's—
Silk-lined Gloves
Driving Gloves
Wool-lined Gloves
Gauntlets

Fownes'—
Fur-lined Gloves
"Grip" Gloves
Motor Gauntlets
Buckskin Gloves

CHILDREN'S TAN KID GLOVES, SIZES 0000 TO 38.

We are issuing a **GLOVE CERTIFICATE** which entitles the recipient to call and select his or her own Gloves and thus saves the giver all worry as to size and color.

E. CHAPMAN, Glove Specialist, 613 Hastings St. W., VANCOUVER, B.C.



Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5



The Railway Over the Hill

By Arthur Hawkes

THE Duke of Wellington, long after Waterloo, was crossing an unfamiliar county of England in a post-chaise, with a friend; and, from time to time, predicted what would be found beyond the next hill. His companion remarked upon the extraordinary success with which the Duke anticipated the lie of country. "Oh!" said the Duke, "all my life I've been guessing that. Success in war half depends on how nearly you can judge what there is on the other side of the hill."

Wherein is a parable for the British Columbian who would consider the future of railway development in this amazing province. I suppose it would be a sin against provincial patriotism to suggest that the key to British Columbia's railway advance lies, not so much in British Columbia, as in what is happening over the hill. But it is remarkable how greatly the development of different parts of Canada has been contingent upon association with more or less remote sections of the country.

Nowhere in the world has the general advantage of the whole been so closely bound up with the particular advantage of a part, as in Canada. The first important railway building in this province necessarily looked towards connection with provinces that were separated from the Pacific by almost impassable ranges of mountains, by unpopulated prairies, and by the rocky, lonesome coasts of stormy inland seas. Mountains make fertile valleys, but they also pile up obstacles to inter-communication. The first steam connection of British Columbia with the rest of Canada was undertaken as a national enterprise, which could not at first pay its way, because there was so much vacant land to be possessed and so few people to possess it.

The first transcontinental must needs be born with the full stature of a man. To make its life possible there had to be vast grants of land, and enormous aids in cash; for the full-length railway could only find within its reach nourishment sufficient for an undevel-

oped child. The difference between the crossing of British Columbia by its first railway, and the traversing of the same province in a similar direction, by a second railway, is the difference of a commercial epoch, which has seen, not only the growth of British Columbia from what was virtually an outpost of Empire on the Pacific Sea, to a great agricultural and industrial province, whose sure promise for the future is great indeed; but has also seen the illimitable, empty plains, disturbed by wandering bands of Indians and by herds of buffalo, become provinces, endowed with flourishing people and all the appurtenances of high government.

A railway cannot start on the coastal side of British Columbia, and end in the recesses of the Eastern mountain frontier of the province. It can only be achieved if a railway can be brought to meet it, from over the hill, by some impulsion which has hitherto been practically independent of the existing trade of British Columbia. Happily it is no longer necessary—although it may be done—for a new country to produce upon its slender knees, full length railways, with scarcely any visible means of support. You are entitled to look for traffic already created, for revenues already earned, and of assured continuance, when it is proposed to bring a new railway into the province from over the hill.

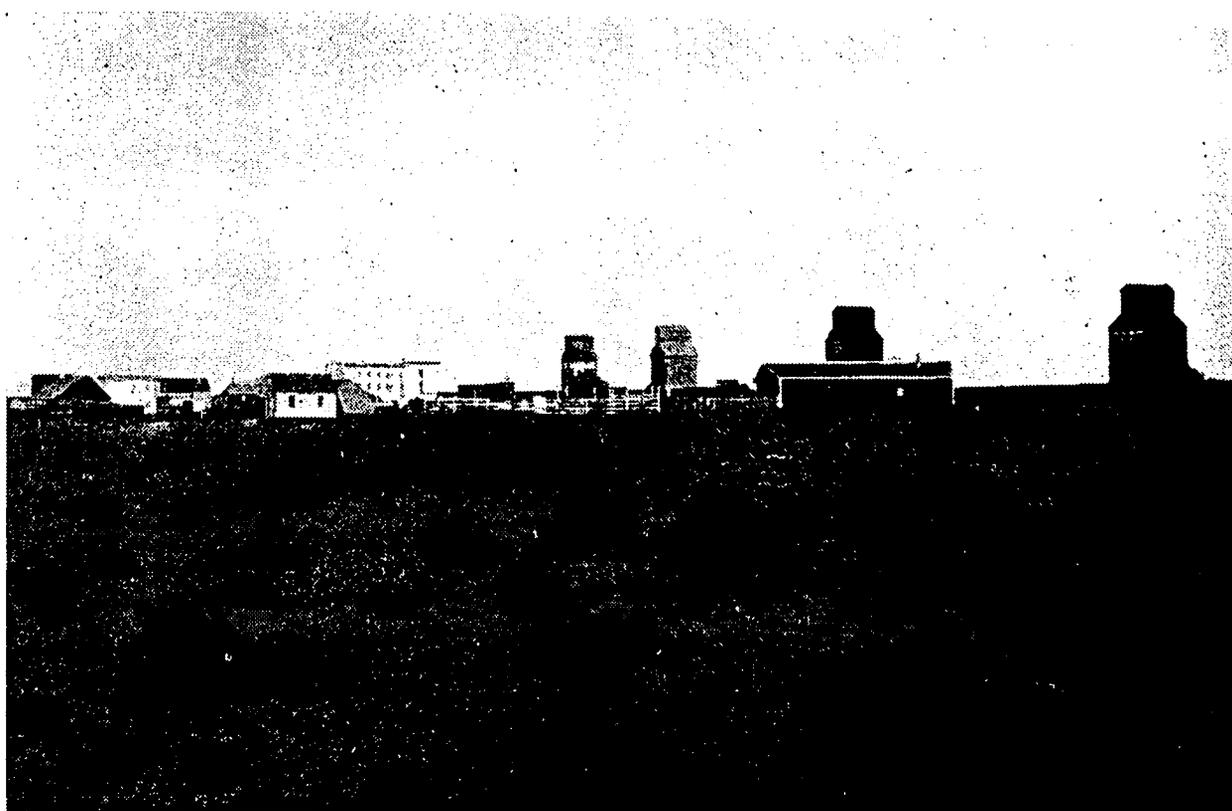
Over the hill are the Prairie Provinces. When the British Columbian looks for more railway communication with them and with the East, he looks also for the greatest certainty of the greatest trade with the people who are nearest at hand. British Columbia produces, in rapidly increasing degree, things which the prairie provinces need, and the prairie provinces are growing, on their uncountable acres, the things on which populations most quickly increase. British Columbia is in touch with several thousand miles of Canadian Pacific railway in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Her next step is to obtain direct contact with those sections of the prairie provinces which are served by several thousand miles of other railway.

The Saskatchewan Valley, for example, is proving itself the greatest distinctive farming area on this continent, fulfilling the prophecy made so often to his countrymen by the first American consul at Winnipeg,—that they nicknamed him Saskatchewan Taylor—a prophecy to the soundness of which this remarkable testimony was borne not long ago at Regina, by Mr. C. J. MacDonald, a former senator of the state of Minnesota.

“Many years ago, United States Consul Taylor of Winnipeg, used to tell us of a great region lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, which was destined to produce enough wheat to feed the world. A week ago we started out from Winnipeg to inspect that region. I cannot but express great wonder at what I saw, and I have realized how correct my old friend Taylor was. The character of the land, the richness and wide expanse of it, all point to the fact that there is here a region that will be greater as a wheat producer than anything the world has ever known. That is the story I will have to tell my readers. I expect if I go back and tell the truth about what I have seen I will lose all my subscribers. I think, for wheat, you have got the garden spot of the world. I admit we have no such prospect for the future, as this great region has.”

The settlement of the Saskatchewan Valley, and of the other parts of the prairie provinces, served by the Canadian Northern Railway has been coincident with the growth of the Canadian Northern from nothing in 1896 to about 3,500 miles of track between Lake Superior and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in 1908.

The possibility of the Canadian Northern coming into British Columbia, therefore, is uniquely favourable,—for British Columbia. No railway has ever been projected to come from the East, with such an amount of achieved business behind it; and with such a prevalence among the people who must be British Columbia's best customers. A glance at the map of the prairie provinces shows that, instead of being stretched across the plains, like an attenuated



Zealandia, Sask.—Ten Months Old, and Four Elevators.

penholder, the Canadian Northern spreads over the wheat-growing, and cattle-raising, and lumber-producing regions, like the fingers of a strong and well-nourished hand.

There could not be a more conclusive indication of the extent to which this over-the-hill enterprise is driving its stakes deep and firm into the most productive soils of Canada, than the fact that in this year, 1909, it is extending its branches in the prairie provinces, in fourteen different directions.

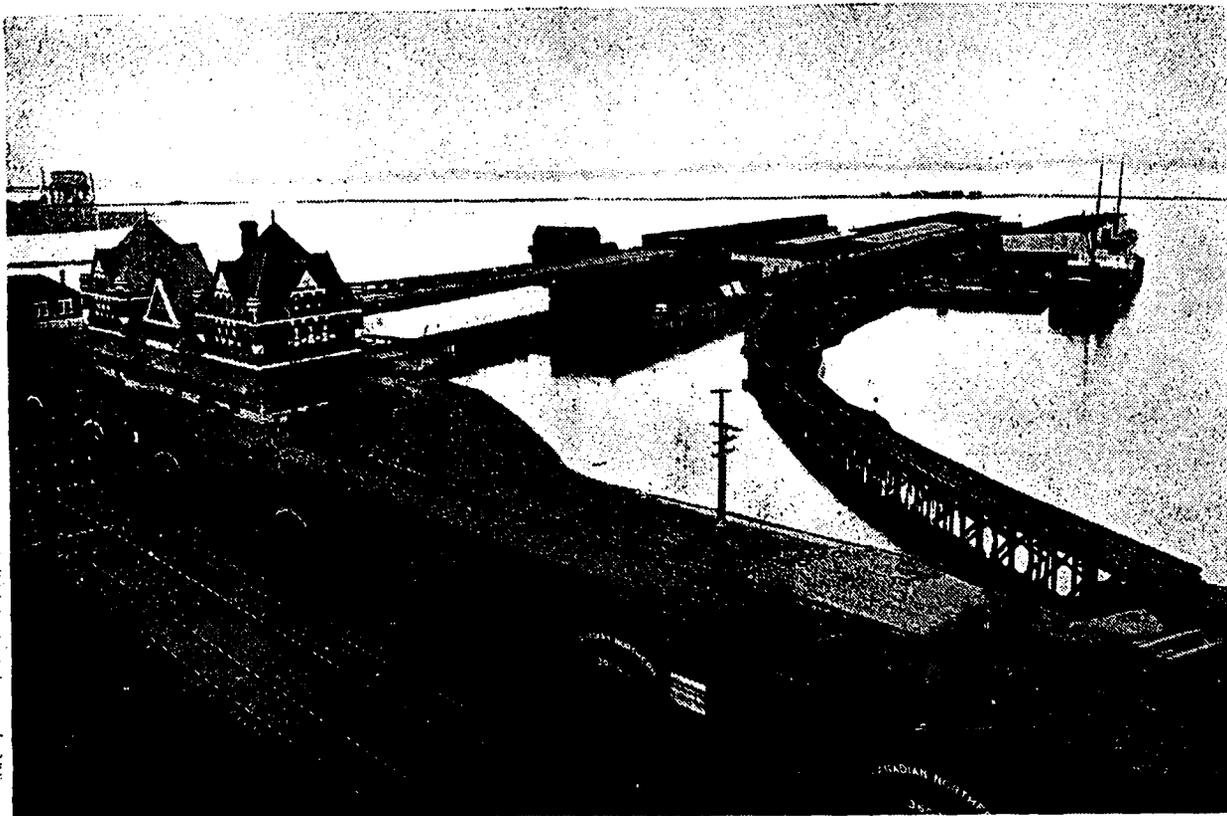
At the moment of writing, nothing seems more certain than that the Canadian Northern will haul thirty-five million bushels of grain to its lake terminals at Port Arthur. In the month of November, 1908, Canadian Northern cars delivered over six million bushels of wheat to the Canadian Northern elevators at Port Arthur.

The most remarkable product of the prairie provinces, then, is the Canadian Northern Railway; for it is different in kind and in magnitude from any other which has been raised in that territory. After the first line was built across the plains, in the early eighties, many other railways were projected. Some of them were built, and, for a while, were oper-

ated independently of the Canadian Pacific. But their careers were more interesting than profitable. With one exception they became subsidiaries of the Canadian Pacific, and testified to the truth of a great saying: "The branch cannot live of itself."

The exception was the outworks of the Northern Pacific system, which, of course, had bases and defences which were impossible to the small railways, running to Russell, to Prince Albert, to Edmonton and Lethbridge. The Northern Pacific lines were of foreign origin; and in the end, the foreign system cut loose from Manitoba, it having found it impossible to maintain, in Canada, the high rates that were exacted in Minnesota and Dakota. Everything pointed to the absolute domination of the West by the Canadian Pacific. Charters granted for smaller railways either could not be financed, or when they were financed, prophets were quite safe in foretelling that the new road would become an adjunct of the great transcontinental.

But the time came when the prairie region was able to produce, from within itself, its own railway, that would be independent of, and in many places a



Portion of C. N. R. Lake Terminals at Port Arthur, Ont.

competitor of the mighty corporation which seemed to control the destinies of the whole country,—a parallel situation to that which led a Vancouver man to say to me, not so long ago: "The C.P.R. has the best orchard in British Columbia." The Canadian Northern was to be the line, but it was never heralded. It began its life under a very parochial-looking name; and when it emerged into its present identity, it was still regarded by those who believed they knew how to interpret the signs of the times, as merely an additional venture, fore-ordained to be drawn into the orbit of the Canadian Pacific.

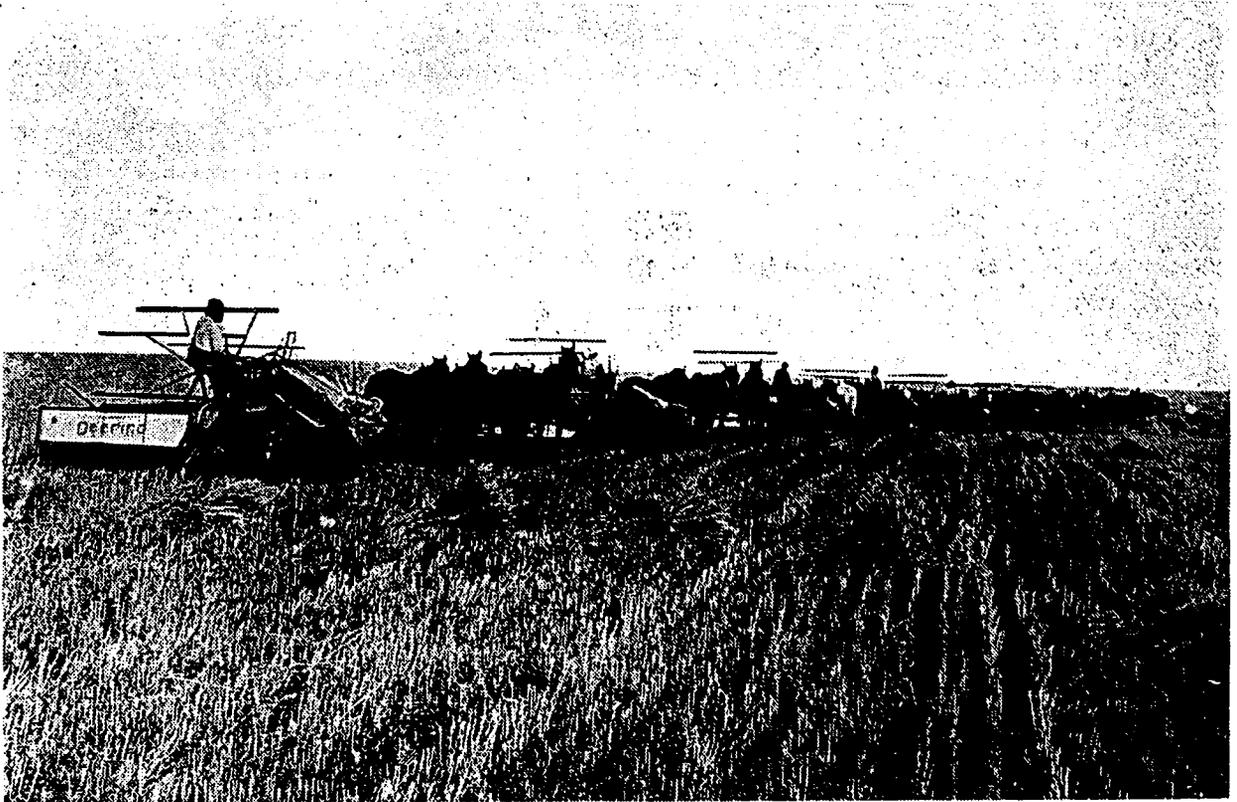
Greatly daring, certain men had obtained a charter and land grant for building the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal in northwestern Manitoba. The charter was as ineffective as a hibernating gopher. Its owners could neither finance it themselves, nor persuade anyone else to make the attempt. After seven years in the wilderness, it was picked up by two contractors, who had built some of the railways which the hooked finger of destiny had pulled into the Canadian Pacific run.

In 1896 they began to build northward from Gladstone, near the southern

end of Lake Manitoba. Just before Christmas of that year one hundred miles of track was taken over by an infant operating department that consisted of a general superintendent and twelve men. There were farmers around Lake Dauphin, and the terminus of the railway which served them first was composed of two log shacks. The power equipment included three engines, two of which stood most of the time in the round-house. As a defence against superstition the operating force was increased from thirteen men to thirteen men and a boy. The first year's earnings were sixty thousand dollars, but they paid expenses and fixed charges.

That was the beginning of what is now the Canadian Northern, which, five years afterwards, obtained control of the three hundred and fifty miles of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba; and, so doing, acquired ready-made, an entrance into Winnipeg, and, excepting eighteen miles southeast from Gladstone, a connection between its original line, and another, running eastward from Winnipeg, the first section of which was already in operation.

This stroke established the credit of the new railway and demonstrated to



Cutting Wheat on the Great Saskatchewan Plains.

the financial world a coherence of plan, and a strength and efficiency of execution such as had never before been seen in Canadian transportation.

In 1902 the road began to haul its own cars to the head of navigation at Port Arthur. Discerning people then found out that, while the Canadian Northern was extending branches in Manitoba, it was also heading for the Saskatchewan Valley, which it had marked off as its special territory. Except around Edmonton, and in a small area on the narrow tongue of land which separates the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan for a hundred miles before they mingle below Prince Albert, there was no settlement in that region, whose vast fertilities had been understood by "Saskatchewan" Taylor.

By 1904 the line to Edmonton had been pushed as far as Humboldt. In 1905 four hundred miles were laid from Humboldt to Edmonton, and four concrete and steel bridges across the Saskatchewan were built. The approach of the Canadian Northern railway to Edmonton converted that place from an interesting town of twenty-five hundred people into a city of ten thousand. Now it has twenty-two thousand people, and

has "arrived," as the metropolis of the real North-West.

Edmonton is not the only considerable town in the prairie provinces which has been expanded by the competition of the Canadian Northern with the railway already in service. What is true of Edmonton is true, in differing degrees, of Prince Albert, of Saskatoon, of Regina, of Brandon, of Portage la Prairie, and, to the extent of at least one-third of its modern growth, of Winnipeg. Take Regina, Saskatoon, and Prince Albert,—the railway history of these cities has been remarkably affected by the Canadian Northern. Until 1906 Regina and Prince Albert were connected by the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan railway, which was operated, under a lease, by the Canadian Pacific. The lease was expiring in 1906. That it would be renewed was taken for granted by everybody—except by the Canadian Northern. One summer morning, a proposition was hammered out in the executive offices in Toronto, and in the afternoon the lease of two hundred and fifty miles of line, crossing the most productive section of the province of Saskatchewan, was transferred to the Canadian Northern. Already a Canadian Northern

line from the East to Regina was under way and in the winter of 1907 the capital of Saskatchewan was given its first competitive connection with the East.

Saskatoon had begun an extraordinary career of expansion. Within a few months of the transfer of the Regina-Prince Albert line to the Canadian Northern, another Canadian Northern line was being constructed into the great Saskatchewan Plains, southwest of Saskatoon, which gives the Canadian Northern the premier position in the most developed section of the wheat-growing areas of the Saskatchewan Valley, because the main line between Winnipeg and Edmonton crosses the Regina-Prince Albert line, fourteen miles north of Saskatoon.

Prince Albert received its competitive railway in 1905, the track coming from the East, by way of the Swan River and Carrot River Valleys. When the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan passed into the Canadian Northern in 1906 the city had three distinct routes to Winnipeg, operated sympathetically. This month will see the completion of the first fifty miles of another Canadian Northern road from Prince Albert which, crossing the Saskatchewan by a train and team steel bridge, transects one of the best farming districts in the world, and will make a new, direct route to Edmonton, and to Vancouver.

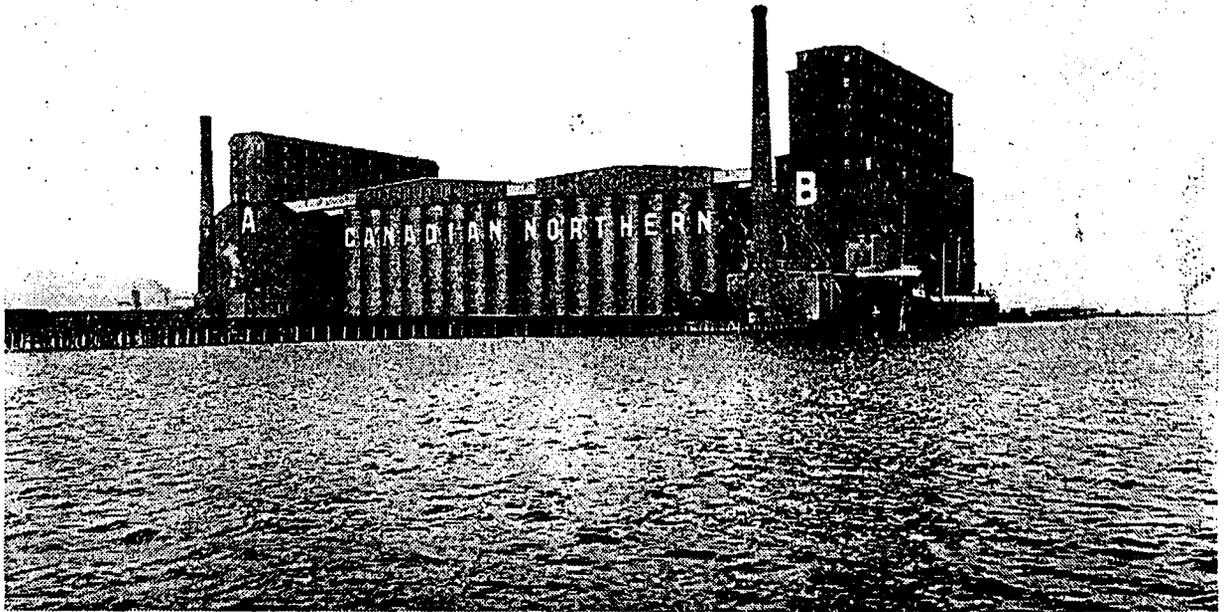
Only one city in Saskatchewan—Moose Jaw,—and three in Alberta—Medicine Hat, Calgary and Lethbridge—are without Canadian Northern service,—a defect in the commercial constitution of the two provinces which is being remedied. At their last sessions the Saskatchewan and Alberta Legislatures, knowing the anxiety of farmers everywhere to be served by the Canadian Northern, guaranteed the fixed charges on extensions of the system into a great deal of new territory west of Regina,—the territory which is specially important to British Columbia. The guarantees include a cut-off and extensions that will give Calgary not only a short competitive line from Winnipeg and the East, but will also give it direct access to Hudson's Bay for the summer shipment of cattle to Europe.

Also, in order that the traffic which will come naturally to British Columbia from the western and northwestern half of Alberta, may be gathered together, the Legislature of that province guaranteed the bonds on branches to connect Calgary and the southern towns with Edmonton, and to open up the Peace River and the Athabasca countries. The 1909 construction in the prairie provinces includes four hundred and fifty miles of line, and the government guarantees will secure the construction of much additional mileage.

Over the hill, therefore, is a railway of immense potentialities for British Columbia. Over the hill will be the chief market for British Columbia fruits, lumber, and mineral products which cannot be furnished by the prairies. The advent of a railway with the remarkable hold on prairie development which the Canadian Northern has, is of capital importance to British Columbia as a whole, and especially to the southern sections of the province.

Nobody is finally committed to any detailed plan by which the Canadian Northern shall reach the Pacific. But the men who control the railway have given this earnest of their intentions—they have sent their surveyors to locate a line from the Yellowhead Pass to Vancouver and New Westminster. The success of a railway through mountainous country will depend, first on the amount of business forthcoming; secondly, on the construction expenditure; and, thirdly, on the costliness or otherwise of operation as affected by difficult or easy gradients.

The dominating consideration, of course, is to find a route that is reasonably practicable. It is remarkable that the trail of the Canadian Northern was blazed for it many years ago by the Canadian Pacific. I have before me maps published in Sandford Fleming's reports to the Dominion Government upon the Canadian Pacific Railway for the years 1879 and 1880, in which the course indicated from the Red River to the Pacific Ocean is shown to be by way of the Swan River Valley (a hundred miles north of Dauphin, the first terminus of the Canadian Northern) by Humbolt,



The Largest Elevator in the World, With a Capacity of 7,250,000 Bushels.

and the Saskatchewan Valley to Edmonton; thence to the Yellowhead Pass; and via the Thompson and Fraser River Valleys to Port Moody—the Canadian Northern main line route of today. It was selected because exploration shewed that for its whole distance through the prairie country the new line was to traverse land of the finest quality, which could be said of no other route, and because the gradients across the mountains were the easiest obtainable.

I have also another map which shows, comparatively, the gradients of the route to Burrard Inlet, by way of the Yellowhead, and the crossing of the Atlantic-Pacific watershed by railways then constructed or projected. The chart shows that whereas between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean, the Northern Pacific would climb three summits of 2,800 feet, 4,900 feet, and 5,800 feet; the Union Pacific would climb summits of 8,200 feet, 7,400 feet, 6,200 feet, and 7,000 feet; the Atlantic and Pacific, heights of 6,400 feet, 7,150 feet, 7,300 feet, 4,000 feet, and 2,700 feet; and the Texas Pacific, passes of 5,700 feet, 5,150 feet, 4,800 feet, and 2,400 feet; the Canadian Pacific as decided upon in 1880, would only have to climb one summit of 3,650

feet, and would then descend gradually to Burrard Inlet in five hundred miles.

The Canadian Pacific route through the Fertile Belt and the Yellowhead Pass was abandoned in favour of the present line, which compels trains to climb summits of 5,280 feet and 4,308 feet.

The Canadian Northern, therefore, will follow, almost identically, the course marked out for the original Canadian Pacific. The descent from the Yellowhead Pass to the Pacific Ocean averages about 7 feet per mile, and is an easy water-grade for practically the whole of the distance. It predicates the easiest known transference of freight through the mountains of North America. For traffic, whether for the Panama Canal or for the Pacific coastal ports, the Thompson and Fraser Valleys route from the Yellowhead is two hundred and twenty miles nearer Pacific tidewater than the line down the upper waters of the Fraser and across to the Skeena and thence to the Pacific Ocean; while, of course, Vancouver is four hundred and fifty miles south of the mouth of the Skeena.

Now, as I have said, the linking up of British Columbia with eastern territory is, to an almost determining extent,



A 54-Bushel-to-Acre Crop at Dauphin, Man.

contingent upon the business that will originate over the hill. The first requisite, therefore, of a new transcontinental connection must necessarily be easy exchange of traffic between the East and West. You must build your trunk line where it can be most economically operated, and where business already awaits it. The difference in cost between a line that comes over two or three summits, and one which can be carried through a pass with a maximum altitude of 3,700 feet is, conservatively, many thousands of dollars per mile on five hundred miles. The difference in cost of operation will be at least as the difference between success and failure in meeting expenses for many years.

The projected line of the Canadian Northern will not only give British Columbia connections with the three great prairie provinces, but it will link British Columbia with the Eastern provinces of Canada, in which, preparing for a transcontinental issue of its enterprises, the Canadian Northern has built and acquired over 1,500 miles of track, which enters Sudbury, Parry Sound, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax.

There is another important feature in this connection. The evolution of the

control by Federal Commission of railway systems in the United States has given Canada a great advantage in transportation, provided Canadian railways can pick up traffic at a United States port on the Pacific and land it in the central or eastern parts of the American continent in competition with American lines.

The Canadian Northern has since early in 1908 run its own sleeping cars into Duluth every day. Its track is within eighty miles of Duluth. It has purchased its right of way to, and terminal properties in, that great port of Lake Superior. It is a geographical fact that the distance from Duluth to Puget Sound via Winnipeg, Edmonton, the Yellowhead, Kamloops, and the Fraser Valley is just about the same distance as from Duluth to Seattle over the Northern Pacific. It is longer than by the Great Northern; but the extra mileage is compensated for by the advantage in gradients, so that, from the point of view of earning capacity, the new road from Vancouver to the Great Lakes by way of the Yellowhead would be enormously advantaged by the amount of American business it would secure.



Recollections of Commander Peary

By C. L. Armstrong

THE first time I ever saw Commander Peary he was entering his cabin on the steamer Roosevelt. The steamer was pitching to the tune of a nasty November gale in Cabot strait somewhere off the west coast of Newfoundland. I remember feeling full of admiration for the grace the tall, lean, broad-shouldered figure of the explorer displayed as he avoided a clumsily-flung coil of wire cable and stepped across the threshold of the little room that had been his sanctum sanctorum for practically three years. Just inside he turned with a quiet smile on his weather-beaten face and indicated a chair. He himself perched on the edge of his curtain-hung bunk and lighted a long stogie preparatory to submitting to the third degree of the "fourth estate."

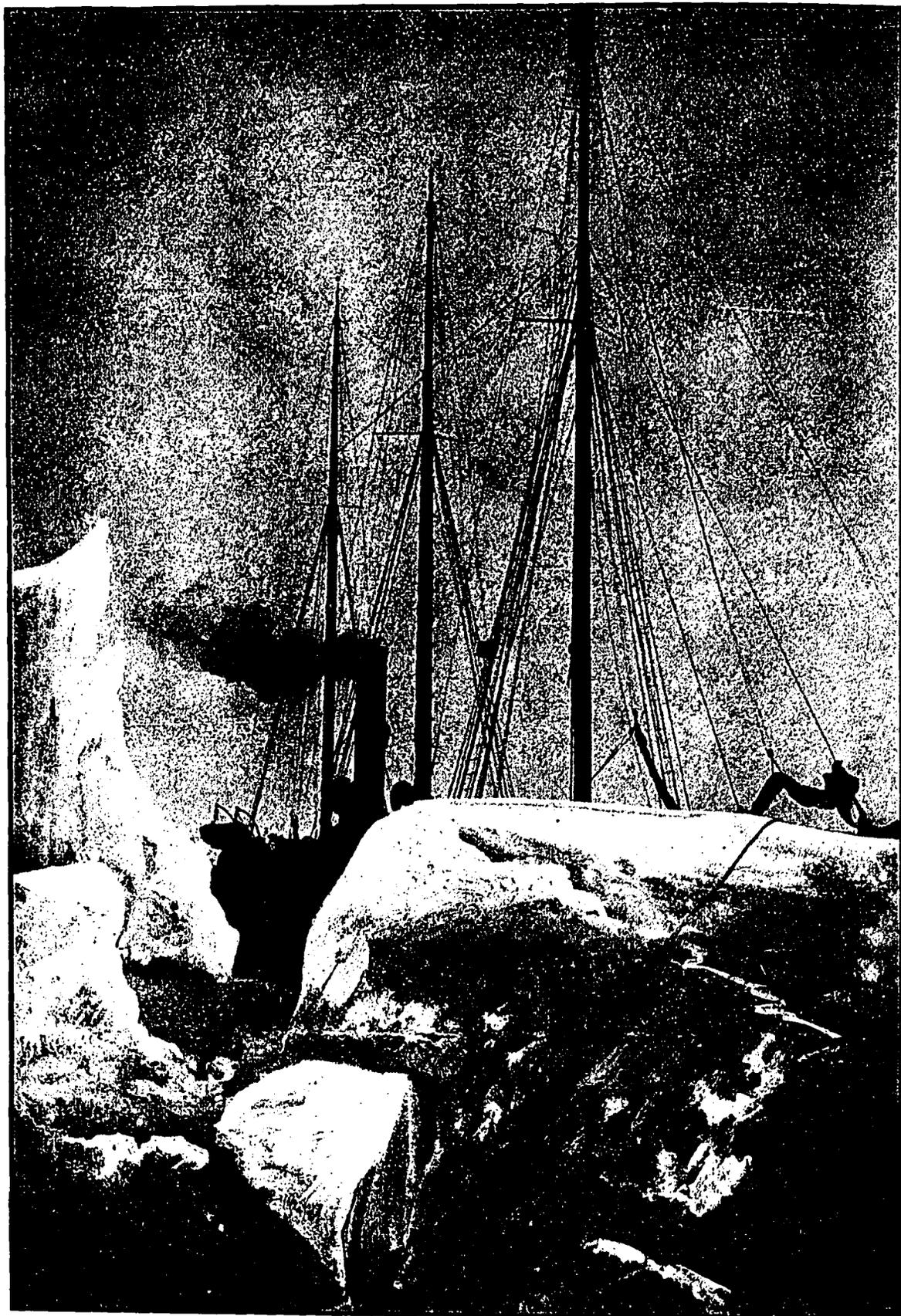
To the newspaperman Commander Peary came as a blessing, for, although he could be scientific to a degree and painfully exact at the proper time, he also possessed a keen sense of humour and an instinct for literary effect. Not only would he give the figures respecting his polar expedition; he would re-

late the dramatic and humourous incidents as well. And he was well plied with questions that stormy night on Cabot strait. The interrogator had been sitting up nights for four weeks devouring tomes of weighty lore on polar exploration and he had learned by heart enough "leads" to keep his victim reciting until further orders.

Peary displayed the utmost patience and consideration in replying to questions. He was not falsely modest nor was he ever forgetful of the just deserts of others. His demeanor was, for the most part grave. At rare intervals his face lighted up with a quiet smile and then his fine character-filled countenance was unusually attractive.

Something of the secret of Peary's success in the long years he has spent fighting the forces of the North was impressed upon me in that first conversation with him. His personality, rugged and compelling, was exceptionally magnetic and before half an hour had passed the writer was forsworn a life-long admirer of the intrepid American.

The present expedition, the dash just



The Roosevelt in a Squeeze, Near "The Gap."



In Peary's Private Cabin Aboard The Roosevelt. The Commander is on the Left, Being Interviewed by Newspaper Correspondents—the Author Being on the Right Side.

completed, is Peary's seventh distinct attempt to reach the North Pole. He has been at it ever since early in the eighties when he first received leave of absence from the Navy Department, ostensibly "to make observations and take deep sea soundings off the coast of Greenland." From year to year the leave has been extended and now that Peary has at last achieved the ambition of his life and penetrated the veil of the Land of Silence even to The Great Nail, he returns a pole conqueror when, in reality, he was supposed to be merely taking observations off the Greenland shore.

Notwithstanding the many years he has spent away from his wife and his home few men love home and family more than does Peary. This has been demonstrated many times. In the intervals between expeditions he has, of late years, withdrawn to his summer place on Eagle Island off the coast of Maine. There he is able to maintain the most rigid retirement with his wife and his charming children, one of whom, Marie Agnito Peary, was born beyond the dim circle of the Arctic. Peary revels in these retreats to Eagle Island and the writer recalls one occasion when he was

sent unexpectedly to get Peary's views on some question of exploration for a Boston paper that a very vigilant watchman waved a gun and was most difficult to convince of the propriety of permitting the writer to land on his master's domain.

His affection for his family crops out unconsciously in Peary's writings and speech. For instance, his last book, descriptive of the expedition that ended in 1906, after having established the record of "Farthest North," is dedicated to Mrs. Peary in the following words: "To Her Who has Been my Constant Aid and Inspiration and Who has Borne the Brunt of it All."

At one point in his diary of that hard and long voyage he writes, at the close of a day with anxiety and hard work, when the Roosevelt was struggling in the ice crushes of Wrangel Bay, "It was the second birthday of a man-child in the distant home, and in my dreams I saw the round face with its blue eyes and crown of yellow hair, smiling at me from the savage mass of black clouds which shrouded the summit of the cape under which we lay. God bless you, little man."

On the morning that Peary anchored the Roosevelt in the upper harbor at Sydney, C.B., in November, 1906, he was taken ashore on a newspaper tug. The landing stage lay at the foot of a hill and perched on the top of this hill was the best hotel the town boasted. In that hotel Mrs. Peary had waited for four long weary weeks while the Roosevelt inched her way through the straits. On the brief trip from the Roosevelt to the wharf Peary continued to answer a rapid fire list of questions. He gave the information asked gravely prefacing each reply with a characteristic little cough which lent added force to his responses. The bow of the tug nosed the stringer of the wharf and she was swinging slowly alongside when Peary, whose back had been to the shore, suddenly turned

to survey the town. Far up on the hill, from a window of the hotel, a slim arm was thrust out into the gray mist of the early morning and a woman's hand frantically waved a handkerchief.

That was the last we saw of Peary for the day. He didn't even wait to take formal leave nor did he wait for the tug to range alongside. He sprang like a mountain sheep from the tug's rail across a wide space of angry water, alighted neatly on the stringer of the wharf and leaped up the long steps three at a time.

Enthusiastic to a fault, cool-headed, determined, brave and both physically and mentally capable, Commander Peary is, in every respect, the ideal pole finder. He deserves full measure of success.

Charles Lamb—His Life and a Glimpse at His Works

By William Blakemore

LONDON is a wonderful place, possessing sufficient interest to act as a magnet for the civilized world.

Thither come the rich and the great of all nations to observe, and to marvel, and well may some Oriental potentate, aflame with visions of her magnificence and her grandeur, return to his Eastern kingdom with the words of the Queen of Sheba on his lips—"The half had not been told me."

But there is something beyond and beneath all this that constitutes the true worth of London. It lies not in the intricate maze of railways, that mole-like burrow beneath, and spider-like girdle with flashing threads her environs; nor in the stately and palatial buildings that dwarf into insignificance the squat abodes on which they look down; nor in the costly

treasures, retrieved by a wealth of world-wide research from the past and the present; nor yet in the busy haunts of men, where the markets of the world are manipulated. The force, the life-like energy, the national power of mighty London spring from the silent, eternal memories of a people passed away, of a population no longer numbered, but once living, moving, acting in the same arena, now long since gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

People London again with your fancy; push aside the hurrying, rushing three millions of today, chasing each other off the stage of time in the mad race for wealth and let the silent denizens of wonderland again inhabit the houses and pace the streets of London of the last century. Take away your roaring steam engines and rattling omnibuses, your

flaring gas lamps, and pale electric lights, your asphalt paths and paved roadways—in fact, take away all the glitter and the glare of modern Babylon and on a Wednesday night in the year 1809 accompany me for a quiet stroll through the streets. We issue forth from our lodgings and proceed along the Strand eastwards; with care we manage to pick our way avoiding the projecting gables of the buildings on the one side, and the deep ditch on the other; few pedestrian-trouble us, the flickering oil lamps hung on wooden posts at irregular intervals suffice to decipher the various streets we pass. Presently we reach Temple Bar, not yet desecrated by unholy hands, and sacrificed to the Moloch of modern utility.

As we pass beneath its dark portals we emerge upon the junction of a small street, or passage, running to the left; let us turn here and follow as well as we can the narrow way called "Inner Temple Lane," right away for nearly half a mile between lofty piles of buildings, broken at last here and there by glimpses of the fringe of some green plot, or some palisaded garden, then a poorer class of dwelling, and when we have almost emerged upon Holborn we reach No. 4, a common, unpretentious building five stories high.

Pause a moment and reconnoitre. Nothing very exhilarating here. The front overlooking the lane along which we have travelled, the back a gloomy court, like a churchyard, adorned with three trees and a pump. Yet cast a glance to the top story, the blinds are dropped, but there is a light within and moving shadows on the blind tell of life and merriment. Let us venture through the door and up the old fashioned, three-cornered, winding stairs. As we get higher we are reminded that this is the age of social enjoyment—of home recreations and fireside, not footlight, wit. We enter the room, long, low, and wainscotted, a wood fire is crackling in the spacious hearth, long candles are lit—the snuff box stands on the table for general use—the card table is drawn out for a quiet rubber—the kettle is singing on the hob—glasses and bottle, and cold meat are placed upon a side table within

reach of those who care for them. The familiar guests do, as they like—a real "at home"—read, chat, come and go as they please. Who are they? Why, we have dropped across a coterie of the brightest scholars, and wits of the age, at the happiest moment. Look at them, and hear their good-humoured chaff and sparkling wit. This is the home of *Charles Lamb* of whom the *British Quarterly* recently said: "Lamb is the first of all our humourists."

Taken as a whole he is incomparable. Notice him—"surmounting a curiously fragile-looking frame—which was clothed completely and almost clerically in black," was a head pronounced by Leigh Hunt "worthy of Aristotle" and spoken of by Hazlitt as "a fine Titian head full of dumb eloquence." The eyes were softly brown, yet glittering. The face was oval in its lower portion. The forehead was expanded. The nose was slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostrils. His features lit up with such a ray of intelligence as only an enchanting smile can produce. A man to be loved, to be hated? to be feared? NEVER. Hear him for says Talfourd, his best biographer: "Alas how many even of his most delicate fancies, rich as they are in feeling and in wisdom, will be lost to those who have not present to them the sweet broken accents, and the half-playful, half-melancholy smile of the writer."

Coleridge is there. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" drew from the irrepressible humourist the answer, "I n-never heard you do anything else!" He it was, also, that most dearly loved of all his friends, whom, at another time, he likened so irresistibly to a "damaged archangel!" Conspicuous among these friends, besides, was Martin Burney, to whom, as everybody knows, Lamb observed, in the middle of a rubber, "If dirt were trumps, Martin, w-what hands you would hold!" There, too, was Wordsworth, whose genius he so revered, yet whom he is actually said, once, in his freakish humour, to have shaken, not by the hand but by the nose, with a "How d'ye do, old Lakey poet?" Writing to him another while, in spite of Wordsworth's constitutional solemnity,

"Some d—d people have come in, and I must finish abruptly," but adding quietly in a preposterous postscript, "by d—d I only mean deuced." Barry Cornwall, it was, another of these intimates, who drew from him the remark, in reference to some observation, evidencing a certain degree of smartness, "Very well, my dear boy, very well; B-Ben Jonson has said worse things, and b-b-better!" Crabb Robinson's announcement of his maiden brief, elicited from Lamb, in the same spirit of mockery, the profane ejaculation, "Thou first great cause, least understood!"

The cherished companions of Charles Lamb were for the most part book worms, critics, authors, and social oddities. Many were celebrities. A few were hardly presentable. His surroundings were of the homeliest, his habits completely unfashionable. Every one took his part in the conversation. But among them all, as William Hazlitt tells us, "no one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half-a-dozen half sentences as Elia himself." At these times, according to John Forster's testimony also, "no one said such startling things as Lamb."

Having thus introduced you to our hero, let us take a glance at his history.

Charles Lamb was born on the 10th February, 1775, at Old Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, and a copy of his baptismal register may be seen at the Temple Church. He had three sisters, and three brothers, all older than himself. The family seems to have come originally from Lincolnshire. The "Annual Register" for 1835, indeed, (p. 212) speaks of Charles Lamb himself, meaning obviously his father John, as a native of Lincolnshire. Quitting his native county for London in search of employment, John Lamb appears to have settled down contentedly as the confidential attendant, or, as Elia exhaustively terms him, "clerk, servant, dresser, friend, flapper, guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer," of a well-to-do widower, one Mr. Samuel Salt, barrister and bencher of the Inner Temple.

By an odd coincidence, Charles Lamb's father is said to have greatly resembled David Garrick in appearance, while his

mother is stated to have had so matronly and commanding an aspect that she might readily have been mistaken for a sister of Mrs. Siddons. A chirruping blithe little fellow in his younger days, must have been Mr. Salt's Figaro-Fac-totum: a clerkly domestic—a sort of valet man of letters—a Dodsley in all but wearing the livery!

According to Mr. Proctor's painfully accurate expression, Charles Lamb was born "almost in penury." He was nevertheless mercifully spared the treatment to which the children of the very poor are subjected, as he himself has touchingly described them, where he says that they are not so much brought up as they are dragged up. His playground was over-shadowed at one part by the Round Tower of the Knights Templars, at another by the mulberry tree under the gnarled branches of which Henry VIII. traditionally courted Anne Boleyn. He loitered as an urchin across flagstones, and gravel walks, and grass-plots, that had been trodden but yesterday by Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. His earliest delight out of doors every autumn was to see the blaze of chrysanthemums still at that season the glory of the Temple Gardens, or to watch the spray of the slender fountain yet tinkling there under the plane trees.

His earliest studies were over slate and horn-book at a little day-school, the masters of which were named Bird and Cook. It was situated, this homeliest of seminaries, in an out-of-the-way corner, up an alley, close by Holborn, leading from Fetter Lane to Bartlett's Buildings. Then it was, probably, when he was trotting about London hand-in-hand with his motherly little sister Mary (ten years his senior), that, child as he was, he flashed out the first gleam of the latent humourist. Sauntering with her through one of the city graveyards, where he listened to her reading one eulogistic inscription after another from the tombstones, he put to her, in his hesitating, childish voice, very much after the manner, as one might imagine, of little Paul Dombey, the startling enquiry as to Where all the naughty people were buried?

Charles Lamb, on the 9th of October,

1782, being then well on into his eighth year, was presented to Christ's Hospital by Timothy Yeates, Esq., the Governor. Thenceforth, during eight winters and seven summers he was numbered among the thousand boys of that noble foundation. There he made his first friendships, notably the dearest of them all, that kindled in his breast by one he himself has spoken of as the "inspired charity boy," Samuel Taylor Coleridge, already, even then, poet, scholiast, dialectician, philosopher. Another schoolmate, Charles Valentine Le Grice, years afterwards admirably depicted the gentle brilliant Elia of the hereafter as he was at fourteen "Undistinguishable by his garb, clad as he was like the rest of them in the long bluish gaberdine opening from the waist downwards, in the bright yellow stockings and yellow tunic girdled about the loins by the thin red leather belt, he is seen at a glance to possess the characteristics noted by a pen more graphic than many a pencil—the crisp curling black hair—the clear ruddy brown complexion—the aquiline Jewish contour—the mild countenance—the glittering eyes—an amiable, winning little creature, singularly sensible, keenly observant. Added to this, as he himself expressed it, he "stammered abominably." Being so lovable a lad he was universally liked at school, but above all his school fellows in Lamb's estimation was the one he looked up to thenceforward as Steele looked up throughout life to Addison—Coleridge, true only two years his senior, but at school two years are as a decade in after life.

At sixteen Lamb quitted Christ's Hospital, being educated far in advance of his years and having thoroughly mastered the classics. Indeed at this early age he had manifested a love for literature and had acquired a marked style of his own. This was kept alive by Coleridge. Whenever the latter was up in town from college the two friends contrived to meet for the discussion of poetry and metaphysics. But these were the brief, refreshing moments of bliss which early life afforded to Lamb, for in the first bloom of his youth "the gentle hearted Charles—embryo-poet, essayist, critic, dramatist, humourist—be-

took himself to the desk as a clerk in the Old South Sea House. Here he served only a short time, for, in 1792, he obtained an appointment to a clerkship in the Accountant's office of the East India Company in Leadenhall street, and there he continued in regular employment for thirty-three years—from 17 to 50.

His stipend at the outset was £70 a year, but gradually increased to £600, a sum placing him—with his simple taste—in easy circumstances. Throughout this lengthened period of service he was a model of punctuality. It is related, however, that on one occasion a director complained about his coming so late—"Oh! yes sir, but then you see I go away so early." How uncongenial were his surroundings to a man of fine soul and sensitive temperament! Writing to Coleridge from a desk—the wood of which sometimes entered his soul more piercingly than iron—he said: "Not a soul loves Bowles here, scarce one has heard of Burns; few but laugh at me for reading my Testament—they talk a language I understand not—I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them." Yet in the intervals of toil even there he had his golden fancies. As a humourist, as a story teller—as a critic, having an exquisite relish for nearly everything that is best in literature—but above all as an essayist whose subtle combination of the humourous with the pathetic has ever since been recognized as simply incomparable—he contrived not only to make sunshine in that shady place, but to sweeten existence for himself even under the weight of a calamity as dreadful as any imagined by Dante in the darkest circle of his Purgatorio.

That calamity descended upon him in 1796. It sprang directly from the taint of hereditary madness which lurked in the family. Nine months previously symptoms had manifested themselves in himself, but, being placed in a private asylum at Hoxton and properly treated, he had been released at the end of that interval with the balance of his mind completely restored. He returned to his desk work at the India House, and to his home, which was no longer in the Temple, but in humble lodgings near

Holborn. During the preceding twelve-month, his father, who was already lapsing into dotage and decrepitude, had retired, upon a very small pension, from the service of Mr. Salt, the Inner Temple bencher. To add to the domestic misery, Charles Lamb's mother was to all appearance, permanently bedridden. His well-to-do brother John, of the South Sea House, as usual consulting his own interests exclusively, lived elsewhere in great comfort, having nothing whatever to do with the little household, except as an occasional visitor. An old maiden aunt (Hetty) who lived with the Lambs, added her atom of an annuity to their narrow resources, in their then dwelling place, No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn. Charles, the youngest of the group, not merely poured the whole of his small salary into the common stock but, when away from the East India House, devoted himself entirely to his afflicted parents and their surroundings.

The mainstay of them all, the prop and pillar of the house, was Mary Lamb. She passed sleepless nights in attending upon her invalid mother and her imbecile father, and "lived laborious days" in seeing to the comfort of the household. In between whiles she toiled incessantly at her own needlework, besides superintending that of a little girl who acted as her assistant or apprentice. Wrought up to an unusual pitch of nervous excitement by a long continuance of these weary days and nights, Mary Lamb betrayed such evidence of having been injuriously affected, that, upon the morning of what was to prove for the maid the fatal day, her young brother called upon Dr. Pitcairn, the physician, for the purpose of consulting him in her regard. The latter, as it happened, was away from home, going his rounds, so that the timely aid of his advice was unhappily at the moment inaccessible. The afternoon dinner-hour arrived for the little household, upon that deplorable Thursday, the 22nd September, 1796.

What occurred may be found recorded, under the next day's date, in that year's "Annual Register." The particulars there given are the epitome of the evidence submitted on the morrow

(Friday) to the Coroner's Jury, who brought in, without a moment's hesitation, as their verdict—Lunacy. The facts may be as quickly told as they were accomplished. While, with the cloth laid, the family were waiting dinner, Mary Lamb, seized with a sudden access of frenzy, snatched up a table-knife, and with it brandished in her hand pursued her apprentice round the apartment. Her bedridden mother, screaming to her to desist, she abruptly abandoned her first intention, and turning upon the helpless invalid with loud shrieks plunged the knife into her heart. Charles Lamb himself was the one who wrested the blood-stained weapon from the grasp of the unconscious matricide. Swiftly though he did so, more havoc had been effected by the homicidal maniac before she was disarmed. She had hurled the dinner forks frantically about the room, with one of which the poor half-witted father was wounded in the forehead, while the old maiden-aunt lay stretched upon the floor insensible and apparently dying.

Charles Lamb used to say that his life might be comprised in an epigram. If so, it must certainly be an epigram having at the heart of it a tragedy. His witnessing so soon after his own confinement in a madhouse, a catastrophe thus appalling, one might have thought, must have unseated his reason anew if not permanently. Instead of which it actually seems, for once and for all, to have given it a perfect equipoise, and in doing so, to have elevated, ennobled, sublimated, the whole nature of that young day-dreamer of two-and-twenty.

At the first shock of this stupendous calamity, his gentle heart seemed completely overwhelmed. "Mention nothing of poetry," he cried out in an agony to Coleridge, adding that he had destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that description. A "fair-haired maid," the Alice Wain of *Elia*, had just before captivated his imagination. He tore all thought of the tender passion from his breast, as though it had been a profanation. "I am wedded," he said, with pathetic significance, "to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father." Upon the evening of that dreadful day,

while preserving, as he expressed it, "a tranquility not of despair," some neighbours coming in and persuading him to take some food, he suddenly sprang to his feet, from the poor meal he had just begun, with a feeling of self-abhorrence. "In an agony of emotion," he wrote to his bosom friend, "I found my way mechanically into the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon!"

This incident, though so harrowing by contrast, is as tenderly affecting as that of Steele's first experience of death when his father died, he himself being at the time a little creature under five years of age. "I remember," he writes in the *Tatler*, "I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there." And thereupon, as he relates, his mother caught him in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was in before, almost smothered him in her embraces. However dissimilar in themselves, these are distinctly companion pictures—Steele as a child, with the battledore in his hand, pausing bewildered by the side of his father's coffin; Lamb, in an innocent torment of self-remorse, kneeling by the side of his mother's coffin, imploring God's forgiveness and hers for a momentary forgetfulness.

The unhappy matricide herself, immediately upon the close of the coroner's inquest, was placed under rigorous restraint in the Hoxton Asylum, where, but a few months previously, for the first and only time in his life, her younger brother had been immured. There, under rational treatment, her reason was soon restored. Although, upon realizing what had happened, Mary Lamb appears to have been at the first completely appalled, she speedily, and thenceforth permanently, found solace in the conviction that, for an act done thus in a state of mental aberration, she could be held in no way morally responsible. Her selfish elder brother, John, upon the

plea of her being liable to these sudden outbursts of homicidal mania, was for having her, during the rest of her existence, kept rigidly in confinement. Charles, however, revolted from this proposition. Holding his sister to be quite guiltless, and yearning to her only the more tenderly because of her affliction, he entered into a solemn compact that he would take charge of her from that time forward, on the simple understanding that she was confided freely to his protection. For thirty-four years he held unfalteringly by that agreement. Until his own death came he was her devoted protector. His self-sacrifice in this involved his giving up all thought of love and marriage.

Such was her chronic condition, that within two years from the date of her first fatal paroxysm he wrote these terrible words: "I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness." Her insanity, in point of fact, was simply intermittent. It was of deplorably, and at the last of alarmingly, frequent recurrence. Towards her support, from beginning to end, her elder brother never moved a finger, never contributed one six-pence. Upon Charles Lamb devolved the whole cost and the sole responsibility.

His first step, on her release from the Hoxton Asylum, was to take lodgings for her at Hackney. Thence he brought her back home, his income at the time being barely a hundred a year. His father, who had sunk in the meanwhile into a state of hopeless imbecility, passed away soon after becoming a widower. The old maiden aunt, Hetty, died a month later on. Brother and sister were then left entirely to themselves, their only pecuniary resources being, from that time forward, derived from Charles' clerkship. Narrow though their means continued to be for several years they sufficed. Their happiness in a companionship that was mutually delightful would have been complete but for its many disastrous interruptions. The premonitory symptoms of Mary Lamb were unmistakable. They were restlessness, low fever, and sleeplessness. When these became apparent Charles would get leave of absence from

business. And upon these occasions the two afflicted ones might be met walking across the fields together to Hoxton, Charles carrying the strait waistcoat in his pocket in case of emergency and both brother and sister weeping bitterly.

Once and only once during this life of noble endurance a cry of anguish seems to have been wrung from him by the crushing weight of his responsibilities. Another death in the home circle had to be recorded. A faithful old servant lay dead upstairs. Mary was away temporarily in the asylum. Charles was pouring out his heart to Coleridge in a letter. "My heart," said he, "is quite sick, and I don't know where to look for relief. My head is very bad, I almost wish Mary were dead." That thought of faltering, however, was only for an instant. The awful load he had undertaken to bear was never once laid aside. Down to the very end the formidable ordeal of his life was passed with calm determination. Along a pathway that ended only with the grave he trod the burning ploughshares and was he not a hero?

Yet amid all this terrible trouble, Lamb's genius could not be hidden, and it could not be idle. In 1796 he published his earliest Sonnets, and in 1797 a book of miscellaneous poems. In 1798 he had given to the world the charming romance, "Rosamund Gray." Speaking of this exquisite little story twenty years later Shelley says: "What a lovely thing is 'Rosamund Gray!' How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest parts of our nature is in it!"

This criticism is all the more valuable when we remember that Lamb never could appreciate Shelley. Early in 1800 the Lambs removed from their old home, the scene of so much misery and so many terrible memories to Pentonville, and here that little god that is popularly supposed to have his shot at all (Cupid) smote Lamb, and the tender passion was excited in his breast by the sight of Hester Savory, a pretty little Quakeress. But even in his love he was pursued by disaster, for she shortly died and her memory was embalmed by Lamb in a lovely elegy.

Shortly after this he became interested momentarily in the political squabbles of

the time, and for the only time in his life dipt his pen in vinegar instead of honey. Witness the savage scorn of his apostrophe to Sir James Mackintosh, written at this time:

"Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate
black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost
lack;
When he had gotten his ill-purchased
pelf,
He went away and wisely hanged him-
self:
This thou mayst do at last, yet much
I doubt
If thou hast any Bowels to gush out."

The Tragedy, completed by Charles Lamb in 1799, was published early in 1802. Originally entitled "Pride's Cure," it was in the end called, more simply, after the hero of it, JOHN WOODVIL. Having been placed in the hands of John Kemble, with an eye to its production on the boards of Drury Lane, it was retained so long that the author at length applied for the manager's decision. He was thereupon quietly informed that the manuscript had been somehow lost—a cool suggestion being added that another copy should be sent in for consideration. Fortunately the rough draft of the play was still in existence. This having been fairly written out, the MS. was again submitted to Kemble, only, however, to be handed back a little later on, when the manager, according to his wont, bowed out the disappointed author, politely bidding him beware, as he did so, of that well-worn door-step, at the lessee's private entrance in Great Russell Street, which so many another aspiring dramatist, before and since, has found *facile decensus*.

Until the early part of 1809 the Lambs continued to reside at 16, Mitre Court Buildings, in the Temple. There it was they wrote together MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL, to which Charles contributed three, and his sister seven, stories, purporting to be the history of several young ladies related by themselves. There afterwards they wrote in collaboration their well-known TALES FROM SHAKS-PERE, fourteen being from the pen of

Mary Lamb, and six from the hand of her brother. During the last year of their sojourn in Mitre Court Buildings, Charles produced his admirable version of *THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES*. Another work produced by Charles Lamb in 1808—one that was published for him by the Messrs. Longman—was his two-fold masterpiece, in the way, that is, of selection and annotation, known as *SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS* who lived about the time of Shakspeare.

From 1808 to 1820 Lamb was occupied chiefly (so far as his literary work was concerned) in writing those masterly criticisms on Shakespeare and Hogarth that have never been surpassed—if equalled. At the beginning of 1820 that "tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood leads on to fortune," presented itself to Lamb, the opening to him of the pages of the "London Magazine." There Hazlitt, charmed with his radiant table talk De Quincey for the first time confided to the public his "Confessions of an Opium Eater,"—Carlyle produced his maiden work on "Schiller,"—John Keats and James Montgomery Saul, their sweetest and trust,—Tom Hood wrote his first poem. But among them all none greater than Charles Lamb himself in his newly assumed capacity as Elia the Essayist.

In an easy chair of his own, he discoursed exactly, as the humour of the moment prompted him, upon whatever came uppermost; and this too in his own natural voice, in words that by no possibility could have fallen from any other lips. To no author who ever breathed is Buffon's immortal axiom "*Le style c'est l'homme!*" more directly applicable. His style is indeed himself. Not a shadowing forth of something within him, but his very innermost self, his eidolon, his distinctive individuality. It is recognizable at once, this Elian air, as a something *sui generis*, a thing unique, a *lusus literarum*.

And the mere manner of it, what a charm it has! The very diction, what a flavour, what an aroma there is about it! It is antiquity talking to us afresh, re-born, rejuvenescent: and yet for all that, still to the very

last, ingrained, ineradicable antiquity! Not "bald antiquity" either, but, as one might say, flowing, hirsute—with a bloom upon it, though still venerable.

Employed by any other writer than Charles Lamb, the archaic words, the obsolete phrases, the fantastic turns of expression, the discarded or forgotten idioms, must almost by necessity have degenerated into a mass of affectation. But as they are here employed by Elia, there is about them not a particle of affectation. As a writer, he may be said to have been "to the manner born." Could he by any rare chance have dropped this distinctive style—in which he spoke and wrote and thought habitually—then, but not otherwise, there would have been hazard of his degenerating into affectation. And this because the manner thus peculiar to him was not assumed, so to speak, as a raiment with which he clothed his ideas. It was no mere husk, or shell, or superficies—it was, as already said, ingrained; it was as the very substance of him; it was part and parcel of himself, a something inherent, integral, ineradicable. It is no more reasonably to be taken exception to in his instance than it would be reasonable to charge any one with responsibility, because of the natural colour of his hair, the contour of his features, or the shade of his complexion.

In order to recognize how literally true all this is, as to there being no tendency even to affectation in Charles Lamb's mode of putting his thoughts into written language, it is only necessary to examine anything jotted down by him at his most careless moments, the merest scrap of a note dashed off, upon the spur of the moment, in helter-skelter scribbling to a friend. Turning to his delightful Correspondence, that is to say, examining not the Essays but his familiar letters to his intimates, Charles Lamb, it will be seen, is Charles Lamb throughout, he is still to the last consistently Elia.

As an Essayist, he not merely takes his place by right with the best of them, but in the very first place, in the front rank, with Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne, with Sir Richard Steele, and with Joseph Addison. And what choice

papers there are among these half hundred Elian masterpieces! The cloistered solitudes of "the South-Sea House," which we traverse on crossing the very threshold, how he re-peoples them with life-like glimpses of his brother-clerks!—Evans chirping and expanding over his muffin—Plumer rattling, rattle-headed, and obstreperous—Harry Man terse, fresh, epigrammatic—John Tipp, the accountant, so formal in his life that his actions seem ruled with a ruler—Thomas Tame, condescending in the aristocratic bend of his figure, by reason of his constant remembrance of his high lineage, a remembrance sweetening and ennobling his poverty, in spite of his being endowed with an intellect of the shallowest order, his mind being, as Lamb puts it in his bookish way, "in its original state of white paper!"

The diversity of themes descanted upon by Elia is in itself marvellous. Cheek by jowl with that "band of shining ones," for example, the Quakers and Quakeresses, whose very raiment as he describes it, seems incapable of receiving a soil, "cleanliness with them being something more than the absence of its contrary," he delineates just as lovingly, the Chimney Sweepers; not grown sweepers, that is, but those tender novices blooming through their first nigrity, whose early cry he likens to the peep peep of the young sparrow, "youthful Africans of our own growth, almost clergy imps, dim specs, innocent blacknesses."

He expatiates, again, as none but your well-habituated playgoer could do, upon the merits of certain rare old Actors. He renders what nearly amounts to the absence of a sense almost delightful, *vide* his Chapter on Ears. He has his tender Reverie of Dream Children, his serio-comic Complaint as to the Decay of Beggars, his sprightly vindication of the sweet folly of Valentines, his fraternization with the drolls of history and fiction *a propos* to All Fools'-Day. The rosy gilled Borrower, as a member of what he gravely terms the great sovereign race, finds in him at least an appreciator and a celebrant. His delicately outlined sketches start from the page, living and breathing. Mrs. Battle, "Old Sarah Battle,

(now with God) who next to her devotions loved a game of whist," thanks to him, has her wish immortally realized—basking for ever in front of a clean-swept hearth, a clear fire crackling behind the bars, the curtains close drawn, the rigour of the game predominant!

Nothing he touches, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, in the famous epitaph, but he adorns. His "Grace before Meat," not only blesses the repast, but gives one an appetite. If he discourses of a viand, his very words are savourous, his very style is succulent. Reading his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," we emulate Hoti the Chinese swineherd, and Bobo his lubberly boy, we too seem to have burnt our fingers with the crackling, we too have our mouths set a-watering. If he celebrates the acting of Munden, he not only enables you to realize that matchless player's inexhaustible battery of looks, his unaccountable warfare with your gravity, his unexpected sprouting out of new sets of features like Hydra, his being not so much one as legion, not so much a comedian as a company, but leaves you at last marvelling over Munden's capacity to invest with preternatural interest the most matter of fact objects of every day life, a joint stool gazed at by him being lifted into constellatory importance, a tub of butter contemplated by his eyes amounting to a Platonic idea, he himself at last standing wonder-stricken amidst the commonplace materials of existence, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him!

In 1823, the very year within which the Elian Essays were first collectively published, the Lambs left their home over the brazier's shop in Covent Garden. Thereupon they took up their abode, for three years together, close to the New River, in a detached whitish house, called Colebrook Cottage, in a Row of that name at Islington.

And memorably for him it was during their residence in that suburban retreat, that Charles Lamb, on Tuesday, the 29th March, 1825, closed his thirty-three years clerkship at the India House. As his retiring pension he had awarded to him about two-thirds of his income, namely, £450 per annum: provision being made

by the Directors for Mary Lamb, in the contingency of her surviving him, upon a scale as ample as if she had been his wife rather than his sister; she having indeed been to him, as the *Westminster Review* truly said, more than his wife, and he to her more than a husband. The Essayist's sensations at the time of his retirement he graphically portrayed in his essay on the "Superannuated Man."

A little more than nine years of repose now lay before him, repose well earned but alas only indifferently enjoyed. He tried the country, going to live at Enfield. But was not comfortable. Town life was the very breath of his nostrils. He loved books well, but chat and companionship more. Beyond this he was a thorough Londoner. He could have said word for word with old Doctor Johnson, "When you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields." Sir, I like to look upon mankind—let us take a walk down Fleet Street. In this spirit he wrote sententiously to Southey: "I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar."

Early in life his view of charity was as little orthodox as that of Coleridge. They were both Socinians. Later on, however, his Socinianism died a natural death. Hazlitt (himself a Unitarian) describes Charles Lamb upon one occasion, reverently referring to our Saviour as "He who once put on a semblance of mortality," and exclaiming at another moment in a sudden effusion of love and awe, "If he were to come into this room we should fall down and kiss the hem of his garment."

It was after his removal in 1833 to Mrs. Walder's in Church Street, Edmonton, that he collected together from the periodicals in which they had been published "The Last Essays of Elia." There in that poor little melancholy tenement, known as Balf Cottage, the sweet, wise, blithe, delightful humourist found the home in which he breathed his last on Saturday, 27th December, 1834.

The last six months of his life were sad-

dened by the death of his dearest friend—the one whom for fifty years without intermission he had loved and revered.

The cause of his own demise was a trivial accident. Walking one afternoon on the London Road near the well known Bell at Edmonton, his foot slipped on a pebble—the sprain and bruise caused by his fall bringing on a day or two afterwards an attack of erysipelas. A week afterwards he was laid in his grave in the picturesque little churchyard at Edmonton, and as John Forster, who paid the silent homage of a tear to his memory as it closed over him, said: "Never closed it over a better or a wiser spirit." Upwards of twelve years elapsed before Mary Lamb was laid in the same grave by the side of that incomparable brother who for thirty-four years had been her faithful and devoted protector.

What shall we say in conclusion of a man possessing so many endearing qualities and whose whole life was a martyrdom of renown. He was one of the rare ones of the earth who did not tarnish the lustre of his genius with the earth touch that defiles. We have not to mourn in him as in Byron an "erratic" genius, a meteor blaze extinguished in darkness, but to admire a heaven-born spirit, crowned with the glory of a pure life. He was a man to pity and to love. He was human. He felt as well as thought. He is not the favorite of the masses, but that is because they do not know or understand him. He is the gentle spirit, the "kin" to us all. The one who by subtle touches of pathos as of wit reveals our common humanity. Take him to your heart; you will find him warm with the life-blood, of a beat responsive to your own, and as you muse on the noble sentiments he utters, and the nobler life from which they spring you will realize that all the heroes are not enthroned on marble pedestals, but some are enshrined in loving hearts, and willingly shall you grant to the memory of Charles Lamb "The passing tribute of a sigh."

Nature's Thanksgiving Day

By Bonnycastle Dale

HOW many of us in our gratefulness for a full national harvest ever cast a single thought at that greater harvest of ocean, lake and river, marsh, slough and drowned land, a harvest unplanted and ungathered by any hand, yet as regular in its fields and as close in its planting as any well tilled farm, as various in its blades and grains as are the needs of its millions of hungry gleaners. All grass and kelp, laver and dulse, wild rice and celery, wild onion and potato, wild apple and plum, strawberry, raspberry, salmon berry, sallal, oat and barley, wild pea and bean, the thick succulent yellow roots of the flag, the wee seed fruit of the alder, the ruddy cup of the wild rose, the white ball of the poison ivy, the seed pods of a thousand flowers, the juicy leaves of a million sea plants. What a multitude there is to rejoice over this thanksgiving day that comes with every sunrise, for every day must this multitudinous host be fed, aye, not only every day but every minute of every day, so the table is always ready set that not one single wee one may be a-hungry. I calculate that there are ten times as many birds, beasts and fishes, of those classified as suitable for food, as there are men, women and children on earth. We have ninety millions of the human race on this continent, so we have nearly a thousand millions of hungry-mouthed fauna. Give this a thought ere you needlessly kill one of these for which the great Creator so amply provides.

"Well, if you are done lecturing that machine I would like to go out this bright thanksgiving day," said Fritz. Soon canoe and camera, rod and gun were in place and will you come along with us reader and see this magnificent country of British Columbia as we see it?

On all sides are deeply indented rocky

shores. Straight from the water's edge rise great fir-clad hills, behind these tower the snow-tipped mountains, save this bit of snow resting a mile up in the air, above the timber line, there is no sign of winter. A bright sun fills all the scene. In many a valley we see irregular patches of green and some large white spots—showing where the pioneers are pressing along the trail and driving back the ever obstinate forest. Everywhere the clear green of the sea water frames the picture. Here we see a rude saw-mill driven by a rushing mountain torrent. Now we pass a "tote road," a road of logs down which the snorting teams draw heavy fir and cedar timbers. An irregular fence stretches out a full half mile from shore, a fence of tall fir trees driven deeply into the ocean bottom some seventy feet below, a fence with a top rail of great two-inch planks, a fence hung with wire netting ninety feet deep. This fence leads into a series of inclosures all amply netted, each with its entrance smaller than the last. This is the salmon trap that men are now busily engaged in tearing down as the season is over. It is no uncommon thing to see twenty thousand full-sized fish of a dozen different varieties swimming around in the "spiller" net. An aquarium of wondrous interest!

Up the Straits of Juan de Fuca—which divide this Island of Vancouver from the Olympic range of mountains that forms the northern shore of the most westerly portion of the United States—pass the ships of all nations, the long, sharp, yacht-like C.P.R. boats, that levantine the Minnesota of the Great Northern; the coastwise passenger steamers to San Francisco; the Japanese line that crosses the Pacific; the Blue Funnel liners that girdle the earth; French, Italian, Danish, Norwegian,



The Flight of the Wild Duck.

boats of peace and boats for war, tramps and yachts, training ships and Indian war canoe, they pass along a motley host.

"But it is this mighty farm we came out to inspect," broke in Fritz. The boy was nervously watching the flocks of whirring ducks and involuntarily handling the gun.

"Let us agree not to use the gun today laddy, only the line; you know how many more a gun wounds than it kills and how it grieves us both to leave a wounded bird in misery, as we must eat; let us stick to the rod and line."

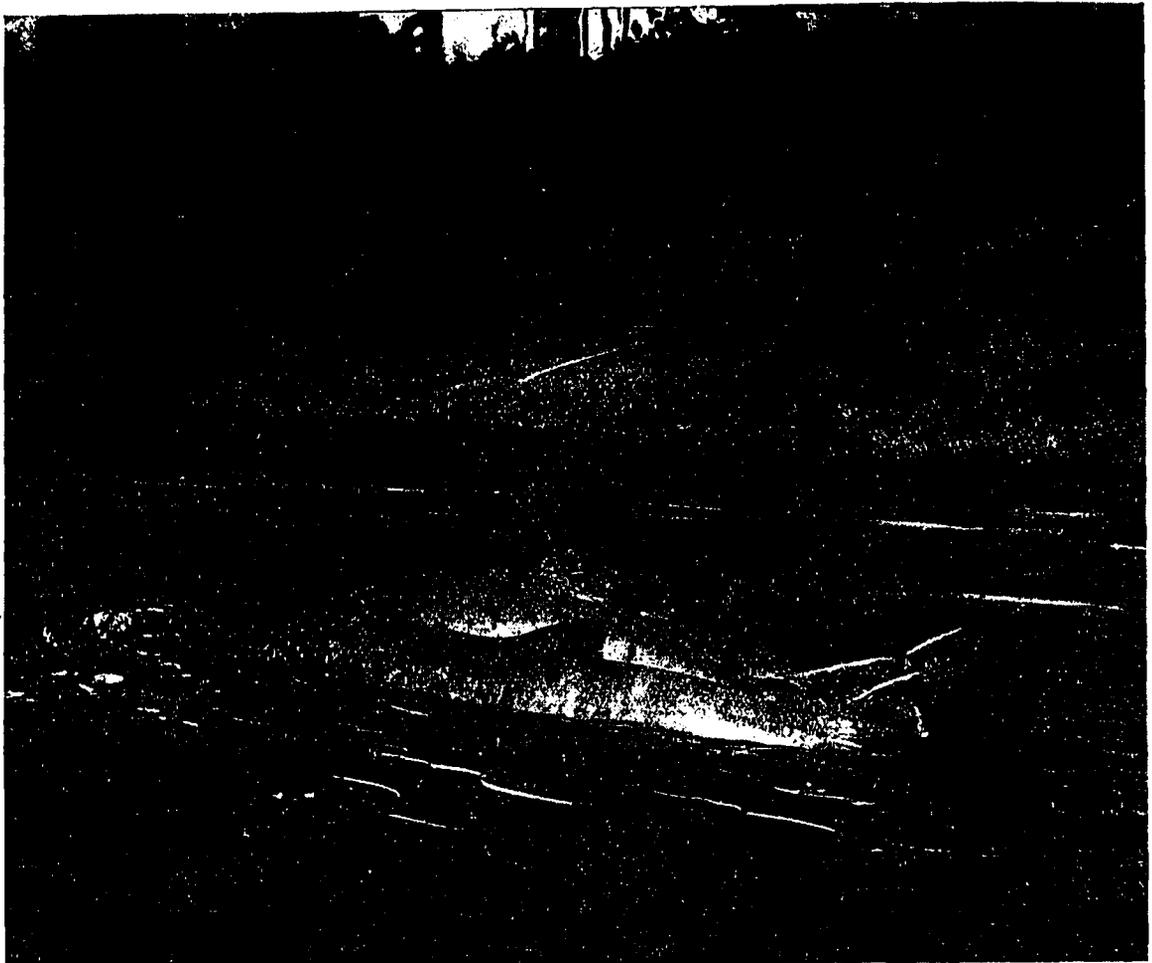
"How swiftly and surely they fly! Say, how do they do it?" queried the boy.

"The Maker has given each certain powers. Watch! That osprey actually closed its wings before it fell headfirst. Its gift of vision is intense. It saw that sea perch at fully two hundred feet. Did you notice lad that even as it entered the water the wings were closed. It had to go down deep that time. Now as it rises to the surface the wings are not used for swimming as with the wild fowl. But see! The moment the flight feathers are clear of the water it lifts itself up and flies off, slowly, for that is a full sized adult perch. Fritz! watch!!!" As I called to the lad we saw a big bald-headed eagle leave its soaring circle and plunge down at the fish

hawk. It instantly set its wings when on the level of the fish catcher and sailed in along that plane. When the descending bird turned its wings along this plane all the delicate fine plumes that make up the flightfeathers hooked firmly—as the flightfeathers are so constructed that they allow air to pass through when the wing is raised, but when lowered they form a close resisting surface. A shrill cry from the eagle. Down dropped the sea perch. With a rush like a tongue of flame the great bird of prey swooped down another plane, half turned in the air and easily caught the falling fish. "Ah!" sighed Fritz, "K-e-e-e-e," whistled the hawk, and the little tragedy was over:

"Look lad how fat and well fed are all the birds." Fully twenty varieties of wild fowl were about us—mallards, widgeon, teal, pintail, bluebills, buffheads, whistlers, harlequin, ruddy ducks, coween, surf ducks and coot, plover and snipe brant and heron, gulls and crows, cormorants and guillimot, kittiwakes and dovebies, all well nourished and busily feeding—some feeding on the things that feed on the vegetation of the great harvest.

Along the shores the woods were populous with quail, California and Mountain. From the canoe we saw one covey that contained full fifty birds. They were fat as butter from feeding on the seeds of the imported broom. Dear



Spawning Trout.

little half tame, affectionate, trusting birds, it seems a shame to tear and mutilate them. With a cry like a squeaking hinge a glorious couple of pheasants sprang from the cedars. They had been watching our slowly gliding canoe, and this bird will lie close at times. Up, up they sped, fairly leaping up the air it seemed; big as they are they mount swiftly. These imported birds are breeding well in many parts of the Island and the mainland, raising large broods. To see one of these animated rainbows suddenly dart up from one's very feet, literally glittering in the bright sunshine, crying with all its raucous power, is to often lose all skill of aiming. I have often stood helplessly watching the flight of these magnificent birds when, as most sportsmen would say, my gun should have spoken. The older I grow the less I use the gun.

In many a place along the banks we came to small groves of crabapples. Here the ruffed grouse would surely be found, with crop full and body fat. A few band-tailed pigeons were picking the

gleanings from a field. We did not see a single blue grouse, and it was rather early to hear them hoot. We are too far down the slopes to see the ptarmigan, but we have these on the island, both Rock and Willow. Caper cailzie we know are running a hard race; they have been introduced but the lad with the new gun and the half-breed rather want to try their eating qualities too soon. Black game has been brought in and has hatched but we have not yet run across them.

Far above us, a living arrow head, sped flock after flock of Canada geese, calling down to us from their heights that if we were not there they would be. Once only we saw the irregular, noisy flight of the Sand Hill Crane. They made a leg-hanging offer to descend onto the flats but the ancient ones knew the danger and called off the foolish youngsters. Phalarope, sandpipers, rail, plover, curlew and turnstones we saw in many a lonely bay—all fat—all feeding on the ever ready table. Estimate for a moment how many pounds per day a

thousand millions animals will need to keep them in this plump, glossy condition.

Everywhere we heard the sharp tack of the smokeless. Alas! the old sweet rhythm of the double-barrel "bang—bang" if the hunter was calm and deliberate; "bangbang" if he was a quick or mayhaps a trap shot. Now it sounds like a string of Chinese firecrackers. Thank goodness the shells will play out sooner each day. One wee chap we met had an eastern canoe and a few ducks for his share. We took of the steelhead, that great trout that is the father of all the trout that stock these western rivers, lakes and seas. We have seen them crowding up stream to spawn when they swam so closely that their backs came above the surface.

Far up on the fern-clad slopes of the mighty hills the echoes that told of the deer hunter—not always the deer slayer—floated down to us. The little, inbred, black-tailed deer that throng the woods of this great island should not take a great amount of skill to shoot. The lad and I have been trying for two years to capture one by hand, and were it not that the deer and I last met on a giddy

trail, where a single false step was death, I certainly would have captured one. It went by me like an animated football on a series of long bounds. A living projectile of ninety pounds. Had it been on the level it could readily have been thrown. Still I am glad I did not attempt it. I might have broken one of its legs—and come to think I have legs of my own. To watch fat Fritz chasing these limping bunches of activity along these pathless cliffs, just missing the deer when it has climbed to the end of the path and meets the wall, is to sink breathless from laughter on the beach.

Nightfall found us speeding homeward, the paddles flying in willing hands, for in the picture of the three large steelhead will be noticed two other and smaller fish—cut-throat trout—just the right size for a certain pair of boards I know of, boards that placed angling before a fire will brown a trout until the mouth fairly waters for a taste.

Well, thanksgiving day is over. We have found our mighty farm well stocked, the myriad inhabitants thereof well fed, and with thankful hearts we draw the canoe up over the rattling pebbles and, fish laden, scramble up the hill





The Hidden Treasure

By John Haslette

STRETCHING away from the verge of the forest lay the pampas, shivering and sparkling in a heat mirage, not a grass stirring in the breathless sunlight, inert and monotonously even, a motionless sea of yellow herbage.

In the shade of the verandah of his estancia on the rim of the forest, sat Chico Llanos, smoking innumerable cigarillos and turning over many schemes in his dark mind.

So far, the ventures which he had entered upon with his companion in knavery, Ludwig Heller, had proved indubitably successful. A rich foreigner, hot upon materials for a book, had paid toll for his temerity; some horses imported

from England by a neighbouring ranchman had been attracted—convenient euphemism—to the estancia and later brought them a store of gold pieces; even the bank at the distant town of San Hueca had opened its treasures to the rapacious pair.

One would have thought that Chico could find therein much matter for self-congratulation, but it was not the recollection of past triumphs that agitated his mind as he sat comfortably in the shade, sipping his mate and staring thoughtfully into the glaring heat mist beyond. He had begun to scent a grievance in the attitude of his fellow knave. He found him too aggressive and obstinate by nature, too self-seeking when

schemes for mutual advancement were on the tapis, with an unhappy anxiety to support a weak argument by a strong hand. It was the one unfortunate trait in Heller's character, or so Chico told himself, the single blot upon a nature admirably adapted for knavery. He had borne with it for a considerable time, but now the moment had arrived when merely passive resistance became more foolish than politic.

The long-continued controversy on *meum* and *tuum* over the spoils of the battle of wits had come to a head on the previous evening, culminated, as it were, in a controversial *impasse* which made further combination impossible and unpleasant. It came about in this way: On the previous morning Ludwig Heller had paid a visit to Asuncion, and, attracted by the sounds of music proceeding from a Catholic Church there, he strolled within, and for a time gave himself up to full enjoyment of the melodious service, which was, he assured himself, very excellently conducted. The building held no more attentive listener: he was passionately fond of music, and sat there at ease in mind, body, and estate, until the celebration of the Holy Eucharist began, and the feast of hearing gave place to a gorgeous feast of sight. To such a confirmed connoisseur in jewels the elaborate gold plate upon the Altar was disturbing enough, but, in particular, the sight of the rich jewelled chalice straightened him in his seat with an inward gasp of surprised delight. Here was a fortune to his hand, the material which would enable him to spend the remainder of his days in comfortable idleness.

He rose when the service was concluded, and after making some enquiries in the town, returned at evening to the estancia, where Chico waited in ill-concealed impatience for his return.

Then he laid in detail before him the plan which he had formed for converting the ceremonial plate to his own use. He appraised its value in pesetas, spoke in well-justified if enthusiastic terms of the beauty of the chalice, its elaborate design, and the comparative facility with which the jewels that studded it could be removed from their settings.

"You hav' seen it—*naturlich*?" he said, gloatingly, to Chicog. "Ach! du lieber Himmel! What diamonds! What weight of gold!"

Yes, Chico had seen the chalice, even admired it, but to steal the mass vessels! "Why, that would be sacrilege!" he whispered aghast.

"And what of that?" Ludwig remarked contemptuously. "Will the diamonds fetch a smaller price on that account?"

Chico was at pains to explain that he referred to the sin, not the difficulty. "The price of one's soul, Ludwig," he concluded, provoking his companion to coarse laughter at his scruples.

For a time Chico continued to question with a striking appearance of virtue, then they had quarrelled, almost fought, but finally patched up a peace, on the condition that Ludwig Heller should himself attempt to steal the mass vessels, while Chico was to store them at his estancia until such time as they could melt the gold plate and remove the jewels from the chalice.

And now Chico sat on the shady verandah, smoking steadily, and patiently evolving a plan for the removal of his confederate, one which should be subtle, but effective, easy of accomplishment, yet drastic and final.

He reviewed many forms of homicide, but passed over most because of their possible failure. The plan which he would adopt must be sure, for a possible hitch in the arrangements meant almost certain death at the hands of his intended victim.

Heller was away at the moment, reconnoitring about a neighbouring estancia at present tenanted by an English man who had aroused the anger of both knaves by his attentions to the daughter of a Spanish ranchero who lived near. The girl in question was of uncommon beauty, and both Chico and Ludwig had marked her for their own—when sufficient booty had been acquired to enable them to quit their present calling—had quarrelled about her in their cups, and vowed sudden death to any other who should be unwise enough to cast upon her the eye of desire.

Chico came at last to a decision: he smiled softly, rose, and flinging his cigarillo aside, turned into the house.

Reappearing presently, he placed on the verandah a tin canister and iron hoe which he carried, and, sprinkling himself with holy water from a receptacle that hung on the wall, went in search of his horse.

He led it round ready saddled a little later, and, gathering up the heavy canister and the hoe, mounted quickly and rode off along the verge of the forest.

He returned in two hours, without any burden, and made the circuit of the estancia without dismounting, humming a gay air the while. Finally, he rode round to the corral, and after some minutes came out again upon the verandah, where he sat down and lighted a cigarillo, to wait for Heller's return.

It was not long before the latter came in sight, and approaching the estancia at a swinging gallop, hailed Chico:

"Sehr heisz, Chico, hot as tousand devils. But you are wise, you take your siesta."

"Si, Ludwig, the shade is pleasant. For me, I have not stirred since you went."

"So? You are wise!"

Heller turned away, and led his horse to the corral at the rear of the estancia, and Chico waited patiently on the verandah until he presently reappeared, lighted a manila cheroot, and, flinging himself down on a hammock, began to speak:

"I hav' been to Juarez' ranche," he said, excitedly, "and there—naturlich—was the Englishman, Henderson, with Nina, while that old fool, her father, watched them smiling. Head of an ass! He greeted me with the most unwillingness."

Chico started angrily. "Is it so?" he cried quickly. "Then the Senor Ingles must die. Think you, Ludwig, I shall permit him to take from me Nina, the beautiful, the soft-eyed. Shall it be that the muchacha will love one of his nation? Caramba. If I thought it possible——"

"You are both fools," Ludwig snarled savagely. "Yours or his she is not, but mine."

Chico laid a menacing hand on his knife. "Yours?" he sneered.

"We shall see," Ludwig said sullenly.

The mention of Nina Juarez, the subject of frequent quarrels between them, stirred Chico again to thoughts of revenge.

"Let it be then for today," he said, forcing a smile. "I have something of the greatest importance to tell you."

"Of what, Chico?"

"Of the plate—the gold and jewelled chalice," the other replied quickly. "It has been stolen from the church—taken away before we had time to secure it."

Ludwig started up with a terrible oath, and, glaring at the speaker, brought his hands sharply together.

"Who has done it?" he cried harshly. "Tell me who he is, and he shall not live long to enjoy his booty."

"He was here but an hour ago," Chico replied calmly.

"And you let him go—alive?" Ludwig asked threateningly.

"Truly, I did. He was pursued and stayed but a moment to drink a cup of mate, and to smoke a cigarillo. I knew him slightly, for once we worked together."

"And the chalice—has he taken it away?"

"Can one accuse me of such stupidity?" said Chico, adding, "No, he buried his treasure beneath a tree not far from here, telling me he would return for it soon. He carried not only the church plate, but other jewels which he had obtained—rings, a bag of gold reals, and a necklace—Santa Madre!—of pearls, three ells in length, and clasped with two diamonds which Golconda could not equal."

Ludwig drew a deep breath of relief, his eyes sparkling at the very recital. He looked the embodiment of cruel greed as he leant forward, every muscle in his face twitching, while Chico, watching him closely, saw that his bait had been taken.

"I forgot also two emeralds that glittered like the back of a lizard in the sun," he added.

"We will go this instant," cried Ludwig, then, a sudden shade crossing his face: "Donnerwetter! Suppose the knave



"There Was the Englishman With Nina."

has come back and taken them with him?"

Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead at the bare thought, but Chico hastened to reassure him.

"Impossible, Ludwig. He feared the pursuit, and was gone like an emu before the hunters."

His companion sprang up and began to pace hurriedly up and down the verandah, muttering guttural exclamations of delight and impatience, and only pausing from time to time to swear at his imperturbable partner, who rolled a fresh cigarillo, and lighted it slowly to spur his eagerness with a pretence of delay. He protested pleasantly that the sun was still too hot for exertion, and for some little while listened unmoved to Ludwig's reproaches, until at last he rose, stretched his arms, yawned toler-

antly and professed readiness to set out.

"Let us go, then, and since you are fatigued I shall fetch the horses. Plague to it that I sent the peon to Asuncion today."

He turned away to the corral as he spoke, reappearing presently with two horses ready saddled.

"Where do we go?" Ludwig asked eagerly.

"Along the verge of the forest. The treasure lies buried beneath a large tree some two leagues from here."

They mounted at once and rode off. Three hours of day still remained, but the sun had lost something of its heat, and they suffered little discomfort from that cause. The German rode along silently, hardly looking at his companion, who gazed straight ahead, occasionally emitting a musical chuckle which Lud-

wig misinterpreted as a sign of the satisfaction which he felt at the prospect of such a great yet easily acquired treasure.

They had ridden for nearly an hour, and Heller began to exhibit signs of growing and ill-suppressed impatience, when Chico suddenly drew up his horse, and looked about him like one awakened from a dream.

"We are past the place," he cried. "It was told me that the treasure lay on the near side of the big clearing."

"Fool not to speak before, then," growled his companion. "I do not know where it is. We have wasted who knows how long."

"Paciencia, Ludwig," Chico replied, smiling mockingly. "When once you see the treasure you will not mark the flight of time. Think you the eagle considers her wings when there is prey to be had?"

"Lead on, then," said the other impatiently.

They turned and galloped back along the track by which they had come, but this time Chico scanned the edge of the forest narrowly, and presently drew up sharply with a cry of joy.

"Here are the five trees of which I was told," he cried triumphantly, and pointed ahead, as he leaned forward in his high-peaked saddle, to five tall, liana hung trees that stood out a little isolated from the densely massed forest behind.

"We hav' passed them already," Ludwig objected.

"Si, Ludwig, it is so, but I did not then notice them. However, we have still more than an hour of daylight."

Ludwig made no reply, but spurring his horse to a gallop, darted off towards the spot, while Chico, who followed more slowly, felt that his plan had succeeded beyond his best expectations. His trap, dexterously set, needed no further delay to enhance his companion's desperate eagerness.

A flock of scarlet macaws rose from the trees as they approached and fled shrieking, vivid spots of colour against the green foliage that flaunted overhead.

They drew rein. and, dismounting, tethered their horses.

"It is here that the treasure is buried,"

Chico said slowly, "at the base of the central tree."

A sudden wave of suspicious distrust came over the German.

"Why should the man have told you where it lay?" he said quickly. "There should be freshly-turned earth, but I see it not. For me, I do not believ'—"

"So it is," Chico interrupted, and moving forward to reconnoitre his eye fell upon the handle of the hoe, which he had brought out that afternoon and carelessly left, only half hidden in a clump of high grass. He picked it up quickly and looked at Ludwig. The latter was scanning the ground about the central tree, and passing partly round it gave a cry of surprised delight.

"It is here. See the earth newly dug!"

He pointed downwards as he spoke, and, indeed, as he indicated, the dry earth showed signs of having been recently disturbed, and stamped down again closely. On its surface was the track of a foot, and just within it a gold coin that glittered dully in the sunlight.

Ludwig's excitement rose to fever heat, he strode up and down muttering to himself, and finally turned to Chico, saying:

"Ach! We have nothing to dig with."

"A hoe which I found," Chico said, showing it.

"Brava! You have sharp eyes," cried the other, throwing up his arms with a cry of delight.

Chico gave it him, and, sitting down, commenced to roll a cigarillo: he placed it between his lips then, and, lighting it, rested one hand on the ground beside him over a grey twig-like thing that stuck up a few paces from the freshly-turned earth.

His companion did not notice the action, but grasping the hoe more firmly commenced to dig, only turning once to growl an impatient ejaculation at him.

Chico drew greedily at his cigarillo until the ash glowed, touched the twig-like thing quickly with the burning end, and rose from the ground slowly. There was a sharp fizz, and he turned to Ludwig with a satisfied smile.

"You work diligently," he said, "but, meanwhile, I shall go out a little into the pampas to mark that no one ap-

proaches. Riches, it is known, attract men as the carrion attracts the vulture."

"Good!" said Ludwig, still digging, and Chico turned and walked out across the pampas. When he had covered some two hundred paces, he paused, smiling, and stood like a statue, regarding the distant bent figure of his partner with an expression in which joy and impatience were strangely mingled. He seemed to be watching for some quickly coming event—an event both satisfactory and inevitable. The moments passed, his smile became more strained, he leant slightly forward in an attitude of rigid attention.

Ludwig's figure moved regularly as he dug, before the heavy green background of the forest, unconscious of the drama in which he was a protagonist. Then, suddenly, a livid flash shot up about him towards the rapidly darkening sky, a perpendicular cloud of smoke rose into the air, and a sullen roar boomed out upon the pampas and reverberated among the trees. One swayed and fell crashing to the ground, then the smoke floated away in light wreaths, and Chico

moved quickly forward, and, standing a few moments later beneath the trees, looked about him with a cruel smile on his thin lips.

His quick glance fell, at length, upon an inert prostrate figure that lay crushed and distorted beneath the fallen tree, the poncho which covered it torn and ragged, the agonized, staring face turning up a sightless gaze upon the sky. Beside it, the ground had been upheaved by the explosion, and in the hole it had made lay the broken hoe, and a gold coin that glittered dully.

Chico picked up the coin, glanced contemptuously at the dead man, and went over to the horses which stood near, dazed by the crash, sweating and shivering with fear. He took off their hobbles, mounted one, and grasped the reins of the other. He rode forward a few yards, turned sharply, and glanced over his shoulder.

"Buena noche, Senor, good-night," he cried, mockingly, and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped out upon the pampas.

The Shore Road

By Alice Woodruff McCully

WHEN the clarion sounded, bell boys ran upstairs and the guests in the lobby turned out onto the sidewalk. Most of them carried kodaks with numerous rolls of extra films. The rest had note books, or at least a pocket guide. With one exception, they were all restless and eager. The exception was impatient and defiant by turns.

With a rising blast the six-horse tally-ho rounded the corner.

"All aboard to see Victoria, the most English city in America! Four hours of dee-lightful driving!" called the driver from his perch, then to the bugle boy, "Fix the ladder, Claude, rear seat first."

The ladder was only wide enough for one foot on a rung. The women standing in front of the Dominion Hotel looked dubious: it was a long way up. Then a mannish one made the attempt. She stood up and surveyed the people from her vantage point. The others, being more or less unmannish, succeeded more or less awkwardly. The lady in the violet organdy had a hard time. Her plume caught and when she tried to save both that and her balance, she lost her violet parasol and her vanity bag and her handkerchief and a few other things in the dust below.

LaFarge roused himself enough to notice the struggle. It amused him. It

was the first thing that had amused him for two weeks. The rakish tip of her picture hat and the yard or two of torn silk made him smile and think of Bobbie Burns.

They were waiting for him and he sprang up so hurriedly that he stumbled over the girl who was the only other occupant of the second seat. He had not noticed her before. She bowed frigidly in response to his muttered apologies and moved to the other end of the seat. Joe cracked his long whip again, and they rumbled off.

LaFarge glanced toward his companion, then he started and fixed his eyes just as rigidly before him as she had done. Joe began his lecture.

"To your right, ladies and gentlemen, you see the splendid, land-locked harbor with the inner one on beyond. This inner one runs for miles, winding in and out of rocky walls like a river. We are now approaching the Parliament Buildings of the Province of British Columbia. The museum is in the wing to the left."

LaFarge glanced at the massive gray stone building with the same wonder he had given his first glimpse of it. On beyond were rows of small homes, each set back in a rich garden of its own and secluded by a high hedge or vine-hung wall.

LaFarge stole a second look at the girl on the other end of the seat. This was unspeakable. He wished he had been more of a boor and less of a gentleman. He watched her from the corner of his eye as she tied a big veil down over her hat. The bow under her chin was the last touch. He thought of the violet lady and the contrast made him laugh.

He resolved to put an end to the trying position. He slid over on the seat a couple of places. There were only two left between them then. She glanced at him haughtily. He slid back. Then they both stared straight ahead.

LaFarge and Art and Boston, together with his pocketbook had not been a happy combination. LaFarge came west. Still the combination proved difficult. Finally he succumbed to temptation. Art made her adieux, but in her place a new commission brokerage flourished.

Beryl's aunt brought her west. LaFarge met them in Banff and they were married at once. They had just seen her aunt safely aboard the eastbound train and started to drive across to the hotel before going to the depot to take their own for the coast when it had happened, just how, he never knew afterwards; but at the station Beryl bid him good-bye in tones of ice and he left her with a cool handshake.

Then he went back to Vancouver. His business had been arranged for a four months' absence and there was nothing for him to do without upsetting the entire office force. In desperation he had taken the boat for Victoria where they had intended spending the first week of their honeymoon.

And now she occupied the other end of the same seat! He had expected that she would go back to Boston after leaving him, but she was evidently more venturesome than he had thought.

The coach was beginning to climb up into the hills. LaFarge noticed the driver again.

"We are now, ladies and gentlemen, driving through the district where the rich people live. To your right is the home of a widow lady!"

LaFarge glanced at the mansion on the knoll. Even from the vantage of his high seat it was difficult to see over the walls and hedges, and the size and seclusion of the gorgeous gardens amazed him. The coach came to a stop and Joe pointed with his whip.

"That's the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor. That's 'im on the croquet now with the white trousers."

And through the haze the croquet grounds looked more like an old painting with the pretty women under the big trees and the castle-like mansion in the background.

Then with a crack of the whip the coach was off. Old garden followed garden. The passengers gradually warmed to the sallies of Joe as they lumbered down the road to Oak Bay, but Beryl still preserved her dignity, and LaFarge his impatient frown.

When they drew up at the door of the Oak Bay hotel, everyone save Beryl

clambered down and went into the cafe. She spoke to the driver tensely:

"I have to catch the four-thirty boat to Seattle."

"All right," he answered, "call them back, Claude."

The boy blew his bugle. LaFarge resumed his seat defiantly. The violet lady and her fellow passengers came to the door to protest against such a short stop. Joe laughed good naturedly.

"This lady's got to catch the boat. You can take the next coach in about twenty minutes. It's all the same."

With a genial wave of his hand he drove away. He left them a little regretfully for he was a sociable man and he was accustomed to the licensed good natured fellowship of the average tourist. He glanced at his passengers a little curiously as they bowled along the winding shore road. He had at least expected an ejaculation of interest when the rugged snow-crowned Olympics seventeen miles away on the American shore should break upon their view. In the foreground rolled the deep blue swell of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, broken by small clusters of rocky islets near shore and low promontories and long points from the mainland. The August sun struck the heights of the mountains and made all their mighty slopes a shimmering white. Distant sails added a touch of life to the water, and then looking up the hill to the right one caught a glimpse of the lofty towers of Dunsuir Castle, against the skyline.

But his two passengers passed this over with the same indifference they did the golf links and rifle range, the wireless station and the rocky hills of Scotch broom.

Finally when they reached Beacon Hill Park, Joe drove close to the high fence and called the big moose. Several of the small deer answered his call and picked their way down to the fence, but Tim held aloof in the underbrush.

The calling of Tim was part of the trip and Joe was conscientious. He wrapped the reins around the foot rest and climbed down, then beckoned to Claude to go along the fence and call Tim again. Meanwhile, he went to a

clump of willows, and began cutting branches for a dainty morsel.

Suddenly a snorting, yellow devil driven by a merchant Chinaman careened around a bend in the road. Something was plainly the matter. The Chinaman was gesticulating violently and using a profusion of pigeon English. Then he clutched the steering gear frenziedly and shrieked. The car swayed from side to side.

It was over in a flash. The car struck one of the horses a glancing blow and then a mild explosion followed. The horses did not wait to see what came next. They bolted and the coach swayed worse than the car had done. Beryl and LaFarge instinctively threw themselves in from the ends of the seat. Trees, swings, ponds, summerhouse flew by. Every second there was danger that the unwieldy coach would topple over. They dashed into the long oak lane that led back to the shore road.

All at once LaFarge realized the dangers that lay in that road. It crossed a short, bare stretch and then turned abruptly into the shore road. The place where it joined was bare and on the other side, the rocks broke down sheer a couple hundred feet to the low surf beneath. Would they turn into the shore road, or would they dash on across it and plunge down the precipice beyond!

LaFarge turned to the girl and spoke tensely:

"I've got to get the reins, Beryl."

She shuddered but clung to him.

"There's no other way: it's death for us both if I don't. Forget just once," he urged.

She straightened immediately, but did not soften. She had simply regained her self possession.

"Give me your hand," she said, "while you climb over the seat. You will have difficulty in keeping your balance."

Then she grasped the seat in front and held out her hand. He rose to the emergency, but he did not take her hand. He swayed dangerously, all but lost his hold. He grasped the bottom of the seat and leaned forward to take the reins, but as he leaned, they slipped from their place and caught on the harness of the

horse below. He drew back with a quick grasp. It had been so near!

They were on the bare stretch!

He cast one quick, despairing glance behind him, then crouched and let himself down to the narrow footrest, lying face down upon it. The dust flew up and blinded him; the coach rocked him dizzily; the beat of the horses hoofs pounded in his ears. Blindly, desperately, he reached down and groped for the reins. They seemed to elude his fingers. Once he touched them and then swayed and they were lost again. He could hear the booming of the surf.

The horses were not turning. He closed his eyes and clutched the air. Something met his fingers. They closed around it. With his eyes still closed, he pulled. Ail else slipt from him.

Then slowly as the swaying lessened a little, he raised his head and glanced about. The sea breeze stung his face and the roadbed gleamed beneath. He raised his head a little higher and he saw it stretching away before him. He looked at his hand and saw the single rein laying in it—the right one.

He groped for the other but it slipt beneath his reach. Finally he rose carefully, shuddering. Glancing back, he saw her sitting there, white and straight and calm.

Then suddenly the horses heads were jerked up and seaward. With a flash of intuition he tugged a second time on his one rein and they came to a standstill, quivering, excited. For a moment he sat watching with a wonder of it all. Then slowly he climbed down and carefully loosened the other rein from the spokes of the wheel. After that he climbed back and looked at his watch, then at the road again. Beryl rose suddenly.

"I'm going to waik back. It is not very far from here.

He turned slowly and looked at her before he answered.

"No, I can't leave these horses and I want you to stay where you are."

She rose hastily, but he reached back and lifted her bodily to the seat beside him. Then he laughed.

"You had your way on our last drive: it's my turn now."

"Yes?" she said angrily.

He started the horses then leaned back and watched her, finally he said:

"Come now, we've been introduced. We can at least talk."

"You can," she said frigidly.

"Well, in that case," his voice hardened, "I'll also act. We will take the four-thirty boat and get into Seattle about ten. It is Saturday night and we can buy anything absolutely necessary and get a little supper before the Kaishe Maru clears at midnight for Yokohama."

"Your actions are a matter of utter indifference to me," she replied coldly.

"Probably so, but yours should interest you somewhat. I said we."

"We?" she echoed scornfully.

"Yes, I believe you understood several weeks ago that our passage was booked on her tonight."

"But," she broke in indignantly, "things have been altered since then."

"I'll admit they're a trifle different."

"And that trifle spells impossibility."

"I hardly think so."

She turned to him impatiently.

"I will not go. It is preposterous for you to even suggest it."

He laughed softly as he answered.

"You forget, it's too bad, but technically I am head of this family and I'm going to enforce it this time. My wife is going to Yokohama with me tonight. She may choose her own method. Eventually, the law may set her free, but just at present, she's my wife and she'll have to be game enough to see it through."

She sat up suddenly.

"You, you don't mean that," she gasped.

"And why not?"

"I thought you were at least a gentleman on one or two points."

"Perhaps so, but first and foremost, I'm a man. If there's room for the other, all right. But if necessary I'd carry you screaming through the streets of Victoria and Seattle and tell the police and the crowds that you'd gone violently insane—and convince them too."

She sank back into a stony silence. He watched her a moment, then turned the

horses into a shady lane. He glanced around; they were alone.

"Beryl, won't you come peacefully?"

He held his arm out, his face softened, though there was still determination in

his voice. All at once her coldness left her and she yielded.

"You are strong enough after all, aren't you, Richard?"

Seen at Close Range

By Charles Dorian

IT has been said that Canada's best contribution to the Imperial Navy would be an exclusive preference to Great Britain on her nickle—a mineral of which she controls the world's supply. War-mad nations would soon be deprived of the stuff of which their death-boats are made. To an article of commerce would be left the arrangement of world peace.

This place where the potent article is mined; this place where wealth is conserved ready at any moment to proclaim its power to the undoing of any nation not peacefully inclined is known to the world by the misnomer, "Copper Cliff." It's more appropriate name, "Cunickle," is not so universally known.

Who are not prone to bow the head to great wealth and power? One such was journeying not long ago through the district so rich in the stuff of which Dreadnoughts are made and had just been relating to his seat-companion roscate stories of the manifold things that wealth will do and the comforts to be accrued therefrom.

The train stopped at Copper Cliff and there was a lull in the conversation. The seat-mate of the Mammonite craned his neck for a generous glimpse at the land-

scape. The black smoke from the smelters afar off belched sullen defiance to the light of day. Midway between him and this spectacle of gloom lay a village of bleached shells of houses lying in the midst of a desert of blasted earth, grey and parched like a skull.

Sooty-faced youngsters appeared at the doors to gape at the passing train and turned within to slam the doors in petulance against the fleeting suggestion of comfort.

His gaze took in all at a glance, from the farthest point of vision, in the scorched culvert close to the train. There was a pasty floor to the culvert which had become dry and hard and cracked. Over this crust lamely crawled a mouse. It quickened its pace for a short distance and then came to a dead stop. Its next action was to squat on its lean haunches and dangle its forepaws in abject abandon. Deep grief lurked in its eyes as it sat thus gazing upon the object which had halted it—the dried out shell of a grasshopper lying on its back.

When the train had gone half a mile the observer remarked to the Mammonite, "Truly wealth is great—let's go into the smoker and burn up twenty-five cents."

The Drug

By Arthur James Smith

TWICE did I raise the glass to my lips, and twice, in spite of an overpowering sensuous vitality, did the cursed liquid remain untouched, while it changed slowly from the blue of paradise to the redness of the flowers of torment. Then it became suddenly alight; it threw a glow over the queer old study; it hissed as the angels fallen into sulphur; it drew my soul with the dying flame, and, laughing bitterly, I drained it with one motion.

Darkness—that of the pit—pale myriads of incomparably lovely colours—a strange, silent rending of tissue and muscle; a fleeting memory of the pangs of death—swarms of seraphim, borne upon a great noiseless wind, driven by millions of fierce shapes, yet able to spare me glances full of pity and love, as they sped—then a sudden flashing of tingeless, cloud-like variation of light—and the universe was blotted out as a candle flame by a black curtain. Dimly, in the depths of forbidden worlds, the sense of my deed—the power of my discovery—the solemn warnings of many grave professors—the resources of the university laboratory—even a joy in the amazing sensation of drifting into nothing—all came to me, floating far beyond human realms: gave pleasure to my distorted mind, and I may even have laughed, for once the spirits and fiends fled shadow-like before me, as though from a common enemy.

A mental dullness came—then a feeling of physical inexistence—ether was not so light—heaven but a step, and hell an incident. As though a new world had opened—had unfolded itself to an unlearned medical student—and would demand nothing but the soul and body of the favoured one. Small matter, this return, when, outside the vast-

ness of space was consolation for the loss of the universe, was recompense for the love of heaven and of mortals, and security from all possibility of harm. Care of all human events had vanished; ties of all the old life gone, and in their place the irresponsibility of the disembodied spirits.

Darkness had fallen in the room when I once more could see around me: a deep blackness that breathed: and I groped for the phial with all the horrors of re-action playing upon me. Brain and nerve were numb: tongue and limb weak and dry, and the blood cold; a clammy perspiration upon the skin; and an unnatural alertness of hearing, so acute that I caught the first rustle of sound behind my chair. I could not stir: speech would not come, nor the senses respond, and my whole being frozen by a hand that belonged only to death. Heavily it lay upon my head; vainly I tried to move; and the air was filled with a decaying odor, so that, as a medical student, I knew that the hand was terribly swollen and wet with sea foam—that it belonged to a body which had long been immersed in salt water. It brushed against my chair; I heard the drip of water on the floor: unmercifully my senses stayed, so that I could not forget the horrible presence.

But it was gone, how I know not, and a gentle, intangible sound, as a hand, small and soft, was laid upon my brow, calming and soothing even as a draught of the soul racking drug, told me of a very different visitor—a fair young girl—taken from mortals—as a beautiful flower by the envious winds of the cold dawn. Outside the study a step sounded, becoming louder and louder in my sensitive ear, yet not the tread of a human being, and as it approached the palm was quickly withdrawn. Timidly this person

knocked: softly I called in reply: and the form glided in, as a shadow in a dream, as a mist from the face of a star: and for a moment it spoke not.

Lifelessly I watched it: saw that it examined the phials: knew by instinct that it was disappointed: then saw the face change as the phial in which was my peace wrecking, strangely coloured mixture, was found—and could not remonstrate when the newcomer swallowed half the contents. For a time the form swayed, gasped, and then sank into a chair opposite—the head fell slowly forward, a pallor, as when the spirit departs, came over the countenance, life went from the form, and it hung, as a lily in the stream, with its expressionless eyes fixed upon mine.

Eternity passed thus: ages rolled by: new empires could have risen and fallen: races have disappeared: the world have been destroyed: and neither I nor that frail being opposite would have known or cared. I knew it was passing through uncreated worlds—that it knew sprites and souls impossible of conception while in this earth—that it floated in dim ecstasy to heaven's unknown. Then I saw it slightly revive in the chair, but, as itself, was unable to speak when a dreadful form stood behind, and a clodden hand lay upon its brow—knew when the lovely form of angelic beauty carressed earth and swept near—knew those things, but could say nothing, nor could I move. The kings of forgotten races were not more dead than I, or than the other; the conceptions of the most gifted minds more loathsome or beautiful than the spirits I had seen—but, in the grip of the drug, it was not for mortal to raise his voice.

Of a sudden a tide of blood surged through my dry veins; again the glow came from the drug at my side: and by its aid I saw my companion's face, as he gradually emerged from the spell. Long I scanned it—a flood of recollection burst upon me, and I leapt to my feet.

“Who art thou, that, in this dread hour, dost intrude upon me?” I cried. The head was slowly raised and the white lips opened.

“Dost thou not recognize me?” came a voice, distant as from the dead. “Can'st thou not see in me one whose ruin has been caused by a dreadful and powerful drug; one to whom life, without its influence, would be worse than the dampness of death; a wretched crawler on the misery of centuries; a victim, in short, of knowledge and a passion for the weird? Must I tell thee that I am—?”

“Thou art myself! Thou art the ruin of my manhood! Leave me!” I shrieked, for I saw his face more fully, all unexpectedly, and sprang to my feet with a sudden return of life, but fell back. Every second the shape grew more indistinct; further and further it faded; a haze enveloped it; a smile crossed the lips.

“Rightly hast thou guessed,” it said; I cried out again: closed my eyes, and, when I opened them, it was gone.

A chill pervaded the room when I regained strength; the first gray light came through the heavy curtains; ashes were in the grate; sombreness reigned in the huge apartment. On the table the drug was the tint of a rainbow cloud viewed from a great castle at midnight and reflected in the lake far below, with strange elfin music ascending to the moon. Again it changed—the sun in a cave far below the sea; hung with countless rare jewels: opalescent as the eyes of monsters that dwell there, and peer through the nameless green forever. Once more it changed—the hue of fairy wings in the chant of the hosts of heaven—it tempted—in a moment I saw again that vision of myself—wretched as truly this drug had made me—quickly I seized it, with that memory rising within me, and, dashing it to the hearth, ground it into the ashes with my heel—never more to hasten mankind upon the road of degradation.

Earthbound Eyes

By Margaret Erskine

AT the sound of his voice the nurse turned swiftly; "I beg your pardon, Dr. Brophy; I did not hear you come in; I was just looking out at the night," she went on dreamily turning back to the window; "isn't the sky beautiful after the storm, such a deep, deep blue; see those baby clouds chasing each other across the sky, how soft and white they are. Isn't it beautiful?"

"I can't say," answered Dr. Brophy, a trifle sharply, "I haven't the time to star gaze. I have work to do."

Mary Dawson flushed slightly; she turned from the window and walked back to the table she had quitted a moment ago to look at the sky. "I wonder," she mused in her heart, while her ears listened to the doctor's instructions for the night; "why it is so many people in this world haven't the time to look out at the beautiful world? Is it that I am more indolent than others. Mother never seemed to have the time, or Annie, they used to make fun of me, and my strange thought, and now Dr. Brophy."

"Good-night," she said aloud in answer to the doctor's mutter that did duty for the same remark, then she took up her pen and dipped it into the ink.

Mary hadn't been working many moments on her charts when one of the younger doctors came hastily into the room. "Dr. Brophy wants you at once, in room sixteen, Miss Dawson. Middle-aged man, knocked down. Badly hurt about the head," he explained, as he followed her down the hall.

Mary had no more time that night for star-gazing, her time was fully occupied, and when she went to her room in the morning she only gazed at her bed and thought how comfortable it looked.

That night when she went on duty

again, she found that the morning's thorough examination had confirmed Dr. Brophy's opinion of the night before: "Permanent blindness for the man in room sixteen."

For several days the patient lay in a state of semi-consciousness, but one night half an hour after Mary Dawson had come on duty, and while she was getting things in order for the doctor's visit, she heard a voice ask: "Where am I?"

"In the Hospital," answered Mary, "you were hurt crossing the street. How do you feel now?"

"Hm," answered the man, ignoring her question, "what time is it?"

"Eight o'clock in the evening," answered Mary.

"You keep things pretty dark round here. Why don't you light the lights?"

"They are on," answered Mary, "at least as much as Dr. Brophy wants them to be."

"On," said the man sharply, "What do you mean by saying they are on, when I can see for myself they are not, young woman, for as you say this is a hospital you are a nurse, though I cannot see for myself, they keep it so confoundedly dark here."

"Where's that fool of a doctor? Turn them up, I'll settle with him when he comes."

"I am afraid, I can't turn them up any more," replied Mary in a distressed voice, "but Dr. Brophy will be here in a few minutes and he will tell you."

"Tell me," snarled the man. "Tell me what? Whether I am to have the lights or not. Let *me* tell you this miss—miss——"

"Dawson," supplied Mary.

"It's going to be as I say here. *Turn up those lights.*" He raised himself up on his pillow and pointed towards her.

"Oh, please lie down, Mr. Gray, it's bad for you to sit up like that." Mary gave an anxious glance towards the door, and she strove to make her refractory patient lie down. "Why doesn't Dr. Brophy come. Please, please lie down," she repeated.

"Turn up those lights and I will," answered the man, but a hint of uneasiness had crept into his voice, a little tinge of fear; he turned his head restlessly from side to side, "strange," he muttered, "she must have been right beside me, her voice sounded so, and I couldn't see the faintest outline of a form. They must keep it awfully dark, or," he put his hand up to his eyes, "no bandage!" he muttered again. "Nurse!"

"Yes, Mr. Gray." Mary gave another despairing glance at the door.

"Was—that is—is—my sight in any way—in—a well?"

"Yes," replied Mary hurriedly, "the doctors fear, they think—that is—"

"That is," snarled the man.

How like a wolf he looks when he curls his lips back like that, thought Mary in spite of her trepidation.

"The doctors think that I am blind, is that it?"

"They hope," began Mary.

"Hope," sneered the man, "that is all doctors ever do, except run up bills. Hope: How long do they think that this—er—blindness will last?" Mary hesitated. "Well," impatiently, "speak out, girl. You're not dumb are you? How long? About a week or two, eh?"

"—I am afraid longer than that."

"Longer than that," the man gave an ugly laugh. "Not a year, I suppose?" Mary did not answer.

"What!" The man raised himself upright. "Oh my God," he shrieked. "Blind! Blind! Blind!"

"Oh Mr. Gray," cried Mary, running

to him. "Please be careful. It won't be so bad. I mean it isn't so bad as if you had never seen. You see," she went on hurriedly, "you will always be able to remember and think of all the beautiful pictures and places and things you have seen, the lovely sea and sky, just think if you hadn't those things to remember. Why, the night you came in here, the sky—"

"Bah!" broke in the man rudely, "Are you a Gospel preacher as well as nurse? What do you know about it? Have you ever been blind?"

"No—but—"

"No, but—then kindly confine yourself to things that you do know about. Would it surprise you, if I told you that rich as I am, I have never seen a beautiful picture or place in my life. I have had no time to be star gazing; my time has been spent earth-gazing for its gold, gold, bright, glittering gold. I have nothing to remember, nothing." He dropped back on his pillows.

"He took it better than I had hoped," said Dr. Brophy, coming forward, an unusual flush on his sallow cheeks.

"Miss Dawson," he said hesitatingly, as he bent down to write his orders in the Order Book, "I am sorry I spoke to you as I did that night. You were right, I—" He glanced pityingly towards the bed, then down on the girl standing tall and slim beside him. "I would like to see the world with your eyes, before it is too late. Will you—will you teach me the way?"

"Yes," answered Mary, softly, and as she spoke an old song began to sing in her heart, and it sang so loudly that she hardly heard Dr. Brophy's good-night."

And some weeks later she was told that it was but an echo of the song that was then singing in Dr. Brophy's heart.

The Pacific War of 1910

By Charles H. Stuart Wade

CHAPTER X.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!
—(*Rudyard Kipling*)

Fresh from the destruction of Victoria with searchlights illuminating the coast, the Japanese fleet advanced to force a passage through the Strait of Georgia, preceded by a mosquito fleet of torpedo boats. So rapid was their progress that the engineers were unable to complete their defensive preparations south of Sidney island, and accordingly the few mines which had been placed in position proved ineffective. "Satellite Channel" mines, however, were operative, and five torpedo boats were sent to the bottom in an attempt to pass to the west of Admiral Island. The reserve squa-charged with the defence of the islands from Pender Island to Portier Pass, and drom under Commodore Standon was here as well as in Swanson Channel the Canadians successfully held the passage against a flotilla of the Mosquito fleet. In Plumper Sound, the Titan, China and India, also succeeded in repelling the enemy with their 3-inch quick firers, but were compelled to retire north of Prevost Island (where they joined the Aorangi and Marama, also retreating) when eight of the enemy's cruisers reinforced the smaller vessels.

In an endeavour to retire by Plumper Pass, Captain Phillips of the Marama was so strenuously attacked, that only by the most brilliant seamanship did he succeed in reaching the narrowest part of the channel before sinking: fighting

his stern guns whilst so doing, he transferred his crew to the Aorangi after carefully laying a train to his magazine, which a few minutes after their departure caused an explosion destroying four torpedo boats that ranged alongside before discovering their danger; the Aorangi in the meantime escaping to the main fleet in the Strait. The attack was thereupon pushed home and by noon Plumper Pass had been forced by the enemy and the Japanese cruisers were preparing to enter the Strait of Georgia.

The Canadian Admiral determined before the enemy's battleships could concentrate, to inflict as much damage as possible upon the lighter armed cruisers, and shortly after 2 p.m. off Saturna Island commenced a battle of the most desperate character. Guarded in the rear by the second Division at Plumper Pass, with his reserves stretching close alongside the international boundary of the United States, Kingston advanced under full steam, hurling his vessels at the Japanese cruisers as they entered the narrow waters of British territory, with a fearlessness which it was impossible to withstand. His gunnery could not be withstood, and torpedo boats sank on every hand as the hail of shell rained upon them, compelling those that escaped his fire to seek shelter behind their supports.

Advancing in three divisions line ahead, the centre consisting of the Hakogate, Kochi, Idsumo, Iko and Sendai; the starboard comprising Nit Koya, Inguso, Yoskino, Yakumo, and Komuro, all 18,650 tons; whilst the port division was made up of the Mukojima, Hakone, Asama, Nara, and Saruhashi, the Japanese fleet was imposing enough to strike terror in the heart of the bravest there; but, heedless of its overpowering strength, the Canadian fleet forming in-

to two lines pushed ahead between the enemy's divisions notwithstanding the terrific fire to which they were subjected. The order was: "Sink, or capture by boarding!" and, setting the example with unparalleled heroism, Kingston attacked both the Sendai and powerful Saruhashi. The King Edward, Alberta, and British Columbia, selecting as their antagonists the 18,000 tonners, Komuro, Yoskino and Iko, whilst each of the other Canadian cruisers endeavoured to come to close quarters with an opponent far superior in armament.

The antagonists speedily became so interlocked that it was impossible (as a result of the skilful tactics employed by the Canadians), for the Japanese to utilize their broadsides to advantage for fear of destroying their own vessels; whilst the torpedo boats were kept out of action by several British cruisers detailed for that purpose.

Dusk found the battle still raging; the Nara and Mt. Koya had been sunk, the Saskatchewan had been blown up and the Nova Scotia crippled, but the Saruhashi, Mukojima, Komuro, Iko, and Hakone, had all been captured and manned with British, whilst the Kochi was burning fiercely, and the Inguso and Idsumo had sunk with all hands. Between 7 and 8 o'clock the Japanese battleships were reported in the distance and the great Sendai, battling fiercely to the last was accordingly torpedoed and sunk; the Canadian losses having been exceedingly heavy, the signal was then hoisted on the flagship ordering a rapid retreat, which was skilfully effected without further loss.

On Christmas Day, at daybreak, two hostile fleets faced one another near to the international boundary line which separates Canada from the United States: that on the north side of the line consisted of many steamships of magnificent build, and capable of living through even the dreaded typhoon of the Japanese coast; typical vessels as a mercantile marine of the greatest maritime nation of the world, but how insignificant they appeared when contrasted with the mighty squadron against which they were so soon to be pitted in battle array.

Brave to their hearts' core, its officers

were unskilled in naval evolutions or tactics; undisciplined, gathered together almost at a moment's notice, the vessels had been manned by citizen soldiers, Fraser River fishermen, and sailors untrained to warfare—but the blood of heroes ran through their veins! Even as in the days of old their forefathers fought at Trafalgar and the Nile; even as they conquered the invincible Armada of Spain; so, today, these heroic sons of the British nation (who had already captured, or destroyed, two entire squadrons of the Japanese cruisers, each of them infinitely superior in armament and all that tends to make a flotilla invincible), now fearlessly faced a fleet of Japanese cruisers which in itself was double their own strength in number; and in addition to which, no less than eight of the world's greatest battleships only awaited the signal to sweep them from their Admiral's path.

Notwithstanding the disparity of forces, every heart aboard the British fleet beat high as the Canadian Admiral signalled his intention to defend the mouth of the Fraser, whilst the various captains received instructions to use every endeavour in enticing the enemy's vessels into the shallows and sandbanks between the lightship and Point Grey. Victory was impossible in the face of such odds; but the old fighting spirit was aroused, and every man was determined to play his part to the utmost ere the yellow sons of Nippon should set foot as conquerors of Canadian soil; and no long time elapsed before the enemy's torpedo boats,—which had been vainly endeavouring to accomplish their deadly mission throughout the entire night—advanced to the attack under cover of their cruiser's guns.

The battle of the Strait of Georgia is one that will live in history, not only by reason of its being the first decisive battle on the Pacific Coast, but as an example to future ages of skilful seamanship, and the calm bravery under fire of civilians gathered from commercial occupations, from the mines, and agricultural industries. Engaged in their peaceful pursuits only one week earlier, they had been called from the counter, the office, and the farm, to face a pitiless foe

in defence of their native land; and now, under the guidance of a few mercantile captains they stood calmly to their guns,—on the last line of naval defence!

The battle was opened by the Mikado's war vessel Shikishima advancing ahead of the cruiser fleet, pouring forth destruction from every battery, which was replied to by the two British flagships concentrating their fire on the forepart of the vessel, thus enabling the Yukon to approach close enough to discharge from her tubes two of the new Japanese torpedoes found on board after she herself was captured by the British Columbia. These, being of a description entirely new, and charged with an unknown explosive had caused considerable discussion amongst the gunners and would have been "white elephants" had it not been that a detailed explanation in German was found on board, together with instructions for firing them. Practically two torpedoes joined together they well deserved their name "Stochi" which means "united." The document said that they were intended to travel twice the distance of the latest pattern of torpedo, and were capable of being diverted electrically if necessary, provided they had not travelled over half their estimated limit. Unsuspecting that they were about to be "hoist with their own petard" no notice was taken by the Shikishima's navigating officer, of the approaching Yukon until too late: when his trained eye discovered the projectiles advancing with unerring precision, his attempt to avert the danger was unsuccessful, the first torpedo striking midship, whilst the second tore her stern open, sinking her within a few minutes, and utterly disorganizing the Japanese lines.

Immediately the battle raged on every hand, the Connaught attacked the Osama and Yokohama, the latter of which she succeeded in boarding, whilst the former escaped through the Yoskimo pouring her batteries on the Connaught. Tokiwa was blown up by the Dunsmuir, which herself sank under a broadside from the Takasago, and vessels went down unheeded, so deathly was the struggle. The mighty fleet of eight battleships, however, now came into ac-

tion and rapidly advancing they forged their way ahead, compelling Admiral Kingston to retreat; before, however, he reached comparative safety with the remnant of his little fleet off the Sand Heads, the Prince Edward Island and Resistance succumbed to the weight of metal poured upon them and sank off Valdes Island. The Alberta and Defence were torpedoed and sank with all hands; whilst the Dauntless retreating before the Okoyama in a vain endeavour to reach the Fraser river division—which she had been sent to reinforce—was stranded on one of the sand-banks, the crew being saved by the sublime bravery of the crew of the Prince of Wales after they had made preparations to blow up her magazine and perish with her. Admiral Kingston and Commodore Bertram had meanwhile been engaged in a terrific battle with the Aki, Mikasa, and Tokyo (28,000 tons each), and the Commodore's pennant would have "gone under" had not the gallant little Sea Wolf succeeded in exploding a "stochi" torpedo under the stern of the Tokyo, piercing her armour and sending her to the bottom of the sea. The Yoskino was blown up by her captain whilst she was being boarded by Commodore Stuart, whose vessel was completely crippled thereby—many of her crew also losing their lives. The Connaught and Takasago discharging their torpedoes almost other; the former diving into the sea other; the former diving into the sea bow first, and the latter rapidly settling to the bottom. The Dominion upheld its reputation by capturing the Hatsuse battleship but was almost decimated.

The Asama after the Alberta and Defence had been torpedoed, attempted to force the entrance to the Fraser river, but was so fiercely assailed by Captain Pearce of the Titan that she failed to do so, and was shortly after sunk by the torpedoes of the Sea Wolf. The Yakumo and Earl Grey were evenly matched, but after several hours of manoeuvring a shot from the latter exploded her magazine, and she also sank. The Togo narrowly escaped being rammed by the Prince of Wales and was carried by the board. The Ontario being signalled to support the Fraser River division ran

ashore, her crew escaping by boats after connecting her magazine with a fuse which completed her destruction shortly after.

The result of this battle off the Fraser River delta was to cause Admiral Sakamoto to advance his entire fleet of battleships, whereupon the signal was hoisted for the British squadrons to retreat, the main fleet heading for Point Grey, whilst the *Sea Wolf*, *Titan*, *Revenge*, *India*, *China*, *Makuro*, *Maheno*, *Aorangi* and *Bellerophon* took up positions for defending New Westminster and the Fraser River.

The last scene of naval warfare had now been enacted, for Admiral Kingston with his little fleet of three battleships and twelve cruisers, all of which had been captured from the enemy, was no match for the Japanese admiral already reinforced by a fresh squadron, which

placed twelve battleships and some thirty armoured cruisers at his disposal.

The British Admiral therefore, placing his heaviest armed vessels in line, fought a running fight with the enemy's cruisers whilst heading for Atkinson Point and the Narrows, but even yet another battle was visible from Point Grey where the enemy's cruisers *Ibuki*, *Niitaka*, and *Tosa Maru*, were sunk; whilst the British lost the *Manitoba*, *Earl Grey* and *Nova Scotia*; the *British Columbia* and *Dominion* suffering so severely that they only escaped capture by being taken in tow of the *Prince of Wales* and *Newfoundland*, their retreat being covered by the three British battleships; which, in defending the Narrows, sunk Admiral Sakamoto's flagship the *Mikasa*, ere they succeeded in reaching the Burrard Inlet—and the blockade of Vancouver was an established fact!

(Continued next issue)

A Northern Treasure Chest

e

By Percy F. Godenrath

BRITISH COLUMBIA is unrivalled for its mineral wealth and in no other part of old Mother Earth has Nature been so lavish in the distribution of her gifts as the glorious Pacific coast Province of Canada. The press briefly tells the story day by day of new discoveries, rich strikes and big fortunes made by the Bedouin of the Hills, and the latest camp to have the limelight of publicity shed on it is that of the Portland Canal situated along the border of south-eastern Alaska—but since the survey of the International boundary line—found to be wholly on Canadian soil. The writer has paid two visits to this promising district during the past summer and is firm in the belief that it is destined to become one of the richest camps in the west. Sev-

eral well financed and conservatively managed companies are already developing properties including the Portland Canal Mining Co., the Stewart Mining and Development Co., the Red Cliff Mining Co., besides a score of private operators. New capital is going into the camp and among the recently organized companies is that of The Glacier Creek Mining Co., Ltd., of Vancouver, which has acquired the Lulu group lying between the Portland Canal Mining Co. and the Stewart Mining and Development Company's holdings on Glacier Creek, and the Bear River Canyon Mining Co., Ltd., whose property is on Bear River near the confluence of American Creek. Another company is being formed to take over a group of claims on Bitter Creek, and again another to acquire



Glacier Creek—Portland Canal Camp.

claims adjacent to the Red Cliff mine, and so the story unfolds. Here is a camp rich in gold, silver, copper and lead with a projected railway that within a few short months has taken the centre of public interest in mining and

gives promise with its remarkable rich showings, of awakening an added interest in the financial marts of the world.

The camp had its first beginning as far back as 1898, the year of the famous rush to the Golden Klondyke, when a

party of prospectors from Seattle landed at the head of the Canal on May 4th. This party was organized with a view to locating placer diggings at the head of the Naas river, but the undertaking was unsuccessful, pay not being found. Of the sixty-four adventurers all but three returned, and these wintered at what is now Stewart. The following year the first quartz location was staked by D. G. Rainey on Bitter Creek, known as the Roosevelt group, and "Pap" Stewart and Ward Brightwell, a year or two after, located the American Boy

soon prospectors began going into the camp.

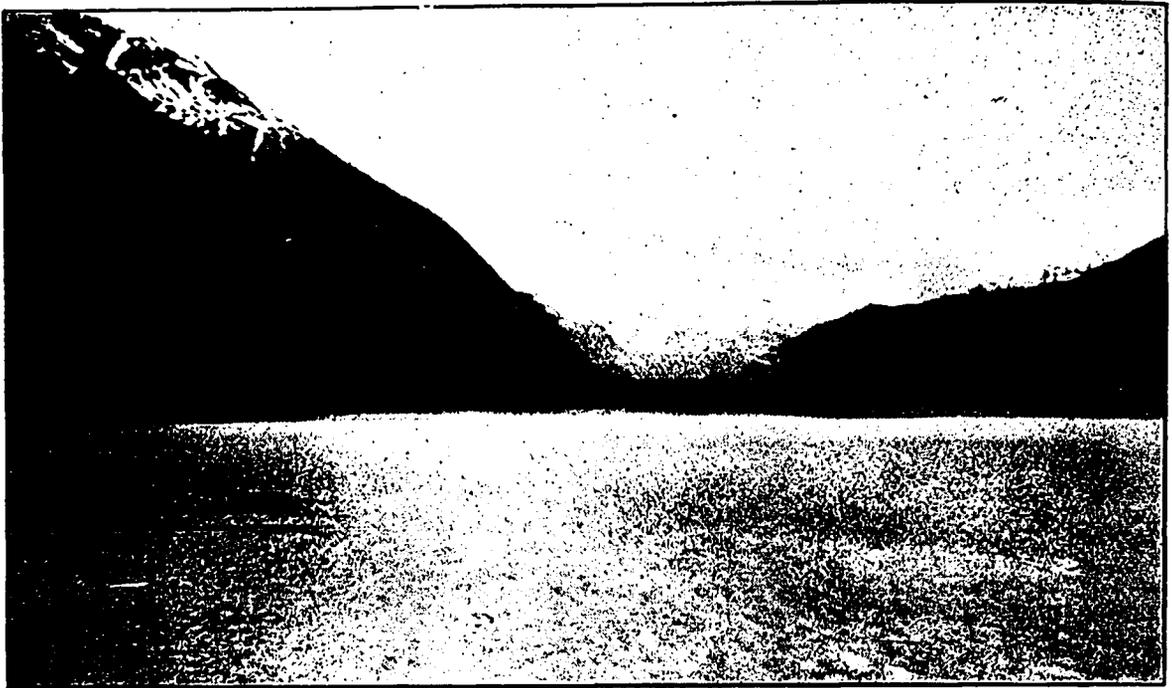
The ore deposits, including gold, silver, lead and copper, are mostly found in contact with porphyry dykes running north and south, with an altered schist formation, while here and there one meets with large deposits of lenses of ore. In the former the values are principally in gold, silver and lead in a quartz gangue, while in the latter the values are mostly copper and gold. The out-croppings as a rule are prominent, and taking as a sample one section of the camp—Glacier



The Red Cliff Mine.

group, on American creek. Not until 1903 were the first claims located on Glacier Creek by John E. Stark who was sent into the district by M. K. Rogers. The same year saw the advent of Robert M. Stewart and John W. Stewart, who prospected the district and made several locations. Returning later from a trip to the outside they staked the present townsite of Stewart, securing a portion of their holdings from D. J. Rainey. A company was subsequently formed, a hotel built, a store opened, and

Creek—the mineralized belt under development by the Portland Canal Mining Company, Joe Perrault, Ranch & Chapman, the Glacier Creek Mining Co., and the Stewart Mining and Development Co.—can be easily traced across country for a distance of fully five miles along which locations have been made on both sides of the creek, and prospecting and development has disclosed mineralization carrying gold, silver and lead of a remarkably uniform character, and in many instances extremely rich in native



The Head of Portland Canal.

silver and argentite running into the thousands of ounces of silver.

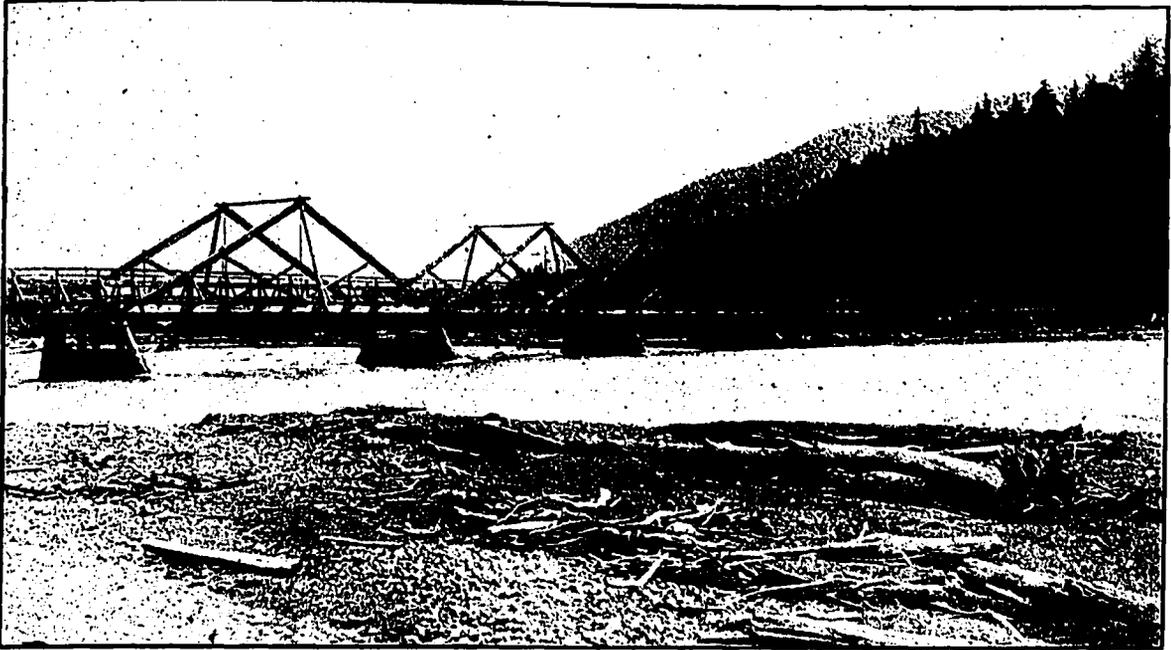
On Bitter Creek, to the north of Glacier Creek, the same general character of ore is encountered, also with copper veins carrying good gold values, while on American Creek a little further north, some of the richest gold bearing ore yet discovered in the camp has been found at depth in the workings of the Red Cliff mine.

In many respects the topography of the country greatly resembles the "Silvery Slocan," the mountain rising to around 6,000 feet in height, and the lower slopes and valleys being well covered with timber. The Bear river from Stewart, where it empties into Portland Canal to its head, is about twenty-two miles, and the three creeks mentioned on which most of the locations have been made are all tributaries. Forty miles north of Stewart is the Unuk River camp, where the same general character of ore is said to exist. A large number of locations have also been made at the headwaters of the Salmon river on the Canadian side of the line.

Situated on a bench at the mouth of the Bear River, which flows into tide-water at the head of Portland Canal is the Townsite of Stewart, the port of entry and supply point for the mines of the district reached by water transportation

from Vancouver and Victoria, a distance of 670 miles. A writer in describing this promising townsite said: "Nature, in distributing her stores of mineral wealth, has chosen for the most part inhospitable regions, difficult of access, where arid plains, or frowning mountain fastnesses guard well her treasures from the hand of man. The hardy prospector toiling ever hopeful amidst such surroundings has often to realize that his glittering find is valueless to him because of its location, whereas under other conditions his fortune would have been assured. Thus the favourable location of a mineral field is a guarantee of its future greatness and, all things being equal, its success is assured from the very start because of its natural advantages. Few mining towns are so favourably situated. Kind Nature seems to have assisted in every way to render the exploration of the mineral resources a comparatively easy task by granting cheap water transportation, and unlimited water power." He might well have added, "and a climate that permits of mining development the year round," for such is the case.

The townsite fronts on the head of Portland Canal, and embraces a considerable acreage going back from tide-water. The land is owned by the Stewart Land Co., Ltd., with offices at both Victoria and on the townsite. The



Bridge Crossing Bear River

section subdivided has streets sixty-six feet in width, with the exception of Conway and Brightwell Street, which are seventy-five feet in width. The lots are forty feet by one hundred and twenty feet for corners and thirty by one hundred and twenty feet inside, with fourteen-foot lanes. Present prices range from \$250 to \$600 per lot. Now that an era of mining activity has started the company purpose doing considerable work in improving the townsite by laying sidewalks and grading streets, as it has done in the past three years in building trails to assist in mining development.

The principal business street, at present is Fifth Avenue, where is to be found a very commodious frame hotel called the King Edward and owned by Naismith & Rogers. Here also is the neat office building of Robert M. Stewart who is Justice of the Peace and Deputy Mining Recorder, besides several log houses. Harry Smith, who for many years a resident of Duncans, has opened a general mercantile store, and D. J. Rainey, a pioneer of the camp, owns a pack and freight outfit. There are a score of homes now under construction.

Stewart offers exceptional inducements for a sawmill, as at present all lumber has to be brought in from Port Simpson some eighty miles up the canal. The company is prepared to give a site for a sawmill on tidewater and convenient

to the business section as an inducement to anyone embarking in this enterprise.

It is a matter of some surprise that no cannery has been established at the head of the Canal, as there is a fairly good run of sockeye and vast quantities of cohoes have their spawning ground in the lake up the Bear river. The commercial aspect for a cannery appears to be well worthy of investigation.

The Bear River district abounds in game, principally black bear, with a few grizzly and any amount of goat in the higher altitudes. The interior back of this section of the coast has practically not been touched for hunting or trapping and offers a splendid field for those seeking a virgin territory. In the spring and fall the air is filled with the "honk, honk" of the flying geese, and other wild fowl are fairly plentiful. The streams, too, during the season, are alive with salmon and trout, offering good sport to the disciple of Isaac Waiton—though, truth to tell, the sport takes more or less a barbaric form.

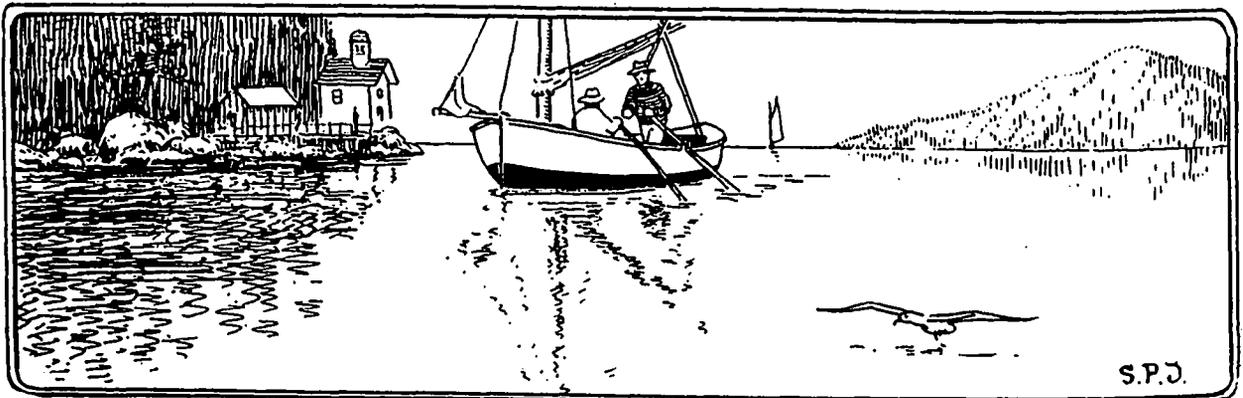
One cannot leave this section without casting a backwards glance at the townsite of Stewart as the steamer plows its way down the deep blue waters of Portland Canal, and in fancy picture the town as it will be a few years hence bustling with activity, long lines of ore cars standing on the wharves, graded



Stewart's Hotel

streets, commodious mercantile and financial establishments and pretty homes nestling in the verdure clad avenues. The outlook is an agreeable one, and its realization is just as certain when one has faith in the knowledge of the remarkable ore showings that lie back of the townsite whose development is now under way. After being associated with

many other western mining camps in their earlier stages of activity, camps that had not half the showings that this one has today, I am firmly convinced that Stewart, and the Bear River district of which it is the supply point, is destined to become one of the richest, largest and most permanent mining camps in British Columbia.



Wet or Dry?

By Louis M. Goldstone

The prohibition policy amounts to Caesarism. They believe in going ahead, right or wrong. In the states where laws have been passed prohibiting the sale of liquor, the entire state nearly has been legislated into crime, for if it is a crime to sell liquor it is a crime to buy it, and the majority has done one or the other. So unpopular have such laws become that the method of enforcing them has become more injurious than the original evil, and the officers whose business it is to enforce them have lost the sympathy of the common people.—Francis Murphy, the world-famous Temperance Orator.

THAT extremes meet is a platitude, and that the cure may often be worse than the disease is an accepted fact. In the same way throughout all ages the name of reformer has too often been synonymous with that of extremist; and what is undoubtedly true of past times is no less true of the present day. The horrors of mediaeval history are no longer existent; gone are the burnings at the stake and the tortures of the pillory, but the rancorous spirit, which, regardless of reason and indifferent to the warnings of the past, persecutes its opponents to the bitter end, is still omnipresent, and burns as fiercely now as when the religious factions of Germany turned a fruitful land into a desert waste during the time of the Thirty Years' war.

The revivalist meetings which have attracted so much popularity of a kind in this country and more particularly in the United States, where the fantastic extravagances of the preacher have more than once called down a rebuke for blasphemy, afford many examples of this kind; and the present campaign which is being waged over the whole of

this continent on the subjects of Local Option and Prohibition is another case in point.

It is now-a-days universally recognized that persecution of any kind eventually strengthens the status of its victims. The sufferings of the early Christians gave the necessary impetus to missionary work. But it is the misfortune of the Temperance Reformer that he is seldom logical, and too little inclined to view both sides of the case. Moreover, the failures of the past, instead of arousing in him an earnest desire to avoid their causes for the future, seem to inspire him with an insane determination to force the same tactics through to a successful issue, in the face of reason and experience.

That "drink" is the source of much of the misery and suffering in the world, has never been disputed. The keenest partisan of the anti-prohibitionists will admit as much without hesitation; many who are now numbered in the same ranks would give loyal support to any measure which promised any real reform; but Prohibition has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and those who would support it through the charge of violation of the constitutional rights of the subject, reject it as a proven failure. No business man today continues to employ a clerk repeatedly found untrustworthy; the hunter who insisted on big game shooting with a gun on which no reliance could be placed, would be considered insane; the dog which bites his master is shot; but the Local Optionist, with his friends, insists on the value of his weapon "Prohibition," although in every instance it has proved its untrustworthiness, and has, time and again, turned and rent him.

Was not the Maine law extolled as a

measure which was to bring untold blessings in its train? Was not the State of Maine held up before the eyes of an admiring world as leading the van of Civilization in the final victory over the Demon Rum? And what do we find now? A recent statistical article in the *Lancet*, a magazine of international reputation, stated that Portland, Maine, showed forty-two convictions for drunkenness per one thousand of population, as against seven per thousand in London, England. The late Principal Grant, a Presbyterian ecclesiastic of highest scholarship and probity of life, stated as a solemn fact that during the operation of the Scott and Duncan Acts in Ontario, there was just twice as much drunkenness as when the Province was "wet." Below are printed comparative statistics from United States Census Report, Bulletin No. 45:

Maine—Prohibition State

Cities	Population	Arrests for Drunkenness	Saloons
Bangor	22,675	1,236	0
Auburn	13,461	98	0
Augusta	12,031	109	0
Bath	11,002	215	0
Biddeford	16,655	414	0
Rockland	8,150	385	0
Waterville	10,188	136	0
Total	118,541	2,967	0

Arrests for Drunkenness per 1,000 inhabitants—25.
Saloons per 1,000—0.

Illinois—License State

Cities	Population	Arrests for Drunkenness	Saloons
Belleville	18,120	151	110
Bloomington .	24,278	266	75
Champaign ...	10,976	435	23
Decatur	21,772	403	62
Freeport	14,179	176	39
Mattoon	10,459	276	19
Ottawa	10,888	171	42
Pekin	9,041	117	28
Total	118,813	1,995	398

Arrests for Drunkenness per 1,000 inhabitants—17.
Saloons per 1,000—3.35.

Bangor, Maine, with no licensed saloons, it being a prohibition state, heads the list with 1,236 arrests for drunkenness.

Facts such as these speak for themselves, but readers can multiply instances, if necessary, by reference to the criminal statistical records of the various provinces and states throughout the North American continent. Such a search, however, is unnecessary. He must be blind indeed, and stubborn of

determination not to see and believe, who cannot prove to his own satisfaction that in every instance the closing of the licensed houses has resulted in the opening of "blind pigs."

Is it better to serve good liquor openly, under proper supervision of the police, or to hand out the surreptitious bottle of "faked" goods, and leave it to the Local Optionists to see to it that there is no drunkenness? For it is the contention of the Local Optionists that the present system of control is inefficient. They desire to deprive municipal and provincial authorities of the power of supervision and to invest their own representatives with the same. Which has proved himself a more worthy guardian of the public morality? The man in blue, or the Prohibitionist? At one time in British Columbia, Steveston put this question to itself, and not being sure of the proper answer, went "dry" to find out. Steveston has licensed houses today. Chilliwack also, having the same doubt, employed the same method of arriving at a correct opinion. Chilliwack reverted. These two instances in Canada's most westerly Province could be supplemented by scores of others throughout the Dominion.

Nor is the evil confined to the mere moral deterioration of the buyer and seller of liquor in those districts where such traffic is prohibited. In many instances the closing of the licensed houses has been directly followed by the complete demoralization of the police force. "Blind pigs" will open; and the police are but human; therefore the supervision is bound to lie with Local Optionists. So long as licenses are issued, the vast majority of the persons in the liquor business is anxious to see the laws carried out, and is more concerned at infractions of the same than are the Prohibitionists themselves. Letters are on record from the Vancouver Licensed Victuallers' Association, with a membership of one hundred business men, all engaged in the liquor interests, offering practical suggestions for the better enforcement of the existing regulations.

With regard to the question of "vested interests," that is a matter more suited to the pen of the political economist than

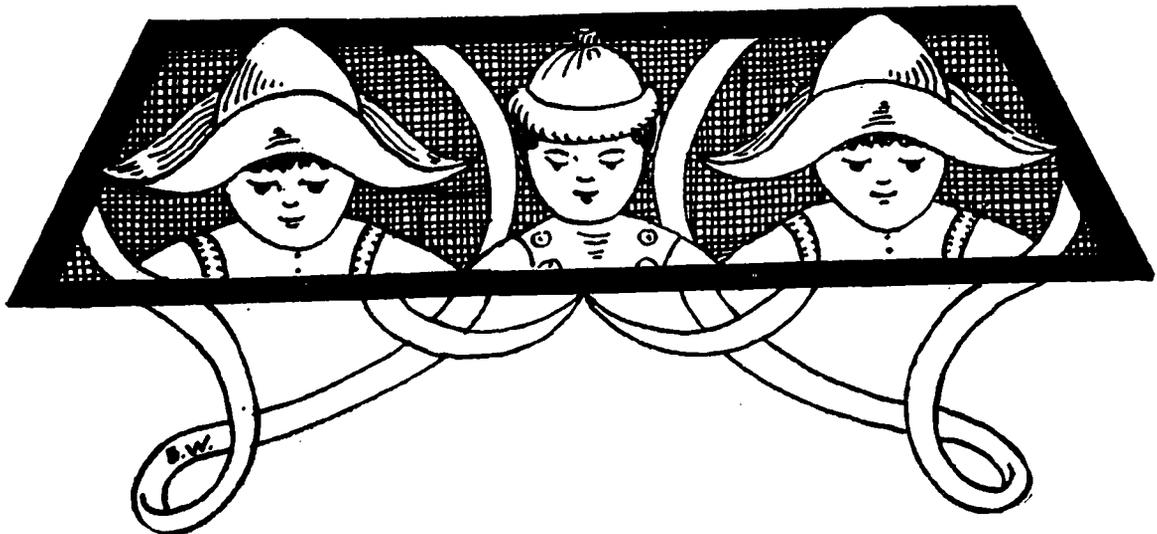
to that of the present writer. It is a question which has been the subject of heated controversy in England, where the general trend of public opinion has been that compensation must in every case serve as a basis of settlement. But the Temperance Reformer, like a modern Gallio, cares for none of these things. The liquor interests are the direct agents of the devil, and as such, deserve to be plunged into ruin and destitution! Not one jot is he affected by the spectacle of hundreds of thousands, who are, directly or indirectly, dependent on the liquor trade, being thrown out of employment. "To the devil they belong; to the devil let them go," is his attitude, if not exactly his slogan. For the Temperance Reformer does not swear. No, but he goes about seeking to enforce, against the dictates of reason and experience, measures to procure a reform, which his own intolerance and narrow-mindedness must inevitably postpone.

The attitude of the Local Optionist on the question of the personal liberty of the subject is on a par with that of the English monarch at the commencement of the Hundred Years' War. Edward III based his claim to the French throne on the right of inheritance through the female line, and at the same time successfully sought the alliance of Burgundy by the denial of the same doctrine in the case of the Duke. So the modern Temperance Advocate. He urges the right of each municipality to decide the question of Local Option for itself, but denies the individual that personal liberty

which is the fundamental doctrine of the constitution of the Anglo-Saxon races.

Here in the West, both British Columbia and the new Prairie Provinces have on their statute books laws framed to supervise the handling of the liquor traffic. No pretence is made that these laws are perfect; but that they meet with the approval and are framed in the spirit of a virile, Western people is the sincere opinion of the writer. That the Governments of these Provinces have been active in safe-guarding the interests of the people in the outlying and sparsely settled districts during the pioneering period of railroad construction—until such times as permanent settlements came into existence which could legally control the liquor traffic—is shown in the instance of the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. But even the best policing of the construction camps has been ineffective to suppress entirely, though it has considerably curtailed, the operating of "blind pigs."

The broad, tolerant spirit of the peoples of the plains and mountains is prepared to accept healthy, government legislation, such as at present obtains, but will not tamely submit to the pharisaical doctrines of the Prohibitionists. Nothing is more harmful to the reputation of a community than the possession on the statute books of laws which are not strictly enforced. *Experientia docet*; and experience does teach that Prohibition legislation is invariably more honoured in the breach than in the observance.



If it isn't EASTMAN, it isn't KODAK film

Kodak film is the film of experience
—not of experiments.

The first film, the first transparent film, the first daylight loading film, the first orthochromatic (color value) film, the first non-curling film, was

Kodak Film

Back of Kodak film is our experience of more than twenty-five years in film making, an experience that has made Kodak film the Dependable film.

The latest film improvement is the use of duplex paper, red on one side and black on the other, in Kodak cartridges. This duplex paper does away absolutely with the offsetting of figures on the film, and still further improves the keeping quality of Kodak cartridges because the red paper, which comes next to the sensitive side of the film, does not cause it to deteriorate as does black paper.

Fit Your Kodak with a

Zeiss-Kodak
ANASTIGMAT *f*6.3

*The Lens of Quality
for the
Camera of Quality*

*Identify your film by the 'NC' on
the box and 'Kodak' on the spool end*

Canadian Kodak ©
Limited

TORONTO, CANADA

A World on Wings

By A. St. John Mildmay

“**Y**E gods! What a tumble!” exclaims the imperturbable aviator, in the last and most successful of this year’s galaxy of aeroplanetary novels, when his “glider” comes to grief in mid-air, and its cheerful pilot escapes with a shaking.

The quotation is from “Tono-Bungay,” by one of our most imaginative writers, Mr. H. G. Wells, who seems to be perfectly at home with that new world of wings, which is to most of us still a thing hard to realise, dim, baffling, remote, unsubstantial.

And the humour of it is that, contrary to all expectation, and in defiance of all the precedents established in the case of such milder inventions as the steam locomotive, and the balloon,—whose pioneer days were chequered by an appalling list of casualties,—flying has hitherto been attended by comparatively few disasters to life or limb.

What Hume said of Miracles, in reference to the Law of Uniformity in Nature may be said of this century’s most sensational and most hazardous departure in the domain of applied science, Aviation: “Accidents do not happen.”

Perhaps the eloquence of Virgil and Ovid over the “*damnosa ars*” of Daedalus, and their immortal songs of the tragic

fates respectively of Incarus and Phaethon, the two high-flyers of classical antiquity, and the sage and charming reflections of Horace on the impious foolhardiness of the human race in making their dangerous experiments first with Fire, then with Navigation, and lastly with “Wings which the gods denied to mortal men,” and certainly also the numerous fatalities which have marked the progress of “lighter-than-air” aeronautics have unduly prejudiced the whole modern world (with the important exception of the Daily Press) against flying.

It would seem, from the recent developments, that the dangers have been unduly exaggerated. And yet one of the most convincing passages in “Tono-Bungay,” one of the cleverest and most sagacious touches in Mr. Wells’ chapters on the flying experiments, is the incident where the hero, having completed his machine, is preparing for his flight, and realises—at the last moment—the appalling difference between the theoretical and the practical, conquest of the air. At the critical moment his courage suddenly deserts him, face to face with the unfamiliar task. In fact, but for the presence of his unsuspecting foreman, who has implicit confi-

**Western
Canada's
Greatest
School**

336 Hastings St. West
Vancouver, B.C.

Vancouver Business Institute

Youngest in British Columbia, yet it has a larger equipment than all the others combined. Merit and truthful advertising the reason for our growth. New Year term opens January 3, 1910. Write for Catalogue.

R. J. SPROTT, B.A.
Manager

J. R. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.
Sec.-Treasurer

????????????

Why not Remember

The folks back East and in the Old Country? An appropriate Xmas gift would be a year's subscription to

Westward Ho!

We will send the magazine from December, 1909, to January, 1911—14 months—for

One Dollar

If sent to this office before Christmas Day.. Address

Subscription
Department
Westward Ho!
Vancouver, B. C.

????????????

dence in his genius and invincibility, he confesses that he would have turned and gone home. The exquisite machine, the fruit of his long toil and patient calculations, becomes positively hateful to him.

The fit passes. But while it lasts, he passes through a veritable gethsemane of cowardice. His ultimate triumph is rendered all the more dramatic by the recital of his *mauvais quart d'heure* of intensely human weakness.

And yet, after all, it is only the habituation especially of our eyes to observing things from a height of approximately five or six feet from the earth's surface that makes us, like the frail old man in Ecclesiastes, "afraid of that which is high."

High things, like high thoughts, exercise a certain power over our imagination, just because they are unfamiliar.

Two workmen were one day observed gazing, obviously for the first time, upon Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral in London. A passer-by listened eagerly for their comments.

"Bloomin' 'igh, Bill!" said one of them at last.

"Not so bloomin'!" was the reply of William.

And the passer-by reported the dialogue as a good joke. But a dramatist would acknowledge that there was in it that touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin." Looking to the time when flight shall be as familiar to us as motoring it is probable that our minds, and, what is still more important, our emotional sensibility, will be so modified by familiarity with the sensation of meteoric suspension, that doubtless our grandsons will have something like a bird's indifference to the sensations which at present disturb our equanimity when we look down on the solid earth from a great height.

Even the young of the eagle have to be trained and instructed by their parents, before venturing to jump off from the eyrie into space.

And the air is after all safer than the earth in one respect,—safer even than the sea. The roads by which the meteor-man travels are all perfect and

except at certain low levels free from obstructions. And there is ten-fold more "sea-room" than even upon the loneliest ocean.

The old panic theories about the exceptional hazards of air-craft, which have obtained through all the ages from Daedalus to Santos-Dumont, have now to be reconsidered.

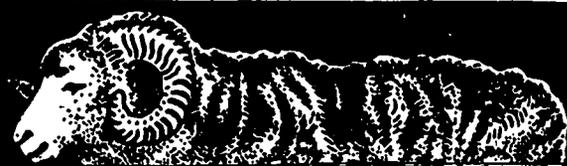
The historic plain of Rheims, once famous as the scene of the Baptism of Clovis by Saint Remi in the days when Soissons was the capital of the Franks, and latterly inheritor of a more prosaic renown as the commercial capital of the Champagne industry, has this year achieved a new and yet more sparkling notoriety, as the scene of the first exhibition-ground of the new cult of the aeroplane.

The fame of its monoplanes has eclipsed the fame of its monopoles, the aviator has eclipsed the aerator, men fly today where only corks flew yesterday: the triumphs of ancient faith join hands with the triumphs of modern science, and the sky-climbing feats of Latham and Bleriot in the body recall with singular appropriateness the spiritual achievement of Remigius, the great sky-pilot of the converted Franks.

And the significant feature of the recent Cloud Tournament of Rheims is that hitherto there have been no serious mishaps.

Stevenson, the pioneer of the steam-engine, was far less fortunate. Almost the first publicly advertised trip on the first of his lines resulted in a serious accident, which caused the death of a distinguished statesman, Mr. Huskisson. The accident was a very serious setback to the cause which he had at heart. The presumption then is that aviation will ere long be on a business footing.

One aviator has already made himself famous by using his bi-plane for the homely purpose of an afternoon call on a friend living over the hills and far away. Another, Mr. Curtiss, has had the enviable distinction of soaring in company with Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, the great Anglo-Italian poet and novelist. Gabriele is thus the first serious (very serious) man of letters who has been up in an aeroplane. His very



**"CEETEE"
UNDERWEAR**



**Always
Comfortable
Always Elastic**

"CEETEE" Under-clothing delights the most particular—it is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, thoroughly combed and cleansed. It is SOFT and VELVETY to the skin—no irritating, tickling sensation as with ordinary underwear.



"CEETEE" Underclothing fits snugly and wears well because it is knit to the form—not cut from the fabric—never becomes loose and uncomfortable, and is absolutely unshrinkable.

In all sizes for men, women and children. Insist on your dealer showing you "CEETEE." Our guarantee is behind it.

**The C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT
LIMITED
GALT, ONTARIO**

Manufacturers - Established 1859

name would suggest wings.

From the artistic and psychological point of view the progress of aviation opens up many fascinating questions. Musicians will doubtless have new difficulties and new faculties to take into account.

There is a touch of quality in sounds which are heard from high overhead, which the opera of the future will doubtless annex to its sublime uses.

The peculiar sweetness of church bells heard from below would suggest that a flying troupe of hand-bell ringers, or violinists, or a prima donna circling round the roof of the playhouse would be a fascinating and important addition to the legitimate effects which operatic music has at its command.

In this connection the alarm-calls of the aeroplane will need special attention. There is a peculiar very high pitch which belongs to such high-flying birds as the swift, the lark, and the sea-hawk, which our aviators would do well to aim at imitating. It would be insufferable to have the upper air polluted with such

sounds as those of the steam whistle or the pneumatic hooter: it is possible that the shrill whistle of the sea-hawk, the most musical and unearthly of bird calls, has a special carrying power in a vertical direction. It seems also to be more easily located than the flute-note of the cuckoo, or the guttural "honk" of the grey goose.

The visual organs again will have new fields opened to them by the practice of aviation.

One has only to study nature from some great perpendicular height, to feel how bewildered and non-plussed our visual powers are by the novel aspect of such things as a 200-foot pine tree, when seen from above.

In time the cultivation of bird's eye vision will produce a greater clarity and comprehensiveness, with which will come a new artistic sense, which will enable us at last to find elaborate beauties in those aspects of nature and scenery, which, from want of habituation, seem to us at present on the whole chaotic and unlovely.

}
{

PURE
SURE



MAGIC

BAKING POWDER.

PURE FOOD

INSURES

GOOD

HEALTH—



MAGIC

BAKING POWDER

INSURES

PURE FOOD.

MADE IN CANADA

If your grocer does not handle "Seal Brand" Coffee, it is worth a walk to the next town to get the genuine



CHASE & SANBORN'S

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans,
—never in bulk.

103

Cities will have to provide aviary centres, parks, sandhills, or tarpaulin-covered ponds, for the convenience of those who fly, or rather of those who alight from flying.

It will be of no small incidental advantage to the public health that such reserves will have to be of large dimensions.

We may look forward to the time when every well-ordered city will have a central breathing-space of fifty to a hundred acres devoted to this purpose, to be known as the Air Garden, or Place du Vol.

Possibly also the aeroplane is the herald of mightier changes yet. It is unthinkable that choice spirits will not push further and further, higher and higher into space. Training themselves, acclimatising themselves, sacrificing at first many valuable lives, but at last bequeathing to their posterity discoveries greater than that of any earthly pole.

With all the faith that is in me I believe that man will eventually range

familiarly over the whole solar system: that we shall in the course of centuries know, and be able to gauge the residential worth of, the earth's moon and all the sun's planets.

And the mind of man having accommodated itself to the wider environment will not rest there, but age by age he will conquer the stars, and explore the Suns, Satellites and Planets of system beyond system.

Knowledge, and not real estate, it will be that the men of those days, weaned from land-ownership, and flags, and throat-cutting, and clothes, and houses warmed by coal, and roofed from rain and sun, will pursue.

Knowledge, and not Real Estate, they shall see "grow from more to more."

Probably also their converse will be without the convention of spoken sounds, their education without books, and their metaphysic will be a kind of cosmic engineering in obedience to the command of one who preceded us, leaving the door open, into the All.

Let's Advertise Canada

By T. Johnson Stewart

SANE, truthful and progressive advertising would make Canada one of the most powerful nations on earth by the year 1960. In fifty years our citizens should be the most virile race on the globe. Before the first half of the twentieth century has waned this wide Dominion should tower among the nations in all the beauty of youthful strength, without exhibiting one iota of the pride that makes vast powers ridiculed or feared.

Greatness will be thrust on Canada. There is no escaping our destiny. And if judicious advertising can make impossible some of the sores that afflict the body politic of our Big Brother south of the 49th parallel, then, it would be well to call the genius of the advertising profession to our aid. The immense and practically untapped resources of our country demand strong and fearless men of our own breed—if possible, and a broad and enlightened expenditure of capital. Of the two the strong men are the more necessary for the simple and conclusive reason that all wealth is the product of labour.

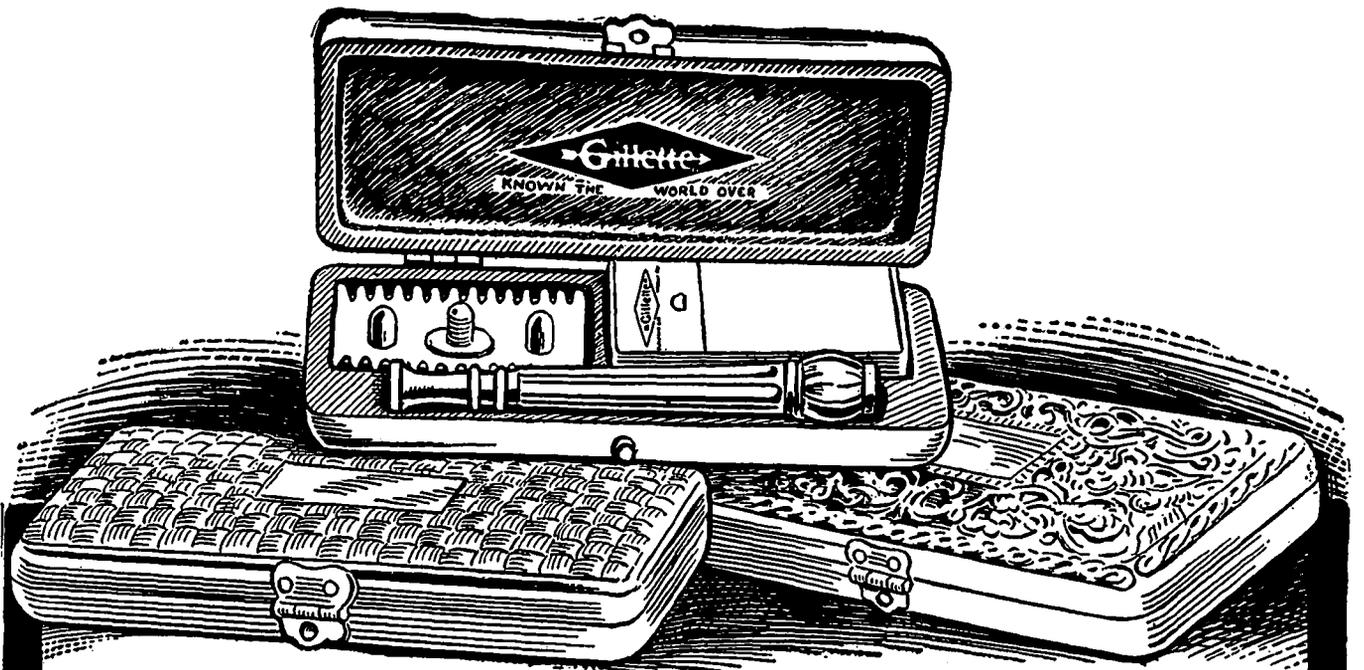
Let's advertise in other lands for the men and women we want—the people we must have. The voice of sagacious statesmanship and civilization alike calls for men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race, for British institutions must be extended and preserved at all hazards. But let us be cosmopolitan enough to welcome every physically strong man and woman of the white race. Whether they are educated or not matters little. If they crave for freedom—the joys of living in a democratic land, let physical strength and the desire to become citizens of the Empire suffice our immigration officials. And let us tell these simple children of the soil in the plainest language their mother tongues afford all

about the free grants of land obtainable in most of our provinces, without one word of exaggeration and without inserting a single phrase in a single ad that is liable to be misconstrued.

The search for desirable citizens should be robbed of every vestige of mercenary motives on the part of immigration agents. Canada is big enough and rich enough to tell the simple truth about the opportunities she offers without adding a single dollar to the cost of the worthy immigrant's ticket.

Simple, sane and judicious advertising would create a respect for Canada among the strong and clean-living peasantry of Europe that a year's residence would kindle into the love of country. The men and women we want are not afraid of work. They know something about the struggle for existence. The frost and snows of winter do not appeal them nor the heats of summer days. But it should be clearly explained to intending immigrants that the test of the thermometer gives an exaggerated impression of prevailing climatic conditions in this country. It is easier to work in Canada when the thermometer registers 90 degrees in the shade than it is to work in any European country, with the exception of Spain, when the mercury touches 80 degrees. The plain facts regarding our climate and its effects on vegetable and animal life should be clearly stated.

Let us tell the strugglers in Europe that if our vast areas of wheat lands, extending from Superior to very near the Rockies, were under cultivation, that we could feed the world. Let us advertise that the Canadian Government operates farms on scientific principles for the purpose of training farmers and let us do that very thing. Intensive farming amounts to a national crime. Is it not



The Little Friend To All Mankind!

BUY a Gillette Safety Razor,
New Pocket Edition, and
put it on your dressing table.

Some morning, you will shave with it—then the “Gillette” will be as much of a hobby with you as it is with thousands of other men, the world over.

Have you never wished for one—say on a Sunday morning—or in a hundred emergencies when you knew you were not shaved but should be?

It is not something you have to learn—you just do it.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal—plain, polished or richly figured. Handle and blade box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Prices \$5 to \$7.50.

Stores handling Gillette Safety Razors display Gillette signs in their windows and on their counters.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,

Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.



Are You Planning a Trip—
Or Returning from One?
May We Give You a Tip
To Outwit Wind and Sun?
Try

Royal Crown Witch Hazel Soap:

Tis a Dainty-Efficient-Toilet Expedient:
Recommended for Chaps and Tan.

possible for a government that considers it wise to invest a hundred million dollars in a railroad—is it not possible for that government to operate college farms for the benefit of the nation? The scheme is practicable. It might be elaborated up to the point where the proceeds of the immigrant's labour on the government farm would buy his own farm—start him farming along successful and scientific lines. It is not enough to see the inevitable evils which are bound to result from intensive farming. We must make them impossible.

Canada wants men for the soil first of all. Coal, iron, silver and gold can be extracted from our mining regions later on. The cultivated farm is our only source of permanent wealth. Our advertising commissioner must interest farmers and farm labourers in our country. Once we're growing all the wheat and fruit and raising all the cattle we may turn aside for relaxation and rip precious metals and jewels from the bosom of our old mother.

Common sense advertising abroad will develop this half continent quicker than dreamy statesmen suppose. Breeding Marathon runners is not just the kind of world publicity we want. Let us go after the men we require and tell them in the simplest language possible the opportunities our country offers to all strugglers.

There's another thing advertising would do for us. It would make Canada's rugged beauty spots the summer resorts of the world. Enthusiastic and sane advertising will some day build a great white city and playground on the southern shore of James Bay. American tourists will prefer the cool waters of the inland sea to voyaging across the Atlantic, and health-seeking and vacation-loving Europeans will spend a month in this northern city—get the habit and declare it good.

Live advertising on the part of our big transportation companies would turn the tide of tourists northward from the States and westward from Europe. Ca-

nada might be justly advertised as the world's best summer resort, but what doth the foreigner know of the wild grandeur of our land, or the invigorating qualities of our climate?

BULBS AND FRUIT TREES.

Everyone appreciates the beauty of flowering bulbs in the fall and winter, but so many fail to prepare for the future in time. It is very easy to have the house full of bloom throughout the dull season, and every lover of flowers should appreciate this fact. Particular

attention is drawn to this matter in the advertising of M. J. Henry, the Vancouver seedman. Detailed information about the culture of bulbs can also be obtained from this source. The matter of fruit trees also claims attention, not merely at the actual planting season, but at all seasons, with those whose policy is to have only the best. Those who purpose planting should remember that this nursery is located in British Columbia, that the culture is conducted with reference to local conditions, and that naturally the stock must be well adapted to those conditions which prevail in your orchard.



Building a Seaport

By Richard Western

IN this wonderful western country of North America with its vigorous railroad extensions the birth of a new inland town is a matter of common occurrence; and when once the trend of immigration is started in the direction of a new town, its future to a certain extent is assured. The resources of the whole country are so manifold that, given transportation, there is always sufficient material in agricultural or commercial pursuits to contribute to the support and development of the community.

The creation of a new seaport, however, is rare and something that depends upon a combination of circumstances that could not, of course, be found in the interior. Good anchorage and easy approach from the ocean side is not sufficient to establish a seaport there must be easy grades from the interior to the coast. A deep harbor without railroad transportation to it would not progress very rapidly but it is possible, even with a lack of local resources, for a seaport to become of great importance from the forwarding and tranship-

ping business alone, but when backed by a rich agricultural area, extensive timber and mining localities, there is no limit to the size and importance to which it may grow.

We are now entering a period of tremendous development in British Columbia, and the sea-board will be the scene of increasing activity.

Wherever railroads can reach the coast and find deep water there will be found the nucleus of the future metropolis of British Columbia. Recent operations have opened up great future possibilities on Howe Sound.

A new seaport is now in the making it is "Newport," and the last in Western Canada to receive attention. This place is the terminus of the Howe Sound Pemberton Valley and Northern Railway which is now building through to Lillooet, tapping an area of timber and agricultural land that is the richest in the Province. It is estimated that the timber properties adjacent to the route of this railroad contains between seven and eight billion feet of the finest varie-

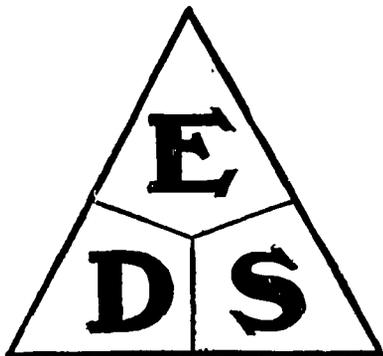
ties, while the copper and gold deposits will contribute bountifully to the further industrial welfare of Newport.

There is more water power going to waste in the vicinity of Newport than would supply all the cities of the western coast of North America, and it is only a question of very little time when manufacturing interests will avail itself of the cheap power that can be developed in the hills at the head of Howe Sound. Capital and enterprise has started out to use the gifts of nature in the building of a new seaport, the location is ideal, the climatic conditions agreeable and the opportunities for success limitless.

There is room for many such places in British Columbia but nature though lavish with so many of her gifts has been very sparing in localities for harbour cities, therefore what she has given will undoubtedly be made the most of and Newport will in due time take her place in the front ranks of maritime and commercial importance. She has started and will gain momentum that cannot be impeded.

FRUIT PRESERVES

JAMS AND JELLIES



Made of sound, solid, fresh fruit and best granulated sugar—guaranteed nothing else. Proven by Government analysis; see Bulletin No. 119, Department Inland Revenue.

TOMATO CATSUP of whole, sound tomatoes. To get these, buy only those with trade mark

“E. D. S.”

made on the farm where the fruit is grown. The same farm where the celebrated Nursery Stock is grown that decorates so many homes in Canada.

E. D. SMITH'S FRUIT FARMS

WINONA, ONTARIO

It's Coming Christmas!

Better take time by the forelock and prepare for the gift-making season. We believe we can be of tangible service to you. Drop us a postcard and we will send you our latest handsomely illustrated Catalogue. Within its pages are hundreds of timely suggestions of useful and ornamental presents suitable for the home. Write today.

Calgary Furniture Store, Limited

The Largest Mail Order Furniture House in the West
F. F. HIGGS, Manager

P.O. Box 60

CALGARY, ALTA.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE—My comfortable 25-foot, 5 horse-power Gasoline Launch. The boat is strongly built, has Palmer single cylinder four-cycle engine and is fully equipped with search and side lights, canopy top, reversible leatherette cushions, etc. This craft is suitable for cruising or pleasure. Can be inspected at Le Page's wharf, Vancouver, B.C., where it has recently been overhauled and put in first class running order. For price, write—

A. W. JOHNSON

No. 9 The Marlborough

Calgary, Alta.

B. C. DETECTIVE SERVICE

Operatives for every class of
Civil, Criminal and Commercial
Investigations.

R. S. BARON, Supt.

Head Office: 207 and 208 Crown Bldg.,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

"Bloodhounds Kept."

Brown Bros. Co. Ltd.

FLORISTS

Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Bulbs and
Flowering Plants

Write for 1929 Catalogue—its free.

59 Hastings St., E., Vancouver, B.C.

PATENTS

AND TRADE MARKS
Obtained in all Countries.

ROWLAND BRITAIN.

Registered Patent Attorney and Mechanical
Engineer. Call or write for full information.
Room 3, Fairfield Block, Granville
Street, Vancouver, B.C.



PLANNING TO BUILD

Send two 2c. stamps, postage, for a copy of my beautifully illustrated booklet, "Country and Suburban Homes," full of interesting, valuable and practical information for home builders.

E. STANLEY MITTON, ARCHITECT, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MOUNT PLEASANT MILLINERY

2234 Westminster Road,

VANCOUVER, B.C.

**THE \$5
HAT SHOP**

Special Designs in Modish Styles.

MRS. M. SINCLAIR, Proprietress.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that on August 15th I lost a horse that was insured with the **British American Live Stock Association, Limited**, of Vancouver, B.C., and that I have this date received their cheque in full for my claim.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) **H. S. COTTERILL.**

Dated at Gendale, Sask., this 13th day of September, 1929.

RUBBER STAMPS

Most complete factory west of Toronto. Mail orders filled same day as received. Notary and Corporate Seals, Stencils, etc.

A. G. BAGLEY & SONS

351½ Homer Street, Vancouver, B.C.

Bagley Makes Good Rubber Stamps

JOHN KENDALL F.C.A. **AUTHER V. KENAH** A.C.A.
ELI MOORHOUSE, F.C.A., C.P.A.

Kendall, Sewell & Co.

*Chartered Accountants
and Auditors*

VANCOUVER, B. C.

AND AT

*New York, N.Y. London, Eng.
Seattle, Wash. Victoria, B.C.*

The Vancouver Baths

Electric Light and Thermal Baths
Russian and Turkish Baths
Needle Spray
Electric Treatments a Specialty

PROP.

MISS BACKETT, LOND. (Eng.) CERT.

437 Pender Street West, VANCOUVER, B.C.

WE are fully equipped for big business, and solicit orders for fresh meats from Contractors, Logging Camps, Mills and Retail Butchers.

**Vancouver-Prince Rupert
Meat Co., Ltd.**

Head Office and Cold Storage Plant:

132-134 Hastings Street, W.

Vancouver, B. C.

Trees that Will Grow

—that will not only grow, but that will grow better than others, that will be more hardy, more prolific, more satisfactory. This is the kind of trees and the only kind that our nursery distributes. They are grown under the exact conditions that are met by the fruit growers of British Columbia. And further, they are grown in the only part of the American continent not infested with the San Jose scale.

A full line of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Bee Supplies, Spraying Machinery, "Iron Age" and "Planet Jr." Garden Implements.

Send for free catalogue.

M. J. HENRY

Henry's Nurseries

3010 Westminster Rd., Vancouver

A LIBRARY IN TEN VOLUMES

SPECIAL CANADIAN EDITION

THE FAMOUS

Harmsworth Encyclopedia

The most up-to-date of all Books of Reference, containing 50,000 articles profusely illustrated. Bound in Half Leather. The best Encyclopedia ever published.

Only Five Sets - No More

While they last
PRICE . . . \$25.00

The Thomson Stationery Co.

Limited Liability

325 Hastings St. West - VANCOUVER, B.C.

REMARKABLE RESULTS

Some of the results accomplished by the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company during 1908 were as follows:

Applications received....	\$10,011,253.00
Insurances issued	8,690,944.00
Net Premium Income...	2,119,583.57
Total Income	2,577,890.18
Payments to beneficiaries and policyholders.....	963,047.22
Addition to Reserve for protection of policyholders	1,170,882.00

THE

Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

Major W. B. Barwis - District Mgr.
H. D'A. Birmingham - - - Cashier
Molson's Bank Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

The Service You Get

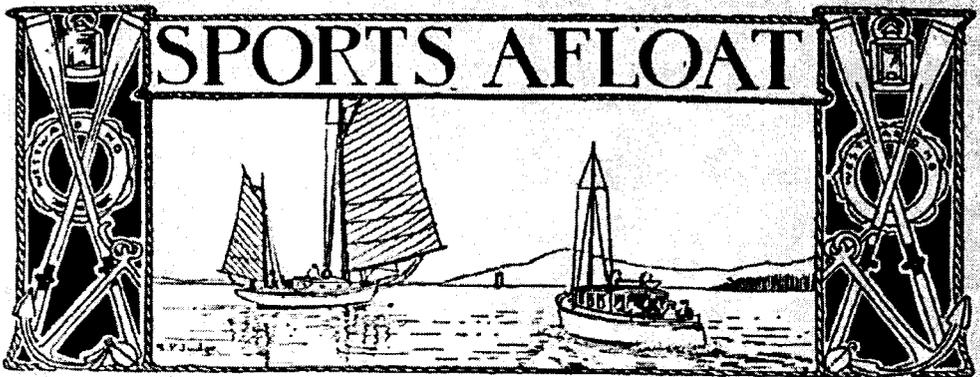
under our mail order system is perfectly satisfactory. This is saying a good deal. Perfectly satisfactory to you means that the supplies must be superior,—that your orders must be carefully and accurately filled, and that they must be promptly forwarded.

It is by meeting these requirements absolutely that our mail order business has grown to its present size, and continues to grow rapidly. Write for anything you should get at a drug store.

LESLIE G. HENDERSON

Cor. Georgia and Granville Streets
and 219 Westminster Avenue

VANCOUVER - BRITISH COLUMBIA



WE ARE SOLE AGENTS

UNION MARINE ENGINE

THE BEST ON THE CONTINENT

HINTON ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

VICTORIA, B.C.

SAY, DO YOU KNOW

That you can get an Easthope engine made in Vancouver and fully guaranteed for less than you pay for an imported engine?

Our engines are built for service and will stand up to any amount of the hardest kind.

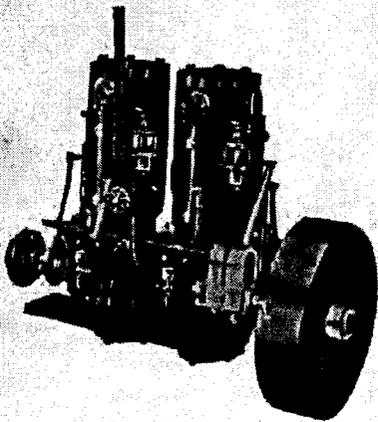
We build engines from 3 to 60 H.P. 3 H.P., \$115.00, 5 H.P. \$185.00, 8 H.P. \$250.00, complete with accessories.

EASTHOPE BROS.

Manufacturers of Marine Gasoline Engines. Builders Complete Launches.

Office and Factory: 1705 GEORGIA STREET,

VANCOUVER, B.C.



Double Cylinder.

ADAMS

Marine Gasoline Engines

Now is the time for you to get an engine for that boat of yours. If you want a good engine at a very reasonable cost, you should write in to us or come and see what we offer you.

Best Engine.

Best Prices.

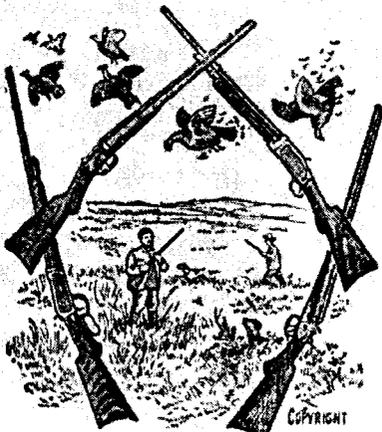
Write for our free catalog.

Sole B. C. Agents for Gilson Farm Engines, for running spraying machines, cream separators, pumps, saws, feed choppers and all stationary work. Catalog Free.

The Adams Launch and Engine Mfg. Company

108 Water Street

Vancouver, B. C.



The First Consideration

OF A SPORTSMAN IS A GOOD
Gun and Ammunition

The New Stevens Repeating Hammerless Shotgun at \$28.00 is incomparable. The Remington Repeating Hammerless Shotgun is without doubt the finest repeating gun ever sold, the solid breach of the gun making it proof against rain; price \$29.00. We have them both, as well as everything in hammer and hammerless, single and double barrel shotguns. When choosing a rifle for your

Deer Hunt don't forget to send to us for a catalog of the Ross Rifle. This wonderful weapon is the most accurate, quickest loaded, lightest, best balanced of any rifle ever turned out; price \$25.00.

U. M. C. Shotgun Shells are the acme of perfection in Game Loads, for which we are retail agents for Vancouver, also everything in English shells, including Cogswell & Harrison's, which are our leaders, Cube Schultz, Kynoch & Eleys, in every gauge, ranging in price from \$2.60 per 100 up.

J. A. FLETT, Ltd., 111 Hastings St. West, VANCOUVER, B.C.



The Purest
of all Spirits in
the Best of all Forms.

WOLFE'S Aromatic Schiedam **SCHNAPPS**

A beverage for all times and all weathers, for men and women, the healthy or the ailing.

It is the BEVERAGE that BENEFITS. Not simply a thirst quencher, not merely a stimulant, but just the purest, most inspiring, and most health-infusing spirit that has ever been produced. It prevents the formation of uric acid, and therefore secures immunity from Gout, Rheumatism, and diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary organs.

Wolfe's Schnapps not only combines happily with Soda or other aerated waters, but is admirable as a Pick-me-up, Tonic, or Digestive.

Every Home should keep this splendid Domestic Safeguard.

**A Glass in the Morning, another at Night,
Braces the system, and keeps the heart light.**



Agents—

Obtainable at all Hotels and Retail Stores.

J. Colclutt & Co., Metropolitan Bdg., Vancouver, B.C.
— Homer Street, —



ST. ANN'S ACADEMY

406 Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B.C.

Boarding and day school, conducted by the Sisters of St. Ann, offering suitable accommodations, modern sanitary equipments. Disciplines mild, but firm, uniting a careful training of manners and character, with the best intellectual and physical training.

Curriculum—Primary, Intermediate and Academic grades, together with Music and Art Studies. A complete and practical Commercial Course is also attached to the establishment.

For further particulars, apply to
SISTER SUPERIOR.

Chesterfield School

North Vancouver, B.C.

Residential and Day School for Boys.
Principals—A. H. Scriven, Esq., B.A.,
R. H. Bates, Esq., B.A.

Boys prepared for the Universities and Commerce. Preparatory department. Manual Training, Gymnastics, Military Drill. Five acres athletic field, covered play-ground.
Prospectus and terms on application.

St. Hilda's College

CALGARY, ALBERTA

Residential and Day School for Girls,
Under Direction of the Church
of England

Full University Matriculation Course. Preparatory and Kindergarten Departments. Special Courses in Music, Vocal Culture, Art, Elocution, Physical Culture, Domestic Science, etc.

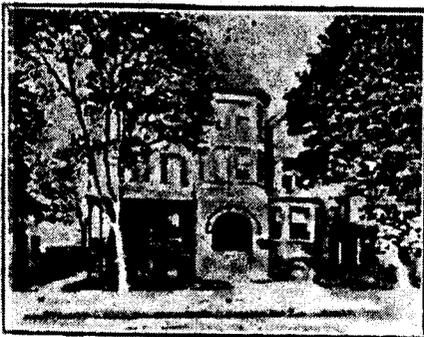
For Prospectus and terms apply to the Principal.

Artists' Materials

We carry a full line of Rowney & Co.'s and Windsor & Newton's famous paints. Also brushes, and all materials used by students, artists, etc. Mail orders are filled same day as received.

Cockburn's Art Gallery

665 Granville Street - Vancouver, B.C.



Toronto College of Music

(LIMITED)

In affiliation with the University of Toronto. Dr. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Dir. Western Examinations June and July. For application forms address Secretary,

12 and 14 Pembroke St., Toronto, Ont.

INVESTMENTS & SECURITIES

LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

MONEY TO LOAN **JOHN J. BANFIELD** **EST'D IN 1891**
 REAL ESTATE,
 INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.
 607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B. C.

<p><i>Investments Guaranteed</i></p>	<p><i>Canadian Financiers Limited</i> <i>Authorized Capital - - \$2,000,000</i> <i>Executors, Trustees, Administrators</i> <i>Receivers, Assignees, Guardians</i> <i>P. Donnelly, Gen. Mgr. A. F. Arnold, Sec.</i> <i>Head Office:</i> <i>632 Granville Street, Vancouver, B.C.</i></p>	<p><i>Estates Managed</i></p>
--	--	-----------------------------------

LOEWEN & HARVEY
BROKERS
 REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND LOANS
 310 HASTINGS ST. WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

<p>Main Office 450 Gra ville Street VANCOUVER British Columbia</p>	<p>C. D. RAND REAL ESTATE BROKER Agent for the Government of British Columbia and the Grand Trunk Railway at the Auction Sales held at Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.</p>	<p>Branch Office Second Avenue Prince Rupert British Columbia</p>
--	---	---

Subdivision Acreage Adjacent to Vancouver, B.C.
 Is our speciality. Clients have made money in each of our subdivision promotions and we would like to interest the outside investors desirous of making quick money. Write for plans and literature.
C. R. TOWNLEY Suite B, Bank of B. N. A. Building, VANCOUVER, B.C. **A. M. KEEFER**

STOCKS AND BONDS **MEMBER SPOKANE STOCK EXCHANGE**
VICTOR A. G. ELIOT
 OFFICIAL BROKER, GLACIER CREEK MINING CO., LTD.
 1203 GOVERNMENT STREET **VICTORIA, B.C.**

VANCOUVER ISLAND

LANDS Fruit-Growing Farming Poultry Business Professions Manufactures Timber Mining Railroads Navigation Fisheries New Towns

MILD SUNNY CLIMATE

offers opportunity to you

Write for Booklet of Views and Authentic Information

Your questions carefully answered
Vancouver Island Development League
Room A-7, Law Ch. Bldg., Victoria, B.C.

A Small Investment Now

in Vancouver suburban property will very quickly

Double in Value

We are offering lots 60 by 130, only 20 minutes by tram from the heart of the city for \$550, on very easy terms. Write for particulars.

Lembke & Gill

Real Estate and General Brokers

439 Richards St., Vancouver

E. H. Heaps, President. R. P. McLennan, Vice-President.
C. E. Berg, Manager.

Columbia Fire Insurance Co., Ltd.

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Head Office:
541 Hastings Street, W.

Reliable Insurance

AGENTS WANTED.

RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 782 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TIMBER

We are exclusive dealers in British Columbia Timber Lands. No better time to buy than now, for investment or immediate logging. Write us for any sized tract. E. R. Chandler, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

OLD BOOKS.

WANTED TO BUY, ALL KINDS OF BOOKS.
Edwin J. Galloway, Old Book Store, 782 Granville St., Vancouver.

AWNINGS.

For Yacht or House: Hammocks, Cushions, Deck Chairs, etc. Langridge & Co., 1039 Granville St., Phone B1450.

WESTERN OPPORTUNITIES—

TIMBER, MILLS, LAND

E. AUGUST BRADLEY, Broker

P. O. Box 198

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT FARMS

in the Glorious Kootenay.

I have for sale 5, 10 and 20-acre fruit plots, cleared and uncleared and in fruit. Write for illustrated literature, maps and prices—sent free on request.

S. M. BRYDGES,
Imperial Bank Block,
Nelson, B. C.,
Canada.

S. M. BRYDGES,
Effingham House,
Arundel St., Strand,
London, W.C., England.

Bound Volumes of Westward Ho!

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

Vols. I., II., III. and IV.

Price \$1.50, by mail \$1.75. Order through your stationer, or write

Westward Ho! Publishing Co., Ltd.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Mining Stocks

We are active dealers in Portland Canal Mining Shares and shall be pleased to give information of any of the numerous companies now operating in the district, or execute orders on the Exchange.

WAGHORN, GWYNNE & CO.

Members Vancouver Stock Exchange

VANCOUVER - BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver Stock Exchange

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS, 1909

H. J. Thorne.....President
John Kendall.....Vice-President
R. B. Ellis.....Hon. Treasurer
J. S. Rankin.....Hon. Secretary
514 Pender Street.

EXECUTIVE

C. D. Rand H. M. Daly
A. von Avensleben

MEMBERS

W. R. Arnold, 328 Hastings Street
A. E. Austin, 328 Granville Street
A. V. Avensleben, 500 Hastings Street
G. T. J. Bovan, 513 Pender Street
H. M. Daly, Crown Buildings, Pender Street
R. B. Ellis, 317 Hastings Street
J. Kendall, Crowe & Wilson Block
C. J. Loewen, 310 Hastings Street
E. W. MacLean, 501 Pender Street
J. D. Mather, Canadian Bank of Commerce Building
G. A. Melville, 319 Pender Street
C. D. Rand, 450 Granville Street
J. A. Kenning, 710 Hastings Street
J. S. Rankin, 514 Pender Street
R. W. Riddell, Victoria
H. J. Thorne, Imperial Block Pender Street
J. H. Waghorn, 519 Granville Street
D. G. Williams, 508 Hastings Street

When You Are Ready

To get out that souvenir edition, catalogue or any high class edition in which high class plate work and art work is required

Come direct to the right people

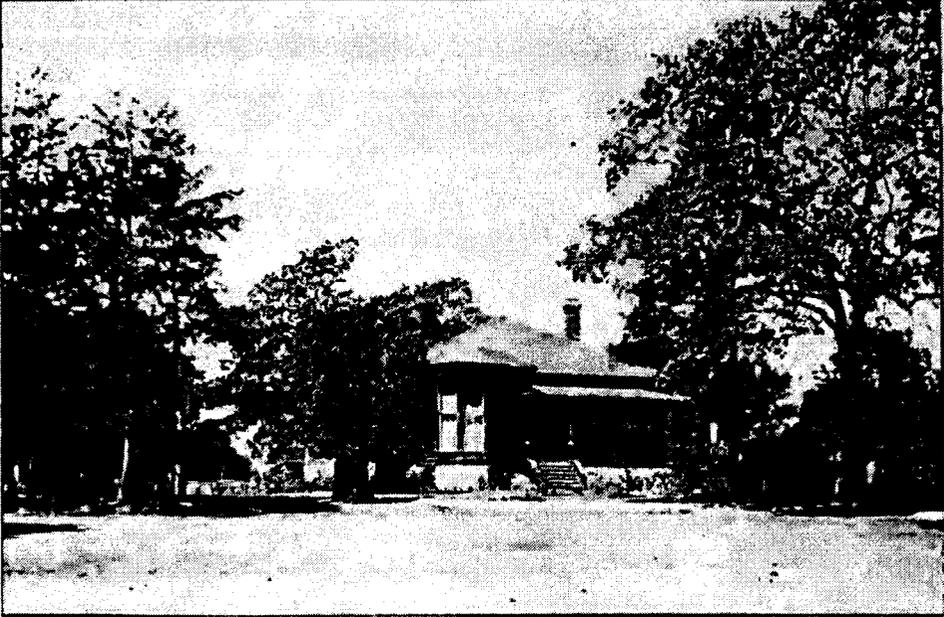
ANGELL ENGRAVING CO.

VANCOUVER, B.C.



Half-tone, made direct from design in clay

MAKERS OF THE HIGH GRADE CUTS



THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR SALE—SITUATE AT 1041 COLLINSON ST.,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Here is an opportunity

To buy a choice residential property, consisting of one acre, planted to fruit and ornamental trees, with large lawn and plenty of flowers.

The house has all modern conveniences, including hot water heating plant, and contains seven large, well-planned rooms.

As the business arrangements of the owner necessitate his removal to Vancouver, this property can be secured on reasonable terms. For price and full particulars apply to owner,

CHARLES McMILLAN

Suite 3, 536 Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.

NOTED FOR PURITY AND
QUALITY

KING
GEORGE IV.

—
SCOTCH WHISKEY

THERE'S AN AMAZING DEMAND
FOR THIS CELEBRATED ARTICLE

North Coast Land Company, Limited

If you want to buy or sell good agricultural or fruit lands located in British Columbia, write or call on us.

We offer for sale choice business and residence lots in the town of

TELKWA

The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley

This town is located in the very heart of the Bulkley Valley, at the confluence of the Bulkwa and Telkwa Rivers, and on the surveyed line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia. There is already a good hotel, telegraph office and other business houses, but there are still great openings for all lines of business.

To those desiring to purchase property in Telkwa with the intention of entering business and living there, special inducements will be offered.

North Coast Land Company

LIMITED

Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C.

YOU WILL MISS A LOT OF GOOD THINGS IF YOUR

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

IS NOT EQUIPPED TO PLAY

AMBEROL RECORDS

All Edison Phonographs made since the invention of Amberol Records are equipped to play both the Standard or two-minute and the Amberol or four-minute Records.

All Phonographs made before this time play only Standard Records, unless they have been equipped with the Amberol attachment.

This attachment can be put on any Edison Phonograph by your dealer or by yourself, making available an already large list of four-minute selections.

For a small sum—\$5.00 or \$7.50, according to the style of your machine—you practically get an entirely new Phonograph out of your old one, one that is able to play the world's best music, reproduced on the longest Records ever made and the most perfect playing Records.

While the Standard list has the best selections that can be given in two minutes, there are many pieces of music that cannot be reproduced in this time at all, and are only available for the longer Amberol Records.

Your present Phonograph will give you three times as much pleasure as it does now if you will arrange for the Amberol attachment—three times as much, because an Amberol Record is twice as long and more than twice as good as a Standard Record.

See your dealer about it to-day.

If you have never heard Amberol Records, hear them played upon an Edison Phonograph with the Amberol attachment at the dealer's.

Ask your dealer for a list of Amberol Records, and see what wonderful pieces of music you are now losing for lack of a simple attachment.

Edison Phonographs are the same price everywhere in Canada	\$16.25 to \$162.50
Edison Standard Records	40c
Edison Amberol Records	65c
Edison Grand Opera Records	85c

National Phonograph Co., 101 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

Homeseekers, Prospectors, Miners
interested in the northern interior
of British Columbia should make
their headquarters at the

Ingentka Hotel

Hazelton

British Columbia

Information and Maps supplied

Proprietors:

R. J. McDONELL

W. J. McAFEE

If you are interested in Mining
Investments in British Colum-
bia, send One Dollar for a
year's subscription to

*The B.C.
Mining Exchange
...and
Investor's Guide*

The November issue will con-
tain the Provincial Govern-
ment's report on the

Portland Canal Camp

*The B. C. Mining Exchange
Vancouver, B.C.*

Diamonds

DIAMONDS are a better and safer investment than real estate, insurance or stocks.

DIAMONDS have advanced in value 10 and 20 per cent. annually in recent years and the scarcity of the better grades indicate a still further increase.

OUR STEEL BLUE WHITE WESSELTONS ARE THE GEMS TO BUY. They are the richest, rarest, the mines supply; their brilliancy, their perfection of cutting and colour, allow of their being instantly converted into cash at any moment.

FIVE YEARS OF SUCCESS AND INTEGRITY have given us the position as leaders in the Jewelry world of the Pacific Coast and our supremacy is recognized by experts in the Diamond and Jewelry Trade, and by those who desire to purchase the best.

Remember This Fact

We show more first quality diamonds than any firm in Canada —nor do we buy an imperfect stone. Further, our prices are right.

McMillan

THE DIAMOND SPECIALIST

Cor. Hastings and Homer Sts.

VANCOUVER, B.C.



MURAD

Turkish Cigarettes

Plain Tips

15^c Per Box