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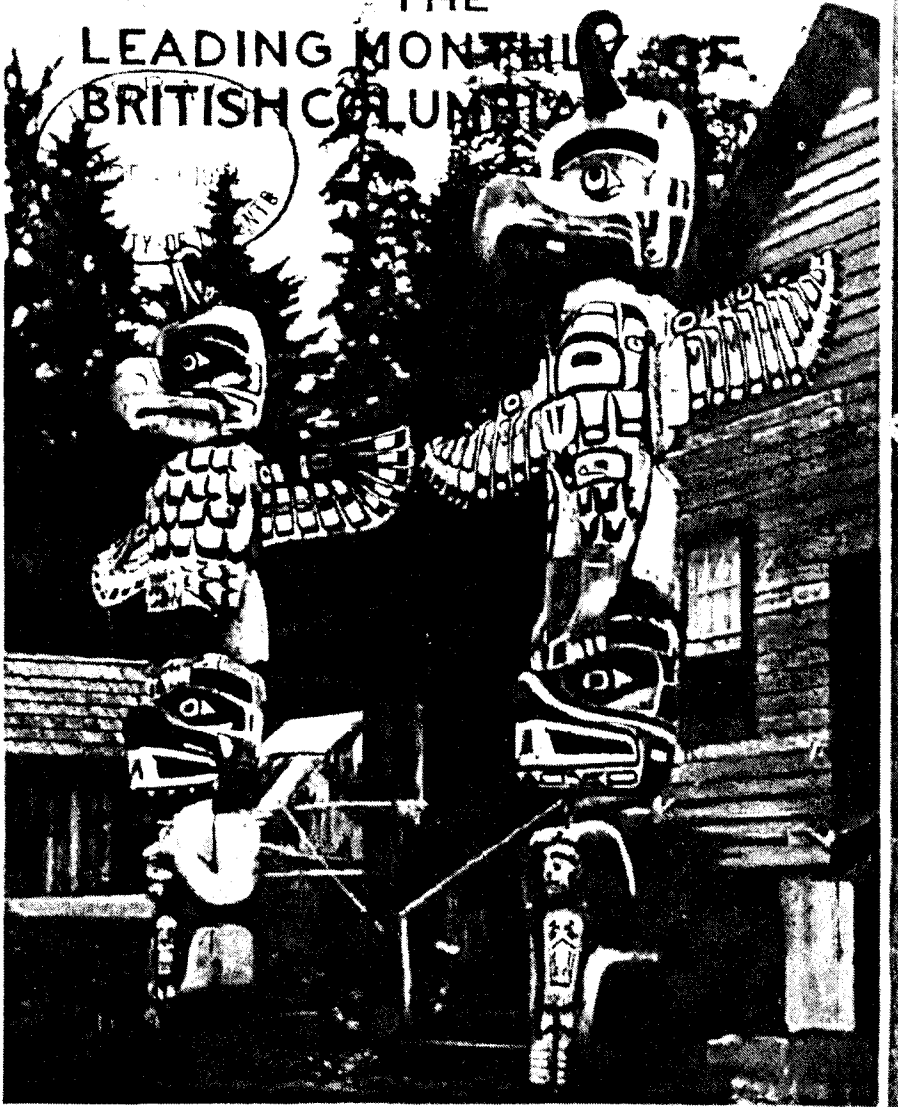
JANUARY 1911 PRICE 15 CENTS

MAN TO MAN

THE

LEADING MONTHLY OF

BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE TOTEM TREE OF ITSWOOT

THE CANOE MAKER By Pollough Pogue.

Birks

PROGRESS and Development have so annihilated distance that a hundred miles today is but a step. Commerce has been revolutionized, the system of merchandising practically changed. Time was when the MAIL ORDER SYSTEM was looked upon as an overgrown idea which would not live, but time has proved its worth. The system brings the outer and inner commercial circles closer together, and by so doing gives to all equal benefits of the larger marts of trade.

Just four years ago we commenced our mail order service in British Columbia, and since then the great yearly increase in our out-of-town trade has been most remarkable, also a substantial proof that the service is efficient and appreciated.

A postal will bring to your home our buyer's guide, that large illustrated, descriptive catalogue of the finest jewellery stock in Canada. To those who desire a quick service we suggest the lettergram, or night-letter, which allows the sending of a lengthy communication over the wire, at a very small cost. To all lettergram orders we pay special attention.

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS LTD

Jewellery Mail Order House

Vancouver, British Columbia

A Personal Message to Every One of Man-to-Man Magazine's Many Readers

This page tells of an opportunity which now awaits you. It is an opportunity for profit, for personal betterment, for getting more out of life than you have been getting.

To learn of a new and profitable thing, which one has never before been able to do, is always interesting. But when the moment arrives that such a thing can be done today, but not next month, it is then more than interesting; it becomes IMPERATIVE.

Financial writers tell us the reason living is now so high is because the gold supply is getting too big. This depreciates money and makes dearer the things we need. The production of gold for the past year was $450,250,000.00, but it cost at least $300,000,000.00 to mine and refine the gold.

There is another source of wealth which produced many millions in the West alone this past year. The millions produced were not as numerous as from the gold mines of the world, but considering that this new industry is barely past the "swaddling clothes" period of existence, a bare forecast of the future earning powers can be predicted. We refer here to the earning power of the "King" of fruits—the modern commercial apple.

'Tis true that much labor is attached to the production of a high grade apple—but it also costs nearly 70 per cent of the total gold production to mine and refine the precious yellow metal. But when you can let your money do this work for you and share in the profits and magnificent annual earnings from an apple orchard conducted along scientific lines, you can rest assured that your money will do better by you than mining for gold. Gold mines "peter" out, but an apple orchard never will if properly cared for, and we most certainly know how to care for and produce apples.

We are going to tell you a few facts about apples as produced in British Columbia, and what this choice fruit will pay on capital invested. We are also going to tell you how you can share in the profits of a high grade commercial orchard without the worry or manual labor attached to the care of a property of this kind.

A high grade apple orchard, today, in the West will produce, at ten years of age, a net income of $900 per acre—in some instances the net income amounts to $1,500. Of course the initial cost of land, planting and caring for said orchard is expensive when only a few acres are planted. When a large tract of acreage is planted to apples, the cost per acre is naturally less. While waiting for the apple trees to mature the grower can realize a nice income from smaller fruits, which can be planted between the rows of apple trees. Said small fruits will more than pay for the initial cost of the orchard.

We are placing on the market bonds covering the first unit of what will be the largest commercial apple orchard in the world (2000 acres under our management) and these bonds can be purchased outright for cash in blocks of $100, or any multiple of that amount. These bonds pay a guaranteed annual dividend of 8 per cent, which is paid semi-annually. All you have to do is cut your coupon from the bond and collect your dividend—8 per cent annually. This dividend is placed on the earning power of the land after allowing a sufficient surplus to operate and pay all expenses and then the net balance over and above the 8 per cent and cost of operating is paid out to the bondholder and managers as a special dividend. Within a very short time this special dividend will pay you from 2 to 25 per cent annually over and above the guaranteed 8 per cent.

HERE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PAGE IN THIS ISSUE—AND

IT SHOULD BE READ FIRST

IT IS BRIEF, FORCEFUL, IMPERATIVE AND COMPELLING

Investigate this offer. Drop a postal to us and we will mail you a copy of our Trust Deed. This instrument will show you how thoroughly and amply the investor in bonds of Orchard Property No. 1 is protected. This investment is bona fide and the capital paid in by bondholders is amply secured. No chance to lose, as all funds are held in trust by a reliable Trust company. The crowning feature of this offer is this: These bonds are issued in perpetuity, affording a permanent annual income, thoroughly protecting the investor from any loss, as the security offered is the most substantial to be found in the world—the earth itself. These bonds are absolutely non-assessable. Your further investigation is solicited. Address for literature, etc.

The Kerr Land Company, Limited

Box 349 NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

THE MAN-TO-MAN FINANCIAL DIRECTORY OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ALASKA AND THE NORTHWEST

READ THIS CAREFULLY

PITT MEADOWS 90 acres, of which 65 acres are well improved. Good seven-roomed house and barn, newly built. Orchard coming into bearing. The Western Canada Power Company's line runs through property. Right at C. P. R. station.

PITT MEADOWS 105 acres, lying between C. P. R. tracks and Western Canada Power Company's line. Close to Pitt Meadows station. Well improved property.

Above properties are now being quoted at farm prices, and in view of the great industrial development in this district they must increase in value very materially in the near future.

KAMLOOPS A splendid farm of 640 acres, nearly 500 acres of which is cleared land. Half of this property is level and the other half rolling. Abundance of water. Mixed farming is carried on here, and at present some 350 tons of hay are raised. There are 140 head of cattle, 25 horses and 21 sheep, and small stock. The whole place is fenced, and there are between 500 and 600 acres of leased land attached to this property which costs next to nothing per annum. A rare chance, and the price is right.

LANGLEY 160 acres on Langley prairie, within three miles of two stations on the B. C. Electric Railway, at the extremely low price of $65.00 per acre, and on easy terms, too. See us about this at once.

The Vancouver Trust Company Ltd.

AGENTS FOR OWNERS

614 Pender St. West - Vancouver, B.C.

Vol. VII

MAN-TO-MAN

FORMERLY WESTWARD HO!

No. 1

This Magazine, beginning with the February Number, will be known as

The British Columbia Magazine

Contents for January, 1911

¶ Subscription Terms: In Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 the year; fifteen cents the copy. ¶ In the United States, $1.00 the year; twenty cents the copy. ¶ Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and notice sent three weeks before the change is desired. ¶ If the magazine is not received every month, you will confer a favor by advising Manager of Circulation.

Published once a month in Vancouver, B. C., by the Man-to-Man Company, Limited

¶ President, Elliott S. Rowe; Vice-President, Charles McMillan; Secretary-Treasurer, A. T. Schmidt.

Business Manager
ADOLPH T. SCHMIDT

Offices: 633 Granville St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Doors of Daring

By Henry Van Dyke

The mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
"Push out, set sail, explore!"

And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
Sigh not, "Too weak!" but boldly try.
You never can begin to live
Unless you dare to die.

SIMON FRASER

A STRONG AND PICTORIAL FIGURE ON THE TAPESTRY OF CANADIAN HISTORY

VOL. VII MAN-TO-MAN MAGAZINE NO. 1

JANUARY, 1911

The Yale-Cariboo Wagon-Road

By E. O. S. Scholefield

I DO not know that there is anything in the chronicles of the nations more fraught with human interest than the history of those old roads which have been the arteries of communication between the populous centres and their outlying districts. From earliest times the history of the great highways has been scarcely more or less than the history of the great nations of the world. Whether we take the roads of the old Egyptians, or those of the Chinese, or the monumental highways of the great Roman empire, we find in the story of their construction, in the history of the great movements along them, in the everyday life of the people who have travelled up and down them, a panoramic picture of those events which have made the history of the days gone by.

Take the Appian Way—named by an ancient writer with justifiable pride, "Regina Viarum"—built, in part at least, by old Claudius Cæcus, censor of Rome in the year 313 B. C.—the oldest and most famous of all Roman roads. What scenes have been enacted on that celebrated pavement of hexagonal stone blocks! And could they but speak, these same stone blocks might tell us strange stories of things long since dead and forgotten. In peace and war that grand old road served the empire well. How often has it echoed to the armed tramp of the Roman legionaries, and how often over it were carried patrician nobles in their chariots, on one errand or another, and how often over it have toiled the plebes and slaves, and how often over some part of it have marched erect and proud barbarian prisoners for the triumphs of victorious generals. The whole mighty life of that haughty and opulent empire ebbed and flowed over that pavement, built with such nicety by Claudius Cæcus and those who came after him.

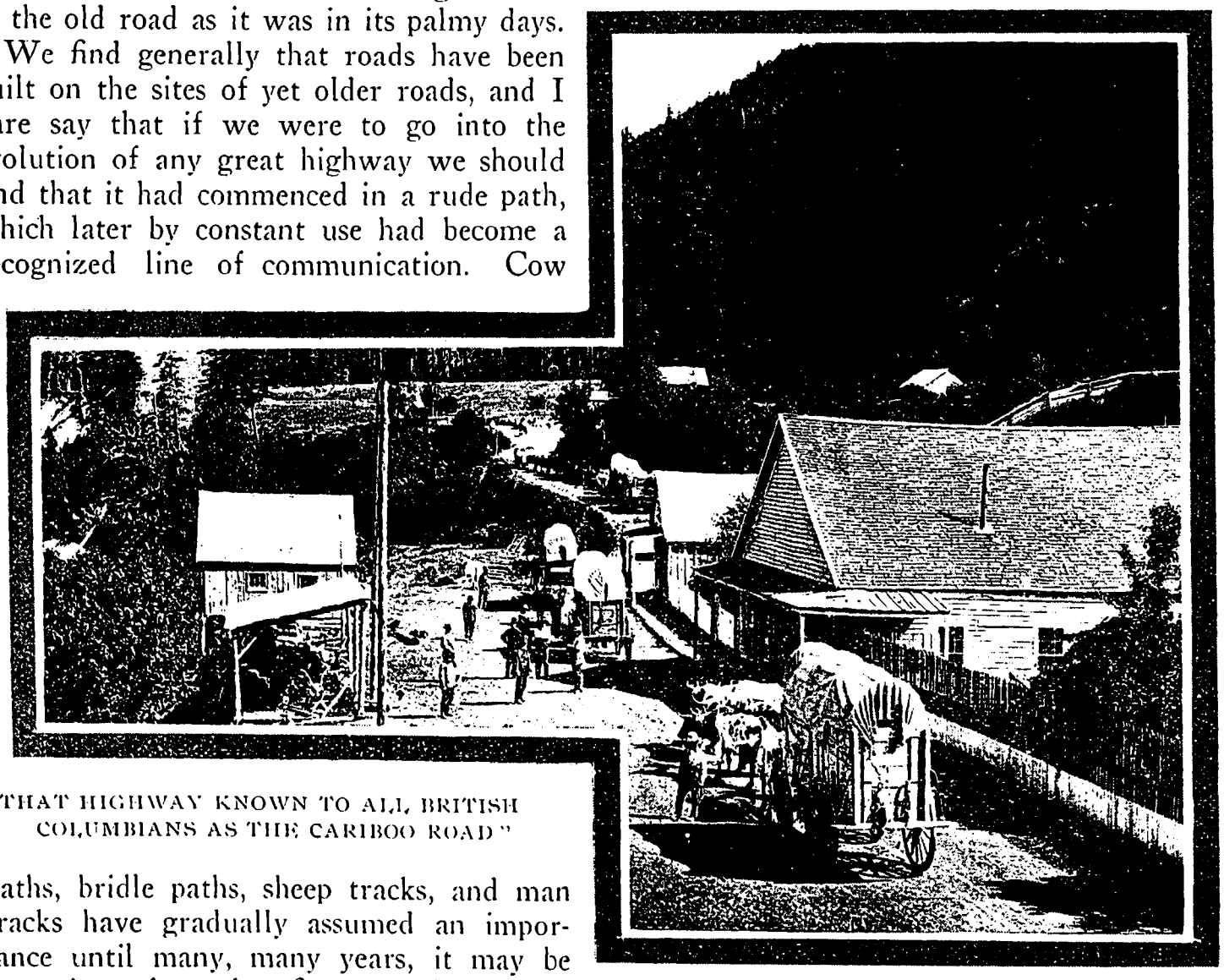
Little wonder is it then that the story of a great road possesses a fascination and a charm scarcely less potent than the story of such historic landmarks as the pyramids, or the half-buried ruins of the ancient cities of the New World.

EVOLUTION OF A HIGHWAY

But it is not of ancient roads that I would write at the present time. In this brief article I am to set forth discursively and in no apparent order a few facts, a few anec-

dotes concerning, and something of the history of, that highway which is known to all British Columbians as the Cariboo road. In very truth our provincial "Regina Viarum," that old Cariboo road. It is inseparably linked with the strange era of the gold-seeker, and the glamor of the racy life of the old days is about it all. The most interesting part of it—the stretch from Yale through the great canyons of the Fraser—has these many years fallen into decay, but still the portions of it that remain give those of us who may be blessed with a love of things historic and archaic a good idea of the old road as it was in its palmy days.

We find generally that roads have been built on the sites of yet older roads, and I dare say that if we were to go into the evolution of any great highway we should find that it had commenced in a rude path, which later by constant use had become a recognized line of communication. Cow



"THAT HIGHWAY KNOWN TO ALL BRITISH COLUMBIANS AS THE CARIBOO ROAD"

paths, bridle paths, sheep tracks, and man tracks have gradually assumed an importance until many, many years, it may be centuries, after the first primitive man marked them as easy lines of communication, they have developed from stage to stage, until all evidences of their humble origin have been obliterated in the great national highways. And, peculiar as it may seem considering the extraordinary configuration of the country through which it passes, the Cariboo road is no exception to the rule.

Long, long before the advent of white men to this region, long, long before gold had been discovered, before the British and Spaniards had visited our coasts, the natives had used the Fraser river valley as a highway from the coast to the interior. In fact, for so many generations has their rude pathway existed that the memory of the native runneth not to the contrary. In these great canyons, from over-hanging ledges and rocks, the natives, with their hand-nets, drew from the waters of the great river their harvest of salmon.

SIMON FRASER

It is to Simon Fraser that we are indebted for the earliest account of the Indian highway through the canyons of the great river which bears the name of that indefatigable Nor'wester. In his journal of 1808, as published by L. R. Masson in "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest," speaking of this region Simon Fraser observes:

"As for the road by land, we could scarcely make our way even with only our guns. I have been for a long period among the Rocky Mountains, but have never seen anything like this country. It is so wild that I cannot find words to describe the situation at times. We had to pass where

no human being should venture; yet in these places there is a regular footpath impressed, or rather indented, upon the very rocks by frequent travel."

And then again the fur-trader remarks on his homeward journey:

"We had to pass many difficult rocks, defiles, precipices, through which there was a kind of beaten path practised by the natives, and made possible by means of scaffolds, bridges and ladders, so peculiarly constructed that it required no small degree of necessity, dexterity and courage in strangers to undertake.

"CLINGS TO THE VERY BRINK OF PRECIPICES"

"For instance, we had to ascend precipices by means of ladders composed of two long poles placed upright with sticks tied crossways with twigs; upon the end of these others were placed, and so on to any height; add to this, that the ladders were often so slack that the smallest breeze put them in motion, swinging them against the rocks, while the steps leading from scaffold to scaffold were often so narrow and irregular that they could scarcely be traced by the feet without the greatest care and circumspection; but the most perilous part was when another rock projected over the one we were clearing. The Indians certainly deserve our grateful remembrance for their able assistance through this alarming situation. The descents were, if possible, still more difficult; in these places we were under the necessity of trusting our things to the Indians; even our guns were handed from one to another. Yet they thought nothing of it; they went up and down these wild places with the same agility as sailors do on board a ship."

So much for the prototype of the first portion of the Yale-Cariboo wagon-road. From time immemorial the natives had used their primitive highway along the precipitous and rugged banks of the Fraser river. Then came the fur-traders under Simon Fraser, and after them the gold-seekers who toiled in the footsteps of their Indian precursors. In after years qualified engineers could do no better than follow in the footsteps of the primitive red men when the time came for the construction of a road through the canyons. In later years again, the surveyors and railroad engineers of the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company could find no better route for Canada's first transcontinental line than that followed by the wagon-road builders of an earlier decade.

Here we have the evolution of a highway—firstly, the rude and precipitous pathway of the Indians; then the rough trail

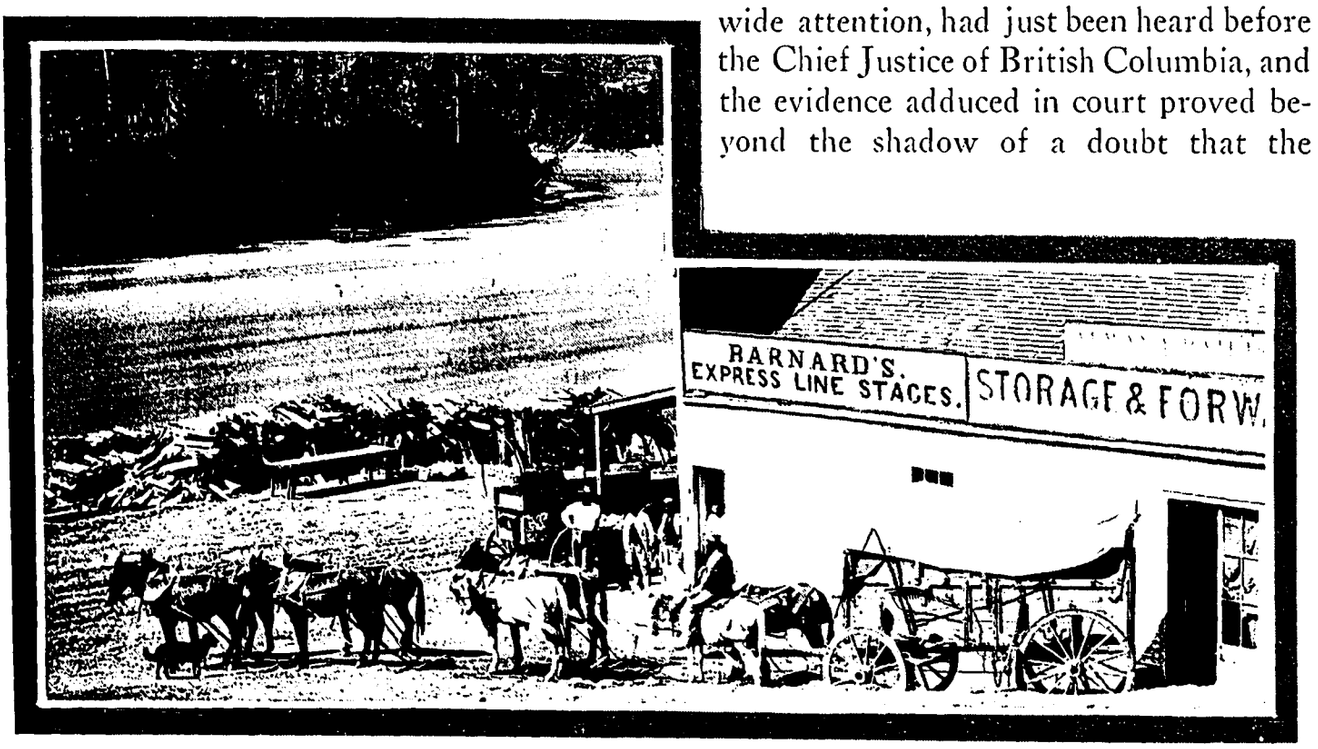
of the gold-seekers; after that the broad wagon-road; and lastly, the steel railway. The first has long ceased to exist, and of the third a crumbling ruin alone remains which may be viewed from the windows of the luxurious observation cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Yet, crumbling though it is, that road speaks eloquently of the worth of its builders, for it is almost marvellous that they should have been able to hew, in places out of solid walls of rock, an eighteen-foot carriage-way. Stretches of the historic highway still cling to the very brink of precipices, bearing mute testimony to the engineering skill and daring of those who designed and built the road.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS, THE GREAT ROAD BUILDER

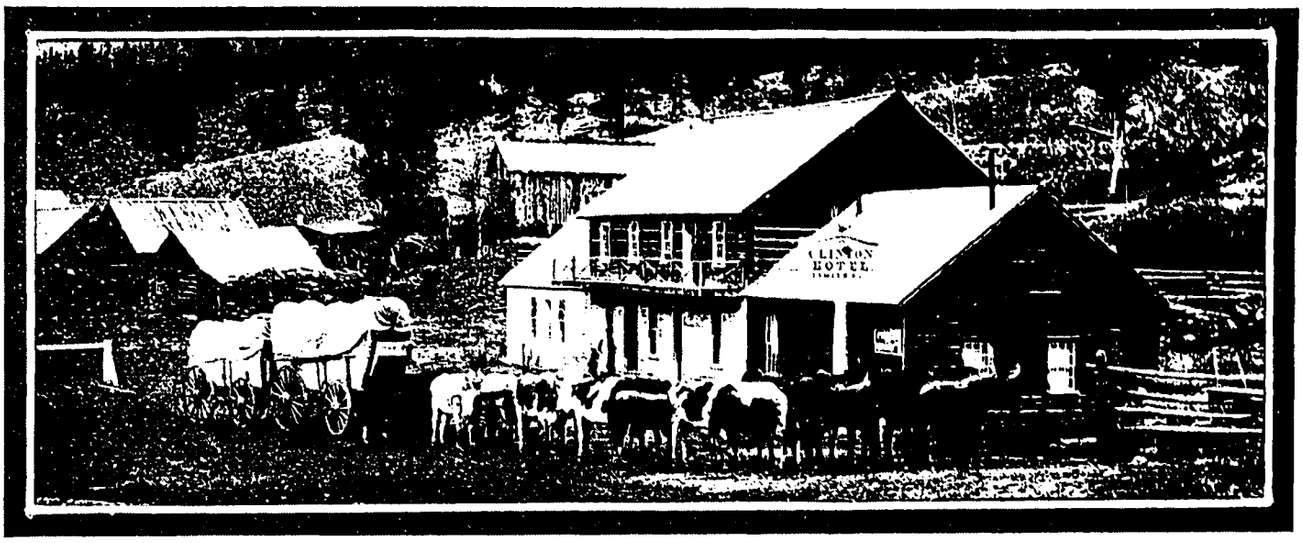
Of the building of the Yale-Cariboo wagon-road we may observe that it was Sir James Douglas, the second colonial governor of the colony of Vancouver Island, but the first governor of the crown colony of British Columbia, who, if he did not actually conceive the project, carried it into effect with that force and energy which characterized all of his larger administrative acts. With the discovery of gold in Cariboo and the flocking to the rich diggings there of thousands of miners, it became apparent that a line of communication had to be opened between the head of navigation on the Fraser and the most convenient point in the newly discovered mining district. During the early days of the gold rush the argonauts either forced their way in boats against the awful tide of the Fraser, or they toiled in hardship and suffering along the steep and rugged banks of that stream until they reached the far interior of the colony. Quite early in the day the Harrison-Lillooet road was constructed, which, it was thought, would obviate the necessity of following the devious and perilous tracks and trails through the Fraser canyons. The Lillooet route, however, from its inception was never popular with the miners, chiefly, I believe, because of the delay occasioned by the steamers on the Lillooet, Anderson and Seton lakes. The practical failure of the Douglas or Lillooet road made it incumbent upon the governor of the young colony to provide a more convenient route to the gold mines.

"THE HIGH-TONED AND ELEGANT ROUTE TO CARIBOO (VIA DOUGLAS AND LILLOOET)"

In speaking of the Douglas-Lillooet trail I am reminded of an old "broadside," distributed at the time of the gold excitement, in which the allurements of that route are set forth in terms forcible and expressive, if not over-polite. The sarcastic title of the poster is that given above. The celebrated Cranford case, which had attracted wide attention, had just been heard before the Chief Justice of British Columbia, and the evidence adduced in court proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the



THE OFFICE OF THE B. C. EXPRESS COMPANY AT YALE



"THE PORTIONS OF IT THAT REMAIN GIVE A GOOD IDEA OF THE OLD ROAD"

Harrison route was not, nor very well could become, popular with the travelling public. Witnesses asseverated that from twenty-five to sixty days were consumed in packing merchandise from one end of the trail to the other. The Chief Justice himself, in reviewing the evidence, stated to the jury that "forty days" was a reasonable time to allow for the transport of goods from Douglas to Lillooet. All of which raised the ire of the author or authors of the said broadside, who eased himself or themselves in the manner following:

"Travellers are assured that they can get through from Douglas to the Lillooet in from twenty to forty days, and at a cost of $150, so if you are determined and will be humbugged the fault is your own. To prevent your straying from the 'high-toned and elegant route,' read the following directions:

"Take a *splendid* steamer at New Westminster for Harrison river. There hire *elegant Indian canoes* to pole you over the rapids, or walk along the pebbly shore, *wade four sloughs* and *swim* one small river to reach a high-toned propeller which runs at the speed of two miles per hour (wind permitting). No close confined cabins on board, but pure, wholesome air on deck, with the privilege of sticking your nose in the cook's galley to warm it without extra charge. Twenty-five hours will take you to the mouth of the Douglas slough, where she connects with capacious canoes, fare $2.00 to the edge of the ice near Douglas rancheries (smallpox there, but don't hurt white men, only kills Indians), then foot it to Douglas. Foot it again to 29-mile house over foot of snow. The little lake being frozen over, walk round it to Lillooet lake, scenery delightful. Then catch another elegant and high-toned steamer if you can; if you can't, wait a day or two—meals only $1.00. When the steamer 'toots her horn' get aboard and rest yourself on the open deck for four hours; weather moist, or air keen. Reach Pemberton; good meals there for $1.00 each, beds 50 cents, *crawlers gratis* (smallpox blankets carefully washed). Rest there a day and foot it again for 24 miles to Anderson lake; catch a steamer again if you can; rest again on the open deck going over the lake; foot it again for 1½ miles, or take a ride on the railroad car (?) to Lake Seaton; catch another splendid steamer, if she is in repair, for Port Seaton; foot it again 3½ miles to Lillooet; rest there three or four days (the smallpox is played out, Indians all killed); then swim your horse across the Fraser (if the ice permits) to Parsonville; then run him up Pavilion mountain to help circulation. Take this route by all means and *shun the Yale and Lytton road*—it is a humbug. There are no delays on that route, no portages, no extortion, no sloughs to wade or creeks to swim, no combination to ease you of your money before you get fairly started for Cariboo. This information costs you nothing—see that you are wise and profit by it.

"When you arrive at Westminster do not nibble at the Douglas bait of one and two dollars fare; if you do you are sure to be hooked, and will have to pay very dear for your gullibility. It is only the *catch of a humbug*.

"Be certain that you take passage on steamers going *direct* to Fort Yale, otherwise you will be 'taken in'. by Douglas

"THROUGH THE FRASER CANYONS"

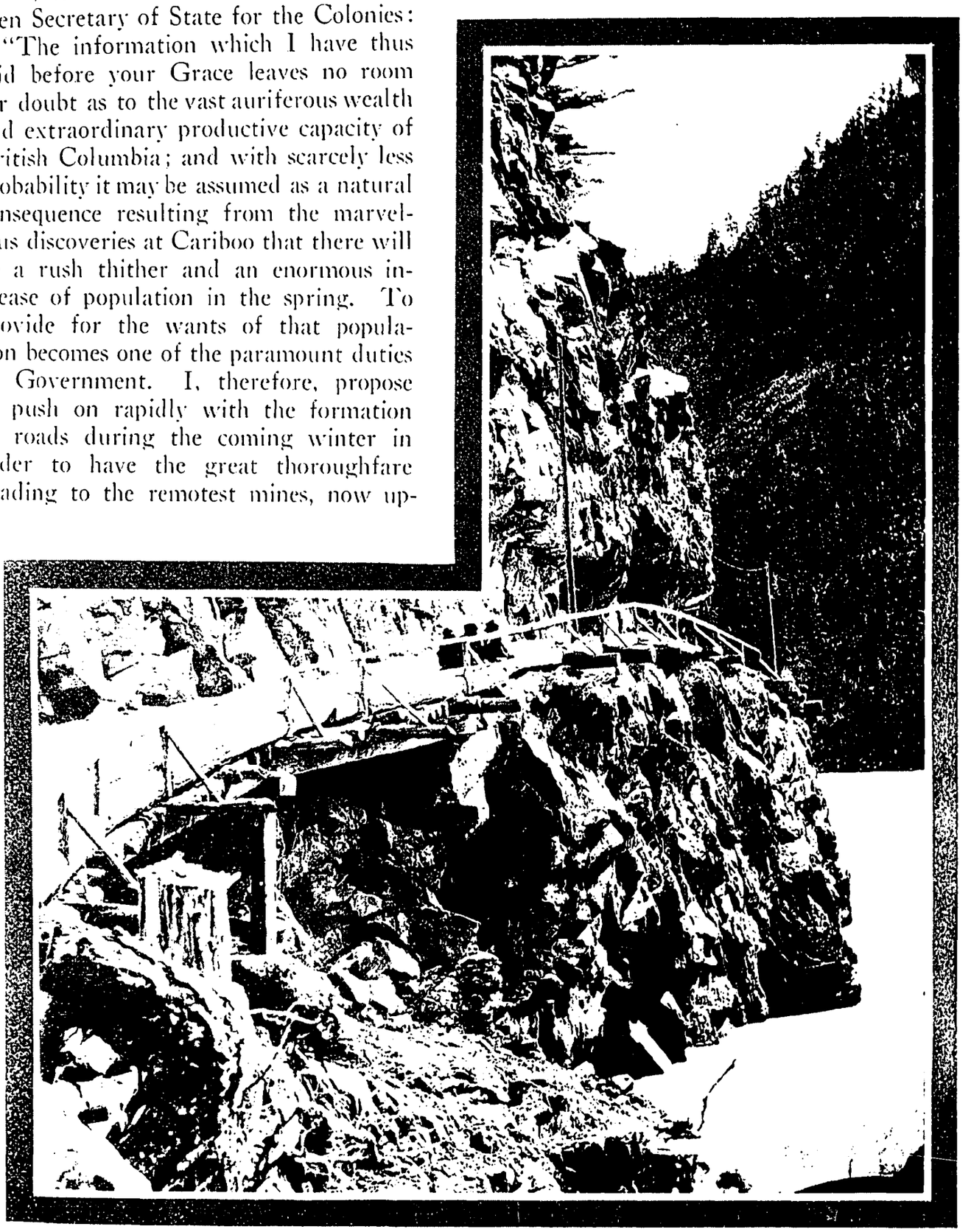
steamers and set down at Harrison river to get ahead the best you can, and be laughed at into the bargain."

That should have finished the Douglas-Lillooet route.

In several of his despatches of the year 1861, Douglas alluded to the desirability of improving the line of communication to the mines. Under date of October 24th, 1861, he observes to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"The information which I have thus laid before your Grace leaves no room for doubt as to the vast auriferous wealth and extraordinary productive capacity of British Columbia; and with scarcely less probability it may be assumed as a natural consequence resulting from the marvellous discoveries at Cariboo that there will be a rush thither and an enormous increase of population in the spring. To provide for the wants of that population becomes one of the paramount duties of Government. I, therefore, propose to push on rapidly with the formation of roads during the coming winter in order to have the great thoroughfare leading to the remotest mines, now upwards of five hundred miles from the sea-coast, so improved as to render travel easy, and to reduce the cost of transport, thereby securing the whole trade of the colony for Fraser's river and defeating all attempts at competition from Oregon."

The Governor then naively goes on to say:



"A CRUMBLING RUIN ALONE REMAINS"

"The only insuperable difficulty I experience is want of funds; the revenue of the colony will doubtless in the course of the year furnish the means, but cannot supply the funds that are immediately wanted to carry on these works." And then he adds: "I have under these circumstances come to the resolution of meeting the contingency and raising the necessary funds by effecting a loan of £15,000 or £20,000 in this country, which will probably be a sufficient sum to meet the demands of the treasury on account of these works, until I receive the loan which your Grace gave me hopes of effecting for the colonies in England."

SURVEY OF ROUTE

In 1861 the route between Yale and Lytton through the canyons was carefully examined, and foremost in this work of surveying, as in all the big undertakings of that day, were the Royal Engineers, a company of which arm of the service had been despatched to the newly formed crown colony of British Columbia in 1858 by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. In the same year the site of the suspension bridge was selected. The structure itself was erected in 1863 by the late Sir Joseph W. Trutch, the report of the surveying party having made it clear that the construction of a wagon-road, though an undertaking of stupendous magnitude, would not be impossible of accomplishment.

In May of the following year (1862) Captain Grant with a small force of sappers proceeded to Yale and commenced the construction of the great road which was destined to play so large and important a part in the history of our province. Before the end of the year the party had literally quarried their way to a point some distance beyond Yale, showing as a result of their season's work six miles of splendid roadway eighteen feet wide.

I cannot enter fully into the history of the construction of the road, interesting as that story is, as to do so would involve the writing of a booklet, not merely an article. I may briefly quote from His Honor Judge Howay's able exposition of the work of the Royal Engineers that "the portion of the Cariboo wagon-road from the six-mile post to Chapman's Bar (suspension bridge) was built by Thomas Spence in 1862; from Chapman's Bar to Boston Bar by Joseph W. Trutch in 1863; from Boston Bar to Lytton by Spence and Langvoidt in 1862; from Lytton to Spence's Bridge the contract was held by Moberly and Oppenheimer in 1862-3."

COMPLETION OF ROAD

Of the trials of the road-builders, of the difficulties they encountered, and their final triumph, I cannot now speak, but I may mention particularly that the work of the Royal Engineers was grandly executed, and those who held contracts also nobly bore their part. The story of the difficulties experienced by Moberly and Oppenheimer alone is more than interesting. That firm, or company, organized especially for the purpose of building the portion of the road mentioned, failed hopelessly, and the work was eventually taken over by the Government. The enormous expense of the undertaking seemed at times to be almost beyond the resources of the infant colony; but all difficulties were in the end happily surmounted, and in the year 1863 there stretched from Yale to Alexandria a magnificent highway affording a comparatively easy and direct route to the gold diggings of the interior.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

We now come to another phase of the history of the Yale-Cariboo road.

No sooner had the road been constructed than it became necessary to provide for the transport of passengers and freight along it. The coaching days of British Columbia were to commence in earnest.

The need of the hour produced the man, and Mr. F. J. Barnard, one of the pioneer expressmen of the province, came forward and organized a stage line for the Cariboo road. In looking over a file of the *Daily Chronicle* of 1864 the other day I ran across in the issue of Tuesday morning, March 15th of the year mentioned, an old advertisement which, no doubt, will be remembered by many pioneer British Columbians. I do not apologize for repeating it in full because it is of some interest even at this day. It runs as follows:

Express, Freight,
and
Passenger Line Stages.

The undersigned respectfully announces that he is about to place a regular line of

Passenger Stages
between
Yale and Lillooet
and
Alexandria

until the steamer Enterprise shall commence her regular trips between

Soda Creek and Quesnelle City

when the stages will connect with her at her lower landing.

The first coach will leave
Yale for Alexandria
on Monday, the 21st instant,

connecting at Clinton with those from Lillooet.

Full particulars of the time of arrival and departure of these coaches will be published as soon as arrangements are completed, and every effort will be made to render the connection between the upper and lower river steamers as perfect as possible.

F. J. Barnard.

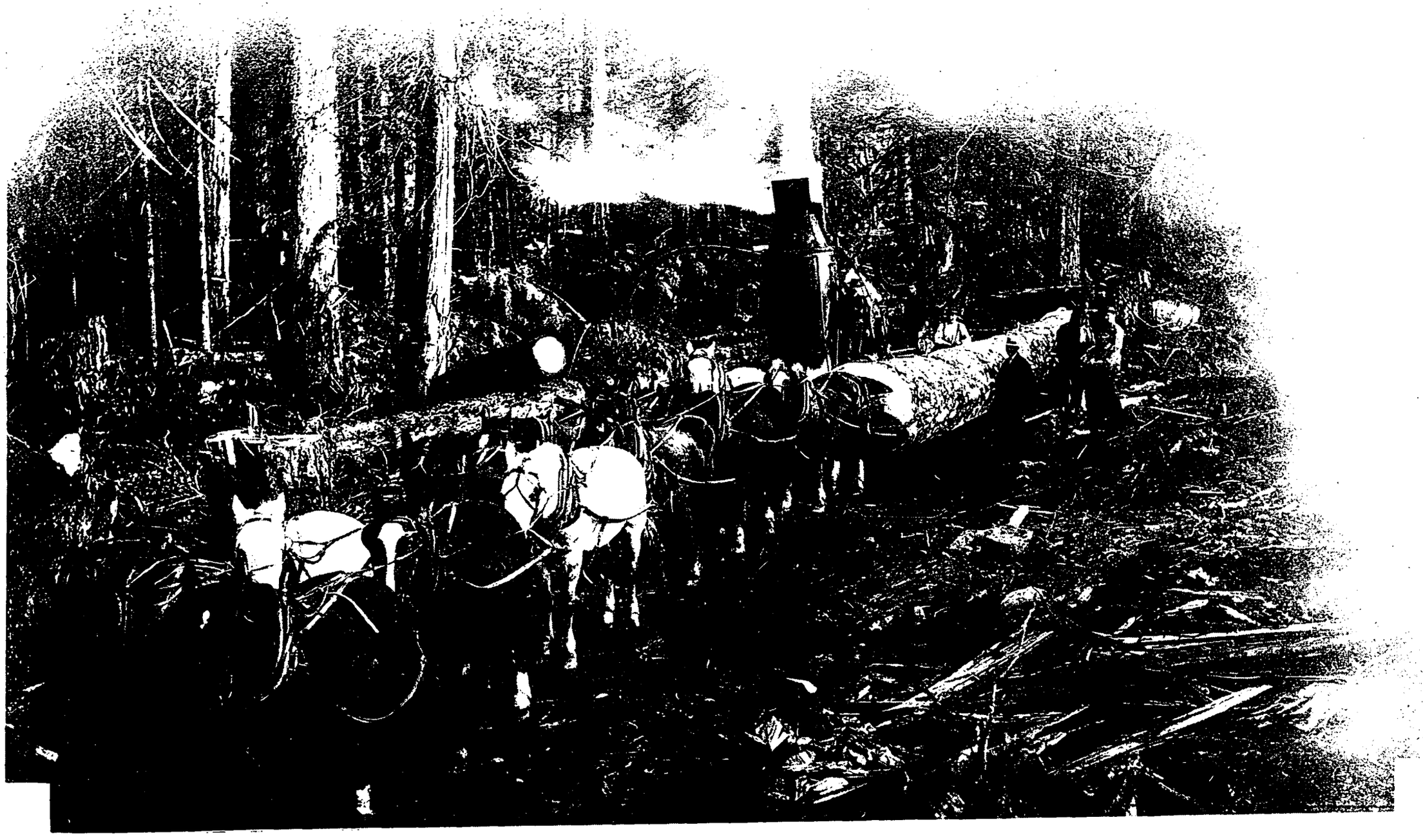
Yale, B.C., March 10th, 1864.

F. J. BARNARD

No history of the Cariboo express would be complete without an extended reference to Mr. F. J. Barnard, the indefatigable promoter of the British Columbia Express Company. Indeed, the story of that company is the story of the life-work of its founder. A founder, vigorous man, mentally and bodily, he left an indelible impress upon the history of the Province. He had the Napoleonic alertness and knack in recognizing ability in others and in swaying men, and making them unswervingly loyal to his interests. He had also a Kitchener's vast faculty for organization.

He could speak eloquently and write trenchantly, and these qualifications served him well in his political career. Always an ardent believer in confederation, with the Honourable John Robson, the Honourable Hugh Nelson, and Doctor Carrall, he fought strenuously on the stump and in the Legislature for a union with Canada. Upon this great question he did not a little to mould public opinion on the Mainland. A strong man indeed, and like all strong men he made many fast friends and not a few bitter enemies. He was undoubtedly a power in the land.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)



"THEY DRAG ENGINES INTO THE SQUAW-COLOURED FOREST AND PUT THEM TO WORK"

The British Columbia Logger In His Shirt

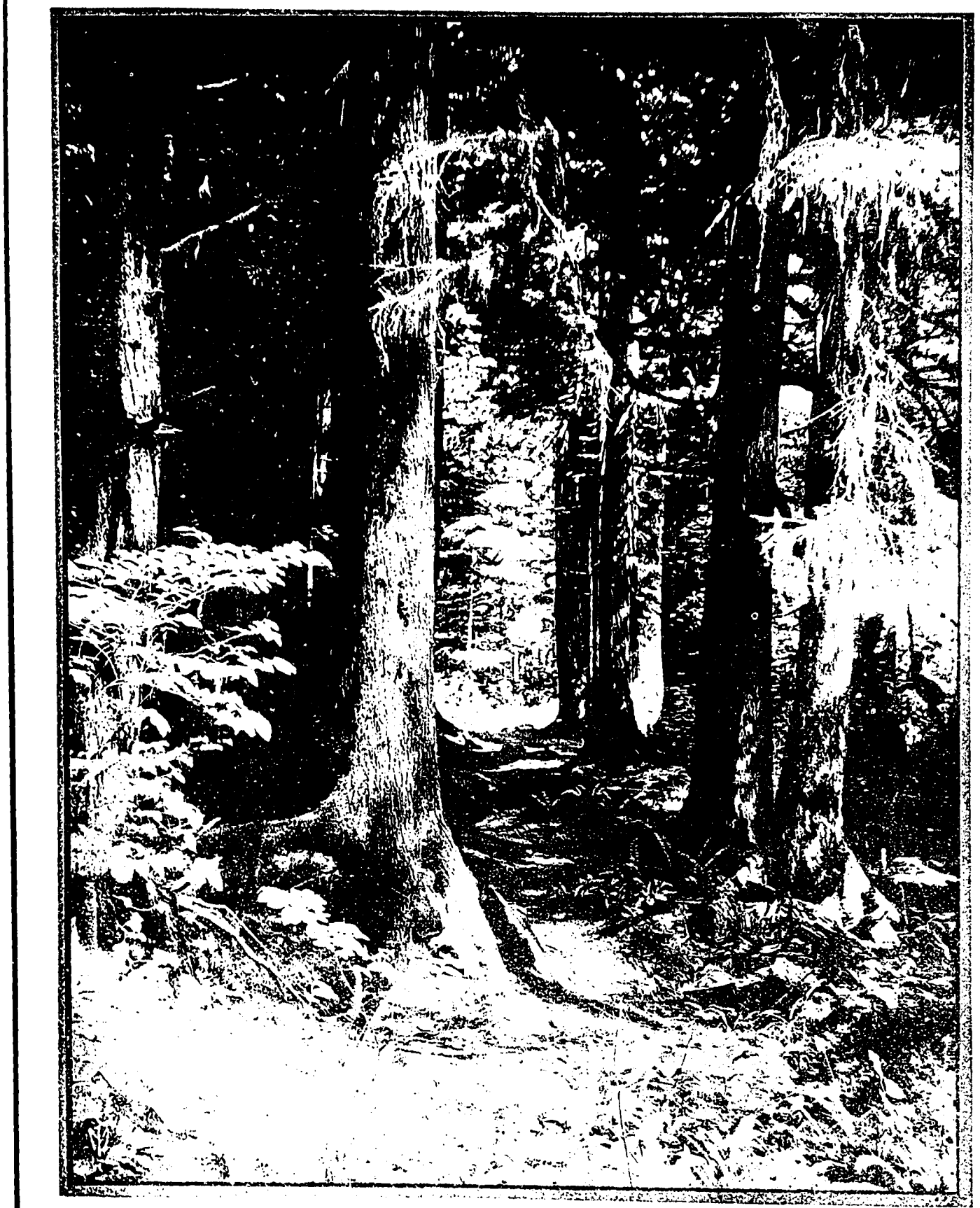
"IF you want to see how logging is done in British Columbia you needn't go more than a day's travel from Vancouver," said a man of lumber to me. So I went up to the Squamish with another man and we found that he was right.

It rained every day that week, but we found that coast loggers do not mind the rain any more than musk-rats.

In Eastern Canada men log yet the way their fathers logged, by the hard but clean work of strong men and strong horses. Here on the Pacific coast they drag engines and gear of steel into the squaw-colored forest and put them to work. When an eastern lumber-jack or shantyman comes here to work in the woods he finds he has to learn all over again. But the work is easier and the wages are higher, and conditions are very much better. Working hours are shorter, meals are better, and there is less heat in summer and cold in winter. There is no "horsing" at logs with a "hook"; the logs here are too big for that. There is very little "hard tuggin'" in the British Columbia lumber woods.

From where the Squamish river runs into Howe Sound we travelled in a wagon along a road that follows the river through a forest that seemed to be melting away in streams of water. The rain had shaded down the daylight and the Squamish forest was all one depth of gray with foggy figures of trees on it like a photograph very much out of focus.

We passed the pleasant village of Brackendale, quiet under the rain; we passed the hop-fields of the valley and scattering



"DOWN A BROWN-SHADOWED AISLE"

shacks of Squamish Indians, through whose reservation the road runs.

As the drudging horses put the miles behind them the road bent from the bottom land of the river and its alders and poplars into fine big merchantable timber. Douglas spruce and balsam fir, hemlock and cedar lifted girthy columns into the rain-mist. The dark brute mountains that wall the valley closed in to give the scene bigger physique by their neighborhood.

We came in the course of adventure to a clearing in the woods where two little slopping rivers, the Cheakamons and the Cheeki, met with low roar, and saw the low and spreading shacks of Yapp's camp lying in the gray drain of the rain like a water-color drawing still wet.

Mr. Stafford, foreman of Yapp's camp, is a man who has left the stubble of many a harvested forest on many a hillside and in many a valley in Oregon, Washington

"MAKING THEIR UNDER-CUT"

and British Columbia. He began to log in Quebec a long time ago, and at his age most men are bleared and shrivelled, but he is still at work. Mr. MacFarlane, scaler and timekeeper of this Squamish camp, is full of true tales of the Ottawa. Many a winter he has put in back there, and many a summer he has seen on the Ottawa and the Gatineau. Both these men were brought up in the traditions of lumbering.

All around their camp is the deep forest, broken by slashings thick with the stubble these reapers have left, giant stumps standing amidst a green ruin of tops, limbs, and young spruce and cedar crushed down by the big trees when they crashed to earth.

The next morning when the big-framed slouching-backed loggers stamped out of the bunk-house door in their "corked" boots and their flannel shirts we followed them to work, up a trail from the camp, down an old skid-road, into the gloom of the ancient forest.

Two big fallers stalk down a brown-shadowed aisle, chewing tobacco and talking about that part of Vancouver where the plaster is broken off and you can see the naked lathing beneath. They carry double-bitt axes with straight handles like the battle tools of the knighty days (in these woods they have abolished the single-bitt axe with the pole handle around which so many forest associations hang) a fifteen-foot cross-cut saw and two spring boards.

The mighty bulk of the giant fir in the butt of which they cut stepping notches for their chopping boards, makes these two beamy hairy-handed loggers, two hundred pounds apiece and a good fathom each in their high-heeled boots look like pygmies. The butt of the monster looks fifteen feet in circumference and its broken-ridged bark looks ten inches thick. The obelisk of its trunk seems to be over one hundred feet in air. A tangle of alder grows man-high around its massive foundation.

But Tacoma Jack and Montreal the careless fallers, are not awed by this. They merely bite off fresh chews of black plug and mount their chopping boards, spit on their big palms (Montreal, the bunk-house says, can hold a pound of loose tea in one open hand) and Tacoma, the one with the slits in his hat with matches shoved through them, takes a nick from the red-brown bark. Then with a steady rhyme they swing their bright blades for half an hour, making their under cut, and the knocking of their axes travels far through the forest. Skilfully they chop the great notch, three feet deep, so that the tree will fall where they want it to, for it is the undercut that governs the fall of the tree. Then they lay aside their axes, shifting their chopping boards to the other side of the tree, and take up the long, lean saw. With a snarl it bites into the corrugated bark, and swaying and rocking their slouching shoulders, Tacoma and Montreal pull the long blade back and forth, pausing only to throw a few drops of coal oil on the steel to free it from pitch. They have struck their boot-corks into the spring boards and their loose-muscled bodies are full of rude grace but they don't know it. The high-keyed song of the saw shrills through the green silence like an eldritch chanty of screeching forest witches.

Now the fallers, yellow with saw dust, have rasped their way through four feet of solid white wood and they withdraw the hot saw. The mighty column still stands solid on its great base and gives no sign of grinding, rending, tearing, splintering the fall of this giant after his hundreds of years of life, seems a tragedy. The fallers place wedges in the saw-kerf and drive them in with furious strokes of a sledge.

Just as the last sledge blows ring through the woods, we jump with surprise and back away, and the fallers leap from their chopping boards, shouting their long, hoarse, warning yell, as a sharp snapping, like rifle explosions, startles the nerves, fierce smashing bangs. A shiver thrills through the colossus, his first sign of distress. Then there shatters through the woods a storm of grinding, rending, tearing, splintering noises. The titan rocks slowly and with stately majesty and dignity at first. Now he leans like a huge wrecked tower. Now he falls fast, sweeping through the air, smashing down other trees in a snarl of wreckage, striking the earth with a great explosion of sound. Earth and woods tremble as with an earthquake, and the enormous fir lies in his bed, like a sidewalk through the forest. The buckers, with their saws, are already on the ground to cut the giant into twenty and thirty-foot logs which may yield eight thousand feet of

"THE LOGS ARE TOO BIG FOR THAT"

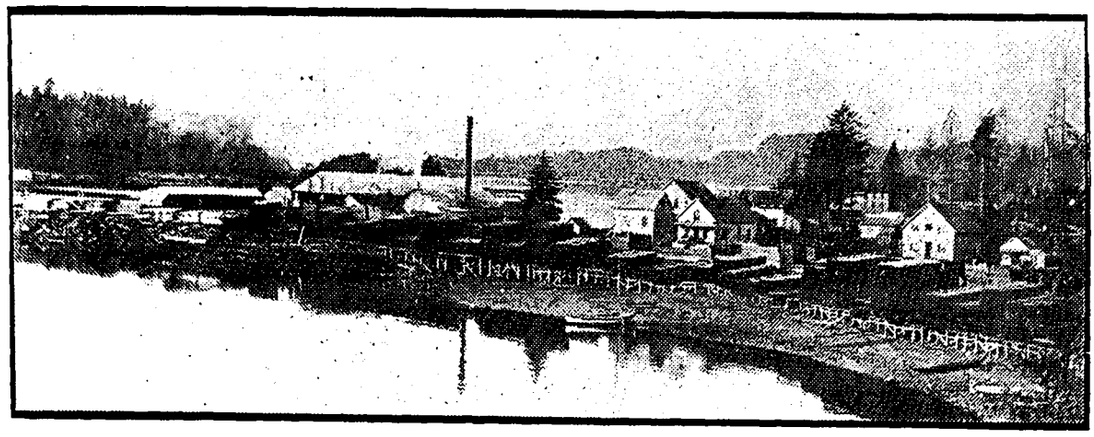
lumber. While we stand regarding it, other forest titans fall with earth-shaking crashes.

A quarter of a mile away we hear the "yarder" whistling. There, in a little clearing, a hole in the woods at the end of the main skid-road, she sits, in the pride of her strength, grinding her black teeth as she drags the great logs in to the road. She is a big donkey engine, seated on a huge sled of square timbers. Near her a busy little world of men are sweating in the small rain. Within the circle of her haul-back line, a steel wire cable, running through blocks hung on trees, are scattered many logs of yesterday's bucking. The "swampers" are knotting and limbing the logs, and clearing away the snarl of tops and limbs from around them. The busy "sniper" is bevelling off the ends of the logs, the "barker" is stripping, or "rossing" the bark from the "riding" side, the "rigging-slinger" is fitting "chokers," short bridles of wire rope, around their ends. Watch the main yarding line. It has a "bull-hook" on the end of its "tag-line," its swivelled tail. The main line unwinds from one of the drums of the "yarder" donkey. The "haul-back" line drags it to where it is wanted. The bull-hook is hooked into the "choker's" hook. The signal-man pulls the signal wire, which runs through thimbles hung on trees round the "yard," and is attached to the "yarder's" whistle valve. The "yarder" begins to wind in its main-line, growling and rattling. The log plunges along, rooting through the ground, tearing up the undergrowth, bumping over other logs, spreading devastation among the shrubs in its path, smashing its way along, butting into stumps, wrecking small trees, pulled by the fierce power of the "yarder." Near the "yarder" the "bull-block," a giant block, is shackled to a tree. The main-line runs through the "bull-block" which gives it a straight lead to the drum of the donkey. The log reaches this, the "hook-tender" swiftly unhooks it, pulls the hook through the block and hooks it again into the "choker" hook. So the log reaches the main skid-road, is butted by the "chaser" into its place in the "turn," a long line of logs which the "dog-up" man is coupling together by bridles with "grabs," or "dogs," on them. He cuts a notch in the end of each log and sledges the "grabs" in. The "grabs" are big steel talons. Fifteen or more logs make a "turn." The "pig," a canoe-shaped dug-out craft, is coupled to the tail of the "turn." The "pig-man," the conductor of the "turn," steps into the "pig," and the signal to haul is given to the "swing donkey." The "swing" is a helper to the "roader." On account of the length of Mr. Stafford's skid-road, over one and one-third

mile, the "swing" is necessary to deliver the "turns" to the "roader." It is set half way between the "yarder" and the "roader."

"Jump into the pig," says Mr. Stafford, "and ride down to the landing." I boarded the "pig," which was sliding and bumping over the crosswise logs of the skid-road. This main skid-road is a long trough of logs laid across a well-engineered roadway through the woods. Slipping and rubbing and chafing, sometimes slewing around curves, and smoking with the friction of their under sides, the long line of logs wriggles along like a jointed worm through the forest, past the "swing" donkey, over trestle bridges, and under the bridge across the Squamish valley wagon-road. Here the skid-road proper ends and a "fore-and-after" takes its place. A "fore-and-after" is made of boom timber, laid endwise.

Suddenly, around a curve, the big "roader," squatting under its shed, and the "landing" come in sight. The "landing" is a big skeleton platform which receives the logs as they come down the skid-road from the "yard." Here is the terminal of the Howe Sound, Pemberton valley and Northern railway. Here the logs are measured and loaded on trucks and here is Mr. MacFarlane with his long log-rule.



The Magic Canyon

YOU can't spin fairy tales in the Capilano at this time of the year. The great canyon looks at you with a look of iron. The winter wind is scything through the vast tube of the canyon; the fog is cold as wet cloths.

Not long since the canyon walls were frescoed with autumn color, and everywhere in the mountain forest were great church windows. Now the lights have gone out among the hills, and there is nothing to accent the sober dark-greens and sepias.

We took some tanned liquor as a prophylactic at the hotel, and inched along the wooden flume of ticklish balance into the chasm that gulfs down hundreds of feet to where the river, carded by little rock teeth into suds, cataracts below. We saw the second canyon from this rickety flume, which sticks to the side of the gorge like a wisp of mist to the wing of an equinox.

The second canyon is the nave of the great roofless cathedral of the Capilano, if such a thing may be said. Its rough-hewn architecture is of a vast Doric order. The bed of the little river which chafes the canyon's doorsills, hidden in a green abyss of beaubocage, is its crypt. Oriels and vestries it has in niches, screened by leafage, in its mighty walls; for incense smoke it has the little mist clouds that catch in its tree limbs like kites. But instead of priests you look for the old outdoors gods, and the only acolytes a much-inventing imagination would expect to see are mountain kobolds and forest trolls.

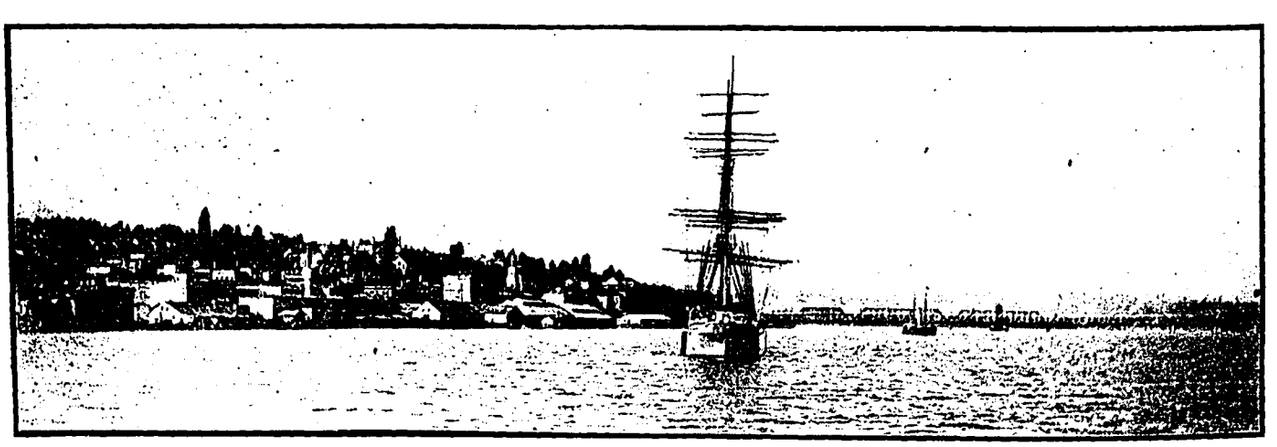
The canyon has the majesty that big, simple masses of form give. No man could find words to tell of the silence that lives in the vast gash, pressing upon you like a weight of dark waters. The soft music of the river only accents this silence. The great cliffs rose above us like castle walls, corniced, turreted, bartizaned, bastioned, and we crept, feeling very small, along the frail and precarious footway. In majesty and grimness the mighty walls lifted above us to roofless space. The severity of the color enhanced the grandeur of the canyon. In mountain ranges of far greater physique there are no canyons like this. Its walls of perpendicular rock are

"THE LITTLE RIVER WHICH CHAFES THE CANYON'S DOORSILLS"

sheer enough to make you dizzy, and when you enter it you leave sunlight behind. Instead a sky deep with light sends down a strange greenish radiance, an unearthly illumination. It is the kind of light that makes people look very old.

The obvious dangers of the flume gave to our exploration a tang of adventure. A false step would plunge an explorer down to death on the broken rocks below. The black and dripping plumes of the firs hung in our way. The planks were wet and slippery with the rain, and in places broken or missing. Heavy shadows shaded the canyon's greens and greys and browns into one noteless tone, though in the world above it was still full day. It was time to go, and we turned back, just as the afternoon began to pour with rain. It was then that we began to feel the true character of the canyon, its austerity and its aloofness. The shadows, deepened by the veils of the rain, were darkening, and the flume was a grey glimmer. The narrow planks held up by their slender stilts seemed narrower. The imposing walls seemed to contract, and the dim sky strip overhead became a grey tape. The great crevasse grew deeper as the shadows filled it. The huge cliffs bulked enormous in the half-light, and their dreadful summits beetled above us. To say that it was profoundly impressive has a trifling sound; it was more than that. The great canyon began to give up some of its mystery and magic in the strangeness of the dark gulf between its rugged walls.

When we clambered to the little suspension bridge which hangs from a pair of cables across the canyon, I think we felt relieved. I will confess that fear took hold on me from head to foot in that romantic place, and I was glad to be out of it.



Father O'Boyle *and* His Cure *for* Homesickness

BEHIND the lumber yards of the Fraser Lumber Company at New Westminster, where, representing wealth greater than the treasures of kings or the assets of banks, between thirty and thirty-five million feet of lumber is piled, a geometrical village climbs the hill. When I saw it first most of its houses were on blue prints and only a few on earth, but someone had laid it out with a ruler, and they were going to call it the model village. A couple of months ago I returned, to find hundreds of the big children who are products of the feudal paternalism of Quebec living there, with all their gods of the hearth and the chrome yellow prints of the good saints and of the Holy Virgin.

It was one afternoon of pleasant sunlight and good airs last November that I wandered among the yellow lumber piles and great mill buildings filled with sunburnt sound, the wild violining of the saws.

All round me sawdust rusted the ground, in the air was the tang of the new-sawn lumber and of the waste-burner's smoke. It made me homesick—the deep beating music of the saws, the balsam breath of the lumber, the color and atmosphere of the mills—for I was brought up among the lumber piles of an Ontario sawmill town, and pine log and lumber and sawdust are bred in my blood. All except the horizoning mountains, on whose slopes the cloud shadows ran on light feet, was associated in my mind with a far country that was home to me. And to accent my homesickness, a man near me suddenly began to sing a song of that far country. He stood on a log in the river and pushed at other logs with a pike-pole, and *Alouette* was the song he sang.

A-lou-et-te, gentille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,
je t'y pleu-me rai;
Et la tet', A-lou-ett', ah!
Et les yeux et la tet', A-lou-ett' Ah!

he sang, and if my thoughts had not been already far away, the familiar words and the brisk tune would have sent them there. I saw in fancy the brown slipping Ottawa, the mills with their high refuse-burners and their long smoke-stacks, and the little villages of white houses dominated by their big churches.

I spoke to the singer in English, and he answered in sixteenth-century Norman French, which bears a somewhat similar relation to modern French as the English of Chaucer to our modern tongue. He was a man built low and solid, and his black beard grew to his dark, sad eyes. I found that he was a *bucheron* (shanty man) from the Ottawa, and that he knew a *bourgeois* (shanty foreman) whom I knew. In the course of talk I asked him if he knew a certain camp cook whose *feuves au lards* (pork and beans) had been famous in that blessed country. He had known him and had eaten the beans, and on the strength of this we became friends. He came ashore and talked, leaning on his *baton ferre* (pike-pole). We talked chiefly about the Ottawa and about the pea-soup,

the boiled pork, the apple sauce made of dried apples, the molasses gingerbread and the hot tea of the eastern lumber camps. We also spoke wistfully of a liquor of uncertain pedigree but wonderful fascinations, the *whiskey blanc*. We spoke of men we had known and their meannesses, in our own way and language employing the high names of gods and saints not in the least irreverently, but merely because they are useful in comparison and simile, thus: "He's so stingy he'd ha' stolen the Infant Jesus' porridge," or "He's so mean he'd ha' taken the cross from the good Christ for firewood and left him hanging in the air," and so on. You can't talk the speech we talked without speaking so, and it is clearly understood that no irreverence is meant.

At length I asked the *bucheron* how he came to this place, and "Do you like it here?" I asked.

"Mais, non," he said. He did not like it. The wages were good and he had a steady job, but he did not like it. He wished he were back in the Lower Town again. He had come here because his wife's people had come. He was homesick.

Some time ago men with large constructive minds planned the thing. British Columbia needed population. The Fraser Lumber Company needed workers. It would rather have white men than Orientals. Orientals are poor workers and poor men to have in a country. They are undesirable from every western angle. Why not get some French-Canadians to come out? The traditions of the lumber woods and of the sawmills are bred in the blood of a large class of French-Canadians.

At this point the large constructive minds called up Father O'Boyle, who knew the *habitant*. Father O'Boyle is a good priest, abundant in labors for the good of mankind.

The good cure liked the idea well. He is a man with a big horizon. He is a worker. If all the priests of the Roman Church were like Willy O'Boyle the Church would never suffer from atrophy. Father O'Boyle has a big mind, and it is filled with enthusiasm about British Columbia and its development. The more he thought of the idea the better it pleased him. He knew the French-Canadians. They are the stuff of true pioneers. They are the toughest and sturdiest race on the continent of America to-day. The fecund dust of Quebec breeds men very fast. The *habitant's bonne-femme* delights in large families. The country would have been over-populated long ago if even a fair proportion of these enormous families reached maturity. The infant mortality among the *habitants* is very great. But perhaps, in this country, in British Columbia, it would not be so great. No danger of over-populating a country of British Columbia's physique. Lots of room here. When that thought slipped through Father O'Boyle's head he became more enthusiastic than ever. Then the French-Canadians have the rover roil in their blood. (Willy O'Boyle pronounced it "rile.") But the transplanting of a number of French-Canadian families in whom the home spirit has been developed to sentimentalism would be a problem. What if they all died of homesickness. Father O'Boyle knew what silly sentimentalists they were, about their relations, their homes and their native soil. The men who rough-sketched the plan talked this over. The good priest thought deep thoughts for a while. Then his eager face kindled. "Never mind the homesickness," he cried, with a laugh in his speech, "I have a cure for that."

So Father O'Boyle was commissioned to carry out the scheme, and journeyed into the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. There he travelled from village to village and from town to town (with Mr. Theroux, a French-Canadian) preaching his British Columbia colonization gospel. The reverend father had to exercise a good deal of diplomacy, but, from what you can gather, both in conversation with him and in conversation with others about him, he is not wanting in tact and has a way with him which appeals to all with whom he is brought in touch. His task was not an easy one, for all sorts of prejudices had to be combated and overcome. At each place he visited this colonization missionary held a meeting in the local hall and a large proportion of the population came and listened.

"Good wages and steady work," said Father O'Boyle, with his kindling smile that is like a radiance of light from his flashing Irish face. He speaks beautiful, swift patrician French, and can speak the

picturesque *patois* of Jean Ba'teese, too. He has a voice like pouring honey, and he just coaxed them to come. "What if we get homesick?" asked Pierre Robillard. "Oh, I've got a cure for that, my son," answered Father O'Boyle.

They came, some three hundred men, women and children in the first party, then others afterward. They reached New Westminster quite a long time ago, with their household equipment and their plaster saints, and their fine thick bed-quilts and their feather ticks. The company treated them pure white from the first, and Father O'Boyle was their shepherd. Houses were built for them, and they built houses for themselves, the company supplying the lumber at cost. Gradually they solidified into a community—a school was started, a church built.

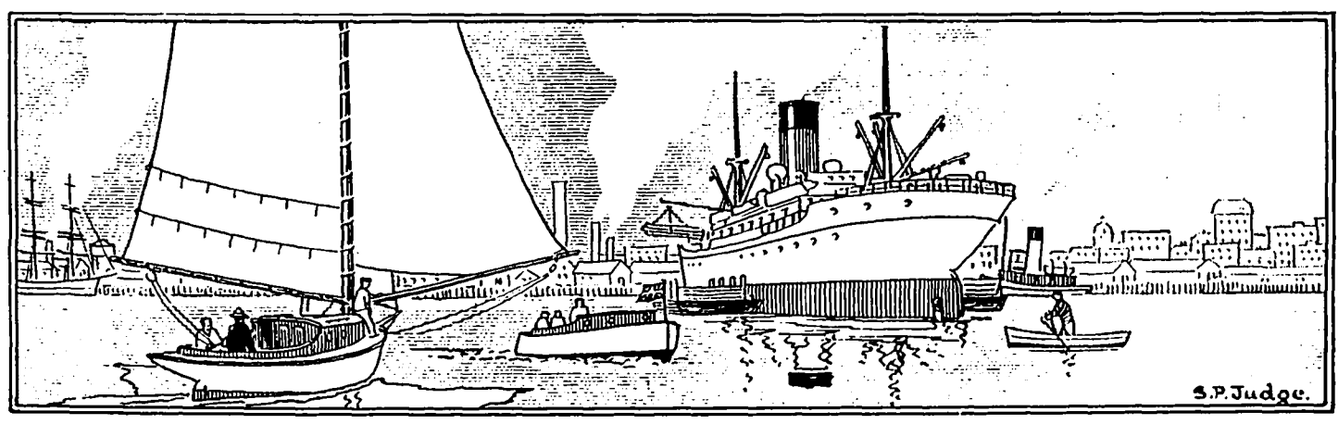
Soon they found out what Father O'Boyle's cure for homesickness was, and they found it a sovereign remedy. For homesickness the good pere prescribes fun, and more fun, allopathic doses of fun. The company backed up the priest's promise of good pay and steady work so strongly that there are no complaints.

"The French-Canadians hailed originally from Brittany and Normandy, and they still retain many of the characteristics of the Normans and Bretons," says Father O'Boyle. "They were a hardy, venturesome people 200 years ago, and they still maintain those characteristics. A good many of them have been lumbermen from their earliest days, and the fathers of some were of the picturesque voyageur type who helped to lay the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company's success."

Referring to the disposition of his charges, Father O'Boyle said they were full of high spirits but easily depressed. "I have mingled with the French and know the type pretty well, and as they are preserved in Lower Canada, they are a fine type of people," he observed. "Some of the women and girls are decidedly pretty.

"They are a wonderfully handy people, and the average French-Canadian with a hammer, axe, and saw can make almost anything. They live on the best they can get and pay for it, and in this they are diametrically opposed to the Chinaman or Jap, who gets his wages, spends as little of them as he can upon dress, comforts or food, and sends all he can out of the country."

There are now about one hundred families of French-Canadians at the Fraser mill, and fifty more families are coming from Ontario and Quebec in the spring.

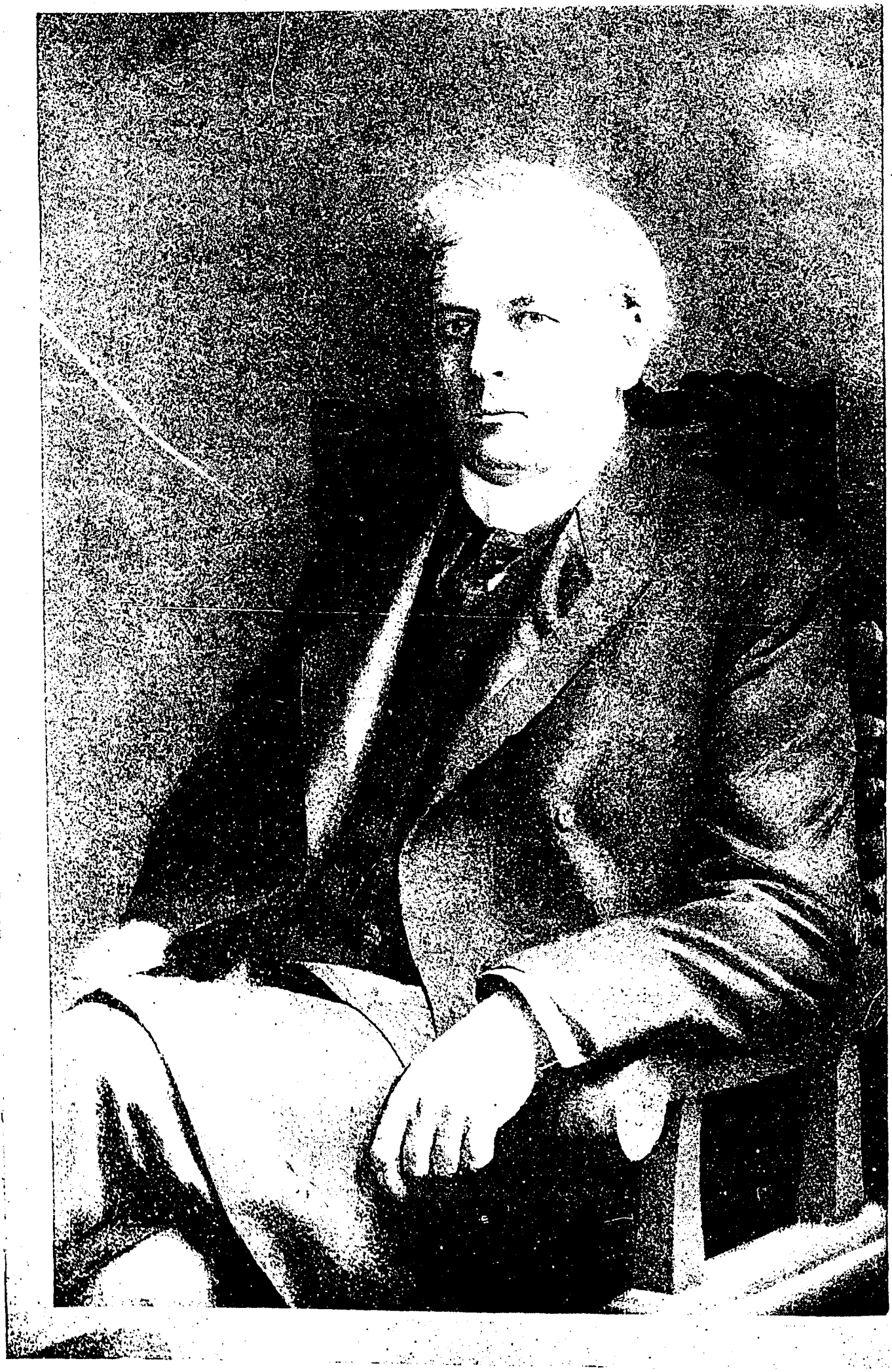


PEOPLE YOU HEAR ABOUT

MR. L. D. TAYLOR

RE-ELECTED MAYOR OF VANCOUVER FOR A SECOND TERM

MR. THOMAS T. LANGLOIS, of Vancouver, is one of the most progressive builders of the solid structure of British Columbia finance. He was the organizer and is the active head of the B. C. Permanent Loan Company, the National Finance Company, Prudential Investment Company, Pacific Coast Fire Insurance Company, Prudential Builders and others. Mr. Langlois has well fulfilled every obligation of citizenship. In the useful work of moral reform he is a leader.



HON. RICHARD McBRIDE, K.C., LL.B.

PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA SINCE JUNE, 1903. THE SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE JUST BEGUN IS THE EIGHTH SESSION SINCE MR. McBRIDE BECAME PREMIER

HON. JOHN SEBASTIAN HELMCKEN, M.R.C.S.

IF OLD MEN COULD REMEMBER EVERYTHING, HE IS THE ONLY MAN LIVING WHO COULD SIT DOWN AND WRITE THE HISTORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

Doctor Helmcken

By R. E. Gosnell

AT the end of the year 1910, Hon. John Sebastian Helmcken, M. R. C. S., retired from a position in British Columbia he had occupied continuously for fifty-five years, viz, physician of the provincial jail; that is to say, he had been jail physician ever since there was a jail in British Columbia. The Victoria papers referred to his retirement in editorials and other articles appreciative of this part of the veteran's life work; but their treatment of the subject was, after all, incomplete, and I feel that the present is a very appropriate time to give the people of British Columbia a better knowledge of the man than they at present possess, a man who has lived and occupied an official position throughout the entire political life of the province, and a man who is still living, and, although 87 years of age, still active and in good health. If old men could remember everything, he is the only man living who could sit down and write the whole history of British Columbia from personal knowledge. It is difficult to realize one man encompassing within the span of his own career all the activities of a country like this. There is one other man contemporaneous with, and still older than, Dr. Helmcken, who has occupied the arena during the same period, the Rev. Bishop Cridge, but his opportunities of observation in matters of public import have been more limited.

There is a book in the Provincial Library, which in itself has a history, entitled the "Biographical Dictionary of Well-known British Columbians." It is known to comparatively few persons, for the reason that only a very few copies ever got out of the publisher's hands. The author—I would like to spare his blushes—is the present editor of the Vancouver Province, John B. Kerr; and he has preserved for us many interesting facts of local history and I have often been under obligation to him. This book gives more details of the life of Dr. Helmcken, so far as my knowledge goes, than has ever yet been published at any time before or since, and I propose, without the author's permission, to reproduce a portion of the sketch therein contained. It is easier to copy than to condense or paraphrase and it is equally as honest: "Helmcken, Hon. John Sebastion, M. R. C. S. (Victoria), born June 5, 1823, in London, within sound of Bow Bells. His parents were German—his grandfather from Misskirch, his father from Bruneslai, the latter an emigrant during the Napoleonic wars. The former had been a soldier in the Swiss Guards. When old enough Mr. Helmcken was sent to St. George's school, and as he was regarded as fragile it was the intention that he should be made a teacher. When fourteen years of age Dr. Graves, while attending his mother, took a fancy to him and asked for him as an office boy, promising to make him a druggist. His mother consented and Mr. Helmcken entered the doctor's office, in which he made himself useful and obtained a knowledge of the secrets of making pills and potions. There were two medical apprentices in the office who petted him and made him useful to themselves. In those days every practitioner had to do his own dispensing, and Mr. Helmcken got plenty of practice therefore. He picked up a knowledge of Latin, and after a couple of years of work was able to dispense medicines with the best of practised hands. It chanced that when he had been for two years an office boy Dr. Graves fell ill, and as the senior apprentice had by this time become a full-fledged practitioner it fell to Mr. Helmcken's lot to dispense medicine for all the patients. When Dr. Graves recovered after a long illness, he was so pleased with his office boy's conduct that he offered to

take him as an apprentice for five years and make him an allowance during that time. Mr. Helmcken's parents accepted this liberal offer, and accordingly he was apprenticed to Dr. Graves. Shortly afterwards his father died, and while his mother was not left in the most comfortable circumstances she refused to permit her son to miss his opportunity for her sake, and declared that she herself could, would and was not afraid of work. During this period Mr. Helmcken had all the drudgery of an apprentice to do and saw a great deal of the poor in some of the worst of slums in his visits to cup, bleed or otherwise physic them. In due course his five years expired, but during a considerable portion of that time he had been going to a private teacher, a Lutheran clergyman, to learn Latin and finish his education generally. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship he became a student at Guy's hospital and attended there for five years. Having passed the apothecary's examination and been pretty well used up by hard work, Mr. Harrison, the treasurer of the hospital, offered him an appointment, as a reward of merit, to the Hudson's Bay Company's ship Prince Rupert, to go to York Factory on Hudson Bay and back again, a journey of some five months. It so happened that on the same vessel Chief Factor Hargreaves and his wife were passengers, and also a number of men belonging to an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He returned to the hospital in rugged health, spent another year, graduated at the college of physicians and surgeons, and then determined to enter the navy. Just when he was about to receive an appointment he met Mr. Barclay, secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, who advised him not to go into the navy, where he must necessarily become a fixture, and who gave him a letter to Mr. Green, the large ship-owner. Mr. Green appointed him surgeon on the ship Malacca, Captain Consett, en route to Bombay. After eighteen months of sojourning in the Indian seas, Dr. Helmcken returned to London and was offered an appointment on the Hudson's Bay Company's service on Vancouver Island. After finding where Vancouver Island was, the kind of climate it possessed, and obtaining other information, he accepted the appointment. The ship, Norman Morrison, Captain Wishart, was being sent with emigrants to Vancouver Island, and Dr. Helmcken came out as physician in charge, intending to remain only five years. On the voyage smallpox broke out among the emigrants, but owing to the prompt action and skill of the surgeon only one death occurred. They reached Victoria in March, 1850, and were ordered into quarantine for a time. Dr. Helmcken was almost immediately transferred to Fort Rupert, where the coal mines were being opened. It was during the first few months of his residence there that the trouble among the miners which is described in the introduction took place. The men wanted to get away to California to the gold mines, and desired to break their agreement with the company. After six months at Fort Rupert Dr. Helmcken was called to Victoria to attend Governor Blanchard, who was ill. He continued from that time forth to reside at Victoria. In 1852 he married the daughter of Governor Douglas, and in 1855 he was elected to the first legislative assembly of Vancouver Island to represent Esquimalt. H was appointed speaker of the assembly, and continued to occupy this position till confederation with the Dominion in 1871, when he abandoned politics. From 1864 till 1871 he was a member of the executive council of British Columbia. At that time a seat in the house did not bring any remuneration with it, and Dr. Helmcken labored during the best years of his life in the interests of the colony without desiring or obtaining any reward for it."

Dr. Helmcken was the first speaker of the first Legislature of Vancouver Island, and wrote the journals with his own hands. He has written several times a description of the old hall in which the meetings were held, and one can scarcely realize the advance from the little single room, with its single attendant and its old boxstove, to the present palatial assembly room with its luxurious apartments, its complex environments, and its many official attaches. Outside of Governor Douglas, who was lord paramount, Dr. Helmcken was the head and front of legislative procedure for some years. During the old Vancouver Island Assembly, before and after 1858, and subsequent to the union of the colonies until 1872, he was continuously a member and

usually speaker. He was one of the greatest figures in connection with Confederation, to which he was most active in opposition, but to which he gave the most loyal support after it had once been decided upon. He was one of the three delegates who went to Ottawa to arrange the terms of union, and he was most insistent upon a railway instead of a coach road which was one of the proposed terms of union. Quoting from my own remarks in connection with another matter:

"Dr. Helmcken considered his political life's work ended when forty years ago he saw Confederation—which, by the way, he opposed—completed. He went to Ottawa as one of the delegates; refused to be re-elected as a member of the Legislative Assembly after union took place; refused to be nominated for the Dominion House of Commons; refused a senatorship. He might have had any office in the gift of the people or the Crown in connection with the new regime, but steadfastly declined all offers and appeals. Temperamentally unsuited to politics, he nevertheless, by his rough honesty and singleness of purpose and his kindness of heart, concealed under a mask of almost uncouth exterior, became universally trusted and esteemed; and on account of his fund of information, his resources of common sense and the practical turn of his mind, combined with his long experience and intimate knowledge of the country, his advice and assistance were rendered most valuable. When British Columbia became a colony he was even then a pioneer; at the date of Confederation he had outlived in active political life all his contemporaries of 1856; and is now a figure unique in British Columbia and almost in the Empire. In the years immediately following union his counsel was much sought after by all parties, and when Mr. J. D. Edgar came to the province, as a special delegate from Mr. Mackenzie to the local government, he was frequently in conference with our old and trusted political cicerone. In the last session of the old legislature, 1871, Dr. Helmcken made a very important and illuminating speech on the San Juan Island question. At that time it was still unsettled and an effort was made to have it included among the subjects to be adjudicated upon at the Washington conference preceding the Washington Treaty. A local suggestion was made that Sir James Douglas, then in retirement, should be appointed a commissioner as one whose own association with the San Juan imbroglio gave him an intimate local knowledge of the issues. Nothing came of it."

Speaking of Dr. Helmcken medically, I cannot, of course, speak authoritatively, but I have heard Dr. J. C. Davie, a man himself of native genius in his profession, say that he depended more on the opinion of the "old doctor" than on that of any other man in British Columbia. He had the true physician's intuition of diagnosis and treatment of disease. Needless to say, he was in real life the doctor of whom he often read in fiction and aptly described in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"—a sort of local providence upon whom everybody depended *in extremis* and forgot all about when he was well. When the British Columbia Medical Association was formed he was the first to register. Of late years, with the exception of his visits to the provincial jail, he has not been in active practice. All in all, we shall not see his like again in British Columbia.

Twilight on the Pacific

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

A brooding splendor glinting
  Across the face of day;
Where unseen hands are tinting
  The gold against the grey.

A lambent lustre glancing
  Athwart a jewelled sea;
Where dimpling waves are dancing
  In rhythmic ecstasy.

An opal fountain dripping
  With iridescent beams;
And through the shadows slipping
  In pale pellucid streams.

A fiery falcon whirling
  Above the mountain's crest;
With feathers slowly furling,
  As down it drifts to nest.

A slumbrous stillness soaring
  Aloft on spreading wings;
And tender healing pouring
  Into the heart of things.

A wordless wonder sinking
  Deep down within the breast,
Attuning thought to thinking
  The blessed thought of rest.

Then all the glory hiding,
  Till sky and sea grow dim;
While o'er the waves comes gliding
  The ocean's vesper hymn.

British Columbia Types

The Station Man

THE streets of Vancouver were filled with the men of the weathered tints, who had come down to Vancouver because their money was no good to them up in the woods. They were sick of vastness and silence and snow-tented mountain tops, and rock and stone and the marching armies of the trees millioning up the hill slopes. They were sick for the sights and sounds and smells of the city and for the things you can buy, for their strong red youth is flowing over the edges of the bowl. Their talk and laughter are in the saloons; they stalk the streets, their reckless faces full of wellness and the sun, and strong drink; their words come through deep veils of whisky.

Among them is my friend Bill Boston, the station man. He has a new suit of clothes, new hat, new shoes, new collar and tie. He walks as if he were on castors. He's having a good time. If you want to know how to have a good time, Bill can give you chapter and verse.

If you look behind the scenes of the drama of railroad-building you will see that the station man is the most interesting of all the workers who are busy stitching the vast provinces of a mighty country together with steel for thread.

Not in the mountains where Nature condenses her square miles by standing them on end, but in the unmothered country on each side where Nature tried to shout and only stuttered for a thousand miles (as somebody has said) you will find the station man on the job. In a way of speaking he is a small sub-contractor and a most important man.

The billiken god of luck has smiled upon a contractor a fifty-thousand-dollar smile in the form of a contract on which he will clear that amount. The contract is to do twenty miles of grade, cut and fill. Naturally he wants to get it done quicker than men will do it working for wages. What does he do? He gazes up and down the grade and picks out a man who looks as if he had some viscera in him and says, now here is the proposition, or words to that effect. This man has been a member of a station gang before, made a stake and "blew her in." There are a lot of them working on the grade, gentlemen, of hard and easy fortunes—hard to come and easy to went. This particular man listens, picks out his partners and gives them a spell. They are all good men, union men, socialists, grumblers, kickers, everything a self-respecting pick and shovel and drill and dynamite man should be. They are Swedes, Swenskas, Tipperaries, London, Dutchmen, Liverpool, Irish, Slavs of several classifications. They all are sick of working for two-seventy-five a day (when they aren't filling their pipes and waiting for fat pork and sundown). What's the good of making only two-seventy-five and paying six a week for board and one plunk a month for the doctor, when you can make more by gelligniting the rock out of a certain hill—see it on the profile blue-print—and letting it roll over the bank where the hill takes a drop off into the swamp. They gaze at the profile in the contractor's office shack for an hour and think and consider and calculate until their heads ache. Then they say to the contractor: "We will chew the out-crop out of this hill and fire it to James into the swamp for blank cents a cubic yard. Do we get busy or not?" The contractor, or sub-contractor, says: "All right. Let's see how quick you can do it. Work like h—l, boys, and get rich quick." They take one more look at the contour on the blue print and get busy.

They take drills and hammers and gellignite, the powder that hits harder than dynamite, and they go out to the hill. Banjo lamps, fuse, a team of horses and a stone boat, and cigarette "makings" and all the rest of the equipment of a station gang.

Work! They work all day, don't take time to eat. Eat before daylight and after dark. They're workin' for themselves this time. No blank contractor gets in on this. They'll hardly take time to roll a cigarette. They work at night with the banjo lamps. Pretty soon they have a cut sklaggled through the hill by the chopping gellignite and a rock-dump pawing out a little way into the swamp toward the next hill. Work! Say, ten stationmen will take out more rock or hard pan in a month than thirty men working for wages.

When the contractor, or the sub-contractor settles with them he charges them so much for gellignite and so much for the horses and the hay and the meat and spuds they ate before daylight and after dark, and credits them with so much a cubic yard for all the rock they've taken out. There's about five hundred dollars apiece coming to the station gang. What do they do with it? They go out to Vancouver or Seattle. Never work as long as you have any money. And money's no good to you up in the bush. It ought to be used. It's too good to keep. What do they do with it in Vancouver? Do they buy real estate? No, they assist certain saloon keepers to buy automobiles. When a man has been in the bush for five months he has a crust baked on his insides. Then there are other things to do with your money. Moving-picture shows? No. Hire an automobile and take the girls for a ride. But before starting in, buy a new suit of store clothes, the best you can buy. After that, give the girls a good time and have one yourself. Spend your money. It won't take you long. Then go back to the job. Take another station on another railway. Lots of railways being built. Good times. Lots of money in the country. You bet. That's the station man.

The Totem-Tree of Itswoot The Canoe-Maker

By Pollough Pogue

A STEAMER from rainy ports in the North filled Cordova and Water streets; Vancouver, with red and brown and yellow men and uncombed white men smoked brown by the sun. As if the men of the outdoors had brought their joss with them, the steamer unloaded a great totem pole, sculptured with eerie grotesquerie, impish conceptions of the bear, the salmon and the eagle.

The logging camps, the salmon canneries, railway construction camps and mines, pots of industry boiling in the many-gated North, had sent their skimmings. The waterfront saloon keepers know these outdoors workers who come down to Vancouver with much money to throw out for cheap liquor; the grinning globular gods of Chinatown know the cannery Chinese who are more than willing to burn a stick to propitiate them, and the mission priests know when the dark-shaded Siwash come home, for they have money to buy many candles to be burned at the shrine across Burrard Inlet, and perhaps to pay for masses for the repose of the soul of one who has not returned, but lies up there beside a clean river in the pure and quiet land.

The thirty-foot totem tree lay on the wharf, and the faded and chipped and checked shapes of the bear, the salmon and the eagle on it grinned with sardonic malevolence. The pagan, reared in a Northern druidism, who had carved them had possessed a more whimsical imagination than most totem makers. The post was carved from a single cedar tree, and had been colored with native stains.

A cannery superintendent had brought the pole down from a coast village of little rain-colored houses, over which heavy-branched cedars threw a brown wash of shadow. .

At least a dozen totem trees stand in their creepy beauty in front of the village. Behind the faded wreckage of houses, hills dark-wrapped with forest climb into mountains whose snow-patched peaks take the magic lights of morning and evening.

The rain-grey shacks of the village are empty now. No human sound strikes upon the ear in the street of the totem poles: the ruined chimneys send up no domestic smoke. In the dark branches of the big cedars the wind chants a litany of loneliness. In summer time the street is visited by the creeping green of the grass.

When the big cannery was built on Fish-trap River, but a mile away, the people who were left in the totem-pole village moved within the shadow of the cannery walls. The company needed the men to catch fish and the women to clean them.

So they built a village of new houses at the cannery, and that village sang bright with wild, high-octaved color. There were toast-colored Japanese women with roly-poly brown babies slung on their backs; charred klootches in kerchiefs and shawls of blazing scarlet and green and yellow; sun-fired sea-booted white fishermen; cannery Chinese, like withered wise old birds; Japanese fishermen built low and solid, with teeth like a row of piano keys; Indians who make you think that their tribes and those of the Orientals must have dovetailed in the far past; ear-ringed, turbaned East Indians; hay-colored Norwegian fishers; Chinese women in red trousers; half the races you have read about in travellers' tales—all of that driftage whom the world nails to its crosses.

But in the deserted village there was no human note; only the goblins of the totem poles inhabited it. At one end of the short street stood the biggest of all the emblem posts, the thirty-foot one we saw on the wharf at Vancouver, which was carved and set up a long time ago by Itswoot, an artist with a strong pagan decorative sense, in which was woven the fantastic symbolism that gave strange character to his art. On the ground beside the great pole bedded a wonderful wooden image of the sea-shouldering whale, carved also by Itswoot, chiseller of lean-waisted, dog-snouted canoes.

Itswoot the canoe-maker chords with nothing modern. He is a castaway of a far-off yesterday. The younger Indians have embraced the religion of light and hope, and follow the road milestoned by scriptural texts, but the dark, druidical shamanism is good enough for Itswoot. The incantations and dark sorcery of warlock medicine men long since dead stick in his memory; mysteries opaque to his simple mind, but impressive because cloudy. It takes a clairvoyant imagination to picture the diablerie of rituals he has witnessed. Enchantments, exorcisms, fetichism, all the black rites of the shaman have still their meaning for him, though they are practised no more in his tribe.

When Itswoot was a young man pagan custom sent him alone deep into the mountain forests to meet the mature gods and to ask them for a revelation of his personal

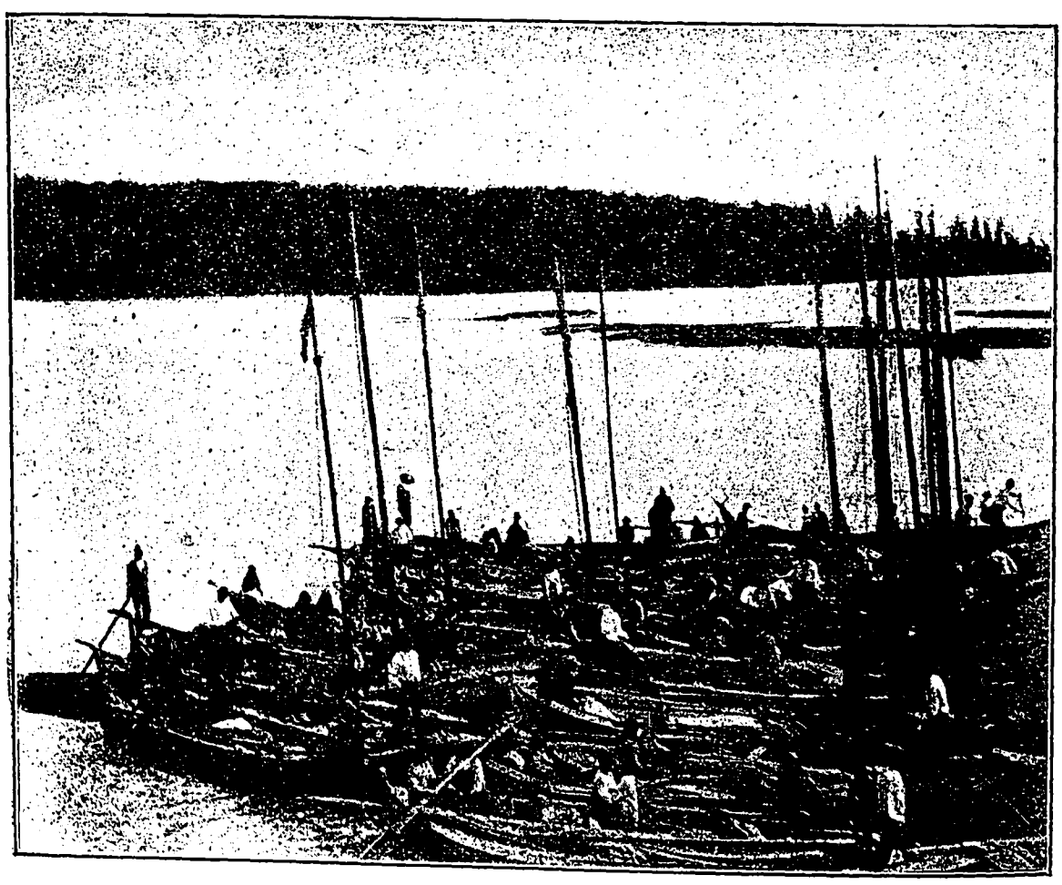
deity, who would keep misfortunes away from him and bring him luck during his life, in return for especial veneration. This was what every young Indian did in the old time, when he had left boyhood behind and was nearing manhood, before he was admitted to the tribe as an acknowledged man.

Itswoot slipped out of the village one evening as, on dancing feet, the sun ran down the sky. The sunset was as a fire's flames, bloody and licking, and he thought it a good omen.

Soon night fell deep and black and the mysterious noises of the forest night arose, strange crepitations, breathings and conferrings sinister, disquieting, clandestine, having the flavor of conspiracy. Itswoot feared those gods and half-gods who had their temples in the deep woods. That night he sat beside his camp-fire, on the whispering beach of a mountain lake. The shadows oozed from the forest behind him, the moon was like a lamp turned low. The wind was asleep in the woods and the silence seemed a threat. The legends of his people came in a dark flock into his mind. All around him nature spoke in her open way of truth. The neighborhood of the pleasant lake and of the kindly trees should have comforted him, but he was afraid of the things of myth which he knew watched him from beyond the jumping fire shadows.

That night he ate nothing, and all the next day and the next he fasted, while he trailed deeper into the mountains. He travelled among big trees that slept in their simple grandeur as if some enchantress had gestured them into a long slumber of magic. The heart of man can obtain no deeper message of reverence and awe than in such a forest, and its mystery touched the imagination of Itswoot. That night he bathed in a little river and made himself clean. Afterwards he lighted no fire, but spent the hours of the night in prayer to the Sahlee Tyee, the big god, for a revelation of his guardian divinity. His imagination was intensified by his empty stomach; he was face to face with hugeness and grandeur, and he felt an overwhelming of the spirit. He felt more strongly the need for worship in this place created for worship.

At length, in the delirium of hunger and exhaustion, and a warped imagination, Itswoot began to see visions, as Saint John the Baptist and many others have in circumstances exactly similar. One night, after having fasted for four days, he lay down on a moss-furred rock in the oblivion of black darkness in a valley which was surely the native country of silence. That night his Rawook came to him in a dream, and talked to him. The god took the shape of a great eagle and told Itswoot to go home and carve a totem tree greater than any other totem post in his village and to carve his image on it, but not to disclose the vision to anyone. Life being a nakedly elemental thing to Itswoot, he did as he was told.



Motoring and Motor-Boating in British Columbia

Conducted by Garnett Weston

THERE is a vein in the human strata which runs askew. There are, in fact, a large number of veins which have been getting more hopelessly tangled ever since Eve and the serpent tied the first knot. This particular one, however, is the one which harried Perry to the North Pole and sends men wearing wings up into nothing. If you know what vein it is you will know what I mean, because I can't explain. It's just an obliquity with a plastic character which wriggles one way today and takes a new twist after awhile. That is, providing the last wriggle did not end in a slight miscalculation which was not foreseen. Sometimes, you know, the steering apparatus jams at an altitude of three or four thousand feet, and the machine—but what comes next is not nice to write about.

Once upon a time the vein fastened two wheels to a frame and rode around on a bicycle. Those who hadn't the vein predicted fighting, slaughter and an abrupt decease. Later some terribly twisty veins built a perfectly terrible creation. There wasn't any word in any living language that could do it justice, so they carpentered some words from the dead Greek and said it was an automobile. The automobile seemed to be the last gasp of the twisted ones.

It spluttered all over the landscape, scared chickens and horses and killed the last grain of respect which the rural population held for its city brethren. In the course of its meanderings it sometimes blew up, ran amuk or did other quite irresponsible things and killed its owner. The primitive automobile was either so full of life as to be a menace to the solidity of the continent or else its moving spirit evaporated and the machine was deader than Dickens' coffin nail. There wasn't another piece of ironmongery in the trade that could be quite so deadly dead as the early motor car.

But the twisted veins plugged and sweated. By and by they raised the speed to a hair-whitening level and operated on the engine so that it went. A man was able to go out in his car and depend on being able to house it in his garage at night and not leave it standing a long way off sulking under the derisive taunts of the countryside.

From a freak, a farce, an erratic conveyance, the motor-car has long since separated. It is the rolling sparkle of brass and lacquer we glimpse among the green of the rural roads. It sirens the city street with a weird wail. Rumblingly it burdens commerce with ease unknown to the dray horse, broad-shouldered though it is. In it man has travelled faster than in any other device. The crooked vein has carried him at a speed of one hundred and thirty odd miles an hour. Though sometimes the vein is killed yet there are still other crooked ones which wriggle here and yonder insatiable, looking for something which has not been done before. Now, except for the racing man, there is nothing left about the motor which can attract the crooked vein. It is no longer a combination of radium, guncotton, electricity and feminine perversity. It is now as meek as a lamb and as intelligent as its owner—but not more so.

* * *

THE West End Garage, 922 Granville street, is stocked with Chalmers-Detroit and Overland cars, both of which are good sellers, as the numbers to be seen on the streets will prove.

The prospect for the season is the kind which makes the dealers produce a cheerful smile. The 1911 model Overland, torpedo body, built for two and four people, is an attractive design. The five-passenger touring model with fore-doors is a good example of that modern wonder—the motor car. Numbers of prospective buyers are waiting for the season to open before purchasing their cars.

The Vancouver Auto and Cycle Company, Limited, 632-4-6 Seymour street, occupies a roomy garage which is fitted with an elevator. In this way cars are raised to the handsome showrooms on the third floor. These people handle the well-known Cadillac car. "Since September 1," said the manager, "we have sold nearly one hundred cars, thirty-three of which have been placed." The press of trade has become so heavy as to warrant the purchase of ground for the erection of more extensive quarters.

The garage of Captain French on Westminster avenue, where the Napier car is sold, will soon be vacated in favor of the new building he is erecting on Pender street. It is a five-storey fire-proof place with 46,000 square feet of floor space. The dimensions are sixty-six by one hundred and thirty-two. It is the largest garage in British Columbia, holding two hundred and fifty cars and costing one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. About fifty Napier cars have been sold since September 1. One hundred and twenty cars have been ordered for the 1911 season. These people are selling a line of Dayton trucks.

The motor cycle holds a rather unique place in the gasoline world. It possesses mechanical fascination for a man interested in engines and is possessed of possibilities for outdoor recreation. It has all the old individuality and freedom of the bicycle without the mechanical labor. The cycles made and sold by the Humber Co., Limited, are compact and enduring machines. The Humber agency is located at 938 Pender street. Numbers of cycles have been sold to Vancouver people. A shipment of two hundred cycles is on the road, besides a number of Humber touring cars.

The new garage of Hoffmeister Bros., 1155 Pender street, is well fitted to act as an ambulance for wounded cars. The Hoffmeisters are agents for the Thomas, Marmon, Flanders and the Dominion cars. In the electrics they sell the Detroit, Woods and Waverley. The firm has disposed of twenty-four cars since the first of September. A brisk, steady season is the outlook. The auto trade depends on the prosperity of other trades for its existence and from the present condition of things the automobile agents have a splendid outlook.

The McLaughlin garage at 1285 Pender street expects 1911 to be the banner year for sales in British Columbia. That the McLaughlin is a popular car is evidenced by the number of cars to be seen on the streets bearing the brass script "McLaughlin" across their water coolers.

The Pacific Garage and Auto Company occupies a large new building at 1262-4 Granville street. The dimensions are seventy-five feet by one hundred and twenty feet. It is a brick-concrete structure and steam-heated. There are repair departments for all parts of the car. The Pacific people handle the Peerless, Mitchell and Waverley electric. The same cheerful air of anticipation permeates the garage. "Nineteen eleven will be a hummer."

The depot of the artistic Hudson which is so often seen on the streets is the garage of Hall Bros., 1195 Davie street. It is a two-storey building sixty-six by sixty-six feet in dimensions. Besides the Hudson they sell the Hupmobile and the Regal.

* * *

IN Coal Harbor there is an activity not in keeping with the winter season. Ports in the east are frozen—will be for three months. There is a bark of ice on the lakes with a coating of snow. The motor-boats and sailing-craft are crutched on the beach and housed like the barrow of a Viking.

In Coal Harbor Vancouver's pleasure craft are moored. From Deadman's Island to the city shore the harbor is like a forest of spars with big and little craft—yachts, yawls, cruisers and launches. Here and there the whirling screw of a steamer rolls back the curling furrows. From the shore rap the blows of the hammers. The smell of paint is in the air. Under each shed the long lines of a rakish vessel are growing around the skeleton frames. The men with hammer and saws are busy. Their foremen smoke contentedly as they say, "There's go-

ing to be a good season this year—better than last, and it was the best ever."

At the Turner yard the men are building stock boats—skiffs for the most part,—and they have all the work they can do. In March they will begin the construction of a number of motor-launches, ranging in length from eighteen to twenty-two feet.

The Hoffar Motor Boat Company have a number of contracts for cruisers, auxiliary sloops and power boats. Among them is a power craft, forty-five feet over all, nine-foot beam, thirty to forty-five h. p., fitted with a Stirling engine, for G. E. Williamson. This craft will be entered in the Vancouver-Seattle race opening on July 2, 1911. The heads of the firm, Messrs. H. S. and J. B. Hoffar, are constructing for their own use a thirty-two-foot high-speed runabout which will have an average speed of twenty-five miles. The firm has issued a challenge, so far unanswered, to any boat built in this province. The race is to be on English Bay of not less than one hundred miles length.

An auxiliary sloop thirty-two feet in length, carrying six hundred and fifty feet of sail and a twenty-five h. p. engine, is being built for R. T. F. Granger. This is the second boat constructed by this firm for Mr. Granger within a year.

A thirty-seven-foot power cruiser with a trunk cabin is nearing completion for John Erskine. It will have a Stirling engine of from twenty-five to forty h. p. The boat throughout is being built of extra heavy material. Mr. H. S. Hoffar is engaged on plans for two craft, one fifty-six and the other sixty feet over all.

The Vancouver Ship Yard has several contracts almost completed. A hunting cabin cruiser thirty-seven feet over all, with six feet head room in the cabin, will be turned over to one of the gentlemen of the Vancouver Engineering Works when ready. It contains a twenty h.p. four-cylinder four-cycle motor which will develop a speed of about ten miles.

The fifty-six-foot cruiser being built for W. A. Bauer is a commodious craft fitted with a Twentieth-century engine of forty h.p. In the ladies' cabin there are three berths, while the gentlemen's cabin has room for four. The pilot house is lighted with large ports and is intended for an observation room. There is also a low signal mast. The vessel will be finished in teak, mahogany, and enamel.

A forty-foot demonstration cruiser with a twenty-five h. p. engine is being built for the Canadian Fairbanks Engine Company. There will be accommodation for eight people, a cook's galley and a cock-pit aft. As soon as this is completed work will be commenced on four other boats to be equipped with the Canadian Fairbanks engine. Two will be twenty-five h.p. and two will be twenty-eight h.p.

A heavily built cannery tender with a speed of nine miles and an Imperial engine, thirty-five h.p., will soon be launched. It is fitted with large fish-tanks and has accommodation for two men. With the exception of Mr. Bauer's boat, which was designed in Seattle, all the others were designed in the Vancouver Ship Yard office.

The Coast Mission ship Columbia II is at present lying at the Vancouver Ship Yard pier. Her last voyage to Alert Bay, from which she returned on Dec. 22, was a stormy one. She is being refitted with new tanks and is undergoing a general overhauling. The Columbia has a complete hospital equipment. The operating room is ten by fourteen and is lighted by a skylight. An X-ray is included in the room's supply of surgical apparatus.

The Vancouver Yacht Club's quarters on the shore of Stanley Park are conveniently placed for all purposes. They view both the city and the harbor. The club-house, the successor to the one destroyed by fire last year, is a six-thousand-dollar structure. The club is in a healthy condition, there being three hundred and fifty-eight members. The fleet consists of one hundred and eighty yachts and seventy sail-boats. Mr. G. P. Ash, one of the members, is cruising in Mexican waters in his yacht Olympic.

Lying in the harbor are a large number of the club's boats. There is the Davy Jones, seventy-five feet long, owned by E. B. Deane. On the south shore is the Half Moon, winner of the two hundred and fifty mile race from Tacoma to Vancouver and finishing in Victoria. The Half Moon is owned by Knox Walker. The forty-foot yawl Minerva, the property of Capt. P. A. Thompson, was built in Hong Kong.

The Limit, owned by Marriott, Fellows and Le Page, made a record run of seven hundred miles from Ketchikan to Vancouver in fifty-eight hours. The two hundred thousand dollar, one hundred and fifty feet in length, Dolora, the property of the late Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir, is also in the club's fleet. The Comet, belonging to Vic Spencer, is a twenty-eight-mile-an-hour craft. The Priscilla, belonging to A. N. Wolverton, held the Kootenay lake championship.

At the Vancouver Rowing Club's quarters George Ellis is putting the craft in condition for the season. "Ever Smiling George" they called him back in Australia, where he was on the staff of the Sydney club. In this clime he is still smiling and declares with assured optimism that "this year we'll beat everything."

Harbours have been the sanctuary of ships since man first hoisted a wind-drag on the hollow log and thrust out into the spray. All harbours are alike in essentials—shelter and supplies;—all vary in atmosphere and local color. It matters no jot to the ships. Whatever colors they sail under when the anchor makes a hole in the water they become in some vague way a part of the map.

Coal Harbour is a crooked claw bent raggedly from the inlet. Scrambled over it are the sea-things—spars supporting listless rigging, hulls lifting and sinking with the great breath the ocean takes when the tide crawls in from the west.

They are not all things to play with, these children of the dug-out and the raft. The sides of some have been planed by the chafe of the pier and worn by the swish of many tides. Their lines of build are full and buxom; crawling craft that slouch along the shores of the north coast, gouge into the contours of hill-bound bays, furrow the still water of gaping sea-arms, subsisting on the combings spewed upon the shore by the waves which clawed them from man's grasp far away, played with them over a thousand miles, and flung them back to him.

Three things will surely hail you if you search the harbour for its totem. On the foreshore of the city is industry. There, sprawling on the mud, are the wood cocoons. Inside the water things loom slowly into mould, wings spread in dormant readiness, tentacle veins tightened from new varnished spars, each like a butterfly, waiting the impetus which expands their binding chrysalis into all out-doors. This is one totem that hails you, the totem of labor.

On the water and on the shore of Stanley Park are yachts, lean-limbed racy hounds which clarion the totem of the rich. All through the winter season they make two trips each day. Their owners leave them moored to buoys and forget, until the warming sun recalls their minds to the salt of the sea winds. Stealthily each day, without a sail, the wheels gripped by the hands of spectre men from the locker of Davy Jones, the fleet swings round, bow on, to the coming tide. For six hours they ride, manned by that ghostly crew. Then when the sea slips silently back, the dead hands put over the helm, the prows fall off and the fleet begins again its endless voyage through the tide. These are the playthings of the men that industry makes rich. Unwittingly they share them with the mariners of yesteryears.

Like the hull of a sunken ship, spars ragged, decks awash with the flooding sea, sides scrubbed with wreckage held loosely by snarled rigging, lies an oozy sponge. In other moons the Siwash came hither with their dead. The swampy mollusc with its gnarly bristles nursed the thong-bound poles which bore a mouldy brave. The poisoned wind swung ragged ends of tattered skins; crows gluttoned on the rotting flesh. In the mist-gloom of the night, the pitetilakum, stealing with ywar quiet in his canim, saw the tamahnawuses of the dead go crowding through the trees. In fear he watched and called the place memaloose tenas illahee—the Island of the Dead. Today we call it Deadman's Island.

It is an eerie rag of ground, even in daylight. The drunken sheds sprawl crazily. Brief piers which rest on rotting sea-grown logs floating in the water are chained to the land. Mangy dories ride to the swell of the tide. Fish-nets, with the floats like waiting spiders, drip from the drying frames. Rotting wood, mouldy earth, fish-scales, the festering mud the tide leaves raw—these things give Deadman's a character smell of its own. Sentry pines, left-overs from the long-gone years, watch the far shore where a city is being masoned in a day. Deadman's is the totem of the yester-times.

Already the legal mills are warring with its people. Tomorrow there will be no Deadman's on the inlet.

This is the harbour. The gulls wing like blown confetti in mazing whirls. Tame wild-ducks plunge foaming into the water or thresh in level lines across the bay. In the roomier stretch of the inlet crawl the black steamers reaching out for the chrysanthemum ports on the far edge of the Pacific.

All day the clouds have loomed murkily within the hedging fence of the mountains. Now the sun, thrusting wickedly from the horizon, breaks through below their guard. Slope after slope the rapier burns into a snowy silver flame. One moment: the blade is wrenched away by a mammoth hand and darkness smothers the wound like blood spurting from a ragged cut. Necromantically, the looming land, the graying sea are splashed with streaking lamps, blurs of gold on the blur of gloom behind.

Current Comment

By Observer

THE liquor problem and the social evil, like the poor, we have had always with us. If we accept the Mosaic, or supposed Mosaic, record as handed down to us in Genesis as fairly reliable history, or even as traditionally true, drunkenness existed for many thousands of years. Noah got drunk, and after his experience in the ark one can almost sympathize with him in his temporary lapse. In discussing the liquor question in its present-day aspects we must not forget to take into account the inherited instincts of mankind in this as in other respects. One very ingenious writer on the question states that the desire for stimulants is instinctive in the human race, and, therefore, normal and right, and he points to the fact that all people in all times have had their special forms of stimulation. The theory is suggestive, but not sound physiologically. How much of our tendency to drink comes from our forefathers we cannot say; but it would be more correct to refer the instinct to what is known as "predisposition." We do not say any more that we inherit disease, but that we are "predisposed" to it, as one man is to consumption and another to cancer. Nature, to the normal man, supplies all the stimulation in good health that he requires or should desire. Any other stimulation is artificial, and if continued regularly results in a diseased nervous organization that craves for it in increased doses. I think that no man of medical repute will affirm that a healthy man or woman is the better for any amount of alcoholic beverage, however small. Medical science is even restricting the use of alcoholic stimulants to its smallest possible use in illness, and then it becomes a drug or medicinal restorative. The great stumbling block to common, everyday, often very sensible, persons is that drinking in a moderate way is not harmful. The power to resist the effects of alcohol is constitutional, and no rule of thumb can be applied. In just the same way some people are more immune to one or all forms of disease than others. On the other hand, much harm has been done by over-exaggerating the effects of moderate drinking, alcohol being, as it is, a toxic poison, and in its pure form very deadly. The actual experience is that a great many people, every day for years, drink more or less alcoholic beverages and are apparently no worse for it. Hence the zealous advocate of temperance is laughed at for his fears. A chronic moderate drinker is nevertheless laying the groundwork for over-indulgence, if not in himself, in posterity. Such a man may have a drunkard for a son. A young man may become a drunkard by reason of a constitution too weak to resist and throw off the effects of alcohol, or he may have inherited the predisposition from an ancestor possibly several degrees removed. Drinking is a social custom, the result of habit. The appetite is either an acquired or an inherited one. In its effects it is both physical and economic; and when we get down to study them from that point of view instead of from the purely "moral" or church outlook, we shall begin to make some progress. Certain things have been catalogued in the ecclesiastical black books as sinful and wicked; and cynics tell us that the things we enjoy most are all black-listed. The latter is a very superficial way of looking at it, but it nevertheless represents a common attitude of mind. It stands as a protest against dictation from others as to what we shall or shall not do. And there you have the root of the whole matter. Let

us understand two things, that the habit of drinking, either in moderation or excess, is harmful physically, reducing the effective forces of the system, and that, economically, it represents loss and waste to the community. If we discard all other considerations for the time being, we shall have laid the groundwork for a better grasp of the question. All modern teachers of physical culture advise against the use of alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, and most other stimulating or narcotic things. What is right or wrong to use must be determined according to the laws of health. If it be a sin against the body to drink beer or whisky, so also is it a sin to use any other beverage in the proportion that it is harmful. A great many temperance and moral reformers have bad stomachs and bad livers and are aenemic, because they violate other of the laws of eating and drinking. Whether they break any moral law thereby I know not, but they sin against their bodies and suffer for it in their bodies as the users of alcoholic beverages do in theirs. And they sin against posterity as well.

Economically, we know as a matter of fact the liquor traffic means a loss to the community in many ways for which no amount of revenue from licences or direct industry or employment created by the bars and the breweries and distilleries can compensate. A good business saloonkeeper, or hotelkeeper, or brewer or distiller does not drink himself, or he drinks very little for the reason that he knows it is bad for his business and bad for himself. Yet he sells to others, and exerts all his energies to increase the sale of liquors, because it is his business. If it be bad for the dealer to drink it is worse for the community. There are other commodities as well as drink that come under the same category; and yet there is no crusade against them. I mean what are regarded as legitimate commodities. Are we to establish a public board of censorship to say what things we shall eat or drink or wear? Logically, it comes to that if we lay down the principle that drinking should be abolished because it is bad for us. If we accept it as right in regard to liquor, we must accept it in regard to everything else. I should like to see the faces of a parson and the ladies of a church guild if it were proposed to prevent them having tea at an afternoon meeting, or to prohibit sweetments and confectionery at an evening social. If you are going to regulate things in that way you must adopt a basis that will apply uniformly. I have as much right to my particular brand of poison as you have to yours, and, if you reject that principle, you will go on reforming for ever without success. The other fellow is not going to be bound by any system selecting your preferences and what you think is right which takes no stock of his preferences and his ideas. That is true of every "ism" and "ology" and "law" that ever was. The world has gone on thousands of years trying the experiment and has failed.

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NOW, you ask, how are you going to stem an evil that is an acknowledged detriment to society which so far has defied all attempts to abolish it? I should say, first, try to understand the nature of the problem you are dealing with, and then endeavor to apply the remedy according to the nature of the evil, just as a physician diagnoses disease and then treats it, having in view always the physical history, constitution and habits of his patient. No skilful doctor treats two patients sick with the same disease in exactly the same way, because for a variety of reasons they won't respond to the same treatment. And, moreover, if a doctor were to say to a patient, "You have no right to be sick (which would be literally true) and I propose to punish you for getting sick," he would be a very foolish doctor. If a law were passed to punish people for, or to prevent them from, getting sick it would be laughed at. But most reform physicians proceed on that latter principle, which, put in a mild way, is not a wise one.

But we have the evil and the condition and we must deal with them in a concrete way. If we take the saloon business as one phase—and to be practical we must deal with one thing at a time—no one will for a moment argue that saloons licensed solely to sell liquor to make people drunk or satisfy an appetite is a good thing for any community. It may be argued, and with a good deal of force, that an hotel bar is no better than a saloon bar; but an hotel

has a necessary and a legitimate object as well, to provide accommodation, and to that extent the evil is a smaller one. I am, however, peculiar in my views on the subject, and I do not advance them seriously, because I know they would not be accepted. However, selling liquor is either an evil or it is not; either it is legitimate trade or it is not. If it be an evil, the government has no moral right to legalize a monoply of it by licensing the sale to a limited number of dealers. If it be a legitimate trade every man has equal right to sell; and incidentally I do not believe on the average there would be any more liquor consumed as a consequence. One effect of all restricted legislation, high licences and increased duties, has been to raise the price and make it more expensive to the public. There has also been the effect to "dope" liquors, which has been done to an alarming extent. I am one of those who believe that average men are not going to make swine of themselves simply because they can get a drink for five cents instead of fifteen, nor that there would be a gallon more consumed. If there has been any diminution of drinking of late years it has been because it has become less respectable to drink and be drunk. We are getting to that stage now when men cannot hold jobs long and drink, and a business man loses caste thereby. It would be no different if drinks were a cent a glass. As a parallel instance, cigars are no better at ten cents today than they used to be at five, and there are more of them smoked. The difference goes to the government, or is paid in the price of labor. If there is to be a monopoly of the sale of liquor it should be in the hands of the government, according to a system similar to the Gothenburg one. But in any event the real solution is not in sumptuary legislation, but in a campaign of education as to its physical and economic effects. There are two or three main reasons why people drink. One is because it is a social habit and we treat each other. That is corrected by the Gothenburg plan. Another is because older and grown people set the example. The same is true of smoking. Very few naturally want at first either to drink or smoke. Why do little girls like to nurse dolls? It may be, as some hold, an exhibition of the maternal instinct, but whether or not it is because mothers nurse children. Why do boys play at soldiers, smoke candy pipes, and run miniature trains? It is simply the simulation of being grown up. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a boy learns to smoke because he thinks it is manly, in the same way as he wants to get into men's clothes as soon as possible. Mark Twain sagely remarked that if you want a boy to go the way he should is to go that way yourself. Very many boys are "tough" and "bad" because older people are "tough" and "bad," and it is often a mark of distinction among his fellows to be the toughest and worst. Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" described the gamin as the soul and symbol of Paris; and the most daring gamin was the greatest hero among gamins. You cannot compel a boy to be good; you can only guide him by example and judicious precept based on an appeal to his understanding and reasoning powers. If boys only knew that drinking, smoking, late hours and dissipation generally, so hurtful in the formative period, prevented them from growing into strong, robust, healthy men, which all natural boys want to be, they would avoid that course and adopt the other. Don't tell them that it is bad and wicked and that they will go to hell some day. The average boy hates being preached to or at; but give the direct incentive which appeals to him, and be the same thing yourself. The philosophy of all this is that moral reform must be based upon scientific, common-sense methods to be effective. "Scientific methods" does not imply learned disquisition, but simply understanding the nature of the evil and the conditions you are dealing with, just as a physician knows the nature of disease and the patients he treats. If I were undertaking a campaign of reform I would want all parsons and "goody-good" people to keep their hands off—not because parsons and "good" people are not well-meaning and have not a right as citizens to take a hand, but because they don't understand the situation half as well as the man on the street does. Their intervention arouses an antagonism that defeats the object. I say again, intelligent men, not to speak of a large multitude of people who have no natural sympathy with him, resent the dictation of the man who wants to regulate everything by law accord-

ing to his notions of right and wrong. It is fighting against human nature. If a considerable class of persons in a community claim the right to drink, even though it be poison to them, they are going to drink, and the harder you fight against it the harder they will fight for it. No law will protect the people against themselves. This is axiomatic.

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A WORD about the social evil. The question has arisen, Shall there be restricted districts or shall there not? That is the form it now takes as a practical issue, and it is a very live issue in all the cities of the west. The social evil is a great evil, and one must be plain in discussing it. It is largely a companion of the bar, and is attended by other dangers to the race, greater far than that of drink. Nine-tenths of the men who go to the redlight district go either under the influence of drink or actually drunk, when the sense of moral responsibility is at the lowest ebb. Otherwise they would not go at all. The excesses and orgies of these resorts are all the result of drink supplied either before or after going there. Moral reformers—and as a rule they know the least of the worst side of the case—naturally and rightly object to the restricted districts as "plague spots," and they state as a consequence that no form of government should recognize such an evil by tolerating and protecting it. As an abstract proposition that is pretty hard to get away from—without some effort to minimize the practices I have referred to; but on the other hand, if you drive out the women from these districts what is to become of them? They must either be scattered throughout the community or go elsewhere and die of starvation, commit suicide, or, by perpetrating a crime, get themselves incarcerated in jail. The alternatives are not pleasant to contemplate. We may talk as we like about the evil, but it exists: the fallen woman is a social outcast debarred from all avenues of respectable employment, branded as plainly as Hawthorne's Scarlet Woman. It may be stated with all confidence that few women follow this life by choice; but having once burned their bridges, an impassable social gulf yawns behind them. Fantine, a victim of man's baseness, realizing it, tried to cross back in disguise. Society discovered her, throttled her and threw her back into the abyss. There are hundreds of thousands of Fantines in this country. What are you going to do about it? I propose to discuss the problem and the remedy in a future issue.

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TALKING of "problems," most of them are very simple when we get down to first principles. The main trouble of humanity in understanding itself and its own requirements is our slavery to "isms" of one kind or another. In trying to solve a problem we are constantly bothered about what the other fellow thinks or has thought, it may be several thousand years ago. Wisdom, it is true, is the result of experience, and we build on the foundations laid by other men. Hence, the world is divided mainly into two classes, Conservatives and Radicals. The one steer their course by the beacon lights of the past. The other discard the latter and try to steer by their own lights. They are the necessary elements of stability and progress in life, but both are liable to shipwreck at some stage of their career. The wisdom of the past is not to be despised. There is really little new in philosophy. We marvel how much our forefathers did know and what great thinkers they were; but the heritage of man's wisdom is useful not as a fixed quantity of right or wrong, but as a guide, an incentive, to independent thought and action. All wisdom, all knowledge, is relative, as everything else is relative, and is wisdom or not wisdom according as conditions exist. What was wise 2,000 years ago might not have been wise 1,000 years later, and, much less, may not be wise today; but because wise men did live and formulate systems of philosophy suitable to their day and generation these became crystallized, and were adopted and made hard and fast by sectaries. Revolt against the formularies of these systems has been made, in all ages, and especially in our own time, by Radicals, whose general tendency is to sweep away the good with the bad and substitute other formularies for protagonists in the gladiatorial arena of polemics. Now, coming to modern-day problems, a man assisted by all that has gone before, must proceed to dissect the factors of which they are composed, pick the problem to pieces, so to speak, and

then proceed to put the pieces together again logically in order to understand them.

The most abstruse problem of higher mathematics is simplicity itself to the higher mathematician, not because he has a higher and superior mind, but because he has a trained mind which follows step by step the complex process of solution, just as a patient person unravels a tangled skein of yarn or an accountant makes a statement from a badly kept set of books. Our biggest difficulties are in appearances, and in the hobgoblins of expression which are artificial and technical. I said in a previous article that learning was a "cult," and we must confess that specialists have obscured and rendered occult much that is plain and simple by big words. We are also awed and confused by what professor so-and-so has taught, which becomes to us very much like gospel. For instance, we are told that the greatest study of mankind is man. That is true; but the study is rendered exceedingly awesome when we refer to it as "anthropological." Does not "wisdom about man" become more formidable when we designate it "anthroposophy?" And is the "science of man" more intelligible as "anthropogeny?"

A witness in the celebrated Tichborne case identified the claimant by "the expression of his legs." That was, if true, an evidence of certain acute faculties, especially dominant among lower animals; and certain good judges of human nature from physical features would no doubt be stumped if they were described as "anthroposcopists." If men of wisdom and learning are benefactors of their race they also throw about themselves a halo of excessive verbal extravagance, which rather tends to heighten their own glory than enlighten their readers and hearers. So, what we regard as "problems" are apt to become more involved by learned disquisition from which the average man shrinks in the hopelessness of understanding what it is all about. Thus, to my mind, at least, the problem of Labor and Capital, for instance, is no more difficult to understand than any other problem. It simply means getting to the root of the trouble, independent of the stock prejudices of either the labor man or the capitalist. The same remarks apply to the education problem and the great drink problem, which I shall proceed to discuss briefly.

THE educational system, not of British Columbia particularly, but of Canada and the United States and all other countries, has become involved by the specialization of experts until it resembles nothing so much as a patchwork quilt. We designate its work as "education," and as "education" perforce it represents a necessity of the age we have to bow down to and accept what has beeen foisted upon us. It does not represent our individual requirements or preferences, but what organized bodies of specialists think we require and what we ought to prefer. We have got clear away from the idea that the "Three R's" are the basis of all knowledge. To stand up for "reading, writing, and 'rithmetic" is to proclaim yourself old-fashioned and a fossil. The old-fashioned schoolmaster, it is true, was not an ideal educator. He was pedantic, arbitrary, cruel and a martinet. He was a slave to rules, his methods were not natural, and he had few ideals. Nevertheless, in discarding the old man, we have discarded much upon which he was sound and substituted much that is faddy and useless. Reading is the vehicle of acquiring all knowledge, except, of course, what is acquired orally and by observation. Observation being purely an exercise of our own wits is necessarily very important, but cannot be considered as part of an academical system. Cultivating the powers of observation is extremely educational, but it is a gift of the individual teacher and no standard of qualification can take note of it. Incidentally, I might say that at a recent American convention of educationists a speaker dwelt upon the great fact we lose sight of, that successful teaching depends upon the teacher and not upon the system or the curriculum or the text-books or anything else artificial or institutional. It is the result of the divine gift—intuitive, instinctive and individual. Writing is the art of expressing ourselves on the printed page, the twin companion of speaking. Arithmetic, or mathematics, is the art or science of reasoning, of computation, of reduction, of deduction, of analysis—of taking things apart, of putting them together. Now, if you can think of any other process that enters into mental or intellectual development, I should like to know what it is. First of all, we observe;

next, we express our impressions of the thing observed in language, spoken or written; then we draw conclusions, infer, reason. That constitutes all of education extended to its remotest bounds. There are three, and only three essential elements of a complete mental make-up. The cultivation of these leads us everywhere within the realms of thought and wisdom. The vehicles we employ in the journey, rudely described, are the three "R's." Keeping closely to first principles, the tremendous importance of a solid grounding in the essentials must be obvious. If a boy or girl is well grounded in the rudiments—other things, such as the care of the body, and moral and ethical environment being provided for—he or she may well be trusted to take care of what follows. It is just in this respect that our educational systems have gone astray. As a result, the powers of observation are being stunted, memories are being destroyed, conversation is a lost art, handwriting is wretched, composition (including letter-writing) imperfect, speech crude and ungrammatical, knowledge only a smattering, reading not pleasant to the ear, and pronunciation a limited quantity. I am speaking now in the sense of the average, and speak of what is of common experience. So true is this that the average graduate of our public and high schools is actually handicapped in seeking commercial positions, because he writes badly, can't indite a letter in good form, has very little idea of punctuation, is deficient in manners and address. This is the more deplorable on account of the time spent at school and the cost of education which people bear ungrudgingly because they believe in "education." In the name of common sense, what is a popular system of education for if not to make us perfect in these very things which are the foundation of a career? The old schoolmaster erred in teaching everything by "rote"; but "rote" is admirable for the memory and we neglect it. The old-fashioned spelling-matches are tabooed, but they were excellent in making good spellers. It used to be popular to recite prose and poetical selections. That admirable practice, which has laid the foundation for many a literary career, has gone out. In the multitude of text-books and subjects to be taught there is not time for the attention that used to be paid to these things. The writing of essays, the weekly debates, the singing hour were all excellent expedients. A thorough drilling in mental arithmetic each day is one of the finest trainings a boy can get. Who can do mental arithmetic today? Why should not the whole of a standard novel be read in school as an exercise in reading? Why should not a good popular history, a play of Shakespeare, a book of travel, an epic poem, a great speech, a biography—works of sustained interest and models of diction—be introduced in schools as substitutes for the emasculated scraps in our readers. John Bright boasted that his entire education consisted in reading Shakespeare's works, Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Bible. Opinions might differ as to the particular books to be read, but we could take a dozen great works, the thorough mastery of which would be far more than equivalent in value to an entire school course today. Nothing that is original, interesting, individual, complete and thorough is possible by the cast-iron system in vogue. Things useful and attractive in themselves are penalized, things non-essential are authorized. Our curricula are a hodge-podge of notions and theories, the daily exercise a routine of unmeaning ritual.

OBSERVER.

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IT has been decided that it is wisdom to change the name of this magazine. It will be known, after this, as the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE. The February number will have the new name on the cover.

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THIS magazine is a magazine in development. It has probably passed the stage when anything is likely to transpire that will arrest its development, though circumstances may impede it. It will in future be carefully and prudently conducted. It will have Canadian quality. It will be disinterested. It will serve the truth and make itself useful. Its creed will be British Columbia. It will describe and illustrate commercial, industrial and picturesque British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA should mother writers. She has more pictorial character than any other part of Canada. Every aspect of her outdoor industrial life is a drama, theatered in the open and played in a setting of grandeur and rich color. Stories big as those of the sagas are the stories yet untold of the wet work of the fishing, of the huge labor of logging, of mining, and of prospecting with its flavor of romance.

From Ketchikan to Vancouver, in the dusting snow, the sun-grin and the rain-slash, strong men at their rough business make color-spots and furnish human material for story-tellers and makers of song. This magazine suggests to writers that they draw this gutty crew, white man, Indian and Oriental, and depict the strong color. The editor of this magazine will be glad to receive stories of this kind. At present a great many stories and verses, the labor of British Columbia writers, are offered to the magazine for consideration. Let us say frankly that most of these are frail narratives of sentiment and fatuous rhymes, and leave the taste of sweetened water in the mouth. A country of British Columbia's physique, sown with rough human stuff, the very meat of Empire, should produce literature of stronger brew. It has already given forth a little. In the sea-coast cities, the porches of commerce, and inland, where men not timid are developing great enterprises and setting stone upon stone, everywhere, waits the romance of traffic and discovery for writers with color-sense to see and constructive art to build.

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OWING to lack of space, the department, Outdoor British Columbia, and the descriptive article, "The Coal Mine under the Sea," do not appear in this number. They will be published next month.

A Cannery Town In Winter

ONCE upon a time, according to the fairy tale, there was a man who possessed a pair of boots that went seven leagues at a stride. You haven't got seven-league boots, but when you get off the B. C. Electric car at the Steveston station you will find that you have traversed twenty degrees of longitude and stepped into the punk-stick scented East.

You will see broad-nostrilled, punch-bellied Japanese "kids" playing marbles on the station platform; Japanese troglodytes in seaboots mending gillnets; Chinese kobolds like charred rags, smoking their *sui-yen-hus*; sienna-colored, coal-haired women of old Japan; Chinese monochromes like old shirts washed characterless.

Steveston looks like a prairie town before you come to it—match-boxes sown on the ungrazed geography—and it looks like a fishing village when you get to it. The nets, and the fishing boats that lie with their keels sunk in the sand along a mile of beach, all amidst the cannery piles, with the rain's soft wash above and the tip-toeing tide below, give it that character.

In the packing-box and doghouse town, where the Orientals inhabit, that staggers along the clayey dyke facing the canneries that make you think of great dull-colored birds of prey waiting for the salmon to come back, you will see the scum-colored Japanese fisherman with the prognathic jaw who came to this country because Japan has a population of 317 to the square mile, and this country has a density of only 1.75.

Steveston's Japanese take life very seriously and have the tenacity of ants. They are very busy in the cannery town this winter building new fishing boats and repairing old ones. They have pruned away a lot of their Japanesy characteristics and learned a few more English words and saved a lot more money since last winter, but they still live in the same sagging shanties and the same muddy fishy smell.

The white-corded salmon nets are hanging on racks and fences all along the muddy dyke, not to dry, for the grey rain that has washed the town into tone with the great drab river and the low sky, falls and falls and falls, every day and all the time.

Yet the Fraser river is beautiful as Steveston itself is picturesque, though the wash of its color is in such a low key. Except when the fog muddies the air you can see, across the stone-colored width of the river, the mountains dissolving shade by shade, stepping backward range by range into the soft sky, in the mystery of distance. The charm of prairie space is the charm of the broad levels behind Steveston. From when the timid colors of day first appear in the east, like fairy ornaments, to the time when the day shades to ashes and goes out in pure sepia over river, village and unfeatured plain, there is great stuff every silvery hour for the water-color painter.

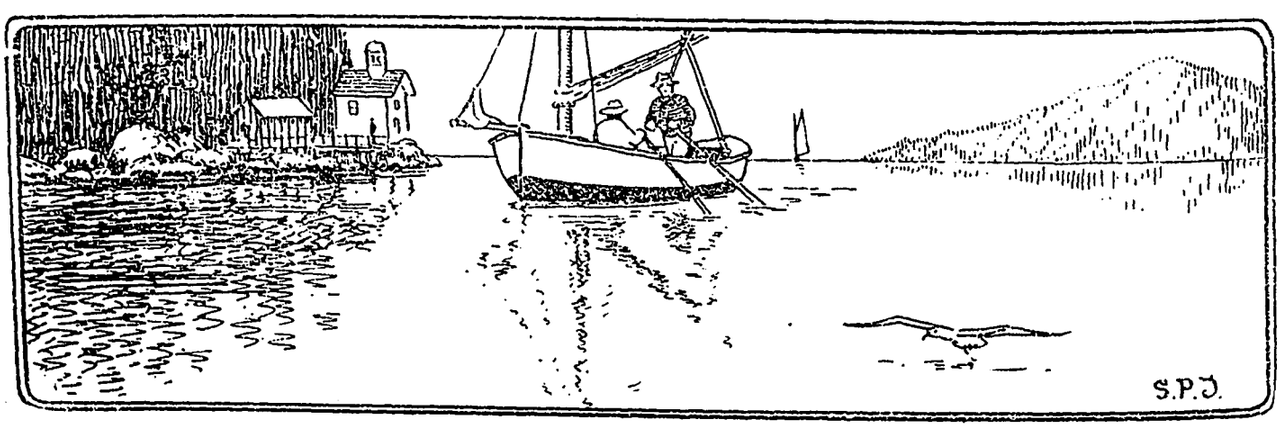
Mildewed Steveston has a character which should attract tourists to it all the year round if its whimsical quaintness were known. It is not the cannery character, which many other British Columbia towns have, or the far-away, traveller's tale character the punk-sticks and its vignettes of the Orient give it. It was not these that impressed my imagination. Steveston is different from any other town in Canada. It is fascinating even in winter, and in the canning season when the salmon epic is taking place and the great commercial drama of the salmon is being acted, it is a place wonderful in interest.

In the winter hiatus you can see the Japanese and Chinese in cross section. You can get acquainted with the beamy, sun-cooked white fisherman. Around the tavern fires, where the white fishermen smoke and spin their tales, you can hear the story of the salmon many times repeated, the fresh water epiphany of the strong-swimming sockeyes, coaxed by a great *heimweh*

from their adopted country the sea. This is among the great stories of the out-door world, and picturesquely told is worth a long journey to hear. Its color is strong and big and barbaric. Also the story of the fishing. The fishermen tell of the great sockeye drove, pigged together in their stampede up the river, driven by the powerful instinct of reproduction. Old fishermen tell tales fascinating in interest, of early days on the river, and romantic stories of big runs, when the myriad multitudes of the splendid fish filled the river. You can hear intimate tales told by men who turn themselves into salmon to tell them, and think with the mind of the salmon and speak as the salmon would speak, and the stories are strong and picturesque and stranger than invention. They describe the desperate exodus of the silver-sided fish from the sea to the spawning grounds, and tell of the pirate swarms of sea fish that follow the salmon to feast upon the spawn, and of the final tragedy of the spawning places. You hear the wet Æneids of salmon that pass the cannery fisher's nets and traps, but not the sardonic-faced Indian who stands with poised spear or crude dip net to take the fish from some swift-water channel. Or if the fish escape the patient Siwash the grizzly and the black bear await its coming in the shallow creeks or beside the rapids.

In the Japanese boat-building shops the little brown workers are busy with tools that are replicas of those used one hundred years ago to build junks with in old Japan. The boats the Japanese build at Steveston are stout, able little launches, some of them keeping a little of the junk character. These Japanese boat-builders are splendid workmen. Perhaps the feudal Buschido spirit—the fealty of Samurai to Daimio, of retainer to Samurai, of servant to master, makes them so.

Steveston's Japanese have a grin which is the proper grin of deceit, but if you ask one of them a question he discovers that his larynx has forgotten the right adjustment for English.



Judgoosanlans

A STORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS RELATED IN THE MAIN TO THE WRITER BY TAMX CLACH, AN ANCIENT TSIMPSHEAN, WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE EVENTS HERE RECORDED

By J. H. Grant

A DINGY semi-circle of tents, about which dark figures lounged in the loose sand, or sat silently carving grotesque ornaments, marked the camp of the Hydahs. Their long, dark canoes which had lately borne them hither from their island home reposed upon the beach, a picturesque row. The women, each with a basket of dried halibut strips, squatted upon the ground between the camp and the Tsimpshean village Lawoila-mask, waiting. A few paces before the silent group stood a young girl, tall and comely, the native dress hanging loosely about her graceful form. Her fair face and golden hair formed a startling contrast with the raven locks and dusky visages all about her, and gave significance to her name, Judgoosanlans—Daughter of the Dawn. Her birth was shrouded deep in mystery, which even the step-mother, Juteesh, all her faculties sharpened by hate and jealousy, had failed to fathom. The secret of her origin was securely hidden in the broad breast of her supposed father, old Chief Gunwhad.

Partly owing to her popularity, and partly owing to her duties as the coming chiefess, Judgoosanlans had been chosen to open the trade with the Tsimpsheans. She appreciated the honor thus conferred, for she loved her people and delighted to serve them. But as she stood before them she felt keenly her responsibility. She knew that the peace which existed between her nation and the mainland tribe was but a truce, and the embers of an ancient hate still smouldered beneath a thin covering of commercialism, and were ever ready to burst into flame at the slightest breath from either side. She prayed to the Great Spirit for wisdom. Presently from out the village came Skagwait's daughter, the haughty chiefess of the Tsimpsheans, followed by her women bearing boxes of oolican grease. Judgoosanlans advanced to meet her, and after the usual salutations, the chiefesses proceeded with the formalities peculiar to such occasions. Each placed her basket on the ground. The mainland maiden, as befitted the hostess, took first of her goods and handed them to the visitor. But while she thus fulfilled the letter of the law, she recked not of its spirit. Her whole bearing was pregnant with arrogance and insult. Surprise and anger glowed crimson upon the fair maiden's face, but she bent over the basket and selected a choice piece of halibut. The other took the fish, placed it to her nose and made a variety of grimaces; then she threw it in the sand at her feet. "The white daughter of the Hydahs may be able to make the Tsimpshean braves cross-eyed," she said tauntingly, "but she can't cure the halibut."

Judgoosanlans forgot her good resolves. Burning anger flared suddenly in her untutored bosom. Her blue eyes glinted like steel points. She hurled the oolican grease into her temptress's face, and picking up her basket, strode proudly back to her people. The Tsimpshean maid threw herself upon the ground and hid her face, then suddenly springing to her feet she fled into the village to her father's house. The women stood aghast. Some of the Tsimpsheans tittered dryly as though they secretly enjoyed the

humiliation of Skagwait's daughter. The Hydahs moved quickly back to their camp, but Juteesh was far ahead. She hurled herself into the old Chief's presence. "She has done it. She has done it, your pale-faced pet," she cried. "The Tsimpsheans will kill us all." We shall never see our homes again. Ah-na-oo-oo, Ah-na-oo-oo."

The harsh voice of her step-mother came faintly to Judgoosanlans' hearing as she walked slowly with bowed head toward her father's tent. It needed not the evident malice of its tone to impress upon her the awfulness of the thing she had done. Often had she listened to tales of a time when the people paddled their great war canoes in all the waters from Vancouver to Alaska and held in abject terror every tribe of the coast. But all that, she knew, was long since past, and now, so sadly was the tribe reduced in numbers and prowess, that a battle with the powerful Tsimpsheans might prove its final ruin. Oh, if it should, and she the author of it all! The hot tears began to course down her sun-burned cheeks, but she brushed them quickly away as she approached her father.

Old Gunwhad looked half sadly, half reproachfully upon his daughter, but spoke no word of rebuke. She sat down before his lodge in speechless distress. The women stole quietly into the tents and the men mustered quickly and silently about the chief. Judgoosanlans saw that their dark faces grew grave and stern as they waited. Suddenly the girl felt a hostile presence, and with the unerring intuition of the Indian, her eyes turned to a rock behind which a red head and bleached face disappeared instantly. With a start she recognized the half-breed lover of Skagwait's daughter. She saw him reach back cautiously for his flintlock. She knew that he sought her life, and in another moment she would pay for her hasty action. It would perhaps save her people. She nerved herself to the sacrifice and waited the end in silence.

But the Hydahs were watchful. "Whiteskin" they hissed, as a dozen guns were levelled. The weapons spoke and the unfortunate breed lay stretched upon the beach. In a moment the whole village was in an uproar; musket shots and terrible whoops rent the air. The Tsimpsheans crowded between the Hydahs and their canoes. Thus cut off from their one hope of escape, the visitors fought for their lives. Night settled upon the scene and the weapons shot lurid streaks into the dusk. The firing became irregular. In the darkness each brave stole upon a single enemy, then a loud report and a fearful yell told the tale of death.

But the end came. The Hudson's Bay magnate, a white man of great influence in the village, was married to one of Skagwait's daughters, and through her he induced the old Chief to call off his braves. Then with his men he dug a great trench by the sea and buried there three hundred men of both nations. The Hydahs, a mere remnant, departed in their canoes to await such time as the Tsimpsheans would visit them in their own village to arrange the terms of peace. In one of the boats sat Judgoosanlans, her face pale, her eyes hot and tearless and her heart torn with remorse. Some of the women about her wept softly, but Juteesh was loud in her wailing. Never before had the old Chief's wife manifested such grief when calamity befell her people. Ever and anon some bereaved wife or mother uncovered her weeping eyes to stare in wonder at the frantic Juteesh. Judgoosanlans alone understood her step-mother's unusual demonstration, but the jealousy that had so embittered her girlhood sank into insignificance beside the awful punishment which she knew awaited her as the stirrer-up of strife. She looked toward the great mountains. Them she had always regarded as friends who would never fail. Their gleaming heads were reared to the morning sun and their giant shoulders mantled in a purple haze. The shimmering waters of the bay bathed their verdant bases, but even they seemed to stand coldly aloof. Her eyes wandered to the blue line that marked Alaska's shore and rested with a new-born interest upon the island of tombs. She hoped the Tsimpsheans would hasten with their worst, and she hoped not in vain.

In the evening, when the reluctant sun of northern climes had sunk from view and the waters were dark and still, the Hydahs gathered upon the beach before the village of Hlthkagilda; the women to wail and moan for the slain, the men to stare gloomily

into the twilight. Presently a long dark canoe shot into view. Then another and another, and in the wake of each glowed a phosphorescent trail that writhed weirdly over the dark waters. Judgoosanlans sat beside Gunwhad and looked on calmly. She knew the Tsimpsheans came to take her hence, and she knew that their errand was lawful, for the fiery breath of the water-god sped them on their way. Juteesh sat near, her wicked eyes narrowed to mere slits as she feasted them upon the face of the unhappy girl.

Without a word the Tsimpsheans landed and squatted upon the sand a few paces before their late enemies. Some slaves kindled a fire and its ruddy glare fell upon the dark, war-painted visages all about. The Hydah women ceased their wailing and all was silent as old Skagwait rose to speak: "For a long time," he began, "our people have been at peace. Now this trouble has come. We have lost many friends. Our women weep for their sons and husbands. There is no sound but their wailings. The gods are angry with us and must be appeased. Our medicine men say: 'Build a house with four corners over the grave of your dead. Take her who has caused this strife, tear her body in four pieces, and place a part under each of the four posts. This must be done before dawn. Then will the gods smile and their children have peace and prosperity once more.' Has my Hydah brother anything to say?" he concluded.

All was still once more save for a few stifled sobs among the women and the subdued simmering of the fire. Judgoosanlans shuddered slightly under her terrible sentence, but showed no further sign of fear. Gunwhad arose. "Our brother Skagwait has spoken well," he said slowly. "We, too, have lost much. The gods must be appeased, but Judgoosanlans is the joy of an old man's heart. Take her not from him. Let the Hydahs pay their debt with canoes and blankets. They will be glad to do this for their fair chiefess. Then will the gods be satisfied."

But Skagwait answered quickly, "It must not be. We waste time. The medicine men have spoken. Let the Hydahs place this maiden in my canoe. She alone can pay this debt. If the sun shines again upon the graves of our dead and this thing is not done, the curse will be upon your nation as well as ours."

For a moment no one spoke. The eyes of the Tsimpsheans glowed with the fire of victory. The unholy joy of revenge lit their faces with a demoniacal glare. Judgoosanlans read consent in the averted faces of her tribesmen and rose to depart with the enemy. But Gunwhad was on his feet once more, his great body swaying rhythmically. "Listen!" he explained. "Hydahs and Tsimpsheans gather close about me. I have a story to tell: Once when the great sea serpent hissed and the foam from his jaws flew high, Gunwhad and his warriors were coming down the coast from Alaska. They had had a great victory, but had forgotten to give thanks and the spirits were angry. The great serpent bared his fangs and swallowed all the canoes but one. It, his breath blew high on a rocky shore. But the sea had eaten more, for on the cold sands Gunwhad and his friends found a white mother and her child. The woman was dead, but Gunwhad took the baby home and his wife nursed it at her breast, for her own child had been dead but a day. Those warriors all are dead, Gunwhad's wife is dead, but that baby is Judgoosanlans." He paused. So intense was the silence that the fire in Juteesh's eyes seemed to crackle audibly. Judgoosanlans, oblivious to the many eyes fixed wonderingly upon her, gazed out into the darkness, her soul filled with newborn perplexities and vague longings.

Suddenly the old chief resumed: "Tsimpsheans," he cried fiercely, "Judgoosanlans is the daughter of the pale-face, and the white chief strikes hard when his child is harmed. The Hydahs will go to Victoria and show him the way. He will come with fire canoes. What does he care for our gods? His little bullets will slay your braves and his big ones will scatter your houses like broken sea-weed upon the waves. Take Judgoosanlans if you dare. Gunwhad has spoken."

In the deep stillness that followed, warrior looked on warrior and hands moved unconsciously to knife-hilts. Skagwait was staggered by Gunwhad's threat, for he knew from bitter experience that the white man's wrath spelled death. But he had

set his savage heart on revenge. He gripped his weapon and looked into the kindling faces of his braves. Every eye was riveted upon him, and no one noticed a dark form move through the dim light and pause close behind Judgoosanlans. A long knife gleamed for a moment in the dull glare, then with a flash descended. A warrior nearby uttered a hoarse cry and sprang forward. Judgoosanlans staggered to her feet and looked dazedly about. The weapon had but grazed her shoulder and buried itself in the soft earth. Her eyes met for an instant the fiendish stare of her step-mother, then the would-be murderess fled from the scene with shrieks and ominous mutterings. Right down to the water's edge she ran, and out upon a projecting rock. Here she stood like a black spectre, waving her arms and apostrophizing death. "I come, death!" she cried. "Juteesh fears you not. She is not like the coward brood of the white squaw." For a moment she poised, then leaped, with a wild demoniac yell. The dark waters gurgled and closed above her. The people of both nations, speechless and awe-stricken, gazed until the last ripple had retreated far out upon the deep. Then Skagwait turned to where Judgoosanlans stood slightly apart.

"The Sea-god loves the Daughter of the Dawn," he said briefly. "He has called another in her stead. Our work is done." He motioned to his men and the funeral fleet glided swiftly into the darkness from whence it came.

JUTEESH, THE STEP-MOTHER OF JUDGOOSANLANS

The Kiddies

By Garnett Weston

I WALKED down Front street for the express purpose of getting a story. I wanted "color" for the germ that was in my mind. It was a good germ, too. It would have made easy reading. But there I saw things which made me forget my faked romance. I watched the enacting of a real story. For a little while I looked into the world of men whom the wilderness makes strong physically and big mentally. Theirs is the heritage of the big things. What they do they do strongly. Their emotions are herculean in proportion to the surge of energy garnered from the wilderness where the map is drawn to the scale of one mile to a mile. The felling of big trees is a strong man's task, and requires a strong man's reward. Thus when the stake is made and the logger enters town he plunges into a glorious debauch and the sum of all happiness is attained when with his fellows he engages in an eager fight. The result is detrimental to the fixtures in the saloon.

This is a rough story of rough men. Its only claim for consideration is that it is true. If you admire big trees with the bark on, or grizzly bears which ramble about without a cage, then you will like my story. If you don't—but I am not asking you to like it. I am telling only the things which happened.

It is the story of the tragedy of the logger's stake. If you want to see for yourself wherein lies the tragedy, go down to Front street. There you will find the logger.

Perhaps he spends half or a quarter of the stake his months in the camp have made. Then the whiskey gets him. He is piloted into the "snake" room. Here he is "rolled" by one of the men or women in attendance. When in the grey dawn he staggers onto the street he is penniless. His throat burns from the searing whiskey. His eyes are sore and heavy. With hair tousled and face unwashed he meets the problem of existence just where he was when last he hit the trail for camp.

He never kicks. Experience has taught him that there is no redress. The saloonkeeper is profanely ignorant of events. The policeman on the corner merely says, "What'd you go in there for, anyway?" So the logger swears picturesquely and starts for camp. He makes another stake and repeats the performance. He spends his last ten with the same easy freedom as he disposed of the first.

I knew all this. I thought that was all there was to it. Now I know otherwise. The quick spending of the logger's stake may be reckless generosity. It is also a tragedy. I can show you men who have worked for thirty years who haven't a cent in trust, and whose only prospect is the next stake. Meanwhile the saloons reap where they never sowed.

It was in the last saloon I entered that I got my story. A gang of loggers preceded me through the swinging doors. A rough voice had started a "Come all ye" a note too high, but the solo was instantly drowned in the roaring chorus as a score of voices took it up. My entrance passed unnoticed.

With the dying notes of the song the suave tones of the bartender mingled: "Step up, boys, step up." Two figures alone failed to respond—myself and one other. He stood back by the stove and I thought his face was wistful. The watchful spider behind the bar saw him. A girl glided from somewhere and whispered in his ear. He shook his head. "I've got my stake an' I'm goin' home to the kiddies. It's Christmas, an' they're waitin'." A peal of laughter broke from the painted lips.

"My, but you're a tight wad!" she mocked. The man flushed and shifted uneasily. She followed the thrust. "Come an' celebrate just one. Drink to—to the kiddies." Her hands stole to his shoulders with a subtle caress. "Come on—just one to the kiddies." He wilted under her warm allure. Her body, full-blooded and passionate, swayed about him with easy grace, kindling dangerous fires in his heart. As he strode forward to the bar I knew that the kiddies would never see their father's Christmas stake. Only the day before I had heard that same girl, with the face and form of an angel, blaspheme horridly as she cursed a street-car conductor. Her eyes met mine for a brief space as she measured me. Then the red lips curled with scorn and she swung about on her high heels. I christened her the "Brazen Circe."

An hour later I returned. The logger was not among those who crowded about the brass bar. I passed through into the pool-room. A dozen men stood about while an uncouth woodsman jabbed balls awkwardly with a long cue. He was emitting a continuous string of blasphemous remarks as he played. I then and there eliminated certain words from my vocabulary. I felt that in future I could not do them justice. An attendant in shirt-sleeves was beating him with contemptuous ease.

In a little room at the back I found the logger playing cards. Three or four men hung over the table. A pile of money, thirty or forty dollars, lay in the middle. The logger and another were the only ones remaining in the game. I recognized the other. He usually left the town where he was sojourning some time between days, and his departure was always hurried. He had a hundred aliases. I knew him as "The Stacker." Over the logger bent Circe. Not a sound was audible save the hard breaths of the watchers. The room seemed to sway dizzily in the dim light as the blue smoke twisted slowly in spiral wreaths. So tense was the interest that my entrance seemed to startle them. The girl threw me an angry glance and then the game went on.

Slowly the logger showed his hand. The stillness pressed closer. The labored breaths were almost gasps. The Stacker seemed to dally with his cards as if reluctant to reveal himself the loser. Then he laid them on the table—three queens. Before the logger lay two pairs—jacks and sixes. The Stacker raked in the jack-pot.

With a reckless laugh the logger stumbled to his feet, and with the toe of his spike-shod boot sent his chair flying across the room. "The drinks are on me, boys," smiled the Stacker.

The girl's arms wound about the man and held him as the others trooped out. Once again I was unnoticed in the gloom. I watched her—the fallen angel—as she dripped her honeyed guile into his ready ears. How she clung to him, employing all the subtle arts of feminine beguilement. On her lips was the smile of the temptress—cynical, mocking. In her eyes shone the light of the unholy love by which she lived. Her hair brushed his cheek, the perfume filled his nostrils. In the dim light she was divinely fair, and she tempted him. The beast of his nature leaped hotly to the passion call. He caught her in his arms with flaming eyes, and his lips pressed her throat and cheeks and mouth. I found a door leading into an alley and left them. Poor kiddies! Their Christmas was gone. I wondered if last year had been the same.

Two days later I was on Front street following the same endless quest—stories, stories. Printer's ink is a fatal disease. Something led me into the same saloon. Huddled in one corner I found the logger. He was just sobering after a glorious drunk. I knew the bartender, so I sought information. "What happened after I left the other night?"

"You ought to have stayed," he grinned; "the boys sure had a hell of a 'Come all ye'."

I drifted across to the logger. "Going home for Christmas?" I ventured.

"Christmas! Hell!" He held out his empty hands with emphasis. "I was goin' down with my stake. I was goin' to give the kiddies a good time. I guess I got drunk," he added sheepishly.

"Poor little beggars," I murmured sympathetically. "How many are there?"

"Four," he mumbled, choking.

"Boys?"

"No, three girls an'—an' the boy—*Oh, God!*" His head went down in his hands

and he sobbed aloud. I waited, shielding him as well as I could from the curious gaze of the few individuals who were striving to assuage their thirst at the bar. Suddenly he straightened and raised his clenched fist above his head. It was a big fist, rough and red, and it made me think of a freshly-cooked ham. I became conscious that I was sitting beside a mighty muscular power. There was something in his tense form that seemed to radiate force, savage and untamed. It was the strength of the hills.

"I'm goin' back," he told me in even tones; "I'm goin' back to camp to make my Easter stake, an' then I'll go home to the kiddies. I will, by God!" I watched his big form plough through the swinging doors.

"Hurrah!" I thought, "the kiddies will have their Easter."

* * * * * *

The night was strong with the scent of the new spring growth. The young green radiated its life abroad, and the thing was rampant in the blood of the loggers. Front street picked itself up and yelled aloud. The place was vocal with the joy of living. The evening was young. As yet the sport was good-natured. Presently, when the whiskey took strong hold, there would be a dozen *"Come all ye's"* in a dozen different saloons. Men would rage back and forth in a glorious earnest fight. Finally they would emerge, some with teeth knocked in and eyes blackened, others with ribs and noses smashed. For weeks following they would dwell fondly with bruised lips on the Easter *"Come all ye."* "We sure had a hell of a time. I blowed my stake. She didn't last long. I met myself comin' back on the road."

I lounged about among the groups listening to the jokes, the remarks and the oaths. From a saloon came a thundering chorus roared in lusty volume by a score of loggers:

"Come all ye gay young loggers that lay
the proud pine low,
Our money's spent, 'tis time we went, so
back to camp we go.
The girls they'll us remember, when next
we come to town,
The whiskey won't forget us for the way
we drank it down."

There was something strangely familiar about the sound other than the words or the tune. I had heard both many times, but there was something else. I stood for a moment and then pushed through the doors. The chorus was at its height. Leading it with a mighty bass was the logger. It was the voice from his shaggy lips that had struck me. He was drunk with whiskey, the spring, the noise and the lights. I pushed to his side. "How are the kiddies?" I queried.

"T' hell with the kids," he boomed; "step up and drink with the boys. Fill 'em up. Fill 'em up!"

I left him then and pushed my way through the jubilant swaggering throng to Wharf street. For me the night had suddenly lost its charm. Poor kiddies! Their Easter was to be the same as Christmas. Ere I turned the corner I paused for a moment to hearken to the faint far voices:

Oh, family man, oh, family man, why ever
did you come,
A sailin' in a puddin' dish acrost a sea o'
rum?
Your wife she'll be a-waitin', a-waitin' at
your door,
You'd better start for home agin and don't
come here no more.

The Coast of Romance

THREE TALES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LIFE

By Pollough Pogue

Buey Yuen the Chinese

ONE of the gods who play checkers with the lives of men moved because it was his move, and he moved Buey Yuen from Canton to Vancouver. Then the god all at once remembered that in the kitchen of another mortal's life he had left the soup on the fire, and he forgot all about Buey Yuen.

Many Chinese are apparently as characterless as an old shirt that has been faded by much washing, but Buey Yuen had the character of a cat, treacherous, a shifty egotist, flattering those who could help him, but in his heart "walking by himself," as Kipling said.

Before the steamer that brought him had gone back again he had got a job washing dishes in a restaurant, and soon, looking around him, he saw that in Vancouver there were many chances to make money playing, not with dice or cards, but with real estate in the form of suburban lots.

So he did without everything but a little opium, and when he had saved one hundred dollars he bought a lot, paying his hundred dollars down. He did not intend to make a second payment. He staked his money on the chance that the lot would advance in value before the day came when the second payment would have to be made. If it did he would sell his interest at a profit. If it did not, or decreased in value, he would lose his first payment by forfeit, or sell at a loss. He was a gambler.

Then the god who was running his life for him, having found that the other man's soup pot had boiled over and put the fire out, remembered Buey. Seeing how matters stood, this god, whose name was Luck, loaded the dice. The contract was suddenly let for the paving of the street on which Buey's lot was, and the tiny uncleared oblong of ground abruptly doubled in value. The Chinaman, "walking by his wild lone" and smiling, sold his interest for a hundred and fifty dollars and bought again on another street. Again luck was the gambler's ally, and within a year the sardonic-natured Cantonese had made several turn-overs and had won out every time. Soon he had one thousand dollars, one hundred dollars more than he had been able to save in twenty years in Canton. But, still smiling and "walking by himself," and never using his forty words of pigeon English to tell anybody anything, he bet his thousand dollars on the possibility that a cleared lot a little farther in, on a "good" street, would jump in value within three months, which was a pretty safe bet. In other words, he bought the lot for four thousand dollars and paid his thousand down.

But the god had forgotten him again. The barometer of values on that street fell unaccountably, sent down by one of those wandering currents of cold air which chill even preferred property sometimes. Buey was frightened and tried to find a buyer who would take his interest at a loss of 20 per cent. But although there was no particular reason for it, and no one could have explained it by any financial logic, money was momentarily "tight," a little thrill of nervousness was creeping up the spine of the financial world, and was felt everywhere. The Chinaman could not sell except at a great sacrifice. At length he did this, dropping out into deep shadows with five hundred dollars. You see, Buey Yuen "walked

by himself" and had no friends or familiars, and could get no help. In fact, he asked none, except from his joss, who belonged to a different pantheon from the luck god who had helped him whenever he remembered Buey's existence. The joss had never really helped him, but Buey was a lonely man and for a long time there had been a close intimacy between the joss and himself. In the small Shanghai street tenement room, which was all the home Buey had, he had nailed an old gilt picture frame to the wall to make a shrine for his joss. He had hung colored paper ribbons and red and yellow glass beads from the upper edge of the frame; the joss lived in the centre on a little shelf, and an old salmon can with part of its gaudy label hung down from wires in front of and a little below the grinning god. This was to burn joss sticks in. The joss itself was a little carved calcite idol, with an ugly, sneering face browned by age and the smoke of incense sticks. This joss was a kind of crony of Buey's and every evening when he came home to his room from his work in the eating-house kitchen, he would burn sticks and gilt paper in the salmon can under the flat, broad-nostriled nose that curled up in such a wicked grin. And sometimes the yellow man would talk to the cinder-faced god in a long droning monologue of singsong Cantonese.

This was while luck smiled upon the feline Chinaman. But what's the use of burning punk sticks before a god who can't keep luck smiling? Buey Yuen's joss lost face. There are no more sticks smoking in the salmon can. Buey Yuen has lost a good deal of money and he has lost his crony. But he has some money left yet, and if he holds a straight flush, or even fours, the next time he plays a hand with fortune, the joss will be reinstated and will smell the odor of burning sticks again. Perhaps the other god, the luck-god, will remember Buey again the next time the cards are dealt.

Hans Dagge the Sailorman

WHEN the devil is behind and the deep sea in front there is not much choice to make between them. This is a story of a man who had to choose and took the deep sea for preference.

Only the dry bones of the story are given here; if you want the tale dressed in the pink petticoat of romance you'll have to get it from Hans Dagge himself. But unless you are a linguist you'll have to be content with my roughed-in outlines with all the detail left out. For Hans Dagge speaks only two languages and they are both German, though he thinks one of them is English. Unless again you can meet him on common ground in the Lingua Franca of the forecastle, which is the Chinook of the sea.

When I asked the mate of the Winged Wife about the story he answered that Hans Dagge was crazy. "He dropped from the flemish horse on the end of the foreyard one dirty night when we had a reefin' match, and his head hit a sheer-pole and he's been crazy ever since," said the mate.

The Winged Wife brought cement to Vancouver from England. She is a full-rigged ship. Hans Dagge shipped A. B. in her at Liverpool. She loaded lumber here for Australia. But Hans Dagge didn't go down that long southerly sea-road in her. She left him here. The mate wouldn't take him. Hans Dagge can reef, hand and steer. He knows more knots than a rigger. "There isn't a sheet, or a lift, or a brace but the old man knows its lead and place." And the Winged Wife was short-handed when she jogged off on her lonely southern track. If his story isn't true, why didn't she take Hans Dagge with her instead of leaving him here on the beach?

The Winged Wife had bad luck coming from England and the whole waterfront knows that the trouble was mysterious compass deviation. The iron balls, the quadrantal spheres, on the binnacle, by which compass adjustments are made and deviations corrected, were of no more use than the skillets hanging in the cook's galley. The compasses of the Winged Wife were as uncertain as the weather, or sailor's

sweethearts. The ship was off her course thousands of times. Roughtree, the second mate, told the waterfront. "The blooming old Dutchman would throw out the Pole itself," said Roughtree. "I've been shipmates with Finns, but he is Davy Jones, or the devil. Every time he went near the wheel the compass would chase its tail. The wind jumped all round the compass, too, every day. Talk about your warlock Finns!"

Hans Dagge to me has all the character of an old coat, and no other character at all. You have seen an old, old coat that has no color at all, or just time-gray. Or perhaps he just made you think of a very tired, lost dog. I think the simple truth about Hans Dagge is that he is not a mortal man at all, but a Soul handed over a few centuries ago to the power of a devil. You will think this is ridiculous.

Did you know that when sailormen are out of a job, when they haven't got a berth in a ship, they call it being "on the beach?" Not long ago there was a mariner "on the beach" in Vancouver by the name of Jack Spirkett. When he came here a passenger in a Yellow Funnel steamer from Sydney all he had in the world was a mate's ticket and a sextant. He has still got the ticket, but you can see the sextant in the window of a Water street second-hand store, with the lid of the case raised so that you can see the Greenwich certificate of inspection. You can figure out for yourself just how long Jack Spirkett could have lived on the money he got for his sextant while he was waiting in Vancouver for a mate's berth. He didn't wait to see himself, for he saw Hans Dagge on the waterfront and fled as if he had seen a ghost and signed before the mast that very night in a ship that was all ready for sea, and sent for her tug in a hurry and towed out the next morning. What Spirkett told her skipper made him want to heave short and break out and get clear of Vancouver as quick as he could get a tug to tow him out. Jack Spirkett had been shipmates with Hans Dagge years ago and the ship was cast away next voyage, and he told old Stemson, who keeps the sailors' boarding-house where he lived, that when the British bark, Bristol Trader, had cleared from the River Plate on her last voyage Hans Dagge was a foremast hand in her. Not as much as a bit of deck-gear belonging to the Bristol Trader was ever seen again. She disappeared and she has never been heard from. Her port was the port of missing ships, "and now," said Jack Spirkett to old Stemson, who followed the sea himself for thirty years and knows all sea-mystery and superstition, "this old son of a harness cask of a Dutchman speaks to me right in this port, at seven bells in the middle watch. I've heard tell o' him often since the Bristol Trader was posted missing. He's been seen in many a port. I wouldn't stay in the same port with him, and the ship that puts to sea with him in the fo'c'sle 's bound for Davy Jones' locker, as sure as the deck-seams run fore-and-aft."

By this time you must know something about Hans Dagge and you must have guessed much more. But you will not be prepared for old Stemson's theory. He says Dagge is the Wandering Jew, who can not die but may not live. He must wander up and down all the roads of the world through all the ages, to expiate a deadly sin. When he sickens of land faring, says Stemson, he goes to sea. Bad luck travels with him on land and sea. Hans Dagge is only one of his names, and that of an elderly seaman only one of his characters. Stemson is a Finn himself and knows all sea-lore and forecastle superstition.

Roumoud Singh the Sikh

SOME people say that the ways of Orientals are beyond the wit of any white man to fathom. This is wrong. It is true that they take some understanding. But not so much as you think. It is just a matter of perspective. Crimes that look big to us look small to them, or recede out of sight altogether in certain circumstances. We are immoral on tiptoes. They are frankly unmoral. It is a matter of geography. What is crime in Vancouver is chaste in the mother-

forgotten part of the world from which they come. We are bad and know it; they are a hundred times worse and don't know it at all. Consider their side of the world. Theirs are countries that sweat and stink with people, from which come here only a pathetic flotsam. We should have ruled a red line and kept them out to keep our country clean, in spite of the fact that England, our mother, is their step-mother. People talk of the East's age and color. Age it has, and color, in spots. But mostly it is a monotone of squalor and poverty. Most of its people are ignorant, dirty and besotted. Some of them came here, and brought their brutish institutions with them. They are picturesque, of course, with touches of color that ask aloud for the sprightly photoplay of descriptive words.

To properly understand this tale you must know two things, that the East Indians don't take a square inch of stock in this country, though they expect the country to pay them big dividends in the shape of good wages, and that with them homesickness is a disease, a madness. Look up the word nostalgia in the dictionary. That's what overtakes all East Indians in this country, whether they have Dass or Din or Singh after their names.

Roumoud Singh came to Canada because the $2 per day his brothers from the Punjab, who were here before him, reported that they were able to earn as ordinary laborers seemed like a fortune as compared with the 12 or 15 cents which was the wage of a day's work at home.

He was from the high country somewhere in the north of India, and had been a woodcutter. How he raised the money to pay his passage does not matter. He was a big, bony fellow, with long hair and a wild eye.

He got a job in a Port Moody mill yard. He was a slow worker, but horse-willing, and the foreman rather liked him. He was a kind of a Buddhist when he remembered that he was anything and had no foolish ideas about caste or diet, or nonsense of that kind, and it really seemed that he would fit in, as much as a square peg ever fitted a round hole.

But he was homesick from the first. Not the mere wish to go home to see the old folks that an Ontario man living in British Columbia might have, but a great *heimweh* that you could not understand, coaxed Roumoud Singh to go back to the spring water of his childhood. Perhaps it was the smell of the freshly sawn lumber in the mill yard, the wild aroma of the fir, that played its witchery on him. It must have taken him back, in fancy, to the dark pine forests of his home hills.

For six months he worked with his *heimweh* dragging at his heart like a great hunger, and he remembered the little village hidden in one of the great folds of the pine-wrapped hills of his far country and the old sights and sounds and smells, and his family and friends, every wakeful minute of the six months, and he hated Port Moody and British Columbia. Every night he counted his savings, laboriously turning the dollars into rupees, before he went asleep to dream of the mist-clouds filling the wrinkles of the Himalayan foothills like steam, and the lakes of blue-white mist in the valley at dawn and the moonlight on the thatched roofs of his village.

Roumoud Singh slept and cooked his food in a shack in which nearly a dozen East Indians kennelled, at one end of a long broken-sidewalked street in Port Moody. In the gray rain-soft twilight he and the other turbaned, rough-bearded mill coolies slouched home, each carrying a little bundle of waste lumber on his head, for firewood. When they had cooked and eaten their supper of flour cakes and Hindu peas, or rice and curry, they smoked and drank whiskey from an earthenware jug, and five or six of them played a "sudden death" game, which has no name in English, but is played with little cubes of bone, marked something like dice. When Orientals gamble, they like to get results quickly. They do not play for sport. Roumoud Singh had never joined in the game, for he was saving his money to pay his passage back to India, and did not wish to risk losing a single dollar. But he was a born gambler like the others, and the lure of the game and the temptation to try to win some money to add to his savings was hard to resist. Perhaps the amulet around his neck would bring him luck and he might win enough to enable him to start for India at once. Had not Kala Singh won more than a month's wages in one night? At length, having taken more whiskey than he usually did, one evening he sat down to

play, to the great joy of Kala Singh who knew how to cheat, and knew that Roumoud Singh had much money.

At midnight Roumoud Singh got up from the rickety table, went outside and stood in the pouring rain. His amulet had not helped him. He had lost every dollar he had.

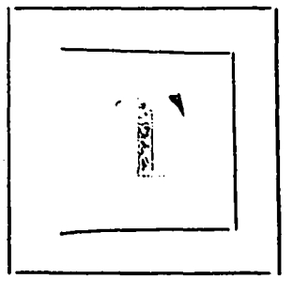
He looked eastward through the blackness of the night and the screen of the rain toward his own country. Quickly he made up his mind. A kind of obsession impelled him. His mind was not clear, of course.

He knew as little about geography as the early discoverers, who, when they sailed up the Saint Lawrence river, thought they had found a new way to China. He knew that he had come in a ship, from the East, towards the West. If he travelled east, would he not reach home? He could not see why. It would be a long journey, but if he kept travelling eastward he would, after many days and vicissitudes of fortune, reach his own country. There was a little cloud inside his head which threw a shadow over his mind, but he knew the four principal points of the compass. He knew that the railway ran in an easterly direction. He left the shack, and walked toward the railway.

(*From the Vancouver Province*)

Caesar of the Island

By Wilfrid Playfair



THIS is the pathetic story of a fool who rushed in where angels know better than to tread. Perhaps Caesar now understands why in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. I am not certain that he does. I haven't heard from him lately.

Caesar grew on an island, a little oasis in the wet waste of the Gulf of Georgia. There are many islands in the gulf—hundreds, maybe thousands. I have never counted them. It would not be fair to Caesar to single out from that archipelago the islet on which he grew, but grew is the word. To say that he lived there would be to convey an erroneous impression. Caesar knew nothing of the artificial existence we describe as living, and he was very happy. The course of his life was much like that of the potatoes produced on his island to feed the Cumberland miners. When he was born his parents christened him Caesar Stubbs, and despite the early frost of this anti-climax he grew tall and broad, and became in time a creditable specimen of his particular type of vegetable.

But a potato is, after all, only a potato, with obvious limitations, and there are certain things that every man vegetable, be he never so dull, learns in due course, without effort. Whenever I think of Caesar I think of the great Lafontaine, who told Caesar's story before he or his island had been heard of. In Lafontaine's tale the hermit's son, grown to maturity in a forest cave, visits the city with his father and for the first time sees women. Told by his anxious parent that they are a malign species of bird, he earnestly beseeches the hermit to "buy me one of those beautiful birds." A lifetime of precepts vanished in one moment at this awakening.

Caesar reached the age of twenty-three before this thing came to him. He suddenly discovered a lack in his scheme of life. The blue sky, the green ocean, the purple mountains, the good sea breeze—these were no longer enough. Pondering his uneasiness, Caesar one day saw a light. There were no women on his island! Bear with Caesar. He was not a sensitive plant, such as you find in city hot-houses, but the rough product of his gulf oasis. Once aware of the nature of his malady, he knew no better than to follow the line of least resistance—or call it *facilis descensus,* if you will. He took a steamboat for the city.

He had never been to the city before. He told me this himself. But then he had never before had occasion to make the visit. As he walked the streets—or, rather, loped them, for Caesar negotiated the traffic on the half run, body thrown forward, the gait of the hunting Indian—he was confused by the throngs of people, by the noise, the multiplicity of buildings and the lack of green grass. Every day he saw hundreds of women, young and old, beautiful and without beauty; passed them so close that he might have nudged them with his elbow. Every night he loped back to his lodging-house quarters depressed and heartsick. He was already hungry for his country, but the quest held him. He had fancied that all the trouble his mission entailed was to come to the swarming city, choose a mate and get him gone. Instead he was face to face with an artificial civilization.

I do not know how he came to think of newspapers. He omitted to tell me that. But he did think of them, and he saw the tangle of his perplexity unravel itself before him. Personally, I have never believed in advertising for a wife, but then I am old-fashioned. Caesar was neither new nor old-fashioned. He was a primitive savage, if a gentle one. His notice, perhaps you re-

member it, appeared for one week in a daily newspaper, and ran thus:

"Girls—Good chance; I have a beautiful island home in British Columbia; girls are scarce, twenty-five men to no girls; I have a home worth $5,000; I am 23; good boy and good-natured; brown hair and brown eyes; will promise marriage at first sight. Write Box 381."

With this advertisement Caesar made his debut as a public character in Vancouver. I have been told that for a week Box 381 held a statesman's correspondence. There were letters from many a fowler eager to entrap the unskilled bird from the islands, sweet missives from many a hopeless spinster unwilling to overlook a bet, cautious notes from maidens whose curiosity was an innocent legacy from Mother Eve, and one letter, I know, was from Marguerite. In fact, it was through that letter that I came to know Caesar.

Marguerite was—and, thank heaven! still is—a pearl without price, the raven-haired deity of our kitchen, to whom we bow the knee three times a day—at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. But mere worship palls in time, as many a female divinity of old must have learned, and Marguerite is young and very pretty. There were days when she dreamed of a flaxen-haired hero whose mission was to snatch her from her pedestal, and after all, if those days were marked on the household calendar by charred steaks and broken china, perhaps Marguerite was not too much to be blamed. On one such day of dreams Marguerite read Caesar's advertisement, and knew that the deliverer was at hand.

Excess of zeal was the undoing of Marguerite. In her impatience to meet her hero she revealed our telephone number, and it so happened that when Caesar rang up I answered. He gave me the message, roaring through the telephone in a voice whose bigness no doubt came of holding converse with neighboring islands. In just indignation I hung up the receiver and waited for Marguerite.

The goddess wept and confessed. "I did it just for fun, just to see what would happen," was her plea. It did not occur to me then but later I distinctly recalled that behind Marguerite's contrition there was apparent a sudden feminine rage against the man. It was "all his fault," you see, for giving the game away. From that moment Caesar's stock was at a discount, had I but known it. She complied with alacrity when I bade her write to Caesar appointing time and place for a meeting. Two evenings later it was I who kept the tryst with Caesar at the post office.

There were many people crowding in to the general delivery wicket that night, but I had no difficulty in finding Caesar. There was only one man there who was obviously looking for somebody, starting forward eagerly as a woman appeared and staring into her face with a fixity that was not brazen, but merely frank. He was a grotesque figure with ill-fitting clothing and an impression of shagginess, like a Newfoundland dog—a shambling giant of a man. I was so sure of him that I went up and called him by name. It seemed strange to me at the time that Caesar should answer so naturally, without surprise. The first sight of him assured me that my mission was in vain, for there was nothing to fear for Marguerite from this man. Yet I was stern.

"What do you mean by writing to my girl, Marguerite?" I demanded severely.

The stupidity of the question seemed to perplex Caesar. The reproach in his big brown eyes made him still more like the Newfoundland.

"I want a wife," he said at last. It was simple and final.

There he stood in the foreground of a twentieth-century setting, the post office on a busy night, a hopeless anachronism, a creature of the neolithic age, or was it the palaeolithic? Each moment I expected to see the proprietor of the museum come along and claim him, and, since I wished to talk to him first, I led him away. As we walked he plied me with artless questions concerning Marguerite, her age, the color of her eyes and hair, her disposition. Then he told me of his own simple life, of his island, his farm, his hopes. I had to warn him.

"Caesar," I said, "why don't you marry a girl from your island or from some other island? A city girl will grow homesick there and then your island will be hell. Don't try it, Caesar."

He turned his doglike eyes on me again. "There are no girls on my island," said he.

That was the end of it—there were no girls on that island. From Caesar's point of view the explanation was sufficient. It was like leading the lamb to the slaughter to promise him that he should meet Marguerite and propose island life to her, but I did it. The next evening Caesar responded to the invitation.

I am afraid that the sight of him effectually shattered Marguerite's ideal of a flaxen-haired hero. There was nothing heroic-looking about Caesar, and his tangled mane was as black as her own. Also he was unshaven, and the ready-made clothing clung too tightly to his broad frame and crept coyly away from his wrists and ankles. He brought with him such a suggestion as might have remained with Hercules after his bout with the Augean stables, but in the city-bred Marguerite found nothing alluring. He was evidently embarrassed under a roof, and at a loss as to the disposition of his great hands and feet. Altogether he must have been a revelation.

Marguerite was icy, but Caesar did not seem to notice this. Her comeliness awed him. She made pretence of sewing, while he, never imagining the need of conversation, sat on the other side of the table, devouring her with his eyes. When she got rid of him in the end, I waylaid him in the hall and asked him to come again. His gratitude was touching, and he came again and often.

It was unsafe for me to approach Marguerite those days. When Caesar did not come to press his suit in person he would send a daily letter. He had come across a manual of astrology, and, from information furnished by me as to Marguerite's birthday, had cast her horoscope and his own with the most happy result. Caesar was a man who took things for granted, as you may have suspected before this. He was convinced that Marguerite's destiny was an island farm. Nothing short of a cataclysm could shake his conviction, and as the days went by I began to look forward confidently to the cataclysm.

It came one Sunday afternoon. Marguerite went to Sunday school and on her return found Caesar waiting for her. The sight of him was to her that day like a red flag to a turkey-cock. Usually sullen in her wrath, this time she broke out, pouring out her rage first upon Caesar and then upon me.

"Send him away," she screamed. "Don't let him come here again. If I see him here again I shall leave."

It was some time later that I learned the reason for the outburst. It seems that the golden text that Sunday was "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

There is a limit to altruism. The fear of losing Marguerite was greater than my sympathy for Caesar. I decided to act at once. There was a boat leaving that very afternoon for the islands, and I took the broken-hearted Caesar down to the wharf and saw him safely aboard. My heart bled for him, but what was there to do?

"Go back to your island, Caesar," I told him. "You are lucky that it happened before and not after. Go back to your mountains and your sea and forget about the city. You'll be happier there."

Caesar shook his head in infinite sadness. "But there are no girls on my island," he said.

This story should end here, but alack, it does not. Caesar did a thing that is always fatal. He "came back." His farm is still on the island, I am informed, but Mrs. Caesar tills it alone. Caesar has moved to an island where there are no women.

Progress and Outlook

Invitations sent to the Mayors of all the cities in British Columbia brought the communications which make up this article. The magazine heartily thanks the writers of the various letters

B. C. Mainland

TWENTY-FOUR years only have sped since Vancouver's population, including all hands and the cook, counted one thousand people. In 1887 the first train came in from the east. Then Vancouver yawned a little and grew—slowly. In 1898 the gold horde came into town with the "yellow" craze gnawing at their brains. Then Vancouver grew, but no longer slowly—witness her one hundred and twenty thousand people today.

An institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. The lengthened shadows of many men make a city. Vancouver has the men. There was a time when she had only one man, and to him full credit should be given. Every town has its oldest inhabitant. Vancouver's is John Morton. He was the first settler. He inhabited a log shack near the waterfront where a big trading company sells tea today. The land he owned on Burrard Inlet is now worth in spots four thousand dollars per front foot. John Morton owned the land on which the business district of Vancouver now stands before the real estate agent's blueprint was invented and before the word "boost" was added to the English language. The east line of Stanley Park was the west boundary of his land, its north boundary was the Inlet, Burrard street was the east boundary, only Burrard street was a moccasin trail then. The south boundary of his little farm was English Bay and False Creek. He owns some of it yet, a few feet of it. He can shut his eyes and see Navy Jack's, also called Gassy Jack's, also called Gastown, also called Granville, a mean little village of two dozen rickety shacks slouching among the stumps in a little clearing. This was Vancouver's beginning. It was not so very long ago. Morton came in 1862. Less than half a century.

Vancouver is a modern metropolis. It is modern because it is new and has been built as men build cities today. It has no traditions except the tradition of success. It has only one dominating perspective—success. For Vancouver there can be no alternative, else have the seers of today read wrongly the necromantic bowl.

Vancouver is draining from the world one thousand people every month. The majority of these people come because "it's a live town." On ground where five years ago the trees were uncut there are now stores and houses; where there were two-storey buildings there are now structures eight or nine storeys high. The cities of Canada have broken all records with their constructive steel orders for 1911. This city alone has ordered thirty-five thousand beams of structural steel. Comparison of the months of 1910 with those of 1909 show in building expenditure a tremendous increase in nearly every instance, and in some months the figures are doubled.

In everything potential for a city's greatness this infant, crutched in the hills, is wealthed like the fabled cities of the east. Minerals? Thrusting peaks are house-guards to the riches seamed through the granite. Timber? Pines swell their girth of over a thousand years; stand densely on hill steeps and in gouged out valleys. Wheat pours in from the prairie provinces. Fruits ripen on the trees in crowding lusciousness. Ships lie banked along the wharves, each emptying its commerce and swallowing a load for burden to world-scattered ports. No seaport in America

has such a wonderful harbor. The possession of the harbor alone would make Vancouver a city thrilling with trade. Railways girt the city in steel. Vancouver is a divisional point on the world's greatest equator of traffic.

In the year 1909 the building inspector issued permits which totalled seven million two hundred and fifty-eight thousand five hundred and sixty-five dollars. The year of 1910 reached thirteen million one hundred and fifty thousand three hundred and sixty-five dollars—an average of more than a million a month. By the twentieth of January, 1911 the building permits totalled ninety-three and amounted to seven hundred and ninety-one thousand and ninety-two dollars. One building—that of the Investors' Guarantee Corporation, Limited—will cost five-hundred thousand dollars.

There is practically no department of the city's life which is not leaping ahead. In January, 1908, there were four thousand nine hundred and sixty 'phones in Vancouver. January, 1909, found eight thousand one hundred and thirty-one 'phones; January, 1911, found eleven thousand 'phones.

Vancouver is the commercial, financial and industrial centre of the province. The Provincial government estimated the 1909 production of industry of the province to amount to eighty-two million five hundred thousand dollars. Of this total, about seventy-five per cent. is credited to the lower mainland, of which Vancouver is the centre.

Vancouver has close at hand a water supply which is capable of producing over one hundred thousand horse-power. Thirty thousand is available now and works are under construction which will develop an equal amount. When measured in horse-power, the amount of water-power available within a radius of one hundred miles of Vancouver mounts into figures that express inadequately the full significance of its presence. Within one hundred miles of Vancouver there are ten great water powers, each capable of generating twenty-thousand horse-power.

Financially Vancouver is sound. There are thirty-five banks, sixteen of which are head offices, and nineteen branches. Bank clearings for 1910 came close to the four-hundred-million mark.

As yet it is a roughed-in city, with spots finished here and there. Soon it will be impossible to find any trace of board roads, stump-pocked lots lying next to big modern houses. Greater Vancouver is being made. There is a league in the city with the battle whoop "a million of people in ten years." That is the spirit permeating British Columbia. In the following pages is told something of the advance of 1910. The story has one note only—success.

NEW WESTMINSTER

"THE old order changeth yielding place to new." When the Poet Laureate, Tennyson, wrote these words, he little dreamt how pregnant with meaning they would become to the sons and daughters of the British Empire, many of whom were destined to leave the land of their birth and seek a home in far-distant climes beyond the sea, yet still beneath the flag they loved so well.

The history of Canada during the last half century has been one of change, one of noble deeds attempted, and one of victories won. Formerly, the one cry of the pioneer was Onward! Westward pushed those intrepid explorers Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and scores of others whose names are writ large in the history of our land, though many of them received no recognition for the great work they had done—except, it may be, the designating of some small area, and the naming it after its discoverer.

During the last decade the cry of Onward! was changed to one of Advance, British Columbia! The Pacific coast had been reached some fifty years ago, and men of intellect, commerce, statesmanship, and will-power became imbued with a sense of the vast possibilities, existing and prospective, in the new land upon which they had settled bordering the vast Pacific ocean.

From the mighty forest-growth on the north side of that great river, the Missa-Sepe, now known as the Fraser, a little band of sappers and miners laid the foundation of what they then intended to be the metropolis of the Western mainland.

Formerly known as Queensborough, the city of New Westminster, as it was renamed by Queen Victoria, sprang into

existence as a military post, and the headquarters from which Colonel Moody and his picked band of engineers, surveyors, road-builders, and craftsmen of all kinds, explored the land and radiated their lines in all directions.

Few of the old buildings remain today, but those that do bear ample testimony to the skill and solidity exercised in their erection; the roadways then established show that these brave men were daunted by no obstacles, whilst the survey lines of the city proposed, as well as the plans actually prepared, have excited the astonishment of surveyors and draftsmen by reason of their accuracy and artistic finish.

The great fire of 1898 destroyed the city hall, mint, cathedral, hundreds of residences, wharves, the commercial section, and perhaps worst of all, the records which told of the early struggles of the founders of the Royal city, about a dozen of whom still remain to see the fruition of their work.

Notwithstanding the great disaster the citizens of that day set to work manfully to rebuild the city, and today it stands a monument to energy and civic loyalty, a city beautiful; pre-eminent amongst the cities of Canada in all that tends for progress, commercial activity, and loyal confidence in the future destiny of the city as a port, centre of manufacturing and industrial activity, and the great agricultural market of British Columbia.

The year that has just passed will ever stand out prominently in the annals of New Westminster as one marking a change from the old order of things and the commencement of a new epoch.

The entire Fraser valley has realized its community of interests, and the necessity of closer association, together with an enlarged knowledge of the requirements of the numerous communities scattered therein.

In taking stock we find that railway development has become the dominating factor for progress. The Great Northern line to Abbotsford did much in opening up a vast agricultural area; but the great work in this direction is that entered into by the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, at a cost of some $3,000,000, in carrying their line to the city of Chilliwack, a distance of over seventy miles. In addition to this is the decision of the Canadian Northern Trans-continental to establish its terminal, car-shops, and other works on the south side of the Fraser, opposite New Westminster. This means that within three years the C. P. R. will have competition to face from the Atlantic coast.

From a maritime point of view, the promise of the Dominion Government to establish permanent protection works at the mouth of the Fraser means the opening up of the great fresh-water harbor of New Westminster to the largest class of ocean-going vessels to and from any port in the world of commerce.

From a financial point of view the citizens have every reason to be well satisfied, for their debenture bonds have realized far higher rates than ever before. In its civic policy the city has been energetic, far-seeing, and painstaking to secure permanency of work, with ample preparation for such extensions, in all branches, as the rapid advance of population now taking place may require.

Civic work is now in progress, completed, or prepared for, which is estimated to cost about $1,000,000; mainly street improvements, sewerage, water extension, and similar public works of utility and sanitation. The total sewerage work is nearly thirty-one miles; four and a half miles of cement sidewalks have been laid, whilst plans are prepared for one and a quarter mile further, for which the estimates have been already passed. About eighteen miles of steel water pipe (13 and 25 inch) are being laid from the city to Lake Coquitlam, whence the city supply is drawn. Plank sidewalk have been laid for a distance of 25,828 lineal feet; 407 chains of new streets have been opened for traffic, and 349 chains have been graded by the Board of Works.

Today New Westminster is in the front rank among progressive cities, unsurpassed for beauty of situation, excellence of climate, purity of water, sanitary conditions, and commercial or industrial prospects.

The recent re-election of Mr. John A. Lee, the mayor under whose guidance the city so prospered during the year 1910, by a largely increased majority, proves that the citizens are heartily in accord with his policy of public improvements, and the doing of everything possible to make New West-

minster a city that shall be recognized, not only on this continent, but in Great Britain itself as one well worthy of its proud title—The Royal City and Metropolis of the Verdant Fraser Valley.

CHARLES H. STUART WADE.

December, 1910.

NORTH VANCOUVER

THE city of North Vancouver, which was incorporated in 1907, with a population of fifteen hundred, has increased in the interim to nearly six thousand people. In the forty-three months elapsing it has had a growth averaging about one hundred people every month.

In the year 1910 this city has marched with the vanguard in the line of progress which characterizes the cities of British Columbia. We have constructed eleven and a half miles of permanent sidewalks. The estimate provided a working fund of fifty-eight thousand dollars for the Board of Works of 1910. The water works department spent over seventy-four thousand dollars on improvements. The amount of waterworks construction is thirty per cent. increase over any previous year. We installed forty-eight hydrants, making a total of ninety-eight. The number of house connections is an increase of five hundred per cent. over 1909. We have constructed a new sixteen-inch water main from the city intake pipe. We have now two mains, the other being ten-inch piping. Iron piping was substituted for the old wooden material. A special fire main was placed on Lonsdale avenue, with the full city pressure, giving a head of six hundred and thirty feet. This gives an excellent fire service at nominal cost. This year we established a permanent fire brigade. A new fire hall is in course of construction. We have increased our street lights by fifty per cent. and established an all-night service. In 1907 we had only one bank. Now we have four.

If the present plans of the city are successful, in a short time we shall have Rice lake, with a capacity of seventy-seven million gallons, as a natural reservoir. We have commenced local improvements consisting of grading, paving, laying sewers, walks, etc., which will cost in the region of four hundred and fifty three thousand dollars.

The increase in population has necessitated the provision of better school equipment. Our new high school is now almost completed. We have two hospitals, several parks and athletic grounds, exhibition building, and a Japanese tea garden.

Our assessed value in 1904 was one million thirty one thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. This year it amounted to twenty-one million dollars. Our tax revenue six years ago was seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty-three dollars. This year it was very nearly two hundred thousand dollars. We have now tramways, electric lighting, telephones, telegraphs, wireless, etc., which were not here in 1904. Our water systems extend over the city, Lynn and Capilano valleys and Caulfields. North Vancouver is run on the single-tax system.

Our 1911 outlook is of the brightest. Our plans and policies are governed by the desire to lay a solid groundwork for the fabric of the great city North Vancouver is bound to become. With the manufactures we possess and those which will surely come owing to the advantageous sites in this vicinity, we look forward to undoubted prosperity. The Imperial Car, Shipbuilding and Drydock Company Ltd. will soon be one of our greater iron foundries. Many other factories are coming in. We look forward to 1911 as the big year in our history and we believe many better ones will follow that.

J. H. MAY, Mayor.

December, 1910.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

KAMLOOPS extends to all your readers the best greetings for the New Year. The past twelve months have meant much for the city in which I have the honor to be Chief Magistrate. The material progress of the city has been greater in 1910 than any time since incorporation, but the year 1911 promises even better things for the inland capital. During the past year business blocks, public and semi-public buildings and residences have been built, the total value of which will reach $500,000, and there are already projected buildings for 1911 which will more than reach the same total. The activity in railway circles—the im-

provements projected by the C. P. R. and the construction work which will be commenced early by the C. N. R.—is sure to make Kamloops a busy centre for many months to come, while the completion of these works will be of a permanent benefit almost inestimable. During the past year the population has increased by almost 30 per cent., and is now estimated at 4,550, and this is expected to increase by 50 per cent during 1911.

In sending the sincerest greetings to all other towns and cities in British Columbia I am able to assure each and every one that Kamloops has every reason to look forward to 1911 with undiminished hope and increased confidence.

J. T. ROBINSON, Mayor.
December, 1910.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

IN reply to your query as to my ideas as to the future of Cranbrook and East Kootenay, I would say that I am, perhaps, more optimistic than the average man, but when I look back over the past thirteen years and note the progress made during that time, I think one is justified in saying the district is only in its infancy. I arrived in Wardner, B. C., September 20th, 1897, after three days of hard driving from Kalispell, Montana. Now one can reach Spokane in about seven hours, Vancouver in eighteen hours and Winnipeg in thirty-six hours. And in making any of these journeys one can enjoy the comforts of the most palatial trains on the American continent. Twelve years ago Cranbrook had one small sawmill, that of the Cranbrook Lumber Company, which was located about one mile above town on St. Joseph's Creek. I was informed that this mill, with a capacity of perhaps 15,000 feet per day, would cut all the timber in the district in five years. Now there are twenty-three sawmills, one tie mill and six large factories in the district between Yahk on the west and Elko on the east. These twenty-three mills have a total average daily capacity of at least 700,000 feet during six to eight months of each year with five to twenty years' supply of timber each.

Mr. William Hamilton and others have demonstrated beyond doubt that the land is well adapted for farming and fruit growing. Mining is a very great factor in the upbuilding of the district. The big St. Eugene and other mines at Moyie, the big Sullivan and North Star at Kimberley, have been steady shippers for a number of years. The building of the Kootenay Central railway will open a magnificent farming and mining country to the north of Cranbrook. The large electrical power plant of the Bull River Power and Light Company, which is nearing completion, will do much toward the advancement of the different industries of the district. Most of us have grievances against the railroads, but, notwithstanding this, we must admit much credit is due the C. P. R. for the part they have played in opening up this part of the province. The C. P. R. have been exceedingly good to Cranbrook in many ways. It is due to the company that we have so many nice homes. They have kept the price of real estate low and at terms that enabled most anyone to build and own their own home. They have given Cranbrook as good freight rates as any town in the interior of the province. They established and maintained shops here which, I am told, are second to none in the west, and have employed as fine a body of men as there is to be found in the whole of Canada. Cranbrook is just entering upon a very rapid and healthy growth and I do not believe that I am over-estimating when I say she will, inside of five years, have a population of at least ten thousand. Her school, hospital, churches, lodges, homes, banks, mercantile houses and hotels will compare very favorably with any town in Canada with the same population. Compare the price of real estate in Cranbrook with other towns of the west with equal population and resources and you will find ours at least 50 per cent. lower. We have every reason to feel proud of "Beautiful Cranbrook."

J. P. FINK, Mayor.
December, 1910.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

'TWIXT coast and prairie, midway; with mountain, forest and mineral setting; with fertile valley lands for fruit and crops; railway (main line) and river service route; point for north and south trade—no point in the interior of British Columbia has such

a strategically certain future as Revelstoke. It was such features that first commended it to its pioneer locators, and later decided its establishment as a divisional point and power-centre by the C. P. R. Time will establish it also as the linking-place between the C. P. R. and G. T. P. zones by a railroad around the Big Bend of the Columbia. Look at your map, and see the northerly sweep of the first, the southerly sweep of the latter, and see the connecting link of a navigable river (the Columbia, twelfth in the world) flowing through a fertile valley full of arable land, well timbered, and rich in ores, precious and base, and you will see what Revelstokers, with a knowlege of the country's potentialities and the trade factors working for results, all know, that in another decade there will be a railroad and business centre at Revelstoke which will place it, probably, at least third in the list of British Columbia cities.

Age is nothing—'tis opportunity that counts for something, everything, in the race for progress, and the moral is eloquently evident in Revelstoke. Just one, the first decade of municipal life has passed over its head, effecting a transformation from a village without a more noticeable feature than tree stumps to a large, hardy young city of commercial standing, growing and thrifty population, industrial advantages and domestic privileges, worthy of places, even in Canada, many times its age. And the most interesting thing about it (to me) is that it has happened without any of the boom or fuss so generally incident to western towns' growth. Time is with us. We know it, and are drawing on it liberally, secure in the knowledge that we can meet our heavy obligations on present steady growth, and face a future of assured prosperity with the quiet joy of having wisely prepared for it.

Thus the year 1910 has seen the completing stages taken in a sewerage system costing $100,000, an electric light and power system worth $125,000 and developing 1,200 horse-power for industries, and an additional water supply costing $27,500, which with the established system gives a water supply equal to the demands of a city several times our present size. A new brick school-house (our second one) costing $60,000, had to be built this year to meet the ever-growing demands of education; the Molsons Bank and the Canadian Bank of Commerce both built handsome permanent buildings this year, and a splendid new wing was erected on the Queen Victoria hospital. The total building improvements for the year 1910 reached $250,000. Then, too, trade generally has been good, and all local business has steadily increased. Settlers have been numerous on adjacent lands, and a developing home and outside market has been eager for all produce, raw and manufactured. The prices of realty, town lots and cleared acreage, are moderate, and offer opportunities of exceptional advantage to proper purchasers.

The prospects of Revelstoke for 1911 are, then, from what has occurred and is likely to happen, of a roseate hue. We expect a great impetus to be given agriculture and horticulture by the opening to settlement of the Dominion railway belt lands (in which Revelstoke stands) under new and specially designed regulations to come into force, I understand, in January, 1911, and this settlement movement will be further greatly assisted if the now announced survey of Canoe river lands is carried out by the Provincial Government. The system of trunk-road building by the Provincial Government through the fertile valley lands near Revelstoke will be, and indeed is, of much benefit to land settlement. The recent merger of many mills into the large British-controlled concern, the Dominion Sawmills Company, which, with Revelstoke as headquarters, is taking steps to push their plants at full market capacity, insures a year of lumbering trade activity without local parallel; and those mills outside the merger will add to the expected big results. If the definite promises of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, to build costly and handsome public buildings, with the erection of business and private blocks and houses as intended by resident and non-resident property holders, all eventuate, the building trades in the coming year should also be remuneratively employed.

Industrially, the cheap and sufficient power supply is expected to lead to an increased force of men and work in the local C. P. R. shops and in new manufacturing enterprises which have located here. The need of a well equipped machine shop or iron

works is noticeable, and a grist-mill would also do well. The corporation will meet all intending industries with fairness and in moderation. Local divisional C. P. R. improvements are expected to be considerable, giving a lot of employment. Some say, too (but it is still only talk) that 1911 will see a start made on the C. P. R. winter and freight diversion road around the Big Bend of the Columbia. Merchants are all in expectation of a good year in 1911 and are enlarging stocks and premises; and the hotels are equally energetic in catering for the growing requirements of the steadily increasing stream of tourist and resident guests.

It is, therefore, in good faith and with reason that, on behalf of Revelstoke, I wish all its present and (within the year) future residents, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

J. H. HAMILTON, Mayor.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke.
December 1910.

VERNON, B. C.

IT gives me great pleasure to have the opportunity of wishing your readers a Happy New Year and that the prosperity which we have all enjoyed during the past year may be continued and increased in the one now commencing.

Vernon and the surrounding country, which is rapidly becoming famous as the banner fruit district of Canada, have every reason to be satisfied with the progress made in 1910 and with the fact that efforts of the past few years are bearing fruit (in more senses than one) to the residents and business men of the Okanagan.

The large orchard plantings begun four or five years ago are now just coming into bearing and demonstrate beyond a doubt that the Okanagan valley has passed the experimental stage and also that those who put their faith and money in this country are about to reap a rich reward.

During the past year some three hundred cars of fruit, of a value of about a quarter of a million dollars, have been shipped from Vernon alone.

Some three thousand additional acres of fruit have been planted this year, which with those previously planted, will give a total of some eighteen thousand acres of orchard. When all this is in bearing in another five years it should produce a total of something like eight thousand cars of fruit, worth at present prices about eight million dollars.

British Columbia fruit has this year won the first prize wherever exhibited in Great Britain, and sixty per cent. of it was the produce of the Okanagan valley.

New areas are being brought under irrigation and cultivation. The Grey canal, which will water some 13,000 acres, is practically complete. The Couteau Power Co. expect to start work in the spring on an electric tramway, which will ramify all through the country and bring railway facilities to nearly every rancher's door.

The prospects and prosperity of the surrounding country are of course reflected in the city. It has been a record year for building and the substantial character of the business buildings erected this year is an evidence of the faith of the business people of the city in its future.

Civic improvements are keeping pace with the times. Sewerage and a new water-works system have been installed, cement sidewalks laid down on the principal streets and a system of arc lighting is being extended throughout the city.

Feeling satisfied with our own past year and looking forward to the bright prospects ahead of us, we of Vernon, the Metropolis of Fruitland, wish our friends throughout British Columbia an equal measure of prosperity during the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. HUSBAND, Mayor.

December, 1910.

NELSON, B. C.

AT the close of the year 1910 the Mayor of the city of Nelson extends to the citizens of Vancouver his hearty congratulations upon the substantial progress both in population and general prosperity which their city has enjoyed during the year.

At the same time the city of Nelson has shared in no small degree in the general prosperity that has prevailed throughout the province of British Columbia, and it is a source of much satisfaction that the development of the vast resources and settlement

of the uncultivated areas of the interior of the province so essential to the stability and further growth of the coast cities, are beginning to receive attention at the hands of the residents of Vancouver.

The great National Apple Show, and the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition held during the year in Vancouver have afforded great opportunities for the display of the natural products of the province. The importance and value of such exhibitions cannot be over-estimated, and it is more than pleasing that at both exhibitions Nelson and the surrounding districts have secured many high awards.

The great industries of the district of Kootenay, of which Nelson is the commercial centre, namely, mining, lumbering and fruit-growing, have all shown improvement and advancement during the year just ended, and the result is reflected in the larger volume of business done by both wholesale and retail houses in the city of Nelson during the past year.

Mining, especially in the Sheep Creek camp and the Slocan, has received a great deal of attention. Many mines which have been closed are being again worked, while several new properties have been developed. Although the price of metals has not been as satisfactory as might be desired, the general impression exists that there is a revival at hand of the prosperous times in the mining industry, and that investigation and investment by capitalists of Vancouver are warranted, and that with these, capital from outside points will be attracted, and the vast undeveloped mineral wealth of this district will be further exploited.

Fruit-growing in this section of the province is assuming an important position, and the success at the recent Apple Show at Vancouver and at the various exhibitions in England has demonstrated that Kootenay apples can compare favorably with those grown anywhere. The several hundreds of thousands of trees planted during the past year will soon come into bearing, and the export then must be an important factor in the wealth of the province.

While there has not been much building during the past year in the city of Nelson itself, still the complete occupation of all stores, warehouses, offices and dwelling houses in the city has had a material effect on the value and demand for city property, and the outlook for further building in the city is good.

The construction of the large tourist hotel by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company on the West Arm of the Kootenay lake is an important feature of this year's development. The occupation of this hotel should result in bringing to the district visitors from all parts of the world, and as the attractions of its beautiful scenery and vast natural resources become thus better known, the district of Kootenay cannot but materially benefit.

With improved means of communication, so necessary for the development of commerce, the interchange of trade between this city and the city of Vancouver cannot but increase, to the mutual advantage and benefit of both cities, and it is with the hope that the time may not be long before the citizens of Nelson can visit Vancouver at the cost of less expense and less time, that the Mayor of Nelson sends his greeting to the citizens of Vancouver.

HAROLD SELOUS, Mayor.

December, 1910.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

I TAKE this opportunity of wishing you and the readers of your excellent magazine a bright and prosperous New Year. We trust that the year 1911 may be as prosperous and progressive to all your readers as the year 1910 has been to the city of Prince Rupert.

Prince Rupert has enjoyed a phenomenal growth and development during the year 1910, having reached the status of a city from the condition of a village in one short twelve months. Permanent roadways are being established by blasting down the hills and filling up the valleys, the roads and thoroughfares thereby becoming possibly the most permanent on the Pacific coast today.

A municipal telephone system has been installed. It is thoroughly up to date and enjoying a patronage which is steadily on the increase.

A municipal electric light plant furnishes light at a minimum cost, and an inexhaustible supply of pure water is being obtained from one of the neighboring lakes. The

surveys for pipe line and installation of same necessary to pipe from lake to city have been built, and the active installation of same is being proceeded with.

The rapid up-building and development of the city are being aided to a marked degree by the fact that Prince Rupert levies no taxes whatever upon buildings or improvements.

Again wishing you and your readers a bright and prosperous New Year.—Yours,

December, 1910. FRED STORK, Mayor.

PENTICTON THE PEERLESS

SIX years ago a waste of sage brush and bunch grass, the stillness broken only by the dismal howl of the coyote and the whoop of the cowboy rounding up an unruly herd of cattle; today orchards, beautiful in their symmetry and clean cultivation, extend for miles! Residences betokening comfort and prosperity add to the beauty, proclaiming a population of culture and refinement. The population has doubled within the last twelve months and is increasing every day. Last year's assessment was $1,070,000.00; this year it is $1,989,000.00, or very nearly double. A magic change—and all brought about by the influence of water.

The municipality possesses the finest reservoir system in Canada—reservoirs which are filled by the melting snows and holding sufficient water to irrigate every acre of land within the municipality, even without the refreshing showers of rain which fall at intervals throughout the summer.

A permanent foundation has been laid and we are now beginning the building-up process. The future is rosy with promise. For the coming year 1911 we have outlined quite an ambitious programme, but at the same time one absolutely necessary to assist in the future development of our municipality. By-laws have already been carried providing for roads and street improvements, the installing of a large electric lighting system, the laying on of an up-to-date domestic water system of pure mountain water, and also the building of sidewalks. All the improvements will no doubt be completed before the end of the new year.

The Kettle Valley Railroad Company has agreed to make Penticton the divisional point between the Boundary and Nicola, and to begin construction work early in the spring. When this line is completed we will have a short line to Vancouver, and Penticton will be the main point between the territories and the coast.

The Great Northern Railway is about to build from Oroville to this point.

The Dominion Government is engaged in dredging the Okanagan river, which runs through the municipality of Penticton, with the object of making it navigable throughout the year and thus provide a commercial waterway with the southern country.

Plans are being prepared providing for the construction of a large and thoroughly up-to-date tourist hotel. Lumber companies are engaged in the preliminaries essential to the manufacture in a large way of wooden pipe, fruit boxes and merchantable timber. Canneries, brickyards and cement factories and other industries are planned, and contracts are out for a number of fire-proof up-to-date business blocks. As a result we look forward with confidence to a population of 5,000 within the very near future.

While the geographical position of Penticton will force the railroads operating in Southern British Columbia in here, thus insuring Penticton being a place of great importance, its chief magnetic power is in its exceedingly delightful climate, its beautiful environment of pine-clad grassy mountains, the home of the deer and blue grouse, its silvery lakes teeming with fighting trout, its winding, softly-flowing river, and crescent-shaped sandy bathing beaches, and more particularly the wonderful fruit-producing qualities of its soil. Here the apple, peach, pear, cherry and all other deciduous fruits grow to perfection, attaining a wealth of color and flavor unsurpassed in any part of the world.

Nature has been extremely prodigal with us. Still, spirit plays a part, and a large part, in the development of the resources of this western world. I am privileged to say that Penticton is receiving its due quota of citizens possessed of that necessary spirit which will aid in placing her in the front rank of Interior cities, and help advertise to the world the manifold resources of our fair province.

December, 1910. E. FOLEY-BENNETT, Reeve of Penticton.

Empire of Women

Conducted by Valerie Vectis

NOTE:—Under this department will be answered, in order received, all letters from women readers of this magazine who wish for authentic and reliable information concerning British Columbia and the Western Prairies. All letters must be accompanied by "Correspondence Coupon"

"He who loves best his fellow-man,
Is loving God the holiest way he can."

"BETTER late than never"—says the old proverb; and accepting such sage advice as a wise maxim, I want to wish the women readers of this magazine all the good New Year wishes one woman's heart can possibly hold, or that one editor—in his very nicest mood—will consent to print. I might enumerate happy days and golden sheaves; or express a wish to take a hand in manipulating the cranks of Fortune's wheel, so that as far as you, my dear readers, are concerned, it might safely bear all your dearest hopes and pet projects to the goal you desire. But I prefer to leave my wishes unvoiced as far as their concrete form is affected, and just to send out to you all a sweet, strong suggestion in the abstract, that each of you who reads this page may find in the passing pageant of days each New Year brings in its train enough of laughter to chase the tears from every eye, and enough of love to banish the sorrow from every heart. By the way, talking of "Fortune's wheel," did you ever notice how many "cranks" there really are in its cunning construction? It is the one wheel of all the wheels that circumnavigate their own circumference, that makes me long to be an engineer. Possibly you have felt that way, too!

Now I am going to emulate the plucky example of the small boy I observed one day last summer standing shiveringly uncertain on the diving platform at English Bay; I am going to—plunge right in!

First of all, I want to say how very glad I am to welcome all the women readers of this magazine to my little corner of the "Empire of Woman." Some of you may remember me when the magazine reached you under another name, and possibly some of you may have wondered what had become of me and those ideal humans I once told you about. Well—magazines, like men, have to pass through many vicissitudes in the achieving of their destiny, and professional pens are largely at the caprice of policies. However, the present policy of this magazine promises to make it the most popular monthly in British Columbia—the most welcome visitor month by month in ten thousand homes in this beautiful province of ours.

I remember once reading some pretty little verses—the exact lines I cannot quite recall—but their substance might be summed up in the words that there is not a featherweight of anything worth having in the world that has not, in some way or another, a woman in it.

Now the editor is very anxious to make this magazine a huge success, and I want to do my little best to help him. I in turn want you to do your big best to help me, and I am certain that if you help me, and I help the editor—why— oh, dear!—I do wish mathematics were my strong point, then I might be able to out-euclid Euclid, by proving how your help and my help, added to the editor's endeavors, would solve to everybody's satisfaction the secret of success for this magazine!

Although you may have known it before, I am going to tell you again in case your

memory has played you truant. Success is never really achieved single-handed. In every relation of life men and women are interdependent on each other, and loyal co-operation is really the only safe foundation on which to build the superstructure of a lasting success.

Dear women readers, it is your loyal co-operation I am asking for. I will tell you why. Although, of course, my remarks include every woman reader of this page, this month I am addressing the women of British Columbia and the great Prairie Provinces.

In all parts of the British Empire many statements concerning Canada are being given to the world through the agency of newspaper and magazine. Many of these statements are optimistically correct, unprejudiced, and true; but on the other hand, some of them are gross exaggerations, false, and in some cases even scurrilous. What I want you women of British Columbia and the prairies to do is to write me letters about yourselves, your surroundings, your work and your play; letters that I can publish in these columns, so that readers of this magazine at least may read and judge for themselves, from facts presented as they really exist, about the homelife in this country in all its varied aspects and phases.

Men and women all over the world are looking to this vast country of Canada, and longing to know the truth about its fabulous resources, its measureless unpeopled places, its climate of east and west, and the conditions, social, economic, and political that make up the life of its people.

Try to look at the question from a patriotic and imperial point of view. By patriotism I do not mean that distorted emotion, that frayed-out sentiment, that more nearly resembles insanity than anything else. By patriotism I mean a sane, sober regard for those hallowed traditions, which from time immemorial have constituted the most vital element in the life's blood of nations, and without which no nation can attain its full stature and be really great.

Just at present there seems to be an erroneous idea abroad that patriotism consists merely of a few perfunctory performances, such as saluting a flag or greeting a national air with a clamor of cheers and clapping of hands. These are all very good in their way, but my conception of true patriotism reaches just a little deeper into the depths—just a little higher into the heights of national life, than even the farthest echo of the loudest cheer has ever penetrated.

However, we will chatter on this subject at a future date; my refractory pen runs away with me sometimes. Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman who went into a barber's shop to have his hair cut? It was a very hot day, and Pat had been drinking too much water (I think it must have been the brand the Indians call "fire-water") and as he sat in the chair, his head wobbled about like a ship in a storm, even though he himself had fallen asleep. The barber clipped away busily, until suddenly Pat's head gave an unexpected lurch, and the scissors went right through the lower part of the lobe of the ear. The barber gave a terrified shriek and rushed wildly about, but the Morpheus-cradled Irishman failed to awaken until quite a crowd had gathered to find out what all the excitement was about. "Phat's the matter wid yez all?" he said, slowly opening his eyes. "Why, good heavens, man!" shouted the distracted barber, "I have accidentally cut off the lower part of your ear!" "It that all?" came the imperturbable reply; "then git on wid yer bizness—it was too long anyway!"

Something whispers me that you will be thinking these introductory remarks of mine "too long any way"—and would tell me, if only your voice could reach me, to "git on wid me bizness!" Well, I will! The business which is most in my mind at present is to ask you to write to me. Tell me about the place in which you live—your interests—your gardens—your work of all descriptions, and send me any photos that would make good illustrations to your letters, and which it would please you to see published. In this way I hope to weld a chain, link by link, of a nearer relationship—and a better understanding between the women readers of this magazine in all parts of the world. A chain that shall bind us all closer together in our work for the homes that claim our love and womanly care; in our work for the betterment of the towns and cities in which we live, and

which claim our good citizenship; and in strong, brave thoughts for the great Empire of which we are a part, and which claims the patriotic allegiance of every loyal heart throughout its sun-encircled realms.

* * *

DID you notice the couplet that headed these columns? I want you to read it over more than once. I found it one day in a little frame standing on the bureau of a sweet woman worker of the west.

"He who loves best his fellow-man,
Is loving God the holiest way he can."

Such precious philosophy was too good to keep all to myself, so I pass it on to you. If only we could live up to the standard of those two lines how many cares and grievances in this old world would disappear. If only we could learn to love ourselves less, and our fellow-men more. If! —Let's try, anyhow!

* * *

THOSE of you who possess the priceless privilege of having some wee man or some wee maid call you "Mummy," know something of the laughter and unconscious humor hidden away in the exercise books of the future men and women of the world. Schoolboy howlers always have a great fascination for me; they are generally so ingenuously and so honestly funny. Here are a few prize specimens that were recently published by the "University Correspondent." Whatever they lack in that strict accuracy demanded by the School Board officials, they certainly make up for in originality and a lively imagination:

Henry the eighth married Katherine, and she said it was Wolsey's fault.

The feminine of *fox* is *fox-hen.*

An interjection is a sudden explosion of the mind.

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

Queen Elizabeth rode a white horse from Kenilworth through Coventry with nothing on, and Raleigh offered her his cloak.

The plural of *spouse* is *spice.*

When England was placed under an Interdict the Pope stopped all births, marriages, and deaths for a year.

Many vessels have been wrecked and sunk in attempting to force a passage through the Rockies.

Every one needs a holiday from one year's end to another.

The Red Indians when hunting carry their lives in their hands, also their revolvers.

A figure of speech is a way of talking or writing by which you say what you don't mean, and yet mean what you say. Example:—"He blows his own trumpet." You don't mean that he has a trumpet, but you do mean that he blows it, i.e. he boasts.

Volcanoes are due to the infernal heat of the earth.

* * *

NOW I wonder if some of you will think that this paragraph savors somewhat of a "preachment," when you discover that I have the temerity to deliver a little lecture on the danger of dress. Perhaps I should say, the danger of too much dress.

"Danger!" you say—where does the danger come in?"

I will tell you. I am thinking more particularly just now of the wild extravagance both in fashion and fabric that is literally running rampant in the modistic world today. There are so many modern "Lady Teazles" who evidently want to be thought "women of fashion" that every other consideration is entirely lost sight of. If only some of the present grotesque styles added to woman's charms, I could find it in my heart to forgive her for adopting them; but unfortunately the effect resulting is just the opposite. There is an altogether false philosophy underlying the fashions of the hour as far as women are concerned. I say fashions of the hour advisedly; to be certain of so fickle a mistress as Fashion for longer than an hour were as stupid as it were fallacious. Whether a gown or hat is becoming or not is of small consequence; so long as it is freakish and fantastic some women will buy it, and what is worse still—wear it!

The art of looking winsomely, womanly sweet in dainty inexpensive fabrics, fashioned with simplicity and good taste, has long since been lost sight of in the new cult of "temperamental gowns." "cameo costumes," and diabolical corsets, that are doing their best to lower the status of true womanhood in more ways than one. Those of

you who *think* will know just what I mean. I am afraid I have more pity than admiration for the woman who makes of herself a walking fashion-plate, quite oblivious of the fact that she is often accentuating little defects of face and figure in her frantic effort to keep up with the Juggernaut car that carries the latest eccentricity in the shape of feminine adornment.

Of course, it is a woman's duty to always look her very best; it is a duty she owes not only to herself but to those around her; but to achieve the desired effect she need not necessarily swathe her form in layers of chiffon over other layers of silk and satin, further embellished with a veritable tangle of trimmings in the shape of embroideries, costly laces, and expensive furs. The most extravagant gowns are not of necessity the most charming or the most alluring. Ask any man you know, and see if he will not back me up. To a large extent the reckless expenditure involved constitutes one of the most tangible dangers of the present fashions in woman's dress—that mental appraisement which goes on in the mind of a woman and peeps out through her eyes simultaneously with the unspoken resolution to "go one better" at the next bridge party than the other woman whose more elaborate gown has aroused feelings of rivalry that clamor to be appeased.

Now please don't think that I am taking a strained view of my subject, in my own opinion I am not half emphatic enough. And please don't imagine for one moment that I don't love pretty things. I do! It has just occurred to me that some of you may be indignant and say to yourselves—"Oh, I know what sort of a woman she is! She probably wears hopelessly ugly gowns, with disconsolate, droopy tails to her skirts, and shapeless boots—in fact she is a walking fright all over, her only chaim to distinction being a dejected looking umbrella with an 'Ally Sloper' aspect!"

Now, my dear readers, if you have entertained a thought similar in substance to the above, you are wrong; even though perhaps—"I says it as shouldn't!" Far be it from me to breathe a word against pretty fabrics, frills, and furbelows; they are woman's inalienable heritage. But why distort and twist them into freakish absurdities, instead of into graceful and becoming garments? If only some valiant soul would rise up and preach a gospel of simplicity, and lay down a few new canons of what really constitutes good taste and good style, I believe everybody would be surprised to realize how many pretty women there are in the world.

So long as there are little children who cry for bread and just enough clothes to keep them warm—so long no true woman can afford to deck her person in resplendent garments that but serve to accentuate the contrast—only too painfully apparent to the most casual observer—between the pitiful pathos of poverty and the arrogant and gaudy display of superfluous riches, whose owners could, if they only would, do much to balance the distressful inequalities of life and help the minds of men to gain and retain that perfect poise which is so greatly to be desired.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"SCOTTY." It was so good of you to remember "Valerie Vectis" of "Westward Ho!" and I thank you ever so much for your very sweet Christmas letter. You see I have resurrected the "Empire of Woman," so every month you will find me in my old place in the magazine. I do hope you will be pleased. Your account of your life on the prairies is intensely interesting to me, because I, too, lived for three years somewhere on the vast plains of Saskatchewan. What a dear little woman you must be; do you know that sweet helpful thoughts just permeated your whole letter, and in spite of what you say about "not figuring as an angel," I am sure you are a blessing to everybody with whom you come in contact. I am sorry that the crops in your district were not good last year, but that brave, indomitable spirit of yours must surely compel the good times you sigh for.

"Old George" must indeed be a "character"—how I should like to meet him and get his views on some of the phases of prairie life.

I do hope the dear wee girlie has quite recovered from that bad accident, and will soon be as well and strong as ever. It must indeed have been an anxious time for you and your sister.

You must write to me again and tell me how the theatricals went off. Your account of the rehearsals made me think of a blood-curdling melodrama I once saw performed in a (then) small prairie town. The characters have all faded from my memory with the exception of the "heavy villain," who really has haunted me ever since. During

the three acts, composed mostly of "thrills," he was always popping up in the most unexpected places hugging a wicked-looking carving knife, and hissing and gurgling in a voice that made one's hair stand on end—"I must be care-are-ful!—I must be cau-autious!" Excellent advice, if it had only been given in a more amiable manner.

Yes! I know what "thirty below" means; it's a bit "nippy," isn't it? Yes, little woman, I do understand! It takes lots of courage and patient endurance—life on the prairies; and there are many lessons to learn that do not appear in the schoolbooks. But after all, if you honestly look at things from every point of view, don't you think there are many compensations, even if there are many limitations? A cheery philosophy and a brave heart carry one over many of the rough places of life; and then, you know, the very effort necessary, if we are to bend even adverse circumstances to our will, brings us that much nearer to the goal we desire. There is much unconscious comfort even in trying to "make good" and to "win out!"

Good luck to you! May Father Time have all sorts of pleasant surprises in store for you during 1911. Write to me again, I shall love to hear from you.

Note:—All letters must be addressed to "Valerie Vectis," care of this department, and have correspondence coupon enclosed.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

"MAN-TO-MAN" MAGAZINE

"Empire of Women" Dept.

JANUARY, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

THE C. C. C. CLUB

The children's chain of comradeship,
Linked together by Valerie Vectis.

Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

A LETTER to the boys and girls who read this page:

Children dear! Isn't is simply splendid? We are to have this corner of the magazine all to our very own selves. Here every month I shall come and talk to you, and you will, I hope, come and talk to me, and I am sure we shall become good friends. Do you know, I am so glad that you boys and girls are to have a page of your own, that I feel like opening my arms ever so wide and taking you all in, just to give you a hug of welcome to start off with.

Would you like to know how it all came about? Well, the other day the Editor and I were talking about the many ways in which the men and women of the West were helping forward the glorious destiny of this big, beautiful country of ours. Yes!" I said, "the men and women of the West are accomplishing wonderful things, but what about the children of the West? Aren't they doing their share in the upbuilding of this great land? Aren't they going to school and working hard, in order that they may be fitted to fight in the battle of life later on, and to take their places in the ranks in the vast army of workers this wide West is calling for?" To make my story short, the Editor agreed with me that the children of the West certainly deserved a place of their own in his magazine. So now, boys and girls, it is "up to you," as they say, to make good his high opinion of you.

How do you like the name I have chosen for this children's club of ours? The children's chain of comradeship—or C. C. C. club for short. You all know what the word comradeship means, don't you? And I want you to realize that we are all comrades working side by side for one grand end—that of winning for the country in which we live, a proud place among the nations of the earth.

I want to think of each one of you as a precious link in the chain that binds true hearts together in that service for each other that makes living a very beautiful thing. I mean to call you all my little comrades, and I want you to write to me what you think of this C. C. C. club of ours.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND PRIZES FOR GIRLS

Every month I am going to give a new dollar bill, one to the boy and one to the girl who sends me in the best letter on the subject I shall name. This month those two new dollars will go to the boy and girl who

send me the best letters about the place in which they are living. It does not matter whether it be in a large city or away in the country on a farm—the thing that will count will be the way the story is told and the way it is written.

Now "get busy" and see who will win those two nice new dollar bills. Of course, I shall publish the prize letters, and I shall not forget those who do not win prizes, but I shall answer their letters in another column and tell them how to do better next time.

RULES TO BE CAREFULLY OBSERVED BY THOSE COMPETING FOR PRIZES

All letters must be written on one side of the paper only, and with every letter must be enclosed the "C. C. C." correspondence coupon.

Boys and girls taking part in these competitions must be under the age of fifteen.

Every letter must be signed by one of the parents or the guardian of the writer to certify that it is entirely his or her own work.

WHO WANTS TO START A BANKING ACCOUNT?

Now please don't all put up your hands at the same time. Of course you would all like to start a banking account, and I am going to tell you how you can do it. In this competition I am not going to set any age limit, because I want every boy and girl who reads this page to have an equal chance. For the names of every six new subscribers to this magazine a boy or girl sends in to this office, I will send him or her a new dollar bill by registered mail. So you see that with the first dollar bill you can start your banking account, and with every subsequent dollar you earn in this way you can add to it. Now isn't that worth trying for? Ask mother or father to help you, and I know you will soon be the richer by several dollars. The editor wants this magazine to have a place in every home in British Columbia, so just think of the new friends you will make, you boys and girls who write me letters, and whose letters I print, so that other boys and girls in all parts of the world may read. Now who is going to earn the first dollar?

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT.

Write your own name and full address at the head of a sheet of paper, then the names and addresses of those who wish to become subscribers to this magazine. Then send this sheet of paper with Postal Order, or Express Order for the amount of the subscriptions, and I will mail you your dollar by return post. Be sure and write names and addresses very plainly. Don't forget that all letters must be addressed to the office of this magazine, care of the "C. C. C." club. Also remember that the price of a single subscription to the magazine for one year is $1.50

As I have no letters of yours to answer this month, I have written you a fairy story which I hope you will like.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

"MAN-TO-MAN" MAGAZINE

"C. C. C." Dept.

JANUARY, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

The Forest Fairies

By Valerie Vectis

It was once upon a time—I will tell it you in rhyme,—
There lived a Fairy Queen within a tree;
And no one had ever guessed that within the old Oak's breast
The Fairy Court held highest revelry.

Very many were the pranks of those fairies on the banks
Of the river, with its arching greenery;
But alas!—one Summer's day, when they all were out at play,
A cruel man cut down the old oak tree.

How those little fairies cried, when their palace they espied
All ruined, and upon the ground laid low;
And the Fairy Queen was sad, and declared it was too bad
To treat the fairies of the forest so.

They raised a fairy wail, but 'twas all of no avail,
The dear old oak lay dying on the grass;
They loved him, oh!—so well—more than they could ever tell,
And now they sighed, alas!—alas!—alas!

Then a soft and crooning breeze whispered softly through the leaves
And branches of the dying giant oak:
And it tenderly caressed the great forest warrior's breast,
While to the saddened fairies thus it spoke:

"O ye forest nymphs and fays, who all wander Nature's ways,
And know the secrets mortals never know;
Who haunt the quiet bowers, with the birds and bees and flowers,
And all around a sweet enchantment throw.

Ye who mount the wayward gleam on the bosom of the stream,
And peep between the waters cool and still;
Who know well each hidden grot, and each little mossy spot,
And chase the sunshine up and down the hill.

Do not weep and do not mourn, with your pinions all forlorn
I have a message for you fairies all;
A message given to me, by your own beloved tree,
As the woodman's swinging axe-stroke made him fall.

He said: 'Tell my little elves that they must not grieve themselves
Because I may no longer with them be;
But let each take a token, from out my branches broken,
An acorn for each one, and one for me.

And just tell the Fairy Queen, that her robe of silver sheen
(The one she dances in upon the lea;)
Is all hidden safe and sound, by the little grassy mound,
Underneath the fronds of fernery.

And I want the Fairy Queen, who so dear to me has been,
To call about her all her fairy band;
And bid each one bring to her, when the owls begin to whirr,
An acorn from my branches in her hand.

And the one I said should be gathered up and kept for me,
I want her to hide deep within the ground;
Close by the great tall pine, where the brightest sunbeams shine,
The other side the little mossy mound.

And then let each fairy sprite mount the first pale streak of light
That flickers from the windows of the East;
And up through the dawning speed, with her little acorn seed,
Before the floods of day shall be released.

Let them sever in the air, and then hasten everywhere
They spy a lonely place without a tree;
And there let them hide from view, and moisten with the dew,
The little acorn that they took from me.

Lo!—this is my last request to each little fairy guest,
For well I know some day they'll understand;
Why the broken dying oak, to the list'ning breezes spoke,
And asked them to convey his last command.'"

'Twas thus spoke the murmuring wind, in a voice both low and kind,
While all the forest folk came close to hear;
Ne'er was seen so strange a sight, in the stillness of the night,
With all the starshine wonder gleaming clear.

Then into a moonlit space, with an airy, dainty grace,
The Fairy Queen stepped silent and alone;
And with sweetness all serene, as befits a Fairy Queen,
She chose a sleeping daisy for a throne.

Then she waved her little wand, in her little fairy hand,
And said "My fairy subjects, list to me,
You have heard the last request of the tree we loved the best,
And this is now your Fairy Queen's decree.

We must carry out his wish—bring the acorns in a dish,
Our choicest dish of water-lily leaf;
And then spread them on the ground, by the little mossy mound,
And let us for awhile forget our grief.

Dry your eyes, my fairies dear, for our duty is quite clear,
The gentle breeze has made it very plain;
For ere morning lights the sky, we must on our journeys hie,
But meet me here at sunset once again.

And before we part, dear fays, to go our various ways,
We must bury deep the acorn near the pine;
By the little mossy knoll, where the fairies all pay toll,
And the brightest of the sunbeams glint and shine."

Then the owls began to whirr, and the gnomes began to stir,
And the fairies clustered close around their queen;
While she dug down in the turf of the cool and verdant earth,
And laid therein an acorn, fresh and green.

Then she said some magic charms, while within their little arms
Each fairy clasped an acorn very tight;
And they all sat still around the little mossy mound,
To watch the coming of the gleam of light.

Through the forest shadows dim. came a faint and tiny glim;—
The fairies spread their silver wings of gauze,
And soared above the trees, on the bosom of the breeze,
Without the very slightest little pause.

Then they scattered East and West, just as each one thought it best,
And quickly sped away to left and right;
And in many a lone nook, by many a rippling brook,
They buried deep their acorns out of sight.

Then they moistened them with dew, and back again they flew,
Over steeples, hills, and rivers swift and wide;
They all thought the big world fair, but could see no fairies there,
And they wondered where the fairies all could hide.

For all those forest elves, knew quite well among themselves,
That the world was full of fairies everywhere;
And they often felt as though they must tell the mortals so,
But the mortals somehow did not seem to care.

And it made those fairies think when they stooped to take a drink.
(Morning dew is what they always quaff)
If the world were fairy-land, wouldn't it be simply grand,
How they'd make the sorry people dance and laugh.

Yes!—they thought of many things, as upon their gauzy wings,
They flew homeward—such a tired fairy throng;
For a thrush had told his mate that the day was growing late,
And the fairies heard him as they sped along.

So they hastened all the more, till they spied the well-known shore,
With the dear old forest, just across the bay;
And a wondrous golden street, was sparkling at their feet,
To show them that it was the homeward way.

And ere night put on her cloak, once again about the oak,
The fairies of the forest kept their tryst;
With their little tasks all done, ere the hand behind the sun,
Had spread the hills with gold and amethyst.

Then they had a great surprise, and each fairy rubbed her eyes,
And wonderment was large on every face;
For beside the mossy mound, with the fernery around,
There rose a lordly oak in stately grace.

Then a low sweet sound was heard, like the singing of a bird,
While a mystic music floated on the air;
And they saw their Fairy Queen, in her robe of silver sheen,
With the sparkle of a moonbeam in her hair.

Then she told them how the good, great magician of the wood,
Had called to see her when they left, quite soon;
And with his enchanted reed, he had charmed the acorn seed,
Into the stately oak, that afternoon.

Then were all the fairies glad, and forgot they e'er were sad,
As they joined their hands and danced around their queen;
And the little bluebells rang, and the little crickets sang,
And the glow-worms lent their glow to light the scene.

Then again there came the breeze, pushing gently through the trees.
And hovered by the oak all newly drest;
Saying, "Won't you step inside: see, the door is open wide,
And the sun has crept into his golden nest.

All the little sunbeams sleep, in the shadows dim and deep,
So fairies come and see your palace hall;
When all the world is quiet, is the time for fairy riot,
So let us have a jolly carnival."

Then they danced and sang with glee, round their castle in the tree,
And once again the waiting breeze did say;—
"Now you little fairies know, great big oaks from acorns grow,
And you've made a home for fairies far away.

For everywhere you went, on your little mission bent,
And in the ground your precious acorns laid;
You have made a palace grand, for the fays in every land,
And the wishes of the oak have been obeyed."

* * * * * *

Now my dearest little folk, every time you see an oak,
If you listen you will hear the fairies say:—
"'Tis the little things that tell, if we only do them well!"
That is something to remember every day.

Railway *and* Industrial Development *of* British Columbia in the Near Future

INTERVIEW WITH THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA REPRINTED FROM THE VANCOUVER "PROVINCE"

THAT the next four years will witness a greater development of British Columbia's population and a larger expenditure in railroad construction and major industrial works than any previous period in the history of the province, is the opinion of Premier McBride, based upon assured railway construction and large development enterprises now in sight.

Railway construction alone in the ensuing four years should provide for a distribution of over fifty million dollars in the province, while in the matter of reproductive public works the government contemplates an investment at the very least of five millions in each year, or twenty millions in the whole of the period in question.

Then it is a safe and conservative estimate that in the systematic exploitation of the timber areas, the coal fields and the fisheries, at least thirty million dollars will be invested, so that, leaving out of account altogether the metalliferous mining which is supposed to be the backbone of British Columbia's business life, and leaving out also the general commercial development which may surely be expected, there will be fully a hundred million dollars to be expended within the province as a substantial guarantee of its growth and expansion.

Victoria, Dec. 31.—Hon. Richard McBride was recently asked upon what he based his rosy prediction regarding the near future of British Columbia. He mentioned first the railway development which is in prospect and which will open up large sections of the country.

"To say nothing whatever," said Mr. McBride, "in regard to railway proposals that are as yet indefinite in form, what the several companies interested in the opening up of British Columbia have actually arranged for may be referred to as a tangible evidence that the prediction of a doubling of the population and an immense augmentation of business during the next four years, is well within the mark.

"Take first what has been and is being done by the C. P. R., as the pioneer road in its relationship to British Columbia. It may be pointed out that definite arrangements have been made for the immediate construction of the Kootenay Central, an important member of the C. P. R. group in the Kootenay, which will unite Golden with some point on the Crow's Nest Pass system in Southeast Kootenay. It is reported that construction will be prosecuted with exceptional vigor, and a period of two or three years at most may be allowed for the completion of this road, which will have a length of from 180 to 200 miles, and which will develop one of the richest valleys in British Columbia—the Columbia-Kootenay Valley. The construction of this road is certain to vastly stimulate prospecting the known mineral areas that up to date have received only superficial attention owing to the fact that without railway transportation facilities it would be impossible to profitably open out the mines, which there is every reason to believe exist in the surrounding hills. At the same time this valley is known to contain very large areas of lands susceptible of the highest cultivation.

"Another C. P. R. enterprise of peculiar interest to the city of Vancouver, and of peculiar advantage in connection with the industrial development of Vancouver Island, is the completion of the Alberni extension of the E. & N. division uniting Wellington, the original terminus of the Island railway, and the new town of Alberni at the head of the canal of the same name. Construction on this line, which

it is certain will be continued in the near future to the north end of the Island, has already advanced to Cameron Lake, and it is promised that the line will be completed and in regular operation to the first West Coast port to be reached by railway by the coming summer. Practical evidence is also to be had of the company's intentions with regard to immediate construction to the north of the Island in the fact that contracts for right-of-way clearing have already been awarded in connection with the Comox extension. Contracts for the construction of this line which will unite the two principal developed coal mining centres of Vancouver Island will it is expected be awarded in time for active operation to begin in the spring, and in addition to greatly stimulating coal prospecting and practically assuring the opening of new mines in these portions of Vancouver Island a very considerable area of good agricultural land in the Comox Valley will be opened to settlement, and will no doubt be rapidly filled up when the settlers have the assurance of facilities for getting their crops to market. A very considerable part of the lands to be traversed by this extension are logged-off lands from which the timber has been removed and which have been subsequently burned over, the richness of the soil being regarded as exceptional.

"In addition to these important construction works there are on the C. P. R. programme a number of minor items of extensions, as well as general improvements of the established system, such as has been illustrated by the creation of a new gradient near Field in what was originally known as the Five Loops. Of these minor works the Indian River and Port Moody railway may be mentioned, as well as the short line in the Slocan district for the provision of required additional facilities in the neighborhood. Large improvements are also reported to be contemplated in the company's yards at New Westminster, Vancouver, Kamloops, and Victoria, as well as at several interior points and these improvements will necessarily involve large expenditures which must be taken into account as factors in the assurance of a phenomenal prosperity for the country and people during the next few years.

"Construction on the Grand Trunk Pacific is proceeding steadily and metal has been laid already for more than one hundred miles eastward from Prince Rupert, trains now being run over this completed section. It is understood to be the intention of the company to proceed with construction from the Yellowhead Pass westward as well. Four years or five at most are given as all that will be necessary to see this new link in the transportation system of Canada completed insofar as the Pacific province is concerned.

"It is a matter of belief with a very large number closely in touch with railway affairs that despite the start possessed by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern Pacific people will make good their promise to have their third transcontinental system completed to the Pacific seaboard in advance of the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The rapid progress of construction on this new transportation system, to which the British Columbia government has committed itself more particularly than in the assistance of any other route, is so generally known that detailed reference is scarcely necessary.

"For the ensuing year this company has a very large and important construction programme sketched out both for the Island of Vancouver and for the provincial mainland, and it is confidently expected that by the coming midsummer the greater proportion of the entire work of construction in British Columbia will be under contract if not actually in progress.

"Although wholly apart from the system of the Canadian Northern, the Portland Canal Short Line, which originally was an individual enterprise of Mr. D. D. Mann, has latterly taken a much larger form than was originally contemplated, and applications are now pending to both the Federal and Provincial Houses embodying the revised plan of Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann for the ultimate conversion of this road into a fourth transcontinental system for Canada. The Portland Canal Short Line, as originally chartered and projected, has now been virtually completed and is in operation, a considerable supply of rolling stock being now at Vancouver awaiting conveyance to the north to be immediately put in commission. The engineers of the road have been fortunate in the discovery of a pass near the head of Bear River, with an elevation of approximately two thousand feet only, by means of which the coast range of mountains may be penetrated without high gradient, a line being thus laid by way of the fertile valley of the Upper Naas to connect with the large agricultural district by way of Pine River Pass and Peace River, incidentally developing a rich coal area known to exist in that portion of the province. Construction of the Portland Canal Short Line, which, it is officially intimated, will be renamed at the approaching session of the Legislature in accordance with the enlarged scheme of which it will form a feature, is being advanced rapidly and systematically, without government aid.

"The Kettle River Valley Railway, which is now being constructed under a straight subsidy grant, is being advanced with a rapidity demonstrating the determination of the owners to complete the work they have in hand at the earliest possible date.

It will also open up a portion of the province which is very rich both in agricultural land and in coal. Under the terms of the agreement with the government this road is to be completed within three years, and besides opening up an admittedly valuable tract of country it will provide an alternate connection between the coast and the Kootenay which, will bring the latter into much closer touch with the coast and thus facilitate the development of an important business.

"As to the provincial arteries of the Hill system of railways the principal feature is the proposed construction of the V. V. & E. line, the engineers in charge of which have been for the past few months actively employed in searching for a line of lesser gradient to traverse the Hope Mountain section. This line may fairly be spoken of as one upon which Mr. J. J. Hill has specially set his heart. This is abundantly verified by the speech which Mr. Hill delivered on the occasion of his recent visit to Vancouver, when the statement was made by him that the work would be advanced to completion at a very early date.

"Of the minor independent railways, the Howe Sound & Northern may be first referred to. This line, which is of standard gauge, having a seaport terminus at Newport, the head of Howe Sound, is being substantially advanced through the Pemberton Meadows and already traffic is being found in the haulage to the coast of timber. During the next year or two it is said that this line is certain to be extended by way of Green Lake to the interior.

"Proposals for construction of an independent short line from Fort George to Vancouver seem to be a subject of much interest, there being at present no fewer than four existent charters for such a line.

"The Western Canadian Lumber Company is at the present time constructing what is primarily a logging railway in the Comox districts, but which incidentally develops an extensive agricultural territory from which sufficient traffic will be derived, when the mountains shall have been denuded of their timber wealth, to profitably maintain it in continuous operation as a general purpose railroad. There are also a number of others and rather large undertakings definitely assured in the line of logging roads which later may be turned to general commercial account.

"To turn from railway enterprises of the first order to those supplementary enterprises of somewhat kindred character we may note the rapid development of the cheap transportation service of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company which is now playing an important part in the provision of transport facilities on the lower mainland and Vancouver Island. In connection with the latter, construction is rapidly advancing on the plant of the Vancouver Island Power Company at Jordan River. This will provide abundant power for the operation of an interurban system which will play an important part in the further development of the Saanich Peninsula and in the trade of the city of Victoria with which it will be connected.

"The company is also said to have extensive plans well in hand providing for electric connection of Fraser mills with New Westminster and Vancouver; also between Vancouver and New Westminster by way of Burnaby, and also a line to Point Grey. On the island tramway construction to provide facilities for Nanaimo and also connection between that city and the city of Ladysmith is talked of.

"At Powell River the company headed by the principals in the well-known lumber firm of Brooks & Scanlon, has been quietly proceeding during the past year with the erection of one of the largest and most completely appointed pulp and paper factories on the continent. A force of more than five hundred white men has been continuously employed during the past six months, and the works of the company are now rapidly approaching completion. Other pulp and paper enterprises are being practically developed at Swanson Bay and at Ocean Falls. Each of these pulp companies will operate independently, and their joint results will be to considerably swell the timber product of the province.

"In coal mining development it is important to note that Mr. William McKenzie has publicly intimated that it is his intention to quadruple the productive capacity of the Dunsmuir Collieries which he not long ago acquired, and this fact can not but have a very important bearing upon the industrial future of Vancouver Island during the next few years. The systematic development of the Crow's Nest Pass Collieries and those of the Nicola Valley are certain to be supplemented by the opening of the coal measures of the Pine River Pass and of the Telkwa Valley, each of which sections is already assured necessary rail connection with profitable internal markets or with export termini.

"The work in the field during the past year of the Provincial Government surveyors has demonstrated that although British Columbia was once referred to as a sea of mountains, there in reality exists a very large area of cultivable lands well distributed throughout the province, which, either with irrigation or without, are capable of much more than providing for all the necessities of the country. These lands are being rapidly taken up and companies of strength are, where necessary, providing for irrigating facilities, while the extension of the fruit land territories of the province is advancing at a pace undreamed of only

a few years ago. The market for the product of these lands may be said to be unlimited, not only in the prairie provinces but in the different countries of Europe.

"Timber enterprises continue to be prosecuted systematically and in a large way, while assurance is had that the exploitation of the as yet unappreciated fishery wealth of the province will in the very near future be taken up on a scale guaranteeing that these sources of natural wealth will be very speedily developed to their legitimate proportions. In this connection the acquiring of the whaling industry by the Mackenzie interests and the announcement that these will also devote a large share of attention to the cultivation of the halibut export trade must be taken into account in estimating the probable development of the immediate future.

"You will see," said Mr. McBride, "from the few enterprises and other work which I have mentioned that there is no part of the world in which the present condition and the immediate prospects of the people are better than in our own province, and this is a state of affairs which so far as we can see is bound to continue during a long period of years.

"In referring to the expenditures on public works," said Mr. McBride, "I have made absolutely no provision for the large sums of money that are certain to go into federal and municipal undertakings. A glance at the newspaper reports respecting Dominion Government business in British Columbia would indicate that Mr. Pugsley proposes, in order to fairly and justly meet the obligations of his branch of the administration, to pour millions into British Columbia. Then, too, the different municipalities, whether rural or urban, in order to keep up with the growing requirements will have to be ready with a generous hand. My estimate must be taken as a most conservative one, easily within the mark.

"In conclusion, there is no feature of this forecast so pleasing to the provincial executive as the fact that all these works, or at any rate all that receive Provincial Government aid, will be carried on with white labor and the standard wage will be paid."

Watching Vancouver Grow

DESTINY, the big force that since the world was shaped has helped men to make cities and other things, has knocked at Vancouver's door since that small beginning.

Go out to the middle of Vancouver's harbor and you will see a profile that looks like a man with half his front teeth knocked out. It is the profile of a big baby city that is eating the food of the gods and will grow into a giant. A few more years of growth will fill up the gaps in the profile.

Vancouver's docks are given character by the city's geographical location, and by their background of mountains in whose mothering lap the harbor lies secure from storms. White-hulled passenger liners, the fine ladies of the sea-lanes, grimy freighters, trim fishing steamers, sharp-prowed coasting craft, sailing ships, vessels of every build and rig and flag, and from every seaport mentioned in romance and story, loading and unloading, tell vividly one side of Vancouver's absorbing commercial story, as the railway yards behind the full-warehoused wharves tell the other side. Where the wheels of the Canadian Pacific Railway's transcontinental trains come grinding to a full stop they are almost in the shadow of the tall spars of steamers that finish the earth-girdle, and here is your half-way relay station of the All-Red route round the world. Here the long freight trains that thunder across the continent's width meet the world-wandering steamers, greedy for cargo, and translate the chapters of commerce into romance. Here the wheat trains from Alberta and Saskatchewan meet the ships that carry the grain over the ocean roads to its markets, setting to the lively music of transportation a new canto in the wheat epic.

The "BX" [That is the B.C. Express Co.] announce that they will make the terminus of the Upper Fraser River Steamboat service at Fort George, on the Nechaco River front shown in these two views.

The new wharf and warehouse at the Fort George Townsite are completed

These two views are from almost the same spot. One shows the Nechaco river as it sweeps by Fort George townsite. The other shows the large river steamboat after having landed her freight at the Fraser Avenue Landing.

FORT GEORGE is at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers, and will be the largest city on the Graud Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway west of Winnipeg.

Fort George is the geographical and strategic commercial centre of British Columbia — the natural supply point for a splendid mixed farming, mineral, timber and coal area of millions of acres made accessible by 1100 miles of navigable waterways. Splendid openings for business and investment.

Over 30,000,000 acres of rich agricultural and fruit land; 50,000,000 of the finest timber, coal and mineral lands that have never been touched will be thrown open to the public for development. This is the famous Fort George country.

It is estimated that $100,000,000 will be spent in the next five years in railroad building alone in Central British Columbia, most of it directly tributary to Fort George.

Do you want a share of the profits?

Let us send you a free copy of the "British Columbia Bulletin of Information," giving synopsis of mining, land, mineral and timber laws. Costs you nothing. Write today.

Natural Resources Security Co., Limited

Paid up Capital $250,000 — **Joint Owners and Sole Agents Fort George Townsite**

607 Bower Building :: :: **Vancouver, British Columbia**

Picturesque Vancouver

Little China

(From the Vancouver Province)

WHEN you pass Carrall street, going west on Pender, sound many voices in singsong inflection; the moving crowd is Chinese, mostly in uniform black and green blouses; the housefronts are alcoved and balconied with a suggestion of the capricious Chinese architecture. The alcoves are hung with amber and red lanters of fantastic design. The upper windows are shuttered with wooden lattices carven with whimsical art. Everywhere are the ideographs and hieroglyphics that are the characters in that great symbolism, the Chinese written language. You notice Chung Bu, for instance, standing in the door of his shop. His shop is called the House of Happy Moments. Some men's faces make you think of certain birds or animals, and usually you will find something of the character of the bird or animal in the man. Chung Bu's face reminds you of a vulture face you have seen carved on a totem pole, but compared to Chung Bu, you think, a vulture is as a rabbit in rapacity. You smell the aromatic smoke of Chinese-made cigarettes and that of burning joss shrines. You can smell opium. You are in the Chinese quarter.

If you have a color-sense you will see a great deal that is picturesque, and if you are unfamiliar with Orientals and their habit of life you will see much that is interesting and strange. In the Chinese quarters of American and Canadian cities the atmosphere of Chinese towns and of their mediaeval civilization is reproduced as far as possible.

In the mighty boil of America's melting pot the Chinese people are the only people who do not lose their character. The Chinese does not forget his family traditions, and the familiar objects and implements of his ancestors better suit his daily life than our devices, generally. If you were in a street of Peking you would see the same sights and hear the same sounds—Chinese children playing the ancient game of shuttlecock and battledore, a coolie carry on a shoulder pole two baskets filled with live white ducks, soft-footed girls in pink trousers, an old man with a face like a gargoyle and smoking a long-stemmed tobacco pipe with a tiny brass bowl, the sound of a gong from a quaintly recessed alcove—they beat gongs when anybody is sick—Chinese gentlemen with very long finger nails and fans, the curbstone fish market with its squealing customers.

All Chinese have educated tastes in food, but no white man can understand the palate

of the Chinese epicure. In the butcher shops of the Chinese quarter are many curious and, to our eyes, repulsive-looking delicacies. The Chinese has a fondness for decayed edibles, and fears not bacteria or ptomaines, which he exorcises as he would other devils by a whirl of a praying wheel or by enchantment stronger than theirs. Victuals curious to see are the decomposed contents of bladders and what look like the intestines of animals, the eggs preserved for the lifetime of a man, the pickled hairy exotics in jars, the dried fish from China, of the genus raia, the nameless dainties which have the look of dried bodies of insects and serpents.

You can buy in Chinatown a great lackered coffin, painted with Chinese goblin heraldry, fit for a mandarin, fat puppies for the table, China wines, amulets to bring good luck, and charms to drive away the devils that sit on your doorstep, or to give your enemy rheumatism.

MAN-TO-MAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

All Government and Committee Publications sent free upon request. We have on hand copies of the following minutes and publications, which we will send upon application to Department H, Vancouver Information Bureau, Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver "Province," "World," "News-Advertiser," (dailies); "Saturday Sunset," (weekly); "Man-to-Man," "Fruit Magazine," (monthlies).

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS—New British Columbia, describing the Northern Interior (Bulletin No. 22), Agriculture in British Columbia (Bulletin No. 10), Hand Book of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 23), Game of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 17), Budget Speech, 1910. The Mineral Province, Report Minister of Mines for 1908, B. C. Medical Register, Report on Northeastern part of Graham Island, Annual Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia.

GOVERNMENT MAPS — British Columbia, Northern Interior of British Columbia, Southwest Portion of British Columbia, Southeast Portion of Vancouver Island, East and West Kootenay District, Portion of Coast District, R. I. and Prince Rupert District, Western Portion of Vancouver Island, New Westminster District and adjacent Islands, Alberni District, Vancouver Island, Bella Coola District, Hazelton, Summerland, Burnaby, Nechaco Valley, Great Central Lake, Vancouver Island, Yale District.

COMMUNITY PUBLICATIONS—North Vancouver, Victoria and Vancouver Island, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Similkameen, Kamloops, Ashcroft, Chilliwack, Penticton, Naramata, Vernon, Port Moody and surrounding Districts, Railway folders and pamphlets.

Firms Represented by Members of the Vancouver Tourists' Association

Members will kindly advise the Secretary regarding any errors in addresses, classification of business, etc., that may occur in this list.

ACCOUNTANTS, AUDITORS, ETC.

Brooks, James, 337 Carrall Street.
Buttar & Chiene, 536 Hastings Street W.
Chambers & Wilson, 347 Pender Street.
Clarkson, Cross & Helliwell, Molsons Bank Bldg.
Crehan, Mouat & Co., 615 Pender Street
Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Kendall, Sewell & Co., Exchange Bldg.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

Ads, Limited, 1210 Dominion Trust Building.
Noble Advertising Agency, 543 Hastings Street.

ARCHITECTS.

Bayly, G. M., 614 Dominion Trust Building.
Dodd, W. M., Bank of Commerce Building.
Donnellan & Donnellan, 319 Pender Street.
Fee, T. A., Fee Block.
Gamble & Knapp, 66 Davis Chambers.
Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Hope & Barker, 603 Hastings Street W.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
Thornton & Jones, 563 Hastings Street.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Rushford & Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir Street.

ARTISTS

S. P. Judge, 8 Court House Block.

AUCTIONEERS.

Miller, J. J., 44 Hastings Street.

ART SUPPLIES

Art Emporium, 901 Georgia Street.
Cockburn's Art Gallery, 665 Granville St.
S. J. Thompson, 610 Granville Street.

BANKS.

Bank of British North America, Hastings Street.
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton and Hastings Sts.
Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings Street W.
Bank of Vancouver, Cambie and Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 346 Hastings Street.

BARRISTERS.

Cassidy, R., K.C., Crown Building.
Shoebotham, Thos. B., Cotton Building.
Williams, A., K.C., Molsons Bank Chambers.

BILLIARD TABLES, ETC.

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (The), 552 Beatty Street.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

Stark, Edward, 623 Hastings Street.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

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B. C. Supply Co., 903 Dominion Trust Bldg.
Dairon & Williams, 331 Pender St.
O'Neil, Wm. & Co., 623 Pender Street.

BUTCHERS.

Burns & Company, P., 18 Hastings Street.
Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd., 150 Hastings Street.

BAKERS.

Hampton Bros., 581 Granville Street.
Vancouver Bakery, 850 Granville Street.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bailey Bros., Ltd., 540 Granville.
Forsyth, G. S. & Co., Cor. Homer & Hastings Sts.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.
Vancouver Book Co., 932 Granville Street.
White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

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Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.,

BROKERS.

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Brown, Reginald C., Ltd., 301 Dom. Trust Bldg.
Canadian Development Co., Ltd., 336 Hastings.
Couids, Ltd., 47-49 Exchange Building.
Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
Gibbs, G. M., 555 Granville Street.
Grey & Gray, 207 Cotton Building.
Grossman Trust & Loan Co., Cotton Building.
Hanley, J. J., Bower Building.
Mather & Noble, 629 Hastings Street.
MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
Smith, F. J., 414 Seymour Street.
Edward S. Weeks.
Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

BROOM AND WASH-BOARD MANUFACTURERS.

Crown Broom Works, 332 Front Street.

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Central Business College, Pender and Richards.

CABINET MAKERS
Davidson & Labsik, 428 Clark Drive.

CASH REGISTERS.
National Cash Register Co., 501 Cordova Street.

CITY DIRECTORIES.
Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.
Cartwright, C. E., Cotton Building.
Macdonell, Gzowski & Co., 505 Hastings St., W.
Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

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Evans, F. G., 139 Water Street.
Alex. Marshall, 144 Water St.

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R. C. Purdy, 750 Robson Street.

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Columbia Bitulithic, Ltd., 23 Fairfield Bldg.
Cotton, M. P., 103 Cotton Building.
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Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin, Carver & Co., 54 Hutchison Bldg.
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McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
McLuckie, J. M., 75 Sixth Ave.
Prudential Builders, Ltd., Manitoba & Front Sts.
Weeks, W. C., 13 Burns Building.
Wells Construction Co., Exchange Building.
West Coast Bridge & Dredging Co., Exch. Bldg.
Y. Aoki, 313 Alexander Street.

DRUGGISTS
Henry Ferguson, 1201 Granville Street.

DRY GOODS, RETAIL.
Hills, Charles W., Ltd., 940 Granville Street.
Hills, Charles W., Ltd., 542 Hastings Street.
More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street.
Drysdale, Gordon, Granville St.

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES.
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Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd., 918 Pender.

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B. C. Electric Railway Co., Ltd.

ELECTRICAL WORKS
R. Hoffmeister, 1271 Granville Street.

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Brown & Howey, 129 Cordova Street W.

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Grand, 24 Water Street.
Metropole, Abbott and Cordova Streets.
North Vancouver, North Vancouver, B. C.
St. Alice, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C.
Strand, 626 Hastings Street.
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Evans, A. K. & Co., 210 Dominion Trust Bldg.
Hobson & Co., 436 Hastings Street.
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Monarch Life Insurance Co., 30 Imperial Block.
Mutual Life of Canada, 570 Granville Street.
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Armstrong, B. F., 609 Hastings St.

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McMillan, A. F., Hastings and Homer Streets.

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Natural Resources Security Co., Ltd., 606 Bower Building.
Northern Development Co., 614 Hastings Street.
North Coast Land Co., 411 Winch Building.
Provincial Land & Financial Corporation, 888 Granville Street.
Western Pacific Development Co., Ltd., 739 Hastings Street.

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Maple Leaf Liquor Co., 202 Main St.
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Morgan, E. B. & Co., 539 Pender Street.
National Finance Company, 350 Pender Street.
Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street.
Prudential Investment Co., Ltd., 100 Front St.
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Rand, E. E., 532 Granville Street.
Van Houten, W. J., 537 Pender Street.
Ward, Burmester & Von Gravenitz, 411 Pender
Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, 440 Seymour Street.

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Oliver-Scrim Lumber Co., Loo Building.
Smith, J. Fyfe & Co., 448 Seymour Street.

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B. C. Mills Timber & Trading Co.

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Bealey, R. J., Room 27, 429 Pender Street W.
Bell & Kerr, 2025 Granville Street.
Berry & Munroe, 2607 Westminster Avenue.
Bernet & Helm, 882 Granville Street.
Bissell & Snyder, 264 Hastings Street.
Bliss & Brandt, 721 Robson Street.
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Brown & Misener, 952 Granville Street.
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British Pacific Trust Co., Ltd., 524 Seymour St.
Bridge Street Realty Co., 2507 Bridge Street.
Campion & Pound, Fairfield Building.
Carlton, W., 419 Richards Street.
Canadian Investment Co., 80 Hastings Street W.
Christie, J. A., 1205 Dominion Trust Building.
City Brokerage Co., 430 Main Street.
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Copp & Mutch, 548 Westminster Avenue.
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Croft & Ashby, 5 Winch Building.
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Dewar, J. A. Co., Ltd., Hutchison Building.
Dewar & Maybee, 2005 Park Drive.
Dick Bros., 532 Granville Street.
Dickens, B. F., 405 Hastings Street.
Dodson & Mills, 531 Richards Street.
Dominion Investors' Corporation, 313 Dominion Trust Bldg.
Doherty & Wyatt, 709 Dunsmuir Street.
Douglas, C. S., Cor. Richards and Pender Sts.
Drummond, Herbert C., 8-9 Winch Building.
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Eastern Land Company, 408 Crown Building.
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Evans & Fraser, 2552 Granville Street.
Fairley & Stinson, Loo Building.
Faris & Montserrat, 445 Homer St.
Federal Investments, 312 Pender Street.
Flack, S., 319 Pender Street.
Fraser & Fraser Co., 3 Winch Building.
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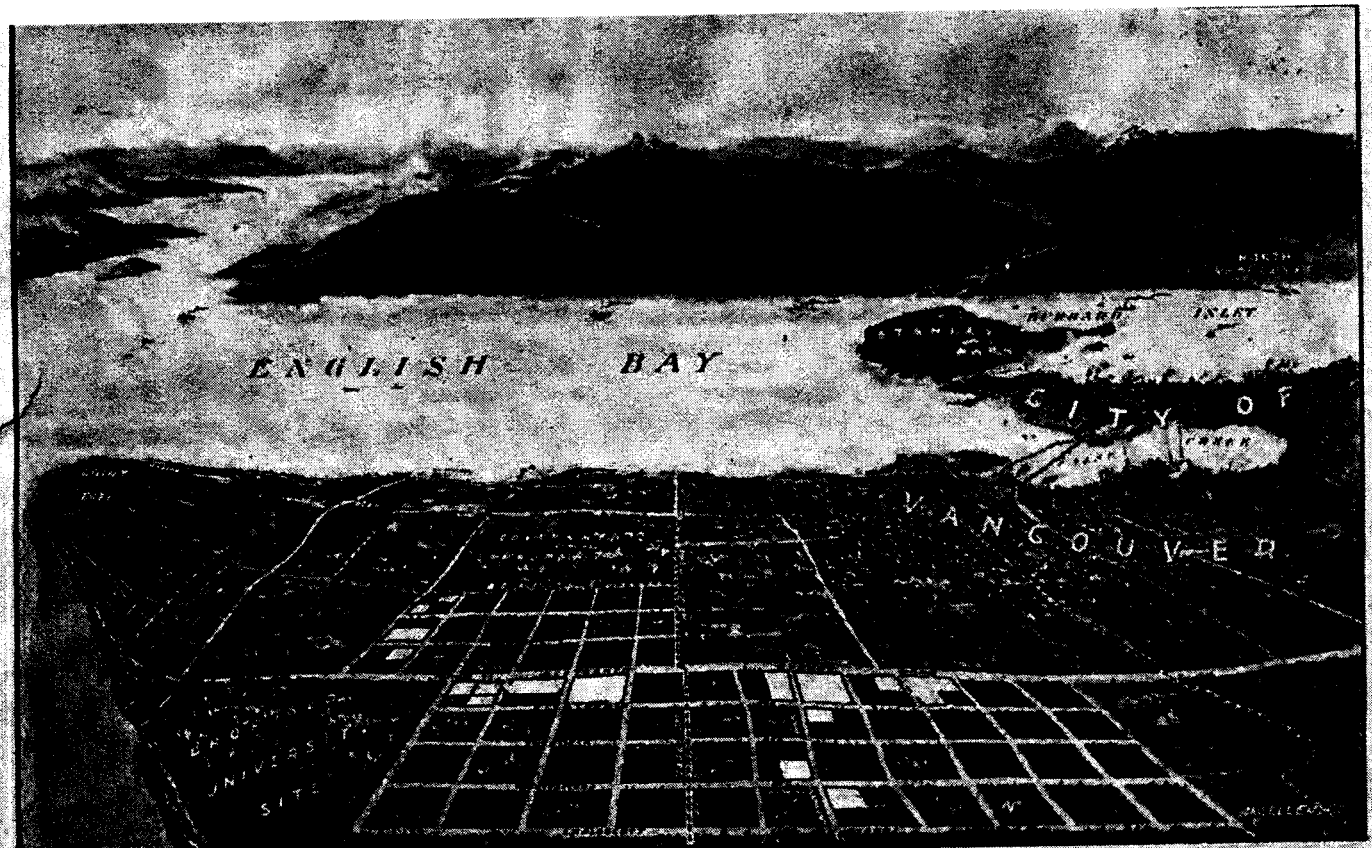

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