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Vol. II.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 4

Nation
Building.

Canada is a young country. It is only forty years since its scattered provinces were gathered together in one family group, and less than five years since the Northwest Provinces were admitted to the family circle. Even now less than one-fourth of the vast territory comprised within the Dominion has been traversed, except by the native Indians and the brave servants of the great company of adventurers, known as the Hudson's Bay Company. One ancient colony still holds aloof, so that in every sense of the word, Canada is new and still in the making. But Canada is also old with those rich and invaluable traditions which are written in the pages of her history, and which are handed down from generation to generation by the sitters around her camp fires and the scarred pioneer at her hearthstone. The most glorious of all these traditions is the story of the storming of the heights at Quebec and the valour of the immortal Wolfe and his not less intrepid contemporary, Montcalm.

It is the possession of such cherished memories which constitutes the real strength of the yearning for nationhood which has recently found voice in Canada. For years men have been thinking and writing of the future of the Domin-

ion. They have had fair visions and lofty ambitions. They have confidently looked forward to the time when the suggestion of colony, dependence, or apronage would be a thing of the past. Without desiring to sever or even weaken the links which bind her to the Mother Country, the people of Canada have felt within their veins the throbbing of an impulse to greater life and to wider destiny. Kipling, with his hand on the pulse of our people and his ear attuned to the music of Greater Britain, voiced the awakened desire of Canada when he boldly declared that she must become a nation, and that the time had arrived for marshalling her forces to that end.

The impulse had its birth in the heroic deeds of the men who won the Dominion for the Empire, and among those men the heroes of Quebec were the greatest. Nothing could be more fitting, especially at such a time, than that the Dominion and the Empire should wish to perpetuate in a conspicuous manner the traditions of the ancient capital and the deeds of valour which it witnessed. The movement to acquire for the nation and consecrate to its use the Plains of Abraham is significant and epoch-making. It focuses the attention of the world upon the glorious deeds of the past, whilst the monument erected there will not only like that

upon Dufferin Terrace, sacred to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, but sacred to the new cause of Nationhood which has seized the imagination of our people and towards the attainment of which we are sweeping with gigantic strides. The movement and the widespread acclamation with which it has been received proves that in the last issue Canadian sentiment is not all material, and not all sordid, but that its foundation rests upon that same appreciation of and pride in the deeds which won the Empire as characterises the dwellers in the Motherland.

Newspaper Enterprise. Mr. A. J. Dawson, who visited Canada last year in company with other British journalists on the invitation

of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, has returned. Beforetime he was availing himself of the privilege of travel and hospitality in order to study the country. This time he has a definite and serious mission. Briefly stated, it is to secure financial backing for a Canadian supplement to the London Standard. The supplement is to consist of sixteen pages, to be edited by Mr. Dawson, and to be circulated weekly among all the subscribers of the Standard. This supplement will consist entirely of Canadian news, comments, and, presumably, advertisements, the object being to tell England "the truth about Canada." The idea is excellent from several standpoints. In the first place, the position of the Standard will entitle any enterprise with which it is associated to respect. In the next place, the promoter, Mr. Dawson, is a competent and accomplished journalist, who already has the ear of his fellow-countrymen, and again it may fairly be assumed that he is too wise a man to accept financial aid with any "strings" on it. If he is under the slightest obligation to further the special interests of the various Canadian governments and corporations from whom he is seeking aid, his scheme is foredoomed to failure, because his supplement would degenerate into a paid advertising sheet, whether the advertisements were set in display type or ordinary letterpress. After lis-

tening to Mr. Dawson's address in Victoria, one cannot avoid the conclusion that he is tinged with commercialism, and that in this respect he strongly resembles the Pearsons and Harmsworths, who have imported American commercial methods into the English newspaper world. But against this must be set Mr. Dawson's proved capacity as a writer and a propagandist, and if this side of his nature is not outweighed by the other, the project may effect much for Canada. It is quite conceivable that the Federal and Provincial governments, and many of the largest corporations, may be willing to give financial aid to such an enterprise upon general principles, and for the sake of the good it will do to the country on broad lines. If this is Mr. Dawson's ideal, and if he is able to live up to it, he will deserve, and will no doubt receive, the support of all who have the welfare of the Dominion at heart. One could have wished, however, that his project had been allied with some other paper than the Standard, which is so distinctively the organ of the Conservative party and the upper classes that it will not reach the great democracy to whom Mr. Dawson's work must appeal if it is to be effective. What Canada wants is men. Through the Standard, the appeal will be rather addressed to money. Allied to the Telegraph, the Chronicle, or the Daily News, it would have reached the masses. To this objection Mr. Dawson may have an answer and one which leaves his scheme unimpaired. On general principles it is a good one, and if carried out with wisdom and honesty of purpose, as it is certain to be, the result cannot fail to be of immense benefit to Canada. If it should fall short of the growing requirements of the times, it will, at any rate, be the pioneer of a great movement.

Party Government. Toronto Saturday Night, in a recent issue, has a very interesting editorial on the subject of the party press. Referring to a recent incident in Ottawa, it quotes alternately from the Mail and Empire and the Globe, in order to show how two leading organs will prosti-

EDITORIAL

tute themselves to party purposes to such an extent that their comments upon the same incident are an insult to human intelligence. Of course, the point of the editorial is that the exigencies of party demand that truth, justice, and fair play shall be ruthlessly sacrificed in order if possible to make a little capital out of the other side. This is the kind of thing which disgusts every man with a particle of sense. The game is played out; none, not even the politicians themselves, believe what they say when they denounce the opposition as the embodiment of all the vices, and applaud their own party as representing all the virtues. Saturday Night, in commenting on this journalistic attitude, makes some very emphatic statements. It declares that party lines are breaking down, at any rate in the city; that people are beginning to see that party strife is a joke, and that statesmen and journalists have been "kidding" them. As a further proof of the hollowness of party pretensions, it points to the fact that Premier Whitney was twice offered a portfolio by the opposition if he would join their ranks, yet for years he had been a stalwart leader of the Conservatives. All that Saturday Night says is no doubt true, but to reiterate accepted facts is neither very original nor very helpful, especially when they are such distressing facts as these. Saturday Night should go further and throw some light upon the important question as to whether party principles have, as many people claim, been submerged in the race for power or whether there are still some fundamental lines of cleavage which differentiate Liberal from Conservative. If these remain, their permanence and their vitality cannot be affected by the infidelity or indifference of present-day politicians. The detached observer of public affairs on this continent, whether in the United States or Canada, is quite well aware that opportunism has run rampant and that graft is king; but this is only a passing phase, and there is more than a little evidence that already a new era is at hand. After all, the rule of the politician is but temporary, and in the end it is the sound

common sense of the people which prevails. Party rule is not a failure because it has been abused; it has had a long trial in England, and no substitute has been found. It has had but a short trial in Canada yet, and in spite of its defects has proved an efficient system through the medium of which the people have been able to attain their ends. Purged of its weaknesses and excesses, as it will be, party government is likely to continue and to extend, if for no other reason than because it appears to be the only system amenable to discipline as the result of organization. It would be interesting if the accomplished editor of Saturday Night would pursue his study a little further along these lines. He may make up his mind that it is an accepted truism that no one any longer believes what party organs say of the opposition.

The Horse Show.

It is doubtful if from the standpoint of a successful function and a first class advertisement Vancouver has ever witnessed anything superior to the recent Horse Show. In point of attendance, of splendid exhibits, of financial success, and popularity it transcended the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. Moreover, it was a new departure, and the response made by the exhibitors only shows how ready they were to avail themselves of the opportunity once it was offered. Credit belongs to every member of the Committee, but the lion's share must go to Mr. F. M. Logan, who is responsible not only for the inception of the scheme but for the energy and skill which he devoted to carrying it out. It was a good day for the Province when Mr. Logan came west. Since his advent two years ago a tremendous impetus has been given to stock raising, and high class dairy work, the results of which are already manifest. His latest achievement demonstrates that a good Horse Show can be made the biggest drawing card in the West, as it has long been in the East.

Shakmut.

Clive Phillips Wooley.

CHAPTER IV.

NO! No more here. It is forbidden," and Yaksheem took the black bottle by the neck, and moved it out of his comrade's reach.

"If you are cold change your shirt. You do such things when you are bidden to a feast. For my part I could never see sense in the custom. The Governor, you know, has sent for us."

"Sent for me! Why?"

"For us, I said. That we may drink vodka with him, I suppose. It is to be a praznik tonight, as Gleb prophesied, and I want to keep your wits in you as long as possible. You may want them."

"I won't go."

"You must. Your term is not up yet. But hurry, we are due there already."

A very few minutes sufficed even for Stroganoff's toilet, for in those days no great ceremony was observed at the Governor's table in the matter of dress. Thigh boots and high-smelling sheepskins were good enough for marriage garments, and in such, Yaksheem at least, presented himself.

But considering that the promishleniki; Cossack thieves originally from the Volga, had in the last hundred years pushed their way by the edge of the Arctic, through hardships incredible, and that this was a gathering of promishleniki at their goal, it was a strangely luxurious scene which confronted them.

True, there was a rattle of arms and ring of steel as every man laid down his weapons, where, drunk or sober, he could reach them, but though the very man who presided as their host, had won his position by an indifference to hardship which was matter for marvel even in Siberia, and amongst men who had

waded across a continent, thigh deep in blood and ice, the tables he set before them shone with silver, glittered with cut glass, and groaned beneath such food and wines as men serve in royal cities.

The flickering light from the cressets and the strong light of the great wood fire, fell upon floors of polished hard wood, and vases of flowers forced in an artificial heat, and whilst outside, beyond the stockade, the Kalushes gorged upon whale blubber and thought it Earth's best, their masters sat down to caviar and Limberg cheese, looked coldly upon bottles of Champagne and Crimean wines, and filled themselves to the neck with vodka, a spirit more in keeping with their own than the juice of the Crimean grape.

At the upper end of the long table, were a few women, mute figures and spiritless, intended perhaps like the silver, for ornament, but if so, failing miserably in their mission.

These took no part in the conversation, and only a half-hearted interest in the meal. One of them had been in trouble already that day about the vodka.

At the head of the table sat Baranoff, his bald head sunk between his shoulders, but his bright, restless eyes marking each man as he came in.

Those eyes glittered with satisfaction as the Cossack stood back for Maxim Stroganoff to precede him.

"Now welcome Maxim Petovitch," the Governor cried rising, "we began to think that Petersburg was so near that you would not condescend to our poor table. Sit here beside me even if it be for the last time," and he bundled one of the women unceremoniously from her seat to make room for this other guest.

"We shall have you next us always Anna," he said with a sour grin.

Stroganoff apologized to the woman, and hesitated to take her place, but seeing that he frightened her, and angered his host, he took it, and with an effort called up the best smile he could command.

It was the last time that he would be obliged to act this miserable role, and in the future he would repay.

Used to the ways of the world, Stroganoff played his part better than his adversary, who was too clumsy to hide his malice, but the ease of the man of fashion only served to enrage the brute, who glared at him like a caged tiger, and snarled when he meant to smile.

Suddenly he reached across his guest, and laid hands on a great decanter of vodka.

"Let us drink to our next merry meeting," he said. "It has been long between drinks for us, Maxim Petrovitch. Nearly seven years, I think."

The allusion was not lost, but in spite of his whitening face, Stroganoff managed to keep his temper, merely covering his glass with his hand and replying:

"You must pardon me, your Excellency, I will drink it in Crimean wine if you will allow me."

"How? Crimean wine? That is no man's drink! We will drink it in vodka," and then seeing that the other's glass remained covered, he deliberately poured the liquor over his guest's hand, adding, changing the personal pronoun, and speaking very slowly: "Thou art still in our service, I believe; for another twenty-four hours."

Stroganoff withdrew his hand and with a supreme effort answered quietly:

"Twelve, your Excellency."

"Dost count the hours then? Others have not been so anxious to leave us," and he pointed with his fork towards the bottom of the table, where two feeble faced men were industriously drinking away such remnants of intelligence as fourteen years in Alaska had left to them.

Stroganoff was surprised to see them there. He had imagined that they were no longer of enough importance to be soaked, but he knew who they had been, and why they had stayed.

"It is well that some should return, your Excellency, to tell how the Company prospers."

"The dividends do that. But doubtless thou wilt take a good account of us to Her Majesty."

The account that he would take was so vividly before Stroganoff's mind that for a moment the right words would not come to him.

Baranoff, who read men like books, needed no answer.

Pushing his plate from him, he leant back in his chair and laughed, and then bending forward suddenly, laid his hand on the other's shoulder, whilst his small eyes glittered savagely.

"When thou goest back, thou wilt report of us and of the Company, as we would have thee report. Drink hearty," and again he pledged his guest in a brimming beaker.

Against his will, and in silence, Stroganoff drank, and felt the hot stuff mount to his brain.

It was that perhaps which dictated his next words.

"There are others, it may be, to whom your Excellency would wish to send messages."

"Others?"

"You forget a lady we both knew."

The purple face looked puzzled and blinked angrily. The people he had known were not the people Maxim Stroganoff knew.

"I don't understand thee."

"I shall have the pleasure of taking your Excellency's compliments to the Oozinskara Pereoulok."

"Ha! So! So! I had forgotten. Thou dost not drink, but thou playest, and little Katia sent thee to us with her recommendation. Now by God well thought of. If thou wilt not drink thou shalt play. I will give thee thy revenge."

"I have given up cards."

"In the last twenty-four hours? Thou hearest Anadirski? Ho! musicians!"

At the end of the long room sat a group in sheep-skins, with gaudy sashes round their waists.

At the Governor's voice these rose, and standing at attention began to roar out

a deep sea chanty. There was no attempt at an accompaniment, but the voices were in themselves sufficient, such deep basses as are the glory of Russian church services.

"Oh! Bering sea, grey Bering sea," they sang.

"Thou art the Cossacks nursery
No sailor man true salt can be
Who has not sailed on Bering sea."

And if its true, as poets tell

Our fate in heaven assured will be
They'll say we've had our share of hell
In sailing on the Bering sea."

The swing of the chanty was but the echo of the great surges, and the voices were fitted well to the rugged words.

At the first notes of the song, the women rose, it was their signal, and bowing to Baranoff, crept out of the room.

After they had gone and the song had ceased, the roar of many tongues arose, and minute by minute the effects of the vodka became more and more obvious.

Only upon Baranoff it made no sign. As he had sat at first, he sat still, pushing the food from him, and incessantly filling his glass and his neighbour's, until Maxim Stroganoff in spite of himself felt helpless under the fascination of those beady, watchful eyes.

At last, when the fire had burned low, and the last candle guttered itself out, Stroganoff essayed to leave.

There were vast leather boots protruding from under the table, there was a knot of men quarrelling in their cups in one corner of the room, and two with their arms round each other's necks crying and embracing in another corner of it.

Only Anadirski and two others still seemed capable of finding their way to the door.

For the last hour Baranoff had hardly spoken. If his eyes had not been so incessantly vigilant, Stroganoff would have fancied that his enemy slept.

"Goodnight your Excellency and perhaps goodbye."

"Nay, not yet," said the huddled figure suddenly straightening itself. "It is

quiet now, and we can play our little game. Hast thou forgotten? Anadirski, bring the cards and thou Glottoi and Stepan come and watch the play."

The two who, in spite of Anadirski's efforts, had passed the bottle oftener than a Cossack cares to, had not forgotten where they had laid their weapons.

Picking them up, they marched to the Governor's table, and sat down, placing their rifles again carefully beside them.

If the evil ring of the steel had not been sufficient for Stroganoff, a warning glance from the Cossack would have made his position clear to him.

There was to be no way out of it for him. Whether he wished to or not, he had to play that game of cards.

Except for the firelight, the only light left in the long salon, came from a taper, floating before an ikon or holy picture just over Baranoff's head.

There are such in every living room in Russia, and for the most part the pictures themselves are as tawdry as the frames of cut gilt and paste jewels in which they are contained, but this saint of Sitka was better drawn, though infinitely more brazen than most of them.

Baranoff's mascotte men called it, and who had an eye for a chance resemblance, swore that it was a portrait of Katia Mouklin.

Dazed as he was with liquor, and with nerves on edge, Maxim Stroganoff saw in it the very Katia Moukhin who had watched his last fatal game of cards, watching him again with the same malicious interest, and he crossed himself as he sat down to shelter himself against her.

At first he played nervously. If he could win ever so little, he could discharge his debts without touching his share of Shakmut's loot.

But the cards were against him, and that chance of avoiding the use of the blood money was lost.

Then he played recklessly, whilst the stakes grew, and the pitiless devil in front of him, blinked and drank, drank and blinked, whilst the pile of his roubles mounted higher and higher.

Stroganoff saw ruin staring him in the face, and felt his nerve giving way.

His opponent's silence was breaking him down, and the restless shadow which the flames sent dancing on the walls distracted his attention.

He was at his old trick of glancing over his shoulder again.

"This is too slow," he cried at last, "we play a tradesman's game. Will you cover that?" and he pushed before him all that he had left, nearly the half of his original store.

Baranoff said nothing, but his eyes glowed as he shoved a pile of roubles to the front, and he glanced once up at the ikon, but this may have been to see whether the taper would hold out.

It was all that it would do, for though the great room was well built it accounted for the extraordinary antics of the shadows which, as the men bent over the cards seemed to gather more thickly round the ikon, as if they would obliterate it.

Maxim Stroganoff was now playing for his life. If he lost, it would mean to him another seven years in the service of the Company, and he felt that after another seven years there would no longer be a Maxim Stroganoff for whom Petersburg would mean anything.

Well if he lost, there was always— He did not finish his thought, but the shadows dipped and bowed until one of them just touched the crown of Baranoff's bald head.

And then the players began to cut, and for the first time that evening Stroganoff felt master of himself. The vodka left him, and but for the flickering of that cursed taper, he could see clearly.

They were cutting and the cards were exposed upon the table as they cut. The Queen of clubs lay in front of Baranoff, a knave of diamonds in front of Maxim.

The evil purple face seemed to come an inch or two closer, and the beady eyes glow with a little more of hell fire, as the Governor laid the Queen of Spades beside the Queen of Clubs.

"A pair of Queens," he hissed. Stroganoff smiled coolly, and taking out his cigarette case, deliberately rolled himself a cigarette and lit it.

The little devil had spoken at last. Was he growing anxious?

He seemed to be for he looked again at the taper above his head.

"You can smoke afterwards," he said, "there will be lots of time and the light fails."

Stroganoff took two or three whiffs, knocked off the ashes, and then turned up a card.

"Pardon," he said, "but you should never hurry a good game. Knave of hearts. Your pair is still the best."

"Ten of diamonds. Hurry man."

"The six of clubs. Is your Excellency sleepy?"

"Ten of spades."

"Two pair. Your Excellency is hard to beat, but—and very slowly the man of Eylau turned up another knave: "That does it, I think."

Baranoff glanced above him.

"Not yet, curse you, my queen of diamonds wins," and he laid upon the table a card, the picture of which might have been taken from the frame above his head.

Before Baranoff lay three queens and a pair of tens. Before Stroganoff three knaves and a six of diamonds.

Only one card could save the Russian noble, and that was the curse of his race.

"Who dost thou seek? Play man," cried Baranoff, "there is no one behind thee."

At that moment there was a sputtering in the oil, and the taper of the ikon went out.

As it did so Stroganoff turned up the knave of spades.

Four knaves beat three of a kind and a pair. The curse of his house had saved him.

"Thou playest well in the dark," muttered Baranoff, and then his head sank forward upon his chest, his limbs became limp and the whole man collapsed in his chair, *as he would have done had not the Knave of Spades turned up.*

Baranoff's mascot had failed him, and Stroganoff glancing over his shoulder as he gathered in the pile of roubles which meant so much to him, saw a great shadow rise, and bend over him even as he bent over the table.

What was it? His mascot?

"Pocket the roubles and come quick-

ly," whispered Anadirski at his elbow, and even the Cossack's voice shook a little.

Without staying to count them, Stroganoff crushed the dirty slips of paper into his pocket, and turning, stole noiselessly from the room, whilst Stepan and Glotof watched for a sign from the figure below the unlit ikon, and Yaksheem because he too was pure Russian

perhaps, or because rats know when a ship's prosperity is over, watched Baranoff's satellites, carrying his rifle curiously for a man who knew from a life's experience which was the business end of it.

But Baranoff made no sign.

He slept, and the Cossack followed his comrade out into the darkness.

(To be continued)

Evening at the Narrows.

John Barrow.

The upborne haze from the distant town.
The notes of a far-off band,
Vague shapes of mountains dim descried,
Like clouds o'er the listening land.
The vanishing liner's league—long smoke,
As it flies o'er a sunset sea.
The gleam of a sail
Or a sea-bird's wail;
Are the chords of memory.

The Soul of the Earth broods over all.
We gaze in a wandering dream,
At the sleeping mountains o'er the way.
Whose pearly night caps gleam,—
At the fir-clad slope where silence reigns,
The rippling coast from bay to bay.
Where dead logs lie
Like the wrecks of Time,
Pale hopes of a long-dead day.

The evening church-bells far away,
And the hollow moan of the sea.
The sigh of the trees.
In the long land-breeze.
And the Soul of Memory.

The Wild Rice Harvest of the Mississaugas.

Bonncastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author.

STANDING on the summit of Maple Sugar Island the changeful beauties of the great wild rice beds were seen to their best advantage.

As far as the eye could reach, mile after mile, the waving golden fields of grain tossed and rolled in midlake before the light fragrant air of the south wind. The great grassy looking fields were cut up by many a winding channel of water, channels that keep their course and delimitation year after year, keep it to our intense wonder through the fall winds, keep it although the ice shoves many drift and move the seed. As we first saw the beds they were a golden glory under the brilliant sun, bright shining beds of yellow grain standing in a clear blue lake. Passing clouds instantly painted the scene in all the varying shades of deeper green, deepest where the grain grew heaviest, lighter where the growth was thinner, all growing in a lake now turned to olive green. Then a heavy thunderstorm, so common in this region of high lying Canadian lakes, rolled up mighty masses of clouds, cumulous clouds, all piled in shadow casting mountain ranges. Again the ever changeful wild rice beds took anew the colouring, now the green merged into blacks and the wind-ruffled channels looked dark and dangerous beneath the angry sky. Soon the storm rolled off muttering towards the east, and once more the lake glittered in all of its summer glory of bright blue waters and golden grain fields, with cedar clothed islands set amidst-like emeralds in brightest metal.

Hawk, the Mississaugan guide, point-

ed out the flashing paddles of his tribesmen, and through the glasses we could make out the canoes amid the tall standing grain. Soon our craft too was afloat and we studied the work at close range. As we passed through the rustling stalks that reached above our heads we could hear the Indians singing as they gathered in their wild harvest, singing to strange words the sweet old Morning Hymn, "Awake my Soul and with the sun." The deep gutterals of the braves, the light quavering voices of the squaws; blended in one sweet wind borne melody:

"Um ba o nesh kon nin je chong,
Kuh ba kee zhig suh uh no keen;
Wa be nun ke te me shke win,
Kuh ge zhaib dash nah te be doon."

A changing wind bore the rest of the familiar words off over the distant beds and we paddled on to watch the harvesters, often landing into so thick a bit of tangled growth that we were forced to reach out and grasp the heavy stalks of standing wild rice and literally draw the canoe over the bending slowly yielding mass. As we drew near we pictured four of the young hunters gathering the black grain; these were mere youths and the spirit of their age showed in the protruding muzzles of the ancient guns that lay in front of each Bowman.

Our dusky guide stopped the canoe beside a fine looking Indian and his wife, for all of these tribes believe in the solemn sacrament of marriage. He showed in the high cheek bones, the reddish hue of the skin, the large brown eyes, some of the traits of the parent Ojibway tribe. The woman was comely.

At our suggestion he held aloft a stalk of the wild rice to show the length of this aquatic plant's growth.

Zazania aquatica L. grows here in about ten feet of water, to fifteen feet in some places. The rich mud that supports it has been formed by the falling and decaying of the heavy straw of the plants for centuries. The straw gradually bends over before the heavy winds

an annual but a very hardy one. The chief difficulty in transplanting the long black seeds lies in the fact that nature has decreed that the grain must not be dried before it is planted. In its wild state it is detached from the stem by the wind, the point of attachment strikes the water first and the seed sinks into the submerged mud beds while still moist and remains wet all the winter. Sc



Showing the Length of a Rice Stalk.

View of Rice Fields



of the autumn and most of it lies beneath the surface of the water ere the ice of December seals these lakes. Under the warm sun of April and May the seed lying beneath the straw starts to germinate, its peculiar vitality keeping it in perfect condition even if it lies too deep for the heat of the water-conveyed rays to reach it. Another year, or even two or three years, it may lie, until conditions are right for its growth, as it is

to replant it a condition of wet storage, as well as cold storage, must be obtained. This accounts for the numerous failures in planting the seed in other lakes, as the seed becomes dried when exposed to air and is almost without vitality when thoroughly dry.

The ribbons of the plant sprout early in May, forcing their way through the overlying straw, reaching the surface of the water about the first of June. Here

PAGE

MISSING

of the craft, so we paddled after them and pictured it with its load of wild grain, with the light cedar sticks they use lying on top, later we pictured their canvass homes and watched the primitive methods of parching and winnowing.

The grain was spread upon the shore to allow the sun to thoroughly dry it; as all of this was intended for food; the Indians never use any for replanting purposes, old Mother Nature does that regularly for them—and we often blunder when we endeavour to assist her in untried fields. Sometimes they parch the grain for immediate consumption in great iron kettles, slowly stirring the contents until the long black seeds, resembling an inch long portion of lead from a pencil, are most thoroughly parched. Hour after hour the old men and women of the tribe stir the rice kettles, humming and crooning old Ojibway songs the meanwhile; then, after it has cooled, comes the tiresome work of hulling the grain, stamping on it, pounding it with long clubs—it is the sight of a lifetime to see an ancient hag performing a monotonous dance in a heap of shifting grain. At last the envelope is separated, now the broken grain is thrown aloft from light baskets, and the northwest wind does the work of separating the chaff from the black parched seed.

It is a source of constant wonder to us how this plant flourishes against all of its enemies. Man, with the changing purposes of the lumber industry to attend to, causing the water to rise and fall, is certainly the worst. The one field we have pictured is the largest in Rice Lake, Ontario, there are many others, in all containing some five thousand acres. This one five-hundred-acre patch in front of Maple Sugar Island supports ten to twenty thousand red-wing blackbirds. In its deeply hidden places lurk hundreds of mudhens, many families of Virginia rail, crakes, and other rail. At night

some five to twenty thousand ducks wing into it—all feeding on the dainty creamy seeds. Then come the Indians in regular flotilla and gather steadily for two weeks. The mighty equinoctial gales now take a hand and hurl the remainder of the seeds from the stems to sink beneath the water. Even now it is not safe. Innumerable ducks, passing up and down the great migration from October to December and March to May, stop and dive and feed upon it; yet all these various spoilers do not obtain more than half of the crop. Truly, we might say, slightly changing the words of that great nature student, Bryant—

These are the gardens of the waters,
These the untiled fields, bounteous and
beautiful.

As the night fell, and the camp-fires of the rice gatherers gleamed across the water, and the myriad wild ducks gabbed in the dark beds, Hawk, sitting in the shadows, where the blaze from our pine-knot fire was divided by a giant pine, told us the Legend of the Wild Rice:

"Many, many years ago, when our tribe outnumbered all our enemies, there lived a great chief, Ksis-wass-chie. His lodge was the largest, his slain the greatest, his the mighty pile of beaver-skins his the many scallocks of his enemies, so strong that none could stand before him. Wild with fighting, he pointed his arrows at the sun, dared the Fire God, who sent a mighty chief to battle for him. All day Ksis-wass-chie hard assailed him, showered his arrows on him, strove with axe and knife around him. Late at sunset, when the air grew cold and the Fire God weaker, Ksis-wass-chie overcame him, exchanging for his life this promise: 'In the harvest time of every year grain shall be in plenty, without labour, without sowing.' And in the New Moon the Wild Rice filled the waters of the lake."



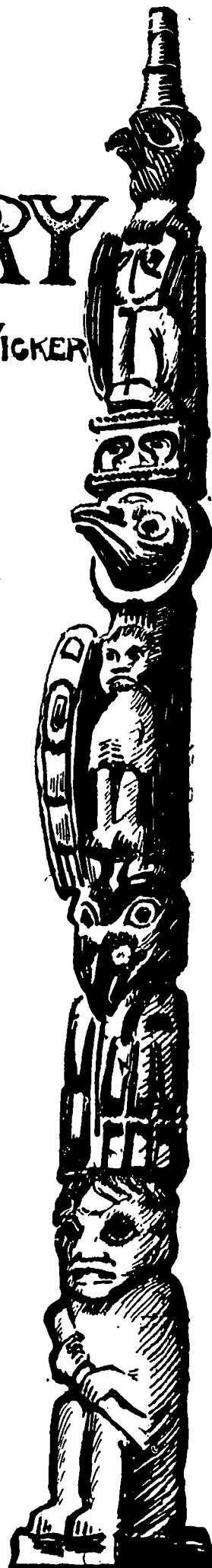
The Legend of the Bear Totem.

TRADITIONS of all primitive races show fixed ideas of immortality. Not so common are those of evolution.

The following curious Indian legend, recorded as related by one well versed in his tribal lore, also illustrated in carved stone, is worthy of more than passing interest to the student of modern thought. All Indians take great pride in recounting the wonderful deeds of their forefathers, and so deeply is this story rooted in the traditions of this tribe, that it proves conclusively their belief, if not positive knowledge of psychic forces. The incompleteness of the written word destroys much of the charm of the narrative, which, owing to the poverty of Indian imagination, must necessarily be brief.

Many, many moons ago, there lived on the Northern shore, near the present village of Skidegate, an enthusiastic fisherman named Hoo-hoo. On one of his fishing expeditions he was accompanied by his kloochman, who, as the story runs, was very beautiful. She had many brothers and other blood relatives, and was much loved by all. Hoo-hoo, contrary to our ideas of Indian husbands, not only loved his wife, but was positively devoted to her.

One long August day they pitched their rude tent on the beach. Hoo-hoo, much against his will, left his wife and went some distance to set his nets. While he was absent, his wife made ready their meagre meal, and being tired laid down to rest in the great dugout canoe. She slept, and when Hoo-hoo returned he could find no trace of her. Darkness fell, and exhausted with his fruitless search he slept. Morning showed him the marks of a huge bear's claw on the side of the dugout. Then he knew that his wife would not return to him, and his grief was terrible. He remained near the place for days, then in despair he sought the Indian village and related what had happened. A council was held, when it was decided that the woman was dead. The tribe mourned for her with all its usual ceremonies.



Seasons came and went, but Hoo-hoo strong in the belief that his wife would return, refused to be comforted. He would not take another wife, and aban-



Double Totem

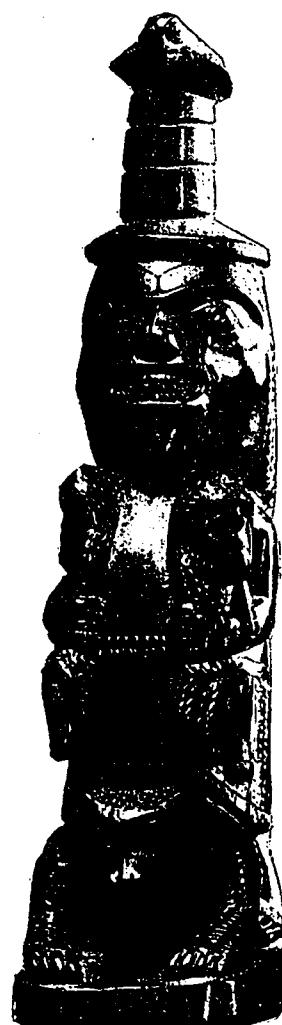
doned his fishing—taking long trips alone in his canoe—doing nothing and shunning everyone, until some believed his mind had gone from him.

His wife's brothers were afraid for him, and organized a bear hunt to prove if possible that the lost one was really dead. Armed with all sorts of weapons and accompanied by a large pack of dogs the hunters started.

The hunt continued for weeks. At evening one day, they came upon a she-bear with two cubs. A splendid fight was expected. The dogs gave chase and much excitement prevailed. At last the bear and her cubs were treed. The hunters formed a circle around the tree and prepared to shoot. When they were ready to fire, the bear raised her paws and beckoned to the men, as if pleading for mercy. So impressed were they with the old bear's peculiar motions that one of their number suggested that she had once been a human being.

Immediately the dogs were called off and secured where they could not bite nor annoy the bears. Slowly the mother bear brought her cubs to the ground. The three acted in a friendly way toward the hunters, who took them all back to the Indian village. The whole tribe listened to the story, and they, too, believed the bear to be the missing kloochman.

The medicine man came with his charms and ordered a monster bonfire built. Before this he placed the bear. He then commanded the people to make offerings and prayers to the God of Rain. The god heard and answered by pouring a great shower on the bear as she sat by the fire. Gradually her fur fell away, leaving her skin soft and clean like a woman's. She then stood up and began to assume the form of a woman. In time she could talk and told them



Single Totem.

many strange tales of her wanderings and experiences while she was a bear.

A feast, of which all the tribe partook, was spread, and there was much rejoic-

ing. Hoo-hoo was beside himself for joy for the restoration of his wife.

During this great excitement of dancing and feasting the two cubs were forgotten. They left their shelter and were at play in the sunshine. It happened that the dogs scented them and before assistance arrived they were torn to pieces.

carries the two cubs, for the love of whom she died. In the double figure is seen the hunter or man, the woman and the cubs.

It must be admitted that the manner in which the native workman has traced in stone the legend of his family totem



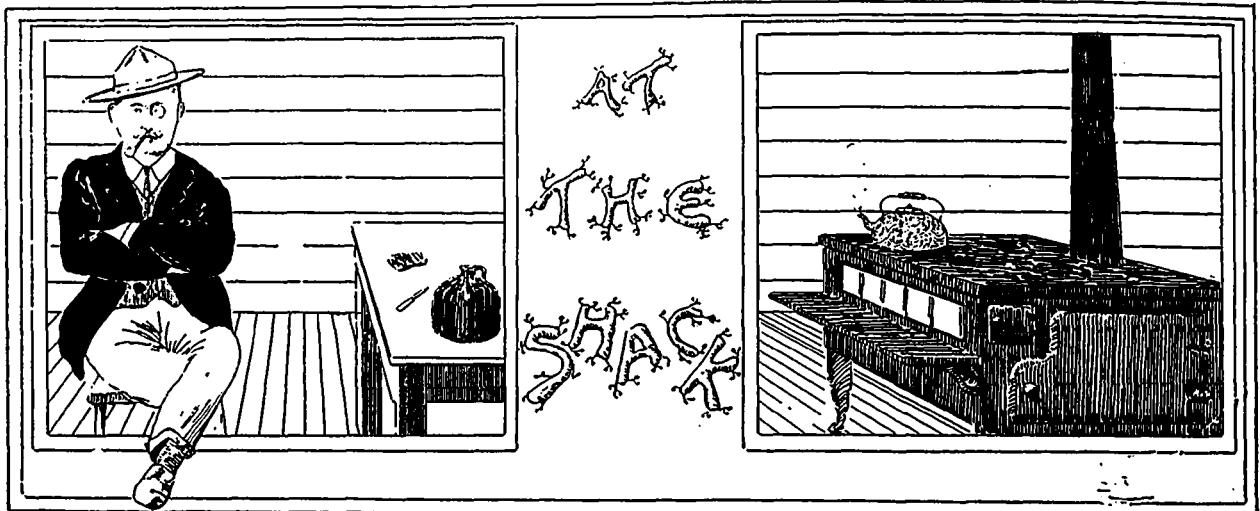
Bear as Portrayed by Indian Totem.

When the woman saw her dead offspring, her mother-heart broke and she died of grief. Thus the rejoicing was turned to sorrow.

The single figure in the illustration represents the woman, the bear into which she was turned, while in her arms she

shows marked ingenuity, if not real genius.

As the bear occupies such a prominent place in the pictures and carvings of the Alaskan Indians, an illustration is given showing its usual form as drawn by native artists.



Percy Flage.

No more? Then fill your pipe—Here's T. and B.
 Sliced by a well-ground axe. No Sheffield knife
 Or patent shaving tool will peel a curl
 So thinly fine. Nay, never strike a match!
 This red hot coal that once was rugged bark
 Will do the trick—So! press it slowly home
 (Not with your thumb, as I, your skin is soft)
 But hold it gently with a chip of wood
 And breathe, and taste the sap of Douglas Fir
 Far filtered through the magic nicotine
 And slow distilled to dreams of woodland peace,
 Of summer nights on moonlit mountain lakes,
 Of Autumn's hazy morn and drowsy noon
 That shortens to a frosty twilight time
 When camp fire warmth is good—

So smoke away.

I'll rinse the dishes off and talk a while
 As one is prone to talk whose solitude
 At rare long intervals is looped apart
 With links of friendly intercourse—Tis strange
 How strong the yearning of the human soul
 For confidence—reciprocal perhaps,
 But more inclined to give than to receive,
 As more inclined to utter than to hear
 The word of others. When the mind is such
 One pours and pours, nor heeds the weary nod
 Of him whose listening ear is overfilled
 And numbed with sounding volume—
 Pity—but so it is. 'Twere better much
 To use no tongue at all, but write in ink
 For those to read who would what you would say.
 Then might the listener hold the helm and steer
 His course at will among the sandy shoals

AT THE SHACK

17

Of your opinions—shun the tide-topped rocks
 Of half your argument, and ware the reefs
 Of jagged merriment that you call wit.
 Yea, close the covers down and end the cruise
 When lee shores threatened or the doldrums bored.

Unless by chance

Somewhere between the islands he espys
 An open vista shaping out to sea
 Blue in the skylight, silver in the sun
 And flashing all with breezy dancing waves,
 Not ink at all but living language where
 Apt word and happy thought across the page
 Go arm in arm, each helping each along—
 There's the great charm of books.

You browse among
 The margined chapters, scarcely taking pains
 To cut the leaves or probe a tangled phrase
 For fruits half hidden by the underbrush
 Of literary style and verbiage

Till—at your feet

While stooping for a berry you perceive
 A ruby, diamond—something that you know
 Is all your own, and recognise as yours
 Though larger, brighten, maybe than before.
 "It's mine!" you cry, and then "How came it here?"
 And then you seek for more, and read again
 And yet again, to find and touch the heart
 Of him who all unknown, from the outworld
 Stole in and deftly pricked your silent soul

Oh—books!

Yes, books are good—and camp-fire warmth is good—
 But differing so far, I sometimes think
 As North from South.

One represents the pole

Of man's mentality, aloof from laws
 Of time and space—The azimuth of life
 In that rare void of four dimensioned planes
 Where oneness ranges to infinity
 And you and I may multiply our moons
 Of slow experience, by all the years
 Of our ancestral selves and living kin—

The other surely marks

The hedgeway bounds of Now—the sense complete
 Of physical *I am* in kind repose
 Of self won affluence and well-earned joy!
 The wood burns brightly, (which your muscles bore
 From yon great Tamarac your axe has hewn)
 And in the yellow compass of that heat
 Your art has kindled—not the fire of Mars
 The galaxy of Ursus, no, nor all
 The eye confusion of the milky way
 Shall lure you from the fulness of the hour.

Each pulsing beat,

The diastole and systole of your heart
 Rings like a coin new minted from the gold

Of your expansive soul; each second passed
 Is as the painless death of one whose life
 Was all complete of work, ease, sorrow, bliss
 Distress and joy—There seems no farther need
 Of mental stress—The sphynx of wherefore so?
 Is answered by the welfare of what is—

Oh, blessed are the campfires I have known—
 Across a thousand leagues of rugged hills
 The dancing shadows of their phantom flames
 Still find me ill content—and leave me tamed
 (A moment) to the harmony of things
 That somehow seem discordant.

So again

I see them now, vivid and dazzling near
 In shapeless hemispheres of shifting heat
 And irised deep in darkness undescribed
 To central pupils of a purple hue
 Where all the cold that killed our pallid moon
 And all the night that bides the death of day
 And all the depth that mocks our mountain heights
 And all the end of all things that shall end
 Are dimly, wanly visioned without fear—
 So wide a halo lends immortal strength
 To timid sight—so hot the ruddy rays
 Strike waves of living crimson to the cheek
 So swift the blood ebbs back the tidal flow
 Of sparkling fumes and skyward snapping smoke,
 Like sunset clouds all yellow in the west,
 That man mounts reckless to the hill of life
 And calmly scans the prospect, nor unbends
 His tautened sinews to the bale of years
 Nor hearkens once to catch amidst the cheer
 Of springsong music humming in the glow
 An echo of delusions taunting cry—

For all was well

In those good nights when, warm with mucking toil
 We flung our scanty blankets by a stream
 And notched the leaning bull pine to its fall
 For one full cord, to rear a blazing pyre
 Of daylight doubts—The tumult of tossed hopes
 And fading troubles lulled to their last sleep
 Passed suttee through the burning ghant—to bliss—

How fresh were we to wake

Perhaps at midnight, or towards the dawn—
 Our fireward feet not scorching now, but chill
 With warning of spent fuel. High o'erhead
 The winking stars danced mockingly and stabled
 Cold daggers through the ether when we rose
 To fumble in the gloom—

How wide the night

Encompassed and enthralled us till we hurled
 Fresh forest tribute on the charring heap
 And fanned the dying coal to leaping life

How tense the shade

That crept about us as new warmth inspired!

A wall of black—close curving to the reach
 Of radiant flame—full domed and folding in
 Our little world of solitude once more—
 Deep velvet black, the garb of Mother Night
 Soft gowned, low whispering, and holding us,
 The children of her trust—the wander kind—
 Embosomed in maternal amplitude—

But here!

Why, here you sit and watch me puff
 My half-formed thoughts like broken rings of smoke
 And prate of fires and this and that, the while
 We let our little stove go dead black out!
 Here, reach the axe across. I'll fix some chips
 And keep my mouth closed—Come! you tell me now
 What's doing at the Coast?

Mexico.

C. M. Shepherd.

FOREMOST among all the sports and amusements of Mexico is the bull ring, a relic of barbarism that remains amidst the most refined civilization of the twentieth century. From time to time attempts have been made to put an end to this cruel sport, but these are of no avail. The love of the bull ring is engrained in the nature of every Mexican from the lowest peon to the most aristocratic hidalgo.

New bull rings are being erected every year and no matter what the financial state of the country is, the home of the toreador is certain to be well patronized.

Although bull-fighting of a sort goes on nearly all the year, the season proper begins in October, when the cleverest fighters from Spain, having finished their season in that country, come to Mexico and are welcomed with a warmth worthy of a better cause, and remain for about six months.

In many of the smaller towns and villages the bull rings consist merely of a circular palisade of strong stakes, but

those of the more important cities are elaborate and expensive structures. The arena which is simply earth covered with a thick layer of sand, measures from 200 feet to 300 feet in diameter. It is surrounded by a stout wooden wall about six feet high, from which the seats rise tier upon tier.

The performance commences with a promenade of the artists, who with the exception of the toreadors, who open the ball, then retire. The bull enters the ring, and as he does so, a spiked rosette is driven into his back, as a gentle hint of what is coming. There is a flare of trumpets, and the enraged bull charges madly across the arena, bellowing, snorting, and pawing up the sand in his course. Calmly awaiting him in the centre of the ring stands the toreador, who, waving his cloak of scarlet and purple, waits until the bull is within a foot or so, then steps nimbly to one side, and the bull rushes blindly on.

Half a dozen toreadors now surround him, and he charges first at one, and then at another with always the same result, until at length finding his effort



Interior of Rancher's Home.

vain, he ceases his mad rushes, a bugle sounds, and the first part of the performance is over. Then come the banderillos, men armed with barbed darts, decorated with multi-coloured streamers, and sometimes with lighted fireworks.

Once again the bull charges, and as he thunders by, the banderillo plants a dart on each side of his neck, which he tries in vain to shake off. Maddened with the pain, and the exploding crackers, he turns first in one direction and then in another, receiving fresh darts in his bleeding neck at every step until once again he stands sullen and exhausted. Again the bugle sounds and the banderillos give place to the picadores, who, armed with lances, are mounted on blindfolded horses, which are, needless to say, generally worn out old hacks fit only for the knackers yard.

Now comes the cruellest part of the whole performance. Seeing a fresh opponent, the bull once more dashes across the arena and in spite of the lance thrust in his back, plunges his horns into the frightened horse, and in a second picador horse and bull are struggling in

a confused mass on the ground. To the stranger, death appears certain to the rider, who, unable to extricate himself from the melee, lies apparently crushed and helpless.

But the crushing is more apparent than real, and although unable to rise, it is not on account of his injuries, but because of the heavy armour in which he is encased. Falling always on the side away from the bull, the picador is rarely hurt. It is the poor horse that is bored and torn, until a lance thrust from another horseman diverts the bull's animosity into new channels, and the scene is repeated until five or six horses have been butchered.

Then the final scene in this disgusting exhibition begins, and the matador enters the arena. Armed with a long sword, he coolly faces the exhausted bull, and as it staggers towards him, drives the sword through his heart, or rather attempts to do so, for as a rule several thrusts are necessary to end the poor animal's suffering.

Usually there are six bulls and from ten to twenty horses killed at each fight.

MEXICO

21

It is seldom that any of the bull fighter are injured, and although a vast amount of coolness and a good deal of skill are necessary, the combat is much too one-sided to appeal to any fair-minded sportsman. A few years ago horses which had been wounded were patched up and made to face another bull, whereas now they are immediately killed. Nothing, however, can alter the fact that to the average Englishman the whole show is brutal and disgusting, and although most visitors to Mexico see one fight, but few care to see another.

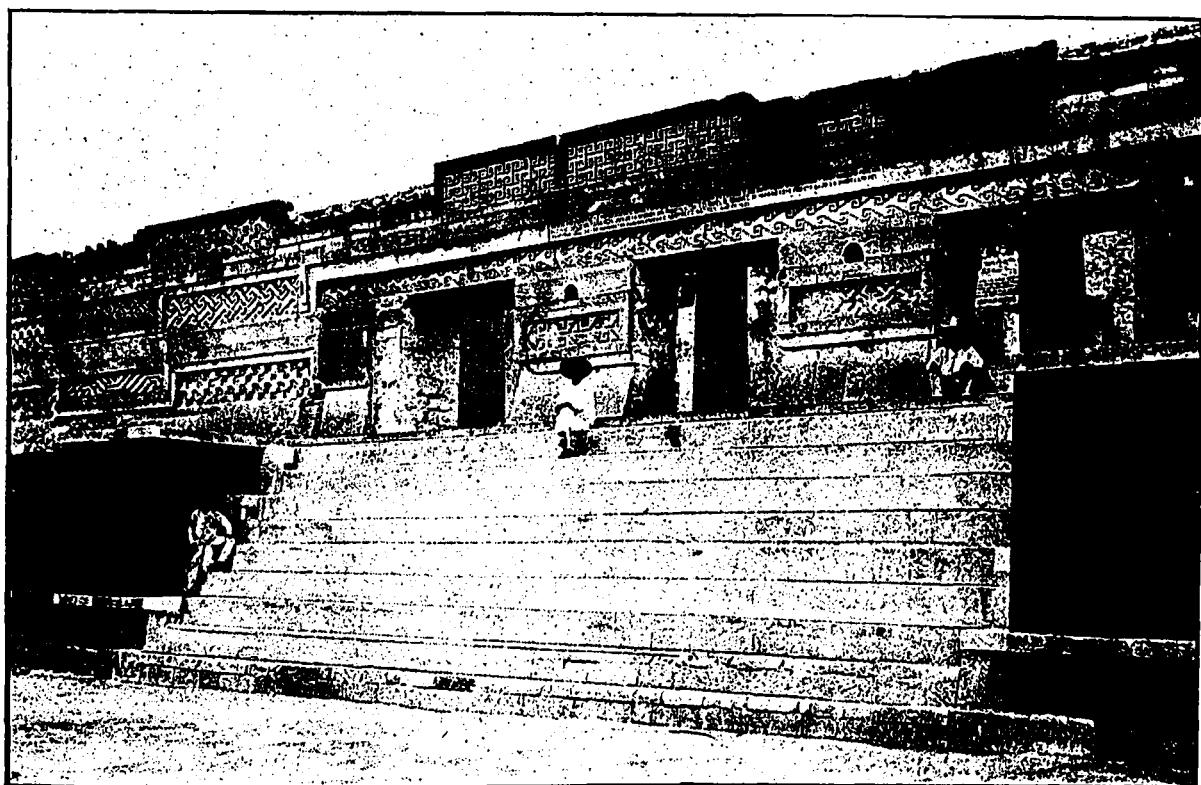
In the smaller towns there are fights of a milder description. No horses are killed, and the bull, which is usually minus horns, after being lassoed, thrown, and ridden, is allowed to depart unharmed. This is not done from any spirit of mercy, but simply from the fact that bulls are expensive luxuries. The bull-ring, however, in spite of its many objectives, is certainly the home of daring and bravery, if risking one's life for a few dollars can be called such. Ladies (?) sometimes enter the ring, and many of them can despatch the fiercest bull with coolness and dexterity.

Instead of horses, bicycles are occasionally used. Toreadors will stand upon

chairs, which the bull smashes to match-wood, as its late occupier leaps nimbly over its head. An expert performer will stand upon a handkerchief and will gauge the charge of the bull so accurately that he will remain standing upon it, merely swaying his body to avoid the mad onrush of his four-legged opponent, or will entice the bull near the wall of the arena and stand calmly erect while the bull buries his horns in the wood on either side of him.

Such men are rare, and command fabulous prices, several thousand dollars being frequently paid for a single performance. The greatest danger lies in a slip on the blood-stained sand, in which case the unlucky man lies perfectly still, in the hope that his confreres will entice the bull away, which they invariably try to do. Apart from the fight itself, a bull-ring is well worth a visit, if only to watch the spectators, who, with scarcely an exception, go wild with excitement, shout, scream, gesticulate, and even throw their hats, cloaks and jewelry to the performers. This generosity is, however, merely Spanish, and the attendants quickly leap into the ring and return the articles to their owners.

Bull-fighting is far from being the



Restored Stairway and Entrance at Mitla.



The Plaza, Guanajuato.

only sport to be had in Mexico City. There are first-class cricket, football, tennis, and polo clubs, which are, needless to say, mainly supported by the English residents. Motoring is rapidly increasing in popularity, and several first-class roads to cities a good distance away are in course of construction. Luna Park, with its skating rink and numerous other attractions, is always well patronized, and in short no city could be better supplied with sport and amusements to suit all tastes than Mexico City.

Situated at an altitude of 7,348 feet, on a plateau nearly midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, Mexico City is easily reached from either coast.

From the town of Salina Cruz, on the Pacific side, the Tehuantepec railway goes as far as Santa Lucrecia. This line, which was built by Messrs. Pearson & Son, was completed only last year. The first place of interest is Tehuantepec, the chief town of the Tewaina Indians, a race which has remained distinct from the Mexicans from time immemorial. The difference in the men is not nearly as marked as in the women, who are

finer in every way than their Mexican sisters. Their dress also is worthy of notice. The headdress of starched muslin is from two to three feet in diameter. The dress itself, although of simple design, is of the gaudiest material: crimson, gold, and purple being the favourite colours. Boots and stocking are conspicuous by their absence, the feet being encased in leather sandals, which are, however, by no means a mark of poverty, many of the sandal-clad ladies being adorned with gold chains and ornaments of great value.

The country surrounding the town of Tehuantepec is flat and sandy, and with the exception of the cocoanut palm, vegetation is scarce. But this soon changes. Farther on the sandy waste gives place to stretches of rich fertile land. Cocoanut palms still flourish, but are intermixed with limes, mangoes and manans.

The country, however, is but sparsely populated. Possibly the Spanish Hidalgo of olden times found this part of the country too far away from his beloved Mexico City. At all events, haciendas and plantations are few and far between,

and the railway stations consist, as a rule, of a crude platform, a Wells-Fargo delivery shed, and a telegraph office. The station officials generally begin and end with a vacant-looking youth, whose accomplishments in life never get beyond smoking cigarettes and saying "Quien sabe?" (who knows) to all questions asked him.

From San Geronimo there is a branch line running to the borders of Guatema-



Type of Mexican Peon.

ala. Some day, in the dim and distant future, this line may be of great importance, but just at present the amount of traffic does not call for special mention.

The most important town on the line is Rincon Antonio. There are situated the workshops of the railway. There is a comparatively large white population, and some modern dwelling houses, which

are anything but an ornament in this quaint and picturesque country.

From Rincon Antonio the line, with but slight variation, runs through a dense jungle. Vegetation is thick and luxuriant, and grows to within a few feet of the track.

Every known tropical tree and plant struggles for an existence. The under-growth is a dense mass of foliage, and the palms, wild rubber and mahogany trees almost exclude the light from above. Parrots screech, and monkeys scamper away as the train wends its way through this vast forest. Game of every sort is abundant, and the land is in every way a hunter's paradise.

Rubber is the chief product of this part of the country, and no town of any size or importance is to be met with for a great distance.

Santa Lucrecia is the junction where the Tehuantepec railway joins the Vera Cruz al Pacific railway. It consists of three small hotels and a few stores, and the traveller will do well to continue his journey with as little delay as possible.

The run from Santa Lucrecia to Cordova is certainly the most interesting part of the whole journey. After the first hundred miles or so, the jungle begins to thin out, and from there onward the line winds in and out amongst coffee groves, bananas, oranges, dates, pineapples, limes, cocoanuts, and every tropical fruit that grows, including numbers that the reader has probably never heard of, and as the train ascends, patches of native corn and the palmleaf hut of the owner appear more frequently.

Cordova, where the Vera Cruz al Pacific railway connects with the Mexican railway, is a flourishing old town and well worth a visit. The climate hereabouts is almost if not quite as perfect as nature can make it. The excessive heat of the low lands is past, and the sharp tinge occasionally felt in Mexico City and the higher altitudes is never experienced there.

The fruits and flowers of the lower regions still flourish; in fact, Cordova and the neighbouring vicinity produce more flowers than any other part of the republic. In places the fields of gar-



Street Scene, Vera Cruz.

denias look almost like snow, hibiscii of every shade and colour mingle with the scarlet pointsettae, and the endless varieties of curious and valuable orchids tend to make this spot a veritable garden of Eden, the whole scene being enhanced by an uninterrupted view of that magnificent snow-clad volcano, Mr. Orizaba.

Cordova, which is one hundred and ninety-eight miles from Mexico City, is novel and picturesque to a degree, and is only a foretaste of what is to follow. Every little station has something to please and interest, and the traveller will indeed be busy who sees half of the magnificence of the scenery thereabouts.

At Sumidero there is a tunnel leading to a ravine, where there is a magnificent cascade and a disappearing river, which are very beautiful, but cannot be seen from the train. But along this part of the line are other cascades that can be seen from the train, and after passing a short tunnel, the ascent to the Metlac Gorge begins, and here are some of the finest views of the line, and of the world.

Orizaba, which is the next town of any size, is situated at the foot of the volcano of that name, and the traveller is strongly recommended to spend a short time

there before proceeding to Maltrata, through the "Canon de Infierillo," "the ravine of the little hell," which, barring the cascades and roaring mountain torrents, is quite an appropriate name.

Maltrata, which next claims the traveller's attention, is a delightful little town, lying in a valley. The railway station is usually lined with Indians selling fruits, flowers and other local dainties. As the train leaves the station, these Indians scamper up the hill to the station at "Alta Luz," and will be on the platform when the train arrives, thus securing a second chance of disposing of their wares. These Indians had run 2,500 feet up the mountain side, while the train was going nine miles, across iron bridges spanning fathomless chasms, crawling through tunnels, and sweeping around numberless dizzy points.

From Alta Luz a delightful view of Maltrata is obtained, as it lies like a lilliputian city thousands of feet below, spread out on a green carpet, with its white-washed churches, inevitable plaza, thatched cottages, mazelike streets, and surrounding fields and orchards.

Esperanza, which is the next town of any importance, is situated at the edge



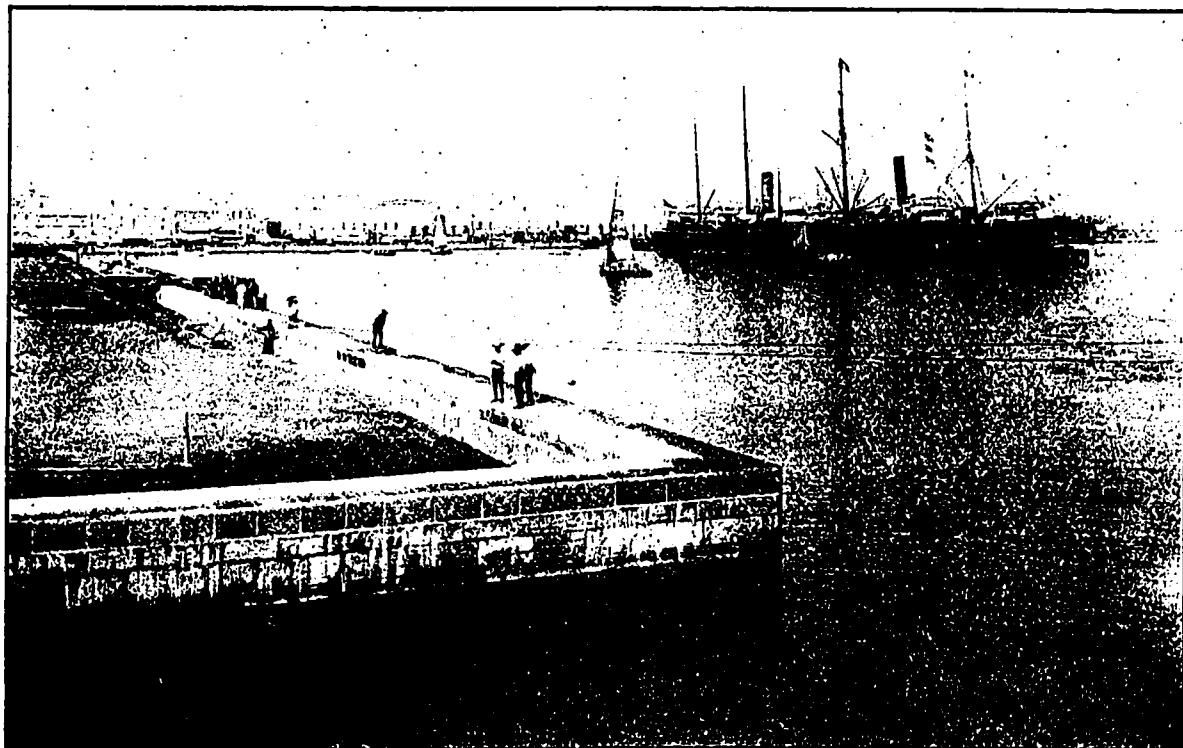
Government Palace at Jalapa.

of the terrace where the drop begins into the "hot country." From there a train line runs to Tehuacan, a city famed throughout all Mexico as a health resort.

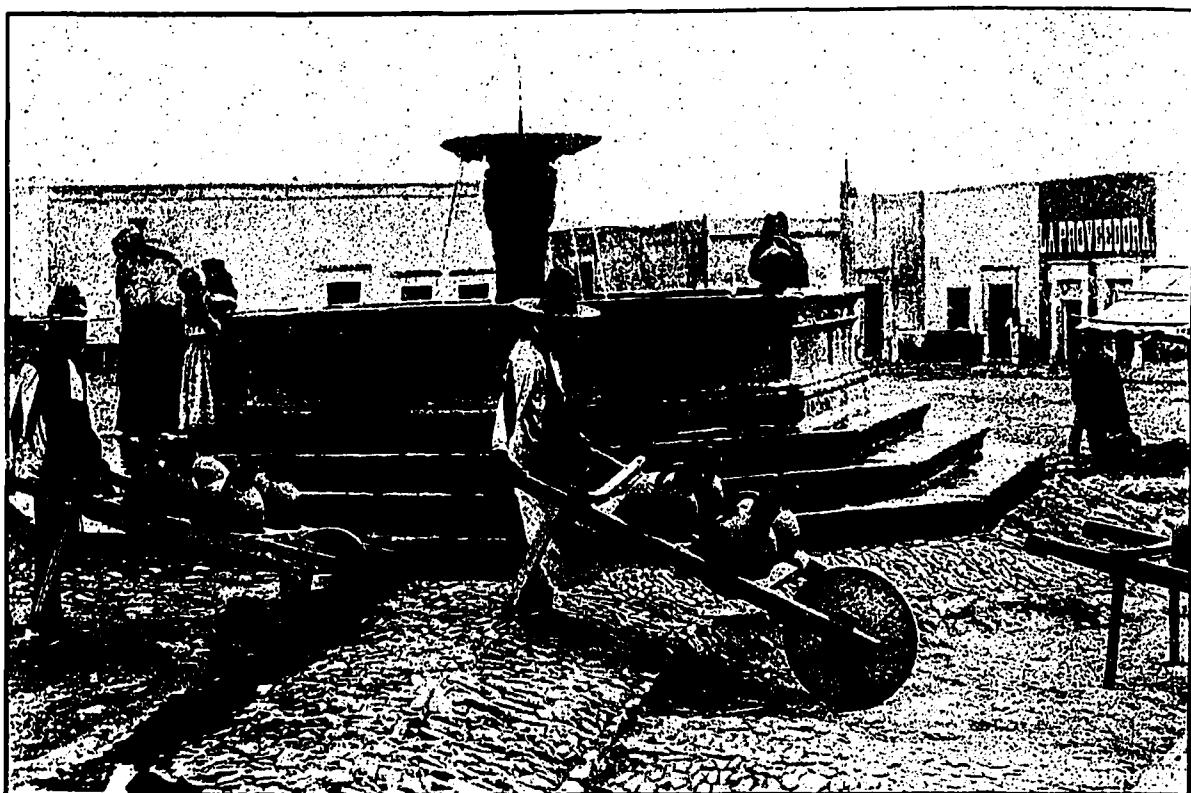
The journey through the tropical part of the country is now past, and the line runs through a fertile agricultural district to Apizaco, where the highest point (8,310 feet) is reached, and from there

the train descends gradually into the valley of the City of Mexico, and the famous maguey, or century plant, makes its appearance. This plant, which is really the Agave Americana, deserves more than a passing mention.

The maguey is propagated by means of offshoots which are removed from the parent plant; these offshoots are



New Harbour at Vera Cruz.



Fountain of Lacatecas.

planted in what is termed a school, a foot or so only being allowed between each plant.

The young plants remain in these schools for about two years, when they are uprooted and thrown out in the sun to dry for three months, after which they are planted out permanently in long rows, about three yards apart, from which time they require but little or no care, or at least receive none, until they are on the verge of flowering, which occurs usually when the plant is about eight or ten years old.

Then the heart of the plant is cut out so as to leave a hollow space about a foot in diameter amidst the thick, succulent leaves, which constitute the mass of the plant. The sap which flows into this cavity is collected twice daily, and consists of a thick, sweet, milky fluid, called agua miel (honey water). This liquid is placed in a pigskin vat, to ferment, which occurs in a very short time, and pulque, the national drink of the inhabitants of Mexico City, is the result.

A maguey plant, in full bearing, yields as much as a gallon of puque a day, the average duration of the supply being five to six months. The plant dies after it

ceases to yield pulque, and is usually replaced by another, which has been planted alongside some time previously.

The production of pulque is not the only use of the maguey plant. The fibre from the leaves is used for making rope. The spikes with which the plant is armed are used as needles by the peones, and in the whole state the leaves are used for thatching. In short, the maguey plant is a treasure of inestimable value to the Mexican.

Pulque is drunk not only by the peon, but is found on the table of the rich. It is a more or less acquired taste, strangers usually preferring it in the semi-fermented state.

From Apizaco to Mexico City the scenery is not particularly interesting. Vast plains stretch away in all directions, and the only break in the seemingly endless rows of magueys is an occasional nopal cactus.

San Juan Teotihuacan is famed for its two pyramids, which can be plainly seen from the train. Their history and origin are unknown. They are being explored at the present time by the Mexican Government, and to the antiquarian should prove a source of unbounded delight.

MEXICO

27

The approaches to Mexico City are anything but imposing. Flat-roofed, one-storeyed houses, painted usually a pale blue, and looking decidedly the worse for wear, give the place a poverty-stricken appearance. Windows are invariably heavily barred, streets are none too clean, and the peons, as the lower class natives are called, are dirty, ill-clad, and far from prepossessing.

Upon leaving the railway terminus, the usual crowd of hotel touts surround the traveller. Although overflowing with hotels of every nationality, Mexico City has none that are really first class. Rates are fairly reasonable, and the conveniences such as are met with in any modern city.

Although to the well-educated traveller in search of change or recreation, Mexico City offers a wealth of attractions, the holiday seeker who expects a Coney Island had better stay away.

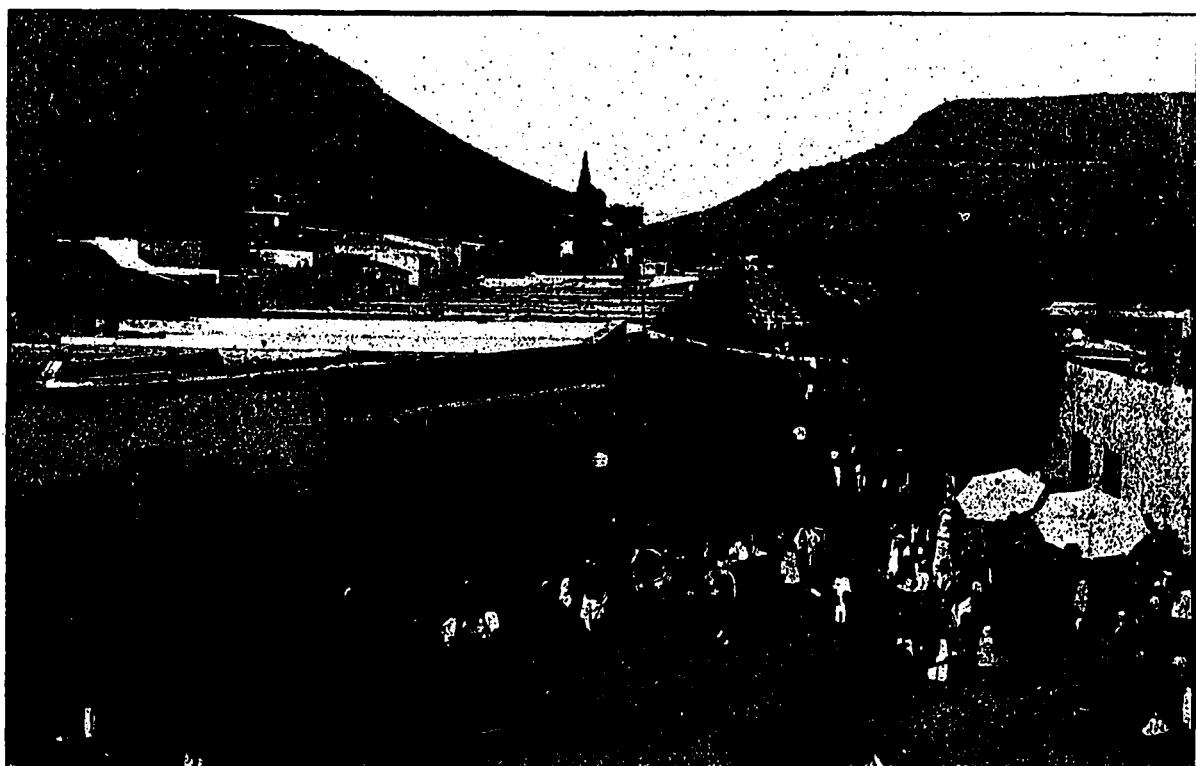
There are a number of attractive theatres, but the plays are almost invariably in Spanish. There are no music halls, cafe chantants or public dancing rooms, and after 7 o'clock at night the streets are almost deserted.

On the other hand there are numberless places of historic interest to visit. The cathedral alone is worth coming

many miles to see, and apart from the city proper, every little suburb is worth a visit to those who are interested in the quaint and the antique. An excellent service of tram cars run to all these suburbs, most of which have changed but little for many generations past.

In the city itself there are scores of up-to-date buildings, the streets are well paved and lighted. Shops display the latest novelties from London, Paris and New York, contrasting strangely with the native markets which are to be found dotted about in most unexpected places.

Of the climate of Mexico City, not even the most difficult to please can find a fault. For 360 days, on an average, every year the sun rises in a cloudless sky. The air is fresh and cool enough for any sort of exercise, and it is only for an hour or two during the middle of the day that one is glad to walk on the shady side of the street, and even then the heat is not excessive. During the rainy season, which lasts from May to September, sharp showers are experienced nearly every afternoon, but they are of short duration, and the steady, ceaseless drizzle of the British Columbian winter is unknown. The average rainfall is slightly over 20 inches, less than a third of what falls in Western Canada.



A Street in the Village of Hercules.

Storm Song.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

The war-lords of the air
Have left their hidden lair,
And with a grand fanfare,
They thunder on their way:
Unseen of mortal eye,
They sound their battle-cry,
And all the world defy,
In threatening array!

Their banners they unfurl,
And with a rush and whirl,
Their legions onward hurl,
Invincible and free:
Where mighty forces meet,
In savage skirmish fleet,
They rally and retreat
In martial majesty.

On snow-drift chargers white,
They hasten to the fight,
Rejoicing in their might,
Unconquerably vast:
They toss the angry wind
At everything they find,
And bear away behind,
The trophies of the blast.

They seethe and twist and flash,
And with a roar and dash,
Their squadrons merge and clash,
In conflict fierce and long:
They laugh in fiendish glee,
And howl their mockery
At man's weak liberty,
In wild and boist'rous song.

O-ho! O-ho! their trumps they blow,
And speed their armies to and fro,
But Whence and Whither, who shall
know?



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

BY PATRICK
.. VAUX.

AT 8.50 on the fifth night of the world war of the Anglo-Saxon League against Japan and Germany, the British tug, *Swiftsure*, was swashing through the head seas, to the height of her stump pole-mast. Thirty-five miles south by east of the mouth of the Humber, she was making slow progress against the weight of the north-easterly gale scouring the wild North Sea.

Her master edged out of shelter from behind the wheel-house. For a second or two he stared up-wind. But again the flying scud and spindrift and fine ice in the gale blinded his eyes. Wiping the wet off his shaggy face, he turned to leeward.

Torrents of sea deluged the wheel, and gushed between the skipper's feet, to drain over the bridge. Forward where the two lookouts, two oilskin effigies, held fast for dear life's sake to rail and lifeline, the forecastle was white with frozen spray. With an impatient, excited gesture of his head, Anson turned to his mate at the wheel.

"Can't see aught o' that cruiser o' ours," he roared. "Mayhap, she's gone derelict. There's a fortune in her then!"

"A mighty poor time to be out at sea," came the gusty rejoinder. "Comin' dirtier up wind'ard. Not much chance of pickin' up the cruiser. T'other craft Admiralty ha' asked to go out 'll be handlin' her."

Anson dodged a fillip of sea. He yelled out some words, then on the squall drowning them, flung out his hand in answer.

"Not scared, are ye?" he repeated, worry and suspense vibrant in his voice. "If she's derelict, an' the enemy come up, she's ours—if we can take her in."

"Scared? Me scared? I ain't that sort, Jack!" snorted the mate. "It's the short stores of ours I'm thinkin' o'."

The next instant he had to edge the vessel dexterously away from a rising hill of water that, piling up its many tossing heads off the starboard bow, came tumbling down over the staggering tug.

Ice coated her forecastle, capstan, and towing-horse. Her funnel and engine-room casing were white with salt. Wildly was she being thrown about by the hammering seas. At one second her bows were high in the air; the next, they were sinking deep into a yawning sea-pit, and her stern, with racing screws, bared itself on the summit above.

Suddenly Anson thrust himself far over the weather-cloth. The port lookout hailed the bridge.

"Ay, ay," the master shouted. "I saw 'em. There's more."

Away in the northward, two threads of fire had shot up into the darkness. Then the two rockets burst in immediate succession into stars, red, white and blue.

Down stormed the gale in fresh force, twisting off the crests of the billows, and hurling water and hail and spindrift before it obscured all vision.

"It's her," bawled the mate.

"It's her. Burn a couple o' blue lights, an' follow wi' a green. She'll know then we're for her. Look sharp, lads."

When the armoured cruiser was sighted, she was lying broadside-on among the

huge precipices of sea. Suddenly she was swaying from side to side. She lurched back to windward, and a mountainous surge breaking down on her port quarter, poured over the after-deck and its battered barbette.

"She'll go under. I'm backin' in for a handline, mate. Round her up under an' for'ard a bit of her 'midships," bellowed Anson, ringing his engines half-speed astern.

Just then the moon blinked out upon the leagues of toppling white-capped seas.

Anson stared at the Raleigh.

She was now but a ragged mass. Her bridges, charthouse and upper-works had been hammered out of shape. A gap in her deck amidships, battened down with collision mats and tarpaulins, was all that remained of her starboard amidships casemate. In the fight with the enemy's two cruisers it had been literally punched to pieces; the screen and protection deck in its rear much ruptured, and the engineroom disabled.

It was a miracle she kept afloat.

As the Swiftsure edged into her lee, Anson picked out someone in shelter on her upper deck, and energetically waving a lantern; then his keen eyes saw specks beside the officer—men standing ready to throw the handlines.

His fingers tightened on the engine-room telegraph. Closely he watched the long tall wall of steel lean toward his vessel, then slowly heave away to starboard again—one monster see-saw. If wreckage jammed the tug's screws, or she loitered on a sea, that great mass of steel, canting again to the impulse of the invincible waters, would crunch his vessel under.

Cool and confident rang the skipper's voice in the ears of his deckhands.

"Stand by to catch handline."

On board the cruiser, the officer shouted impetuously, and waved his lantern; then, along her shell-eaten deck, hands shot out; and, of the lines thrown, two were caught on board the tug and held fast. Shrieking on her syren, the Swiftsure leapt away, just as the cruiser's immense shoulder, with a sickening

squash, smote the trough of the sea behind her.

"Heave in; smart with the hawsers, lads. We've got her, we've got her," was Anson's exultant shout.

The next minute or two, however, he was wrinkling his brows.

Indistinct hails came on his ear, from the Raleigh. A lantern was waved on her after-deck away to eastward.

"Hawsers, right and fast. What do she want?" bawled the mate, at the foot of the ladder.

"Can't say," shouted back the skipper. "She's tootin' two short, one long, 'standin' in danger.' Don't think that; no . . . She's 'mazed a bit, mebbe. We'll take her home."

Cheerfully the tug hooted back assurance.

Combers to port sallied down upon her. They spouted shoulder-deep across her foredeck, and carried away some of her lashed fixings. But steadily she drew ahead, with flames twining among her smoke, steam screeching from her escapes, and her hull almost shaken to pieces by her fast-thumping engines.

About thirty minutes later, the mate crawled on the bridge from his post beside the catch-block. With a hoarse, incoherent call he drew the skipper's attention.

"A steamer o' some sort comin' up sou'-west'ard," he cried in Anson's ear, and thrust his arm in that direction.

As Anson's eye fell upon the plumes of flame streaming from the hostile cruiser's funnels, she first let fly a shot with her bow gun. But to him the clap of the great gun ringing down a lull in the gale came as the clamant note, not of failure, but high success.

"By G—d, the cruiser's mine now," he growled triumphantly to himself.

"She must ha' guessed it. She must ha' guessed it," clamoured the mate. "She's got to go."

"No!" thundered the skipper. "I take her in or sink with her. Not a man's to knock up the catch-block. The cruiser's mine."

Snatching the syren-lanyard, he hooted, "I understand."

"Poor kind o' comfort for her though,"

quoth he. "Get up the red box, mate, and the rockets from the cabin. We'll fire them from the bridge. Mayhap, some coast defence craft'll see them."

* * * * *

A few minutes later, just on two bells of the first watch, certain aching eyes in the northward noted faint balls of fire, five in number, and bursting into stars, red, white, and blue, dot the darkness away south. The lookouts of the Flying Squadron hailed their bridges. Signal lanterns twinkled and flashed their message to the flagship.

"Yes," said the Commodore to his commander, "quite right, Pakenham. It'll be a tug with the Raleigh in tow. Five balls—'Enemy coming up.' Sound off 'quarters.'"

Less than two leagues away, the Swift-

He shot out his right arm at the far-away foe as if to smite her.

"D——n ye," he yelled, "d——n ye. Ye're keeping at it, but I'll spite ye yet."

A smudged-faced stoker, in filthy and ragged undershirt and trousers, crept on the bridge.

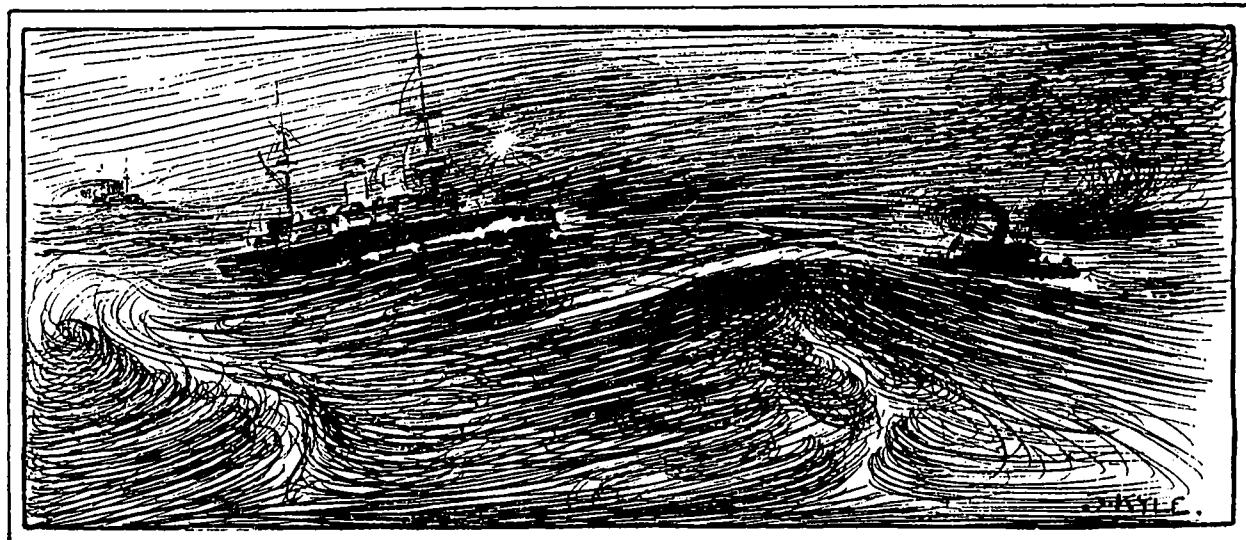
Anson put down his head.

"What? Bunkers swept clean," he roared. "Break up the fittings and burn 'em. Keep her going. We sink or swim with the tow."

Louring deck hands in shelter of the port alley-way heard his words. They stared fiercely at each other. Were they to lose life as well as liberty.

Their voices reached the bridge. For a second he held in his breath, trying to control his fury.

"Not a man 'o ye touches hook or



Astern of Her the Cruiser was now hove up.

sure was crawling over the seas.

Astern of her, the cruiser was now hove up on the cresting waters, now hidden from sight in a gulf. Her after-barbette was booming out slowly at the Germania, that, fast overhauling them was pitching her projectiles with increasing accuracy of aim.

Anson brushed the spray out of his eyes. Yet to no end did he strain them, till streaks of fire danced in their focus. Out of the darkness came no answering signal.

His teeth were set, his lips hard as iron. The will of the man was inflexible.

But the crashing of the guns jarred on his nerves.

hawser," he roared hoarsely. "She's mine. Hear that, ye swine?"

Now the enemy had at last found her real objective; she tried a long-sighting shot. The shell burst a little to port, and it threw up a heavy head of brine deluging the Swiftsure. It was this close acquaintanceship of the murder of war that made the hands act with surprising promptitude.

One of them ran aft to the towing hook, from the twanging hawser stretched over the stern. He hit the mate under the left ear, and dropped him like a lump of lead, than felt for the hammer to knock up the catch.

But Anson had swung his cramped

body over the bridge rail. With madness in his eyes he reeled aft.

As he felled the hand, who was fumbling for the hammer, the next shell exploded overhead.

Jags of white-hot metal zipped through the gale. The tug's funnel and engine-room casing were smashed and torn. Moans and screams burst from agonised men; two of them slid sideway into the lee scuppers to the heaving of the tug, and fell overboard. Beside the towing horse lay Anson, huddled across the mate.

Ahead, two gouts of fire flamed into the darkness, and 450-pounder projectiles screamed out on their awful errand. As the Flying Squadron in formation of column line ahead filed past the enemy's

cruiser, their guns pealed out in a terrible crescendo.

* * *

"Yes-e-, it wasn't bad work," said Anson, in a meditative voice to his mate, sitting five weeks later by his bedside in number five ward, Hull Hospital. "It's a poor war somebody don't make something out o'."

"The newspapers put the wuth of your bringing in the cruiser at £11,000 to £12,000, skipper," rejoined the mate in an awed voice.

Anson shook his head in an equivocal manner, then on noticing the nurse coming down the ward he snuggled deeper beneath the bedclothes.

"I reckon, anyhow, Joey, we don't work no more, this life," he replied. "Good old Navy, 'sides saving the nation, it pulls a heap o' folk through!"

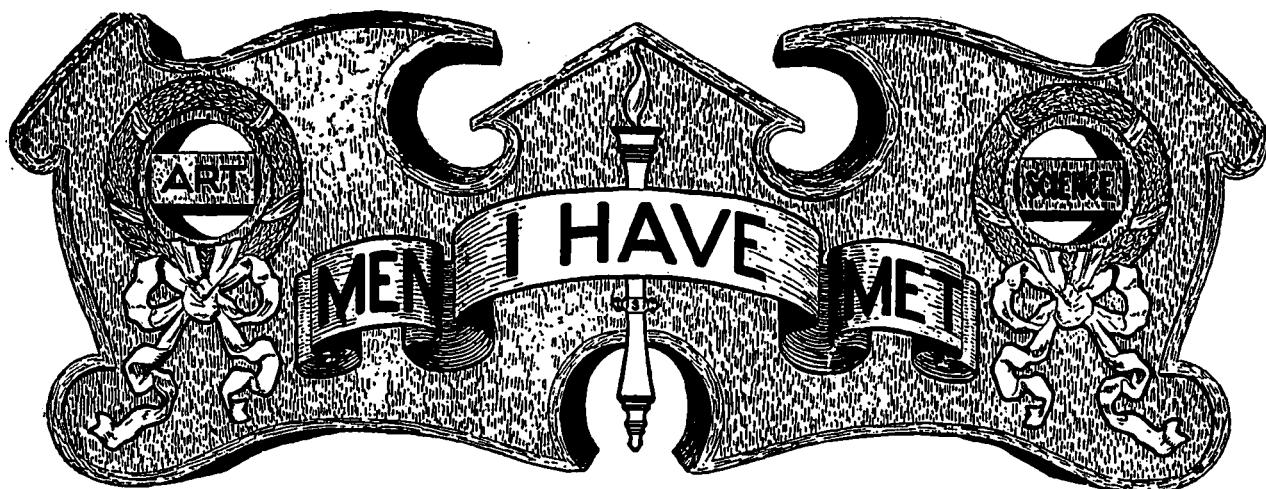
The Chinook Wind.

De Courcy C. Ireland.

Big dark clouds, in the south-west banking,
Herald the moan of a storm to be;
Warm, wet columns of mist are flanking
The far-flung vistas of crag and tree;
Weird tones are crying
And winds are flying
In from the verge of the Western Sea.

The shy deer seeks in the woods, a haven;
Trees bow low to the fierce Chinook.
Just the shriek of the questing raven
Comes from the hill that the deer forsook.
Silently swaying,
Gaunt and decaying,
Last summer's grasses wave by the brook.

Soon shall the sound of waters roaring
Awaken the world to life again;
Never now shall the north-winds, warring,
Blast the mountain and ravage the plain,
For life is springing
And Nature's singing,
And green woods echo the glad refrain.



Dr. Morley Punshon.

William Blakemore

I CANNOT remember the time when oratory did not attract me. No doubt I inherited a love for it, for my father was a great admirer of good speaking, and under his guidance I enjoyed opportunities in my earliest days such as fell to the lot of few. This deeply-implanted love for the higher forms of expression has remained with me, and in the flight of years has lost none of its keenness. The features and gestures of all the great English orators of the last forty years are photographed on my memory; I recall their little tricks of manner, and can often hear the tones of their voices. My taste has been cosmopolitan. It mattered not whether the man were statesman, politician, publicist, theologian, socialist, or demagogue, if he had the gift of speech I was bound to hear him sooner or later.

Just how cosmopolitan my taste has been may be gathered from the following list of great speakers, if not all orators, whom I have had the privilege of hearing. At the Church Congress in Wolverhampton, in 1868, I heard the great Bishop Wilberforce, subsequently Gavazzi, Bishop Magee of Peterborough, Sir Robert Peel, Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Lightfoot, Disraeli, Gladstone, John Bright, Joseph Cowen, Henry Vincent, James Arthur Roebuck, Leon Gam-

betta, Lord Randolph Churchill, Thomas Sexton, Hugh Price Hughes, Lloyd George, and many others who escape my memory just now, but who perhaps should be in fairness added to this list. I think, however, that in many respects, Morley Punshon was more truly an orator than any of them. This is not the place to institute a detailed comparison, but I love to recall those conspicuous features of Dr. Punshon's great gifts which have always impressed me as determining his right to be regarded as the prince of modern orators.

I first heard him in Birmingham Town Hall about 1870, when he delivered his brilliant lecture on "The Men of the Mayflower." The hall was packed, and he had a great reception, for his fame had preceded him. I think Alderman White presided, and I know that the platform was filled with prominent men identified with religious and public work. At that time Dr. Punshon was in his physical prime, and indeed was a magnificent looking man. He was big, tall and broad, slightly inclined to stoutness, with a leonine head and a wealth of chestnut hair, which had a slight tendency to curl. His head had that rare dome shape which is majestic without being heavy. He was clean shaven, and his face at once suggested a resemblance to the great Bishop

of Oxford whom I have already mentioned. It was by no means as heavy, and there was no trace of that peculiar contraction of the eyebrows and forehead which gave to the expression of Wilberforce an habitual scowl. It was only when Punshon's face was in repose that any resemblance could be detected, but when he began to speak his hazel eye flashed and his whole face lit up, and from the first word to the last, with gesture and look, as well as with voice, the whole man was alive and thrilling with energy and emotion.

One can never forget his dignified bearing. He stood up with the very air of distinction and nobility; every movement was both natural and graceful; his gestures, all unstudied, were at once the most natural and effective I have ever seen. He used his hands and arms freely but never jerkily; he had solved the problem of subduing his whole body to the uses of oratory. Then his voice! After all, I think that was the most marvellous thing about him. For the first few sentences it sounded rough, with the faintest suspicion of huskiness, but soon mellowed into the most musical of organs, and thereafter, attuned to the exquisite and perfect expression of every thought, it held the audience. I never heard a voice so rich and musical, with such a range. Naturally it was a tenor voice, somewhat rough and unmusical, but trained through years of careful exercise to become the obedient servant of its master.

It can never be questioned that among all the necessary equipments of an orator the voice is the chief; mastery over an audience can never be achieved by an inferior voice. I have heard many men intellectually far more brilliant than Punshon, but none who could produce so profound an influence. At the declamatory flights in which Mr. Gladstone or Lord Randolph Churchill would indulge, men would be raised to a pitch of excitement bordering on frenzy, and would cheer themselves hoarse, but under the spell of Dr. Punshon's oratory, I have seen an audience moved and swayed like the waving of a field of grain in summertime. I have seen men gripping the seat

hard, while with glittering eyes and quick breath they unconsciously attested the power of the orator as he played on their emotions. I have heard women by the score sigh and sob, and not because there was the slightest vestige of the sensational in Punshon's matter or manner, but because a true orator had with the marvellous thrill of his voice "pierced the white" and "sounded the depths."

Like every orator, Punshon had daring flights of fancy; some of his illustrations were superb and the narrative power with which he sketched them inimitable. He was a luminous speaker; everything he touched was clearer when he left it. In a few sentences he would limn the portrait of some great historic character, and for the first time his hearers would see the man in his true colours. Punshon had strong artistic tendencies and was a great lover of nature, of books, and of pictures; his tastes were literary, and his long series of popular lectures dealt chiefly with men who had distinguished themselves in the world of letters.

No one ever loved Savonarola as he did, and no one has done so much to make the character and lifework of the great monk of Venice known in modern times. His lecture on "The Men of the Mayflower" admirably demonstrated his catholicity of spirit and his sympathy with the great Puritan ideals which are so inwoven with British sentiment.

For twenty years Dr. Punshon held an unrivalled and almost an unchallenged position as pulpit and platform orator. Of this time he spent some six years in Canada, and in those religious circles of Ontario which were honoured by his services, his memory is fondly cherished. Dr. Punshon was essentially a lovable man. I do not think he ever made an enemy. I doubt if he ever spoke a harsh word. I know that his life was transfigured with kindly deeds.

The end came all too soon. During the later years of his life it was my privilege to see much of him, and no man more than he has impressed me with the fact that true greatness is always humble and always kind. His lifelong friendship with Dr. Gervase Smith and Wil-

liam Hirst survives as a tradition; they were indeed like three brothers.

For some years before Dr. Punshon's death it was obvious to his most intimate friends that his great powers were failing. I have always considered that this was due to overwork, not of the ordinary but of a special kind. No one can read his lectures and sermons without realizing that their exquisite finish and polish are due to memoritor work. Every sermon and every lecture which Dr. Punshon ever delivered was written out verbatim, altered, revised, and rewritten in almost exactly the same manner as Robert Louis Stevenson performed his literary work, and then committed to memory. Is it not a marvel that any man could have continued to do this for more than thirty years? And is it any marvel that while yet in his prime Dr. Punshon broke down under the strain?

I have often compared him with Liddon, who, when Canon of St. Paul's, was in residence one month in the year, preached only on Sunday afternoons under the great dome, and was rarely heard anywhere else during the rest of the year. He, too, was a memoritor speaker, but what was his work in comparison with Punshon's? No wonder that, especially in this busy age, memoritor speaking has fallen into desuetude; with it has passed the perfection of form, beauty of phraseology and exquisite diction which are possible only under such a system. Alas, however, men have gone to the other extreme; they hardly allow themselves time for preparation. Oratory is a thing of the past, and all the succeeding generations will know of this lost art is that "there were giants in those days."

I will conclude this brief and very inadequate sketch of my ideal orator by relating, in detail which has not before been given to the public, the incident which led up to Dr. Punshon's death. I had secured him to deliver his lecture on "Florentine Men and Memories," in the Corn Exchange, Wolverhampton; the lecture was to take place on a Monday night. On the Sunday previous he was to preach at Walsall. During his visit to the saddlery town he was the guest of

his old friend, Alderman John Brewer. He arrived on Saturday evening, and was more than usually fatigued with his railway journey; declining dinner, he had some light refreshment and retired early. In the middle of the night Mr. Brewer was disturbed by an unusual noise. Hastily getting up and passing out of his room, he heard stertorous breathing in Dr. Punshon's room. He opened the door and found the doctor in a state of collapse. Medical aid was summoned, and for some hours his condition was desperate. Towards morning he rallied, and as the day wore on improved noticeably. On Monday morning he was so much better that he insisted on getting up.

Meanwhile the news had spread like wildfire that Dr. Punshon was ill. His first thought was for his wife, and he insisted on sending a telegram to her, lest she should receive a shock by learning of his illness through some press despatch. His next thought was for his engagement to lecture on the Monday night, and he telegraphed asking me to go over and see him. I shall never forget that interview, and after the lapse of so many years am still loth to dwell upon it. I prefer to think of him as I had known him in all his strength and majesty as the foremost orator of his time rather than as the stricken giant whose cord of life had snapped and whose hand trembled, as if palsied, when he took mine.

He expressed great concern for the disappointment of the people who would be expecting to hear him lecture that night, and asked if there was anything he could possibly do. It occurred to me on the instant that, as it was too late to announce the cancelling of the lecture, it might be better to carry out the arrangement as far as practicable, and knowing that his manuscript would be perfect, I ventured to ask whether under the circumstances he would lend it and I would arrange for a suitable person to read it. He gladly acquiesced, and seemed relieved that he could do even so much. The plan was carried out, and there was nothing but sympathy for the august

sufferer, and appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

As we parted, I tried to cheer him up and expressed the hope that he would soon recover, but he knew better, and did

not for a moment attempt to deceive himself. He shook his head, grasped my hand, and in very quiet but self-possessed tones, said: "My lad, this is good-bye." And so it proved.

The Birds of Spring.

J. Lambie.

The soft, Favonian breeze,
That ushers in the Spring,
Has set the sombre trees
In new life revelling.
And buds with hope are swelling,
While birds their love are telling—
Ecstatic joy is welling
In every woodland thing.

Yet, ere the Spring was flush
With largesse of warm rain,
The towhees in the brush
Had built their nests again.
Then, as the days felt milder,
Our winter birds grew wilder,
Till, farther through the alder,
Had flown the little wren.

Now, at the close of day,
The faller at his tree,
May hear from far away
A voice call peevishly.
Then nearer, clear and steady;
Then round him in an eddy,
That call flits: "Tea—s ready";
'Tis the little chickadee.

And soon from Southern parts
Shall come a vocal train,
With music in their hearts,—
A balm for human pain.
While some are Northward making,
And all their rapture taking,
The junco stays, still shaking
His little, tinkling chain.

COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

THIS is a utilitarian and practical age; an epoch of hustle and bustle, and it is perhaps little to be wondered at that the family of moderate means pays scant attention to the artistic side of the home building problem. Frequently, having calculated the amount at his disposal, the head of the family hies to the nearest contractor and selecting a conventional cut-and-dried design, orders it executed as soon as possible, and pays ten per cent. more for the building than he should. One can on an average make a saving by getting a good set of drawings and a full specification, and by submitting them to several builders, thus making competition and thereby obtaining an estimate far lower than if he gave the job to one man to carry out.

It is a lamentable feature of the age, but a noteworthy one notwithstanding, that the man who would balk at wearing a ready-made suit of clothes, the woman who would hesitate before donning a second-hand gown, will select a design for their home with a total disregard of its artistic merit or lack of merit. This accounts in great part for the depressing and dismal rows of cottages frequently seen in the suburbs of towns and cities—each house bearing a family resemblance to its neighbour; a grotesque medley of Grecian, Gothic and Moorish architecture; rich in useless and inelegant orna-

mentation; monotonously alike, and sunk in a drear dead level of mediocrity.

Referring to houses of this type, some writer has said that he could "hardly imagine anyone being born in them, or married in them, or dying in them." No interesting or romantic event would be associated with them in the mind. They possess no individuality, no souls.

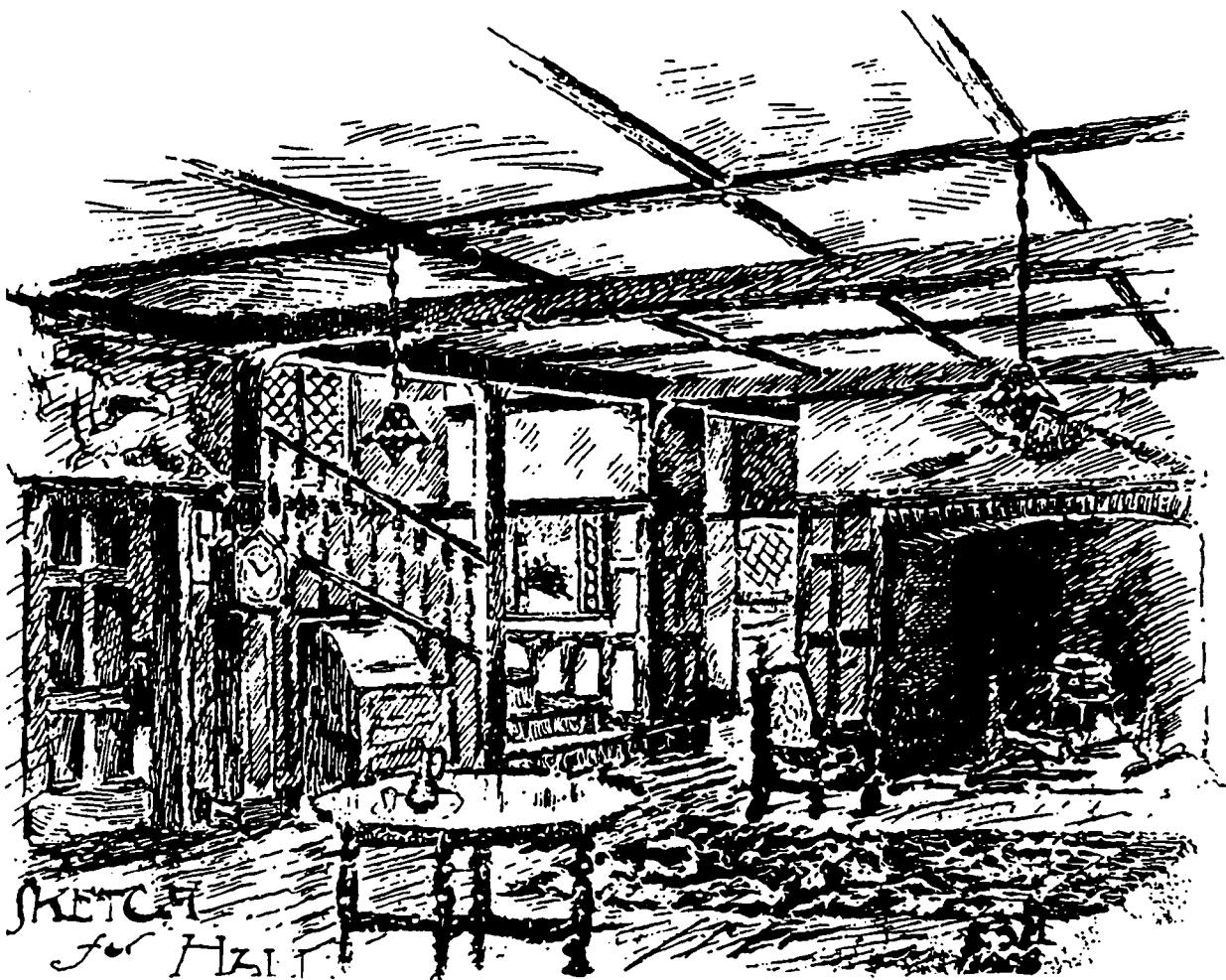
The purpose of these preliminary remarks is to urge upon readers of *WESTWARD Ho!* who propose building houses in the near future, the desirability of giving a freer rein to their personal likes and dislikes. To devote a little more time and thought to the "beauty of simplicity" in architecture. To avoid the commonplace and the tawdry. Much of the filigree and so-called "ornamental" work of these conventional homes is a delusion and a snare, having two distinct disadvantages: it adds considerably to the cost of the building, and being exposed to the action of the weather rapidly decays, creating a continual bill of expense. So that my plea for homes built on simpler lines, has, in addition to the artistic question involved, the additional strength of tending toward economy.

It costs not a penny more to build a refined, artistic dwelling than it does to erect a house from a conventional design. Frequently it costs less. On the one hand, you own a home of real value that will please you as long as it lasts, a house

that you can readily re-sell should you wish to do so at any time. On the other hand, you possess a house very much like your neighbours; without any salient features; devoid of individuality; a dwelling place you will probably weary of in a few years' time.

There is yet another and important feature of the matter that demands attention. The home builder is, commonly enough, a man with a family and anxious that his children be brought up with com-

After moving into the house, "we studied the matter seriously," she says, "while looking at the ugly rough surface plaster which the builder had left at our request. All manner of wall covering, from tapestry and burlap to patent fresco washes, and from plain cartridge paper to sprigged and striped effects to correspond with the Colonial furniture, were discussed. Nothing seemed suitable. The plain colours were warranted to fade, and the fresco tints were pale and lifeless.



fort and in the best surroundings. Children are impressionable, and their environment has an undoubted influence in shaping their lives. What more than the home in which they live be, as Ruskin quaintly says, "built to last and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without."

* * * * *

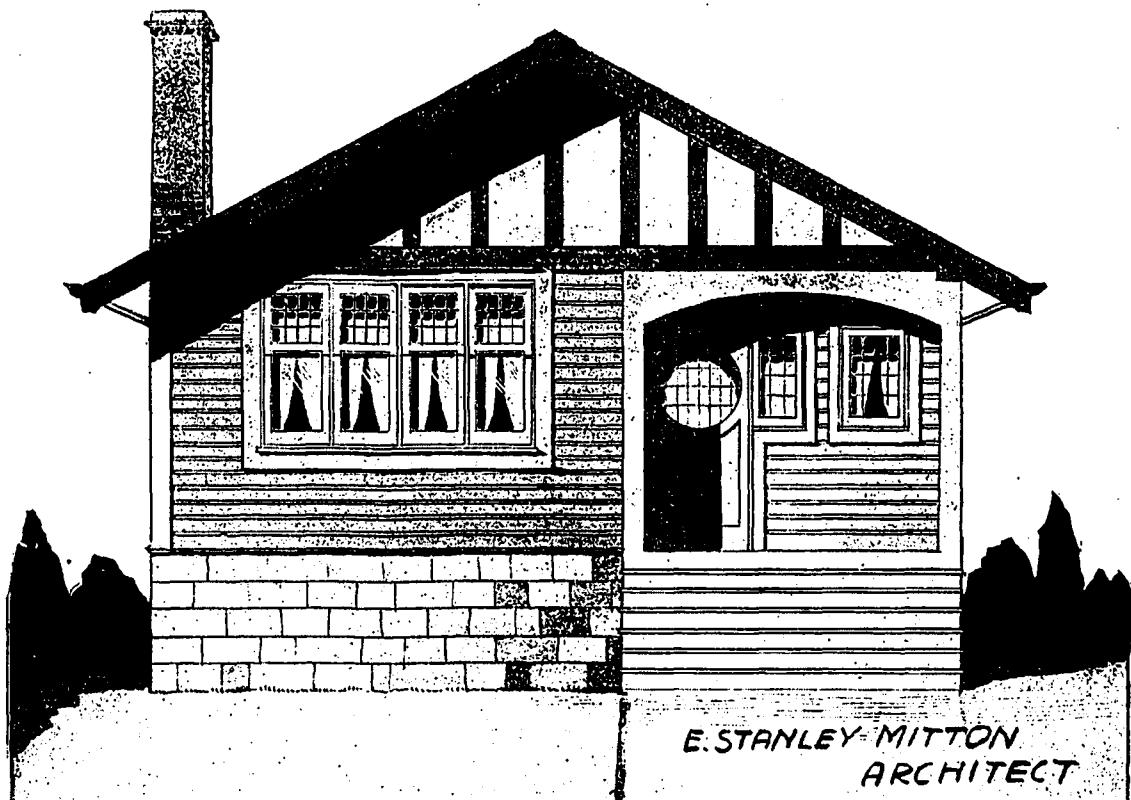
A writer in a recent number of "Country Life in America" describes a novel and excellent method of securing attractive, harmonious and permanent colours for walls, at the price of good wallpaper.

We wanted to solve the problem for durability as well as for suitability. The idea came to use oil paints upon the rough walls; these would not fade and they would have a sufficient body. But oil colours were shiny, and that would not do. The walls would look like those of a hotel kitchen. But by using paint that has been mixed with turpentine instead of oil a dull surface is obtained—known as a 'flattened' finish. Instead of mixing our own lead and turpentine, as a matter of convenience we decided to try the experiment of taking from the cans of

ready-mixed paint that could be bought near by as much of the oil as possible and replacing it by turpentine. Fortunately we found that we could secure pails of paint that had been standing upon the shelves of the paint shop without being disturbed for some time. The lead, of course, had settled to the bottom, leaving the oil on top. This oil was carefully poured off, and enough turpentine was stirred into the residue to make the mixture flow well from the brush. The walls had by this time settled enough for cracks to appear. These were carefully filled in

to bring on melancholia, and how yellow walls gave the suggestion of great riches. We decided to have a great deal of yellow, especially in the reception hall. The mixing of colours could not be trusted to a workman who knew nothing of the result consequent upon putting blue and yellow together, or yellow and red, or of warm or cold tones. Having had some experience with colours on the palette, we attempted the mixing ourselves.

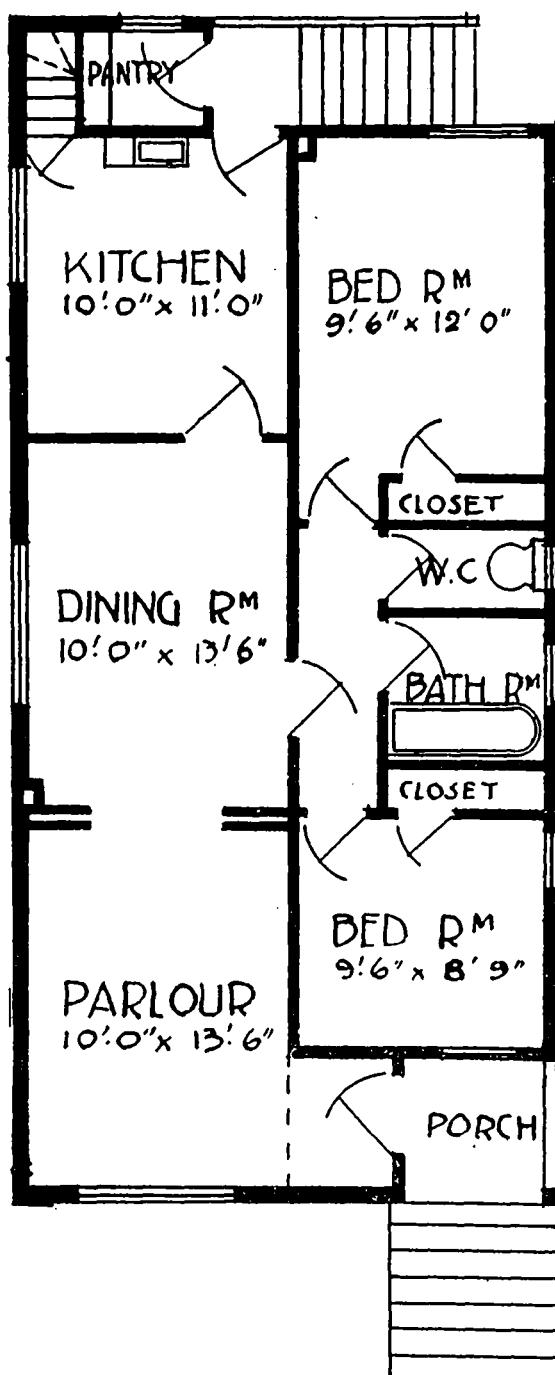
"The yellow selected for the reception hall looked pale and lifeless when put by the side of the dark oak woodwork, but



with plaster of paris, and the walls were covered with a sizing of glue. This was allowed to dry thoroughly. The reason for sizing the wall is to secure an even finish. If the glue is not applied, the wall will have a patchy appearance, caused by the fact that the paint will soak into some parts of the plaster, while on other parts it will stay on the surface. Then came the all-important question of colour. The colours of the trade looked raw and crude, and did not harmonize with the woodwork. We had read of the serious of wall colourings upon the mind—how insanity was produced by living in red rooms, how cold blue north rooms helped

a dash of vermillion gave the desired result. This mixture was put upon the walls of the hall, up the stairway, and through the upper hall. The woodwork and floor of the living room had been finished in a forest-green colour, so the wall covering of that room must be a lighter green, of the same shade. It was not an easy matter to get this, but by a judicious mixture of green, yellow and white the correct shade was found. In rooms where beam ceilings did not solve the ceiling question, the ceilings were painted the same colour as the side walls, with white enough in the mixture to lighten it considerably. This is in accordance with

the rule that from the floor the eye should be carried up to lighter tones. With slight changes in the mixtures, these colours were used for all of the rooms in the house. Two coats of the paint were necessary in order to get a perfectly even surface. The result is a wall covering of



Nail holes are more obtrusive, perhaps than in walls covered with paper, but hanging pictures by wires from a molding is a better method anyway."

The expense of this decoration is about the same as that of paper of good quality. The experiment has proven a success both from an artistic and utilitarian point of view.

I am illustrating this month another form of bungalow, somewhat different to that described in my last paper. It is larger and very roomy even for its size yet can be built (important consideration) upon a small lot. A lot thirty-three feet by one hundred feet will take a bungalow like this and yet leave plenty of room on all sides.

I would suggest that a basement be built under the back part. This tends to keep the house dry and is of great service in storing wood, coal and provisions.

The cost being taken into consideration, a bungalow of this size gives splendid accommodation. It will have a pleasing appearance when finished and provide a singularly comfortable and convenient home.

In planning this house the aim has been to have the rooms conveniently arranged for the necessary furniture, to have light everywhere, and to simplify the plumbing by keeping the soil and supply pipes vertical and on an inside partition, though not enclosed by it, so that almost every foot of the pipes may be seen without tearing off either woodwork or plastering.

These remarks do not apply to the interior illustrated herewith. This is a suggestion for a more expensive house and is given to interest the man with larger means. A hall like this should be at least twelve feet square and finished in dull oak or cedar; a house with a hall of this size would cost about \$3,000 to \$5,000. I will illustrate the plans and elevations in a future number.

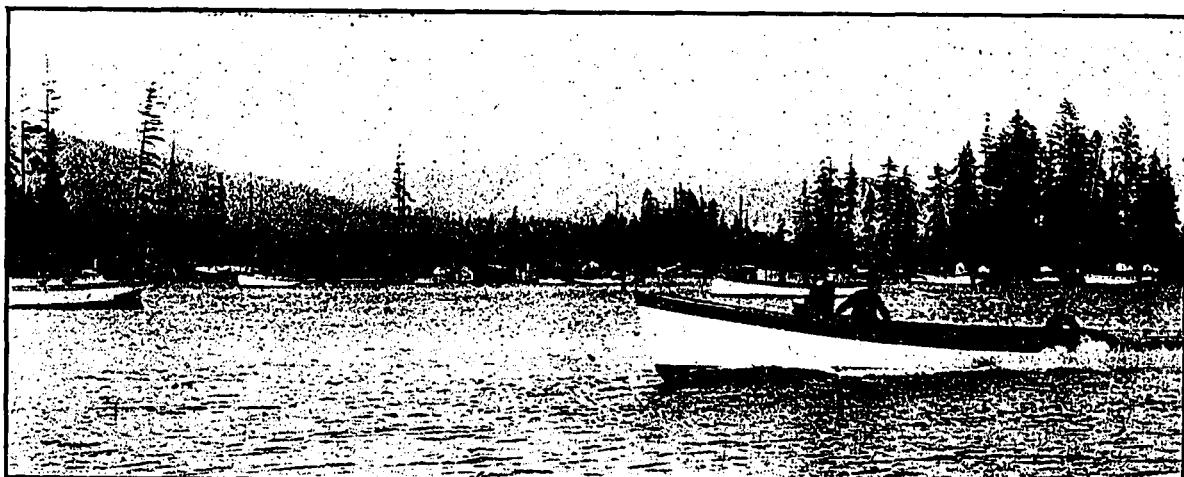
In conclusion, I would like to say that any inquiries coming from WESTWARD Ho! readers, regarding the problems and difficulties confronting them, will be welcomed by me and answered as carefully as possible. Address me care WESTWARD Ho!, Vancouver, B. C.

dull finish in exactly the shades needed to harmonize with the woodwork, and to make an unobtrusive and effective background for furnishings. When soiled the walls can be washed with soap and water. After a trial of eight years, the colors are as fresh and satisfactory today as when first applied, and when pictures are rehung there are no dark spots of unfaded colour behind them.

Motor-Boating in B. C. Waters.

THERE are many respects in which the asperities and privations of pioneer life are tempered like the wind to the shorn lamb. When the adventurer of early days was entirely at the mercy of wind and wave, in a canoe or a small sailing boat, he literally threaded his way among the lovely islands of Puget Sound and the Straits of Georgia with his life in his hands. When the sky was clear and the sea calm he looked out on a panorama which is not surpassed even if it is

The pioneer of the fifties either survives or is represented today by his descendants who are no longer at the mercy of wind and wave but are able to penetrate the same silent waters, to view the same ideal scenery, and to carry their quest far beyond that of their predecessors by the aid of modern craft. It is no longer the canoe or sailing boat which idly drifts, with many a tack, over the face of the waters but the swift motor-boat which defies wind and wave and which with celerity and safety con-



Easthope Brothers' (Vancouver) Racing Launch, "Pathfinder."

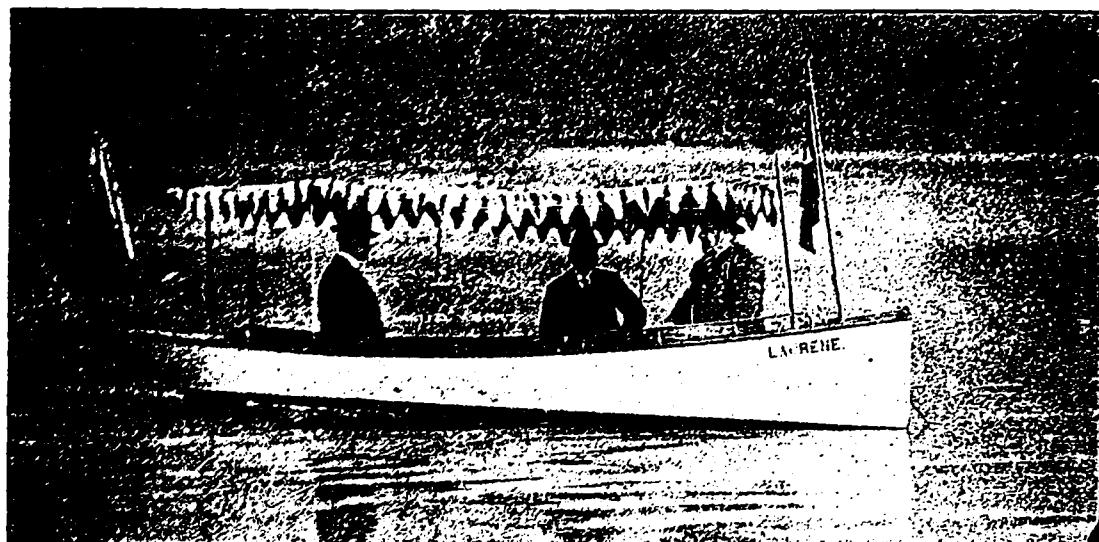
equalled in any part of the world. It matters not where he found himself idly tossing upon the waves, whether as far south as Cape Flattery or as far north as Cape Scott he was surrounded by objects of marvellous beauty both on land and sea. A blue wave and a bluer sky, with green islands, tall pines and, in the background on every side snow-clad peaks. Many a sound, an inlet or a fiord penetrated the jagged coast line and up these he would steal, effect a landing, pitch his camp and sojourn for the night to pass on with the break of day further afield on his never-ending quest for the Eldorado.

veys the modern pioneer whether in quest of pleasure or of game. Motor-boating is not even a luxury; it has become a modern necessity. So popular is it and so well has the demand been catered for that a small well equipped motor-boat is within the compass of almost every man. In a third of the time, and with far greater ease, the coast line is swept and the inland waters are cruised. And what a marvellous Province British Columbia is for this sport of kings. What with a great westerly coast protected by Vancouver Island, innumerable inland lakes with their connecting rivers and deep inlets or sounds

cutting through the coast line for twenty, thirty or forty miles every variety of scenery and environment is furnished.

Suppose the pleasure seeker makes Vancouver his base, if he travels south

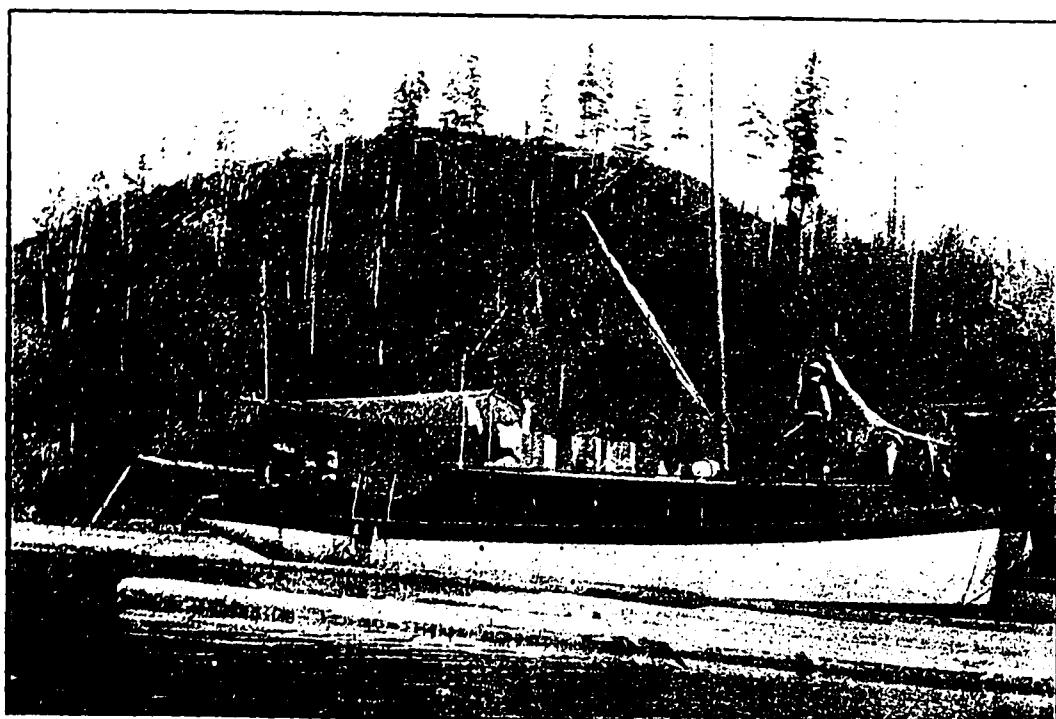
he may land on Mayne Island, enjoy the splendid hospitality of a comfortable hostelry and indulge in the best of sea fishing. Still further south within a couple of hours run he finds himself at



"Laurene," a Golden Motor Boat, owned by Thomas O'Brien.

a few hours lands him in the mouth of the mighty Fraser, where he may study "in situ" one of the most important and profitable of Canadian industries the

Salt Spring Island and may either touch at Sidney or make his way to Victoria the beautiful capital of the Province. Still with Vancouver as a starting point



The "Undan," one of Vancouver's Typical Seagoing Cruisers,
Owned by F. M. Richardson.

salmon fishery. Emerging from the Delta of this wonderful river a few hours will bring him to Plumper's Pass, where

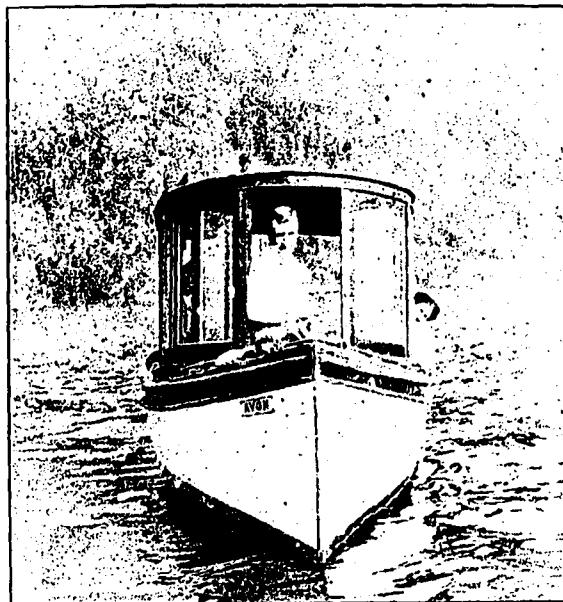
he may travel north and crossing the Straits of Georgia land at Nanaimo with its wonderful Departure Bay, its herring

MOTOR-BOATING

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fisheries and its historic coal mines. The waters of Burrard Inlet itself present many opportunities for picnics and pleasure rambles nearer home, such as Deep Cove and Indian River.

At this point it may be a matter of interest to mention that the motor-boats used at the Coast are principally of local



"The Avon."

manufacture and a large industry is now springing up at Coal Harbour. Not only

are the hulls built here and in Victoria but several firms of note are now constructing the engines.

The pleasure to be derived from a cruise along the coast is equalled on many of the fine lakes and rivers of the Interior. World-wide travellers aver that the Kootenay, Slocan and Okanagan lakes are not inferior in any respect to the famous and better known lakes of Switzerland, the only difference being that in British Columbia everything, including the scenery, is on a larger scale. These inland waters have for some years past become the summer resort of thousands of people who take their holiday camping out, by the aid of a motor boat; and as the country builds up it is certain that such a flotilla as is to be found, for instance at Nelson, will navigate all the accessible waterways of the Province. An illustration of the eagerness of the motor-boater to find anchorage in new waters is well evidenced in the case of some Victoria enthusiasts who took their boat by water from the Capital to Alberni and thence overland forty miles to Great Central Lake in the heart of Vancouver Island.



Vancouver's Motor Boat Building Industry.

A Pleasant Cruise.

J. A. Hinton.

TO many of our city dwellers, the attractions of charming spots almost at our doors are unknown, principally because they are accessible only to the lucky ones owning motor boats.

One of the most delightful trips within easy distance of Victoria is that portion of the Strait lying north of Sidney, dotted with islands of many shapes and sizes, furnishing sheltered waters for sixty miles, in which the smallest launch may safely plow its pleasant way through tortuous channels, in and out between the ever-verdant shores.

Beautiful sandy harbors at every turn invite a landing, and when a particularly tempting spot delights the view, you conveniently discover that the lunch hour is close at hand anyway, and that if you do not now take advantage of the fine stream of water that tumbles musically down the rocks, you may fare worse further along. It is strange what unanimity exists among the passengers when you propose this stop for lunch, for the seafarer develops an abnormal appetite.

It was on Friday, the 23rd of May, 1907, at noon, when we cleared the outer wharf at Victoria, bound on a two-days' holiday trip in a thirty-foot cabin cruiser of the Marblehead type, engined with a 10-horse-power two-cylinder Lozier engine. The day was clear and, though the sea was somewhat lumpy off Trial Island, as is usual, the sea was calm, and we plowed along merrily while the crew of three got things shipshape before settling down to loaf in the grateful sun.

From time to time we met steamers and other craft, whose crews or passengers gave us a passing salute, doubtless envious of our care-free, independent appearance, for we no doubt bore in our demeanour the knowledge that we owned the fairway.

As many readers are familiar with the unequalled panorama of sea, sky and mountains which meet the gaze from the Dallas Road and Beacon Hill, I will not attempt to describe it; sufficient to say that we appreciated it even more than usual that day.

In an hour we were passing Ten-mile Point, and so entered on the only long stretch, comparatively uninteresting, in the whole voyage. Not having any definite objective point in view, we decided to shape our course towards San Juan Island, along which shore we coasted to Twin Point, and a short time after made Bidwell Harbour on Pender Island, and cast anchor in Mr. Ainslie's cove, and visited with that gentleman until about five o'clock, when we weighed anchor again to proceed to Old Point Comfort, on Mayne Island, where we decided to put up for the night.

It proved a very interesting trip that evening to Old Point Comfort. Ten minutes after leaving Mr. Ainslee's we entered the Pender Island Canal—not one of your sluggish tow-boat canals, but a canal about twenty feet wide and a bare quarter-mile long, excavated, through the middle of the island, by a paternal government for the convenience of the settlers. The approach is up Bidwell Harbour to the extreme end, and if you have not been here before, as in our case, you will have to look sharp to find the entrance to the canal, which opens up suddenly to your right when your boat's nose is almost against the rocks. Through this quaint canal, with its dense forest growth to the water's edge, we slid on a strong tide, and it seemed but a minute before we shot into the channel between Pender and Saturna Islands and from here on for the remaining fourteen miles we sailed between the islands in the violet evening haze, to anchor at

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the Old Point Comfort Hotel, where we were plentifully provided with dinner also with beds in due course, which latter are to be preferred, when available, to the necessarily cramped sleeping quarters on the boat.

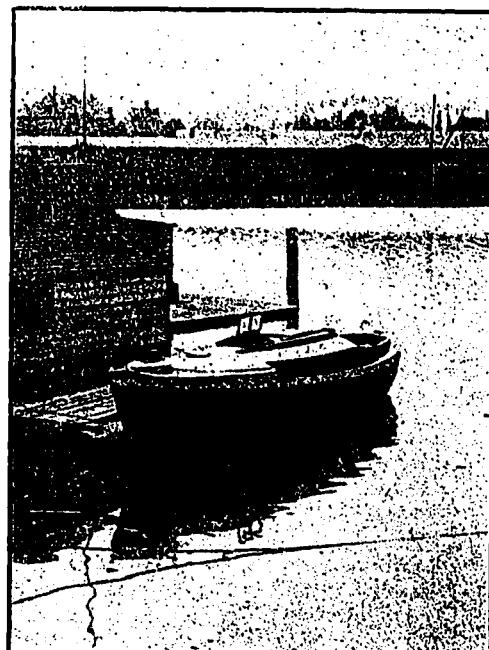
The next morning after breakfast we employed our time taking out parties of people for short trips, which they seemed to enjoy, while we waited for the Fraser River steamer to arrive, on which we expected a Vancouver friend to join our party. In due time we picked him up



The "Haidee," a historical Motor-boat which has been all over the world, now owned by Mr. Wheatcroft of James Island, near Sidney.

and bidding good-bye to our friends in the "Pass," we proceeded on our way up the Gulf side of Galiano Island, through the Cowichan Gap, and cruised for hours through the smaller islands abounding between Chemainus and Nanaimo, finally bringing up to anchor for the night at Thetis Island, where we enjoyed the hos-

pitality of some friends of ours. We lingered long beside the cheerful campfire that night, the time passing only too quickly with song and story, until bedtime. And how we did sleep after our long journey in the fresh sea air, and how we did enjoy our morning bath in the warm water on the sandy beach, for the water is very much warmer here than at Victoria. And breakfast! Oh, was



"Comfort," in which the Cruise was made.

there ever a breakfast that tasted so nice? Not on your motor boat!

We had now travelled about a hundred miles, and our homeward trip of sixty miles straightaway lay before us, for we planned to get back to Victoria this day (Sunday), to be ready for the weekly grind. Reluctantly we turned our prow southward, and made Victoria before church time in the evening—but didn't go.

This trip will long remain in our memories, and I hope my readers will some day themselves follow in our footsteps and they can blame me if they don't enjoy the trip. Really, I can think of no way you can spend a holiday more fittingly and contentedly than in this way.

Motor-Boating on Kootenay Lake.

Z. G. Ebbitt.

ON the main arm of Nelson, Columbia Country, there had, the day in question, 17 launches. It is situated at the end of the main arm of Kootenay Lake, a sheltered body of water running about ten square miles, making it peculiarly suited for all classes of water sports, and no pleasure-seeker can fail to realize his taste. The first gasoline boat was launched on Kootenay Lake in 1902 and a year half-a-dozen

men who have summer residences a few miles up the arm, and who regularly make use of launches for going to and fro.

The fleet consists of examples of launches ranging from 16 feet to 43 feet in length, and from one to forty-horse-power, practically every known make of engine being represented. In speed they range from 4 to 20 miles per hour. Most of the boats have been built on the lake.



Motor Boats on Kootenay Lake.

enthusiasts started a launch club. The club has had a successful career since that date, and now has a membership of over 50, and it is estimated that there are over 100 mechanically propelled boats on the lake, including a few steam launches. The ownership is not confined to devotees to sport, but many ranchers engaged in growing fruit on the lake shores, find a launch the easiest mode of reaching the city, and there are many professional men and others engaged in the city of

and there are three or four boat builders at Nelson, who make a specialty of launch building.

One of the finest boats is the "Laugh-a-lot," a beautiful launch built by the Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, New Jersey. She is 35 feet long and has a beam of 5 feet 6 inches; is mahogany built, and has a speed of 20 miles per hour. Her engines are Elco Express.

The Nelson Launch Club hold a most successful regatta annually, at which

MOTOR-BOATING ON KOOTENAY LAKE 47

many valuable prizes are competed for in various classes. The illuminated parade of decorated launches which winds up the proceedings, is one of the sights of the year, as the situation of the city lends

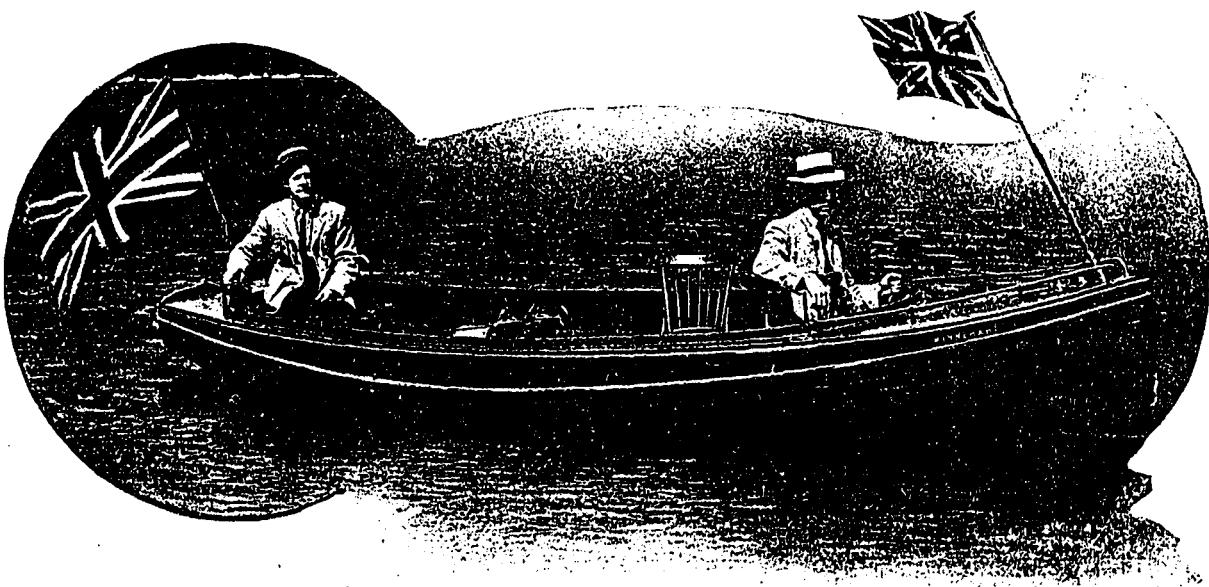
of about three-quarters of a mile. The scenery throughout is of the finest description—mountain, forest, and valley—and as there is a marked absence of high winds, a better spot for either a pleasure



The "Laugh-a-Lot," a Speedy Nelson Power Craft.

itself so well to a spectacular effect of this kind. Motor boating has certainly come to the Kootenay metropolis to stay and each year will doubtless see a considerable increase in the number of boats on the lake.

cruise or a speed trial trip would be hard to find. If a longer run is wanted than the West Arm affords, the main lake is easily reached through the Narrows at Procter, and by turning either to north or south, another fine and more extended



"Minnehaha," one of Nelson's Crack Pleasure Crafts.

No more suitable conditions for the sport could possibly be found than are presented by Kootenay Lake. The West Arm is a beautiful sheet of water extending in an easterly direction from Nelson for about 20 miles, with an average width

run can be enjoyed. The main lake extends for something like 100 miles, with an average width of two to three miles. The scenery here is wilder than on the West Arm, and many are the fine peaks running up to eight or nine thousand

feet which come into view, especially towards the northern end.

The fishing in the lake is of the best, beautiful spots for camping abound, fine

weather is the rule and rain the exception, and all things considered the lines of the Nelson motor boater are cast in pleasant places.

The Other Side.

Irene M. McColl.

JOHN LAWRENCE sat before the open fire in the library. He was dreaming of a day and moment long ago, when a certain brown-eyed girl had promised to become his wife. They had been very happy for a little while, and then the girl had changed as swiftly as a cloud obscures the sun. Why, he had never known. But she had gone away out of his life, without a word.

Years had passed—he had become successful, rich. As he sat in the glow of the firelight, and looked back across his life, faraway dreams of youth drifted out of the past. And clearly as he had seen her that last day, the brown-eyed girl glanced shyly up at him. He bent over her once again—saw the quick blushes come upon her cheek, heard the wind sighing in the pine-trees—

“John.”

On the silence of the room a voice had fallen like a chord of low, sweet music.

The gray-haired man sprang to his feet and faced about. He had been dreaming, surely!

“John! dear John!” The pleading tones held an intensity of longing.

“Kathleen, Kathleen, where are you?” he called, passionately.

“You cannot see me, dear,” replied the voice. “I have come back to-night from the Other Side. And I can only stay a little while. Oh, John, John! why couldn’t we have been happy together, always?” The sweet voice broke pitifully.

“Kathleen, God knows, you know, I

loved you!” burst from Lawrence’s white lips, as he held out eager arms to the empty air whence came the voice.

“But I didn’t know then it was honour had kept you silent, John! And, oh, but the days were lonely without you!” wailed the unseen, as a frightened child cries in the dark.

Lawrence shivered as though an icy blast had passed him.

“But I thought you knew, that you understood!” he exclaimed.

“How could I? You never told me. It was as if a shadow had fallen between us, and I was afraid, afraid!”

“God, if we could only live it all over again,” groaned Lawrence.

“And I searched for you everywhere until I found you, John! And now I must give my message quickly. It is written that you are to become ‘One of Us’ three weeks from to-night. Don’t be afraid, dear—it’s only a step. And I am to come for you. John! John! After all the heartaches and the long, long years, we will be together again—where there is no parting, no dying, no misunderstanding!” The girl’s voice rose and fell, now sharp with agony, now thrilling in an ecstasy of hope.

Then John Lawrence felt the touch of unseen lips upon his brow—the lingering touch of unseen hands upon his shoulders—and he cried in an abandonment of longing: “Kathleen! Kathleen! Let me go with you, now!”

“Not yet—but soon.” The whisper faintly reached him.

A flame leaped up higher than the rest and scattered sparks across the room. One fell upon his hand, and, with a start, he turned—then went over to his desk.

Three weeks to live! Just three! And he had found Kathleen again—had heard her voice! The years were not to triumph over them—the scheming world would after all be foiled. It seemed like an eternity until he should see her as she had promised.

For a long time he sat thinking, then deliberately drew toward him some writing materials. He had always despised the men who left everything to chance—who never prepared for a threatened storm—and was determined that all should be made plain, that the world need know, when *he* had gone.

He never questioned Kathleen's message—he held it as his salvation. It meant release from passionate regret, the old unrest that haunted him. Success, honour, wealth—what had they given him, when that which he had prized most was taken?

Kathleen had been of his faraway youth, her memory was linked with the scent of roses, the call of birds and love!

The little clock on the shelf chimed three. John Lawrence folded the letters placed them in the desk and passed upstairs to his room. He went directly to an old bureau, opened a drawer, and took out an envelope. There fell into his hand a lock of hair. The light played on the brown curl in a shifting, golden sheen.

"I wonder if it is brown-gold still?" he mused, as he replaced it in the envelope.

Three weeks later, he sat before his desk in the library, for the last time. The

little clock on the shelf ticked away the minutes just as it had for years. But tonight each sound seemed to hold a deeper meaning than ever before. Even the crackling of the fire, the whispering wind, bore some vague message to him.

On the desk lay several documents. In as far as possible he had left nothing undone. Now he had only to wait. She would come—he never doubted that. And he was ready to go—glad with the hope of eternal happiness. So he waited in the quiet room, listening for her faintest whisper.

The hours crept by. The fire died down, but Lawrence did not notice. He was thinking of many things, of the way he had taken in his youth. He had been wrong! And yet, he had honestly thought he was right. Old memories sweet as love, bitter as hate, came back to him in a flood.

"Kathleen, Kathleen! I am ready!" he called, passionately, as a wave of longing smote him.

Softly, and faint as the chime of distant bells, came a voice, saying, "John! John!"

The man sprang to his feet, his arms outstretched.

"Kathleen, Kathleen, darling, I am ready!" His voice thrilled with the joy of victory.

"Come, then, come! Oh, John! John!"

The scent of roses, the call of birds, wonderful music came nearer and nearer

John Lawrence took one step toward the voice—and fell.

Dead? No. He had only taken the little step between this life and the "Other Side"—where Kathleen waited for him.



The Retail "Cloister."

A. N. St. John-Mildmay.

THE retail storekeeper is the true modern analogue to the monk of the ancient cloister.

The quality of the pity which the progressive sentiment of the West accords to the monks and nuns of the middle age is unmistakeably more akin to contempt than to love.

The "Religious" are generally regarded by us as pitiable specimens of humanity.

This is very far from being a just historical verdict.

The place of monstery in the aggregate is a far from contemptible one in the history of the world, or of world-forces.

As individuals, the exponents of the vowed life have been often truly great, as well as truly loveable men.

If this is so, monasticism is not to be dismissed as a semi-barbarous freak of diseased minds, but should rank as a prime fact in history and therefore as a factor to be reckoned with in anthropology.

The discerning person will not dismiss it with, say, Dowieism or Zionism, as a gigantic but historically negligible ulcer upon society, but will at least accord it a place alongside of such a movement as, say, the Salvation Army.

Modern naturalist thought feels rightly a certain pity for these enthusiasts, not forgetting that the medieval ideal of the vowed life has hundreds of thousands of devotees in the Roman Catholic Church and perhaps some thousands in the brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the English church in many lands today.

One must needs pity man or woman who, under the influence of enthusiasm, has bound himself by terrific oaths, sincerely believed in, to lifelong conditions, which are properly those of childhood only.

The vows of the "religions" are, under every variety of "rule," essentially the same. Perpetual poverty, perpetual virginity, and perpetual obedience in the smallest details of life to an artificially adopted "Father" or "Mother."

Nature clothes every child as it grows out of the status of infancy with three unmistakeable liveries, as plainly as it invests the trees of the forest with leaf, flower, and berry in their season. Puberty arrives at its own particular day and hour; self-realisation of the will, the faculty of not only acting but choosing between actions develops itself less suddenly, but not less certainly: the instinct of self-support makes itself clearly, even painfully, felt at a certain stage of the development both of the bodily tissues and of the discursive understanding. The triple vow ignores these natural, universal, almost physiological changes, which distinguish the landscape of grown-up life from the garden of childhood, exactly as the hardening of the tissues, and again the sloughing of the shell and the coming of the wings, distinguish the larva from the chrysalis, and the chrysalis from the dragon-fly, respectively.

"Nature," said Lord Bacon, "is only to be conquered by obeying her."

The cardinal mistake of monasticism was to lay violent hands upon her, and the forgotten sufferings no less than the unforgotten vices of the cloister have vindicated Lord Bacon's discernment and Nature's infallibility.

"Naturam expellas furca," said a Roman poet, "tamen usque recurret."

"You may drive nature out with a pitchfork ever so often, yet she will force her way back."

But Nature is a difficult word to define. Human nature was created free, yet everywhere while the world was

THE RETAIL "CLOISTER"

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dominated by Roman ideals she was in chains.

The gossamer fetters of Benedict and Ignatius Loyola were no bad exchange for the iron manacles of Roman "patriotism"—Caesarism.

Better forswear wiving with Jerome and Cassian than divorce an innocent wife for the sake of political ambition with Julius Caesar, or prostitute consummate genius to the preaching of promiscuity with Petronius Arbiter, and the Romanesque novelists of a certain modern French school.

And so, in a sort of despair, the better portion of mankind, finding that the Roman strait-waistcoat had turned poor human nature into an ungovernable brute, embraced the ideal of monasticism with so much enthusiasm that by the time of St. Bernard (the last great monk of the twelfth century) an actual majority of the lettered population of Europe were attached either directly, or indirectly, by means of an affiliation which was perhaps little more than nominal, to one or other of the great religious orders. Some sort of monastic profession became not only popular, but fashionable.

It is no wonder then that monkery had a hand in nearly all the great movements of thought and great national achievements of the period immediately preceding the local European Reformations.

Meanwhile the markets and marriage-markets of the world, though seriously affected by a system of wholesale religious protection, did not experience any appreciable set back. Men continued to amass wealth and beget children, as if no such things as the vows of poverty and chastity had ever appeared to challenge their right to exist. Then a large section of society, presumably the most desirable section, voluntarily withdrew both from commerce and wiving. One result has been that the Christian races of the present day are for the most part lineally descended from the refuse, instead of from the flower, of medieval European society. Another result is the social and economical one: commerce was left to those few who were unable to rise to the ideal level of the vow of poverty, or to the level of any ideal what-

ever. Therefore, commerce became less and less honourable, less and less honest. There were no more merchant princes; the race of usurers became the kings of a new form of commerce, heartless and soulless.

The mere abolition of the monasteries which has been slowly going on throughout Europe for four hundred years, could not bring back the breath and temper of the past. The Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts and the Strathconas may have transcended the private incomes, but they have not risen to the inspiring level of Cicero, the millionaire father of his country, or Lorenzo the magnificent, the erudite maker of Florence and Fiesole.

What if it should be the mission of this wonderful new world of ours, Western and Middle Western Canada, to bring back the soul of commerce to its ancient seat, the merchant's office and the retailer's counter? That the soul of commerce died out, when the Christian monks took it into their heads to renounce the world, is not the fault of merchant or shopkeeper, ancient or modern—it is the fault of the rulers, the intellectual rulers, of Christian society—the ecclesiastical organisation of the Christian church, the shepherds, who gave no true lead when their flocks credited them with infallibility, and who have allowed the commercial classes to bolster up and use them, as a subservient Board of Control, long after these classes had ceased to have any spiritual use for them.

It is not the fault of the shopkeepers. They had to do something with the clergy, and (rather than take the certainly unpopular, and seemingly unkind, though honest, course of telling them that the pastor's crook was no longer worth a cent, since the human mind had improved its freehold by dividing up its various fields and duly fencing them with right reason and free enquiry,) they kept them on, to stand in the gaps, not being minded to become scientific fencers themselves and being both a little lazy, and also a little distrustful of the new patents.

The time has come when even the fear

of the fences breaking down, and of the possibility of gaps has practically ceased. And the obsolete pastoral crook-holders, being meditative folk and knowing all the excellences of these newly discovered devices and patents far better than the lazy class of the retailers (whose business is not with fences but with the feeding, fleecing and butchering departments) should have the honesty to efface themselves, and join either the sheep or the shearers and meat merchants (according to their natural predilection or fitness). But so far they draw their wages obstinately as of old, for a while.

The men of trade will not keep up the farce for any very prolonged while, averse though they be, as a class, to any the least new departure—for new departures are very far from being shopkeepers' business.*

In all this the shopkeeper of what may be called the Press epoch (from about 1,500, when printing became general, to the present day when wire and wireless communications are heralding the new era of auricular, in place of ocular, diffusion of information) has wrought a great work in the world, while meriting all the time the same measure of compassion which most people accord to the anchorites and monks of a still earlier epoch.

Assuredly the shopkeeper's life is a hard one, in many ways an unnatural and inhuman one. He renounces, during the greater part of the daylight hours and, in most cases, during a large part of the night also, his common human freedom, and renounces also or at least voluntarily annihilates whole departments of his nature. "Annihilates" is not the correct word, any more than it is in the case of the monkish devotee. For nature will not be pitchforked. It takes, in the shopkeeper's case, as in the monk's, its own terrible revenge.

I read a pathetic letter in the Vancouver

"Province" from a wage-earner; pathetic because it showed the persistent blindness of the wage-earning labourer to this unnatural limitation which makes every progressive thinker hope for the elimination of the modern shop-keeper from the society of the future. "I have saved some \$300 by hard work," said the writer, "and I desire to set up a stock of goods in order to earn at a better rate than I can hope to do upon wages."

Is that form of property which consists in "looking after" a transient turnover of goods which are destined for other people and bear no remotest reference to the "owner's" personal wants or individual taste, so much to be coveted, that the average craftsman and wage-earner is glad to abandon his human freedom and mutilate his human nature for the sake of the greater amount of gold which it may possibly enable him to accumulate?

Or does it confer—and if so ought it to confer—a status and social sweetness, which the worker and the worker's family may reasonably take in exchange for the painful renunciations of his human heritage which make the store of today, and the cloister of an elder day, such a tragic spectacle to the enlightened naturalist?

To both questions the answer, under the deplorable conditions of modern retail trade, can only be the affirmative one.

"They may load the tables of the money-changers with the fruits of Gomorrah and the nectar of asps, but so long as men live by bread the lovely valleys will laugh, as they are covered with the gold of God, and the cry of His happy multitudes ring around the wine-press and the well."

Such was John Ruskin's rural economy thirty years ago: and, though the Hebrew cadences have a quaint sound in the pages of a treatise on political economy, the criticism of our bigoted faith in the modern city and its methods is a supremely wholesome one.

Compare the essential dignity of man as the most complicated and highly developed of living organisms, with the spectacle of man as a storekeeper, be-

*This is why they hold on, as a class to that old-fashioned and annually less remunerative side line of ecclesiastical self-advertisement, which includes church wardenships and class leaderships in Sunday Recreation Schools, Temperance sermonettes, etc.

tween a pile of ledgers and a wall of plate-glass.

What is his poor body doing all day long? Where is the play of mind, the parade-ground of virtue, the exhilarating experience of ever-changing environment, the growing weather for high social instinct, the tonic influence of friendship subtly evolved from mere acquaintanceship, which raises human life, when emancipated from the mart and its kennel chain, so certainly and delightfully above the life of dogs and cattle and cabbages?

Where is the coming of doubt and the growth of serene knowledge — that knowledge which "grows from more to more," amid the subdued tones, the conventional suavity, the veiled cunning, and the calculating and monotonous cruelty of the business of selling something to somebody who needs it, for a little more than they need pay, or better still to somebody who does not need it at all? May he never raise his voice, or stretch his limbs, or romp, or dance, or take a snooze, or promote the world's happiness by calling his fellow-man names, when his fellow-man deserves it? May he never shout, or whistle, or argue, or bury himself in a book, or discuss the ball game in uproarious controversy with a dozen like-minded mates, or bonnets with his girl—your poor shopman?

By all these things men live and keep going.

From all these things your shopman is vigorously excluded by a rule of decorum and voice modulation more rigid than any Franciscan or Trappist rule of silence.

At one time there seemed a hope that the five-cent slot machine might be capable of infinite development.

Some of the retail watch-dog's work again has been eliminated, by the intervention of the Mail Order Catalogue and the Department Store. But the Bee-Hive of the Department Store depends upon the maintenance of mechanical slaving drones, whose environment is as far as ever from the dignity of freedom, and who are as far from nature and wholesomeness as the solitary retail-spider behind his plate-glass web.

Poor sombre spider! There is only one direction in which you can ever hope for eventual relief from your cloistered imbecillity. And that shall be when men can trust one another, and there shall be no more thought of thieving.

Agriculture, manufacture and distribution of commodities, and money were not originally devices of warfare. Commerce was not originally the battlefield of human wasps, but the emporium for the mutual exchange of human necessities and conveniences.

The Fair was the place of fair exchange, and gold as the most beautiful of substances was the appropriate medium of these beneficent exchanges of commodities. Is there no room in the world for a City of Trust? One man's skill is to make loaves; another's to weave bales of cloth; a third breeds horses; others again produce chisels, steam-engines, silk, furniture, buildings of frame or masonry, automobiles, feeding-bottles, poems, newspapers, liquid refreshment, shoe-polish, saddles, ships, tooth-brushes.

In the City of Trust there is a warehouse or emporium for each of these things, where either actual samples, or working models, or plans and pictures are freely accessible to purchasers.

At the door of the warehouse is an open vessel of gold, and an open basket or letter-box. If the purchaser finds the article he wants, he removes it, and places the amount of the price, as marked in the money-vessel, and a written record of his purchase in the letter box.

If otherwise, he deposits in the box a formal order for the delivery of the article according to the model or picture shown, if it is deliverable, or a request for work to commence on the more elaborate House, or Ship, or Steam-engine which he requires, together with his I. O. U. for the price thereof.

Our pride of civilisation is all a delusion if these things are impossible. They are wholly possible, so soon as society recognizes that honesty is the best policy. The most exalted Christian morality has failed to abolish dishonesty — failed miserably and of course.

It is not exalted ideals, but a simple

calculation of personal and individual advantage which can best abolish it.

Thus: "I am one against seyen hundred millions. Or, looking to the city in which I live only, I am one against sixty thousand.

"However wholesale an over-reacher and robber I may be under present day conditions, I cannot possibly acquire so much gold per diem or per annum, as the aggregate honesty towards me of

fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine fellow citizens will put into my pocket, in the same period, under the Reign of Trust.

In the city of confidence the thief will be only a fool for his pains.

Only in the city of confidence and the Commerce of Trust, will the retail watchdog be abolished: and the policeman with him.

And the way to it is not difficult.

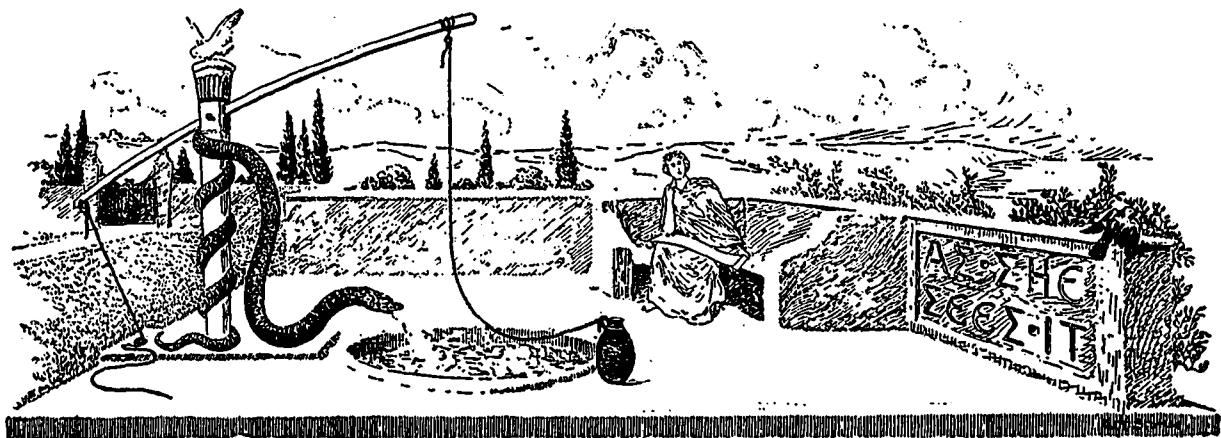
Spring.

Springtime again with scented breath,
Its northern visit pays,
And every dale within the park,
Rings with the songster's praise.
Glad rippling notes of hope and love,
Sweet pioneers of spring,
And every scent that loads the breeze,
A thousand memories bring.

Of sunny homes and gardens gay,
Meadows and moorland brown.
Remote from every carking care,
And turmoil of the town.
"Unconscious o'er each backward year,"
The free soul wings its way.
To where, along that brambled lane,
The happy children play.

But springtime hath another mood,
Gay, sinister, and bold,
For every red-nosed friend of mine,
Has got a dasty cold,
Eved dow that sad depressiod creeps,
Idto the heart of be,
The Debod has be by the throat,
By gidger! At-tish-ee-e!

The soft wids burbur id the trees,
The requieb of the years!
But I bust go ad get to bed,
This cold is "sobethig fierce."



Verita.

THE Salvation Army in Canada is to be commended for the way in which it has endeavoured to assist, not only the women of this country to obtain much needed domestic help, but also young women of European countries to emigrate. It has been said, that in spite of the clamour for domestic servants, surprisingly few matrons have applied for those brought out by the Salvation Army. The reason, or one reason, is this—the employer has to advance the sum of fifty dollars for the girl's travelling expenses; this amount to be deducted from her salary. This is a very reasonable arrangement, but it is only the quite wealthy who care to advance money for such a purpose, at any rate until they have seen the girls. In the case of the young woman not suit-ing, her employer has to keep her in the home until the fifty dollars is paid back—or lose it. It is true that as the minimum wage is twenty dollars, it would not be many months to wait, but still three months is quite long enough for an unsuitable or incompetent servant to produce considerable discomfort in a home.

It has often happened that a girl has had the best of credentials, and has without doubt, been an excellent servant while in England, but as soon as she lands in America, she has been known to assume a very different attitude—to adopt the American idea that the man is as good as his master. She seems to assume that she is conferring a favour

on her employer by allowing him or her to pay her a big wage in return for the highest of duties. These types, however, never come out with the intention of remaining domestics; they know that they will have opportunities for bettering themselves, and they want to begin at once.

One may now consider the really capable, energetic and refined English servant, who takes a position in a Canadian home. What sort of treatment does she receive? If she is the kind of woman just mentioned, there is no occasion to suppose, for one minute, that she will want to be treated as one of the family, by taking her place at the family board, or meeting the family friends and relations. She won't want anything of the sort—and why should she? She is independent in the best sense, and is certainly not interested in her employer's family or private affairs. She knows her place and wants no other, but she will not submit to being treated like a drudge, or spoken to as many women speak to their Chinaman. She cannot be expected to share her kitchen with Chinese servants, as she has in some cases been asked to do. Much depends on the mistress whether she can keep her servants, or whether she is always changing them.

The servant problem is not confined to Canada. In England as well, people are complaining of the difficulty experienced in obtaining good domestics. It is true that there are always thousands of men and women out of work in both

countries, but often they are neither fit for, nor wish to be domestic servants.

One could not very well have a poor girl, fresh out of the slums of any big city for one's parlour maid. One might take her into one's home and teach her to cook and do housework, but it would be a long time before she was worth thirty dollars a month. The domestic servant class in England is really a class unto itself.

It is a fact that higher education has caused the ranks of this class to diminish. The girls are now taught French, music, and drawing in the free board schools, and when they grow up, they want to be teachers, or anything but servants.

If these are the conditions in England, how is Canada going to be supplied with this class of people from that country?

It is well known that, in Africa and India, the native coolies make ideal servants. For some years Canada was well supplied with a coolie class from China, and there will always be many people who will testify to the solid comfort they have enjoyed when employing these people.

These coolies have been partly excluded from the country, because of their encroachments on the interests of the white working man. However much the Canadian white labourer may resent the presence of John Chinaman in this country—and doubtless he is justified in his resentment—it must be remembered that there are other people in Canada besides the labouring man, who want the good things of this life, and there will be many families in our beautiful cities of homes who will regret the absence of John or Sing in the kitchen.

HOME LIFE.

There is very little of the old fashioned home life lived in America today. People are giving up their homes to live in apartment houses and the luxurious hotels. There are of course reasons for this state of things. One reason may be found in the previous paragraphs—scarcity of domestic help. People who have the means to live comfortably are perfectly justified in living where they will

get the most comfort. Why should people do their own cooking and house-work or put up with inefficient servants, when they can have every luxury at a hotel or apartment house? It has been urged that a woman should not be ashamed to do her own housework,—that it is woman's duty to order her home,—but some women have other destinies to fulfill. The wives of prominent men of all professions, have many important social duties to perform,—not always pleasures by any means, but duties owed to the position in which their husbands have placed them, and to society in general. The well known doctor or lawyer does not clean out his office in the morning, he pays somebody else to do it, and so, the well educated, accomplished woman in society should not be expected to scrub her kitchen floor.

There are other reasons which are not so justifiable. In the prevailing rush after pleasure, women are inclined to think the ties of housekeeping and the nursery are tiresome, and so try to free themselves from these things. If they continue to take this course, however, home life will be a thing of the past. What will be the effect on the nation? Just as—

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the great wide ocean, and the golden strand,"

so individuals make the nation. The life of the individual man or woman begins in the home. A good home makes a good citizen, and good citizens build up a fine nation. It is hardly putting it too strongly to say that the future of the nation depends on the present conditions and influences of the national home life.

Many good women see and deplore the evils of society. A Massachusetts lady has petitioned the governor of that state to take measures for the establishment of a department to regulate and elevate home life. The fathers and mothers of the nation, are the authorities who can best preserve the old and highest ideals, and those who do this will serve their country as truly as ever did a Nelson or a Wolfe.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

Women are rapidly coming to the fore in the field of literature. They have proved themselves successful as short story writers, dramatists and novelists. While it may be said that no woman writer has achieved the fame of such writers as Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray, let us not forget that woman has just begun to take her place as man's equal, and as yet has not had the opportunities which have been offered to the male sex.

The influence of good and wholesome literature is felt far and wide, and women should remember that it is their duty to give to the world through their literary works, an influence only for the best.

There have been many attacks on the character of the novels of modern women writers. These writers have fearlessly attacked the problems of the relations of men and women. When these problems are treated with a view to raising the standard of morality, it is surely better to praise than condemn these writers.

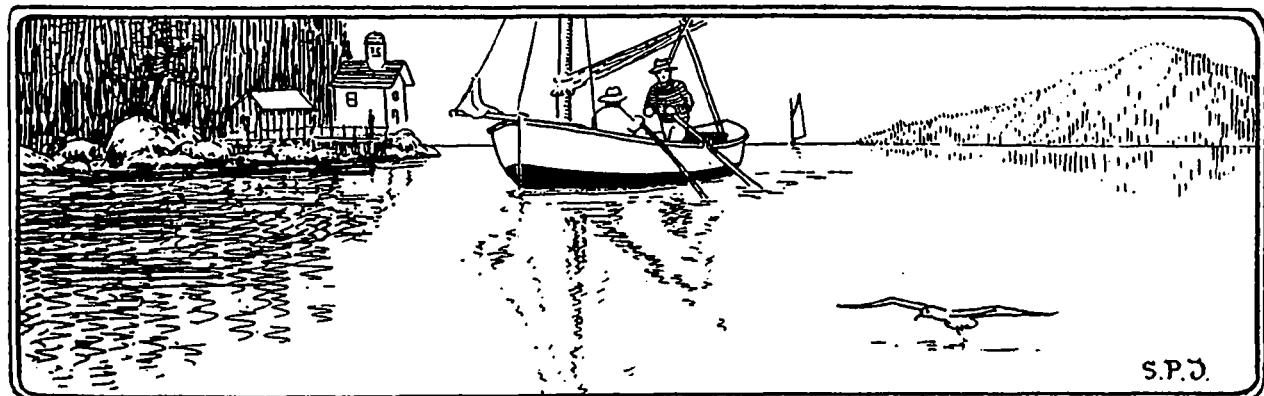
There are now few outdoor sports in which women do not indulge. It is almost as necessary for a woman to be an enthusiast for outdoor games as it is for her to be beautiful and well dressed.

Golf and hockey are favorite games of modern times, but the ladies of some centuries ago were excellent horse-back riders. One reads of fine ladies, who thought it necessary to faint at the slightest exertion, suddenly taking long and desperate rides to escape some pursuer, or to become a bride against the commands of cruel parents. The English woman of today is noted for her prowess in the Hunting Field.

It is not that women join the ranks of Big Game hunters, but some intrepid wives have followed their husbands into the jungles of Africa and other tropical countries, and have won the coveted trophies by their fearlessness and skill with the rifle.

In the olden days, ladies played at archery, which was both a graceful and healthy pastime. It is surprising that this really graceful form of amusement has not been revived; it would be a popular substitute for the more boisterous sports, just as the modern games of ping-pong and diabolo have been.

There has been a reaction against the modern athletic girl, but in spite of opposition she has come to stay, and most of us are glad of it.





A Farm, Showing how the Land is Cleared and the Fences Gradually Pushed Back.

Alberni District.

C

WITH railway construction in active operation through the district of Alberni and the renewed activity over the whole of the West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, the Bureau of Provincial Information with commendable promptitude has published a splendidly illustrated bulletin devoted to this district. Herbert Carmichael, assistant

mountains and valleys, with a general main ridge forming the backbone.

The eastern shore, bordering as it does an inland sea, presents a comparatively unbroken shore line; while the west coast lashed by the fury of the Pacific Ocean, has been cut up by a number of long arms or fiords, penetrating deeply into the land. From this peculiarity it is astonishing to find that, while the island



Alberni Canal, Looking South.

mineralogist, supplied the data and information from which the following is taken:—

Vancouver Island is situated on the south-western seaboard of British Columbia, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. The general direction of the island is northwest and southeast; it is 280 miles long by an average of 50 miles wide. There are no great stretches of level land, the general features being

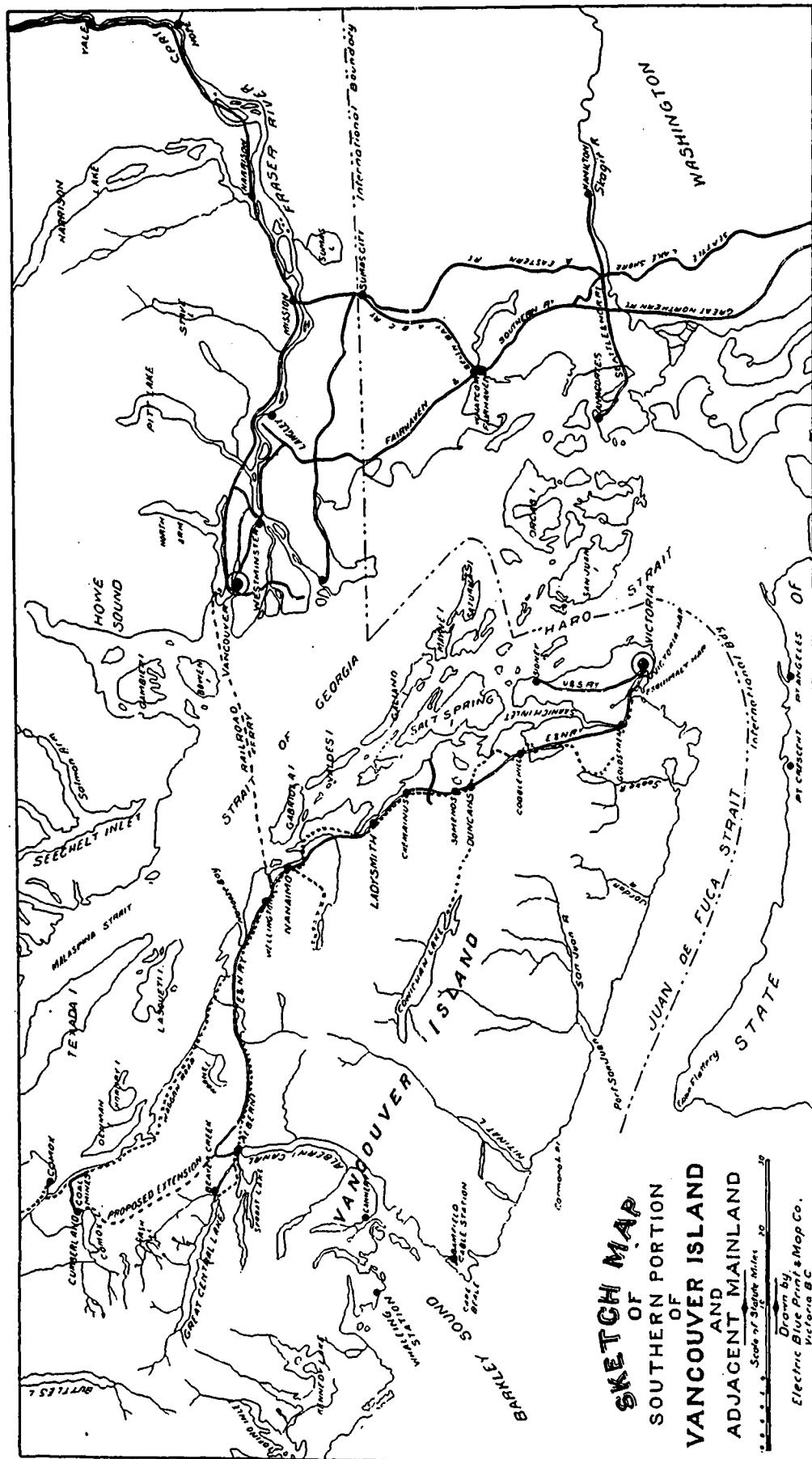
is only 280 miles long, the coast line of the western shore has a length of 1,300 miles, exclusive of islands.

These long arms of the sea, navigable by the deepest draught vessels, form splendid waterways and are a great factor in the opening up of the island.

Of these long fiords, only two penetrate through the main mountain range, viz., Quatsino Sound to the north, and the Alberni Canal, a little south of the

middle of Vancouver Island. The latter inlet nearly cuts the island in two, being only 14 miles from the eastern shore.

a Spanish officer, Don Pedro Alberni, who was in command of a company of volunteers in the expedition to Nootka.



The town and valley of Alberni is situated at the head of this stretch of water. The Alberni Canal was named after

It is probable that this inlet was known to the Spaniards as early as 1790; the entrance is marked on their charts and

ALBERNI DISTRICT

called Archipelago de Nitinat. From the time the Spaniards left Nootka nothing is heard of Alberni, or, in fact, of the whole of the west coast of Vancouver Island until comparatively recent years.

Messrs. Anderson, Anderson & Co., of London, England, besides their business of ship-owners and ship-brokers, had an interest in a ship-building and ship-repairing dock and yard at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the Thames. About the year 1855 it was brought to the notice of this firm that there were on Vancouver Island large tracts of forest land containing Douglas pine and other valuable timber suitable for masts and spars and for general ship-building purposes. In 1860 they sent out their agent, Captain Stamp, to Vancouver Island, and he selected Alberni as the most suitable place to erect a saw-mill, not only on account of the great wealth of timber, but in view of the ease with which it could be shipped to foreign markets.

In August of 1860, Mr. Gilbert M. Sproat was sent by the Government of the Province with the armed vessels "Woodpecker" and "Meg Merrilies," to take over from the Indians the land which had been granted to the Andersons in consideration of their building a saw-mill and opening up the district. The negotiation with the Indians was satisfactorily arranged, and a saw-mill of very considerable capacity was built, and cargoes of spars, masts, and lumber were shipped to all parts of the world. The business became a large and important one, and was continued for some years until the mill was burnt down, which, owing to a depression in trade occurring shortly afterwards, was never re-built. The operations of the Company were for some time in charge of the Mr. Sproat referred to, who is well-known in British Columbia, having written a book on the Indians of the west coast of Vancouver Island.

While the mill was in operation a small steamer, "The Thames," was sent out, and for some time made regular voyages between Alberni and Victoria, and also towed the Company's vessels up and down the canal.

A period of stagnation marks the time from the shutting down of the mill until the year 1886. In that year the Andersons decided to survey a portion of their land into a townsite, which was called Alberni, and from that time till the present there has been a slow but gradual development of the district.

To facilitate their transactions in land and other matters, the Andersons decided to incorporate their Vancouver Island interests into one company. This was done, and the Alberni Land Company, Limited, was licensed under the laws of British Columbia in the year 1906.

In view of its large undertakings in Alberni, the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company has acquired a substantial interest in the Alberni Land Company, thus giving the railroad access to a splendid deep water ocean harbour. The operations of this Company will, in the future, be largely controlled by the railway company, which will push the development of the town with the vigour that has characterized its actions in the past.

Captain Vancouver, referring to Alberni, has written in his journal, 1792:— "To describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of the skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth require only to be enriched by the industry of man with villages, mansions, cottages and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined, while the labours of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded in the bounties which nature seems ready to bestow on civilisation."

The Alberni Valley is 25 miles long by five broad, extending in a north-westerly direction. To the east it is guarded by the Beaufort range of hills, while to the west it is bounded by a sea of yet unnamed mountains. It partly includes two large lakes, and is well watered by numerous rivers and streams.

The townsite of Alberni has a most happy situation. It rises with a gentle slope back from a spacious harbour, a

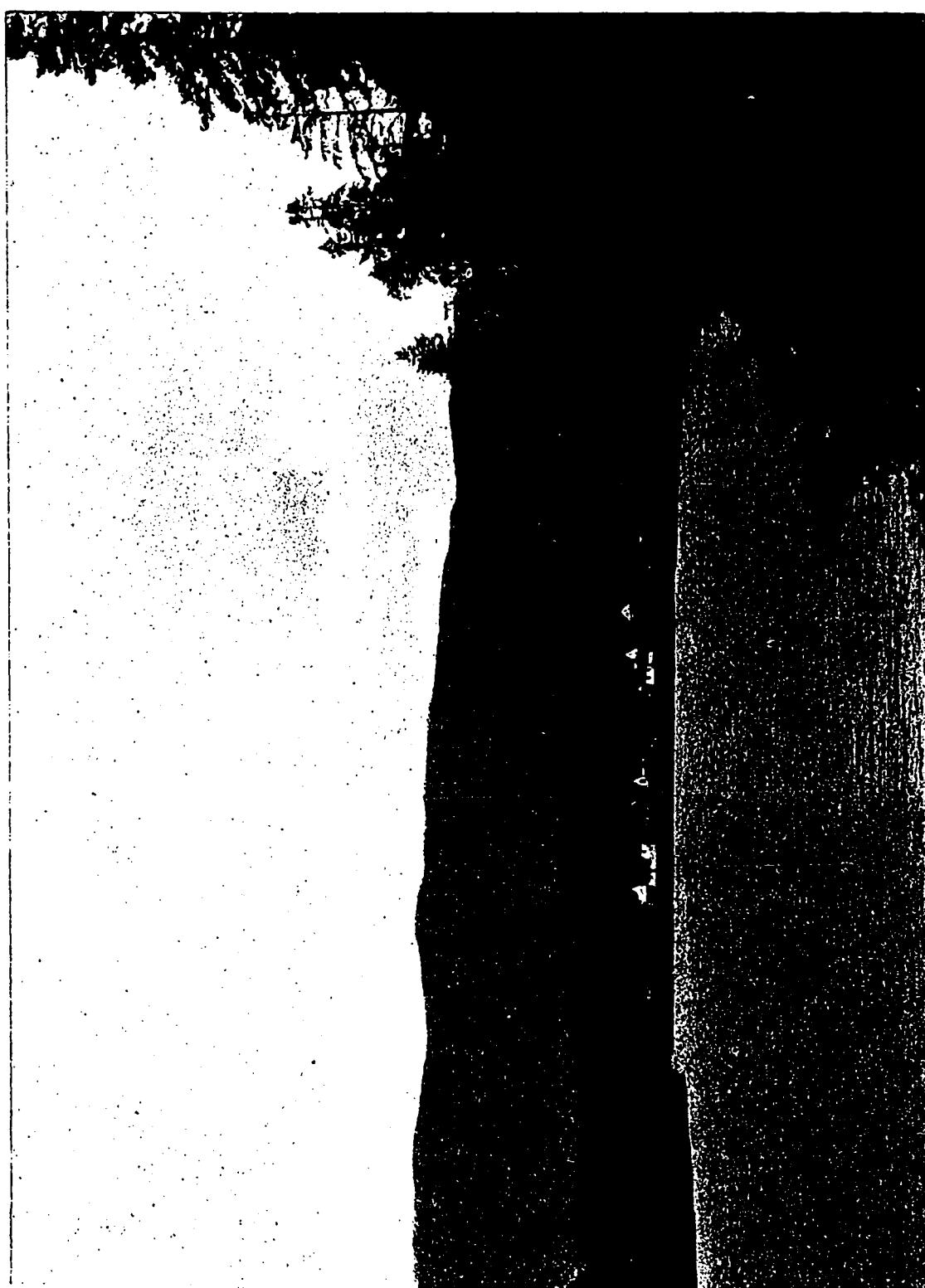
mile wide by a mile and a half long, with good anchorage, free from dangers and reached by a deep fiord from the ocean, called the Alberni Canal."

With regard to the approach from the

"Victoria, B.C.,

"14th November, 1907.

"I know Alberni Canal and the new townsite on Stamp Harbour extremely well, having made a survey of the har-



Portion of old Alberni, Looking Up the Somass River; Beaufort Range in the Background.

sea, Captain Walbran, lately in command of the Dominion Government lighthouse and revenue vessel "Quadra," writes with authority in the following letter:—

bouir in 1892, as you will see by a glance at the Admiralty chart, 'Clayoquot and Barkley Sounds,' No. 584, on which the plan of my survey is shown. Commander Bowman, R.N., (N.) of the flag-

ship 'Royal Arthur,' used my plan when anchoring there with the flagship, and he afterwards informed me he found the plan most satisfactory, and the harbour an excellent one.

"When I sent in my survey of the harbour I also showed on the plan the new townsite of Alberni, and the Admiralty had it placed on the chart, as you will see. This was entirely done on my own initiative, as there were no signs of a town there in 1892, only the wharf and the ruins of the old saw-mill. I have always thought most highly of Alberni (Stamp Harbour) as an ocean port. The waterway from the ocean, entering at Cape Beale, being clear of all danger for the largest vessels, even such as the Lusitania. The landfall is excellent, being no off-lying dangers in the track of shipping, and the shore and waters of Alberni Canal are both bold and honest throughout, with very deep water. As an ocean port Alberni will compare most favourably with Portland and San Francisco.

"Portland is a long way up a swift river, the Columbia, at the entrance of which is a most dangerous bar, with ever-shifting sands, which cause the navigable channel to be constantly changing, and, therefore, though most carefully buoyed by the United States Government, can only be safely navigated by the most experienced pilots. Records show that many vessels have been lost on the bar of the Columbia, with great loss of life. One of the reasons, many years ago, for the change of the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company for their deep-water merchant ships from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia to Nisqually, in Puget Sound, was owing to the many disasters their vessels met with on the bar of the Columbia.

"San Francisco has no dangerous bar to cross, but the entrance to the harbour is contracted, subject to strong tides, and is also subject to extremely frequent and dense fogs.

"Therefore, from my intimate knowledge of this coast, having been in command of the C.G.S. "Quadra" for many years, and having entered Barkley Sound under all conditions of weather, I can

state with confidence that Alberni Harbour as an ocean port is an extremely safe one for all classes of vessels.

"J. T. WALBRAN."

The hillsides and smaller valleys leading into the main valley are clothed with a wealth of the finest timber in British Columbia, yet untouched by the axe of the lumberman. Douglas fir forms by far the largest percentage of the timber, together with the so-called hemlock and small bunches of white pine. There is more of the latter seen here than is the average on the coast. Towards Barkley Sound fir gives way to spruce, hemlock and cedar.

The railway company has leased mill-sites and agreed to provide terminal facilities which will insure a very large output of timber for many years to come. The product can be shipped by through cars to the Northwest, or by water to the markets of the world.

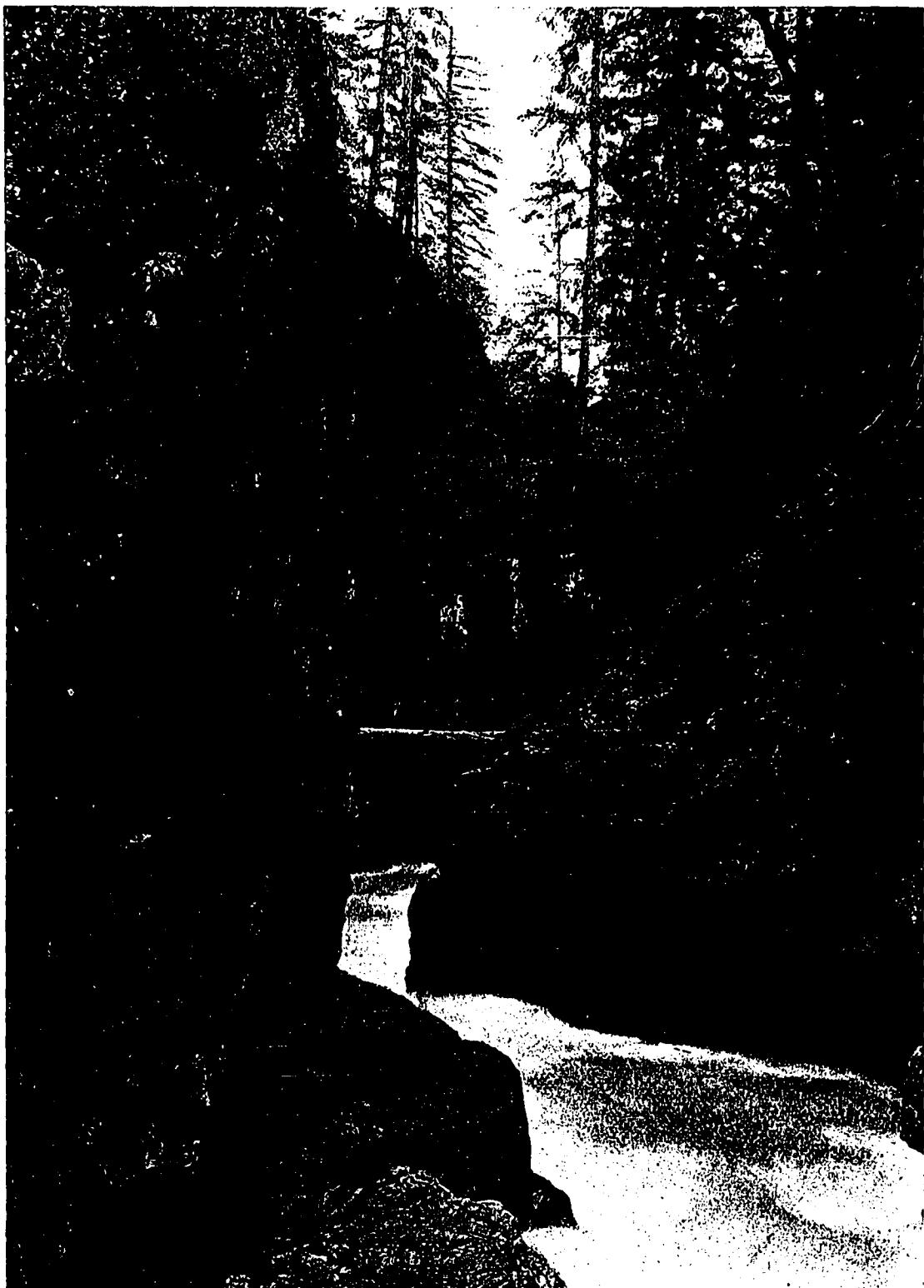
The lumber industry will stimulate agriculture in the district by providing a large home market for farm produce, and as the land is cleared of timber it will be taken up for farming. Agriculture has languished in the past, owing to the lack of communication or a home market. Soon it will have both of these defects remedied. The soil is generally a red loam underlain with gravel and sand, well suited to fruit growing. As far as noted, clay was not much in evidence, though it occurs in the valley. The average depth of soil is about 18 inches on the higher ground, and in isolated places the gravel subsoil comes near the top with only a few inches of soil. Toward Comox there are a number of marshes and cranberry swamps which can be comparatively easily drained and got under cultivation. As a whole, the valley has been much enriched by deposits washed down from the mountains.

The climate is mild, subject only to light winter frosts. The rainfall taken up the valley gave a record of 80 inches, but it was noted during the summer that it was often raining up the valley, whilst it was quite fine lower down, so that 50 inches would probably be a fairer average, most of the rain falls during the winter months giving ample sunshine and

good growing weather, as shown by the tomatoes, peaches, and grapes which readily ripen in Alberni.

An atmospheric phenomenon occurs every day with great regularity during the fine summer weather. At eleven a.m.

canal from the ocean, causing a strong breeze up the canal and a pleasant wind in the valley. Towards six p.m. the land has cooled, the breeze ceases and calm prevails, which is not disturbed until the following day.



The Canyon of Stamp River, With Black Basaltic Walls.

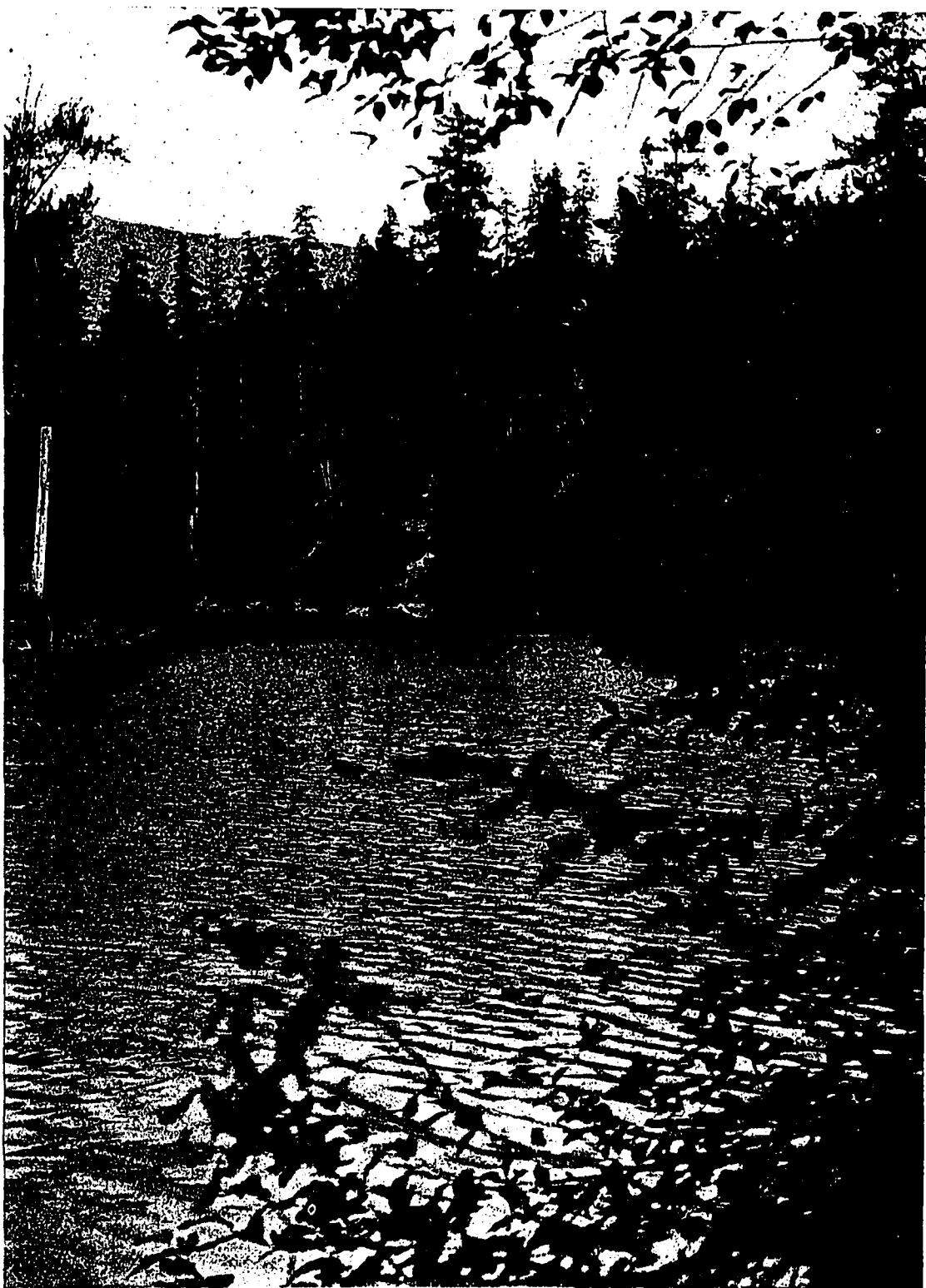
of every day of bright sunshine the valley begins to heat up, and the hot air rising causes a partial vacuum. To fill this vacuum cool air rushes in up the

Alberni district is one of the prettiest portions of Vancouver Island, more especially so in the diversified nature of the scenery. Through the valley flows

the largest river on the island, the Somass. Taking its rise in two fine lakes it tumbles over in grand waterfalls and dashing cascades, and rushing through a dark rockbound canyon with walls of

the north and west we have her in her rugged phases, with the snow-capped mountain and the blue glacier.

Great Central Lake has steep slopes rising abruptly to high mountains with



A Bend in the Somas River from which many Trout have been taken.

basalt 100 feet high, merges lower down in a broad and tranquil river. The lower portion of the river shows nature in her more tranquil moods, affording many a typical pastoral scene, while to

a prominent peak on the northern shore, well-named Thunder Mountain. It is the favourite theatre of nature's electrical displays; its black top, covered with a still blacker cloud, flashing lightning, fol-

owed by thunder claps which reverberate from across the lake and back again till they die away in a long low growl.

Sproat Lake presents a more peaceful scene. This beautiful lake may well be called the Lucerne of Vancouver Island—it resembles the Swiss lake in many ways.

The great majority of the lakes in British Columbia occupy depressions or excavations in a single line of valley. This is not the case with Sproat Lake, which branches from a central point, sending out four arms, like a star-fish, occupying four distinct valleys exactly as does Lake Lucerne; portions of the latter lake are in four cantons, while Sproat Lake is partly in Clayoquot and partly in Alberni Districts. The western arms are bounded by rocky and often precipitous shores, rising up to high mountains on which the snow stays till late in summer. Some of them are purple with heather towards their summits, whilst others are red with the rust of decomposing mineral. The eastern branch of the lake has shores which rise at a gentle slope with a shingle or sandy beach, and is an ideal spot for summer homes for the residents of Vancouver or Victoria. Here, too, is a dark rock on which are some old and weird Indian carvings. In passing them the Siwash stills his paddle and makes the canoe glide silently past this mysterious spot, where he doubts not a spirit lurks with evil intent.

The Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company has surveyed a branch line to the lakes, which, when completed, will bring it within five hours of Vancouver or Victoria.

The trunk road from Nanaimo to Alberni offers a fine run for autos, and a view of the giant firs to the west of Cameron Lake will well repay the ride. The road winds through a narrow valley thickly planted with firs, eight and twelve feet in diameter. These charmingly symmetrical trees, in their effort to get to the light, have pushed their crowns often 300 feet high.

When Alberni is reached, Stamp Falls and canyon, Sproat Lake and Roger Creek, should all be seen; the latter

stream cutting through shale and sand-stone banks 100 feet high and covered with a wealth of maidenhair fern, forms a pretty picture. When the railroad is completed View Mount should be selected as a place from which to get, unobstructed, a general view of the valley. It is 400 feet above the railroad and 1,400 above the sea. Away to the north the valley is seen extending to Comox; to the northwest a glimpse of Great Central Lake is caught, also an arm of Sproat Lake. To the southwest the head of the canal is clearly in view, while the Somass River can be seen meandering through the valley from the lakes to the sea.

Alberni and its hinterland has many charms for the sportsman; wild geese and ducks frequent the lakes and marshes, blue and willow grouse are fairly plentiful; there are great numbers of black-tailed deer, whilst the wapti, black bear, and giant timber wolf still roam in the vast forest recesses to the northwest. In the rivers, speckled trout tempt the angler's fly, and many a delightful evening can be spent loading up a basket with shining beauties. There are, of course, stretches of the rivers which are better than others, and a photo of a catch is shown, taken in an hour and a quarter with the fly, the largest fish weighing three pounds three ounces. Very good fishing may be had with the dry May fly in the early part of the season. There is good fishing in both Sproat and Great Central Lakes, in which there are some exceedingly large trout. These latter, however, are wary and hard to take. At the mouth of the river, in the fall, splendid salmon fishing can be had with the rod and spoon.

Barkley Sound offers yet another change in both landscape and climate. It is reached by a pleasant steamer trip of three hours down the canal, at the mouth of which Barkley Sound lies, fronting on the Pacific Ocean. This is a large inlet, fourteen miles wide at its entrance, and running inland some twelve miles, with numerous fiords like the Alberni Canal extending off from it. One of these inlets, Henderson Lake (erroneously called Anderson), is fresh

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water, the entrance being blocked by rocks so that salt water does not get in, Pipestem, are very deep, but narrow and long, the shores rising abruptly to 1,000



Wapiti, in their Habitat, West Coast of Vancouver Island.

but at high tide it is quite easy to pole a canoe into the lake. Other inlets, like Barkley Sound includes hundreds of

and 2,000 feet above the sea.

islands, some large and some small, and nearly always having deep water between them. There are three main ship channels, the Western, Middle, and Eastern. The Western channel is especially picturesque, and a trip through the Hundred Islands in a launch is to be looked forward to.

From Ucluelet, one of the arms of Barkley Sound, the ocean beaches are easily reached, Wreck Bay Beach being a small, sandy stretch, three miles long.

direct by refrigerator car from Alberni. It is a well-known fact that there are immense and practically untouched fishing grounds off the west coast of Vancouver Island, where halibut, cod, and other white fish abound. With an unlimited supply of fish, a short haul to the railroad, a through refrigerator car system, and a ready market in the East, we have combined the elements of a highly profitable industry.

Alberni will undoubtedly be the seat



Here the Pacific Ocean rolls in unceasingly, roaring like a veritable fiend in the height of a storm, but it is a delightful change to come from a hot inland town, sit on the beach, drink in the pure, cool air, and feel the dash of the cold, salt spray.

Barkley Sound is the location of a very profitable whaling enterprise. The whaling station is at Sechart, in the western channel, and a large number of whales are caught annually, both in the Sound and out in the ocean.

There is another industry lying dormant, which will undoubtedly spring to active life with the completion of the railway to Alberni. It is the catching of fish on the banks off Barkley Sound and Clayoquot and shipping them fresh

of many industries; the combination of cheap power, cheap fuel, unlimited water and easy transportation will not long be overlooked by the manufacturer.

A word might be said for some point on the west coast of Vancouver Island becoming the port for rapid transit to the Orient; this will some day be a factor with the big transportation companies, and it remains with them to decide where such port shall be; but the development of the natural resources of the West Coast will build up one or more towns which will go a long way towards settling up the country and peopling this Island with a happy and contented community.

The Redemption of Tsakwetta.

Harold Sands.

KWALKOSKI sat at the foot of the totem pole and mourned for her lover. Tsakwetta (Seaweed) had defied the Great White King, but when she urged him to seek safety in flight he only laughed at her. Policemen with blue papers from "Edward Rex" were after him, but in the midst of his tribe, on the wild and desolate northern coast of British Columbia, he deemed himself safe. Kwalkoski was wiser.

"No Indian safely can defy the servants of the King," she had told him, and when he laughed her heart grew heavy, for she knew that Seaweed was but as a salmon that has entered the trap.

The wind from the Pacific blew cold and, wrapping her stained Hudson's Bay blanket around her, she crept in between the huge legs of the grotesque totem, seeking shelter from the keen blast. She had constituted herself the guardian of her lover and while he was attending the Tamanamass (Devil's Dance) she was on watch for the coming of the Government ship which would bring the law officers who would arrest Seaweed and take him to Vancouver where was the skookum house (prison), which all the Indians feared.

"You cannot outwit the man with the blue papers, but if you are determined to try, why I will warn you when he comes," she said to Tsakwetta just before he entered the dance house. "But even if you do escape to the mountains for a while," she added, "you will be caught in time, for the police are never beaten, they never get tired. When Edward Rex sends them after a man they never return without him. They may lose the trail for a time, but, though many moons pass, they always find it again."

But Seaweed danced defiantly, while

Kwalkoski sat at the foot of the totem pole and grieved.

And even while the man danced and the woman wept the Canadian Government cruiser Quadra was speeding toward the head of Kingcombe Inlet where the tribe of which they were members was located in the squalid village of Gyesdom.

The Devil's dance was part of the programme of the potlatch, or feast, given annually by the chief of the tribe and at which the young men qualified for tribal honors in the customary barbarous manner of the redskins of Northern British Columbia. Seaweed was sure of getting his coveted place at the council of the tribe, for had not he and Lasotiwaks (Son of the Bear) robbed a Japanese fisherman of \$250 and afterwards successfully eluded the one policeman who had been sent to arrest them. So great a deed was sufficient in itself to justify his advancement.

And now he was going through the preliminary initiation. If he passed the Devil's dance successfully he was on the high road to election. He wore a mask representing the dreaded cougar, and as he jumped about he pretended to bite pieces of flesh from the klootchmen (women) seated about the walls. As the bandsmen beat their cedar-planked drums with curious sticks of fir and the skin-covered tom-toms sounded discordantly he shrieked and leaped in frenzy. Defiantly he yelled of his deeds of daring of the Japanese who had been robbed and of the officer of the King at whom he had snapped his fingers, and he gave no thought to Kwalkoski, dismal and alone at the foot of the strangely-carved totem pole.

But every minute the Superintendent of Police, with six special constables, was

coming nearer. The sounds of the orgy in the village could be heard aboard the Quadra as she entered the inlet.

"The tribe numbers 600, but I don't think we shall have much trouble," said the superintendent to Captain James of the Quadra.

"Well, I know you can manage the most obstreperous redskins alive," answered the captain, "but 600 is quite a crowd. Suppose we scare 'em first with a little 'magic'.

"Sure, but how?"

"I've got the electric lights aboard which we always use when the ship is 'dressed' at Vancouver in honour of some big-wig. We can light her up so that her hull, masts and spars are outlined like the ghost of a ship. The Indians will think she's a sort of Flying Dutchman. We will time the arrival of the boat so that we reach the village after dark and we'll scare those redskins out of their wits with a phantom ship."

As the Quadra swung round the bend of the inlet near the village the captain turned the searchlight full on the huts which lined the shore. The first flash revealed Kwalkoski at the foot of the totem. She jumped up, shrieking in alarm at the fearful spectacle of light in darkness. As the powerful rays swept along the waterfront other natives fled in terror. The light stood still on the big dance house where Seaweed, Son of the Bear and the other young men were disporting themselves. At first the natives thought it was some magic of the Shaman, or Medicine Man, which had caused the dismal lights to so suddenly burn as if it were day. But when they saw the Shaman hide his face as if afraid they all rushed pell-mell for the outside and the wonderful light smote them in their faces so that they ran shrieking to the woods and calling upon their gods to protect them from this awful magic.

"Looks as though we've got 'em on the run all right," gleefully remarked the captain to the superintendent. Then he gave the Indians a wonderful searchlight display and danced the light in and out among the trees where they were vainly endeavouring to hide. All of a

sudden he shut off the searchlight and then only the outline of the vessel could be seen by the alarmed people.

Not an Indian returned to the village that night. The dangers of the forest were preferable to facing the magic from the sea. But when daylight broke men and women mustered courage, for only the King's ship was seen in the bay. And they knew the reason for the visit. The Great White Father had indeed sent his men for Seaweed. Kwalkoski was right. Her lover should have foregone the pleasures of the dance; he should have hidden. No doubt some of the men in blue were already ashore searching for him. But the credit of the tribe would suffer if Seaweed were captured. What could be done? Before they returned to their cabins they must hide Seaweed. But where?

Kwalkoski settled that. At the foot of the totem pole there was a small cave. Seaweed could easily hide in it while she sat at the entrance to hide the place from any of the inquisitive police, who always wanted to poke their noses in every nook and cranny. In order that Seaweed might gain the hiding place unperceived the rest of the tribe must take their canoes, go out to the King's ship and engage the attention of all on board. In the scheme lay Seaweed's only chance of escape.

The programme was carried out and Seaweed gained the cave beneath the totem pole unobserved. All day long Kwalkoski kept her guard, and all day long police searched the cabins and the woods in vain for him who could hear the tramp of their feet. Not once did an officer molest the Indian girl. The King's men were acquainted with Indian ways and they thought that the forlorn bundle at the foot of the totem pole was but a girl mourning a departed relative.

When night came the searchlight played once more upon the village and again most of the Indians fled shrieking. But Kwalkoski continued her vigil. Not even the wiles of the men in blue, who, she reasoned, were surely linked with the Evil One, could move her from the post she had chosen. The searchlight rested upon her huddled form.

THE REDEPTION OF TSAKWE TTA

"Well there's one Indian woman who does not seem to mind the white man's magic," said the Captain as the light fell on her.

"She's wrapped up in the past as well as in that Water Street shawl," replied the superintendent of police, "but it might be as well to have her brought on board and questioned."



A boat put out from the ship and soon the girl was undergoing cross-examination. But the officers learned nothing from her.

Meanwhile Seaweed had grown tired of his cramped quarters. As soon as he heard the officers go off with Kwalkoski he made up his mind to leave the cave. About a mile along the shore dwelt Makla. He was sure he could steal away

to her shack. She was frail, but her kisses were warmer than those of Kwalkoski and she would not torment him, nay, rather would she praise him, for defying Edward Rex. And praise was dear to Seaweed.

So, when the Devil's light had ceased to shine, he made off and ere the sun rose he found, in the arms of Makla, compensation for the day's dread.

In the morning Kwalkoski was returned to shore. Swiftly she made her way to the foot of the totem pole and fearfully whispered, "Seaweed, Seaweed." As she had feared, no answer came. Right truly she knew the weaknesses of Seaweed. As she realized that all her watching had been for nothing, that all the indignities she had suffered on the ship had been for naught, anger caught her within its terrible embrace. Before the officers who put her ashore had time to regain the vessel they were surprised to see her rush violently to the beach and were as astonished to make out from her actions that she was furiously calling to them to return.

"Follow me," said Kwalkoski as the men, somewhat weariedly, landed.

Being versed in Indian ways they asked no questions but strode behind the girl to the cabin of Makla. The instinct of Kwalkoski had proved true. Within the shack lay the guilty pair, sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

By noon the King's ship had sailed for Vancouver. Seaweed, ironed, lay in a bunk cursing his folly; Makla had told the tribe the story of his betrayal by Kwalkoski.

That night the cannibal dance was held in the village. Yells of terror sounded within the big feast house, but no white ears heard them, neither did they inspire any red heart to pity. The honour of the Denakdawks had been sullied; there was no room for pity. The most noticeable figure at the dance was that of Lasotiwaks, Son of the Bear. Him the police had been content to leave behind, albeit he was as much implicated in the robbery of the Japanese as Seaweed. Son of the Bear was no Sampson that he should yield to the wiles of a woman at the fateful moment, so to

him the tribe looked to revenge the betrayal.

An ordinary cannibal feast is unpleasant at the best of times. But this was no common affair. Its history would have to be related on the totem poles so that the warning might never die.

Kwalkoski was prepared. She knew what the end must be. The mood of the morning had passed. Her jealousy and her rage had departed. She had sinned the great sin and must suffer the penalty. There was no need to drag her to the feast house. She waited calmly, stoically, for the inevitable. Seated near the entrance to the house her ear caught the first sound of the frantic ecstasy of the dancers as they left the woods. In imagination she could see the skulls and bones which Son of the Bear and his companions were carrying to strike terror into her heart.

Soon the dancers entered the feast house. Not by any chance did one come in by the doorway. Such a tame entrance would have been out of keeping with the ferocity assumed. Most of them dashed through the windows, but Son of the Bear chose the big hole in the roof as his route of ingress. Once in the lodge the dancers whirled round and round, biting at those who invited the pastime; and these were not a few as the wounds would ultimately turn into honourable scars as much to be displayed as the sword cut received by a German student in a duel.

For an hour this sort of thing went on, yet no motion was made towards Kwalkoski. She was being reserved for the grand finale. At last Son of the Bear had worked himself up to the required pitch of fiendishness. The moment for revenge arrived! The other dancers ceased their wild whirlings as they saw him make a mad rush in the direction of the figure huddled in the doorway and as swiftly retreat to the middle of the lodge as if to invite the tribe's attention to the fact that the real business of the gathering was about to commence. The drummers added vigour to their blows on cedar planking and skin-covered tomtoms. The klootchmen

started the Dirge of Sorrow, but Kwalkoski sat as a figure of wood.

For one moment Son of the Bear stood silent and still in the centre of the lodge, the next he hurled a skull in the direction of the girl and followed it up as quickly as his feet would take him. The drums stopped beating, the sound of the song was hushed and all in the lodge-room heard the click of the dancer's teeth as they met in the shoulder of Kwalkoski. Son of the Bear raised the special knife kept for the real cannibal dances, when there was indeed a human sacrifice to be given up to the offended gods. This weapon was made of a bone taken from the body of a chief who had beaten back the Spaniards when they threatened the village in their roving days. One minute more and it would be buried in the heart of the girl. But, just as the knife was about to descend, a rifle shot was heard and Son of the Bear fell dead at the feet of the one who was to have been his victim.

If uproar had reigned in the feast house before it was seven times accentuated as the other dancers wildly rushed from the place in pursuit of the being who had fired the shot. For the bullet had come through the doorway. Kwalkoski, they knew, had no hand in the deed. But she, as she looked at the corpse at her feet, felt the desire for life grow strong again within her. Something whispered to her heart that all the joy of living had not yet departed. So, while the hubbub was at its height, she fled the feast house. In a few minutes the dancers came back with Makla, who held a tell-tale rifle in her hands. While the tribe discussed her fate Kwalkoski was forgotten.

The next day a mound at the foot of the totem pole marked the grave of Makla who, in death, had made amends to Kwalkoski for some of the bitterness of life. And the tribe forbore to search for the living.

* * *

Meanwhile, in the jail at Vancouver, Seaweed was the unwelcome guest of Edward Rex. Full well now he realized the truth of the words of Kwalkoski that he was but as a salmon that had entered

the trap. There came regularly to the jail a man of God who spoke simply to Seaweed of another life and of the chances to do well in this one so that the second might be enjoyed. And Seaweed listened as one who hears strange truths.

The day came when Edward Rex no longer required the presence behind the stone walls of his redskin ward. Seaweed was a free man once more. By the first steamer he sought the north, where lay the village of Gyesdom and his love. When he landed on the beach the braves met him. They escorted him to the foot of the totem pole.

"Your honour is avenged," they said. "The cause of your misery lies there."

To their dismay Seaweed cast himself upon the grave and called upon a strange God to witness that his punishment was too much. Hurriedly the young men departed and left him at the foot of the totem pole.

And there Kwalkoski came to him.

"Why weepest thou, Seaweed?" she asked. "She is not dead but sleepeth. The time will come when you both shall awake in a better land."

Seaweed looked as if he had seen a ghost.

"Kwalkoski! Is it you, Kwalkoski?" he cried at last, "or is it your ghost come to torture me with the image of that which has been in my heart ever since

the men of the Great White King took me to the big prison and justly punished me for my sin. Would that I were in the grave beside thee, then might thy spirit rest and mine also have peace."

"I am no spirit, Tsakwetta," gently replied the girl. "The grave on which you lie is that of Makla, who gave me up to the tribe for betraying you and who then regretted her action shot Son of the Bear when he would have killed me as a sacrifice to the heathen gods who are still worshipped by so many of our poor relatives. For myself, the missionaries have pointed the way to where real life lies."

"And they have done the same for me," cried Tsakwetta joyfully as he leaped from the grave. "Now do I know, in truth, that the God of the white man is indeed the only God. Out of our misery and my disdoings has come salvation, and life is renewed. Henceforth we will devote our lives to seeking to show our ignorant relatives and friends the error of their ways. We will banish the false gods from Gyesdom."

Thus was the redemption of Tsakwetta accomplished. As for Makla, who had caused great sorrow and yet had healed sorrow's wounds, she sleeps the last long sleep at the foot of the totem pole, but she, too, had her share in the awakening of her people.

Alone.

Reuben Rambler.

Beloved, the birds are singing
Sweet songs, but not for me;
This heart knows no more music,
Parted from thee.

Glad gleams the earth in the sunshine,
Strong as from Grecian skies;
No sun want I but the love-light
In thy dear eyes.

Sweetheart, the fields are silent,
The bright orb'd day has flown;
All light, all love has vanished!
I am alone.



THE experience of which I am about to write happened many years ago. I was then—as my hiring contract set forth—"clerk in the employ of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into Hudson's Bay."

Of the district in which I was stationed, old Archibald Forbes was factor. He was a half-breed, lazy, tyrannical, and abnormally fond of whisky, or, more correctly speaking, Hudson's Bay rum. Often have I seen him, in the days gone by, when drunk with rum and passion, seize his heavy walking-stick, and lay about him, indiscriminately, among those poor semi-slaves, the Indian packers of the Company. Once he raised his stick to me, but never brought it down. Something would have happened if he had, for I was powerfully built. I might possibly have forgotten that he was Kate's father.

When I first knew Kate she was but a mere slip of a motherless girl, full of life and innocent frolic, and we promptly became boon companions. But as the years passed, her girlhood passed; and of late a barrier had sprung between us. I had learned to love her. But Kate, reared close to the heart of nature, far from the doubtful influences of civilization, stood, as yet, unrevealed to herself. She rudely ridiculed me when I told her of my love. Why couldn't we continue being just good friends? "Besides, father will never allow it. He intends me for William Johnson-Smith, the law-

yer. He's not half bad, either, is he, Jack?"

I turned sorrowfully away, repelled by the coarseness of her words, yet jealous of the lawyer.

Late that night, as I sat writing in the office, for the following day was the beginning of treaty-payment to the Indians, and the old factor left absolutely all the work to me, he came stumbling in.

"I say, you fellow," he said, coarsely. "So long as Kate was a kid I didn't object to your hanging around her; but it's different now. Do you understand?"

I did understand, but spoke not. I could not trust myself to speak. To think that this drunken, beast-like creature held the destiny of two lives in his keeping!

He lurched up to me, and, protruding his coarse, pock-marked face, shouted:

"Did you hear me, Jack Dural? Did I make myself plain? Or do you want it pounded in? You sneak, you! You fooled me, damn you! But it took lawyer Smith to get on to your little game. Eh?"

I sat there looking into his face, yet seeing it not. I durst not see it. I kept conjuring up Kate's, else I should have killed him.

I heard a muttered curse, the door closed with a bang, Kate's face slowly dissolved into air, and I was alone. I shut up the books, put them in the safe, locked up the store, and went home to bed.

For four years I had borne with this

petty tyrant. I could bear it no longer.

Old Archie Forbes was Indian agent for the Government, as well as factor for the Company. At treaty time he, in company with myself, visited the different reserves within the bounds of his district, and gave each Indian, squaw and papoose found thereon, the sum of five dollars; the chief receiving twenty-five, and the councillors fifteen each.

The dawning of this important day had come. I was up with the lark, and, after partaking of a hasty breakfast, hurried over to the factor's house and rapped at the door. It was immediately opened by Kate.

"Jack," she whispered, "father only got here an hour ago. Those two villainous looking Yankees, with whom he has been so much of late, brought him home. And, oh, Jack!" she continued solemnly, "he sees things! Old squaw, Sarah, and I put him to bed; and she's now gone for the doctor."

The doctor—to my secret joy—fully confirmed Kate's diagnosis of the case. He did see things; and if he didn't take less rum and more repose, coupled with careful nursing, the Company would be a factor less and Hades a factor more.

There was nothing left for me to do but start alone for the reserve.

I slipped over to the stable, where I found Indian Bill, a trusty old servant of the Company, sleeping off an all-night's drunk. I roused him up and set him harnessing the broncho. I then ran into the store, took a new valise from the counter, threw a few necessaries into it, and on top of them all put the package of treaty-money, containing twelve thousand dollars. Then I went back to the factor's house to bid Kate good-bye.

She seemed unduly anxious. Surely it couldn't be all due to anxiety for such a father. In the hardness of my heart I could have danced at his funeral. I did not understand it, so I said: "What is it, Kate?"

"Have you got your revolver with you?" she abruptly enquired.

"Golly, no! I forgot all about it. I'll get it when I go back to the store. Although I really don't require it. The Indians are docile enough for anything."

"It isn't the Indians I'm thinking of. It's those two Yankee rogues who have been so much with father of late. I am quite certain that they're after the treaty-money. And, oh, do be careful, Jack!"

That "Oh, do be careful, Jack!" was music to my ears. It made me forget her Indian blood.

"Oh, pshaw!" I assuringly said. "I'm not much alarmed about those fellows."

"Well, I am," said Kate. "The other night, along toward morning, those two men came home with father; and he was very drunk. They talked a long time at the gate, and I overheard father tell them some things, about the treaty-money, which they never should have heard. They seemed to be trying to find out all that they could. And I'm as sure as can be that they intend some mischief."

But I paid little heed to her warning. After saying good-bye, I hurried back to the store, to find the Indian still fumbling away at the half-hitched horse. I soon finished the job, got the valise from the store, and was just on the point of driving off, when I thought of the revolver. I jumped out of the buckboard, unlocked the store door, ran into the office, and after a little search found it, returned, and then admonishing the half-drunk Indian to get away to the north or he'd loose his treaty-money, I turned the broncho south, headed for the long-plain reserve.

It was still early morning, and very few were as yet astir.

I was soon beyond the last, straggling borders of the settlement, and in due time reached the Bear-bone River, which being low at that time of the year, I forded easily.

As the pony jogged along through the bush that skirts the banks of the river, my mind wandered off into some very pleasant day-dreams.

Old Archie was to die while I was away. I would marry Kate. I would succeed to her father's position. I saw myself fairly revolutionize the rusty, old system the "Company of Adventurers" had inaugurated. Ultimately I became chief commissioner, and was just about to be appointed governor; when the pony

stopped so suddenly that I nearly went over the dashboard.

"Now, jest hold up yer hooks, and be mighty expert about it, too," said a persuasive voice, with a pronounced Yankee accent, and I looked up to find myself staring into the bright, clean barrels of a double-barreled rifle.

As I lay under the blanket in my painful position, I could hear them discussing the situation, and I learned that the key of the valise was lost.

"Let's cut the confounded thing open," said one, impatiently.

"No, yer don't," said the other. "It's too demned good a valise for that: pure



"Now just hold up yer hooks!"

The alacrity I displayed in getting my ten digits skyward was simply marvellous. There was nothing that I was not prepared to do for them; I use the plural, for there were two: the two identical Yankees of whom Kate had warned me.

"Now, Jim," continued the man behind the gun, "you jest search'm while I keep'm covered."

Then they bound me to the platform of the buckboard, and covered me up with a blanket.

aligator or nuthun. And wuth, I calcerate, all of twenty dollars. Besides, it's convenient for carrying the swag."

"Well, the idea," contemptuously grumbled the first speaker. "With twelve thousand betwixt us, and considerin' a paltry, twenty-dollar valise."

"I tell yer, Tom, to put up that knife. Leave the valise alone, can't yer?" was the angry reply. I began to suspect that one was suspicious of the other, and that the last speaker was desirous of keeping the other from getting possession of the

money. The twelve thousand, while in the valise, was—as it were—on neutral ground. “Anyhow,” he continued, “I guess it’s time this procession was a-movin’.”

They clambered into the buckboard, gave the broncho a cut, and we were off.

I shall never forget that ride. Lying as I was, bound so tightly that the blood circulated but feebly, gagged with a dirty, ill-smelling handkerchief, my bare head bumping continually against the hard platform of the buckboard, I suffered as I hope never to suffer again.

At last I knew by the coolness, and the faint light which penetrated my blanket, that evening was approaching. Then it rapidly grew black as ink.

The rattle of the buckboard drowned their conversation. Anyhow, I was in such agony of torture, that I was incapable of listening. On toward morning I lost consciousness entirely.

When I came to I found myself unbound, and lying in a small bluff of poplars. Near me was tethered my horse, still attached to the buckboard. I was miserable. I crept on my hands and knees to the edge of the bluff, and shading my eyes with my hand, for the sun was quite high, I saw, to my surprise, lying out on the plains, only a few miles distant, a small prairie town.

I crippled to the buckboard, saw, as I expected, that the valise was gone, untied the pony, and started toward the town, which I reached in the course of an hour or so. I drove to the first hotel I came to and jumped out—jumped literally into the arms of a policeman. He clapped the handcuffs on my wrists, and said: “Come with me.” This was the result of a telegram—we had telegraphic communication then, although the railroad did not follow until years after.

I was promptly returned to the Red Deer district, where my trial soon came off. My enemy, Smith, the only lawyer within hundreds of miles, was council for the Crown. He made it appear to the stupid jury, mostly half-breeds, all tools of Archibald Forbes, the factor, that my explanation was only a clumsy, trumped-up yarn, that I had stolen the money and hidden it, expecting to get

off scot-free on such a fairly tale. They believed it. And I was found guilty, and sentenced to five years’ imprisonment.

During all this time I had neither seen nor heard anything of Kate. On the morrow I was to be taken to my five-year home at Regina, and as I sat on my cot in my narrow cell, my heart was hot within me. Why had she forsaken me? Did she, too, believe me guilty? I buried my face in my hands, and the bitter tears welled up. On my bowed head I felt the pressure of a small, cool hand, and lifting my haggard face, discovered Kate standing by me. I hastily drew away, covertly wiped the tears from my eyes, and coldly enquired the cause of her visit.

“Oh, Jack, don’t—don’t act that way! All—all the time I wanted to see you—oh, so much! I did not forsake you! Father used his influence as factor; and I was forbidden access to the gaol. And, then, when your trial was on, he locked me up. Old squaw Sarah acted as guard, else I should have been there, if only to encourage you. And, Jack—dear Jack—I know that you are innocent!”

For the first time since she had entered my cell, I looked squarely at her. From a bright, joyous girl she had changed to a thin, worn spectre of her former merry self. And as she stood before me, with streaming eyes and face piteously tremulous, the truth rushed upon me: this girl-woman loved me at last; that my misfortune had brought it about. The price was cheap. I laughed aloud, and in the joy of my heart sprang forward and caught her in my arms.

“Darling,” I whispered, “how did you manage to see me at last?”

“Oh, I managed that easily—I bribed the jailor. I gave him a bottle of Hudson’s Bay rum—he’s a breed, you know.” And she smiled sagely through her tears.

“Time’s up,” said a rough voice—the subject of our conversation—through the small opening in my cell door.

Kate slipped from my arms, ran to the door, reached a one-dollar note through, saying: “Ten minutes more, John; just ten minutes more,” then came back to me.

We stood together, saying little; then Kate went away.

I sprang upward, clutched the bars of my window, and, drawing myself up, watched for Kate. She left the jail, and, free from observation, as she thought, gave vent to the grief which she had so bravely concealed from me. I let go my hold upon the bars, fell to the floor, and crouched upon it.

On toward evening the jailer came in with my supper. He grinned, and, pointing to my hands, said: "What you hold, eh?" I looked at them and discovered that large tufts of my own hair were protruding from the clenched fingers. I laughed bitterly.

"I'm saving them the task of cutting my hair to-morrow. Perhaps you won't like a lock as a keepsake?" And before he could guess my meaning, I stepped across the floor, and gave him both fists square in the face. He fell like a log. I sprang over his prostrate body, out the cell door, down the narrow corridor, only to meet, at its extremity, my old boss, the factor, backed by two husky breeds. I stopped, looked at them wildly, squared myself for a rush, then dropped my hands, and sulkily said: "It's no use. Take me back." They took me back, and next day I was transferred, and began my long five-year term.

I shall not describe those five years. I wish to remember them no more.

At last—as an ex-convict—I walked again the street of Kate's home, and met with coldness and aversion from all.

I went directly to Indian Bill's hut. I went there, because, for an Indian, he was a superior man, despite the fact that he often, with forethought and rum, put himself out of business. I also thought it a good place to arrange to see Kate.

Indian Bill was not at home, but his squaw, Mary, was, and welcomed me warmly. After many a "Waugh! Waugh!" and other Indian exclamations of surprise, she willingly consented to immediately see Kate and apprise her of my arrival.

She could not have been gone more than twenty minutes, yet my impatience was so great that I could hardly bear the suspense. "Will Kate be much changed?

And will she still love me?" and I looked thoughtfully at my thin, transparent hands. I then tried to see my reflection in the small, cracked mirror hanging on the wall; but one sight of my cropped head, and sallow, prison-hued features, led me to turn quickly away, and look—right into Kate's eyes.

We stood, we two trembling ones, striving to fit our earlier conception of love into the narrower but higher niche of maturer years.

She was changed. But in not one feature would I have had her different. From a mere slip of a girl she had developed into a riper being, rich with all the possibilities of womanhood.

"Now, Kate," I said, enquiringly, after the first joy-wave had passed, "tell me something of your life since we parted that cold, fall day, so many years ago."

She nestled her hand in mine, and looked fondly up to me.

"Jack," she slowly said, "there were trials, light compared to yours, but to a young, inexperienced girl, they seemed heavy. Father almost compelled me to marry Smith; but my woman's wit stood me in good stead. Year by year I put off the evil day, and am yet free. But, oh, Jack! it was becoming almost too hard for me. I'm so glad you've come."

I gathered her in my arms, kissed away her tears, and spoke words which my Kate treasured—which you, perhaps, would ridicule.

I now laid before her my little plan. Oh, that little plan! What hadn't it been to me during my long imprisonment? It had been my only diversion: something to keep me from brooding. And, after all, what was it? Merely this: that when my term was expired I should immediately go to Kate, and together we would go far away, where no one would know us.

Kate heartily concurred in all that I suggested. We would secure a pony and buckboard, and start that very night, stopping at the first settlement to be married. It only remained for Kate to slip home and secure the few things she required, while I, through Indian Bill, made the other preparations. I now turned to that worthy—who had

been revolving uneasily around us—to give him the necessary directions.

"Wait fust," said that potentate, losing suddenly all his dignified air. "Me much bad! Me steal all same like you!"

This wasn't very complimentary. Besides, it was detaining us. But I listened as patiently as I could while he continued:

"You reccomember morning you go treaty, eh?—morning you steal'm money, eh?—Me much drunk—Waugh! You take'm valise, put'm package in—Me think'm square-face gin mebby—You go get gun—Me quick open valise, take'm package—You come back, drive away quick—Me look'm package—no open—just feel'm—Waugh!" And a look of disgust came into his face. "Him no square-face gin—Him just package—Me much sorry me steal'm—Got to go quick reserve—stay north four, five years, mebby—Come back, you gone—Me keep'm package you."

Here the honest Indian produced not only the identical twelve-thousand-dollar package, unopened and unharmed, but also the key, which after locking the valise, he had dropped in his hurry and afterwards picked up.

To say I was surprised doesn't describe the situation: I was dumbfounded.

At first, as the Indian had proceeded in his rambling confession, I had paid but little heed to him. I was revolving that sweet plan of mine. But as he drew to a finish, and produced the package, the climax was immense. I simply sat and stared.

"Why," cried Kate, not knowing the contents of the package, "what ails you, Jack? What's the matter?"

"The matter!" I gasped. "Just wait a minute and I'll tell you the matter!"

The first thing I did upon recovering myself was to thank the Indian warmly, assuring him that I knew he would never have touched the package had he known it was not square-faced gin: which was the truth. A Sunday-school boy will rob an orchard, a coloured deacon a hen-roost, and an, otherwise, honest Indian will invariably, if given half a chance, "take'm fire-water." I felt assured that, after discovering his mistake, he had

never opened the package, or even tried to guess its contents, and that his only desire had been to return it to me. But his long sojourn up north, combined with my imprisonment, made that impossible. I now asked him and his old squaw to leave us for a little; and as those two worthies decamped I turned to Kate and said:

"You heard, Kate, what Indian Bill has just told me?"

"Well, this package which he stole from me, more than five years ago, contains the twelve thousand which I, unjustly, was accused of stealing."

"Why, don't you understand, Kate, dear? Those Yankees never got the money after all. Indian Bill had been there before them. Here it is, darling." And I held it toward her.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "isn't this luck! Why, it will just set us up."

"What!" I cried, in blank amazement. "Surely, Kate, you would not suggest keeping it?"

For answer she snatched the package from me, and passionately exclaimed: "Indeed, we will!"

The Indian blood of my darling was moving in her veins: an impulsive blood, given to revenge and cunningness, capable of great love and great hate.

That night found us in full flight. We stopped at the first mission we came to, and were made man and wife. We continued until we reached the railroad, when we took train and were hurried on.

Seven years passed swiftly and happily away; all my business ventures prospered exceedingly; I was a rich man, worth many times the nucleus with which I had started; when a baby came to complete our happiness.

As I stood by my wife's bedside, and looked proudly down upon the crumpled little mite of humanity, which my Kate, with equal pride, was showing me, she suddenly looked up and said:

"Darling, I want you to send that twelve thousand back."

"But," I said, jokingly, "'twas thou who tempted me, and I did yield."

"Yes, I know," and a wonderful light came into her face. "But that was before the baby came."



Patriotic Canadians will rejoice at the early prospect of the exploitation of the world-famous fishing grounds contiguous to the Queen Charlotte Islands by a purely Canadian company. Experts agree that the possibilities of such an enterprise are almost illimitable. The Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co., Ltd., recently incorporated under the statutes of British Columbia, purposes dealing in all kinds of food fish, especially of halibut, for which there is a profitable demand in the Eastern markets of the Dominion and the United States. Its promoters comprise representative men who are prominent in the financial and business life of this country. Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, has been chosen as a base. It is proposed to erect there during the coming summer a public cold storage building and an ice-making plant which will prove to be the largest on the continent.

An excellent site situated within the harbour of Prince Rupert has been secured from the railway company. According to the plans prepared by a well known expert, the building will be constructed of structural steel and will have an initial storage capacity for six million pounds of fish. Provision has also been made in the design to double this capacity, in anticipation of the rapid extension of the enterprise. In the twenty-eight large chambers to be located in this structure ample space will be reserved for private firms who may require to store various articles such as meat, poultry, cheese, eggs, fish, ale, beer, etc.

It is also proposed to operate on the

fishing banks with ten large motor boats, each with a capacity of from fifty to sixty thousand pounds of fish, and the construction of these craft will be undertaken this spring, in ample time to permit the Company engaging in actual business early next fall. September will see the completion of the cold storage plant at Prince Rupert, situated less than fifty miles from the fishing grounds. While halibut will constitute the major portion of the catch, it is also intended to handle all kinds of food fish, including black cod, herring and salmon. A feature of the enterprise will be mild curing of spring salmon, a delicacy which has hitherto been supplied in inefficient quantities to meet the demand on this continent and in Europe. Shipments will be made by rail from Vancouver for the next few years or at least until the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway.

Prof. Prince, Commissioner of Dominion Fisheries, has declared that the fisheries of the North Pacific in the vicinity of the Queen Charlotte group are the greatest in the world. In a late report he states that certain steam halibut vessels are known to have cleared in one season \$80,000 after paying the expenses of the several trips, and the catches after being shipped east would yield even larger returns to the wholesale and retail dealers. Reliable estimates put the annual catch of halibut in British Columbia waters at 20,000 to 25,000 tons in recent years, or nearly ten times the total weight of fresh water fish caught in Lake Winnipeg in a single year.

The incoming of vast numbers of

settlers into the Northwest Provinces, and the growth of new towns and settlements east and west of the Rocky Mountains, is already creating a market of great proportions for Pacific sea fishes. Fresh halibut will soon be in large demand there; but other methods of sending these fish into markets can be adopted. Halibut, codfish and other Pacific fish products are readily canned, smoked, etc., and certain Seattle fish firms are developing a business on these lines.

It can be readily foreseen that the seat of the Pacific Coast fisheries industry is destined at no distant date to be shifted to Prince Rupert. Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, will be considerably handicapped. The greatest drawback will prove to be the long distance separating them from the fishing grounds. The saving in operating expenses, with Prince Rupert as a base, is conservatively estimated at from fifteen to twenty per cent. as compared with the more southerly ports. A company possessing cold storage facilities there will be enabled to land cargoes two or three hours after the catches shall have been made. Not only that, but it will be in a position to purchase every variety of fresh fish from private fishing boats at all seasons of the year. In delivering their catches in Vancouver, the three steam vessels of an American company are obliged to steam a gross total of 100,000 miles per annum. This, apart from the time they are absent from the fishing banks, is equivalent to one vessel being constantly engaged in making the round trip of 1,000 miles. The run south to Vancouver occupies forty-eight hours, and ten hours longer to Puget Sound ports. It is calculated that a shipment of fish forwarded by rail from Prince Rupert will have arrived at the head of the Great Lakes before a vessel steaming from the banks can reach Vancouver or Seattle and unload its cargo. Then the question of the relative freshness of the two shipments when they reach the consumer also invites attention, likewise the higher prices certain to be paid for the Prince Rupert shipment.

A study of conditions there not only shows how the catch of staple fish like halibut can be enormously increased, but reveals the illimitable possibilities in developing a trade in other varieties of fresh fish products and shell fish now scarcely marketed at all, or sold only in moderate quantities. One need scarcely enumerate the varieties that are available within a few hours' sail from Prince Rupert: spring salmon, frozen and mild-cured herring, the delicate black-cod, plaice and soles, crabs, shrimps and scallops etc. The geographical situation of Prince Rupert, owing to the reduced operating expenses and transportation charges, can have no other result than to provide sea food for millions of people at prices far below the market quotations now prevailing; fish as an article of diet will grow in popularity, and increased consumption means larger dividends for shareholders in this Vancouver enterprise.

INDUSTRIAL PROMOTERS.

The natural resources of British Columbia are practically unlimited, and all the time fresh discoveries are being made. What is wanted in the Province is a larger population, and anyone who can turn these natural resources to account and so provide work for the newcomers may be considered benefactors of the Province. Nearly two years since, Bond & Clark, brokers of Victoria, were instrumental in the formation of the Vancouver Island Building Resource Company, a company which has made considerable money for its shareholders, and has been the means of opening up several properties on the Island which have lain dormant for all time. The Company has a Board of Directors composed of the following well-known men: James A. Mitchell, chairman, Victoria; Andrew Wright, vice-chairman and treasurer, Victoria; Samuel G. Marling, Victoria; William Fernie, Victoria; G. H. Webster, Vancouver; James A. Wilson, superintendent of C.P.R. Telegraph, Vancouver; Joseph Armstrong, New Westminster.

In the fall of 1906 Bond & Clark undertook the formation of a company to

developed the lime and sand deposits on the property belonging to Atkins Bros., near Esquimalt. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000,000, under the name of The Silica Brick & Lime Co., Ltd., and the following board of directors was elected to look after the interests of the shareholders: H. B. Thomson, M.P.P., chairman; F. B. Warren, vice-chairman; Joshua Kingham, treasurer and secretary; Otto Weiler, and James A. Mitchell, all of Victoria. The company started business in July and have been working steadily ever since turning out over 100,000 bricks weekly. Contracts have been secured for a large quantity of bricks and orders are in hand sufficient to keep the plant running for over four months. Some of the best buildings in the Province are now being put up with this product, amongst them being: D. Spencer's building, Vancouver; addition to St. Joseph's hospital, Victoria; Transfer Company's stables, Victoria; Brackman & Ker's warehouse and offices, Victoria.

Following the organization of the brick company, the next proposition the same

firm took up was the floating of a company to purchase and develop two hundred and sixty acres of land on Nootka Sound, on which are some of the finest deposits of marble on the North American continent. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000.00, known as The Nootka Marble Quarries, Limited.

The first meeting of the shareholders took place in May of last year when the following directors were elected: A. W. McCurdy, president; Otto Weiler, vice-president; N. Shakespeare, treasurer; W. Peden; G. H. Webster, T. Ellis, and A. Bell. At the meeting of the shareholders held on the 9th of March, the first five were re-elected with J. R. Hinton and R. J. Harlow to take the place of the last two mentioned. A. W. McCurdy, the chairman, has put in a large amount of time in connection with the affairs of the company, spending between two and three weeks in the quarries of Vermont and Tennessee in December and engaged a foreman and engineer to arrive in Victoria this month. These two gentlemen have been with the largest marble quar-

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DEPT. Z.—SEATTLE, WASH.



ries in Vermont for many years, and are men of large experience. The company also expects to take up a property on Texada Island on which there are large bodies of very fine marble. Altogether the prospects of the company are very good and the directors feel confident that it will prove one of the best and largest industries in the Province.

In April of last year a proposition was brought before Bond & Clark as to the opening there existed for a modern steam bakery in the Capital City. Negotiations were entered into with M. R. Smith & Co., and the Capital City Bakery for the purchase of their respective businesses. Options were taken on these two concerns and a thoroughly representative board of Victoria business men was formed as follows: His Worship Mayor Lewis Hall, chairman; James Foreman of Heisterman & Co.; G. H. Richardson, R. L. Drury and Noah Shakespeare. A company was incorporated with a capital of \$25,000.00, known as "The Bakeries, Limited," and some months ago a contract was let to Martin & Thomas for a thoroughly up-to-date building, the ovens with a capacity of 5,000 loaves daily, being ordered from the largest manufacturers of this class of machinery in the British Empire. As soon as the plant is completed the bread business of these two concerns will be brought together in the new building under the management of George O'Kell.

The latest and largest proposition Bond & Clark have taken up is the organizing of a Mexican Company to acquire, colonize and work 400,000 acres of the very best land on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. This property runs for 100 miles north of the Port of Acapulco. Concessions have been received for the building of a railroad to connect the property with Acapulco, and very desirable concessions have also been secured for wharfage facilities, etc., on the harbor. The openings for trade between Mexico and British Columbia are great large quantities of lumber and fish will find a market there and in return we will get cotton, tobacco, sugar, coffee, rice, chocolate, bananas, pineapples, oranges, cocoanuts, etc., all of which can be grown to

great perfection on the property of The Mexican Pacific Company. It is the intention of the directors to start planting bananas in May and to keep on planting until 10,000 acres have been put in. This acreage will produce over 2,500,000 bunches of bananas twelve months after being planted, and will take a fleet of twelve to fifteen steamers to transport these to the various ports for distribution. The promoters of the company feel confident that in a short time the shares will be worth two to three times their present value, and therefore freely recommend same as an investment. The officers of the company are:

President, Moritz Thomson, president Centennial Mill Company, Seattle; General Manager, T. F. Ryan, President Ryan & Newton Co. Amongst the British Columbians who have large interests in the company are: Otto Weiler, F. B. Warren, Arthruur Bell, J. G. Johnson, A. E. Allen, R. H. Harlow, F. H. Mayhew, and Dr. G. I. Milne, of Victoria; C. D. Rand, Oscar Brown, W. G. Allan, manager, B.C., sugar refinery, A. J. Dana, purchasing agent C.P.R., and R. H. Trueman, of Vancouver; G. D. Bremner, manager Bank of Montreal; W. C. Fales, G. B. Cross, of Brunette Saw Mill Co., and G. Kennedy, and of New Westminster. While not neglecting the real estate and other ends of their business it is Bond & Clark's intention to devote a large share of their time to promoting sound industrial enterprises in British Columbia.

COAL IN SIGHT.

If the anticipations of the False Creek Coal Syndicate, Limited, are realized Vancouver will have taken the first step to justify the opinion of those who have long held that it is destined to become the Pittsburg of the West. Acting on the advice of experienced mining engineers James L. Stewart and his associates are just commencing to bore for coal east of Westminster Avenue bridge. They confidently expect to cut through a five-foot seam within five hundred feet of the surface. This would indeed be a marvellous discovery, and as competent authorities agree that there is no geolo-

gical improbability it may reasonably be expected that Vancouver will yet become a Coal City. Just what cheap fuel contributes to the upbuilding of a city may be estimated by calculating the freight charges on every ton of coal brought into Vancouver; but in addition to this the supply of a local product, bearing no freight charges, would lead to an expansion of industrial activity which would be impossible with coal transported long distances. For this reason, if for no other, every well wisher for Vancouver City, will be a well wisher for the project of the False Creek Coal Syndicate, Ltd.

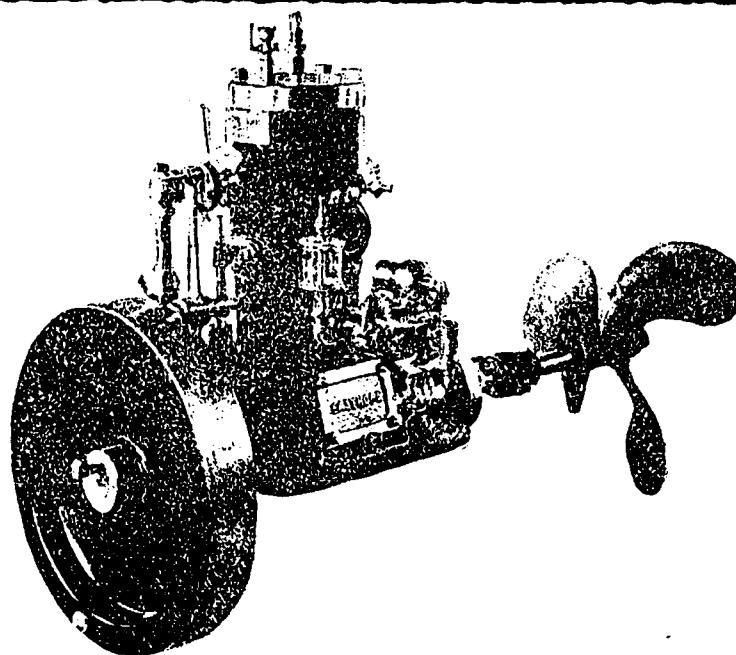
A SPEEDY MOTOR BOAT.

Easthope Bros. can probably lay claim to the blue ribbon of Burrard Inlet for motor speed launches—at least they are ready to defend the claim against all comers. Their new launch, the Pathfinder, should have been named the Water Witch, for she is certainly a little wonder to go. Measuring 40 feet over

all, with 5.6 beam and 2.6 draught, she was constructed at the works, 1705 Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C., of cypress, better known as yellow cedar. She is fitted with an 18-h.p. 2-cylinder engine, manufactured also by the firm, and the power, simplicity and smoothness of the engine reflects highly on the firm. It is no mean thing to drive a 40-foot launch 17 miles an hour through the water with a small engine.

HOTEL WINTERS.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, Manager of the Dominion Hotel in Victoria, has acquired a half interest in the Winters Hotel, Vancouver, and will take over the active management. Mr. Stevenson went to Victoria in 1889 and entered the employ of Mr. Stephen Jones, the proprietor of the Dominion Hotel there, in 1890. Mr. Stevenson has been manager of the Dominion for the past two years and during that time has made many friends.



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