

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

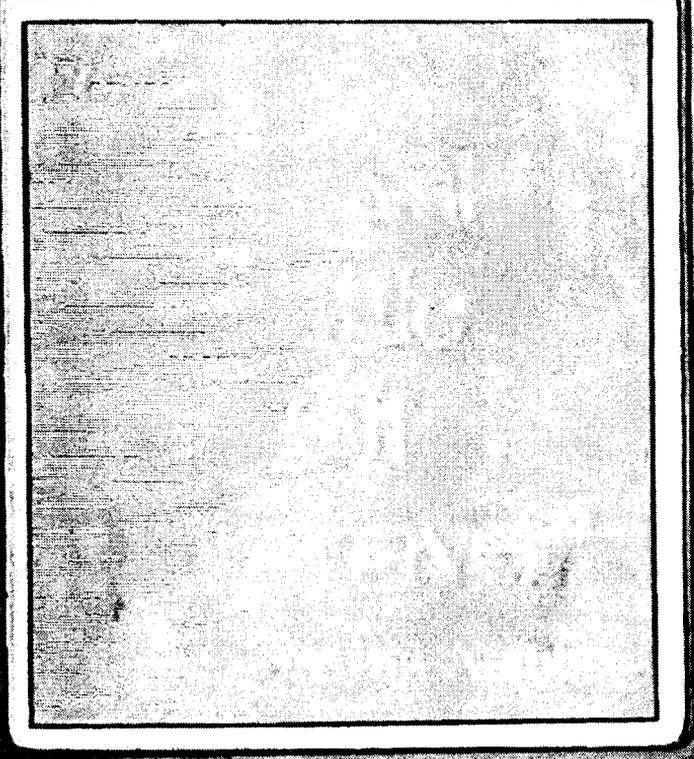
Continuous pagination.

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

A decorative sunburst logo with rays emanating from a central semi-circular base.

A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

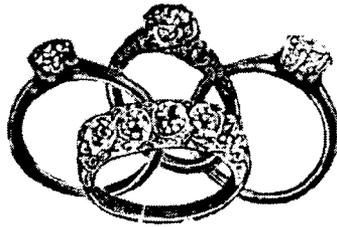
WESTWARD HO!



VOL. IV APRIL, 1909 NO. 4

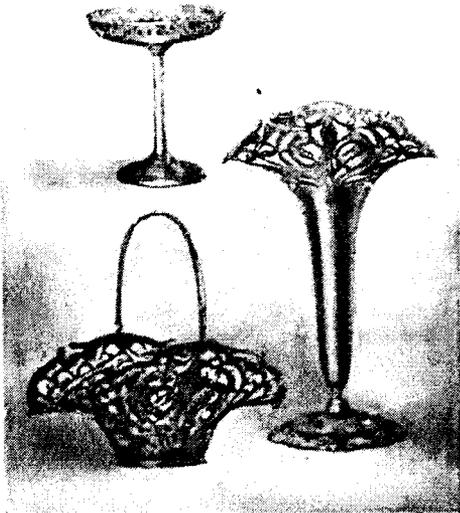
Birks Productions

Which Fill Heavy Demands



The diamond seems to be especially in harmony with the brightness and joy of the Spring and Easter-tides. Being confident of a large demand we have mounted a generous selection of solitaires, three and four-stone rings, costing from \$20 up. Remember each individual stone is of the highest quality and best value. Send for our catalogue, it contains illustrations in colors.

Wedding Gifts



while we carry in stock a great variety of the usual article in silver-plate, cut glass, cutlery, art goods and silverware we endeavour to place before our patrons new and artistic designs in sterling silver. Both in our beautiful catalogue and store many richly designed pieces will be found. These, like the superior diamond ring, will silently claim to be Birks' made because of the fine workmanship. Buy your gifts where there is a reputation of quality.

Henry Birks & Sons, Limited

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS

GEO. E. FROEY, Mail Dir.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

TWO SPECIAL NUMBERS FROM DRYSDALE'S OF INTEREST TO THE MOTHERS.

The following two excellent lines have been chosen from our stocks, on account of their truly extraordinary values. These (should they interest you) are worth your while to investigate, either personally or through our Mail Order Department. Our reputation for quality goods at the least possible cost is clearly demonstrated by the following two numbers:—

Children's Spring and Summer Dresses.

Of excellent quality print or gingham, in neat check or stripe effects, made in attractive Buster Brown style, with round yoke, cuffs and belt of white duck, age 2 to 6 years, very special values at 75c each.

Children's Rompers or Play Suits.

An ideal garment that every child from 1 to 6 years of age should have. A great saving of dresses. These play suits are made from fine quality Amoskeag Ginghams, in fast colors. Worth regular 85c. Our price 50c each.

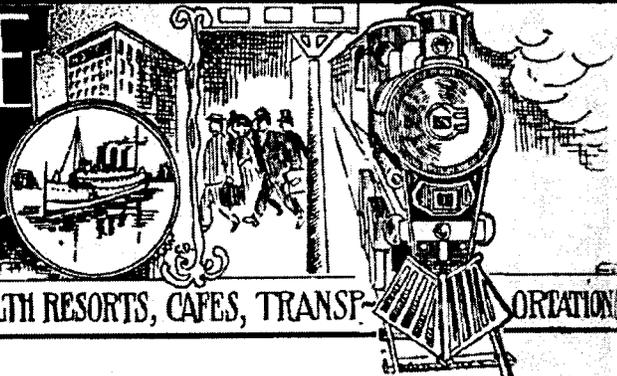
ALL MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO. WHEN WRITING KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

Gordon Drysdale, Ltd.

575 Granville Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.

WHERE TO STAY



HOTELS, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS, CAFES, TRANSPORTATION

THE QUEENS HOTEL

ROOMS IN SUITES
HOT & COLD WATER
STEAM HEATED
ELECTRIC LIGHTED



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

THE ROYAL HOTEL



THE PLACE WHERE LIFE IS WORTH LIVING

Rates \$2 a day and up.

The King Edward Hotel

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

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



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

NORTONIA HOTEL

PORTLAND OREGON

MODERN COMFORT
MODERATE PRICES
ONLY ROOF
GARDEN IN
PORTLAND

The Tourist headquarters of the Columbia Valley
Encage rooms early for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition



A. S. NORTON, Manager

Hotel Mount Royal

BANFF, ALTA.

Electric Lighted
Steam Heated
Hot and Cold Water
Private Baths

Centre of the National Park.
Rates \$2.50 per day and up.

D. McDOUGALL - Proprietor

Hotel Winters

Abbott Street, - Vancouver, B. C.



The best Family and Tourist Hotel in the heart of the business section. Send for illustrated booklet.

AMERICAN PLAN, \$2.00 UP.

E. E. KIRCHNER, Manager.

Hotel Bus meets all trains and boats.

HOTEL DUNSMUIR



VANCOUVER'S newest and most completely equipped and most modern hotel, having air conditioned passages and situated in the fashionable shopping and theatre district.

American Plan \$2 per day up

United Wireless Telegraphic Station

J. G. GIBB & SONS, Proprietors

VANCOUVER.B.C.



Hotel Dominion

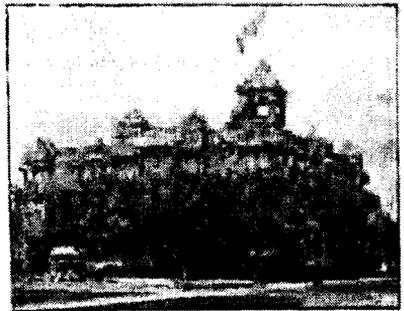
Is the recognized headquarters in Vancouver, B.C., for visitors from the Prairie Provinces. On arrival take your baggage to the large Brown Auto Bus which carries you to the hotel free.

Rates—American, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

European, 50c and up.

F. BAYNES, Proprietor.

Abbott Street - VANCOUVER, B.C.



BADMINTON HOTEL

of VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Leading Tourist and Family Hotel

Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

Special Rates by the Week

Free Bus meets all trains and boats.

S. GEORGE HOTEL
 GOOD HUNTING AND FISHING

THE TRAVELLERS HOME

HIGH RIVER, ALTA.

A. J. H. KOCH.

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

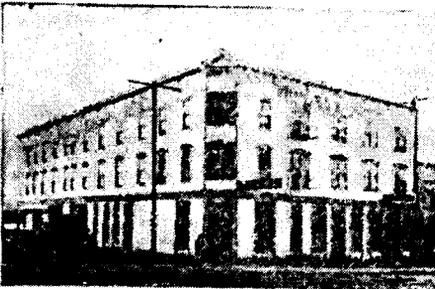
STANLEY PARK STABLES

Alex. Mitchell, Mgr.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

**When in
The Royal City**

Stay at



THE WINDSOR HOTEL

(Next to the Tram Office.)

P. O. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

American Plan \$1.25 to \$2.00
 European Plan 50c to \$1.00

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

ENDERBY HOTEL

Rates 200 per day

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

Cafe unsurpassed
for the Menu

Every Attention
shown Guests

Poodle Dog Hotel

EUROPEAN PLAN

Rooms can be had by the day, week or month
at reasonable rates.

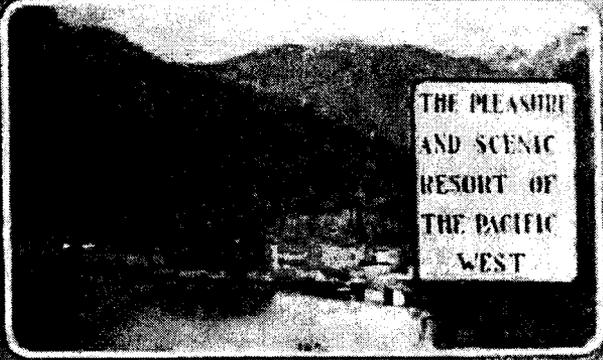
A. COPEMAN, Proprietor

Yates Street,

VICTORIA, B. C.

HARRISON HOT SPRINGS B.C. CHILLIWACK

ST. ALICE HOTEL



THE PLEASURE
AND SCENIC
RESORT OF
THE PACIFIC
WEST

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

Write for illustrated booklet and rates.
G. E. HARTNESS, Manager.

Visitors to Chilliwack

Should Make This Hotel Their
Headquarters.



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



THE GLORIOUS KOOTENAY

TROUT AND SALMON
BEAR, SHEEP AND GOAT
CARIBOU, ETC.

If you wish to have an enjoyable and
finest activity and a memorable
Aunt or stay at the

GEO. P. WELLS
Proprietor

THE HUME HOTEL
NELSON, B. C.

EXPORT LAGER

CALGARY BREWING & MALTING CO. LTD.

TRADE MARK

BEER

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY CALGARY, CANADA.

A. E. SUCKLING & CO., VANCOUVER, B. C., Agents for Pacific Coast



"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort"

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

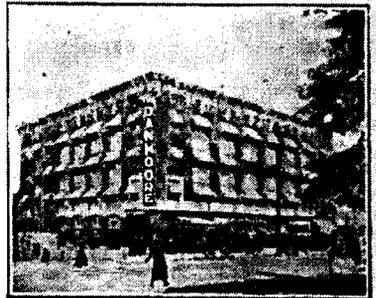
Rates, \$1.00 up

THE DANMOORE

Dan. J. Moore, Proprietor.

EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY AND UP.



Portland's New Hotel

With Grill.

475 Washington St., Cor. Fourteenth
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Hotel Moore—Clatsop Beach, Seaside, Ore. Open all year. For information apply at The Danmoore.

Strand Cafe

W. A. SHAW, Proprietor.

The most modern, up-to-date cafe in B.C. Everything new, and all delicacies to be secured in North America are here awaiting your digestion. Private parlors for all special occasions. Orchestra at dinner and evenings.

626 Hastings Street, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Canadians Visiting
Seattle Should Make
Their Headquarters at the

HOTEL WASHINGTON ANNEX

European and American Plans.
Absolutely Fireproof.

Located Within One Block of Shopping
District.

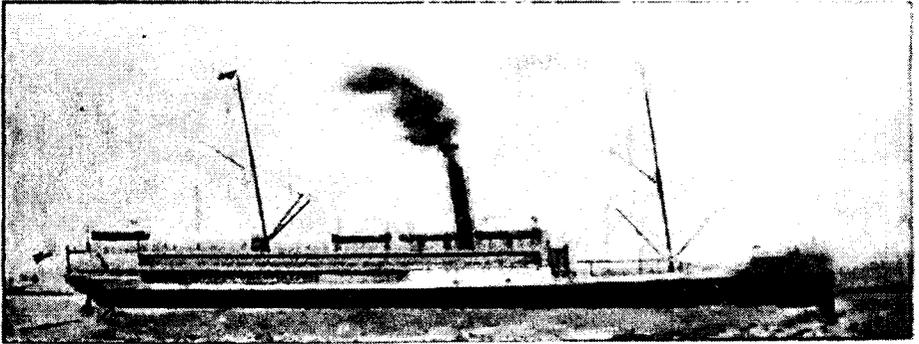
New—Constructed in 1907.

Elegantly Furnished. Every Modern
Convenience.

Adjoining Suites for Parties Travelling
Together.

Dining-Room Service Perfect.

Music Every Evening.



ARE YOU GOING TO PRINCE RUPERT

Then travel on the

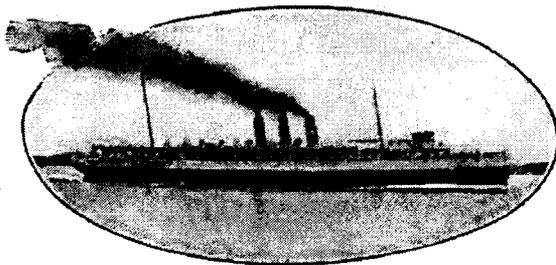
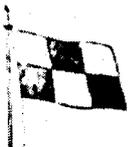
“RUPERT CITY”

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

MACKENZIE BROS., Limited

330 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.



PRINCESS LINE

Double Triangular Service, between

Vancouver=Victoria-Seattle

FROM VANCOUVER

For Seattle—"Princess Victoria" leaves C.P.R. wharf daily, except Monday, at 10 p.m. "Princess Royal," via Victoria, leaves daily, except Wednesday, at 9 a.m.

For Victoria—"Princess Charlotte" leaves daily at 1 p.m. "Princess Royal" leaves daily, except Wednesday, at 9 a.m.

GO EAST

BY THE

ATLANTIC EXPRESS

Through the heart of the Rockies. Trains de luxe carrying the most up-to-date Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Makes connections with Toronto, New York and all points East.

TRAVEL TO THE

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

BY THE

C. P. R.

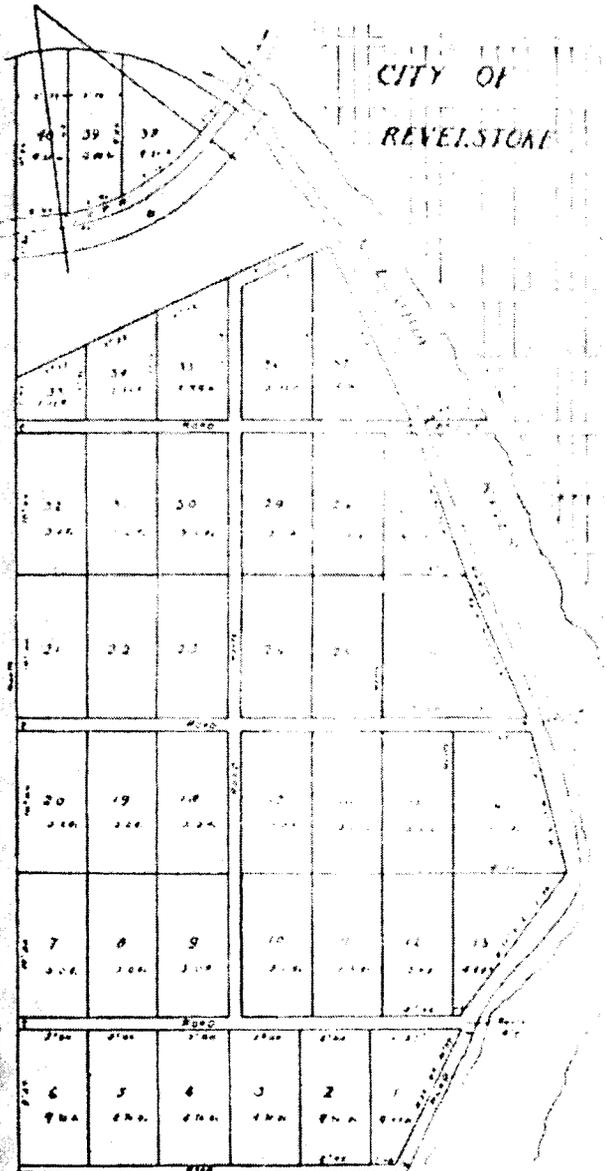
For further particulars call on:

J. Moa, City Ticket Agent,
428 Hastings Street,

C. Millard, Depot Ticket Agent,
Vancouver, B.C.

Or write to: C. B. Foster, A.G.P.A., Vancouver, B.C.

Revelstoke Fruit Lands



In my Addition
to the City
command a
Home Market
Unexcelled in
the West.
These 5-acre
plots face
REVELSTOKE
fronting on the
Columbia River

The soil is excellent
and the finest apples
and small fruits can
be raised without
irrigation.

Write me for
particulars.

CHARLES F. LINDMARK
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

Canada's Greatest Western School Sprott-Shaw Business Institute

VANCOUVER, B. C.

will henceforth be known as

VANCOUVER BUSINESS INSTITUTE.

The youngest Business School in B. C., yet has twice the attendance of any other.

MERIT the reason for our **GROWTH**

Write for catalogue.

R. J. SPROTT, B. A.,
Manager

W. H. SHAW, Esq.,
President

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

WARNING!

Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 30th, 1908.

613 Hastings St., W.,

Mr. E. Chapman, Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir,—As we have been given to understand that certain firms in Victoria and Vancouver are advertising themselves our agents, we shall be glad if you will state that you are our Sole Agents for British Columbia for our "Royal Irish Poplin Ties."

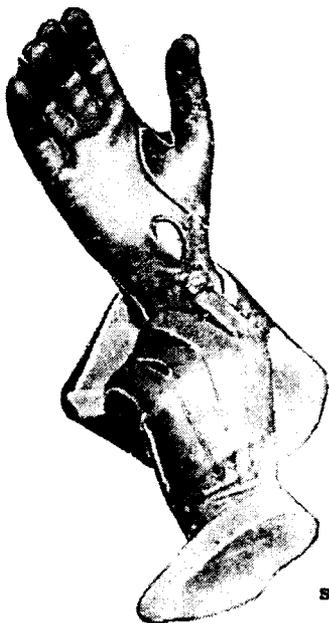
Yours faithfully,

RICHARD ATKINSON & CO.

Spring Fashions in Gloves

For

Ladies and Gentlemen



DENTS 1 snap, green, brown and pearl, real Mocha for men \$1.75

DENTS "PAULINE," the new Washing Fabric Glove for men, in natural white beaver and green shades \$1.00

DENTS white French Kids with black or white points, 2 snap fasteners for ladies (you save 75c. on every pair of these gloves you buy) \$1.00, \$1.50

DENTS Riding and Motoring Gauntlets for ladies and gentlemen, soft or stiff cuffs..... From \$2.00

E. CHAPMAN

The Glove Specialist

613 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

Sole Agent in B.C. for E. Atkinson's Royal Irish Poplin Ties.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1909

Volume IV Number 4

VITAL PROBLEMS OF CANADA Editorial.	Wren Thompson	100
THE PROMISE OF EASTER Verse.	Blanche E. Holt Marston	111
NAVAL BATTLE OFF VANCOUVER Fiction.	Nigel Loomer	118
EASTER IN THE GARDEN Verse.	Agnes Lockhart Hughes	125
BETTY JANE OF THREE GABLES Fiction.	Agnes Lockhart Hughes	128
THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM (Serial) Fiction.	Arthur S. Swan	135
THE TEST OF TRUE MANHOOD Fiction.	Frank H. Sweet	132
A LEGEND OF THE GHOST CANOE Indian Tale.	Arthur James Smith	136
A TERM OF EXILE SHORTENED Fiction.	J. H. Grant	140
HOW YOUNG HUNTERS AND FISHERS ARE REARED— Illustrated Article.	Hornycastle Lake	141
THE GAME FISHES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA Illustrated Article.	John F. Balewick	145
POTENTIAL CANADA—		
The Nechaco Valley		154
The Latest Strike in Kootenay	Edgar W. Ornes	153
Salmon Arm (Illustrated)		152
SEEDING TIME ON THE PRAIRIES Verse.	Blanche E. Holt Marston	142
PROGRESS AND PROFIT—		
The Home Stores, Limited		155
A New Enterprise		157
Wire Fencing		158
A CANADIAN LAKE Verse.	Ada S. Walker	159

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:

In Canada and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year. Single Copy 10c.
In United States, \$1.50. Single Copy, 15c.

THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

336 HASTINGS STREET W.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE. HOW OTHERS SEE US!

To see ourselves as others see us is often a disillusionizing ordeal. But sometimes the experience is fully corroborative of our own conceptions of ourselves.

The Standard of Empire, in its issue of March the 3rd, quotes the following paragraph from our Editorial Article on Intra-Empire Preferential Tariffs:—

"British Tariff Reform is not, however, what Canada generally assumes it to be. She regards it as a British national issue in which she has no *locus standi*. This, however, is only a scintilla of the truth, and far from the philosophic statesman's view. British Tariff Reform is an Imperial issue in the consequences that its success or failure entails to Canada and the other portions of the Empire."

And then it adds this opinion:

"The above lines are part of an extract (printed on another page) from the leading article of the latest issue of the Canadian magazine called "*Westward Ho!*"—a publication, by the way, the merits and strongly Canadian character of which should make it go far as a substitute in the Dominion for periodicals imported from the United States. We draw special attention to the passage quoted * * * Tariff Reform * * * is indubitably an Empire question * * * The Canadian writer whose words we have quoted shows this clearly. His broad-minded view of this question is at once an endorsement and an explanation of our own attitude regarding it. He shows clearly its bearing upon the vital Greater British question of Empire defence, and in another part of his article, * * * he goes further, and shows the relation between the whole question of the establishment of Preference within the Empire and the individual development of the great Oversea States as nations within the Empire."

Then in another column where it gives a large part of the Article referred to verbatim, it says:

"Everyone is glad to note the gradual rise of the purely Canadian high-class magazine. An excellent example of this movement is the monthly magazine now published in Vancouver, under the title of "*Westward Ho!*" The truly Canadian spirit which pervades this excellent journal commends it greatly, and, apart from this it is an interesting and in all ways creditable production.

"It is good to know that a high-class Oversea magazine inspired by a broad spirit of Empire patriotism and interest in Greater Britain is prospering so well as "*Westward Ho!*" clearly is."

The opinion of *The Standard of Empire* must be very authentic in the premises, for on the subject of our Article some of Great Britain's greatest Imperial Statesmen have contributed to its columns; and without being invidious we believe *The Standard of Empire* has done more than any other existing Journal for the elucidation of the "Co-ordination" Ideal of Empire so intimately associated with the name of Lord Milner; as well as for the elevation of the Problems of Tariff Reform and Intra-Empire Tariffs from the slough of partyism to the dignified plane of Empire consolidation and National integrity in both of which Canada is very vitally concerned.

OUR OUTLOOK AND PURPOSE.

It is the intention of the Publishers of *Westward Ho!* to continue to keep it in the front rank of "purely Canadian high-class magazines."

Great National Problems have been occupying our pages; and the Magazine is a National Publication in its essential comprehensiveness. But it is no less a Western Magazine deeply imbued with the "Spirit of the West." To the cause of the West, as its name denotes, the Magazine will devote its most strenuous energy and aid so that the vast potentials and resources of the entire Great West may be exploited and fully revealed; and so that the Natural Ports and Harbours of our Pacific Seaboard may accelerate and be made commensurate with the Commercial Pre-eminence which Canada is destined to attain.

Read our April Article on

THE PACIFIC PORTS AND HARBOURS. FICTION AND POETRY

will continue to be of the best description; full of Western life and of universal human interest; while seasonable

ARTICLES

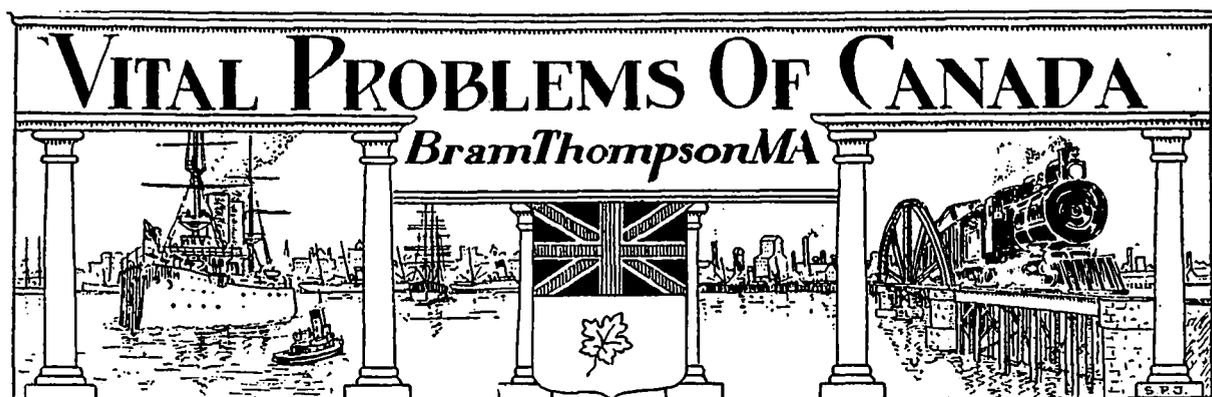
will be supplied upon notable events, Sport of all kinds, and the ever recurring subjects in which the progressive Canadian must be interested.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

April, 1909

Number 4



Pacific Ports and Harbours.

THE Vital Problems of Canada, like great mountain ridges, rise in greater and greater grandeur and majesty as we nearer and nearer approach them; and their supreme pleasure is afforded to those who from the base steadily ascend till they attain the summit whence the national panorama presents itself filling the heart with a blended sensation of awe, admiration and wonder! Let him who will turn aside from the altitudes. He alone is the loser; for the altitudes remain; and it is there, and there only, that the true Leader can commune with the Spirit of the Nation, and receive his own authoritative mandate and message to the people.

It is no rampant National Egoism that I propound when I declare that as the destiny of Canada is to be the greatest of all historical or existing nations, if

she continues to maintain her duplex relation—a homogeneous people and an integral part of a world-wide Empire—so the more wary must her citizens be in the choice of their Leader from epoch to epoch, and the more determined in exacting from him the highest credentials and the fullest evidence that he is a verity, a reality, no mere temporizer, no Midas-eared creation, and no base worshipper at Mammon's shrine.

We have much to say on this theme; but on the present occasion we and our readers will commune together on problems which more intimately and immediately concern the Great West. This term includes, of course, not only the territory generally known as the North-West, but British Columbia which Easterners often designate as the Far or Farthest West. These problems, however, are no less vital Problems of Ca-

nada, because they arise particularly from the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the Great West. Canada is a complete entity. Whatever affects any part of it affects the whole; and the development of the vast natural wealth and resources of the Great West must diffuse their influence throughout the Dominion, and contribute to the splendour and greatness of the Nation.

It is a well authenticated fact that Nations rise to greatness, and extend their influence, through their commercial relationships with other Nations. Oceans, Seas and Rivers, and the means of traffic and transit which they afford, are indispensable to international trade. Canada has been endowed in many respects with these indispensables for the realization of the ambition of all great mercantile countries—an all-world commerce.

FOR THE PRESENT WE WILL DISCUSS THE OCEAN OUTLETS, ALONG HER WESTERN BORDER.

British Columbia is the Frontier Guardian of the Canadian Nation along the Pacific Ocean.

From her Harbours must go, and to them must come, Canada's commercial exchanges with the resurgent Oriental Nations. That fact alone would be sufficient to induce the greatest activity and vigilance in constructing and developing the Pacific Ports and Harbours. Five hundred millions of people are in China and Japan and the Islands of the Seas under their sway; and, so far as the American Continent is concerned, proximity of position renders these people the natural customers of Canada. The National aspiration of these countries at the present day is for approximation to, or conformity with, our standard of civilization and our modes of life. They are putting off the old, and assuming the new civilization; and the most casual observer of them in their own country must have been astounded at the rapidity of their progress within the past few years. The movement is a beneficial one to themselves, to humanity, and especially to Canada; for the more they progress, the greater will be their demands for the diversified products of this inexhaustibly productive country.

But that is not all.

Alberta and other parts of the West and Middle West have awakened to the fact that, on account of the immensely shorter inland distance, the exportation of their products to the markets of the world, and the importation of their requirements from abroad, are more economically performed by the Pacific than the Atlantic Ocean. The movement for taking advantage of the inexorable Laws of Economy has already been initiated; and Railway Corporations are formulating projects for meeting the requirements of the new transport and export system, by continuing their routes to, and making their termini at, the Ports of the Pacific instead of constructing sectional lines connecting at certain points where the main railway system formerly ran out only to the Atlantic.

Even the year in which we are, with one-fourth of it gone behind us, the existing railway lines will convey vast quantities of the prairie harvest yield through British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, THE GATEWAY OF THE PACIFIC, will feel a new pulsation, a fresh life-throb, that she has never experienced before in her history, and that apparently she did not anticipate herself until the premonitory pulsation of the new movement suddenly but strongly evinced itself in the heart and mind of the Albertan people.

Nor is this all.

The Panama Canal must become a reality. If the United States will not construct it, the work must become the combined enterprise of three or four great commercial Nations. It is a fitting proposal to submit to the Hague Inter-national Conference that, if the United States should not before a specified year complete and have in full operation this long projected waterway, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, then that certain designated Powers, interested territorially or commercially in more direct Ocean routes, shall undertake the construction or completion of the Canal and constitute it a free, open waterway for the ships and merchandise of the World. Such a proposal—we might almost call it an ultimatum—might be re-

garded as inimical to that cirete dogma, called the Monroe Doctrine, and the United States might be rebellious; but what could they do? They would have to submit, or else perform what long ago they have undertaken to do in the interest of cosmopolitan commerce. But however it may be accomplished, the work must be done. The problem is one in which Western Canada is deeply concerned.

If with all the disadvantages of Ocean distance, Western Canada is rising to towering commercial heights, and a large part of her products is finding its way to European markets through the Pacific and around Cape Horn, what would British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan become, with the distance shortened by a half, and with open ports all the year round? We will not now conjecture.

The question nearest our hand is one which, though it intimately concerns the magnificent future that the Panama Canal must ultimately bring to the Great West, is persistent and pressing to-day.

THE PORTS AND HARBOURS OF THE PACIFIC RAISE A FORMIDABLE PROBLEM WHOSE SOLUTION CANADA CAN NOT SHIRK.

We have mentioned Vancouver as the first British Columbian Port that will feel the new trend of Western Canadian Commerce; but can anyone look at the Harbour with all its natural advantages and not be astounded and indignant at the lackadaisical apathy, the temporizing expedients, that characterise everything connected with it? The structures of the Harbour are of the crudest description, and the wharfage is miserably inadequate even for present demands. Project after project has been adumbrated—deepening here, dredging there; but nothing seems to materialize. The new traffic is beginning to come, and Vancouver is in no way fitted to deal with it.

Whose business is it—whose duty is it—to see that the rising flood of fortune is not diverted or swept aside from the Great West by manipulations to save or construct some political reputation for National Economy or Sound Finance? Such manipulations are not economy but

parsimony, and they tend, just as do corresponding tactics in the individual, to penury and beggary. We cannot have them, even though the reputation of some Political Economist, or Exchequer Financier should have to be chopped off, and spiked up, as that of a traitor and a craven.

THE PORTS AND HARBOURS OF CANADA are unquestionably the primary concern of the Dominion Parliament; but unhappily that Parliament is dominated from and by the East; and it is not particularly the desire of the East to develop the West especially as the construction of Western Harbours is likely to attract much of the shipping that now enters the Eastern Ports. But after all what is the Dominion Parliament? It cannot disregard the Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta; and if it should attempt to stunt their growth by a pettifogging policy, if it should refuse to allot to them their fair share of the Exchequer appropriations for Public Works, the people of the wronged Provinces have a dire and drastic remedy. They have the elements not only of a consolidated Nation within their own borders; but their conjoint resources and intrinsic potentialities transcend, I believe, those of all the Eastern Provinces combined. Can they, and their legitimate claims, be flouted with impunity? No; the people of these Provinces will not cringe where they are entitled to demand.

The trouble with the predominant East is that the people there, and even the Governing and Parliamentary confraternities do not apprehend the worth, the wealth and the greatness of the West; and they think that because the Railway System running through Eastern Canada conduces to their own advancement that Western Canada should be content to ignore her own waterways, and the natural shipping facilities of the Pacific, and continue to patronise and tread the steel road for thousands of miles to the Atlantic.

The Laws of Economics begin, like charity, at home; and it is incumbent upon the West to conserve her own greatness and look after her own expan-

sion. If the East will persist in monopolizing the Revenues that belong to the whole Dominion for Public Works, then the East must receive one day a rude rebuff for her persistent folly.

The Ports and Harbours of the Pacific must be put into a condition to meet all the requirements of West Canadian, European and Oriental commerce. If more revenue is needed for this purpose let it be raised; and let the East bear its share in the development of the West, as the West has ungrudgingly done in the development of the East.

Will anyone look for a moment or two, at the vast Government expenditures that have been made within the past 30 years in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Austria, and France to construct waterways throughout the interior of their several countries, so that the products of the most remote parts may easily and cheaply be brought to the Sea whence they are shipped to the markets of the world? Some of these countries are mere specks compared with Western Canada; but the people, though cramped in space and poor in resources, have gallantly done what they knew to be essential to the salvation and elevation of their Fatherland. They are reaping their reward to-day; and the magnificent Harbours that they have constructed, sometimes on land wrested even from the sea itself, are a testimony for all time to their patriotic devotion, and their greatness of soul. If they go down in the commercial contest with larger Nations no one can say they were laggards. Let Canada learn from their heroic example.

Compared with these Nations, it is a petty and paltry policy for any Parliamentary Government to boast of a surplus at the end of its fiscal year or at the termination of its period of power, while such a glaring anomaly exists as that which the Pacific Seaboard of Canada presents.

Here we have an Ocean whose wide and deep indentations form natural havens, and are readily convertible into Shipping Ports: an Ocean whose waters wash the coast of far distant regions the denizens of which are eager for the produce of Western Canada: an Ocean on

whose bosom float the merchant ships of almost every nation; an Ocean through whose boundless possibilities Canada must inevitably grow to greatness; and yet an Ocean to which at the present day little or no access is afforded by Canada, or facility provided so that on it may be carried our Western merchandise to and from the markets of the Orient and the World.

There too, lying along this Ocean, we have the largest Province of the Dominion: without invidiousness it may be called the greatest. It is only beginning to unfold its earth-hidden treasures. Its mineral resources alone are beyond the apprehension or computation of man; so diversified; so varied; so rich; easy of access; scattered in profusion. Bountiful nature seems to have endowed it, at the very beginning, out of the plentitude of her stores before carrying her beneficial gifts to other parts of the earth. Not long ago it was thought to be a mining country alone; but what a revelation have the past few years made! Within the folds of its rugged mountains wide rivers flow teeming with their piscatorial inhabitants; and in the wide vales and undulating valleys between the projecting hills are found climatic conditions rivalling those of Southern Europe, and fertile lands on which fruit is grown of every description known within the temperate zone,—fruit so perfect, luscious and sweet that it has been awarded the premier place in competitive displays both in the Old World and the New. In these vales and valleys, too, are rich pasture and farming lands; and every condition that could make the tranquil life of the tiller of the soil an earthly Elysium. And its mountains are not a "Sea" as a celebrated East Canadian Orator described them in a mixed metaphor which only too truly indicated a mixed and imperfect knowledge very common in the East. The Sea indeed has many treasures within its bosom though there is nothing growing on its surface. But upon the slopes and table lands of these mountains timber luxuriates to a ponderous size, and in immense variety. This heritage alone is enough to make British Columbia one of the

wealthiest sections of the world. And then she has the Ocean.

Next to her, lying close and fondlingly beside her, sloping gently from a considerable altitude, comes the delightful and prolific Province of Alberta—Alberta whose glorious possibilities were until recently hidden from the world, and especially for the Eastern Canadian. One will meet in such enlightened Eastern cities as Toronto and Montreal a preponderating opinion that Alberta is a land of scrub and shrub with the exception of a narrow belt in the centre along which wheat is grown; that its climate is almost intolerable in winter with cold, and almost prohibitive of life in summer, with heat; that it is practically a barren land, and sparsely populated. Alas, for purblindness!

Alberta is, I believe, the richest of the three Prairie Provinces. Its climate has acquired for it the name of "Sunny Alberta." In the greater part of it cattle range at will and find their own shelter throughout the winter. Its soil is incomparably rich. It has produced a grade of wheat which is unsurpassable, known as Alberta Red Wheat. From several hundreds of miles north of Edmonton southward through Calgary to the national line, it is one vast stretch of arable and pasture land interspersed with timber. It is an ideal country for cattle, sheep and horses. In the raising of cattle, whether for dairy purposes or for beef, the climatic conditions render it absolutely unrivalled. Dairy farming flourishes; sugar beets abound; and manufactories are spring up in ever increasing numbers and in ever widening areas. Its coal and iron deposits, natural concomitants, are found in close juxtaposition and are capable of supplying the needs of the Dominion for centuries to come. The Eastern slopes of the beautiful Rockies provide the material for a Cement industry which is already becoming prodigious. Everything grows in Alberta—barley, oats, corn, wheat, rye, peas, potatoes, hay, fruit, vegetables, and cereals of all kinds—in rivalling profusion.

Prolific and propitious Alberta! She too has an intimate relationship with, and interest in, the Pacific.

What an anomaly, I repeat, with such wealth and resources contained in the two Provinces next to the Western Ocean to see the Ports undeveloped, most of the Harbours derelict, and Vancouver only one stage advanced from its state of nature.

What an anomaly; what a stupidity; what a National crime!

We are prone to be too much guided by precedent. The Eastern Parliamentary magnates tell us with an assumption of profound statesmanship that the West must evolve herself slowly and gradually as did the East; but they ignore the fact that there is no similarity of circumstances between the two. The East grew from zero; so also did the West; but while the maritime, territorial, and commercial potentials of the East were developing, *pari passu*—with equal pace, the West developed her corresponding territorial and commercial resources only ignoring, or quite oblivious of, her Maritime Inheritance. Her eye was averted from the Pacific which swept her own borders, and was fixed on the Atlantic thousands of miles Eastward. She participated in, and contributed to, the Maritime development of the East because she believed it was the development of the whole Dominion, and that it was essential, to herself. Now she is disenthralled, disillusionized; and turning with her face Westward she beholds the Pacific, and instantly apprehends where her real power and future greatness lie. But she has much more to do than merely lament an infatuation. She has to proceed to rectify a blunder, and, by forced marches, to advance her Maritime Resources to a stage corresponding to, and commensurate with that at which her internal resources and her commercial expansion have already arrived.

It is this anomalous inequality of development that makes the construction of an adequate twentieth-century Harbour at Vancouver an urgent and imperative necessity to-day; and so far from obstructing it, the East which benefitted by the blunder or the misconception of the

West, by way of requital, ought to do all in its power to promote the work, of developing and constructing Ports and Harbours along the Pacific Seaboard commensurate with the needs of Western Canada, and the commerce which in daily increasing volume passes through the Pacific and brings the Dominion into closer relationship with the markets of the World.

It seems not only fair, but true Statesmanship to build up the Pacific Ports by the co-operation of the whole, just as the Atlantic Ports were built by the Co-operation of the whole; for thus only can Canada remain a perfect Unity, and attain to her destined greatness. Whoever thwarts the project, or temporises with it, on the ground of financial expediency, inadequacy of resources or otherwise is a miscreant, and an enemy to the Canadian Nation.

British Columbia has a formidable task before her, as a Province, as a part of the Dominion, and as the Frontier Guardian of the Pacific Coast in bringing, or compelling the Dominion Government to bring, the Harbours of the Western Ocean into conformity with the requirements of this magnificent epoch in Western development and commercial expansion. But she has one great source of strength—the co-operation, the splendid example, and the loyal support of her nearest neighbour, the grand Province of Alberta whose enlightened Railway Policy has already created admiration for her Leaders and People, and elevated them to the dignity of true economists, and farsighted, progressive and patriotic upholders of the cause of Canada's Great West Wonderland.

The Promise of Easter

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Glamor of marvellous things,
 Limitless measure of hope,
 Springeth eternal on new-born wings,
 From a grave in a garden slope;
 Look up sad eyes where the glory lies,
 Shining resplendent across the skies.

Purple and gold of the morn,
 Arches triumphal of light
 Blazon the sky; while lilies adorn
 The earth with their splendor white.
 Each hill and lea keepeth jubilee,
 And every breeze is a symphony.

Promise of cheer and delight,
 To comfort us on our way:
 O covenant sweet! Earth's darkest night
 But heralded Easter day.
 Jubilate! Jubilate!
 Heaven's gates are open wide,
 Love hath found a sanctuary,
 Where all weary souls may hide:
 Death's finality is ended,
 Life with Death hath met and blended,
 Life through Death is glorified.

Naval Battle off Vancouver

Nigel Tourneur

SEVEN hours gone, and her shafting not fixed up. Where the enemy are, the dickens only knows. Geewish!"

The commander of the British auxiliary cruiser, "Victoria," muttered angrily to himself as he impatiently paced up and down the bridge. Hidden in the darkness of that autumn night, 192—, she still heaved helplessly to the Pacific swell.

Out of Vancouver about to be attacked by the enemy's Flying Squadron, she had been making all speed to call up the British North Pacific Fleet, when her tail-end shaft had cracked. Just in time had her engines been slowed down and stopped.

Desperation tugged at her commanding officer's heartstrings when he thought of the great seaport's perilous straits.

But in the wireless cabin on the bridge deck below, the operator was industriously trying to pick up Admiral Knapp's command. Energetically he was working the key of the transmitter, and a vivid spark crackled and tore between the two antennae; short and long it remained there while he pressed the key; and with short and long flashes the electric current went forth in the call for succour. For two hundred miles around, the operator was ringing the night heavens with the mystic words.

Only for a few seconds did he pause. It was when the stopper of the voice-tube in the bulkhead just beside his right ear blew out with a shrill screech.

"No, sir, no," he replied to his anxious Bridge, "no answer at all yet."

But his last words went unheard. "Steamer coming down on the port quarter," had taken Darrell like an electric shock.

He sprang to the port bridge-rail, and stared ahead.

Thick gloom hid the wastes. Heavy drops of rain fell with a pit-pit on the deck. The breeze was growing stiffer, coming down in great claps of like distant thunder.

As the Victoria's gun crews were piped to quarters, the stranger spoke her in swift flickers of white light turning alternately into yellow and green. But the auxiliary cruiser could make no counter reply: unknown were the signals.

A thin spurt of crimson flashed out on board the stranger, and the report of a four-inch quickfirer came down the squalling wind. The projectile sent up a little cloud of spray, luminous with phosphorus, wide of the cruiser. But the next second the detonation again cracked out faintly, and this time the Victoria rocked violently.

A great spurt of steam seethed up amidships, and spread downwind in a great woolly cloud from her wrecked stokehold.

"Heave to, or I will sink you. You are——"

But the breaking squall overpowered all human sounds. It hit the stricken warship on her shoulder, and made her slant steep to leeward. The foaming waters gurgled and swept past her upperdeck rail. But the very violence of the elements brought to Darrell a scheme to baulk the enemy.

Again the Oriental's torpedo craft enforced her peremptory summons, and this time her projectile burst above the Victoria's smokestack, shattering it. A cry escaped the Commander-Lieutenant. In his fury he smote his left hand against the binnacle, the heat of which

scorched the wet palm. But he felt no pain.

"Brainerd," he roared to the quartermaster beside him, "sing out to them, 'Sydney, American-Pacific Line, Brisbane to 'Frisco. Break down.' Take the 'phone, and give it 'em as Yankee as ye like."

With a harsh guttural twang the quartermaster hailed the destroyer, making the megaphone bray forth the message.

"When the squall passes, you send the ship's papers for examination," came the indistinct answer. And Lieutenant Darrell smiled grimly to himself. Hooped with steel were his nerves.

His was the grit that wins.

"We can do nothing against the enemy, as we are, with out pop-guns. The wireless gear must not be wrecked, but it's up to us to carry her by the board, boys," he cried to his subordinate officers, "it is one of their own tricks."

Early in the unexpected hostilities the Orientals had boarded the "Vancouver City," having signalled through the darkness that the cruiser speaking her was the Berwick, with communications. The unsuspecting liner had been captured without the loss of a single man.

About four bells of the middle watch, the squall having blown itself out, leaving a heavy sea running, Darrell and fourteen men put off in the launch. Hidden in the pitchblack night under the Victoria's lee already wobbled the cutters and whaler, awaiting the signal to dash across. It was perilous work, in the jumble of seas. Now and again a bluejacket gave a hitch to his trousers the better to hide his weapon, or loosened his shirt a little for easier access to his revolver.

With a conscious air the quartermaster sat in the sternsheets beside the Lieutenant-Commander. Brainerd could not keep from grinning. The notion of his acting the 'Skipper' tickled him much. Reckon, sir, if they smell us out before we board, we'll have a very hot time of it, gettin' alongside," said he to Darrell, taking a squint at the enemy's craft now growing outlined in the night. "Look out there, sir. Mind that lip o' sea," on an eddying surge smacking the port

beam, and deluging the boat with brine.

"Better knocked on the head, than to die like rats in a shot-riddled vessel. She could sink the cruiser at 400 yards, in two ticks," was his officer's abrupt answer. "This is our only chance, lads."

Slowly the launch reached the Destroyer's lee, and made for her sea gangway. Darrell noted a group of seamen on her forecastle, another about the gangway where stood two officers. On her bridge loomed the indistinct figure of the officer of the watch intently looking away ahead, with binoculars levelled.

Hand lines were thrown from the Destroyer, and made fast in the launch. Boat hooks caught on; Brainerd watched his chance, and to the jerky motions of the torpedo craft he scrambled up the ladder. The next second, his officer and he were standing on the enemy's deck.

The lieutenant blessed his stars that no lights shone save the half-concealed bridge binnacle. His glance over the narrow tumbling deck, wet and slippery with the wash of the seas, satisfied him he had given the correct posts for his men first to secure in their onset. But his heart beat faster when he saw how clumsily the quartermaster shook hands with the little brown-faced commander.

"Ah! American, eh? The ship's paper? Thanks! You will come below while I examine them, there is too much sea on, too much wet, here. Below, eh?"

As Lieutenant Darrell listened to the Oriental, the thought came to him that it must have been the same enemy who had entrapped the "Vancouver City." A sardonic smile flitted over his resolute face.

A hail rang from the forecastle lookout. The commander jerked himself round, and flung his eyes ahead, south-by-west. Signals twinkled there, far away—infinitesimal pin-points. Again the lookout reported the consort coming down.

Darrell's whistle shrilled through the night. The revolvers of Brainerd and himself cracked out; and the Oriental commander fell down, his head and shoulders blocking the wardroom hatchway. The officer on the bridge also tilted forward. With a roar—"At 'em,

lads!"—the Lieutenant plunged into the group of men by the gangway.

The enemy rallied and closed, yelling in short staccato yaps like madmen. Darrell parried a violent thrust from the broadfaced sub-lieutenant, and cut him down. A bullet seared his right shoulder, razing the flesh like a redhot iron. With a cry of fury he struck out, using the butt of his revolver, and stretched out his antagonist.

Aft, the Orientals had retreated to the poop. After a fierce struggle they were driven from it, and secured below in the officers quarters.

Darrell picked himself up off a corpse, over which he had tripped owing to a sudden jumping of the Destroyer. Around the amidships quickfirers the dead and dying lay clustered, for on the possession of these pieces rested the crisis of the fight. The stokehold and engine-room complements were also under guard. Yet the forecastle held out. Round its four-inch quickfirer the Orientals were making a gallant stand.

To break it down was impossible.

Again and again decimated boarders were driven back, down over the break of the forecastle and on to the bloody deck. The Lieutenant-Commander crushed out of his eyes the blood trickling down his forehead, and flung a desperate look about him.

The Quartermaster's voice rang through the hubbub of shouting, screaming, blaspheming men: "Steamer bearing down off port bow."

The Destroyer's consort on getting no response to her prolonged signalling was now coming up.

"Midships, men, 'midships. Clear 'way port gun," roared Darrell.

Quickly the leering muzzle veered round, and the gun's sharp, snappy wail above the hurly-burly. There was an upward rush of cheering Canadians. But only a loose heap of slain and wounded filled the eye.

Darrell's whistle piped clear and full through the gusty wind, and immediately the waving of a lantern from the Victoria's bridge answered him.

"On deck with prisoners," he snapped, "Into the boats with them, their wound-

ed too. Loosen away there, davits, and swing out. Be smart, lads—smart for your lives."

Ahead two reports thundered out faintly, for the Oriental's consort had discovered all. Her projectiles ricocheted to starboard, sending up clouds of spray. Again she let fly; but her bursting missiles only served to hurry the victors.

The Destroyer's engineers and stokers were forced up on deck. They had their choice of the boats or the greedy seas.

"Cut painters. Fire if they don't pull away," were the orders ringing down from the Destroyer's bridge. It was no time to be humane when the fate of Vancouver was at stake.

But without hesitation the prisoners frantically pulled away in the direction of the oncoming vessel. Some of the men were at the oars; some cursing; some trampling on their wounded, careless of their groans so long as they shook impotent fists at their conquerors. Many of their comrades were tongue-tied through fury and despair.

As Darrell saw the dim figures of his remaining men hastily board the prize, from the doomed Victoria, he rang the Destroyer's engines to full speed ahead, for promptly had his engine-room and stokehold staffs taken up their posts below. The prize leaped forward to the quickening beat of her triple screws. Under the deadly shower of bursting missiles from the enemy, she hurled herself forward into the safety of further night.

In the little cramped wireless cabin abaft the wardroom pantry the operator, exhausted, half-dazed with fighting, stared for a few moments in stupefaction at the tape machine.

"QC....QC....QC...." rattled the receiver as the riband of white paper passed out in a coil.

He snatched it up, and frowned at the strange letters. With a great cry he sprang to the ladder.

The Oriental's receiver was registering the secret-code countersign of the British North Pacific Fleet.

Saved was Vancouver, the great seaport of British Columbia.

And saved may it be, for ever from thee,
Thou sly tawny Jap, thou siimy Chinee.
From Mr. Sam Slick who prevails to the
South.

From envious hordes who with wide
gaping mouth

Stare now at our treasures, our riches
untold;

Our fruit and farm lands; our silver and
gold;

Our copper and coal, and our forests
sublime;

Our wealth all abounding for now and
all time;

Our Ports and our Harbours that great-
ness afford—

Protection to Commerce, defence to the
sword.

Ye Chinese who grovel and snivel and
leer

Get rich on your hoarding and then
disappear;

Make off helter-skelter in double quick
run,

With the wealth of our Soil, to the Land
of the Sun.

Ye Japanese clad with equipments of
war

Whose armies and navies and Juggernaut
car

Would crush, if they dare, and claim
as their own

What belongs to the white man—the
white man alone.

Avaunt ye whom envy and malice propel
To usurp all our splendour by tactics of
Hell!

Easter in the Garden

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

In the garden 'twas Easter Sunday—
And all through the scented aisles—
Spring blossoms were flaunting their bonnets,—
Bedecked in the gayest of styles.

With lavender sunshades half-opened,
A lilac bush leaned o'er the gate;
While tulips were rustling their silken gowns,
Like queens in rich robes of state.

The crocus and hyacinthe chattered,
With a narcissus dressed in white,
And a violet all dewey in purple frills
Looked on with the keenest delight.

A beautiful lily half kneeling,
The pearls on her rosary told,
And the grasses chanted a soft "Amen"—
As she kissed the sweet cross of gold.

Then, a breeze shook the tinkling bluebells
And a robin spilled song on the air;
While baring their hearts,—the flowers all knelt
And wafted to Heaven a prayer.

Betty Jane of Three Gables

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Author of *Beneath the Old Poke Bonnet*; *Marthy's Second Honeymoon*;
An Aristocrat in Bohemia, Etc.

YES, her liacs always bud earlier than anyone's else hereabouts,—they're beauties too,—but stingy! she wouldn't let you sniff them on yer life if she could help it."

There was the click of a gate, and the ker came from an angle in her little garvelled walk opposite, as Betty Jane Parker came from an angle in her little garden where she had been made the unwilling eavesdropper, hearing no good of herself.

"Stingy"—she muttered, leaning over the low white-washed paling separating her cottage from the road. "Stingy,—and I almost supporting—the vilage church to say nothing of foreign missions!—humph!" but she heard voices and approaching footsteps again, so she withdrew to the latticed porch. "Why of course Easter'll be kind'r warm like this year, comin' in April, you know, so I just bought me a straw bonnet with red roses and lilies-of-the-valley. It looks quite spry too, but so long as you think it all right, it goes,—for you oughter know, comin' from a big city."

A cheery laugh answered the older woman's speech: "You certainly will be quite nobby, Aunt Emma, but just wait until you see my chic hat; it will shock this quiet village, I'm afraid. Just the same, do you know what I'd really like to wear in a place like this? Just a simple leghorn, with natural lilacs and foliage. Why in New York we'd give the eyes out of our heads for blossoms like your neighbor opposite has;—I've a great mind to cultivate her acquaintance."

"Nonsense; she'd bite your head off; she's as tart as vinegar. Nobody ever

bothers about her. Disappointed in love, some say; though her mother before her was the same; gives all her savings to the church and boasts of it, while she lives like a miser,—so we just let her alone."

"More's the pity; I'd just love to look her up; who knows, but the poor old soul has grown bitter because you have left her too much alone!"

Again the voices passed, and Betty Jane Parker stretched her neck to look after the retreating forms. Emelina Baxter, her opposite neighbor, she quickly recognized, but the sweet girlish figure was a stranger to Betty, who knew all the village folks, for had she not dwelt here all her life?

The speakers had passed on, and still Betty Jane lingered by the low white paling with the scents of the lilacs about her.

"Tart as vinegar—nobody ever bothers about her;—she lives like a miser;—so we just let her alone!" Disjointedly the sentences echoed dully on Betty Jane's ears; a bluebird in the purple mist of blossoms above, sent out a short, sweet trill,—and, yes it was singing—"Who knows but that she has grown old because you have let her alone!"

It was many a day since Betty Jane had moved so briskly; it lacked but a few days of Easter. Eggs were high and scarce; never had her prized hens laid so poorly, and she had counted on them so much for her generous contribution to the Easter collection, in the Church, where the Parkers were known and respected chiefly because of their liberal contributions. Yet Betty Jane ac-

tuaily smiled beneath her stiffly starched Shaker bonnet, as laying her freshly gathered eggs on the latticed porch, she moved about the garden, looking into the violets' purpling eyes, and for the first time in her life, noting the pretty contrast between the yellow daffodils, and the scylla's deep blue bells. Even the shy crocuses seemed to lean towards her, and the hyacinths shook their scented blossoms at her feet.

She had thought of gathering the Spring blossoms and offering them for sale in the village shop, in order to make up the egg shortage, but her pride rebelled. "Miser," they had called her, had she actually become one? "Old," too they had said, but Betty Jane had not yet rounded her thirty-fifth year, though she looked all of fifty,—with her hair drawn painfully back from her forehead; and the sad droop of her straight lips, that so seldom smiled.

Betty Jane's father died when she was quite young, leaving the little homestead with its trim garden, and a small income to his widow, Abigail. She, a thrifty woman, laid aside the pennies for Betty Jane, and it was an open secret in the village that Mrs. Parker for years had made a practice of donating all the money derived from the sale of her choicest hens' eggs, during the Lenten season, to the Easter collection of the primitive Methodist church that she and her husband had regularly attended. The lives of mother and daughter had been strictly methodical as befitted the relics of an esteemed deacon. The front door of their cottage bore the insignia of the occupants of the "three gabled" dwelling. "Three Angles," a wit of the village had dubbed the house, liking it to the deacon Hezekiah—his spouse Abigail, and their daughter Betty Jane, with the tightly braided pigtailed hanging down her back. The brass knocker on the front door gleamed as brightly today as it did nearly forty years ago, when Deacon Parker led his dignified young bride proudly to what was then considered in the village,—a mansion. Constant polishing had worn the plate beneath the knocker, while about the edge the white paint was scoured, until the bare wood

peeped forth boldly. Seldom had this door swung back on its hinges,—save once when Hezekiah, and Abigail, after a brief honeymoon, crossed the threshold. Again when the baby girl, Betty Jane Abigail Parker, had been carried forth to baptism, and back again after the ceremony. Later, Hezekiah, with all the dignity befitting a faithful deacon of years standing, all silent and cold, had been borne forth to the village churchyard. Then, a few years after, Abigail, his spouse, had passed under the same portals to rest beside her husband's remains, where a modest white shaft told of their many virtues,—for they were considered in the village as models of godliness and charity.

True, Hezekiah never had been known to give a shilling to a private charity, nor had Abigail been guilty of such an indiscretion, but both had been lauded to the villagers for their generous support of the church, and especially for the magnitude of their Easter offerings placed on the plate during the collections, then taken up. So, it had become somewhat of a boast, handed down as a duty to Betty Jane to still carry on, and she had done so for years,—scrimping,—hoarding, denying herself pleasures, and growing so parsimonious that she almost begrudged the passers-by the scent of her exquisite lilacs swaying their purple and white fringes over the narrow white fence separating her garden from the village highway.

Twice a year the minister called—and all the village knew it,—for he had actually dared to walk up the front steps, lifted the brass knocker, and was ushered in by Betty Jane. And often, too, now that the neighbors came to think of it, they remembered seeing Squire Creighton's happy-go-lucky son, Harry, admitted over the sacred threshold. Shortly after, he had left the village, and nothing had since been heard of him.

Betty Jane sat on the edge of a horse-hair trunk in the attick, or store-room of "Three Gables." Neatly arranged about the room were many bits of ancient history, from the antique poke bonnet, and voluminous hoop-skirts, to the

gutta-percha galoshes, worn by a worthy ancestor.

In spite of the aroma of camphor and sweet lavender that greeted one from every nook and cranny, an occasional motn flitted across the room, and disappeared in the shadows.

From the old trunk, Betty Jane drew forth a cashmere dolman,—its black having long since given place to a rusty brown,—a bonnet with threadbare ribbons and faded flowers,—and silk gloves that had been mended, until they would scarcely hold another stitch. Betty Jane knew them well,—these antiquated articles of her wardrobe, that had done duty on state occasions for many years, and it needed not the entrance of the prying sunbeam, to show up their utter shabbiness. “And all the neighbors with something new for Easter—talking about it too, as if it was all the season was made for; yet not one of them’s done what I have for years, to educate the heathen, and send missionaries to teach what Easter means, but what does it mean?” suddenly queried Betty Jane. “Renunciation” seemed to come from the corner where Abigail’s widow’s weeds were carefully wrapped in a box. “Crucifixion,” echoed Hezekiah’s stove-pipe hat on the shelf above the trunk. “Taint neither!” said Betty Jane, ignoring all rules of grammar, as thrusting the shabby clothes aside she crossed to the open window. “Oh!” she cried, with a long drawn gasp,—“I know what it means—I know,—the lilacs have told me,—it’s resurrection,—resurrection!” — and she clapped her hands in glee like a happy child. “And resurrection it’ll be for you, poor Betty Jane,”—she laughed.

The dwellers of “Three Gables” had seldom been known to patronize the omnibus, making four trips daily to and from, the little nearby town. No, it had always been considered by the Parkers “healthier to walk,” and, besides, their maxim was “A dime saved, is a dime earned,” though the poor omnibus driver never got a chance to save nor earn it from that direction. But today Betty Jane had actually been seen to climb aboard the creaking vehicle, as it lumbered towards the city. There was the

identical bonnet that Betty had dreamed of the night before, when the little imp “Vanity” whispered: “Do your duty to yourself;—If you would have the sunshine into your home do not draw down the shades. Dress gay, and you will feel gay; you have no right to cast a gloom over the community by your shabby apparel; You are young yet; dress young” —and now here was the dream before her—a leghorn bonnet with purple lilacs, and black velvet ties.

“Can I show you something in a bonnet?”

Betty Jane started, and falteringly inquired the price of the one before her.

“Ten Dollars!” It nearly took the trembling woman’s breath away,—as she replied: “It is just the style I had in mind, but the price is more than I can pay, for I have many other purchases to make out of a less sum “for all.”

The girl laughed softly, as she said “That often happens, and I could show you something less expensive; but by the way aren’t you the lady from “Three Gables,” where the lilacs are already blooming so delightfully? Why I imagine I get a whiff of their perfume now. The whole village owes you a vote of thanks.”

Betty Jane beamed with pride as she answered in the affirmative: “You see I’m right fond of lilacs, that’s why I fancied this bonnet,” said the prospective purchaser, and the younger woman thought she detected a slight blush pass over Betty Jane’s face.

“If you fancy that style, I can show you an inexpensive leghorn, that could be trimmed for less money. Anyway, I think a bonnet much too old for you, and would suggest a close fitting toque; you see, your hair is beautiful, but if I may say so, it is arranged too severely, for your years.”

* * * * *

Ten years had passed away from Betty Jane’s expression as she clicked the gate softly behind her and walked between the fragrant lilac bushes to the latticed porch of “Three Gables.”

The tallow dips in their polished brass candlesticks, looked down in amazement as Betty Jane took from its paper trim-

med shelf, the best lamp, and placed it lighting in the centre of the kitchen table. The cat purred strangely, and gazed mysteriously at her mistress. From their paper wrappings Betty Jane drew a Leghorn toque, which had been bent and pinned into shape by the obliging salesgirl; there, too, were the velvet ribbon ties—such a bargain,—for she had fortunately come across two remnants of the required lengths. “And to think of artificial lilacs,” murmured Betty Jane, as she smiled over the suggestion whispered to her by the salesgirl, whereby the genuine ones could be had at no expenditure. The gloves—pearl gray too, but, oh dear!—everyone in church would be looking at her hands, and she blushed already; she had wanted black gloves as being so much more serviceable, but the salesgirl had persuaded. They could be cleaned at home when soiled; would really wear much longer, and were just the style at present. An exceptionally good glove for the money too; regular two-dollar quality marked to one dollar, because only a few broken sizes remained. The salesgirl had been so kind to her, and just to think of it too, she was the grand neice of Betty Jane’s opposite neighbor, the one who had accused her of being “miserly and as tart as vinegar.” Never mind, the girl was sweet, “and what was her name?”—mused the spinster, as delving into her reticule, she drew forth a card on which was pencilled: “Violet Ritchie.” A dotted veil was also drawn from the recesses of the reticule, and a mysterious little package that Betty Jane looked fearfully at, and after much deliberation opened gingerly. A bundle of kid hair curlers,—oh, what a scene for the sombre kitchen to behold! Perhaps it was the effect of the lamp light, that the face on the old brown jug seemed to grin: while the painted china dog wore such a peculiar expression that the cat, with her hair bristling, crept again beneath the table.

The lid of the horsehair trunk again stood open, and this time the contents were being examined by two pairs of eyes. It was Easter Saturday evening and Violet Ritchie, who was to spend Sunday in the village with her aunt, just

dropped in to see how Miss Parker was progressing with the trimming of her Leghorn hat. It now lay ready for the morrow’s addition of real lilacs, that Violet was to arrange thereon previous to church going. Now the dolman was being discussed: “It won’t do at all,” said Violet decisively, “the style is only fit for your grandmother, to say nothing of its shabbiness.” Betty Jane looked uneasily about the attic as though fearing that her worthy ancestor might arise and confront her.

Deeper and deeper Violet delved into the trunk, when suddenly she cried joyfully: “I have it—the very thing—why you dear girl, this is a treasure, real lace, too; it’s full of possibilities, and lace shawls are so much in vogue now.”

Biscuits that would melt in your mouth, strawberry jam and a delicious cup of tea had been partaken of before the two women parted that night, and Betty Jane, with her hair twisted up in the kid curlers, afraid to look at her reflection in the looking glass, hastily put out the light and crept into bed.

Easter Sunday morning dawned brightly over “Three Gables,” where Betty Jane had been up with the sun. It was a glorious day of many surprises in the village. The aged widow Malcolm’s sight had been almost restored, because of a visit from Betty Jane, who brought her six eggs concealed in a pretty basket of daffodils and violets. Little Martha Dabney, the crippled child of poor parents, had been gladdened by a gift of choice duck eggs, buried in a mass of hyacinths and crocuses. Many similar gifts found their way into various homes of the village, and just before church services Violet Ritchie was seen leaving “Three Gables” with a huge bunch of purple violets pressed closely to her face.

* * * * *

The minister was in the pulpit, discoursing on the wonders of the Resurrection. Then he spoke of worldly vanities, and exhorted his congregation to each suffer some sacrifice on this day to gladden another. “Make an offering,” he continued, “directly, if possible, to someone who needs a thought to glad-

den her heart with the sunshine of Easter. After the shadow of the Cross Christ sent us the glorious Easter sunshine to brighten our lives. Each one of us can make some sort of an offering to lift the shadows from another's path; so it behooves all here to enter fully into the spirit of the day. "Clothe the naked—feed the hungry,—and make happy some overburdened heart."

The pulpit and chancel were gay with white and purple lilacs from the garden at "Three Gables," and many a glance wandered to the high-packed pew, where sat Betty Jane Abigail Parker; and scarcely could the villagers believe their eyes, for instead of the shabby little old spinster who for years had sat in this same pew, they beheld a sweet faced girlish-looking woman, whom they scarcely recognized in her dress of black poplin; her shawl of black lace draped gracefully about the shoulders, and fastened in front with a spray of purple lilacs. A soft pink glow was in her cheeks, and her eyes shone purple under their dark lashes. The hair that erstwhile had always been tightly drawn back from her forehead, now rippled in soft waves beneath the Leghorn toque, with its trimmings of natural lilacs.

The collection was being taken up, and Betty Jane reached forth her daintily gloved hand to drop her envelope on the plate. Its amount was much in arrears of preceding Easter offerings from the mistress of "Three Gables," but her gift was for the first time in her memory, given with a cheerful heart.

The services were over, the minister had shaken hands with Betty Jane, and as she walked homeward along the country road, she was overtaken by her opposite neighbor, Mrs. Baxter, and Violet Ritchie.

"I 'spose as usual, you've given generously this Easter," ventured Mrs. Baxter.

"I've given unusually," replied Betty Jane, while a smile flitted over her face,—and it's the first time I remember ever making a body happy by a direct personal offering."

"How nice," beamed Mrs. Baxter.

"You certainly have gladdened many

hearts today," said Violet; "why, all the villagers are talking of the lovely gifts you have distributed, and just see my violets, they are exquisite. While we all owe you a vote of thanks because of your appearance; how could anyone looking at you today have a gloomy thought?—you are as refreshing as a sweet Spring blossom!" Betty Jane, blushing, was about to reply when Squire Creighton's gig swung around a bend in the road. Seated beside the squire was a handsome young stranger, whom none of the trio seemed to recognize.

"My word! but what has come over Betty Jane Parker, why she looks like a young girl in her Easter togs!" The squire chuckied, and flecked an imaginary fly off the old brown cob, with his whip, as the man beside him gasped "Betty Jane—Betty Jane Parker,—why you don't mean to say that's she actually wearing her treasured lilacs?"

"That's the lady, sure as you're my son," laughed the squire.

"Set me down here father; I had almost forgotten my promise to wire Cousin Jack immediately on my arrival here; do you drive on, you'll be in time to pick up my friend, the minister. He'll look sober when he hears the bad penny has returned again."

Bidding her neighbor and Violet "good day," Betty Jane clicked the old gate behind her, and walked between the lilac trees towards "Three Gables." "How changed everything seems," murmured the woman, half aloud, "nigh three and a half decades I've spent in this place, and though every plant, flower, shrub and bush is familiar to me, the little garden never seemed so fair as it does today. Such a change: I wonder what has wrought it?"

A wee small voice answered: "Your gift to one whose heart was lonely. You lifted her from the gloom of sordidness, and all the village rejoices in the resurrection of Betty Jane Abigail Parker."

There was a rat-tat-tat of the brass knocker that, resounding through the house, brought Betty Jane, still bonneted and gloved, quickly to the front door, and there before her, stood a page from the only volume of romance she had

ever known—Harry Creighton, only son of the village squire.

A window curtain in the house across the road, was pulled aside, and then hastily dropped, but a pair of spectacled eyes watched long enough to see a man, actually a man, admitted into "Three Gables," and the door was shut behind him, on all who sought to pry within.

"Land sakes alive, Mr. Creighton!"

"Land sakes alive, Miss Parker!"

Betty Jane giggled, and Harry Creighton laughed so loudly, that the cat scampered out the back door.

"To think of you looking so fine and manly; most took my breath away."

"Yes, and to find you so gay and girl-ish-like, almost took my senses away; tell me Betty Jane, what *has* happened?"

"Everybody's asking the same question? I asked it myself; and it's all because I made a personal offering to a poor creature, who needed it very badly, and it resulted in my resurrection from depths of selfishness, and miserliness where for years I lay buried in ignorance."

"It was just these demons that stood between us once, and drove me away; but I, too, needed a lesson, in renunciation, and I have learned it to my advantage; I came back Betty Jane, because I couldn't stay away from the mistress of "Three Gables" any longer, but I never expected to find you so beautiful, and looking twenty years younger than you did when you walked sedately to meeting, between Deacon Hezekiah Parker, and your staid mother. I always insisted you were cheated out of your inheritance of childhood; for it was a well known fact, that to laugh in "Three Gables" between Saturday night and Monday morning was, in the eyes of the Deacon, a grievous offence. You have walked in the straight and narrow path, —I have rollicked in the open,—a happy devil—may-care sort of a chap, and as such you rejected me. Since then, we have both had a wholesome lesson. Tell me, Betty Jane, have I waited in vain?"

What if the crayon pictures of Deacon Hezekiah Parker, in his stove-pipe hat, and his spouse Abigail, in her stiff crinolines, should come to life! What a scene

might be enacted in the old sitting room of "Three Gables," where Betty Jane and Harry Creighton sat side by side on the shining haircloth sofa. Already a revolution had taken place. The bow-legged centre table, with its ghostly marble top, had been relieved of wax-flowers under glass, that had adorned this one space for decades of years, and instead a vase of lilacs wafted their fragrance about the room; the family Bible still occupied its accustomed place, with a fuzzy-wuzzy mat between it and the cold marble of the table top. With their backs set grimly against the papered walls, the stiff haircloth chairs, each with a starched crocheted antimicassar clinging tenaciously to it, looked askance at the uninviting sofa that hitherto repelled the visitors at "Three Gables," now held in its deep recesses the mistress of the mansion, and one who had not come there since many a day. The china shepherd and shepherdess on either end of the painted mantel, blinked at the perforated cardboard mottoes over the doors, and in her sombre black frame a maiden clung courageously to the "Rock of Ages," while the raging waves beat mercilessly about her naked feet. Silent stood the old melodeon in a corner of the room, with a book of gospel hymns opened thereon. Seating himself before the instrument Harry struck a few wheezing chords, and then through the discord broke into the "Merry Widow" waltzes, while the yellowed keys groaned in agony.

"That's quite a lively air," tittered Betty Jane; is it a new hymn?"

"No,—it's a new "Her," answered Harry, as the strains floated merrily out of the open window, and set the birds warbling, in the lilac trees. Mrs. Baxter, scarcely believing her ears, crept down by the roadside to make sure that the sounds came from "Three Gables," where the garden blooms spilled their scents, and the tightly closed door with its polished brass knocker gave no hint to the villagers of the most interesting chapter in the love romance of Betty Jane, of "Three Gables."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

**THE EXPIATION
OF JOHN REEDHAM**
BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This thrilling and pathetic story has reached a stage in its serial publication when, for the benefit of our readers who have missed the pleasure of reading its initial chapters, it is desirable, and indeed necessary, to epitomise it up to date, and thence-forward from month to month till its final culmination.

CHAPTER I. Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, then about 44 years of age, and a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co., stands out as the conspicuous figure and the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. The two confront each other; and as the senior partners, Lowther and Currie, hard relentless men, were to return next day, Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice and retribution.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie" and the boy. "Bessie" was his wife, a beautiful and fascinating woman, 34 years old, thoroughly devoted to her husband; and "the boy," whose name was Leslie, was his son, then 14 years old, at school.

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham, whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this dire and disastrous interview.

CHAPTER II. James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham, and in the heat of his inveighing against her husband, Leslie, the son, suddenly enters, and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire. This was the first declaration of the fervent faith of a sanguine boy either that his father was innocent or that he would return and remove the stain on his life by a noble retribution.

From the first, in spite of an apparent kindness and an evident desire for conciliation on Lidgate's part, Leslie evinced a distrust and hostility to Lidgate.

CHAPTERS III and IV. Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his, Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him; but he reveals himself to her, rents a room in the house; and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Ethelreds, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie, his former partner. Archibald Currie is one of the finest types of generous, benevolent, business men; Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Archibald Currie had in his home a young lady, named Katherine Wrede, an orphan, whom he regarded as his ward and who called him Uncle. She at once gets interested in Charlton, and Archibald Currie told her, in taking Charlton, he was "drawing a large cheque on the Bank of Faith." But hearing that even in the intense excitement and indignation at his fall, all loved Reedham, Katherine Wrede said to "her Uncle" that people "don't talk like that about a weak or merely wicked man."

Stephen Currie, a son of James Currie, now appears on the scene and makes love to Katherine Wrede, which she sternly resents.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie, becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence day by day to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

CHAPTERS V. and VI. A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests or boarders. The boy leaves school; takes a position as a book-keeper which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate at this juncture returns from a trip to America. Interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up the mystery. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to consider it his debt and would redeem it." This, too, was the boy's ambition. Noble boy; worthy heart! Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office. Lidgate reveals to Katherine Wrede his love for Mrs. Reedham and declares he would "marry her only he dare not propose such a thing."

Lidgate, while going in to interview Archibald Currie about the boy Leslie, encounters "Thomas Charlton" coming out. No recognition on Lidgate's part. Agony and bloody sweat to Charlton.

Lidgate and Archibald Currie discuss Reedham's strange case, and make conjectures. Katherine Wrede in turn discusses Charlton with her uncle, and affirms a growing trust and confidence in him.

Stephen Currie again appears on the scene, and makes new declarations of love, which Katherine resents.

Richard Turner, the envious employe of Archibald Currie, now begins to display his ferrety instincts, and dogs the steps of Charlton to his humble abode. This is the beginning of a strange revelation, and of the depicting of a class of character very familiar and very revolting. Turner himself was an utter incompetent and was retained by Archibald Currie solely from feelings of charity.

CHAPTER VII. Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie, and placed under the charge of Charlton! Surely at that moment of anguish and trial the latter had fully expiated all the misery he had wrought.

Leslie tells Charlton at their first introduction about his father and reasserts his fervent faith that he will one day vindicate himself.

Charlton tells Mary Ann Webber of his new boy-charge.

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS CHANCE.

Archibald Currie had no partner. Since the death of Abraham Wilett, the original founder of the firm, he had pursued his way alone. It entailed a colossal amount of work upon him, but, as he was fond of saying, it had its compensations. He found the chief one in the fact that he could do absolutely as he liked without consulting or considering others. To a man of his temperament, and somewhat quixotic method of conducting business, this liberty was peculiarly satisfying and welcome. His brother James, though not admitted into his confidence, knew enough of the methods of business at Old Broad street, to be able to describe them as suicidal. Yet in spite of all, Archibald had amassed a considerable fortune, how considerable James did not know. That it must be ample he gathered from the large sums his brother gave to charity, and the lavish conduct generally of his private life. It was a mystery to James Currie, who had no great faith in his elder brother's acumen.

But in this estimate he was entirely wrong. Archibald Currie in business was very keen, and as we have already said, seldom made a mistake in his man. He had gathered a strange crowd of derelicts about him at Old Broad street, but he kept his own hands firmly on the reins. Then he had bound most of them to him in ties of gratitude which nothing but death could break. The life stories of his own staff would in themselves make interesting reading. He was beginning to realise now, however, as age and its accompaniments began to creep upon him, that perhaps he had made a mistake in not having taken a partner earlier in life. He discovered now that while he had many eager and willing servants, there was no one to share the burden that was beginning to press. Now, when he would have slackened off a bit, and

eventually retired, there was no one to take his place. It was a curious position, and an unusual one, for a man of his standing to find himself in.

As he sat at his desk surrounded by the accumulation of the morning's mail, his face wore an unusually harassed look.

It was the African mail day, and the news was disquieting. For a time he was at a loss how to act.

It was now the month of May, and Charlton had been in his employment almost two years. His thoughts naturally turned to Charlton, in a dilemma which he could not for the moment unravel. The natural outcome was to ring the bell and ask that he might come to him at once.

Charlton was now fully established in Old Broad street, and enjoyed his employer's full confidence. On the whole, he was a favourite with the rest of the staff, chiefly because he was very retiring and inoffensive, and gave himself no airs. The only man who hated him and longed to see his discomfiture and disgrace was Richard Turner; that worthy was still biding his time. Charlton entered the private room with the quiet assurance of the man who knows that he is welcome and trusted.

Archibald Currie turned to him kindly, not forgetting to smile, in spite of the worries gnawing at his mind.

"Read that, Charlton, and tell me what you think."

Charlton took the letter and read it through.

"There seems to be a muddle somewhere," he said when he had finished. "A panic among all concerned."

"Panic," that's the word. A regular war fever or scare. They don't seem able to grip the fact that now's their opportunity. You remember I spoke to you in the autumn of last year about going out. You'll have to go now, immediately, as soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready, sir, if you think I am the man."

"There is no one else," said Archibald Currie with a sigh. "And in the last two years I have proved you. Do you know Charlton, that today, for the first time, I realise my sixty-five years."

"You don't look them, sir."

"That's neither here nor there; I feel them, which is the chief thing. I can't face the South African journey and the organization and direction that is needed there. I must leave everything to you, and give you absolute cart blanche."

Charlton's lip slightly quivered, and the blue spectacles suddenly grew dim.

"Sir, it is a great trust you would place in me. I might easily betray you."

"Yes, but you won't," said Archibald Currie with the easy confidence of the man who knows. "How soon can you be ready? This is Thursday. What about Saturday's boat? Would it be possible?"

"Quite; I could go tonight for that matter. I have no ties, I can rise up and walk at any moment."

"It has its advantages," said Currie, but with a scarcely perceptible sigh. "Just get on the telephone to the steamship company and ask them what they can do."

Charlton passed into the outer office, and was absent about five minutes.

"Plenty of berths, Mr. Currie. I will call round at lunch time and settle it," he said when he returned.

"Ah, that's all right. It's a ghastly time of year for South Africa. You'll have to occupy yourself tomorrow or this afternoon in getting a suitable outfit. Go to the proper place and take their advice, and send the bill to me."

"Thank you, I shan't want much. A man who can carry his belongings in his hand scores on occasion, and I can buy what I want in Cape Town."

"A man after my own heart," said Archibald Currie heartily. "You can see for yourself what a little foresight now would mean later on, especially in the event of war. I will give you cart blanche. You must charter steamers, build them, if need be; get everything in

readiness for what may happen, and let us be first in the field."

Charlton nodded understandingly. The prospect of such scope filled him with lively anticipation. The man who is wholly trusted, provided he is capable, can work wonders.

"I grasp the situation fully," he said.

"And when in doubt, cable, cable for all you are worth, never mind the expense; but I don't think you'll be in any doubt. The thing is as plain on the face of it as a pikestaff. We've got to get ready, to be ready for any emergency, and if it doesn't come off, well, we don't lose anything. Try and knock that into them, and steady them a bit, don't you know, that's what they want."

"Yes, sir."

Archibald Currie was silent a moment gazing through the window at the blue sky.

"And Charlton, I need scarcely say that I hope this will be worth your while. Engineer this bit of business successfully and I'll make you a partner when you come back."

"Mr. Currie, that would be impossible! Who am I to have such an honour conferred? It would be too much, sir. I am satisfied with what you have done for me already, as indeed I ought."

"That's all right, my boy," said Archibald Currie affably. "We won't say any more about it. "You'll be six months gone, I should say. When October comes, we'll have another talk. Meanwhile are you disengaged this evening? Come out to Hyde Park Square to dinner, my ward will be pleased to see you, and detached from the routine here, we can go more fully into affairs at Port Elizabeth."

Charlton thanked him, and with a full heart withdrew. His pulses thrilled at the prospect opening out before him. In six months time, perhaps, he would have accomplished that object he had set before him. He would then throw himself on the mercy of Archibald Currie, and face the world a new man. But above and beyond all he would restore his home. God alone knew how hard it had been to play the part in the last six months, how often he had been on the

point of betrayal, especially where the boy was concerned. His only safeguard was to keep away from him as much as possible, to say little, to cut down opportunities for which his whole being longed and craved. But while he had sternly repressed himself in one direction he had encompassed the boy with an atmosphere of loving care. The whole of the office, understanding that young Reedham was Charlton's special protege as well as in special favour with the master himself, seemed to vie with one another in doing him kindness. Leslie Reedham, indeed, found his lines fall in pleasant places, and his happiness shone in his face.

He knew that his heart was warm to Charlton, that each day was brightened and made alive for him by his kind word. And out of the fulness of his heart he had spoken at home. Bessie Reedham was so grateful to the unknown friend who had made the way so easy for her boy, that more than once she had wished to thank him on her own account. But the letter she had often penned in her mind remained unwritten.

In the course of the afternoon when Charlton was out regarding the preparations for his hurried journey, James Currie made a call at Old Broad street. This in itself was so unusual that his brother looked naturally surprised to see him.

"A most unusual honour, Jamie," said he in his most genial mood, feeling the relief consequent upon Charlton's acceptance of the trust offered. "How are you all? It seems ages since we heard anything about Fair Lawn?"

"Well, it isn't our fault. You know you refused my wife's last invitation to dinner," said James Currie rather coldly, for the memory of it rankled.

"Ah, well, I explained that I had practically given up dining out, and it is a long drive to Hampstead. Tell Jane I'll come one of these odd days and make my peace with her."

"Oh, she didn't care, I assure you, but she blamed Miss Wrede. We seem to have lost you altogether since she came to London."

"It isn't that, Jamie, but I'm getting to be an old man, fonder than ever of my own fireside. Tell Jane I'll give a big dinner myself to atone. How's business?"

"Only so-so. We haven't recovered yet, Archibald, from Reedham's disgrace. But of course these persistent rumours from South Africa have a disquieting effect. Have you any letters today from the Cape? I thought I might pop round to inquire whether you had any first-hand information?"

"I think that war is inevitable, James, but whether sooner or later I don't know. I'm sending a representative out, he sails on Saturday."

"Who?" inquired James Currie, interestedly.

"Charlton, you remember the man who has been here about two years. An uncommonly smart chap, and reliable."

"It's a big thing, and you don't know anything about him, practically. Hadn't you better be careful?"

"I think I know my man; anyway, it's all settled and he sails in the Walmer Castle on Saturday."

"Well, I hope it'll turn out all right. I sometimes wish I had asked you to take Stephen in with you. It's a more secure business than the Stock Exchange, and he hasn't the kind of brain for our business. He'd do better handling your kind of business. I suppose it's too late now?"

"I am afraid so," replied Archibald doubtfully. "There's nothing the matter with Stephen's brains, Jamie," he added good-humouredly. "He would probably have used them to better purpose if he hadn't had a father before him."

"He hasn't been indulged too much, excepting perhaps by his mother," replied James Currie in an aggrieved voice. "And he's a good lad without any vices."

"He's too cock sure of himself, Jamie. A little experience of life will make him a better man as it does or should do all of us."

James Currie was silent a moment, uncertain how to proceed. He had come to plead a certain cause with his brother and the opening was not very propitious.

"Fact is, Archie, Stephen's just at the age when a young man is unsettled. Marriage would cure him of the faults you speak of, and after all they're very slight faults. You know without my telling you that he's not been the same chap since he met Miss Wrede."

"I can't help that, Jamie."

"But after all, you're so far responsible, for you introduced her into our circle, where I'm bound to say she's done some harm. Stephen hasn't done a good day's work since he fell in love with her, and if I could see them married now it would be the best thing that could happen. I feel sure, for everybody concerned."

"That's a matter for the young people to settle for themselves," Archibald observed.

"Well, so far, of course, but a little judicious advice or pressure is sometimes of use. Miss Wrede is playing fast and loose with Stephen, and his mother is very angry about it."

"Pardon me, I don't agree with you," said Archibald, a little hotly for him. "I can't see where the fast and loose comes in. They hardly ever meet. She said only the other day she hadn't seen him for over two months. You must allow that isn't very hot love-making."

"Ah, but before that she led him on. Well, we needn't argue about that. I may as well own up that I'm here to-day solely on Stephen's account to ask whether you won't do something to hasten matters. No doubt she means to have him in the end, for of course he's a good-looking chap and a fair match. But her coquetting foreign ways are driving him off the straight, Archie, and I hope you'll put in a word, seeing the mischief has been partly brought about by you."

Archibald Currie straightened himself in his chair, and squared his shoulders. A little angry, he spoke with unusual brusqueness.

"You ask what's impossible. I've spoken to Katherine again and again, and even so far back as the first year she came from Bruges she told me quite plainly she would never marry Stephen. She has never swerved from that, and

I'm afraid that's the answer both Stephen and you will have to take. I'm sorry, but Stephen will have to take his disappointment like a man."

"Well, the lad's ruin may lie at her door," said James Currie gloomily. "He's off his sleep and meat, as the saying is, and as for his work, it's a vanishing quantity. I feel very bitter about this, for Stephen had his chances in more desirable quarters. Robert Bracebridge's daughter would take him tomorrow, and her fortune won't be less than thirty thousand."

"You're blaming me for this, and it isn't just," said Archibald Currie quickly. "I can't do more than say I'm sorry; but, after all, Stephen has to take his chances in the fortunes of war, and he's not the first man who has had to start life on the heels of a personal disappointment."

James Currie rose, somewhat gloomily. He could not gainsay what his brother had said. Archibald's own life story was a case in point; but he was bitterly disappointed and sore all the same, and could not hide it.

"You might have given Stephen the chance to go to South Africa for you. Couldn't he go yet, even with this Charlton? He could be useful in many ways, and I won't charge you his expenses. He'll have to get away somewhere. Do you think it would be any use his coming to Hyde Park-square and trying to get a final answer from Miss Wrede?"

"I think she's given him his final answer, not once, but many times," replied Archibald.

"And about South Africa?" he inquired, as he turned towards the door.

"I have no objection, of course; but the time is very short. Would he be prepared to start on forty-eight hours' notice, or even less. Charlton sails on Saturday afternoon."

The door opened at the moment, and Charlton himself appeared, having returned from his visit to the offices of the steamship company. At sight of James Currie he gave a start, and, with a hastily-muttered apology, turned away. But his principal called him back.

"Come in, Charlton, and be introduced to my brother. I think you have never met."

Charlton had no choice. Accustomed as he was to the exercise of a perfect and colossal self-control, which had become second nature to him, the ordeal was the most searching he had yet been through.

But he did not shrink. He came a little way into the room, thankful that the blinds had been drawn closely down to shut out the glare of the afternoon sun. As Archibald Currie spoke the words of introduction he bowed, but apparently did not see James Currie's only half-offered hand.

James Currie was jealous of Charlton's influence with his brother, and not, as he might have been, happy in the thought that he had found someone he could trust. He had, indeed, no faith in Archibald's judgment of men. There was thus some comedy in their relations one to another.

"I have been telling my brother of your hurried preparation, Charlton," said Archibald Currie pleasantly, "and how willingly you have fallen in with all my arrangements."

"It is a duty as well as a pleasure, sir," replied Charlton in a low voice.

"Will you excuse me now? A man is waiting on the telephone. I merely looked in to say that I have engaged a second-class berth."

"First-class," put in Archibald Currie.

"No, second, it is good enough. The accommodation is first-rate. I'll go now."

He went out by the door rather abruptly, fancying that James Currie had moved to a position where he could better see his face.

"A queer-looking cuss," he observed, as the door closed. "What does he wear those blue goggles for? I could swear he doesn't need them."

"His eyes are weak. He's a good-looking man enough, Jamie. You're prejudiced."

"I could swear he isn't what he seems. There's a furtive uneasiness about him that is suggestive. But I'm not surprised, Archie, knowing what your fads

are. You'll get let in one of these days, perhaps this time, who knows, then perhaps you'll be a little more careful about the scum of the earth."

"Jamie, I wish you'd pick your words," said Archie good-humouredly. "I am certain Charlton's going to score for me this time."

"Well, let's hope so. I shouldn't care for Stephen to go out with that man, and he wouldn't care for it himself."

He took up his hat and they left the room together. As they passed the clerk's desk, Archibald Currie stopped and let his hand fall for a moment with a very kind touch on Leslie Reedham's head. He half paused, as if to speak, and then seeming to think better of it, passed on. But outside he made an announcement which surprised his brother not a little.

"That was John Reedham's boy, Jamie. I would have presented him to you, but I couldn't remember whether you ought to remember him without introduction, and was afraid you might not wish to see him."

"Reedham's boy!" repeated James Currie, stopping in the passage and looking blankly at his brother's face. "Well, upon my word, Archie, what next? You are incorrigible."

"The sins of the fathers," said Archibald musingly. "We needn't visit them on the innocent heads. He's working very steadily, a nice lad, and devoted to his mother. It won't hurt you after all, Jamie, so you needn't glower over it. Give my respects to Jane, and if she'll be at home on Saturday afternoon I'll come up and make my peace after I get Charlton away."

They shook hands, and James Currie passed out. There was no good arguing with Archibald, he told himself, as he proceeded slowly down the street. He would be eccentric and unaccountable, to the last day of his life.

The conversation, however, had upset Archie more than he knew. He left business early, and got home to Hyde Park-square a little after tea. Katherine was at home, and flew to wait on him. Whatever worries met him in the world

of business, the welcome at home never failed.

He told her about the trouble in South Africa, and of Charlton's hurried commission to go at once. She seemed deeply interested; he even fancied as he spoke that a slight shade crossed her face.

"You don't think with James that I am digging my own grave trusting this man so far," he said, as he took his cup of freshly-made and fragrant tea from her hand.

"No, certainly not," she answered, and the tea was spilled, by whose fault neither of them knew. She stooped, and with her handkerchief wiped the stain from his sleeve, apologizing with a faint smile.

"So you think he's all right, Katie, eh? Well, you've seen a good bit of him lately and I must say I'd trust your judgment faster than James'. He's a sort of Ishmaelite with his hand against every man. You never get good service starting on these lines, my dear."

"No, I should say not. Has he been speaking against Mr. Charlton, then?"

"Yes, this afternoon. He thinks he'll make a mess of the Cape business, or perhaps do me altogether. But I'm easy. I like Charlton. He's straight, and there never was a man who worked with such a will. He's a perfect galley slave. He's coming out to dinner tonight, and he sails on Saturday afternoon."

"How long will he be away?"

"Six months probably. I'm sorry to send him out at this season. Some men would have objected. If I'd been ten years younger, Katie, I would have tried to engineer the thing till August or so, and taken you with me. A big change would do us both good."

She made no reply, but he thought her face unusually grave.

"My brother came to me about another matter this afternoon, Katie. Charlton was by the way. He was championing Stephen's cause."

Her colour rose, and he saw her hand clench a little.

"Uncle Archie, it is not kind nor right that I should be pestered like this. Why won't anybody believe, even you, that I have been quite fair and straight with Stephen Currie. I have told him as plain-

ly as any woman can speak that I can't and won't marry him. Will there never be an end of it?"

"Apparently not. He's very much in love."

"But I am not," she said rebelliously. "I shall have to leave London if he keeps on tormenting me like this. I had a letter from him yesterday; I burned it without telling you. I am so tired of it all. Let's go away somewhere where we can't see or hear anything about the James Curries."

Her eyes were full of tears, which surprised Archibald Currie. He could not remember seeing her in tears before.

He was quick enough, however, to enter into her mood, and they drifted into talk of their summer plans, which ended in a project of immediate excursions into the country to look for a suitable home as a permanency. The hours quickly passed, and when Charlton arrived to dine at half-past seven he found Miss Wrede in the drawing-room alone. She was looking extraordinarily handsome, in a diaphanous black robe and no ornaments but a big bunch of roses in her corsage.

"Good-evening," she said, and her voice had never sounded sweeter or more womanly. "Excuse my uncle not being down, will you? He will be here immediately. He came home very tired and worried from the city, and I persuaded him to lie down. He has had a lovely sleep, and feels so much better. So you have a very long journey in prospect? It is good of you to be so willing to relieve my uncle of part of his anxiety. He is very happy about it."

"And I also. It is the chance of a lifetime. He will never understand how much I owe to him," replied Charlton, in a full voice. "I suppose you are aware that he picked me up a derelict and set me on my feet? He has often spoken of my willing service, making far too much of it. You will quickly understand that any service I can render must first of all be a thank-offering."

Her eyes glowed, her sweet, proud mouth trembled a little as she bowed her head.

"I understand that, but nothing will ever make me believe Mr. Charlton, that you became a derelict, as you express it, through any fault of your own."

He straightened himself at these confident womanly words.

"Ah, what a comfort you would be to a man who might aspire to be your friend!" he cried involuntarily. "Your words sink deep into my heart, believe

me, I am unable to justify them, I can only say thank you. It is women like you, and men like Mr. Currie, who help to lessen the woe of the world."

She heard the sound of footsteps in the distance and her uncle's voice.

With a gesture of infinite grace and friendliness she took the bouquet from her bosom and gave him a rose.

(To be continued)

The Test of True Manhood

Frank H. Sweet

TAIN'T no use to pester me any more, Hamp," she broke in suddenly; "you ain't fitten to marry."

"But why ain't I fitten?" he pleaded. "I can lick any man round here, an' you said yourself only yes'day that I was harnsome an' mighty good natured, an'——"

"An' barefoot," she finished scornfully. "Sakes alive, Hamp Paddleford, ye ain't s'posin' I'd marry a man who's got nothin' in this wide world but a runt pig his pap was too lazy to care for. I ain't no ornary Coon Flat girl," and she drew herself up to her full height, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. "'Tain't cause I'm not usen to it," with a proud, comprehensive sweep of her head toward the earthen floor of the cabin. "My pap brought mam here, an' she's been here ever since, with not so much as a new shovelful of mud put on the chimbley that was only finished half way up."

"No, it's all been Coon Flat so fur, but 'tain't goin' into no marryin'. My man's got to have a cabin with a floor to it, an' a cow an' hens, an' shoes for meetin' days——"

"I'll get all of 'em, Posey, every cussed one," he urged. "You know——"

"Yes, I know; mam says pap was goin' to make her a plank floor, but he never did. An' he was big an' strong

an' harnsome, like you. It's jest the Coon Flat way. Now there's Tyke——"

His humility vanished instantly.

"Doggone Tyke!" he snapped. "He's got a cabin with a floor, I know; an' a cow an' hens, an' is dickerin' for a mule; but he ain't got nerve to fight a 'possum. An' he's bow-legged an' squints an' ain't more'n five feet high. If a gal like you is willin' to stand up 'longside of Tyke, then I ain't in the hunt."

She looked at him placidly.

"I ain't sayin' but you're the better favored, Hamp; an' I do like you, an' I ain't 'shamed to tell so," she commented; "but you're twenty-five years old, an' ain't never owned a pair of shoes for meetin' yet. Tyke was here yes'day an' 'lowed to sheer all he's got, an' he's a still in the mountain that'll bring a plenty right along."

"An' what did you say?" sullenly.

Posey laughed a little, then her face grew sober.

"Wall, I run him from the cabin, fust off," she confessed; "but he wouldn't take that answer, an' sneaker back to the door an' begged me to think it over. He said he'd come ag'in to-morrer." She was silent for a few minutes, then threw her head back defiantly, looking squarely into his eyes. "An' I have thunk it over, Hamp Paddleford, an' made up

my mind for good an' all that I won't end my days on no mud floor. That's all the answer I've got."

She looked superb as she stood there in the doorway, and Hamp caught his breath in a half-sob of longing and despair; then he turned and slouched down the path.

Opposite his own cabin he paused hesitatingly. His mother was seated in the doorway with pipe in mouth, ready for a talk. She had seen him with Posey. So he slouched on to the next cabin, to where his particular friend lay sprawled at full length upon the leaves.

"Done seen ye," the friend drawled significantly; "went up the path full swing, an' come back with head droopin'. Hope the brook ain't runnin' over no rocks nor nothin'."

Hamp grunted and threw himself upon the leaves.

"That onary Tyke was hangin' round thar right smart yes'day," the friend continued, reflectively. "Course they's nothin' to it; but gals—"

"He's lottin' to marry her, Sam," Hamp said, listlessly.

"What!" and Sam raised himself to an elbow and looked at his friend queerly. "Tyke carryin' off your gal, an' you lyin' here a-dreamin'. Why don't ye shoot him?"

"What's the use," mournfully. "I would only put me funder away from Posey. You don't understan' her, Sam. She'd say I was too big to jump on a little, sawed-off thing like Tyke—an' she'd be right. Not but what I'd like to shoot him though," vehemently, "jest like I would a skunk or snake. It's all he's fit for, to be shot. But I can't resk hard feelin's with Posey."

Sam dropped back disgustedly.

"Gals are cert'ny queer," he grumbled. "I'm glad I've never got in with none of 'em. The idee of a harnsome critter like Posey sidlin' up to Tyke, when a man like you was makin' eyes at her."

"Oh, 'tain't the man, Sam. Posey likes me well enough; but I ain't no plank floor, nor even a cabin; an' Tyke has both, an' other things. I've never thought much about flowers bein' needed to prance 'round on; but when Posey spoke

like they was, I knew she was right. If Posey'd say everybody ought to wear coats even when 'twas hot, like preachers do, an' that we should have shoes for every day in the week an' I was lookin' in them eyes of hers when she said it, I'd know she was right. Posey ain't like no other Coon Flat girl that ever growed. Why, Sam," earnestly, "if one of them little birds should drop twenty-five dollars right down here on the leaves, I'd be willin' to put every single one of 'em into a plank floor for Posey to walk on."

Sam gave a long, low whistle, and dropping his head back upon his hands gazed thoughtfully at the bits of blue through the interstices of foliage. Ten, fifteen minutes; then he suddenly returned to his position on one elbow.

"You must get Posey the floor, Hamp," he declared.

Hamp merely grunted something about getting his granny.

"But you must," Sam insisted, rising to his feet in earnestness.

"Why, man, you're the one who ought to be shot, not Tyke. I ain't no gal man, but if I was an' had one like Posey, no cussed little floor could come between us. She should have floors till she couldn't rest, if I had to bark my knuckles an' keep my gun barrel red hot to git 'em."

"Tyke's comin' to-morrer," Hamp muttered, rising dejectedly to his feet. "Right to-morrer; an' from the way Posey spoke, there ain't to be no if an' mebbysin'. She'll snap 'yes' or 'no' right out, an' she'll stick to what she says. She won't do no monkeyin'. The only way I can see is to shoot him, an' that would make things wuss. A floored cabin's boun' to cost a plumb heap."

"Yes," agreed Sam, "boun' to. But I've been piecin' the thing out. You know that big hoss farm down in the valley?"

"Hinckle's—yes. But he's done sold out."

"I know, to a whole passle of folks from the North—more'n a hundred families, some say. They're startin' a village an' a whole lot of truck farms to grow stuff for city sellin', an' the hoss

farm is bein' cut up an' divided. But what I've been piecin' out is this: They don't know nothin' 'bout hosses an' are tryin' to sell 'em off, an' the animals are runnin' wild all over the place. Hinckle an' his men have gone away, an' the new folks don't know you an' me from Adam. We'll slip down to-night, an' while you're makin' up to 'em with that smooth way of talkin' you've got, I'il snoop in among the scattered hosses an' run a couple into the bushes. Then you'll jine me, an' we'll git 'em over t'other side the mountain by mornin', to that man Shanks. He'll buy anything at half what it's wuth, an' not ask a question. Tomorrer he'll slip 'em over the line into another State, an' that'll be the end of the matter, only that you an' me will have forty or fifty dollars apiece."

"Bill Todd got caught up with when he tried to run a hoss from Hinckle's last year," said Hamp, thoughtfully. "He's in jail yet."

"That's dif'runt," contemptuously. "Hinckle had a pair of eyes in every fence post on his place; an' besides, you know Bill Todd. A cow could catch up with him. Will you go?"

"Will I go?" Hamp turned suddenly to him with face transfigured; he was another man—his form dilated, his eyes flashing. "Will I go?" he repeated. "Man, I'd go if there was two pair of eyes in every post, an' each pair sightin' me across a gun-barrel. Ain't Tyke comin' for an answer to-morrer? I'd give up 'cause I couldn't see no way; if I could an' 't was to pull down the moon, I'd kick my legs an' arms off a tryin'. You ain't looked in Posey's eyes an' seen what I have. Come."

Sam grinned derisively.

"Been hangin' round Posey 'bout three years, nigh's I can rec'lect," he commented, "an' ain't never had a spurt like this afore, not even a spurt big 'nough to steer ye into a pair of shoes for meetin' days. Reckon Tyke's crossin' the trail has sort of stirred you up. But come on. They's no sort of hurry, for 't ain't noon yet; but I don't reckon ye'd be satisfied to wait now ye've struck a scent."

It was ten miles to the new settle-

ment in the valley; but their long legs made it in a little less than two hours. As they approached the cluster of dwellings that were taking the place of the big barn and stock yards, they noticed what seemed an unusual gathering for even the building of a village. Nor did they hear the sounds of saws and hammers. Instead, nondescript wagons were standing about, with horses hitched to wheels or tailboards; other horses were fastened to the fences, with saddles on, and men were walking about or gathered in groups in earnest conversation. Hamp and Sam paused irresoiutely and looked at each other; then Sam nodded, his face clearing.

"Lecture, of course," he said. "I heered they was goin' to call the neighborhood together to talk over a schoolhouse an' a courthouse, an' to 'lect town officers an' a sheriff, but didn't know when. This is it. Wall," reflectively, "I don't reckon it makes any dif'runce to us. Only 'stead of skulkin' off one side I'll go straight on with you into the crowd. Two more won't make no jar. We'll sidle round an' make friends till 'bout dark, then I'll slip a couple of hosses into the bushes an' tie 'em. Folks won't notice with so much goin' on, an' you makin' yourself conspic'ous all the time. Arter a while I'll come strollin' back unconcerned like an' you an' me'll talk some with everybody and then prance off straight opposite, circling round to the hosses arter dark. That'll prove an al-lerbi in case one's needed. But look yonder."

Hamp turned. A big negro was heading directly toward them, running at full speed. But as he drew near and saw them, he suddenly swerved, sprang over a fence, and sped across the field toward the nearest wood. With a "Somethin's done broke," Hamp cleared the fence at a bound and sped after him. The negro was a large man and a good runner, but Hamp was larger and swifter. At the end of a hundred yards' dash his hand dropped heavily upon the negro's shoulder, swung him round, and began to drag him back to the group of men who had by this time joined Sam.

"Ding me, if that wa'n't the best capture I ever saw," called one of them de-

lightly, as Hamp approached with his prisoner. "A clean jump an' run, an' a clutch like a steel trap. That's the way folks ought to be took. Come to 'lection, I s'pose?"

"Wh, yes, sort of," Hamp acquiesced, "me an' my friend Sam, 'lowed we'd step round an' git 'quainted a little."

"That's right! That's right!" heartily. "We want everybody round to jine in with us an' git law an' conveniences started. We need 'em bad. This black feller's been makin' chicken business pretty brisk lately, but we didn't have any lawful place to shut him up. I've kept him tied in my barn three days, waitin' for 'lection to provide suitable officers an' places. Live near by?"

"Bout ten miles."

"Wall, that's pretty close in a neighborhood like this; but I hope you'll come in closer still. It's a mighty good thing to have a neighbor who can capture criminals in such an easy, off-hand way. Folk'll all be glad to know you. See," smiling and nodding significantly toward a group that was hurrying toward them, "there comes a passle now. S'pose you tell me your name so I can do the talkin'."

Hamp glanced sideways at Sam; but Sam was looking straight ahead and did not appear to see him. Still, in spite of the gravity of his face, he was conscious of a slow, convulsive wink, apparently directed at a turkey buzzard floating in the distance.

"I'm Hamp, for short," he said, answering both the man and the wink; "Hamp Paddleford, altogether. My friend is Sam Pollock. An' we'll be glad to jine in your 'lectin' an' other business. We come down jest to be neighborly."

"Good! good for you!" cried the man, slapping Hamp between the shoulders. "You're the right sort. My name's Thompson—Bill Thompson—an' that's my house right ahead, the big one. Now for the introducin'."

During the next half hour Hamp passed from one group to another, soon establishing himself as an open-hearted, good-natured fellow who was ready to make friends. And his character was saved from undue gentleness by the story

of the negro's capture, which followed him everywhere.

At length a man stood up in a wagon body and began to talk, and the scattered groups closed in about him, Hamp and Sam in the very front. And to all appearance there were none more interested than they in the fate of the school-house and court-house and jail, and in the selection of suitable committees and town officials. But though their hands and voices were always emphatic and conspicuous, they were used in a judicious seconding of the popular sentiment. In time the office of sheriff was reached, and as had been the case with the other offices, it was to be decided upon by the popular and easy method of showing hands. Those of Hamp and Sam had been in the air most of the time; but now when the name of Bill Thompson was called, they rose a little quicker and their voices went a little higher. But as the noise began to subside, Bill Thompson himself was heard speaking.

"Sorry, boys," he said; "but I've got to decline. You know how I'm fixed. Got more work than any two men ought to do; an' you know a sheriff needs time of his own. Get somebody less busy."

There were a few moments of consultation, then someone called "Jake Potter!"

"No, no, boys," came a hoarse voice from somewhere on the other side; "I'm like Bill Thompson, got too much work. Try ag'in."

"Hamp Paddleford!" cried Bill Thompson suddenly. "He's the man we want. Why didn't we think of him before? He caught the negro, an' he's big enough an' quick enough to catch anything. Hamp Paddleford's the man."

"Hamp Paddleford!" "Hamp Paddleford!" "He's the man we want!" yelled the crowd, "Hooray!"

Hamp's hand had gone up instinctively at the first sign of a name being called. Now it dropped abruptly; and he stood there with eyes and mouth wide open, amazed, dazed.

"What's it mean, Sam?" he whispered hoarsely, "Are they foolin'?"

"Shet up, you fool!" Sam snapped. "Don't give yourself away now. No, they ain't foolin'; though you needn't

hold up a hand to vote for yourself. Great snakes! with a low, hilarious chuckle which was wholly lost in the yelling of the voters; "it beats anything I ever heerd of. We'll take a dozen hosses 'stead of jest two. You're to be the sheriff who'll go off in search of yourself. Ho! ho! Bet a dollar you don't catch yourself, Hamp."

But Hamp did not notice, did not even hear. His eyes were still blinking at the crowd, his mouth was still open. He heard vaguely, "I nominate Hamp Paddleford to be sheriff," and a little later, "Hamp Paddleford is voted sheriff, to go in office today!" Then he felt Bill Thompson's hand upon his shoulder, and heard his big bluff voice saying:

"Congratulate you, Paddleford. It's a good job for a man who ain't drove with work—you ain't drove, are you?" anxiously.

"N-no, not very," Hamp answered mechanically.

"Then it's all right," in a relieved voice. "The job'll turn you in seven or eight hundred dollars, mebbe a thousand. And it would be better if you could come and live in our village. It would be handier. Married?"

"No."

"Wants to be, though," Sam grinned.

"Good. Bring her right down—tomorrow if you can. I know a nice little cottage all furnished that can be got. Come to my house first an' let me help you get started."

"But I don't," Hamp began, when Sam nudged him sharply.

When Thompson left he drew Hamp aside. "Look here, man," he expostu-

lated; "don't you go to hintin' nothin' away. It's the biggest plum that ever fell into two men's mouths, an' we can make our cussed fortunes if we only do things on the quiet."

But a new expression had come into Hamp's eyes.

"You 'low it's all straight an' sure," he asked, slowly; "that I am to be the sheriff for good an' all?"

"Course."

Hamp drew a long, deep, wondering breath, a breath which reached down to some germ of honesty and ambition that lay beyond the influence of Coon Flat.

"Then I reckon you'd better give up that hoss stealin' idee," he advised; "'cause if you don't I'll be obleeged to 'rest you."

Sam stared at him.

"Rest me?" he demanded.

"Yes; ain't I sheriff?"

"But you're in it with me, man."

Hamp shook his head gravely.

"Not any more, that way," he answered. "A sheriff has to be plumb-square, an' to look sharp for folks who ain't. Don't let's have any fallin' out, Sam, you an' me; we're too good friends. But there's to be no more buttin' ag'in' the law. Mebbe I can git you a job with me as dep'ty or somethin'. Now let's go back to Posey."

And Posey he saw—

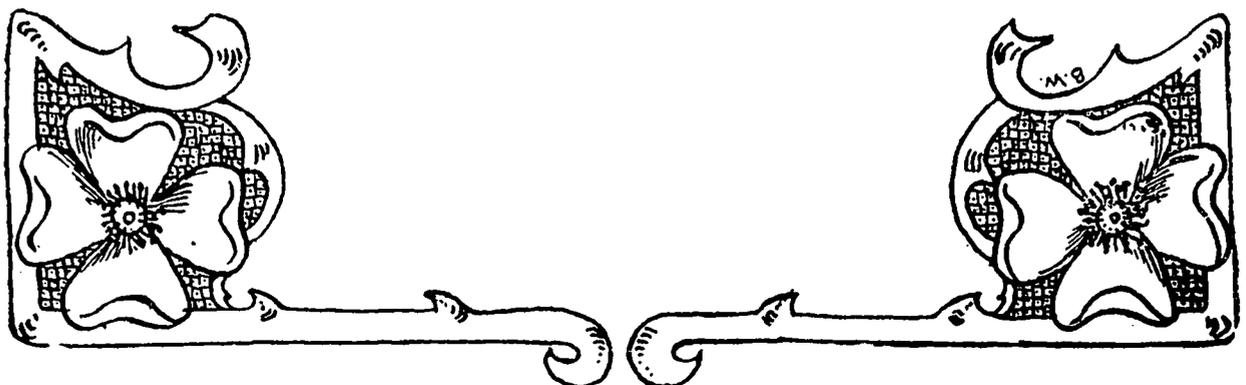
This new limb of the Law;

And with rapture and love, all serene

She heard with delight

Of his fortune that night,

And promised to be his fair Queen.



Legend of the Ghost Canoe

Arthur James Smith

OUT of the night a small voice whispered, and the stream rippled through the darkened glades. Some tiny bird rustled slightly, as a fairy moves, among the leaves, and a stealthy mink glided down the sloping bank with an almost imperceptible sound. All was as silent as only nature in her slumber can be: a dream of stillness, and a magnificent solemnity of quietude. A fish leaped now and then, or a squirrel knocked a little sprig into the stream, with so infinitesimal a sound as to scarce be heard.

Where the stream empties into the broad sea it splashed merrily over bright stones and barred sands: a diamond glinting across the dull eye of night. Occasionally a bird, some nighthawk or belated wild fowl, skimmed over the water, and called to the echoes with its cry. Or a soft wind murmured in the forest, and stirred the leaves. On this island, man had seldom trodden, an Indian from the surrounding tribes only very rarely, and a white man never. In the broad Gulf of Georgia, beneath the moon's pale light, the island is one of a group: gems in a perfect setting by day; and dark patches of mystery and enchantment by night.

Far out upon the waters of the Gulf, in the midst of the shimmering moonlight, a solitary canoe, paddled silently and easily by one occupant, was approaching the island. Like a cloud upon the bosom of a mirror it did glide on and on, effortless, a sprite of the elfin world. Its very motion was silence, yet it was upon the beach, near the stream, and the lone paddler walking to the trees, seemingly in a moment. There she, for it was an Indian maiden garbed in the fashion of a race long gone, but once powerful, remained for a short time.

then emerged, bearing a branch of green shrubbery, and stole silently through the night. Away into the moonbeams and the shadow the canoe swept, and was swallowed in its vastness.

Before the huts of the earliest settlers replaced the forest giants, or their ships were moored to rude log docks, or anchored in the harbours, a tribe had its villages and canoes in those islands that dot the gulf. Now the visitor can see but few traces of those people; they have lived and are now vanished, as the star of morning before the brightness of dawn. For all time have they gone, no more their old men shall sit in council or the young men hunt and fish; they have passed forever, like the child of one's dreams, and the place of their birth knows them no more.

But, where the setting sun trails his long, glorious beams across the burning furnace of a sky, and brightens the barred clouds, these men and women of the Makatawas dwelt by the side of the Gulf. Since the beginning of time, or at least as long ago as the oldest men could remember, they had lived there, and their ancestors had hunted in the nearby forests and fished in the streams. Occasionally the young men from neighboring tribes swept down upon the villages, but they had always been driven back, for the hunters of the Makatawas were brave, and their numbers, in days of prosperity, as thick as the leaves upon the pine groves.

In one of these raids it chanced that Guatilano, the young chief of the invading tribe, was captured, and imprisoned in the central hut of the village. There, pacing proudly up and down in his narrow quarters, with his tall plume sweeping the roof, the youthful chieftain, disdainful and haughty as though presid-

ing at his own council, refused with scorn the advances of his captors. They could not bring him to terms; never, he said, would his ransom be paid by his tribe, and never would they put themselves in the power of the Makatawas to secure his release. Rather would another be named to lead his tribe, and they, furious as the grizzly when disturbed in his lair, would swoop down and destroy the Makatawas, driving them before their band as the winds of early winter blow the scattered leaves. But all his eloquence and pride served only to anger the Makatawas, who, gathered together in a great consultation, told each other, and finally shouted with one voice that the stranger must be tested by the ordeal, must make his way, unaided, across a dreadful canyon, a narrow cleft in the mountain, where, far below, the waters from the gulf had formed a great, deep lagoon. If he could cross safely on a slender trunk of a tree which only the medicine men knew aught of, he might return to his tribe, and no warrior of the Makatawas would dare try to do him harm. But, as they listened to the chief, and watched the stately, impassive Guatilano, the medicine men smiled to each other.

While Guatilano was captive, and listened proudly to the sentence of the tribe, it happened that Wamato, daughter of a powerful medicine man, saw him often and loved, as she had never thought to love this tall chieftain. So, when she heard the chief speak, she, loveliest of the tribe's maidens, crept away into the forest and wept. She alone had spoken to Guatilano, words of love as soft and sweet as the murmur of drowsy wings among the wild flowers, and had looked into the eyes of the warrior, tender when his deep voice told of his love, and had lived her whole life in joy when clasped in those strong arms. That night, which might be the last that would ever fall for him, they whispered together hour after hour, for it would never do to have their words listened to by the warriors who guarded the hut. Then Wamata pleaded with her lover to hand to his captors the emblem of peace, that branch of which told of submission, and which only chiefs and

medicine men knew. It was not yet too late, she urged, to gather the branch, she would bring it, and her father had power enough to accept it in the name of the chief; arguments to which Guatilano listened smiling, but gently waived away. Even the lover had to give way before the pride of the chieftain.

That next morning, long before the sun had thrown his shafts of gold over the gulf, Wamata crept to the dwelling of her father, the medicine man, and woke the seer as gently as the dawn wakes the sleeping skylark. Then she spoke, quietly but passionately, in words inspired by love, and made intense by haste. Her father, listening, realized suddenly that she was, in a few hours, changed from a careless child, to a woman, capable of a woman's love and thoughts, and that all would give place to this—the greatest desire of her life. So he told her, while the light of day crept into the room, of the island upon which the tree of peace grew, and pledged his word to put off the ordeal as long as could be done in the face of the chief and tribe. He, the girl said, was powerful, his word had great weight in councils, for his power was barely second to that of the chief himself. The medicine man, as the words poured forth, smiled with the satisfaction of the flattered, and again promised.

It was sunrise, and Wamata paddled out upon the waters, meeting the beams that the herald of brightness sent dancing across the wavelets, and sending her frail canoe skimming towards an island far distant. It was the goal of her hope, the spot upon which, as her father had said, the branches grew, and there she hoped, even against his will, to find the leaves which would deliver Guatilano from his enemies. On she flew, paddling strongly, and without thought of fatigue, for, in a very few hours, her lover must risk death over that fearful chasm, and every moment was as precious as the sound of his voice when he spoke of love. As the canoe drew nearer and nearer to the island, its speed increased, the paddler's hopes soared, and when Wamata stepped out upon the shelving beach, she ran lightly and gracefully to the forest. There she

was hidden a moment in the foliage, but, bearing a spreading branch of beautiful leaves, soon came out and hurried back to the canoe. Placing the greens in the front of the craft, Wamata stepped in, and, with the sun now high in the heavens, started back to the tribe.

In the meantime the Makatawas had assembled near the canyon, and were impatiently listening while their most powerful medicine man, the father of Wamata, was speaking to them. They were in the act, he pointed out, eloquently, of placing the greatest chief of the northern tribes in danger of his life, a deed that might be fraught with importance to them, might mean a terrible war, slaughter of women and children by avengers as countless in number as the salmon which swarmed up the streams, and the utter extinction of their tribe. Could they know, he asked them, of the young chief's power, or judge the anger of his people? As well expect to pitch their villages in the bottom of the ocean, or carry away the mountains. And so the medicine man spoke with them, but they were loth to listen, and the young men smiled scornfully when the tribes of their captive were mentioned. Had they not captured him in open warfare, and were they not entitled to do with him as they saw fit? Assuredly they could think for themselves. They were not children, or women, and the time for the trial was already past. Even as the medicine man spoke, there was a commotion in the crowd, and Guatilano, as proud and tall as when he led his own warriors, was taken to the front. He looked neither to right nor left, nor did he gaze at the chasm, but scorn curled his thin lips, and there was no trace of emotion on his fine face. Still the orator pleaded his cause, but suddenly a roar burst from the assemblage, and it was evident that the warriors of the Makatawas would wait no longer.

The cleft was three times the width of an active man's leap, and so deep that the waters at the bottom could scarce be seen. A truly dreadful place, and one in which the souls of departed members of the Makatawas, denied the bliss of the happy hunting ground, were con-

demned to mingle forever with evil spirits. Brave indeed would the warrior be who dared paddle in that lagoon after nightfall. A tree, slender and pliant, had been thrown over it, and Guatilano was brought to the brink. Without any sign of weakness he, the descendant of a thousand chiefs, stood for one moment, then stepped on the narrow bridge. As a young forest giant is erect, so was Guatilano at that minute, and not a sound could be heard as he walked out on the bending trunk. It shook beneath him, but he walked on; the watchers eyed each other in wonder, for it seemed as though the chief would cross the terrible height. Then a fierce shout of joy broke forth; the tree cracked suddenly, but still Guatilano, not hastening in the least, strode on. Again the Makatawas looked at their council and each other. Had the medicine men, for the first time, failed them? Once more the yell of fiendish delight shook the hills, and rang in the forests, for the tree snapped, and Guatilano, disdaining to utter a sound or clutch at the precipice, fell down, as a meteor falls and was swallowed up in the black waters of the lagoon.

All this time no one had noticed a canoe, away out upon the gulf, rushing through the water, and paddled by a girl, whose strength was wonderful. Beneath her vigorous strokes the paddle bent, the waters swirled, and the canoe swept along. Where she was, the occupant of the canoe heard a dull roar, one that caused her to strain her eyes into the distance, and redouble her efforts. Soon after came a cry, more distinct, of many fierce voices, and Wamata threw all her strength into the paddle strokes. Fear clutched at her heart, fear for the tall chief, whose plume had swept the top of his hut, and the canoe sprang ahead faster than ever. She was coming near, and presently could see her lover step to the edge of the precipice; a terrible cry escaped her, and she watched, fascinated, and dumb, the last scene.

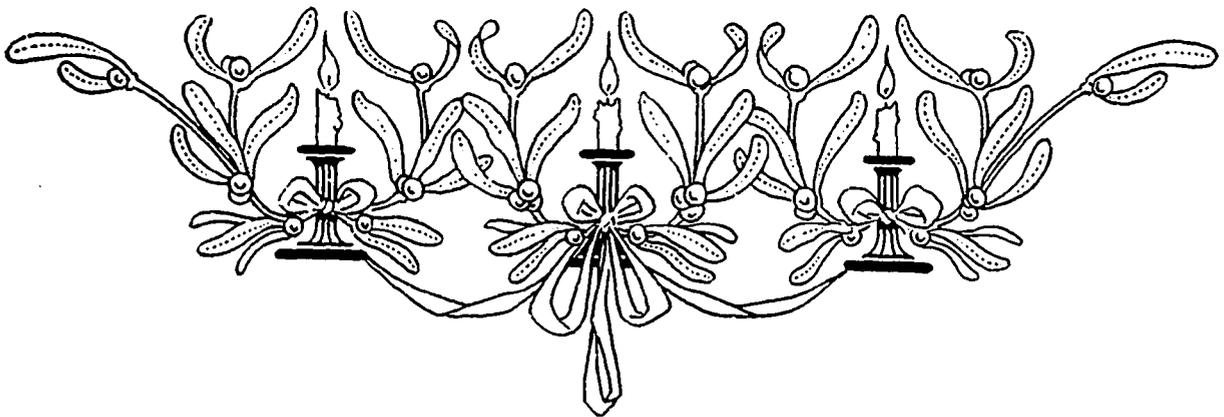
As in a stupor Wamata drove her canoe forward, paddled to the village of her fathers, and stepped out upon the

beach like one who treads for the first time upon a strange world. She saw the pebbles upon the sand, and heard the water lapping in the rocks, but all was unreal as a dream that has passed. Up the winding path to the dwellings she walked, still carrying her branch, and presently reached the tribe, but scarcely heard the shout, of amazement, and almost fear, that they raised when their eyes fell upon the branch. Her father's voice, trembling as he saw the girl, came to her ears like that of a spirit, something intangible, and for a time she could not realize what was meant by their cries. Then she knew; her mind grasped the meaning of these leaves, carried by the messenger of one tribe to the chief of a rival, and the stupor dropped from her. Walking, unhindered, to the cleft, the girl turned upon them all, holding the branch on high, and suddenly broke it in two pieces. The cry came again from the tribe, and the warriors seized their weapons. That action could mean but one thing: war to the death and the end of all time; war without mercy or truce. Even as they called, Wamata, with the young chief's name upon her lips, dying away as the nightingale's at dawn, turned suddenly and cast herself from the cliff to the dark waters, and Guatilano's soul was called

in a voice as clear as the tone of a silver bell, waited from the clouds.

It is always night now, in the chasm, dark and fearsome, and the tribes hear strange sounds from the lagoon, and see weird lights far below. Then there is a cry that comes from the depths, the note, apparently, of some silvery throated bird, calling to its mate. But the tribes know that this is from the throat of no bird ever placed in mortal forest, or seen by man. They know that it is Wamata's voice; that she is calling to her lover, Guatilano, the plumed chief, and that they have met in a realm where they can love as the purest souls love, and know no care of war and trouble. Every night, old men say, as their fathers said before them, Wamata, in a shadowy canoe, leaves, the lagoon and paddles out upon the Gulf, straight into the moonlight.

Hours pass, and she returns, moving swiftly, with a branch in the canoe, and disappears into the lagoon, whence no man has ever followed. And until the end of time none shall ever enter on those nights, but all may stand enthralled upon the cliff, or float about in dainty craft, and hear Wamata call to her lover; listen to a cry so pure and sweet that it seems the ethereal world has yielded to the pleading of mortals, and opened its gates to let the singing of angels sweep to the ears of the earthly throng.



A Term of Exile Shortened

J. H. Grant

ONE long red ray of sunlight bored its way through the cloudy pillars of the western horizon, and stretching across the broad, brown prairies silhouetted, for a moment, the figures of two travellers. They rode closely side by side, ever and anon glancing anxiously about as though they feared some sudden appearance; impossible as such might seem upon that level waste.

At length, one of the two, a dark, slender youth of some eighteen years, began to gather up his bridle rein.

"I shall go now, Sis," he said, "you have only a few miles more; you won't be afraid. It will soon be dark and I have yet twenty good miles to make before I get back to Hargreave's ranch. Besides," he added in a lower tone, "if Father happens along and sees you riding with me, he's likely to treat you badly."

"Come home with me, Harry," pleaded his companion, her eyes full of tears and her voice pregnant with emotion, "Father may not mind and oh, Harry! I'm so lonely there, without you."

"I can't Sis," said her brother tenderly, but firmly, "I miss you too, God knows, and I often long for home; but he called me a coward and struck me, and ordered me away, all because I refused to drive Jameson's cattle to the pound. Jameson's a good fellow and his cattle were not doing any harm." The boy's eyes flashed and his dark cheek flushed, as he brought his horse to a standstill. His sister glanced fondly toward him. She knew that it was chiefly on her account that Harry had refused to do Frank Jameson an injury and she also knew that it was because of her, that her father had desired the injury done.

"Harry," she wailed, in alarm, as she saw him about to wheel his horse west-

ward, "Harry, if you love me, do come home with me, I'm—I'm fri-frightened," she added shudderingly, as she stared into the gathering shadows and crowded her pony close to his. "I don't know what it is," she half whispered, "but it's something awful and it's going to happen to me tonight. You must protect me Harry, you must."

"What are you frightened of Sis?" "This isn't like you at all," reasoned Harry, but, as he caught a glimpse of his sister's blanched cheek he ceased to speak and rode quietly by her side. What had come over the girl, he could not imagine. He thought it must be a momentary attack of nervousness, still it troubled him in a vague sort of way.

"I'll come home with you, Dear," he said, soothingly, after a time, "but I won't stay. I went when he told me, and I'll come back when he asks me; not a minute sooner."

"Then you'll stay away a d——d long time," said a gruff voice close by. "Get to H—I out of here. You're no son of mine, you cowardly pup."

"Helen," said the new arrival, turning suddenly upon the trembling girl, "did I not forbid you to speak to that disobedient whelp? Now I'll give you one more chance. Come home out of this at once."

"Oh, Father ——," began the girl, but she got no further. There was a rush, a scurry of flying feet and a coyote sped by, savagely pursued by two great wolfhounds. Helen's pony, trained to hunt, gave one joyous snort, and in spite of the girl's frantic efforts to restrain him, dashed madly after the hounds. The father apparently glad of a channel in which to vent his feelings, gave rein to his willing horse and followed recklessly. Harry with difficulty curbed his broncho

and gazed anxiously after the retreating figures. Suddenly his face paled; he dashed the spurs into his horse and tore frantically after his father and sister.

"Catch her rein father," he screamed from a dry, tightened throat. "She's going straight into the 'Devil's Bath.'"

Already the father had seen the danger. A few rods ahead the dogs and their prey were skirting the very edge of that awful hole, shunned alike by every man and beast of the plains. He saw the devilish glare of its alkaline surface, and in his terror fancied he beheld, floating above, the gauzey form of the unfortunate settler, whose body together with his wagon and ox-team lay somewhere in the unknown depths.

"Hold tight Helen," he fairly shrieked, as he spurred his horse and clutched desperately at the bridle rein. The little broncho was too quick for him. It sped onward and the larger horse lost ground. Under ordinary circumstances the wise little animal could not have been forced within rods of the dangerous pool, but in his excitement he followed close to the trail of the dogs. Onward he galloped, apparently unaware of the treacherous turf that rimmed the pool and was ever ready to precipitate the unwary into the terrible waters. The men could do nothing but look on in helpless terror.

Suddenly there was a startled snort, the broncho threw himself on his haunches and veered sharply to the right. The rear girth snapped like a ribbon and the girl was projected into the air, as from a catapult. A smothered splash, a gurgle and the thick waters closed above her. Her father rushed to the sagging bank, his face ashy pale and his eyes bulging from their sockets with superstitious fear.

"She's gone, she's gone," he wailed as he waved his arms hysterically, "no creature ever returns from those waters."

"What?" he shrieked, as Harry strode silently by him, "Stop," he cried again in anguish, as he fumbled feebly for his son's collar. The youth thrust him aside, as though he had been a mere grass hopper.

"I'm going too, father," he said quietly. Another splash, a few sluggish wrinkles and both brother and sister were hidden in the slimy depths.

A little distance off the snarling and snapping of the dogs told that they had come up with their prey. From somewhere near came the sound of galloping hoofs and the clatter of empty stirrups.

A few wild ducks whistled hurriedly by, on their strong wings and the sheen of the stagnant waters glimmered dimly in the dusk of the evening. For one moment the distracted father gazed in silence, then with a long, despairing, wail, he threw himself on the ground.

"My children, my children," he moaned. "Come back; come back, just for a moment; one moment to say you'll forgive me."

A heavy splash brought him to his feet in an instant and he saw a large section of the spongy bank disappear in the water. What had pulled it from its position?

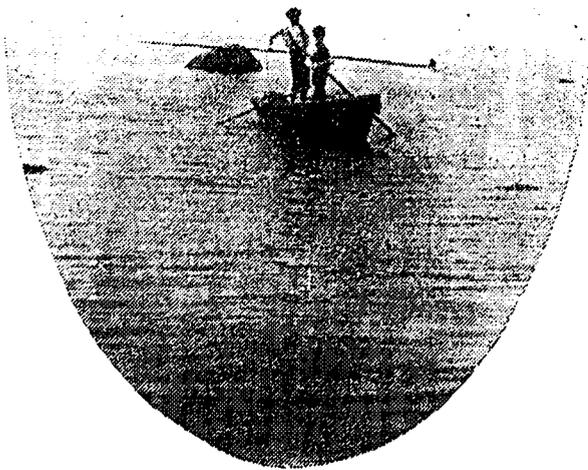
In a few seconds Harry and his sister were safe upon the bank. The youth soon rid himself of the poisonous waters, but it took some time to revive his sister. When at last she was able to sit up and talk the father rose slowly to his feet.

"My son," he said, looking into Harry's pale face, "I have misjudged you. You are the bravest boy on Plum Creek Plains. Can you forgive me and come back home?"

"Yes, Father," answered the youth promptly, and Helen, who was listening, rose joyously and kissed them each in turn.

How Young Hunters and Fishers are Reared

Bonnycastle Dale



DURING a year's Natural History work on the shores of the Pacific, while my assistant Fritz and I did a thousand-mile pedestrian trip in the slowest time on record, we came across many an isolated little home in cove or inlet, on the banks of some tiny river, or on some almost barren desolate island. Here in these human "nests"—sometimes mere huts of "beach-combers" work—we found the young of this always interesting family—Man—being reared to make a living from the ocean and the forest.

It will interest the boy readers to know that some of these little chaps could teach many a wise man when the

subject on hand was the birds and beasts and fishes that inhabit this climate-blessed region. Fritz and I were paddling—we do part of our pedestrian trips in a canoe—along the tide-flats formed by the estuary of a small mountain stream, on all sides rose the red trap rock, diorite, a copper-bearing rock, forming a range of high rough hills, rude in form but magnificent in their colouring; bright green firs on copper and iron stained red rocks. The sea water of this inlet was discoloured to almost a milky white by the tiny, innumerable millions, of lately born atoms, too small to be observed by the magnifying glasses we carried. All about us rose the snow-capped mountain ranges of Washington and British Columbia. Outside this sheltered inlet ran the great Straits of Juan de Fuca. Here all was silence and peace—"Bang"—"Bang"—the echoes of those two gunshots poured forth in two steady roars from an opposite bay, and were caught and torn by the hills and valleys; until a volley re-echoed from all sides. Instantly Fritz's paddle was stuck angling ahead—slanting out from the bow—the canoe followed its guidance and away we darted across the now silent inlet.

Ahead in a little bay, where the sun had not yet dispelled the shadows of this hilly country, were two young lads struggling with a large bald-headed eagle. The elder boy in his eagerness to secure the big bird got too close and had his hand badly torn by the sharp claws of this bird of prey.

"He just killed a brant, it couldn't dive nor fly fast enough an' he caught it," said the younger of the pair, a lad of twelve. No wonder the eagle wanted the brant, for of all the web-footed game



birds that fly this smallest bird of the goose family is the best eating, its very inability to dive prevents it getting at the shell fish and lower orders of marine zoology and saves its flesh from that awful taste, half fowl, half fish, that so many of the ocean wild fowl are spoiled by. The elder lad told us how these bald-headed eagles preyed on the ospreys, diving at the great fish hawk as soon as it rose with a freshly caught salmon, and with crest erect and big yellow eyes flashing, great hooked bill and sharp claws threatening, "bluffed" the osprey into dropping its prey. We had several times been witness of these one-sided fights and had greatly admired the dexterity with which the eagle scooped up the fish from the water without wetting even its tibia—the feathered covering of the legs. We also saw one of these excellent flying birds leave the half-finished circle it was leisurely floating in, dart from it as an arrow from the bow, and with a rushing sound—as though a great spurt of flame was leaping through the air—fall twice the height of the great red (?) fir trees, its wings now

screeching with the speed of its plunge—and catch in expert claw a truly beautiful cock pheasant that had vainly tried to cross the inlet.

Later in the fall we have seen the elder of these lads step ashore from the canoe with many a dead pied grieve, so when you see those neat little turbans, and those dressy white feather muffs and hat crowns and sets of glistening grieve "furs", you can remember that the young hunters of the Pacific Coast have their share in the forming.

Once while toiling afoot along Puget Sound, where there was water enough goodness knows "but not a drop to drink," we came upon a "beachcomber's" shanty. It was roofed with the cabin top of some ill-fated steamer; its windows were portholes, its door was half a hatchway, and while we noted the splintered bulwark that formed the doorstep, the owner—a big yellow-whiskered Swede—showed us an unbroken electric light bulb that came floating ashore uninjured, even the incandescent filmy wire was intact, during the same storm that splintered the heavy oak bulwark. Wrestling a precarious living from old ocean this hardy northman also educated his two lads to a like uncertain livelihood—alas, the little yellow haired mother had not weathered the first winter in this shack of divers winds and drafts, and even her grave spot was now lost under the shifting sands that swept up from beach to lagoon. We watched the two little chaps, miniature northmen both of them, deftly catching crabs at low tide. While the younger lad propelled the big unweildy, flat-bottomed fishing boat, the big boy dipped up edible blue crabs that in the coast city markets sold for twenty-five cents apiece, all these boys got as their share was five cents a crab, and noting the weight of the boat and the size of the wee lads—one was seven and the other eleven, and comparing it all with the strength of the surf and the force of the heavy tide rips that run on these coasts, we wondered if the education of the lads would ever be completed. However, we entered the shack and had a very welcome drink of pure spring water, water taken from a spring that



ebbed on the shore and could only be procured at low tide, as it actually rose fresh into the sea. On the table was the dirtiest and greasiest pack of cards it had ever been my misfortune to see. Neither the lad nor I nor the Gordon setter, Daisy, had eaten a bite since sunrise—and would not for ten miles yet if we could not buy some sort of food from this lonely cabin. While the Swede was showing us a wonderful heap of flotsam and jetsam he had piled up on the sands I suddenly missed the dog, and running back to the cabin, I found that she had eaten the best part of that lamentable pack of cards; there she sat, with a foolish smile on her black face and the half-eaten ace of hearts protruding from her mouth. We procured better food for the setter and some for ourselves, and later, were able to replace the cards with a new and cleaner lot. "Oh I miss dot solitary so much," the Swede told me. Poor man it was superstitious to play solitaire there.

Now the millions of salmon that seek this long Pacific Coast to spawn and die, for remember that every salmon of this family reaches its four years old maturity only, unless caught by Indian or white man in their many contrivances, to starve itself for three months or more,

so that the bodily cavity is filled with the six thousand eggs of the female and the two big milt bags of the male, and then, after swimming as much as fifteen hundred miles up some fresh water river, until it is torn and ragged and sore, to deposit the eggs and milt and then die, Fritz and I have seen so many on the bank of a river that we fled from the awful place as the odor was unbearable.

These salmon provide great sport and make some money for these little chaps in these isolated places. We sat and watched a little Indian lad, a dusky boy of not more than ten, cleverly spearing big salmon out of one of the pools above a riffle in a mountain river; he threw the long cedar pole—tipped with a rude barbed point, usually a great fish hook straightened out—with much skill, throwing it ahead of a darting fish much as we shoot ahead of a flying bird; he steadily drew out plunging dog salmon and coho salmon, fish weighing from six to twelve pounds, until he had as many as he thought his younger brother and he could "la-pesh ne wah," that is the way he said it in Chinook; he meant "carry on his fishing stick." The way he did it was to pass the end of his cedar pole through the gills of the salmon and half drag, half float them, up the stream



to the little fir pole sided, cedar shake covered, structure they called home.

You must not think I quoted the genuine coast Indians' native tongue in those two Chinook words, for Chinook is a jargon of English, French and Spanish words, oft mispronounced and misspelled, mingled with a few of the native words of the tribes, they use this jargon speaking with the white man and with other tribes, but each tribe has its own language full of strange clicking sounds.

Well those little lads could gather in fifty pounds of half-spent, half-spawned salmon every day—they call them "sammon," so closely does the Chinook copy the intruders' tongues. These fish were split down the belly—not much time was spent in cleaning them—then they were smoked and hung away for future use. No doubt this is one of the causes of the heavy death rate of the Indians; fully half of the people have died off in the last fifty years and whole tribes have disappeared, leaving not a trace or tale behind. These starved salmon, after struggling up these rivers, are slime covered, fungus covered, with tails stripped of flesh and skin and the very bones exposed from contact with the rocks. They are unhealthy food, imper-

fectly cleaned, often not smoked sufficiently to in part manner cook them, often eaten thus half raw. Also the exposure consequent on catching them would kill a whole vilage of white boys. Day after day we studied the salmon for three months on this stream. We saw these little brown lads wet to the hips; they waded in boots and stockings and knee pants unheeded, and were wet all day and all week. Often I have urged them to dry themselves at our lunch fire; they seemed to think this a very needless thing and sat steaming and sweating there in their soaking clothes. Poor chaps, if they do live to grow up, and then follow the usual calling, the seal hunting, they meet a speedy end when some day the schooner disappears in the thick fog or else, as one young lad just returned from Behring sea told me "Sol-liko-chuck, keel; a-pie, cosho Siwash," literally, rough sea, upset,—then he graphically turned his finger down, meaning that the Siwash went to join cosho, the seal.

The little white boys on these rivers are expert in catching and landing a salmon. In fact their lives are so intermingled with the birds and beasts and fishes that, later, when they grow up, they make the best men obtainable for

the great fish trap industries, timber "cruisers," guides for tourist when in search of big game.

They are little adepts with the steel traps, and as the mink and marten, the coon and land otter are plentiful, they have plenty of field practice until the time they are big enough to set the larger traps for bear, lynx, beaver and that universal, but harmless to man, animal, the Puma, commonly called the panther. This Island of Vancouver has plenty of them, as well as many wolves. The boys have myriad attractions, alas many of them have no chance to get schooling, remember I am speaking of the most lonely isolated cases, for in all settlements we find excellent schools. So the deer, and the bear tempt their rifles, the trout are waiting in every

deep pool beside the bank for the worm baited hook so miraculously dropping from the alders above, the big edible crabs are waiting on the sands at the river's mouth, the ring-necked pheasants are crowing in the woods as if a whole barnyard of game cocks had escaped; the quail are feeding on every trail; the willow grouse, our old friend the ruffed grouse, whirr from many a cover; the wild ducks and geese and brant, the plover and snipe and turnstones cover bay and pebbly beach and spit, and the little lad grows into a big, healthy hunter or fisher, untroubled by the ills and worries some of the city bred, well educated lads, must of necessity meet in this life, where brotherly love and self-sacrifice are better than mere animal enjoyment.



"Step ashore from the canoe with many a dead Pied Griebe."



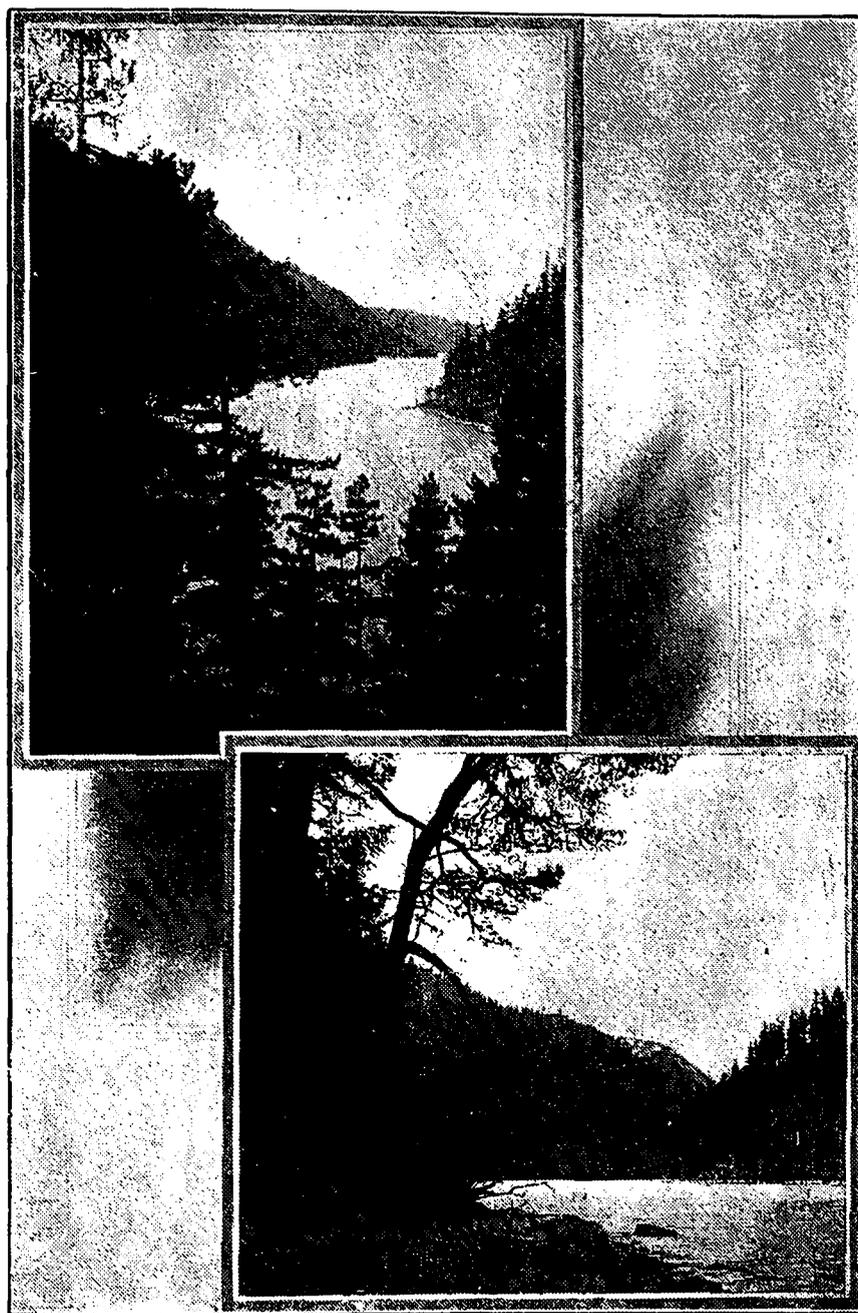
The Game Fishes of British Columbia

By John Pease Babcock,
Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province.

IT is the purpose of this short paper to tell of the game fishes of the Province of British Columbia. It is not intended to be exhaustive. Fishermen seeking any more detail than is contained herein, or maps of the Province, are requested to write to the Bureau of Information of the Provincial Government, Victoria, B.C.

British Columbia having a coast line of over 7,000 miles, being the source of the Columbia, Fraser, Thompson, Kootenay, Skeena, and many other large but less known rivers, containing fresh water lakes of great extent, like the Kootenay, Okanagan, Quesnel, Shuswap

and the Harrison, besides thousands of lesser lakes, it is not surprising that she should stand at the head of the Provinces of Canada in the wealth of her game fishes. The salmon products of the Province alone amount to from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per year. Upwards of 33,000,000 of salmon that were bred in her waters were captured in 1905. Two of her five species of salmon may be taken with troll or fly. The fresh waters of the interior of British Columbia teem with the only true trout indigenous to the waters of Canada. Her game fishes comprise two species of salmon, several species of trout and two



charr, one of which is not indigenous to Eastern Canada. Of the salmon, only two—the “Spring” and the “Coho”—are of particular interest to anglers, because the other three species cannot be taken with any lure. The Spring or Tyee salmon of the Province is the largest and gamest of the salmon family. It is the one known in Oregon as the “Chinook” or the “Columbia,” in California as the “Quinnat,” and in Alaska as the “King” or “Tyee.” It freely takes the troll in fresh or salt water, and occasionally rises to an artificial fly. Sir Wm. Musgrave killed a specimen with rod and line at the mouth of Campbell River in September, 1897, that weighed 70 pounds, and measured 4 feet 3 inches in

length. A plaster cast of this magnificent fish may be seen in the Provincial Museum in Victoria.

A great many of these powerful salmon, weighing from a few pounds to sixty odd, are taken every year by anglers in the salt water reaches from Victoria to the waters at the extreme northern end of Vancouver Island and all along the coast of the Mainland. More are taken in the vicinity of Victoria, Vancouver, Cowichan Bay and the mouth of Campbell River, because they are more fished for. At some seasons of the year they may be taken in every estuary and at the mouth of almost every river in the Province. The best months are from July to November. At many

points on the Coast of Vancouver Island they are taken as early as February. The Indians of the west coast, during the early spring, keep the markets of Victoria and Vancouver well supplied with these big fish, which they catch with hook and line. During the greater portion of the year the fresh fish trade of the two cities named is supplied with both Spring and Coho salmon caught with hook and line. The latter are more numerous than the former, and while of smaller size, generally, are just as game. Indeed, many anglers consider the Coho more game than the Spring salmon.

It is often stated that the Pacific salmon do not take a fly, but having caught both the Spring and Coho salmon in the Province with a fly, the writer feels justified in denying this statement. Trolling with rod and line in fresh and salt waters is, however, the favourite method in use amongst anglers for catching salmon in the Province. Few anglers appear to have sufficient patience to try for salmon with a fly, possibly because trolling produces many more fish with much less effort. I have no doubt that the same amount of energy and persistence one sees displayed on Eastern Canadian, English and Scotch salmon rivers, by anglers who have to depend upon the fly to take the fish, would raise an equal number of salmon in the estuaries and rivers of British Columbia. One familiar with bait-casting methods wonders that it is not more practised in the waters of the Province, as it is an easy matter to place one's boat or canoe in waters where the salmon are breaching with great frequency, and where a spoon can easily be placed within their sight.

The water best known and frequented for the capture of large Spring or "Tyee" salmon is at the mouth of Campbell River, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, just south of Seymour Narrows and north of Cape Mudge, where, in July and August, one may see anglers from every clime hunting for record fish. Like most other coast points, one may reach this place by steamers either from Vancouver or Victoria, though many go there and to other points along the coast

in their own yachts. Campbell River holds the record for big fish, but for numbers one may do as well at many other points along the coast. That large expanse of water which lies to the north of Vancouver Island is seldom fished by anglers, though rivers that there empty into the sea are all salmon rivers, some of which produce as many Spring and Coho salmon as the mighty Fraser itself. On the Mainland, the Harrison River, above the City of Vancouver, is the most accessible and productive water for those who desire to take salmon with a fly. Very few Spring salmon are there taken by that method, but one may take a good many Coho in October and even as late as November.

The trout of British Columbia comprise most of the recognised varieties of the Pacific Coast, though varying greatly in colouring and markings; and because of these and other slight modifications present many difficulties to the ichthyologist, so that it is not surprising that the fisherman finds it difficult to determine just which variety of trout he is catching; but, notwithstanding the doubts he may have upon that score, he will never be in doubt as to the game qualities of whatever variety of trout he may be engaged with in the waters of the Province.

The steel-head trout of the Province more closely resembles in habit, form and colour the salmon of Europe than any other fish found in the Pacific. By a few writers the steel-head in many sections is still classed as a Pacific salmon. It, like the Pacific salmon, is generally anadromous and spawns only in fresh water; but, unlike the Pacific salmon, it survives spawning and returns to the sea, where it remains until it again comes into fresh water to spawn. In the Kootenay and Okanagan Lakes the steel-head variety is very common, and does not go to salt water at all. Specimens of the steel-head taken from salt water are commonly seen in the markets of Vancouver and Victoria during the winter and spring months. They run from four to twenty pounds in weight, though occasional specimens weighing as high as thirty-two pounds

have been taken. As a game fish, many anglers, including the writer, consider the steel-head the gamest fish taken in fresh waters.

The numerous varieties of trout found in the upper tributaries of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, and in the great lakes and streams that belong to the Columbia watershed, within the Province, are not easily distinguished one from another. As already stated, the large specimens taken from the great lakes, in technical character, follow very closely the sea run of the steel-head; yet one also finds specimens with the well-known markings of the cut-throat and rainbow varieties. Because of the many differences in colour, form and habit, they are given many names, and offer a productive field for the student who delights in fine differentiations.

In addition to the salmon and trout which abound in our waters, there are two species of the charr that afford both sport and food. Of these the most common is the "Dolly arden" or "Bull Trout" (*Salvelinus malma*). It is found in most streams and lakes on the Mainland, and also in tidewater, and ranges in weight from a few ounces up to thirty pounds. Specimens in excess of two pounds in weight are seldom taken with a fly. The adults freely take any style of spoon. The other charr (*namay cush*), the trout of Lakes Superior and Michigan, is not common south of the fifty-second parallel, and, so far, has not been found in any waters on Vancouver Island or in salt water. Only the very young are taken with a fly. They are plentiful in Quesnel and other northern lakes, are not such fierce fighters as the steel-head and other trout, but are one of the best, if not the best, fresh water table fish in the Province.

Returning to the trout of the Province, the writer does not know of any lake or stream within its boundaries from which the angler may not at some season of the year fill the largest of creels in a day's fishing. In many of the smaller coast rivers and streams the season is limited to a few weeks in the spring, and again in the fall after the first heavy rains, though an expert angler may succeed

at any time in taking a few big ones from any of the large streams. On the larger rivers and lakes of the interior the seasons vary somewhat, depending chiefly upon the spring and early summer freshets. Either just before or just after high water is considered the best season for angling the streams; very few of the lake-feeding streams can be successfully fished during high water. In the big lakes, like the Kootenay, the best trolling is to be had in June and July. The great Okanagan Lake often affords rare sport during the winter months to the angler who wants big fish.

Fly fishing in the big lakes, at the mouths of tributary streams, is usually at its best during the period of high water, and as soon as the warm weather brings the flies out in the early spring. Nothing easier than fishing from a boat at the mouths of the tributary streams of Kootenay Lake—such as Fry Creek, near Kaslo,—can be imagined. As one writer well expressed it, "It's a fat man's game and too easy." Considering the sport to be had at the mouths of the tributary streams of the Kootenay, Okanagan and Shuswap Lakes, it is to be wondered at that so few anglers are to be found there during the fishing season.

Most of the fishing waters of the Province are easily accessible by steamer, rail or stage. The wagon roads and trails of the Province are exceptionally good. Even the practically unfished waters of the Cassiar and Cariboo districts are within easy distance to the man of leisure who wishes first-class sport on the unfrequented water-ways of a healthy and wonderfully beautiful country.

Along the coast line, and on its streams, the Indians with their wonderful canoes, hewn from great cedar and spruce trees, are always available. Boats of every description are obtainable on the main waterways and large lakes. Even most of the small lakes that are so numerous in the hills and mountains in every section have boats or craft of some description suitable for fishing. One intending to make an extended trip through the northern waters of the Province should be provided with a canvas

boat. In most districts of the Province anglers will find good hotel accommodation accessible to the fishing waters.

To the canoeist, the rivers of the Province, with their chains of great and small lakes and connecting channels, afford the best and most attractive opportunities for sport of any part of the west. From Cowichan Lake down the twenty odd miles of the Cowichan River to tide-water, as well as the hundreds of miles of the Fraser, Skeena, Kootenay and Columbia Rivers, the most cautious as well as the most daring boatmen will find rivers to their taste, upon which they may journey for days amidst scenery unsurpassed, and where fish and game abound. Since Simon Fraser, a century ago, made his famous canoe journey of discovery through the mighty canyons of that great river which now bears his name, adventurers, woodsmen and prospectors have traversed most of the waterways of British Columbia, but to the man with a rod, a camera, or a pencil and paper, these rugged highways are, many of them, unknown. Many of the coast rivers, such as the Cowichan and the Ninkish, afford safe and delightful waterways, where one may journey through forests and canyons where nature is yet seen in her pristine beauty, for much of the way; where the fish rise eagerly to your flies; where deer look down from the high rocks on the banks, and where neither troublesome flies, snakes nor poisonous plants are found. The Cowichan in April, May and June is the most beautifully wooded, flower and fern-bedecked water-road known to the writer. The famous and beautiful Nipigon River in Ontario, of which so much has been written, may afford more fish for a longer period of the year than the Cowichan or the Ninkish, but it is not comparable with either, from a scenic point of view, and the trout of the Cowichan are more game, and there are no flies to distract the sportsmen. Unlike the Cowichan, the Ninkish affords better fishing in the autumn.

From the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in eastern British Columbia three most attractive

long canoe journeys are offered—the Kootenay, the Columbia and the Okanagan Rivers. One may start upon the glacier-fed streams and journey hundreds of miles upon comparatively placid waters through the gigantic mountains of the Rockies, Selkirks and Cascade ranges, now into the wilds, now over bottomless lakes, over and around cascades and falls, past beautifully situated villages, productive fields and orchards, thence out of the Province into the States of Washington and Oregon, and on, if one wishes, to the waters of the Pacific that wash the beach at Astoria. Camping along the Provincial part of these waters in August, September and October, there are no flies or other insects to bother one; little or no rain, and the waters are cool and clear and the fishing is excellent. There are no preserves for trout or birds or deer, though shooting is not permitted by law previous to September 1st, and mountain sheep and wapiti cannot be killed at any time. To run the last-mentioned rivers, one needs to bring his own canoe or boat. In running the coast rivers and the rivers of the north it, is customary to engage the Indians, who supply their own canoes. Men who have travelled in the wilds tell us that the coast Indians of British Columbia and south-eastern Alaska have no equals in the management of a canoe up stream, that with the aid of their unshod canoe poles they can go anywhere. A great pleasure awaits the fisherman on his first canoe trip in British Columbia, and not all his excitement and joy will come from his rod, though the fish are large and game.

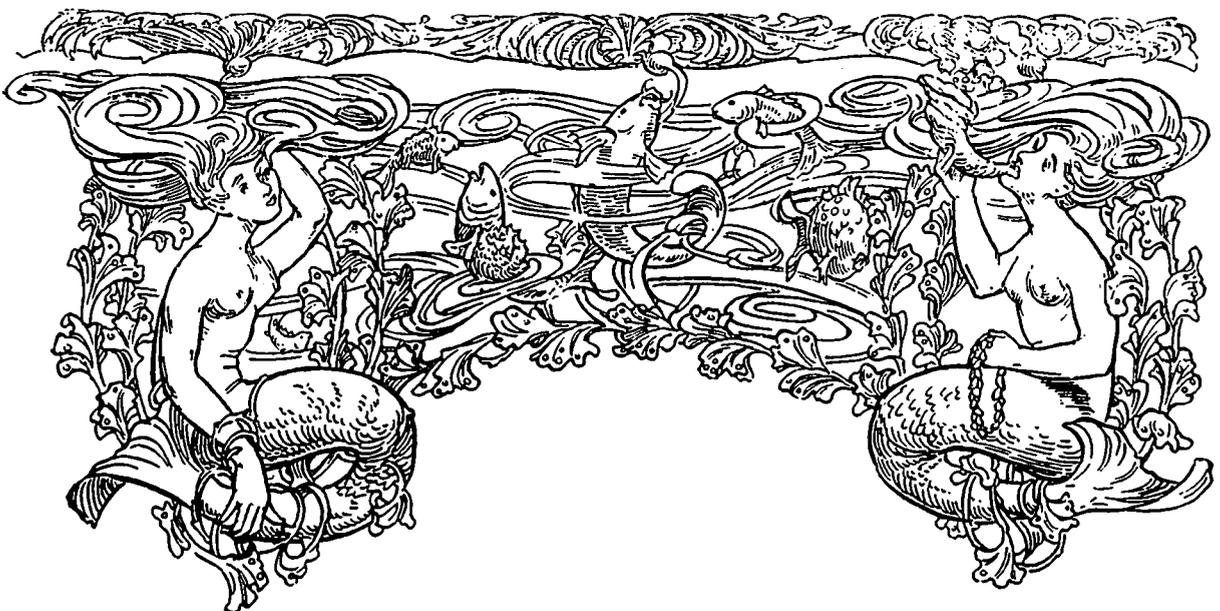
In fishing for salmon in British Columbia, strong rods are necessary. Many use the English and Scotch two-hand rods. The medium length rods are better suited to fishing from boat or canoe. When fishing near a convenient beach like that at Campbell River, where landings are easily made, the long rods are better, as one can go ashore to land the fish, but where landings are not convenient, as at Cowichan, Oak Bay and most of the reaches where trawling is done, short rods are much more serviceable in bringing the salmon alongside for the

gaff. American anglers generally use the short, heavy two-jointed tarpon rods, since they bring the fish to gaff quicker than the longer English rods; but it is questionable whether there is as much sport in the play. Reels for salmon fishing should have a capacity of from 150 to 200 yards of 24-thread American or No. F. English linen line. Heavy fish are caught sometimes with lines 100 yards long, but in most such cases much more of the credit is due to the clever handling of the boat or canoe. If one's boatman is an Indian it may be necessary to direct his movements in the playing of the first fish, but once he understands what is expected of him—and most of them do not have to be told—he is very keen to follow or pull away from your fish as the necessity arises. In pattern and size, the spoons used to take salmon almost equal in variety and number the artificial flies used by trout fishermen. At Campbell River, during the past season, a large pear-shaped lead spoon, with closely intersecting lines scratched upon the dull-coloured surface every day or so, was in much demand, and is said to have been the most killing. The regulation shapes in nickel and copper spoons of from four to six inches in length are, however, more commonly used in trolling for salmon in the Province. In fly fishing for Pacific salmon, the writer has found the medium size Scotch flies of

bright colours and silver bodies most serviceable.

For trout fishing, the standard, ten and one-half to eleven-foot split cane or bamboo rod, from seven to nine ounces in weight, is generally conceded to be the best for such rivers as the Thompson and Kootenay; but for streams less rough and swift and the "fish lakes" of the mountains, lighter rods will afford more sport and pleasure. Reels for trout fishing should carry 100 yards of line for the big stream fishing, yet, on many of the lakes, shorter lines add something to the occasional anxious moments in the play of a big fish. Trout flies of small size are generally used on interior waters, though flies of medium and large size are oftentimes serviceable, according to the condition of the water. For the coast and Vancouver Island streams, larger and more gaudy patterns are in greater demand. Anglers will find that tackle dealers at Vancouver and Victoria carry full stocks, and all through the interior one can obtain the popular flies used on neighbouring waters.

The Provincial Government requires non-residents to take out a Provincial Licence for angling after January 1st, 1909. One licence will cover the entire Province. Applications for angling licences should be made to the Provincial Fisheries Department, Victoria, B.C.





A Beautiful Level Stretch of Land.

The Nechaco Valley

THERE are two ways of reaching this Valley. One is by boat on the Skeena River to Hazelton and then by pack train through the Bulkley and Endako River Valleys to Fort Fraser. The other route, which is much the cheaper, is from Ashcroft on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a starting point, using the British Columbia stage line up the Cariboo Road to Soda Creek, then by steamboat to Quesnel and from there by pack train along the Telegraph Trail to the Nechaco Valley.

South of the 53rd degree of latitude and near the head of the Salmon River, which falls into Dean Channel, the Nechaco River takes its source in the foothills of the Coast Range. It runs northeasterly for a long distance, receiving many large feeders, until it falls into a large trough-like depression near Fraser Lake. This depression follows the 54th degree of latitude in its general direction and has an average width of from ten to forty miles. This large extent of land from Fraser Lake to Fraser River,



A Wonderful Growth of Grain.

about seventy-five miles in length, is drained by the Lower Nechaco River.

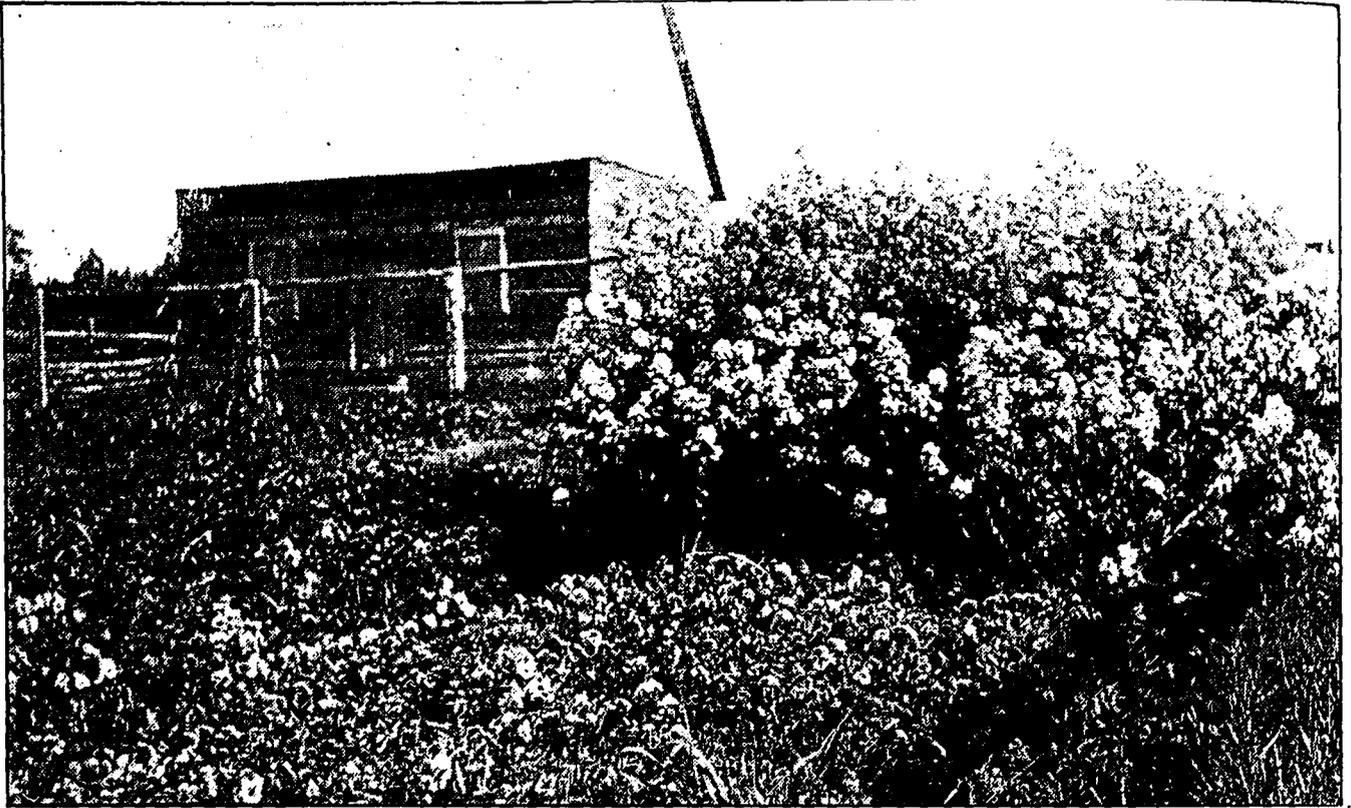
The best part of the Valley is the portion just east of Fraser Lake, along the Nechaco River and around Lakes Tachic, Noalki and Tsinkut and the country intervening. One would term the valley level but it is slightly undulating, enough so as to give good drainage. There are two kinds of soil, viz., a fine white silts and black loam, but the white silts is more in evidence and in most places is from thirty to forty feet in depth. It is very rich and of the finest quality, and is entirely free from sand, gravel and stone. In fact the soil and lay of land are of such an even nature that one could select a farm blind-folded and not make a mistake.

The ground is generally covered with thickets of small poplar, with here and there a few spruce, but prairies of large extent often occur. These appear to have been caused by fires and are more abundant near the trails and rivers, where the Indians and white men generally do their camping. These prairies are covered with the greatest variety of nutritious grasses, pea-vine and vetches and even in the wooded portions, grass, pea-vine and vetches of different species grow to such a height that it is very difficult to travel in it. In many places this

growth was higher than the horses' backs. The timber is mostly too small for construction purposes, but along the rivers and shores of lakes a good supply of building timber can be had cheaply.

The Valley is nicely watered by beautiful lakes and streams. The Nechaco River is from five to six hundred feet wide and is one of the prettiest of streams. It has a gravel bottom, the water is clear and the current quite swift. Four or five miles south of the river are three fine lakes, the names being mentioned above. They have nicely gravelled beaches and sand bottoms and the water is excellent. These beautiful lakes and hills surrounding the Valley make a most impressive sight. They are drained by the Stony and Tsinkut Rivers which empty into the Nechaco. Throughout the entire Valley well water is easily obtained at a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet, and in all wells inspected we found the water to be most excellent and free from all alkaline substances.

Trout, sturgeon and whitefish are very plentiful in all the lakes and rivers. During the months of August and September the Nechaco abounds with salmon which make their way from the sea to their spawning grounds. They



Flowers Grow to Profusion in Nechaco Valley Gardens.

are taken in thousands by the Indians who dry them for their winter supply of food. Deer and bear are numerous. Coyotes are plentiful and can quite often be heard howling at night. There is also the rabbit, beaver, muskrat, fox, wolverine, marten, lynx, fisher and otter. Partridge, pheasant and grouse abound and in season the rivers and lakes teem with geese and ducks.

One would not wish for a better climate, there being no extremes. The days during the summer months are hot but not uncomfortably so, and the nights are cool, thus insuring good sleep. By enquiring of the Indians and homesteaders we ascertained that the winters are short and mild, that the snow-fall is very light, usually about twelve inches in depth and never drifts. We were also informed that they never thought of feeding their cattle until Christmas and as a rule they could be turned out again in March. Another good feature is the absence of heavy winds, but there is always a refreshing breeze from the West and one feels its cooling effect even on the hottest day. Rains in the summer are quite sufficient as was evidenced by the luxuriant growth found.

The Grand Trunk Railway, with its terminus at Prince Rupert, is being push-

ed at a rapid rate. Its route through British Columbia is via the Yellowhead Pass and up the South Fork of the Fraser River to Bear Lake. It crosses from here to the Willow River which it follows to the Fraser, and along it to the Nechaco near Fort George, from where it follows the south bank of the Nechaco River to Fort Fraser. From here it follows the south shore of Fraser Lake and along the Endako and Bulkley Rivers to the Telkwa; up this river to the headwaters of the Copper River and down it and the Skeena to its terminal point, Prince Rupert.

The unique climatic conditions, the scenic beauty of the landscape and crystalline purity of lakes and streams would give life here an indescribable charm, but the fertility of the soil, as demonstrated by the wealth of vegetation thereon, proves that as an agricultural district it is as greatly favored by nature.

The gardens produce different vegetables and small fruits which are exceptionally fine.

Fruit culture has made little development but there is not the slightest doubt that the hardier varieties, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, etc. would do well, as they are now grown



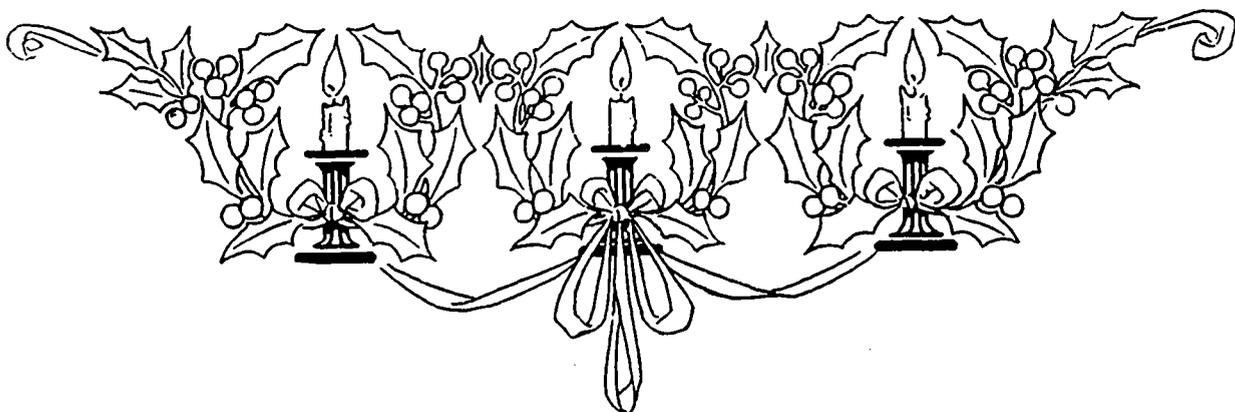
The First Church Congregation in the Nechaco Valley—The Pastor is Seated at the Extreme Left, Facing Reader.

successfully at Hazelton, Barkerville, Quesnel and Soda Creek where conditions are similar. The wild fruits growing here consist of cherries, crabapples, strawberries, dewberries, service or saskatoon berries and other varieties.

Stock raising and dairying is a necessity on the farm and must be indulged in sooner or later in order to get the best

results. More ideal conditions could hardly exist for this line of farming, as all grasses do well and the winters are short and mild.

In every way the Valley presents great attractions and advantages to the settler, and with the completion of the railway doubtless it will rapidly fill up.



The Latest Strike in Kootenay.

Edgar W. Dynes.

THERE have been many great strikes in Kootenay. In the early sixties, hundreds flocked to the Rock Creek placer diggings; and in a few years, "thousands" were taken out. In the early nineties, Joe Morris discovered the Le Roi, War Eagle and others of the Rossland group that have since made the Red Mountain City famous, while a year or so later, Henry White wearily climbed the hill from Boundary Creek and located the immense ore bodies that have made Granby a well known word on stock exchanges all over the world. The rich findings in the Silvery Slocan followed at about the same time. Five years ago the wealth of the Lardo was on every lip, but now there has been another strike—some say the greatest ever made—and in the shadow of the achievements of former days.

The latest strike is unique, in that the energetic prospector now uses a shovel instead of a pick, and a plow rather than a drill. He works always on top and never goes down below; while he uses powder for blowing out stumps, instead of the shining rock. This new discovery did not come suddenly. For over twenty years a few faithfuls have been pegging away, and now they have struck firm and hard against the fact that the Valley and Bench Lands of Kootenay will produce luscious and juicy fruit, the equal of any district in the world.

The strikes of former days were followed by a great rush.

Ninety-four witnessed a stampede to Rossland, where at that time you could sell a wild cat for a fortune and buy shave for fifty cents. The Slocan received its share of the newcomers. A couple of years later the Boundary country became the mecca and towns sprang up in a night. The lure of the shining metals brought the multitude yesterday. The lure of the fruit lands is bringing them today.

A Soft Fresh Skin

Is a baby's birthright, but in after years more often the result of proper care.

Old English Olive Cream

applied each night softens and smoothes the skin and imparts that fresh, healthy glow so essential to beauty.

50c per bottle.

A sample mailed on request.

**W. M. Harrison
& Co., Ltd.**

Mail Order Druggist.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

P.S.—Send for free copy of our "First Aid" Manual.

The beginnings of the present rapid development of the fruit industry really date back to 1885. In that year W. H. Covert located a pre-emption near what is now the town of Grand Forks; and the first fruit trees planted in the Kettle River Valley, he brought in from Spokane on the hurricane deck of a cayuse. Although part of the original three hundred and twenty acres located by Mr. Covert has passed into other hands, the whole estate has during the past season produced over twenty-five carloads of fruit. There were a few other pioneers in the fruit industry in other parts of Kootenay; and when a few years ago the results began to appear, fruit growing became a permanent and powerful factor in the development of Kootenay. The optimist leaned back and laughingly remarked, "I told you so," while the pessimist had to admit that all his previous remarks about the absurdity of the Kootenay ever becoming a fruit growing section were very wide of the mark.

The man in the West who ventures to be a prophet is treading on dangerous

ground. Particularly so, if he be pessimistically inclined. Twenty years ago we were told that wheat could only be be profitably grown in a small restricted area of our Prairie Plains. We were also given to understand that these great stretches of land would be available for ranching purposes only. Everyone acquainted with the development of Central Canada knows what is being done in this region today. So that, the Kootenay in accomplishing what was long considered the impossible, is only following in the wake of the wheat districts further east and incidentally adding more lustre to Canada's crown.

The best proof of the value of any industry to the community in which it is situated is the character of the settlements which it establishes—permanent or otherwise. Mining towns have often sprung up, as it were, by magic; and then after a few months of unusual activity, disappear quite as mysteriously from the realms of commercial prosperity. I have already stated that the fruit industry is attracting a large number of

"You May Break—

*You May Scatter The Vase—if You Will—
But the Scent of the Roses
Will Cling to it—Still."*

*You May Use Every Grain :—
Throw the Wrapper Away :—
But One Thing Will Remain—
And for Many a Day
You'll Remember the Delicate Fragrance—
And Say
"A Dainty—Efficient—Toilet Expedient*

is

ROYAL CROWN WITCH HAZEL SOAP

'Tis Certainly Fine."

settlers to Kootenay. What effect will their coming have upon the community in particular and the country as a whole?

The effects are already becoming evident. It is only a few years since this new immigration movement began to be felt, but already the results are most beneficial to all classes of the community. The money, the fruit grower makes is put into circulation in the community in which he resides. Contrast this with the large profits made by some of the big mining companies which go largely into the hands of foreign shareholders.

With the advent of the new era the Kootenay is becoming a land of homes. The transitory conditions in most of the mining camps have never been conducive to the building or buying of homes. A vein may pinch out; there may be a drop in the metal market; a strike may come on; and various other contingencies may make employment uncertain.

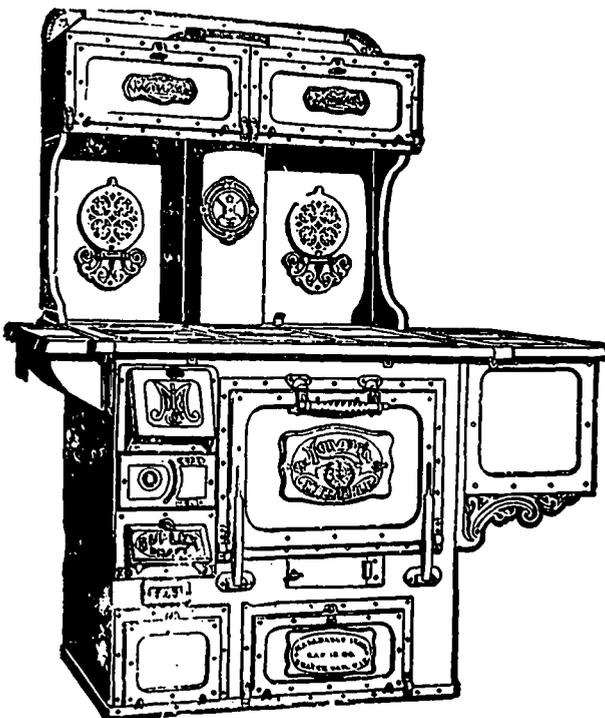
Not so with the fruit grower, however. His operations are confined to the location he has selected; and very naturally he goes to a good deal of trouble to beautify his home and surroundings.

The physical features of Kootenay are such that they very easily lend themselves to the blending of that scenic beauty which so delights the eye of the tourist. Beautiful lakes, and foaming rivers and creeks are numerous; and fruit growers prize and appreciate a lake-shore location. Several years ago Earl Grey was so charmed with the locations on Kootenay Lake that he bought a fruit farm for himself and one for his son. In a letter published a few months ago he intimates his intention of bringing his family out next year and camping for a month or so on a beautiful spot he discovered along the trail between Argenta and Athelmer which he travelled over during the summer just passed.

At the close of the strawberry season of 1907, even the most enthusiastic Kootenaians were compelled to sit up and take notice when Mr. O. J. Wiggen, of Creston, gave out a statement that he had sold over four thousand three hundred dollars worth of strawberries off four acres of land. It sounds like a Cobalt story or a tale of the Arabian knights. But it is a sample of a few of

THE MONARCH RANGE

IS THE PRIDE OF THE AMBITIOUS HOUSE WIFE—WHY?



1st. It will outwear any other range made as it is made out of Malleable Iron and Russian Sheet Steel.

2nd. It will bake your bread, biscuits and pastry perfect in less time and with less fuel than any other Range on the market.

3rd. It has Malleable Iron Frames which are riveted to the steel body with Norway Iron Rivets, therefore you will never have the experience of the seams opening up; beware of the so-called steel Range with Cast Iron Top and the seams plastered up with stove putty as when it dries and falls out of place your Range is ruined.

When writing for a **Monarch Range** cut out this advertisement, mail it to us and we will allow you \$2.50 of purchase price.

Send for Range Catalogue.

Sold only and guaranteed by

Hodgson & Stearman

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

546 GRANVILLE STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

the records that are being made in these latter days in what was once considered a mining district, only.

It is also rather interesting to note that with the probable exception of strawberries, potatoes and perhaps a few other vegetables, large quantities of fruit are still being imported into Kootenay. The home market is a large one and not yet nearly supplied. And, although the producer seems to be catching up with the consumer in many lines, the development of the mining and lumbering industries of Kootenay will continue to furnish an ever expanding market.

This new development has not come without creating regrets in some quarters. Regrets among those who, years ago, scorned the idea that fruit growing would ever become a reality in Kootenay on a commercial scale, and as a consequence let slip rare opportunities to secure land then considered worthless but

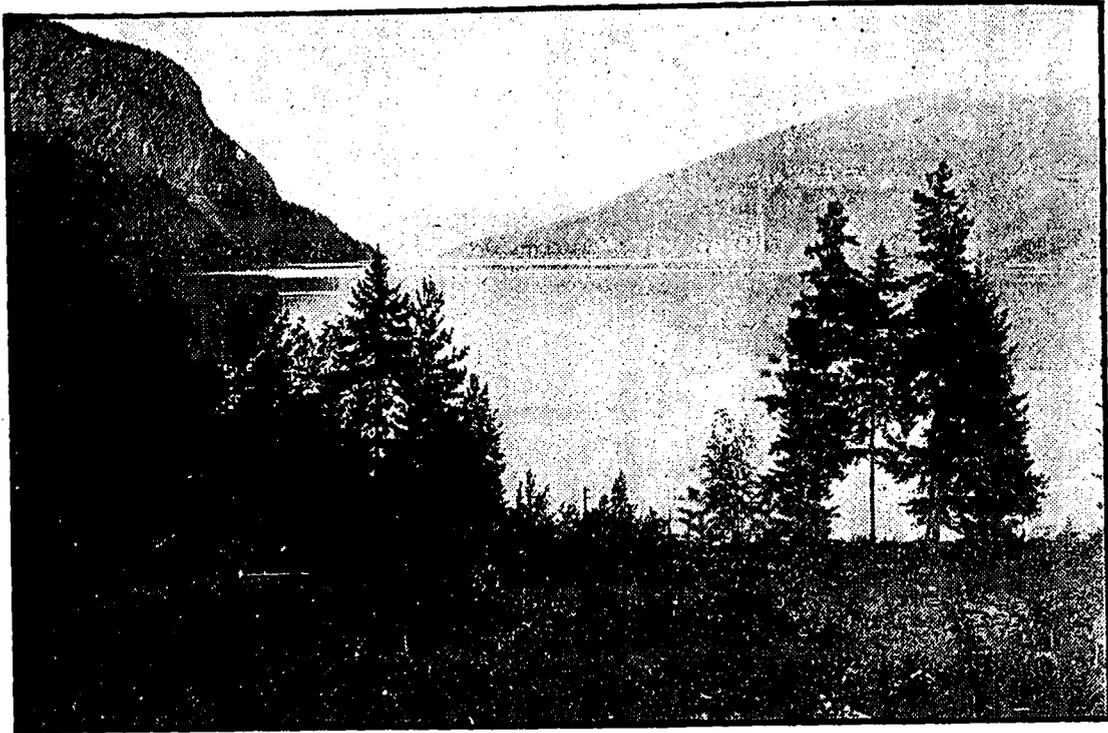
land that is now valuable beyond the wildest dreams of hope. But, be this as it may, all will rejoice in the growth of a new industry which means great potentialities not only to the district itself, but also to the Province of British Columbia, and to the Dominion of Canada.

Poor gold at last has lost its lure.
To grow the Fruit is more secure.
It spreads its wealth in wider fields;
It won't exhaust—for ever yields
Rich treasures far exceeding gold:
With every year its powers unfold.
Homes full of Peace spring up amain.
Men strive the Joys of Life to gain;
The hearth once made, sweet love prevails
Men find content that never fails;
And fertile vales and valleys bloom.
Turn in good friend—for you there's
room.

For you there's room—step in and see
The Fruitful Lands of Great B. C.



“Method of Travel Where the Iron Rails Do Not Reach.”



Picturesque Scenery, Salmon Arm.

Salmon Arm

SALMON ARM is a busy shipping point and a fast developing settlement in the valley of the Salmon River, where it empties into the Salmon Arm of Shuswap Lake. It is situated nineteen miles west of Sicamous Junction and 316 miles east of Vancouver. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the settlement, and a good wagon road connects it with Enderby (16 miles), Armstrong (25 miles), Vernon (40 miles), and Shuswap (30 miles), by way of Tappen Siding, Notch Hill and other settlements.

The Salmon Arm district is comprised of three distinct valleys—the Salmon River Valley, Canoe Creek, and Edenville, and the benches adjacent thereto; embracing all the northwesterly portion of the Okanagan Valley contiguous to Shuswap Lake.

Fruit growing is afforded unexcelled advantages for these reasons:

The climate is mild; the contiguous lake exercises a mellowing influence; the soil is fertile; there is an abundance of

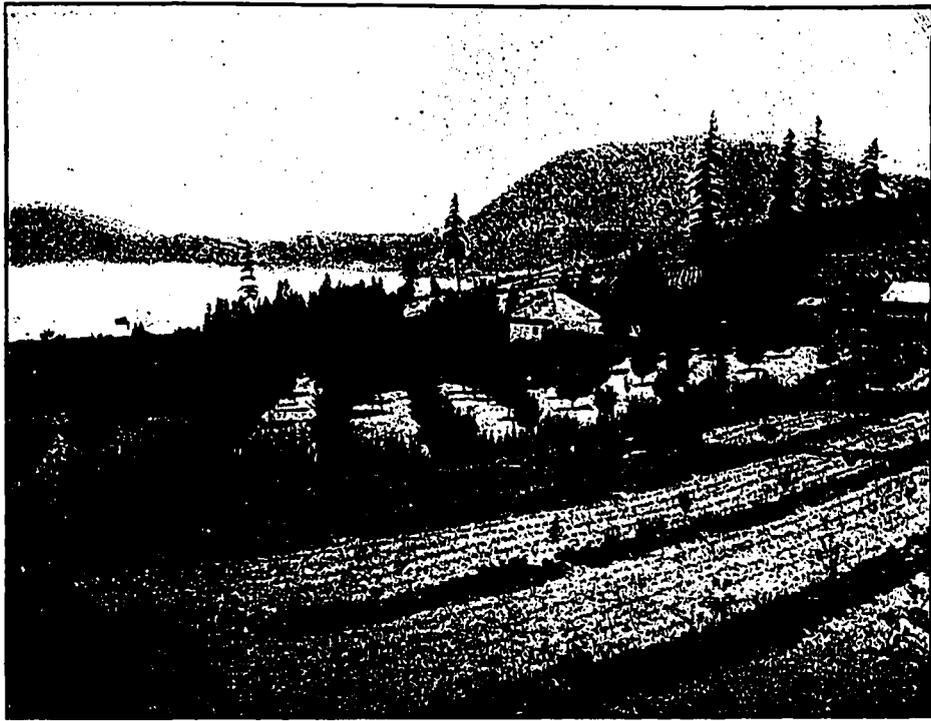
moisture, and there are ample shipping facilities.

One of the most valuable assets of this district is its delightful climate. It is not excessively humid like the Coast Districts. It is not as dry as the lower Okanagan. There is enough rain for domestic and agricultural purposes; and irrigation is absolutely unnecessary.

The summer is never excessively hot, and at sun down there is always a grateful dropping of the temperature, bringing cool evenings and restful nights.

In winter there is no extreme cold. This season only lasts about three months and its temperature does not average over 12 degrees of frost. The Spring opens early and almost immediately merges into summer, both the spring and autumn being delightfully mild. The presence of some 79,000 acres of water, as comprised by the Shuswap Lake, in the vicinity tend to equalize the atmosphere in all seasons.

The soil varies from a deep black loam in the valley bottoms to a rich clay



Ranch Scene, Salmon Arm.

and sandy loam on the benches or rolling lands.

Being on the main line of the C.P.R. the dangers of spoilage incurred by excessive handling and transhipping of perishable fruits are minimized, and being also a day nearer the market than branch line points insures all fruit reaching the prairie market in first-class condition.

One of the most striking features of recent Canadian development has been the growth of B. C. as a fruit producing country. The Salmon Arm district possesses stretches of territory calculated to accommodate thousands of settlers, where soil and climate so work together as to produce one of the most fertile districts in the world. Its fruit has already beaten the oldest fruit-growing lands in annual world-competition for the gold medals presented by the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain. Apples of every variety, plums, pears, prunes, cherries, peaches, strawberries and raspberries of rarest quality grow to full and luscious maturity. Their size, flavor and perfection of coloring being unsurpassed.

The markets are practically inexhaustible, the prairie and mining sections of Canada readily absorbing all the fruit; and the large influx of settlers into the country assures a continuous increase in the demand.

A Farmers' Exchange has been established and is carrying on a successful business. This institution has proved to be a decided boon to the producer as it relieves him of all worry in finding a market and collecting accounts. The highest standard of grading has been introduced, nothing but the highest quality of produce being shipped, which permanently places, this district in a position to command the highest available prices.

Thos. Earl, of Lytton, who was the first to discover the suitability of this district for fruit-growing, and who was inspector of orchards for some years—appointed by the B. C. Board of Horticulture, in describing the large area of land in the upper country where fruit was being grown successfully, said that all the way from Lytton east along the C.P.R. to Salmon Arm and from there south to Penticton, he found fruit to be doing well; but, he said, Salmon Arm was the ideal spot. Conditions seemed to be just right for the growth of healthy trees, and the flavor and color of the fruit was excellent. Since that time, a few years ago, it has been proved that Mr. Earl knew what he was talking about. W. J. Brandrith, of Ladner, secretary of the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association, says the same after several



Orchard Scene, Salmon Arm.

years spent in visiting the different districts of the Province.

The products of the bottom lands of the valley are varied, it being well adapted to the production of all staple crops. Timothy, clover and alfalfa give heavy crops of fodder. Dairying is carried on extensively, there being some 300 gallons of milk shipped to main line points per day. Mixed farming is successfully followed and should be especially suitable to farmers used to similar conditions in the East.

The large landowners now see that they do not need so much land from which to derive a good income, and are selling in lots of from five to forty acres to suit the incoming settlers. Wild land can be bought from \$25 to \$75 per acre. Improved lands are worth from \$200 to \$1,000 per acre.

There are excellent educational facilities, five public schools in the outlying districts, a splendid four-roomed school with high school department intown.

The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Church of England and Catholics all have well-appointed churches. Good stores of all kinds supply every want, while a branch of that excellent institution, the Bank of Hamilton, flourishes

in the midst. A first-class, commodious and up-to-date tourist hotel was built during last year, and it is a splendid acquisition to the town. The much needed accommodation of a wharf has been supplied, the Dominion Government having made an ample appropriation for its completion and maintenance.

The beautiful waters of Shuswap Lake and tributary streams afford excellent sport with rod and line. Game of all kinds is plentiful along the shores of the lake and in the surrounding hills. Large numbers of tourists and sportsmen find plentiful, pleasant and absorbing occupation during the summer and shooting season.

This is a place where the surroundings all tend to the making of life truly pleasant and worth living, and to the betterment of mankind in general.

This is a place for everyone having a little money with a desire for work, as well as for every one with plenty of money without a desire for work but with a desire for a beneficial and multiplying investment of his means with the positive assurance of an ideal home.

The Secretary of the Salmon Arm Agricultural Association, Salmon Arm, B.C., will supply further information upon request.

The Supremacy of Salmon Arm.

British Columbia is a Province of tremendous natural resources and enjoys unrivalled climatic advantages.

No one can make a mistake in living or working here.

It is of course true that some Sections are more favored than others.

The Salmon Army Valley is justly entitled to SUPREMACY because it combines the advantages of sufficient rainfall and the consequent freedom from the necessity of Irrigation with the maximum number of SUNSHINY DAYS.

It is not in a DRY BELT nor yet in a WET BELT, but rather in a District of happy and comfortable Medium.

In the heart of the Valley lies the Town of Salmon Arm, a settlement possessing splendid Educational, Institutional and Social advantages.

It is on the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 316 miles east of Vancouver.

The surrounding District boasts many bodies of Navigable Water, giving cheap, and easy communication; and has a soil ideally suited to the growing of fruit as well as all the products of mixed farming.

We want you to communicate with us in a frank, candid way.

Tell us your ideas, needs, and requirements, and we shall give every possible piece of information. Booklets and Land Lists for the asking.

The Salmon Arm Realty Co.

SALMON ARM, B. C.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED REAL ESTATE BUSINESS HERE

Seeding Time on the Prairies

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Bury it well with your seeder,
 Deep into the procreant plain;
 And fill up your patented feeder,
 The prairie is hungry again.
 Steer a straight line to the sky-line,
 Scatter the grain as you go;
 Pass up the slight bend to the high line,
 Leaving your treasure below.

Give to the earth just a tittle
 Of all she has given to you;
 Give back to her keeping a little
 Of all that is only her due.
 Go with a heart that is ready,
 Welcome your wonderful guest;
 With hand that is steadfast and steady,
 Give of the food she loves best.

Give, and the hungry shall bless you,
 The markets shall glut with your meat;
 The homage of nations confess you,
 The Lords of the Kingdom of Wheat.
 Crowned with the crown of your labors,
 Wielding the weapons of peace;
 The click of the binders your tabors,
 The harvest your Golden Fleece.

Sow in the Spring-time, refusing
 To harbor a thought that would ban;
 The soil with your spirit infusing,
 Go forth in the strength of a man.
 Toil with the hope that is girdless,
 Beat out a song as you go;
 And pray with the prayer that is wordless,
 God and the silence will know.

Yours is the heritage splendid,
 Lo! yours is the pride of the earth:
 Go, plough till the furrow is ended,
 Then take what the furrow is worth.
 Many the acres unbroken,
 And many the trails unprest;
 But the Voice of the Land hath spoken—
 The Workers win to the West.



The Home Stores Limited

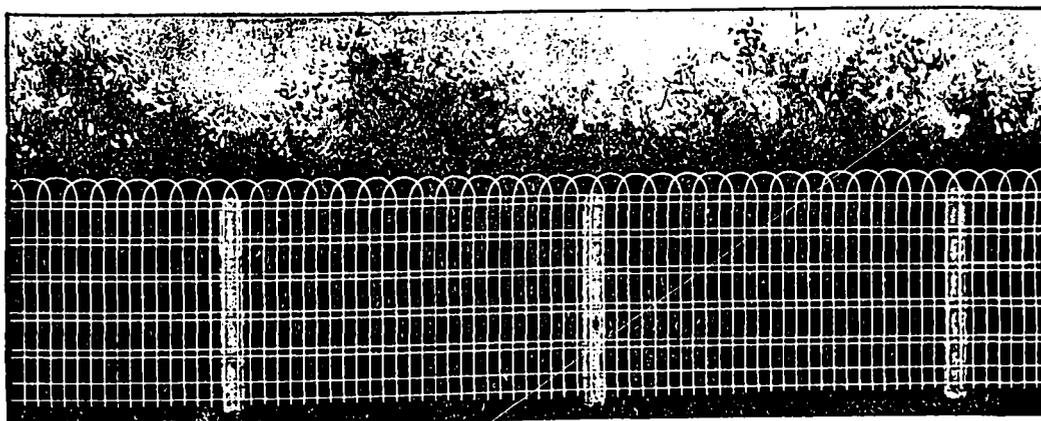
The success of Vancouver City has been phenomenal; but as yet we have only felt the first giint of the Sun of Success whose radiant beams will within the next year or two suffuse the City and miles upon miles around it with a glow of prosperity transcending that experienced by any other Canadian Commercial Centre.

"Nothing succeeds like success," is an adage as applicable to the City as to the individual; and its accuracy is verified by the phenomenal number of new businesses, and enterprises—commercial and manufacturing—that are springing up, and locating themselves in Vancouver. They are acting wisely, and design no doubt to avail themselves of that great tide in the affairs of Vancouver which she has taken at the flood and

which, like that in the affairs of men, will inevitably lead her on to fortune.

One of our new enterprises is "The Home Stores, Limited." It is really to be a Departmental Store supplying everything from a "needle to an anchor." But unlike the great departmental stores of the East, such as that of Eaton & Co., it will neither be a close corporation nor a family monopoly. It will belong to all who invest their money either in buying its shares or buying its wares. It will in fact be a co-operative store in the highest sense of the phrase, having features in its constitution not only new but absolutely protective. These features will act as an automatic guarantee of the Company's fidelity.

The prospectus announces "That the net profits, after providing for expenses,



PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.

E. G. PRIOR & CO. - VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA 2237

In Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you have the fragrant berry at its best, with nutriment and stimulant combined.

Rightly made it is a strength-giving draught of real pleasure. Try it to-morrow morning.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

91

interest on capital, and the incidental risks of business, will be distributed every year pro rata among the holders of membership certificates."

These certificates will be offered to the Public at \$10 each.

The income derived from the sale of these certificates alone, and nothing else, is to be appropriated for the purposes of dividend to the holders of the Common Stock of the Company. The Preference shares which constitute the bulk of the Company's stock, will receive interest at the rate of 10 per cent. After this, and the payment of the ordinary expenses, the net profits will "be distributed to the holders of membership certificates." The Preference stock is offered to the public at a premium of \$2.50 per share of \$50 each on easy terms of payment; and the membership certificates are payable \$5.00 on application, and \$5.00 six months after.

The Home Stores will also open Cash Deposit Accounts with their customers and for their convenience. Interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable twice a year, will be allowed on these deposits. Orders for either cash or goods will be honoured against these deposit accounts.

Considering the magnificent future of Vancouver as a manufacturing and commercial city, as a shipping and ship-building port, as the Gateway of the Pa-

cific and the Door-way of Western Canada, and remembering the gigantic fortunes that have been made by Departmental stores in the United States and by such concerns as T. Eaton & Co. and Simpson & Co., in Canada, under much less propitious circumstances, the proposal of The Home Stores, Limited, seems to be one not only commendable to the public as a sound investment but one which the average householder should seize with alacrity. He must spend his money on such commodities as The Home Stores will sell; and why should he not have his goods at a minimum price, with interest or dividends amounting to a large proportion of the entire profits on his family expenditure?

The permanent Board of Directors will include well known business men of standing and integrity, and all information is procurable from Mr. A. S. Vaughan, Provisional Secretary, 441 Richards Street, Vancouver, B.C.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

Motor boating at Nelson, the capital of the Kootenays, has for years been a favourite pastime, and the Kootenay Launch Club is looking forward to a large membership this year, as the town now boasts of several motor-boat builders. Among the latest to enter the business is The Kootenay Motor Boat Co.,

Ltd., owned by N. Wolverton and his son, A. N. Wolverton, who is the energetic secretary of the Launch Club. A splendid factory has been built on the shores of the lake, at the foot of Ward street, which has been completely equipped with electrically driven machinery. The company will make a specialty of the "Kootenay Flyers," a combined semi-racing and pleasure boat, besides turning out a line of reasonable priced heavy working motor-boats designed especially for the fruit grower and market gardener whose homes are principally along the magnificent water stretches of the Southern Interior and who find this means the most economical and quickest for getting their produce to the market. The company has secured the sole agency for British Columbia for the Smalley engine, with which they will equip their launches. Several orders are in hand and a fine

racing boat is just being completed for Mr. A. N. Wolverton, which will be entered in the motor-boat races during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition this summer at Seattle, Wash.

WIRE FENCING.

Owing to the rapid increase in the export business of The Page Wire Fence Company, of Walkerville, Ontario, since the introduction of its "Empire" white fencing for railway, farm and ranch use, it has been thought best to have the foreign business handled by a company of a name similar to that of the fencing, and to this end The Empire Fence Export Company, Limited, has been formed. It is owned and controlled by the same people as the old company. The head office and factory will be at Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



AS REQUESTED.

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:—

"In October last a man named August Hultzberger took out his first papers. As he was about to leave the court-room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days August turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"'Vell, here I vos.'

"'Pleased to see you, I'm sure,' said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. 'Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here.'

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, "Return in five days,"' he explained, 'und here I vos!'"—Harper's Weekly.

A Canadian Lake

Ada S. Walker

Where the surges break, by a lonely lake
 Encircled by living green,
 Where, his thirst to slake, from out of the brake,
 The wild deer glides unseen.

Where on wave-washed sand, twixt water and land
 The sandpiper spends his days,
 Where the beaver band, as with human hand
 Build homes by the quiet bays.

Where echoes around, the booming sound
 Of the bittern's lonely dirge,
 From the far-off bounds, of the marshy ground
 By the water's ceaseless surge.

Where the white swan glides, as the wave he rides,
 Amidst the flashing spray;
 Where the wild duck bides, in the ebbing tides
 Till he wings his southward way.

Where the silvery gleam, of the seagull's wing
 Flash circles of living light—
 Where the grey loons scream, o'er the waters ring
 As he wheels his lonely flight.

Where the breakers roar, twixt the reef and shore
 In measureless monotone—
 By the echoing reach, of the limestone beach
 Where the waters sigh and moan.

Where the emerald sheen, of the trees that lean
 Far over the water's edge—
 In the depths are seen, like a low ravine
 Where sand-willows line the ledge.

Where the seaweed drifts, by the rocky cliffs,
 On waves crested high with foam—
 Where the silvery rifts, of the wind cloud drifts
 Through the blue of Heaven's dome.

It's there I would stray, far, far, and away
 From all human sights and sounds—
 And I'd dream all day, of the Rainbow Way —
 To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

For 'tis only here by that lake so fair
 That the soul finds perfect rest
 In that sweet, pure air, each thought is prayer
 Offered up from Nature's breast.

So there let us go, when from every woe
 Our souls shall desire to part
 Where the breezes blow, and the waters flow
 Near to Nature's inmost heart.

Thus strengthened are we, as we rest by the lea
 In mind, in soul, and in heart,
 More brave and more free from sin we shall be,
 More nobly to play life's part.

SALMON, ARM, B. C.

We Carry The Stock

and can supply your needs in
SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE.

Also

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
GUNS, AMMUNITION,
STOVES, TINWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, ETC.

NEELANDS & CO.

Salmon Arm.

MY DISPLAY

of

FANCY GOODS
SMOKERS' REQUISITES
CONFECTIONERY
JEWELRY and
CHINA.

is unsurpassed in Salmon Arm.

I WANT A SHARE OF
YOUR TRADE.

S. H. LAWRENCE

Frank's Barber Shop.

Is the place to visit when in Salmon
Arm. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Face
Massage a specialty. Everything up-
to-date.

FRANK, P. ROBICHEAD, PROP.,
SALMON ARM, B. C.

Gibbard & Boutwell

CARPENTERS AND
CONTRACTORS.

Estimates furnished on all classes of
work in the building line. Sash and
Doors, Moulding and Turnings kept
on hand at lowest prices.

SALMON ARM, B. C.

Homeseekers

When you visit Salmon Arm and need an outfit
I can supply you. I carry the largest and best
assorted stock of General Merchandise.

S. M. McGUIRE

GENERAL MERCHANT

**DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED BY THE
EVAN'S GOLD CURE TREATMENT**

The Evans Institute has now been established over fourteen years in Winnipeg and one year in Vancouver. It has met with entire success, even in cases which had been regarded as absolutely hopeless. The treatment not only entirely dispels the craving but creates a positive distaste for stimulants. It also restores the nervous system, induces natural sleep, creates a healthy appetite and improves the general health of the patient. The treatment is gradual, and patients are allowed their usual stimulants until in from four to five days, they no longer want them.

We refer, by permission, to the following from among the thousands who are familiar with and approve of the Evans treatment: The Hon. Hugh John

Macdonald, ex-Minister of the Interior and ex-Premier of Manitoba; Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, Holy Trinity, Winnipeg; Rev. Dr. Duval, Moderator, General Assembly, Presbyterian Church of Canada; ex-Mayor Andrews, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Ryan, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor Jameson, Winnipeg; ex-Mayor McCreary, Winnipeg; Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg; Dr. F. S. Chapman, M.D., Winnipeg; Judge Pritchard, Carman, Man.; Prof. J. H. Riddell, Winnipeg.

A prospectus containing full information regarding the treatment will be mailed privately on application.

The Evans Institute of Vancouver has now removed to more commodious quarters at

950 PARK DRIVE (Grandview Carline) VANCOUVER, B.C.



RESTAURANTS.

The Granville Cafe—\$5.00 meal tickets for \$4.50. Four course dinner, 25c. Special breakfast, 15c. Neat, clean, homelike. Trays sent out. 762 Granville St., opposite Opera House, Vancouver, B.C. W. F. Winters.

OLD BOOKS.

I buy Old Books, Magazines, Manuscripts, etc. Have on hand large selection of reference books and works. Write full particulars. E. J. Galloway, 782 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TIMBER

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

If you are coming to British Columbia write and tell us. We will put you in touch with responsible parties who will send you literature. Westward Ho! Publishing Co., Ltd.

MOUNT PLEASANT MILLINERY,

2234 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B. C.

Special Designs
in Modish Styles

The \$5.00 Hat Shop

MRS. M. SINCLAIR, Proprietress

The Most Beautiful Display of Hair

Goods and all the newest styles in Shell Combs, Bands, and Barretts, Wavy Switches, from \$5 up; Straight Switches from \$1.75. Mary T. Goldman's Hair Restorer for the use of ladies and gentlemen, by far the best article on the market.

Mail orders receive the most careful attention.

Madam Humphreys

589 GRANVILLE STREET.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

Or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless—we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBLILE

Removes superfluous Hair.

Price \$1.00, by mail.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop.,

New York City.

HENDERSON BROS.,

Wholesale Distributors.

Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.



This recently discovered ink is specially adapted for Accountants and the legal fraternity, and is unsurpassed as a first-class writing fluid. We guarantee it strictly acid proof.

Excellent for Fountain Pens.

MANUFACTURED BY
B.C. INK CO
VANCOUVER B.C.



Ordering by mail is simplicity and economy personified—there's nothing easier. Your letter will be answered the same day as received. You can order anything you want. We can fill the order with satisfaction. We guarantee the absolute purity of every production. Isn't this worth something to you?

(Sig.) **LESLIE G. HENDERSON.**

Corner Georgia and Granville Streets.

and

2419 Westminster, Vancouver, B.C.

Sutton's Seeds



SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

**THE BRACKMAN-KER
MILLING CO., LTD.**

SOLE AGENTS
136 HASTINGS ST., WEST,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR



MADE FROM LONG SOFT FULL-
LENGTH FIBRES OF AUSTRALIAN WOOL
ALWAYS ELASTIC & COMFORTABLE

Made in Canada by
The C. TURNBULL Co.
OF GALT LIMITED.

HENRY'S

For the Spring Trade :

Tested Stock-

SEEDS for Farm, Garden or Con-
servatory—from the best growers in
England, France, Holland, United
States and Canada.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

Small Fruits, home grown.

Fertilizers.

Bee Supplies, Spraying Ma-
terials, Cut Flowers.

110 page Catalogue Free.

M. J. HENRY

Office, Greenhouses
and Seedhouse.

3010 Westminster Road,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

NURSERIES

New Books.

- Araminta—J. C. Snaith\$1.25
 - 51-40 or Fight—Emerson Hough...\$1.25
 - Fashionable Adventures of Joshua
Craig—D. Graham Phillips ...\$1.25
 - A Million a Minute—Hudson\$1.25
 - The Waters of Jordan—H. A.
Vachell\$1.25
 - The Canon in Residence—V. White-
church\$1.25
 - The Spell—W. Dana Orcutt\$1.50
 - The Roadmender—M. Fairless.....\$1.00
 - Salthaven—W. W. Jacobs\$1.25
 - The Long Arm—E. P. Oppenheim..\$1.25
- And many others. Write for Catalogue
of Technical Books if interested. We
have the largest stock of these in
Canada.

THOMSON
STATIONERY CO.
325 HASTINGS ST. 'PHONE 3520
VANCOUVER, B.C.



A Scholarship

For the young man or woman who wants more education.

If you are this person and will devote some of your spare time to gain it, we will tell you how you can earn this scholarship.

Write for particulars if interested to
BUSINESS OFFICE,
 Westward Ho! Publishing Co.

Chesterfield School

North Vancouver, B.C.

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

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

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY

406 Dunsmuir St., Vancouver, B.C.

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

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

For further particulars, apply to
 SISTER SUPERIOR.

Our Keynote is

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

May we send you our Prospectus?

Calgary Business College

CALGARY, ALTA.

HIGHER STUDIES, LANGUAGES, ETC.

Also elementary classes; careful preparation for all examinations. Rev. A. St. John Mildmay, M.A., Oxford (late Principal Vernou College), 1061 Barclay St., Vancouver, B. C.

Studio of Arts and Crafts.

Classes in china decoration, metal work, leather craft, and stencilling. Full stock of materials kept. For terms apply to—

MRS. ELLIS
 1056 Georgia St., VANCOUVER, B.C.

PITMAN'S

Shorthand and Business College

The oldest, largest, and best equipped college on the Pacific Coast. All commercial subjects taught, individual tuition. Special attention given to backward students.

Fees one month \$15.00, three months \$40.00, six months \$75.00. Text books free.

Write for prospectus, sent free to any address.

632-634-636 Seymour Street, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Something Interesting For Our Readers

A Proposition Which Will
Be Appreciated

The Westward Ho! management have completed arrangements with the publishers of The Calgary Weekly Herald whereby we can supply this newspaper to our readers at a small additional cost, in connection with the Westward Ho! monthly.

The regular subscription price of the Weekly Herald is \$1.00 a year. The Westward Ho! Magazine is \$1.00 a year. The two separate would cost you \$2.00 a year. For a **LIMITED TIME** we will give the two together for \$1.25 a year.

The **WEEKLY HERALD** is too well known to need any description, and as every one knows is the Western Rancher's and Farmer's favorite weekly newspaper.

The **WESTWARD HO!** is strictly a Western Magazine, containing short stories of fact and fiction of the West, fully illustrated with half-tone pictures of recent and past events.

This applies to all old subscribers, as well as new.

Postage to United States and Calgary Postoffice extra.

Fill out Coupon below and mail to Circulation Department, Westward Ho! Publishing Co., Ltd., 536 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

COUPON

Westward Ho Publishing Co., Ltd.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Please find enclosed \$1.25, for which please send me the Weekly Herald and Westward Ho! Magazine for one year.

Name

Address

Rate United States and Calgary
Postoffice, 50c extra.



VERTICAL FILING

OF LETTERS, INVOICES, RECEIPTS AND ALL PAPERS OF VALUE, is now the acknowledged up-to-date system.

WE CARRY IN STOCK filing systems suitable for the HOME, TRAVELLER, THE SMALL OFFICE OR THE LARGEST BUSINESS.

\$1.00 and upwards.

See our WEIS Cabinet for the house or private correspondence.

GET OUR CATALOGUES.

HEADQUARTERS:

Sectional Book Cases.
Filing Systems,
Card Indexes,
Office Desks,
Office Chairs.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS.

THE WEBSTER-HANNA CO.

426-428-430 Cordova St. W.,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

"BAGLEY makes good RUBBER STAMPS"



HOMER STREET, - Vancouver, B.C.

Trust It To Us---

We'll clean your fine waists, gowns or suits as only experts can do it. Our improved French method does not harm the most delicate fabrics, lace or embroidery. Waists and Gowns dyed.

PERTH STEAM DYE WORKS
562 Seymour St., VANCOUVER, B.C.

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

Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd.

Head Office and Cold Storage Plant:

132-134 Hastings Street, W. Vancouver, B. C.

Wallpaper. Painting.

Go to Cross & Huestis for fine Wall Papers, Burlaps or Artistic Wall Coverings.

Estimates furnished for painting, wallpapering, and decorating. Best materials always used, as we import our own leads, oils, and varnishes from England.

Cross & Huestis

437 Homer St. Opp. "World" Bldg.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

B. C. DETECTIVE SERVICE

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

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

"Hearthside" Kind

Brown Bros. Co. Ltd.

FLORISTS

Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Bulbs and Flowering Plants

Write for 1929 Catalogue - It's free.

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

PATENTS

AND TRADE MARKS
Obtained in all Countries.

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

An Assured Income Represents
Future Happiness.



Issues a Policy that Protects the Individual and Provides for the Future. A Postal will give you full information. Address

WILLIAM J. TWISS, Manager
VANCOUVER, B. C.

TORONTO, MONTREAL,
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



VANCOUVER STORE
122 HASTINGS ST. W.
P.O. BOX 1273.

Nicola Valley Coal

**THE BEST DOMESTIC AND STEAM
COAL IN THE WEST.**

Agencies at:—

**VANCOUVER, ASHCROFT, KAMLOOPS, REVELSTOKE,
VERNON AND OKANAGAN POINTS,
NELSON AND KOOTENAY POINTS.**

**Head Office:—VANCOUVER, B.C.
Collieries:—MIDDLESBORO, B. C.**

Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Co. Ltd

Free for the Asking

We will mail to any LADY in Canada the Largest, Smartest and most Exclusive range of Washable Shirting Fabrics, very suitable and specially adapted for Blouses and Suits.

We import our Shirtings from the Mills in Scotland, and our prices are at least one-third less than retail.

You will save time, trouble and treasure by writing at once for samples.

THIS MONTH'S SPECIALS

WHITE MERCERIZED ZEPHYR SHIRTINGS, in stripes, figured and embroidered effects (10 yds. sufficient for whole costume); width 27 inches.....15c a yard.

ZEPHYR SHIRTINGS, in white and colored grounds with Russian cords, stripes and figured effects of every conceivable color; width 32 inches. Price 35c to 50c a yd.

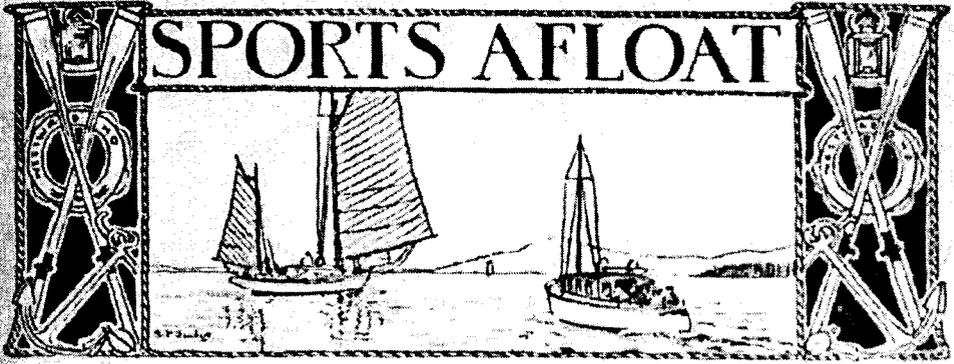
BOTANY TAFFETA SHIRTINGS, a wool weft fabric of light weight and fine weave, in every color and tint, unshrinkable and will wash like a handkerchief; width 32 inches.....Price, 50c to 60c a yd.

Our Mail Order Department is for your convenience, goods shipped same day as ordered and GUARANTEED to MORE than PLEASE you or money refunded, and all charges on Mail Orders PREPAID to any address in Canada.

Write for our extensive range of samples today and save yourself shopping troubles.

HARRY TOLTON, - BERLIN, ONT.

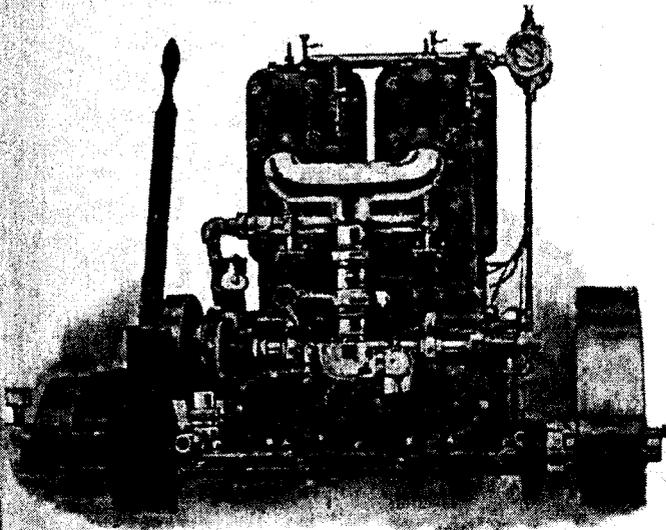
Shirt-Tailor and Importer of Woven Fabrics of rare weave.




B.C. BOAT AND ENGINE CO. LTD.

AGENTS FOR THE FERRO, HOLLIDAY, AUTOMATIC & THORNYCROFT MARINE MOTORS, ALSO MARINE PRODUCER GAS PLANTS

Palmer Engines



The fuel bill of our Four-Cycle Motors will save you one-half the cost of motor in one season.

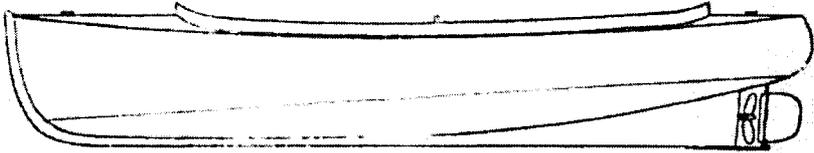
We carry a large stock on hand, also engine fittings, shafting, propellers, reverse gears, whistle outfits, and electric equipment.

Palmer Bros.

28 POWELL STREET,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Gasoline Engine Supplies

Promptly Shipped by Mail or Express. A full stock on hand.



Our Tye A Launch

We manufacture Launches to suit you.

We provide and install Gasoline Engines that will serve you faithfully.

We guarantee our goods, and our customers will tell you that our guarantee is worth something.

A choice of reliable engines is yours:

UNION, REGAL, ERD, TUTTLE and LOZIER

THE HINTON ELECTRIC CO., VICTORIA, B. C.

Address Launch Department.

WHAT

HB

Marine Motors Mean to You

More Speed. More Control.
Higher Efficiency.
Greater Economy.
More Satisfaction.

Two and Four Cycle Types fitted
with Make and Break or Jump
Spark Ignition.

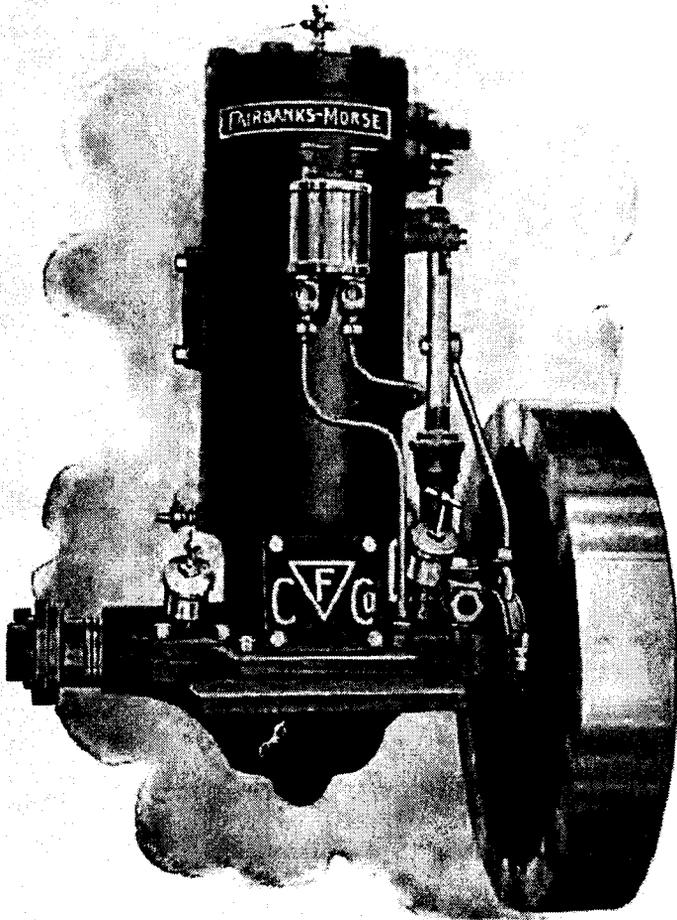
Manufactured by

**HUTCHISON BROS. & CO.
LIMITED**

**ENGINEERS AND FOUNDERS
VICTORIA, B. C.**

LANGLEY & WILLIAMS, Pender St.

Vancouver Agents.



6 h.p. slow speed valveless heavy duty engine, make and break ignition, for open fishing boats.

Our 1909 models of

FAIRBANKS-MORSE MARINE ENGINES

APPROACH PERFECTION AS NEAR AS IS POSSIBLE WITH
HUMAN SKILL AND BEST MATERIALS

All cylinders are ground like glass by latest process.

All bearings are babbitted and renewable.

All have double and positive system of lubrication.

We furnish either Jump, or Make and Break ignitions.

We use the famous Schebler carburetter.

We make a special simple slow-speed, moderate priced model for fishing boats.

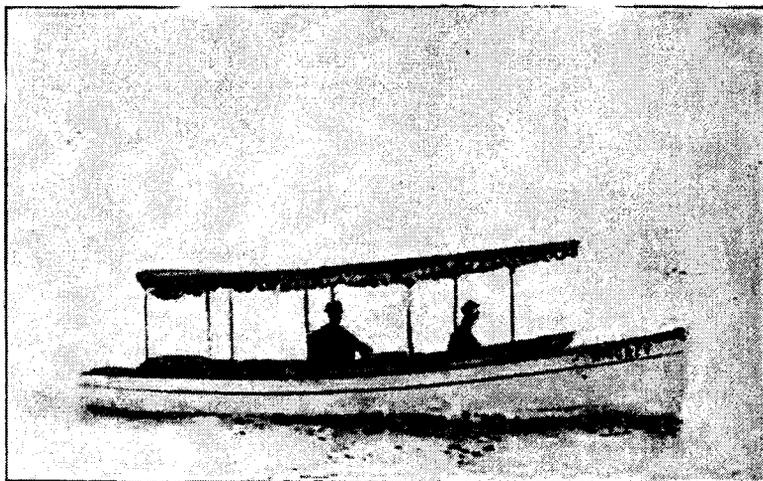
We install the engines if wanted—and look after them.

We guarantee every engine and OUR guarantee is worth something to you.

Ask for Catalog or see our display.

CANADIAN FAIRBANKS CO., Ltd.

107-3 WATER STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.
MONTREAL, TORONTO, ST. JOHN, WINNIPEG, CALGARY.



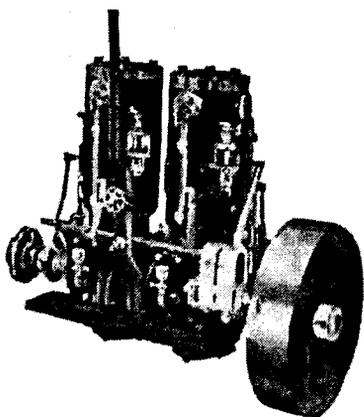
\$450.00 READY FOR SEA

This is one of our 22-ft. family launches, equipped with one of our 5 H.P. engines. She is comfortable and will carry 8 to 10 people nicely. She is a good sea boat and we guarantee a speed of 9 miles an hour. Finish the best throughout with solid brass rudder and shoe. We make small sizes too, and also large launches of every description.

We are the only firm in British Columbia manufacturing Engines and Launches complete. We can give you the best value and we guarantee you results.

EASTHOPE BROS.

Manufacturers of Marine Gasoline Engines. Builders Complete Launches.
Office and Factory: 1705 GEORGIA STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.



Double Cylinder.

WHY

with cheap gasoline engines when a few more dollars will procure a good one?

THE ADAMS

is a good machine that will do its work properly under all weather conditions.

We court your investigation.

A postal card will bring you our catalog.

Write for it.

The Adams Launch and Engine Mfg. Company

108 Water Street

Vancouver, B. C.

NORRIS SAFE AND LOCK CO.

Fire and Burglar Proof

Safes

Vault Doors, Time Locks,

Bank and

Safe Deposit Vaults,

Jail and Prison Work.

316 Cordova Street West,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

E. A. OSWALD. - Local Manager

WILSON'S INVALID'S PORT

(a a Qu na du Perou

Pays daily dividends in health, strength and vigor, by increasing appetite, helping digestion, and mildly toning the entire system

A healthy Stimulant
An Invigorating Drink
A Delightful Appetizer

Big Bottle
All Druggists
Everywhere



Something New in Motor Boats

The average man, buying a motor boat at a reasonable price, wants four things:— safety — comfort— freedom from trouble—speed.

As to the last of the four, don't fool yourself—or let others fool you. If you are jollyng yourself with the idea that you don't want speed, you have had mighty little experience in the great joy of motor boating.

You can't get a 35-miler and have comfort, but on the other hand don't be satisfied with a tub. You would rather ride at 11 or 15 or 20 miles per hour than to drift along at six.

We have the designs and the plant, and are turning out something different from the ordinary launch—different in design—different in construction—different in arrangement—embodying the latest ideas shown at this year's Chicago and New York shows.

Such are "KOOTENAY FLYERS," making from 9 to 28 miles per 60 minutes, depending on size and power.

These boats are not mere racing machines either — heavy, well constructed hulls—strong, substantial power plants—every inch of material the best the market affords.

And prices no more than ordinary launches.

Send for plans and descriptions.

The Kootenay Motor Boat Company, Ltd.

NELSON, B. C.

INVESTMENTS & SECURITIES

LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE SOUTH-WEST ALBERTA LAND CO., Limited

(INCORPORATED IN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA).

Invests funds on first mortgages on Albertan Wheat Farms at Eight to Ten per Cent. per annum. The Large margins and the upward trend of values make these lands the best secured investments at the highest interest for both home and British Capital.

ARTHUR C. KEMMIS, PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, CAN.

Refer to UNION BANK OF CANADA.

Solicitor for S. W. Alberta Land Co., Ltd.

HAROLD MAYNE DALY

MEMBER VANCOUVER STOCK EXCHANGE

STOCKS, LOANS AND INSURANCE

103 Crown Building

615 Pender St., VANCOUVER, B. C.

MONEY TO LOAN **JOHN J. BANFIELD** EST'D IN 1891

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.

607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Limited, of Huddersfield, England

CAPITAL . . . \$2,500,000.

MORTGAGES ON REAL PROPERTY
MUNICIPAL BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ESTATES MANAGED, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Vacant and Improved Properties for Sale in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster

Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.
OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets \$10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, B.C.

A Choice Investment 12 Per Cent

DIVIDENDS LAST YEAR.

The stock of the

**PRUDENTIAL INVESTMENT
COMPANY, LIMITED.**

is now offered to the public on easy terms of payment.

Subscribed Capital	\$155,000.00
Paid-up Capital	68,000.00
Reserve and Surplus	\$ 9,246.67

THOS. T. LANGLOIS,
President and Manager.

JAS. RAMSAY,
Vice-President.

Office: Cor. Pender and Homer Streets,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Write for literature.

Uncultivated Land | \$16
The Acre

Cultivated Land | \$30
The Acre

These prices still hold good for what little land that we have left in the famous

NECHACO VALLEY

We offer you a perfect investment. You should make 100 per cent. on your investment—we guarantee 24 per cent.

Write us today.

Appleton Investment Corp. Ltd.

WHITE BLDG., SEATTLE,

or

FAIRFIELD BLDG., VANCOUVER, B.C.



Fishing Tackle

Before selecting your fishing outfit for this season inspect our complete stock of Mallock Reels, English and American jointed rods, steel, split bamboo, greenheart.

Complete line of flies.

We carry the very highest grade fishing lines, in silk, linen and cotton. Landing nets, gaffs and fish baskets.

J. A. FLETT, LTD., 111 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

Are You Looking for a Business Opening or a
Safe Investment?

THE BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

with its vast area of rich agricultural lands, coal fields, and adjacent mountain ranges, rich with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., offers most unusual opportunities for those looking for favorable business openings and investments.

With the certain construction of the MAIN LINE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY through this valley, it is bound to become one of the richest agricultural and mining districts in the world, and its development, now that ample transportation facilities are assured for the near future, will be marvelously rapid.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY, send me a postal with your name and address, and I will send you full particulars concerning BULKLEY VALLEY LANDS and

TELKWA

The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.

This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.

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

J. L. FOREPAUGH, Agent

Jones Block, 407 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

EVER YOUNG AND EVER FAIR.

The preservation of female beauty and its enchantments by the use of harmless cosmetics, are duties the ladies owe to themselves, and to those who value their moral qualities. Unfortunately unprincipled parties too frequently take advantage of the natural desire to be ever young and ever fair, and palm upon the market deleterious acid and mineral poisons which impart a momentary lustre at the risk of future sallowness and ruined health. In the Oriental Cream, prepared by Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, of New York City, the ladies have a harmless preparation for preserving the delicacy of the complexion, and obliterating blemishes, which has become the favorite toilet article of the leading professional artists, who owe so much of their popularity to their personal charms. Scarcely a star dressing room in opera or theatre throughout our land is without the Oriental Cream. It stands to-day the most harmless and perfect beautifier known.

THE PRINCE RUPERT REALTY & COMMERCIAL COMPANY, LTD.

is organized for the purpose of buying for its stockholders Prince Rupert real estate when it is put on the market, and affords to the investing public a medium through which to make Prince Rupert investments.

Authorized capital \$250,000
For Prospectus and particulars of plan address

HARRY A. JOHNSTON CO.,
430 Richard St.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Valuable Stallion Died From Inflammation of Bowels—Sick Less than Twenty-four Hours.

To Whom It May Concern:—
This is to certify that on February 10th, 1909, our Clydesdale stallion "Chartesfield Chief," was sick with inflammation of the bowels, and died about ten o'clock the next day.

That we carried a policy of insurance on Elm with **The British American Live Stock Association, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C.**

That our "Proof of Loss" was completed and mailed to them on February 19th, and that we have this day received their cheque, dated February 23rd, for One Thousand Dollars, the full amount of our claim.

(Sgd.) **WM. A. & H. C. OTT,**
Dated at Lethbridge, Alta., 5th of March, 1909.

Fruit, Farm and Ranch Lands.

In the Southern Interior of British Columbia. The Kamloops district stands unrivalled for Climate, Soil, Water and Transportation facilities. I have for Exclusive Sale acreage in small and large lots, suitable for settlers and investors, and back by 24 years of practical experience in the district can advise you of the best opportunities to engage in poultry raising, fruit growing, mixed farming and ranching.

W. U. HOMFRAY

P. O. Box 235

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Western Opportunities--Timber.

Have for sale one to 100 sections of 640 acres—Pine, Spruce, Fir and Cedar—along Fraser or Columbia Rivers. Write Free Information Bureau.

E. AUGUST BRADLEY,

P. O. Box 198

REVELSTOKE, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT FARMS

in the Glorious Kootenay.

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

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

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

PHONE
1370

J. M. HENTON

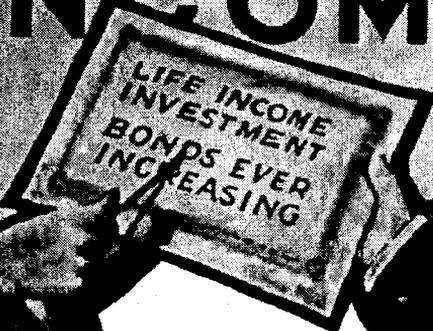
Photo Engraver

Stereotyper,
and ELECTROTYPYER.

ARTISTIC
Newspapers
Books
and
Catalogues
Illustrated
Estimates
Given
ADVERTISING COPY



PERPETUAL INCOME



\$1,000

A YEAR

**As Long as You
Live**

**SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

The less money you have, the greater
the need to place it where it will
work hard and fast for you

Fill Out and Return Coupon Just Now

Do you want an income of from \$100.00 to \$300 a year for life, if so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. If upon examination you are not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the **GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES** of your life to secure a steady, permanent income, as long as you live, you are under no obligation. Our first semi-annual dividend was paid January 15, 1929, amounting to 21 per cent. per annum. As the business grows the dividends will increase.

Name

Post Office

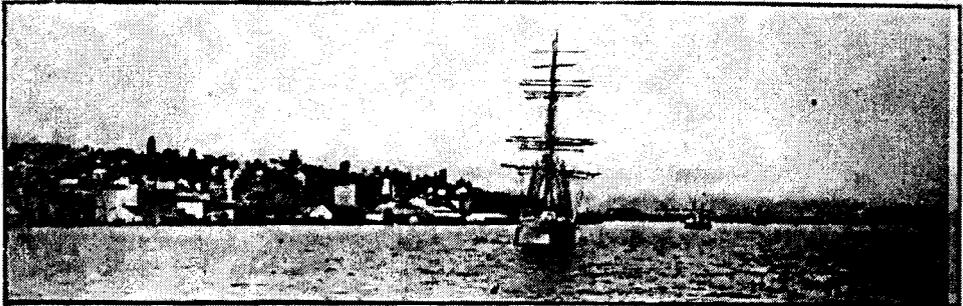
Province

Please reserve for me Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character, and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 10 Bonds reserved for any one person.

THE UNITED SECURITIES COMPANY

1163 EMPIRE BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

WHITE, SHILES & CO.

Fire Insurance

Real Estate and Financial Agents

The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

Westminster Iron Works

JOHN REID, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Wrought Iron Gates, Fences, Ornamental Iron Work, Fire Escapes, and Iron Stairs.

OFFICE AND WORKS, 10TH STREET.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

Real Estate, Insurance and Financial Brokers.

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 2 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000.

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

HALE BROS. & CO., LTD.

SPECIALIZE IN

5-ACRE FRUIT PLOTS

Box 100

New Westminster, B. C.

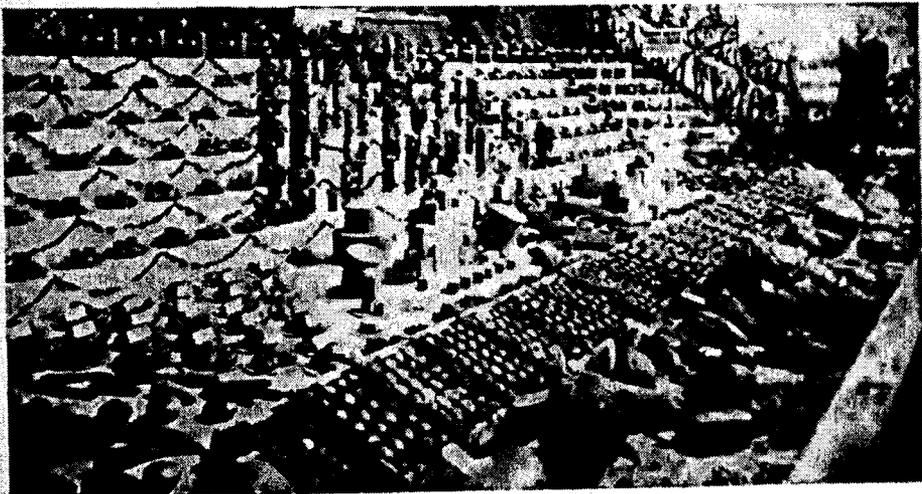
P. H. Brown

H. H. Lennie

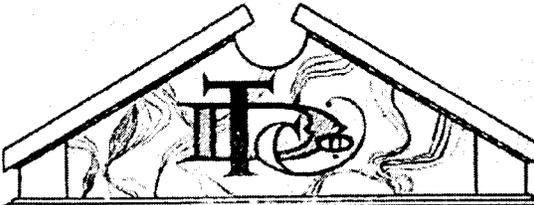
The Settlers' Association of B. C.

Real Estate, Financial & Customs Brokers
Auctioneers

Opposite Windsor Hotel.



PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY



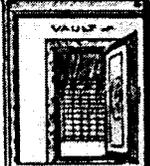
INCORPORATED 1905

SECURITY \$21,710,821

Safety Deposit Vaults

There is no good crying over spilt milk. It is little use locking the stable after the horse is stolen. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Our burglar and fireproof vaults are the place to keep your personal valuables, will, deeds, mortgages, life and fire insurance policies, agreements and other important documents. A safety deposit box with sufficient accommodation for all reasonable requirements costs from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per year rent. It is almost as important that all your important documents should be in one place and accessible as that they should be secure. You combine both conditions by renting a deposit vault box.



IN OUR FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT SPELLS SAFETY FOR YOU.....

CAPITAL \$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL \$505,000

PAID UP CAPITAL \$120,000

RESERVE \$160,000

Fire Insurance

There is little need of urging the necessity of protection against fire in this country of wooden buildings. What condition would you find yourself in in case you were burned out tomorrow? Ask yourself the question and answer it fairly. It is a matter of the greatest importance to you.

We insure buildings of all kinds, contents of buildings, plate glass, also revenue from buildings. Our companies are unquestionable so far as security is concerned. You get the protection you pay for. If you are putting on further insurance, or have your buildings or their contents unprotected call or drop us a line and we will be pleased to explain our position on the insurance question, and to quote you the most favorable rates.

DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE HASTINGS ST. W. VANCOUVER, B.C.

BRANCH OFFICE NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.



"THE TEST OF TIME"

The

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

Don't think that Ostermoor Mattresses are solely for the wealthy. It is true that thousands of our wealthiest Canadians and scores of our best Hotels and Steamships will have nothing else, because they are the most LUXURIOUS and the most SANITARY Mattress made at any price.

But they are also the CHEAPEST, because they are an actual investment, even for the wage-earner, as they last a lifetime and never cost a cent for making over. A \$15.00 Ostermoor Mattress at a cent per day would mean less than three years' service, but the Ostermoor Mattress is good for fifty years of SOLID COMFORT and CLEANLI-NESS.

Don't be satisfied with the "just as good" kind, when you can have the "guaranteed" kind for the same money. The genuine Ostermoor Mattress has a red and black label sewn into the end band, with the name "Ostermoor" across it; insist on seeing this before you buy.

Write us for catalogue and recommendations of well-known people who know the Ostermoor Mattress—some of them for over fifty years.

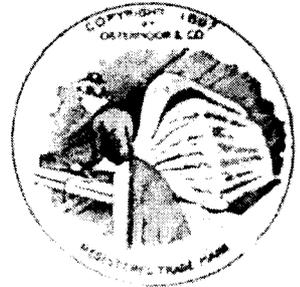
For sale by one dealer in every good-sized town in Canada, or direct.

**STANDARD SIZES AND
PRICES:**

4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	\$15.00
4 ft. 0 in. wide, 40 lbs.	14.00
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	12.50
3 ft. 0 in. wide, 30 lbs.	11.00
2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	9.50
All 6 ft. 3 in. long	
Made in two parts, 50c extra.	
Transportation paid.	

**THE ALASKA FEATHER
& DOWN CO., LIMITED**

MONTREAL





form
tobacco
smoked."
Sweet