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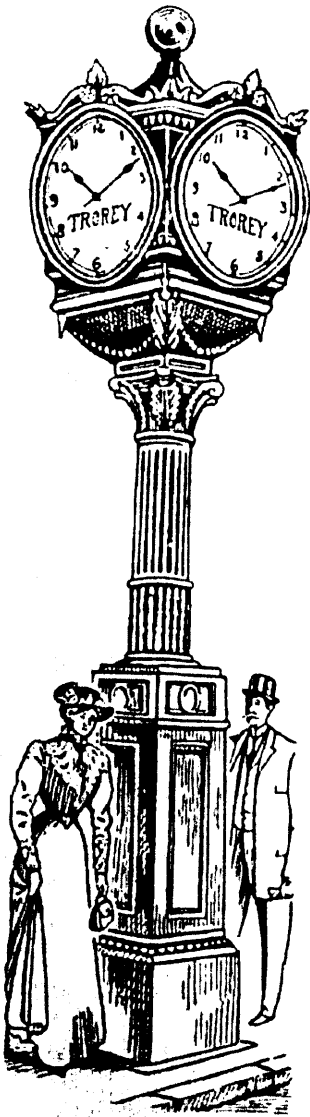
WESTWARD HO!

A WESTERN
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

ART
LITERATURE
CRITICISM
PUBLICITY

AUGUST, 1907

PUBLISHED AT 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.
PRICE TEN CENTS



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Westward Ho! Magazine

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AUGUST, 1907

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The success of the first number of Westward Ho! has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. Within three days of issue the first number was sold out in Victoria and Vancouver, and stray numbers were being collected to supply the most urgent enquiries. This large demand for the magazine and a corresponding increase in advertising support has necessitated the printing of a larger magazine which will have double the circulation of the initial number. This issue consists of 60 pages of reading matter and 20 pages of advertisements. It includes a splendidly illustrated article on the International Yacht Race, which is our leading feature, and which contains the first authentic description of the race, for the Alexandra Cup. Special attention is directed to a series of photographic studies of British Columbia scenery. The balance of the number consists of articles on matters of public interest and short stories, all by Western writers and specially written for Westward Ho!

The September number in addition to the ordinary departments will contain some specially interesting features; the Hon. Richard McBride will contribute an article on "My First Impressions of the Motherland." An expert article on the "Awakening of the Royal City," with illustrations of New Westminster taken by our own artist. Mrs. Beanlands will contribute another of her popular Art Sketches. There will be an illustrated article on "Lumbering," by Arthur V. Kenah. Mr. John Kyle, A. R. C. A., will write the first of a series of studies on "Home Arts and Crafts," (illustrated). The Editor will continue his chatty articles on "Men I Have Met," featuring the popular and genial Irish leader, Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mrs. Annie Dalton will be responsible for a very interesting and whimsical ghost story and there will be at least half a dozen other short stories by popular writers. "Community Promotion" will be dealt with in the first of a series of articles by Percy G. Godenrath, and a financial expert will write on Banking and Trust business, with special reference to the important assistance of the latter, in building up the West.

SOME GOOD PREMIUMS FOR WILLING WORKERS.

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY for bright boys and girls to obtain useful articles during holiday time.

The WESTWARD HO! Magazine will give a prize of a Gold Mounted Fountain Pen, complete with King Klip, value \$2.50, to the boy or girl or any other person sending in six annual subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

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The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER.

Aug. 1907



Brown and White.

The daily press is discussing with all seriousness the subject of Oriental immigration and the favourite headline with journals not notoriously yellow is "The Japanese Menace." It is a subject which requires quiet thought rather than loud expression. The Spectator appeals to the British public and press to do their utmost to promote a peaceful and enduring solution of the American-Japanese problem—the Government by a tactful influence of the ally, and the press by the avoidance of any comment that might prove to be an embarrassing precedent in the future. This is excellent advice, and while it is addressed to the British people from the higher platform on which Imperial matters are debated, it is none the less apposite in the narrower sphere of Provincial interests. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the advisability of utilizing Mongolian labour in connection with those public works which are essential to the rapid development of the Province, there is no difference of opinion as to the desirability of maintaining British Columbia, and indeed the whole of Canada, as a white man's country. Even capitalists and contractors who are most eager to avail themselves of low grade labour in order the more quickly to realize the profits of their investment are outspoken in the opinion that it is only a temporary expedient, and in specific instances they have offered to follow the lead of Rhodesia, and ar-

range for deportation within a limited time. If carefully and closely examined, the issue narrows down to one or two points; the shortage of labour being admitted as now it must, the first question is from what source can it be supplied. If from the white races, it becomes the bounden duty of the Government to exhaust every means of securing this class of labour, before even tentatively permitting the wholesale immigration of Mongolians. Up to date no serious effort has been made by the B. C. Government to bring white men in. This is not altogether the fault of the Government, although it must take the responsibility. If organized labour had been more reasonable and less hostile, there is every probability that at least from five to eight thousand labourers and settlers would have been brought into the Province this season by the Salvation Army. The astonishing inrush of Japs during the last three months has opened everyone's eyes, and has probably convinced the labour leaders that for once at any rate they were lacking in prescience when they condemned the proposals of the Government. With 5,000 Japs brought in this year and 5,000 more on the way, the object lesson is beginning to have its effect and white labour, even if brought through the agency of the Salvation Army appears far less obnoxious than it did about the time of the last Provincial election. Those who have studied the question at close quarters believe that a more vigorous policy along the same lines

would within a year or two solve the problem and check Japanese immigration, if not stop it altogether. The fact that so many Japs have been able to find employment, and that in spite of the heavy head tax Chinamen are beginning to come in in considerable numbers, no less than eighty arriving in one batch, and paying \$500 each for the privilege of staying here, clearly demonstrates that there is an unsatisfied demand. The Government is face to face with a difficulty. Whilst it may not be possible to impose the same restriction upon Japanese as upon Chinese immigration, there is reason to believe that more can be effected with the Government of the former country than the latter by recourse to tactful diplomacy. The Federal Government should not hesitate to exercise its influence through this channel in the interests both of the Province and the Dominion. The local Government disregarding sectional prejudice and interested opposition, should initiate a broad scheme looking to a much larger influx of white labour than has yet been contemplated. The project should be devised and carried out by the Government so that the mistakes of the Dominion immigration department may not be repeated, and in order that Government control may be absolute. Such a scheme will require substantial aid, and if the Province is determined as far as practicable to exclude Mongolians, it can only do so effectively if it is willing to pay the price for bringing in men of our own race. The present difficulty has been created by the unparalleled rapidity of development throughout the Dominion. Gigantic industrial and transportation works have multiplied at such a rate that the shrewdest business man and the most sagacious statesman alike have found their anticipations far outstripped. The country is clamouring for railways and roads; without these, its forests, mines, and illimitable agricultural lands cannot be exploited. Canada must be content either to wait or to organize immigration upon more extensive and attractive lines, and since the average Canadian refuses to wait, there is obviously no alternative. Meanwhile the problem is more acute in British Columbia than in any part of the Dominion, especially

in view of its geographical position and the alarming influx of Mongolians. The situation calls for wise and careful handling. The interests involved are local, national and Imperial. They are in safe hands, the solution will be found along the lines indicated, but it will be reached all the sooner if public opinion asserts itself on the platform and in the press in favour of the policy which the local Government indicated six months ago, and which by their recent contract they are apparently about to put into operation.

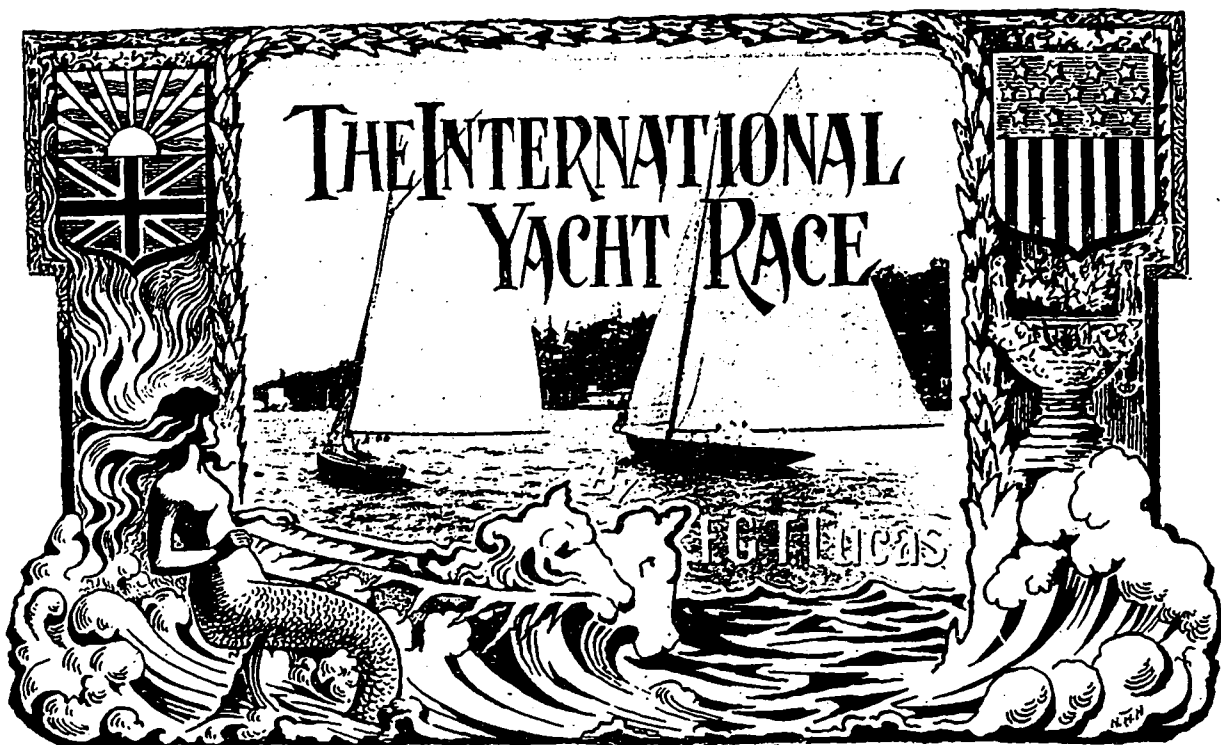
The Fuel Question.

Although it is still mid-summer, there are ominous whisperings to the effect that the coming winter may find Western Canada suffering from a shortage of fuel. This may or may not happen, but it is never too soon to take time by the forelock and in view of recent experiences, there can be no certainty that winter will find us well supplied with coal. It is a standing anomaly that the Province containing some of the finest and most extensive coal deposits in the world should be threatened with a fuel famine, and it is quite as strange a circumstance that capital has been so slow in realizing what a splendid field for investment coal mining offers. It is a singular fact that while millions have been lost in metalliferous mining, and while millions have been made in British Columbia in coal mining, and while not a single enterprise of the latter class has failed, it is next to impossible to interest capitalists in developing our coal areas. Probably labour troubles have acted as a deterrent, but these are likely to be less serious in the future, and much may be expected from Mr. Lemieux' Conciliation Act in the direction of preventing and settling strikes. In the Crow's Nest Pass, in the Elk Valley, in the Nicola and Similkameen Valleys, and on Vancouver Island are enormous deposits of coal in the virgin state, conveniently situated for the market and only awaiting the necessary capital and skill to yield all that is required for local use, and a large surplus for exportation. The Government would be rendering a service to the Province if it undertook a special investigation of available coal deposits, and issued

reliable bulletins setting forth all the available data which could be gathered concerning them. It is all very well to say that capital will seek its own investment, that is true, but it can be encouraged and assisted, and in no way more surely than by the furnishing of reliable data. There is one other point which should not be overlooked; it is that in spite of the scarcity of fuel, both in this Province and throughout the North-West, more than 50 per cent. of all the coal produced in Western Canada is exported. It is certain that the various local Governments will either have to stimulate production by encouraging capital, or undertake Government operation; or restrict and, if necessary, entirely prohibit exportation. Our own people must be supplied, they have the first claim, and it is none too soon even in August to make preparation for the coming winter, since the production of coal is not likely to be any greater than last winter, whilst the number of consumers must have increased according to the immigration returns at least 100,000.

Vancouver Island. Vancouver Island is the centre of interest among those who are watching keenly the development of British Columbia. Many things have recently transpired to stimulate this interest, but undoubtedly the chief factor is the activity of the C. P. R. When this corporation acquired the E. & N. Railway, it could safely be predicted that the purchase was but the first link in a chain which would ultimately bind Vancouver to the mainland, and bring about the exploitation of its splendid natural resources. This prediction is being fulfilled earlier than might have been expected. The second link in the chain was the erection of a large up-to-date hotel in Victoria. The third link the placing of a number of survey parties in the field to locate a route for the extension of the E. & N. Railway North and West of Nanaimo. The fourth link is about to be forged as indicated by the announcement of Mr. Arthur Piers, head of the Company's Steamship De-

partment, that an Empress liner of the same class as those which have established the Atlantic record between Queenstown and Halifax, will at once be built for the Pacific trade. These are but the bare outlines of a far-reaching policy, which involves the clearing and settlement of enormous areas of agricultural land in the E. & N. belt, railway connection with Alberni, railway extension to the extreme North of the Island, and last but by no means least, a railway and steamship terminus on Quatsino Sound. This latter decision which, although not officially announced, is practically assured by the recent visit of Mr. MacNicol, the General Manager, is by far the most important in its bearings upon the future of Vancouver Island. If any other point had been chosen, its future would have been imperilled, because it possesses the greatest natural advantages, and therefore will be most conducive to the building up of the Oriental trade and the all Imperial route on which the prosperity of the Island and the Province so largely depend. With an up-to-date ferry either across Seymour Narrows or some other point not far distant, and speedy railway connection with Quatsino Sound, traffic to the Orient will be brought twenty-four hours nearer to Yokohama than is possible from Vancouver or Victoria. To select Quatsino Sound is not to detract from the merits of either of these cities, they will still be great sea-ports, especially the former, but when it comes to an all-round the world route every hour counts, and if there is to be a Southern port, competing with Prince Rupert, and near enough to benefit Vancouver and Victoria and so divert traffic to them, no place of equal merit with Quatsino Sound could be selected. What with the present unprecedented activity in locating timber claims, preparing for the erection of lumber and pulp mills, for the clearing of agricultural land, and for railway construction, to say nothing of the exploitation of coal and mineral areas, the prospects for a time of general prosperity on Vancouver Island is of the brightest.



THE unexpected has happened. A young Seattle boy, scarcely attained to his majority, has designed and built a yacht with which he sailed and defeated a yacht from the drafting boards of the famous Fife of Fairlie. Of Ted Geary it may be truly said that he has awakened to find himself famous; for although it is of course premature to form an estimate of his work from this one yacht and this one race, still the fact remains, that the best yacht ever turned out of Vancouver, has had to lower its colors in two out of three races to Geary's "Spirit."

The occasion was the Annual Regatta of the North-Western International Yacht Racing Association held at Seattle, Washington, during the first week in July, 1907.

At the conference of representatives of the various yacht clubs of the Association held at Seattle in December of last year, the International Rating Rule of London was adopted as the rating rule of the Association; and the 29-foot class selected as the International Challenge class.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia in recognition of what had been done, presented to the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club for perpetual International competition, the "Alexandra Cup." The Deed of Gift requires, among other things, that the

cup shall be raced for by two yachts, one representing a yacht club of the United States of America and one representing a yacht club of the Dominion of Canada, both belonging to the Association. Professionalism is absolutely barred and the contest consists in winning the best two out of a series of three races.

The date set for the first competition for this trophy was the date of the Annual Regatta of the Association held at Seattle in July last.

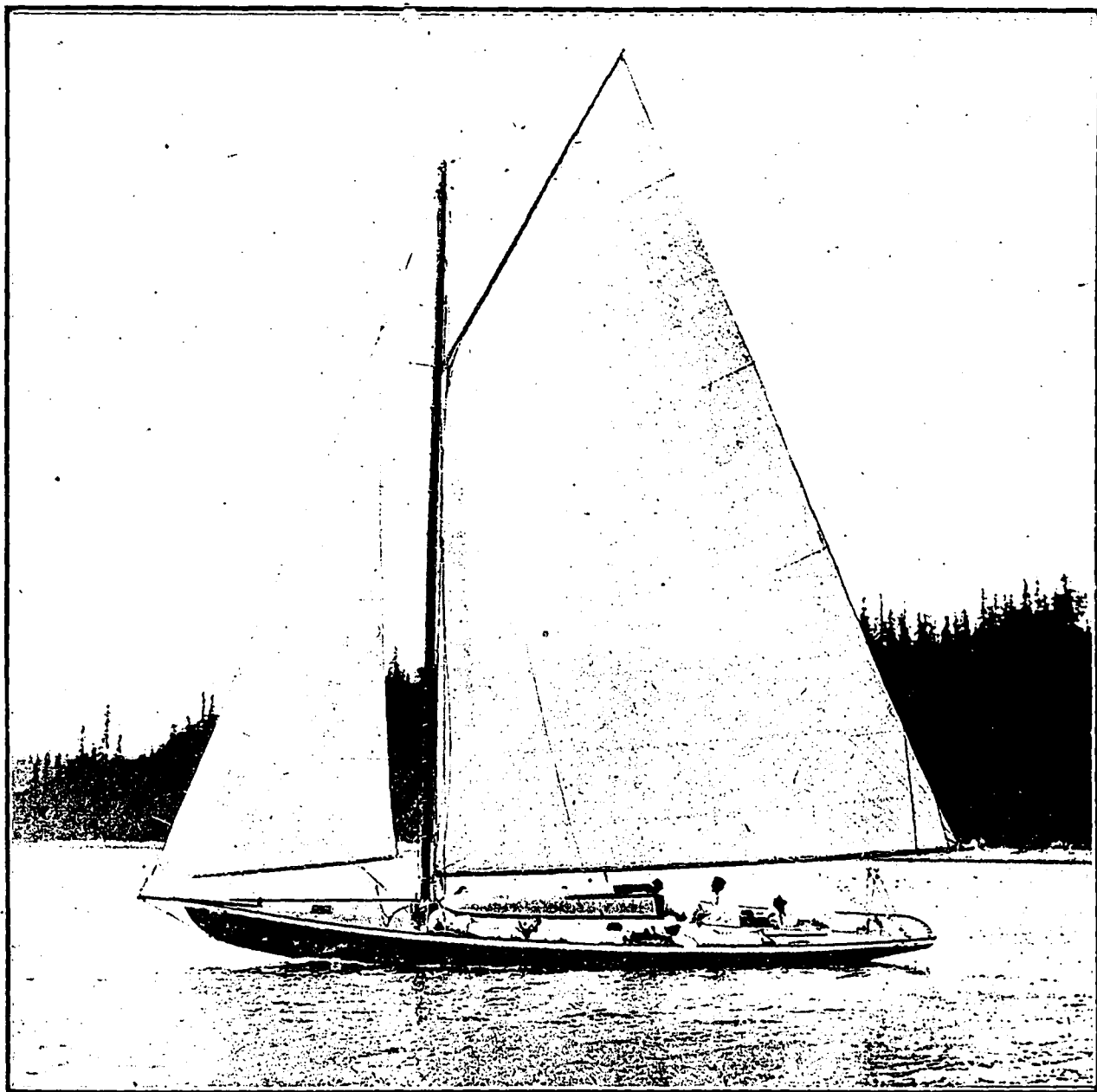
In December last, I wrote to Mr. William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, who kindly consented to design for me a 29-foot cutter for light weather racing, to defend this trophy. The matter was then taken up by a syndicate of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, the designs placed in the hands of the Vancouver Shipyards, Limited, and early on the morning of June 28th, little Eileen Graveley broke a bottle of champagne over the bows of the most beautiful yacht that ever took to the water on the Pacific Coast, christening her the "Alexandra." One week was spent in outfitting and rigging her and she was placed in the hands of Honorary Commodore W. E. Graveley. Only three short weeks remained for the tuning-up process. On her third day out her mast buckled and three days were lost stepping the new one. She behaved well, appeared to be a little tender, but ran away from everything in the fleet

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

and her skipper considered that no try-out races were necessary.

The hopes of Vancouver yachtsmen ran high, and when, on Wednesday, June 24th, she left for Seattle in tow of the tug "Linda," there was not a man who saw her but believed to the bottom of his heart that she was invincible.

andra" in construction and smaller in her main dimensions, she did not look equal to the task of defeating the "Alexandra." The "Spirit" is 41.6 feet overall compared to the "Alexandra's" 46 feet; 27 feet on the water line compared to the "Alexandra's" 29 feet. She carried 4,800 lbs. of lead while the "Alex-



The "Spirit," the Successful Challenger for the Alexandra Cup.

In Seattle, different conditions obtained. Scott Calhoun had faith in young Geary and organized a syndicate which allowed him to go ahead with his challenger. All spring the young designer worked on his ideal, with a crew of the best ship's carpenters obtainable. The "Spirit" was the result.

Considerably lighter than the "Alex-

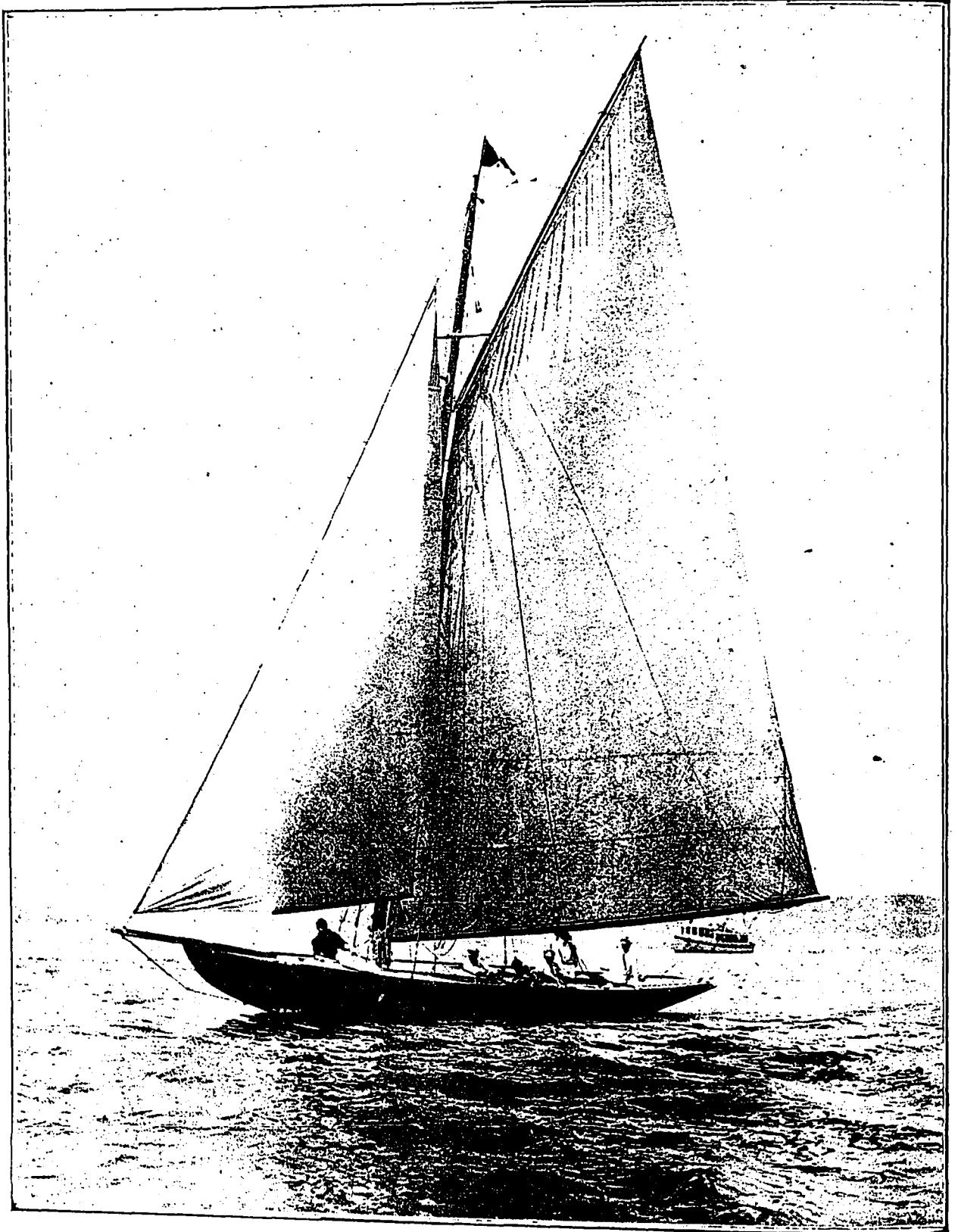
andra" carries 8,600, and compared to the "Alexandra's" 1,350 square feet of sail, the "Spirit" carried only 950 feet. Both rigs were of the jib and mainsail type. Geary's sails were made by Wilson & Silsby of Boston. The "Alexandra's" by R. Soper of Hamilton, Ont.

The "Spirit" is the embodiment of the effects of fifteen years' development in

yacht designing and building along the line of the famous America's Cup defenders, with her measurements adjusted to a certain extent to meet the conditions

Geary had produced a challenger worthy of the name. She bears the "Spirit" of Seattle.

The "Alexandra" on the other hand,



The "Alexandra," the Unsuccessful Defender of the Alexandra Cup.

of the new rule. In other words, she is a fine keel yacht, narrowed in her beam and lengthened out overall, with her under body filled in to a reasonable extent.

is the embodiment of the new ideal in yacht designing. Fife was not fettered by the old rules, but was designing a yacht according to his own notion under

a rule which he was instrumental in having introduced. He was on his own ground and the "Alexandra" represents his ideal of a racing cutter. She is not a fine keel yacht and her draft is comparatively small. Her long drawn outlines and beautifully moulded form were alike the pride of her supporters and the envy of her opponents. She looked her part, a thoroughbred.



The Crew of the "Spirit."

Geary saw, as did everyone, if he was to win, seamanship and hard drill must do it, and he acted accordingly. For a whole month he lived on his beloved "Spirit" and not a day went by but he put her through everything that came by him. The fact that the two yachts differed so essentially in design, rendered doubly interesting the contest about to take place.

Tuesday, July 2nd, broke fine and fair. By two o'clock in the afternoon nearly two hundred yachts and launches were hovering near the starting line. The officials were very successful in keeping the course clear. The breeze which had been light all morning dropped to almost nothing and when the starting gun fired at 2.30 there was scarcely enough of it left to waft the racers across the line. The "Spirit" got a windward po-

sition and pulled away a few lengths at the start and then to the wonderment of everyone the "Alexandra" did not commence to overhaul her. The "Spirit" increased her lead all the long beat out to the first buoy off West Point.

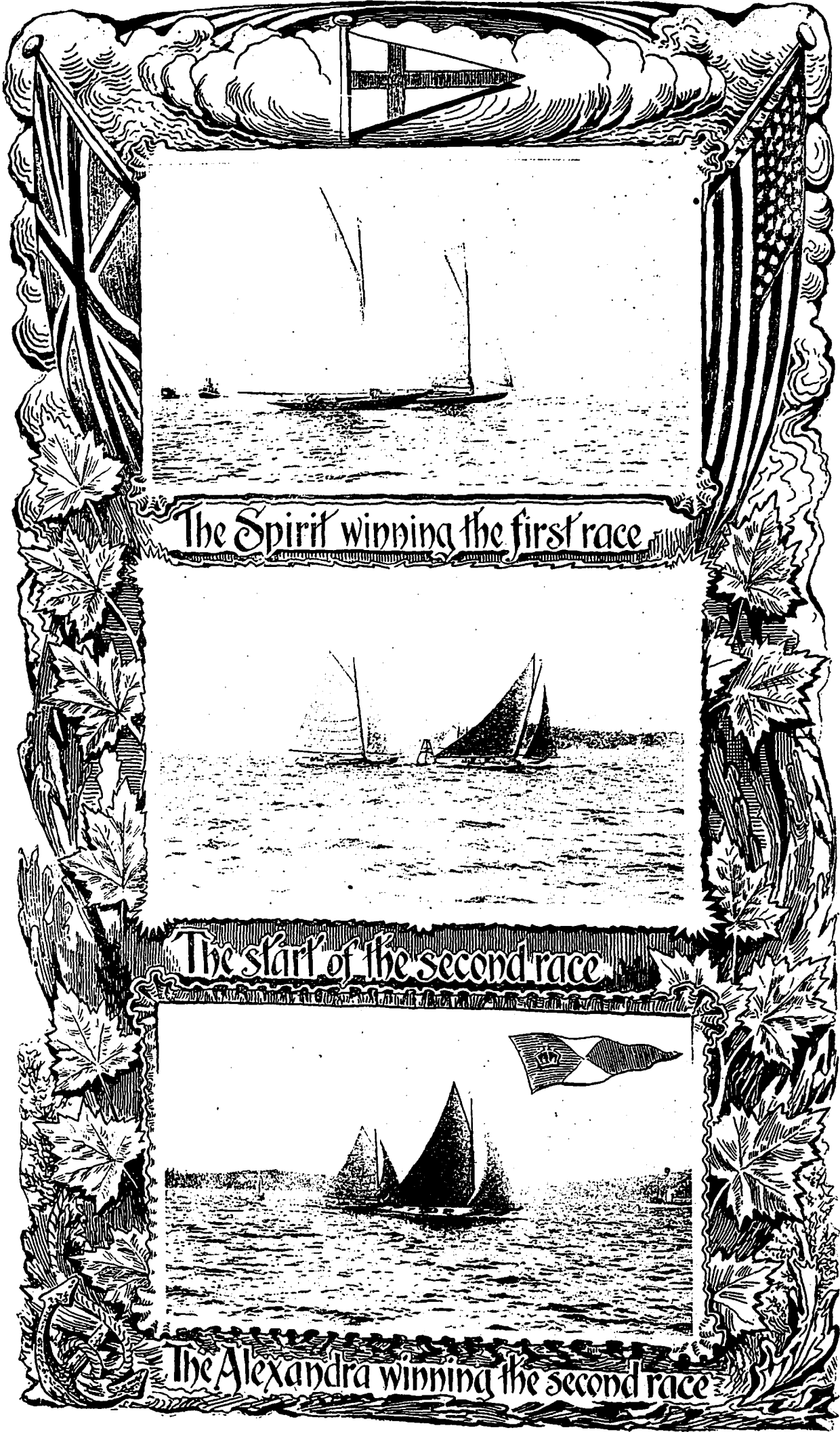
It seemed unfortunate that the "Alexandra" had never been over the course and that in this, the first of the series of races that was to determine the yachting supremacy of the Pacific Coast, she was to sail the course for the first time.

From the first buoy to Eagle Harbor was a balloon set and "Alexandra" with every sail drawing splendidly, drew up on her adversary, but did not overhaul her entirely. The yachts jibed about the Eagle Harbor buoy and ran for the finish. It seemed that "Alexandra" would not overtake "Spirit," but the finish line off Alki Point was in a doldrum in which the "Spirit" lay but a few yards from the buoy. The "Alexandra" carried the breeze and was approaching on her adversary sailing two feet to the "Spirit's" one. Entering the doldrum, she carried her way strongly and it seemed as if she would snatch the race from her opponent's grasp. Wildest



The Crew of the "Alexandra."

excitement reigned. Every whistle and siren in the harbor was blowing. The thousands at Luna Park added their volume of cheers to the hundreds on the steamers and yachts which had been following the race. The two yachts came



The Spirit winning the first race

The start of the second race

The Alexandra winning the second race

closer and closer together and when the "Alexandra's" bowsprit was overlapping the foot of the "Spirit's" jib, the line was crossed and Geary had won his first race.

It was unfortunate that the "Alexandra" had trouble with her big headsails on the last leg of this race. The balloon jib had apparently got foul of the stay and was not drawing well. It was taken down and after what seemed an interminable time to anxious Canadian eyes watching her, the working jib was substituted. Later on the balloon jib was full up again.

The second race was set for Friday, July 5th.

The "Alexandra" had not left her moorings since the afternoon of the first race, but on Friday was hauled up and given a good coat of black lead and polished until her under body looked like shining metal.

A good breeze was blowing from the north at the start and the "Alexandra" held the "Spirit" much better on the beat out to windward. The "Spirit" led, however, around the first buoy. On the run from the first buoy to the Eagle Harbour buoy "Alexandra" overhauled "Spirit" and both went around the Eagle Harbour buoy together, "Spirit" in the windward position. "Spirit" hauled out somewhat to windward. "Alexandra" took a direct course to the finish line. For the whole four miles of this leg the two yachts held their relative positions until the "Spirit" commenced to draw down on the "Alexandra" to reach the buoy, when the "Alexandra" pulled out a few feet in the lead which advantage she held across the finish line, thereby winning the second race of the series.

Such racing as this had not been seen before. With the "Spirit" winning by three seconds on Tuesday and the "Alexandra" winning by two seconds on Friday. Everybody had to cheer and the defender got a right royal welcome from the Americans. As can be guessed,

the Canadians were enthusiastic over their victory.

The final race was set for 1.30 on the next day, Saturday, July 6th. The old "Yosemite," which had been following the races, carried a record crowd and several other steamers were chartered over night. Seattle was aroused. By noon the breeze which had been quite fresh in the morning dropped and when the starting gun fired at 1.30 there was very little of it left.

The "Alexandra" got the best of the start. She crept out in front of the "Spirit" and increased her lead rapidly. When the yachts went about on the first tack after leaving the starting buoy, the "Alexandra" had a splendid windward position but failed to keep it and sagged rapidly to leeward. "Spirit" pulled out a long lead and for the third time rounded the West Point buoy first. This lead the "Alexandra" was unable to overcome on the run to the Eagle Harbour buoy and on the run from Eagle Harbour to the finish, neither yacht gained a second, "Spirit" winning by over three minutes. This decided the possession of the Alexandra Cup for 1907.

The results of the Seattle Yacht Club Regatta and the International Association Regatta were more favourable to the Canadians. The "Wideawake," owned and sailed by Mr. E. B. Deane, and "Dione," owned by Mr. R. M. Maitland, of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, won the 36-ft. class and the 26-ft. class prizes respectively, in the Seattle Yacht Club Regatta and in the International Regatta the "Britannia," of the R. V. Y. C., won the 36-ft. class prize and the Key City Trophy, and the "Dione," won the 26-ft. class and the Mackie Trophy. There were twelve contestants in the 36-ft. in both days' racing and four contestants in the 26-ft. class. The two 36-ft. class races were very closely contested; the leading four or five yachts in each instance finishing within one minute after the winner.

We cannot all be in the best places and most favourable positions in life, but we can all make the best of our surroundings. By mastering our conditions we develop the strongest, noblest and worthiest powers of character, grace, intellect, heart and life that we possess, and so come to a fulness and ripeness of manhood and saintship otherwise unattainable.

Father Ignatius.

By L. McLeod Gould.

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AS I entered the chapel Father Ignatius was playing the organ as only he could play it, and I saw by the expression on his face that he had lost himself in the music and that the voluntary would be one of those which would keep his audience entranced long after the service was finished. It being an ordinary night, neither feast nor fast nor vigil, there were but few candles lit, and those few grouped round the altar cast a weird light on the statue of "The Black Virgin of Montserrat," enthroned at the rear end of the chancel. I have been to Montserrat at all seasons of the year; in the spring when even that rugged mountain with arid soil, if soil it can be called, seemed to put on in common with all Nature some freshness to betoken the opening of the natural year; I have been there in summer when the heat rising from its rocks roasts rather than stifles the visitor; I have been there in early autumn and seen the approach of winter from its distorted peaks, but of all times of the year I love it best in winter, when its quiet is not disturbed by the countless tourists, whose very presence breaks the calm monotony of its isolation.

For Montserrat is not as other mountains, nor is the monastery as other monasteries. The former from its formation known as Tertiary Conglomerate is the result of some gigantic upheaval of Nature, which in a sportive mood piled the massive rocks in such grotesque confusion that the Romans called it Mons Serratus from the jagged ridge which runs along its summit. The latter, an enormous building, plain even to ugliness opens its doors to the stranger, asking nothing in return for lodging, save such offering as courtesy demands for the benefit of "The Black Virgin." A modest restaurant at the west end affords good, plain fare at reasonable cost,

which same restaurant is under the charge of a layman, who does not, however, allow the business instinct to dominate the reverence which the sanctity of the place demands. But the crowning glory of the mountain is the chapel, for here is installed the famous image, said to have been found many long years ago by a pious hermit, to whom its hiding-place was revealed in a vision. Scoffers may say that it is merely one of the images of Diana which were so common before the Christian era, but the faithful hermit preserved it with honour, and soon a fit abiding place was found for it in the chapel of Montserrat which formed the nucleus of the present monastery.

Of all the monks there the only one of whom I knew anything was Father Ignatius, and him I knew not personally, but had gathered certain details of his life's history from the proprietor of the restaurant. Tall, ascetic, with black eyes burning in a face pale as marble, crowned with a mass of snow-white hair, broken only by the tonsure, Father Ignatius impressed me on the occasion of my first visit to the mountain. He was in the sacristy writing and I discovered later that he spent all his time writing and playing for Matins and Evensong. This was his task in the daily routine of monastic life. And his playing—ah, words fail to express the emotions it stirred, the thoughts it inspired. At the organ he seemed to put off mortality for a time, and to play as one in a trance. Except for purposes of actual accompaniment he never played written music; he played from his soul, and yet it all seemed to suggest one of the great masters, from another world, with the soul of Ignatius aiding in the harmonies. His music was weird, as that of Grieg, and yet it was not Grieg; it was pathetically stately but it was not Beethoven.

I can only describe it as the music of Nature interpreted by an inspired soul.

As I said it was the inn-keeper who told me something of the history of Father Ignatius. In response to my comment on the magnificent playing of the organist he told me in broken English, interspersed with Spanish a tale as extraordinary as any one of those with which the mediaeval ages were acquainted.

"Ah, signor," he said, "you speak of Father Ignatius. Yes, it is true that he is not as other men, but then he has had an experience which few other men have had. If the signor wills, I will tell him the story which is told about the father."

Naturally I expressed a wish to hear this wonderful tale, and I think few will be found who will not agree that it is as bizarre as any to be found in the present age.

"It will be ten years next spring, Signor, since the father came to the monastery, as a beggar, an outlaw and a convert. He was born in Barcelona, Signor, that great city of trade and manufacture, and was known there as Ignace de Lolla, his father being one of the richest men in Catalonia. It was believed that he was descended from the great Ignatius de Loyola, who as the Signor knows, was a soldier before he took the vows and founded that Society of Jesus which has been so powerful. Who knows, they may still regain their lost position? Of all the young men in Barcelona Ignace had only one rival in the accomplishments in which a youth loves to excel, Pedro Gonzales. Both were descended from old families, esteemed far and wide for their wealth and upright conduct; both were high-spirited lads, full of the ardour which southern blood engenders, and as often happens both were in love with Dolores, the acknowledged beauty from Pyrenees to Madrid. And Dolores was in love with both, nor could she tell which she loved the more. Well, Signor, it was not unnatural that the hot blood of each, fanned by jealousy, should have provoked fierce quarrels between the two, and poor Dolores, wishing to settle the question said that she would give her heart and hand to the winner in the great pelota contest which was shortly

to be held. Both Ignace and Pedro were far more skilled in this game of the Basque Provinces than any of their rivals and were about equally matched. The Signor has seen the game? Then he knows how the ball, hard as concrete and resilient as rubber may be swung the full length of the court to rebound 150 feet to the other wall without touching the ground, but if that ball touch a man, well it is bad for that man.

It was Christmas time, when the great annual championship was to be held, and in the final round Ignace with his partner was leader of the Reds, while Pedro led the Blues. Ah, Signor, that was a match. Point by point the score crept up, 'till it stood at 30 all; but two more points and the hand of Dolores was won. Each side won a point, and now it was a question of the next rally.

Who shall say whether it was accident or not? But Ignace was in his place at the back of the court with Pedro in front of him serving; the ball flew back to Ignace; catching it with one mighty swing he hurled it right at the nape of the neck of Pedro. The game was never finished, Signor; Pedro was carried out dead, and as Ignace came forward to claim his prize he was arrested for murder.

The Gonzales were a powerful family, and it was well known what rivalry had existed between the two young men, and in spite of all efforts Ignace was condemned to face the garotte. In vain his family pleaded and schemed to save him. He must die. And poor Dolores, bereft of both her lovers, shut herself out from the world and took the veil. Ignace, however, escaped by his own cunning and strength. Have I not said that he excelled all other men? On the night before his execution he overpowered his guard, and with incredible skill scaled the walls of his prison and fled to the mountains, an outlaw with a price on his head. It needs an army to scour the southern slopes of the Pyrenees to capture one man, and Ignace lived there for nine years as what you English would call a brigand. But he was not like other brigands. In many parts of the country the brigand is sheltered by the peasants, whom he helps with gifts of money, and who deceive the Guardas

Civiles sent out to take him. Ignace's hand was against every man's. He felt that he had been wronged by the world, and on the world he meant to take vengeance. Stories are told of his doings, Signor, which would shock you. None were safe from him, neither man, woman nor child. Disguised he joined Don Carlos; he was a fearless contrabandista, or smuggler; many an officer has he killed when smuggling goods across the frontier. But the good God meant to save him in spite of himself, and sent him to Montserrat pursuing a peasant who had given information of his whereabouts, and it was here that he was to find peace.

Has the Signor seen the cross at the top of the precipice, some half-hour's walk from here? That cross was erected to the memory of the martyrs whom the bloody-minded Frenchman, Ney, made to walk over the edge. Santa Maria, all the monks in the monastery were forced to hurl themselves down, 350 feet, to eternity, because they were suspected of having harboured guerillas in the great war. It was to this place, Signor, that Ignace had tracked the peasant, ay, and would have added another murder to his long list, when the Blessed Virgin herself saved him. The Signor knows the legend of the finding of the sacred image; it is said that the holy man found it in this spot, and here it was that she appeared to Ignace. What she said no man, save the father knows, but early that morning a stranger came and demanded admittance in the name of "The Black Virgin of Montserrat." There were those here who recognised him, and would have laid hands on him, but there was that in his countenance which bade us forbear, and we led him to the Father Superior. That evening, Signor, the Father Superior stood forward and said that a penitent had come into the fold, who desired to make public confession of all his crimes, before being received as a novice. Horror after horror was poured forth into our

ears, for I was there, but of the death of Pedro he said no word, on which account I think he was innocent.

Since then he has been set to copy out all the records of the monastery from the earliest times, and to illuminate with richly blazoned scrolls the parchments on which they are written. His music the signor has already heard. Yes, he is a different man when at the organ; my belief is that he loses himself in hearing the music of heaven.

Do you ask why the military have never come to seize him? His coming here was kept secret till after he had taken the full vows, and now the Guardas Civiles do not care to disturb the peace of Holy Mother Church. That is the story of Father Ignatius, Signor, and now if you will I will guide you to your room."

Such was the tale which my friend the inn-keeper told me, and on every succeeding visit I have eagerly looked for Father Ignatius, but alas, I looked in vain the last time, three years ago. The father was dead, and on inquiry I learned that he had gone out in a blinding snow-storm, such as often rages over that bleak mountain to try and rescue some misguided traveller whose cries for help could be heard even through the storm. The traveller eventually reached the monastery gates, but Father Ignatius was found at the bottom of the precipice down which so many of his predecessors had fallen in the days of the war.

A stone on the spot where his body was found bears this inscription:

"He gave his life for another";

and who shall say that the manner of his death will not be found to weigh in the balance against his many sins?

I have never been to Montserrat since. No other face can be found there with such patient resignation and ideal repentance; not other hand can touch the keys of that glorious organ, and fill the cloistered halls of that chapel, and draw out from the inmost soul all that is best.

A beautiful character makes a beautiful woman. Not long ago I heard a homely woman spoken of as "beautiful." I looked into her face, and saw plain features, and was disappointed. But a closer acquaintance gave an insight to her character, whose true key-note was self-forgetfulness, Soul-beauty will not fade.

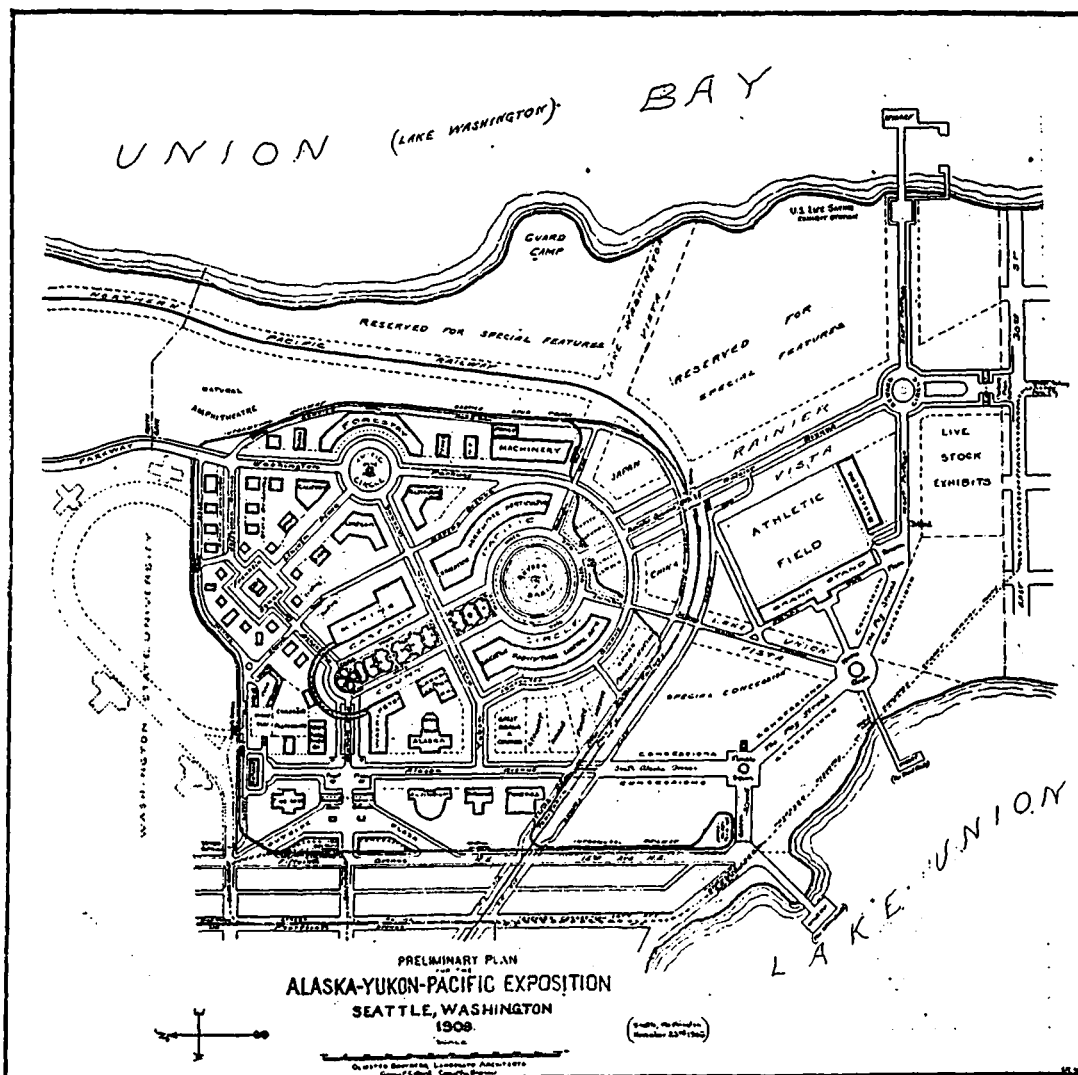
The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

By C. H. E. Asquith.

THE purpose of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, is, in brief, to benefit commercially, the twenty-five nations that front on earth's greatest ocean.

From many natural reasons, the nation

And, as the portion of Canada nearest to the Exposition is British Columbia, as British Columbia is the only portion of Canada upon the Pacific, it may be easily seen that the benefits obtained by the American Pacific Northwest through the holding of the Exposition, will also be



Ground Plan of Exposition.

to receive the chief benefits of this industrial inter-comingling, will be the United States of America.

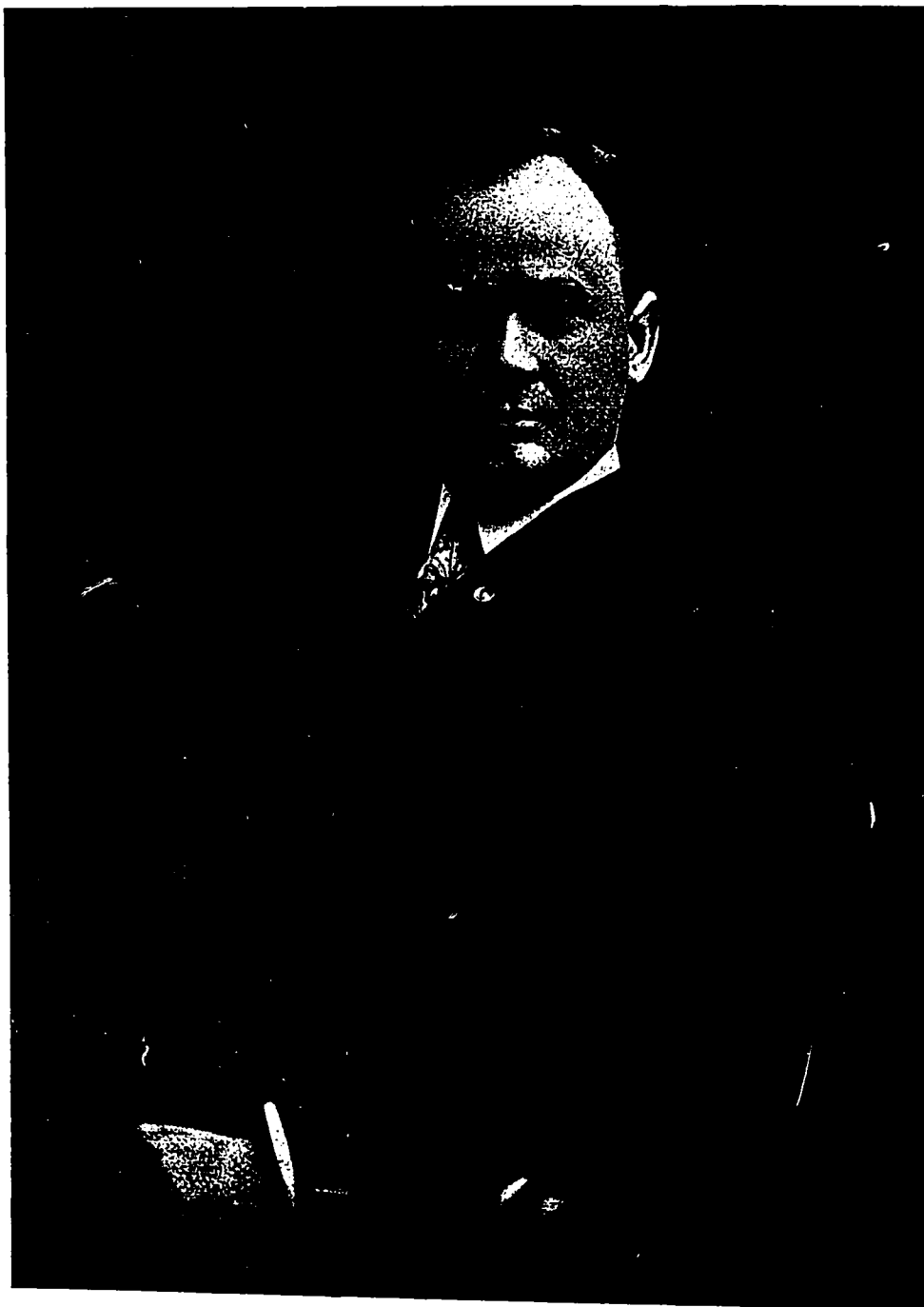
Next in order of benefit on the roll of nations comes the Dominion of Canada. There can be but one opinion as to this.

shared in by the Canadian Pacific West.

Conservative estimates are that two and a half million admissions will be paid to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition during the four and a half months, from June 1 to October 15, 1909, that it is in existence. Many of the people repre-

sented by these figures will come from across the Pacific, from Europe and from South and Central America, and it is certain that large numbers of Seattle's visitors will take advantage of the proximity of British Columbia to spend some time in her attractive cities or her no less attractive sporting resorts. In fact,

tourists' point of view have already been related in Exposition literature to forty million people. Should the Province decide to have a building and an exhibit, such as would help turn this mighty torrent of travel into the country, there is no reason why British Columbia merchants, hotel-keepers and transportation



President J. E. Chilberg.

in all the literature and exploitation work, the Exposition management is emphasizing the fact that for very little more expense, visitors can visit British Columbia, and the advantages of the Province from the fisherman's, explorer's, yachtsman's, hunter's and the ordinary

companies, should not reap millions during the Exposition period.

Already several of the great conventions that have signified their intention of meeting in Seattle in 1909 during the Exposition, have made inquiries as to the conveniences for taking a run up

through British Columbia for a couple of days in the intervals of meetings, sight-seeing and traveling. All such inquiries have received careful and encouraging answers.

But this benefit after all is temporary,

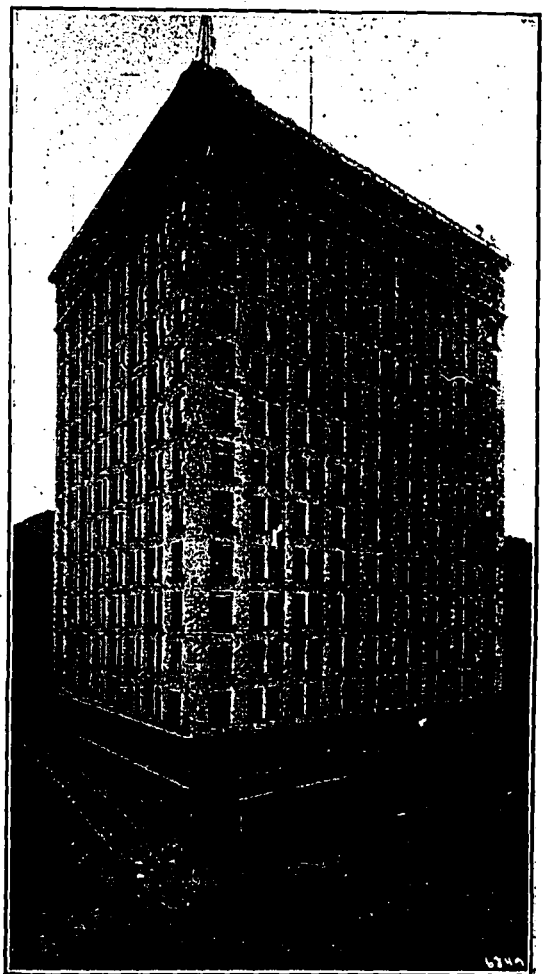


Henry E. Read,
Director of Exploitation.

and is not to be compared with the permanent work which the Exposition will do. The trade of the United States and Canada is inextricably mingled and anything that will increase United States trade with the Orient or with South America, will also have a beneficial effect on the trade of Western Canada and these same points. The products of United States and those of Canada are practically the same, if we except the output of the Southern States, whose products so far as export trade is concerned, is confined almost entirely to cotton. Thus the Exposition in accustoming the Orientals and the people of Latin America to buy North American flour, machinery, clothing, boots and shoes, leathers, agricultural implements, will be doing as much for Canada as for the United States, for all of these articles

Canada manufactures or grows, and in each case Canada wishes to establish a greater foreign trade. It may be seen at a glance that unwittingly, the Exposition is going to be of immense value to Canada in general and British Columbia in particular. And if British Columbia and Canada each have a building with exhibits and commissioners on the ground to add to the effect already produced, to point the moral, at very small expense, both the Province and the Dominion will reap a benefit that can afterwards be counted in millions.

The primary purpose of the Exposition is to exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and to make known and foster the vast importance of the trade of the Pacific Ocean and of the countries bordering upon it. Different from former expositions it does not depend upon historical sentiment to arouse enthusiasm



The Alaska Building. Seattle's First Skyscraper. Fifteen Stories.

and to induce participation. It will not celebrate any particular event; it will be

a great international, industrial and commercial exposition.

Beginning with the idea of making the world's fair original in every possible feature, the management has succeeded admirably up to the present time, and if the financing of it, which certainly broke all exposition records, can be taken as a criterion of the way and the plans already outlined will be carried out, there is no room for doubt as to the originality that will characterize the 1909 fair.

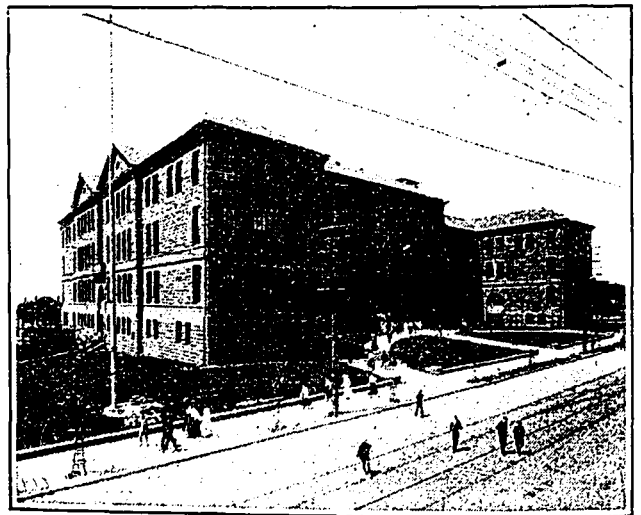
On October 2, last, five months after the incorporation of the Exposition Company, which was effected May 7, the people of Seattle were called upon to finance the enterprise by subscribing in one day to its capital stock of \$500,000. The generous and public-spirited manner in which they responded by over-subscribing to the extent of \$150,000, making a total amount available with which to begin work \$650,000, is now history. No other city for any purpose ever equalled such a feat. "Seattle Spirit," for which the people of the Queen City are noted, was responsible for this remarkable achievement. More than half a million dollars in one day is a large amount of money to be raised in a city of 200,000 inhabitants. The slogan adopted by Will H. Parry, chairman of the ways and means committee, was "Everybody Helps," and everybody did help, with the result that an average of more than \$3.00 was subscribed for every man, woman and child in the city. The fact that capitalist and laborer, business man and wage-earner stood shoulder to shoulder in lending their financial support to the fair, showed that the people as a unit believed in it as an agency that will confer everlasting benefits.

The purpose of the Exposition are worthy of the attention and support of Canada, as well as the United States, as the former country will receive many of the benefits that will accrue. The fact that the scope includes the exploitation of Yukon, a territory belonging to Canada, makes the Exposition of great interest to the Dominion Government. The proximity of British Columbia to the seat of the Exposition, Seattle, and the fact that the Province will receive a large share of the tourist travel and gain largely through the influence the enterprise

will exert, is also another reason why Canada should take active interest in the Exposition.

It will be the aim of the world's fair to exploit Alaska and Yukon by showing to the world by exhibits that these two countries possess many things besides snow, cold and gold. There is much ignorance in regard to these two countries. Few persons realize their great possibilities and advantages. Besides the gold, fish and fur resources there are many others that are only beginning to be developed, and which offer unusual inducement for the employment of capital and individual effort.

The mineral resources have been only scratched on the surface and the agricultural possibilities are only beginning to be realized. Alaska and Yukon will soon be able to support millions of people with practically all of the luxuries enjoyed by those living in other parts of Canada and the United States.



High School.

The foregoing statements are borne out by the example of Finland. This little country lies wholly north of the 6th parallel, while Alaska reaches six degrees south of this latitude. Finland is less than one-fourth the size of Alaska, and its agricultural area is less than 50,000 square miles, yet in 1898 Finland had a population of more than 2,600,000, whereas Alaska now has only about 93,000 inhabitants. Agriculture is the chief pursuit. Only about 300,000 persons dwell in cities. Finland exports large quantities of dairy products, live stock, flax, hemp and considerable grain, and

the population has increased 800,000 in the past thirty years, in spite of the large emigration.

Yukon is in nearly the same latitude as Alaska and the resources and advantages differ very little from those of the American territory. Alaska and Yukon will be on exhibition in 1909. They have the goods and will have a chance to show them. They cannot make headway with the people they hope to convince by displaying totem poles or gilded cubes representing gold productions. The people want to see the real gold, the real coal,

vice-versa. Further the countries of South and Central America offer a profitable market for Canadian and American manufacturers, and the merchants of Canada and the United States can buy many different kinds of material from the producers of the countries to the south.

The Orient will send its wares, its products and its people to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and Americans and Canadians may study them at first hand. The products of the Occident will be displayed, also, and the merchants and the manufacturers of each section may



A Seattle Business Thoroughfare.



Frank C. Merrick,
Chief, Department of Publicity.

the real timber, the real copper and the real agricultural productions. The result cannot fail to be beneficial.

Another object of the Exposition which should appeal strongly to the Dominion and British Columbia is the aim of the Exposition to bring the shores of the Pacific Ocean closer together commercially. This will be done by the exhibition of the products and resources of the countries bordering up the greatest of oceans. There are great possibilities for an increase in the trade of the countries of North and South America with those of the Orient and Oceanica and

learn the needs of the people of their respective markets, and how to secure and hold the business. Oriental buyer and Occidental seller, as well as Occidental buyer and Oriental seller, will be brought closer together to their mutual advantage through the exhibits collected with that aim in view.

And the same results will be gained in regard to the countries of South and Central America and Mexico. In exploiting trade relations between the United States and Canada and these countries, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is taking up a virgin field, being

the first world's fair that ever included such a purpose in its scope. This phase of the Exposition has already been heartily endorsed at Washington, D.C. In all probability a Latin-American building will be erected to hold the wonders of these countries.

Participation by the commonwealths of the United States and the foreign nations is expected to be on a large scale. Many of the States have signified their intention of erecting handsome buildings and installing therein comprehensive exhibits. They realize what an immense benefit they can obtain by being represented at Seattle in 1909. The State of Washington will spend \$1,000,000 for buildings and exhibits.

The United States Government will make an appropriation for buildings and exhibits for Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and will have, in addition, a general government building filled with interesting displays.

The Dominion of Canada has been invited to erect a main Government building and a separate building for Yukon. The management wants British Columbia to have a large building and exhibit.

Foreign representation will be limited to the countries whose shores are lapped by the Pacific Ocean, and the following countries will be invited to take part: Australia, Canada, Chili, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Formosa, Korea, French East Indies, German Colonies, Guatemala, Honduras, British India, Japan, Mexico, Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Peru, Philippine Islands, Siam and Salvador.

In addition to the foregoing Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the Netherlands will be invited to participate, as they have possessions in the Pacific and are interested in the development of the trade of the ocean.

The Exposition itself, which it is estimated will cost \$10,000,000, will be well worth a trip across the continent or an ocean to see. The grounds and buildings will be made original in every possible way. The site, which is 255 acres in extent, borders for more than a mile and a half on Lake Union and Lake Washington, the latter being the largest body of fresh water in the Pacific Northwest. The Olympic and the Cascade

mountains are in plain view from the grounds and an unobstructed view may be obtained of the perpetual snow peaks of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker.

The grounds, which embrace the unused portion of the campus of the University of Washington, a state institution, are within the city limits of Seattle and are only twenty minutes' ride by electric car from the business center. In their virgin state they possess everything to please the eye. There are tall stately giants of the forest forming beautiful vistas, gentle slopes, commanding terraces and unsurpassed stretches of water front. In constructing the buildings and laying out the grounds every precaution will be taken to preserve Nature's own handiwork.

Different from former world's fairs, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will include the erection of permanent buildings in its plan. Conditions are favorable for this scheme to be carried out advantageously. Several of the main exhibit palaces will be substantially built and the University of Washington will receive them after the fair closes and will use them for educational purposes. Thus, the Washington state appropriation will be used for a permanent good aside from the benefits that will accrue to the commonwealth from the Exposition.

The plan of the grounds drawn by John C. Olmsted, the famous landscape artist of Brookline, Massachusetts, shows twelve large exhibit buildings arranged in an unique manner. The principal buildings will be grouped around a central fountain basin two hundred feet in diameter, and the arrangement has been perfected to take advantage of the natural attractiveness of the site. For example, the main avenue of the fair, to be called Rainier Avenue, will afford an unobstructed view of Mt. Rainier.

Rainier avenue will form the main axis of the Exposition, dividing into two approximately equal parts the section of the Exposition site which is appropriate for the placing of exhibit structures. The two largest buildings will be placed on either side of the fountain court, which is bisected by the avenue. They will be built around an arc, with wings to the north, and will be similar in size and de-

sign, being about 550 feet long by 150 feet wide. The wings referred to will be in reality separate buildings, constructed as additions merely for the sake of architectural effects. The big building east of the fountain will be devoted to agriculture and horticulture and the smaller structure adjoining it, which will be approximately 170 feet by 200 feet, to irrigation. The complemental structures opposite will be used respectively for manufactures and liberal arts, and for the educational exhibits.

Surrounding the central group will be the exhibit palaces devoted to the mines and mining, machinery, electricity and transportation, forestry, fisheries, fine arts, Alaska, Yukon and the United States Government displays.

While no general style of architecture has been decided upon, Mr. Olmsted has suggested that the ancient Russian style be followed in all the buildings. This is considered appropriate since the Exposition will be held primarily for the purpose of exploiting the resources of Alaska, a country which belonged to Russia until purchased by the United States in 1867.

Considerable area has been set aside for state and foreign buildings. The amusement street, corresponding to the Trail at Portland and the Pike at St. Louis will parallel the shore of Lake Union and will be more than 2,000 feet in length. It will be called "Pay Streak."

Steamboat piers have been planned for on both shores. The grounds bordering on the lakes offer excellent facilities for aquatic features which will be designated by the director of works. Spaces for many features, such as observation and electric towers, courts and electric cascades, have been provided.

The plan of the exhibits will be to show step by step the remarkable advancement made by the countries of the Pacific Ocean in every line of invention and of scientific and industrial achievement and endeavour. Life, colour and variety will be the chief characteristics of the displays, and originality will be the keynote of installation. The Pacific West, the Northland and the other interested countries offer attractive and diversified displays that will lend a western and Oriental atmosphere.

Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood.

* * *

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.—Shenstone.

* * *

An engine of one cat-power running all the time is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.—George William Curtis.

* * *

The eagle flies highest not in serene but stormy skies, and the believer beats heavenward when the hours are dark and the tempest wild.

* * *

The best education in this world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Wendell Phillips.

* * *

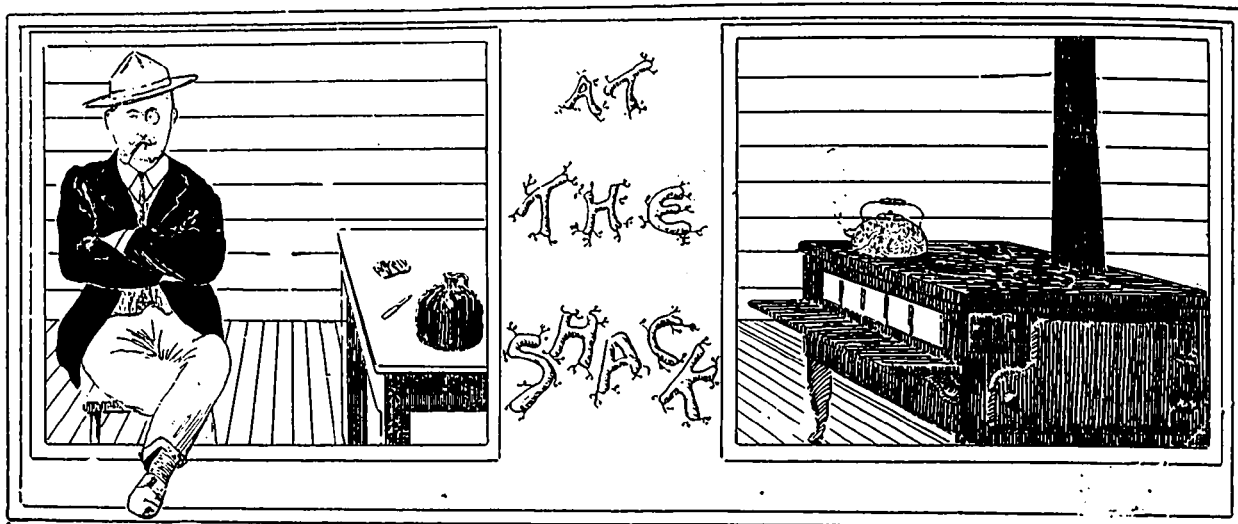
How many threadbare souls are to be found under the richest and finest garments.—Thomas Brooks.

* * *

Courtesy is the passport to success. We double the power of our life when we add to its gifts unfailing courtesy. The world always begrudges room to a boor.

* * *

The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat.—Robert Louis Stevenson.



By Percy Flage.

ONCE in a way, when the Book and the Mood are pitched sympathetically but not sympathetically, the friction of contact is apt to produce an effervescent gas or hot air called criticism.

For twenty-nine centuries this gas production, enormous enough in quantity, was of no economic value.

From the dispeptic wail of Koheleth—"Book to review? No end of 'em!" to the cynicism of David—"Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!" the breath of criticism was a thing of bale to the criticised and a perishing of soul to the criticiser.

In course of time and in peril of self-destruction the jaundiced knout wielders of art and literature invented the painless process of puffery, a quack method of bloating thin skins and a sop to the cry of conscience "critics, be kind to the critters!"

All in vain. The puff exploded; and the aloe bitter ink of the Scotch reviewer boomeranged back like a cursing chicken to sting the bosom that penned it.

There's a metaphor!

Not until 1907 (circa) was it discovered by Allan Dale or St. Bernard Shaw that criticism is for the critic—and that rightly applied, the resultant gas is a vital stimulus to the absorbent follicles of soul growth.

The new criticism is inhaled—not emitted.

It applies as inoculation to the Reviewer, not an unguent nor cantharidical

salve to his victim's shoulders. You do it like this: Instead of analysing a work that is worth the trouble of dissecting, classifying, discarding, selecting, rearticulating and setting up as a museum horror of "How it might be done," you approach your author tenderly, catch him, swallow him whole, ruminate, digest, absorb, become one with him. Then write the book yourself, collaborating with the subjective influence of Him who was your breakfast food, and criticise freely, before publication.

So and no otherwise would we treat some recent impressions.

To the impressionable analyst, coming from far places—and from that other yet farther place, his own distant home, made definitely more distant by ownership now arrested, remembered as sub-existent rather than tangentially actual—to him of these conditions the approach to this new sphere of atmospheric demand is made perfect—or so near as one may, unchallenged, pen the word—by absolute and yet unwearying detachment.

The waterway from this our latest and greatest, if not as yet concisely our best, of western Americanisms, Seattle, to this other our—I speak possessively with plural diffidence—neighbour Victoria, runs not so wide as Atlantic nor so deep as the purse whence booking was bought at Liverpool for Greater New York, but 'twill serve—and, in whimsical irritation at certain liveried menials of both ports—Customs, so-called—I will add "A plague on both your houses!" and

so complete my reverence to that Titan of Avon whose bequests so permanently guard this Puget Sound against cross traverse of angry fleets from dim blue shore to shore of these western more than neighbours.

For so, to this one at least, of explorers, this water journey of not longer than a ship's watch at sea, brings cogently the reasoned sense of brotherhood going a visiting, as it were, as in those older New England days where youth found and fled us—a march across lots to the near farm, visited not at all only once and twice in the year.

But so too, one feels the instinctive pause of infinite or intensely unmeasured expanse, the feeling of awe, of panic expectancy, where, unmarked national boundaries buried in foam, one hurries across a few hours of suspended animation to take up life under what unknown conditions may more or less poignantly arrive.

And these emotions of sense and instinct that make not for conflict, but rather pace in double harness as the pair of a well matched paradox, are strong tonics of receptivity to one who—like the writer—is made bodily uneasy by the toss of flocking billows, and finds in this passage as in that of the English channel, no time assuagement to bring one the mental calm and gastric comfort of “three days out” on the Atlantic voyage.

Here at least one's natural tremor at possible perils and more than suspected system derangements, are not soddened by the questionable anodyne of “getting used” to the wave. Here at least one counts the travel moments as so many of a necessary, almost an appointed, probation, and here too, one hails the landfall, if in fervid silence at least with the dawn coming relief of a vigil-weary and somewhat ghost-fearing acolyte.

And so from the something sad blue of sea and sky, one comes, heralded by clouds of clamoring gulls, close and closer to a shore of sombre green, closer yet by yellow headlands of gleaming gorse—in, through a modest gap and winding channel to a sudden discovery of unsuspected shipping—granite sea walls, granite (or so it appears) picture buildings grouped easily about the wharves of our arrest.

A subtlety, unconscious perhaps of its own share therein, pervading rather than emanating from the “place”—how better to put it one seeks vaguely, and fails—gathering at least much tone value from the hour, the sun sinking tea taking time period of the boat's arrival, is so obviously evident, moving the least of us in energy as the greatest in adipose equally, shoreward, foodward, bath and bath bun ward in fact, as to be amusing.

The sense of oneness, enthralling a multitudinous web of contrasts, each so definitely, almost pungently far from any fixed “clou” of unity; farther yet and hull down from this one, the lone observer of pulse records, was tempting, exactly, and crying out with more than vocal precision of intensity for recognition and delineation.

A cry that went, for the then period of annotation unheard and unrecorded—not in any widest way as unworthy, but precisely that to this scribe at least, the whole of this gangway motion, the step lively, the crowding, the clutching of leather grips, forms but a shadowy prelude limning the vaguest adumbration of the real motif, the challenge of Victoria.

For with all peace in the world to all the world, if so listing, and a broader belt of wampum, as before hinted, held tacitly between her mother and ours, there is here flung carelessly on the wide flags, as it were, of her stone landing pier, or on the not quite immaculate green of her parliamentary lawn—a gauntlet of take it or leave it defiance.

To this the wise tourist (the analyst disagrees to give friendly warning) shall pay no heed, braving the terrors of this Gibraltar of wild roses, and nothing shall offend him.

With us, who have come thus far precisely in search of such cartel, the thrill that flutters our stethoscope gives notice of a coming demand for skilful care in determining diastolic sequences.

The glove is lifted. The challenge accepted.

Having raised the gage, one hesitates characteristically whether to charge ventre a terre by the electric tramway which runs southward in raucous triumph where Birdcage Walk, once wont to whisper twittering reminiscences of sparrow haunted St. Stephens, wears now in

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dumb protest the harsh shackles of Government street—or—turning one's back on the provincial sward, grudgingly sprinkled by a jealous civic wateraucracy to stroll northward wardful foil in hand.

Better perhaps to arrest, to gather poise here, definitely, where the largest of hostels invites unbeckoningly to enter with no concomitant abandoning of hope.

Here as at other taverns of yet other towns in this our western flight the analyst while surrendering his name as of law required, pleads for incognition, for a suppression of one's identity—not here as in one woollier pseudo hotel of the Washington Coast are we cheerfully dubbed "Harry, Jimmy," and invited to "shoot up the town, regardless of sheriffs!"—rather are we very politely

coaxed as to something more of a name—"Henry who?" "James what? Is that all?" with a hint of reticent doubt as who should say—"something fishy about this, but—plenty of baggage—Boy!—Room 42."

And in Room 42 one broods ante-prandially on the possibility that here hangs one clue, that here, primally one may trace centerward one factor of the warp and woof here gregariously spun—a something of detached culture, that (whimsical enough and unbelievable but for proof) knows no Henry James! Nor, one dimly touches, would know James if it could, nor could were will possible or possibility coexistent with willing—

Critic—Oh, go on and get your dinner!



The Coming Race.

The Unveiling of Mrs. Lloyd.

From "Tales by Mate Wilson."

"Copyright, 1907, by Arthur Davies."

WHEN you have cleared that t'gallant buntline, I'll lower the royal; make it fast, Lloyd; keep out of the way till the sail's spilled!"

I was standing on the fore-and-aft bridge of the old "Selkirk," looking up at the youngest apprentice; bent over the t'gallant yard struggling with the buntline. We were midway between the Falkland Islands and Cape Horn, running down to the latter in a very strong nor'west breeze, too strong for the mizzen royal; the only bit of weak linen the "Selkirk" carried.

I heard the shrill treble of the lad reply—"Aye! aye! sir;" and knew he was mighty proud to tackle the royal all by his lonesome.

He had joined us at Liverpool—a slip of a lad with very dark hair, accentuating a pale, clear-complexioned face, without a vestige of coloring; by no means uninteresting, for it was relieved by a pair of dark, earnest eyes and features so correctly shaped that his messmates had already dubbed him "Daisy"—a name which exactly hit off their estimation of a lad who seemed more fit for the nursery than a ship's deck. But I had gone through the mill myself, and the lad's eyes told me he had the makings of a good sailor in him; so I had brought him on, taught him to steer, and one or two tricks of sailorising. Already he was shaping well; but he never would look a sailor; that face of his would not tan.

The sail was spilled beautifully; in spite of the heavy breeze it just trembled like a piece of silk. How he missed the foot-rope, I do not know; I saw him step off the rigging—step right on to nothing—clutch at the yard, and in a moment the slight figure was hanging by the end of a gasket which he had seized in his fear. He hung for a moment or two—

my heart felt the strands in that old gasket parting—there was a yell from some men on deck as they saw what had happened; a little shriek of terror from aloft, and a yellow ball of oilskin-clad humanity seemed to bounce from spar to rigging and rigging to spar; it struck the top and rolled like a flash half way down the mizzen rigging; hit a boat skid; and fell, with a sickening thud, on deck.

I had prayed—prayed through every second of that fall—that he might live; and, thank God, when I reached the lad, he was alive; and not only alive, but that blessed baby face of his had not been damaged. My hands ran carefully over the head and under the oilskin coat without exciting a single cry of pain, except for the dull moaning which I knew was caused by a fractured leg, the broken bones of which were protruding through the pants and crossed like the letter "X."

A bed was brought and his shipmates carried him carefully on to the saloon table—from their looks the lad was already well liked—eight bells struck at that moment and the second relieved me; after giving him the course, I joined the party in the saloon. Matson, the skipper, was down with one of his bad turns—acute malaria. I sent the apprentices and shellbacks out on deck, leaving the Bo'sun and Chips to help me. The protruding bones looked ugly, but it was a simple fracture and easy to handle.

Chips got the shears out of my room, and ripped the heavy sea-boots off the lad's feet. Lloyd had ceased moaning and was looking up at me with plaintive eyes—eyes that reminded me of a pet lamb I had once seen slaughtered. When he had finished the boots, Chips made a start to rip up the oilskin trousers, but almost dropped the shears as the baby voice of Lloyd exclaimed, with an appealing look at me:

"Please don't, sir! These are Stanier's oilskins; I borrowed them because mine were split."

I nodded to Chips to go ahead; it was a relief to know the lad's brain was evidently uninjured.

At the next snip of the shears Lloyd fainted away; the shock and pain had done their work; this was a mercy, as I dare not use chloroform on Lloyd—a tough sailor man is one thing, a weak lad, quite another.

I am no surgeon, only a rough sailor; but luck was with us that night, and within half an hour we had the work finished; the leg in splints; the ruined oilskins and wet clothes removed; and Lloyd stretched out in one of the saloon berths, as neat and tidy as if he had been in a hospital.

He was still in a sort of comatose state; every now and then exclaiming—"Mother! mother!"—I knew what the lad wanted; what I myself had wanted many a time, but never got. At last he uttered it plain—"Put your hand on my forehead." I looked down at my hand, but it was unthinkable; then suddenly I thought of Matson's daughter, a girl of seventeen; taking the voyage for her health. We had kept her out of the way whilst Lloyd was in the saloon; now I spoke to her and the woman that was in her understood. She went back with me and gently placed her hand on the boy's forehead, carefully smoothing back the matted hair from his brow; as she did so, Lloyd's moaning ceased; the corners of his mouth broke into a half tearful smile, and he slept; not the perfect sleep of health, but that sleep which is intermittent. Every now and then he would turn his head and groan; but the girl, with a gentle touch from her hand, eased the little fellow's torture.

By the time the "Selkirk" reached San Francisco, Lloyd was hopping about the deck on crutches. The doctor made a cursory examination, and prophesied the leg would be as right as a trivet in a few weeks' time; but Matson thought Lloyd's people had better know of the accident, and cabled a code report to the owners.

About three days after the skipper had dispatched his cable, two well-dressed ladies came on board and asked for Lloyd

and Matson; the upshot of the interview was the presenting of a cable authorising Lloyd to stay in San Francisco with the Franklins, who were old friends of his mother's.

We had a quick trip back to Liverpool, and—after being paid off—the owners expressed the desire that I should run over to West Kirby and give Mrs. Lloyd the details of her son's accident.

I went over early the next morning. A porter directed me to the house—a beautiful place standing in its own grounds with an excellent view of the Channel and Welsh Mountains. The blinds were down, a stack of baggage in the entrance hall, and a carriage drawn up at the front door. On presenting a note of introduction, the servant who answered the bell took me into the library, in which another servant was busily employed covering up the furniture. In two or three minutes the door opened and a lady entered; I knew it was Mrs. Lloyd, for young Lloyd's features were there, but tremendously improved and completed by every art known to the fashionable world. She was dressed in a travelling costume of dark gray; a tall woman most elegantly proportioned. Every hair in her head seemed to have its correct, well-balanced position; every movement she made seemed to fit symmetrically into her surroundings, and to accord with her individuality; it was artificial—terribly artificial—but its very perfection seemed to plead for its being.

The well trained servant glided out of the room almost as effectively as her mistress had entered it; the latter turned to me and introduced herself as Mrs. Lloyd, asking me to be seated. I dropped into the nearest chair; *she* seemed to imperceptibly attract a masterpiece of the upholsterer's art towards her. The poise of her head and the contour of her figure were not *disturbed*, and I noticed that her perfectly educated tastes had selected a chair, the upholstery of which was in harmony with the delicate shade of her costume.

It was all artificial—terribly artificial—in her beautiful face the depths of purpose, which had attracted me to young Lloyd, were missing. I was dealing with something entirely out of a sailor man's way; I had met it at sea among passen-

gers, but there it had been destroyed and defeated by the elementary surroundings.

The tale of Lloyd's accident and subsequent recovery was soon told, for I had gone through the process before; with other parents. This one was an enigma to me; she took not the slightest interest, but seemed to treat the whole affair as a waste of time and was perceptibly bored. Her indifference angered me; I did what otherwise I should not have done—described the broken limb, the scene on the saloon table, and the lad's trouble about the oilskins. She beat a tattoo on the arm of her chair during this recital, and replied—"Really! how interesting!"—Then I took up the scene in the stateroom and Lloyd's appealing cries for her. Most mothers would have shed tears of joy at their offspring's love; this one looked like a statue cut out of marble, and I wondered *if* her hand had ever smoothed Lloyd's brow, and if the *real* joys of motherhood had ever been known to her.

When I had finished, she apologized for the briefness of the interview, by telling me that her husband—a wealthy cotton broker—was in Egypt; and that she was travelling by the day train to Southampton, from which port she was crossing to Normandy with the intention of passing by easy stages to Egypt. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have expressed surprise at the coincidence that I was crossing by the same boat: but her coldness had frozen me up and I left this unexplained.

The train ran alongside the Havre boat punctually at 11.45 p.m. As the church clock struck midnight the staunch little channel boat exchanged the safety of her moorings for a piping south-easter which baptized her fo'-castle-head before we reached The Needles. After that, seasickness struck down most of the passengers, whilst a few slept.

Old Spurrin was in charge of the S. S. "Lily": a better sailor man and a better boat never existed; he was just a part of that boat. For twenty years—with the exception of a few weeks' holiday—he had been crossing regularly. I remember his once telling me he could run across blindfold; I believe he could have done it with ease, under ordinary circumstances.

As for the "Lily," she was built to

cross in any sort of weather that God might send into the English Channel; blow high, blow low, fog, rain, or sunshine, she ran across on the appointed schedule.

That Mrs. Lloyd was on board was pretty certain, for I had seen three dress-baskets tumbled on board, marked "A. L." "W. K.", which I guessed stood for "Alice Lloyd, West Kirby. But she herself had evidently retired to her stateroom, as I did not see her either on the deck or in the saloon. After saying "so-long" to old man Spurrin, I took a seat in the smoke-room, had a pipe, and dozed off into broken slumber. The smoke-room was right aft, and the thrashing of the screws combined with the howling of the gale outside, prevented solid sleep; besides, we were due at Havre by daylight, and I wanted to have a chat with the mate when he came on deck; he was an old shipmate of mine.

That gale took the record for south-easters in the English Channel; they are black by name and black by nature. The one in question piled up ninety-four craft of one sort and another, sending over a thousand souls to Kingdom Come. It was as black as the Ace of Spades; one straight, level, full-dressed gale for half way across, then—as we approached the French Coast—breaking into terrific squalls blowing with hurricane force.

How Spurrin made the mistake will never be known, but in addition to the wind the tide must have been running down Channel with extra force; for the old man missed Havre not by a few hundred yards merely, but by several miles, and landed us in the jaws of as fierce a coast as the world knows. Worse luck still, the error was not discovered until just as the black opacity of night was broken by the gray tinge of the winter morning, and that terrifying cry rang out—"Breakers ahead!"

I rushed on deck followed by the other sleepers from the smoke-room. Slowly at first, afterwards with lightning-like rapidity, stateroom doors banged, followed by their scantily-clad occupants crowding on deck turning appealing, terrified looks at the skipper on the bridge. If he had blundered, the old man had not lost his wits: almost like clockwork every officer rushed to his station. Frightened

passengers were partially calmed; I had time to take in the situation.

The roaring of the breakers was now audible as well as visible; they formed almost a perfect semi-circle, commencing on the port bow and terminating on the starboard beam in a thin point, over which the white foam was pouring like the froth on a boiling cauldron; every now and then shooting up as if attempting to reach the sky, then falling back with a fusilade of lesser roars in disappointed anger.

I was close to the wheelhouse; the old man was grand. He had taken it all in and knew there was just one chance—a life and death chance—in the face of that hurricane to turn to port was impossible, although on that side there was more room. I saw his arm go up and down, then wave to and fro in the air, and knew he was pulling her round to starboard.

The "Lily" could turn almost in her own length; this night she would have done it to perfection; but—my God! just as she spun round and her head pointed out towards the open channel, with the surf from the needle-like point of jutting rocks rebounding and almost splashing in our faces—there was a sudden snap, barely more than a click, but it was enough; I knew the sound too well; the wheel chain had parted—the vital one carrying the strain. I saw Spurrin's eyes dilate; for a second there was a look of hopeless despair; the hands fell to his side; the next moment it had passed—passed just as one of those hurricane squalls swept round the rocky bay, and forced the seas into miniature mountains, which picked up the "Lily" as if she had been a feather, and smashed her down on the very end of the jutting point. In another minute with only another fathom we should have been clear; but those few feet were fatal to the "Lily" and most of her passengers.

The sea washed me round to the after end of the smoke-room. When I picked myself up the narrow space was filled by a barricade of despairing, struggling humanity. Half-dressed women clinging to babies—partially clad men holding on with one hand to the rail, with the other grasping a child—young girls and matrons; old men and youths; suddenly brought into the very jaws of death. I

struggled round to the lee side to see what sort of a mess the "Lily" had made of it, and found she had broken right in two, almost as if cut with a knife; the wheelhouse and promenade deck lumber had been sliced clean off; the officers, crew, nearly all the steerage passengers, and poor old Spurrin, must have been buried in the chaos of seething waters at the end of the rocks; they were beyond all human aid. Our own position in point of suffering was ten thousand times worse; their's was ended; ours, but just commencing. Every sea that flung its terrific force against those rocks bounded up and shot like knives into and through all that remained of the "Lily"—just her after part rivetted on to the rocky point.

I struggled aft again to find the crowd—numbed by the stinging waters and piercing cold—had ceased shrieking and settled to a dull, obstinate hanging on to life. Two of the stewards were doing heroes' work in finding the most sheltered places and dragging the passengers to those slight havens; assisting them was a woman. It was the gray costume that first caught my attention, fitting perfectly as before, but now soaked black with the salt water. The close-fitting toque which she had worn in the morning had vanished, and the loosened coils of her glorious hair were streaming over her neck; the only disarrangement I noticed; otherwise her movements were as graceful, her actions as quiet as in the morning.

We got all the women and children on to the lee side, under the slight protection of the staterooms; the men were placed at each end. It was pitiful to note—after each sea burst over the wreck—the lines at the end gradually thinning out. To me, the suffering was only a little more intense than my sea life; but to those spoiled children of wealth, it must have been awful. No appeal for mercy could mitigate their sufferings; the sea revelled in its awful work, and what the sea left undone, the piercing cold completed.

I knew Mrs. Lloyd recognised me; she had twice called me by name; when all was finished and we could only wait for life or death, she struggled towards me

and I lashed her to the hand rail of a bulkhead.

It was the slowest break of dawn I have ever waited for; each minute seemed an hour, but gradually the darkness did completely pass away, and gray daylight shed a ray of hope in our hearts. As the light increased, we saw through the spume of the sea, a little fishing village at the end of the bay. The point of rocks we had struck was at the very extremity of the North-west Horn; not one continuous line of rocks, but broken here and there by deeper waters, sluices that had been washed through by the force of sea and tide.

It must have been about eight o'clock when the people ashore first noticed us; they crowded out on the cliffs, then came down as far as possible on to the rocks; evidently they were in doubt as to our being alive. But a portion of the aftermast was still standing, and between the seas I managed to clamber up and wave my handkerchief. The next minute the crowd ashore ran hither and thither; some to the signal station on the crest of the hill; others down to the beach; and the eternal hope which springs in every heart must have jumped in those passengers' breasts when they saw a life-boat hauled down to the beach; but I doubted. The position was impossible. No life-boat in the world could get near us and live.

On fifteen successive attempts those hardy fishermen risked everything to reach us; they tried every point, each time to be beaten back as if they had been children. Twice the boat was capsized and twice it was righted, and the attempt made again. Every young man in the village must have pulled that day and risked his life to save ours; but the hurricane never relaxed; the sea, if anything, was worse—night fell and drove our hopes down to despair again.

To the wash of the sea and the piercing cold of the wind, other horrors had been added during the day. Every now and then one of our fellow sufferers would—without even a dying groan—fall forward on the deck and wash backwards and forwards in the sluice of waters which eddied round from the weather side. In some cases the white despairing face and staring eyes would

be uppermost. Even in those awful circumstances, a smile of content was often seen on the lips of the dead—a terrible picture of death and joy. With the rush of the next roller the corpse would disappear into the grinding maelstrom outside; but the heart grows callous even to the most awful scenes; by noon we had become accustomed to death, and scarcely noticed when a fellow being passed away.

About two in the afternoon, a lady who had held up bravely, with a baby clinging to her, suddenly dropped. Her body floated backwards and forwards for a few moments; twice it passed at our feet and I saw Mrs. Lloyd give a start. In a moment she had undone the lashings and rushed round after the body to the other side, where the waters had carried it. I struggled after her in time to see her pick up the baby from the mother, and start for safety again, just as another sea came rolling over the wreck; but this time the sea was disappointed. Mrs. Lloyd was fleet of foot and reached safety; I was not so fortunate. When I picked myself up again I found she had reached her former position of comparative safety, and had cradled the child across her breast with a shawl taken from the dead mother.

Hunger and thirts were assisting the work of the raging storm—all had been without water and food for twelve hours; a good many for much longer. One of the stewards—at the risk of his life—had crawled into the cabin and obtained some biscuits. These we served out in small portions to the adults, and in larger portions to the children; for the babies, of whom there were fully a dozen, we kept sufficient to stay their hunger. Of fresh water we had not a drop.

Suddenly I remembered how Dryard—after the wreck of the "Cascade"—had kept us alive on paper; but here we had no paper; I told the anecdote to Mrs. Lloyd—to take her mind from the awful present—but it did more. She handed me the baby to hold for a moment, pulled the slender gold chain at her neck, and drew up a purse wallet, from which she took a wad of crisp, new Bank of England notes—fifty in all—and placed them in my hand with the remark:

"Use these, Mr. Wilson. It is my

holiday money, but I shall not need it now."

Expostulation was useless; so I ripped them in two, rolled them into pellets, and gave one to each, with instructions to bite gently to relieve their thirst; the other half I kept for later on. Meanwhile I figured out—the cost of that meal was over twelve hundred dollars.

At dusk thirst was again at work among the rapidly thinning crowd. A lank fireman struggled across to me—the only one who had managed to get aft—he was wearing a rough fustian jacket; from the inner pocket, he took out a book and handed it to me, saying:

"Whack that out, Mister. It will feed body and soul."

This he said with a grin which I understood when I saw the book was a Bible. From the fly leaf I noticed, his mother had given it to Eric on her death-bed, with the hope that he would use it in the hour of danger. Little did that mother know where and when that Bible would be used in the hour of danger; but many among that despairing crowd held on through the night with a page of holy writ gripped tight between their clinched teeth.

Before rolling up my page, curiosity made me anxious to see what had fallen to my lot. I read at the very top of the page the second verse from Isaiah, XLIII: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee";—the verse my own mother had written on the fly leaf of my testament when I went to sea. Mrs. Lloyd had watched me, and guessing my thoughts, she took a glance at her page and handed it to me, and I read—"I am the resurrection and the life"—the opening words of the burial service. I cursed my curiosity.

How we lived through that night, God only knows. The previous morning I had counted seventy-three men, women and children; at dusk there were fifty-eight; when daylight broke the next morning there were just twenty-four. During the night Mrs. Lloyd talked with me, slowly and quietly; every word and every thought seemed weighed. She asked me to tell her over again about her son's accident; when I came to the part where he wanted her, she gripped my arm and

I ceased. Towards morning there were long spells of silence, but I knew she was not asleep; every now and then the baby on her breast would give a wail of anguish, and I heard in response; the crooning of a mother quieting another woman's child. When morning broke she was hanging by the lashings with the child clasped tightly to her; I scooped up some water from the deck and dashed it in her face; it had the desired effect, she revived, but it was the spluttering of a candle burning low in the socket—the light was going out.

The small piece of deck presented an awful spectacle; the sea had gone down slightly; with the result, that the bodies of our dead companions were piled around our feet; on them were resting the living, who had dropped down from sheer exhaustion, and slept.

From the shouting ashore, it was evident renewed attempts would be made to rescue us. I pleaded with some, expostulated with others, to bear up but a little while longer. There was a glimmer of hope if only we could force our vitality to last out.

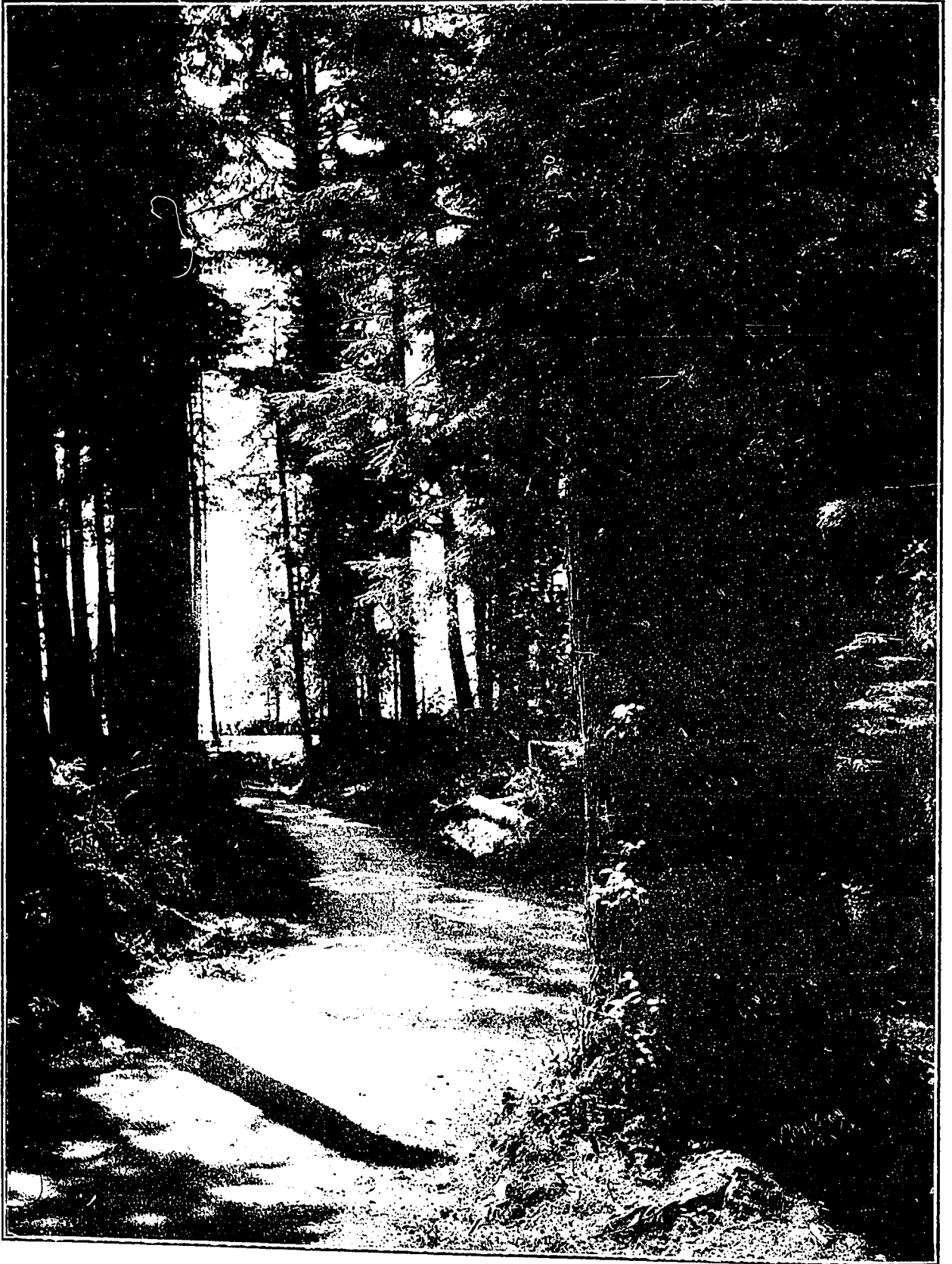
On this morning the life-boat was not used; instead, a string of men carrying two lines were formed on the rocky promontory; at the end were two figures, which in the distance I could see were almost unclothed. The lines were made fast round their waists and, without waiting a moment, these rough fishermen plunged into the surf which separated us from the main rocks.

It was an awful struggle; a distance of about one hundred yards; but the one hundred yards took those men over two hours to bridge—two hours during which they were tossed backwards and forwards, then thrown bodily out to sea to struggle back again, fighting inch by inch, but all the time they were getting nearer and nearer.

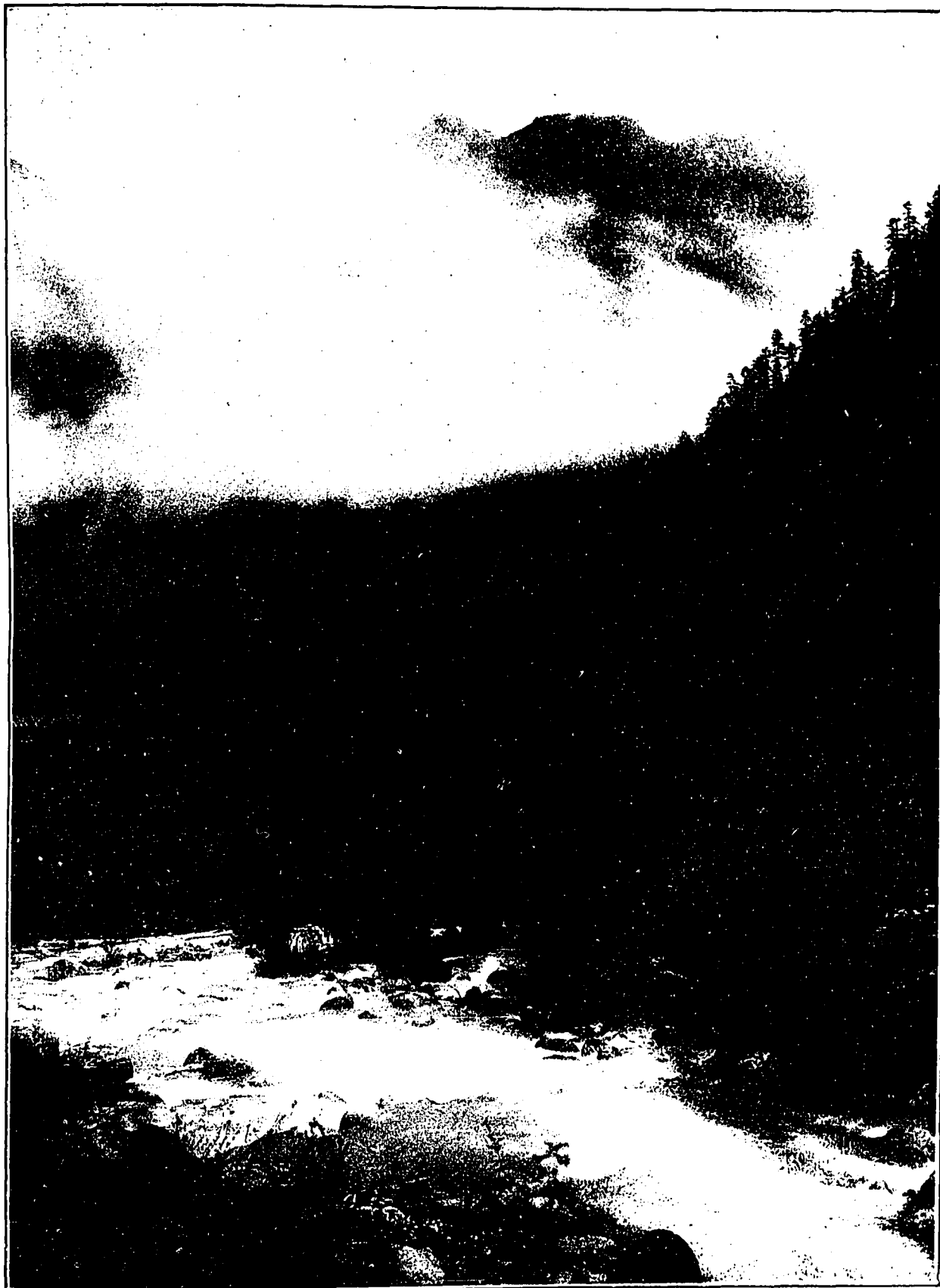
On board the wreck we scarcely seemed to move; our eyes were glued on those two fighting for our lives. Mrs. Lloyd had pulled herself together, and stood gripping me tightly by the arm, with her eyes fixed on the rescuers. She only made one remark to me; it was—"I am not worth all that"—pointing to the men. One time they were within a few yards of the wreck, and I had a coil of lash-

Photographic Studies
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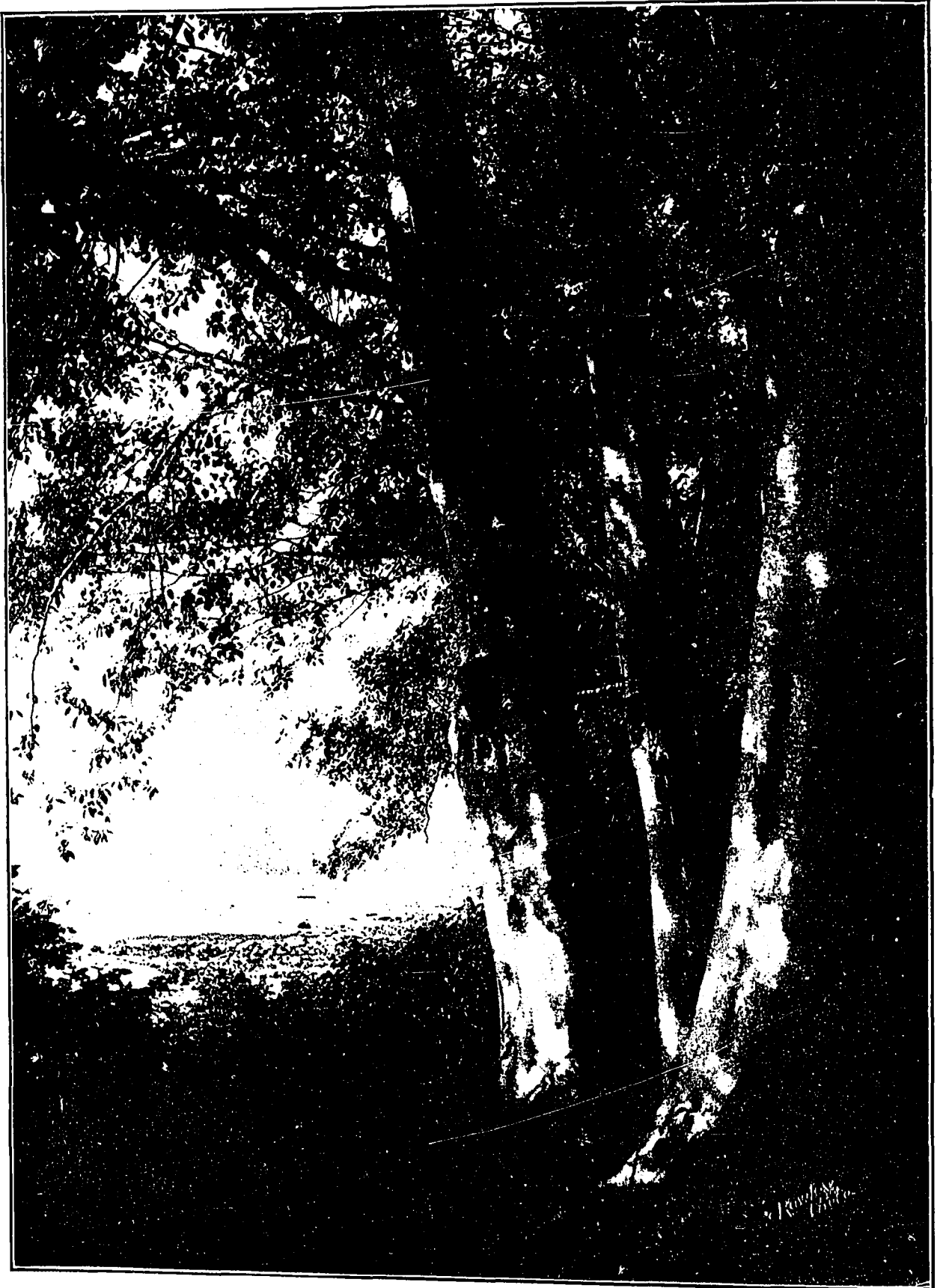
From the Studio of
Will Marsden
Vancouver.



Stanley Park, Vancouver.



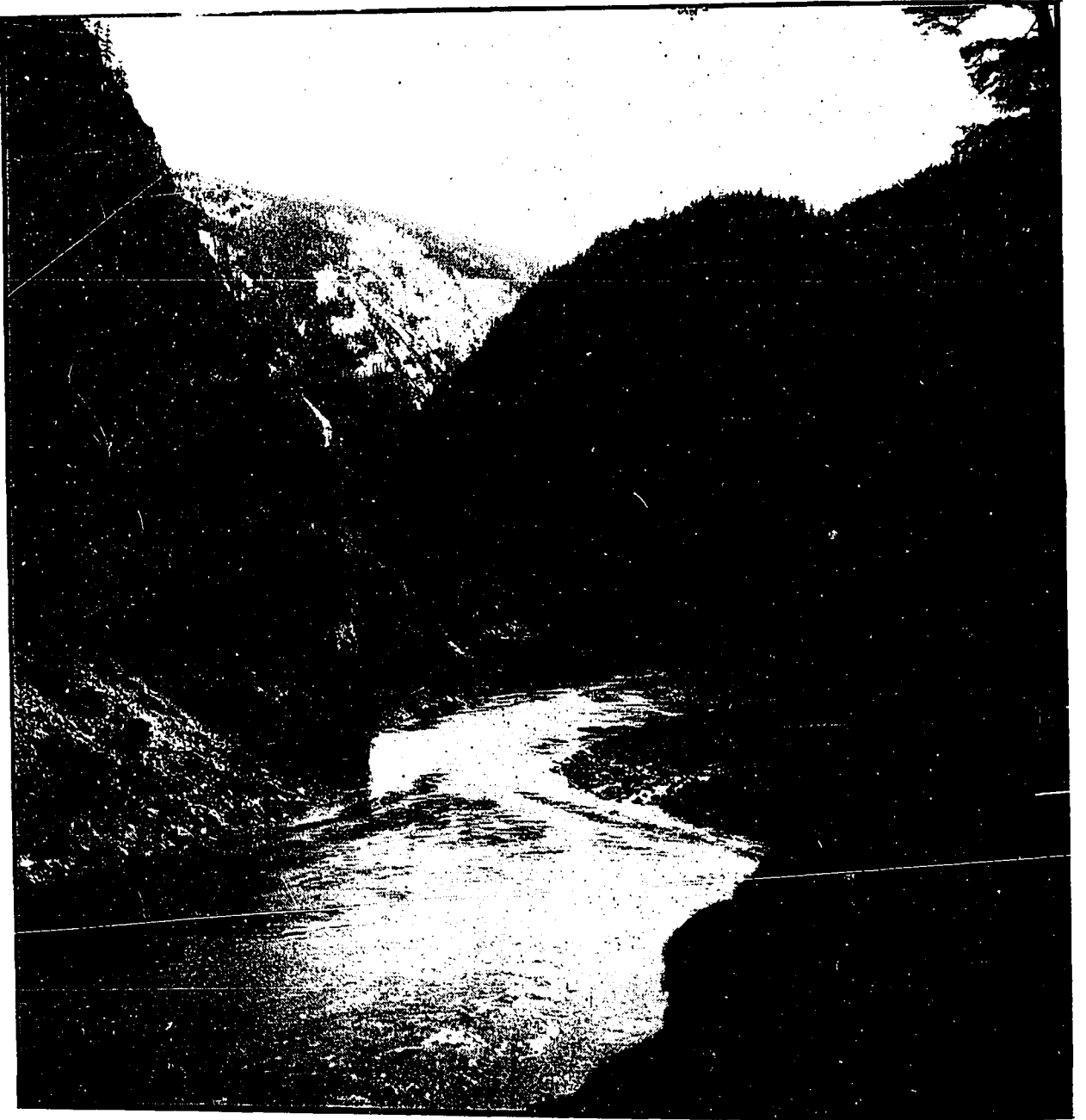
Fraser Canyon.



View from Stanley Park, Vancouver.



English Bay, Vancouver.



Frazer River, near Spuzzum.

ings in my hand ready to heave, when a sea came up and hurled them back. I feared they would give it up then, but no! their faces were again turned to us and the desperate struggle went on—inch by inch, yard by yard—until the coil in my hand went spinning through the air, and fell within the grasp of the leader. He clutched it, and I made fast the other end, leaving him to use the line as he thought fit; for the most awful part was still before him; but he went through it as if he had been iron, and not merely flesh and blood, until a sea picked him up on its crest, and hurled him almost at our feet—the sea that drowned his companion—he scrambled over the black rocks and dragged himself on board. I seized the line and made it fast; he did not wait to talk but joined me in hauling it in. Within ten minutes we had the end of a small hawser safely on board; attached to it was the end of another small line. We got the hawser fast on the mast and hauled on the line until a breeches-buoy came along; then I turned to look at my companions.

Strangely enough, the children and babies had stood it best; with desperate haste we huddled them one by one into the buoy and they were hauled ashore; then followed the women, until I came to Mrs. Lloyd; but she waved me off and pointed to the men; who were in such a state of exhaustion that we had

to lift them into the buoy. When the last had gone I turned again to Mrs. Lloyd; just as the wreck seemed to tremble with a peculiar vibration; I hurried my movements with an uncanny feeling, and hastily undid the lashings, all the time the Frenchman gesticulating and urging me. As the last turn was undone, I picked her up bodily and started for the buoy; but it seemed as if the vindictive cruelty of the sea had not yet done enough. A roller came tumbling along and broke right on the wreck. It was too much for the "Lilly"; she just went to pieces, flattened out, and disappeared, leaving me struggling at the edge of the rocks with the woman and child in my arms.

The Frenchman was close beside me and before I knew what he was doing, he had whipped the line from his body and made it fast with a bowline round mine; then he shouted to the people ashore, and the next moment we were pulled into and through the surf.

I never knew how long it took to haul us through, but I remember a thud as we reached the rocks—a blow which seemed to knock the water out of my body and clear my mind—I struggled to my feet and joined the men who were gathered round Mrs. Lloyd, pushed them aside, and knelt down over her; but—Mrs. Lloyd was dead; the child lived.

What you are speaks so loudly, I can not hear what you say.—Emerson.

* * *

Refinement is more a spirit than an accomplishment. All the books of etiquette that have been written cannot make a person refined. True refinement springs from a gentle, unselfish heart. Without a fine spirit a refined life is impossible.

* * *

The young girl who responded with the cash to an advertisement of a means to keep the hands soft, received the following recipe: "Soak them in dishwater three times a day while mother rests."

* * *

Thomas Carlyle, not long before his death, was in conversation with the late Dr. John Brown, and expressed himself to the following effect: "I am now an old man, and done with the world. Looking around me, before and behind, and weighing all as wisely as I can, it seems to me there is nothing solid to rest on but the faith which I learned in my old home, and from my mother's lips.

The Return.

By Arthur V. Kenah.

THERE was something really pathetic in the sight; something to stir the hearts of the most prosaic, to cause them to cease their idle gossip for a moment and ask each other who this strange, broken down gentleman could be who had to be supported to his seat in the restaurant.

A table was always reserved for him and yet he invariably dined alone; the more curious noticed that he faced the entrance and throughout his meal would, ever and anon, keep looking up as though he expected someone. Two places also were laid, but even the oldest habitue never saw his solitude broken.

One could not help wondering what was the story underlying it all; for here was a man, still under forty, handsome, and with evidently an abundant blessing of the world's goods, immaculately dressed, yet nevertheless, one oppressed with a deep and lasting sorrow. I had seen him, myself, every evening when I repaired there for my dinner and, of late, I had noticed that some illness had got him in its grip, and tonight he came in, on the arm of a young man who was evidently very anxious about him.

The patron personally attended to his needs and it was from him, after the courses, that I learnt the strange episode of this recluse. Signor Bernardino was full of compassion for him; his eyes were even full as he unfolded his melancholy tale.

"Ah! Signor, you may well ask me why I am so upset tonight; you have no doubt noticed yourself how ill that gentleman is, and I fear that he is even worse than he looks."

"But, Bernardino, he will recover?"

"Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no. Who can say what course a deep-seated mental worry will take? It is not a matter that the doctors can treat; they have to hide their ignorance by advising their patients to go away to the seaside."

"That is true; but you know a change is often very beneficial."

"Yes, Signor, I know it, but in this case no change of air or scenery can effect a cure."

"Tell me then, Bernardino, what is the matter with Mr. Ricardo?"

"I will tell you all I know; the rest you must surmise for yourself. Five years ago there was no brighter or gayer gentleman frequenting this restaurant than Mr. Ricardo. Every evening he would come here and he was always accompanied by the one lady. Oh! Signor, she was a lovely girl; tall, fair, and of the most exquisite grace. I have said to myself many times that Heaven ordained that these two should be forever together. And such indeed was the case, for one evening Monsieur Richardo called me to his side and said to me: 'Bernardino, I am the happiest man in the world tonight, for this lady has today promised to be my wife.' Ah! Signor, how pleased I was; I felt I had not lived in vain, but I could only offer my congratulations and beg Monsieur Ricardo to allow me to present to the lady a small bouquet of flowers."

"Well, Bernardino, that is all very pretty, but there is more to be told, surely?"

"Yes, Signor, I will tell you in a moment."

The excellent fellow hurried away to attend to one of his customers, and I had time to glance across at Mr. Ricardo's table. I noticed that his pallid face seemed a little brighter and that he was even taking a trifling interest in the conversation of his companion. The dead, settled, look of melancholiness which I had come to regard as inevitably associated with him was, for the moment, somewhat relieved and I drew Bernardino's attention to it on his return.

"Ah, Signor, it is as you say; Mon-

sieur Ricardo looks more hopeful tonight."

"Well, never mind, pray go on with your story; I expect to hear of marriage bells next."

"Alas! Signor, that I cannot tell you it was so. Three days after I had presented them with my little bouquet of flowers, Monsieur Ricardo came in again, but alone. I noticed that he seemed very worried and I begged him to tell me whether Madame was well. I shall not readily forget his answer."

"Yes, Bernardino," he replied, "Madame is, as far as I know, quite well, but she has left me and will not be dining with me again."

"Oh! Monsieur, you are joking; you mean, of course, that Madame is otherwise engaged for tonight, but tomorrow, or the next day, you will bring her here again?"

"No, Bernardino, it will not be so. Madame has left me as I told you, but," and here, Signor, his face which was very sad seemed to light up with a great joy; "I know she will come back and I have told her that I shall be here every evening at this table and that a place will be always ready for her."

"Ah! Bernardino, that is a very sad story. And since then what has happened?"

"Nothing, Signor. Every night Monsieur Ricardo comes here and sits at the same table and a place is also laid for Madame, but she has never returned. As the years have crept by, Monsieur sits sadder and sadder, until my heart aches sometimes to see him. For the last fortnight he has not been here, but his valet came round one night to ask that if Madame returned that she should be given the note he brought with him."

"I suppose he has been ill?"

"Yes, Signor; but tonight, though I feel sure he should be in his bed, he has returned to his old place again and he is evidently still expecting her."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, Signor, he said to me as he was coming in: "Thanks, Bernardino, I am much better and happier. She will return tonight I know and I have brought my brother round to meet her."

"I see. Well I can assure you I shall be anxious to know what the end of it

will be. I am indeed sorry for Mr. Ricardo, but, somehow, I cannot help feeling that there will be a reunion eventually. But, to change the subject, who is this new singer you have on the programme tonight?"

"You refer to Mademoiselle Cecile?"

"Yes; I seem to have heard the name somewhere."

"That is very likely, Signor, for she has been making quite a name for herself in America."

"Ah! thank you, Bernardino, I will stay and listen to her."

Having ordered myself another coffee, I awaited the turn of this new soprano; there were still a good many people staying over their wine, for the hour was not late for those who frequented this restaurant, diners here preferring to stay and listen to the band and the singing rather than to hurry off to the theatre.

Presently the orchestra played an impromptu overture of a few bars to Tosti's "Vorrei," and I saw from my programme that Mademoiselle Cecile was to sing it. Changing my position in order to get a better view, I saw that the new-comer was a most beautiful young woman. Tall, fair, bearing herself with a natural yet regal grace, her sweet face and perfect figure were alone sufficient to cause the conversation to instantly stop and all eyes to be turned to the small platform at the end of the dining-room. But if the face and figure of the singer thus commanded attention, her voice did even more. Rarely have I heard such sweet tones rise from any throat, and the pathos with which she sang the beautiful English translation of Marzial's, seemed to strike a respondent cord in the heart of each of her audience. It was not until the end of the second verse that I seemed to realize that here was a singer who was voicing the burden of her soul, for her emotion was plainly visible as she sang the words:

"But just once to forget that word was spoken,
That left two lives for ever lost and broken.
But once to enter there when night is falling,
In the old sweet way, just coming at your
calling,
And, like an angel bending down above you,
To breathe against your ear, "I love, I love
you."

The applause which greeted her was as spontaneous as it was unusual, but

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there could be no doubt that she had won all hearts by her sympathetic and cultured rendering of this sweet sonnet.

It was then a strange thing happened, for, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of her audience, Mademoiselle Cecile seemed entirely oblivious of it and stood as one in a trance staring straight across at Mr. Ricardo's table.

Her face at first was devoid of expression, but almost instantly changed to one lit up by the coming of some long hoped for joy, and, without taking her eyes from the object of her attraction, she quickly left the platform and hastened to his side.

Mr. Richardo was himself as much agitated as Mademoiselle Cecile, for when I turned to see him he was standing with one hand on the table and the other clutching the back of his chair; his head was thrown up slightly while the expression of his face was wonderful to look at; it was as though the hand of Time had been rolled back and the hopefulness of youth again restored to this lone soul; the eyes were wide open

and sparkled with the fire of great emotion, while the slightly parted lips spoke only too eloquently of the intensity of his feelings.

Even as Mademoiselle Cecile approached the table I saw that the inevitable reaction had set in, for his face turned a ghastly white and though he made a supreme effort to hold out his hands and clasp those of Mademoiselle, the endeavour was not realised, and had it not been for the arms of his companion, he would have fallen heavily to the floor. Bernardino hastily ran forward and between them the poor fellow was assisted to the couch in the waiting room.

The whole scene took place in a shorter time than it has taken to describe and, in a few moments, Bernardino returned and came to my table. In answer to my enquiries as to the condition of Mr. Ricardo, the good fellow, whose eyes were full of tears, replied:

"Ah! Signor, he will never come and dine here alone again, for Madame has indeed, at last, returned."

Those who say they will forgive, but can't forget, an injury, simply bury the hatchet, while they leave the handle out, ready for immediate use.—Dwight L. Moody.

* * *

The greatness of those things which follow death makes all that goes before it sink into nothing.—William Law.

* * *

The best qualities of mind and character—courage, sympathy, self-mastery—have been forged on the hard anvil of distress.

* * *

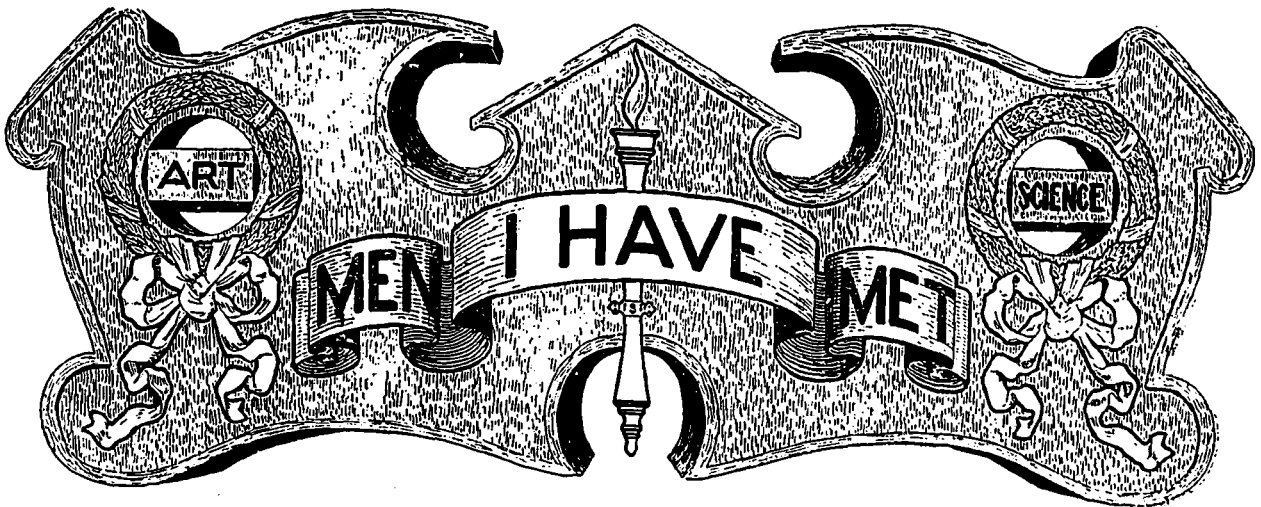
We may perform lowliest ministries from the highest motives.

* * *

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—John Ruskin.

* * *

An old colored preacher was asked to define Christian perseverance. He answered, "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebber leave go."



J. M. BARRIE.

By William Blakemore.

ONE Wednesday afternoon in the Spring of 1893, having concluded my ordinary business, I strolled into the new Law Courts, to hear the final stages of a cause celebre. The presiding judge was Sir Francis Jeune, and the suit that of the notorious actress Florence St. John against her husband, best known as M. Marius.

The day was exceedingly hot, the court-room packed and several hundred disappointed suppliants for admission lined the corridors. The case was doubly attractive by reason of the public interest in two such well-known theatrical characters and their marital differences, and because Sir Charles Russell appeared on the one side, and Mr. C. F. Gill on the other.

This was just about the time that the latter achieved fame by proving himself to be the most formidable opponent of the great cross-examiner, and indeed the only man who had stood up to him and resolutely refused to be cowed by his terrific onslaughts. I had never before seen Mr. Gill, but was deeply impressed with his conduct of the case and with the subtlety and penetration of his cross-examination. I think all the spectators were satisfied that on this important occasion honours were easy. In any event Miss St. John failed to procure a decree of divorce, and the manner in which Mr. Gill, who appeared for M. Marius, exposed the worldliness, indifference and

absolute unreliability of the actress' principal witnesses will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

I have said that the court was packed, and indeed only the keenest interest in the proceedings would have induced anyone to have remained there for a moment. The air was hot and stifling; it was impossible to stand or sit without the discomfort of being crushed, and the slightest movement or noise provoked from the austere usher the petulant and peremptory cry "Silence in Court."

I managed to secure a seat at the table of the Junior Counsel, a circumstance on which I congratulated myself until I found that I was constantly pushing or being pushed by a diminutive man who sat on my left. Half a glance sufficed to show that he was not even a "limb of the law," and that he had no more prescriptive right to his position than I had. As he was seated there first he seemed to think that he had a prior claim not only to his seat but to some measure of comfort in its occupancy, a proposition to which I constantly demurred.

It was not until, in a more or less resentful manner I had glanced at him three or four times, that I began to be haunted with the impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me. I think if I had seen him full-faced I should at once have recognized him from his resemblance to the photographs which I had seen in the shop windows.

It was after a harder squeeze than usual that I mentally resolved to change my position, even if it meant losing a seat; so with a vow and a muttered "I beg your pardon," I began to rise. At that moment he turned round and I had a good look at him. Recognition was instantaneous, and in no mere conventional manner I whispered, "I really do beg your pardon, Mr. Barrie; I am so sorry to have inconvenienced you."

He barely noticed my remark and kept his seat; I stood behind and so remained until the end of the case. When the crowd filed out of the Court House, I thought it was too good an opportunity of interviewing the celebrated author to be missed, and just as I had resolved to speak he touched me on the shoulder and said very quietly, and even gently, "I am afraid that I was rather inconsiderate, but the truth is I was so interested in the case that I felt annoyed at anything that distracted my attention."

Thus the ice was broken and we adjourned to the refreshment room in the corridor where we had a long chat, and commenced an acquaintance, which, while never intimate, led to many pleasant re-unions and on my part some insight into the character and personality of one whom I hold to be in the foremost rank of living writers.

My first surprise was at the appearance of Mr. Barrie. He is a very small man, smaller, I think, than Hall Caine, to whom however he is the very antipodes in manner and appearance. He has no tricks, no mannerisms, no "side" and no self-consciousness; he is quiet, unobtrusive, reserved and gentle. There is something at once boyish and feminine about him; the former is suggested by the round face, neat compact features and small figure; the latter by a certain modesty amounting almost to bashfulness, a quietness and a far-away look in the eyes, which always seem to be dreaming of that which is distant. At the time of which I am writing Mr. Barrie's fame rested chiefly upon what must still be regarded as his magnum opus, "A Window in Thrums," but since then the traits of his character which I then suspected, and to which I have referred have been more truly exemplified in "Mar-

garet Ogilvie" and the inimitable "Little White Bird."

Mr. Barrie's personality is a charming one. It is true he has turned aside from his first love, and has entertained half the world with dramatic works which have not been surpassed in merit or attractiveness by those of any living writer, but the fineness of his character still finds its manifestation in imaginative literature, of which the key-note is pure pathos.

It is certain that he is the only writer who could have produced either of the three works I have mentioned. No other possesses in so pre-eminent degree the necessary equipment of lofty idea, imagination, insight and sympathy. It is not too much to say that Barrie has reconciled the world of literature to modern Scotch writers, whose vagaries and idiosyncrasies are forgiven for his sake.

Unlike other successful writers Mr. Barrie has not attempted to do too much; he has found his mental recreation in variety, and in this way his dramatic work has furnished the necessary foil to his purely literary productions.

Like Kipling he is the author of one novel, and of only one. It is difficult to compare works of a different class and probably according to the correct canons of criticism it is not permissible, still I am moved to say that while for distinction of style, chastity of thought and a certain spirituality of atmosphere "Margaret Ogilvie" and "A Window in Thrums" will probably remain the most characteristic of Barrie's works, "A Little Minister" stands upon a higher literary plane, and will determine his position in the world of letters, unless in the years to come he gives us the great work for which we are looking and longing.

We have to go back to Thackeray to find a chapter which for fine feeling, perfect expression and exquisite conception will compare with the opening chapters of "The Little Minister," and taken as a whole I have no hesitation in saying that it is a book which has not yet come to its own. Public attention has been diverted from the merits of the book by the popularity of the play, but when the latter is forgotten people will return to the former and find hidden beauties

which even yet have only been discovered by the few.

Mr. Barrie is one of the few successful authors of the present day who has sacrificed not one jot of his natural simplicity of manner and of living to the exigencies of the moment; he cannot be spoilt by success, as he could never be extinguished by failure. He started life with a frail body, a big heart and a teem-

ing brain. By their aid and the influence of early training, of a Spartan-Puritan character, he has surmounted every difficulty and although sorrow visited his hearth and left it desolate, life has brought him many compensations, the chief of which is a charming and devoted wife, who is at once the mainstay and the inspiration of his best work.

The Disappointment of Totem.

By Annie C. Dalton.

IT was midnight, and the park was very quiet. A lovely moon shone through the trees and silvered the tiny ripples of the little stream that bubbled merrily along at the feet of the old Totem, who was leaning weary against his venerable cedar tree. The Honourable Totem felt very lonely. He had gone through an exciting day. Many people had walked through the park, and his striking personality had attracted an unusual amount of interest. The visitors were lively and indulged in many witticisms at his expense, and some noisy boys had even so far forgotten the respect due to his position, as to make him a target for peanuts, orange peel and pebbles. This had wounded his feelings very much, for in spite of his terrible appearance, he was really very tender-hearted.

He remembered the time when he was looked up to with reverence and awe; when he was venerated not only as the god, but also as the esteemed ancestor of all the human beings, animals and plants of his particular clan. There his will was law, and thinking of all this departed glory, the Hon. Totem felt troubled, and was very, very sad.

From his point of view, the few remaining Indians, who lived near the Park, were a degenerate race, who had departed from the ancient faith of their

forefathers, and rarely came to offer him that homage, which he felt he was entitled to, considering his great age and the illustrious antiquity of his name.

He was comfortably ensconced against the hole of a great shattered cedar which stood on a pretty bank, and the little stream which ran between his home and the public road, babbled day and night of old times, and was good company for him.

Oh, yes! he was comfortable enough, although he knew he was residing there simply through the courtesy of the pale-faces, who now ruled over the Indians and their country, and the knowledge fronkled a little sometimes in his otherwise contented mind.

On this particular night he felt unusually disturbed. He wanted to talk to some of his own people (about nothing in particular that he knew of) only he just felt lonely and in need of sympathy.

The seals lived close by, but they were not very good friends of his. They muddied the little brook very much, and he hated to have her molested.

Not far away he knew the bears, the beaver, the wolves and the eagles, and perhaps many others of his relations were all sleeping soundly, and somehow he felt angry about it. He knew that they could not help themselves, that they were all snugly locked up by the keepers, but still he felt angry and irritable.

He thought they ought to be keeping him company in the long, silent hours of the night, when even the gay little brook seemed to flow more quietly, and the wind sobbed and sighed through the trees most drearily. He never slept, had never so much as winked an eyelash for a hundred years and why should they? He did not mind so much when the wind shrieked and blustered in noisy gusts. He liked to hear the leaves rustling and the branches snapping, and to watch the shadows shudder and shiver in the long avenue.

On a wild night it was a delight to him to see the heavy clouds scud past the moon, and when a real storm came, he was in his element, for the storm-spirits gathered round him, and whispered cheery messages from his brother totems until he could have shrieked too, loud as the wind, for very joy.

Years rolled on, but they never forgot him, these faraway spirits, and he felt angrier than ever with his nearest relations. Kinder thoughts came after a while. He remembered how short their present lives were compared to his own and a great yearning to see them all swept over him.

It was years since any of them had been to visit him. Those who had not been captured or killed, had fled far, far over the blue mountains and he could not tell whether they were alive or not.

He wondered how those, near to him, bore the indignity of imprisonment, for in the glorious days of old, the spirits in animals, trees, and plants were free to come and go as they chose, subject only to his will.

Pondering thus he began to wonder why he never now exerted his old authority. Looking back through so many lonely years, it seemed a strange thing that he had allowed his ancient power to lie dormant for so long a time. Why should he not again call around him the old, familiar spirits?

He thought the matter over for some time before he asked the little brook's advice. The brook, of course, was delighted with the idea. She was a cheery optimist, and believed in getting all the good out of life, that it was possible to get with a due regard for the welfare and feelings of others, so after much

deliberation it was decided to hold the first reception of the spiritual relatives, of the Hon. Totem the very next night, when the moon would be at the full.

Had the keeper walked abroad the following evening, about midnight, he would have been astonished to see some of his charges leaving their cages, in defiance of strict rules and padlocks, and trotting gaily down the avenue in the direction of Coal Harbour.

First came the beaver, a little later the bear, getting over the ground in fine style, in spite of his clumsy gait; then the wolf, slinking swiftly along, and keeping well in the shadow of the cedars.

The eagle set forth last of all, but arrived first by virtue of his powerful wings. They all reached the rendezvous within a few seconds of each other and sat down in a row, opposite the Hon. Totem, without further ceremony, the brook bustling briskly about between them, and making a great deal of unnecessary noise in order to cover the emotion of the Hon. Totem, who was quite overcome, and affected almost to tears, at the sight of his dear old friends, who, to speak the honest truth, were rather disappointing, and unconcerned. Indeed, the funniest part of the whole affair was that not one of them seemed in the least surprised, or disturbed, at being drawn out of a warm bed to a midnight conference in the shadowy woods.

Their self-possession materially assisted the Hon. Totem to regain his own. He would have extended the hand of fellowship, had he possessed one; as it was his poor, wooden, weather-beaten face, expanded and contracted in an alarming series of automatic or totematic smiles of delight.

Then followed the administration of several mysterious rites, which so interested the brook that she almost forgot to flow, and the seals, close by, ran in danger of being seriously inconvenienced, for they lived in a dam higher up, surreptitiously stolen from the happy-go-lucky brook.

The Hon. Totem then proceeded to air his grievance and complained bitterly of the peccadilloes of his afternoon visitors.

Brother Wolf cordially sympathized with him. He said that some of the re-

marks that were passed upon himself were most insulting, and now and then some "lady" would even give a little shriek and shudder (if he ventured to air his teeth) for all the world as if he were a bloodthirsty monster, instead of the respectable and highly civilized creature that he really was. As for the boys:—

Ah, said Bro. Bear gruffly, if the world was only made up of little girls—but boys—ugh!

"As for boys," repeated the wolf, crossly, "I was going to say, I like boys—they've got some grit, though they are not so good to eat as little girls. I well remember," he continued, dreamily, "that my great grandfather got an awful attack of indigestion after meeting a school boy. In fact, he died of the encounter—"and a good job too," whispered the Beaver to himself). We were on the trail at the time and so could not bury him with suitable honors, but when we returned that way, months afterwards, we found his skeleton, picked beautifully clean and inside, where his stomach had once existed was a little mound of marbles, a top, a jack-knife, chalk, a mouth-organ, a Jew's harp, pea-shooter, tin whistle, catapult and some string.

After such a discovery my great grandfather's death still remained a sad, but scarcely a mysterious, catastrophe. As I said before, boys have grit—in their pockets especially."

The little brook did not much care for the wolf's anecdote—it sounded bloodthirsty, and she privately hoped he would not come to quench his thirst in her limpid ripples before the meeting was over. His fangs glistened so terribly in the moonlight that she did not fancy him at all at close quarters, so she said very tartly: "No one but a Wolf would have the heart and the stomach to eat little children. I just love them. A dear little girl came by the other day. She had on a huge pink bonnet and her tiny face seemed to look out of the heart of a rose. The bonnet was very pretty, but a feast of sweetness and loveliness lay far down in its rosy recesses, in the soft, deep down eyes, fresh, rosy lips and velvet-dimpled cheeks. Such a shy, sweet

smile she had, too; I heard her nurse call her Dorothy.

After a while, the nurse lifted her up and put her carefully on the rail of the little bridge. There she sat with her feet dangling far above me. She looked down at me with great, solemn eyes, then she folded her hands on her lap, and said: "Little brook, how I love you! What a pretty song you are singing. Can't you wait just a minute, till I sing you a song my mother has taught me. Then she sang in such a sweet, bright, little voice:

Willow! Willow!
Pussy-willow!
Are you not the fairies pillow—
Smooth as silk,
And soft as down,
Peeping from your calyx brown?

Bluebell, bluebell,
Bonny bluebell!
Now I think the fairies do dwell
In your tiny
Bells at night,
Peeping, creeping out of sight.

Robin, robin,
Loving robin.
When the wood-babes lone were sobbing,
Did the fairies
Share your grief,
As you brought each tiny leaf?

Daisy, daisy,
Sleepy daisy,
When you, in the twilight hazy,
Shut up tightly,
Do the sprightly
Fairies wake you with their glee?

Swallow, swallow,
Darting swallow,
Do the fairies lightly follow,
When you fly
From winter's frown
To some balmy southern town.

Fairy, fairy,
Tiresome fairy.
Do you live in tree-tops airy?
Do please tell
A little girl,
Where you fairies all do dwell?

The brook finished her speech and song with a bubble of satisfaction and everybody applauded—even the wolf, although he secretly thought verse-making and verse-reciting a sheer waste of time. Poetry was all very well in its way, and quite good enough for some people's dessert, but give him the prose of life—a rattling good dinner and lots of liberty and— Here he stopped his ruminating to remark fretfully, "By the way, can nothing be suggested by the members of this meeting as to ways and means of my getting a more commodious cage.

"Why," said the Eagle, speaking for the first time, "you are not nearly so bad-

ly off as your brother Wolf. He just spends all his days in jumping off and on a wooden bench in the tiniest cage I ever saw."

"Well, it's bad enough anyway," said the Wolf sulkily, "You've got lots of room, I'm told, and as for the Bear—he lives in a palace nowadays." As if that wasn't enough," he continued, bitterly; "he's got to have ottomans to sit on, and a bath to sit in. He'll be thinking next that he lives at the Zoo."

The Hon. Totem looked apprehensively across at the Bear, whose temper was a trifle uncertain at times, but the hide of that happy individual was so thick that the sarcasm of the Wolf was completely wasted upon it, and the Beaver created a diversion by remarking that he had just received a letter from a cousin in the Zoo, who had a real palace for himself and his family. "I am very comfortable here in the Park," he said plaintively, "but I must confess it is a trifle upsetting to hear of cousin's good fortune; it makes him rather patronizing too."

Here the Eagle flapped his wings impatiently and said that if all their time was to be taken up with grumbling they might just as well have stopped in their beds. As for the Beaver——. But here came an interruption from under the bridge apparently. A hoarse voice called out, "Ahoy, there! Who said Beaver?" The startled brethren sat terror-stricken for a minute, mutely appealing with their eyes to the Hon. Totem for protection. Then the owner of the voice peered out of the dusky shadows of the bridge. As his gaunt, ghostly face came into view and shone in the moonlight, he suddenly gave a wild whoop and shook a bony fist at the spellbound creatures. This was too much. With a piercing shriek the Eagle flapped heavily away; the bear lurched over the fence and literally tumbled out of sight; the Wolf bounded through the avenue and was in his den in no time, his teeth chattering and his hair bristling with terror. As for the Beaver his fright, for the time, totally deprived him of his senses. Somehow, he got across the brook and attempted a wild dash for freedom through the legs of the Hon. Totem. Finding neither entrance nor exit from

he knew not what, he commenced frantically to gnaw at the toes of the unfortunate Hon. Totem, whose pain and helplessness were pitiable to see. He shrieked, wailed and threatened, all to no avail. The brook joined in the chorus and scolded and splashed till she was breathless. Some crows who were fast asleep in their nest in the trees overhead, took off their nightcaps and got up to see what was the matter. Their excitement knew no bounds and their hoarse cries added to the confusion and din, but did little good, until it occurred to their wise little heads to organize a combined attack upon the Beaver, of all the beaks and claws in their colony. This proved highly successful, and poor Bro. Beaver made the best of his way home, battered and half blinded, and full of a virtuous resolution never, never again to transgress beyond the boundary of his legitimate domain. Meanwhile the mischievous author of all this confusion stood rather shame-facedly, while the poor old Totem with tears streaming down his face, heaped upon his head the most scathing reproaches. He was a shambling, seafaring man, dressed in the fashion of years ago and with a strangely battered and unreal appearance about him, but the most curious thing of all was, that when the moon shone in her fullest splendour, he seemed quite transparent, and one could see the objects on the farther side of him, quite clearly through his body.

He listened submissively to the Hon. Totem, for some time. Finally he said, "Oh, well. Come now, old boy, let's make up and be friends again. Many's the jokes we've cracked together these many years, and the yarns we've spun too." But the Hon. Totem was highly offended and would have none of him: so at last he wandered down to the Beaver boat, where he sat on the gunwale and chewed, grumbled and chuckled by turns for a long, long time. Then he gradually faded away into a thin mist—a puff of wind—and he was gone. The moon took it into her head to retire also, and the poor old Totem was left in darkness, bitter tears of pain and mortification rolling down his cheeks, and dropping into the sympathetic bosom of this faithful little brook.

British Columbia



FRUIT growing in British Columbia, like the climatic and soil conditions in its various districts, is so diversified in character and of such importance that it is hardly possible to do the industry anything like justice in the space at our command, and when the reader has perused this article to the end, he must bear in mind that there still remains much to be said on the subject. A historical sketch would be of interest to many, but the wants of intending settlers or investors may be better served by a general outline of the present conditions and prospects of the industry.

Although it is only sixteen years since the first full carload of fruit was shipped out of British Columbia, progress has been fairly rapid and people are now beginning to realize something of its possibilities as a fruit-growing province. In the season of 1904, the fruit crop of British Columbia was valued at \$600,000 and the area under cultivation estimated at 14,000 acres.

In 1905 the area under fruit had been increased to 20,000 acres, and the total revenue derived therefrom was nearly one million dollars. In the same year something like \$500,000 was expended in the purchase and improvement of fruit lands and the average price received for grade No. 1 apples from October 1, 1905, to March 31, 1906, was \$1.27 per 40-lb. box, f.o.b. shipping point. The early

varieties started out at \$1 net, and during the latter part of February and March as high as \$2 per box was being paid for strictly No. 1 in carload lots. The average prices of other fruits for the season of 1905 were: Pears, \$1.38 per 40-lb. box; prunes and plums, 75 cents per 20-lb. box; peaches, \$1.15 per 20-lb. box; strawberries, \$2.30 per 24 basket crate; raspberries, \$2.19 per 24 basket crate; blackberries, \$2.40 per 24 basket crate; gooseberries, 5 1-2 cents per lb.; crab apples, 2 1-2 cents per lb.; tomatoes, 5 1-2 cents per lb.; currants, 7 cents per lb.; cherries, 9 cents per lb.

Outside of the quantities consumed in our own cities the chief market for British Columbia fruit is the prairie provinces; a market which will always demand the best that the fruit-grower can produce and in ever-increasing quantities, so that British Columbia need have no fear, no matter how rapidly the industry develops, of an over-production of good, clean commercial varieties. The Province is most favourably situated, in being contiguous to the great plains of the middle west, where fruit-growing on a commercial basis is not likely ever to be a success. That territory is sure to increase rapidly in population and the consumption of fruit will be enormous. It is a curious fact that the average family on the prairies consumes more fruit than do those of British Columbia

and it is quite natural, also, to expect that as the farmer of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba succeed, within a comparatively few years, in laying by sufficient to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives, they should look to British Columbia, with its congenial climate, magnificent scenery and tremendous, unexplored and undeveloped natural resources, as a place in which to spend their declining years.

There is little need for this Province to spend money in trying to induce immigrants from other countries to come here and settle. The best immigration work that British Columbia can do is to develop the fruit-growing industry and to send large quantities of first-class fruit properly grown, harvested, packed and shipped into the great grain country east of the Rocky Mountains. This will judiciously advertise the Province and bring our own people here as soon as they become tired of the more rigorous climate of the prairies.

The topography of the country from the standpoint of the fruit-grower may be better understood by a reference to the map which accompanies this article. The geological formations and climatic conditions render it necessary to divide the fruit-growing area of the Province into nine general divisions.

No. 1 might be called the southwestern coast district, which includes the southern half of Vancouver Island, adjacent islands, and what is usually called the lower mainland. Here the production of small fruits may be said to be more successful, and consequently more profitable, than that of the tree fruits. Nevertheless, there are a number of very excellent varieties of apples, pears, plums, prunes and cherries which grow to perfection in this district, besides many different varieties of nuts, and, in especially favored spots, peaches, grapes, nectarines, apricots and other tender fruits.

In most parts of this district the mild character of the climate and the excessive moisture during the winter season are very favourable to the development of fungous diseases, and it is therefore necessary to practice persistent and systematic spraying of the orchards, clean cultivation of the soil, and a thorough

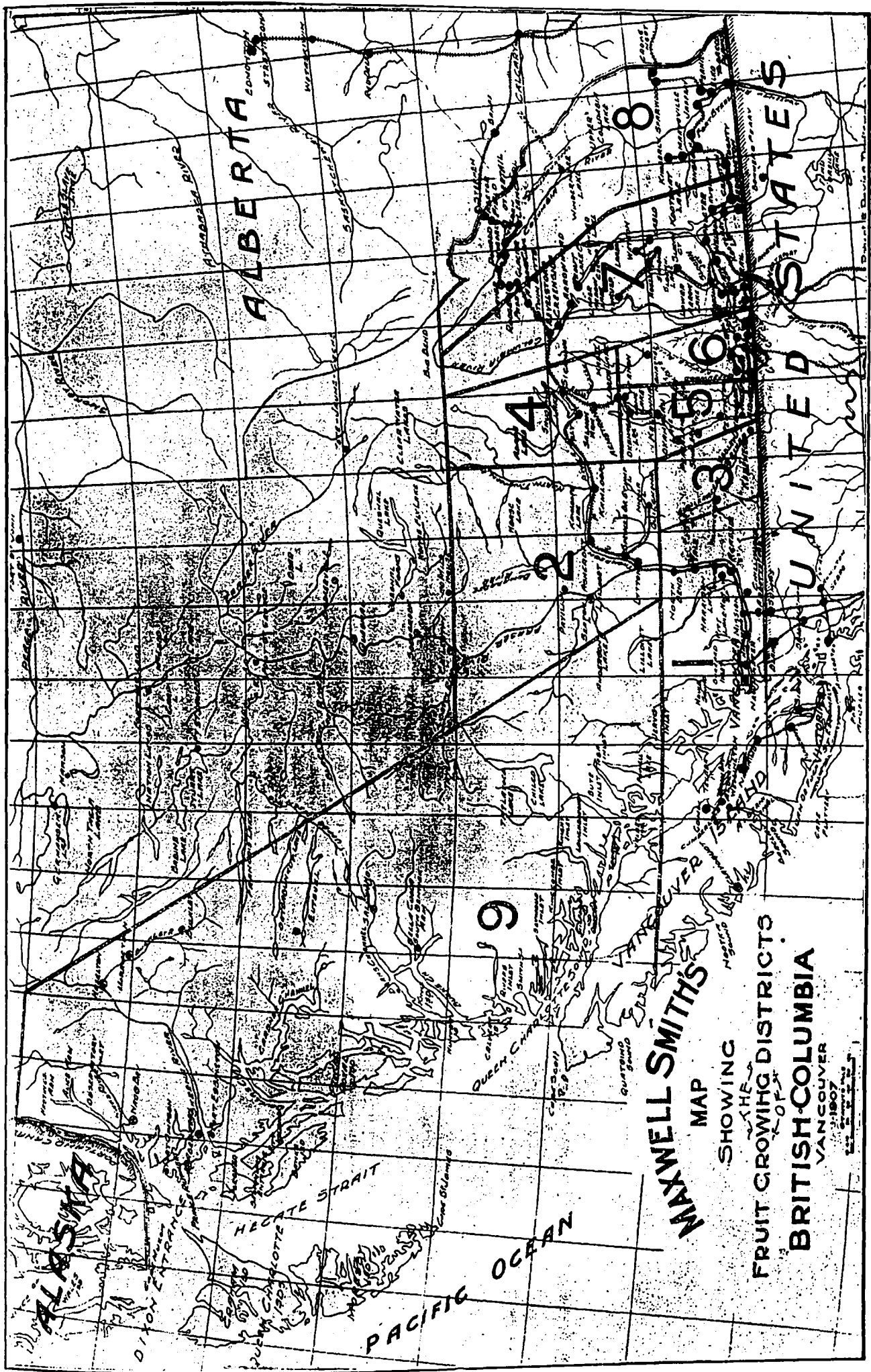
system of under-drainage in order to get the most profitable results.

District No. 2 includes the valleys of the Upper Fraser, as far north as the fifty-second parallel, the main Thompson, the North Thompson, the Nicola and Bonaparte Rivers. Here there are practically none of the above-named difficulties to contend with, but the question of water to irrigate the lands is one requiring serious consideration, as without an abundant supply of water in the "dry belt" it is impossible to be sure of a crop every year. The prospective fruit-grower, however, does not have to contend with the heavy forests along these rivers that have to be encountered on the coast. The fruits grown are of the very highest quality and include all the varieties mentioned in connection with district No. 1. One of the largest vineyards in the Province is located near the junction of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

District No. 3 may be briefly described as the valleys of the Similkameen and its tributaries, portions of which are perhaps the most tropical of any part of British Columbia, and most favourable locations for the cultivation of grapes, peaches and other delicate fruits, wherever sufficient water for irrigation purposes is available.

No. 4 includes the districts surrounding Adams, Shuswap and Mabel Lakes and the valley of the Spallumcheen River. Here the natural rainfall is sufficient and splendid apples, pears, plums and cherries are successfully grown. The climatic conditions in this district resemble very much those of southern Ontario, and a fruit-grower with fixed ideas from the latter province might be more successful in this district than he would on irrigated lands. The timber is, generally speaking, light and the land rich.

No. 5 is the great Okanagan valley, stretching from Larkin southward to the international boundary. The vicinity of Kelowna in this valley contains the largest area of fruit lands of any one place in the Province. Peaches are now being shipped in large quantities from the Okanagan, and all other northern fruits are successfully grown by the irrigation system. Improved modern



MAXWELL SMITH'S
 MAP
 SHOWING
 THE
 FRUIT GROWING DISTRICTS
 OF
 BRITISH COLUMBIA
 VANCOUVER
 1907

methods are in general use by the fruit-growers in this district and the industry is perhaps more advanced than in any other part of British Columbia.

No. 6 is usually called the Boundary or Kettle River country, and although the smallest of all the districts named, the quality of the land is excellent and the climatic conditions all that could be desired. Where a sufficient water supply is obtainable, there is no trouble in producing fruit of the highest quality.

No. 7 is West Kootenay, an enormous fruit-growing district, where only a little progress has been made on the southern portion, but sufficient to indicate the possibilities and the superior quality of the fruit which may be raised along those lakes and streams. The neighbourhood of Nelson and Kaslo has accomplished wonders in the past few years, but the shores of the Arrow lakes are practically untouched by the hand of the fruit-grower, and the valley of the Columbia, from the Big Bend south to Arrowhead, affords opportunities little dreamed of by many of those in search of fruit lands. In the greater part of this district, irrigation is only necessary in the very dry seasons.

District No. 8 is the country known as East Kootenay and is separated from No. 7 by a range of mountains. It is traversed by the Upper Kootenay River from the fifty-first degree of north latitude southward to the international boundary, and from Columbia and Windermere Lakes northward by the Upper Columbia River, to the Big Bend. In the southern portion of this district there are immense stretches of thinly-wooded lands suitable for fruit-growing purposes, and the valley of the Upper Columbia has many choice locations for the enterprising fruit-grower. The lack of transportation facilities is a great hindrance to the development of the fruit lands of the Upper Columbia.

District No. 9 comprises the vast coast region including the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern half of Vancouver Island, from Jervis Inlet to Portland Canal. There is little known of its capabilities, but undoubtedly it has a few surprises in store for the future. Though in small quantities as yet, apples, peaches and grapes have been

successfully grown on the Skeena River. The first apple trees were planted at Hazelton in the spring of 1901 and fruited in the fall of 1904.

For a considerable distance inland from the west coast, there are numerous valleys and plateaus, which are well adapted to growing many of the hardier varieties, though fewer in number than those capable of being developed in the first-named district.

Notwithstanding the conditions and adaptabilities which may be in a general way characteristic of the large districts above mentioned, there are always peculiarities of soil and climate, soil moisture, atmospheric currents, etc., which must be taken into consideration, and intelligently utilized by the individual settler when choosing varieties to plant or deciding on methods of cultivation.

That the supply of water from mountain streams for irrigation purposes is limited, should always be borne in mind and in those portions of the Province where irrigation is necessary, the prospective settler or investor should be exceedingly careful that a proper supply of water is obtainable, and that he secures a legal right to use it, when purchasing fruit lands. There are many of the so-called dry districts where the soil moisture, with proper cultivation, is quite sufficient to produce a full crop in an ordinary year, but there comes periodically, the extraordinary year when, without an artificial supply of water at the critical time, the whole crop may be lost. In the arid districts, it should be seen to that the right to a sufficient supply of irrigation water is obtained, whether needed every year or not.

There are immense fertile tablelands along the Thompson, Columbia, Kootenay and Similkameen Rivers and the Kamloops, Okanagan, Upper and Lower Arrow and Kootenay Lakes, which can not be irrigated from the available mountain streams, but it may safely be predicted that some day in the not distant future, a genius will arise who will invent a comparatively cheap method of pumping the water from these large reservoirs up to the higher levels, and who then will venture to estimate the quantity of rare and luscious fruits which this Province may be capable of produc-

ing, or the gratitude that future generations will lavish on the memory of the man who shall make the cultivation of these beautiful plateaus possible? Then will the glittering Okanagan Lake become a magnificent water highway, through the midst of densely populated stretches of orchard lands. On either shore will be one continuous line of superb villa homes, and all up and down those scenic galleries of luxurious gardens will dwell the kings and queens of

husbandry in the happy performance of the first duties allotted to mankind.

By establishing high standards and the practice of high ideals, both in the quality of their products and business methods the fruit-growers of British Columbia should have a large share in building up the commercial character of the Province which, like the golden beams of the summer twilight, shall shed its benign influence eastward over the great Dominion of Canada.

Reverence.

By Amicus.

“Let more of reverence in you dwell.”

IT will not be disputed by any thoughtful observer that one of the most characteristic features of society in the New World is lack of reverence. This is especially noticeable among young people, and lies at the root of some of the most serious evils which confront society today.

Not only do the sanctity of home life and the sincerity of all true religion depend upon the maintenance of this feature, but patriotism in all its forms, whether of inspired heroism or loyal obedience to law springs from it. The lawbreaker, the disturber of the public peace, the subverter of order, the laggard in the day of battle may all be traced to the youth who fails to honour his country because he did not honour his father and mother.

Time was when one of the most important functions of school life was the inculcation of reverence for those standing in superior relationship, and those whose age or position entitled them naturally to the respect and deference due from youth. Thirty or forty years ago the punishment for a breach of this unwritten law was more severe than for that of many of the catalogued crimes. Its observance went hand in hand with the bow, the doffing of the hat and the

“Sir” without which no well-bred, or well-trained boy ventured to address an elder. Although there is an old-world ring about the sentence, the attitude of youth towards age and authority was well expressed in the words of the Catechism which enjoined obedience and the ordering of one’s self “lowly and reverently to all one’s betters.”

I have yet to learn that society is any better or the world the gainer because now-a-days this injunction is more honoured in the breach than the observance. Certain it is that on the American continent it is a rare occurrence to meet a boy who even in the remotest manner suggests any acquaintance with his duty in this respect. The precocity, self-assertion and total disregard for others which are so painfully evident in the youth of the New World have come to be universally recognised as characteristics, and one is led to consider the cause of this development and its effect upon the individual, the social and the national life.

The causes may be summed up as defective home training, unwise educational methods and the rapid acquisition of wealth. I am not sure that the latter is not mainly responsible because it lies at the root of parental neglect and par-

ental indifference to educational systems.

The greatly increased earnings of all classes have placed at the disposal of people incomes of which their fathers never dreamed. Unprepared by their own experience and training to spend wisely, parents have a tendency to extravagance and luxury. It is only natural that their children should share in this. All extravagances and luxuries are enervating to the moral fibre and tend to laxity. The first evidence of laxity in the household is love of ease and neglect of discipline. The avenues of amusement and enjoyment have been so vastly increased that society has been revolutionized; the quietude of home life in which the finest character is developed has given place to excitement and lack of repose. This is even more hurtful to the children than to their parents. It tends to develop the idea of equality and to bridge the gulf which should ever separate the exclusive habitudes of youth from those of adults. The boy who is allowed to witness, if not to participate in the dissipations of his elders can hardly be expected to retain respect for them or to cultivate reverence; and yet unfortunately now-a-days such is not an unusual occurrence.

Parents undoubtedly take less personal interest in the education of their children than formerly. Years ago if a boy offended seriously it was a matter for a personal interview between the school-master and his father; the father taught his son that the school-master must not only be obeyed but respected, and compliance with an instruction from the latter was always insisted on by the former. Now-a-days one of the greatest difficulties which a school-master meets with is to secure any measure of support from parents in the exercise of discipline. Oftener than not an appeal to them results in defiance and the removal of the boy from school.

This attitude brings another circumstance under review, which is that the temptation to neglect school is very great because of the high wages which boys can earn. When lads of twelve are in demand for messenger and telegraph service at \$40 per month it can hardly be wondered at that they resent discipline

and reach out for the handsome pocket money which such a wage ensures. There is only one remedy for this; compulsory education to a greater age; but that will not come yet, at any rate in the West.

It is hardly necessary to point out how this class of training with its precocious development of independence and its too early placing in a boy's hands of the funds with which to cultivate undesirable and often vicious habits is destructive of the very principle of reverence and re-acts upon the social and national life. A lessening of respect for others must in the end produce less self-respect, and that involves the undermining of the most stable principles of good citizenship. There is no substitute for a considerate regard for others, which does not leave a man with less regard for duty and obligation, and with a weakened sense of responsibility.

The attitude of the rising generation towards public questions of vital importance is conditioned by this lack of reverence which close observers so greatly deplore. That this attitude will be permanent no profound student of human nature believes; it is a transient condition due to abnormal development and is chiefly characteristic of the New World. It is time, however, to call a halt and to check the evil before it becomes uncontrollable. The first duty lies with parents, who, when they realise their responsibility will be willing, as their fathers were, to sacrifice something of ease and luxury to the careful training of their children. If they first insist upon proper respect being shown to themselves and their instructions, they will have gone a long way towards ensuring the same for others who are entitled to it.

The world is getting tired of precocious boys and smart girls. It will be glad to hear more of the simple, unrestricted laughter and gaiety of childhood. The great Laureate who loved humanity so well was no superficial observer, but looked far below the surface when he pleaded for a more reverent attitude towards vital subjects, and reverence is not a fashion, nor a conventionality, but a habitude.

The Widow Briggs' Fire.

By Irene M. MacColl.

L YING between two long, ragged ridges, five thousand feet above sea-level, is Phoenix—the bustling mining camp of the Boundary country. Surrounded by mountains of solid copper, five generations may delve there, without wresting one-millionth part of the inexhaustible ore body from the grasp of ages.

In Phoenix, there are many homes of sorts, and also many men, and my tale deals with the dwellers in Hogan's Alley—a settlement of divers people, with divers aims, temperaments and troubles such as we have ourselves. For in this queer old world life is, in essentials, at least, the same in a mining camp as in any other centre where human beings, good, bad and indifferent, are gathered together.

Let me introduce you, then, to Hogan's Alley—a row of some twenty shacks, some built of lumber, others of logs—all placed at the precise distance from the street allowance that the owners pleased.

At the head of the Alley and highest up of the shacks, lived Billy Barnes—a fair-haired, quick-tempered Canadian, and Billy Bakke, Junior, as fair, but of Irish-Swede extraction, thereby possessing a brogue rich in its odd mingling of accent. Both young, and prone to look on the bright side of life, the combination was a happy-go-lucky partnership in housekeeping, occasional differences never preventing their being the best of friendly enemies.

Tonight the swift mountain darkness fell on Hogan's Alley in velvety waves, blotting out the scars that by day divided the ridges in every direction.

The stars were flung in golden profusion across the arching sky, and the little river rippled down the gorge among the pine trees.

Over in the Alley, all was quiet. The tired chums, after the day's work, had long ago "turned in," and were sleeping

the dreamless sleep of the just, when from the outer world there came a shriek of terror, then another and another. Barnes, at length sufficiently aroused to growl anathemas on the disturber of his slumbers, lay for a moment listening. Then, shaking his sleeping chum, he remarked, savagely, "Some fool woman's yelling to beat the band out there—I'm going to see what's up."

Sleepily feeling his way to the window he glanced out, then wheeling sharply brought his shin in violent contact with the rocking chair.

"Whin yez are all troo telling that chair phat yez think av it"—Bakke managed to gasp through his mirth "yez moight state phat yez saw out there."

"Mrs. Briggs' shack's afire," snapped Barnes. "It'll go like chips if something ain't applied sudden,—the roof's caught now."

"Chase yerself, thin, an we'll hike ofer," and Bakke, jumping out of bed, started to hunt for his clothes—which he was certain someone must have moved in the night.

At the other end of the Alley lived Mrs. Briggs, a widow of uncertain age, possessed of all the wiles which widows have practised since the Flood—and a voice which she of all the Alley considered priceless—the average critic placing its value at some thirty cents, and dear at that—for the shacks near the widow's were oftener empty than occupied.

Two years had Mrs. Briggs been a resident of the Alley, and for two years had she charmed and warbled and remained in the widowed state. Somehow, when it came to the scratch, and Barnes or Jones was given a "final" opportunity and every advantage the widow could give, each kept curiously silent. For, after all, widows are risky propositions, and apt to have well-tried recipes for curing husbands of pet faults. So the

eligible men of the Alley were ware of matrimony with the widow.

"I'm rigged," said Bakke, as he jerked open the door some ten minutes after their discovery of the fire. "We'll have to hustle."

The fire had evidently begun in the kitchen, and was rapidly spreading. The Alley, roused by the shouts of our friends, fell to work with a will. Ladders were speedily placed, a bucket brigade formed, and soon the flames were at bay.

Standing on the sidewalk, wringing her hands and moaning "I'll have to go to the poorhouse, I'll have to go to the poorhouse," was the widow, clad in her nightdress, a short coat and a pair of pink bedroom slippers.

"My clothes, O may clothes," she wailed—"I've lost them all—I haven't a thing left, I'll have to go to the poorhouse!"

Many a manly heart thrilled to that appeal of helpless womanhood, and more than one womanly voice hissed into a neighbour's ear, "You'd think she'd be ashamed to carry on so—an' her as never sews a stitch nor does sorra a washing, from one year's end to the next!"

"Phat do yez suppose she's afther?" inquired Mrs. Kelly of Mrs. O'Rourke.

"Hivin knows—I don't," snapped that lady. "I've been askin' her till I'm tired to come home wid me till the shebeen's patched up, an' she'll do nawthin at all."

"My clothes, oh, my clothes!" mournfully came from behind them, and in Irish exasperation, the two women turned with looks of withering scorn and left their sister in affliction.

"Glory be; that was as hot a job as anny I iver handled," said Bakke, as he came down the ladder after the fire had been vanquished.

His chum touched his arm, as he pointed to where the widow still remained a short distance away.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?" she sobbed, as the men paused awkwardly before her.

"Sure, 'twas nawthin at all, at all," said Bakke simply, and Barnes eagerly echoed the fiction.

"But oh, if I only had saved my clothes; they're all gone—every poor, miserable rag I owned. O-oh dear,

whatever will I do?" and the widow broke down again.

"Come home wid me as I've ast yez to a hundred times this noight," snapped Mrs. Kelly. "Or wid me," said Mrs. O'Rourke. "Sure, an' yez know yez is welcome."

"O, dear Mr. Barnes, and you, you dear, good Mr. Bakke, I shall never forget this," sobbed the widow. "But oh, my clothes are g-gone, all gone!" Still weeping, she suffered the women to lead her across the street and through Mrs. Kelly's front door.

"Sure, 'tis too bad she lost all thim cloes," remarked Bakke thoughtfully, as the chums turned homeward. "I was just wundering if we cudn't maybe all kind a chip in an help her out."

"So was I," eagerly said Billy Barnes. "Let's get all the fellows who helped tonight to chip in and then it'll not seem so personal-like. I'm dead beat now, and it's me for the slumber couch till morning—barring any more fires," he added.

"Plase Hivin, wan's lots for the night," said Bakke, as they turned into bed.

Next day the "Widow's Aid," as Barnes called it, had netted a hundred dollars and over—for the men of the Alley were generous and fond of the widow—had she not offered to be a mother to every one of them? And women like that were not met every day. A deputation was appointed to present the widow with this "little token of esteem," as they called it—and the chums were chosen for the duty. At the last moment, however, Bakke backed out of going, refusing point blank, so it was Alec Ladd who went over with Barnes to the Kelly home that evening.

Naturally, they felt diffident about beginning, being morally certain of the view Mrs. Kelly would take of their action—and so it was nearly eleven when the widow's surreptitious yawns warned them that they must broach the subject.

"Go ahead, Alec," said Barnes, in an undertone.

"Do it yourself," returned Ladd in the same breath. Then he began lamely:

"We—ah—we—it's a terrible loss you've met with, Mrs. Briggs,—an—we—ah—"

"Yes, Mr. Ladd," said the widow, sweetly. "We're hoping you won't take

it amiss if we—ah—we offer you this little remembrance—I mean—this little token of—of—”

“Esteem,” supplied Barnes.

“This little token of esteem,” finished Ladd, as he handed the purse to the widow.

The effect of this touching scene was electrifying. The widow threw both arms round Alec’s neck, and gasped amid her sobs that she “L-loved them all s-so.”

Disentangling himself, Ladd made for the door, closely followed by Billy Barnes, who feared a repetition of the scene, and Mrs. Kelly let them out in grim silence.

Next week the widow came forth arrayed as the Alley had never before beheld her. She cut Mrs. Kelly entirely after that good woman remarked to the cat, as the widow passed on her way to church—“Sure, an’ she’s the smooth wan. An’ all thim goosoons handin’ her their earnins to dress the likes av her in silks—an’ her wid money in the bank!”

On Monday morning a tall, seedy looking man was seen to enter the widow’s shack—and shortly after, the widow herself was bustling about, to all appearances, house-cleaning. Early in the afternoon, when a furniture van drew up before her door—and drove away piled

high with the widow’s Lares and Penates; they knew she was moving. At five, the rumor that she had sold her shack, was confirmed—and at six, the widow left the house in company with the seedy looking individual. Just at the end of the Alley the couple came face to face with the chums.

In a voice trembling with emotion, the widow introduced them to “My darling Edward,—for whom I have mourned for three long years—they told me he was dead, but now he has come back to me, and oh, I am so happy! And we’re going away to begin life again together. Thank you a thousand times, you dear, kind fellows, for all you have done for me. Edward, dearest, they’ve been so good to me always. Good-bye, good-bye!” and with a last, lingering look, the widow passed out of Hogan’s Alley, forever.

“Faith, an’ we was the fools!” groaned Bakke, after half an hour’s brooding, when he recovered the power of speech. “Sorra the widdy’ll iver I hilp again!”

“Bah!” snapped Barnes. “It was a woman got us out of Paradise, and I reckon they’re ali alike.”

“Well,” said Bakke, heaving a long sigh, “sure an’ they beat the Dutch!”

’Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.—Browning.

* * *

Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him.

* * *

One of the rarest things in social intercourse is the disinterested desire to please. Charm of manner cannot be put on and taken off at will like a garment.”

* * *

On the walls of an old temple was found this picture: A king forging from his crown a chain and nearby a slave making of his chain a crown, and underneath was written: ‘Life is what one makes of it, no matter of what it is made.’

* * *

What we all want is inward rest, rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraint, for it is strong enough to use God’s gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word which is truly temperate, not in drink and food merely, but in all desires, thoughts and actions.—Kingsley.

98 Therese.

By Freeman Harding.

CRASH! went an overturned table, two revolver shots ran out as one and the bar-room of the Colonial Hotel was instantly in a state of turmoil. In the excitement which followed, drinks, faro table and card game were deserted while the motley crowd of cow-punchers, construction workers, land seekers and hangers on pressed about the corner where a still form lay face downward amongst the scattered cards and chips. Only those who were nearest could see that the dead man was Harry Rawlins, one of the most widely known and most popular ranchers in the upper country, but none save those who had been playing at the table where the fatal quarrel broke out knew what had happened or who to blame. More than that none had seen the tense faced man who was responsible for the killing slip quietly around the crowd and out through a doorway which led to other parts of the house. The affray was so sudden, the result so uncommon and the excitement so intense that Ralph Cousins, gambler and gunman, had disappeared before it was realized that a man had been shot in a country where gunmen and their handiwork were frowned down upon both by the law and custom.

In the early eighties Kamloops was the supply point for the "dry Belt" and the time honoured somnolence of the cattle country was stirred in the wakening which came from the approach of the bands of steel stretching slowly through the defiles of the mountains which shut out on either side the sun-kissed valleys and the bunch grass ranges of the interior from the world which lay beyond the grim grey rocks. At that time the cattlemen who had become part and parcel of the country felt their long deferred hope crystalize into certainty under the movements of survey and construction gangs, and foreboded evil days for their industry from the influx of land-seekers, and prospectors spying out the country

to be traversed by the far-reaching rails. With the construction gangs, the land-seekers and prospectors, had come the miscellaneous horde of camp followers which ever abides on the line of march of the army of development.

Kamloops naturally had attracted many of these camp followers and while gambling rows of a more or less serious nature were every-day events, gun play and killings therefrom were unheard of. As a consequence the crowd in the Colonial bar, reckless members of "the legion that never was listed," as most of them were, was stunned for a moment by the work of the gambler who had taken so prompt an advantage of the confusion to make good his escape.

When strong hands raised the stricken form of the young ranchman and brought into view the bronzed face now still and grey in death, streaked with a dull red stain which crept slowly from a smoke-blackened hole in the white forehead, a groan, more of a curse than a groan, burst from fifty throats and stirred the crowd into action.

For a moment some of the excited men turned their attention to an old man who stood near the over-turned table still fingering the trigger of a heavy Colt's. He had been in the game, they knew, and this fact, coupled with the presence of the business-like looking weapon in his hands, directed suspicion to him. The suspicion only lasted a moment, for old Dad Thompson was known to every cattleman in the room and was soon surrounded by eager questioners, the coolest of whom learned from the hard-bitten old frontiersman the truth of the affair. Within a very few minutes half a hundred men were seaching house and town and river front for Ralph Cousins, gambler, gunman and murderer.

As Cousins slipped out of the brightly lighted bar-room into the dark hallway beyond the door he collided with a girl who had looked through the partly open-

ed door just as his fatal shot rang out. She had seen the blow struck by the dead rancher; had seen the dull red flush spread over the gambler's face and the dangerous gleam flash in his cold eyes as he reached for his weapon; had seen his nervous fingers turn loose the message of death which lay within the shining barrel and had seen Rawlins fall limply forward to the floor. She had seen, too, the face of the man she loved with all her virgin strength grow tense with fear when he realized how true his aim had been and her woman's mind worked quickly, seeking an avenue of escape from the fate she knew would be meted out to him if caught red-handed.

When the gambler backed away from his gruesome work and edged quickly around the crowd the door to the hallway had suggested to him the shortest way from the house and he had taken it unhesitatingly. The collision in the dark brought forth a startled curse which was hushed on his lips by a whispered "Ralph, this way," in a voice he knew well. Therese, without more words, led him by a rear door out into the still night and then straight up the hill behind the town. On up to the edge of the range she went without a stop, her lithe young limbs setting a hard pace for the unnerved man behind who gasped painfully at every step.

When she reached a thick clump of sage brush, well out of sight from the trail below, she bade the fugitive lie hidden closely till her return and without further words picked her way over a new route down the hillside and reached the house unseen.

Her woman's intention guided her every move. She knew that the search would not spread beyond the town until after daybreak just as well as she knew that the vengeful pack would prepare to draw every trail as soon as the first purple streak of dawn lightened the eastern sky.

Therese wasted no time in putting a hastily-formed plan into execution and while waiting for the excitement to quiet down she ransacked the larder for food, filled a generous flask and packed all securely in a bundle not so large as to be noticeable in the dark.

One by one the crowd drifted back to

the house, when it was realized how useless it was to continue the search at night. The bar was soon filled with groups of excited men, discussing the tragedy and planning the chase for the morrow.

The girl waited until she was sure that even the most persistent had given up the quest and then stole quietly across to the stables where, with the deft hands of a child of the ranges, she quickly saddled her own pony and loosened a horse which stood tied at the corral waiting for some cowpuncher who was doubtless in the crowded bar. She led both horses slowly through the shadow near the river until she was well away from the hotel, then, mounting the little pinto and leading the other, she struck up the hill by a trail which she knew would bring her close to the clump of sage brush where Cousins awaited her coming.

Though the faint light from the star-pierced sky gave her little help and the trail was barely worn through the close-cropped bunch grass, she rode as one who knew every foot of her way, and even by the roundabout route she purposely followed soon reached a point where the ought-for thicket loomed white upon the dark line of the range.

Fastening the strange horse to a nearby pine and throwing the reins over the head of her well-broken cayuse, she walked to the spot where Cousins lay hidden. Her heart stopped for a moment when she found him lying prone with white-set face upturned to the sky and all unheeding her approach. Stooping over him she realized that he was in a swoon, from which she had difficulty in arousing him, and which threatened to return before they reached the horses. Once there, a stiff pull from the flask she had the thoughtfulness to include in the bundle tied to her saddle, put life into the man, and the two were soon mounted and speeding off through the night.

Therese knew the trails as a town-bred woman knows the streets, but she took pains to avoid every semblance of one giving them all as wide a berth as she did the waggon road which wound its dusty way across the range.

Both horses were fresh and their long

swinging lope soon put the town well behind them. The road followed by Therese, while tortuous in the extreme, bore steadily south, and so she kept it for almost an hour. Winding through the sage brush which, in the dark, loomed up like strangely graven rocks, breaking out into a stretch of crisp brown bunch grass, dipping into the gloom of a grove of red stemmed Jack pines or sombre firs, skirting the edge of tiny range lakes which reflected in their dark waters the starlit sky, the path by which she sought safety for her lover led ever higher and higher until it brought to the timbered country a long five miles from town. Following slowly the fringe of the dark line of timber she located a trail which she knew would lead them well into the roughest part of the wooded hills and almost to the door of a deserted cabin which she had discovered on one of her rides about the range. She knew that the existence of this cabin was unknown to any save a few of the older men and that its exact location was even to them only a matter of conjecture. What is more, she knew that from a jutting point of rock in front of the cabin a good view of the road below was obtainable and that in the bluff behind it an old tunnel was hidden by a slide and screened by newly-grown underbrush.

Reaching the cabin the fugitive and his guide dismounted and the girl stripped the saddle blankets from the horses and left them with the scanty supply of food she took from her saddle. There was no time for words other than the necessary arrangements for the future and it was only a few minutes before Therese was again mounted and on the way. Leading the cattleman's horse she followed the trail back to the open range and when she reached the road instead of turning towards town she faced the horses the other way and rode some distance before she slipped the rope from the neck of the led horse and started him alone towards his home corral. After some apparently aimless riding for the purpose of confusing her trail she at length faced the little pinto for his stable and leaving the reins loose on his neck allowed him his own gait until she reached home unseen, within three hours of the time when Harry Rawlins met

his death and Ralph Cousins became a fugitive from the justice he feared.

A month later Therese was again at the little cabin in the hills. The search for the slayer of Harry Rawlins had been abandoned by all except the police, who still took an official though perfunctory interest in the chase. One of the posses which had been formed to follow up every trail and road leading out of Kamloops had come across the saddled horse which Therese turned loose on the night of the escape and from this find had drawn the conclusion that the gambler had ridden to Cherry Creek and from there by some undiscovered means had taken to the water. This conclusion was generally accepted and it seemed only too probable that the murderer had escaped the long arm of the law to meet death in the rapids of the Thompson. Even the goodly reward offered for his apprehension no longer tempted pursuit.

Therese had made many journeys from town to the shelter in the fir-clad hills. None suspected her then of complicity in engineering the escape of Cousins and her frequent excursions caused no comment as she and her pinto pony were as they had long been, a familiar sight on the range for miles around. Little by little she had taken up necessaries for the hiding man, who, during the month, had required almost constant care. The bullet from Dad Thompson's heavy Colt's had bitten deeply into the gambler's side and the wound was slow to heal. Time, a good constitution and the tender care of the girl who had led him to his retreat in the hills had pulled the wounded man safely through and the time had come for planning some method of leaving a country which was no longer to his taste.

Therese's knowledge of all the roads leading to ultimate safety was absolutely necessary to the success of any plan and the gambler suffered from no scruples in working upon her infatuation to insure her co-operation. This very evening he had overcome the last show of hesitation on her part and all had been arranged to his satisfaction. When tomorrow's sun had set the two were to meet at a point selected by Therese and from there they would strike by the most unfre-

quented trails south to the boundary line and comparative safety.

After giving her consent to the plans for escape, Therese lingered on the jutting point which overlooked the road, gazing for the last time across the stretch of bunch grass range which spread as far on either side as the eye could see. Every feature of the outlook had been familiar to her since childhood. She loved the range country in its every mood, but never more than now as the long rays of the evening sun cast warm lights upon the brown slopes and tinged the distant hills with great blotches of purple and mauve, shaded into deep blue on the horizon and lightened with splashes of crimson on the nearer crests.

In the west the sky was all alight, but in the east the hills cast long shadows across the bunch grass through their tops still glowed bright against the darkening night-clouds.

A wandering cayote in quest of his evening meal gave voice to a long, weird wail and ended with a querulous staccato bark which was echoed from a distant hill. Whizzing nighthawks swung high in pursuit of invisible prey and a mournful Towho! who! who! belled from the feathered throat of an owl perched in a nearby fir.

It was all so beautiful to Therese, and the night voices chorded so well with her mood that the girl lingered on the point till darkness fell. She was bidding it all farewell, loathe to leave, yet never for an instant hesitating in the course she was to take. Was she not to go with the man she loved, the man whose attentions, careless as they had been, had won her heart and whose dire need had forced him to feign an attachment which he did not feel. Although she was troubled by a dim forbidding which gripped her very soul, the girl was happy through it all.

When the morning broke Therese rose with feeling of foreboding still strong up her. She forced herself to go about the household duties, which her position as her father's mainstay in the management of the hotel placed on her shoulders, just as she would have done had she not believed it to be for the last time. The stage from below came in and there were tired and dusty travellers to be

looked after, one of them by the woman of the house.

It was not often that other than men arrived from the outside, but this morning was an exception. There was a woman, a strikingly handsome woman of the florid type, who presented a strong contrast to the thin, dark girl who waited upon her when she came in, tired and travel-worn. The newcomer was handsome rather than beautiful; Therese was beautiful, not handsome. Her lithsome, graceful figure was hers by virtue of the active, untrammelled life she had spent in the health giving air of the wind-swept ranges. A man of tawny hair and the cream-like pallor of her skin were heritages from her Scotch forebears, only the lustrous depths of her eyes languorously tender or passionately fierce as her mood compelled spoke of the wild red blood of Indian ancestors.

The fair-haired, pink and white being of generous mould who had drifted in from the coast was tired and irritable and she took pains to vent her irritation on Therese.

It was only after the stranger had refreshed herself sufficiently to forget the worst features of the trying stage journey that she gave any inkling of the reason for her presence in this town at the front. Her husband had sent for her, she informed Therese, some time ago, but she had not been able to leave Frisco until now. She wondered why he was not here to meet her. She had written him in plenty of time. Where could he be?

Who was he? Why—

Then came the crash which shattered Therese's dream—the blow which drove the loving Scotch heart into the very depths of hills and cleared a way for the savage blood to work a woeful change—Cousins—Ralph Cousins.

* * * * *

Silently through the night a little party of four road upwards over the trail. In the place of the leader, a slight form sat a pinto pony, riding as firmly erect as any of the three police who followed. Therese was on the way to keep the tryst with her lover, but she would keep it in the spirit of relentless vengeance which was part and parcel of her mixed blood. The fair haired woman waiting

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in the hotel below would find her husband on the morrow, but the grim-faced men who followed the lead of the pinto pony would hold him till he was joined in wedlock with a grimmer consort—death. The four rode silently. The girl had told all that was necessary and they were now nearing the trysting place. When they reached the clump of firs which Therese had pointed out to Cousins from the hill above the three men drew back into the deeper shadows while their guide remained at the edge of the timber. The appointed meeting time was close yet the vengeful spirit still swayed her and she was as eager for the capture of her erstwhile lover as were the police behind. A dark figure slipping from

shadow to shadow drew near the sombre firs. It reached the shelter of the grove. Ah! Therese; on time little girl. Good! And the horse? You!—the cry was cut short in his throat by the sinewy fingers of one of the constables, but the ever-ready Colt's sprang into action at the same instant. The constable's blow came too late and a pinto pony dashed unchecked through the shadows.

The constables took their man in, tied to the saddle of one of their own horses. Another one bore the still form of the girl who kept the tragic tryst. The third horse carried a grim-faced man with ready weapon on his arm, and a pinto pony trotted in the rear, free-reined and alone.

Commotion is not devotion.

* * *

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—
H. W. Beecher.

* * *

It is a mistake to consider as wasted the power that is devoted to the help of others. That is the only part of our power which is really saved.

* * *

It is a mistake to believe that happiness is on sale in the world's markets. All the gold of the West is insufficient to purchase true happiness.

* * *

There is no one in the world of whom we are oftentimes so utterly ignorant as we are of the person who walks in our own shoes, and the things which we least anticipate are our own pitiful falls into sin.—Cuyler.

* * *

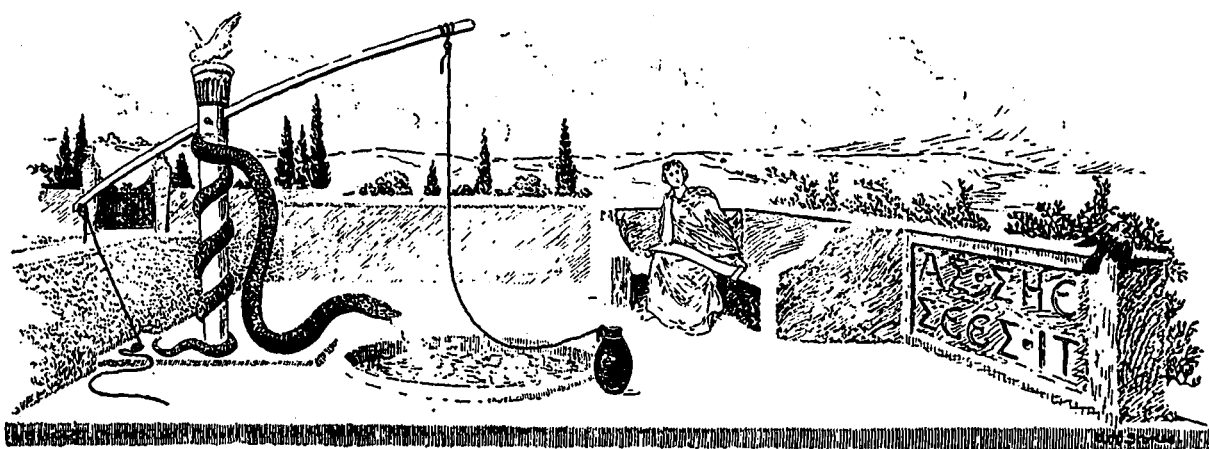
As we are, so do we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus, of their own will and choice, souls proceed into heaven—into hell.—Emerson.

* * *

Our unconscious influence over others is a tremendous force in life. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance."

* * *

"Don't grumble. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corneres, and to find out all the disagreeable things. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it, and that you are to take your share of trouble, and bear it bravely."



A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ARE women generally happier than men? One writer at least thinks they are, and he explains his belief in this way:—

“A man is happy when he has anything to make him happy, but a woman is happy when she has nothing to make her unhappy.

“One source of woman's greater fund of happiness lies in her love of detail,” says this writer. “Women enjoy as a rule every detail of social life. They delight in the minutiae of their work. They do not do it, as man does, simply for the sake of the result to be obtained.

“Women look closely at what they are doing, and not ahead. If they have a worry, it is one of the present, and as soon as the cause of it disappears they are serene again, regardless of whether or not it may reappear in the future.

“For woman time goes faster. She finds pleasure in so many little things that men overlook; for instance, a child's aimless prattle in the street, the coo and smile of a baby, the sound of a band, (you will always find more women and children listening to a band than men). The colour schemes and decorations of shop windows, and a thousand and one other trifles wherein woman takes pleasure and man ignores.

“Men, no doubt have more opportunities of keen pleasure than women, but these opportunities are short-lived. The

happiness of the moment they are less fitted to take.

“Woman takes pleasure in each jewel of that mosaic which makes up happiness, while man stands off and observes that the pattern is not complete.”

* * *

The idea is prevalent among some women that sarcasm adds piquancy to their attractions. They imagine that men regard the sarcastic woman as a person of superior wit, to be sought after and admired.

It is true that men are sometimes attracted in this way, but it is not because they feel any distinct admiration for the sarcastic woman; she is perhaps a type they have not met before, and up to a certain point they enjoy her pungency. All the same the sarcastic young lady is usually “left on the shelf” and very often becomes an acrimonious old maid. Hence the origin of the term: “Sour, sarcastic spinster-hood.”

In a man's eyes the greatest charms a woman can have are gentleness, sweetness and modesty. No sarcastic woman has these qualities; her words are tipped with the poison of unkindness; she cares not to what extent she hurts another's feelings or reputation, even her modesty is sacrificed at times for the sake of a witty sarcasm.

There is no better way for a woman to endear herself to other than by, at

times, cordially acknowledging that they have the advantage over her; they will like her for her frankness, and she makes hosts of friends in this way.

* * *

From Adam's time downward, says a lady writer, we have been, and still are, the "scape-goat" sex. Woman's whole state is a compromise between antiquated laws and modern feeling. There is still, as Sydney Smith wrote, nearly one hundred years ago, "a very general feeling that if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet."

However, if women do not sign a number of masterpieces, they prepare the way for many by inspiring their sons; and in praising a man's noble deeds, the mother who inspired him should not be forgotten. Too often, however, it is only a man's evil deeds that provoke the saying, "Chercher la femine."

I remember my father telling me of a great lawyer who, when a client was stating his case, would interrupt by suddenly asking "Who is she?" before the poor client had finished his narrative. "There is always a woman," he would say, "and we must find her first."

* * *

Is there ever a time in a woman's life when the possibility of romance is dead? Is her heart ever steeled to Cupid's shafts? What is a woman's prime of life?

These questions have been asked from the beginning of time; doubtless they will be asked to its end. But never has an answer been more frequently demanded than in this twentieth century. Practical as they are these times are far from being shorn of romance. In youth, in age, woman's power of loving seems always just the same. One day we have youthful May marrying amid blushing roses. The next we hear of hoary-bearded December wedded to his love after years of constancy and waiting; both weddings complete in their happiness and love. It is always the same and will be till the world ends—the only safe answer to the question is that there does not seem to be any woman in the world who can finally put aside romance,

for her power of loving can never die.

* * *

Can one recognize a really nice woman at first sight? A recent writer proceeds to analyse the character of a jewel of womanhood in the following manner:

"She carries her niceness in her face; her very wrinkles (if she has them) proclaim it, for it is not time's writing, but the character of what he writes, that disfigures a face."

Energetic, business-like, good to live with, well-dressed according to her station in life, for she has a sense of harmony and of the fitness of things: sympathetic with the sympathy of comprehension, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness," or as Tennyson has it:

"Lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

Tactful; queen o'er herself; if she rules, she never shows she rules.

Either by nature or self-culture, she looks and tries to make others look, on the bright side of life:

"Two women look out through the self-same bars;

One sees the mud, the other sees the stars."

Men and women alike choose her as confidante. A good listener, in conversation, she strives to bring out the best points of others rather than her own. She has discovered that character is of more importance than what people say, to what they think, feel, and do.

* * *

I would like to reproduce the following indictment of a celebrated woman writer on woman, as a warning to my sex:

"Would the managing woman," she says, "persist in her autocratic ways could she realise how much other women dislike working or playing with her, being talked down and not allowed a word in edgewise? Or the self-centred woman, who prates incessantly of her own children, relatives, servants, ailments, and everything that is hers; who resents the capping of her experiences and is at open or secret enmity with any other woman

whose belongings venture obviously to outshine hers?

Then there is the insincere woman, who gushes over her acquaintances, "sweet dears," only to style them "horrid cats" in the privacy of her own home; the woman who poses; the professional flirt; the woman determined never to be well; the unco guid, too often unco suspicious, narrow, and parochial minded."

But there! the variety is to infinite and life is too short to waste in fault-finding. I would rather find beauty in the beast than blemishes in the beauty.

* * *

There are many ways of keeping young until the end. One of the best is to keep in the sunlight. Nothing good or beautiful or wholesome ripens in the shadow, and a sunshiny soul, therefore becomes an antidote for old age. Keep the gates

wide open, and let the sunshine in to bring to blossom the flowers that may be struggling for light in the garden of your soul. In other words don't brood or mope, but be bright, cheerful and contented; that is the kind of sunshine that should fill the soul and keep the face youthful. The woman who takes dissatisfaction and discontent to bed with her is truly opening the door for an unbeautiful old age. To remain young one should throw off all cares before seeking sleep, or else the waking hour will show eyes that lack lustre, and wrinkles that nothing will eliminate, a body so fatigued that no amount of tonic will restore its elasticity.

Excesses of every kind are dangerous to those who would grow old gracefully. The long life must be a temperate, regular one.

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

* * *

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lessons from the hour.

* * *

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice—the safe path is the middle of the right way.

* * *

Unless a person knows how to use in some way what he learns, he is like a carpenter carrying to and fro a great load of boards, with no saw, hammer, or nails, to fashion them into useful form.

* * *

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions we must govern our habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.—Sir John Lubbock.

* * *

Life is a volume of which there is but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their page to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world to read.

* * *

Nature is kinder than we know in her penalties. Through pain she teaches the child to avoid the fire that would consume him; through pain she teaches the man to avoid the vices which would ruin him.



“Well,” remarked Dundas, “there was one thing I noticed about your wife the first time I saw you—she was undoubtedly outspoken. “You don’t say so!” replied Trever. “By whom?”

Recently a very suspicious countryman went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

“Your umbrella, sir,” said a uniformed official, extending his hand.

The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel. “I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free,” he said.

A certain judge cites a striking example of the sort of spoke which the trickster can surreptitiously insert in the wheels of justice. A witness testified in a recent case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place, and the question was asked, “What did Mary say?” This was objected to, and after some discussion the judge ruled out the question. An “exception” to this decision was immediately taken and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered. At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that *Mary said nothing!*

“Maarten Maartens,” the Dutch novelist, was talking at a magazine office about realistic fiction.

“If realism is truth,” he said, “then I am for it. In books, as in life, the truth is always best. Lies fail.

“Lies fail in books as they fail in life. I know a woman who intensely desired to have a good photograph taken of here little ones.

“But in the studio the child bawled as though he were going to be tortured. It was impossible to calm him, impossible to keep him in the chair. For an hour he filled the place with his howls and yells. For an hour he tore up and down the room like an imp.

“‘But, darling,’ said his mother, ‘the gentleman isn’t going to hurt you. Just smile and keep still a moment and it will be all over before you know it.’

“‘Yes,’ roared the youngster. ‘Yes, I know. That’s what you told me at the dentist’s.’”

"Will you share my lot?" he asked. "If it is a corner one in the business district," she replied. "I will be very glad to."

Lady of the House (to applicant for a place)—What wages do you expect? Modern Servant—I suppose, madam, you refer to my salary?

Benedict—Milton's wife left him, didn't she? Bachelor—So the story goes. "Did he write anything after that event?" "Oh, yes; 'Paradise Regained.'"

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

He—"Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?" She—"Perfectly sure. I went over the whole long list of them only yesterday."

"I'm sorry you spoke so sharply to that boy—you must have cut him to the quick!" "Impossible! He has no quick!" "No quick? Why, what——" "He's a message boy!"

"Clarence, dear, you are very late; it is long after midnight." "Well, if that isn't just like a woman. Before we were married you didn't seem to care how late I got home."

A curate was giving a Scripture lesson on Joseph and his brethren. He asked the boys why Joseph said, "See that ye fall not out by the way." A boy from the neighbouring village, used to riding about the farm, replied, "'Cause they had no tail-board to the cart."

"Is Casey workin' here?" asked Finnegan, entering the quarry shortly after a blast. "He was, but he just went away," replied Flanigan, the foreman. "Are ye expictin' him back?"—"Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, they do say, whatever goes up musht come down."

The story is told of the millionaire Jay Gould that he once went to have his hair cut, and was charged half a dollar instead of twenty-five cents.

He remonstrated, and the proprietor of the establishment himself defended the charge—"You are a rich man, and can afford it."

"Yes," said he, "I can afford it, but you can't."

Before leaving the shop he called the proprietor's chief assistant, and, taking him outside, said—"Look here, if you ain't quite fixed up over there you can open a place of your own. Come along and choose one."

And history says that that hairdresser learned in a short time the truth of the remark that he could not afford to overcharge.

HELPS TO SMILE.

A lady in a certain Canadian city had a cook upon whom she set great value. Her only objection, indeed, to the girl was her large visiting list, and she hesitated to make too strong an objection thereto through fear of losing the girl's valuable services. Referring to the advent of a new admirer, "I should like to know, Flora," said the lady, "why your latest caller keeps such a deathly silence when with you in the kitchen?" The girl grinned broadly. "Oh, mam," said she, "as yit the poor fellow is that bashful he doese nawthin' but ate!"

A working gardener was advertised for, and two applicants appeared—one just on the upper side of shabbiness, the other fairly well dressed. The shabby one got the job. A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking, "Has that man worked for you before?" "No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until today." "Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face." "Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

A Bishop, accosted in an eastern city by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay for the entertainment.

"Never mind," exclaimed his guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted.

"Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you."

But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for car fare."

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When she had finished the story, she said—"Now, Tommy, if father were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?"

"Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother; "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible, after thinking a moment, "wouldn't there be enough to last until you got another husband?"



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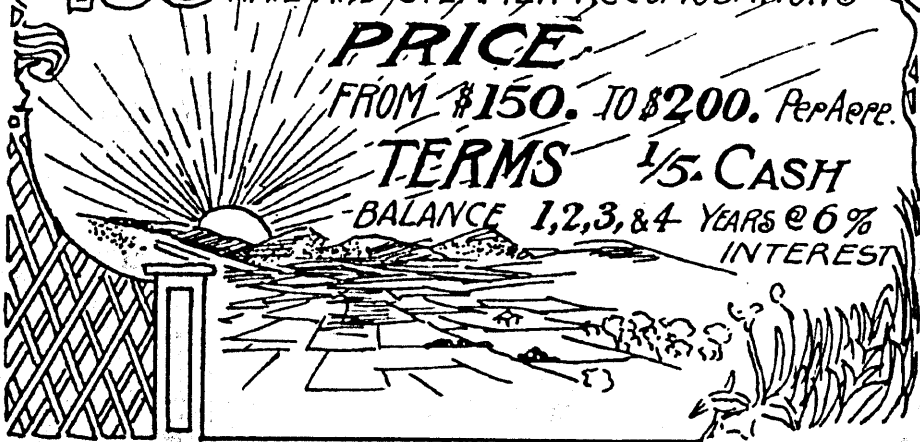
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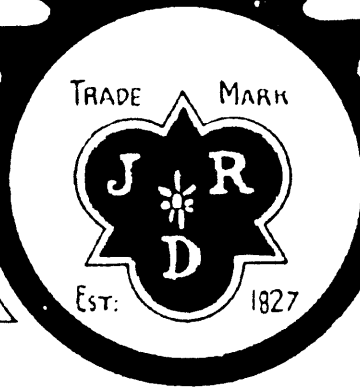
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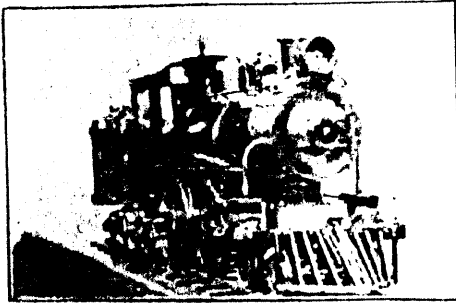
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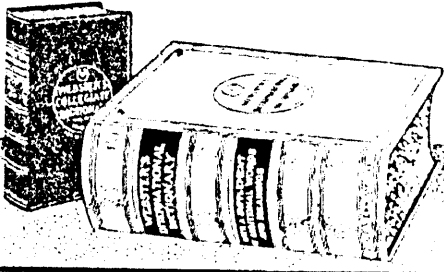


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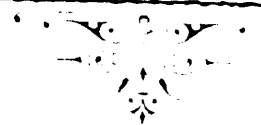
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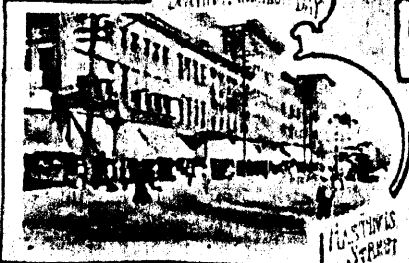
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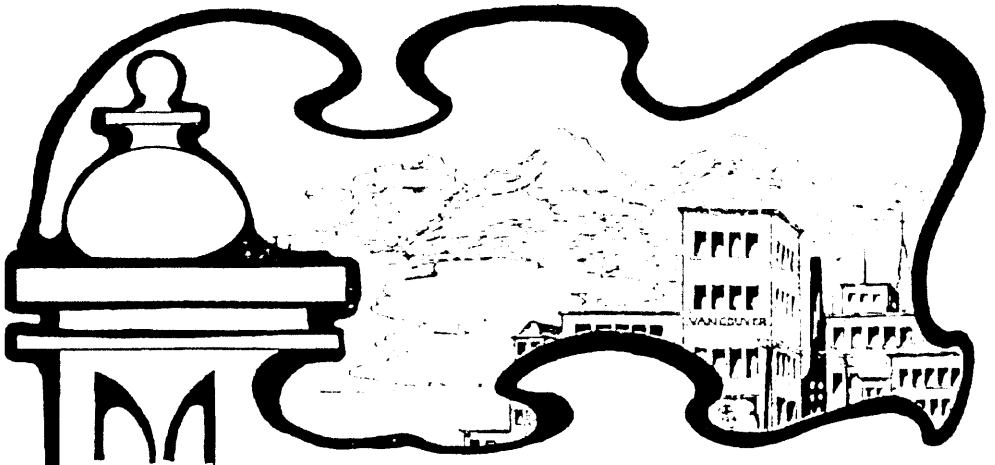


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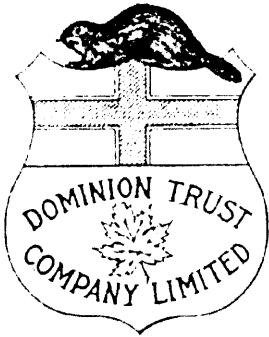
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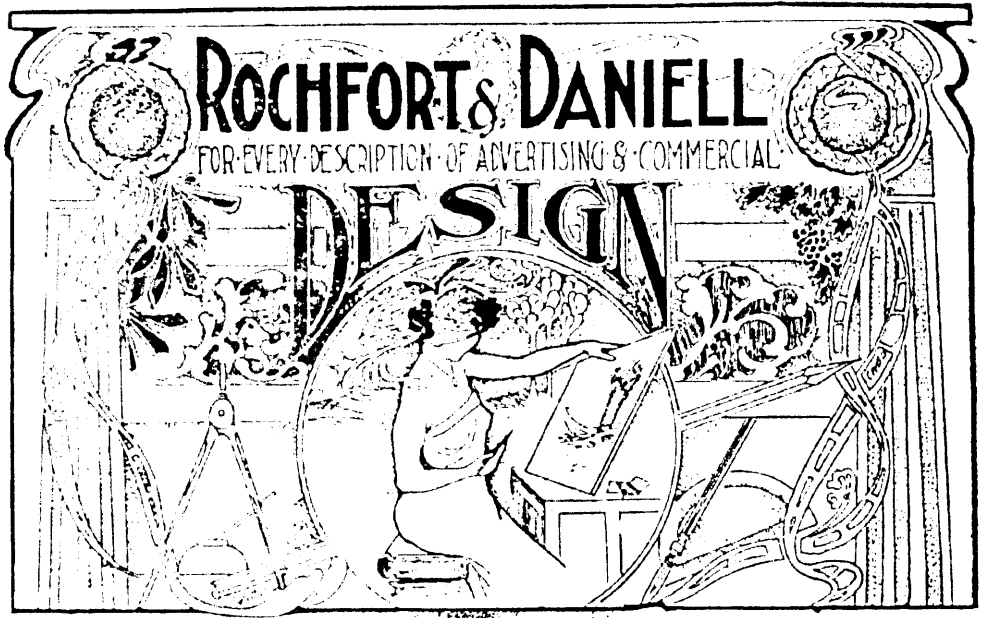
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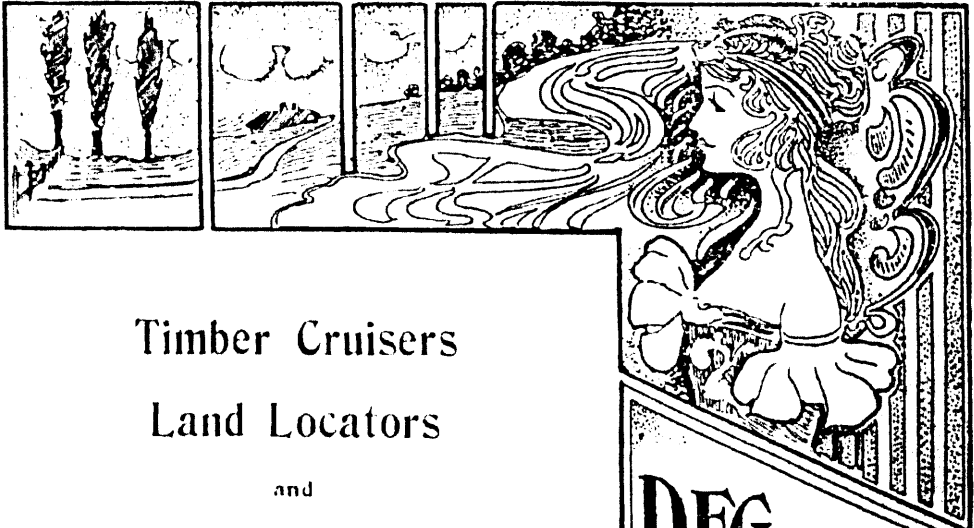
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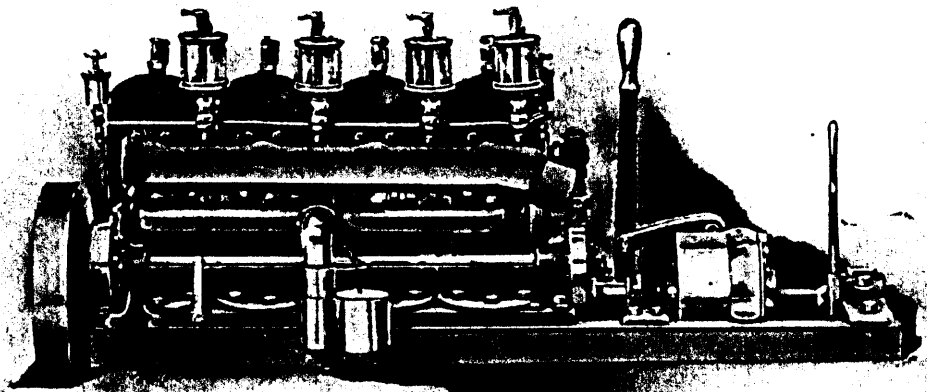
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"I Find for the World on the Facts, For the Province on the Law."

===Supreme Court Decision.

In the matter of the "World" v. the "Province," in which the "World" brought action for libel on account of certain statements as to circulation made by the "Province," judgment was given as stated by Mr. Justice Clement, July 12th, 1907. The following facts were established at the trial:—

That the Vancouver "Province" has not twice the circulation of any other evening paper.

That the Vancouver "Province" has not ten thousand genuine subscribers.

That the Vancouver "Province" circulation statements are made as "puffs," and that although they are not true they are not actionable.

That The "World" circulation statements are not padded or faked but literal statements of fact.

That nearly a year ago The "World" circulation was already nearly equal to that of The "Province."

This is what the "World" sought to establish and what it has established before an impartial tribunal, after the best counsel in the City who could be secured by the "Province" had done its utmost to tear the evidence to tatters. Technically the "World" was non-suited, but the learned Judge's opinion of the action of the "Province" is shown by his decision that the "Province" must pay its own costs. The "World" is not yet done with the matter.

The JUDGMENT.

"I have had an opportunity to consult authorities and to ponder over the principles involved in this very important case, and having come to a decided opinion, I can see nothing to be gained by reserving judgment. With regard to the question of fact as to whether the circulation of the "Province" is double that of "The World" or not, objection is taken that the facts have not been proved before me as legally admissible evidence. I do not find it necessary to come to a decided opinion on that point. If I may say so, off-hand, I think **THE FACTS HAVE BEEN PROVED**, and subject to the doubt, I **FIND AS A FACT THAT AT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF THE ARTICLE COMPLAINED OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE "PROVINCE" WAS NOT DOUBLE THAT OF "THE WORLD."**

Upon the legal question, I have come to a clear opinion that the action is not maintainable. The ordinary rule of law is, that in order to entitle a plaintiff to succeed damage must be proved. There are certain exceptions; take, for instance, the law of defamation in an action of slander—there are well-known exceptions; special damage must be alleged and proved. In a case of libel the law, owing to the permanent character the libel takes, either in writing, or pictures or something of that sort, the law infers that damage will follow and absolves the plaintiff from the necessity of proving special damage. This case, however, I think, is clearly not a case of libel. Upon reading the statement of claim I was inclined to think that the plaintiff was putting forward this case; that by naming the figures of the respective circulations and coupling that of "The World" with the "Province" was simply politely

saying that "The World" made a lying statement as to its circulation. If that had been the case I should certainly have held that an action of libel would lie; but the proof is not upon that line, as Mr. Martin has laid down the broad proposition that for one newspaper to say that its circulation is double that of another newspaper, and conversely that the circulation of the one paper is less than half of the paper publishing the article, that that constitutes a libel if untrue.

That is what struck me as peculiar at the very opening of this case. It seems to me that the ordinary position of the parties in a libel action was reversed, and that the plaintiff was taking upon himself the burden of proving the falsity of the statement complained of.

As I take it, the basis of an action is an attack upon the character or conduct. It is too late in the day now, I think, to say that in that respect a corporation is not exactly in the same position as an individual. A corporation may have the conduct and character and may pursue a certain line of conduct, and in respect of that may be liable or slandered. However, as I say, this is a case in which, I think, there is, as the text books say, *injuria sine damnum*; **A WRONG MAY BE DONE—A MORAL WRONG IN THE PUBLICATION OF AN UNTRUE STATEMENT WITH REGARD TO THE CIRCULATION OF THOSE TWO PAPERS, BUT UNLESS SPECIAL DAMAGE IS ALLEGED AND PROVED, I THINK NO ACTIONABLE WRONG HAS BEEN DONE. THE ISSUE OF FACTS BEING IN FAVOR OF "THE WORLD," AND THE ISSUE OF LAW IN FAVOR OF THE "PROVINCE," I THINK JUSTICE WILL BE DONE BY DISMISSING THE ACTION WITHOUT COSTS.**

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