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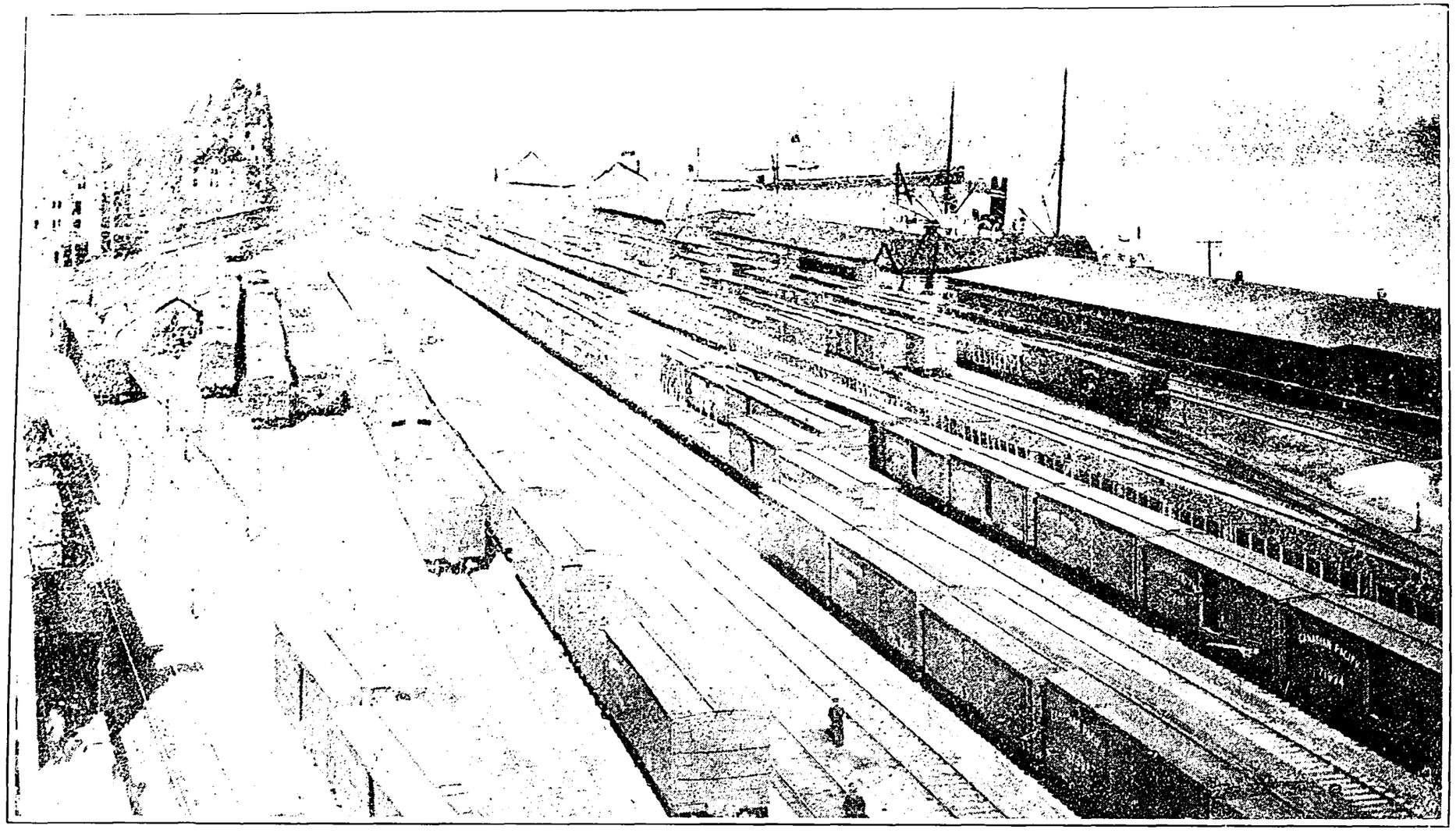
BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

VANCOUVER QUARTER-CENTENARY NUMBER

This is a half-tone reproduction of the June cover of the British Columbia Magazine, which will be in three colors.



C. P. R. YARDS, DOCK AND PASSENGER STATION

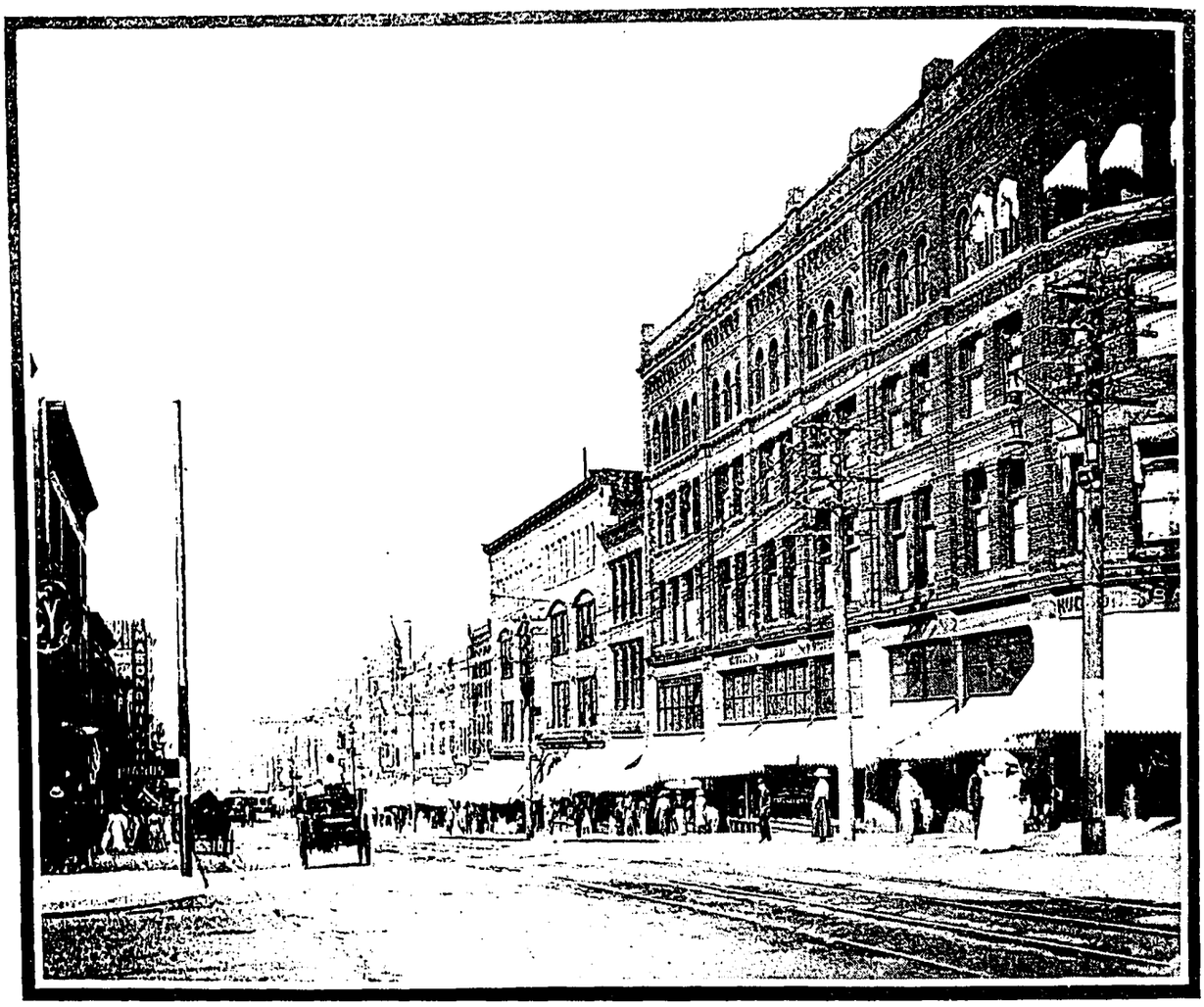
Quarter-Centenary Number of the British Columbia Magazine

IT is not easy usually to gather first-hand information about the beginning of a city from the men who dug the very foundations. They are generally dead when the history of the city they started is written. But in Vancouver lives yet the man who started the city. His name is John Morton, and he built the first shack on Burrard Inlet, the beginning of Vancouver, and he was the first white man on the Inlet. He came to the south shore of Burrard Inlet in 1862, and it looked good to him, so he decided to stay. He built a log shack on the waterfront against a peaceful background of green forest, and he took up a farm of land. The east line of Stanley Park was the west boundary of his land; its north boundary was the Inlet; Burrard Street was the east boundary, only Burrard Street was a moccasin trail then. The south boundary of his little farm was English Bay and False Creek.

In the Quarter-Centenary Number of The British Columbia Magazine John Morton's personal narrative, told with the careful attention to detail of an old man with a good memory, is a part of a dramatic and picturesque fact-story by J. H. Grant, dealing with Vancouver's earliest days. No story in the June number of the magazine is told with more human interest and color, and none will be read with greater interest than this tale of Gastown, the early saw-mills, the white settlers, and the Indians.

The Story of the Fire

Mr. O. B. Anderson has taken down from the lips of an eye-witness, and one whose eyes have not yet grown dim and whose memory is still clear, a wonderful story of the great fire which destroyed Vancouver in June, 1886. This is by far the most



GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

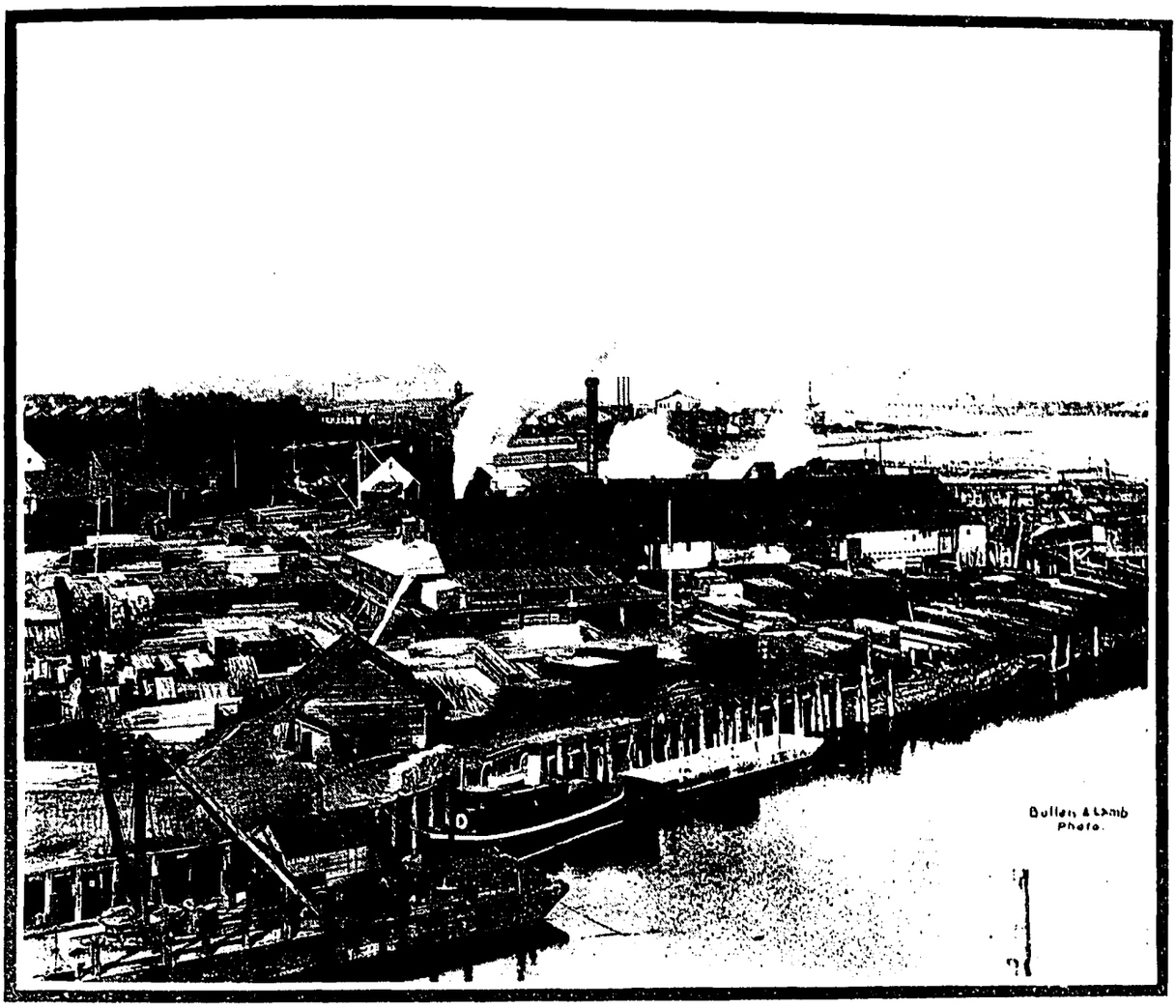
graphic story of the fire that has ever been told in print. Other recollections of the days before and after the fire—true stories as interesting now as any fiction—are woven into this article, which is practically the story of one man, of things seen with a quiet eye during many years of business life in a fast-growing city, a stirring and thoroughly human story and record of observation.

The Annals of Vancouver

Mr. D. A. Macgregor has written a progressive history-story in which he follows Vancouver from "Gassy Jack's" to the present year. This story is serious history, carefully compiled, but historical facts are not necessarily dry reading, especially the annals of Vancouver. Mr. Macgregor's story is entertaining as well as valuable.

Transportation

The article in which Wilfrid Playfair deals thoroughly with the railways and their great influence upon Vancouver's growth is intense with interest. The history of land transportation, as far as



A FALSE CREEK SAWMILL

Vancouver is concerned, is a big story, for the railways have had a bigger share than anything else in the building of Vancouver. Mr. Playfair has handled this important subject in a style that is vivid and picturesque as well as practical.

Historical Stories

There will be several other historical stories told in the manner of reminiscence. These articles will be illustrated as far as possible by photographs taken in the early days of the city.

The Harbor and Shipping

In Ronald Kenvyn's story of Vancouver's harbor and the growth of the city's shipping business, and the increasing importance of Vancouver as one of the great seaports of the Pacific coast, the writer, who is very familiar with his subject, follows the history of Burrard Inlet from the time when Captain Vancouver first visited the Inlet in his ship's boats to the present year. Mr. Kenvyn also deals with the effect the Panama Canal will undoubtedly have upon Vancouver's shipping trade.

Outdoor Vancouver

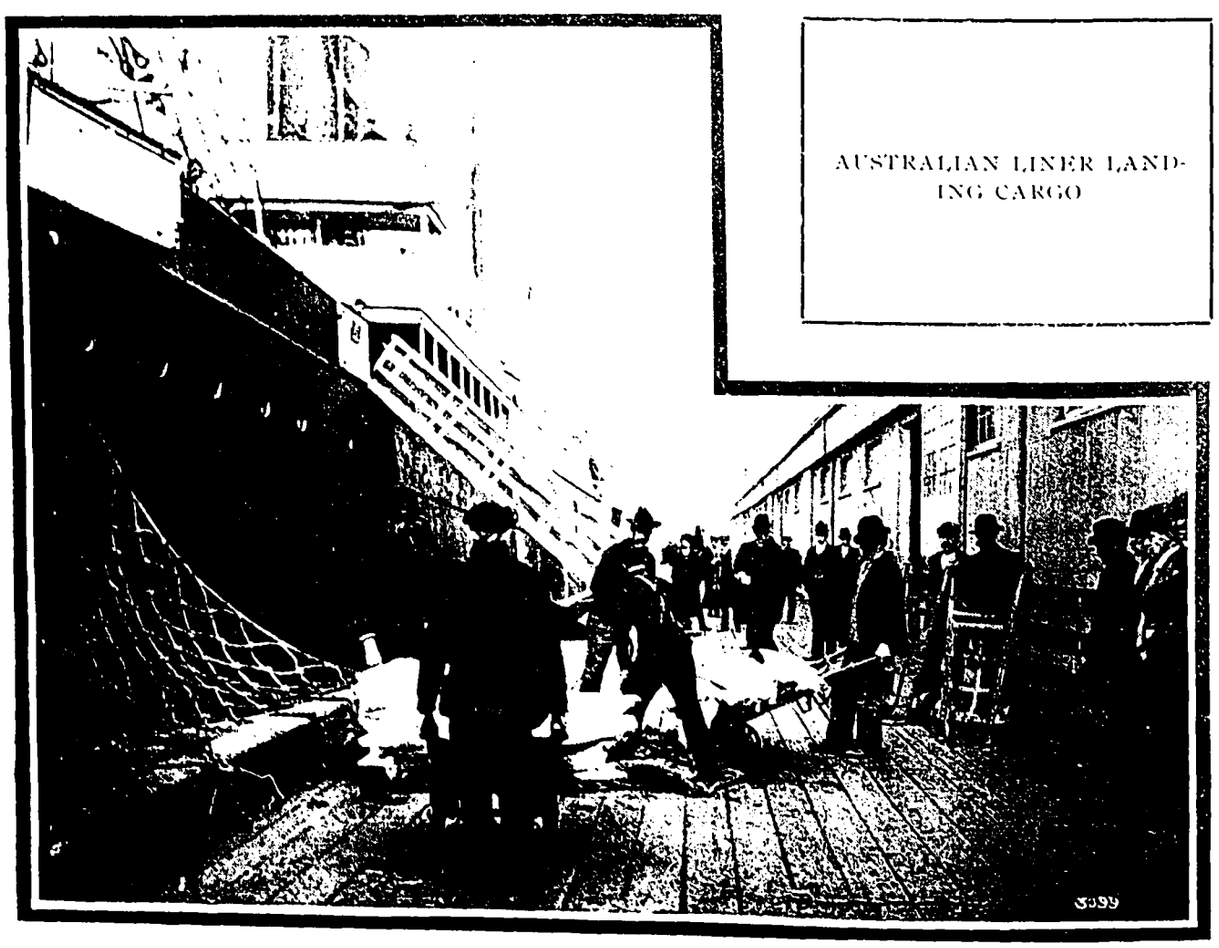
With infectious enthusiasm for his subject Pollough Pogue has written the story of Outdoor Vancouver, in which is told the history, past and present, of outdoor sport in Vancouver, and in which are set forth the advantages which Vancouver's cool summers and clement winters, its magnificent mountain scenery, natural parks and near neighborhood to forest and stream, give the city as a place of residence.

Vancouver's Schools

The evolution of Vancouver's schools from the first Gastown school to the present time is an article which Miss A. M. Ross has written, and she has covered her subject well. Miss Ross has written the history of Vancouver's schools in human terms, and it is an interesting story.

Manufactures

Stories throbbing with interest and rich in information and startling facts are Mr. R. E. Gosnel's articles, in which Industrial and



AUSTRALIAN LINER LANDING CARGO

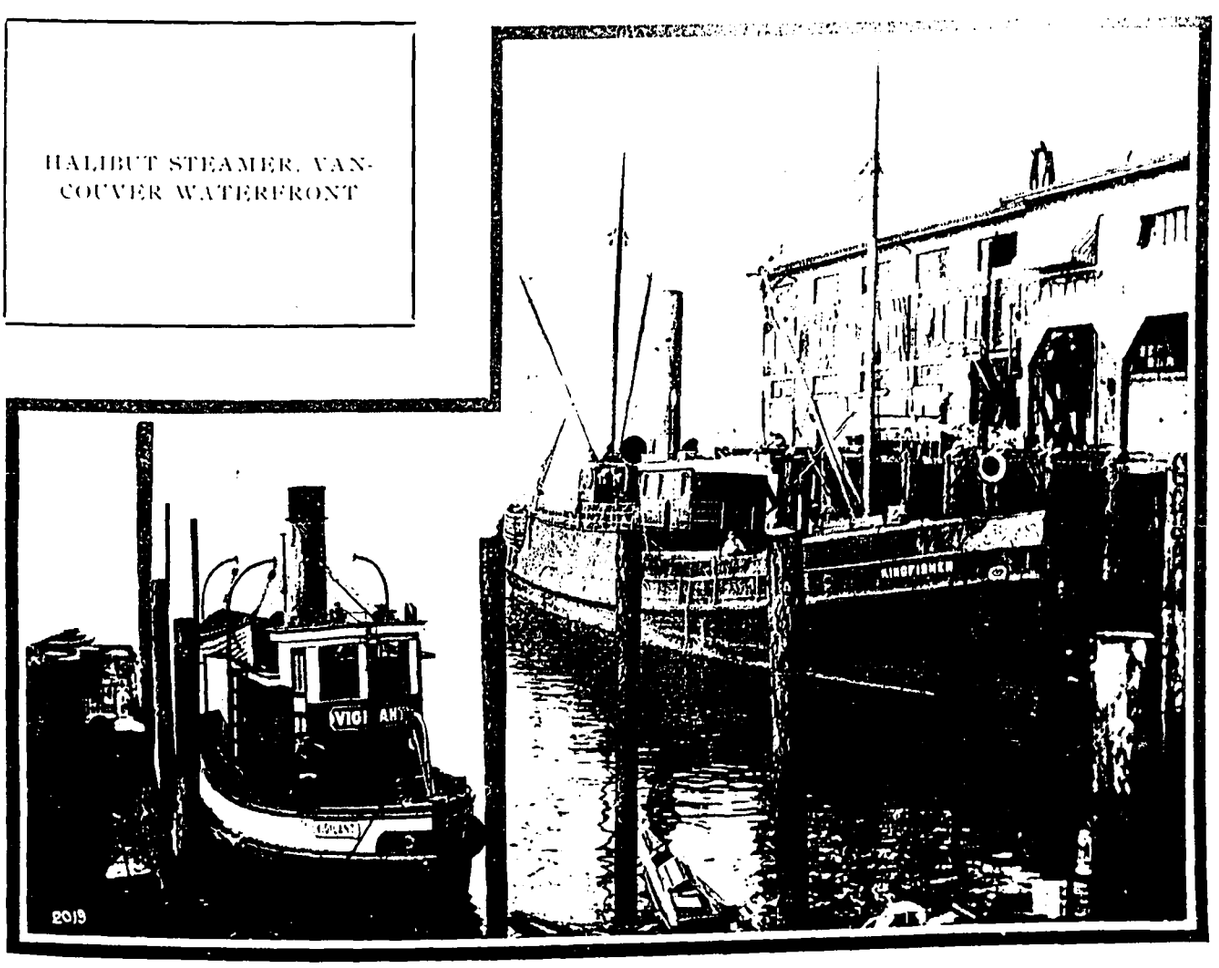
Commercial Vancouver are dealt with in the writer's strong and thoughtful manner. Mr. Gosnel has exhausted every source of information, and has brought into the light of day many new data, historical and present-day. These sane and illuminating articles will appeal to every intelligent business mind.

Financial

Real Estate, Finance, Wholesale and Retail Trade, Insurance, Banking—every vital business interest, past and present, will be discussed from every view-point and angle in articles treating these things in a rational and practical way, and written by Vancouver business men who have expert knowledge of their subjects.

Government Services

The history of the VANCOUVER Customs, Post Office, Land Registry, and Assay Offices is interwoven, of course, with the story of VANCOUVER from its first beginnings. This history of the "Government Services" in VANCOUVER has been written in an intimate way by Mr. C. L. Gordon, who with his entertaining



HALIBUT STEAMER, VANCOUVER WATERFRONT

style has managed to make a "human-interest" story out of an historical subject. This article will be abundantly illustrated.

Vancouver Board of Trade

An article that will throw strong light upon the commercial history of the city is the chronicle of the VANCOUVER Board of Trade, which was organized in 1887, and that of the Vancouver Tourist Association, both of which have done splendid and effectual work in the building-up of the city. The evolution of the Fire Department, the Police Department, and of the machinery of city government will be told in detail. The stepping-up of these departments from their early primitive state to an absolutely up-to-date modernity is of absorbing interest. The story of the development of the City Hospitals, the history of the Water Works Departmen and a description of its splendid plant, an article dealing with the sewage system and the work of the city engineer, etc., the story of Vancouver's Churches and religious life, and an article descriptive

SOME OF THE NEW BUILDINGS

of the city's suburban and residence districts, and many other stories will appear, plentifully illustrated by photographs taken especially for the QUARTER-CENTENARY NUMBER OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE by Mr. Broadbridge, of the Advertisers' Corporation, Limited, of Vancouver.

Journalism in Vancouver

The annals of journalism in VANCOUVER are wonderfully interesting. This important subject has been fully covered by Mr. J. B. Kerr, who is well equipped by personal experience and knowledge to do so. On the background of a city's life its newspapers work with mighty power to influence and mould, but the newspapers of VANCOUVER have done more than improve thought and stimulate progress in the city: their influence has flowed over the whole of British Columbia.

Articles of Absorbing Interest

The annals of cities have no more interesting modern instance of city-making than that of Vancouver.

The well-written articles in the QUARTER-CENTENARY NUMBER OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE translate history into romance, the romance of Vancouver's wonderful growth, and interpret the signs of coming prosperity now showing upon Vancouver's horizon.

No other civic history comes so close to the life of the people and has in it so much human interest. Historical archives, governmental records, personal reminiscences—every possible source has furnished material for articles of enormous historical value and narrative interest.

While dealing especially with Vancouver's surprising past, these articles discuss with great clearness and full knowedge the future of Vancouver, the city of tremendous possibilities. The articles have not the usual character of publicity articles. They are instructive and entertaining and absorbing on account of the interest of their subject.

Vancouver--1886-1911

By Elliot S. Rowe

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS is not a long period in the life of a city, but all there is of the City of Vancouver has been created in that length of time. In April, 1886, Vancouver's charter of incorporation became effective, and in June of the same year fire destroyed everything but the ground on which the infant city stood.

The Vancouver of 1911, therefore, so far as its material structure is concerned, is the product of twenty-five years' work. Its builders have no reason to be ashamed of their achievement. It is doubtful if the history of civic development records its equal. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find another city of the same age equal to it in size, wealth and substantialness, situated as it is in an undeveloped country. For it is well within the truth to speak of British Columbia as virgin territory. None of its resources has been anything like fully exploited. Many of them have not been touched.

In none of them has development extended, as a miner would say, "below the grass roots." For instance, not a foot of the land lying within the bounds of this city now being built upon has ever been touched with a plough.

The transformation wrought in these twenty-five years has been from wilderness to populous city. None of the intermediate steps from wild land to farm, to market garden, to country town, has been taken.

Moreover the adjacent agricultural areas have only in very small measure been cultivated. There are thousands of acres of exceedingly fertile land within easy reach of the city, yet in its primitive state. To take a wider range, it is safe to say that for every arable acre under cultivation in the province there are 1000 waiting for the plough. Thus with agriculture, so it is with mining, lumbering, fishing and all the other industries of the province.

Indeed by far the greater part of the province, and possibly the richest portion, too, has not yet been surveyed.

With these facts in mind the growth of Vancouver appears little less than marvellous, and the possibilities of its future, when these resources are being utilized, reach beyond scope of sober prophecy.

The considerations named have naturally excited a very keen interest in and desire for information relating to this city throughout the world. Enquiries pour into the

ON THE WATERFRONT

offices of the Tourist Association and other public bodies from every quarter of the globe. Critics of the city, ignorant of the facts, ascribe its progress to unjustifiable "boosting"; others, not less ignorant, declare our alleged prosperity to be inflation that will issue in a disastrous slump. The best answer to enquirers and critics alike is a statement of the facts and of the underlying causes of our growth and prosperity—the reasons that account for the product of the past and justify confidence as to the future.

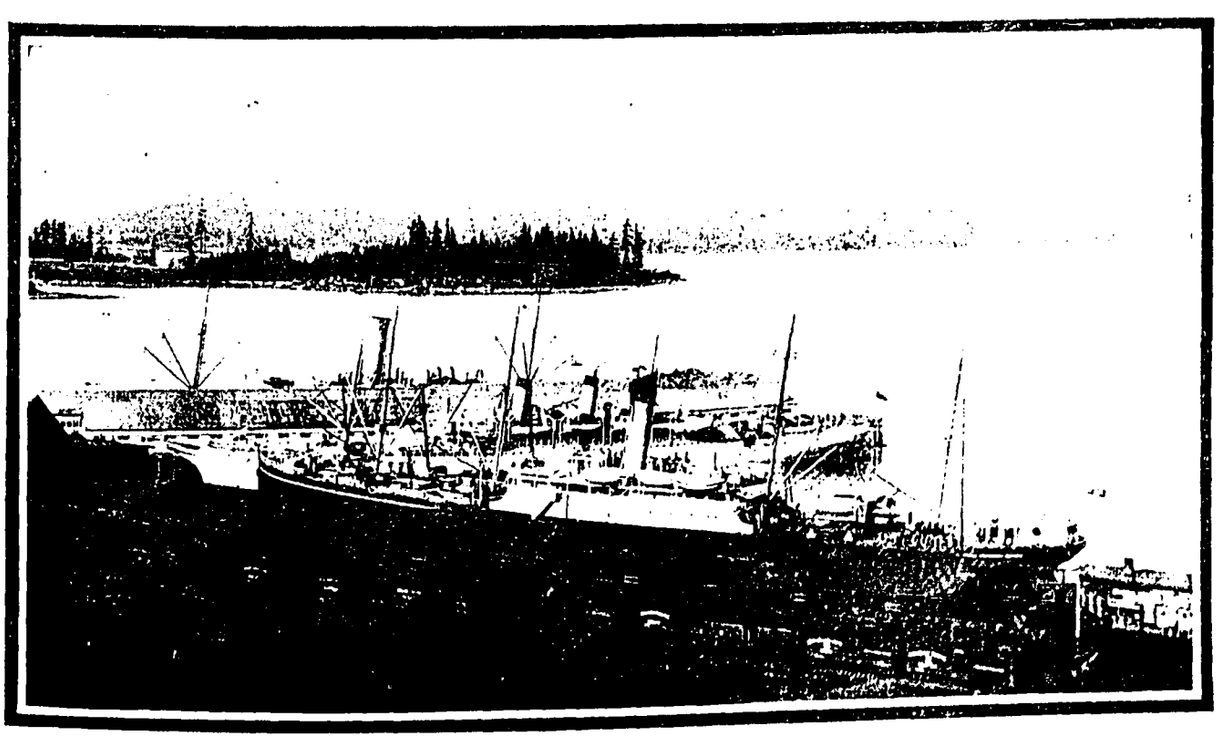
It so happens, therefore, that the story of Vancouver will meet the requirements of prospective citizens and at the same time refute the slanders of the city's traducers, and it is hoped that the pioneers still living will find something to interest them in this attempt to recall some of the events and scenes of the early days of Canada's Imperial City of the Pacific.

What Makes Vancouver Grow

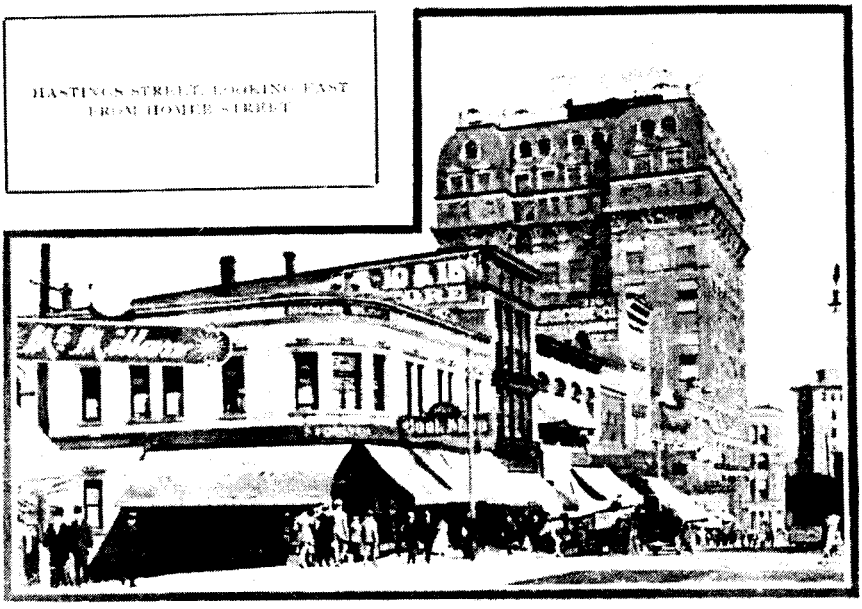
THE phenomenal growth of Vancouver is fully justified by the conditions responsible for it. These are settled and unchangeable, and their influence upon the city will in the nature of things increase with the development of Western Canada—for, as it will be shown, the settlement of the western prairies, as well as of the province of British Columbia, bears directly and for good upon the prosperity of Vancouver.

Vancouver's natural advantages are many and valuable. Its location and site, its harbors and other facilities respecting transportation, its climate, water supply, scenery and other features attractive to homeseekers and tourists, the extent and the fertility of the soil of adjacent agricultural sections, the wealth of the fisheries, forests and mines of which Vancouver is the market place, together constitute a catalogue of advantages that it would be difficult to extend or to enrich.

And first as to the site of the city: this can be said to possess every desirable feature for the purpose. It meets every requirement of a great commercial and industrial centre as well as of a healthful and delightful residential city. This is true of the present site, and it applies equally well to the municipalities about to be added, as well as those that will ultimately become parts of the city. Whether this federation



LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE POST OFFICE TOWER



HASTINGS STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM HOMER STREET

will ever include the city of New Westminster or not, the two cities will be parts of the same community—they are now, in fact, one in the matter of communication—and the interests they have in common very much exceed in importance and value those on which they may be said to be rivals.

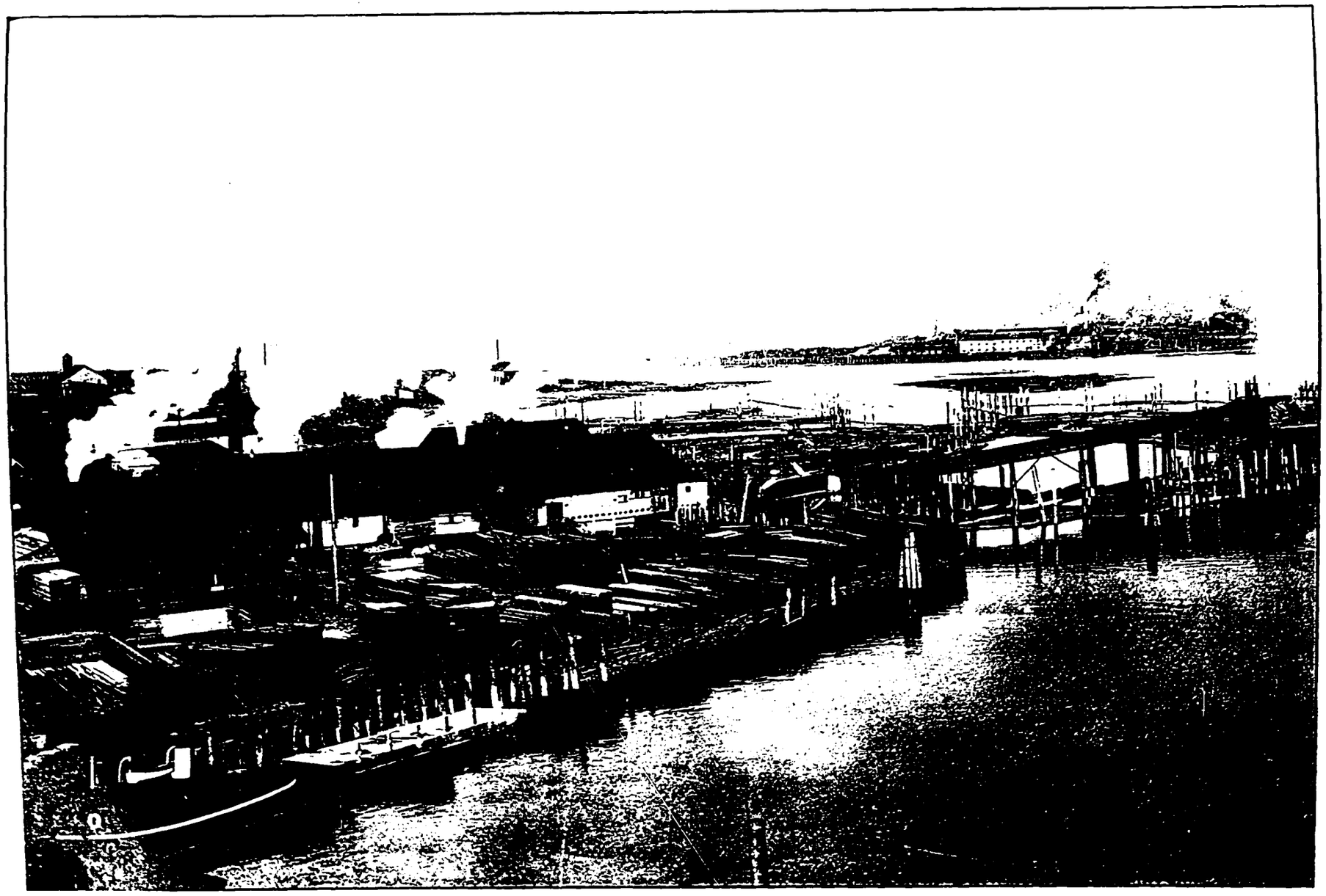
In the meantime they both are prosperous, and the prosperity of the one is not inimical to that of the other. One thing seems certain: the new enterprises already inaugurated and those soon to be established are of such dimensions and character that all the accommodation available in the whole of the section in question will be required for the development sure to follow.

This whole section from Burrard Inlet to the Fraser is particularly well adapted for the site of a mammoth city. It possesses miles of sheltered harbors, whose shores afford splendid facilities for docks, elevators and warehouses, and furnish ideal conditions for factory sites. Burrard Inlet, both sides—False Creek and North Arm of the Fraser have low-lying shores—and on the greater part of the mileage involved railway lines are already in operation. In another place will be found a map designed to give an adequate idea of this factor in Vancouver's prosperity.

RESIDENTIAL VANCOUVER—Its qualities from a residence standpoint are not less admirable. The surface slopes gradually up from the shores of Burrard Inlet, English Bay and False Creek, and on the upper levels are the residential sections. Few houses are far from salt water, and by far the greater number of them have outlook upon scenery of sea and mountain that is enjoyed by few cities in the world. The soil and climate are conducive to vegetation, which is everywhere abundant about the city. The lawns are always green—the fall flowers keep in evidence late into the winter, and early in February the spring blossoms make their appearance.

The domestic water supply is plentiful and of good quality, and the lay of the land forming the townsite is favorable to effective sewerage systems. As a consequence the city is remarkably free from epidemics caused by defective drainage or impure water.

LOCATION—Not only is the site of Vancouver suited to the requirements of a great city; it is also in the right place, for, among other things, it is situated at the



FALSE CREEK, VANCOUVER'S SECOND HARBOUR

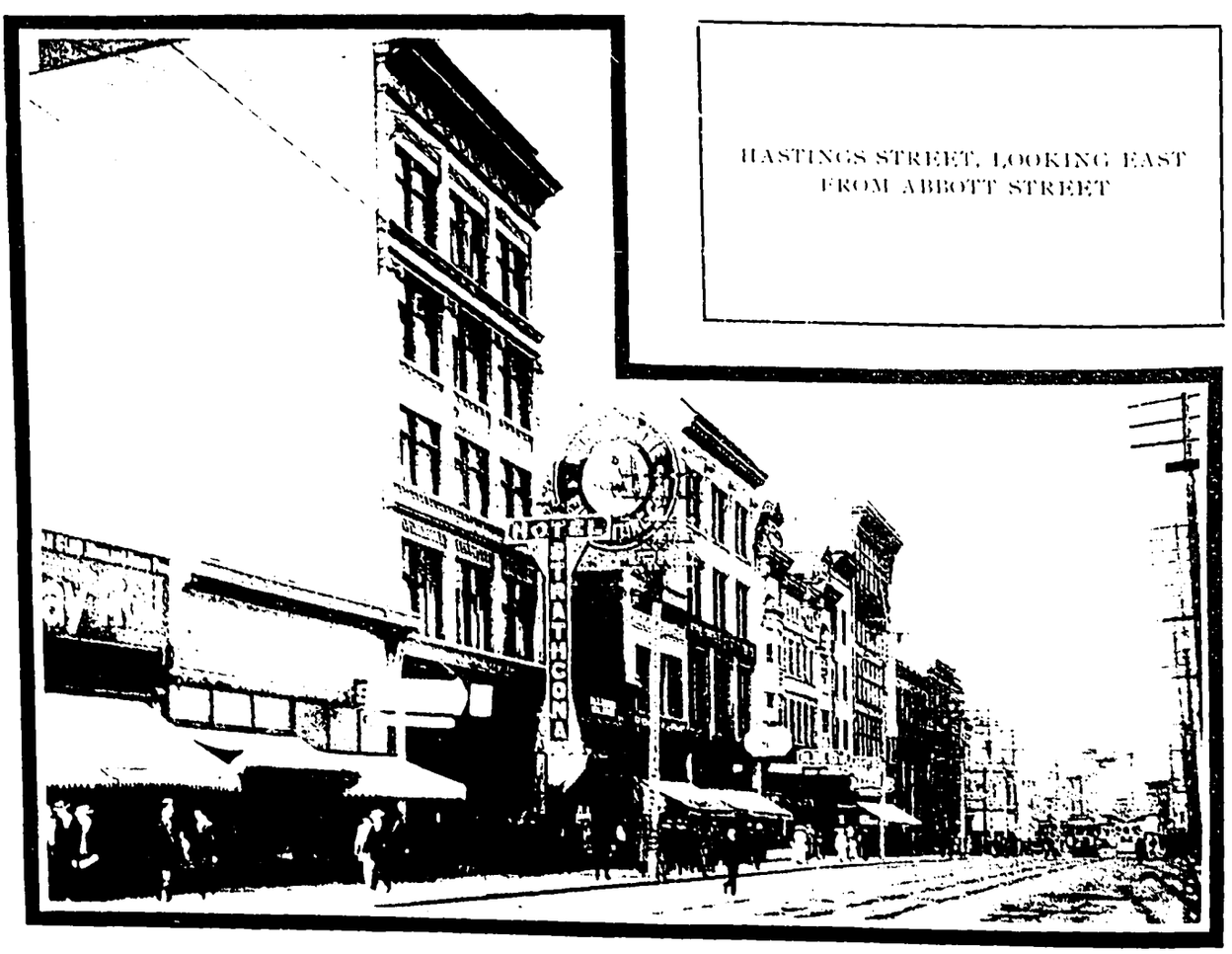
point where the great transcontinental lines must locate their chief Pacific terminals.

The greatest transportation system in the world—the Canadian Pacific Railway—has here its coast terminal. When that company made its selection it had the whole of the Pacific Coast of Canada to choose from, and, as has been stated, when it came the townsite was in a state of nature. It did not come to GET business, for then there was none to get. It came to build up business, knowing that at no other point were equally favorable conditions for the purpose to be found. The conditions responsible for its action will determine that of other lines. Indeed, it is hardly a question of choice. Rather it is an economic necessity—created by the physical formation of the country through which the lines must build. Like water, commerce follows the line of least resistance, and the distribution of mountains, rivers and valleys in British Columbia is such that the easiest and shortest path from the plains to the sea ends at Vancouver. It requires less effort to haul freight from the middle west of North America to Vancouver harbor than to any other port on the Pacific Coast. In regard to both mileage and grades, Vancouver enjoys advantages possessed by no other Pacific seaport.

Nor is this all. Not only do the natural routes of traffic from the east through British Columbia terminate at Vancouver: those now building through Yellowhead Pass traverse on their way to Vancouver an exceedingly rich country blest with an extensive system of navigable waterways, giving splendid local transportation facilities to hundred of miles of productive territory. These roads will make all this area directly tributary to Vancouver. Other lines under construction will serve a similar end in relation to Southern British Columbia, whose rich fruit lands, coal and mineral areas will be brought within easy reach of the coast markets.

Thus these trunk lines with their branches and their inland water connections will be like great rivers of commerce pouring into Vancouver—the products of British, European and Eastern Canadian manufacturers, the harvests of the rich wheat lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and of the fertile valleys of this province.

Vancouver's location in respect to the sea is not less advantageous. It, for instance, is nearer to the Panama Canal than any other Canadian port and will reap greater



HASTINGS STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM ABBOTT STREET

profit from the opening of that waterway. The canal will cut the journey by water from Vancouver to Liverpool in two, which route will be only about 1,000 miles longer than that via Quebec or St. John. It is not easy to estimate the full measure of what this will mean to the business of this city. It will for one thing make this the shipping point of a large part of the wheat crop of the prairies. Goods from abroad destined for prairie markets will be landed here. This trade will be additional to that now carried on and will reach large proportions.

Not the least important fact concerning Vancouver's location is its geographical relation to the other parts of the British Empire. It has been called the "halfway house of the Empire." To Liverpool the distance is 5,704 miles, to Hong Kong 5,060 miles. It is the most central point in the Empire—the one most easily reached from all other parts without leaving British territory or the high seas.

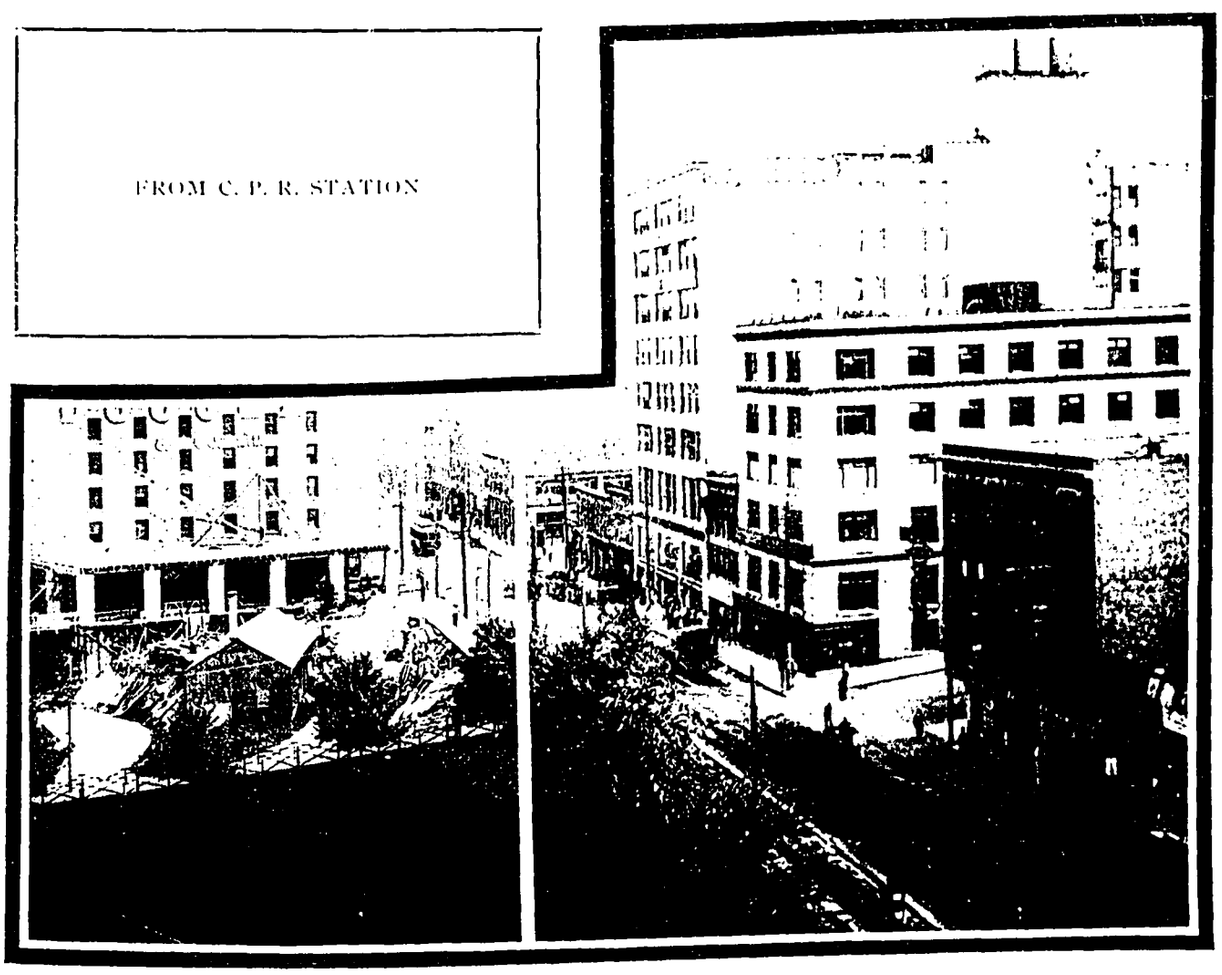
There are equally strong reasons for believing that Vancouver will become an important manufacturing centre.

The filling up of the prairies and the lands of this province will create a market for manufactured products in which Vancouver will be able to compete successfully, for a convenient and extensive market is the only factor lacking.

The raw materials of manufacture are at our doors, power is abundant, there are unequalled shipping facilities and large areas of land conveniently situated for factory sites, etc.

In another place the development of manufacturing in Vancouver is reviewed. It will be seen that already the city's pay rolls are not by any means insignificant. It is doubtful if the present chief manufacturing centres of the east had, at the age of Vancouver, made equal progress in this respect. In any case it is inevitable that the natural resources of the province will not be allowed to remain undeveloped and that they will not be shipped in their raw state.

Not only has Vancouver an ideal site in the right place for business; it enjoys also



conditions as to soil, climate, scenic surroundings and facilities for sport and recreation that make it extremely attractive as a place of residence.

The meteorological tables show that there are no extremes of temperature. Few days occur during the year in which one suffers either from heat or cold, and there are but few weeks during even the rainy season in which there are not fine, bright days. In general there are only two months in the year—from the latter part of December to the early weeks in February—when the climate causes discomfort, and, as I have said, bright days occur in every week of even this part of the year. Spring comes early. Spring flowers are plentiful in the middle of February, and on many Sundays from that time onward the benches at the bathing beaches are occupied and children playing in the sand.

The climate is distinctly healthful.

The scenic beauties of Vancouver's environment and the pleasures of outdoor life available are referred to in other parts of this magazine as described and commented upon by visitors.

This, then, in brief is the situation affecting Vancouver. The writer believes no claim made herein can be successfully disputed—that, indeed, much stronger, wider claims could easily be sustained. The conclusion is inevitable, that Vancouver is to be commercially to Canada what San Francisco was to the United States before Portland and other Puget Sound cities attained their present importance. There will be other important and populous cities on the Canadian coast, but in the nature of things they cannot hope to equal Vancouver. They will be built up by the business of their respective sections, but will not be, in the sense that Vancouver is, a provincial centre. Commercially all roads lead to Vancouver. Nature has so ordained it. Turning from right to left to escape the obstacles presented by the mountains, following easiest pathways, leading through productive territory and thence to the sea, railway builders land here as surely as the rivers find their outlet in the ocean. These docks, railway yards and warehouses—this whole great, growing city on this spot—were as inevitable as were the sand heads piled up of the silt carried down from the mountains by the streams that create the Fraser River.

The Steamboat Gold Camp

By H. (Bulldog) Brown

THE strike of gold ores showing phenomenal values made last July on Steamboat Mountain have called attention to a district that had been overlooked and neglected, that in the earlier history of the province was very much in the public eye, and that seemed destined to be the first section to be opened up; but the greed for gain of a small bunch of traders at Hope changed the whole history, and what has been claimed as the greatest mineral district in the province has been forced to depend on trails furnished by Governor Douglass in the days of the gold excitement of the early 'sixties, when the Fraser river and the pack train delivered the supplies to the interior. Hope at this time came to be of importance as the meeting-place of the different modes of transport; with its connection with Westminster by wagon road for the interior the need of better transportation was felt, and the Governor decided on a wagon road over the Hope mountains. The engineers' and sappers' and miners' road to the Skagit flats, at Twenty-five-Mile Post from Hope, was completed. A shortage of funds resulting, Governor Douglass asked the merchants to vote it a toll road. Being defeated in this, the Yale traders saw their opportunity, and the Yale-Cariboo wagon road was the result. Hope became a dot on the map—to be revived at the building of the C. P. R., then to drop back to the old sleep, only to be aroused by the rush of prospectors to the Steamboat strikes and the coming of the railroads. The present trail to Steamboat follows the old wagon road to Twenty-three-Mile, and at a small cost could be put in repair. Let the camp prove as it will, there is a prospect of the roadbed being used as a portion of the trans-provincial road—a vindication of Governor Douglass's policy, and later that of ex-Governor Dewdney, as the most feasible route to connect up the province.

In 1877-78 Dr. Geo. M. Dawson passed through this country, and in his report to the Canadian Geological Survey gave the name of the Slate Creek formations to a large area of sedimentary rocks lying to the east of Mount Baker, with a northeasterly trend crossing the Fraser River at some point in the vicinity of Yale, continuing east and taking in the Nicola and Similkameen, and he called attention to the fact that through the section where there had been intense local metamorphism, large and persistent ore bodies would occur.

Camp Hedley has made good in this belt, the Nickel Plate is the greatest gold-producing mine in the province, and there are other promising camps to the east of the mountains. All the region has been subjected to violent and intense volcanic action. Olivine mountain, on which the platinum discoveries were found in the rock last season, also the diamond finds, is the centre of one of these great disturbances. Following the Hope mountains over the Tulameen to Whipsaw, and the Skagit to the international boundary and beyond, they form the centre of good prospecting ground. These facts are presented to combat some comments that have appeared in the press by people who have never visited the region and are ignorant of the possibilities of the section. The rush of prospectors that will overrun Steamboat this season will find that the portion which is considered the camp today is but a small fraction of the ground liable to prove valuable as a mineral producer. Where the conditions are right, mines will be found.

Following the Skagit to the international boundary are level stretches of bottom land as well calculated to make ranches for fruit or general crops as the section across the mountain. They would have been improved long ago had there been an outlet with the outside world. The demand that will come from the mines will call for a rapid

development, as there will be a demand for all vegetable products.

Placer miners have run over these bottoms looking for gold. In the early 'eighties there was a rush to Ruby Creek in the State of Washington, and one of these returning miners found gold in the gulch below what is now the Steamboat Gold Mines property. After tests he was satisfied the source of the gold was from the rocks above, and he passed on. To those who do not know the placer or hard-rock miner in his working moods, surprise is often expressed that he does not take advantage of opportunities of possible wealth, as in this case. Prospecting is a trade, and to those who follow it there are problems to work out that require a knowledge and concentration obtained only by actual field experience. The placer or hard-rock prospectors who make discoveries are often classed with the man who comes after, who is a staker and secures ground on the chance that he has the same privileges as the original discoverer. Once a placer miner always a placer miner. He will work out his find and pass on, leaving the discovery of the source of the gold in the rock to his brother who follows that line.

The great gold strikes in Goldfields, Nevada, brought prospectors from all over the world, and around a camp fire in the Nevada desert the story of gold at the base of Steamboat mountain was repeated, and so impressed Dan Greenwalt that he secured a map of the country and in June last reached the Skagit and started on his quest. Success came to him in the early days of July, and word was sent to the mining world that a new discovery in this province had Nevada faded, and that the values were as high. Then commenced a gathering of mining men from all over the world.

The Goldfields strike was made with the surface assays running into the thousands; the cry was raised, "Picture ore!" It has never gone down. The Consolidated Goldfields Company has this high-grade ore to the 1000-foot level, and made a record as the greatest producer of gold last year. Will the Steamboat Gold Mining Company have a like success? This is being asked by mining men everywhere. While the values on going down have not been as high as on the surface, they have shown

that if they prove permanent—as there is every indication of their doing—the mine will take the front rank as a gold producer in the province.

The high values are in secondary enrichment, and as depth is reached they should improve. In connection with this class of ore a word of caution should be given. There are many properties in the district that have shown good values on the surface. As work is done, if the values grow less with depth or entirely disappear, keep sinking till you reach the sulphide zone, and you will get your reward. This caution is to those who have acquired interests and are to furnish money to open up the properties. Give the camp a show; it is one of the great gold camps of the world. If the ores go down, let us prove this. It is bound to have all the trials of a new camp. Disappointed people will come out with cold feet —could not make a fortune on a shoe-string —camp is a fake—I could find no ore. Let this class of men pass to the rear, and assist, as you can, the man on the firing line striving to make good.

Here is the greatest mineral zone that has ever been thoroughly prospected in our province. It has furnished the highest gold values of any district. The mountains are steep, and with timber and water power at hand can make the lowest mining costs of any camp. To the east, west and north we have miles of mineral ground that promises to yield diamonds, platinum, gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc and the other minerals in demand in the industries. It will prove a profitable field for the prospector crowded out of Steamboat. The whole district will soon have transportation and connection with Vancouver that should be of advantage to the city, as it is the centre that must furnish the supplies.

Song from "Pippa Passes"

All's right with the world.
God's in His heaven—
The snail's on the thorn;
The lark's on the wing,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
Morning's at seven;
And day's at the morn;
The year's at the spring,

The New Westminster Market

LIKE a pot-lid over a boiling pot, the Fraser fog shut down over the busy New Westminster market. Then with the suddenness of a scene-shift in a theatre, the grey fog lifted and let in the sun.

It was about then that the Vancouver Chinese poultry buyers descended upon the market with high-noted Cantonese monosyllables and much weird pigeon-English and triumphantly bought up all the chickens, crates and crates and crates of them, by offering more money than the New Westminster Chinese would pay. This made the Fraser River Chinese very sore.

A sedate, elderly, philosophic Chinaman of the New Westminster tong stood smoking his *sui-yen-hu* and looking wistfully at the crates of fowls.

"Him plenty muchee solly him no catchum chicken, savvy," squalled my friend Fucy Sook, the Pender street meat-seller. "Him lich man, catchum hundled thousand dollah, eat lice, loast pig, too mean catchum one piecee clate chicken."

All one side of the big market building was inhabited by poultry, and the clacking and crowing and squawking and quacking almost, but not quite, submerged the chin-chinning of the Chinese. On the other side of the huge shed were spread out and hung up every kind of creature fattened for the table by the farmer—wild game, wild fowl and fish fresh from forest, field and sea, and every vegetable grown in British Columbia gardens. The sharpened morning air was filled with the sumptuous smells that make you hungry. You could buy fat venison fed on mountain scenery and valley grasses; snipe and mallards from the Fraser marshlands where the tide creeps in and out; humpback salmon, sturgeon, black cod, ling cod, herring, pink-shelled crabs, beef in every kind of cut, pork, veal and mutton of the best that careful feeding and expert butchering can make; the finest celery, the biggest potatoes and cabbages and pumpkins you ever saw. Turkeys that really looked as if they were worth the high prices, geese and chickens fat beyond the boundaries of belief, gold-tinted butter that seemed too beautiful to eat, all the most tempting produce of an opulent country, which has made the New Westminster market famous, made gormandizing seem virtuous, fed the lust of the eye and brought thoughts of gastronomy to the surface of the mind. The comfortable atmosphere that belongs to a land of plenty hangs over the New Westminster market, and the two thousand marketers who were exchanging their money for the good cheer did not look as if Lenten diet or fast-days were very frequent in their lives. Not only does the market fill the family basket. The farmers and the stockmen do a brisk wholesale commerce with both Vancouver and New Westminster butchers. The traffic in poultry was so lively that the supply was exhausted long before closing time, and the demand was so passionate that the possession of the last turkeys became a sporting proposition. At 11 o'clock the crowd of eager buyers filled the market quarters and leaked through the doors out upon the dock, and fishermen, standing in their launches, sold humpback salmon and sturgeon taken from the water only a few hours before. Obviously the people of New Westminster have the market habit and make the most of their opportunity to procure produce fresh from the farm at the farmers' prices, which are lower than those of the retail shops. Also the shopkeepers of New Westminster welcome the crowds of country people that the market brings, so that the civic market is a good thing all around. It edifies the visitor to see the picturesqueness of a real old-fashioned country market, with its wholesome-looking good things to eat, as fresh as meadow clover. It makes of market-day a farmers' holiday in town. It helps New Westminster's housewives to solve the problem of how to get good butter and fresh eggs and honest country vegetables, fruits, poultry and meats. It helps to bring fame to the city, which boasts

that its market is the biggest and the best in Canada, west of Winnipeg.

The farmers driving to market with their country comestibles used to have to pay toll on the big bridge that strides across the mighty Fraser on giant stilts. Now the government has abolished the tolls and this is greatly to the advantage of the New Westminster market. Also the new tram line which curls in long curves up the valley of the great river to Chilliwack brings down the week-end gleanings of a fat country-side. Along all the roads, in all sorts and conditions of wheeled craft, in trolley cars, in gasolene launches up and down the river, the bearded farmers come in on Friday morning with the spoils of the churn, the chicken house, the garden and the orchard. They come on horseback, too, now sitting in the stock saddles, guiding and driving little herds of cattle and also sheep and hogs. Auction sales of stock are now a feature of the market. They bring horses to sell, too. Business is brisk. The farmers get good prices and the buyers get good stock and everybody is happy.

The market really has the character of a country fair, and there are many country fairs where the display of the products of the garden, field and barnyard is not so good as here.

Picturesque Coast City

No man needs the art of prophecy, but only business common-sense, to foretell with accuracy the ultimate destiny of Vancouver. It is written on the future more plainly than any mystic handwriting on the wall. Consider the progress already made, and compare it with that of other Canadian cities, taking all circumstances and influences into account. It is but a few years, a mere clock-tick in the vast sweep of time, since Vancouver was marked on the map on which it is now a bright red spot. In 1886 less than 1000 people called Vancouver, a pine-board village, home. Today it is a city of possibly 130,000, growing at the rate of one thousand a month. Vancouver's story is a many-times-told one. The

stone has been turned so often that it is not easy to turn up a fresh side. There are many figures, all as familiar as the photographs of Stanley Park. These figures tell a wonderful story of development and rapid expansion. Vancouver is the city that outgrows its public buildings as fast as a small boy outgrows his clothes. It is the city with the most beautiful site and environment in the world. In the future it will be not only a great broker but a great producer, this commercial capital of a province whose enormous resources are only beginning to be tapped. It will be the end of more miles of railroad steel than any city in America. It will have ample freight for all its railroads. The black coal of the earth and the white coal of British Columbia's ample waterpower will make the Pacific Coast province a great manufacturing country. As a shipping point on the Pacific seaboard, Vancouver will be the one rival of San Francisco. The map of the world is the strongest argument to support these statements. The course of empire, commercial history that repeats itself invariably as the sun, the future of Canada which is so plain to see, will make these optimistic forecasts, shared by all the people of Vancouver, come true.

In Accord

By PETER MACARTHUR

(From "Ourselves")

The flower yields its heart to the wind,
The wind gives its sigh to the sea,
The sea yearns up to the sun,
The sun sweeps onward to Thee;
And back to the spheres attune,
From the spheres to the waves at play,
To the wind, to the flower, to my heart,
Come Thy love and Thy peace today.

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Reveille

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

(*From "Harper's Monthly"*)

Oh, get you up and turn your back
  On drowsy folk who miss the dawn!
The last stars stagger in their track,
  The gray-eyed day calls out. You faun,
Wood-soul, sea-soul, wide wanderer,
  Awake! The shutters still are drawn,
But we like mist abroad will stir
  And taste the still, salt air of dawn.

With cockle-shell of pilgrimage,
  To shrines of sun and sky and sea,
With pack and stick and scrip, assuage
  The wander-thirst that such as we
Do suffer. O wide wanderer,
  The moor road and the cliff road calls—
The roaring reaches where the blur
  Of strong, bright surf forever falls!

And we will be as gipsy-folk,
  Or sailors of uncharted sea:
The fog, the wind, horizon-smoke,
  A moor, a house, a glamoury
Of cloud and sun, be these our friends.
  And be the faces that we meet
All glad of us, to make amends
  For city days less rich in sweet.

Oh, get you up and turn your back
  Upon the gray-haired drowsy town!
The twisted moor roads hold your track,
  Sweet-fern and berry, hot and brown,
And silken sea of reeds swept through
  With molten, rippling green and gray,
And lonely meadow-lands that knew
  Old footprints long since blown away.

The last stars stagger and fall back,
  The dripping sails in harbor gleam;
Oh, get you up, tie on your pack,
  And we will seek—will seek—a dream!

IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

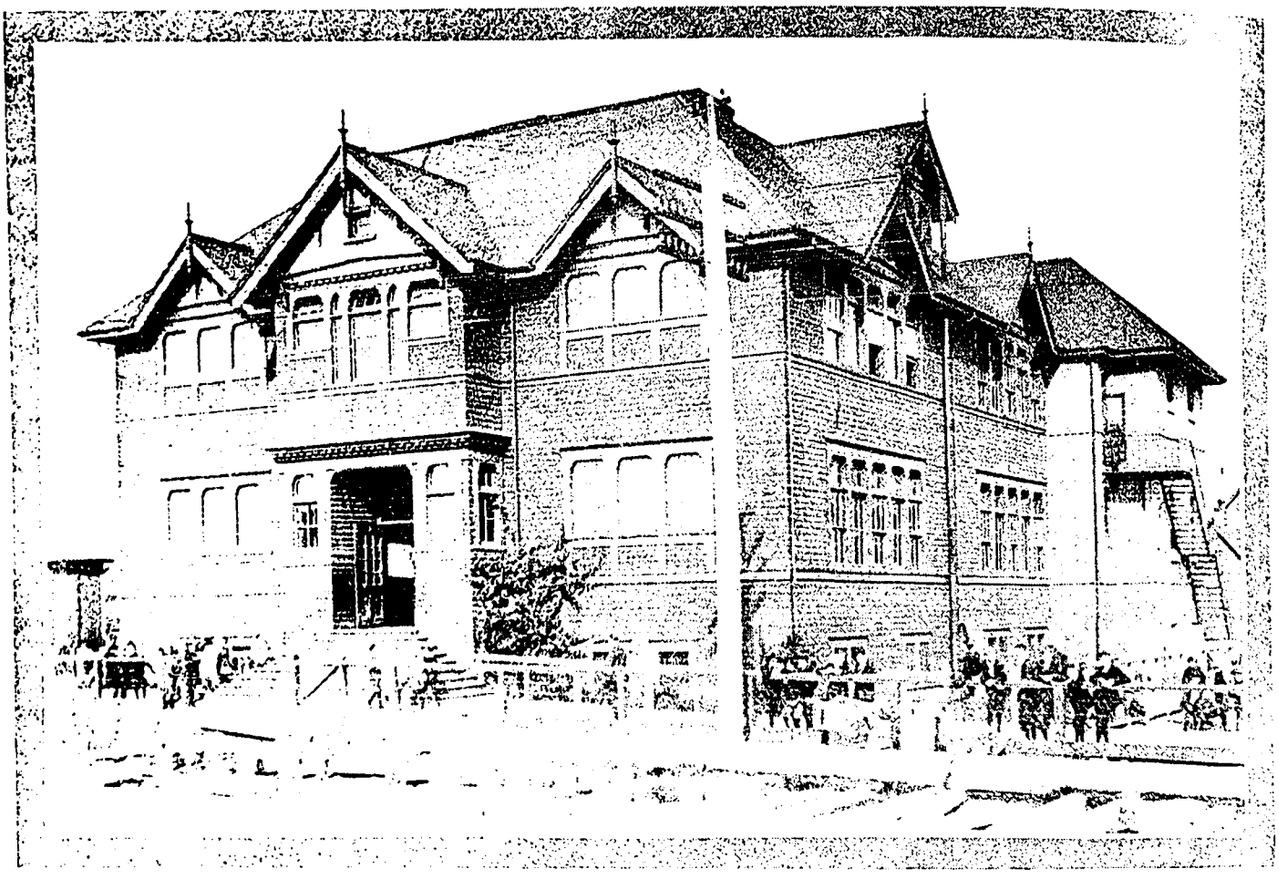
THE ROMANCE OF VANCOUVER'S SCHOOLS

BY A. M. ROSS, B.A.

GRANDVIEW PUBLIC SCHOOL, VANCOUVER

THE West has not yet given birth to a Hans Andersen, but the lack of such a genius will not be seriously felt so long as the stories of everyday life continue to furnish us with tales more wonderful than even the most daring flights of such gifted dreamers. Thus who, for instance, would have dared to prophesy on that February morning some thirty-eight years ago, when Miss Julia Sweeny tapped her bell (or whatever else she used for that purpose), and some fifteen rather frightened-looking children trooped awkwardly into the little pine-scented wooden school which had just been erected within a stone's throw of the greyish waters of Burrard Inlet by the employees of a remote sawmill camp, cut off from the rest of the world by a stupendous mountain range on the one side, and a no less mighty ocean on the other, that by the time these children's heads had begun to grizzle this remote mill camp would have become the fourth city in Canada, with a population of 150,000, with a school system quite up to the average of that of the older provinces, and the prospect of having within the course of another year or two one of the finest universities on the American continent? Yet that is the story of the growth of Vancouver's school system, from its inception less than forty years ago until the present date.

To begin at the beginning, the first settlement at the point where Vancouver proper now stands clustered around a sawmill,

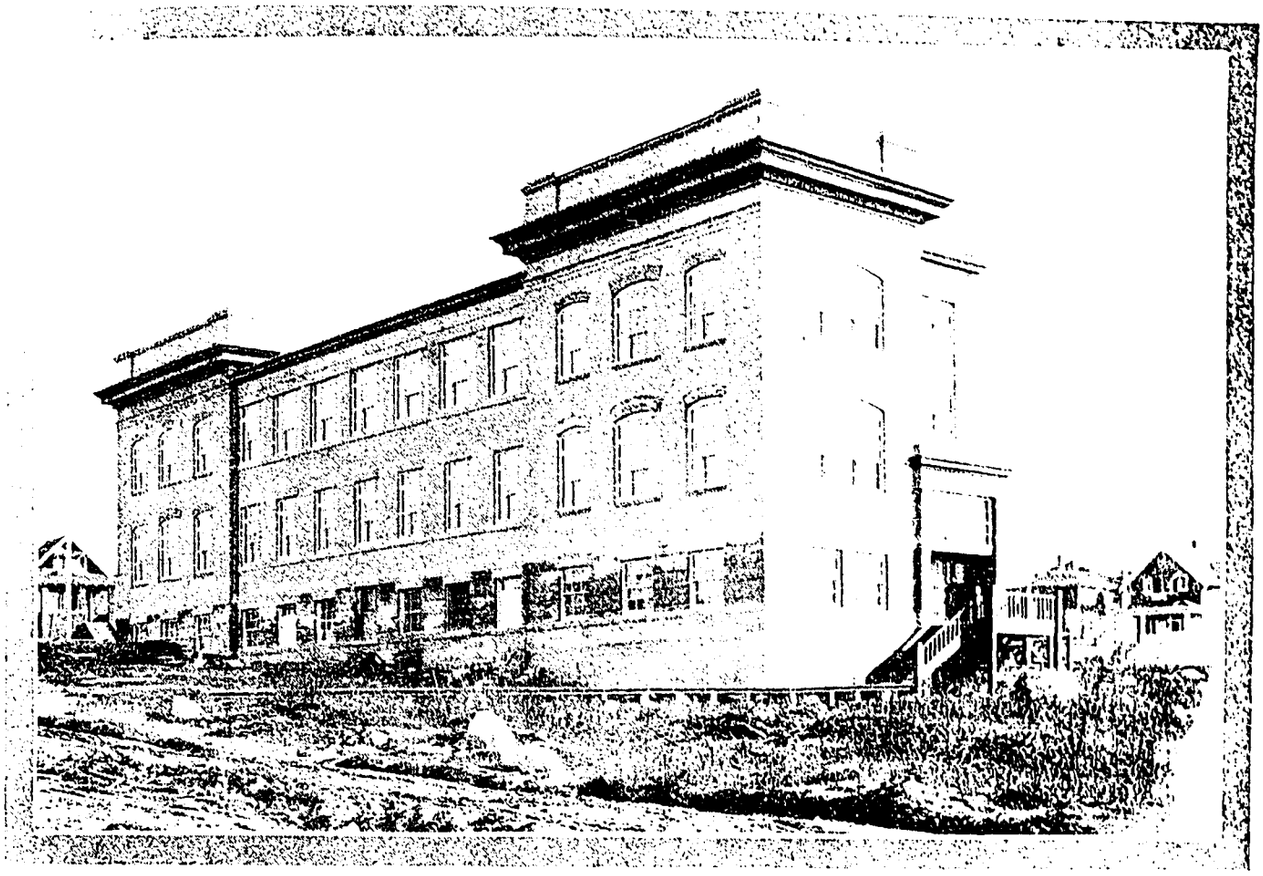


KITSILANO PUBLIC SCHOOL, VANCOUVER

in operation, and known as the Hastings mill. This mill was built in 1865; and gradually there began to grow up around it a little village formed of the shacks of the employees. Some of these men brought out their wives and families, and by the year 1872 there were between fifteen and twenty children, white and half-breed, of school age in the colony. Then the parents began to feel that they could no longer allow these children to spend their days building castles in the sawdust, playing hide-and-seek among the lumber piles, and growing up in utter ignorance. They must be sent to school. So the men called a meeting and elected a board of school trustees, of which Capt. W. H. Soules, Jonathan Miller and R. H. Alexander (all of whom are still residents of the city) were members, Mr. Alexander being secretary. A spot about 100 yards from the mill, and close to Mr. Alexander's house, was selected as the site for the school; and a school district was formed with this point as centre, and a radius extending three miles into the primeval forest—no land on the north side of the inlet, of course, to be included. Then lumber was procured from the mill, and a school house 18x40 feet erected. The building was completed on Saturday evening, and on the following day Rev. Mr. Owen, the Episcopalian missionary for this district, held service there. The Rev. Ebenezer Robson, the first Methodist missionary to this secluded little flock, also was in the habit of holding services in this same building, which for thirteen years was both church and school. Then the mill people having done so much, the government at Victoria was asked to provide a teacher, and Miss Julia Sweeny, the daughter of the mill machinist, was appointed the first teacher.

At that time there seemed very little chance of Vancouver, or Granville, as it was then called, ever becoming a place of any importance. It was merely a mill camp, while its nearest neighbor, New Westminster, was a rather important place with a school population of 160, and Victoria quite an educatinoal centre, with 1045 pupils in her schools, and a staff of seven teachers.

It is true there was talk of a transcontinental railroad that was to link British Columbia to the rest of the world; but then it didn't look as though that would help Granville much either, since everybody believed that Port Moody would be the terminus of the proposed road. Indeed, I have an idea that a good many wise ones considered the place had no future at all and, with a parting tear for those deluded ones who remained behind, left for other



NEW HIGH SCHOOL, GRANDVIEW, VANCOUVER

places where the prospects were brighter—at least, of the names that appeared on that first school register but few are known in the business world of Vancouver today, most of their owners having left. But of the members of that first class some are still on the spot today, among these being Messrs. R. H. H. and Fred Alexander, sons of R. H. Alexander, a member of the first school board, while F. H. Miller, Mrs. Berry and Mrs. D. Todd Lees, children of Jonathan Miller, another member of the first board, and Judge Alexander, Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Jas. Abbot, though not all old enough to be present on that first morning, were among the earliest pupils of Granville school.

Miss Sweeny was shortly succeeded as teacher by Mrs. Richards, who soon became Mrs. Ben Springer, and cast her lot with the struggling little hamlet, giving place to a Miss Redfern, who after a short tenure of office gave place in turn to Mrs. Catherine Cordiner, still a resident of the city, who taught from 1876 to 1882, and was succeeded by no less a person than Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who is at present lecturing in London on her adventurous trip down the Mackenzie river to the Arctic. She taught for one year, and was followed successively by two very attractive girls, with whom the big boys persisted in falling in love; and to obviate this difficulty the school board was driven to the expedient of engaging male teachers.

School teaching was not altogether a bad-paying business then, as the usual salary was $55.00 per month not bad considering that the simple life prevailed; better, indeed, than some unfortunate teachers receive even now when prices are aviating, and the question of high living, and living high, such burning ones. One gasps to think what a mint of money thrifty teachers might have made had some good angel whispered to them to invest in a bit of stumped acreage.

But perhaps teaching may have been a less remunerative employment than I imagine, or else the people were hard to suit; at any rate, great difficulty was experienced in keeping a teacher longer than six months, a change every half year being the usual order. As might be imagined, the pupils did not progress very fast, the school succeeding in passing on an average of one pupil each year for High School entrance. However, in the summer of 1885 the record was broken, Alice Miller and her brother Ernest (now a member of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia) having both passed. But this lack of success may not have been entirely due to the teaching, the examinations set being enough to account for

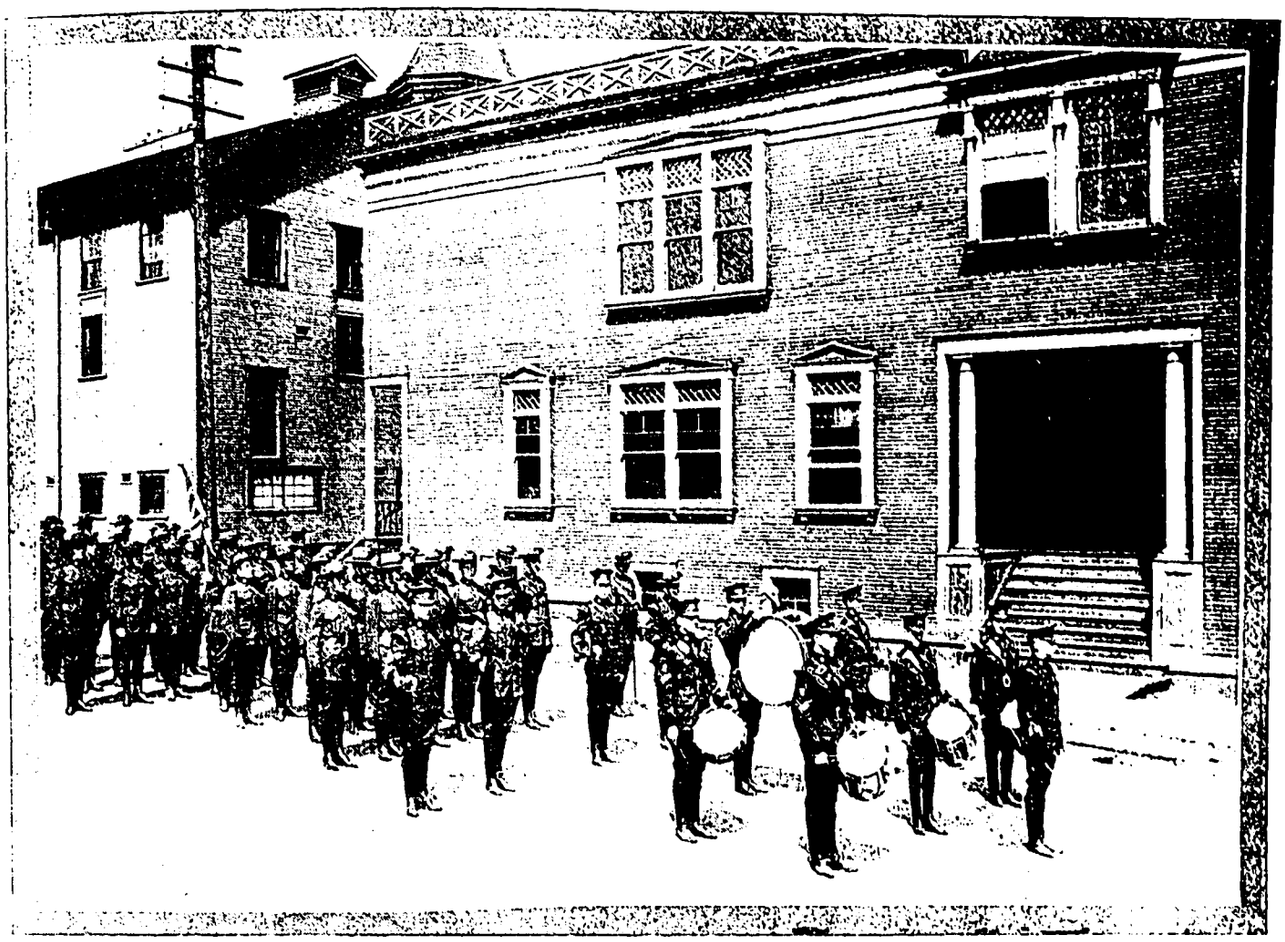
FIRST VANCOUVER HIGH SCHOOL CLASS

some of them. Thus on one paper which I saw, I noticed the following conundrum: "What in the Sixth Century was a salve for every wrong?" What a pity the formula for that salve has been lost!—a poser sufficient to floor the average university graduate of the present day, while the lists of grotesquely mis-spelled words to be spelled correctly which were administered to students in those days under the name of spelling papers are sufficient to account for much of the bad spelling of the children of our own time.

But in 1886 a change came. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which had for years past been laboriously blasting its way through the Rockies, had at last succeeded in bridging all the chasms and tunneling all mountains; and now the wild shriek of their locomotives re-echoed in the forests about the little hamlet of Granville. There were next to no houses, the town having been burnt to the ground on June 13—and heralded the birth of a new era.

At once the sluggish pulse of the little mill town began to beat faster. People flocked to what they saw must soon be a thriving seaport town; and the little school house that had done duty for thirteen years had to be abandoned, as it was now left standing poised dizzily on the edge of a deep railroad cut. Anyway it had already become far too small. From that moment until the present, Granville, or Vancouver, as it was baptized anew by the railroad company, has been simply out of breath trying to keep up with itself—particularly with its school population, which, despite the best efforts of successive school boards, persistently overflows, whatever buildings are put up for its accommodation.

In 1886 school closed on June 13, and did not open again until November, because there was no place in which to hold school. In the meantime the board, of which Messrs. R. H. Alexander, R. G. Tatlow and Dr. Backingsdale were members, had decided that a four-roomed school was necessary, and proceeded to build one, 37x67 feet, two storeys high, and costing $3,500, on what is now Cordova street, just east of Jackson avenue. Mr. J. W. Robinson, who had been teaching the Gran-



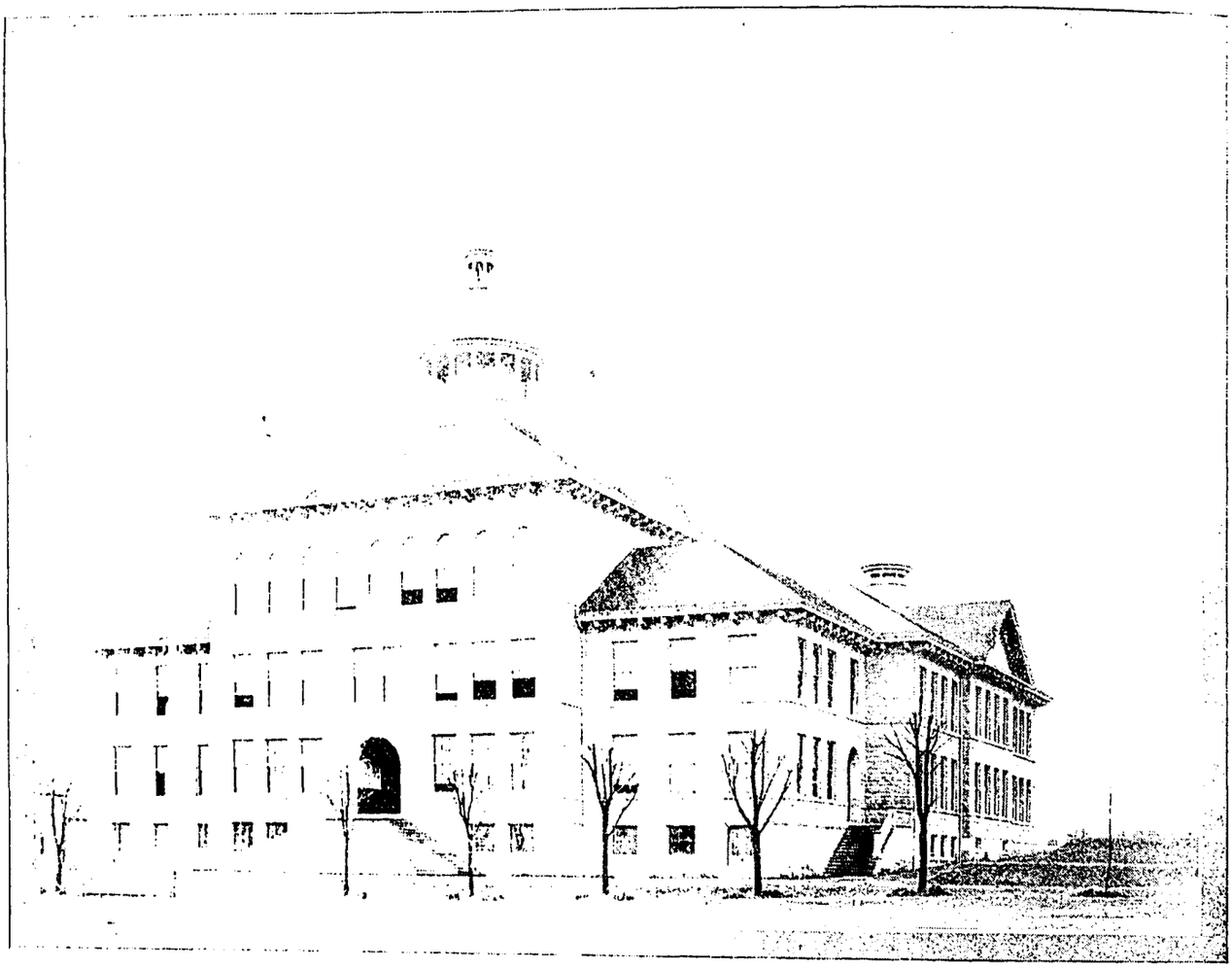
HIGH SCHOOL CADETS, VANCOUVER

ville school at $60.00 per month when the railroad entered the village, was made principal of the new school, at $10.00 a month increase, he having one assistant, Miss Alice Christie, and 93 pupils at the new year; and four assistants (the new ones being Miss Hartney, now Mrs. Bird, and Miss McMurchy, now Mrs. Dr. Mills) and 285 pupils by the end of June, 1887.

And so at the close of that term the board found themselves face to face with the necessity of providing still more school accommodation—a necessity that has confronted successive school boards at the close of every term since. It was decided then to build another four-roomed school on the corner of Burrard and Barclay streets, where the Aberdeen school now stands; and a two-roomed school across False Creek, near the site of the present Mount Pleasant school. By the end of June, 1888, there were three schools and seven teachers. Yet this was not enough, and the board for that year recommended the erection of an eight-roomed brick building. Until this was ready, a temporary frame structure was built which served until the new school was ready; and then, even the new building not being sufficient, it was used as a school room until 1890, when it became the home of the first High School, and later was used as offices for the school board and city superintendent until early in the present year, when these latter were removed into a handsome new building of their own, and the old school finally abandoned.

By the end of June, 1899, the school enrolment had increased to 1,024, with 13 teachers on the staff. In this year also 18 pupils passed the High School entrance examination, and three secured teachers' certificates. The need of a High School then began to be felt; and with the opening of the new brick school in January, 1890, a High School class was organized, the old temporary school building was forced to do duty as a class room, and R. Law, B.A., the principal of the public schools, was appointed first High School principal with a class enrolment of 31. Gold medals were plentiful in those days; in the examinations of 1890 three pupils received medals, a Miss Barnes, at present on the teaching staff, winning Mayor Oppenheimer's medal for being head pupil, Miss McIntyre a medal presented by Rev. Father Fay for proficiency in mathematics, and Miss Johnston the old Victoria High School medal for being first in English.

At the close of the midsummer term of

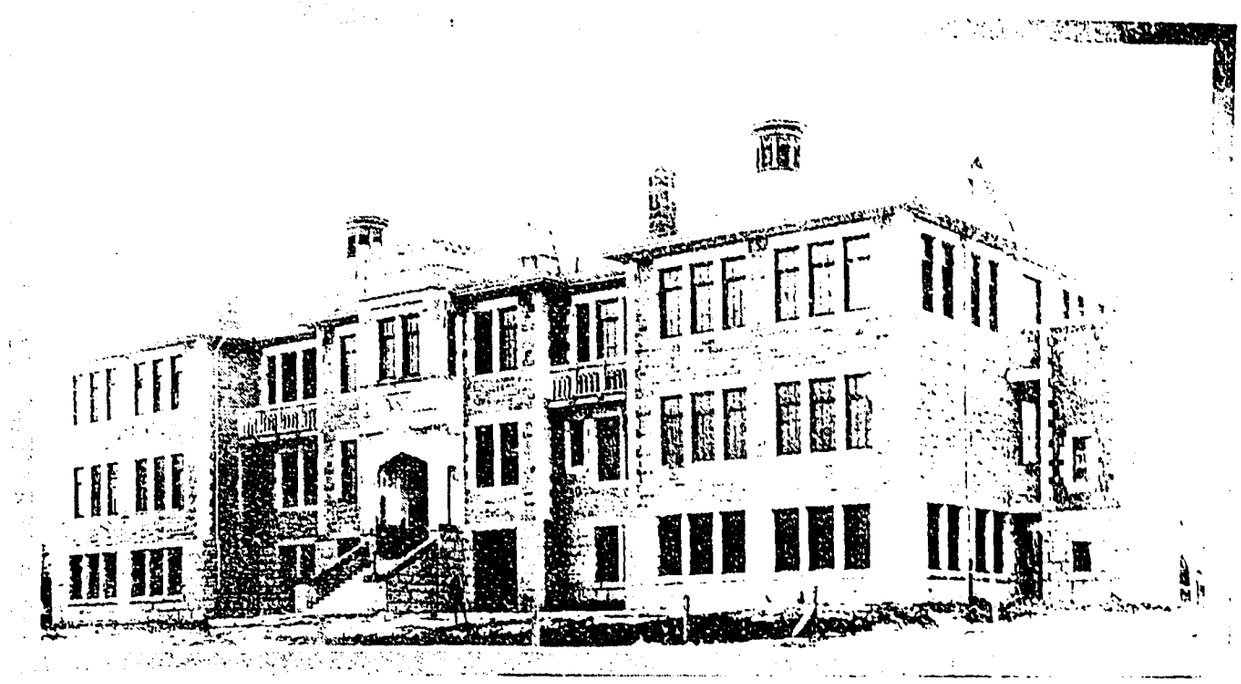


KING EDWARD HIGH SCHOOL, VANCOUVER

1890 the schools had once more outgrown their accommodation, and it was decided to build another new eight-roomed school in the east end of the town, where the bulk of the population still lived. The following year three new eight-roomed buildings, one of which was to be used as a High School, were commenced. By the time these three schools were ready for occupation in August, 1893, they were already insufficient; but the strain was too great. In 1892 the government, by an amendment to the School Act, had placed upon cities the burden of providing for the salaries of their teachers, giving only a per capita grant, based, as it still is, on the average attendance; and although further accommodation was needed, sufficient funds were not forthcoming, and the matter had to be left over for another year. The following year—1894—these three new buildings were ready for occupation, and another four-roomed building was also added; and by the year 1895 it was found necessary to add four more rooms to each of the three new schools in the east, west and southern parts of the city.

But the financial situation was desperate. Hard times prevailed then, and in order to meet the situation the board hit upon the brilliant idea of reducing all the teachers' salaries, promising, of course, to go back to the old standard when times improved, which, unfortunately, they didn't do for the teachers until within the past year or two. In this way the board cleared a margin of $7,000.00. At that time the cost of administering the schools had increased to formidable proportions. The enrolment was now 2,375, with 159 students in the High School; a teaching staff of 45, while the total cost of maintenance of the schools for that year was $43,463.73, even after the saving of $7,000 had been made.

The next five years marks a rapid advancement in the school system of the city. In 1896 an appropriation of $70,000 was made for the purpose of doubling the capacity of the schools in the east, west and southern portions of the city, which had already been enlarged once; and the board thought they had sufficient accommodation for years to come. But vain hope! Scarcely were these additions completed before they were filled. The following year the board was confronted with the same old necessity of more accommodation, and two more rooms were opened in the east end. By the year 1900-01 the school population had in-



PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, VANCOUVER

creased 3,907, and to 4,669 the year following, with 219 in attendance at the High School. In June, 1900, the teaching staff numbered 68, and in 1901 had increased to 84, while the total expenditure on the schools in the year 1901 was $145,576.84. In the ten years next following, the increase has been more wonderful still, the school enrolment having increased from 4,669 in 1901 to 10,240 in 1911, the High School attendance from 219 to 709, the teaching staff from 84 to 250, with 19 supervisors and manual training and domestic science instructors, while the cost per annum of administration has increased from $145,576.84 to $308,526.06, and the number of school buildings from eight, in 1901, to twenty, valued at $2,408,314.07, in 1911.

COURSE OF STUDIES

But not content with merely increasing the number of schools, earnest efforts were also made to raise the standard of the schools and to provide a course of study that should afford to the child a systematic and harmonious development of body as well as mind, and thoroughly fit him for his life-work. To this end physical and military drill were introduced into the schools as early as 1898, and a special instructor, Sergeant-Major Bundy, a man with an excellent record for both military and naval service, appointed to take charge of the work. Drill was commenced in the primary grades, and carried on throughout the whole school course, and at the present time one of the most efficient military bodies in the province is the troop of High School cadets.

Drawing was first introduced into the schools in 1900, with a special instructor in charge; and through the generosity of Sir William Macdonald, two manual training centres were established in the same year. Drawing is taught throughout the whole school course, beginning with the babies in the infant classes, and the numerous exhibits of work in the various schools testify to the excellence of the work being done. From having but a single supervisor, the work has grown until now three are necessary, one for the Normal School, another for the High School, and a third in charge of the work in the public schools.

The work in manual training has increased so that instead of the two centres originally opened, there are now ten eight in the public schools and two in the High Schools, with a staff of ten instructors. Manual training is taught to boys during the last three years of the public school course, and throughout the High School years. But though the number of centres has increased, the work has not been broadened yet, only woodwork and joinery being taught. However, at the present moment a building costing $150,000 is in course of erection in connection with the High School which, when completed, will afford accommodation for a forge room, metal-turning department and machine shop, it being the intention to gradually

broaden out, making the course not only such as will teach the boy to earn his living with his hands, but serving as the introductory work for the mining, engineering and mechanical courses which will be taught at the new university, of which mention will be made later. But even as at present equipped, the manual training centres, in so far as they go, would compare favorably with those of Great Britain, while in some respects that at the High School is even better.

It is hoped before very long to make the manual training course an option, which may be taken instead of some other subject, and which will count on the student's final examination instead of being an extra subject as at present.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

In the year 1905 domestic science, including sewing and cooking, was added to the regular school course for girls. This runs parallel with the course in manual training for boys, the girls spending one-half day a week, in the public school years, in the domestic science kitchen while the boys of the class are taking their manual training lesson. At first one supervisor was in charge of the work, but now there are six instructors (a supervisor of cooking and three assistants, and two sewing instructresses) and six domestic science kitchens.

Very excellent work is being done in both these branches. Doubtless ere long the work of the housewife will be given the place and importance it deserves, and domestic labor be raised from being a menial task to being held in esteem as one of the most important branches of applied science.

A thoroughly competent supervisor is in charge of the cooking kitchens, and while she instructs her girls in the rudiments of breadmaking, the proper methods of cooking meats and vegetables, and the preparation of dainty and appetizing side dishes, besides giving them an idea of the food values of different articles of diet and the underlying reasons for combining different ingredients to produce a well-balanced bill of fare, she also gives them a thorough training in systematic methods, the work of her classes being performed with almost military promptness and precision, each dish in each girl's cupboard being in its exact place, and even the knives, forks and spoons being ranged like a row of little soldiers. The results achieved by these little housekeepers are excellent. At one kitchen where I visited the odd member of the class, who happened to be a little Chinese girl, with her ebony braids done up with big blue bows, cooked and served me with a French omelet, which I take this opportunity of testifying was excellent.

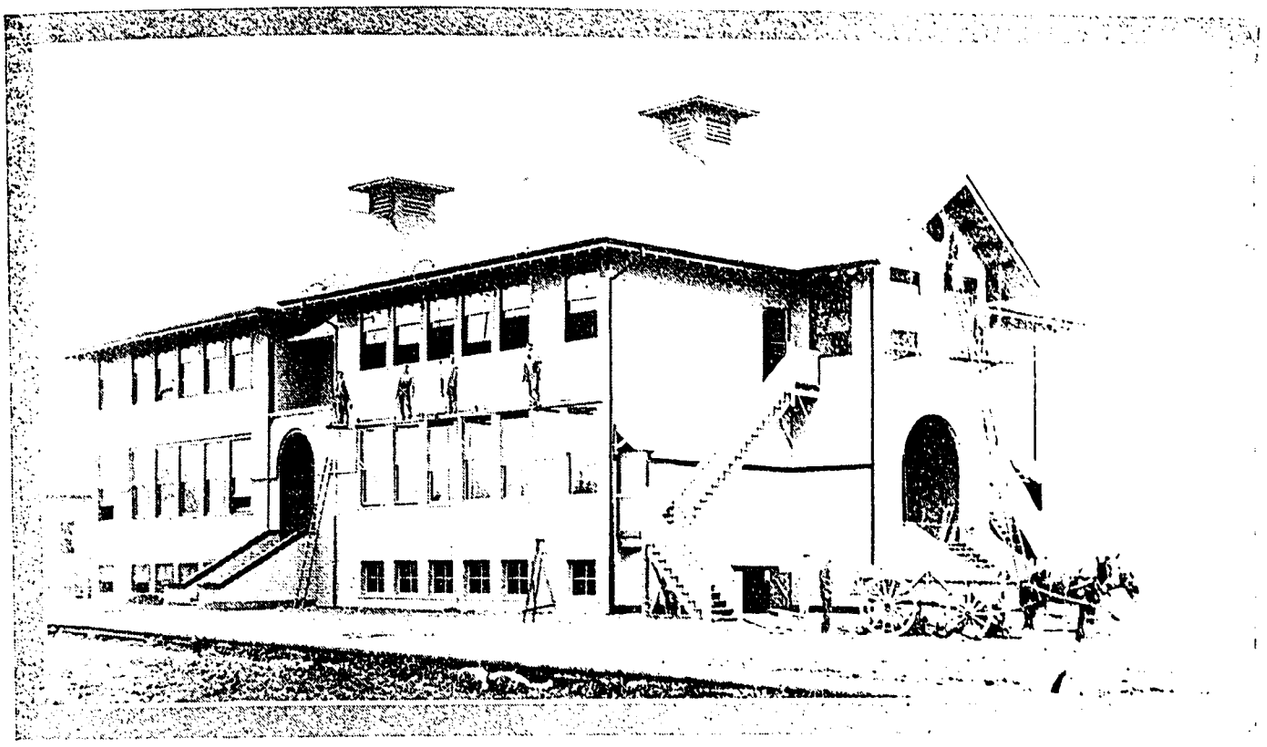
Splendid work is also being done in the sewing classes, where the girls learn not only the rudiments of plain sewing and dressmaking, but also the various kinds and qualities of material, the relative durability and price of each, and are taught to apply their mathematics and geometry in the drafting of patterns, and their art work in embroidery, stencilling and other forms of decoration.

Among the other improvements in the school curriculum in 1905 was the introduction of music throughout all the public school grades, which has ever since been under the supervision of a special instructor.

Then to make sure that the child should be physically as well as mentally sound, a system of medical supervision was instituted in 1909. Once, and twice a month, if possible, the school physician and nurse visit each room and thoroughly examine each child, see that weak eyes, decayed teeth, enlarged tonsils, or any other physical defect that may be found, receive prompt and proper attention.

To see that all this school machinery works smoothly it was found necessary as early as 1903 to appoint a city superintendent—W. P. Argue, late Deputy-minister of Education for Manitoba, having been selected for the position, which he still holds.

All in all, then, wonderful advancement has been made since the establishment of that first little school in 1872. Now the educational standard in Vancouver is about on a par with that of Eastern Canada, compares very favorably with that of Great Britain, and surpasses that to be found in many parts of the United States. But I discovered a rather interesting fact while visiting the various schools. A number of the instructors are Old Country teachers, and they claim they cannot get as good results with Vancouver as with Old Country children. A comparison of the work of both would seem to justify this contention. The Cana-



SOUTH HILL SCHOOL, SOUTH VANCOUVER

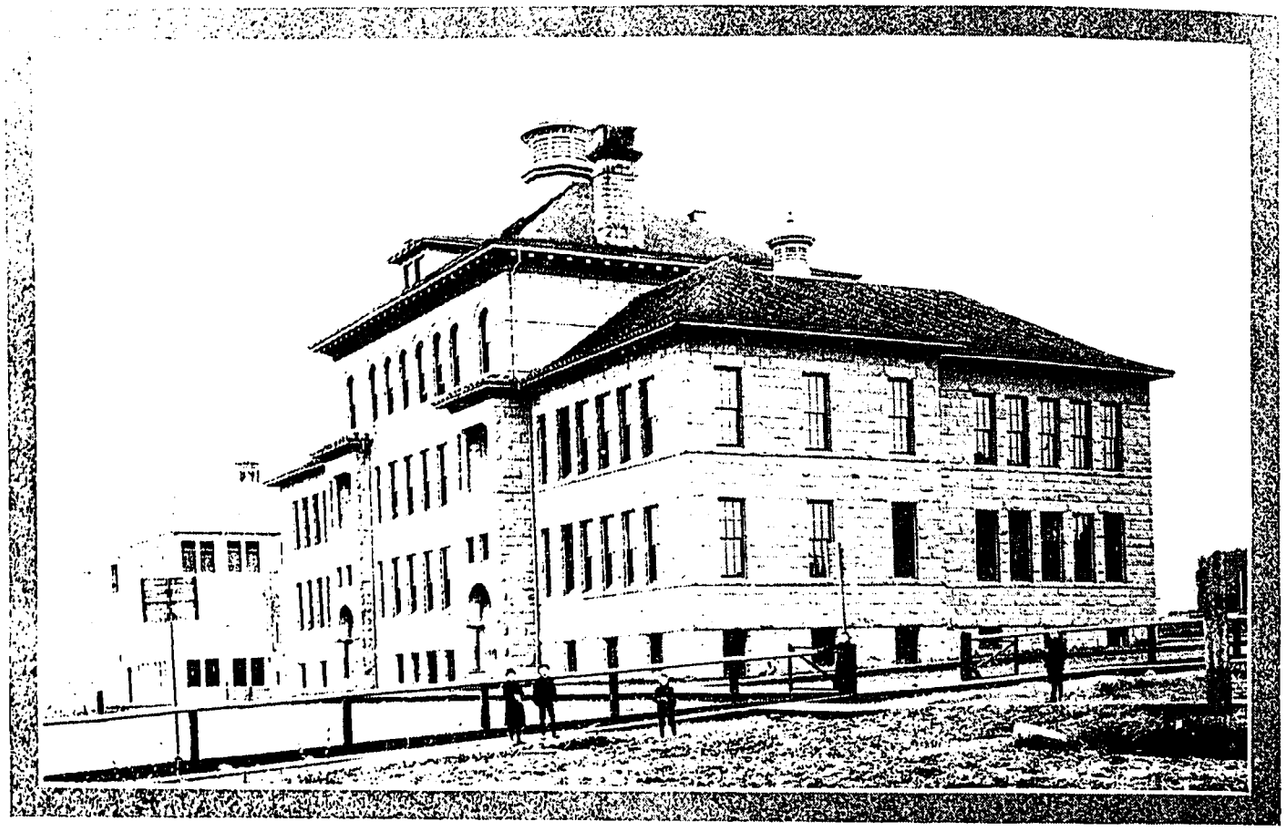
dian child is, on the whole, quicker to grasp a new idea, but he has a constitutional dislike for thoroughness. Despite the excellence of the school system, the pupils do not attain to the same degree of proficiency as children, even a couple of years younger, of the Old Land would under the very same teachers, because here the teacher is always up against the lack of home training, the absence of any feeling of the necessity of obedience, and the "I'll just do as I please" attitude on the part of the child. Thus, while unending care is being exercised in planning newer and better systems of education, and money is being spent without stint, the children are not receiving the education they might, simply because of the failure of parents to do their part.

HIGHER EDUCATION

With the opening of the first High School in 1890, with Mr. R. Law, B.A., as principal, the initial step was taken in a movement which will culminate in the near future in Vancouver being the seat of one of the best-equipped universities on the American continent. Very rapidly the attendance at the High School increased, and in 1893 the erection of a large eight-roomed brick building was begun for its accommodation, which was ready for occupation in August, 1893. That soon becoming insufficient, a plot of seven acres, beautifully situated and overlooking the city, the bay and the inlet, was secured, and the erection of a splendid eighteen-roomed building, costing $100,000, was completed in 1905. Since then it has been necessary to build a second High School, so that at present Vancouver has two High Schools and a staff of 25 High School teachers.

As early as 1892 the need of a still more advanced course of education was felt, and steps were taken looking toward the affiliation of the Vancouver High School with McGill University, Montreal. In 1894 legislation was passed empowering the affiliation of high schools to recognized universities; and this was supplemented in 1896 by an act providing for the incorporation of high schools as colleges in accordance with the charters and constitutions of such universities. Under these enactments, Vancouver High School became Vancouver College, and was admitted to affiliation for the First Year in Arts by the corporation of McGill University; and in the year 1899-1900 First-year work was taken up with a class of six undergraduates. Recognition, also, of the character of the work was given by McGill in 1902, when an extension of affiliation was given, covering the first two years in Arts and the university intermediate examination.

In accordance with these regulations, First and Second Year work in Arts was being carried on in the Vancouver High School, under the supervision of the High School principal; but in 1909 this was found to be too much for one man, and Mr. G. E. Robinson, principal of the High School,



VANCOUVER MODEL SCHOOL.

and his classes were given accommodation in the old hospital building, with a new principal, Mr. S. W. Matthews, M.A., for the High School. This new school, McGill University College as it was called, has now a faculty of ten teachers doing three years' work in Arts, and two in Applied Science.

Another step in the direction of higher education was taken in October, 1909, when night schools were established in various parts of the city, at which instruction was given in the ordinary elementary English and mathematical subjects, and in addition to these there were classes in carpentry and joinery, architecture, drawing, designing and modelling, shorthand and typewriting, dressmaking, sheet-metal working, and one for prospectors. During the past year these classes, which were in charge of a staff of forty-four supervisors, were attended by 1,003 students.

But to culminate all, Vancouver is soon to become the seat of a university. Legislation has lately been passed, setting aside 2,000,000 acres of land as an endowment for a Provincial University; and as this should furnish, at a conservative estimate, a revenue of $1,000,000 annually, the government propose building and equipping one of the finest universities on the continent. The site which has been chosen is a piece of land beautifully situated, overlooking the Gulf of Georgia, and sloping down toward the Fraser river and English Bay. Here 200 acres have been set apart for a university site and for the accommodation of affiliated theological colleges which will be given a location near the university.

The land will be cleared during the present summer, and it is the intention of the government to have architects lay out a plan for the whole scheme and build as circumstances may require, always having the larger scheme in mind.

The government purpose having the university opened, with classes in attendance, by the autumn of 1913; and it is expected that with the number of students now attending the High Schools throughout the province, and those taking courses at eastern universities, the classes of the first year will number between 300 and 500.

With the opening of the university, McGill University College will automatically cease to exist, and the pupils now attending that institution will form the first classes of the university.

The university will at first give a full course in Arts and Applied Science, such as is now given in McGill College; and further courses in mining and mechanical engineering and other subjects, Oriental languages (Chinese and Japanese not unlikely), owing to our close trade relations with the Orient, and other subjects as the necessity

A COOKING CLASS

may require. But as the endowment is such a generous one, it is intended that the staff, equipment and course of studies shall be in every respect the best obtainable.

NORMAL SCHOOL

One institution more remains to be mentioned—the Provincial Normal School.

When the High Schools began to turn out teachers it was necessary that these teachers should have training, and they were at first allowed to practise as pupil teachers in the schools. But in 1899 William Burns, one of the Provincial Inspectors, was appointed to take charge of a class for the training teachers (the first class opening with fifty students), and Vancouver offered accommodation until a proper building was erected. For eight years classes were held in the various city schools until the year 1908-9, when a handsome structure was erected by the Government as the home of the Provincial Normal School.

At present the Normal School has a staff of six teachers—Wm. Burns, principal, and two assistant masters, an Art master, a graduate of Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent, as instructor in nature study, and a drill instructor.

Two training classes are held annually—a preliminary class from the opening of the schools in August until the middle of December, for teachers holding junior certificates of qualification; and an advanced session from January until June.

When a student has completed the preliminary course he (or more often she, as of the class of 160 now in session only nine are boys) is granted a third certificate good for three years; or he may at once go on with the advanced course, on the satisfactory completion of which he receives a life certificate in grade according to the grade of the non-professional certificate of qualification he held on entering.

In conjunction with the Normal School is what is known as the Model School, a large public school where specially selected teachers are in charge (graduates of as widely different institutions as possible), and here the Normal students are permitted to observe and to teach under the direction of the regular Model teachers and the members of the Normal staff.

In times past British Columbia has been put to it to secure enough teachers for her schools, and the rules have sometimes had to be relaxed; yet it is the unceasing aim of the principal to gradually raise the standard of efficiency. Year by year new subjects are added to the curriculum and stricter regulations are enforced, until the British Columbia Normal School now gives practically the same training afforded by those of the three other western provinces.

This, then, is a brief sketch of the little mill camp and its little school that will live in the memory of men still young when it has expanded into a great city, with an educational system which, though it has sprung up like a gourd, will compare very favorably with that of the cities of the Mothercountry, which were already becoming hoary when British Columbia was as yet an undisturbed wilderness.

Smoke

By J. MORTON

PEACE

Did you ever watch the smoke
That in early morning broke
In purple columns on the dawning airs
From the quiet habitations
Of the peaceful, toiling nations,
Arising like the incense of their prayers?

Did you note how it ascended,
How it twisted, broke and blended
Underneath the arching blue,
Till the sailing, trailing masses
Over hills and plains and passes
Bore their grateful loads of rain and shade and dew?

And it blessed the grass and flowers
With refreshing dews and showers,
And it woke the sleeping life within the sod,
Till in fields with verdure gleaming,
Under peaceful sunsets beaming,
The weary worker murmured, "Praised be God!"

This is the smoke of Peace,
This the beauty and increase,
That she beareth in her bright and gladsome train.
And this lesson may be read
Where the curling cloud wreaths spread,
Ere their kindly shade dissolveth into rain.

WAR

But did you note the smoke
Where the volleying thunders broke,
As the hosts of men contended on the blood-bespattered
plain?
Did you hear the anguished wailing
In the black wreaths upward trailing,
Bearing heavenward souls of men in battle slain?

Vapors heaped in dusky mountains,
In their breasts the swelling fountains
Fed by woes of men and women's Marah tears;
All their thunders wailing wild
With the grief of wife and child,
In homes empierced by War's death-dealing spears.

This is the smoke of hate,
Reek of cities desolate
And homesteads where the burning rooftree falls,
While broken-hearted wives
Mourn for maimed and shattered lives,
Wrapped in wreaths of smoke like Sorrow's darkest palls.

COMMERCE

But—see other smokes arise,
Ribbing all the azure skies
With grey and sable streamers trailing far,
And the engines on the plain,
And the ships upon the main,
Write on Heaven's high dome the words, "Farewell to war."

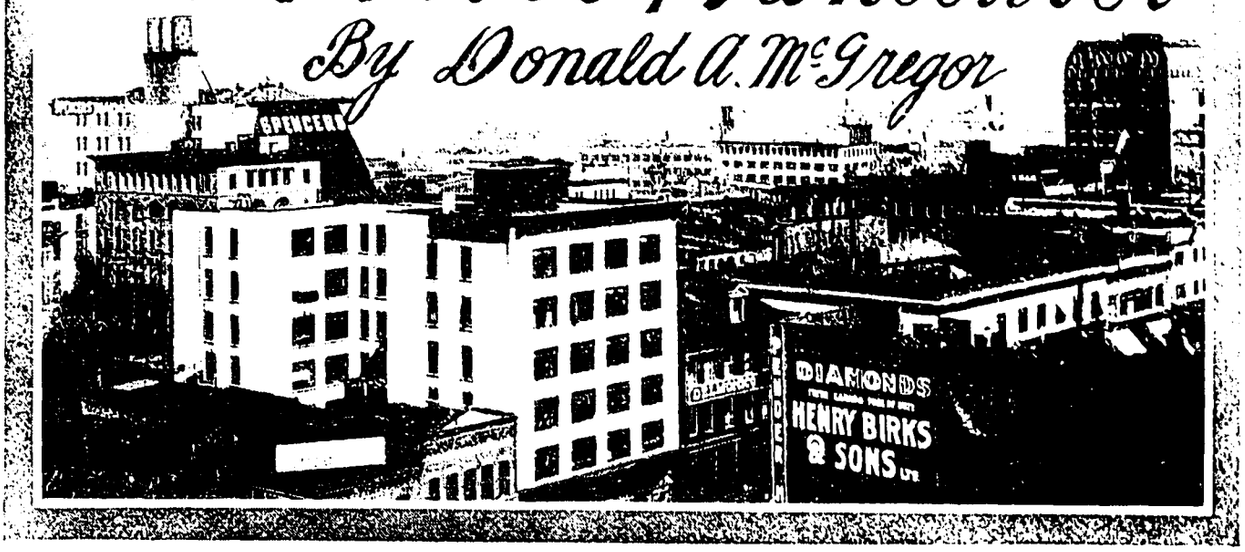
Where the foodless summers glow
And the death-strewn flood-tides flow,
They bear the gifts that Love and Pity send;
And the smoke of commerce yet
Shall be the wide world's calumet,
In a time when hate and strife and greed shall end.

Though man's blood by man may flow,
Staining all the earth below,
And the smoke of war hangs o'er us like a pall,
When the blood shall blush in flowers
And the cloud congeal in showers,
We shall know that God was smiling over all.

VANCOUVER'S TREE-SHADED MOTOR ROADS ARE THE FINEST AND THE MOST PICTURESQUE IN AMERICA

The Marvel of Vancouver

By Donald A. McGregor



COMPARED with the hoary cities of the East that celebrate tercentenaries and the like Vancouver has no history. And yet the twenty-five years since the baby city first appeared on Burrard Inlet and swallowed the old hamlet of Granville have been crammed with incident. Vancouver grew at first because it was forced to. It had no choice. Now the law of necessity has become second nature and the city grows no more because it must than because it finds expansion exhilarating.

Ever since that day back in '86, when it made its first bow to the world, Vancouver has been afflicted with growing pains. These have followed it through the years until now one is inclined to believe them chronic. The marvel of Vancouver lies, not so much in its growth as in the conditions that made that growth a matter, not of possibility merely, but of necessity. When Nature plotted the city's site and its surroundings she did her work with a lavish hand. Everything was flung down on a scale of surpassing magnificence: harbor on harbor; mountain above mountain; island beyond island; the richest of the Canadian provinces behind, the unlimited trade of the Orient before. With such an inspiration nothing was left the city but to follow Nature's law and expand, like the girthy cedars and Douglas firs that once covered its site. The coming of the first ocean-to-ocean railroad gave the needed start, and since then there has been nothing that one could really call a pause. The point that stands out most strongly in the history of Vancouver is the fact that in the whole course of its existence there has been no retrograde movement. The city has never learned to go back. Its course has been one of continual progress. At times the forward march has been slow and difficult. To those in the procession, perhaps, things seemed at a standstill, but the total of the years has shown that no backward step was taken. This fact has been burned into the temper of the people, and to the inspiration of youth has been added the reasoning faith of maturer years. For a city possessing these two, faith and inspiration, the future can hold no terrors.

So far as recorded, no white man made his way to the neighborhood of Vancouver until the year 1793. In the spring of that year, Captain George Vancouver, having received orders to find out whether the Strait of Juan de Fuca was really a strait, undertook to examine and survey the coast. His vessels, the Discovery and the Chatham, were left at Port Discovery, and the greater part of the work was done in boats. Pursuing his task, Vancouver came, on June 13, to a point which, in honor of his friend, Captain Grey, of the navy, he named Point Grey. The same day he passed through the First Narrows and entered the Inlet which, in compliment to Sir Harry Burrard, of the navy, he called Burrard's Canal. Some friendly Indians met him near the

marshy land about the mouth of the Capilano Creek, and having taken leave of these, Vancouver and his party proceeded to within a mile and a half of the upper end of the Inlet. There they passed the night in their boats. In the morning they departed, not even an Indian canoe escorting them beyond the Lion's Gate.

Seventy years went by, and Burrard Inlet remained almost as Vancouver had left it. Had the great navigator returned he would have found, as he found in '93, the long, lonely expanse of restful, silent water, shut in from the sea by its protecting forest peninsula to the north, the towering mountains, glorious in the sunshine or glowering in the mist, and all about the rugged firs and cedars, less ancient only than the hills on which they stood. The gold rush to the Fraser came, but prospector and trader passed in through the new Westminster gate, and Burrard Inlet was left to the herring and the gulls and the little colony of Indians that gathered on the north shore. In 1859 a party came seeking coal and sank some shafts on the south side of the Inlet. Of that party Mr. W. T. Moberly was a member. They left the name "Coal Harbor," and carried their tools and tents elsewhere. Mr. Moberly returned a year later, however, and made a survey of the south side and east end of the inlet. In 1865 the Hastings mill was established where it stands today—on the waterfront near the foot of Dunlevy avenue. It employed a goodly number of workmen, and a village, as the years passed by, grew up about it. The mill employees at first were mostly Indians and runaway sailors; but other men came gradually, and a little town developed to the west of the mill, on a site surveyed by order of Sir James Douglas. This was Granville, which may still be seen marked "O. G. T." on maps of the modern city. It occupied those six city blocks included in the space between Cambie and Carrall streets, and between Hastings street and the Inlet.

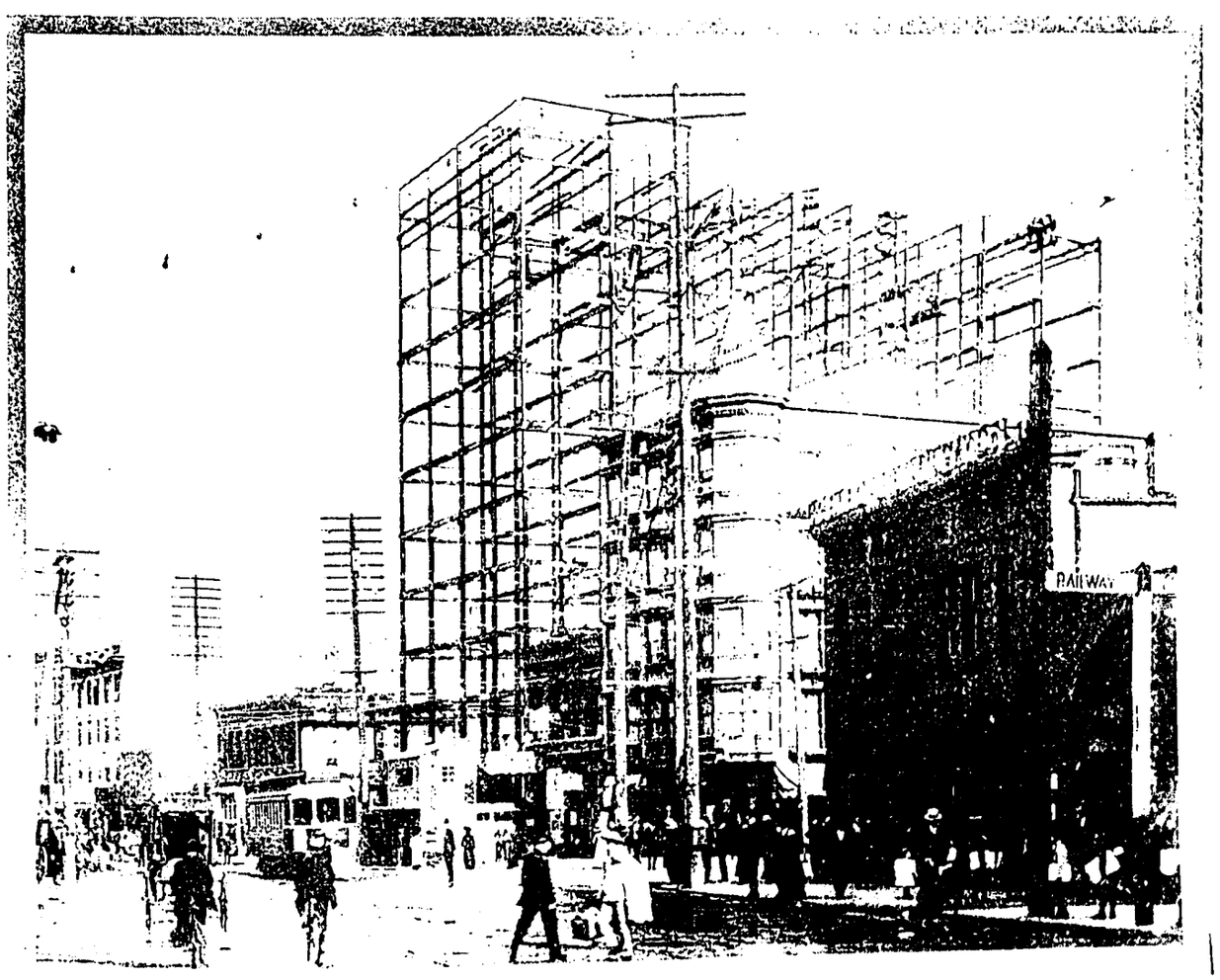
Officially the village was called Granville, but locally it was known as "Gas-

GRANVILLE STREET VANCOUVER LOOKING NORTH FROM GEORGIA STREET

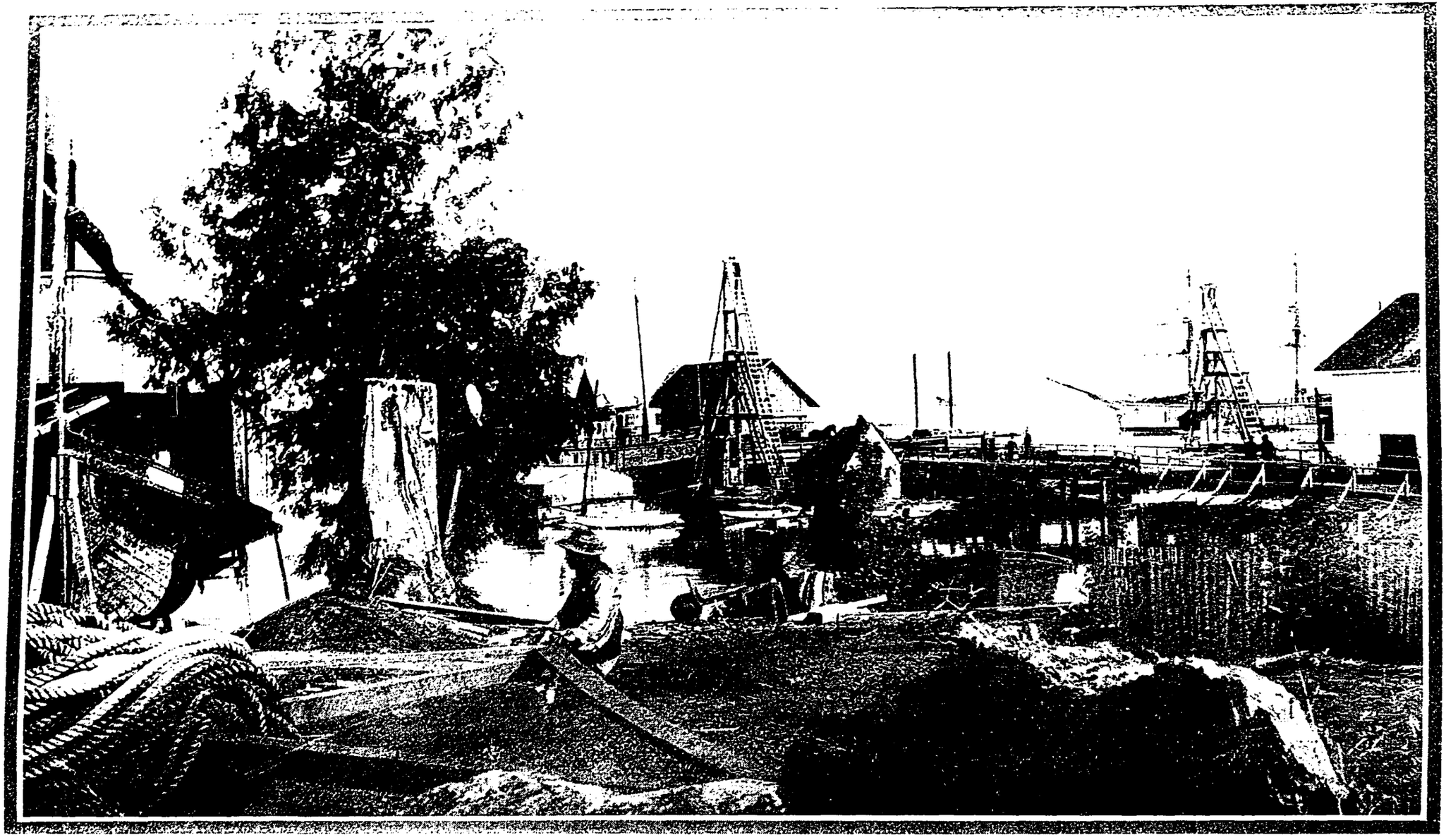
town," a name it bore in honor of "Gassy Jack," its first man of business. Gassy Jack, or Jack Dayton, to give him his more prosaic name, was one of the most picturesque characters of the early days, and old-timers tell many a curious tale about him. He came from Westminster some time in the 'seventies, bought a lot on the gore where the Hotel Europe now stands, and set up a saloon. At first he had only a barrel of liquor on a rude stand in a tent; but things prospered with Jack, and the Dayton Hotel went up where the Alhambra is now. The population of the hamlet was not large, only a few hundreds at most, but the majority of the men, as Jack himself was wont to tell them, worked, and worked hard, for Gassy Jack. Mr. R. H. Alexander, who even in those early days was at the head of the Hastings mill, tells that it was not unusual for the mill to close down for several days at a time while the hands went on great sprees. The mill at this time dominated the whole settlement, for with the exception of a little fishing it furnished the only industry the place could boast. Gastown was a tiny hamlet, and its prospects were far from bright. Indeed, it seemed destined to drag out its course a mere lumbering and fishing village.

British Columbia had entered Confederation in 1871, and one of the terms of the agreement then signed was that a railroad should be built connecting it with the other Canadian provinces. At first it was intended to have the line cross the gulf to Vancouver Island, and it was not until 1879 that this plan was abandoned, and Burrard Inlet was chosen as the western terminus. "From tidewater to tidewater," read the agreement; and as tidewater on the Pacific could be reached first at Port Moody, at the head of the Inlet, that point was chosen by the government as the terminus.

The next few years brought many a new face to the little coast town. Men came hoping to be on the "ground floor" when the railroad arrived. As yet, however, it was Port Moody that was in the spotlight, and what little attention Granville received was



THE WOODS HOTEL, HASTINGS STREET EAST, AND THE STEEL ANATOMY OF THE HOLDEN BUILDING, NOW COMPLETED



Photograph loaned by Greer, Cople Co., Limited

VANCOUVER'S WATERFRONT, FOOT OF CARRALL STREET, IN 1883

of the overflow variety. Port Moody was to be a great city; Granville only a suburb. But the Fates—in this case the C. P. R.—ruled differently. The syndicate which in 1881 took over the building of the transcontinental road from the Dominion Government were not impressed with the fitness of Port Moody, and decided to move their terminals to Coal Harbor. They held no land at Port Moody beyond the bare right of way and yards, while the Provincial Government promised them, if they would move to Coal Harbor, a grant of 6,000 acres between the Inlet and the Fraser River. In addition, the owners of land along the Inlet offered valuable waterfrontage and a share in the profits from the sale of lots. The agreement was made, and on April 6, 1886, the new terminal city was incorporated and named Vancouver, by Sir William Van Horne. An injunction was taken out to prevent the extension of the line westward from Port Moody, but this was soon dissolved.

The new city was in area exactly what Vancouver proper was at the beginning of the present year, before the annexation of Hastings townsite and D. L. 301. It included the old Granville townsite, of course, and with it D. L. 541, which was granted to the company by the province, and which today forms that part of the West End east of Burrard street. D. L. 526 also formed part of the provincial grant, but only a portion of it was included in the townsite. The remainder lies between the city and the Fraser River, and is still in large part uncleared and unsubdivided. The owners of D. L. 185, lying between Burrard street and Stanley Park; D. L. 196, lying between Heatley avenue and Gore avenue; and D. L. 181, lying just east of the last named lot, gave the company one-third of the city lots, into which their land was divided, as well as all the waterfrontage on the Inlet. The owners of D. L. 196, however, retained the land lying north of the right of way between Dunlevy and Heatley avenues. On this little peninsula the Hastings mill and store still stand.

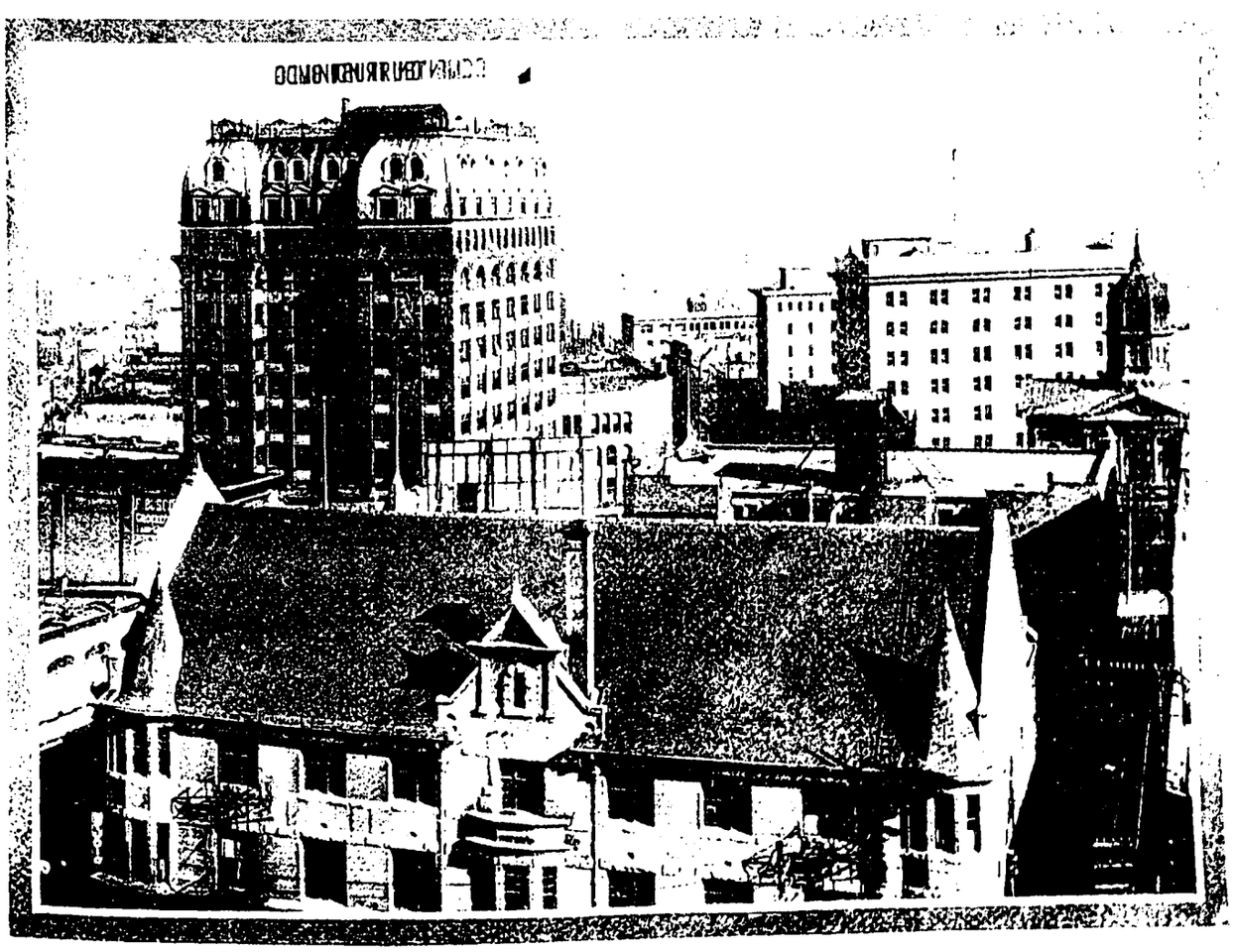
In the early summer of 1886 the future seemed bright for the new city of Vancou-

GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, SHOWING HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S STORES

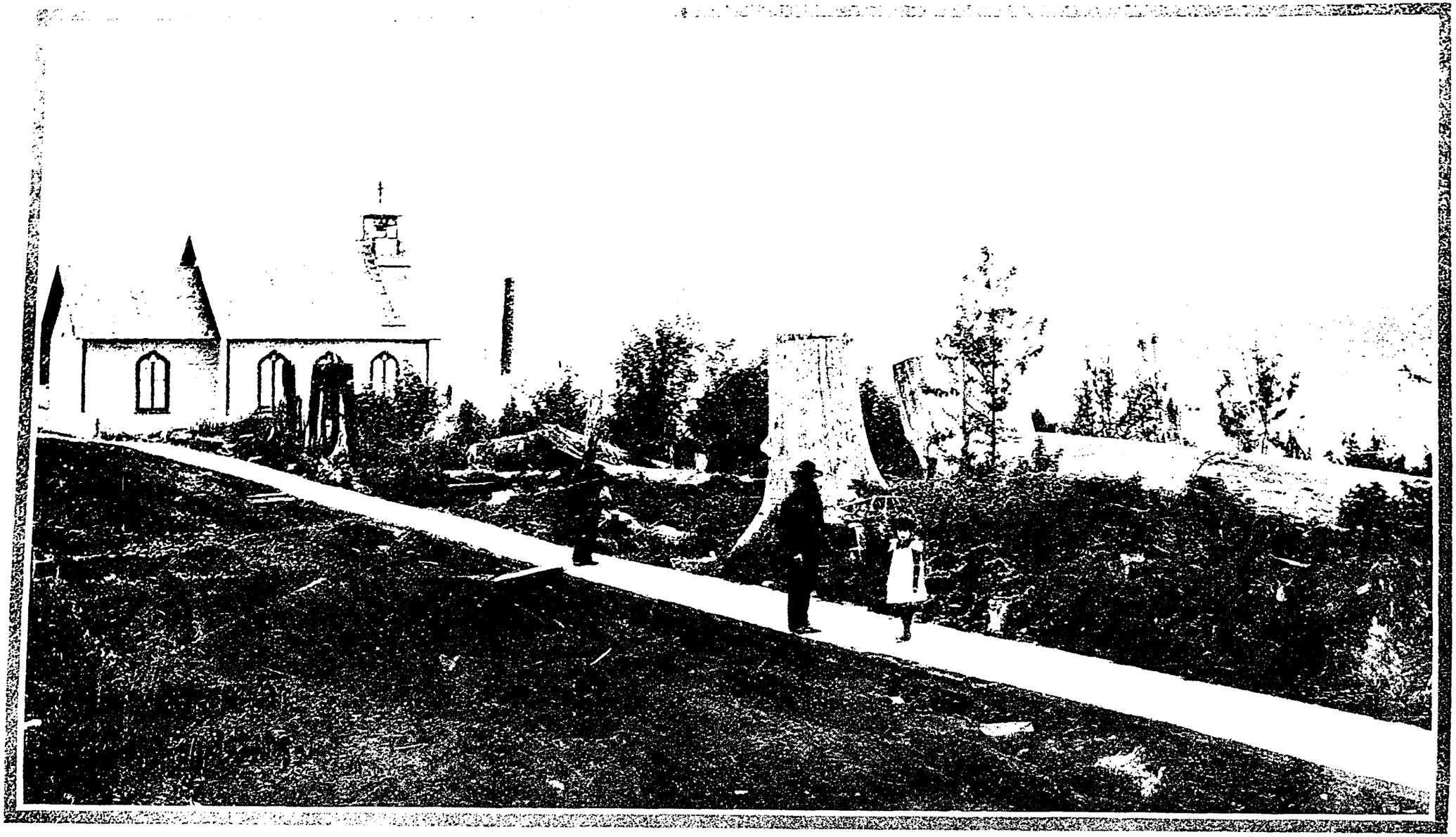
Photograph loaned by Greer, Coyle Co., Limited

CORNER OF WATER AND CARRALL STREETS, VANCOUVER, IN 1883, SHOWING HARTNEY'S GENERAL STORE

ver, though in reality it was still a mere village in the bush. It held within its boundaries perhaps a thousand people. Many of these were, of course, workmen connected with the Hastings mill, but there were besides fishermen, sailors, surveyors and their helpers, and others brought to the town by the expected boom. Among these others was the ubiquitous real-estate man, who was already finding a profit in selling lots in the infant city. The centre of the place was about the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, and the greater portion of the population lived and did business within three blocks of this corner. There were shops of one sort and another on Water street and Cordova. Carrall was fairly well built between the Inlet and Hastings. Little dwellings straggled along Powell and Alexander streets as far east as Gore, while Dupont boasted more pretentious residences. At the end of Carrall street, on False Creek, was the Royal City sawmill. Westminster avenue, newly cut and still unlevelled, led to a bridge on False Creek about where the present bridge stands. Thence it stretched off through the bush to New Westminster. Even Westminster avenue, rough and new as it was, had some houses along its course, and not a few slashings where the suburbanites of that day proposed to erect their homes. Close to the bridge was the Bridge Hotel, with a few shacks about it. From the bridge a crooked trail twisted over vacant lots and around stumps to the corner of Carrall and Water streets. On the south side of the creek there was but a single dwelling, that of J. M. Spinks. The old Hastings mill stood on the site of the present mill, with the store and the residence of Mr. R. H. Alexander beside it. West of the old townsite there were also a few buildings, notably Spratt's fish warehouse, near where Seaton and Burrard now meet, and a two-storey frame structure on C. P. R. property at the foot of Seymour street. This in early days housed the railway offices. The waters of the Inlet came farther south than they do now, and almost reached the embankment on which the C.P.R. station is built. As for the remainder of the site on which the city has grown up, it was forest, made up of the tall trees and dense undergrowth, so well preserved in Stanley Park. Across the Inlet there was a sawmill at Moodyville, and a village of the



SOME OF VANCOUVER'S MODERN OFFICE BUILDINGS



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WATER STREET, NEAR CARRALL STREET, 1883

Squamish Indians on the little bay west of the ferry dock.

The above is a brief description of the hopeful backwoods city as it appeared on the morning of June 13, 1886, ninety-three years to a day after Vancouver's sailors pulled their boats past its forest-clad site. It was a Sunday, and the hottest day of the summer. On Saturday and for weeks before men had been busy clearing land west of Cambie street, and all about were scattered piles of logs and brush and rubbish, dry and resinous. Fires had been burning lazily for days, and the air was laden with the pungent wood smoke. Sunday morning a light breeze from the west sprang up, and the flames ate into their log heaps with a new zest. In the early afternoon the breeze stiffened noticeably, and the fires outside the town were blazing merrily. Before two o'clock the breeze had become a small gale, and the flames were roaring and hungry. Then sparks and embers began to fly. They lit on new rubbish heaps and, fanned into fury instantly by the rising wind, stalked on from pile to pile till they reached some of the outlying shacks. It was blowing a hurricane by this time, and the people, alarmed at last, could do nothing but flee, while the crescent of flame closed in on the city with terrifying swiftness. The houses were all built of Douglas fir, and this wood, saturated as it is with resin, burns with a fury all its own. The town had no fire-fighting apparatus, and if it had there would have been no time to use it. Within an hour

CORNER WATER AND CORDOVA STREETS, VANCOUVER TODAY

after the flames reached the first shack, the whole city was ablaze. The citizens, snatching what part of their property they could, fled before the flames for their lives. Some who paused too long barely escaped. Others were overtaken. The smoke was dense and choking. Scores became bewildered or panic-stricken and lost their way. Some were crazed by fear or anxiety. Some, unable to breathe, lay down and buried their faces in the sand. Not a few saved themselves in this way, but others never rose again. It is estimated that, all told, some twenty-three persons perished.

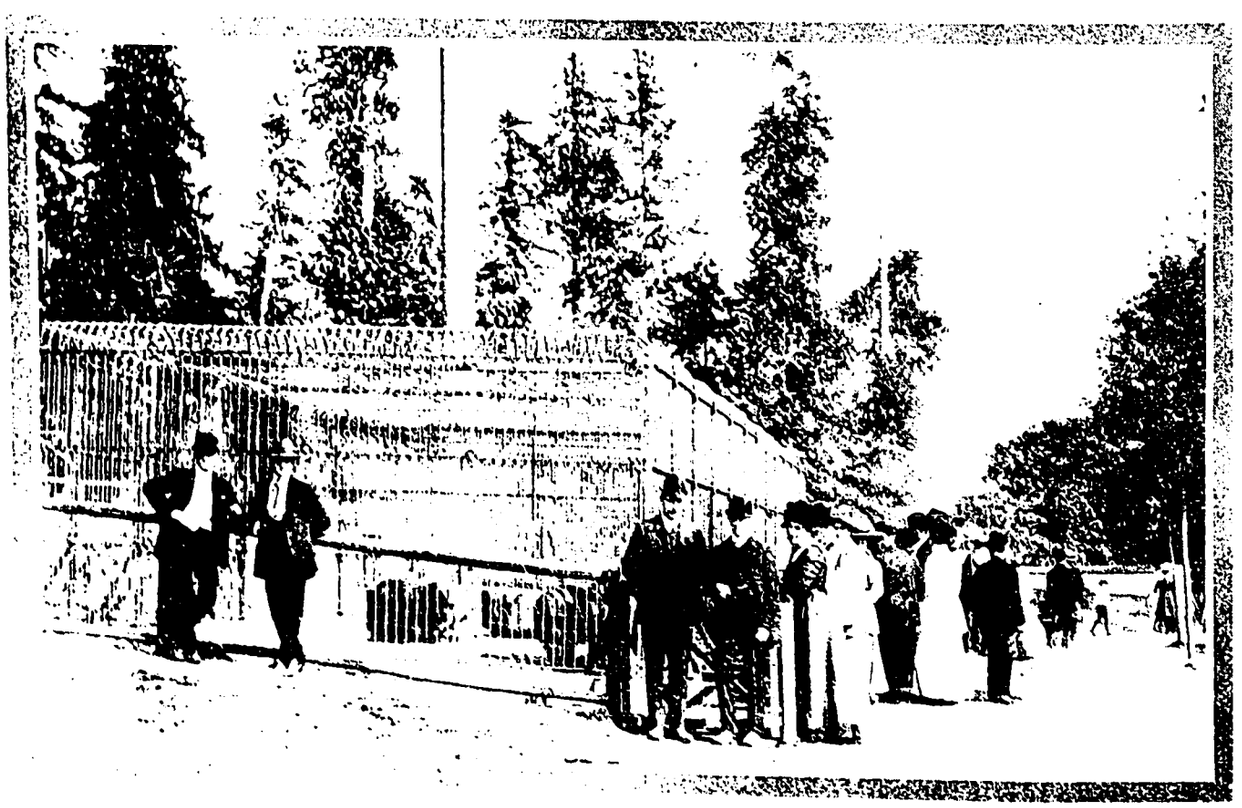
Of the hundreds who escaped many made their way across False Creek or ahead of the flames to Hastings. Others crowded to the waterfront. The barque Robert Kerr was in the harbor and gave shelter to a goodly number. A party of men and women, trapped by the flames below Water street, tore up the wharf planking and made a raft. On this crazy craft they put out into the Inlet, where the waves, raised by the gale, threatened every moment to swamp them. By good fortune they made their way to a vessel at length, and were taken aboard. The flames had swept over old Granville, and were bearing down on the Hastings mill when the wind slackened and veered. This, together with hard fighting, saved the mill and the houses about it. It was well they were saved, too, for they furnished sorely needed shelter to many a homeless person during the next few days.

Many tales are told of hair-breadth escapes. Captain Gardner Johnson and his brother-in-law, John Boultbee, had gone to their office on Carrall street to save their books, and with Bailey, a bartender in Balfour's hotel, and a stranger, tried to make their way to the Westminster avenue bridge over the crooked path mentioned above. They found their escape cut off, and were forced to lie down on a tiny patch of gravel. It was so hot that some revolver cartridges in the stranger's grip exploded. Bailey, unable to stand the torture, tried to dash through the flames, but fell and was burned to death. The other three escaped, though they were severely scorched.

A man who owned a pile of cordwood on a lot near Hastings and Cambie lost his reason when he saw his property threatened, and when last seen was dipping water from a mud hole with a tomato can and pouring it over the wood. He was burned to death.

Some days after the fire men making a search in the east end of the settlement found a woman and her young son dead in a well. They had gone down to escape the flames and had been suffocated.

St. James' Episcopal Church, the first church built in Vancouver, stood at the time

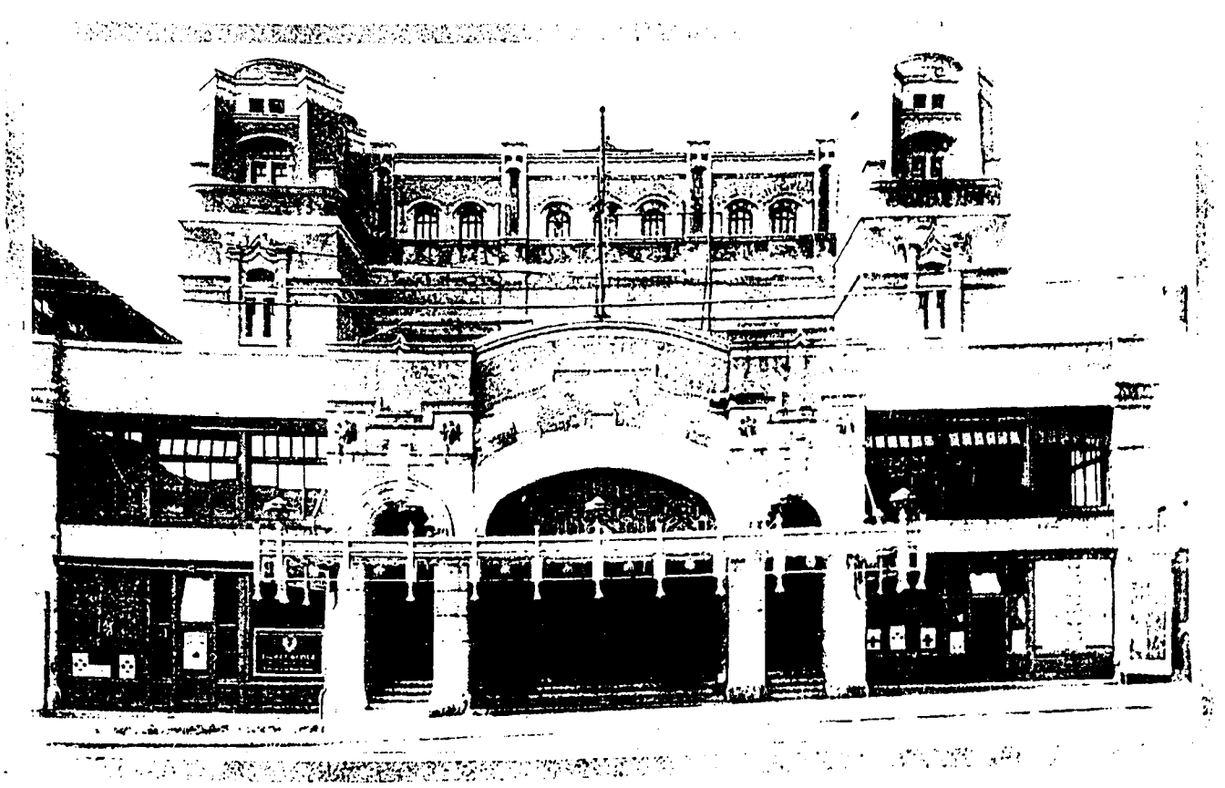


ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

near where the North Vancouver ferry wharf is now. Rev. H. G. F. Clinton, the rector, was just opening Sunday school when someone told him the town was on fire. Quickly dismissing the children, he hurried to his lodgings and then attempted to return to the church. But this was impossible. Fallen trees barred the way. Mr. Clinton spent some time fighting fire at the Hastings mill, and devoted the remainder of the afternoon and evening to reuniting divided families. Parents who had escaped the flames were searching frantically for their children, while tearful little ones were calling for father and mother. With the refugees scattered along the waterfront as far east as Port Moody, and on ships on the Inlet, Mr. Clinton found his task a difficult one; but he persevered, working through till after midnight, and even crossing to Moodyville in his search.

It was a heavy hearted company that gazed that Sunday evening on the ruins of the little city. Of the buildings in the path of the fire, only one escaped, the Regina hotel, at the corner of Abbott and Water streets. Some strange trick of the wind had carried the flames past it. A few houses along False Creek had been saved, as had also the C. P. R. offices and Spratt's fish warehouse, these two being west of the place where the fire started. Clear up to the mill everything else was gone, and of their movable goods, few had saved anything. Yet these people were not daunted. The fire was a tragedy, but it was not a defeat. The ashes were still warm when a man pitched a tent on the lot where the warehouse of McLennan, McFeely & Co. has arisen at the corner of Cordova street and Columbia avenue. Others followed his lead. At three o'clock on Monday morning teams were delivering lumber on the ash-strewn streets, and by daybreak the city was rising again. In three days a dozen firms were doing business in shacks. In three months four hundred houses had been erected. In the summer of 1887 the first through train arrived from Montreal, and the city had a population of five thousand. Vancouver had risen from its ashes. The spirit of optimism which filled the people in those difficult days is well expressed in the Vancouver "Advertiser" of June 20, 1886, the first issue published after the fire. The paper says editorially: "The location is here. Our harbor hasn't been destroyed, and Vancouver remains the terminus on the Pacific coast of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Among the first buildings to be erected after the fire were the Carter House and the Gold Hotel on Water street. The latter building, recently condemned as unsafe, was



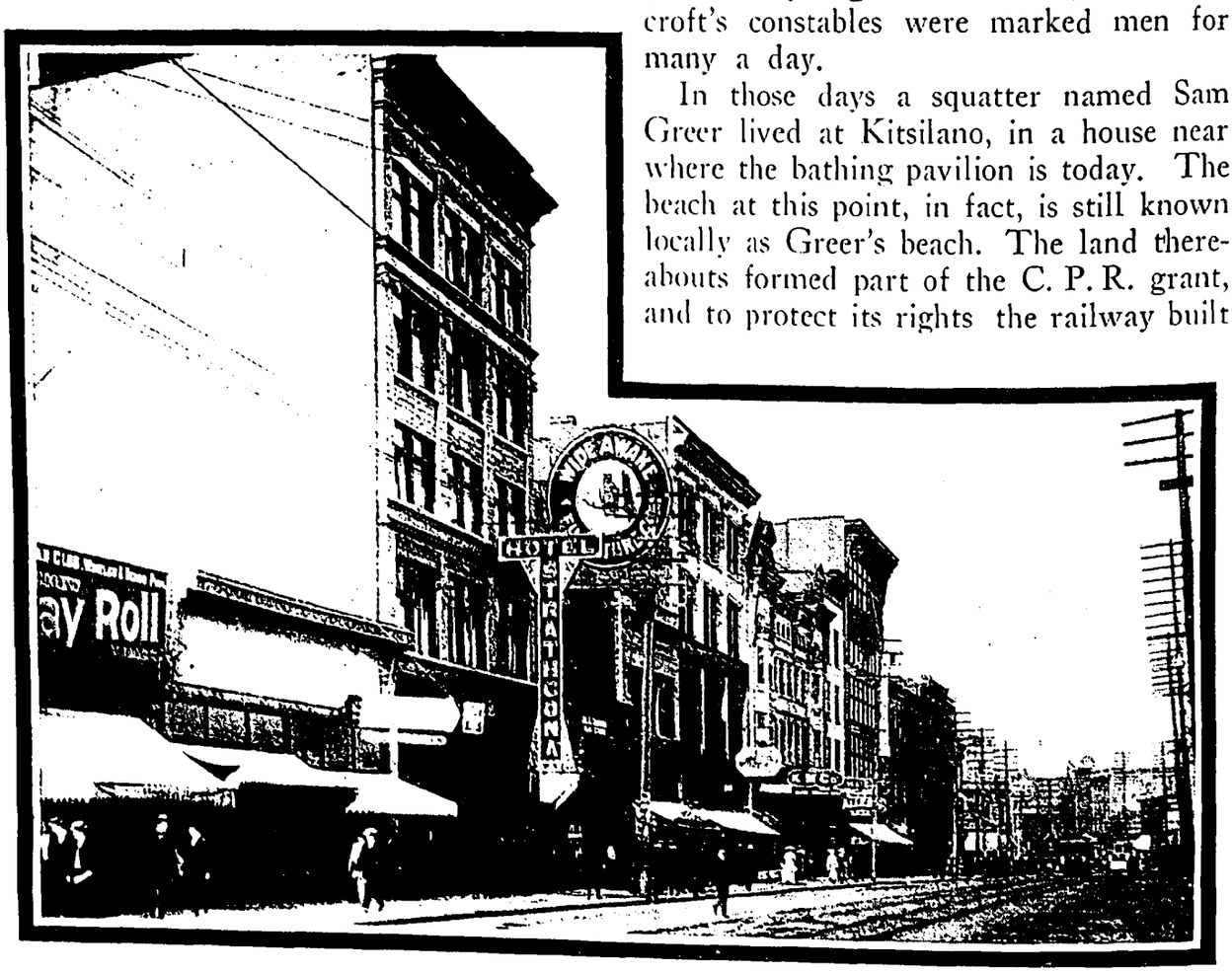
VANCOUVER OPERA HOUSE, GRANVILLE STREET

for long one of the leading hostelries in the city, and a great number of social functions were held in it. The first meeting of the City Council after the fire was held in a tent pitched on a burned-over lot. A photographer fortunately has preserved a picture of that historic session. There had been no city hall up to this time, a room in an hotel doing duty as a council chamber. A gaol, however, there had been, but this had gone with the other buildings of the city. The fire was scarcely out when it was found that a prison of some sort was needed. A number of thirsty individuals had found some casks of liquor on the waterfront and had taken advantage of the opportunity to drown their sorrows. They were arrested, but as there was no place to confine them, they were tied to stakes driven into the ground near the canvas city hall. A portion of the old wooden building on Powell street, now used as a sort of municipal storehouse, was erected in the summer of 1886, and did duty as a civic building for many years. Even after the present city hall was erected, the city offices remained for a considerable time in the Powell street building.

The first city council of Vancouver had a hard row to hoe. It was difficult to get money for improvements. The town was without assets, and capitalists were reluctant to advance funds. There was little money to be had, but a fair share of what could be raised went to provide protection against fire. A fire engine was purchased, a fire company organized, and tanks of water distributed about the city, where they might be drawn upon in case of need. In 1888 the first water was piped across the Inlet from Capilano.

The calm of the years immediately succeeding the fire was broken by a couple of incidents of interest. A syndicate which had undertaken the clearing of railroad land west of the C. P. R. station had attempted to carry out their contract by means of Chinese labor. This brought the Oriental question to an issue. There was a riot, and some of the Chinese workmen were roughly handled by the whites. An appeal was made to Victoria; the attorney-general sent over Judge Vowell with some thirty constables under Superintendent Roycroft, and Vancouver was placed under martial law. Feeling ran very high at this time, and Roycroft's constables were marked men for many a day.

In those days a squatter named Sam Greer lived at Kitsilano, in a house near where the bathing pavilion is today. The beach at this point, in fact, is still known locally as Greer's beach. The land thereabouts formed part of the C. P. R. grant, and to protect its rights the railway built



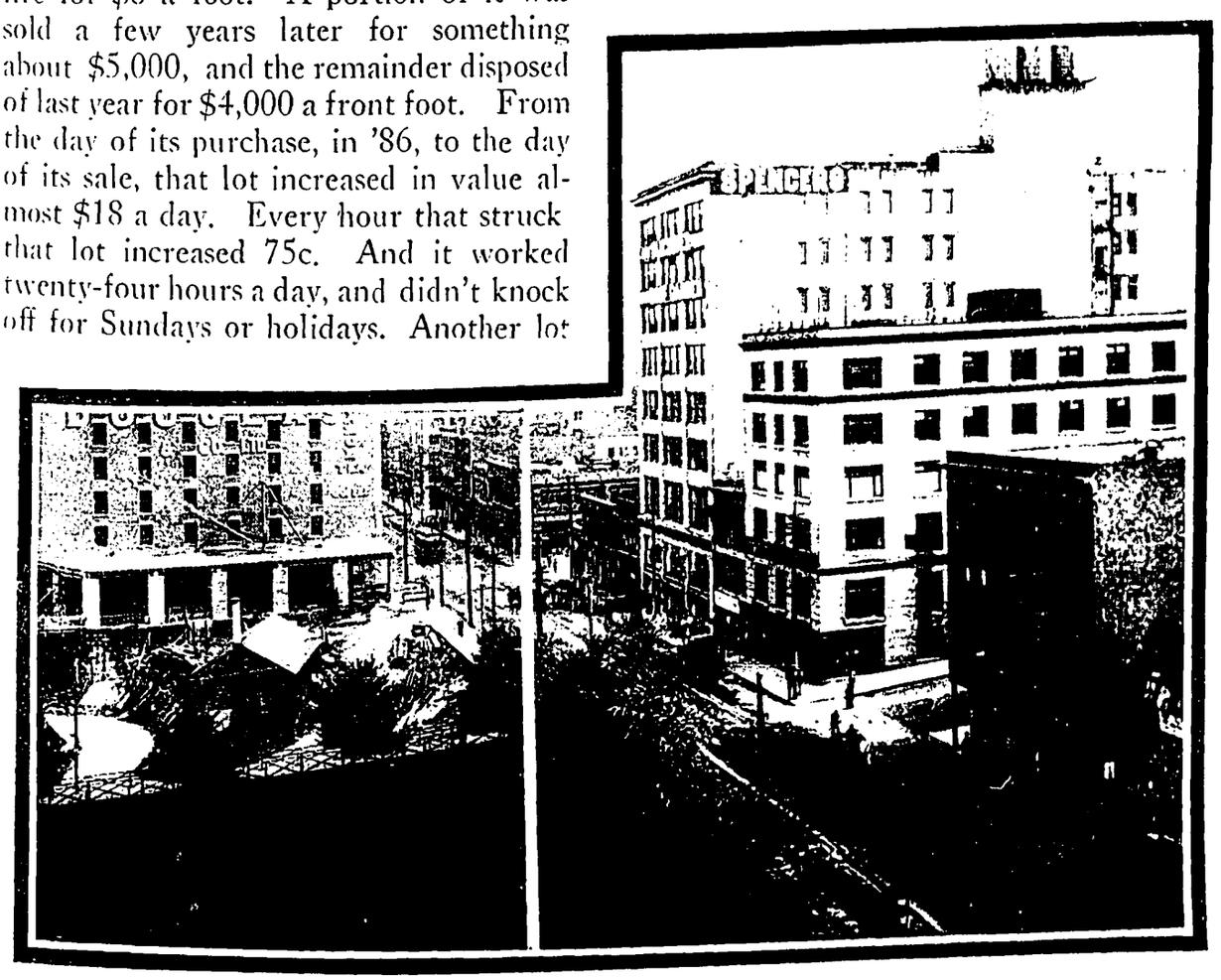
HASTINGS STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM ABBOTT STREET

a bridge, now known as the Lulu Island railway bridge, across False Creek, and extended its line along the shore. This, however, was not done without some trouble. Greer, who had refused an offer made him by the railway, warned the company's men not to come on his land, and when they persisted, brought out his rifle and threatened to shoot. The workmen were forced to desist, but not for long. One day Greer was enticed off to Westminster, and on his return found ties and rails laid across the property he claimed as his. Resort was had to the courts, but the railway finally won.

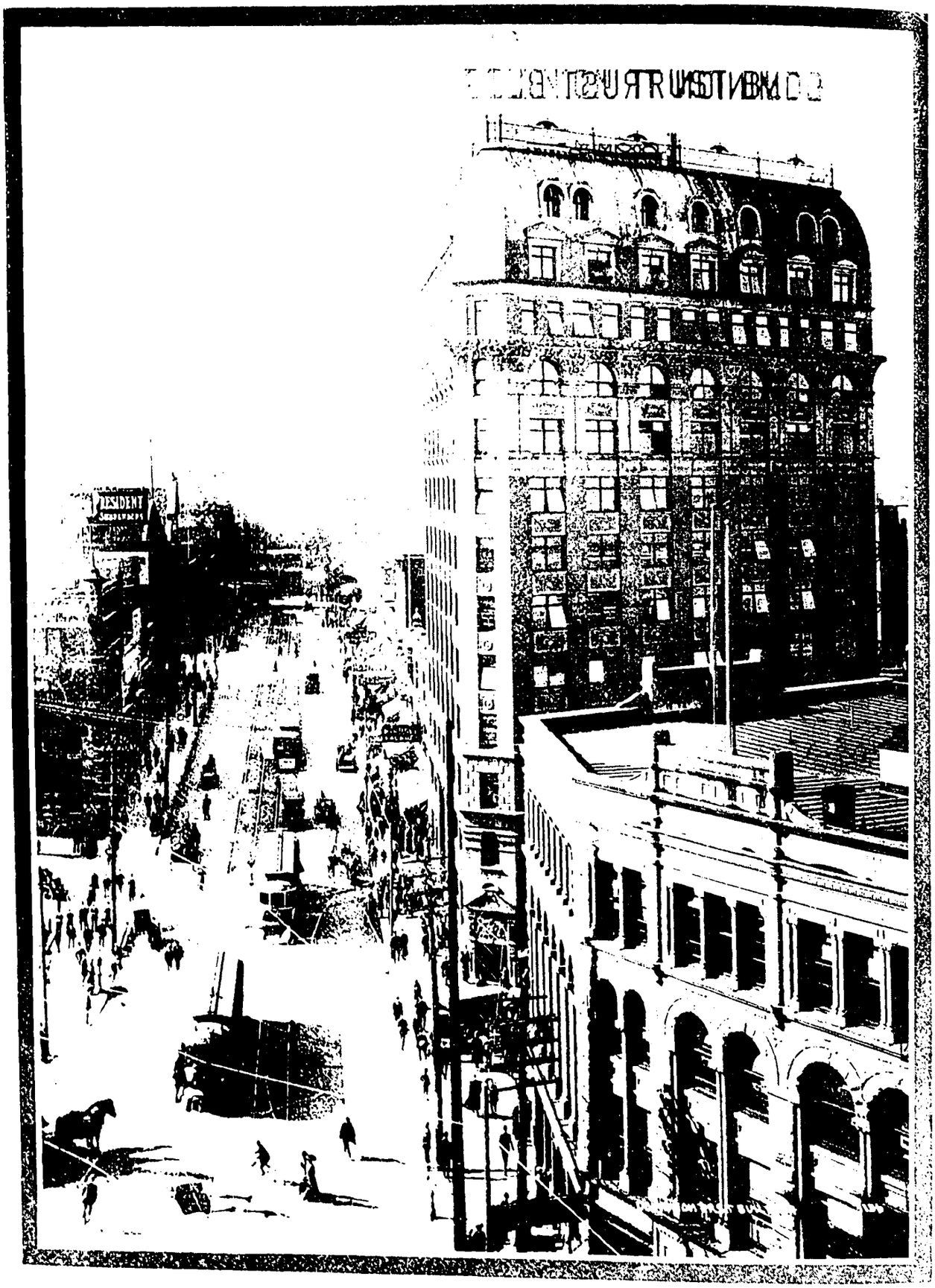
Vancouver has gained for itself a reputation as a city where real-estate prices indulge in periodical games of leap frog. The romance of real estate has a fascination for most people, but here, where the space between the price of wild land and first-class business property has been cleared in a few bounds, the interest is intense. The parts of lesser significance are slurred over and all the thrills preserved. One or two instances will show the marvellous increase in property values. A lot on Hastings street was bought before the fire for $8 a foot. A portion of it was sold a few years later for something about $5,000, and the remainder disposed of last year for $4,000 a front foot. From the day of its purchase, in '86, to the day of its sale, that lot increased in value almost $18 a day. Every hour that struck that lot increased 75c. And it worked twenty-four hours a day, and didn't knock off for Sundays or holidays. Another lot on Hastings, adjoining the above, was bought in 1889 for $5,500, or $220 a foot. It was sold about 1896 for $6,000, and is now worth $100,000 at least.

In 1887, the real property of the city was assessed at $2,456,842. In 1891 it had increased to nearly ten and a half millions, and in 1893 to over sixteen millions. Values fell off somewhat then, but began to pick up about 1903. In 1906, the real property was valued at $25,101,760; in 1907, at $38,346,335; in 1908 at $41,641,870; in 1909, at $48,281,330; in 1910, at $76,881,820; and at the beginning of the present year at $98,777,785.

In 1865 D. L. 196 was sold to the Hastings mill for one dollar an acre. At the same time the purchaser was given the privilege of selecting an additional 1200 acres at the same price, and D. L. 264A, including Grandview and a part of Mount Pleasant, was purchased in 1870 by the mill company. Lots 196, 181 and 182 were among the first to be placed on the market after the town was incorporated. Lot 200A and a part of 264A, the section now known as Mount Pleasant, followed very soon.



FROM C. P. R. STATION



LOOKING WEST ON HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER

The selling of lots was a fairly active business before the fire, though the prices the land brought seem ridiculously low now. R. D. Pitt, one of the prominent real-estate men of the time, in May, 1886, offered lots less than a mile from the centre of the city at $80 each, values gradually increasing as the business section was approached. Water street property was the choice property in the early days. Business later went up to Cordova, and then moved on to Hastings. Now it is passing to Granville. Hastings street, in some parts, particularly between Cambie and Columbia avenue, was low and boggy at first. Where the Loo Block now stands was a swamp hole, while the whole street was so muddy that it had to be planked as far as Granville. It is not more

than ten or twelve years, in fact, since the breaking of a plank on Hastings street threw a fireman from his seat during a rush to a blaze and caused his death.

In the spring of 1887, D. L. 185, the West End, went on the market, the lots running in price from $350 to $1,000. Mr. H. J. Cambie, the C. P. R. consulting engineer, was the pioneer of this section of the city. He bought a lot in the spring of 1887 on Georgia street, west of Burrard, and built a house on it. Mr. H. T. Wilgress followed him soon into the wilderness, and located on the same street. In March, 1888, twenty-six real-estate firms in the city formed a real-estate board, and agreed that property listed with any one firm should go to the lists of the other twenty-five. Outside dealers called the board a "ring," and the rivalry was keen. In 1888 the lot on the corner of Hastings and Cambie, where the Bank of Vancouver stands, could be bought for $100 a front foot, while lots at Hastings and Hamilton and Hastings and Homer were slightly lower. West of this, out as far as Hornby street, Hastings street property was running at from $1100 to $3000 a lot. On Westminster avenue, near the False Creek bridge, land could be purchased for $3 a foot. Across False Creek in Mount Pleasant prices ranged from $25 a lot up to $250, the latter for choice corners. On Keeler, Barnard, Harris and Prior, a fifty per cent. rebate was offered to persons building houses to cost $800 or over.

The year 1889 saw quite a boom. Yet the best business property could be purchased for $300 a front foot, while the choicest residential lots did not cost over $20 a foot. Extensive advertising was done, some real-estate firms, such as Rand Bros., Ceperley & Ross, and R. G. Tatlow, using two and three columns daily in local papers. It was told about this time that some American soldiers, raiding a village of unfriendly Indians in Arizona, discovered in one of the tepees a number of pamphlets setting forth the advantages of the Brighouse estate in Vancouver's West End.

In 1890 and 1891 the first houses were built in Fairview. Captain Gardner Johnson was one of the pioneers of this district. Fifty-foot lots on Broadway sold for $800, and on Eighth avenue for $150, with a rebate of from ten to twenty five per cent. in

IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

each case to builders. Toward the Mount Pleasant end of the streets, prices were slightly higher. The boom this year spread even to Kitsilano and beyond, and lots as far out as Waterloo street and Fourteenth avenue were offered at $100 and $125. Suburban lots and acreage also came on the market. Fruit farms on Burnaby Lake were offered at $75 an acre, and land in the Capilano district at $40 an acre. In 1891 the Cambie street bridge was completed, and this threw D. L. 302 on the market. There was some activity this year, too, along the New Westminster tram, land close to the right of way selling at from $200 to $250 an acre. Meanwhile inside property had been increasing. On Hastings street, by 1892, property had gone as high as $500 a foot, while in one or two instances, on Granville, it reached $700. The population had been increasing all this time, though not rapidly enough to warrant so much real-estate activity. At the close of 1890 there were 12,000 people in the city, and two years later 15,000.

It was in this year that the period of depression began. This depression was not peculiar to Vancouver, but was felt more or less over the entire world. For the little city, which had been banking much on the future, it was a hard blow. Business, particularly in real estate, died down towards the end of the year, and values fell off. For some years but little property changed hands. In fact, about 1894 or 1895 men laughed when anyone mentioned that he owned a lot in Vancouver. Those who had no stake in the city considered themselves the fortunate ones. They could be up and off if something better offered. It was a trying time, but the city plodded doggedly ahead. Population increased steadily, and improvements continued to be made. It was not, however, till 1904 that the present period of prosperity set in. In that year the Great Northern Railroad entered the city, and Vancouver, from that fact alone, received an immense amount of advertising. The city had been given its first start by the Canadian Pacific. It received its second from a rival railroad.

Greater Vancouver is not more than seven years old, and the larger part of it is even more youthful. Kitsilano lots were sold away back in the 'nineties, but the district itself was known to the citizens only as a camping and picnic ground till five or six years ago. Grandview has grown up within four years. Point Grey, a couple of years back, was looked upon as more or less remote. Yet these districts and others are all in the greater city now, some of them comparatively close in. And still the city reaches out, and still the people come, hundreds every week. Vancouver's population in 1904 was 38,414; in 1905 it was 45,000; in 1906, 52,000; in 1907, 60,100; in 1908, 66,500; in 1909, 78,900; in 1910, 93,700. At present the population is estimated to be about 125,000 or more, if the suburbs are included. In twenty-five years the lumbering village has become a metropolis, busy with a thousand interests. It has grown to the point where it can command, and need no longer beg. It still looks forward to the Orient, and back to the mountains and wheat fields. Its site is still inspiring; its people still have faith. It has prospects never dreamed of by the pioneers. The marvel of Vancouver lies in its possibilities.

GENERAL HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER

The Pursuit

By FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

(From "Harper's Monthly")

Two white nymphs and one gray satyr,
And each with a river god to await her.
"Speed!" cry the nymphs; and "Stay!" shouts the satyr—
Up in the tangling vines!

Daphne started and Dirce followed,
Up where the craggy hill-wall hollowed.
Ah, but the satyr puffed as he followed
Down through the baffling vines!

Linger not for cajoling and laughter!
Satyr-hoof cometh blundering after!
Flee like the white hind, leaving your laughter
Wild in the whispering vines!

Wild-grape flower and wild-grape fragrance,
Vine a-riot to catch the vagrants,
Satyr and white nymphs, drunk with the fragrance
All through the odorous vines.

Lean by the hemlock, leap by the hollow!
Daphne! Dirce! follow, follow!
Hear, the river hurl by in the hollow
Under the hiding vines.

Satyr! follow their slim white flashing:
Look, like the August star-show'r, dashing
Down to the river, falling and flashing
Down through the shadowy vines!

Daphne! Dirce! leap, and they hold you.
Great cool arms of the river enfold you,
Swift lips kiss you and strong hands hold you
Safe in the sheltering vines.

Satyr, satyr, fall in the river;
Splash and sputter and swim and shiver!
Lo, they are gone, and laugheth the river
Under the dancing vines.

Satyr, satyr! Fie, thou dull satyr!
Each with a river-god to await her,
Why should they pause for thy pleasure, old satyr?
Hearken! the gossiping vines!

Vancouver's Harbour and Shipping

By Ronald Tamyn

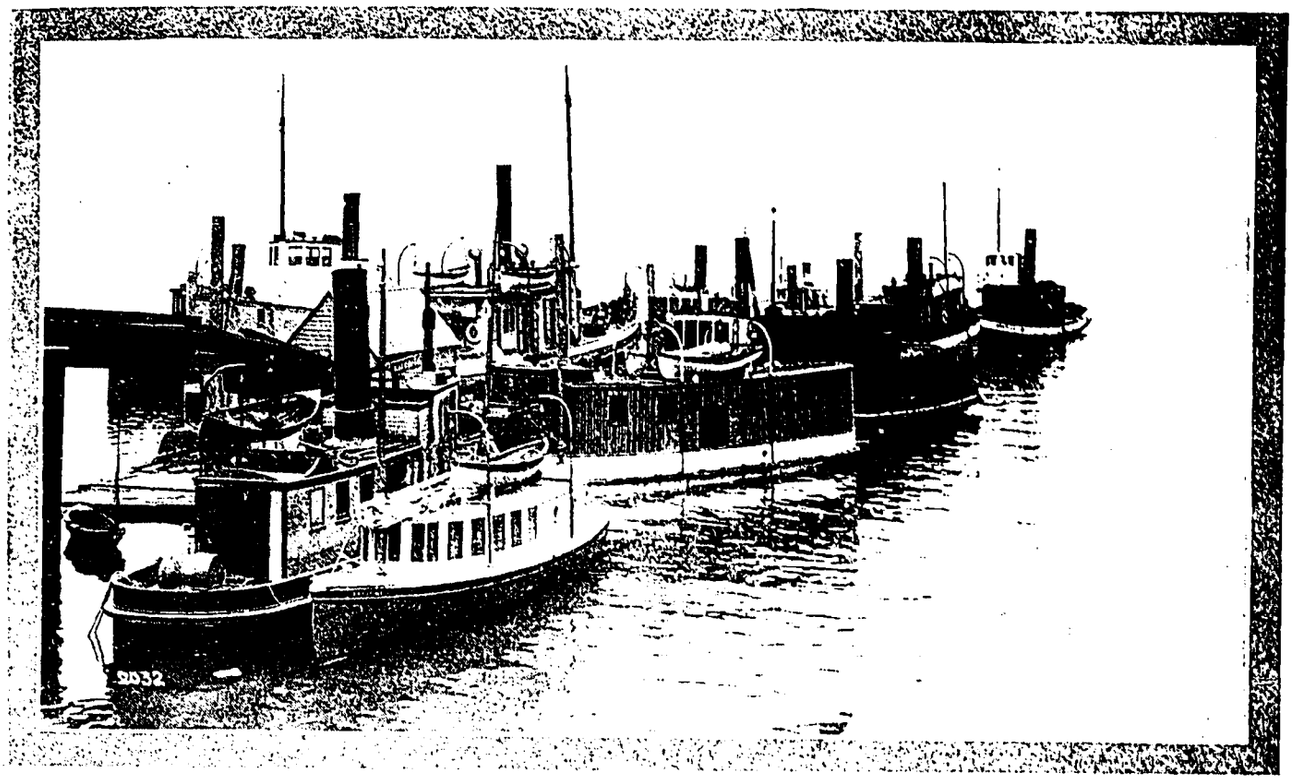
ON June 13, 1792, two boats crept through the entrance to Vancouver harbor and cautiously made their way up the Inlet, escorted at a respectful distance by a fleet of Siwash canoes, the crews of which beheld with awe the first white men to enter these waters. In the cutter of H.M.S. Discovery was Captain George Vancouver, and accompanying him in the Discovery's launch was Lieutenant Peter Puget. The Discovery and Chatham, the ships in which Vancouver made his famous voyage, had been left miles away, and the explorer and his lieutenant culminated a series of open-boat investigations by the discovery of the sheet of water which Vancouver named Burrard Inlet, after his old shipmate, Captain Harry Burrard.

In June, 1911, huge liners steam in where once the little open boats of the explorers paddled cautiously. Thus, in a little over a hundred years, the face of Nature has been changed and a great city and seaport flourishes on the shores of the harbor which that plucky seaman discovered.

Vancouver undoubtedly has one of the finest harbors in the world. It is a harbor which ranks with Rio de Janeiro or Sydney, and no one can quite foresee the culmination of the port's development. With her natural advantages Vancouver cannot be stopped and the greatest province in the greatest Dominion will, by its development, send an ever-increasing business to the Canadian Pacific terminal port.

Land-locked, sheltered from storms, affording spacious anchorage and with plenty of deep water, Vancouver's harbor finds favor with shipowners the world over, for tonnage in the port is safe. The basin between the First and Second Narrows forms an area four miles long and two miles wide. Three miles to the east, the other side of the Second Narrows, the Inlet makes a sweep to the north, known as the North Arm, this branch being some nine miles in length. Another arm of the harbor continues east from the Second Narrows to Port Moody, this branch being three miles in length. There is deep water practically at every part of the entire Inlet, and the largest fleets can find safe anchorage in the various sections.

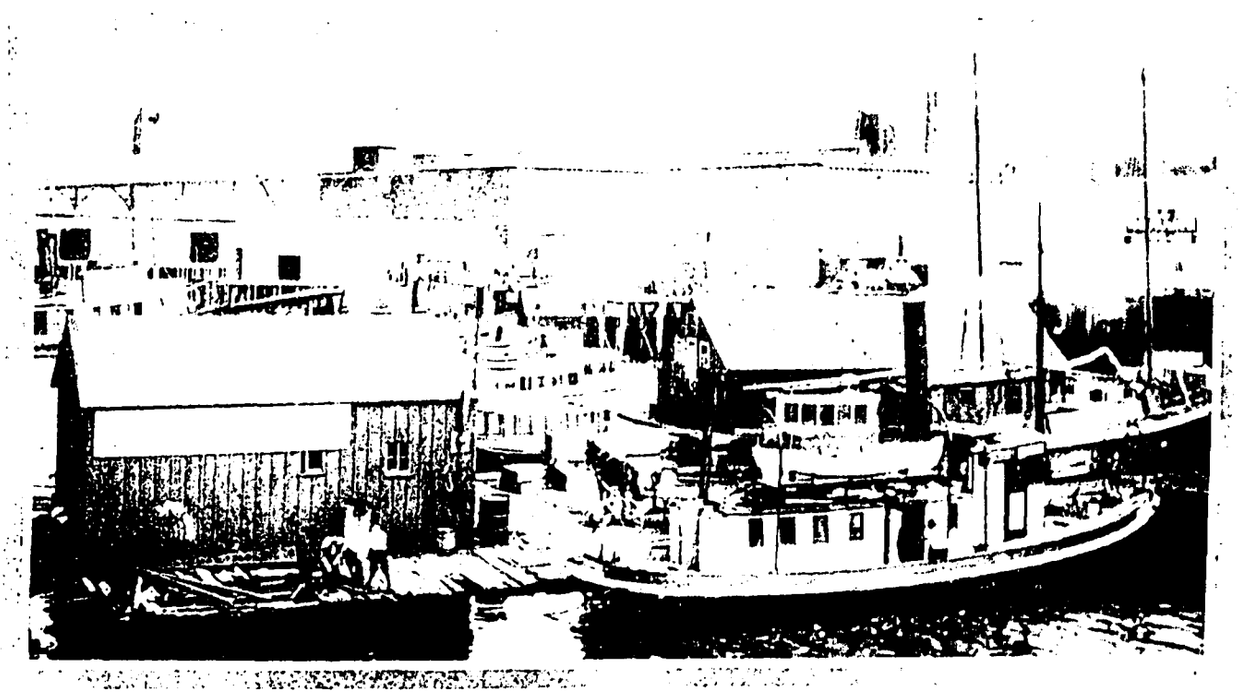
The commercial development during the first quarter century of Vancouver's history has been around the first basin, and now the southern shore is lined with docks and the north side is looking for great things. Coal Harbor, the home of the Yacht Club and the mosquito fleet, is only suitable for



"MOSQUITOES"

the small craft, and the first commercial docks, working eastward, are the two fine piers erected in 1908 by the C. P. R. for the accommodation of the Australian and Oriental liners. Built of Australian hardwood piles, piers A and B are the first of a series of such wharves which the C. P. R. plans to build out from their two-mile-long shore-line docks. Surveys have already been completed for the next two piers, on which a start will be made next summer.

Number one wharf is also used for Oriental trade, and number two, three, four and five berths are fully used by the coasting fleet. Then comes the cattle corral, and beyond that is the R. V. Winch dock. The Union Steamship Company has a very fine wharf and large shed for their fine coast fleet, and the Johnson Wharf Company has 600 feet of shed, their wharf being of recent construction, having been completed in 1908. Evans, Coleman & Evans, one of the pioneer shipping firms, have two piers, which are always busy, and on the east of these docks is the North Vancouver city ferry dock. The site between the ferry



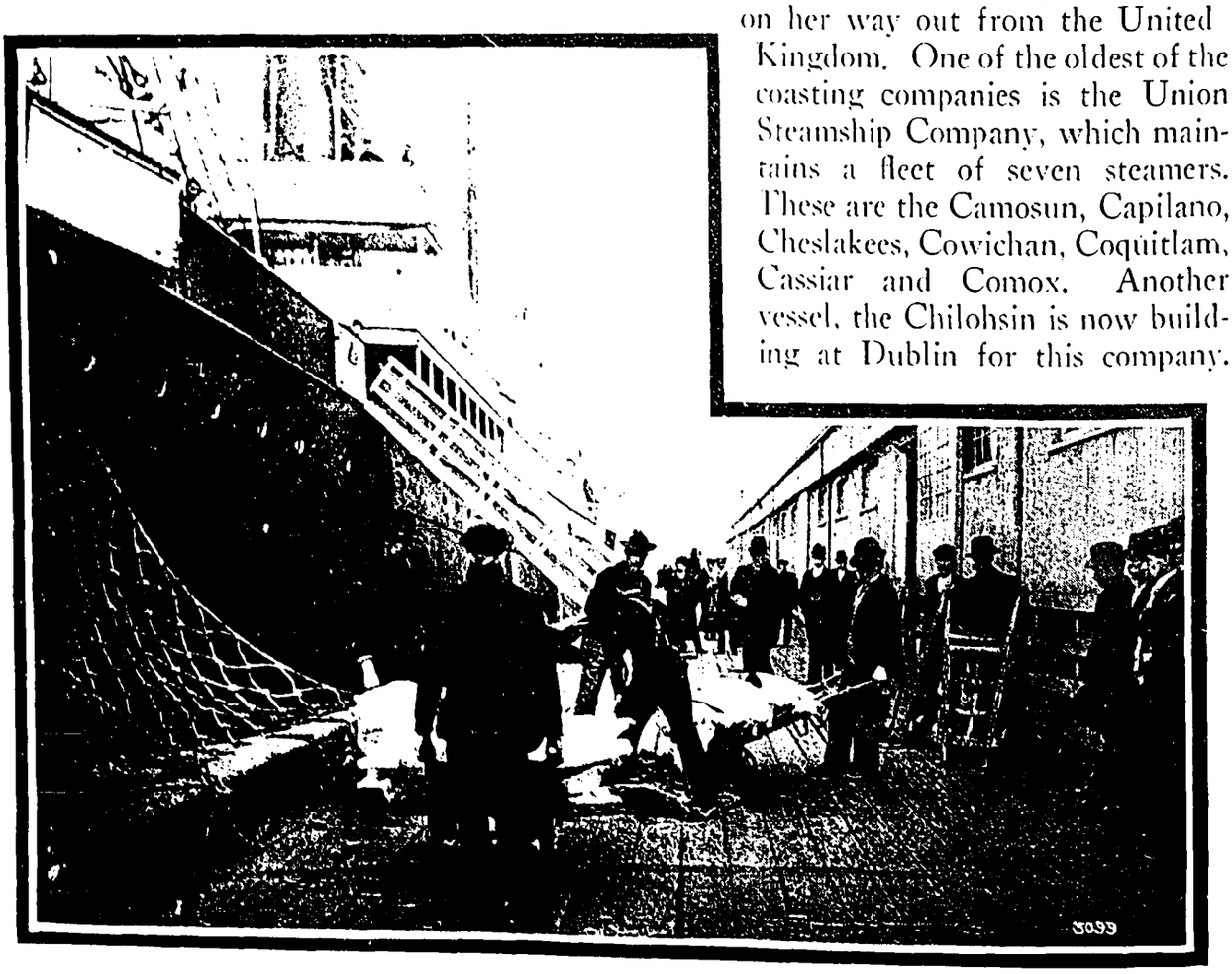
THE SITE CHOSEN BY THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC FOR THEIR STEAMSHIP DOCK

wharf and Gore avenue, now used by boat builders and fishermen, is the site chosen by the Grand Trunk Pacific for their steamship dock, work on which is now progressing. Hind Brothers' tugboat slip flanks the city slip at Gore avenue, and a little farther on the New England Fish Company has its wharf and cold storage plant. Hastings mill, Heatley avenue, the sugar refinery, and the B. C. Marine Railways complete the wharves on the southern shore, making an unbroken four miles of shipping activity.

The north shore now offers the needed expansion, and a decided move has been witnessed this year. Captain C. H. Cates built the first wharf outside of ferry docks, and he was followed by the McDougall-Jenkins Iron Works, while the big drydock project for Roche Point is the most ambitious of the shipping schemes for the north side of the Inlet. There are still miles of waterfront offering sites, and the next five years will see wonderful progress along the splendid foreshores of North Vancouver.

The class of steamer operating from Vancouver will compare with any. During the last five years the old-time vessels have been scrapped, and owners have replaced them with first-class boats, nearly all of which were built in British yards. The C. P. R. has, of course, the largest fleet, and the service between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle is maintained by the Princess Victoria (1904), Princess Charlotte (1908), and Princess Adelaide (1910). On the northern run the older boats are used, these being the Princess Royal, Princess May, and Princess Beatrice, which with the Queen City and the Otter cover the coast from Vancouver to Skagway. The Amur caters to the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Tees plies on the west coast of Vancouver Island, the Joan runs between Vancouver and Nanaimo, and the Princess Mary (1911) maintains the service between Victoria, Vancouver, Nanaimo and Comox. The Charmer is held as an emergency boat.

The Grand Trunk Pacific entered the coasting business in 1910 with two brand new boats, the Prince Rupert and the Prince George. These ply from Vancouver and the Sound to Prince Rupert, and the Prince Albert runs between Stewart, Prince Rupert and the Queen Charlottes. An extra steamer, the Prince John, is now on her way out from the United Kingdom. One of the oldest of the coasting companies is the Union Steamship Company, which maintains a fleet of seven steamers. These are the Camosun, Capilano, Cheslakees, Cowichan, Coquitlam, Cassiar and Comox. Another vessel, the Chilohsin is now building at Dublin for this company.



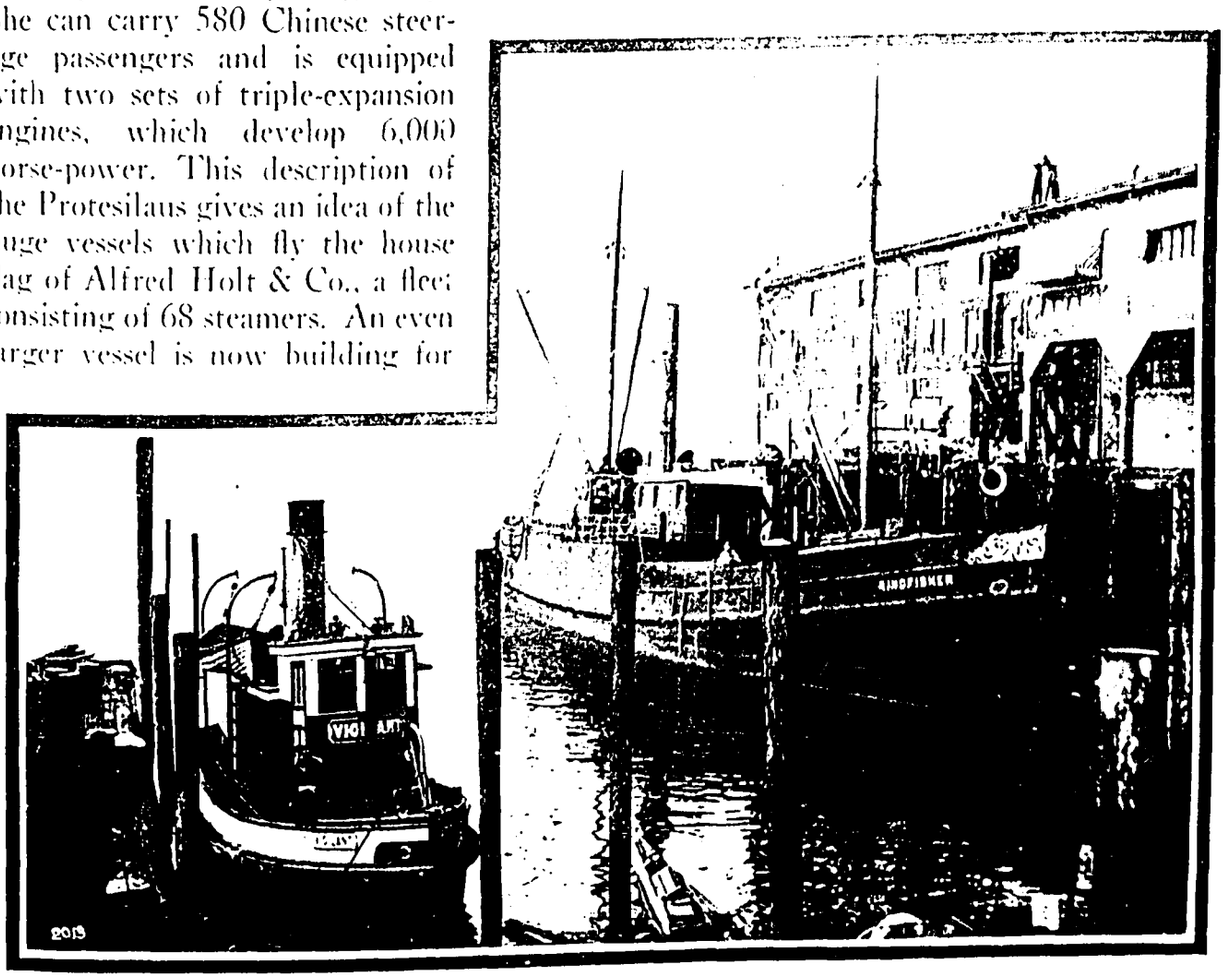
CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN STEAMER UNLOADING CARGO, VANCOUVER

Other steamers plying up the coast are the Cetriana, Petriana, British Empire, British Columbia, Celtic, Vadso and Venture.

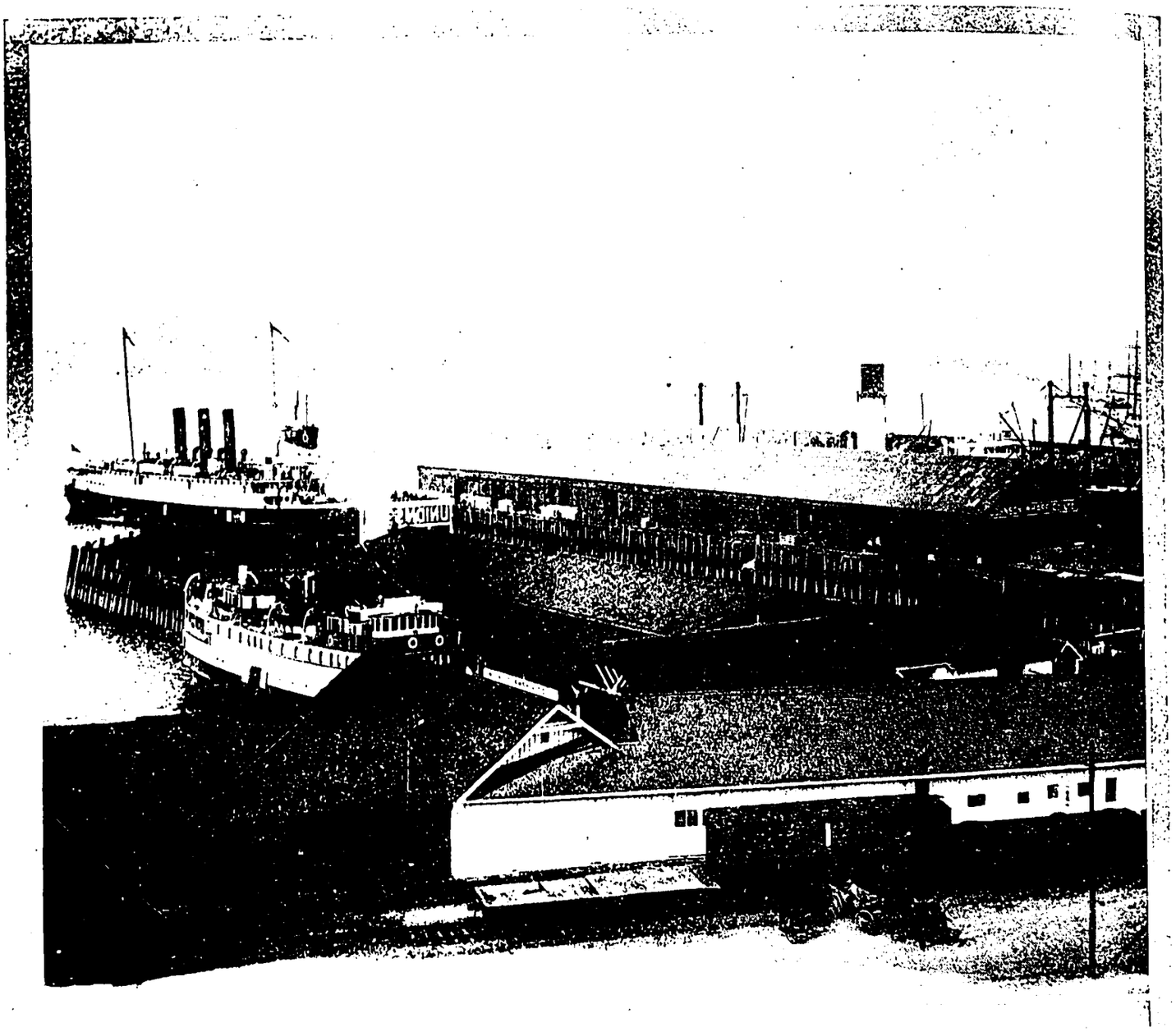
With all these steamers the British Columbia coast is well served, and the arrivals and departures make the wharves scenes of hustle and activity.

The development of Vancouver's offshore trade can be covered in the phrase, "From dug-out canoe to Blue Funnel liner." The Blue Funnel freighters are the biggest cargo boats in salt water and they maintain a regular monthly service between London and Liverpool, ports in the Orient, Vancouver, Victoria and the Sound. The liners engaged in this trade are the steamers Oanfa, Bellerophon, Ning Chow, Antilochus, Teucer, Titan, Protesilaus, and Keemun. Of these the Protesilaus is the latest and largest. She was the seventh in point of size launched from a British yard in 1909 and she has a deadweight capacity of 13,000 tons. She is 501 feet long, 60 feet 6 inches beam, and her depth is 42 feet 6 inches. She has seven holds, and the cargo gear consists of 26 winches and 30 derricks, each capable of lifting weights up to 50 tons. She can carry 580 Chinese steerage passengers and is equipped with two sets of triple-expansion engines, which develop 6,000 horse-power. This description of the Protesilaus gives an idea of the huge vessels which fly the house flag of Alfred Holt & Co., a fleet consisting of 68 steamers. An even larger vessel is now building for the Vancouver trade, and she will be named the Nestor. These vessels are like huge warehouses, and they seem capable of receiving unlimited quantities of cargo. From the Old Country they bring to Vancouver rails, tinplate, machinery, glass, paint, oils, liquors, wines, groceries and other miscellaneous cargo. In the Orient they pick up silk, matting, rice, sake, bulbs, curios and other products of the Far East. Outwards the principal exports are flour, lumber and salmon.

"The most graceful ships afloat" is the expression shipping men use in speaking of the C. P. R. "white liners." The Empress of India, Empress of Japan and Empress of China have a world-wide reputation, and they are certainly wonderful vessels. Built at Barrow-in-Furness in 1891 by the Naval Construction Company on the lines of auxiliary cruisers, the white-painted Empresses have faced the storms of the North Pacific steadily. Now they are too small for the trade and the C. P. R. has plans out for two 10,000 ton vessels, and it is stated that the trim Empresses will be removed to the Atlantic to engage in service



NEW ENGLAND FISH COMPANY'S WHARF, VANCOUVER, AND HALIBUT STEAMER KINGFISHER, ONE OF THE COMPANY'S FISHING FLEET



PANORAMIC VIEW OF A PART OF VANCOUVER'S WATERFRONT.

between St. John, N.B., and the West Indies by way of Boston. In addition to the white liners the big steamer Monteagle plies to the Orient under the checkerboard house flag of the C. P. R.

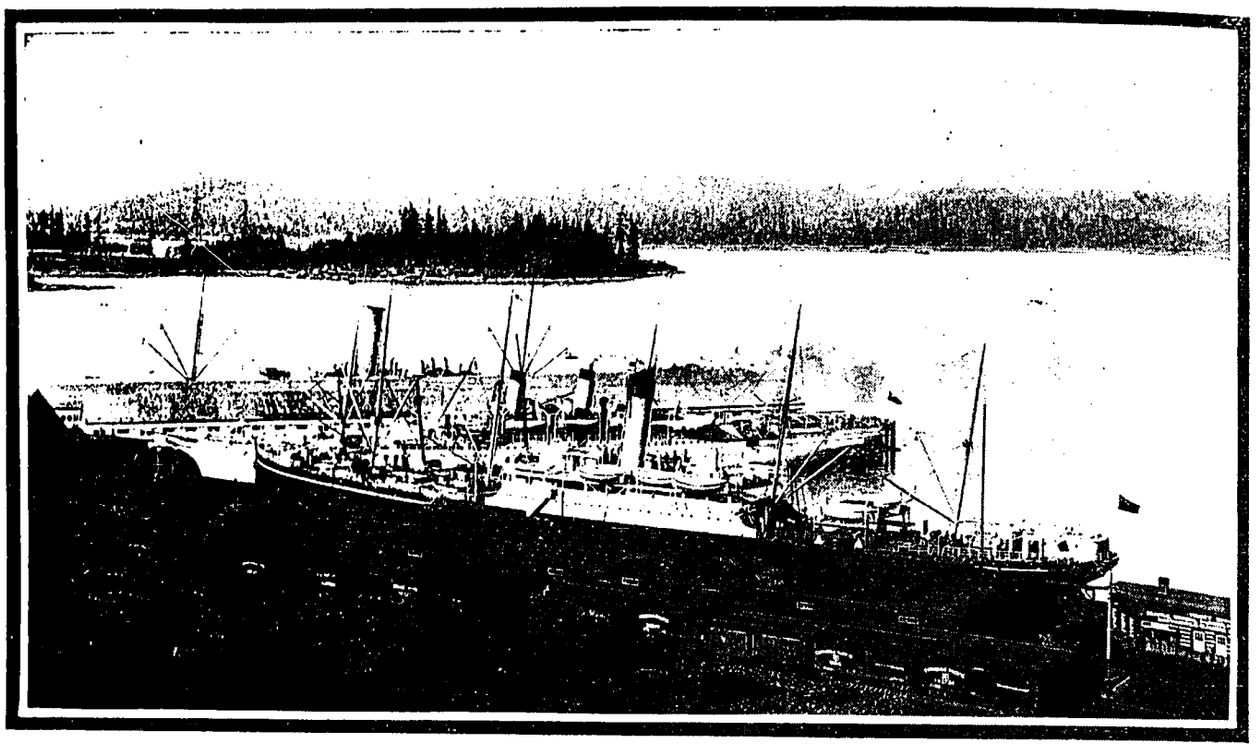
In recent years the Andrew Weir Line has entered the Pacific trade, and a fleet of big vessels maintain a regular schedule between Vancouver and the Orient. The two new liners Lucric and Orteric, built last year on the Clyde and making their maiden voyages this spring, are the largest, and they are supported by the Kumeric, Suveric, and Aymeric. These vessels carry huge cargoes to and from China and Japan. The Weir steamers also engage in the Australian trade from Vancouver, Puget Sound and San Francisco. These vessels usually complete their cargo at Vancouver and call at Apia, Pago Pago, Nukualofa, Auckland and Sydney. The service is maintained at present by the Knight of St. George, Century, Mineric, Boveric, Roseric and Oceano. The rapid development of British Columbia, the vast amount of railroad construction, and the brisk building situation were responsible for the inauguration of two additional lines. One service is from New York, bringing, in British steamers, girders, beams, rails, canned goods, glass and so forth. Among the steamers engaged in this trade are the Penrith Castle, Skipton Castle, Purley, Coulsdon, Queen Amelie and Crown of Galicia, but the tonnage shifts according to the charter market.

A line started in 1910 also was from Antwerp, these steamers bringing general cargo. Some of the vessels which have handled cargo between Vancouver and Antwerp are the Saint Nicholas, Saint George, and Saint Ronald. One of the most important shipping announcements this year is the statement of Balfour, Guthrie & Co. that the Harrison Line intends placing a direct

RAILWAY YARDS AND COMMERCIAL SECTION

service between Europe and Vancouver. The first steamer, the Centurion, is now on the way, having sailed in April, and a steamer will be despatched every month with cargo from Antwerp, Glasgow, Liverpool and Swansea, steaming direct to this coast.

Another important line is the Canadian-Australian mail and passenger service between Vancouver, Honolulu, Suva, Brisbane and Sydney, which has been in operation for eighteen years. These years have seen the disappearance from the route of the good old-time vessels Aorangi, Miowera, and Warrimoo, and the substitution of the magnificent liners Makura, Marama, Zealandia and Manuka. The Zelandia is the latest of these, having made her maiden trip in 1910. The Makura came along in 1908 and the Marama a year or so earlier. An important alteration in this service will be brought about after this coming August, for New Zealand has fought successfully for direct communication. As long ago as 1895 Sir Joseph Ward, now premier of New Zealand, tried to inaugurate a direct service between Vancouver and New Zealand, but there was a hitch in the negotiations and the service ultimately started between Vancouver, Brisbane and Sydney. Under the present contract, which expires in August, the line is subsidized by Canada to the amount of $185,000; Australia gives $130,000 and Fiji $15,000. The service is a 21-day one, and the new contract calls for a faster trip and a call at a New Zealand port. Australia did not regard the introduction of New Zealand into the bargain with favor, and hung back, but Canada promptly closed with New Zealand, and the new service will be from Vancouver to Honolulu, Suva and Auckland and thence to Sydney. Brisbane will be cut out altogether. A contract has been let for a new 10,000-ton steamer

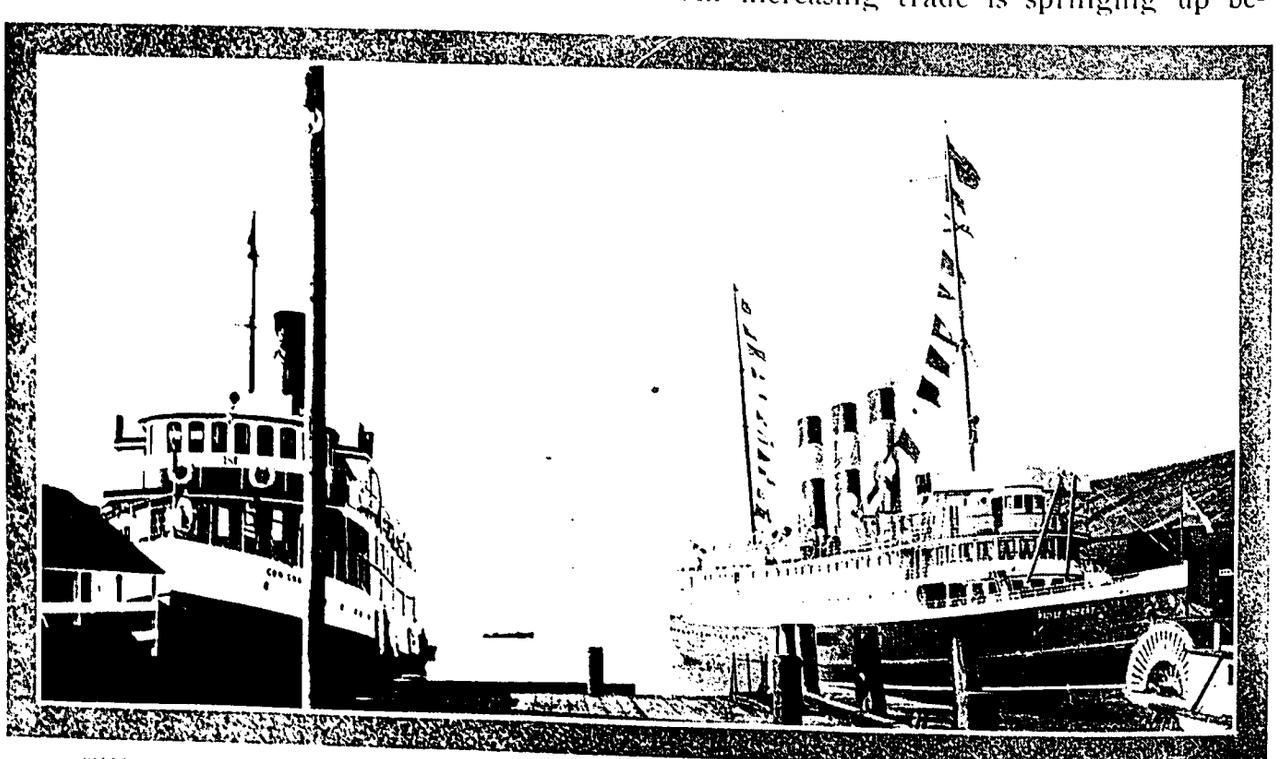


LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE POST OFFICE TOWER

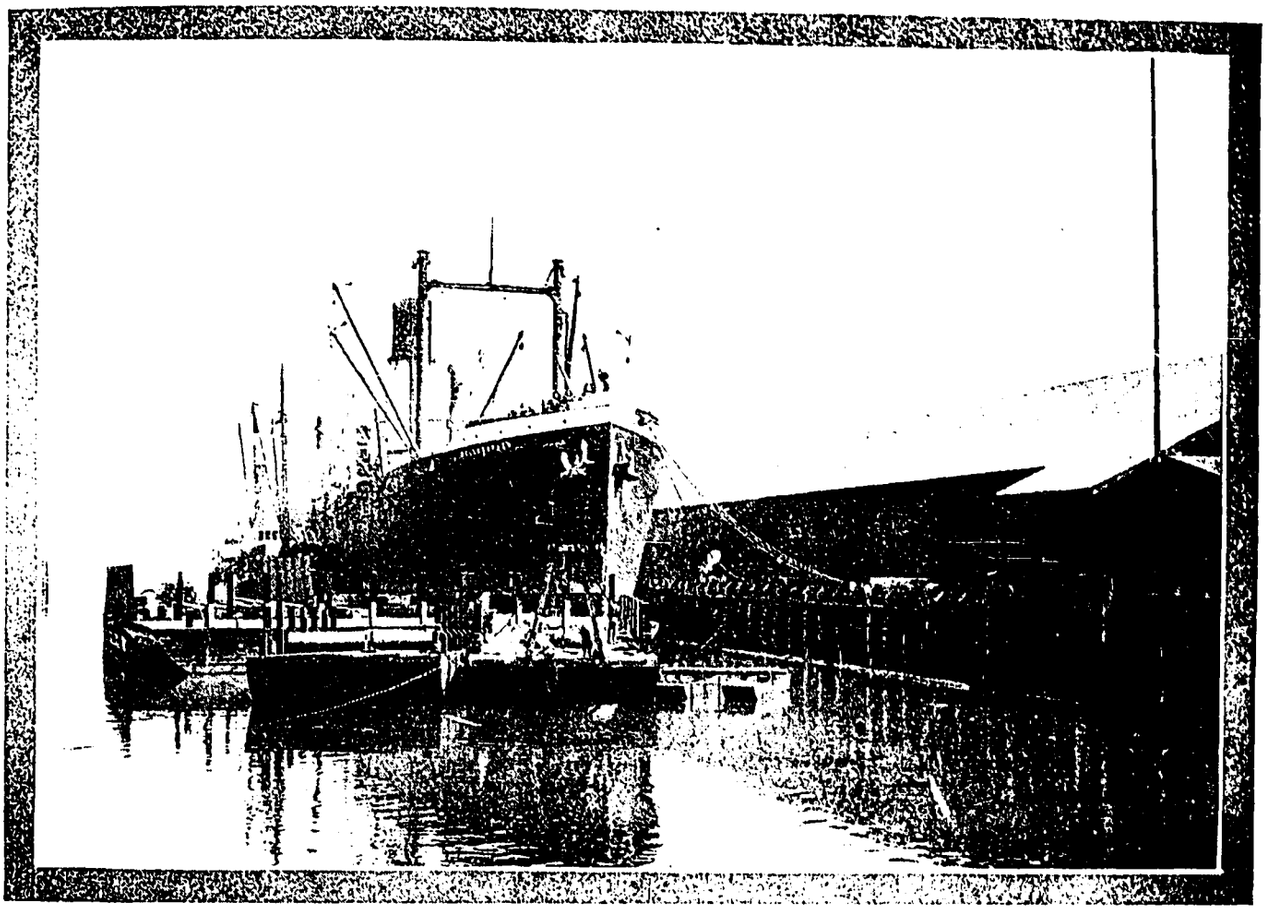
for this service, and the company also has a liner building in the Fairfield yards now which may be utilized in the service. This is the Mongonui, which will be ready in November. The new service will mean much to Vancouver, for trade with New Zealand will develop at an amazing pace.

One of the principal exports from Vancouver is lumber, and in 1910 Hastings mill shipped 36,000,000 feet to points offshore. Twenty vessels carried this lumber and Australia was the best customer, taking thirteen ships. Three vessels went from the mill to South Africa, two to the west coast of South America, one to England and one to Fiji. In 1909 the Hastings mill shipments were 34,677,386 feet. This year the charters up to May consisted of the ship Arctic Stream to South Africa; barque Mariechen to the United Kingdom; ship Bay of Biscay to the United Kingdom; ship Inverness-shire to the United Kingdom; and barque Marlborough Hill to the United Kingdom. Two charters on the Fraser River this spring were the ship Holt Hill to South Africa and the barque Frieda Mahn to South America.

An increasing trade is springing up be-



THREE FUNNELLED G. T. P. STEAMER AND UNION S.S. COMPANY'S STEAMER COWICHAN, VANCOUVER



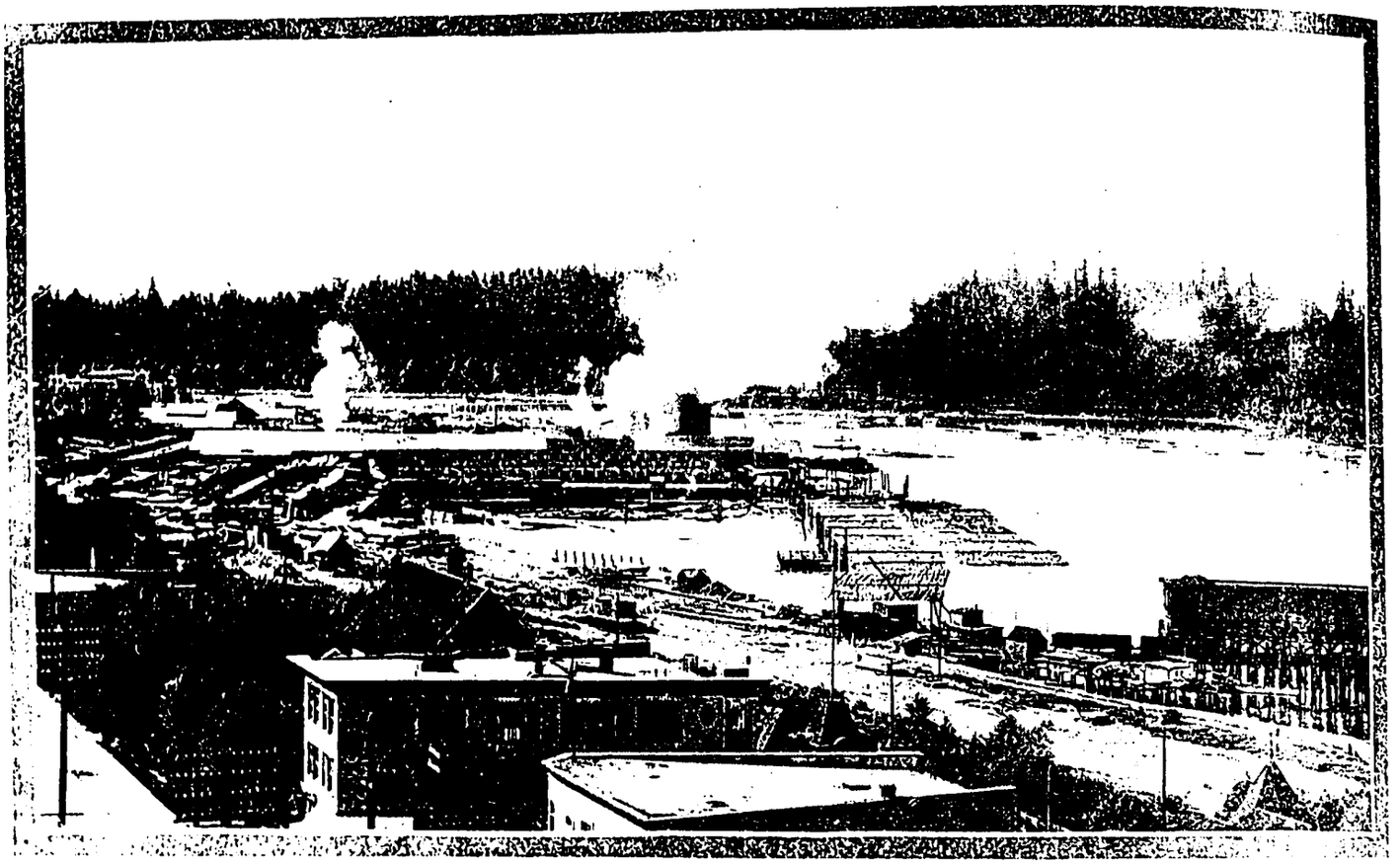
BLUE FUNNEL LINER BELLEROPHON AT EVANS, COLEMAN & EVANS' DOCK, VANCOUVER

tween Vancouver and Mexico, and the steamers Lonsdale and Saint Ronald are on a subsidized service between British Columbia and Mazatland, Guaymas and Salina Cruz. A large quantity of freight is finding its way from Europe and the Atlantic seaboard to Puerto, Mexico, transhipped across the isthmus on the Tehuantepec Railroad, and loaded into the Vancouver steamers at Salina Cruz. The German Kosmos Line also makes regular calls at Vancouver with cargo from Hamburg, the West Coast and Mexico.

The export of salmon is one of the biggest things in the shipping trade, and last year the sockeye pack amounted to 549,000 cases. It is estimated that salmon to the value of $100,000 was exported to Europe. The Blue Funnel liners take shipments of 50,000 cases towards the end of the summer, and Australia and New Zealand also buy largely. A few years ago sailing ships were to be seen at Steveston, on the Fraser, loading full cargoes, but this phase of export has passed with the coming of big steamers.

New Westminster, "the fresh-water port," is sharing in the general prosperity of the coast, and a determined movement is on foot for the improvement of the great waterway discovered by Simon Fraser. At New Westminster there are over seven miles of waterfront available for wharf sites; between New Westminster and the mouth of the river there are scores of miles suitable for similar purposes. At Millside, above New Westminster, the huge plant of the Fraser River Mills attracts tonnage, for its product is shipped all over the world. Close to New Westminster is the new port of Port Mann, founded by the Canadian Northern Railroad, and towards which a fleet of steamers is on the sea bringing rails from Cape Breton. Two vessels arrived in March. The first to dock was the Fitzpatrick, which tied up to Port Mann wharf on March 2. She was followed on March 11 by the steamer Strathallan, and vessels will arrive at regular intervals with rails for this Fraser River port.

The big German-built dredge Fruhling, Captain Gosse, is doing excellent work keeping the channels clear of the silt which comes down from the mountains, and also maintaining a good depth on the bar. The North Arm of the Fraser is an important branch of the river, affording splendid sites for industries. It is capable of being easily dredged, and a system of training walls would make this branch a valuable waterway. A spirited agitation is in progress



PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING COAL HARBOR.

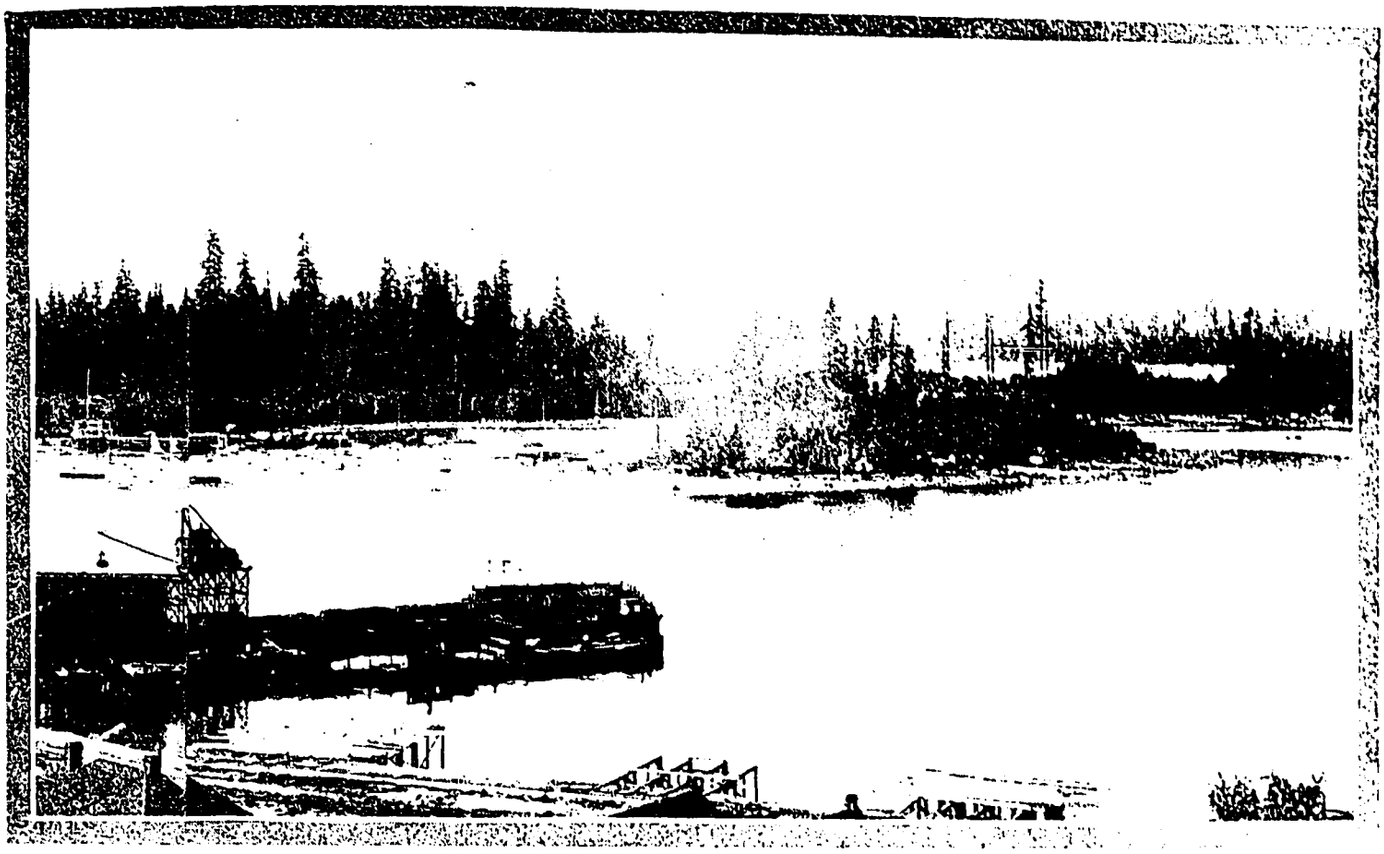
with a view to getting the needed improvements.

A portion of Vancouver harbor which has been much under discussion is False Creek, a narrow and shallow channel running into English Bay. The head of the creek has been acquired by railroads, and a system of filling-in with the object of reclaiming yard space has begun. The creek itself is only of use to small craft, unless an expensive scheme of dredging was put in force, but its future would seem to be as a shelter for small craft.

The most urgent need for the improvement of Vancouver harbor is the dredging of the First Narrows. On the northern shore of the Narrows the Capilano empties, bringing down each spring an immense quantity of silt, and this has narrowed the channel. At low tide the present channel has a width of 700 feet at its narrowest part, and the Dominion Government has formulated a scheme to widen this to 1,200 feet and give a uniform depth of from 30 to 35 feet at dead low water. With this object in view, and also the removal of Parthia and Burnaby shoals, the Dominion Government has purchased a new dredge from a Glasgow firm. The dredge has arrived at Victoria, and will soon start on its task of making the Narrows far better for navigators than at present.

From the days of the little steamer Beaver, the first steamer in the North Pacific, and which found a resting-place near Prospect Point, to the present, when each tide sees graceful liners and warehouse-like freighters entering port, is a far cry, but the development of Vancouver's first quarter century, wonderful though it has been, will be as naught compared with the vast strides the port will make during the next twenty-five years. When Vancouver celebrates her fiftieth birthday, the title of the Liverpool of the Pacific will be hers in truth.

It is generally accepted that the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 will mean extra shipping for Vancouver. The canal will reduce the distance from Liverpool to Vancouver by half. The distance from Liverpool to Vancouver, via the steamer route of the Straits of Magellan, is 14,500 miles; by way of the Panama Canal the distance would be 8,836 miles. It seems almost beyond doubt that the Pacific coast will experience an enormous revival of shipping, and that Vancouver will share in the benefits. The shipment of wheat from Vancouver is one of the developments looked for. The present long water haul around Cape Horn militates against the trade, but Vancouver is the natural outlet for western wheat, and the wheat is bound to come. One of the largest exporters in the prairie

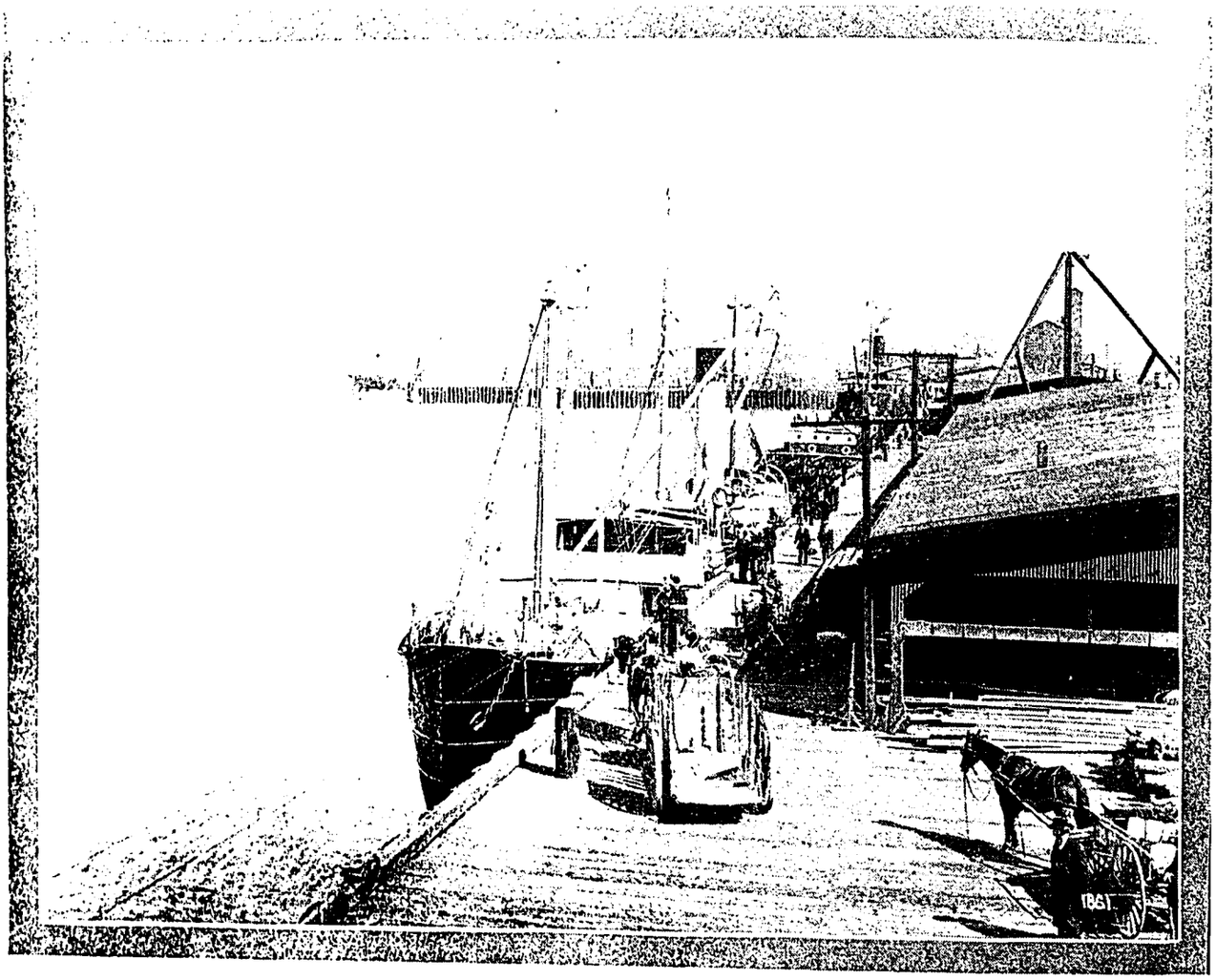


DEADMAN'S ISLAND AND STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

provinces is authority for the statement that just as soon as Alberta produces more wheat than is absorbed by the Mexican market, export to Liverpool via Vancouver will be started. The Panama Canal will place Vancouver within twenty to thirty days of Liverpool, and this port can then compete with Fort William for the western wheat.

The grain-growers' convention held at Calgary two years ago decided that western wheat should go through Vancouver. As a result of that convention the C. P. R. built a sacking plant on the Vancouver waterfront, with a capacity of 4,000 bushels, and this year's appropriations provide for the doubling of this plant's capacity. A request was made by the grain-growers to the Dominion to erect elevators here, but the government intimated that such enterprises were best left to private concerns. It is not believed that the flow of wheat would lead to any great increase in the number of flour mills. The Vancouver Milling & Grain Company and the Eburne Milling Company manufacture flour in Vancouver, and the former company operates a big elevator, as does Mr. Burnett. At the time of the Calgary convention a railroad man submitted comparisons of freight rates on the eastern and western route. This comparison is greatly to the advantage of the eastern route during the season of lake navigation, and .05 cents per bushel in favor of the eastern route during the season of closed navigation. A higher rate is charged by the railroad per bushel from Calgary to Vancouver than from Calgary to Fort William, although the distance is shorter to Vancouver. The cost per bushel to freight wheat from Calgary to Liverpool, via Vancouver and Cape Horn, is returned as 34.45 cents per bushel, while via Fort William it only totals 24.40 cents per bushel over the lake route, and 34.40 cents per bushel over the all-rail route. The opening of the canal, however, will mean that the wheat of the northwest, as well as that of Manitoba, can be exported to Liverpool from Vancouver in shorter time than it can be shipped via the eastern lake and rail route.

Besides the money which a lot of cargo handling brings, it must not be lost sight of that vessels which make Vancouver their port spend considerable sums of money in purchasing supplies. The Australian liners, for instance, have something like 160 men in the crew, and with 400 passengers it means a good deal to cater for them. The following figures will give some idea of the money an Australian liner outlays here for supplies. She needs 37,000 pounds of beef and mutton, 10,000 pounds of fish, 2,000 dozen eggs, 15,000 pounds of vegetables,



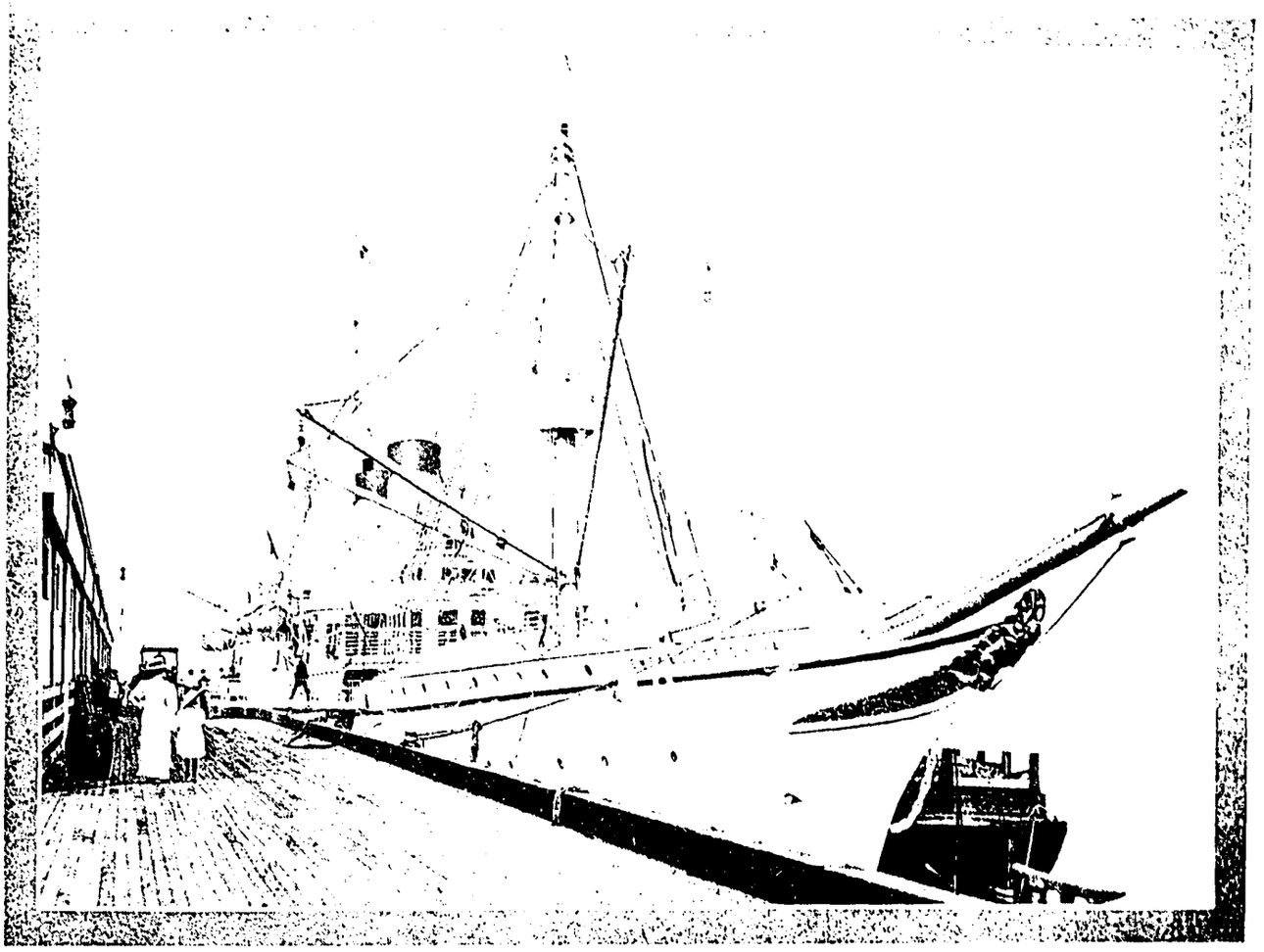
TRAMP STEAMERS LOADING, VANCOUVER

125 tons of potatoes, 500 cases of fruit, 5,000 pounds of poultry, 3,000 pounds of turkey, 700 rabbits, 8,000 bottles of ales, 1,700 bottles of whiskey, 1,100 bottles of champagne, 200 pounds of tobacco and cigars, 1,200 dozen mineral waters, 200 bottles of liqueurs, groceries to the value of $10,000, 2,600 tons of coal and 700 tons of fresh water.

The provisioning of an Empress liner is slightly different, another trade being concerned, but here again Vancouver benefits to an enormous sum. A white liner will take 250 sacks of flour, 28,000 pounds of beef, 10,000 pounds of mutton, 20,000 pounds of pork, 2,000 pounds of veal, 1,000 pounds of corned beef, 20,000 pounds of bacon, 20,000 pounds of ham. A large supply of canned meats is also carried, while all fruits in season are stocked in big quantities. During one voyage 110,000 eggs are consumed. All the wholesale houses of Vancouver receive their fair share of orders and every voyage results in some $6,000 being left in the town for grocery and vegetable supplies alone. In addition to this, the engine-room and deck supplies, such as oil, waste, etc., run away with nearly $2,000, while the cost of coaling each boat each voyage is $7,000. A fair estimate of what a white liner spends in the port would therefore be $15,000; so these figures show what it means to a town to become recognized as a seaport, and thus bring vessels here, each leaving a large sum behind.

Vancouver's development as a world's shipping port has been remarkable, its exceedingly large water-borne trade having been built up from nothing in less than a quarter of a century. Today Vancouver ranks as one of the great ports of the Pacific coast of North America. This position she has attained largely because of her geographical location in relation to the trade routes of the Pacific, Vancouver lying immediately on the great northern ocean highway to the Orient. Another factor in her favor has been the excellence of her harbor, without exception one of the best in the world.

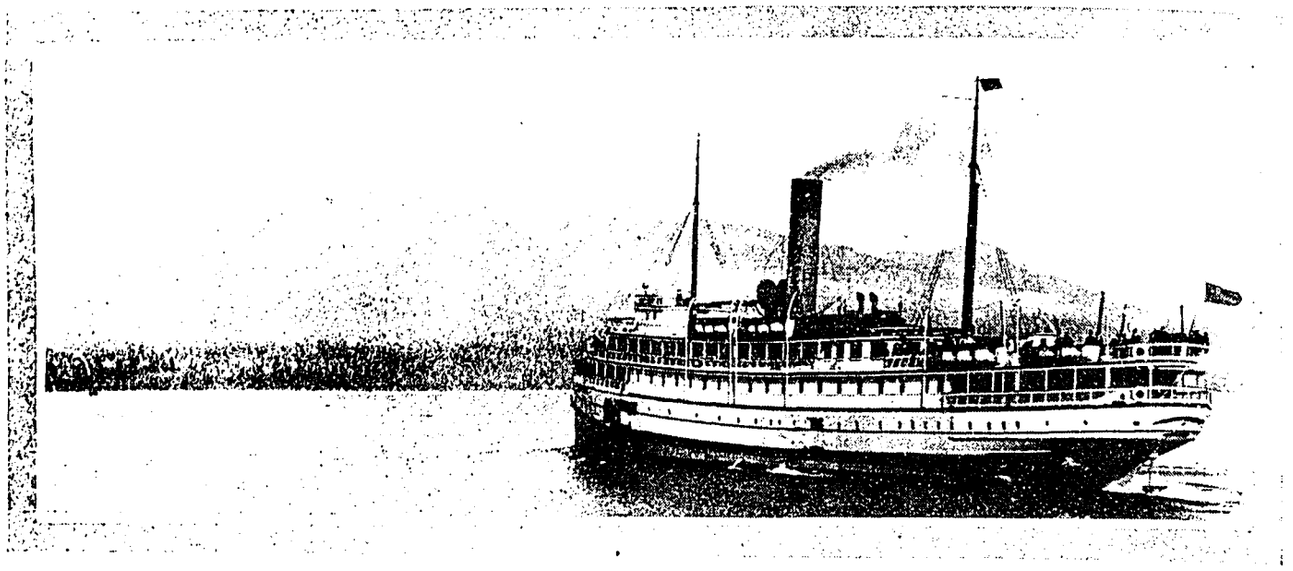
Greatly to the advantage of Vancouver in the development of her shipping has been the fact that she lies on the All-Red route from Great Britain to the Australasian dominions. While the immense traffic in freight and passengers which flows along



C. P. R. TRANS-PACIFIC LINER EMPRESS OF CHINA AT HER DOCK, VANCOUVER

this world's highway under the British flag is divided on the Atlantic coast between Montreal and St. John, the former benefiting by it in summer and the latter in winter, the entire trade flows through Vancouver the year round. Although the All-Red route has not yet secured from the governments of Great Britain and the dominions affected that financial recognition which its importance justifies—and for that reason it has not developed as it should—an immense volume of traffic quietly flows month by month along this route. Should success crown the efforts now being put forth to establish a chain of speedy steamship links between Great Britain, Canada, New Zea

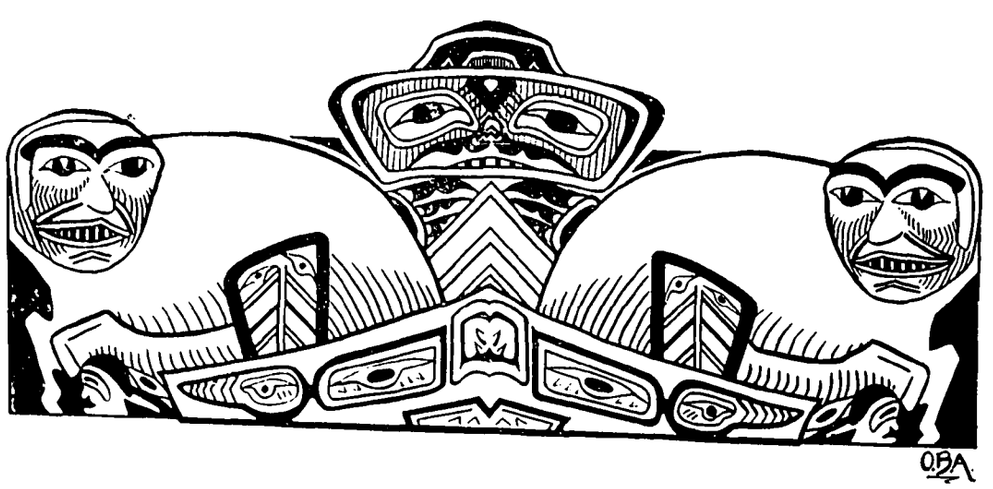
GRANVILLE STREET BRIDGE OVER FALSE CREEK, VANCOUVER



C. P. R. "FERRY" STEAMER PRINCESS ROYAL LEAVING VANCOUVER HARBOR FOR VICTORIA

land and Australia, one of the first ports on the route to feel the impetus of improved service will be Vancouver.

Within the past few years Vancouver has had the trade of the North Pacific between Asia and America much in her own hands, British shipping having practically driven that of the United States from the seas in this quarter of the globe. As a maritime naion it is well known that the United States has not proved a success in so far as mercantile shipping is concerned. Ten years ago a large fleet of steamships was engaged in the carrying trade between Puget Sound and the Orient; today there is a solitary American steamer on the route, and it is openly declared by shipping men that she would be withdrawn could some profitable run be secured for her. American shipping has been unable to withstand the keen competition, and has disappeared. Shipping men in the United States declare that their merchant marine will never amount to anything until their government liberally bonuses those who are willing to engage in sea-going ventures.



Burrard Inlet in Early Times

By J. H. Grant

EVERYBODY talks about Vancouver. The eyes of British Columbia, of Canada, of America are focused on the "Terminal City." The voices of Commerce sing together like the morning stars and the burden of their song is "Vancouver and its opportunities." In connection with this city the phraseology "marvellous development," "unprecedented growth," "illimitable resources" has, from much repetition and despite the fact of its appropriateness, become a "chestnut." "Forget it!" Close your eyes to the city, its lights, pavements, throngs, tramways, skyscrapers and real estate deals, and in imagination live for a while on the shores of Burrard Inlet when those shores knew Vancouver not.

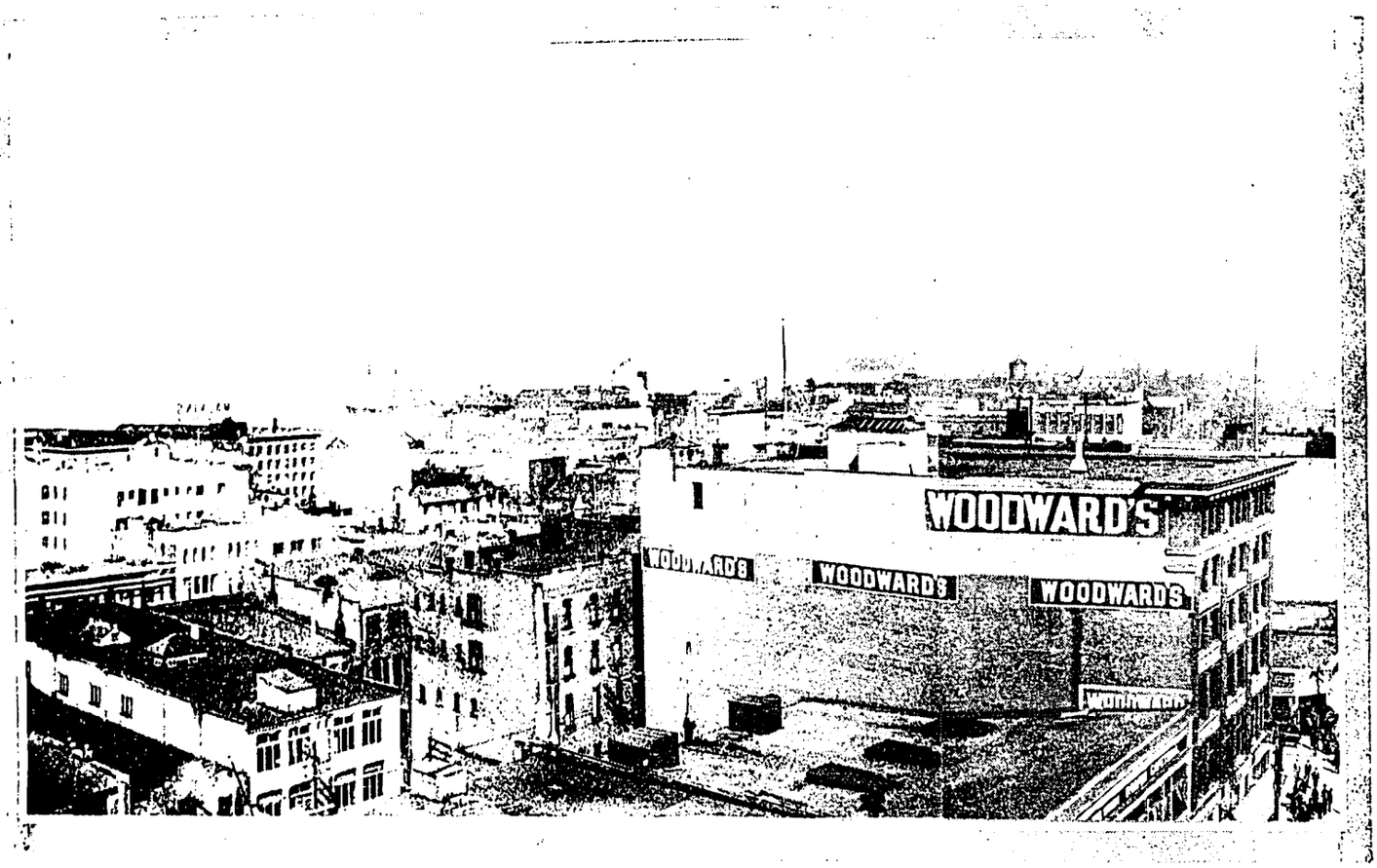
On the 25th of June, 1862, a little vessel, captained by a man named Irving and bearing on her prow the proud shibboleth "Reliance," nosed out from Esquimalt and headed toward the mainland. She was bound for New Westminster (then Queensborough) and she carried a cosmopolitan crowd. There were Scotchmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen and an occasional negro. Wanderlust and gold fever constituted the one characteristic common to all. Most of them were en route to the Cariboo, then in the heyday of its fame.

As the boat entered the Fraser's mouth a slight, active-looking young man with a boyish face stood at the deckrail gazing in wonder over the delta plains where waved a veritable forest of "cat-tails," and from whence came the quacking, squawking and gabbling of thousands of nesting geese and ducks. Gulls fluttered about, blackbirds sang in the rushes, cranes trumpeted and bitterns boomed and gurgled.

If you had asked the young man his name he would probably have said "John Morton, sir," and you would have immediately recognized the soft tongue and broad accent of the north-country Englishman. He might have told you, too (for he was a frank young fellow with a smile in his eyes) that he was going to stay off in Westminster "to rustle a stake" before proceeding to the Cariboo.

John Morton didn't go to the Cariboo. One day as he was walking about New Westminster he noticed a fine sample of coal in a merchant's window. Now Morton was a potter by trade, and in the Old Country he and his father had invariably found their best clay around coal seams. He stepped into the store and made enquiries about the origin of the sample. The merchant said the coal had been brought in by an Indian, and to this native the merchant promised to introduce Morton at the first opportunity.

JOHN MORTON



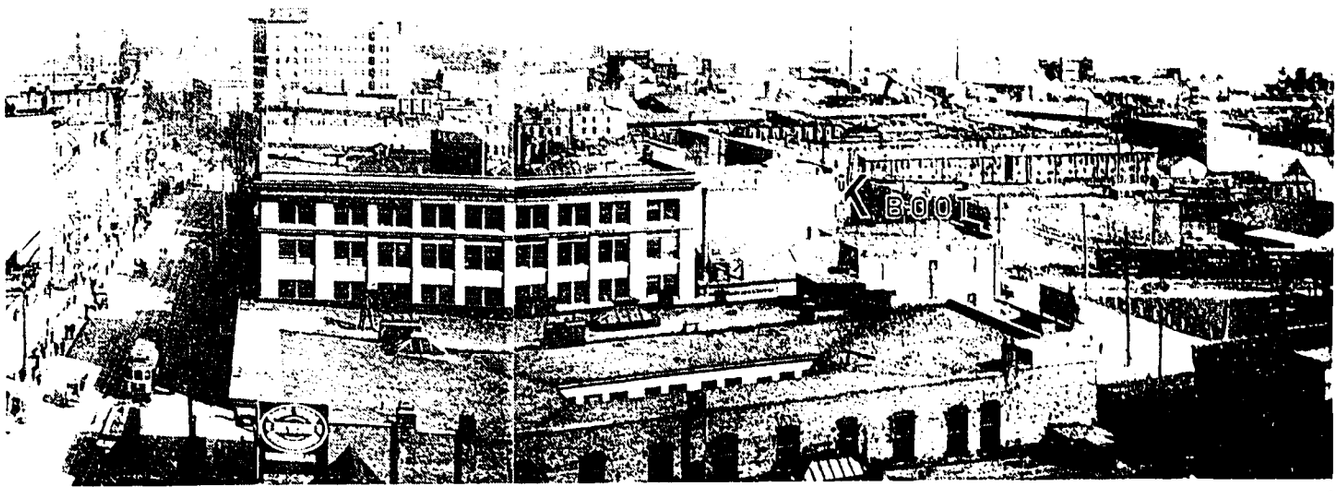
PANORAMIC PICTURE SHOWING EASTERN

A week later Morton and the Indian were on their way to the coal seam. They took the old trail that led from New Westminster to Hastings, and packed between them a heavy box of provisions and blankets. The road over which they travelled was known as "Maxie's trail," so named from a Frenchman commonly called "Maxie," who had an hotel at Hastings. The red man knew not a word of English, and Morton could say but one word of Chinook. This word he used upon all occasions, often to the Indian's evident amusement. If the Englishman understood his guide's gestures he nodded his head and said "skookum." If he couldn't understand he shook his head and said "skookum." To express his readiness to agree to any of the Indian's suggestions he said "skookum" with great gusto.

When they reached Hastings, Morton looked longingly for the canoe which he imagined the Indian would have cached there. He was disappointed. The guide turned and strode down a narrow footpath that led westward into a deep forest. Sore and weary, the white man followed in silence. After what seemed to him a journey of twenty miles at the very least, they came to the water's edge somewhere in the vicinity of the North Vancouver ferry's present landing. Here they camped. The Indian caught some fish and cooked them on sharp sticks over the fire. Morton says that fish was the sweetest morsel he ever ate. Then each rolled himself in a blanket and slept under the thick branches of a huge tree.

In the early morning the Indian warily uncached a canoe from a clump of trees close down to the water. Together, prospector and guide paddled toward the shores of Coal Harbor. The morning was calm; the sun bright and warm. The shadowed trees wavered in the blue waters, and faint sounds crept down the smooth surface of the Inlet. The north bank, heavily wooded to the water's edge, seemed but a stone's throw distant. The south bank, upon which Vancouver now stands, was also an unviolated forest, though not as heavy, much of the timber being hemlock.

With an unintelligible grunt and a quick turn of his paddle the guide brought the canoe alongside a gravelly bank. He made a few signs and stepped out. Morton said "skookum," and followed. A few steps brought them to the coal mines. Three small seams of the mineral converged toward the water some little distance west of the present C. P. R. station. Morton was soon at it with his pick, but nowhere



BUSINESS SECTION, VANCOUVER

were the seams more than a few inches thick, and contrary to all his expectations, the coal was surrounded by gravel instead of the much-desired potter's clay.

Morton was chagrined at his failure to find potter's clay, but soon forgot it. He was thinking on other lines. He had seen a vision and caught a glimpse of Burrard Inlet's future. He saw that it was a natural harbor. The prospector made up his mind to pre-empt its southern shore. After a somewhat lengthy pantomimic exercise, he and his guide headed their canoe toward the Narrows, bent on exploration.

Upon the south side of the Narrows, where now are ranged benches for the convenience of visitors to Stanley Park, some two thousand Indians had their camp. Hundreds of lodge-smokes spiralled toward the cloudless sky. Skins of animals, sides of fish and gaudy garments hung about on trees and drying racks. Lazy dogs lounged in the sun, and little brown urchins played tug-of-war and leap-frog. As the canoe drew nearer, men and women crowded close to the water's edge and kept up a continual click-clacking to their countryman in the boat. To the young Englishman these picturesque people were intensely interesting. Some among them were tall and bearded, and seemed to be held in great respect by their fellows. These, he afterward learned, were runaway sailors, principally Spanish, who had married Indian wives, in the Indian style, and joined the tribe. Today, if you visit the little cemetery of the Catholic mission at North Vancouver, you will notice on an ancient wooden cross the name Ferdinand Gosalles, and on some marble slabs of more modern date, Maria Gonsalles and Blanca Gonsalles. Beneath these relics there doubtless rest a Spanish *courcur de bois* and his half breed progeny.

Others of the camp (and these also seemed to bear a certain distinction) limped in a peculiar manner that was at once noticeable to the observant Morton. Sometime later he learned from Old Chief Capilano that these were members of the Squamish tribes, who had returned after years of slavery among hostile nations. Their captors had cut the cord above the knee, thus letting the knee-cap fall slightly. This treatment, while it did not injure the victim for the duties of a slave, made him incapable of fast movement. Many of these slaves had learned from their captors new and strange things of magic. This accounted for the deference shown them by their fellow-tribesmen. The large number of these returned captives seen by Morton in '62 was due to Colonel Moody's visit

VANCOUVER'S CENTRAL BUSINESS

to the coast in '59. As the colonel visited the various tribes, he enquired of the slaves from whence they had been stolen, then forced their captors to send them to their native shores. Though many of the poor fellows had forgotten their native language, none had ceased to long for his own people.

The camp in Stanley Park was not a permanent one. The Squamish tribes had gathered there that they might defend themselves against an expected raid from the wild, marauding Hydah-Kling-Gets of the north. These powerful savages in their great black canoes (some of which were seventy feet long) were wont, at any time it pleased them, to swoop down upon the nations of the south, burn villages and carry off men and women as slaves.

The Flatheads were in terror almost continually. When marriages took place between different tribes or clans, the groom's people received many injunctions to protect the woman from such raids. Almost invariably the speeches of the bride's kinsmen ended with the words, "Do not let the wild people of the north steal her, for we will demand her price from you."

Morton and his guide camped on a beautiful sandy beach. This has since become one of Vancouver's famous bathing beaches, and is known as English Bay. The Indian caught some flounders, and the two men ate lunch where now stands the bathing house. They slept that night under the trees on the spot now occupied by the bandstand.

In the morning the Indian again cached his canoe, and beckoning to Morton, started into the forest in a southeasterly direction. At a point somewhere on the present Denman street, they came upon a footpath. It was an Indian path, and it led from a canoe landing on False Creek directly across from the Indian camp, which is still there, to a point on Burrard Inlet, the present landing of the North Vancouver ferry. Here again the travellers struck the trail they

SECTION IN PANORAMA

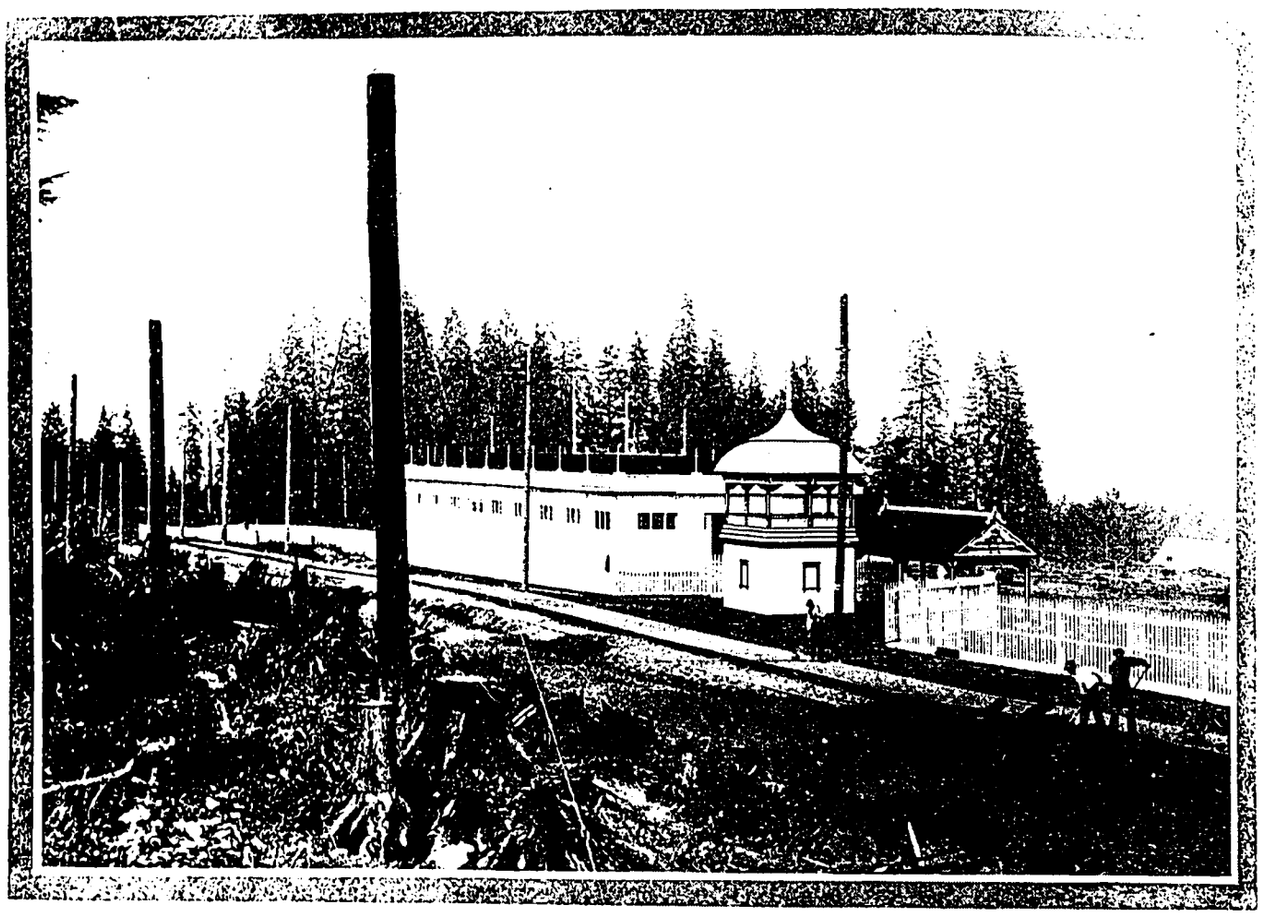
had followed from Hastings—"Maxie's trail."

Arrived in Queensborough, Morton went at once to the land office, where presided Judge Brew. Morton says the judge was an Irishman and a splendid fellow. He had come out to assist Mr. Matthew Begbie, but as Begbie seemed quite capable of dispensing all the justice necessary, Brew spent much of his time with other matters. He was an enthusiastic westerner, and made a careful study of all things pertaining to the coast. He saw something of its future, and encouraged men to take up land.

Morton did not wish to be entirely alone in his new venture, so he persuaded two others to join him, and the three pioneers built a shack of logs on the shore of what is now known as Coal Harbor. They had to measure their own land, and their first stake was driven where now stands the Horse Show building. Their combined claims embraced most of the land now covered by Vancouver proper.

For a year or two the trio struggled along in their new home. They did a little clearing, and worked by turns for a "grubstake," either in New Westminster or Victoria. They had plenty to eat and were not lonely. Among other things they had brought to the shack a grindstone. This implement proved a veritable gold mine. The Indians had never seen a grindstone, and when they learned to use it they were overjoyed. Morton and his *tillicums* told them to use it whenever they wished. In return for this privilege the grateful natives kept the shack well supplied with fish and *moiech*. For their groceries the pioneers walked to New Westminster and packed them on their backs over "Maxie's trail."

About this time Morton took a notion to have the island, now known as Deadman's Island, included in his claim. He spoke to Judge Brew. The judge, always eager to

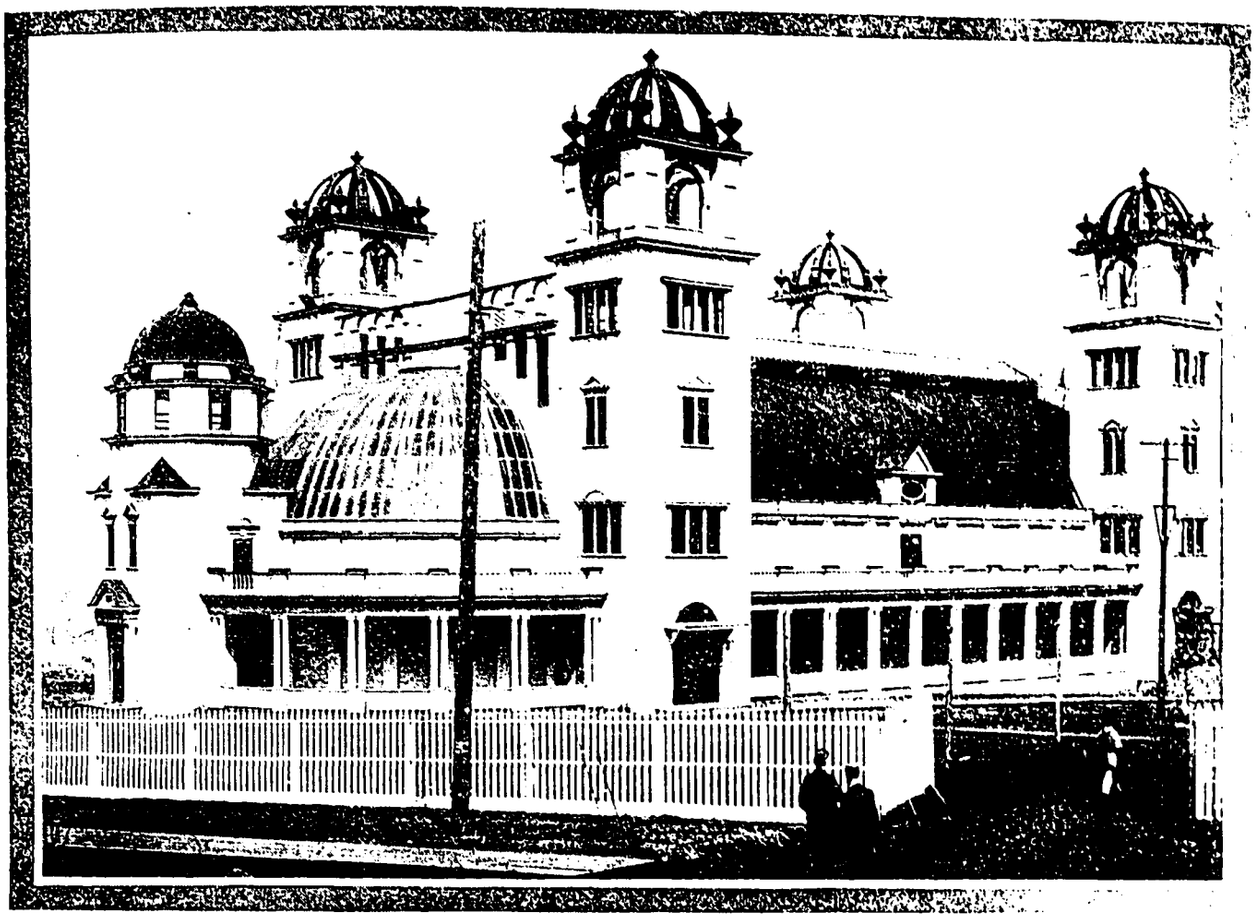


SOME OF VANCOUVER'S

help the settler, said he would see, but expressed a fear that he could do nothing, as the Indians, he had heard, used the island as a burying ground. "Do you know Capilano?" he enquired. "Sure," answered Morton. "He sharpens his knives and hatchets on my grindstone."

"Then," said the judge, "you make a map of that land and bring Capilano over here first chance you get." Accordingly a week later Morton and Capilano were in the land office. Brew showed Morton's map and explained everything to the chief in Chinook. Capilano rolled up his eyes and exclaimed in a sepulchral voice: "*Mamloose Siwash Illahee.*" No use, Morton," said the judge, "he says it's 'dead Siwash ground.' Better call it 'Deadman's Island,' and leave it with them." The name stuck. Later Morton paddled across to the place, and found hundreds of cedar boxes tied in the trees. One had fallen, and the lid partly displaced revealed a bundle of white bones and a tangle of long black hair.

Morton paid three dollars for three hundred feet of the first lumber that was ever sawed on Burrard Inlet. Early in '63, two men, one a storekeeper and the other a carpenter, secured some timber lands, and started to build a mill on the north shore of the Inlet. Everything except the saws and a few *itchhs* of blacksmithing was made on the ground. The men were not capitalists, and what with wages, etc., to pay it was necessary for them to borrow considerable money. This they readily secured in New Westminster. The first day the mill cut ten thousand feet. It never cut another. Two creditors, who had almost pressed their loans upon the millmen, seeing what a paying proposition the mill promised to be, seized everything. The owners, as has been intimated, had put their all in the venture, and could not pay unless they were permitted to run the mill. This the creditors refused to let them do, although they themselves could not run the mill. Justice Begbie scored these men most severely for their avarice, but they continued to do the dog-in-the-manger stunt. Some years later, a man named Moody was rafting lumber across from Hastings mill to Victoria. There, in payment of a forty-dollar order, he took a five thousand dollar note on one of the avaricious creditors. With this he managed to get possession of the timber lands and millsite, so cruelly taken from the original purchasers. He built a new mill, and the place became Moody's mill, or Moodyville.



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, HASTINGS PARK

To use Morton's words, "things began to liven up a bit" about the shack on Coal Harbor. In '64 Captain Stamp came over from Alberni and started to build a sawmill on the Inlet. This mill commenced to saw in '66, and is now known as Hastings mill. A man named Lockhart was Captain Stamp's master mechanic, and Camm was the saw-straightener. Indians and runaway sailors constituted the remainder of the crew. About four years later Mr. R. H. Alexander was placed in charge, and Mr. Alexander is still closely connected with the Hastings Mill, of Vancouver.

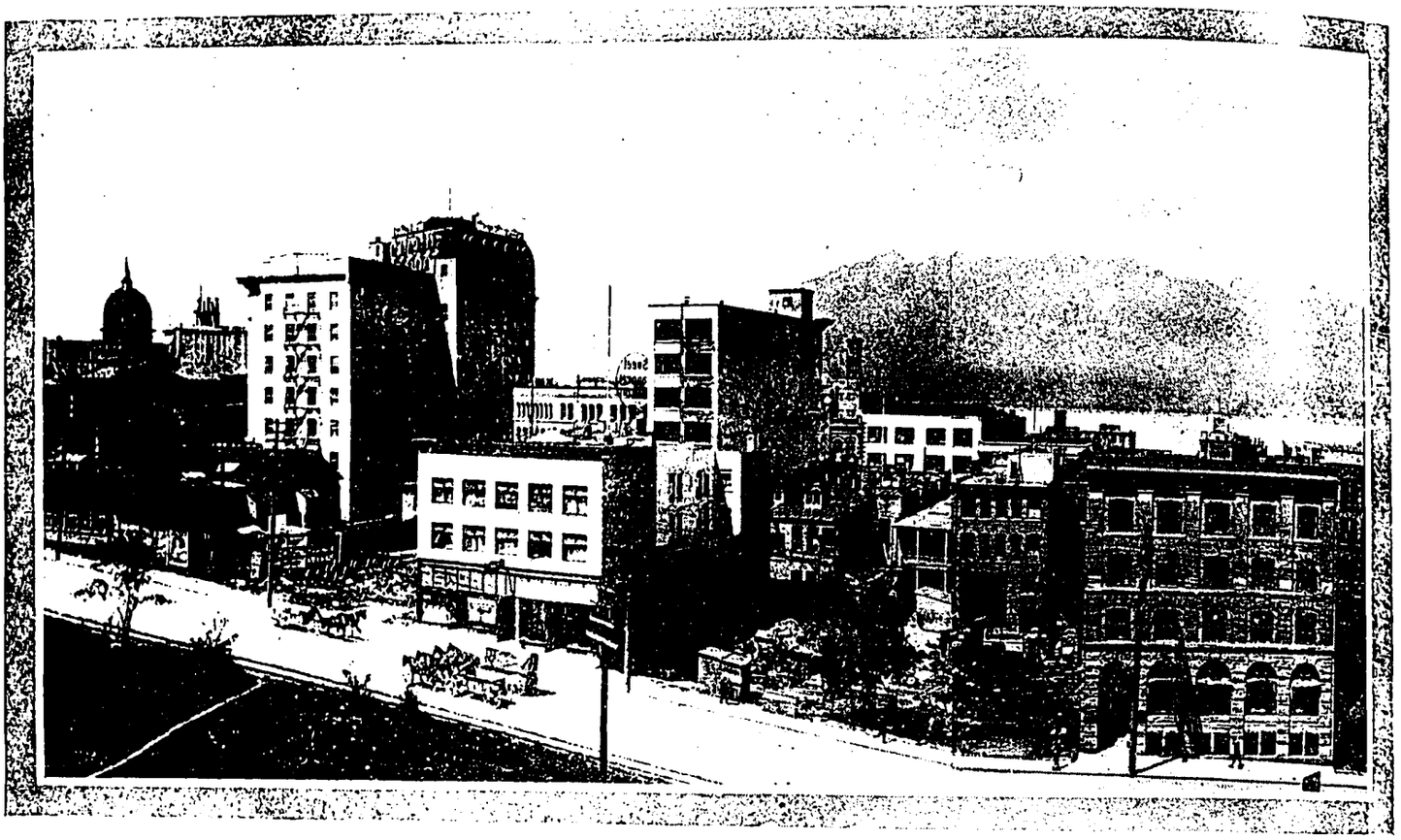
In '65 "Jerry" Rodgers, also from Alberni, set up a camp for the purpose of getting out spars. These spars were shipped to the boatbuilders of England and Australia. The camp was situated on the ground where now stands the Country Club, and the name Jericho, which the place still bears, was derived from "Jerry." Some of the stumps left by Jerry's axemen may still be seen among the pretty cottages of Kitsilano.

Picture then, Vancouver's site in '66. Stamp's mill with its picturesque workmen, its store and four or five acres of clearing, the little cabin of the pioneers on Coal Harbor, "Jerry" Rodgers' camp in Kitsilano and the Indian rancherie on False Creek. All between these points was a forest of tall, slender hemlocks mingled with mighty firs and interspersed with *sallal*. On the site of the Albion Iron Works stood a fir, hundreds of feet in height, and over sixteen feet in diameter. Over in Stanley Park, where in '62 were camped the two thousand Indians, lived Supple Jack and Mowich Jim, with their klootches and families of brown faced urchins. All the land was for sale at one dollar per acre.

On the opposite side of the Inlet the land where now stands North Vancouver had been staked, in '64, by a man named Trim. Mr. Trim lives now on Westham Island, and is a walking text-book on Pacific coast history. Some of the apple trees which he planted in North Vancouver in '64 have just recently been cut down.

People came slowly to the shores of Burrard, but they came. In '68 a man named Sprat arrived with a machine to press the oil from the herring. Tons and tons of these little fish were caught in the Inlet. Later Sprat built a great scow or house boat, aboard of which he used to can salmon. This floating cannery was equipped with propellers and engines, and was known on the coast of "Noah's Ark."

About this time, too, John Deighton, pilot on a river boat running between New



FROM THE OLD COURT HOUSE

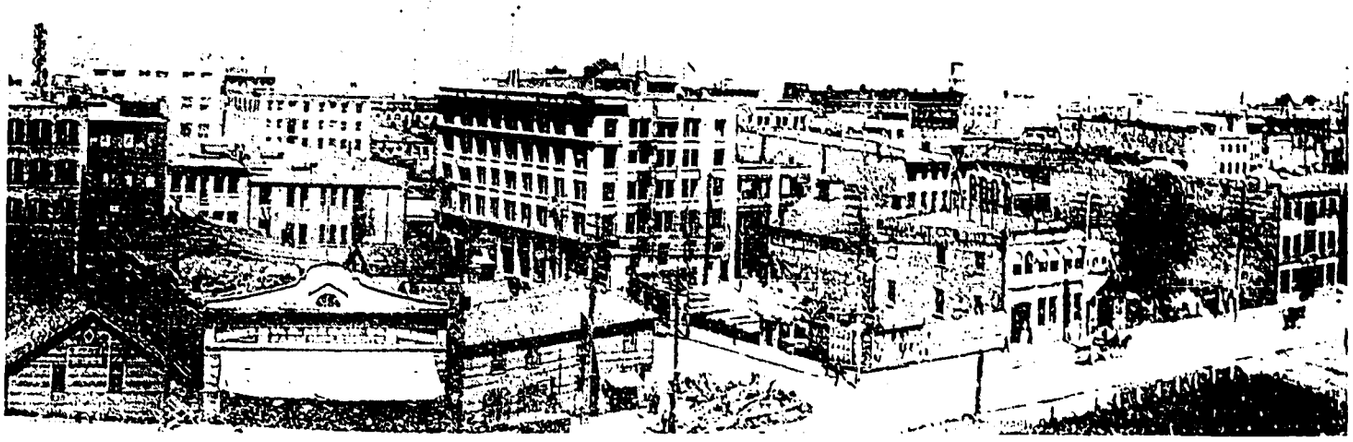
Westminster and Yale, built an hotel on the ground where now stands the Grand. Then he built a single-plank sidewalk from his door through the forest to Hastings mill. It was this John Deighton who, from his much speaking, came to be known as "Gassy Jack," and the little village that incidentally grew about his hotel was called Gastown.

Those were palmy days for hand-loggers. The timber lined the shores, and could be felled right into the waters of Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound. The mills paid four dollars per thousand feet for the logs. One man would sometimes make as much as one thousand dollars in a month or six weeks. If this money came quickly, it went just as quickly. "Gassy" Jack saw the "color" of a good share of it. Many excellent loggers came to Gastown, however. Prominent among them were Angus Fraser and John Beattie. The latter became foreman for "Jerry" Rodgers, a position he held until his employer's death.

Hastings mill and Moody's mill did good work. Ships from all over the world began to enter the harbor. Sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen deep-sea vessels might be seen in the Inlet at once. The little steamers Enterprise, Onward, Otter, and Shoebrick puffed proudly among the tall-masted sailships. Sometimes the Hudson's Bay steamer Labouchere swerved from her course between Fort Victoria and New Westminster and poked her nose through the Narrows, just to be neighborly. The vessels were not so large in those days. One ship loaded up with a million feet of lumber, and that was considered a record cargo.

Besides the millmen, there was at least one individual in Gastown to whom the harbor full of ships was a welcome sight. This was George Black, the butcher. He had a floating wharf, down from the present site of the Alexander house, from which he supplied ships with beef and salt salmon. He drove most of his beef cattle in from Oregon, and did a lucrative trade. George Black was a handsome and clever man, and was one of Gastown's most prominent citizens.

Building went on gradually. John Thomas (Navvy Jack) and Brown built an hotel on East Water street. Joe Mannion bought this house and hired Bonson, a Sapperton miner, who had come to the coast in '58, to run it. Alex. McCrimmon, the shoemaker, built the Sunnyside on the ground where now stands the Alexander. Joe Fernandez (Portugee Joe) started a store at the foot of the Abbott street of today, and a little later Sullivan Bros. set up in the same business. Some of the loggers put up shacks along the waterfront, where they spent the winter



TO THE CHINESE QUARTER, VANCOUVER

months. There was little or no land cleared about these buildings. The smoke from protruding stovepipes spiralled out among the feathery tops of the trees. Narrow, elevated sidewalks led from one house to another, and the Indians followed their old footpath to and from their work at Hastings mill.

The men who owned the land were not by any means considered capitalists. They never sold any. No person wanted to buy. They made their living as best they could, and cherished a faint hope that some day there property would be valuable. Morton turned his hand to gardening, and did fairly well.

The winter was a time of idleness and hilarity about Gastown. The loggers came down to their shacks and a few stray prospectors gathered in. These men were very welcome at the Deighton House or Sunnyside, and here, needless to say, they spent their money freely. "Gassy" Jack and his fellow saloonkeepers, be it known, dispensed no five-cent beers. At almost any hour of the day or night one might hear the click of glasses and the loud guffaw of rough men mingled with the snore of an accordeon or the chirping of a "fiddle." Often, too, at such times, a figure came stealthily from the back door of the saloon bearing a large jug or pail. In the dark shadow of the tall trees without other figures relieved him of his burden, and then there was hilarity at the rancherie on False Creek also.

At other times the accordeon might be heard to change its tune and cough out an accompaniment to some old familiar hymn, while the men's lusty voices made the building shake. This was the advent of some preacher who had dropped in and was holding services in the bar. One of these "sky pilots," as they were called, lives in Vancouver today Rev. T. Crosby, 2535 Second avenue, Kitsilano. Another, the Rev. Dr. Robson, of Mt. Pleasant, has only just recently passed away. The former was a missionary to the Ankomenums, whose language he spoke like one of themselves; the latter preached in all the mining and logging camps from the coast to the Cariboo. Both were familiar figures to Gastown citizens.

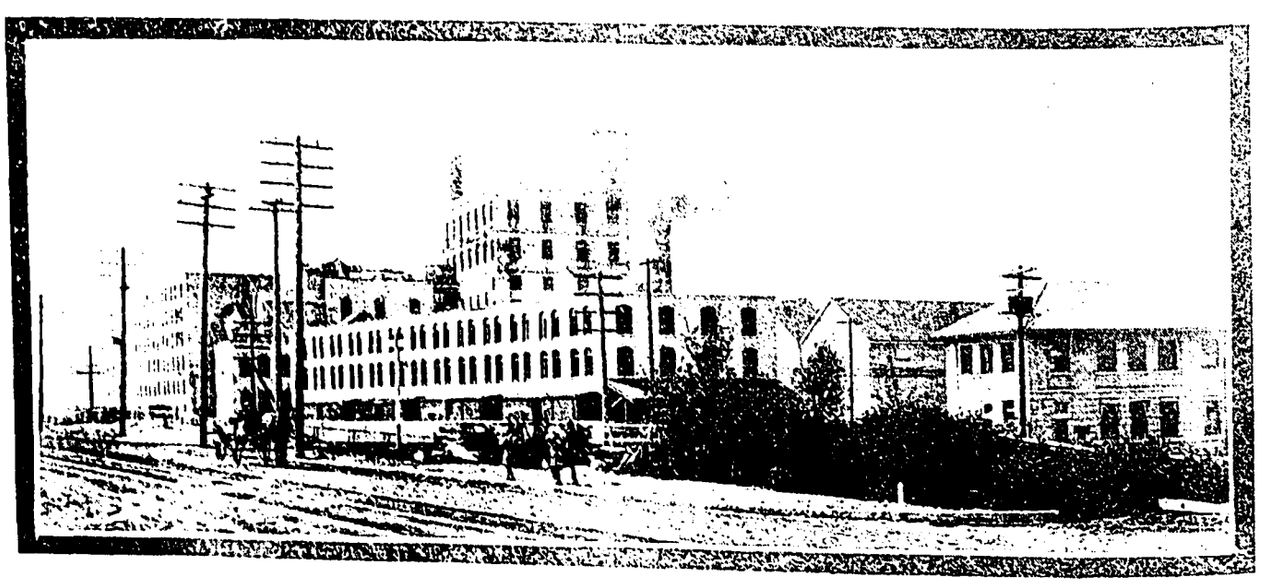
Some of the loggers used to get through their money before the weather permitted a return to the woods. These invariably strayed into "Jerry" Rodgers' sport camp. Here, whether or not there was work for them, they never failed to find food and shelter. Every survivor of Gastown days remembers "Jerry" Rodgers and speaks of him in terms of highest appreciation.

In those days the sea captains often had their wives on board, and when some ships arrived in Gastown the few white women

THE FIRST MEETING OF VANCOUVER'S CITY COUNCIL AFTER THE FIRE OF JUNE 16, 1886

there did a "streak" of visiting. Sometimes the officers and sailors gave balls and parties aboard ship. Then Gastown and its wife graced the decks and saloons, while yellow Orientals and brown South Sea men from the ship's hold stole ashore and headed for the rancherie, armed with whiskey and bent on riot and lust.

It was in the year 1886. Gastown had probably a population of three or four hundred. Twenty-four years had elapsed since Morton and his *tillicums* had built their shack on the shores of Coal Harbor. For almost twenty years Hastings and Moody's mills had been distributing the fir and cedar of the Inlet to all parts of the world. Spars from "Jerry" Rodgers' camp at Kitsilano had for twenty-one years gladdened the hearts of Australian and Old Country shipbuilders. One night the Indians of Chee-wacin and North Vancouver wondered to see a light in the sky in the direction of Gastown. It was a red glare like an angry wound in the side of night. Gastown was in flames. The barnlike buildings flared like matchwood and ignited the resinous trees standing all about. Many of the natives on the other side of the Inlet rushed to their



BRITISH COLUMBIA SUGAR REFINERY, VANCOUVER

canoes, and would have pushed across, but there on the beach before them, the red light from over the water playing on his gray locks and ruddying his bronzed features, stood the mission priest. "No, my children," he said, raising his hand. "The white men will lose many things in this fire. If you go you may be blamed by some bad man for stealing. Who knows?"

The Indians saw at once the wisdom of the father's words. Not one ventured to cross the narrow neck of water for three or four days. Then they saw, in the place where Gastown had been, a blackened vacancy in the wooded slope of Burrard's southern shore. Here on this desolate land were laid the foundations of the Vancouver of these days.

John Morton lives on Denman street, near the roller rink. This location is on his old pre-emption. He is an old man, and of late years Fate has handed him considerable ill-health. But his eyes still smile just as they did when he came with his *tillicums* and homesteaded Vancouver.

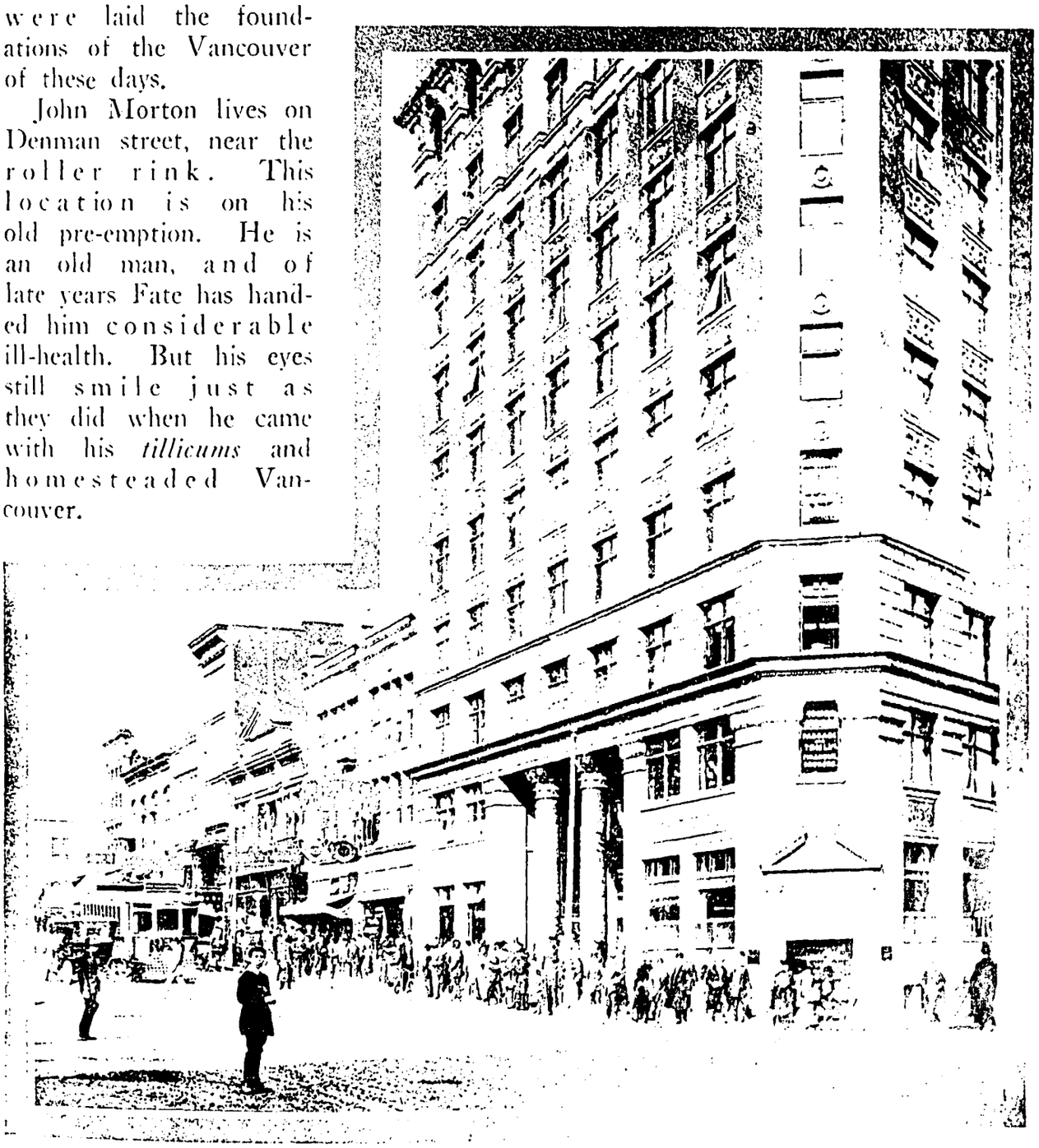
"But how did you make out with all your land?" I asked.

"Very well, lad, very well," he answered. "But of course, ye know," he added with a little chuckle, "the C. P. R. couldn't afford to come down from Port Moody until my *tillicums* and I each donated a hundred lots."

"Yes, but you had much land left?"

"Ay, lad; ay, I had," and then he laughed a hearty laugh, in which there was not the faintest trace of bitterness, "then I fell among the forty thieves——"

But you are back to the city: its lights, pavements, throngs, tramways, skyscrapers, and—*real estate deals*.



THE CORNER OF HASTINGS AND CAMBIE STREETS, VANCOUVER

Vancouver and the Railways

By Wilfrid Playfair

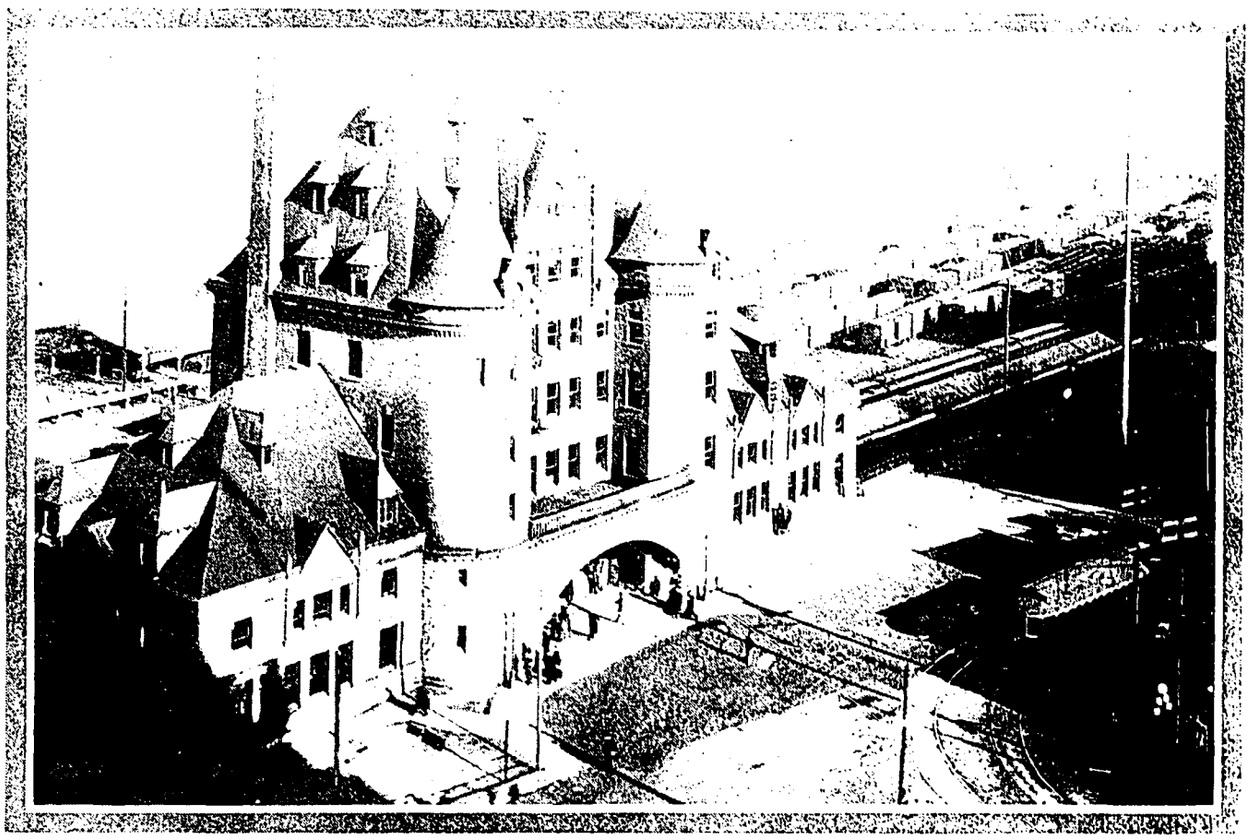
ONCE upon a time a city gave itself away in order that a great railroad might be induced to establish its terminus there. That was some twenty-four years ago, and the city that thus made a gift of itself was Vancouver.

Some months since, James J. Hill, who, in addition to being a railroad man, has a reputation for saying sensible things, happened this way on weighty business, and, as is his custom, he summed up a situation in few words. He said:

"I see a day coming when half a score of lines from Northern British Columbia will converge on Burrard Inlet. You have untold wealth in the seas, the greatest timber resources on the continent, and mineral assets that will make British Columbia the greatest province in the Dominion."

In these two incidents we have proof of a changed point of view. Once, Vancouver went on her knees to the railroads. Now the railroads know that they cannot afford to stay away from Vancouver. Underlying both these is the fact that Mr. Hill did not mention, though he is keenly aware of it, that, great though the resources of British Columbia are, vast as is the wealth of the district immediately tributary to Vancouver, it is not these things that are rapidly making Vancouver the greatest shipping port of the Pacific coast. Potential in the days when this was merely a neck of the woods with a deep arm of the sea pointing through it, but triumphantly apparent today, Vancouver's power lies in her strategic position, a harbor ranking among the great harbors of the world—a natural position that will force the overland traffic from west and north to pass through her gates.

Transportation has always been, will always be, the live issue with Vancouver. In early days, cut off from the markets of the world by lack of a railroad, the city—it was a hamlet then, vaguely conscious of its own great future, aware in a dim sort of way that it was being cheated of its foreordained due—demanded to be a transcontinental terminus, and made heavy sacrifices to obtain that end. Grown to a metropolis of importance, Vancouver today sees half a dozen great transcontinentals heading her way, and in the scroll of the future it is written that at no distant date all, or almost all, steamship companies operating from the Pacific coast of America to the Orient will operate from Burrard Inlet.



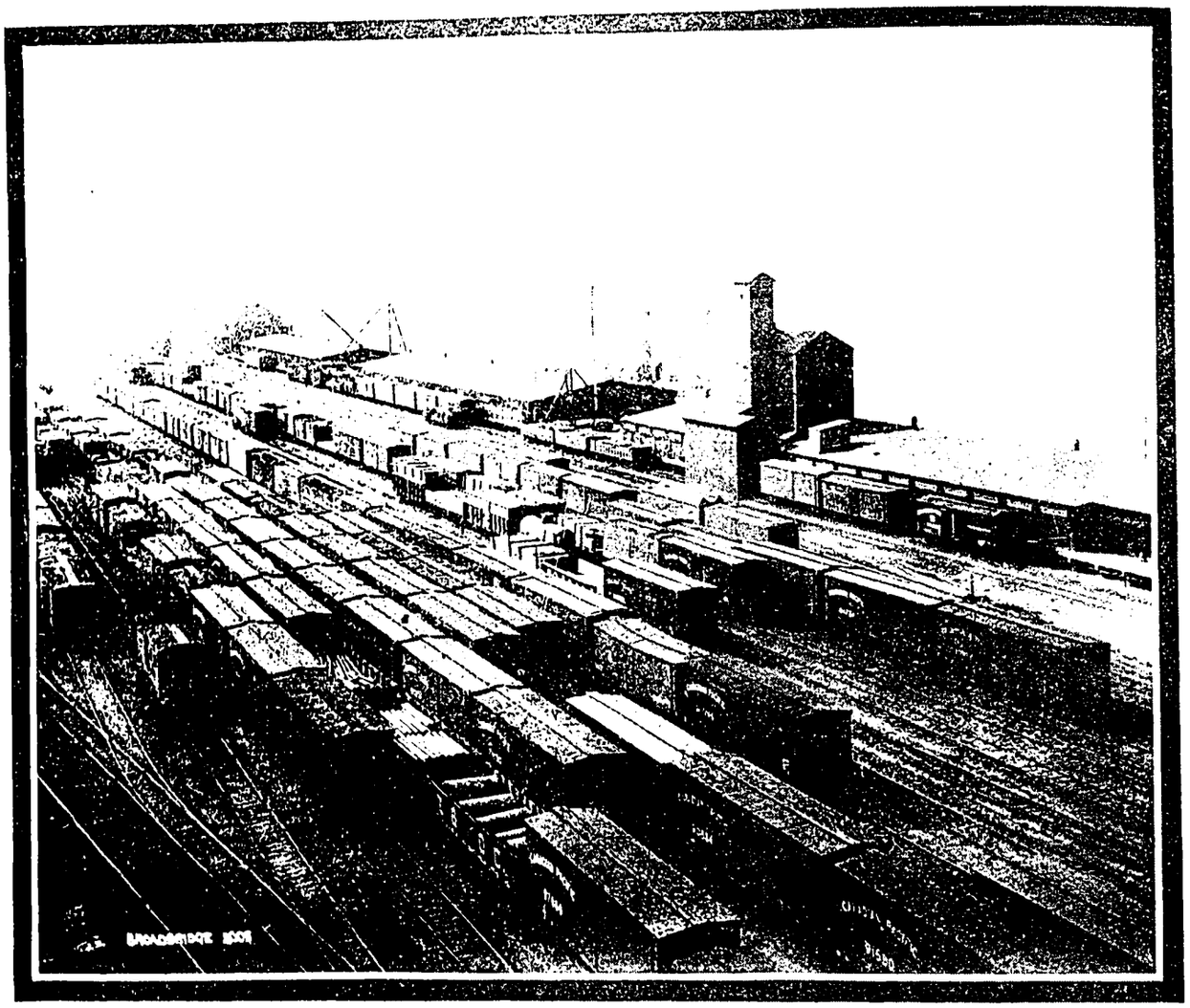
C. P. R. STATION, VANCOUVER

It is no longer necessary to offer inducements to railroads to come to Vancouver. By hook or crook they will come: they must come. The Grand Trunk Pacific, that great new transcontinental that taps British Columbia's central interior, has its terminus at Prince Rupert; but it, too, is coming to Vancouver. It will build a "branch" line from Fort George to Vancouver, and over that "branch" will run the bulk of its traffic from the east and from the prairie provinces. The Canadian Northern, with terminals at Port Mann on the Fraser, will run into Vancouver. One American transcontinental has arrived; others are on their way.

One who delves into the history of transportation in Vancouver is met at every turn by the statement that the Canadian Pacific Railway made the city. The iteration becomes wearisome. Yet in the last analysis no great city was ever made by a railroad or by railroads. Time and again in the history of Canada and the United States have railroads put forth efforts to artificially create cities, and the creation has succeeded only where Nature had already brought together the factors that go to build up a centre of population. Where the efforts of the railroads were not backed up by adequate natural resources and by a commanding geographical situation, the artificial fabric tottered soon to its fall. There was a time, for example, when Mr. Hill, quoted above, attempted to make the city of Everett, Washington, the shipping centre of the Pacific Northwest of the United States. But Nature, more astute than Mr. Hill, and first on the scene, won out with her own candidate, Seattle.

So we may declare boldly that Vancouver was not created by the Canadian Pacific Railway, although it is but fair to record that the Canadian Pacific Railway discovered Vancouver. The coming of the railroad—and that was before the wealth of British Columbia was as apparent as it is today—hastened development and accelerated the onward march of the city tremendously. But today, looking back over Vancouver's history, looking forward to the imminent arrival of other transcontinental lines, one's impression is not so much that the Canadian Pacific Railway made Vancouver as that the men at the head of the Canadian Pacific in those early days were shrewd, far-sighted minds. In their day and generation they had wisdom to see the strategic location.

Not all men who prophesy are prophets. The soothsayers who peered into the globe of crystal and advised that Canada's first transcontinental build its terminals on Coal Harbor have been vindicated. The wise men who parted with their holdings on Coal Harbor and invested the proceeds in



C. P. R. FREIGHT YARDS, VANCOUVER

Port Moody have been severely dealt with. Had the early fathers of British Columbia and Vancouver, who gave their substance to make this city a transportation centre, been prophets, perhaps they would have known that the Canadian Pacific would come to Vancouver in any case. Most of us must be satisfied with prophesying after the event. It is easier.

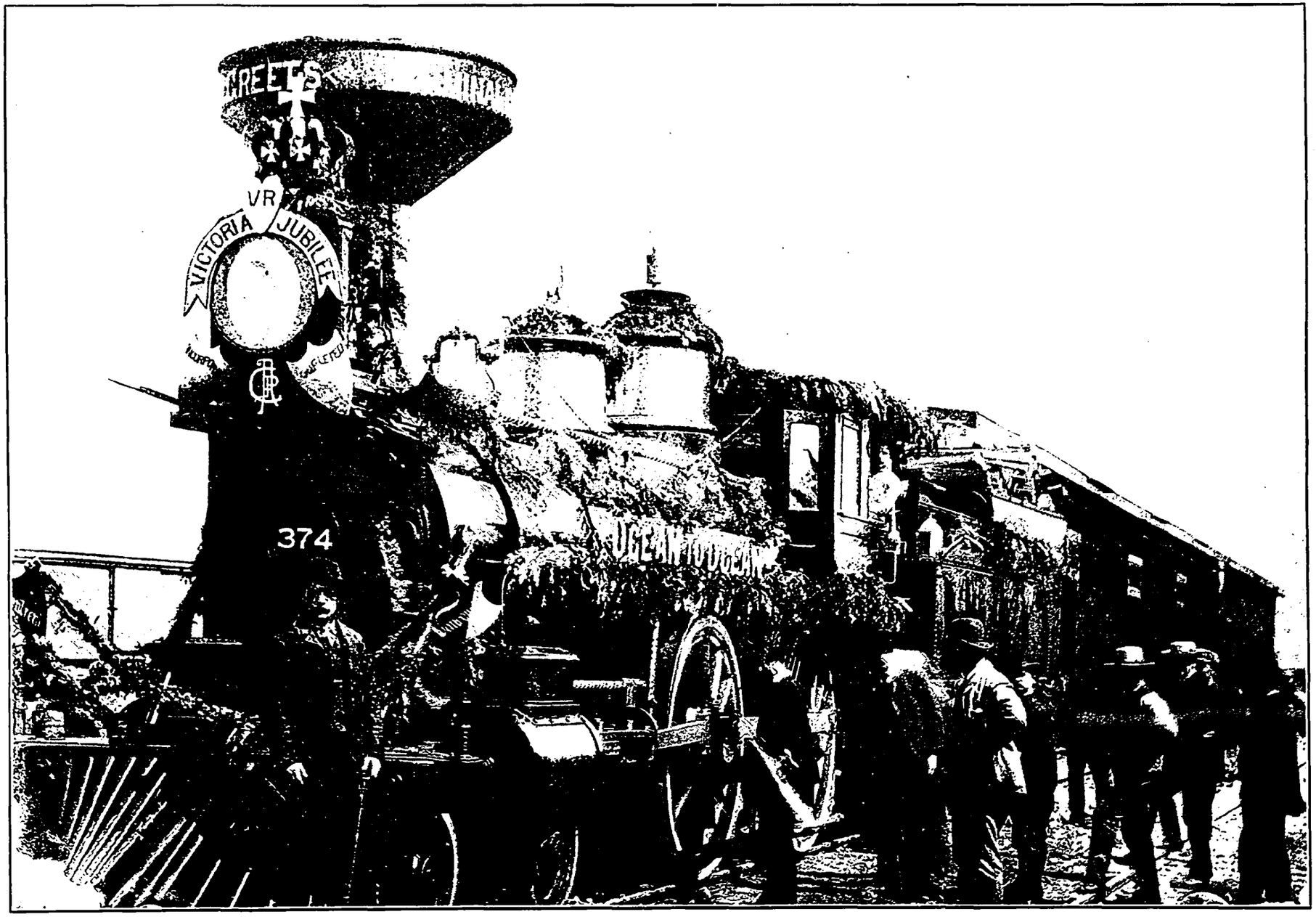
To get a text wherefrom to proceed in outlining the growth of Vancouver's transportation facilities two pictures may be shown. One of them is the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway twenty-four years ago. The other is the present situation, the picture of a masterful city reaching out after its own.

The Dominion Government was bound by the terms of Confederation with British Columbia to build a transcontinental line to tidewater in British Columbia, and Port Moody was selected as the terminus of this line. The Dominion Government built the line from Kamloops Lake (Savona) and gave it to the Canadian Pacific as part of its subsidy. Thus the C. P. R. came to Port Moody.

The Provincial Government, having large holdings of land at Point Grey, Point Atkinson, North Vancouver, etc., was naturally anxious to get the line extended to Coal Harbor and English Bay. The people of Vancouver—few but full of civic patriotism—were as naturally anxious to gain the same end. The C. P. R., hampered by the lack of yardroom at Port Moody, and the fact that the company did not own an acre outside that very limited yard, was also eager to extend its line. Another potent reason was the company's belief that the Second Narrows was a dangerous passage.

The result was inevitable. The Provincial Government agreed to give the railway the whole of Lot 541—which is at present the business centre of Vancouver—and Lot 526, which today includes the residential section of Shaughnessy Heights, with the exception of a few lots already sold in what is known as "Old Granville Townsite," bounded by Cambie, Carrall, Hastings and Coal Harbor.

The owners of Lots 181, 196 and 185, not to be outdone in generosity, gave the railway company all their waterfront on Coal Harbor, and one-third of the town



Photograph loaned by Greer, Coyle Co., Limited

FIRST C. P. R. TRAIN ENTERING VANCOUVER

lots when they had been subdivided. The owner of Lot 181 retained all the land north of the railway from Heatley avenue to Dunlevy avenue, where the Hastings Mill then stood and where it exists today, and the government retained the Indian reserve at the mouth of False Creek.

From Stanley Park to Gore avenue the waterfront passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific, and not one street reached through to the water on city property. Later the city went into the courts with the company to decide the rights of the two parties, and the city lost. This is one picture.

Today two great railroads, the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, run to Vancouver. Two others, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, are building to this objective point, while two others, the Northern Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, have obtained a foothold. That is, six transcontinental railroads will one of these days have terminals at Vancouver.

Further, one of these railroads, the Canadian Pacific, is today running a steamship line to the Orient. Two of them, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific, are operating coasting lines. In the future all of them will operate trans-Pacific services from the port of Vancouver. Uncle Sam, usually astute, fell down in one particular, and that falling down will mean in all probability that Vancouver will inherit the steamship trade to the Orient that naturally would go to Seattle or San Francisco. That mistake of Uncle Sam's was the adoption of the Interstate Commerce Commission's regulation compelling steamship companies operated by railroads to publish their water rates.

J. J. Hill, already quoted in this article, now operates a steamship line out of Seattle, under great handicaps. Mr. Hill is astute. Not for nothing has the Great Northern, his own line, pushed its way over the boundary line into Vancouver. Not for nothing has the railway company acquired waterfront property in Vancouver. Mr. Hill and the other men who control American transcontinental railroads will evade the damaging regulation by working his steamship interests from a Canadian port, under Canadian law.

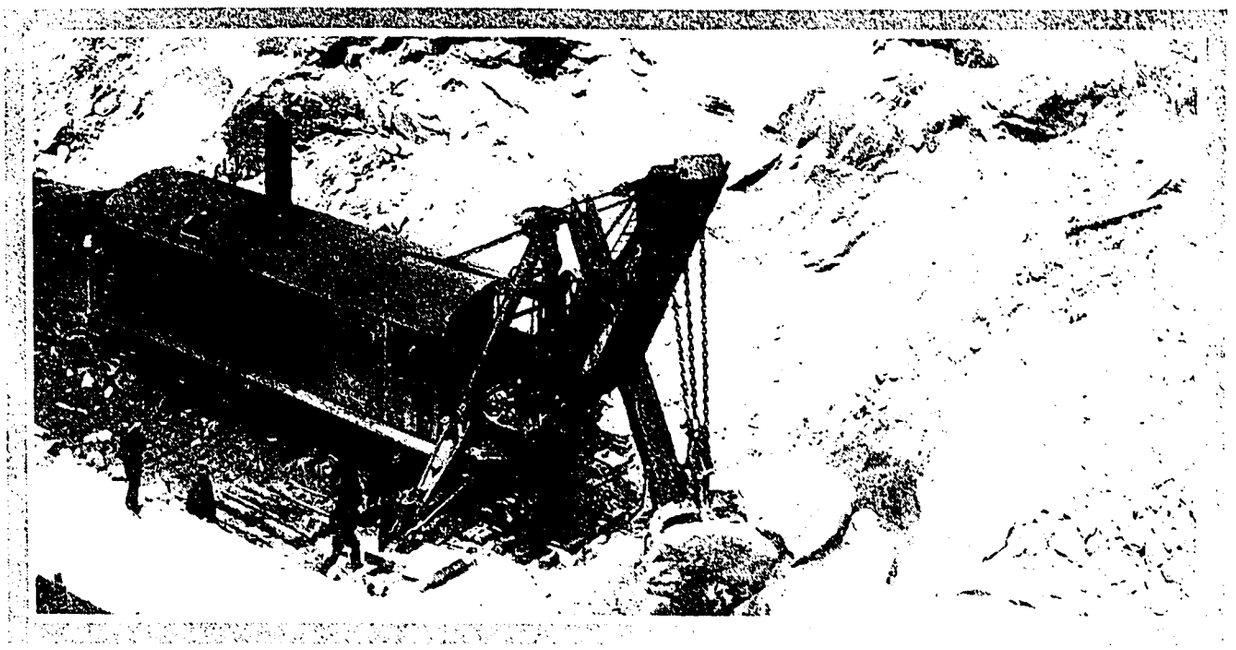
This completes the second picture, if the imagination of the reader is keen enough to grasp it in all its immensity. Vancouver, at present a great shipping port, is in its infancy as a shipping port. This mighty development will not come gradually, but it will arrive suddenly, in a matter of a year or two. It is enough to take the breath away.

To round out this introduction must be mentioned the influence that the completion of the Panama Canal will have upon Vancouver's future. The vexed question, "Will the wheat of the prairies be shipped east or west?" is on the eve of final solution, and that solution will be all Vancouver's way. On the one hand, the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern lines to this port via the easy northern passes of the Rockies will do away forever with the mountain barrier that has so long tipped the prairie grain towards the Great Lakes, Montreal and Portland. On the other, the opening of the Isthmian Canal will give Vancouver direct water transportation to the markets of Europe.

The early history of Vancouver is inextricably interwoven with the early history of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Vancouver. Of the scenes that attended the coming of the railroad from Port Moody in 1887 the writers who have delved into the archives of Vancouver for this magazine have treated exhaustively, while the changes made in the city's appearance—as, for example, by the filling in of the waterfront flats for railroad yards—have not been overlooked. So also Mr. Ronald Kenvyn has dealt with the evolution of the C. P. R. Steamship Line, a valuable phase of Vancouver's transportation history. The B. C. Electric Railway has a chapter to itself. In the present article these matters will be referred to only in passing.

Of the railroad pioneers who came to the coast with the Canadian Pacific, and thus aided in building up Vancouver as citizens and traffic makers, two are still in harness today, Mr. R. Marpole, general executive assistant, and Mr. H. J. Cambie, of the engineering department of the C. P. R. at Vancouver.

No sketch of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's operations in Vancouver would be complete without a reference to Mr. R. Marpole, general executive assistant, with headquarters at Vancouver, who has been identified with the company and filling its chief offices on the coast since the completion of the line to the Pacific.



RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION WORK, VANCOUVER

While the difficulties and adversities incidental to the completion of the line of the C. P. R. to the Pacific coast were great, none the less arduous were the duties which befell those in charge of the operation of the line after the last spike had been driven. It required courage, perseverance, ingenuity and skill amongst other things to successfully operate a railroad whose roadbed was often rent open by rock-slides, avalanches and floods at the whim and caprice of Nature. Operating the mountain section of the C. P. R. in those pioneer days was not the same as it is today, when more modern appliances and more efficient safeguards ensure almost absolute safety against accident. In the bringing about of present conditions Mr. Marpole has done much.

It is just twenty-five years since Mr. Marpole came to British Columbia in the construction days after spending five years, 1881 to 1886, on construction north of Lake Superior, as assistant manager of construction, and superintendent of construction and operation there. Prior to that he had worked on the Northern Railway of Canada in Ontario. When the C. P. R. line to the coast was completed he was appointed assistant general superintendent and superintendent of construction of the Pacific division to Mr. Harry Abbott, and upon the retirement of the latter fifteen years ago he was made general superintendent. Four years ago he was offered a position of promotion on the executive, but decided to stay in British Columbia, and his decision undoubtedly influenced the company to no little extent in their ultimate extensions on Vancouver Island, in the construction and development of which lines he bent every energy to ensure their immediate success. A native of Wales, he was educated in Glasgow, and came to Canada after securing experience—which later proved invaluable—on an English railway.

Mr. Cambie, in whose honor a street in the business section of Vancouver is named, is one of the grand old men of the city. His experience with the Canadian Pacific dates back years before the line reached Vancouver, and his account of the construction of the railroad through the perilous passes of the Rockies—of itself a unique historical record—forms part of the British Columbia archives at Victoria.

Mr. Harry Abbott, until ten or twelve years ago general superintendent of the Pacific division, when he retired to be succeeded by Mr. Marpole, still lives in Vancouver. He is one of Canada's oldest railroad men. In the building of the C. P. R. to the coast he played an important part. Probably his advice in the litigation that followed the handing over of the railway to the Canadian Pacific by the Dominion Government and in the decision of the company to make Vancouver the terminal point instead of Port Moody influenced the railroad much in the course it pursued.

Vancouver grew with the growth of traffic on the Canadian Pacific, but it remained for the coming of a second railway to make that growth meteoric. Sober men have said that from the advent of the Great Northern seven years ago dates the real development of Vancouver to metropolitan

proportions. Several reasons have been assigned for this fact, but the chief among them seems to be the added prestige acquired by Vancouver in having two railways instead of one.

Back of the city on Burrard Inlet lay an undeveloped province, waiting for capital to exploit it. The fact that an American line built this way was a splendid advertisement for Vancouver as a shipping port. With great plans in process of realization, the Great Northern will soon become a very great factor in the development of this city.

The Great Northern secured access to Vancouver seven years ago under the Vancouver, Victoria & Eastern Dominion charter. The railroad operates in British Columbia under that name. The line was built from Seattle to New Westminster, and from that point to Vancouver, the company using the old V. W. & Y. line, which it purchased from John Hendry. A second line was built from Spokane via Oroville, on the boundary, into Southern British Columbia. This line is now completed as far as Tulameen. There remains a link between this point and Abbotsford to connect Southern British Columbia with Vancouver.

It was in the back of J. J. Hill's head to go farther than merely push his line to a British Columbia port for local traffic. A quarter of a mile of waterfrontage has been purchased by the company on Burrard Inlet, east of Heatley avenue. On this will be erected large wharves and warehouses, and it is not too far to look into the future to foresee the day when the Great Northern steamship line will have its terminus at Vancouver.

Another important matter in connection with the Great Northern's plans is the much-discussed False Creek matter. Some years ago the city gave the railway a strip of property on the south side of False Creek, and recently an agreement was concluded, after much disputation, whereby the railway gets a further strip on the north side of the inlet and a strip on the east side.

It has not been definitely determined as yet what the city will do with the bed of the creek, which it retains. One scheme is to make a deep basin there for the accommodation of ocean-going vessels. Provision has been made for the use of the flats, when reclaimed, for union railroad terminals, so that any lines which come to Vancouver will have accommodation.

One project that cannot fail to work greatly to the advantage of Vancouver is the completion of the V., V. & E. line to tap Southern British Columbia. Owing to the geographical layout of this province the southern slope has been tributary to Spokane. The new line will bring it within easy reach of Vancouver, and thus do much to consolidate the trade of that part of the province in British Columbia channels.

Seeing that a goodly proportion of the waterfront on Burrard Inlet was handed over in early days to the Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver has had to look about a bit to provide terminal facilities for other railroads coming in. In addition to the False Creek scheme, another project—this one to utilize the north shore of the inlet—is under way. This is a plan to build a bridge across the Second Narrows and give railroads access to North Vancouver. It is fathered by the Burrard Inlet Tunnel & Bridge Company. In connection with the bridge project the company also has a charter to build a line from Eburne via the Second Narrows bridge to Deep Cove, and also to Horseshoe Bay, Point Atkinson. This company is subsidized by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, the city of Vancouver, the city and district of North Vancouver and the municipalities of Point Grey and Burnaby. Among the railroads that may, it is rumored, use the north shore of the inlet for their terminals is mentioned the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The most spectacular feature in the transportation situation as affecting Vancouver is at present a race between two transcontinental railroads to complete their lines to the Pacific coast. The Grand Trunk Pacific, aiming for Prince Rupert ostensibly, but for Vancouver as well, and perhaps more particularly, and the Canadian Northern, with terminus at Port Mann on the Fraser, and designs on Vancouver, too, will, during the next two years, be pitted against each other in one of the greatest railroad races in the history of Western Canada, a race to secure first connection with tidewater on the Pacific.

Two years ago these two lines were battling for primary location of route through the Yellowhead Pass in the Rockies. The Grand Trunk Pacific won out, but the year

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Peter Piper's Conversion

By C. L. Armstrong

MOTHER JONES had never been so shocked and pained at one and the same time since Peter Piper, at the mature age of two, had struck old Mis' Squiggs in the face with a portion of lemon tart. On that occasion the fault had lain, to some extent at least, with Mrs. Jones herself, and she realized this. In most things Peter was a good child, but very early in his career he evinced strong revolutionary traits which grew with his years. On the memorable afternoon when Mis' Squiggs, formally sedate, sat in the shaded Jones' parlor, just under the glass-covered wax wreath that had borne testimony to the family's bereavement when Grandpa Jones booked with the grim wherry-man for beyond Lethe, Peter —he was called merely Francis then—had come toddling in from the nursery with a bewitching look of inquiry on his old-fashioned little face. Spinster-like, Mis' Squiggs was immediately a-gurgle and Mother Jones, justly proud, bade Peter go to the visitor. Peter obeyed reluctantly and was gathered into angular arms and showered with dry-acidulated kisses from lips that had never learned how. The effect on Peter, whose taste in such matters was most fastidious, proved instant. He broke away with a wail and took refuge at his mother's knee. It was then that Mother Jones made her mistake.

"See, Baby," she said, "go back to nice lady." Peter swung slowly about and surveyed the seductive Mis' Squiggs without moving from his familiar fort. Mother Jones touched the brown curls deftly and tenderly. "Baby go to nice lady; mother give Baby lovely tart."

Peter was open to bribery; he took the tart, clutching it fast in a chubby fist. Tarts were items of food much to be desired in Peter's scheme of things, for Mother Jones' tarts were soft and melting and piled high with thick cream. But they were hard to get where little boys were concerned. The creamy creation he held in his red little hand was as a great prize to Peter.

"Go to pretty lady," cooed Mother Jones.

Mis' Squiggs blushed and lavished an adoring glance on her hostess. But Peter wavered. He went toward the visitor's chair unsteadily, then stopped, uncertain. Mis' Squiggs was leaning far out in what was plainly intended to be an appealing attitude of entreaty. Her hard, dry face was mottled with a flush and she clucked with her tongue as if she were calling one of her pet bantams. Peter drew nearer. His face bore signs of the struggle that was going on within him. His sense of duty, of the service to be performed in return for the boon of the tart, was at variance with his instinctive dislike for the coy Mis' Squiggs, and his longing for the tart further complicated the mental conflict. Peter made up his mind with an alacrity that did him credit, but which created more or less of a sensation. He was quite close to the clucking Mis' Squiggs now; her hooked nose with the three-haired mole pointed out as if to snatch him. In Peter's eyes it seemed to grow larger and larger and more menacing as he advanced. Other features were lost beside it; the thin lips, the big, white-rimmed eyes under bushy brows, like the eyes of the witches in fairy books—all were blotted out and only the long nose remained. The three hairs adorning the mole seemed to quiver with anticipation. Peter drew nearer and nearer. It almost had him now; it was reaching out to take him. With a scream Peter raised his arm and dashed the frothy tart against the extended proboscis. He fled from the room in the panic that followed.

Peter never learned the outcome of that engagement. He did not see the outraged Mis' Squiggs, speechless for once, scorn a proffered guest towel and flounce from the room and through the front door without a

word of farewell, dabbing at her nose with a square inch of lace-bordered cambric. What Peter saw was the white, pained face of his pretty mother when she discovered him shaking and sobbing on a perishable hat-box in the dusty closet of the spare room. Peter had expected a whipping; his most optimistic view included a scolding at least, and perhaps early to bed with no supper. But it was much worse than either. Mother only said, in a very soft, low voice: "Come out, Baby; you're crushing mother's hat." But, somehow, to Peter the words conveyed heart-breaking sorrow and disappointment.

Looking back on the episode now, Mother Jones succeeded only in adding to her present pain. Yet, had subsequent events been different, the recognition of the sorrow in Mother Jones' voice might have been as a lesson to Peter.

Supper was forthcoming; Peter marvelled at that. Nor was there any noticeable restriction of the menu. Obviously, plastering a tart on the nose of an objectionable old lady was not a criminal offence. Peter lay back, deep in thought. One must ponder the immediate future. Perhaps punishment was merely being deferred; perhaps——. The front door opened and closed with a bang. A familiar stamping of feet followed, and then a deep, cheery "Hello!" Here was the solution, come all of a sudden—Papa! Sobbing, all quivery, Peter kicked back the covers and climbed to the floor. Perhaps there were bears under the bed; it was almost certain that a bogey man would be hiding behind the closet door, but one must take chances. The hard, cold floor bruised Peter's fat little knees as he crept to the door. Once there, he took a fresh grip on the wooden gun he had brought for protection, and listened.

"Just dreadful, Tom!" Peter heard. "Careful upbringing—can't understand—have to do something with him." Peter couldn't make it all out, but one fact was clear: mother was telling. The tiny figure crouched low at the door and shook with sobs. Mother's voice, with tears in it, continued. Peter caught a word here and there. The whole dreadful story was being told! It was even more awful than he had supposed. Yes, one might expect almost any kind of punishment as a result. Suddenly Peter stopped sobbing and sat up straight. Was it possible? Yes, it was! Papa was laughing, laughing with a great big laugh, one of the biggest Peter had ever heard. Mother's voice sounded again and then papa laughed more, louder and bigger than ever. Peter sat back firmly. He did not notice the pain in his toes. His eyes were wide and puzzled and he had forgotten the possibility of bears and the off-chance of a bogey man. Then papa stopped laughing and Peter heard another sound. He knew it at once; mother was crying. Again the tears came into Peter's eyes, but they had no time to fall before papa's voice boomed out, the laugh in it only half gone. The words came to Peter clear and distinct.

"Come, come Betty, cheer up! Don't feel that way about it. Why, the boy's all right. Nobody who ever saw Squiggsy would blame him a bit. He's a bit peppery, that's all; just a little Peter Piper."

The meaning of it was beyond Peter's understanding, but what he did understand was that mother had ceased to cry. The little feet made no sound as Peter toddled back to bed. His eyes were dry and shining. Breathlessly he rearranged the covering dimpled, unaccustomed hands pulling at blanket and sheet as footsteps sounded on the stairs below.

"Hello, there, you young Peter Piper!" The nursery rang with the reassuring sound, and Peter's last qualm of doubt vanished as he caught his father about the neck and dragged him down to a seat on the cot. Two new stories had been recounted with splendid dramatic effect before the late unpleasantness was so much as mentioned. "So you've been throwing lemon pies at the visitors, eh?" papa said then, the severity in his tone completely neutralized by the laugh in his eyes. Peter nodded his head violently and tugged at papa's coat in a wild attempt to distract attention and have the subject changed. "Well, young shaver," papa went on, "that's not gentlemanly. You've made mother feel very badly. Men don't act like that. Now don't do it again." Peter was half inclined to cry at the reference to mother, but papa smothered the threatening tears, without noticing them, in good-night kisses. And, when he was turning into the stair outside the door, Peter heard him chuckling softly. Dry-eyed and content, the

boy lay back and surrendered to the Sand Man.

It stood to Peter's credit that during the four years that followed his record, while not exemplary, included nothing so outrageous as the lemon tart episode. He passed with safety through the experimental stage, experimenting with everything that came to hand. He investigated the possibilities of matches without cremating himself or setting fire to the house, and tested Papa Jones' razor without any more serious result than rendering it useless even for chiropody. Then came the new development, and left Mother Jones as shocked and pained as she had been on that fateful afternoon when Mis' Squiggs's nose met its Waterloo. Papa Jones heard of it the moment he entered the house. He removed his overcoat to the accompaniment of the introduction and the stamping on of his slippers beat a tattoo to the sobs of conclusion. This time Papa Jones did not laugh. "You're sure you heard him right, Betty?" he asked after a period of silence broken only by Mrs. Jones' fitful crying. The crying ceased instantly. Mrs. Jones raised her red eyes indignantly, and even the tears failed to quench the fire of her glance. "He swore, I tell you, Tom Jones; swore, just like any vile sailor. I heard him right——" her head was back on her outflung arms and she moaned. "If I only could doubt it! I was sweeping the kitchen and Peter was in the shed. I heard him shout and then—I heard him s-s-swear!"

"What term did he use?" Papa Jones was pacing the floor now as if he would drag extenuating explanations from the air. This was serious.

"It was too awful. The cat upset his box of marbles—those new ones you get him, and he called her——"

"Well, well, what?"

"He called her a, a——oh, Tom, I can't."

"You must, Betty; come, out with it!" Papa Jones' tone was frantic and beads of perspiration stood on his brow. This was more than serious!

"He called her a c-c-cross-eyed old s-s-swab!"

Papa Jones subsided into a chair. He conquered, by strong effort, his desire to laugh, and his relief found vent in a prolonged whistle, which had the effect on Mother Jones, who misinterpreted it, of spurring her sobs.

"But what," exclaimed Papa Jones, after a decent interval of silence, during which Mother Jones' sobs abated to whispers—"what, in the name of Time, is a 'swab'?"

The only answer to this was a fresh burst of sobbing, whereby Mother Jones conveyed her personal opinion that a "swab" was something unfit for conversation. Papa Jones, inlander by birth and breeding, took a more modified view. He sought to sooth his wife: "Now, Betty, don't go on crying. The lad has to learn something of the world and, for the life of me, I can't see anything so very terrible about his calling Lady Jane a cross-eyed old 'swab,' whatever that may be. I often feel like it myself!"

"Yes," burst out Mother Jones hysterically, "there's no mistake where the boy gets his awful habits from. Now my father never——"

"My dear," interrupted Papa Jones softly but expressively, "your father was deaf and dumb!"

This did not make for peace. Mrs. Jones forgot her tears instantly. Head erect, eyes flashing, she inquired in an ominously modulated tone, if he, Thomas Ellington Jones, intended to imply that her father would have used profanity had he been capable of speech. Then, tears following hard on her indignation, she flung herself on Papa Jones' broad bosom. "Tom," she sobbed, "try to find out what 'swab' means."

Time, in Peter Piper's calendar, was divided into two periods—the days when he was allowed to make the street-car journey to Grandma Jones' unaccompanied, and the days when he was not. Grandma Jones, besides being a dear, lenient old lady who would have died rather than tell on little boys, lived at the other side of town. Between, lay what was, to Peter, a fairyland calling for exploration. The joy of discovering it was limited only by the time one might safely take off between the hour of leaving home and the hour of one's expected arrival at Grandma Jones.' But even the wonders of this vast world of more than six blocks, with its blacksmith shops and foundries, where men made little fires burn wondrous bright and took out red-hot irons and hammered them with big hammers, and at last stuck them into tubs of water where

they sizzled remarkably—even these wonders gave place in Peter's appreciation to the allurements of the livery stable directly next door to Grandma Jones'. The latter, besides offering real horses in plenty, had the added advantage of being within permitted territory. Permission from the indulgent grandma was not hard to obtain, and Peter made friends in the livery barn rapidly.

It was on the day after one of these visits to grandma's that Mother Jones came upon Peter in the yard at the rear of the house. Nero, whose accidentally-shortened tail gave him a badly worn appearance, stood before him as patiently as might be. Peter, struggling with a piece of abandoned suspenders, was in the act of giving the harness the finishing touch when Nero, who looked upon his master's new exaction as nothing short of an indignity anyway, caught the familiar scent. With a joyous bark he sprang forward. Peter, the wreck of the harness in his hands, looked neither right nor left. He sank back on his heels with a strange adult sigh of dejection and disappointment. Then, in a quiet, sincere voice he observed:

"Well, d—n the luck!"

From month to month Peter went from bad to worse. Mother Jones' eyes were becoming habitually red now. Even Papa Jones feared to look the pastor in the eye as a man should who has contributed his regular Sabbath subscription since time out of mind. Corporeal persuasion was tried on Peter: he was standing up to his meals most of the time. Yet results were negative. Not only did he make use of shocking epithets and phrases against which he had already been warned but from time to time he came out with something entirely new and, if possible, more shocking than anything that went before. In spite of this he did not seem to take any delight in distressing his parents nor in astounding their friends. He was a likeable child, not given to bad humors, but, at unexpected times, when another child would have sulked, Peter, dry-eyed and cool, would make use of descriptive adjectives that any trooper would have blushed to hear.

"I cannot credit it. Surely, Sister, it is impossible. I shall go myself and take the child in hand." Rev. Timothy Tapp drummed his immaculate fingers against the back of his ooze-leather pulpit Bible and frowned impressively. Mother Jones being an ardent church-worker, the good man felt it was more than his duty to do what he could to correct so deplorable a case, especially as Peter had been kept from Sunday school for the excellent reason that he probably would have caused it to adjourn in disorder.

"Well, you'll wish you hadn't, Mr. Tapp. That abandoned little brat will freeze the blood in your veins."

As she offered this bit of advice the "Sister" looked pleadingly at Rev. Tapp over the mole with three waving, agitated hairs which decked the bridge of her nose. But Parson Tapp was not to be turned from the path of duty.

"What is wanted, Sister Jones," he was explaining decisively to Mother Jones in the darkened parlor ten minutes later, "is a more rigid discipline. I fear that in your love for the boy you and Brother Jones have been a mite too indulgent. Now, for instance——"

The parlor door opened and Peter Piper, his sweet, child face flushed with exercise, bounded in. He went to Rev. Tapp readily at the good man's request, and looked up into the clerical countenance with wide, innocent eyes To the minister's perfunctory questions Peter returned polite answers. His age and his full name were learned with ease. But when Rev. Tapp, presuming on this friendly footing, sought to pry into Peter's private affairs, the conversation lagged. Rev. Tapp tried coaxing: he cajoled, he entreated, he begged, and all with the same result. Then, with a quick glance toward Mother Jones, whose eyes acquiesced, he suddenly seized Peter roughly by the arm.

"Now, look here, my lad, I want you to tell me, without more ado, who teaches you the naughty words you have been using. Come, sir, out with it!"

The Rev. Tapp's tone was decidedly firm; his face was forbidding. His eyes betrayed that he would brook no denial; he was prepared to punish, and well might the unfortunate culprit before him quail. There followed an eloquent pause, during which Peter's sober brown eyes met the minister's unflinchingly. Then the red, childish lips

opened and words flowed forth, cold, distinct, deliberate. Had the rains descended and the floods come, all in one destructive moment, the effect on Rev. Tapp could not have been more overwhelming. He had been consigned to that very limbo to save sinners from which his Sabbath labors were largely directed. At the front door, the good man, a minute later, recommended a sound thrashing and a daily mouth-wash of soap and water.

Whether these expedients were tried or not is a secret of the Jones household. It was at this time that a renowned evangelist began a series of services in the town. His efforts were attended with much apparent success, and the papers were full of accounts of his work. Night after night hardened travellers of the broad and easy road were turned into the straight and narrow way. The town was agog.

"Listen to this, Betty," Papa Jones exclaimed one morning from behind the triple folds of his paper. "It says, 'Evangelist Mopp won the signal victory of his local career last evening when, after a long session of prayer, Sailor Jack Coleman, one of this city's best-known characters, went to the front, amid a chorus of Hallelujahs, and declared himself converted. Coleman has been for many years a hostler at Brennan's Livery & Exchange Stables, Fourth street and Trenton avenue, and up to last night he was believed to have had no match as an all-round, assorted plain and fancy word painter. Prior to his coming here Coleman had followed the sea for years, serving before the mast on the old-time sailing ships, and visiting all parts of the world.'"

"Why," exclaimed Mother Jones when Papa's voice subsided, "that stable is right next door——" She caught her breath and darted a momentary glance at Peter, who was innocently busy with a second helping of porridge—"right next door to your mother's place; isn't it, Tom?" But Papa Jones was deep in the stock reports.

Mother Jones was giving an "At Home." It was a decidedly "pink" affair, and the darkened parlor was gloriously aglow for the occasion. Gossip was at flood-tide, and Peter, banished to his grandmother's for the day, was delightfully out of mind. Mother Jones was flushed with just pride when suddenly her face went white. The kitchen door opened and crashed shut again. All too familiar footsteps pattered across the kitchen floor. They neared the parlor entrance, A can rattled across the floor, there was the sound of a stumble, then crash! Mother Jones set down her tea-pot deliberately and her hands went to her ears. Her horrified eyes swept the circle of guests beseechingly. Then, in the silence, came the voice of Peter:

"One, two, three——" Up to "eight" it went and stopped.

"You count when you want not to say it, mother." Bed-time was long since past, and Mother Jones was sitting in the dark by a small boy's bed. "And, mother!" "Yes, Peter!" "I come-d home to tell you; I ain't going to be a sailor now when I'm a man. I'm going to be a horse-ler." Mother Jones' cool hand went out and found a hot little brow in sympathetic approval. Later, when Papa Jones had come home, mother's story of the change was interrupted by a loud hail from above:

"Mother, I can sing!"

"You can what, dearie?"

"I can sing, now; want to hear?"

Mother Jones started for the foot of the stairs with Papa following silently in her wake. They paused at the landing. The sound of a small, sweet voice, carrying a tune, came from the nursery. They had never heard Peter sing. Mother Jones, breathless, gripped her husband's arm as she strained to catch the hopelessly jumbled words. "Tom," she shrieked at last, starting impulsively for the nursery door, "it's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'!"

"The little duffer!" laughed big Papa Jones after Peter, to his everlasting bewilderment, had been loved almost to exhaustion. "I told you he wasn't a bad boy, Betty; he's just a hero worshipper, bless him!"

But Mother Jones knew that Peter Piper had been converted and there were glad tears in her eyes.

The River of the Iron Tea-Pail

By Garnett Weston

THIS is a story that Hyacinthe Remous told me as we sat on the balsam bed spread in the snow. The birch fire rolled in our faces a steady heat. The north wind whispered its tale of the frozen miles in the tree-tips. In that little pocket in the spruce nothing moved except the shadows playing over the snows. On one side was the green wood Remous had made. Stuck upright in the snow, where the heat could not reach them to thaw the filling, were the snow-shoes. Also Remous had built a shelter of balsam and poles. On the stub of a branch hung the frying-pan from which Remous had eaten the grease. He told me the story between draws and briefly, for we were tired, and long before the dawn came we would be breaking camp.

Antoine Radeau lived in his *cabane* at the foot of the *Long Portage* on the river of the Iron Tea-Pail. His clearing was well known on the river, for it usually came into sight at the close of a long day's toil, and the river-men made it their camping ground. Sometimes when the sun sent its rays in level lines down the rapids and the shadows grew in length, the forest gaped, and into the clearing came the packers who had made the *Long Portage*. Then the open space that Antoine's axe had gouged in the trees was lighted with the cooking fires. The pot was boiled and the smell of the frying bacon harried the stomachs of the hungry wolves until they padded down to the edge of the clearing where, unseen, they whined like tame curs when they strive to speak their wants. With the dawn the paddles flashed and the canoes went on leaving the wilderness quiet to settle down on the *cabane* of Antoine Radeau.

Apart from the fact that at the clearing they satisfied their hunger, the men who passed along the river liked it because it was the home of Gabrielle Radeau, the old man's daughter. Her beauty was the river's boast from its source to where it flung itself into the Ottawa. In many camps her name was sung with prideful love by the loggers, whose speech was usually ornate with shanty oaths. Of her, perforce, they spoke cleanly, for the word had gone forth. Frenchmen, Canadians, half-breeds and Indians—when they breathed the name of Gabrielle Radeau it was with quiet reverence and respect. The north country is tolerant of crime and of the shame, but when it places a virtue on a pedestal, it is a high one. No idolator ever paid homage with more fanatic zeal than does the north to the few things she reverences. Woe to him who desecrates one of her shrines, for it is death, let it follow swiftly or after many winters. Somewhere, somewhen, the north finds an instrument and her vengeance is fulfilled.

Gabrielle Radeau cared for her father, old Antoine. When she grew to womanhood the north reverenced her with its rough strength. There were a score of men who strove to win her as a bride, but for them all she cared no more than for last year's troubles. She had grown with the blithe Pierre Remorquer from a bare-footed child in the woods to the dignity of long dresses. He was the companion, the confidant, the counsellor. To him she turned as to a brother. She beaded his moccasins and wove his scarlet sash. When she sought the still backwater below the rapid to fish for black bass it was in a canoe of Pierre's making.

In due time Pierre fulfilled Man's invariable custom and proposed marriage. Gabrielle was frightened and dismayed. She could not have been more astonished had old Antoine asked her to marry him.

The winter waned. Spring came and the woods heaved under the new life stirring mightily. Following fast on the freeing of the river came Gibbons, the engineer, and his men. There were several technical students, the gang, and lastly, Rex Ford. Four

years in the woods had given back the tan his college years had robbed him of, and the same four years had kept in condition the steel-girt arms and the centre-bucking constitution of the checkered grid-iron. A careless, laughing rascal, the pride of his class, the alternate hope and despair of his professors. More than one girl followed his footsteps into the north country with anxious thoughts. Men liked him for his manliness; women liked him instinctively.

When Gibbons' men shouldered their packs and canoes the next day and tramped up the *portage* trail, Rex Ford lingered by the ca'boose.

"One month, Gabrielle," he said with earnest eyes, "one month only. Then I will come down the Long Portage."

"Run along, *enfant*, else with those little legs of yours you will be left behind in the big woods where there are bears, *big ones*."

Rex Ford looked at the girl with sombre eyes. Wordlessly he turned and mounted the trail. Then the silence of the pine wilderness blanketed the clearing—the silence that is full of sounds and smells. There was the swish-swish of the water like rustling silk. The smack of old Antoine's pole-handle axe sounded in the woods. Gabrielle's moccasins brushed the pine-needles and the savor rose heavily. There is nothing like it on earth. If you smell it once you will either stay with it or be tormented annually like the constant return of poison ivy sores.

The month's passing was heralded by the greening trees. Towards its close Gabrielle's eyes turned often to the hole in the pine fringe where the trail wriggled up to the smooth water above the portage. On the last day the hole yawned wearily and Ford tramped into view with his canoe. A moment later Henri la Pointe, a half-breed, followed with the pack. He dumped it down by the canoe, unrolled it, and began lazily to mix grease bannocks in the flour-bag, rolling down the edges to form a bowl. Ford went straight to the ca'boose.

The pair camped in the clearing for two days. Gabrielle and Ford were together in the woods and on the river when the former was not engaged in her house-work. There were only two trails leaving the clearing: the one which crawled to the upper reaches and the one which drained downward. They explored both. On the evening of the second day on their return they found Pierre at the *cabane*. He said nothing. Later Gabrielle stole out and met Ford in the lower trail. Pierre followed them to where the path ran along the bank. He saw their two figures silhouetted against the moonlight on the river. Something died then in the breast of Pierre Remorquer.

Ford left in the morning. Gabrielle watched his canoe sucked into the current and slide beyond the point. Then she went into the house. "Oh, Mother Mary," she prayed, "he said he would come back. And he will come—he must, he must!"

Summer was autumn on the calendar, so Antoine made his half-yearly journey down the river and returned with the winter supply of tea, flour, and bacon. The sun shone warmly. Then one morning the snow swirled over the pines and the next the river was frozen. Week after week, with intermittent days of sunshine, the white cloth thickened. By Christmas there were three feet of snow in the bush. The cold was the still kind that stings when you breathe. Once Gabrielle found the water in the kettle frozen in the morning. Several times men threshed into the clearing and thawed themselves before the fire. Then when they had eaten they swung up their packs and tramped away into the trees. All this time Gabrielle waited for the promised return of Rex Ford.

In January the weather thawed for three days. Then the frost tightened the sagging snow. Gabrielle's little spirit thermometer, Pierre's gift, first froze and then burst. For two days the wind threshed the trees, and when the snow fell it snapped the hard flakes wickedly. "Pierre should come to-night," said Antoine. "It is a cold night."

Pierre, plodding through the trees on snowshoes, fought his way with head turned from the steel flail cutting his face. He kept in the shelter the trees afforded. The path was blotted out, but by keeping the river always on the right he held to the way. He knew it was the river because the white curtain was less opaque on that side.

Suddenly he stumbled and went down on his knees beside a heap of clothes lying on the snow. He thrust his arm under the figure and raised the head, brushing away the powdered flakes. It was Rex Ford.

"Let me sleep, can't you?" he drowsed. Pierre dropped the huddled figure and stood erect. Then without looking back he bowed his head and thrust ahead into the storm. The thing in the snow moved a little and then lay motionless. By the time Pierre had gone a hundred yards, Rex Ford was a frozen corpse. Pierre knew, but would not go back. The thing which would have made him carry Rex Ford to the *cabane* of Antoine Radeau was dead. It had died in his breast on the night when he had seen Gabrielle in Ford's arms on the bank of the river of the Iron Tea-Pail.

Old Antoine greeted Pierre gladly when he shambled into the ca'boose like a white grizzly. Pierre spoke little but sat smoking, and as he smoked he watched Gabrielle. In his heart he followed the dead man's footsteps through purgatory, cursing as he went. His eyes saw what the old man ne'er would, unless told. Pierre found himself wishing he had saved Ford. Perhaps if he had——. Who knows?

In the days that followed, the story sped up and down the river. No man told it, none spoke of it, but nevertheless it travelled and the north growled a mighty oath. The name of Rex Ford was damned wordlessly. The wan lights that clawed the sky from the north heard the vow. Pierre listened to their sullen threats, but was dumb. The dead man had thrust him from his place in Gabrielle's regard. Therefore he would not clear his memory—could not, because he was his murderer.

The frost hugged the earth and the things that lived fled southward with the exception of man and the snarling curs that crept whimpering almost to Antoine's door. When he offered them food they fled. He never saw them. He knew they were there in the night somewhere close by. Then when he approached they were gone.

Spring grew slowly and the frozen vasts relaxed, melted and turned green in the sun. When the first brood of robins were almost ready to leave the nest, Gabrielle died and was buried on the far side of the clearing. Old Antoine sat dumbly in the sun, resting on the bench beside the door. From within came the fretful cry of a newborn child and the crooning mumble of the squaw Antoine had employed to nurse it. For a week Radeau spent the days listlessly smoking, and the nights without sleep. Then one day the Indian woman appeared in the door and nodded. Old Antoine took his shovel and walked feebly across the clearing. In the afternoon there was a tiny mound raised beside a longer one at the head of which stood a pine slab. On it these words were burned with a hot iron:

"Gabrielle Radeau."

Not a date nor a year. Only the name. Antoine made a companion slab for the little grave with the words *"Petite Gabrielle."*

As he sat resting in the doorway, twigs snapped on the trail and a group of men came out into the sunlight. They tramped up to the caboose and laid the body of Rex Ford on the ground. Old Antoine staggered forward and his palsied steps made him reel drunkenly. Simpson, the scaler, spoke briefly: "Found him in the woods. Fifty feet from the trail. Been frozen for months."

Two of the men began to dig a third trench. Two more knocked a clumsy coffin together. When the shrunken frame had been lowered into the grave and the soil heaved in, the loggers continued up the river. Old Antoine stood looking down at the new-made heap.

"He came back," mumbled Gabrielle's father; "he came back. *Oh, mes enfants!*" and grieving he turned away towards his empty ca'boose.

When Simpson came down the river again he paused to read the inscriptions the old man had burned on the three slabs:

"Rex Ford"
"Gabrielle Radeau Ford"
"Petite Gabrielle."

* * * * *

Hyacinthe Remous finished and sat watching the fire. "How do you know that Pierre found Ford while he was yet alive?" I asked.

"Pierre was caught in a log jam on the river. Before he died he told it all to the priest. We know the truth now. Rex Ford was a man. He came back," said Hyacinthe Remous quaintly.

The Phantom City

By Edgar S. Nye

THIS story was told me by an old guide in Canton—a weazened-up, parchment-skinned individual who looked more like a reanimated Egyptian mummy than a flesh-and-blood mortal of the present century—and he told it with an expression of calm sincerity that convinced me of his veracity, whatever you may think of mine.

We had been "doing" the Tartar quarter and had stopped in at a little cafe overlooking the river for some refreshments. Ordinarily, he was decidedly uncommunicative, but the mellow wine which our host provided seemed, on this occasion to awaken in him long-dormant memories. Knowing that, could I once get him started, his talk would be exceedingly interesting, I reached over and refilled his glass as fast as he emptied it—which he was not slow in doing—with the result that in a short time his little ferret-like eyes began to assume a dreamy, far-away expression, and his peculiar pigeon English rolled from his tongue with a rapidity that kept my senses constantly on the alert to follow him. Finally, having exhausted, evidently, his fund of local legends, he called for a new pipe, curled himself up comfortably on the settee, looked dreamingly down on the glistening river below us, and began the following recital:

"Do you know, there is something about the atmosphere of this place which brings back to me an extraordinary adventure which befell me about one hundred and twenty years ago." (I looked up with a smile of amused tolerance at his unabashed claim to participation in an event that happened one hundred and twenty years before, but if he noted my momentary incredulity he gave no evidence of it; rather he seemed to take my credulousness for granted, and plunged immediately into the heart of his story.) "I was a silk merchant at the time, and resided in the province of Szechuen, where the best silk in the empire is made. On one of my trips I learned from an old sea captain, to whom I had previously been of some service, that by taking a small river some hundreds of miles to the west of my usual route, I could cut off about one-third of the journey. And as this would enable me to beat my competitors to market by several days, and by so doing sell my goods at an increased profit, you can readily surmise that I took the course he had recommended on my very next trip. But right here my troubles began. Reaching the junction of the river where he had said I should turn off, I found that there was another branch that he had not mentioned. Undecided as to which one to take, I put ashore at a small village for the purpose of getting fuller particulars from the natives. But to my surprise they displayed the utmost ignorance regarding all tributaries of the river; in fact, they seemed reluctant to even talk about it. Still I was nothing daunted, and, finding I could learn nothing there, put off again, determined to ignore the left and smaller branch, which was not shown on the rough map the captain had sketched for me, and take the middle branch which he had evidently meant to indicate as my course by the use of an arrow.

"As we proceeded onward I could not help observing the peculiarly desolate aspect of the country through which we were passing. It was unusually flat and bare. No birds sang in the bushes along the river as they did in other sections of the province; and what was stranger still, no insects fluttered about me with their ceaseless and often intolerable noise. For two days this heavy and oppressive stillness continued—a stillness which was not rest, but utter stagnation. Then, just as dawn was breaking in the east there loomed up in the mist before me a large, beautiful city. Still none of the sounds of a great city met me as I approached it. Over it, as over the whole

country, lay that silence which was oppression, and the air seemed to come from a hot furnace. A crowd of war junks, sampans, and tankas covered the water, but I could see no signs of life within them as we rowed up to the chain barrier which crossed the river. It was closed and locked. No sentinel challenged us, and after waiting in vain for an answer to my summons, I tried to force it. No guards or customs officers came forth to question us, and this, of course, was particularly strange in a country where imposts are levied with rapacity. Having with great labor broken the padlock from the mouldy post, I passed on, rowing among and between the rotten sampans we had seen, and reached the gate, over which a heavy crimson silk flag hung motionless upon its staff. Here, again, no human being met us; no one greeted or challenged us; and this barrier I found thoroughly impassable.

"Again and again I hailed the ramparts, meeting with no reply or signs of life. Louder and louder I hammered at the gates, without seeming to make myself heard, until at last a head was slowly raised above the wall. The face I met as I looked up had an odd expression about it, which I could not understand. It was apparently the face of a man not more than twenty years of age, yet in every other sense it was an old and tired face—old with a weird agedness, tired with a total absence of hope or energy. I told my errand and requested that the gate might be opened for me; but I received no word in reply, and the face disappeared behind the ramparts again. Some little time afterwards the mammoth gates were slowly opened to me by an old mandarin, who surveyed me in a sort of scared surprise as I passed in and landed among a crowd of silent watchers. I was conducted at once to the guard-house and there questioned slowly. But my answers were by no means fluent or easy, for I felt strangely awed by all I saw—the still, grave forms about me, the expression of scared incredulity on every face, young and old alike, the dismal, silent reception I had met with, the heavy, oppressive stagnation of the air, and the indefinable unfamiliarity which struck me in all things.

"As I slowly answered the questions put to me, the old mandarin, who was my chief interrogator, grew more and more excited —or, I might say, less and less apathetic— and others, one by one, joined him in his questioning, until their faces, on all of which rested that weird look of age without its symbols, crowded together around me, drawing nearer and nearer to me in ghastly eagerness, as I answered them that the emperor was well, and holding his court then in Pekin.

" 'Did they know so little of the doings of our emperor, Taon-Kwang?' I asked, wonderingly.

"There ran an exclamation through the crowd. 'Where was Pekin? Who was Taon-Kwang?' they asked.

" 'Our emperor, of course,' I told them. 'And Pekin is our capital.' And I looked around, feeling that a great city such as this—a royal city, evidently—could not possibly be in ignorance of such national facts, and wondering how it seemed to be so.

" 'Where, then, was the emporer Lain-Cowang?' they asked.

"I began involuntarily to laugh, as I recollected that that emperor's name belonged to a time about one thousand years before, and that the capital he had maintained was never even heard of now. But the laugh died suddenly, for it sounded most strangely out of place amidst this odd assemblage, whose laughter seemed to have been hushed forever by some great stillness that hung above them; and I answered as I had answered before. They only echoed those two words, 'Pekin' and 'Taon-Kwang!'

"The incredulous exclamations grew to fear, then horror. The white faces turned whiter, and the eager surprise upon them grew to a terrible enlightenment. The cluster of listening figures were silent and motionless now, as if a breath had struck them into stone; and there was no movement until the old mandarin who had addressed me sat down and hid his face in his hands. They all followed his example, one after the other, and I was left standing in their midst, speechless with bewilderment. Impatient at last, I asked to be taken from the guard-house; and then the old man addressed me again, in a troubled, trembling voice.

" 'Stranger, is all that you have told us *true?*'

"After I had assured him that it certainly

was, he signalled to the people with his hand, and they went out and left us two alone in the guard-house.

" 'Before we lead you to the palace,' he said, 'I have a story to tell you about this city. Listen, stranger: I will make it short, for it is horrible for us all. While the great emperor of whom we enquired of you was holding his court in his winter palace of Yengan-foo, he met the Tartar maiden, Song-fing, and, struck by her wondrous beauty, determined to make her his wife. The day for the imperial marriage was fixed upon, and all the grandees of the empire were summoned to court, among them, of course, our master, Tong-ko-lin-sing, viceroy of this province, and the emperor's only son. He repaired at once to the capital, where there was nothing but feasting and rejoicing. In the very first hour of his arrival he saw a fair and beautiful maiden sitting alone under a magnolia tree in the palace garden. So lovely was she, as well as so solitary and dejected, that his heart went out to meet her and cheer her up; and only a few minutes had they loitered together in the fragrant shade when he felt that he loved her, and that before his return to his province he must win her for his bride.

" 'But ah! this was the Tartar maiden, Song-fing, who was betrothed to the emperor, and Tong-ko-lin-sing little guessed what he was doing until it was too late to stop—until he loved her so passionately that neither his fear nor his affection for his father could stop him. They had many stolen interviews, in which their vows of love were repeated. And many secret meetings, in which their plans of escape were perfected. And when the day fixed for the royal wedding dawned, the two were missing from the court; they two, the most important of the assembled guests—the only two whom the old emperor loved.

" 'Travelling rapidly, Tong-ko-lin-sing brought his beautiful young bride at once to this, his own city, and married her with almost as much state as his imperial father would have done. But no foreign guests collected here to celebrate the festival. The city gates were closed, and the ramparts manned. We knew how keen and fierce the emperor's wrath would be. We knew how he would hurl it over his son's dominions. We knew what restitution he would demand, and what vengeance he would pursue; and within the barriers we waited in dread expectation. The demand came from the emperor in threatening terms—the restitution of his bride and the surrender of his son's person, as well as the forfeiture of his territories.

" 'The city was in a state of rigorous defence. Tong-ko-lin-sing's army was loyal to a man; and so he at once hoisted the crimson flag of rebellion, sent back his defiance, and waited for the besieging army. Then came the emperor's anathema—the father's dreadful curse upon his only son, his son's wife, the viceregal city, and every subject within its walls—a curse sworn by the names we hold most sacred and most powerful.

" 'So, garrisoned and defiant, we waited the royal armies—waited and watched until the watching became painful and wearisome. But nothing broke it until your summons at the gate today. The flight of time has been unnoticed by us. No record of passing events has been kept. We have only been expecting the attack of our wronged and angry emperor. The prince occupies himself in his inner palace, and seems to heed nothing but the thought that soon his wife and his dominions may be snatched from him, and he himself taken a prisoner to the capital. They are together always, as they have been since we opened the gates to them on that night which you say is nearly ten hundred years ago. There have been no births, no deaths, no marriages among us since; no joy, no sorrow. Everything has been still in silence and suspense—still with a heavy, passionless stagnation. Every morning we have been prepared for a siege, and every night has found us waiting unchallenged at our posts. And never once until today has anyone even attempted to enter our garrisoned city. Stranger, can it be that this fearful curse has been in operation almost a thousand years?'

"I could not answer, for my mind was bewildered by his story, and I was bitterly regretting that I had ever ventured down that deserted river. But when the old mandarin entreated me, in low, excited tones, to go with him to the prince, I roused myself and followed in his footsteps. In a gorgeous outer room of the palace he left me, walking on himself past the guards, who stood at

their posts like statues, and through the group of attendants, who moved listlessly about their duties. I had had time to observe everything about the room, when a dreadful cry from an inner apartment rent the stifling, heavy air. To me, in spite of its tone of long suppressed anguish, it was a relief; and I went on at once into the prince's presence, followed by the attendants and guards, who all rushed forward in a sudden panic.

"I can never adequately describe the scene that was before me when I entered the gorgeous inner palace. Prince Tong-ko-lin-sing, a tall, martial-looking man, in the prime of youth, yet with that same nameless look of age upon his face which I had noticed upon all the other faces, was leaning over a table, intently studying a long piece of parchment closely covered with writing still uneffaced and bright, though the date under the imperial seal showed that it had been written over nine hundred years before. On a cushion at the prince's feet half lay, half knelt, his beautiful young wife, looking up into his face in vague bewilderment. Her dress was just the dress of the present day, for our fashions, as you know, do not change, even through hundreds of years. The loose sleeves of her tunic—sky-blue, and richly embroidered with gold dragons—fell over her clasped hands; the swan's-down that edged them not whiter than her trembling fingers; and the large jewels glistening in her hair not more restless than her eager, frightened eyes.

"The attendants had lost their listlessness now; the unmoved faces of the guards had assumed a sharp, keen curiosity; and the old mandarin, standing at the prince's side, was eager enough as he pointed with a shaking hand at the date upon the emperor's letter. As I looked I knew that all the horror of their situation had broken upon them all. They had discovered, with a dreadful shock, the number of years they had been living under this curse, while he who had uttered it had been dead. I had brought them the first tidings from the busy, living world without; I had excited new feelings and sensations among them, and opened their eyes to the mystery which had so long enshrouded them. Perhaps now the spell which had hung for a thousand years upon the city might be removed. I waited breathlessly to see.

"The guards leaned forward upon their weapons, listening eagerly for a word to break the silence. The attendants hovered about the prince in speechless excitement. The princess still knelt and looked with a startled, loving glance into her husband's face. The maidens who surrounded her drew closer together, a piteous enquiry in their gaze. The old mandarin, breathing heavily, still held his tremulous finger on the date upon the emperor's anathema. The prince bent over the writing with his brows knit in deep bewilderment.

"Swiftly, noiselessly, suddenly, the change came. The shields and weapons dropped from the walls—falling without a sound upon the marble floor. The figures, in their rich, bright dresses, crumbled into dust as they stood or sat in their expectant, waiting attitudes. The palace fell about me softly, silently—fell and left me standing unhurt upon its old foundations.

"Shading my eyes from the terrible sight of the magnificent buildings falling about me, without a crash or semblance of noise, I hurried through the decaying streets and entered my boat again. As I did so, I saw the crimson flag fall slowly from above the city gate. At the moment it touched the walls the boats that lay upon the water sank, and the barriers fell before us. When I looked again the entire city had vanished as if in a mist, and there lay nothing now on all the flat and barren country to tell that human beings had ever inhabited it. Nothing of that ghastly mystery remained to show that such a city ever existed.

"I urged my boatman onward, breathing with freedom once again. And now no hot, heavy mist enshrouded me. The sun shone clearly; the birds sang; and myriads of bright and busy insects fluttered about me."

He stopped and gave a few long-drawn puffs on his pipe. His head sank listlessly on his chest, and the pipe dropped from his nerveless fingers to the floor. He had passed into the Inner Palace of the Realm of the Poppy. And I left him lying there, and made my way thoughtfully back to my hotel alone.

With Assistance

By Edith Ronald Mirrielees

(From the "American Magazine")

MINNIE was born and brought up in Raeder. If you think you know a worse fate, produce it for comparison.

Her mother, whose relation to the Cæsar ladies was tolerably distant, dispensed with her husband about the time that Minnie was beginning to creep. Later she married another husband and dispensed with him, and later still, eschewed matrimony and took to restaurant-keeping.

Minnie took her infant naps in a clothes basket under the long restaurant counter. She shed her infant teeth in vain attempts on "steak-r-chops," dressed up T-bones for dolls, and fought with cats outside the back entrance for the safety of her creations.

About the time she was able to outwit the cats, she became old enough simultaneously for school and dish-washing. After that she was a factor in economic conditions. Raeder has something less than a thousand inhabitants, each of whom knew about all the rest. No teacher was ever so unreasonable as to expect excellence of "that Gans girl," and no teacher ever got from her more than she expected.

Dish-washing, on the other hand, might fairly be called a gift by inheritance. She prospered exceedingly at it. She added a rough-and-ready knowledge of cookery almost by instinct, and that capacity for scrubbing without the removal of dirt which is the near approach to genius. By the time she was sixteen she could carry five full meals deftly balanced between wrist and shoulder; she could serve up short orders with the maximum of speed, and she had developed an admiration for her mother which was almost a passion.

There were reasons for this admiration—ratted hair and gilt arm bands among them—but the best reason was the one that Minnie did not know. The Gold Dust Cafe shouldered confidingly against a saloon, its front windows commanded the wide-open doors of a gambling hall, and most of its patrons were habitues of one or both—gentlemen of doubtful ethical standards and less than doubtful sobriety. At certain stages along the road to intoxication they made love to their waitress; at certain other stages they quarrelled noisily with fluent reference to hereditary drawbacks; yet Minnie, waiting and listening, reached sixteen, stupid still and untarnished. No sober man had ever turned upon her eyes of desire; no premonition of such a happening stirred in her pulses.

The method by which her mother attained this end was masterly in its directness. Girls grow up young in Raeder, and Minnie was big for her age, but six inches of maculate stocking stretched uncovered between shoe and skirt edge, her hair fell, braided, to the menace of cookery, and she was addressed as "kid."

Accustomed eyes, having been used to seeing a child, saw a child still. Over strangers her mother exercised sharp supervision. One thick-waisted transient, attempting the god of the machine, felt suddenly a bony hand descend upon his shoulder.

"Yuh get in an' wash y'r dishes, Min," Mrs. Gans directed. She put herself in front of the stranger, still keeping her hold upon him. "I heard yuh," she announced briefly. "I got this to say to yuh. Yuh let that kid alone."

"Kid!" the man scoffed. "That ain't no kid, an' that's what I was tellin' her. She could do a lot for this place. Fix her up right an' put her in front behind the desk——"

He broke off and feinted suddenly with his hand as though he had expected a blow. The woman's head had thrust forward; her prominent cheek bones were more prominent than their wont with spots of scarlet on them.

"So that's what yuh was tellin' her!" she shrilled. "That's all yuh got to say to her! Oh, I know your kind! Yuh come monkeyin' round this back door again an' I'll put a knife int' yuh. I tell yuh she's a kid——"

"I wasn't doin' her no harm," the man protested. He drew rapidly upon his experience of women. "Besides, what'd I want to look at her for? With a lady like you around it ain't likely. I like a lady to have some style."

"Oh, if yuh think I'm jealous!" the mother translated with indifferent humor.

She went inside into the stifling kitchen and sat down heavily in a corner of the room. Minnie was obediently busy. She had her dish-pan on the stove and modified its warmth by means of slopping dipperfuls of water carried from a barrel beside the window. Water-works were as yet unknown in Raeder. The heat had tinged her cheeks with pink and pleasant reddish lights shone in and out among her braids. Her mother sat watching, chin sunk in hands.

"What was he sayin' to yuh?" she asked at last.

"He give me a quarter when I waited on him," Minnie acknowledged. She nodded toward the spice shelf on which she had deposited the coin.

Her mother nodded too, accepting it into the common fund. "That's why he thought he could kid yuh," she expounded. "Don't yuh talk none to him, Min. Yuh got y'r work to do, an' I can't be runnin' after yuh. I'm feelin' too rocky anyhow lately—pains all up an' down my legs, an' nights when I go to bed—Hullo, Joe, back for more supper?"

"Back to see what you're grouched about this time," the newcomer retorted. He was the keeper of the saloon next door and at home in his neighbor's premises. "That fellow peddlin' patent medicine come in scared out of a year's growth. Said he was talkin' to the young lady an' you went for him. You settin' up a beau, Min?"

"Sure she is!" the mother returned with sarcasm. "Her an' gran'pa was gettin' real chummy. Talkin' to her just as straight-faced as if she was grown!"

"Well, she ain't so small," the visitor objected. He measured the girl's inches and rounded body with eyes of new appreciation. "She must be goin' on fourteen? Why, you want to be doin' up your hair, Min, an' borrow some bracelets an' things off your ma, an' you will catch a fellow all right."

Mrs. Gans' long body rose to erectness as abruptly as a jack-in-the-box uncoils on its spring. "Yuh come on int' the dinin' room. I want to talk to yuh," she commanded. "Min won't be settin' up any fellers yet awhile, I guess. I guess I know about fellers."

"You'd ought to," her guest agreed jocularly. Then, as the door closed, "Well, what's the matter? Gone broke?"

The woman faced round toward him. She flung out her hands, clasped together, with a tragic violence. "What'd yuh want to put notions like that int' her head for? I can't watch her all the time, an' I can't stop her growin'. An' what's to come of her——"

The man sensed the problem instantly. He nodded with a seriousness that did him credit. "Oh, she'll get married," he essayed.

"To some o' the hoboes round this joint? A lot o' good that'll do her! I've kep' her back and kep' her back. An' now you——"

"Send her off somewhere," he advised.

"Sure I will! I'll see about a special train tomorrow. Yuh know as good as I do I can't make a livin' an' hire help. An' if I was to go broke, what better off'd she be?"

"An' you not around to look out for her," the saloon-keeper seconded. "But don't you worry about Min. If she's got as much go as her ma——"

"Her ma's had a fine time! If I thought Min was up against what I been— Go on, Joe! Here's a couple o' late ones for a short order."

The vendor of medicines did not reappear at the doors of the Gold Dust, front or back, and seemingly Minnie took no harm from his instructions. For a week she continued placidly at her tasks; then, without warning, the wheels of her world ceased their revolutions. In the gray of morning she heard her mother calling desperately to her from the smaller of the two loft cubby-holes which served them as bedrooms. She dashed across the intervening passage to find her writhing on her bed.

"Min, I'm sick," she panted. "Yuh got t' get breakfast. Get as far as yuh can, an'

quick as I can stand I'll come down an' help yuh."

"But what's the matter?" the girl wailed. "Ain't yuh goin' to have a doctor?"

"Not if I can get up without! He'd keep me in bed sure. Min, if I do get sick, yuh'll keep right on? Yuh won't let none o' them boys fool round the kitchen?"

" 'Course I won't," the daughter promised with indignant tenderness. "I'll get along."

A wrapper of her mother's lay on the floor beside the bed. She slid into it, twisted back her loose hair, and scrambled down the ladder-like stairs to the kitchen. The earliest boarder, intent upon his morning coffee, was met at the door by a flushed and peremptory stranger in trailing skirts who ordered him to produce a doctor, to hunt one —find him—bring him back.

But the doctor when he arrived was scarcely worth the haste of his summoning. The cause of the illness, he pronounced, was inflammatory rheumatism; its usual course, six weeks. He could not promise to break it up sooner, but he could leave something to be taken every four hours which would mitigate the pain.

The patient reached for the "something" and stored it beneath her pillow. She measured her own four hours through the day, and by night had drifted into a pleasant, comatose condition to which daughters and restaurants and time divisions were all equally foreign. Minnie, making occasional hurried journeys up the stairs, was well content with the increase in comfort. When, late, she ascended for the night, she dragged a mattress across the passage and lay down beside her mother's bed. What she meant to do was to lie dressed, awake, through the night. What she did was to pass instantly into a sleep as heavy as fourteen hours of work could make it, waking barely in time for the hour of opening.

A stranger was first this morning—a lean, shy, sunburned youth in overalls and jumper, who murmured "Thank you" for each dish jolted down before him. Minnie watched his eating with the absorbed eyes of responsibility.

"Pleased t' have yuh call again," she parroted when he paid at the desk, and "Thank you" gasped the customer, scarlet.

"Why—he's *scared* of me!" Minnie communed delightedly with herself. She dragged down the folds of her crumpled wrapper at the thought, and felt for her knob of hair.

The hair and the lengthened skirts brought her many tributes through the day, jocular or beerily sentimental. Only Joe from next door seemed dissatisfied with the change.

"You want to go slow, Min," he admonished her. "Now your ma's laid out, you don't want to go cuttin' around in her clo'es. And if you get stuck and want anything——"

"Ain't a-goin' to," Minnie assured him airily. "An' say, yuh can't come out int' the kitchen no more. Ma says I ain't to have men round the kitchen."

The friend of the family gasped. "Guess you'll get along," he decided. "You got the nerve. Say, that kid that's homesteadin' on Trout Creek asked me who you was this mornin'. You got him goin' all right."

"Goin' so he'll never come back," Minnie scoffed with hot cheeks. Then she buried herself in the intricacies of "French fried."

She carried up a sodden lunch to her mother which the invalid received without gratitude. "Things goin' pretty good?" she questioned.

"Goin' fine," Minnie assured her and gathered from beside the bed a discarded bracelet.

She slid it on her left arm as she went downstairs, rejoicing in its glitter, and when the rancher from Trout Creek arrived, romantically late, for his meal, waited on him in a state of haughty self-consciousness with the left wrist prominently displayed. Watching him gulp and blush over his steak, she knew beyond question that the ornament was having its effect, and her heart warmed toward its victim. She wondered whether, after the manner of her mother's suitors, he would embrace her when he paid his score.

"I'll slap his face for him," she decided in a glow of righteous wrath. And yet when the youth departed without offending, she was distinctly dreary and ready almost for tears. She was consoled, however, that he reappeared the next day and the next and still the next, lingering in a fashion fatal to homesteading, and growing shyer with every meal.

"That kid's goin' to swallow his knife some day, Min, when you look at him,"

Joe chaffed her. "You don't want to give him the glassy eye that way when he's eatin'." Then recollecting, he tried to counteract the speech. "He ain't been off his ranch for a year until he come into town this time. If he'd 'a met up with a broomstick comin' in, he'd asked it to ride. Don't act like he amounted to much either, loafin' round in town the way he does. If I was pretendin' to ranch——"

"Yuh ain't! Yuh're pretendin' to barkeep." Minnie cut short the discussion, and flung shut the door in his face.

Her temper was uncertain in these days; overwork was telling on her, and the doctor, who returned as regularly as the homesteader, proved cruelly disheartening. To Minnie's harassed mind, his sole object in coming was the joy of finding fault. He disapproved of the patient's surroundings, of her diet, of her disposal of medicine; most of all, as the pain lessened, he disapproved of the prospects for her convalescence. In the fourth week of illness he beckoned Minnie into the dining-room, just emptied of its evening occupants, and spoke impressively to her.

"You'll have to get her away from here, you know," he pointed out at the end of his exhortation. "Even when she's on her feet, she'll need three months' rest. Otherwise, she'll be down again, and the next time she may not get up. You understand that?"

"Yessir," Minnie murmured.

She watched the doctor across the room and safely through the glass door. Then she spread her arms wide, and staggered to the desk, and laid her head upon it moaning. "Away" had the ring of a death sentence to her.

She heard the door open presently and, half through instinct, half through a knowledge of his habits, guessed that the homesteader stood inside, but she did not check her sobs for the guess. When the intruder's blundering feet brought him a step nearer to her, she threw out her hands in a very frenzy of impatience

"Yuh—get what yuh—want—out the kitchen," she hiccoughed. "I—she——"

The man from Trout Creek came nearer still. "What's the matter?" he asked hoarsely.

Minnie sat up. "She's go'n' to die," she announced with frozen quiet. "The doctor says she'll die if she stays round here. An' I can't send her nowhere. I ain't got the money. O Lord! O Lord! an' I ain't got nobody else!" Her head went down again and her tears splashed on the desk front.

The newcomer changed from foot to foot; he cleared his throat interminably.

"I got a four-room house on my claim," he said at last. "I got a bunch o' cattle, too." He grew scarlet to his ears. He reached out a doubtful finger to touch her sleeve. "She could live along with you," he urged.

Minnie raised her head abruptly. She cast a look at him, and suddenly the petitioner's left hand closed on her right. "We can catch that eight o'clock freight," he planned breathlessly. "I know a man knows the county clerk in Forsythe. We can get the licence tonight!"

"But—the res'trant?" Minnie protested.

"Darn res'trants!" cried the man from Trout Creek, suddenly bold.

He jiggled uneasily about the dining-room, hurrying her in whispers, while she pinned on a hat and covered her workday disarray beneath a mackintosh of her mother's. Only as they closed the restaurant door, he put himself suddenly in her path.

"If it hadn't been for her, would you went? Would you wanted to?" he questioned tensely.

Minnie's mother would never have answered that question. Obeying the first rule of the first game, she would have "kep' him guessin'." Minnie did not; her red-rimmed child's eyes rose straight to his.

"If yuh hadn't of took her too, I couldn't. But if I could have went, I would."

"Come on," said the man from Trout Creek, gripping her elbow.

It was early morning when they again opened the restaurant door. Both of them were grimed and creased and smoke-stained from a sleepless and busy night.

"I'm to jus' run up like I was gettin' breakfast," Minnie outlined the campaign. "Then when I get her waked up, 'Ma,' I'll tell her, 'I'm done with res'trants. I'm goin'——"

"Yuh are?" said the voice of Mrs. Gans from the foot of the stairs. From the lowest step she stretched a shaking, denunciatory hand toward her daughter. "Yuh're done with res'trants? Yuh're not! Yuh're goin'

back int' that kitchen, an' I'll set up there an' watch yuh till I drop! An' I won't drop neither. Sixteen years I've kept yuh straight, an' I get laid up a week, an' yuh go off——"

"I was comin' back," the daughter wailed.

"Sure was yuh! An' me settin' here afraid to call anybody f'r fear they'd find out yuh was gone. Yuh've killed me, all right! Yuh've give me my death! The way I watched yuh, an' the work I done f'r yuh——"

The new-made wife clutched desperately at the pause. "Ma, yuh wait! We ain't leavin' yuh. Yuh won't have no more work——"

"Me? I ain't scared o' work. An' yuh'll stay an' help me out on it. An' f'r that fool back of yuh, that thinks he's found a bigger fool—," she dragged herself to her feet, ashen with the pain of movement, "yuh *get!*" she commanded.

The youth from Trout Creek stumbled and his face flamed, but somehow he was forward beside his bride.

"Oh, we'll get!" he gasped, breathless with anger. "We'll get all right. I got a ranch an' a house an' a bunch o' cattle. I could buy your old res'trant. I guess if I don't want my wife waitin' on bums——"

"Y'r—wife," said the restaurant owner. She sank all at once in a huddled heap.

"Min, yuh put me on some coffee," she commanded hoarsely. "Here yuh, see if yuh can somehow get me back upstairs. I can't walk it—not as tired as I am. When the Lord's let yuh work half y'r life f'r a thing an' then passed it out to yuh——"

In the City Crowd

By RHODA HERO DUNN

With hurried feet or feet more slow,
  But ever with regardless eye
The friends whom we shall never know,
  Forever pass us by.

Oh, sad-eyed father gray from years
  Of bitter, sharp ungratefulness,
Cordelia, orphaned and in tears,
  Is near you in the press.

Unrealized, my brother, we
  Now step a little side by side.
A Hamlet lost in misery;
  Horatio, friend denied.

Miranda fair! that blush which ran
  A moment in your cheek was fanned
Not by attendant Caliban
  But passing Ferdinand!

And you, white-lipped Antonio,
  Who go to pay your debt with death,
Against you Portia's ribbons blow,
  And on your face, her breath.

And yet with hurried feet, or slow,
  But ever with regardless eye
These friends, whom we shall never know,
  Forever pass us by.

The Delvers of the Hills

By Edgar William Dynes

DOWN where the light of the sun never penetrates; down where there is no winter and no summer, but one season always; down where the air-damp makes a man gasp for breath and long for the wide spaces of earth again; down amid the clank of hammer and drill; down—down in the depths of the earth's blackness I found them—the delvers of the hills.

They bring to light the wealth that oils the mining exchanges of the world. Hour after hour they pound away at the flint-like rock which means dividends for the fortunate owners of the rock. With them it is always the blackness of night, and the heavy chill of the dark underground is never absent. There is no sound save the steady thud of the hammer and the turning of the drill. Expert at their own trade, and knowing no other, they delve and dig, and risk life and limb amid the glare of the shining rock.

The coal-mines of the Crow's Nest Pass are said to be among the most dangerous on the American continent, if not in the whole world. The gas in these mines makes sudden outbursts, forcing large quantities of coal into the tunnels, and with its poisonous fumes chokes every human being in the immediate vicinity.

In 1904 fourteen miners were killed in one of these terrific outbursts of gas, and the tunnel was filled with coal for four hundred feet. So powerful was the exploding force that coal was thrown for more than a thousand feet from the mouth of the tunnel. An examination of the mine is said to have been made twenty minutes before the explosion, at which time the mine was reported to be clear of gas.

In the terrible disaster of 1902, when upward of one hundred and fifty miners lost their lives in these mines, twenty-five men were found in a heap—dead. They had been making their way along—coming toward the mouth of the tunnel when they had come upon a side draft so laden with gas that living was impossible. As they came to this point, they one and all succumbed, each one falling on the dead body of the man ahead. And thus the rescue party found them.

But the man underground does not face all the dangers. The man on top very often finds opportunity to perform deeds of daring and heroism.

In the early days of Rossland camp the man who was working the windlass on a small prospect found to his amazement that the catch which held the winding gear had failed to work, and the released bucket was speeding toward the bottom.

Something must be done, and done quickly. If the bucket went to the bottom at the terrific speed at which it was travelling it would kill the man below. And there was only a moment! What was he to do?

The insistent whirring of the cogged wheels reminded him that he must not delay. He would throw a handspike or a crowbar into the gearing. But there was nothing of the kind within grasping reach. And he was losing time! Every minute was bringing the bucket nearer to the terror-stricken man at the bottom. The face of the man on top writhed in agony. Jim below would be dead in ten seconds more—and he—what had he done? Not a thing—he was powerless.

But suddenly, and not a moment too soon, he made a lurch sidewise, throwing his shoulder into the gearing, and bringing the bucket to a stop just a few feet above the head of the man at the bottom. His shoulder was horribly crushed, and it is said that he never fully recovered the use of one arm, but he saved a life. He received a medal at the hands of the Humane Society, and no hero who wears a Victoria Cross ever deserved it more.

The night-shift overseer of a small

Alberta coal-mine left the shaft-house for a few minutes, and, returning, found the mine buildings on fire. Two men were working down in the mine, and he feared that they would be suffocated, as the buildings were directly over the mouth of the shaft. In an effort to save them he rushed into the burning shaft-house, thinking that he might get to the hoist and bring them to the surface. But the task he had set himself was too great. The flames overpowered him, and an hour later his charred remains were all that was left to tell the tale. The men whom he had tried to rescue escaped. They were able to protect themselves from the smoke, and after the fire had burned itself out, they were taken out unharmed.

One of the most dangerous methods of getting out ore is known as glory-hole mining. (Why this name was chosen I have not been able to find out). The danger does not lie so much in the fact that during blasting the lives of the miners are imperilled, but that the rocks come peppering down in all directions in the immediate vicinity.

In a certain mine in its initial stages of development all the work was done underground. Mine buildings were erected, and further to the left about twenty-five cottages were built. Then rich ore was discovered on the mountainside quite close to the surface. It was much cheaper and easier to get out than the ore in the mine, and for several years the underground workings were almost abandoned. And now came the danger.

The cottages were immediately beneath the open cut, and they either had to be removed or covered with heavy timbers. The latter method was considered to be the cheaper by the management of the company, and in due time the wives and families of the miners were compelled to live in a state of terror during blasting days. The heavy timbers were found not to be a sufficient protection, and even when dugouts were made near-by, and long whistle signals were given when blasting was to take place, there was always the possibility that the warning signal might not be heard.

On one occasion a mechanic in the machine-shop did not hear the warning whistle, and while he was grinding an axe at the emery-stone a rock came through the roof and chopped off his head. On another day a large rock crashed through the heavy timbers on the roof of the kitchen of one of the cottages and completely demolished the kitchen stove, frightening the housewife out of her wits. A pinto cayuse, the property of the mine superintendent, wandered out into the open while blasting was in progress and received a death-dealing blow on the head. A rock came crashing through the roof of another cottage and killed a babe sleeping in its baby carriage, and another broke one of the legs of the mother in several places. In this last instance the court awarded almost ten thousand dollars' damages for the injuries sustained.

Without assenting to the claims of those who proclaim the doctrine of election or submitting to the decrees of fate, it would appear that the lives of some men are hounded by the dark form of a shadow. A well-known miner had a succession of narrow escapes. The first was nothing if not miraculous. A premature blast in a glory-hole resulted in his being covered with several tons of rock. Two others kept him company. The others were killed, but his life was saved through being protected by two large pieces of rock which came together like the roof of a house—wide apart at the bottom, fast together at the top.

But the accident had frightened him, and he decided to quit mining and go railroading. Ill luck followed him, and in a few months he fell from the top of a freight car. One of his feet caught in the coupling, was severely bruised, and he barely escaped with his life.

After his recovery he went on a new run, where the principal business was hauling ore from one of the big mines to the smelter. While weighing cars in the yards one morning his heel caught on the back end of a car as he jumped down. The train was moving and he was flung in the path of a heavily loaded car. One of the wheels cut off one leg and did the rip-saw act through the middle of the other. He lived only three hours. The following day his body was sent back to the old home in the East, and the whole camp turned out to do honor to his memory.

It seems to be impossible for a man to handle explosives for any length of time without growing more or less careless. A miner who had been lighting charges for a

number of years neglected to cover the charge with earth as is the custom.

After lighting the fuse and letting it go, it curled up just like a piece of coil-spring wire, the flaming end of the fuse striking the powder. There was an explosion immediately, and as he was right there before it, stooping over, the victim had no opportunity to escape. Ten minutes later they were carrying him down to the mine office on a stretcher. One leg was gone and the other was badly torn. He lived only a few hours.

In the early days of Rossland there was a striking exhibition of how the desire to become a miner gets hold of the young mind at an early age. A little four-year-old, the son of the superintendent of the Josie, had often accompanied his father into the workings. One day the blacksmith made him a steel candlestick, and he longed for an opportunity to use it.

At three o'clock the following Sunday afternoon his mother missed him. She ran to the mine and gave the alarm. Her wandering boy was found in the main tunnel, which was seven hundred and fifty feet long, and with several cross-cuts and drifts running through it. He was near the farther end of the tunnel, sitting on a piece of timber, and in absolute darkness. He was not crying a bit, and the first thing he said was: "My tandle went out." The little fellow had been in the mine for six hours, and the greater part of that time in absolute darkness.

A prospector went fishing in the Kootenay River below Nelson something over ten years ago, but did not have any luck. He discovered some large fish in a big pool, but he could not lure them with the best bait that he could procure. Not to be outdone, he tied a stick of dynamite to a billet of wood, and cast it into the pool. His dog, which he had forgotten, plunged into the water, determined to bring the piece of wood back to shore. The prospector entreated, but it was no use. The dog was blown to atoms about the time he reached shore, while the prospector shinned up the nearest tree as fast as he knew how.

In the early days of the Kootenay a young student was holding a service in a saloon at Bear Lake. While the praying and singing were under way the bar was covered with blankets. Just about this time the bubble following the discovery of the Silver King had burst, and the old-timers of the various camps were attributing the depression to the advent of sky pilots. This idea had taken such a firm hold that when the young man began to preach, an old-timer stepped up and proposed a motion. It was to the effect that the advent of preachers marked the decline of prosperity in any camp, citing the experience of the Silver King country as an example.

But it appears that the young man had been close to the bar that morning, taking a drink of water—or perhaps lemonade. When the first speaker had sat down another rose to his feet and proposed that the services be allowed to go on. "I move that he be allowed to preach," said the speaker. "I saw him step up to the bar this morning and take his drink like a man."

That the wheel of fortune sometimes takes curious and unexpected turns is the experience of a pioneer prospector, who, after a vain attempt to make a paying mine out of a boundary prospect hole, hit the trail for the Klondike in the early nineties. Having sold his claim for ten thousand dollars, he was not handicapped by a lack of funds.

In seven years of wandering in the north country he found nothing. He wandered over trail and mountain, across ravine and stream, but without result. One night when things were looking as blue as a hopeless outlook could make them look, he had a strange premonition that there was untold wealth in the prospect that he had formerly owned in the south.

Acting upon the suggestion of the mental apparition, he came back to the first love, taking a lease and bond for the amount he had received for it seven years before. In the meantime it had lain dormant and undeveloped. Its owner had worked it for a time, but found nothing that would pay for powder and caps. But when the old prospector set to work he found paying ore inside three months. Within six months he had sold it for fifty thousand, and had quit the game.

"Don't start mining if you can help it," said an old Bute miner to a tenderfoot who was rustling a job around a mine—mucking or anything.

"Why?" exclaimed the tenderfoot.

"Well, if you start, you'll always be at it, and I don't think you want to do that."

"No, I don't," answered the tenderfoot honestly. "I just want to work for a few months, and as soon as I get a little stake I am going to do something else."

"That's just what I said in Bute twenty-five years ago," answered the other, "and here I've been mining ever since. I've stayed with it so long that I can't get away from it. I stopped in Bute as long as I could, but finally had to leave because when a man gets past a certain age the deep underground work is pretty hard on him, and it is up to him to go to a new camp. But take my advice. You can do something else. Don't go mining."

The tenderfoot took his advice. He is now selling goods instead of pounding rock.

The old miner was about right. All over the West you will meet miners who at some time or other have resolved to quit. But still they stay with the game. In time they become expert at their own work, and there are few skilled trades where the wages are higher. Occasionally they will quit for a time, and then some one makes a good offer, a foremanship looms up—and they are back in the swim of the old game—back amid the clank of hammers and drill, back amid the roaring of the machines and the smoke of the blast.

They Know Not Harbors Who Know Not the Deep

By CHRISTIAN GAUBS

The ships now in the harbor lie asleep
  And have forgot how sea-wind puffs the sails
There cast upon the decks. Yonder the deep
  Lies brooding and the lost gull weakly flails

The calm with listless wing, that fain would be
  Wet with the spindrift of a scudding prow.
He sickens, pale Odysseus of the sea
  Shaped for the storm, o'er windless water now.

So have I fallen in thine arms asleep,
  And my soul sickens and I restless lie
Adventure-struck, and hungry for the sweep
  Of rhythmic oars and islands drifting by.

I waken, let me go! It is not pride:
  Bright Lucifer into the darkness hurled
Was happier than angels quiet-eyed.
  God in me urges: yonder glooms the world.

The sailor seeks the haven but a day,
  His life spills on the sea; then sweeter sleep,
And dearer thou for yearnings far away;
  They know not harbors who know not the deep.

The Gods of a Far Country

AS some philosopher once said, no man puts a piece of a new garment upon an old; for if he does, the piece that was taken out of the new does not agree with the color of the old. This is the reason why it is not wisdom to bring old gods to a new country. They do not like the change of air. British Columbia is a bad place for gods. They can't stand the climate. Besides, they "lose face," as the Chinese say, when they are taken away from home, where they have temples and altars and priests and jurisdiction over swarms of people. That was what Bagi Mull said, and the image of his Hindu she-god, with the jasper beads around her neck, in her little closet made of an empty soap box nailed to the wall, looked the same. The god is not a jocund god. I would not like to be under her yoke. The near-gods and gods and devils of the Orient have no power over me, but the little wintry smile of Bagi Mull's god felt like an east wind up my back.

Bagi Mull and his friends are of the scummy stuff that boils to the top of the big melting pot of nationalities which is America. They should be skimmed off and deported, but those in authority here are very lenient. If you happen to see a fat coffee-brown man with a bright yellow turban, his face shining with butter, and very large silver ear-rings, that's Bagi Mull. He and his friends conspire across a shaky-legged table in Bagi Mull's room against the British Government in India, and take up collections among the East Indian population here to send to the noble patriots in India who are also conspiring. Of course, some of the money collected is subtracted for the support of Bagi Mull and his friends, for conspirators in Vancouver must eat, as well as those in India, and a conspirator cannot live on bread alone. You can't conspire without whisky, for instance. Nobody ever heard of conspiracies being framed up on water, or tea. Conspirators must have inspiration, and you can't get inspiration without whiskey, or something that will produce just as competent effects. Then Bagi Mull's she-god must have chickens, and poultry is expensive. Bagi Mull has to sacrifice two or three chickens every day to his god, to keep her from getting very angry. And in spite of all Bagi Mull can do to conciliate her, she makes trouble and brings bad luck to Bagi Mull and his friends because she is very much displeased with him for bringing her so far from home.

From what Bagi Mull told me, everything in the shape of evil luck that has happened to the East Indians in Vancouver has been laid at this god's door. Of course, the Sikhs and Mohammedans have their own exclusive varieties of religion and are not supposed to be under the influence of Hindu gods. But most of them have contributed to the fund for the encouragement of sedition and idleness and thus indirectly have helped to pay for the sacrificial chickens, and this may have given the she-god a more or less uncertain hold upon them. At any rate, when Mouighi Singh was injured in the mill-yard where he worked, he blamed the budmash god, and when green-turbaned Baggar Khan, who worships Allah, fell and broke his leg because he had taken too many drinks of a limpid liquor not contemplated by the Koran, he cursed Bagi Mull and his cross-legged she-divinity. And Ramadan Dass, when he got a letter from Bengal telling him that his wife had not remained faithful while he had been away, declared it was because Bagi Mull had stolen the image from some temple in India and brought her over to this cold land of devils, and that none of the gentlemen from Hindustan would have any good luck until the thief took the god back to India and restored her to her temple. Other Hindustani have blamed the god for everything from losing their jobs to losing their money playing knuckle-bones. If this kind of thing continues, it will get to a point when human nature can bear it no longer. Bagi Mull asked me for advice, and

I suggested that he sell the she-god to some white man who collected curiosities, and end the matter. He could then give his whole time to picturesque sedition, I said, and he must be tired of a steady diet of chickens anyway. But Magi Mull made answer that this would not help things any, but would surely bring more evil. If the god were subjected to such profanation, declared Bagi Mull, her anger would be terrible. She would not only avenge herself upon all the Hindustani in British Columbia, but would likely cause the whole city to be stricken by a plague or something of that sort. Surely, said Bagi Mull, who flatters everybody, a man of my high intelligence and education understood how terrible a thing the anger of the gods was. And as the cheerful old scoundrel said this in his oiliest manner, I would have sworn that his hideous pot-bellied idol, in her soap-box shrine ornamented with tinsel and pink paper gauds, leered and rolled her eyes. What a vulture-fierce old religion! What a Golgotha of sacrifices! What hundreds of years of squalid poverty, bloodthirsty chivalry, ashes and blood and famine, and monstrous romantic drama this bad old female god stood for and had witnessed!

Did Bagi Mull, the grinning sycophant, really believe in her brutish theology, or was the old rascal a fraud? Certainly a fraud, you will say, a fraud and a hypocrite. Ramadan Dass, the plum-colored Bengali who received the sad news that his wife had gone back on him, was probably right; Bagi Mull likely looted the she-god from some temple.

So the half-sordid, half-picturesque little world of the East Indians in Vancouver moves behind the jealousies of its reticence and demi-toilette of outward respectability. At present it lacks the sprightly interest that women would give it. It is yet a world of men only. When the women come, if they ever do, then there will, indeed, be something doing! The crescendo of the Hindu life in Vancouver at present is work, gossip, intrigue, gambling, plotting, religion. Women would be the fortissimo. Let us hope for the sake of the picturesque side that they come.

Big Dan's Retribution

By Percy C. Nelson

QUERIED my reminiscent friend Tom: "At one time or other in your life have you not instinctively felt yourself in the presence of some enigma, a something in the darkness before you, wrapped up in the haze of the dubious? By solving it man would save himself great perplexities, even soul-racking tortures; but not finding the key, we are doomed to travel in a circle, passing on and on, until, in a burst of catastrophy, we find ourselves facing some blazed tree, some witness corner, and with dismay pull up at the old mark in the road.

"Yes," continued Tom, after having noted my curiosity, "I pulled up at such an old mark in the road—a blazed tree, as it were—not long ago. I was forging my way on horseback on a narrow trail near the timberline up there in the San Juan mountains. A raging snowstorm had set in, caught up with me, on my way to the fabulously rich but far-between gold mines of that region, where I was looking after the interests of the Knapp and Zahn Tailoring House.

"At these mines, where hundreds of well-paid workmen were employed throughout the winter, I had, usually, large sales. But on this trip a fellow in the business had preceded me by only a few days, representing a rival house, and there was not much left for me to pick up.

"It had taken me nine hours on horseback over one of those neck-breaking trails to reach the Great Mogul. The mine lay far apart from the nearest digging, and away up in the tortuous gulch in a hemmed-in basin that formed the first offset to the summit of the range. The narrow trail zig-zagged up the steep slope, past precipices, gaping canyons, and needle rocks of gigantic grotesqueness, mute monuments of some vast upheaval.

"Dismounting at last at the famous bonanza, I found the portal well-nigh snowed under. After limbering up sufficiently, I made my way to the bunkhouse. As the men were idly lounging around, I made haste to display my new line of spring samples. On an improvised table, consisting of two planks laid across an elevation of empty candle and giant-powder boxes, I laid out the contents of my sample case in neat rows as temptingly as possible. Then with various gesticulated invitations, accompanied with my most pleasant stock of words, I endeavored to give notice that I was ready to do any amount of business in the very latest of new spring suitings.

"Only one or two of the men, in passing, stopped to have a look at the patterns. They soon let the pack of samples drop back on the table with indifference. I fairly despaired of doing any business. To all appearances I was there, after making the long and toilsome trip to the Great Mogul, only to have my forebodings realized. The man who had preceded me had raided the business, beat me to it.

"With an air of don't-care indifference I asked of the last man in the act of leaving, 'Has the man of the Anderson House been here, too?'

"'Yep!' drawled out the miner phlegmatically, adding, 'he did not go away hungry, but he won't send East many plunks from this crowd. O'Riley ordered a pair of pants for four and six bits, so the man would have to come back again,' he finished with a mock serious face, and the men across the room laughed loudly, presumably at the hint of the profits the Anderson man would make on the pair of pants for four and six bits.

"'Divil of a four and six bits he'll git,' spoke up old O'Riley, 'sin oi'm to hit the road afurr the cuss gets back again.'

"Upon that, I enquired abruptly for something to eat and a place to sleep in overnight, while inwardly giving up to the

naked reality of my hard luck. The other fellow had not been served much better at any rate, I mused reflectively, with a gleam of comfort under the present outlook.

"While inquiring how I might appease my hunger, I had seen a tall prepossessing figure turn to a young man, apparently the mine flunkey, and say something which I could not make out. My eyes were fastened on the tall man, with a strange feeling coming to me as of something out of the past struggling for recognition, when the flunkey came up to me and said he would find me something to eat. I followed him into the kitchen, where there was a hot fire in a giant range, with tempting odors of roast beef. Miners are not the kind who let a fellow-being go away hungry. It took me some length to satisfy my ravenous appetite. On offering to pay for the generous meal, it was disdainfully refused. Feeling somewhat pacified, my inward man being cared for, I returned to the room where my display had been left, and found, to my astonishment, a customer.

"The man interested had picked one of my most high-priced patterns. While taking his measurement for a sack suit, I was aware of the presence of the same tall, prepossessing figure in a small group across the room. I could see his face now. There was a distinct resemblance to somebody somewhere whom I had seen. But I could not place the stranger. I usually never forget a face, but this one puzzled me. Evidently his word carried some weight, for one after the other of the miners came over and selected suitings.

"Meantime I scrutinized the unexpected friend, for he must be a friend, or he would not have recommended my line. I endeavored to recall where I had met him, but to no purpose. Still I was sure he stood for something in the past—some blazed tree by the road.

"The man measured six feet, easily, and his chest was massive. Large, keen eyes, shaded by dark, full eyebrows, looked superior intelligence from under a beetling brow.

"His flashing look met mine—a look by no means friendly. I must have cowered under his searching glance that spoke equally of disdain, pity, and contempt. Yes, there was pity in that look, but not without malice.

"A creepy sensation went through me. Who could the giant be? His look told me he would just as soon see me in h—l, as the miners tersely put it. Nevertheless he was sending business my way. While measuring a man whom I distinctly had heard him urge to give me an order, I felt again his steady gaze, with the same cutting scorn, with now, as it seemed to me, a gleam of triumph. He appeared appreciatively taller than he was in the dim background where he chose to remain, a menacing retributor of some wrong suffered, some disgrace heaped on him, which, however, mistakenly, he imputed to me. But for the life of me I could not connect his entirely strange countenance with any event in my past life. And I was not conscious of grievously having wronged any man.

"He hated me, I felt instinctively, with what reason God only knows. His strange conception of throwing business my way might hide behind it some dark design. From a purely business point of view, his method was highly gratifying. I might have dismissed it with that, but for a psychological peculiarity of mine which made me connect his strange behavior with some past wrong that the man fancied was for me to expiate. I sought to speak to him and find an explanation, but he seemed determined he would have no word with me.

"It was the unaccountable activity of that splendidly impressive man that held me awake long after going to bed in a clean, comfortable bunk, the like of which was seldom found at a mine bunkhouse where never a woman's hand smoothes out the cats in the bedding. The strange man had gone upstairs some time before I retired. Might he not have given up his bed to me and accordingly directed the miner who showed me where to sleep? I felt it was so. I was occupying that man's bed. I bore him no grudge in the world, while he did me a splendid turn, out of luck as I was, yet he took pains to make me feel his keen contempt.

"The few men whom I had known to dislike me had, without fail, done their best to injure my business. Such I could comprehend. This man was incomprehensible, enigmatic. I did not even know his name, as yet. This I took pains to find out in the

morning. I put the question to the first man I saw.

"'Oh, that tall fellow,' said he, 'there he comes downstairs; that's Big Dan Cawley. Don't you know Big Dan?' and my informer left by a nearby door. The man coming down the stairs showed by the marked appreciation in his face that he knew why I had asked his name, and I knew that it pleased him; but his brow immediately darkened. He was unapproachable.

"'Doing good business, eh?' queried one of the men just in for dinner, as he saw me make an addition to the big roll of bills inside my vest. From him I learnt that Big Dan was the best-liked man on the job, and that his word went a long way with the boys.

"'It looks like he has done some tall hustling for your business. He has been telling us that you are the man to buy clothes from, and it appears the boys thought like Dan. He is a fine man, is Big Dan; and it was his bed he told me for you to sleep in: it is the softest on the hill,' concluded the man, after wiping the grime off his face, and he disappeared, going up to the lodging quarters.

"The whole experience was becoming distasteful to me, and I began to wish myself off the hill. If I could not learn that man's secret, I hated to profit further by his influence among the boys, feeling, as I did, that he had a grievance against me personally. He was, after all, persecuting me in this peculiar way with some hideous purpose in view, I was sure.

"During the noon hour I watched for a chance to speak to him, as I was determined on learning the reason for his queer behavior. Yet I dreaded the rebuff I expected to receive from this man with a mysterious grudge. Thus weighing between doubt and resolution, I let the moments slip by. Then I thought to myself that I must have taken orders for some kind of garment from nearly every man on the hill except Big Dan, when, to my great astonishment, I saw him advancing straight toward me.

"'Young man,' he said, I fancied sternly, 'you may measure me for a Prince Albert; make it of this,' and he pointed to the finest piece of goods in my entire lot of samples. Then he turned to the boys:

"'Lads,' he spoke winningly, 'I am going back to visit the folks in the city after next pay-day, and I shall want these glad rags—so they will give me a handout.'

"The boys laughed at the incongruous remark, when O'Riley queried, 'Faith, Big Dan, an' did you ever in your loife ax fer a handout?'

"'Once I had to,' Dan answered, 'but I did not get it.' Next he forced upon me, against my protest, the full price of his suit in advance. He was quite altered in demeanor, and chatted pleasantly as he resumed, with a grip on the situation:

"'It was down in the Uncompaghre valley north of the San Juan. There were no mines there. I was a total stranger, and could find no work in that particular part. It was in September. The road was hot and dusty, and under the broiling sun I was footing it, penniless, back from the Great Salt Lake. The ranch houses were far between, and I was hiking wearily to get into the first camp ahead. It was early in the afternoon when I walked into Piute, hungry as a half-feathered young magpie. I picked on a comfortable-looking house and nerved myself to knock on the door and ask for a bite to eat. The man who came to the door sized me up. He spoke to someone within, and I heard a treble voice, evidently the partner's, saying: "Oh, Tom, we are not going to feed every tramp that comes along." And the gentleman added, after a moment, "H'm—it is after the dinner hour, and it is too much bother to cook you anything now," and the door slammed shut in my face.'

"Piute was my home town. At last I knew him. The now friendly, brotherly, warming eye of Big Dan cut me to the core. I was the man who, in a heedless hour, when God knows how hungry he was, had turned him away from my door to continue on his journey, starved as he was.

"Did he bawl me out to the men? No, he did not, however much I deserved it. But the pathos in his rich voice was in pity for the many thousands who were driven to ask for a mouthful to still their gnawing hunger on most any of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. His former scorn and contempt was in righteous indignation over the cowardly, detestably mean and cheap estimate I had placed on man.

The Little Boy

A SHORT story is like a straight line. It is the shortest distance between two points. In this story the two points were in the life of a little Italian boy, and there were only a few days between them.

As pictures illuminate a grey wall, so do sun-warm days make spots of color in Vancouver's rainy season. These bright days are doubly bright because the good sun fills the streets with children.

On days like these I walk down town through some streets that look as if a race of giants had been ploughing with gigantic ploughshares, and others that are like muddy country roads.

On a street that looks like an abandoned placer mine, or as if the whole population had been digging for buried treasure, a street where mounds of wet clay are piled high on the broken-planked sidewalks and heaped up even to the very doors of the dwelling-houses, I saw one morning a little toast-tinted Italian boy making mud-pies in front of a small, dishwater-colored house which, with its dirty skirts and its two scurfy front windows like leering eyes, made me think of a slatternly woman.

The first time I noticed this little coal-haired bright-eyed youngster, he had shaped with his fingers a pile of clay beside the mud-daubed sidewalk into a distant resemblance to the human figure. In Eastern Canada boys sculpture snow-men out of snow, which is not quite the same thing. In the mud man this boy was modelling there was some crude art and I stopped to look at it. There was some rude drawing in the roughed-out figure, and it occurred to me that the plastic opportunity which lay in the street mud-piles of Vancouver might result in the development of a tendency toward clay modelling in many of the children who play in the streets.

During the next two days there was no pause in the soft gray descent of the rain that contracts Vancouver's horizon. On the next day but one there was another wholesome visitation of the sun, and in the morning I passed down the street of the mud-heaps and saw the dirty-faced young mud modeller again at work. This time he was patting the clay figure with a tool made of a piece of shingle, and repairing the damage done by the rains. The rags he wore were plastered with clay, and he was enjoying himself quite beyond the capacity of grown-ups for enjoyment. To the happiness of a child at play was added the intense joy of an artist who creates. I began to like the little fellow, and on the next day I found myself when I left my house looking forward to seeing him at work on his little mud statue (it was not very big). But this time there had been a longer interval of rain between, and it had melted the figure down to a shapeless mass. But the little dirty-face was rapidly giving it character again, his imagination speaking through his fingers. The draggletail house which was his home was drabber than ever, and there were more puddles in the street. The boy was alone, as usual, and he was humming a kind of little song to himself, as happy children do, as he worked standing in a puddle. I stopped for a minute to watch him, and noticed that his feet were wet. He was very shy, and stopped working when I came up. When I said something to him he ran away.

The next bright morning was cold, and on some of the puddles there were thin coatings of ice. When I came to the Worst of All the Streets, I was thinking of what technical instruction would do for a lad with such a strong natural bent toward clay modelling. He was at work as usual, but someone had stamped the clay model flat, or the rain had dissolved it. The boy was building it up again, standing in the same puddle and obviously it was to be a more ambitious figure than before. I found myself sharing more and more in the child's pleasure, and eagerly waited for the next fine day. When it came I walked briskly, wondering what progress the work would have made, until I came opposite the house with the dirty windows. I found little black-eyes working busily with flat stick and

clayey fingers, which had produced wondrous results upon the cold, wet clay. The proportions of the second statuette were better than those of the first one, and the modelling of the head was not so crude. The boy's artistic intuition held true; there was no attempt to put in detail, the hair of the head, for instance, was merely suggested. The boy gave more attention to proportion than to finish, and his eye was surprisingly true.

But I noticed for the first time that his ragged shirt and torn overalls had nothing beneath them but his unwashed skin, and his leaky shoes did not quite conceal the fact that he wore no stockings. A dirty little toe showed through a hole in one shoe. The sharpened air and the mudding in the chilly clay had had their effect, the youngster had a very bad cold. But I knew how hardy are the children of the streets, and I did not think twice about it.

The next day was also fine, and when I started to walk down town I expected to find the little artist putting the finishing touches on his work. But when I came opposite to the frowsy house there was no boy to be seen; the little mud figure stood lonely beside the sidewalk, its head and one shoulder punched awry. A foreboding cast a quick shadow on my mind, and an impulse turned me toward the grimy-windowed house. I meant to enquire about the boy, but before I reached the door it opened and a doctor came out.

"What is it?" I asked, as he passed me.

"Pneumonia," answered the doctor. "The little brat's been playing in the mud half clad, you know, and feet wet all the time."

And so the mud statuette never was finished.

To A Lady

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Lady, think you I am lonely
When your self is otherwhere?
Think you that you are the only
One supremely fair?

Think you in the splendid city
There is not another face—
None that seems to me so pretty—
None with half the grace?

Think you I have naught to do but
Build for you the Lofty Rhyme?
Think you that I think of you but
Three thirds of the time?

Lady, and so be that way your
Thinking takes its turn tonight,
Then, O Lady, I should say you're
Absolutely right.

For the Light of A Woman's Eyes

By Edgar S. Nye

WITH an effort that sent a paroxysm of pain through him, the man cautiously raised himself on his elbow and cast one desperate, hopeless glance through the thick rushes surrounding him. Not a human being or habitation was in sight. Then a spasm of agony and despair crossed his face, and he sank back with a stifled groan. Slight though the movement had been, the blood gushed forth anew from the long, jagged hole in his right side where a Pulajan's bolo had spent its force, and with fast waning strength he endeavored to adjust the wholly inadequate "first aid" dressing which his own numb fingers had applied. After a few moments of painful struggling he arrested the flow of blood, and rolled over, flat on his face, where he lay for a long time motionless, listening.

The sun poured down with merciless brilliancy into the rice-paddy. Not a feathery cloud arrested its torturing rays. The hot breeze softly stirred the undergrowth surrounding him, and a snake dragged its slimy length across his legs. A mammoth fish-hawk circled slowly above him. No other living creature was visible. Over this wild, lonely, malarial breeding-place of a thrice-cursed island, Peace seemed to have spread its protecting wings; but the man, with his dry, fever-parched lips pressed against the cooling mud, knew that every bunch of waving verdure might conceal the dusky form and watchful eye of a Pulajan, whose ready hand grasped the handle of a deadly bolo, waiting to strike him down.

He forced a pellet of strychnine down his parched throat, and, little by little, his strength revived. But he did not, dare not, move, for death in the form of a brown-skinned devil lurked on every side. So he lay quiet amid the rank and tangled vegetation—thinking of a woman. And his thought made him stuff the rim of his campaign hat into his mouth to stifle the groan that welled up from his heart. Two years of "hiking" over mountains and through impassable jungles in pursuit of wandering bands of Pulajans had wasted his once stalwart frame to a mere skeleton—and now that ghastly wound in his side! And this was the end. The end of her patient waiting. The end of his longing to sit once more on the deck of an army transport and watch the ship's bow cleave the waves that lay between him and the woman he loved.

But how, when, would she ever learn of his death? Scouting parties seldom went through that mud hole. And if one should, unless they came upon him before the lizards and crows had devoured him, who would know whose had been the heap of white bones mouldering in that jungle of grass?

Thirst was crazing him. God! How unbearable the sun was becoming. He must have water—water!

He remembered that his party had just crossed a little stream which ran down from the mountains when the Pulajans attacked them. It could not be more than thirty feet away; and as he lay listening, its murmuring was wafted, like music, to his ears—torturing music, for a score of his enemies might be concealed between himself and the stream.

But he must have water. Death was preferable to this torment. His lips were parched and cracking; his tongue was swollen until it filled his mouth; his blood was on fire. He raised himself once more upon his elbow and peered through the grass before him—he saw the reflection of light upon the water's surface. If he only could—if he only could!

Slowly, painfully, carefully, hardly at the pace of a snail, he dragged himself forward, without causing a rustle of the grass by his movements. He could scarcely move a foot a minute, and he was dying of thirst.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and only as

many feet, still he crawled on. Through the waving rushes he could see the sun glistening upon the water. Several times his fever-crazed brain whispered to him to jump up and run headforemost into the river. But the sight of several of his comrades lying about him stiff in death caused him to hug closer to the ground and move with greater caution. In his ears the gentle swirling of the water sounded like a torrent. A sudden gust of wind bent a palm leaf over into the water, and, suddenly releasing it, flung a few drops into his feverish face.

Cautiously he reached forth his hand to part a bunch of grass in his pathway, then drew it back like a flash and reached to his holster for his pistol. For, just the other side of the hillock, so near that the medical officer could smell the cocoanut oil with which his body was smeared, a Pulajan bolo-man lay, his naked body gleaming like the back of a huge boa-constrictor, his thick, knotty hair stuck full of leaves and grass.

The Visayan was lying face downward, his cheek resting against the blade of his bolo, his eyes searching the banks of the stream. With infinite patience and the persistency of an American Indian, he lay waiting for any survivors of the massacre whose delirium and fever should lure them to their death in search of water.

Slowly the officer thrust his pistol through the intervening grasses until the sight pointed directly at the head of his enemy, and slowly, steadily, his benumbed fingers pulled the trigger, then stopped; he had but one cartridge left, and its explosion might bring a dozen bolo-men down upon him. No. That was for himself. Better that than to be slowly hacked to pieces.

So he sank back into the grass without a sound, breathing into the mud and biting his tongue to ease its throbbing, while the gurgling of the water rang through his brain until he grew crazed with its tantalizing melody.

The wind increased in volume and the sighing among the rushes assumed a rasping, grating sound. The fever in his blood flowed into the officer's eyes, his pupils dilated, and balls of fire floated before him. Delirium at moments almost overcame him, but Hope, God's greatest blessing, sustained him, and he fought off the increasing stupor madly.

An impulse came to him—one leap to his feet, a swift, well-directed blow with the butt of his pistol, and nothing stood between him and the water. Even if there were others about, why prolong the agony? No human help was nearer than Tubig, and he could not retrace his steps without water. He gathered all his strength for one desperate effort, but fever and loss of blood had done their work—he was unable to draw his legs up under him. And yet, death from a Pulajan's bolo!

A faint smile lit up his features. Silently he once more raised the pistol in his hand and pressed its cold muzzle against his burning forehead.

But in the tranquil depths of the enticing stream he saw reflected the golden brown of a woman's hair, and in the ethereal azure of the tropical sky he saw the tender blue of a woman's eyes; and he let the weapon drop to the ground. After that he lay dazed, listening to the murmuring of the water. And as he listened he seemed to see an old, wood-colored ranch house, nestling against the low foot-hills of a California range, and a sweet-faced girl standing in the doorway, waiting!

Suddenly he heard a rustle in the grass before him. He grasped his pistol and raised his head to meet what he thought to be his doom, but instead he saw the Pulajan leap to his feet and scamper away through the rushes. Then through the parched air there resounded the unmistakable crack of an old Springfield, and the Pulajan jumped into the air and fell backward into the stream. Reaching upward, the officer grasped the leaves of an over-hanging palm, and a moment later stood gazing with bulging eyes at a long file of Philippine Scouts advancing along the bank of the river.

He sprang into the stream and stood, knee-deep, dipping up the water with his hands. As the Scouts gathered about him, he weakly saluted their lieutenant and said: "I've never agreed with Taft before, but henceforth I shall call your men 'my little brown brothers.'"

Two months later, pale and emaciated, he stood leaning over the rail as the "Sheridan" dropped anchor in San Francisco harbor, and the tears rolled slowly down his cheeks as She came up the gangway to meet him.

"This is worth it all!" he said, as his arms closed about her and her tears mingled with his own.

The Okanagan Centenary

ST. JOHN MILDMAY

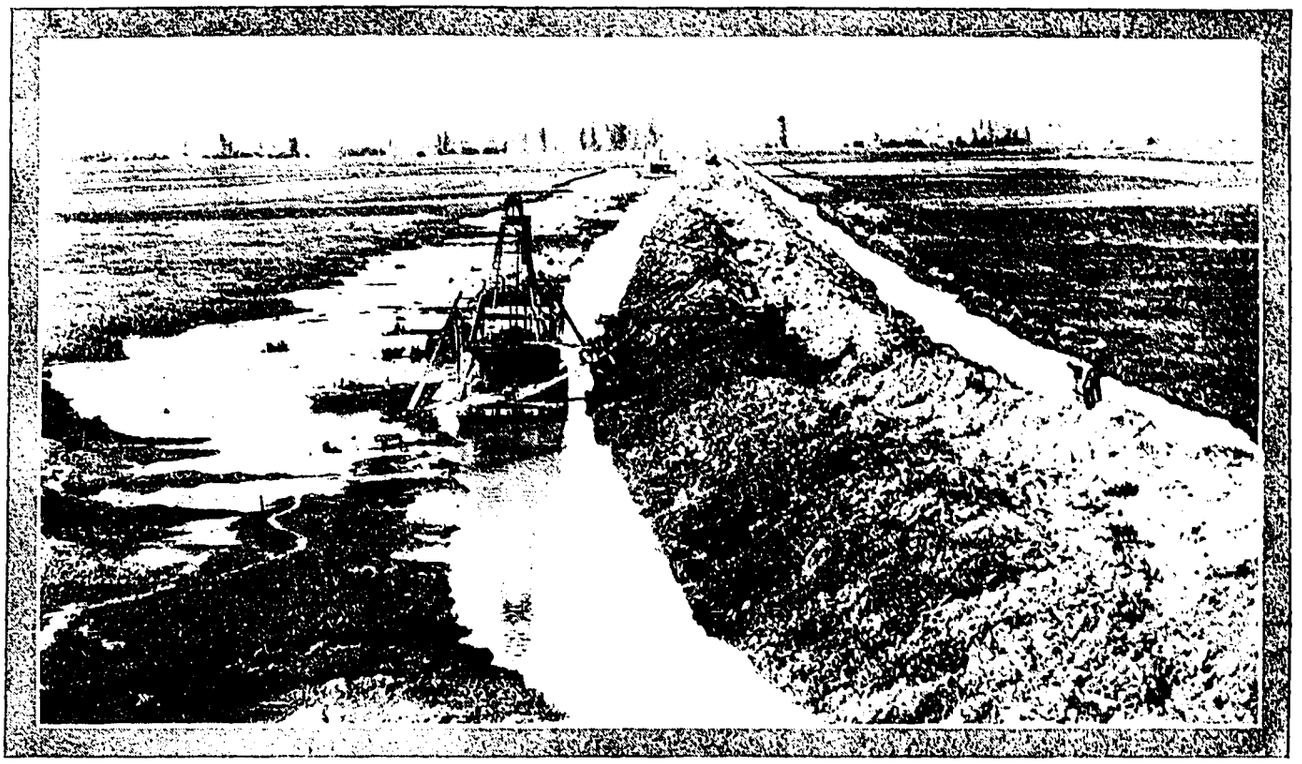
David Stuart of Astoria,
In the days before Victoria
When you saw the daylight break
O'er the limpid Orchard Lake,
As you urged your birchen corac on
In the palmy days of Oregon
Just a hundred years ago,
Did you dream what time would show?
Did you dream how Okanagan
Hearts should bless you for your bargain?
A brace of blankets and a horse
For a sight of the fabled river's source,
Ev'n the river the red man's jargon
Named the dreadful O-kan-a-gan.

Not the kind to mark or mention
What he dreamed, he paid attention
To his business and his beavers,
And (to silence unbelievers)
Left these entries—"Twenty-Seven
"Winter Weeks, Eighteen-Eleven;
"Peltries Purchased...Fifteen'-Fifty:
"Paid for Same (this trader thrifty)—
"....Eight Score Dollars. Canton Prices
"For the Same, Per Mail Advices.
"Five'—Six—Two Score Dollars, Ready."
Yes, they made their profit steady,
Ross and Stuart, of Astoria,
In the days before Victoria.

Few may follow, ev'n today,
Where his corac wound its way:
Upward straining, haul and heft,
Now the right bank, now the left,
Where the snag-strewn stream, in snakelets,
Swirls between the Southern lakelets—

Lake Osoyoos, where the crested
Plover ran along and rested:
Vaseaux, where the gleaming swan
Made the snow itself look wan;
Silvery Skaha's Goodwin Sands
Guarding his good orchard lands;
Gained at last the level reach
Where Penticton's placid beach
Feels the warm lake shallows shiver
A welcome to the homing river.
Tireless traveller, launched at last
On the Okanagan vast!

Stuart, silently we greet thee,
But our hearts go out to meet thee!
The orchard cities bid thee hail,
Gone so long on thy last trail:
First of all the pale-faced race
To make the Vernon landing-place
And watch the dawn-mists flush and break
Like orchard blossoms o'er the lake.
Okanagan, here's a cheer
For Alick Ross, the pioneer!
And a heart-felt 'Deo Gloria.'
For brave Stuart of Astoria!
In the city, hearts that ache
For the greenwood and the lake
So long as men shall live by bread
Shall honor Okanagan's dead.
Shall Vancouver grudge her "Thank ye"
To the Scotchman and the Yankee?
Some must sow: and other some
Perchance shall bring the last load home.
Talk no more of wealth and winnings!
All your city's money-spinnings
Are but tribute of your toil
To the Sovereigns of the Soil.



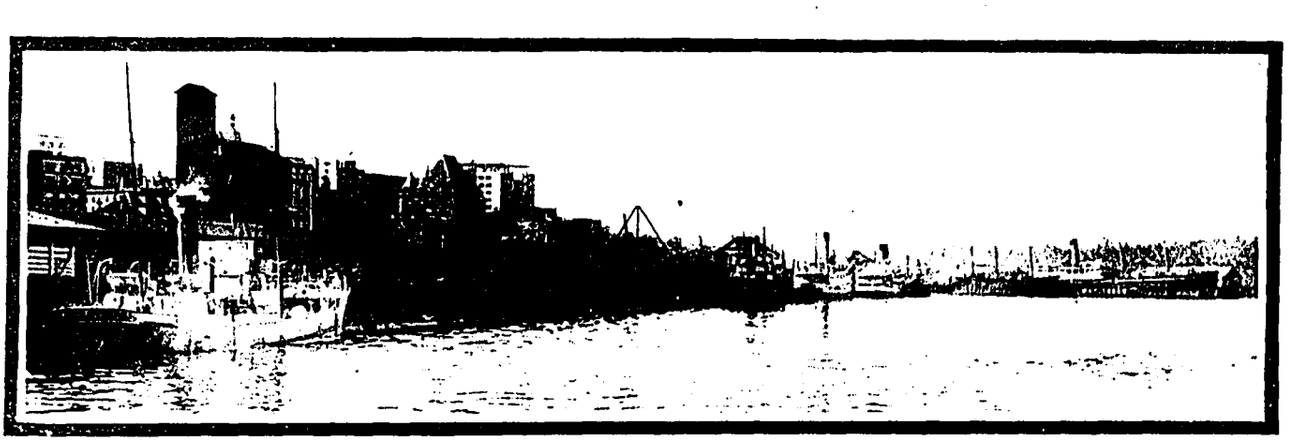
THE MAKING OF THE GRADE, NEAR VANCOUVER

following the Canadian Northern won in a race for location of route to Vancouver. Now with the C. N. R. building to Vancouver via the North Thompson and the G. T. P. headed for its terminals at Prince Rupert, via Fort George, both railways are plunged into a keen race for the first completed grade to the Pacific.

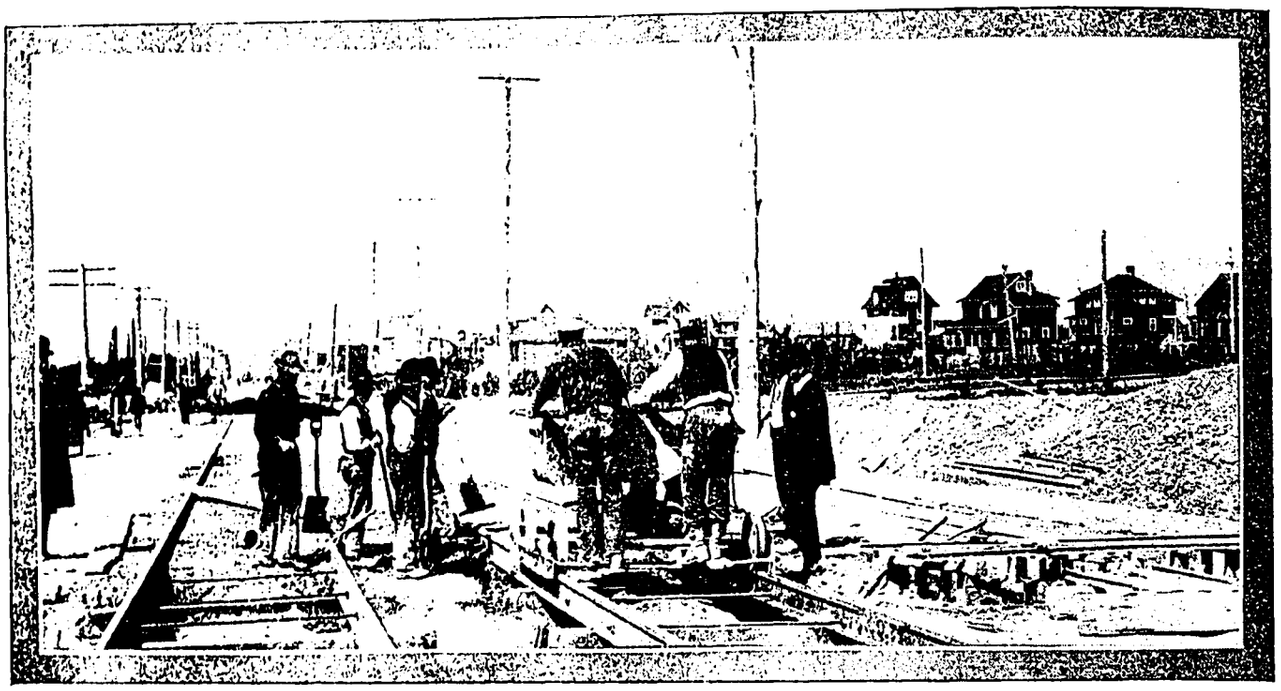
Edmonton is the base of this race. West of that city the Grand Trunk Pacific have 200 miles of grade completed. The Canadian Northern has but 40. From the Pacific end the G. T. P. has 150 miles completed. The Canadian Northern has but 70. Yet, with the apparent advantage in favor of the G. T. P., the race is shaping in such a manner now as to indicate that the Canadian Northern will be the winner in the spectacular marathon through the Rockies.

The Canadian Northern has the advantage of unlimited British capital at its back. For two years it has allowed the construction of its main line west from Edmonton to drop. Now, with the G. T. P. rails laid within a few miles of its proposed route, almost parallel for the whole distance west to the mountains, and with the advantage of being able to ship its supplies and outfits by rail right to the doors of their construction camps, the Canadian Northern will concentrate their greatest construction efforts on the undertaking of rushing their main line through. The G. T. P. will lay down Canadian Northern supplies at their camps; G. T. P. passenger trains will bring in thousands of C. N. R. laborers. In fact, the Canadian Northern has cleverly contrived to make the G. T. P. help it win the race to the coast.

Moreover, the Canadian Northern, now aroused to activity, will undertake to do what perhaps no other railway has ever accomplished before. This is to complete,



WHERE RAILWAYS AND SHIPPING MEET



CONSTRUCTION WORK, B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY, VANCOUVER

ready for the steel, exclusive of bridges, 400 miles of main grade every year until the line is through to the coast. The G. T. P. is building in 100-mile stretches. The Canadian Northern is building in 200-mile stretches. By the close of 1913 the east and west should be connected by the Canadian Northern rails.

Grand Trunk Pacific officials also predict that the fall of 1913 will see the completion of their steel in Prince Rupert, on the Northern Pacific coast. Two thousand men are busy tearing away at the grade in the mountain, and two thousand more are working east from Prince Rupert. It is freely predicted that through trains will be running over the Grand Trunk Pacific line to Vancouver as soon as over the line to Prince Rupert. In that connection it is interesting to note that McArthur Bros., of Winnipeg, big contractors, have acquired interests at Fort George, including a steamship line on the Upper Fraser, and it is rumored that they will get contract and begin construction of the Fort George-Vancouver Grand Trunk Pacific line at once.

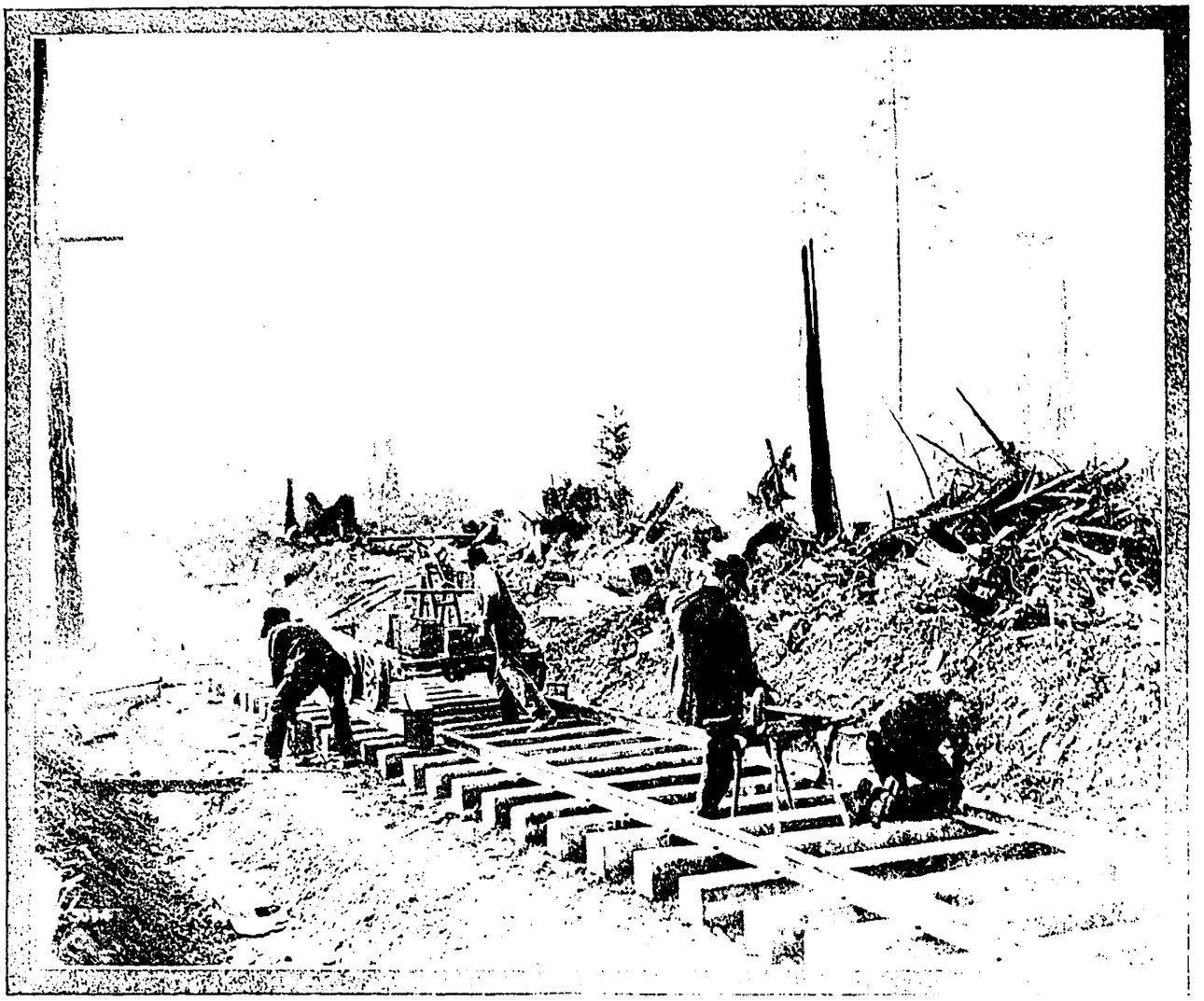
The Grand Trunk Pacific, that great new transcontinental which is to open up British Columbia's central interior on its way from Moncton to Prince Rupert, cannot evade Vancouver if it would. In this instance it is not so much a question of a railroad building up a city as of a city becoming of so great importance that a railroad must turn aside to take advantage of its metropolitan trade.

A recent dispatch from Montreal was to the effect that an official announcement of the intention of the Grand Trunk Pacific to proceed at once with the construction of the Fort George-Vancouver branch was to be expected shortly. This decision of the Grand Trunk Pacific management is based on a realization of the fact that, while the contract to build the main line through to the official terminus at Prince Rupert in accordance with the company's agreement with the Dominion Government will be carried out, greater traffic possibilities will be created with the extension of the line to Vancouver. At best the through traffic to Prince Rupert cannot be very large for many years to come, whereas a big tonnage can be secured in and out of Burrard Inlet immediately upon completion of the line to Vancouver.

According to this announcement actual grading on the Fort George-Vancouver branch will be under way this summer, all the surveys having been completed except for a small section into Vancouver. The belief is entertained that construction work on the branch line will be started at the Fort George end, and later the intermediate sections will be placed under contract. An official of the Grand Trunk Pacific recently expressed the belief that his line would be running trains into Vancouver before the Canadian Northern will have completed its main line from Yellowhead Pass.

In this connection it may not be indiscreet to refer to a matter that was dealt with most succinctly in an editorial in the Vancouver "News-Advertiser" of date December 30, 1910. This editorial said:

"It may be remembered that when the



LAYING STEEL, B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY, NEAR VANCOUVER

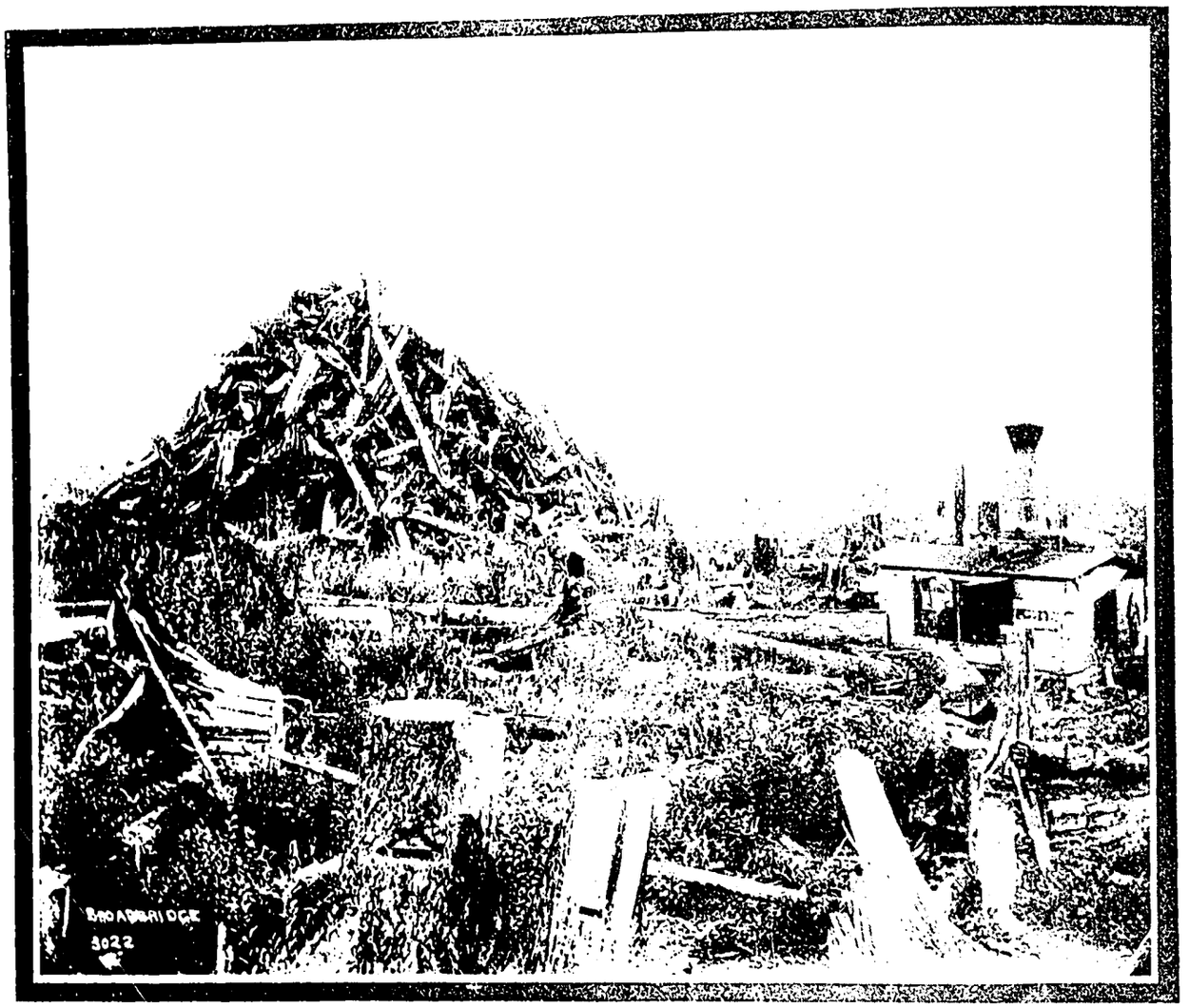
Canadian Pacific Railway decided to make Vancouver the Pacific terminus of the railway, a deputation from Port Moody waited upon Sir John A. Macdonald, protesting against the extension down the Inlet. Sir John made answer to the effect that the company could not well be prevented from extending the line, but gave the comfortable assurance that whatever happened Port Moody would remain the 'statutory terminus' of the railway.

"There is no danger that Prince Rupert will cease to be the statutory terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific."

Another recent announcement has to do with the plans of the Howe Sound & Northern Railway, which, it is stated, will at the next session of the Dominion Parliament apply for authority to extend its line from Lillooet to Fort George, and thence along the valleys of the Parsnip and Peace Rivers to Peace River Landing.

This enterprise, according to the published statement of the company officials, is looking ahead to the completion of the Panama Canal, when the valley of the Mackenzie River, east of the Rockies, will be tributary to Vancouver for the shipment of its grain to the markets of the world, as well as for the importation of the other goods made necessary by the rapid settlement of that region that will follow upon the advent of improved transportation facilities.

Vancouver's commanding position as a seaport is today bringing to her all the railroads that build in British Columbia. On the other hand, the railroads will bring to Vancouver millions of dollars in wealth and increased prestige as a commercial city. The various railroads now projected between Vancouver and the central interior of the province will bring through Vancouver a large proportion of the grain of the prairie provinces, at least of the more northerly sections of those provinces. Easy gradients in the northerly passes of the Rockies, and the absence of engineering handicaps between Vancouver and Fort George will make it cheap to haul the grain to the seaport, while, of course, the advent of the Panama Canal route will work out greatly to Vancouver's advantage as a grain-shipping port. At present one great obstacle to the shipping of wheat from



CLEARING RIGHT-OF-WAY BY STEAM, OUTSIDE VANCOUVER

Vancouver on a large scale is the absence of cheap water transportation to Europe. British Columbia fruit, already becoming well known across the Atlantic, will one day travel via Panama to Great Britain, and give fruit-growers of the Pacific Slope a tremendous advantage in that market.

Mayor L. D. Taylor is a man keenly alive to the present and future of Vancouver as a shipping center. Today he is in the thick of things, in close touch with the development that is coming to the city. I asked him for his views on the transportation question and he told me this:

"In the next four or five years we will see at least four more railroads in here. The development of False Creek, which is to be utilized for railroad terminals, means that so far as transportation is concerned Vancouver will be the equal, if not the superior, of any city on the Pacific Coast. There is no doubt in my mind that the Canadian Northern will come in there, and possibly the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Hill line through the southern part of British Columbia—the V., V. and E. so-called, which will be completed in the next two years, if not sooner.

"The latter line is one that will be very significant from Vancouver's point of view. While the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific will make tributary to this seaport city the vast regions of the North, the V., V. & E. will open up the south, and make that district now tributary to Spokane pay tribute to Vancouver. At present Spokane is much more convenient to Southern British Columbia than is Vancouver, but with the completion of this line it will be a matter of five or six hours from Vancouver.

"I do not think that any of us can today foretell with any degree of accuracy the development that will occur in this city and the surrounding territory once these lines have really reached here. The prospect grows especially dazzling when we recall the wonderful development that has overtaken us with only the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern entering the city. I look forward to the time when the larger proportion of the Oriental trade destined to the United States will pass through Van-

couver, with the ocean terminals of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Milwaukee lines all situated here. The several great railroads centering here, together with the great shipping facilities of Vancouver, are bound to make this one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, shipping ports on the Pacific coast.

"The mere fact that we have a basin such as that at the head of False Creek is a great advantage to the city. This is a unique situation for railroad terminals, for which purpose the mud flats can be utilized. In the very center of the city, or what will in a very few years be the center, this will be a most convenient distributing point for merchandise arriving or being shipped.

"Vancouver's transportation situation is entirely different from that of any other city on the coast, especially as we have here not alone the Oriental, but the Australian trade.

"The coming of the Grand Trunk Pacific gives us a vast territory to develop about which we as yet know very little. With all these railroads built in, and the large population already here, Vancouver will, of necessity, be the center for developing the natural resources of the new British Columbia. Vancouver will have to find the funds, that is certain. Even if these come from the Old Country or from the East they will be handled by Vancouver financial institutions. Vancouver is and will continue to be the financial center of the Province.

"The opening up of all the agricultural land in the North will mean that the Provincial Government will soon be obliged to survey the lands under reserve and thus provide for bona-fide settlers. I believe that this will come with the building of these new railroads.

"One of the officials of one of the transcontinental lines entering Vancouver from the United States made the statement recently that they regarded Vancouver as soon to become the great shipping point of the coast. That is a prediction that means something, as coming from such a source.

"The development of the northern trade by lines of steamers put on by the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will have a great influence on Vancouver. I presume that both these lines will have vessels running to the Orient also. The Grand Trunk Pacific has already plans prepared for very extensive wharves at the foot of Main street, at the Albion Iron Works.

"The development of the agricultural lands immediately about Vancouver by the B. C. Electric Railway is a transportation factor that ought not to be overlooked. This will be a great benefit not alone to the city, but also to ranchers and farmers. Few of our citizens realize that at the delta of the Fraser River there are 60,000 acres of the best agricultural land in the Province. There is no way to get to Vancouver from these farms except by the Great Northern via New Westminster, a trip that takes from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, although the distance is only about twelve miles as the crow flies. The B. C. Electric contemplates the construction of a bridge across the Fraser, and will open up the delta country probably by a continuation of its Steveston line. In that way the delta will be brought within two or three hours of the Vancouver market.

"The development of the Chilliwack valley is another important activity of the B. C. Electric, and we may look for other extensions radiating in every direction, and eventually a line to tap the American side at Blaine."

The Rise of the Merchant Prince

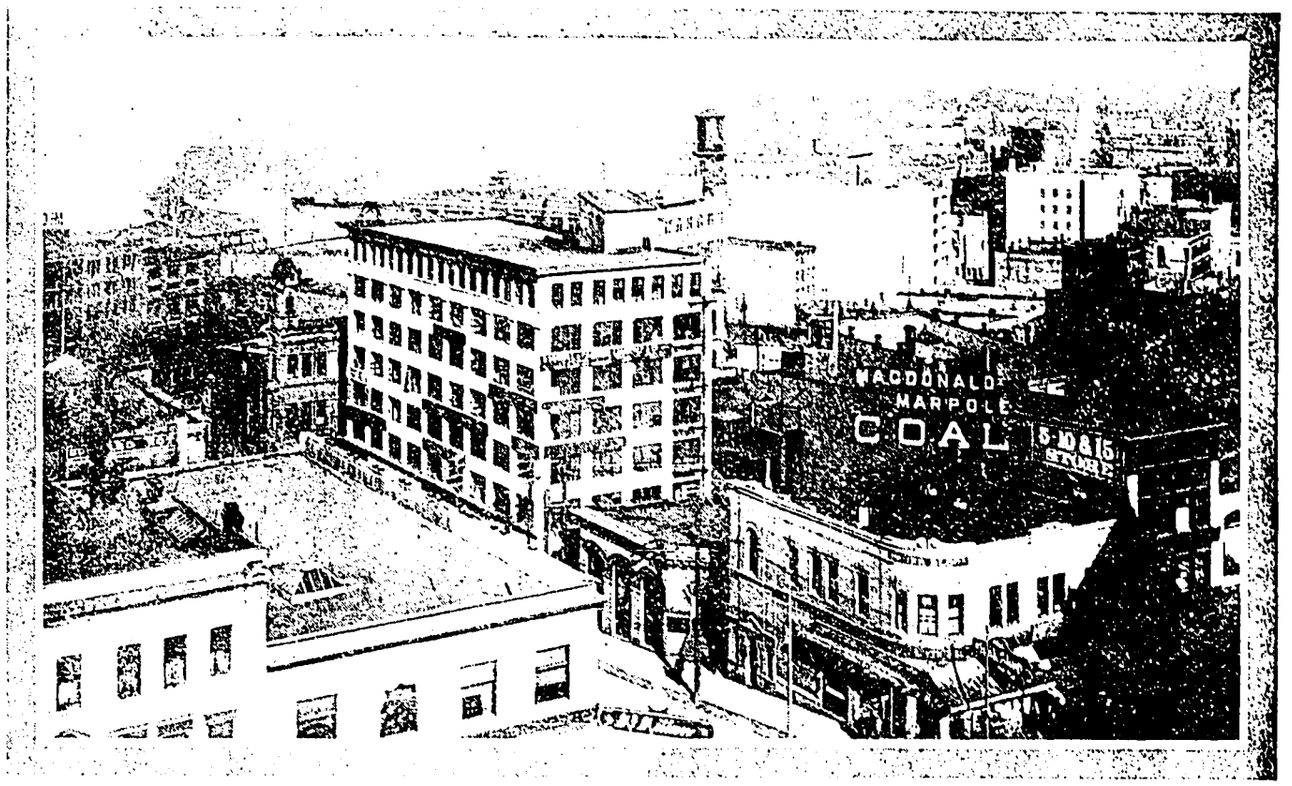
By L. Makowski

IN 1886 Vancouver began to attract the attention of Victoria as a little place that might be worth visiting now and then in case some of the inhabitants of the logging village on Burrard Inlet might be in want of some of the necessaries of life. The Victoria merchants, in these days, were reckoned as wealthy traders with ideas of their own regarding the fitting-out of sealing vessels, the supplying of canneries, mining prospectors, and the population of the south end of the island on which they made their homes. New Westminster, the Royal City, was one of their chief customers, and to New Westminster some of the enterprising Victoria merchants sent representatives to take orders. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway caused a certain demand to spring up from the little village known as Granville, hidden away from the world by an impenetrable forest, a demand which included such things as canned goods and food of various kinds for the satisfaction of those men who had followed the long ribbons of steel to tidewater and sat down and reflected on the beauties of the landlocked harbor they saw before them.

In due course one Victoria merchant, with a boldness that spoke volumes for his imagination, determined to start business for himself in Granville village, and setting sail from Victoria, he, after what was then no doubt an adventurous passage, managed to land at the Hastings Mill, and next day would no doubt have been interviewed by the hotel reporter of the local sheet if such covering had existed.

Sitting on a stump overlooking the harbor, the merchant probably held forth on the natural advantages of the spot as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and mentioned that, attracted by the possibilities of the future, he had determined to start a wholesale grocery store and invest large sums of money in building up a business. No doubt the reporter, who possibly in those days was also the barber at the hotel, later retailed the story he had picked up, and having nothing on which to print his news related to all and sundry in the hotel in capital head-lines that

MR. DAVID OPPENHEIMER, MERCHANT OF VICTORIA, WILL INVEST HUGE SUMS IN VANCOUVER—SAYS THAT IT WILL BE GREATEST CITY IN THE LAST WEST—BUYS A SITE.



LOOKING WESTWARD OVER THE ROOFS OF THE BUSINESS SECTION, VANCOUVER

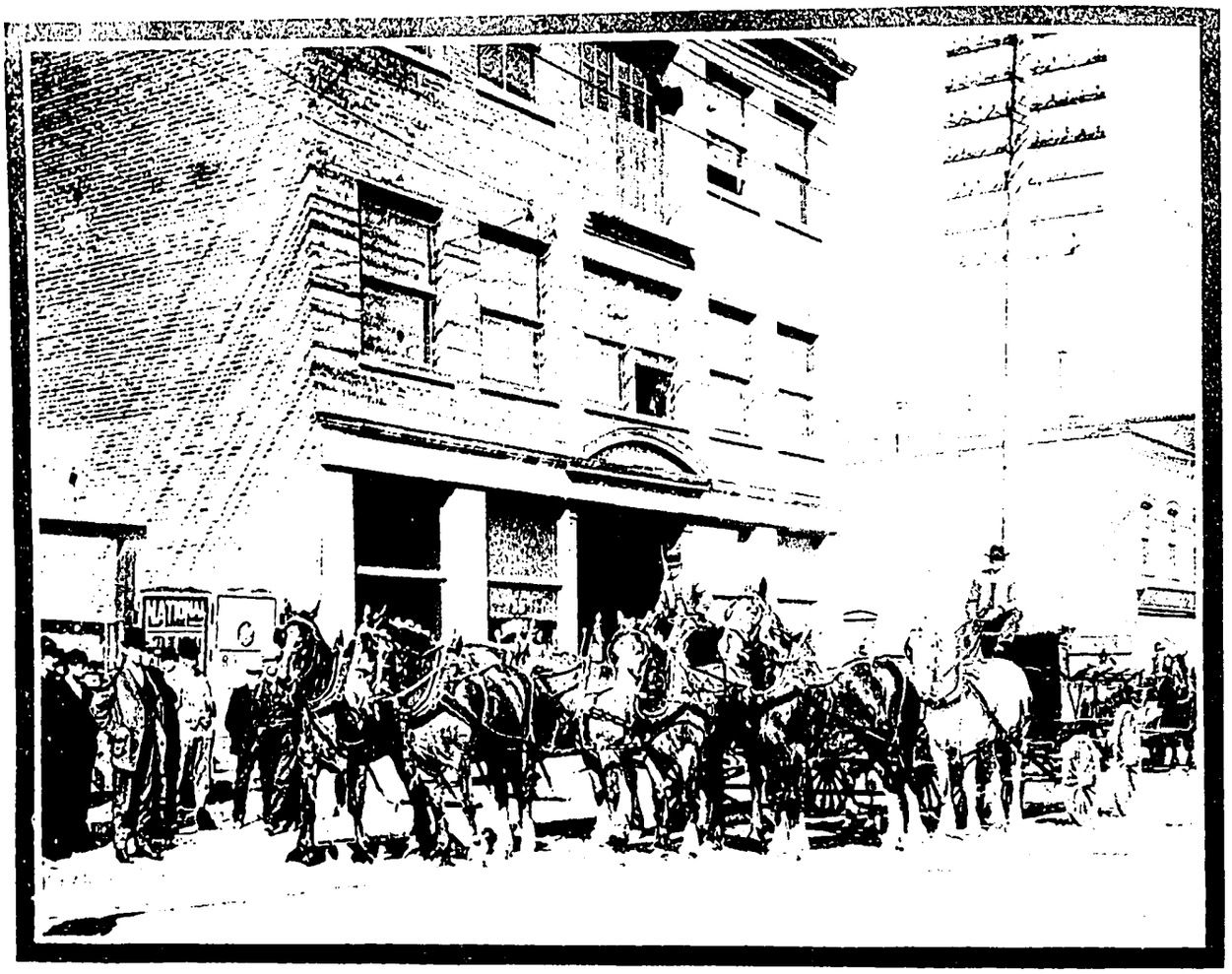
Whether the news was spread thusly or not, it is an historical fact that Mr. David Oppenheimer, merchant of Victoria, did open a wholesale grocery store on what is now known as Powell Street, at the foot of Columbia Avenue, in the year of grace 1886, and thus became, by virtue of being the first in the field, the father of Vancouver's jobbing trade.

Twenty-five years later Vancouver's jobbing trade had flooded the whole district from the present Canadian Pacific Railway station to the Hastings sawmill. Dammed between Hastings Street, three blocks back from the waterfront and the Canadian Pacific tracks, it had attempted to soar skywards and in many cases, as is proved by the marks it has left on the skyline when Vancouver is viewed from the waterfront, had admirably succeeded in making that view a solid, if silent, testimonial to Mr. David Oppenheimer's perspicuity. In the year of grace 1910 the Canadian Pacific railroad suddenly remembered that it had some two or three acres of cleared land fronting on its roundhouse and coal bunkers lying between the Cambie Street bridge and the Granville Street bridge. Several merchants also remembered that land at the same time, and within a few months another wholesale centre had sprung up almost on the very spot at which Mr. Christopher Wood in 1886 had landed after having been chased by wolves through Fairview to the shore of what is known as False Creek.

To drag wolves into a history of the jobbing trade of Vancouver may seem a stretch of imagination; nevertheless the wolves chasing the luckless Mr. Wood are an historical fact worth recollecting when passing over the great steel structure that spans False Creek, where this pioneer of British Columbia nearly lost his life in trying to visit the new store opened by Mr. Oppenheimer in order to purchase goods in Vancouver instead of going to New Westminster. Mr. Christopher Wood was one of the first country customers of the Vancouver wholesale district, and today there must be many a wholesale merchant in Vancouver who has done business with stores owned by Wood & Cargill in the upper country. Mr. David Oppenheimer became the first president of the Vancouver Board of Trade and was the city's second mayor. Mr. Wood started the townsite of Greenwood in the Okanagan and was one of the originators of the suggested Midway-Vernon Railway. Both pioneers have passed away and the forest they knew has vanished with them, and in its place there stands a metropolis.

And in the place of Oppenheimer Bros. there stand more than a dozen firms doing the business of Vancouver in groceries, carrying stocks valued at about $2,000,000, and employing a hundred men for every one employed by Oppenheimer Bros.

There is one wholesale grocer in the city who turned over $4,000,000 in the year 1910. Four million dollars in one year, and



FREIGHT TRANSFER TEAMS, VANCOUVER

Vancouver is only twenty-five years old! Four million dollars, and David Oppenheimer probably thought he was doing good business if he turned over four thousand.

That is one grocer, and there are others who do almost as large a business. As an example, another firm has moved three times in the last fourteen years, has stuck to the same street all the time, and in the course of the three moves has probably not covered more than 100 yards. And today that grocer is doubling the size of his new-old premises into which he moved only two years ago. When the new premises are completed he will have a floor space of three acres.

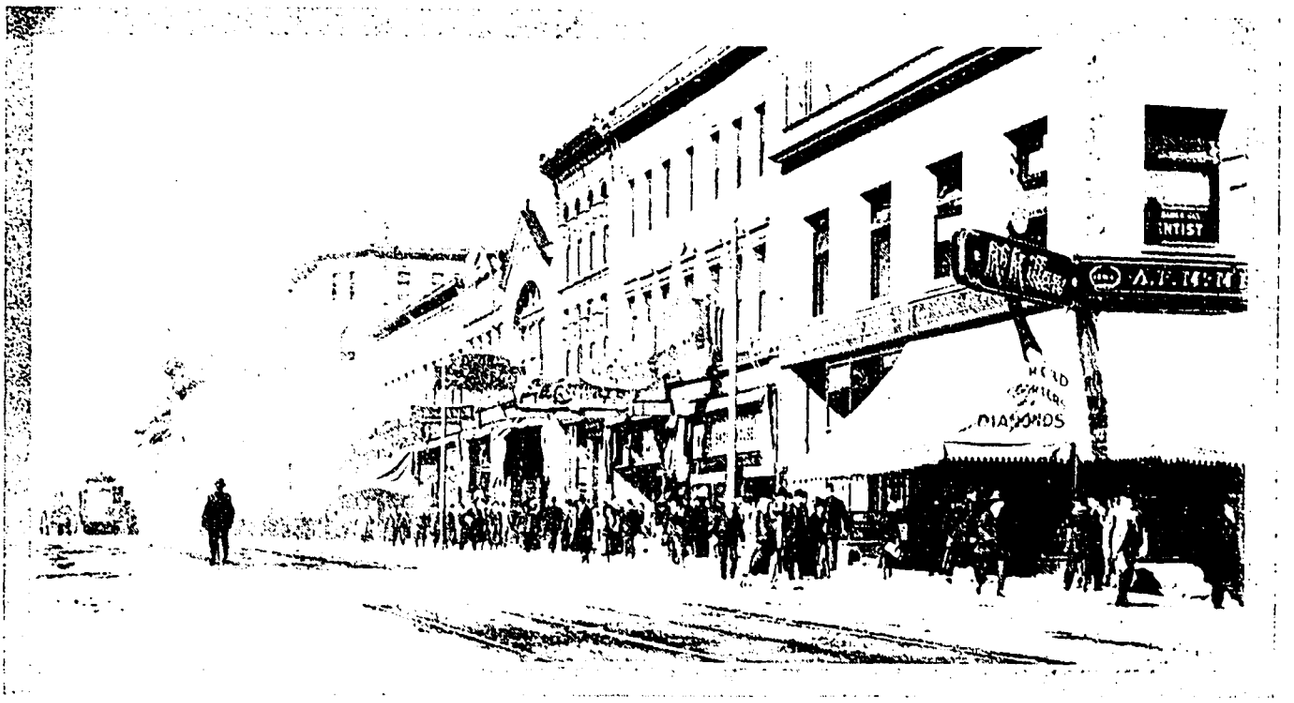
Three acres!—and David Oppenheimer's floor space may have been fifty square feet!

In 1897 another wholesale grocer arrived in Vancouver from the territories—he and his brother. The commission business engaged their attention, and banking heavily on the future they engaged one man to help them. Today they employ over one hundred hands.

How did it happen? Well, it just evoluted.

Some time after Mr. David Oppenheimer entrusted himself among the woods of Vancouver, two hardware merchants of Victoria, who owned a store, set up in Vancouver. They sold hardware retail and plumbed such pipes as needed plumbing. Today their wholesale house covers a block and is five storeys high, or may be six. A storey more or less makes very little difference to the first quarter of a century of Vancouver's growth. Stories have become facts; imagination has failed to draw a bow of sufficient length, and the oldest timers have failed to keep pace with the evolution of the village by the waters of Burrard Inlet.

The history of another fifteen-year-old firm is fairy-like. Ship chandlery was its line of business as well as general hardware, plumbing and anything else that would earn an honest dollar. In due course it built itself what would then be called palatial premises. Ships' chandlery takes some storing. An anchor or two and heavy cables necessitate sea room. The plumbing business prospered, taps and such articles being in good demand. Mills wanted chains, logging camps wire rope, boats blocks. It was a miscellaneous kind of affair, but profitable. In due course it excited the envy of a millionaire wholesale plumbing firm in the United States. Would the proprietors sell? Negotiations ended in bringing the millionaire firm with a flourish of trumpets into Vancouver. Ships' chandlery



LOOKING WESTWARD FROM HOMER STREET ON HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER

may not have interested the newcomers; at any rate, half of what they did not gobble continued to grow quite contentedly. Today that half occupies its own five or six storey brick block (to tell the truth, at the time of writing the last storey has not yet appeared) on the very spot where Mr. David Oppenheimer started in business.

Groceries and hardware! Oh, well, people must eat, and logging camps must use chains, and ships anchors, and houses taps and pipes. True; and people must be clothed!

At the corner of Water and Cambie streets stands a five-storey brick block stocked from basement to roof with clothes. Two more decorate Water street a little farther up. They sell anything from a shoe lace to a blanket; they represent what is known as the dry goods trade. They are by no means the only ones. Tucked away in various offices the curious seeker may find several so-called sample rooms and manufacturers' agents. They may not take up much room, but they do a business that would amaze the ordinary citizen who sees nothing of them.

Oh, well, people must wear clothes, must tie their boots up or put on a clean collar now and then. True; but it would be interesting to know what the slop (an Australian term for overalls) trade is worth in Vancouver without taking anything else into account. There are such things as blankets and heavy corduroy sheepskin-lined coats, as well as linen shirts of fine texture, and thousands upon thousands of "ready-to-wears."

"Ready-to-wears," "fit-rites," "semi-readies," the names flash at night from many a brilliant electric sign on Vancouver's main streets, and to the man who buys a suit once a year, or even once in two, the stocks carried by these retailers are a continual source of amazement. Yet each wholesale house, or jobber, carries under his roof stock enough to fill every retail store in Vancouver. Where does it all go? Who buys suits at such a pace that the wholesalers are constantly adding to their floor space?

Every house of importance in the East is represented in Vancouver by some huge building which probably also buys a large share of its goods from England and the United States. For Vancouver has become notorious in the United States as one of the best centres of trade and one of the greatest absorbers of goods. After all, to keep pace with an influx of people at the rate of 2,000 a month, which has been the pace set by Vancouver City in the last two years needs

IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, VANCOUVER

HASTINGS STREET FROM THE CORNER OF HAMILTON STREET, VANCOUVER

constant replenishment of stocks. Two thousand people a month! And what of the whole of British Columbia? What of Prince Rupert, Fort George, Nelson, Kamloops? All of them growing, growing, growing, and Vancouver stocking them with the goods necessary to their well-being. Why, at Ocean Falls (how many people know of Ocean Falls?) there are over 1,200 men engaged in building a pulp mill to turn out 100 tons of paper a day. And at Powell River there are probably another 1,500 at work on another pulp plant of a similar capacity. Two thousand seven hundred men to be supplied; not a city, not a village even, just a camp.

Camps and the wholesale trade. "Camping outfits." Pshaw! Would they keep Vancouver busy?

Well, how many survey parties go out into the field every spring and disappear into the unknown? How many logging camps are there scattered over the province? How many companies developing power? How many parties proving coal fields? How many building railways, tramways? How many grading roadways, hewing trails?

"What know ye of business who only cities know?" to paraphrase a famous saying.

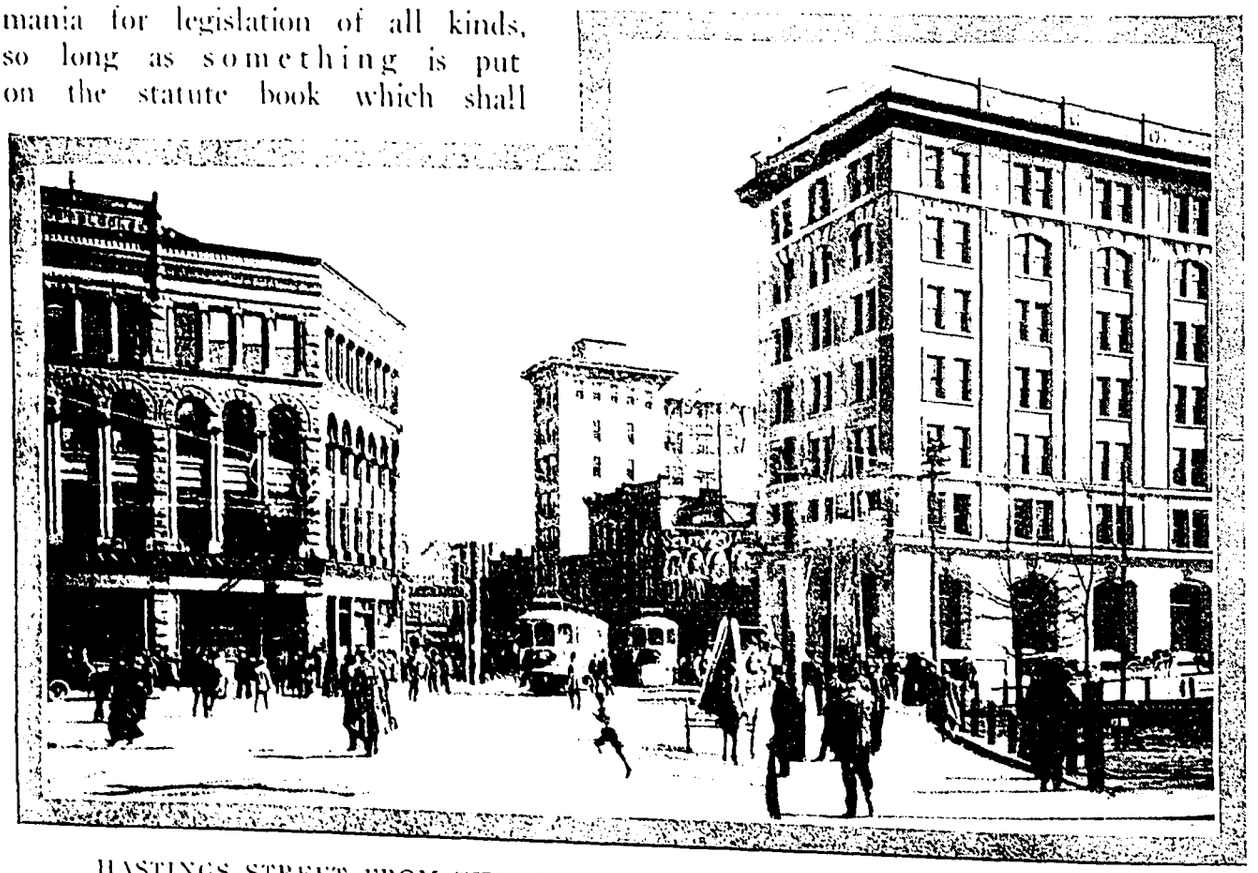
And, thanks to the perspicuity of our friends across the border and their mania for legislation of all kinds, so long as something is put on the statute book which shall read well as an enforcement of law, and incidentally leave plenty of room for lawyers' pickings, Vancouver is gradually attracting the trade of the Pacific.

Again, thanks to the eternal fight between labor and capital on the other side of the line, and the consequent constant dislocation of trade and the necessity of capital finding new channels in which to flow, Vancouver is gradually reaping the benefit.

What has this to do with the jobbing trade? you ask. A few words will show.

Capital, or if you like it better, credit, is the blood of business. It is the blood in the veins of trade, and without that blood trade dies. Make it easy for capital to keep a regular pulse, keep it at a normal temperature, and, above all, see that the law of the land is just to capital and labor alike, and you are unconsciously building up trade. The slightest injustice, the slightest attempt to force matters, and the pulse becomes irregular and the patient feverish. For a time fever may seem like a boom in business, but there comes a relapse when everything is in a state of weakness.

The jobbing trade of a city lives by the proper alliance of labor and capital. For the amount of money turned over the jobbing trade does not employ a large amount of labor. But neither capital nor labor could



HASTINGS STREET FROM THE CORNER OF HAMILTON STREET, VANCOUVER

HORSE SHOW BUILDING, VANCOUVER

exist for long without the jobbing trade, the distributor. He is a convenient, necessary adjunct to business life who is generally lost sight of or looked upon with mild surprise as a man who takes up a lot of room and has but little to show for it. He conducts an enormous correspondence all over the world and seems to be eternally busy at a mahogany desk sticking pins into blotting paper or drawing imaginary sketches on a piece of paper.

Today in Vancouver the big wholesale merchants are directors of dozens of companies; they live in fine residences, drive to business in their motor cars, or walk for the sake of their health; they seem to have little to do, but as a matter of fact they are the backbone of Vancouver's extraordinary growth. They have made use of an opportunity, and today they are reaping their reward. They take an active interest in everything that goes on in the city and their influence extends in a dozen directions. Historically speaking, they are to the Vancouver of today what the merchant princes were to London, Liverpool and Glasgow years ago, and today the reign of the merchant princes has begun in Vancouver. What this means to the city only those conversant with the history of other great cities can fully realize. It is the dawning of a new era—the era of trade.

That era has dawned after a period of natural evolution. The merchants of today were the retailers of yesterday, the retailers of yesterday were the employees of the day before. They saved a little money, they scraped together a little capital, they joined with an employee from another shop, they worked hard, swept out their own offices, kept their own books in a manner that would possibly send a chartered accountant to his grave in haste. They did their own travelling. One remained in the shop while the other went out on the road. They would sit up nights trying to make the credit and debit side of their books balance. But they prospered, they gradually sold more and more goods, extended their connections, began to trade in carloads, and then in sea-borne produce. They plunged, and every time they came up for breath and to see where they had got to, they found they had made great progress. It became

not a gamble but a dead certainty. And above all they acquired experience.

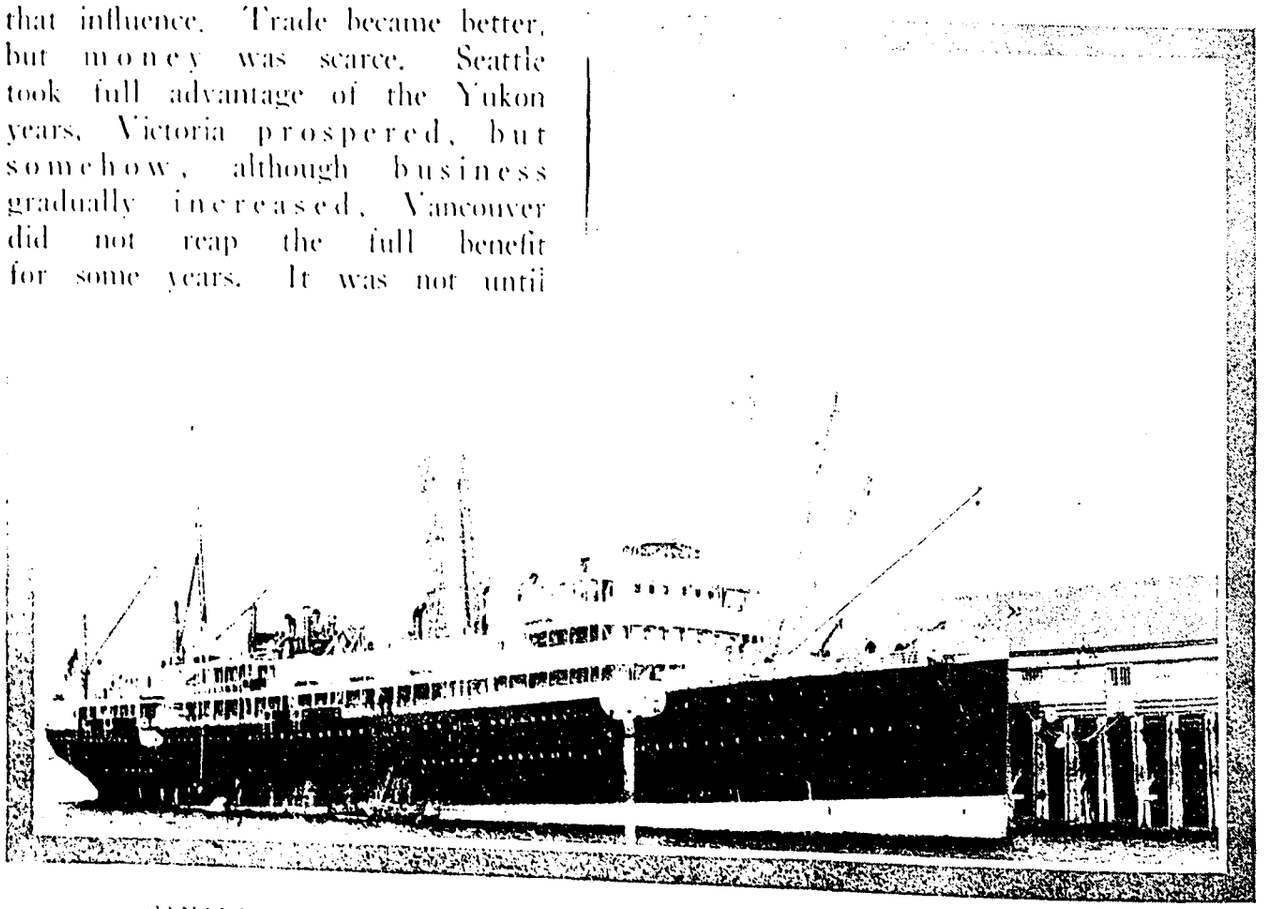
It must not be thought that the rise of these merchant princes has been all plain sailing. The history of the jobbing trade of Vancouver today is that of an amazing success that positively bewilders even the men that have made that success possible, but the history of these self-same jobbers when they were mostly retailers or even employees of other firms is only known to those that lived and worked by their sides before the days when Vancouver began to come into its own.

In 1886 Vancouver was a logging camp and the terminal of a transcontinental railway. From 1886 to 1893, the first seven years, all went well. Vancouver grew and the virgin forest gave way to streets. Real estate boomed and speculation was rife. But in 1893 the financial panic that struck the world left its mark on Vancouver. The next seven years were Vancouver's lean years. Those who went through them still speak of them with a grim smile, and moreover became so cautious that when the tide turned many would not and could not realize it. They had seen one boom before and knew what would happen.

Then in 1897 came the Yukon rush, and Vancouver began to revive under that influence. Trade became better, but money was scarce. Seattle took full advantage of the Yukon years, Victoria prospered, but somehow, although business gradually increased, Vancouver did not reap the full benefit for some years. It was not until 1900 that Vancouver began to go ahead again, and then in 1903 came another panic in New York and the ripples of it affected every city on this coast. But this time Vancouver was better buttressed, she had begun to hear the music of the deep sea chanties and the smell of the ocean was in the nostrils of her traders.

In 1904-1905 Vancouver prospered and laid the foundations of her present skyscrapers; in 1906 Vancouver boomed, and from then until today has been carried along on the high wave of prosperity. Even in 1907-1908, when scores of houses failed in the East and when holidays were being declared all over the United States so as to avoid settling days, Vancouver went ahead. It was the manner of her weathering of that panic that caught the imagination and attention of the financial world, with the immediate result that capital began to pour into the country at a greater pace than ever before. By the autumn of 1908 Vancouver was going ahead as fast, if not faster, than ever, and from then until now some 2,000 people a month have been absorbed into her and found the means of making a livelihood.

No doubt the rush to the Yukon gave the whole trade of the coast a fillip. It ex-



CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN MAIL STEAMSHIP MARAMA, VANCOUVER

tended the boundaries of Vancouver's territory, and enlarged the horizon of her traders. Men made money in those days, and made it fast. But even without that fillip Vancouver would have gone ahead. The very fact that the prairies were being settled up turned the eyes of the lumber millers to those markets and made them increase the size of their mills in order to compete with those in the United States.

And the increase in the size of the mills, the addition of new machinery, naturally brought about an increase in the number of logs needed for their consumption. That meant work for men, and men must live, and it is the jobbers that supplied the wherewithal.

At the beginning most of these merchant princes were acting largely as agents for Eastern and British houses. They sold goods on commission. This led to stocking them and at once they became wholesalers.

It was a natural transition.

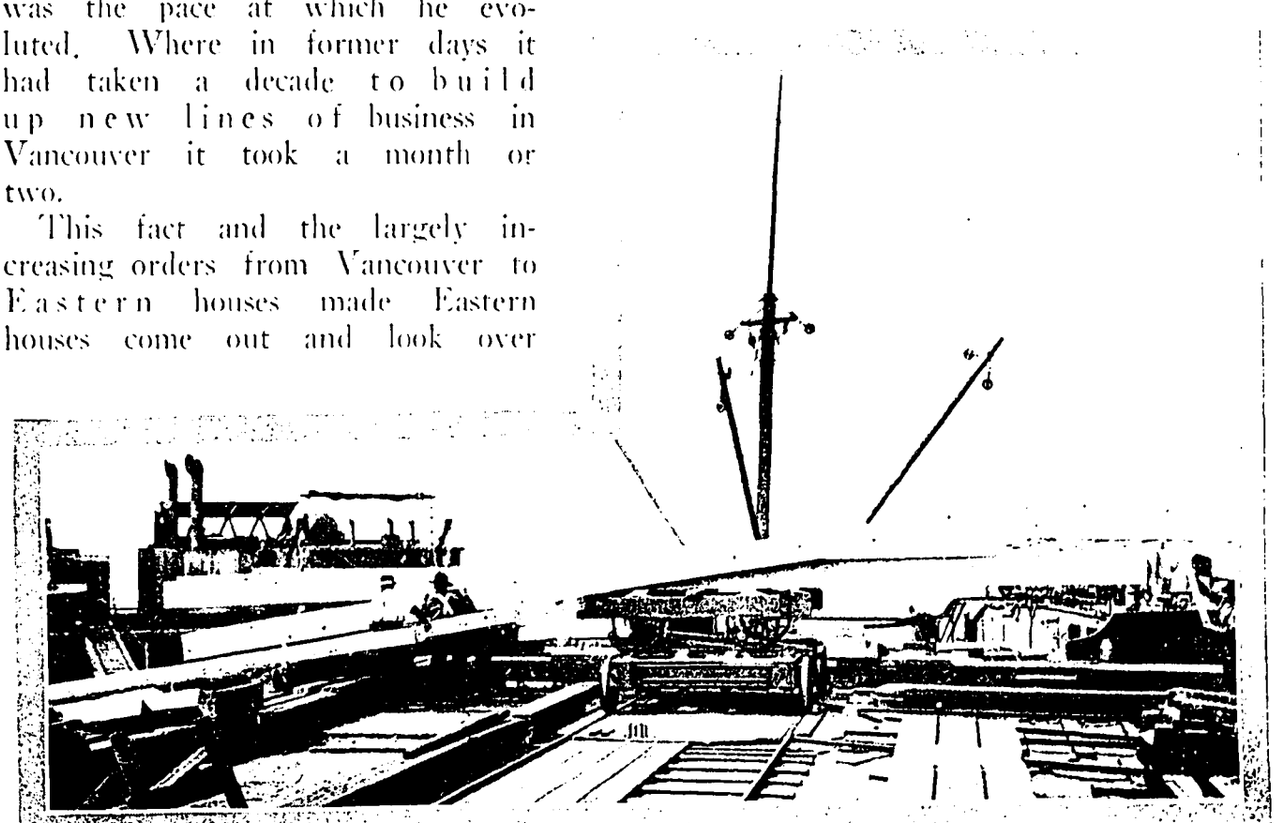
If mills wanted machinery they did not want to wait months to get same. The man that stocked it on the spot was the man that was most likely to get the order. If he stocked saws as well, it was probable that the mill would want saws now and again; saws led to chains, chains to ropes, and gradually the wholesale merchant was evolved. The only novelty in his evolution was the pace at which he evoluted. Where in former days it had taken a decade to build up new lines of business in Vancouver it took a month or two.

This fact and the largely increasing orders from Vancouver to Eastern houses made Eastern houses come out and look over the ground for themselves. Result—a warehouse.

Did it end the wholesaler, the jobber?

The Vancouver jobber was not that kind of man. There was plenty of room for all, and he was on the ground and his business was his own, whereas the Eastern wholesaler had to have a manager. The trouble of the manufacturing houses who have opened warehouses in Vancouver has been to keep their managers. It has been the old case of the employee getting the business and saving capital. In some cases the employees have bought the original firm out, in others they have set up as rivals and prospered. But if they have prospered so has the original firm. There has been room and to spare for everyone.

In looking back over recent occurrences—and it must be remembered that most occurrences have been of very recent date in the jobbing trade, which is almost a product in Vancouver of the twentieth century—perhaps one of the most remarkable facts connected with trade was the record of failures made during the year following the financial disasters of 1907, when trust companies, banks, wholesale and retail houses by the score all over the United States went into liquidation. Such giants as the Westinghouse Company and other similar corpora-



LOADING DIMENSION TIMBER, HASTINGS MILL, VANCOUVER

tions were in the hands of receivers, and the ripples of the disturbance in New York spread gradually to the coast, giving the cities below the line a bad time. There is no harm in indulging in a few local statistics regarding this period, and the following figures are striking:

Failures in Vancouver City—

May, 1905, 1; April, 1906, 2; April, 1907, 1. Then came the panic, and here are the months of the year 1908: January 2; February, 3; March, 6; April, 0; May, 1; June, 3; July, 1; August, 3; September, 4; October, 2; November, 0; December, 2; total, 27.

Twenty-seven failures in a year when failures were more common than profits on the other side of the line!

Another very good example of the extraordinary growth of the jobbing trade is that of a fruit merchant. Coming from California in 1900, the place "looked good" to him. He opened his shop on Water Street, a place which then would probably be little more than a stall displaying Californian fruits. Fruit and its allied produce, it must be remembered, are perishable goods. The merchant in embryo employed one man. Today he employs thirty, and he uses up two carloads of Californian fruits and vegetables every week. He also is one of a dozen in the same line and almost in the same block along Water Street.

THE CENTRE OF THE CITY

Here is another extraordinary instance.

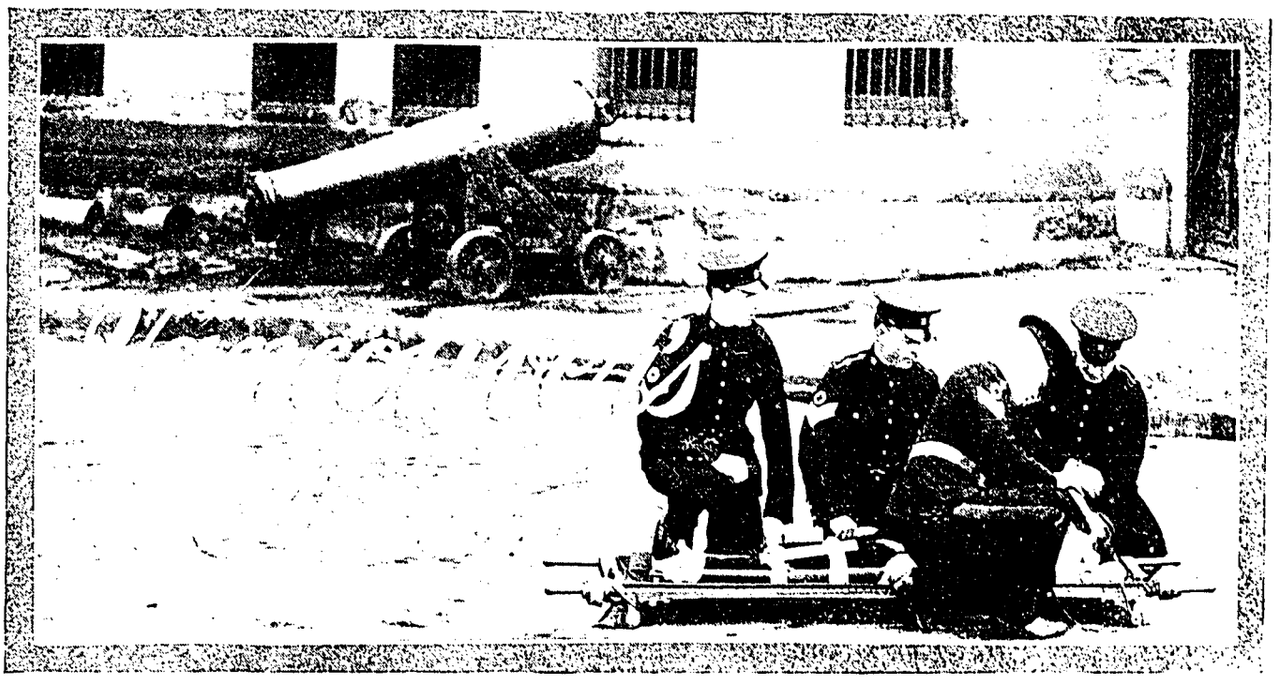
Twelve years ago there came to Montreal a machinery sales agent. Twelve years ago takes us back to the last year of the nineteenth century. Six years ago said sales agent bought out the business of the manufacturing concern for which he was agent in Canada. A year later he built his own factory in Toronto, two years later a second factory was built at Sherbrooke, and last year a third at Farnham.

This has nothing to do with Vancouver, you say. Hasn't it?

Vancouver has the largest branch house outside of the headquarters in Montreal, and in the matter of display Vancouver has a showroom which is the best on the whole continent. This firm was originally an American firm; now it is a Canadian one, but its relation in the United States is a household word.

Yet Vancouver has the best display rooms on the continent. The branch occupies a three storey brick block with basement, 75 feet on Water Street and 133 on Abbott Street. This block is stocked from cellar to roof with machinery, and out on Powell Street a two storey warehouse takes care of the surplus stock. In all there are 60,000 square feet of floor space under cover, with boilers and concrete mixers kept out of doors.

Examples of a similar kind might be given indefinitely. Enough has been said, however, to show that the reign of the merchant princes in Vancouver has begun. The next development is manufacturing, and if the boards of some of the recently formed manufacturing companies be examined it will be found that the merchant princes of Vancouver are making another step forward and that the development of Vancouver as a manufacturing centre is likely to be as fast as was the development of Vancouver as a great jobbing centre.



"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un, heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land.
May your luck be never failing and your gal be ever true,
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you."

WITH such words Mr. Hayden Coffin earned repeated encores at one of the theatres in London many years ago, during the run of one of George Edwardes' musical comedies. Very probably it was about 1894 when the Sixth Regiment the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles was first organized in Vancouver, said Vancouver being then but a village on the banks of Burrard Inlet. But village, city or metropolis, the same spirit that built up Vancouver to its present proud position has built up the Sixth Regiment D. C. O. R. to its present state of efficiency, so that today Vancouver may well be proud of its militia regiment.

Historically, the Sixth Regiment of today has nothing in common, unless it be esprit de corps, with the pioneer of the militia corps organized in the early sixties in New Westminster, which was then the capital of the crown colony of British Columbia. This pioneer corps, named the Seymour Artillery, in honor of Governor Seymour, was a battery of field artillery and existed by direct authority of the British War Office, by whom indirectly it was administered and paid. The fire that swept New Westminster nearly thirteen years ago also swept out of existence all records pertaining to this battery.

In 1871, after the Confederation of British Columbia with the remainder of the provinces in Canada, the Seymour Artillery came under the care of the government at Ottawa. On July 10, 1874, the old field battery was reorganized by Captain Pittendrigh, an old Crimean veteran, as the Seymour Battery of Garrison Artillery. A few months previous to this there had been organized in Victoria by Captain F. J. Roscoe the first company of Victoria Rifles, and in 1878 Captain C. T. Dupont organized the Victoria Battery of Garrison Artillery. Thus at the end of 1878 there were three distinct militia companies, the Seymour Battery, the Victoria Battery and the Victoria Rifles.

In 1883 a provisional regiment, organized and commanded by Major C. T. Dupont, with Captain R. Wolfenden as adjutant, absorbed all three of these independent units under the name of the British Columbia Provisional Regiment of Garrison Artillery. This organization proved the nucleus of the present day military organizations of the lower mainland. As the Seymour Artillery was the senior by date of creation, it claimed the right of being No. 1 Battery with headquarters at New Westminster. The Victoria Battery was divided into Batteries 2 and 3, while the Victoria Rifles became Battery No. 4. On May 7, 1886, just twenty-five years ago, the provisional regiment changed its name to

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, VANCOUVER MILITIA REGIMENTS

the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wolfenden was made commanding officer. Save for the red shoulder straps and the badge V. R. I., the uniform of the officers was identical with that of the Royal Artillery.

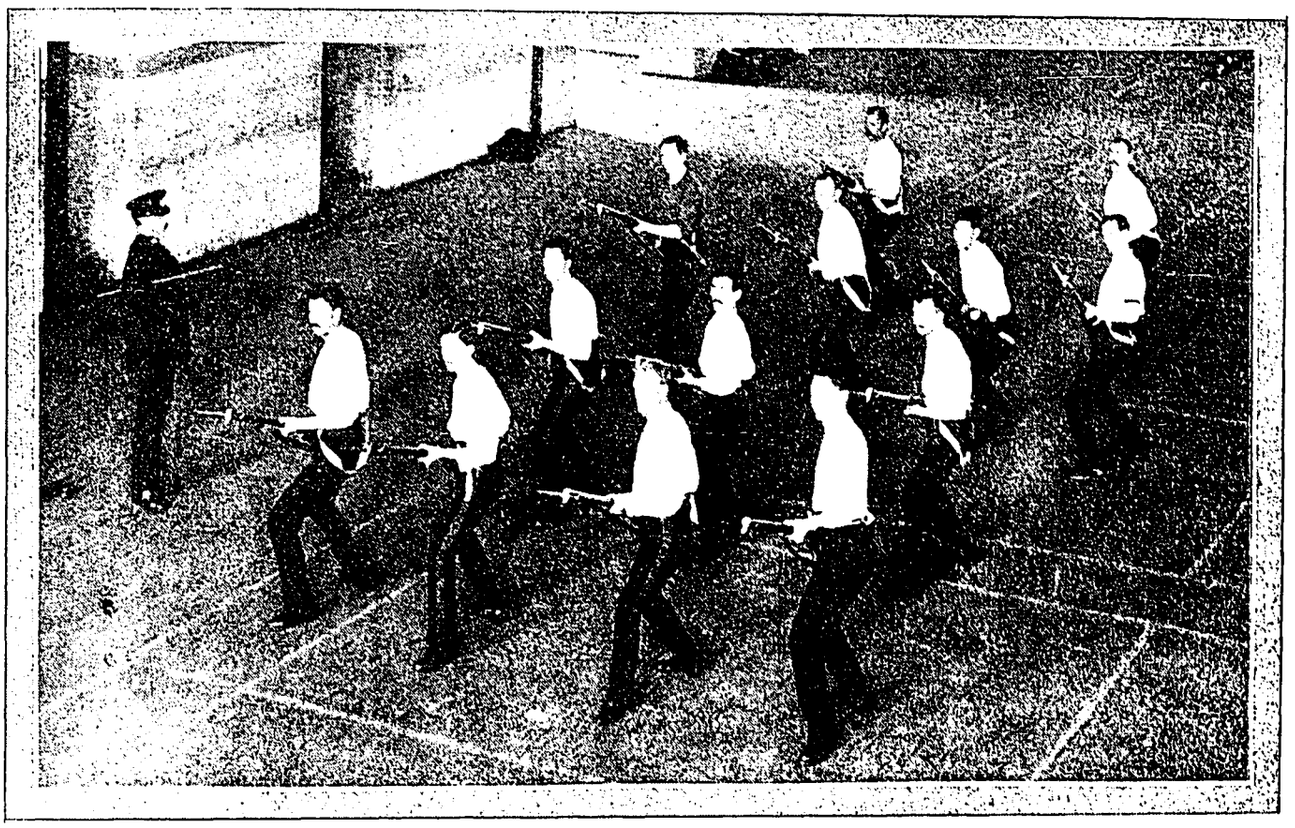
For the next seven years the brigade remained in this condition and was the only militia in the province, but in 1893 another change was made.

Vancouver had meanwhile forged to the front and bid fair to become a bigger city than either New Westminster or Victoria, and in consequence Vancouver wanted a battery. This was duly created, and much to the chagrin of the New Westminster contingent the batteries of the brigade were renumbered, and Numbers 1, 2 and 3 were located at Victoria, No. 4 at New Westminster and Number 5 at Vancouver. This new formation was authorized by the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, acting on the advice of Major-General Ivor C. Herbert, who was then Major-General commanding the forces of the Dominion.

It was in 1893 that the citizens of Vancouver first put forward the suggestion to Ottawa that a Highland regiment should be formed here; and it is interesting to note that after nearly twenty years Vancouver got its Highland regiment, the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders having only this last year been organized with brilliant success, thus giving Vancouver its second regiment of militia. Most citizens in 1893 did not care whether it was a Highland regiment, but wanted a separate regiment which had no connection with the batteries at Victoria and New Westminster.

After some delay, however, organization of Battery No. 5 was ordered, and immediately some 300 applications appeared on the rolls. Another brief delay, and Major T. O. Townley was notified that authority had been given him to raise a battery of garrison artillery of a strength of about 100 men. Major Townley had formerly resided in New Westminster and since 1890 had been in command of Battery No. 1. The new Vancouver battery was to be called No. 5 of the British Columbia Garrison Artillery. Although it was the junior battery of the brigade, it was the strongest in Canada, its established strength being no less than thirty officers and 460 non-commissioned officers and men.

A drill hall had been promised, and there was at the time some expectation that big guns similar to those mounted at Esquimalt would be mounted in Vancouver for the annual drill and firing purposes. The headquarters of the brigade were, however, still at Victoria, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Prior was the commanding officer. All five companies, three in Victoria, one in New Westminster and one in Vancouver, were to be of equal strength and each was commanded by a major, assisted by a cap-



BAYONET EXERCISE

tain, two lieutenants and a second lieutenant. It was hoped that new rifles would be issued to take the place of the old Sniders, and a rifle range between Vancouver and New Westminster was procured. This old rifle range has long since been subdivided and is now a prosperous part of the thriving community of South Vancouver, though three years ago it was overgrown with bushes and would have been hard to find except by those who were intimate with the topography of the region.

On July 17, 1893, Captain Townley announced that he was ready to receive the names of those who wanted to join Vancouver's first militia corps and those who wished to sign the roll could do so at his office in the court house during the next ten days. The service roll was also kept at the southwest corner of Cambie and Cordova streets, the latter being then the central position in Vancouver, and the roll lay on the counter of a tobacco store kept by A. M. Buxton. It was necessary to know how many men were likely to join owing to the necessity of ordering uniforms. Captain Townley met with a ready response, but it was not until six months later that the uniforms arrived and parades began.

The old Imperial Opera House on Pender street, at the foot of Beatty, was secured as a drill shed. For several years this place served its purpose and in 1900 and 1901 it saw the Vancouver detachments for service in South Africa dispatched from its doors. It was in this hall that the first parade of the new corps took place. The main floor was used for drill purposes, while the stage was sometimes used for putting recruits through their preliminary steps. In December, 1893, Captain Townley was promoted to major and immediately began to exercise proper authority.

On January 16 and 17, 1894, the uniforms began to arrive and the hall was filled with men anxious to see what sort of figure they would cut in them. On the 16th fifty men were duly enrolled; on the 17th thirty more, and on the 18th the first parade was held. The following is the first company order issued by Major Townley:

COMPANY ORDERS.

BY MAJOR TOWNLEY, COMMANDING NO. 5 COMPANY B. C. B. G. A.

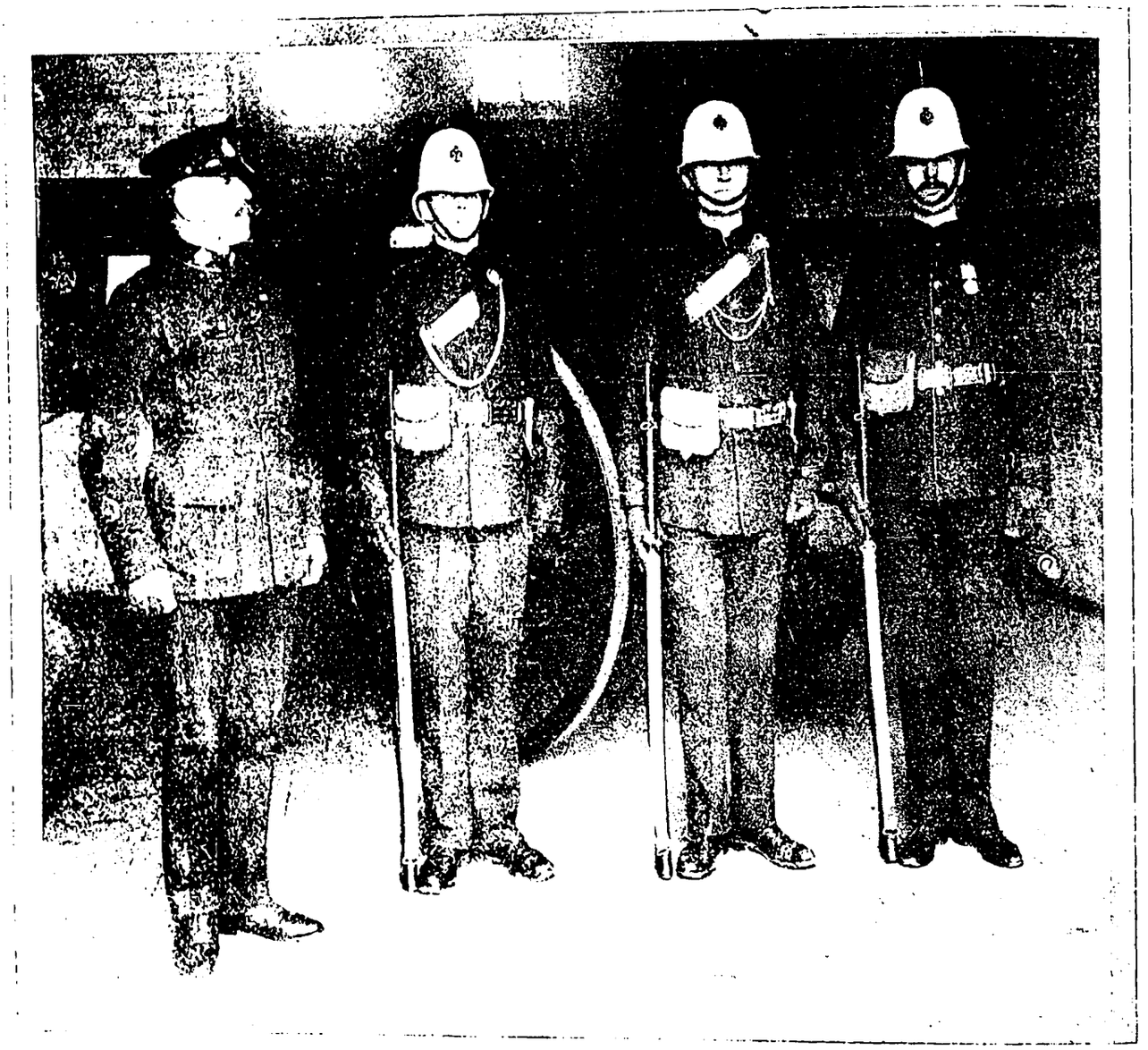
VANCOUVER, B. C., JANUARY 22, 1894.

PARADES.

1. The company will parade at the drill shed on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 p. m., until further notice.

PROMOTIONS.

2. The following promotions will take place: To be sergeant and acting sergeant-major, J. C. Cornish; to be sergeants, Gunner H. T. Sharp, Gunner N. [illegible]



VANCOUVER'S CORONATION CONTINGENT

Branche and Gunner F. Boys; to be corporals, Gunner T. D. Stuart, Gunner G. A. Bolt and Gunner John A. Turner; to be bombardiers, Gunner F. W. Alexander and Gunner L. A. Martin.

T. O. TOWNLEY, Major,
Commanding No. 5 B. C. B. G. A.

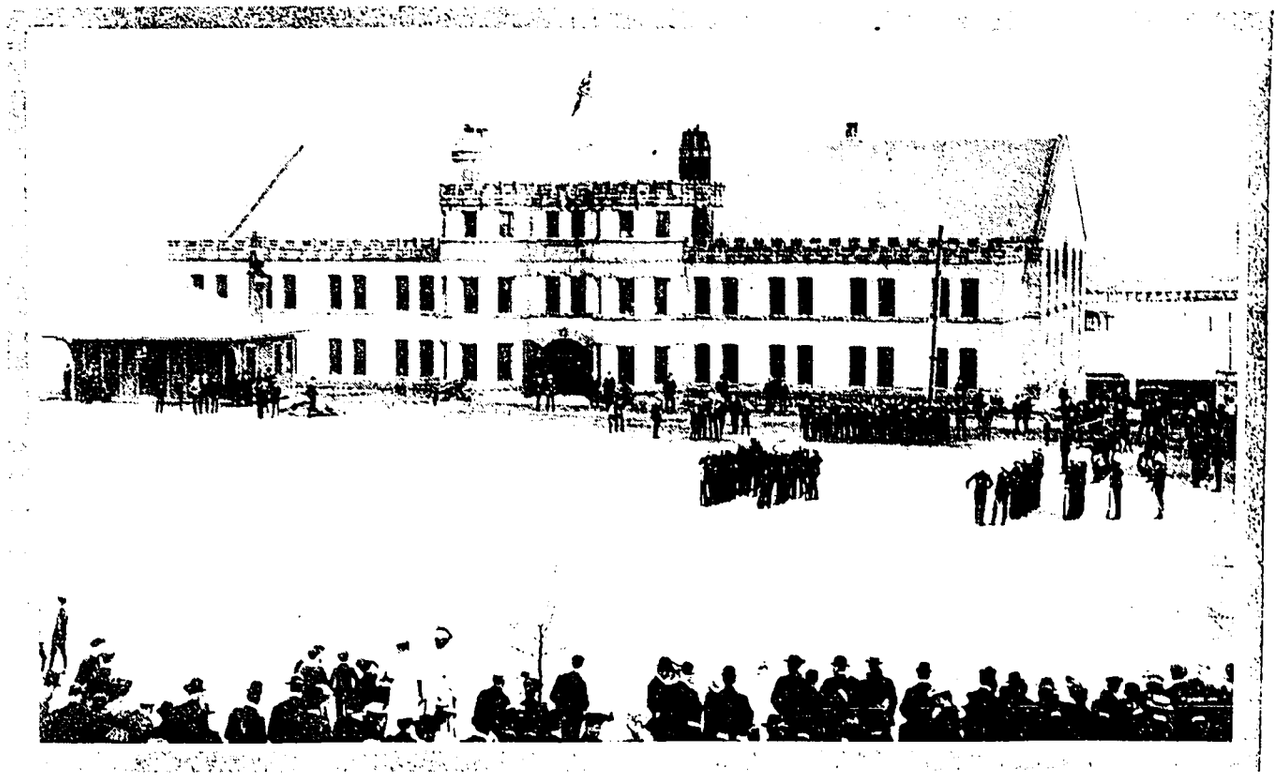
The four officers to assist Major Townley in his command were: Lieutenants C. A. Worsnop, Lacey R. Johnson, F. W. Boultbee and C. G. Johnson.

Two weeks after its organization, on January 31, 1894, the company was inspected by Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Prior, officer commanding the battalion, who expressed himself as much pleased with the progress that had been made. On May 9, 1894, the first public parade was held, and a month later the first official inspection took place by Lieutenant-Colonel Peters. The company had been hard at work drilling three and four nights a week and were in a very fair state of efficiency. They had no guns, and so the drill was mostly in the nature of infantry drill. Colonel Peters states that he considered the company the best in the brigade, and despite a wet day everything went off well. The muster, exclusive of officers, consisted of twelve non-commissioned officers and fifty-seven men.

In November of that year the company was called upon to furnish a guard of honor for His Excellency the Governor-General, Baron Stanley of Preston, and Major Townley was highly complimented upon the appearance of his company.

In a company order of December 19, 1894, it was announced that No. 4 Company B. C. B. G. A., late of New Westminster, had been authorized to reorganize with headquarters at Vancouver.

Rifle shooting was being practised steadily, and in 1895 No. 5 Company had its first and only representative at the annual matches of the B. C. Rifle Association, which in that year was held at Goldstream, in the person of Corporal J. Duff Stuart, non-commissioned officer, who secured 17th place in the Ottawa aggregate.



DRILL HALL, VANCOUVER

On March 2, 1895, the second inspection of the company took place by Lieutenant-Colonel Peters. This time there were five officers and eighty-seven rank and file. In his orders for October 9, 1895, Major Townley announced that two 64-pounder guns would be received shortly and that another company, No. 6, was authorized for that year's establishment. In this month the first military school of instruction, a three months' course under the officer commanding the Royal Marine Artillery at Esquimalt, took place at Vancouver, at which the officers first appointed to No. 5 took their certificates, with a consequent confirmation of their rank.

Another change occurred in 1896 when in February a telegram was received from Ottawa announcing that "Battalions of Garrison Artillery will in future be designated Canadian Artillery." Until September 29 of that year the six British Columbia companies remained as the Fifth Regiment, Canadian Artillery, when two battalions were ordered, the first battalion having its headquarters at Victoria under Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Gregory, and the second battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel T. O. Townley at Vancouver. Thus at last were the claims of Vancouver to a separate corps recognized. The corps had also the distinction of being the only regiment in Canada with two battalions.

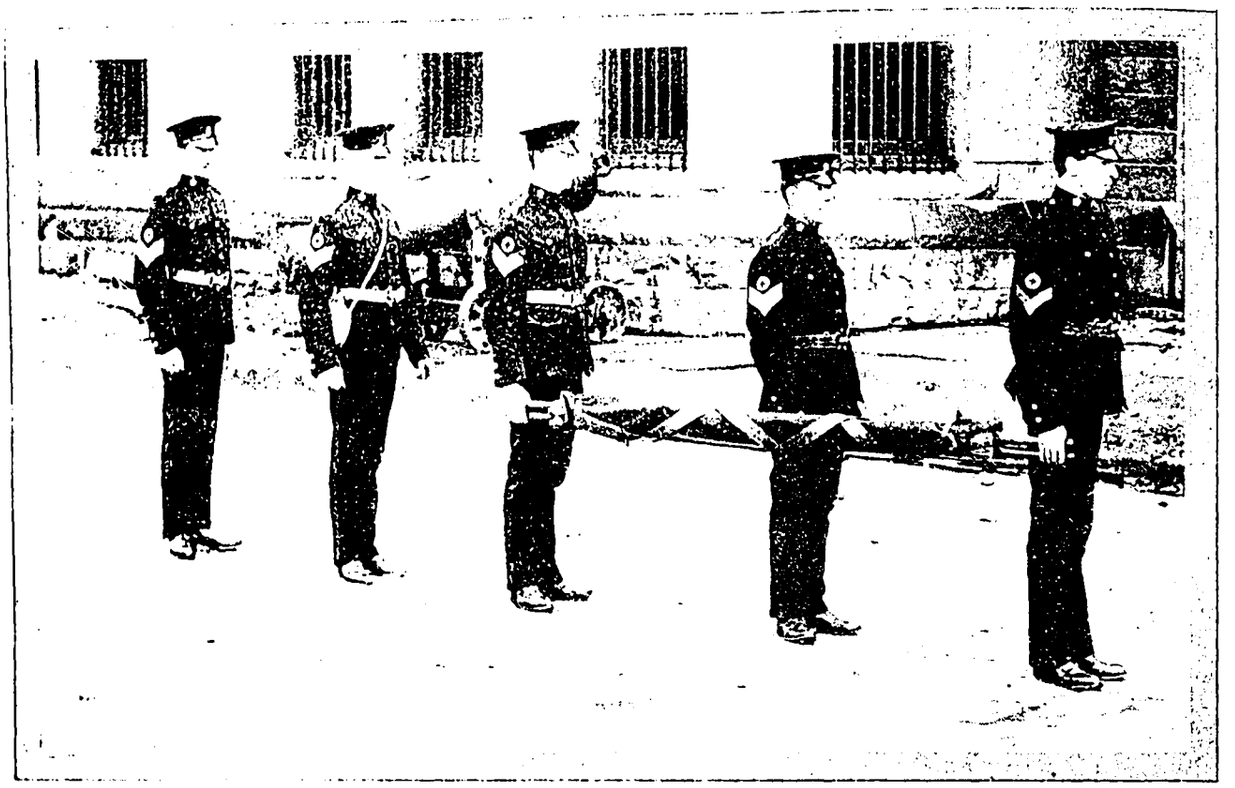
Another small change came about in December of that year when the companies of the second battalion were renumbered. No. 4 at New Westminster became No. 1, while Nos. 5 and 6 at Vancouver became Nos. 2 and 3.

In June, 1897, Lieutenant-Colonel Townley resigned and was transferred to the reserve of officers with the rank of major, while his command devolved on Major C. A. Worsnop, who was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1890 both battalions of the corps visited Seattle to take part in the celebration of July 4. Colonel Prior paid the expenses of the contingent from the mainland, and Seattle paid the expenses of the Victoria battalion. One hundred and fifty officers and men from each battalion went down and the regiment received an immense reception, partly owing to the fact that on July 3 Admiral Sampson defeated the Spanish off Cuba.

Early in July, 1899, rumors were circulated to the effect that the second battalion would be changed to a regiment of infantry. General Hutton, then in command of the Canadian militia, announced in October when he visited Vancouver that he considered it necessary to have some infantry in British Columbia, and that henceforth the Vancouver battalion would be known as the Sixth Battalion Rifles. It was during General Hutton's visit that the first call for volunteers for South Africa was made, and twenty-four members of the regiment were selected out of the number that responded.

In May, 1900, the Duke of Connaught



STRETCHER BEARERS, A. M. C., VANCOUVER

accepted the honorary colonelcy of the regiment and from that time the regiment has been known as the Sixth Regiment Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles. At the same time the distinctive trappings patterned after those of the King's Royal Rifles were adopted, as well as their motto, "Celer et Audax," in the modified form of "Celer et Fortis" (swift and strong).

Today the regiment numbers 33 officers, 76 non-commissioned officers and 295 men, inclusive of the band. Its headquarters at the armory on the Cambie street grounds are known to all Vancouver, and its church parades are watched with interest by thousands of Vancouver's citizens, who have no idea that the smart regiment which parades before them is the metamorphosis of an old battery of field artillery organized in the early sixties before Vancouver was born at all.

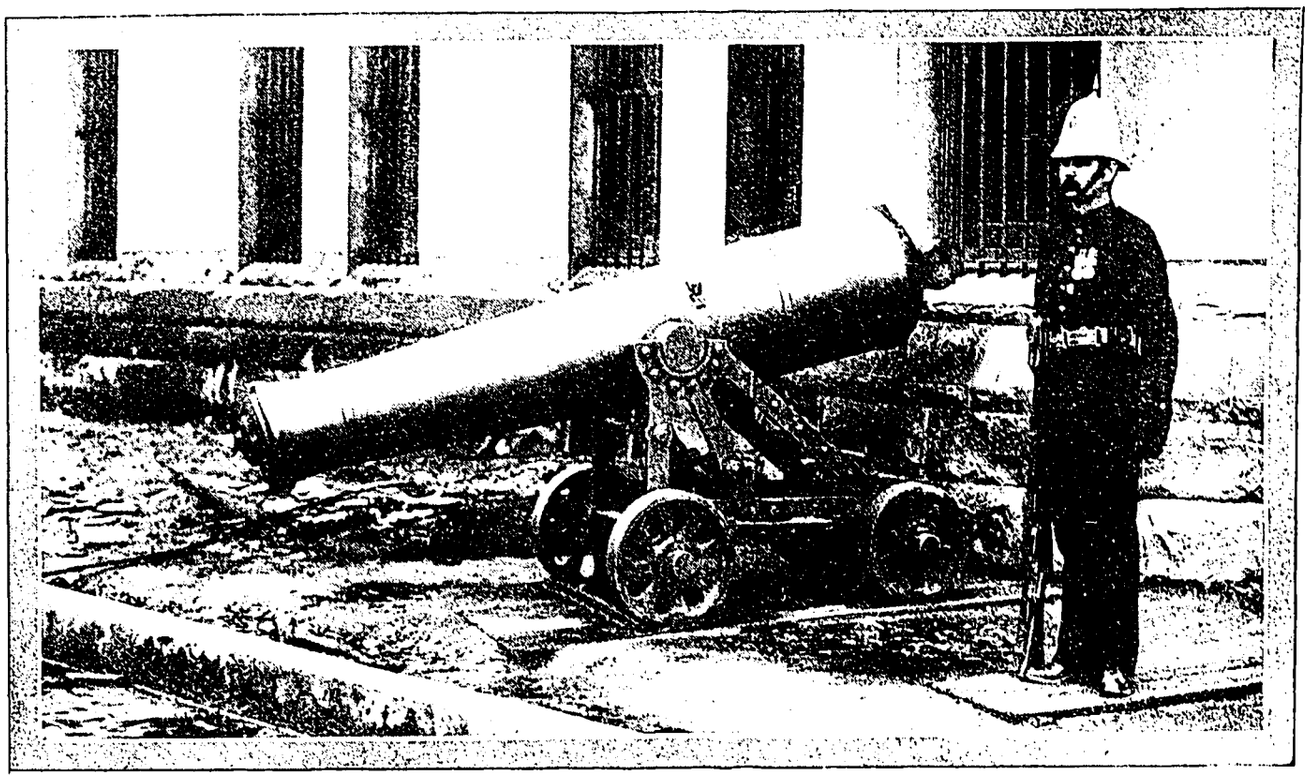
Many changes have occurred in the last few years in the personnel of the members of the corps.

Colonel Worsnop was succeeded in the command by Colonel J. C. Whyte, who presented to the officers' mess a quaint sideboard of which the supports are various patterns of rifles. Colonel Whyte died in 1906 and was succeeded by Colonel F. W. Bouldbee, whose resignation was announced only about six months ago, and who was succeeded by Colonel J. Duff Stuart.

The regiment was present at the dedication of the Vancouver arch in Seattle at the Yukon-Pacific Exhibition and made a gallant showing, lined up on the magnificent building of the forestry department. A splendid photograph taken on this occasion is hanging in the officers' mess at the armory.

Vancouver has every reason to be proud of its regiment. It has won many honors at rifle shooting, not only in the Dominion but also at the great international meeting at Bisley, where Private Perry in 1904 carried off the King's prize. The event was commemorated by the late Colonel Whyte, who presented the officers' mess with a huge mug of wood and silver, commonly designated as "the tub."

On the mantelpiece of the officers' mess is a beautifully-designed massive silver cup which was won by the regiment at the Dominion Rifle Association's meeting in 1904 in the Canadian Militia Regiments' Rifle League competition. This cup was presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood, C.M.G., A.D.C. Among other trophies is the challenge cup presented to the B. C. Rifle Association by the corporation of the City of Vancouver in 1902, and the Barlow trophy, won in 1909 at Ottawa by a team of four officers of the regiment, Captains W. H. Forrest, C. A. Boult, W. Hart-McHarg and Lieutenant James Sclater, from teams of four officers from any regiment in Canada. Another magnificent piece of silverware was presented to the officers by the Japanese citizens of Vancouver to commemorate the visit of the Japanese training squadron.



SENTRY, SIXTH REGIMENT, OUTSIDE DRILL HALL, VANCOUVER

No mention of the militia of Vancouver is complete without reference to the remarkably efficient Company 18 of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. This unit was formed in February, 1909, under command of Captain F. C. McTavish and Sergeant-Major Haines, late of the Imperial army. The first recruit was attested on February 5 and the full establishment of 90 was reached on the following July 9. The unit is composed of the staff and the following divisions: Supply and transport, sanitary, bearer and hospital. The officers of the corps are: Captain F. C. McTavish, Lieutenants Ross, McDiarmid, McIntosh, Nelles, Gourlay, Panton and Honorary Captain and Quartermaster Dalby.

As has already been mentioned, there was recently formed in Vancouver a battalion of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders. This consists of 31 officers, 30 non-commissioned officers and 250 men. Authorization to form the regiment was received from Ottawa on November 14, 1910, and two months after recruiting started there were no less than 307 names on the roll. Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Edwards Leckie was appointed commanding officer. The majority of the officers have seen active service, and the regiment has more officers who have seen active service than any regiment in Canada. Recruiting goes on at the headquarters of the regiment (which at present is the armory on Cambie street) every Wednesday night. Quarters for the officers' and sergeants' mess are about to be provided outside the Drill Hall. It is hoped that by Coronation day the regiment in its full Highland dress will be able to take part in the celebration.

The regimental sergeant-major is D. Nelson, formerly color-sergeant in the Imperial Seaforth Highlanders, and it is expected that a former pipe major of the Scots Guards will take command of the pipers to the local regiment.

Application is now being made to have the regiment affiliated with the Imperial Seaforths and to take the title of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. This is in accordance with the wish of the Imperial Seaforths.

The High School Cadets are attached to the Sixth Regiment D. C. O. R., for discipline.

The history of Vancouver's military organizations is not very ancient, but her sons have already written their name on the scroll of the Empire's glory.

Acknowledgments are due to Lieutenant Matthews, of the Sixth Regiment D. C. O. R., for the history of that regiment.

The City Police

By Garnet Weston

A CANVAS tent enclosing two stumps, one or two stools there you have the city gaol of Vancouver when John Clough, the oldest member of the police force, was gaoler after the fire. The two stumps were used to anchor the prisoners so that the flimsy nature of their cell would not tempt them to break out. The tent stood on a lot near the site of the Regina hotel. Its white canvas sides stood out against the blackened embers to whisper to the people that, though the city was in chaos, yet were the steel muscles of the law tensed in readiness to enforce the Queen's commands.

In that same year of '86 the Powell street station was built. Owing to a lack of money with which to stave off the contractor the new building was left unoccupied for several months. This building was abandoned in 1904, when the present station on Cordova street was completed. The number of men who took up their quarters in the new building was twenty-eight as compared with nine men of the year 1897. Inspector Mulhern joined the force in 1897, just previous to the great gold stampede. He sometimes speaks about the long ago days when he worked in a lumber camp, situated in the West End, the present bon-ton district of the city. At that time there were very few timbers cut along Hastings street. When the inspector joined the force it was in rough days and many things were tolerated which would not be allowed now. The force was not large enough to cope with the conditions and the men were forced to work long hours, frequently doing double shifts. "They were lucky if they got off then," said Inspector Mulhern smiling thoughtfully.

In 1883 John Miller was appointed constable of the youthful town. The husky youngster soon grew too difficult to be handled by one man. The year '86 found John M. Stewart acting as chief of police with a force of two men. In 1891 Chief Stewart resigned and was followed by Sergeant John McLaren, who held the chief's chair until 1894. Then William Ward, a Toronto inspector, was appointed and remained in office for one year. At the end of that time John Stewart was again appointed and acted until 1901, when, having served nearly eleven years in his two terms, he was followed by Sam North, a sergeant of police. In 1906 Chief North was followed by Colin Chisholm, a retired superintendent of the Thames division of the Metropolitan police, in which force he had served for thirty-one years. His period of command extended from July, 1906, to June, 1907. At that time he was succeeded by the present chief, R. G. Chamberlin, inspector of the Dominion police at Ottawa. Chief Chamberlin was twenty-three years in the Dominion service.

The present force, which has been built up under Chief Chamberlin, numbers one

hundred and twenty-six. This includes all ranks—clerks, matrons, doctors, patrol drivers, etc. The mounted force numbers ten men and a sergeant. The first mounted man was placed on duty in 1909, when it was thought wise to patrol Stanley Park. In 1910 the corps was organized with its present number. The traffic squad—the men who direct the movements of cars, autos, rigs and people at the busy corners—numbers sixteen men. Scattered throughout the city are sixty patrol boxes. An auto patrol, an emergency auto ambulance and a car for the chief constable are included in the force equipment.

The police are officered as follows: Chief, R. G. Chamberlin; deputy chief, Chas. Mulhern; inspectors, M. B. McLennan and Wm. McCrae. The detective department, under Inspector Jackson, numbers nine men.

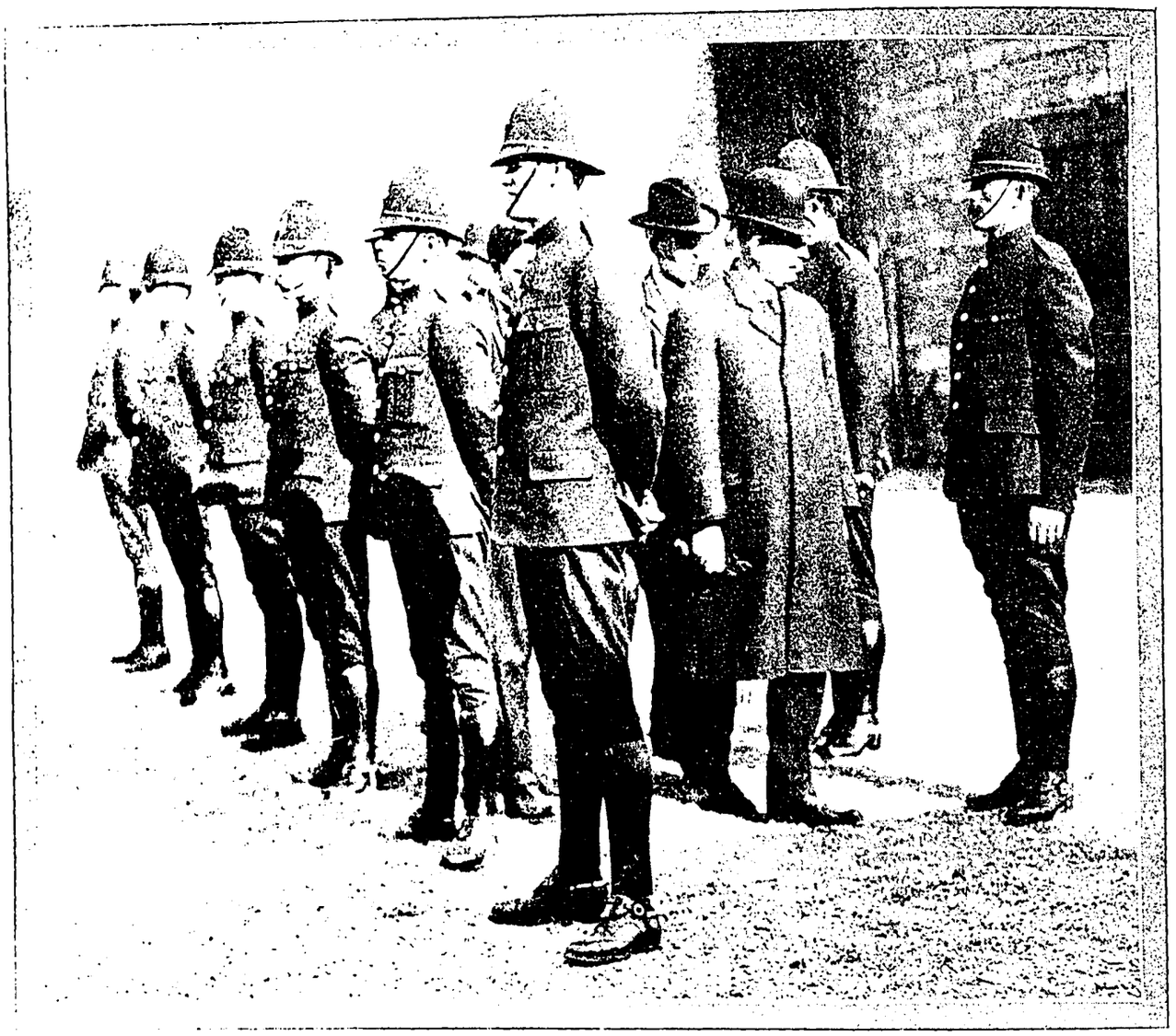
The rogues' gallery, which was established a long time ago, but first systemized by Chief Mulhern in 1900, is the most complete on the Pacific coast. There are about ten thousand pictures in the gallery. Photos are exchanged with Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Spokane, San Francisco, Winnipeg and Toronto. A fair proportion of the pictures are those of women. By far the greater number are petty criminals, very few being classed "dangerous." The gallery is so indexed that any picture can be found in one and a half minutes. The pictures are carefully filed and are never shown to the public. "This isn't the United States," said Chief Mulhern; "you've got to think of the other fellow, you know. We're not parading a man's shame."

There are a number of men on the force who understand the finger print system of identification. Owing to the lack of a central exchange office, the usefulness of the system is curtailed. "The finger print system," said Chief Mulhern, "is the only absolute method of identification in existence today." In Calcutta, the finger print system is the only method that is used. Where scores of men have the same names, and where the general cast of countenance is bewilderingly similar, names and pictures are worse than useless, being very misleading. Mr. William Hopkinson, of the Immigration Department, is an expert in the use of finger prints, having spent many years in the Calcutta service.

The sergeant of police in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," sings in a doleful tenor "The Policeman's Lot Is Not a Happy One." Usually, however, when a man is healthy and has plenty of work to do he is contented. It follows, then, that the Vancouver force should be happy. They are a healthy, husky group of men, and their work is to care for a healthy, husky city. In the performance of their duties they often meet with queer experiences. The police are the threads which sew the seams of society together and keep the ragged parts inside.

When we see an officer patrolling his beat we see the tamest part of his life. Sometimes he wields an axe on a three-inch door in a Chinese gambling den. Occasionally he is called upon to do protective work by the prospective victim of a secret order. Not long ago, during the session of the police court, a Chinaman noticed a pile of doors, three inches thick, bolted and barred, crosspieced, stanchioned and locked, lying in the court-room. He fingered the doors and the marks made by the policemen's axes. Then "Where you get 'um?" he enquired. No doubt he was quite familiar with those heavy pieces of carpentering.

In a raid which was recently carried through successfully, Inspector McCrae and a companion were carefully disguised as Hindustani. Each wore a long beard, old clothes and a dirty turban. They experienced no difficulty in getting past the guards on the look-out for characters who might be police agents. They entered the room where the gambling was in full swing, and stood gazing about with the gently curious manner of the Indian. When the rush came the dive-keepers were unable to close the doors because of the burly "Hindus" blocking the entrance. Vainly they cursed and screamed. The police came in with a rush, and the Chinese, once their case was hopeless, gave in and stood around waiting to be marched away. Inspector McCrae began to gather the loose change and moneys lying behind the counter. "What yum kind fellah he?" demanded the amazed Chinamen. When told he was an officer in disguise, they were seized with spasms of laughter.



INSPECTION, MOUNTED SQUAD, VANCOUVER. CHIEF OF POLICE CHAMBERLIN AND DEPUTY CHIEF MULHERN ARE SEEN IN THE PICTURE WEARING CIVILIAN CLOTHES

The approaches to a den of that kind are usually guarded by several heavy doors. Behind each door stands a watchman who observes the approaches through a small aperture. If his suspicions are aroused he pulls a cord, which closes every door in the house. When this happens there is nothing left to do but chop the doors open. By the time this is accomplished, the inmates have made good their escape, either through an underground passage or over the roofs. In a raid of this kind the Chinese and Hindus are usually too frightened to resist. The Jap, however, is a fighter.

The question of disguise is always an important one. The presence of an officer within blocks of the gambling house is the signal for the closing of the game. Thus it becomes necessary to disguise the advance raiders and do it effectively. The Chinaman has eyes which can penetrate an ordinary disguise. The policemen are such fine, clean fellows that they find difficulty in making themselves look sufficiently dirty to pass as the inmate of a Chinese "joint." On one or two occasions the silk covers of umbrellas were torn into strips and braided into queues for the fake Chinamen who were to worm their way into a dive and prevent the closing of the doors when the officers made their rush.

In the web of the year the threads of many women's lives become entangled. Usually they are gathered in while in an intoxicated condition. They tell strange and romantic tales of how they have reached their present level. They present a varied series of vivid imaginations to the matron. Sometimes a woman is beaten by her husband and is "driven to drink in desperation." In the morning she is usually very repentant and invariably tells the matron she is a "perfect lady."

The women who come to the police station are not always of the lower classes. Some of them are members of wealthy families, while others are women of good family who have gone down through the various stages of the game called "hard luck." The majority of the women are English-speaking

A few are foreigners, and a great many are women of color. It is not an unusual thing for a husband to come to the police station in an agony of shame looking for his wife. Many women return again and again, although they invariably promise to be good and "never come back."

The women are never handcuffed by an officer when arrested. Frequently, however, the officer is forced to pick up a squalling bundle of femininity and carry the prisoner from the patrol to the station.

There are numbers of young girls ranging from twelve to twenty years old without homes. Many of these pick up a shameful living on the slum streets of the city. When such as these are gathered in by the blue drag-net they are sent to convents and Salvation Army homes for terms varying from three months to three years, according to their age.

In all the years of the existence of the force no member has been shot or killed while on duty. The men have a large room where they box and exercise. They are a force of blue-coated soldiers, with wire cables for muscles, physiques like grizzly bears, and the cheerful outlook upon life that millionaires haven't got. They are officered by men who could handle forlorn hopes or desperate enterprises. In the growth of the force from nine men in 1897 to one hundred and twenty-six men in thirteen years is another evidence of the growth of Vancouver.

Youth

By THERESA HELBURN

(From "The Century Magazine")

You hear Youth laughing down green, budding aisles,
  You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The care-free, sweet defiance of her smiles,
  For you are old.

But I can see her eyes gray with alarm,
  Misty with longings that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm,
  For I am young.

The Flame Fighters

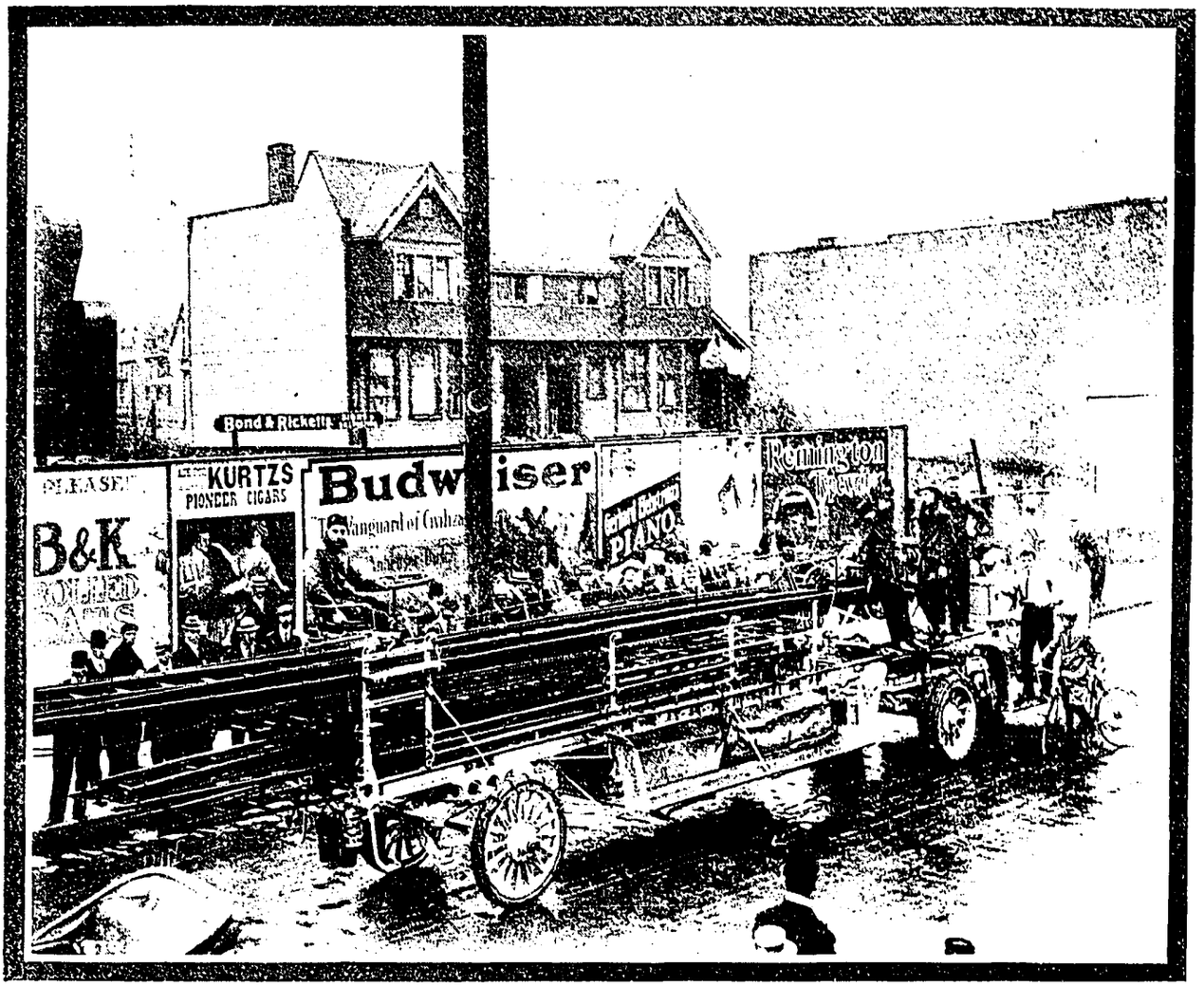
By Garnett Weston

ALONG wolf howl, a sudden stopping of traffic, and a motor fire truck goes screaming down the street, leaving behind a clear track into which people and vehicles pour as the waters of the Red Sea followed on the wake of the men of Israel. Over the steering-wheel the driver bends. At his side crouches a man who whirls the crank of the siren, sending ahead its shivering cry of fear. Somewhere in the city fire is climbing up and around a home or an office building. Electric sparks have spluttered their message along the high-strung wires. In the operator's room at the fire hall the automatic alarm machine has stamped the time, the day, the month and year on a ribbon of paper. Tensed muscles and thundering machines leap in response along the city's ways. From scattered districts the Flame Fighters converge upon the danger zone. In their path follows a crowd that dearly loves a scene of chaos and death.

In the spring of 1886, just subsequent to the cessation of the winter rains, the unprotected condition of Vancouver in case of fire caused a number of townspeople to meet in the building which served as jail and court house. This was situated on Water street, on the site of the building afterwards erected and numbered one in the fire system. A volunteer department was formed with forty members, having Mr. J. Griffiths as chief. As apparatus, the council ordered one engine, four hand reels and twenty five hundred feet of 2½-in. rubber hose. During the wait which ensued, the force were drilled and organized. When on the afternoon of June 13 the cry of fire shrilled through the village, terror came down upon the people. The fire apparatus had not arrived. The country west of Cambie street was a mass of trees, and on that day it became a screaming tub of fire, from which flame tentacles reached out and licked up the village like bits of paper. Men fought until the scorching air blistered their skins, and then pushed out onto the Inlet on rafts, where they struggled with a racing tide that threatened to throw them back upon a shore writhing under a crown of fire. Between the hours of 2.20 and 5 p.m. the fire stripped the area between Cambie and Carrall streets, and from Hastings to Burrard Inlet. On the corner of Cambie and Water streets the Regina hotel stood alone, the only uninjured building on the townsite. Then the men of Vancouver landed on the hot ashes and the Fire passed into history.

On August 1 the fire hose and implements, ordered in May by the council, arrived, and the people were relieved from the long strain caused by fear of a repetition of the danger.

The volunteers were taxed "two bits" per month for dues. In addition, the government granted $200 a year for maintenance. Possibly the hardest battle fought by the old volunteer force was in May, 1887, when bush fires again threatened the city. The fire line described a circle from the vicinity of the city hospital site to the corner of Hastings and Howe streets, and back towards English Bay. The engine was stationed at the tank at the corner of Abbott and Hastings, and two thousand four hundred feet of hose laid. That tank was pumped dry, and the engine and hose moved to the corner of Granville and Dunsmuir streets, where another tank was located. About midnight the wind, which had all along been hindering the efforts of the firemen, died away, and at 3 a.m. the men returned to their quarters. On the morning of the next day at 2 o'clock another alarm told the tired men that they must renew the conflict. The second fight lasted until 9 a.m. The regular brigade was assisted by a shovel corps, who were



AERIAL TRUCK, VANCOUVER FIRE BRIGADE

hired for the occasion and supplied with shovels by the council.

Number one fire hall was built on Water street near the present site of the Alhambra hotel. The council purchased a bell which was put in the tower and tapped with a hammer when the alarm was to be sounded. In 1888 the first horses were purchased. Up to this time the engine and hose reels had been drawn by the men. In 1889 at the Tacoma races the team won two firsts and two seconds, breaking the world's record in the speed test.

In September, 1889, a paid department was formed, with J. H. Carlisle as chief. The total strength of the department was twenty-three men. These were known as "call" men, being required to answer alarms in day time, and sleep in the fire hall at night. For these services they received the kingly sum of $15 per month.

In February, 1890, the Gamewell fire alarm telegraph was installed, the battery being set up in No. 1 station. Fifteen boxes were located in different parts of the city, and on February 25 the first test was sent in from box fifteen, then located at the corner of Granville and Hastings streets. The water works system, which had been established in 1889 by a private company, was purchased by the city in March, 1892. In December a Morrison duplex chemical engine was added to the department.

In July, 1893, call men were dispensed with, and a regular paid department established. A Waterous engine, capable of pumping 1000 gallons per minute, a seventy-five-foot aerial truck and a double sixty-gallon Champion engine were purchased. The growth of the city and the increase in height of the buildings being erected made this expenditure necessary.

Vancouver today possesses what is without doubt the best equipped fire-fighting force in Canada. There are about one hundred and twenty of the most efficient men in the world, who are divided among ten fire halls, and who form the defence which Vancouver has thrown up between itself and the ever-threatening invasion of fire. A new fire hall at the corner of Twelfth avenue and St. Catharine street, now being built, brings the total up to eleven. The alarm system, which is the

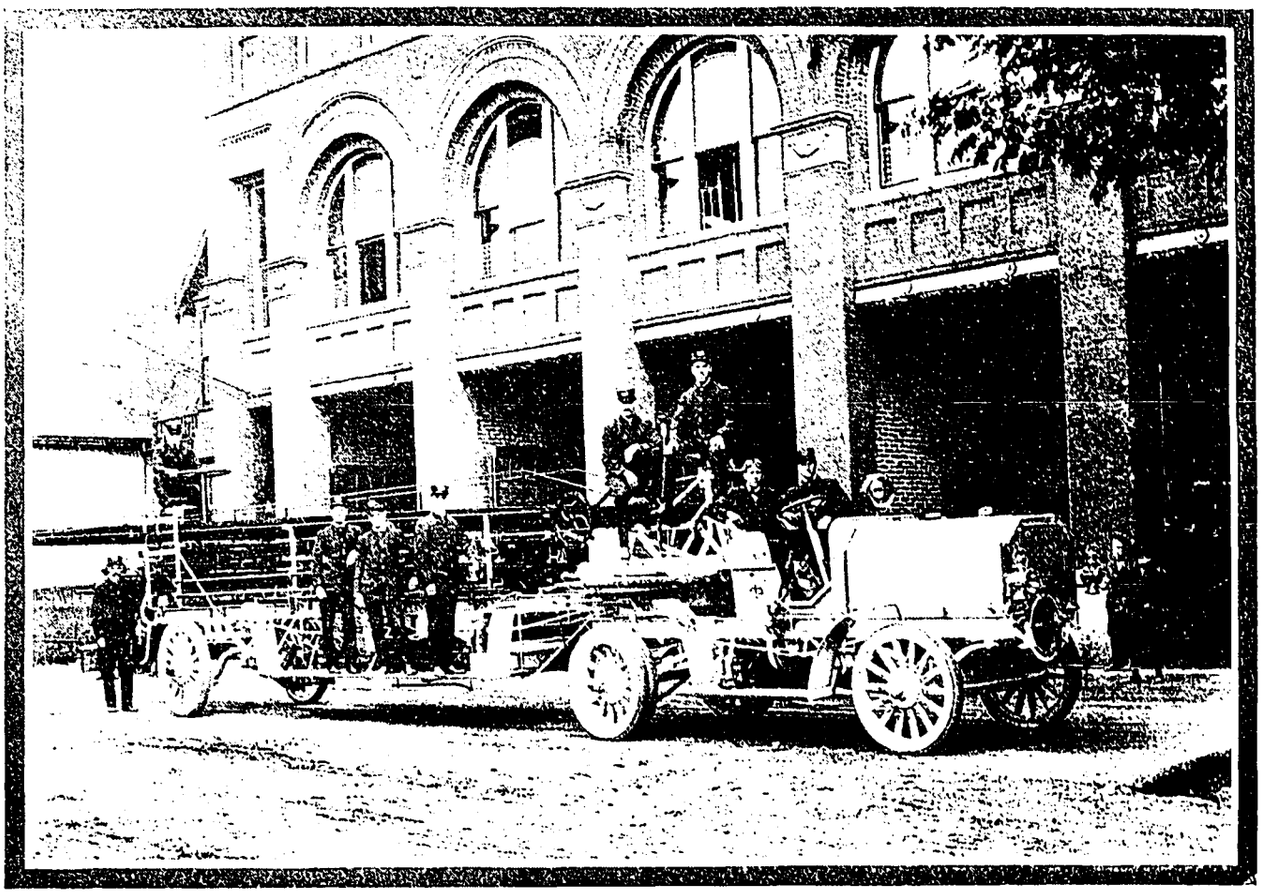
SOME OF THE MOTOR EQUIPMENT, VANCOUVER FIRE BRIGADE

same as was first installed, is the Gamewell. Scattered throughout the city are one hundred and forty-four boxes. The value of the buildings, land and apparatus devoted to the fire department is close to half a million.

The organization of the system is as nearly perfect as it is possible to be. The horse-drawn vehicle has almost entirely given place to the motor truck. The men themselves are trained in a way which is greatly superior to a force supplied with only horse-drawn machines, for the auto trucks can be handled by specially trained men only. Considering the size of the city, Vancouver's fire brigade will, in western phrase, "stack up" against any department on the continent. Every visitor who inspects Vancouver's equipment is impressed with the terrific pace which the city is maintaining in her efforts to construct a power able to deal competently with the red monster which has seared so many cities from the earth. In 1908 the city spent one hundred and sixty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars on the fire department. In 1909 the sum was one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and ten dollars, and in 1910 the amount totalled one hundred and ninety-nine thousand one hundred and seventy-three dollars, of which latter sum nearly twenty-six thousand dollars were spent for auto apparatus.

For several years the authorities have adopted the policy of purchasing auto equipment almost exclusively, and fire-fighting machines which are up-to-date in the latest sense of the term now serve the city.

A few years ago Chief Carlisle was sent on an extended inspection trip of fire departments in Eastern Canada and the United States. On his return he presented a report, in which he advised the authorities to purchase auto equipment in the future. The report took the council by surprise, and a number of doubters promptly came forward, who delayed the acceptance of the chief's recommendation for some time. Finally the step was decided upon, and the city fairly launched upon a comparatively new field of civic policy. How successful and acceptable the step has been may be judged when it is stated that practically none but auto apparatus has been purchased by the



NO. 2 FIRE STATION, VANCOUVER

council since the first machines of the type arrived in the city and were given a thorough test.

On the score of expenditure, the auto equipment is in the end an economical move. The first cost of the equipment is above that of a complete horse-drawn apparatus of a similar type, the cost of an auto hose wagon being about $7,000, an auto chemical engine $8,000, and an auto aerial truck with seventy-five-foot ladders $17,000. The department's equipment consists of four steam fire engines, one of which runs under its own power, the largest with twelve hundred gallon capacity, and the smallest with six hundred gallon capacity. There are two seventy-five-foot ladder trucks, and one fifty-foot ladder truck, ten hose wagons, four of which are motors, one combination chemical and hose truck, two chemical wagons one hundred and twenty gallon capacity, two chemical engines, automobiles for the chief and assistants, four turret pipes, twenty-eight thousand three hundred feet of two and a half inch rubber lined hose, and one ladder pipe. In the city there are nine hundred and two fire hydrants. Included in the force are seven engineers, two linemen, one machinist, two telephone operators, a blacksmith and a veterinary surgeon.

The department is well equipped with fire hose of the standard diameter of 2½ inches, over five miles being distributed among the various fire halls, and in recent years the city has annually purchased an additional supply of 5,000 feet. In connection with the hose equipment, the latest devices in the line of nozzles, turret pipes, etc., are provided.

Taking into account the probable life of the auto apparatus, its cost of operation and maintenance, and comparing this with the maintenance of the horse-drawn equipment, including the constant provision of new horses owing to the strenuous demands upon the animals soon unfitting them for service, cost of feed, shoeing, etc., the economy of the auto apparatus is such as to convince the most doubting. A detailed report to this effect was submitted by Chief Carlisle in 1909, the data being taken from actual records secured at fire halls in which auto and horse-drawn apparatus of exactly similar type were respectively kept.

A further advantage in favor of the auto apparatus is the smaller space required for the fire halls, it being unnecessary to make provision for stabling for horses. This factor makes the new type of equipment desirable for another reason, as it allows fire halls to be located in strictly residential districts without the inevitable objection which

would come were the proposal to include the idea of permanently locating a stable in the quarters. An instance illustrating this point occurred in Vancouver only a few years ago when Chief Carlisle and the aldermen from Ward I recommended that a fire hall be located in the west end, a strictly residential section which is well built up with handsome residences. The site for the hall was actually purchased when the residents of the locality put up such a vigorous protest that the project was abandoned and the property transferred. After the city's first auto equipment had been tested and had been found to meet the conditions, the plan of erecting a fire hall in the west end was again taken up, and, when the residents learned that auto equipment was to be located there, no question was raised nor has there been any complaint from the locality since the station was opened.

The annual report for 1910 notes that the department responded to 453 alarms, property involved being worth $3,690,870. The actual loss was only $213,826.95. In 1909, 359 alarms were answered. The property involved was $327,939.29. In each case over half the loss was covered by insurance. The loss through fire for the past twelve years is $1,781,555.69. Of this amount about $800,000 was due to sawmill fires.

For several years past it has been recognized that the many industries located on the waterfront of the city should be protected through the operation of a fireboat, and Chief Carlisle annually makes a recommendation to this effect in his report. The initial expenditure for this boat would be about $100,000, and the maintenance cost would be considerable, hence the council has so far laid over the matter without action because of the financial conditions prevailing when the year's estimates are considered. A further objection to the outlay has been made on account of the tidal conditions prevailing at many points on the Inlet where large industries are located as well as on False Creek, these being such as to prevent the equipment being of practical value at low tide.

The greatest danger the Vancouver fire department has to face is the ever-present possibility of a conflagration breaking out in the numerous lumber mills which form the backbone of the city's industrial standing. To meet the situation regulations have been established lessening as far as possible the fire hazard at these places. For the maintenance of the fire regulations at the mills and throughout the city a fire warden has been appointed whose sole duty it is to see that the rules are fully observed.

Government Services

By C. L. Gordon

T the beginning of 1895 rated as a country office in the records at Ottawa—an office which paid no revenue to the department save on the sale of stamps; in 1895 raised to the dignity of a city office, and producing that year a revenue of $25,000; in 1910 an office from which the revenue was $347,745, an increase of 38 per cent. over the total for 1909; this year rated as the fourth office in Canada in point of revenue, with an estimated total of over $400,000.

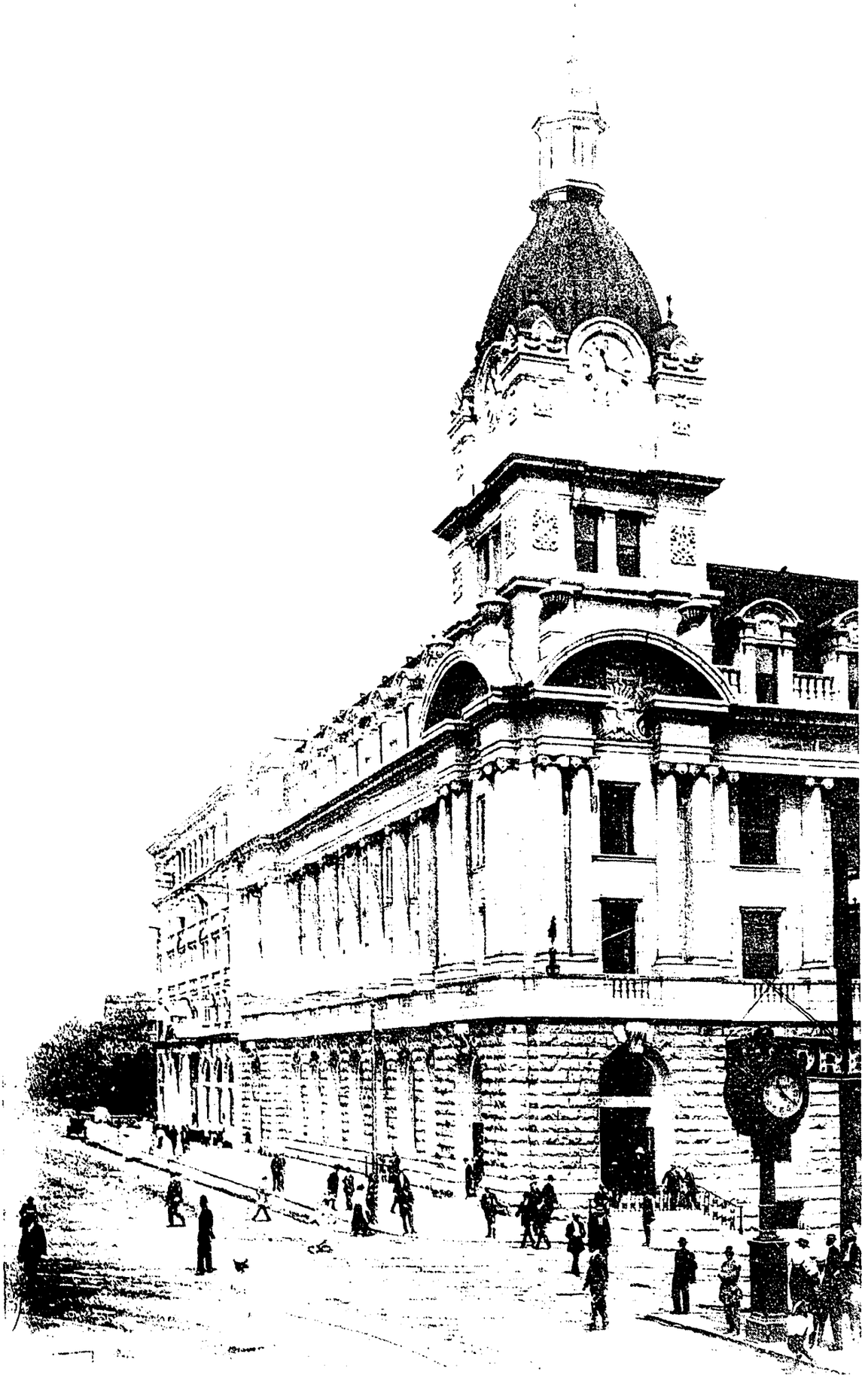
This is the remarkable performance of the Vancouver Post Office during the past sixteen years. Of all the cities in Canada, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg alone lead Vancouver in post-office revenue, and while Vancouver may not change her position in this list for some years to come, it is generally conceded that her post-office revenue will continue to show percentage gains on the revenue of the bigger centres of population which lead her. Post-office revenue largely depends upon population, the presence of wholesale houses and mail-order houses. Vancouver is adding to her population more rapidly than any city in Canada, wholesale houses are growing steadily in number within her boundaries, and her mail-order houses are persistently reaching out for the trade of the north, are pushing eastward and are today competing with Winnipeg in the markets of Alberta and Saskatchewan in certain lines of trade. All this means increased revenue for the Vancouver Post Office.

Vancouver may be said to have first figured officially in the Post Office Guide in 1886. From that year until 1895 the Vancouver Post Office kept no records, and it is therefore impossible to fix, with any exactitude, the revenue of the office during those years which intervened between the establishment of the office and its elevation to the position of a record-keeping city office.

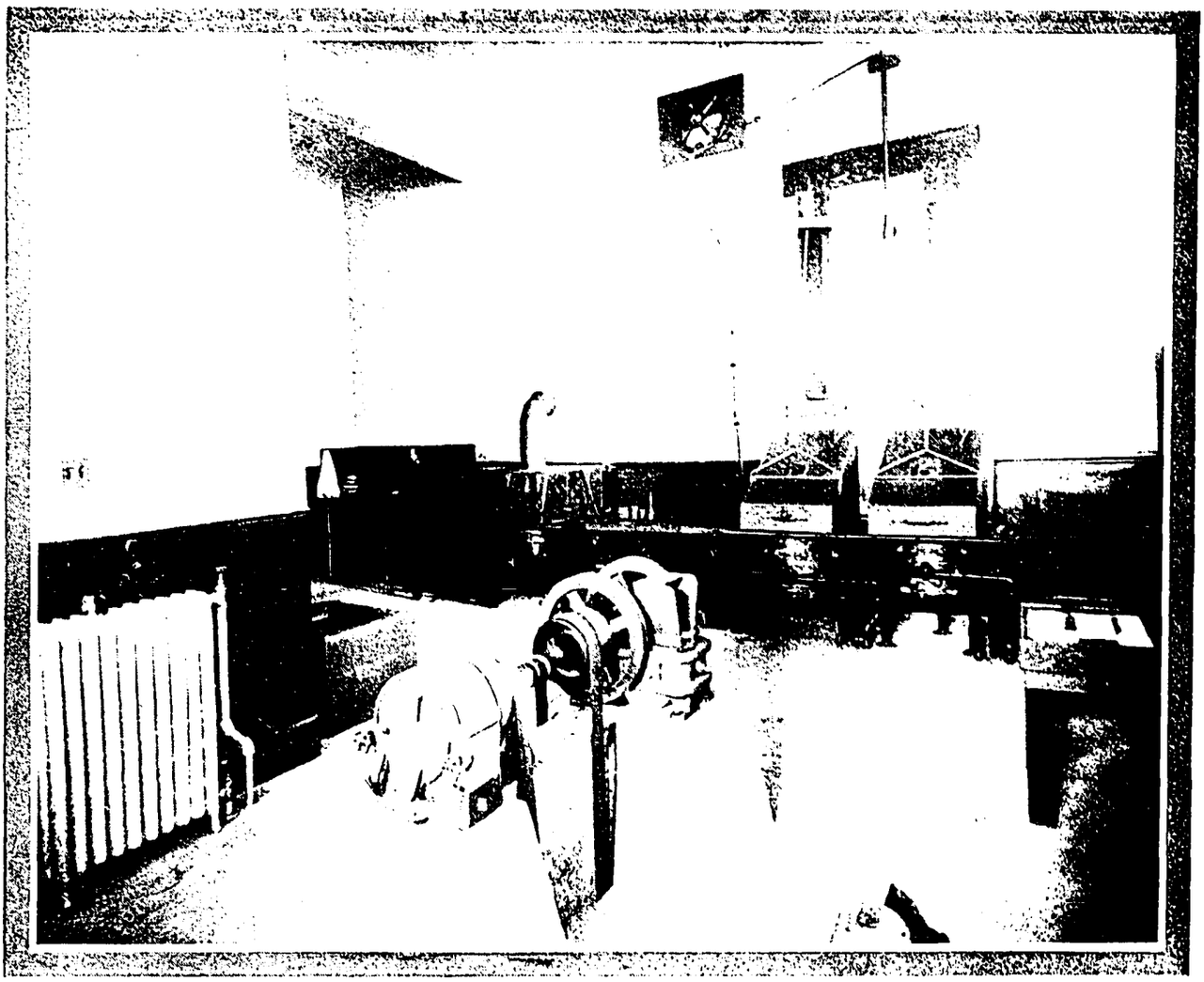
In the early days of its existence, the business of the office was so inconsequential that the first postmaster, Mr. Jonathan Miller, was able to conduct it within the four walls of a small frame building, said to have long since disappeared down the long lane of dissolution, whither all the landmarks of Vancouver are being rapidly marshalled. A short time saw the office in more pretentious quarters—a brick building, one of the first erected on Hastings street. This old building is still standing. It is situated on the north side of Hastings street between Homer and Richards streets. The erection of the old federal building at the southwest corner of Granville and Pender streets brought about the removal of the post office and this shifting of headquarters pioneered Granville street into the ranks of Vancouver's business thoroughfares.

During that period, when it was rated as a country depot, Mr. Jonathan Miller, the postmaster, conducted the business of the office much as the average merchant runs a store. Mr. Miller paid his staff out of his own pocket, and his profit came from receipts on boxes rented and from commissions which the post-office department allowed him on the sale of postage stamps.

On January 7, 1895, came establishment as a city office, and during that year a very limited street delivery service was inaugurated, with four carriers. The growing importance of the office called for the appointment of an assistant postmaster, the position going to Mr. F. E. Harrison, who has held it ever since. Seven clerks were mustered into the service, and even a messenger was employed. The total staff in 1895 numbered fourteen, and the monthly payroll was about $700. The same year witnessed the placing of the first letter boxes on the streets, eleven being installed. As has been



VANCOUVER'S NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE, ALREADY TOO SMALL FOR THE POSTAL BUSINESS OF THE CITY



MUFFLE-FURNACE ROOM, ASSAY OFFICE, VANCOUVER

previously mentioned, the revenue of the office for 1895 was $25,000.

Today the staff of clerks and letter carriers numbers 165, and the average monthly payroll is $12,000. The original eleven letter boxes on the streets have increased to 289, which are placed throughout the city, even the most isolated residential suburbs being served.

In 1895 the Vancouver Post Office received and despatched from and to the east six mails per week. Today the office receives and despatches, by the Canadian Pacific Railway alone, 14 mails per week, and during the same time 21 are despatched and 14 received by the Great Northern Railway.

September 16, 1908, witnessed the retirement of Mr. Jonathan Miller as postmaster. He was succeeded by Mr. R. G. Macpherson, who for many years had represented Vancouver City in the House of Commons. Under Postmaster Macpherson deliveries of mail by carrier were rapidly increased in number, till today there are no fewer than five daily throughout the business section of the city; four daily in the semi-business district; three in localities somewhat further from the heart of the city; and two daily in the most outlying residential portions. Early in the present year Vancouver annexed the suburbs of Hastings Townsite and "No Man's Land," known officially on the records of the Registrar of Land Titles as "District Lot 301," the former a large tract lying on the easterly limits of the city, and the latter a smaller district on the south, and to both these have deliveries by carrier been extended.

Today the Vancouver Post Office is housed in one of the most magnificent buildings devoted to the use of the postal service in Canada. This structure of dressed grey stone, massive yet handsomely proportioned, is situated at the northwest corner of Granville and Hastings street, immediately on the general routes of street traffic. The building, fitted and furnished, cost over $500,000. It has a frontage of 178 feet on Hastings street, with a depth of 126 feet on Granville street. The lots on which the structure stands were purchased for

$52,000, and some members of parliament thought that amount so outrageously large that they questioned, on the floor of the House, the advisability of its payment. Some idea of the tremendous increase in the values of Vancouver real estate is afforded by the fact that this property, without the building which graces it, is worth at today's market price not less than $500,000, or as much as the cost of the fully-equipped post-office building. Work on the construction of the post office was started in 1906, and in February, 1910, the building was thrown open to the use of the public, the post office having been removed in its entirety from the old to the new quarters in one night. In the new building is utilized the greatest amount of floor space devoted to any post office in Canada.

Every day of the year the Vancouver Post Office now receives eight mails and despatches eight by steamers. In 1895 there were but two inward and two outward steamer mails every day. The office handles enormous quantities of trans-Pacific mail, being the receiving and forwarding point for mails from and to China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. The British mails are exceptionally heavy, the receipts from Great Britain by parcel post being surprisingly large. A decade ago, the office regularly received two baskets of parcel post matter from Great Britain a week; today the average is 155 baskets per week.

Seventy thousand ordinary letters and ten thousand large letters are run through outward every day. This does not include registered mail. The inward mails about equal the outgoing. The office handles an average of 250,000 mail packages in and out every day of the year. Five thousand poorly addressed letters are dropped into the office every day. In this connection Postmaster Macpherson declares that Old Country people are, as a rule, careful in addressing envelopes and packages, but Canadians and Americans, he says, give their mail a lick and a promise and then expect the post office to work out its own salvation—and that of the mail also.

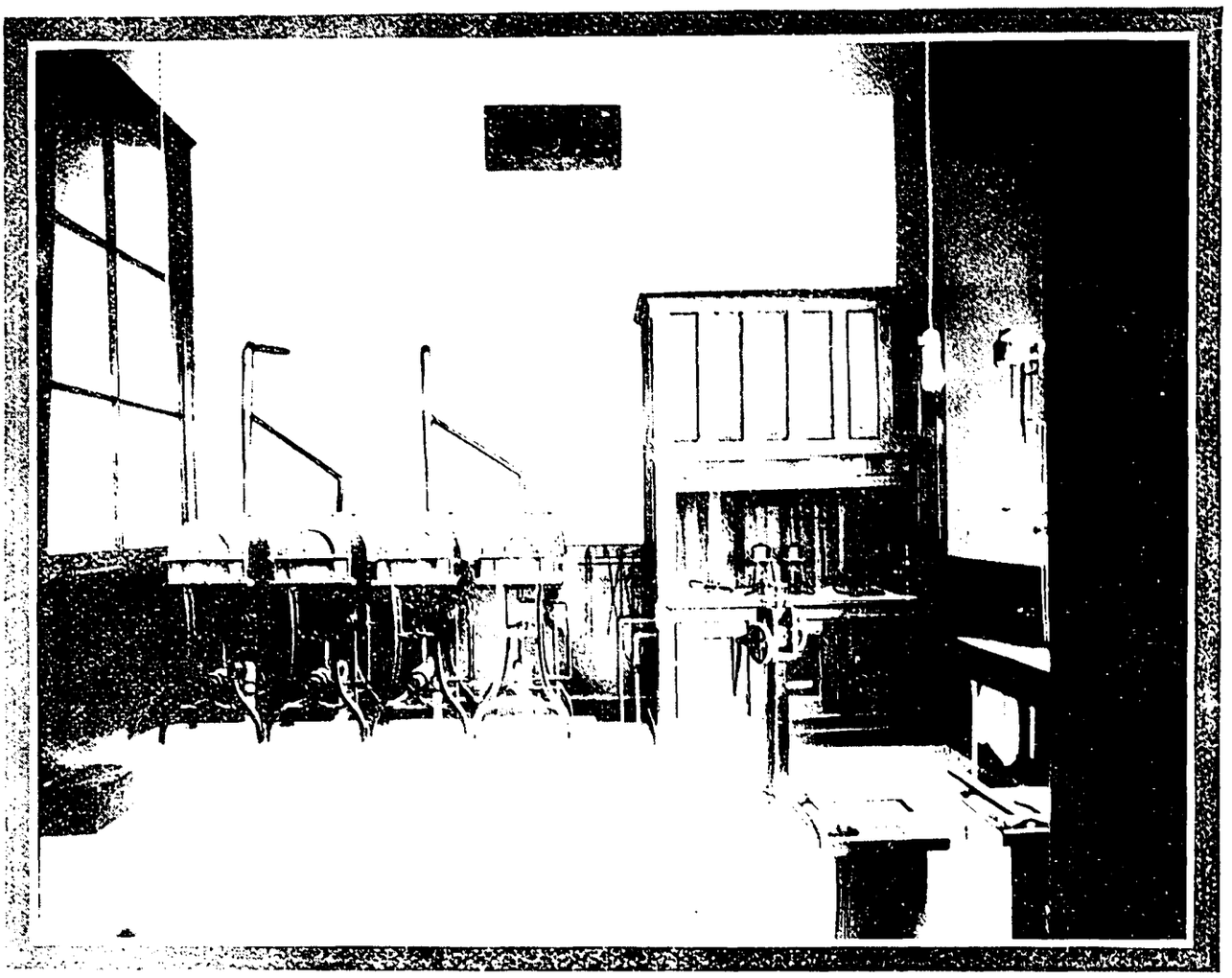
"Nine-tenths of the mail which goes astray could be delivered if properly addressed," declared the postmaster as he turned to answer an enquiry concerning an expected letter which had failed to put in an appearance

The growth of the business of the port of Vancouver is seen at a glance in a comparison of the import entries and revenue for the years ending June 30, 1888, and March 31, 1911—respectively the first and the last fiscal years in the history of Vancouver as a port of entry. In the former year the total number of import entries was 2,659, with a revenue of $50,518; in the latter year the number of import entries had increased to 87,375, and the revenue had jumped to $6,230,000. In explanation of the discrepancy in the closing dates of the fiscal years, it must be pointed out that the federal government put its fiscal year ahead three months in 1903, and it must be remembered in reading the statistics which form a portion of this article that for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1903, the figures in the table only include the transactions of nine months—from June 30, 1902.

Vancouver was created a port of entry on July 1, 1887. Prior to that time its customs business had been transacted through the outport of Burrard Inlet, which operated under the chief port of New Westminster. The business of the outport of Burrard Inlet in those days was principally in connection with the export of lumber from the Hastings and Moodyville sawmills. The former is still in operation on a larger scale than ever; the latter was closed down some years ago and has never been reopened. Other business of the outport was the entry and clearance of sailing vessels and steamers bound to Port Moody with rails and other material entering into the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The presiding officer of the outport of Burrard Inlet was Mr. Isaac Johns, Cariboo pioneer, who emigrated to the coast in 1858, or thereabouts. He was sub-collector of the outport, and remained in the service of the Vancouver customs till ill-health compelled him to give up his position. He died in Vancouver in 1889 or 1890.

The customs port of Vancouver has had but one collector, Mr. J. M. Bowell, son of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, whose appointment dates back to the creation of the port of entry. When Mr. Bowell assumed office the entire customs staff of the port was composed of four men; today it numbers, in office and outside positions, ninety-two



MELTING ROOM, ASSAY OFFICE, VANCOUVER

men, exclusive of those employed at Alert Bay, Powell River and Van Anda, the three outports under the chief port of Vancouver. Col. Worsnop, who entered the customs service on October 1, 1888, is surveyor of the port of Vancouver.

As outport and chief port, the business of Vancouver's customs has been transacted in no fewer than five headquarters, the first three of which have disappeared with the removal of the old buildings which were landmarks of the pioneer days of the city. The first office was situated on Water street, the second on the east side of Abbott street between Cordova and Water streets, the third on the east side of Granville street near the corner of Hastings street on the present site of the Canadain Bank of Commerce, the fourth the old federal building at the corner of Granville and Pender streets; today the customs headquarters is on the second floor of the palatial new federal building at the northwest corner of Granville and Hastings streets.

The records of the business of the office now in the possession of the Vancouver customs do not date further back than January, 1882, all the older books and documents having been destroyed when the customs office on Abbott street was burned on June 13, 1886, when the city was laid in ashes. On the day of the fire, Sunday, June 13, 1886, appears this historic entry in the one book which Sub-collector Johns was able to save from his office:

"Vancouver burned to the ground; lost all cash, etc., etc. Hell, you bet!"

Whether the comment which tails off this entry referred to the temperature on the day in question, or to the destruction wrought by the fire, has always been a matter of speculation among customs officials. The comment is written in red ink, while the remainder of the entry is in black, a circumstance which leads to the inference that Mr. Johns attached the comment some days after the conflagration, by which time he would have had the situation well gripped in his mind.

Perusal of the book saved by Mr. Johns from the ruins of his office shows that in 1882 the entries principally concerned the entry and clearance of ships which came to Burrard Inlet to load lumber for all parts

of the world. It is also to be noted that the export of salmon to Australia, in barrels and cases, had commenced at that time. The principal revenue of the customs office, in those days, appears to have been derived from the hospital dues paid by ships visiting the outport!

The first appearance of the old steamer Princess Louise on Burrard Inlet is recorded on November 25, 1882, when she arrived from Victoria. She continued running between Vancouver and Victoria for many years, finally being relegated to the boneyard, from which she was resurrected a year or so ago, for transformation into a coal hulk, in which useful capacity she now serves.

Captain James Gaudin, now agent of the federal department of marine, first saw Burrard Inlet when he arrived on February 8, 1883, as master of the British barque Rover of the Seas.

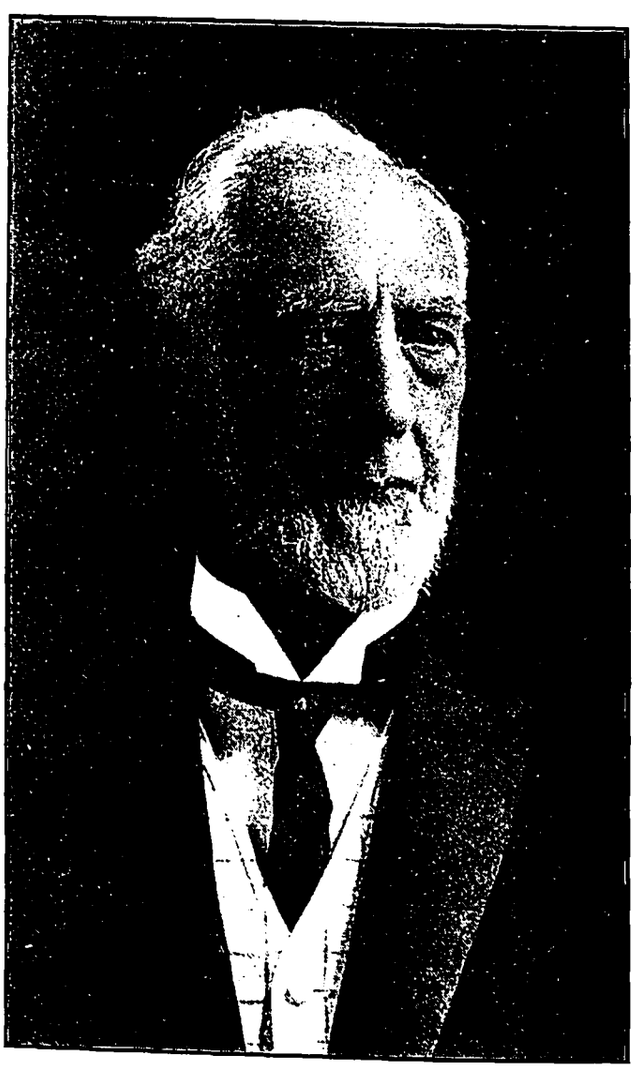
The first cargo of railroad iron to enter into the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway east from tidewater at Port Moody reached Burrard Inlet from England on June 9, 1883, on the British ship King Ceolric. On the same day the British barque Kate F. Troop came into the harbor with rails for construction. Both vessels discharged at Port Moody. Their cargoes were consigned to the "Government of Canada," the C. P. R. at that time not having passed into the hands of the syndicate which later developed the great property into the finest railway on the continent.

Many more rail ships followed during the ensuing months, and it is interesting to note that little more than a quarter of a century ago sailing vessels formed the bulk of the tonnage engaged to transport this railway construction material to this coast from the United Kingdom. The British steamer Euphrates was the first propeller craft to bring C. P. R. rails from the Old Country, and she did not reach Burrard Inlet until March 10, 1885.

One of the little arrows pointing to historic acts of the parliament of Canada is recorded on June 12, 1885, when there is noted the free entry of railway construction supplies for A. Onderdonk, a famous railway builder, who constructed a portion of what is now the British Columbia division of the C. P. R. This free entry amounted to $43,000 in value, and was discharged from the British barque Arcola, from Liverpool. The supplies were passed free through act of parliament for the benefit of construction of the Canadian Pacific.

The Canadian Pacific Railway completed and opened for transcontinental traffic, its officers apparently lost no time in shouldering their way into the freight preserves of rival lines in the United States. This is indicated by the arrival of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamer Mexico at Vancouver on September 1, 1886, with a cargo of freight from San Francisco, consigned to Chicago and New York over the newly opened Canadian Pacific Railway. She was followed seven days later by the steamer Queen of the Pacific from the same port with more transcontinental freight for the Canadian railway.

Today Vancouver, a port of entry with a population under 150,000, is able to annually roll up a customs revenue which is almost half as large as that of such big ports



MR. JONATHAN MILLER, FIRST POSTMASTER, VANCOUVER

as Montreal and Toronto, which have populations four and five times larger. And it is to be noted that practically all the imports entered at the port of Vancouver are consumed in the Province of British Columbia, the total population of which is about 350,000, far less than the populations of the cities of Montreal or Toronto, which, in addition to serving their own people, are distributing centres for the trade of populous surrounding territory. This means that the people of British Columbia are as free in spending their money as they are adept in making it—the dollar of prosperity is kept constantly rolling in the West.

The customs revenue of the port of Vancouver for the first year of its existence, and for years marking important periods in the history of the port to the close of the last fiscal year on March 31, 1911, has been as follows:

1888	$ 50,518.58
1889	93,805.42
1890	211,505.79
1895	274,457.21
1898	667,847.56
1900	904,110.94
1902	1,139,581.99
1903	1,294,501.55
1904	1,608,066.15
1905	1,454,034.77
1906	1,801,138.25
1907	2,172,930.33
1908	3,339,198.42
1909	2,981,533.84
1910	3,908,233.25
1911	6,230,000.00

The record for monthly revenue is held by March, 1911, when the receipts of the Vancouver customs office totalled $681,919, or more than the total revenue for the year 1898.

It is a truism that where money is found there also is trade to be secured. That trade follows gold has been amply demonstrated in the case of the Dominion of Canada Assay Office and the city of Vancouver.

When the world awoke to the wealth of the gold discoveries in the Klondike, and the great rush to the north took place in 1897, few people in Canada appreciated what it would mean to have the output of gold from the Yukon marketed in Canada. In those days the discovery of an Eldorado was something new to Canadians, and they, not being "onto the ropes," failed to take full advantage of the liberality of the gods. On the Pacific coast of the United States were some old-timers who had had practical business experience in the development of the trade which followed the discovery of placer gold in California in 1849. They knew that if the gold of the Yukon could be diverted to some city on the coast south of the forty-ninth parallel, the resulting benefits would be enormous. A branch of the United States mint was located in San Francisco, but that was not near enough to the scene of the great gold discoveries, and it was patent that Seattle, the nearest Pacific coast city of the United States to the Klondike, must be made the marketing point of the gold. Seattle, accordingly, was equipped with an assay office, conducted under the supervision of Washington. Canada did not possess such an institution, and the consequence was that the Klondike poured its golden stream into Seattle, and, in exchange for the gold that went in, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise was shipped from Seattle trading establishments into the Yukon.

Realizing the tremendous advantage of keeping the output of the Klondike in Canada, the government at Ottawa, on July 29, 1901, opened the Dominion of Canada Assay office in Vancouver. The equipment was installed and the office opened for business by Eugene Haanel, Ph.D., and the first deposit of gold nuggets and dust was made by Kelly, Douglas & Company, a wholesale firm of Vancouver.

The opening of the assay office in Vancouver was well advertised in the Yukon, with the result that gold commenced to literally pour in, and there is every promise that, even though the Kondike may not be as liberal a vendor as in the past, the flow of the stream will be greater this year than ever.

Mr. George Middleton, manager of the Vancouver Assay office, who has been attached to it ever since the opening day, states that a conservative estimate places the value of the trade brought to Vancouver since the opening of the office at not less than $10,000,000. But for the fact that the Vancouver Assay office made it possible for the traders, merchants, miners and banks of the Yukon to sell their gold in Canada, that

$10,000,000 worth of trade would have gone to the United States. Today the Vancouver office vaults are the receptacles of all the gold produced in Atlin, Cariboo and the Kootenays, and through them passes a goodly share of the gold output of the Yukon.

Last year the assay office removed from the rented quarters on Hastings street, which it had occupied since it was opened, going into the federal building at the corner of Granville and Pender streets, which had been remodelled expressly to receive it. The new office consists of seven rooms: a general office, melting-room, muffle-furnace room, balance-room, manager's office, and a room leading off the vestibule from which depositors may gaze through steel screens into the melting-room and witness the reduction of their gold. The interior of the office is handsomely fitted in marble, tile and oak.

In an office fitted with scales of such delicate adjustment and precision that it would almost be possible to weigh a heavy frown, it is to be expected that accuracy is the chief feature, and it is almost unnecessary to state that the balances on which incoming gold is weighed are adjusted every morning. In the Vancouver office the weights used are regularly compared with the test weights tested and adjusted by the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C.

As gold does not rust, and thieves cannot break in and steal, it would seem as if the Vancouver assay office was about the safest place in this world for the storing of valuables. Its vaults are electrically protected and lined with two sheets of steel, riveted together and carrying grooved wood liners between them. Into these grooves wires are placed which are connected with a switch on the outside of the vault door. This door is also electrically protected, and it would be easier for a burglar to break into the safe at police headquarters than to force an entrance into the assay office vault.

In the melting-room are four furnaces, ranging in capacity from less than an ounce to over 1000 ounces. This room also contains a crusher and a pulverizer, and a crane for the handling of heavy crucibles, etc. Four muffle furnaces are in service, and on melting days when the pour-off is heavy, the heat in the furnace rooms would be killing were it not for the electrically-driven fans, which are of sufficient capacity to change the air in the rooms every four minutes. The motor and blowers supplying draught to the furnaces are situated in the basement of the building, where the power of the establishment is located, transmission being effected by belt drives passing up through the floors.

The staff of the Vancouver Assay Office consists of the manager, Mr. George Middleton, two assayers, one melter, one assistant melter, one computer and a bookkeeper.

"If we had only known fifteen, ten—yes, five years ago, what Vancouver real estate was going to do in the way of climbing the financial pole, we might all have been millionaires today."

This is the wistful wail one often hears following reference to some deal which has just been completed to the financial enrichment of someone who has sold after holding a few years, a few months, or often but a few weeks.

Those who are today talking in this strain will be working off on their acquaintances similar solos of complaint ten or fifteen years hence, for the simple reason that they are mentally so constructed that they fail to realize that as far as opportunities in Vancouver real estate are concerned there are no yesterdays—what they might have done last week, last year or ten years ago, they can do today, but you cannot make them see it; they are always looking into the big hole of the glass and out at the small hole. Those whose perspective is correct are the millionaires and the near-millionaires, and the trading they do is today keeping a force of fifty men hard at work in the Vancouver land registry office under the supervision of Registrar Arthur G. Smith.

As an example of the tremendous increase in land values in and around Vancouver no better citation can be made than that of the property mentioned in the first document registered in the Vancouver land registry. On September 15, 1891, the day the office was opened, there was registered a deed of lots 9 and 10, block 51, district lot 200A, by which Messrs. Major & Pearson, of New Westminster, conveyed this property to the trustees of the Methodist Church of Mount Pleasant, then an outlying suburb of the city, for the declared value of $1,250. Five years ago this property, consisting of

two lots, with a frontage of 90 feet, at the corner of Main Street and Broadway, was sold by the trustees of the church to a Vancouver merchant, Mr. H. O. Lee, for $15,000. Since that time he has refused offers of as much as $100,000 for the 65 feet of the property on the corner. Mr. Lee values the property today at $150,000.

This instance of the rapid advance of real estate values in Vancouver has been duplicated in every part of the city and in the outlying municipalities of Point Grey, South Vancouver and Burnaby, also in North Vancouver and in Hastings Townsite and District Lot 301, the two last mentioned localities having been but recently annexed to the city of Vancouver.

The opening of a land registry office in Vancouver came when real estate activity in the city and district had so increased that it was impossible to handle the business of registration in the registry at New Westminster, where was located the only office on the lower mainland prior to September 15, 1891. Major T. O. Townley was the first registrar of the Vancouver office, and his staff on the day he opened the office in makeshift quarters in the old court house on Hastings Street consisted of five men. For a year and a half the land registry affairs were transacted in a small room on the first floor of the court house, and then the office was moved to larger quarters in the basement of the same building. The floor space of the offices had to be increased several years ago by an addition to the building. Despite tremendously increasing business and the impossibility of adding to the clerical force, because of lack of room for the accommodation of a larger staff, the office remained in the basement of the old court house till a few months ago, when it was transferred to commodious quarters in the new and still unfinished court house in the city block bounded by Robson, Howe, Georgia and Hornby streets. And it is there that fifty-five men are hard at work six days a week, and sometimes six nights, in the clearing house of Vancouver real estate.

The statistics of the Vancouver land registry show how the volume of trading in real estate has grown, and it follows that where there is activity there is increase in values. Here are some figures of revenue and applications for registration picked at random:

1891—Revenue, $2,524.23; applications, 433.

1892—Revenue, $14,536.72; applications, 2731.

1893—Revenue, $13,636.47; applications, 2,334.

1898—Revenue, $10,014.52; applications, 1,549.

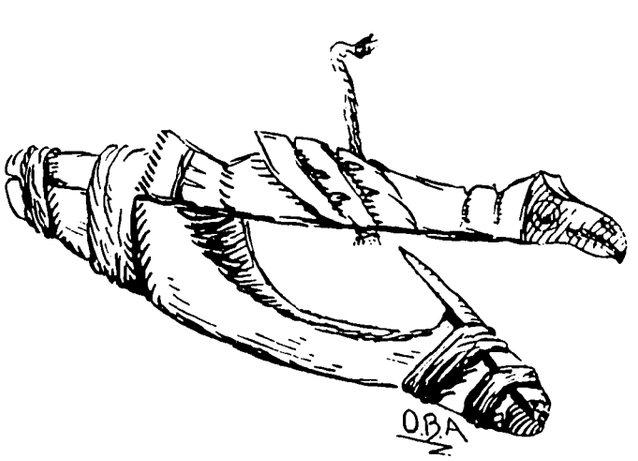
1902—Revenue, $12,407.30; applications, 2,172.

1904—Revenue, $23,628.50; applications, 4,064.

1906—Revenue, $70,831.20; applications, 9,514.

1908—Revenue, $93,388.35; applications, $13,590.

1910—Revenue, $201,808.13.



Journalism in Vancouver

By J. B. Kerr

ANY story of the beginning and progress of newspaper enterprise in Vancouver to be of interest to the general reader must, of course, be a comparison of past with present conditions for obtaining and presenting the news of the day, rather than the mere detail of dates and names and those difficulties of a business nature always encountered in making a journalistic venture a permanent and profitable one. Regarded in this light, the annals of journalism on Burrard Inlet do not essentially differ from those of journalism in other western cities established while the future of the country was still a matter of conjecture.

Over the prairie towns, which, like Vancouver, owe their origin to the advent of the transcontinental railroad, towns such as Calgary and Regina, this city enjoyed the immense advantage of being an ocean port, and that fact contributed materially to the comparative superiority of its press, even at a time when little differences in population existed. The difficulties, however, which opposed themselves to the establishment on an enduring basis of the newspaper industry here were very real and serious, and when we consider how few failures there have been, we may perhaps be disposed to share the credit between a generous public support and the tenacity and resolution of the proprietors of the papers. Nor must we overlook the practical business discernment which prompted those proprietors to strengthen their news service and improve their journals to meet the more exacting demands of a rapidly increasing population, largely drawn from eastern centres, and so give as little encouragement as possible to the entry of rivals. Indeed, it is that feature in the history of journalism in Vancouver which is especially deserving of comment and approval. The press has kept step with the rapid march of civic progress, and especially has it done so during the ten years of the present century. The resident of Vancouver who, when he unfolds his morning or evening paper, confidently looks for the latest happenings of public concern at home and abroad, would undoubtedly appreciate that fact by a contrast of the columns of today's newspapers with those of the newspapers of a quarter of a century ago. Nor need any of our citizens fear to institute a comparison between their local dailies and those of any other city in Canada.

It was Mr. William Brown, still a resident of Vancouver, who established the first newspaper in the city. The initial issue of the "Herald" appeared in January of 1886. It was a weekly, of course, of four pages, each page containing six columns. His office was on Carrall street, between Cordova and Water—then the centre of the town. The venture was a very promising one, and in a few months Mr. Brown was enabled, with the profits of his undertaking, to equip his establishment with what was then regarded as an elaborate outfit. However, just at the time when, under improved conditions, he was about to make his paper a tri-weekly, the fire occurred which laid the city in ashes, and the "Herald" office and plant went up in smoke. As Mr. Brown had all his means invested in his paper he, of course, lost everything he possessed. However, with energy similar to that displayed by other victims of the conflagration, he at once secured a new equipment and housed it in an office on Cambie street, just north of Hastings. Until 1888 Mr. Brown continued his paper, but owing to the depression which prevailed in the city for some time after the fire, he did not receive the financial support necessary to make it a paying enterprise, and shortly after the "News" was founded, he suspended publication. The "News" owed its existence to a son of Hon. William McDougall, whose brief training as a writer on a provincial

weekly in Ontario prompted his ambition to mold public opinion in the West. But the promise of financial encouragement on which the "News" built its hopes was deservedly withdrawn, as its lack of journalistic abilities became manifest, and like the "Herald," it would probably have had to go out of business but for the timely offer of a rival publisher.

Mr. F. L. Carter-Cotton had arrived in the city about the time the "News" made its appearance, and with clear judgment of the situation he determined to give the public a morning daily which at least would command the respect of the community. Mr. Cotton had had no experience of newspaper work, but he was a man of education, a man, too, with a wide knowledge of men and affairs, and he perceived the opportunities which the journalistic field in Vancouver offered to genuine and sustained effort. With the financial support of Mr. R. W. Gordon, a Scotch gentleman of large means, he accordingly established the "Advertiser," and shortly after acquired the "News," consolidating the two enterprises under the title of the "News-Advertiser." After a period of twenty-three years of control and management by Mr. Cotton, that newspaper was recently sold to the present proprietors for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

With the amalgamation of the "News" and the "Advertiser," the daily newspaper became a fixed institution in Vancouver. Nor can it be denied that from the first the "News-Advertiser" exercised a vigorous and wholesome influence upon the progress and conduct of civic affairs. For a short time it had the local field to itself, and it made excellent use of its time by establishing itself in the estimation of a considerable element of the city as peculiarly the guardian of the public interests. The "News-Advertiser," under Mr. Cotton's management, never became what is popularly known as an up-to-date newspaper. Its editor had not been trained to newspaper work and did not recognize the true value of news or the importance of method and arrangement. He had not lived in Canada, and a knowledge of the history and tradition of the country necessary to journalism had to be acquired by him. With the affairs of the province he speedily made himself familiar, but to the close of his connection with the paper he was not at home in dealing with Canadian affairs or Canadian sentiment. To the deficiencies of the telegraphic service then supplied to this province his paper added a seeming lack of ability to discriminate between what was important and what was valueless. Nor did it ever occur to Mr. Cotton, apparently, to supplement the regular press service with special correspondence, except by occasional meagre despatches from Victoria and Ottawa. Of departments such as are now relied upon by newspapers to win popular patronage and approval the "News-Advertiser" had none.

But if Mr. Cotton was not a newspaperman in the sense of the word understood by the craft he possessed two qualities which undoubtedly were of better service to him at that time than a knowledge of modern methods of journalism. He was a business man of unusual shrewdness and ability, and as a forcible and persuasive writer he had no equal in the province, and, perhaps, very few superiors in Canada. His business instinct prompted him to adopt every means to guard his enterprise against competition, and he accomplished this by securing a monopoly of the press service furnished by the telegraph company to morning newspapers. The value of such a concession in a new and growing city, such as Vancouver then was, can well be imagined. It was in itself a franchise of ever-increasing value and it made it almost impossible for a rival to gain a foothold. With such security against competition in the morning field Mr. Cotton was able to concentrate his attention upon local and provincial affairs, and the vigor and success of his editorial achievements speedily made him one of the most influential men in British Columbia.

If, however, Mr. Cotton had made sure of the morning field there were inducements still remaining for the establishment of an evening paper in Vancouver, and in 1888 Messrs. J. C. McLagan and J. M. O'Brien established the "World." It was in the nature of things that the policy of the new venture should in all things be the reverse of the paper it was presumed to rival. It affected Liberalism in politics, while the "News-Advertiser" was of the

opposite persuasion. Room for the "World" there was, and as time passed and population increased it attained a reasonable measure of prosperity. But the "World" under Mr. McLagan's management failed utterly to grasp its opportunity. As a newspaper it was even less enterprising and far less conscientious than the "News-Advertiser," and in comparison with those of the morning paper its editorial utterances, on which it relied for much of its influence, were utterly puerile.

With these two newspapers the Vancouver of that day had daily journalistic pabulum sufficient to supply its demands, and the "News-Advertiser" and "World" continued in undisturbed occupation of the field until the middle of 1890, when Mr. W. J. Gallagher organized a company and established the "Telegram," as a rival to Mr. Cotton's paper. The existence of the "Telegram" was not justified by the population of the city, then some 17,000, but the wealth and standing of the men who were behind it were equal to a promise that if ably managed it might obtain a secure foothold and thrive at the expense of one, if not both, of the other papers. Among those who were financially interested in it were Mayor Oppenheimer, Messrs. J. W. Horne, C. D. Rand and other prominent citizens. Much ill-feeling existed among the directors at the insistent attacks made by the "News-Advertiser" upon the policy pursued by the civic government, and the "Telegram" was designed to counteract Mr. Cotton's influence with the public. As is usually the case when an enterprise of this nature is under the control of a committee, no consistent policy was pursued, and the undertaking lacked the vigor which is always infused into a personal organ. The mistake was also committed of issuing it as a morning instead of an afternoon paper. The "News-Advertiser," as has been said, possessed the monopoly of the regular press service, and the special service which the "Telegram" was forced to secure was too costly to be long continued. After a struggle of nearly two years the "Telegram" went into the hands of a receiver, and once more the "News-Advertiser" and the "World" divided between them the reading public of the city.

During these five years, from 1886 to 1892, the city had gradually been increasing in population and growing in extent; but one did not have to go far south of the Hotel Vancouver to get beyond the residential district. As a result, no long journeys were necessary in obtaining the local happenings of the day worthy of being recorded in the papers. The sources of local news were extremely few indeed, and with a population crowded within narrow confines, any occurrence at all out of the common was ordinarily known and discussed by the community before it appeared in print. It was, perhaps, to the credit of the early inhabitants that the courts offered little news of interest, and the police magistrate was usually able to dispose of a meagre docket in a brief hour in the morning. The civic offices in the old building on Powell street supplied considerable detail of routine business, which had usually to be published in lieu of news, for the purpose of making a showing in the local columns. The principal sources of "stories" were the waterfront and the daily transcontinental express. Then, as now, lumber schooners and tramp steamers from many quarters of the world found their way into the harbor, bringing curious intelligence of what was passing in distant regions less known than now. The periodical arrival of the C. P. R.'s China fleet was an event which drew the population to the wharf, and even the daily steamer from Victoria, and the tri-weekly ferry from Seattle were always welcomed by a large proportion of the inhabitants.

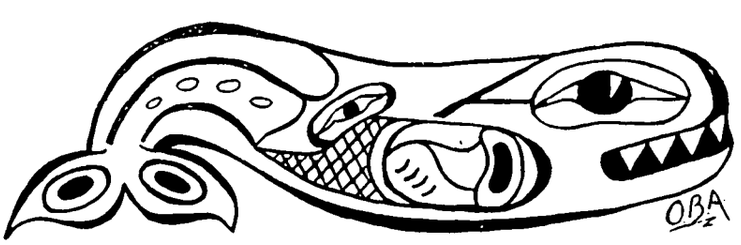
One feature of the newspapers of that day, as of the present, was the space given to interviews. Globe-trotting was becoming a fad, and the new route to and from the Orient by way of Vancouver and the C. P. R., which was being well advertised in the Old Country, was obtaining an unexpectedly large share of patronage. It was rare, indeed, for any visitor with the slightest pretension to distinction to elude the Vancouver reporter, and even many who could make no claim to superiority of any kind were given credit with being individuals of eminence. The exigencies of the news situation appeared to render resort to these methods occasionally necessary. Among the first men of note who furnished material for lengthy interviews in the early days were Mr. James Bryce, now British ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Henniker Heaton. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, too, after "standing off" the interviewers in every city on a journey across the continent, succumbed to the

insistent demands of the Vancouver reporter for copy. The main function of the local news columns of the newspapers in those days was to tell the world how rapidly Vancouver was growing, and what opportunities it offered for the investment of large amounts of capital, and that function was fairly well discharged. Local occurrences out of the ordinary were, as previously mentioned, rare, but occasionally the Vancouver correspondents of eastern or American papers were able to interest the world with the intelligence that foreign warships were in the harbor, and that Russian or Japanese officers had spent a day or two in making exhaustive observations of the port and its surroundings.

But even amid a growing population the Vancouver papers were doing little more than holding their own. They were certainly not making fortunes. Despite that fact, they were compelled continually to add to their equipment and to purchase modern machinery. By the installation of Linotype machines, when it was established, the "Telegram" forced the other two papers to a similar step, and up to within a year of that date, both the "News-Advertiser" and the "World" had been using flat presses. The decease of the "Telegram" made it somewhat easier for the survivors, but they did not begin to enjoy any very real degree of prosperity until the Klondike rush occasioned a business revival, which favorably affected the whole coast. The Vancouver newspapers received new strength from this source, and were able to devote some capital to necessary improvements.

It was not, however, until 1899 that journalism in Vancouver abandoned the crude methods of the early days for those it now pursues. In that year the "Province" entered the field. Its proprietor and editor, Mr. W. C. Nichol, was an able and disciplined newspaper man, trained in the eastern school, and on the order and management of his paper he brought to bear the knowledge and experience gained in metropolitan journalism. The result was not for a moment in doubt, and his newspaper quickly surpassed the older journals in popularity and influence. His success forced the others to adopt the same methods, and the consequence is the progressive newspapers of Vancouver now existing. In the weekly field no success was ever achieved until Messrs. Ford & McConnell established the "Sunset." The popularity which it has secured indicated the room for a journal of that class under sound management and control.

In looking back over the quarter of a century that has elapsed since Mr. William Brown founded the "Herald," and in comparing the humble beginning of the newspapers with the present magnitude of the industry in this city, it will perhaps be admitted that few enterprises in Vancouver have thrived more than the daily newspapers. It may perhaps be conceded, too, that that success has not been entirely undeserved.



How Vancouver Gets Snow-water from Mountain Streams

By Robert J. McDougall

TURBULENT at certain seasons of the year, rushing down to the sea-water with all the wild energy of miniature Niagaras, are two mountain streams across Burrard Inlet. These glacial torrents sustain the very life of the city they hasten to meet. Capilano Creek and Seymour Creek, the one already far-famed for the sublime beauty of its canyons, the other with towering walls and hidden pools just as remarkable although, perhaps, less known to travellers, are destined to play an important part in the future of Vancouver.

To paraphrase a certain quotation, "For out of them shall come the waters of life and energy"—every day in the year huge wooden, steel, and cast-iron pipes are drawing from the fastnesses of the high mountains across the harbor the best that they can give, and the cool, pure water, by gravity alone, is here transmitted into the thousand diversified needs of a great city.

Tourists have long sought out the wild beauty of the valley of the Capilano, where towering cliffs hide a crystal flood, and now they are turning to the attractions of Seymour Creek, no less inviting because they lurk behind the barriers of distance, height and ruggedness. But Seymour and Capilano Creeks are more vital to Vancouver than the service of beauty; they are battalioned in the army of utility. Their very existence is a guarantee of the future greatness of this youthful metropolis, and, although the problems they create are frequent and not a little puzzling at times, their value is inestimable.

Some of the difficulties, triumphs and lasting achievements encountered and won in the city's struggle to convert the beauty and wasteful wildness of nature in these tumbling tributaries of Burrard Inlet and English Bay it is the object here to record. Closely identified with the results successfully accomplished are three outstanding names. They are those of Col. F. W. Boultbee, former chief of the office departmental staff, having recently resigned after 25 years of service; Steve Maddison, waterworks superintendent, who was practically born and brought up in the department, and knows its every detail; and H. M. Burwell, consulting engineer, to whom the planning out of the whole broad scheme now projected is almost directly due. He has been connected with the development of the waterworks for the past four years, giving it almost his entire time.

Creeping through the Narrows one foggy morning last autumn, the cement boat "Marmion" veered from her course and thrust the full weight of her steel bows into one of the huge water mains leading across from the Capilano beneath the tide rips to Stanley Park. The heavy pipe crumpled up under the force of the impact, and some west end Vancouverites awoke that day to find their water supply coming only in dribbles. Within two hours after the smashing of the main—the fifth one, carrying Capilano water to the big reservoir in the park—Water Superintendent Maddison had a diver with a waterworks repair force on the shore off the scene of the accident, and the water taps were again going merrily two days later. To mend the break, the whole main had to be hauled out on shore to a sufficient distance to permit replacing the damaged length and then the long water pipe was laboriously pulled back again to its old position.

The mishap was not so serious; there were four other mains there to carry water to thirsty Vancouver, but the accident was not without its lesson, and now the engi-

SUPERINTENDENT MADDISON AND CONSULTING ENGINEER BURWELL, UP THE CAPILANO. MADDISON OWNS THE WATCH CHAIN AND THE WHITE HAT; BURWELL IS GARBED IN THE BUTTONED JERSEY

neers planning out the water supply for this new bustling city on the Pacific have thrust their vision of the mind's-eye far into the future. If the city accepts the recommendations which have been made there will be no more "Marmions" that can cut off the simmering morning coffee-pots.

A tunnel boring its way from Stanley Park under the Narrows to the north shore is proposed and departmental engineers have wisely pointed out that, with the future dredging of the entrance to Burrard Inlet and the general growth of sea-going traffic, the present system of laying submerged pipes on the bed is hazardous and primitive. The call of necessity is not yet imperative, but civic legislators have realized the force of the "larger clothes" plea of the lusty young city, and the tunnel scheme is regarded as one of the coming tasks of tomorrow.

It has been no light duty to slake the thirst of Vancouver during the passing years, but the work has been done, and done well. Prominent among the civic sources of pride is this very water system, and the same people who are able to smile in gratification and tell you, "We have the most up-to-date fire brigade in America," have equal assurance when they announce that the water they drink is the purest in the West, and the supply is the best on the coast.

Tourists, standing on the fringe of Stanley Park next the Narrows, look over at the Lions, bold against the northern sky, and sigh in ecstasy at the beauty of their clear, cameo-cut impression. But these blue mountains do more than picture rugged scenery across the canvas of the imagination. The man with the utilitarian ideas might scoff at the word painter, but the tinctured draught he gulps down in the heat of midsummer inspires him with the utmost of respect. It is out of the heart of these towering piles that the welcome water comes, fresh to his lips from glacial ice beds ages old.

Not only is the city supplied from the Capilano far up beyond the danger zone in the time of spring freshets, but mains have also been laid across the Inlet at the Second Narrows to tap the flow of the Seymour. On the basis of 100 gallons per day to every man, woman and child in Vancouver from Hastings townsite to Sunnyside, these

SEYMOUR CREEK

two sources of supply now pour 18,000,000 gallons down the thirsty municipal throat.

That is perhaps not exactly correct under a strict interpretation, as the population of Vancouver is not supposed yet to have reached the 180,000 mark, to use this vast quantity of water, but at any rate the water pipes bring it across the Inlet for consumption, and it is here ready when the city does grow to the figure mentioned.

Only recently the city council made arrangements to purchase property bordering on Seymour Creek, some distance above the present intake, and the stated intention is to take advantage of a natural dam site there to flood a large area and form artificil lakes for storage purposes. With the construction of the Second Narrows bridge, more mains are to be brought over Burrard Inlet and then, say the water engineers, Vancouver can sit back complacently and watch the thousands of new citizens pouring in on every train and boat to find new homes on the great peninsula between the Inlet and the yellow Fraser. With the full capacity of the present intakes on the Capilano and Seymour Creeks, not taking into consideration the proposed dam on the latter stream, enough water can be supplied for a population of at least 400,000.

Indeed, with the addition of a small main to the canyon, the actual capacity of the pipes from the Capilano intake is placed at 14,000,000 gallons, with another 9,000,000 for those from Seymour Creek. The new main to be installed up Seymour valley, which will be started this year, is to be able to carry 12,000,000 gallons, making the total capacity of the two systems under the developments of the immediate future 35,000,000 gallons of water every day in the week. If the full water record of Capilano Creek were utilized, and the proposed additions made to the record held on the other stream as well as the creation of the artificial lakes mentioned carried out, it might well be thought that the whole American continent could come to Vancouver, and on this score at any rate be received with equanimity.

There is nothing more illustrative of the youth of Vancouver than the fact that its water system, as a municipal institution, is less than twenty years of age. The city bought the waterworks in 1891 from a private company managed by Mr. J. W. McFarland. The price paid was in the neighborhood of $500,000, the money being secured in two by-laws, one that year for $440,000, and the other the succeeding summer. On such a big question as the purchase of the system, there either must have been a very small Vancouver at the time, or else a very inconsiderable portion of the electorate interested in civic politics. The vote on the by-law for $440,000 stood: For, 189; against, 13. On another measure to raise $150,000 for contemplated extensions, the vote was almost identical: For, 185; against, 17. In the following year another extension by-law for the expenditure of $115,000 was carried, as well as that for $60,000 to complete the purchase.

To date, upwards of $3,000,000 has been expended, and the improvements now being considered will mean several millions added to that sum. Within the past three years, such has been the gigantic stride taken by the city on the way to metropolitanism, no less than $1,500,000 has been put into the two systems.

But it is a paying proposition—any citizen will admit that—and it has been proven

a weighty argument in the hands of municipal ownership advocates. They will go on to say that, although the city has grown far out of its swaddling clothes, it has been forced to make vast expenditures that would never be looked for in an ordinary centre, and that although the corporation handed over a high price in the first instance because its interests were not safeguarded, still the waterworks branch pays, and moreover is the only real money-maker at the city hall. Its revenue, too, comes not from a slice off the taxation account, but out of actual water supply receipts.

In 1910 the surplus on the current waterworks account reached the handsome figure of $59,630.35, the total receipts being $321,645.10, and the expenditures $262,014.75. Indeed, a portion of the expenditure total was made up of moneys used in the purchase of certain property on the Seymour Creek system to permit of the alteration of the location of the mains, ordinarily chargeable to capital account.

For some years after the city made its financial deal with the private company, the waterworks department, like many other parts of the civic organization, failed to make very much of a showing, partly, of course, on account of the fact that the city was a small affair in those days, and partly because the original owners had not done very much towards perfecting the first system on the Capilano.

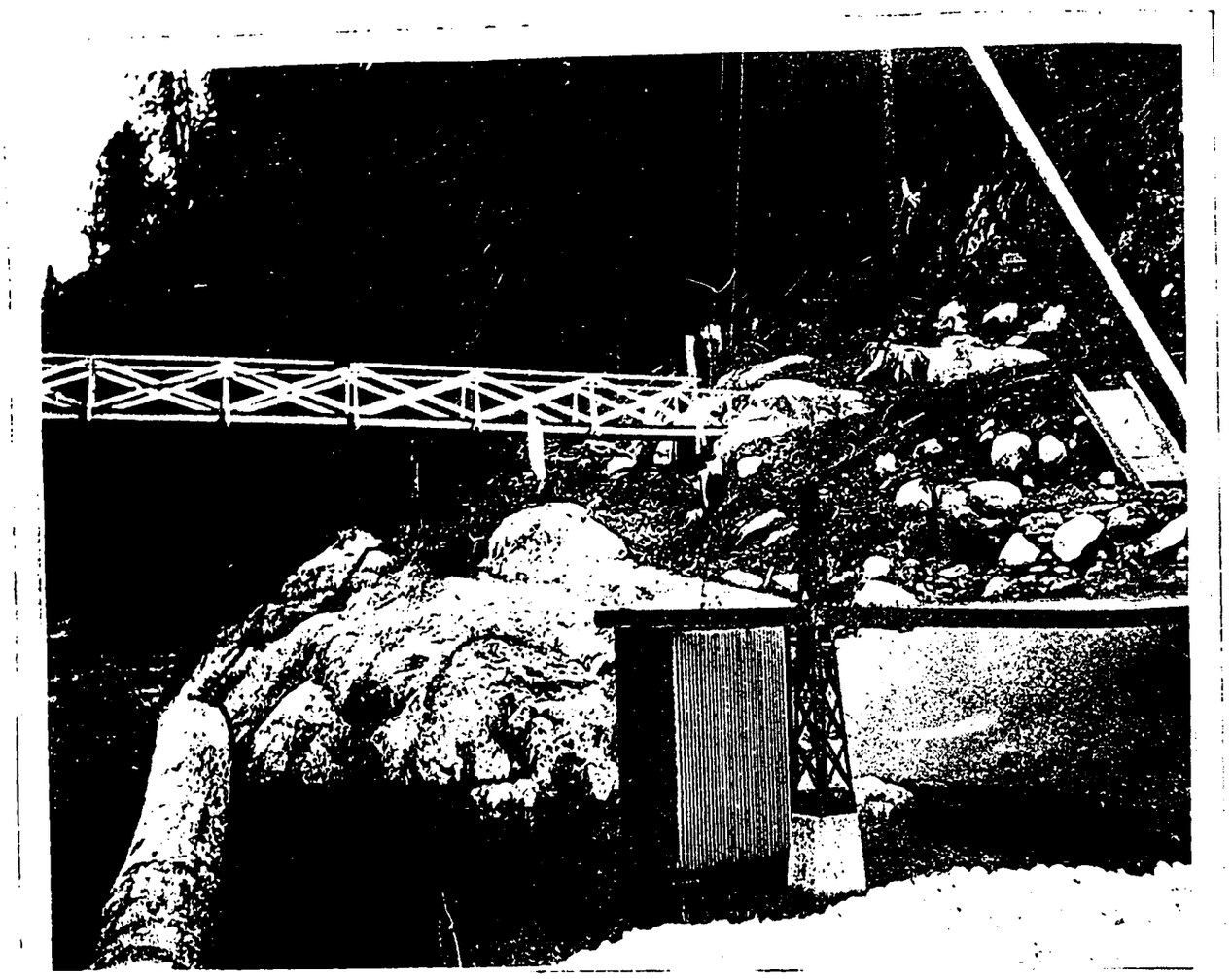
Incidentally, the operations of this private company were said to have taught a lesson or two in high finance even in those primeval times. When a charter was applied for on behalf of young Vancouver, some twenty-five years ago, far-sighted financiers immediately secured records on the Capilano, and in the same session that the city gained its incorporation the bill for this waterworks company was also given a life. Thus when Vancouver came into being as a city, it found that it was also saddled with the necessity of buying its water. As related above, it was not many years before the citizens resolved that they would own the waterworks themselves.

Enterprising engineers, seeking a cool stream out of which they might, like prophets of old time, draw their water, saw first the Capilano, almost directly across the Inlet from Vancouver, and presenting such

PROPOSED NEW SEYMOUR INTAKE AND DAM FOR STORAGE RESERVOIRS. VIEW IS TAKEN AT TOP OF FALLS

a precipitous descent that there seemed small danger of any lack of pressure when its flood was carried across the harbor. At an elevation of 485 feet, and seven miles up the stream, the present intake was located after several disastrous spring floods had made it certain that the first waterworks dam, a mile lower, was undesirable.

Sucking in the water from a deep, quiet, rock-lined pool, the pipes from the Capilano get the very purest that the snow-caverned cooling plants of the mountains afford. The flow leaves its home far back in the plateau, and gathering strength from a score of glaciers that have existed for centuries, comes down the stream-bed cold as ice. Like the new system on Seymour Creek, the Capilano intake is arranged so that the water flows into large settling tanks, where any possible impurities are removed. After coursing through screens as well, it enters a 36-inch wood stave pipe, and is carried down to the old waterworks dam, thence being conveyed in two smaller steel pipes to the First Narrows. Five submerged 12-inch mains do duty at this point, and take the precious fluid to a 10,000,000 gallon reservoir in Stanley Park. By means of a 50-foot standpipe, the pressure from the reservoir, which is only 250



INTAKE ON CAPILANO CREEK SEVEN MILES UP FROM THE MOUTH OF THE STREAM

feet above sea level, is considerably increased.

The Capilano watershed has a drainage area of 55 square miles, and the average rainfall within the tract is placed at 120 inches. The present pipes carry 9,000,000 gallons of water per day to the city, and provide a large draught even for such a thirsty young giant. Capilano water goes chiefly to the older portions of the city, such as the west end. Its purity can be gauged from a recent report submitted by the city medical officer, Dr. Underhill. This report showed the presence of residue as follows: Dried residue at 100 per cent., 2.54; organic residue, 1.21; residue after ignition, 1.33; all in grains per gallon. The constituents were recorded as: Chlorine, .36; free ammonia, .0034; ammonia albuminoid, .0098; nitrogen as nitrates, .048; no nitrogen as nitrates and neutral reaction; all based on parts per 100,000.

The average for the year from the Seymour system stood at about the same, and the results, although possessing too much of the technical to carry general interest in their present form, are seen to show that Vancouver's claim to having the purest water in the West is exceedingly well-founded.

It is improbable that more mains will be laid across the First Narrows for some time to come, as the danger from the keels of vessels is an ever-present one. The announcement, too, that the Dominion government proposes to dredge this entrance to Burrard Inlet will mean the necessity, shortly, of removing the submerged pipes for the present and making some new provision for their disposition. The extra main to be laid from the Narrows pipes to the big main, which comes down from the intake to the canyon, will add another 5,000,000 gallons to the present supply from this source.

The city of Vancouver has a record of 1,500 British Columbia miners' inches on the Capilano Creek, and the 9,000,000 gallons which the existing pipe line is ready to carry away every day do not mean that these supply rights are utilized to the full extent as yet. Until such time, however, as arrangements can be made to protect the mains on this system where they make their crossing into the city, progress on Capilano

BIG WOODEN PIPELINE LEADING DOWN FROM THE SEYMOUR INTAKE. THIS MAIN IS THIRTY-SIX INCHES IN INSIDE DIAMETER

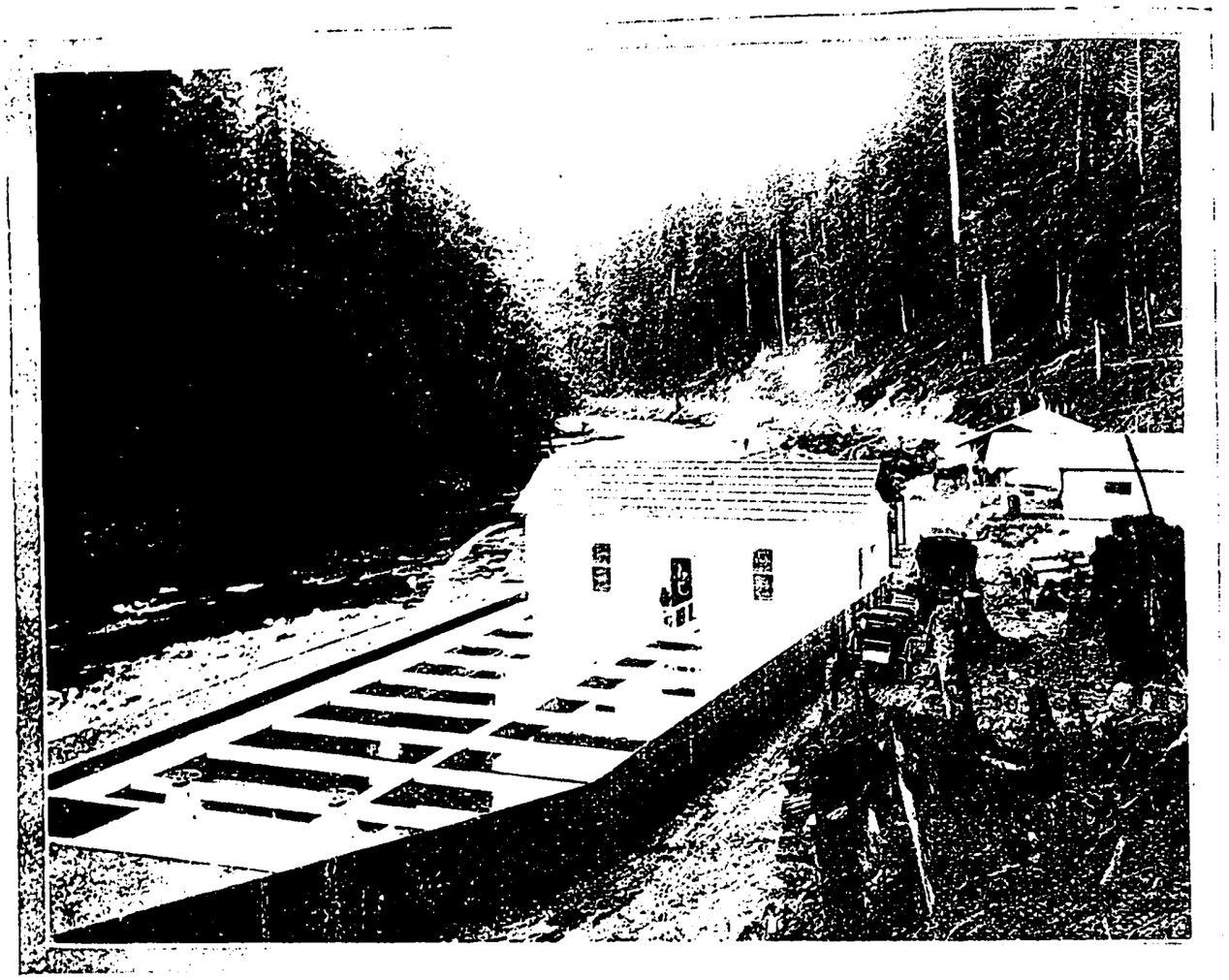
system beyond the one small pipe referred to will have to suffer delay.

With a record of 1,400 inches on the Seymour, which is recognized as the great future source, there appears to be little fear of trouble for the next year or two until the enlargement of Capilano system is carried out, and the proposed extensions from the other stream also completed. Capilano Creek alone gives enough water at this moment for nearly 100,000 persons.

The projection of a tunnel through from Stanley Park to the north shore for waterpipe purposes has been laid before the civic water committee, but as yet no action has been taken by that body. The fear is expressed that the cost would be prohibitive for the present, although prophets point out that the time will come when, in order to accept all of the sea-seeking torrent that Capilano has to offer, some such solution must be reached.

Five years ago, when Vancouver began to feel the first real twinges of its growing pains the city council, on the recommendations of its waterworks engineers, came to the conclusion that such a really promising city as this could not afford to continue getting its water from only one mountain stream, however pure the water and plentiful the supply for the time being. Looking across the gap of only a few intervening years, they saw a Greater Vancouver between the Fraser river and Burrard Inlet. With commendable celerity the aldermen at the head of civic affairs of that day resolved on tapping the Seymour, another mountain stream some six miles farther up the Inlet than the Capilano and by virtue of its extensive watershed, giving promise of proving sufficient for the city's needs for years to come.

At a cost of half a million dollars sturdy workmen climbed the valley of the Seymour about seven miles, built a suitable intake and then laid a pipe line from that point down the mountain side, across the Second Narrows and into the heart of the city. Now it is proposed to build a second main to increase the supply from this source from 9,000,000 gallons per day to 21,000,000 gallons. The construction of a new 34-inch pipe, in addition to giving water to the higher levels of Vancouver, will supply the same very necessary commodity to the municipality of Burnaby.



SEYMOUR CREEK INTAKE WHERE PART OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM FINDS ITS WAY INTO CITY WATER PIPES SETTLING TANKS AND SCREENS

It was for the purpose of carrying water to the newly-settled highlands of Vancouver in Grandview and east Mount Pleasant that the first Seymour main was laid, as the pressure from the Capilano system was insufficient for the householders who had taken up homes in the east end of the city.

The Seymour Creek intake has an elevation of 465 feet above sea level; the drainage area of the stream is upwards of 80 square miles, and at extreme low water the flow is about 80 cubic feet per second. To the uninitiated reader this may seem nothing, but to the waterworks expert such details are more welcome than any scarlet-painted story of Seymour Creek's attractions. Built of wood-stave pipe at the higher levels, connecting with smaller steel lengths down in the valley where the water pressure becomes stronger, the big supply main has given the best of satisfaction, and there has been hardly a single breakage in the pipe on its seven-mile journey to tidewater. For the portion of the system across the Second Narrows the 24-inch steel carrier separates into two smaller 18-inch arteries, which carry the fresh water safely through the salty brine of the Inlet.

By the time the second new main is built up the northern mountain side to the Seymour intake, it is expected that the long-looked-for Second Narrows bridge will have been completed, and that may mean an end of submerged pipes, as it has been proposed that the city make some use of the heavy steel bridge girders that will link up the north and south shores. Present calculations give assurance that the new supply main will be completed in two years' time, at an estimated cost of $562,000.

Making preparations, however, for another New York on the Pacific, the Vancouver city council has already applied for such rights from the crown as will forever preserve for the city the watershed on the Seymour without which future conditions would be far from satisfactory. The project, even for a place so aggressive and virile as Vancouver, is admittedly gigantic, but nevertheless warranted by twentieth century evidences. Within the past year some 400 acres have been purchased by the city, and the crown grant for an area of equal dimensions is also being sought. It is proposed to flood at least three lakes on this property by means of the construction of a large concrete dam

about four miles above the present intake, where the formation of the rock-bed of the creek is ideal for the purpose. One lake, known as Summit Lake, is 3,200 feet above sea level, and another sheet of mountain water, Stoney Lake, is nearly as high. Future water mains will draw crystal, health-giving fluid from these big snow-line reservoirs far from civilization and the possibility of pollution.

For use in the times of calamity to either the Capilano or the Seymour Creek mains, a 24,000,000 gallon distribution reservoir has only recently been dug out of the heart of Little Mountain in South Vancouver. The pipes from the Seymour Creek system lead to it, and in time a connection will also be made with the Capilano mains.

"This will ensure safety from an interruption in the supply, and make our water system almost perfect," prosaically reads an engineering report dealing with the completion of the Little Mountain "water barrel."

To take care of the outpouring from the monster water conveyers that lead down the north side, belting North Vancouver east and west, and then striking into the centre of Vancouver, it takes an army of men and a myriad of smaller mains, hydrants and services. At the present time there are over 225 employees in the waterworks department.

Last year they put in 3,065 services bringing the total in the city up to 17,549; installed and repaired some 600 meters and erected nearly 100 hydrants. The total number of hydrants now standing on city streets is 902. Last season 227 valves were installed; nearly 17,000 feet of pipe lowered with altered street grades, and about 25 miles of new mains laid.

Not including the work carried out this year, there are over 174 miles of main water pipes in the city of Vancouver.

The Rock on Which Vancouver is Built: Financial Growth

By L. W. Makovski

IN an article in the April issue of *Hampton's Magazine*, entitled "If Canada Should Come In," Mr. Arthur Stringer, carried away apparently by his enthusiasm for reciprocity, and the fact that he is writing for an American magazine, indulges in some glorious flights of fancy regarding the complete merging of Canadian individualism and nationality in that of the American. The editor of *Hampton's* has kindly gone to the trouble of giving Arthur Stringer the benefit of a quotation from the *Canada Monthly* which says "Stringer is a Canadian. . . . When he writes about Canada, he differs in one first essential from all or any of the others; he knows his subject. He is perfectly familiar with . . . the things he writes about, and he writes of them as they are."

This is how Mr. Stringer proceeds to write of things Canadian as they are:

"He will find himself (that is, the American) served by the same literary syndicates and press associations. At every turn he will be confronted by the same books and periodicals, the same banking system and department stores" . . .

There is about half a column of similar "things as they are" from Mr. Stringer's point of view, but when he dragged in the banking system, I confess the accuracy of the *Canada Monthly* regarding Mr. Arthur Stringer was difficult to believe in. The fact is Mr. Stringer has allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm for things American and has generalized without much regard for accuracy. He is a writer of short stories, fiction in fact, not fact in fiction.

The very fact that he brought in Canada's banking system as typical of that of the United States proves how inaccurately Mr. Stringer writes on reciprocity, for if he knows anything at all about Canada he must know that Canada's banking system is as different from that of the United States as the true Canadian is from the true American.

The matter is of interest as showing the manner in which inaccuracy, when promulgated by supposed authority, may deceive thousands who otherwise would have remained in entire ignorance as to their complete likeness to Americans and their complete merging of individuality in that of their neighbors to the south. But it is of still greater interest in that it proves how an otherwise well-informed man will miss one of the most significant features of Canada's growth.

If Mr. Arthur Stringer, with his opportunities, overlooks the banking system of Canada and its relation to Canada's prosperity, it is more than likely that the ordinary citizen of Vancouver, even more than the ordinary tourist passing through its portals, will overlook the relationship of the banks to Vancouver and the way in which, without being responsible for its growth, they have guided it along the right lines. The visitor is on the lookout for impressions: the resident usually absorbed in his own affairs.

To the ordinary citizen a bank is merely an institution that takes his money and puts it in a vault. In exchange the bank gives him a colored slip of paper which, with his signature affixed, the bank and some other institutions will cash for its face value just so long as the money he has deposited remains in the vaults of the bank. When it is exhausted the bank refuses to cash any more of those colored slips with his signature attached, but demands more cash. The average citizen faced by this problem in banking steps out into the street and wonders what on earth a bank is for. The

DOMINION ASSAY OFFICE, FORMERLY POST OFFICE, VANCOUVER

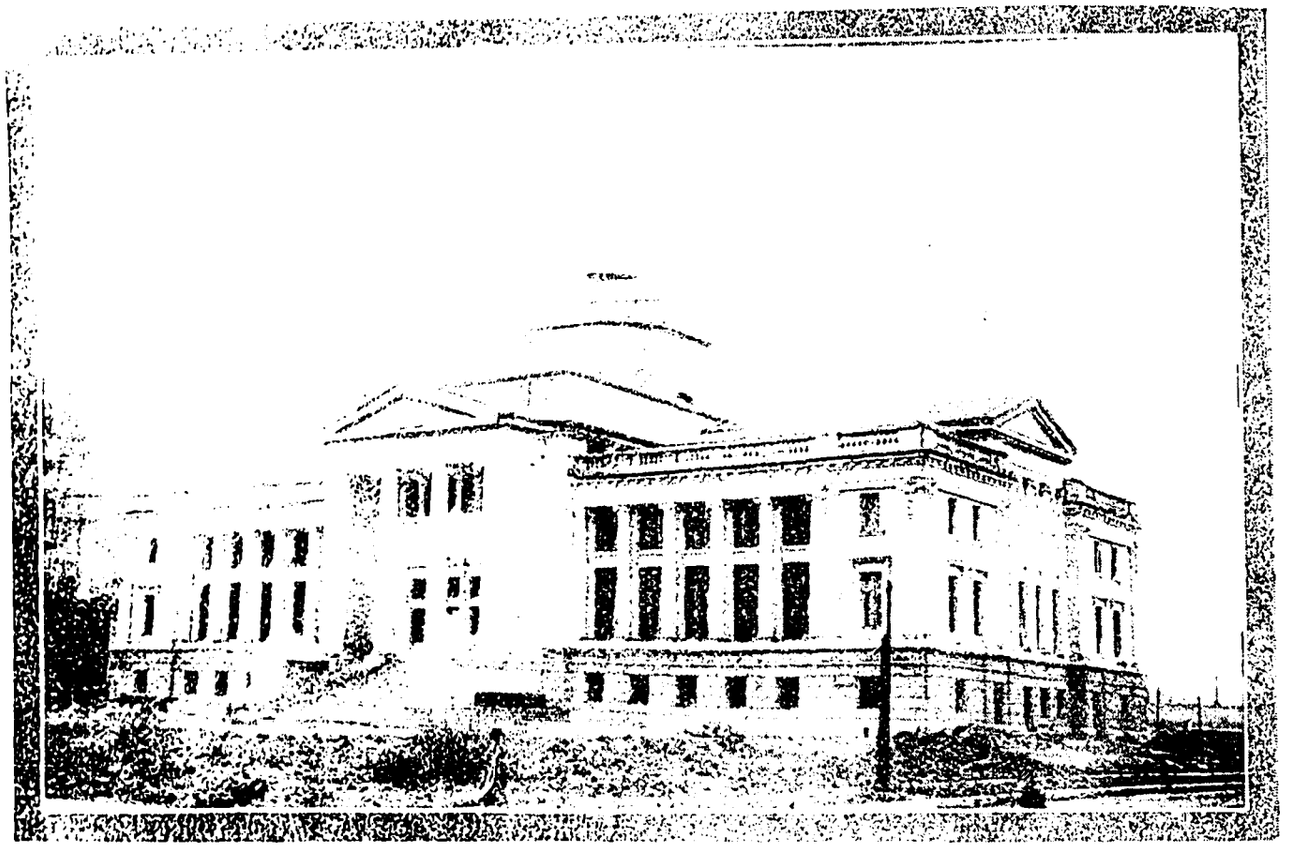
average woman is credited with looking at the cheque book and its numerous virgin blanks and exclaiming that she has lots of cheques left.

But any article dealing with Vancouver's financial standing that looks on a bank as a vault, and a cheque book as an inexhaustible source of all evil, would be just about as accurate as Mr. Arthur Stringer's statements regarding what will happen when Canada "comes in."

If Vancouver, for instance, had been cursed with the American system of banking, Vancouver would hardly be what it is today, for the very reason that one of the most valuable factors in its development has been the financial standing acquired by citizens and city alike, largely owing to the conservative and safe banking system of Canada. The Canadian system of banking is, broadly speaking, the branch system, which means that a bank with established headquarters opens branches in one place and another as business warrants. The bank is licensed by the Dominion government to do business; it must have a bona-fide subscription list of $500,000, of which $250,000 must be paid up before it can open its doors. In the United States any man with $20,000 can open a bank, and in consequence there are thousands of institutions all over the country doing a banking business which have no more business to be banks than a retail grocery store has. It is true that Mr. J. P. Morgan is endeavoring to gradually construct a kind of central authority, himself and his friends, to give stability to the American banking system; but this is only a recent development, and I suppose one of those that Mr. Stringer suggests Canada will have to her advantage on the day that she "comes in."

The Canadian banking system, then, depends for its stability on the comparatively small number of banks, with their extremely large resources, handling its business. In Vancouver alone the aggregate paid-up capital of the banks doing business is $79,315,215, which would allow for every man, woman and child in Vancouver having a capital of something over $600 in cash. This represents the paid-up capital of seventeen banks, out of the twenty-eight chartered banks in Canada, whose aggregate paid-up capital amounts to $98,728,342, so that Vancouver has well over 75 per cent. of the total paid-up capital of the Canadian banks behind it in its business dealings.

It is as well to emphasize this point, as it is one of the essential differences between the American and Canadian systems. The former, with its myriads of small banks,



NEW COURT HOUSE, NOT YET FINISHED, VANCOUVER

has nothing like the same financial stability, and when a panic strikes the country, every little bank suffers and reacts on the community, and towns which have been well on the road to prosperity suddenly find themselves cut off from the sources which supply their life-blood.

It may seem strange in dealing with the financial history of Vancouver to make such a point of this difference, but its importance to Vancouver can hardly be overestimated. Every little bank in the United States, in order to obtain assets which can be realized at a moment's notice, is bound to depend on the big private banks of New York, which handle the liquid assets of the nation. The great trust and insurance companies, with their thousands of small depositors, are almost all allied to one or other of the big banking interests, such as the National City Bank of New York, which is ruled by the Morgan-Standard Oil-Schiff interests. The depositor in a country bank may require money for some big deal; he goes to his bank, and the bank in nine cases out of ten must enter into negotiations with one of the big interests, thus putting the depositor's business at the mercy of the interests. In Canada, on the other hand, the depositor in a bank has behind him all the assets of the whole chain of banks. The local manager can use his judgment, and advance money on the legitimate security given by the depositor. The other depositors are protected from over-speculation on the part of the local bank manager by his responsibility to his head office. He is not a free agent and cannot, as is the case with the American bank owner, speculate with the deposits of his customers.

Now applying this point of view to Vancouver, it can be seen at once why the banking institutions of Vancouver have all along been largely responsible for the excellent position Vancouver holds today in the money markets of the world.

Having made this position clear, the history of the rise of Vancouver to its present position becomes very much simplified. For instead of this rise being accompanied by a number of small private banks opening, it has been accompanied by the big and well-established banks of Canada opening branch houses, and these in their turn opening local branches, which now number among the seventeen banks doing business here no fewer than 20. Each branch, instead of being a small private bank, has all the stability of the head office behind it, and the difference this makes is well illustrated when the various financial panics in the outside world and their effect on Vancouver are taken into consideration.

The first bank to open a branch here was the Bank of British Columbia, with a head office in London, England, and a provincial office in Victoria. In 1886, the year of the fire which swept Vancouver out of existence (such existence as it had, that is to say), Mr. J. C. Keith came over from Victoria with Mr. R. G. Harvey, and opened an office in what was then the station building. Mr. J. C. Keith was manager, and Mr. R. G. Harvey filled the offices of teller, receiver, accountant, office boy, etc. The first depositor was Mr. F. C. Innes, of the firm of F. C. Innes & Co., real estate, now known as Richards, Akroyd & Gall. On one memorable day Mr. Harvey had to be responsible for the whole business of the bank owing to Mr. Keith having missed his boat back from Victoria. Remember, this was only in 1886, and 25 years later there are seventeen banks in Vancouver, employing probably close on a thousand people. The Bank of British Columbia, the next year, moved to new premises, close to the corner of Seymour and Hastings street, and a few months later the Bank of Montreal, under Mr. Sweeny, opened its premises at the corner which is now occupied by the Union Bank. This occurred on the 1st of August, 1887. A year later the Bank of British North America entered the field.

Meanwhile Vancouver was growing fast. The men of those days were as convinced of its future as are the men of today, and speculation in real estate was rife. The lumber and fishing industries were prospering, and in 1890 the Imperial Bank found it worth while opening a branch here.

But with the Baring failure and the following panic in 1893, Vancouver entered the slough of despond. Everyone had been trading and speculating somewhat largely, the future had been for the time being discounted, prices of real estate were high, and no one had any money. The banks were cautious. They held the securities, and had in many cases to realize on them. Now to realize on securities that may have had an inflated value at that time was difficult. Cash in days of panic is the one thing that is of value. It was the recognition of this principle of having cash when no one else had it that finally brought the old merchant princes of New York into the banking and railroad business in this very year of 1893. They had had their experience in a previous panic, and profited by it.

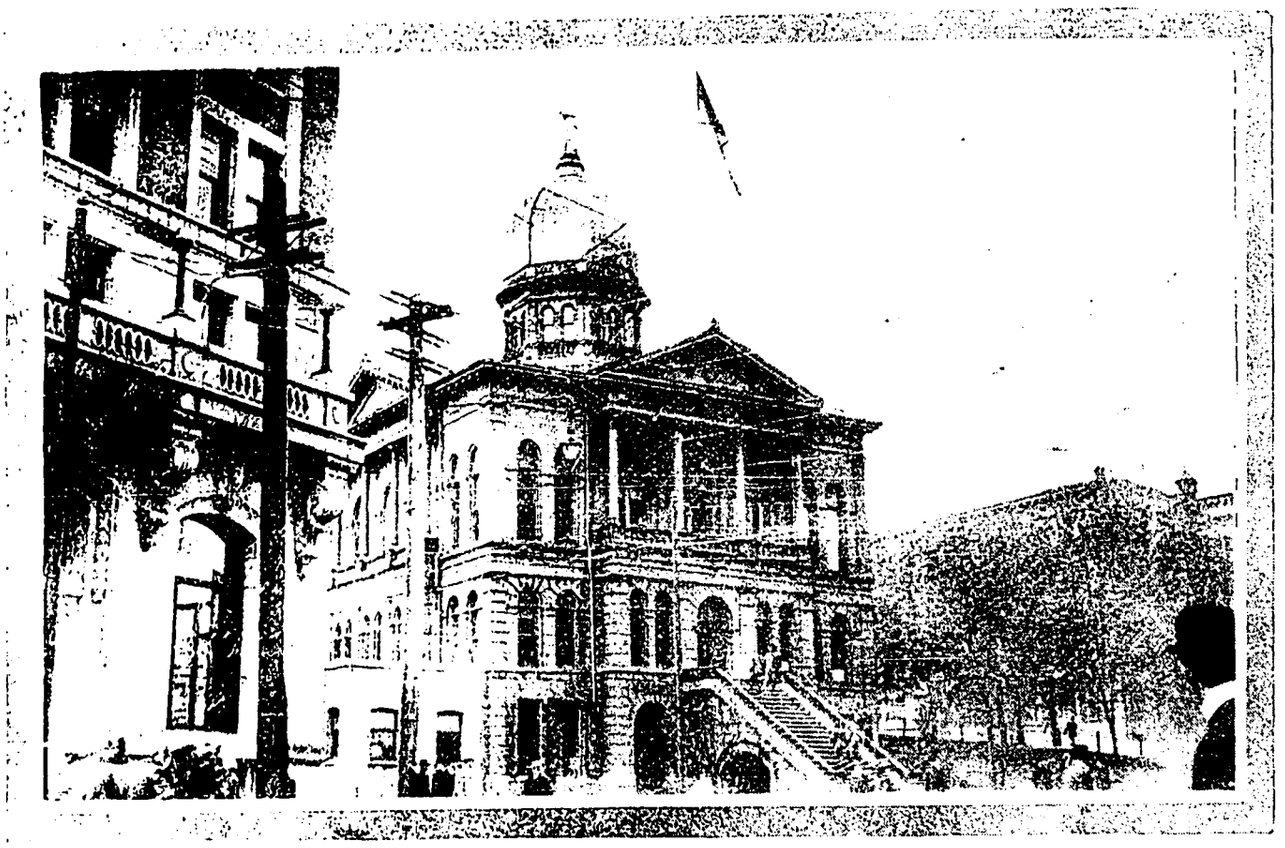
The banks in Vancouver, owing to their connections in the East and in England, held on tight. They simply sat back and waited. They may not have been able at that time to realize all the securities they held in cash, so they had to wait. It necessitated patience, but it proved profitable. Meanwhile Vancouver languished. It had been struck by the financial squall just when it had all sail set, and until the wreckage was cut away, the good ship Vancouver could make no progress. But if it had not been for the Canadian banking system the good ship would have gone to the bottom and carried its crew with it. As it was the crew set to work, and after clearing the decks and throwing overboard everything they could to lighten the ship, they were thankful to see it right itself.

Then came a period of reconstruction, rigging new masts and getting out new sails, and by 1896 the ship was under way again, but only under half sail. In 1897 matters began to look better, and the Royal Bank opened a branch here under the name of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, which was changed to the Royal Bank in 1900.

Thus we have from 1886 to 1891 a period of steady growth and a boom in real estate. In 1891 and 1892 clouds loomed on the financial sky, and in 1893 the storm burst with disastrous results. In Vancouver everything deteriorated to the extent of about one-fifth of its former value. The good things of those days had to be sold. In fact, it was difficult to find the good things. Property for which $20,000 had been offered a month or two before was sold for $10,000; today it sells for $75,000.

In 1897 the sky cleared, and shortly after the Yukon boom started. This gave Vancouver a helping hand, and money began to circulate again, although there is many a man in Vancouver today who would deny the fact. Still, undoubtedly the rush to the north attracted the attention of people to Vancouver once again, and bit by bit it recovered. At last in 1902 it was really moving ahead again, and from that day to this it has never looked back.

In 1898 the Canadian Bank of Commerce started business here, and in 1901 it



OLD COURT HOUSE, VANCOUVER

absorbed the Bank of British Columbia. Mr. Murray, the present manager of the Bank of Commerce, had succeeded Mr. Keith as manager of the Bank of British Columbia in 1893. Mr. Godfrey, the present manager of the Bank of British North America, arrived here in 1890, following two of the bank's managers whose period of service had lasted a year each. In 1901 the Bank of Commerce took over the premises of the present Northern Crown Bank, as well as the Bank of British Columbia, and had nine employees. Today there are sixty-two in the head local office in the palatial building on the corner of Granville and Hastings streets, which is one of the best advertisements for Vancouver and the bank that the mind of man has yet conceived.

That palatial building, with its towering columns and great bronze doors, impresses the visitor or newcomer to Vancouver as nothing else could do. It is the hallmark of Vancouver's stability. It is the first thing outside of the post office that shows where Vancouver stands in the estimation of financial experts. Higher up Granville street is the dignified and really artistic building of the Bank of Montreal. Its solid stone walls cement the impression already formed by the Bank of Commerce's towering columns. One block along Hastings street, on the opposite side to the Commerce, Molsons Bank towers to the sky. It was the first building that entered the sky-scraping stakes in Vancouver. Diagonally across from Molsons, the Bank of Ottawa is rearing a huge ferro-concrete block. Exactly opposite, the Union Bank is enlarging its premises. The Union Bank today occupies the site of the Bank of Montreal when it first opened its doors in Vancouver. The visitor strolling along this part of Hastings street cannot help but be amazed at the number of the banks and the offices they occupy. They stand one after the other on nearly every corner down to the old court house square, where three of them occupy the four corners. Among these is the latest recruit to the banks of Vancouver, namely, the Bank of Vancouver itself, the first step of the merchant princes of Vancouver on the road to the control of CASH.

The rise of the banks in Vancouver is clearly shown by the bank clearings taken from April of one year to March 31 of the following year:

1906-1907, $147,958,919.

1907-1908, $191,250,100.

1908-1909, $190,951,996, being the year of the last panic.

1909-1910, $327,835,557.

1910-1911, $444,988,818.

April, 1911, $41,337,756. One month's clearings, which will make, if the rate is

maintained, the year's clearings $496,053,072.

May, first week, $10,601,111. One week's clearings, which would give $551,257,772 for the year.

May 5, $1,960,449, one day's, which would give $588,134,700 for the year. The reader can take whichever figure he likes.

And on September 1, 1886, when the Bank of British Columbia opened its doors in Vancouver, five accounts were all that Mr. Harvey had to look after, and both Mr. Keith, the manager, and Mr. Harvey, the accountant, etc., slept in a passage at the back of the bank.

It must not be thought from the space I have devoted to the rise of the banks in Vancouver that these are the only financial institutions. Vancouver has its share of trust companies, all of which have done a remarkable business during the past few years. In many cases it must be confessed that these so-called trust companies were hardly what the small investor would call trustworthy. They speculated largely in real estate, and built up their institutions by gambling with the investors' money. But these days have passed and the trust companies now come under a new provincial law which protects the investor to a great extent. This law was welcomed by the companies, who, having built up their business, are now in the proud position of being able to indulge themselves in a real trust business. They would not for worlds speculate with their assets in real estate. They will only lend their moneys on real securities, which in former days they would have sniffed at as offering too low a return.

It was only natural that a year or two ago many of the bank managers felt that the trust company, which gave its depositors 4 per cent. as against their 3 per cent., and which practically carried on a banking business without having to conform to banking laws, was by no means quite the kind of financial institution that was altogether for the good of Vancouver. It was on more or less the same par as the American banking system. Any irresponsible man could form himself into a trust company and take money from the public and speculate with it. As long as real estate boomed it was all right, but if anything had gone wrong the good trust company and the bad would all have been tarred with the same brush. Fortunately nothing did go wrong, and under the new laws the business of Vancouver's trust companies will flourish exceedingly and the irresponsible promotor will be eliminated.

Another financial institution which has been of great assistance to Vancouver has been the Vancouver Stock Exchange. The way in which its business has increased is on a par with the way in which all business has grown.

The Vancouver Stock Exchange was incorporated in July, 1907, and opened its doors for business in August in the front premises of a small store on Pender street. It dealt very largely at first in Coeur d'Alene shares, and now and then would transact a little business in some shares of larger value, such as Dominion Trust, B. C. Permanent and so on. Its operations attracted but little attention at first, and its sales of some thousand or two Wonders or Rex at a cent or two per share excited some ridicule. But the members, of whom there were at first five, and later seven, stuck to it all through the grim winter of 1907 and the succeeding tight-money spring and summer. Now and again after days and sometimes a week or two of blank days, the more pessimistic suggested closing the doors for a while, and during the summer holidays of 1908 the doors were practically closed for a week or two. Gradually, however, one or two local mining stocks were listed and became active. This led to more members applying for membership, and the seats which had sold at $250, jumped to $500. South African Scrip trading became exciting at one period, and attracted much interest. The Portland Canal Mining and Development and American-Canadian Oil became prominent. Members kept coming in, and at length it was decided that other premises must be taken. The exchange was by now doing a regular business of comparatively small proportion to its present turn-over, but it kept gradually increasing, and the exchange was justifying its promoters. Seats on the old exchange sold at $250.

The new premises were occupied in March, 1910, and seats were at once eagerly snapped up at a price of $500 per seat. By June the price was $1750. The

membership had to be increased, and eventually was left at 35, with all the seats taken and valued today at $3500 per seat.

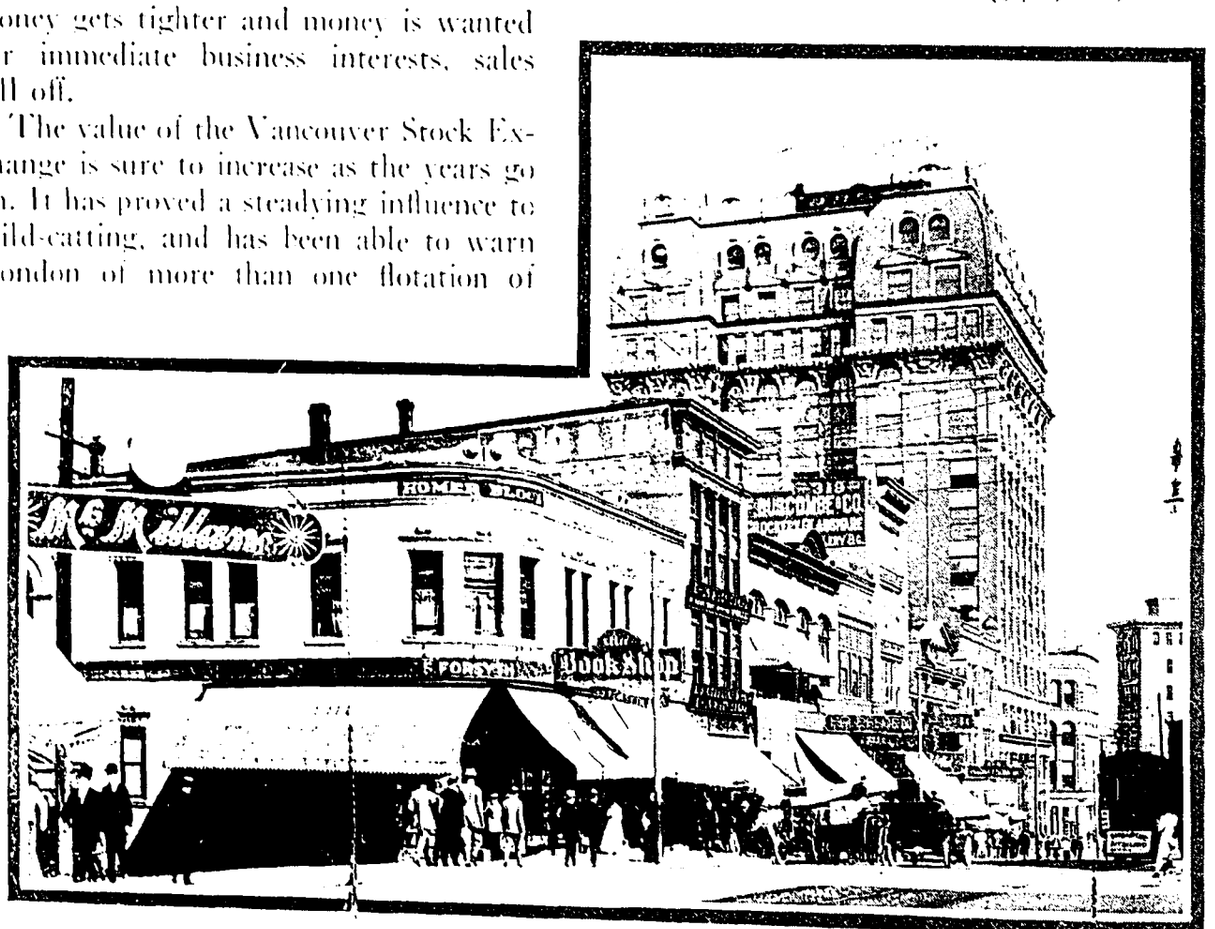
Some comparison of the sales and the value of the shares changing hands is interesting. The total sales for August, 1909, were 52,935 shares, valued at $22,-137.75. For August, 1910, they totalled 293,682, valued at $86,008.20. In November, 1909, they ran up to what was then an unprecedented total of 363,006, valued at $142,223.50. In November, 1910, they for the first time in the history of the exchange totalled 1,072,529, valued at $309,-514.75. In February, 1910, they reached a total of 40,766, valued at $22,677.50. In February, 1911, the record was established of 2,030,012, valued at $531,065.30. March, 1910, totalled 106,279, valued at $49,911.75, while March, 1911, though showing a great falling off from the record of February, ran to 1,097,024, valued at $282,634.20.

The sales on the Vancouver Stock Exchange are a very good barometer of the condition of the money market in Vancouver. When money is easy and the public are investing in mines and other stocks, the exchange at once shows results, but as money gets tighter and money is wanted for immediate business interests, sales fall off.

The value of the Vancouver Stock Exchange is sure to increase as the years go on. It has proved a steadying influence to wild-catting, and has been able to warn London of more than one flotation of British Columbia properties that it would have nothing to do with. In this way alone it has saved Vancouver from getting a bad name in the London market, as an unwarranted boom on fictitious stories of "mountains of gold" was promptly squashed by the Vancouver Stock Exchange taking action and warning London. It receives enquiries from all over the world, and takes care always to give the best information at its disposal.

There are two other stock exchanges, the Mining Exchange and the Pacific Coast. There have been rumors recently of their amalgamation, but as yet this has not materialized. It may be said that it would be a good thing if it were possible to amalgamate, as too many exchanges are not necessary to the business of the city. Two stock exchanges at most are about all that Vancouver will need at any time.

In 1886 the gross income of the city of Vancouver was $16,935.71, and the total expenditure from revenue, $14,708.65. In 1890 it had risen respectively to $144,-561.70 and $128,746.59. In 1900, the income was $485,366.36, and the expenditure $540,481.13. In 1907, the million mark was passed, the income being $1,280,646.24,



HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, LOOKING EAST FROM THE CORNER OF HOMER

and the expenditure $1,231,121.16. In 1909 the income was $1,695,705.62, and the expenditure $1,643,617.56. 1910 showed an income of no less than $2,366,-518.71, and an expenditure of $2,204,-242.01. These figures are a silent testimony to Vancouver's financial growth. The assessment commissioner has reported his valuations for 1911 as follows: Improvements, $37,845,260; lands, $98,777,-785.; total, $136,623,045. In 1910 the improvements were reported as $29,572,445, and the lands at $76,881,820, showing a gain for 1911 of improvements about $8,-000,000, and lands $38,000,000. One year's growth! The total amount of debentures and stock outstanding are as follows: At 6 per cent., $320,000; at 5 per cent., $502,100; at 4 per cent., $11,064,-665.95; and at 3½ per cent., $921,500, making a total of $12,808,265.95.

But directly one plunges into statistics the brain becomes as weary as the eyes in trying to gauge the true measurement of Vancouver's financial growth. It would be easy to sit down and from various reports compile a complete statistical abstract which would show to an expert financier each year's upward movement. To the reader, figures are a wearisome task and should be avoided.

The fact remains that Vancouver has grown phenomenally in the last twenty-five years. From the purely financial point of view this growth has been accompanied by a corresponding strengthening of her financial foundations. The shifting sands of real estate speculation are no longer the main support of Vancouver's prosperity. The gradual evolution from a lumber town to a wholesale commercial centre has been accomplished, and the further evolution from a commercial to a manufacturing city is about to take place. There are already in Vancouver a good many more actual manufacturing industries than most people are aware of, but the dawn of the steel era is lighting the horizon, and what that will mean to the whole of British Columbia it is difficult to prophesy.

From the financial point of view every year that passes makes investments more and more secure. Capital has realized that behind Vancouver lies an immense and practically undeveloped country, in spite of the fact that in 1909 the provincial government's estimate of its manufactures alone was $30,000,000. Mining was estimated to be worth to the province $24,000,000; lumber, $12,000,000; agriculture, $8,500,-000; and fishing, $8,000,000, or a total of $82,500,000, representing an average per head of the population of $315. That figure, although it is the highest shown by any province in the Dominion, is merely a scratch on the surface of the real wealth of the province, and it is to that natural wealth that Vancouver looks for her future. There are certain values that can be gauged by the amount of return on the capital invested, but what the return to capital invested in British Columbia's raw materials will be, no man can say. The possibilities are tremendous, and the more they are realized the greater will be Vancouver's financial power. The most optimistic of the past years can only vaguely imagine the future.

The great point to realize is that behind Vancouver today stands a vast amount of capital that finds in Vancouver an ever-increasing return for its investment. In consequence the banks in Vancouver, realizing their responsibilities, are guided by conservative men, who have experienced the most violent fluctuations of former days, and are experts at diagnosing the slightest symptoms of feverishness in Vancouver's health. They watch this growing youth as closely as ever a child is watched by its parents. Their one idea is to prevent Vancouver outgrowing its strength, and to see that development is steady.

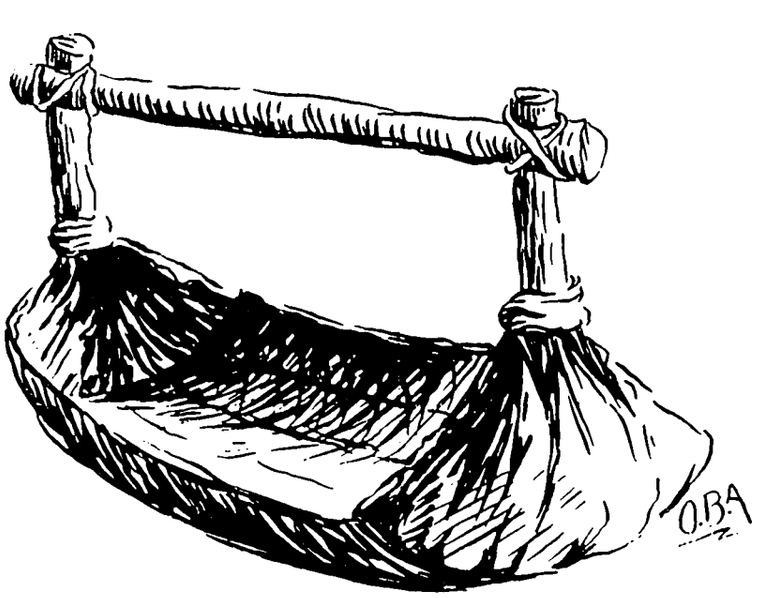
Every day, every month, sees some new problem arising which has to be solved, with due regard for the past as well as the future. The necessity of financing the legitimate growth of business, and at the same time keeping all securities easily realizable, is not an easy one. The bank managers, in a place like Vancouver, have to be men who can judge conditions and clients with unfailing accuracy. They are not in the position of the men who control the banks across the line. The bank manager of a Canadian bank is trustee of other people's money, responsible to a head trustee for every move he makes. The daily needs of Vancouver are enormous now, and are likely to grow greater and greater all the time. With the advent of the industrial era,

another change will come over the financial aspect of the city, and the financial institutions will have more intricate problems than ever to face.

One of the greatest problems Vancouver has to face now is to find employment for the people that are pouring in from all the world over. This is a problem that has to be faced boldly. These people have come here and invested themselves in the future of the city. They have heard everywhere of Vancouver's great prosperity. It is not only the laborer, but the business man who has been lured to Vancouver by the tales of her future. To finance this incoming army is one of the great problems of the immediate future. It is one that concerns every citizen of Vancouver, for by its proper solution will be also solved the most critical probem of the coast—the labor problem. For every man who has come here to work, work must be found. It is impossible to absorb into the business of Vancouver something like 100 people a day. Yet everyone of those people is a valuable asset to the country and city, and to lose them, either through disgust or weariness, brought on by sheer inability to obtain work, is to lose money. To find them employment at which they are useless is to waste it

This is, perhaps, a financial problem that it is unnecessary to discuss here. It has only been touched on as one of the many arising from the rise of Vancouver in the financial world, and as one that needs considerable foresight and care in attempting to solve. But it is one that must be solved if Vancouver is to keep steadily along the trail that the men of the first quarter of a century have blazed. It is a new problem, but it will be with us now and forever, unless we wish to see the city and province of which we are so proud move backwards instead of forwards. A proper solution of this problem will be the finest advertisement that Vancouver has ever had. It is not a problem for charity, but for finance to solve. These men are bringing, not actual cash, so much as health and brains, both of which are just as useful as cash in the development of the country. The banks can look after the cash. The point is what sort of institutions shall we have for conserving the health and brain of the people that are pouring in and making the most efficient use of them.

I began this article by touching on reciprocity, and I have ended it by calling the attention of the community to an economic problem. Both are of immense importance to Vancouver from the financial point of view, and I do not think there is necessity to apologize for dragging them in. The financial growth of Vancouver is not entirely dependent on the bank clearings, customs returns, revenue and assessment. These are dependent on the business that we do, and that business is dependent on the people we employ, whether they are capitalists, merchants, distributors, consumers or labor.



Vancouver Real Estate for Twenty-Five Years

By R. J. McDougall

THE story of Vancouver is an epic in twenty-five lines. A world history is revealed in the quarter-century growth in which the city leaped from a pine-wood village to a metropolis of brick and steel and stone. What in other centres in other lands has taken centuries, Vancouver has accomplished in less than a decade. Indeed, once past the infant stage of the first twenty years of life, when the city was struggling to find itself, it made its great strides of progress within the past five years, and emerged from the hopeful town into the certain hope of all Canada.

Six blocks comprised the entire area of Vancouver when it aspired to the rights and powers of an incorporated city in 1886. Now, within the limits of the city proper there is a total area of nine square miles, and in Greater Vancouver, stretching from the mountain-mothered Inlet back to the North Arm of the Fraser river, and from the promontory of Point Grey to the woods of Burnaby, five times that amount of land contains within its boundaries at least 150,000 persons.

"Who owned all this property in the first instance, and who has it now?" is a natural question when one turns to a consideration of the wonderful change that a score of years have brought.

"Why does the city grow at such a rate that one day its shanties on the Inlet are counted on the fingers of the hands, and the next it stretches back from the water in mounting terraces of steel?"

Suffice it that the story of the changes in ownership of all the forest lands that have gone into the making of the city would form a romance well worth the telling, but impossible in the few words presented here.

As to the latter question—well, one man will tell you, "Vancouver is the Mecca for the railroads of Canada and the Northern States." Another will say, "It is the front door of the Dominion now being opened, after the back door on the Atlantic has been swung wide for scores of years."

"We have the best water system in Canada, and the foremost fire brigade. Our banks hold more than $400 for every man, woman and child in the city; their clearings for the month of April last reached $41,337,756. Our assessment has mounted to $136,000,000 odd. We are building faster than any other city in the West, or the East, too, for that matter. Last year we spent more than a million a month on our skyscrapers, and in 1911 we will build at the rate of a million and a half monthly. Within the past two or three years we have reared a score of monuments to industry, to wit, the fourteen-storey Dominion Trust building, the Carter-Cotton, Holden, Canada Life, Winch, Post Office, new Court House, Exchange, Leigh Spencer, Bower, Pacific, Bank of Commerce, Metropolitan buildings and many others. We are on the equator of the world's traffic, and dedicated by Destiny to Commerce. We are the

DELMONICO HOTEL, ONE OF VANCOUVER'S LANDMARKS

industrial centre of Western Canada, and sealed in that position, because we are the depot of the raw material that feeds the mouth of industry. We are in British Columbia, the province of minerals, lumber, fruit and fish, where Fortune beckons."

These are a few of the many answers that might be returned to such a query, and these are the reasons that men like C. D. Rand, C. S. Douglas and William Holden have stayed with the city early and late, and toiled with that persevering energy that was builded on a solid confidence, out of which today they are reaping a reward.

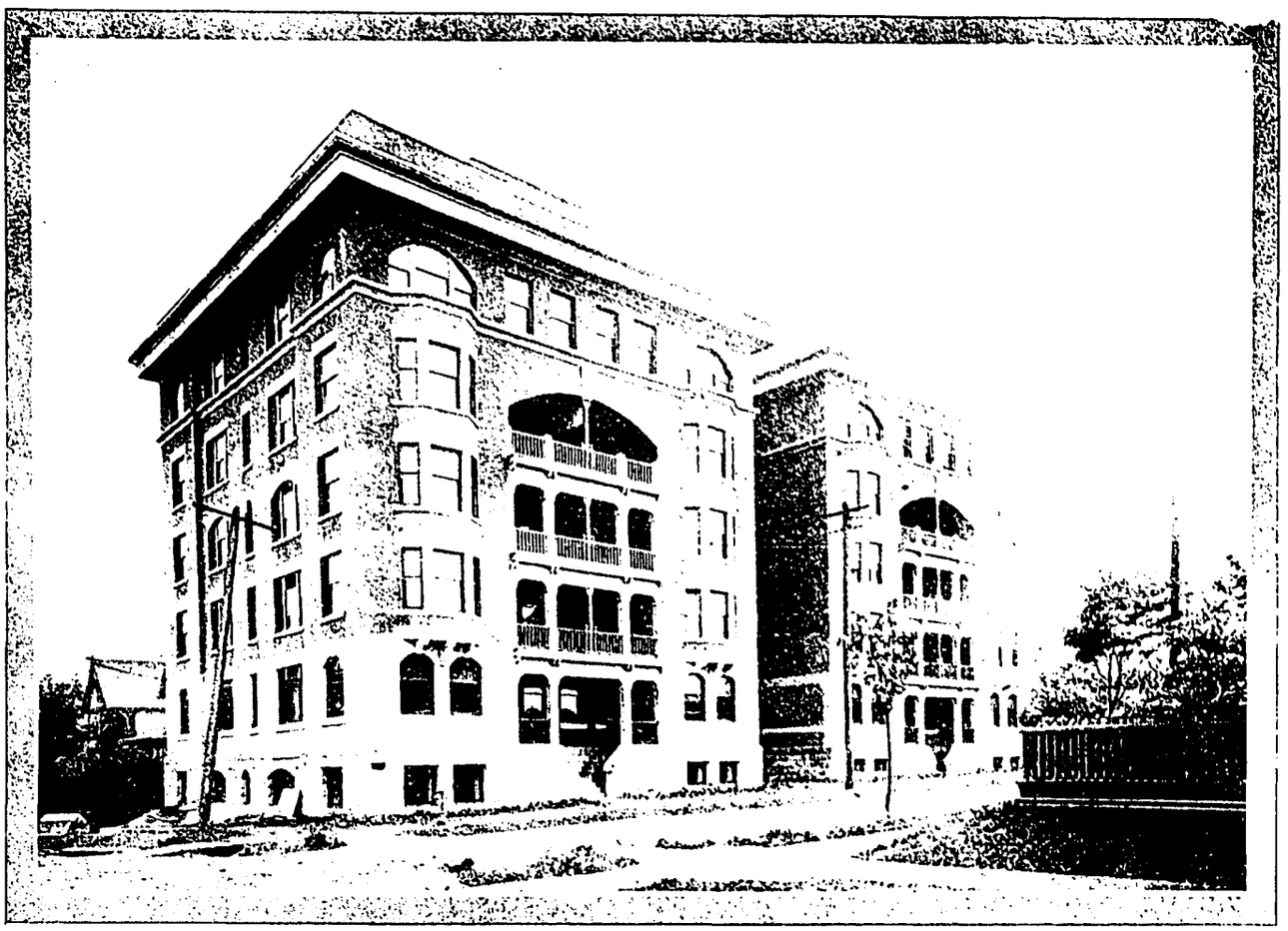
"Only six or seven years ago we jumped logs and walked through swamp puddles to get to English Bay," said a well-known citizen recently in describing the metamorphosis of Vancouver. "There were few houses in the west end, and most of them were on Robson and Davie streets and east of Burrard. On Hastings street the stores were all shacks, while Pender street was considered quite out of the way for a business man.

"The residential section then included the east end and a line or two of houses in Mount Pleasant near Main street. Now we seem to be putting up our best homes miles away from old Gastown and Granville. It may not seem so very wonderful to the newcomers, but to those who a short while ago were living the simple life of the village, it is nothing short of amazing."

The same feeling has been expressed time and again by other pioneers who were here "before the fire." A few concrete evidences of how and why that feeling is manifested will be given below.

It would take a giant to climb the five-flighted stairs of the following Vancouver realty table. For the calendar year of 1897 the revenue returns in the land registry office totalled $5,681.24. For the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911, after a span of sixteen years, the clerks in the governmental office did more than forty times as much business, creating for the twelve months the handsome figure of $233,818. That is to say, that in a little more than a decade and a half, Vancouver achieved the monumental gain of 4100 per cent.—something over 250 per cent. a year. Results like these are sufficient to bring a gasp from the lips of Eastern investors. But they stand truthful and unchanging, and put the seal of financial verity on the claims of the Terminal City. Picking five

ONE OF THE HUGE STUMPS THAT UNTIL A SHORT TIME AGO GAVE CHARACTER TO VANCOUVER



ONE OF VANCOUVER'S APARTMENT HOUSES

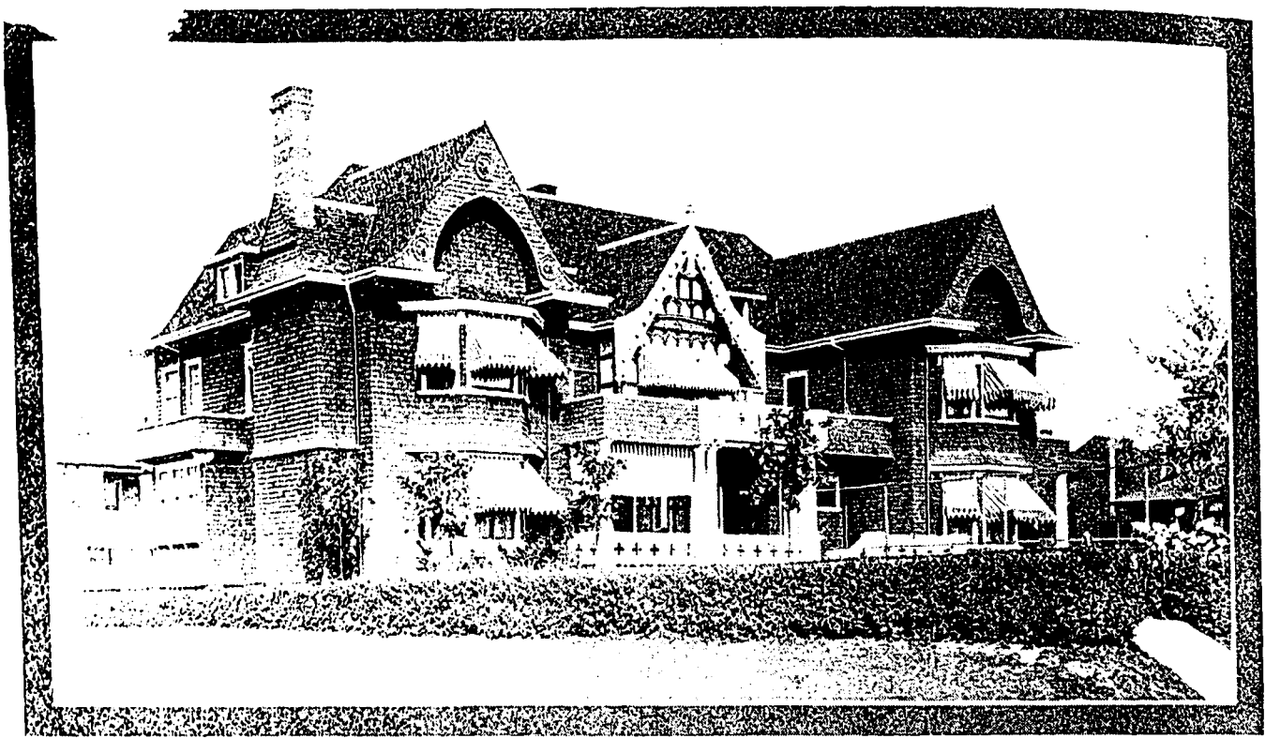
representative years from the calendar since 1897, which saw Vancouver at a comparatively low tide of depression, let us look for a moment at the mounting ledger columns.

From slightly over $5,500 in 1897, the registry returns rose to $9,477.78 in 1901, four years later. Not content with this very comfortable growth, they swiftly leaped to $41,407.00 in another four years to 1905. But Vancouverites, almost as much as the far-off five-per-centers of the slow-going East, were astounded when they found that by the end of 1909 they were doing a realty business at the rate of somethink like $150,000 per year, in land registry office figures. In 1909 the total was $148,-135. For the fiscal year from the end of March, 1909, to March 31, 1910, it was $201,808.13, while for the fiscal twelve months coming to a close last March, another $30,000 was put on to the sum, the total being $233,818.

For the month of January, away back in 1909, which for people here seems like taking a glimpse into the musty Dark Ages, there were 176 realty applications for deed transfers and so forth, and the dues reached a little over $600. The one has now multiplied into the three thousands and the other ranges during the months of this year from $20,000 to $30,000. The land registry totals for the month of April last were $23,929.23, and April lacked the rush of many previous months.

There are many well-known factors that have played a part in the making of Vancouver; but, gentle reader, you must seek elsewhere than in this short historical ramble for their description. Other articles than this will tell of the railway development, the shipping industry, the increasing roar of the factories and the other hydra-headed forms of activity that daily pour into the city the vitality of life. Here will be described simply some of the changes that have been wrought in individual sections and holdings in and near Vancouver to illustrate in some striking manner what the Terminal City is now to what it was earlier in its life.

It might possibly be well to say that there are so many steam whistles blowing at noon and night in Vancouver, that a certain number of ships nose the wharves on the Inlet, that so many miles of street and steam railway are extended here every year, but to John Smith it means more when you tell him that Henry Jones owned such-and-such a lot which he bought ten years ago for $1,000, and can sell now for $100,000.

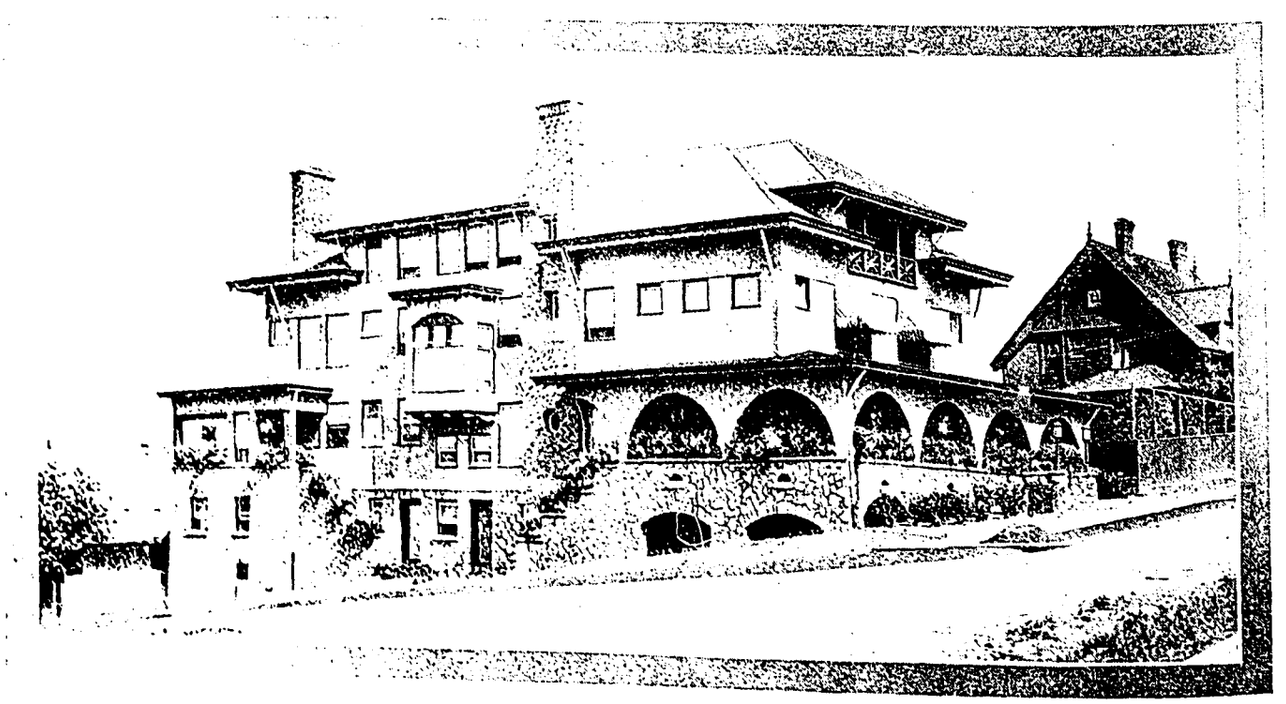


SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, VANCOUVER

John Smith is straightway consumed with envy. If he is an observer he will find out about the other things that bring such a wonderful condition of affairs to pass. If he is not, it will not matter anyhow, as they are here, and here to stay, and John Smith's money is perfectly safe if he wants to invest it in emulation of his friend Henry Jones.

Even to those of us who scarce can jingle one coin against another, there is satisfaction in knowing that we live in the city of destiny, in the land of wealth where, though gold is not idly picked off the rocks or from the pavements in the streets, it is just as surely gained from the platted acres and twenty-five-footers around us. One day an artisan may put the scanty savings of a lifetime into a tiny holding out among the evergreens, and on the morrow almost he is building city blocks from the proceeds thereof.

Stories of how fortunes rallied around parcels of land that were deemed valueless twenty, ten—nay, five years ago are rich with interest. Here, perhaps, are a few which tell as vividly as maybe what Vancouver has been doing during its quarter century of existence. In 1886—that was a long, long time ago—the city got its charter; it was smitten by the fire demon, and the Canadian



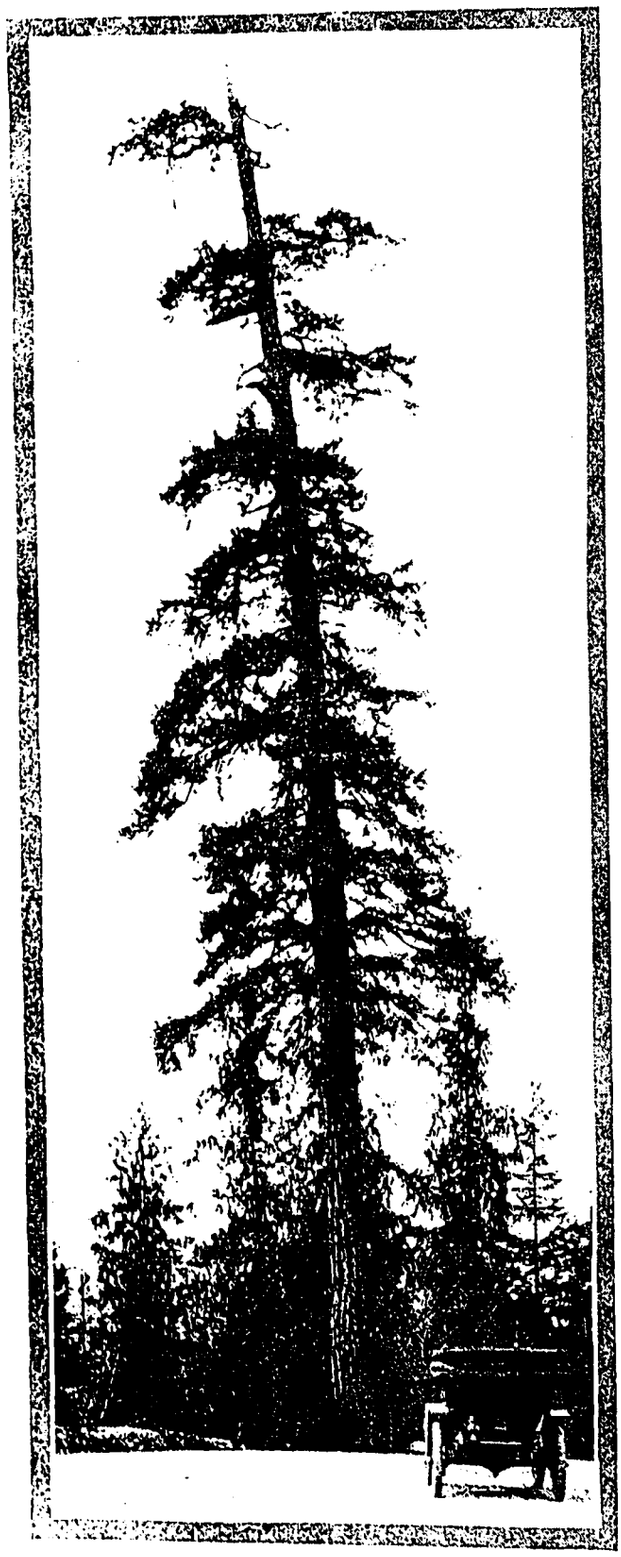
WEST END RESIDENCE, VANCOUVER

AN EARLY VANCOUVER REAL-ESTATE OFFICE, CORNER GRANVILLE AND GEORGIA STS.

Pacific Railway Company put most of the present business section on the market. Strange things these, and perhaps not placed in their proper sequence, but that matters little now. In those days the old townsite of Granville stretched all the way from Cambie street to Carrall street, the magnificent distance of two city blocks, and from the tree-lined waterfront found its way up as far as Pender street. The railway company, seeing possibly that Granville might in time "be something," threw its holdings west of the townsite on the public market. No less than $1000 a lot was asked for pieces of property measuring 25x120 feet, and the company proposed to sell lots from Burrard street to Cambie street. A man working in a mill bought two lots, one where Bailey Brothers' stationery store is now located and the other adjacent, at present occupied by Hodgson & Stearman. Four years later he disposed of the property for $4000, and doubtless figured out that he had made a good deal. The latest price set upon these two lots is $150,000.

But to go back further still. In 1877 the provincial government, which was principally for Victoria and Vancouver Island, laid out the old Granville townsite and sent a government agent to the mainland to see if he could sell some of the lots to workmen in what was then known as Stamps' mill, on the present Hastings mill site. For lots on Hastings street, most of them measuring 66x132, the government actually demanded $50 per lot, something less than $1 per front foot. On Cordova street, which was thought a better thoroughfare for the potential city, the price stood at $75, while on Water street the purchasers had to say $100. Water street, being near the water, was something a little better than the ordinary, and the price was advanced accordingly. Anyway this government agent managed to dispose of seventeen lots to the millmen, and at that thought he had made a good turn, as the bush was so thick, the trees so tall and the whole outlook, literal and otherwise, so doubtful that the canny workers in Stamps' mill felt little like venturing their hard-earned money on the wild-cat lots in the wilderness.

One man named McHendry thought that



IN STANLEY PARK

he might take a chance on a lot at the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets which measured 98x132. It is at present occupied by the Rainier Hotel and the retail establishment of Wood, Vallance & Leggat. Earnestly he sought to buy it for the regular price of $75 for Cordova street lots, but the government officer was obdurate and said, "No, nothing less than $100 for such a choice corner."

Finally McHendry paid the money and got the lot. He did not pay for it in cash by any means, and it was not until 1884 that he was able to arrange matters with the government so that he might retain possession, Mr. C. D. Rand having to go to Victoria to settle that affair up for the pioneer speculator. Now the Rainier hotel property, which includes 50 feet of the original lot, carries with it a leasehold value of $110,000, and selling estimates for the whole site run from $175,000 to $200,000. Like almost all other pathfinders who held millions in their grasp and knew it not, McHendry let his lot go for a paltry profit of a hundred dollars or so.

In 1891, when there was a miniature boom on in Vancouver, the sum of $16,000 was asked for the site of the Imperial Bank on Granville street. No purchaser appeared, however, although as much as $13,500 was offered, and when the bubble burst and the depression spread over the city, it was knocked down for $6400. Later Mr. J. Leckie became the owner, and he disposed of it to Dr. L. N. McKechnie for a price said to be in the neighborhood of $90,000. The purchaser erected the present building some three years ago. The ground alone, measuring 50 feet, is now believed to be worth $175,000. Twenty years ago $320 per foot could not be obtained; now it would bring ten times that.

But there are other increases in value even more remarkable. When the C. P. R. sale took place, Mr. C. D. Rand, who even then was doing a thriving real estate business in one of the tipsy shanties on Cordova street, took a flier in the new subdivision, and bought the site of the Crown building on Pender street near Granville for $600 for each of two 25-foot lots, this being regarded as second-class property and not worth the $1000 per lot asked for on Granville street. In the same year, 1886, he turned them over for $1000 apiece and later they changed hands at $2500. Two years ago, it is said, Martin & Robinson sold the two for $102,000.

The fifty feet on Hastings street, upon which the "Province" newspaper office stands, was purchased in 1886—when there seemed to have been a healthy realty business in young Vancouver—for $1400 for each half, by two young naval lieutenants. Two or three years later they in turn sold for $10,000 each, marking a satisfactory in-

crease, as the property had originally been purchased for $800. With the depression in the 'nineties, the value sank, and the whole fifty feet changed hands for $10,000. Senator Bostock gave $12,000 for the property later still, and then sold it with the present building for $30,000. When Mr. W. C. Nicol became the possessor of the frontage some two or three years ago, it is understood that the purchase price had mounted to $70,000. Now, at $4000 per front foot the site would be worth $200,000.

The same rapid rise has been achieved all along Hastings street, and lots which as late as 1890 could be bought for from $2500 to $5000, are now reckoned as bringing that much per foot.

On Granville street it is much the same; in fact, perhaps the gain is even more wonderful in that it was not made until within the last five years, and in that space of time the price has soared to an extent to make one dizzy at the thought of so much money now going out for what would only yesterday have been given away for so little. Five years ago it was possible to buy lots on Granville street from Nelson down to Pacific for $1350, the price placed by the C. P. R. when they were thrown on the market. Now they average $40,000 each, and are only 25 feet wide.

An old deed of sale for the former Dominion Trust site on Hastings street almost adjacent to the Ross & Shaw office between Hamilton and Richards street shows that it was sold in March, 1887, to a Mr. J. D. Fry for $750, a price of $30 per front foot. In October, 1889, Mr. C. D. Rand bought it from Mr. Fry for $7600. Then Mr. J. D. Mather, former president of the Dominion Trust Company, secured it for that concern five years ago for $15,000. Now it is estimated that the value would run at least as high as $100,000, showing that the great forward step in Vancouver realty has been made since 1906.

Ex-Mayor Douglas, another of the realty agents here in the 'eighties, at one time had his office on the property now covered by the Johnston shoe store and the Ladywear establishment on Hastings street. He sold the 52 feet which comprised the holding for Lady Mount Stephen to Martin & Robinson seven years ago for $26,000. Some three years ago they disposed of it to Mr.

AT POINT GREY

N. Morin for $90,000, and a year later he sold to Mr. A. F. McMillan for $175,000.

What is true with the business centre of Vancouver is equally the case with the residential portions of the city. Almost meteoric have been the rises of residential lots in both the close-in and the more outlying districts. In the West End, for example, a few years ago 66-foot lots could be bought for as low as $400; now it is a poor one indeed of that size that will not bring twenty or thirty times that much.

PART OF WEST END RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, VANCOUVER

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is asserted to have paid only $600 per lot for his fine property on Barclay street, which would probably at the present time go for not less than $10,000 per lot.

With Grandview and the other residential parts of Vancouver a little farther away from the post office than the West End, the early owners who have held on have been equally well favored by—not blind god of Chance, but the discerning deity that makes us say "This century is ours."

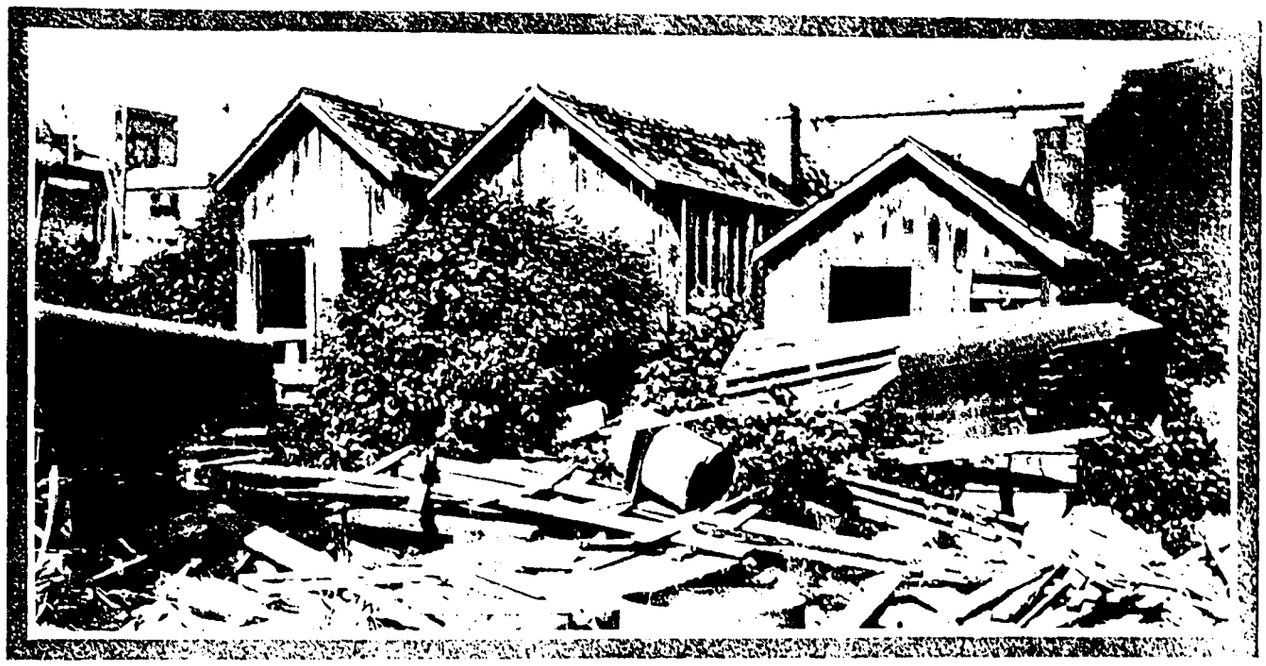
To instance, ex-Ald. McSpadden bought block 43 fronting on Park drive a few years ago for $1500, and there lacked not those who said that the worthy alderman-to-be of that day was foolish. Not long since he sold a small part of the block for $125,000, and has a large slice of the holding still in his possession.

A syndicate of Vancouver business men twenty years ago bought 64 acres across False Creek, lying between Bridge and Columbia streets, at $250 an acre, and their friends held up their hands in horror, and even went so far as to kindly suggest to some of them the necessity of a lunacy commission. Mr. W. F. Huntting, who secured some of the waterfrontage owned by the syndicate for mill purposes a year or two ago, disposed of eight 50-foot lots for $200,000. The need for that lunacy commission has apparently slipped the minds of the early wiseacres who had such direful prophecies of failure, and most of them are now engaged in the same laudable endeavors.

What was nothing but the densest forest when Messrs. C. S. Douglas and J. C. Keith fared forth to the corner of Main street and Eighteenth avenue fifteen years ago, and bought 26 acres there at $300 per acre, is now covered with brick blocks and handsome residences. Some of the tree roots may be close up against the basement floors, but it is very doubtful if even that small vestige of the primeval wilderness remains.

The commercial advantage of the city itself stepping into the realty arena has been demonstrated by the rapid rise of the civic holdings now scattered throughout Vancouver. One instance, that of the Cambie street dump across False Creek, will be sufficient. The city owns eleven lots there which were secured at the low price of $700 each. Now the whole dump, which is utilized as a nuisance ground for the disposal of odoriferous garbage in the heart of the city, is valued at $300,000.

Miles away from the actual limits of Vancouver the farms of early settlers are now converted into suburban areas and have their regular and rising standard of values, which in some cases sets even those of the inside residential districts to shame. With the appearance of Vancouver on the stage of the Twentieth Century they are speaking their lines, too, and with an articulation and emphasis that make it clear their future now



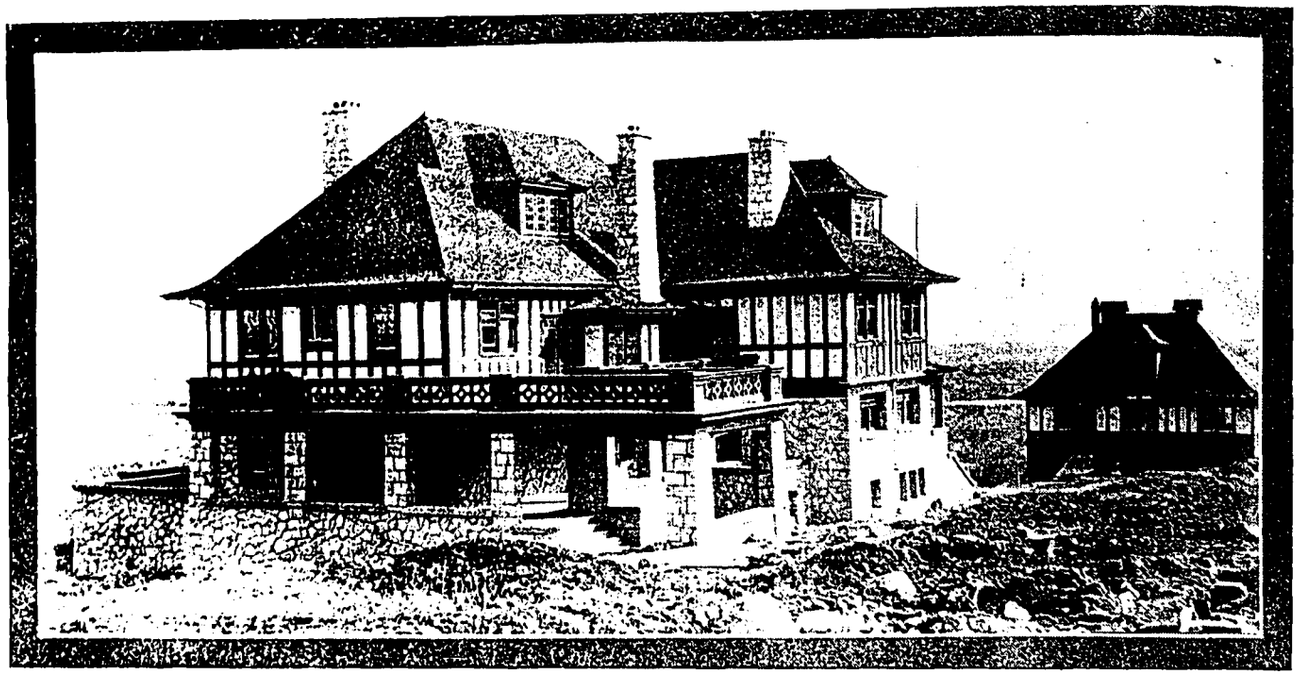
OLD VANCOUVER, WATER STREET

is no more within the realms of uncertainty. The rusn for Point Grey acreage and lots when the Provincial government held its last sale is convincing enough proof of the lasting strength that Vancouver's existence is putting into the outside districts where Greater Vancouver is to live.

When the Provincial government held a sale of Kerrisdale land about five years ago, the prevailing price was $30 an acre, and there were few bidders at that, even at such terms as one-quarter down and the remainder in three years. Now there are few acres going for less than $4000; indeed, there are few acres to sell at any price, most of them having gone through the process of division into 50-foot lots and less.

In South Vancouver, D. L. 301, Hastings Townsite, and Burnaby the same is true. In Burnaby, in 1891, the father of Judge McInnes let two blocks, Nos. 20 and 21, a mile east of Hastings Townsite, go for taxes, thinking them nothing more or less than a white elephant on his hands. Now that same elephant would be a handy beast to have in a sort of financial menagerie. As much as $2000 per acre is being paid in these and neighboring blocks at the present time, and there are very few snaps at less than $1500.

RESIDENCE, WEST END, VANCOUVER



POINT GREY RESIDENCE, VANCOUVER

Late-comers and those who lack the foresight and courage to step into the situations as they arise are wont to say that the day of fortunate buys and fortunate sales is past and gone. Admittedly smaller proportionate profits are being made today, simply because the margin required for turnovers is larger, but at the same time the number of real estate offices on Granville, Pender and Hastings streets is sufficient guarantee that some people are still making a comfortable living out of the proceeds of the land and its attendant monetary values.

Two years ago even there were few residents in South Vancouver and Point Grey. Now the former has a population of 30,000, and the latter is regarded as the home of the coming smart set. Shaughnessy Heights, where the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is turning a rough hillside into terraced lawns and gravelled driveways, will be repeated in many sections in and around Vancouver. Today Burnaby is following hard on the footsteps of South Vancouver, and tomorrow it may be Richmond, or the farther afield municipalities of North Vancouver and Coquitlam. With the erection of the Second Narrows bridge, North Vancouver, both city and municipality, will receive a hearty fillip, and the activity of the C. P. R. at Mission Junction is certain to draw thousands to Coquitlam. Therefore, says the real

BATHING BEACH, VANCOUVER

estate man, fortunes that have been made and are being made in property in and near the city can also still be secured with a little waiting and a little courage to hold tight in the stretches of unbroken bush that are yet unknown to the surveyor's transit or the land-clearer's steel. The thousandfold activities that are throbbing on the Lower Peninsula will wake Vancouver to a brighter day than has ever yet been known in British Columbia.

What better, they urge, for the young man or the middle-aged man, or even the grey-beard, to buy himself a few acres far enough away to be outside the high-price circle, and await the coming of Fortune in patience. What is now the poultry or fruit farm may soon be the corner grocery store and the suburban lot, or even possibly the site of man-reared cliffs of steel and concrete.

Lieut.-Governor Patterson little fancied a few years ago that his farm on the Fraser river would, in 1911, be cut up into lots in the coming metropolis of Port Mann. Ex-Ald. McSpadden hardly dreamed when he took a small plunger in farm acreage, and paid a few dollars for a fair-sized, fir-clad hill that he would refuse $180,000 for it as soon as the improvement plans of the C. P. R. at Coquitlam became known.

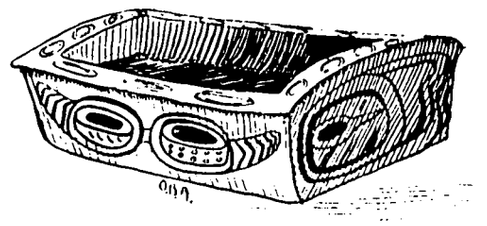
Land prices are high, it is said, higher than anything would warrant, and there will be no general increases for years to come.

"Why, the working-men cannot afford to pay at the rate demanded for these tiny outside lots," asserted one man recently.

The same thing was said here twenty years ago, answer the pioneers; others of us know that it was repeated ten years ago and five years ago, and our children and children's children will hear the same tale of woe decades hence.

"Do you know how I would write a dissertation on "How to be Rich in Vancouver?" said a prominent business man the other day. "I would say, 'Take a map of the Lower Peninsula, shut your eyes, stick your finger anywhere and sit tight.'"

OLD HOUSES THAT SURVIVED THE GREAT FIRE, DUNLEVY AVE., VANCOUVER



The Hospitals and Charities of Vancouver City

By E. Mackay Young

THE story of the development of the city hospitals and charities is, perhaps, not the least interesting part of the comparatively short history of Vancouver. In few other cities on the continent have such public enterprise and generous service been shown in the cause of suffering humanity, and its chief hospital will challenge comparison with any in Canada or the States. Some visiting medical authorities have, in fact, declared the Vancouver General Hospital to be one of the best built and equipped institutions of the kind in the world. Vancouver has had, however, to contend with many difficulties and drawbacks. In British Columbia, up till the year 1902, there was no regular system of apportioning government aid to hospitals. Prior to that year also, the wealth of Vancouver had not grown so rapidly as during the last decade, so that in the earlier days the charitable institutions suffered somewhat from lack of experience and adequate voluntary support. The progress ultimately made, therefore, is all the more praiseworthy. During the session of 1902 legislation was introduced dealing with the subject, entitled "An Act to Govern Public Aid to Hospitals," under which no aid was to be given to any hospital except such as was approved by the Lieut.-Governor in Council. It was in this year that the Vancouver General Hospital was taken over from the city and incorporated. The present splendid hospital may be said to have had its genesis in 1886, in an old wooden structure situated in Powell street, near the present Sugar Refinery, and formerly the C. P. R. hospital. It was a mere shack and could only accommodate four or five beds. Afterwards, in 1889, a building was erected in Cambie street, and this unpretentious structure, enlarged in 1894, constituted the City Hospital for several years. It was soon proved to be quite inadequate for the city's requirements. In those early days there was not even a resident medical men, until the year 1895, when Dr. Bentley was the first to hold that important position. In 1902 the hospital was taken over from the city, and soon afterwards preparations were made for the erection of more commodious premises. The present site in Fairview was eventually chosen, and on the virtual completion of the buildings the staff moved there towards the end of 1905. The architects of this fine building were Messrs. Grant & Henderson, and the contractors Messrs. Adams & McDonald. Since that date continual additions and alterations have been made to the main and subsidiary buildings. Up to December 31, 1910, there has been expended on the hospitals, sites, furnishings and equipment, $420,358; and the contributions and donations towards the capital cost of the hospital and equipment included $326,961 from the City of Vancouver; $35,000 from the Provincial Government; and $62,580 from private sources. The main building, which is of British Columbia granite, is situated on rising ground, and commands a fine view of the city, English Bay and the mountains. It consists of the administration building and three wings, to be shortly increased to four wings, of 4 wards in each wing. There are also three isolation hospitals, facing on Twelfth avenue, the nurses' home on Tenth avenue, the morgue, power-house and other necessary buildings. In the main hospital there are now 265 beds, and when the fourth wing is completed an additional 100 beds will bring the total accommodation up to 365 beds. In addition there are 72 beds in the isolation cottages. Ten years ago there were only about 50 beds available altogether in the old city hospital in Cambie street, so it will be seen that a considerable increase has been made in this respect. The

system of heating and ventilation is of the latest and most approved kind. As to the general equipment of the hospital, it is considered to be of the finest and most up-to-date of any institution in the world. In 1906 the hospital was visited by several eminent members of the profession, including Sir William Broadbent, late physician to King Edward VII, and Sir Philip Sydney Jones, of Sydney, Australia, who expressed their high admiration, the former stating that he knew of few better arranged and equipped hospitals. It is not easy to get any exact comparative figures prior to 1901, and in fact, no regular reports were published until 1905. But the books show that in 1903 the number of patients treated in the old City Hospital was 811, as against 4184 during 1910 in the new General. In 1903 the total number of days' treatment was 19,166, while in 1910 the number was 84,104. In 1905 the number of life governors was 112, and in 1910 they had increased to 159. The house staff now consists of Superintendent W. A. Whitelaw, M.D., eight surgeons, lady superintendent Miss A. Macfarlane, assistant lady superintendent, seven head nurses and 75 pupil nurses. The consulting staff includes: F. T. Underhill, M.D., medical health officer, city of Vancouver, and D. H. Wilson, M.D. The visiting staff comprises 19 of the principal physicians, surgeons, ophthalmologists, pathologists, etc., of Vancouver and district. It should also be mentioned that invaluable assistance has been rendered to the hospital by the Woman's Auxiliary, Lady Hibbert Tupper having been the honorary president in 1905-6, and in 1910 the president was Mrs. C. H. Gatewood.

The above figures will, no doubt, give some idea of the great improvement made in hospital accommodation during comparatively recent years. The population of Vancouver is, however, growing so rapidly that the demands upon the hospital have steadily increased from month to month. Important extensions, therefore, are to be immediately made, a grant of $240,000 having been made by the city for the purpose. These extensions include a new southwest wing, which will contain 100 beds, a new powerhouse, laundry and other additions. Estimates have already been called for, and the building operations will be carried out during the present year. It is not necessary here to expatiate on the great and useful work being accomplished by the Vancouver General Hospital. But it should always be borne in mind that the phenomenally rapid growth of the city, attracting as it does so many foreigners from the four quarters of the earth, entails a great and growing demand upon the resources of even so well-equipped an institution as the General. Vancouver itself is, of course, an exceptionally healthy city. It is obvious, nevertheless, that in cities which are daily receiving a large influx of foreigners and strangers, the demand on hospital accommodation, taking population into consideration, must be greater than in places where there is not this large proportion of newcomers. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that in 1910 there were 42 countries given as the nativity of patients. There were 1711 born in different parts of Canada, 1233 in the United Kingdom, 320 in the United States, 110 in China, 141 in Japan, 72 in Italy, 75 in Sweden, 57 in India, and such diverse countries as Egypt, Iceland and Turkey were also represented. Nor is the demand upon the hospital confined to residents in Vancouver city, as a large number of patients hail from outlying municipalities. Last year the hospital got behind in its administration finances to the extent of about $14,000, although in its direct operation it was nearly self-sustaining.

Another kindred institution which has done valuable work in the city is St. Paul's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Providence. It was founded in 1894, and since that date there have been admitted to the institution over 12,000 patients. It is a fine stone building, situated on Burrard street, with spacious grounds. The original building comprised 20 rooms, and was conducted by seven sisters, Sister Frederick being the first superioress, but in 1904 the building was enlarged by the addition of the south wing. There are now two surgeries, 33 private rooms, 7 semi-private rooms and 11 wards with accommodation for 120 patients. It is a splendidly-equipped hospital. The surgeries are of the most modern and up-to-date description, well-lighted and commodious, containing sterilizing rooms and an X-ray room under the supervision of Dr. G. V. Lockett, the X-ray specialist. Owing to increasing demands upon its accommodation, some extensive additions to the building and

equipment are contemplated. In connection with this hospital there is St. Paul's Training School for Nurses, established in 1907, which during the last few years has turned out a large number of fully qualified nurses.

One of the oldest hospitals in the city is the St. Luke's, in connection with the Church of England, located on Cordova street. It was established in 1888, and has been twice enlarged. It contains 20 beds, and possesses all the latest conveniences for the care and treatment of the sick. It is now entirely self-supporting, Sister Francis being the matron.

An admirable institution of a different kind, but having sweet charity for its aim, is the Children's Aid Society of Vancouver. It was incorporated under the Children's Protection Act of British Columbia, July 17, 1901. The first five charter members were Dr. McLaren, Captain R. G. Tatlow, Messrs. E. B. Morgan, D. Donaldson and C. J. South. The presidents have been Dr. McLaren, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Sir Chas. Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., and A. B. Erskine, Esq. Since 1902 the superintendent has been Mr. C. J. South. The number of children committed to the care of the society has been nearly 400, and the number assisted without bringing them under the control of the society nearly 2000. Mrs. T. E. Atkins secured five acres of land upon which the home is built. There are at the present time about 130 inmates of the home. The medical superintendent is Dr. A. P. Proctor, and the directorate consists of 50 of the leading citizens of Vancouver. The society is not confined to the city, but operates all over British Columbia.

The Juvenile Court was first established May 28, 1910, and has done good work since its inauguration. Mr. Collier, the chief probation officer, then took charge, and since that time 273 individuals have been dealt with. Of these 228 appear in the general record, and 45 on an extra record kept for less important cases. Altogether 97 children have been detained in the home. The officers have made 991 visits to the homes for the purpose of receiving reports on the conduct of those who are out on probation, and 52 families are being visited every week by the officers, whilst 34 children report weekly to Mr. Collier at the Detention Home.

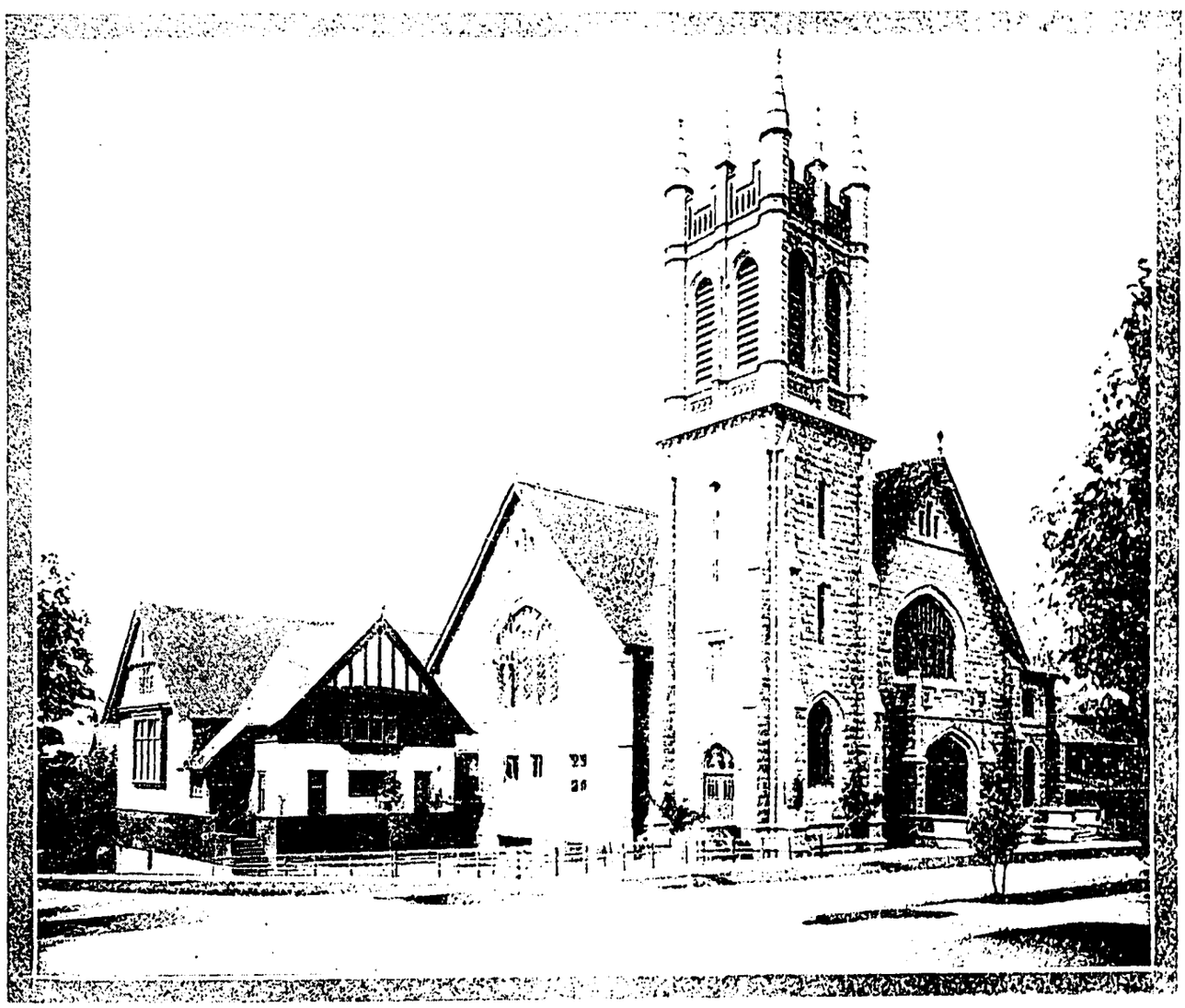
As befits a city where so many sailors and loggers congregate, there are in Vancouver two institutes devoted to their welfare and interests. One is the Strathcona Institute, at the corner of Main and Alexander. This is a branch of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and was opened in 1907, Mr. James Beveridge and Rev. C. C. Owen taking a leading part in its establishment. The principal objects of the work are to provide a convenient and homelike resort for seamen and loggers while in the port of Vancouver; to protect seamen from the crimping and other evils to which they are exposed; to afford recreation in the form of games, concerts, and lectures on navigation and other subjects; to supply literature to outgoing vessels; to inculcate habits of temperance and thrift; and to furnish religious services. During 1910 there were 18,000 beds supplied, including 518 free to convalescent and needy cases; and seamen and loggers deposited $4620 for safekeeping. In the same year the Christian Sailors' Brotherhood, which forms one living link with the seafarers of the world, increased to 45 enrolled members. The institute also undertakes to receive and forward letters to all parts of the globe. The needs of this admirable institution have so largely increased that $100,000 is now being raised in the city for a new building, and $27,000 has already been subscribed. The proposed new building will contain 150 bedrooms, a club, reading room, navigation school, auditorium for meetings, lectures, etc., and other advantages appealing to seamen, loggers and miners. A site has already been obtained on Alexander street, near the corner of Jackson. The superintendent of the Institute is Mr. J. Wheeler, who has had several years' experience of a similar kind in other parts of the world. In connection with the Institute is the Vancouver Sailors' and Loggers' Society, of which Mr. C. S. Douglas is president, and Mr. R. C. Procter hon. secretary, while several prominent Vancouver citizens are on the directorate or otherwise associated with the society. There is also a Strathcona Ladies' Guild, of which Mrs. C. S. Douglas is president, Mrs. A. H. Davies vice-president, and Mrs. R. G. Bedlington secretary.

The other kindred association is the Seamen's Institute, Gore avenue. It is a branch of the Old Country "Mission to Seamen," in connection with the Church of England,

and was established in 1907, the hon. chaplain being Rev. H. G. Fiennes-Clinton. The last yearly report showed that six visits were made to H.M. ships, 88 to merchant vessels in roadstead or harbor, 715 at the quay or docks and 50 to hospitals; whilst 30 services were conducted afloat and 156 in the church or institute. Navigation classes are held in the institute, ambulance certificates being granted to seamen and navigation certificates to those who have passed the necessary examinations of the nautical academy. This institute, of which Mr. F. M. Dowland Ryan is superintendent, is doing quiet but praiseworthy work. It is associations of this kind which are the real friends of the sailor or logger, too often cast adrift on friendless shores to fall a prey to crimp, crook and other land sharks.

Among other institutions which have contributed towards tending the sick and helping the needy and friendless sojourners in Vancouver is the British Columbia Coast Mission, devoted especially to the sailors and fishermen of the coast; the Scandinavian Mission, which looks after the interests of seamen of that nationality; and the Alexandra Orphanage, on Seventh avenue west, which has for several years been doing noble service in caring for the parentless waifs and strays of the city.

Vancouver has of late years been very busy with real estate and other material things, but it is gratifying to know that time and money have also been found for the generous support of so many deserving institutions.



A WEST END CHURCH, VANCOUVER

Vancouver's Telephones

HOW many of us ever stop to think what the telephone means to the modern business world? The majority of us who are "mixing it" in the scramble for a living are too young to be able to compare conditions of business life as they are today and as they were before the advent of the telephone. There are, however, many men still in harness—men who have grown gray pulling or pushing the commercial Juggernaut, or scrambling to catch up with it after having been crushed and maimed under its merciless wheels and left in the rear—who were here before the telephone; but even these men scarcely realize the debt the world owes to the little instrument on the desk or wall. The change wrought by the telephone was a gradual one, and new conditions which creep slowly upon the world are seldom noted by the rushing toilers of the day.

Canada was the birthplace of the telephone, and it is not yet thirty-four years since the first commercial telephone line was established at Hamilton, Ontario. The possibilities of the invention were appreciated in the West with more readiness than they were in the East, and in 1878—one year after the establishment of the first commercial service in Hamilton—the telephone was introduced in the city of Victoria, British Columbia. Considering the fact that those first telephones were shipped to Victoria by way of Panama—a slow and uncertain route in those days—the progressiveness of that western city will be readily admitted.

As British Columbia so readily received the telephone, it is not astonishing that telephone service in this province has kept pace with all modern developments of telephony. Today the British Columbia Telephone Company, which operates in thirty cities and towns throughout the province, besides owning and operating many long-distance toll land lines and submarine cables, is furnishing service with the most modern equipment money can purchase. There is no better plant physically than that operated by this company. All its equipment is up-to-the-minute, and has kept in this high state of efficiency for years. It is a matter of record in telephone circles that the service in British Columbia has always been just a little ahead of that furnished in other parts of Canada. Ask any telephone man which was the first city in Canada where telephone subscribers were furnished individually with a separate metallic circuit line; if he does not reply "Vancouver" he has failed to read the records of his own profession.

Vancouver's telephone service has always been in the van of the profession. Keeping among the headliners in the telephone business costs money, millions of dollars in large communities, and this fact should be taken into consideration when forming an estimate of the cost of furnishing the most modern telephone equipment in the world to the cities of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, North Vancouver and the two dozen other centres in this province where the B. C. Telephone Company operates. Today these communities are enjoying telephone service which cannot be beaten for efficiency anywhere in the world—that furnished by the central energy, or common battery system.

As an instance of the progressiveness of the British Columbia Telephone Company, it may be pointed out that during the past twenty years it has three times thrown out of its central office in the city of Vancouver switchboards which the advance of invention had relegated to the scrap-heap. In 1891 the company was operating in Vancouver what were known as the fifty-line, standard, single-circuit switchboards. These were discarded in favor of standard metallic circuit switchboards. In time these gave place to branch terminal multiple switchboards, and then came the common battery type of boards which the company is today operating. This last-mentioned equipment is of exactly similar type to that in use in all the large centers of population in Canada, Great Bri-

tain, the Continent of Europe, and the United States, and it is the type of greatest efficiency yet invented in the manual system of telephony.

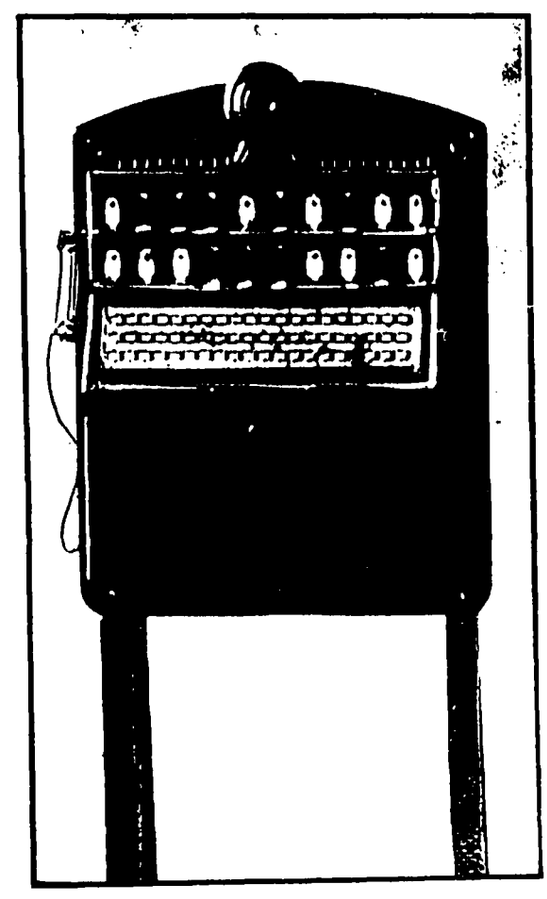
The beginning of the British Columbia Telephone Company dates back to 1884, when in the month of February a provincial charter was secured for the construction of a telephone line between New Westminster and Port Moody. This line was built, and from this small beginning was evolved the present company, which is today operating 21,000 telephones, and has invested in its undertakings approximately $3,500,000. In the telephone business, the initial investment for plant, etc., is but a good start in the matter of expenditure. In the city of Vancouver, where hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sunk by the B. C. Telephone Company, the expenditure for the current year will be very large, the estimates calling for the use of not less than $750,000 for the entire province, of which sum a large proportion will be spent in Vancouver and Victoria.

To carry on the extensive operations of the company in British Columbia there are regularly employed no less than 700 people, this number not including men working under contracts in various parts of the province.

An important and often overlooked feature of the work of the B. C. Telephone Company, is that the company is owned and controlled where its activities lie—in British Columbia. The capital stock is all owned by residents of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and Nanaimo. Mr. William Farrell, of Vancouver, is president of the company, and Mr. George H. Halse, of Vancouver, its secretary. The head offices of the company are in Vancouver.

Despite the fact that the B. C. Telephone Company has invested millions of dollars in keeping its plant in the highest possible state of efficiency, and is continually pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the business, the cost of service to subscribers is less than in many other places in Canada and the United States. The user of telephones in Vancouver, for instance, pays less for service than does the man who rents an instrument from the government of Manitoba in the city of Winnipeg. This fact may have a jarring effect upon the understanding of the man who is fond of declaring that only under government ownership are public utilities, such as the telephone, operated at a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of cost to the user.

It seems almost a shame to shatter ideals of this kind, because we all like to think if there is one thing we have a right to expect from a paternal government it is the operation of public utilities at a less cost to us than we would have to pay a private corporation for similar service. However, when we get down to delving among the riffles on the bedrock of hard facts in such matters as these, we often find that actual conditions are not just as we have had them pictured to us by the idealists. As a matter of fact, comparison of the telephone rates charged in Vancouver by a private corporation with those exacted from the people of the city of Winnipeg by the Government of Manitoba shows that the former are the cheaper. In Vancouver the rate for business telephones is $48 a year, while in Winnipeg the charge for similar service is $50 for a like period. And in this connection it should also be taken into consideration that the cost of



ENTIRE SWITCHBOARD OF B. C. TELEPHONE CO., VANCOUVER, 1887

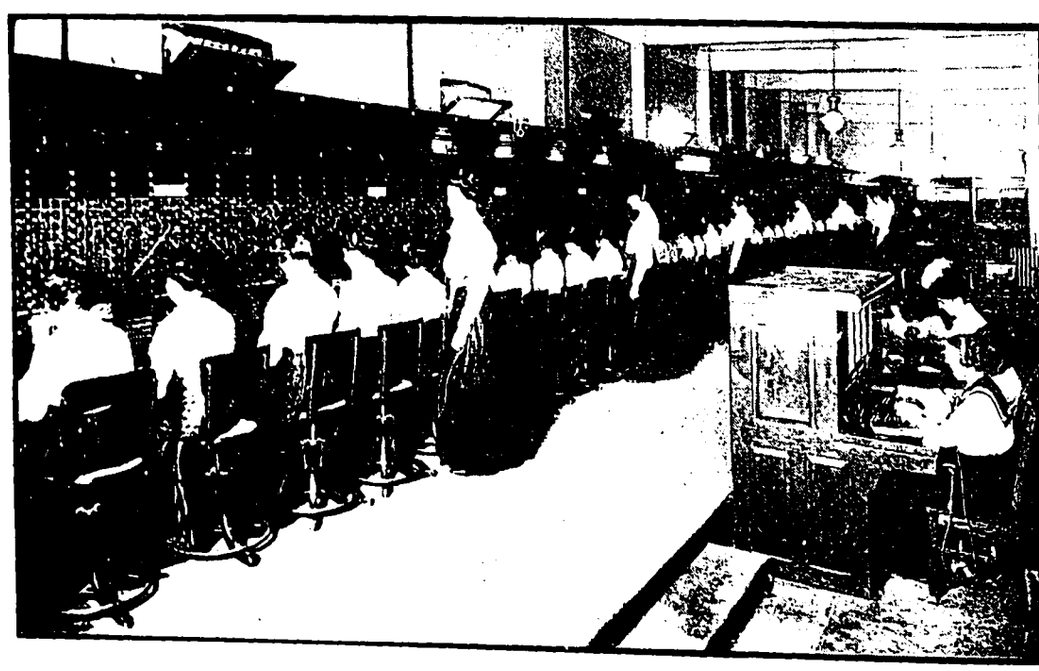
labor, skilled and unskilled, on the Pacific coast is far greater than in the city of Winnipeg. The increased cost of labor in Vancouver, as compared with Winnipeg, figures out at an average of about $1 a day per man in the telephone business. The cases of Vancouver and Winnipeg have been taken merely for the purpose of disposing of a popular fallacy which is always to the fore when public versus private ownership of telephones is discussed.

This illustration might be followed up by comparing the rates charged by the B. C. Telephone Company with those enforced by private companies elsewhere on this continent, and such comparison would be to the advantage of the British Columbia company. Further comment along this line is, however, unnecessary, as it is well known that the cost of telephone service in British Columbia cities is much less than the charges for similar accommodation in cities south of the international boundary line on the Pacific coast—for instance, in Seattle or San Francisco.

The growth of the city of Vancouver has been so rapid during the past decade as to centre upon it the attention of the world, and the increase in the business of the telephone company has kept pace with the addition of population. To illustrate: In 1900 there were less than 1,000 telephones in use in the city, as compared with over 12,500 today. During 1910 the company installed no fewer than 3,200 instruments in Vancouver. The business of the company has also increased enormously in Victoria, New Westminster, North Vancouver, Nanaimo —in fact, in almost every city and town in British Columbia where the company operates.

The tremendous growth of business in Vancouver is responsible for large extensions of plant which are now being rushed to completion. The large central office of the company on Seymour street, in the heart of the business district of the city, can no longer care for the rapidly-increasing traffic, and big branch offices are about to be opened in Mount Pleasant and Kitsilano districts, and before many months are passed another branch will be established in Grandview to serve the demands of traffic in the eastern portion of the city. The first of these branches to be "cutover" is the one in Mount Pleasant, from which service was given at the beginning of the present month.

Assured that Vancouver will, in a very few years, become one of the large centres of population on the continent, and that she is destined to be one of the largest, if not the largest city in Canada, the B. C. Telephone Company is now carrying on its extensions in accordance with the requirements of a fundamental plan which sets forth an estimate of the service demands which will be made on the company by the people of Greater Vancouver in the year 1925. In the preparation of this plan the growth of



SWITCHBOARD, SEYMOUR OFFICE, B. C. TELEPHONE COMPANY, VANCOUVER, 1911

population was a pivotal subject, while other matters of grave consideration were conduits and cables, buildings, telephone apparatus, including central and branch office switchboards, besides the traffic and commercial portions of the problem. All these data co-ordinated make the fundamental plan under which the company is now making its extensions.

The first switchboard erected in Vancouver by the company was installed in 1885, the year before the city was destroyed by fire. It was a twenty-point board, and now occupies the place of honor in the museum at the head office in Vancouver. At the time of the fire the company had 35 subscribers, all located almost within a stone's throw of the pioneer central office, which was situated on Cordova street, not far from Carrall street.

In the central and branch offices of the company, in the large centres of population, special provision is made for the comfort and convenience of the young women who are employed as operators. Light, airy and well-furnished retiring rooms are provided, where the operators off shift may rest and amuse themselves. Appreciated features of such rooms are the pianos. The company also provides well-equipped lunch rooms at the large offices for its operators, and in many other ways studies the interests of its employees, recognizing the fact that fair treatment of its staff is reflected in the efficiency of the service which is furnished subscribers.

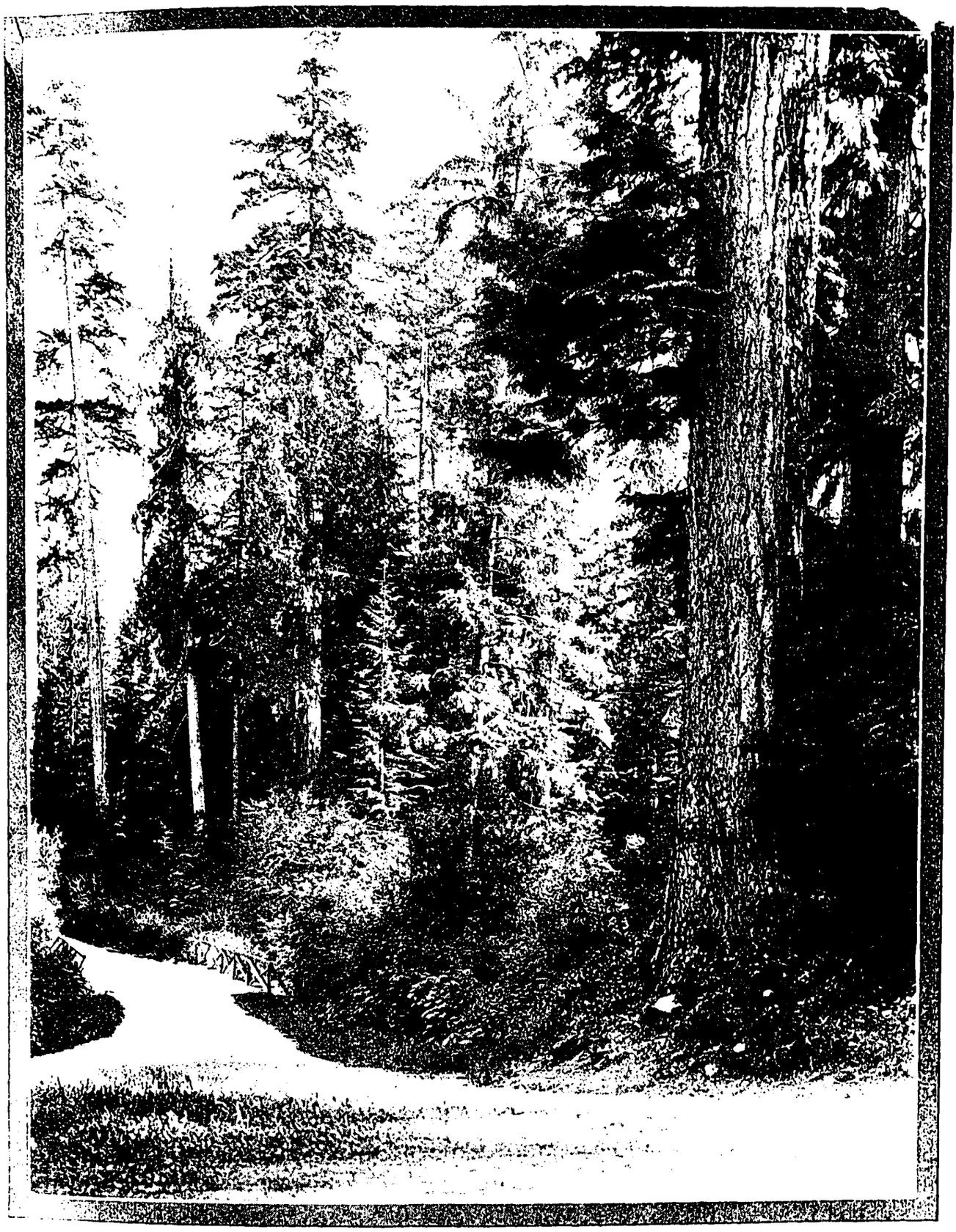
Outdoor Vancouver

By Pollough Pogue

DESCRIBE a circle twenty miles in diameter around Vancouver. Inside that circle you can get fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, yachting and all the outdoor pleasures that mean recreation. Inside that circle there are the most beautiful and most accessible mountain scenery in America, the best fishing in the world, the most splendid mountain forests in America, the most picturesque and romantic and perfectly sheltered waters available anywhere for yachting, and you can shoot grizzly and brown bear, sheep and goats, deer, grouse, pheasants and many kinds of wild fowl. Narrow the circle to ten miles in width, a there-and-back in one-day radius, and you can still get good fishing and hunting, Alpine scenery more splendid than Switzerland's, coast scenery more romantic than Norway's, hundreds of miles of pleasant inlet and bay, mountain-protected from the rough sea-wind, the finest motor roads in Canada, miles of bathing beaches, park-like camping grounds, and forest-covered islands ideal for summer homes.

Narrow the circle to five miles diameter, and inside it you will still have mountains massive and high, forests where you can conduct all your outdoors rites—you can roam the woods of the world without finding deeper and browner and cooler forests than these. The North Vancouver trolley cars will take you within a short walk of two of the biggest and wildest and loveliest canyons in the world. If you want to, you can climb these mountains from July to December, from summer to snow. In the folds of North Vancouver's green mountains you can draw very close to Nature if you wish, and in the future this arboreal range will be the great mountain park of

KITSILANO BATHING PAVILION, VANCOUVER



IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

Vancouver. The North Arm of Burrard Inlet, a beautiful fiord of blue sleeping water, toned by the shadows of woody hills and green-spotted with islands, is equal in woody witchery to the Hudson River, or the Thousand Islands of the Saint Lawrence. Already many Vancouver summer homes make color-spots on the pleasant islands and green shores. Bowen Island is a good place to go near Vancouver. It is a large green island covered with cool woods, and the salty ocean wind beats around it. It is within a short distance of Vancouver, and the Howe Sound steamers call twice a day at the island. Howe Sound is a deep trough of silver water sunk between big, still mountains, beautiful with glaciers, and you can make the trip from Vancouver up Howe Sound and back in a day, and see all its wild loveliness from the steamer's decks.

Narrow the circle to the radii of the city cars, from the corner of Hastings and Gran-

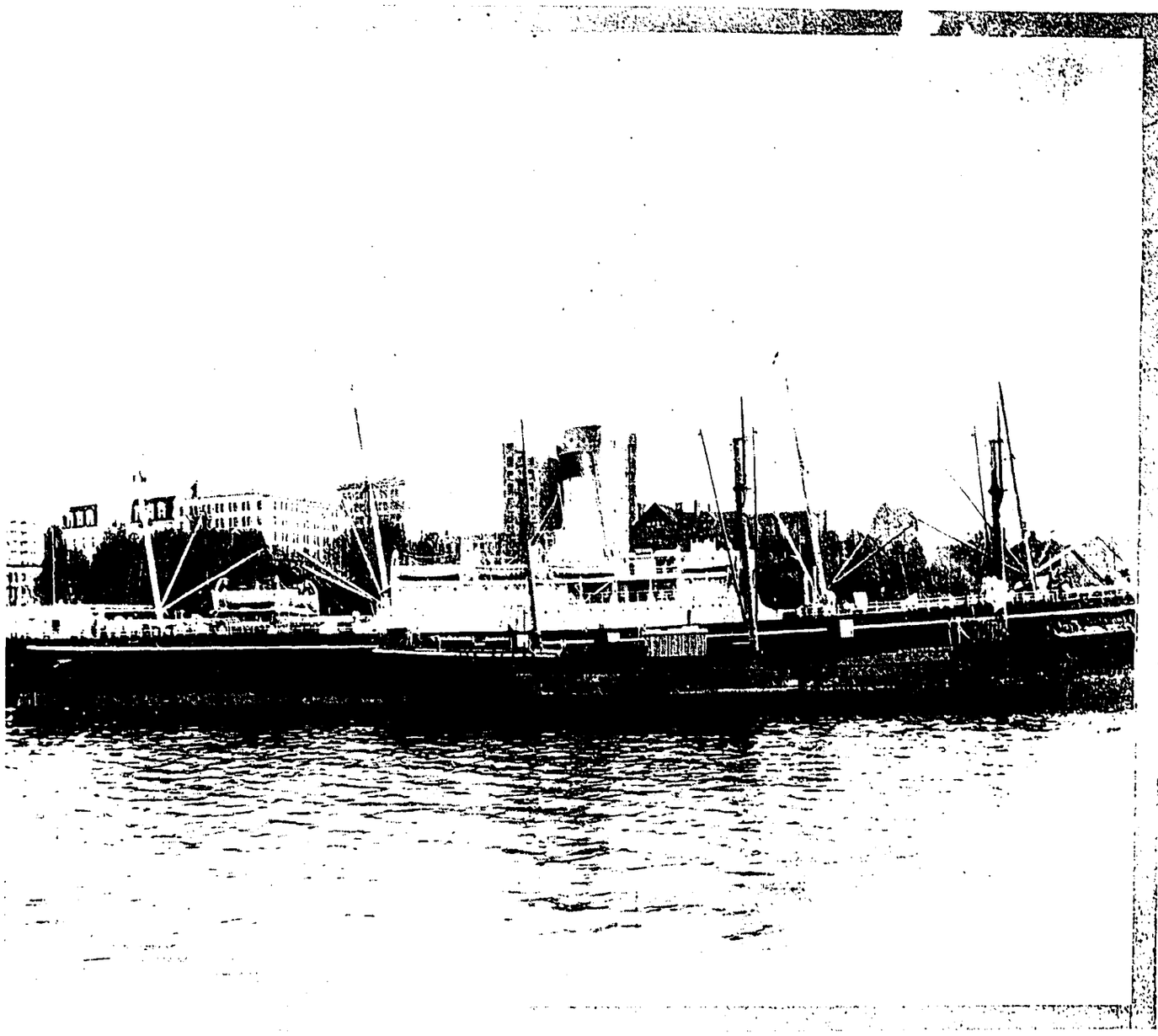
THE PROFILE OF VANCOUVER

ville streets, and you get bathing beaches of silver sand, where the surf tramps musically ashore, and a forest park where the Nature sentimentalist can enjoy himself as utterly as if he were in the real woods.

The eminence on which the buildings of the University of British Columbia will be placed is like a great round table, from the flat top of which the great, grey stone buildings will look over English Bay and its mountains, dissolving shade by shade, stepping backward range by range into the soft air, to what looks like the coast of fairyland, but is only the State of Washington.

Of course, this is only when the light is in a high key, but whether the light key is high or low, whether fuming mist or quilted clouds improvise variations, whether the whimpering breeze brushes the zinc-blue water into a thousand silver mirrors or the rough, round salty sea-wind chases the little ships home, English Bay has wonderful beauty.

Point Grey is really nearer to the ideal university location than most Vancouver people know. To those who are unfamiliar with its prospects, a drive or a walk along the road that follows its beach of silver sand where "one view calls to another" will be a journey of discovery. The high and crumpled banks mattressed with fruiting vine and shrubs thick-grown with hazel and fern and alder which wall in the road on the land side, are crimson and buff and bronze now with the vine-maple and the drying bracken. A forest as extensive and as romantic and picturesque in its primitive character as Stanley Park covers, with intervals of clearing, the peninsula from where Point Grey shoves a long snout into the blue water to the village-like group of houses through which



FROM THE HARBOR

they are building new streets with passionate haste.

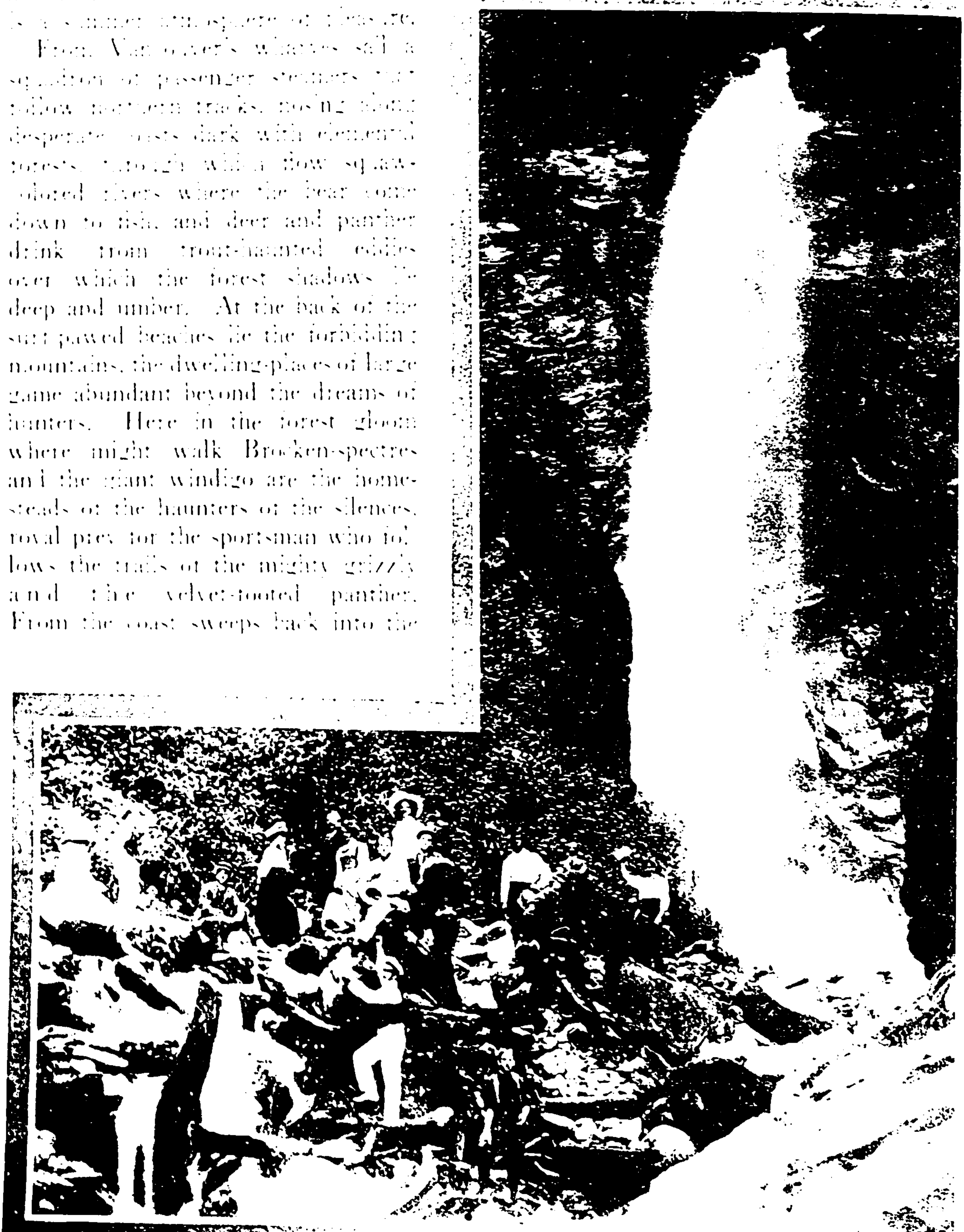
Only a master-worker in broad strokes, who could see things in a big way, could properly describe Point Grey's beauty. Every color note in the palette's scale is in the sunsets whose blinding crimson the city's windows reflect. The college men will not have far to go for inspiration and the right stuff for the development of an æsthetic sense. The students will certainly get natural beauty and grandeur in allopathic doses, and the scenery they will drink in as a regular tonic, not as an occasional stimulant. And it is the wholesome kind of landscape that will make students broader minded; there is nothing small in foreground, middle distance or background, and the coloring is all in broad washes. The architecture of the university buildings will have to be big and simple in order to rhyme with Nature's great masses and simple harmonies. What an opportunity for an architect to achieve an epic arrangement in stone and steel, keeping the old solidity and reticence that have always been associated with academic buildings, but giving the architecture a Canadian character, too. There is yet no Canadian architectural manner, but suggestions of one may be seen here and there. These hints may in time make the path straight for the development of a national style. The character of the Western coast and of the country that lies behind it suggests an architecture strong and beautiful, which would be northern and would have something in it of the sea that made vikings, and of the forest, and the big mountains, and suggestions of the country's industrial and commercial life running through it like strong dun threads through the weave of a bright cloth. The architecture of college buildings has no slight influence in shaping the atmosphere of the university.

At present it is not hard to foretell the future of the charming suburban district of Point Grey. It is devoutly hoped by all right-thinking people that in land clearing operations no more [illegible] will be used in cutting down trees.

If the tourist possesses an appetite for golf, tennis, sea-bathing or mountain-climbing he can satisfy his hunger for these recreations within easy distance of his hotel. In delectable Vancouver there is a summer atmosphere of pleasure.

From Vancouver's wharves sail a squadron of passenger steamers that follow northern tracks, nosing along desperate coasts dark with elemental forests, through which flow squaw-colored rivers where the bear come down to fish, and deer and panther drink from trout-haunted eddies over which the forest shadows lie deep and umber. At the back of the surf-pawed beaches lie the forbidding mountains, the dwelling-places of large game abundant beyond the dreams of hunters. Here in the forest gloom where might walk Brocken-spectres and the giant windigo are the homesteads of the haunters of the silences, royal prey for the sportsman who follows the trails of the mighty grizzly and the velvet-footed panther. From the coast sweeps back into the interior the finest wilderness yet left in the world.

If the tourist wishes excitement, the pith and marrow of things, the pulse of human life beats higher nowhere than in Vancouver. If the picturesqueness and pigmentation of a seaport's moving films of mottled human miscellany give him pleasure, there are few cities anywhere positioned on the



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET

BIG TREES, STANLEY PARK

"beached margent of the sea" where there is a greater shading of the color that goes to the laundry but will not wash, the cards whose only use is to make up the pack, the rough diamonds and sad dogs of the sea-going world, the citron-colored man from China just across the road, copper-faced Japanese, Lascar, Swede, Liverpool Irishman, yellow-tusked Finn, and walrus-eyed German and the carrion hawks who prey upon them, cockatrice, Jezebel and pinch-beck Jew. Beside the sailorman from the ships that creep into Vancouver's harbor between the horns of the land there are coast Indians with faces as grotesque as the carvings on their own totem-poles, grimacing Chinese coolies with teeth blackened by betel nut, and all the parti-colored procession from the frozen-gated north, their raiment variously showing whence they came. These are the fo'c'sle-pickled men of the sea furnish the background for Vancouver's water-front, and vivid material, yet overlooked, for artist and story-writer. The eyes and the camera of the tourist need never be idle if he has a color-sense.

The city of ships is a city whose boundaries change from day to day. It is a city of working bees, with few drones in it, yet it is a city of wanderers, Bedouins among men. It is a floating city with a floating population, yet there is no doubt about its stability. It is always breaking up, yet it is always there. These words open the door to unbounded flights of the imagination.

It is a long, thin, scattering town. You will find it clinging to Vancouver's side, yet it is not a parasitical growth. It has tall masts for spires and many smoking chimneys, and its dominant note in the din of labor. It extends from Coal Harbor to the shipyards. It is much more interesting than land cities for it is always melting away and changing like a moving-picture film, and in every harbor there are similar magic cities of ships which dissolve and are added to and lose their character of last week and take on new every few days, as the ships that make them up weave the many-patterned web of commerce. If you could look down on the worldscape you would see a

the crowd of these sea-harbor cities forming and disintegrating almost daily as the busy ships come and go along the marine roads from port to port.

The dwellers in Vancouver's city of ships are of many color shades and nations and worship many gods, but have the same sea-character and the same weather-whipped sea-faces: the unchanging sea and the fo'c'sle has made them all alike, as the funnel-smoke and the sea-rain and the wind that tramps the latitudes make all flags look alike if they hang too long over the ship's stern. In the natural order of things they are the greatest travellers in the world—one month in Vancouver, the next in Shanghai, the next in Sydney, perhaps the next in Callao. Likewise the ships themselves are citizens of the world, but not merchantmen without a country. The sea is their country and the sea is the world's, no mean dominion. A good ship is a child of the ocean, and claims affinity with the waves. And a good ship may be anything that floats and is built by man, from the three-log catamaran of the Malabar coast, or the blue-sailed trading junk, up to the last liner racing across the ocean speedway.

The huge and solemn voice of the sea furnishes notation for the great slow words which the wind in the pine boughs repeats, in Stanley Park, where with a rich palette on a big canvas autumn paints a masterpiece.

If a great prism had dissolved and its colors flowed over the trees, the park couldn't be more beautiful than it is in the Vancouver October. The red solstice has immersed the trees in its magic air, the sharpened tonic air that gets in your lungs and blood and gives you the boy feeling again. In the green arcades the fairies have surely been at work, with brushes dipped in the sunset's crimson and the rose of the dawn and the gold of noon. The great park is a vast atelier full of paintings.

On all the roads and trails and in all the open places of Stanley Park now the falling leaves are mingling with the sunlight and the maples and birches and poplars are losing their gay furniture. The insinuating autumn wind is stripping their richness from the trees. The crisp leaves are falling in a slow color-rain, or like a flight of wonderful

SECOND BEACH, STANLEY PARK

butterflies. They lie in a lovely mosaic on the ground and scuffle and crackle dryly about your feet as you walk. If a painter were to try to reproduce this color arrangement he would need all the known yellows and some that have no names, sinking from flame-color to bronze, but dissolving into one luminous shine, and all the reds in the chromatic scale. They fit into the harmony like the pieces of stained glass in a cathedral window. Sepia-brown, brownish rose, dull copper, glowing grays, olive, pale gold, pearl, the color of cured grass, all the colors of all the flowers and moth-wings and jewels and all the beautiful things you ever saw as well as scarlets and vermilions and the colors of all porcelains and metals with glazes wonderful to see, make up that color scheme.

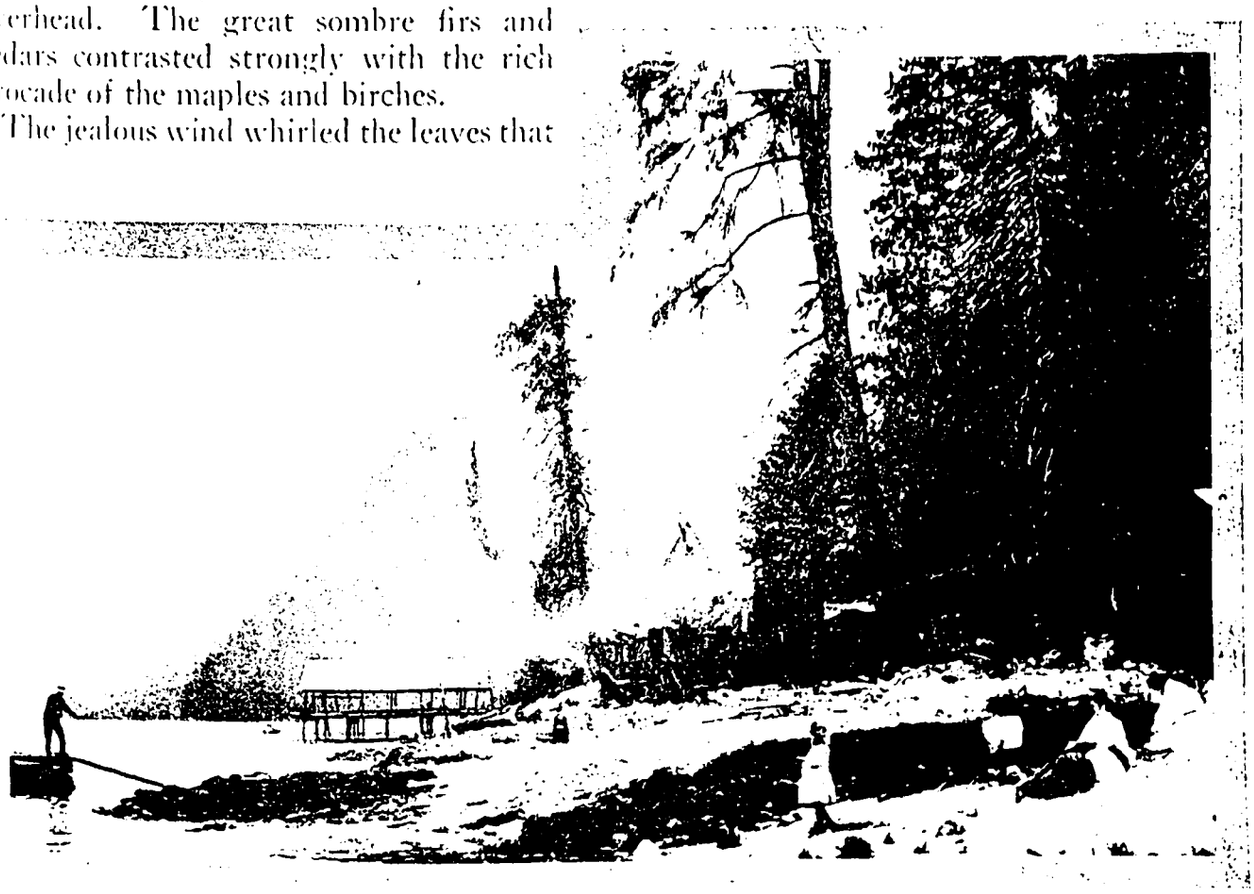
One morning last fall when all the day lay open to the sky, I went to the door of Stanley Park and looked in, as I often do when all my days go hungry, like weary beggars, for the flavor and great peace of the woods.

The road, a slate-blue tape, dabbed with the insolent crimson and rare gold of fallen leaves, unwound through the steep woods into a robbers' cave of beaubocage, where the colors of the autumn were luminous as jewels in the leafage that seemed to meet overhead. The great sombre firs and cedars contrasted strongly with the rich brocade of the maples and birches.

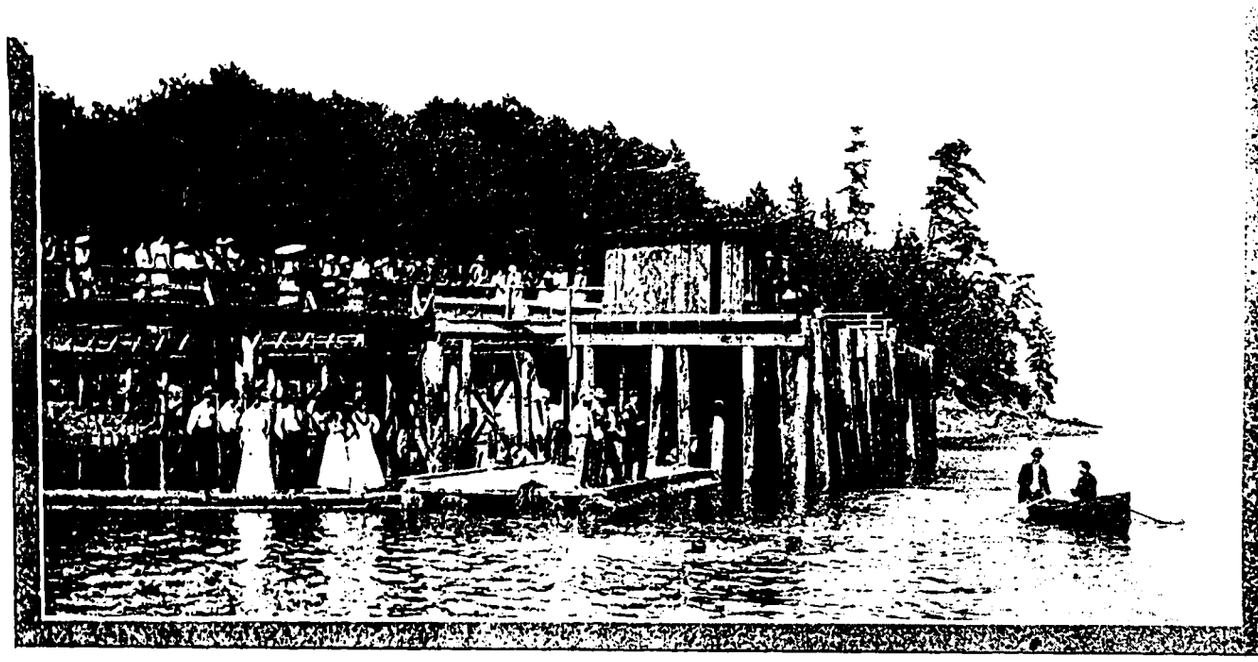
The jealous wind whirled the leaves that lay in a gorgeous carpet upon the road, and in whispering flights more leaves, as brilliant as the petals of flowers, launched themselves from the branches overhead. The dry brown aroma of October, mixed with woodsmoke, and cedar fumes at that, enticed me, and I followed the painted road into the frescoed tunnel.

The forest cloister opened before me full of pure and liquid sunshine, and colored like a great church window. It opened and showed the sea, blue as turquoise, and the distant hills veiled by violet mist. The overflowing largess of beauty was continued up the road. Only here and there was waning color, indicating the progress of the season. There were few birds, only crows, a woodpecker and a late and silent song-sparrow. The red squirrels, in the park a deep brown, seemed to be cheerful and busy, and cried out mellifluously like doves. A little brown hare crossed the road, leaping.

Under an arch of branches I entered an aromatic dungeon where the cedar boughs swept the ground. A dim trail led through the deep woods, and the golden confetti, which were the birch leaves, dropped upon my shoulders and filled the air about me. Here in the velvet twilight of the grove



NORTH ARM SCENERY, BURRARD INLET

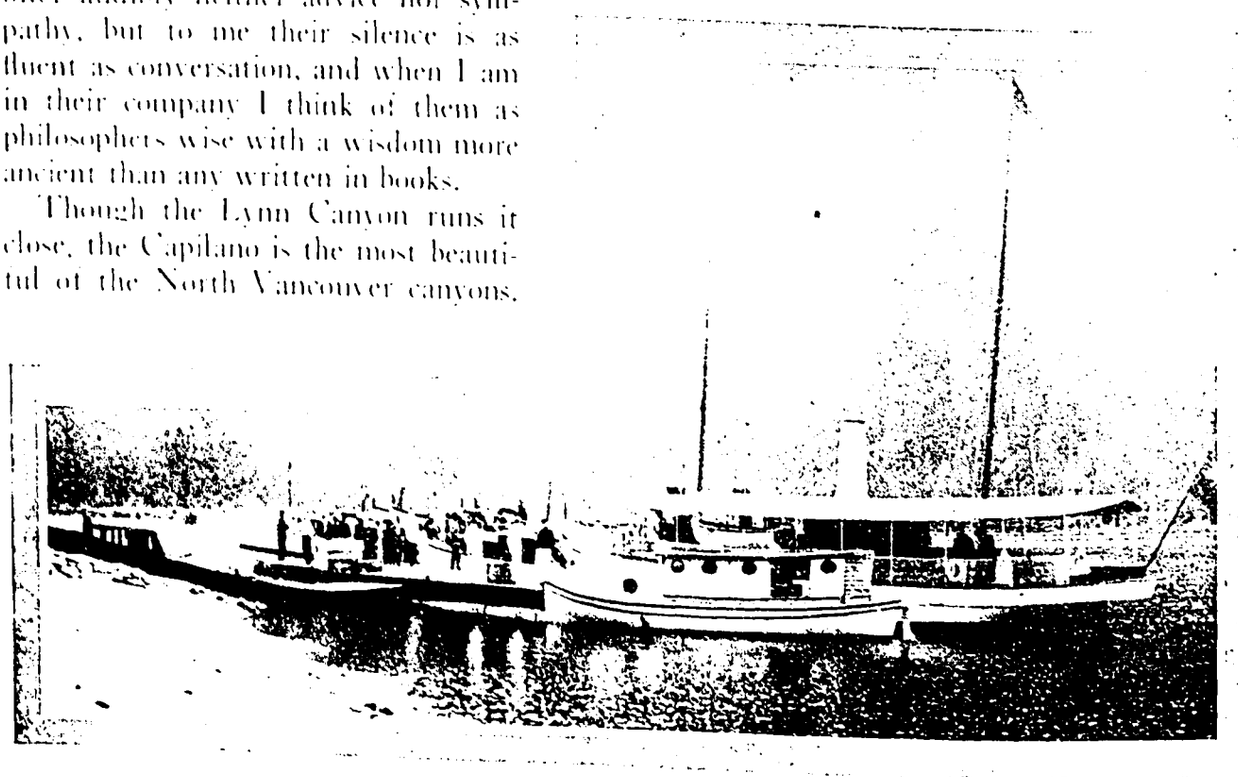


THE WHARF, BOWEN ISLAND

stood three or four great leaning cedars, sheeted in their dusky bark, giants of the cedar tribe. I know of nothing more soothing than the utter stillness of this sylvan place. Here within a half-hour's travel of Vancouver's centre is a secure sanctuary, a goal for pilgrim feet, where the world of work and worry can be clean forgot, and where one cannot hear the beat of the city's tide. Of course, there are many such places of seclusion in Stanley Park, but I like the neighborhood and friendship of these big cedars. The big brown fellows are reticent; they offer audibly neither advice nor sympathy, but to me their silence is as fluent as conversation, and when I am in their company I think of them as philosophers wise with a wisdom more ancient than any written in books.

Though the Lynn Canyon runs it close, the Capilano is the most beautiful of the North Vancouver canyons. It is also the easiest to get to. You can reach it in an hour from Vancouver. The lower end of the Capilano Pass, or first canyon, as it is called, can be reached in less time.

The second canyon is the nave of the great roofless cathedral of the Capilano, if such a thing may be said. Its rough-hewn architecture is of a vast Doric order. The bed of the little river which chafes the canyon's doorsills, hidden in a green abyss of beaubocage, is its crypt. Oriels and vestries it has



UP THE NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET

in niches, screened by leafage, in its mighty walls; for incense smoke it has the little mist clouds that catch in its tree limbs like kites. But instead of priests you look for the old outdoor gods, and the only acolytes a much-inventing imagination would expect to see are mountain kobolds and forest trolls.

The canyon has the majesty that big, simple masses of form give. No man could find words to tell of the silence that lives in the vast gash, pressing upon you like a weight of dark waters. The soft music . ...e river only accents this silence.

As a residential city Vancouver is the most desirable in Canada. It is the coolest summer city in Canada and has a milder winter climate than any other Canadian city. In June, July and August the mean temperature is 60 degrees. The barometric pressure for the same months is 30 degrees average. In winter the temperature is seldom far below the freezing point. There is very little snow, almost none.

The Aviator

By C. E. FISHER

(From the "Pacific Monthly")

Thou new-conceived brother of the bird,
  Explorer of unfathomed azure skies,
Whose fluttering pulses high o'er earth are heard,
  Pray, what ethereal passions prompt thy rise?
The drone of mighty beetle on the wing?
  Or condor, cormorant, or vulture bold,
Presaging direful wars unseen? Or sing
  Thy blades of peace? Thy fairy craft doth hold
Communion with the clouds, and gracefully
  Performs ellipses intricate, or, vain
As swallow ere the storm, dips carelessly
  Of death. Thou art the eye, the soul, the brain—
So guard this vantage that thy destiny
  Be not black-plumed and hated bird of prey.

Industrial Vancouver

By W. R. Gordon

REAMS may be written about the city beautiful, columns may be utilized in dilating upon the great natural advantages of the site, the wonderful qualities of the harbor and the strategic location of the metropolis-to-be, but behind all these there must be one thing, the solid fact of a large payroll.

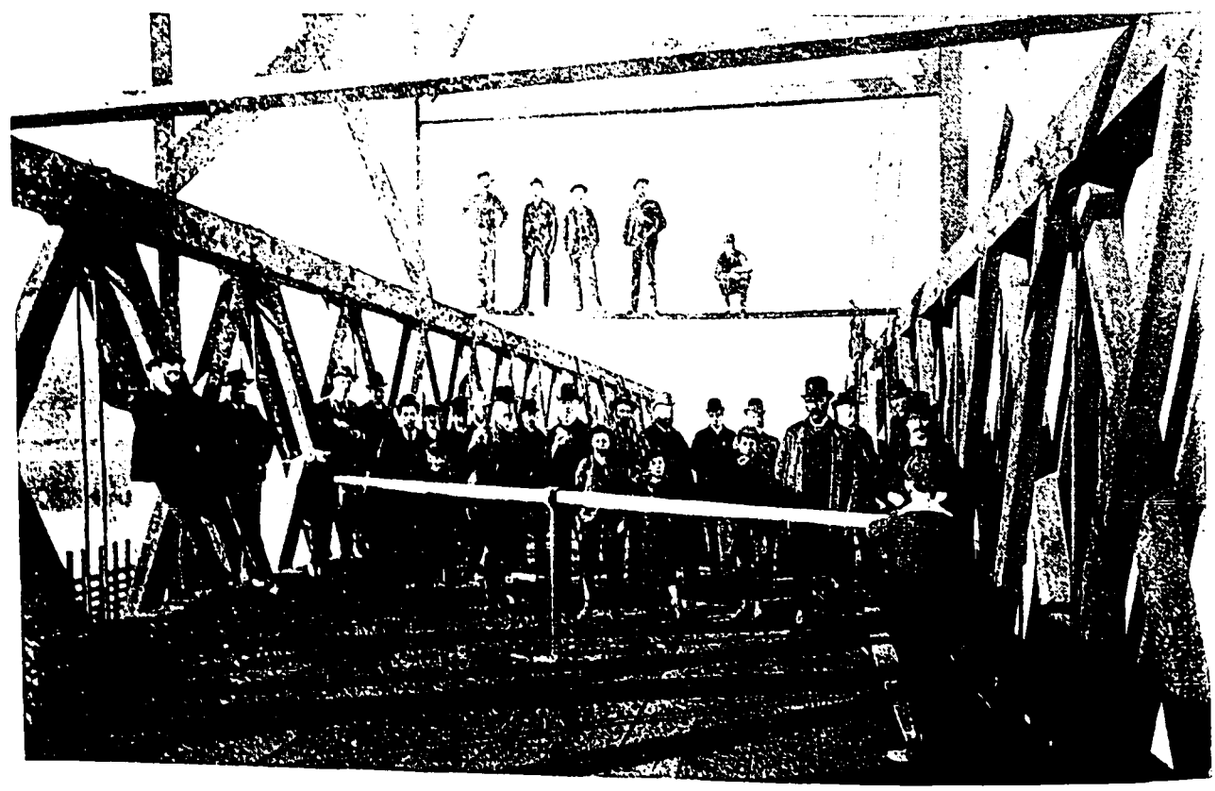
Industries are the keystone of a city's solidity, and these Vancouver has a-plenty.

One hundred million dollars is a conservative estimate of the monetary value of the industries of the province of British Columbia during the year 1910, and it is shown by reliable statistics that the city of Vancouver numbers in her population sixty per cent. of all the men, women and children engaged in industrialism in this Last Great West of the Dominion Confederation.

In correctly gauging Vancouver's importance it must be borne in mind that of the population of British Columbia the city on Burrard Inlet represents one-third, while the Lower Mainland, the territory directly contributory to the young giant in the shadow of the Lions, comprises practically two-thirds of the grand total.

So rapid is the growth on the Pacific Coast that an industrial directory compiled today would be out of date and far behind the times six months hence. Every week sees new plants under way and opening for business, while older ones are increasing their outputs, and the immense stretch of waterfrontage along the shores of the Inlet and False Creek is fast replacing its bare shores with docks and warehouses.

While it is imperative that a well-established city have her industries, these plants themselves make two demands which must be met before they can be operated with success: there must be power to turn the wheels and transportation facilities to deliver the



THE OPENING OF ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE BRIDGES ACROSS FALSE CREEK

WHERE WATER AND CORDOVA STREETS MEET, WHOLESALE SECTION, VANCOUVER

raw material and haul away the finished product.

Power, the wizard of commerce by whose magic touch are filled the holds of the ships that ply the deep and the grinding trains of freight cars that toil backward and forward over the transcontinental lines; power, the force behind the wheels of industry, is found at its best centered in Vancouver. Close to hand are water supplies, partly utilized, capable of developing upwards of 200,000 horse-power, and works are well under way which will turn further energy to the manufacturer. Then there is almost at the city's very door an unlimited supply of high-grade commercial coal, which adds to the situation from a manufacturing standpoint an attractiveness unequalled anywhere even on this Western continent, of immense possibilities for enormous accomplishments. Within a hundred miles of Vancouver are ten great water powers, each capable of generating over 20,000 horse-power, and all capable of being transmitted to the shores of Burrard Inlet; what other city on the continent can show half this estimate?

Not long ago Vancouver was only a name, at best simply an outpost of the British Empire; today she is the halfway house of the world's trade, the point where East meets West, the clearing house for the Orient and the Occident. The reason for this change in a short time may be found in the great ocean liners which dock at this Western port, and the ever-increasing shining bands of railway metal which stretch from this gateway of the setting sun across the plains and mountains to the East.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, and the dean of American transportation builders, looked on Vancouver and said, "In growth and commercial activity Vancouver has no equal on the Pacific coast today, and I see a time coming when half a score of lines will converge on Burrard Inlet." That day is approaching even faster than the prophetic railway magnate thought, and within a very few years

CITY HALL (SOON TO BE REPLACED BY A NEW BUILDING) AND CARNEGIE LIBRARY, VANCOUVER

the hub of transcontinental and trans-oceanic traffic will lie here in the shadow of the lordly Lions.

Were the Vancouver of today not an actual fact, the story of her marvellous growth during the past twenty years would read more like one of the tales of One Thousand Nights and a Night than the proven statistics of progress of the Queen City of the West.

In 1891 the name of Gastown was as frequently heard as Vancouver when the struggling town was mentioned. Practically all the business was centered in a few blocks on Cordova street, while along the waterfront not half a dozen industries sent their smoke upwards. Prevailing financial depression was felt keenly, and even the most optimistic of the band now known as the old timers found it hard to hope for the city of the future of which they had dreamed. Six years before this they had come to a fishing hamlet of barely one thousand souls, living in a few scattered huts, and with practically no foundation on which to build an industrial metropolis. They saw the value of the natural harbor and the immense things that might be accomplished, but the building of a transcontinental railway was then unaccomplished, and the lion-guarded city site was far from the beaten path of commerce.

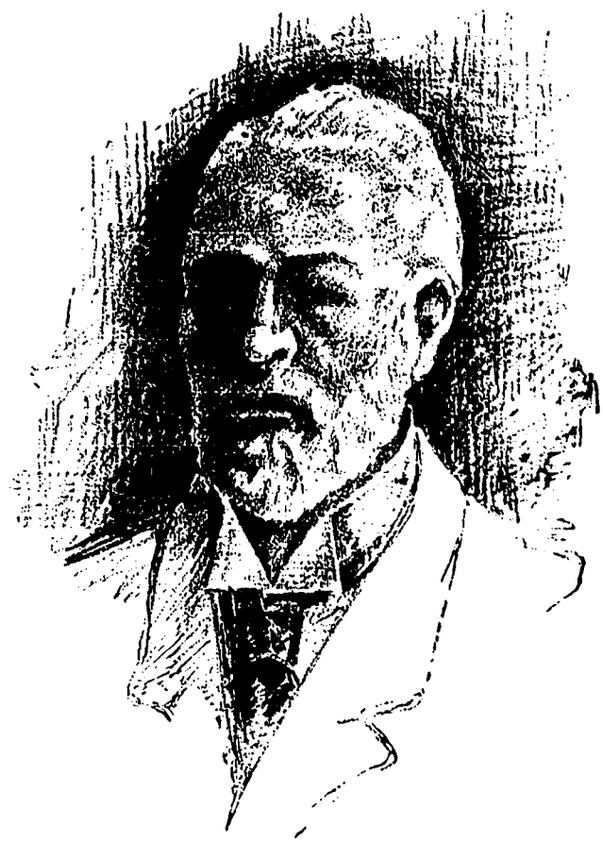
But the men behind the Canadian Pacific Railway recognized in the lonesome fishing village an ideal terminal point for the great artery of trade which they undertook to build, and with the announcement that it was in reality to become such, the influx began. Vancouver was incorporated as a city, and in five years the population grew close on 14,000. In ten years more, the total of inhabitants had doubled. Industrial activity in the past ten years has increased one-hundredfold or more, and the figures for the next decade promises even larger results.

Except to those minds accustomed by residence in the West to take a mental measurement of the rapidly increasing strength of the country on the sunset side of the Rockies, such a table of statistics would appear

almost unbelievable. But out on the Pacific all things are accomplished on a large scale. The country is immense; opportunities are spread everywhere, and the class of men who think by single dollars in the East, figure by tens and hundreds here. It is not speculation, not wild gambling on impossible prospects, but heavy calculation based on gigantic resources.

Adding on an average of one thousand souls every month since 1906, the population of the city has gone on increasing by leaps and bounds, and nowhere in Canada has any centre drawn to itself such a large proportion of industrial workers. Hands are required in almost every walk of life, while the demands from Vancouver on the most modern machinery plants of the world

A. McLEAN, MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, 1886-7



DAVID OPPENHEIMER, FIRST MAYOR OF VANCOUVER

tell their own tale of industrial development here.

Towards the building up of a metropolis on these shores the past has done its share nobly; the present is assured and the future is in the making.

Vancouver has been called the Liverpool of the Pacific, the Pittsburg of the West. She is both the one and the other. Converging railway lines and terminal steamship docks make her the mistress of the Western seas and the distributing point for the products of the prosperous Confederation at her back, while within her own confines she is building up a substantial manufacturing and industrial district which promises easily to make her a dangerous rival in capacity of the smoky city of William Penn's sylvan state.

The Story of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company

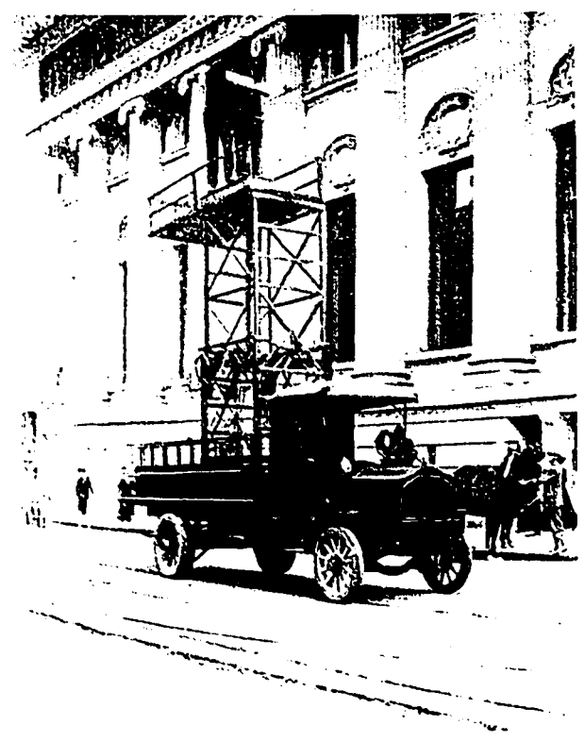
By Frank Harris

"TALL oaks from little acorns grow" is a trite saying which, in considering the development of British Columbia, might well be applied to the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, the largest corporation operating exclusively within the bounds of the province, and the concern which furnishes electric current providing tram facilities, light, heat and power for the district in which a majority of the population of the province have their places of business or employment and their homes. The analogy of the growth of the forest giant falls short, however, when applied to the development of the company, inasmuch as it took years, possibly centuries, to transform the tiny kernel into the mighty towering monarch of the woods, whereas the corporation has within a brief span of years—so few indeed as to cause its growth to be accounted but little less than phenomenal, even when judged by men of the West, who are accustomed to a rate of development which residents of the Old Country and Eastern sections of this continent would deem impossible—attained a strength and stature which has won for it a commanding position in the industrial and economical history of British Columbia.

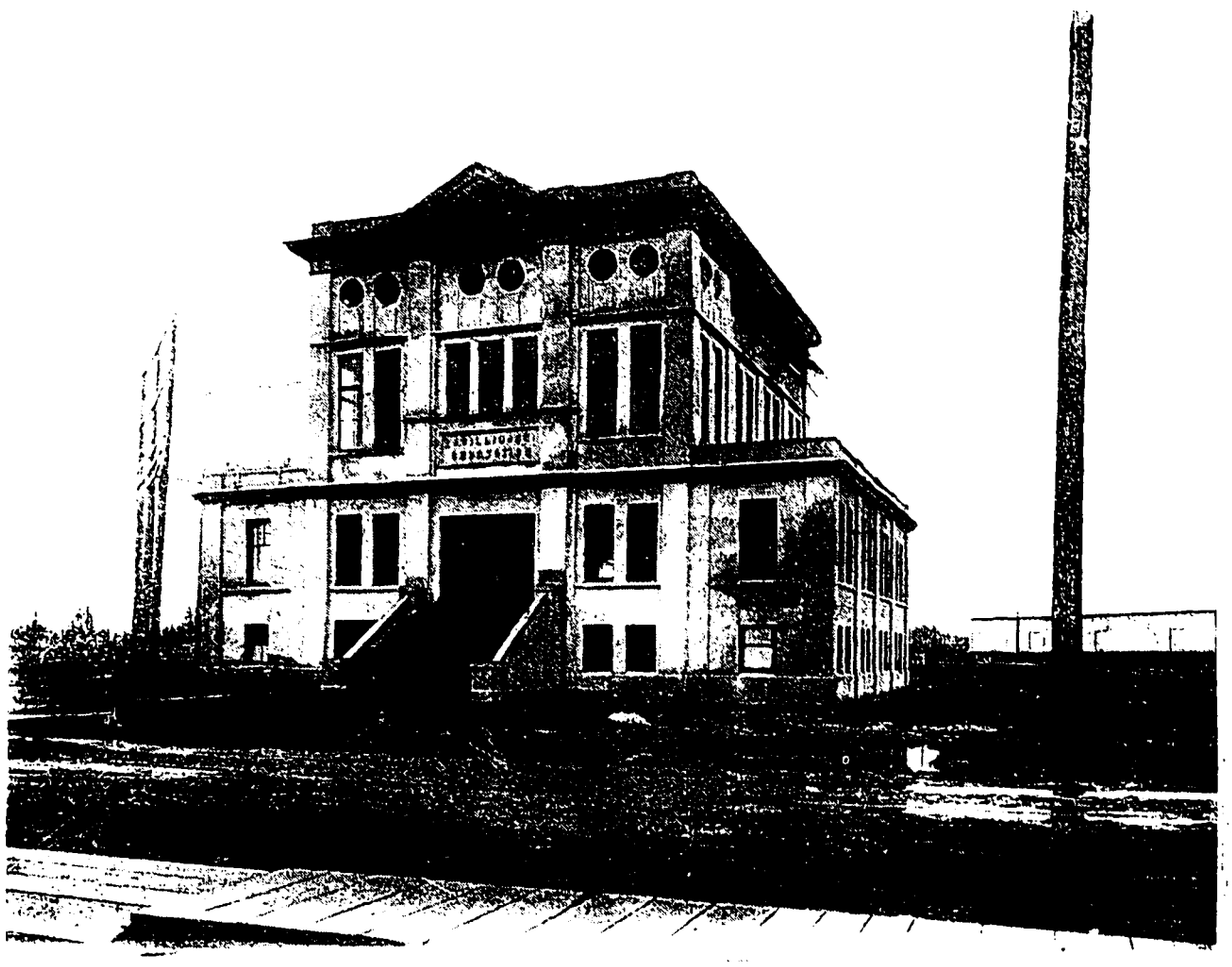
It was in 1897, only fourteen years ago, that the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, assumed control of the tramlines and electric lighting plants of Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster, the tram systems including an interurban line connecting the two latter cities. The outlook at the time was not exceptionally bright, as the three companies previously operating the business had experienced so many ups and downs that they were glad to hand over their holdings to the new concern. The new company promptly took hold with a spirit of determination to make the business successful in every sense of the word, an aim which has been followed out daily for the past fourteen years, and which still animates its management.

To attain the end it sought has cost the company far more than its management ever dreamed would be the case when it assumed control. In a recent letter to the Vancouver City Council, General Manager Sperling stated that the capital investment of the concern in various forms within the limits of the province had already reached a total of $21,826,086, an amount which, when stated, was surprising to the greater part of the general public, who then for the first time realized the magnitude of the concern.

Just how far the company is going in its efforts to keep pace with the development



B. C. ELECTRIC REPAIR TRUCK, VANCOUVER



CHILLIWACK SUB-STATION, B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY

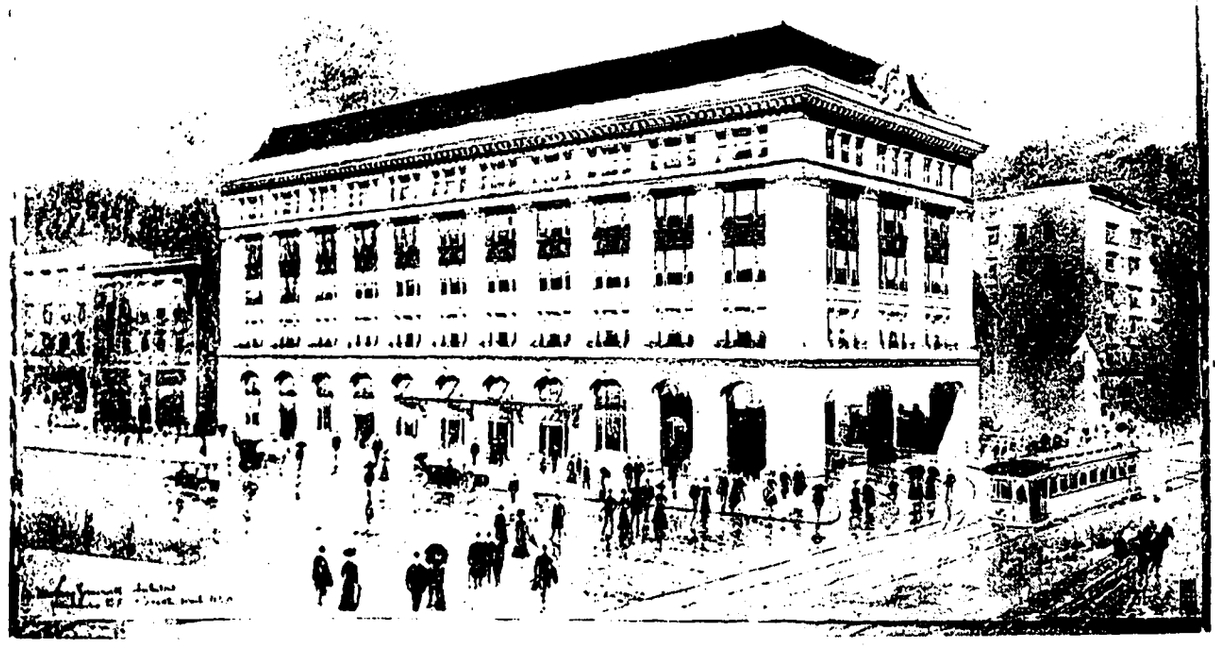
of the district within which it operates may be judged when it is stated that its capital expenditure, covering all its fields of activity, during 1910 was over $5,000,000. And the future—well, the same spirit now prompts the management of the concern as moved the "men behind the guns" in 1897, hence the population of the district served by the company may feel assured that their needs will be provided for up to the limit of human possibility.

The field of operation of the B. C. E. R. on the mainland coast is approximately 80 miles east and west by 20 miles north and south, an area of 1600 square miles, covering the cities of Vancouver, New Westminster, North Vancouver and Chilliwack and the municipalities of North Vancouver, South Vancouver, Point Grey, Burnaby, Richmond, Surrey, Langley, Matsqui, Mission, Chilliwack, Delta and Coquitlam. In the two last-named districts only a light power service is given, but in the others car lines are also operated, while in Vancouver the company also supplies the public with gas for fuel and light. On Vancouver Island the field covered consists of the City of Victoria and adjacent sections, although operations are now in progress on an interurban tramline, 22 miles in length, running through the rich Saanich district lying north of the city.

The chief source of the company's power supply is its hydro-electric generating plant on the shore of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, where has been installed an equipment which has been pronounced by visiting experts from all parts of the world to be of the highest type known to the profession.

In this power house are now in operation four electrical units of 3000 horse-power each, and two giant units of 10,500 horse-power each, making a total available supply of 33,000 horse-power. To meet the developments of its business, the company is now preparing to install another unit of 10,500 horse-power, and as soon as this is in service plans will be laid for still further increasing the output of energy from the station.

The hydraulic energy for the generating plant is obtained from Lakes Coquitlam and Buntzen. The latter is only 1950 feet from the Inlet shore, but located at such an



NEW B. C. ELECTRIC PASSENGER STATION, HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER

elevation as to deliver its waters to the power house at a head of 400 feet. Lake Coquitlam is separated from Lake Buntzen by a towering mountain, but several years ago the company's engineers pierced its granite walls with a hydraulic tunnel 12,775 feet in length, through which the waters of the first-named lake are brought to Lake Buntzen, which now acts as a balancing reservoir for the hydraulic system. During 1910 this hydraulic tunnel was increased in size, its sections now having an area of 190 square feet, and operations are now under way on the construction of a dam at the mouth of Lake Coquitlam which will raise the level of that body of water by 60 feet. When these operations are completed the available supply of electric energy from the North Arm generating station will be 60,000 horse-power.

From the generating station the electric current is sent over transmission lines, installed in duplicate to meet possible contingencies, under a high voltage to the company's 10 sub-stations located in various parts of its territory, where it is transformed to a voltage meeting the needs for its desired use.

Last year the company installed in Vancouver an auxiliary steam generating plant of 8000 horse-power to meet emergencies such as from time to time arise when a hydro-electric plant is located at a distance from the field where the current is actually used, no matter how perfectly the transmission lines may be arranged. With the energy from this station the company's available power supply on the mainland is now about 41,000 horse-power.

In Victoria the company now derives its power from hydro-electric and steam plants, which generate about 4500 horse-power.

B. C. ELECTRIC SUBURBAN FREIGHT TRAIN, SHOWING POWERFUL ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

Work is now in progress, however, on a great hydro-electric plant on the Jordan River, which, at a cost of several millions, will ultimately provide 25,000 horse-power for the needs of the Company's Vancouver Island enterprises and patrons, the operations now in hand contemplating the immediate installation of two units of 6000 horse-power each.

Great as the plants and undertakings above noted are, they do not by any means cover the future plans of the company, already well and carefully laid and with much of the preliminary work now accomplished. These undertakings include great hydro-electric plants which will use the power from Jones and Chilliwack Lakes, located east of Chilliwack, where an enormous amount of power now lies dormant, only awaiting, according to the report of expert engineers, the expenditure of millions for their proper development. The policy of the B. C. E. R. Co. on the question of power for the future needs of the territory served by the concern may possibly best be summed up by quoting a single sentence from the last annual report of Mr. R. M. Horne Payne, chairman of its Board of Directors, as follows: "Altogether the plans provide a total ultimate supply of about 200,000 horse-power."

In its work of providing tram facilities for the districts covered by its operations, the B. C. E. R. Co. has 178 miles of line over which its cars operate, the total mileage of single track being 224, when double tracking and sidings are taken into account. This includes, under the heading of city lines, 37 miles in Vancouver and its suburbs, 19 miles in Victoria and vicinity, 8 miles in New Westminster and 7 miles in North Vancouver. The mileage covered by its interurban systems is 112. The chief line of this class is the Fraser Valley branch, connecting New Westminster and Chilliwack, 64 miles in length, the longest and most costly single tramline in the Dominion, which was opened by Premier McBride last October, and is now playing an important part in the development of one of the richest agricultural sections of the province. Other interurban lines are the original system connecting New Westminster and Vancouver, 12 miles; Lulu Island Railway lines, operated under lease from the

Canadian Pacific Railway, connecting Vancouver with Steveston, and including a branch along the North Arm of the Fraser River from Eburne to New Westminster, 25 miles; and the new line through Burnaby, opened for traffic on June 12 of this year, which forms the third connecting tramline between Vancouver and New Westminster, 11 miles.

The spirit of progress on the part of the company and its desire to keep step with the rapid development of the country may be seen at a glance when it is stated that its officials opened 70 miles of line for traffic last year. For the present year its development programme is now being outlined. Mention has previously been made of the proposed Saanich line on Vancouver Island, 22 miles in length, and from this time forward announcements will be made constantly by the management for some weeks of proposed extensions of its tram systems to be constructed this season, covering every part of its territory according to the needs of the case.

The rolling stock necessary for the operation of the company's passenger, express and freight business and other necessary fields of activity represents the investment of a large fortune. It includes 207 cars for city service, 42 cars for interurban lines, 2 specially equipped observation cars, 2 express motors, 11 powerful locomotives, 234 freight cars of various types, an extensive construction equipment including 2 steam shovels and one electrically operated shovel, 3 street sprinklers and a full complement of line and repair cars as well as an auto repair truck recently purchased for use in Vancouver.

To provide rolling stock for its lines the company operates its own carshops in New Westminster. This plant has been quadrupled in size during the last few years, and is constantly worked to the limit of its capacity. The demands for additional rolling stock for the various lines is so great, however, because of the rapid development of the company's business, that car orders are constantly being placed in all parts of the world. At the present time delivery is shortly expected of two powerful locomotives for its freight business and 25 steel-frame passenger coaches from the Old Country, the latter to be finished at the company's New Westminster shops.

The cars used by the company, whether from its own shops or from outside concerns, are of the highest type in their line, provided with the most modern equipment throughout, as well as the latest safety appliances.

The traffic records of the company show that during 1910 its lines carried 39,753,643 passengers. Just how fast its business is increasing may be judged when it is stated that the traffic record for the first four months of 1911 shows a total of 15,235,929 passengers carried as against a record of 11,148,381 passengers for the corresponding period of last year, noting an advance of about 36 per cent.

The light and power business of the company is increasing with the same rapidity as its tramline operations. To meet the demands of its patrons in the various districts covered now demands an installation of about 20,000 poles and the stringing of approximately 2500 miles of wire. Over 20,000 meters are now connected with its distribution lines, measuring the current used by over 500,000 lamps, while an output of 11,000 horse-power is demanded by its customers for industrial purposes.

In its field of supplying gas for light and fuel in Vancouver, the company's business has developed in proportion with the rapid increase in the city's population. To meet the demands, the management of this branch of the business is now carrying out a comprehensive plan of development covering the entire system which will take several years of time and the expenditure of nearly $1,000,000 to fully complete.

Included in the company's programme of operations for the present year is the erection of a magnificent five-storey terminal station and office building in Vancouver, a view of which is shown in connection with this article, at a cost of from $350,000 to $400,000. At New Westminster construction work is now in progress on a handsome terminal and office block for the company's use which will cost $60,000, and at Chilliwack extensive terminals, adapted to meet the needs of the business of the Fraser Valley system of the company's lines, are being erected at the eastern terminus of the branch.

Vancouver Information and Tourist Association

IT is not many years since the Great West was a land full of possibilities which were unknown in the east. A man who came west in those days was a pioneer: now he is progressive. Then it was necessary for western men to advertise the resources of the west and drive home the facts in order to convince. Now the most of that is over, for the east has been looking west with a dawning comprehension for many years.

It was the realization of the necessity for publicity which brought about, on the night of June 25, 1902, a meeting of citizens of Vancouver in the City Hall. Mayor Neelands occupied the chair. The object of the meeting was the formation of a tourist association, whose duty it should be to advertise Vancouver. The idea was favorably received, the opening for such an organization appealing to those present at once. Mr. W. H. Findley was chosen as secretary *pro tem.* An executive committee of seven members was selected as follows: Messrs. J. D. Roberts, F. Buscombe, C. N. Davidson, B. F. Dickens, W. Clubb, Chas. Gibbons and H. W. Findley. In a subsequent meeting the mayor was elected honorary president, an office which continues to be automatically transferred to the acting mayor. Mr. F. Buscombe was made president; R. Marpole, W. H. Malkin, president of the Board of Trade, W. J. Lamerick, president of the Trades and Labor Council, vice-presidents; Mr. W. Godfrey was made treasurer.

At the same meeting the executive committee formerly chosen proposed a new committee which should be able to devote a large part of the time to the interests of the association. The names proposed and accepted by the meeting were: Messrs. W. C. Nichol, C. N. Davidson, C. Woodward, C. Sweeny, J. D. Roberts, J. D. Stewart, Robert Kelly, R. G. McPherson, W. D. Haywood. Later the names of Messrs. J. J. Banfield, F. J. Procter and Chas. Doering were added.

At once the association became engrossed in plans for the improvement of the city. At that time the English Bay beach was not the amusement place it is today, and the association interested itself in securing seats and benches for the people and in having the beach cleaned of rubbish.

The publicity campaign was planned and pushed forward with telling force. Booklets and leaflets containing information and statistics were printed and scattered broadcast. Stories concerning the excellent sport to be had in British Columbia were sent to the eastern magazines in response to requests for such material. The C. P. R. was approached on the subject of distributing literature along its lines, and this the company willingly promised to do. Invitations were sent to churches and lodges inviting them to hold their conventions in this city. Signboards were placed near the station and wharves telling incoming tourists of the Information Bureau.

Various other matters tending to the increase of the city's attractiveness for the tourist were considered and machinery set in motion. Among these were the reclamation of False Creek, the purchase of additional lots at English Bay, the blazing of trails to Grouse Mountain summit, Capilano Canyon and Seymour Creek.

Early in 1903 the association was incorporated as a limited stock company. The membership of the organization was greatly increased, the business men of the city recognizing the value of the work to the city from an advertising standpoint.

During the nine years of its existence the association has been active in nearly every practicable scheme for the beautifying of the city and the advertising of its possibilities. It has represented Vancouver at various fairs of importance over the line. Its influence has been felt continually by the city for which it works, and the system of advertising which it has built extends all over the globe. In the course of the year thousands of inquiry letters are received asking for information about Vancouver and British Columbia.

Perhaps the greatest stroke of policy ever achieved by the association in advertising the city was the campaign carried through at Seattle during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific

(Continued on Page 647)

Vancouver's Trust and Insurance Companies

By Garnett Weston

A TRUST COMPANY can do for you everything in a financial way which you can do for yourself. The advantage is that the trust company has back of it a vast amount of experience which the ordinary man has no means of attaining. In other words, the depositor in the funds of a trust company has back of his money value and its ordinary worth the extra power which is added by intelligent handling. This may be illustrated by the revised adage "a hundred trained heads are better than one untrained head."

The trust company is permanent, never dies and is accessible at all times. A private individual may die before the trust he is acting for is finished, and his executor or trustee, who thus automatically assumes the unfinished trust, may be a person the original testator would never have appointed. No matter how important the business entrusted to its keeping may be, the company offers undoubted security for its performance. In this, too, it outbids the private trustee.

Not one man in a thousand who ever accumulates money, except when he inherits it, gets his start in any other way than by regular saving. Most trust companies pay four per cent. interest on deposits. A trust company cannot abscond. It has a large deposit with the government. Special legislation empowers the company to act as executor under wills or on behalf of executors or by appointment of any court without the necessity of providing further security than its special bond with the government for the faithful performance of its duties in the above respect. The existence of this bond in addition to the capital and surplus of the company assures the maximum of safety and efficiency of administration.

The fact that the greater portion of the moneys or securities of estates left in care of individual executors was lost through dishonesty or incompetency resulted in the establishment of trust companies. The results have been satisfactory, such institutions

having proved their usefulness to the public they serve. No securities are purchased unless approved by the board of directors of a trust company. The board is invariably formed of experts, shrewd business men.

Modern business and financial methods have been through the crucible of competition, and have come out a science. The business or financial scientist works partly by rule and partly by the dictates of the immediate moment as grasped by an astute mind trained to seize and utilize the most minute opportunity. The science of business has been conceived within the past century, and the greater part during the last half of it. Previous to that, business was in the stone age of its development. We of today cannot imagine a commerce or business transacted without the aid of the telephone or the railroad—without electricity or steam.

Formerly the workingman had no chance to save money. There were no places of deposit which he could trust. He was simply doomed to toil all his life without the cheering possibility of conserving any of his labor in the form of savings. Those were the days before the great questions of labor and capital had begun to occupy the thoughts of men. Then it was the question of patrician and plebeian, which after all is the same thing.

With the growth of modern business methods came the host of parasites, whose wits won for them easy livelihoods from the pockets of the untrained. The gamut of fraud has been worked constantly from gold bricks to salted mines, stocks in fictitious companies, get-rich-in-a-hurry schemes, hatched by the hundreds. Thousands of people have become beggared through the smooth manipulations of sharp-practice men; confused in a maze of legal phrases, trusting to the friendly instinct which the personal magnetism of the man inspires, they risk their money in South Sea bubbles and watch them burst.

Today the simpler forms of the game played by the confidence man have been worked to their death, and the swindling game has become an intricate network of wires which can be juggled with amazing results.

In all this jungle of crookedness it is pleasant to find a company whose integrity is vouched for by a record of clean dealing, by the personal reputations of the men at its head and by the opinions of the people who have had business relations with it. A dishonest corporation can do more harm to a growing city like Vancouver than any amount of misleading editorials such as appear in English papers so frequently.

Vancouver as a city of live finance has strongly entrenched itself in a country with a sturdy backbone. Its business houses number some of the strongest concerns on the continent. Many of them are branches from the solid houses in the East. Vancouver's native houses rank on the same basis with many of the soundest corporations. Although its amazing youth would seem to be a sufficient reason for immature business methods, it has overleaped the ordinary difficulties of a new town in a new country. One has only to look at the buildings built and operated by Vancouver's native companies to realize the permanence of their position.

The Dominion Trust Company, first organized in 1903 as The Trust and Loan Agency Corporation, and changed in 1905 to the name under which it now does business, with a subscribed capital of $1,300,000, a paid-up capital of $800,000, and a reserve of $225,000, is one of the strongest houses in the city. It has branches in New Westminster, Victoria, Nanaimo, Regina and Calgary. Its main office is located in the gigantic building on Hastings street, Vancouver, and bearing the company's name.

The Vancouver Trust Company, a photograph of whose permanent building appears on another page, was organized in 1908. It is another of the city's powerful concerns. Among its officers and on its board of directors are men of high standing in a city where personal honesty occupies as high a plane in public estimation as anywhere on earth.

In the great structure reared by the present money-getting epoch, one of the main columns is the business of insurance in its various phases. Many families are living in comfort on the proceeds of insurance, who would otherwise be in poverty. Every man is cognizant of the wisdom of placing insurance, not only on his life, but also on his property. Death is the inevitable end of every man, and against its coming and the consequent loss of a leader to his family every

Continued on Page 661.

The Making of South Vancouver

THE true lover of flowers derives the greatest pleasure from a plant germinating from a seed he has himself sown. To watch the various stages of growth is an occupation of intense interest, and then comes the acme of pride when the glory of flower or fruit crowns labor.

A woman may love an adopted child, but what a different love does she feel for the child of her own motherhood? The very pangs she suffered endear the young life to her, and its development is watched with pride and joy.

The people of South Vancouver do not feel only the pride of possession in their beautiful suburb. They know they have a region of great natural beauty, high, dry, salubrious. They have space, breadth, ample scope and verge enough for development; fruitful soil, glorious views of mountain and of stream. "Every prospect pleases." Forest, hill and valley are here, with river and rail for transportation. Here, too, is another source of satisfaction and of pride. South Vancouver is being "made" by the public spirit, the self-sacrifice, the labor and enterprise of her own people. South Vancouver, like Topsy, has "growed"—but her healthy, natural, steady development is the outcome of watchful care and healthy sustenance. Other places have grown, too—but artificially stimulated, they show signs of "rickets." South Vancouver is sturdy on its legs—with lungs that can crow—and there is justification for the crowing. If one may be forgiven for a confusion of gender—for South Vancouver possesses feminine grace as well as masculine virility—we may say that the sturdy youth is in the full pride of approaching manhood.

In 1913 South Vancouver will attain its majority, having been incorporated on the 13th day of April, 1892. The progress and prosperity of the suburb are a refutation of the superstition which some people attach to the number 13.

South Vancouver at first comprised a larger territory, including Point Grey. The remodelling of boundary lines has had the effect of giving more compactness, greater control, and the division has been of benefit to both.

South Vancouver stretches from the Fraser river, and with communication to Burrard Inlet it has a salt water and a fresh water harbor—facilities absolutely unique.

Adjoining the City of Vancouver—of which it is destined to become part—it is in close touch with busy city life, palpitating with hustling commercialism, and then stretches away through semi-rural, peaceful districts—the right atmosphere for "Home" and dormitory—to the invigorating air of the heights overlooking the Fraser River.

It is not wonderful that a place of such glorious possibilities should grow, and South Vancouver *has* grown, as these striking figures will prove. In 1909, only two short years ago, the number of individual property owners was 19,222. A year later the number had grown to 29,163; and now, in 1911, the number is 35,666.

In 1909 the population was 5,000; a year later it had grown to 15,000; and it is now computed at 35,000. The coming census will no doubt prove that this latter figure is far too low.

In 1909 the school rooms numbered 18, the teachers but 8, and the scholars but 300. In one year the number of schoolrooms had increased to 31, the teachers to 25, and the scholars to 1,100. A brief year elapses, and school rooms increase in number to 61, the teachers to 56, and the scholars at 2,500.

Do you quite catch the significance of these figures showing the progress of educational institutes? Professor Owen said: "Give me the fossil foot of an extinct animal and from that I will build up the entire structure."

When you see a body of school trustees so active, so alert, so up-to-date that brick schools soon replace wooden structures, that new sites are obtained, new buildings planned, built and opened as wanted, then you may guess that other public bodies are equally alert, equally enterprising, equally alive to the requirements of a growing community.

And so they are! Of the local council, the local Board of Trade, the progressive and other societies, I shall speak presently.

There are some people—and for them I have every respect—who take the dollar the nimble, well understood and potent

dollar, as a standard of comparison. For their benefit I will state that South Vancouver has not got an inflated assessment—the powers that be have not heavily assessed property in order to compare favorably with other districts. The valuation has been fair; if anything, low—and yet the growth in value has been marvellous! In 1909 the assessment returns showed the assessment value of South Vancouver to be $7,400,334; in 1910 the value had grown to $13,585,404; and this year, 1911, the value is put at $37,742,385. Here is progress! Here is advance indeed, and looking at the figures of the different wards it is seen that the progress is steady and general, not spasmodic and local—showing that it is the natural result of an influx of the right sort of people, to the right sort of place for them, and that they find conditions favorable for progress and development.

During the past year the total amount of building and improvements must be represented by the very respectable sum of $1,427,170.

Dr. Samuel Johnson spoke of a certain business having "potentialities for growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Those dreams came true. Back years ago, the pioneers who built their shacks along the Fraser, who went out into the bush where Hillcrest, River Road, Fraser Avenue, Central Park, South Hill, Cedar Cottage and Collingwood now stand, were called "dreamers." Their visions of a Greater Vancouver were all pipe dream poetry. There is a Portuguese proverb which says that only God and the Poet are the true creators, and the pioneers who looked on South Vancouver with the eyes of Hope and Faith saw more than many so-called practical men, whose pessimistic views were snowed under by buoyant cheerfulness.

Sentiment, that potent factor in all great improvements, had much power in the development of South Vancouver. "Let us have a home of our own" was the cry. "Own your own home," said the real estate dealer—and, more than that, he offered terms which made such an ambition capable of realization. Land was cheap in South Vancouver. In spite of advanced prices,

land is still cheap in South Vancouver, and those who have the handling of it are men so reasonable that the would-be settler who cannot settle in South Vancouver must indeed be difficult to please.

South Vancouver is, above all things, a place for a "home," with all that environs—that word so full of meaning to the British people.

"Why pay rent?" was a question often asked the new-comer, who took up his abode in some city rooming-house. "Ah! why pay rent?" he asked himself. Then he came out to South Vancouver—and here he is!

South Vancouver has a municipal council. The influx of new settlers pouring in by the thousand threw burdens of responsibility on that council—responsibility and hard work.

What was to be done? The answer is best given in a little story.

The voyage to Victoria looked likely to be stormy. "Tell me, captain," said a lady, "what is the best thing for my husband to do if he has an attack of sea-sickness?"

"Don't worry, madam," said the captain, "he will do it."

Reeve Pound and the councillors did what was necessary. They have risen to the occasion. Roads have been cut, sidewalks laid, a complete water system installed. Wooden pipes proving inadequate for a demand of over 300 new services a month, over fifty miles of new steel pipes have been ordered to supplement a system of some sixty miles already laid.

"Sixty miles of sidewalks laid," "seventy miles of road rocked," "arc lights placed in all important thoroughfares," "fire halls built in all the wards," "new municipal hall built"—these will be the last year's records of good work done by the council, while private enterprise has not only erected stores and halls of excellent architecture, ample, commodious and convenient, but a public library and museum shortly to be opened; brass bands formed for Cedar Cottage and Central Park are tangible evidence that the population are not only commercially alive but have yearnings after good music, healthy recreation and what Matthew Arnold said imparted "sweetness and light" to a population.

South Vancouver has a healthy appetite for clean sport; it has open spaces and playgrounds, and on its highest ground stands a large portion of Central Park—a beautiful

primeval forest dedicated to the public "forever," and now being laid out by a public board of commissioners to great advantage.

South Vancouver, too, has a large share in the Central Park Agricultural Hall, which all the year round is the venue of pleasant social gatherings, lectures, etc., and every fall the scene of a great fair. South Vancouver, at this fair, captures so many prizes as to give evidence of the fact that poultry-raising, fruit and vegetable growing, bee-keeping and many other home industries, arts and handicrafts flourish in the go-ahead district along the Fraser.

A great river owes its volume, force and character to many tributary streams. Many things have contributed to the wonderful growth and development of South Vancouver. A live council, of enterprise and integrity, a body of school trustees awake to the demands for popular education (South Vancouver was the first suburb to start night schools); many religious bodies faithfully and zealously doing good work. Progressive societies, ratepayers' societies, and an organization which deserves special mention—the South Vancouver Board of Trade.

With a public-spirited man, Mr. R. C. Hodgson, as president, with a capable and energetic secretary in Mr. Charles Harrison, this board has done and is doing splendid work.

Where necessity has arisen, scores of the members have sacrificed time and money, and gone as deputations to Victoria and Ottawa in the interests of the district, whose welfare they have so much at heart. And here let it be said that Reeve Pound, of the council, Chairman Spencer Robinson, of the school trustees, and President Hodgson, of the board of trade, have behind them bodies so united, so evidently sincere in representing the public welfare, so tactful and gifted with what a great man called "sweet reasonableness," that their reception is always courteous and cordial, and their missions invariably successful.

The British Columbia Electric Railway, which traverses the district, knows that the Board of Trade vigilantly guards the interests of passengers. All reasonable requests—and only such are made—are usually met with ready compliance.

The Minister of Education recently recognized the work of the school trustees by giving a record grant of $75,000 for South Vancouver's school work, and the government at Ottawa has acceded to the request of the Board of Trade and sent powerful dredgers to deepen the waterway of the Fraser and so improve South Vancouver.

I have hesitated to approach this great asset of South Vancouver's, this great factor in its present prosperity and future greatness, for words are really inadequate to do the subject justice.

One can only say: "Go and see the four and a half miles of beautiful waterfront," and you will be lacking indeed in imagination and calculation if you cannot see at once that here are opportunities for great industries, great factories, shipyards, the commerce of a great empire. When the Panama Canal is opened, the Fraser will indeed be busy with the commercial fleets of the world.

The Board of Trade is besieged with enquiries about sites for wharves and factories, for manufacturers know that South Vancouver has not only great natural advantages, but that industry is encouraged by the fact that the policy of the municipality is *no tax on improvements*.

(Daily World, May 20)

WILL START WORK ON BRIDGE IN SIXTY DAYS

Reeve McNaught Says all Obstacles To Construction are Now Removed

Structure will be Built Wider than Originally Intended.

With all obstacles removed, an actual start on the construction of the long-desired and much-talked-of bridge across the Second Narrows will be made within the next sixty days.

Such was the announcement made this afternoon by Mr. John Y. McNaught, manager of the Burrard Inlet Tunnel and Bridge Co., and reeve of the municipality of North Vancouver, who returned home last night from Ottawa.

I have said enough, perhaps, of the natural advantages of the municipality, but I will ask the reader to turn to the sketch, "bird's-eye view," on back cover, and try to get some idea of the lay of the land. South Vancouver lies on the north arm of the Fraser. From Vancouver city the municipality has a gentle slope for about 3½ miles towards the river; thus it is a locality easily drained and with a varying and ever-pleasant landscape.

It has fit sites for the mansion and the cottage, the factory, or the shipyard. Water and electric light and power are distributed everywhere. South Vancouver is so placed that freight and passenger traffic can go to and from the place from the ends of the earth.

The municipal area is over 14 square miles, or 9,200 acres. Its highest altitude is 601 feet. It has some 15 miles of electric carlines, and, above all, an industrious, optimistic population, with such faith in the place, its government and its future, that they have cheerfully voted this year $300,000 for waterworks, $260,000 for schools, $50,000 for sidewalks, $1,050,000 for roads, and other sums which, though large, will be felt as no oppressive burden by a thriving and thrifty population, who regard the place they live in with ambitious pride.

South Vancouver will be part of Greater Vancouver, the vast city of the future—a city which in area, population, magnificence, wealth, industry and prosperity will vie with the great cities of history—past and present. The stars in their courses will bring this about. Meanwhile the people of South Vancouver do not rest contented with dreams of future greatness. They have by "the magic of industry" turned a wild forest into a thriving community. They have won such a name for enterprise, pluck and good management, that when they do join the city of Vancouver, the suburb will not be coldly welcomed as some poor relation, but proudly hailed as a partner and ally in a grand and glorious scheme of national development.

Augustine was proud of the fact that he found Rome brick, and left it marble. South Vancouverites may be proud of the fact that a few scattered logging camps, a few humble ranches, have become a great and important district, attracting attention from every part of the world, a focus for commercial enterprise, for capital and effort, and

destined to occupy an important and proud place when the history of this great West comes to be written.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." South Vancouver has won her victories in a soldier's battle for government of the people, by the people, for the people—has made South Vancouver the proud, prosperous and happy place it is today.

An Oversight

IN the present number of this magazine there are one or two stories and several sets of verses reprinted from other magazines, and by an oversight, which is unfortunate, the magazines from which they were taken were not given credit for them. "The Delvers of the Hills" was reproduced from Collier's Weekly; "In the City Crowd" from Scribner's Magazine; "They Know not Harbors who Know not the Deep" and "To a Lady" were also stolen without credit.

Vancouver Information and Tourist Association

(Continued from Page 636)

Exposition in 1909. At that time the moment was ripe for advertising on a colossal scale, and the association seized the opportunity to reach the thousands of tourists from every part of the States and Canada who visited the fair. The great arch which was erected on one of the main streets to represent Vancouver was talked about, written of and photographed to such an extent that there is probably no part of the continent in which it is not known. In all twenty thousand dollars were spent and the benefit derived by the city from its judicious use has been enormous.

During the existence of the association the secretaryship has changed hands four times—Messrs. A. J. Baxter, W. E. Flumerfelt and Elliott S. Rowe succeeding Mr. Findley, the first secretary, in the order named. There have been five presidents—Messrs. Wm. Godfrey, H. C. Clarke, F. J. Procter and H. C. Macauly, following Mr. Banfield.

At the present time there are about six hundred members of the association, representing the majority of the reputable firms and institutions of the city. The rooms on Granville street are stocked with literature dealing with every part of the province and with exhibits of fruit, grain, etc., grown in British Columbia. Every day scores of strangers visiting the city ask for and receive information concerning the city.

Voiceless Sorrow

By WILLIAM H. HAYNE

(From "Scribner's Magazine")

He is unwise who dares intrude
On Sorrow in her voiceless mood,—
The mood of yearning—potent, deep,—
Unpenanted by tears or sleep.

No well-framed maxims can bestow
Balm on this unuttered woe,—
Dumb memory beyond the reach
Of mortal hand, or mortal speech.

OPPORTUNITIES CLASSIFIED

¶ The rate for advertising under this head is five cents a word. Cash must accompany all orders

INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES

PRODIGIOUS PROFITS IN CALIFORNIA OIL. A 100-barrel well is worth $100,000. Send for free booklet telling how to invest to make big money. W. H. Wise, Laughlin Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR HUSTLER. A good solicitor should make from $20.00 to $30.00 a week on commissions getting subscriptions for British Columbia Magazine; one representative made $8.00 in one day. Write for particulars. Address Circulation Manager, British Columbia Magazine, Vancouver, B. C.

EDUCATIONAL

MAIL COURSES in Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Matriculation, Ad-writing. Dominion Business College, corner College and Brunswick, Toronto: J. V. Mitchell, B. A., Principal.

THE KENNEDY SCHOOL is devoted exclusively to the better training of stenographers and office assistants; has won all the world's typewriting championships. Booklets free upon request. 9 Adelaide Street, Toronto.

BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR HUSTLER. A good solicitor should make from $20.00 to $30.00 a week on commissions getting subscriptions for British Columbia Magazine; one representative made $8.00 in one day. Write for particulars. Address Circulation Manager, British Columbia Magazine, Vancouver, B. C.

REAL ESTATE

NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! A1 land, abundant water, in the Famous Turlock Irrigation District of California. The home of the peach, grape, cantaloupe, watermelon and sweet potato. The Dairyman's Paradise. Write today for information and free booklet. Dept. "D," TURLOCK BOARD OF TRADE, Turlock, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE SURROUNDING country offers cheaper and better investments in Fruit, Hay, Grain, Dairy, Stock, Farms, Gold, Silver and Copper properties and first Mortgage Realty loans than any State in the Northwest. Situated on the P. & I. N. R. R., Washington County, Idaho. For reliable information, call on or address the Crouter Realty & Brokerage Co., Rooms 1 and 2, Stuart Building, Main street, Cambridge, Washington County, Idaho.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY. Famous McCoy ranch now selling in 5-acre tracts (planted to Muscatel grapes and cared for until first paying crop is produced) on $10 monthly payments. Table grapes net $150 an acre. Rich frostless land adjoining ideally-located valley city on railway. Free illustrated booklet and introductory offer. W. E. Alexander, Escondido, California.

WANTED—Some good live men with small capital to invest in our Arrow Lake Orchards. Fine paying investment and work guaranteed. Write today for full particulars. Arrow Lake Orchards, Ltd., Dept. 11, Box 679, Lethbridge, Alberta.

C. O. BRADSHAW
"The Land Man"
Suite 610 Dominion Trust Building
VANCOUVER, B. C.
Phone Seymour 4484

No. 38—2000 ACRES OF FINE BEAVER MEADOW, short distance up the coast from Vancouver. All fronting on a beautiful river. Only $6.50 per acre; 50c. per acre cash, balance easy. Maps, photos and samples of soil in my office. Will sell in parcels of 80 acres or more; only a few left; get busy.

No. 22—160 ACRES NEAR ABBOTTSFORD AND Pinegrove, Fraser River valley; chocolate loam soil; on good road; only $40 an acre. $1900 cash, balance over 4 years. Will sell one-half.

I HAVE LAND IN ALL PARTS OF WESTERN British Columbia, and control all my listings. An interview or a letter from you will be appreciated. A map of the Fraser River valley and property list sent free upon application. C. O. BRADSHAW, Suite 610 Dominion Trust Building, Vancouver, B. C. Phone, Seymour 4484.

FRUIT LANDS

SELF-SUPPORTING HOMES in the Glorious Fruit District, Southern British Columbia, for $10 cash and $10 monthly, without interest. Annual profits $500 to $1,000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry; scenery, hunting, fishing, boating; delightful warm climate; church, school, postoffice, store, big sawmill; daily trains; close to markets; unlimited demand for products. Write quick for maps, photos, free information WEST KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS COMPANY, Dept. M, Drawer 1087, Nelson, B.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

$25.00 TO $50.00 WEEKLY easily made by any live young man. In spare time. In your own town. No mail-order scheme. Particulars 25c. Nicasio Co., Box 521, San Francisco, Cal.

BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR HUSTLER. A good solicitor should make from $20.00 to $30.00 a week on commissions getting subscriptions for British Columbia Magazine; one representative made $8.00 in one day. Write for particulars. Address Circulation Manager, British Columbia Magazine, Vancouver, B. C.

VANCOUVER OFFERS UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES to the man with energy and push, as well as to the capitalist. Money and brains are both in demand on the Canadian Pacific Coast. Learn of the great chances for practically all lines of industry in Vancouver. For authentic and reliable information write Dept. A, Vancouver Information and Tourist Association, Vancouver, B. C.

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