

VICTORIA CITY CELEBRATES

—THE—

DIAMOND



JUBILEE

OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

JUNE 20th, 21st, 22nd AND 23rd, 1897.

ON SUNDAY—Drumhead Thanksgiving Service at Beacon Hill, participated in by the Military, Societies, Bands and Combined Choirs of the City.

ON MONDAY—Review of Her Majesty's Land and Sea Forces.

ON TUESDAY—Grand Regatta and Aquatic Sports on Victoria Arm.

ON WEDNESDAY—Yacht Racing, Bicycle Races, etc.

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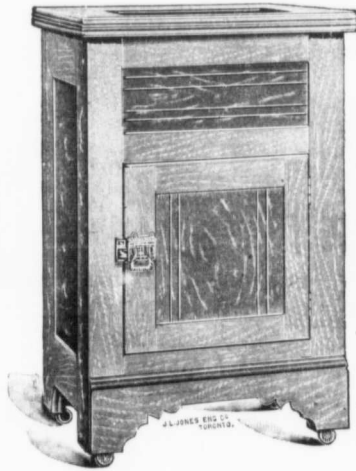
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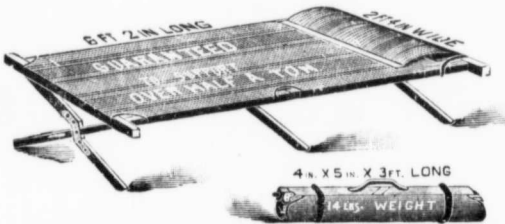
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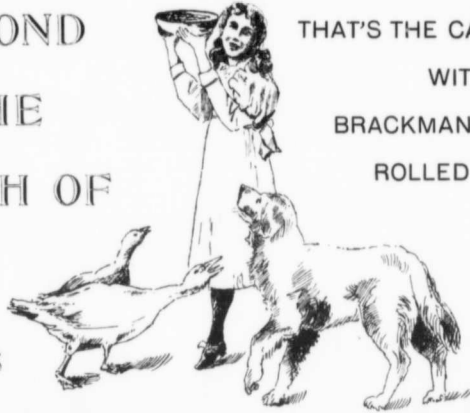
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THE STEARNS,
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They are as Famous
for their Reliability
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Reliable

Timepiece

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TROREY, THE JEWELER.

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◉—VANCOUVER, - - B. C.—◉

WESTERN RECREATION.

15-PAYMENT LIFE POLICY. 15-YEAR DIVIDEND PERIOD.

Example of Loan, Surrender Values and Options under the

GUARANTEED CASH AND LOAN VALUE POLICY

—ISSUED BY THE—

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society

OF NEW YORK.

Form—15-PAYMENT LIFE. Dividend Period—15 YEARS. Amount—\$10,000.00. Age—20.
Annual Premium—\$289.20.

The figures authorized for insertion in this Table, and which will be written in the Policy, must be taken from the GUARANTEED values furnished by the Society in its official literature.

END OF YEAR	LOAN.	CASH VALUE	EXTENDED ASSURANCE.		PAID-UP ASSURANCE.
			Years.	Days.	
3rd Year.....	\$ 434 70	7	64	\$2,000 00
4th ".....	599 70	10	45	2,660 00
5th ".....	775 60	13	147	3,330 00
6th ".....	963 20	16	274	4,000 00
7th ".....	1,163 00	20	45	4,660 00
8th ".....	1,375 60	23	123	5,330 00
9th ".....	1,601 70	26	5	6,000 00
10th ".....	1,842 10	\$ 1,842 10	28	163	6,660 00
11th ".....	2,097 70	2,097 70	31	16	7,330 00
12th ".....	2,369 20	2,369 20	33	117	8,000 00
13th ".....	2,657 60	2,657 60	35	183	8,660 00
14th ".....	2,963 50	2,963 50	37	180	9,330 00
15th ".....	3,288 10	Paid	Up.	10,000 00

DIVIDENDS.

If the Assured be living, and the policy be in force at the end of fifteen years from its register date of issue, the Society will declare a dividend, payable to the Assured, and the Policy may then be continued or surrendered under one of the following

OPTIONS:

- (1st.) Withdraw entire cash value (consisting of the full cash surrender value, as fixed in above Table, together with the dividend); or,
- (2nd.) Convert entire cash value (consisting of the full cash surrender value, as fixed in above Table, together with the dividend) into a life annuity; or,
- (3rd.) Draw dividend in cash and continue Policy as a paid-up life policy for full amount; or,
- (4th.) Convert dividend into a life annuity and continue policy as paid-up life policy for full amount; or,
- (5th.) Convert entire cash value (consisting of the full cash surrender value, as fixed in above Table, and the dividend) into a paid-up life policy.

Option 5 is subject to a medical examination and the Society's approval of the risk for any excess in paid-up assurance over the amount of the original policy.

The Policy embraces the following Privileges. } Thirty Days grace in payment of any premium after the first. Indisputability after two years. Right of the Assured to change the beneficiary

S. H. MATSON, General Manager for British Columbia, VICTORIA

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A Brantford for \$60!

This is the snap we are offering to Bicycle Buyers during the balmy month of June. Everybody knows the BRANTFORD—the staunchest, fastest and easiest-running wheel on the market. We have them in all styles and grades. If you haven't yet seen this year's models, you have a treat in store; if you haven't yet ridden them, you have still to realize the acme of pleasure in cycling.

CRAWFORDS

For those who prefer an American mount.


ONIONS & PLIMLEY

VICTORIA.

The Perfectly Appointed Central Cyclery & Repair Depot



COOKS

Know a Thing
Or Two. 

*One thing is that the Stove
must be right.*

*Another is that Figs Don't
Grow on Thistles—you must
have GOOD MATERIALS for
good cookery.*

SAUNDERS, OF JOHNSON STREET

Sells the Best Only.

FANCY GROCERIES,
STAPLE PROVISIONS,
WINES and LIQUORS.

C. P. Navigation Co., Ltd.

TIME TABLE No. 29.

Vancouver Route.

Victoria to Vancouver—Daily, except Monday, at 1 o'clock.
Vancouver to Victoria—Daily, except Monday, at 13:15 o'clock, or on arrival of C.P.R. No. 1 train.

New Westminster Route.

LEAVE VICTORIA for New Westminster, Ladner's Landing and Lulu Island—Sunday at 2 1/2 o'clock; Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 o'clock. Sunday's steamer to New Westminster connects with C. P. train No. 2 going East Monday.

For Plumper Pass—Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Moresby and Pender Islands—Thursday at 7 o'clock.

LEAVE NEW WESTMINSTER for Victoria—Monday at 13:15 o'clock; Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Plumper Pass—Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock.
For Pender and Moresby Islands—Thursday at 7 o'clock.

Northern Route.

Steamships of this Company will leave for Fort Simpson and intermediate ports, via Vancouver, the 1st and 15th of each month at 8 o'clock. When sufficient inducements offer will extend trips to West Coast Points and Queen Charlotte Islands.

Barclay Sound Route.

Steamer Tees leaves Victoria for Alberni and Sound Ports the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month.

The Company reserves the right of changing this Time Table at any time without notification.

JOHN IRVING, MANAGER.

G. A. CARLETON, GENERAL AGENT.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

Langley & Henderson Bros.

Wholesale Druggists,

VICTORIA AND
VANCOUVER.

WESTERN RECREATION.

COAL

The New Vancouver Coal Mining & Land Co.

LIMITED

(FORMERLY THE VANCOUVER COAL CO.)

ARE THE LARGEST COAL PRODUCERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Nanaimo Coal Southfield Coal

Used principally for Gas and General
Domestic Purposes.

An Unequalled Steam
Fuel.

New Wellington Coal

A Bright, Clean Burning Coal, and a favorite fuel for the open grate.

Protection Island Coal

UPPER SEAM.

This Coal is similar in appearance and quality to the New Wellington, but is a superior Gas Coal and for general purposes will be preferred to all other Coal produced on Vancouver Island.

The above Coals are Mined by the New Vancouver Coal Co. Only.

The Company's Wharves are at Departure Bay, Nanaimo and Protection Island, at each of which Ships of the deepest draft can load at all times.

SAMUEL M. ROBINS, Superintendent.

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DINTY. DELICIOUS. PURE.

Visitors to British Columbia's Capital should not fail to visit our Retail Stores at 75 and 77 Government Street. One of the sights of the city, and the most palatial and perfectly appointed business establishment in the West.

**CAKES AND PASTRY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
FRESH ALL THE TIME.**

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VICTORIA.

75 and 77 Government St.

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34 Government St.

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VICTORIA.**

**DO YOU SELL
CANDY?**

If you do you will find it PAYS to BUY at the BEST AND BIGGEST MANUFACTORY.

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The premises are equipped with all the most modern plant for the production of High Grade Confectionery. All goods are tastily prepared to tempt both eye and palate. A trial order is a good investment, for

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34 Government Street.**

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WESTERN RECREATION

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1897.

	PAGE
"THE TEMPTATION'S PASSENGER"	Frontispiece.
"SINGLE-HANDED CRUISING" (<i>illustrated</i>)	H. HARVEY-SIMPSON 91
"THE WATERFRONT KALEIDOSCOPE" (<i>illustrated</i>)	THOMAS BAMFORD 101
"TOILERS OF THE SEA"	ARTHUR DAVEY 107
"SHOULD WOMEN SHOOT?"	JULIAN DURHAM 108
"YACHTING IN THE NORTH-WEST" (<i>illustrated</i>)	E. B. LEAMING & F. P. DOW 110
"THE STORY OF A SWEDE"	J. GORDON SMITH 114
"WHEELING IN THE WEST" (<i>illustrated</i>)	(E. C. GARRATT, THOS. H. ROGERS & J. W. PRESCOTT) 116
"SOMETHING ABOUT LAWN TENNIS" (<i>with portrait</i>)	J. F. FOULKES 126
"A SAD CYCLING EXPERIENCE" (<i>illustrated</i>)	AGNES DEANS CAMERON 128
"THE GEE WHIZ" 133
"OUR NATIVE BIRDS"	JOHN FANNIN 134
"A BICYCLE RIDE"	GEORGE SEYMOUR WALT 135
"THE ANSWER"	N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN 137
"SPRING GOLF TOURNAMENTS"	"CADDIE" 138
"MY LADY"	A. D. 139
"THE CARE OF LAWNS"	H. W. 140
TOPICS OF THE MONTH 141

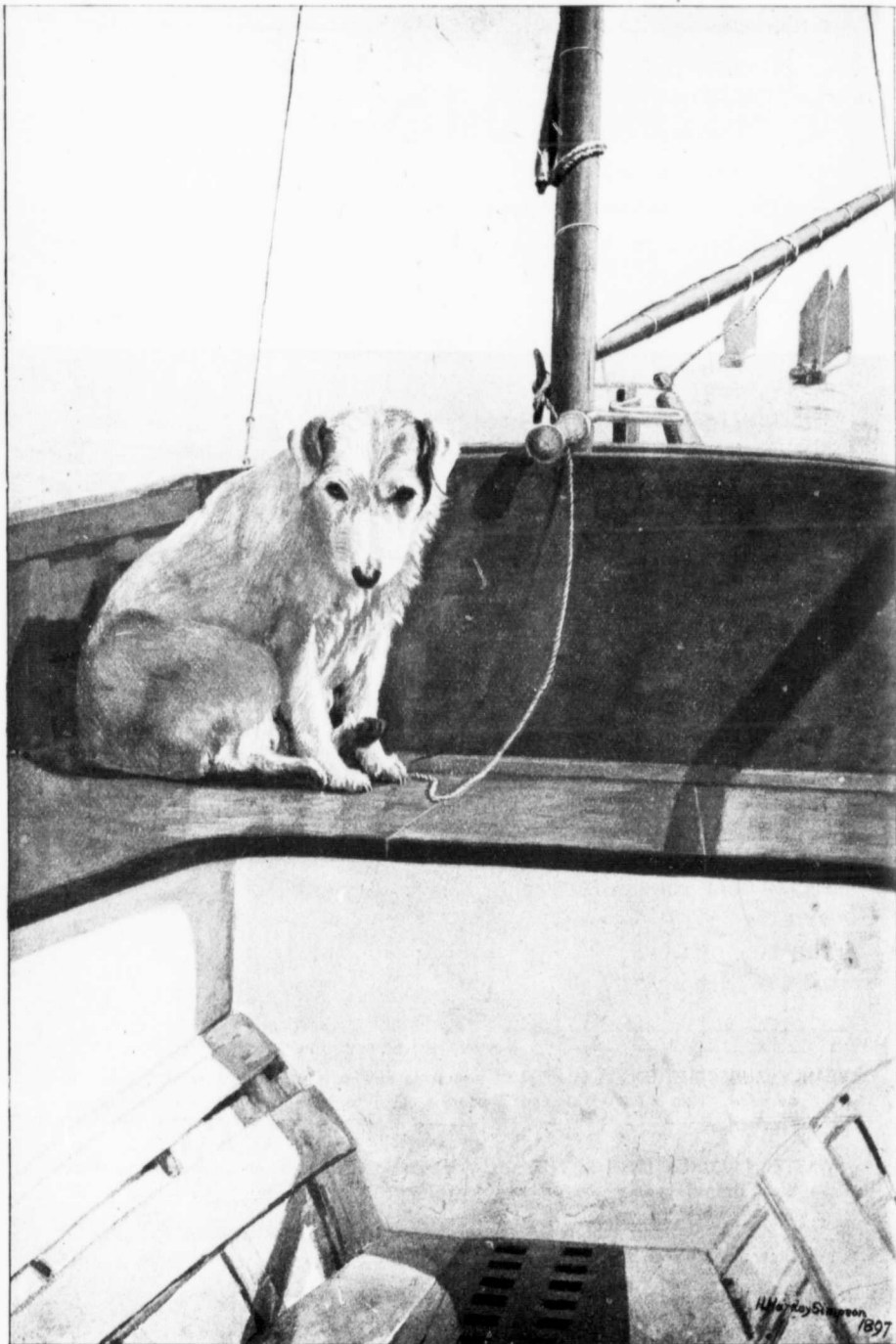
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IF YOU KNOW anything that will interest our readers, tell us about it; if you want to know anything we can tell you, ask questions.

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"THE TEMPTATION'S PASSENGER."

DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY H. HARVEY-SIMPSON.

WESTERN RECREATION.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 3.

SINGLE-HANDED CRUISING.

By H. HARVEY-SIMPSON.

IT is the fashion now-a-days to call everything used for pleasure sailing a yacht, from the huge steamer lighted by electricity and containing all the comforts and luxuries of a palace, down to the sailing boat little bigger than a dingy. Voyaging in the former may have charms, but not having been in a position to try it, I cannot speak of them from personal experience.

Of the pleasures of racing and cruising in small craft I know a good deal, and could wish for nothing better than a trip in a good boat, just large enough to accommodate two or three congenial companions, or, failing that, a single-handed cruise in a boat small enough to be handled by one man.

To enjoy a cruise thoroughly, however, one must not be tied to time, which will often be the case of one or other in a party. There is no fun in laboring at the sweeps in a calm. The proper course is to let go the anchor, and the man who must be back in town at a certain time had better have a naphtha launch or something of that sort, which may be depended upon to go her best when a sailing yacht is helpless.

Though my cruising and racing have been principally upon salt water, I served my apprenticeship, so to speak, on Lake Ontario and Muskoka Lake in the days when Muskoka was a sparsely inhabited district, very different from the summer resort it has since become, for the dwellers in towns.

When in Toronto I used to hire a partly decked, sloop-rigged boat and go out alone in her, after two or three lessons from a friend in handling. The tyro, if he do not get drowned meanwhile, picks up knowledge very rapidly when entirely on his own responsibility.

How the boat was ballasted and what the boat was like under water, I never inquired, but as she had no centreboard, and made considerable leeway, she was probably a very light draught. The worst adventure that befel me only cost the sum of one dollar, which went into the pocket of the captain of a small tug. He brought me in one day, about three miles, after I had been drifting away from Toronto for some time. The wind had freshened and I could not beat back without reefing. In order to do so I had lowered the mainsail right down, which I should not have done, and when I tried to reset the sail the main halliard jammed in the block at the mast-head. I shinned up the mast and vainly tried to free the rope. There was some sea and I found the position aloft decidedly uncomfortable, this being my first ascent. After hailing several passing steamers, who took no notice of me, I got a rope thrown to me from the tug, and though the skipper made some uncomplimentary remarks on my want of seamanship, my relief at being brought to port counteracted the pain they caused.

On Muskoka Lake I used to sail an open boat, twenty feet by five, ballast-

ed with stones, and rigged when I first knew her, with two standing lugs. The foremast was right in the eyes, and the mainmast at about the centre of length. I thought the world of her, but have since changed my opinion. She had not good lines and made a terrible bow wave; she was also crank and made considerable leeway. The latter fault was remedied to some extent, later, by the addition of a rockered false keel of wood.

I had two good preceptors in the art of sailing—one an ex-Kingstown yachtsman, and the other a retired sea captain—and soon learned enough to be trusted to sail the boat alone. Under their instruction I made a new suit of sails, gaff mainsail and foresail, jib and main gaff topsail. The main boom extended about four feet beyond the transom. The foresail had no boom but was worked with two sheets, and the clew came a foot or more abaft the mainmast. The foremast had no stays, and the luff of the jib naturally departed considerably from a straight line, a condition not conducive to good performance on the wind.

The boat was called the "Breeze." She could only carry the canvas described above in moderate weather, and as hard puffs coming round the numerous islands frequently put her gunwale under, a good baler was indispensable.

If the tyro wishes for the most dangerous type of boat he should get one like the "Breeze." With no side decks to keep out the water, most careful handling was necessary, for if she had filled she would have sunk like a stone. In spite of many doleful prophecies providence preserved me from any such accident with her, till my friends began to think I was destined for the gallows.

A few years ago a friend of mine—a distinguished artist, living at Newlyn,

in Cornwall, developed rather suddenly a taste for boat sailing, and bought an eighteen foot lump of a boat with a lot of pig-iron ballast in her and a centreboard. Her late owner, an expert yachtsman, had given her a large sail plan, and her new owner attempted to carry on like his predecessor; so one day he and two others went across the bay under all sail, but being taken by a strong puff off St. Michael's Mount the boat, which had no side decks, heeled over and half filled. She would not have sunk but for the fact of the water coming in after she came upright again, through the top of the centerboard trunk. They had nothing on board but their boots to bale with, and though they tried to stop the water by plugging up the aperture with their pocket handkerchiefs, it kept gaining on them till the boat went down and left them swimming. Very fortunately a lady on St. Michael's Mount saw the catastrophe and gave vent to a fearful screech which sent men to rescue the waterlogged artists, who when picked up had been twenty minutes in the sea.

I had rather a narrow escape of being smashed up in the "Breeze" by the steamer "Nipissing." She caught us in the narrows, near Gravenhurst, a place where there is very little room on each side of the steamer. I was trying to beat through against a light wind, and had the good luck to be close to the side, about to tack, when the steamer came rushing through, and was able to jump ashore and hang on to the boat like grim death to prevent the steamer's swell dashing her against the rocks.

Coming home from Gravenhurst, a voyage of about ten miles, I sometimes had to sleep out, owing to stress of weather. Starting for home one afternoon, I had not got far before the wind freshened so much that I had to

close-reef mainsail and foresail, and under these two sails I beat up till it got nearly dark. The baler had to be kept going for the sea was heavy and kept coming on board nearly as fast as I could bale. The boat was making a lot of leeway, and there were about five more miles dead to windward to reach home, so I ran under the lee of an island and let go the anchor. Then taking with me a rug, a mackintosh and about half a pound of biscuit, which fortunately I had with me, I went ashore in a little flat-bottomed affair I used to carry as a dingy. In those days I had not as yet contracted the pernicious habit of smoking, and seldom carried matches, but this time two were discovered in my pocket.

There were silver birch trees on the island, the loose bark of which cannot be beaten for kindling, and my first match soon enabled me to start a good fire, which was fortunate, for it was October, and I was pretty wet. I dried my clothes and put enough fuel on the fire to last till morning—as I thought; but it burned out and I awoke feeling horribly cold. Fortune again befriended me, however, and enabled me to light another fire with my second match. So having got well warmed and consumed the few remaining biscuits, I felt equal to re-embarking, but as the gale was blowing harder than ever, instead of trying to work against it, I made for a sheltered bay on the mainland, anchored, went ashore in my punt and made for the trail which the inhabitants called a road, along which I walked home, arriving there quite ready for the good square meal I set to work on. In the afternoon M. and I went to bring home the "Breeze." We ran down to the bay where she was in a small rowing boat, using the "Breeze's" topsail. M. boarded the "Breeze" while I took the small boat to hide her amongst the trees, the water

being very high. I got my dingy off the beach first, where she had been lying in the sun all day, and towing her took the boat to a place where the water was amongst the trees, and making her fast to one of them, got into the dingy to go off to the "Breeze," M. having her now under way. This dingy was my maiden attempt at boat-building. She was a sort of small scow 7x3 feet, and only four inches deep. I used to carry her across two of the thwarts, and she would take me ashore in smooth water. On this occasion her seams had opened to such an extent, through lying in the sun, that she speedily sank under me. I had on a pilot coat, and was not well arranged for swimming, but managed to collect the punt and boat's oars and push them to the nearest tree, on the outside of the bush, where I remained perched upon a branch till M. took me off. My condition being decidedly uncomfortable, we went ashore again and made for the house of a little Irishman, who kindly loaned me some dry clothes and I returned on board the "Breeze," a somewhat striking figure; a shirt and a pair of trousers from which my arms and legs protruded, each about a foot or more—for Pat was only about half my length—and a blanket to finish off the costume. The wind had by this time moderated, and the sail home was uneventful.

A disaster occurred one day when the "Breeze" was sailing up the lake with three men and six large sacks of flour on board, besides the youthful skipper. A rowing boat started with us, but took a course inshore, behind some small islands, while we stood out boldly to make a couple of tacks. There was a smart breeze and owing to the extra weight, the human portion of which was all on the weather gunwale, our boat stood up to it under whole sail, as stiff as a church. We were

bowling merrily along and pitying the unfortunates rowing in the other boat ; but our pride had a sudden fall when the foremast went overboard, and the others had the laugh on their side, when, after getting the sails and wreck aboard, we had to sneak behind the islands after them laboring at the sweeps.

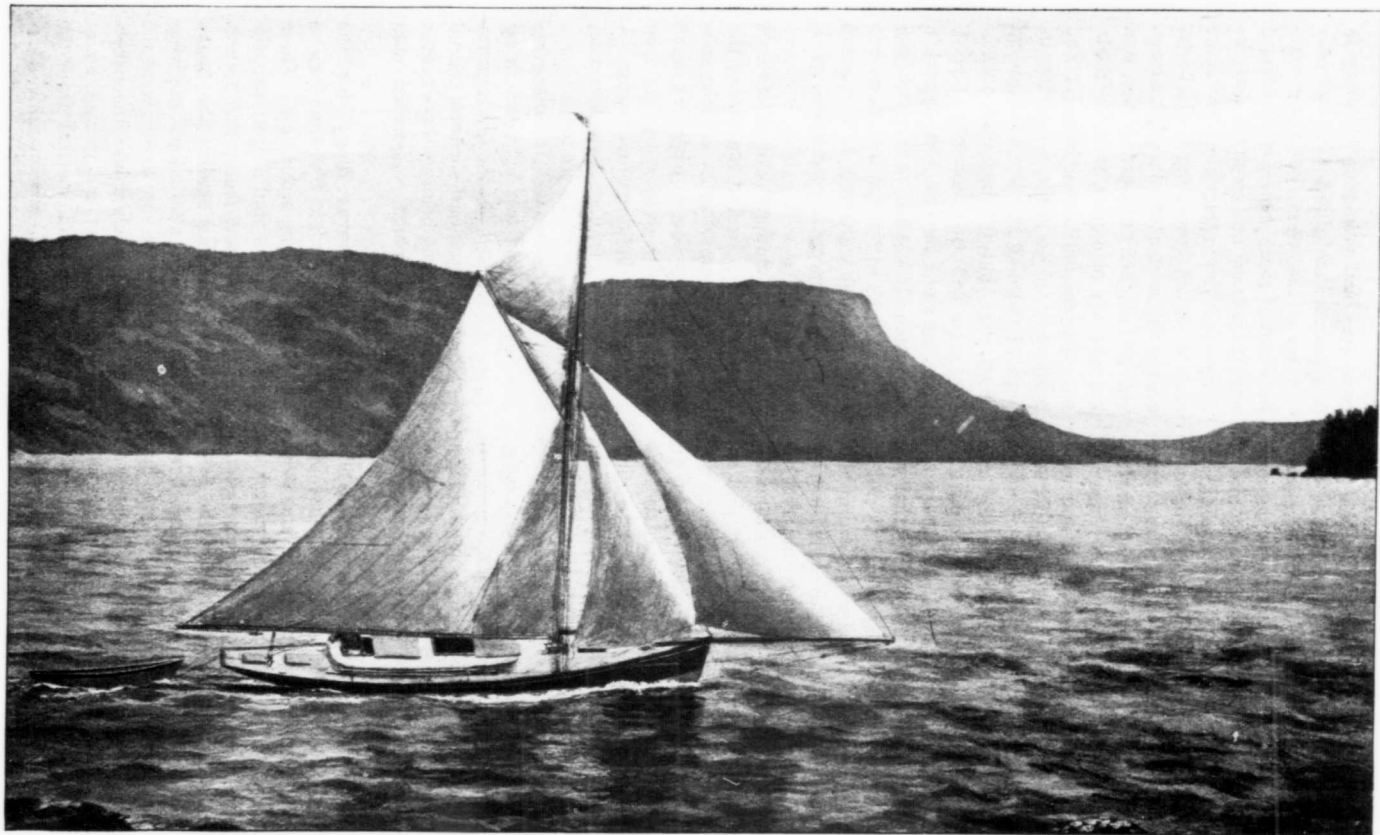
In those days there was no annual regatta on Muskoka Lake, but one was held the year I left. The sailing match was for boats of any description, with time allowance for length. The "Breeze" had three opponents. One was a boat of pretty much the same size and type, but cutter rigged; one was a centreboard sloop 30 feet long 10 feet beam, with a rambow. Both boats were snugly canvassed, while we had all we could carry. The third boat was left from the start and soon gave up. We beat the cutter handsomely. The sloop would have beaten us but mistook the last mark, a tiny island, and went on to round a rock some distance beyond. She bore away after us when her skipper saw us round the nearer one, and passed us on the free reach home, but we had our time allowance well in hand, and gained first prize.

When at Antwerp I used to hire a great clumsy boat with a centreboard and take a cruise up or down the Scheldt, according to the tide, returning when the tide returned. The first time I went out was in the company of three or four brother artists, none of whom knew anything about sailing, and I, never having had any experience where the tide runs as it does in the Scheldt, nearly drowned the whole lot of them. The wind was blowing towards the quay from which we started, and in still water a boat would have gone out all right on the port tack ; so forgetting to allow for the current I tried it, and was speedily

drifted down along the quay, narrowly missing the hawser of a steamer which would have caught our mast had we been a few yards nearer the quay, and overturned us to a certainty. Luckily we just grazed the outer side of the steamer, and were able, after passing her, to bring up alongside another, where we waited till the owner of the boat came on board as pilot, who speedily took us out all right on the starboard tack.

I did a good deal of sailing in Mounts Bay, Cornwall, in a boat that was originally a yacht's life boat. She was built by White, of Cowes, of teak and mahogany with brass fittings. She was sixteen feet long and four feet six beam, and belonged to a brother artist who was married; and because the boat beguiled him when he ought to paint, his wife christened her "Temptation." When the boat afterwards came into my possession I retained the name, finding it still appropriate. We used to sail the "Temptation" with sprit, mainsail and mizzen, and a jib; but she had too little draught to be very weatherly. A regatta was to be held at Penzance, not the large annual affair which has been held of late years, but a little local regatta in which the sailing matches were for fishing luggers and small boats, and we set to work and altered the "Temptation's" rig to that of a sloop, and got an iron keel cast at the adjacent foundry, of about 300 pounds. The keel was rockered and about nine inches deep amidships.

We were working at the rigging with the help of certain fishermen up to the last moment, and reached Penzance barely in time for the start in our class—finding out on the way that the boat worked to windward twice as well as before—which was satisfactory, but discovering also that we could not use our topsail, because the long pole



"Minerva" in Cruising Trim.

DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY H. HARDEY-SIMPSON.

mast was too weak. The pole had stays but no spreaders, and bent over to leeward like a whip. There were three of us on board; B. was steering, M. worked the head sheets, and I shifted sails, knowing the ropes best. The wind was not too strong for us to have carried our topsail and the water was smooth. About ten boats started, and we were fourth boat when nearing the finish of the first round, and were beating up for it on port tack, and approaching a five ton cutter which was on starboard tack. As she was not racing we thought she would give way to us, and therefore held on as long as we dared, but seeing that she was not going to give way B. put up the helm to go under her stern, and we should have cleared her had not her helmsman, who it turned out did not see us under his own mainsail, put his helm up also, with the result that we ran our bowsprit into the yacht's side where it caught somewhere about her chain plates. The "Temptation" was pulled round and turned over to windward. The bowsprit broke off, and being caught in the yacht's gear "Temptation" was pulled over by the stay from bowsprit end to pole of mast. The pole then broke and, thanks to her watertight compartments and iron keel, she righted again; but I did not see the latter performance, being engaged when it took place in a long dive. I was forward when the boat heeled over, and went head first into the water, the last thing I saw being the sails apparently coming down on top of me. So I struck downwards in a great hurry and rose on the other side of the boat, where I foregathered with M. also swimming about, and heard B's. voice inquiring after me. M. said he took an involuntary dive off the keel. B. could not swim a stroke and had stuck to the boat, getting on the outside of her when she

went over, and as nimbly climbing in again when she righted. He was only wet up to his waist, but there were only two or three inches of freeboard and B. pointed out to us the extreme danger of our attempting to come aboard, so we, respecting his feelings, waited till the yacht had worked alongside and climbed on board of her, baling out our own craft, from her deck, with buckets, until enough water had been removed to make room for us without alarming B. We soon got rid of the rest, but the beautiful pole of our mast and our bowsprit having gone, we could take no further part in the match. It was late in the year, and our sail back to Newlyn was none too warm, though we were a little cheered by the unexpected production of a whisky flask.

The "Temptation" was afterwards further altered by the removal of the watertight compartments and the substitution of a deck with five inch combings to the well, a heavier iron keel, and the addition of a counter. A topmast took the place of the lost pole, and the boat sported a jib topsail.

She sailed very well in moderate weather, but was wet in a sea being short of freeboard. At the few regattas in which she took part she took second prize in her class, being always beaten by one boat which was sailed with shifting ballast.

I built a canvas dingy for the "Temptation." The first time I came ashore in it I got a ducking. There were two of us, and I got into the dingy first and was fending off to prevent her bumping against the boat's side, there being a little lop, but giving rather too hard a shove over went the dingy. Fortunately it was the fishermen's dinner hour, and gazing up at the cliff as my head emerged from the water, not a soul was in sight, otherwise I should have been considerably

chaffed about my dingy. If I regretted that I had not made her a little stiffer, there came afterwards consolation in the thought that I should be allowed to have her for my own use and benefit; for certain fishermen, who without my leave had borrowed her, having been promptly emptied into the sea, she was thenceforth let alone by all their kind.

My usual companion in the "Temptation" was the wire-haired fox terrier depicted in the illustration, one of whose descendants has done a lot of cruising with me on the east coast of Vancouver Island, principally in a boat called "Minerva." This was another "yacht" evolved out of a rowing boat. I raised upon her, built on a counter, decked her and put in an iron centreboard, working through a slot in an iron keel weighing about 200 lbs. I carried a lot of loose ballast inside, but as the boat was narrow she required to be ballasted differently to give her much stability, so I removed the centreboard and put on a deep false keel with all the ballast in it. She did pretty well, but as in many other like cases, a much better boat could have been built for the money, time and labor that she cost me. The "Minerva" would accommodate three or four people for a day's sail, and for single handed work she had a remarkable booby hatch, covering the whole of the well. There were two slides on top of the hatch, and the skipper used to sit in the after one when steering. The boat was quite uncapsizable, for the hatch prevented any water coming in, and she would right herself when knocked down on her beam ends. Every bit of space was utilised, even the counter had a hatchway into it, and though the boat was only 19 feet L.W.L. by 4 foot 9 inches beam, I have lived on board in comparative comfort for two or three weeks at a

time. For sleeping on board, the hatch could be raised on jointed supports, the space between hatch and combings being covered with canvas, which was cut to the proper shape and buttoned on. I used to sleep on a moss mattress two feet wide, spread on the cabin floor, and in the daytime it was rolled up and stood in one corner. Cooking was performed on an oil lamp with two four-inch wicks. Sometime I carried a single wick lamp as well. They boiled water in a very short time, and as they were carefully trimmed and cleaned, together with the lantern, I was not poisoned by the smell which arises from a lamp about which any oil is spilt. In light winds I often made tea or coffee and had a meal while sailing, for the water cask, lamp, provisions and utensils were all arranged in lockers, or otherwise, within reach of one sitting at the tiller. The "Minerva" was the first cutter-rigged boat seen in Victoria, and had all the usual racing sails proper to the rig with the accompanying gear. Her multiplicity of ropes excited some admiration and a good deal of wonder and ridicule. Simplicity has its advantages, but had the "Minerva" been as incompletely and badly rigged as most of the boats on the coast, she would not have sailed as well as she did. By having all her sails properly set, she went to windward very creditably, but if the luff of the jib were slack, the effect was seen at once by her making leeway. A large number of ropes does not necessarily lead to confusion, if each one is belayed on its proper cleat, and one does not require to handle them all at the same time.

It is recommended constantly to have a cruising craft very snugly rigged, and this is all right for strong winds, but in light winds an undercanvassed boat is slow, and it may often happen that she is unable to stem a foul tide,

which more sail would enable her to do. I do not believe in a mainsail so large it can only be carried in light winds, which means that it generally has to be reefed, but prefer one of moderate size, and a topsail for light weather. This is a matter of taste. Some may prefer reefing and shaking out reefs to lowering or setting a topsail, but I have frequently done the latter and kept the boat sailing all the time. When I wanted to go forward for any length of time I used to make fast a small line to the tiller and reeve it through an eye on the weather side. Taking the line forward I could always give the boat a little weather helm when necessary; lee helm ought not to be required. For pendants and runners I used an adaptation of a tackle, described by Mr. McDowell, of Kingstown, in the "Yachtsman." It is an admirable arrangement and enables one to set up or slack off the stay in two seconds, there being no slack to coil up. Few people would recommend a topmast for so small a boat as the "Minerva," but I—being considered by many a crank—used one, and would always use one on a cutter. If the pole is very long it means considerable top weight, which cannot be lowered when a blow is to be encountered, while if it be short, only a small topsail can be set even with an inconveniently long yard. A topmast properly fidded can be got down, and when it is up a much larger topsail can be used than on a pole mast. I

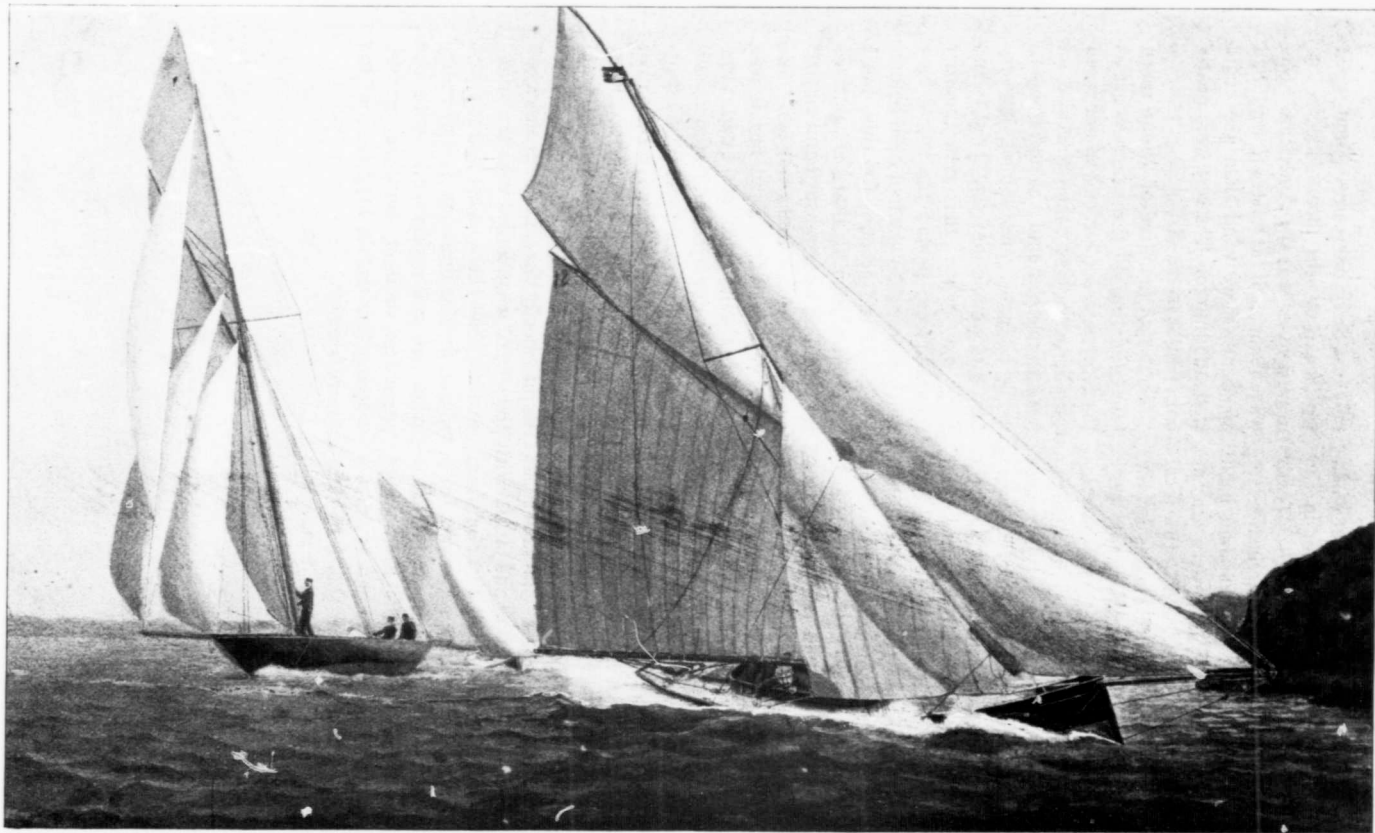
have been up and down this coast in "Minerva," from Englishman's River to Sooke, and have experienced all kinds of weather. She was best in a moderate breeze, being rather short of power for heavy weather.

Few better cruising grounds could be found than the above. In a blow a harbor is almost always to be reached within a few miles where one can wait

for finer weather. To enjoy cruising one must have plenty of provisions and water and not be tied to time. If it be impracticable to continue the voyage, let go the anchor in the nearest shelter and have dinner—or some other meal—one is usually ready for it—and the rest of the stay can be filled up by numerous occupations necessary in order to keep the boat smart and ship-shape. If it be the shooting season, one can go ashore and perhaps get a grouse or so. My fox terrier and I have sometimes had pretty good sport on such occasions. I went into a small cove once and had to stay there two nights, though I made several attempts to come out. The entrance was too narrow to beat out, and it blew right in, but most of the time was spent ashore with the gun, the result being a pretty fair bag.

When sailing at night, which sometimes is rather cold work in the autumn, by having the oil stove alight under the hatch it was warm and comfortable and only my head and shoulders had to brave the chill air. Though the "Minerva" was so heavily rigged and fully canvassed I never had any accident in single handed cruising worse than carrying away one of the jaws of the gaff. She raced often at Victoria, but was on even terms with a bulb-fin boat designed by Linton Hope, which came out the same season, and was, therefore, a year too late to gain renown as a racer, though she several times ran the bulb-finner pretty close. The latter was the better boat to windward, but the "Minerva" could reach faster. The aforesaid bulb-finner gave place in her turn to the skimmiest of skimming-dishes, also from a design by Linton Hope.

About the best race the "Minerva" sailed was one from Victoria to Albert Head, and thence outside Trial Island to Oak Bay. She just missed getting



"Minerva" Risks an Inside Passage to Escape Blanketing.

DRAWN FOR WESTERN RECREATION BY H. HARDEY-SIMPSON.

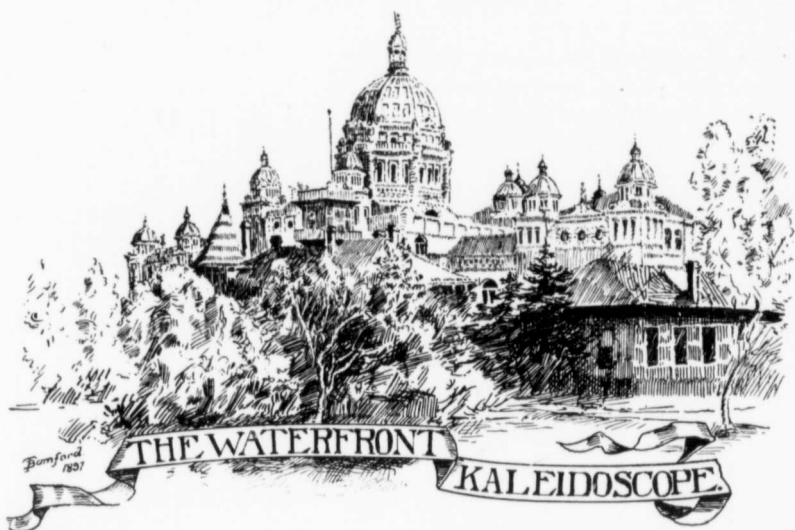
the third prize in her class, but could not have been expected to win, in the motley crowd she was with. There was a large number of American boats of all sorts and sizes which had been taking part in the May regatta at Victoria, and these, with the local craft, were divided into classes by the obsolete length measurement only retained by the International Association of these waters. This put the "Minerva" into the same class with beamy skimming-dishes carrying twice as much canvas; but though we got a bad start we handsomely beat several local boats and a little racing machine from the Sound with a weighted centreboard or some such contrivance.

There were three of us on board. For helmsman I had one of the best boat sailers on the coast. I had to shift sails and attend to the plentiful ropes. The third was Bustle, my fox-terrier, who was merely a passenger. The wind was very light going to Albert Head, and we were close hauled, but when we put about and headed for Trial Island it freshened and we had it on the beam, "Minerva's" best point. We left the other boats hand over fist, carrying balloon foresail and jib topsail. We also carried a small jib hung from the main boom, as a watersail, while the wind was light enough, but as we neared Trial Island the breeze kept piping up, and here we had to make a gybe and then head for Oak Bay. The wind had increased so that we could

only just carry our canvas, and when we last saw the boats astern the nearest to us was the American. She was about half a mile off and had apparently more wind than she could well stand up to. The rest were nearly out of sight in the distance.

There was a cutter of about seven tons belonging to the same owner as the centreboarder, which had not raced with her class, but taken a cruise on her own account, and was now bowling along after us, and coming up very fast, and we had not left Trial Island very far when the centreboarder appeared from behind the island very much nearer than she had been before. We could not account for this, but I was told afterwards that she contrived it by hauling up her board and cutting across, where we could not go. We were very near Oak Bay, but it was evident that the object of the cutter was to get into our wind and stop us till the little fellow could get past. Fortunately for us there was just ahead of us a patch of kelp indicating a sunken rock, and my friend luffed a little and took us between it and the shore. Right smartly did that cutter swing off to leeward when hailed with the information that there was a rock just ahead, for she drew six feet of water, while we got inside nicely with our three feet draught, and reached the winning line with a long lead of the centre-boarder.



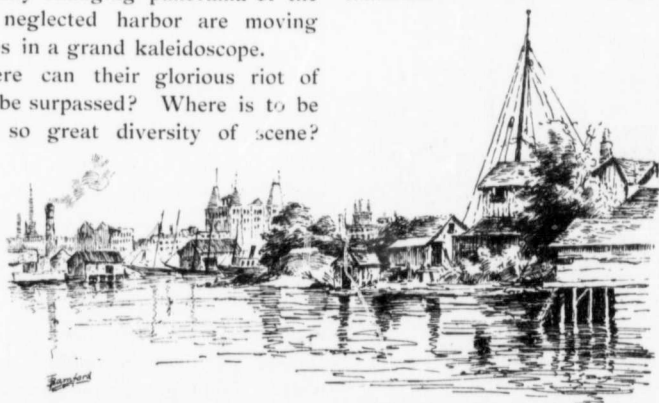


VICTORIA is a picturesque city. Even the visitor of a day who is hurried through the treadmill round of the park, the museum, the parliament buildings and Esquimalt admits the fact, despite the rebellion of his inner consciousness at the way in which the beauties of the town are metaphorically shovelled into him. To those who have time at their disposal in which to become acquainted with the true heart of the place, it is in many respects a revelation. Its scenic charms are as diversified as they are worthy of unequalled admiration; the constantly changing panorama of the much neglected harbor are moving pictures in a grand kaleidoscope.

Where can their glorious riot of colors be surpassed? Where is to be found so great diversity of scene?

What city in the land offers so many alluring combinations of the picturesque?

To speak of the harbor is, with me, to call up recollections without number of happy hours most lazily employed in paddling from corner to corner of this my new-world Venice on bright summer afternoons, finding everywhere bits of the beautiful that tempt the ready pencil. Often have I fancied myself transported by some magic hand to time-hallowed Europe, when passing under the James Bay bridge I have caught a vagrant glimpse of the tumbledown and weather-beaten



"A Peep of the Town Between the Trees"

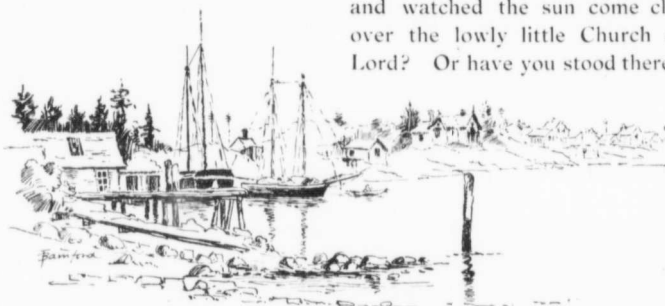
shacks skirting the waterfront—the background a mass of greenest of green trees, and beyond, the bright red tower of St. Andrew's and the pretty gables of the Union club.

Is it any wonder that I shut my eyes upon the picture and sigh unconsciously when I remember that some day the march of progress must ordain the obliteration of all this—the obnoxious mudflats "reclaimed," and perhaps four-story business blocks rising in stolid ugliness upon the grave of what to me has been a little fairyland—the



"The Lowly Little Church."

and watched the sun come climbing over the lowly little Church of Our Lord? Or have you stood there at the



"The Sealing Fleet Make Preparations."

smell at all times and on all occasions dismissed from consideration.

Have you ever stood upon the bridge in the crisp air of the early morning



"And, Beyond, the Tower of St Andrew's."

night hour when the convent is a black silhouette against a light gray sky and the red lights show themselves again in the still water, with the moon just peeping above the long row of stately poplars or the regal oaks so wisely left to adorn the homestead of the Douglas family?

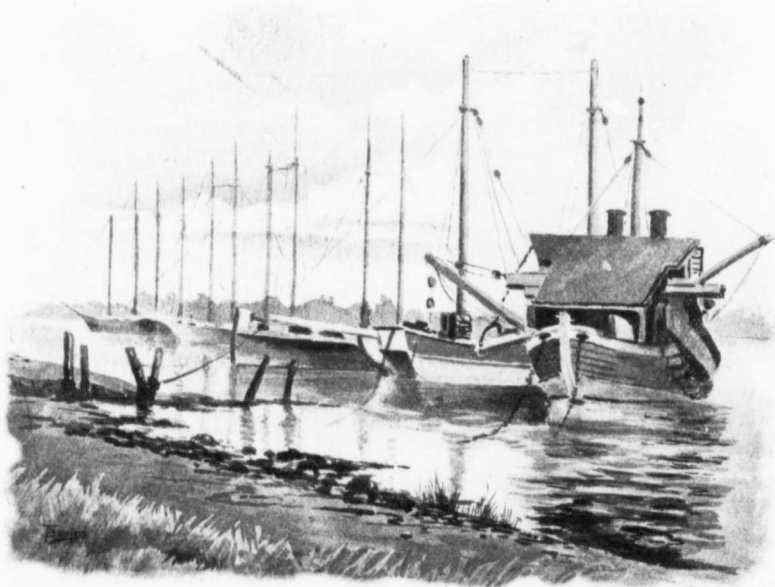
Truly the famous Sir James had an eye for the picturesque when he chose that piece of rising ground for his home, although the aspect was widely different then. At that time there was no bridge across the bay, and so the people of Victoria were without what to me is one of the most interesting portions of the harbor. Especially delightful is it to linger here at the upper end of the bay when the sun is sinking over the near Sooke hills—the water a liquid gold, the many-arched bridge a wondrous structure of dark

purple, and the deformities of the old buildings lost in their baptism of silvery mist and gold and purple-gray.

Here at this time come all the urchins of the neighborhood. They have finished their home work and dearly do they love to beg or steal or borrow anything in the form of boat or canoe that can possibly be made to float, and with it to paddle about in the golden witchery of the passing summer day.

with all its wealth of legend and romance. They bring their customs with them too, and when night has let her curtain down, you can look over the low bridge rail and see the figures of the sleeping fishermen shadowed through their cosy boat tents, for they cover the craft with canvas and make the boat the bed-chamber as well.

No thought take they of typhoid or "rheumatics," as gently rocked in their staunchly-built boats they travel



"Close at Hand is the Boneyard."

At this hour, too, the Japanese fishers steal silently home with their harvest from the sea, their pigmy craft running noiselessly before the gentle evening breeze or the long oars dropping glistening gems back into the placid waters. At the landing place, a dry stone wharf at the end of the long, dark bridge, their countrymen come to meet them—eager, impetuous, vivacious little beings in bronze, whose never-ceasing chatter carries you back to their home land beyond the waters,

on the swift ships of dreamland back to Mikadoland.

Often do I wonder what these ever-busy Japanese do with the fish they take. I have never yet seen them offer any for sale, and surely they cannot consume their entire catch in their own small colony. It must be that they are the wholesalers, and that to the Chinaman is left the retailing of the wares. He and his baskets are certainly never missing from our streets.

But the upper end of James Bay does

not monopolize the good things of Victoria's inner harbor. Passing along the busy wharves interesting features continually present themselves. Even among the newer buildings one can never know what picturesque effect the



"Transformed into a Bit of Capriote."

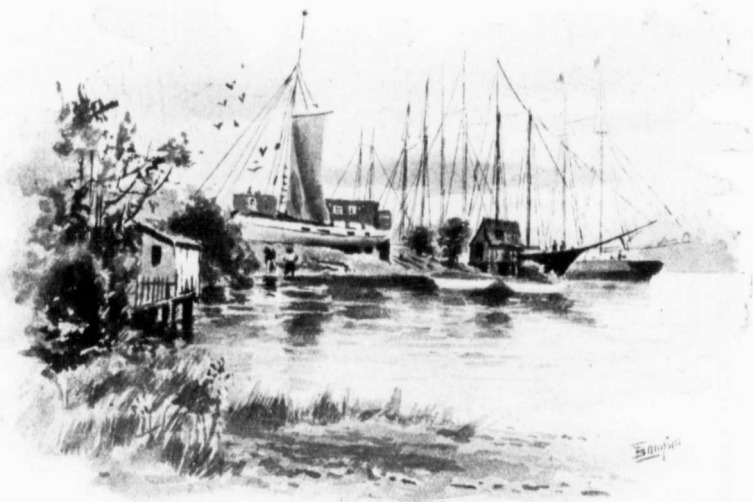
changing play of light and shadow may reveal in the most unpromising of warehouse fronts. A favorite anchorage for the sealing fleet, when the preparations for sea are in progress, is here, just south of the Custom House. Here also are always to be found a group of idle steamers, with not infrequently a deep sea ship, which, having taken her cargo, of salmon for the old-world markets, awaits a favorable tide to start on her long voyage.

And here, too, is the home of the Dominion government fleet, the *Quadra* and the time-worn *Douglas*, now enjoying her well-earned rest after long activity. The historic *Hudson's Bay* steamer *Otter* found a resting place in this quiet nook for many years, and I can well remember her companion at this same anchorage, the ancient *Grappler*, another of the pioneer steam craft of the coast and an oddity at least in marine architecture.

Her day, the day of all such vessels, has long since passed, but time was when she was both the admiration and the wonder of all who gazed upon her. The world is not the same as it was when first she steamed into Victoria harbor, a gunboat in the service of "the company of adventurers trading into the Hudson's Bay," and carrying an armament sufficient to scatter in



"Spires and Towers Rise Sharply."



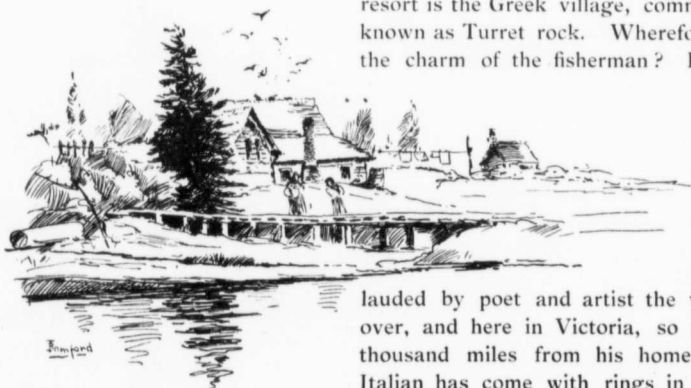
"The Taper Masts Where Shipwrights are at Work."

mortal terror the entire native population of the island.

On one at least of these near-by wharves in the summer time may be seen little groups of "Chinawomen," each with her little tin pail and her little line and little hooks, fishing for little perch. It is surprising how uniformly neat and clean they always are, their hair smoothed down so carefully that one almost fancies it has been starched and ironed—not one hair out of its place and all apparently a solid

sheet of black. They are very happy in their innocent, child-like way, as they sit and fish and scream with delight when one of their number happens perchance to catch a larger fish than usual. It must be the innate love of sport, or the pure fun of the thing that makes them so assiduous in their labor, rather than the value of the fish they catch, for these perch are poor eating at best and possess a most astonishing array of bones.

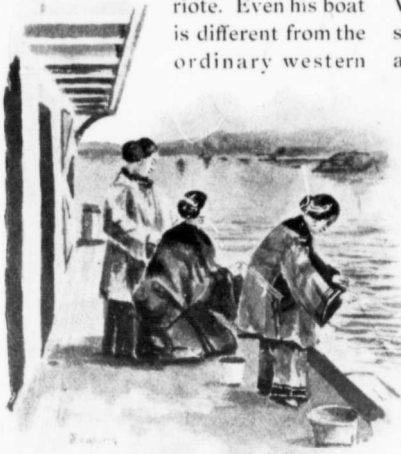
Quite close to the Chinese fishing resort is the Greek village, commonly known as Turret rock. Wherefore is the charm of the fisherman? He is



lauded by poet and artist the world over, and here in Victoria, so many thousand miles from his home, the Italian has come with rings in ears,

"An Odd and Fascinating Foreign Land."

and with his neighbor the Greek, in blue jersey and top boots, transforms a small portion of the land-locked harbor into a bit of Capriote. Even his boat is different from the ordinary western



"Happy in their Childlike Way"

type as oftentimes it must be the home of the fisher.

He has covered over the bow with a small deck and house, and satisfies his fancy by painting her a rich red or dark green, or even a bright blue with yellow stripes, until on a sunny day, when the fish are scarce, it is a sight to delight the eye to watch these many colored craft grouped together with a back-ground of grey rocks and the seal-brown nets hanging on their frames to dry.

This is a favorite spot of mine. It seems so distinctly foreign, and on a busy day you may become acquainted with so many nationalities represented in so very circumscribed a space—Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Italians, Indians, negroes—and, of course, the English and the Scotch, who are never missing anywhere.

I leave the vicinity of the saw mills, though not without their picturesque aspect by any means, and pass also by

a portion of the harbor where most people will seek for pictures—I mean the Arm so-called, but really Portage Inlet. Everyone who has ever visited Victoria, if only for a day, knows something of the beauties of the Arm and the Gorge, and so they may well be left by me while I come to a part of the harbor that is always delightful and to many strange territory—the shore line skirting the west side of the harbor from Point Ellice bridge to its mouth.

Few, I am afraid, visit this spot except on business, or in passing between the city proper and West Victoria; yet here to me is a place to go and explore, even as a new country. Many a delightful day have I spent in this odd foreign land, poking about corners, sketching a bit here and loafing a bit there. Now I catch a glimpse of the fair Olympians, blue and white in the distance; and again I get a peep of the town between the trees, purple and red and gold, framed in green foliage. A family of Indians camped on the mud beach eating their evening meal forms a foreground for the picture in which a dozen taper spires and church towers,



"To the Chinaman is Left the Retailing."

with many masts of ships, constitute the background.

Close at hand is the boneyard, where the poor old boats are left to rot when the world has need of them no more. No one thinks of them, no one cares how soon they crumble and disappear.

Their part has been played and they make their exit unchronicled in the newspapers which blazoned forth their entry, perhaps not a hundred yards from the shipyard which so proudly gave them birth.



"Awaiting a Favorable Tide."



THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.

BY ARTHUR DAVEY.

The men go forth in the boats at morn ;
 They sail towards the gate of the sun,
 As the rugged clouds by its shafts are torn,
 And its rays the earth o'errun.
 Oh, the women look and strain their sight
 As the boats on the waves are toss'd,
 They'll wail with the sobbing waves that night,
 For the men that the sea has lost.

The winds they shriek, and the women wail,
 But the sea will keep its own ;
 And the men must try, tho' they win or fail,
 To reap what the sea has sown.
 A harvest small reap these men so brave,
 And a bounteous one the deep ;
 In its granaries wide is many a grave,
 Where countless fishers sleep.

SHOULD WOMEN SHOOT?

By JULIAN DURHAM.

A CHORUS of masculine voices will doubtless be raised in the negative, aye and promptly too, for the lords of creation strongly object to the usurpation of their prerogatives by the fair sex, and in many instances we are fain to admit the wisdom of such objections. For in spite of the tenets of the present Ibsenite generation of pioneers in bloomers who deem it rank heresy to place limitation on the sphere of womankind, there certainly are lengths "to which we trow colonial damsels should *not* go."

When sport is in question then, as in far-famed Greece, comes the tug of war. Seldom are "two souls with but a single thought" on this subject to be met with, yet common-sense might surely be taken as a safe guide in the matter.

Hunting, tennis, hockey, rowing, fishing, are not all these within a woman's scope? Lacrosse, football, baseball, cycle racing, who could in sober earnest recommend a girl to indulge in pastimes necessitating so much staying power and physical exertion. Then on debatable ground, cricket; but desiring to live for the rest of my days in peace, I refrain from offering any opinion on this burning question.

With regard to shooting, however, the matter is different. That is a recreation eminently fitting for women. I do not mean the pursuit of big game, (though many have proved themselves adepts in even this most arduous quest), but rabbits, grouse, prairie-chicken, pheasants, duck and snipe, all that is required for this everyday sport being ordinary health and strength to walk a reasonable distance, do a reasonable amount of climbing (in a hilly country), and exercise a

reasonable forbearance if discomforts arise, (as they assuredly will.) Quick sight, a true eye, and a keen love of sport, are attributes of both sexes, and a woman's aim may, with an equal amount of practice, become as precise as any man's.

A light shotgun is preferable on all occasions, sad results accruing from the use of heavy "ten bores" which often in the hands of girls "tho' well aimed at duck or plover, bear wide, and kick their owners over." A cartridge-belt and game-bag too are necessary for convenience, and when after deer a small Winchester repeater will be found to answer the purpose best.

Above all things if a girl goes in for sport, let her both dress and equip herself in a sportsmanlike way. A short tweed skirt and knickerbockers, Norfolk jacket, cloth cap or felt hat, thick boots and leathern gaiters form the best costume to withstand the wear and tear inevitable on such expeditions. Of course if after snipe or duck, mud and a probable wetting must also be cheerfully encountered. Neat and trim must the damsel be who desires not to appear ridiculous in the eyes of men, when brought into close competition with them on moor, in field, or glen, for of a truth had Herrick lived to-day he would assuredly have sung "To — in Shooting Togs," and the male sex would all have agreed with him that:

"When as to hunt my lady goes,
Then, then (methinks) how bravely shows
That rare arrangement of her clothes!

Unto th' occasion timely fit,
My love's attire doth show her wit,
And of her ancles a wee bit.

Sorely it sticketh in my throat,
(She having nowhere to bestow 't,)
To name the absent petticoat.

In lieu thereof a well-cut pair
Of knickerbockers she doth wear,
Full ample, and with space to spare.

Lengthways curtailed to her taste
A Norfolk jacket belted waist
Her dainty form hath close encased.

Upon her head she hath a gear
E'en such as wights of ruddy cheer
Do use in stalking of the deer.

Withal she hath a loaded gun,
Whereat the pheasants as they run
Do make a fair diversion.

For very awe if so she shoots,
My hair upriseth from the roots
And, lo ! I tremble in my boots."

It is not at all likely that any woman will go in for shooting unless prompted thereto by a genuine love of sport, as the attendant discomforts frequently equal the pleasures, and many a day she may have to tramp for miles unrewarded by a single "shot," thus the objections raised by persons (who really do not know anything about the matter) are futile, they claiming that to shoot is simply to kill and, therefore, unbecoming a woman, whereas we know it to be a grand sport, exercise; fine aiming and difficult shooting its chief interests, with pleasure in the game bagged only through legitimate pride over the tangible proof of certain pretty or expert "shots."

Recreation entailing out-door exercise is beneficial to women, many of whom would be much stronger if they went in for open-air pursuits. Shooting is excellent training for the eye and ear, inducing accuracy and alertness of action; rifle target-practice, too, forms a capital pastime for girls, and can be prosecuted with regularity independent of times and seasons.

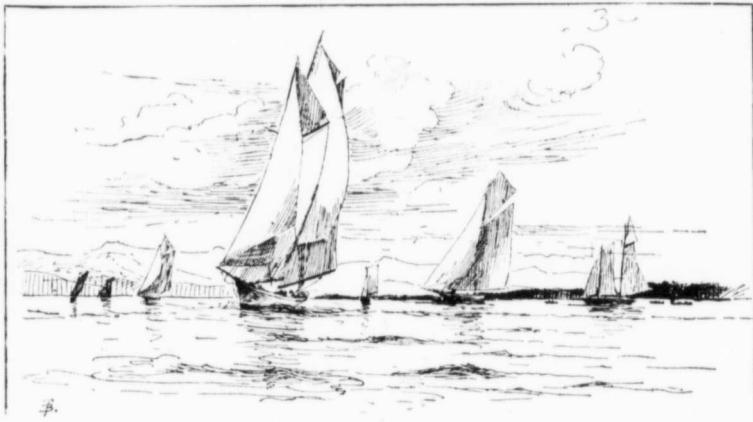
When Mr. E. F. Benson brought out "Dodo" people exclaimed in horror over his description of "Edith Staines," who, on her return from

shooting, "looked anything but like a goddess. Her hat was pushed rakishly on the side of her head; she wafted with her about the room a fine odour of tobacco and gunpowder; she had burned her dress with a fusee head that had fallen off; her boots were large and unlaced, and curiously dirty, and her hands were black with smoke and oil, and had a sort of trimming in the way of small feathers and little patches of blood." Small wonder men scoffed and women shuddered, the state of affairs thus depicted being wantonly exaggerated and disgusting.

Shooting is not in any sense degrading when indulged in on true sporting lines; and here at least the majority of lady "shots" maintain a higher standard than their *confreres*; their instincts being finer they appreciate more keenly the distinction between shooting and slaughtering.

But, alas! for the inconsistency of man! Having discovered a formidable rival in his sister, he forthwith proceeds to inveigh against women "poaching on men's preserves," and whilst occasionally admitting that another fellow's sister is "a pretty smart shot," totally ignores the prowess of his own women-folk.

In taking up the use of gun and rifle girls need not necessarily overstep the boundaries of permissible feminine recreation; moderation must of course control their exploits, but the sport in itself is admirably adapted for women, and one they can safely indulge in without forfeiting an iota of their womanliness. It is more than probable that before another ten years are past, some of our crack "shots" will be found amongst the ranks of the fairer sex. So look to your laurels, ye followers of Nimrod, for the modern Diana is no myth.



YACHTING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY E. B. LEAMING AND FRANK P. DOW.

THE history of yachting and yacht racing upon a definite basis in this section of the world dates back only a few years, for it was as recently as 1892 that the Northwest International Yachting Association came into existence at a meeting of the Bellingham Bay Yacht Club, at which representatives of all the Puget Sound Clubs were present by request. Under most favorable environments the association then organized grew and thrived exceedingly, so that to-day it includes all yacht clubs on both sides of the border, and has a membership of over 400 enthusiastic yachtsmen. One annual regatta is sailed every summer at some port where one of the clubs, a member of the association, has its home. The place is decided upon at the previous meeting of the association, and all details are then left to the management of the local club.

In 1892 the regatta was held at Seattle. That of 1893 came to Victoria; in 1894 New Whatcom was honored, and in 1865, Seattle. Last year Port Townsend was the scene of the association races, and this summer the annual regatta will again be held

at New Whatcom, by invitation of the Bellingham Bay Yacht Club. And a hearty welcome awaits any and every yachtsman coming to take part in these important races.

Many fine yachts to compare favorably with those on the Atlantic coast, have been built as a result of the competition brought about by these annual regattas, and the class of boats being added to the fleet is being continually improved.

Fine trophies are awarded to the winning yachts in the annual regattas, in each class, which if won two years by any yacht under the same ownership, become the personal property of the owner. The trophy in class B. has been won thrice—twice by the Myth, the fastest yacht on the Sound without any exception, and again by the Hornet, both being owned in New Whatcom, the former by Mr. E. B. Leaming, and the latter by Mr. George Simpson. Since the date of her last victory for this trophy, the Myth has abandoned class B. and accepting the minimum measurement of A. class has once defeated the entire number entered at Seattle in 1895. As she is

justly entitled to recognition as the champion yacht of the Pacific Northwest, in any weather or under any conditions, a brief resume of her history and career may be of passing interest to yachtsmen.

She was designed by Thomas Clapham of Roslyn, L. I., and built by Geo. E. Simpson, of New Whatcom. She is of the "Bouncer" type, and when launched, in 1893, carried the usual long centreboard and balance rudder. In the spring of 1895 Mr. Leaming made some important changes in the yacht, replacing the centreboard with a deep wooden keel loaded with 700 lbs. of iron and 1,600 lbs. of lead, and adding a large and permanent cabin house, giving good room and making of the yacht a large cruiser.

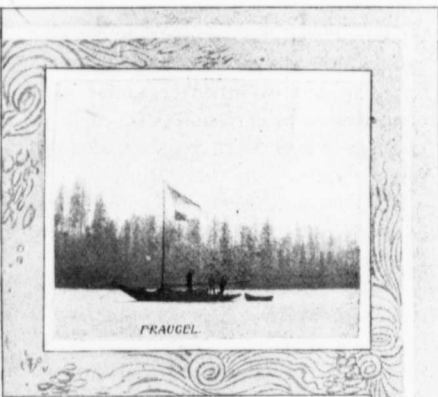
Myth was launched in the spring of 1893, and during that season sailed in four open regattas, winning first prize in her class in each race. The first of these races was at Victoria, where, under the Victoria rules, she was placed in class A. and sailed the course in one-half hour less time than any yacht in any class. The next race was for the Northwestern International Championship, and, under the rules of the Association, Myth was placed in class B. In this race she not only won the class B. international trophy, but again sailed the course in shorter time than any yacht in any class. Her third race was at Victoria, where again she sailed in class B. and easily won first prize. The fourth race of the season of 1893 was at Port Townsend, where Myth again sailed in class B., starting 15 minutes after the class A. yachts, and again not only distanced all her competitors in class B., but passed through the entire class A. fleet and completed the course ten minutes ahead of any other yacht, and in 25 minutes shorter time than any yacht in her class.

In the season of 1894 Myth competed in but two open regattas—the first at Victoria, May 24, in which she sailed in class A. and lost through a disabling accident, when about two miles in the lead of the entire fleet. This is the only race ever lost by her, and at the time of the accident she was placed a sure winner. The other race was the annual Northwestern International regatta, sailed at New Whatcom, in which she sailed in class B., and again not only won in her class, but beat all yachts of all classes, making the course in over 15 minutes shorter time than Xora, winner of class A. This race made her the permanent owner of the class B. trophy of the Northwestern International Yachting Association, by reason of her successful defence of it for two seasons.

Last spring the Myth underwent radical changes—her owner having converted her into a comfortable keel cruiser by the addition of a commodious, permanent cabin and the removal of her centreboard, and putting in its place a keel—giving her at this time a draft of 5ft. 3in.

Last season, under her new rig, she entered the regatta at Victoria, May 24, in class A. The race was not completed within the time limit, owing to falling wind; but at its conclusion Myth was about 30 min. ahead of the next yacht in the fleet. The same race was re-sailed May 27 in a stiff blow, and Myth won first prize, again sailing the course in a shorter time than any yacht in any class. On July 24 she sailed in class A. in the annual regatta of the Northwestern International Y. A. and won the championship trophy.

The Hornet, the second winner in B. class, was both designed and built in New Whatcom, by George Simpson her owner, and is in every way a purely Western production, of which the members of the association are natu-



Fleet Flyers of the North-West.

rally proud. Several new yachts are now being built on the Sound to take part in the regatta of this year, one notable one at Anacortes, a schooner, and probably the largest yet enrolled in the fleet, in which she will be entered under the A. class. This is where the least competition has heretofore existed, because of the great expense incidental to building a yacht to be enrolled in the class. Vancouver, B. C., has not in the past had an organized yacht club, but has recently completed the formation of a very strong association of yachtsmen, and will undoubtedly be well represented at the first regatta of the association since their affiliation.

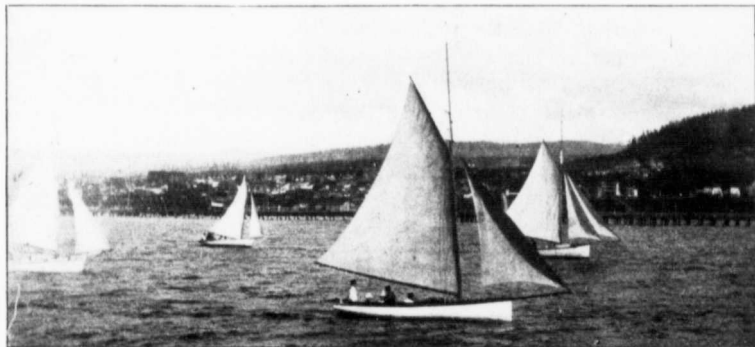
It would be difficult to conceive a more ideal body of water for yachting and yacht racing than Bellingham Bay, on which this year's races will be held. This bay is wholly landlocked by the Mainland on the north-east and south-east and by Washington archipelago on the west and this affords a well sheltered body of deep water of about ten miles in length and from five to eight miles in width. On the south-east side of this bay lies the city of Fairhaven, and on the north-east side the city of New Whatcom.

Nature would indeed be unmindful of her own laws if we did not here find

yachting a favorite sport. In truth, we are indebted to the yachts and yachtsmen of Bellingham Bay for a liberal percentage of the interest and enthusiasm that has characterized yachting and yacht racing on Puget Sound. At New Whatcom is located the Bellingham Bay Yacht Club, one of the pioneer yacht clubs of Washington; and at all times since its first organization this club has been most active and energetic in the advancement of yachting and yachting interests. Any open regatta on Puget Sound would look unnatural without the presence of the *Myth*, *Hornet*, *Ariadne* and *Mabel*, representing the Bellingham Bay club.

The Fairhaven Yacht Club has also a just claim to its share of the yachting enthusiasm of Bellingham Bay, and from that club Puget Sound and British Columbia regattas have been favored with the presence of the *Eddie McKay*, *Garland*, *Ripple*, *Wanda*, *Defiance* and others.

July 4th is the date this year of the annual regatta of the North Western Association, and as Bellingham Bay is fairly central between the various yacht clubs on Puget Sound, extending from Tacoma, Washington, to Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., it is anticipated that this meeting will be a memorable one.



Bellingham Bay, Washington

THE STORY OF A SWEDE.

By J. GORDON SMITH.

MY acquaintance with the lusty flaxen-haired giant typical of the Swedish settler is limited to a single specimen, and the aforesaid representative of his race does not to this day know of my existence. He would have been a member of the little colony of his countrymen at Bella Coola had not fate in the form of a woman intervened, and to the fact of his intention to "go oop nord" I owe my meeting with him.

When I first noticed him, the dock laborers were hurrying the freight on board, rushing hither and thither with their trucks preparatory to the Danube's departure—and Ole was also running up and down the shed, brushing his fingers through his long white hair. As each 'longshoreman went by him with his truck of freight, the Swede threw a handful of broken English in his direction.

"Don't bane forgot my box," was the burden of his cry! "I bane got all my things that box by —"

"Oh your box'll be all right." This came in a grunt from the dock laborer as he went by.

"It's small black box," shrieked the Swede after him, "and it's —"

But whatever it was remained untold—or rather was swallowed up in the conglomeration of noises preliminary to the departure of the steamer.

The Swede's costume plainly proclaimed him one who realized he was going to rough it. Strong, serviceable corduroy trousers, and at the bottom of them a pair of heavy, clumsy, but useful boots. The trousers and the boots did not appear to be on friendly terms—they held aloof from each other to a marked degree. A rough blanket coat and a leather knockabout completed the costume,

with a bunchy little cap, beneath which the hair of the prospective settler formed a neat flounce of yellow embroidery.

Someone has said man is known by the clothes he wears, which is in a measure true. He is also known by the heart they cover.

There was his voice again—he was at the wharfinger this time.

"I wish you tell them about my box," he said. "I want them put it by the boat."

"Oh that's all right; they won't miss it"—and the wharfinger ran out to rescue a missionary's parcel that had fallen into disreputable company and was going aboard companionably lashed to a case of Highland Dew.

Then I heard him again—this time he was at another of the 'longshoremen.

"You won't forget my box," he ventured. "It's got all—"

"Oh, we'll put it on as soon as we get this River's Inlet stuff out of the corner."

With a look of resignation Ole walked over to his box and sat down upon it. It was not for long, though, that he was quiet. Then once more on the evening air floated out his old and by this time wearisome reminder:

"It's this little black box here," he was saying. "I bane make it myself, and—"

"We're not likely to forget your blooming box," said the truck operator, and he swore savagely, though to the evident amazement of Ole, as he wheeled his freight down the shed.

This outbreak brought the Swede back to silence, but only till the next man came along with his truck.

"Don't forget my box," he whispered to him apologetically.

"Oh, hang you and your box; we'll put it on as soon as we get to it—but hold on—held me on to the truck with it and we'll put it on now."

Luckily for Ole's peace of mind, his box was at last in the hold of the Danube. Seeing it to all appearances safe he was preparing to go up the gangway and on board himself when a voice out of the darkness called to him.

"Ole," it said, "aren't you going to say good-bye."

In the half-shadow thrown on the wharf by the freight shed stood a girl, or rather a young lady. She would be, I suppose, some twenty summers old. I am no judge, however, of the age of females—it's a dangerous subject. She seemed, also, to be of Swedish extraction, and I heard Ole call her Hilda. But then you can never be certain of anything about the women, though it is impossible for the Swede man to disguise his nationality.

Ole needed no second summons. As he heard the voice he wheeled and marched down the gang plank; the next moment he too was standing in in the shadow of the shed. What they talked about I wouldn't attempt to guess. They stood very close together and their voices seemed only a murmur, scarcely audible among the dozen and one more pronounced noises of the wharf. Presently, however, Ole found his way alone to the wharfinger.

"Mister," he was saying, "I'd like to get my box out. It bane all I got—"

Then he stopped short. It seemed to come to him suddenly that he had something or someone else besides the box.

"Ain't you through with that box yet?" The wharfinger looked disgusted. "Well, I can't give it to you

now—you'll have to see the mate. What do you want with it anyway—want to get anything out of it?"

"No," said Ole, "I don't bane going."

Then he left the astonished wharfinger and went in search of the mate.

Soon the precious box was lowered again to the dock, and the stevedore as he passed it out was pleased to make several remarks as to Swedes in general, and Ole in particular, that were not in the direction of encouraging immigration. The words employed were not strictly dictionary words; some of them were scarcely fit for publication, and none of them were complimentary to Ole. The dock laborers wondered why it was fished out of the hold, for they knew that box well—having had cause.

"He aint goin'," said the stevedore, speaking to them generally.

"The 'ell 'e aint," one of the number took it upon himself to respond laconically. "For why?"

The stevedore pointed to the shadow where the girl's white dress could just be seen.

"It's her, I think," he said.

"The 'ell"—this seems to be the dock laborer's favorite form of speech, and adaptable to express any and all phases of opinion. Now he was grinning amiably. "And after all his stew about his blooming box, too."

And as the missionary came aboard they pointed to the shadow and laughingly asked him if they had not yet given him "a yob." They pointed too late, however, for the couple had disappeared around the corner of the shed. Ole had left the box for an expressman to bring up. All his feverish anxiety for its safety apparently had passed away.

WHEELING IN THE WEST.

BY E. C. GARRATT, THOMAS H. ROGERS AND J. W. PRESCOTT.

LESS than ten years ago, in this part of the world at least, the man who rode a bicycle was regarded by the majority as a crank of mild and harmless species, but nevertheless a crank. To-day, so rapidly has been the development of public taste for the most enthralling and universal form of out-of-door sport, it is the man—or the woman—who does not know the mystic charm of speeding the silent steed, who is regarded as deserving of the unenviable title. For to-day throughout the Pacific North-west everyone, from infant to octogenarian is awheel.

"The cycling craze," as it was contemptuously christened before its enemies had begun to realize its approaching extent, has long ago infected all classes and all conditions—a merry malady bringing health not harm, promoting a better acquaintance

between men and women and good Mother Nature, and making further for good roads than any other factor since civilization began. Indeed the record of cycling growth in British Columbia and the States immediately to the south during recent years constitutes an important part of the current history of the North-west. It is the intention in this series of random sketches, necessarily condensed and fragmentary, to outline what has been accomplished in the local centres of the sport throughout the territory in question. Oregon and the city of Vancouver are herewith treated by gentlemen whose identification with wheeling has been largely responsible for the upbuilding of the sport; in subsequent numbers of WESTERN RECREATION the cities of Puget Sound, Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo and Wellington will receive their meed of recognition and attention.

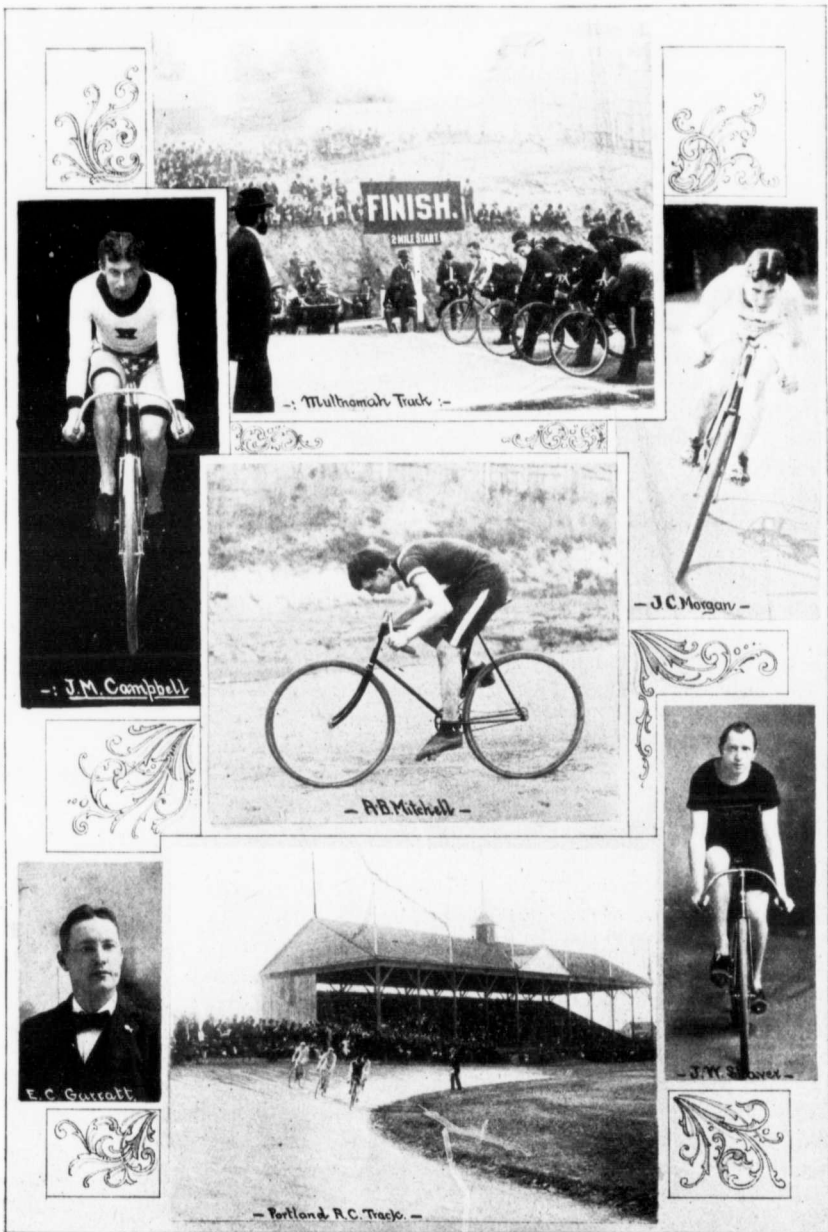
CYCLING IN OREGON.

BY E. C. GARRATT.

Wheeling is to-day the most popular sport of the people of Oregon, as it is getting to be of the best classes all over the world. It has now secured such a firm hold that there is no longer any doubt that it has come to stay. From a small beginning about ten years ago it has steadily increased to such prominence, the last few years growth being very large and rapid, that it is now much easier to calculate the number of people that do not ride than those who do. This, too, in face of the fact that Oregon has not been noted for the quality of its roads, and the facilities for their betterment being such that the improvement must necessarily be slow. It has no natural roads such as our Tacoma friends are continually reminding us lie to the south of that city, nor has it any such fine

system of macadam roads as surround Victoria. The best system of roads in the state is in Multnomah county surrounding the city of Portland, and consists principally of gravelled highway, which makes a very satisfactory road at all seasons of the year for heavy hauling, and good wheeling for about nine months each year.

On account of the hills which surround Portland on the west side of the Willamette river the greater part of the pleasure riding is confined to the east side roads and the two roads on the west side which run north and south and border on the river bank. Probably the most popular ride is the eight mile run to Vancouver, Washington, on the north bank of the Columbia. There are drawbacks to this trip in the shape of a ferry and a plank



Portland Tracks and Cracks.

roadway over a mile long which is a terror for punctures unless the rider has a tough tire, but when once in Vancouver the rider is fully repaid by the fine roads and paths through the Garrison and in the vicinity of the town. During the summer months the town of Gresham, which lies about fourteen miles due east of Portland and which can be reached by three good roads, is also a favorite run for a large number of riders. The town of Sandy, fourteen miles beyond Gresham, became quite a resort last year for some of the scorching element, but the hills on the last few miles deter the rest of the people from taking this trip very often. Mount Hood can be reached over this Sandy road, and a great many people use their wheels as a means of reaching the foot of the mountain. Troutdale, Fairview, Oregon City, Riverview, Hillsboro, Forest Grove and St. Helens are all within easy reach of Portland by wheel, and all receive their share of attention during the season. For those who prefer to stretch out and take a century run occasionally, the Salem trip (52 miles) is the most available, although far from an ideal century course. The women are among the most enthusiastic cyclists to be found in Portland, and ride a great deal, their number being ever on the increase.

The bicycle path question has been agitated in Portland somewhat in the past, and if handled properly would do wonders towards making some of the rides more attractive to cyclists. All the money raised so far has been expended on one short section of path south of the city, which has neither beginning nor end. What is wanted is cheap paths and lots of them. It is better to have four miles of two foot path than one mile of eight foot path. In the eastern states they are now

building good side paths as low as \$150 per mile, and this is the kind most needed here.

The Oregon Division of the League of American Wheelmen, although it has only been organized one year, has already accomplished a good deal for the comfort and benefit of its members and wheelmen at large, and is now in a position to go right ahead and continue the good work. The L.A.W. is a kindred organization to the C.W.A. These two great associations have accomplished much in the past and will continue to accomplish a great deal more in the future for good roads, wheelmen's rights and the furtherance of wheelmen's interests in general. The dues are so small, being merely nominal, and the benefits so great that no cyclist should remain outside of their ranks. The Oregon Division L. A. W. had but eight members at the beginning of 1896, but increased its membership to 325 during the year, and the officers confidently expect to increase the membership this year to 1,000. The gain per cent. of the membership of the Oregon Division was greater than that of any other division in the United States in the same time. The entire membership of the national organization is now 75,000.

The division has just issued its first road book of the state. It is a very neat appearing book of about 100 pages, bound in red leather and resembling in appearance a pocket note book. It contains 68 pages of descriptive matter of the roads of Oregon, covering about 3,800 miles of road. It also contains a large map of Oregon, on which are printed in red the road lines of the state. This is the first road map ever issued of Oregon, and the book is without doubt the best of its kind ever published on the coast. It represents a year's hard work on

the part of the Road Book Committee of the division, and they certainly ought to be proud of the result. The division has at the present time 21 local consuls and 18 league hotels.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has recently gladdened the wheelman's heart by consenting to check bicycles free as baggage and not charging excess baggage rates on them as formerly. This result was brought about largely by the labors of the L. A. W., especially in California, that state having recently passed a law making this compulsory on all its railroads. The Oregon division has prepared a similar bicycle baggage law, also a wide tire bill and a convict labor bill (for working state convicts on roads) but were unable to have them passed by the late legislature because of the senatorial fight which monopolized all the time and shut out everything else.

Track racing in Portland has never been the success in the past that the sport deserves—one reason for this fact being the lack of a suitable fast distinctive bicycle track. To be sure there are two tracks in Portland, one belonging to the Portland Athletic Club and the other to the Multnomah A. A. Club, but both are also used as running tracks which very much interferes with the racing men. The Port-

land track is the better in some respects, being a four lap track, but is not kept in very good condition. The Multnomah track is more accessible but less desirable for racing purposes as it is a five and a half lap track and much narrower than the Portland track. It is banked on the corners about five feet, but on account of its narrowness and shortness the racing

men have declared it dangerous; it is, however, kept in perfect condition. The Portland track could be made very fast by the expenditure of a little money, and that club will no doubt put it in first-class condition for the coming season. The principal meets last year were given early in the season, after which most of the Portland riders went North to the Sound and British Columbia and put in the greater part of the balance of the season racing there. The prospects are bright for more and better race meets this year if a good track is provided. 1897 will, however, be a banner year for the wheel in Oregon as far as



A. Inglis Donnell,
CHIEF CONSUL, OREGON DIV. L. A. W.

road riding and general enjoyment of the sport is concerned.

The principal bicycle clubs of Portland are the Oregon Road Club Cyclers, Multnomah Wheelmen, Zig Zag Cycle Club, and the Acme Club, all of which organizations are thriving and doing good work for wheeling.

M'MINNVILLE'S CYCLING ASSOCIATION.

BY THOMAS H. ROGERS.

Cycling and its attendant fascinations began in this vicinity a dozen or more years ago and have kept well in line until the present time. Its advent was ushered in by frequent invasions of quiet country lanes and highways by intrepid wheelmen mounted on the old-fashioned "sky-scraper," which oftentimes led to many ludicrous remarks. A potato-planting son of Erin, upon seeing one for the first time, called out to a neighbor in an adjoining field: "Arrah, Pat," said he, as the wheelman pedaled swiftly out of sight, "the devil has taken to ridin' a crane, so he has."

Yet it was not until the going out of the ordinary and the coming in of the safety that the public in general took kindly to the now popular pastime.

The wheel is exerting a salutary influence in this community, as in many others, in solving the problem of good roads. At one time the farmers were practically alone in the effort for improved highways. The advent of the wheel brings to their support the activity and thought of thousands in the cities who otherwise would feel no interest in the subject.

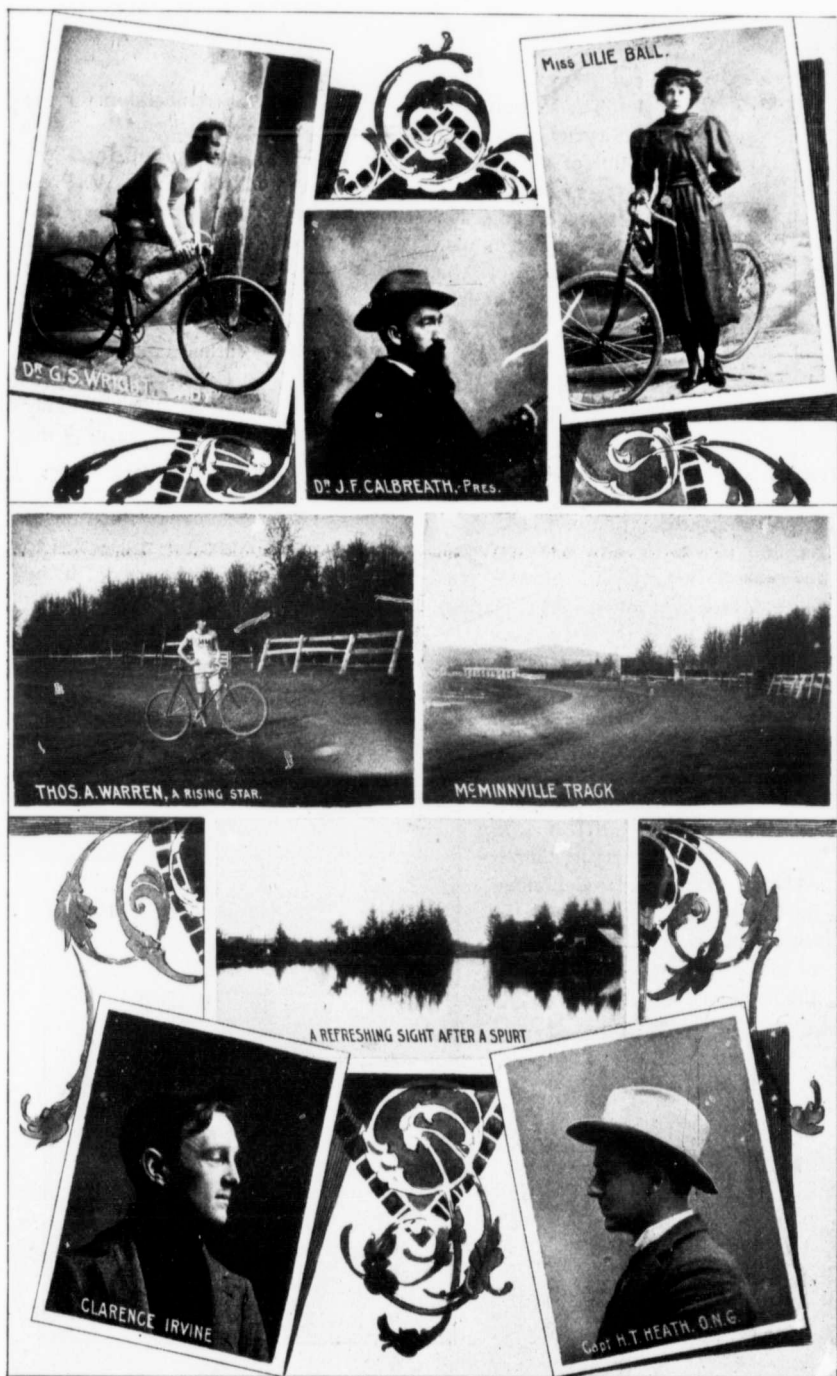
Year by year the cycling fever grew. It is estimated that in this city alone, small as it is, between thirty and thirty-five thousand dollars have been expended in wheels of all makes and varieties during the past five years. With the coming of the pneumatic, cycling enthusiasts awoke to life. Ideal roads were everywhere, leading through picturesque hills and dales, which a true lover of nature is loth to quit. Local sportsmen bestirred themselves. Road clubs were organized, the ordi-

nary run being a circuit of twenty to thirty miles, and the quiet of the morning was often broken by the bugler's call, long before the great king of day came creeping up over Hood's luminous crest.

Road clubs were well enough in their way, yet a few there were with higher ambitions. Through the unremitting efforts of Dr. G. S. Wright (now champion heavy-weight cyclist of the Northwest) and Captain H. L. Heath, O.N.G., the McM. A. C. A. was organized, fifty devotees of true and legitimate sport answering to the gavel tap of President Dr. J. F. Calbreath, state senator from this county.

The association having organized, it set to work with a vim. The county fair grounds were leased for a number of years, and the broad and spacious one-mile track, which, by the way, is the fastest by all odds in the Northwest, was put in shape. With well-banked turns, a firm, clay footing underneath, which does away with the suction encountered in those constructed of cement, such noted riders as Johnny Campbell, Eli Winsett, M. F. (Eli) Lee and others, who have pedaled over the long graceful curves, pronounce it an ideal one for record breaking. The track is beautifully situated, the first, second and third quarters skirting the Derby hills; then comes the "straight-away," and as the wheelman sweeps down the home-run, helped on by the south-west breeze that blows on pleasant days, Mount Hudson in the background, as if pleased with such glorious pastime going on below, looks on and smiles.





In the Home of the "Yamhill Giant."

IN THE TERMINAL CITY.

By J. W. PRESCOTT.



The Vancouver Bicycle Club though full of vigor is as yet in its infancy. It was organized in May, 1895, under the name of the Burrard Bicycle Club, by which style it was known throughout the seasons of 1895 and 1896. At the beginning of the season of 1897 it was decided, however, that it was desirable to more definitely emphasize the location of the club by naming it after the city in which it was organized. Mr. J. M. Bowell was elected president at its organization, and Mr. J. W. Prescott, secretary-treasurer; these gentlemen were re-elected at the commencement of 1896 to serve the club for a second term.

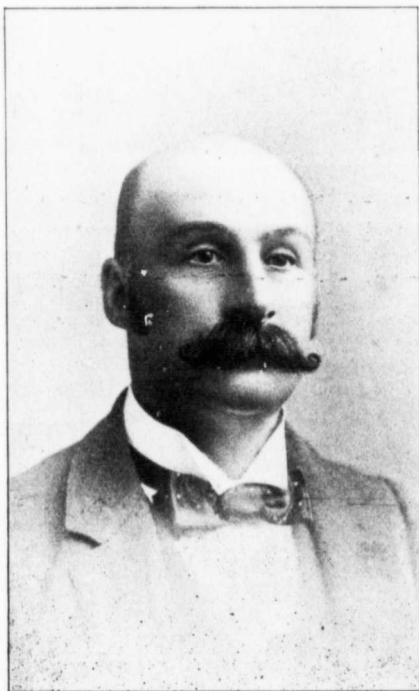
During the season of 1895 the club affiliated with the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and proved to be the strongest affiliated club in British Columbia, having 75 members out of the total membership in the C.W.A. of 176 for the province. In 1896 the membership increased to 209,



J. W. Prescott,
PRESIDENT VANCOUVER B. C.

the total C.W.A. membership for the province being 442.

At the election of officers for 1897, held early in March, Mr. J. W. Prescott, the secretary for the past two years, was elected to the office of president, Mr. W. H. Wood taking Mr. Prescott's late position as secretary-treasurer. Mr. J. A. Fullerton, one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen on the Pacific Coast, and a vice-president of the club, very creditably filled the position of chief consul of the province during 1896, and at the nomination of C.W.A. officials for 1897 he received the unanimous nomination of the provincial clubs for re-election to the position, thereby securing it by acclamation.



J. A. Fullerton,
CHIEF CONSUL BRITISH COLUMBIA DIV. C. W. A.

Colonel Tracy, Vancouver's city engineer, is an enthusiastic bicyclist and a prominent member of the club, having filled one of the vice-chairs for 1896, and on retiring at the beginning of this season he was unanimously elected one of the directors of the club.

enthusiastic bicyclist and a lover of all clean and manly sports. He headed a strong delegation of cyclists which waited upon the city council lately for the purpose of urging on that august body the necessity for better roads. The delegation was composed of the



Cycling Workers of Vancouver.

REV. E. D. M'LAREN,
J. E. MILLER

J. J. BANFIELD,
H. H. LAYFIELD,
J. M. BOWELL.

G. E. THREY,
COL. TRACY.

He is an energetic advocate for good roads, and in his official capacity his assistance in this direction is most valuable to the wheelmen of Vancouver.

Another strong worker for good roads is Rev. E. D. McLaren, an

most influential members of the community, and undoubtedly had the effect of impressing the city fathers of Vancouver with the fact that bicyclists were a portion of the municipal electorate which must receive consideration at their hands for the future.

Mr. Geo. E. Trorey very ably filled the position of C.W.A. official timer during 1896, and was captain of the club during the past two years. He is timer-elect for the club for 1897, and may be counted on to fill any position with credit to himself and benefit to the club.

Ex-alderman J. J. Banfield is one of Vancouver's most enthusiastic wheelmen and an able advocate for good roads. His name has already been mentioned as the bicyclists' candidate for the mayoralty of Vancouver

is the strongest committee appointed, and one that should make itself felt in the desired direction.

At the commencement of 1896 the club decided to admit ladies to membership. This proved a most popular move, as during that season 53 ladies were enrolled as members, and showed by the interest they evinced in the affairs of the club that they were worthy to be counted amongst its brightest and most enthusiastic members.

The racing element has also become prominently noticeable in the open



Master Cyril Cocking,
BRITISH COLUMBIA'S YOUNGEST WHEELMAN.

for 1898, Vancouver bicyclists are determined to have able representation at the council board in future.

Mr. H. H. Layfield has been an executive officer of the club for the past two years and is on the committee for "good roads." His interest in bicycling is always keen and he will be asked to contest one of the city wards as the cyclists' candidate in 1898.

Another of the clubs most ardent supporters is Mr. J. E. Miller, vice-president of the club and local consul for the C.W.A. He also is a member of the "good roads" committee, which

competitions of the province; C. F. Barker, the provincial champion for 1896, and T. Spain, the record maker, both of whom were members of the club, achieved great feats on the path, and their speed and prowess have placed them in the front rank of British Columbia's racing bicyclists. They will both ride in the professional class this year and are sure to sustain their past reputations. In road racing Aubrey Lester proved himself both speedy and reliable, as he has so far been invincible on the famed Stanley Park road. The distance is slightly

over nine miles with a tremendous hill to climb, and this young rider's time for the distance stands as a record at 29 minutes and 30 seconds. He also will appear as a professional this year and will be heard from frequently.

The Vancouver Bicycle Club had the honor of nominating the president of the C.W.A. for the present year, showing that though 3,000 miles away from C.W.A. headquarters the club was well posted on C.W.A. matters, and thoroughly appreciated the able services of Mr. George H. Orr, of Toronto, while chairman of the Dominion Racing Board, his rivals in the field for the presidency all retiring at the

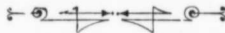
very mention of his name as a candidate.

The well known race track of the club at Brockton Point was considerably improved last year, and during the present season the banking will be completed, when the track will be one of the fastest and safest on the Pacific coast. It is a cinder track, four laps to the mile, and has a magnificent covered grand stand, capable of holding 3,000 people, on the west side. For the road riders the favorite run is the famous Stanley Park course, one of the most picturesque drives on the Pacific coast, and one of the prettiest indeed in all America.



"When Greek Meets Greek"

MR. BOWELL AND MR. PRESCOTT DECIDE THE QUESTION OF SUPERIORITY.



THE CAUSE.

'Tis love that makes the world go round,
Says he who love's charm feels ;
"Come off!" the ardent cyclist cries,
"It goes around on wheels."

SOMETHING ABOUT LAWN TENNIS.

By J. F. FOULKES.

King Henry—What treasure, uncle?

Exeter—Tennis balls, my liege.

King Henry—We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us. This present your pains, we thank you for. When we have matched our rackets to these balls, we will in France, by God's grace, play a set, shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.—*Shakespeare.*

Why King Henry V of England should have been so very ungracious as to have regarded a present of a gross of tennis balls as intended to convey a personal insult is well nigh incomprehensible. Though, perhaps, he should not be judged too harshly on this score, as history, though recording the circumstance, does not go into sufficient details. Perchance they, the balls in question, might have been of inferior manufacture, or again, the Dauphin of France may have been trying to pass off some of those he had been unable to use the preceding season. Then, in either case, King Henry was, of course, quite justified in administering the severe lesson he did. However, it is interesting for the nineteenth century lovers of the game to remember that a present of tennis balls once cost a king his crown, and many a good man the number of his mess.

It is unnecessary to weary the reader with the history of a pastime that has been dubbed "The King of Games and the Game of Kings," inasmuch as it differs so materially from its offspring—yclept "lawn tennis." But for the information of those who may yet think that the game resultant of this evolution is of only recent origin, the following excerpt from "Nicolls' Progress of Queen Elizabeth," will serve to dispel any impression of its modernity:

"When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Eloetham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford, after dinner, about 3 o'clock, ten of his servants,

Somersetshire men, in a square green court, before Her Majesty's windows, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a tennis court, making a cross line in the middle. In this square they played, five to five, with handball, with *borde* and *corde* as they termed it, to the great liking of Her Highness."

Thus it can readily be seen that in those "good old days" there existed a sport similar in many respects to the lawn tennis of to-day. The game, however, as at present played, dates from the year of grace, 1874, and has since acquired great popularity in whatever land it has taken root in.

Almost every town in the United States of America and the British Empire, where climatic conditions are favorable, has its lawn tennis club, and almost invariably with as large a number of ladies as men on the membership roll, and, indeed, in many places there are lawn tennis clubs conducted entirely by the fair sex, thus proving the advantages of the game in being one that can be equally enjoyed by everybody. Moreover the rules governing lawn tennis, unlike football, are the same all the world over, barring a slight exception under United States' conditions which, however, is not sufficient to make any radical difference.

And here perhaps it would not be out of place for the writer to repeat, in substance, some of the golden rules that were laid down by one of the best exponents of the game that has ever handled a racquet, and a player to boot of some thirty years' experience.

1. Every beginner should endeavor to obtain instruction from good players.
2. To improve one's game, always

endeavor to vanquish somebody very much better than yourself.

3. Never indulge in furious service, and make sure of No. 1.

4. Obtain a properly weighted racquet, and never in practice play more than three sets at a time.

5. Never give up a losing game, and *always* play with good balls.

The style of play has changed almost entirely from that of fifteen years ago, when the "screw" stroke was so much in vogue, and "back line" game the

line will win a match against an erratic player at the net.

The many exceptionally good lady players in the Pacific Northwest may be interested to know that Miss Atkinson, Champion of the United States in 1895, albeit of stature *tres petite*, is a volleyer of great force and placing power, besides having a terrific overhand service.

In British Columbia, ever since the inception of the Victoria Tennis Club in 1886, there has been no more enjoyable carnival of sport than the annual open tournament held in the early days of August, under the management and on the grounds of that club, it being instrumental in bringing together the numerous devotees of the game on the Pacific Coast. And it is with the utmost confidence one may expect that notwithstanding the enormous and, perhaps, record-breaking number of entries during past years for this event, the tournament of 1897 will go down in the annals of local tennis as unequalled in the number of contestants and the standard of their play.

It is refreshing to know that in the confines of Golden Cariboo, aye, and in the midst of the mountains of Kootenay, the twang of the tennis bat is heard, and, if rumor is correct, some day in the near future a young maid, with racquet in hand, will trip lightly over our famous highway from Cariboo to prove to the outside world that mother earth is sometimes allowed to remain covered with a green mantle in lieu of rude disturbance by pick and shovel.

One may, also, confidently look forward to those very "sound" players joining us in even greater force than before, for will not their past successes, fairly and squarely gained, inspire them with greater desire than ever to take the laurels from the Britishers? And it is to be sincerely hoped that British Columbians may yet welcome a giant from the East, a Wrenn, a Larned or a Neale, and if defeat in consequence must be ours it would be a most instructive one.



J. F. Foulkes, Tennis Champion.

order of the day, but it was not until the famous Renshaw brothers carried everything in England before them that the lawn tennis world began seriously to think "volleying" was an essential feature. Now it is particularly noticeable the way that American cracks "hug" the net, and although the great Larned is a demon from the back of the court, it is generally conceded, all things else being equal, that a sound volleyer will defeat a good backline player. On the other hand, however, a sure frequenter of the base

A SAD CYCLING EXPERIENCE.

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

"There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest corner,
And what is so rare as a day in June?"

For weeks last summer a club run to Otter Point had been planned. Cameras were to be taken; the pace was to be slow, and the rests many. The captain had a long list of volunteers, to which list in a confiding moment Miss Robinson and I added our names. The only wheels we pos-

At the club rooms at the appointed hour arrived out of the long list of those who had declared their intentions, only five!—The Captain, Mr. J. Y. Lurr, Mr. Garry S. Myth, Miss Robinson and I. The captain rode a Columbia, Mr. Lurr a Rambler, and Mr. Myth a Brantford, and we had three cameras and the "Province" cyclists' map. Off we started, reaching the Gorge bridge without adventure, and stopping there to take breath and a snap shot.

It was very beautiful along the banks of the Arm that lovely June morning, and the Cleveland, after my poor old Crescent, was, like Epp's cocoa, "grateful and comforting."

We had soon crossed Craigflower bridge, left the sweet suggestiveness of Parker's slaughter-house far behind, and passed the Four Mile House. A stiff climb, a compensating coast, and a stretch of level brought us to Parson's bridge, and thence up hill to Colwood. About eleven miles from



Stopping to Take Breath and a Snap Shot

sessed were '93 Crescents, as heavy proportionately as those old English phaetons which the Hudson's Bay people introduced here, locally and pathetically known as "horse-killers." However, our captain, Mr. T. Ed. Wards, very kindly loaned Miss Robinson a modern Crescent, while I had the use of a new Cleveland from Waitt's. I hadn't been on a wheel for five weeks, and I confess to being, as I took a trial turn round Beacon Hill on the morning of that memorable sixth of June, rather dubious about results.

town we reached the home of Mr. Deighton, where it was arranged that we should have dinner at 3 o'clock on our homeward way.

We were soon in the heart of the pines; the road was good, a fine, sandy gravel, compact and moist as we noiselessly wheeled under the shade of those giant trees and took great breaths of the resinous air.

At Gowdy bridge, fifteen miles out, we stopped to take a photographic view, and were well on our way again when the first accident occurred; the Brantford Red Bird came to the ground.

As the lady said of her pet dog who dragged his hind legs behind him pitifully in the last stages of distemper, it had a "feeling of lassitude." I took advantage of the pause to perpetuate those three men and the bicycle—we had no phonograph attachment so the language used is lost to posterity.

On we pedalled until emerging from the pines at the crest of a long hill, far below us flashed out the waters of Sooke harbor:—

On this eminence awhile rest we from our vigorous toil—
Like a map beneath these skies fair the
summer landscape lies—
Sea and sand and brook and tree,
meadow broad and sheltered lea—
Shade and sunshine intermarried, all
deliciously varied.

At Sooke bridge the cyclistometer registered 24 miles from town, and the water looked inviting—were we of feather or of fin, how blest to dash the river in!

We were very, very hungry when the wharf, the post office and the little village of Sooke came into view. Now this post office was marked with a black circle on our map as a "place of refreshment," and we began to feel comfortably expectant. We all pulled up at the door except Mr. Myth, he and the Red Bird were evidently having another difference of opinion back in the forest. Some one called attention to the dark, deep, unclouded blue of the sky, as we filed into the little store and beamed upon the postmaster. We told him we would like, if possible, a cup of tea and lunch of some kind.

But he didn't respond to our smile. It was Saturday—his wife was in the throes of house-cleaning—the domestic atmosphere was clouded.

"The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!"

Vainly we pleaded for a kettle of hot water, intending to buy crackers and cheese, or canned something (anything) from his store, and make tea for ourselves. He looked dubious; he would go and ask "her." He came back saying the baby was cross, that "another time" he would be pleased, etc.

Sadly we mounted and glided off, with lessened faith in the universal brotherhood of man. Two houses were before us; we scanned the front



It Had a Feeling of Lassitude.

doors to see which looked the more hospitable, and fortunately we chose the right one. After waiting an hour and a quarter (!) we got lunch, Mr. Myth riding up in time to partake with us. The afternoon was now well spent and still ten miles lay between us and Otter Point. Near Mad Dick lake Miss Robinson turned back to wait for us at the farm-house where we had lunched.

Here the road degenerated into a trail, and the trail into a bridle-path covered thick with ruts and roots, and I trembled for the safety of that borrowed Cleveland. However, gently leading

our steeds over the worst stumps and boulders at long, long last we arrived at Otter Point. At Mr. Gordon's home, which is also the telegraph station, we had a little rest, and sent in word of the belated condition of affairs to our sorrowing friends. It was getting dark when we left the roar of the surf behind and started back for our 35 miles' run homeward. I was awfully hungry and thought longingly of that waiting dinner at the Deightons, hoping, too, that we would get a cup of tea when we picked up Miss Robinson.



The Time to Turn Back Had Come.

Alas! alas! when we came up to the house we found that she, fearing the people at home would be anxious, had pushed on. Soon the Red Bird was in trouble again, and Mr. Lurr stopped to repair damages, while the captain and I, tired and hungry, went on. No scenery was attractive now; we scarcely noticed where beyond the silky bent grass deep in the shaded stream, the cattle stood, or if we gave them passing notice it was only to think how soul-satisfying it would be to stand knee-deep in water amid a landscape of food.

Suddenly, like the wind, Messrs. Lurr and Myth passed us, and the captain and I were at the tail of the procession. As I dismounted to pick up some wild strawberries, Mr. Wards said he had a cramp in his leg and would rest awhile; it was nothing serious and he begged that I would ride on.

Up hill and down dale I wheeled slowly, thinking how lonely it was in the woods, and how very hungry I was, expecting the captain to ride up every minute. It got darker and darker till in among the sombre pines

the road was barely discernable. By this time I began to be alarmed about Mr. Wards, but thought that I must surely be near the Deighton's, and that it was wiser to go forward. I could hear nothing but the hoot of an occasional owl, and to crown all it began to rain. I was so tired that it was all I could do to climb upon my wheel at the top of a hill—and the road was one long succession of these interminable hills—recklessly coast to the bottom and part way up the next, walk to the summit of that one, and coast again. This I did

mechanically, thinking if I did run off the edge of a precipice it would be an easy death. I was faint with hunger and exhaustion, and it crossed my mind that a sea captain had once told me that hanging on to a raft in the open sea for days, and expecting death hourly, he had hummed over ever tune he had ever heard. We are told that the dying swan sings. Unfortunately I am tone-deaf and didn't have even this dying solace, but through my mind floated scraps of verse, some of which seemed to fit the occasion:

Owen Meredith in "Lucile" says:—

"If ever your feet like my own,
O, reader, have traversed these mountains alone,
You have heard the loose stone with mysterious sound
Fill with *awful suggestions* the dizzy profound—
If you have, this suggestion I might have withheld,
You remember how strangely your bosom has swelled.

Strangely indeed, and still someone else says :—

"The dismal rain came down in slanting lines, and Wind,
that grand old harper swept his thunder-harp of
pines."

Then I thought of King Lear :—

"Poor wretches wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and *unfed sides*,
You looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as this !"

Just then, at the bottom of the hill, almost under my wheel, I saw a man's prostrate figure. I was frightened, thoroughly frightened, and hastily concluded that the wisest thing to do was to run over him, when up he rose, pulling himself together like the joints of a fishing-rod, till in the full fathom of wretchedness. I recognized "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of poor Mr. Myth. He had succumbed to the three-fold strain of oft-punctured Red Bird, over-riding and the Kola bean. I told him of my anxiety for Mr. Wards, and he agreed with me that our wisest plan was to ride on to Deightons and send back.

This we proceeded to do, each in our own peculiar way. I climbed and coasted ; Mr. Myth rode the hills and occasionally stretched himself out on the ground to recuperate. By this means we reached the Deightons and there we received a royal welcome. Miss Robinson and Mr. Lurr looked provokingly dry and warm, though both owned up to utter exhaustion before reaching that kindly shelter. The Deighton's at once set off to find our captain, and Mr. Myth and I had

dinner—fried venison !!! And wasn't it good !!!! I'll never forget it. Last month while putting in four weeks in a sick bed on peptonoids I used to wake up from dreaming of that venison and those mashed potatoes !

And still it rained.

At midnight the party returned with Mr. Wards more dead than alive ; the cramp in his leg had gotten bad shortly after I left and he had been lying helpless in that drenching rain ever since. However, we chafed him and warmed



The Captain Came Home in Style.

him and soon he was able to drink a cup of tea, and get between hot blankets. The house that we had thus unceremoniously taken possession of was small ; it had but one room, parts of which were curtained off, and a loft above. The Deighton's house was little but their hearts were great. We disposed of ourselves in picturesque confusion ; some of us sat on chairs and resting our heads on the table so slept. Others lay on the floor with the soft side of a camera for a pillow. I've always regretted that we didn't have a flash light of that after-the-battle scene.

All night the rains descended and

the floods came and beat upon that house, and when we got up at five o'clock still it rained. In the grey light of Sunday morning the little clearing seemed a lake, and we had to ford the lake from our sheltering Ararat to reach the road which was by now a roaring mountain-torrent.

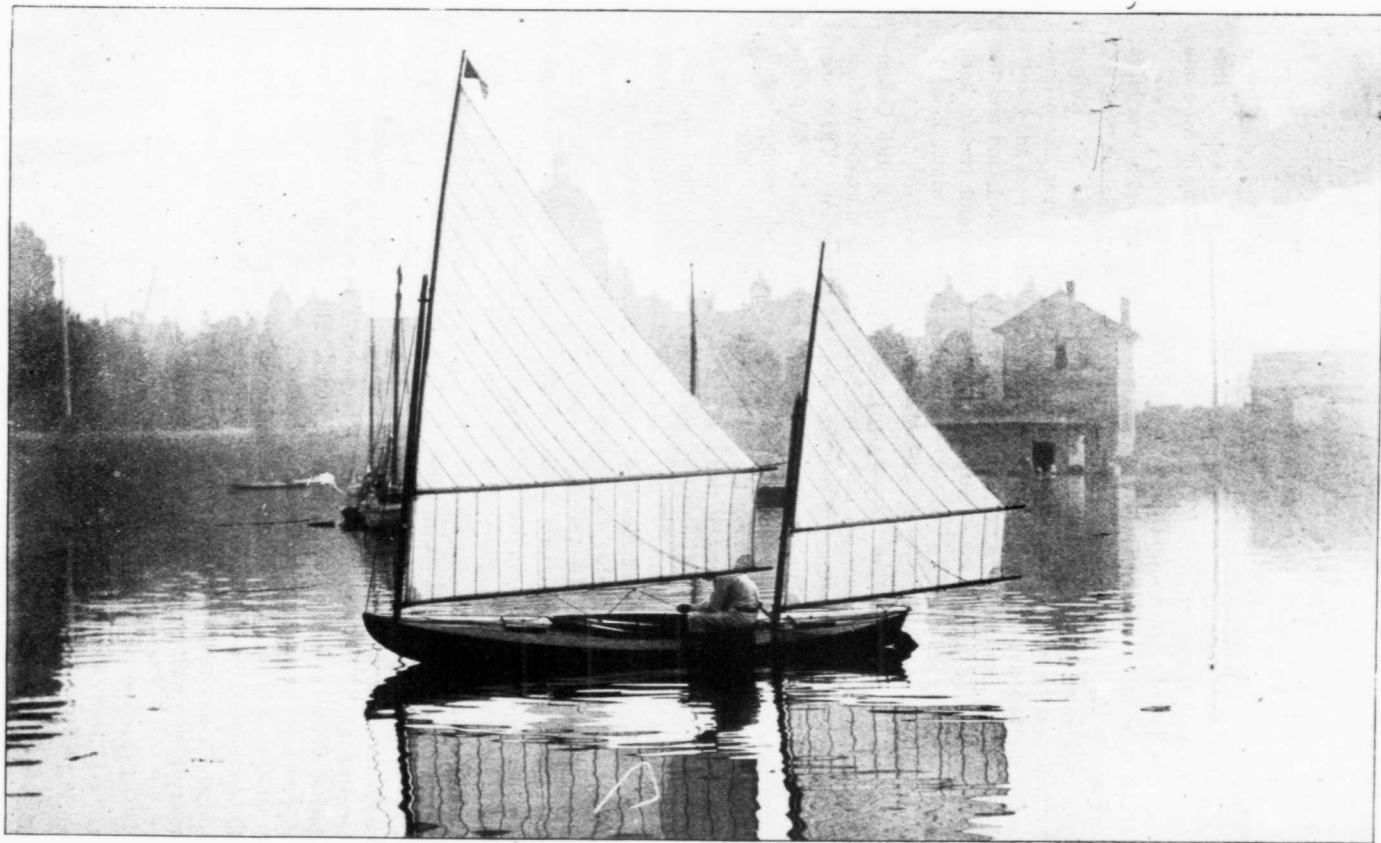
Mr. Myth first took the road, and he was to send back a hack for our disabled captain. About 10 o'clock the remaining three of us got into the flood. The road was a succession of lakes and freshets—there were no

signs of life around us, "we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea." There were hidden dangers, snares unknown; in some of those innocent little lakes, deep down on the road-bed were corrugations of the cord-wood wagons. It was like deep-sea fishing, we wouldn't know just where to expect the ruts, and more than once were jolted off. At the Gorge it began to clear, and when we reached town, the clean people in their "other clothes" going to church saw what the camera discloses.



THE SPRING CIRCUIT.

The Spring cycle racing circuit just completed, and embracing meets at Victoria, Vancouver, Nanaimo, Wellington, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaves George Sharick, of Tacoma, far in the front of all his rivals in the race for percentage honors. On the basis of 5 points for a first, 3 for a second and 1 for a third, he has scored an even 50, Carl Abendroth and C. F. Barker following with 23 each, J. Sharick with 14 and W. W. Gray with 10, the other eight professional place winners recording from 1 point to 8. Among the amateurs, Tyler of Nanaimo, leads with 35, Penwill (Victoria), counting his road race victories, being next with 18, the next following totals being Schone (Seattle) 17, Cotter, 14, Lorenzo Dow and Theodore Bryant, 11 each, out of 36 place winners in all.



Mr. W. S. Gore's "Gee Whiz."

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE EARLY MORNING MIST BY E. FLEMING.

OUR NATIVE BIRDS.

By JOHN FANNIN.

THERE are three hundred and thirty-seven species of birds known to occur in British Columbia, representing thirty-eight families and eight sub-families. These are divided into two hundred and twenty-three land birds and one hundred and fourteen water birds. The largest family, the Sparrows, contains thirty-eight species. Ducks come next with twenty-three, and the Snipes next with twenty. Seven families are represented by only one species each.

Of the eleven species of grouse found in the Province seven are only to be met with in the interior of the Mainland; these are Franklin's grouse, Richardson's grouse, the gray ruffed grouse, the Canada ruffed grouse, the sharp-tailed grouse, the Sage hen, and the white-tailed Ptarmigan.

There are fifty-three species of our native birds that live almost exclusively on fish. These are the Grebes, Loons, Murrelets, Gull-mots, Gulls, Albatrosses, Shearwaters, Cormorants, Pelicans, Mergansers, Ducks (8), Herons, Boats, Ospreys, and Eagles. One hundred and twenty-two species live to a great extent on insects. One hundred and forty-eight species are residents of the Province, remaining here throughout the year. There are thirty-six species none of which have ever been found west of the Cascade Mountains, and sixty-five others that do not venture to the east of that range. A number of the latter are, however, maritime.

We have five species of ducks that build their nests in trees, a habit that is sometimes practised by at least one species of our geese.

There are three species of the hummingbird on the Mainland that are not found on the Island. The Rufous hummingbird travels over fifteen hundred miles to build its nest and rear its young on Vancouver Island and the Northwest Coast, and travels back again every fall to its winter home in Mexico.

Forty-one species of British Columbia birds are still unrepresented in the Provincial Museum. These are: American eared grebe, horned puffin, Cassin's auklets, white-winged gull, American black tern, black-footed albatross, Pacific fulmar, slender-billed shearwater, California brown pelican, Hultins goose, white-checked goose, cackling goose, white-faced glossy ibis, little brown crane, Wilson's phalarope, yellow-legs, long-billed curlew, turnstone, willow ptarmigan, sage grouse, California vulture, red-breasted hawk, white-headed woodpecker, alpine three-toed woodpecker, Williamson's sapsucker, night hawk, black-chinned hummingbird, Allen's hummingbird, calliope hummingbird, Hammond's flycatcher, Wright's flycatcher, black-headed jay, yellow-headed blackbird, American goldfinch, Macoun's longspur, magnolia warbler, hermit warbler, Grinnell's water-thrush, American redstart, Nile wren, and willow thrush.





A BICYCLE RIDE.

By GEORGE SEYMOUR WAITT.

SHE stood beside her wheel admiring the glorious landscape.

Was there another place on earth like Vancouver Island where one could get such a variety of scenery, and such vivid color paintings? She had just feasted her eyes upon the beauties of the snow-capped Olympics, with their dazzling crowns bathed in glowing sunset colors, and there was another scene equally as beautiful though not quite so grand.

Before her lay the warships at anchor, the westerling shaft of dying light reflecting upon a thousand points of polished steel and spar; the sky ablaze with richest orange tints, throwing into strong relief the dark straight-limbed pines, standing like sentinels against the background. To the right on the foreshore maples waving against an azure sky, ravish the eye with their rich crimsons, pale yellows, and tinted greens and browns.

She stood and absorbed each detail; mentally photographing the scene; a worshipper at Nature's shrine.

Again she mounted her wheel and

began the gradual ascent harder than steep hill climbing, till, when she reached the crest, her muscles were tingling with the prolonged strain. Although it looked very steep she resolved to take the hill coasting.

Away she went gaining momentum every second, nerving herself if the speed got too great, and applying the brake cautiously when, just as she rounded the corner, she saw a wheelman toiling ploddingly up the steep incline. There was no time in which to avoid each other. She cut right in to the middle of his wheel, upsetting them both, and falling upon her knees, he wheels locking in a firm embrace.

"Are you hurt?" said the stranger, assisting her to rise.

"No, I guess not," she said, as she brushed the dust from her costume. "It was a most ridiculous thing for me to do—to attempt coasting down that hill. I wonder whether the wheels are damaged?"

They disentangled them and found that hers needed slight repairs.

"Will it be much of a break?" she asked, seating herself comfortably upon an old stump.

"Oh no," he replied, "but I do not think you could have managed it yourself."

"I shouldn't have needed to, if you had not been at the foot of that hill," she remarked.

He looked straight into her eyes and said cynically:

"Unfortunate, wasn't it?" although he knew he was glad of the encounter.

Silence reigned between them for a few minutes.

"H'm," he thought; "smart little creature, pretty costume too, (it was fawn covert cloth, with a short skirt reaching just below the knees). Not English, by Jove, or she wouldn't have taken the situation so coolly."

"Is your home in Victoria?" he ventured to inquire.

"Oh no, we are only here on a visit, and I am making the most of wheeling—the scenery here is so beautiful. Are you a stranger here?"

"No, I've been here seven months now. There, the wheel is done," as he pushed it out into the road.

"May I accompany you a short way to see that the repairs hold?" he asked.

"But you were going in entirely the opposite direction when we met," she remonstrated.

"Oh that is immaterial—I am only out for a spin."

She started off slightly ahead of him, and he was admiring the way she rode. How lightly she seemed to touch the pedals as if no force were required to send her along; how caressingly her hands rested upon the handle bars, gently guiding her fleet-winged steed.

Just then she looked back, a smile lighting up her features, and mischief peeping out of her eyes.

"Do you always ride behind people?" she questioned saucily.

"Why?" he said foolishly, and gazed intently at her.

"I don't know why," she answered.

They had gained the Craigflower bridge and she insisted upon dismounting and enjoying the view.

"Look at that maple," she cried—"what colors! and see how the water mirrors all the tints, only softening them a little in tone. Look at the reflection from the other bank; so clear-cut, so concise, and then that ripple takes the shadow of that tall pine and zig zags it out of all shape."

"Yes it's very pretty," he said prosily, and all the time he was studying her and wondering what made her seem so different from other women.

"I think we had better go on," she said, breaking in upon his dreaming.

"I shall come this way to-morrow when I have more time, and enjoy this view."

And he mentally vowed he would be there too.

They were walking up a steep hill and nearing the city, when he asked her, "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"I don't know the first thing about it," she replied, "but I dare say people could be greatly attracted by each other at short notice."

"I didn't either until—until lately. Isn't it funny how we became acquainted to-day? A few hours ago I had no idea you were in existence, and now I should not like to think this would be the last time we met."

"That is because we have met in rather a congenial way. But supposing we had, well—well met more forcibly; and the wheels had been so damaged we could not have ridden them; we should have had to walk all the way home, and probably you would have thought me positively the most dreadful female you had ever met."

"No, I could never have thought that," he replied, with a tender ring in his voice.

"It is awfully nice of you to say so; and really some men in your position would have acted like bears. And do you know I think we have had a very pleasant encounter, if it was rather unconventional."

He had made up his mind that she was by far the sweetest little thing he had ever met. Perhaps it would be better to part with her now, so after

exchanging names he asked, "May I call upon you?"

"Why certainly," she said—"I should very much like you to meet—my husband!"

And he rode off, anathemizing himself for letting his feelings get the better of him so suddenly.

Only one of them stood on the little bridge next day and watched the shafts of golden sunlight pierce through the leafy tracery and kiss the rippling water.



AN ANSWER.

By NAN DE BERTRAND LUGRIN.

A long, low stretch of sea and sky,
Where the mist is closing down;
A sandy beach, and back of all
The cliffs rise high and brown,
So high they tower, they seem to end
Where the leaden clouds begin;
And I stand alone on the lonely shore
And watch as the tide comes in.

Dreary, dreary and long the day—
Dreary and long my life;
The waves break angrily on the rocks
Recalling the tiresome strife
That one must wage to conquer self,
Fear and perplexity;
And I catch the gleam of a sail soon lost
In the leaden mists of the sea.

What say the waves that tumble in?
What says the wind that sings?
Is there hope in life? And mockingly
The sea with laughter flings
Back to my eager questioning—
No hope in sea or sky—
I turn and gaze on the towering cliffs
And a whirr, as of wings, goes by.

What say the waves that tumble in?
What says the wind that sings?
See! A white gull flies across the grey
With a gleam of the sun on its wings.

THE SPRING GOLF TOURNAMENTS.

By "CADDIE."

THERE are many lovers of Golf in the Northwest, and anyone who had the good fortune to visit the Oak Bay links from the 16th to the 19th of April last, when the spring tournament was held, could have seen the game played as it should be played. There were good drives, neat approaches, and very good putting.

day of the meeting, was won by Mrs. Harvey Combe, who went around the 14-hole course in 92. Mrs. Walter Langley, who took four more strokes to make the round, was second.

A pleasant feature of the tournament was the match for the American Cousins' cup presented by Mr. Robt. Cassidy, to be competed for by the ladies of the Tacoma Golf club. This



The first match was the open championship of British Columbia. After an exciting game this was won by Mr. Harvey Combe, he defeating Mr. W. A. Ward in the fifth and final heat by 5 holes up and 3 to play, thereby becoming heir to the title of champion of British Columbia and holder of the Bostock cup.

The gentlemen's open handicap went to a Seattle player, Mr. J. A. Gillison, jr., who made the round in 97, Mr. Holt, of Victoria, being a close second with 100.

The ladies' open championship of British Columbia, played on the second

trophy was won by Miss Jessie Kershaw, with a score of 92.

In the mixed foursomes, Mr. Gillison, of Seattle, and Mrs. Rice, of Tacoma, won, with a score of 98, Mr. W. A. Ward and Mrs. Barnard, of Victoria, being second. The winning score in this event, 78 for 14 holes, was a record on the Oak Bay links, the two winning players having a handicap of 6 and thus making their score 72. Mr. and Mrs. Combe, who were placed at scratch, made the round in 79.

The driving competition of four balls was somewhat of a disappoint-

ment, the longest drive being but 187 yards 2 feet. This was by Mr. Ellis, of Tacoma. Mr. Milliken, of Tacoma, won the prize for best drive of over 100 yards, his four drives aggregating 487 yards. But few of the other competitors got past the 100-yard mark or stayed within the 40 yards boundary.

In the club matches the class A. match was won by Dr. Bell, R.N., with a score of 97; in class B. Mr. G. S. Holt was a winner, with a score of 96. The remainder of the scores were by no means good, the long grass on the links not being conducive to good play. Some twenty-eight representatives were present from Tacoma and Seattle golf clubs, and they, besides enlivening the proceedings, managed to carry away some of the prizes.

The next event in the local golfing world was the Tacoma tournament held a fortnight later. A large representation of Victoria golfers participated in this event, and some very good scores were made.

In the mixed foursomes, the record for the 9 hole round was broken by

Mr. Enos and Miss Griggs, who had a score opposite their names of 50 gross, net 47. The next best score was that of Mr. and Mrs. Combe, of Victoria, who took the 9 holes in 52.

The gentlemen's open championship of the Pacific Northwest brought out a field of 21 players, and was won by Mr. C. S. Milliken, of Tacoma, he beating Mr. Combe in the final heat by 4 holes up and 2 to play. The game was a great one, fairly played and fairly won, although most hotly contested.

In the ladies' open championship Mrs. Combe proved her right to the title of lady champion of British Columbia and of the Pacific Northwest, she beating Miss Kershaw, of Tacoma, by 2 holes up and 1 to play, after a splendid exhibition of golf. This match was also closely contested.

In the men's open handicap in connection with this tournament, Mr. O. H. Van Millingen, of Victoria, won with a score of 88 for the 18 holes—a score never before equalled on the Tacoma links.



MY LADY.

By A. D.

The clouds are gray, dark is the day,
Nor glint nor sunshine can I see,
And yet my heart is light and gay—
My Lady brightly smiles on me.

Yet, when My Lady's look is sad,
Or when I see her frown,
Tho' all is bright with sunshine glad
My heart's with grief bowed down.

My life, my soul, gets light from her;
Her look, my sole barometer.

THE CARE OF LAWNS.

By H. W.

I DO not know of a more common and at the same time more erroneous impression among amateur gardeners than that a smooth, green lawn is only to be had after years of patient cultivation. It is this mistaken idea of the time necessarily consumed in bringing a lawn to perfection that deters many a home-lover from placing his residence in an attractive setting of green sward, and if my own limited experience in this connection should induce others to follow my example with equally satisfactory results I shall be well satisfied.

It would perhaps be well at the outset to remark that the making and care of lawns has been practically revolutionized during the past quarter of a century. No one now goes, as in days gone by, to some adjacent hillside, and thence with patient barrow brings the carefully cut sods with which to build up laboriously, square by square, what eventually becomes a lawn. The time for such a process of lawn making has passed. Nowadays lawns come from sown seed, and if one exercises ordinary care and prudence, failure is very seldom recorded.

Naturally the first thing to be done in the making of a lawn is to prepare the bed. The soil should first of all be properly levelled—then turned well under at least a foot in depth, care being taken to get out all roots, and stones and snags, and to leave the bed perfectly level to receive the seed. This should be sown thickly, on a calm day to ensure evenness, and raked in at least a couple of inches, the ground being then re-rolled, and nature left to perform her share of the work.

The best part of the year for sowing is unquestionably the early fall or spring—if in the fall, the new lawn

should be cut when two or three inches high, the fallen grass being left unraked to protect the growing, tender roots. If the lawn be put down in the late spring, an excellent plan is to sow a small amount of oats with the grass seed, both coming up at the same time and the oats protecting the young grass, while speedily succumbing to a few cuttings, through which the lawn grass will emerge triumphant.

As to the choice of seed, a good mixture for British Columbia or the Northwest States will be found to consist of blue grass, red-top and white clover, the blue grass forming about 75 per cent. of the mixture. This is of course for a rapid-growth lawn intended simply for the beautifying of the grounds. Should the sward be intended for use as a tennis court or croquet ground, another and stronger mixture of grass seeds with special care will of course be necessary. Clover will be found a valuable constituent of the mixture at all times in this part of the country, it being in the dry season the best factor obtainable in keeping for the lawn its color.

Once well made, the lawn is almost sure to thrive. All that is necessary is frequent watering, frequent cutting, and very, very frequent weeding out of the daisies and dandelions, which if they but once obtain possession will speedily choke out the lawn grass.

In the winter time a slight sprinkling of well rotted stable manure will be found advantageous, and if good rich-looking grass is required, an occasional scattering with soot will be found beneficial. For those who may desire a unique and pretty effect for the very early spring, before the lawn itself has taken on its color, I should advise the scattering of crocus bulbs. These will invariably come through before the green, and a more charming or brighter carpet could not be conceived than that which is thus obtained, even while "winter lingering chills the lap of May."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE late May circuit of bicycle races in British Columbia having proved abundantly satisfactory, arrangements are now advancing for a June series of race meets throughout this Province, Washington and Oregon. All clubs interested are invited to communicate with the editor of WESTERN RECREATION as to most suitable dates, in order that a circuit may be formed that will tempt here the kings and princes of the racing game.

Mr. W. H. Gordon, who was with Sir Richard Musgrave at the time his mammoth salmon was taken in Campbell river, writes to WESTERN RECREATION that its weight was 70 and not 74 pounds; and also that it was captured with spoon bait in salt water. The cast of this magnificent fish, which is now on view at the Provincial Museum, does it full justice.

Victoria's celebration of the Diamond Jubilee—the year in which the British nation commemorates the completion by Queen Victoria of the longest reign in the history of the Empire—promises to eclipse in every way the carnivals held annually heretofore in the British Columbia capital in honor of Her Majesty's birthday. This year the demonstration will include three full days of sport, besides a great semi-military, semi-religious demonstration to take place in Beacon Hill park on Sunday afternoon, June 20th. The special attractions for this year's celebration include the regatta on Victoria Arm, without which no demonstration of the kind would seem complete; a great military parade and review, to be participated in by the Imperial Army and Naval forces quartered at Fort Macaulay and in Esquimalt; a bicycle meet at the Oak Bay three-lap track, in which, with the assistance of the best multiple machines in use, the effort will be made to give Canada a brand new set of records; together with the customary lacrosse, cricket, and kindred field sports, yacht racing and the half a dozen other pastimes dear to the hearts of the devotees of sport and usually indulged in on occasions of the kind. A great parade will probably be arranged to open the

carnival, and a band competition is also projected as a feature of the celebration. Whether or not the new Parliament buildings will be ready for formal opening at the same time is not yet positively known—in any event they will be open to the inspection of visitors, who will unquestionably take full advantage of the opportunity to inspect this handsome pile.

Photographers—both amateur and professional—are invited to send to WESTERN RECREATION views of the worst pieces of road to be found in their localities—with concise and specific information in connection. The object is, by publishing exhibits of these bad roads, to strengthen the hands of the workers for good streets and highways.

Lovers of lawn tennis should this summer take a leaf from the experience of the bicyclists and endeavor to arrange their various club tournaments throughout the Northwest consecutively and sufficiently close together to form a workable circuit. This would not only mean larger entry lists and consequently greater interest for each individual club, but it might also be the means of inducing a number of the Eastern cranks to visit the Northwest and exemplify the most modern tactics of the game. What if they do take all the honors back with them? The lessons to be gained in the competition with them would be ample recompense to the exponents of the game at home.

The cricket clubs of Victoria have this season adopted a schedule for a series of inter-club matches at home, the Victoria C. C., Albion C. C., R. M. A., and Fifth Regiment teams composing this purely local league, and a series of twelve matches being provided for. The idea is an excellent one, but why should it stop here? Cannot the cricketers of the province—or better still, the cricketers of British Columbia, Oregon and Washington—develop sufficient enthusiasm in the pastime so dear to the hearts of Britons to form a more comprehensive league upon similar lines?

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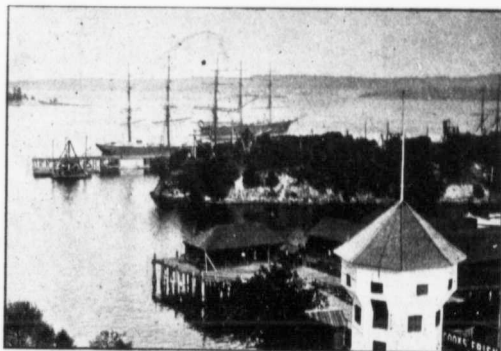
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