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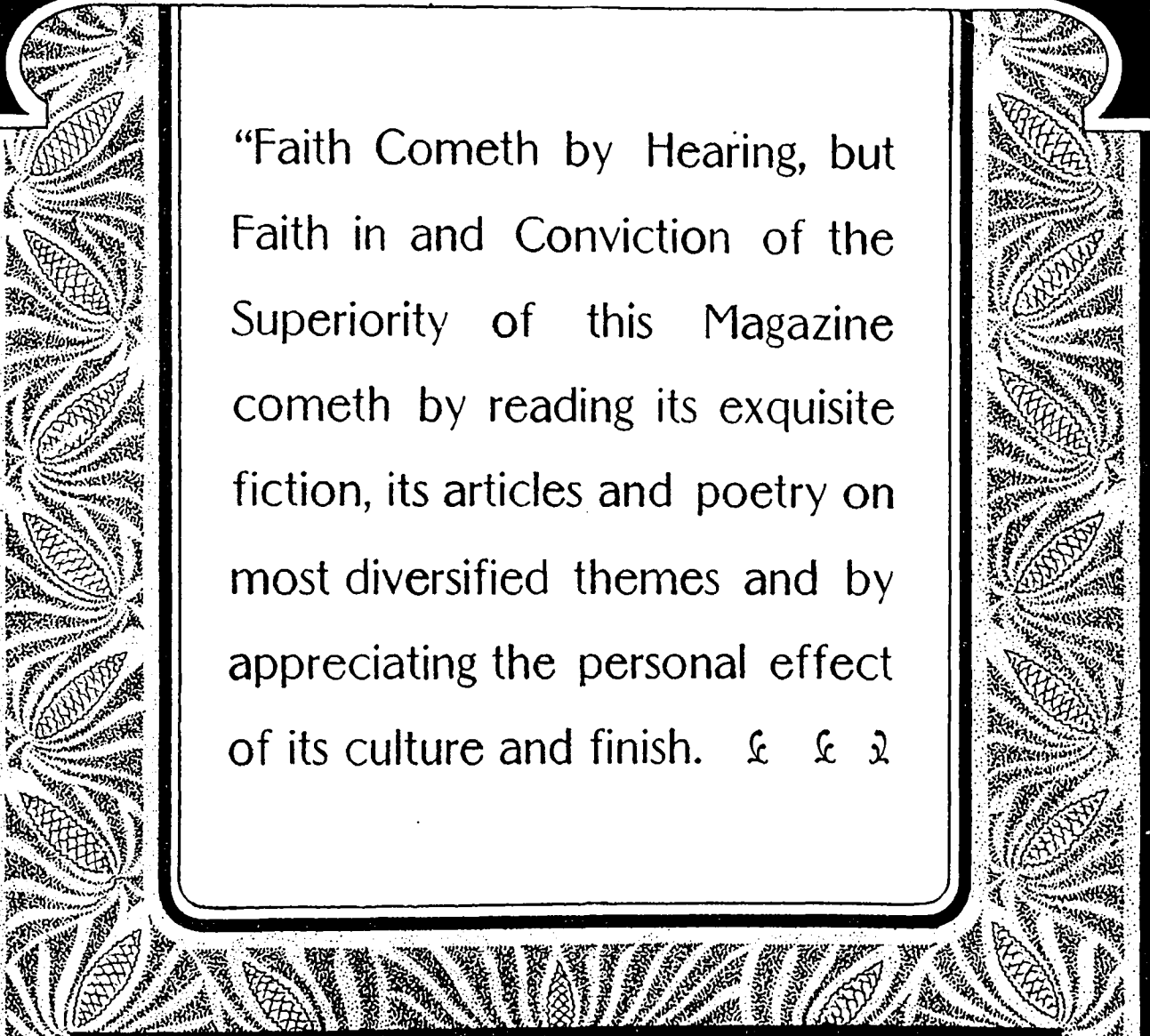
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A
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

WESTWARD HO!



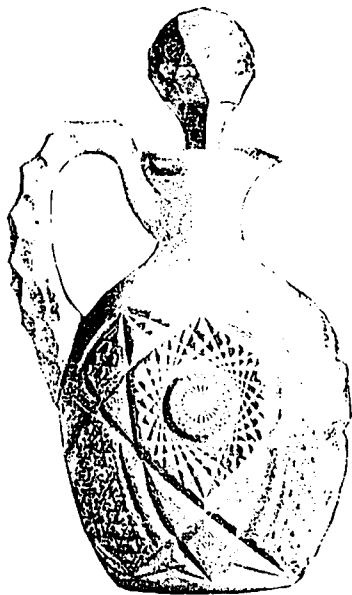
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cometh by reading its exquisite
fiction, its articles and poetry on
most diversified themes and by
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VOL. III OCTOBER, 1908 NO. 3

MONTREAL, QUE.

VANCOUVER, B. C.



Things Beautiful

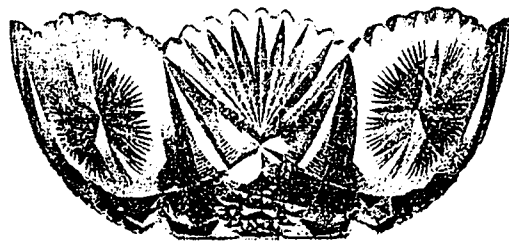
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Westward Ho! Magazine

Table of Contents: October—1908.

EDITORIAL	181
THE DALTON CASE	Arthur Davies 183
Detective Story (Illustrated).	
OUT IN THE WEST	Margaret Erskine 202
Verse.	
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA.....	S. H. Mitchell 203
Illustrated Article from photos by Byron Harmon.	
BENEATH THE OLD POKE BONNET.....	Agnes Lockhart Hughes 210
Story.	
SIMON FRASER	E. O. Scholefield 217
Article.	
AN OLD FRIEND	E. W. Wise 231
Verse.	
THE OPENING OF THE B. C. SEASON.....	Bonnycastle Dale 232
Illustrated Nature Study.	
BLACK HAWK HANK	Ruth Everett 236
Story.	
THE TRUTH OF PRETENCE	M. Percival Judge 241
Story.	
PRINCE RUPERT	Rosalind W. Young 243
Illustrated Article, with projected plan of City.	
THE MEASURE OF HIS LOVE	Isabel B. Macdonald 248
Story.	
MURAL DECORATION	C. W. Gray, A.R.C.A. 254
Illustrated Article.	
THE MORALE OF CLOTHES	Madame d' Alberta 257
YACHTS THAT PASS.....	Agnes Lockhart Hughes 260
Verse.	
COLOMBO, THE GATEWAY OF INDIA.....	Charles H. Gibbons 261
Illustrated Article.	
THE WAY OUT	J. H. Grant 267
Story.	
MEN I HAVE MET—B. T. A. Bell.....	William Blakemore 270
A \$50,000 LAUGH	Billee Glynn 272
Story.	
REVELSTOKE, B.C.	H. Cunningham Morris 275
Illustrated Article.	

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company, Limited

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

Subscription 10 Cents Per Copy; in Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 a
Year; in United States \$1.50.

PERCY F. GODENRATH, President.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

CHARLES McMILLAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.

For November

It is with considerable pleasure I am able to announce the securing of the serial rights of "THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM," a touching and powerful story of human life and emotion, by Annie S. Swan, the opening chapters of which will appear in the November issue.

* * *

When the "Kailyard" school of novelist was unknown, Annie S. Swan was reaching the hearts of fiction-readers everywhere by her simple stories of home life and human love, and now, when the "Kailyard" seems to be ravaged by blight, this compassionate author holds on her way, attuning with fine feeling and sympathetic touch the discords and difficulties of the world. "The Expiation of John Reedham" may very well be calculated to rank with her first great successes, "Aldersyde," "Carlowie," or "Maitland of Laurieston."

The Author

In this story a man's life is indeed cast in strange places, but the author never forsakes him. His grief is made much more profitable than ever his joy could have been, and the peculiar qualities of self-denial and self-effacement which are so bravely exercised bespeak a romance of deep human pathos.

* * *



Annie S. Swan

John Reedham misappropriates trust funds to a large extent, but his defalcations are known only to his friend and partner, George Denholm, who gives him eighteen hours to clear out. Reedham's wife and little son leave their comfortable home, and the author describes fully their brave attempt to earn a living in London. Denholm had formerly been in love with Reedham's wife, and after

five years, having allayed her scruples, he persuades her to marry him. Meanwhile Reedham, having quite disguised himself, has never left London at all. He has been working with his whole energy to redeem

his past, and success attends him. The man who befriends him has a ward whom he would like Reedham to marry. It is a difficult time for Reedham, for meantime he sees his own wife married

The Story

to Denholm. He has a tremendous struggle with himself, but he decides to hold his peace. Reedham's success increases. He enters Parliament and makes his mark. But his identity has been discovered by one man and he disappears once more. Shortly afterwards Denholm receives an astounding communication from him, setting forth the whole story and stating that by that time he would be dead. He is not dead, however, and success again attends his efforts in another land.

While Westward Ho! maintains the quality it has been obliged to curtail slightly its Fiction this month owing to the quantity of articles upon other themes highly instructive and interesting to the readers. But these articles many of them dealing with our Wonder Land read more like transcripts of Fairy Tales than prose compositions. They are themselves romantic, though they bristle with facts of transcendent interest.

Publishers Epitome

WHEN THE EAGLE FLIES SEAWARD.

This is one of numerous Naval Stories by Patrick Vaux who gives rapid sketches of the arts and intrigues of Naval war which are fascinating in a remarkable degree. One is apt to forget the glories and prowess of the Sea; the courage, valour and devotion of those who ride the Main, and these stories are a fine counteractant of that tendency; and as one day Canada will be a mighty Naval Power we are all interested.

Fiction

SHE TESTED HIM.

Quick as thought Mrs. J. H. Skinner transports us into a domestic scene beginning in piquant fun, developing into serious antipathy, and having a fine culmination which goes to the heart.

LOVE OR HONOUR.

By Nigel Tourneur, is one of those tragic pieces of the trials and temptations of love. Here Love and Honour which are generally coadjutors, are in juxtaposition, and make rival claims upon the spirit of sacrifice. Honour prevails; but what of love? Read and see.

FOX AND HOUND, by L. Harward.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE, by H. A. Black.

These are charming pieces of rural romance and depict the traits developed in early settlers of every country. They display, however, very dissimilar phases of life; and the latter lays its scene in Alberta. Both are pithy and piquant, and vastly interesting.

AFLOAT AND AFIELD.

By Bonnycastle Dale, is a nature study while following the Game Birds, and Games Fishes and the small Furbearers with Camera, Rod and Gun. The article is beautifully illustrated, and even exceeds in pitch and interest and descriptive power many contributions that we have had the pleasure of receiving from the author's versatile pen.

Sports, Pastimes and Travel

MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Captain G. Godson-Godson, which was announced for this issue, will appear in the next. It traverses the sights and scenes of the South African War, is well illustrated, and stirs many memories.

MARBLE CAVES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Hon. C. H. Mackintosh formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, gives us a splendidly combined archaeological and nature study in a picturesque description of the Marble Caves near Revelstoke, where with the aid of his magnificent illustrations he brings us up the Cougar Creek, along the Gopher Bridge to the Whistler's Falls, where the sublime grandeur turns the beholder to a poet.

ALONG THE COAST OF THE NORTH WEST.

This is a very interesting article, beautifully illustrated, describing an Ocean trip from Vancouver to the extreme Canadian limits, by J. H. Grant. It ought to be read by everyone wanting to know of the rugged grandeur of our coast line as seen from the Pacific.

SIMON FRASER.

This is the second part of Mr. E. O. S. Scholefield's memoir of the man whose life and discoveries have been so momentous to Canada. Mr. Scholefield is pre-eminently equipped for the task he sets himself and our readers will be thrilled and delighted as well as instructed by the narrative, the first part of which appears this present month.

**Diversified
Articles**

AT THE SHACK.

Percy Flage, under this title, has again shown his unamenability to the conventional; for in this instance he wanders far from The Shack and transfers us 'nolens volens' to the scenes and the characters made memorable by Dickens—or that made Dickens famous—Which?

COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN HOMES.

Stanley Mitton excels his usual brilliancy, and among shafts of fun and flights of fancy he manages to give us many admirable lessons.

MODELS I HAVE KNOWN.

Claude M. Gray, A.R.C.A., whose article this month on Mural Decoration is so excellent, gives us an illustrated sketch of a typical artist's model.

The department of "Progress and Profits" admits of much diversity. Its range is almost unlimited; but certainly our readers next month have a treat which they must relish from:—

**Progress and
Profit**

The President, The Board of Trade, High River, Alta.

Rev. A. T. Robinson, M. A. - Summerland, B.C.

Lyle J. Abbott - - - Omaha, Nebraska.

The Secretary, The Board of Trade, Calgary, Alta.

These contributors being intimately versed in the subjects of which they treat give us brilliant descriptions and apt illustrations. Besides the knowledge which they impart, they evoke many speculative conceptions as to the **DESTINY OF OUR WONDER LAND.**

These are not all the contents; for there are Poetry, character articles and other indispensable features of the modern magazine.

Percy F. Godenrath.

President.

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Farming lands in one of the richest valleys of British Columbia, along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, the new transcontinental railroad of Western Canada, and 250 miles from the Pacific ocean. This railroad will be completed during 1911, when through trains will be running from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Within twelve months construction crews of the road will be working in this valley.

This land is well watered, has plenty of rainfall and no irrigation is necessary. It is specially adapted for mixed farming. The soil is a deep and rich silt. Alkali is unknown. It produces, wheat, oats, barley and all cereals; forage grasses, such as timothy and red top; heavy crops of potatoes and garden products of all kinds.

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"I have made a thorough investigation of this land, and it is one of the most ideal for mixed farming to be had. It is safe to say that when this road is completed, which will be in 1911, this land will sell for \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. The climate is ideal in which to live, there being no disagreeable features."

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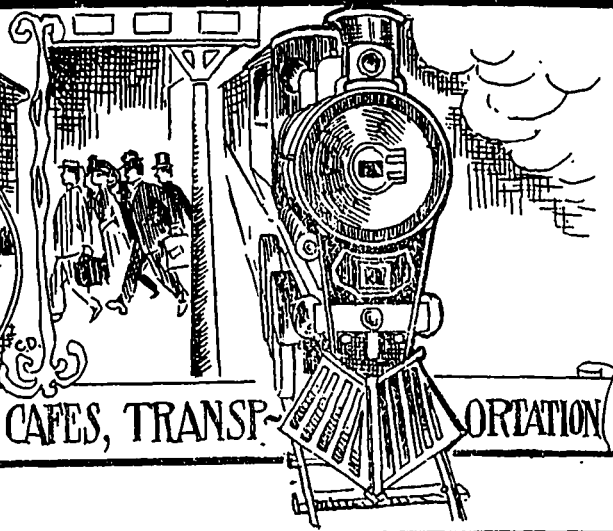
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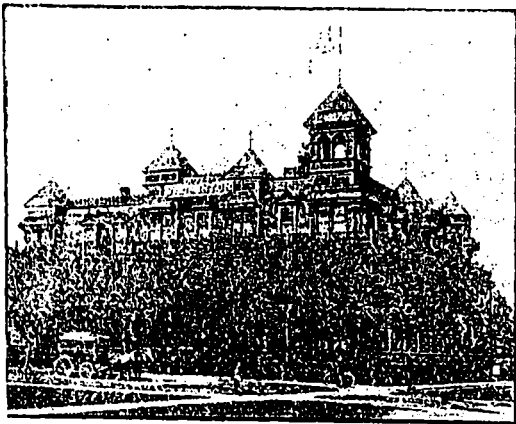
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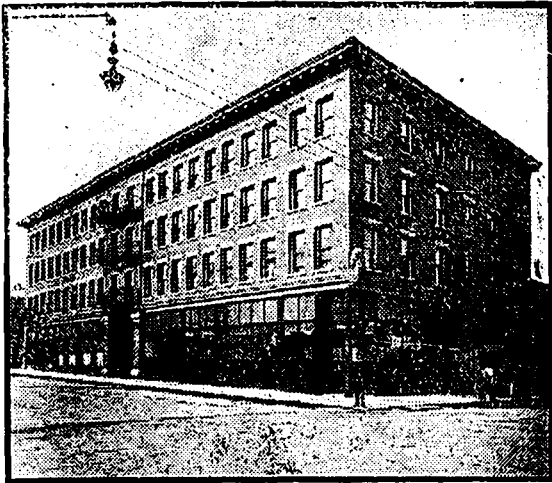
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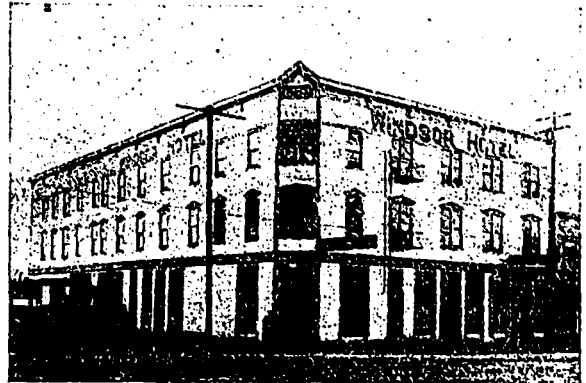
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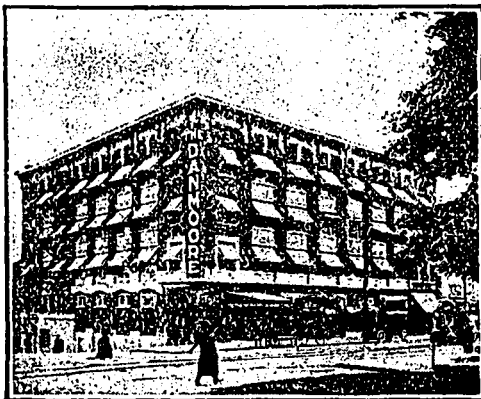
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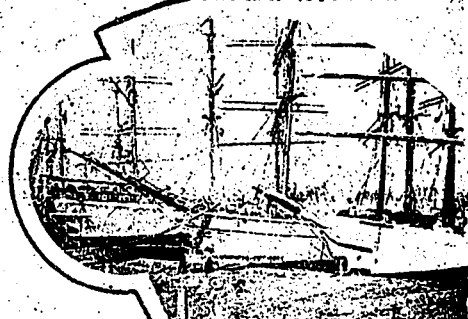
THE SUNSET CITY



MOTORING IN STANLEY PARK



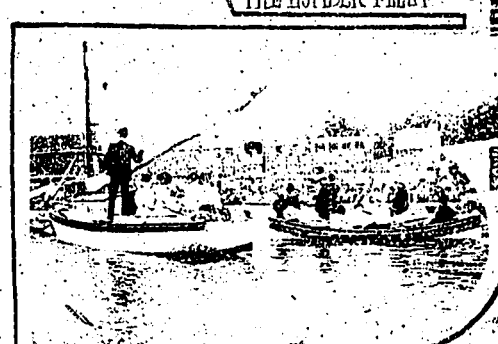
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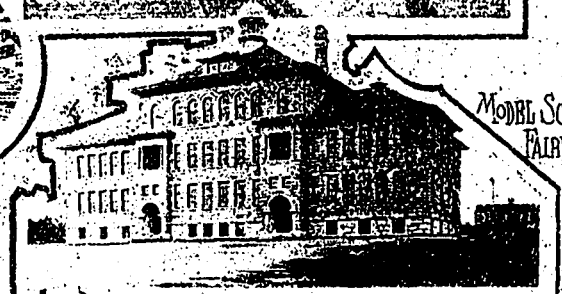
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Mexico has often been called “The World’s Treasure House” on account of its natural resources. It has many rich mines, much of the most valuable timber in the world, and in the southern portion are found a soil and climate unsurpassed in any country for productiveness.

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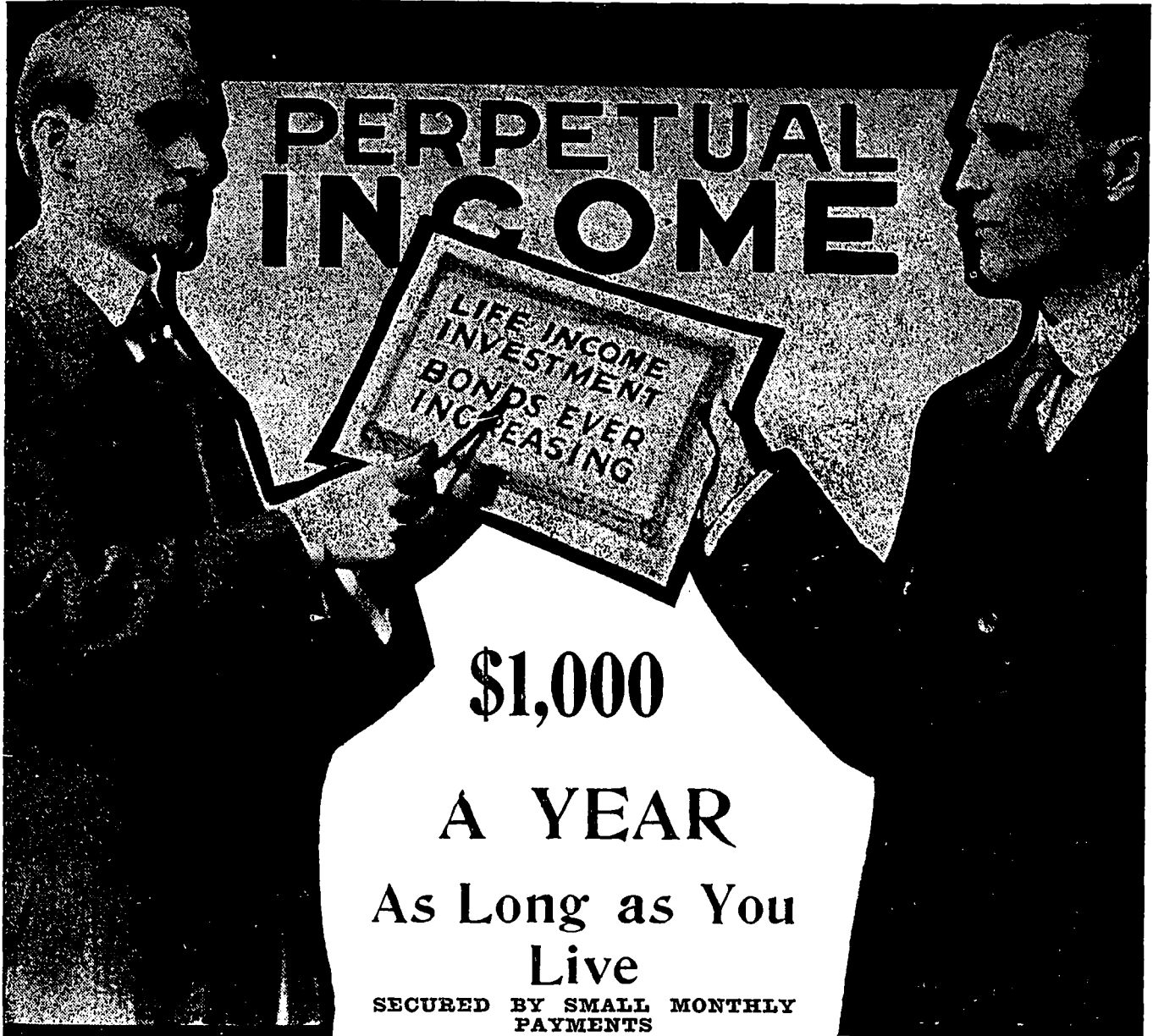
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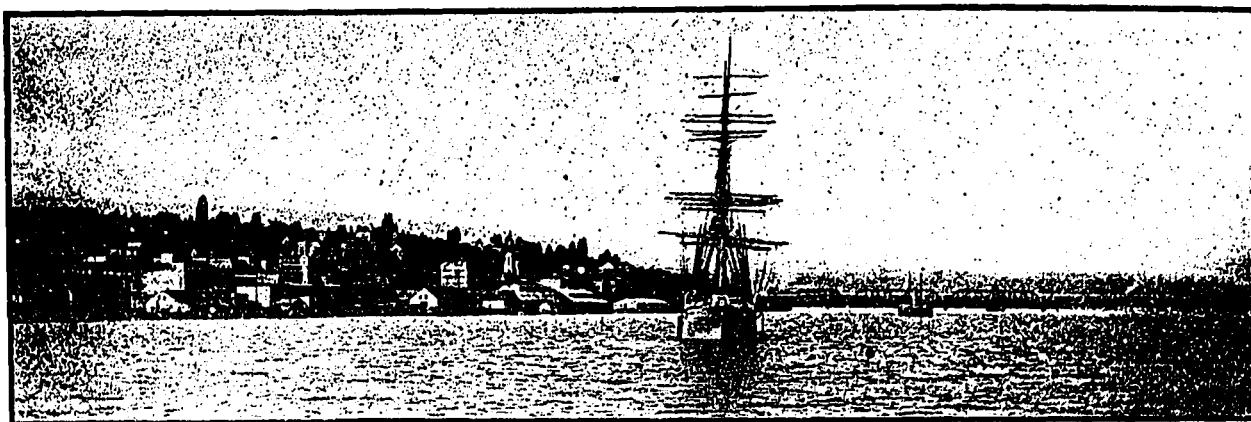
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NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminister, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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THE ROYAL CITY

NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

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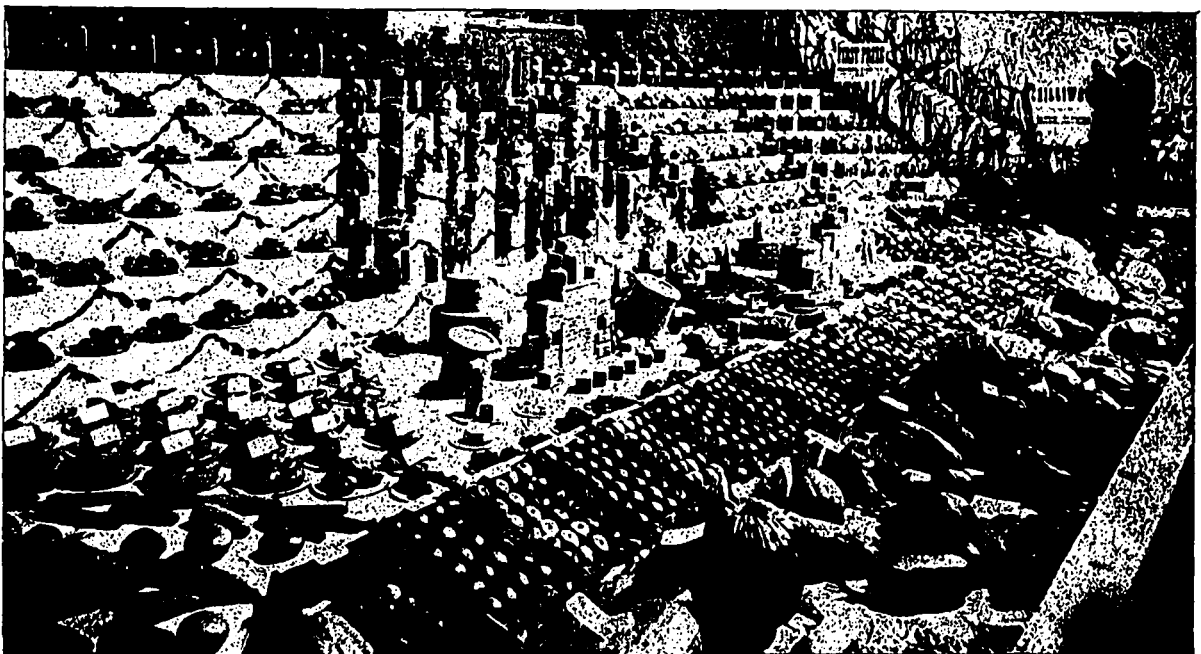
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REST	-	-	\$4,900,000

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YOU AND YOUR FAMILY can have protection against accident, sickness or operations for a year for \$25 by taking out a contract with the Sanitarium. Individual contracts, \$15.

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Purchase a contract **TODAY**, thus saving heavy doctor's bills and big medical and surgical fees.

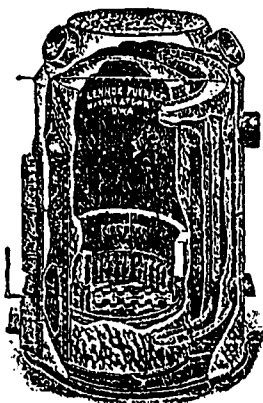
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SIMON FRASER

Westward Ho!

By E. O. S. Scholfield.



Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 3

Canada is in the midst of a great electoral campaign; the two political parties are hotly struggling for supremacy, smaller parties representative of minor issues are lost sight of in the struggle. In the last issue it is a question of whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. R. L. Borden shall assume control of the Government of the Dominion. With the political aspect *Westward Ho!* has nothing to do. Upon some of the principles involved it is well that all public organs should express an opinion. It is gratifying to be able to note that both leaders have declared themselves in favour of a clean campaign and of the raising of the standard in respect of political methods. The Reverend Mr. Chown put forward a challenge on these lines which was responded to by both leaders, and if they could only vouch for the loyalty of their followers Canada would establish a record in the matter of a creditable electoral fight. Whether such a desirable result will be obtained depends very largely upon the courage and incorruptibility of the men who have charge of the campaign, but in any event it may be taken for granted that Canadian sentiment has been aroused in favour of an abandonment of the corrupt methods which have characterized pre-

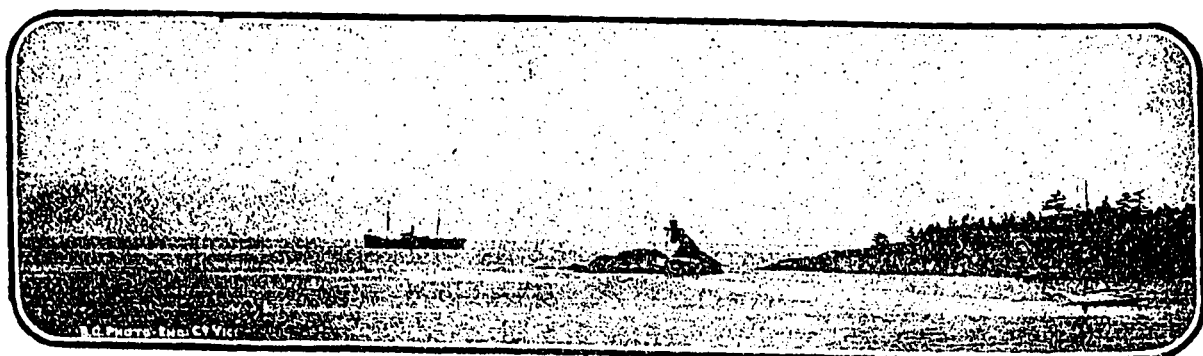
vious elections, and there are not wanting evidences that the electorate will be less amenable to such influences than on any previous occasion. Another exceedingly gratifying feature is that the leaders of both political parties are men of the highest personal character, possessing in the fullest possible sense the confidence, and even the affection, of the people. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a deeply interesting figure: a great English writer declares that he reminds him of "an old knight of high degree, typical of Medieval times," and Canada has come to regard him as one of her noble sons "Sans peur et sans reproche." The Liberals are well aware that Sir Wilfrid is their greatest asset, which accounts for the strength and determination of their appeal to the electorate on the ground of his personality, as it also accounts for their request that he be allowed to finish his work. Mr. R. L. Borden is a man of an entirely different type. About him there is nothing poetic, romantic or imaginative. In appearance as in character he represents the prosaic level-headed practical man of affairs. There are thousands like him in Canada where there is but one Sir Wilfrid. He might even be regarded as mediocre in some respects, but he has qualities of a very high order and is developing so rapidly that he may

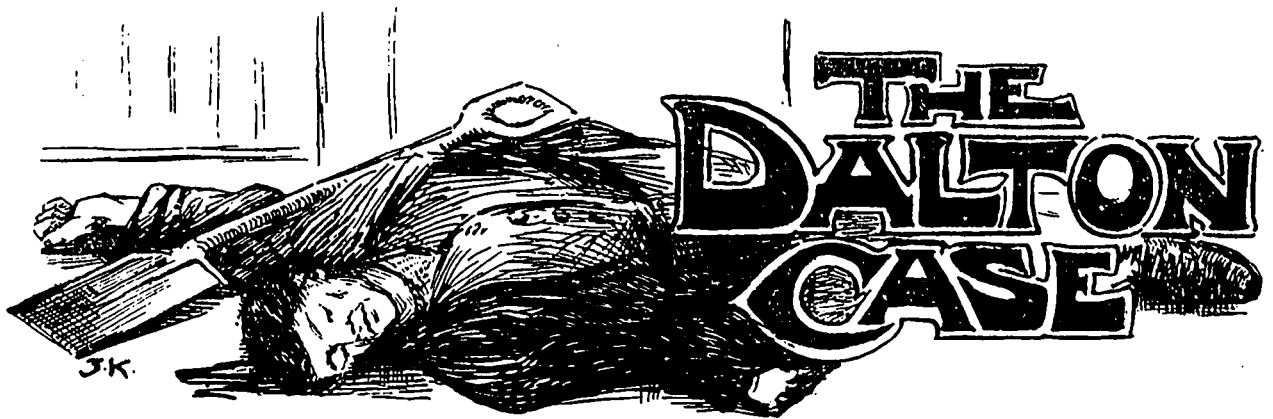
end up by becoming a power. In many respects he resembles Sir John Thompson, of whom no one thought and few had heard until in answer to his country's call, he stepped from obscurity into the highest position in the state. Mr. Borden possesses the same transparent honesty of purpose, simplicity of nature, directness of thought, and determination to do right which characterized Sir John. Few men have ever led an inconsiderable minority with such courage and skill. A few years ago, Mr. Borden was only spoken of as a warming-pan; today he is firmly entrenched not only in the confidence of his party but in the esteem of his country, and in these respects so far outdistances all competitors that there is no longer a suggestion of any other possibility as a leader. Whatever party interests may demand, the country will be safe and well contented with either leader in control and amid the many conflicting interests aroused by a Federal election it is a matter of the heartiest congratulation that there is no anxiety as to the result since in any event a man of the highest personal character, the loftiest ideals and the purest aims will assume the reins of Government.

The Great Northland.

For many years we have been hearing of the Frozen North, and Canadians have grown up with the conviction that the habitable and productive portions of their country lay within a few hundred miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Only a few years ago Edmonton was considered "far North," and the man who had been to Athabasca Landing was regarded as one who had penetrated the unknown. When Hudson's Bay Agents, and sometimes a return missionary, came from Ungava, Keewatin or the Mackenzie country,

they were looked upon pretty much in the light of a lost wanderer returned. In those days half a continent was given over to trappers, and it was popularly supposed that the white mantle was never lifted except for a few weeks in the summer time, and that the hard grasp of winter was unrelaxed for nine or ten months in the year. All this is altered and there is no more marvellous, as there is no more fascinating, topic of the times than the widespread discussion of railways of the far north, of gold dredging on the Mackenzie and Stewart rivers, of wheat storage and wheat shipment at Fort Churchill, of wheat growing a thousand miles north of the International boundary line and of the possibility of mineral development which will establish mining and smelting centres two thousand miles possibly from Winnipeg or Calgary. The truth is just beginning to dawn upon the minds of our people, and that truth is that Canada of the future will no longer be a narrow strip bordering upon the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a population that could be lined out in single file from Halifax to Victoria, but that railway construction already contemplated will within a few years penetrate the fastnesses of the North and lead to the planting of new communities in vast districts hitherto almost unknown and certainly unexplored. The extent and the potentialities of Canada have not yet been grasped even by the brightest intellect. The first decade of the twentieth century is drawing to a close; it has added to our store of knowledge far beyond all the centuries which have preceded it. Hereafter each year will add more than a decade of the past, and the cry on every hand to the young Canadian, insistent and irrepressible is, "Go in and possess the land."





Arthur Davies.*

MY friend, you are young and romantic; the error you made was natural; at your age, I have made greater mistakes."

"But I could have sworn she was looking directly at me," responded the younger of the two men.

"Pshaw! That was only stage habit," replied the other. "I told you, she would continue to look at the same place if you changed your seat; you have found my assertion was justified. She has had no regular training as an actress, the habit is merely a trick to hide nervousness."

"Be that as it may, Devereux; tomorrow, I intend to get an introduction to the lady we are discussing. By the by, did you notice the look of intense suffering that flitted across her face, even when the people were applauding her songs? I wonder what trouble in her life has caused that look."

"My young friend Neville, do not interfere with other people's affairs; chivalry and knight-errantry belong to the past. Do not the poets tell us, pity is akin to love? It is a sort of carburettor; tickle it, and love's automobile is running at full speed before you know where you are. Take my advice; mind your own business!" concluded Devereux as he rose, preparatory to leaving the club.

The younger man—whom he had addressed as Neville—detained him and said:

"Just one moment, my wise old friend; give me a stronger reason why I should not proceed if it pleases me to do so.

To be candid with you, I am very much interested in Miss Ethel Maybelle. You are not disclosing the whole truth, Devereux. I am curious and want to know more."

Devereux resumed his seat with a somewhat impatient sigh; then, very deliberately, filled an old briar pipe, lit it, and sucked complacently at the mouth-piece until the volume of smoke announced complete satisfaction. Meanwhile, Neville had taken a cigarette from his case, impatiently applied a match, and waited until his friend was in a state of mind to continue.

"First of all," said Devereux, "we will get the correct name. Let us detach the decoration from her present stage name, and reduce it to plain Ethel Mabel; then add the surname 'Dalton' and you get the lady's full and correct name—'Ethel Mabel Dalton.'"

"Why, Devereux, you know her!" interrupted Neville, in a tone of surprise.

"Say know *of* her, and you will be more correct," replied Devereux. "I do know of her," he continued, "and so does every man and woman who lived in Australia seventeen years ago, when she—Ethel Mabel Dalton—was charged with the wilful murder of her husband, Richard Dalton. Probably that will give you the key to the expression of sorrow you noticed."

The younger man flung away his cigarette, turned sharply towards Devereux, and exclaimed vehemently:

*All rights reserved by the Author.

"I do not for a moment believe a sweet looking woman like that could murder anyone. And if guilty of this crime, why was she not hung or imprisoned?"

"Stop! stop! my impetuous friend," replied Devereux. "I did not say that she was guilty; I said, she was charged with the crime. As a matter of fact, she was tried three times, and at each trial the jury disagreed; afterwards, the case was dropped."

"But Devereux, you may be mistaken; how can you be certain it is the same woman?"

"For two, good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, I never forget a face, and the beauty of this one interested me seventeen years ago. In the second, did you notice that Mrs. Dalton always held up her right hand in her actions, and the left hand was generally hidden away in the folds of her dress? Did you get a glance at that hand?"

"No," responded Neville, "I was too busy looking at her face to bother about her hands."

"If you had done so," said Devereux; "you would probably have noticed the first finger is missing, and the whole hand has a malformed appearance. I caught sight of it twice, and remembered, one of the points in the evidence against her was that same wounded hand. You may rest assured, there is no doubt as to her identity, and will now appreciate why I advised you against undue curiosity. To some men, Neville, a little—shall we say—interest, in a member of the opposite sex, acts as a tonic; easily taken and digested. But with others, it is different; to use a vulgar expression—they are bound to go the whole hog—you are rather inclined to be of that class. Let Mrs. Dalton live out her own life; she is almost old enough to be your mother—forty if she is a day!"

"Why, Devereux, since when have you become a cynic? Surely you know me better than to imagine I would do anything rash. You—who have so often placed your great gifts at the service of friends who have been wronged—would not refuse to assist this Mrs. Dalton simply because she is a struggling vaudeville actress."

"Tut! tut! Neville, your query is a very palpable red herring. Mrs. Dalton has not asked me to assist her; I was discussing this matter from the effect of undue curiosity upon a certain young friend of mine, whose father is one of my most respected friends; and who, is himself something more than a mere acquaintance. If you are very anxious to know what occurred at the trial of Mrs. Dalton, let us slip across to my rooms where we shall be more private, and I can show you the press extracts together with some notes of mine on the subject. I kept them out of curiosity, because of my theory that our lives run in circles, which intersect at least twice. The trouble is, one frequently forgets the first intersection; this time you shall have it in cold print."

Suiting the action to the word, Devereux rose and left the club, accompanied by his friend. As they walked across Douglas Street, the difference in the personalities of the two men was apparent to even a casual observer. The tall, almost gaunt figure of the Hon. Rupert Neville made a complete contrast to that of Yale Devereux, who was of medium size, and compact almost to concentration. The slight stoop of the younger man added five years to his appearance; the upright, clean-cut build of the elder, reduced his age, in semblance, fully ten years; as a matter of fact, Neville was twenty-two, and looked fully twenty-seven; whilst Devereux was fifty-five, but looked forty-five. The loose limbs and bent head of the former seemed to compel and control his movements; whilst the crisp, clean-cut military walk of Devereux was merely a part of a perfectly controlled mechanism. The prominent features and soft blue eyes of Neville disclosed almost his every thought; the steel gray eyes and regular features of Devereux gave no indication of what was passing in the mind of the owner.

Within ten minutes, the pair reached Devereux' rooms, where he immediately busied himself in making his guest comfortable; that accomplished, he unlocked a leather writing case and, after searching for a few moments among the con-

tents, produced a number of memorandum books. Neville noticed that attached to each of these was a bundle of newspaper clippings.

"There, my boy!" said Devereux, throwing the books on the table. "These five books represent five interesting cases that have crossed my life once; sooner or later the circles will meet again; meanwhile, here is the one relating to the Dalton case. The cigarettes are in front of you, the whiskey is on that shelf, you will find the White Rock in the cupboard to your right; or—if you want a cigar, help yourself—I prefer my pipe; and, mind, no interruptions!"

Very deliberately, Devereux refilled his pipe; the impatient movements of Neville as he crossed and recrossed his long legs, then stretched himself in the arm chair, and flung back his head with a jerk which threw the long black hair from his forehead; seemed to give additional zest to the care with which Devereux smoothed out each newspaper cutting, before commencing to read.

II.

SYNOPSIS OF THE DALTON CASE.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Devereux at last; 'Melbourne Argus of June fifth, 1888. Ghastly murder in Williamstown; chief mate of P. & O. steamer "Serapis" brutally done to death. No clue to murderer.'

The headlines I have read gave the first intimation the general public had of Dalton's murder. Then follows a column of reporter's romance; the only reliable item being a description of the scene of the murder, which I can give you from my own recollection, as I visited the place the following day.

The crime was committed in a small cottage on one of the side streets branching from the main street in Williamstown. The body was discovered by a stevedore, going to his work very early in the morning. Whilst crossing a piece of waste ground at the rear of the cottage, he noticed a blood-bespattered dog scratching furiously at the door of a shed. Thinking it was wounded he vaulted over the fence, and was astonished to find the blood came from under

the door. He immediately attempted to open the door, which was unlocked and unbolted. Exerting his strength, he opened it sufficiently to obtain an entrance, to find the obstruction was caused by the body of a man, whose death had undoubtedly resulted from a frightful gash right across the back of the head. He rushed at once to the nearest police station, and within a few minutes, two constables were on the spot. You will observe, Neville, that in opening the door the stevedore had pushed back the body; this was unfortunate, as it destroyed an important item in the sequence of the actual killing."

"Here," continued Devereux, "is a page, entirely devoted to the murder, from the evening paper of the same day. It is filled with theories and a mass of imagination; quite useless, with one exception. The exception is the paragraph marked with a red cross. It reads as follows:

'During this morning, two important witnesses have come forward in connection with the Dalton murder. Their names are Olaf Smithson and William Jones. These two sailors admit having been ashore on a drunken spree, and were returning to their ship about 11 p.m. On passing the cottage in which the murder took place, they heard a woman sobbing; the sound seemed to come from the back of the building. The cottage fronts right on to the street, and at that moment a gust of wind blew the curtain on one side, disclosing a man in the centre of the room, hastily packing letters and papers into a handbag. One of the sailors called out—"Hello Matey!" The man immediately snatched up the handbag, and disappeared into the room at the rear. Although both men were more or less in liquor, they are positive as to the woman's sobs, and have identified the murdered man as being the same they saw in the room with the handbag and papers.'

"Now we come to Mrs. Dalton's first appearance on the scene," said Devereux, picking up another press clipping; "it is concise and to the point; a model of genuine information, with just sufficient of the dramatic to attract the



One of the Sailors Called Out "Hello Matey!"

indolent reader. It is headed 'Sensational arrest in the Dalton Murder Case,' and is followed by a paragraph which I will read to you in extenso.

'Late last night, Inspector McCarthy, accompanied by Detectives Wilson and Crane, after paying a surprise visit to the "Little Bonnet Shop," the fashionable Collins Street Millinery Emporium, took into custody the charming young proprietress; popularly known as Madame Therese. The circumstances which led up to this prompt and surprising arrest are—the particulars given by the two sailors, Smithson and Jones; the fact of letters from this lady to Mr. Dalton being found at the cottage; and her being the only woman passenger on the

train between Williamstown and Melbourne on the night of June fourth; coupled with the statement of two well known business men who travelled in the same compartment and noticed she was greatly agitated, and had bound up her left hand in a small white cloth or serviette. After the arrest, a thorough search of the Collins Street premises was made, resulting in the startling discovery that Madame Therese is the wife of Richard Dalton. Further information is refused by the police.'

As he laid the paper on the table, Devereux turned to Neville and remarked:

"I want you to notice: the policy pursued by the police in the discovery and

arrest of Mrs. Dalton, was what I term direct supposition from the first material evidence coming to hand. The two sailors had heard a woman and seen a man; the man was dead, the woman had not disclosed her whereabouts. The deduction that she had powerful reasons for not doing so, is reasonable; the supposition of guilt is originated. The entire energies of the police are at once focussed on the missing woman; any other theories which may have been formulated—such as the ridiculous suspicion cast on the stevedore—are eliminated. The thorough search of the cottage brings to light a bundle of letters, among these are several on the business paper of the well known "Little Bonnet Shop." These letters were not of recent date, were simply signed "Ethel" and under ordinary circumstances, would have been treated by the police as "une petite affaire du coeur" between a good looking P. & O. officer and a milliner signing herself "Ethel." But by this time they are hot-footed on the discovery of the missing woman—the letters assist the supposition already created; the shadow of a personality is introduced.

You must understand, Neville, that at the date of the murder, Williamstown was merely what you would describe as a long, straggling village, bounded by Melbourne Harbour on the one side, and the open country on the other. It derived its importance solely from being a sea-port for Melbourne, and was connected with that city by a short railway.

Several doctors had already examined Dalton's body and given their opinion that the killing took place between 10 and 12 p.m. If they were correct, it was quite feasible for the person who committed the crime to catch the last train to Melbourne. This point would be immediately accentuated in the minds of the police by the supposition already originated concerning the missing woman and the letters from the Melbourne address, which were found close to Dalton's body. Enquiry at the station elicited the startling corroborative fact that Madame Therese herself was the only woman passenger on the night in question. I have very little doubt that

on ascertaining this; the supposition in the minds of the police became a certainty, needing only the statements of the two business men to lead to the young modiste's surveillance, followed by her immediate arrest.

Almost simultaneously with the search for the perpetrator of the crime, there arises in the minds of the police the necessity for a motive. Here again the policy of supposition is ready to hand, and from practically the same source. The two sailors had seen a man packing letters and papers into a bag; when alarmed by their cry of "Hello Matey!" he disappeared from the room, but took care to keep possession of the bag and its contents. Evidently he regarded them as of value. You must bear in mind, Neville, a woman's sobs had previously been heard, denoting either grief or pain, which might be caused by accident or quarrel. This clue, in the inception, is slight, but is naturally strengthened in the minds of the police, by discovery of the letters signed "Ethel," with the additional fact of a secret and still undisclosed marriage. By this time the scent for the motive has become, what you—as a hunting man—would describe as warm. Now I come to evidence introducing a third party.

In searching the Collins Street premises, several letters were discovered, addressed to Madame Therese from William Burke, the well known millionaire wool broker, a very handsome and popular member of the legislature. These letters were written in terms of deep affection and in one was an offer of marriage; there were three letters in all, and reference was made to other letters. At once the cause of the suggested quarrel between husband and wife became an apparent reality, and a strong motive for the crime is in the hands of the police. Before passing from these letters, I want you to understand, it was evident the writer was under the impression he was addressing an unmarried woman.

I have now described to you the natural sequence of events as they appeared to the detectives; it being essential you should understand the facts discovered

and the deductions made, before taking up the actual trial. In dealing with the trial, I will disclose to you how they failed to make good their charge. Before doing so, I will trouble you for the whiskey. Thanks! Just over the second finger. And now for the trial."

III.

TRIAL OF MRS. DALTON.

The first trial took place very promptly after the arrest; the courts were sitting, and the barrister for the defence—with whom I will deal later—raised no objections. Here you have press clippings giving a verbatim report; you can study them at your leisure. Meanwhile, kindly follow the leading details to which I shall refer.

On the first day of the trial, news of a disaster arrived, which added to the dramatic interest and at the same time greatly increased the difficulties of the defence.

At the time of Dalton's murder, William Burke was at Sydney in his steam yacht, the "Yarra Yarra." On learning of Madame Therese's arrest—as Mrs. Dalton—he left immediately for Melbourne, but never arrived at the latter port. The disappearance of the "Yarra Yarra" gave rise to numerous rumours of Burke's flight. On the first morning of the trial, news was received of the total loss of the yacht with all hands, including the owner.

I will not weary you with the whole of the evidence for the prosecution, as I have already given you the most important features; but I have purposely left until now the police theory of exactly how the deed was done.

You will remember the body was discovered at the back door of the shed—that is to say—the door leading from the shed into the garden. The plan of the cottage was as follows:

A story and a half building with three rooms on the ground floor, which consisted of two sitting-rooms at the front and a kitchen at the back, forming a right angle; in this right angle was the shed in which the body was found. The shed was a rough affair with no ceiling, excepting some planks which had been

placed loosely across the collar ties of the roof. These planks were immediately above the door leading into the garden, and had evidently been used by the owner—who had let the cottage furnished—as a storage place for garden tools and old lumber. The top story of the cottage proper was given over entirely to use as a bed-room.

On the floor of the shed, in addition to the body, there was found an axe—a small affair, used for splitting kindling wood—a spade, step-ladder, and long bamboo pole. The step-ladder—which was in a very rickety and broken condition—was evidently intended to reach the rough flooring on which the garden tools were stored away; this was almost in the apex of the roof, some of the tools being actually suspended on nails driven into the rafters. Both the axe and the spade were covered with blood marks. The axe was not disturbed by the stevedore and was found close to the door leading to the kitchen, giving colour to the theory that it had been dropped in the assassin's flight. The spade was partially covered by the body of the dead man, but you must remember the body had been pushed from its original position. The wound extended almost across the back of the head, and was undoubtedly caused by the impact of some sharp instrument. According to the police, it was done with the axe; the blow being given from the side while Dalton had his face turned away from his assailant.

And now I come to Mrs. Dalton's wounded hand, which I have already told you played a part in the trial. The wound in the first instance was slight, and according to the police, was a case of self-mutilation in order to account for the blood-stains on the serge costume, which she wore on the night of Dalton's death. It was during the following day that she accidentally poisoned the wound, causing loss of the first finger and the malformation to which I drew your attention.

The barrister retained by Mrs. Dalton for her defence was the famous John Russell, at the time a struggling young lawyer but already of some renown as

a scholar and keen debater. The Dalton case was practically his debut in the legal world, and made him famous; for he adopted the only possible means—at the moment—of saving Mrs. Dalton, and carried it into execution with effect.

Now, it is necessary for me to tell you here—as you will shortly gather from reading the account of the trial—that Mrs. Dalton herself, throughout the

ination you will see what I mean. He produced no witnesses for the defence, but relied entirely on using the witnesses for the Crown.

I have taken great pains to point out to you the means whereby the police built up their case; they had only to connect Mrs. Dalton, without any reasonable doubt, with each item of circumstantial evidence; in order to obtain a



Mrs. Dalton refused point blank to say anything.

whole of this affair, refused point blank to say anything, which—as you are probably aware—is a most damaging position to take up. I have no doubts she had reasons, they must have been very strong ones; but at the time of the trial, such a course seemed absolutely disastrous to all except John Russell. When you have carefully read his cross-exam-

verdict. Russell saw the weak points in the police onslaught, and used his perspicuity and eloquence to defeat them. By a brilliant feat of cross-examination, he took each witness for the Crown and mercilessly tore their evidence in pieces. For instance, turn to the cross-examination of the sailors, Smithson and Jones—you will see, I have marked it with

three red lines—note how smoothly and quietly he leads up to the admission he desires them to make; namely, that they are not absolutely certain whether it was eleven or twelve o'clock when they passed the cottage. If the latter hour, it was impossible for Mrs. Dalton to have been there; as another witness for the Crown, the station master, had already certified on oath, that Mrs. Dalton was in the station just before twelve o'clock.

I want you to turn to the doctors' evidence," continued Devereux, "it is on the second page and marked with a blue pencil.

Under the suave guidance of the prosecuting barrister, the doctors had stated that Dalton was killed before twelve o'clock. Russell, without calling any medical evidence in rebuttal, so confused these medical experts by his own wonderful knowledge of the subject, combined with extracts from scientific treatises thereon, that in the end they admit, it is quite possible that Dalton was alive after twelve o'clock. When you remember the sailors had seen him alive, and now admitted they were not certain as to the exact time, coupled with the evidence of the station master as to Mrs. Dalton's whereabouts at twelve o'clock; you will see the importance of this acknowledgment.

Then on the question of the axe as a means of death, he was simply splendid. He demonstrated in court, the difficulty, a slender, medium sized woman like Mrs. Dalton would have in striking a blow with a small kindling axe, which had split the skull of a strong man, standing over six feet high. The counsel for the prosecution failed to see that Dalton might not have been standing upright at the time—that by the way—let us return to Russell.

In the paragraph immediately under your right hand, you will note he deals with the police theory of the quarrel and the Burke letters. He commences by deploring his inability to produce William Burke, as he had not the slightest doubt Burke would have testified that Mrs. Dalton, instead of giving him encouragement, had treated his advances with firm disapproval. He pointed out,

the letters themselves proved absolutely nothing, except, that a certain much respected member of Melbourne society had paid honourable court to a lady whom he thought to be unmarried. After this, he takes up the secret marriage; here he scored heavily, as he was able to produce documentary evidence that Mrs. Dalton was a ward in Chancery at the time of the marriage, and that Dalton had been warned if he married her, without the consent of the court, he would be punished. The impulsive pair had not heeded the admonition; they had been married quietly at Stepney Church, London; as the certificate produced, duly proved.

Here, you will note, he gives a little more of Mrs. Dalton's history, by explaining to the court that, after the wedding, she had travelled to Sydney as a passenger on the "Serapis"—her husband being at that time second mate of the mail boat—after living two years in Sydney, she had removed to Melbourne and started the "Little Bonnet Shop." The husband and wife had seen each other regularly whenever the "Serapis" touched at Melbourne, the millinery business had been a success, and there was no vital reason for the public acknowledgment of their marriage until such time as the Lord Chancellor had forgotten the existence of his former ward.

His address to the jury was a masterpiece of eloquence and practical argument, on the folly of condemning a woman solely on circumstantial evidence which had not been conclusively brought home to her. He concluded, as you will observe, by denouncing the police for having expended all their energies in hunting down Mrs. Dalton and never attempting to discover the likelihood of another hand than hers having done the deed. That was the only hint he gave of the possibility of somebody else being the murderer, but he did it in such a manner that the jury retired to consider their verdict with the hint fixed in their minds, in spite of the calm and perfectly fair summing up of the Judge, who pruned the case of everything except real evidence. You will see the jury took over eight hours in considering their

verdict, and on returning into the courtroom, the foreman announced the impossibility of coming to any agreement. This, under the circumstances, was a brilliant victory for Russell—he had saved Mrs. Dalton entirely by his own abilities.

There, Neville! You have the whole history of the first trial of Mrs. Dalton; the second and third trials were mere repetitions, excepting, that public opinion, which at first had been dead against her, veered round at the close of the third trial. But the third jury was still unable to agree on the verdict, and Mrs. Dalton passed out of Melbourne life with the shadow of a crime hanging over her. I trust I have not bored you with this recital," concluded Devereux.

"Bored me! Why, my dear friend, I was never so intensely interested in all my life; but there are two points I think you have omitted, and which I am anxious to know something about. Who identified Dalton and what became of the "Serapis"?

"The body of Dalton," replied Devereux, "was identified at the inquest by a number of well known shipping men. He was a popular and highly respected officer, easily recognized by his size and distinguished appearance. Mrs. Dalton did not attend the first inquest, owing to the precarious state of her health, due to the poisoned hand. At the adjourned inquest, the question of identity was not re-opened. At the trial, Russell accepted it without comment.

With regard to the "Serapis," she had left Melbourne on the home run about two hours before the stevedore discovered Dalton's body. P. & O. boats carry plenty of officers, Dalton's place must have been filled at once, and his disappearance accounted for in some manner. The boat was already two days behind schedule time; being on mail contract, her captain would naturally get away at the earliest possible moment. I did not touch on this point, because Russell cut the "Serapis" clean out of the case, and you must remember, I was dealing with the trial."

"What became of the 'Serapis' in the end?" asked Neville. "Surely the murder of her first officer would cause en-

quiry when she reached the end of her voyage?"

"The 'Serapis' never reached London," responded Devereux. "She ran ashore on a small uninhabited island near the entrance to the Red Sea, and became a total loss; but the mails, all the passengers, the officers, and the majority of the crew were saved. The only comment on Dalton's death from that quarter, was a wire from the captain when she reached Albany. The police had cabled, asking if Dalton was on board, and his reply read—'No! only his ghost.' The Melbourne papers treated it as a somewhat outrageous joke on the captain's part; personally, I would like the joke explained, as I have never found the captain of a mail boat given to levity when responding to official telegrams. Are your sympathies still with the vaudeville actress?" he asked.

"Yes! more than ever," retorted Neville. "Think, Devereux, of the life that poor woman must have led for the past seventeen years with that unsatisfactory verdict hanging over her. Husband gone! Business ruined! Australia and England impossible as a home—and even this western land only habitable to her when living in disguise. I am more than ever tempted to unravel this mystery. Will you assist me, Devereux? Just remember for a moment, when you brought your keen faculties to bear on the Brett matter, how quickly you disentangled the skein of lies and fraud which had parted husband and wife. Had it not been for you, those two lives would have been ruined; now they are bright and happy. Here am I, with nothing to do in life but waste my time; such as it is, I shall be delighted to devote to assisting you. I will place myself under your instructions, and if you will permit me, will willingly pay you any reasonable fee for your services."

"Do not talk about fees," sharply responded Devereux. "If you are determined to proceed, I will do my best; but remember, the Brett case was all in the present, everything right to hand. The Dalton case is different; seventeen years have elapsed, many of the threads

are gone; we shall have to dig down and build up."

As he uttered these words, Devereux' face momentarily lost its habitual self-controlled expression. His eyes sparkled with keen delight, the lips sealed themselves into a thin, resolute line; he seemed to throw off his usual self, and become imbued with the spirit of some instinctive force, habitually hidden and repressed.

The unveiling had passed in a moment, but revealed to Neville the compelling power which had caused Devereux to sacrifice his commission in the army, almost at the outset, and to enter the Diplomatic service, only to leave on the very eve of a brilliant career, in order to gratify his desire and join the Indian Detective Service; where the shackles of routine and red tape had quickly galled him into resignation and the career of a free lance—author—sportsman—and detective by turns—an enigma to all but his closest friends.

The bait had been seized, Neville felt certain his friend would never desist until the mystery of Dalton's death had been solved.

IV.

DINNER AT THE DRIARD.

On the evening of the same day, Devereux and Neville were seated at one of the small tables in the dining-room of the Driard Hotel; the elder man engaged in the full enjoyment of dining, as only a seasoned traveller knows how; the younger, impatiently swallowing his meal, intent only on his self-assumed quest. He had carefully refrained from broaching the subject until the dinner was well nigh finished, but now his impatience for action could resist the strain no longer. Hastily drinking his *café Noir*, he remarked with evident impatience:

"Devereux, when shall we start for Melbourne?"

"For Melbourne!" replied Devereux; "what on earth should take us to Melbourne?"

"Why, the Dalton case, of course," quickly responded Neville, with a tone of interrogation in his voice.

"So far as Melbourne is concerned, the Dalton case is complete. The threads in that quarter are buried beyond any hope of resurrection. We must commence our investigations in another direction; for, remember Neville, our object is exactly the opposite to that of the Melbourne police; their endeavours were to prove Mrs. Dalton guilty, our efforts are to demonstrate her innocence. Kindly pass the benedictine, and as you are so impatient, I will continue.

In a crime of this nature, there is an inevitable tendency to pay too much attention to the supposed murderer; this is natural on the part of the police, for their chief duty is to secure the murderer. From personal observations, I am satisfied that in fully one-half such cases, the murdered man or woman supply the most telling evidence, both as to the actual killing and the motive. Now, it must be apparent to you, the detectives employed in the Dalton case, ignored absolutely any opportunity of discovery in this direction. Dalton's body, history, and personality, were treated as the merest details. We must not make the same blunder; our duty is to start with Dalton.

Before Miss Ethel Maybelle looked at you in the theatre," continued Devereux, slyly, "you had decided to return to England; do not alter your plans. Go direct to London, call at the P. & O. office, and ask the clerks to make a search for Dalton's last English address, refresh their memories by mentioning the "Serapis" and the date of the wreck. By examining their books I am certain they will be able to provide you with the information wanted, or somebody in the office is sure to remember him, and assist you in locating the part of the country he came from. Go there, and ascertain all you can about Dalton and his family. At the same time, if you can discover anything about Mrs. Dalton do not fail to do so. But remember, for our purpose, the history of Mrs. Dalton is not so important as that of Dalton. If you discover any information of immediate and vital importance, cable it to me. I will give you a copy of a private code

which I have used in similar cases and found very useful."

"Are you not coming with me?" inquired Neville; in a somewhat anxious voice.

"Certainly not! You are well aware that I have arranged to leave Victoria early next week to join Frank Cashel at Del Monte. After a little shooting, we shall go on to Los Angeles for Christmas, and stay in California until the end of April; then I am returning here to prepare for a big-game shoot I have arranged with two friends from New York. This is December fourth, 1905; if we are successful in our efforts, we should complete about May, next year. Do not look so glum, my friend; my being with you would do no good. It is a case of pure deduction from cause to effect; the police saw the effect but never located the exact cause. The mail and the cable are all we need, beyond your inquiries, which I will direct from this coast."

"I will start by tonight's boat, Devereux," said Neville, leaning across the table, "but before I go, are there any other hints you can give me, any points which I can think out? My brain is not equal to yours, yet I may possibly stumble against some elucidations."

"Your brain is fully equal to mine, but works in a different groove," responded Devereux; "there are one or two points that will give you food for thought. These I will put to you in the shape of question and comment."

First of all. What became of the handbag and its contents? These silent though material witnesses were missing both at the cottage and at Collins Street. It follows, either a third party was present, or some thief entered the cottage during the night, or Mrs. Dalton destroyed them. The latter was the theory advanced by the police, as a thorough search was made without discovering even a trace.

Why did Dalton rush out of the room with the handbag and contents when disturbed by the sailors? If—as the police suggested—the contents were letters addressed to his wife and the cause of the quarrel, such alarm was unnecessary and

unlikely. A marine officer is the very last person to take unnecessary alarm. You can rest assured the contents of that bag were of more value than mere letters.

For what purpose did Dalton rent the furnished cottage at Williamstown for one month, when he possessed a latch key to the Collins Street store? In searching for cause a retrospective view of action is valuable, though not conclusive. Taking up the negative side, we can safely state that it was not for the sole purpose of meeting his wife, as he could do that at any time in Collins Street. It was not for the purpose of a residence for himself, as he resided on the "Serapis"; moreover, the incessant duties of chief mate on a mail boat would only permit of a few calls of short duration at Williamstown. We may assume Dalton's action in taking the cottage points conclusively to some purpose which was never uncovered at the time of the trial, and may be bracketed with the stubborn silence of Mrs. Dalton throughout the whole of this affair.

What made Dalton go ashore in his working uniform? The general practice being for marine officers to wear civilian clothing when ashore. I merely wish you to make a note of that point as being one of those little happenings, out of the ordinary, which sometimes lead up to matters of greater moment.

How did Dalton's body come to be in the shed, and why had the spade been got down from the rafters? The police theory—that Mrs. Dalton intended burying the body in the garden, but was interrupted—is unsupported by any evidence of the body having been dragged out of another room, and can be dismissed, for the stevedore found the body partially sealing up the very door through which she would have had to drag it. To me it appears a certainty, the body was never removed far from the place where it fell.

That is all at present, except that you have only two hours to pack your kit bag and catch the Vancouver boat. Here is a letter I should like you to hand to your father; I have said nothing about the Dalton case, but I have asked him to

join our shooting party in Victoria next May. Do not forget, Neville, your mission has nothing to do with what happened in Melbourne; it is simply to obtain the history of Dalton and his family. Good-night for the present! I will see you later at the boat; between now and then I shall be busy."

As the hoarse throaty whistle of the "Princess Victoria" belched out its final warning, the figure of Devereux might have been seen on the gangway; giving a final handshake to Neville, wishing him Godspeed as he handed a letter across the rail. When the light on Brotchie Ledge had faded in the distance, Neville entered his stateroom, opened the letter, and read as follows:

"Dear Neville:

I am sometimes as curious as a woman. For the last seventeen years I have often wondered what the captain of the "Serapis" meant when he wired—'No! only his ghost.' Your impetuous resurrection of this matter has redoubled my curiosity. To-night, after leaving you at the Driard, I sought out one of those corner beer shops where sailors do congregate; you know the sort I mean. There is generally the picture of a monster five-cent schooner of beer on the window, and the strains of an ancient and badly played piano are wafted, at intervals, through the swing door. I thought it strange if such a place, in Victoria, could not produce some old steamboat man who would let daylight in and satisfy my curiosity. The half-hour I spent there was most enjoyable, costing me only the small sum of two dollars; for I found my companions were far more anxious to treat me, than I to make them drunk. The majority were already mellow under the leadership of the author of the short story which I enclose. His personality has nothing to do with us, but his story will interest and instruct you as a student of mystical penumbrae. I have edited it somewhat by omitting all the blasphemy and some of the vernacular.

"Yours very truly,

"DEVEREUX."

V.

THE YARN OF SANDY MORTON.

(Found enclosed in Devereux' letter to Neville).

"Have I ever heard of the "Serapis," Mister? Sure! Ask Bill Calcraft there; he knows as how I was quartermaster from the time she left the 'Tail o' the Bank' on her maiden trip, right down to the night she piled up, high and dry, on a rock no bigger nor a schoolyard. But what am I calling her down for? She was as comfortable a boat as ever struck salt water, up to the time of her last trip; as smart a crowd, and as fine a lot of officers as you could wish; per-tickler the one I am going to tell you about. He was a great big lump of a man, but active as a cat for all that; his name was Richard Dalton and he was our chief. It was his wraith that put a spell on the 'Serapis' and sent her to the bottom. If Dick Dalton had only taken my advice, he would have been a sound man today, and the 'Serapis' floating the blue sea; but he laughed when I telled him and I am non given to repeating advice when it isn't welcome.

The first I heard of it was from my relief, Shorty McDonald. He came into the wheel-house one night, trembling all over, and white as chalk. I says:

'Shorty, what's up with you, lad?'

Says he: 'Sandy, I seed a sperit.'

I says: 'Shorty, where did ye see it? In the old man's swinging tray?'

'No!'—says he—'right at the corner of the steerage galley, and Sandy'—says he, looking me plumb in the face—'It was Dickie's wraith I seed'—we called Dalton "Dickie" betwixt ourselves, because we all liked him.

I said nought more to Shorty, for it's no use swapping words with a Galway lad, when the talking is on wraiths and sperits and sich like. But I kept my eyes skinned as I went for'ard, and saw nothing. This happened the night before we reached Gib. After we were through the ditch, the whole ship's company had got Dalton's wraith on the brain. I took no stock in sich talk, but thought the chief had better be told of what the men were saying; so the night we made

Point de Galle, I up and telled Dickie all about his ghost. I felt like a kid in the teliing, and got laughed at for my pains. Dickie said, as how, he would take a bell, book, and candle down the 'tween decks at twelve o'clock that night, and get even with the ghost and we should never see it again. I says to him:

'Look here, Mr. Dalton; I don't take no truck in the men's fool talk, but McDonald says it is a warning to you to leave the ship. Now, we all likes you, sir; if you think as how there is any danger, why not take a spell ashore when we get to Melbourne? The company will always give you a new ship, and a better one for the matter of that, and the second will jump at your job here.'

Dickie said he was too fond of us to leave us, so I dried up.

In the middle watch that night, he goes down with a big book, a candle, and the saloon table bell; he was rigged out in a dressing gown, and by the time he got through with his fooling, the laugh was on Shorty; anyhow, we heard no more of the ghost that passage.

The thick o' the trouble began the night before the "Serapis" left Melbourne, on the home run. Shorty McDonald was gangway watchman in the evening. Just at dusk, before the gangway lamp was lit—we had oil lamps in those days—he sees the chief coming along the deck, and looks at him for the smile and the kind word he always gives; but Dalton walks plumb past Shorty—what you folks ashore would call, cut him dead—strides down the gangway ladder, and walks off along the pier. Shorty thought he had gone for'ard to see what she was drawing, and wondered why he was wearing an old uniform instead of his dinner clothes, as it was close on time for the dinner gong to sound. I relieved Shorty at eight bells; about five minutes after, along comes Dalton again, all spruce and clean, d essed in his go-ashores—a light gray suit. As he passes me, I touches my cap and he says in his cheerful way—'good-night, Sandy.'

I says, 'good-night, sir,' and that's the last we saw of Mr. Dalton, save for the silly yarn of one of the Serangs who

went on gibbering to the skipper, off Otway Light, next day, and says as how he had seen the ghost of Dalton—all white and pale like—come down from the fo'c's'le head and disappear down the fore hatch, and he says as how Dalton floated on air. The skipper told the Serang to go for'ard and sober up.

Next night, I saw that dern fool, Shorty, swapping words with the Serang. When he sees me he crosses the deck and says—'Sandy, me friend, this boat's doomed; she's going to make a hole in the water.'

'What are ye giving us, Shorty?' says I; 'taffy on a string?'

'No!' says he; 'I'm telling ye the God's truth, and I'm for over the side when we reach Albany. We have been mates for six years now, Sandy; and I thought mebbe ye would be willing to come along wid me.'

I saw he was blubbering like a kid; I was just beginning to feel a bit queer myself, but I laughs at him and says—short like—'Sandy Morton has never skinned out of a ship afore, and don't intend to start now; not if all the damned ghosts in the world were on board.' Then I quit.

I must tell you here, the skipper and other officers didn't savvey Dalton was not on board until we were well under way. Then he simply gave the second the job and says nothing. I heard afterwards, the skipper was suspicious like, that Dalton had a wife in Melbourne.

We made Albany in the night; the mails come alongside and I sees a shore bloke hand the skipper a telegram; he reads it, then hands it to Richards, who had taken Dalton's place. A saloon passenger comes along just then and says to the skipper:

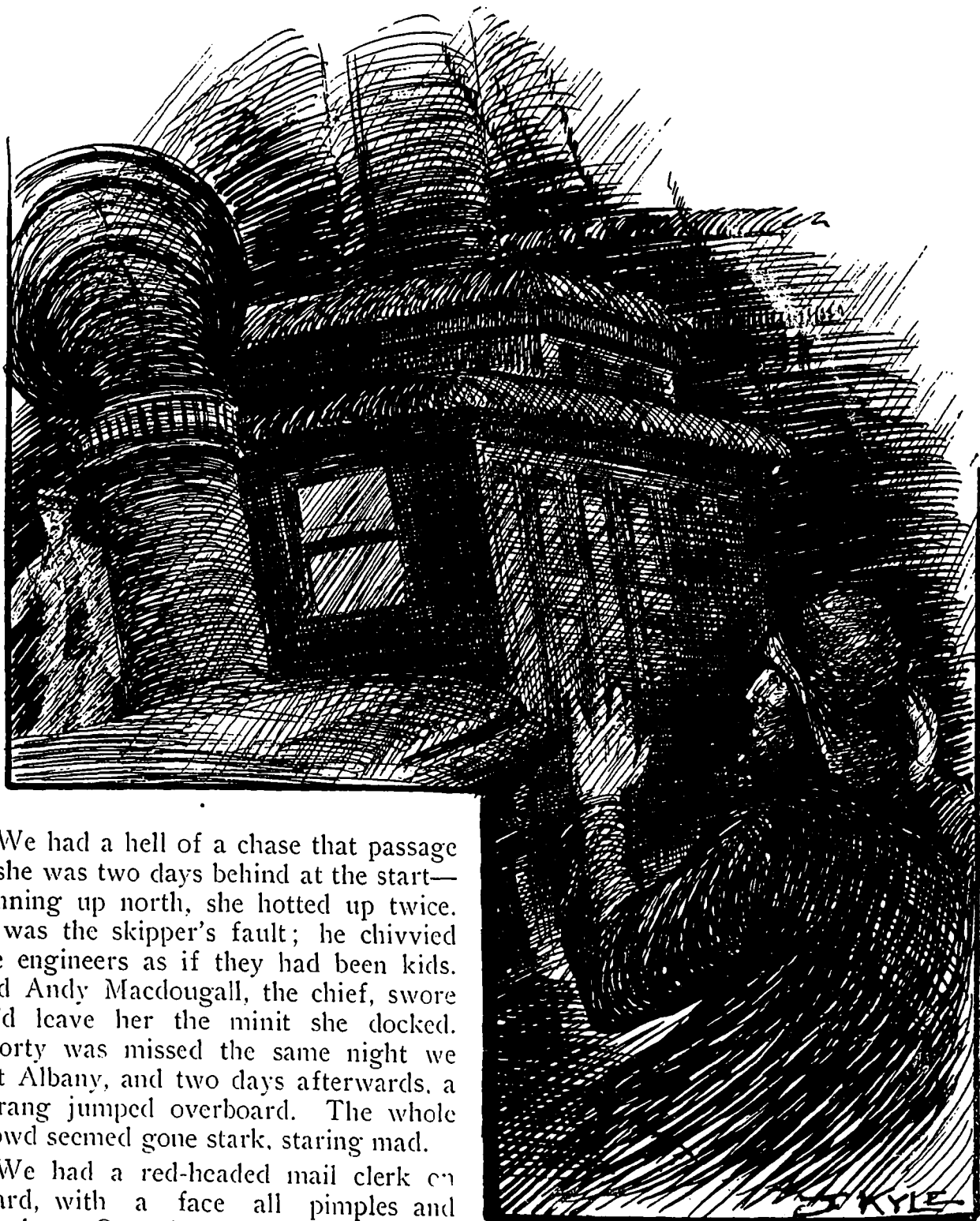
'Any important news, Captain?'

'No,' says our old man; 'only a wire from the Melbourne police asking if Dalton is on board.'

We was stood on the lee side of the chart house; I looks up just then at the after corner, and what I saw sent a shiver down my back. There! square in front of me, was Dalton's wraith. Yes! you may smile, sir. If you had seen the thing I saw that night, it's no

smiling you'd be. The others had their backs turned to it; it comed and goed like a flash. I thought to tell the skipper, but just then he walks into the chart room, and I felt mebbe it was Shorty's fool yarns had filled me up.

opened it out again—there was Dalton's wraith looking straight at him—he swore the face was all pale and shone with a green light. It never heeded him a bit and would have walked straight through him, but he slammed to and locked the



We had a hell of a chase that passage—she was two days behind at the start—running up north, she hotted up twice. It was the skipper's fault; he chivvied the engineers as if they had been kids. Old Andy Macdougall, the chief, swore he'd leave her the minit she docked. Shorty was missed the same night we left Albany, and two days afterwards, a Serang jumped overboard. The whole crowd seemed gone stark, staring mad.

We had a red-headed mail clerk on board, with a face all pimples and blotches. One night, in The Doldrums, he rushes up from the mail room, yelling and blethering like a raving maniac. When we got him quieted down, he told us as how he locked up the mail room, and then called to mind he had forgotten his coat. The door was locked safe and sure when he went back, but just as he

There! square in front of me was Dalton's wraith.

door. Directly the skipper hears what the mail clerk has to say, he snatches the key from the mail clerk, and makes a break for the mail room—I after him.

The door was locked safe enough, but we were inside in two cracks with the door locked again behind us. We searched every nook and corner without a sign to be seen—man or ghost. I expected the skipper would make one of his nasty remarks, but he was as mum as a mouse. He was a Catholic, and when we got outside the door, he crossed himself.

After this, the old man drove her harder than ever; sure as he drove her, certain sure, something happened, until the engines seemed like to go to pieces. Now, Mister, we are coming close on to what you asked about—the end of the “Serapis.”

It happened one Sunday night; the skipper had been driving her like Hell again; and when night came on, he kept the game up, paying no heed to the hurricane which rolled the seas up on her quarter like lumps of green crystal.

We expected to be under the lee of the coast next morning, but devil a coast she reached. About four bells, the third—who had gone for’ard to see after the lookout—sings out, ‘Breakers ahead!’ The skipper was standing right against me at the wheel; he yells out. ‘Hard a starboard!’

I had that wheel round like a streak, but the next minute was pitched right over, up against the bulkhead; and I hears the very guts of the “Serapis” being torn out. She stuck there as if she had been rivetted, with the seas pouring over her stern and port quarter. The skipper was out on the bridge like a flash. I heard boat quarters piped, and went along to the starboard lifeboat; but we never used ’em that night, and it’s a good job we didn’t; for of all the howling wastes I ever clapped my eyes on, that beat the lot. The skipper kept every man jack of us on board until daylight; then, as the sea went down, we got the passengers ashore, on a lump of a rock a few hundred yards round, with the spray swirling clean over. At sundown the gale freshened, and the old man ordered us all ashore. It was just as we left the “Serapis” that the mail clerk says to me:

‘God is going to punish the wraith.’

I looks back at the “Serapis” and I

sees a big sea combing up over the port side—it smashes down with a roar you could have heard a mile away—when I looks again, the “Serapis” was only a mass of scrap iron. The mail clerk he grabs me by the arm, and says:

‘Look! look! the ghost!’

I looks, and sees nothing but wreck. The mail clerk, he makes one spring right over the gun’al. We hung round for a bit, but we never seen him again.

We were ten days on that rock, grilled like herrings during the day, and frozen cold at night; then up comes a tramp steamer and takes us and the mails to Aden.

No! Mister, I don’t believe in ghosts as a rule; but I’m certain sure of Dalton’s wraith. You FELLOWS CAN BELIEVE IT or not, as you likes.”

As he finished reading, Neville said in soliloquy—“What a queer fellow Devereux is. I’ll wager by this time, he has shut the Dalton case clean out of his mind, and will not think of it again, until I get busy with the wires, whilst I cannot forget it.”

VI.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

On his return journey, Devereux arrived at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, on the evening of March twenty-first, 1906. After registering, he inquired for letters and cables; the clerk handed him a small bundle. Without further delay—excepting to pick up a pad of telegraph blanks—he took the elevator to his room, locked the door and opened the bundle. He then unpacked from his writing case, a sheaf of cables already decoded, which he arranged in data order on a table in the window; attached to several were copies of his replies. Having adjusted all the documents to his satisfaction, he read them carefully over and said musingly to himself, as if picking up the threads of some by-gone event:

“Here is the first cable from Neville, despatched from St. Mary’s Axe, London, on the twentieth of December, ’05; it reached me at Del Monte and simply announced his having obtained Dalton’s last address. The next two are both

dated December thirtieth, from Bradford, Yorkshire. The first of the two is extremely interesting and reads—'introduced to Dalton's mother; father dead twenty-five years, family consisted of Dalton and twin brother Henry.' The other cable may be of importance to Neville but is of little use to me; it reads—'Important discovery; Mrs. Richard Dalton's daughter, aged nineteen, lives with grandmother.' Let me see? I got those two in Los Angeles and noted he had taken up his quarters at the Great Northern Hotel, Bradford, and guessed he was paying daily visits to the grandmother and—Miss Dalton. This caused my reply cable—'No importance attached to daughter; cable description and character of Henry Dalton.' Evidently, it occupied a few days in securing these particulars, for I see his next cable is dated January six, '06, and reached me at Pasadena, reading—'Henry very similar Richard in appearance, character good until bolting from bank with fifty thousand pounds and valuable documents; afterwards traced to Liverpool, police allege crossed to States and lost sight of; money returned in mysterious manner sixteen and a half years ago. Other documents returned five years ago.' After this I cabled—'Information complete,' and invited him, by letter, to join me in Victoria for the shoot."

Immediately after completing his close scrutiny of the cables, Devereux added to them one of those he had just received from the clerk, it was to the following effect:

Houghton Hall,
Staffordshire, Eng.,
15 March, '06.

'To Devereux,
Hotel Potter,
Santa Barbara, Calif., U.S.

Father and self join you Victoria May 23, my sister and Rose Dalton accompanying. Neville.'

As he finished reading, Devereux said softly to himself. "Wise boy, he prefers the substance to the shadow; it is time I located the shadow. Meanwhile, these cables can be destroyed; as I have all the particulars, carried out to the minutest detail in these excellent letters

of Neville's. I do not think he has omitted a single item; he even refers to the blood stains on Silas Robinson's will, which was among the stolen documents, and gives the date of Henry Dalton's theft. Now for the shadow! A letter will suffice, the daughter will be sufficient bait."

VII.

THE COUPLED LINKS.

Away on the hillside, overlooking city, sea, and mountain, there stands in Victoria, an exceedingly artistic bungalow. It clings to the face of the slope and changes the rocky waste into a beautiful homeland. Nature in all her wild charm has been seized by man, but not destroyed; even the patches of greenery and flowers, which nestle at the foot and in the clefts of the rocks, appear to be a part of her handiwork, intended to adorn and blend into one harmonious whole, the masses of grey-brown tinted rock with the celestial blue of the Heavens above.

It is the twenty-fourth of May; down in the city all is excitement and holiday joy. Inside the bungalow, there is also excitement—the excitement of expectancy—as Yale Devereux rose from the table, gave his arm to Mrs. Dalton, and led the way into the comfortably furnished hall, overlooking the sea. As soon as his guests were seated, he turned to Mrs. Dalton and said:

"It is at your request, I make this explanation of our almost unwarrantable interference with your affairs. I should have preferred to put my findings, in this case, in the shape of a written report; but as you are chiefly interested, I willingly obey your commands and explain personally, in order that my friend Neville, his father, his sister, and your daughter Rose—who are all present—may have full knowledge of what really happened on the night of June fourth, 1888."

Then, turning to his other guests, he continued. "In the first place, it is necessary for me to remove from your minds even a lingering suspicion—if such there be—that Mrs. Dalton had anything to do with the tragedy. As a matter of fact, she was not present when

Henry Dalton was killed in the Williamstown cottage."

"Henry Dalton!"—exclaimed Neville starting from his chair—"surely you mean Richard Dalton."

"Richard Dalton went down in the wreck of the *Serapis*," replied Devereux, quietly.

With the exception of Mrs. Dalton, the little party of guests were utterly astounded at Devereux' revelation. Neville cast a furtive glance at Rose Dalton, then looked across at his father, and appearing to receive encouragement from that quarter, he said:

"Devereux, you must be aware how much this all means to Miss Dalton and myself. You have lifted a load from our minds by exonerating Mrs. Dalton; will you kindly explain in full, for there is still much to be cleared up."

"I intend doing so," responded Devereux; "but the simple statement of facts will assist you to understand the details I am about to relate. Before doing so, may I trouble you to hand the cigars to your father, and pass the coffee round to the ladies; as domestic labour in Victoria, at the moment, is practically unobtainable. There! that looks more comfortable, now I will proceed."

At the outset of this enquiry, I pointed out to you, Neville, the total disappearance of the bag and its contents, indicated the presence of a third party. Your cable informing me of the twin brother Henry, at once gave me a clue as to who this third party was, for Sandy Morton's vivid description of Shorty McDonald's meeting with the ghost on the passage out, had already warned me of the existence of some man who bore a remarkable resemblance to Richard Dalton. The masquerade of the exorcism on board the "*Serapis*" pointed to Richard Dalton's knowledge of his brother being on board—for you will remember the ghost made no more journeys to the steerage gallery—Henry had evidently been warned by his brother."

"But how did Henry Dalton come to be on board the '*Serapis*' at all" interrupted Neville. The Bradford police were certain he crossed to America, he was seen in the Cunard office, in Liver-

pool, the day before his defalcations were discovered by the bank."

"It was the visit to the Cunard office that told me he had not gone to America. The call was so obviously a blind to mislead the police," explained Devereux. "He took a safer course by slipping round to London in a small coasting steamer, hid securely in the East End, until he got an opportunity to waylay his brother Richard, and pour into his ear the tale of his desperate circumstances. It was a master stroke! Richard could not play the traitor, in a weak moment he would smuggle the thief on board the "*Serapis*," and stow him away in some snug hiding place, taking care to provide him with a uniform for fear of his being accidentally seen, in which case the extreme likeness between the twin brothers would act as a protection. Richard did not calculate on the sailors' foolish superstition. On arriving at Melbourne the steamer was no longer a safe hiding place; the quietness and proximity of Williamstown would suggest the cottage. This brings me to the night of the tragedy."

The certainty of a third party being present entirely altered the main circumstances connected with this case. In the discovery—by deduction—of the valuable contents of the missing bag I had full knowledge of the cause I was in search of, from that point on it was an easy matter to reconstruct. I will now describe what I feel certain took place. If I make any errors in detail, I trust Mrs. Dalton will correct me.

Richard Dalton left the *Serapis* shortly after eight o'clock on the eventful night, dressed in a light grey suit. He would meet you, Mrs. Dalton, and take the train to Williamstown; the object of your visit being to make a final appeal to Henry Dalton to return the stolen money to the bank, as your husband had long since become tired of being, even remotely, mixed up with a theft. On the journey, he would mention a surreptitious visit he had received at dusk from his brother, who trusting to previous success, had ventured on board dressed in your husband's old uniform. On arriving at the cottage, your husband made

this final appeal, at the same time outlining a plan whereby the stolen notes could easily be returned without risk. The appeal failed, the only concession he could obtain was the giving up the valuable papers which included the will of Silas Robinson, the Bradford millionaire. These papers were handed to you, Mrs. Dalton, and were returned by you to the bank, five years ago, in answer to an advertisement you had seen in one of the leading American papers. The blood stains on the will, led me to this conclusion, for I knew you had in some manner cut your hand.

The futility of your joint appeal caused a bitter quarrel between the brothers; in the midst of this quarrel you had to leave the cottage, in order to catch the train back to Melbourne. It was your sobs the two sailors heard; you had left Henry Dalton in the front room and were bidding farewell to your husband at the back door of the cottage. The agitation in the train, witnessed by the two business men, was caused by your anxiety over the quarrel between the brothers, about the stolen money. Next morning you were horrified at finding one of the brothers had been killed, you knew it was not your husband for he was wearing a light grey suit; you were also well aware, whatever had happened, he had got clear away, for the bag and its contents were missing. You kept silence and stood the pain and disgrace of the trial, because you were under the impression that your husband had murdered his brother. To save him and mislead the police you sacrificed yourself. It was not until I wrote to you from Santa Barbara, enclosing a copy of Sandy Morton's yarn, that the death of your husband became a certainty to you."

"I see it all now," exclaimed Neville. "The ghost on the return passage of the Serapis was Richard Dalton in the flesh, but what was he doing in the mail-room?"

"Carrying out his determination of returning the stolen notes to the bank," replied Devereux. "It was this strong determination on his part which led me to the knowledge of the quarrel in Williamstown. He would have a duplicate

key to the mail-room, after making the notes into a parcel and addressing it to the bank, he simply placed the parcel inside one of the mail bags and re-sealed it, a seal is easily lifted and replaced. It was the fact of the package being unstamped, and having no postmark, which mystified the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand. I have no doubt the red-headed mail clerk did see the last of Richard Dalton, when he cried out-- "Look! Look! The Ghost!"

We must now retrace our steps a little, to the time when Mrs. Dalton was saying good-bye to her husband. Henry Dalton would naturally have been alarmed at his brother's determination to have the stolen money returned, his alarm was intensified by the sudden appearance and exclamation of the sailors, at the window. He knew his brother must return to the Serapis almost immediately; if he could but hide the bundle of notes, they would still be his. The thought of burying them in the garden would be almost instantaneous, this led him to the shed in order to get down the spade, there he would hear his brother's and Mrs. Dalton's voices, and know the way to the garden was barred. In front of him was the loose ceiling, covered with old lumber; it was an easy thing to throw the bag up there, but the opening was obstructed by the lumber. He must have been aware the ladder was rickety, and the matter was urgent, his brother might return at any moment. The long bamboo on the floor suggested an easy means of getting over the difficulty, he could push back the obstructing lumber and make a way for the bag. Picking up the pole he carried the idea into execution, but either the pole or some of the lumber touched the bottom of the spade, knocked it from the nail, with the result that it fell like a guillotine and the blade clove his skull almost in two

That is how Henry Dalton died, he was not murdered, his death was purely accidental. I have here, a drawing of the spade; you will see it is an ordinary English garden spade with a short handle. The blade was heavy and curved out, this acted as a lever forcing the body of Dalton to fall face down; it was this

fact and the peculiar position of the wound which led me to the discovery of the exact cause of death. To remove all doubt as to the body being that of Henry Dalton and not Richard, I have made a test in another direction. You will remember, Neville, in the letter from Bradford, you informed me that Richard Dalton had the word "Ethel" tattooed in large letters right across his chest. I wrote to McCarthy, who was the inspector employed on the case, and who is now chief constable, asking him if any such marks were found on the body; here is his reply, which is an emphatic negative."

As Devereux ceased speaking, a silence again fell on the little party. It seemed as if each were endeavouring to remove the previous error and grasp the truth as disclosed by Devereux. Mrs. Dalton appeared the least unconcerned, for her mind had been set at rest by Devereux soon after her arrival in Victoria. She was dressed in black, and the expression of sadness, which Neville had noticed, had given place to a calm acceptance of the suffering she had endured during the past eighteen years.

Neville looked at his father and a slight expression of triumph crossed his face when he noticed the latter was holding Rose Dalton's hand, evidently with the intention of strengthening her during the recital through which they had just passed. It was at this moment, she exclaimed, "Why did my father run away from the cottage on the night of Uncle Henry's death? He was a brave man and had done no wrong."

"It was not a question of bravery, nor of wrong doing," replied Devereux. "When you have lived a little longer in the world, Miss Dalton, you will know, in a crisis of this description, it is generally the anticipation of the judgment of our fellowmen which originates action. I have purposely omitted this part of my reconstruction in order to spare your mother's feelings, but if she has no objection, I think your father's movements can be traced with tolerable accuracy."

"I should prefer you to explain everything," said Mrs. Dalton, in response to

the look which Devereux cast in her direction.

With a movement of compliance, Devereux continued. "We shall never know the exact facts, but it is not difficult to get near the truth. On returning to the front room, Richard Dalton would find his brother had disappeared, and as he himself had just passed through the kitchen, the shed was the only place left; on looking into the shed he would at once see the body. I am certain he raised it from the ground, for it must have been at that moment the letters signed "Ethel" dropped from his breast pocket, without being noticed. From the nature of the wound he knew his brother was beyond human aid, and the fact of his own danger in being found at the cottage with the stolen money and the dead body, immediately became apparent. There was no time to lose, for the Serapis was on the point of sailing, the last train to Melbourne had gone; he picked up the bag and rushed from the cottage—by merely stepping from the front window he was on the wooden sidewalk, leaving no impression of his foot-marks. The only way to catch the Serapis was by water, as a matter of fact it was a much shorter distance by that means, for the mail boat was lying at Sandridge just across the harbour. He jumped into the first small boat he came across, and either rowed or sailed to Sandridge; being perfectly familiar with the harbour this presented no difficulties to him. Whilst crossing, the danger of his own position was unfortunately driven home to him—his brother had been killed and the stolen money gone—if discovered he would be accused of complicity in the theft and of murder—the ghost on the passage became a damning point of evidence against him, as an accomplice of his brother's guilt. Without counting the ultimate cost, his temporary disappearance seemed the only way out of the difficulty. The means were ready to hand—the same means he had used to secrete his brother. He dare not go aboard by the gangway, for fear of being seen by the night watchman, but by using a mooring chain for a footrope, and a wire hawser for a handline, he had no

difficulty in climbing up to and over the bows; which accounts for the Serang's statement that he had seen Dalton walking on air.

On reaching Albany he ventured—under covering of night—to listen to the reading of the police telegram by the Captain of the Serapis. Its real purport would be entirely misunderstood, and the necessity of hiding seemed greater than ever. He never had the slightest idea his wife had been charged with the crime of wilful murder.

I think I have now given you every particular, and feel sure this explanation must have been painful to Mrs. Dalton; it is with great pleasure I pass on to a more pleasant phase. On being certain of my facts I took the liberty of forwarding a complete copy of these findings to the Bradford Bank, together with McCarthy's letter and one or two other items of proof. A few days ago, I re-

ceived a reply from the manager, authorising me to inform Mrs. Dalton that the Board of Directors, after carefully considering the whole subject, had voted her a very substantial annuity, making her independent for the rest of her life. They have done this from the feeling that you, Mrs. Dalton, have suffered almost a martyrdom, and that your husband lost his life practically through his determination to return the stolen money, which was the real cause of the whole of the Dalton mystery.

There is one other point," concluded Devereux, with a quiet smile and sly glance at Neville. "I shall be away North for three months, but I understand Victoria has been called "The Bridal City." If you feel that I am entitled to any reward, I shall be more than satisfied if Mrs. Dalton will permit me to give the bride away."

Out In the West.

Margaret Erskine

Out in the west, the sun is shining,
Soft on the trees, it smileth down.
Changing their garb of Summer gladness
Into their Autumn's russet gown.

Out in the west, the pines are calling;
"Heart of my heart, O wert thou free."
Out in the west the sky is golden,
Golden the lights across the sea.

Out to the west, my soul is longing,
For that lone trail, the sun last kissed.
Dreaming: My feet the path is finding.
Waking: My Life the path has missed.

The Alpine Club of Canada.

S. H. Mitchell

Photos by Byron Harmon

IT is only within a few years that mountain climbing has been carried on as a sport and a pastime. The fathers of mountaineering were not those who first ascended to the snow line; but those who had eyes to see and brains to understand that the labour was naught compared to the delight which was attained. And in what does the pleasure lie? As always, what a man has eyes to see that he sees; he is born with faculties that need training and developing.

Deep in the heart of every mountaineer is an attachment to mountains and all hills for the sake of their peculiar beauty—beauty of line, beauty of light and shade, beauty of colour, and, above all, the beauty of the snow. We grumble at the “long snow grind,” but mountains without snow are poor things. In this Canada of ours, snow is to be found in winter in other than the mountain regions. (This is a guarded statement not to be inserted in immigration literature.) But the snow of the plains differs from the snow of the mountains as blue differs from white. The brightness of the snow upon the stainless peaks under the morning sun is almost blinding. The whitest clouds in the sky beyond look dull and purplish, and the blue of the sky is so deep in contrast that it is almost black.

Again, there is the pleasure of “playing the game”, of striving and succeeding, of using muscle and brain until “I will” becomes “I do.”

In the vast expanse of the Canadian mountains are many districts not explored, many peaks not climbed. Here is that opportunity for adventure which is as wine that maketh glad the heart of many a man.

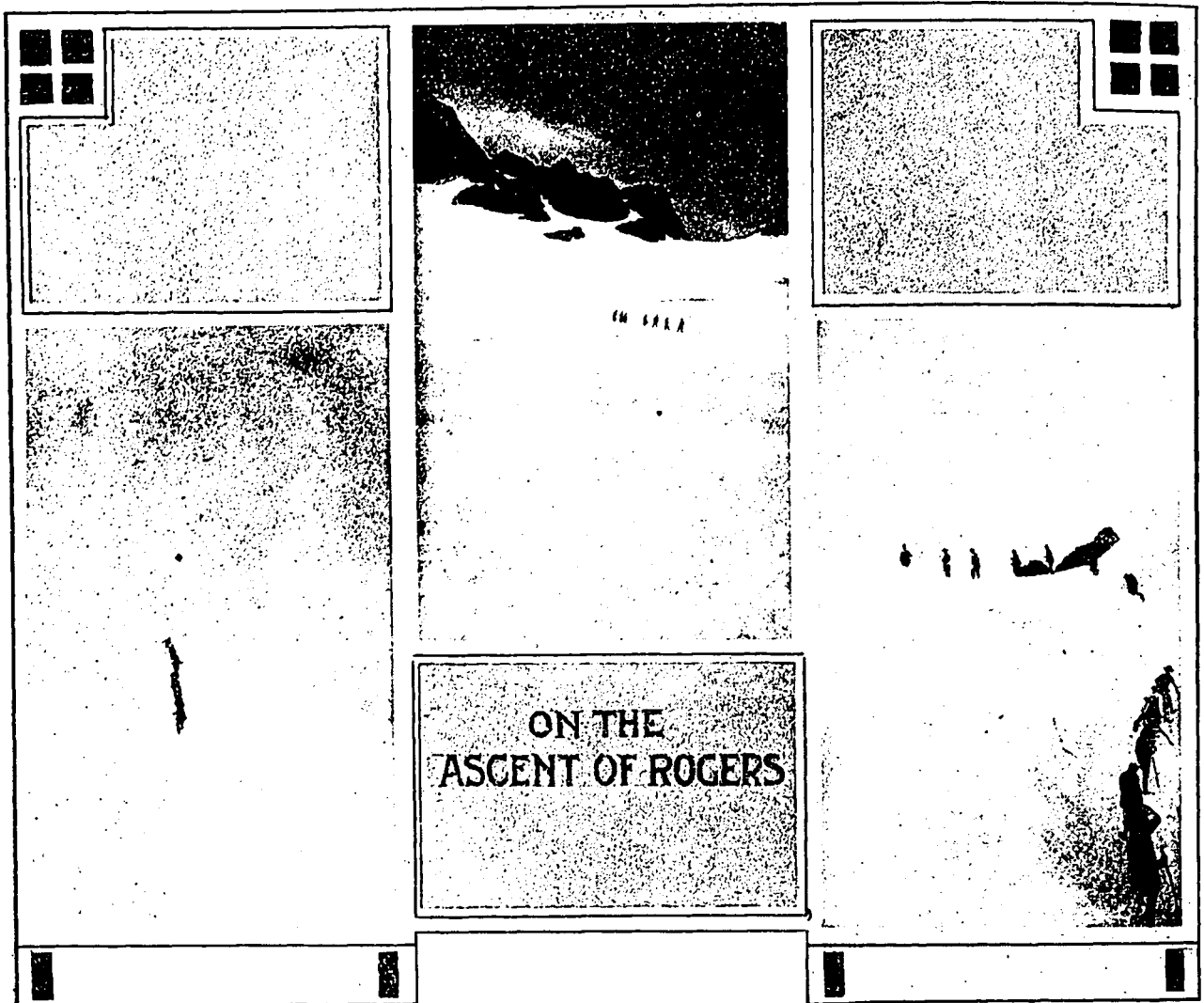
And the years go on and the moun-

taineer acquires a store of precious memories, and joined to memory is knowledge. “Where the Lowlander looks and wonders, the mountaineer possesses and remembers, nor wonders less for being able to realise the immensity of the mass of beautiful detail that unites to form a mountain landscape.”

A mountaineer must be a sportsman in every thought and act; that is a man of honour, discipline and self control. As he will enter into the treasures of the snow so he will lift his eyes unto the hills whence cometh his help.

Until very recently Canadians have known but little of the glories of their own country. The Americans with their keen instinct for good things, have travelled and climbed among our mountains for years. People from Europe, have written books and drawn valuable maps, but we at whose very doors such beauties lie have, with a few distinguished exceptions, had no eyes to see, nor ears to hear of, mountain glory nor of mountain gloom.

To shake off this apathy the Alpine Club of Canada was organised in March, 1906, in the city of Winnipeg. A camp was held that same year at the summit of the Yoho Pass. In the summer of 1907 the camp was held in Paradise Valley, near Laggan. The history of these two camps is written in the Annual Journal which the Club has published. They are naturally the outstanding feature of the Club to most people. “But,” in the stirring words of the President, “the Founders have looked far beyond this. They have seen in the vast alpine regions of Canada an immense field for science, art and literature, in addition to the very important features of physical recreation and training in the attributes of nobility in a nation’s character.”



The annual meet of the Club was held this year in the heart of the Selkirks from July 7th to 15th. Camp was pitched at the summit of Rogers Pass but a few yards from the spot where, twenty-five years ago, Sir Sandford Fleming in a moment of enthusiasm organized the first Canadian Alpine Club, consisting of three members, which lasted but for a day. Since those days the Canadian Pacific Railway has made the mountains accessible to many and the present Alpine Club is full of lusty life.

Rogers Pass is a narrow defile between the Hermit and Sir Donald ranges. It widens out in places, but it was no easy task to find a convenient camp ground sufficiently large to accommodate a population of from 150 to 200 members. Had not the memories of the Yoho and Paradise Valley camps been strong in the minds of many, the camp would have been declared delightful. It was as well organized as ever, and washing in the early morning was not so provocative

of blue noses and chattering teeth as last year.

The scenery of the Selkirks differs greatly from that of the main range; owing to the much heavier precipitation the permanent snow line is at a lower level and vegetation of all kinds is richer. The great trees climb the hillsides give a softer effect and over all there is a bloom, a vagueness, very different from the clear cut outlines of the Rockies. But, in revenge, the weather is much more uncertain and the little fleecy clouds drift into the pass from the lower vallies without warning.

The climbs arranged for Graduating members were decidedly harder than those of last year. Most aspirants tried Mt. Rogers, but a few graduated on Mt. Hermit. It is possible to make the ascent of either in one day from camp, but that would necessitate getting to snow level at rather a late hour and so a small camp was pitched at timber line and ascent to this was made the afternoon be-

fore. From the main camp the evening fire of the adventurers was seen shining like a star in the darkness and served as a sentinel to say all was well.

Start was made about 4 a.m. Snow line was soon reached, ropes put on, and the passage of the Rogers glacier commenced. This, naturally, was a toil or a pleasure as the condition of the snow was good or bad. Sometimes the ascent was made over the glacier and by the snow nearly all the way, sometimes a long spur of rock was climbed to the



Cheer Up, the Worst is Yet to Come.

summit making a much more interesting climb.

The ascent of Mt. Hermit starts from the same point, but a different route is taken across the glacier, a line straight to the southern face of the peak. The usual route is up a narrow and steep couloir, but this year the climbers wished for a little more variety, and the eastern arete was tackled. It made a very interesting climb. There was just enough difficulty to keep the attention on the alert, the rock was firm and the footing sure. The descent was made by a cou-

loir nearly at the centre of the peak. There were loose stones requiring a certain amount of watchfulness, but watchfulness is an abiding necessity upon the mountains. The glacier was soon reached again, and so back to camp.

The views from both Rogers and Hermit were similar. To the East stood Stephen and the mountains of the Great Divide. Close by rose Tupper, only a little snow powdering its inhospitable crags; then, further off, Sir Donald; the mountains of the Dawson range were seen framed in the Asulkan Pass. Far in the North rose the mountains of the Columbia snowfield. As ever in these lonely hills of God, peaks rise beyond peaks vast waves of mountains, unnamed and unknown.

Mount Tupper has only once been conquered—two years ago, though attempted several times. It was intended to try it from camp, but conditions were unfavourable. A few days after camp had closed two members of the Club, Miss Parker and Mr. Worsfold, made the second ascent. Miss Parker was the first lady to reach the top.

Two ascents of Sir Donald were made. There has been more snow at this season of the year than any July during the last ten years; hence there were difficulties in the way of climbing many of the peaks.

There were many other expeditions. The one to the summit of the Asulkan Pass perhaps best repaid the effort. The path started from Glacier House hotel, so delightfully managed for the C.P.R. by Mr. and Mrs. Flindt. It wandered through the forest and then for five miles up the Asulkan Valley to the foot of the glacier. A land of streams! The brook running down the centre is fed by many waterfalls, the flowers are in brilliant bloom; bright against the blue sky shines the snow. At the head of the valley a small camp was pitched and there the members picknicked, blessed the mosquitoes, sang around the fire, and slept the sleep of the open air. An early start was made the next morning. Scrambling up the moraine the main body of the glacier was reached above the seracs. Owing to the late snow the



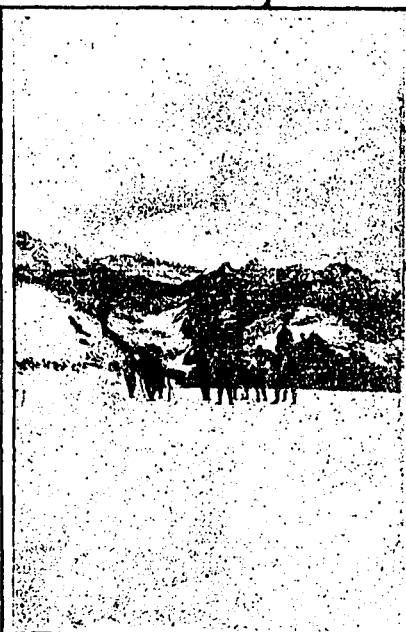
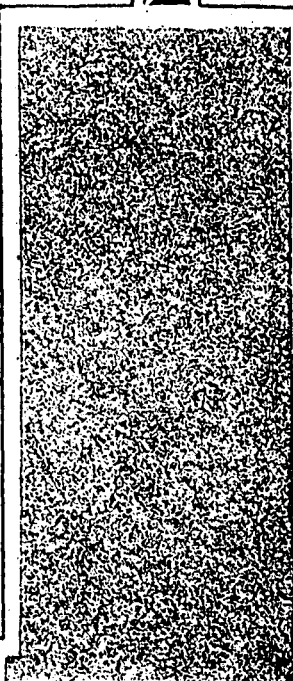
CAMP IN THE ASULKAN PASS



THE HUT AT TIMBERLINE
ASULKAN PASS IN DISTANCE



ON ROGERS



ON THE ILLECILLEWAET NÉVÉ



"EXCELSIOR"



TOP MT. CASTOR
SHOWING CORNICE

crevasses were well bridged. The summit of the pass was easily reached after some patient trudging and the view that took the sight was superb. The pass dropped steeply on the further side. Across the deep valley lay the whole Dawson Range, the Donkin glacier winding down from its heart. On the left was the Geikie glacier. Far to the right Mt. Purity gleamed white, the dark and lonely valley at its foot suggesting by its striking contrast the possibility of a magnificent etching—if one only could! Close on the right Castor and Pollux and the rest of the Abbott range walled in the pass. Turning fully round the whole of the noble Hermit range was clear across the green Rogers Pass.

This expedition ended in various ways. The obvious and least interesting was to return the way one came. One party ascended the ridge and scaling Castor and Pollux, and other peaks, came to Mt. Abbott, and so down to Glacier House. This made a very long day. Another party switched round from the summit of the pass on to the neve of the Illecillewaet glacier. This entailed some interesting rock work. In one place a cornice was so heavy that it had to be cut through and the guide let down to spy out the land. All was satisfactory and the snow was gained and traversed to Perley's Rock. By the time that was reached the day was getting old and much snow had melted. When the glacier was left and the rocks crossed the streams were found to be very full and a good deal of difficulty was experienced in crossing them. However, a bath on a hot day was found to be an amusing episode—when it was over—and camp was reached in the best of spirits.

Another expedition, popular with the less stalwart climbers, was the visit to the Cougar caves. Much has been written about them since their discovery a few years ago. This year, owing to the large quantity of water in the streams it was impossible to see them properly, but travellers consoled themselves by the certainty that heights were to be preferred to depths. The journey itself was interesting. The old "tote" road, used during the construction of the railroad, was

followed down the Illecillewait valley until the mouth of Cougar valley was reached. Thence the trail led up the valley, partly through the trees and partly on the open hill side. Looking backward magnificent views of Sir Donald were obtained. The valley itself is interesting, being sharply divided into a lower, water cut valley, and the upper, glacier cut, a typical hanging valley. The night was passed at—not in the caves, and the return made the next day either by the same route or by Baloo Pass and Bear Creek. There is no trail over the pass and the thick and tall underbrush gave those who chose that route a very interesting time. Bear Creek has a way of raging that is somewhat disquieting to those who love to go dry, but it runs through a delightful valley, up which a trail is being cut from Rogers Pass. From it Cheops and Ursus Miner are best ascended, but the weather prevented the climbs during the life of the camp.

One cannot close an account of the climbs of the Club without alluding to the sad accident already fully described in the daily papers. As was proved, no necessary precaution had been omitted, but constant care is ever necessary on the part of each climber, especially in the apparently easy places. The poor lady slipped and fell and all was over. The conduct of the camp was excellent. There was no hysteria; there was grief and a strong desire to help in any way possible. Confidence in guides and staff was strong, only the power of the mountains for terror as well as for beauty was brought home in a way sad as solemn.

During the camp the annual meeting of the Club was held at which several most important matters for the future welfare of the Club were discussed.

Owing largely to representations made from the Pacific Coast the clause of the Constitution regarding the qualifications necessary for Active membership of the Club had been changed. Some of the members feared that this implied a lowering of the standard a measure incompatible with the best interests of the Club. The President explained: "Although the actual height has been re-

duced in some places, the difficulties have not; for the ascent of such a peak is much the same as regards the arduous nature of the climb, whenever you attempt it. The original qualification

ley floors rise to over 6,000 feet, thus requiring less than 4,000 feet of actual climb to qualify. At the Pacific Coast an actual climb of 10,000 feet would be required to reach such an elevation,



VALLEY OF THE WAIST GLACIER



called for a climb of 10,000 feet above sea level. At the summit of the main range timber line is at an average of 7,500 feet; thus requiring a climb of 2,500 feet above it. Here, however, the val-

which would be obviously unfair. Timber line at the Pacific Coast averages about 6,000 feet, all of which means steep ascent through thickly grown forest. You will observe, moreover, that

the qualifying adjectives in the law "truly Alpine," "glacier-hung" (peak) combined with the fact that the decision of what mountains fill this condition rests with the Executive Committee furnishes a safeguard against a low standard of qualification."

The President then proceeded to show that the Club now numbered between four and five hundred members, and the work had increased to such an extent that the officers working all their spare time had found it impossible to keep under. The Club was too big to be dependent upon voluntary labour and the obvious remedy was the appointment of a salaried Executive Secretary, who could devote all his time to the work of the Club and relieve the other officers of a good deal of work that was becoming too great a burden.

Again, it was felt that the Club should have a permanent headquarters. The Government had granted a lease of a delightful plot of ground in Banff, about three and a half acres in extent, on the reasonable condition that an attractive building be erected upon it. Plans were to be seen in camp which met with much approval. On the first floor is an assembly room 30 feet square round which runs a roomy verandah. At the back are the office and kitchen. On the floor above are the library and smoking room and two small bedrooms. It is suggested that a number of tents on wood frames be erected in the grounds in which members could camp during the summer.

These ideas were received with approval and the problem of finance discussed. It was decided that the salary of the Executive Secretary be paid out of the Club funds and a scheme of six per cent. debentures arranged to pay for the Club-house. It is hoped to have the

building finished in time to receive members of the British Association when they come to Canada next year.

It was also decided that the Club should be incorporated during the next session of the Dominion House.

Finances and business generally were found to be in a flourishing condition and the meeting ended in general satisfaction and enthusiasm.

It is proposed to hold next year's camp on the shore of Lake O'Hara, probably one of the most beautiful mountain lakes in the world. The surrounding climbs include some of the finest mountains in the Rockies, and the camp ground is delightful.

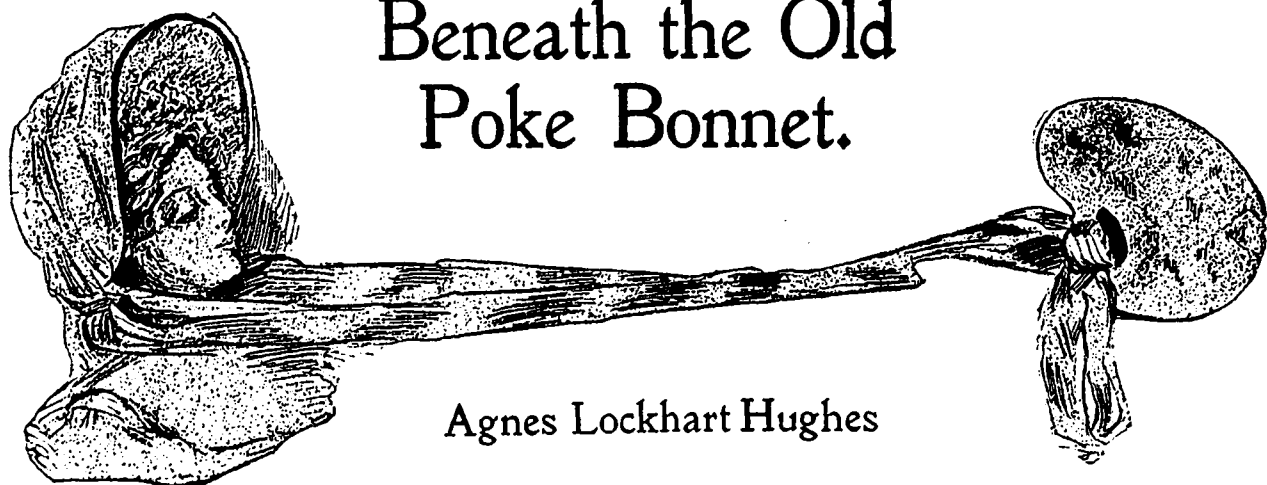
As in former years the Club has received help and encouragement from all the powers that be. The President who never rests has a faculty of inspiring enthusiasm in others and makes even the most unsympathetic imagine that there may be something in mountain climbing after all. His decrees no one dreams of resisting and camp is better ordered than many a private home.

Representatives were present from the Alpine Club (England), the Alpine Club of the Netherlands, the American Alpine Club, the Appalachian Club, and the Mazamas of Washington. Kindly communications were received from Sir Sandford Fleming and the Honorary members. Sir William Van Horne sent a delightful sketch of himself as a well-nourished "Merry Swiss Boy," leaping ponderously from rock to rock.

The Club does not forget its artistic or its scientific side, but such matters are best discussed in the pages of its annual. As years go on and funds increase it will be better able to indulge in the luxury of persistent, systematic research. Now we sow the seed.



Beneath the Old Poke Bonnet.



Agnes Lockhart Hughes

JACK FIELDING stood in the attic of his latest possession, an abandoned farm, in Ogunquit. He was a famous, and much sought after, artist, and social lion of Boston; and escaping from the plaudits of the crowd, for a brief respite, was idling away a few weeks, in this quiet, and little heard-of village, on the coast of Maine.

Day was languidly drawing near to her couch in the West, and the artist soul within him throbbed at the panorama of gorgeous scenery spread before him. The long stretch of silver-fringed beach-laved by laughing waves—now shot with crimson shafts—the dimpling river crooning a lullaby, as it flowed towards the sea—the old gray sand-dunes looking like witches, beneath the scarlet caps, that dying day threw on their unkempt heads—the ragged crags, softened in the mellow glow, where golden sunbeams on the flower-decked carpet of nature's weaving. Then a stray beam from the setting sun, stole over the rough old window sill, and lit up a dim corner of the attic. "You are a bold little urchin, to enter without knocking," said Jack, laughingly addressing the sunbeam—"So you would pry into family secrets?" he added, as the beam lingered on a dust covered bandbox hiding in the shadows. "Well, I will satisfy your curiosity." So saying he lifted the lid of the box, and gingerly extracted therefrom, an old poke bonnet of Leghorn—the pink roses beneath its brim, faded

and crushed—the ribbon ties wrinkled and worn. Holding the bonnet before him, he gazed long and earnestly at it, while the little sunbeam, neglected and forgotten, crept softly away over the window sill, and twilight shadows peopled the attic with weird shapes and figures.

* * * * *

"You must be taking leave of your senses, Jack, to bury yourself in a toy village, while the social season is at its height, in Boston, and all society is asking for its once gay gallant."

"Perhaps you are right Billings, maybe I am taking leave of my senses, or they of me; nevertheless here I remain, until—well no matter, old boy, go back to your society and leave me to myself."

"That's certainly strong enough. Well your hospitable spirit has not developed in this little, narrow corner of the world. So au revoir; but I won't give up hope of seeing you in the swim at Newport, sometime this summer." He was gone, and Jack stood watching at the window, the departing figure of his friend; then heaving a sigh of relief, and looking cautiously about, as if in dread of being spied upon, he climbed to the attic, opened the door, and behold! The old room had been converted into a dainty boudoir, furnished as though for occupancy, by a lady; yet no feminine presence was there: but wait! Reverently Jack crosses the room, and drawing aside a silken hanging from before what appeared to

be an alcove, revealed the picture of a beautiful woman—a life-sized painting in oil. The figure was gowned in a dainty muslin frock, such as our grandmothers might have worn. Across her lovely dimpled shoulders, was thrown a fishu of lace, with a soft blush rose peeping from its folds; and the face—it was one to look upon, and never forget. The eyes, darkly purple, and heavily lashed, hid in their depths, much of seriousness but more of mischievous joy—the nose and mouth were patrician; yet as one looked, the lips seemed to arch themselves into a smile. The face was framed by a quaint poke bonnet, with ribbons bowed under the dainty chin, while a wreath of pink roses, beneath the brim of the bonnet, rested on the sun-kissed locks of hair, and shaded slightly, the mobile forehead with its straight eyebrows.

Long he stood before the picture until it seemed to become a living thing. Reluctantly, he drew the curtain before it, and turned towards the window. “Taking leave of my senses—am I?” he said. “What if Billings were right, and I am going mad. Certain it is, I am in love with that pictured face—a face of my own creation, that has become of myself a part. No other woman can fill the place in my life, save the owner of this face—though I search the world over to find it. But what if there be no such being in the universe? Ah! of course there is, or why should she have entered into my brain? She is not merely a creature of the imagination, but a real living, flesh and blood woman; and find her, I will!”

The social season was at its height, when Jack arrived in Boston after two years’ absence in Europe, where his search for the spirit of his imaginative painting, proved unsuccessful; still he had not given up hope. Once again he became the social lion of society—the target of many manoeuvring mammas, and ambitious chaperones; but he seemed deaf, dumb, and blind, to all the feminine charms, set before him in the matrimonial market for eligibles. He kept his pet fancy closely locked in his heart, and none guessed the cause of the change in the once debonnair Jack Fielding.

Edith Lawrence was the acknowledged belle of the season—a fair debutante bud from the “rosebud garden” of Boston girls, with beauty, charm, and grace of manner—much money, and numerous suitors. One after another of her suitors she rejected, while she waited in vain for a declaration from the only one who did not pay homage at her court.

“He is churlish,” she said to her cousin Billings; “yet I like him. The very fact of his holding aloof makes him refreshing; and again, he provokes me because he claims my thought of him, by his very coolness, when I wish to forget his existence.”

“Oh! the fellow is as mad as he can be: he has some pet hobby on his mind that I cannot fathom; and I’ll wager the ghost is locked in a closet of his Ogunquit house. Why, for over two years he has not painted a picture; just at the zenith of his fame, too, at home and abroad. He sits down, folds his hands, and says: ‘I will paint no more: my work is finished.’ I must confess the man is an enigma.”

“Which but makes him the more interesting,” quoth Miss Lawrence. Then a partner led her away for the next dance, and Jack came forward to where Billings was standing.

“Well old chap,” he said, “I think I shall run down to Ogunquit tomorrow. This dancing in leading strings to society, is boring me fearfully.”

“Man alive! What is possessing you? Have you a woman in hiding in your village house that you must needs tear yourself away, when you have but to ask to receive favour at the hands of the season’s most beautiful debutante.”

“Nonsense Billings. What care I how fair she be ”

“How long since, pray? Why, only a couple of years ago, you were dangling at each new beauty’s heels—now you can scarcely be civil to the most desirable prize that Boston’s matrimonial market has known in a decade. See all these languishing youths, with far more to recommend them, than you, yet they sue in vain, while you turn a cold shoulder—to go down on a farm in an unheard of village. Why? Once you told

me everything—now, you tell me nothing.”

“Billings, you are actually cultivating imagination—there is nothing to tell—so what would you have me confess? A truce to it all now. You stay and tempt

word with your housekeeper to send me word, should you become violent.”

There was a merry laugh from both men, then with a cordial handclasp they parted.

Jack had made various inquiries in



If the Dumb Lips Would but Open and Speak.

the glances from beauty's eyes, and leave me to my hobby, nature and the solitude of the country.”

“As you will Jack. You seem sane enough, but I doubt if you are. Leave

the village, regarding the previous occupants of the house, but could elicit no information beyond the fact, that the house had, for two generations been occupied by prosperous farmers, both of

whom had sons but no daughters, so he had given up associating his dream picture with any past occupant of the house, though the poke bonnet certainly belonged to the face of his picture, and the face was part of the bonnet.

The villagers looked askance at the man who so often secluded himself indoors when pleasures were rife during the summer months. Still, he paid no heed to them nor their comments. He saw few, and cared for nothing, save the face beneath the old poke bonnet. It was in his thoughts by day and night. If the dumb lips would but open and speak. He had given life-tints to the flesh, expression to the features, but he was denied the power of making the warm blood course through her veins, or, to set the heart beneath the filmy lace *fischu*, beating in response to his own. Yet the picture was the living creation of his own brain and hand, and had become the fixed love of his innermost being.

The scarlet poppies were rustling their crimson silken frocks, where the golden corn shook her tassels in the field, and the busy farmers were preparing to gather in the harvest yield. All nature was beckoning "come out, come out"—and, donning his hat, Jack responded to the invitation, and was soon walking down the country lane, listening to the clicking of the busy scythes, the hum of many insects, and the murmuring of the scented pines. It was all very seductive and beautiful, so thought Jack as he crossed the meadow, leading from the lane to the wave-kissed shore. He was half way across when a girl's merry laugh caused him to turn his head. A maiden, Maud Muller fashion, was raking after a hay cart, but a large sunbonnet hid her face from view. Suddenly she looked up, and her eyes met those of the man before her. She was surprised to see him blush, pale, and then with the courtesy of an old-time courtier, remove his hat. The living embodiment of his picture was before him, with a sunbonnet, in lieu of the old poke bonnet. The same mischievous twinkle lurked in the wide, serious eyes—the same smile hovered around the arch-

ed lips—the twin roses in her cheeks, were surely the same—the teasing dimple—the calm white brow—the patrician nose—all these were features of the invention of his brain—his idolized picture; but even as he looked, she moved away, and the voice of the farmer broke the spell: "Him. O, he's the crazy loon from Boston, as bought an old farm hereabouts, and has turned it into a hermitage—some says the house is haunted, and the chap lives there the year round with the ghosts—but don't be afeared, he won't harm yer—he don't say nuthin' to nobody, so we jes' leave him alone." They were gone, and again a merry laugh was borne to him as a turn in the lane hid them from view.

"Well, I have earned an unenviable soubriquet," said Jack, pulling himself together, "but who's the girl?—that is the most important question. She is not Farmer Fraser's daughter, for he has no family—then who is she?" So ruminating he retraced his steps homeward, resolving to probe the matter without loss of time.

Early the following morning, he hastened to the meadow, and though half the day was consumed in waiting, he saw neither the maiden nor the farmer, and no response came to his repeated knocks on the door of the old farm house. The hay was all in, and the meadow was silent, save for the voices of nature. He went wherever he thought she might be, during the afternoon, but he saw her not. He learned in the village, that Farmer Fraser had a summer boarder from New York—so he would await developments—though he burned with impatience for a conversation with the counterpart of his picture. Another day was drawing to a close, and again Jack stood before the picture,—scanning its every lineament, though he already knew each one by heart.

Of a sudden voices reached him from below stairs—"No, I cannot show you the attic; it is the master's private room, that no one enters save himself." It was his housekeeper's voice, but to whom was she speaking?

"Oh! I am so sorry; it was that room

particularly that I was most anxious to see."

That voice—surely it was the maiden with the face of his picture. In an in-

stant he had descended the stairs, and stood before her.

"Pardon the intrusion," she said, "but I had a great desire to see the old home



The Living Embodiment of His Picture was before Him.

to which my grandmother came as a bride, and where my father was born. Many times they spoke of the dear old farm, and I determined that if ever the opportunity presented itself, I would journey to Maine and visit the spot endeared to memory by my loved ones. So I availed myself of the chance, by answering an advertisement for summer boarders, on a farm in Ogunquit, which appeared in a New York paper, in order to see the old homestead, that sometime ago passed out of our keeping. The attic was my grandmother's special point of vantage, for it was here she dreamed the dreams that afterwards made her a famous writer. Perhaps you have heard of 'Alice Seton Gray.' I am named after her, and they tell me I resemble her closely when she was my age. She was a quaint old dear, and I often regret that no picture of her exists, though there is a picture of her in my mind, as she described her home coming to Ogunquit, in her New York finery—her much beruffled muslin frock, with its lace fischu, and leghorn bonnet, with its dainty pink roses and ribbons of blue. But you are ill," she exclaimed, as the man leaned heavily against the wall, his face ashy pale. "No!" he answered quickly recovering himself, "but your description—well—follow me and you shall see for yourself," he said, leading the way up the narrow staircase. At the door of the attic he stood by, that she might pass, and she marvelled at the exquisite furnishings of the room, which her grandmother had described to her as an old store-room. It was furnished as though for a lady's occupancy, and was dainty in all its appointments. Jack crossed the room, and as Alice stood hesitating, drew aside the curtain from before the picture, and the wonderment of it almost took the girl's breath away. The picture that she looked upon was that of her grandmother, as she had so often described herself to Alice,—face, hair, frock, fischu, and even the poke bonnet. The picture, too, was identical in face and figure, with herself, and dressed in the quaint garb of the painted figure, would have passed for her anywhere. While she was studying the picture Jack

was surveying her, and now their eyes met.

"What does it mean?" she asked. "I know that grandmother never posed for even a photograph, yet this is unmistakably a picture of her in her bridal array!"

"And of you," he said, "were you to don these same clothes. You ask what it means. The picture was painted by me over two years ago, wholly from my imagination, inspired by an old poke bonnet, and for two years I have searched for the living face of my painting, but I will tell you the story, then you can draw your own conclusions."

"It certainly is strange, and sounds rather uncanny," she said, as he finished his narrative, and they once more stood before the picture, "and to think of your travelling for two years, in search of the living, breathing, original, only to find that she lived two generations ago, and is dead these six years."

"Well, call it re-incarnation, if you will. The original, as far as the style is concerned, may be dead, but you are the latter-day, living, breathing, embodiment of the picture, that I have grown to love, until it has filled my every thought and become of myself a part!"

A glance at the flush that was spreading over the face of Alice, recalled him to what he was saying. He was losing sight of the fact that this was their first meeting, though, through association with her picture, he had known her for upwards of two years.

"It grows late, and dinner will be waiting for me. I had not intended to trespass so long," she said, moving towards the door.

"Dinner," he thought, and this calculating Miss could think of anything so prosaic, while his whole being was consumed with the thought of the reward of his long search. She was at the foot of the stairs, but he would not lose sight of her so easily. In an instant he was the gallant Jack of a few years ago, and with a "Permit me, I will accompany you," which admitted of no refusal, he was soon walking with buoyant step beside Alice towards Fraser's farm house.

* * * * *

The society papers of New York and Boston were rife in September with news of the wedding of Jack Fielding and Alice Seton Gray, which took place in the village church of Ogunquit, Jack wearing white ducks, and Alice in a ruffled muslin frock, and the old poke bonnet ("freshened up a bit of course," so the village critics said) worn by her grandmother when she came as a girl

bride to Ogunquit, many years ago.

The village was all agog, as the newly wedded couple drove to the old farm house, in a flower-decked hay cart.

Jack Fielding's prize picture occupies a prominent place in the salon, but probably not one of the many who pause to admire the painting, dream of the world of romance, evoked by the charming face beneath the old poke bonnet.





Je Suis Pret (I Am Ready).—Motto of the Fraser Clan.

I.
NOT altogether without interest for the present generations or for future generations, will be that fur trading period which immediately preceded the active colonization of the vast region now known as the Province of British Columbia. A strange period, this, seemingly, as we now look back upon it—a period of rude manners and rough justice, of lasting friendships and implacable hatreds, of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, of famine and plenty—fascinating to many of us. A period forever departed but not so long past that a faint remembrance of it does not linger with us still—for until lately there were yet with us a few pioneers who had witnessed the death of the old regime and the birth of the new order of things. Gone these many years the gay and dashing but not too saintly

French Canadian voyageurs; gone, are their masters, the old fur-traders; gone, too, the old brigades with all their wild picturesqueness, romantic and sordid accompaniments; and changed indeed are the Indian tribes, for so many years the object of the traders' tender solicitude. No voluminous archives dealing with that peculiarly interesting age of transition have we, from which we may take our fill of historical information; nor, as yet, many fat volumes containing the results of the researches of the historians, or seekers after knowledge historical; therefore the story of New Caledonia is not one that may be readily and easily portrayed.

To the present generation, perhaps, the fur-trading days are almost as pre-Roman days are to the average Briton—a hazy phantasmagoria. Yet not altogether without light are we, though it be only a weird half-light in which things as-

sume strange shapes and proportions, or pale into veriest insignificancies, at this far range. Old diaries and letters we have, scattered and tattered, here and there; fusty old documents—the ink of them long since yellowed, blurred, and faded—dealing with the everyday life of the trader, giving us some idea of his vicissitudes and monotonies, of his joys and his sorrows. Each one of these a ray of light, illuminating for a brief space some small spot, or a few years of time. Flares only, but invaluable to those of us who may wish to have more than a nodding acquaintance with the history of our country.

Some of these old diaries and letters, it is true, throw but feeble sparks of light, which only glimmer to make visible, as it were, the utter surrounding darkness; others again throw a strong light, a few a lurid light, upon the men and events of the dead past. Invaluable records, such letters and diaries—beacon lights which guide the befogged historian on his difficult voyage in search of facts to safe harbours.

One day we will trust that all these scattered documents and remnants of documents, may be safely garnered together, labelled and stored away in safe repositories for the benefit of wandering historians, antiquarians, book worms, and such like. When this has been done we may look forward with hope to the time when an accurate history of the Province of British Columbia may be compiled. But this, not yet. Let it be sufficient for us to know now that an earnest and diligent search is being made for all manuscripts throwing light on our early history. Not a little in this direction has been accomplished already, but much remains to be done. This is not a work that may be completed in a year, or a decade, or perhaps ever.

We are to gather then, that, as far as the early history of the greater portion of this Province is concerned, we have an all too meagre supply of data. The task of the historian, therefore, is not a light one; he must bridge hiatuses, piece together disconnected narratives, and make a connected story while the material which should have been his to

build with is far away. But, fortunately, we have a little original material, and a few odds and ends of it will now be used to throw light upon the founder and founding of New Caledonia, by many years the first part of the mainland to be settled, if trading posts may be dignified by the name of settlements.

II.

The Clan Fraser has given many distinguished men to Canada and not the least among them stands Simon Fraser, trader and explorer, in whose honour one of the great waterways of the West has been named. Considering the importance of the work performed by this indomitable man, and especially in view of the significance of his memorable discoveries in the great domain he christened "New Caledonia," it is strange that no authentic and comprehensive account of his life has ever been published. If the services rendered by Simon Fraser had been of a parochial nature only, we could well understand the comparative indifference with which he has been treated, but when we remember that his work had a far greater import, we might perhaps say with truth a national import, it appears all the more strange that the story of his adventurous career should not have attracted more attention.

From the generally vague and unsatisfactory sketches of Simon Fraser—we can scarcely call them biographies—which have appeared in the last few years, and with the aid of certain unpublished material, a patchwork quilt of a biography may be pieced together, and such we now present in the hope that it may help to disperse the mists that shroud the personality of a remarkable man.

In the first place we gather that Simon Fraser came of good stock for we cull the following from the pages of a little book published at Toronto in 1895:—"His grandfather was William Fraser, of Culbokie, whose wife, Margaret Macdonell, of Glengarry, was the possessor of the famous Balg Solair in which was stowed away a manuscript of Ossianic poetry, which figures in the dissertations on the authenticity of MacPherson's Ossian, and regarding which the following

interesting passage occurs in the correspondence of the late Bishop Alexander Macdonell: "I myself saw a large MS. of Ossian's poems in the possession of Mrs. Fraser of Culbokie, in Strathglass, which she called "am Balg Solair" (a bag of fortuitous goods). This lady's residence being between my father's house and the school where I used to attend with her grandchildren, at her son's, Culbokie House, by way of coaxing me to remain on cold nights at her own house, she being the cousin of my father, she used to take up the Balg Solair, and read pieces of it to me. Although a very young boy at the time, I became so much enraptured with the rehearsal of the achievements of the heroes of the poem, and so familiar with the characters, especially of Oscar, Cathmor, and Cuthchullin, that when MacPherson's translation was put into my hands in the Scotch college of Valladolid in Spain, many years afterwards, it was like meeting old friends with whom I had been intimately acquainted. Mrs. Fraser's son, Simon, who had a classical education, and was an excellent Gaelic scholar, on emigrating to America in the year 1774, took the Balg Solair with him as an invaluable treasure. On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Mr. Fraser joined the Royal Standard, was taken prisoner by the Americans and thrown into jail, where he died."

The Alexander McDonell, referred to in the foregoing excerpt, was the first Roman Catholic bishop of Upper Canada. From all accounts he was a notable character—a fighting bishop of the old school. While a missionary priest he helped to organize the 1st Glengarry Fencibles, and, when the regiment was disbanded in 1801, he obtained grants of land for the men. Later, he again raised a corps of Glengarry Fencibles, which did excellent service in the war of 1812. After an active and distinguished career, the good bishop died at Dumfries in 1840.

It may be interesting to note that William, of Culbokie, a man of substance and standing, and his wife Margaret (daughter of John Macdonell, of

Ardnabie), had nine sons:—1st, William, the fourth of Kilbockie; 2nd, Simon, who came to America; 3rd, John, a captain in General Wolfe's army; 4th, Archibald, a Lieutenant in the Highland regiment under General Wolfe, afterwards captain of the Glengarry Fencibles, served in Ireland in the Rebellion of '98; 6th, Alexander, who served as a captain in General Caird's army and died in India; 7th, Donald, Lieutenant in the army, killed in battle in Germany; 8th, James, also a Lieutenant in the army, one of the sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta in 1756; 9th, Roderick, who perished at sea. After the capture of Quebec, John, the third son, settled in Canada, where he achieved distinction as a jurist. For many years, we are told, he was Chief Justice of the Montreal District.

The second son, Simon, "the excellent Gaelic scholar," who had married Isabella Grant, emigrated to America, with a number of Scottish families, in 1773. He purchased property near Bennington, in the State of Vermont, and soon became comfortably settled in his new home. Here his youngest son, Simon, the explorer, was born in 1776. But Simon, the elder, did not long remain in peace. The fighting blood of the Clan Fraser ran in his veins and he could not resist the call to arms when the Revolutionary war broke out. At the commencement of hostilities, he promptly espoused the cause of the Mother Country and joined the loyalist forces. It has been said that he served with General Burgoyne's army of unhappy fate. More likely it is that he served with the British forces in the skirmishes which culminated in the battle of Bennington, fought not far from his home on August 16th, 1777. Be this as it may, we know that he was captured by the Americans by whom he was thrown into Albany jail, where he contracted a disease from which he subsequently died. After the declaration of peace, Mrs. Fraser, so unhappily bereft of husband and home, moved to Canada with her large family of nine children—four sons and five daughters, if we are correctly informed. She went first to Three Rivers, then to

Corteau du Lac, and from thence to St. Andrews, where she finally settled. If, as one writer avers, Mrs. Fraser left the United States in 1783, Simon, the youngest of the family, must have been just seven years of age when he came to Canada.

Of Simon's boyhood and school days we have little or no information. We are told that he was placed at school in Montreal where he resided with his Uncle John aforementioned. But his studies were not prolonged because in 1792, at the age of sixteen, we find him articulated to the Northwest Fur-trading Company of Montreal, which concern had been organized in 1783 by Simon McTavish and Joseph Frobisher, the well-known bankers and merchants. It is more than probable that the straightened circumstances of his mother made it necessary that Simon should find employment at an early age.

Such are the few and meagre details we have of the early years of one who was destined to make his mark as a fur-trader and explorer. Anecdotes of his childhood and boyhood, such as so frequently illumine the biographies of eminent men, we have none. Of his boyish propensities, of his scrapes and ambitions, of the development of his character, of these and all other interesting details we can record nothing here and now.

We may pass lightly over the first ten years of Fraser's service with the Northwest Company. It is not necessary, nor would it be desirable, to enter into a minute description of this period of his life in a brief note such as this is. We may fairly assume that in those years he was engaged in mastering the wonderfully intricate mechanism of the fur-trade. That he was assiduous and successful we may judge from the fact that in 1802, at the age of twenty-six, he was made a full-fledged partner of the Northwest Company, a position of honour and trust, reserved only for those who had rendered exceptionally valuable service. In the, comparatively speaking, short space of ten years the obscure articulated clerk of 1792 became the prominent partner of 1802. We can only infer from his rapid promotion that

Simon Fraser possessed exceptional ability and the respect of his brother officers, otherwise he would never have been accorded this distinction after so short a term of service. In the service of the Northwest Company merit alone counted. No matter how poor, or uninfluential a servant of the Company might be, if he possessed and displayed ability his promotion was assured.

The Northwest Fur-Trading Company was organised by the independent fur-traders of Montreal in the year 1783. Simon McTavish and Joseph Frobisher were the leading spirits of the new concern which was formed for the purpose of the more effectually competing with the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter concern, by virtue of its royal charter, claimed exclusive trading privileges in a territory which the merchants of Montreal looked upon as debatable ground. For many years the independent traders of Canada had gathered furs in the territory in dispute, but, being unorganised, they were not in a position to successfully combat the firmly established Company of Adventurers. The rivalries and jealousies of the opposing factions engendered bitter feelings and, in the course of time the conflict would have effectually destroyed the trade. The merchants of Montreal were working against each other as well as seeking to destroy the trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the hand of the Hudson's Bay Company was against all competitors. In the eyes of the men at the head of the affairs of the ancient company, independent traders were merely intruders and interlopers who deserved no consideration at all. Such we may gather was the condition of the fur trade when the merchants of Montreal came together under the leadership of Simon McTavish and Joseph Frobisher.

In the thirty-eight years (1783-1821) of its existence, the Northwest Company revolutionized the fur trade, consolidated its interests, and extended its sphere of influence to the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. During the whole of this period the Company was engaged in a mighty struggle with its great rival the Hudson's Bay Company. As a natural result of this conflict the profits of

the fur trade decreased almost to the vanishing point. In the general scramble for furs, decency and honour were cast to the winds. The rivals practised all sorts of trickeries and chicaneries and "firewater" played no inconsiderable part in their traffickings with the natives. Fraud and deception were considered legitimate weapons in this strange commercial warfare and the debauching of the Indians with rum was looked upon as part of the game. The Indians, it may be thought, would have reaped a rich harvest, but, as a matter of fact, the wholesale distribution of ardent spirits demoralized them to such an extent that they were often worse off than at any previous period in their history. The story of this struggle is foreign to the subject of this paper, but we must incidentally refer to it because it had a potent effect on the history of the Canadian West. In their anxiety to head off the Hudson's Bay Company, to increase their dividends, the partners of the Northwest Company entered upon an active campaign in the West, the vigorous prosecution of which resulted in the events which we are presently to describe.

It should be mentioned here that at the beginning of its career the Northwest Company had a vigorous opponent in the X Y Company, formed by certain malcontents who refused to join the former association. Alexander MacKenzie was prominent in the councils of the X Y Company. This concern, however, after a strenuous struggle, gave up the fight and in 1787 the two Canadian companies amalgamated. At a later period the X Y Company was resurrected by some seceding Norwesters, who became dissatisfied with the autocratic behaviour of the choleric and haughty Simon McTavish—nicknamed by his associates Le Premier or Le Marquis. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who had been knighted in recognition of his brilliant achievement of 1793, returned to his old love and for several years he was the master-mind of the new organization. Simon McTavish, the cause of all the trouble, died in 1804 or 1805, and shortly after the X Y Company again joined

hands with its rival, and permanently disappeared from the scene.

From 1802 to 1805 Simon Fraser was engaged in the Northwest Territory. We may safely assume that he played no unimportant role in those stirring times. A man of his temperament and courage must have entered into the three-cornered fight with zest.

It is a strange picture that meets our gaze as we look back upon that rugged period. Here are three powerful companies engaged in open and bitter warfare, all of them, by fair means or foul, with a deadly earnestness worthy of a better cause, endeavouring to throttle each other. In the ruinous competition that ensued it is not surprising that many of the best districts were almost depleted of fur-bearing animals, and, as a natural corollary, the Indians suffered to an alarming extent. Year by year it became necessary to go further afield in search of peltries, and year by year the internecine warfare increased in bitterness until it came to such a pass that blood was shed.

The Northwest Company, by far the best managed and the best equipped of all the opposing forces, as a rule out-generalled its opponents. It treated its servants liberally, encouraged exploration, and its whole policy was generally as enlightened as the circumstances of the trade would permit. It was responsible for Sir Alexander MacKenzie's wonderful journey to the Pacific, and if it had been responsible for this and nothing more, the Northwest Company would always be entitled to our respect. But, as we know, it did much more than this. In many ways it sought to gain information respecting distant parts of the vast unorganised territories which were the common heritage of the fur-trader.

It was not until 1805, however, that the Northwest Company determined to occupy the country made known by the genius, the magnificent courage and determination, of Sir Alexander MacKenzie. In that year a solemn conclave was held at Fort William, on the Thunder Bay of Lake Superior, and after mature consideration, and much deep discussion,

the Company decided to forthwith extend their operations beyond the Rocky Mountains, little dreaming that the ultimate result of these deliberations would be the discovery of a great river of which heretofore Sir Alexander MacKenzie only had seen its upper reaches, and only the Spaniards on the Pacific had heard of its outlet.

At this conference in the great meeting hall at Fort William, celebrated in early days for its convivial feastings as well as for its serious discussions, it was also decided that the young Bourgeois, Simon Fraser, then but twenty-nine years of age, should be entrusted with the difficult and dangerous task of planting in the undiscovered country the banner of the allied merchants of Montreal.

Simon Fraser, we are told, was present at the meeting. In August, 1805, he left Fort William to execute his orders, in due course arriving at the foot of the Rocky Mountains at the point where the Peace River issues therefrom. He voyaged over the Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, past Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan, up English River as far as Isle a la Croix, up Buffalo Lake, Athabasca River and Lake to Fort Athabaska—then the rendezvous of that department. From Fort Athabaska he followed the Peace River to the mountains until he reached a carrying place which he named Rocky Mountain Portage. At the eastern end of this portage, he established a post sometimes called Rocky Mountain Portage, and, sometimes, more definitely, Rocky Mountain House—near the Hudson's Hope of modern maps.

It is here and now that Simon Fraser first assumes form and shape for us. Heretofore he has been little more than a vague shadow of a man, of whom we could form no adequate conception, if any conception at all. Let us glance at the man who now stands on the threshold of the undiscovered west—long guarded by the grim scarped embattlements of the Rocky Mountains, crowned with snows eternal, fearful, impenetrable, grand. We look back and out of the mists that softly veil the past steps forth into clear light a strong rugged man, as rugged as the strange land he was pre-

sently to explore; a well-built, active, man, with a heavy, almost dour, face, whose distinguishing features are a determined chin, firm, large-lipped mouth, prominent somewhat snubbed nose, light blue-grey eyes, broad receding brow, overhung with a mass of tousled hair of reddish tinge—a strong, honest face, indeed, but one giving more the idea of determination and physical robustness than of intellectuality or refinement. A man inured to hardship; versed in woodcraft and the lore of the savage; strong in danger; of unconquerable will and energy; unlettered, not polished, it may be, but true to his friends and honourable in his dealings; somewhat eccentric if we judge aright; a man typical of his age and calling. An heroic spirit truly, if cast in the not altogether heroic mould of a fur-trader. He stands there a commanding figure.

It is well that we should meet him now and thus for he is destined to loom large in the history of our country. Indeed to him all honour is due, for he laid the foundations of British rule in this western land.

III.

Simon Fraser, having established his base at the Rocky Mountain Portage, proceeded in the fall of the year 1805 on his adventurous quest of discovery. Crossing the long and difficult portage he again embarked upon the waters of the Peace, up which he proceeded to the point where the Parsnip empties its waters into the former. He ascended the Parsnip and arriving at the Pack River, followed it to McLeod Lake, where he built the first rude post of the Northwest Company in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. McLeod Lake had been discovered earlier in the year by James McDougall, who had from thence proceeded westward beyond Carrier Lake, or Lac Porteur. Leaving in charge of the new fort one Lamabee, fittingly so named from all accounts, Fraser returned to Rocky Mountain Portage where he wintered in company with John Stuart, his able lieutenant and warm friend. From the Journals these two pioneers have bequeathed to us we are able to form a fairly accurate idea

of the hardships and privations suffered by the fur-traders at this time. For provisions they were almost totally dependent upon the resources of the country—if the chase or the fisheries failed them, they were face to face with starvation. The sufferings of the fur-traders form a sinister background to the history of that early period. But we cannot here dilate upon a situation which was taken as a matter of course by the men who faced it. In passing we can only marvel at their intrepidity and resourcefulness in times of danger and want.

In the spring Fraser made preparations for a more extensive exploration. In May he once more gathered his forces together, and on the twentieth of that month he left his winter quarters. First he revisited Fort McLeod, which, during the preceding winter had been abandoned by Lamalice, just as James McDougall was at hand. Leaving there the supplies he had brought with him, he descended the Pack and proceeded on his journey up the Parsnip until he reached the Height of Land, which divides the waters which flow into the Arctic Ocean from those which flow into the Pacific. He crossed a short portage and embarked upon the Bad River of MacKenzie, following the tortuous and impeded course of this stream until, on June 10th, 1806, he reached the Great River, called by the Indians of the country "Tacoutche Tesse." This river was no other than that now known as the Fraser, but by both MacKenzie and Fraser thought to be the Columbia, or one of its main tributaries. Launching his canoes on the Great River, Simon Fraser voyaged with the stream to the mouth of the Nechaco, which he ascended to the point where the Stuart enters it. Here the explorer met for the first time men of the Carrier Nation.

The expedition followed the Stuart River and on the 26th day of July entered the Lake Na'kal of the Indians, which Fraser named Stuart Lake in honour of his companion John Stuart. Father Morice in his valuable work entitled "History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia," gives an interest-

ing account of the reception accorded the discoverer by Chief Kwah's people. It appears that James McDougall, on the overland excursion previously referred to, had visited this sheet of water, and, having met the Indians of the neighbourhood, he presented to one of their number a piece of red cloth as a token of friendship. When the large canoes of the traders were sighted, this man, donning his red cloth badge, fearlessly paddled forth to meet them, much to the dismay of his friends who watched him in amazement. Toeyen, for such was his name, was welcomed by Fraser and taken on board one of the canoes. As the little vessels approached the shore, Toeyen spoke to his people, assuring them that the strangers meant no harm, were indeed benefactors actuated only by the kindest of feelings. The Carriers, who had in the meantime prepared to repel by force this invasion of their lands, being thus reassured, wonderingly permitted the white men to disembark. Fraser adroitly won the confidence of the simple people by the distribution of largesse in the form of tobacco and soap. The former was tasted and thrown away as useless. The women folk promptly proceeded to eat the latter, mistaking it for fat, when to their astonishment they began to foam prodigiously at the mouth. Still more were the natives surprised when the voyageous lit their pipes and puffed smoke from their mouths. Then indeed were the strangers taken for wonderful spirits in whom their crematory fires yet glowed and burned. These strange happenings confused the Indians and filled them with awe, but, when the use of the different articles had been duly explained to them, their awe gave way to admiration. We shall presently see how they impressed Fraser.

With an unerring judgment Fraser seized upon the most favourable location for a post, and, with that zeal and energy which characterized all his dealings, he promptly proceeded to erect buildings a short distance above the outlet of the lake. This post ultimately became the celebrated Fort St. James, a place which has figured prominently in the history of New Caledonia. For a description of

the situation of Fort St. James we are indebted to John McLean, who, in his "Twenty-five Years Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," paints in graphic terms the scenic beauties of Stuart Lake and the surrounding country. Father Morice, whose long residence in the district entitles him to speak with authority, claims, however, that even McLean's description does not altogether adequately portray the charms of the spot.

Unfortunately, at this time the expedition began to run short of supplies. The salmon were late in reaching the lakes and rivers and the predicament became indeed serious. At this juncture, Fraser considered it wise to distribute his forces in order to lessen the difficulty of feeding them. Accordingly, Stuart was despatched with a few men to explore the country to the south and west. Before they separated, the two explorers agreed to rendezvous later in the season at the confluence of the Stuart and Nechaco Rivers. In the meantime Fraser spent his days in superintending the construction of the new post, and in exploring the region adjacent thereto. He increased his knowledge of the country, not only by personal surveys, but also by gathering from the Indians all information that might assist him in his future work. The founder of New Caledonia was a brave and determined man and whatsoever he set his hand to do, that did he strive after strenuously and with all his might. No pusillanimous founder this, whose mind was divided against itself, but a strong, far-seeing man who made his plans and adhered to them through thick and thin.

In due course Fraser and Stuart met at the appointed rendezvous. The latter brought with him such a glowing account of the region he had just visited, that his superior forthwith decided to return thither to establish yet another trading post in the territory of "New Caledonia." Notwithstanding the lack of supplies and the inadequacy of their force, the heroic men proceeded to the sheet of water named Fraser Lake by John Stuart, where Fort Fraser was soon erected. At last the salmon appeared in great numbers. In fact the rivers, streams, and

lakes yielded such an abundant harvest that the men soon became surfeited with a diet of fish.

A voyageur known as Blais remained in charge of the fort on Fraser Lake and Fraser and his lieutenant returned to Nakasleh, or Fort St. James, which post they made their headquarters during the winter.

IV.

The foregoing details, dry-as-dust as they may be deemed, are necessary to a proper understanding of the situation. It is not possible in a brief resume to embellish the story with those interesting anecdotes which so frequently enliven the dull page of history. As a matter of fact, as Bancroft truly observes, it is not an easy matter to reduce to a connected and readable narrative the letters and diaries of the fur-traders, the only material at hand with which we may reconstruct the story of that far day. Such documents, generally, are more concerned with the routine business of the fur trade than with contemporaneous history. But, for all that, they are invaluable to the historian because they contain reliable, if dry, accounts of the conditions then prevailing. And after all it is most interesting to peer back through long years into that strange period, and ever so dimly see at work there the men who first rudely fashioned here, in this western land a social organisation and a form of government. Moreover, in conning these blurred pages sometimes we come across passages which cast interesting side lights on men and events—broad splashes of colour which suddenly make real for us incidents long forgotten and men long the veriest of shadows.

For instance, terse and matter-of-fact as it is, treating of things of no great concern as it does, no one could read without interest the following letter which Simon Fraser addressed to his friend and fellow-labourer in the new field, James McDougall, then in charge of the fort at McLeod Lake:—

21st December, 1806.

Nakasleh (Fort St. James)

"Mr. James McDougall:

I received yours of the 30th of October

on the 12th instant at Natleh (Fraser Lake), and I arrived here on the 18th. Had it not been for the disappointment of the conveyance of letters on account of the quantity of snow in the mountains you would have received the needs from us long before now. I was certainly hugely disappointed and vexed that no canoes arrived this quarter, which is a considerable loss to the Company and a severe blow to our discoveries. This is the first opportunity I had of sending your man and powder but with this you will receive St. Pierre and three quarts of good powder. I think that it would be a very good plan to go inland to make the Indians work, but then you cannot leave the house without some person to take care of it on account of the property. In regard to the Indians, settle with them according to your own best judgment. I have not the least doubt but what you will exert yourself to make them work beaver until the beginning of February and after that employ the best hunters to make provision. I am thoroughly convinced that your returns will fall short of your expectations but that is a misfortune that cannot be helped, but then I entreat you to be particular in making the Indians dress their furs properly. The Little Head's brother-in-law arrived at Natleh on the 12th, conducted by two men. I don't know yet whether he will be of any service or not—the Montagne de Butte behaves well with Mr. Stuart. Two of the men that Mr. S. sent to Forests for fish brought the news that three of the Big men were arrived there. Send back G—— immediately with the needs as we intend to send the news after his return to the Peace River. Should an opportunity offer forward the general letter to the P. River. Kunchusse promises to be back in six nights. Should you see any possibility of getting any goods brought up in———of the summer, please write accordingly. Having nothing more to say upon this subject, I must here wish you joy as I understand that you have entered upon the matrimonial state. * * * The only thing I fear is that you are starving, but I

hope that is is the contrary with you, so I conclude my Dr. James.

Yours sincerely,

SIMON FRASER.

This is a fair example of the letters of Simon Fraser. A perusal of it will show how exceedingly difficult it is to produce, from such curt narratives, interesting in themselves, as they are, an attractive history of the founding of New Caledonia. What particularly strikes the reader is the calm and matter-of-fact way these old traders speak of their privations. "I was hugely disappointed and vexed," says Fraser, "that no canoes arrived this quarter, which is a considerable loss to the Company and a severe blow to our discoveries"—that and no more when we know that he and his men were for a time reduced to a fare of berries and odd scraps because these same canoes did not arrive. Again, "the only thing I fear is that you are starving"—it is all taken as a part of the day's work, but these bald statements would reveal all suffering, could we but realize it.

Even in the depth of winter, Fraser does not remain at one place, taking his ease, as might be expected, after his strenuous exertions of the summer and autumn months. His work was ever in his mind. His energy was irrepressible. He never loitered, except when forced to by circumstances, and then he growled because of his enforced inactivity. Truly the very embodiment of energy this same Simon Fraser, whose work we have almost forgotten. In December we saw him at Fort St. James, busy, as usual, with hands and his brain and his pen. Now, in January, 1807, we catch a glimpse of him at Natleh, or Fraser Lake. Again he is writing to James McDougall. This time something of a serious nature has perturbed him, for he is penning a hot rebuke. There has been trafficking in Indian women, contrary to the rule and regulations of the Company recently promulgated, so much we gather. Moreover, the affairs of the district have not flourished altogether as well as he had hoped they would; returns have not been satisfactory; partners in the East will be disappointed; all of

which the more perturbed the man upon whom devolved the management and care of the new province. But we will let Fraser speak for himself, for this letter is truly interesting, but too long to be quoted in full. The communication is dated January 31st, at Natleh, and in part reads:

"My Dear McDougall,—

Yours I received this afternoon per the two men from your quarter, whom to be sure took much time, this being their fifth day from Nakayleh; indeed they were not in a hurry as they had plenty of provisions, one-half of twenty-two salmon ought to have been enough for them, as the voyage can easily be performed in two days, three at the most, allowing the road to be bad. Regarding what you say about the women Bugne has, I am noways apprehensive that the Company can put their resolve in execution. But then it was wrong of you to have given him leave to take her; you knew full well that she was taken from St. Pierre last spring, merely to give up the custom of taking any more women from the Indians, and that he was promised that no other Frenchman would get her. Your commerce between Blais and Lamalice last winter might have been a sufficient warning not to meddle yourself any more about women. Your conduct at T. Lake is highly blameable and your character as a trader much blasted, which you can only recover, but by your future assiduity and attention to business, which I would be most happy at, and will befriend you as much as lays in my power. I am pleased you own your fault and seem sorry for it, and promise to do better for the future. The Company will probably blame us both, as they will be highly disappointed in their expectations regarding this country. We are highly unfortunate, everything has been against us since last spring, and nothing was of so much detriment as the canoes arriving so late in the fall."

Then follow many details about that everlasting subject the weather, Indians who would not "work" for beaver until the spring, certain "big men" of a neighbouring tribe, who "must be severely

treated to break them of the custom of coming to the Carriers," and other matters, all of great moment to the writer, but to us not of supreme importance. A little further on the explorer remarks: "I received the Play Book you sent"—if we only knew the title of it! Strange if the plays of the Immortal Bard should have penetrated into the far wilds of New Caledonia, to solace, amuse, and instruct the exiles there! After that references to fish—the pages of the diaries and letters of the pioneer fur-traders are redolent of fish—it was the only manna in that wilderness. Salmon, fresh or dried, seems to have been the staple article of diet—so many fish are supplied for this journey and so many for that journey, so many are doled out to each man per diem. The men tire of this everlasting diet of fish, and then the fisheries fail them, and they long for fish and pray for fish, for a diet of berries also has its disadvantages, even for vegetarians, and the voyageurs were by no means vegetarians—witness their liking for the fat little dogs of the Indians.

This same letter is interesting by reason of the light it throws upon the troubles that beset the actors in that long-vanished scene, and important because from it we learn that already Fraser had determined to trace the course of the Great River, which he confounded with the Columbia River, from its head waters to its mouth. Towards the end of his note, Fraser, after referring to some work that had to be done, remarks: "Expedition is required for the season is pretty far advanced and much to be done yet. I send my Journal over to Mr. S. to copy and it must be done in order to send it down by the next opportunity that it may go out to headquarters in the light canoe—besides I have another plan in view, that is, if it could be done with ease, to get all the goods that will be required for going down the Columbia in the Spring, as well as whatever will be necessary for your Post for the summer trade, brought over from T. Lake on the snow, as I fear much time would be lost by going (for) these by the new Road in the Spring." Then the letter ends with: "I conclude my dear Mc-

Dougall as usual, your well wisher, Simon Fraser."

Perhaps, on account of the difficulty referred to in the first paragraph of the letter just referred to, John Stuart left his superior at Nakazleh (Fort St. James) and proceeded to Trout, or McLeod, Lake (the "T. Lake" of Fraser) on what was probably a tour of inspection. That he was at this post in February, 1807, we know as a fact because Fraser addressed a note to him there at that time. This note is of great interest because it reveals, or partially reveals, the more human side of Fraser's character. He was never, so far as we have been able to ascertain, a man of many friendships. His honesty, sincerity, ability are not to be doubted, but he did not, it would seem, possess any of those loveable weaknesses that so often command that devotion and affection which neither intellect nor rectitude alone can excite. It does not appear that the young explorer had any great regard or respect for his fellow-workers in the new field. It may be, perhaps, that the etiquette of the fur-trade demanded that the superior should not become intimate with his subordinates. Whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that the path of this strange man was not lightened by the warm affection of his companions. But there was one exception. For John Stuart he conceived a great liking. We may infer from the letters they exchanged that a casual acquaintance had ripened into a strong friendship. In writing to Stuart, Fraser drops formality and speaks much more openly than in the letters he addressed to James McDougall, as the letter of the first of February, 1807, written at Natleh (Fraser Lake) clearly shows. We will quote briefly:—

"My Dear Friend,—

Yours of the 12th January I received only yesterday, so you see they took much more time than they ought, so I am sure you will be getting out of patience before you receive this. It is with the greatest pleasure that I always receive letters from you; they contain much useful information and instruction, though the subject of your last cannot be agree-

able it is satisfactory knowing how matters stood at T. Lake upon your arrival there—which you have written in a copious and lively manner. Notwithstanding your mind being obscured in thought you wrote with ease.

I sympathize with you, my friend, under your present affliction for the loss of Mr. R. Stuart, your late dearest of brothers, and hope he has only left this world of trouble and vexation to go to everlasting bliss. We cannot shun that Power which rules our fate, therefore it should be our only consolation to be prepared for our last awful end."

For one brief moment here the veil is drawn aside, and we look through the outer husk of the fur-trader into the inner heart of the man. It is only a flash, as of lightning on a black night, yet it reveals depths which we had not thought existed. We know so little of the real Simon Fraser that sentences like these are precious.

The letter continues with a reference to the incident referred to in a former letter to McDougall. We quote a few sentences as they throw light on the early history of Fort McLeod: "It is a true assertion of yours," observes Fraser, "that when the head fails the body goes to wreck, which has been the decay of Trout (McLeod) Lake since last November. That business is so intricate that a person cannot readily see into it. However, it seems that Lamalice had an ascendancy over Mr. McDougall, but I am sure he can change both his and his manners to the wish of his master and his interest."

Then follow references to Lamalice, not couched in complimentary terms. That individual seems to have been altogether untrustworthy and incorrigible. He had played no inconsiderable part in that trafficking for Indian women which had so perturbed his superior, the more particularly so, it would appear, because goods of the company had figured in the unsavory transaction. In justice to the memory of James MacDougall, it is only fair to observe that he was not personally implicated in the tangle. It seems that his sin lay in the fact that he winked at the doings of his subordinates.

But the life of the fur-trader had its humours as well as its monotonies, hardships, and sordid cares. Our mirth may be tempered with sympathy, but we cannot help smiling when we read Fraser's remarks touching a new outfit which he had just received: "I received," he writes, "my order (the coats and trousers are amazingly large), my Equipt. also which is extremely bad and the trousers are so small that I cannot put them on much less make use of them, and tho' you were pleased to send me your capot instead of mine, it is also too small for me." Such little human touches occasionally illumine the dullest pages of the diaries and letters of the fur-traders.

Of his literary ability and composition, Fraser appears to have entertained no exalted opinion. In this same letter, which is a long one, he observes:—"With this I send you over my journal since the 5th April, except from the time we arrived at Nakazleh until the 28th August, which I expect you will be able to bring up. It is exceedingly ill wrote, worse worded, and not well spelt. But then I know you can make a good journal of it, if you expunge some parts of it and add to others, and make it out in the manner you think most proper. It will make away with a good deal of your time and paper, but I think it necessary to send it to headquarters in the light canoe as it will give the gentleman a good deal of information about this country. Please send over Mr. McD. Journals of last winter to be copied by himself. There are some of them I did not see as yet and it would be necessary for you to look them over and point out anything that is not necessary to be in them. All this will be giving you much trouble and work, but then it will be of service to the Company and some credit to ourselves to have the Journals in better order; was I possessed of your ability, I would willingly undertake doing all myself." But Fraser was too modest. Whatever defects his writings possess, and they were very far from being perfect, his thoughts were always expressed in vigorous English. His sentences lack polish and finish, it is true, yet it must be allowed that the

forcefulness of his language covers a multitude of grammatical and rhetorical sins. Then we must remember that the dry-as-dust details of a trader's life are not in themselves inspiring. A Macaulay, with his wonderful faculty of investing the merest commonplaces with a halo of interest, might have recast the story of the fur-trading epoch in the crucible of his great mind, giving us a picture of that period which we could never forget; but such we could not expect from the men who created the fur-trade—they were far too engrossed in the management and working of the great fur-collecting agencies to think of writing accounts of things which to them were of no special significance. Indeed, one and all of the fur-traders were apparently sublimely oblivious of the fact that they were making history. Perhaps it is this very unconsciousness that invests their diaries and letters with such deep interest. They were not written for publication, nor for any other purpose than to give a bare account of their transactions and exploits. Whatever demerits they may have, we may at least be thankful that as a rule they are reliable and that they cover the ground fairly well. Without them we should be able to learn very little of the early history of our country.

During the winter months, Simon Fraser was industriously engaged. We see him collecting furs, bartering for the products of the fisheries and of the chase, gathering information about the country, and making plans for future explorations. With very little assistance from the outside he had to supply the posts at Stuart and Fraser Lakes with provisions, and much of the time was spent in obtaining salmon from the Indians. We may judge of the value placed by the natives on the wares of the whiteman when we read that fifty fish were obtained for one small axe. But this price Fraser deems high. From the manuscript Journal of John Stuart we learn that the post at Rocky Mountain Portage looked to the "Red Deer," or elk, for a supply of meat, but in New Caledonia the posts depended for sustenance almost entirely upon the salmon fishery.

Trading posts were always more or less dependent upon the natural resources of the districts in which they were situated, and consequently the fare was good or bad as the districts were well or ill stocked with game. In this respect New Caledonia in early years had an unenviable reputation for the poor quality of its fare. Both John McLean and D. W. Harmon refer to this, the former being very outspoken in his condemnation. Flour, tea, sugar, spirits, and possibly a few other luxuries, were supplied to the posts, but in limited quantities only, as transportation was always a difficult and delicate matter.

Here and there in Fraser's letters and journals we gather something of the character of the Indians, but from an ethnological point of view his remarks are not of great value. The explorer was not favourably impressed with the natives for he tells James McDougall that they are "sweetmouths, thieves, liars, and in short have every bad quality, therefore you have no occasion to believe them. It matters very little if a person is hated or beloved by them as they are a lazy set of vagabonds." Yet he was always very diplomatic and tactful in his dealings with them, as indeed it was necessary for him to be, seeing that the forces of the Company were at the mercy of the people he so despised. The district was the home of many fur-bearing animals, being especially rich in beaver, but the natives were by no means inclined to devote their whole time to the gathering of skins—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the head of the new department. Not infrequently the men in charge of the different posts were exhorted to make the Indians work, but in spite of all efforts, they would not diligently apply themselves to the killing of animals. The fur of the beaver was most highly prized and the success of a trader was gauged by the number of pelts he obtained. Hence the anxiety of the little band of adventurers to procure the assistance of the native population. Of course, as the Indians became more and more addicted to the use of the wares of the white men, they became more tractable. It was always the policy of

the Hudson's Bay Company and of the Northwest Company to make the Indians dependent upon their forts and so render them amenable to discipline. One of the most wonderful results of this farsighted policy was that the natives soon came to look upon the servants and goods of the Companies as sacred. The abandonment of a fort would be deemed by the Indians of the neighbourhood as a disaster, and a refractory tribe could receive no greater punishment than this. It was also largely due to this wise policy that Indian wars and massacres, are comparatively unknown in the history of the fur-trade. So it was possible for a handful of men none too well equipped, to establish in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, in the midst of treacherous tribes, peaceful trading stations. When we come to think of it, it is nothing short of marvellous that Fraser in one short year should have accomplished so much, in the face of so many and great difficulties. His success speaks volumes for his tact and forbearance. A false step at the outset would have invited disaster.

All this time Fraser was preparing for further explorations. We are told that it was not until well on in the year 1807 that he received definite instructions to explore the Great River of MacKenzie, but before this, if we read his letters aright, he had decided to explore the waterway at the earliest opportunity. We may conclude, perhaps that he deemed his general instructions sufficient warrant for such an undertaking and that the specific instructions referred to by Masson, and Morice, were forwarded, as stated by them, because the explorer had himself asked for further supplies for this very undertaking, and because of the success of Captains Lewis and Clark in the valley of the Columbia River. In 1805, when Fraser was selected to open up the territory to the west of the Rocky Mountains, it is likely that the object of the American expedition was not fully appreciated by the Northwest Company. But, as soon as the successes of Lewis and Clark were bruited abroad, the Company no doubt deemed it imperative that their

own agent in the west should hasten his departure for the shores of the Pacific in order to prevent the Americans claiming the whole territory by virtue of their discoveries.

In the letter to James McDougall of January 31st, 1807, already referred to, Fraser distinctly stated that he wished to have in readiness "all the goods that will be required for going down the Columbia in the Spring." Again, in a letter to John Stuart, written the day after the one to McDougall, he speaks more fully:—"I now inform you of a plan I have for the summer expeditions, which is this, to get all the goods required * * * brought over to Nakazleh as soon as possible upon the ice. By going round by the new road, when the navigation is open would cause the loss of much time and I expect that the ice will break up in this river nearly a month before the lakes of the mountains. * * * 10 pieces goods exclusive of provisions will answer for going below, viz., three bales—one-half Bale Kettles, one-half case Guns, one Capitte, one Case Iron, one-half Roll Tobacco, one Keg Powder, one Bag Ball, one Bag Shot, and one-half Keg High Wines, and I doubt if this same can be spared. Trout Lake must not be left destitute for the summer and something will be required for Nakazleh." In the light of the explicit sentence contained in the letter to McDougall, the expression "going below" can only refer to the projected exploration of the Ta-coutche Tesse. The great difficulty in obtaining supplies for the expedition no doubt caused Fraser much worry and trouble. The long, difficult route by way of the Parsnip and Bad Rivers was out of the question, for goods brought in by this way, if they escaped total destruction, were almost bound to be seriously damaged. Then the route by McLeod Lake, Crooked River, Summit Lake, and Giscome Portage (not so named in Fraser's day), while more direct than the first mentioned, was at the best tedious and dangerous. There only remained the "New Road," so frequently referred to in the letters of the fur-trader. This "New Road" was evidently the trail from McLeod Lake to Stuart Lake, past Car-

rier Lake. It will be remembered that James McDougall blazed the road in the summer of 1805, when he crossed from Trout Lake to Nakazleh overland. The remoteness of the new posts, and the dangers of the routes by which they might be approached, rendered it an exceedingly difficult matter to keep them adequately supplied with the goods which were needed for the trade of New Caledonia. It was quite impossible to enlarge the sphere of influence of the Company without an additional force of men and supplies. As we have seen the failure of the brigade to arrive in 1806 placed Fraser in a very awkward predicament. But in the face of difficulties which would have disheartened a man of less determination, he doggedly persevered in his work. Anxious as he was, however, to follow the course of the river discovered by Sir Alexander McKenzie, he found it impossible to do so in the Spring of 1807, owing to the fact that the force at his disposal was insufficient for the purpose. If he had adhered to his original idea he would have been obliged to leave the posts he had just established practically unprotected.

But in the fall of 1807 Jules Maurice Quesnel and Hugh Faries arrived with two canoes laden with supplies. They also brought from the headquarters of the Company an important letter, instructing Simon Fraser to explore without loss of time the Great River of McKenzie. This timely assistance made possible the establishment of yet another post, and Fort George was built at the confluence of the Nechaco and Fraser Rivers. We may infer that this fort was built more particularly as a base for the expedition which was to descend the Great River, although in time it became an important trading centre. The fact that Fraser instructed John Stuart, in the month of February, 1807, to forward the supplies needed for the projected expedition to Nakazleh, or Stuart Lake, does not necessarily imply that Fraser started from that post in the following year. We know that the explorer found it impossible to adhere to his original plan of descending the stream in the spring of 1807, and it is likely that the

greater portion of the merchandise ordered from Fort McLeod was consumed before the arrival of Quesnel and Faries, and, if this should have been the case, we may presume that the goods brought in by these two men were used by Fraser in outfitting his expedition.

As we do not wish to weary the reader with details, we will not record here the happenings of the winter months. Fraser superintended the work at the various posts and completed his arrangements for the exploration of the river shortly to be named in his honour. We may presume that, as in the previous winter, his headquarters were at Stuart Lake, by far the most congenial spot in New Caledonia. The winter wears away, spring at last arrives, the rivers and streams are released from hyperborean thralldom, and Simon Fraser prepares for that eventful journey which was destined to bring him fame and honour.

Heretofore, the work of the founder of New Caledonia had been exceedingly difficult and exceedingly dangerous, but

all his privations, all his hardships, all his sufferings, pale into insignificance in comparison with his terrible experiences on that ever memorable voyage to the Pacific Dante, with all the sublime grandeur of his imagination, could scarcely have depicted more awful scenes than those which were presently to meet the gaze of the Scotch fur-trader. Sky-piercing crags; earth piercing chasms; wild-raging waters, swirling tumultuously headlong through the narrow gloomy portals of deep-cut canyons; vista upon vista of majestic snow crowned mountain peaks; silent dark impenetrable forests; beautiful tablelands and extensive rolling plains; fat meadows, hills, dells, high towered rocks, tumbling rills, and mountain streams; of such a nature was the country through which this intrepid man had to force his way. Treacherous natives on every side added to the difficulties of this fearful journey. Yet from first to last we hear no cry of dismay from Simon Fraser, the man of iron nerve and dauntless courage.

(To be continued)

An Old Friend.

E. W. Wise

Though but an old Paint Box
Well worn and chipped too
How many bright hours
Have I oft spent with you.

The happy time passed
In modest endeavour
Has ever afforded
The greatest of pleasure.

An ideal companion
You never complain
With you all contentment
In sunshine or rain.

Were one's friends as steadfast
As loyal and as true
The world would be brighter
The sky ever blue.

Just one final touch
In the fading twilight
And I close you up gently
My old friend Good-Night.



The Opening of the B. C. Season.

Bonnycastle Dale

MY! but they are late this year," one can imagine the gamebirds saying. "Here is October and except for a few Indians and Settlers, our little ones are quite safe to dust themselves on the trail. It gives us more time to get strong and to fly harder and make better sport all the way around."

So say the birds.

"I wish the whole sweeping of them were killed," an old rancher remarked to me. "We are only buying bird seed, for the plaguey things scratch up half the crop. I've a good mind to bring my farm indoors every night," and he winked at me. He was an Ontario farmer that had read some of the glowing literature prepared by men that might

more profitably prepare top-dressing. He had come out here; and for the five thousand dollars he received for his hundred-acre farm in the east could only get a farm with five to ten acres cleared in spots. No wonder he spoke of sheltering it at night.

So say the farmers.

"It gives the birds longer to strengthen; but we lose our blue grouse shooting. The young chap on the farm gets a better chance at the half tame flocks with his murderous gun, but it keeps the city horde penned up a month longer, so there will be a month's less intrusion on other men's property."

So spake the sportsman.

And in their wisdom the Provincial

Government decided October the first should be the opening day.

Thus decided the Solons.

For several months we have watched the birds, Fritz often getting so close to them as to have readily caught the young had he wanted to do so. The quail have, as usual, produced large coveys from ten to fourteen or sixteen



The Quail Have, as Usual, Produced Large Coveys.

young. The mothers get so used to our observation of the nests that they do not flare until our outstretched hand is approaching the nest. Dear little birds!—how universally you are scattered, and how nicely you manage to dissolve yourselves into some most convenient bush the moment you rise.

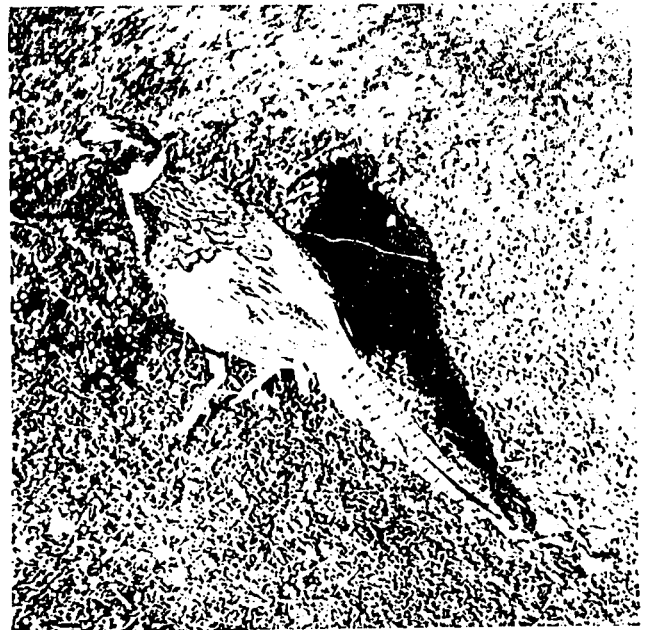
The pheasants, grain fed, king of thieves that they are, sneaking through the crop after having broken down many stalks by the impact of their descent, are fat and sleek—rather beaux of the game bird world. I often laugh to see the big, bold bright eye of a cock staring at me among the tops of the ripening grain; then comes the sharp chucking call for his harem; and, after running to safe distance, away he goes to the sheltering forest.

The blue grouse were in fair quantities high up the hills early in the summer. In the late spring I heard them hooting in various places on the Islands, and on this big, most trebly blessed, Vancouver Island.

There is an odd unwritten law among the settlers that this big game bird can be killed during any of the days of the spring and early summer. I have heard of cases of respectable people actually

eating him during April, May and June. I know that certain farmers ascertain the location of the nests of the pheasant and kill the bird on the eggs arguing that they are saving their crops by so doing. I know that city boys, right in our capital, kill the roosting pheasant at night in the parks, simply by knocking them off the branch with a long stick.

I must tell you a little adventure of mine. Daisy and I,—Daisy is my Gordon Setter—were taking a ramble on Beacon Hill just as the sun was tinting the Olympics a wondrous pink and purple. The dog, taking scent of a quail stood barking, and I wandered up to her point and discovered a small boy with a small tin bathtub beside him. Cleanly lad I thought, to thus early bathe in the salt sea, and then take a fresh water wash in his little tin tub—quite an example to all the dirty little chaps that stay abed late. Now do you think that cleanliness was the incentive that thus early prodded this lad from his bed. Nay, nay! The tin bath tub was his bark. He had early launched it afloat on the calm surface of the park lake, and hand paddled it over to the artificial



The Ringnecked Pheasant.

island so that he might rob the swans of their big dull white eggs. He does not appeal to me by his cleanliness any more; and it was well for him that I did not discover his *malus exemplis* for many weeks afterwards. The Willow-grouse

or Ruffed grouse are regaining their lost place. The terrible slaughter of a few years ago almost wiped them out; but we raise many a pair now in our Natural History work afield.

So the season of safety has passed. All the sheltered nooks in mountain bench and timbered valley are safe no longer. Again in fancy I heard the birds say: "Never mind that chap with the nice, new gun and the pretty suit; he could not hit anything but a ribbon with a pair of scissors. Look out! See that



The Ruffed Grouse.

fellow with the old soiled hat—gun looks a bit time-stained—he's dangerous—away we go. Look out!! Oh! its a barbarian with a pump gun, the most dangerous thing we meet, my dears; he will shoot as long as anything flies." (I don't see any difference between him and the chap that uses dynamite to kill fish).

This promises to be an excellent ducking year. Quantities of young Mallards and Pintail were awing late in July.

I remember Daisy being nearly scared to death by an ambitious amateur. The lad Fritz and the dog and I were examining a marshy valley for used nests, to see the condition they had been left in. The shooting season was just open. Ahead of us we espied what to all intents and purposes was a muskrat house. Now I have never met any muskrats on Van-

couver Island, so I was deeply interested. It was well built and high from the ground. Fritz, boyishly, begged for a shot through it with his little specimen rifle. I forbade this unnecessary cruelty. Daisy scampered ahead and nosed it—when suddenly the whole big grassy structure rose in the air, and a very angry boy appeared and abused the poor setter heartily while a flock of Pintails rose unharmed into the air. This muskrat—no I beg your pardon—this youngster had risen early—as did our friend of the bathtub and swan episode—and had taken his mother's silk umbrella and carefully sewn big patches of tullies and dry grass all over it and then ensconcing himself underneath awaited the swimming along of the flock of Pintails. No doubt he would have "swatted" them on the water. I would love to hear his mother's remarks when she spys the umbrella of the thousand holes. We had another laugh that day. Two young Englishmen admired our canoe as it lay on the beach. I offered them a loan of it to just try a paddle in it, as they solemnly assured me they were used to can-



Pintails.

oeing on the Thames. I pushed it three-quarters afloat and the first chap got in and sat down on the seat—just as though it were a very dainty chair. He faced the stern. The other chap stepped warily in and sat facing the bow. I pushed it out very gently; and they both paddled



A Good "Right and Left," Pictured as They Fell.

—against one another. Fritz fell on his stomach on the sand in an agony of laughter, trying his best to choke it down that the most excellent comedy might not be unduly curtailed. Even Daisy wore a broad smile and her enthusiastic tail encouraged them to go on and conquer. Then they saw their mistake; but instead of the Bowman simply turning around, both started to exchange places. Luckily the water was shallow. They stood half erect for a brief moment, during which the canoe seemed to be trembling with excitement; then evidently disgusted with such land-lubbers, she threw one out on either side—note the impartiality of the canoe—then Daisy and I joined Fritz in his agony on the sand—and the Englishmen waded ashore.

What a short memory all Vancouver Island gunners seem to have! October 1st is the *date*; yet almost every mother's son of them awoke on the last day of September and promptly mistook it for the opening day. Last year I did not have my will made out so did not venture into the thickly populated bush until the

evening of the first of September. All the game had been killed and shipped home by then. I was just a day and a half late. In some cases I was over a month late, as guns had been punctuating the silence all the preceding summer.

The last poacher I met was a wonder. He was an undersized squat halfbreed. I noticed a tall, bony grey mare tied beside the trail. Suddenly, bang! bang! went a gun in the firs beside her and out rushed a wee dark-faced lad. He eyed the dog and the boy and, darting to the opposite side of the trail, siezed a rough telegraph repairer's ladder, then ran back to the side of the tall horse, erected the ladder, ran up and scrambled onto the bare back of the ancient charger, pushing the ladder out with the same kick that started the—well let us still call it—horse, and hurriedly clattered down the road shedding a quail at every bound! Daisy retrieved this beneficent shower in noble style; but this was the first and only time that our exemplary trio had possession of game before the legalized season.

Black Hawk Hank.

Ruth Everett

IT'S a rummy ribbon of water, and no mistake," said Mr. Buckley, as his camping party stood on the banks of the St. Vrain's River and watched the railroad ties floating down from the timber regions above, to their destination below.

"Those logs would give knock-out blows, I'm thinking," said Mr. Hammond.

"Still, there seem to be unmistakable signs that others have forded it, else why this road leading directly into the water? I know there's a bridge, but it's three miles below, and it would be night before we could get down there and cross. What shall we do?" said Mr. Buckley, turning to the others.

A few were willing to take the risk, but the women begged their husbands not to attempt it; and Florence Buckley said she simply could not: she would die of fright. The poor little creature, for whose sake, principally, the trip had been taken, trembled; her lips went white, her blue eyes swam in tears.

Just at that moment, on the opposite side of the river, appeared about as fine a specimen of horse and man as one is often permitted to look upon. It was "Black Hawk Hank," who had gained his soubriquet from having passed a number of years among the Black Hawk Indians; part of the time as a prisoner, when a lad, and after he came to be a man simply because he did not go away. The mountaineer had noticed the perplexity of the camping party, and with that spontaneous generosity which is born of those Rockies, he drove his horse, "Black Bob," down into the turbulent current of the river. The campers watched with bated breath every step of the noble horse, and, the transit was made in safety.

"I reckon ye want ter git on t'other

side of this river to pitch tent fur th' night," said Black Hawk Hank.

"We do," said Mr. Buckley, "and now that we have seen you do it, perhaps our party can agree to make the attempt."

"Don't papa! Our horses have never waded the river, like this gentleman's. I am sure we shall all be drowned if you try it. If one of those big logs should come down and strike our wagon, it would surely be upset. We can stay here tonight and go down to the bridge in the morning."

The entire party looked to Black Hawk Hank as if they expected him to act as umpire.

"I reckon ye can git across all right. But as they's a lot of women in your outfit, and th' little gal seems to be right skeert, I'll jest strike out fur our camp and bring down th' rest uv th' boys; then we'll be sure uv no accidents, an' sure uv doin' th' job right. I'll be back again in about a half hour."

Down he went into the icy water of the river, and within the time he had specified, he and five companions came down to the opposite side of the St. Vrain, but Black Hawk Hank alone crossed over to the campers.

It was finally decided to cross the river in two installments; the provisions, bedding and camping outfit were to go first: the more precious human lives would be risked afterwards, if the first load should reach the other side in safety. The mountaineers on the opposite bank armed themselves with long poles, with which to push the logs to one side, if any should chance to come floating down while the crossing was being made.

The mules which were hitched to the wagon were driven down into the stream, but when the main current had been reached, the animals were actually lifted

from their feet by its force. Encumbered as they were it was impossible for them to swim; moreover, at any moment a log might come swirling down and sweep them away. Seemingly animated by one accord, the six mountaineers sprang into the swift current, risking their lives for people they had never seen before. The men lifted the wagon-bed above the waves, two of them clutched the bridles of the mules, and thus guided them safely to the other shore.

But for the family to cross over, the mules were unhitched, and the horses of the mountaineers were harnessed in their stead. Most of the camping party were willing to make the attempt to cross; but Florence begged Black Hawk Hank to take her down to the bridge on his horse. Of course this was not to be thought of, and her father told the hysterical girl that she must cross as the others did. Reluctantly enough she got into the wagon, but they had scarcely gone two yards into the water when Florence let forth a piercing scream, and, reaching out her arms to Black Hawk Hank she said:

"Oh, take me out? Take me out. I shall be drowned."

In his strong arms he lifted the girl from the wagon-bed on to his own horse, which he was riding close beside them. Looking across the river Hank shouted to his companions:

"Tend th' rest uv th' party, boys. I must look out fur this little gal."

With the despairing strength of death, Florence clung to him, burying her face in his bare neck, which she wet with her tears. Through her choking sobs she said:

"You are big and strong; you won't let me die, will you? I am so young, and I am afraid of death. It's horrible to think I shall be put in the ground, and—and—all the rain water would seep through unto me. I am so scared I can't raise my head. If I were to look at that awful water I should die; I know I should."

"Never mind, honey. Don't raise your head a bit."

He leaned his own head down, and

with his big hand, so tanned and brown, he patted her cheek and covered her eyes. She felt that they were going up a hill; and in a moment more she knew they were on dry land, and she was being lifted down from the horse. In a few moments more her father and other friends came up on the bank; all had gotten safely over.

The mountaineers, one and all, refused to take any money for what they had done. They were wet to the skin, with water that was ice-cold; but in spite of this, Frederick Bowen, called "Doc," by his companions, and Black Hawk Hank, insisted upon remaining with their new friends to help them settle for the night, as it was now pretty late.

"It makes a whole lot uv diff'rence where and how ye pitch yer tent," said Black Hawk Hank. "Ye don't want to be too near th' mountain, nor yit too near th' river. Ye can't tell never when one uv them mountain streams is comin' up te slide th' land down onter ye, nor when th' river's goin' to overflow her banks, on account uv th' snow meltin' up in th' mountains. All them things has got to be took into consideration."

With the additional help the campers were soon settled; they insisted that Dr. Bowen and Black Hawk Hank stay to supper with them. All were hungry, and all ate well; but there was more excitement in store for that night. Florence Buckley and Josephine Hammond had strayed off some distance from the tents, when Josephine came running into the camp screaming and crying:

"Oh, the mules. The mules. The mules have killed Florence."

Everybody started to run; but "Doc." and Black Hawk Hank reached the scene of the accident first. There each man acted upon the instincts with which he was born and his past training. Dr. Bowen stooped down to examine Florence, while Black Hawk Hank gave the girl one glance, then rushed on towards the tethered mule. A large limb from a tree which had been cut and trimmed for some purpose lay upon the ground. The giant mountaineer took this club in both his hands, lifted it high above his head, and with all his mighty strength,

sent it crashing down unto the mule's head, just between the ears and a little in front.

The animal dropped to the ground like a shot.

Hank jumped on him, kicked him, and, with profuse intermingled profanity, ejaculated:

"There, you dirty beast! You'il never kick no little gals agin in this world, I reckon."

Then he walked into camp, where Dr. Bowen told him that although Florence had recovered consciousness, he was afraid she was seriously hurt. That he, the doctor, would go back to their own camp and return later with some remedies of which he had need. Then he would watch throughout the night with the wounded girl.

Florence soon got well; her principle trouble being shock. Black Hawk Hank insisted upon replacing the mule he had killed, as also upon lending Florence a pony, which he had "gentled" himself, which he warranted sure-footed and up to no tricks.

One day when Mr. Buckley and Dr. Bowen were talking of this queer, half-civilized creature the doctor said:

"Hank is a compound of diametrically opposite traits; such, for instance, as cruelty and kindness. He killed that mule with a fury which only regretted that the beast had not a hundred lives which he could take; but I never saw him strike or kick his dog in my life. He has a pet chipmunk that he calls 'Fuz.' Hank found the little thing when it was more than half dead from drowning, in the flood. He warmed it to life under his flannel shirt, right next his own body; and let me tell you, an insult to 'Fuz' would cost the offender his life."

The next day Florence asked the ranchman why he had never introduced her to "Fuz."

"Oh, Fuz knows all my secrets; an' he's a reg'lar tattler; he'd sure tell you 'em. But here's sum vi'lets I picked ter-day atween two snow-banks. Ye kin have 'em ef ye want 'em. I'm sure they wont tell no tales."

But when the girl took the violets and buried her nose in them for a few mo-

ments, the flowers did tell; then she, blushingly arose and put them in water. The very next day "Fuz" was brought over to the Buckley camp. His master put him in Florence's lap, and the girl and the chipmunk struck up an instantaneous flirtation. She caressed and petted the little animal and called him a little darling."

When Black Hawk Hank was riding back to his own ranch he took "Fuz" out of his bosom and said to him:

"See here; ye durn little rascal. Don't you go te try te cuttin' me out with that gal o' mine. Coz ef ye do, I'll wring yer neck ez sure ez you're a blame little cus. She called ye 'darling,' and she kissed ye right there on that spot. Gee! how that did make me feel. Don't ye know, Fuz, ef that little gal'd kiss me, an' call me— Why, don't ye know, Fuz, I'd give you to her, I'd give Black Bob to her, I'd give her the whole dammed ranch, th' fifty thousan' head o' cattle, the horses, the very shirt off my back; an' I'd be exiled inter th' wigwams uv th' Black Hawk Injuns, an' stay there till I die."

As tenderly as a woman could have done it, the big barbarian lifted Fuz to his lips. When he put the animal back in his bosom, there were two tears on the chipmunk's back. Hank hit his horse a little clip with his heels, and said:

"Go it, Bob. Go it like th' devil. You know how I feel, don't ye old boy?"

The horse ran at his best speed thus to quiet his master's nerves; and later, when Black Bob was more slowly walking along, the big brown hand was again slipped under the shirt and Fuz was drawn forth for another consultation.

"Say, Fuz, I wish you'd ax th' ole man ef he'll give me his gal. Durned ef I ain't skeert uv that job. Tell him I'll be good to her, Fuz; an' tell him 'at I'll never drink another dam drop uv whiskey, nur say a cuss word. An' say, Fuz, I'll try te think up th' prayers my mother learnt me afore them cussed Redskins stole me. An' I'll swear te God, Fuz, 'at I'll git down on my marrer bones an' say them prayers every dam night an' mornin' uv my life."

He put Fuz back under his shirt, for just then, seeing Dr. Bowen coming to-

wards him, Black Hawk Hank reigned up, evidently possessed of a new idea.

"Say, Doc. I want you ter do sump-thin' fur me. Now I'm dead gone on that gal. Do ye think th' ole man'll give her te me?"

Dr. Bowen had seen enough to know to whom Hank referred, so he answered right to the point. "I don't know, Hank. He might do worse."

"Now, say, Doc. Suppose you do th' lib'ral fur me, old pard, an' pop te th' ole man fur me. Won't ye? Damn it, Doc., if ye will, I'll give th' best hundred head uv cattle on th' ranch."

"I'd do anything in my power for you, old man; but you'll fare better if you have your own talk with Mr. Buckley; besides, I'm going to Pueblo to-night. I just came out to tell you so."

Dr. Bowen had proposed to Florence that afternoon himself; had been rejected, so he felt that he needed a change of scene.

In the most stumbling, awkward way, Black Hawk Hank asked Mr. Buckley for his daughter. To the girl herself, the big ranchman had never lisped a syllable of love. Mr. Buckley not only positively refused his consent, but he brutally told Black Hawk Hank that he had abused the confidence of an unsuspecting family.

Hold on, Mr. Buckley. Don't go ter shootin' yer mouth off quite so brash. I hain't never abused nun uv yer confidence, ez ye call it. I couldn't uv, fur I ain't never said a word te th' little gal 'bout love in my life. I spect ye want her te marry sum fine city chap. But th' grandest dood thet ever topped his cocanut with a plug hat, couldn't luv her no more 'nur no bettern I do; bless her purty eyes."

"Don't I remember when your wagon wuz agoin' down in th' water how she stretched out her little hands fur me te save her; an' how she almost jumped into my arms; an' how she clung ter me an' buried her little face, thet wuz so ail wet with tears, inter my neck; so 'fraid wuz she ter look on th' water. An' how she trusted me te save her life; not you, her father, but me, a stranger.

"Why, man alive, frum that minit I luv'd her more an' better 'n I ever be-

lieved that a man could luv. An' I've suntimes thought 'at th' little gal luv's me. Ef I know'd she did, an' even ef you'd circle yer camp with fire, on Black Bob's back I'd take a dash through, snatch my little gal up off th' ground, an' away we'd go. They aint nuthin' in this neck uv woods in th' shape uv horse er man thet could ketch us. But ef they wuz, an' that little gal 'ud jest put her arms aroun' my neck agin, an' cry ter stay with me, you couldn't take her away, unless ye laid me out stiff an' dead first.

"An' I haint no poor man, nuther; she don't hev ter stay in these mountains; she kin live enny place she wants ter. Durn it, man, I'm rich; I s'pect I'm a great deal richer'n you are. An' I aint sech a bad lookin' cuss ez sum 'at I've seen, nuther. Tog me out with biled shirts, plug hats, store cloze, an' a shiner er two, an' no woman need n't be 'shamed uv me."

Thus with crude eloquence and ardor did Black Hawk Hank plead his cause. Once launched he found no lack of words; but alas, to no avail, for Mr. Buckley said:

"You have mistaken the gratitude of an innocent child for love. Why, you illiterate Indian-runner, if Florence knew how you feel towards her, she would shrink away from you with loathing; she would die of fear. Leave the camp, and never show your face here again." And Mr. Buckley turned on his heel and walked away.

The intended insult of being called "an illiterate Indian-runner," made no impression on Black Hawk Hank, but the thought that his little girl could shrink away from him in fear, that made his soul sick. For a moment he stood stock-still on the spot where Mr. Buckley had left him; then, resting one hand on the pommel of the saddle, he slowly mounted his horse. Black Bob, as though conscious of his master's rout, hung his head and shambled along, as slowly and painfully as could a worn-out horse, dragging a pedlar's cart through the tenement district of a city.

But Mr. Buckley was uneasy. There was no telling what that big ranchman's turbulent tide of love might catch up and carry away. To guard against this, he

told his wife that business, connected with the smelters, demanded his presence in Pueblo; and as he probably could not come back to the camp, they would all better go home; but not a word did he say to any one as to the real cause of "striking camp" so early in the season.

The Buckleys had not been in Pueblo a month when they heard that Black Hawk Hank, who had been going it at a terrible pace in the way of gambling and drinking, was in jail for killing a man in a drunken row.

* * * * *

A young woman asked the Pueblo jailer to let her see Black Hawk Hank. At that time, in those mining camps, there was no such a thing as red tape, or permits from the Commissioner of Correction to see a prisoner. Nor did a murderer lose cast; on the contrary, he was, not infrequently, considered quite an important personage. So, when the young woman turned her tearful eyes upon the jailer and said:

"And—and—you will not tell anybody that I was here, will you?" she got this assurance.

"I don't even know it, miss. And I would swear on a stack of Bibles as high as the moon, or higher, if you could stack 'em up, that I never saw you in my life."

When brought before the prisoner, she put her two little hands on his big brown hands; tears flooded her eyes as she said:

"My friend, my poor, dear friend, I am so sorry; so sorry. You saved my life and you know I never can forget it."

Then she laid her little face on his neck and cried; just as she had cried on that day when he was carrying her across the St. Vrain river. Then Fuz came scampering out of his master's bosom, for his share of the notice.

"Oh, you darling little Fuz. I am so glad you have him with you; he will be such a lot of company to you."

They talked for a long time; she begging him to let her do something for his greater comfort. He said:

"Yes, little gal, I'll let ye do sumptin' fur me. They kaint keep me here long, fur they wuz ever so many thar thet knows ti wuz a clear case of kill ur be killed. I don't need nuthin', the whole

camp's my friend; and th' grand jury wont even indict me. I'll soon be out uv this; an' I want ye ter promise me 'at ye wont cum here no more; an' 'at ye wont teil nobody ye wuz here. Doc's bin here terday, an' he'll do everything thet's needed."

She gave him the promise he asked, then leaned over and kissed him; but, as if it were the refrain of her song, she said:

"I am sorry. Oh, I am so sorry. For you know you saved my life, and you always seemed to me so big and strong that I could not help loving you."

Again she threw her arms around his neck; again she bent her head down on his breast, while her frail body shook with sobs.

At that instant the mountaineer determined upon his future course. He held her to his heart a moment and softly kissed her light-brown hair; it was such a little thing, and he was giving up more than the luke-warm ever know anything about.

Then she was gone; and darkness set in for the big-hearted savages. For long hours the moody man sat in his cell paying heed to nothing, not even to Fuz. At last he said:

"Fuz, what a dam fool I wuz, anyway. Why didn't I ax th' gal instid uv the ole man? Fuz, ole boy, she'll be good ter ye, I know she will. And say, Fuz, ef you're ever in luv with a gal, don't go an' make a dam fool uv yerself by axin' th' ole man, coz he haint got nuthin' ter do with it, in a gen'ral way, nohow, Fuz. An' wuss an' all th' rest, Fuz, don't go ter makin' a still bigger dam fool uv yerself, by gettin' drunk an' rowin' an' gamblin' roun' an' killin' folks, coz thet cert'nly duz settle it, Fuz. Yer couldn't marry no good gal, an' hev little babies 'at 'd call ye daddy, after that, now could yer, Fuz? No, ye couldn't, an' yer know it ez well ez I do. So theys only one thing left. It wuz jest on that spot, Fuz."

He raised the little animal reverently to his lips.

"Well, good bye, ole feller."

Then he laid down on his bunk. After that day he spent much of his time with

his lawyer, and an old Indian woman, who had been his foster-mother when he was with the Black Hawk tribe, came to see him many times and they talked long in the Indian tongue. He was kept posted as to how his case was going on, but the day they came to tell him he was free, that no indictment had been found against him, they found that he was indeed free; his soul had broken its jail. How, no one ever knew; but it is probable that his old Indian foster-mother had brewed for him a volatile poison which left no trace behind it.

All his worldly goods, and they were many, he left to Florence Buckley. To her kindest care he also commended Fuz.

He died "that she might love and marry a better man." By so doing he surrounded his memory with a halo that nothing could tarnish; and thus endowed Florence with a priceless treasure; for in her heart there will ever live one perfect man. Semi-savage that he was, he foresaw the long stretch, and he settled it in his own way.

But he built his temple of love better than he knew.

The Truth of Pretence.

M. Percival Judge

DOES it help in everyday life to be able to see things poetically and to find and enjoy the beauty around you when an ordinary person would see nothing?" asked the Invalid. He had been a bank clerk in the city, but had lost his situation through a long protracted illness, and at the present moment was well aware he had not many hours to live. The minor poet sat by the one little attic window watching through the smoke of the chimneys near, a slender crescent moon slip behind a luminous bank of yellow-grey clouds. He turned to look at the speaker lying in bed, and his heart seemed to stand still with pity at the other's gaunt white face. "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I think it does help, though perhaps the added knowledge makes joy and sorrow to be the more keenly felt. Would you care to hear how I sometimes have been able to cheer myself when poverty has taken all the heart out of me?"

"Tell me by all means," said the Invalid. "I should like to hear some of your thoughts, for they may help me to forget my own." It required no stretch of imagination on his part to call to mind the manifold discomforts of an empty purse. Was he not even then dying

from the lack of money for an operation that would have prolonged his life! The outside world knew and cared less for his indifferent pen and ink sketches that he had tried to sell when able to work, and though it occasionally enjoyed reading the short stories and poems of the Poet, the sale of them barely kept the two friends from starvation.

"I often shut my eyes," began the Poet, after a short pause, "and take dream-walks in my mind. A memory tour through long-age scenes, and imagine myself far away from town surroundings, back into the country, and by the sea, and among views that one must have known to have loved. In my dream-walks I wander through remembered forest glades, down narrow moss-grown trails, and look up at the high arched roof of pine and cedar trees, beautiful dim green aisles of living pillars, where the sunlight only breaks through the soft gloom in stray openings of space.

"Ah," said the Invalid, who had also been born in the far West. "I can see it all again now."

"Come and look a little further," replied the other. "See, there is an opening in the distance where the trail leads down to the shore. A warm salt wind

greet us as we catch the glint of sunny waters through the now thinner undergrowth. Let us go down and sit on the bench, and watch the little crinkled waves of the incoming tide curl in broken rolls on the sands. And, because memory needs no time of day to change the passing hour we will look at the after glow of a sunset which has left the sky a brilliant mass of tinted clouds, golden, and red, and mauve-green.

The sea is a shimmering space of fading light. The far off mountains on the distant isles seem a transparent blue; all the ones nearer on the mainland are a deep purple-red, their peaks outlined with the late winter's snow. The light is changing, even as we watch. A steamer in the distance leaves a thin veil of smoke across the horizon. All is silent, the silence of twilight and of the night to come.

But if solitude becomes too great to bear alone, we can bring to mind a few well remembered friends and dimly see their kindly faces in the fading light, and listen to the words they might well say in keeping with the beauty of the evening,—yet often their very silence completes the harmony.

"Write it in verse," murmured the Invalid. "It may give others pleasure besides ourselves to take mind-walks with

nature, and now I will try and dream some of my own, for I am very tired."

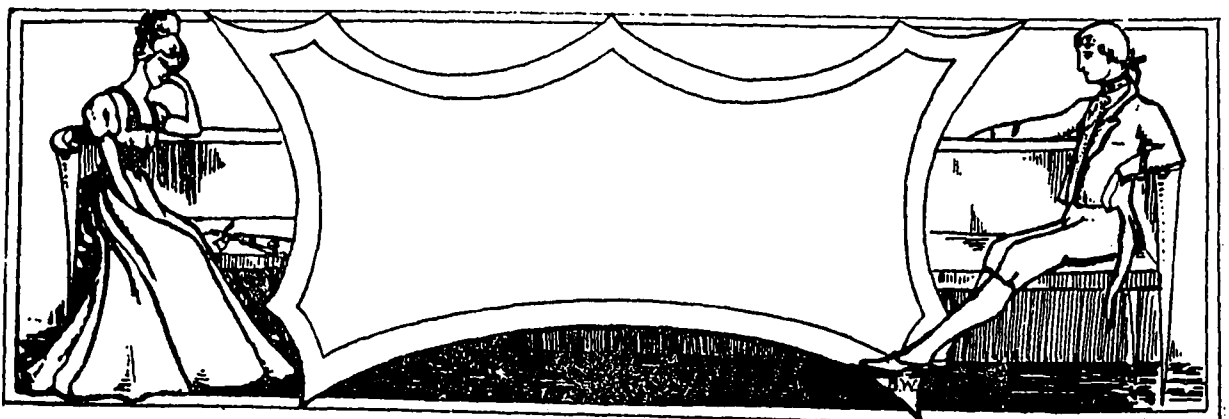
The Poet sat through the long night-watches nursing his friend, for it was not until dawn that the Invalid fell asleep. Then he wrote the rough copy of the Poem that later on was to bring him recognition and fame.

When it was finished, he went over to look at his friend, only to find that the Invalid had passed away in his sleep. On his face was a strangely happy smile, as if he now saw wonderful scenes beyond the vision of earthly eyes.

The manuscript fluttered unheeded on the floor as the Poet knelt by the bedside.

"It is best so," he said sadly to himself. "It would indeed be selfishness to wish him back again here to suffer. I must still go on pretending many things, but he has found the reality of life at last. If one cannot be happy one can pretend to be; and in the pretending, the real happiness may and often does come to pass as a psychological achievement or victory of mind over matter—a vanquishment and dissipation of everything that materially obstructs the realization of the ideal."

A kind of transition from shadow to substance, is the truth of the adage that "Life is what one makes it."





Western Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and Its Wonderful Possibilities.

SOME of us see no further than our own noses! Others peer into the future, conceive great ideas, execute their plans, and thereby shape a course for the short-sighted.

While it is just beginning to dawn upon the world at large that Canada might be worth its attention, the thoughtful few, possessed of an intelligent faith in Canada and her magnificent resources, have laid the foundation for her development. Among these few must be reckoned the projectors of transcontinental roads.

Of all the provinces comprising the Dominion of Canada, British Columbia is the largest. Situated on the Pacific seaboard and with the Rocky Mountains as an eastern barrier, it remained a British Crown Colony until 1871 when it confederated with the Canadian provinces. And one of the terms of union was that a transcontinental railroad—the Canadian Pacific, should be built.

During the twenty odd years which have elapsed since the completion of that

road British Columbia has made wonderful advancement. In minerals, timber, coal, fish, and fruit her resources are as vast as they are varied. Its world-renowned scenery and its equable climate render it attractive to home-makers. Its geographical position in relation to the Orient, its long and sinuous coast-line, its lake and river system make it important as a commercial highway. And the time is coming, and coming soon, when not the few but the many will be convinced of the unsurpassed advantages that British Columbia presents as a manufacturing centre.

So huge a Province, 700 miles long and 400 miles wide, admits of many railways. Within five years three transcontinental lines, in addition to the one already established, will be operating within its borders. These three are the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Great Northern. It is not only to develop the natural resources of British Columbia that they are moving westward as fast as track can be laid, but to com-

pete for the trade between the Orient and the Occident.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, incorporated in 1903, is, as is well known, under agreement with the Canadian Government to construct and operate a railway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The main line from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, is estimated at 3,600 miles. For purposes of construction it is divided into Eastern Division and Western Division with Winnipeg as the point of demarcation.

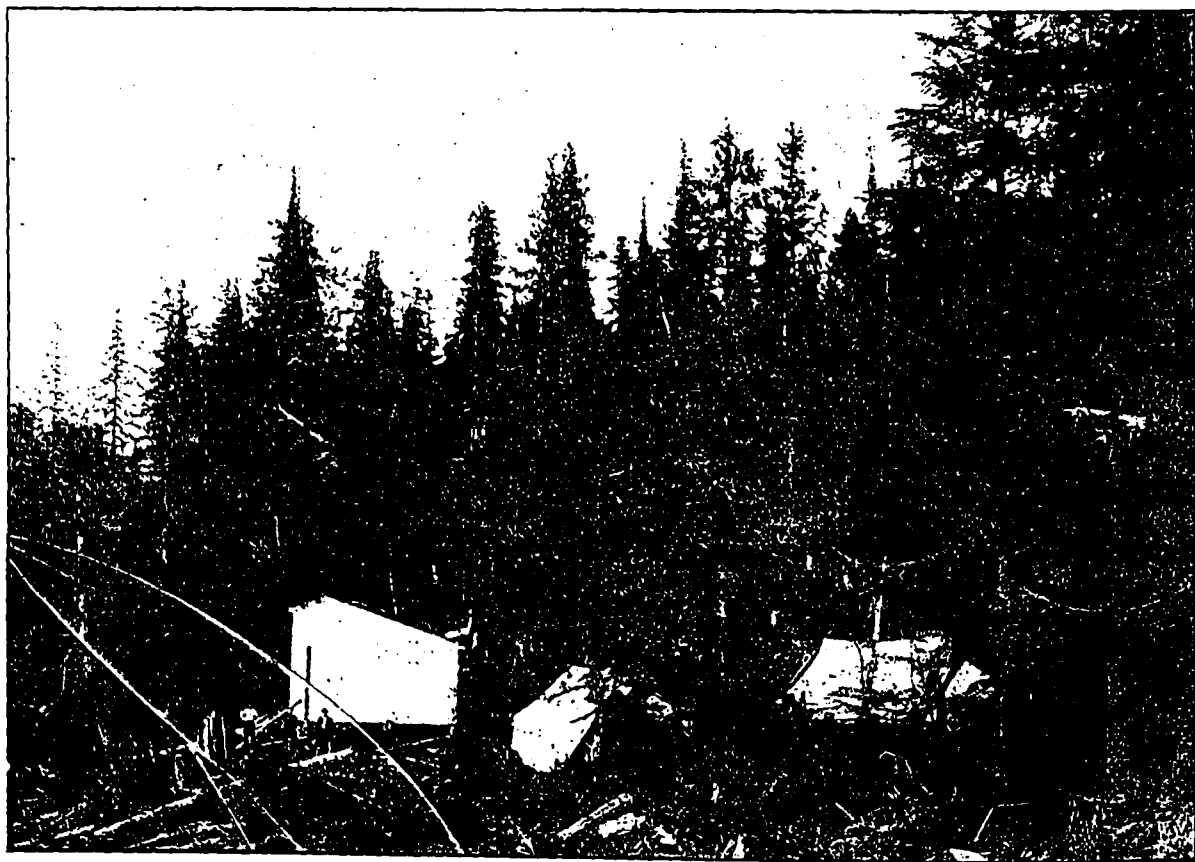
The Western Division of 1,800 miles is sub-divided into Prairie Section and Mountain Section. Of the Prairie Section, extending from Winnipeg to the foot-hills of the Rockies, many hundred miles of road have been built. But it is with the Mountain Section and particularly with the Pacific terminus that we now deal.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will intersect the middle portion of British Columbia. It will come through the Rocky Mountains by the Yellowhead Pass, altitude 3,256 feet. And by following the Fraser River as far as Fort George, the Nechaco, Bulkley, and

Skeena Rivers, it will have a water-grade right to its terminus. The distance will approximate seven hundred miles, the grade one per cent., and the cost of construction fifty to sixty thousand dollars per mile.

Five years ago the quest for a harbour began. In October, 1903, J. H. Bacon carefully inspected Port Simpson, Tuck's Inlet, Kitimaat and Port Neville. Three months later, E. G. Russell went over the same ground. The reports of the two men when handed into the Company were found to be unanimously in favour of Tuck's Inlet. Neither man was aware of the other's conclusion. A year later the Directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific after personal investigation by Chas. M. Hays, President, and Frank W. Morse, Vice-President and General Manager of the Company, confirmed the choice.

Tuck's Inlet, now called Prince Rupert Harbor, is land-locked, deep, and commodious. It is sixteen miles long, averages one mile wide, and twenty-five fathoms deep. Its entrance is straight; and soundings show that for a width of two thousand feet there is an average depth of one hundred feet. This en-



First Buildings at Prince Rupert, May, '06.



Prince Rupert Today.

trance-channel when swept thirty-six feet deep at extreme low tide proved remarkably free from rocks.

Other factors in favour of the choice of Prince Rupert as the terminal were:

(a) It was convenient to the Skeena river down which the railway must come whether it entered the province by the Peace, Pine, Wapiti or Yellowhead passes.

(b) There was land obtainable at a reasonable figure.

(c) It lay in a position sheltered from the cold and moisture-laden winds that blow down the Naas and Skeena canyons.

The lands that have been purchased by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company comprise 24,000 acres situated on Kaien and Digby Islands and the Tsimpsean Peninsula. It is on Kaien Island that Prince Rupert, the Western terminal, is situated.

For many years, indeed until 1895, Kaien (pronounced Ki'-en) did not appear on the maps as an island, but was represented as part of the Tsimpsean Peninsula. The waters that surround it are Prince Rupert harbor and Canoe passage. The latter varies in width from one mile to forty feet, is rocky, and contains two rapids.

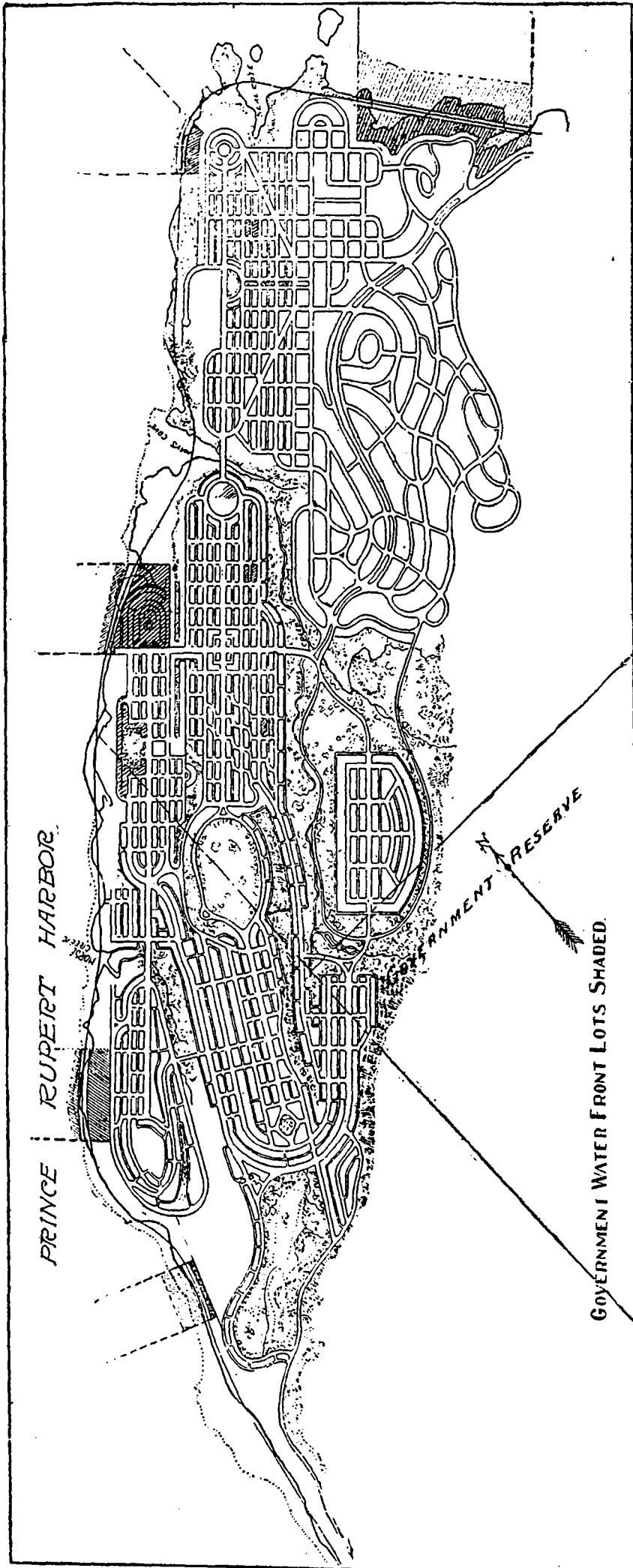
Kaien Island has an area approximating 11,580 acres, of which 3,866 acres are under Government Reserve. The remainder belongs to the Grand Trunk Pacific Company, who bought 5,135 acres from the British Columbia Government and the balance from the Metlakatla Indians.

The island is wooded to the water's edge with spruce, cedar and balsam. At low tide between trees and water appears a strip of black shale covered with brown sea-weed. The Oldfield range, of which the highest point is 2,300 feet, strikes across country from east to west. Between the base of the mountain and the harbour-front is a space 6,000 to 7,000 feet wide of rolling ground suitable for Townsite purposes.

After a complete topographical survey had been made of Grand Trunk Pacific lands, the Prince Rupert Townsite was selected, and then laid off to the utmost advantage by landscape Engineers. When city lots are available, the rush for them that will ensue is going to be marvellous. Already people are waiting all along the coast for the first opportunity to go in and occupy.

When J. H. Pillsbury, who for eight years has been engaged in harbor engineering, arrived at Kaien Island in May,

Projected Plan of the Future City of Prince Rupert



The foregoing Plan of Prince Rupert shows the scientific principles on which the town, which one day not far distant will be one of the leading seaports on the Pacific, has been laid off. Neither the Old Country method of pell mell arrangement nor the American system of blocks and squares regardless of ground formations has been adopted, but an entirely new idea has prevailed that enables the greatest advantages to be reaped from all conformations. Precipitous portions are set aside for Park purposes; streets wind down declivities at an easy grade; and the sites for public buildings have been set apart from the beginning, thus assuring proper size and location for all time. The shaded portions are Government reserves and indicate sites for schools and other public buildings; while unshaded parts in blank or with trees shown on them are intended for Parks and open spaces. Acropolis Park will be one of the largest and with ample reserve for future development is on the confines of the City limits to the East. There is also a fine Market Block on the water front adjacent to Morse Creek which is shown on the plan. It is 1,500 feet deep and runs back into the heart of the business part of the City. The arrangements of the Water Front are the result of the experience of other cities with Railway Companies and are made so as to obviate friction at a future day. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is to run from West to East right along the entire length of the City, while spur lines are to be made to wharves and warehouses which may be erected.

1906, he found absolutely nothing but virgin ground. With him there came seventeen men. Before June the first building was completed, then others were erected for the housing of the men, the structures all being of the most temporary character. As Whites, Japanese, Chinese and Indians were employed, separate quarters for each had to be provided. During the following winter other buildings, comprising hotel, hospital, stores, mess-house and official residences were constructed.

A wharf one hundred and twenty feet long, with an approach of one hundred and ten feet was built and later on extended three thousand feet. The water at the wharf is twenty-four feet deep



A Pioneer's Home.

at low tide, and forty-nine feet at high tide. The elevation of the top of the wharf is seven feet above high water mark. Piles for the wharf were driven fifteen to thirty feet in stiff clay.

The growth of Prince Rupert should be phenomenal for the following reasons:

First, because of the business that will originate during the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, which should be completed by 1911.

Second, the country through which the road is to be built is not barren. Transportation facilities will make it productive and tributary to Prince Rupert. It has good mineral prospects, indeed gold,

copper, silver, lead and coal have already been located. There are fertile valleys awaiting cultivation, and wide areas suitable for grazing purposes.

Third, Prince Rupert will become a base of supply for the Goldfields of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon. The volume of trade which now goes to Vancouver will be diverted to Prince Rupert because the latter place is 575 miles nearer.

Fourth, the development of the Queen Charlotte Islands is of prodigious importance, and this archipelago embracing about six thousand square miles with one hundred and fifty islets, lies only eighty miles west of Prince Rupert.

Geologically it belongs to the partly submerged Island Mountain Range of which Vancouver Island to the south and Prince of Wales on the north are outstanding portions. While Vancouver Island has been settled over half a century, and Prince of Wales Island has undergone recent development with Ketchikan, Alaska, as its base, the Queen Charlottes have been neglected. Yet they are known to be enormously rich. Why then the neglect? Simply because the Islands were out of the way.

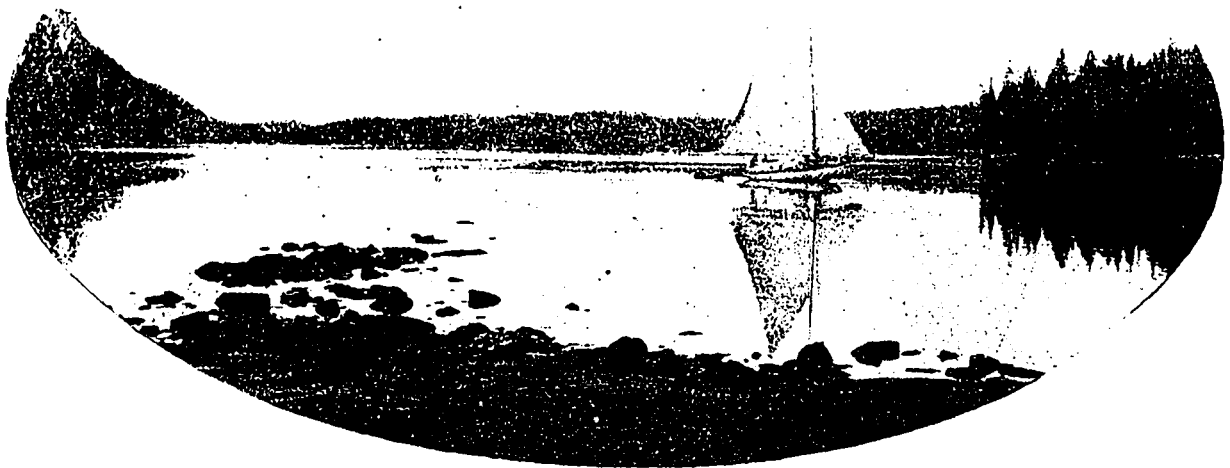
The first discovery of gold in British Columbia was made on one of these islands in 1852. Coal, iron and copper are also there; and the fisheries are as valuable as any mines. For instance, there are the halibut banks, which for some years have been supplying Boston and other New England cities with halibut conveyed in cold storage. To the islands resort the dog-fish in greater numbers than elsewhere, the production of oil from their livers and bodies being a native industry. Cod abound and go to waste. The value of the timber is incalculable. Plans have been made for the erection of a saw-mill which will be the largest on the Pacific Coast.

Fifth, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, a steamship service will be inaugurated with Japan and China. From Prince Rupert to Yokohama will mean a saving of two days sail over the shortest existing route, namely, the Canadian Pacific. For it must be remembered that all steamers,

whether starting from San Francisco, Puget Sound or Vancouver, go via the Aleutian islands. That is their shortest course. So in the race across the Pacific the Grand Trunk Pacific steamers will have the advantage of the "inside" track.

The future of Prince Rupert is replete in possibilities. The present is the day

of inception. Working shoulder to shoulder, white men, red men, and men of the yellow race, fell trees, draw stumps, burn brush and level ground. Once more the forest recedes backward a step. The freshly turned earth, the resinous odor of the evergreens, the peaty smell from the fires, all combine to mark the pioneer stage and are strangely inspiring.



The Measure of His Love.

Isabel B. Macdonald

IT certainly never can be mended now! "Oh cheer up, old boy, she may yet repent of treating you so harshly."

"Why you don't suppose I am going across the Pond again, do you?" Branthwaite retorted. "The fact is, I am done with matrimony! I staked all on that girl and my faith is shattered. I knew she was proud, but I always thought an English girl's reserve was a safeguard—a proof of solidity once the ice was broken to use a paradox."

"Did it ever occur to you that homespun would wear better out there, anyhow? Believe me, Branthwaite, she did a wise thing from her point of view. She knew nothing of the life that you asked her to live—an alien climate and a lack of the social atmosphere too. It

would not mean so much to you and me as it does to her. Women are feline in their affections. You think they love you till you try to coax them from home."

"One would think you were quite experienced from the way you talk, Hilton. I had a comfortable home to offer her. What more could she expect? Old Country people have such grim misconceptions of the Northwest. You and I had hard lives ourselves, in the early days, but we have worked out of the drudgery of it. All that we want now, to make life complete, is the companionship of one of our own country women. With her blue eyes and rose-tinted complexion, her soft accent and mild manners who could be homesick any more? But, bless you, when a man's life is blasted

the very things that were sweet to him turn to acid."

"The germ of selfishness must be there first, my dear fellow. After all, you thought of her only as the school girl you had known years ago, coy and winning, with little mind of her own. You went back to find her a charmingly perfect woman, dignified and self-reliant—you were entranced, you claimed her as your own—you forgot there was a breach of seven years you could fill in for yourself but not for her."

Branthwaite leaned back in his deck chair and gazed resentfully out across the grey, heaving billows of the Atlantic, as if his thoughts reluctantly turned back to the Home Land. He did not reply, but his face was furrowed just then with the thoughtful, firm lines of one who sets aside some long cherished illusion. Hilton's words rankled. He was in that state of mind when such truthful counsel as his friend offered was wormwood and gall.

Tell a man it is selfish to nurse his grief when he discovers the keystone of his life to be wanting; when he has climbed the heights to behold the mists gather round and envelope him in gloom.

What had the future in store for him now, Branthwaite asked himself. What was the reward of all those years of hardship on the prairie, when men worked in the sweltering heat of the dry summers, and fed like shipwrecked mariners on dried and salted food. And when the seasons reversed, kept life in their shivering bodies by sitting around a box-stove in mid-winter, with the thermometer forty-five below zero.

What had been the sustaining note in the young man's life, that which had kept him above water when others had given way to the temptations of a lonely and monotonous existence? Was it not the vision of a fair girl, ever before him, who would some day come to make him a snug and cosy home. She would surround him with the atmosphere of refinement he had once been used to, and warm into the life again those finer feelings he had well nigh thrown aside, in the stress of his rough struggle to succeed on the

prairies. But was it true the vision was not always one and the same?

At this point of his self-analysis Branthwaite rose, strode across the deck and leaning over the rail gazed down into the deep, sombre depths below. The churning foam, the angry resistance of the sea to this midget tormentor creeping over its stately bosom, reminded him of the turmoil in a human soul when peace and happiness are banished.

Hilton's keen eye followed the stalwart form of the man between whom and himself a rapid friendship had sprung up.

"It is only his inordinate vanity that is wounded," he muttered to himself with a sarcastic twitch of his upper lip, though there was, too, the mellow light of sympathy in his frank, good-natured face, "It is a man's *first* love that strikes home; a second rejection only ruffles his pride."

Having so soliloquised Hilton stepped across to where his friend stood and placing his hand on Branthwaite's shoulder, said gently, "There was another? Ten years ago—eh, old man?"

Branthwaite straightened up as if he resented the unwonted familiarity, "only the present concerns me," he snarled.

II.

As Branthwaite alighted at the little C.P.R. station he dropped his bag, and stood for a moment looking down the platform for a chance friend who might be there to give him a handshake. A small group of people stood laughing and chatting near by—they had come to welcome a honeymoon couple who had just stepped off the train. Branthwaite knew some of them but pulling up his collar round his ears he passed unnoticed, and strode down to the farther end of the platform. There he stopped and looked back over the great stretch of white prairie with the railroad winding its sinuous way like a long black snake across the virgin snow.

The jangling bell ceased and the train pulled out, leaving him standing, a solitary figure in the moonlight. "God—how lonely it is!" In all the fifteen years of his exile Branthwaite had never before given expression to this the deepest

prayer of a human soul. There was something in his voice like the echo of despair. He turned and crossing the line, heedless that his checks were still in his pocket, made his way toward the blinking lights of the Queen's Hotel, which stood, a veritable beacon in this none too cleanly little town.

Branthwaite was never known to drive home intoxicated, contrary to the reputation of many another "English gentleman" who claimed that his blood needed heating in this frigid and alien climate; but there are times when something more than a physical appetite lures a man to the bar.

He stamped the snow off his feet and set down his suit-case as he entered the hotel. The hot, stifling atmosphere filled with the tobacco smoke and the smell of whiskey felt choking in contrast to the crisp, clear, sweet air without. Sounds of jocularly issued from the bar-room,—a timid looking little woman opened the dining-room door and crept upstairs.

"Hello! Branthwaite! You back! How are you feeling, old man? Come in and have a glass—it will help you to put your land legs on." The speaker took his arm and drew him in, "See who's here, boys!" he shouted above the din of the sociable crowd in the room. "Congratulations! eh? Come now, own up, Branthwaite; we all know what sent you back to the Old Land!" It was Matt Brown who spoke. Matt was a Canuke, and he had once said to Branthwaite, he never could see why a fellow had to go back to the Old Country for a wife—there were just as smart girls out on the prairie and they could bake apple-pie a darn sight better, anyhow! To which Branthwaite had put forth the plea that at least they were not so plentiful as the roses of England. He did not like to hurt Matt's feelings by telling him candidly what he thought of Nellie Andrews and Bella Parkins.

"Here's to your health, Branthwaite, and—the future Mrs. Branthwaite!" "Say, give us a ball out there first thing—there's a good fellow!" a chorus of the younger men broke in.

"Hold on there—who says he's to be married? I wager he never will be—he

has tried more than once and got thrown down every time.

Take my advice, boys, and I know—hic—t'aint a man's good qualities that help him." The speaker came forward unsteadily and broke into a vacant laugh. He was a man of medium height with pale grey eyes and a soft, wavy moustache. He might, from a first impression be called good looking, though the lines of his face were irresolute. Branthwaite drew back, a shadow swept across his face, and he swore beneath his breath.

"Here, here, Winthrope, sit down and shut up!" "Never mind him, Branthwaite, he's pretty far on as usual," Matt intervened.

But a glance of instinctive dislike passed between the two men ere Branthwaite turned his back on the other who stumbled into a seat and remained there, afraid to trust his legs any more. In a short time his eyes were blinking in the light, his head dropped forward and a contemptuous smile passed from one to the other of the men around.

"Not going home tonight, eh? Why it's late, my dear fellow! Stay over night and I'll give you a lift in the morning."

"Thanks, Matt, but I can hire—it's only six miles, you know."

"Better take a team then—it's begun to drift a bit and the roads may be bad. That fool, Winthrope, has set out ahead of you. He's as drunk as a log but I guess the horses know the trail and they'll break the road for you. The boys didn't want to get up a scrap with him or they would have held him back. He is a tough customer when he goes off like that. I reckon it would be a good thing for the wife if he never reached home some of these days."

* * * * *

"It isn't very inviting," Branthwaite muttered to himself as he jumped into the cutter and pulled out of the livery stable yard. A bitter east wind was blowing but it would be on his back as he drove home; and if the horses could stick to the trail all would be well, he assured himself.

About a mile out of town he caught

up on Winthrope's sleigh—the horses plodding along at a snail's pace. In the dim light of an obscured moon he could not see the figure of the driver, but he concluded that the man was lying down in the sleigh to keep warm.

Pulling off the trail he laid the whip on his own horses, but the team on the road started forward at a brisk trot as he endeavoured to pass, and with the better footing they easily kept ahead while his plunged helplessly in the soft snow.

It was no use calling "whoa," to Winthrope's grey mare—she refused to be outdone. He raced with her for five minutes till he struck a drift—his off horse jerked around sharply and the cutter was upset.

Branthwaite swore with vehemence as he rolled out headforemost into the snow, and holding onto the reins with one hand vainly endeavoured to extricate himself from his fur wrappings. Ere he had pulled the cutter to rights and jumped in again the leading team had made their advantage, and the tinkle of the sleigh bells sounded far ahead.

It was queer, he thought, that the commotion had not wakened their driver. Once the thought occurred to him that Winthrope, in his drunken stupor, might have fallen out. He resolved it in his mind with an uneasy consciousness of that possibility.

"Might have gone over the line, myself, tonight, if it had not been for the sight of that drunken fool. I'd be darned if I would stop my team to pick him up if he were left in the snow," he muttered, giving his whip a savage crack that startled the horses. "I wonder what she would say," he mused, in a gentler strain, "if anything like that did happen? She threw me over for that fellow's money—and I'd like to know what she says to the bargain now. But,—to think of Eva as mercenary—heavens! I can't believe it yet, though I'd rather have that than think that she married the brute for himself."

As Branthwaite drove out of the woods which brought him in view of his own home, he looked in vain for a light, hoping that someone would by chance have sat up late, though he knew he was not expected. The dog came running down

the road barking a welcome but he quieted it with patting and coaxing, not wishing to disturb those who had gone to bed.

He unhitched the horses and took them down to the stable, himself, but he only threw them an armful of hay and left the harness on.

Joe met him, half dressed, as he entered the house, "This is kin' o' takin' folk by surprise, Mr. Branthwaite,—glad to see you back, though, Boss. I've lit the fire in the room and put on the kettle. Shall I waken Mully?"

"Thanks, Joe. No, don't disturb anyone—I'll get a cup of tea myself, and—Joe, you needn't go down to the stable. I've not unharnessed the horses—I didn't bother—at least, I thought I might need them tonight."

"Going out, again, Boss!" Joe's eyes opened wide in astonishment. Joe's mind and whole personality were so welded into the common-place environment and daily routine of his uneventful life that any digression from that was little short of a miracle to him.

But being wiser than many people he kept to himself things which he could not fathom and, meantime, made no further comment on what seemed to him an act of madness.

Branthwaite swallowed down a cup of steaming tea, "Get to bed, Joe, you've to rise early," he said, with a gruff kindness, but Joe never heeded.

He helped his master hitch up the team again and tucked in his rugs around him.

"You ain't goin' acourtin' at this hour, Boss?" Joe could not resist a bit of dry humour at his master's expense, and no doubt, too, he thought that a chance dig might elicit some information as to this mysterious midnight journey.

But Branthwaite took the reins from his hand in silence, and drove out into the darkness and the teeth of a rising blizzard.

III.

Mrs. Winthrope laid down her sewing and stooped to replenish the fire, then rising she threw on a shawl and went outside, straining her eyes and ears in the darkness and the cold, nipping wind for the sound of sleigh-bells. Once she

had thought she heard them and rushed to the door only to find her lonely home surrounded by the silence and void of this black winter's night.

She groped in the snow for the last pieces of firewood that remained from the woodpile and carried in a small armful with which to feed the stove, in order to keep herself and the children warm for the night. When morning came she would probably have to rise at dawn and saw some more herself, ere she could get the little ones' breakfast ready.

It was half past twelve by a small alarm clock standing upon a corner shelf in the kitchen. Again she thought she heard the tinkle of bells and it brought a vague fear to her heart—what if it were some mysterious, ominous message from the darkness and the storm without? She had heard of such things and shuddered now at the mere idea.

Going forward to the stove she tried to warm her trembling hands. This time the soft sound came to her ears with distinct reality and awoke a glad response within her—he was home, at last, in safety; and her tired, weary vigil would be over for the night.

The sleigh drew up on the sheltered side of the house, and a man was stamping his heavy boots on the verandah steps as she opened the door. Still an uncertainty clutched at her heart ere the man came forward into the lighted doorway. He was tall and wore—not black furs, but a coonskin coat—it was not her husband!

Her face paled in an instant and her slender figure trembled till she grasped at a chair for support. The man threw off a pair of foxskin mittens and with his freed hands started to unwind a heavy muffler from his face.

"Oh, it is you!" she said with a frightened gasp.

"Is he not home?" the man asked gruffly, sweeping an alert glance around him.

"No," she answered in a low, agitated voice.

"Tell me—tell me quick—what brought you here?"

"Nothing—" he replied with embarrassment, "only,—he left town before I did and the team were making good time

on the trail—sure they haven't come home?—I'll go down to the stable and see." He swung out of the door before she had time to speak, but she sprang after him, heedless of the angry gusts of snow that whirled in her face and round her thin clad figure.

"Eva," said Branthwaite, looking back, "You can't come out like that—you must not!" He half carried her back into the house where he helped her get into one of her husband's overcoats and procuring a lantern they started out again, beating their way with difficulty against the blizzard, stumbling through the deepening snowdrifts till they reached the shelter of the stable yard.

There, revealed in the light of the lantern, they saw the grey mare standing with her head sheltered from the wind. She had backed out of the traces and the box of the upturned sleigh lay smashed on the ground.

Useless it was to seek for her master in this swirling sea of inky blackness, there, or anywhere on the storm-tossed snows of the hungry prairie. Still brave men faced the blizzard and beat the trails that night in a vain hope that by the hundredth chance they might save a human life.

In the grey hours of dawn the storm abated. The sun rose with a cold, clear light and a stillness as of death rested on the white landscape. Somewhere, out on this white shrouded desert they found his body, calm, peaceful and handsome as when invested with life, though the spirit had withdrawn to its Immortal Source.

She surely could spare him for all he had been to her, one would think, yet today her mind bridged the years that lay dark in the background,—years that had murdered love, revealing harsh realities and falsehood. But she knelt by his side in an anguish of grief, thinking only of her wedding day and bearing the reckoning of his illspent life in her own forgiving heart. What though it was forced upon her that she had only seen the mirage of her own ideal in this man. There were the children to consider now, she thought. They, at least, should live only to think of their father with love and honour.

Branthwaite slunk away, trying to shut out this painful tableau. "Truly a woman's heart is an enigma. She did really love him—poor Eva!" he murmured.

A fortnight later he stood in the bare little sitting-room with a smile that was sadder than words as he tried to compare the poor apology for a home with what this gently nurtured woman had known in her girlhood.

"He has left you nothing but the land, and it is a poor quarter section. How about the wheat—it isn't all sold? Well, my men shall haul it in for you and that will help you through the winter." He looked at her as if hungering for the reward of a smile or a word of gratitude. But she lifted little Dora on her knee and hid her face in the child's yellow curls, making no response.

He took in the picture of her thus, in her neat black dress, with that wealth of fair hair that rested like a halo above her delicate features. How different and yet how like she was to the girl of his early dreams.

"That isn't providing for the future, Eva," he ventured with gentle suggestiveness in his low, earnest voice.

"I am going home to England," she said, simply, with her face still averted.

"Then there is nothing more I can do for you?" He started up with a sudden impatience.

"Oh, don't go!" She turned quickly, with a beseeching look, and he noticed that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I don't see that there is any use my

staying," he said, with assumed disinterest.

"Don't think me ungrateful, Arthur—you are the only friend I have. Only, for the children's sake I thought,—they might help me—at home."

"At home, Eva? Do we ever go back to find the old nest home? You have never been happy here,—have you?" he continued, without waiting for her reply.

"Don't ask me!—how could I be?" Her lips tightened and a rebellious spirit flashed in her large luminous eyes.

"I know what your life has been—but—under different circumstances—would you wish to stay?"

Her eyelids drooped and a wave of colour suffused her pale cheeks.

"Eva," he said, starting forward with a sudden impulse, "You understand me?—it rests with you."

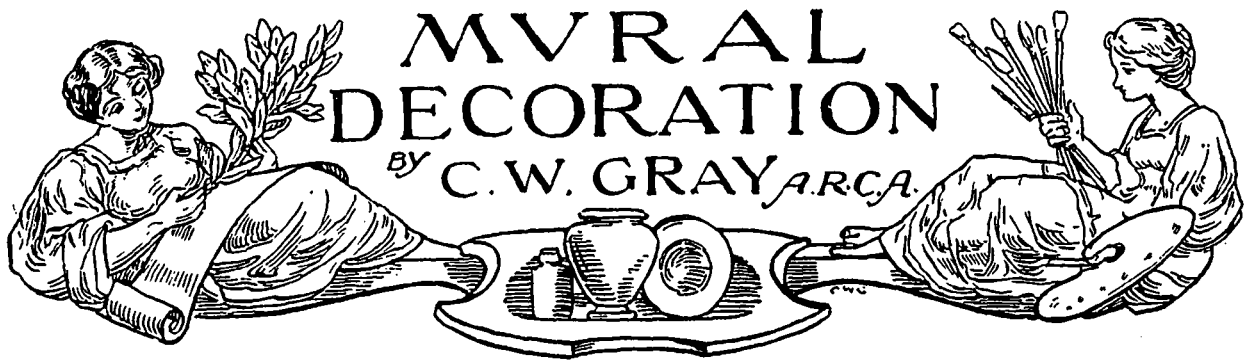
He took her silence for assent, and in an instant had thrown his arms about her and stooping over kissed her fair white forehead. For a moment her head fell forward and nestled on his deep, heaving chest.

In another instant she had thrust him aside. "No—no!" her voice trembled with emotion, "I am still his—for his children's sake—how could I forget after ten years?"

"I have waited those ten years. I have tried to thrust you out of my life and even fate was against it. Eva, be kind to me if not to yourself."

"Time brings its own reward," she answered, lifting her eyes to his with a world of meaning in her smile.





IN earlier ages the Fine Arts were more devoted to the public use than is the case at present. The Central government, the municipality, and above all, the Church, were quick to grasp the usefulness of graphic and plastic art in presenting to the people at large the ideas which authority found it important to diffuse. The result was that the best artists were constantly employed on important work of a public character and so were their fellow craftsmen—the architects, master masons, and sculptors. Every building, whether Greek Temple, or Roman Bath, or Tuscan Cathedral called forth and improved the finest minds in these callings, and so Mural Decoration had an important place in the eyes of the community. With the growth of Democracy there has been until recently little attempt to carry on the fine old traditions. The home has become of the first importance and there are few or no places of public resort in which the public takes a first class in-

terest. There is now, however, a tendency among large municipalities and mercantile bodies as well as churches, to demonstrate once more by the importance of their buildings and fineness of their decoration the leading ideas which dominate them and by which they wish to be recognized. Art used in this way cannot have the character of selfish luxury; and it distinctly gains in moral value when it appeals to the larger ideals which animate modern life.

The history of the Arts of Decoration is long, and it cannot be even touched on here. In every detail it can be read up in the Reference Library. The pursuit of it is one of the reasons for foreign travel. A single volume could not even briefly describe the wealth in Decoration which has within a few years been created in modern cities, much of which is worthy of careful consideration. In this class probably the French work comes first. In Paris especially the student will find much to admire in the



Opera House, the Pantheon, and the Sorbonne. The admiration of the French nation for their famous men, their love of music, and their recognition of law are all strikingly shown in these buildings by the magnificence of the design and decoration of the interiors.

In England the damp climate has prevented any development of the ancient fresco painting, but some fine work has lately been done in oil colour on the walls of the Royal Exchange, the Law Courts, and the Hall of the Skinners Company. This last is being decorated by W. Frank Brangwyn, one of the men who may be said to have rediscovered the Art. The

The States Capitols at St. Paul and other centres have good work and in New York the Appellate Court building has examples of leading American figure painters. The States have encouraged the Art, and in banks and homes of the East and Centre the work of the designer has attained a high level.

Canada can show the work of two Canadians, Mr. Reed and Mr. Challoner in the City Hall and King Edward Hotel, in Toronto, together with some lesser efforts. Many homes, too, can show painted or modelled friezes and ceilings above the panelled walls. This is a satisfactory method of treating a room, the



scenes taken from the history of medieval London are full of vigorous treatment and rich colours.

The United States has followed the prevailing idea of decorating secular rather than sacred edifices. Their best example so far, and one which will not be easily bettered, is the Public Library at Boston. The staircase panels by the late M. Pavis de Chavanues, the foremost French designer, and the rooms by Sargent and Abbey (both natives of the States) are of the finest character and are well known from reproductions, especially the former's frieze of prophets.

style being at once old fashioned and convenient, and the effect of dignity and stability of the exterior is better carried through the house by this than by any other treatment. In spite of the excellence of the best wall papers it is gratifying to see owners of houses going in for the old style of individual treatment and hand work.

Japanese taste has had a good influence on home decoration, especially in the direction of simplifying the general effect. Many of the larger hotels and restaurants show tea rooms in the native Jap style and party carried out by na-



tive artists. The tea room at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, is a fine example. One also finds in the United States numbers of fine examples of the Louis XVI. and similar French styles. These do not, in spite of their grace and light effect, find much favour in Canada. The difficulty partly being that furniture dress and decoration must all be thoroughly in harmony in order to get a pleasant *ensemble*.

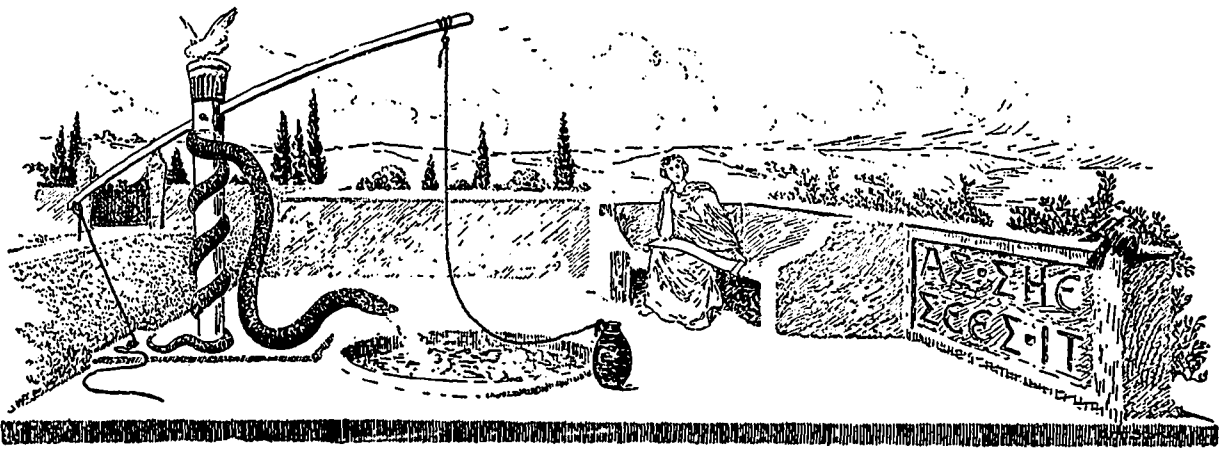
Interiors which require fine marble panelling and mosaics together with bronze fittings are more easily carried out in a practicable way. The free use which is sometimes made of imitation marble (*scaglioni*) does not commend itself to the writer. On the whole, however, we may be glad of the return to plain and useful materials which is a feature of modern domestic architecture and of the renaissance of those excellent styles in stained glass, tapestry and furniture first developed in the Middle Ages.

As the opportunities of Art study increase we should see at no distant date Mural Decoration of an excellent quality in all cities which, like Vancouver, possess large and well designed buildings.

We shall not, it is certain, soon rival the best days of Greece or the Italian Renaissance when even small places could boast of splendid buildings and interior work, but there is now an excellent prospect of fine work on the larger surfaces as there is in the lesser

artistic crafts. One form of Mural Decoration and the richest of all methods, that of tapestry hangings, was revived by William Morris, in England, and it is largely owing to his versatile and inventive mind that we enjoy the present revival of Art as applied to industry.

A few words as regards methods and technique. "Buon fresco," the art of working on the fresh wet plaster, is hardly practised at all though its place is partly taken by the "water-glass process" or by "spirit fresco." The canvas is usually fixed to the wall on woodwork or fastened firmly by a coat of white lead, after having been painted in the studio. In domestic work the wall is generally covered with a thin material pasted on the plaster. The finer class of decorative work never aims at naturalistic treatment, as any attempt at violent perspective or light and shade tends to destroy the calm, restful character and simple dignity. A broad or fine outline is generally employed to accentuate the drawing; and the arrangement of the planes of the figures and background is given equal attention with the colour arrangement. Lighter themes and smaller work often have the character of work found in the best illustrated books for children. A nice discrimination is necessary as regards matter to be put in or more often omitted. The colour, whether pale or deep, must be carefully harmonized with that in the architectural features.



The Morale of Clothes.

Madame d'Alberta.

“DRESS,” says Bob Acres, “does make a difference.” Carlyle points out the same grim fact in *Sartor Resartus*, when he declares that a naked House of Lords should inspire no awe.

There are a few peoples still in this Twentieth Century of grace who ignore dress, but these chiefly because of the torrid heat at the equator. The adult costume of the native of Hawaii was once described as “a smile, a malo, and a cutaneous eruption.” The children were clad in even less, or as Mark Twain has it, “in nothing but sunshine—a very neat-fitting and picturesque apparel.”

It is true, we are told, that “in the days of man’s innocency” (And pray when was that?) men wore no clothing, not even a coating of tatar or talcum, but in these latter days of chiffons, laces, and “full dress,” we feel, with Huckleberry Finn of affectionate memory, they were by no means “dressed fittin’.”

Yet in spite of our fondness for the ancient tale anent the hardiness of *Godiva*, and in face of the fact that *Hercules* was killed by a dress shirt, we feel ourselves safe in predicting that everywhere popular opinion is prejudiced in favour of clothes. Indeed, a philosopher has gone so far as to say “Society is founded on cloth.

Apart from the mere considerations of aetheticism and art, clothes may be said to have a purpose. They are of use for two reasons: Firstly, to keep the rain off, and secondly, to prevent automobiles from shying at us.

Next to a stout heart, nothing helps a man so much as clothes—I mean good clothes. They are not mere superficialities; but on the contrary a good paying investment. We assert this with assurance for the reason that not more than ten men will read your character from your face, for every five hundred who will decipher it from the cut of your coat or the tilt of your hat. This may be a doctrine of false worths, but “’Tis true, ’tis pity; and pity ’tis ’tis true.”

Thackeray said that to dress badly was to throw away so many points in the game. *Sterne* also held dress to be a valuable asset and claimed if you lived in a garret and dined on an onion you must not betray it in your clothes. *Goldsmith* declared that a well-attired man holds the passport to the highest grades of society. *Thoreau* had the same conviction, for “It is astonishing,” he writes, “how far a merely well-dressed, good-looking man may go without being challenged by a sentinel.” This, we may reason out, is because the well-attired man is supposed to be a gentleman just as a

man with cap and gown is supposed to be a student for it is now, as in Shakespeare's time, "The apparel oft proclaims the man." We do not mean to say that clothes make up the man, but when you come to think of it the only part of him not clothed are his hands and face—truly a small proportion of his area.

And as to this small remaining proportion it is highly important that it, too, should be well-groomed. Old "Gorgon" Graham in writing to his son Pierrepont, says, "Appearances are deceitful, I know, but so long as they are, there is nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us. I have seen a ten-cent shave get a thousand-dollar job."

The same idea is brought out in the incident reported from Moscow in the cowering cold of winter. One morning, a General presented himself before Napoleon in full-dress and freshly shaven. Seeing him thus attired, the Emperor said: "You are a brave man, my General." The man's clothes were the external wrappings showing him superior to defeat and demoralization—outward and visible signs, so to say, of an inward and spiritual grace.

The "Iron Duke" hit a nail squarely on the head when he remarked, "Dandies always fight well."

In Canada, this was exemplified by the first settlers at Quebec from whose ranks arose such heroic youths as Adam Dollard and such brave maidens as Madeleine de Vercheres. Although menaced on all sides landward by hordes of blood-thirsty savages and in constant dread of hostile fleets to seaward, it is recorded of them by an eye-witness that they paid great attention to their dress. This is the more remarkable when we remember they had to weave their own serges, linens, and buntings. A Swedish professor who visited Quebec in 1749 describes the women of that time as wearing "elaborate head-dresses, short skirts, high-heeled shoes, flirting their fans of turkey-feathers and trilling their light little songs of broken-hearts and lovers." It is true the Swede did not approve of these habiliments or doings and said it would require an earthquake to shock the settlers into "modesty of

attire," but there are some of us, in truth many of us, who applaud these braveries of our long-since dead-and-gone grandmothers. We have no doubt grandfather was properly diverted and beguiled by the gewgaws, by the whisper of the skirts, and general modishness of his spouse. It was all so very pretty and not in the least sinful. Of grandfather, himself, Charlevoix said, he "enjoys what he has and makes a show of what he has not."

And besides (put a pin in this Sir) the fact of dressing smartly and in gay clothes made their life and position more assured with the savage tribes of the Canadian forests.

It is a good move to look something very special when you have to deal with wholly untutored folk. This may be illustrated by an incident in the career of Lord Curzon. In his early travels he visited Afghanistan, which journey he made at the risk of his life and purse. To protect these he called to his aid an eminent military tailor who built him a uniform of scarlet and gold so dazzling that the Afghans could hardly bear to look at it. Thus bedizened, he passed through their country, not only unscathed but everywhere being revered as a tremendously superior person. It may thus be seen that while knowledge is power, dress runs it a close second.

But apart from the bearing a man's dress has on others, it has also a distinct effect on himself. The wearing of cap and bells would debase a bishop into a clown, just as the wearing of striped clothes turns prisoners into hardened criminals or lunatics.

A well-tailored suit with a correct tie and shoes inspires a man with confidence and rouses him to his responsibilities. We should have added a collar to this outfit because its absence will upset a man's poise as quickly and certainly as if he stepped on a banana peel. Besides, the mere absence of a collar will make a handsome, intellectual face look positively vulgar.

A man invariably changes his outlook with his clothes. This is the reason he is more religious on Sundays than on week-days. A dirty coat makes dirty

actions natural. A shabby suit makes a man shy of his fellows just as a Prince Albert coat and silk hat gives him a sense of superiority. They are to him as a sword and buckler. In this respect, men are very much like lettuce salads: their excellence is largely a matter of dressing. This is the reason tailoring may be described as one of the principle fine arts of the age.

In putting forth a plea for fine apparel, we must not be mistaken as advocating dandyism or a finical foppishness like that of Beau Nash, Beau Fielding, or Beau Brummell, although, in this connection, it is not to be forgotten that William III offered the honour of knighthood to Nash for no other reason than that the Beau was a well-disposed, handsome youth who dressed superbly. On the contrary, what we urge is the folly, from a business or social standpoint, of being slipshod and shabby in a world where four times a year even Nature puts on new clothes.

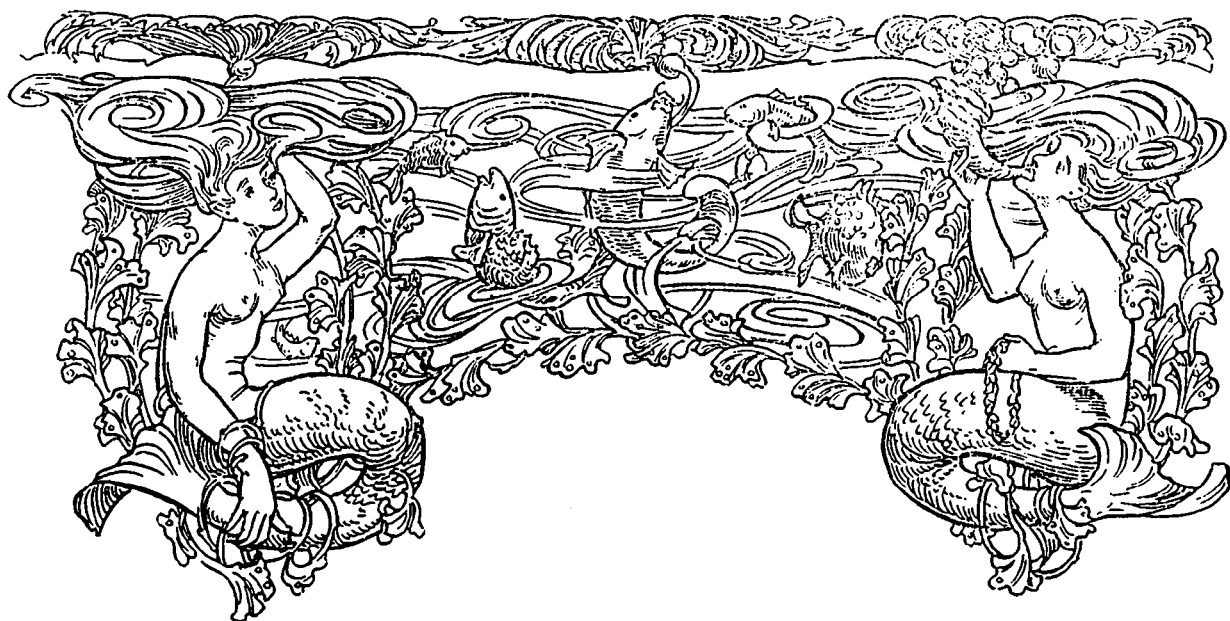
It is true many noted men wear clothes that are frayed, faded, and baggy; but this is because they feel their position sufficiently eminent to warrant their neglect of personal appearances. In other words, their contempt of the niceties of dress is, in reality, the outcome of pride, or what the Man on the Street would vulgarly but aptly designate as "swollen head." This is an old form of pride

—a pose practised years and years before the Christian era; for we read in Greek history that Socrates twitted Antisthenes, the leader of the school of cynics with it. "Antisthenes," he gibed, "I see thy vanity through the holes in thy coat."

It is reported of a certain enormously wealthy English Duke that his ragged clothes have placed him on a par with the needy knife-grinder whose would-be exploiter told him—"Torn is your coat, your hat has got a hole in it,—so have your breeches."

There are, of course, rare instances where devotion to old clothes arises out of a queer unexplainable twist in an otherwise well-balanced mentality. Such men must be circumvented by domestic strategy as was Dominie Sampson who, you will remember, was so cleverly re-clothed, piece by piece, that the process was wholly unnoticed and thus failed to elicit from the good old Dominie his usual puzzled ejaculation, "Prodigious!" These, however, are not men to imitate. Extremes of any kind are to be deprecated but, in dress, of the two extremes—rags and gorgeousness—we would rather emulate Beau Brummell's much caluminated butterfly for

"The butterfly was a gentleman
Which nobody can refute;
He left his lady-love at home,
And roamed in a velvet suit."





Yachts That Pass.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Yachts that pass in the bay,—and passing each other, hail,—
 How many reach port where sunbeams lie,—how many are swept by the gale?
 But ah! There is joy in the sailing craft, with spray dashing over her side,
 And the salt brine splashing each happy face as over the billows we glide.
 For our yacht is trig, and her skipper brave, keeps ever a watchful eye,—
 Guiding her out from the reefs and rocks, to isles where the sunbeams lie.
 Tossed like a shell on old ocean's breast, she glides o'er the waters blue,
 While waves throw spray on the sparkling prow, and her decks with their fair
 pearls strew.

Away, past the lights with their eyes shut close, and out past each fort so grim,
 She sails o'er the foaming white-capped waves, 'till the harbor-bar grows dim.
 With salt sea breezes fanning her sails, and ocean spray kissing her wings,
 She's as jolly and gay as a happy maid, that softly her love song, sings.
 Like a dove on the crest of the jewelled waves, with pinions of dazzling white,
 She smiles as the sirens weirdly croon—and the shore is lost to sight.
 But sunset painting the clouds of gold beyond the bar of foam,—
 Whispers the pilot to steer his craft, to the shores of home,—sweet home.
 Over the waters where beacon lights open their blinking eyes,
 Twinkling like stars, deep set at night, in the heart of the purpling skies,
 Back, past the forts, with shadowy forms outlined against the red,
 Where daylight softly closed her fan ere sunset's beams had fled.
 Then as the crimson petalled rose fades in the glimmering west,
 Our skiff folds soft her pure white wings, like a sea-bird, lulled to rest.
 We step ashore as the laughing moon, silvers the glittering spray,—
 With a farewell sigh for the maiden yacht, rocked on the restless bay.



Colombo, the Gateway of India.

Charles H. Gibbons

THE first glimpse one gets of India is at Colombo—although Ceylon is no more India than New Zealand is Australia. It is a marvellously beautiful city, although you are carefully and officially warned not to go near the native quarter or you may catch lots of things not on the bill-of-fare.

In many respects Colombo suggests Honolulu, only that it has in addition to the rare beauty of sea and sky and tumbling, white-crested surf and tropical foliage everywhere, the mysterious charm which Honolulu has not, and which is intangible and illusive, but an essential part of the magic of the old Orient.

Talk about the ancient castles and his-

toric landmarks of old England! There is a venerable cowshed or temple or something of the sort within half a mile from the big hotel at Colombo that has been just as it is now for something more than a thousand years. And the people carry you back quite that far, unconsciously. The whole kaleidoscope panorama makes one feel as if it were all a wonderful dream tinted with the bizarre riotous colours of a gorgeous sunset: when you start in to analyse it is doesn't seem strange or foreign or surprising either. Perhaps it was because I had been Kipling-saturated and he has caught the local colour and atmosphere of all India inimitably. Perhaps I lived there in some previous incarnation—you quite believe in all such theories when

you are in the land. But everything is just as one has imagined it would be without excepting anything in particular.

You don't land at a wharf in Colombo. The ship feels her way around a long breakwater on which the sea pounds white, with a boom to be heard for miles. Suddenly your craft stops out in the black velvet of the night and lets go her anchor chains with a running rattle while hundreds of fireflies that prove upon closer acquaintance to be small boats,

(it isn't Gally-fasse as one would think it should be pronounced, but just the plain common or garden Gall and Face) and a boat shoots from somewhere out of the middle-distance, and everyone shouts and jabbers and squeals simultaneously.

You get in the boat and the rowers lift it grandly through the water, in and around and among the twinkling harbor stars, and finally with a great fuss and a melo-dramatic finishing spurt they land



Temple Elephants After Their Bath.

tumble and crowd around her. Then the spectacled, skirted and severe customs, medical and other officials come aboard, and the bronze, almost naked porters, with the usual throng of petty traders of all nations swarm everywhere and the Tower of Babel gets its second innings. You anxiously sort out your luggage as it comes up in the slings from the yawning hatchways, or as you see it go by daintily poised on the head of some chocolate-colored male or female statue. The hotel commissionaire takes it in his charge and shouts into the promiscuous darkness for the boat for the Galle Face

you at the jetty. A dozen or so squabble for the honour of helping you step ashore and the rowers plead with iron lungs and camp-meeting earnestness for baksheish for their wild race of a mile or so. You give them largess to the equivalent of five cents to divide among the crew of six, and they forthwith decide that it is Rockefeller himself travelling incog. The coinage is Sinhalese and unlike any other in the Far East. One hundred cens make one rupee, and a rupee is thirty cents at the current exchange.

At the jetty there are scores waiting

for you to sell you anything they've got from lace to dancing girls, or to simply beg from you or to try and get a tip out of you by any old pretext. You have to shake them all off or lay a stick to them if they get too persistent, for if you gave anything to one of them all the others

I had become guilt-edged in bluffing. So I rushed the Eurasian Night Inspector and told him how important it was for me to get our stuff through at once without examination, as most of it had to go at once up to Government House. He salaamed till I was afraid he would



Artificial Lake at Kandy.

would be down on you like a flock of starving crows.

Getting through the crowd—bronze, sweating bodies; white, rolling eyes; pearly teeth; black hair, long and coarse and done up in a little bob behind; with usually just one little scrap of clothing, and that of the most vivid colour—you first catch the inevitable customs official.

get slivers in his face from the jetty floor.

“If the honourable Sahib would condescend to say how many pieces and how marked, the slaves would forthwith get them if they had to throw everybody else and their things over the side.”

It was something along this line that he handed me back, and so I gave him

the descriptive marks, number of packages, etc., including a big bundle of bill-board paper on which I should have paid full duty. The little Government House oration had a pull like an old-



Singhalese House.

style mustard plaster. Then as I saw a second-edition Sandow marching proudly up with about 300 lbs. of printing balanced neatly on his turban, and my work began to look awfully coarse in my own eyes, I got the customs man to one side and gave him a cigar while I told him confidentially how restfully it was to strike a place where the officials knew their business from the ground up. He swelled himself like a wise toad and amiably cursed the porters for not breaking the running records with my 300-lb. packs on their heads.

Just outside the jetty gates squatted a row of greasy money-changes—the same tribe of old Shylocks that Christ chased out of the Temple in the long ago. They are not allowed on the wharf either. They exchange any country's money for coin of Ceylon and only charge a penny for the accommodation, which isn't bad for Hebrew bankers.

Then you take a 'rickshaw, and twenty or more fellows spring from somewhere and run after you as you get in the over-brown baby carriage.

"May I not push behind, Master?—I am most strong, Master—We shall go like the west wind," etc.

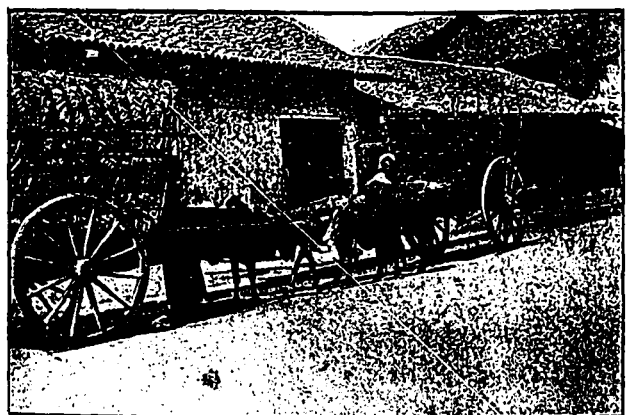
They are all so very anxious.

But you shake them all off as the coolie you are honouring with your patronage, gives a little grunt, settles himself in the shafts and goes off at an easy lope. I don't suppose it is more than six miles an hour, but it seems eight or nine. As your bronze-skinned trotting man-horse springs nimbly around a mudhole and ambles up the street, with the electric lights spluttering under the great over-arching tropical trees already dropping dew in great hot tears, a little lithe copper-colored boy with laughing eyes and teeth romps alongside.

"Penny for the pretty flowers," he cries, waving at you a handful of white and crimson and purple orchids. You pay no attention. He tries it three or four times. You sit stern silent and sour.

"Take the pretty flowers anyway," he finally shouts, "take them just for luck"—and he goes laughing back into the witchery of the velvet night, while you wonder if you haven't been too careful for once.

The 'rickshaw man-horse trots on, edging in and out—now to escape a muddy place or the next minute to avoid a homeward-plodding corporal's guard of work elephants tired out from a hard day of shifting big timbers at the docks—every few minutes making a swinging half-circle to pass a lumbering, thatch-roofed cart drawn by two patient,



Typical Street Scene.

plodding little Indian oxen scarcely bigger than Newfoundland dogs, a black or brown wild-eyed savage hunched up on the long tongue of the rude vehicle, poking persistently at first one and then the other of his team—past water buffa-

loes in harness, great clay-blue, wide-horned, monsters, or an occasional dockery, the blooded stock of the Sinhalese roads—past vivid and animated bazaars, business and pleasure just beginning for the night, and everyone out of doors—past grave bearded men of every shade of black or mahogany, garbed in every tone of pink, crimson, magenta, brilliant blues and greens, orange and purples, half-naked, skirted or quaintly uniformed—past innumerable recumbent forms in doorways or on the roadside—past an old, old Buddhist temple where the priests have watched and waited and studied and practised their philosophies of life, the door never closed nor the shrine deserted since long, long before Columbus fitted out his little fleet to probe the mystery of the western sea—past the great white clock tower and lighthouse, rising in the centre of the busiest street—through a short native alley where the porter and the carver of brass and the smith and the baker work primitively at their several trades as they and their fathers have for centuries unnumbered—cut along the great Marine Parade with its close-shaven lawn of three hundred acres, on the one side sloping to the thundering sea—then with a showy sprint up under the porte cochere of the "finest hotel in the East," where twenty or thirty jabbering servants fall over one another in welcoming you.

The rickshaw man works out that he has teamed you six miles and it has taken him a few minutes less than an hour. So he called it an even hour and taxes you 20 cens, a sum worth 12 cents of good American coin. When you give it to him in cash instead of suggesting a thirty-day note, he proceeds to do a little impromptu prayer stunt for the generous giver—which is you.

It's almost 9 o'clock and the dusky hotel clerk tells you dinner will be served almost at once—in your room if you wish or in the big dining hall until 11. It's the usual big dining hall with scores of fashionable women guests and their pied-raven companions, also with double scores of dark, silent waiters, each with his little kilt-like skirt flapping about bare brown legs, his oily black hair topped

with an almost circular tortoise-shell comb, for all the world like those mysterious little haloes wherewith the artists of other days facilitated the identification of the Saints.

Coffee and cigarettes are served on the Moorish verandahs, thirty feet wide. Then you go to bed if you're tired, and most travellers are. That is you start with no other intention than that of seeking the feathers. There is your nice big bed all ready for you, with its snowy sheets and two fat pillows, the bed all boxed in with netting like a little square tent. The legs of the bedstead have small inverted funnels on them, like anklets, a foot from the polished floor. That is so that no holidaying snake will get the chance of sharing the bed with a paying guest. You glance up at the wall and notice a nice little bright pink lizard some six inches long sprinting towards the ceiling after a bug or spider that looks good to him. They won't hurt you—the lizards—so it's all right and proper for them to have the run of the place and make your walls their hunting preserve. They are even encouraged and subsidized, for they keep bugdom from the dangers of congested population.

There is no bedclothing other than the sheets you sleep on. More is never needed, for Ceylon is much hotter than India even, being more neighbourly with the equator. It was only 108 during the wintry day I was there—and that during a pouring equatorial rainstorm. But they say it does get really warm in the summer.

After you get into your pyjamas you turn out the light and sit by the big open window and listen to the chatter of the monkeys and the flying foxes somewhere up in the quivering palm tops, and look lazily at the twinkling rickshaw lights as they come and go jiggering up the road and down. You listen to the dolorous sighs of a complaining camel out in the background of the damp, sticky night, and the hi-yi of the rickshaw-man and the creaking of an old ox cart—while lights twinkle from shadowy, fantastic houses and gleam from roadside forges, and over the sleeping



Bullock Hackery.

town the long white arm of the revolving searchlight swings ceaselessly.

And then the constant pounding of the surf sends you to sleep and you manage to snooze somehow through the stuffy, sticky, sweltering night. You must sleep, for you dream, and the dreams are all topsy-turvy and fantastic in their admixture of the grave old East and the young and frivolous West—the dim ages of the past and the chattering of today.

Then you begin half-consciously to wonder what makes it rain so tremendously hard and so steadily, until by and by you remember that it is the pounding of the sea just outside your window, and you get up and look out in the first light of the dawn.

The line of waiting 'rickshaws is still there. And there is a little huddled heap under or close to each. That is the patient man-horse waiting to awaken upon the instant and run miles with you for his penny fare. There are hundreds of other little huddled heaps over on the great lawn—along the walls—in the doorways—everywhere.

Then comes a long procession of rush-hooded carts drawn by quaint, patient, little oxen with their funny hump just back of the neck, as though meant by nature for the fitting of the yoke—and their wild drivers squatting on the

tongue. A philosophical camel comes ambling silently, its long neck swaying from side to side, chewing, chewing, chewing the cud of reflection—a few early work elephants lumbering along; the big white arm of light still swinging round and round over the silent city, completing its nightly vigil in the grey of the dawn—a cool, refreshing breeze; the twitter of early birds and the raucous protest of an ancient crow—and then, suddenly, it is full morning and the teeming world is wide awake.

You step out of your room. By almost every door the servant of some guest is still curled up on his mat like a faithful dog. Other dusky, silent-footed shapes flit spectre-like along the dim corridors to take up their work in the distant kitchens. You cross to the bathrooms and take a plunge—for the bathrooms here open into a swimming pool 60 yards long and 20 in width, forming the central court of the servants' quarter. Then you dress and again look from the window while breakfast receives attention. No one breakfasts in the big room.

The promenade of the day has begun. Little ox-carts of every kind pass to and fro—carriages with tiny ponies shining like satin—'rickshaws—ayahs and babies—servants airing straining dogs in leash—more babies in 'rickshaws, their moth-

ers beside them on bicycles—cantering couples on horseback—a troupe of native cavalry with their crimson turbans and lances, pennon-decked clattering across the plain—and everywhere the bright mosaic of humanity taking closer pattern

and yet more brilliant, every-changing colour.

In these hot centuries it is in the early morning that all the world takes the air.

And that is Colombo—the gateway of India—as it looks in the first night and morning through traveller's spectacles.

The Way Out.

J. H. Grant

THE Auctioneer poised his hammer for the last item on his long list of "Sheriff Sales."

"Three hundred and fifty, I am offered for this fine team of black geldings, no my friend you'll have to hit higher than that.

Three hundred and seventy-five? Who'll make it four hundred? Four hundred, do I hear? Four hundred I am offered. Going—going—gone—at four hundred."

The hammer descended with a sharp tap and the purchaser, a big man with a heavy black beard and a coonskin overcoat, stepped up to pay his money. Nelson Findlay, the former owner, stood a moment critically regarding the stranger, then, casting a last fond look upon the beloved horses, he thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pockets and strode dejectedly away. His shack stood five miles across the snow-covered prairie and thitherward he plodded. A keen breeze blew, and the loose snow sifted and sank in various eddying forms upon the broad plain.

When the young farmer reached home, his sister, Gertrude, the sole companion of his prairie home, opened the door and greeted him in silence. There was no need for her to ask questions. She knew how he felt. She had seen the bailiff come that morning and lead away the team behind his cutter. Nelson had gone with the officer in hopes of making some new arrangement with the mortgage company. He had just come back alone

and on foot, and she knew he had failed.

"Well Gert, they're gone," said Nelson, after he had eaten scantily of the dainty meal placed before him. "I guess we'll miss poor old Dick and Jim on the seeder next spring. I don't see what I am going to do. I hung around the sale thinking that some of the neighbours might possibly buy them; then that I'd maybe have a chance to buy them back; but some stranger got them. He looked as though he might be from the lumber camps in Riding Mountain. So I guess its good-bye to the faithful old fellows."

Tears were in the eyes of the young farmer as he concluded. For the six years, that he had lived on the homestead in Lonehill district, his team had been his pride and standby, and he loved them as comrades.

Gertrude put away the supper things and washed the few dishes, then, pulling her chair close to her brother, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Never mind Nelse," she said soothingly. "It was not your fault that this happened. When you gave that mortgage, who could have known that the hail was coming to destroy our crop? There will be some way out. There always is, if we but do our part and wait, yes, w-a-i-t," she repeated slowly and sighed.

"Do you know," she began again in a low, earnest voice, "I was dreaming about Frank last night."

"Who?" demanded the brother, his eyes opening wide and his face betray-

ing a sudden revulsion. "I thought girl, that you promised never to mention his name in my presence."

"Yes Nelse," she said timidly, and with pleading in her voice, "but that was so long ago, and this was only a dream, you know."

"Go on then," said the brother reluctantly, his face softening again as he looked into the sad depths of the sister's eyes.

"I dreamed that he had not forgotten me at all, but was working hard all this time away on a lone creek and that he came here and——."

Nelson didn't speak, but his eyes wandered almost unconsciously toward the old shot-gun which hung above the door? His sister caught his glance and read its significance. She ceased speaking and rising abruptly busied herself about some trifling household duties; presently she turned her pale face toward him and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Good-night Nelse," she said, don't worry." As Nelson heard her steal up the narrow stair to her lonely bed, his conscience troubled him.

"I was cruel," he muttered, "but she will keep thinking of that fellow. It's just four years today since he left and never a scratch has he written. 'Gone to the dogs with drink and cards,' so that young renegade from the Klondyke told me in the hotel the other day. Poor child, I dare not tell her that, but I wish she knew. And the whole thing has been my fault. I brought her away out to this lonely place to keep house for me, then I hired that 'Smart Alec.' I might have guessed the result. Curse him," he ejaculated, then with a gesture of impatience he thrust the unsavory subject from his mind.

Long he sat gazing through the window into the night where the frost particles glimmered in the white light, and the smoke from the projecting stovepipe cast a long wavering shadow across the ghostly plain. Two hundred acres of crop to put in and only two horses to do it with, was a problem indeed. He turned over plan after plan, but none seemed to prove satisfactory. The fire burned low; the frost crept gradually

over the window pane and the roof wires, which supported the extension of stovepipe, hummed wierdly as they contracted in the chill night wind. Cold and weary he rose to seek his bed. But something akin to remorse troubled his big heart. He climbed the ladder and tapped gently upon the home-made door of his sister's bedroom.

"You needn't get up early to get breakfast, Gert," he began, "I don't think I'll go to the bush tomorrow. Heilo," he exclaimed, as he saw that she had not gone to bed but was still sitting in a chair, her elbows resting on her knees and her chin on her hands. "Why in the world, aren't you in your bed, my girl? You'll get your death of cold sitting here."

"I didn't feel sleepy," she answered, "and I was just thinking of how very good you had been to me since—since—these last four years," she faltered, "and ——."

"Tut child, you do too much thinking. Forget it. We'll manage somehow," said Nelson, trying to be gay.

"Listen," said Gertrude suddenly.

There was a cringing of footsteps in the frosty snow and a moment later a loud knock at the door.

"Come in man; this is rather a late hour to be wandering about the prairies," said Nelson as he threw open the door and proceeded to poke up the fire.

A tall, broad shouldered man, stepped in without a word.

"Take off your coat, you're not going farther tonight," said the farmer, his voice and manner betraying the true spirit of hospitality.

His guest walked leisurely across the floor and taking a chair before the fire began to pull the icicles from his beard. He did not remove his coat and he left the fur collar bound tightly about his ears.

"I cannot stay tonight, thank you," he began presently, in a deep voice as he looked into the fire. "I must get back to town. You see its this way, I bought a team at the sale today and I took them down to Atkinson's livery stable. Some fellow told me that he thought you were going to be rather short of horse power

this spring and might like to buy them back."

Nelson could hardly contain himself.

"I'll give you my note at eight per cent. and fifty dollars on your bargain," he said, breathlessly.

"As things stand," continued the stranger, as though there had been no interruption, "I haven't much use for the horses myself. I've made a little money lately and I bought them on 'speck.' If you want the team now, just draw out the form for a note there; I'm not much with the pen myself."

In a moment Nelson, fairly consumed with joy, seated at the table was fumbling in a box for paper and pen.

"What's the name please? To whom shall I make this note payable?"

"Never mind about the extra fifty; eight per cent. is good enough for me."

"Heavens man! You're too good: this is like a dream. To whom shall I make this note payable? Tell me, quick!" said Nelson in a frenzy of excitement.

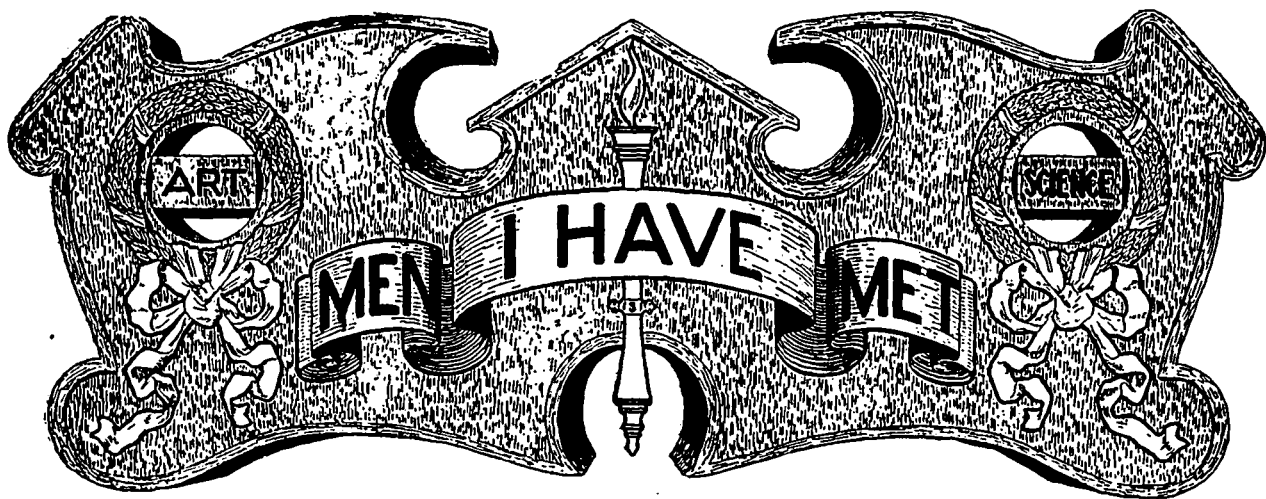
"Make it payable to——let me see, I hadn't thought of that." There was a twinkle in the big man's brown eyes but it was hidden behind his fur collar——
"Make it payable——O, pshaw! don't make it at all."

Nelson stared in blank amazement, as the man suddenly leaped from his chair, threw back his collar and slipped out of his coat. At that moment Gertrude's pale face appeared at the bottom of the stairs. She was trembling so that she could scarcely stand.

"Frank," she sobbed, "I knew you'd come."

"Gertrude," murmured the guest, as he clasped her in his arms.





B. T. A. Bell

William Blakemore.

OUTSIDE a certain circle, and that not a very large one, the name of B. T. A. Bell is hardly known, but when the roll is called of those who have contributed to the upbuilding of this great Dominion, it will be found high on the list. His best work resembled that of the little creature which was selected to be the emblem of the Society which he founded, as it has come to be recognized as the national emblem of Canadian industry.

In some respects he worked as industriously, as unobtrusively and as thoroughly as the beaver, for he laid the foundations not only of the Canadian Mining Institute, which today embraces every mining district, and every mining man of note; but he did better, he laid the foundations of a true and just conception of our mineral resources, and of the method in which they should be handled.

His brilliant career was cut short even before he had attained the prime of life, but not before he had begun to reap the fruit of his labours, and to realize that in connection with mining matters, and especially in the control of the Mining Institute, and the leading of public opinion in mining matters, his influence was paramount.

The four years which have elapsed since his untimely end have only served to accentuate the value of his services and the extent to which he had endeared himself to all who knew him. As the Canadian Mining Institute meets in session year by year, there is always a silent toast to the missing one and abundant evidence that his memory will be green for many years to come.

B. T. A. Bell was the son of an Edinburgh physician, and nephew of the eminent Dr. Joseph Bell, so well known throughout medical circles in the Old Country. His dower seems to have been a fine physique, a splendid education and an inherent tendency to travel. He found his way to Canada, entered the services of the C.P.R., and occupied a good position in the Company's offices at Winnipeg. One day he was hailed by half a dozen old friends, still very young men, who formed a contingent on their way to Eyypt. He went to the train to see them off, sent word to his superior officer that he had gone to Egypt, and that was the last of service for the C.P.R. He fought in the Soudan, distinguishing himself and securing a medal.

At the close of the war he found his way back to Canada, and very soon took hold of the Canadian Mining Review,

which had just been given a start, and had practically no circulation and no distinction. Realizing the mining possibilities of the country he threw his whole energy into the work, and just what splendid and redoubtable energy he had only those well acquainted with him knew.

In a few years the Review had made its mark, the result of intelligent editing, of fearless and outspoken criticism of wild cat schemes and the judicious backing of responsible ventures. No sooner had Bell got the Review fairly on its legs than he began to cast about for a permanent clientele, and within a short time had been instrumental in establishing Mining Associations in Nova Scotia and Quebec, as also a small but select Club at Black Lake, which was called the Asbestos Club.

It was at the latter in 1893 that I first met B. T. A. Bell, having just completed an inspection of the mines of the Black Lake and Thetford Districts. In those days Asbestos was worth money, and the mines had had one or two very profitable years. The Club was flourishing and the few congenial spirits who constituted it formed a coterie of wits which it would be hard to match in the Dominion.

From the first I was impressed with two characteristics of Bell—his brilliance and his inherent kindness. He had splendid gifts and over-powering

magnetism. The latter enabled him to invariably overcome opposition, and in later years I have seen him in the midst of stormy scenes at the Institute, when before the meeting a large majority of the members had vowed to turn him down, simply overwhelm the opposition by personal influence and emerge more firmly entrenched than ever in the confidence of his fellows.

From 1893 until the time of his death he was my most intimate and loyal friend. Only once did we have a disagreement, and it was fierce while it lasted, but ended as it was bound to do in a closer friendship than ever. There were few months during all these years that I was not a contributor to his Review, and the last letter I ever received from him was like many others which had reached me, an urgent request for "copy," as he was so pressed with business that he could not "fill up" that month.

It would take a long article to recite the number of worthless schemes which B. T. A. Bell denounced in the columns of the Canadian Mining Review. His trenchant pen mercilessly exposed everything which would not bear investigation, and it was done with an insight and an honesty of purpose which gained him the respect of thousands whom he never met. He has in Canadian Journalism today no successor, for unfortunately the Review passed out of the



control of his executors, and under its new title the Canadian Mining Journal possesses none of the distinction and none of the weight which characterized the old paper. People read the Review almost entirely for the editorial. Mining news is disseminated chiefly through the daily newspapers, and the uppermost thought in the readers of the Review was not what was going on in the Mining world, but "what does Bell say?"

It is a remarkable testimony to the ability and judgment of its editor that the Canadian Mining Review during nearly twenty years' publication, never once had to take back a criticism. Bell invariably made sure of his ground before commencing an attack, after that it was always a case of "a fight to a finish" and no surrender. He lived to see his feeble beginnings of organization among mining men develop into a Federated Institute, which today numbers 700 mem-

bers, and is recognized as the only authority in connection with the industry. He infused into it his own spirit of energy, enterprise and bright optimism.

His twenty years faithful work could be represented by no fitter monument than this Institute, and his successors could find no greater stimulus than to study its history. His mistakes were few, and they have long ago been forgotten.

When the Canadian Mining Institute acquires permanent headquarters there is no doubt that the members will desire to erect some fitting memorial to remind the Mining men of the future of the man who first appreciated the possibilities of their industry in Canada, and laid the foundations broad and deep for its upbuilding and for the development of an organization to which the destinies of the industry are confided.

A \$50,000 Laugh.

Billee Glynn

IT might have been a spectacle in some ancient horseplay—a buffoon-like mingling of the tragic and the comic.

In the bed lay the lean figure, half apparent through the bedclothes drooping from the drawn-up knees; the face middle-aged, mustachioed, and cadaverous, turned outward—the blank expression of death growing in its look of disgust. Around the bed, to all appearances—five idiots, and each in the height of a lunatic outburst, loaded with gesticulation and interspersed with spasms of loud laughter which shook the room.

On the right hand, reading jokes out of a comic paper, and slapping his knee at the end of each one with a hoarse guffaw, while he nodded his head wildly at the sick man, was a gawkish, untailored youth with yellow, fuzzled hair and a big mouth. Next him and somewhat behind—in order to gain sufficient room

for his exertions—a slim young man with a slimmer dark mustach and snub nose was contorting himself into a dance that might have been fathered by an Irish clog and step-mothered by a Little Egypt,—flourishing at the same time the skirts of his dress coat in a manner to show that he was not born for dresses. In the centre a long-legged individual with red hair and a face to match was making squirmy attempts to stand on his head, ending invariably in failure when his spindle shanks would come down like ninepins on those about him, with a particular penchant, it seemed, for mingling themselves with the gyrations of his right-hand neighbour. The other two members of this strange group were arranged at the foot of the bed; one, a little wizened man with a huge nose, singing a comic song in a voice fit to break a heart; his fellow, of studentish

appearance, and monocled in proper London style, tearing out a soul-straining pitch an over-squeaky imitation of a "Punch and Judy" show.

For downright clownery—exaggerated by its wanton respectability—the scene was hard to beat, and for pandemonium it was Gehenna itself. A demon, if demons do die, might have revelled in such an exit, but the mortal with the gray mask of death settling over his face was clearly far from approbation. He gazed from one to the other, his eyes filled with a growing distaste, a deeper loathing,—then in an instant, with a suddenness that was startling in the extreme, he burst into a great fit of hollow laughter, kicked out his legs spasmodically, and fell back on his pillow a corpse.

This action was the signal to those around for an immediate cessation of their parts; and they drew together in the centre of the room a bolus of argument and incoherence, in which only was articulate the constantly repeated assertion, "I did it; I tell you I did it!"—or words to that effect,—uttered by the five different voices at first simultaneously, then flung in strident tones at intervals high above the jumble of contention.

While matters were still in this heyday of bewrangement a stately, white-haired man entered the room followed by an old negro woman, evidently a person of the house. He stood for an instant in speechless wonder at the scene before him, then turned to his companion with a look of inquiry.

"De massa's kin," she explained; "looks like they'd gone crazy. Oh, de massa, doctor, look at de massa, de massa's dead."

She burst into a low wail of grief and, wringing her hands, followed the doctor to the bedside. He placed his hand over the heart of the limp figure, but withdrew it in an instant with a conclusive shake of his head; whereupon the old negro woman burst into deeper strains of woe that threatened to drown even the babel still in progress in the centre of the room. The doctor quieted and sent her away with a word, then stepping quickly over clutched the monocled indi-

vidual by the arm and turning him about addressed him sharply.

"When did he die?" he asked, pointing to the bed, "and what in the name of Heaven is all this about?"

"When did he die!" reiterated the other blankly, putting up a hand to his eyeglass, "When did he die!" Then in a precipitate relapse to the argumentative madness from which he had been disturbed, he brought one palm down on the other with sudden fury in the doctor's face. "I tell you it was me did it," he shouted, totally oblivious of grammatical shortcomings, "—me, me, me!—and no one else! You can tell Benton that."

But the attention of the others had now been attracted, and immediately four other fists menacingly shook in the doctor's face, and four other voices gave utterance to the same emphatic statement in terms so similar as to scarcely vary by a word. "It was me, me only, and no one else—you can tell Benton that," they dinned at him, drowning utterly all his attempts at questioning, till at last thinking their lunacy hopeless he backed away and ran for the door.

Just outside of it he rushed into the arms of Benton, the lawyer.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a relieved sigh, and drawing back, he pointed from their concealment to the strange scene within. "Can you explain that Benton?—what on earth do they mean? I was here only once before and then saw Hogarth alone; but Rachel tells me they're his kin. If so they're as mad as March hares apparently, and the only thing you can get out of them is: "It was me—it was me—tell Benton. It would seem that it is the dead man to whom they refer."

"Hogarth dead!" ejaculated Benton. "Why I fancied he was much better yesterday; he made this appointment with me today."

"Dead anyway! Some one called me up on the phone half an hour ago and I came direct." Then clutching the lawyer's arm awesomely—"you don't suppose it could be a case requiring a post-mortem—poisoning for instance! The circumstances to say the least—"

But the lawyer interrupted him. "No, no, Hart," he put in, "these men are all relations and prospective heirs of Hogarth, and I think I have an inkling now as to what this strange comedy means. Can you tell me if Hogarth laughed before he died?"

"Laughed!—a dying man laugh! Benton, you're as crazy as the rest of them. I'll leave this place before I become infected myself.

"Crazy—not a bit of it! Wait till I tell you the conditions of Hogarth's will. He left all his estate—worth some fifty thousand dollars—to the person who before his death would give him one good, hearty laugh. Think of it—a fifty thousand dollar laugh! Since a certain woman went back on him six months ago he has never even smiled, and in my opinion has been a little out of his head, this being the reason for his eccentric bequest. With my permission, however, this condition to the inheritance was kept a secret within the family circle, thus doing away with outside contestants who would doubtless have been numberless; and these young men here represent the different branches of the family. Now I hope you understand?"

"It hardly explains that"—pointing within.

"Certainly. Finding that Hogarth was dying, and having been unsuccessful in their former attempts, it is probable that they individually brought all their efforts to bear to find his humour spot, and having done so are now contesting as to whom the achievement and legacy belongs.

"Hem! so that's it," satirised the doctor. "Well, I leave you to the rabble; I see they've caught sight of you."

It was true. The red-haired individual, the rest of the bunch at his heels, was already lighting the doorway. The next moment Benton was dragged forcibly inside, and in the midst of a jargon fit to deafen him was endeavouring to make himself heard.

"Well, he said, some ten minutes later, having heard all their stories, "there's nothing for it that I can see but divide the property equally among you. You were all pretty humorous, it seems, but

which one affected Hogarth most is impossible for me to say. Perhaps he laughed at the lot of you. What do you say, gentlemen, to an equal division?"

"Equal division, be hanged!" interjected the monocled young gentleman. I tell you it was a particular squeak of my Judy that tickled him. I'll not take a cent less than the fifty thousand."

"Come down to earth, you're night-walking," said the yellow-haired unsartorial youth, "it was my joke about the burnt pancakes did it."

"Burnt rot!" exclaimed the little, big-nosed individual; "you might have burnt them to a cinder and never touched his funny-bone. It was my "Sally, your eyes are navy blue," did the trick. That song would make a dog laugh if he was born lock-jawed."

Then followed in simultaneous haste the clogger and he of the red hair, each with his refutation and personal claim.

Benton attempted to argue with them but finding it useless sank on the edge of the bed frowning and utterly non-plussed.

"Well," he said at length, "if you will not agree on an equal division there is only one way out of it that I can see. I will put myself in Hogarth's place and as far as possible in his character, and then judge from your respective parts which one of you is entitled to the inheritance. What do you say to that?"

This plan was unanimously agreed upon, and five minutes later, the corpse having been taken from the bed, the lawyer undressed and in a night-dress—to make the conditions as similar as possible—was ensconced in its place, listening with much the same look of disgust as the face of the dying man had worn to the babel that reigned about him. The joker joked, the clogger clogged, the singer sung, Punch and Judy squeaked itself out of voice, and the long legs of the red-haired man beat the air like flails—but all to no effect. Benton's face still retained undisturbed its bored look,—an expression which increased with the fury of the scene, as the performers in desperation waxed more strenuous in their endeavours. It would seem that his humour spot was even harder to find than

Hogarth's. But all at once with a sharp abruptness similar to that of the former case he suddenly burst into a loud, hysterical laugh, drew up his legs, flung them out again, and leaped from the bed.

Immediately the five prospective heirs made a dash for him, eager in their inquiries, but he shook them off.

"Wait," he said; and turning he drew the clothes from the foot of the bed.

What was it?—Diminutive, tousled, black, with flashing eyes and white teeth, it shot out and by them, while one and all they started back aghast; then suddenly it ran into the old negro woman entering the doorway, who with an exclamation of surprise picked it up in her arms, giving the open-mouthed group by the bedside time for identification.

"Julus Larsy," se ejaculated, "whar on earth has yo' abeen? I'se been a-lookin' for yo' for six hours, yo' bad chile."

The dwarfed negro boy nestled in her arms. "Ticklin' massa's feet," he made reply.

"Ticklin' massa's feet," she reiterated, holding him from her. "Yo young spalpeen, I'll skin yo' hide for you'. Didn' yo' know de massa's?—Oh, yo' young spalpeen!"

"Wanted ter make massa laugh—wanted der coin for whistle," moaned the boy.

"What coin is yo' a-talkin' about? Don' yo' lie to me yo' young spalpeen—thar just take that"—and she brought her hand down with force.

But Benton, who had by this time recovered himself, approached and laid a hand on her arm.

"Don't," he said, "the boy has just won for you your master's estate worth fifty thousand dollars."

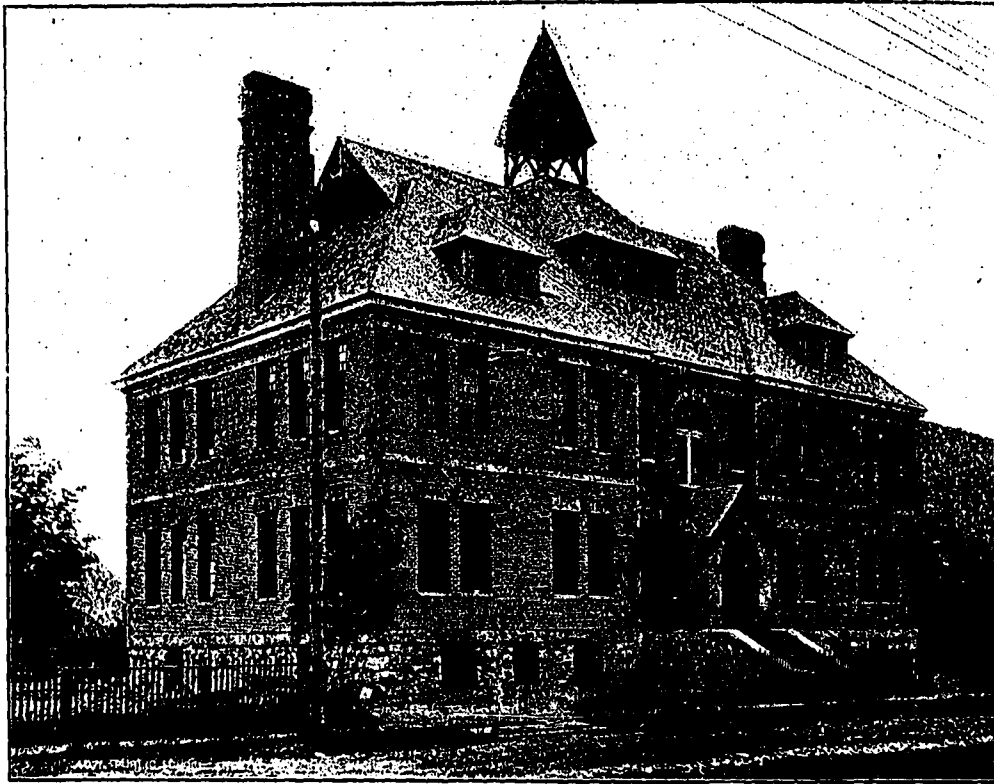
And he explained the conditions of the will, which the boy admitted having heard by way of a keyhole.

Revelstoke, B. C.

H. Cunningham Morris.

FEW if any of the thousand and one travellers of almost every nationality that pass over the great C. P. R. transcontinental highway of Canada, cannot but take special notice of the chief stopping place on the route of the Pacific Division, Revelstoke—the very name denotes something impressive and immediately creates interest. Many are the curious eyes turned from car windows to the stately setting of snow-capped peaks and close study is invariably given to time-tables and guide-books wherein are concisely set down the credentials of the chief cities on the line of the C.P.R. A city can be made by artificial means, as money, but if its claims to notice be natural advantages, the making, if not easier or quicker—to what cannot money do—is leastwise healthier and surer. Faith born of knowledge, with indomitable

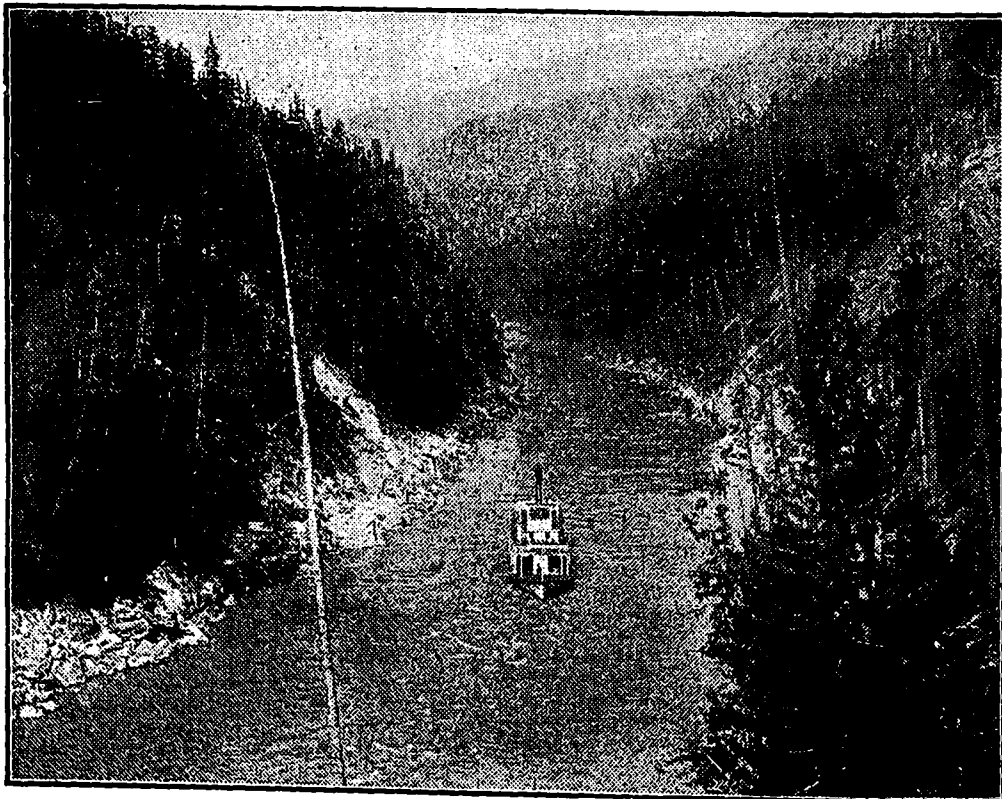
courage and perseverance to give it effect, arouses pride, spirit and zeal, all of which after, of necessity bearing fruit, must seek investment with profit. Persistency must win and as it is with man so with a town in the making. Revelstoke in construction days was but a mere collection of tents and huts, and her first inhabitants, imbued with that indomitable courage, with the full hope and intuition that the little village would be the metropolis of the Kootenays in the future, persevered in their efforts to establish a town which is today the undoubted centre of the Kootenay trade and commerce of the Interior. Situated midway between prairie and Pacific, between mountain ranges and wondrous beauty and resource; upon the banks of the Columbia River, crossed by the C. P. R. main line, at its point of junction with the southern or interior branch sys-



Revelstoke Public School.

tem: upon the finest waterway and in the centre of one, if not the best, timber belts in B.C.; at the base and headquarters of the rich Big Bend, in a country unsurpassed for scenic and sporting attractions; in a magnificent valley well watered and rich in alluvial soil two miles wide and spread out on a level low pla-

teau amidst surrounding hills of superb grandeur. Revelstoke's advantages are all of a character to encourage growth and give every promise of permanency. The city of today is the result of a steady, slow but sure growth; there has been no retrograde movement, and as years rolled on a city evolved out of the tents and



SS. Revelstoke Passing Through Columbia River Canyon, Revelstoke, B.C.

What This Bottle Will Do.

Here's a new thing—a wonderful thing—the invention of a German scientist—a bottle that keeps any liquid *boiling hot without heat, or ice cold without ice.*—

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No chemicals—no acids—nothing but one glass bottle inside of another with a space between from which all the air has been removed, forming a vacuum. All you do is simply pour in your coffee, or milk, or soup, or any other liquid as hot or as cold as you want it and the Thermos Bottle will keep it *hot for 24 hours or cold for 72 hours.*

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huts, pushing its head high up above the many obstacles that lay in its path. And all this is as it should be, and why? Because the pioneers of the early days knew that a city located where Revelstoke is must of necessity develop and expand by reason of her unsurpassable geographical

vicinity is a profitable and valuable industry and after repeated encouragement, they have got down to the consciousness of what marvellous possibilities the soil has in raising fruit, vegetables and produce of all kinds. The valley comprising thousands of acres of



Illecillewaet Canyon, near Revelstoke, B.C.

position, which gives to her the command as it were, of the commerce of the interior. No one thing can be said to have made Revelstoke what she is; her many extensive and valuable resources of which nature has given her an abundance all bring up her value. It is but recently that her people have awakened to the knowledge that fruit growing in the

rich soil is capable of producing the finest fruit in B. C., and this is actually taking place; and where a few years ago were ugly blackened stumps and rank underbrush, are now orchards in their strongest youth, worth thousands of dollars even today. Agriculture is the coming industry, and here is where Revelstoke has marked an epoch in her history.

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Whether They Buy
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(Successor to Will Marsden)

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Vancouver, B. C.

No finer fruit can be grown than at the very threshold of the city, as can be readily proven by the splendid display of fruit at the last Dominion Fair at Calgary, and also at the recent Fair held in the city. Moreover, the fruit business of B. C. as a whole is handled from Revelstoke as the distributing centre which is an important factor.

Turning to the lumber industry, it is safe to say that outside of the coast there is not in B. C. such an extensive, excellent and wholly accessible belt of timber of every kind as that tributary to Revelstoke and this advantage is accentuated by the cheap, easy, and safe system of driving and handling, to excellent mill sites afforded by the great waterway of the Columbia river. Investors have turned greedy eyes in this direction and timber berths were soon eagerly acquired, rich, valuable areas whose lumber is some of the finest on the continent. Here is an industry which is yearly expanding and the expanse means the enrichment of the city. A careful analysis of the entire situation only seems to emphasise the statement that the lumber trade is one of the great expansions upon which Revelstoke can confidently count to materially increase its prosperity and assist its upbuilding.

Another great asset to the district are the almost unlimited mineral deposits in close proximity to the city awaiting the arrival of capital to develop the same. Here is where, perhaps, lie the greatest possibilities of Revelstoke: Mining must have money, transportation and treatment and there as yet have not been supplied by capital in anything like a just proportion to their possibilities in the Revelstoke district. Insufficient means have been adapted to demonstrate abroad what mineral areas exist here. The field for the capitalist and investor is practically unlimited, and when these mineral deposits have got their due, mining must, from its richness of resource and valuable variety, be another of Revelstoke's greatest aids to progress. Capital is gradually finding its way here and if properly handled will lead to results beyond all contemplation. From a scenic point of view Revelstoke can compare with any other point on the continent, for situated

in the heart of the Selkirk ranges, it is only natural that she should attract the great tourist army, who annually seek the glories of scenery, sport and adventure. Pen or pencil fails to express the inspiring and imposing grandeur of the surrounding scenery. Giant peak, capped with glittering snow, and robed in green, towering up thousands of feet, rise on all sides. Superb lakes among the clouds, glacier primatic in the sun, gloomy canyons, and yawning gorges where rivers rush majestically, all cannot but impress the stranger as he gazes on the sublime beauties of the scene. Revelstoke in the centre of countless beautiful scenic trips, when wonders await the tourist at every turn. Nature's vast storehouse of superb attractions in a variety of forms. All these can be seen and visited easily from a comfortable headquarters. The Revelstoke scenery is grand, its sporting attractions are equally so—for its game is in keeping with and worthy of it. Game of every description can be secured and hunting in all its forms can be indulged in from a quiet fishing excursion up a mountain stream, to the more strenuous sport amid forest and crag. Hunters from all parts of the globe have scoured the woods, valleys and mountain slopes and not one has returned empty handed. As a city of commercial and industrial possibilities Revelstoke has excellent credentials. Municipal improvements are being rapidly installed; the facilities for industry and business in all its branches are unlimited, and every encouragement is held out to settler, resident, investor and business man alike. The city is rapidly increasing and that increase has been without boom or frenzied rush, but solid and secure. Civic affairs are in no danger of being neglected. Business is flourishing and railroading keeps the commerce moving. Backed by such natural resources as have been mentioned, and aided by such centrality of situation which brings her into immediate, close and profitable touch with the whole of the Dominion and sustained by such developing industries, and populated by such progressive people, it is only to be expected that the



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VANCOUVER, B.C.



general growth of Revelstoke should encourage us to keep up with like progress in the future. Revelstoke citizens have to fear for the future of their home. With the advent of new banking institutions and the probability of the Great West Bank giving extra transportation and development facilities in

the near future, the outlook is exceedingly bright. We are young, growing, prosperous, healthy, peaceful and blessed abundantly by nature and prodigal of store, and we wish submit our credentials to all who desire an ideal home as well as a profitable one.



Golden, a prosperous town situated on the Columbia River and on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is in the central part of the Northeast Kootenay district. The site is admirable from every standpoint. Here the Hinklinghorse and the Columbia Rivers unite. Thus the merchants of the town are in a position to furnish supplies to the settlers along the main Columbia valley. They have numerous routes with Windermere, Spillimacheen, Ashcroft and other points, by boat and stage, which will shortly be supplanted by a railway. It is one of the best agricultural regions in the Province. While dealing with the farming possibilities of the Columbia valley it would be misleading if it were not explained that there is a considerable area which must be subjected to irrigation before the best results can be obtained therefrom. A large portion of the land is owned by the C.P.R. and it is the intention of the company, with its usual enterprise to thoroughly irrigate it. A comprehensive scheme involving

a large expenditure is under consideration. From all accounts it is the same in principal at least, as that which has been so successfully carried out by the same corporation in connection with Alberta lands in the vicinity of Calgary.

It has great mineral resources undeveloped, but heretofore special attention has been given agriculture. It would not do to leave the impression that it is altogether upon this that those living in the district base their hope of future prosperity. Although other sections of British Columbia have developed more rapidly along this line it is not because Northeast Kootenay does not possess valuable mining properties. It would be no exaggeration to say that the mountains are dotted with claims many of which are so promising that there is little doubt of their proving a financial success.

The country also has a source of illimitable wealth in its timber. For many years past there has been in operation a large mill situated within half a mile of Golden. This business was established by "Mike" Carlin, who has some-

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The flavour that is better than maple. Why “MAPLEINE?” Simply because syrup made with “MAPLEINE” is very delicious. It is not sticky, or sickening like most syrups. Simply granulated sugar dissolved in water and flavoured with “MAPLEINE.” Let us send you our booklet or a 2-ounce bottle of “MAPLEINE” (50 cents prepaid). The bottle will make two gallons of syrup and the booklet tells you how to make many toothsome dishes in the nature of cakes, candies, icings, fudges, ices, etc.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SEATTLE, WASH.



times been called the “Lumber King of British Columbia.” He started the enterprise when times were bad, when there was a depression from one end of Canada to the other. His indomitable spirit and untiring perseverance, combined with his business acumen, carried him through that trying period. When things began to pick up the wave of prosperity which has been sweeping from east to west carried him on its crest, until now he is the possessor of no inconsiderable fortune.

The Columbia River Lumber Company is not the only institution of its kind in Northeast Kootenay. There is another at Palliser which, though scarcely having the daily capacity of the former, is still an industry of considerable magnitude and also The Golden Sash & Door Factory.

The rush for the timber limits of British Columbia on the part of British and American capitalists is more or less a matter of history. But it has been more marked in Northeast Kootenay, according to official record, than in any other

section of the Province. As a result a large proportion of the best timber has been taken up, but it would be difficult under any circumstances for the immense area which is embraced by Northeast Kootenay to be covered thoroughly in one of two years. The district is perhaps more desirable than other parts of British Columbia for the capitalists wishing to invest in the lumber industry, owing to its proximity to the prairies. As the new provinces of the Middle West become settled, it is a foregone conclusion that large quantities of this commodity will be required for the construction of new cities. Northeast Kootenay, being closest to the market, would come in for the largest portion of the business at the outset. Hence it is the opinion of those who have the reputation of being far-sighted that many fortunes will be made in this way within the next ten or fifteen years.

In making a trip through the district, a stranger should not omit to take the river steamer from Golden to the headquarters of the Columbia. A prettier

scenic journey would be hard to find anywhere. One who recently took this in, set down the impressions received thus: "On the one side we could see the Kootenay River winding along the valley like a marvelous green ribbon; on the other the faraway peaks and glaciers of those splendid mountains, finer even than the Rockies—the Selkirks—a noble background to the smiling Columbia Valley, which spread out like a map, every slough and backwater clearly shown to all appearance at our feet." Nowhere in British Columbia or, in fact, in the Dominion of Canada, can the disciple of Isaac Walton, or the devotee of the gun, obtain the satisfaction his sporting instincts demand that is to be secured on the plains or in the mountains of North-east Kootenay. The lakes, the streams and the rivers abound with beautiful trout. A rod and line, a few flies, and very little skill, is all that is necessary to land a basket of this much-coveted fish. Though possessing all the wily

and fighting characteristics peculiar to the trout, the fact that those to be found in these places have had so little experience with the wiles of the sportsman lends them comparatively easy prey. They rise eagerly, but once hooked give the man in control of the rod just as fine fun in the bagging as the most fastidious could desire. In size they are not diminutive. Of course, they vary in weight, but it is not unusual for a person to go out for a day and return with several specimens tipping the scales at from five to six pounds. In this connection it might be well for the benefit of those who may be inclined to visit this piscatorial Elysium to mention a few of the resorts most frequented. Within a few miles of Donald, a station situated on the main line of the C. P. R. some distance south of Golden, is a string of small lakes at which admirable sport may be obtained at any time of the year. To one who may wish to devote more time to such an outing, Lake Winder-



On the Upper Columbia River.

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mere would be an advisable objective point. Then there is Canyon Creek, while Fish Lake, a short distance from Spillimachene, has a reputation of being well worthy of the name it bears. It would be impossible to continue to enumerate, but suffice it to say that the fishermen enterprising enough to come to Northeast Kootenay are assured of an outing the results of which would well repay the time and trouble. To the votary of Nimrod's pastime, Northeast Kootenay is a veritable paradise. Big game of all kinds is to be found in large quantities. Among the Rocky Mountains are sheep, goat, elk, moose, deer, bear (both black and grizzly), wolves, mink and, in fact, anything in that line which may be fancied. At Golden, and all points throughout the Columbia Valley, are men who make it their business to guide visiting sportsmen to the haunts of these denizens of the forest. Every year Northeast Kootenay is the objective point of large numbers of enthusiastic hunters. Their numbers have been steadily increasing, and although none

have gone away disappointed there yet remains sufficient game to satisfy the desire of those who may be inclined to indulge in such sport in years to come. A certain portion of the Kootenay district has been set aside as a National Park. Within the confines of that region no shooting is permitted. This affords ample protection and there is no indication of a depletion in the district's stock of big game.

There are many beauty spots in the Kootenay which would well repay the tourist the possible inconvenience of a visit. One of these is the Kicking Horse canyon. A trip to this western portal of the Rockies, which was with such difficulty and under such unusual circumstances discovered, should not be omitted. No one can see to the full extent its overpowering grandeur while on the train. A walk through it will alone reveal its beauties and awe-inspiring environments. Here two great pyramidal wails rear themselves a thousand feet in height, scarred and seamed with the battling elements of two thousand centuries,

down which at intervals detached rocks thunder like the crash of artillery. Far up on a lofty cliff a fortress seems to loom, on whose watch-towers keen-eyed eagles have perched their eyries, and from which ever and anon one rises as a scout, flying in graceful curves, and with sweep of eye reconnoitres. Down this vast chasm go the railway and river together, the former crossing from side to side to the ledges cut out of the solid rock, twisting and turning in every direction, and every minute or two plunging through projecting angles of rock which seem to close the way. With towering cliffs almost shutting out the sunlight, with the roar of the river and the train—increased an hundred-fold by the echoing walls—it seems as though the very earth, slashed with sword and quivering and shrieking with pain, was exposing gaping wounds to the ages.

With its agricultural, its mineral, its timber and other natural resources, Northeast Kootenay requires only capital to make it one of the most productive, one of the most prosperous districts

of British Columbia. Its attractions to the sportsman and its attractions to the tourist, by reason of its magnificent scenery, will afford it additional stimulus in the advancement it is expected to make during the forthcoming decade.

THE FRASER VALLEY.

The proper preparation and use of booklets is becoming more and more recognized as an important part of any broadly conceived and well administered advertising campaign. Whether it be selling real estate, pianos, automobiles or stump extractors the booklet, attractively illustrated and containing sufficient interesting reading matter to explain the merits of the article advertised, performs a work which nothing else can do with equal success.

One of the most notable examples that has come under our notice for sometime is a ninety-six page book just issued for free distribution by F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., entitled "The Fraser Valley." The book is profusely illustrated having in

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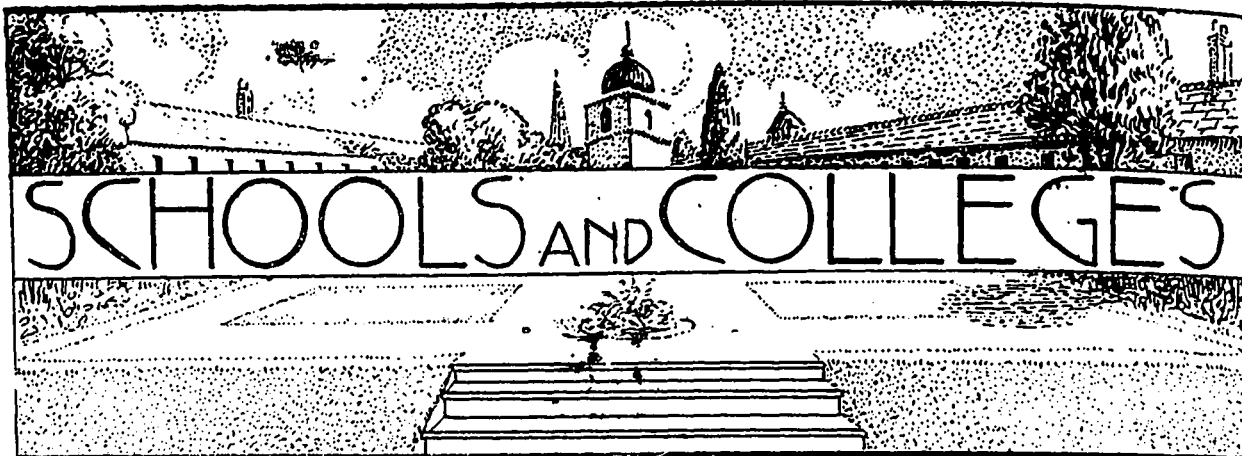
all sixty engravings. The letter press deals principally with the soil, climate and products of the evergreen Fraser Valley. The information set forth is intended as a reliable guide to intending settlers and covers such subjects as Transportation, Telephones, Roads, Schools, Dairying, Fruit Growing and Water Supply, as well as giving an official record of the prices obtained for farm products on Westminster market during 1907.

The cities of New Westminster and Vancouver are carefully dealt with while

Chilliwack comes in for a goodly share of attention.

The cover sets forth the products of the valley in a four-colour lithographed effect. The illustrations cover a wide range of subjects and manifest good judgment in selection.

Altogether it is one of the best books dealing with farming and fruit growing that has been issued in the Province. F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd. have offices in Vancouver, New Westminster and Chilliwack and are fruit and farm land specialists.



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We wish you to see a new electrically sensitized hearing device called the Electrophone, that instantly causes even the deafest people to hear clearly.



The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the Electrophone is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing.

Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or private.

This scientific electrical sound conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear

"Electrophone" in use. drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well as ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the Electrophone attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment, and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial eardrums, trumpets, etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. Come and test the Electrophone Free. We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an Electrophone exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the Electrophone.

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SEPTEMBER NUMBER

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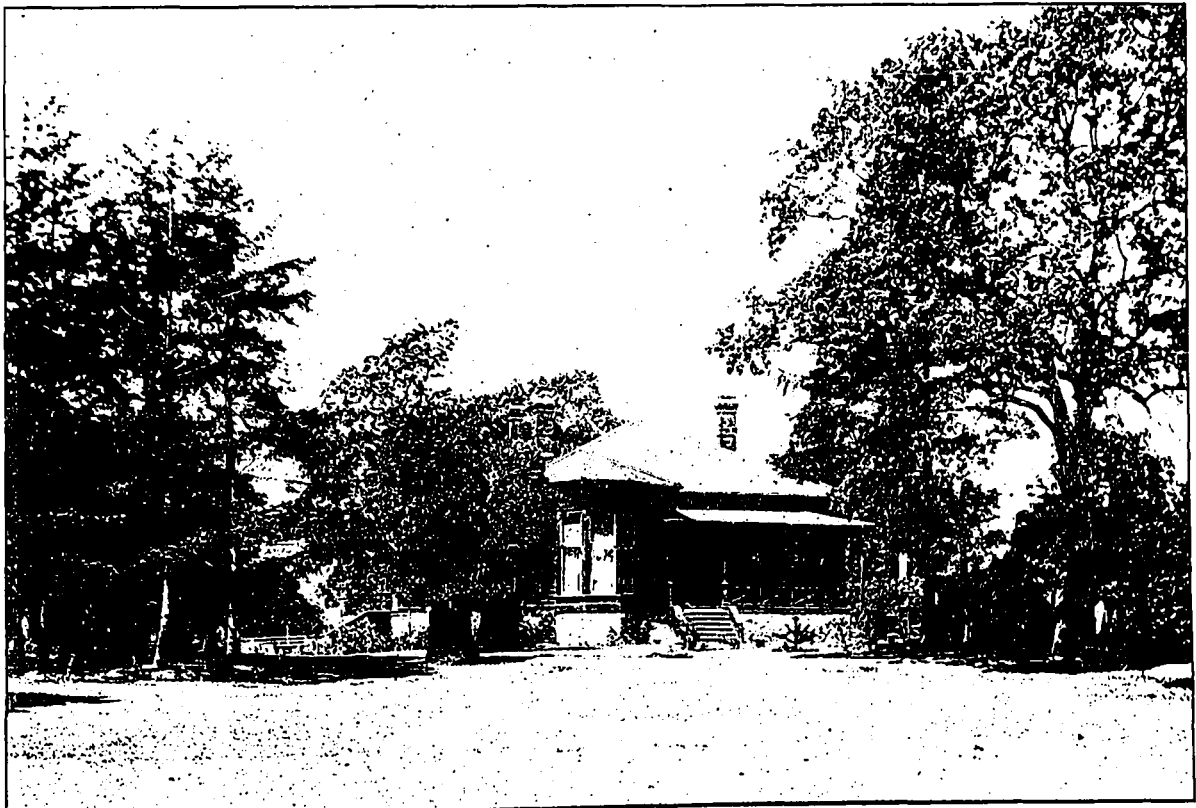
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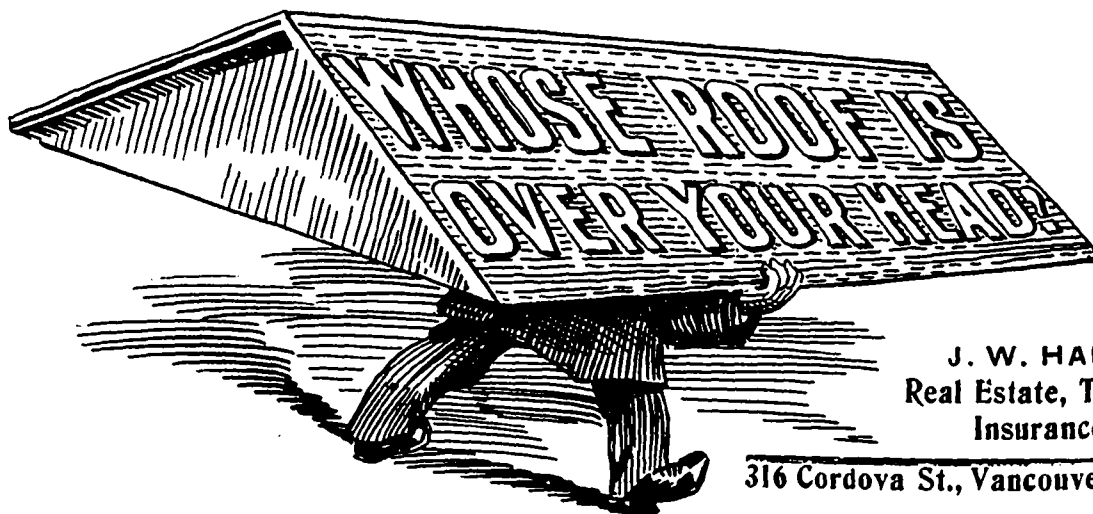
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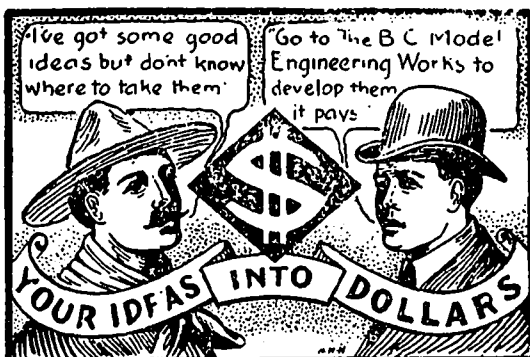
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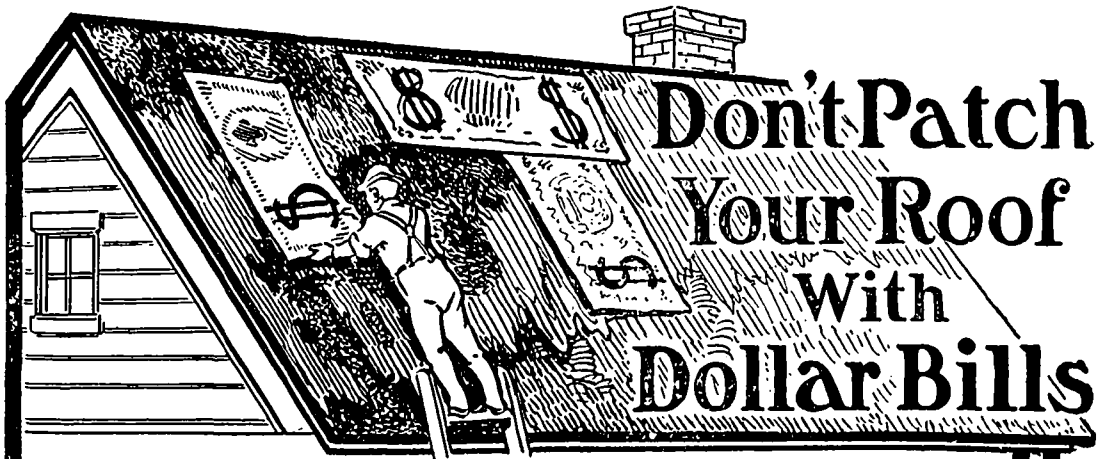
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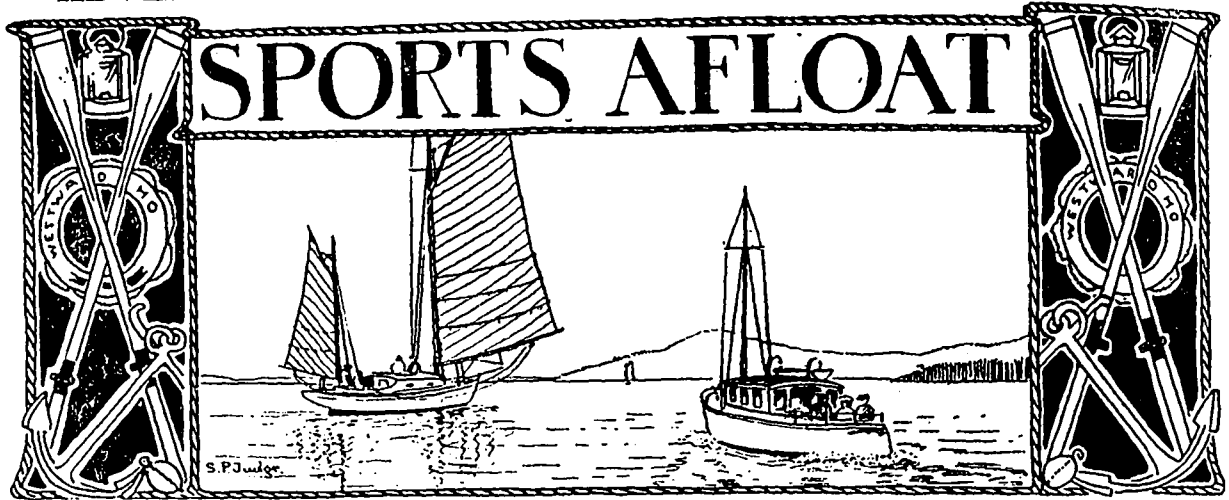
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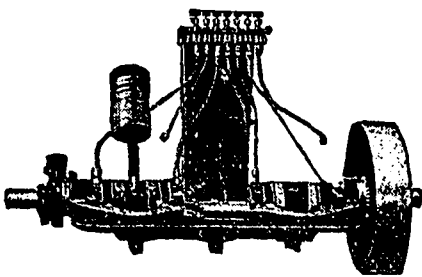
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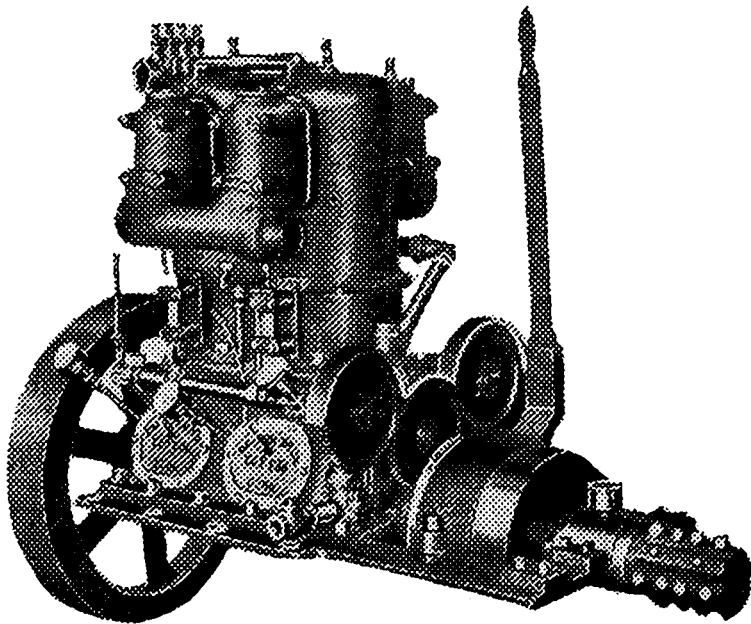
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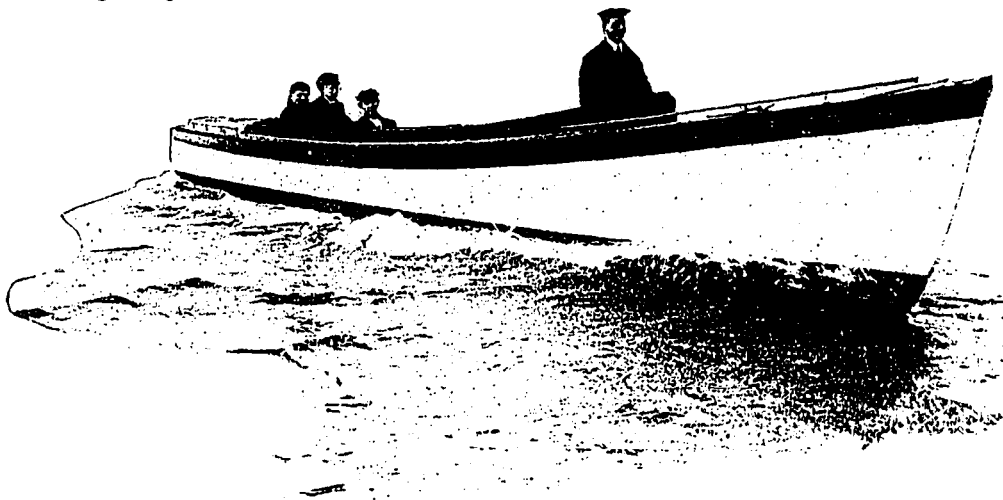
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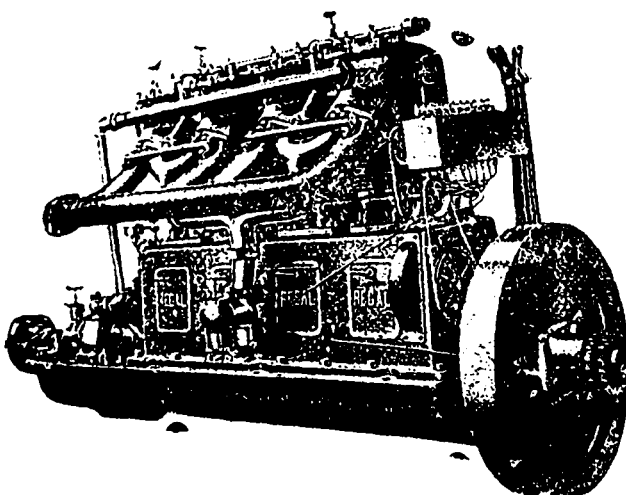
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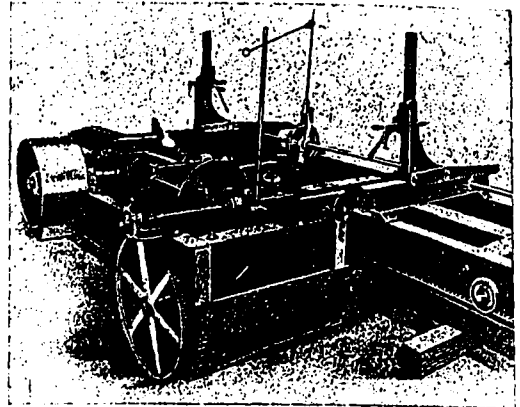
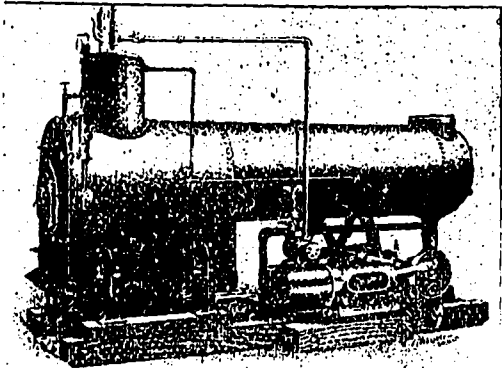
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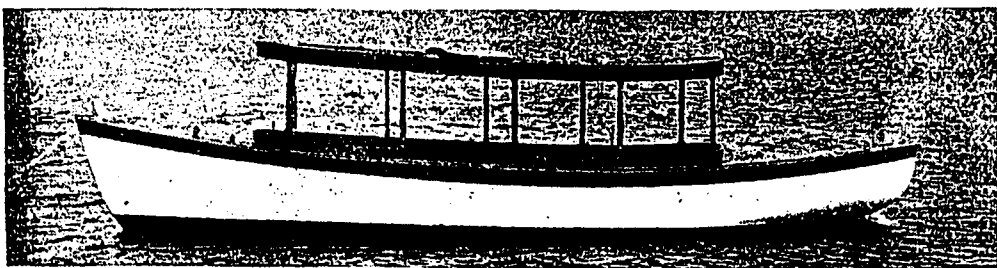
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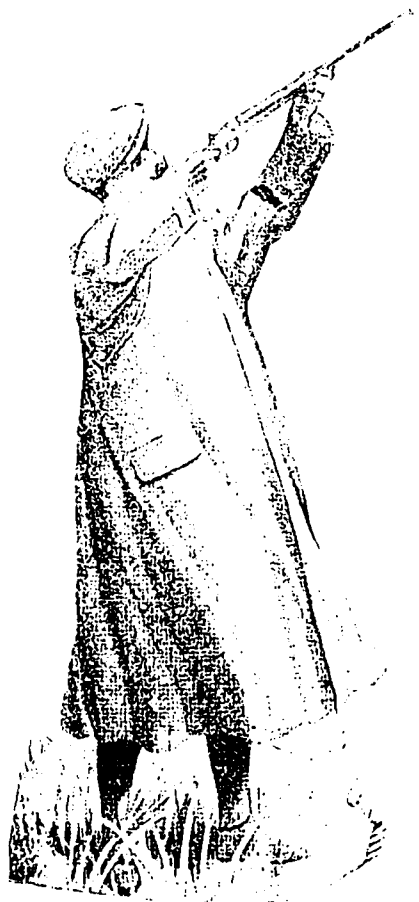
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