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15 CENTS

MAN TO MAN

THE
LEADING MONTHLY
OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Official Reception H.M.C.S. "Rainbow"

Esquimalt, Canada's New Naval Base

British Columbia's National Park

**Profusely Illustrated*

Bright Story of New Westminster

Edison Players in the West

Fruit Growing Reminiscences

By R. E. Gosnell

The Building of the Road

A Poem by Ernest McGaffey

NOVEMBER

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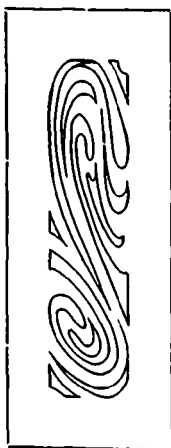
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MAN TO MAN

AN INDEX TO OPPORTUNITY

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

① FIRST impressions are LASTING impressions. When you meet strangers, they judge you by APPEARANCES. They don't know what you are MENTALLY, but they can SEE what you are OUTWARDLY. They judge by CLOTHES and BEARING. If you're WELL DRESSED, you're bearing will UNCONSCIOUSLY correspond. If you're not, you'll feel AWKWARD. Think of the well-dressed men you know. What kind of shoes do THEY wear? Are they cheap shoes which break down at the arch, lose their shape and SHOW THEIR COST? NOT MUCH. Your well-groomed man KNOWS BETTER than to SPOIL HIS APPEARANCE with shapeless shoes. He buys a shapely shoe. He gets one that is SMART, CHIC, SNAPPY. To do this he buys a LECKIE. He knows from his own and other people's experience that the LECKIE is SOLID MONEY VALUE. He KNOWS he isn't paying for a NAME ONLY. He knows that QUALITY backs the NAME. He has tried them and he KNOWS. When he wants a street boot, he says to the clerk "LECKIE"; when it's for evening wear, he says "LECKIE." It makes no difference what he wants footwear for. He KNOWS the LECKIE is THE SHOE THAT IS BOUND TO SATISFY. He knows the LECKIE is made of THE BEST, and THE BEST is THE CHEAPEST in the long run. These things he KNOWS. He uses his knowledge, saves money, and ELIMINATES one of his troubles—HIS SHOE BOTHER. When he walks down the street, his feet are COMFORTABLE. The LECKIE has no seams to chafe the flesh. The LECKIE workmanship is PERFECT and the LECKIE FIT is likewise.

① The man who KNOWS wins his goal BECAUSE he KNOWS HOW. Know about the LECKIE and you'll FORGET FOOT TROUBLES.

ALWAYS ASK FOR LECKIE SHOES—ALL DEALERS

On Beacon Hill

By ALBERT D. WATSON, M. D.

The western fires are fading to their embers,
The purples change to grey;
As summers fade into the bleak Novembers,
So dies the light of day.

This evening yon Olympic rifts are covered
With snow-lines, just the same
As when the white drifts on the highlands hovered
Before Vancouver came.

For ages ere Britannia's sons and daughters
First reached this pleasant land,
All down the long, tremendous years the waters
Were breaking on the strand.

Nor are those wasted years; they are mute pages
On which we trace God's thought;
He hath His purpose through unmeasured ages
Which yet shall be out-wrought.

O wide Dominion! wrapt in sapphire setting
Of hill, and sky, and sea;
Arise and scorn the lust of money-getting;
The future pleads with thee.

God watcheth o'er thee, tireless and unsleeping,
With wealth and power to bless,
If thou wilt walk before Him, faithful keeping,
In paths of righteousness.

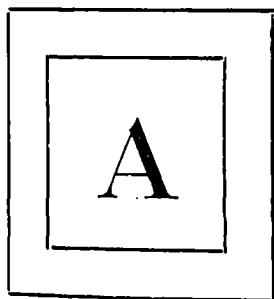


ONE OF THE MANY FALLS OF MYRA RIVER

NOVEMBER, 1910

A New British Columbia Playground

By C. H. Gibbons



NEW national play and pleasure ground, comprising approximately three hundred square miles of the wildest and most majestic mountain, lake and river scenery

in America, has just been set apart for the use and benefit of future generations by the Government of British Columbia, in what is to be known as the Provincial National Park, in the heart of the Vancouver Island Alps. The park surrounds Buttle's lake, named for its discoverer, a California prospector of very early days, who was one of the first to penetrate the interior of Vancouver Island; and constitutes a veritable wonderland of mountain peaks and glaciers, tumultuous waterfalls, gem-like lakes and sombre forests.

It has never been explored until the just past summer, when Hon. Price Ellison, then minister of public lands, in person headed a party to penetrate its fastnesses, and incidentally to conquer hoary-headed Crown mountain, the monarch of the Island Alps. The party was a remarkable one, in that it included the daughter of the Minister, Miss

Myra King Ellison, who, although but seventeen years of age and girlishly slight, succeeded in keeping pace with the hardest frontiersman of the expedition, and insisted upon carrying her own fifty-pound pack during the whole ascent of Crown mountain, which it was her proud privilege to christen in foaming wine as "Ellison Peak." Myra lake, river and falls, discovered in the course of the expedition's researches, are named in honor of this dauntless little lady, the first of her sex to have invaded the maze of mountains found in the Vancouver Island interior.

The special report of the expedition was laid before the government of British Columbia by Hon. Mr. Ellison just prior to his departure for England, where he is now visiting, it being his first return to his native land since he left it thirty-five years ago, determined to build up a fortune in this new world. In this ambition he has succeeded as well as he has in local politics, being rated today among British Columbia's millionaires and the proprietor of one of the largest and finest farming estates in western Canada. Retiring from the administration of the Department of Public Works, he became Minister of Finance and Agriculture



HON. PRICE ELLISON AND MYRA KING ELLISON CHRISTENING VANCOUVER ISLAND'S HIGHEST PEAK

for the Province only a few weeks ago.

At the meeting of Parliament in January provision will be made for the construction of roads and trails into the new Provincial Park, while Canadian Northern surveyors are now investigating the possibility of carrying the railway to the new wonderland in the immediate future.

The investigations made by Hon. Mr. Ellison and his assistants have disclosed many new and interesting facts in connection with the little known Vancouver Island Alps, one of which is that there exist, in all probability, other and higher peaks than Crown mountain, in the vicinity of the Provincial National Park, to tempt the skill, the daring and endurance of new generations of mountaineers; while another is that the park boundaries extend for fully seven miles further northerly than had been previously supposed. The park is described by Colonel W. J. H. Holmes, P. L. S., who made a careful triangulation survey of Buttle's lake and the surrounding areas, as "situated in the shape of a right-angled triangle with its northwesterly apex some

few miles to the south of the 50th parallel, and about 26 miles from the east coast of the island. It then follows the boundary line of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway reserve for about 44 miles southeasterly, thence turning due west until met by a perpendicular dropped from the northwestern apex. This enclosed area contains between 270 and 300 square miles of mountains, glaciers, lakes and rivers. Buttle's lake itself is eighteen and a half miles in length, and (at a maximum) one mile wide, the shores and hillsides covered with fir and cedar, gradually giving place to steeply pointed masses of rock towering to heights of from 4,000 to 8,000 feet, covered on their northern faces with perpetual snows. To the east of the lake the Albert Edward and Alexandra ranges dominate the scene."

"The view from Crown mountain," says Hon. Mr. Ellison's report, "is a glorious one of the Victoria peaks, dominating all the surrounding country. One of these, King George peak, rises for 5,000 feet with sheer walls on all sides, and the whole leaning over to the north at a surprising



GLACIER BIRTHPLACE OF PRICE RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA PARK

angle. To the north, almost beneath, fed by the living snows of Crown mountain, is an unfathomable emerald-green lake entirely shut in on three sides by the horse-shoe conformation of Crown mountain, this lake being the source of the Adams river, which winds away to the north through a deeply-indented forest landscape, until it disappears behind a long range of mountains in the middle distance. In the far distance, crowning this range, appear the snow-covered mountains of the mainland, between Knight and Bute inlet. To the east, through a gap between Myra and Flanagan mountains, a long valley opens out, containing lower Campbell lake and the seaboard around Cape Mudge. To the south the eye meets a never-ending succession of peaks and glaciers stretching to the horizon.

There can be no doubt, in the opinion of H. Mr. Ellison and the professional members of the party, that Mount Flanagan has heretofore been mistaken for Crown mountain; also that the maximum altitude of the Vancouver Island Alps will be found to considerably exceed 8,000 feet. Surveyors

describe the country generally as rougher, wilder and more picturesque than anywhere in the Selkirks, where the mountains tower to heights of 12,000 feet and upwards.

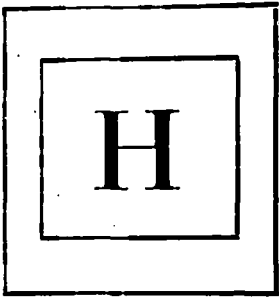
Throughout the entire country of the Provincial Park, signs of wapiti (great American Elk), of black bear, of timber wolves, and of common red deer were numerous. A fair proportion of grouse and ptarmigan is reported, while the fishing is incomparable everywhere. Mountain goats, sheep and chamois will be introduced at an early date, the park being intended as a special game preserve, as well as an Alpinist's and fishermen's resort.

At no place were any signs of aboriginal residence or visitation encountered, the interior of Vancouver Island in its northern reaches having been shunned from time immemorial by the native races, either through superstitious fear of the "massache ikta"—the Evil Spirit of the red man—or, a more practical explanation, because the coast Indian cares not to venture far from his canoe, and has in him no germ of the enthusiasm of the mountaineer.



POLING UP CAMPBELL RIVER, VANCOUVER ISLAND, ONE OF THE FINEST FISHING WATERS IN THE WORLD

First Canadian National Apple Show



HAD British Columbia, with its fabulous mineral wealth, its mighty forests and its fisheries of richness unsurpassed, held a national exhibit of the products of these things, it would have surprised no one. On the commercial value of these assets British Columbia has built its reputation. The knowledge of its possibilities has been hammered into the spot-light of public attention by the sheer weight of incontrovertible fact. British Columbia, comparatively speaking, barely entering the commercial arena, has gripped hold of the trade markets of the world, because of the potential mightiness wrapped within her borders.

All these things the outside world has known. To those who have recognized the voice of opportunity belong the big rewards. What the outside has not known, and what has been thrust home by Vancouver's National Apple Show, is the fact, that, even in the vaunted field of agriculture, British Columbia is already a powerful rival of the east. In its "rocky confines" of nearly four hundred thousand square miles have been found arable tracts roughly estimated at nearly seventy million acres of land, capable of producing merchantable commodities. Among these are listed apples, pears, plums, cherries and various other small fruits of very fine quality, beside high class grains. Professor Macoun states that British Columbia, south of the fifty-second

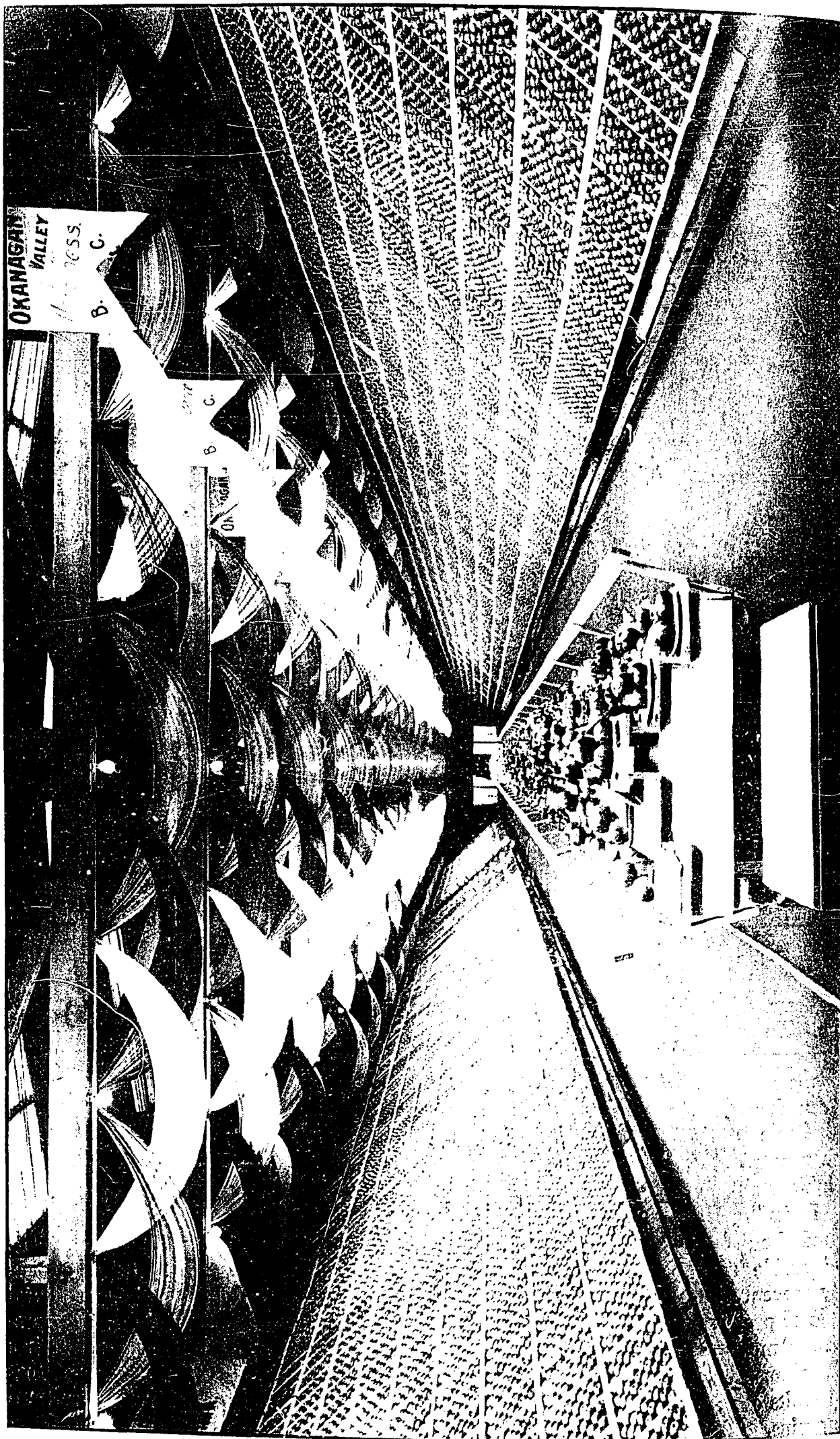
degree and east of the Coast range, is a grazing country up to three thousand five hundred feet, and a farming country up to two thousand five hundred feet where irrigation is possible.

British Columbia has a long prize list gained in competition with the world's famous orchards. In the list of her triumphs are numbered Winnipeg, Toronto, Saskatoon, Regina, London, Can.; Spokane, U. S.; Westminster, Norwich, Gravesend, Islington, Southampton, London, Liverpool, Bristol, England, and Aberdeen, Scotland.

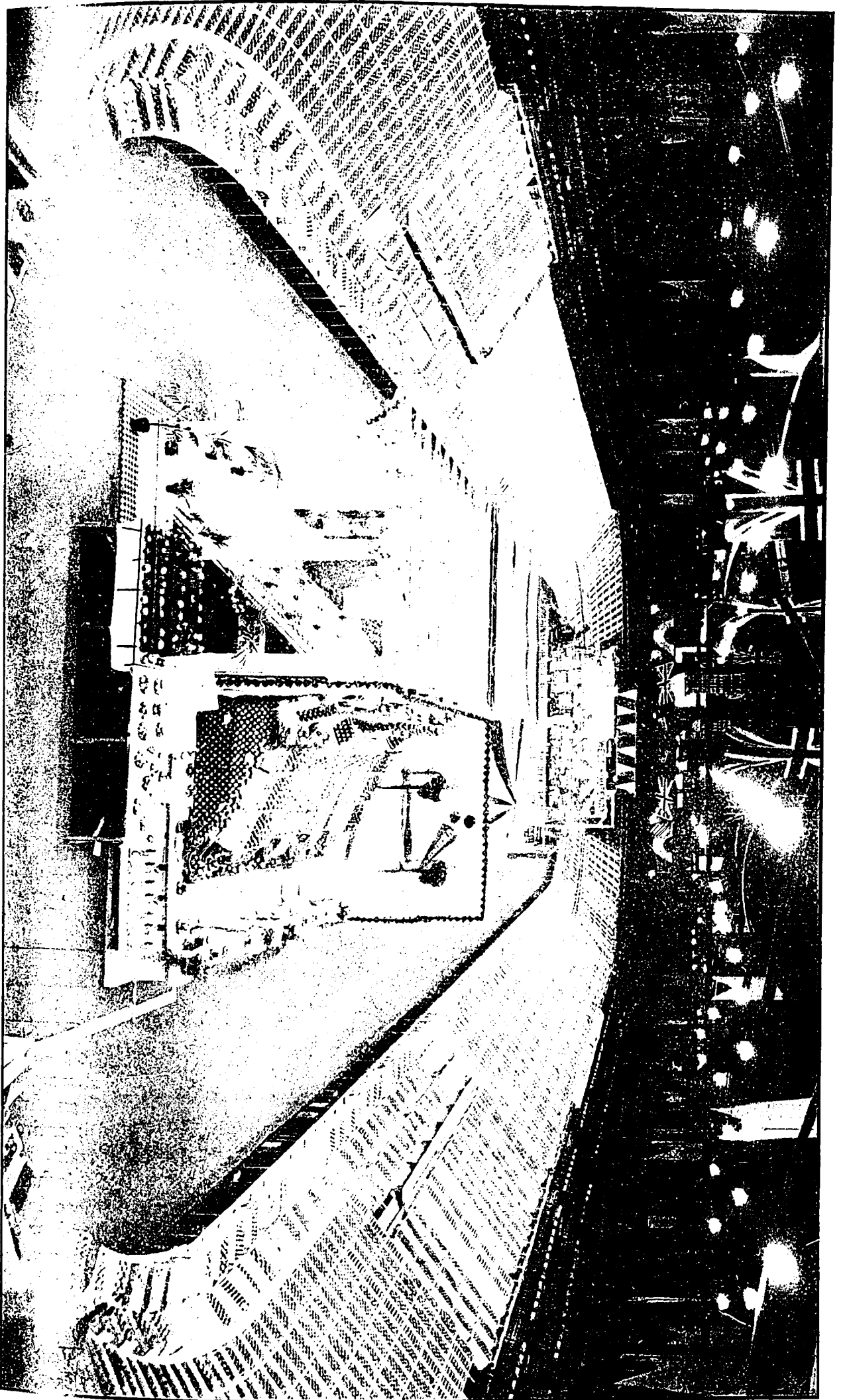
This was the first national apple show in Canada. The honor accruing to its conception and successful execution belongs, not to the provinces reputedly important in fruit growing, but to British Columbia. In this lies the real significance of the event. The province which has long been considered a place of rocks and trees growing on slopes too steep for cultivation has been the first to hold an apple show of national proportions. The gauntlet was thrown down for Canada or the world to pick up. The result found every province in the Dominion represented, and states across the line sent many competitors. Even far Tasmania found its way to Canada's First National Apple Show.

A national show it was. National in its proportions, national in spirit, national in significance. Its place in the agricultural history of this province is unique. It represents the triumph of achievement. It is a definite repudiation of the charge that British Columbia is incapable of agricultural production.

Not without labor were these results



INTERIOR OF AN EXHIBIT SHOWING CARPET AND 2,000 PLATE EXHIBITS, FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW, VANCOUVER, B.C.
Photo by James W. Hutton, N. Camb.



MAIN BUILDING, FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW, A YEAR AGO.

Photo by permission of Fulton & Lewis

attained. Connected with the first show were many details incidental to its construction as an institution. A second show will have the traditions of the first. The moulding into shape occupied months of toiling thought. Mr. Maxwell Smith, editor of the Fruit Magazine, whose trip to the east opened the eyes of the growers there in connection with the aim of the apple show, deserves the thanks of the province for his efforts. With him was associated Mr. L. G. Munroe, former secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Spokane, an old campaigner in apple shows. The executive were men who believed in the possibility of a national show. That there was no precedent mattered nothing. The months of work requiring tact, skill, brains and money for its accomplishment failed to deter them from attempting the seemingly impossible. When a difficulty arose they conquered it or went around it, and so the work progressed. The week of October 31 to November 5 found Canada's First National Apple Show a success where failure was predicted, an advantage and a laurel for Vancouver and the province where the pessimistic ones had moaned of losses and a lowered prestige. In acknowledgement of the barriers surmounted so triumphantly, Premier McBride paid tribute to the city in these words: "There is no doubt that when Vancouver undertakes anything she always makes good." Let that statement serve as a goad to the citizens in the future when the city undertakes a project, be it ever so impossible in appearance.

The story of the show has been told voluminously in the daily press. The facts, figures and informative statistics have all been given. One hundred and ninety-four varieties were shown in three thousand, four hundred and twenty-four entries, by two hundred and eighty-seven exhibitors.

A few figures of interest are repeated. The apple show comprised twelve carloads or seven thousand boxes of the more important varieties. There were seventy-nine ten-box displays, seventy-four five-box displays, seven hundred and twenty-four single-box exhibits, sixteen three-box sweepstakes, or a grand total amounting to nine thousand, one hundred and thirty-two boxes. Even the small boy with his amazing capacity stood aghast at the possibility of having

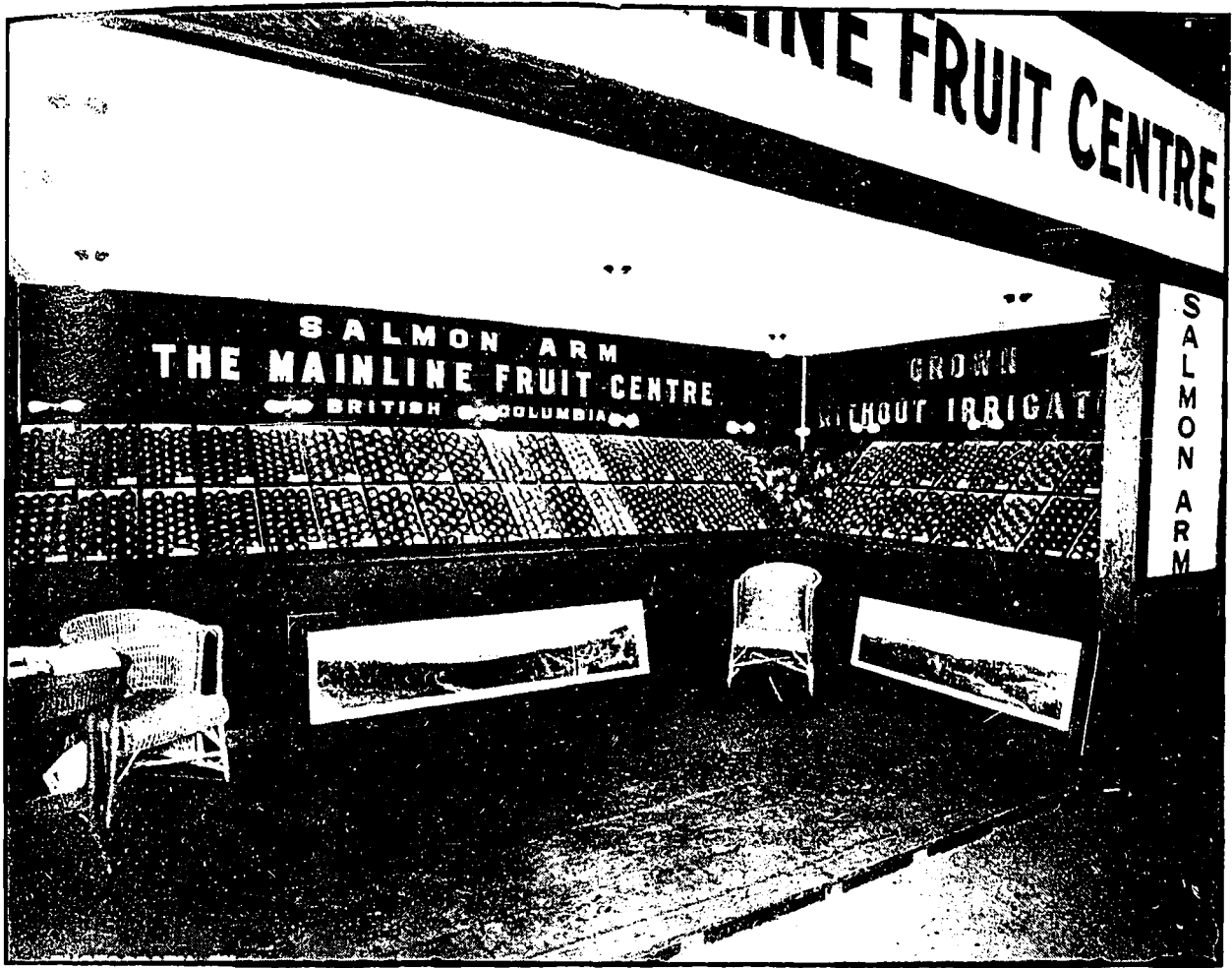
to devour the apples he saw there. There were also four hundred and seven pack exhibits, nineteen hundred and forty-four plate displays, six collections of big apples, thirteen biggest apples in the world, eight freak exhibits, five limited displays, eight district exhibits, six crab apple displays and one hundred and nineteen entries of apple by-products. The Dominion government contributed an exhibit containing specimens from every province in Canada. There were exhibits from Wenatchee, Yakima, Touchet and Methow Valley, Wash., from Rogue River and Hood River Valleys of Oregon, from West Kootenay, Grand Forks, Nelson, Rossland and Kaslo; Kelowna, Vernon, Salmon Arm, Summerland, Keremeos, Vancouver Island, Kamloops, Lillooet, Lytton and Chilliwack.

British Columbia is a fruit-growing province. It has proved by actual results that this is so. Going a step farther it has proved that its productive area is not confined to any one locality. Every piece of level land south of the fifty-second degree is capable of cultivation, which invariably proves immensely profitable. In spite of Professor Macoun's opinion, Bella Coola exhibited an array of fruit grown north of the fifty-second degree.

"Nothing venture, nothing have." Vancouver ventured the project without precedent. The reward was success. With Maxwell Smith we cry, "The Greatest Apple Show in the Greatest City of the Greatest Province in the Greatest Dominion of the Greatest Empire in the History of the World."

It is not necessary to pad or varnish the story of British Columbia. The plain truth is amply sufficient. Anything more gives to its relation the atmosphere of an Arabian Nights narrative. If the truth, entire, exclusive, be told, the result is certain.

This is a land of gold. It is here for those who seek. There are more fortunes lying dormant in British Columbia to the square mile than in any other equal area in the world. "The first shall be last and the last first." The eastern coast was first. It yielded its hidden hordes to the eager searchers of gold. Now the West is the Eldorado, the Mecca of the East. The last is now first. First in importance, first in wealth, first in the steady search of



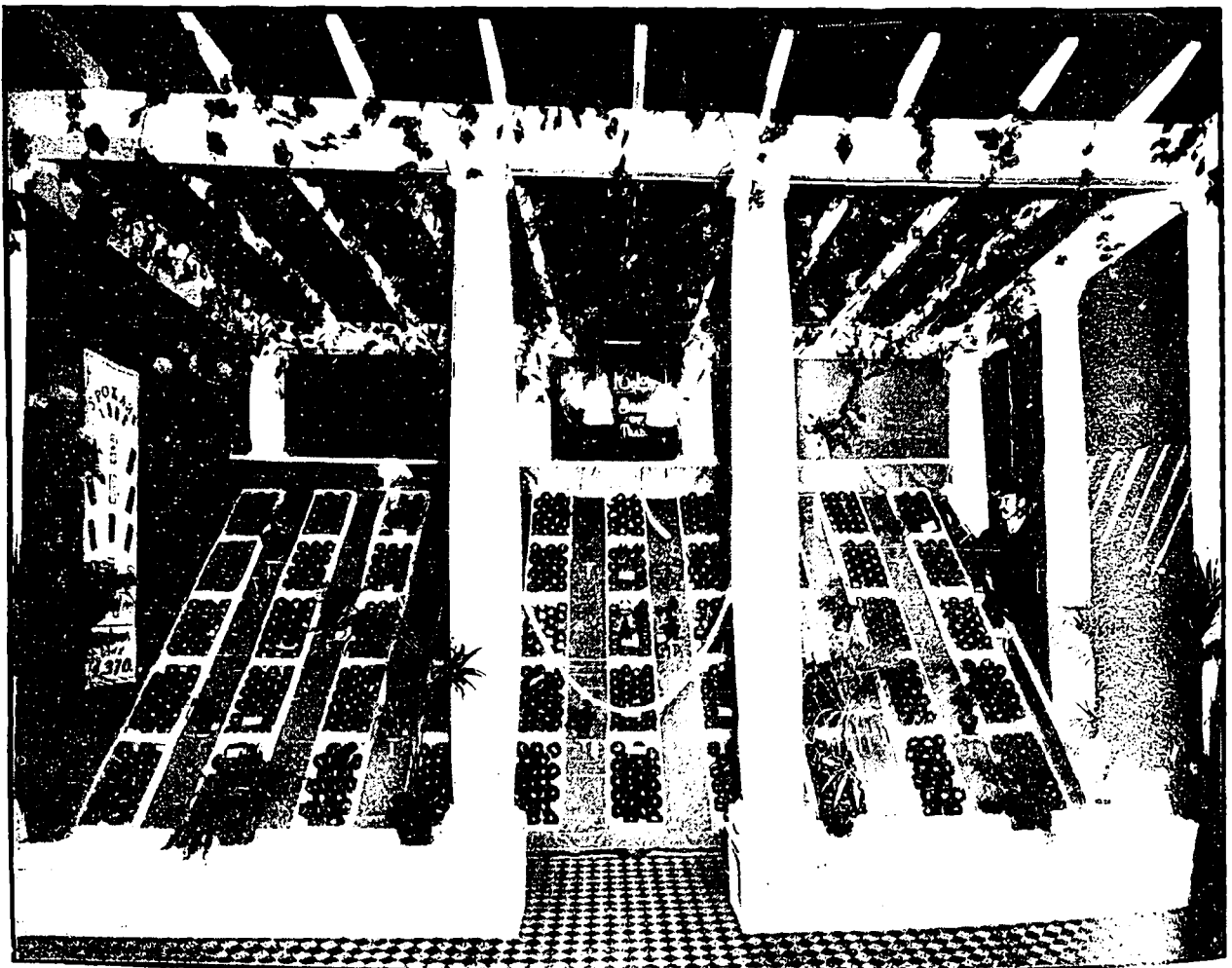
SALMON ARM DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
 Photo by W. J. Carpenter



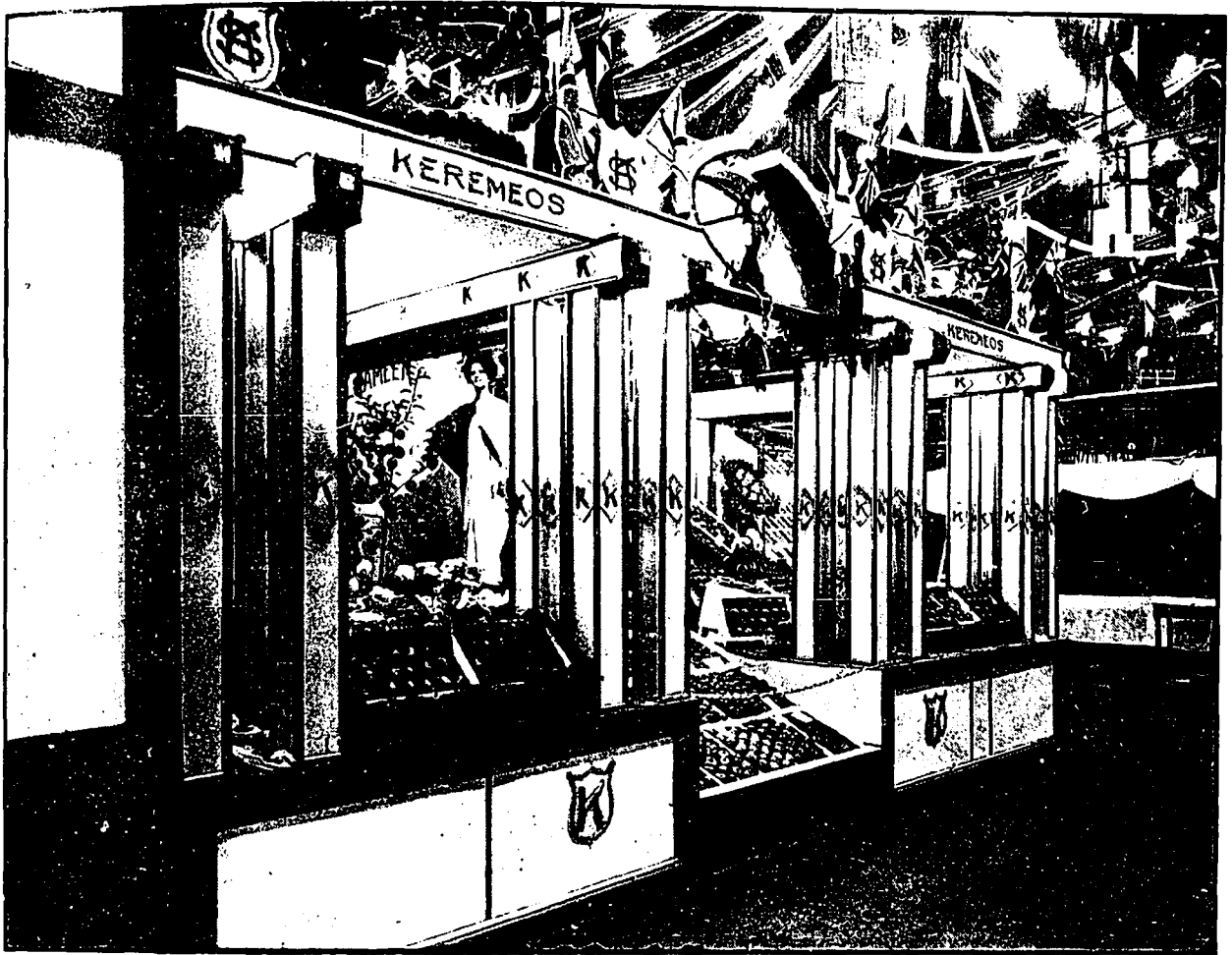
WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
 Photo by W. J. Carpenter

advancement. The few years of its development have yielded fabulous fortunes, yet it is evident that only the borders of its treasures have been touched. What does the future hold? There is but one answer. Man is a persistent animal. After a mighty penance of untold ages he has at last

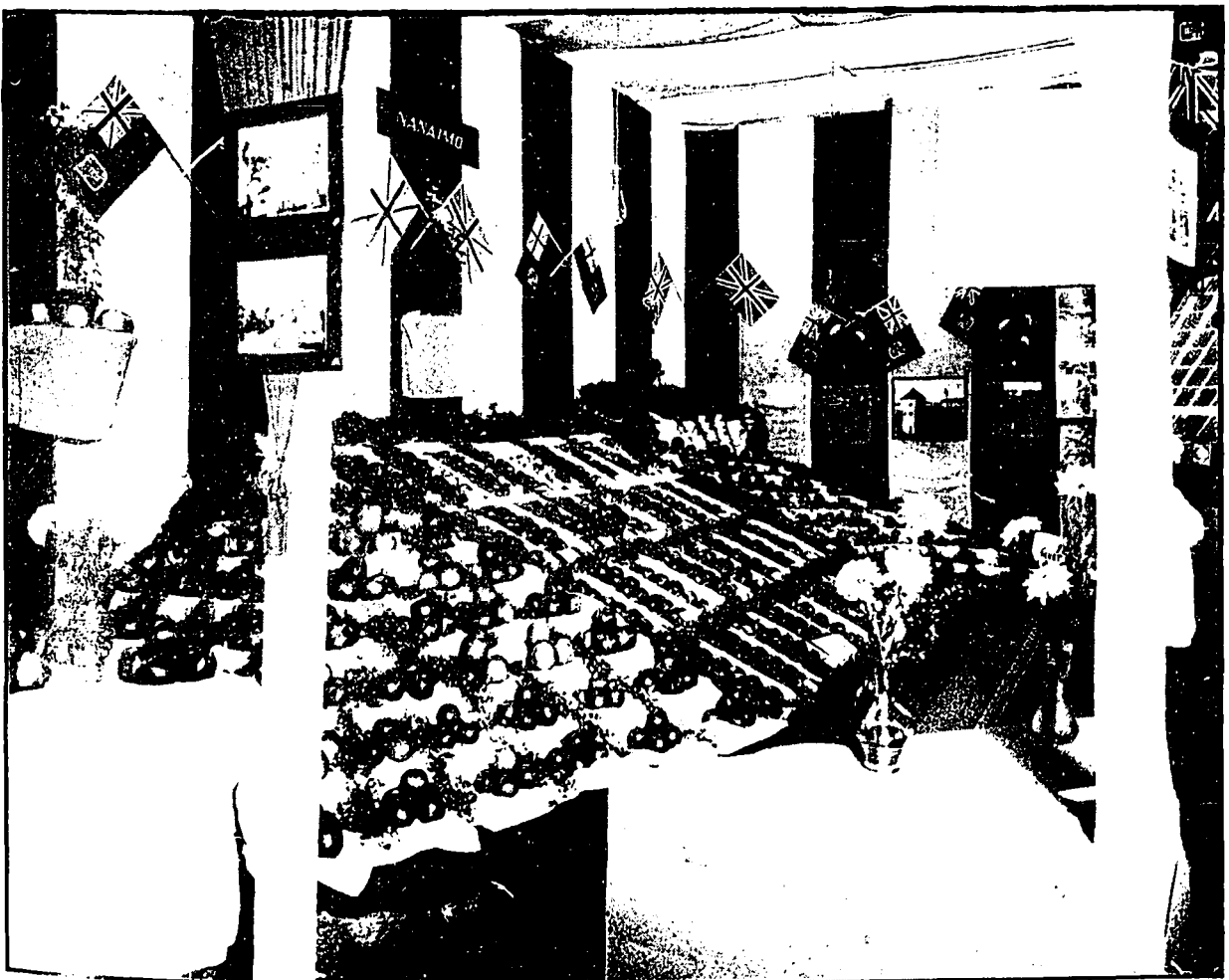
returned to Eden. The guardian angels with the flaming swords grew tired of watching a gate where no one strove to pass. Their weapons lost their power. The angels slept and then man found the West. He is here to stay. The lesson of the first Eden is not to be repeated.



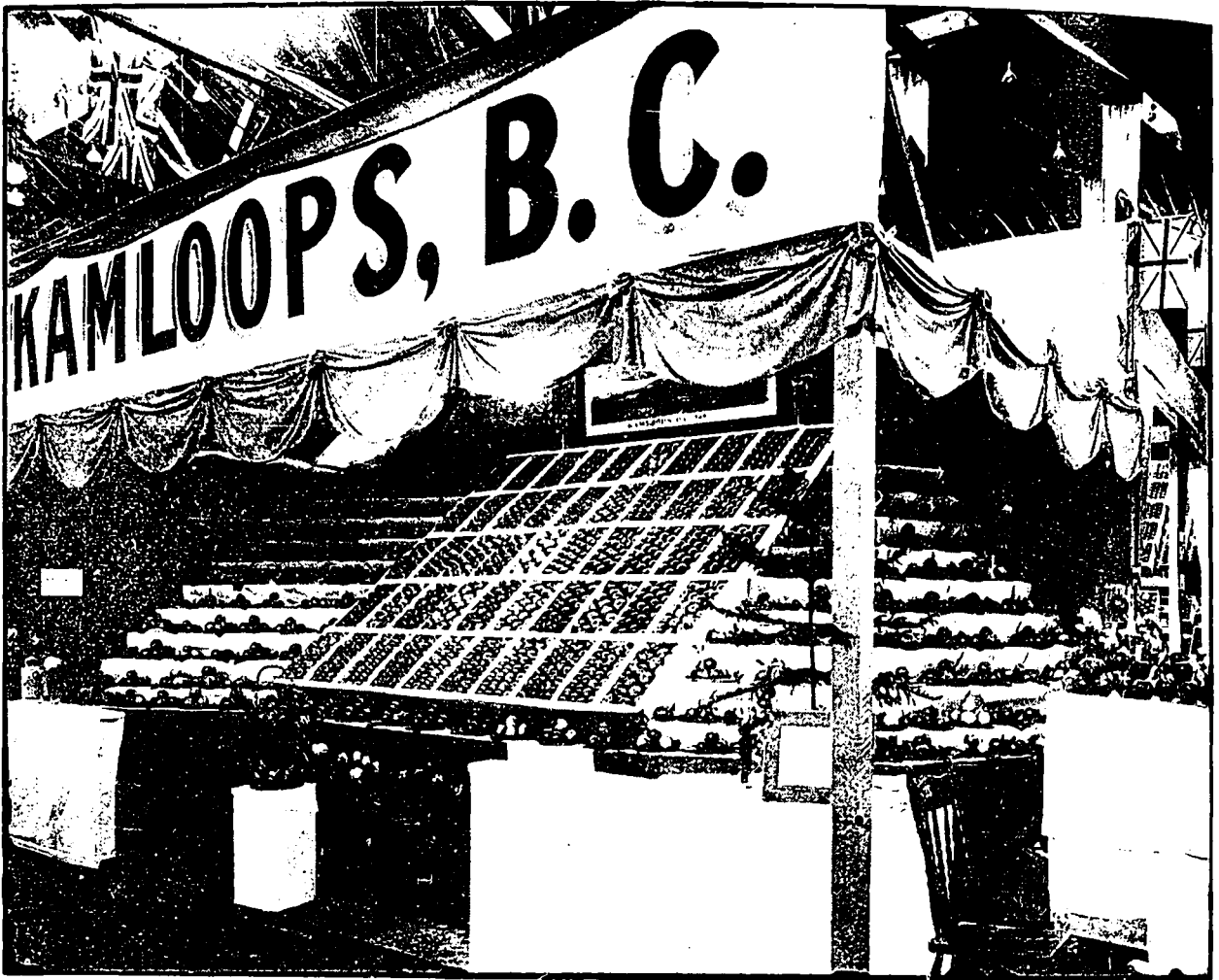
KELOWNA DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
Photo by W. J. C. Carter



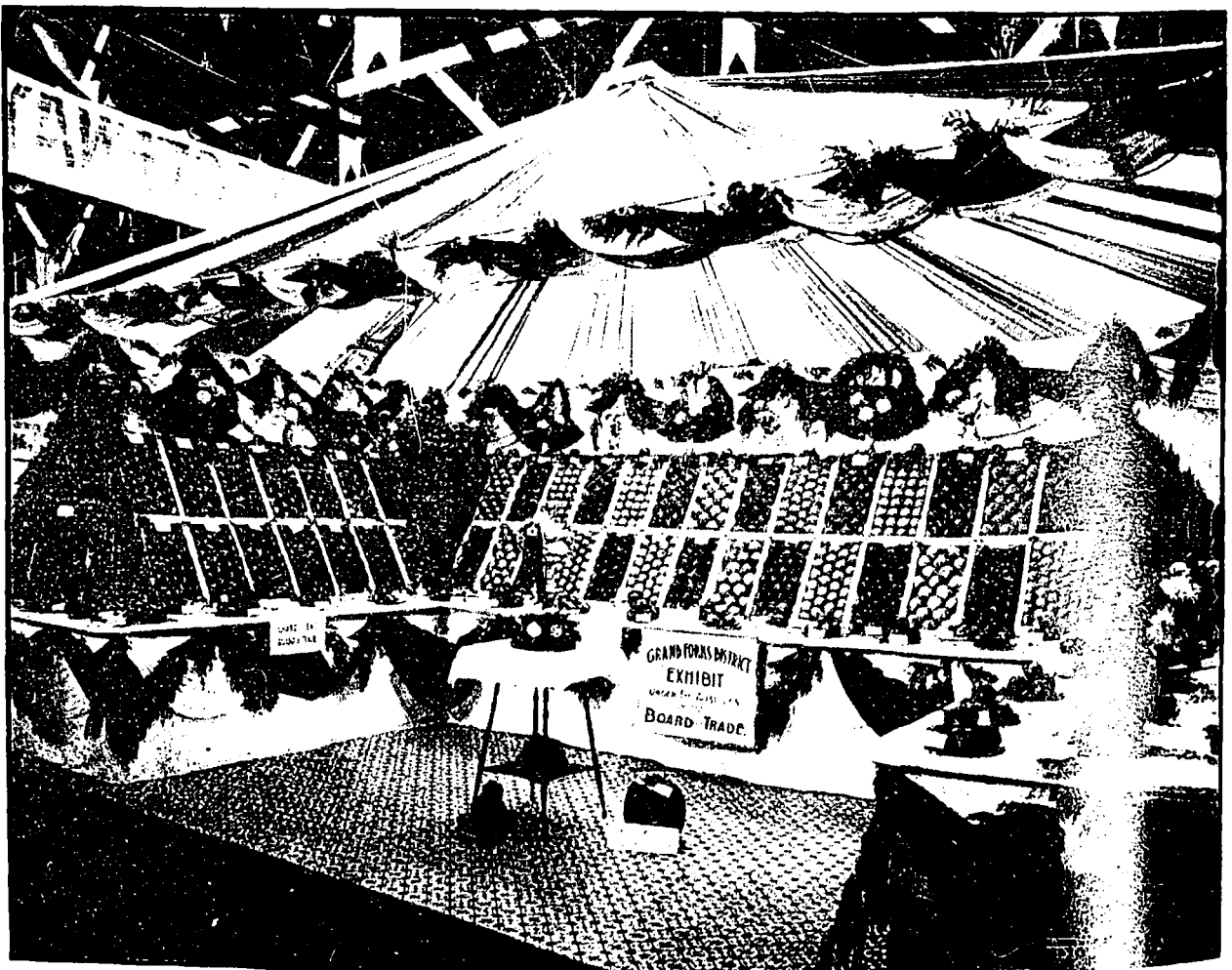
KEREMEOS DISTRICT EXHIBIT--FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
Photo by permission of Bullen & Lamb



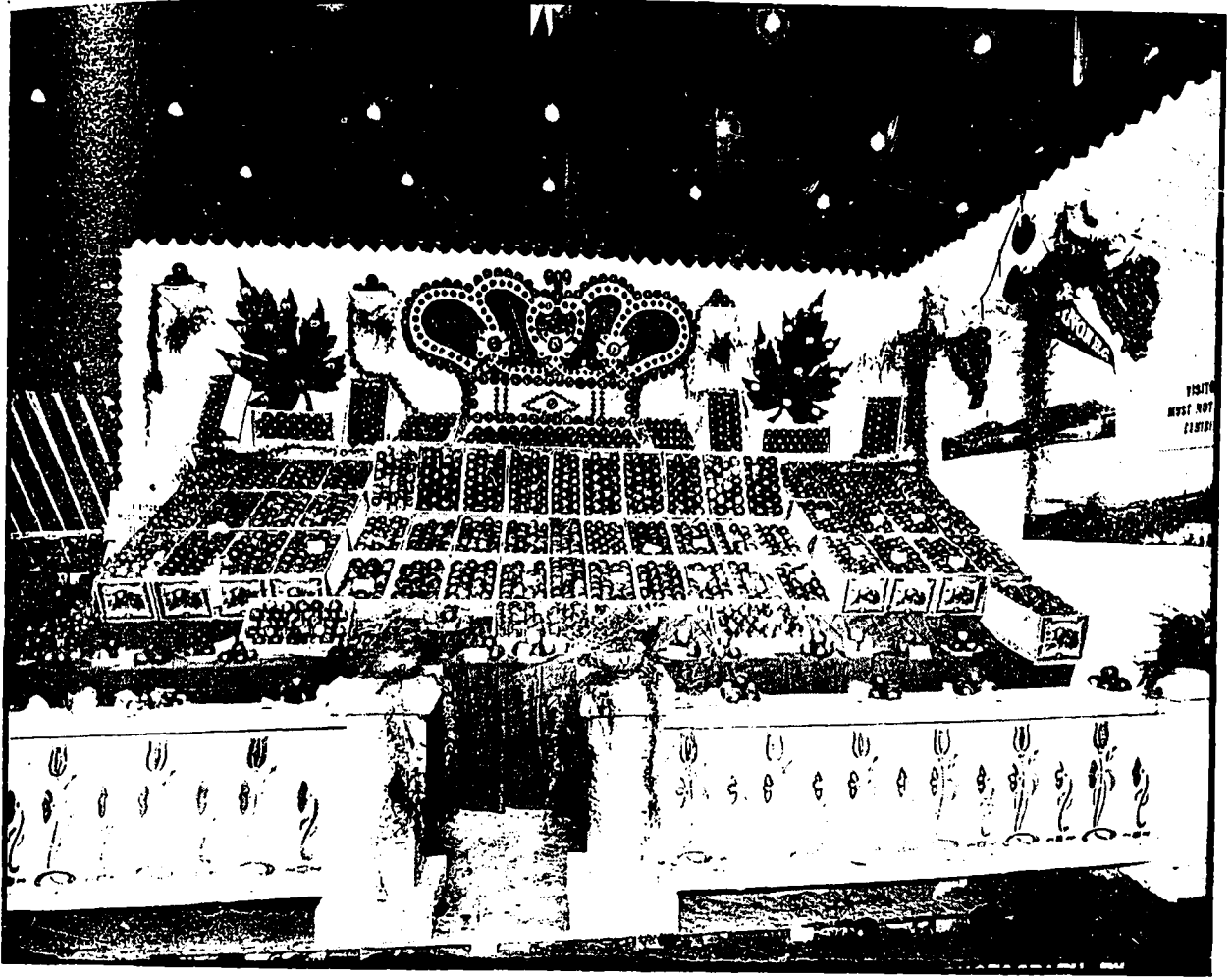
NANAIMO DISTRICT EXHIBIT--FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
Photo by permission of Bullen & Lamb



KAMLOOPS DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
 Photo by permission of Bullen & Lamb



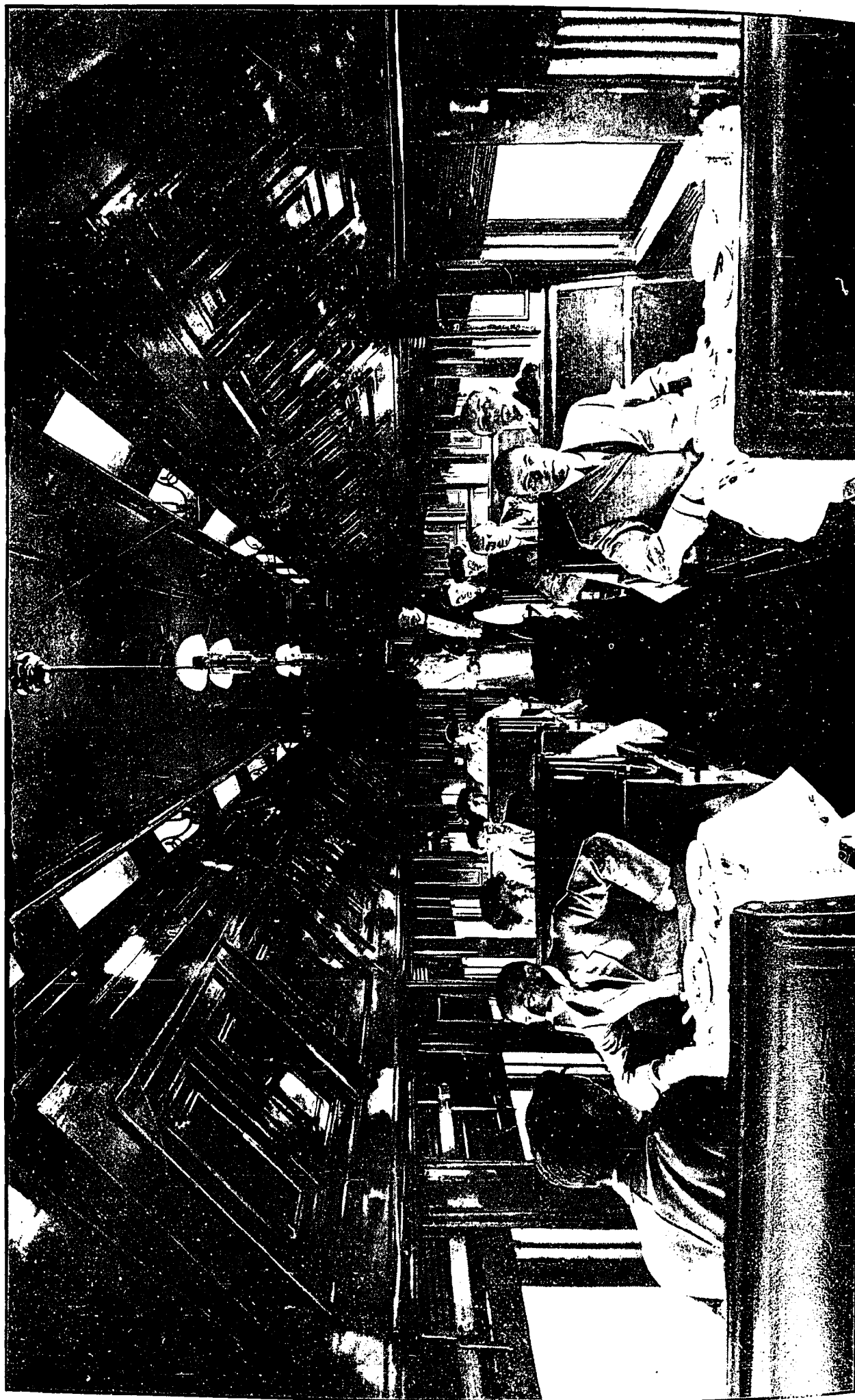
GRAND FORKS DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW
 Photo by permission of Bullen & Lamb



VERNON DISTRICT EXHIBIT—FIRST CANADIAN NATIONAL APPLE SHOW

Photo by W. J. Carpenter

☉ Detailed descriptions of the various fruit-growing sections of British Columbia represented at the First Canadian National Apple Show will appear in future numbers of this magazine ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉



INSIDE VIEW OF A CANADIAN PACIFIC TRANSCONTINENTAL DINING CAR. PROVIDED FOR THE EDISON MOVING PICTURE COMPANY.

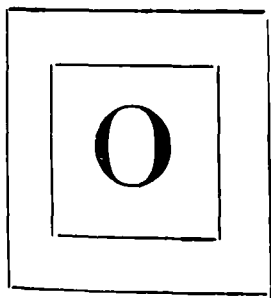


LOOKING 2000 FEET DOWN INTO THE VOHO VALLEY. C. P. R. TRACKS IN THE DISTANCE

With the Edison Players Across the Continent

By Norman S. Rankin

Author of "Behind the Scenes with the Moving Pictures"



ON Sunday morning, August 21st last, a company of the Edison moving picture players, tanned and happy and healthy, reached New York on the return journey from a trip of over 7,000 miles across the continent.

They had been absent nearly two months, and in that time had created a half-score of motion pictures depicting western life, which when pictorially told to the public in the United States, Canada, Great Britain and Europe, will be found of the highest class of film production, teeming with interest, incident and scenic beauty.

Not only will they graphically unfold the story of the great west, pictorially true in every detail, but from the thrilling little dramas, tragedies or comedies realistically played through them by as able and high-class a collection of players as the Edison company could get together, they will attract the attention of all classes.

At the Edison studio in New York, early in June, considerable excitement was caused among the actors when it became known that the company proposed sending a troupe over the Canadian Pacific railway, across the continent to the coast. Speculation was rife as to who would be the lucky members, and, of course, each hoped to be among them.

Are you not? Why not? To get away from the burning sidewalks and congested atmosphere of stuffy old New York at the most trying period of the year; to be whirled in a special train, the essence of luxury, through the green, rich orchards of Ontario and Quebec; to skirt the great inland, international oceans that border the Soo line; to roll across the fertile prairie lands of the Minnesota, the Dakotas, Saskatchewan and Alberta, up, up into the mountains and forests of British Columbia, with its eternal snow-capped peaks, its unsurpassed scenery and its bracing climate; and finally, to sniff the cooling breezes wafted in from Puget sound, Georgia strait and Juan de Fuca—of course, why



GATEWAY THROUGH SOLID GRANITE ON C. P. R. TAKEN WHEN TRAIN WAS RUNNING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR

not? They would not have been human had they not felt that way about it.

And some of them got their desire. Some of them were lucky; nine of them had a transcontinental trip which for uniqueness of character, strange experiences and unflagging interest, would be hard to surpass.

The great mass of the public who nightly attend the moving picture halls want to be amused and entertained, not instructed, and if they are to be educated it must be in a subtle, delicate manner, absorbed, as it were, unconsciously, through the interest that the story itself creates in the minds of the audience.

What does Johnny the conductor from East Harlem care about the mining industry in southern British Columbia, or the ranching industry in Alberta? Not a rap. Not a jot, nor a tittle. He and his girl go to see the show for the fun they'll get out of it. For the melodrama, amusement and reality there is in it. And if he doesn't get that kind of a show he won't go back, that's all. And the theatres know it. They won't produce that kind of a film. They are in the business for what they can get out of it, and naturally cater to the public taste. But if the class of story that appeals to Johnny and his girl runs prominently through mining, or lumbering, or fishing, or ranching films, they will unconsciously swallow the knowledge that is served to them while breathlessly following the fortunes of the villain, the heroine and the hero.

To be a successful moving picture actor is a special art. It requires close study and experience. This may be contrary to the

general belief, and is surely so to the opinion of the stage actor. "They don't have to learn any lines," he scoffs, incredulously; "they don't have to spend weary hours memorizing." True; but how much harder, then, it is to act and feel, express and portray without these lines. If the stage actor drops his lines or loses his cue it may happen at only one performance, and is soon corrected, past and forgotten, but not so with the moving picture actor. If he errs in this respect he can neither recall nor correct. His mistake is registered on the film for all time, and until that film is no longer in service his mistake will, daily, in hundreds of theatres, stare him in the face as a reminder.

Then, again, the moving picture actor has to play his parts in all sorts of difficult and dangerous places, before, oftentimes, involuntary audiences, who tempt him to laugh and mayhap spoil a particularly dramatic bit of acting. He must make a special study of facial expression, gesticulation and pantomime. The stage actor rehearses in private, and at all times has the protection of the footlights. I have known actors, famous for their sangfroid, their gestures and their delivery while on the stage, turn white and tremble when unexpectedly asked to give a simple recitation before a social audience at some drawing-room gathering.

In the early days of moving picture production it was considered *infra dig* amongst the profession to lend their services to motion picture creation; but the time has passed away, and today many prominent actors and actresses may be found in the ranks of the picture players.



PACKING THE CAMERA 7000 FEET UP LEFROY MOUNTAIN

To show to the struggling farmer, through the medium of the moving picture, the premium that western Canada offers for home-making and independence to the man of energy, ambition and small capital; to picture the range cattle, fat and happy, roaming the foothills of the mighty Rockies; to tell the piscatorial enthusiast of cool retreats beside rushing streams where the salmon and the trout lurk beneath the rock's overhanging shade; to whisper to the sportsman and the hunter of the big and little game skulking the plains or roaming the mountain sides, waiting his coming; to depict to the tourist and traveller the beauties of mountain, wood and valley, prairie, crag and torrent, and the comfort and luxury of modern hotel, train, boat and steamer; to tempt the Alpine climber to farther prowess on the great glaciers of central British Columbia—these are some of the objects of the picture stories, and there is no manner of doubt whatever that they will accomplish their purpose.

Through these stories, one and all, illustrated with the most picturesque and appropriate scenery that could be found between Montreal and Victoria, run thrilling adventures, ancient and modern romance, screaming comedy. The settler, the pioneer, struggling single-handed against the elements and conditions, eventually wins a home, independence, and a bride; the cowboy, brave, dashing and reckless, after many hair-breadth escapes, becomes successful—a "cash king." The fisherman, skilfully playing the huge salmon he has been fortunate enough to hook, lands him struggling on the mossy bank; the hunter, stalking the treacherous grizzly, brings him to earth at

last; the Alpine climber, making his perilous way up the mountain glacier, leaping skilfully from rock to rock with but a slender rope between him and death, scales the highest peak; and the "honeymooners," hand-in-hand, in an intoxicating dream of ecstasy, are borne swiftly across the country from one spot of beauty to another, meeting with many unforeseen and wonderful adventures, till finally they disappear into the fog and distance beyond Vancouver Narrows, borne swiftly to the Orient on the "Empress of China."

To secure such pictures as these was hard work, steady work, and often dangerous work. To procure out of the ordinary things we must do extraordinary things. To successfully play a moving picture hero's or heroine's part requires courage and endurance. For instance, at Field, B. C., in a little mining drama, acted out at the Monarch mine—an abandoned work, the pathway to which leads tortuously along the face of an overhanging cliff, thousands of feet above the railway line—the hero, becoming temporarily deranged, is seen to leap over the cliffside to destruction. He did leap over the cliff, but not to destruction, on to a little jutting ledge of rock some yards below, where, trembling with the knowledge of the yawning space beneath, he clung tightly until hauled up again. Two members of the party lay below on the ledge to haul him in if he fell unsteadily, having with the aid of a crowbar and spade hollowed away the face and floor of the ledge to make it more tenantable. Had they slipped, or the hero jumped too far out, it would have been difficult afterwards to have even found the pieces



EDISON MOVING PICTURE COMPANY 7000 FEET UP LEFROY MOUNTAIN,
SURROUNDED BY SNOW AND ICE

amongst the tons of loose rock piled beneath.

On the glacier at the base of Mount Lefroy, Lake Louise, between 7,000 and 8,000 feet up, the heroine slides feet foremost down the icy face of the steep incline for a distance of 50 yards, shooting, in her course, across the mouth of an open crevasse. Across this crevasse in zig-zag form a number of men had to be stationed to break her speed, to stop her, to catch her, failing which she would have avalanched down 500 feet into a cruel gorge. Steps in the ice were hewn out by the guides, and the men located at regular intervals, so that some one of them would properly intercept her as she came shooting past. Truly a hazardous part to play, and one calling for physical courage beyond the ordinary.

At Brooks, Alberta, in the Red Deer country, by special arrangement a round-up of some 5,000 cattle was held, after which the animals were stampeded across the face of the camera by the cow punchers.

Amongst these cow punchers worked one of the lady members of the troupe, dressed in typical western fashion, and wielding a rope as the best of them. When the stampede occurred this lady was caught in the struggling, pushing, frenzied mass of animals, and by a miracle only managed to work her way forward with them, until they broke and scattered over the prairie. The camera man worked his instrument as best he could from the seat of an automobile, dashing at full speed amongst the swaying herd.

These are but a few instances of the dangers and difficulties of the profession; but when next you pay your nickel or your dime and pass in to see such a realistic picture as I have described, think for a moment of the time and trouble, the difficulty, the danger and the expense that have been incurred in order that for five or ten minutes you may be amused or interested with the reproduction of a scene that perhaps thousands and thousands of miles away-

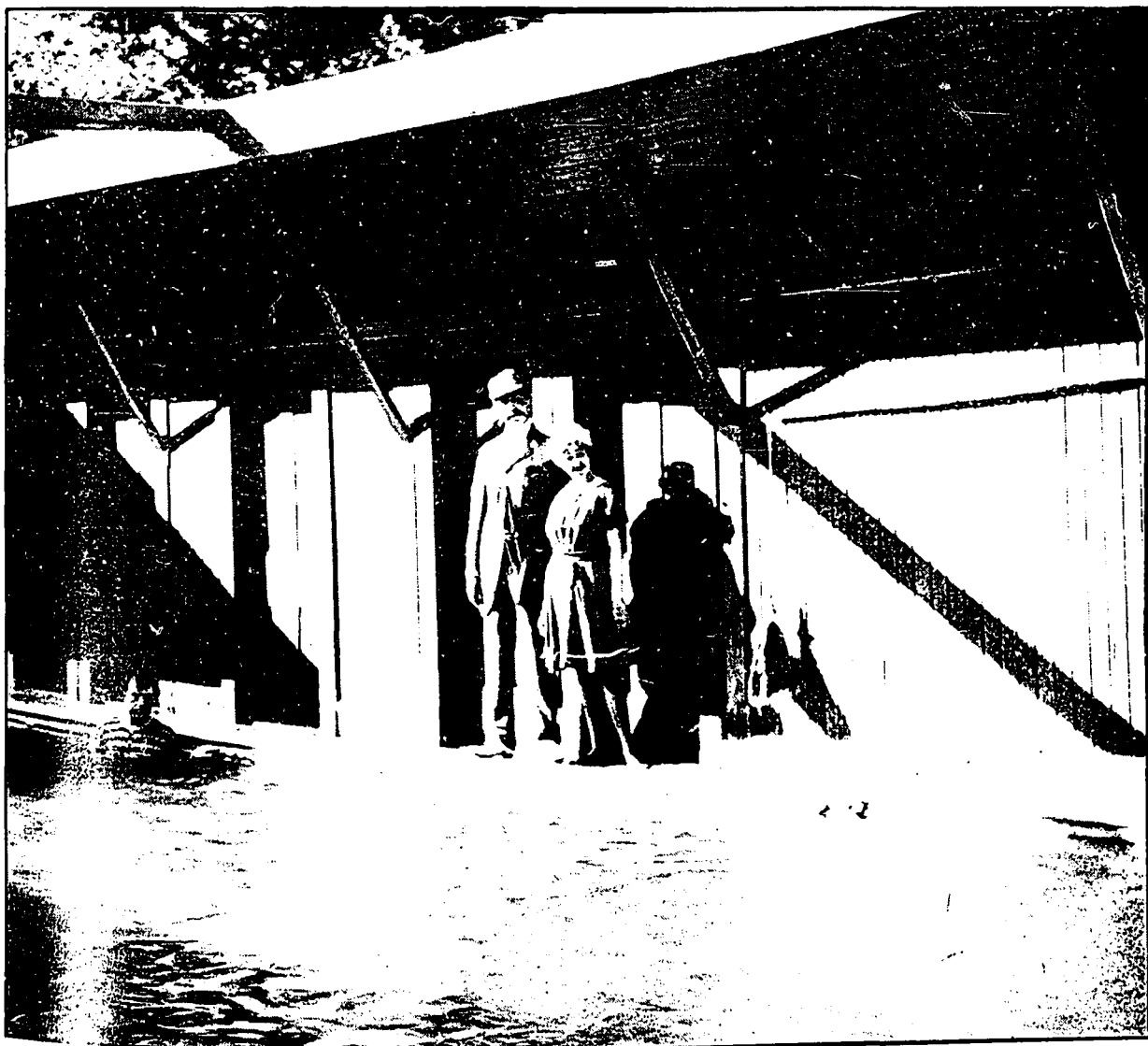


CAUGHT IN A LANDSLIDE. THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF ACTORS WITH EDISON MOVING PICTURE COMPANY NEAR MONARCH, B. C.

But, as I said before, the extraordinary has become ordinary through repetition. The miraculous grows monotonous.

When, however, the Edison company releases the films covering the series of stories created during this summer's transcontinen-

tal outing, they will, I think, prove of absorbing interest to the general public, and will carry to the easterner, the southerner and the European, living, throbbing, graphic pictures of the Last Great West as it is today.



HERO AND HEROINE OF EDISON MOVING PICTURE COMPANY AT THE BANFF BATHING POOL, BOTH OF WHOM FELL HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE WATER



EDISON MOVING PICTURE COMPANY ENJOYING THE MORNING SUN AT NORTH BEND, B.C.

Mystic Lake

By Zoe Hartman

Over the face of the waters
The sentinel mountains brood,
Hiding the mystery deeper,
In echoless solitude,
Myst'ry of depths unmeasured,
Of fathomless caves unknown,
The Mother's inviolate secrets
Revealed to the mountains alone.

Oh, ye who are lords of the valley,
Who stood when the world was young,
Canst tell of the lurid chaos
That over the cosmos hung?
Did the rage of the fire-god smite ye
And the molten rock o'erflow?
Were ye cleft and rent asunder
And your proudest peak laid low?

Then when the travail was ended
And the fire-god buried deep,
Did ye mourn for your fallen comrade
And over his ruin weep?
Did ye leave, oh ye sorrowing Titans,
Through the infinite roll of the years,
This token of grief to the ages,—
Did ye fashion this lake of your tears?

The Building of the Road

By Ernest McGaffey

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE "Good Roads" movement on the Pacific coast is making very rapid progress. The states of California, Oregon and Washington are planning to expend enormous sums of money in the construction of great systems of state highways. The Government of British Columbia, in addition to unusually large appropriations made for road construction in the newer sections of the province, is engaged in building a trunk road across the province from the coast to the boundary of Alberta. The provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba propose to connect the last-named highway with the city of Winnipeg. The road-building plans of the Pacific coast states and of the municipalities of British Columbia lying between the city of Vancouver and the United States boundary include a modern highway suitable for automobile traffic from Mexico to Vancouver. The two last-named projects when completed will provide thoroughfares on which tourists can travel by automobile from Mexico to Winnipeg.

One of the most picturesque sections of the coast scenic highway will be the famous Mill Bay road on Vancouver Island. This road leads through forest and mountain side, by river, lake and sea-shore, and combines, in the judgment of world travellers, greater variety of beauty and grandeur than any road thus far opened for travel on any continent. In short, its beauties and interest fully deserve the expressions contained in the graceful lines of Mr. McGaffey, which follow, wherein he has made glorious the most prosaic of things, modern engineering.



"Loomed the hemlock and the fir"

Once it lingered on the summit,
Once it loitered by the stream,
Like the mist athwart the mountain
Or the sunset's dying gleam;
Far beyond, the forest towered,
Far below, the river flowed,
And a dream within the future
Was the Building of the Road.

Rose the sombre cedars cloudward,
Loomed the hemlock and the fir,
Densely limned against the shadows
Like a blur upon a blur;
While between, the slim arbutus,
Smooth as ivory held its way,
Threading through the dusky woodlands
As a russet Faun at play.



"Came the virile Master-Builder
With an army at his call"



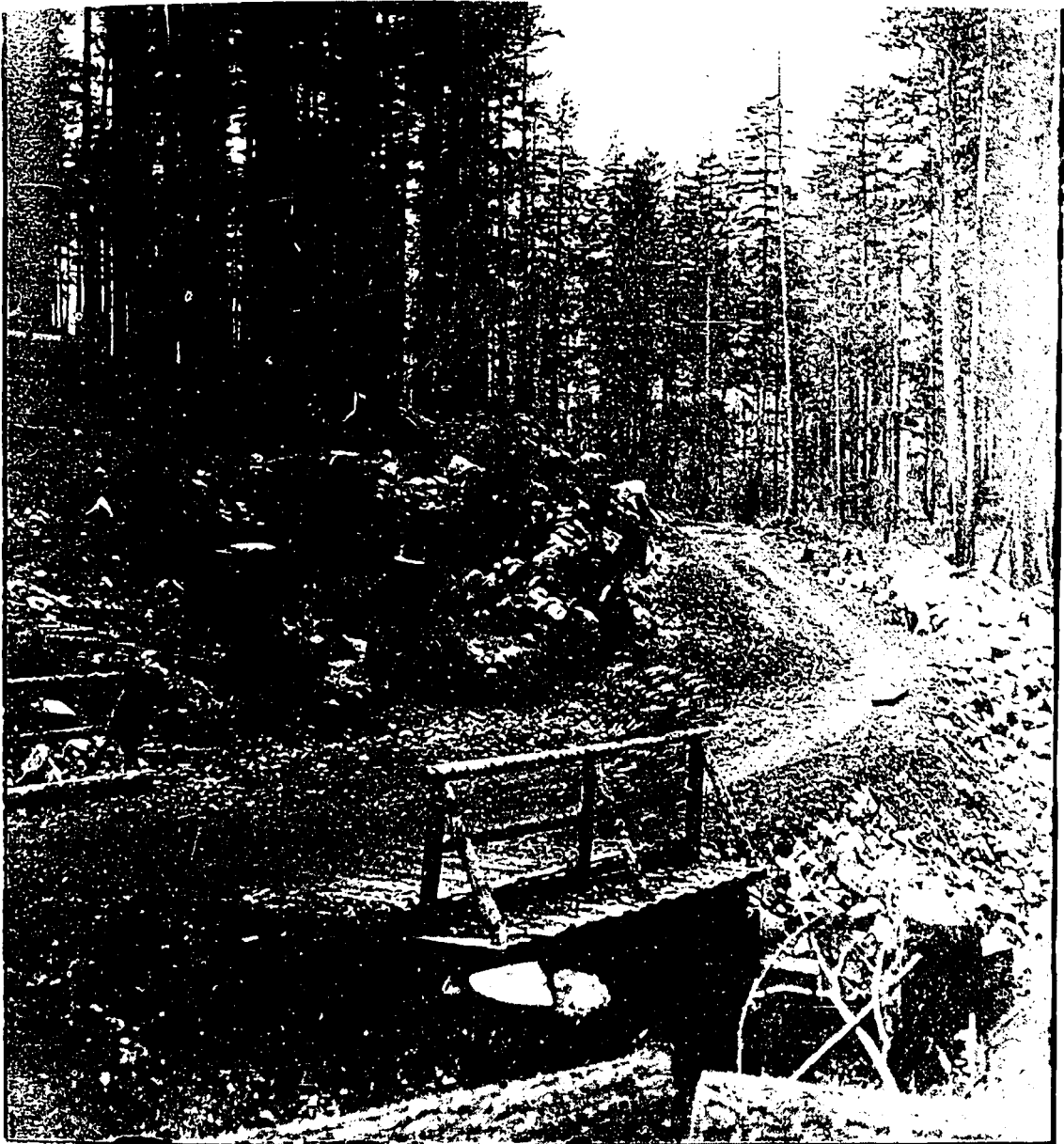
"Crumbling cliffs to whitened furrows"

Came the virile Master-Builder
With an army at his call,
Razed a pathway in the timber,
Spanned the gorge and waterfall;
And the thunder of his cannon
Smote the lorn and lonely height,
Crumbling cliffs to whitened furrows
With the ploughing dynamite.

Pick and crowbar, steel and shove,
And a host with clanking drills,
How they streamed adown the valleys,
How they stormed along the hills;
And among them, like a Titan
Tall the Master-Builder strode,
Carving out a mighty sculpture
In the building of the Road.



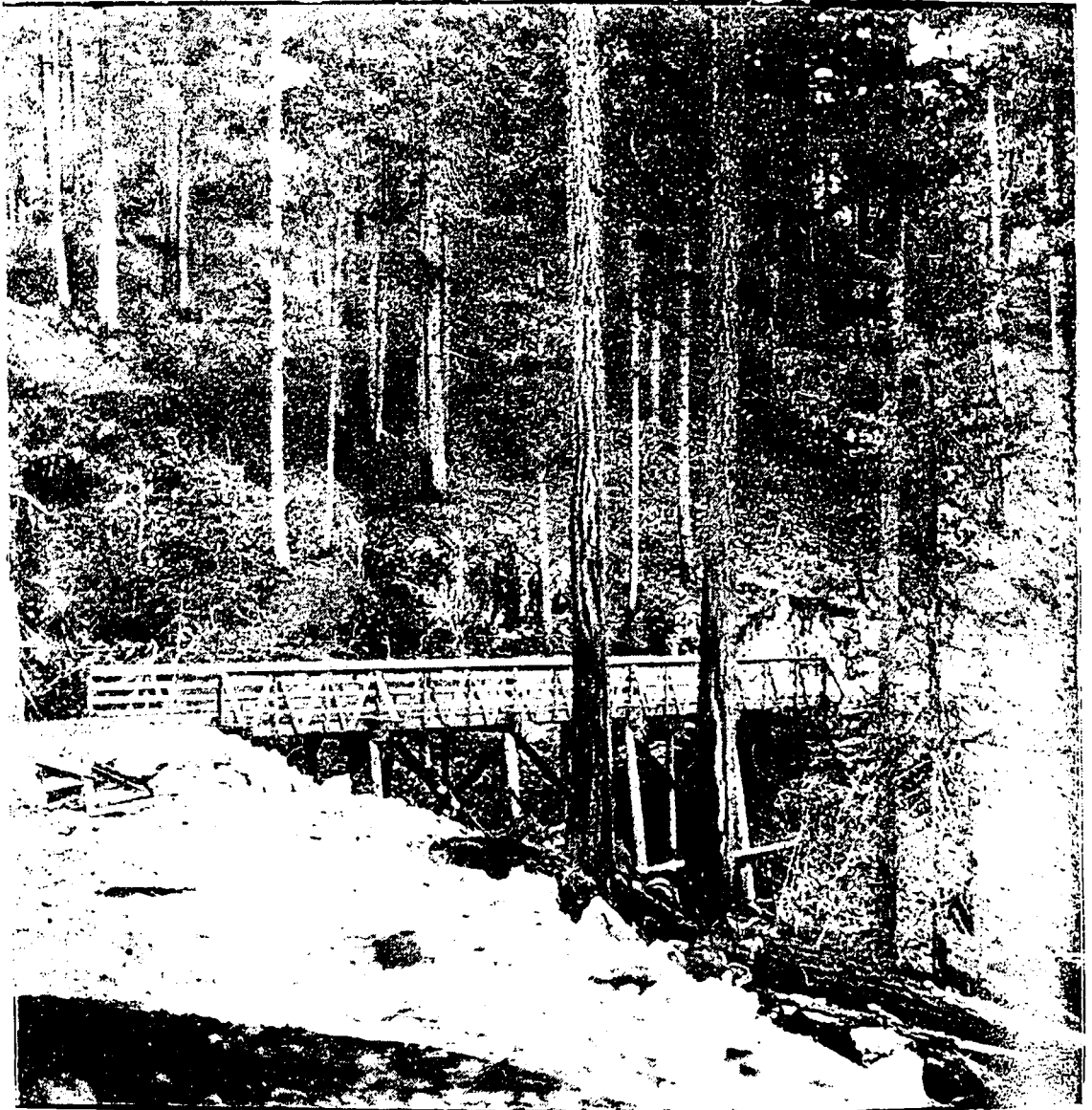
"Now it winds about the summit"



"Up the distant passes flung"

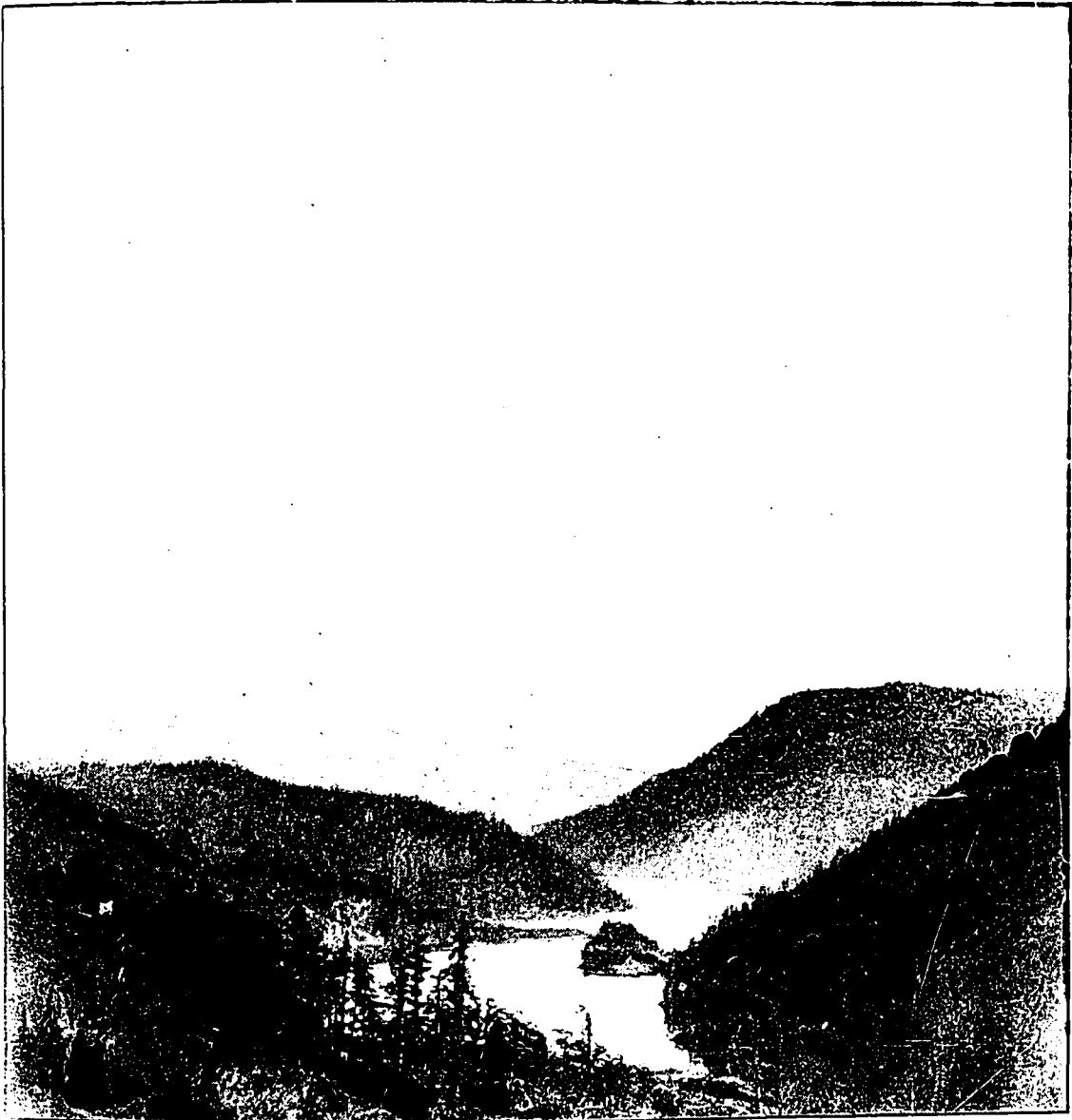
Sang the hammers in a chorus
Up the distant passes flung,
To the shelving benches rugged,
Thick with shrubs and mosses hung;
While the double-bitted axes
Hollow-sounding rang a knell,
Mid the wind-rows of a harvest
Where the forest-barriers fell.

Sun and starlight, dusk and dawning,
While the days their vigil kept,
Leaping chasm, crest, and canyon,
Onward still the high-way swept;
Past the miles that raced beside it,
Over ledge and rocky knoll,
Like a runner leaning forward
Reaching out to touch the goal.



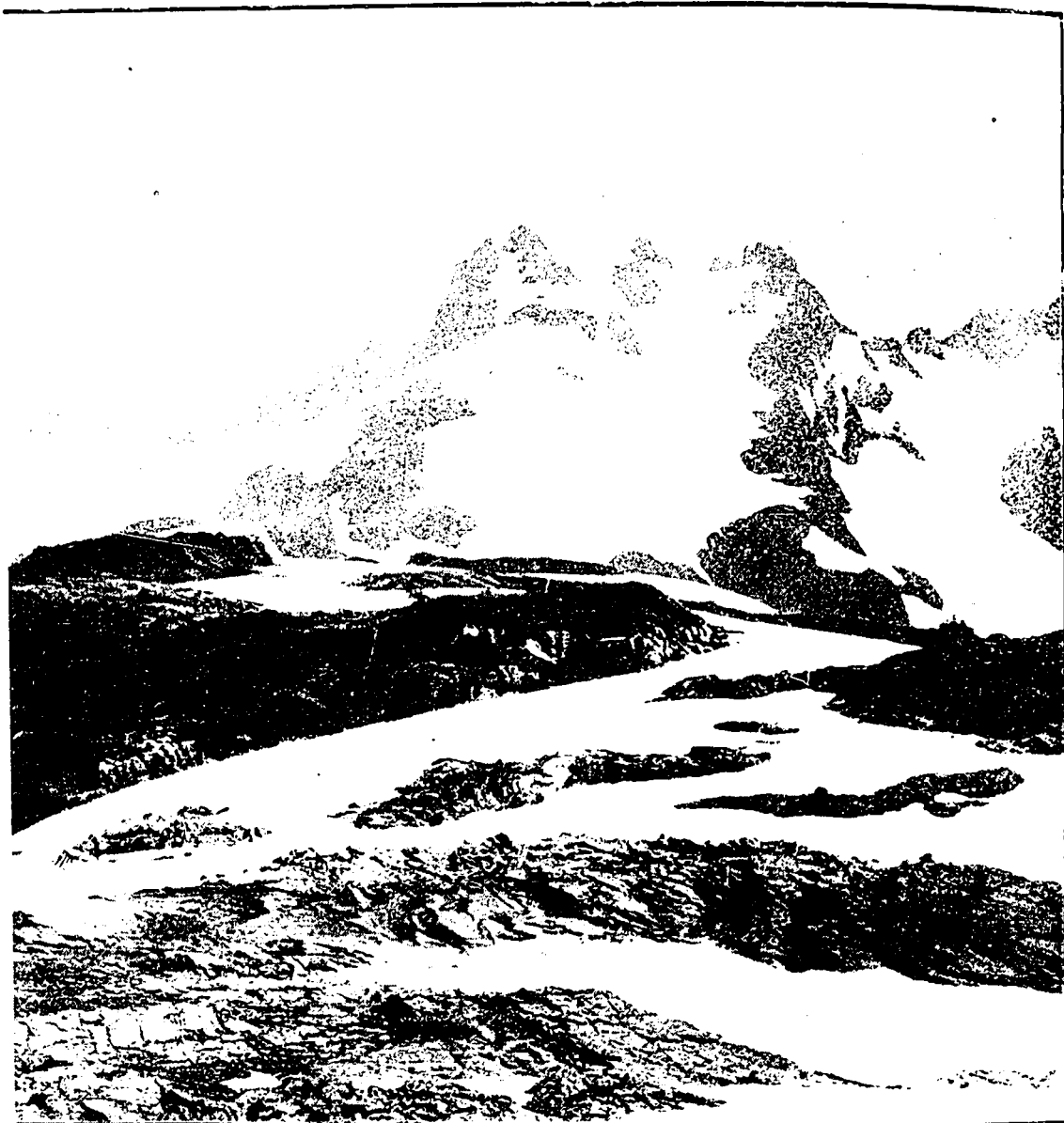
"Leaping chasm, crest, and canyon"

Lo! the signal on the hillside,
Where the causeway lies unrolled;
Ribbioned broad around the forests,
Gilded by Autumnal gold;
Lo! the precipice asunder
And the bridge across the stream,
For the vision was prophetic
And the dream was not a dream.



"Leagues below it chants the sea"

Now it winds about the summit
As a river, flowing free;
High above it soars the eagle,
Leagues below it chants the sea;
And though faded are the footsteps
Where the Master-Builder strode,
Seek, and seeking you shall find them
In the Building of the Road.



CROWN MOUNTAIN, IN THE NEW PROVINCIAL PARK

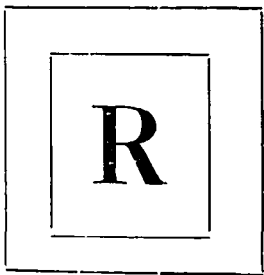
*Opportunity knocks at the door
of every human being at least
once during life. Some people
don't recognize it, and they in
turn knock Opportunity.*

The Flight of Delicia

HOW THE LOVERS, WITH THE AID OF A CLERGYMAN, OUTWITTED

THE PLANS OF THE BRIDE'S ELDER BROTHER

By Helen Tompkins



ROGER BERKELEY stopped on the corner in the shadow of some trees—it was all but midnight, and the streets were practically deserted—to catch his breath.

He was a singularly modest young man, and when he fell in love with Marjory Lane he had regarded his poverty and utter lack of prospects as forming an insuperable and insurmountable barrier between them. He had lived through the average lover's hell of uncertainty and dread until Fate and a runaway horse had given him an opportunity to declare his passion, when to his own astonishment the young lady tearfully announced a reciprocal state of feeling and promptly accepted him.

"Conditionally only, dear—of course," she had told him, sitting on a mossy bank, her head in his, the cart which had overturned with her a mass of scrap-iron and wreckage, and the horse, primarily the cause of the catastrophe, browsing cheerfully along the roadside. "You must get father's consent, of course. I would never

marry *anyone* without *that*. But I am an only child, you know, and you have just saved me from a horrible death. If you will go to father at once——"

And Berkeley had gone at once, putting the best front he could on the matter. For long afterwards he remembered just how golden the waves of the wild mustard blooms were as they bent in the wind, and how fat and clumsy and squab-like a naked, featherless bird was as it tumbled from an overcrowded nest full of other babies, and how pitifully and rustily it squeaked—before a greedy, prowling cat snapped it up.

To the young man's unbounded surprise, the old Colonel—Marjory's father—was cordiality itself. He ignored the lad's lack of fortune, as well as his slender prospects. "It is enough that you are sensible, energetic and temperate, and that my little girl tells me that she loves you," he said warmly, wringing his future son-in-law's hand. "I will welcome you gladly into my family, sir—as will Marjory's mother."

It was all too good to be true. Young Berkeley spent the entire evening after that in a state of ecstatic bliss, marred only by the sight of the full-gorged cat that

stalked solemnly and importantly about, and the fleeting memory of the fat young bird's squeaking cry. He lingered at the gate a long time with Marjory, watching for a misshapen midnight moon that was all but late for an elderly almanac appointment, and then, with the touch of his sweetheart's warm young lips against his own, he closed the gate behind him and started home.

It was a full mile from the Lane residence to his own shabby lodging-house, and although he thrust aside the feeling as the rankest treason, it did occur to him that perhaps it would have been quite as well if he had taken that final good-night from pretty Marjory's lips at five minutes before twelve—instead of five minutes after, when the streets were quite deserted. Emotion of a pleasurable nature is sometimes quite as fatiguing as over-exertion, and he had had a double portion of both. It was no wonder now that, once alone, he should feel a slight reaction from his exaltation.

So he paused, in the dense shadow of the over-hanging trees on the corner, and felt the cool night breeze touch his face where a young girl's lips had so lately rested, and watched the moonlight—broken and shattered by the thick foliage of the branches—spatter in little silver pools on the pavement. Nothing was further from his mind than the thought of further adventure or present peril. And yet just then there came to him through the summer stillness the drumming of clattering hoofs on the cobbles, the rattle of wheels, and a carriage, drawn by two terrified horses, swung round the street corner and stopped short not ten paces from where he stood.

It all happened so quickly, in so much less time than it has taken to narrate it, that the astounded young man, his feet glued to the pavement, did not move hand or foot. There was a driver on the box—a violently profane man, who swore eloquently—and someone was screaming frantically inside the carriage—feminine shrieks of shrill terror that fairly set Berkeley's teeth on edge. The driver, dropping the whip, thrust the horses, by main strength, back on their haunches so fiercely that the off one stumbled and fell—with a great metallic clatter of harness and

the accompaniment of more feminine shrieks.

It was a quiet residence street, and most of the people, as Berkeley remembered suddenly, were out of town and away from home for the summer, which accounted for the fact that the noise brought no curious spectators to the scene of action. There should have been caretakers, of course, or policemen, people who should have taken especial interest in the affair—but as it happened there was neither.

And suddenly, from the self-same way from which the carriage had just come, the young man, still motionless, heard the sound of running footfalls on the pavement, and the wheezing breath of a spent runner who has all but reached the limit of his strength. Using the only other faculty apparently left to him, since his feet seemed paralyzed, Roger, staring, saw a man, running heavily, yet pluckily, turn the street corner as the carriage had done five minutes before. He held something in his hand, something that flashed now and then as the moonlight touched it, and he was waving from one side of the street to the other, like a worn-out shuttle suddenly gone mad.

The driver swore more profanely than ever, sprang from the box, and began to try—vainly—to flog the fallen horse to its feet. The man was a cheap brute, and the thudding of the blows made Berkeley sick. They had one effect, however. Of a sudden the frenzied animal began kicking, and the sound of the steel-shod hoofs striking yielding wood was like the drumming of heavy hail against drought-dried boards. With the impact of the first blow the screaming within the carriage stopped suddenly, and Berkeley saw the look which the man with the lash bent backward over his shoulder.

And just then the light flashed again on the object in the running man's hand, although Berkeley, his mind taken up with something else, did not see it—a spout of flame leaped from it—and the drumming of the steel-shod hoofs against rending wood, mingled oddly with the sound of a pistol shot, and Roger Berkeley pitched forward on his face.

"You are not injured in any way," said a low voice. "There was *nobody* hurt. Frightened? O, dear—yes—naturally! But nothing worse."

"And where am I now?" asked Berkeley, with a tinge of wonder in his voice.

"You are—here!" Somebody laughed—a cooing little loving murmur like the sound of brooding doves when the nests are full of baby birds.

"Here!" Berkeley tried to thrust the bandages from his eyes, but his hands were bound and he failed. "What is the matter with me?" he asked.

Someone took the place of the person who had answered his first question—or failed to answer it. "You are safe and in the hands of friends, Mr. Berkeley, and no one is going to harm you," said an older and less friendly and gentle voice. "The person who fired the shot that grazed your arm——"

"Am I wounded?" asked the startled Berkeley.

"Slightly only—the bullet barely grazed your arm, as I said before. It was the shock that rendered you unconscious. You are now in a house within a dozen blocks of the corner where you fell. It was thought best to bring you here——"

"Why?"

There was a moment's hesitation. "There were two people in the carriage, and the driver was intoxicated," said the voice more slowly. "It was an intended elopement—as you will have guessed—an elopement that failed of its purpose. It is hoped now that the whole thing may be kept quiet—for the young woman's sake. Hence your detention."

"But I am no trouble-maker!" protested the indignant Berkeley. "Even if I were free, how could I tell something that I do not even know myself. I saw none of the parties. It is out of the question to think of keeping me here a prisoner——"

He stopped short. Instead of answering—instead of listening to what he was saying—the room was full of whisperings that dismayed him.

"Listen to me, Mr. Berkeley," said a third voice. "Nobody is going to harm you, you understand. But there is too much at stake for you to be set free for

the next forty-eight hours. Instead, your friends and those interested in you will be notified that circumstances over which you have no control have arisen that will keep you out of the city for the next three or four days."

"Why?"

There was more hesitation—more whispering. "Because I feel justified in doing anything that I can to save a foolish young girl from the consequences of her own folly," said the last voice more sternly. "I will try to explain the matter as nearly as I can. A young girl—not here in the city necessarily—was engaged to be married to a man of whom her family—her guardians—thoroughly approved. The day was set——"

"Geoffrey!"

There was a little stir in the room. In some way Berkeley became vaguely impressed with the belief that someone had either entered or quitted the room, and that—the very thought seemed foolish—the atmosphere of the apartment was decidedly more hostile to himself. Why?

"The girl—I shall call her Delicia—was giddy and foolish. Through very idiocy and weariness she was tempted to break what was almost as binding upon her as a marriage ceremony itself—her troth-pledge. Friends reasoned with her, but to no avail. Finally the Evil One himself through a certain man in her way——"

"Geoffrey!"

"You are right—I will hasten on," said the voice less bitterly. "What the secret of the influence was which the man exercised over my unhappy—over the girl—God only knows. But she became apparently madly infatuated with him. And last night——"

Berkeley stirred restlessly. "She was in the carriage, of course, this Delicia of yours, and her lover with her," he said boldly. "What next? You grow prosy, sir."

For a moment dead silence reigned in the room. "Perhaps you are right," the voice said, but in a lower tone. "Delicia fled and the man in her company. Thank God I found it out in time. Thank God I followed them. Thank God——"

"Or the devil, maybe," said Berkeley,

but less assuredly this time. "'Twas you, then, sir, whom the woman was shrieking to the immortal gods to aid her in escaping from. It was you who fired that shot. By the by, was anyone else hurt?"

"I wish that I could answer that question," said the voice, gloomily. "Your fall created a diversion which my—which Delicia took advantage of. I thought—you see I have no secrets from you, sir, I confess frankly that it was I who fired that shot—that I was a murderer, and what was more to the purpose, I believed that I had killed the wrong man. When I had satisfied myself that you were not seriously hurt, I tried to find Delicia, and the scoundrel with whom she had fled, but was unable to do so. They were both gone."

"You have made yourself clear, sir—save as regards one point," said Berkeley calmly. "And that is why you persist in keeping me here a prisoner against my will."

"I thought you clever, sirrah—you are a dullard after all," said the voice, this time a trifle disappointedly. "I do not care to have my—to have Delicia's flight become a matter of common gossip—a nine days' wonder."

"I would cheerfully promise to hold my tongue—and I am accounted a man of my word, sir," said young Berkeley indignantly.

"I do not want any pledges from you, sir. I promise you that I would rather trust bolts and bars than the force-extorted word of any man on earth. In forty-eight hours—or less—the fugitives should be in our hands. Until that time we are forced to do violence to your rights—unwillingly, sir, believe me."

Berkeley had no answer for this, so he sulkily held his tongue. The voices died away after that, and, strain his ears as he would, he could not catch the faintest sound. He gathered from this that they were tired of his sullenness and that the room was empty.

The hours dragged. He had no way of determining time. He could hear the ticking of a clock from somewhere near him, but it did not strike the hours. He did not even know whether it was day or night, and thoughts of Marjory, her anxiety when possibly a day and night should pass with-

out hearing from him, made his heart like lead. He chafed frantically against his bonds, but without effect.

A long, long time had passed when, still straining his sense of hearing as he had strained it for hours, he heard a faint sound like the nibbling of a tiny mouse in the room near him. "What is that?" he called out, and the nibbling stopped instantly and the silence stagnated as before. His voice had had the odd sound of dead wood spattering in the waters of a sullen, currentless pool.

More minutes passed, and the nibbling began again—more gently this time. "Who is there?" he said in a whisper. "Is there someone near me in the room? If there is, I warn you that I intend to cry out—if you do not answer."

A lower whisper responded to his own. "It is a friend," said a soft little voice—that he had not heard before in that evil place. "I am trying to cut through the wall, *monsieur*, and it is hard work. For your own sake, I implore you to be quiet!"

He made no answer, holding his breath that he might not miss the nibbling when it came again. It did not last so long this time—there was a little clang that told him that a key had fallen to the floor. And after that there was silence for a long moment, as if his unseen visitor feared that less friendly ears than his own had caught the sound; and then he heard a step—the faint rustle of a skirt—a draught of fresh air fanned his cheek, and through the bandage he was able, tightly secured and drawn as it was, to catch a faint wandering gleam of light.

"Stay, I will rid you of the bandage first," said the pleasant little voice. "Quiet, *monsieur*, or you will betray me into worse dangers than you dream of."

He heard the snap of a cord, another, and his own freed hands helped to rid his eyes of the thick bandage. When this was done, however, he blinked like an owl in an ivy-thatch, and it was many minutes before he could see anything save a tall silver taper, crowned with flame and circled with myriads of floating violet stars.

A moment passed, and the up-standing taper resolved itself into a cheap tallow candle, held by a trembling woman-child

clad in a short, shabby frock. "Are you Delicia?" he asked.

It was a fortunate question. The delicious absurdity of it made the child laugh—a tinkling, pleasant little laugh like the sound of a running brook—and the two were friends at once. "I do not know where the Lady Delicia is," the girl said. "Do you?" and her nice, sharp little face was torn by anxiety.

"No."

"It was because I hoped that you might be able to help me find her that I freed you," said the child gently. "This is her home, *monsieur*, as you may have guessed, but no one has seen her since her flight with her lover last night. Her brother is moving heaven and earth to find her. When he does, neither youth nor innocence nor ties of blood can save her from his fury. It is a mad thing that she has done, *monsieur*, poor, hunted, desperate creature."

"Then she is not in this house—you are sure?"

"She is not here—of so much I am quite sure. I am one of the maids, *monsieur*, and I waited with the rest of the household last night—God only knows why or for what we waited! And then just after midnight, when they came in bringing you, all bloody and unconscious, some of us thought——"

"Thought what?" asked young Berkeley, for the girl had paused shudderingly.

"Why, some of us thought that you were the man for whom *he* sought—and that he had had his will of you," said the child in a still lower voice. "For God's sake, *monsieur*, remember that we are in desperate straits. I pray you—I implore you—to help us if you can!"

"I will!" said the young man resolutely. He chafed the hands from which she had cut the bonds, and then, taking a carafe of wine from the table, he lifted it to his lips and drained it at a draught. "How are we to find her, child—this mistress Delicia of yours? Can you tell me where to search for her?"

"That would be a very hard thing to do, methinks—since those who know her so much better than we have searched for her many hours in vain," said the girl despairingly. "It is nearing dawn,

monsieur. The sky is growing light in the east. And what we do must be done quickly. Because the woman for whom we search forfeits her fortune if the sunrise finds her unwedded—and it will find her so, rather than married to her brother's choice," said the girl impatiently. "This way, *monsieur*."

A hand, roughened with toil, but tiny as a crumpled, opening peony-petal, clung to his for a moment, and with the extinguished candle left behind, her fingers drew him from the dark room. "They are still searching outside in the town somewhere," said the girl feverishly, "her brother and the others. Oh, if we could only find her—before they do!"

Of a truth, the house did not seem empty. They threaded their way—the girl always in advance—through numberless corridors and passages, cold and bare and unlighted, until of a sudden they stepped from a narrow hall into a brick-paved courtyard, with a broken fountain and a shallow pool brimmed with coarse grasses and mirroring the westward-marching stars overhead. The sparrows chirped, and a stray cat, gaunt and thievish, slunk past them into the street.

"Which way now?" asked Berkeley helplessly; but the girl only wrung her hands.

"Aye, which way, indeed!" she moaned, "with the sleeping, heartless town out there, and no one watching, save to do her harm. Her old nurse lives in a little cottage across the way there. By bare chance she may have taken refuge with her."

She clung affrightedly to Berkeley's arm as the latch, slipping from her fingers, clanged with a little hostile sound that rang ominously on the quiet air. But no one, apparently, heard them or noted the noise of the slipping bolt. It was the last hour, as the girl had said, before the dawn. Moonlight fought with morning, while the stars grew pallid watching. The shadows were like a marching procession of grey ghosts, with scarves and banners of fog bellying here and there as the fresh wind caught and frayed them.

It was Berkeley at last who, taking the girl roughly by the arm, slipped across the

street. The sound of a clamor at a little distance came to his ears, and the young man thought once that he heard the noise of a pistol-shot. He thanked God for the moment that the town was so loosely governed—the war diverting public attention for the time from matters of civic importance. Later there was the sound of running feet—thud!—thud! they came; but this noise too, came no nearer, and behind them the house which they had quit- ted across the wide street drowsed in sul- len quiet.

“Do you go in—if the old woman will allow you to enter,” said the girl fear- fully, as she tried vainly to twist loose from the grasp of the man who held her. “She is a suspicious, surly old hag—a witch, some think. And I am afraid of her—horribly afraid.”

It was no time for discussion. Berkeley dared not struggle with the girl, lest he wring a cry from her lips. The dawn was like a thin, frail porcelain cup that a word might shatter ruthlessly. She had thrust a pistol in his hand back there in the silent house before the candle had been extinguished. Now, wresting herself from his hold, she fluttered like a moth away from him, waiting in the shadow of a tulip tree for what was to befall.

Twice the butt of the pistol clanged on the heavy door—and twice from behind it Berkeley’s keen ears caught faint scuttling sounds—stifled whisperings—a startled exclamation—the sound of shuff- ling feet—a smothered cry. He wrapped again. “Who is there?” squeaked a tremulous voice.

“A stranger!” he answered boldly. “Let me in, mother. I have news for the guests whom your roof harbors.”

“I am quite alone—there is no one with me,” squeaked the tremulous voice again. A trapped rat—speech-endowed—might have spoken so. “These are parlous times upon which we have fallen, kind sir, and the law cares little for a poor, wretched old woman who is naught but a burden to the State. The King does not concern himself with such. I can protect myself—”

“I will go when my business is finished —my matters safely concluded—not be- fore,” said Berkeley stoutly. Behind him

the street seemed suddenly to have filled with excited people. He heard the plop —plop—plop—of the shod feet on the cobbles, and the child under the tulip tree gasped with terror. The sound hurried action. “You are an old fool, mother. I warn you——”

A chain rattled, and a spurt of flame seared his face. He heard the zip—zip— zip—of the bullets as they cut through the tulip tree behind him, and the burning powder drowned the thin scent of the yel- low, cup-like blossoms. He set his knee against the door, and, the child forgotten in his anger, he bent with all his strength against the yielding wood. Somebody screeched an oath at him from with- in—a vile thing that made him heart-sick.

“Are they there within, Dirk?”

It was the insolent voice that had taunted him, bound and helpless, an hour before—the voice that had mocked him with his own weakness. “I do not know —I have not been able to gain an en- trance,” he said foolishly, wondering for whom the other had mistaken him.

“I have thought of a plan, Dirk,” said the man hurriedly. “We will gain our will in the end, of course, by simply wait- ing. But the old woman is a devil, and it has been said that she has it in her power to summon those whom she will to aid her, even from beyond the bounda- ries of another world than this. I do not care to risk her displeasure. Here is a sword, and there is a window with a loose shutter at the back of the house, so one of the dolts here tells me. We will give you a leg-up, and once you have set your knee against the shutter they cannot keep you out. Hurry!”

The others had fallen back a little. There were flaming torches now that blot- ted out the softer radiance of the coming dawn, but even by the red light of the dripping sparks from the resined blaze Berkeley could catch no glimpse of the girl who had accompanied him. It was in his mind to follow her—to refuse per- emptorily the act which the others had set for him, but something deeper—more subtle—than either wisdom or instinct checked the impulse. Helped by those behind him, he drew himself upward by

a branch of stout ivy, and twisting the shutter open, dropped inside a dark loft and into a room that smelled vilely of mould and rats and drying herbs. A light from the apartment below came feebly up through the cracks in the floor, and he caught the murmur of agitated voices. Without giving himself time to think, since he knew not how soon the others would follow him, Berkeley kicked a trap-door open with his foot, thrust his legs through it, felt for a ladder, and found none—then dropped to the lower floor.

There was a startled screech, and the old hag, slavering a little like a mad cat, her yellow eyes blazing, sprang straight at his throat. He caught at her, twisted her wrist until it all but snapped under the pressure, and then thrust her roughly aside. "I bear you no ill-will, mother," he said, as composedly as he could for his quickened breath. "I am come to help those whom you have sheltered—not to harm."

The old witch, mouthing with rage, was squatting in the corner like an evil toad, merely a blazing glint of flame flickering at him from under her lowered lashes. It was well for him that his eyes had never once quitted her. Even as he looked she sprang squalling to her feet, and a keen-bladed knife flashed past his head, bent twangingly against the wall with the shock, then snapping at the hilt fell harmlessly to the floor. The hag was at him again by this time, her claw-like fingers clutching at his throat. He tried to evade the rush, and failed; then, careless of consequences, thrust her from him with a violence that staggered her. She reeled for a moment, but the first mad rush had exhausted her puny strength. Her violence spent, she pitched forward, mouthing and gabbling a little, and then lay—quite still.

Berkeley drew a long breath of relief and then looked about him nervously. There were only two people in the room besides himself and the old woman who lay so still, and from whose writhing lips a tiny thread of crimson was stealing. One of the two was a young girl with pure, steadfast eyes, and a proud little back-thrown head; the other was a young man

gazed at Berkeley watchfully. "She is an old woman," remarked the youth judiciously.

Berkeley flushed. "I only acted in self-defence," he said shortly. "Even then—you saw the danger. I will never again be nearer death than I was just now—until the very last. It was not my fault."

There was a confused sound of shouting outside. The girl paled a little. There were little lights on her soft hair like the pollen on the stamens of a water-lily, and her eyes were as blue as the sea where its shadows are deepest. She slipped away from her lover, and, kneeling beside the old woman, laid cool, fluttering fingers upon her wrist.

"We have no time to waste," said Berkeley, the gentle figure reminding him of Marjory—little Marjory and the touch of her sweet young lips upon his own. "They are waiting for me to gain entrance for them——"

"They shall not have Delicia—save over my dead body," said the young man quietly. His eyes as they met Berkeley's own held the flicker of wet steel. "Her brother has badgered, hounded, brow-beaten her long enough. It is her fortune he wants—her fortune, which will be forfeit when the sun's first ray this morning touches the cross on the steeple of St. Peter's out there. Well, let him keep it—I do not want her gold."

"Why is it forfeit?"

The steel flashed. "Because, search as we would through the long night hours, we could not find a clergyman who held his vows sacred," said the young man bitterly. "Some spoke of scruples—some of love of land and life—some of—other things. It is all one. They were precious perjurers all—dastardly, boot-licking hounds——"

"I, too, am a clergyman—as it chances," said Berkeley gently. "Show me that it is my duty, and I will bind you two together, in default of a better man, as tightly as the Bishop himself could do it."

For a long moment the other held his breath, his staring eyes fixed doubtfully upon the other's face, a red stain creeping to his cheeks. And then his stern mouth

quivering, he looked down at the girl. "Delicia!" he cried exultantly. "Delicia—Delicia—*Delicia!*"

Five minutes later a pistol-butt rang on the door. The half-witted old woman had dragged herself to a sitting posture by this time, and sat hugging her knees with her skinny arms, her yellow eyes glowering at Berkeley still, her lips blood-stained. She whirled tipsily as on a pivot, and screeched like a cat as the oaken panels creaked with the force of the blow. "Open the door!" someone outside shouted. "Open the door, or we will break it down! In the name of the King!"

Berkeley looked down at the young bride's sunny head. She had knelt to him for the nuptial blessing, and his own eyes and mouth grew stern and grave. He was thinking of Marjory. "Nay, you need not be afraid," he said gently. "Let them come in—now! Why not?"

Before he could open the door, however, it fell in with a crash, and a dozen men trooped across the threshold. It was quite light in the street by this time, and standing where he could see over the heads and shoulders of the others, Berkeley noticed that a crowd—bullies—street-rogues—wharf-rats—adventurers—the scum and off-scouring of a city noted for its lawlessness—had surmounted the low wall or torn the sagging gate from its hinges, and was beating like a ragged, dirty wave of humanity against the shabby little house.

The first to cross the threshold was a man, dark and surly, with a dissipated, evil face and eyes that burned and smouldered by turns devouringly. He bowed to his sister with a mocking smile. "So I have found you, my lady—in good time," he said gloatingly as the first ray of the morning sun flashed back in radiance from the gleaming cross of St. Peter's. "Well met, my dear—and a happy home-coming!"

But the young girl only looked at him steadfastly. Her dark eyes held neither doubt nor triumph. "I go to another home now, Geoffrey," she said quietly. "A home of my husband's choosing."

"Your husband!" In spite of her self-command, the insolent, scornful tone

whipped the blood back to the girl's white cheeks. "What mummerly is this, Delicia? You sadly over-rate my patience, my lady. As for the beggar there at your heels, there is to be for him a later reckoning. He may beg for mercy when some of my rough fellows outside are flogging him at the cart's tail—if he will. He will whine and bellow loud enough then, I warrant you."

For the first time, then, Roger Berkeley realized what true bravery meant. The young husband dug his nails deep in his palms, but he drank restraint and self-command alike from his young wife's deep eyes, and did not answer the taunt. But the steadfast smile never quitted his lips.

"Come, Delicia," said Geoffrey Travers brutally. "There has been enough of this foolery—and to spare. If you would lead me to forget your past folly, and to act as your friend—a mediator between you and Louis, your affianced——"

"Louis cares as little for me as I for him," said his sister calmly. "I tell you I have complied with the conditions of our father's will, Geoffrey. You shall not rob me of my fortune, as you have so nearly robbed me of my peace of mind. I will appeal to the King!"

"The King!" Even the clumsy louts behind Travers eyed each other and shook disapproving heads at the contempt in his voice. "Too late, my fair sister! The King slept last night at Bonnaire, and it will be many days and weeks before the Valley breezes fan his victorious banners again. In the meantime——"

"Roger!"

Berkeley, deep in the day-dream, started. It was Marjory's father who spoke to him a little wonderingly from a passing carriage that had halted in the street. The sunshine was brighter by this time, and an outward flux of the human tide had carried the four principals outside the broken walls of the old house, to the spot where the giant tulip tree caught the sunshine in its golden bowls. "Is Marjory there?" he asked, and then checked himself sharply, for, save Marjory's father and the driver, the carriage was empty. "I am coming, sir," he said

gently, then laid one hand on Travers' shoulder. "You are too late, friend," he said. "I am a clergyman, and I united those two in marriage—your sister and her lover—just before yonder door was broken down. She has complied with the conditions——"

For a moment the face of the man before him was convulsed. "You lie, you hound!" he snarled between his clenched teeth. "Look you, if I really believed you——"

The old man, deserting his post and leaving the carriage and its driver in the sunny street, swung himself through the crowd and pressed roughly between the two. "You are a true man, lad—clergyman or not," he said staunchly. "I am proud of my girl's choice. Let the rogues come on. Here are three true men who are worth a street full of dirty scum——"

But this time it was the bridegroom who interfered. "I thank you, but no man fights my battles for me," he said, composedly. Only Berkeley noticed that his right hand, resting on his sword-hilt, was clenched so tightly that the veins stood out like cords and the knuckles were bloodless. "This is my hour, Geoffrey Travers—and my opportunity. You have threatened—scorned—insulted me. *Now——*"

Travers sneered. "You crow finely—for so young a fowl!" he retorted jeeringly. "If you are counting on the Travers gold to line that beggar's purse of yours you have counted amiss. I'll have the ranting clergyman unfrocked who dared to

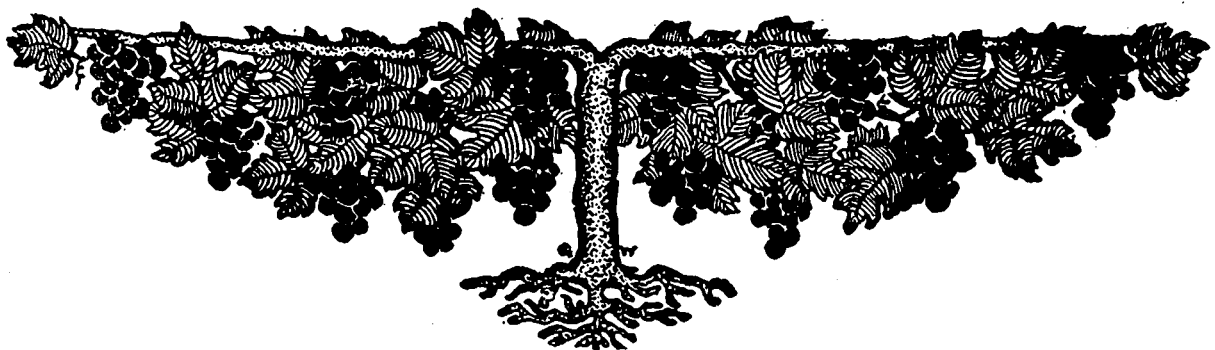
play the mummer's part in that farce of yours. I'll have him scourged and branded——"

His words, do what he would, died away in a reedy whisper. Someone was signaling to him from the crowd—someone else was tugging at his cloak. A face that was drawn and ashen—with the down-dropped jaw of abject fear—leered at him affrightedly.

"What do you say?" he stammered foolishly; but although a little whisper ran through the crowd, no one dared to speak openly. But something, spreading—widening—like the heated breath that heralds a prairie fire, was catching here—there—everywhere! Marjory's father plucked at Berkeley's sleeve. "What are they saying now?" he asked, curiously.

"Nothing—that need matter to you, sir," he answered gently, and with the old man's hand within his arm, and with the newly-wedded pair close behind, he walked toward the waiting carriage—the crowd falling away from behind him as from the wrath of God. One whisper beat in Travers' ears. "Yes—back only lately from Tremania. He works always among the poor and destitute—his royal father's favorite, they say, although the youngest. And since last month Prince Henry has been Bishop of Tremania."

But of all that they whispered, Delicia caught not the faintest breath. With her hand upon her husband's arm—her eyes upon his face—blinded to all lights but one—she had entered into Eden.





The Sun-rise

By G. J. Weston

Eastward the sky grows
Grey with the dawn,
Amber and primrose,
Purple and fawn.

From the horizon
Lances are hurled,
Banners of crimson
Swiftly unfurled.

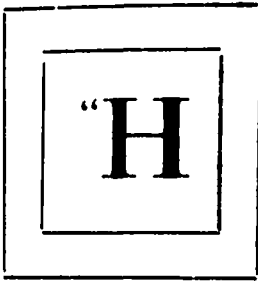
Arrows that quiver,
Ghostly and wan,
Hither and thither
Ere they are gone.

Lost in the cloud-mist,
Gone with the night,
Rosily sun-kissed—
Heralds of light.

God's in the sun-rise,
Hell in the night,
Hail to the blue skies,
Hail to the light.

When a Woman Came to Summit

By Arthur McArthur



ELL!"

Rough and strong the oath rang out with grim emphasis from hairy lips that were unafraid. Six feet three he stood, and his brawny

form dominated the interior of the cabin where he was. His hat was off, and his shirt unbuttoned at the throat showed a mighty chest hidden by matted hair. In attitudes of non-committal unconcern, a dozen miners filled the room and smoked steadily.

Through the open door a long slope was visible, sweeping downward to the river. Above the cabin the pines stood silently. Over all brooded the white tops of the mountains. The hoarse murmur of the stream flowing in its rocky canyon mingled with the sullen thunder of an avalanche somewhere far off in the hills. The sun shone hotly in the sheltered valley. It was noon-hour in the mining camp.

The sound of the oath died away among the rocks. Silently the group watched the figure of a woman climbing the slope. In each man's mind speculation was rife. The Summit Camp was a place for bachelors. They prided themselves that this was so, boasted of it in saloons far distant, and fought with scornful ones in defence of the freedom it represented. Comparatively speaking, Summit Camp was morally inclined. The red light had no place among its jumble of cabins. Its members were single. If they took unto themselves a wife they likewise found a new job. Big Jim was the autocrat of all their destinies. He

was a bachelor, and because of that his men were likewise. He tolerated no women in the camp.

Now a woman was coming. She was scarce a hundred yards from the camp, and the air in the vicinity became charged with suppressed excitement. The big man whirled around and spoke in a quiet, level voice in which steel jangled with ice.

"Remember, boys, she's got no place here. If one o' ye brought her, ye can pack. If she's come up here for business, I'll hae none o' that. The red light'll get short shift here."

"She ain't that kind," spoke one of the men tersely; "look at her!"

The eyes of the watchers centred with fresh interest upon the toiling figure. She was within a few feet of the cabin. Her greying hair and plain motherly face were a meet setting for the kind, tired eyes which looked in at them. Plainly, she was not *that* kind of woman. Each man thought of his mother with a catch in his throat. Two or three furtively brushed their eyes with horny fists. Big Jim gazed down at the drooping figure and his eyes softened.

"You've maybe lost your way, ma'am," he ventured; "if so, we'll put you right," he added, as if he hoped that it were so.

"No, I think not; that is—is this Summit Camp?" and the voice faltered in a way suggestive of apprehension.

"It is that. What be you wantin'? This is no place fer a woman, ma'am. There ain't one in the whole camp, 'ceptin' yer-self."

"I'm looking for my——is Andrews here —Tom Andrews?"

"Maybe yes, an' maybe no. What is he to you, ma'am?"

"He is my husband," returned the woman with a quiver; "I want him."

A stunned silence fell upon the little group. Each man looked furtively at his neighbor and then glanced up the hillside to where Andrews was working among the rocks. Then they gave their attention to Big Jim, for he was speaking.

"How long has he been married to ye, ma'am?"

"Nigh unto twenty years, I think. Why, he isn't—there ain't nothin' wrong with him, he ain't hurt is he?" and the voice throbbed with pain while she looked dumbly from man to man, pathetic appeal in her eyes.

For answer, Big Jim strode through the doorway and sent his voice rolling up the hillside. "Andrews!" he roared; "Andrews, yer wanted!" An answering hail came back, and then the little woman sighed contentedly, and a happy smile illumined her tired face. There was, however, an expression as of fear, which watchful eyes did not fail to see. Big Jim noticed it and spoke his thoughts.

"Has he treated ye well, ma'am?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, yes, he's been good to me," she asserted; but there was a frightened look in her eyes.

"Left you, perhaps?" again questioned the miner. A slight flush swept the woman's face and then left it pale.

"He didn't leave me—that is, he came up here to work," she stammered.

"Send you money?"

"No-o. I didn't need it. I got along very well taking in washing, and then, you know, my boy will soon be old enough to work. Tom was savin', maybe." A mother's pride glowed in her words.

Big Jim raised his clenched fist and then let it fall again. On each man's face he read the determination that filled his own. There was a scraping of feet, and Andrews was in the cabin. What he saw there looked like a tribunal. The eyes of the men watched him silently, coldly.

"Is this your wife?" asked Big Jim, with suppressed anger struggling in his tones.

Andrews nodded. There was no escape. He was a big man, almost as big as the Boss. At the sight of him the woman had started forward, but something in the faces of the others held her back.

Then the vials of the big man's wrath broke loose like thunder in the hills. His voice boomed in the tiny room with deafening force.

"You cur!" he roared, "you hulking beast. You've treated a good woman like the dog you are, and you've lied to me an' the boys. You've let your wife slave for her life an' the life of your child, while you've squandered your earnings in whiskey. Hangin's too good for a beast like you, you coward."

Andrews' face flushed angrily under the tan. He turned on the Boss with a snarl. "By God!" he growled, "you'll eat those words. You can't drive me like those sheep there, you d—n skunk!"

Big Jim's mighty fists whirled aloof as Andrews whipped out a hunting knife and crouched waiting for the onslaught. Then a woman's scream rang out, wild and shrill, and in a moment Andrews' wife had thrown herself between the two, her clinging arms around her husband's neck.

"No, no," she cried, "oh, no. Oh, sir, don't, don't!" and she turned imploringly to Big Jim.

For a moment the two giants stood, tense, quivering with rage, the rugged typification of mountain law. The others had not stirred from their places. This was the Boss's quarrel, though each man had a score with Andrews. One cannot call a miner a sheep and get away with it. They waited for the end.

Slowly the storm passed. Andrews thrust his knife into its sheath and Big Jim relaxed his mighty thews, though he still stared angrily at the other.

There was a tense silence, during which the two watched each other like bull moose in the spring time. "Well," growled Andrews presently, "what is it?"

"You go over to the office an' get your time, then you git," answered the Boss sternly; "you take your wife with you an' treat her square. If you don't you've me to reckon with, an' after me the boys."

"Hear, hear," came in a hoarse murmur from the group in unison. Silently they watched the pair cross the sunlit space to the office, where Andrews drew his time. Then the two moved down the narrow trail towards the valley and were lost in the pines. Big Jim's eyes swept the circle of faces searchingly. "Hell!" he murmured, and then strode away up the hillside.

Absent

By G. J. Weston

But yesterday the pines were things of grace,
The waters sparkled 'neath an azure dome,
Tonight methinks the sombre pines make moan,
The troubled waters seek a vanished Face.

A Face that smiled upon the laughing tide,
A Jewel that gemmed the setting of the trees,
A laughing Voice whose music filled the breeze,
A Form that moved in rhythm by my side.

Tonight the hills are shrouded as in pain,
Through wind-swept clouds there gleams a sullen moon,
Faintly afar I hear the mocking loon,
But for a Face I search the night in vain.

Before me lie the years my feet must roam,
Wherein my heart yearns for the World's Desire,
Nor may I know its satisfying fire,
But wander down the path alone—alone.

A Chechaco's Dream

LO! I dreamed a dream and it troubled me exceedingly. Behold, I was still a youth, and the desire to sign the pledge was yet far from me. Therefore was I heavy in spirit, for the dream that came unto me savored of the jim-jams, which are to the D.T.'s what jui-jitsu is to wrestling. Thus was I weighed down with my affliction, and my heart yearned sadly for the land of my fathers, for, be it understood, I was a stranger in a far country.

I dreamed strangely, not wisely, you understand, nor well. Hearken yet a little and I will unfold that which burdened me while I was young, and the wine cup still gleamed redly in the lamplight and bit, not like a mosquito, but was prolific only of a feeling like unto the morning after.

Lo! the latch-key would not fit, and when I lifted mine eyes I beheld a landscape which was filled with mountains and laughing streams. In vain did I strive to fit it in with the view obtainable from my humble place of abode. It refused to be so fitted. Then, while mine eyes were delighted by the laughing streams, I beheld that which filled me with a great fear, and I cried aloud that the Philistines were upon us.

Lo! from afar I beheld the figure of a man whose stature was like unto that of the mountains which shook at his coming even as I. From a great distance he came hither. His feet, I perceived, glistened like solid gold. His legs were a composition of all the minerals. The body was formed of a gigantic tree trunk, and in place of the right arm I saw a fish, while his left was like unto a grain bag filled to overflowing. Upon his shoulders there rested an object bright and gleaming as a full moon. It I discerned to be an apple.

Now I trembled much, and was afraid, for the door-key was still obstinate, and there was no escape. Howsoever, the strange giant treated me as my friends when I am flush, which is to say well-fixed. Tenderly he gathered me up as a shepherd doth his ba-lamb, and gave unto me of his gold and silver. Now, although he took vast treasures from himself, I did perceive with astonishment that he was in nowise diminished in bulk, but continued as before. Then he went hence with great suddenness letting me fall with much violence against the lamp-post, which same did most unkindly bump me in many places.

Now, in the days that followed I did impart my strange story to many people whom I had hitherto called comrades, but they reviled me and mocked me with scorn. In the land where I then was dwelt one who was a wise man, and the fame of his wisdom went abroad through the nation. Unto him for mine ailment did I beget me, and he listened in silence while I delivered my strange tale, nor did he let loose the vials of scorn and vituperation as had mine other confessors. When I had finished, the wise man raised his hands and blessed me. "Go in peace, my son," said he; "be no more troubled because of that which has come to pass. Lo! it is patent that the giant which thou hast seen is none other than British Columbia, with its feet of gold, its legs of many minerals, its body of the trunk of a tree, its arms of fish and breadstuff, and its head an apple of great brilliance. Let thine heart be no more troubled, and let thy tongue sing praises. Go, my son, tarry not, but get you gone."

Then went I out and did revenge me on the ones at whose hands I had suffered, for the joy was great within me, and my heart sang praises unto the midnight sun, while the wine cup gleamed redly as of yore. Lo! it is finished and I depart in peace. Selah!

A highly detailed, black and white decorative border surrounds the text. It features intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, including roses, acanthus leaves, and various scrolls, creating a classic, ornate frame.

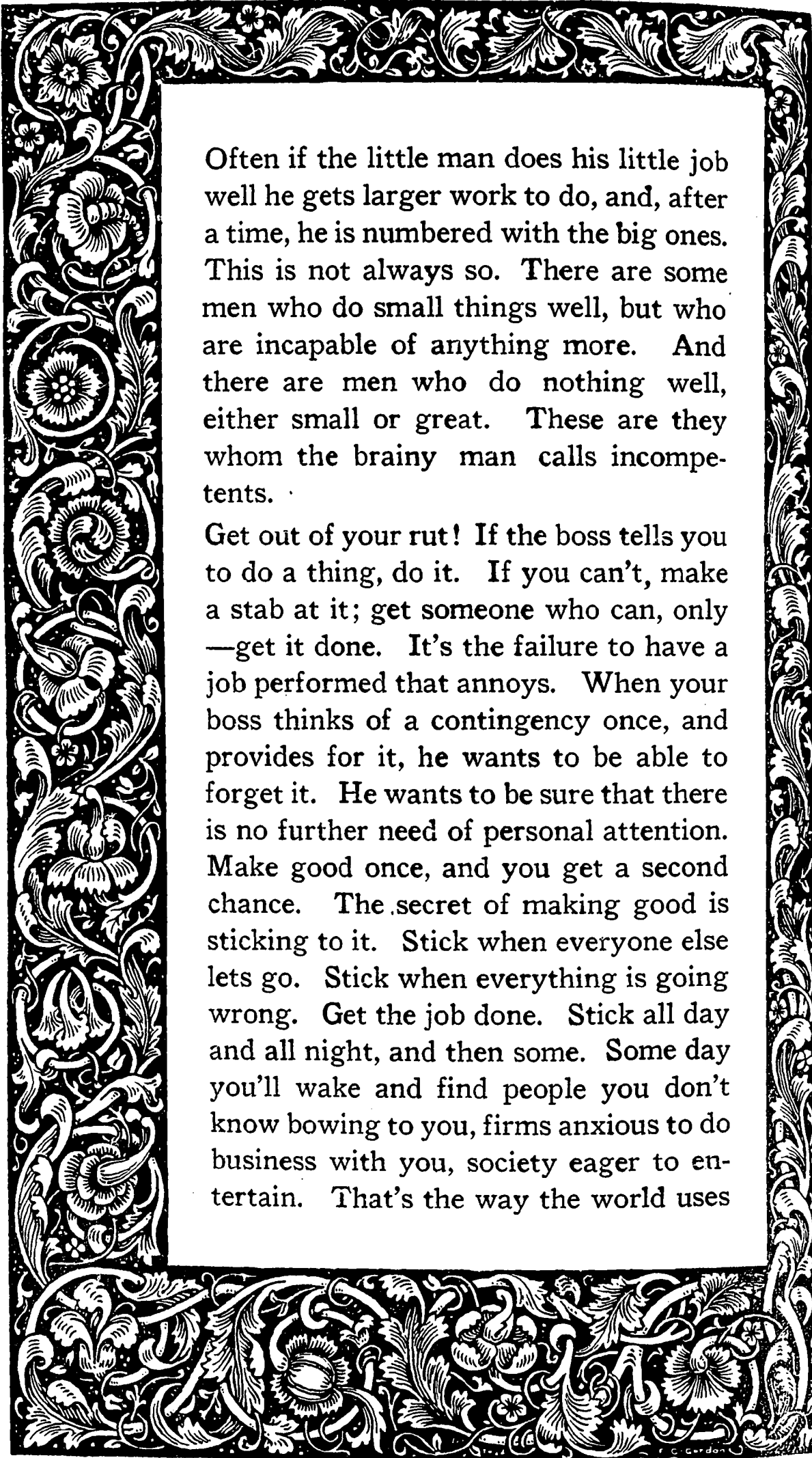
Incompetence

THE other day a prominent man, annoyed beyond measure, suddenly burst out, "Of all the incompetence in this world! No one has sufficient brains to do the simplest thing correctly."

This brought out the remark from a companion, "Well, if it wasn't for that, my friend, you and I wouldn't be able to make as easy a living as we do."

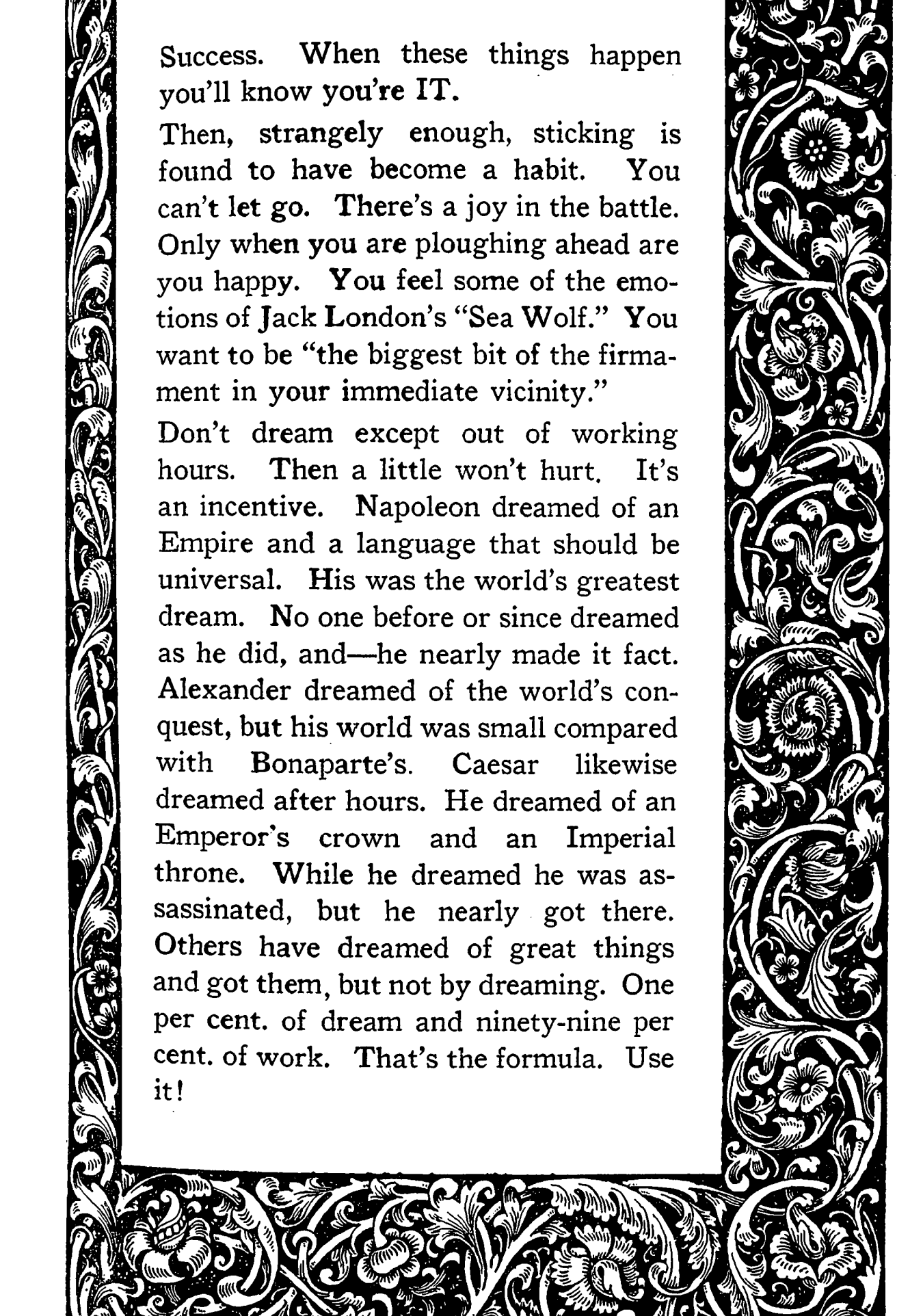
There, it's out! In that brief sentence is summed up the story of all the failures and all the successes in the history of man. Adam's incompetence in fighting Man's first battle with his better half lost him Eden. From then to now it has always been the same. A thousand years from today will find it so.

The few who are capable to do the big things, get the big things, are the big men. The others are the rank and file. They do the little things, get little, are little. Even the performance of little things is often beyond them, and so the man higher up deplores the world's incompetence.



Often if the little man does his little job well he gets larger work to do, and, after a time, he is numbered with the big ones. This is not always so. There are some men who do small things well, but who are incapable of anything more. And there are men who do nothing well, either small or great. These are they whom the brainy man calls incompetents.

Get out of your rut! If the boss tells you to do a thing, do it. If you can't, make a stab at it; get someone who can, only—get it done. It's the failure to have a job performed that annoys. When your boss thinks of a contingency once, and provides for it, he wants to be able to forget it. He wants to be sure that there is no further need of personal attention. Make good once, and you get a second chance. The secret of making good is sticking to it. Stick when everyone else lets go. Stick when everything is going wrong. Get the job done. Stick all day and all night, and then some. Some day you'll wake and find people you don't know bowing to you, firms anxious to do business with you, society eager to entertain. That's the way the world uses

A highly detailed, black and white decorative border surrounds the text. It features intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, including roses, acanthus leaves, and various scrolls, creating a classic Art Nouveau or similar style frame.

Success. When these things happen you'll know you're IT.

Then, strangely enough, sticking is found to have become a habit. You can't let go. There's a joy in the battle. Only when you are ploughing ahead are you happy. You feel some of the emotions of Jack London's "Sea Wolf." You want to be "the biggest bit of the firmament in your immediate vicinity."

Don't dream except out of working hours. Then a little won't hurt. It's an incentive. Napoleon dreamed of an Empire and a language that should be universal. His was the world's greatest dream. No one before or since dreamed as he did, and—he nearly made it fact. Alexander dreamed of the world's conquest, but his world was small compared with Bonaparte's. Caesar likewise dreamed after hours. He dreamed of an Emperor's crown and an Imperial throne. While he dreamed he was assassinated, but he nearly got there. Others have dreamed of great things and got them, but not by dreaming. One per cent. of dream and ninety-nine per cent. of work. That's the formula. Use it!

The Elegy of the Edisonites

(SET TO SLOW MUSIC)

By Norman S. Rankin, the "Mail Man"

With apologies to Berton Brayley

(The Edison Troupe back in New York, after their 6,000-mile trip across the Continent; 100 shade, singing in chorus). Composed and recited by the "Mail Man" at the farewell dinner to J. Dennis, Esq., Vancouver Hotel, July 25th, 1910.

We want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Out with the Edison actress and actor men,
Out with our cameras, note books and pens again;
Lord, but we're sick for it, sick for it all;
Sick to be back on the Edison Special Train,
Sick for the movement, the hustle and rush again,
Sick for the smell and the noise of the cars again,
Lord, how our spirits respond to the call.

We want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Up through Dakota and Middle West States again,
Out to Regina—the barracks of mounted men,
Gallant in uniform, top boots and spurs;
Let us just see a stampede of wild steers again,
Feel the effects of an 'lectrical storm again,
Say, but we want to go, want to go West again,
Out 'midst the odors of pines and of firs.

We want to go, want to go, want to go West again.
Climbing up glaciers and tortuous trails again,
Dashing in autos 'long precipitous cliffs again,
Whirling up dust in a great smoky pall;
Wish we could jump in the sulphurous pool again,
Long for a sight of the buffalo and deer again,
Sick for the sound of the click of the film again,
Winding away in an unending ball.

We want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Up Lake Louise, Banff, Glacier and Field again,
Borrowing sweaters or leggings or boots again,
Burning with heat or soaking with rain;
Long for a swim in the Windermere Lake again,
Pine for a dance in the hotel houseboat again,
Sick for a meal in the commissary car again,
Lord, how the pictures unfold in our brain.

We want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
As guests of the "Chief" in his "Specialized" train again,
Treated like kings or theatrical "stars" again,
Nothing too good for us—nothing at all.
Broadway may beckon with lights as of old again,
Lunch counter cafes appeal to our taste again,
Little hall bedrooms agree with our purse again,
But we can't forget it—forget it at all.

Potential Suburbs of Vancouver

POINT GREY

W

WHEN the flowing population of a city exceeds its capacity and breaks new ground, the ultimate suitability of the new annex is a consideration that is often left undiscussed, with the result that when the city proper and its tributaries are finally merged an ugly hiatus remains to mark the line of demarkation. This is a possibility that happily does not exist in the case of Point Grey, that potential suburb of the southern heights, or, as it has been called, Greater Vancouver.

Standing high above the city—overlooking it, is the way the Point Grey residents describe it—this suburban district which has not yet completely discarded its elemental clothing is gradually evolving a distinction that, when linked up with the city, as it will be in the future, will give an added charm and interest not unmixed with natural pride to both communities. Situated at an altitude reaching in some places three hundred feet above the sea level, Point Grey has all the natural advantages of scenic beauty, coupled with an atmosphere of undiluted balm.

CONSTANT GROWTH

It is only three short years since Point Grey first raised its incipient head at the call of the suburbanite, and since that moment it has never drooped. Once the dome of silence—that appalling wonder of the forest—was broken, it was broken forever. Today Point Grey boasts of a steadily growing population. How rapidly it grows would not be easy to say, as it increases almost every hour. And it is a healthy growth. Its robust individuality and determined progress would almost seem to indicate that it

realized its final destiny and was striving for it. The plain fact of the matter is that its municipal governors realize the important part it will play in the future development of Vancouver, and their efforts are at present concentrated upon helping Point Grey to a position and stature that will enable it to fall in line and fulfill its function when merged, as well as when it was merely an adjunct. Unlike most suburban districts, it is not imbued with a super sense of its own importance and desirous of retaining its parochial privileges and limited distinctions. Under the guidance of its municipal rulers it looks beyond the day to the time when it and Vancouver will be one, and with that laudable perspective in mind it is being formed in the same mould as the city to which it adheres, so that in the days to come a traveller crossing the line will not be able to detect the chip from the old block. Even now in the chrysalis stage of its development, Point Grey would seem to silhouette its ultimate shape and dimensions against a sympathetic horizon. Its various boundaries are already set forth, and many of its principal roads are already under construction. It covers a wide expanse of richly wooded country, and although at the present moment its populated parts are like dots upon a landscape and seem to unduly emphasize the difficulty of subduing it to man's utility, even a novice in regard to the rate of industrial progress could not fail to bring away with him the deep assurance that Point Grey would soon be as densely peopled as it is now densely wooded.

LARGE EXPENDITURE

Throughout Point Grey at the moment there is something like a million dollars being spent. To gaze along the natural avenues of the forest, or traverse some of

the improved roadways and emerge upon a beautiful and unexpected vista, this appalling fact becomes hard to believe, for amid its accession to public favor and the clamor of its industrial possibilities, Point Grey preserves its rustic environment and dreamy, restful atmosphere. How long it will do so is a matter that concerns those who identify themselves with its advancement. On Shaughnessy Heights alone there are about sixty buildings in course of erection, and the average cost of them will lie somewhere near the \$10,000 mark.

UNIVERSITY SITE

One factor that must not be omitted in a synoptical review of Point Grey is that the site for the new University has been selected within its borders by the commission appointed by the Government to look over the various places having sites to offer for that auspicious purpose.

Reeve Bowser's administration is of that patient, thoughtful nature which looks for its reward not in the immediate present but in the future. In their plans for the expansion of the city the councillors have been careful to reserve ample air space to fight that city demon technically known as congestion. The magnanimous sum of a hundred thousand dollars has been voted for the conservation of large lots as public parks and playgrounds, so that when Vancouver goes out to meet her cub she will have to digest this excellent lesson in the matter of town building. The population has grown so rapidly within recent times that four schools have had to be erected to cope with the educational need of the youth of the place, and it is proposed to carry out a scheme whereby each of the schools will have a park, either in conjunction or close by, so that the school children will have every facility for healthful recreation.

GOOD ROADS

One of the first essentials of the development of industry of any kind is efficient means of transportation. That means good roads. The municipal council of Point Grey has shown itself fully alive to the importance of this question. In all they have voted (and partly spent) the vast sum of six hundred and eighty thousand dollars, to be devoted to the making of good roads. They realize that good roads are good value and cheap roads

bad economy. Their present endeavor is to complete as soon as possible the roads which are the main arteries to the city, and which happily enough are the main thoroughfares of the township itself, so that in the one performance they are achieving a double purpose, as it were. The necessity for speed in accomplishing this object has not blinded the local authorities to the advantage of having it done well, and consequently a great deal of attention is being paid to the laying and paving of the roads. Granville street and one or two of the other principal streets will have a bitulithic coating. From Sixteenth avenue, which is the city boundary, to Twenty-fourth avenue, Granville street will have a double track of car lines, a factor which will be of inestimable benefit in the near future.

WATER SUPPLY

The practical side of Point Grey's development is worthy of some space in this column. Water is the elixir of life, and it is necessary to a community, whether large or small, and it is gratifying to know that the arrangements are being made to ensure Point Grey having an efficient supply even in times of drought. They have located sites and are at present engaged in the preliminaries of two magnificent reservoirs, each of them having a capacity of not less than three million gallons. One of them is to be situated in the east and the other in the west, and both of them will occupy the highest points in their respective localities. It is confidently asserted that when the reservoirs are completed and full they will have an eight to ten days' supply always in readiness.

THE SUBURB'S PLAYGROUNDS

In addition to the scheme for acquiring parks and playgrounds, they have applied for and obtained from the Canadian Pacific Railway an option on a section of Little Mountain, and it is the intention of the municipality to reserve it as open space. It extends over a hundred acres. Vancouver has about eleven acres there, in which is located one of their reservoirs. At Eburne six acres are at present being cleared to serve as a ball ground for the youth of the district. This particular park is situated off the Oak street car track, and is quite

close to the schoolhouse. At Wilson road near Kerrisdale another large area is being cleared for the school children to disport themselves in, and as it is also located within easy hail of a schoolhouse its popularity is at once assured.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT

Just before Kerrisdale station is reached an interesting agricultural experiment can be seen in process. There some of the C. P. R. lands are being cleared and devoted to the production of vegetables to test the oft-repeated ghost story that vegetables won't grow in the climate. So far as can be gathered from a cursory glance in passing on a trolley, the experiment is meeting with considerable success. A number of men are working on this small vegetable colony, and the rest of the inhabitants are looking on in expectant wonder.

THE FINANCIAL STATUS

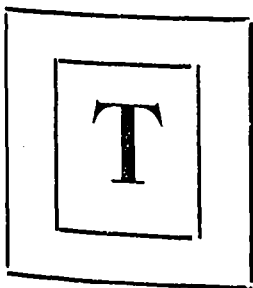
A word or two in regard to the financial status of Point Grey might well be said here. The rate of taxation for this year was: Wild land 6.3 mills, improved land 2.7 mills, special 1.42 mills, and school tax .33 mills; with a rebate of one-sixth of the general rate, leaving a net rate of four mills on improved land and seven mills on wild land.

Their debenture debt exclusive of school and local improvements amounts to \$695,-

000, for school purposes \$28,000, for local improvements \$25,000. In order to defeat the ends of the speculative land purchaser the municipality raised the assessment of their lands and equalized matters by reducing the rate of taxation.

There is no desire on the part of the authorities of Point Grey to have their little preserve rushed by all and sundry. They are desirous of seeing it cast off its swaddling clothes and assume the garments of a staid and settled community, but not at the cost of chaotic rupture to the progressive strain at present running with the smoothness of a billiard ball. They want the land to be taken up and settled upon, because they are perfectly aware that that is the best advertisement their beauty spot can have. Their proposition is not of the unconditional order that governs many similar transactions. They invite you to harbor yourself within their spacious limits, and in return they undertake to see that your comforts are attended to with the most generous liberality. In this respect they would seem to take their cue from Point Grey itself, for it is no niggard in the distribution of its favors. With the governors and the governed all in the color scheme of harmony Point Grey's destiny is almost bound to be fraught with auspicious circumstances.

BURNABY



The average citizen of a great city like Vancouver, the question of an outlet for the surplus population may never have penetrated his mind; even if it had, in all probability it would have been dismissed as of no immediate concern to him; and yet in spite of this general disregard the question

is one of the very greatest importance to him and to the whole community of which he is a representative constituent: it means all the difference between social freedom and oppressive congestion. The latter is invariably the advance guard or ominous herald of the Kingdom of Slumdom, and all the horrifying associations incidental to its regime. This being the case, the question of the city having a series of suitable tributaries into which its overplus may merge

without losing touch with the metropolis, becomes of paramount importance. The immediate concern of this article is to show as clearly as possible the particular equipment in this connection which is possessed by that vast area of land comprising a considerable portion of the peninsula lying on the southern side of the Burrard Inlet and known as Burnaby.

THRICE VANCOUVER'S SIZE

On the southern shore the boundary of Burnaby extends approximately to six miles, and as it measures the same distance in diameter it has an area of thirty-six miles, or to better demonstrate its dimensions, almost as big as Point Grey and South Vancouver together, or better still, three times the present size of the City of Vancouver. In the common parlance of the ambitious citizens of this aspiring locality, the Royal City of New Westminster lies in the lap of Burnaby like a toy spaniel in the arms of a lady. On the east it is bounded by Coquitlam and on the west by South Vancouver and the Hastings Townsite. The municipality was incorporated in 1892, and at the present time it has a population of 5,000.

INDUSTRIES

Its principal industries are the lumber mills of the North Pacific Company, employing about 300 hands, Burrard Lumber Company, and the Pipers, and a number of smaller mills scattered all over the country; the Nichols Chemical Works on the Inlet, and the Western Canada Canning Company, which concern occupies a fine site on the southern slope, just north of New Westminster.

POWER PLANT

As an index to what estimate the people on the other side of the line put upon the possibilities of Burnaby, it may be stated that the Sumner Iron Works of America intends building a factory in the vicinity of Still Creek, west of Burnaby Lake, where it will be conveniently tapped by the new B. C. E. R. line, also by the Great Northern Railway. The Western Canada Power Company have purchased a piece of land in the same district with a view to erecting a substantial plant there, which is to be utilized as the distributing point of the electric light and power, not only for Bur-

naby, but for the whole surrounding and contiguous country. The power for this new plant is to be generated at the Stave River, which is about thirty-five miles distant on the Stave River near the lake. It is proposed to erect the station this fall.

FINE SHIPPING FACILITIES

In the matter of transportation the residents in Burnaby have no complaint to make, for the simple fact that they are better supplied in that very important essential to suburban life than many of their fellows living in less favored municipalities. There are the Eburne line, which runs right from Vancouver to New Westminster; the interurban line, which runs from east to west; and the Burnaby Lake line, which is almost completed. These are the electric lines, and they are supplemented by the Great Northern and Canadian Pacific, both of which run through the municipality's territory. In addition to this very efficient service the B. C. Electric have purchased a right-of-way from Highland Park station on the interurban line to New Westminster, to form a loop with a view to double tracking the existing line.

INTERESTING GROWTH

A peculiar and interesting feature about the growth and development of Burnaby is that it is taking place unostentatiously. It does not owe any of its popularity to the heated effluvia of its ardent but misguided friends. It is not growing on account of what they say in its favor, but rather in spite of it, and that is an excellent tribute to the inherent qualities of the place. In order to meet the new conditions brought about by the influx of population, the council are borrowing money for the laudable purpose of making permanent roads and main trunk roads all through the municipality.

BURNABY'S ROADS

The main Vancouver road is now completely macadamized, and in excellent shape from New Westminster to Central Park, which is the boundary separating the larger city from the municipality. A feature of this road is that it has been oiled to facilitate traffic. It is claimed by the municipality that they were the first in the whole Province of British Columbia to treat their

roads in this manner. Other main thoroughfares will be treated in the same manner, so that when they are completed the framework of the vehicles will not be wracked to pieces by the unpremeditated undulations of the roads.

WATER SUPPLY

Another reform already in effect concerns the water system of Burnaby. With the aggregation of the settlers into communities, it became necessary to abolish the old primitive idea of having every man attend to his own water supply at his own particular well. The council passed a by-law for the erection of a water tower at Edmonds with a capacity of 25,000 gallons. That water is now in use. At Central Park and East Burnaby artesian wells are being sunk for similar purposes. Of course, it must be understood that these water towers are merely provisional; when the time ripens for a general system to supply the whole municipality from one source they will fall into desuetude and a new system will be installed. Looking through their perspective glasses, the council had the foresight to obtain a record on Seymour Creek, so that when the time for a general system does arrive there will be no difficulty about the supply of water.

SIDEWALKS

At the present time the council have under consideration a by-law voting the sum of \$70,000 for sidewalks throughout the municipality, and they have also under contemplation the idea of putting in electric lights on the roads just as the sidewalks are completed. So far as these improvements are concerned the conditions prevailing in Burnaby are just akin to the conditions prevailing in the city. The telephone, with all its labor-saving utilities, is installed all over the district, so that communication with other parts, both within and without the municipal boundary, can be made readily.

FINE RESIDENTIAL SECTION

As a townsite Burnaby is an ideal spot. Standing at an altitude of between 300 and 400 feet, it not only possesses beauty spots of its own that can cry quits with its more vaunted rival, but by virtue of its position it offers as fine a view of its competitors as can be obtained within their con-

finer. In fact, it is one of the standing jokes of Burnaby that while the adjoining and adjacent municipalities have certainly some beautiful scenery, you must go to Burnaby to see them properly, and incidentally partake of the local treasure store at the same time. The inter-communication with the City of Vancouver and New Westminster obviously tends to make Burnaby a residential quarter of distinction.

All over the municipality homes are cropping up with wonderful rapidity. Yet when one looks at the location of these places the wonder disappears, or rather changes its aspect. The most select little homesites are culled from the dense forest just as a child would pluck a wayside flower, and in a little while the transformation is completed by the erection of a dainty home. What with their invigorating atmosphere, perennial sunshine and absence of fog, coupled with all the advantages that a town can bestow upon its constituents, the pioneer residents of Burnaby are to be congratulated.

STILL A FARM SECTION

It is only a matter of a few years back that Burnaby was rather famous for her farming lands, and the reason that so many of her possibilities in this direction have not been heard of recently is not that they have grown any the less, but simply that her qualifications as a townsite have become more pronounced, and of course the cutting up of the land into subdivisions marked the exit of many of the farms and ranches. Yet down in the valley farming and ranching, mixed to a large degree with fruit-growing, are the staple occupations of the inhabitants. The soil is rich and fertile, and the production is of a high order in all the branches of agriculture and horticulture. Many very fine farms are still to be seen, and in this connection it is only fair to say that the Burnaby farmers have carried off a large percentage of the first prizes at all the leading fall shows in the Province, as well as at the great horse shows held in Vancouver.

BURNABY'S HARBOR

Then there is the foreshore on the north and south. It is like beating a dead dog to emphasize the importance of the Burrard Inlet as a shipping harbor, yet one

cannot let the opportunity slip. That it will at some distant time be put to a use worthy of its vast capabilities is one of the certainties of the commercial life of the West, and when that day dawns it will be a big factor in the making of Vancouver and all the municipalities abutting upon its shores one of the greatest industrial centres in the world. Six miles of Burnaby lie along these shores awaiting the commencement of the industries that will create her prosperity and make her great.

The construction of the Second Narrows bridge is another factor that will play a prominent part in the development of Burnaby. At that point she will be further served with the railroads and thus be brought into more direct communication with the City of Vancouver. In fact, she will be the gateway for the north. On the southern foreshore the only obstruction to navigation are the sand heads at the mouth of the Fraser River, and the Dominion Government is at present taking steps to have this defect remedied by means of dredging. On the other hand, Burnaby is bounded by the Burrard Inlet, which is deep enough to accommodate the largest warship in the world; and on the other hand she is lashed by the Fraser River, which has water enough to accommodate many of the large trading vessels.

SPLENDID SCHOOLS

As in all other respects, Burnaby is well equipped educationally. Each division of the municipality possesses a school, and the standard of teaching that pertains is unusually high. The schools seriatim are: Barnet, East Burnaby, West Burnaby, Dundonald, Duthie, Firgrove and Lakeview. The money spent on education last year amounted to over \$18,000. All the schools are either new or completely renovated and enlarged within the last two years. The educational facilities are kept in accord with the times, as the authorities recognize that people will not migrate from the cities unless they can be sure that their children's education will not suffer by the change.

TAXATION

The assessed value of land and improvements in Burnaby has risen from \$1,500,000 in 1908, to \$10,000,000 in 1910.

Among the causes contributing to this enhancement of Burnaby property are the projected tram lines. As the assessment rose, the rate was reduced. Last year the rate was 18 and 8 mills for wild and improved respectively, while this year it was only 11 and 5 mills. In order to meet the large expenditure required by the new condition of things, the council passed a by-law last year, of which the ratepayers approved, which enabled them to issue debentures for \$150,000. A part of the proceeds of these debentures has already been applied, as intended, to the reconstruction of the main roads. As evidence of their sound financial standing, these debentures were sold at 103¾, on which they realized a profit of \$6,000.

This year the council issued more debentures for the purpose of enlarging the schools, and they were sold at 104.32. Burnaby claims to be the first municipality in the Province of British Columbia to adopt what is known as the single tax, which exempts all improvements from taxation.

GOVERNMENT CONCESSION

A governmental concession, the value of which it is almost impossible at this time to estimate, are the foreshore rights on all the streets of Burnaby bordering on the Burrard Inlet. The municipality petitioned the Government in this respect and were successful. It now lies with the future to unfold the real value of the concession that was obtained without legal wrangling and consequent expenditure.

The religious element in the life of the residents of Burnaby is one that is well catered for; all the various denominations have places of worship within the municipal limits. At the present time there are 21,000 on the assessment roll, as compared with 14,26 in 1905.

From all appearances it would seem that the star of Burnaby is in the ascendant. Her fine location, natural beauty and wonderful resources combine to merit the distinction that time will undoubtedly crown her with. Whether it comes soon or late, it will come, and those located within her boundaries will receive the full flood of the benefits.

LULU ISLAND

T

One expatiates upon the advantages of Lulu Island sounds, to those who are familiar with this halcyon spot, like painting the lily, and nothing but the fact that the population is a flowing rather than a settled one, keeps the task from bordering on the superfluous. The municipality of Richmond, as the island is classically known, practically adjoins the City of Vancouver and actually adjoins the City of New Westminster. The north arm of the Fraser River flows between Richmond and the peninsula upon which the City of Vancouver is now building. In the near future the municipality of South Vancouver, with its population of 20,000, will become a part of Greater Vancouver, and when that eventuates Richmond and the City of Vancouver will adjoin each other.

Besides being contiguous to South Vancouver, Richmond is in close touch with Point Grey and Burnaby, both of which municipalities are also qualifying to become integral portions of Greater Vancouver. Richmond consists of two parts, Lulu Island and Sea Island; but as the former extends over much the greater area of the two, the municipality is generally known as Lulu Island. Approximately the island contains 30,000 acres. It must be understood that although the municipality is nominally an island, it is to all intents and purposes an integral part of the mainland. Four splendid bridges span the river, one at Eburne, one at Fraser Avenue and one at New Westminster, while the B. C. Electric Railway crosses the river by a steel bridge of its own at Eburne. It will thus be seen that the district is closely and vitally connected with the City of Vancouver, and that the future of both is bound up together. Richmond has many surprises for those who have not yet paid it a visit. Those who have travelled through British Columbia know that the land for the most part is or has been covered with forest. Richmond, in striking contrast to this, is a

level prairie-like section. Generally speaking, it is entirely free from stumps, and no stones are to be found save those brought in for the purpose of macadamizing the roads.

SUPERIOR SOIL

The kind of soil it possesses may be readily surmised from its position at the mouth of the Fraser River. Like the famous land of Goshen, it is a delta. The soil is the cream of all the soil in the great Fraser Valley, carried down by the river and built up into this level tract at the mouth. This explains its freedom from the forest and from stones, and at the same time explains the wonderful fertility of the soil which is the surprise of all visitors who have never before seen such land in cultivation. This river silt or alluvial soil is easy of cultivation, and much of it has been farmed for the last twenty years, some of it for an even longer period. Although much of the land has been cropped continuously, no decrease has been recorded in the yields. The fertility seems almost inexhaustible. While the natural fertility of the soil first attracts the attention of the visitor, a brief consideration of the location of the municipality of Richmond will also show that it has no mean claim as a site for industries. The extent of deep waterfrontage on the south of Lulu Island is about seventeen miles. The tracks of the B. C. E. R. are in operation on the island from Vancouver and New Westminster.

TRANSPORTATION

The B. C. Electric Railway runs right across the most thickly populated section of the municipality, and other new lines are in contemplation. At the present time there is an hourly service to and from Vancouver, and residents of the municipality travel at half fare. By means of this line the residents are enabled to enjoy all the advantages of the city, such as attendance at the theatres, concerts, churches, etc. This advantage of quick transportation is seconded by many others, as for example the telephone system. Every resident of the

municipality may have a telephone at the low rental of \$12 a year. The children who have attained school age are well catered for in the matter of educational facilities. All the schools are graded, and in one of them the high school branches of teaching are in operation.

CROPS VERY PROFITABLE

The remarkable growth of the City of Vancouver shows what the future holds in store for the producers of the Richmond municipality. It is somewhat natural to ask what Richmond is doing to provide for this demand. Up to the present time not a great deal has been done owing to the fact that most of the residents are old-timers. When they settled in Richmond there was no demand for anything but the general products of the farm, and, having become accustomed to producing these crops, it is not easy for them to change their methods. The reason is also to be found in the high prices paid for even the commonest products of the farm, and the large yields obtained secure a large profit from even general farming. It is to be borne in mind that such crops require the smallest amount of labor, and as there are large areas to work, most of the people have not yet seen fit to go into other lines. Then again the great demand for garden products is a development of comparatively recent years, and it has grown so very rapidly that the people of the municipality have had little chance to adapt themselves to the changing conditions. What Richmond was apparently intended to do by Nature was to supply Vancouver with its garden products. While the task is still very far from fulfilment—and therein, of course, lies the opportunity for the newcomer—it has been recognized and is now on the luminous path that leads toward realization. Every resident in the district can bear conclusive testimony to the prolific yields of small fruits as grown for home use. Every home has a luscious and abundant supply of strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc. Tree fruits are not quite so well adapted to the conditions, yet at the same time good yields are obtained.

Mr. Daniel Peters at Eburne is probably the leading orchardist of Richmond. He

has a young orchard of some three hundred trees which has yielded him 1,000 boxes of fruit—apples, pears, plums and cherries—in a single season. Another incidental revenue-producer is the honey-bee. Their presence in such commercial numbers is probably due to the white clover which grows abundantly, giving an ample supply of pabulum for the bees.

THE CANNING INDUSTRY

The canneries stretch nine miles along the river front, affording, with other manufacturing works, profitable employment to many thousands of people. Steveston, at all seasons of the year a busy place, presents a thriving scene during the shipping season with ranks of mighty cargo-carriers all along the waterfront actively engaged stowing the myriad cases of the local salmon pack for transport to the uttermost ends of the earth. Salmon-canning is proving a great magnet for outside capital, and each year sees an addition to the number of firms garnering the finny harvest of the Fraser River. The salmon of the Fraser is one of the commodities for which the demand is still far in excess of the supply, and yet curiously enough it is impossible to land in a place upon which a salmon tin from one of the famous canneries has not been dumped.

FRUIT FARMING AND POULTRY

It is particularly adaptable to fruit farming, especially the small varieties which return yields that are almost phenomenal both in quality and quantity. Cases are on record where a man has taken from seven to eight hundred dollars from a strawberry crop alone. It is also good for all kinds of truck gardening, and it has been stated by some of the most eminent agriculturists who have visited the province that the yields of vegetables obtained on Lulu Island warrant the value of the land reaching up to two thousand dollars an acre. It is generally admitted that there is no better place in the province for chicken farming. The largest poultry farms in the province are located on the island, and a great number of settlers are not only earning a good living, but are actually making small fortunes out of the poultry industry. One case in point can be cited where a man pos-

sessing but one acre of land had a gross return of \$1,800 per annum from his chickens.

FINANCIAL FOOTING GOOD

It may not be generally known that Richmond is one of the oldest municipalities in British Columbia, having been incorporated some thirty years. It is also interesting to know that many of the original settlers are still on the land. To get back to the dollars and cents aspect of the situation, it may be noted that the municipality has a high financial standing, which is evidenced by the fact that the last issue of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds for \$325,000 for the purposes of perfecting the water supply and road improvement sold at 97, almost equivalent to obtaining 107 for bonds bearing interest at 5 per cent.

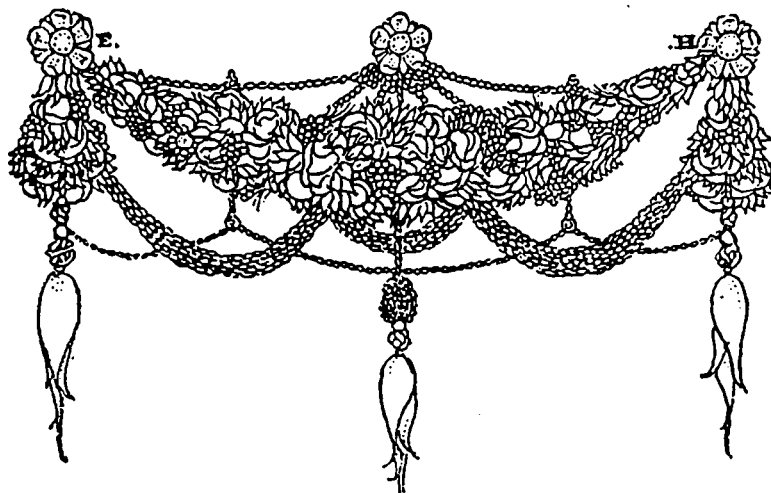
WATER SUPPLY

Up to a recent date the water supply was the one drawback to the advancement of Richmond. Realizing this, the council made arrangements with New Westminster,

whereby 1,040,000 gallons are supplied daily.

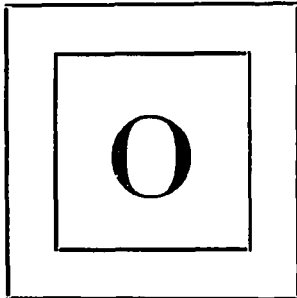
The climate is the usual mild one enjoyed by the entire Pacific Coast. Snow rarely occurs and the rainfall does not exceed forty inches annually. The locality is entirely free from insect pests.

Such an eminent authority on the subject as Mr. Maxwell Smith, the editor of *The Fruit Magazine*, says: "It is not a matter of great moment as to whether Lulu Island shall or shall not at some future time be included within the City of Vancouver, though that time will undoubtedly come. Lulu Island is sufficient unto itself in this respect, and more than sufficient, commanding as it does the entrance to the Fraser River, one of the greatest potential waterways of the world. The world has yet to see a great river whose mouth does not become the scene of busy industrial activity."



Thirty Pieces of Silver

By Conway S. Harcourt



OUTSIDE, the wind was howling mournfully and rain was pouring down as only rain can pour in that dreariest of all months—November.

The dreary aspect of the main street of a little dirty mining town, with a few flickering lamp-posts that a too economical council had ordained should stand far, far apart, seemed in dismal keeping with the night. Inside the bar-parlor of a cheery little tavern, made brighter by contrast with the gloom around it, a group of men were sitting, smoking their pipes and settling the affairs of the nation with the easy content that comes with well-earned rest after a hard day's work. They were regular patrons, as their easy bearing and familiar banter with the jovial host soon showed. Hard-working sons of toil, seeking the relaxation of congenial company and refreshment after the labors of the day.

A big burly man with an authoritative voice, who was being listened to with great attention and almost deference, was holding forth.

"Wot I sez is as murderers can't escape nowadays. Wot with thumb prints and newspapers and things it's any odds that the police catch their man. And they'll do it in this 'ere Lunnon murder as sure as my name's Bill 'Arris," and Mr. Harris buried his face in his pot of beer as if the question were finally settled.

"I don't know so much," ventured a little man with a rather red nose and a necktie something the same hue. "If 'e don't leave no clue it ain't easy to 'unt 'im down. Now this 'ere Lunnon murderer don't seem to 'ave left much evidence, do 'e?"

"Murders! Murders! Why you gents never talk of anything but 'orrors," an elderly woman of ample proportions exclaimed as she bustled into the room.

"What's this murder I'm 'earing so much about?"

The men shuffled about rather uneasily, for Mrs. Evans, the hostess, was respected as much for her sharp tongue as her general capacity for managing the tavern, and, with it, her easy-going husband.

Mr. Harris, as befitting the leader, broke the silence. "It's this latest Lunnon murder, missus. A sailor chap was found near the docks with 'is 'ead battered in and 'is pockets turned inside out, a week ago now. It's supposed that some 'ooligan set upon 'im and stove 'is 'ead in to get wot was in 'is pockets. Leastways, that's wot they thought at first, but tonight's paper sez something about a chap who left 'is ship with 'im and 'as disappeared. It seems that members of the crew 'ave come forward and sed that the chap wot was murdered used to bully this poor fellow something awful, and more than one of them 'eard 'im say 'e'd do for 'im when they landed. It's 'im the police are looking for now, and wot's more they're offering one hundred pounds reward for 'im. Well, I don't know, sailors are a pretty rough lot. There's no telling. At least some of 'em are," he added rather lamely, suddenly remembering by the ominous glare in the hostess' eye that her only son was a sailor, too.

"Glad to hear you say some of 'em, Mr. 'Arris," Mrs. Evans answered tartly; "reckon there's good and bad of all sorts."

A conciliatory chorus of "'ear, 'ear," greeted the ruffled lady.

"And wot's the latest of your son, Mrs. Evans?" a quiet, meek-faced man in the corner ventured, with a laudable intention of turning the conversation into less disagreeable channels. "Isn't there some talk of 'im coming 'ome?"

"Yes," the good dame replied, "last letter I 'ad from 'im 'e said 'e was on 'is way 'ome. And fifteen long years since I've seen 'im. Well! Well! 'is old mother 'll be

glad to see 'im," she sighed bustling out of the bar in a not very successful attempt to hide her excusable emotion.

"Aye! and a jolly good lad 'e is," his father exclaimed proudly, "and no fault of 'is 'e ain't done too well in the world. Wrote in 'is last letter, 'e did, that 'e was coming 'ome, and if we could start 'im in a little business 'e'd stay at 'ome. 'Ad enough of the sea, and no wonder."

"Well, you can easy do that, Evans," Harris exclaimed. "Nice little nest you've got here, you know, selling bad beer at tuppence a pint."

A shout of laughter greeted the sally, in which mine host good-temperedly joined.

As a matter of fact, business was worse than he had ever known it to be, and the old couple had a tough struggle to make both ends meet, but as old Evans often remarked to his wife: "It's no good telling 'em that, Martha, 'cos they wouldn't believe it, and after all an 'ouse with a good solid name attracts more custom than a place wot's known to be going shaky."

In the midst of the general hilarity, the door opened and a man entered, letting in a wild gust of wind and rain that made the occupants of the cozy bar shiver and glance with looks of resentment at the stranger. Muffled up to the ears and with his cap pulled well down over his eyes, the newcomer, after ordering and receiving a pot of beer, retired into a corner and sat down without so much as a glance at the assembled company, who were staring at him as only the nightly frequenters of a tavern, where strangers are rare, could stare.

With his advent a strange restraint seemed to fall on the assembly. Perhaps the cold and damp had penetrated even into that cozy spot—perhaps the presence of a stranger constrained them—but, whatever the reason, the tall, mysterious-looking newcomer seemed to have cast an uneasy chill over the whole party. As he stretched out his hand to place his tankard on the table before him, a tattooed arm was plainly visible. A sailor! Did the same thought strike all simultaneously, or was it only the dampness of the night that sent a shiver through the group? One by one they rose to leave, till only the stranger and Harris remained.

"Well," said the latter, slowly rising and buttoning up his coat preparatory to facing the wildness of the night; "well, I suppose I'll 'ave to be going—closing time, ain't it?" and with a cheery good-night he was gone.

Evans strolled rather uneasily over towards the stranger. "Time, sir," he said quietly.

With a sudden start, the man looked up. "Time, ah! yes," he said in a strangely jerky voice. "Oh! do you think you could put me up here for the night? I've come a long way and I'm beastly tired. I shall be leaving first thing in the morning."

"Well, I don't know, sir," Evans replied doubtfully, "we aren't in the habit of doing it, you know, but maybe I might be able to find you a room. Just wait a minute—Martha," he called, walking into the back room, where his wife was resting after the fatigues of the evening. "Martha, that strange-looking chap who came in last wants to stop 'ere the night. Do you think we could let 'im 'ave the top room? It's a beastly night to turn a man out into the street, ain't it?" As he spoke a huge gust of wind rattled the rain like hailstones against the window, and moaned down the chimney like the cry of a lost soul.

"Yes, Dave, we could let 'im 'ave it all right, but some'ow I don't like the look of 'im. He looks a rum sort of cove, and some'ow 'e makes me shiver all over when I gets near 'im."

"Yes," said Evans slowly, "and, do you know, 'e looks like a sailor."

"Well, that don't make 'im no worse," replied his wife sharply; "considering our Jim's a sailor it's all the more reason why we should let 'im 'ave the room. Only get 'is money first," she added practically.

The old man glanced at her rather doubtfully. "Suppose I'm a silly old foo'," he muttered, "but I can't get that Lunnon murder out o' my 'ead."

His wife laughed nervously. "Oh! that's silly," she said, with a rather overdone assumption of carelessness, "things don't 'appen like that nowadays. Let the poor devil stop."

Evans dutifully returned to the bar, where the stranger was standing nervously drumming his fingers on the table.

"Yes, sir, we can find you a room," he said.

"Good," said the stranger, "I wish you'd show me to it. I'm dog-tired."

"Certainly, but we always charge in advance, sir," said Evans, stoutly mindful of his wife's warning.

"Oh! that's all right," the man muttered, as he started hunting through his pockets, though Evans was keen to notice that he never pulled the cap from over his eyes or the muffler from around his neck. "I've got a purse somewhere. Aye! here it is," as his search was at last rewarded with success. Pulling out a sovereign he handed it to Evans. "You can give me the change in the morning, all I want now is sleep."

He replaced his purse in his pocket and turned to follow Evans out of the bar. As he did so, a piece of paper, shaken from a pocket in his fumbling, sleepy search, fluttered gently to the ground.

"David, look! Oh! Oh, look at this!" Martha, her face very white, pressed a scrap of paper into his hand. "I just picked it up in the bar. That man dropped it. Read it, man, read it," as Evans gazed at it stupidly. It was written on a half sheet of notepaper, and had been torn across as if it had been the writer's intention to destroy it. It was roughly scrawled, faint and hurried, but with some difficulty Evans gradually deciphered it. He read slowly, in a perplexed wondering tone: ". in great trouble, you must let me have money somehow. I must get out of the country at once. It's a matter of life or death. Tell no one about it as you love me, but let me" "Well?" he said slowly.

"Oh! don't you see? Can't you see it's 'im? The murderer! I'm sure now. Something seemed to tell me from the first, though I did try to laugh it down, but this proves it. I know it's 'im. Call in the police, man, don't stand staring there. Think of the reward—one hundred pounds. It's just what we want for our son, our Jim. Besides, justice is justice. 'E's done it, and we ought to give 'im up. Go man, go! No, I'll go," she added hurriedly, "I couldn't stay alone in the 'ouse with 'im."

A sudden gust of wind, more violent than before, seemed to shake the house.

"Oh! supposing 'e wuz to come down 'ere now. Oh! Dave, Dave, wot's that."

Evans' usually red face slowly turned to the color of chalk.

"Lor', Martha, 'ow you frighten a man," he said, "don't talk nonsense. We can't call the police in on that. That note might mean anything. Fact is, you've got murder on the brain. Why should the chap come 'ere?"

"Oh! Dave, I'm going to the police. I know it's 'im. Didn't you see how muffled up 'e was and 'ow 'e never hardly spoke?"

"Yes," said Dave, slowly, wonderingly, "and 'e said 'e'd 'ave to go first thing in the morning and that 'e'd pay anything for a room. Why didn't 'e go to the George, then? That's a proper hotel. Martha, supposing you're right—one hundred pounds reward! It almost looks as if it's the hand of Providence to keep our son with us. Why, we could start 'im proper on one hundred pounds."

"Yes! Yes! I'm going, Dave, I'm going," Martha said resolutely as she picked up a shawl to wrap around her head. "If it shouldn't be 'im—why, there's not much 'arm done. But it is. I'm sure it is. I'll hurry, Dave."

So saying she began opening the door as noiselessly as she could.

"Martha," Dave's voice came slowly and hesitatingly. "Martha, 'ave you forgotten that we might be putting the rope 'round a man's neck? He mightn't 'ave been all to blame—'e might 'ave done it in a fit of passion, and remember 'e's a sailor, and our dear boy, our Jim—" He broke off confusedly.

The woman at the door hesitated a moment; then, as if stifling the feelings of pity that might be surging in her own heart, she said resolutely: "No, Dave, we're only doing our duty, we ought to give 'im up, even if the money didn't mean so much to us. Besides, 'e's sure to be caught. Remember what 'Arris was saying tonight. They always catch murderers nowadays. I'm going." And without more ado she slipped noiselessly out into the night.

Evans returned to the cozy parlor and listened fearfully for a sound from above. He was not a coward, but his cheek blanched as he wondered what would happen if the man missed the note or had heard Martha's exit. Murderers were desperate men. Perhaps at any moment the door he

was staring at so fearfully might burst open and a man with blood upon his hands—or, perhaps, carrying a long knife—. Bah! he was a coward. He sat down with a resolute air, keeping a tight clutch on the poker nevertheless. And so the weary moments dragged. Every howl of the wind and creaking of the stairs made him start with sudden fear and grasp the poker yet more tightly. Would Martha never return!

At last his strained ears detected a low whistle. Creeping to the door he noiselessly opened it. Martha and three burly policemen were at the door. All crept inside. "Well, Evans," said the sergeant in charge, speaking in a low, half-eager, half-doubting voice: "I think I'll go and have a look at your interesting customer. It may come to nothing, but strange to say we got a 'phone message from Scotland Yard tonight warning us that they've reason to believe the man was in the neighborhood. It's a clue, and I'm going to risk getting into hot water over disturbing an innocent man's slumbers."

Sergeant Brady, keen, alert and intelligent, would clearly leave no stone unturned to help himself along that hard but glorious road that means promotion. If he could arrest the man of whom all London was talking! The man who up to now had baffled the most skilful of Scotland Yard detectives! Yes, he would indeed take any risk for that.

With a whispered word of command to his men, he crept cautiously up the stairs, followed by one of his subordinates. Silently he felt the handle of the door Evans had directed him to. It was locked. He could distinctly hear the heavy, irregular breathing which denoted to the sergeant's mind a man sleeping the nervous slumber of one who dared not long be off his guard. His mind was quickly made up. Well, he knew the value of sudden, unexpected action to take a man by surprise.

The silence was broken suddenly by a thundering knock on the door as he called in a loud, peremptory voice:

"Open! Open, in the King's name!"

The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The poor wretch within—sleeping the tortured, feverish sleep of a hunted beast, who snatches a few moments'

rest with the knowledge that his pursuers are close upon him, dreaming of the perils he had undergone, haunted, perchance, by the ever-recurring face of his victim—seemed to hear but the fitting sequel to his dreams. Perhaps he thought he was dreaming still. Be that as it may, the sergeant's face lit up with sudden triumph as he heard a scream of terror, followed by a voice in accents of despair:

"Not alive! All the devils of hell won't take me alive."

With a shout the sergeant called his men to his aid. Together they pushed their shoulders to the door. It groaned and shook, but withstood all their efforts. "Again! Again!" Brady shouted, and yielding to their united efforts the door burst in.

A second's glance at a man standing in the middle of the room with the barrel of a revolver to his head, a wild frenzied rush to reach him, and then . . . a sudden sharp report, a sickening thud, and the gallows were cheated of their prey.

As the smoke cleared away, Brady knelt down by the prostrate figure. A moment's examination was sufficient. The man's soul was answering for its sins before a higher tribunal than Brady represented.

Thoroughly alarmed by the shot, Evans and his wife peered fearfully into the room, afraid of what they should see there, yet drawn inside by a seemingly irresistible fascination.

Brady drew himself up from a swift, but comprehensive survey. "Well, Mrs. Evans, you were right. That was our man, and the reward is yours, though he has escaped us."

"Dead! Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Evans fearfully, and with the impulse strong upon her to see the face of the man she had betrayed, she pushed forward.

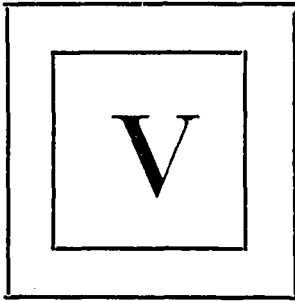
For the first time she saw his face, his eyes fixed in the glassy stare of death, and that terrible gaping wound on the temple, from which the blood oozed slowly. And then she gave a sudden, fearful cry as she sank on her knees before the corpse:

"Dear God! Not that, not that! It is, it is, our Jim. Our boy come home."

And with one last despairing shriek, she fell senseless over the body of her son.

Vancouver

By Katherine Trent



VANCOUVER, fair
Vancouver, Good-
bye!

Well do I remember how, even as early as the first of March, you smiled thro' your tears and welcomed one more wanderer to fascinate with your charm and variety.

Good-bye to your sparkling sunlit waters, your opalescent moonlight nights, and dim cathedral aisles of pine-bordered fragrance to Stanley Park with all its natural stately beauty.

Good-bye to your little fluttering white sails on a sparkling inlet, so blue that one scarce knew where sea ended and sky began.

Good-bye, little sister North Vancouver, lying there so daintily, protected by great mountain heights, your many windows, like diamonds, scintillating the light, and patiently waiting to clasp hands and be as one with your great sister across the way.

Good-bye, great mountain lions, looking with patient, far-seeing eyes, and guarding with imperial, indolent strength the heritage that lies at your feet.

Good-bye to your fleet of Pacific steamers. Good-bye to the throngs of mysterious Orientals.

Good-bye to your laughing, light-hearted young crowds, thronging avenues, parks and theatres, and filling the very atmosphere with joyous, eager life.

Good-bye to all your beautiful summer weather, day following day for many months like well-matched jewels in a fair necklace—beautiful beyond comparison. Farewell to the magnificent pictures of land and waterscape, of sea and mountain.

Good-bye to all your Saturday crowds (for Bohemian am I, and I love the vulgar crowd!) of hustling, thronging living humanity—a cosmopolitan throng—English, Irish, Scotch, Yankee, Jew, Lascars off ships in port, Orientals of every description, including the turbaned Hindu, smooth-

skinned, well-groomed Chinese in artistic native costume, and Japanese americanized in store clothes!

Picture shows and opera house, Japanese stores, in which to wander and admire and lose oneself in imagination amongst china, brass and teak-wood and beautiful work in ivory, with vague Eastern odors assailing one's nostrils—a welcome change from the prosaic Occident.

Good-bye to the wonderful growth of a lusty young city, feeling its way day by day and week by week with long tentacles of streets, ever building, building, building east and south, until one sees in imagination an immense metropolis second to none on either coast, east or west.

Good-bye to clarion calls at early dawn by your great forerunner of civilization and progress "dynamite"—blast following blast in every direction. In Alberta the sound of the hammer never ceases; here it is allied with detonations of dynamite continuously thrilling the air. Good-bye to my early rising gong!

Good-bye to the busiest thoroughfare of a busy city, Hastings street, with its long, curving dazzle of electric lights at dusk, and with little side street views of inlet, cloud and mountain—that make of them gems of beauty, land and water scapes painted by the Great Master Artist and unsurpassed by the hand of any mortal that ever drew brush over canvas. How it hurts to turn one's back on this place which has taken one's heart by storm. Surely, surely the Fates will be kind and bring me back to you some day.

I close my eyes and dream again of all your beauty. Can one ever forget, after living five years of prairie life, the clear, homelike loveliness of your flowering fruit orchards, when in May and June they donned bridal attire of white and palest pink—apple, cherry, pear, peach and plum trees all trying to outshine one another in loveliness, like unto a bevy of June brides? And your roses! One could write a book

on their beauty and fragrance. All the front of my little house and verandah was a bower of color and perfume—hundreds of roses climbing over the portal and bordering each side of my pathway to the gate. For the very first time in my life I have had my fill of roses. Roses, roses everywhere. Oh, why do you fade? Good-bye, beautiful views of misty clouds that seem to change the mountains, of Fraser River, of salmon-fishing at the dawn.

Good-bye beautiful young city of Canada—gateway to half a continent, commercial outlet to an ocean. Would that I could see you many years hence! And indeed one's imagination need not be too vivid to picture in the very near future a glittering, thronged metropolis, emblem of a province that in days to come will out-rival in richness India of old and assist in making of this beautiful Canada of ours

one of the wealthiest, healthiest and greatest countries the world has ever seen.

Good-bye, beyond all else, to the dear people I have met. Surely, it must be that climate and beauty of environment go to the making up of fine temperament, for I have found it true. British Columbians excel in kindness and generosity.

"Howe'er it be,

It seems to me

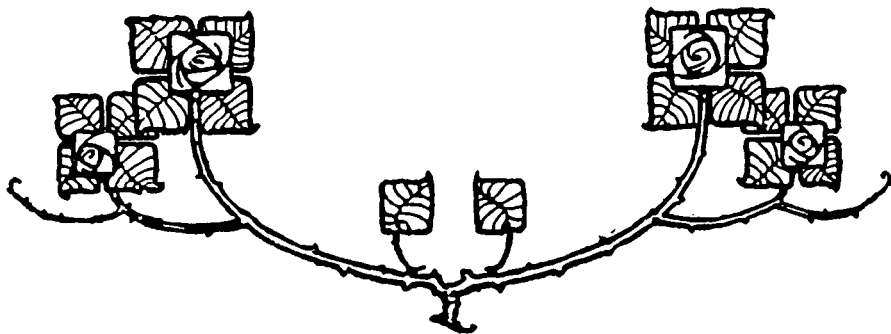
'Tis only noble to be good;

Kinds hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."

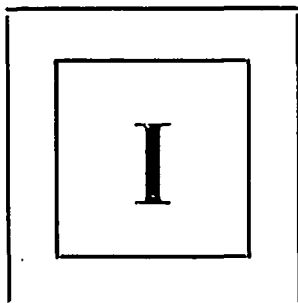
Presentiment tells me that surely soon again I shall see you, and this helps to ease the heartache that grips me as the long train steams away and I strain longing eyes to catch the very last glimpse of friends and city to which my heart has gone out.

After all, I shall say not good-bye, but au revoir.



A Fruit-Growing Retrospect

By R. E. Gosnell, Victoria



IHAVEN'T got any statistics on the subject, but I am safe in saying that you could grow all the apples shown at the Vancouver Apple Show on fifteen acres;

and yet we are told that it was the biggest show of apples ever made. Now, if this were possible with fifteen acres, what would have been possible with the fifty thousand odd acres supposed to be in bearing in the Province at the present time? Let us multiply 50,000 by 50, which might represent our possible fruit area, and we get some idea of the mammoth result in "Jonathans," "Gravensteins," "Mackintosh Reds" and in the other members of the apple family.

Why were the visitors so impressed with this immense exhibit of fruit? Because, of course, they saw it in mass, in great commercial quantities, a carload of one variety succeeding carloads of other varieties; apples uniform in size, color, shape, position; polished to a degree of positive lustre, arranged artistically in boxes, and stretching out in a long vista of varied colors, hues and tints. Strength and beauty in architecture consist in the repetition of one feature after another in exact replica, pillar after pillar, window after window, arch after arch. An army is but the multiplication of soldier units in symmetrical array. The unorganized mass is powerless before the organized mass. One is a living, beautiful picture, a symbol of power. The other is a blot on the earth, hopeless in its profusion. So the promoters of the Apple Show conceived the idea of massing the products of our orchards after the fashion of the architect or the military leader. They gave use a concrete result in glowing colors—fifteen carloads of apples, a picture which no words can paint. It was an object-lesson of past efforts and future

possibilities. It was a story of commercialism in apple culture.

If fifteen carloads of apples had been dumped in one heap it would have made a big pile, the biggest pile of apples ever seen, perhaps. It would have been worth seeing, but it, after all, would have been very uninteresting and uninformative compared with fifteen carloads spread out, graded, classified, polished and arranged to carry out an attractive color scheme, the effect of which was wonderfully impressive. One began immediately to soliloquize, to become retrospective, and to think of how it all came about. This is the era of commercial orchards, of fruit-growing on a business basis. Strictly speaking, there was not a commercial orchard in British Columbia twenty-five years ago. Fifteen years ago the business was still in its infancy. We were then thinking very hard of mines and mining stocks.

I have been asked to tell something about the beginning of these things, and if I miss someone deserving of mention or some particular section, it is not because I desire to discriminate, but because my information is incomplete, and my memory is defective. Who planted the first apple tree in British Columbia? Who had the first orchard in bearing? I confess I don't know. I have read somewhere about the first tree having been planted at Fort Vancouver or Fort Nistually, Oregon. It may have been by Dr. McLaughlin, or James Douglas, or Dr. Tolmie, or Mr. Huggins. I think it was one of the latter two. I have seen a gavel made, in part, out of the original apple tree—Premier McBride has it in his possession—but I forget the details. In British Columbia the first orchards were planted in and around Victoria, back in the fifties and sixties, by Hudson's Bay Company officials—Douglas, Wark, Tod, Pemberton, Finlayson; the Muirs of Sooke, by Mackenzie at Craigflower, and by Dr. Tolmie and others. These were not commer-

cial orchards in the present sense of the term. They supplied home requirements, and some of the fruit found a market. They showed, however, what could be done. In truth, it did not require an apple show at Vancouver to demonstrate what our soil and climate could do in the way of fruit-growing. That was demonstrated long ago. Very beautiful, luscious fruit of British Columbia growth was shown in London, Eng., at the Colonial and Fisheries Exhibition back in the early seventies, fruit which attracted general attention and gained the highest praise in the British press. We would be proud, even today, of fruit shown at our very earliest agricultural exhibitions. In 1889, 1890 and 1891 splendid specimens of fruit of various kinds and varieties were shown at Eastern Canadian fairs, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, London and Winnipeg.

What Vancouver did at the Apple Show was to illustrate progress, to make manifest the results of commercial orcharding, of the growing of right varieties, of a systematized industry in a province that in ten years has led all Canada in scientific and modern methods, governmental and private. It was a sort of general stocktaking and window-dressing.

We had a very successful show of fruits in Vancouver in 1889. As samples the fruit shown then was suggestive. In 1910 we exhibited the fruit in carload quantities.

In thinking of the present and praising those successful men whose skill and enterprise have produced the present-day results, we are apt to forget the past—the pioneers who not less, even more, praiseworthy labored on these problems. We are apt to forget the men who paved the way, who showed us, somewhat imperfectly it may be, a future brighter in promise than the mines, the fisheries and the forest, rich and abundant as these natural assets may be. Fruit production in the past twenty-five years has made tremendous strides in the perfection of methods of growing and in the improvement of the appliances of trade. The pioneers groped in the dark. The great majority were inexperienced in the science of fruit culture. They were ignorant of the varieties best adapted to the soil and to the market. They knew little about the commercial aspect. Orchard sanitation,

pruning, picking, grading, packing, shipping and selling were either not understood at all or were misunderstood. So the industry advanced but slowly, and failure or stagnation or non-success was due, as the case may be, rather to neglect or want of knowledge than to natural conditions, which were all highly and unusually favorable. In the main, what success was achieved was in spite of the personal factors rather than on account of intelligent effort. Then, owing to certain well-known conditions, the local product was but slowly absorbed by the market, and for a time hardly at all. The condition referred to affected all farm products, but fruit particularly. Merchants imported fruit from Oregon, Washington and California, where there was a regular and systematic supply to be depended upon for market requirements. Hence the local product, not being sufficient for the trade, was rather more of an intrusion than a welcome factor.

The industry suffered, too, from want of commercial methods. In the old days apple boxes were mostly made of split cedar in the rough, of various sizes, into which were indiscriminately dumped apples of all varieties and of all sizes. When a box was placed alongside of the imported article in the store window it presented a sorry contrast. The old-time farmer was slow to learn that the package sells the fruit. Few ever did learn it. They cursed the commission men and the retailer, and oft-times swore that they would sooner feed their apples to the hogs than sell them at the prices they could get for them in town. Little wonder that they did not succeed. It was the new men who studied fruit-growing as a business who made it a commercial success. The first two or three commercial orchards, developed on modern lines, gave the industry a fillip. Even then it wasn't all plain sailing. The story of the young industry's struggle to the fore would make a chapter by itself.

I have already mentioned that the first orchards were planted in and around Victoria by the Hudson's Bay Company's officials, and, if I mistake not, the initial experiment was made by John Tod on his farm at Mount Tolmie. The older generation of native-born Victorians will remember the old man who, when he went to

the city, had his pockets full of apples for the boys and girls. Miss Shaw, a sister-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Evans, pioneer Methodist missionary, saw the fruit in Tod's orchard. Afterwards, and before the gold discovery in 1858, she told Thomas Cunningham, then a resident of Kingston, Ont., about it, and that decided him to come to British Columbia and grow fruit. By the same token the said Thomas Cunningham, on February 14th, 1860, picked strawberry blossoms and strawberries in Victoria, sent them to his brother, James Cunningham, now of New Westminster, as a specimen of what the country could produce, and the fact induced the latter to also come west. Thomas Cunningham, for years fruit inspector and a member of the board of horticulture, was among the first to demonstrate the fruit capabilities of British Columbia, and in a general way has done much for the industry. Outside of those to whom reference has already been made, some of the first orchards planted were those by the late Joseph Trutch, later Lieutenant-Governor and Sir Joseph, in the heart of Victoria; the Wilkison and Elford orchards near Victoria; the Thompson, Brew, A. C. Anderson, Brettours and Dr. Powell orchards in Saanich; by Anderson, afterwards member of the legislature, from the Lake district; by Fisher and Helgensen (Hans), in Metchosin; the Sere orchards in Richmond road, and Van Tassel orchard on Edmonton road. Nearly all of these are still in existence.

I am not sure, but I think, outside of Victoria, an oblate mission father planted the first orchard in the Indian reserve near Cowichan Bay. Other pioneers were William Duncan and the Skinners, near Duncan.

Strictly speaking, the first commercial orchards on the Island of Vancouver were laid out by R. M. Palmer on "Rockside Farm," near Victoria; W. C. Grant at Gordon Head, and John Lamberton at Mount Tolmie. These orchards, and especially Rockside farm, were object-lessons to the rest of the province. Mr. Palmer's efforts, perhaps, more than those of any other person, showed the way to success. He combined practical and theoretical knowledge with excellent business abilities and sound judgment. In his official capa-

city as fruit inspector and member of the horticultural board, he was able to disseminate widely the results of his own private experience. In this connection we must not forget the stimulus given to the industry by Hon. J. W. Turner, as minister of agriculture. Himself an amateur horticulturist, having an intense interest in farming as a profession, he laid the foundation of our present agricultural department, which is the foremost in Canada in useful and modern work. Mr. Palmer started his orchard about 1893 or 1894.

To leave the island and come to New Westminster district, the first apple trees were planted by the Rev. E. White at the Methodist parsonage, New Westminster. These were presented to the first Methodist missionaries by a Mr. Hull, of Olympia, on their way through to British Columbia from eastern Canada in 1859. The next were by James Kennedy, formerly a teacher at Langley, in a farm called "The Ramparts," below New Westminster on the river. Some were afterwards sold to Mr. Thomas Cunningham and planted in the Delham gardens at New Westminster. This was about 1864. Captain William Irving, father of Captain John, planted the first cherry trees in New Westminster, and these same trees are growing vigorously today. The Delham orchards were the first real commercial experiment. William Clarkson, a New Westminster pioneer, planted an orchard alongside of them. At quite an early date, however, Colonel Moody put out trees at Sapperton. J. W. Armstrong was also a pioneer in the same line. Reverting to Mr. Cunningham, it was he who sent the first exhibit of fruit from the province to the Toronto exhibition in 1888, and in the competition with the fruit of Canada won the governor-general's medal. This aroused a good deal of enthusiasm in the province about its fruit capabilities, and made easy the organization of a fruit-growers' association early in 1889. John Reece, Henry and Isaac Kipp, A. C. Wells, A. C. Henderson, John Henderson and the Methodist Indian mission were the first fruit-growers in Chilliwack, as were the Knight brothers at Popcum and the Chadsey brothers and McGillevray at Sumas. The H. P. Bates orchard at Dewdney, on the other side of the river,

also used to attract considerable attention. One tree of the Reinette de Canada variety once bore 42 boxes which were sold in Vancouver at \$1.25 per box, and, despite neglect, the tree is still bearing. Among other early planters on the north side were the Mission Fathers at Mission; Father Howison, Port Hammond; L. A. Agassiz, at Agassiz, and Mr. Harris at Maple Ridge. M. J. Henry started a nursery near Mission later on and was about the first to ship fruit to the northwest. He was energetic and enthusiastic, but not altogether successful. There were many difficulties to overcome in establishing an export trade. In Langley, James Mackie, at Fort Langley, took much interest in fruit, and was an early planter. In Delta John Kirkland, William and Thomas Ladner, William McKee, Thomas McNeely, William Arthur and L. Guichon were pioneers, and all had good orchards. Here E. Hutchison established a nursery, and although an experienced orchardist, he eventually failed to make the venture a success. Along with William Henry he took a prominent part in the early work of the fruit-growers' association. In Lulu Island and North Arm William McRoberts, J. W. Sexsmith, O. D. Sweet, Matthew Milligan, Thomas Kidd (afterwards an M. P.), and McRory brothers led the way. There was a small orchard at Moodyville planted by the late S. P. Moody. The reason that Westminster district is not today an apple-growing section is due to the ravages of infectious diseases. Before they were imported, splendid apples in every part of it were raised. Once introduced, owing to the climate being so favorable, the various pests spread rapidly and killed the first great promise of the district.

The Okanagan has stood in this province recently for the best as a fruit district, and its great success in commercial orchards has been instrumental in bringing British Columbia to the front rank of the industry. The first orchard there was planted by the mission fathers in 1860, at the mission near Kelowna, and Mr. Cunningham this year inspected trees which came in that year from Oregon, and which are still bearing and doing well. At a later date Carserso, who has made such a success of onions, planted an orchard that has done well com-

mercially. Carserso, an Italian who is now a wealthy man, once with his wife worked for his board for the mission priests.

There were other orchards, but what gave to the valley its repute was the Coldstream ranch, where some 1,200 acres of commercial orchards are bearing. About twenty years ago G. W. Henry planted 100 acres of Spies, Baldwins and other varieties. These were planted in unsuitable ground, too near the lake level, and were subsequently removed to the present location. It was not until Mr. Ricardo, the present manager, took hold that success was achieved. He was without experience as a fruit-grower, but applied himself thoroughly to a study of conditions and methods, and brought to bear exceptional business and organizing abilities—with present results. T. W. Sterling, an Englishman of means and excellent business qualifications, planted the first commercial orchard at Kelowna, which district won such honors at the apple show. J. L. Pridham, Knox and Rose brothers, whose orchards have been among the successes, were the first planters there.

J. W. Robinson, who has done so much in the way of publicity in this district, started Peachland—strange to say, as a mining proposition, and thereby hangs a tale: The settlers he induced to go there turned their attention to fruit-growing, and presto! a paradise arose. Twenty years before Robinson came C. R. Lambly, grew peaches, and for want of a better outlet fed them to the hogs. Gartrell's orchard at Trout Creek was the beginning of Summerland, another of Robinson's exploitations. Both apples and peaches are now grown, but the former are by far the greater industry.

In Thomas Ellis' old orchard at Penticton there is a famous cherry tree, said to have yielded over a ton of fruit in one season. There L. W. Shatford, M. P. P., started commercial fruit-growing on a large scale. The fine orchards there are just now coming into bearing.

Messrs. Richter and Bullock-Webster were the first growers at Keremeos. Richter's orchard has been a great success. Delicious grapes of several wine varieties are grown, also apples, peaches and apricots. W. H. Armstrong, the well-known contractor, who purchased the Hudson's Bay Company's farm there, is planting exten-

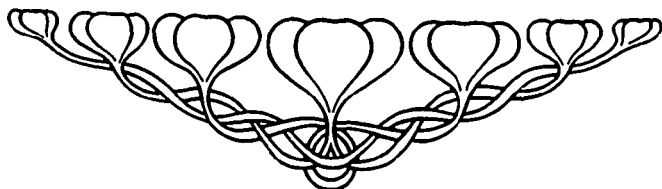
sively, and is taking a great interest in the development of the district, which has a very bright prospect. From a fruit-growing point of view, Kamloops is an older district than the Okanagan. William Fortune, of Tranquilly, planted an orchard fifty years ago, and W. J. Roper experimented at Cherry Creek. C. E. Cooney's orchard next to Fortune's was cultivated on a small scale at first, but is now a very large one. Todd planted at Todd's Creek and Graham at Shuswap over twenty years ago. The latter fine property is now known as "Sunnyside." Apples grown there and nearby were long ago shown at the fairs, and there was much rivalry displayed among the growers. Several old-timers planted orchards in the Nicola district, but I am not sufficiently familiar with the facts to give particulars.

Nearer the coast C. A. Semlin, of Cache Creek, grew apples and prunes successfully, as did Phil Parke at the same place. Evans of Ashcroft is another pioneer. Judge Cornwall was long ago an enthusiastic fruit-grower. Captain Langley and Mrs. Penny were early growers on the river. The Penny ranch and the Barnes estate opposite have passed into the hands of an English company, promoted by the British Columbia Development Association, and is being developed on modern lines. The settlement is now called Walhachin, meaning, in Indian, "a fertile valley spreading out," or words to that effect. Yale and Hope have grown fruit for years, and are destined to be the finest cherry district in America.

Kootenay twenty years ago was, of all things, little thought of as a producer of fruit, but it is proving even richer in this respect than in minerals, and the orchards along and around Arrow lake and Kootenay lake have become famous. The fruit is noted for its fine flavor and keeping qualities, and the orchards for their remarkable freedom from disease and injury from winter kill. Irrigation is generally considered unnecessary, though in many cases it

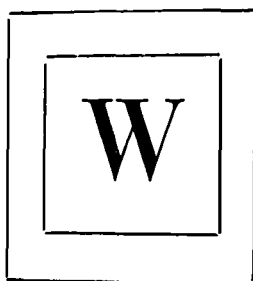
is advantageous. Two orchards were planted in 1895 opposite Nelson. One of these was purchased by James Johnston, who has been prominent in encouraging the industry since. Mr. Funk planted a 10-acre plot near Arrow lake in 1901, and Mr. Shields planted another in 1902. Bush started an orchard at Balfour in 1889, and Robert Yuill at Kokanee creek in 1901. Mr. Fauquier planted 100 trees on his place at lower Arrow lake in 1900, and three or four hundred in 1902. Other planters were Houghton and Cockle; and Taylor planted 20 acres near the west arm of Ten-mile creek in 1903 and 25 acres in 1905. This property was subsequently purchased by J. F. Campbell in 1906, who in 1904-5 planted 2,500 trees on the bench overlooking Bonnington falls. After moving to his Duntulin ranch at Six-mile he subdivided his Bonnington falls estate and a number of English gentlemen now own the orchards planted by him, and others are preparing and planting new orchards. There are now large settlements of fruit-growers at different points on Kootenay lake, Kootenay and Columbia rivers, Arrow lake, Slokan lake and river, and at Creston, where a fruit district has been opened up.

I have endeavored to indicate the beginning of fruit-growing which contributed to the great apple show. It is a large area to cover, and this article is necessarily very sketchy and imperfect. I hope some time to give the history of each district in detail. The chapter of early fruit-growing may not be as spectacular and romantic as is the story of mining, but it has a history all its own, full of trials and difficulties and many ups and downs. I could tell how the early trees were brought from Oregon and packed on horseback and man-back over long, rough trails, but this sketch, already too long, must be brought to a close. The careers of the pioneer orchardists in a very literal as well as in a metaphorical sense have brought forth much fruit, and the present is but the beginning of the things that will be.



The Story of the Fraser River Valley

ENDOWED BY NATURE WITH ALL THE ELEMENTS,
THIS SECTION IS DESTINED TO BECOME THE
GARDEN SPOT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



WITH the construction of the B. C. E. Company's line to Chilliwack the commercial operations of the districts traversed and those immediately accessible have assumed colossal proportions. Hitherto the great drawback which still hampers vast areas of British Columbia, that of inadequate transportation, prevented the residents of the various sections from exhibiting their best in competition with their more favored neighbors. Notwithstanding this tremendous handicap, some of the districts have achieved a high reputation for the excellence of their products, notably Chilliwack.

It is seldom that a railway of such importance is conceived, surveyed, constructed and operated in a little over four years. The cost of the road, originally intended to be in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, gradually increased until that figure was doubled.

Hitherto the C. P. R. transport steamers have carried most of the produce to and from the South Fraser Valley districts. The Chilliwack wharves handled 27,000 tons in 1909. Harrison Mills, on the opposite side of the Fraser River, form the junction where the C. P. R. trains drop passengers and mails for Chilliwack. Two trips are made daily by a river steamer between the north and south shores. Formerly this method was the only means of communication with the trade centres. Now the B. C. Electric Railway is open, the Great North-

ern Railway is almost in the Chilliwack district, and the Canadian Northern Railway will have completed their route through the valley in less than three years. In future the South Fraser Valley will be one of the railway centres of British Columbia.

The Chilliwack Valley, long designated the garden of British Columbia, lies at the eastern extremity of the Fraser Valley, on the south bank of the river. It is located about 70 miles from Vancouver. At the widest the valley is 10 miles across, which breadth occurs at Sumas Lake and Prairie, where Lower Fraser Valley begins. Chilliwack Valley proper contains in the vicinity of 55,000 acres of splendid alluvial land, composed chiefly of river and glacial deposits. Once heavily timbered, the land is now cleared and made into prosperous farms and orchards. However, there is still much uncleared land lying along the edge where steps rise, forming level plateaux at varying altitudes. These "benches," as they are called, are, when tested, prolific fruit areas.

There are fourteen public schools in the valley, besides a high school. Chilliwack's educational standing with the government inspectors is very high.

The valley's resources are almost unlimited. The wealth lies in the value of the land for general farming purposes, fruit-growing, stock-raising, etc. The supply of timber is immense, and will provide all building material for many years. The use of concrete for buildings is increasing, and for its manufacture gravel can be had from the river beds in great quantities.

Enormous crops are raised on the farms, oats yielding an average of 100 bushels to the acre; wheat, barley, rye, etc., 40 bushels; roots as high as 60 tons, and potatoes from 20 to 22 tons to the acre. The hay crop is very large and profitable. Sheep and swine raising is extensive. Orchard

cultivation is becoming more and more the big farming industry.

Cleared land sells at prices ranging from \$150 to \$500 per acre, according to location; uncleared and along the foothills brings from \$25 to \$200 per acre.

MATSQUI DISTRICT

(Vancouver World, November 1st)

TWENTY-FIVE miles or less up the Fraser River on the stream from New Westminster lies a chosen country. It is a prairie country surrounded by low wooded hills as fertile as the lowlands from which they take their gentle rise. These again are backed by the forest-clad mountains, the whole offering such a prospect of beauty and fertility, that the first prospectors of sixty years ago determined to settle here, and acquired and tilled the soil of this district. Today the settler is once more hastening hither with an enthusiasm that shows that he realizes the good thing that has been lying dormant for so many years.

Abbotsford is the name of this district, which includes the twin prairies of Sumas and Matsqui, the first containing 30,000 and the second 10,000 acres of the most fertile land of British Columbia, while the encircling hills form a wonderful fruit district, producing apples and other fruits that will rival the finest of the province.

SPLENDID SOIL ARRANGEMENT

These hilly slopes are clothed in a rich chocolate loam, of which the warm color is eloquent testimony to its fertility. Eighteen inches below this top-soil is a three-foot clay sub-soil, which finally gives place to a substratum of fine sand and gravel. No better soil for the cultivation of fruit could be devised. The clay ensures sufficient moisture, the gravel sufficient drainage, and the top loam sufficient nourishment, a combination of virtues which ensures the best of fruit. The clay without the sand and gravel would be a disadvantage, but as it is the roots strike down through the heavier soil to the porous gravel below, and thus avoid the excess of moisture which otherwise would be harmful.

SMALL FRUITS

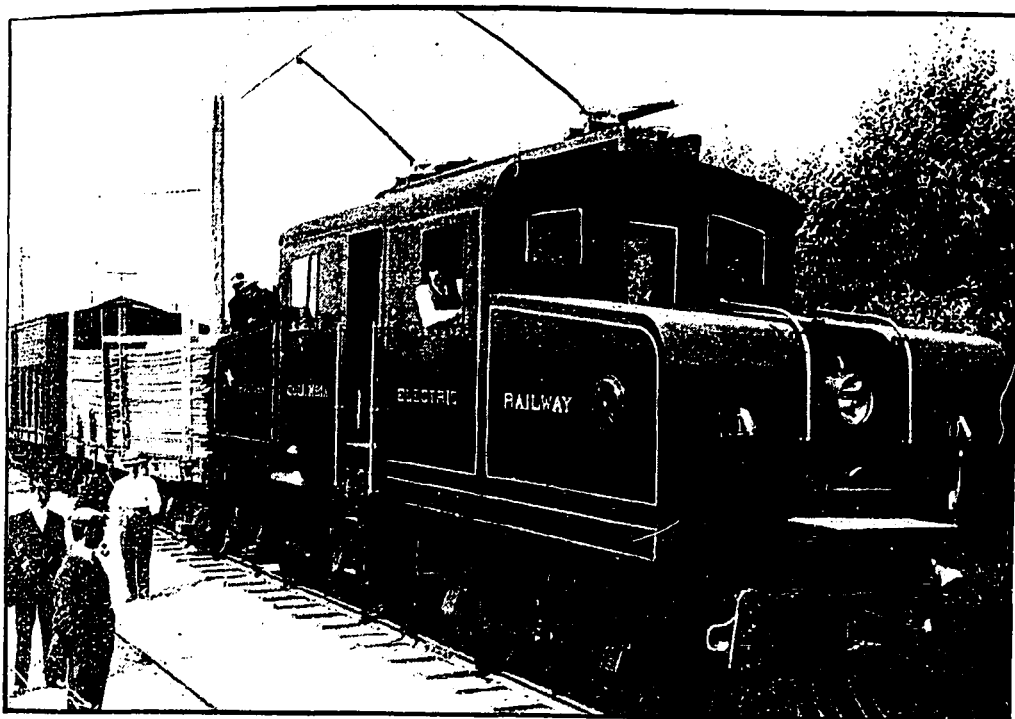
In this land grow apples, cherries, pears, peaches and prunes. Best of all these are the apples. A wonderful crop of this fruit is produced, the trees bearing so heavily that the danger most to be feared is their breaking under the weight of their own produce. Besides these larger fruit trees the small fruits also flourish luxuriantly. To these both the high and low lands are equally well adapted. Strawberries, raspberries and currants produce enormous crops, and \$1,000 clear profit per acre is often made off small holdings in the district. Rhubarb and celery must be reckoned in the same successful catalogue, and it is thus clear that for a man with small capital such a fruit farming venture is full of possibilities.

VERSATILE COUNTRY

But one of the principal attractions of Abbotsford is its versatility. It is not only a fruit-growing country. To its horticultural features it adds vegetable growing, which here reaches a perfection hard to believe until it has been seen. Onions stand out as one of the most luxuriant and profitable of these crops, a profit of \$1,200 having been obtained off a single acre. At present Vancouver imports many onions from Australia, which is proof of the splendid market which awaits this vegetable for years to come. Pumpkins, mangolds and all kinds of feed are grown in great quantities, and even alfalfa can be produced in the hills.

CATTLE RAISING

The natural result of this excellent supply of feed is to make the country a great stock-raising one. Beef-cattle are already being fattened on the pastures, and pigs and sheep add largely to the profits of



TYPE OF FREIGHT AND PASSENGER ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE
USED ON B. C. E. FRASER VALLEY LINE

the farmer. But beef-cattle are not such an important product of the district as milkers. In fact, the Hygienic Dairy has chosen Matsqui as the location of its pure-milk dairy, and it keeps there a herd of some 200 head. This choice is largely owing to the excellent supply of pure water with which this country is blessed. Matsqui prairie is already dyked, and almost all cleared, and through these pleasant meadow lands meander many little streams of clear water, which make this the chosen spot of those in search of purity.

COMMERCIAL CONVENIENCES

Sumas prairie is not yet dyked, but the banks erected and to be erected by the many railroads that are traversing or about to traverse the district serve this purpose almost equally well. The C. P. R. and the British Columbia Electric are already constructed and in operation, while the advent of the Great Northern, whose line is under construction, and of the C. N. R., grows daily nearer.

From this it is seen that in transportation, as in everything else, Abbotsford is peculiarly lucky. Served by four railroads, giving equal facilities either east or west, the situation is ideal. The markets of Alberta and the prairie, and those of Vancouver and the coast, are equally accessible. The British Columbia Electric will transport the produce of the farms and orchards

to Vancouver over the intervening thirty-eight miles in one hour and a half, so that fruit or vegetables picked in the evening can appear on the market first thing next morning, and orders received during the day can be filled before the sun sets. Electricity in the form of power, light, telephone and telegraph gives the farmer-settler more of the conveniences of life than the inhabitants of the city suburbs, besides enabling him to drain his land by electrical pumps, and do all the mechanical business on the farm by the same economical and powerful agency.

In addition to this horticultural and dairying wealth, the agricultural resources of Abbotsford are also exceptional. The chief crops are oats, wheat, timothy, roots and clover. Oats run to 110 bushels an acre, while two crops of timothy can be taken off the land in one year. This last year one hundred acres of land produced \$10,000 worth of hay, a record which it would be hard to beat anywhere.

But there is another crop which will be of great importance in the future, but which will necessitate some draining first; it is the sugar-beet. Just across the river at Mission is a sugar-beet factory, and it is offering every inducement to the farmers to grow the product that they require in their manufacturing business. This will afford a regular and convenient market for the farmers, and will enable them to estab-

lish the sugar-beet as a staple crop of the district.

SMALL FARMS

From what has been said it will be clear that Abbotsford is a district especially suited to small holdings, and these are the kind of properties that are being taken up here every day. The population outside of the town itself is about 9,000, while Abbotsford is the home of 500 others, a number which is just about double that of three months ago, which gives some idea of the manner in which this district is appealing to the settler. Buildings are running up in the same proportion. Few people, however town-loving they may be, object to being separated by but a brief hour and a half from the metropolis.

Moreover, the fact that the land is divided into small holdings is another factor in favor of a big population, as by this system, to which the nature of the soil is so well suited, a large number of cultivators are carried by a small acreage, especially as the tendency to intensive cultivation, which needs a large amount of labor, is particularly strong in such a community.

OTHER INDUSTRIES

But the horticultural and agricultural aspects are not the only ones of interest in this many-sided district. Lumber, minerals, oil and other industries are among its resources. With regard to the first of this rich quartette, there are five sawmills in operation in this district, and much of the land is held under timber leases. As the land is logged off it is thrown open to settlement, and the settler is saved a great deal of expense in clearing, owing to the previous cutting of the lumbermen.

The mineral wealth is mainly situated in a dividing spur, which runs down between the two prairies. The wealth of this ridge of hills is hardly yet realized. Coal, oil and fireclay are the other three things that are at present being developed more or less, and the gathering of the three together in this one small spot enhances the value of each.

And all these are not the mere outcome of an excited imagination. Already a company with a capital of \$250,000, called the Clayburne Brick Works, is in active operation, and another capitalized at the same figure is about to commence the manu-

facture of sewer pipes in the same neighborhood. China clay is also found here, so that it seems that in this one department alone immense possibilities are to be found. In the field of oil, development is equally active. A company also capitalized at \$250,000 is already at work boring. Before this large bore was put in operation a series of small experimental bores were made to secure sufficient indications of oil to justify further development.

These indications were forthcoming to a most encouraging extent. Oil sand was discovered in every case, and out of fifteen pounds of this sand one and a half pints of crude petroleum oil was obtained.

This is a high percentage, but satisfaction was still more complete, when refinement of this oil showed the following results: The oil contained quantities of No. 1 oil, which is the equal to a Russian oil, a No. 2 oil and an engine oil. Moreover, there are no waste products owing to the petroleum base belonging to this soil. The company expect to have to go down 2,500 feet to reach the oil stratum, and the boring is at present in active operation, being pushed on with a zeal in proportion to the high hopes of the promoters.

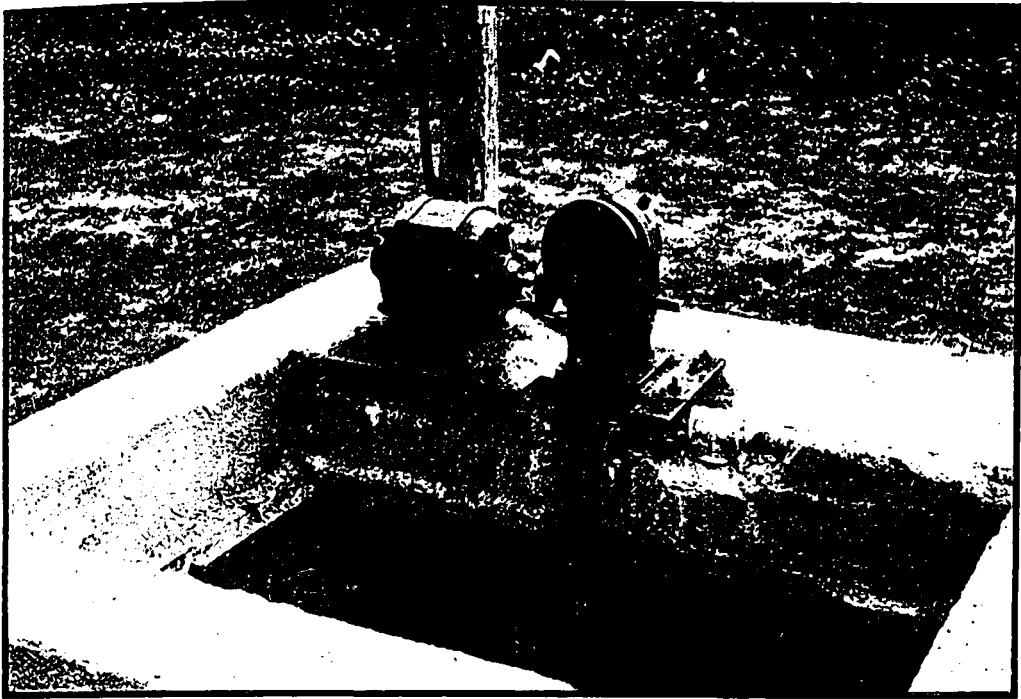
COAL DISCOVERED

Coal is the remaining source of wealth, and is as yet insufficiently prospected. The seams already discovered are of a bituminous nature, and the 18-inch seam originally discovered has been traced back to a width of four feet six inches. This coal is at present being used by the Clayburne Brick Company in the operation of their private line of railway. But it is expected that with the advent of the big railroads this mineral spur will be thoroughly examined and its resources energetically exploited.

In this case, those who know the district expect to see Abbotsford not only one of the most thriving agricultural and horticultural districts in Canada, but also a centre of industrial activity and mineral production.

SETTLER'S PARADISE

This then is a very settler's paradise. Much of the land is cleared; in fact, nearly the whole of Matsqui prairie is free from bush, and the trees that remain on both the prairies are small, and removable at a cost of only about \$20 or \$30 per acre.



PRIVATE WATER PLANT IN FRASER RIVER VALLEY

On the hills the timber is heavier, and would cost about \$200 an acre to clear in some places, but once cleared it is not long before the land gives a return that quickly wipes out any preliminary expenses.

Besides being the ideal situation for a farm, it is also, as has been pointed out already, ideally situated for a home. With all the beauty of the country it combines all the equipment of a town; its transportation facilities are unrivaled, its water and milk supplies are of the greatest purity, and the home builder will find special lumber rates offered him by the local sawmills.

To this fact many persons are now waking up. Farmers are selling out their

holdings in districts where prices have risen and are buying again in the cheaper but no less fertile country of Abbotsford, thereby reaping a double profit, one on the sale of their own land and the other in the increased percentage on their capital invested in the new low-priced land.

It is left then for those who read, to run; the land awaits them with its high profits and its pleasant healthy living, and it is for them to take them or leave them, as they like. Those who have taken them will tell the less enterprising of what they have found, and few will be able to resist the telling.

▣	LANGLEY	▣
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THE municipality of Langley, situated in the geographical centre of the Fraser River Valley in the New Westminster district, while containing only 77,046 acres, with a population of about 3,000, is not to be overlooked in mentioning the favored spots in the province. Langley lies between the Fraser River on the north and the State of Washington on the south, and is twenty-two miles from Vancouver.

Like other municipalities in that district, Langley has been handicapped by the want

of adequate transportation facilities, the people having had to depend entirely on two ways of communication—the Fraser River, where an excellent steamboat service has been enjoyed for several years, and the Yale wagon road, serving the centre and south portions of the district. The completion recently of the B. C. Electric Railway to Chilliwack has provided additional and more equitable transportation facilities, and opened up a large section of the district that has heretofore been subjected to many inconveniences for want of proper shipping

methods. As the Canadian Northern and Great Northern systems will soon be added to the carrier lines now already in operation, it will not be long before the whole district will enjoy transportation facilities unsurpassed by any section in the province. Even now there is no point in the district more than four miles away from a railway station or steamboat landing.

SOIL UNEXCELLED

The soil of the district varies from the rich alluvial deposits along the Fraser River to the sandy loam of the higher elevations, and with occasional exceptions of a few low spots along the river none of the land is subject to inundation. The dark loam and clay lands are admirably adapted to mixed farming, with dairying as a basis, while the higher lands are ideal for poultry and fruit-raising. The whole district is watered with numerous creeks and streams, the main flows being the Salmon, Beaver, Nicomekl and Campbell rivers. No section of the province has been more munificently endowed by Nature for all-round general purposes. A rich soil, favorable climate and a thorough system of natural irrigation are here. Wheat, peas, oats, barley, hay, red clover and every variety of vegetables do particularly well on the higher soils, while all sorts of small and orchard fruits of the choicest quality are raised in abundance.

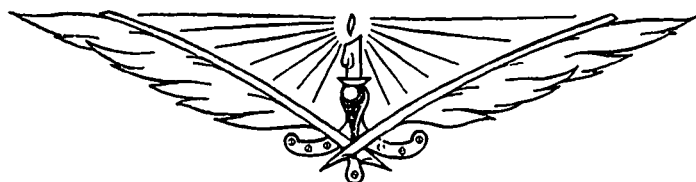
Until within the last few years the farmers depended principally upon hay and grain-growing, but the enormous demand created by the rapid settlement of the country, particularly in the city of Vancouver, for milk, butter, cheese, eggs and meat has diverted their attention from the old pursuits, and as a result, instead of growing hay and grain as in former years, the producers have turned their attention to raising those necessities of life demanded by the market. As an outgrowth of this the district has the only cheese factory on the Lower Fraser, two milk concerns, shipping pasteurized milk, while the egg, poultry and butter business has grown until the receipts run up into the thousands of dollars a month.

The price of butter varies from 25 to 35 cents per pound, and eggs from 25 to 60 cents per dozen in the home market. When it is considered that only one acre in seven of the district is improved, it is hard to form any conception of what could be produced if the district was thoroughly utilized for farming purposes.

PLENTY OF LAND OBTAINABLE

Many of the large landholders have consented to cut up their surplus acreage, which will enable homeseekers to obtain plenty of land at reasonable prices. The future of the district, however, lies in the fact that it is most favorably situated, both as regards transportation and soil, for subdividing into small holdings for chicken, fruit and vegetable growing. The soil of the higher elevations most suited for this purpose is of sandy or clay loam, neither too wet in the winter nor needing irrigation during the summer months. Both large and small fruits can be grown to perfection and delivered in the market with the minimum amount of cost, owing to the proximity of the district to New Westminster and Vancouver. The climate is known to be the most equable in Canada, the temperature rarely going above eighty degrees or below zero.

Owing to the fact that in the past there has been no means of getting out the heavy growth of fir and cedar which, still unbroken, covers at least half of the municipality, the fortunate owners of the land on which it stands will now be repaid for the long delay. It has been estimated by timbermen that in the district today there are 500,000,000 feet of marketable timber, mainly Douglas fir and cedar. There are at present six saw and shingle mills in the district. This means great things to the district. It will afford work to new settlers if they require it, will make a home market, and will mean the keeping of a large sum of money among themselves. It also means that the new settler will be able to get lumber and shingles for his new home at bedrock prices.





FEED-CUTTING PLANT ON FARM NEAR EBURNE

DISTRICT OF SURREY

LYING in a much more elevated position, with the soil very rich in all the elements of the plant foods, the timber consisting of deciduous trees, principally of alder, maple, cherry and birch, and coniferous trees of Douglas fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock, is the district of Surrey. It is one of the most fertile sections of the province. The land, being mostly composed of a black sandy loam several inches in depth, is adapted to any of the different varieties of vegetable and grain growing, while fruits of all kinds and superior qualities are produced in abundance. Like Langley and Matsqui, the Surrey district is bounded on the north by the Fraser river, the valley of which is mostly composed of silt and alluvial deposits of great depth, and ranges from three to seven miles in width through the district. There is some low-lying land subject to overflow, but the area is so small that no inconvenience is ever felt from high water. The major portion is out of reach of the floods. While there is still a large amount of timber in the district to be removed before the land can be utilized for farming, it is of that character that is easily handled, and much of it is valuable for milling purposes. Purchasers of land will find this

more to their advantage than detrimental, as they can dispose of the mill timber for more than what the land originally cost, added thereto the expense of clearing.

It is essentially a district for mixed farming. The soil is unusually fertile and easily worked. It is light, full of humus, and with good, natural drainage. For the most part it is a dark, sandy loam on the surface, and has next a stratum of clay or gravelly subsoil. Almost at any time in the year gardening may be carried on. Most crops will grow, but it is the soil par excellence for fruit—large or small.

For dairying there may be districts that surpass Surrey, because of lower lands and better pasture, but where the soiling system is adopted the best results may be obtained here, owing to the adaptability of the land to produce early forage crops, such as rye and vetches. These sown early in the fall and followed by crops of peas and oats, also corn as an early spring and summer fodder, and with plenty of roots for winter, will give a supply of green and succulent food the year round. Dairying, supplemented by the raising of hogs, is very profitable, as it takes less fertility out of the soil, and can be carried on with any other forms of agriculture or horticulture.

The market demand for good butter is constant, and as long as the quality is maintained good prices are obtainable.

Poultry-raising is also a money-maker when given anything like proper attention, and there need be no hesitation in embarking in such an enterprise in the Surrey district. The favorable conditions are all here, including a market never fully equal to the demand. It is common in this district, as elsewhere, to see chickens about the stumps of the newly-cut trees, turkeys farther afield in the yet unslashed woods, and ducks about the door of the hastily-erected domicile. Then, too, this is a branch of farm work that the women and children can manage while the breadwinner earns their living where he can, whether at his farm operations or at daily labor elsewhere.

Situated, as it is, with the Fraser River on the north and Boundary and Semiamo Bays on the south, the climate leaves no-

thing to be desired. It is as mild and moist as that of the south of England, yet fairer, brighter and sunnier. The moderating influence of the Japanese current and of the moist-laden winds from the Pacific are factors in bringing about this desirable result. The freshness of the air is delightful and health-giving, there being a marvellous invigorating tone to the atmosphere. The ocean breeze keeps the summer cool, or at most pleasantly warm. The rainfall is mostly during the winter months, and is never in excess of the demands of the soil or less than necessary for the production of large crops. There are no sand or dust storms, no hail, heavy snows or severe frosts, no tornadoes, cyclones or earthquakes, no droughts, intense heat or cold. It is simply an ideal section of the province, where living can be made enjoyable and where a competency can be obtained to provide for old age as it passes down the sunseting hillside of life.



PRIVATE PUMPING PLANT FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE

DELTA MUNICIPALITY

(Vancouver World, November 1st)

THE Delta Municipality! There is a saying that there is not much in a name, and perhaps there is more truth than poetry in it, for one can think of scores of places, made hideous by name, but containing in themselves all that is most beautiful, enduring or useful in life. The Devil's Chasm, for instance, conveys terrible omens of disaster, but at its depth in reality may lurk the greenest of green things, the clearest of sparkling water, the sweetest of wild fruit.

And so it is with the Delta district—only that in this case the name is pleasant.

Within the confines of this wonderful district, situated at the mouth of the Fraser River, in the finest agricultural section of Canada, is a garden spot, not only of beauty, but of the enduring and useful type. Within this district is carried on the best of farming, dairying, fruit culture, market-gardening and horse-breeding of any like section in Canada. From the hands of the tillers go forth into the hands of consumers all over the continent the best quality of products of the soil—and those who are aware of this fact, those who are building, the tillers and workers—are reaping their reward in the gold ever sought by man, and in the fact that they are doing a great work for the upbuilding of Canada, whose century is now.

STATISTICS THAT BRING CONVICTION.

For those who do not know, a few statistics right at the start will be invaluable for the lesson they teach.

The crop yield in the Delta is the largest per acre in Canada, between 40,000 and 50,000 tons of produce having been raised in the year 1909.

Annually there are shipped from the Delta district 20,000 tons of hay.

The annual yield of the district in wheat, barley and oats is 15,000 tons.

Two hundred carloads of cattle, hogs and sheep find their way annually from the Delta district into the marts of Canada.

The huge total of 450,000 gallons of milk forms a portion of the yearly yield in all industries in the Delta.

Each year the district supplies a greedy market with 60,000 dozen eggs.

The average hay crop produced in the Delta amounts to three tons per acre.

The average yield of oats in the district runs from 130 to 200 bushels per acre, one man, the Hon. T. W. Paterson, having already succeeded in raising the full 200 bushels per acre.

GOOD ROADS

The council of the Delta municipality spends annually from \$25,000 to \$30,000 on the making and improving of roads in the district, some of which are the finest in this section of the country.

The total assessment of the municipality is \$4,621,130, or fifty per cent. of the value. The tax rate is $7\frac{1}{4}$ mills for general purposes and 11.20 mills for school purposes, the latter tax rate being the lowest of any municipality in Canada for that purpose.

In the memory of the oldest settlers there has never been a crop failure in the district.

The total acreage of the Delta municipality is 45,000.

The Agricultural Society own and maintain an exhibition ground, consisting of 24 acres, at which annual fairs are held and which contains a first-class race track.

The municipal council is now installing an up-to-date waterworks system, designed to distribute water over the whole district. Fifty miles of pipe are to be laid, and it is expected to spend \$135,000 in the whole undertaking.

These figures should speak for themselves. They need no comment, further than that word of thanks which must be returned to Mother Nature for having bestowed her bounty in such largeness upon this section of the country. They are eloquent witnesses for the fertility of the Delta soil. Read coldly or enthusiastically as

you will, they are sufficient in themselves to entice the most reluctant of investigators.

A WORTHY SLOGAN.

"Grown in Delta" is the slogan adopted by the Delta Board of Trade, and in fact by every resident in the district, and it is a worthy slogan which is having its effect in many ways. Not all the push and enterprise of a thousand capable business men would advance a poor country beyond the initial boom stage, but if the quality of the land is there the boom will stick and be enduring. So it is with the Delta. The land is the best that can be found anywhere in Canada, and that is saying much. Watered by the great Fraser River, the fresh water highway to the Pacific, which is one day soon to mean vastly so much more to the Delta and to many other sections which it borders, the land is a veritable farming paradise. It is almost as if the only labor needed is the planting of the seed and Nature does the rest. Quantity results from the planting, but that quality also results is becoming amazingly more evident every day by an examination of the prices brought by the products of the Delta farms.

POTATOES SOLD AS ASHCROFTS.

The production of hay and potatoes alone seems to be gaining an enviable name for the Delta, the Delta potato being offered on some markets as the product of Ashcroft potato farms, which have long been considered as producing the very best the market affords. By the consumer the Delta potato has not suffered a whit in estimation and comparison with the Ashcroft tuber, for it has created a steady demand and commands as high a price. The hay of the district is regarded by many of the most expert buyers in the Northwest as ranking ahead of that produced by any other part of this vast country. Again, as in the case of the potato, the hay is being sold on the Victoria market, it is said, as the Island product, which is proof enough of its standard among provincial buyers.

In view of the quality of Delta products becoming so widely recognized, the "Grown in Delta" slogan has also grown, and it is now being put forth strongly by the energetic members of the Board of Trade at Ladner, who see no reason, and rightly, why the Delta should not benefit in honor by

the quality of its products, instead of allowing its claim to be usurped often by other localities whose names may be older, but whose actual products will not rank as high as the Delta yield. Farmers of the district are also interesting themselves in this commendable movement for a recognition of the Delta rights, so that the movement, under capable direction, seems to be taking strong root and to be on the road to considerable progress.

PRIZE WINNERS.

It is in another way, and perhaps of more interest at this time of exhibitions of various natures, that the Delta products are gaining renown. Not content to exhibit their work at home alone, the tillers of the soil have sent displays, and wonderfully complete and excellent ones, to the various provincial exhibitions, and in every instance the exhibitors have proudly returned to their Delta homes with the best prizes offered in their class of exhibits. The mammoth size of the various products which have been exhibited by Delta farmers would cause astonishment anywhere but in Delta. Giant beets, immense mangolds and squashes are natural yields from the fertile alluvial lands of the district. Vegetables of all kinds which would excite the appetite of the greatest epicure are too common in the Delta to arouse more than passing comment.

STOCK FREE FROM DISEASE

Aside from agriculture and dairying, stock-breeding forms one of the Delta's chief assets, and here again the stock shown by the ranchers of the districts have always captured their share of the blue ribbons, both at exhibitions and in the matter of high market prices. Getting down to hard facts, Delta has always been to the front in the showing of horse and cattle classes. Dr. Ransom, provincial veterinary inspector, who is thoroughly conversant with the stock raised in all parts of British Columbia, has stated that he has always found the stock of the Delta exceptionally free from diseases of all kinds, while he ranks the quality of the cattle and horses as second to none. Exhaustive tests made of the dairy cattle in the Delta have also proved that very little evidence of tuberculosis is to be found, a fact the value of which can hardly be estimated, and which speaks

more highly, perhaps, than any other, for the quality of stock raised.

SUCCESSFUL IN OTHER LINES

Not alone has the Delta shown worth in horses and cattle, but also in the raising of hogs, sheep and poultry. Alexander Davie, one of the Delta exhibitors at two of the recent shows, went home with ten first prizes for his shires and percherons, besides winning eight first prizes in Tamworth hogs and numerous other exhibits.

Poultry-raising is fast coming to the front in the Delta, its ranchers raising with the greatest success practically every important variety of fowl.

Fruit-growing has never been considered an important feature of Delta's industrial life, but there are many persons now engaged in the raising of the big red apple and other fruit, with such success and splendid financial returns that they have furnished proof of the fact that the district is available for use in almost any direction of land cultivation.

Probably the first question asked by an intending settler in any district is regarding the water supply. The difficulty of securing this precious fluid in sufficient quantities is always one of the hurdles that the incipient municipality has to negotiate. To stumble at this obstacle is to lose the race for ever and aye. Recognizing the all-importance of the question, the Delta municipality rulers got together for the purpose of evolving a plan that would not only tide them over the difficulty temporarily, but which would set them over and above it for ever. As a result of their deliberations a scheme was conceived which when completed will make the present limited supply of water and the improvised method of obtaining it more like a nightmare than a reality. The country being well supplied with water made the task much easier than it otherwise would have been. The water from these natural sources has been collected and developed with a view to having it led into a reservoir, from which it is proposed to supply the whole community.

This was the first step in the general process. It was commenced in the spring of the year, and now it is estimated the entire work will be completed and the new water supply in operation at Christmas.

The reservoir, which is situated on a hill at the eastern end of the municipality, is now partly excavated, and will be in readiness to receive its baptism long ere the necessary fluid is within hail. The water is to be operated by electricity power from the British Columbia Electric Chilliwack line. It will be carried down to Ladner and other places, supplying all the farms on the route. As they have a head of over 200 feet there is a good pressure ensured. At the present time a considerable portion of the piping is laid and the work is being proceeded with as expeditiously as possible. In that part of the country, which as everyone knows, is rolling in natural wealth and beauty, the water is of a very high quality, and in the past the only difficulty has been the one which the present scheme is aiming to abolish. But for the fact that the work of developing the spring water was delayed for some time in crossing the tracks of the Great Northern, that section of the work would have been nearer completion than it is. However, it is anticipated that there will be no further halts, and that the contract will be carried out on scheduled time. In order that no time will be lost in carrying out the project, now that it is fairly started, the authorities are not sparing the municipal purse.

The work of putting in the pipes and excavating the reservoir is being superintended by Colonel J. H. Tracy, who has a wide experience in such matters to place at the disposal of his employers. Once the work is completed the Delta municipality will have something on several of its municipal rivals. It will have one of the best water systems in the whole countryside, and that is about the best asset that any budding place can have.

SHIPPING

In the matter of shipping facilities boats leaving daily from Ladner run to Steveston and connect with the B. C. E. R. for Vancouver, while excellent service by water is provided to New Westminster. The Great Northern furnishes efficient rail transportation to New Westminster and Vancouver from Port Guichon.

ROOM FOR FACTORIES

However, when all is said, agricultural advantages, combined with all other facilities minus those needed for factory pur-

poses, are not sufficient to make a city really great unless the latter qualifications are also at hand. In the case of the Delta there is no need for worry, as the south bank of the Fraser River provides abundant room, and of the best sort, for indus-

tries of all kinds. The attention of investors has already been called to the advantages possessed by the Delta district in this regard, and it is understood that plans are now on foot whereby the Delta will receive the immediate benefit.

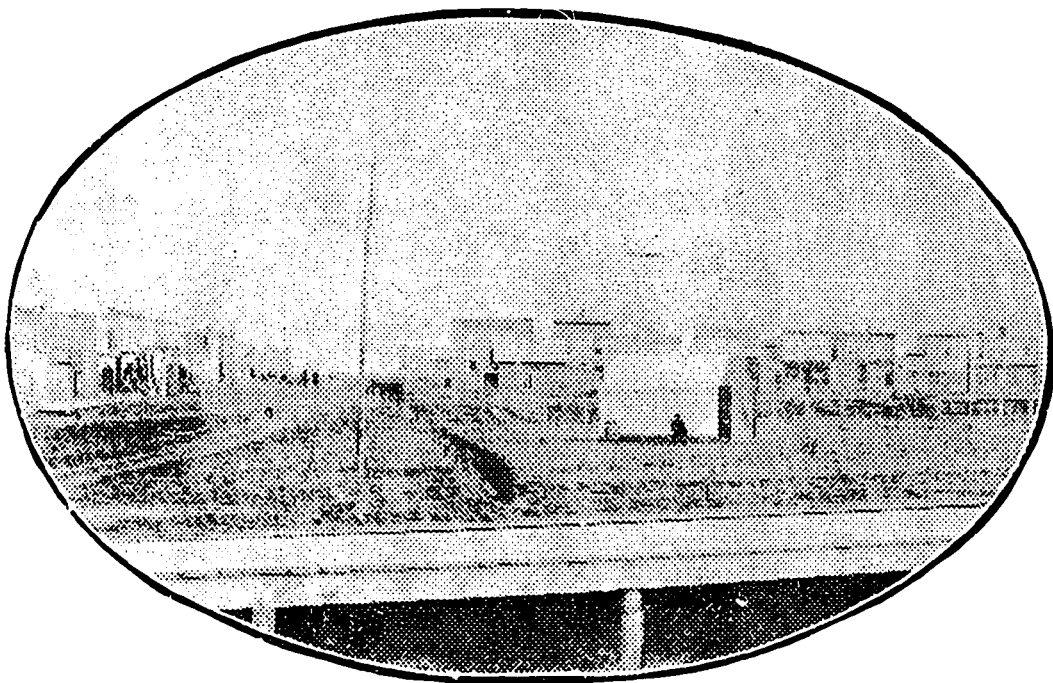
Man's Heritage

By Garnett J. Weston

Pleasure fraught the years are rolling o'er this care-free life of mine,
 And I've spent them mostly roaming 'neath the balsam and the pine,
 Where the sun-shafts pierce the cover, turning earth to yellow gold,
 In my youthful days I loved it, now I love it when I'm old.
 It has blessed me and caressed me and I'll never leave its shade,
 For the avenues and highways that the hand of man has made;
 In the golden dusk I worship, bending low at Nature's shrine
 In that stately vast cathedral builded by the hand of Time;
 And it thrills me with a rapture, fills me with the thought divine,
 That this great and wondrous country, this elysian land is mine.

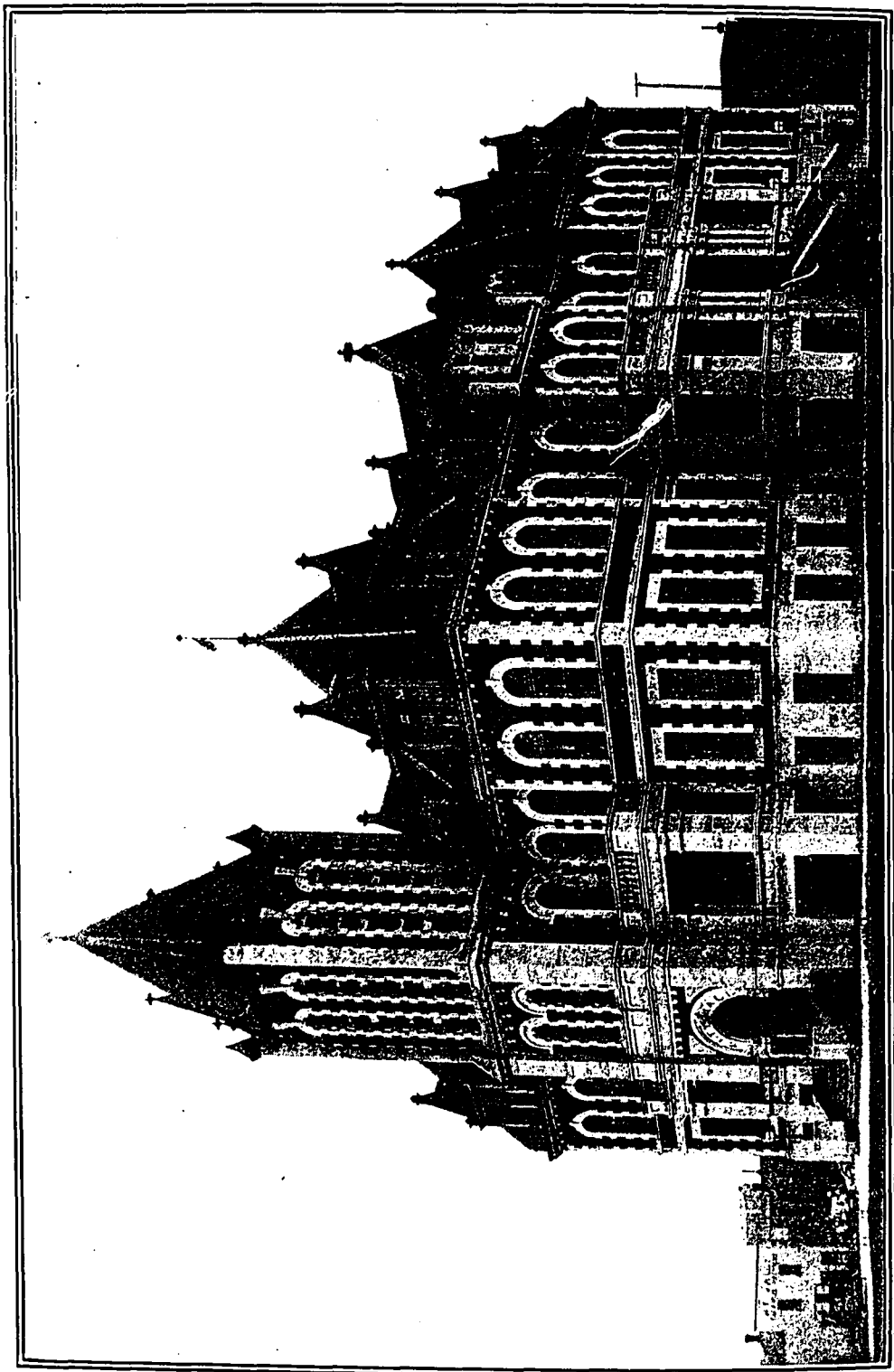
Oh! I've scaled its rugged mountains and I've climbed its rolling hills,
 I have hunted in its forests and I've slept beside its rills;
 I have watched its foaming rapids leaping madly on their way,
 I have seen the golden sun barsbs dancing in the silver spray.
 It has loved me as a mother bending o'er her only child,
 It has shown to me its secrets and the mysteries of the wild.
 When the north wind comes a'sighing in the long cold winter nights,
 Bringing frozen lakes and rivers and the dancing northern lights,
 Shivering through the icy silence, borne upon the frosty air,
 Comes the hoarse bark of the wolf-dog creeping from his daytime lair;
 It is wild and weird and lonesome but to me it whispers low,
 Of the silent distant places where men's footsteps never go.
 And it thrills me with a rapture, fills me with the thought divine,
 I am one with God and Nature 'neath the balsam and the pine.

From Shack to City—History of Regina at a Glance

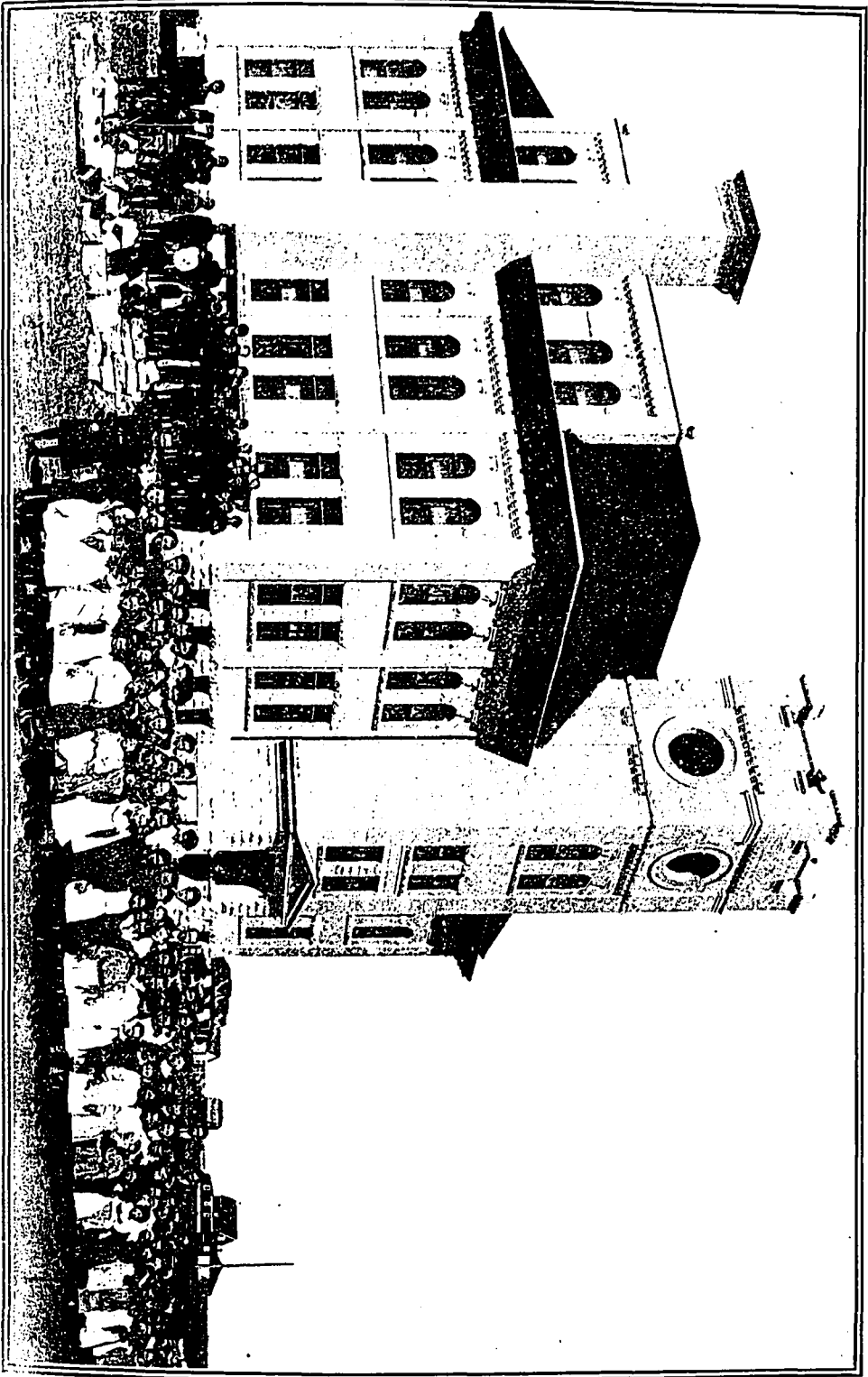


REGINA IN 1883

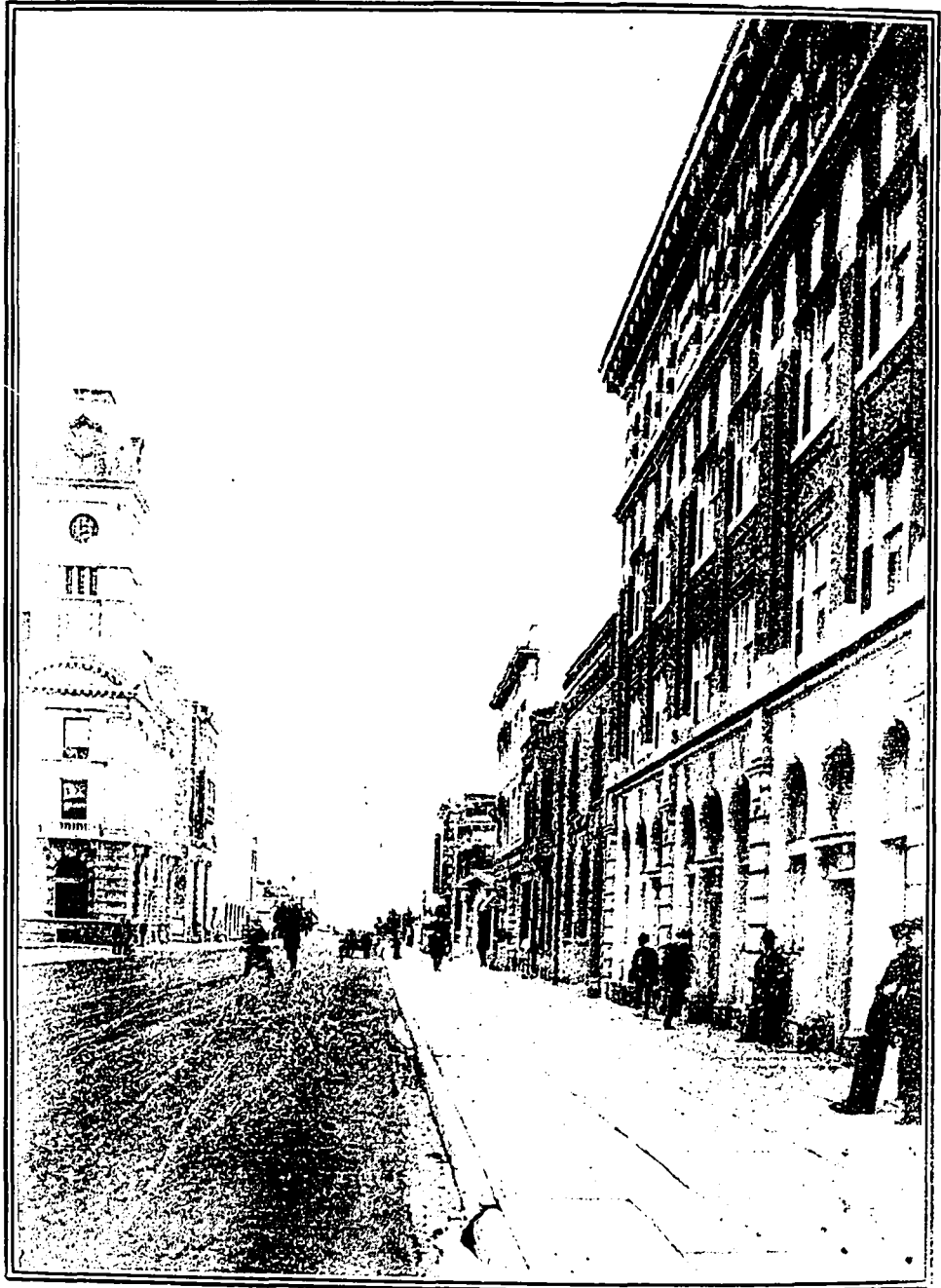
Editor's Note.—Owing to an error in the make-up of the October number, an article on the wonderfully progressive city of Regina was unaccompanied by a number of pictures illustrating the city's development. The following views are eloquent of the growth of one of Canada's splendid cities, cities growing along clean lines which lead upward to the high standards Canadians are in the habit of setting for their achievement. The following pictures, "From Shack to City: The History of Regina at a Glance," tell their story better than any number of words.



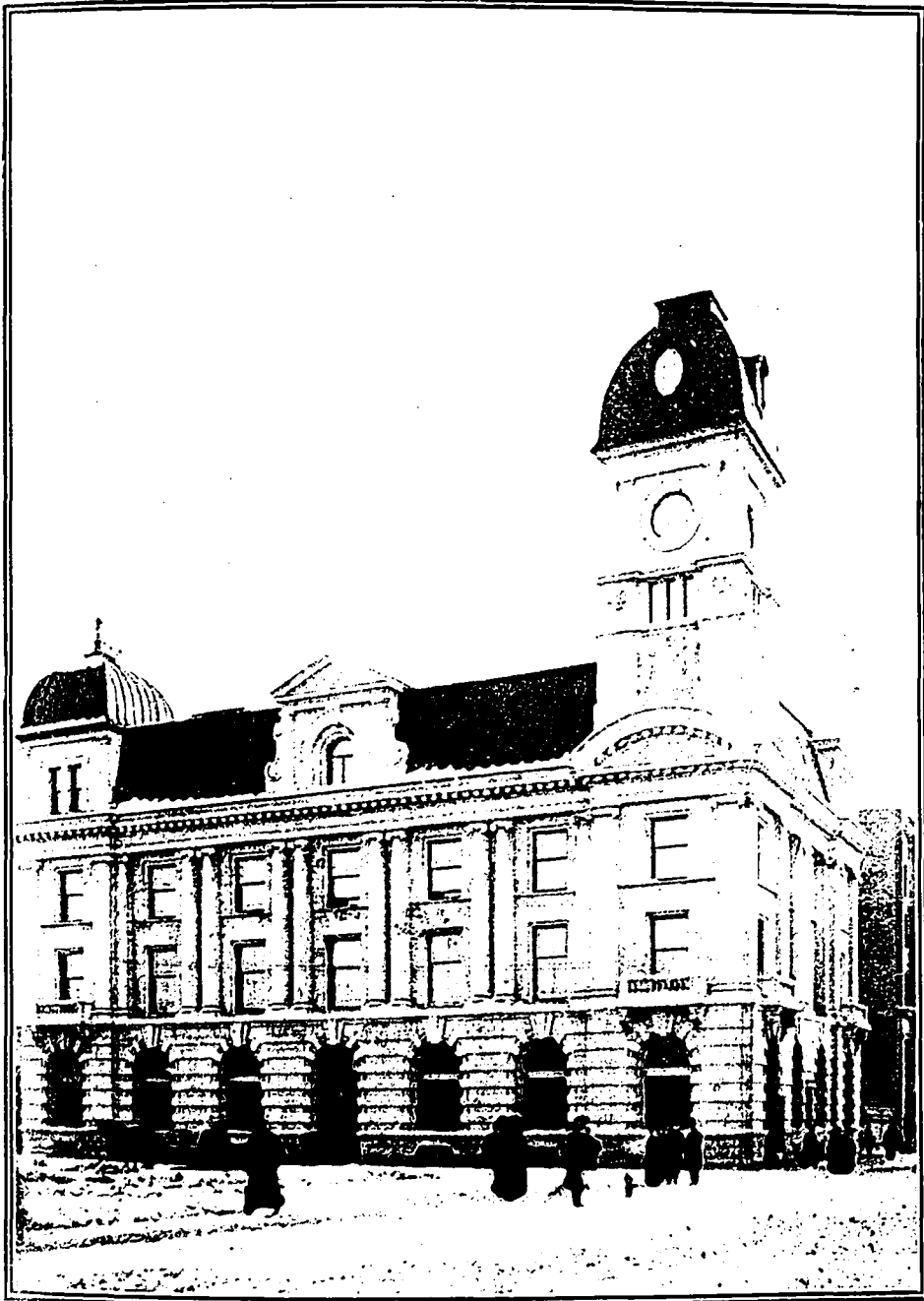
CITY HALL.
"From Shack to City—History of Regina at a Glance"



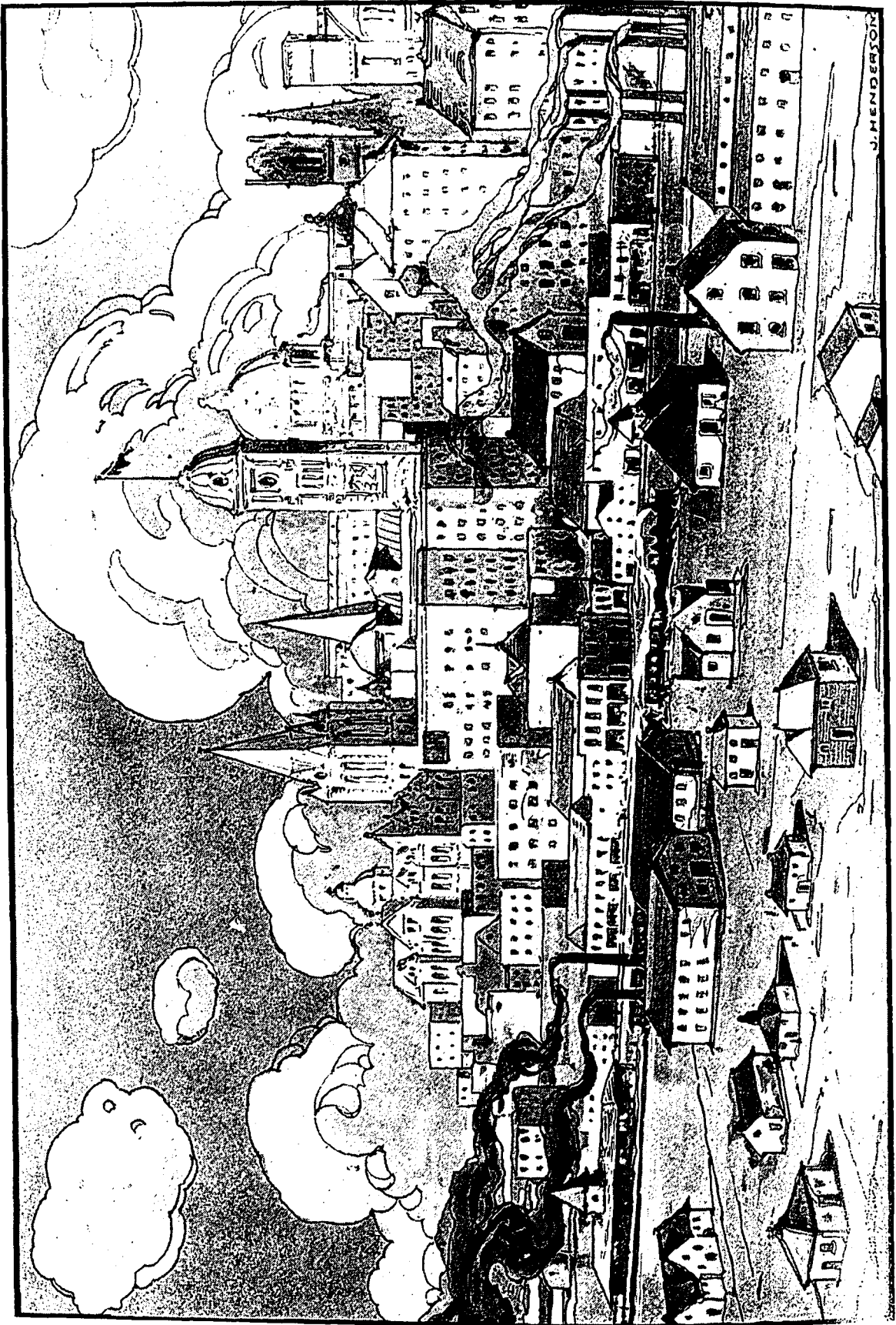
ALBERT SCHOOL.
"From Shack to City—History of Regina at a Glance"



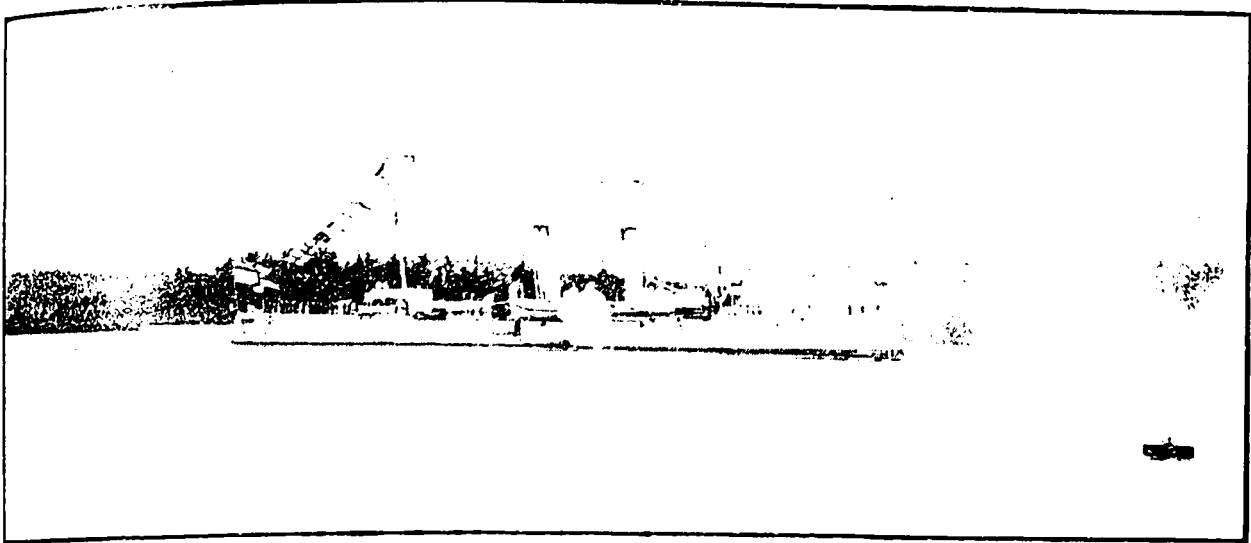
SCARTH STREET LOOKING SOUTH
"From Shack to City--History of Regina at a Glance"



POST OFFICE
"From Shack to City - History of Regina at a Glance"



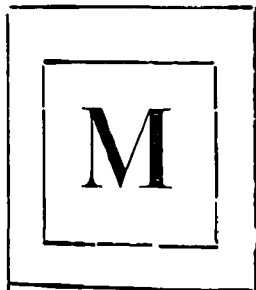
PANORAMA OF CITY
"from Shack to City 'The Regina of Today'"



H.M.C.S. "RAINBOW," FIRST REPRESENTATIVE OF CANADA'S NAVY IN PACIFIC WATERS, SALUTING AS SHE PASSES FISHGUARD LIGHT

H. M. C. S. "Rainbow"

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE OF NEW CANADIAN NAVY ON THE PACIFIC COAST—
FORMAL TRANSFER OF HISTORIC DOCKYARD AND NAVAL STATION
AT ESQUIMALT FROM IMPERIAL TO CANADIAN PROPRIETORSHIP



MONDAY, the 7th day of November, 1910, will have a place distinctively its own when the history of the nationhood of Canada comes to be written, marking as it does two noteworthy events, each of which may be regarded as possessing epochal significance. First, the arrival at her home port, Esquimalt, of H. M. C. S. "Rainbow," the first representative of the new Canadian navy to plough Pacific waters, destined to be the new theatre of contest for world-commerce control. Second, the formal transfer of the historic dockyard and naval station of Esquimalt from Imperial to Canadian proprietorship. The reception of the new cruiser, symbolizing somewhat tardy Dominion recognition of Canada's responsibilities in proportional maritime self-defence, was pleasantly informal, though semi-official in character, felicitations to the commander, officers and crew of the ship being appropriately expressed by Hon. William Templeman in behalf of the Dominion government, His

Honor Lieutenant-Governor Paterson and Premier Richard McBride, as spokesmen for the Province of British Columbia, and Mayor Morley for the capital city of Victoria, to whom were successively addressed Commander Stewart's courteous acknowledgments, phrased with excellent discretion and good taste. The formal transfer of the station of Esquimalt, marking the end of the regime of the Imperial navy as resident protectors of the western Canada seaboard, was even more divested of all formality, being unostentatiously conducted as a simple business transaction by Commander Vivian, R. N., of H. M. S. "Shearwater," as representative of the immortal sea power of Britain, and Deputy Minister S. J. Desbarats, of the Canadian navy department, with whom was Admiral Kingsmill and his chief-of-staff, Commander Roper, acting for Canada.

The "Rainbow" is not regarded as a fighting ship, but as a tangible token of a promising beginning already made in the upbuilding of a truly national navy. Her significance is not in her tonnage, her steaming power, her speed, nor yet her weight or power of offensive metal, but in

that she is manned by fighting men and is herself sufficient and adapted for her mission, which is the practical training of young western Canadians against the day of possible emergency, so that at its coming they may be found ready and competent and worthy to defend their country from invasion, to protect its commerce upon the seas, and to maintain the dignity of the Empire of which this broad Dominion is an integral part.

As for the "Rainbow" herself, she is a second-class protected steel cruiser of 3,600 tons, of 7,000 h.p. under normal or 9,000 under forced draught, developing 18.1-knot speed; copper-sheathed and protected with a steel deck 2 inches in general thickness, but 5 inches over the engine-room, gun shields $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches and conning tower 3 inches. She was built by Palmer's Shipbuilding Co. at Jarrow-on-Tyne at a cost of £200,000 and launched in 1891. She carries two 6-inch, six 4.7-inch, eight 6-pounders, one 3-pounder, one 12-pounder field gun, and four Maxims. She is one of a class of seventeen ships built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, of which

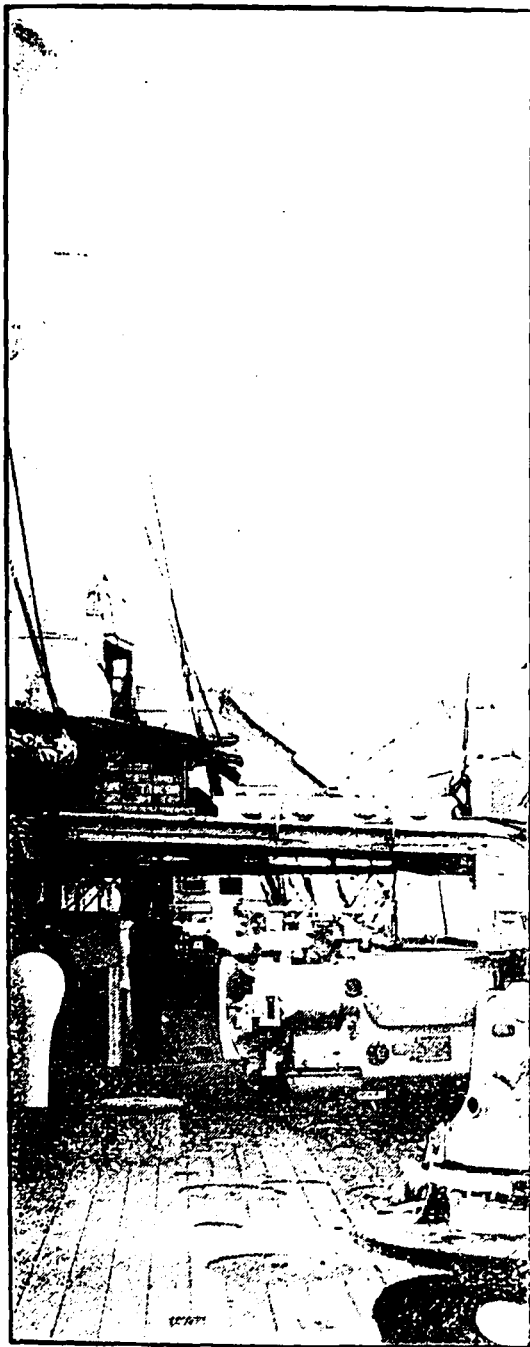
six remain in employment in the Imperial navy and eleven were in 1905 placed in the reserve, of which seven have recently been taken into use again as mine ships and three for subsidiary service. Having been thoroughly refitted at Portsmouth dockyard, the "Rainbow," which is the fourth of her name on the British navy list, was commissioned on the 4th of August last with a complement of 204

officers and men, under Commander J. D. Stewart. The crew is composed of men who have just completed their full time, and have been pensioned from the Royal navy, men who have completed their first period of service in the Royal navy and belong to the Royal fleet reserve, and some younger men who have been recruited directly for the Canadian service. These

were taken on at Portsmouth during July, and were accommodated in the Royal naval barracks there until the commissioning of the ship. In addition there are thirty-two men belonging to the Imperial navy who were carefully selected, and who have been loaned to the Canadian government for two years for instructional purposes.

With the advent of the "Rainbow" the long-pending transfer of the Esquimalt naval yard from Imperial to Canadian jurisdiction becomes a fact accomplished, and the Dominion government will hereafter take care of whatever warships Great Britain may see fit to maintain on this Pacific station. Since 1905 the British Pacific station has been officially abolished, and

only the sloops-of-war "Shearwater" and "Algerine," with the obsolete survey ship "Egeria," have been retained at Esquimalt to carry out the work of the Admiralty in the North Pacific. Under the terms of the Behring Sea treaty, the Imperial government must maintain a yearly patrol in the Behring Sea during the sealing season, and for this purpose and other routine work on the western coast



H. M. C. S. "RAINBOW," LOOKING DOWN THE GUN DECK

of America—the "Shearwater" and "Algerine" have been retained at Esquimalt, while the "Egeria" has been engaged in hydrographic survey work. It is expected that the Imperial government will complete its surveys in March next, and the "Egeria" will not be recommissioned, but will be sold out of the service. The "Shearwater" will be recommissioned this month, the new draft arriving about November 24th.

Henceforward, however, Canada will rule at Esquimalt, ending the occupation by the admiralty which has been in effect since 1845, when the frigate "America" came, followed one year later by the fleet consisting of the "Cormorant," "Herald," "Inconstant," "Modeste" and "Pandora." In 1847 the "Collingwood" and the "Asia" came, and the "Calypso" followed in 1848. In all there have been in the 65 years during which the Imperial navy has maintained a base at Esquimalt, no fewer than 119 British warships stationed there. When Admiral Bing's squadron returned from Petropavlevsk after the historic events off the Kamtschatkan coast, during the Crimean war of 1854-6, it came to Esquimalt that the war-crippled fighting craft came to refit. Victoria was but a puny village—little more than a Hudson's Bay Company trading post, with a stockade and Indians swarming about—when the Esquimalt naval station was established.

The warship "America," which was the first of British fighting ships to anchor at

Esquimalt, arrived in 1845 in command of Captain the Hon. John Gordon, brother to the then Earl of Aberdeen, prime minister of England. The boundary question with the United States was pending. It was the time of "fifty-four or fight." The "America's" mission was to obtain information to assist Great Britain in the settlement of this question, and Captain Gordon

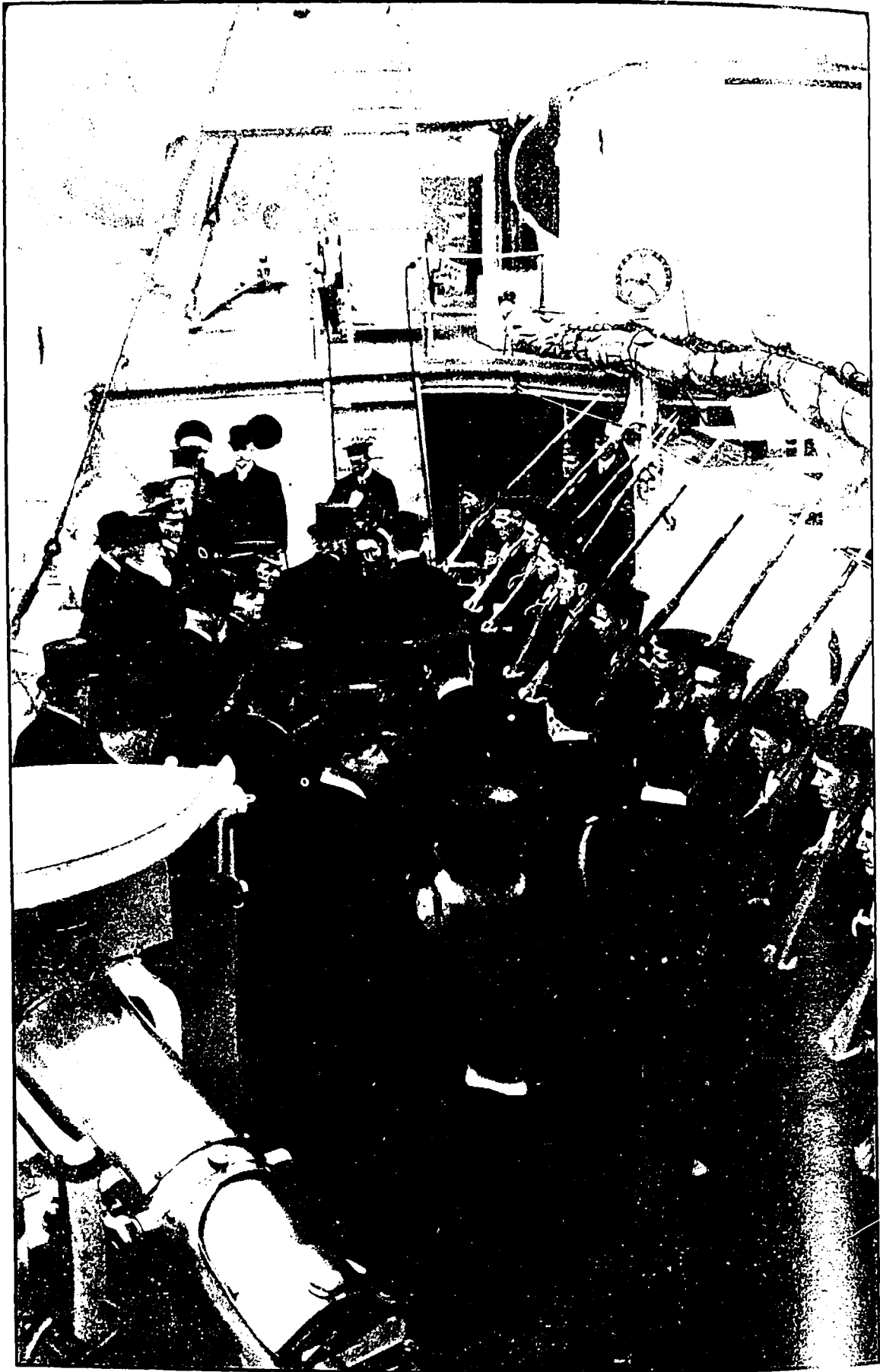
spent some considerable time in Victoria and its vicinity. He noted the excellence of Esquimalt harbor and as a result the station was established. It was in connection with the boundary settlement that several of the earlier arrivals of British warships occurred. The treaty whereby the present boundary was defined was made in 1846, and in that year the "Cormorant," "Fishguard," "Constance" and "Inconstant," with the surveying ships "Herald" and "Pandora" were sent out. Commander R. C. Mayne, who came to Esquimalt in 1846 in the "Inconstant" as a midshipman, and who was in the "Plumper" during a subsequent commission, and still later in H. M. S. "Hecate" at Esquimalt, in his book, published in 1862,

gives many interesting facts regarding the earlier days. He says that the Indian name of the port was "Isch-oy-malt," and it was so written in the early letters of the first colonial governors. Writing in 1862 he says:

"In 1849, when I was in the "Inconstant," there was not a house to be seen on the shores of Esquimalt. We used to fire shot and shell as we liked about the



ON BOARD H. M. C. S. "RAINBOW," THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE NAVY



THE OFFICIAL WELCOME TO H. M. C. S. "RAINBOW," CONVEYED BY HON. WM. T. MAN.
REPRESENTING THE DOMINION: LT.-GOV. PATERSON AND PREMIER MCBRIDE
PROVINCE: MAYOR MORLEY, THE CAPITAL, CITY-VICTORIA



LAND FORCES SALUTING H. M. C. S. "RAINBOW" ENTERING THE HARBOR

harbor, and at night send parties ashore and cut as much wood as we wanted without interruption from anyone. When I came again in 1862 there was a row of well-kept buildings to the southeast point of the harbor's mouth, with pleasant gardens fronting them. This was the naval hospital erected in 1854, when we were at war with Russia, to receive the wounded from Petropavlesk."

When the first governor of Vancouver Island, Richard Blanshard, arrived in 1850 it was in one of the warships stationed at Esquimalt, H. M. S. "Driver," and on board this vessel he took up his quarters for a time. The warships were frequently used by the governors in those early days. When Governor Blanshard left the colony he sailed on H. M. S. "Daphne." When Governor Seymour visited the northern coast he went in H. M. S. "Sparrowhawk"; and when engaged on a mission to make peace between the warring tribes of the Naas and Tsimpsen Indian nations, he died on board the "Sparrowhawk," the body being brought to Esquimalt and interred in the

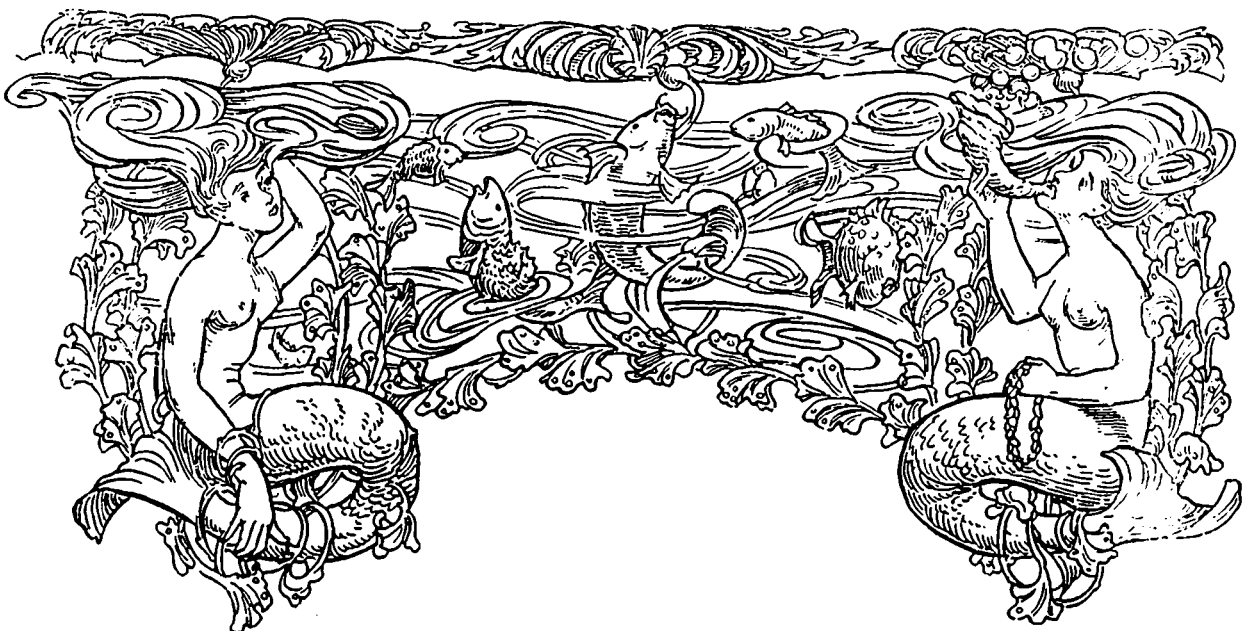
naval cemetery which had been opened there in 1868.

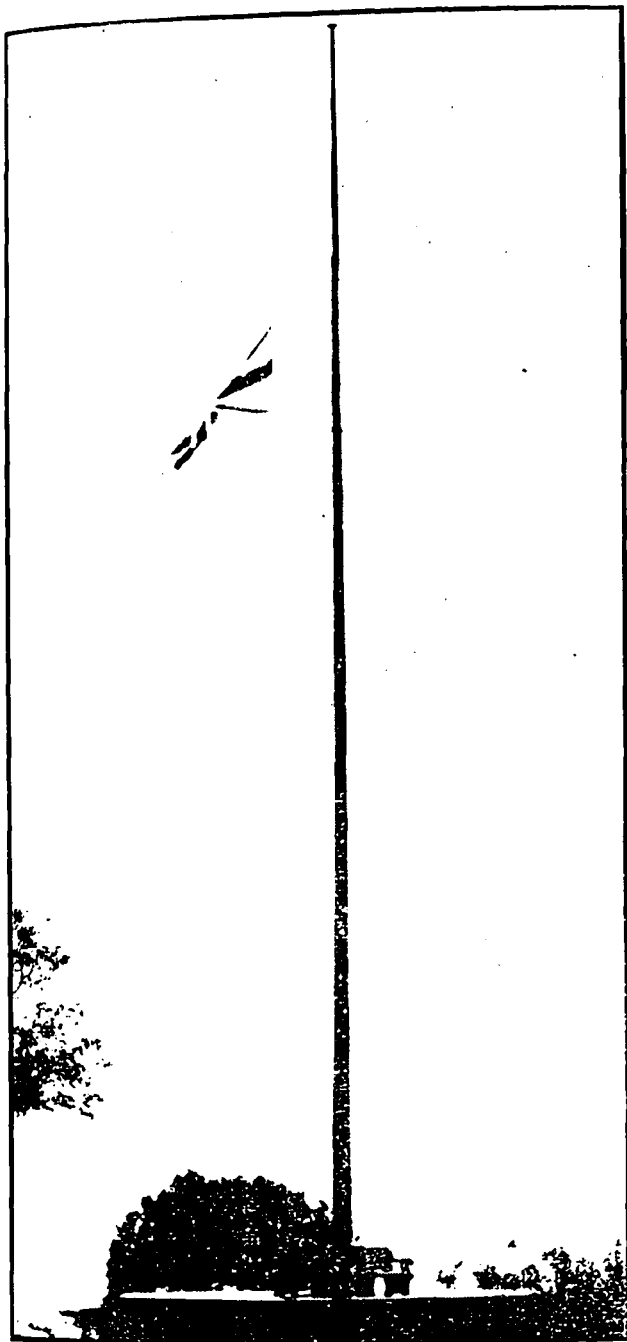
The navy's own church, St. Paul's, was erected at Esquimalt in 1866 and was pulled down in 1904, when the site was expropriated by the government in connection with the mounting of the battery of 9.2 guns on Signal Hill, then begun but never completed, the pedestals being placed in position and part of the mounts, while the shields and other parts were left until this day scattered about the hillside, where the guns lie in a ditch near the old canteen. Some interesting memorial windows and tablets are in the naval church, notably the tablet to the memory of Lieutenant Heyman and seven men of the "Satellite," who were drowned in 1896, when forming a volunteer boat's crew to assist a doomed ship stranded at Dutch Harbor; and a brass tablet to the memory of the 104 officers and men of H. M. S. "Condor," which foundered soon after leaving Esquimalt in 1901, being lost with all hands. One of the "Condor's" lifebuoys, found on the

desolate Vancouver Island coast, is also hung in this little church.

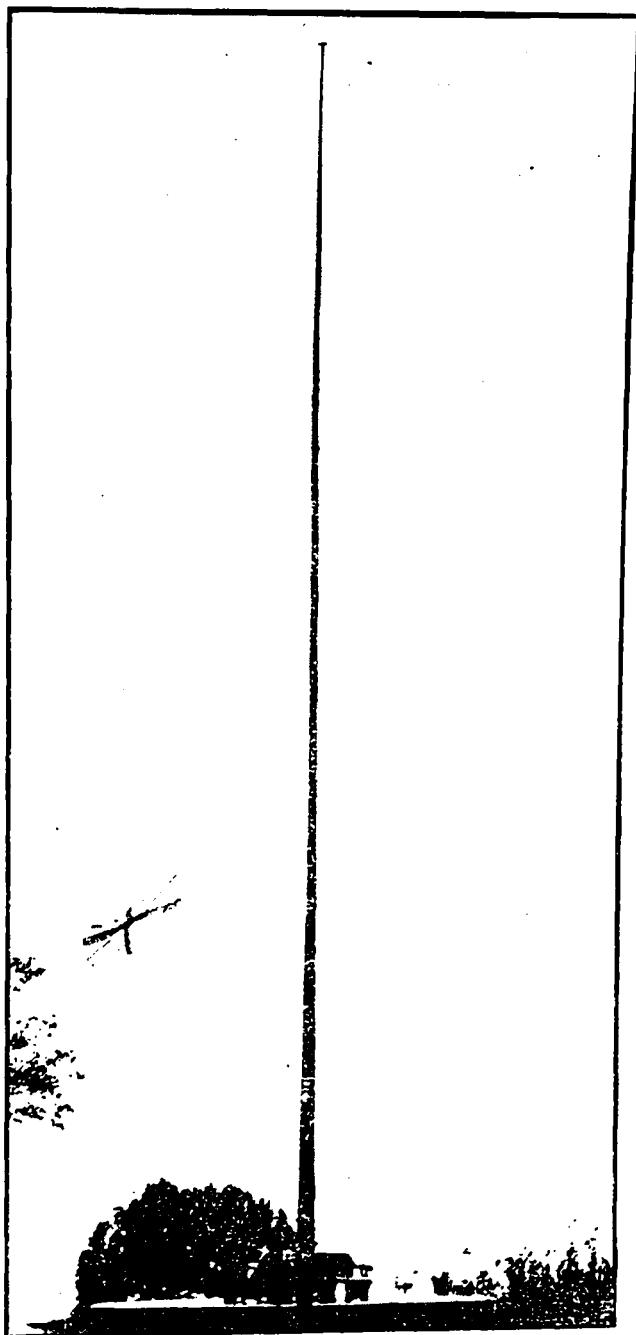
There have been alarms of war on various occasions at Esquimalt, and once at least the naval forces were called upon by the authorities of Victoria to quell disturbance, this being in the exciting days of the Cariboo gold rush, when fleets of ships and steamers from San Francisco were landing their thousands of adventurous followers of the golden fleece. One of the most interesting episodes of the occupation of Esquimalt by the Imperial navy was the near-war on San Juan Island, when the dispute arose between Great Britain and the United States over possession of that island, subsequently awarded to Uncle Sam by the selected arbitrator, Emperor William. There have been numerous other notable incidents during the stay of the 119 warships of Great Britain which have spent commissions at Esquimalt. When the Fa-

shoda incident developed, Admiral Finnis, then Captain of H. M. S. "Amphion," was instructed to proceed to Tahiti, and the cruiser was ready for departure when countermanding orders were received. The late Admiral Palliser, who commanded the station from 1896 to 1899, made a unique cruise with his flagship H. M. S. "Imperieuse" and H. M. S. "Amphion" to Cocos Island, to search for the buried treasure reported to be there. Their quest was unsuccessful, and the admiralty had something forcible to say at the time regarding the Admiral's action. The greatest disaster to befall any vessel on the station during Imperial occupancy was the founding of H. M. S. "Condor," which encountered a heavy gale on the 3rd and 4th of December, 1901, when bound out of the straits en route to Honolulu in command of Captain Sclater—a disaster in which 104 lives were lost.



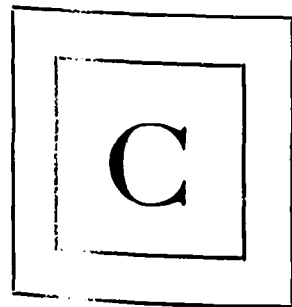


THE UNION JACK BEING LOWERED BY IMPERIAL FORCES FOR THE LAST TIME AT ESQUIMALT, FIRST FLOATED OVER THIS HISTORIC NAVAL STATION IN 1854.



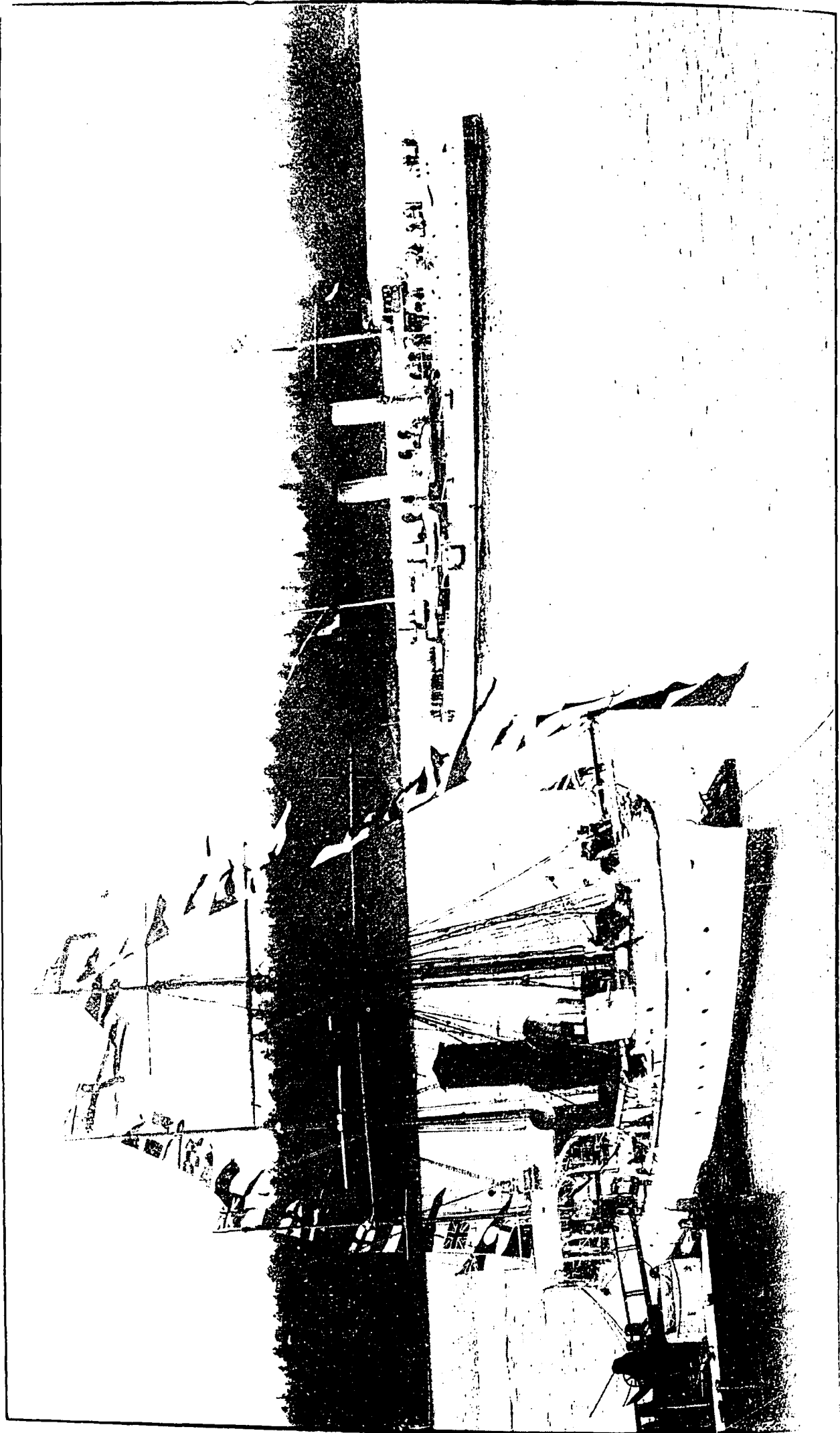
THE UNION JACK BEING HOISTED AT ESQUIMALT, SIGNIFYING THE COMMENCEMENT OF A CANADIAN REGIME

The Transfer of Esquimalt



CANADA took over the Esquimalt naval yard from the British Admiralty at noon on Wednesday, the 9th November, the rain descending in torrents when the be-draggled Union Jack came slowly down the tall flagpole, to be replaced in a few minutes later by the new banner of Canada—the while wet guards of honor presented arms, bugles blared joyously, and the officers of the respective services formally saluted one another. Deputy Minister Des-

barats, of the Canadian naval department, and Admiral Kingsmill, its head, had arranged to have the guards from H. M. S. "Shearwater" and H. M. C. S. "Rainbow" drawn up on either side of the flagpole on Duntze Head, from which the Union Jack of the admiralty so long has wooed the breeze. The guards—thirty-four men from each of the ships—were marched into the sail-loft, and at noon gunfire a bluejacket of H. M. S. "Shearwater" hauled down the admiralty's flag, while the guards presented arms, the bugles sounded bravely, and the officers ceremoniously saluted. Then a bluejacket of the "Rain-



THE OLD AND THE NEW: U.S.S. "SHEARWATER" AND U.S.S. "RAINBOW" IN THE BACKGROUND. THE FORMER "DRESSED" IN CELEBRATION OF THE TRANSFER OF THE EQUIPMENT NAVAL STATION TO CANADA, NOVEMBER 9, 1919.



OFFICIALS WHO CONDUCTED THE TRANSFER OF THE ESQUIMALT NAVAL STATION FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO CANADA.

From left to right: Rear-Admiral Kingsmill; Commander Vivian, of H. M. S. "Shearwater"; Commander Stewart, H. M. C. S. "Rainbow"; Mr. F. S. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of the Naval Service of Canada; Mr. Geo. Phillips, Naval Storekeeper, and Commander Roper, Canadian Chief-of-Staff.

bow" hauled up another Union Jack, this one the flag of the Dominion, while the guards again presented arms, the bugles once more blared, and the officers re-saluted.

Thus history is made.

In the doorway of the sail-loft the officers connected with the transfer stood on either side of Deputy Minister Desbarats. They were Rear-Admiral Kingsmill, in charge of the Canadian navy; Commander Roper, his chief-of-staff; Commander Vivian, R. N., of H. M. S. "Shearwater," the last senior officer commanding on Great Britain's North Pacific station; Commander Stewart, of H. M. C. S. "Rainbow"; and Mr. George Phillips, former naval storekeeper, who had been appointed by Canada

to succeed himself as naval storekeeper and superintendent of works in the Canadian service. Commander Stewart takes charge of the naval yard.

The preliminary details of the transfer were long ago arranged. With the coming of the "Rainbow" Mr. J. S. Desbarats was despatched from Ottawa to complete the transfer, and with the brief ceremony here told of, the Esquimalt naval yard passed to Canada.

It was the part played by Esquimalt in the Crimean campaign that resulted in the establishment of a British naval yard and depot at that port at the southern end of Vancouver Island. When war was declared, H. M. S. "Pique" was sent to the Pacific to augment the British fleet then

here, in command of Rear-Admiral David Price, his flagship being the "President," and his squadron comprising the "Trincomalee," "Amphitrite," "Dido," "Virago," "Brisk," "Daphne" and "Cockatrice." This fleet joined with a French squadron under Rear-Admiral Febvrier, who was instructed that:

"The naval forces of England and France will therefore mutually assist one another in the most distant regions of the world; also that the ports of the Russian establishments in the North Pacific Ocean will become the sphere of operations—it is therefore of the most absolute importance to promptly seize upon these strongholds. The chief object of your united efforts is to sweep the Russian flag from off the seas bounded by America and Asia, and to affect this in the shortest period possible."

The fleet selected to meet the Russians was made up of the "President" and "Pique," sailing frigates, and the "Virago," a paddle-wheel steam sloop of Britain, with the French frigates "Forte" and "Eurydice" and the brig "Obligado." The combined fleet met at Honolulu and proceeded to Petropavlovsk, and there Admiral Price, his mind overwrought by anxiety, committed suicide. The tragedy had a bad moral effect on the combined fleets, which attacked the Russians on August 31st, 1854, but with rather more loss than gain. The French commander then suggested that the attack be abandoned, but the British officers and men "wanted another go," and the fleet again attacked on September 4th. This attack failed, the landing party being driven off and re-embarked under damaging fire. The casualties were severe. Both British and French information regarding the strength of the Russian forces had been incorrect, and the narrow entrance to the inner harbor made attack by more than two frigates at a time an impossibility. The British loss was twenty-six killed and eighty-one wounded; the French lost twenty-five killed and sixty-nine wounded. The Russian merchant vessel "Sitka" was captured, and the fleets then separated, abandoning further attack upon Petropav-

lovsk. The "Sitka" was brought to Esquimalt, whither the crippled forces returned with their wounded. The coming of so many candidates for surgeons' skill and nurses' care demonstrated the need of a naval hospital, and when Rear-Admiral Bruce came during the following year, in H. M. S. "Monarch" with a fleet, on his way to Petropavlovsk, a hospital building was erected. The allies proceeded again to the Russian forts across the Pacific in 1855, but the forts were found dismantled, the Russian ships gone, the place deserted; and after a cruise in search of Russian vessels, in which none were encountered, Admiral Bruce returned with his ships to Esquimalt.

The little wooden building at the entrance to the naval yard—each structure has its date, and this one is marked "1854"—was the first erected for the use of the wounded from Petropavlovsk. Two other buildings were constructed in the yard at the request of Governor Douglas by the Hudson's Bay Company, this company setting aside seven acres of land for them. The first transfer at Esquimalt took place in 1857. The Admiralty had not taken over the buildings heretofore, objecting to the cost, £1,000; but finally, after a minute inventory, Captain J. C. Prevost, R. N., of H. M. S. "Satellite," accepted them from Governor Douglas on August 21st, 1857. Two of the three buildings still are standing. Governor Douglas was especially energetic in urging the Admiralty to take over Esquimalt, even offering to build a storehouse with colonial funds. There was much correspondence, and finally the admiralty decided to locate its depot for the North Pacific squadron at Esquimalt, and wooden buildings were erected as required, one by one. In 1890 the construction of brick buildings was begun.

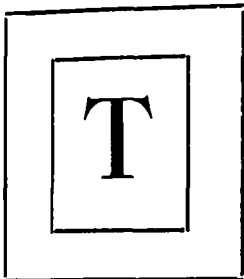
While the transfer was made from the admiralty to Canada of the Esquimalt naval yard, Lord Charles Beresford is advocating in an appeal for the betterment of the British navy that "ample provision should be made at once for replacing dismantled repair stations abroad, replacing depleted stores and making a coal reserve at the various outlying naval yards"—and one of these is Esquimalt.

The Magnetic West

DRAWS FROM ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS—HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF
ON THE PACIFIC AS IT DID ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

By C. H. Stuart Wade, F.R.G.S.

Secretary Westminster Board of Trade



THE glamor of northern exploration has been broken, and today the more profitable western portion of Canada has evolved a "magnetism of the west" which is attractive to the physical and mental faculties. The terrestrial influences still exist, but it is due to that which appertains to the value of land for cultivation and the establishment of manufacturing industries that this attractive force is gradually permeating not only the people of eastern Canada, but the business interests of our keen-witted American cousins and the energetic sons of the Motherland.

Arcadia and the coast of the Atlantic first attracted attention; then followed explorations into the unknown wilds and the establishment of trading posts, which have developed into great cities. The trend of civilization has ever been westward, and when Mackenzie and a score of other intrepid pioneers pushed their investigations onward a new realm, greater than any existing in the Old World, was opened to view. It took years of struggle with the forces of Nature to open up the paths of civilization, but Simon Fraser finally conquered, and traversed what is known now as the Fraser River almost to the Pacific coast; to the very spot, in fact, where today exists the wonderful city of Vancouver.

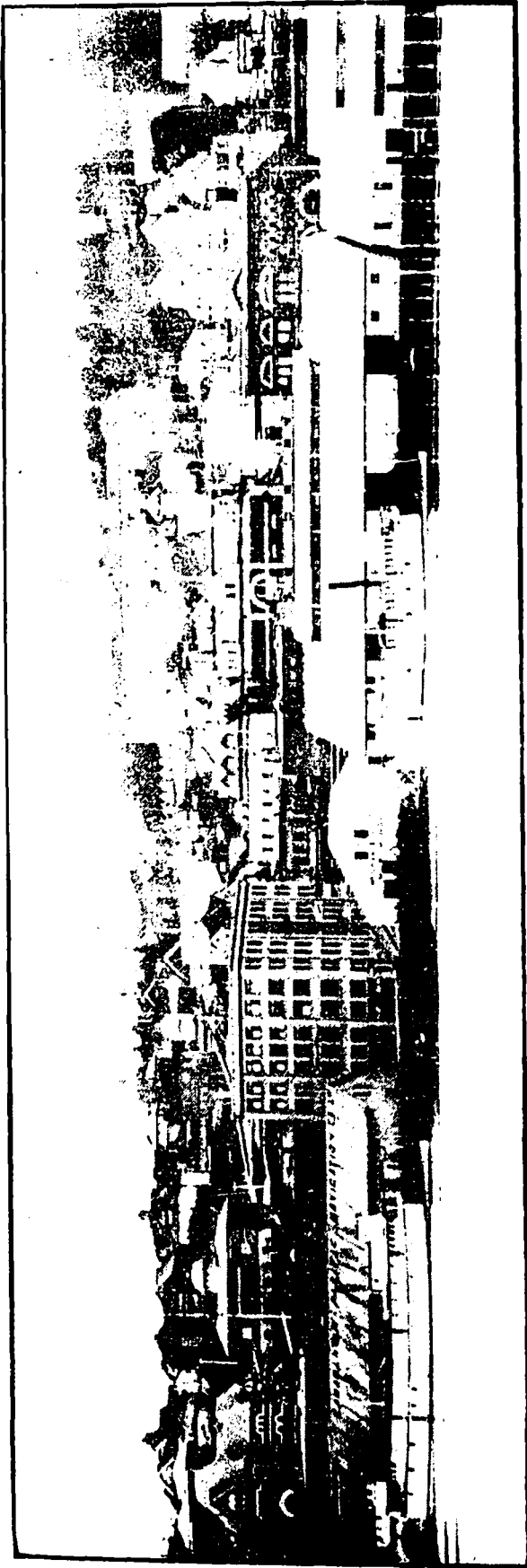
History is repeating itself on the Pacific as it did on the Atlantic coast; the bark canoe of the Siwash has given place to the four-master and stately steamship from the farthest waters of the world; the forest

wilds are so broken up as to almost be changed into parks; the deer and bear, although still existing, have to be sought for with patience far away from their former haunts, for the old Crown Colony has developed with wonderful rapidity. This development resulted, primarily, from the discovery of gold in the sands of the Fraser River in 1858, and gives not merely a promise but the absolute certainty of placing the western gateway of the Empire in the highest rank of opulence.

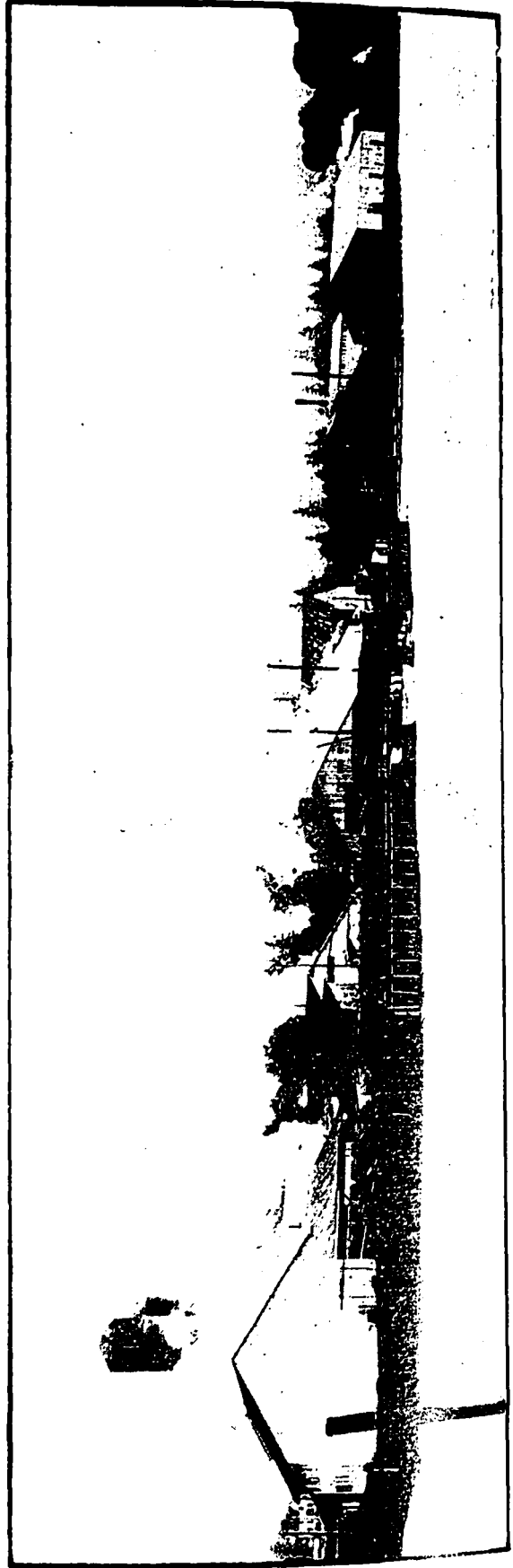
LOOKING BACKWARD

Many readers may not be aware that Lord Lytton—then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, English secretary of state for the colonies—was the individual most responsible for our present prosperity. The story is too long to tell at length, but it is so fascinating that a brief sketch may be of interest to many readers in the province, equally so to many whose fortune it has not been to dwell in this delightful region.

The discovery of gold near Lytton in 1857 was followed by a rush from all parts of the United States. On April 25, 1858, Governor Douglas reported to the government the arrival of 450 miners. By the middle of July there were 30,000 gold seekers on the Fraser River, and James Douglas, representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, was appointed Governor on July 16, in accordance with an act passed in the British House on July 8, 1858, which provided for the proper government of New Caledonia. Sir Edward Lytton, with praiseworthy speed, immediately sent a detachment of specially selected men from the Royal Engineer force, and a company



NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., FROM THE WATERFRONT.



SOME OF NEW WESTMINSTERS INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

of 160 sappers and miners. Captain Parsons, with twenty practical surveyors, left England on September 2, arriving at Victoria on October 29. Captain Grant, with twelve carpenters, arrived on November 8, and Colonel Moody, formerly Governor of the Falkland islands, arrived on Christmas day, 1858, with his wife and family. The main body, which came around Cape Horn, left England on October 17, 1858, but did not reach Victoria until April 12, 1859.

BIRTH OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The birthday of British Columbia was November 19, 1858. On that date

Today the old-time camp is a city of importance, and gives promise of becoming world-known as a port and mercantile centre. The lumber industry has found this to be the most convenient district for operating, and many large mills line the river banks, among them being the Fraser mills, which, although the largest in the world, are now being enlarged by the erection of additional buildings and machinery. In 1909 no less than 40,000,000 feet of lumber were cut in the Fraser Valley mills, and the estimated amount of timber therein was 3,000,000,000 feet. On every hand are shingle and lath mills, box factories,



QUEEN'S PARK—NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

Governor Douglas and the new officials were ceremoniously received at Fort Langley by Captain Grant, and there assumed the reins of government of the province. Colonel Moody, not approving of the site selected at Derby or New Langley for the capital, proceeded to seek for one more suitable to commercial, military and political purposes, which he found at the junction of the Brunett and Fraser rivers, and to this point the military force was removed in March, 1859. The main body arrived a month later and were safely landed at the military camp established at Queensborough, now known as New Westminster.

sash and door factories, wooden pipe works and kindred branches, while large amounts of lumber are brought up from Vancouver Island and other points on the seaboard.

FISHING INDUSTRY

Thousands of men earn good livelihoods in the salmon-fishing industry, as one-third of the entire output of Canada is obtained from the Fraser River, which has thirty-nine canneries located along its banks. The scene when the fishing boats start out on Sunday night is one never to be forgotten. As the sunset-gun booms out thousands of boats set sail, headed for some favorite spot, and speedily disappear into the

distance in the Gulf of Georgia or up the winding Fraser, to return laden with the "spring" or "red cohoe," so esteemed in the markets of the East and Great Britain. Salmon, however, is not the only fish obtainable. Magnificent trout of several varieties and sturgeon—delight of the epicure—are frequently caught in the Fraser. The last-named have been caught weighing as high as 860 pounds, while the halibut fishery alone engages the attention of one enormous cold storage plant.

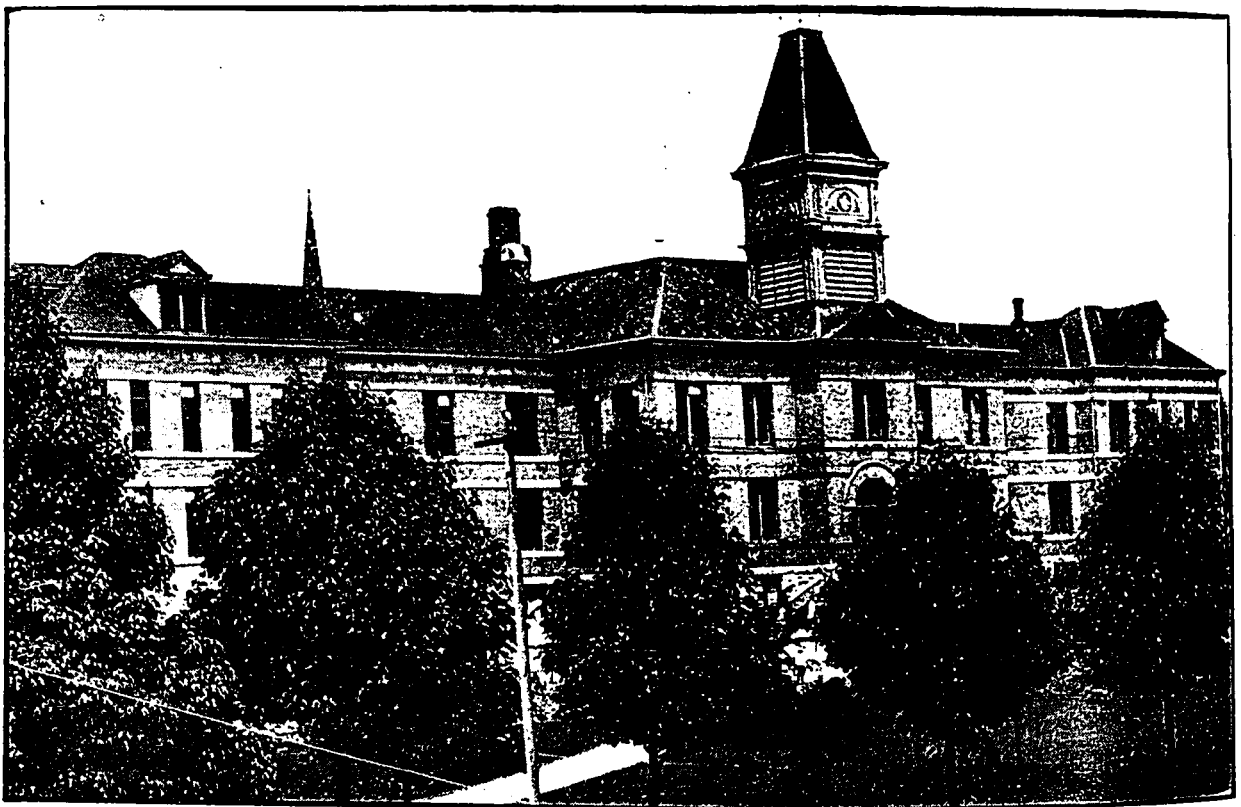
CITY OF WESTMINSTER

For picturesqueness of location, few sites could have been obtained for establishing

by reason of the wonderful purity of the atmosphere; it extends 80 to 100 miles eastward to Mount Baker, with its eternal snow and ice, and westward to the coast range on Vancouver Island.

THE HARBOR

The trains of three railroads—Canadian Pacific, Great Northern and B. C. Electric—run along the entire waterfront and provide transportation facilities both in Canada and the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These roads run within a few yards of both wharves, thereby reducing the handling of freight to a minimum and saving great expense.



HIGH SCHOOL.—NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

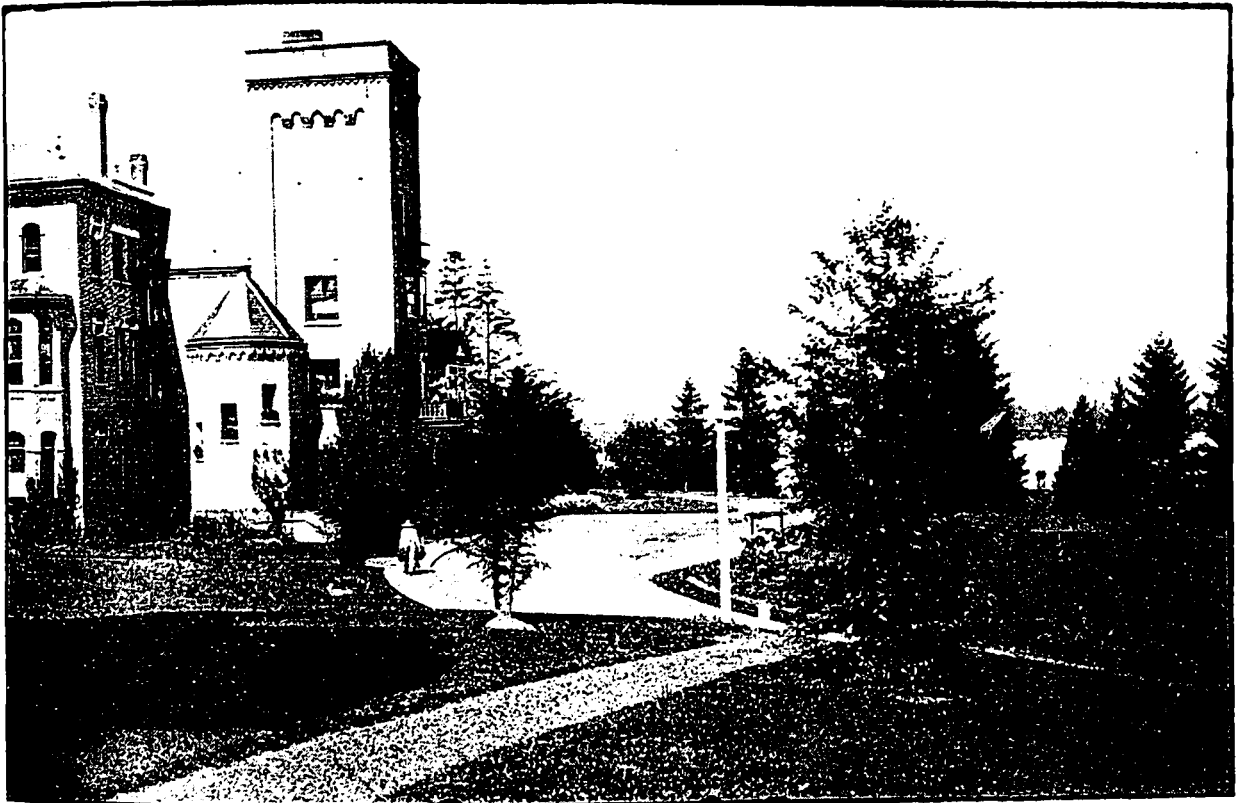
a city to equal that selected by Colonel Moody. The harbor is broad and deep, while the river divides at this point into two channels, with a magnificent island about sixteen miles in length between the two streams. The land on this island cannot be surpassed anywhere for fertility, particularly in the production of root crops. On the north bank, where the city is built, it slopes upward to a level plateau which is rapidly becoming covered with fine homes, surrounded by fruit and foliage trees, beautiful gardens, and all that tends to make a home comfortable and attractive. The view from this wide plateau is magnificent

New industries are developing on every hand, while the old ones are constantly enlarging their plants; land values are not inflated, and wharf sites are still obtainable with deep water frontage. The mercantile establishments are up to date with stocks, including everything required by the most fastidious; while whether it be wholesale or retail, the prices compare favorably with those which obtain at any other point in the Dominion. Among the seventy industries in the city may be mentioned three iron foundries, boiler works, gasoline engine works, the largest machine shop west of Toronto, the only car-building

shops in the west, a distillery costing \$120,000, a large brewery, two mineral water works, creamery, condensed milk factory, tin can factory, four cigar factories, light and power works, oatmeal mill, four planing mills, steel pipe works, bookbindery, carriage works, grit mill, steam laundry, marble works, shingle mills, a tannery, several shipyards, etc. The pay roll from these industries is immense; but besides these and the large Fraser mills—a town in itself employing 1,600 hands—there is the pay roll of the fishing industry and the large lumber mills of the Royal City Company, Brunette Company, Small & Backlin

colleges—the Columbia and St. Louis; also a Roman Catholic seminary and orphanage. The city is also the centre of Episcopal government for both the Anglican and Roman Catholic dioceses, that of the former including the entire province as far as the Kootenay district.

The seat of government of the province was removed to Victoria, but the government has, however, many public departments still in the city, including mining recorder, water commissioner, land registry office, public works department, customs office, provincial court, penitentiary, provincial hospital, Indian office, gaol, post office, etc.



ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE—NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

Company, McDonald Company, and others scarcely less important.

CITY UTILITIES

The citizens own the entire waterfront, estimated conservatively at \$2,000,000, the electric light and water systems, either of which cannot be excelled by any of the principal cities of the continent; a public market, free library, several buildings in Queen's Park used by the provincial exhibition, four fire halls, with a new one under construction, a magnificent block now used as a high school, besides several completely equipped public schools. In addition to these educational institutions there are two

THE HOME SEEKER

It is a difficult matter for the average man to select a new locality in which to make his home, and when considering the subject he should not fail to ascertain the climatic conditions, sanitary conditions, quality of water and supply, ease of accessibility to and from the surrounding districts, market facilities, public parks and pleasure resorts, and finally the hotel accommodations. In all of these the enquirer has only to come and see for himself to be satisfied that New Westminster possesses them.

No district is more attractive to the

investor than this city and the country surrounding. The basis of commercial prosperity and industrial development is so firmly established here that even the most timid realize the immediate prospects to be unequalled anywhere in the Dominion.

PORT MANN

The selection of Port Mann by the Canadian Northern Railway Company as the site for their car-building works and western terminals has already materially increased the prestige of New Westminster and the district surrounding. When the road is completed it will mean a new city south of Westminster bridge with a popu-

line traversing this region, but the Canadian Northern will shortly follow very closely the south bank of the Fraser River on its new route to the Atlantic, and in so doing will open up a wonderful district for the miner, the agriculturist, and the investor generally.

NEW FRASER VALLEY LINE

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the work done by the B. C. Electric Railway Co., the lines of which are radiating in all directions from New Westminster. Last year the company opened a new service through Eburne along the north bank of the Fraser, and in October it opened a new



ONE OF THE BIG LUMBER MILLS—NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

lation of probably 10,000 within the next three or four years. This magnificent bridge across the Fraser River is the main road by which the agricultural population reach the market. It is 11,985 feet long, double-decked, built of steel, used for both foot and vehicular traffic, as well as by all the railway lines entering the city.

North of the bridge the life is residential, commercial and industrial, but after crossing to the south side a new phase of life is found. This is the greatest agricultural, dairying and fruit-growing area, possibly, in the whole of Canada. The Great Northern Railway has until recently been the only

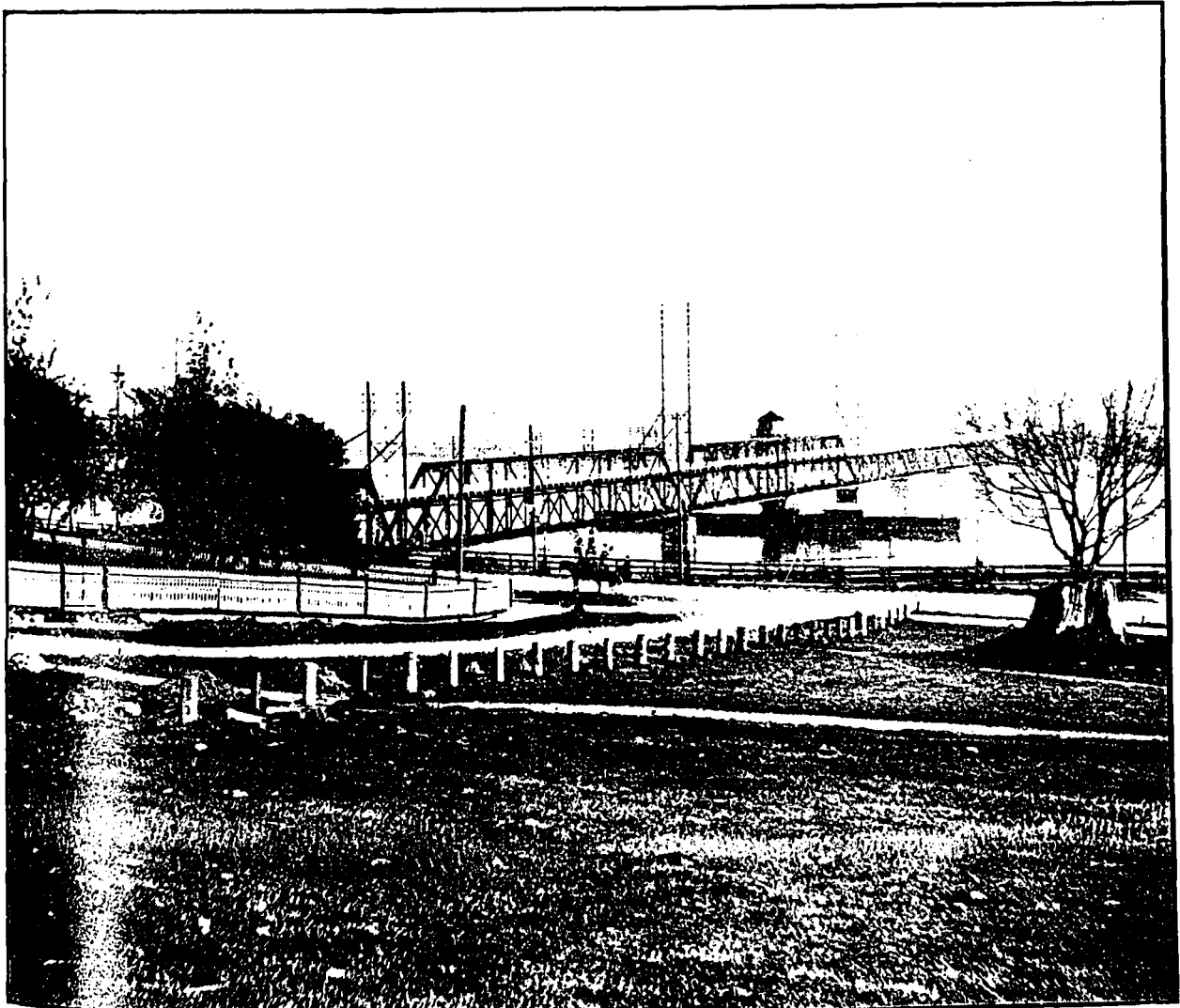
line along the south side of the river, extending a distance of sixty-five miles, bringing the city of Chilliwack, the present head of navigation, into touch with Westminster, allowing the farmers along the road to reach the city in less than three hours from the terminus, with frequent train service. A third line to this city is being pushed rapidly, and will open up a beautiful residential area adjacent to Burnaby and Deer Lakes.

ADAPTED TO AGRICULTURE

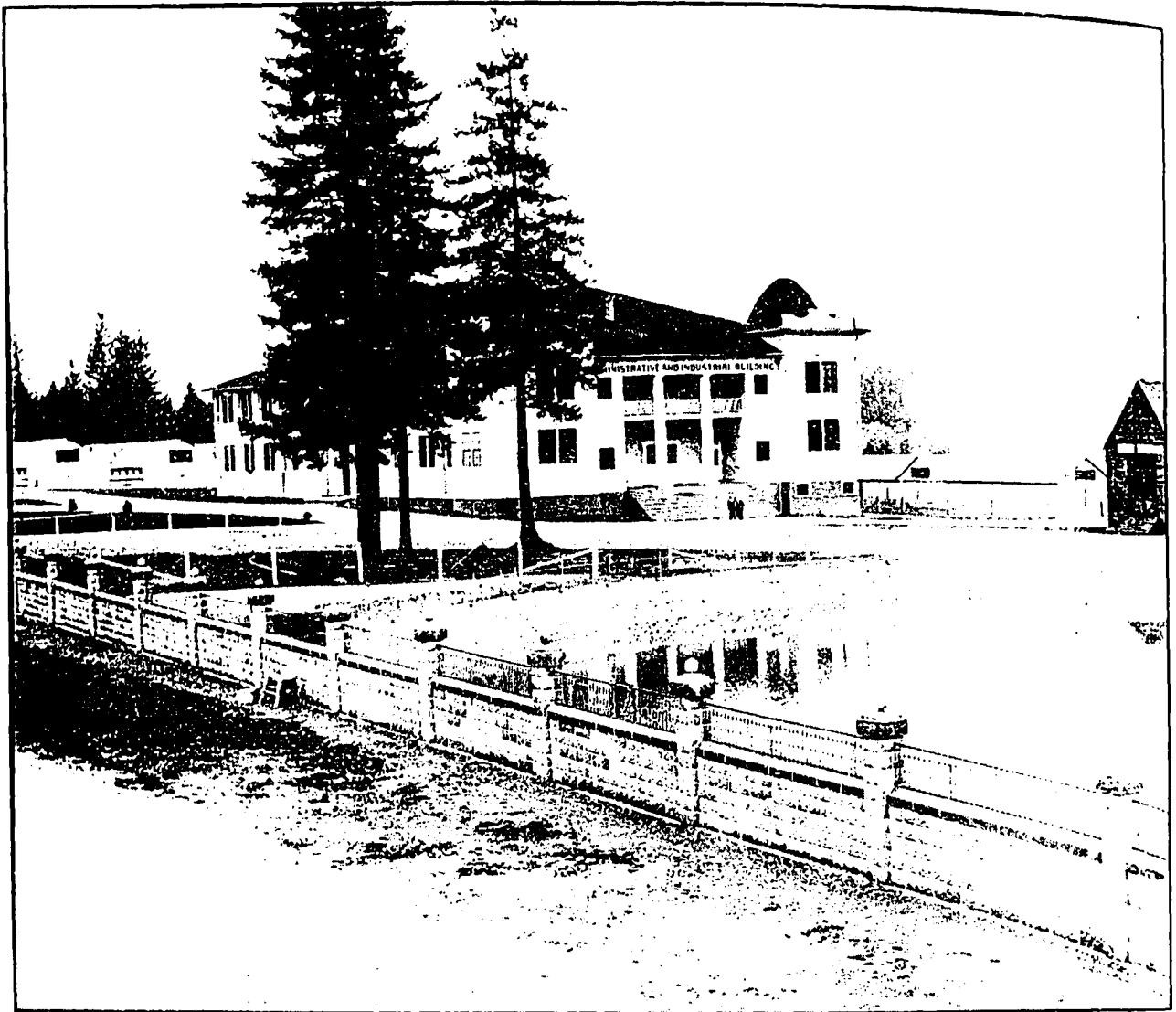
Approximately the whole of the south side of the Fraser Valley and a large portion of the north shore is rich pasturage



COLUMBIA STREET—NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.



QUEEN'S PARK NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

land, capable of growing anything in the way of roots, fruits or vegetables. Even peaches and grapes ripen in the open, while pumpkins, melons and many other products of the more southern latitude mature here as well as in the south. Dairying and poultry raising, cattle and horse breeding, cheese and buttermaking, are the principal industries, although there are scores of shingle and lumber mills, giving employment to those who do not appreciate the farm.

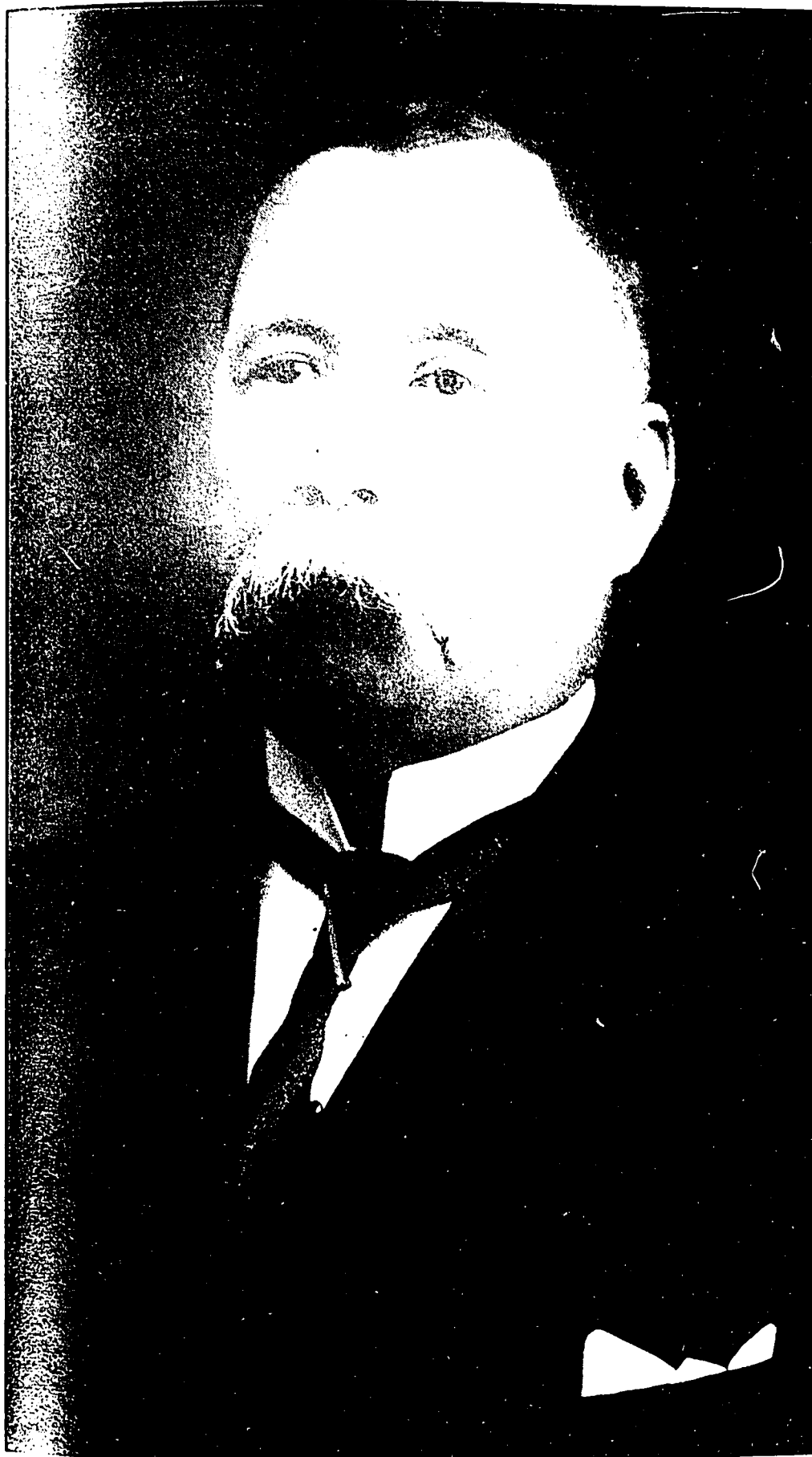
The extensive railway development now going on will for the next year or two give employment to hundreds of men, who will learn much of the country opened up and at the same time earn wages that will enable them to purchase land in a district where rich soil, equable climate, ample sunshine and rainfall admit of home com-

forts being enjoyed. The New Westminster district covers an area of 4,900,000 acres, and at least one-fourth of this is suitable for cultivation. To quote the words of the present Governor-General:

"Fruit-growing in your province has acquired the distinction of being a beautiful art as well as a profitable industry. After a maximum wait of five years I understand the settlers may look forward with reasonable certainty to a net income of from \$100 to \$150 per acre after all expenses of cultivation have been paid.

"Gentlemen, here is a state of things which appears to offer the opportunity of living under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only succeeded in reaching in one or two of the most favored spots upon the earth."

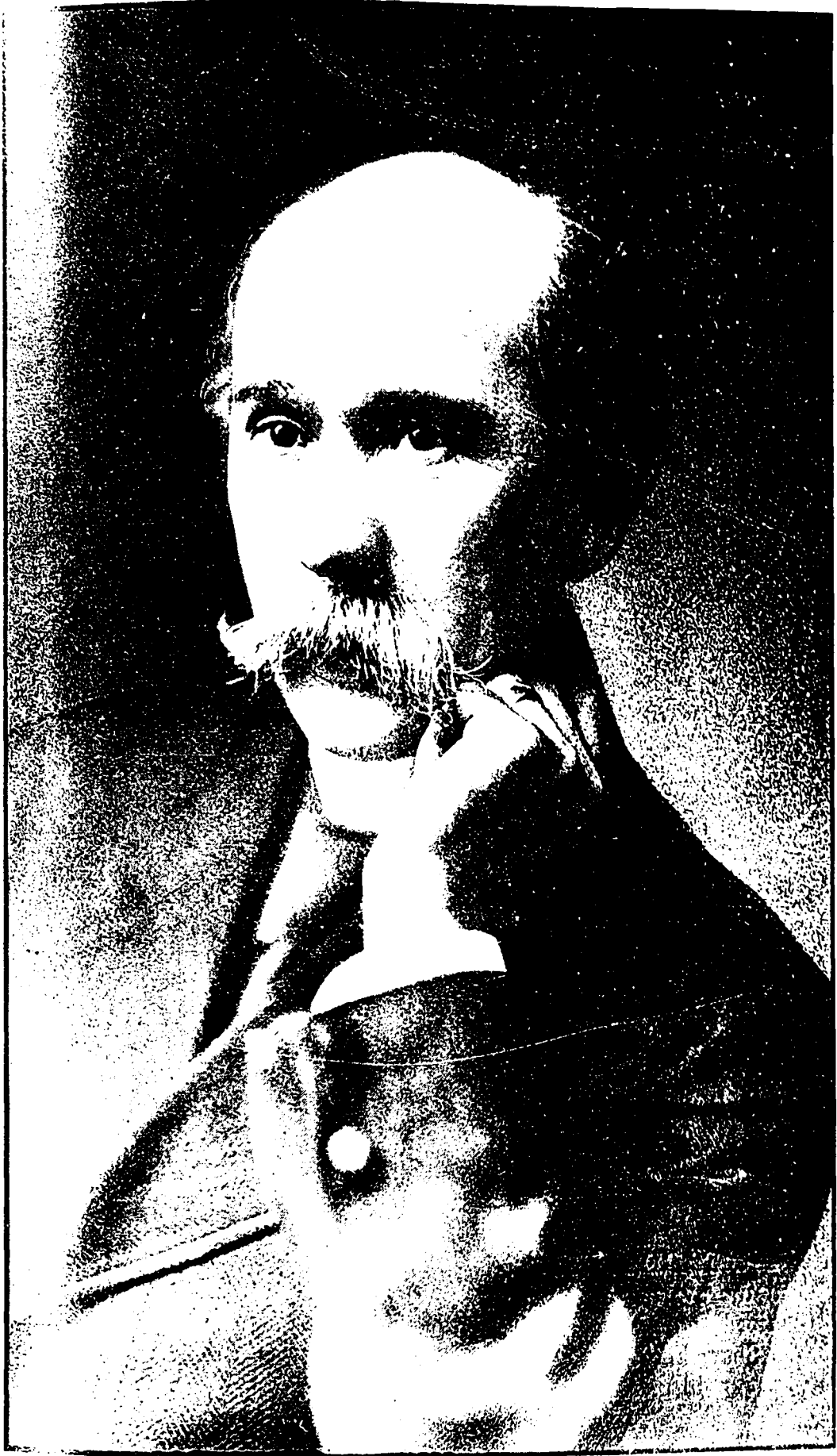
PEOPLE YOU HEAR ABOUT



HON. PRICE ELLISON, M. P. P., recently appointed Minister of Finance and Agriculture, and formerly Chief Commissioner of Lands in the British Columbia government. In the latter capacity he last summer explored the interior of Vancouver Island and selected the territory for the Great National Park to be established there.



MR. A. C. HUMPHRETT is one of British Columbia's most prominent citizens. He has played a very important part in the development of the mineral resources of the Province, and is prominently connected with some of its strongest financial institutions.

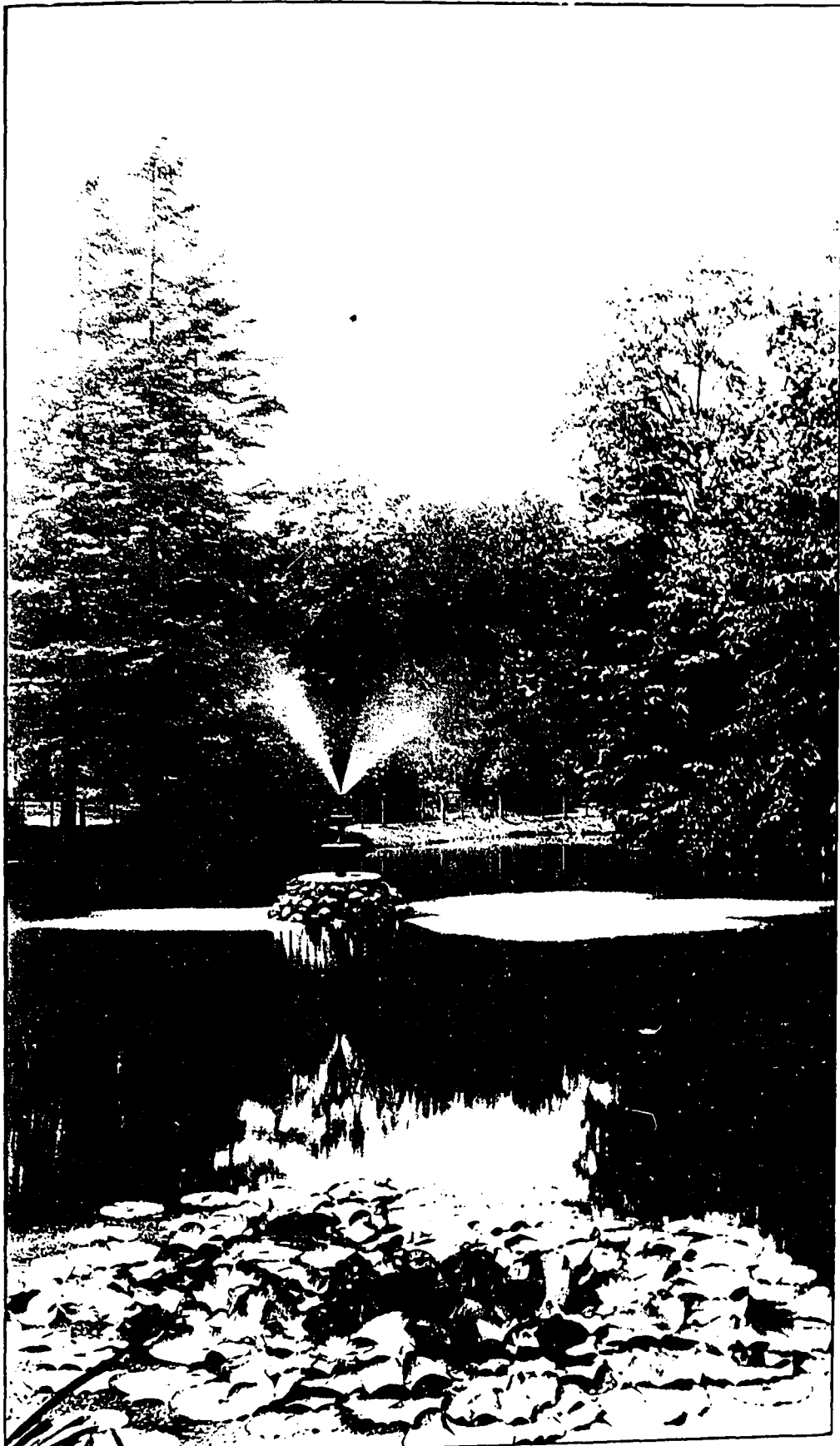


MAXWELL SMITH, editor of *The Fruit Grower*, was the originator of the First Canadian National Apple Show, held in Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Smith is a recognised authority on fruit growing and is a passionate believer in and exponent of the fruit cup.

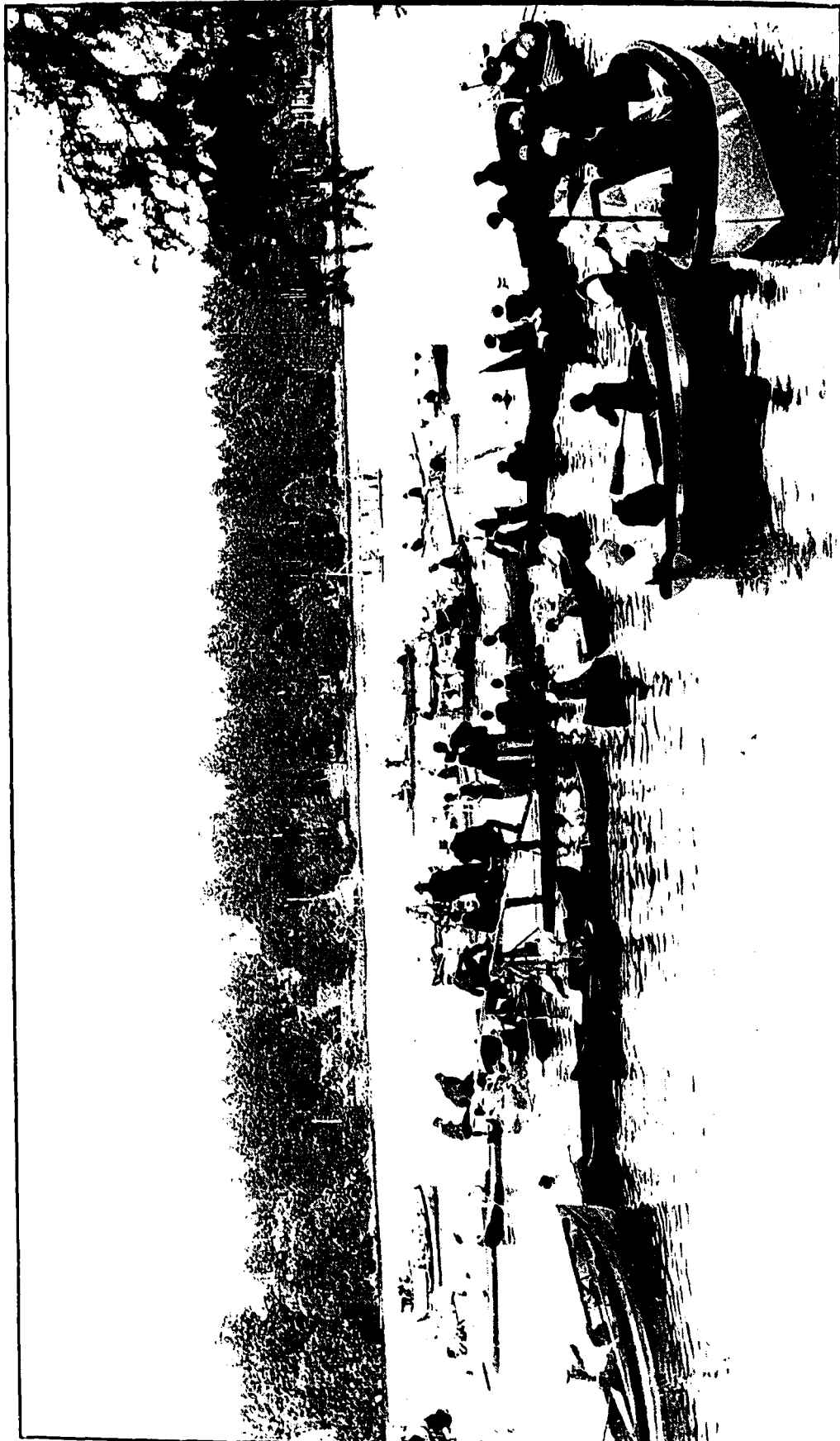


MR. F. R. E. DE HART, of Kelowna, a prominent figure among the younger and more progressive element of British Columbia fruit-growers. He organized the Kelowna district display, which captured the first prize at the recent Apple Show in Vancouver. He was an exhibitor in many classes, taking some fifty odd prizes, gold medals, etc.

Progress of the West in Pictures



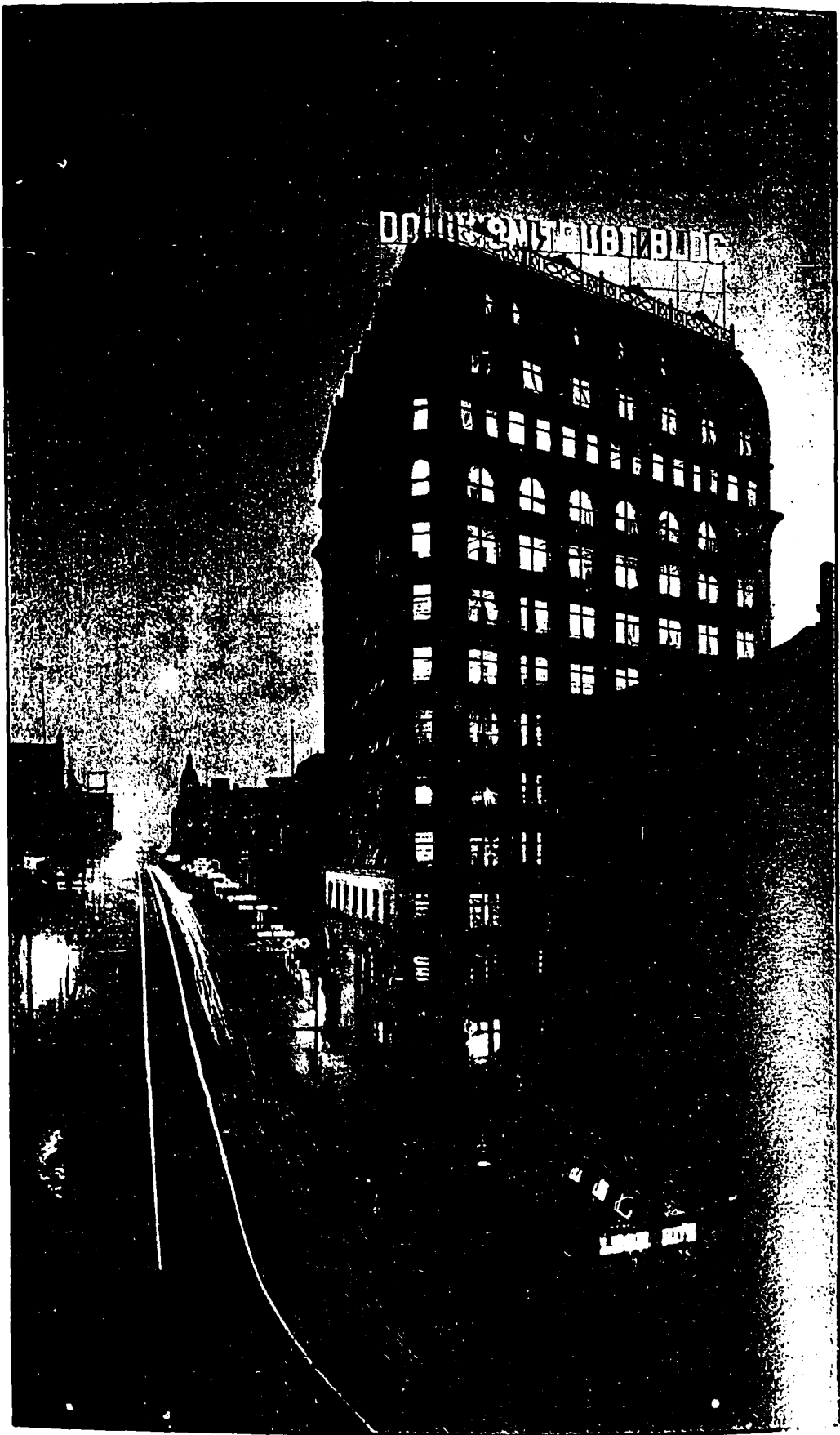
SCENE IN BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA, B. C.



BOATING SCENE AT GORGE PARK, BETWEEN ESQUIMALT AND VICTORIA, B. C.



SCENE ON CAPILANO RIVER, NEAR NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C.



HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C., AT NIGHT



Current Comment



By Observer

SINCE the last issue of *Man to Man* there has been a long series of remarkable occurrences, some of them of world-wide significance, some of them of unusual local importance. Portugal has passed almost in a day from a monarchy to a republic. Spain has been convulsed by serious revolt. Mexico has manifested symptoms of enmity towards the United States, arising out of one of those ugly lynchings which characterize the social methods of our American cousins. It may not be grave enough, in results, to bring about international trouble, but it has shown the existence of a spirit in Mexico that may have future grave consequences. Elections have been held in the United States and have placed the Democrats in the ascendancy. In Great Britain the efforts to bring about an understanding in regard to the veto powers of the House of Lords have proved unavailing, and general elections are now imminent. France has had its share of political complications, with a reorganization of its government forces. In Canada two events of particular import are to be noted. The Athabaska election has been spectacular in the victory of the Nationalist and the defeat of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's candidate in his own home county. The "Rainbow," the Pacific representative of the new Canadian navy, has arrived and been officially welcomed. Esquimalt as the western base has been formally handed over to Canada. Last of all the Apple Show has come and gone. A demonstration of the fruit capabilities of British Columbia, nothing quite as big and convincing has ever before been seen in this province. The best of the exhibits, with additional carloads of apples, have been sent to England to repeat, it may be confidently predicted, the successes of previous years and on a larger scale than ever.

A disastrous fire occurred in Victoria—disastrous in the extent of the aggregate loss and in individual losses; but, in a special sense, not without beneficial results.

If the great reading public has not had its money's worth during the last thirty days it is not, at least, for lack of surprises, and if the vast corps of editorial writers and news correspondents have been idle for a single moment of that period it has not been for want of material for good "copy."

There is little to say about Portugal and Spain. The latin races, wherever they have settled themselves, have exhibited that peculiar mercurial temperament in political and national affairs that has bred, I was going to say, a thousand revolts and revolutions. We were surprised at the suddenness and completeness of the revolution in Portugal, but we have simply observed the outburst of feeling and flame that have been smouldering for years with gradually increased strength. That it was so successful and so soon over with was due to the general discontent with social conditions and to the weakness of the reigning family, which had no hold upon the affections of a people easily moved by impulse from one extreme to the other; and the army, the sole prop of monarchical authority, was honeycombed with revolutionary ideas. One cannot but be struck with the similarity of conditions in Portugal and Spain, and the fate of the royal family in the latter country seems to be hanging in the balance. The reactionary, or progressive forces—as you choose to regard them—are very strong and very active, and the fate of King Manuel may be the fate of King Alfonso any day. Both are young men who may be regarded rather as survivors than factors of the dynasties they represent. Neither of them is strong or picturesque enough as a national figure to

lead in national affairs and maintain a position of greatness by personal prestige. The disturbing forces in both countries are not so much anti-monarchical in their character as social or socialistic. A king, strong enough as a politician and leader and wise enough as a man, could easily retain control in either country; but court influences and court traditions have been huge masks that obscured the king to the people and the people to the king. A feature of the situation in both cases is the anti-clerical nature of the feeling that is being displayed. It is a curious commentary on the state of affairs that, outside of Austria, the essentially Catholic countries—Portugal, Spain, France and Italy—are so anti-clerical in their tendencies, while the strongholds of Catholicism are really in the great Protestant nations—Great Britain, Germany, the United States and Canada. If we were to draw conclusions, anomalous as it may be, it might appear that Catholicism flourishes better in the atmosphere of religious freedom and civil liberty than among conditions which it is generally supposed it itself has created.

Statesmen in the two countries do not seem to be perturbed over the ebullition of feeling in Mexico towards the people of the United States. The allegation on both sides is that it does not represent any general sentiment of antagonism or revenge. On the borderland there are local dislikes and prejudices which do not extend far inland and, on the surface at least, the trouble is regarded as one that may be smoothed over by an exchange of polite and conciliatory diplomatic notes. Nevertheless, locally at all events, the feeling is too deep-seated to be extinguished by the governmental glad hand.



THE elections in the United States were significant expressions of a change of feeling on the other side of the line. It is not so easy to account for the sweeping victory of the Democrats. Two years ago the Republicans were apparently more strongly entrenched in power than ever before, and it cannot be explained on the theory that Democratic principles or Democratic politicians have suddenly become popular, because nothing has occurred

to develop either great policies or great leaders within the ranks of that party. Either by microscopic examination at close range or by telescopic observation at long range, no one could say, as the result of investigation, that the Democratic leader, W. J. Bryan, is a stronger or a bigger man than he was two years ago. Whatever may be his own views on the subject, opinion as reflected by the press or on the platform would lead us to suppose that his prestige has been very much on the wane, and I cannot think, at this moment, of any other man who has taken his place in public estimation or who, as a Democratic leader, has contributed to the success of his party. To an outsider, not perhaps sufficiently acquainted with the real situation, two things would appear to account for the political landslide. One was the aggressive intrusion of Theodore Roosevelt into public affairs. The other was the reaction of public sentiment against "bossism" asserted by Republican leaders and the exercise of the influence of "special interests" cited by and in behalf of them. His strenuous protest against these and the strong support given Colonel Roosevelt in his fight by an army of writers, were sufficient to bring them into a very strong light, and to emphasize them in the public mind; but his good intentions in the interests of the Republican party itself, the leadership of which he wrenched from the old-time bosses, and the dictatorship of which he voluntarily assumed, were not sufficiently manifest to stem the reaction against his party. Colonel Roosevelt by this time realizes that it is easy to start a fire but not so easy to control the conflagration which follows. By his stupendous fight and a campaign possibly without a parallel in American politics, he led the insurgent forces to victory in the Republican primaries, but it was a different thing when the actual elections came on, wherein it was shown that the Republican defeat in Maine was only the precursor of general defeat. In the elections just closed it is obvious that the "stand-pat" element in his party, embittered by his attitude, joined forces with the Democrats and accomplished his fall. It is not so sure even yet, however, that in a presidential campaign, with Roosevelt as a candidate, his personal popularity and great fighting force

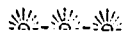
would not win again for him his election. The Americans are a spasmodic people about whom, as was said of the Japanese by Sir Edwin Arnold, it is impossible to predict. It might be difficult—indeed, in the present state of feeling, impossible—for him to secure the nomination; but another year may see opinion entirely changed, and however his personal status may be altered by the Democratic victory, he will always be a great force among the American people, even though for the moment that instinct, the worship of success, may have removed the idol from its pedestal of popularity. Incidentally, it is worthy of comment here that a great and inherent weakness of the American constitution stands revealed by the present situation. For two years more a Republican President and a Republican government will rule the United States, though the elections have shown that they have lost the confidence and support of the American electorate. In other words, the country will be governed not by the will of the people as expressed today, but as it was expressed two years ago.



THE political situation in Great Britain grows in interest. The failure of the two parties to agree in conference upon the vital issue of the new powers of the House of Lords—apparently mutually regarded as inordinate as a check upon the House of Commons—has decided the government upon a second appeal to the people. Undoubtedly the position of the Liberals has been strengthened by this resolve, not that they are more loved by the people, but because they have shifted their base of action and have gained a better vantage ground. As a fighting force and as a political organization the Liberals are stronger than the Unionists, without the stimulus of Chamberlain the elder. Twenty or even ten years younger, Chamberlain would carry the country in the coming election. The Unionists are active enough, and so far as they are represented by the press, are in the better position, but they are not so united in policy and have a leader who, though intellectually and in

some other respects is not surpassed in the United Kingdom, lacks that virile force and decision of character so essential in such a crisis as at present faces his party and his country. In saying so much I, perhaps, do not do Mr. Balfour full justice, because he is a man of strong character and determination, and is intuitively a leader possessing extraordinary tactfulness. He is, however, too philosophical in his mental attitude to be forceful in a single direction, too upright and high-minded to follow a course dictated solely by regard for political success. Perhaps, too, he has not got far enough away from his former self and the traditional policy of his country to enter as enthusiastically as he might into a campaign of untried policies. He is hampered in his course, too, by a certain influential following, who are very reluctant on the score of tariff reform. Altogether, he and his party are too slow in adapting themselves to a change of policy rendered necessary by changed conditions and changing sentiment. A new issue has been forced upon the people—Home Rule, not Home Rule for Ireland, but Home Rule “all round.” This is not a new thing. Chamberlain advocated it many years ago, but found little support for it on either or any side of politics. It has been discussed academically in the press over and over again. The success of the federal system of government in Canada, and its imitation in Australasia and South Africa, have brought it prominently to the fore, and it is surprising that the cumbrous and anomalous form of government in Great Britain had not long ago been replaced by it. At least, it would be surprising if we did not know the British people—dear, good people for the most part, people whom we love for their peculiarities, but who are wedded to their idols of existing institutions and well-established precedent. We are all, however, the slaves of circumstance. Today, as they have been before, the Irish members constitute the balance of power. The crux of their political faith is Home Rule for Ireland; but that as an exclusive privilege, for the Irish are never likely to be conceded it by a British parliament. Gladstone went to defeat on that issue, and no other government has been brave enough to repeat the

experiment. Home Rule all round, however, is, in homely parlance, a horse of another color. It has been suggested by the Irish party, it would appear, as a means of beating the devil around the bush and achieving their own ends. Heretofore, as wittily expressed by T. P. O'Connor, they did not believe in the principle except for themselves. Now it is put forward as a solution of the deadlock in Great Britain, much as confederation was the solution of an almost impossible situation as between Upper and Lower Canada prior to 1867. The Liberals have adopted it apparently with sudden zeal, and will make it the issue of issues, in which Lords and Tariff Reform, and Budget and Social Reform will be submerged. A federal form of government, with local legislatures for England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, will necessitate an entire reorganization of the present system, and out of the crucible will come, in a political sense, a new heaven and a new earth, with a second chamber in the federal parliament quite unlike the present in its constitution, but sufficiently like it in form and substance to satisfy the Conservative elements, whose influence, even in the Liberal ranks, is not to be disregarded in essentials. The reconstruction of the British Empire on the federal plan will naturally suggest as the next step the federation of the federations, resembling in their future relations groups of orbits revolving around a common solar centre—an old-time dream of Imperialists. It is a sentiment which should inspire little Englanders and big Englanders alike.



THE creation of the new issue will be embarrassing to the Unionists. Unless their objections were to the details of the new form of government, it would be extremely unwise to oppose the principle, even if for the purpose of appealing to national prejudices; by defeating Irish aims, it were, for the moment, good politics. Responsible local government, as we have it in Canada, is the most important question affecting the government of Great Britain that has arisen since the days of William and Mary, and is

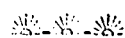
bound, if carried into judicious effect, to bring about great internal results. It will free the Parliament of Great Britain and the general executive from the burden of a mass of local detail, and enable them to devote their attention, untrammelled by parish politics, exclusively to the larger topics of the Empire and the administration of affairs of only general interest. The local legislatures will deal with matters within their own ken and jurisdiction. We need not expect perfection in the proposed new form of government in Great Britain, any more than we have perfection in Canada; but we may expect, by a division of legislative authority, to find each country making a determined effort to solve its own local and social problems in its own way, and with some degree of success, something which is quite impossible under the present system. Ireland and Scotland and Wales and England can then each work out its own land system, its social reforms, its educational schemes, and so forth, in conformity with the wishes and requirements of its own people. In this way a vast amount of work of purely local character, and usually the most contentious, will be relegated to local bodies. In view, therefore, of the vital import of the issue, the part which the Unionists should play is obviously to endorse the principle, subject to the right to oppose or amend the Liberal plan when presented in detail, and to concentrate their energies on Tariff Reform, because, after all, if the constitution be the official abode of the people, a fiscal policy is their meat and drink.



OF not less interest to Canadians than the recent election results to the people of the United States, is the result of the Arthabaska nationalist campaign. It is not only a body blow to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but it is significant of the attitude of the French-Canadians in regard to a Canadian Navy, which, to say the least, is disconcerting to the political peace of mind. No doubt the Conservatives are more or less elated over the Liberal discomfiture, as all fish are welcome to their net; but it would be unjust to say that they

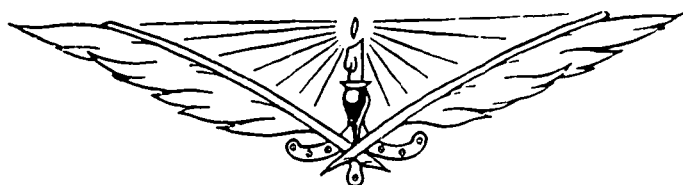
encouraged such an attitude or assisted in bringing about the result of the issue in question. It is true that Mr. Monck, leader of the French-Canadian wing of the Conservatives, was an active factor in the fight, but he cannot be said to represent the Conservatives of Canada as a party, any more than Bourassa does the Liberals. The most that can be said is that he is a Conservative from the French-Canadian point of view. Conservatives would be very silly to endorse and ally themselves in any way with the authors of a programme so diametrically opposed to their own. Nor is it certain that the Conservatives will benefit more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself by what is happening in Quebec. The Conservatives have severely criticised Sir Wilfrid on the ground that his naval defence programme was not sufficiently Imperial—in fact, that in order to please the French-Canadians, and, incidentally, to please his own real sympathies, it was anti-Imperial. Now that his own people have emphatically condemned his policy because it is too Imperial, it is likely to give him kudos, at least among some observers in the other provinces and in Great Britain as an Imperialist. This whole business of appealing to race and sectional prejudices is very two-edged in its results, and is apt to cut every way. However, if the feeling of Arthabaska proves to be an index to the feeling of Quebec, as a whole, as the result in Maine proved to be an index to the general result in the United States elections, Sir Wilfrid Laurier may find himself in the minority at the next general elections. That would not be consoling to Conservatives, because a solid nationalist Quebec would hold the balance of power,

and the situation would not be unlike that in Great Britain at the present time. In other words, both parties would be at the mercy of the French-Canadian members. That is more or less the position of the Liberal party today, but it is much better that way than a social political fight against Quebec, unless, indeed, Quebec domination were to be ended by a combination of forces determined upon a definite Imperial programme consonant with the views and sympathies of a majority of Canadians.



THE fire in Victoria, serious as it was, has not been an unmixed evil. New blocks, modern in design and construction, are to take the place of those destroyed, and other new blocks are in contemplation. D. Spencer, Ltd., the heaviest of the losers by the fire, are displaying great enterprise, and in addition to erecting a fine business block on the old site between Government and Broad streets, they have purchased the Driard Hotel and the Imperial Hotel building (containing the Opera House) and will convert them into stores. When View street is extended through to Government, the firm will have extensive frontage on Government, View, Broad and Douglas, and will thus have a commanding situation in the business centre of the city.

As a result of the recent announcements in regard to the location of the C. N. R. on the Island, and the settlement of the Songhees Indian reserve question, together with the new building programme, Victoria is experiencing a genuine boom in real estate, and there is a greater feeling of optimism existing there than ever before.





The Pacific Highway



By Frank M. Fretwell

WHAT has, without doubt, the most exhaustive and far-reaching consequence for the betterment of the road and road conditions of the entire Pacific slope is the launching of the Pacific Highway Association.

This association was effected on the 19th day of September, 1910, in Seattle, and was the outgrowth of several previous meetings which had been held for the purpose of establishing a Western Automobile Association; but it soon developed that a wider influence could be exerted by a good roads association than by an automobile association.

At the meeting which gave birth to this organization, Judge J. T. Ronald, of Seattle, a good-roads enthusiast, was unanimously elected president; Chas. A. Ross, of Vancouver, B. C., was made treasurer, and Frank M. Fretwell, of the Seattle automobile club and editor of the *Western Motor Car Monthly*, was elected secretary.

The sole purpose of this highway association was to promote and encourage the establishment and construction of a continuous first-class trunk highway, to be known as the "Pacific Highway," along the entire Pacific slope of North America. The members, who are representative of the most prominent automobile and good-roads clubs of this section of the country, pledged themselves to strive to create a lasting activity in the upbuilding of this great project by arousing the sympathy of all the people in the territory covered by the association. Furthermore, nothing will be left undone to secure and promote legislation which will tend to aid the construction and maintenance of the Pacific Highway and also the aiding of the county officials through whose territory this roadway will pass as to placing and maintaining suitable guide posts and landmarks. Information regarding the best and latest methods of certain phases of road development is also to be dealt with as far as practicable.

To have this entire highway of a uniform standard in every locality is also one of the aims of the association, fixing the maximum grade at 10 per cent., as far as possible

avoiding all ups and downs. The benefit of such a road will indeed be great, both as to wear and tear on the car and to the road. It is worthy of note that steep roads also have the disadvantage of needing a constant upkeep expense for repair caused by the rain water, which persists in gully-ing itself out.

The self-appointed task or purpose of the Pacific Highway Association may at a cursory glance appear new, but in reality it is a deep-seated one, and only embodies the wishes of the coast people which have been lying dormant through lack of initiative.

As the motor car has gradually reached its stages of perfection, it has constantly come into greater usage by not only the city folk but the farmer as well. Bit by bit it has grasped him, as he was quick to see the money and labor saving that accrues from it, and it gave him a greater social prestige by affording greater means to travel and mix with people. In so far, then, as the automobile and road are affected, the country and city folk share practically the same views, and this alone will do much in securing the co-operation so earnestly sought in a movement of this kind.

Although organized in Seattle, the Pacific Highway Association must not be mistaken as working for the benefit of that territory alone. The earnest endeavor to give impetus to this co-operation along the entire western slope of North America has been met with surprisingly energetic response from lower California to British Columbia. Well is this attested by the tours various motor clubs have made into each other's territory for the purpose of solidifying and giving concerted action on this immense project. Up in Canada they are quite a bit in advance of us in their road construction, but, realizing the benefits to be derived, are the most eager to join in the movement now well on foot, and some of the most frequent applications for membership in the Highway Association come from residents of British Columbia.

For a portion of the land which contains so many scenic beauties as that section west of the Rocky Mountains, it is curious to

note the really few tours made into it as compared with the number of American tourists seeking the grandeurs of foreign lands. France alone has been estimated as reaping a profit of \$800,000,000 yearly, mainly by its elegant boulevards, whose initial cost and upkeep are insignificant alongside the amount they bring in.

We are indebted to the Apple Show Number of *The Vancouver World* for Point Grey, Burnaby and Lulu Island in this number.

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Complete information regarding these places and their special advantages for certain industries are on file at the Bureau of Opportunity, conducted by the Man-to-Man Magazine, :: or may be obtained by writing direct to the secretary of the local organization ::

Figures Tell the Story of Vancouver, British Columbia

The B. C. E. Railway Company pays to the City certain percentages of the receipts on its tram lines. The growth of Vancouver is indicated by the amount of these payments:

1901-5	\$20,626.69	Average per month.....	\$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	“ “	846.94
1907	16,366.96	“ “	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	“ “	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	“ “	2,807.90
1910 (10 months)	36,649.70	“ “	3,664.97

Bank Clearings—

	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.
1910	\$36,533,143	\$40,428,521	\$40,115,870
1909	24,969,077	28,035,000	30,918,956
1908	15,483,153	16,991,346	17,502,569

Land Registry—

	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.
1910	\$15,024.00	\$17,233.87	\$17,725.30
1909	11,037.65	14,266.10	14,046.95

Customs—

	Duty	Other Revenue	Total
October, 1910	\$447,237.86	\$43,974	\$491,211.86
“ 1909	300,840.08	16,341	317,181.08

Building Permits—

	1909	1910
First 5 months	\$2,836,165	\$5,722,940
“ 6 “	3,493,185	6,885,800
“ 7 “	4,042,292	7,425,410
“ 8 “	4,883,430	8,270,645
“ 9 “	5,647,960	9,011,360
“ 10 “	6,135,575	10,298,355

MAN-TO-MAN MAGAZINE

12 months, 1909.....	\$7,258,565
8 " 1910.....	8,270,645
Increase.....	\$1,012,080

All Government and Committee Publications sent free upon request. We have on hand copies of the following minutes and publications, which we will send upon application to Department H, Vancouver Information Bureau, Vancouver, B.C.

The Annual Reports of Vancouver Board of Trade and Board of School Trustees. Vancouver "Province," "World," "News-Advertiser" (dailies), "Saturday Sunset" (weekly), "Man-to-Man," "Fruit Magazine" (monthlies).

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS—New British Columbia, describing the Northern Interior (Bulletin No. 22), Agriculture in British Columbia (Bulletin No. 10), Hand Book of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 23), Game of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 17), Budget Speech, 1910. The Mineral Province, Report Minister of Mines for 1908, B.C. Medical Register, Report on Northeastern part of Graham Island, Annual Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia.

GOVERNMENT MAPS—British Columbia, Northern Interior of British Columbia, Southwest Portion of British Columbia, Southeast Portion of Vancouver Island, East and West Kootenay District, Portion of Coast District, R. I. and Prince Rupert District, Western Portion of Vancouver Island, New Westminster District and adjacent Islands, Alberni District, Vancouver Island, Bella Coola District, Hazelton, Summerland, Burnaby, Nechaco Valley, Great Central Lake, Vancouver Island, Yale District.

COMMUNITY PUBLICATIONS—North Vancouver, Victoria and Vancouver Island, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Similkameen, Kamloops, Ashcroft, Chilliwack, Penticton, Naramata, Vernon, Port Moody and surrounding Districts, Railway folders and pamphlets.

Firms Represented by Members of the Vancouver Tourists' Association

Members will kindly advise the Secretary regarding any errors in addresses, classification of business, etc., that may occur in this list.

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Brooks, James, 337 Carrall Street.
Buttar & Chiene, 536 Hastings Street W.
Chambers & Wilson, 347 Pender Street.
Clarkson, Cross & Helliwell, Molsons Bank Bldg.
Crehan, Mouat & Co., 615 Pender Street
Devlin, E. E., 29 Flack Block.
Fisher, Wm., 10 Winch Building.
Winter, George E., 508 Dominion Trust Bldg.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

Ads, Limited, 1210 Dominion Trust Building.
Noble Advertising Agency, 543 Hastings Street.

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Bayly, G. M., 614 Dominion Trust Building.
Dodd, W. M., Bank of Commerce Building.
Donnellan & Donnellan, 319 Pender Street.
Fee, T. A., Fee Block.
Gamble & Knapp, 66 Davis Chambers.
Grant & Henderson, 413 Granville Street.
Griffith, H. S., 912 Dominion Trust Building.
Hooper, Thos., 527 Winch Building.
Hope & Barker, 603 Hastings Street W.
Marbury-Somervell, W., 43 Exchange Building.
Stevens, W. C., 414 Cotton Block.
Thornton & Jones, 563 Hastings Street.
Whiteway, W. T., Molsons Bank Building.
Wright, Rushford & Cahill, 709 Dunsmuir Street.

ARTISTS

S. P. Judge, 8 Court House Block.

AUCTIONEERS.

Miller, J. J., 44 Hastings Street.

ART SUPPLIES

Art Emporium, 901 Georgia Street.
Cockburn's Art Gallery, 665 Granville St.
S. J. Thompson, 610 Granville Street.

BANKS.

Bank of British North America, Hastings Street.
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton and Hastings Sts.
Bank of Toronto, 446 Hastings Street W.
Bank of Vancouver, Cambie and Hastings Sts.
Eastern Townships Bank, Cambie & Hastings Sts.
Royal Bank of Canada, Hastings & Homer Sts.
Royal Bank, East End Branch, Westminster Ave. and Hastings Street.
Traders Bank of Canada, 346 Hastings Street.

BARRISTERS.

Cassidy, R., K.C., Crown Building.
Shoebottom, Thos. B., Cotton Building.
Williams, A., K.C., Molsons Bank Chambers.

BILLIARD TABLES, ETC.

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BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

Stark, Edward, 623 Hastings Street.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

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B. C. Supply Co., 903 Dominion Trust Bldg.
O'Neil, Wm. & Co., 623 Pender Street.

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Burns & Company, P., 18 Hastings Street.
Vancouver-Prince Rupert Meat Co., Ltd., 150 Hastings Street.

BAKERS.

Hampton Bros., 581 Granville Street.
Vancouver Bakery, 850 Granville Street.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bailey Bros., Ltd., 540 Granville.
Forsyth, G. S. & Co., Cor. Homer & Hastings Sts.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.
Vancouver Book Co., 932 Granville Street.
White & Bindon, 113 Hastings Street.

BREWERIES.

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BROKERS.

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Brown, Reginald C., Ltd., 301 Dom. Trust Bldg.
Canadian Development Co., Ltd., 336 Hastings.
Couids, Ltd., 47-49 Exchange Building.
Faulkner, S. G., 555 Granville Street.
Faulkner, G. Lloyd, 421 Pender St. W.
Gibbs, G. M., 555 Granville Street.
Grey & Gray, 207 Cotton Building.
Grossman Trust & Loan Co., Cotton Building.
Hanley, J. J., Bower Building.
Mather & Noble, 629 Hastings Street.
MacMillan & Oliphant, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
McTavish Bros., 421 Pender St.
Smith, F. J., 414 Seymour Street.
Edward S. Weeks.

Wolverton & Co., Ltd., 704 Dominion Trust Bldg.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Central Business College, Pender and Richards.

CABINET MAKERS

Davidson & Labsik, 428 Clark Drive.

CASH REGISTERS.

National Cash Register Co., 301 Cordova Street.

CITY DIRECTORIES.

Henderson Publishing Co., Flack Block.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Cartwright, C. E., Cotton Building.
Tracy, Thos. H., 411 Howe Street.

COMMISSION BROKERS.

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Evans, F. G., 139 Water Street.

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Hepburn, Walter, Crown Building.
Irwin, Carver & Co., 34 Hutchison Bldg.
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McLean, Robt. & Co., 532 Granville Street.
McLuekie, J. M., 75 Sixth Ave.
Prudential Builders, Ltd., Manitoba & Front Sts.
Weeks, W. C., 13 Burns Building.
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Y. Aoki, 313 Alexander Street.

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Henry Ferguson, 1201 Granville Street.

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Hills, Charles W., Ltd., 542 Hastings Street.
More & Wilson, 556 Granville Street.

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Hinton Electric Company, 606 Granville Street.
Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd., 918 Pender.

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B. C. Electric Railway Co., Ltd.

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Tyson, A. M., 112 Cordova Street.

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Standard Furniture Co., 507 Hastings Street.

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Kilby, E. C., 627 Hastings Street.
Sweeney, H. & Co., 605 Hastings Street.

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Filion, F., 204 Carrall Street.
William Houston, 716 Robson Street.
McDowell, T. F., 704 Granville Street.
McTaggart, Joseph, 789 Granville Street
Mr. W. H. Walsh, 1200 Seymour Street.
Wagg, George, 116 Hastings Street.

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MacLachlan Bros., 131 Hastings Street W.
McTaggart & Moscrop, 7 Hastings Street W.

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Grand, 24 Water Street.
Metropole, Abbott and Cordova Streets.
North Vancouver, North Vancouver, B. C.
St. Alice, Harrison Hot Springs, B. C.
Strand, 626 Hastings Street.
Willows, Campbell River, B. C.

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 Evans, A. K. & Co., 210 Dominion Trust Bldg.
 Hobson & Co., 436 Hastings Street.
 McGregor & Co., D. C., 633 Hastings Street.
 Monarch Life Insurance Co., 30 Imperial Block.
 Mutual Life of Canada, 570 Granville Street.
 Springer, F. B., 445 Granville Street.
 Tweedale, C., 615 Pender Street.

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 Grimmett, G. W., 793 Granville Street.
 McMillan, A. F., Hastings and Homer Streets.

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 Northern Development Co., 614 Hastings Street.
 North Coast Land Co., 411 Winch Building.
 Provincial Land & Financial Corporation, 888 Granville Street.
 Western Pacific Development Co., Ltd., 739 Hastings Street.

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 Vancouver Wine & Spirits Co., 1097 Granville.
 West End Liquor Company, 1133 Granville St.

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 Island Investment Co., Ltd., 431 Homer Street.
 Macaulay & Nicolls, 414 Seymour Street.
 Mahon, MacFarland & Procter, Ltd., Pender & Seymour Streets.
 Morgan, E. B. & Co., 539 Pender Street.
 National Finance Company, 350 Pender Street.
 Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street.
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 Rand, E. E., 532 Granville Street.
 Van Houten, W. J., 537 Pender Street.

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 440 Seymour Street.

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 McNair-Fraser Lumber Co., Dominion Trust B.
 Oliver-Scrim Lumber Co., Loo Building.
 Smith, J. Fyfe & Co., 448 Seymour Street.

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 Rat Portage Lumber Co.
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 Vancouver Agencies, Ltd., Mercantile Building.

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NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

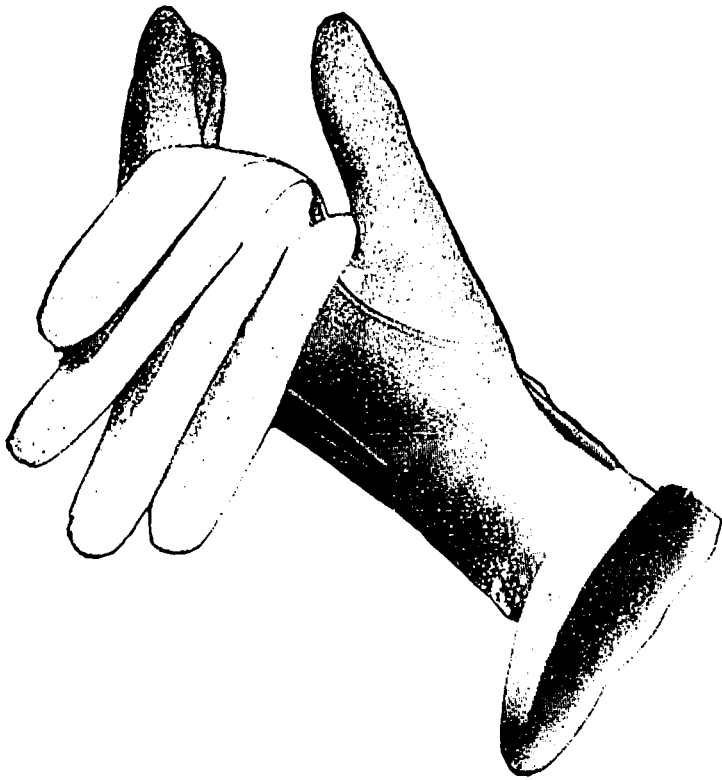
Walter C. Nichol, The Daily Province.
 World Publishing Co., The Daily World.
 News-Advertiser Co., Pender and Hamilton Sts.
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Gardiner, W. J., Dominion Trust Building.

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Fruit Magazine Publishing Co., Winch Bldg.

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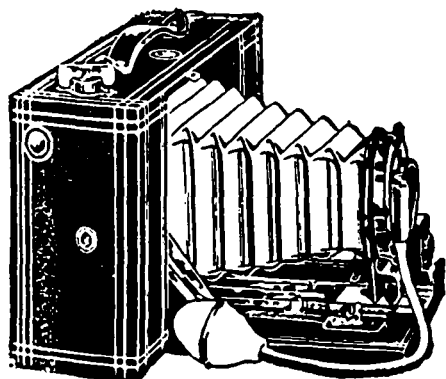
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 Alexander & Conrad, 412 Hastings Street.
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 Clarke, Joseph, 319 Homer Street.
 Clark, Seymour & Short, 319 Homer Street.
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 Dewar & Maybee, 2005 Park Drive.
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 Doherty & Wyatt, 709 Dunsmuir Street.
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 Eadie, James, 434 Richards Street.

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 Flack, S., 319 Pender Street.
 Fraser & Fraser Co., 3 Winch Building.
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 Frost, Burt D., 528 Georgia Street.
 Gardom Bros., 800 1-2 Granville Street.
 General Securities Co., 441 Richards Street.
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 Fill & Casement, 439 Richards St.
 Goddard, H. & Son, 321 Pender Street.
 Goodrich, A. W. & Co., 2450 Westminister Ave.
 Goodyear & Matheson, Loo Building.
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 Great Western Investment, 6 Winch Building.
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 Hatt, H. O. & Co., 659 Broadway.
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 Hood Bros., 519 Pender Street.
 Hoseason & Co., 322 Pender Street.
 Imperial Investment Co., 2313 Westminister Ave.
 Imperial Realty Co., 307 Loo Building.
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 International Financiers, Suite 30, Exchange B.
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 Lembke, W. H., 439 Richards Street.
 Lett, C. A. & Son, 542 Pender Street.
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 Lewis, F. B., 449 Pender Street.
 Liddle, Andrew, 800 Hastings Street.
 Lindsay, W. F., 2210 Granville Street.
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 Mackay Bros., 263 Hastings Street E.
 MacKenzie & Stevens, Dominion Trust Bldg.
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 McKenzie & Blackwood, 505 Richards Street.
 McLeod, Evander, Dominion Trust Building.
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 Melhuish, Kirchner & Co., 800 Granville St.
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 Morrison, M. G. & Co., 536 Hastings Street.
 Munson & Calhoun, 417 Hastings Street.

Mutrie & Brown, 336 Hastings Street.
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 Netherby, R. L. & Co., 2040 Granville Street.
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 Nisbet, Robert, 441 Seymour Street.
 Nixon, Patton & McLean, 2900 Westminster Ave.
 Orr, Lewis D., 508 Dunsmuir Street.
 Osborne, Trousdale & Osborne, 216 Winch Bldg.
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 Park, John M., 1117 Granville Street.
 Parker, Chas. T., Hutchison Building.
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 Powis & Boughton, 334 Granville Street.
 Prescott, J. W., 349 Homer Street.
 Ralph & Radermacher, 2227 Granville Street.
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 Robson & Roberts, 415 Seymour Street.
 Rogers & Black, 524 Pender Street.
 Rorison, R. D. & Co., 786 Granville Street.
 Scott Brokerage Co., 147 Hastings Street.
 Scott, G. D., 436 Granville Street.
 Seymour, Allan, Storry & Blair, 412 Hastings St.
 Sharples & Sharples, 416 Seymour Street.
 Sly, Elmer R., Dominion Trust Building.
 Smith Brokerage Co., 246 Hastings Street E.
 Star Realty Co., 433 Granville Street.
 Steele, Chas., Realty Co., 334 Pender Street.
 Stevens, John T. Trust Co., Mercantile Bldg.

In Purity Supreme!



The supremacy and absolute purity are well known and are given ample proof of by the Dominion Government Official Analysis as shown by the Department of Inland Revenue Bulletin 194, of the

E. D. Smith Jams, Jellies, Etc.

While they are made from whole, sound fruit, of just the right degree of ripeness, every good quality of the fruit is preserved and the most refined sugar only is added. Try the famous "E. D. S." Catsup and Grape Juice.

ALL GROCERS

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

E. D. SMITH

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WINONA, ONTARIO

Send This  Coupon To-day

Where we have no dealer, we sell by mail. Mattress shipped by express, prepaid, same day check is received. Beware of imitations. Look for the name Ostermoor and our trade mark label sewn on end.

**BUILT
NOT
STUFFED**

Trade Mark



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

\$15

THE ALASKA BEDDING CO., LTD. Tear off
this Coupon
Point Douglas Ave., Winnipeg.

Without obligation on my part, please send me your illustrated booklet "The Test of Time," so that I may learn by word and picture the wonderful sleep-inducing properties of the Ostermoor Mattress. Also please send me name of the Ostermoor dealer here.

Name.....

Address.....

OSTERMOOR

It would not be fair to the Ostermoor or to you to attempt to describe it in this small space, or tell how it is built of soft, springy, uniform Ostermoor sheets which can never lose their shape or get lumpy. Therefore, we want to send the book and tell you of *thirty nights' free trial* and the exclusive Ostermoor features. Fill out the coupon, and the book will be sent by return mail. It will be worth your while.

Sizes and Prices	
2 feet 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	\$9.50
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	11.00
3 feet 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	12.50
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	14.00
4 feet 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	15.00
All 6 feet 3 inches long. Express Charges Prepaid. In two parts, 50 cents extra	

THE ALASKA BEDDING COMPANY, Limited,
Point Douglas Avenue, Winnipeg.

- Stewart, John, 118 Hastings Street W.
- Stewart & Elliott, 2343 Granville Street.
- Stonehouse, W. H., & Co., 2043 Granville Street.
- Sun Realty Co., 308 Loo Building.
- Sutherland, A. D., 698 Broadway.
- Taylor, J. S., 407 Pender Street.
- Terminal Brokerage, 524 Seymour Street.
- Thacker & Thornton, 324 Winch Building.
- Thompson Co., The, 590 Broadway.
- Trites, F. N. & Co., 659 Granville Street.
- Ure, John, Bank of Commerce Building.
- Vancouver Colonization Co., 524 Pender Street.
- Vancouver Financial Corporation, 82 Hastings St.
- Vernon & Co., 817 Granville Street.
- Waterfall, A. R., Bank of Commerce Building.
- Western Canadian Investment Co., 45 Flack Blk.
- Williams & Murdoff, 508 Hastings Street.
- Wakley & Bodie, 441 Pender Street.
- Watkins, C. W., 622 Robson Street.
- Watson & Bowen, 341 Homer Street.
- Welch Realty Co., 433 Homer Street.
- Wilmot, A. N. & Co., 336 Westminster Avenue.
- Western Investors, The, 606 Westminster Ave.
- Williscroft, S. B., 419 Seymour Street.
- Wood, James, 407 Loo Building.
- Windle, H. W., 532 Granville Street.

SAFES AND VAULT DOORS.

J. & J. Taylor Safe Works, 305 Cordova St. W.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

Clarke & Stuart Co., Ltd., Seymour Street.
Thomson Stationery Co., Hastings Street.

**SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT
MAKER**

John S. Isdale, 527 Dunsmeir Street.

SIGNS AND BILL POSTING.

Bond & Ricketts, Ltd., 430 Cambie Street.

SEEDSMEN.

William Rennie & Co., Ltd., 122 Hastings Street.

SHEET METAL WORKERS

H. A. Slater, Cambie and Pender Streets.

SPORTING GOODS.

Tisdale, Chas. E., 620 Hastings Street.

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES.

Mackenzie Bros., Ltd., 300 Seymour Street.
Terminal Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Evans-Coleman dock.
Northern Steamship Co., Ltd Cordova & Water St.
Union Steamship Co., of B. C., 407 Granville St.

STEAMSHIP AGENTS.

D. E. Brown & Macaulay, Ltd., 585 Granville.
Evans, Coleman & Evans, 407 Granville Street.

STOCK AND BOND BROKERS.

Bevan, Gore & Elliott, Ltd., 503 Pender Street.

TOBACCONISTS.

Blackson, S., 506 Granville Street.

TRUST COMPANIES.

Alliance Trust Co., 603 Granville Street.
B. C. Trust Corporation, 349 Richards Street.
Dominion Trust Company, Cambie & Hastings.
Mercantile Trust Company, Winch Building.
Standard Trust Co., 538 Hastings Street W.
Vancouver Trust Company, 542 Pender Street.

SURVEYORS.

Bauer, Wm. A., 441 Seymour Street.

TIMBER LANDS.

Cruisers Timber Exchange, 615 Pender Street.
Keate, W. L., 441 Seymour Street.
Paterson Timber Co., 336 Pender Street.
Pretty's Timber Exchange, 433 Richards Street.
Reynolds, George H., Dominion Trust Building.

TIMBER AND MINES

G. Lloyd Faulkner, 421 Pender Street.

TRANSFER COMPANIES.

Vancouver Cartage Co., Ltd., 562 Seymour St.
Vancouver Transfer Co., 564 Cambie Street.

UNDERTAKERS.

Center & Hanna, 56 Hastings Street.

WHOLESALE DEALERS

COFFEE, TEAS AND SPICES.

Braid, Wm. & Co., 20 Hastings Street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ames-Holden, Ltd., 124 Hastings Street.
Leckie, J., & Co., 220 Cambie Street.

BILLIARD TABLES

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 552 Beatty St.

DRUGGISTS

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
125 Pender Street.

DRY GOODS.

Gault Bros., 361 Water Street.
Mackay, Smith, Blair & Co., Cambie Street.
Peck, John W. & Co., 337 Water Street.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

Parsons, Haddock Co., 121 Water Street.
Stewart, F. R. & Co., 127 Water Street.

GROCERS.

Galt, G. F. & J., 1043 Seaton Street.
Kelly, Douglas Co., Water Street.
Malkin, W. H., Ltd., Water Street.

HARDWARE.

Wood, Vallance & Leggatt, 26 Hastings Street W.

PAINTS

W. J. Pendray & Sons, Ltd., 540 Beatty Street.

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

Alcock, Downing & Rose.
The T. L. Peck Co., Ltd., 562 Beatty Street.

**WINDOW SHADE MANU-
FACTURERS.**

Bowes, F. W. & Co., 957 Granville Street.

A good grade of Coffee costs but little more
than a poor grade. In

Seal Brand Coffee

you get the best that money can buy, and its
price is moderate. It costs only a cent a cup.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

P. WISE, *Tailor*

Ladies' and Gents' Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing
Suits made up from your own goods \$22.00
Good work guaranteed

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Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Bulbs and Flowering Plants
Write for 1910 Catalogue—it's free

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Coal Harbor Engine Works

ARMSTRONG & FULTON

Marine and Stationary Engineers
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Gasoline Engines Installed and Repaired
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THAT TELLS YOU

A Few Things You Know
A Few Things You Do Not Know and
A Few Things You Ought To Know

"WINNING THE PUBLIC"

by

"ADS, LTD."

1210 Dominion Trust Company's Building
Vancouver, B.C.

IF YOU ADVERTISE YOU WILL BE INTERESTED
IF YOU DO NOT ADVERTISE YOU WILL BE
MORE INTERESTED
AND... BUT THE BOOK TELLS THE REST AND THE ONLY
COST TO YOU IS THE REQUEST

"ADS, LTD."

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Soliciting a share of your patronage

Saturday Sunset Presses

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MAGAZINE

Good Printing
Experienced Help in all departments
Reasonable Prices

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Without a Peer**

CASCADE

**The Vancouver
Breweries
Limited**



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Ⓢ The rate for advertising under this head is five cents a word. Cash must accompany all orders

Become a Shareholder

in the

Vancouver Sewer Pipe and Refractories Co. Limited

The stock of this Company is being rapidly subscribed and immediate application is necessary to secure allotment. To thoroughly secure every subscriber, whether large or small, no stock will be allotted until the entire issue of \$100,000.00 required to build the factory and provide the working capital has been subscribed.

Send in Your Application Today

BRITISH COLUMBIA CO. LIMITED

Cotton Building, Vancouver, B. C.

LAND

- 150,000 acres, Cariboo District.
- 86,000 acres, Omineca District.
- 40,000 acres, Cariboo District.
- 7,680 acres, Powell Lake, 90 miles from Vancouver.
- 10,000 acres, Rupert District, Vancouver Island.

For further particulars as to price, apply

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BUSINESS CHANCES

IF WE PAY YOU A SALARY will you help us introduce System, the Magazine of Business, to business men in your locality. We can guarantee you a salary each month under a plan which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Write us today, before your territory is covered. Address The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

START AN EASY AND LUCRATIVE BUSINESS. We teach you how to establish a successful collection agency and refer business to you. No capital required. Write for "Free Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 16 State St., Detroit, Mich.

SPLENDID OPENINGS FOR FACTORIES. Exceptional opportunities offered for the establishment of plants for the manufacture of lumber, shingles, boxes, furniture, cement, clay products, etc. Free sites, reached by every transcontinental railroad in the Northwest. Cheap and unlimited electric power. For full information, address J. A. Gibbs, Secretary Commercial Club, Newport, Wash.

BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR HUSTLER. A good solicitor should make from \$20.00 to \$30.00 a week on commissions getting subscriptions for Man-to-Man Magazine; one representative made \$8.00 in one day. Write for particulars. Address Circulation Manager, Man-to-Man Magazine, Vancouver, British Columbia.

INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES

DO YOU WANT A CHANCE to make a lot of money by using some of the money you've got? In the attaining of success the first principle is, "Do not wait for opportunity to make you. Make your own opportunity." Here is a change **TO MAKE YOUR OPPORTUNITY.**

I have a boat that a client wants me to sell for him. It's a bargain. \$10,000 will buy it and on this sum it ought to be a mere bagatelle to realize 50 per cent. It would not surprise me if you could make 100 per cent in the first year. The reason I say this is because this ship is a bargain. It must be sold. And it must be sold **NOW** because my client needs the money.

Here is what my client says in a letter he wrote to me on Aug. 10:

"This ship was bought by the United States government in Manila in 1898. The government was in need

of coal. She was then loaded with coal, and in order to get her cargo they had to buy the ship. This ship was built in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1884, and consequently is under British Register. Three years ago she was sent over here from Manila to Bremerton under her own steam. A few months ago she was sold by our government at auction to some private parties here, and therefore is now for sale by them.

"I have examined her hull and find her in good condition. Her engines and boilers, I am informed, are in first-class condition. Her dimensions are as follows:

- Length, 215 feet.
- Beam, 31 feet, 8½ inches.
- Depth, 21 feet, 3 inches.
- Tonnage, 1062.
- Engine, 34; 66x42 stroke.

(2) Single-ended Scotch boilers.

Donkey boilers, steam steering gear; also hand.

(850) Indicated horse power, fore and aft compound engines, and the captain that brought her here from Manila says she will steam 15 knots, but the government puts her at 12½.

"If the steamer could be bought, I have looked up for her the following run: From Tacoma to Seattle; and Vancouver to Prince Rupert; Port Simpson canneries on Portland Canal and Stewart City. On this run she can make four round trips a month.

"I also find that there is a large amount of freight shipped from Tacoma and Seattle to Vancouver every month, the shippers paying at present from Tacoma to Vancouver per ton in car load lots, the highest \$9.60 per ton, and the lowest \$7.00 per ton. There is one house in Tacoma that is shipping from three to five carloads per month. They told me they paid 35 cents per hundredweight.

"I also find that Seattle shipped to Vancouver last year, by water, \$2,500,000 worth of goods, but we have no record of what was shipped by railroad. I therefore conclude that there must be a large amount of goods shipped from Vancouver north every month. Coming this way there is lots of ore shipped from British Columbia to the Tacoma smelter, and also a large quantity of coal from Nanaimo to Tacoma and Seattle.

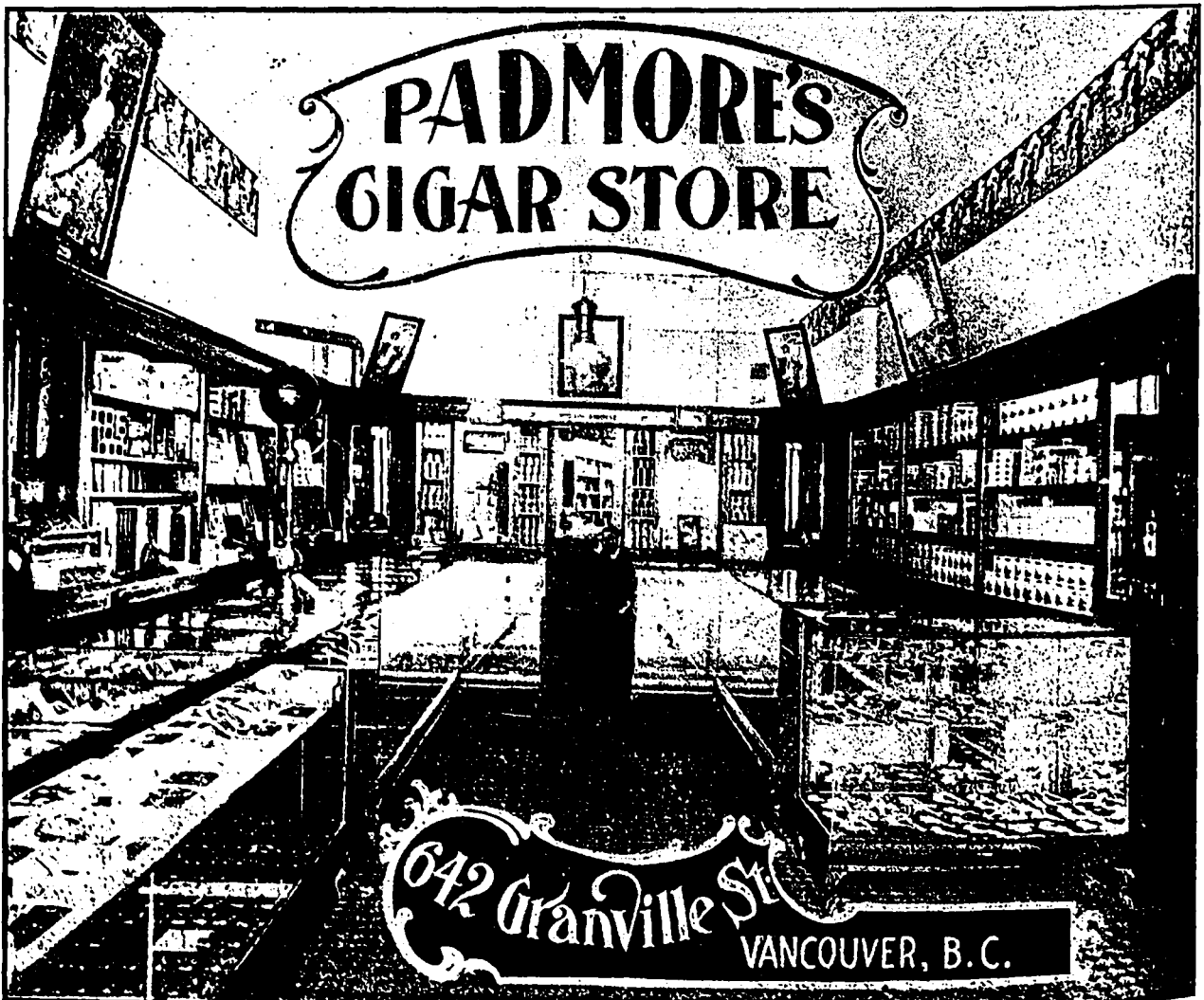
"In conclusion, I wish to say that I could give you a longer report, but if there should be something that you would like to be informed upon, kindly drop a line and I will immediately let you know, for I believe this is one of the best bargains that has come to the attention of shipping men for a long time."

You've read the letter. Isn't that proposition a corker? Let me hear from you. Address A 27, Man-to-Man Office.

**The Beer
Without a Peer**

CASCADE

**The Vancouver
Breweries
Limited**



When writing to Advertisers please mention Man-to-Man Magazine

OPPORTUNITIES CLASSIFIED

Ⓒ The rate for advertising under this head is five cents a word. Cash must accompany all orders

Become a Shareholder

in the

Vancouver Sewer Pipe and Refractories Co. Limited

The stock of this Company is being rapidly subscribed and immediate application is necessary to secure allotment. To thoroughly secure every subscriber, whether large or small, no stock will be allotted until the entire issue of \$100,000.00 required to build the factory and provide the working capital has been subscribed.

Send in Your Application Today

BRITISH COLUMBIA CO. LIMITED
Cotton Building, Vancouver, B. C.

LAND

150,000 acres, Cariboo District.
86,000 acres, Omineca District.
40,000 acres, Cariboo District.
7,680 acres, Powell Lake, 90 miles from Vancouver.
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For further particulars as to price, apply

CROFT & ASHBY 5 Winch Bldg., VANCOUVER

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You've read the letter. Isn't that proposition a corker? Let me hear from you. Address A 27, Man-to-Man Office.

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PRODIGIOUS PROFITS IN CALIFORNIA OIL. A 100-barrel well is worth \$100,000. Send for free booklet telling how to invest to make big money. W. H. Wise, Laughlin Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

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MAIL COURSES in Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Matriculation, Ad-writing. Dominion Business College, corner College and Brunswick, Toronto: J. V. Mitchell, B. A., Principal.

THE KENNEDY SCHOOL is devoted exclusively to the better training of stenographers and office assistants; has won all the world's typewriting championships. Booklets free upon request. 9 Adelaide Street, Toronto.

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LEARN WIRELESS AND R. R. TELEGRAPHY! Shortage of fully 10,000 operators on account of eight-hour law and extensive "wireless" developments. We operate under direct supervision of telegraph officials and positively place all students when qualified. Write for catalogue. National Telegraph Inst., Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Memphis, Davenport, Ia.; Columbia, S. C.; Portland, Ore.

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"BACK TO THE LAND" is the cry heard from the densely populated centres of the universe.

WHY? "Because the farmer is the most independent man on earth. He is in partnership with nature, and with her assistance produces what all the world must have—**FOOD.** There is a never-ending demand for his product. Agriculture holds forth to the young men the promise of independence, comfort, peace and full enjoyment of life."

CAN WE ASSIST YOU in becoming one of nature's partners in **SUNNY SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL ALBERTA C.P.R. Farm Lands**, where unequalled opportunities exist for all kinds of farming?

Prices \$11.00 per acre and up.

Easy Terms one tenth Cash, Balance 9 years at 6 per cent.

Call or write us for further particulars.

D. E. BROWN & MACAULAY LIMITED.

General Agents in B. C. and the Yukon, Canadian Pacific Railway (Colonization Department), Alberta Farm Lands.

Phone 1887

Vancouver B. C.

P.O. Box 1002

NOTE: We arrange special Railway Rates to Alberta to Bona Fide Land Seekers.

FLORIDA LANDS—1000 acres land for home-seekers in 10-acre lots; easy terms; pure water; school; daily mail; railroad surveyed; map. W. H. Overocker, Lakemont, Polk County, Florida.

OREGON, CENTRAL POINT—Come to the Rogue River Valley, Oregon, the garden spot of the world, where fruit grows in abundance and receives the highest prices in all markets of the world. Also an ideal climate to live in, with no cyclones, no earthquakes, and no cold winters. Buy your railroad ticket to Central Point, Ore., and direct all letters for information to the Central Point Real Estate Co., Lock Box 194, Central Point, Oregon.

WRITE TODAY for descriptive booklet. Price list Timothy, clover, alfalfa, small grain, stock ranches, non-irrigated. Tell us what you want. Box 696, Colfax, Washington.

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

FRUIT LANDS

SELF-SUPPORTING HOMES in the Glorious Fruit District, Southern British Columbia, for \$10 cash and \$10 monthly, without interest. Annual profits \$500 to \$1,000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry; scenery, hunting, fishing, boating; delightful warm climate; church, school, postoffice, store, big sawmill; daily trains; close to markets; unlimited demand for products. Write quick for maps, photos, free information. **WEST KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS COMPANY,** Dept. M, Drawer 1087, Nelson, B.C.

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\$25.00 TO \$50.00 WEEKLY easily made by any live young man. In spare time. In your own town. No mail-order scheme. Particulars 25c. Nicasio Co., Box 521, San Francisco, Cal.

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HAVE YOU AN IDEA? If so write for our Books: "Why Patents Pay," "100 Mechanical Movements" and a Treatise on Perpetual Motions—50 illustrations. All mailed free. F. Dietrich & Co., Patent Lawyers, 60 Ouray Block, Washington, D. C.

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"STROUT'S FARM CATALOGUE NO. 30," 96 large pages, pictures of buildings, describes the choicest bargains in money-making farms throughout 17 states; \$500 to \$35,000; easy terms; stock, crops and tools included with many. It is Free. Save money by getting it. It tells you how to make money. Station 2720, E. A. Strout, 47 W. 34th Street, New York.

BIG MONEY easily made fitting eyeglasses. Write today for free "Booklet 59." Tells how. Easy to learn. Best and easiest money making business. National Optical College, St. Louis.

ANY intelligent person may earn good incomes corresponding for newspapers. Experience unnecessary; send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 882 Lockport, N. Y.

THIS FREE BOOK tells How to Collect. A book that is "different." Tells exactly how to proceed to collect old, slow, outlawed or "deadbeat" bills and accounts. How to prevent making the debtor "sore." What to do and what not to do. If you will simply send a postcard, and tell the line of business you are in, book will come by return mail prepaid. The Phil System, Commonwealth Bldg., Philadelphia.

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MORTGAGES

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES net 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. and can be had from \$500 upwards. Absolutely safe and steadily increasing in value. Not affected by trusts or panics. Better than Savings Banks. Worth investigating. Write to Bonds and Mortgages, Monnock Block, Chicago, for free sample copy. It tells all about them.

Industrial and Agricultural OPPORTUNITIES

REAL ESTATE

CAMBRIDGE AND THE SURROUNDING country offers cheaper and better investments in Fruit, Hay, Grain, Dairy, Stock, Farms, Gold, Silver and Copper properties and first Mortgage Realty loans than any State in the Northwest. Situated on the P. & I. N. R. R., Washington County, Idaho. For reliable information, call on or address the Crouter Realty & Brokerage Co., Rooms 1 and 2, Stuart Building, Main street, Cambridge, Washington County, Idaho.

ONE, FIVE AND TEN-ACRE TRACTS adjoining Tekoa; price \$150 to \$300 per acre; one-fourth cash, balance in five annual payments, with 8 per cent interest. F. J. Mahoney, Tekoa, Washington.

WANTED—Some good live men with small capital to invest in our Arrow Lake Orchards. Fine paying investment and work guaranteed. Write today for full particulars. Arrow Lake Orchards, Ltd., Dept. 11, Box 679, Lethbridge, Alberta.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY. Famous McCoy ranch now selling in 5-acre tracts (planted to Muscatel grapes and cared for until first paying crop is produced) on \$10 monthly payments. Table grapes net \$150 an acre. Rich frostless land adjoining ideally-located valley city on railway. Free illustrated booklet and introductory offer. W. E. Alexander, Escondido, California.

HOW TO BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE AT A Profit by W. A. Carney, the author of the "New Secretary's Manual." The title of the 12 chapters are: Real Estate in General; Thrift, Or, How to Accumulate Capital; How and Where to Buy; Options and Purchase Agreements; of Deeds; How to Make a Loan, Including Execution of Mortgages and Trust Deeds; Transfer of Titles in Escrow, Taxes and Insurance; Home and Homesteads; Miscellaneous Matter Affecting Real Estate; Subdivisions; How and When to Sell; Booms and Panics; The book contains forms used in the purchase and sale of residence and business property, Mines, Oil Lands, etc. Price \$2.

BUILDERS OF HOMES

We prepare plans and furnish estimates. We have built and sold 37 homes in this city within the last ten months. Each occupant is an endorser of our ability to construct model homes.

NOTICE—To those contemplating making their home in Vancouver, we wish to say that there are less vacant houses in Vancouver than any other city in the western hemisphere of the same population. Write to us for full particulars, as we are closely in touch with the realty market and will probably be able to furnish you a desirable home

We Solicit Your Patronage

VERNON BROTHERS

Contractors and Builders

817 Granville Street

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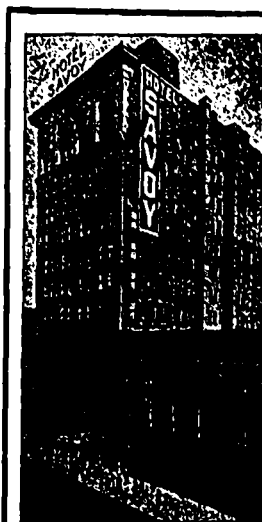
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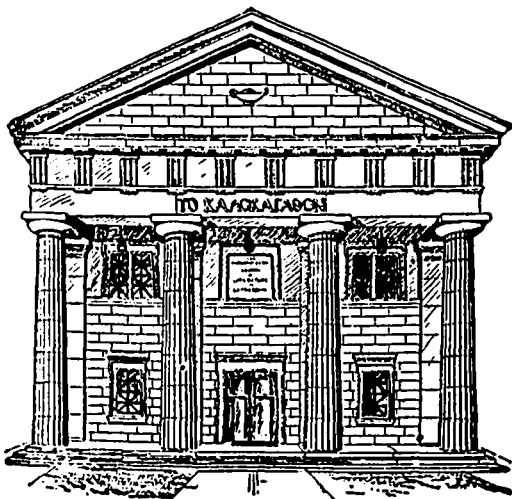
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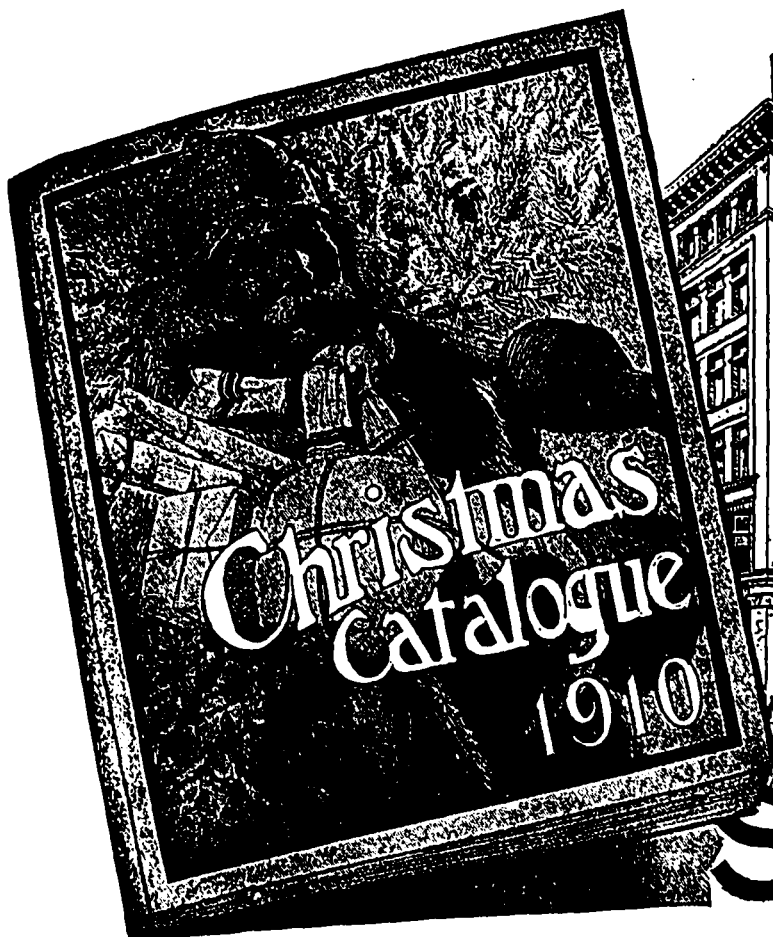
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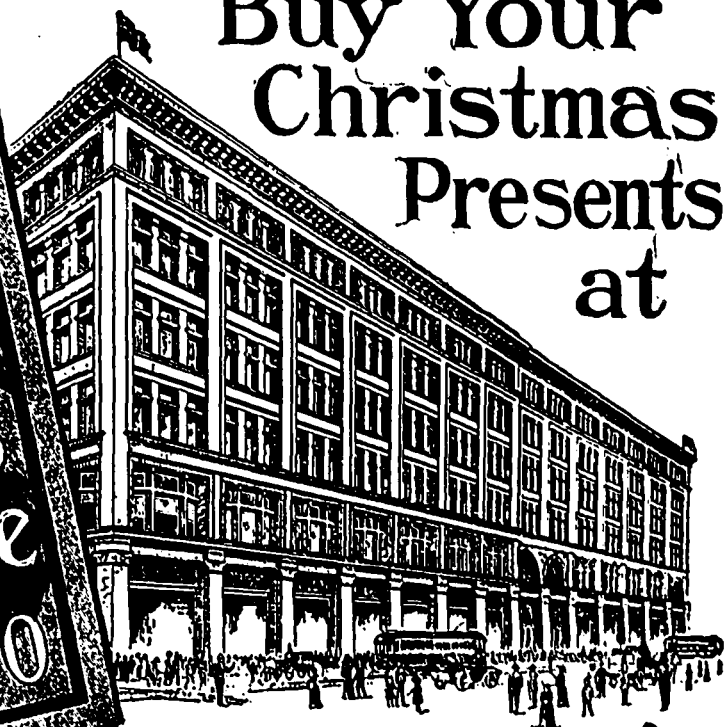
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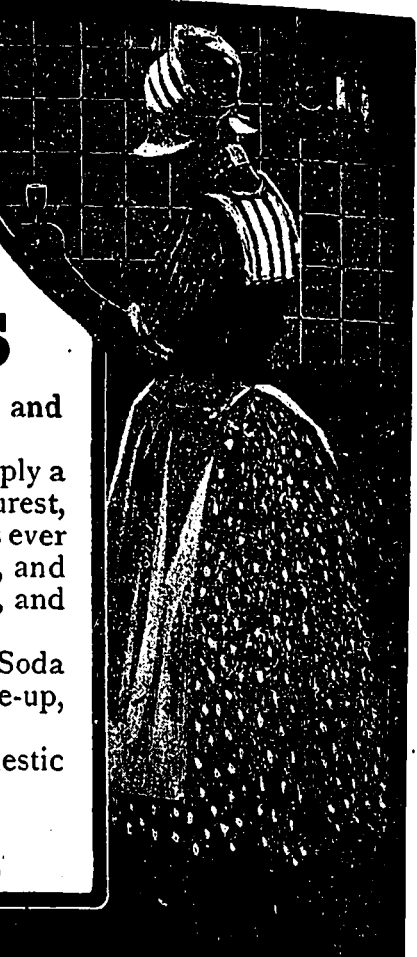
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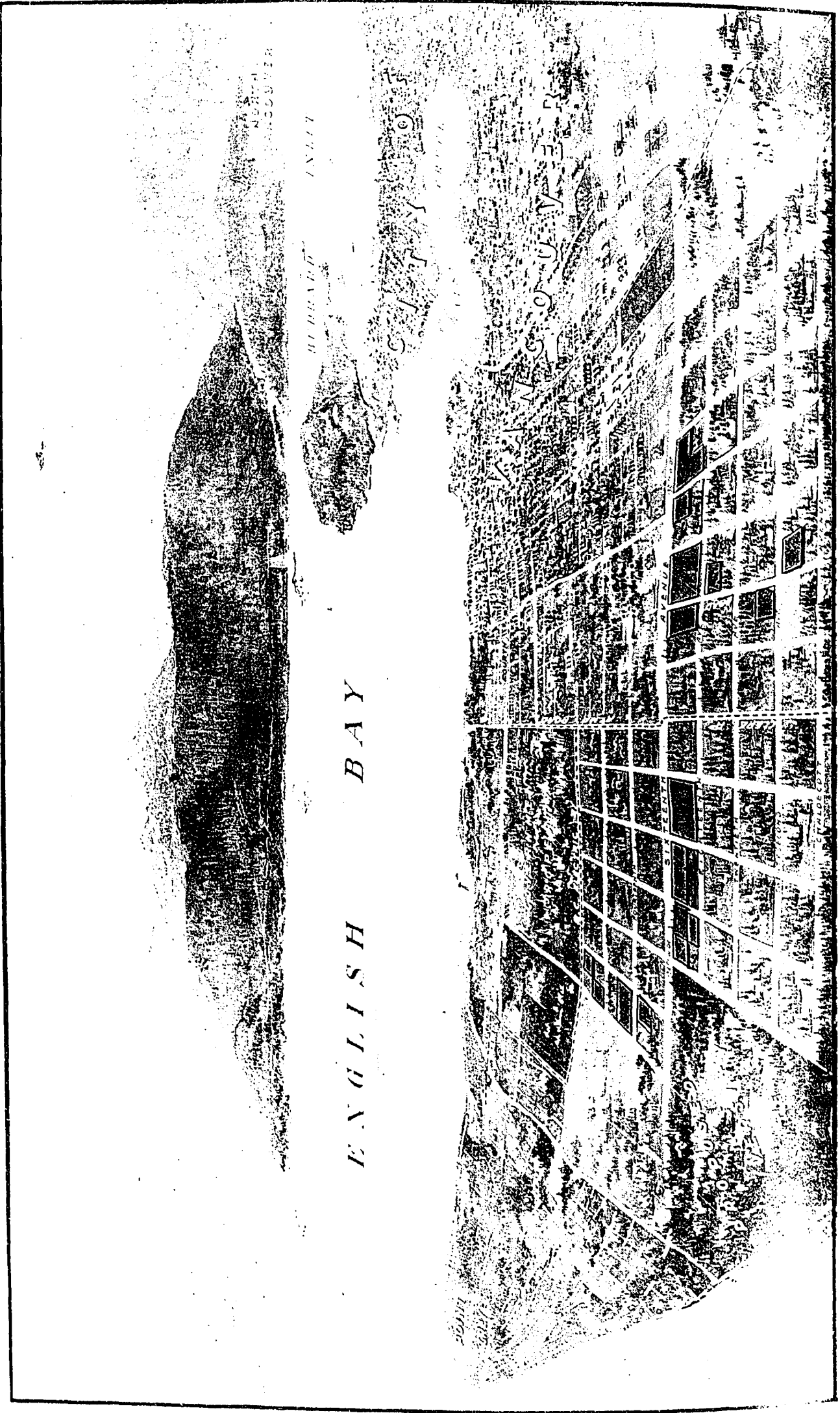
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