

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

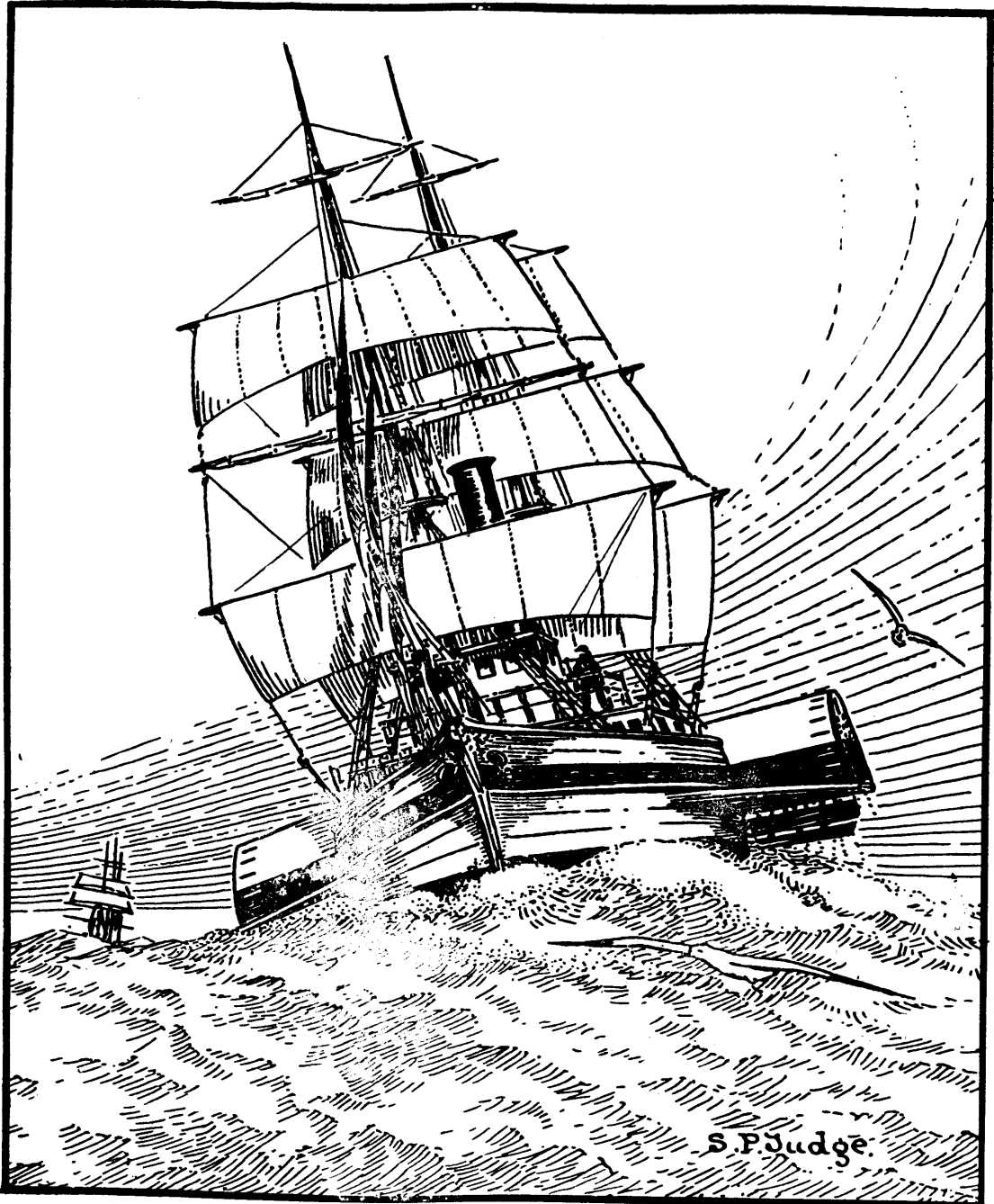
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

NOVEMBER, 1907

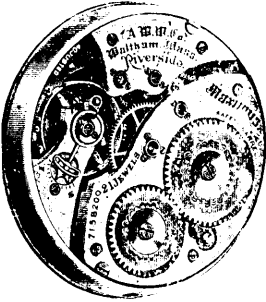
WESTWARD HO!



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

Watch Wisdom

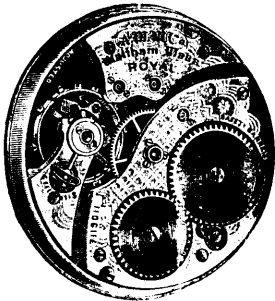
"Birks' watches are known by their works."



Riverside Maximus, 21
jewels, adjusted five
positions.

This is the highest grade
Waltham Watch manu-
factured.

In a silver case...\$58.25
In a 25-year gold
filled case 62.25
In a 14-kt. gold case 91.25



The "Royal" Waltham,
17 jewels.

A high grade medium-
priced movement. An
ideal business man's watch.

In a silver case.....\$20.00
In a 25-year gold
filled case 24.00
In a 14-kt. gold case 53.00



17 Jewel Nickle Waltham
An exceedingly satisfac-
tory movement, strong,
with fine time-keeping
qualities.

In a silver case...\$15.00
In a 25-year gold
filled case19.00
In a 14-kt. gold case 48.00

We carry the
Waltham,
Elgin and the
high grade Swiss
movements,
these makes
alone being a
guarantee
of quality, but
we make your
position as pur-
chaser yet
stronger
by being re-
sponsible for
every watch sold
by us,
that it should
give
entire
satisfaction
in every way.

Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

WATCHMAKERS.

Official Time Inspectors of the C. P. R.

GEORGE E. TROREY, Managing Director.

COR. HASTINGS AND GRANVILLE STREETS, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Westward Ho! Magazine

Table of Contents:—November, 1907

EDITORIAL	1
HOME ARTS AND CRAFTS.....J. Kyle, A.R.C.A. Illustrated.	4
MEN I HAVE MET—Rudyard Kipling.....W. Blakemore	7
THE CRUISE OF THE BEAVER.....J. Gordon Smith See Frontispiece.	9
A WOMAN'S IDEAS	11
Causerie.	
MEMOIRS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.....L. C. S. Hallam	13
Humorous Story.	
A GENTLEMAN	18
Essay.	
THE FISHING INDUSTRY AT STEVESTON.....Billee Glynn	20
Article.	
THE WAY OF THE IMMIGRANT.....Wilze Macdonald	22
Story.	
AT THE SHACK	25
About Men.	
RYDER'S FUNNY BUSINESS.....Arthur P. Woollacott	29
Story.	
MORNING—To Sybil	41
Poem.	
THE HEART OF A CHILD.....C. E. Sands	42
Story.	
A REVERIE	46
Poem.	
WHERE IRRIGATION IS KING.....Freeman Harding	47
Article.	
JOE'S CLOSEST SHAVE	63
Story.	
STAR OF EMPIRE	64
Poem.	

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Westward Ho! Publishing Company

536 HASTINGS ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

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

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE,
Editor-in-Chief.

PERCY F. GODENRATH,
Business Manager

Fraser Valley Fruit Lands.



Farmers get Big Prices on Westminster Market.

You can grow more fruit in the Fraser Valley of B. C. with less toil and expense than anywhere else on the Pacific slope. Plenty of rainfall, no irrigating, long seasons, mild winters, rich, productive soil that will grow apples, pears, plums, peaches, prunes and cherries in abundance, and is especially suited for strawberries, small fruits and vegetables. No trees to cut or stumps to clear. Only a few miles to Westminster market by good road or river steamboat. Good prices. Unlimited markets.

10-ACRE BLOCKS ALL CLEARED AND READY FOR
THE SETTLER.

PRICE \$1,200—Terms, one-quarter cash, balance 6, 12 and 18 months.

Write for Kerr's Real Estate Review.

W. J. KERR, Westminster, B. C.

(Reference, Canadian Bank of Commerce).

ANNOUNCEMENT.

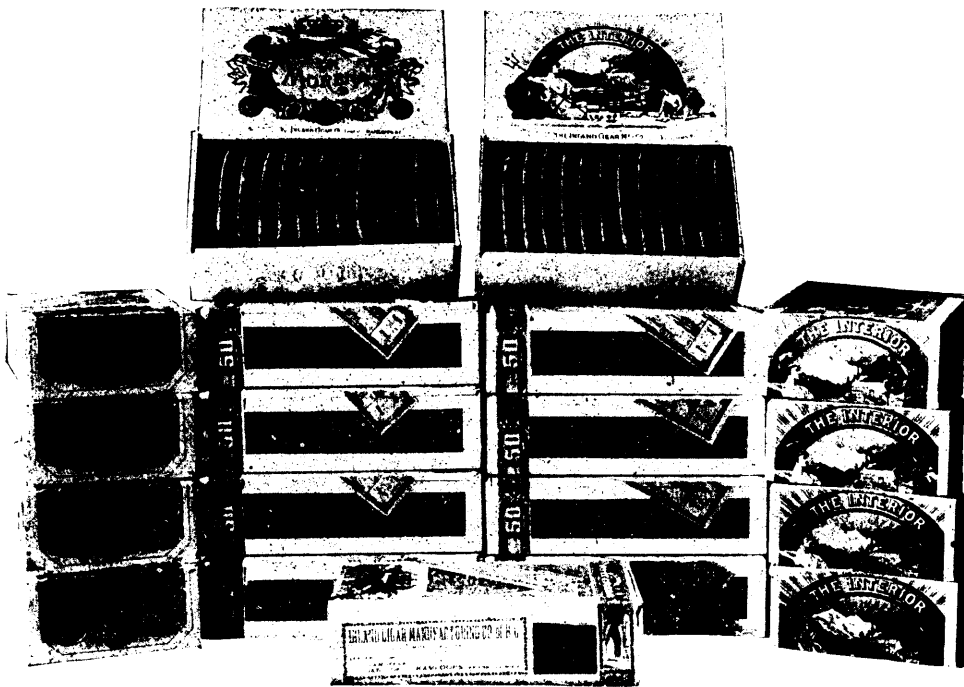
The Xmas number of Westward Ho! will be on sale on 26th November and will contain many special features of interest in addition to the usual departments. Chief among these will be a contribution from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, who, during his visit to the West, expressed his high appreciation of the magazine and promised something for an early issue, the Xmas number if possible. Captain Clive Phillips Wolley is writing a story specially for this number and a splendid illustrated Nature Study by Mr. Bonnycastle Dale is already in hand. Among other contributions is Mr. Freeman Harding, who has developed into one of the most popular writers of Western stories and is eagerly sought after by the standard magazines; Mrs. Annie C. Dalton has a seasonable story which will be illustrated; Miss Irene McColl with another of her humorous sketches; Mr. Billee Glynn, whose humorous stories have caught on in the West; Mr. L. McLeod Gould, Mr. J. Gordon Smith, and Miss Agnes Cumberland. Christmas poems by Blanche G. Holt Murison, George Franks and others. Dr. Elliot S. Rowe is preparing a lengthy article on the work and benefits of the Vancouver Association, and Mr. H. Hoadley has in hand an historical sketch of the "Terminal City," both of which will be beautifully illustrated by such well known artists as Mr. J. P. Judge and Mr. Hawkins. Mrs. Beanlands will also continue her illustrated Art Sketches on "Models I Have Known."

As this is the season of the year when everyone is beginning to ask themselves: "What shall I send for a Christmas present?" the management of Westward Ho! suggests that no more suitable gift could be made than a year's subscription to the only standard Western Magazine which tells the story of this great new world from month to month. By helping the magazine in this practical manner every subscriber is contributing something to the upbuilding of the West as well as helping to popularize a well written and well illustrated monthly. To every new subscriber sending in \$1 to the office before December 15th the Xmas number and a handsome souvenir will be sent gratis and a year's receipt for 1908.

ADVERTISING SECTION, WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Christmas Is Coming !

What Better for the Man Than A GOOD SMOKE ?



**Our Holiday Package of 10 Special 4 3-4
inch La Morena Cigars by Mail for \$1**

These cigars are hand made, clear Vuelta Havana filled, with the finest Connecticut binder and the very best Sumatra wrapper. A Cigar made in British Columbia for the most critical and fastidious devotee of 'My Lady Nicotine.'

The Inland Cigar Manufacturing Co.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.



RUDYARD KIPLING

Nov. 1907



**Asiatic
Exclusion.**

The Editor of Westward Ho! is in receipt of a communication from a valued subscriber complaining that our editorial in the October issue on Exclusion Leagues was political in its tone. This criticism is not strictly fair as a careful reading of the article and a consideration of the attendant circumstances will show. Possibly the objection of our subscriber is due to the fact that the only person named in the article is the member for Vancouver, but in all the editorials which have appeared in Westward Ho! dealing with this important subject, not only has the principle of Exclusion Leagues being condemned, but all who have associated themselves with the organized movement have been denounced. The Press of the Province has been a unit in declaring that this is not a political question, a conclusion with which Westward Ho! entirely agrees. If it had been otherwise the subject would not have been treated in these columns. In denouncing the men who promulgated the Vancouver Exclusion League, Westward Ho! was not unmindful of the fact, which has been overlooked by our critic, that among the men most prominent at the first meeting was the President of the Conservative Association. Indeed the whole movement in its inception was engineered by men of both political parties. What it may have developed into subsequently does not concern Westward Ho! If it is to be

argued that a magazine which avowedly eschews politics and exists for the sole purpose of promoting the general interests of the West may not criticize a movement of an avowedly non-political character because prominent politicians associate themselves with it, then there is an end of free and independent expression of opinion. But it is certain that no such contention will be made even by our critic, who is assuredly broad-minded enough to recognize that apart altogether from political considerations, Mr. McPherson's celebrated "Boston Tea-party" speech, specially singled him out for criticism. Westward Ho! recognizes that the subject of Oriental immigration is one of the most serious and perplexing problems which has ever confronted Canadians. It cannot be dealt with, nor should it be discussed with any reference to party-politics or party lines. Its judicious treatment and successful settlement will have a vital influence upon the future of British Columbia, although it should never be forgotten that this Province is fighting the battle for the whole of the West, and that if such a thing should happen as that it should be surcharged with a Mongolian population the overflow would quickly pass the Rockies to the Prairies. There is unanimity of opinion in favour of keeping Canada "a white man's country." Since the advent of Mr. Kipling to the West and his splendid utterances on the destiny of our race and the future of

Canada it is more than ever recognized that practical steps should be taken to bring in men of the right colour, and so leave no opening for the undesirables. This is the true solution of the problem and one which has been insisted on by Westward Ho! ever since the difficulty became acute. In urging this solution and in working for its realization, there can, among honest men, be no question of politics or of party; it is purely a question of patriotism, which is the monopoly of no party.

In the Dry Belt. In the columns of this issue of Westward Ho! will be found an exhaustive article on the subject of irrigation in the Dry Belt. It should be read and studied because the conditions prevailing near Kamloops are duplicated throughout the Dry Belt, and what can be done there can be done elsewhere, with the same results. There is a large section of the West which without water produces little and produces it fitfully, but once the fertilizing stream has been applied, it is no exaggeration to say that "the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose." Up to date systematic irrigation works have only been carried out on a very limited scale. The most extensive are in Southern Alberta between Lethbridge and the International boundary; here the Alberta Land Company and the Mormons conjointly have provided irrigation for a large territory. Before-time the produce of this district was inconsiderable and was consumed locally, today, there are tens of thousands of acres under cultivation for mixed farming. Wheat and oat shipments for export are large and a beet sugar industry, finding occupation for hundreds of workmen, has been successfully established. It is doubtful if in any part of Canada there is a more prosperous settlement than in Southern Alberta. But this is hardly to be considered a dry country, and it is nearer to Calgary, and again in the Okanagan that the best results from irrigation have been obtained. It may be stated broadly that fruit culture, which is attaining such important dimensions in the West, depends upon an

artificial water supply. A visit to the Okanagan is the best demonstration of this fact. There we have dryness in the extreme. There are points where the average rainfall does not exceed five inches, and where from June till October everything is brown unless it is watered. Peachland has attained wide notoriety, and today is the home of hundreds of people who are comfortably housed and are making a good livelihood from their orchards. A few years ago it was but an arid hillside. Kelowna, a little further up the lake, would be just as dry but for the splendid water supply provided by Mission Creek, which has been utilized for many years and has made Kelowna the emporium of the Okanagan fruit market. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely, but unfortunately only on a small scale, and the success which has attended scientific irrigation should lead Western Governments to adopt some policy which would insure its extension. After all the greatest asset of any country is its cultivable land, and any project which brings more land under cultivation is valuable contributor to the general prosperity of a country.

East and West.

When the Editor of the Montreal Herald was at the Coast a few months ago he gave utterance to a dictum which contained a striking truth when he said that the most important work before the West was to convert the East. It is true that he had special reference to the Oriental immigration question, but it is equally true that the statement applies to many other subjects. For instance, the East needs a great deal of education on the resources of the West. It has not yet found out what is widely recognized by astute American capitalists that at the moment the Canadian West furnishes the best field for investment. A recognition of this fact would divert some of the millions which Montreal has placed in Cuba, Mexico and South America to Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. A larger investment of Eastern Capital in the West would beget more sympathy with Western busi-

ness and a more generous treatment of Western business men. The conversion of the East would also mean that the politicians who make laws for the whole of the Dominion would pay more regard to the legislative requirements of the Western Provinces, and would not be so apt to brush aside their requests with that air of supercilious indifference which is so tantalizing to people who know what they want and try to secure it in a constitutional manner. As a matter of fact, Western Canada is the only portion of the Dominion which shows any substantial increase in population. It is the granaries of the West which first stimulated that commercial expansion which has raised Canada to a position of importance in the industrial and commercial world, and yet the cry of the East is ever that of the horse-leech "give, give." The West will come to its own, and it will not be long first; when that time comes it matters not which political party may be in power at Ottawa, the West will be heard from, and the whole trend of Canadian policy will be determined by the men who come from the new Provinces, and the Province on the shores of the Pacific. The change will make for more enlightened legislation, for a quicker recognition of popular needs, for a higher standard of public life, for greater loyalty to the flag, and for broader views on national and Imperial questions. There will be less parochialism, and less provincialism. Public matters will be viewed from a national standpoint. Out here men have no respect, and little toleration for narrow views and picayune propositions. It will do the men of the East no harm to imbibe a breath of the freer and more bracing air of the West; they might even now begin to adjust their perspective with a view to its requirements. To do this they may with advantage see more of the West and read more of the West, and then by degrees they may learn that Montreal and Toronto are not all of Canada, and that this Dominion does not begin and end in Ontario and Quebec.

One of the most notable achievements of engineering science and skill is illustrated by the record of four days and twenty-two hours established by the *Lusitania* on the Atlantic. A careful computation shows that if the trip had been made from Queenstown to Halifax instead of to New York the time would have been well within three days, a suggestion so startling as to merit the most serious consideration. This cutting down of steamship records is a matter fraught with the greatest significance. It illustrates the insistent demand of the age for the shortest and quickest sea route, and the time will yet come, probably within ten years, when during the favourable season, which may be said to extend from May to October, it will be possible to travel from Queenstown to a point on the southeast coast of Labrador in two and a half days, thence to Montreal in a day and a half, and thence to Vancouver in three days, making exactly one week from Ireland to the Pacific Coast. There is nothing fantastic in this computation. The time of the water voyage has already been determined by the *Lusitania*. In making the record, that vessel steamed an average of about twenty-four knots. The *Mauretania*, which has yet to make her maiden voyage, is supposed to be two knots faster, and within the last few days we hear of an electrically driven turbine vessel equal to thirty knots. He would be a bold man who would declare that the limit of speed has yet been reached in steamship travel. A four days' journey across Canada from coast to coast will present no difficulties in the near future, double tracking is the only obstacle at the moment, and this is being rapidly accomplished by all the great transcontinental lines. The route from the southeast coast of Labrador to a point a little south of Hudson's Bay and thence in an almost direct line westerly to the mouth of the Skeena, would furnish a much shorter route than any of the lines to the South; all of which brings within the range of probability a seven days' communication with

25 '6

Europe. What this will do for the development of Canada can hardly be conceived, but what would be effected for our trade with the Orient when the Pa-

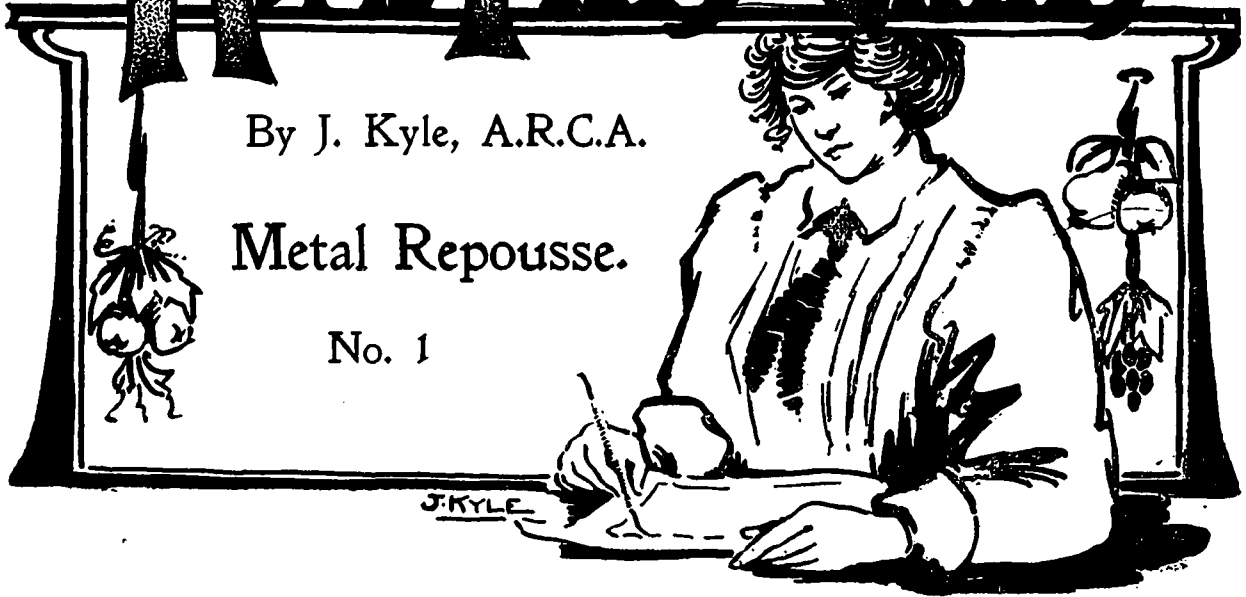
cific Coast is by a similar steamship service brought within a week of Japan, must be left to the imagination. That, too, is more than a possibility.

HOME ARTS & CRAFTS

By J. Kyle, A.R.C.A.

Metal Repousse.

No. 1



By Hammer and Hand
All things doe stand.
—Old Legend.

THE art of metal working was well developed many ages ago; books dealing with the subject date back as far as the 12th century, and examples of the work, as might be expected, are very much older.

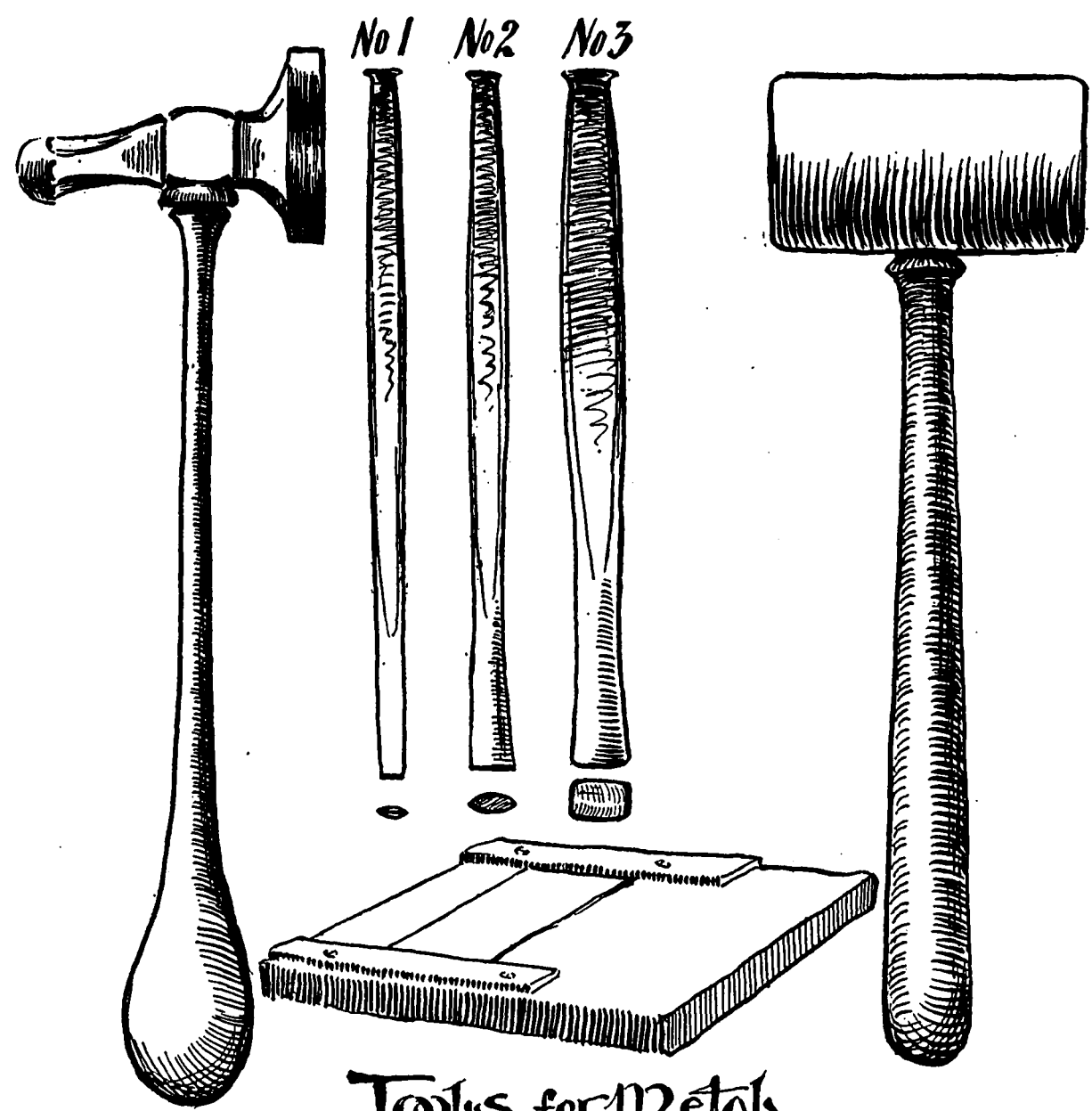
"The technique can be learnt in thirty seconds, but it takes years to become a good craftsman," says Nelson Dawson, one of the foremost metal workers, and this is so. The beginning is simple, but the possibilities and scope for development are immense.

The metal may be worked on lead, wood, or pitch, but where one has no regular workroom the metal should be pounced on soft wood. It will yield to the hammer and is both convenient and clean.

Objects such as finger plates for doors, name plates, photo frames, panels for cabinets and overmantels are all suitable for home work; but the larger class of goods as grate fixtures, fenders, coal boxes, lamps, sconces, etc., all make it necessary for the craftsman to have a workroom where a vice would be at hand, and where pitch could be handled without fear of damaging the surroundings.

It will be more in keeping with this series of articles if I treat of the former class of work, and one of the simplest and best subjects to undertake is a door plate, or finger plate.

Tools required for a beginner are shown in sketch, a pair of shears, a round file, and a flat file may be added.



Tools for Metal
 □ Repousse □

Copper of from 22 to 26 guage; price about 50c lb. would be suitable material. Trace the design on the copper with the aid of carbon paper, then place the metal flat on a board, as in sketch, and screw it firmly down with straps of wood. With punch No. 1 and hammer retrace the line, holding the punch a little off the perpendicular so that when the hammer descends the punch will travel along the line.

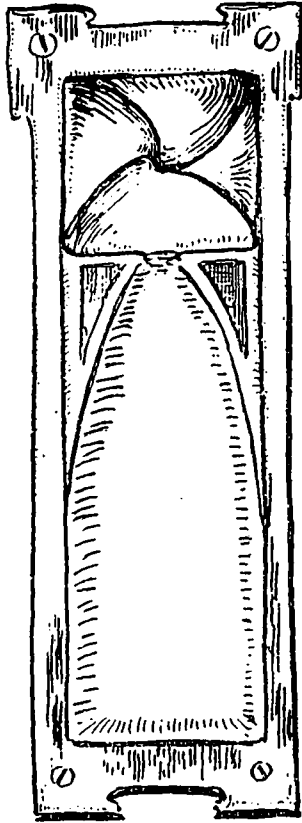
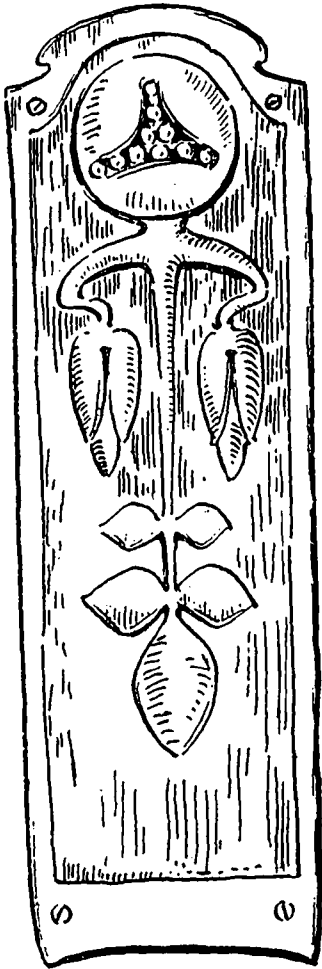
Go all round the design, lining it as neatly and regularly as possible; this requires considerable practice and it is just as well to make a few trials. Many a piece of work is spoiled through the preliminary tracing being rough and uncertain.

As the pattern gets lined you will observe the space between the lines rising, and bosses appear; these bosses are the effective parts of the design and should be taken care of.

Should it be necessary to raise any of the parts still further, turn the copper face down on a heap of sand or on to a bag filled with sand, and pounce it from behind with a wood punch and mallet until the required height is obtained. Much good decoration may be made by this means, without tracing the line at all; the edges of the ornament are softer than when lined with a tool.

Cut out the shape of the door plate with the shears, and then finish off with a file.

760



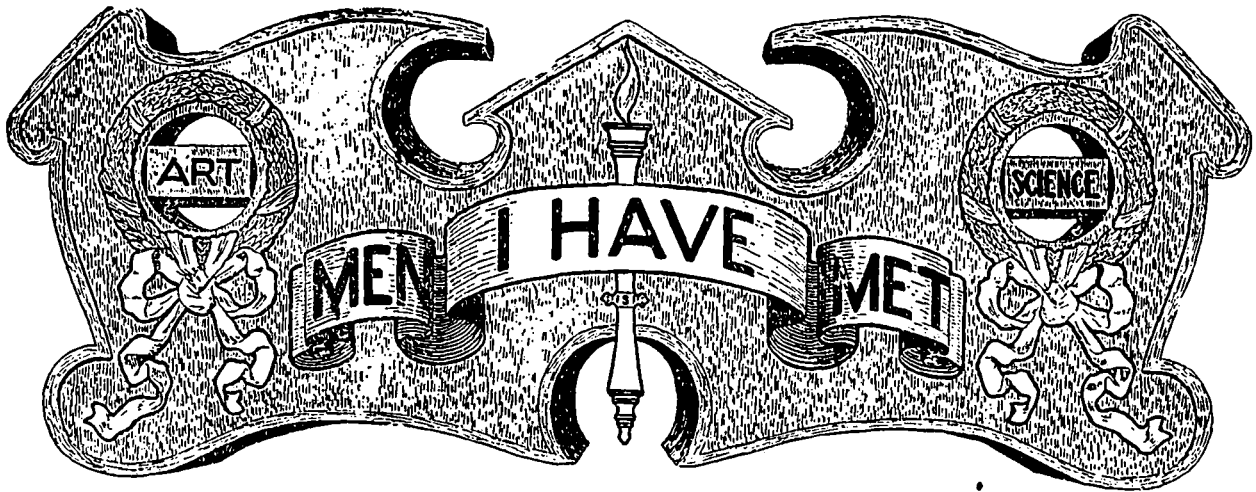
DESIGNS
FOR
DOOR
PLATES

The holes for the screws may be punched out by placing the copper on a block of lead.

After the plate is trimmed up a few finishing blows with the mallet and wood punch will straighten up and finish off the work.

Clean with monkey brand soap or some such cleaner, and if an antique appearance is desired, coat with vinegar and salt, or heat over a flame until an iridescent effect appears.





RUDYARD KIPLING.

By William Blakemore.

IT is hard on thirty years since I first saw Rudyard Kipling, then a diminutive bullet-headed, mischievous school boy at Westward-Ho. I had gone in company with his uncle, the Rev. Fred. Macdonald to pay him one of those formal visits so dear to the heart of the school boy, and which invariably resulted in the transfer of sundry articles which quickly raised him in the estimation of his fellows. From that moment until this I have never lost sight of him for long, and whether in the Bazaars of India, on the American prairies, in his Vermont home, on the African Veldt, or in his later retreat at Rottingdean, I have followed with the closest interest his literary work.

Kipling enjoys in common with all truly great men the distinction of having scored off his own hat. He has owed nothing to the accident of birth, to influence, or to wealth, except that he inherited the splendid patrimony of a clear brain, and a healthy body. From his father's side he derives artistic perception and tendency; from his mother, high intelligence, imagination, ideality, and a profound spiritual impulse. This latter is the keynote to the enthusiasm and zeal of Kipling for humanity and Imperialism.

The Macdonalds, to whom his mother belonged, were a highly cultured family,

recognized among all who knew them for their attainments and sweetness of disposition. The Rev. George Brown Macdonald, Kipling's paternal grandfather, was an eminent, minister of the Methodist Church, who in the sixties was recognized as one of its most eloquent divines and a certain nominee for the Presidential chair. This honour fell upon his son, the Rev. Frederick Macdonald in the nineties, and he has been for many years, and still is, in the very foremost ranks of that great Church.

Kipling's association with his uncle has been of the closest and the most friendly character, far more so than mere relationship would warrant. At an early age the younger man conceived an ardent affection for the elder under the influence of a most lovable personality and a brilliant and versatile intellect. Some years ago, I think about fifteen, they were companions upon a tour through the States. Only those who are acquainted with the Rev. Frederick Macdonald can trace his personal influence in the life and work of Kipling, and can realize how potent it has been.

Few people thought when Kipling was writing his earlier Indian tales that he was a man of deep religious character. The world, ignorant of his parentage, and early environment, dubbed him "Bohemian" and thought he was little

more than a smart gazeteer. But even in those earliest productions of his facile pen, there is the sound of a deeper note, and the recognition of a more serious purpose.

As time went on this tendency developed, the note became more iterant until it assumed the dimensions of a "leit-motif" finding its antiphonal expression in "Recessional" which marks the culmination of high impulse and profound conception in his work.

Nothing is more remarkable than the development of Kipling, first a brilliant journalist burning under the wrongs inflicted upon patient slaves in the Indian Civil Service. Depicting their condition in such vivid and even lurid colours, as to cause the suppression of one of his earliest and most brilliant pamphlets, "The City of Dreadful Night." In this remarkable work it is hard to say whether one most admires the cleverness and thoroughness with which he exposes the weakness of the administration or the magnificent pictures which he paints of life in Calcutta in the eighties. His descriptions are as forcible and illuminating as they are unique, and leave nothing to be desired in the matter of vivid portrayal. One can feel and almost hear the palpitating heart of the mighty city as it beats with all its flood tide of passion, of intrigue and of vice. I have always had doubts as to whether the Lord Chamberlain interdicted the book because of its attack upon the administration, or because its Oriental pictures were too broadly drawn to suit Occidental tastes. The doubt has never been resolved, for on re-reading the book, three years ago, when the ban was removed, my first conviction was deepened that the reason was quite as likely to be the latter as the former.

I spoke of the development of Kipling, and he has developed immensely along two lines. He has drunk of the cup of sorrow, and is more human. The loss of his little daughter seven years ago completely prostrated him, and for a time threatened something even worse. The sorrow drove him to seclusion; he literally immured himself within his Sussex home and built high walls to

keep the world outside. When that did not suffice, he abandoned it, and went to a more remote district, still determined to have no contact with his fellows. But, it was here that the Imperial idea which long before had germinated began to grow. The South African war aroused him from his lethargy. Once more he took up the burden of life, and emerging from seclusion, not only sent his winged messages throughout the Empire, preaching a crusade of loyalty and devotion, but went out himself and, by his presence and influence, effected what no other man could have done in awakening his race to a realization of their duty and responsibility. It was during this crisis that Kipling sealed his reputation as a great Imperialist. His messages to Greater Britain beyond the seas awoke a responsive chord and to him more than to any man is due the fact that today the Imperial idea possesses the mind of every loyal British subject throughout the Dominions over which King Edward reigns.

This is why Kipling's public services rank possibly higher than his contributions to literature, and to say this is not to depreciate the latter, but by so much the greater as is the man whose life's work is rounded up by concentration of purpose and that purpose a noble one, by so much is Kipling the High Priest of Imperialism greater than Kipling the man of Letters.

This is the assured position which Kipling holds today in the estimation of all British peoples, and this is why his recent visit to Canada is fraught with so much importance. There has been no discordant note and no division of opinion. He has been received everywhere as one of the most distinguished leaders of thought.

He has been eagerly sought after, every word that fell from his lips has been accorded breathless attention, and it is not too much to say that in this time of her young growth, and face to face with many perplexing problems, Canada has turned to him, as to a prophet, for words of wisdom. Canada has not been disappointed; Kipling has shown himself to be above all a lover of

humanity, and a loyal Imperialist. On the two greatest questions upon which his counsel was sought, he has spoken with conviction and illumination; he has raised the Canadian conception of duty and responsibility by pointing to the inherent qualities of heart and mind which have given the Anglo-Saxon race its supremacy, and he has shown how building upon this sure foundation there can be no question of competition for dominancy in the new world. "Bring in people of your own race; let them possess the land, and your immigration problem is solved."

This fundamental belief has furnished him with a theme, the most elevating and inspiring. He has reminded six millions of eager listeners that nationhood is the goal of civilised peoples, and with

the true prophetic instinct, has pointed out that the time has arrived for Canada, not only to cherish the ambitions, but to assume the responsibilities of a nation.

Kipling is not a man of many words, he excels in conciseness and lucidity, his utterances are on that account not the less, but the more pregnant. We may not realize today, and possibly not tomorrow the full significance of his message, but as surely as his Imperial crusade has won its way, to the uttermost parts of the Empire and has rallied all our peoples to one flag, so will future generations born in this Dominion recognize that the conception of nationhood in a popular sense dates from the time when Kipling appealed to the loftiest instincts of our people.

The Cruise of the Beaver.

By J. Gordon Smith.

THE Steamer Beaver which was wrecked at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, was the first of the world's steamers to enter the waters of the Pacific ocean, where she plied, pioneer of a mighty fleet, for more than a quarter of a century. Launched on the Thames in 1853, she attracted as much attention in her day as the Lusitania does now. King William of England and a concourse of 150,000 people watched the launching of the old side-wheeler which was hardly larger than the average harbor tug of the day. Steam navigation was in its infancy; the unknown Pacific whither the Beaver was bound was a place of mystery where ruled those old-time captains of finance, the Gentlemen Adventurers to the Hudson's Bay.

In 1835, on August 27th, the Beaver left the Thames amid the cheering of a great throng and sailed to sea. Her machinery had been placed in position, but the side-wheels were not attached, and the Beaver proceeded under canvas. Mr. Harry Glide, a Victoria pioneer, has in his possession the log of the steamer's voyage to this coast, lasting 163 days.

The officers of the steamer were: Capt. D. Home; Chief Officer, W. C. Hamilton, Second Officer, Chas. Dodd; Chief Engineer, Peter Arthur; Second Engineer, John Donald; Carpenter, Henry Barrett; and Seamen, William Wilson, George Gordon, William Phillips, James Dick, George Holland, James McIntyre, and William Burns.

The bark Columbia left Gravesend in company with the Beaver as a convoy.

264

but the Beaver outsailed the convoying vessel. She was obliged many times to wait for the bark. It was to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia that the Beaver came, arriving there on April 10th, 1836.

As the Beaver's log has it: "Found lying there the Honourable H. B. Schooner Cadborah." The log goes on to tell of how the vessel was fitted up as a steamer, and of mounting a "nine-pound long gun" taken from the Columbia. On May 23rd a trial trip was held in the Columbia which proved satisfactory and after "the engineers had painted the engines and crew whitewashed the funnel" the steamer proceeded northward along the British Columbia coast in June. She proceeded by way of what is now known as the outside course, keeping to the open ocean rather than going by the waterway now used by northern steamers between Vancouver Island and the mainland. Her fuel was insufficient for the voyage, but unlike the modern steamer the Beaver did not lie helplessly derelict awaiting a tug as a result. "Finding we had not enough fuel to carry us to Milbank fort, stopped the steam and made sail to the topsail, and unshipped five paddle blades on each side to avoid holding so much water, afterwards shipped the paddle blades, made steam, and entered Milbank sound, anchoring in 10 fathoms." So the log describes what the Beaver's officers did when fuel ran short.

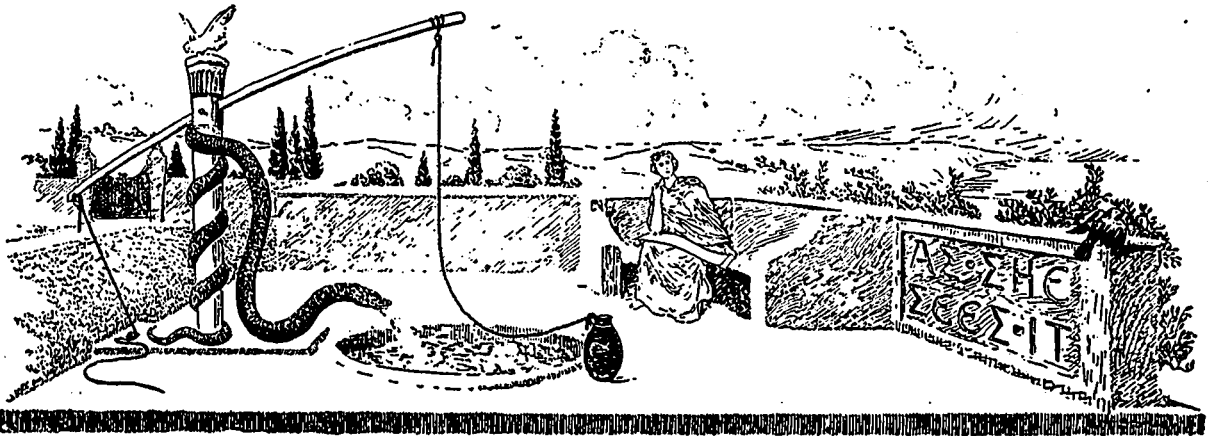
Port Simpson was reached on June

30th, and from the main northern fort of the Hudson's Bay Company the Beaver proceeded to the then Russian territory in the north, where she anchored at Tongas on July 14th, after saluting the Russian Fur Company's brig Chitsekoff.

Returning from this trip the Beaver entered service without delay, collecting furs and carrying goods between the H. B. posts. She was the first steamer seized by the U. S. officials. In 1851 she was seized for an alleged infraction of the regulations and sent to Olympia, where Capt. Steward, then in charge, put the marshal ashore, and steamed away to Camosun, as Victoria was then known.

In 1860 the Beaver was overhauled and fitted with state-rooms, and placed in service between Victoria and New Westminster. Then, a few years later, she became the first of the Pacific survey vessels, being chartered by the Imperial Hydrographers. In 1874 she was converted into a tugboat, the late Capt. Rudlin, one of the owners, being master. Capt. J. D. Warren took her in 1877, and in 1880 she took fire, her upper works being damaged. Three years later she struck a rock at the entrance to Burrard Inlet and went down. She was raised and continued her work until 1888, when she again struck at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, and was totally lost.





A Woman's Ideas.

By La Verite.

ONE of the best dressed women of the London stage has spoken in defence of the actress, saying that many accusations made by outsiders as to the manner in which actresses live are all wrong, and that in her opinion the actress is the best creature alive.

"Many people have a mistaken idea about actresses," says this lady. "In fact they know nothing about the manner in which actresses live, but their ignorance does not prevent them from delivering fine lectures.

"It's part of our business to look as well as we can and stay as healthy as possible. Somehow people seem to think that stage women are all cosmetics and nighthawks. The truth of the matter is that most stage women get all the night rest their work will allow, and they take more exercise and use more artificial beautifiers than a great many women off the stage. One reason the stage woman is attractive is because she knows the art of dressing. It is not the dress or quality of a dress that makes the attractive woman, but the art of wearing it correctly.

* * *

She was a big blonde, and her rich broadcloth and lace opera coat hung from her shoulders in luxurious care-

lessness as she entered the box at the theatre and took her seat.

As the elegant garment fell from her, there was disclosed a fortune in diamonds and pearls. They gleamed in her ears and hair, and at her throat, while a river of gems fell from her neck almost to her knees. Her fingers were covered with diamonds and other precious stones; in fact she outshone every other woman in the audience or all of them put together for that matter. From the conversation of two girls who sat in front I learned that before she became the wife of the rich man who had bought all these precious stones for her, this woman worked in a store. That's no disgrace, to be sure; I merely mention it because I heard the girls talking to each other about her gown and handsome jewels.

"Oh! if I only had just one of those diamonds," one of the girls said, "how perfectly happy it would make me! Just one of the smallest. She would never miss it and it would make me happy for the rest of my natural life—I'm just dying for a diamond ring."

"Me, too," answered her companion. "I would be perfectly satisfied if I had just one teeny, weeny diamond in a ring, and here she has bushels of them."

But I, sitting behind them, listening

07/6/6

to their conversation, made up my mind that I was perfectly satisfied without the diamond for many reasons. After hearing of the troubles and worries that beset the women who own diamonds and real laces and other expensive things. I was quite satisfied to have my money come to me every Saturday afternoon and to have it all gone by the end of the week again without investing any of it in diamonds.

For I have known women who have lain awake at night worrying about the safety of their jewels, precious laces and valuable furs. Young girls who think that diamonds would make them perfectly happy should think of something else. The possession of riches does not always bring with it the happiness that one imagines. Learn to say with the philosopher: "Blessed be nothing."

* * *

The following are some epigrams on women—by a woman.

"A thrifty woman will make her home attractive though it may be a hut in the wilderness.

"Women sometimes lose sight of great things by their attention to insignificant details.

"Woman's honesty is proverbial. The exceptions are few and far between.

"Women are supposed to hide behind a smiling face all the sorrows of an aching heart. Many succeed in practising the deception.

"The woman who betrays the anguish of her soul to the world forfeits her claim to the sympathy of her sincere friends.

"If women would only realise that few are interested in their woes or their ambitions, they would not so often become bores and nuisances.

"Women rarely under-estimate their own worth. Proper dignity and self-

respect command the admiration so much desired by all women.

Egotism in a man is trying; in a woman it is insufferable.

"The woman who claims the credit of her husband's success has probably contributed very little toward it.

"There is no time in the life of man when he can do without a woman. In infancy and old age he is dependent upon her tenderness and care; in middle life she is his helpmate and inspiration.

"The most laudable ambition in a woman is to keep pace with her husband in his achievements and hold his love by her tenderness and devotion."

* * *

Women who go to the artists to learn how to dress know that simplicity, not magnificence, is the true ideal. Study famous portraits of women, either those of old masters or those of modern painters, and it becomes evident that effects are produced not by elaborate fashions, but by long graceful lines, single tones of colour or one colour just merging into another, unity of design and simplicity, always simplicity.

Simplicity does not mean inexpensive-ness, as those who love it know to their cost. A gown that has not much trimming must be of rich material else it will look poor. A gown that is cut simply must be cut by a master of the art, since there are no fripperies to cover up defects. The favourite dress of the Empress Josephine, one of the most extravagant women in all history, was one of white muslin or gauze, with a cashmere shawl wound about her shoulders. But she never wore one of these dresses more than once, and the gauze would be embroidered with gold flecked with silver, covered with rare lace—with an effect of simplicity such as only an artist can give but at considerable cost.

Memoirs of An Aristocrat.

By L. C. S. Hallam.

No. 1.—The Affair at the Cafe San Crose.

I HAVE heard it said by the Americans that to us Italians revenge is sweeter than molasses. That may be as it may. I won't try to deny it, as I've never fed off molasses; but I will own that to most of us the instinct to avenge is part of our nature, and at times the "vendetta" becomes a sacred duty.

I will now try to relate how it was that I, Antonio Guiseppe, Duc D'Aven-court, alone and single-handed, humbled the pride of four Inglesi sailormen, and in particular avenged myself on the big Milord Paddio Boylo, thus glorifying Italy and adding one more link to that chain of exploits which will make my name immortal and cause it to be handed down to posterity as the Charlemagne of the nineteenth century.

It was in the summer of '38 and I was in Naples, enjoying to the full the cool Mediterranean breezes and drinking sweet draughts of wine and enjoyment all day long; what with women, driving, riding, boating and fishing, roulette and theatres, time flew, ah! I was young then, with a moderate fortune and the tastes of a connoisseur, and besides I was expert at every manly sport, from fencing to spinning the top; added to all this I had a refined taste for adventure and little affairs of honour.

But I am digressing; to my tale. One night I dropped in at the Cafe San Croce down by the harbour for a little refreshment, and a cigarette, and as usual, keeping one eye open for adventure and the other for pretty women. I hadn't been seated long when in came a party of four Inglesi sailormen, who sat down at the next table to mine. Three of them were

of ordinary stature, but the fourth was a giant, with great width of shoulders and depth of chest, and a fierce look in his eyes, which gave him more the appearance of a grizzly bear masquerading in sailor's costume than a man.

Perhaps it is my inherent love of adventure which robs me of all discretion and caution, or maybe it is my oversensitive nature, which is too quick, at times, to anticipate an insult; be that as it may, on this occasion I couldn't help looking at my neighbours and letting a slight scowl pervade my well-marked and decidedly striking features, for their boorish noise and sottish laughter was most discomposing to a cultured brain like mine. By and by one of them perceived my annoyed looks, but instead of subduing his tone, the pig deliberately pointed at me and burst into a loud guffaw!! I went on composedly smoking and sipping my wine, affecting to take no notice, but all the while my alert brain was sniffing adventure in the air. As the time went by, my bold companions grew noisier and noisier, keeping the waiter busier in proportion, till at last a violent quarrel broke out amongst them, about what I couldn't exactly tell, as they were all talking and gesticulating at the same time, but I shrewdly guessed that it must be about a woman, as the only coherent words I could catch were "twenty-four" "forty-five, I tell you," as if they were quarrelling about the age of one of our Neapolitan beauties. Ah! those Inglesi have their little "affaires d'amour" as well as us more passionate Italians.

At last one of them got up and approached me, at the same time pointing to his coat! and gesticulating violently! whilst the other three sat back in their chairs laughing in the grossest manner, one of them finally collapsing on to the floor, where he lay shaking and quivering, as if with the ague. I sat where I was, coolly puffing away at my cigarette, my brain working as if it had been packed in ice, for the nearer the danger, the more composed I get. Touching his cap, the sailorman mumbled something about—buttons!!! and ran his hand down his coat as if counting them; at the same time saying, "Forty-five, all told."

For the moment I was non-plussed, but being naturally quick to grasp a situation, and, moreover, being a splendid mathematician, I rapidly counted the buttons on his coat, and there were six of them, big brass buttons, each as big as a ten piastre piece. In a calm, even voice I told him that there were only six, whereupon he yelled "Liar!!!"

Me!! the Duc D'Avencourt, with the best blood of Italy coursing through my veins, to be called a liar!! *Corpo di cristo!!* He'd repent before he was a day older! I commanded him to make an instant apology, at the same time giving him my card and informing him that I was the Duc D'Avencourt, also giving him my full titles and the military orders and decorations I held at that time, which are far too numerous to mention here, and what do you think the swine said in reply; he said he didn't care a d—n if I was fifty million drakes. I was a liar all the same!! There were forty-five buttons on his coat, he maintained; he had counted them over ten times, and we were all liars, every one of us!!

At this point my temper got the better of me and casting prudence to the winds, I jumped up to avenge these insults on the spot, for the blood of my ancestors literally sizzled within me!! Seeing me at last fully aroused, the big pig drew back, but too late! for straight in his right eye, with unerring aim, I spat!!! With the roar of a bull when it charges the Matador, he was on me. Biff!! Bang!! Bung!! And down I went, my head illuminated with twinkling stars

and a tiny moon. The beast had taken me off my guard and defenceless, or else it would have been different; at the same time I felt a thud and the pig fell on top of me, moaning and roaring by turns, for there had been tobacco in that spit of mine!

What a dignified position for a nobleman of Italy!! but I loved adventure, valour and I were born together and danger rocked our cradle! Even at this moment my senses kept cool, though the breath was being slowly squeezed out of me by this huge beast who lay on top of me as if I was a bed. Ah! brilliant idea! Feeling in my pocket with my one free hand, I pulled out my penknife. Opening it with difficulty, I lunged upwards with all the force of despair, at his leg; that moved him, for he gave a roar and a mighty kick which knocked the table over and sent the glasses flying, but that kick dislodged him from off me and I arose, a free man once more; and now for revenge! But it would have to be kept quiet, for it would never do to let everyone know that the Duc D'Avencourt had fought a dual over—buttons!

It was now nearly morning and the first rays of daylight were beginning to pierce the darkness outside; to think that before the sun had risen high I would have had this pig's blood! Allowing the swine to sleep for an hour or so longer, I went out to find my seconds, the two who usually acted for me, the Conte Carari and Captain Di Mancini. They grumbled somewhat at being woke up at such an early hour, but after I had told them the facts, they, in a few words of warm admiration, expressed their praise for my conduct. Bringing a couple of good rapiers with us (for, as I was the insulted party, to me lay the choice of weapons) we set out for the cafe, on our way telling a surgeon to be at the rendezvous in an hour's time. (We had fixed on a little unfrequented plot of ground, to the left of the hill behind the Casa Ghirlande). When we arrived back at the cafe my adversaries were snoring away, like so many swine; the big pig looked the happiest of the four, for he had a sottish smile on his

269

baby-looking face which gave it the appearance of imbecility. The Conte, in a few brief words, commanded him to arise and make the only reparation possible for the insults of an hour ago, at the same time telling him that I had chosen rapiers as the weapons, and also informing him of the rendezvous; the huge pig arose, stretched himself and yawned, then taking one of the rapiers in his paw, he fingered it for a minute and asked the Conte if it was a new style in hatpins ! ! ! because if so he would like to send it home to his mother ! How much did he want for it ? Imagine the Conte's feeling, but his temper remained unruffled and in a calm voice he told the pig that everything was settled and it only remained for him to chose his seconds, no doubt his comrades would be pleased to act him him. Well, the only answer he could get to this was : "Go to the devil, and let me sleep, or I will kick you all three into the middle of next week ! ! !"

That was too much, so I resolved to take the matter into my own hands. Accordingly I advanced rapidly, took off one of my gloves, and struck him violently in the face with it several times. Surely that would make him get up, I thought, but all he said was :

"Damn those flies ! ! !"

Was ever a situation so exasperating ? Was there ever such a coward ? At last the Conte suggested that we throw water over them as a last resource. That would surely rouse them into action, and if they so desired we would clear the chairs and tables and satisfy honour right on the spot. Giving the waiters a ten piastre piece each, I told them to fetch four buckets of water and pour them over the sleeping swine ; they took the money, brought the water, but absolutely refused to pour it on them, so, telling the chicken-hearted hounds to go, we each of us caught up a bucket, chose our man and let fly the water simultaneously, at the same time giving vent to our pent-up feelings with a wild "Vivat Italie" that made the safe ring—and then ! ! ! How can I describe it ? With the combined roar of fifty mad bulls, they were up and after us. Of course we had to

retreat ; it was the only right thing to do under the circumstances, for it would never have done to have killed the swine in cold blood and with no arms to defend themselves.

Back through the door leading to the kitchen we went with those hounds of hell bellowing behind us. On, on, through the kitchen, past the terrified waiters and out into the yard beyond, where, seeing an open door, we plunged in, and slammed it to in the face of the big beast who was leading the others by a yard or so ; but we had, what the Inglesi call, "fallen out of the frying pan into the fire," for in our zeal to prevent shedding defenseless blood, we had retreated into the henhouse and upset the peaceful solemnity of two or three hundred hens. Per baccha ! was there ever such a situation ? three nobles of Italy imprisoned in a henhouse at 5 o'clock in the morning ! If this affair leaked out, we would have to leave Naples and possibly Italy for ever, for we would be a laughing stock to everybody. However, we hadn't much time for soliloquizing for what with the screeching of hens, old and young, the flapping of wings and the blinding maelstrom of feathers and dust, we had to cover our faces and huddle up into a corner, and outside we could hear the laughing and jeering of our adversaries. Poor, deluded fools ! wait till we get them on that nice little green patch near the Casa Ghirlande, then we would make them laugh the other way !

After the noise had subsided a little, we carefully reconnoitred the place, but there was only one small skylight on the roof, too small for a man to get out, and a small opening at the foot of the door, just big enough for the hens to come in and out. Seeing no other way of holding communication outside, I, at last, but with great reluctance, requested the Conte to kneel down and parley with the swine outside, who were laughing and jesting amongst themselves in the most boisterous manner. The Conte, with noble fortitude knelt down, and poking his head through the small opening, called in a firm and strong voice for my adversary's seconds. After a lot

of whispering and some smothered laughter, the Captain and I heard them discussing the preliminaries, though the Conte seemed to be disagreeing strongly on some point. I waited anxiously, fondly fingering my rapier and itching to be at the big Pig. Bah! I would run him through in the first five thrusts, or should I play with him like a cat does with a mouse? and finally spit him! Pah! why should I waste so much time thinking of the fat pig. At last the preliminaries were arranged and the Conte withdrew from his menial position, stood up, and approached us, but Santissima Madonna!!! what a sight!! his face livid, the veins standing out on his forehead like knotted cords, his fists tightly clenched and his breath coming in gasps.

"What is it?" I cried. "Quick, out with it, man," seeing him unable to speak. At last he jerked out:

"The murderer! !—he wants to fight you in here to the death! ! !—with no seconds present—you can have a rapier, and he is going to fight with his native weapon, which is a—mopstick! ! ! to be the same length as the rapier. He says his name is the Milord Paddio Boylo, Marquis of Bally Crankie, Knight Commander of the Order of the Donegal Cow, and keeper of the privy Beer key. He further adds that unless you comply with the foregoing, he will keep us all locked in here till we do comply! !"

Whoever heard of such a duel, inside a henhouse, and the arms a mopstick and a rapier. I immediately sent the gallant Conte back to expostulate, but no use, the murderous beast was inexorable. Finally I told him that his blood would be on his own head, as I was accounted one of the best fencers in Italy, but he sent back word that he was accounted the best mopstick in the Inglesi navy, and that he was ready if I was; to the Conte I gave my last messages. On his noble chest I—I confess—I wept, to think that I, the Duc D'Avencourt, might die fighting in a henhouse, with no spectators but hens! After a short prayer I sent word that I was ready, so accordingly the door was opened and in lurched heavily Milord Boylo, whilst my two seconds went out, and we two were left

alone with the hens and our consciences.

Calm and resolute I stood, yet in a suitably defiant attitude, eyebrows slightly elevated, nostrils dilated and lips pouting with scorn. I began with a carte following rapidly with a tierce—my usual start, for it quickly shows me if my opponent is weak at parrying, but this proved to be his strong point, for do what I could, I was unable to break through his guard, and then ensued one of the fiercest and most romantic duels it has ever been my privilege to engage in—lunging, parrying, carte, tierce, riposte, advancing, retreating, we glided round that henhouse, upsetting hen roosts, trampling the hens themselves, and all the time swallowing feathers and dust by the bushel. My adversary's companions had by this time climbed on to the roof and were looking down on us through the skylight, thus making the place darker and more weird. By and by they commenced throwing beer down on us whenever we happened to come under the skylight, and what with this, the darkness, the terrific smell, and the maelstrom of feathers and wings, it was more like Dante's Inferno than anywhere else I know of from personal experience.

And still we kept at it, I lunging with well timed cartes and tierces, and he parrying, calm, collected, methodical; in vain did I endeavour to break down his guard; that mopstick was always there to meet my rapier; to do the pig injustice he was a master of the art of mopstick-ing, but he had met his match at last, for I was slowly but surely beating him down; for ten minutes had we been at it and not a hit scored yet, not a thrust driven home. Alas! that this fine display should have been wasted on an audience of hens and with a hen house for an arena! ! ! Now we stop and by mutual consent for breath. In the semi-darkness I could see the outline of his huge body and could mark the spasmodic raising and lowering of his chest walls, as he pumped the air in and out whilst the blood vessels on his neck stood out like whipcord. Ah! but he was a splendid specimen of a beast!

"To the death Milord!" I cried, as we

engaged again, and went at it harder than ever.

"Vivat Italie," I shouted as I pressed him into a corner, my hot, patriotic blood surging through my veins. Ah! a few quick thrusts, a parry and at last, a riposte, which went home, right through the top of his shoulder. A good foot of the blade coming out behind him; next time it would be a little lower down and I would run him through the heart! Like lightning I disengaged and at him again for the last time, and he knew it, for his eyeballs were almost out of their sockets and his face was yellow with fright, the craven hound, but still he kept parrying, not one blow had he driven home, and now the sable wings of death were hovering over him—and he knew it! I could see that he knew it, and I would let him keep on knowing it for a few minutes yet, till at my leisure I would spit him like a worm, and now it is time to end it, one more thrust and he will be lying at my feet, his life's blood oozing away, and his soul on its way to hell! One more—Ah!!! *Corpo di cristo!* ! what was that? Bah! right

in my open mouth, for I was breathing hard, ah! bah! ah!—rotten eggs!!! The pig, the beast, the scum of an Inglesi, his mop had been smeared, with rotten eggs beforehand and that's why he didn't thrust before. He waited till I grew short of breath, opened my mouth wide. Bah! Pah!! Bah!!! I stopped and spit and spluttered, but no use, the taste was there to stay; and there the Pig stood shaking with laughter, the tears running down his cheeks and the blood oozing from his shoulder. *Perdito!* Never shall I forget it—the taste I mean. *Pouff!!!*

Crash! His accomplices on the roof had fallen to the ground, where they lay roaring and laughing in the most boisterous and grossest manner. Where was the Conte and Capt. Dr. Mancini? Alas! I found out afterwards that they had gone home to bed.

"Milord," I said, trying to talk without opening my mouth or moving my tongue, and pointing to his shoulder with my rapier.

"Blood is shed; honour is appeased."



A Gentleman.

By Irene McColl.

THE theatre was filling rapidly for the Thanksgiving matinee, and the rustling of programmes and hum of conversation mingled with the strains of a waltz.

The audience was composed, for the most part, of town-bred people, but here and there were those who showed the mark of closer contact with the wider places, where the wind blows free for many a mile. To the left of a tall, shabby man sat a beautiful child of some seven summers, of whom the elderly lady beside her was evidently in charge. Beyond the lady sat a meek little man who fidgeted nervously.

The little girl was frankly interested in the people about her, and especially in the tall man beside her. How splendid he would look riding a white steed, and dressed in velvet robes and riding all over the world until he found the princess! As the orchestra finished a brilliant overture and her eyes met those of the tall man, she said softly, "Wasn't that just splendid?"

"Yes," returned the man, smiling down into the eager little face.

"Dorothy," said the elderly lady in an ice-cold tone. "Mrs. Preston Aldrich spoke to you just now."

"Yes, Auntie," said the child, then as her aunt turned to speak to the meek little man, she breathed fiercely, "I just hate that lady."

The man laughed quietly, but fear of the dragon aunt kept him silent.

The second act had ended before the little girl spoke again.

"Why won't you talk to me?" she

asked, curiously. "Are you afraid of auntie?"

"Why, I believe I am," hesitated the man.

"Well, you needn't be," she returned. "I most always get my own way at home —though I get yards of scoldings, too," she added, reminiscently.

The tall man opened his lips to answer her, when the dragon whispered sharply in the child's ear, "Dorothy, I shall never bring you again if you persist in talking to that person beside you. Cannot you see that he is not a gentleman?"

Dorothy shivered, but flashed a glance at the shabby man, whose tight-closed mouth and set face showed he had heard. Then, under cover of the soft folds of her dress, she slipped her hand into his with an apologetic squeeze. The hard look vanished, and the brown eyes met the blue ones in a sudden sympathy that welled up and over his own hurt in understanding of the child's. He smiled as she stealthily withdrew her hand and obediently sat mute, eyes fixed on the stage, hands primly folded in her lap.

Suddenly someone in the wings shouted "Fire," "Fire." The cry echoed on every side, and with all the unreasoning terror of animals people rose and crowded into the aisles. Dorothy's aunt dragged her into the crush, but in a moment the crowd separated them, and the little figure was borne along with the relentless tide. Closer came the people until the child was wedged fast. All at once she looked up, and there was her tall friend, just beyond reach but striving to get to her. A movement of

the crowd opened his way, and she felt herself lifted high and pressed close in his strong arms. She gave a great sigh of relief, then lay quietly as the man edged his way over to a low window which was opened on an alley, and which the crowd in their mad panic had failed to see. Quickly he smashed the glass with his heel, and climbed through the opening. A fall of a few feet was broken by a rubbish heap. Safe at last, he rested a moment. Then he spoke to the child.

"Where shall I take you, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Home," she replied, dreamily.

"But where is home?" said the man.

"Why, the big house up on Lowe Avenue," she returned. "I know where to turn. But I don't want to go home yet," she added, anxiously. The man laughed and tightened his arms about the little yielding form.

"I guess we'll have to, though," he said. "They'll miss you, you know, and be looking for you." He stepped into the street, where firemen were rushing hither and thither. Beyond, in the square huddled the crowd. Dorothy snuggled

closer, and did not speak until they reached the avenue. "It's just on the next corner," she said. Then lifting her arms, she drew down the man's head until his lips touched her's. He stopped short, and strained the child yet closer. Then she spoke:

"You are a gentleman!" she flashed, defiantly, "and I love you. You won't forget me, will you? And you'll come to see me some day?"

"I'll never forget you!" said the man, huskily, "and I'll come to see you some day, sure."

"Tomorrow?" asked the child eagerly.

"Tomorrow perhaps, but some day again, sure!" he repeated. When they reached the broad steps of the mansion he said gently, "I'll leave you now." Then as a sob came from the little figure, he bent and kissed her again and again. The great door above swung open and as the light streamed forth, he quietly slipped into the shadows, and watched the child enter. . . . Then the man went away into the dark, but the benediction of a child's love went with him.



274
c

The Fishing Industry at Steveston.

By Billy Glynn.

THE tide was at its height, lapping lustily at the long line of fishing-boats headlined to piles between the canneries. Klootch-ees and Japs made picturesque figures lounging on the wharf; and in the boat to which we were giving special attention—inasmuch as we expected to spend a night in it—the flaxen-haired Saxon had just washed his frying-pan of its remnants of hash—a dab or two in the water overside, and swung his rude tin oven, teapot and all, to a secure place in the fore-castle.

“Come on,” he said, “if you’re coming.”

And his companion, a dark short fellow, with the reputation of being the best sailor on the Fraser, gave us the glad eye, too. So in we got and the next minute the boat was beating windward, the foam on her washboard, to the last night’s fishing of the sockeye season—the worst season, as they will tell you down there in language more picturesque than saintly, than ever happened nohow.

Away out in the gulf we beat, the rudder to starboard, catching a dozen nets on the way, then the Saxon loosed the halyards and as the big sail came down a crash, grasped the oars, while his companion in the stern slung out the buoy and handfuls of blue-stoned net to the eager surf pounding heavily on the side.

It was a hard pull, those eleven feet oars in that rough water, but by strenuous exertions the boat moved steadily along till three hundred fathoms of net lay “paid” behind. Then the Saxon took the wind, somebody found a box of cigarettes, and, talking of the fisherman’s life, we drifted slowly into the

night, with the moon a blood red sickle drifting, too, above Mt. Baker. And the facts, the color, the conditions gleaned in that conversation as well as elsewhere we will endeavour to set down here—for they deal with a section of life which, while familiar perhaps in its outer aspects, is intimately very little known.

With some two thousand boats on the Fraser during the season, there are four thousand men who live on the open water for the most part day and night and in all kinds of weather. Not only that but they look forward to it from year to year, wooed by its charm of the haphazard; that and a certain feeling of independence perhaps which comes in hauling a net—fish or none—from a sea that belongs to nobody.

As to its haphazardness it is pretty much all that, haphazard as to run, haphazard as to catch, and haphazard as to life.

“But what did you come back for,” I asked the Saxon, “when you knew it was going to be the worst season ever and was holding down a stake at four bucks per?”

“Oh, just come,” he returned. “Got used to being cradled to sleep in a fore-castle, I guess.”

For all that, however, white men are not very numerous on the river. The fishermen are mostly Japs with a sprinkling of Siwashes—the Chinaman, no sailor and careful of his skin, doing the cannery work along with the Klootch-men (Indian women).

At night the fishing is mostly done in the gulf, and in the afternoon inside. This, of course, varies according to other conditions. But in the gulf in calm weather and in daytime the water is often

so clear that the fish can see the net. Inside, on the other hand, with the sweep of the river the water is usually somewhat roiled. The night, of course, conceals the net.

The fisherman usually sets sail about seven o'clock in the evening, gets well out and casts—some place where there are not too many nets in front of him—then puts in when morning comes or delivers to his cannery's tug.

In the gulf a fifty mesh is generally used, 300 fathoms of it; in the river sixty-five meshes and one hundred and fifty fathoms. This is because the fish swim deeper, "bucking" the strong current of the river. Consequently the river fishing is always better with the tide coming in. In the other case a line of fish are often caught at the bottom of the net and nowhere else. The very best time of all, however, is "low water slack." This means just after the tide has run out and has come back enough to stand still. It raises the fish from the bottom, gives them a chance to play about so that a net can catch them cast in any direction, and forms another epoch in the run.

Between "dead low water" and "low water slack" there is about an hour, and the fisherman sometimes does not cast until this time, but simply throws his anchor and takes a nap in the forecabin. All the sleep he gets is these snatches on the boat and he has to make the most of them. When the net is out one of the two men has always to be on watch. The other, of course, can rest then if he chooses, but he is apt to be roused any time to make another "drift." This, in the fisherman's lingo, means hauling the net in and casting it out again. Drifts are necessary during the night for various reasons. Sometimes the net is drifting on a buoy or caught on another net, sometimes it is snagged or has floated to an undesirable position. Inside on sandbars the net sometimes gets rolled up in cylinder form and the fisherman does not know it till he hauls. It takes a day perhaps to straighten it out. This is but another touch of the haphazard. Occasionally also, with the net strung in line with the current, it

gets "bunched." All these accidents, of course, necessitate another drift. In hauling the fisherman wears a sort of fish-brand sleeker apron and gun-boots, rubber to his hips. He throws the net in layers of folds in its box and takes it out the same way. The "puller" is at the same time always rowing toward the net.

In a heavy sea the net is invariably cast to the wind. It holds a boat better than an anchor and a fisherman will often sleep as contentedly out there in the gulf in a moderate blow as the most easy-conscienced citizen in his best bed-room. If he gets cold he takes a sup of dry-gin; if he wants to eat he digs into the mess-box and gets something. A fire, of course, is never resorted to in rough weather, and he has to go without his cup of coffee so appetisingly good from his big black teapot. When he does have it, his fire consists of chips of pine thrown at the bottom of a topless tin can, just large enough to hold his pot. No more convenient utensil could perhaps under the circumstances be conceived.

It is in the wind that suddenly changes head, however, that one of his greatest dangers lie. When the belly goes out of a blow all in an instant with a sudden jump to the other side of the compass, following the momentary lull, it is then that the quickest sort of action becomes a necessity. With all possible speed the net has to be hauled in and cast in the opposite direction. Rowing in such a heavy sea, however, is a task for an Achilles, and the wind is often out again with wild-cat eagerness, before the fishermen are half ready to meet it, so that with the cross-swell resultant of the change toppling the boat in all directions it is very apt to be capsized.

These are only squalls, of course—or at least what fishermen are in the habit of calling squalls. In a blow of the big kind the boats nearly always try to get in. If they are caught half-way it is up to them to get out again, but in that case—as in the big storm recently—they usually fall a prey to the breakers on the bars and turn keel upward.

"A fisherman or two doesn't matter,"

they will tell you jocularly, when you refer to the dangers of the life.

But if a boat cannot get in it stands a much better chance in the gulf with its net out to hold it. It will weather a sea in that way worthier a much larger craft.

As with all other callings the fisherman's has, of course, its sharp practices. Sometimes in the dark one man will "run over" another's nets—that is, lift the fish while leaving the net still in the water. Occasionally a net is even cut and robbed. But these things occur only seldom and the fishermen are generally of a highly honest class and content with what fortune or skill accords them. When the cannery supplies boat, net, and license they are only allowed two-thirds of the catch, otherwise they have full profits. These earnings vary according to the season and according to the men. All the way from 200 to 1,000 fish are caught in a single drift in a big season. This year boats that stayed out all night were coming in with catches of but from forty to seventy-five. One of the largest sums made on the river in a single season amounted to \$1,400 and was earned by a

Siwash several years ago. It was one of these seasons when the fish were popping out of the water in thousands. The men are not paid so much in big runs, of course. They get 10 cents per fish then in comparison with their 25 cents now. For spring salmon they were paid this year 50 cents apiece, regardless of size. Despite the rule of the Canners' Association that no buying was to be done on the water, temptations in a slack season are often too great, and small launches from some of the canneries goes the round of the fishermen daily and by bidding him a cent or two more in cash than his own cannery is paying him procure his fish, or part of them rather.

One of the social aspects of the fishing town is the manner in which the Chinese look down on the Kloutchmen. A young Chinaman will flirt with a pretty Indian girl but as a general rule the yellow despises the red.

In conclusion, let us say, one need only spend a day or two at Steveston to recognize how important the fishing industry is to the province and the necessity of keeping it from dying out.

The Way of the Immigrant.

By Wilze Macdonald.

WELL, I think its a good spec anyhow."

With a question in my eyes I turned to the Englishman. "How's that?" I asked.

We were seated on the C.P.R. wharf in Vancouver and in answer to my question he shifted his pipe with one hand and pointing across the harbour to North Vancouver, launched into a vivid description of some five acres of property he owned there, its possibilities, etc.,

winding up with the statement that it was good for ten thousand in a year or two.

"You have struck a pretty good stake then, since coming to this country?" I ventured suspiciously.

"Yes, but this country struck me hard when I first come out two years ago. I'll tell you how it was. You see I got enough of clerking in the Old Country and made up my mind to come to Canada and start farming. I wanted to get a bit of land and grow fruit trees and

chickens and raise spuds an—an—keep a cow, and all that, you know. Well, I had a house at home which I rented and with about five hundred dollars I came out. St. John, Nova Scotia was where I landed first."

"St. John, New Brunswick, you mean," I corrected, being an Eastern man myself.

"Oh, yes. Well, I came through to Montreal and I made the acquaintance of four Englishmen on the train and we agreed to go on together and take up land. We came through to Ottawa and stopped off there and struck a job. We worked there a while, but wanted farming, so we chucked the job and came on to Mattawa. From Mattawa we went up to Cobalt. The land there wasn't good farming land, soil too light, so we came to Sturgeon Falls. We saw the land agent and he showed us a big snap and we chose four quarter sections on the line of the proposed railway from Sudbury to Toronto.

"From Sturgeon Falls we had to take the steamer across Lake Nipissing. Just a small boat she was, supposed to carry thirteen passengers, and we had twenty-three. We had a bad time crossing the lake. 'Twas a big lake. We were out of sight of land at times and you know there was sandbars and shallow water in places. The captain was pretty drunk and he run the boat on one of these bars, and we were working for hours getting her off, the propellor full speed astern and us fellows with poles pushing. Well, anyway, we finally got clear and landed at Menet's, a French-Canadian who had a farm there and was post-master and storekeeper and justice of the peace and everything else combined. We got provisions there for four days, and started for our land ten miles back in the bush, with what information and rough maps he could give us. The first day out we had pretty durnt hard travelling on an old trail through the bush. We had three revolvers among us and sheath knives but no guns, a sack of flour, some bacon and tea. We forgot to get self-raising flour or yeast cakes and were compelled to mix up the flour with water and bake the dough in the ashes of our camp fires,

and the outside of the bread was hard and black, while the inside was just soft dough. It was pretty tough bread, I can tell you."

"Well, to continue. The second day we got into hard travelling we crossed swamps and bare rocky hills, and we didn't know which was worse, tramping through soft swampy ground with water half to the knees or climbing over boulders and bluffs. We were pretty tired that night. We camped on top of a bluff, where we found a flat place about twelve feet square, with rocks rising on three sides, and built a big fire. The nights were chilly. It was along in the first of October."

"What," I exclaimed, "you four green English city men making for that wild country at that time of year?"

"Wait till I tell you," he continued. "Well, we slept cold enough, one side too warm, the other freezing, and we tramped along for two more days, when the grub gave out."

"Ten miles to go." I swore under my breath. "You were lost?"

"Yes. We found we were off the trail. Well, we went on for a bit and we came to some water and while resting and wondering where we were, I happened to spy a small canoe over the lake and a man fishing. 'Oh!' I says. 'Boys, we're all right now. We can get something to eat and he can tell us where we are.' So we hailed him and the man paddled over. We went down to meet him and shook hands. I told him the situation and asked him if he could give us something to eat and tell us where we were.

"'Well,' he says, 'I can give you some food, but I really don't know just where we are now. I've been fishing and canoeing around these lakes and river till I hardly know where I am myself.'

"And so he went away over the lake, and in a short time came back with some bread and tinned stuff and an immense large sturgeon. My word! Why, that fish was all I could lift when I held it up. Its tail was dragging on the ground. Well, we thanked him kindly and he went away, after giving us his idea of the lay of the country and getting some tobacco from us, which we had plenty of.

"And then we had a square meal, I can tell you. I fixed up the fish, one made a fire, another got dry wood and forker sticks to cook the slices of fish. We were feeling about three hundred per cent. better after that meal, and we took a new direction by the small compass we had with us and went on across swamps and rocks and through heavy timber. We saw plenty of small game, but without a gun we were unable to get any. The next day after leaving the lake our grub ran out again. We went on for two more days, desperately hungry and partridge or grouse all around us. We had been struggling along for four days without food, when we came to a hillside and we saw a clearing down below and smoke rising. We hurried down, the desperate hungry and tired feeling gone. Two of the fellows cried like babies when we struck a familiar looking trail, and in a short time we came into Menet's doorway, four of the hardest looking tramps in all Canada."

"Eight days out and back where you started from?" I gasped.

"Yes. We circled right around. Menet came rushing out, followed by the whole family, dogs and all."

"God, you back again. I verrie glad you safe, he said. 'Some fellers send word, four crazy Englishmen lost in de bush. I was go hunt you pretty soon.'

"Well, if he was glad to see us, we were more than glad to see him, and we were soon breaking our four days' fast. We stayed at Menet's four or five days, when we were ready to take the trail again.

"We tried a different plan this time. I bought a horse from Menet and the other fellows got a week's grub and we made what we called a jumper, a kind of sled for the horse to draw our provisions on. We would cut a road ahead and bring the outfit along in two loads. It was very slow work and took us ten days before we got to our land. We had planned to build a log house on the corners where the four quarter sections met. One of the four of us, Jack Holden, was married, and he was to bring his wife out and we others were to live with him and clear the land together. Well, we started at the house and I let Jack have

the money to get his wife out from home, and he went back to Menet's with the horse and the jumper. The next, the other two fellows threw down their axes and said they were going to get out and leave the blarsted place to Jack and I, and out they went.

"Well, I didn't know what to do then. I laid around that day, and the next morning I started a little log hut, about eight feet long and six wide. I finished it by night and got the stove set up, which we had brought in with us. Jack had promised to be back in two days, but the second day went by and no sign of Jack. I felt rather bad, thought he had cleared out, too.

"That night in the little hut I woke up and heard something snuffing around outside, just by my head. I grabbed my revolver and lifted one corner of the tar-paper door and took a peep out, and, sure enough, there was a big black bear, waddling around, snuffing at the bits of grub outside. I lifted the revolver and fired into the air—I didn't want to hit him—and that bear went crashing over the bush and stumps and rocks. I could hear him going through the woods for a long time. I guess I scared him some.

"The next morning Jack came. He had a gun over his shoulder and some partridges and that was all.

"Where's the horse and the things you were bringing in?" I asked him.

"Aw," he said, 'I lost my way again and left the horse to hunt up the trail and I couldn't find either of them, and I wandered around all day and most of the night. I heard your shot in the middle of the night or I wouldn't be here now. Let's chuck the whole thing, Bill.'

"Did you see the others, Jack?" I asked him.

"Yes. I met 'em just this side of Menet's, blarst 'em.'

"Well," I says, 'let's cook them birds anyhow. We had something to eat and went back to Menet's, left the stove and all. We were at Menet's a month or more, helping him, and meanwhile Jack's wife had got out there, too, and she didn't want to go back into the bush, so we concluded to go on to Sturgeon Falls and come back in the spring. We took the last boat that season and came to Stur-

geon Falls, where Jack and I took a contract chopping cord wood. We had left the horse at Menet's, and after we had quite a lot of wood chopped, we arranged to go up to Menet's and bring the horse down, so we could haul the wood out.

"We took the train to the station nearest Menet's, which left us a twenty-mile walk through snow a foot deep. We left the train at midnight and walked all night and the next day. At noon we came to a little house. We were very tired and thankful for the big dinner the people there furnished. They advised us to stay with them that night, and I was for staying, but Jack wouldn't hear of it. He said we could make Menet's that night alright. So we struck out for a fifteen-mile tramp through the snow. Well, it began to snow after we had been on the way an hour and I was nearly done up, but we struggled on up one rise and down another till five o'clock, when I sat down by the side of the trail, completely done out.

"'I'm all in, Jack,' I said.

"'Aw, keep on a little further, Bill,' Jack says, 'we can't have far to go now.'

"'I can't do any more, Jack; I'm done,' I said.

"Well, Jack got me going after a bit. I didn't know much what I was doing. Jack told me afterwards he had a hard time to keep me moving and at last I fell flat, completely done up, and Jack not much better. The snow was everywhere and the air so thick he couldn't see ten feet around, and by that time 'twas getting dark. Well, Jack thought we were done for sure, and he was almost asleep and we were nearly covered

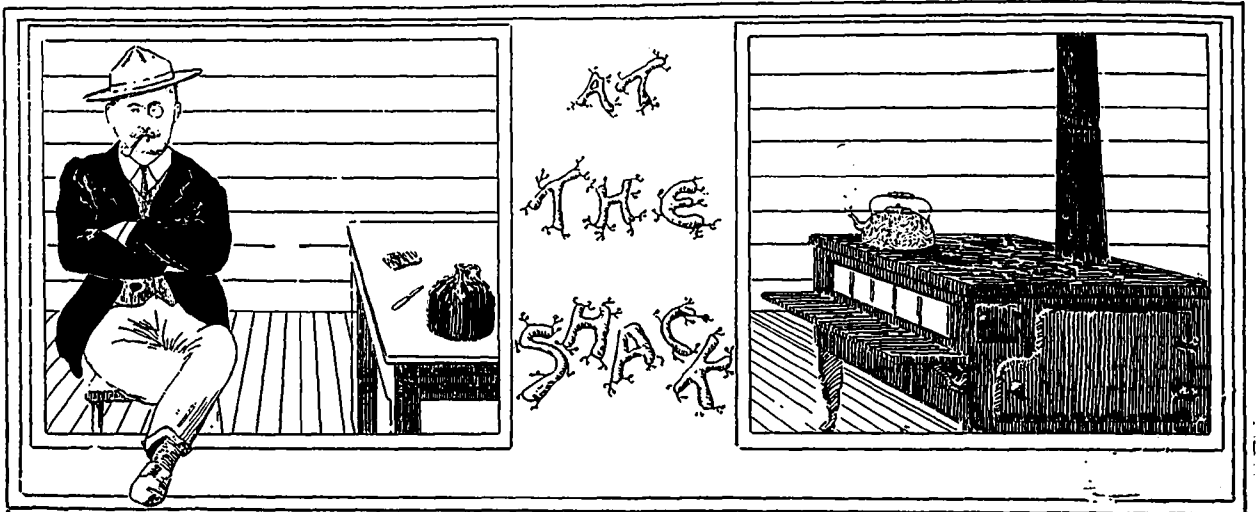
with snow, when he heard noises and he jumped to his feet and Menet and his boy came up to us. Between the three of them they got me roused up, and, half dragging me, we reached his home, about two miles on, more dead than alive.

"You see, when it began to snow, the man at the station had telephoned into Menet's to look out for us. That was all that saved us. That snow kept coming down for nearly a week and by that time the trail was closed for a horse, until a crust formed. By the time the crust came I had recovered from the effect of the tramp, and we came out again, when we got back to Sturgeon Falls. The wood we had chopped was buried so deep we would have to wait till spring before we could get at it. So I left Jack there with the wood. They may be both there yet, for all I know. I came to Toronto, and with one thing and another I had to go to a hospital for a month or more. Jack had cost me three hundred dollars and I was broke.

"I worked around Toronto a while, and, tiring of city life, came out to the mountains. I worked in Fernie and Grand Forks at nearly everything in the labor line and finally came to Vancouver. When I got here I sold my house at home and bought that property over there in North Vancouver."

Here follows a long dissertation on the possibilities of real estate, which I will not set down, ending up with:

"Well, I guess that's a pretty good spec, anyhow, and if I get that ten thousand, I'll not be sorry for the call of Westward Ho!"



By Percy Flage.

ROSEBERY, the sphynx of the Durdans, has been at it again. Guiding the plough stilts with his good right hand that knows not what rein he pulls with the left he has driven another lone furrow clear into and over the hyphenated liberalism of C.-B.

That must have been an impressive scene in England's upper chamber when idle Lords and privileged Commons dropping the cue, the pen, the gamp, the muffin or the tamale of the moment, sped ungartered, unbuckled and untophatted to join the throng of hearers who had caught the megaphone whisper of rumour that Rosebery was "up!"

Who saw him rise?
 "Aye!" roared the Ayes,
 "With great surprise
 "We saw him rise!"

Why did Primrose?
 "Nobody knows,"
 Murmured the Noes,
 "Why Rosebery rose!"

But there he is, up and doing, and swaying tremendously the Pears' soap unscented but mutable many of high degree who would stand by the haggis policy of their leader with the strength of party training, but whose souls echo irrepressibly to the slogan of a chief.

When Rosebery speaks definitely to a question he gives one the impression

not of a keen dialectician nor an impassioned orator merely, though he is something of both, but rather of a broad-shouldered warrior marching four abreast, singing as he tramps straight down the road to the skulking foe in ambush and whistling as he whets the black knife on his untrewsed calf preparatory to the flaying of one or more unfortunate.

Its a grand sight and an impressive ceremony. The pity is that after pageant he strolls away in solitary absent mindedness, trailing gory hides of glory to his home where it is suspected that he uses them to bind first folios of Walter Scott and papyrus rolls of black letter duodecimos, instead of nailing them as he should like a later Luther to the barn-door of Britain with a modern thesis against the diet of worms that are gnawing at England's greatness.

Alas! "Ich kann nicht anders" is nobody's foreward now, and our might be statesmen of expediency have adopted instead for their own and their followers' guidance the borrowed substitute of "Ich dien." A good discipline to a proud prince but a poor motto for free men, facing time and the occasion.

With Balfour balancing on one toe, his head buried in the shifting sand of public opinion and his coat tails flapping in anticipation of the strong east wind that may blow up from the west.

With Campbell-Bannerman smilingly acquiescent to the multitudinous man-

dates of the free fooders of England, free renters of Ireland, free thinkers of Wales, free kirkers of Scotland, free lushers of Poplar, free bathers, free lunchers, free fighters, free kicks at the army, free cracks at the navy, free cockshies at the House of Lords and free cheers for Old Harry.

With Churchill the youngest, striking the gyves from the manacled pig tails of South Africa and taking snapshots of himself and the ghost of Wilberforce doing time together on Olympus.

With Lord Hugh Cecil burning the midnight oil of the British museums to prove that Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus and the third Reform Bill are all based on a true comprehension of the relative values of Alb, Cope and Stole.

With Keir Hardie forerunning the gospel of communism through the colonies and setting a private detective to watch his only other waistcoat while he yodels.

One rather yawns at the raucous voice of Freedom as she is spoke, and sighs for the days when Plancus was consul, with a vague hope that Roseberry or some other beneficent giant will appear from the dark timber and grasp the tiller of state.

What constitutes a statesman?

That is a hard question. A caustic pessimist once gave the definition "A Dead Politician," but it is not so.

Your true statesman is neither dead nor always politic but a live wire charged with the voltage of a thriving nation. He makes two blades of a jack-knife where one grew before, and at the same price.

He takes no pleasure in the strength of a pull, neither delighteth he in the lobby of men.

He is not puffed up, neither modestly as Socrates, madly as Malvolio nor magnificently as Winston.

He is a scarce article, one in a box and few in a century. He differs from the politician as such in that his personal success or failure counts for little as against the national strength and welfare that he develops.

His outlook is always on the whole of mankind, and when he builds a home pol-

icy it is with instinctive effort towards a harmonious development of internal resources of moral and economic force, against external attack.

He is a worldling and a pragmatic, but he forgets not his dreams.

He is part philosopher, but truth with him is not a finality nor a road that he may always follow.

George Washington as a soldier may never have lied but as a statesman, if he maintained the same standard throughout, it was to keep the other fellows guessing when he was going to begin.

He is part artist but his art is not for art's sake. His work is for a distant end, and is less self expression than self repression.

He is a labouring man, for he toils eight hours a day, and a fool, for he works eight hours a night, and his wage is on the sliding scale of fame.

To jump from abstractions to the concrete. Lord Cromer is a pretty fair specimen of a statesman. There may be other Cullinans in the clay but he goes a good many carats.

Treve, he was an administrator and an appointee rather than an elected representative, but for that matter any prime minister is the same thing, or would be if he conscientiously abstained from worrying about next election day and the evil thereof.

When the people's representative keeps his desk telephone constantly switched on to the vox populi connection he is liable to mistake the roar of a "No Popery" riot for the voice of God and the blaze of a burning nigger for a beacon light of caucasian civilisation.

Such little errors of judgment have side tracked many an aspirant for a niche in Westminster Abbey and a column in Gosnell's year book.

Whether he barricades the Nile and makes a garden of the desert or builds a new Britain on a new ocean, the budding statesman designs his work far in advance of construction and is not stampered at a flood tide or freshet.

He may alter his plans to meet the shifting alluvial topography, he may extend or enlarge his original intentions, but the principle of his structure will re-

28

main to stand or fall according to the wisdom of his choice. Somewhere through his scheme he draws a base line, and groups his articulated creation about it joint by joint as need or inclination impels.

Bizarre it may be, weak in places, and finally proven to be wrong in detail, but at least it is vertebrate, coherent and definitely conformable to the ambitions and belief of the state's man.

Is there any state woman?

Not a Black-eyed Susan Boadicea Anthony Comstock Carrie National curiosity, but a female woman apprehensive of the correlations of state and individual?

Leaving aside the question of the capacity for executive judgment and action there is no doubt that the feminine mind is so simply conscious of social equities as any male mentality of similar class and condition. And like the male, not always cognizant of the reasoning that rules her decisions.

Ask your maid why she objects to wearing a pretty little dinky white cap while on duty.

She "doesn't like it," that's all.

Ask the hospital nurse or the hotel chambermaid why she condescends to do so, and she "doesn't mind—It's charming, isn't it?"

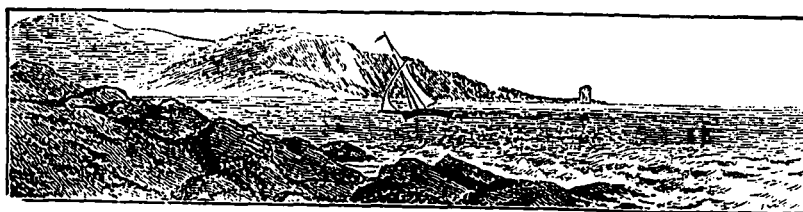
Of course it is, in both cases, but

whereas with the nurse it is an insignia of state service, to the hired girl it is a badge of unhonored personal ability and only to be endured by the young and attractive in that it draws them flirtatious tribute from itinerant tradesmen who might otherwise be awed from approach by a fear of mistaking the identity of one of the family.

Respect for uniform and repugnance to livery move equally the minds of men and women as they expand from the bonds of caste, and only by suppressing or by not analysing the dislike to the latter, is there danger of the former becoming a vaunt of power rather than a sign of decent humility.

The qualities that we read into our symbols are the seed as well as the fruit of our own growth and it behooves us to keep them watered, trimmed and fertilised with sense, discretion and ideality if we would not lapse into a mere barnacle attachment to the surface of this spinning globe.

"Man the immortal," as the Squamish scrutineer warns us, "thrusting hot footed up the eager trail of ambition, eyes aglow of hope, and lips scare dry from Alma Mater's fount, reaching the summit of his first desire, too often finds the promised vista staked from hades to breakfast, and quits with a grouch."



Ryder's Funny Business.

By Arthur P. Woollacott.

WHEN Ryder stepped from the bridge of the steamer to the wharf, followed by the steward and his staff carrying aristocratic looking trunk and suit-cases, the cannery hands felt proud of him. He was a fine-looking leisurely man who moved in a holiday atmosphere of his own, and would pass equally well as a captain of industry, a titled personage travelling incognito, or a semi-respectable sport. The fact that he was the shrewdest cannery-manager on the Pacific Coast at once invested salmon-canning with a distinction that excited a lively interest in the business. His presence invariably made his subordinates forget the slimy details of their work and realise that life after all can be lived on a plane somewhat above an endless discussion of salmon, Indians, whiskey and dogs.

On his travels he was usually discreet, suave, deferential, sometimes breezy, very often a philistine in his utter disregard of the common decencies, but always a plausible good fellow. During the fishing season, however, when he was in his own familiar sphere, with a mixed horde of several thousand under his immediate control, he was an autocrat, who discharged some of the less onerous duties of a patriarch with unction; demanding much cachinnatory appreciation from his staff, and unlimited admiration from the army of Indian women employed in his establishment.

A wild rumour had fled about the inlet to the effect that he had staked his salary and a thousand to boot with his rival, Marshall, on the result of the season's pack. From an inside point of view the wager was a decidedly foolish one. His confreres, it is true, accepted him with a twinkle of approval as the dean

of their order,—a compliment due to his crookedness; but luck and crookedness, while contributing largely to the company's profits, and incidentally to the manager's princely dissipations, were still dangerous elements to be coquetted with one so deeply involved as he was. Hence his men filed into his office in a very unstable frame of mind. They knew well enough that he was a plunger head over heels in debt, and that in spite of his nonchalance, he was really in a desperate mood; but experience had taught them that he had the ability to squirm out of the tightest of corners. Therefore, when they found him comfortably lounging in a rattan easy-chair, with cigars and a few brands of hard stuff at his elbow they were not at all surprised.

Perkins, the bookkeeper, and Hedstrom, the foreman, with the license of trusted lieutenants, went at him at once, telling him forcibly that Marshall had a better plant and a greater capacity, and asking him how in the devil *he* expected to win out in such a crazy contest.

"See here, you woolly grouse," said Hedstrom, raging at the idea of being a victim in such an easy game, "Marshall can put up twenty thousand cases to your fifteen any day."

Ryder began one of his suddenly abbreviated laughs that conveyed the length and breadth of his confidence in himself and his genial contempt for the rest of the world.

He pushed a new brand of cocktail over the table and turned out a box of cigars.

"Now you fellows, scoff this contra-brand and—cool down," with which he waved them into their seats with both hands, and eyed them with the cool ad-

miration of a general who knows his subordinates to the last fibre.

Perkins, addicted to swift interpretations in terms of profit and loss, was uneasy in spite of the warmth and ecstasy infused into the arid regions of his soul by the spiritual decoction he was imbibing. He had flitting visions of heavy drafts to meet the fines imposed on his principal by the merciless Commissioner.

To come out ahead of the game it was necessary to outwit the fishery guardians, who as preventive officials, kept a weather eye on the fleet of two thousand boats during the week-ends, which were prescribed by law. Infractions of the regulations were so severely dealt with that few managers dared to make a system of illegal fishing, preferring rather to let their fishermen take the initiative, paying, however, the fines incurred when it suited their purpose.

Ryder and Marshall had no respect for the rules of the game. They were of the liberal persuasion, and set in motion machinery of their own, in the operation of which the officials were shuffled about like pawns on a chess board. Latterly this mystifying process had acted like a boomerang, for Dallain and his assistant had contracted the detective habit of concentrating their first attention on the culprits whenever there was trouble in the air.

"What sort of stuff is the new man?" Hedstrom asked, for in the qualities of the newly appointed assistant lay the success or failure of Ryder's schemes. Dallain was a known quantity and one to be feared.

"An aristocrat," returned the manager, contemplating the idea with a moment's abstraction: "English, I've heard. He should be here today sometime."

The men were duly impressed. For two seasons past they had been wreaking their colossal jokes on Carlsen, the former assistant, a plaything in their cunning hands, blind as a mole, the victim, the laughing-stock of every manager on the Inlet. But an aristocrat, an Englishman, well-bred no doubt, with infinite deviltry lurking under his case-hardened coolness,—*that* was a different proposition.

"We've got to work the funny business this time, with a vengeance," said Ryder. "Sure," he added with conviction. "You fellows," he went on with fervor, "are out of this. It's my love-feast. All you've got to do is to be honest—dam honest, within certain limits. Don't fling lies at him that any man with a head can see through. Of course he'll be green in some things, and that will leave you room enough to swing in. Not a look, not a sound, mind you, that will startle him. He's to be made right at home here, and put to sleep among admiring friends. As my guest he must be treated with all the consideration due to a man who thinks a whole heap of himself."

The boys grinned but were relieved that Ryder had taken the onus on himself.

In the meantime, Ryder and his methods had been dissected at considerable length by Dallain for Hanbury's benefit, all of which made the latter feel like a junior attache entrusted with the task of uncoiling an oriental mystery.

Dallain stood on the wharf watching him making his way across the Inlet to Ryder's cannery. His boat slumped through the tide-rips and his oars flapped lazily in the air like the wing of an absent-minded goose engaged in calisthenics. The Commissioner smiled grimly but good-naturedly, and wondered what kind of hash Ryder would make of him.

That wily individual hardly knew how to take the new man. At first he was inclined to smile derisively, but as he understood human nature a little he met Hanbury with a look of genuine interest and a manner scrupulously courteous. A second glance at the tall handsome fellow, dispelled the notion that he was easy game. His look of dreaminess was due to the cast of his features, but underneath it all there seemed to be a reserve force—an almost imperceptible hint bespeaking an alert mind.

He was ushered to the bungalow recently prepared for his reception, where Ryder did the honours in his inimitable way. After discharging the preliminary duties of an accomplished host, Ryder despatched a tactful letter to Revels, the

President of the Company, inviting him to bring his daughter up for an outing in the mountains.

Marshall had already set his crafty machine at work. The first week had passed without bringing any fish. Nevertheless, to be prepared for every contingency, he had sent a free-lance north to make the round trip on the mail boat, with instructions to fill the ears of passengers—those who had the “public interest” at heart—with plausible tales of wholesale violations of the law by the Amalgamated people at their station twenty miles up the coast. Then Marshall waited, filling in the time drinking whiskey.

Very early in the morning of the second Saturday in the season, while the shadows of the mountainous shores were yet deep and lustrous on the still waters, he stepped from his office and stood a long time on the board walk, looking up and down the Inlet for inspiration. A score of fishermen had come at daylight reporting no fish. Not a breath stirred. Several tugs could be seen on the horizon towing up long strings of empty boats from the Sound. The day stretched before him a blank of dullness. He yawned, and with a pen-knife pried fish scales from his patent leather boots and then for the want of something to do went in and had a cocktail.

Dallain in a cabin near-by, was seated at a table in his shirt sleeves, working like a well-bred Trojan. Marshall presently lounged into the door frame and looked at him. He was multiplying himself two thousand-fold. That bold, uncompromising signature, inscribed on every license did much to deter weak human flesh from infringing the ordinances. Dallain himself was a hard nut to crack. He created the impression of being everywhere at once. The fishermen had a wholesome respect for him, and the managers could do nothing else than view him as a mystifying spectacle. On special occasions Marshall and others would gladly have pressed small fortunes on him, but his impeccability was so atmospheric that no one had yet dared to approach him with a bribe.

Marshall turned away impressed with

the thought that the English official's devotion to duty ought to rank in the category of the sublime.

The cannery tug came in to report that a prodigious school of salmon had just struck Norcombe Reach, fifteen miles south. Gill-nets, however, could not be worked in those waters, while seines were prohibited under heavy penalties. All the same Marshall ordered the tug to stand-by, and got together a seining crew of thirty men, with the intention of making a rush to Norcombe Reach if the chance offered.

The southbound mail boat presently came in, and Marshall, drunk as a lord, could hardly hold down a whoop of elation, when he observed his confederate on the bridge winking a furtive eye at nothing in particular. In another moment a Timber Inspector stepped down the gang-plank, singled out Dallain and entered into close confabulation with him. Dallain went north an hour later.

Marshall gave the word to his men and yelled to the Chinese cook for a half a dozen bottles of whisky to prime them with. The seine was rushed down like an avalanche of thunder into the hold of the tug, the manager stepped aboard and the boat steamed furiously for Norcombe Inlet.

Dallain got back on Monday morning, looking as unconcerned as ever, but realizing wrathfully that he had been nicely done, for Marshall had packed two thousand cases in the meantime. It was useless to take proceedings against the offender, for every one of his fishermen would have sworn himself black in the face for the pure joy of getting the best of the authorities.

When the story of the scoop reached Ryder's ears, he felt that life had lost much of its leisurely charm. He caught himself thrilling at sudden moments with an awful sense that things were slipping from his grasp, to check which he drank heavily. Hanbury had hung on to him like a leech; still there had been no openings and no fish, except at Norcombe, and that information had not reached him—because of the bungling of one of his mercenaries—until it was too late to move. His rival's margin prac-

tically put him out of the running. He had scarcely a fighting chance, as but two week-ends remained—the only intervals when his peculiar methods would avail,—and in that time miracles would hardly serve to bring him even, since Marshall's superior capacity had to be reckoned with in any event.

In these circumstances he could but mitigate his bitterness by bringing Hanbury to a point of mellowness consistent with his purposes, a not very difficult matter, for with his breezy warmth of soul he could have made merry with kings, a trait that Hanbury quickly recognized and admired.

In a professional way the latter had an easy time of it. Idleness and pleasure were in the air. The "run" was exceptionally late in striking the Inlet, in consequence of which, the many thousands of fishermen and hands at the various canneries not only made life a summer holiday but spent generously in anticipation of unusually large returns within the fortnight.

That night Ryder did the honours in his own royal way. In spite of his calling he was a man of wide culture with a keen eye for the expansive elements in others. He was, moreover, a tactician in all matters that contribute to cordial intercourse. It was his business to make Hanbury talk, which was easy enough. Sherry, cigars and the suggestive patois of the cosmopolite brought about the desired result. Then he contrived to make the English idea paramount. He dilated with artful rhetoric on Englishmen and affairs and particularly on the distinguished beauty of English women. Here Hanbury was at home and hardly required the additional stimulus of a splendid collection of photographs of acknowledged English beauties to make him eloquent. Ryder then took up the tale and with the skill of a master in emotional aesthetics he impressed Hanbury with his own tastes, described a favourite and to clinch the argument handed him a likeness of an English Countess and was rewarded for his pains by being asked for it. As a matter of fact Elizabeth Revels had forwarded him this identical photo of herself in her last

letter, but as it was his purpose to add a not too definite impression of a certain type of beauty to Hanbury's stock of mental images, he promised his guest a copy and put the collection away.

In the small hours when Hanbury parted from his host hugging half a dozen genuine Leoville he was meltingly conscious of his magnanimity. Ryder on his part took a shower bath and was prepared for a clear-headed manipulation of events, for he had never lost sight of the thought that within the next twenty-four hours he would either make a phenomenal scoop or acknowledge himself fairly beaten.

At an hour next morning when the early rays were flooding his room with light, Hanbury awoke with a pleasurable feeling which seemed in some way to be connected either with his forgotten dreams or with a vague recollection of last night's experiences. The forest was checkered with the purest lights and shades, birds were singing and life was stirring with the pulse of youth. He had a feeling that nature had been singing one of her magic melodies in his ear for some hours past, and was ready to believe that he was hovering on the verge of a revelation.

He presently realised with a start that a new and very tangible element had been introduced to his notice. Some sort of machinery was hurriedly grinding in a liquid smother, while running through the boisterous commotion like the music of a woodland stream, he detected the soft tones of a well-modulated voice engaged in a half-bantering conversation with someone nearer at hand. The mystery was soon solved. The northbound mail boat had grounded on a sand bar almost under his window. A young woman in brown holland was leaning over the rail, laughing and chatting with Ryder. She was a slim, flexible creature, with features expressive of a lively degree of intelligence—an honest, genuine girl, Hanbury thought, and subject, it seemed to quick and very pleasing impulses of feeling. He finally classed her to his satisfaction as one of those rare young females who excite comely images of themselves in the matronly guise.

He was not a little pleased when in the course of breakfast, he was apprised of her presence by a little flutter of conversation which came up the walk and finally settled comfortably in Ryder's office.

The open mess-room door made him a not unwilling party to the chatter that followed.

She was accompanied by her father, who, it transpired, was no other than Revels, the President of the Company, up on a pleasure trip undertaken to gratify his daughter.

Ryder, it appeared, had been favoring her with charming descriptions of a lake in the mountains. She was enthusiastic, and confessed, with a humourous acknowledgement of her weakness, that she could never withstand the allurements of novel scenery. Her father twitted her on this score, and told Ryder that she had dragged him to every jumping-off place on the face of the earth. Why? Oh, heaven only knew. He was under the impression that she was engaged in a super-subtile pursuit of the spirit of sunrise. Ryder laughed and felt an immense liking for the girl who was the victim of such a singular passion. Elizabeth laughed too, in rich, tender tones of deprecation: "Now," she said, "you know I'm not altogether to blame. Why—how many times have you carried me off my feet, by proposing a jaunt to one of my favourite places?" A breathless element in the exclamation betrayed her susceptibility; it was so sweetly suggestive that one could not help speculating a little as to the manner in which she would comport herself when confronted by a graver demand on her emotions.

She wanted to start for the lake at once. The day was a perfect one for a picnic. The wooded hills and the bare snow-stained summits seemed newly created in a crystal atmosphere. Their sharply defined contours carried the imagination beyond, over vast glittering regions, lucent in a flood of light.

Ryder was at her service; everything, he said, would be ready in an hour. He called Hanbury in, made him acquainted with the new arrivals and then went off

with the President, who surprised the manager by asking with some anxiety, whether everything was as it should be, stating that half the company's stock had been taken over by an English capitalist, and that the new stockholder was now on a tour of inspection.

Ryder's conscience was at ease on this point as he prided himself on keeping his cannery at all times in the very pink of condition.

Elizabeth seemed to take it for granted that this very deferential young Englishman was to be one of the party. The question of his going or not going resolved itself by a process of substitution into a study of the girl's personality, an occupation that reduced all other considerations to the vanishing point. She filled his horizon with distinction, with sentiment and warmth. She was responsive, eager; a product of modern culture, yet delightfully unaffected.

She told him how much she liked travelling about the province; one felt like a forerunner of civilisation. Had he ever been to the North Cape, Colorado, the Tyrol, the Caucasus, or the Vale of Cashmere? She briefly sketched her impressions of these resorts. He had never visited any of them but described a trip he had taken in the Rockies over the Great Divide with a pack-train and she envied him with a laughing frankness which he found very pleasing.

"Decorous lawlessness is the extent to which I have gone. Waiters, guides and camp-followers are such a hindrance, you know. If they were only inoculated with the Emersonian philosophy! All the same it is my intention to head an exploring party into some wild region in the not very distant future." He gathered from the humorous spirit of the statement that she was giving expression to a taste rather than to an intention.

Mrs. Renwick, the clergyman's wife, joined the party. Hanbury was pressed to accompany them; he had some little hesitation, but his scruples were overcome when Ryder announced with considerable regret that he too would have to return that evening, but would join them again on Sunday.

An Indian guide led the way while two packers brought up the rear.

That afternoon Dallain received a letter from his assistant warning him that Ryder was going to fish all of his boats in the upper section of the inlet that night. Starting at once, he picked up a sailing breeze at six o'clock, and arriving on the scene an hour after dark he pulled about till midnight without encountering a boat. Something was surely amiss: a closer examination of the letter led him to believe that it was a clever forgery. He suspected Marshall; and at once made the best of his way back again.

Just as day was beginning to break he ran his boat in among some driftwood at the entrance to Goring Inlet, half a mile from Marshall's cannery. He was pale, thoroughly tired, but cheerful as a lark. He got out his note-book and pencil, put a board across the thwarts in front of him and waited, with an eye fixed on the narrow entrance not forty yards away.

As he anticipated, he presently heard boats with muffled oars approaching softly. Then they filed out stealthily, like shadows,—a hundred and fifty of them, heavy with salmon. With a pair of binoculars in one hand and a busy pencil in the other, he jotted down their numbers as they passed. Several keen-eyed fishermen spotted the well-known skiff wedged innocently among the logs, glanced casually at the Commissioner and continued on their waw: it was all in the day's march.

Marshall was inclined to take the round-up philosophically; it probably meant a fine of a thousand dollars or more; but the margin of profit on the catch of forty thousand fish would be amply sufficient to cover that item. When Dallain, however, coolly tacked a notice on his office door, announcing that the fish would be sold on Monday morning at public auction, he developed a fiendish desire to put some one out of existence. He knew perfectly well that the other managers would come around and poke fun at him. There would be no end to their pleasantry; they might even conspire to buy the fish over his head: it was

too much: he chafed, and imbibed numerous cocktails, which enabled him to bully his men, who at once went off on a picnic, and left him to drink himself into oblivion.

In the interval, Ryder's party had gone astray, owing, it seemed, to the incompetence of the Indian guide. This interruption in the programme was looked upon as a highly romantic incident, by Elizabeth especially, who thought the spot in which they camped late in the afternoon, equal to the most favored resorts in the Adirondacks.

Ryder went back with the guide and a packer to pick up the trail, and did not return that day.

Much congenial intercourse with the young lady had resulted in reducing Hanbury to a mere camp-follower. He was placidly rid of every feeling of responsibility and entered with alacrity into the preparations for the night.

The ladies assumed the role which lively ladies usually assume on such occasions: the men were converted into hewers of wood and drawers of water. Elizabeth prepared an appetising meal, while Mrs. Renwick supervised the proceedings with the light-heartedness of a matron who knows exactly the amount of motherly officiousness required to induce in a party of adults a mood as credulous, careless and grateful as that which prevails in a troop of healthy children.

After supper Hanbury built a roaring fire, which lit up their surroundings like a scene in a prehistoric land of night. Elizabeth sang Foster's rendering of Under the Greenwood Tree. She had a fine contralto voice, remarkably rich and caressing, a voice which Renwick had said would make an ordinary metropolitan church blaze into a fashionable resort of the first magnitude.

The others found their tongues and joined in well-known choruses till nearly midnight. Then while the fire light flickered and dwindled they talked in a quiet, rembling way on topics that held the flavor of many lands.

In his eager scrutiny of features for significant hints of character, Hanbury had never met with a face that drew his

interest as Elizabeth's did. Her singular beauty had the note of appeal that one rarely finds in the drawing-room but rather in such unexpected circumstances that one is led to realise the pathos inhering in lost opportunities. It was a face to lure one from the paths of the common place and the vagabond in him was conscious of a thrilling invitation to wander at large over the sweet-smelling earth.

He spent a sleepless night, in the course of which his professional conscience troubled him not a little. Had Ryder gulled him? Was he the victim of a well-arranged conspiracy? Then he flushed hot with a thought that insinuated a cynical doubt among his latest interpretations of the ideal. Had Miss Revels been used to decoy him from his duty? Renwick had told him that she could give pointers to the sharpest cannery manager on the coast. Such a bit of strategy would commend itself to Ryder. He was astounded by confirmatory details which now occurred to him; yet a calmer consideration dispelled the idea, and left him face to face with his own culpability.

Next day his perplexity exhibited itself in a preoccupied indifference to the common interests of the camp. His mood much to his surprise, was reflected in Elizabeth's manner. She became thoughtful, observed him furtively and with some concern as though she had divined the cause of his preoccupation, and was endeavoring to arrive at a clearer understanding of its effect on him. In order not to allow her to be distressed on his account, if distressed she were, he assumed a lighter bearing and a mood into which she entered willingly enough, but still with a manner that convinced him of the uselessness of trying to deceive her.

The guide came in late in the afternoon with a note informing them that Ryder had suffered a slight mishap and had remained at the cannery.

Hanbury at once prepared to leave. Again Elizabeth betrayed a strong inclination to—question him,—he thought. She looked at him steadily, wavered, colored a little and said good-bye with

laughing eyes and words that obscurely hinted at what was passing in her mind: "Mr. Hanbury," she said with mock-gravity, "if your guide should go astray again, bring him to his senses with a convincing argument,—threaten to thrash him. I'm sure it would do him good."

The appearance of the cannery confirmed Hanbury's surmise that Ryder's fleet had fished the previous night. The receiving-sheds were empty and all the boats were out, at the lower camp, no doubt, holding the catch over for a Monday morning delivery.

At seven o'clock in the morning the tugs came in noisily with scows awash and every boat with but a few inches of free-board. The foreman estimated the catch at eighty-five thousand; certainly the biggest night's haul in his experience. Ryder's private tallies, however, showed that forty-five thousand of these had been illegally caught on Saturday night.

The manager came limping down the walk, beaming yet solicitous, and at once recounted Dallain's neat capture of Marshall's fleet. He was bubbling over with the joy of it: "Say, you better come along and see him sold up. What? It will be the time of your life. Fun? Watch Marshall when I begin biting him."

As there was no use in chafing Hanbury decided that he might as well keep his mantle of innocence wrapped around him yet a little while, and stepped aboard the tug, which immediately headed for Marshall's cannery.

The sale was one when they arrived, the bid standing at ten cents. Ryder lifted it to fifteen as he stepped among the other managers. Marshall bent a vengeful eye on him and made it sixteen.

"Oh, twenty," said Ryder, blowing out a ring of smoke, and looking quizzically at Marshall, from puckered lids.

The others emphatically wiped their hands of the whole transaction. Marshall hesitated. As a manager, he should let the fish go, for the last bid had swallowed his margin; but as a plunger who had a thousand more than his salary at stake, he was bound to trench a little on

the company's profits: he therefore raised it one as a desperate feeler.

"Twenty-five," Ryder chirped, laughing with great good humour into his rival's face.

The spectators stared incredulously. Dallain lifted his pencil, and glanced at Marshall, who swung about abruptly, and stalked away with an icy sensation creeping over the top of his head. The crowd watched him with suddenly arrested laughter and Dallain brought his pencil down to write the item off in Ryder's favor.

Never before, in the course of his checkered career, did the genial manager of the Cariboo Cannery feel so gloriously happy as he did on this occasion. In thirty-six hours, he had turned imminent defeat into a howling success. In thirty-six hours he had captured by extraordinary means over eighty-five thousand fish; that is to say, eight thousand five hundred cases. Seven thousand of these would off-set Marshall's total advantage, thus leaving him, approximately, fifteen hundred ahead of the game. He could have hugged Hanbury. The impulsive, extravagant side of his nature was inclined to assert itself. He was in a mood to spend, to carouse, to clap the impecunious old world on the back, and pour whiskey down its sanctified throat, but as some of the finer aesthetic conditions were lacking in this benighted region, he merely chuckled and grinned with the broadest good-humour on everyone fortunate enough to fall in his way.

The Assistant Commissioner had withdrawn to the office of his chief, and when the pair came out from a confidential interview, it was observed by more than one that Hanbury had the superior air, and that Dallain created him with a finer degree of courtesy than he usually accorded his subordinates.

When at length the last Saturday arrived, Elizabeth approached Hanbury, and told him that the launch was going to take a picnic party to the lower camp.

"Are you going, Mr. Hanbury?" she asked with much interest. The question was a serious one. He was convinced that elaborate traps were set for him,

but nevertheless, he had sworn to capture the Cariboo fleet red-handed, not altogether to vindicate his professional honour, but chiefly to set Elizabeth's mind at rest on a point or two that touched him nearly. He suspected that she had prepossessions in favor of downright efficiency. As a matter-of-fact, she had lately developed a flattering interest in his work, and had quietly ranged herself with him against Ryder and the cannery-gang, and had, in a very delicate way made it evident that success on his part would afford her a very great pleasure.

"Ryder was good enough to ask me to join him. But are you going, Miss Revels?"

"Mr. Hanbury,—no," she returned with half-serious emphasis, "I haven't the slightest thought of being a party in such a venture. I've grown timid. There are dangers."

"But Ryder is a resourceful navigator?"

"In deep waters? They expect you to go."

"Then I shall certainly go."

She looked at him a moment with a warmer degree of intimacy than she had hitherto shown, seemed satisfied and said no more on the subject.

The manager was betrayed into a momentary look of surprise and pleasure when Hanbury, contrary to his usual custom, failed to bring his boat and his Indian boat-puller along with him.

The whole party went ashore, near camp, to examine an outcropping of coal. When they started again, the engines raced terrifically, but the engineer jumped in and put a sudden end to the irruption, announcing with a scared look, that the propeller had whirled off. Ryder swore fervently and Revels was very much put out, for there was neither a boat in tow nor one at camp, in consequence of which, the launch had to be warped along the shore to their destination.

In the evening Hanbury stepped ashore from the floating-camp in his slippers and wandered hatless into the woods. He walked rapidly through the forest to a bay some distance up the

shore, where he found his Indian boat-puller and six of his tribesmen waiting in a swift canoe. He took his place amidships, and a few minutes later the spray was flying from the bows as they plunged across the inlet.

Ryder's little scheme of holding him a prisoner in camp while his boats fished unmolested in Canoe Pass, was perfect in its way, and he could not help wondering what the manager would have done if he had declined to accompany the party. There must have been two strings to his redoubtable friend's bow.

When darkness set in their route wound through a maze of narrow channels intersecting a labyrinth of small islands. The steersman confidently directed his craft into black echoing tunnels of foliage, which produced the illusion of travelling on an underground river. Twenty minutes of this brought them to the Pass, a channel with mountainous shores, of considerable length, and scarcely a hundred yards in width.

No boats were visible in the impenetrable blackness that prevailed, but the shores resounded with the rumbling of corks passing over the gunwales; the thumping of fish in the boats; and a wide-spread flapping on the water. The deep voices of fishermen could be heard amid the uproar, giving quick low-toned directions to their boat-pullers.

It occurred to Hanbury that a disguise would render his undertaking more effective. He therefore transferred the soot from the coffee pot and the kettles to his light hair and moustache, bound a handkerchief around his forehead, wrapped himself in a blanket, and instructed his steersman to add the requisite touches of red paint and charcoal to his face. His civilised exterior was thus completely obliterated. His most intimate friends would not have recognised the squalidly-ferocious looking individual who now sat stolidly in the bow.

A string of red lights presently came into view, extending several miles eastward to a bend in the channel. Salmon were running in large numbers, and the fishermen were busily engaged in overhauling their nets. Little or no notice was taken of the party, as it is not at

all unusual for an Indian embassy to be passing from one village to another in the depths of night.

Nearly all the boats had lights of their own which were bright enough to illuminate their distinguishing numbers.

One hundred and forty-eight of Ryder's boats together with sixty belonging to other canneries, were caught. Hanbury was elated, and paddled in to inform Dallain; and then, crossing over to his own headquarters, he turned in at half-past four in the morning, before anyone had begun to stir.

He awoke in the middle of Sunday night, looked at his watch and went to sleep again. Next morning he was roused by a shrieking tug which foamed in like a runaway wolf. Ryder was aboard, and began shouting directions to his foreman before the lines were out. Elizabeth stood on the edge of the wharf and talked with him,—questioning him, apparently, with much concern. Something serious had happened, Hanbury thought. He dressed hastily, yet the tug had swept out again with twenty men on board, before he had completed his toilette.

When at length he emerged from his bungalow, it was with the jauntiest air in the world. He turned into Ryder's office, and startled that gentleman, whose amazement, however, was quickly transformed to a look of utter comicality.

"Well, say. How—in—thunderation—did—you—get here?"

"Paddled."

"Paddled. But you were lost."

"Oh,—well, of course I was," said Hanbury, forgetting for the moment that when he had stepped ashore from the floating camp, he had stepped mysteriously into the unknown. Ryder had evidently been greatly troubled, and now expressed his relief in his usual way: "Have a little rum. Say. I'd have been in a nice fix with your corpse hanging around my neck."

But his spirits were dashed and he unbared his bosom: "That gilt-edged boss of yours has got all my boats in his clutches."

"Sure?" said Hanbury, lighting a cigar.

292

"Sure? Why sure. He sent word yesterday that he would drop over this morning and dance on my carcase."

Right on his words came Marshall's steamer with Dallain and all the cannery heads on board. The managers each flipped a significant paw at Ryder as the tug swung by, calling out with a cordiality which was not entirely free from malicious irony. Marshall stood in the attitude of a lean colossus, with hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, his hat tilted forward, and his cigar pointing heavenward, working his head very slowly up and down with a suggestion of commiseration that made Ryder furious: "Those officers are feeling mighty gay this morning. Wonder what's up," he said.

Dallain lost no time in disposing of Ryder and his fishermen. When Hanbury made his sworn statement, Ryder uttered an exclamation, gaped at him with a droll mixture of surprise and lively admiration, nodded his appreciation and grinned broadly. The courtroom smiled audibly at the pantomime.

"Gentlemen, I invite you to bid for fifteen thousand confiscated 'sock-eye' salmon now offered for sale," said Dallain, rising in his place.

Ryder jumped to his feet, swearing and protesting. His wrath flared out in menacing gestures directed in a general way over the heads of the vrowd. In the whole of his experience he had never been beaten by the authorities except on those occasions when he had played deliberately into their hands. Now he was the laughing stock of the inlet, the public were in the secret, smiling with unholy glee, gloating in his discomfiture.

Dallain eyed him coldly. "Mr. Ryder," he said incisively, "fifty of your boats have not been dealt with. Shall I proceed with them?"

The manager subsided with the dreariest resignation, and looked away from Marshall, who was waiting ominously with his hat over one eye. But not a bid was put in for some moments.

"Well, it's might rough on you, Ryder, but I guess we'll have to give you a start. One cent. (You can make it two.)" he suggested helpfully.

Ryder's heart jumped. Were the managers going to let him down easy? He didn't know whether to bless Marshall or curse him. He said—Two—feeling like a dupe; but his opponent at once raised it to twenty-five, raising at the same time, a great laugh at the other's expense.

Ryder was in a dilemma. If he could hang on to his fish he would not only have a record-breaking pack, but a clear wind-fall of three thousand dollars. If Marshall should freeze him out the case would be reversed. It was sickening. He quelled a panic in his head, sternly overcame a sensation of faintness, and called out in a clear voice: "Twenty-six."

"And a half."

"Twenty-seven."

"Oh, thirty," Marshall cried conclusively, slapping open his draft book.

"Take 'em," said Ryder with a vigorous addition.

"All right. If you don't want 'em." He scrawled a draft, handed it to Dallain, and remarked with much innocent surprise: "Don't you fellows know that salmon have jumped to seven dollars a case. Sent tug-boat north. Got special wire by Simpson line."

Ryder locked himself in his room, and tried to figure things out; cooking his arithmetic, like a school-boy using inspirational methods of solution. If he hadn't been a mutton-head he would have sent a steamer a hundred miles north to get an extra week-end quotation. His gorge rose at the thought of his folly; a vertigo whirled him into a frenzy, and he sent the table and its contents flying about the room. It was all up with him.

The search party returned at noon. When Elizabeth heard that Hanbury was safe, a peculiar brightness shone in her eyes. She looked thinner and paler than usual, but in a few moments all traces of anxiety disappeared under the glowing effect of a reactionary spirit of liveliness. Her father looked at her with mysterious eyes, and felt with a curious sinking of the heart, that she had been transported to a sphere from which he was excluded. He led her to a mirror, and

with his arm around her slender form, he endeavored to make her look straight at the sweet image reflected in the glass. But a hasty glance had frightened her, and she turned her head away.

"Well, well," he said, laying a cool hand on her hot cheek. "Elizabeth——" he began, with much seriousness, but her startled look diverted his purpose and he went on in a matter-of-fact tone,— "I'm going north to-day, and will pick you up on my return. Mr. Hanbury goes with me."

In the course of the next few days, she spent her time wandering around the cannery with Renwick's pretty children. She was conscious that she was attracting general attention. Decrepit old crones gabbled at her with motherly affection as she passed and repassed among them. What they said she did not know, but she invariably found herself warming uncomfortably, and felt that it would be torture to remain.

She wanted to see Hanbury to tell him something which could not be very well told in the hurry of departure; and it was with some surprise that she saw that his door was open. A moment later, she saw the tall good-looking Englishman contemplating something on the floor of his bungalow, and was suddenly impelled by a girlish impulse to run up the steps before he should vanish from her sight. He heard her approaching and turned to welcome her. She observed from the litter that he was packing up.

"Oh," she said, "are you going, too?" She was a little breathless from the novel excitement of intruding in this unceremonious fashion. Her resolution faltered, yet she went on quickly to justify herself: "Mr. Hanbury, I have a confession to make. I could not let you go without first explaining something that——"

He looked at her searchingly and with a little amusement. "Pray sit down, Miss Revels. Confession?" He smiled but did not seem surprised.

She read the look and colored warmly. "You know, perhaps. Indeed I know you do, and that is why I thought—I decided to——" She was struck by the no-

tion that he looked more masterful and therefore more likeable than she had ever seen him before.

"It has to do with the picnic,—the first one. It was all owing to my want of foresight. If I had known that it was all intended—that it was all in the nature of a plot, I assure you I would never have gone."

"But I don't understand, Miss Revels. Perhaps if you'll explain——" he suggested.

"Oh," she said desperately, "did you not think, that Sunday in the mountains, that I was—deliberately—aware——"

"—That Ryder was hoodwinking me? Why, bless you, no," he cried laughing and enjoying her confusion. But, Miss Revels, You did not know that I was here when Ryder wrote you about the lake?"

She shook her head and looked at him with clear-eyed wonder.

"And I'm sure that when our party left the cannery you had not the faintest idea that I was a Fishery Guardian."

"Indeed I had not."

"Then you do wrong in blaming yourself."

"But it was in the circumstances," she insisted.

"Oh, nonsense."

"You did not suspect me, then?"

"Certainly not," he assured her gallantly. The way she received this thrilled him.

"I am so glad," she murmured, rising.

He felt that the interview was drifting to an unsatisfactory conclusion. His altered expression and the tones of his voice caught her instant attention. "Miss Revels, now that little affair is settled, you will, I'm sure, let me say something on my own account,——" he paused on seeing its effect on her. Her susceptibilities were alarmed. She looked at him and at the door, evidently contemplating a precipitate flight, to prevent which, he quietly stepped into the doorway.

"Mr. Hanbury," she exclaimed in tones of distress and annoyance.

Recognising that she was decidedly averse to forced measures, he altered his tactics: "I saw your father an hour ago,"

he said, stepping into the room, "when the steamer called in at Marshall's on her way to the head."

The statement puzzled her.

"He invited me to accompany him through the Great Divide and into Yellowstone Park."

"Oh, and you accepted?" she cried, surprised, relieved and delighted.

"No. I preferred to obtain your permission first."

"But, Mr. Hanbury," she said with gentle asperity, "it rests entirely with you. My father invited you." She sat down again without any further symptoms of uneasiness: indeed she was clearly ready to argue the question on its merits.

He took a place near her: "You understand, I think, Elizabeth," he said, leaning over in a confidential attitude, "if I go it must be with your explicit sanction."

"Mr. Hanbury, my father would be greatly disappointed if you declined," she replied in even tones.

"Say in so many words you would like me to come," he coaxed in a low voice.

At this juncture, Ryder's head loomed in the doorway, and seeing how things stood, his expression at once became laughingly droll; backing out quietly, he stole down the steps with the stealthiness of a cat.

"Let me describe Yellowstone Park," Elizabeth went on with sprightly animation, "it is the wild earth shorn of its wildest terrors. It is Greek mythology in the rough; and, Mr. Hanbury, if you have a spark of the natural man in you, believe me, you will never regret a visit which you should certainly make, if only to verify such an extravagant statement."

He found it impossible to resist her sweetly evasive manner. He took her hand, and the contact sent his discretion flying with the winds of heaven: yet she was quicker than he. Before he had fully realised what had taken place, she was standing in the doorway, flushed, happy and on tip-toe for instant flight.

At this point the steamer lifted her deep-sea voice and warned them to hasten.

"You will come now, won't you?" she said in unmistakable tones, darting a glance at him that challenged pursuit: the affirmative was so visibly convincing that she fled away, leaving him to frame what speech he might.

The rustle of her skirts had scarcely died away, when Ryder came in, the picture of breezy good-nature: "Here," he said, extending a hand, and gripping Hanbury's with hearty good-will. "Let me congratulate you. She's——"

"Oh, Ryder," said Revels, coming up unobserved, "let me make you acquainted with the gentleman who owns a half interest in the Cariboo Consolidated Canneries." He indicated Hanbury, who was looking Ryder over with the greatest amusement.

But Ryder was equal to the occasion.

"Well, I'm damned," he said, gripping the other's hand again, and staring at him with a new interest.

"Oh, no you're not," Hanbury returned laughingly. "You deserve to live a little longer yet, as an awful example, you know, to the world at large."

"You see Hanbury wanted to get first-hand knowledge of the methods and material involved, and secured an appointment, but neither he nor I knew that he would be detailed to this station. Then, of course, he asked me to keep his secret."

"And, Ryder," Hanbury put in, "I think you will acknowledge that I've paid you out for that little picnic of yours."

"Oh," replied that unabashed gentleman, "we're just about even. You—what have you to say for yourself, capturing my boats, your boats?"

"Duty—painful duty, I assure you."

"Well, you may say that you are the first Commissioner that ever beat me at my own game. And if I'm not mistaken you've got the best of the bargain. Say—" he dove for his office, and came running out with Elizabeth's photograph, which he thrust into Hanbury's hands: "Take it, and as for a copy of the original that you asked for,—well, you'll now have to look after that yourself."

Hanbury frowned at him and put in quickly: "But how about the bet, Ryder?"

"We're even. It's called off, and deucedly glad I am. Say come in and have a little rum on the strength of it."

The trio took a hasty observation and trotted down the walk chatting at a great rate.

The steamer was already swinging out, but her bridge was still in contact with a corner of the wharf. Elizabeth, standing with the Captain near the pilot-house, was anxiously signalling them to be quick. The Captain got hold of one of Hanbury's hands to assist him up, and in her excitement, Elizabeth grasped the other, which of course rendered him helpless. Ryder and the foreman sprang to the rescue and hoisted him bodily on to the bridge; and then, realising what

she had done, Elizabeth colored divinely, but fronted the smiling crowd unashamed.

With one voice the large gathering on the wharf cheered her to the echo. She had no idea that it was an ovation, and therefore, as a mere passenger, she waved her handkerchief with the rest, and was immediately favored with another appreciative burst from the mixed assemblage who had been following her little affair with closer attention than she imagined.

As the steamer pulled out with flags flying, Ryder, glowing with the pleasant knowledge that he had won Hanbury's good-will waved that important personage a cordial farewell.

MORNING.—To Sybil.

By the Late C. J. Lee Warner.

Sweet is the morning when it breaks
 In silence o'er the hills,
 And timbered buttes and emerald lakes
 With golden glory fills.

Sweet is the morning when it dawns
 On Western fields in spring,
 And lilies gem the dewy lawns
 And all the forests ring.

Sweet is God's morning when it dreams
 On the Pacific sea.
 Yet these, dear heart, these are but gleams
 Of that which yet shall be.

These are but types and passing shows
 Of splendours more sublime;
 A brighter, grander morning glows
 Behind these clouds of time.

O thou to whom my spirit clings,
 Be with me, Lord, I pray,
 Until that morning dawns and brings
 Thine everlasting day.

The Heart of a Child.

By C. E. Sands.

HE was such a little fellow, it seemed as if he had almost forgotten to grow. One was surprised to learn that he was ten years of age till his wide, wondering brown eyes met yours—then one forgot to speculate, for such eyes might belong to any age, and are sometimes seen under brows whitened by the frosts of four score years and ten, clear and bright as when they first opened in this vale of tears. He was leaning forward, his nose flattened against the window pane, dreamily watching the mimic war of snow-balls waging in the street below.

"Why don't you go out with the rest, Jerry?" asked his step-mother from across the room. The child shrank back into his corner, evidently anxious to avoid notice. As no reply was forthcoming, Mrs. Carlton shrugged her shapely shoulders, and muttering something about "that queer boy," turned her attention to the baby. The remark was not heard, but the gesture was observed by the wide open eyes, and its import guessed by the sad little heart.

Mrs. Carlton was a firm believer in the efficacy of outdoor sports, and proudly pointed to her own lively, healthy boys in support of her theories. She was also proud, as well she had a right to be, of her own perfect health and fine figure which had been rescued with much care and effort from the brink of consumption. It was then a keen disappointment to find her small step-son, who stood in need of just such aid, so unresponsive, notwithstanding her best efforts to enlist his interest.

He delighted in walks and drives among the green country lanes in the suburbs, or anywhere that trees grew

and bloomed, but this was as far as his inclination in this direction seemed to go. At all seasons of the year he stood about in unobtrusive places, a spectator of many a game of skill or strength, but none of which he could be induced to join. He was, at first, the victim of numerous witticisms and practical jokes; but later was voted a "queer child" and left much to himself.

Sitting there in the semi-darkness he was, indeed, an object of compassion. The small bony hand quivered on the sill, a tear gathered and rolled silently down the wan cheek,—his eyes were dry, but the spirit within was heavy with a burden not comprehended; he felt at variance with the world, alone and lonesome. He looked wistfully at his mother. How sweet and gentle she seemed as she crooned softly to the baby nestling in her arms. He wanted to put his arms round her neck, and to beg a caress too.

He had intended to one evening when they were sitting just as now, but at his approach the tender smile had hardened, and he, bewildered, stumbled over a stool, rolling it against the table leg, completely overturning it and shattering innumerable things in all directions. Jerry never saw so small a table hold so many things, nor heard so loud a crash from so small a cause. It was cold in the hall whither his carelessness banished him, cold and dark. He sighed now regretfully at the recollection, and turned again to the window.

The street was quiet now, the merry throng had moved on.

How bright the sky was, how beautiful the stars, the heavenly fields of blue formed a fairly canvass upon which the imaginative mind of the wee man paint-

ed those marvelous dream pictures which come only at the command of children and the clean of heart. The sky was full of sweet attraction for him, thither were transplanted favorite trees and flowers; the sunshine never failed in this land of delight where dwelt his real friends and companions and those whose sovereign was the mother he had never known, but to whom he ascribed every excellence, and laid at his feet all the cares that infested his day.

Time passed and he lived more and more in this land of dreams. As he became more and more removed from the active world around him, the fainter grew the desire to compete with his school mates or companions in any field; he appeared to listen without hearing, to look without seeing. The only thing that fanned his teacher's hopes was his talent for drawing, his favorite subjects being for the most part birds and butterflies, which, though fancies for the most part, were delineated with a living skill. Now, all things being enveloped in misty haziness, it is no small wonder if their real significance were not sometimes misunderstood, if not wholly lost. If one is in the clouds, where may not his feet carry him?

Jerry Carlton was aroused one evening in a decidedly realistic manner. It had transpired so swiftly that he could scarcely grasp the meaning of it all, but there was no mistaking the sensation produced by the rise and fall of the long black ruler, upon his shrinking anatomy, nor mistaking the stern command to remain in the darkness of his own room. Indeed he was too much bewildered and frightened to question,—he could only wonder hazily what dreadful thing he had done to merit such punishments.

Miss Marsh, the new teacher, had not seen the boy who should respond to the name of Jerry Carlton, though the reins of government had been in her hands for a week. His brothers had missed him, but thought nothing of it, as they seldom saw him after leaving home till night.

Mr. Carlton usually left the management of the boys in the efficient hands of

his wife, but they were both puzzled now. Where had the child been? How employing his time? The small culprit himself could give no satisfactory answers to these interrogations; merely replying that he was under the impression that the school had been granted a vacation until Miss Woodstock's return, which was of course, absurd, and not worthy of consideration. "Just walking round" meant nothing, yet it was all he could say as to where he had been or what he had done.

So Jerry was sent back to school with a note to the teacher conveying the information that "the bearer had doubtless been up to pranks" and that he "needed watching," but Miss Marsh found little occasion to "watch" Jerry Carlton, there was not a more tractable pupil under her care, nor one less given to "pranks."

At last vacation arrived, and Miss Marsh declared her intention to pay a visit to her parents who had moved to the far west. This announcement was quite terrible to little Jerry, who had found a helpful, sympathetic friend in the bright young school mistress. She it was, how none could tell, who had showed him the dust on his jacket was not an essential part of it, and to keep his hair tidy and his hands and face fairly presentable. The untidy appearance of her little step-son had been a grief to Mrs. Carlton, for, despite her vigilance, he would often evade her watchfulness, going about in attire the reverse of neatness.

It is doubtful if Miss Helen Marsh realized the change she had wrought in her small pupil, but certain it was that she unconsciously awoke in him a feeling of friendship and love.

They became fast friends, and children's friendship is real. She spent many pleasant hours telling him wonderful tales of birds and flowers, for she was a great lover of nature in all forms, and in listening to the quaint narrations of his imagination, for it was a strange freak of this strange boy to relate noble deeds, and to claim the traits he admired in others as his own.

To no one else did he become so com-

municative as to his beloved teacher, who listened, understanding full well that:

"Words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

He said but little when he heard of her resolve to go west, but it was evident that he viewed her approaching departure with a heavy heart.

It was after one of these long talks that the thought came to Miss Marsh: Why not take Jerry away with her to the far distant Rockies, where he could spend the whole summer in living near to nature's heart. The idea kept recurring with such persistency that she at last laid the question before Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, who at first thought it a strange freak of fancy, but at length consented. Mrs. Carlton's consent was the more readily given because she thought the change would help Jerry to continue in the path of progress up which he had recently begun to climb.

Then, too, her confidence in Miss Marsh was unbounded, nor had her influence over Jerry passed unnoticed, for she was fond of her little step-son and did not resent the implication that someone else had been able to do for him what she could not. That she did not understand his peculiarities nor enter into the spirit of his life, ought not to be held too strongly against her, how many own mothers share the world of their children.

How Jerry enjoyed the sensation of flying through the air; the cities, the plains, the hills, and the rivers swept by in glorious, varied panorama, like pictured tales from some grand fairy rock.

When the pine-clad slopes of British Columbia met his admiring gaze he was radiant—radiant with a joy that was visibly increased when told that his home for the next two months would be in the midst of the bright green woods among those very hills.

He did not know that this wonderful region had been christened "The Switzerland of Canada," and if he had known, it is doubtful if the knowledge would have added to his happiness.

It was June. The valley and the hills were covered with a profusion of wild roses; the air was laden with their sweet

perfume, and their fragrance permeated every corner of the vast woods. Truly it was a royal welcome to the tired travellers.

It seemed to little Jerry that he had scarcely closed his eyes in slumber at the close of the eventful day which ended his journey, before he woke up, aroused by the strains of wild sweet music, clear and penetrating from the woodland. It was four by the tiny clock on his table when he sprang out of bed and flung open the window. A full fresh breeze, laden with spicy odors, greeted his nostrils, and sent a thrill of delight through his whole being.

"Come down Jerry," called Miss Marsh, who had also risen at the bird's serenade, and stood on the lower perch.

"Where can all those birds be? I have never heard so inspiring an orchestra. Come, let us find them in their homes." Gleefully they set off together, and day after day continued their search for "things in their homes."

There was something in the joyous freedom of forest that appealed strongly to Jerry. His health and spirits improved wonderfully. The corners of his mouth lost their pathetic droop; his eyes, though still wide and wondering, gained a new light that reflected peace within. Gently and soothingly does nature lead her people onward and upward, instilling the truths of wisdom, pages from Jehovah's volume.

In the little cabin which Mr. Marsh had set apart for his "museum," Jerry passed some delightful hours. His collections were of a homogeneous nature, but birds' nests and eggs predominated, and here, among his treasures, he no longer felt outside his Father's kingdom, but rested in the peace of His benediction.

The summer was drawing to a close. For days the air had been heavy with smoke. It grew thicker and thicker. To breathe freely was an impossibility. The river rolled sullenly along its murky course, muttering hoarse warnings of coming disaster, though no danger was apprehended at the Marsh homestead, whose owner was congratulating himself on the amount of cleared land around

his house and barns, cleared and ploughed in view of just such an emergency as this might be.

Affairs, however, began to assume a more serious aspect and late one evening one of the ranch hands came in with the report that the fire was on their side of the river.

At the rate the fire was travelling, a terrific wind helping it along, it was estimated that it would reach them in about half an hour. The men accordingly dispersed to various posts and prepared to fight the on-coming demon. It was already in sight, sweeping onward with majestic beauty—a fearfully magnificent spectacle.

The blackened sky was illuminated by its lurid light, intensified by white flashes of lightning from the inky darkness. As the flames leaped by towering tree and slender sapling their roar was mingled with the crash of thunder, repeating the promise of rain which had been threatening all day.

On, on it came until the little settlement was like an island in a sea of fire. The showers of cinders were quickly extinguished by the watchful men, whose blistered hands and scorched faces would not easily forget the fire fiend's visit.

It rushes by with fierce vindictiveness—but they are safe. The rumblings in the heavens grow more and more ominous, gusts of wind brought scattered drops of moisture, precursors of the rain which soon fell in torrents, to the unspeakable relief of intense nerves and strange starting eyes.

A number of the household were gathered on the north porch excitedly recounting the evening's work, when a sharp, shrill cry smote their ears, seemingly from the direction of the spring. Tom and Jones reached the spot in a few bounds, watched anxiously by the rest. They returned, carrying gently between them a small white figure. They tenderly placed him on a couch and held their breath while restoratives were administered, then assisted in chaffing the cold, clammy limbs. After what seemed an interminable time, little Jerry opened his eyes, "Bunny; Bunny," he wailed, trying feebly to rise and clutching blind-

ly at the air. Cool hands soothed the fevered brow, and endearing words calmed the troubled little breast to sleep.

At intervals during the long, close night he called for his pet.

When Tom went down after water the next morning he found a poor dead rabbit on the edge of the spring; here it had fallen when Jerry had slipped into the water. His cries for "bunny" then were not flights of fancy. Tom followed the trail, which was quite plain, and found where the rabbit had been shut in a box outside the cabin. A pole had fallen across the box, crushing in the weakened sides, and thus pinning the little animal, which must have been nearly suffocated. Pieces of burned fur still adhered to the broken boards. This, then, accounted for Jerry's torn and blackened hands. He had hurt them in trying to release the rabbit. After succeeding in this he mistook the way, and walked into the spring which was just below the cabin.

That day Jerry was in a high fever; the excitement and chill had proved too much for his slight frame and for weeks he lay hovering between life and death.

One evening, however, he opened his eyes and asked for Miss Helen. She had been most indefatigable in nursing him and was then lying down for a short rest. They roused her and she came to his bedside. Jerry gave a slight smile of recognition and a sigh of contentment, then sank into a sound sleep.

When he awoke the fever had left him, and from that time on he gradually recovered his strength. Miss Helen was his constant companion during the trying time of convalescence.

Eventually the medical man pronounced his little patient quite recovered and advised his return home.

In response to a pressing invitation from both Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, Miss Marsh accompanied Jerry, and she brought back with her quite a different boy to the one whom she had taken west some months previous.

He was a "child" no longer. The events of the last few months, the change of scene, his illness, and the sympathetic individuality of Miss Helen had trans-

formed the dreamy child into a thoughtful lad.

His soul had been quickened by the touch of physical suffering, and his dreamy propensities dispelled by constant companionship amidst congenial surroundings.

Here we will leave him. Still with the pure heart of a child, but with the early strivings of young man-hood beginning to make themselves known in his youthful mind.

A REVERIE.

By George Franks.

"Thou'rt weary," sighed the evening breeze
 Unto the restless moaning sea,
 With soft caress:
 "And troubled sore; I pity thee,
 "And fain would bring thee perfect ease
 "From thy distress."

Then upwards with a silent flight
 The zephyr passed behind the clouds,
 And whispered low:
 "O gentle Moon, break through thy shrouds
 "And pour thy healing on the night
 "Far down below."

And lo! the parted shades reveal
 The mystic Orb of Night on high
 In splendour grand:
 And suddenly, without a sigh,
 The ocean sinks to sweet repose—
 A silver strand!

Where Irrigation Is King.

By Freeman Harding.

THE birth of the science of irrigation was coeval with the birth of the science of agriculture and both for centuries past have been the handmaidens of mother nature. Irrigation in ancient days played as important a part in the welfare of nations as it promises to play in the new world at an early date. Its history is intensely absorbing and one reads with wonder of the truly immense undertakings entered into by various people in various ages for the purpose of bringing the life-giving waters onto the thirsty lands. The Government of British Columbia has for some time been contemplating amendments to the present laws governing the water supply in the "Dry Belt" and within the past few months the first step has been taken in the desired direction. The services of an eminent irrigation engineer, Professor Carpenter of Colorado, were secured and together with Hon. F. J. Fulton, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, he visited all the irrigated sections of the Province with a view to securing the information needed to formulate a workable and comprehensive measure dealing with the water supply.

The present intention of the Government lies rather in the line of conserving the available supply and dividing it fairly amongst consumers. Future efforts will be devoted to bringing, by Government aid, large tracts of hitherto useless land under the vivifying influence of water.

Within the Kamloops district lies what is known as the "Dry Belt," having a length of over one hundred miles with an average breadth of fifty miles. The chief climate characteristics of this belt

are its mild winters, its minimum rainfall and its almost perpetual sunshine. Owing to the insufficiency of the rainfall in most seasons, irrigation is absolutely necessary for the successful cultivation of the soil, thus rendering the valley lands bordering on the North and South Thompson Rivers of little value until brought beneath the quickening touch of water. The soil itself, a rich alluvial deposit, has for years past given abundant evidence of its great fertility when properly irrigated. The centre of the district to be mainly benefited by the development of irrigation systems is Kamloops.

Situated as it is at the junction of two large rivers which drain an immense territory rich in undeveloped resources, Kamloops by nature is destined to become the most important city in the interior of the Pacific Province. The country drained by the North Thompson River and its tributaries stretches from the height of land lying nearly three hundred miles to the north, while the South Thompson River drains the great Chuswap system of lakes lying to the east. The potentialities of these two districts are as yet hardly realized by even the most sanguine believer in the future awaiting Kamloops and surrounding district. Navigable for light draft steamers for over a hundred miles, the North Thompson is an outlet to a valley the agricultural resources of which are unbounded, the mineral resources almost undreamed of and the timber resources practically unlimited. Of the valley drained through the Shuswap lakes and the South Thompson River, the same may be said and to the other resources

302



City of Kamloops.

ARCELLENG CO

may be added those which make for successful fruit culture. Not only with respect to its water transportation facilities is Kamloops advantageously situated. The well constructed highways leading in all directions, north, south, east and west, make the city the commercial centre of a district of untold possibilities, both agricultural and industrial, and the situation of the city on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway gives ample connection with the world. Kamloops is the geographical, commercial and administrative centre of a district comprising sixteen thousand miles of the richest section in the Province of British Columbia—the very hub of a land of fertile valleys and windswept bunchgrass ranges, of streams and lakes and mighty rivers, of sunkissed benches and lush meadow lands, of gloomy forests ready for the woodman's axe, and scarred rocks waiting the miners' pick, a country of wealth inestimable and attractions undeniable.

For three-quarters of a century Kamloops has been the centre of the ranching industry of the interior of British Columbia, great herds of cattle have been bred and reared and fattened on the bunch grass slopes of the district and shipped from the city to supply the markets of the coast. The climate is conducive to successful cattle rearing at a minimum of expense as the winter feeding season is short and winter shelter almost unnecessary. The bunch grass of the ranges forms a ration which without any addition puts the beef animal in prime shape for the market or the breeding one in condition to face the short winter. The herds have for a long time been bred from a good class of sires and always with a view to beef production. Horses too are shipped in large numbers from the district and the quality of the mountain bred, range fed animal leaves nothing to be desired. Of whatever breed the animal may be it is generally above the average in activity, strength and endurance in these respects, surpassing the horse bred and reared on the level plains. Breeding has been carefully looked after and the cayuse scrub sire of the early days has been almost entirely replaced by well selected

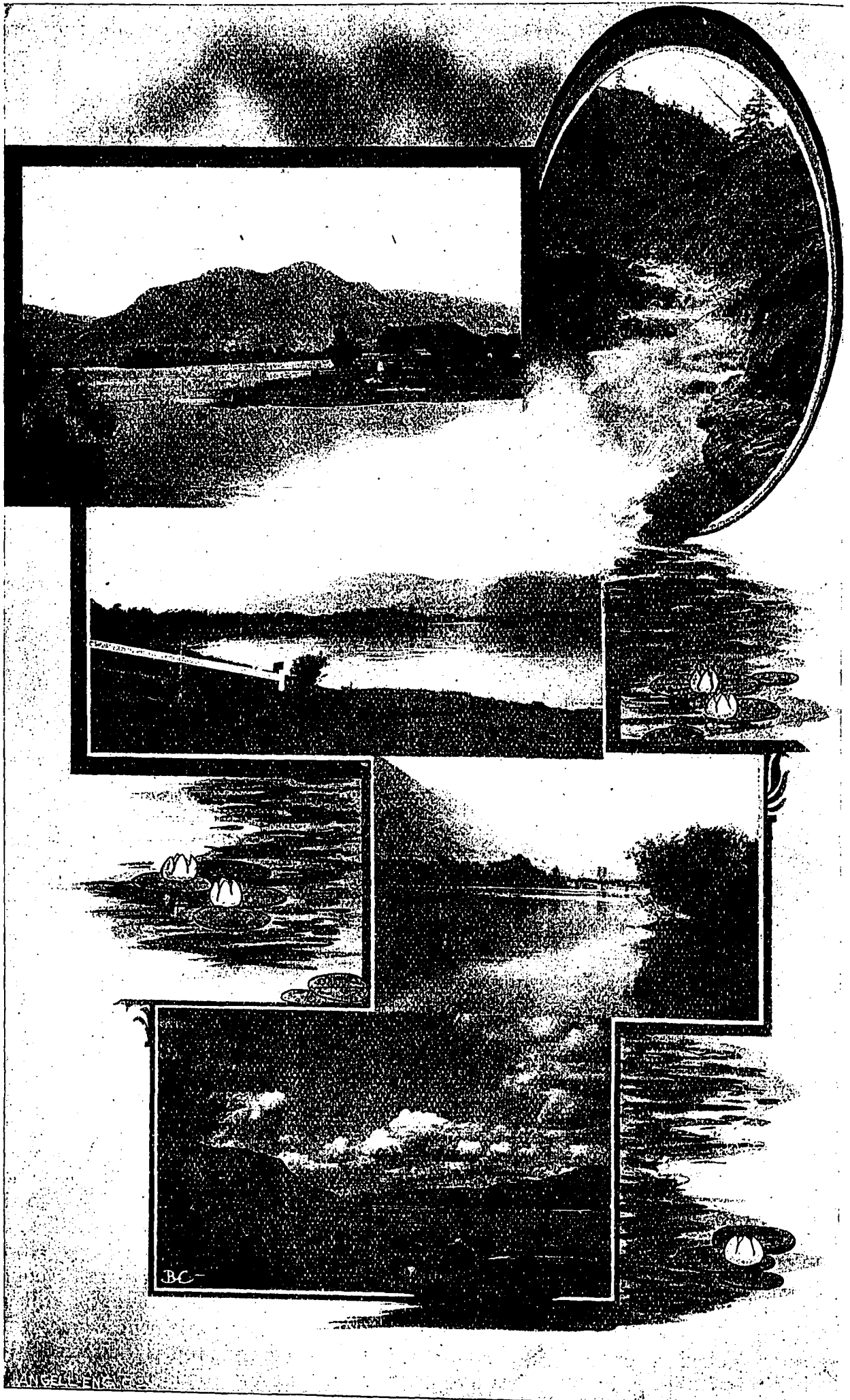
clydesdales, percherons, thoroughbreds or roadsters, and the progeny has now lost the characteristics of the hardy but undesirable native horse.

Of late years the fencing of wide areas of leased lands on the ranges by the large cattle owners had forced the smaller land owner to turn by degrees to mixed farming and the settlers who have come into the district recently are nearly all devoting themselves to this branch of agriculture. In all directions there are small areas of choice land which are available for the purposes of the general farmer, and improved, or



Mayor M. P. Gordon.

partly improved places can be secured on reasonable terms. In the parts of the district where irrigation is necessary water rights are sold with the place and of course add to its value. Close to the city the land available for homesteading is pretty well taken up, but in the North Thompson Valley and at various points on the Shuswap lakes there are still locations open for settlement which, with time and energy properly directed, will develop into fertile and profitable farms. This is particularly true of the North



BC

Thompson Valley and the smaller ones tributary thereto. In this section there are several extensive tracts of extensive bottom land particularly suited for hay raising, and many miles of lightly timbered land suitable for diversified farming, dairying and hog raising. The soil in this valley is of two sorts, a heavy clay loam and a light, friable but fertile loam, both productive and readily tilled. The timber growth in most cases is very light in the bottoms and clearing does not entail any heavy work. The climate is

country there is room for thousands of prosperous and contented settlers engaged in diversified farming in a congenial climate and amidst attractive surroundings.

Fruit growing is as yet one of the infant industries in the Province of British Columbia, but it bids fair in time to rival mining, lumbering or stock-raising for the first position. Today southern British Columbia is acknowledged to be the finest fruit growing country on the continent and in southern British Colum-

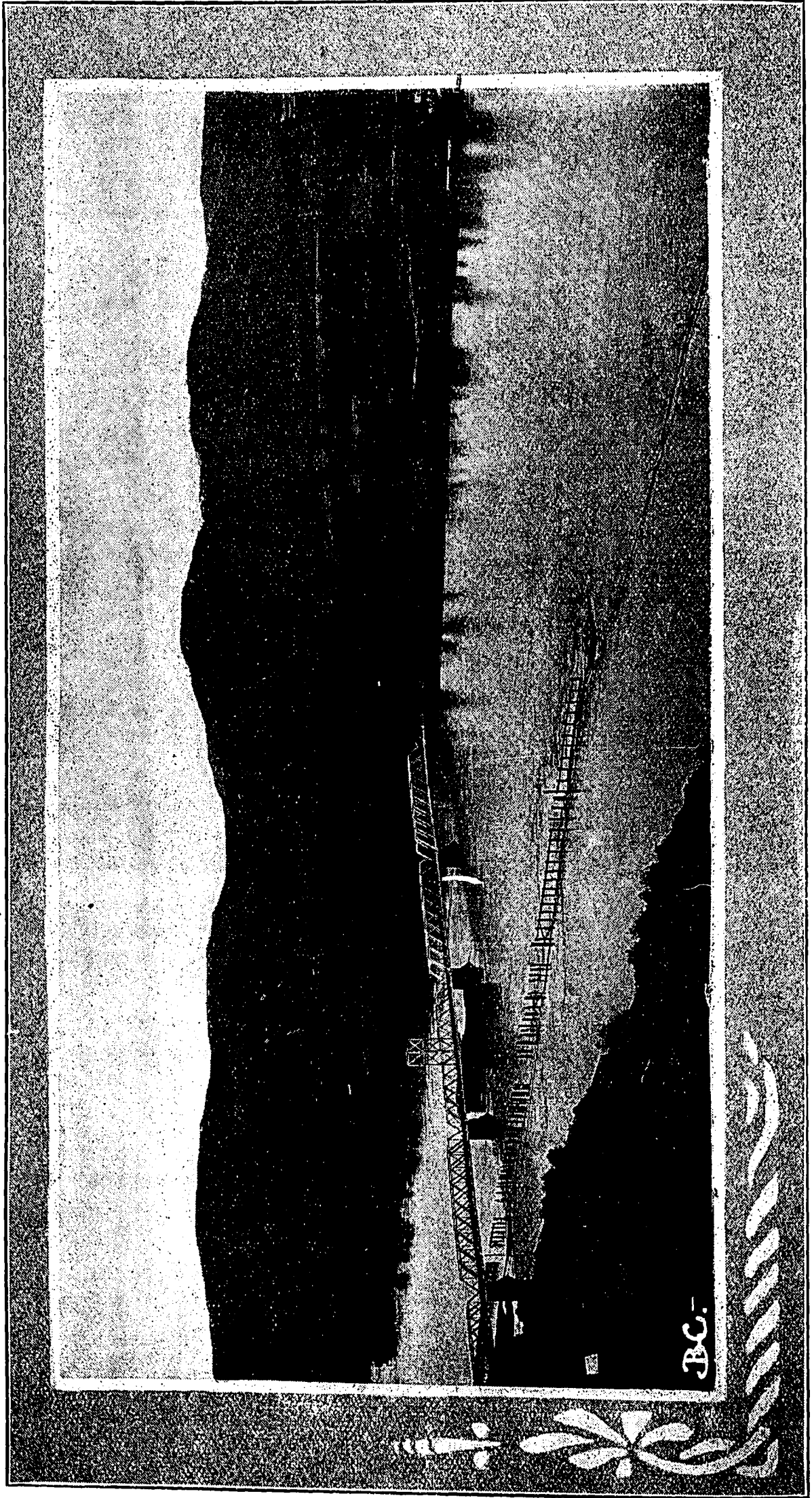


The Main Street.

all that can be desired and it has been demonstrated that for 110 miles up the river tomatoes, melons, corn, beans, in fact all the tender crops can be grown to perfection. Actual experience has shown that all the hardy fruits, apples, plums, cherries, pears and small fruits thrive and bear luxurious crops. There are many tributary valleys which offer opportunities quite as good as those to be found in the North Thompson River Valley, in fact some of the smaller ones are filled from river to head with prosperous farms and homesteads. The transportation facilities are even now being extended by the Government and will be kept in line with increased settlement in the valley. In other parts of the district the lands available for homesteading are small in area and widely scattered, but in the North Thompson

bia no other district is more peculiarly adapted to the success of this industry than is the one of which Kamloops is the centre. The South Thompson River Valley, The North Thompson River Valley, and all the smaller valleys in the Kamloops district will not only produce fruit in abundance but the quality of the product is equal to any and superior to most. The different varieties which are successfully cultivated here will prove, in competition with those produced elsewhere, to be of better colour, flavour and size. Apples, pears, plums, and cherries will mature in any part of the district, while in nearly all parts peaches, grapes, apricots and nectarines are prolific bearers. This is especially true of the South Thompson Valley, where irrigation is necessary. Here there are thousands of acres of bench lands in every

306



The Fruitland Estate.

way suited for fruit growing on a commercial scale and although the question of irrigation must be considered and the supply of water for this purpose is limited if gravity systems alone are looked to, pumping by means of gas engines can be resorted to in nearly all cases with profit and with no uncertainty as to the supply. The suitable benches are as a general rule no higher than 100 feet above the level of the river and in many cases much less. Small holdings of from five to twenty acres are quite sufficient in size for commercial fruit growing and if the intending settler does not care to take up the unirrigated tracts, obtaining his water supply by power, he can secure locations in subdivided tracts which have been placed on the market by land companies, and which have the water supply brought from the hills by gravity systems. These subdivided lands can be secured at prices varying from \$100 to \$200 per acre with water rights included, and the cost of making an orchard in the district will vary according to initial price of land and local labour conditions. Twenty acres of the very best fruit lands in the district will, when in full bearing, pay a net annual profit of from \$125 to \$150 per acre—These figures are not obtained from guesswork but are compiled from actual returns. An unlimited market exists for the products of the orchard and fruit of first class shipping quality never lacks buyers. The increasing demand for British Columbia fruit will keep well in advance of the orchards and the widespread desire to obtain choice small holdings in the Pacific Province is only a logical outcome of the rapid settlement of the wheat belt of the Northwest. Speaking of the Kamloops district His Excellency Earl Gray on his last visit to British Columbia said in reply to an address: "When the potentialities of your wonderful soil and climate become fully recognized the influx of settlers of the most desirable kind eager to develop your wonderful district will surpass all your expectations and your district can offer them opportunities of engaging in fruit culture under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only suc-

ceeded in reaching in one or two of the most favoured spots upon the earth."

Adjacent to Kamloops, with which it is connected by a handsome four-span bridge of 1,000 feet in length, is the rapidly growing settlement of Fruitland, consisting of some 6,000 acres, and bordering on the North and South Thompson Rivers. About four years ago the whole of this land was purchased by the Canadian Real Properties, Ltd., it being surveyed and cut into lots ranging from one acre upwards. With the expenditure of \$70,000 water has been brought on to the property by means of a canal, flumes and laterals. An excellent and inexhaustible supply of water is obtainable from Jamieson Creek at the extreme northern end of Fruitland. The creek rises many miles back on the Tranquille plateau and with its tributaries drains a large mountainous country covered with deep snow in winter.

As an auxiliary to this main source of supply Lane, Dairy and McQueen Creeks have also been diverted so as to empty into the main canal. All these streams absolutely insure for all time an abundance of water more than sufficient to irrigate every foot of the company's land, especially during the irrigable season, when the floods are on; while the force of gravity from the intake at the dam carries the water over the land, without any expense for power.

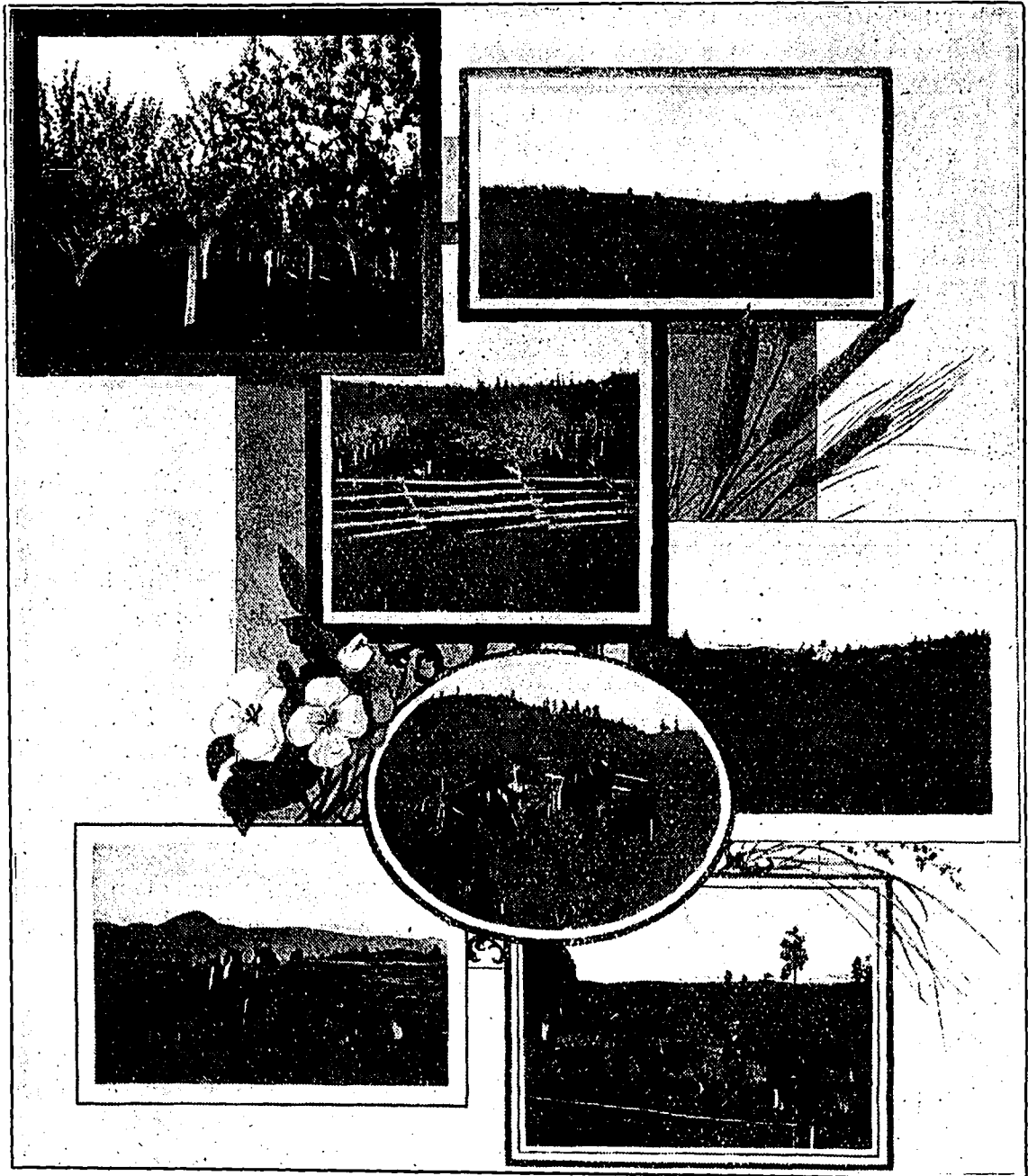
To insure a sufficiency even in the driest summer, several large lakes, 6,000 feet up the mountains have been dammed, so that now there is water enough to irrigate three times the acreage. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit of great depth, all cleared and ready for the plow, and with not a rock, stone or boulder to impede its progress. It will produce even the first year paying crops of tomatoes, melons, potatoes, beans, corn, etc., and the purest of water for domestic use can be obtained by driving a pipe 25 or 30 feet, and in many cases less. Only two or three years ago nearly the whole of this land was nothing but a desert of sage brush and sand, but since the life-giving water was turned on, comfortable homes surrounded by healthy young orchards are springing up in all direc-

306

tions. Ideal little homes they are, too, many of them fronting on either the North or South Thompson, and commanding a view up these immense valleys for miles. A splendid suburb has been added to Kamloops, of which she may well be proud, and which even the most optimistic could never have foreseen.

pessimists and carping critics are silent, so marvellous is the change which has been wrought in the short space of two years.

The cost of the lots is graded according to their location to Kamloops; number of acres on which the water can be placed and character of the soil. Irrig-



The Colebrooke Ranch.

When the scheme of bringing water on to the great sagebrush flat was first mooted, it was looked upon by many as nothing but a gigantic hoax. When the canal was dug, water turned on, and a few lots sold, it was still characterized as a public hold-up and worse than a gold-brick proposition. But today the

gable land is rated from \$60 upward per acre. As the lands are bordered by the river and every lot laid out so as to be accessible to the wagon roads and as the lots vary in size from the small residential lots immediately opposite Kamloops to farms of from ten acres to 200 acres, and also as the irrigable position

in each varies in size each lot or plot is priced separately.

To persons with some capital (say from \$1,000 to \$10,000) with ambitious brains and willing hands, few places in the entire Province offer so fine an opportunity to lay the foundation for permanent prosperity together with a comfortable home. Having an ideal soil; a climate as healthy as any place in Canada; and abundance of water and ever expanding markets all combine to render the proposed colony on Fruitland something unique and profitable in the up-building of Canada's most westerly Province.

A prospective purchaser of one of these plots will naturally ask "Will ten acres, for instance, suffice to make a living on?" To anyone acquainted with the conditions as they exist in this district, the answer would unhesitatingly be given in the affirmative. Old ways are giving place to new ones. Those who ten years ago could not make a living from less than a section (640 acres) have been shown by example the fallacy of their belief. The man on ten or twenty acres has, at the end of each year, gained more with far less grinding and worry. He has in fact cultivated every acre with the result that it has all produced. This is the science of "Intensified Culture," therefore the existence of small farms. There is an old saying that "wise men do not put all their eggs in one basket" which applies also to the agriculturist and horticulturist. If by any reason one kind of fruit fails in crop or price, there are others to take its place. With irrigation one practically controls the elements.

Having, for three-quarters of a century, been devoted to the interests of the stock raiser who required thousands of acres where the fruit grower only required acres, the Kamloops District has not heretofore been exploited as a fruit raising and most desirable residential localities in British Columbia small holdings have been hard to obtain. In the valley of the South Thompson River where nature has been prodigal with those gifts which makes for the success of the orchardist, the most desirable

lands have been held for years by the stock raiser and have been cultivated on an extensive scale for fodder crops only, instead of being settled in small holdings and intensively cultivated by fruit growers as nature intended they should be. The large prices offered for the ranche lands by those who realized their value as fruit lands failed to tempt the stockmen who were contented with the returns derived from their herds, so the more important industry lagged behind in the Kamloops district while it flourished in the Okanagan. Time has altered this to a slight extent and now one of the oldest and best known stock ranches in the Province has been secured by the B. C. Orchard Lands, Ltd., which is now offering the first block of subdivided lands to purchasers who desire small holdings in a good district. This estate which has been called "Sunnyside," lies on the north bank of the South Thompson River, on which it has a frontage on four and a half miles. The soil is a rich clay loam and as it has been irrigated for fodder crops for nearly forty years is in the very best possible condition for the planting of orchards. No clearing is necessary and the land is free from stones. Lying as it does on the north bank of the river the entire estate slopes gently to the south and obtains the benefit of all the sun in a country noted for its prodigality of sunshine. It is sheltered from the north and east winds by the fir-clad hills behind, which rise in park like terraces higher and higher, until they reach the height of land overlooking Adams Lake. From any point on the land the outlook is superb, a veritable panorama of river, range and foothills spreads itself before the eye, and no more enticing surroundings could be imagined for a prosperous and contented settlement engaged in pleasant occupations, as profitable as they are pleasant. The educational, religious and social advantages of Kamloops are at the disposal of the residents of "Sunnyside" as it is only a four hours drive over good roads; a three hours journey by launch or steamer, or an hour's trip by train from the city. It is the intention of the Company to augment the work of nature in

310

making "Sunnyside" an ideal residential community as well as a prosperous one and the lots will only be sold to desirable settlers, who agree to conditions which will make for the interests of all without being burdensome to any. The block which has been laid out has been sur-

hundred or more families instead of a single family and with usual ranch help. The development of just such tracts of fruit land will ensure increased settlement for the Kamloops District.

At the present time more than ordinary interest centers in the development of



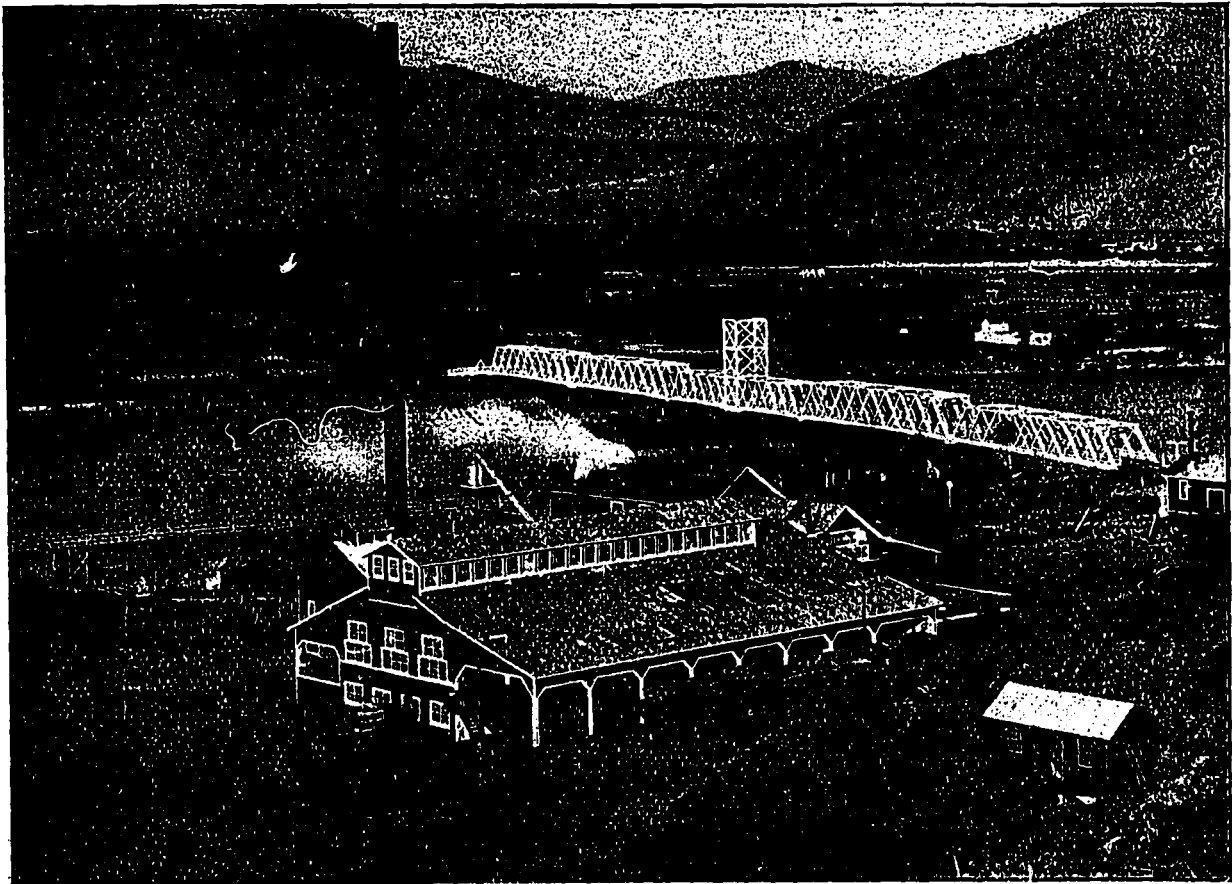
Orchard and Water Scenes at "Sunnyside."

veyed in such a way that each holding has a main irrigation ditch within its boundaries and all face a full width road. Ample river frontage remains unalienated and will be kept for the benefit of all residents. Within a few short years this property will be the home of a

the lumber industry and of all those who are engaged in exploiting the natural resources of the Kamloops District the lumberman is the most energetic and progressive as well as the most farseeing. The best timber areas which lie along the magnificent water stretches provided

by the North and South Thompson Rivers, and Shuswap and Adams Lake, have attracted the attention of the lumber barons in quest of new worlds to conquer, new forests to fell and new mills to feed. The Kamloops District contains some of the best timber in a province noted for the extent of its forest resources. Not so large in size as the giant firs and cedars of the coast districts, the timber trees of the interior by reason of their slower growth are finer in grain and tougher in texture than the more rapidly matured trees obtainable on the limits

last season amounted to over 8,000,000 feet BM. The Shuswap Lake limits supplied 20,000,000 feet BM., and from other sources were drawn logs cutting about 20,000,000 feet BM. The mills of the City are the Lamb-Watson Company's plant with a daily capacity of 40,000 feet BM. per day, and the Thompson River Lumber Company mill cutting 15,000 feet B.M. per day. The Adams River Lumber Company has in course of erection a mill which will have when completed a daily cut of 100,000 feet BM. and will draw its raw material from



One of the Big Mills.

situated where the rainfall is heavier. Fir, red pine, white pine, cedar, spruce, hemlock, birch and cottonwood provide the material which is made into lumber in the mills of Kamloops and district. On the limits now being logged the fir and red pine and the cedar predominate, but beyond the limits where the camps are at present operating the spruce becomes most plentiful. The principal source of supply for Kamloops mills lies in the valley of the North Thompson and along Shuswap Lake and its arms. In the North Thompson Valley the cut

immense limits which the company has secured about Adams Lake. Besides these larger concerns there are small mills operating at different points in the district; at Grande Prairie, at Sunnyside, at Ducks, at the Iron Mask Mine and other places. The average number of men employed by the various lumbering concerns operating in the district is about 300 and the average pay roll amounts to over \$20,000 per month. This includes employees of the logging camps as well as of the mills. The equipment of the mills is of the most modern kind and

the Lamb-Watson Company has a plant which for economy in production, ease and speed in handling material and quality of output is second to none in the Province. The output of this mill as well as that of the Monarch Lumber Company is sold almost to the last stick in the provinces east of the mountains. The output of the Adams R. Lumber Company will also be for shipment to the east, while the smaller plants supply the local trade.

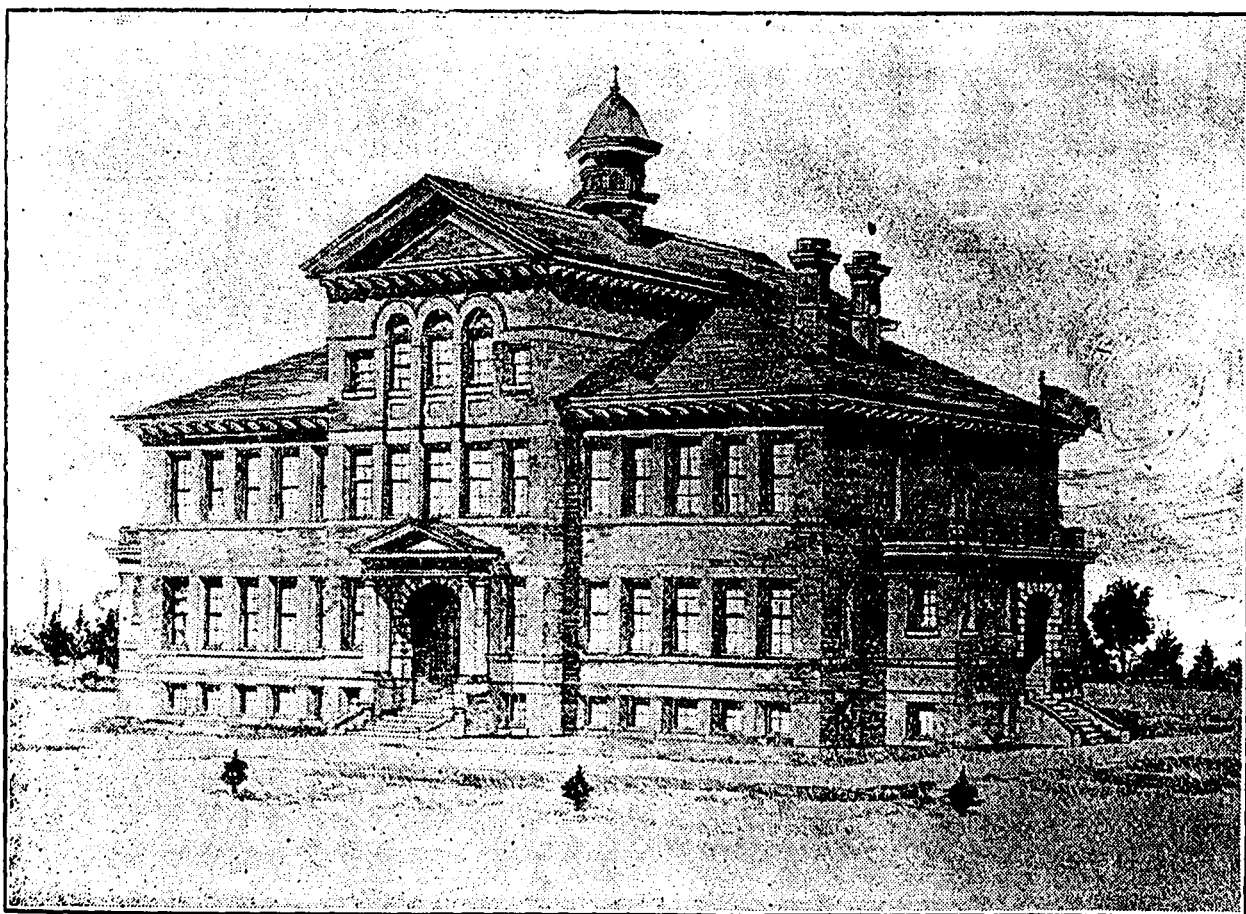
The Kamloops District covers an area of mineralized lands which bids fair to become one of the most important of the many mining sections of the Province. From the cinnabar deposits near Savonas on the west to the cottonbelt galena locations on Seymour Arm on the east; from the gold quartz finds of Stump Lake on the south to the coal fields of the North Thompson Valley the entire district is rich in minerals, not of one kind but of several. Immediately south of the city and only a few short miles away lies what is known as the Kamloops camp which has up to the present time been the principal scene of mining activity in the district. This camp lies in a belt of basic granite rocks traversing the country in and east and west direction for a distance of some seven miles. The belt has an extreme width of nearly three miles between the tertiary beds on the north and the contact with the Nicola series on the south. The outcrops of mineral bearing rocks occur throughout the entire area and several veins of large size and containing good values in copper and gold have been opened up by workings of greater or less extent. Coal Hill is a prominent high part of this belt and on this hill the greater part of the development work has been done. In the "Iron Mask" the owners have a property which is a fully developed mine down to the 700-ft. with ore blocked out and work well ahead. Here the ore body is of large size and the average grade of the ore is high. The surface equipment, buildings and machinery are all of the best and the Company operates its own sawmill, concentrator, small smelting plant, electric lighting plant and compressor. About 20,000 tons

of ore have been shipped from this property before for some unknown reason work was suspended and development ceased for a time. The difficulties have now been adjusted and the owners are preparing to reopen on a larger scale than before. A new shaft of larger capacity will be sunk and a larger hoisting plant installed. A large smelter will be erected and the ore treated at home instead of being shipped to outside reduction works. This will ensure a large addition to the pay roll distributed in the city and will also ensure the opening up of other properties in the vicinity which are now lying idle for want of local treatment facilities. Several other properties have been developed to a less extent than has the Iron Mask. The "Peacock" has a large amount of underground work done and the mine is developed to the 300-foot level. This property was closed down for some time but has recently been sold to an English company and will be reported at an early date. The "Python" has also a large amount of work done and recent development in the long tunnel driven to cross cut the vein at some depth below the bottom of the shaft has proved the existence of the orebody at depth. This tunnel, which is some 500 feet in length, was driven for the purpose of draining the upper workings as well as for developing the mine. Work is kept up continuously on the "Wheal Tamar" where a large body of medium grade ore has been proved up from whence shipments can commence at any time after local facilities for treatment have been provided. The Kimberley group, the Truth group, the Old Dominion group, the Orphan Bop group, the Last Chance, the Evening Star, the Mountain, the Ajax group, the Laura and many other prospects on the hill are all worthy the attention of mining capital and it is only a matter of time before this capital will be forthcoming in quantities. At nearly all these properties the limit that can be reached by the ordinary prospector has been reached and the assistance of the promoter and the capitalist has become more necessary.

In addition to the ranching, farming, fruit growing, mining and lumbering in-

dustries which must at all times contribute to the prosperity of the city and which will as the years roll on and development proceeds largely increase in importance, there are other sources to draw from. A brewery and bottling works running to its utmost capacity, a cigar manufactory employing from twenty to thirty hands, a sash and door factory, a large brickyard, two furniture manufacturing establishments, and a harness and saddlery manufactory and two printing establishments add their

scenic beauty. Since the first stockade fort was built a century ago the place has gradually increased in size and importance. Through all the stages of trading post distributing point, cow town, railway construction centre, straggling town, the growth has been steady and substantial until the one time hamlet has become an incorporated city boasting many of the conveniences of modern metropolitan life. The city has the reputation in the Province of being conservative and inclined to be easy going, yet



The High School.

quota to the pay rool expended in the course of manufacturing.

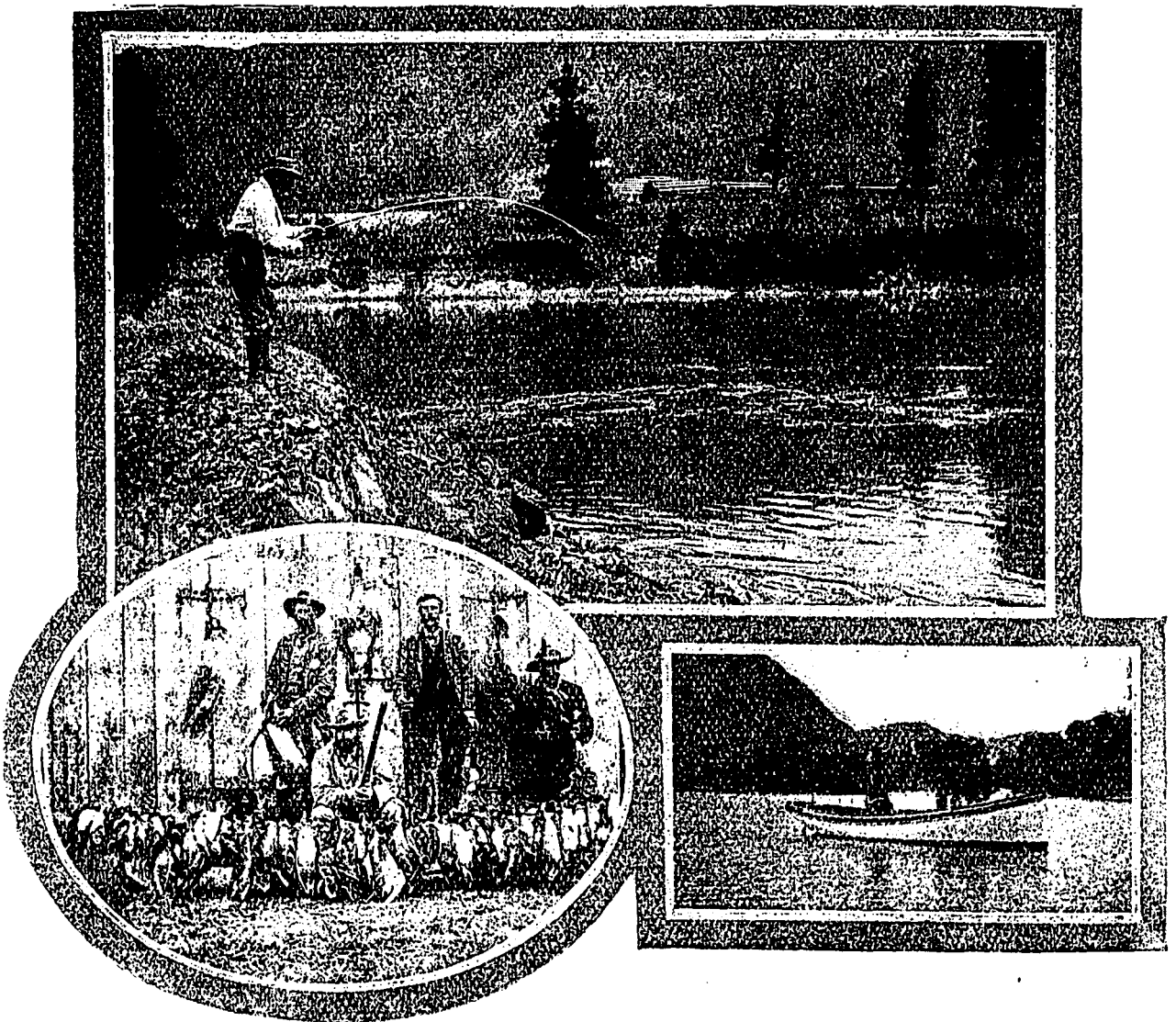
Picturesquely situated along the base of a high plateau which fringes the south bank of the Thompson River and opposite the mouth of the North Thompson River, Kamloops has been favoured by nature with an ideal site. The situation was chosen by those intrepid pioneers who erected the first fort in 1813 and one is almost led to believe that it was selected not only for its strategic position at the centre of an immensely rich country but also for the added charm of

this young city has its own electric light and water systems, an electric fire alarm system and a modern sewerage system. It has an up to date fire fighting apparatus, and a conveniently arranged central fire hall. It has broad and well kept streets, lined with an abundance of graceful shade trees, and trim velvety lawns marking the many comfortable home sites that are owned by a settled and prosperous people. Besides the conveniences of modern life which are owned by the city the residents have all the usual ones supplied by other concerns. Tele-

phone connection with all points on the lines to the south; telegraphic communication with the world; express and money order offices; good schools and hospitals, churches and lodges, in fact all the requirements for a comfortable, convenient existence amidst the most desirable surroundings.

Kamloops holds out all the induce-

addition to these there are the numerous railway organizations and trades unions, and a branch of the Western Federation of Miners. The different denominational bodies have the usual affiliated societies working in connection with the churches. The city has a well conducted club for the older men and their friends, and the Kamloops Musical and Athletic Associa-



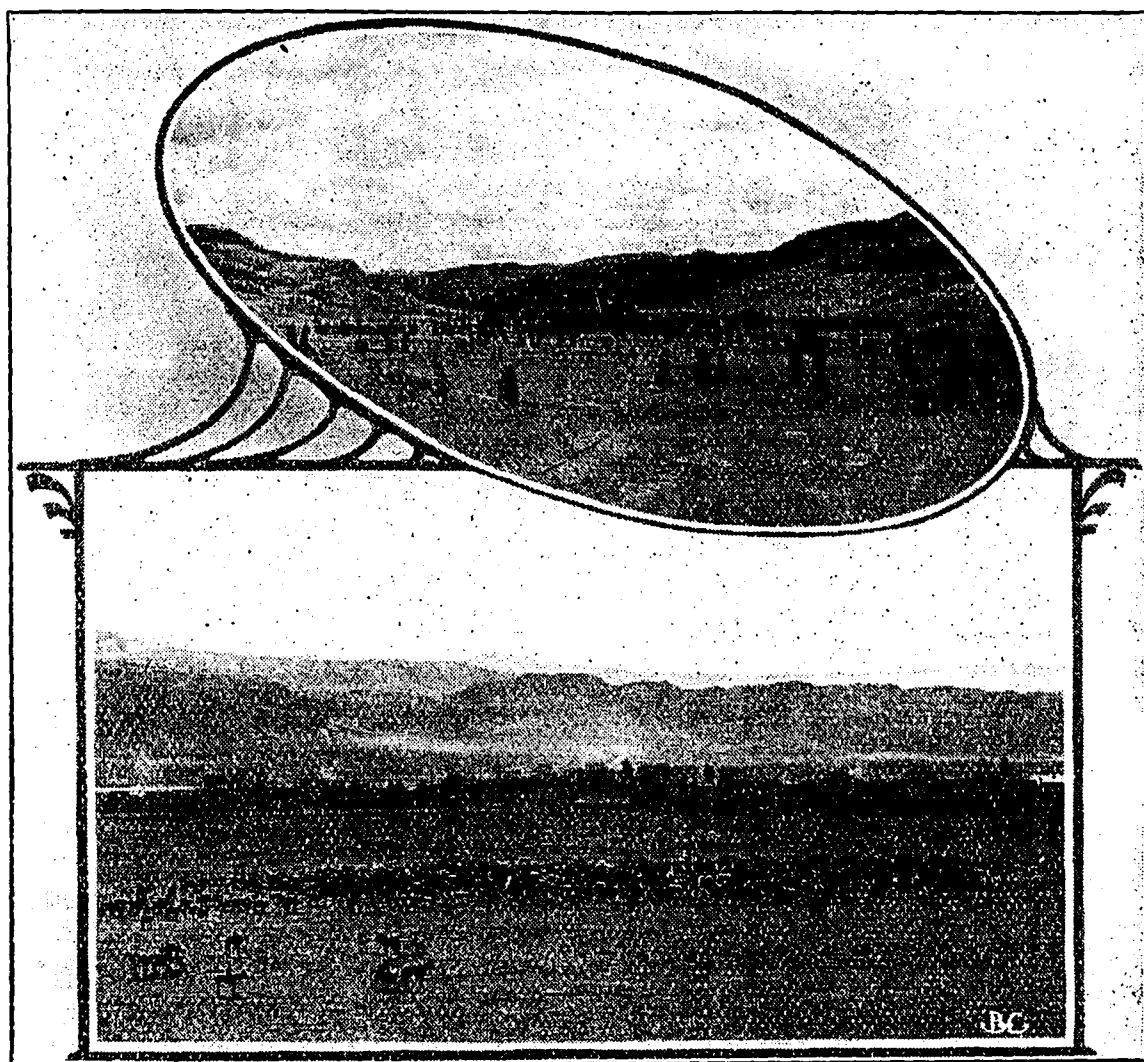
Shooting and Fishing.

ments which any town can hold out for the social and physical well being of its residents. The various secret and benefit societies are well represented and among those organizations which have a large and active membership may be mentioned Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, the Independent Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Knights of Pythias, the L. O. L., the Sons of England Benefit Society. In

tion serves a like purpose for the younger men. The latter organization has a large and well equipped gymnasium which, as occasion requires, can be converted into a public hall, with a good stage, which is used for theatrical and operatic work, for concerts, meetings and balls. There is also a good reading room for use of members of the association. Both political parties have organizations in town and the Conservative Club is conducted in connection with the district associa-

tion. They have large and commodious quarters in the Noble Block. The devotees of the various outdoor games will find kindred spirits here in several branches of sport. Amongst the clubs having in view the interests of sport might be mentioned the Lacrosse Club; baseball and football clubs; hockey clubs, both ice and ground hockey having devotees; a tennis club and a polo club. As is natural in any horse raising country considerable interest is taken in rac-

sport with rod, shot gun or rifle. On this will often depend the choice when two or more districts are under consideration and in this respect the Kamloops District can compare favourably with all parts of British Columbia and is superior to most. In no other part of the Province can so varied an assortment of game, furred, finned or feathered, be secured without an undue expenditure of time and money. The wide choice of varieties, the accessibility of



Stockraising.

ing and two meets are held in each year at Alexandra Park where is situated the best track in the Province. The spring meet is held under the auspices of the Polo Club and the autumn one under the direction of the Kamloops District Agricultural Association.

To many of those who are contemplating a change of residence an important factor in the choice is the opportunities which the new home may offer for

the different shooting grounds and fishing waters, the magnificent weather which prevails throughout the shooting season and the picturesque surroundings of mountain wood and water combine to make the Kamloops District an ideal one for a sportsman's outing and in no direction, nor in any quest need he return without a satisfactory bag. If the enquirer is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton and would test his skill with fly

or bait, he may take his choice of many waters. All along the Thompson or the North Thompson Rivers and in every tributary stream, trout, strong and game to the last degree, may be brought to grass. The several kinds of trout, with one exception, are said to be identical in species, differing only in size and colour in the different waters. The one distinct species, the best known and most sought for of the game fish of the Interior, is the Silver trout (*Salmo Kamloopis*), the strongest, gamest fish that ever tried an angler's tackle. This trout may be taken in all the local waters but is most plentiful in the Thompson River. The wing shot can obtain good sport in his line with as little trouble as does his brother angler. Within a day's ride of the city in any direction, a good bag may always be secured with the shotgun, in season. Wild fowl of all kinds and sizes, ranging from the great Whistling swan to the fast flying little teal, are plentiful in all the lakes which lie scattered over the wind swept, bunch grass ranges. Of geese, there are two varieties, the Canada Goose and the American White Fronted Goose, the former being very abundant and the latter fairly so at certain seasons. Mallard, Widgeon, Teal, Pintail, Spoonbill and Gadwell are the most abundant of the true ducks, but many of the sea ducks are also to be found. For those who prefer upland shooting there are plenty of grouse, the family being well represented all through the district. The Canada Ruffed Grouse and the Blue Grouse are particularly abundant, and the Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse or Prairie Chicken is becoming more plentiful every season. The big game hunter too has a good variety to choose from. Grizzly Bear and Black Bear are both plentiful in several parts of the district and the sportsman in search of the pelt of either may be sure of a shot without having to go far. The Mule Deer is plentiful and good deer

shooting may be obtained in any direction from the city after not more than a few hours drive. The deer is the open park, like ranges of the dry belt, is at his very best, and will always afford excellent sport and good heads. For caribou the sportsman must go farther afield, but in the country about Adams Lake and north of Shuswap Lake and in the valley of the North Thompson about Clearwater Radifer Caribou ranges in immense herds. Mountain Goat are plentiful too in the Adams Lake country, but sheep are rather scarce in this district, although there are points within reasonable distance where the sportsman may secure this, the most prized of mountain trophies.

One of the most valuable assets which Kamloops and its tributary districts possess is the climate. It is not a merchantable commodity and for that reason is perhaps rarely considered by those who might by a little effort and outlay, properly directed, turn the days of sunshine into golden dollars. Publicity is the "open sesame" to the treasure which our clear, dry days have in store. The wealthy valetudinarian is here told of our climatic advantages and the attractiveness of the district as a place of residence so that he can ascertain for himself the truth of the statement that British Columbia's "dry belt" and Kamloops, in particular, stands supreme as a health resort. Spring opens early and the long summer days which follow throughout the summer stay with us far into the autumn. Days of clear sky, bright sun, and dry, crisp air are a feature of all the seasons, and the winters are as a rule as pleasant as the summer in this respect. The snow fall is slight and the temperature never too low for comfort and health. The climate of the district is dry the entire year, the average rainfall for the year scarcely ever exceeding one and one-quarter inches per month.

Joe's Closest Shave.

By E. M. Durham.

A SMALL group of prospectors and miners sat around on the porch of a boarding house, telling each other about their experiences.

"The closest shave that I ever had," said old Joe Dilson, "was up on the Chindemes Mountain about ten or eleven years ago. Me an' my partner, Bill Jenkins—y'u know him Sanderson," turning towards a small, wiry, middle-aged man who sat on a low stool playing with a big grey dog.

"Who's that?" said Sanderson, glancing at Joe.

"Bill Jenkins; him that struck it rich up in the Omineca; went down to San Francisco, lived too high and went bust; then went to Klondyke, I believe. I dont know what became of him after that."

"I remember him. Got killed up there, I heard," replied Sanderson, and went on fondling the dog.

"Well," continued Joe, "men an' Bill was going out to hunt goats up on the Chindemes Mountain. It was autumn then; y'u know what it's like on the Skeena in autumn; some of y'u have been there, so yu'll know. Well it's jest as wet an' ugly as ever I like to see.

"Come back to my story. Where was I? Oh! I remember. We climbed and climbed up the steep, slippery slopes an' cliffs 'till we were so tired we were jest about ready to drop. We only got about half way up on the mountain that day; we quit climbin' at half-past four o'clock and started to make our camp. We chose a sheltered little corner for the camp alon'side of a hog-bank, where the wind couldn't blow the rain and sleet under our fly. Well, Bill says to me: 'Say Joe, you jest take a little skoot

around and see if y'u can find some dry wood while I fixes up the fly" I says: 'All right,' and starts off.

"I had my old six-shooter then, same es now. I allus carry it about with me, because, y'u see, I got kind of an effection for it; it—he's got me out' o so many tight holes.

"Come back to my story again—Well, I goe sup'n top of the hog-back, that we was campin' alongside of, and looks around to see if there was any dry wood. Es any prospector would do, I takes a look up a bluff that wus going up jest behind the hog-back. Oh! I guess it wus about sixty feet high; maybe more an' maybe less, and pretty good and steep, I tell y'u. I looks pretty hard at a little spot of white thet wus up'n a little bit o' rock thet wus stickin' out from the bluff. 'Must be a goat,' says I to myself; I'll jest go around and git on top of that ledge thet was running alon' the bluff about twenty feet above the goat. Well, I gets up on top of the ledge all right and crawls along to the other end of it, which was right above the goat. At the end of the ledge there was a ravine or gulley that went down the bluff right to where the goat was camping—but I never troubles to look around it, I jet lays down flat and says to myself as I cocks my revolver and takes aim at the goat: 'Good-bye my hearty.' Then I shoots at it. I hit it sure enough, but not enough to hurt, for it looks around to see where the bullet and noise come from, then he looks up where I was and I shoots him in the head, so thet he dropped down dead. 'Gone goose now, fer sure,' says I es I turns to get up.

"The end of the ledge wus at my right hand side and es I am naturally right-

handed, I of course turns to the right to get up. But Glory Hallilujah!! what does I see but a monster of a grizzly b'ar coming around the corner towards me! Well, I tell y'u, it scared me out of my wits so that I drops my six-shooter which fell and landed clear on the old goat. The grizzly he comes an' sniffs around me, but I pretends to be dead and lays with face downward so that he couldn't get at my face and throat. When the bear got tired of sniffin' at me he started to poke an' shove till I feels myself slippin off the ledge and falling—falling. Well, I'm dratted if I didn't land right on top of the goat, gun an' all with never so much as a hurt, except for a few bruises and bumps.

"I turns around—(Y'u see I fell face downwards, jest es I was layin' on the ledge.) Now, what was I saying? Oh, yes! I turns around an' sits up and looks up at the ledge, but I couldn't see no bear up there, so I says to myself: 'The fool 'll be coming down the gulley. Y'u better watch out, Joe.'

"So I picks up my six-shooter and looks it over to see if it was all right, and no sooner hed I looked it over an' seen that there wus four good shots in it, when Mr. Grizzly comes down the

gulley with a scatter of rocks an' stones, an' things.

" 'Now,' says I, now Mr. Grizzly yu've got a harder customer to deal with and lets fly at him an' hits him in the breast, but I tell y'u them grizzlys er pretty hard customers, for that there b'ar kept coming up to me on his hind legs. 'Y'u might es well die a hard death es not,' says I to him and shoots him twice more, which was all he wanted—he breathed his last there and then.

"Then I sits down and rests while I look at my goat and grizzly. By an' by I hear Bill a-callin' me, so I hollers back to him; then I sees him over on the hog-back, so I waves my hat and hollers: 'It's a goat and grizzly, so bring over a rope.'

"When Bill hed brought the rope up'n top of the ledge, he drops one end of it down to me and I ties it around the grizzly and then climbs up. (I was a pretty good climber them days). Then Bill an' me hauls up the b'ar and I goes down again and ties the rope around the goat. Then I climbs up again and pulls the goat up after me, an' I says to Bill: 'Here's for home in the mornin',' Bill, old boy."

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

By James Lambie.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way":
 The poet-prophet said unto our sires;
 And still the truth his ardent words attires,
 For progress has an occidental sway.
 But what need we the brief imperial day
 That's fraught with strife and internecine broils!
 Why should the worker who, in travail, toils,
 Gain power for others by a bloodier fray?
 Oh! rather let our star of empire be,
 Dominion o'er our meaner minds and hearts;
 And whether gained through Christ on Calvary,
 Or those calm truths philosophy imparts,
 We then might to the eastward nations say:
 "The west'ring star, at length, has come our way."



Incorporated 1905—Capital	\$ 500,000 00
Capital increased 1907 to	2,000,000 00
Subscribed Capital	550,000 00
Reserve	50,000 00
Surplus June 30, 1907.	130,000 00

Safety Deposit Vault Boxes To Rent

“There is no good of locking the stable after the horse is out.” There is little use of providing a safe receptacle for your valuables after being burglarized. Many people never seem to fully realize what dangers they court by keeping money, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in a house. The only absolutely secure place for them is in one of our safety Deposit Vault Boxes. They are always accessible during business hours, perfectly private, fireproof, burglar-proof and cost but \$5.00 to \$10.00 a year. Make a point of seeing our vaults tomorrow. It may result in great saving to you.

As Executors We Have no Axes to Grind

If you have not made your will don't procrastinate. We supply blank will forms and store your will in our Safety Deposit Vaults free of charge, when the company is made executor. As executors we have no ends to serve, and follow the testators' instructions absolutely. In winding up estates we are in a unique position to realize to the fullest degree on properties, our facilities enabling us to dispose of estates to the best possible advantage.

Dominion Trust Co., Ltd.

328 Hastings Street W., Vancouver, B. C.

\$

**BRITISH COLUMBIA'S
FOREST WEALTH IS UNEXPLOITED**

CAPITAL INVESTED NOW WILL WIN FORTUNES



TIMBER LIMITS

MILL SITES

EUGENE R. CHANDLER.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
TIMBER LANDS AND INVESTMENTS
407 Hastings St. VANCOUVER B.C.



Advertise Your
Skeena District

Timber and Land Notices
in
The North Coast

Printed and Published at Port Simpson, B. C.
P. F. Godenrath & Co., Owners, Vancouver.

P. F. GODENRATH
& Co.
ADVERTISING AGENTS
SUITE 3 OLD SAFE Bldg:
VANCOUVER
P. F. GODENRATH..... STANLEY BOYS

PHONE
1370

J. M. HENTON
ARTISTIC
Newspapers
Books
and
Catalogues
Illustrated
Estimates
Given
ADVERTISING CUTS
Photo Engraver
Stereotyper,
and **ELECTROTYPING.**

Incorporated with the Vancouver Photo Engraving Co.

653 Granville St., VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA
CHOICE FRUIT LANDS.

Cleared and in cultivation; also orchards in suburbs of beautiful Nanaimo; population 7,000;
good roads; mild winters. Write for our booklet (free).

A. E. PLANTA, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1888

NANAIMO, B. C.

VICTORIA, B.C.

CANADA

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE GOLDEN WEST



VICTORIA
THE
EVERGREEN
CITY
OF CANADA
 Is the
 Most Delightful
 Resort for a
SUMMER
HOLIDAY
 TEMPERATURE
 NEVER EXCEEDS 64°
 FISHING, HUNTING
 ROWING, SAILING



The Olympian Mountains from Bellevue Point

VISITORS
 TO THE
PACIFIC
COAST
 SHOULD RETURN
 HOME VIA
VICTORIA
 "A Bit of England
 on the Shores of
 the Pacific."
 DRIVING, CYCLING
 TENNIS, GOLF



The Gorge

BUY A HOME IN VICTORIA FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE & CONTENTMENT.
NO HARD WINTERS. NO HOT SUMMERS. Write Tourist Association for free booklet.



"Empress of China" Leaving Vancouver Harbor for Orient.

THE TRUTH
ABOUT
VANCOUVER
IS
WORTH
KNOWING

WRITE TOURIST
ASSOCIATION
FOR
BOOKLET

VANCOUVER, B. C.

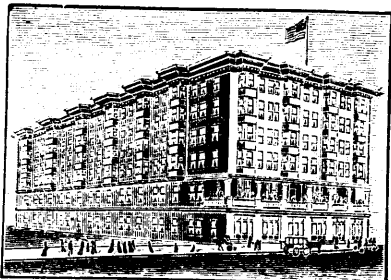
The Business Heart and Residential Centre of
Canada's Richest Province.

BEAUTIFUL SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESSIVE



Sectional View—City of Vancouver.

**STOP AT THE
NEW PRINCESS HOTEL
WHEN AT ATLANTIC CITY**



South Carolina Avenue, 200 feet from Beach.

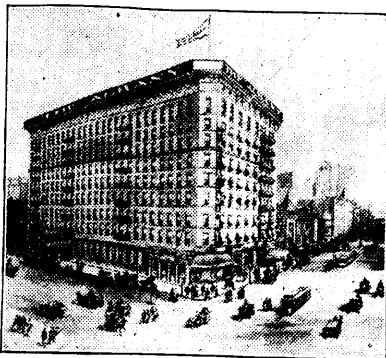
The Princess Hotel is newly furnished throughout with rare taste, and possesses all modern requisites for convenience and comfort of the guests. Golf privileges and privilege of the Atlantic City Yacht Club extended to the guests. American and European Plan. **A BOOKLET will be gladly furnished upon application.**

Rates. Running from \$12.50 to \$30.00 per week, according to the location of the rooms.

For any further information address
CROWELL & COLLIER
The Princess Hotel,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Remodelled, Handsomely Furnished
New Throughout.

**THE ALBANY
41ST STREET AND BROADWAY
NEW YORK.**



ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

In the heart of the city.

500 ROOMS. 300 BATH ROOMS

European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Gentlemen's Cafe, Ladies' Restaurant and Moorish Rooms. Popular Prices. Plenty of life—but home like.

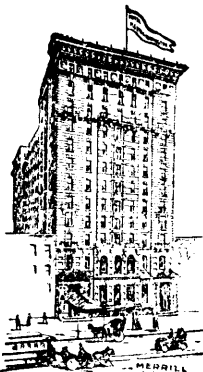
Single Room and Suites with and without Bath

\$1.00 PER DAY AND UP.

Send for Booklet.

ROBERT F. MURPHY.

**HOTEL
MARTHA WASHINGTON**



NEW YORK

29th to 30th Streets
Just East of 5th Avenue. To remain a Woman's Hotel Exclusively.
1 Block from 28th St. Subway. 29th Cross-town cars pass the door.
Over 400 Rooms.

Absolutely Fireproof.

Rates \$1.00 per Day and Up.
Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen
Convenient to Shopping and Theatre District.

Caters especially to Women traveling or visiting New York alone.
SEND FOR BOOKLET.

—Also—

HOTEL WESTMINSTER

16th Street and Irving Place, New York.
One Block East of Broadway.

A HOMELIKE HOTEL IN A QUIET LOCATION.

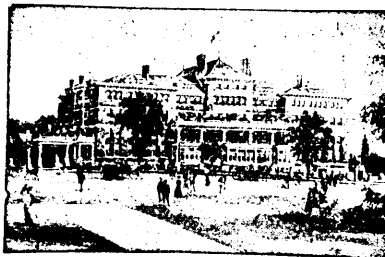
European Plan \$1.00 up
American Plan \$3.00 up

A. W. EAGER

THE NIAGARA HOTEL

BUFFALO, N. Y.

American Plan, \$3 a day and upwards.
Away from the city's noise and smoke.



The most comfortable hotel in Buffalo. Beautiful Palm Garden. Large airy rooms with bath. Two blocks from Lake Erie and Niagara River. Niagara Falls Electric cars one minute from the door. Wire at our expense, or write for reservations and carriage will meet you and take you to hotel free of charge. Six minutes from down town.

Reduced rates to tourists, professional and travelling men.

SPAULDING HOTEL CO.

Mrs. C. J. Spaulding.
C. A. Spaulding.

Proprietors.

Porter Ave. and 7th St.

Some Reasons Why

The confidence of the Canadian
public in

The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Was never so great as at present.

1. Because the Company's record has been clean throughout the 37 years it has been in operation.

2. Because its plans of insurance are up-to-date and just what the insuring public requires.

3. Because its policyholders are eminently well satisfied with the results realized under their policies.

4. Because the general public is beginning to find out the good things the Company has in store for its policyholders, and

5. Because being purely mutual, the policyholders are more than customers—they are co-partners in the Company—sharing equitably in all its benefits.

6. Because its profits are not absorbed in paying dividends to stockholders.

7. Because it gives life insurance at net cost.

For full information as to Rates or Agency, write or call on:

WILLIAM J. TWISS, Manager
VANCOUVER * British Columbia

To Enjoy a Visit to Victoria

ONE NEEDS TO SLEEP
AND DINE WELL....

The Poodle Dog Hotel

IS THE ONE PLACE WHERE
YOU CAN BE SURE OF
THE BEST.

"There good digestion waits on
appetite
And health on both."

Smith & Shaughnessy

Proprietors.

Yates Street, VICTORIA, B.C.

Are
You
Troubled
With
Dandruff
or
Falling
Hair?



Morrow's
Vegetable
Hair
Invigorator
will re-tore
you.

Two sizes Price 75c. and \$1.25.

J. W. MORROW

THE FILL BOX DRUG STORE
600 and 602 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

Watch Vancouver Grow!

Cleaning and Renovating Clothes is our
business—What's yours? Let us be your
VALET!

Lowest Prices. First Class Service.

The Valet Tailoring Co.

C. S. Harrison, Manager.

434 PENDER ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.

A. A. CROWSTON

BROKER AND
NOTARY PUBLIC

I handle Real Estate, Insurance and
Mines. Only developed, proven and pro-
ducing properties of the highest grade
touched.

North Vancouver.

PADMORE'S

35 CT.
PIPES

Are the Best Ever Seen
at the price.

Nos. 1 and 2, Arcade,

Vancouver, B. C.

Pretty Busy Now

Many patrons waiting to
be measured for fall suits,
but we will be busier later
on. The best work, the
freshest goods and lowest
prices - **\$15.00**
draw crowds to our stores.

Scotland Woolen Mills

VICTORIA
29 Johnson Street

VANCOUVER
538 Hastings Street



**1907
Fall
Fur
Styles
Made
up
as
Desired
in
Any
Fur**

SAN FRANCISCO FUR CO.,
 E. A. ROBERTS, Manager.
 919 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

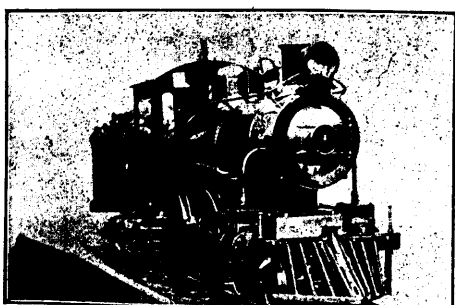
PLANNING to BUILD



I want you to write for my new Book **"COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN HOMES."** It is especially prepared for prospective home builders and is full of valuable, practical and useful information on the subject. Each residence is illustrated by half-tone plates of the original showing exactly how the building will look when completed. There are complete descriptions of each home and accurate estimates of cost. This book will cost you nothing, but will be worth a great deal of money to you. Write today. **I prepare at low cost special designs and plans for new work or for remodelling old buildings.**

E. STANLEY MITTON
ARCHITECT
 70 Hastings St. W. :: Vancouver, B.C.

MODELS OF INVENTIONS BUILT



Vancouver Model, Machine and Cycle Works

W. T. WATSON,
 Proprietor.

980 GRANVILLE ST., VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office, - TORONTO, ONT.
Capital (paid up) ... \$10,000,000
Reserve ... \$ 5,000,000

B. E. Walker, Esq., Alex. Laird, Esq.,
 President. General Manager.

New York Agency—
 Wm. Gray and H. B. Walker, Agents

London, England, Office—
 2 Lombard Street.

Branches West of Rocky Mountains

British Columbia—
 Cranbrook, Fernie, Greenwood, Kamloops, Ladysmith, Mission City, Nainaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, Penticton, Prince Rupert, Princeton, Vancouver, Vancouver East, Vancouver South, Creston, Victoria.

Yukon Territory—
 Dawson, White Horse.

United States—
 Portland, San Francisco (2 offices), Seattle, Skagway.

Own a Piece of the Earth in the Kamloops District

Besides the famous "Sunny-side Estate" I can supply irrigable and non-irrigable lands, ranches and fruit plots to intending settlers. I have also

**SOME
EXCELLENT BUYS
IN KAMLOOPS REALTY**

J. T. Robinson

Real Estate & Investment Broker
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Examine the Map —OF— British Columbia

Before Investing Dollars in
Farm and Fruit Lands.

Our office offers an accurate map
of every parcel of the famous

FRUITLAND ESTATE

showing locations, dimensions and
prices. Write for illustrated pam-
phlet.

STRUTT & NASH
BROKERS
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Sprott-Shaw Business Institute, Ltd

336 Hastings St., W.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

gives most reliable course in Book-
keeping, Commercial Law, Penmanship,
Pitman and Gregg Shorthand, Tele-
graphy, Typewriting and Mechanical and
Civil Engineering.

PERFECT EQUIPMENT

ALL TEACHERS SPECIALISTS

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

E. J. SPROTT, B. A.
Manager.

H. A. SCRIVEN, B.A.
Vice-Principal.

J. R. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.,
Secretary.

Our Binding Department

is the most modern and
complete in the West.

Estimates furnished. Books
bound in every style
of the art.

Ruling, loose leaf printing
and machine composition
for the trade.

Columbian Co., Ltd.
New Westminster



IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING YOU CAN OBTAIN PUBLICITY FOR LITTLE COST. THE RATES ARE ONLY 25 CENTS PER LINE PER INSERTION; SMALLEST SPACE ACCEPTED, FOUR LINES; LARGEST SPACE FOR ONE ADVERTISEMENT, TWELVE LINES. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. FORMS CLOSE 10TH OF EACH MONTH. ADDRESS MANAGER, CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, WESTWARD HO!, 536 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

Are you looking for a business location, a home or a farm. Address Secretary, 20,000 Club, Kamloops, B. C.

ENGLISH PHEASANTS

Do you want a hobby? Try English pheasants. Beautiful, clean, interesting and profitable. Parent birds imported, \$6.00 per pair. George B. Brown, P. O. Box 222, Nanaimo, B. C.

TIMBER LANDS

FOR SALE 250 acres of timber, mostly cypress or yellow cedar also some hemlock and red cedar. The timber is located on the Portland Canal; is all handy to the water and easy to log. Licenses are paid for one year. Address "Timber," 134 Pender Street, Vancouver, B. C.

REAL ESTATE.

Victoria Realty offers a judicious investment. We have some particularly fine residence sites on the sea front; acreage on the outskirts and good inside business property. The Pacific Coast Realty Co., Victoria, B. C.

Vancouver Rural and Urban Realty will pay investigation. Our lists are at your disposal by writing. York & Mitchell, Real Estate Brokers, Hastings St. W., Vancouver.

ASSAYER'S SUPPLIES.

Importers and dealers in Assay Supplies. The B. C. Assay & Chemical Supply Co., Ltd., Pender St., Vancouver, B. C.

OFFICE FIXTURES BUILT.

We manufacture Store, Office, Bank, Church, Barber Shop and Hotel Bar Fixtures and Furniture. The V. B. C. Novelty Works, 1092 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

FURRIERS.

Now's the time, have your furs renovated; tanning and mounting; furs stored, moth proof, prices right. San Francisco Fur Co., 919 Granville St., Vancouver.

GASOLINE MARINE ENGINES.

For Sale—40 ft. full cabin length, 25 h.p. 4-cycle engine, electric lights, stove and sleeping accommodations. Pric \$2,800.00. A. W. Le Page, 667 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

KODAKS.

I carry the largest stock of Kodaks and Photographic Supplies in British Columbia. Write for Catalogue. Will Marsden, The Kodak Specialist, Vancouver, B. C.

TIMBER NOTICES ADVERTISED.

Timber Cruisers, Land Locators and Mill Companies will save time, worry and expense by having us place your legal advertisements. P. F. Goodenrath & Co., Suite 3, Old Safe Block, Vancouver, B. C.

TIMBER LAND WANTED.

I have capital to purchase timber. If needed will advance money to cruisers to pay for advertising or licenses. E. R. Chandler, Suite 1 and 2, Jones Building, Vancouver, B. C.

MODELS OF INVENTIONS.

Patentees can have their models of inventions designed, built or perfected by us. Vancouver Model Machine and Cycle Works, 989 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

AUCTIONEERS.

We conduct auctions of Household Goods, Real Estate and Live Stock anywhere in the Province. Kingsford, Smith & Co., 860 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.

CAMP OUTFITS.

Now Eider-down Sleeping Comforter, 8x8, equal to two pairs of blankets. P. O. Box 1243, Vancouver, B. C.



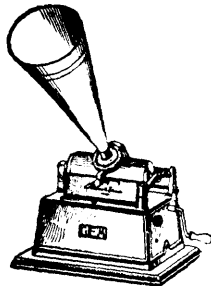
The Long Winter Evenings

Can be enjoyed to the limit if you have an EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

These wonderful Talking Machines are all equipped with new Bell Flower Horns and Stands.

Edison Records cannot be equalled for naturalness of tone and are sold for 40c each.

Price lists of Machines furnished on application.



DON'T FORGET
THE EDISON
Is the Ideal Home Machine

THE
OLDEST
MUSIC

MW. WAITT & Co.

558 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER, B.C. 44 GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA, B.C.

HOUSE
IN
B.C.

TRADE MARK



EST. 1827



There was an old Man of Dundee
Who Drank Spirits as Others Drink Tea
People Said it is Risky
To Drink so much Whisky
Till he told them it was



JOHN ROBERTSON AND SONS

VANCOUVER OFFICE

COR RICHARD AND HASTINGS STS

Give
Your Children
MEMO.
and watch them grow

We Have so Many
Kinds of Pictures

that it will probably bother you to make a decision. But that's the way people like to be bothered.

It isn't like the bother of going to several different stores and then finding nothing to suit you. Our stock of Pictures, Mirrors, Fancy Oval and Square Frames, Moulding, etc., is big and complete. Come in any time and take a look.

WILL MARSDEN

665 Granville St.

VANCOUVER, B. C.